

WEIRD DESK

"Pilot"

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TEASER

OVER A FIELD OF STARS IN THE NIGHT SKY, SUPER:

*"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the
mysterious."*

- Albert Einstein

TILT DOWN TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD -- NIGHT

A SEDAN makes its way along a winding, deserted road.

SUPER: CAPUTH, GERMANY

INT. SEDAN - MOVING -- NIGHT

Behind the wheel sits BEN KAMINSKI (early 40's), a tough
bull of a man. He's tired, frustrated, annoyed.

BEN

We're lost.

Next to him sits MORGAN TUTTLE (late 20's), brilliant,
intense, single-mindedly focused on the job at hand.

MORGAN

We are not lost.

BEN

Should've got the car with GPS.

MORGAN

We don't need GPS. My calculations
have us approaching Taubenstrasse.
Translation: Pigeon Street. When we
reach it, turn left.

Ben's irritation with Morgan is palpable. But Morgan is
impassive. In fact, we'll come to learn, he rarely gets
riled. His mind is too busy for that. (Note: When Morgan
speaks, it is brisk, as if his voice is trying to match the
speed of his brain.)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You didn't have to come. You could've
stayed at the hotel.

BEN

Believe me, if I could have, I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

There.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- an intersection ahead. The street sign says TAUBENSTRASSE. Morgan looks at Ben, a hint of a smile...

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Pigeon Street.

EXT. TAUBENSTRASSE -- NIGHT

The sedan pulls to a stop in front of a picturesque ESTATE surrounded by sprawling grounds bordering a lake.

MORGAN

Einsteinhaus. Residence of Albert Einstein in the last years of his life.

Ben's not impressed, but for the first time, we see genuine emotion in Morgan's eyes: a sense of wonder. This is what he lives for.

CUT TO:

THE TRUNK LID -- popping open. Morgan starts unloading a machine of some kind. As he quickly assembles it:

BEN

This diary -- You're sure it's hidden here?

MORGAN

Of course.

BEN

You said people have been looking for it for decades.

MORGAN

57 years, since Einstein's death.

BEN

Right. They've searched every inch of this house. What makes you think you can find it?

Morgan finishes assembling the machine. It looks like a high-tech lawn mower.

MORGAN

Because it's not *in* the house.

EXT. GROUNDS BEHIND EINSTEINHAUS -- NIGHT

The high-tech lawn mower turns out to be a portable GROUND-PENETRATING RADAR SYSTEM.

Morgan pushes it along, studying the DATA SCREEN on the handle. Ben follows, bored. They've been at it awhile. Morgan, as usual, is deep in thought...

MORGAN

You ever wonder why pigeons bob their heads?

BEN

No.

MORGAN

It stabilizes their visual surroundings. They have monocular vision -- eyes on the side of their heads -- unlike us, with binocular vision.

BEN

Do I look like I care?

MORGAN

The pigeon's eyes work much better with stationary images. So they take a step forward, the head is temporarily left behind. Next step jerks the head forward again, and so on. This allows the bird to correctly orient itself.

Ben leans his head back with an exasperated sigh. Morgan obviously rambles like this often.

SOMEONE'S POV -- Watching them from a distance. Reveal FOUR SINISTER-LOOKING MEN keeping their eyes on Morgan and Ben.

BACK TO SCENE

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Picture a pigeon on a treadmill...

BEN

Oh for God's sake.

MORGAN

What do you think would happen as the pigeon walks with the speed of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)
the treadmill, and its environment
remains stationary?

BEN
Look, it's been an hour. How long
you gonna keep searching like this?

MORGAN
(continuing)
They did an experiment to test it.
They actually put a pigeon on a
treadmill. Its head did not bob.

BEN
You ask me, this "secret" diary
probably doesn't even exist. Just
another one of your wild goose chases.
After all these years, you'd think --

Morgan suddenly freezes. He's spotted something on the data
screen. Ben moves closer to look at the screen.

BEN (CONT'D)
What?

MORGAN
Radar's showing a tunnel. Directly
below us. Leading straight to...

He looks off, sees a BOATHOUSE down by the lake.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- NIGHT

The door is pried open. The two enter, begin looking around.

Morgan opens a storage locker, pulls out several life vests
until he discovers a SMALL HATCH on the floor. He smiles.

MORGAN
Down the rabbit hole.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

A few LIGHTS blink on, illuminating the tunnel. A moment
later Morgan and Ben round the corner. Morgan's excitement
grows with each step.

MORGAN
How cool is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

Doesn't make sense. Why go to such lengths to hide a *book*?

MORGAN

Einstein's diary is said to contain instructions for a weapon system that would make the atomic bomb look like a firecracker. Every country in the world has been searching for it. We need to make sure it doesn't end up in the wrong hands.

They reach the end of the tunnel. A THICK METAL DOOR faces them. Morgan opens it, revealing:

A CYLINDRICAL SHAFT descending into darkness. Morgan studies the metallic wall of the shaft, then shines a flashlight down into it, but sees no bottom.

A LOW HUM builds from far below, as if some great machine is starting up. Morgan is amazed.

BEN

What the hell is this?

MORGAN

It looks not unlike the vertical bore of an incredibly large Bitter solenoid.

BEN

A *what*?

Morgan doesn't answer, mind racing. He stares down into the darkness.

MORGAN

Einstein is rumored to have said that, in order to find his secret diary, one would have to take a "*leap of faith*."

BEN

What does that --

Morgan suddenly STEPS FORWARD INTO THE SHAFT, plummeting into the darkness.

BEN (CONT'D)

MORGAN!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches for him, but too late. Morgan's gone. Ben hardly has time to register the horror of what just happened before:

WHAM! He's hit from behind and knocked off balance. He's barely able to grab onto the doorframe to keep from falling in after Morgan.

He pulls himself back into the tunnel to find the FOUR SINISTER MEN facing him. They attack him.

Ben fights back, and we quickly realize he's an expert fighter. But it's one against four, so this fight won't be easy. As Ben continues to battle:

INT. SHAFT -- NIGHT

MORGAN falls in darkness. His flashlight illuminates the wall of the shaft streaking by as he plummets rapidly... but then he begins to slow. And as his rate of descent slows, his smile grows.

Soon he comes to a complete stop, hovering in mid-air. Morgan smiles, suspicions confirmed...

MORGAN
Diamagnetic levitation. Brilliant.

Directly in front of him on the wall of the shaft is a DOOR. He reaches for it, opens it, and pulls himself into:

INT. EINSTEIN'S SECRET BUNKER -- NIGHT

A small, cinderblock room. Morgan turns on the lights, revealing:

A DESK in the middle of the room. On the desk is a book: EINSTEIN'S SECRET DIARY. As Morgan opens it and begins reading:

INTERCUT WITH:

BEN -- still fighting the four men in the tunnel. He's gradually getting the upperhand, even though he's taking a severe beating in the process.

BACK IN THE BUNKER -- Morgan grows increasingly disturbed by what he's reading. He turns the pages, reading at an impossibly fast speed...

And then he abruptly stops, looks up, deeply conflicted.

MORGAN
Crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He thinks a beat -- *What to do?* -- then makes a very difficult decision:

He lights the book on fire.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

BEN connects a powerful left hook, knocking the final bad guy out cold just as:

MORGAN floats back up the shaft and steps casually through the door into the tunnel. He sees the four unconscious men lying sprawled on the floor.

MORGAN

Who are they?

But Ben's more stunned by Morgan's levitation.

BEN

How the hell did you do that?

MORGAN

Magnets.

(then)

Come on, let's get out of here.

He starts out of the tunnel, but Ben stops him.

BEN

Wait. Did you find the diary?

MORGAN

No. You were right. Another wild goose chase.

Morgan tries to step by him, but Ben blocks his way again. Angry, bleeding and struggling to breathe from the several cracked ribs he sustained, he can barely get the words out.

BEN

I don't believe you.

MORGAN

That book is too dangerous to ever be found.

BEN

(realizes)

You destroyed it.

Morgan's silence is confirmation. Which angers Ben further.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)

We were supposed to bring it back to headquarters!

MORGAN

No, we were supposed to make sure it didn't end up in the wrong hands. And it didn't. Case closed, on to the next adventure.

Again, he tries to step around him, but Ben blocks him.

BEN

Enough with your "adventures."

Despite his pain, he's able to vent his considerable frustration.

BEN (CONT'D)

You're a reckless, annoying, manipulative, self-centered pain-in-the-ass, and I'm done working with you!

Morgan considers that for a beat... then calmly corrects him:

MORGAN

I am not reckless.

And with that, he steps around Ben and heads out, off to his next adventure as we:

SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

One of those cookie-cutter communities, newly built on the edge of a sprawling forest. SARA, a soccer mom in her early-30's, waits with her 10 year-old-son, JAKE, at a street corner. A few other KIDS are congregating as well.

SUPER: BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

Sara looks a little nervous. Jake just looks embarrassed.

SARA

I made you a chicken sandwich with the cranberry spread you like. And some chocolate chip cookies. First day at your new school -- special occasion, right?

JAKE

None of the other moms are here.

SARA

Today only, I promise. Just want to make sure this is the bus stop.

JAKE

It is.

She follows his look, sees the SCHOOL BUS approaching. She does a quick primp of his coat and kisses his forehead, much to his horror.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Mom.

SARA

Sorry. Have fun.

He hurries to climb onto the bus. Sara waves to him, takes a breath, trying to reassure herself that he'll be fine.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sara walks back home, arrives to find the MAILMAN delivering her mail (his back turned to her).

SARA

'Morning.

Her voice startles him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

MAILMAN

It's okay. 'Morning.

And off he goes, as if in a hurry to deliver the mail and get the hell away from this street.

Sara watches him go. *That was odd.* She grabs her mail, stands on the porch sifting through the letters... until something out of the corner of her eye gets her attention:

A FLASH OF MOVEMENT -- something dark -- darting up the driveway.

SARA looks, but sees nothing. She stands a beat. *What the hell was that?*

She walks to the side of the house, steps around the corner.

Nothing there.

Then she sees it again:

MOVEMENT -- hyper-fast, out of the corner of her eye, darting back toward the front of the house.

She spins to it, but again sees nothing. She walks back to the front yard. Nothing there. *Strange.*

ACROSS THE STREET -- An old man we'll come to know as MR. NEGLEY (70's) has paused while gardening in his yard to watch Sara.

She notices him, calls to him:

SARA

Hello! We haven't met, yet. I'm Sara Davenport. We just moved in.

Mr. Negley doesn't respond. Just stares back at her. Sara politely continues:

SARA (CONT'D)

Did you see anything in my yard just now? Thought I saw something.

Again, Mr. Negley says nothing. But there is fear in his eyes... which she notices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (CONT'D)
Is everything all right?

Mr. Negley stands, and without a word, goes into his house, shuts and locks the door.

Off Sara, perplexed by this odd behavior...

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

CLOSE ON AN IPHONE -- as a TEXT MESSAGE appears on the screen. It's from "MOM," and it says simply: "EAT BREAKFAST."

The phone sits on Morgan Tuttle's desk in his loft apartment. Morgan sits amidst the clutter of books and notes and artifacts from far-off lands, eyes glued to his computer. It's hooked up to three monitors, with dozens of browser windows and other programs open in front of him.

His apartment -- as well as his life -- seems like a mess, but it is organized chaos. Everything is in its proper place according to his very specific needs.

He grabs the phone, reads the text -- "EAT BREAKFAST" -- then shrugs it off, continues working at his computer... until:

ANOTHER TEXT from Mom: "NOW."

Morgan leans back with a sigh of resignation, quickly texts back: "ACKNOWLEDGED."

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS of his morning routine:

He pulls one of several stacked plastic containers from his freezer, pops it in the microwave...

Takes it out, eats breakfast in front of his computer...

Then showers...

Then dresses, sniffing the armpits of the shirt to make sure it's clean before putting it on...

Then crams his laptop and several files into his over-stuffed backpack.

EXT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

He comes out the front door, backpack slung over his shoulder, and checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It turns from 7:59 to 8:00 am, and as it does:

A SEDAN pulls to a stop in front of him. The driver, MAX (50's, German, humorless) barely looks at Morgan as he climbs into the back. Max hits the gas, and off they go.

EXT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

The sedan pulls up in front of a quaint little bookstore, the kind that is becoming increasingly rare in today's iPad/Kindle world.

Morgan gets out, goes into the bookstore as Max drives off.

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

It's a friendly, cluttered place, full of warmth and character. The manager, NELL (late-20's, nerdy-cute, perpetually cheerful) pauses in her inventory when she sees Morgan enter. She does a quick primp of her hair and:

NELL
'Morning Morgan!

He passes by her with barely a glance, too absorbed in his thoughts...

MORGAN
Nell.

And heads to the back of the store. Nell watches him go, resigned but still hopeful that one of these days they'll exchange more than a mere greeting.

AT THE BACK OF THE STORE -- Morgan steps up to a door marked STORAGE. Beside the door is a metal panel with a thin slot at the top. Morgan shoves a keycard into the slot. The panel suddenly retracts and slides down, revealing a HIGH-TECH TOUCHSCREEN AND CAMERA.

Morgan steps in front of it, stares into the camera. It CLICKS, then the DOOR SLIDES OPEN, revealing an ultra high-tech ELEVATOR. All glass and polished metal, a stark contrast to the bookstore.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

Morgan steps inside. A touchscreen inside the door displays the WEIRD DESK LOGO. Morgan presses it, the door closes and the elevator begins descending. Numbers flash... LEVEL 10... 15... finally it stops on LEVEL 20. The elevator door opens, revealing:

INT. RECEPTION - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Beyond state of the art. Bustling with activity. PEOPLE move about, some in business attire, others in lab coats, many carrying STRANGE DEVICES, like a kind of eclectic science fair.

The complex is shiny and new, except for EDNA, the receptionist sitting at the front desk. Late 60's, deadpan smoker's voice, with a look in her eye that says she knows secrets that could bring down the entire country. She looks up from her crossword puzzle as Morgan passes by.

EDNA

Someone in your office.

He stops, looks at her.

MORGAN

Who?

EDNA

Your new partner.

MORGAN

I told them I don't need a partner.

EDNA

She seems nice.

MORGAN

She?

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A very attractive and ridiculously fit WOMAN in her early 30's waits in Morgan's office, which is as messy as his apartment (a contrast to the rest of Weird Desk Headquarters, which is immaculate).

She fidgets, seems nervous. Finds herself staring at a stack of files balanced precariously on the edge of Morgan's desk, ready to fall off and add more debris to the mess.

She can resist no longer. She reaches out, gently pushes the stack back onto the desk, but as she does:

MORGAN (O.S.)

Please don't touch anything.

She looks to see Morgan entering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

I thought it was going to fall.

MORGAN

It wasn't.

He stares at her, studying her, which makes her self-conscious.

WOMAN

Sorry, I'm a little nervous. I heard Weird Desk headquarters was a trip, but twenty floors beneath a bookstore...

(smiles)

Now I know what people feel like when they see the Batcave for the first time.

MORGAN

The Batcave is fictional.

WOMAN

I'm aware of that.

MORGAN

Who are you?

WOMAN

(extends hand to shake)

Rosetta Stone.

MORGAN

(doesn't shake)

You're joking.

ROSETTA

I'm not.

MORGAN

Well, your parents certainly were when they named you that.

ROSETTA

Possibly. My father was an archeologist; my mother a historian. They were on a dig near Cairo when I was --

MORGAN

I told Command I don't need a partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

They disagree.

MORGAN

They keep teaming me with people who aren't qualified to handle the job.

ROSETTA

Really? I was told they all quit. Apparently you have a reputation for being difficult to get along with. Your last partner actually texted me a few minutes ago. Three words --

She holds up her phone. On the screen are the words: "DON'T DO IT."

MORGAN

My partners were the ones who were difficult to get along with.

ROSETTA

All twelve of them? You know what they say -- If three people tell you you're drunk, you'd better lie down.

MORGAN

Who says that?

ROSETTA

I don't know. It's a saying. I don't know the origin.

Morgan grabs a pen, jots it down to look up later.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Look, you need a partner. Someone to protect you on your assignments.

MORGAN

But you're a woman.

ROSETTA

Very good. They told me about your keen observational skills.

MORGAN

My last assignment, we were ambushed by four extremely large foreign agents. How could you possibly protect me in a situation like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA
(interest piqued)
What was the assignment?

MORGAN
That's not important. Furthermore,
you should also be aware that these
investigations often lead to
encounters with forces not just from
this world, but *beyond*.

ROSETTA
What? You mean like aliens?

MORGAN
You're missing my point --

ROSETTA
No, I'm not. I'm a marine, two tours
in Iraq, so I don't scare easily. I
have black belts in six martial arts
disciplines, as well as an expert in
all manner of firearm. So if you
get yourself into trouble -- which
I'm told happens frequently -- I'm
more than capable of extracting you
from it.

Morgan considers that for a beat, unconvinced, but then:

MORGAN
Fine. Protect me.
(sits at his desk)
Just try not to get in my way.

He buries himself in his computer screen, conversation over.

Off Rosetta, a hint of a victorious smile forming...

INT. KITCHEN - SARA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sara, Jake and her husband DON finish clearing plates from
dinner.

DON
Your teacher's good?

JAKE
I guess.

DON
Give you a lot of homework?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Just some math.

SARA

I want it done before XBox.

Jake heads out. Sara begins washing dishes as Don fetches himself another beer.

DON

Neighborhood's great. I was talking to a guy down the street, said there's all kinds of jogging trails in the woods. Perfect for your morning runs.

SARA

Yeah, the realtor gave me --

SOMETHING DARK suddenly moves past the window in front of her.

SARA startles. Don turns to her.

DON

You okay?

She peers out the window into the night.

SARA

Thought I saw something outside.

DON

What?

A beat. Outside the window, all is quiet. Sara settles.

SARA

Nothing.

DON

Your eyes playing tricks on you.

He goes out with his beer. Sara shuts off the faucet. Alone in the room, she peers out into the dark night.

Off the silence in the room...

INT. FIRING RANGE - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Reveal Rosetta in Weird Desk's high-tech firing range, shooting a huge, 60 caliber state-of-the-art handgun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beside her stands Weird Desk's head scientist, MACY GEIGER, or MACE as she prefers. 30's, African-American, she's Weird Desk's version of Q, with a distinct fetish for firearms.

Rosetta finishes the clip, removes her ear protection.

ROSETTA

Damn.

MACE

I know, right? And that's our most *basic* model.

She leads Rosetta over to a display rack featuring a cornucopia of weapons.

MACE (CONT'D)

Any kind of firearm you need, just ask. If I don't have it, which is doubtful, I'll make it. I also have non-lethal weapons as well...

She picks up a strange looking device.

MACE (CONT'D)

This generates an ultra-low-frequency acoustic beam. Causes disorientation, loss of balance, possible bowel spasms.

ROSETTA

Awkward.

MACE

Exactly. Use with discretion.

She picks up another gun-like weapon.

MACE (CONT'D)

This is a thermal gun. Set the temperature like so...

She presses a small touchscreen to set the temperature to 105 degrees.

MACE (CONT'D)

Then fire it at someone within thirty feet, and it'll raise their body temperature to that degree. Effectively incapacitating them with a fever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

Pretty high-tech stuff.

MACE

Tip of the iceberg. And all of it available to you on your assignments.

Rosetta smiles at all the weapons in the display rack.

ROSETTA

I'll take one of each, then.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Be careful what you wish for.

She turns to see Morgan standing inside the doorway, his expression dead serious.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Those weapons are fine for dealing with a conventional enemy. But this is Weird Desk...

Mace rolls her eyes. She's heard this speech many times before.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We deal with the *unconventional*. Things the FBI, CIA and NSA can't figure out...

ROSETTA

Such as...?

MORGAN

Giant subterranean creatures terrorizing a small town in Iowa... UFO's sighted off the coast of Maine, coinciding with the sudden and *still inexplicable* disappearance of a two-hundred foot yacht. And don't even get me started on time travel --

MACE

We won't.

MORGAN

My point is, sometimes even the most advanced weaponry in the world can't protect us from some of the things we come up against, so you need to be well prepared for any --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACE

Yeah yeah yeah.

And with that, she shoots him with the thermal gun.

Rosetta reacts with shock as Morgan collapses, unconscious with a fever.

MACE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, he'll be fine.

She hands the thermal gun to Rosetta.

MACE (CONT'D)

Take it. Sometimes it's the only thing that'll shut him up.

Off Rosetta, staring down at Morgan's unconscious body...

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE/STREET -- MORNING

Sara comes out of her house, dressed for her daily morning run. She pops her earbuds in, an UPBEAT SONG playing, then starts her stopwatch and takes off up the street.

AT THE END OF THE STREET -- She arrives at the edge of the forest that borders the neighborhood. She takes off down one of the well-worn jogging trails.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- MORNING

It's a beautiful day; Sara's feeling energized by the beauty of the trees, the crisp morning air and the MUSIC driving her forward...

Until she suddenly stops dead in her tracks, the air sucked from her lungs in horror when she discovers:

MR. NEGLEY, the old man from across the street, sitting against a tree directly in front of her. He's dead, face and neck bloody from several deep gashes. His eyes are wide open, frozen in a gaze of utter terror.

Off this grisly sight...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

QUICK CUTS -- FEET running down a crowded urban street.

REVEAL ROSETTA, in a panic, moving through a sea of pedestrians, looking for someone.

ROSETTA

Daniel!

It's a surreal scene, made even more surreal by the fact that no one seems to take notice of her. She turns to a WOMAN passing by...

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Excuse me... Have you seen a boy,
five years old, he's wearing a --

But the woman passes right by, as if Rosetta was invisible. She tries another PEDESTRIAN...

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Excuse me sir, I'm looking for a
young boy --

But he walks past her as well. Rosetta's eyes fill with tears as she stands there, calling again in vain:

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Daniel!

Then a LOUD KNOCK is heard and:

INT. ROSETTA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

ROSETTA wakes on the couch in her apartment. She'd fallen asleep watching TV. On the coffee table in front of her, an empty coffee cup and a few macarons on a plate.

THE KNOCK again. The front door. She checks her watch: 3:17 am. *What the hell?* She turns off the TV, opens the door to reveal:

MORGAN, fully recovered, backpack slung over his shoulder.

MORGAN

So here's the deal: I've agreed to
take you on as my partner, on a
temporary basis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Call it a probationary period, after which I'll evaluate the merits of a long-term relationship.

ROSETTA

What, you think *I* want this? They gave me no choice. Weird Desk would only accept me if I partnered with you. Because no one else would.

MORGAN

Interesting. They had reservations about you joining Weird Desk. Why is that?

ROSETTA

That's not the point. What I'm saying is, if anyone's "on probation" here, it's you.

MORGAN

May I come in? Or will I be standing out here all night?

She heaves a sigh, steps aside to let him in. He does a quick survey of the apartment. Clean, comfortable, if somewhat sparse. He notices a large framed PHOTOGRAPH on the wall -- a nature scene, lightning striking a desert.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You take this photo?

ROSETTA

Came with the apartment.

MORGAN

Did you know that men are six times more likely to be struck by lightning than women?

ROSETTA

That's encouraging.

MORGAN

They searched for a biological reason -- extra iron in the male cranium perhaps, or the conductive properties of testosterone -- but it all boils down to risk versus reward. Women tend to be more cautious, protective, whereas men are --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

Idiots?

MORGAN

-- inclined to engage in risk-based behaviors, i.e. golfing during an electrical storm, camping, fishing --

ROSETTA

Right. Idiots.

He quiets, unable to argue with this. Then he notices:

MORGAN

Macarons.

ROSETTA

My favorite.

MORGAN

I'm not partial to them myself. I'm surprised you can keep that figure eating those things.

ROSETTA

What are you doing here?

Snapped back to the job at hand, Morgan takes his laptop out of his backpack and sets it on the coffee table.

MORGAN

We've received our first assignment.

ROSETTA

Now?

MORGAN

Mr. Higgs doesn't care what time it is.

He opens his laptop, where a VIDEO LINK has been established. ON THE SCREEN we see the image of a MAN shrouded mostly in silhouette. But what we can make out from time to time is that he's bald, very pale, with dark, penetrating eyes. His appearance is creepy, unsettling.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We're here, sir.

Higgs nods. He speaks slowly, without any trace of emotion. As unsettling as his appearance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIGGS

City of Bellingham. Washington state. There are reports of people seeing shadow entities. One of these people was found dead yesterday. I want you to look into it.

MORGAN

Yes sir.

ROSETTA

When you say "shadow entities," what exactly do you --

That's all she gets out before the link is severed. Rosetta turns to Morgan, who closes the laptop and puts it away.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

That's it? That's all the information he gives us?

MORGAN

That's all we need.

ROSETTA

I don't know. People seeing *shadows*? Sounds a little thin.

MORGAN

Mr. Higgs is the Director of Weird Desk. He has his reasons for pursuing each investigation. I would strongly advise you to *not* question his methods.

Off Rosetta, starting to wonder what she's gotten herself into...

EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

A BLACK JET flies through the sky. Similar to a stealth fighter, except larger, the fuselage configured to carry passengers.

We see through the windshield that the pilot is MAX, the same man who drove Morgan to work earlier (this is his job -- drive, fly, pilot boats, etc.).

INT. JET -- NIGHT

The cabin looks like a high-tech lab, with computers and surveillance equipment. Morgan scours his laptop for information about the neighborhood they're heading for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosetta is nearby, very impressed.

ROSETTA

This is amazing.

MORGAN

You should see our helicopter.

ROSETTA

Next-generation stealth technology.
Almost like an alien ship.

Morgan looks over, stares her right in the eye.

MORGAN

Almost.

ROSETTA

So you've actually had encounters
with real aliens?

MORGAN

A few. The vast majority of extra-
terrestrial investigations are proven
to be hoaxes, however.

ROSETTA

What other kinds of things do you
investigate? Aside from "shadow
entities."

MORGAN

Whatever Mr. Higgs asks us to.
Temporal anomalies, telepathy, near
death experiences, cryptozoology,
psychic surgery --

ROSETTA

Is Higgs an alien?
(off his look)
He kind of looks like one.

MORGAN

No.

ROSETTA

Is that how you get all your
assignments? Over the computer?

MORGAN

Yes. Mr. Higgs is enigmatic, to say
the least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

I never actually got to meet him in person during the hiring process.

MORGAN

No one's met him in person.
(off her surprise)
We know very little about the man.
Who he is, where he's based.

ROSETTA

Weird.

MORGAN

Hence the name of the department.

Morgan's laptop BEEPS. He looks at the screen.

ROSETTA

What is it?

MORGAN

Dr. McBride. Weird Desk's chief medical expert. He's already on scene, performing an autopsy on Mr. Negley.

ROSETTA

Who's Mr. Negley?

INT. MORGUE - BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON -- DAY

MR. NEGLEY lies on a table, eyes now mercifully closed. Morgan leans close, studying the body as Rosetta stands with DOCTOR LYLE MCBRIDE (mid-50's), whose wild hair and mad scientist twinkle bear more than a striking resemblance to Doc Brown from "Back to the Future."

MCBRIDE

Here's what we know so far: the man was cut and stabbed several times on his body, arms and face.

MORGAN

You don't say.

McBride brushes off Morgan's sarcasm. He's used to it.

MCBRIDE

At first local police thought he was murdered. An attacker stabbed him with a knife and left him for dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

But the stab wounds, I've discovered,
aren't what killed him. This man
died of fright.

Morgan looks up at him, intrigued.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

Cardiac arrest, long before he could
bleed to death from his wounds.

MORGAN

Baskerville Effect.

ROSETTA

What's that?

Morgan resumes studying the body as he explains:

MORGAN

Mortality through heart attacks is
increased by psychological stress.
(notices something)
There's skin under the fingernails.
Tried to fight off his attacker.

MCBRIDE

No. The skin is his. He inflicted
those wounds on himself.

Rosetta reacts, shocked.

ROSETTA

Why?

MORGAN

That's why we're here.

EXT. SEATTLE -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

Singling out a high-rise office building downtown.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Morgan and Rosetta meet with Mr. Negley's son, NORMAN (40's,
portly) in his modest office. He's an accountant, the office
tidy, lined with photos of Norman's family, including PHOTOS
of Mr. Negley, alive and well in happier times.

Norman is still visibly emotional from his father's death,
but he's gracious and patient as he answers their questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosetta is empathetic, while Morgan is his usual clinical self, trying hard not to be distracted by the miniature ZEN GARDEN on Norman's desk.

NORMAN

My father rarely left the house. We would talk on the phone, mostly. I didn't get up to visit him as much as I'd like.

MORGAN

Why not? It's only an hour's drive.

This stings Norman, who's plagued with guilt over the death of his father. Rosetta shoots Morgan a look: *Go easy.*

NORMAN

Yes. I know. But my work schedule, and the family...

ROSETTA

We understand.

MORGAN

When was the last time you saw your father? Alive, I mean. I'm assuming you were there to identify the body.

Rosetta glares at him again. But Morgan's tone is not accusatory or antagonistic. He's simply stating facts, not realizing that some things are better left unsaid.

NORMAN

I, uh... I saw him a few weeks ago. Drove up to take him to the doctor.

MORGAN

Did this have anything to do with him seeing the shadow entities?

NORMAN

Yes. I suggested he go to the doctor, see if there was any physiological reason for the hallucinations. They checked him over, did an MRI, didn't find anything unusual.

(beat)

But... he kept seeing them.

ROSETTA

These entities... what exactly did they look like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

He never really described them other than saying they were like "shadows." Brief glimpses out of the corner of his eye. The feeling he wasn't alone. Like he was being watched.

MORGAN

What did they want from him?

NORMAN

I have no idea.

Norman quiets a beat, struggling with his emotions.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I tried to tell him there was nothing to be afraid of, but... The thought of him alone in that house, so frightened... tormented enough to...
(trails off)

MORGAN

Kill himself?

Rosetta decides it's time to end this.

ROSETTA

Thank you for your time, Mr. Negley. We're very sorry for your --

MORGAN

Wait a minute, I have one more question.

ROSETTA

I think Mr. Negley has been more than gracious in answering our --

MORGAN

(to Norman)
What's with the Zen Garden?

Norman's thrown by this, but then answers simply:

NORMAN

I find it calming.

MORGAN

Really? Sand and rocks?

ROSETTA

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She literally grabs his arm, drags him out --

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NORMAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

-- and leads him toward the elevators.

ROSETTA

I was *this* close to shooting you
with the thermal gun.

MORGAN

What'd I do?

ROSETTA

The man's father just died. He's
dealing with a ton of guilt, and you
just stick the knife in deeper.

MORGAN

He lives an hour away, yet rarely
goes to visit him? My mother would
kill me if I stopped by less than
three times a week.

ROSETTA

Is it really so hard for you to show
a little compassion?

MORGAN

Compassion erodes objectivity. You'll
find in this job that it's extremely
difficult to solve a problem when
you're emotionally invested.

The elevator opens. He goes in. She follows, exasperated.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- DAY

Morgan and Rosetta stand at the spot where Mr. Negley's body
was found. Morgan's puzzled.

MORGAN

What was he doing out here? His son
said he rarely left the house.

ROSETTA

Chased by the entities?

Morgan considers that for a beat, then starts down the trail,
heading back toward the neighborhood. Rosetta follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Or maybe he was trying to draw them away from the neighborhood... maybe trying to protect others from them.

MORGAN

Why did you want to join Weird Desk?

ROSETTA

No specific reason. It sounded interesting.

MORGAN

I don't believe you. *Everyone* comes to Weird Desk for a reason.

She's a bit uneasy, which he picks up on.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You're uncomfortable. Means I'm right.

ROSETTA

Why did you come to Weird Desk?

Now it's his turn to clam up.

MORGAN

Sounded interesting.

She smiles, about to respond, when something out of the corner of her eye catches her attention:

MOVEMENT in the woods. Very quick.

ROSETTA stops, stares. *What the hell was that?*

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Whatever she saw is no longer there. If it was there at all. Rosetta quickly becomes self-conscious.

ROSETTA

Nothing.

She continues on. Morgan eyes her closely as she walks by.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

The mailman delivers the mail. Sara comes out the front door. Again, he startles. This is one jumpy mailman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Sorry. I keep doing that.

MAILMAN

It's okay.

Before he can start off:

SARA

Hey, did you hear about the man across the street? Mr. Negley?

MAILMAN

Yeah. Sad.

SARA

Did you know him?

MAILMAN

No. Listen, I'm behind on my route. I really need to get going.

SARA

Oh. Sure, sorry.

He's already heading off to the next house. Sara watches him go, until she notices:

MORGAN AND ROSETTA across the street, walking down the sidewalk toward Mr. Negley's house. As they go up the driveway and into the house:

SARA starts over to them. But she only gets a few steps before:

MOVEMENT out of the corner of her eye.

She turns to it quickly, in time to see a DARK FORM dart around the side of the house.

Sara takes a breath. No more doubt -- she *definitely* saw something. She goes to investigate. But like before, finds nothing.

Then she sees it again. It darts through her field of vision, going right through the wall of the house, disappearing inside.

Off Sara, fear rising...

INT. MR. NEGLEY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Morgan and Rosetta look through the first floor of the house. Although a new structure, the inside feels old, with antiques and wallpaper and dark shades on the windows.

ROSETTA

I'm not sure what we're supposed to be looking for.

MORGAN

I'm not either.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sara comes in the front door, fear in her eyes. She moves from room to room, senses alert. All is quiet, until:

A SHADOW-LIKE FORM darts past her, goes up the stairs to the second floor.

Sara freezes for a moment... then walks to the bottom of the stairs, looks up. She draws a breath, summons her courage... then starts up.

INT. MR. NEGLEY'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

Morgan and Rosetta come up the stairs, start searching the rooms on the second floor.

Morgan goes into what appears to be Mr. Negley's office. Almost as cluttered as Morgan's.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

Sara arrives at the top of the stairs. She notices that the DOOR at the end of the hallway is open a crack.

SOMETHING moves past the opening.

Whatever this thing is, it's inside the room.

INT. MR. NEGLEY'S HOUSE - OFFICE -- DAY

Morgan steps over to the desk, notices SEVERAL DRAWINGS Mr. Negley made. He picks them up.

The drawings depict OMINOUS, SHADOWY FIGURES in different rooms of the house. Very creepy. PUSH IN on the drawings as:

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR -- DAY

SARA steps up to the door. The house is dead silent. As she slowly pushes the door open:

THE DOORBELL RINGS from downstairs, scaring the shit out of her.

She catches her breath, looks inside the room. No shadow. The DOORBELL again.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sara comes down the stairs, opens the front door, revealing Morgan and Rosetta standing there.

MORGAN

Sara Davenport?

SARA

Yes.

MORGAN

(flashes I.D.)

Morgan Tuttle, Federal Agent. This is Agent Rosetta Stone. Yes, that's her real name.

Rosetta tries not to roll her eyes at that.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We'd like to ask you some questions about your neighbor, Mr. Negley. We're told you're the one who discovered his body.

SARA

Yes. But I didn't know him. We just moved into the neighborhood, I haven't really --

She suddenly stops short, noticing Mr. Negley's shadow drawings tucked under Morgan's arm. Seeing the shadows brings fear to her eyes, which Morgan notices, realizing:

MORGAN

So you're seeing them too.

Off Sara's frightened face...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- DAY

Sara stares at the drawings Mr. Negley made.

SARA

I started seeing them a few days after we moved in. Flashes of movement out of the corner of my eye. At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me.

Morgan and Rosetta sit with her at the dining room table.

MORGAN

These renderings are accurate?

SARA

Yes. I mean, they move quickly, I haven't really gotten a good look at them...

ROSETTA

Are they like ghosts?

MORGAN

(ignoring that)

Has your husband seen them?

SARA

No. Or my son. Just figured I was hallucinating. But now that I know Mr. Negley was seeing them too... It's really starting to creep me out.

MORGAN

You have nothing to be "creeped out" about. There's an explanation for this. We just have to figure out what it is. And the less hysterical you are during this time, the better for our investigation.

Sara just stares: *Who the hell is this guy?* Rosetta glares at him.

ROSETTA

Can I have a word with you, Agent Tuttle?

She leads a confused Morgan into:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE LIVING ROOM -- where she lowers her voice so Sara can't hear.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

You really need to work on your people skills.

(before Morgan can respond)

The woman is frightened. Show a little concern.

MORGAN

I told you, I can't allow myself to get --

ROSETTA

I'm not asking you to get emotionally invested. Just a simple gesture of kindness now and then.

MORGAN

You know, your job is to protect me, not actually *participate* in these investigations.

ROSETTA

I am protecting you.

Her firm tone shuts Morgan up. A bit of a stand-off here.

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM -- Sara looks over as the two come back into the room.

Morgan sits, looks at Sara. A long beat, then:

MORGAN

I like your earrings.

Sara reacts: *What?* Rosetta just sighs, shakes her head.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE/STREET -- DAY

The two walk back to their rental car. Morgan notices the look Rosetta's giving him.

MORGAN

What?

ROSETTA

You must be a hell of a lot of fun on a date.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets in the car, leaving him uncertain: *Was that a compliment or an insult?*

EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

A drive-up, Best Western-type motel on the outskirts of town. ROSETTA comes out of her room, shivers in the cool night air as she walks to the next room. She pauses a beat when she notices a small SATELLITE DISH hooked up outside the room.

She knocks on the door. A beat, then MORGAN opens it, waves her in as he heads back to:

INT. MORGAN'S MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A MAKESHIFT COMMUNICATIONS CENTER he's set up in the room -- THREE 50" MONITORS hooked up to TWO LAPTOPS. ON THE CENTER MONITOR we see a video link with MACE, BACK IN HER LAB AT WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS. Morgan continues his conversation with her:

MORGAN

No, what I need is one of your portable microbarographs. I want to scan the house for possible infrasonic signals.

Mace sees Rosetta coming in and smiles.

MACE

Hey! Your partner's still with you. How's it going, Rosetta? Have you shot him with the thermal gun, yet?

ROSETTA

Not yet, but... tempted.

MORGAN

Can we please stick to the matter at hand?

MACE

Sorry. Microbarograph. On the way.

ROSETTA

I was thinking. If what's going on here is a haunting, wouldn't there have to be some history to the place? It's a newly built community. I doubt there've been many deaths in these homes, if any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

I never suggested it was a haunting.
You did.

ROSETTA

(continuing)

Unless maybe there's history to the
area before the community was built,
like an old Indian burial ground...

Morgan just stares at her.

MACE

Uh-oh...

MORGAN

Old Indian burial ground? Are you
kidding me?

ROSETTA

What?

MORGAN

We don't argue from ignorance. If
something goes bump in the night, we
don't assume ghosts or goblins, we
investigate, with science. Things
that are mysterious are simply things
we have yet to figure out -- thunder
and lightning and tides, and how
epilepsy turned out to not be demon
possession but an affliction of the
brain.

ROSETTA

So you don't believe in anything
supernatural? No ghosts? No God?

Before he can respond:

MACE

Morgan.

(off his look)

Do you need anything else from me?

MORGAN

No.

MACE

Then I'm cutting this link before
you launch into another speech.

(to Rosetta)

Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She mouths the words "*Thermal gun*" while miming shooting a gun, then cuts the video link. Morgan turns back to Rosetta.

MORGAN

I wasn't going to "launch into a speech."

EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Rosetta comes out, starts back to her room. Morgan comes out behind her, makes a tiny adjustment to the satellite dish as:

ROSETTA

So what now?
(off his look)
The investigation. What's next?

MORGAN

Mace will send the microbarograph.
In the meantime, Sara Davenport and Mr. Negley both saw the same entities.
We need to canvass the neighborhood,
see if anyone else has seen them.

Rosetta nods, opens her door, but hesitates before going in.

ROSETTA

I'm not ignorant, by the way.

MORGAN

I never said you were.

ROSETTA

You just accused me of --

MORGAN

I accused you of *arguing from ignorance*. Not the same thing.

She heaves an exasperated sigh, looks up at the sky.

ROSETTA

Where's a good electrical storm when you need one?

And with that, we begin:

MONTAGE:

MORGAN AND ROSETTA split up and canvass the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOUSE #1 -- A MAN looks at the shadow drawings Morgan shows him, shakes his head no. Hasn't seen them.

STREET -- Rosetta talks to a BOY ON A BIKE, who nods his head yes. There's fear in the kid's eyes as he shows Rosetta the areas where he saw the shadows.

STREET -- Morgan talks to a HUSBAND AND WIFE who are walking their dog. Neither of them have seen anything.

HOUSE #2 -- Rosetta talks to a YOUNG WOMAN. She hasn't seen anything either. And finally:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

It's late in the day. Rosetta finishes talking to another MAN (who hasn't seen anything strange). As she heads back to the rental car:

MOVEMENT, out of the corner of her eye.

ROSETTA stops in her tracks. *Did I see something?* There it is again:

A DARK FORM -- darting behind some bushes up ahead.

Rosetta goes to investigate, pulse quickening. She steps around the bushes to find:

Nothing there. She stands a moment, takes a deep breath...

ROSETTA

Get a grip, Rose.

And starts over to:

THE RENTAL CAR -- where Morgan is approaching from the other direction. He quickly reads her frazzled look.

MORGAN

What's wrong?

She hesitates. *Should I tell him?* But she's too self-conscious, even embarrassed.

ROSETTA

Nothing.

MORGAN

I don't believe you.

ROSETTA

I don't care. What'd you find out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Twelve per cent of the people I spoke with have seen the shadow entities.

ROSETTA

I got about the same response.

MORGAN

Of the people who did see them, all either know each other and discussed seeing them, or heard about people seeing the entities from others in the neighborhood. One girl's sightings became so disturbing, her parents checked her into a mental institution for treatment.

His iPhone BEEPS with a TEXT MESSAGE. From MOM: "EAT DINNER."
Rosetta reads the text as Morgan quickly types back:
"ACKNOWLEDGED."

ROSETTA

Your mother texts you to eat dinner?

MORGAN

Sometimes I forget. Get caught up in my work.

ROSETTA

Do you live in her basement?

MORGAN

Not anymore. Let's go.

He gets in the car.

INT. RENTAL CAR ON ROAD - MOVING -- DAY

Rosetta drives. Morgan, as usual, is deep in thought.

ROSETTA

If you want, I can swing by a fast food place.

MORGAN

Most likely a collective delusion.
(off her look)
The people seeing the shadows. Not unlike the Seattle Pitted Windshield Epidemic of 1954. Mysterious, yes, but eventually explained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

I'm sorry -- "*Pitted Windshield Epidemic?*"

MORGAN

People found their car windshields damaged by tiny holes. At first only a few reports, but then the number of incidents soared to over three thousand. Speculation ranged from vandals to atomic fallout from hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific. The government sent a team of scientists to investigate. Their conclusion: mass hysteria. A few people initially found pitting on their windshields -- maybe from vandals, or maybe just from ordinary driving conditions, pebbles kicked up into the glass. But when newspapers started ascribing "mysterious" conditions to the events, next thing you know, everyone's finding pits in their windshields. Probably there all along. They just never noticed them until this "epidemic" erupted.

Rosetta takes that in, embarrassed that she might be falling victim to the collective delusion.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

The two sit with CLAIRE BAKER (17, delicate, endearing) in the common area. Other PATIENTS can be seen milling about the room, playing cards, watching TV, etc.

CLAIRE

My family was the first to move into the neighborhood. There was still a lot of construction going on. I started seeing the shadows a few days later.

Morgan produces the drawings Mr. Negley made, lays them on the table.

MORGAN

Like this?

Claire nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Got to the point I was afraid to leave my room. Then they started appearing at the foot of my bed. I freaked. That's when my parents brought me here.

MORGAN

Are you still seeing them now?

CLAIRE

No. Not since I got here.

MORGAN

They've medicated you?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Clozapine.

MORGAN

Anti-psychotic. Blocks receptors in the brain for several neurotransmitters --
(realizes)
The temporoparietal junction. That's got to be it...

He falls silent, staring off into space, deep in thought. Claire's confused...

CLAIRE

I don't know what you're talking about.

ROSETTA

No one does.

Morgan looks at them. To him it's all so simple:

MORGAN

The temporoparietal junction. TPJ. It's involved in creating the concept of "self" and the distinction between "self" and "other". There've been actual studies where stimulation of the TPJ interfered with the patients' ability to integrate information about their own body, resulting in them feeling a ghostly "presence" in the room with them.

ROSETTA

Ghosts? Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Ghostly presence. Similar shadowy encounters have been described by people with schizophrenia, as well as healthy subjects --

ROSETTA

So the people who are seeing these shadows -- They all have some kind of defect in their brain?

MORGAN

I wouldn't call it a defect. Imbalance, maybe. Or anomaly. Some kind of chemical or electrical misfiring in the TPJ that's making them open to seeing things.

ROSETTA

But how does that explain how they're all seeing the *exact* same things?

MORGAN

Collective delusion. One person with this brain anomaly sees shadow entities, tells others about it. Word spreads through the neighborhood --

ROSETTA

The Seattle Pitted Windshield Epidemic.

MORGAN

Exactly.

Claire's been staring down at the drawings during this.

CLAIRE

But these aren't *exactly* what I saw.

Morgan looks at her, piqued.

MORGAN

How so?

CLAIRE

Well... I mean... at first they looked like this... but then later, the shapes... They grew more defined. Like people... Watching me.

ROSETTA

What do you think they wanted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For the first time, we see fear in Claire's eyes.

CLAIRE
To take over my body.

EXT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

Sara, grocery bags in hand, heads to her car. She puts the bags in the trunk, gets in the car and starts for home.

INT. SARA'S CAR - MOVING -- NIGHT

As she drives, she gets a strange sensation... as if she's not alone. She looks up in the rearview mirror.

HER POV -- A DARK FORM looms behind her in the back seat.

SARA gasps, turns around to look, but sees nothing there.

Then it's right beside her, in the front seat. TWO FIERY EYES flash open.

Sara SCREAMS, puts her hands up defensively. The car swerves off the road and:

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

WHAM! It slams into a tree. The AIR BAG DEPLOYS like a gunshot.

Off Sara, slumped over in the seat, unconscious and bleeding from the head...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Sara lies in bed, conscious now, hooked up to an IV. Still visibly shaken by the encounter. Her husband Don is at her bedside, consoling her.

Morgan and Rosetta stand nearby. Sara's not happy to see either of them.

SARA

You lied to me.
(off Morgan's confusion)
You said there was nothing to be
afraid of.

MORGAN

I still maintain that.

SARA

It attacked me! It tried to kill
me!

MORGAN

That may simply be your perception
of what happened. We often tend to
embellish events where stress plays
a significant --

MCBRIDE (O.S.)

Morgan.

Morgan turns to see Dr. McBride poking his head inside the door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Morgan and Rosetta follow McBride into the corridor.

MORGAN

Have you started her on anti-
psychotics?

MCBRIDE

No. She suffered a concussion; it
could delay recovery. But we did an
MRI, and I was able to obtain Claire
Baker's MRI results from the mental
health facility, as well as Mr.
Negley's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

And?

MCBRIDE

All three presented anomalous subcortical signals in the temporoparietal junction.

Rosetta is quiet, troubled by this.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

I've seen this kind of anomaly before. It's not that uncommon, actually. About ten per cent of the population is born with it.

ROSETTA

Is it dangerous?

Something in the way she asked that gives Morgan pause.

MCBRIDE

No. Think of it like a harmless heart murmur. Something you live with.

MORGAN

Some heart murmurs can be life-threatening.

MCBRIDE

But the vast majority aren't, which is what I was -- nevermind. The point is, your collective delusion idea is making sense. Claire Baker was the first person to see the entities. She told others, and those who have the same TPJ anomaly were able to see what she saw.

Morgan ponders this for a moment, puzzled about something.

MORGAN

Hold that thought.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

He comes back in. Don moves to intercept him.

DON

She needs rest. You should come back later --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

One more question, very quick.

Don relents, allows him to approach Sara.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Did anyone tell you about the shadows before you saw them?

SARA

No. We just moved to the neighborhood. We don't really know anyone yet.

MORGAN

So how could you experience the exact same delusion if you never heard about it?

SARA

I don't know.

MORGAN

I know you don't. I was thinking out loud.

(thinks)

Maybe you did hear about it, but forgot...

SARA

No. I would've remembered something like that.

MORGAN

Or maybe it *isn't* a delusion.

SARA

What -- The shadows are *real*?

Morgan doesn't answer, lost in thought.

Off Sara, terrified...

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

QUICK CUTS -- FEET running down a city street. REVEAL ROSETTA, once again moving through the sea of pedestrians, the same dream she had before. She's breathing hard, looking for someone.

ROSETTA

Daniel!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops a MAN walking the other way...

ROSETTA (CONT'D)
Excuse me... Have you seen a boy,
five years old, he was --

But like before, the man keeps walking, as if she was invisible. Then she sees him:

A BOY -- standing in the distance, looking back at her.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)
Daniel! Stay there! Don't move!

She starts running full speed toward him. But then he DISAPPEARS in the crowd of people.

Rosetta stops, looks around, unable to spot him.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)
Daniel!

INT. ROSETTA'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

ROSETTA wakes with a start. Breathing hard, fear blanketing her face. And helpless frustration. The same damn dream, over and over.

Then she senses something. A presence in the room with her. She looks to see:

A DARK FORM -- standing at the foot of her bed. TWO EYES emerge from the blackness, staring at her. Rosetta freezes in fear, and at that moment:

THE PHONE RINGS. She jumps, startled. Looks back. The shadow is gone. She checks the clock -- 3:43 am -- before answering the phone.

ROSETTA
Hello?

MORGAN (over phone)
Get out here. I think I might have
an explanation for all of this.

ROSETTA
Where are you?

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- NIGHT

Rosetta finds Morgan standing at the spot where Mr. Negley's body was found.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's holding a portable scanning device called a MICROBAROGRAPH.

The woods are dark, eerie. Rosetta shivers.

ROSETTA
Freezing out here.

Morgan pauses, stares at his watch, as if calculating something.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)
What?

MORGAN
49 degrees. Nowhere near freezing.

ROSETTA
How do you know the temperature?

MORGAN
Crickets. Poor man's thermometer. Count the number of chirps in 15 seconds, add 37 and you've got the temperature. In Fahrenheit, of course.

ROSETTA
What are you doing out here?

MORGAN
You might not have been too far off with the Indian burial ground-slash-haunting idea. Except there is no burial ground. Or haunting. Or Indians.

Off her *What the hell are you talking about?* look:

MORGAN (CONT'D)
It's the *location*. Until recently, the neighborhood was all just uninhabited forest like this. But I've been doing some research; there've been reports from hikers over the years claiming to have seen strange sights here. There's something about this geographical location that's triggering the visions.

ROSETTA
And that would be...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Well, it's not infrasonic signals.
I just did a scan of the area with
the microbarograph Mace sent me.
Picked up nothing. No, I believe we
are standing smack in the middle of
a dimensional intersection.

She just stares at him, utterly confused.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

A bridge -- or a door -- between the
third and fourth spatial dimensions.
Carl Sagan had a great explanation
for it in his description of
Flatland...

He crouches on the ground, starts drawing a large square in
a patch of dirt.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Imagine you live in a two-dimensional
world, where everything's flat.
(re: the large square)
That's your house.

He draws a much smaller square inside the large one.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And that's you. You have width and
length, but no height. You know
left and right, forward and back,
but you know nothing about up and
down.

He grabs a nearby rock, holds it above the square.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now imagine that one day, a strange
being comes into your world -- a
three-dimensional being, from *above*.
You, being flat, can't see it --
can't even *imagine* such a being
existing until --

He sets the rock on the ground inside the circle.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It comes into contact with your two-
dimensional world, suddenly appearing
as if by magic, right in the middle
of your home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You can't see the entire being, just a thin cross-section as it intersects with your two-dimensional world.

And when it moves away --

(he lifts the rock
again)

It vanishes. That's what's going on here. Except, of course, we live in a *three*-dimensional world. We can't see or even imagine beings from a *fourth*-dimension... until they suddenly come into contact with ours.

ROSETTA

The shadow entities.

MORGAN

Exactly. Beings from another dimension.

Rosetta stands in silence a beat, increasingly intrigued.

ROSETTA

That's... kind of cool.

Morgan's face lights up at that.

MORGAN

It is, isn't it? Dimensional intersections are often talked about as potential scientific explanations for why people see ghosts. People, in this case, with a certain TPJ anomaly.

ROSETTA

These beings... are they crossing over on purpose? Or just accidental?

MORGAN

That I don't know. Yet. But their form in this dimension is not unlike the two-dimensional shadows we cast on the ground. They're not corporeal -- they can't *physically* interact with us, so they can't actually do us any harm.

ROSETTA

But Sara said it tried to kill her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Her perception. She was scared, she panicked, she wasn't thinking --

He stops short when he notices Rosetta's attention now drawn to something off in the woods.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What?

ROSETTA

You see that?

He turns to look.

DEEP IN THE WOODS -- A DARK FORM hovers mid-air a few feet off the ground. The kind of image that raises the hairs on the back of your neck.

MORGAN

Yes.

ROSETTA

Good.

The two start toward it. As they get closer, they realize:

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

It's a *person*.

She hurries her pace, arrives to discover a MAN hanging by his neck from a rope tied to a tree branch. It's the MAILMAN.

Morgan notices an envelope on the ground beneath him. He opens it.

MORGAN

Suicide note. To his family.

Rosetta reacts with dread, realizing:

ROSETTA

He saw the shadows too.

MORGAN

(nods, reading the letter)

He was terrified. Felt this was his only escape.

Morgan looks up at the body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

These entities might not be able to harm people, but they're sure causing people to harm *themselves*.

Rosetta is silent, visibly shaken by this. Morgan looks at her, sees the worry and fear in her eyes. Before he can ask what's wrong --

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. He looks at the caller I.D.: Dr. McBride. He answers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Perfect timing. I need you to --

He stops short, listens, growing concerned.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

All right, we're on our way.

He hangs up, looks at Rosetta.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sara's missing.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Morgan and Rosetta rush up the corridor. They're met by Dr. McBride and Sara's husband, Don.

MCBRIDE

Hospital's in lockdown, we have security searching every room.

DON

This is because of you.
(off Morgan's surprise)
You scared her earlier when you said the shadows were real.

MORGAN

I said the shadows *might not* be a delusion. Hardly a declaration of fact.

ROSETTA

What happened?

DON

She started seeing them in the room, surrounding her bed. She panicked. I went to get a nurse. When we got back to the room, she was gone.

MORGAN

All right. We'll join the search.
(to Don)
You should stay in her room in case she returns.

DON

The hell I will.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS -- NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS: Morgan, Rosetta, McBride and Don searching the hospital, checking rooms, calling out for Sara. As the search continues, Morgan, as usual, is deep in thought. He realizes something:

MORGAN

Fight or Flight.
(off Rosetta)
The common response in all the victims. *Fear*. It's the fuel the shadows are feeding on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

I thought it was a brain anomaly.

MORGAN

It is. The anomaly allows people to see the shadows. But their reactions to them -- the fear -- seems to amplify them. The more fear you feel, the more adrenaline is produced. Somehow it's interacting with the TPJ anomaly to make the visions more intense.

DON

(to McBride)

What the hell is he talking about?

McBride's CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers.

MCBRIDE

Yes?

(listens, turns to
the others)

They spotted her in the south
stairwell, heading up.

INT. SOUTH STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The four rush up the stairs. Rosetta, being in the best shape, takes the lead. They climb floor after floor, finally arriving at:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Rosetta rushes out, followed by Don, Morgan and McBride to discover THREE HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARDS standing frozen with concern, eyes locked on:

SARA -- who stands on a raised ledge at the edge of the building. She's balanced precariously, twenty floors up, inches from falling to her death.

DON

Sara!

SARA

Don't come near me!

Don freezes. But she's not talking to him...

SARA'S POV -- FOUR MENACING SHADOW ENTITIES form a semi-circle around her, allowing no escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is our clearest view of the shadows yet: seven feet tall, humanoid in appearance, and pitch black. Ominous, frightening apparitions.

MORGAN steps closer, urgently trying to reason with Sara, but in his usual clinical manner.

MORGAN

Listen to me. The shadows can't harm you. They're merely entities from another dimension that have crossed into ours.

DON

They're what?

MORGAN

Your fear is causing adrenaline to flood your body, which is then interacting with an anomaly in the temporoparietal junction of your brain, enhancing their appearance.

(another step closer)

So you just need to calm down and step off that ledge, so we can --

SARA

Leave me alone!

SARA'S POV -- THE SHADOWS loom closer, eyes emerging from the blackness, staring right at her.

SARA inches backwards, seconds from falling.

Morgan turns to Rosetta.

MORGAN

You still have that thermal gun?

Rosetta ignores him, eyes locked on Sara, sharing her fear, because:

ROSETTA

I see them too.

ROSETTA'S POV -- The SHADOWS surrounding Sara.

MORGAN AND THE OTHERS react with surprise. Sara turns to Rosetta, sees the look in her eyes, knows she's telling the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

I've been seeing them since we arrived
in town...

MORGAN

You have?

Again, Rosetta ignores him, takes a step closer to Sara.

ROSETTA

Just like you. Fleeting glimpses
out of the corner of my eye. Then I
started seeing them everywhere.

MORGAN

Are you serious? Why didn't you
tell me --

SARA

Do you see them now?

ROSETTA

Yes.

(points)

There, there, there, and there.

Rosetta steps between the entities, moves closer to Sara.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

But Sara, listen to me. We don't
have to be afraid of them. The more
fear we have, the more power we give
them.

She's now very close to her. She holds out her hand.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Take my hand. We can face them
together.

Sara hesitates, then takes her hand. But instead of pulling
her to safety, Rosetta steps up onto the ledge beside her.

MORGAN

What the hell are you doing?!

Rosetta looks at Sara, who stares at:

THE SHADOWS -- now frighteningly close, eyes glowing.

ROSETTA

They can only harm us if we let them.
And we're not going to let them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara looks at Rosetta, finds strength in her conviction.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Sara draws a breath, summoning her courage, then turns to face the shadows.

HER POV -- THE SHADOWS' eyes begin receding... their forms begin dissipating.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

See? It's working.

Sara nods. A calmness begins to wash over her.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

That's it. They can't hurt you.

SARA'S POV -- THE SHADOWS dissipate further, losing texture, becoming wisps of movement out of the corner of her eye...

And then they're gone.

SARA turns to Rosetta, smiles. Rosetta smiles back.

MORGAN

What happened? Are they gone?

Sara nods with relief. Rosetta helps her down from the ledge. Don rushes to her, hugs her. Morgan turns to Rosetta, not happy.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

She could've pulled you over the edge.

Rosetta holds his look, turns the words he said to her earlier back in his face:

ROSETTA

Sometimes you can't solve a problem unless you are emotionally invested.

Off Morgan, thinking about this...

EXT. SARA'S STREET -- DAY

A beautiful day in the neighborhood.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Morgan and Rosetta check in with Sara before leaving town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSETTA

Are you still seeing them?

SARA

Yes, from time to time. Are you?

ROSETTA

(nods)

Just now, as we got out of the car.
But only briefly.

SARA

Me too. Quick glimpses, and they
dissipate as fast as they appear.

MORGAN

Because you're no longer afraid of
them. We talked to others in the
neighborhood to explain the phenomena.
You'll all continue to see the
entities until we can discover a way
to close the suspected dimensional
intersection.

ROSETTA

But as long as we stay calm, we won't
be harmed.

Sara nods, grateful.

MORGAN

"Nothing to fear but fear itself,"
right? I'm paraphrasing, of course.

INT. RECEPTION - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

The place is bustling with activity, as usual. THE ELEVATOR
DOOR OPENS. Rosetta steps out. Edna looks up from her
crossword puzzle as she passes by.

EDNA

They assigned you an office.
(off Rosetta)

Don't get too excited. It used to
be a utility closet.

INT. CORRIDOR - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Rosetta arrives at the door to her new office. She opens
it, looks inside. As Edna warned, it's small. But large
enough for a desk and a chair, maybe a bookshelf. On the
desk is a bakery box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rosetta steps over, opens it to reveal: MACARONS.

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - WEIRD DESK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Morgan looks up from his computer screen to see Rosetta standing in the doorway holding the macarons.

ROSETTA

You did this?

MORGAN

A gesture of kindness.

Rosetta smiles, genuinely touched.

ROSETTA

Thank you.

She can see that Morgan's growing uncomfortable, so she changes the subject, noticing a QUOTE tacked to the board beside Morgan's monitor. She reads it aloud:

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious."

MORGAN

Albert Einstein.

ROSETTA

I like that.

Morgan nods. He does too.

ROSETTA (CONT'D)

So Dr. McBride did an MRI of my brain, confirmed that I have the anomaly.

MORGAN

No surprise.

ROSETTA

Am I still on "probation?"

MORGAN

Of course. We've only completed one assignment. But I'm encouraged.

ROSETTA

Glad to hear it. I thought with me having this anomaly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Actually your TPJ anomaly might come in handy on future assignments. So that's a plus. But if this partnership is to be successful, we're going to have to be completely honest with each other.

ROSETTA

Okay.

MORGAN

What you told me earlier -- how you don't scare easily -- isn't true.

ROSETTA

It *is* true. Give me a real enemy, I'm happy to fight. It's the things that go bump in the night that I need help with.

MORGAN

Why did you come to work at Weird Desk?

She hesitates, considering. Growing uneasy. But before she can decide whether or not to tell him:

BEEP. Morgan looks at the monitor.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's Mr. Higgs. He has our next assignment.

ROSETTA

Already?

MORGAN

Welcome to Weird Desk.

Morgan hits a key, and HIGGS appears on the screen. His usual creepy, silhouetted self.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Higgs. We're here.

END OF SHOW