

ZIRAH ANN CONWAY

an original screenplay by

Nathaniel Eduardo Garcia

Nathaniel Eduardo Garcia
3769 Ruby St. Apt. C
Oakland, CA 94609
(702) 204-1235
nathanielgarcia80@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

ZIRAH ANN CONWAY (25), blonde and preppy, browses through racks of clothing at Macy's with an armful of clothing.

The store is festively decorated for the holiday season.

Zirah's son, BILLY (7), stands nearby his mother but his attention is fixed upon the mall Santa Claus and the long line of people waiting to see him.

Billy wears a distinctive Oakland A's baseball cap.

BILLY
(tugging Zirah's blouse)
Mom, can we go see Santa?

Zirah is distracted.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mom!

ZIRAH
What? What, Billy?

BILLY
Mom, I really want to ask Santa for
the Grando VR Warrior! Please!

Zirah looks at the long line and grimaces.

ZIRAH
Honey, let's come back tomorrow. I
still need to shop for your Aunt
Judy and her husband. I haven't
gotten anything for your father and--

BILLY
(interrupting)
But Mom, tomorrow's Christmas!

ZIRAH
(flustered)
Okay, okay. Let me pay for this and
I'll meet you. Go straight there.

Billy gleefully bolts to the line.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Wait! Billy! Come here!

Billy stops and returns. Zirah kisses him on his forehead.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Straight to the line.

INT. SUN VALLEY MALL - ATRIUM - DAY

Billy navigates the horde of holiday shoppers towards the Santa Claus Academy display surrounding a fifty foot Christmas tree in the middle of the mall.

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Zirah takes a massive armful of clothing to the cashier. She strains to see Billy. She can barely make out his Oakland A's hat at the end of the line.

The severely myopic cashier rings the items agonizingly slow.

ZIRAH
(to cashier)
Excuse me. This was marked down.
(she flips the tag)
See?

CASHIER
My mistake. I'll have to void it out. It'll just be a moment.

ZIRAH
(sighs)
I'm going to need a drink after this.

She loses sight of Billy for a moment, but then sees his hat emerge from behind a Christmas elf.

The cashier rings up the rest of the items and hands Zirah five enormous bags overflowing with Christmas gifts.

INT. SUN VALLEY MALL - ATRIUM - DAY

Zirah scans the line of people but she cannot find her son.

She squints and finally sees Billy's baseball cap at the front of the line. He is next to see Santa.

INT. SANTA'S ACADEMY VILLAGE - DAY

Zirah walks over to Billy and places her hand on his shoulder.

ZIRAH
(smiling)
Perfect timing, huh?

A little boy with a facial disfigurement turns and looks at Zirah with ink black eyes. She recoils in horror.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I... I'm... sorry.

The boy in the A's hat eerily locks eyes with Zirah as an elf guides him to meet Santa.

Zirah scans the line. Billy is nowhere in sight.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Billy! Billy!

She walks the entire length of the line and back.

She walks to an elf and shows him picture of the boy.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
(to elf)
Excuse me, have you seen my boy?

ELF
(weird elf voice)
No.
(Elf turns)
Next!

ZIRAH
(hollering)
Billy! Billy!

BEGIN MONTAGE (SPED UP):

The line ebbs and shrinks with the passage of time.

Zirah fills out a report at the security guard kiosk with her burdensome bags at her side.

The stores bring down their gates to close up.

Concord Police take a statement from a hysterical Zirah.

The mall store lights shut off one by one.

INT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zirah and the Concord Police are gathered around an orange, vintage landline phone in her spotless suburban kitchen.

Her husband, RICK CONWAY (28), dressed professionally in a suit and tie, consoles her.

She stares at the orange phone.

CUT TO TITLE SEQUENCE

SUPER: "Ten Years Later"

Wet, SLURPING sounds mix over television O.S.

INT. ZIRAH'S BEDROOM - EVENING

We fade in on ZIRAH ANN CONWAY (35), now hardened after ten impossible years. The long blonde hair has been cut off.

We watch Zirah, now with short black hair, licking her lips lasciviously and MOANING.

The camera pulls out to reveal that Zirah is receiving oral sex from a slender figure with long, fiery red hair.

Zirah reaches a dramatic and explosive orgasm then pushes the slender figure off of her. We see that the figure is a much younger woman.

ZIRAH
(wiping girl's face)
Good job, Vicki.

Zirah kisses VICKI (19) on the forehead and gets out of bed.

We stay with Vicki and hear a SHOWER O.S.

Vicki grabs a mirror with lines of white powder off the nightstand. She watches the television absently, puts a copper straw to her nose and sniffs. The line vanishes.

Zirah returns with a towel on her hair.

Zirah takes the straw from Vicki, leans down and snorts.

Water droplets from her hair fall upon the mirror.

VICKI
You're dripping.

Zirah smiles, wipes her nose and walks to her vanity.

We can see Vicki watching Zirah brush foundation powder on her face through the vanity mirror.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Zirah?

ZIRAH
Yeah?

VICKI
Do you remember I told you about my
sister's wedding?

ZIRAH
(absently)
I think so. You'll be out of town?

VICKI
Back to Lincoln. Just about a week.

ZIRAH
(applying lipstick)
Okay.

VICKI
I was hoping you'd come with me.

ZIRAH
(sardonically)
You want me to be your lesbian date
for your Republican family?

VICKI
Yeah.

ZIRAH
(twangy)
How do ya reckon that's gonna work?

VICKI
(nonchalant)
What do you mean? We'll fly out
together and go to the wedding.

ZIRAH
And we'll stay at your family's house?
In your childhood bed?

VICKI
I was thinking we could get a hotel.

ZIRAH
(to herself)
An exotic holiday in Nebraska. Lovely.

Zirah puts the brushes, lipstick and mascara back into the
make-up caddy. She turns to look at Vicki.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
I don't think so, kid.

VICKI
(propping herself up)
Why not?

ZIRAH
For so many reasons.

VICKI

Give me one.

Zirah walks gracefully to where Vicki sits down. She puts her hand on Vicki's alabaster face.

ZIRAH

Age, Honey.

Zirah kisses Vicki on the forehead and looks at her watch.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I got to go. Hang out if you want.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Zirah walks toward the front door. As she reaches for it, the sound of an old landline phone RINGS off-screen. Zirah freezes. Her hand hangs in space.

The phone RINGS again. Zirah is frozen at the door.

VICKI (O.S.)

(hollering)

Do you want me to get that?

The phone RINGS again. Zirah waits a beat.

VICKI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(hollering)

Zirah? Are you still here?

ZIRAH

(snapping)

Yeah, I'm here. I'll get it.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vicki pulls a sheet off the bed and drapes herself in it. She walks toward the sound of the phone.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

We follow behind Zirah through the living room to the dilapidated kitchen. The phone continues RINGING and RINGING.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Zirah and Vicki arrive at the vintage phone. Zirah stares at it, then finally answers.

ZIRAH

Hello?

STATIC.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Hello?

Zirah's voice echoes and fades away. Then more STATIC. Then a strange, ethereal drone.

VICKI

(confused)

Who is it?

ZIRAH

Billy?

Zirah hears her voice ECHOING. She hangs up.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(walking to the door)

I'll see you later.

VICKI

Wait! Zirah! Who's Billy?

ZIRAH

(abrupt)

I'm late. I'll tell you later.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vicki watches sullenly from the living room window as Zirah climbs onto her black Triumph Bonneville. The bike ROARS to life and Zirah speeds away.

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Zirah rides over the Bay Bridge, weaving through traffic.

EXT. MONTERO'S BAR - NIGHT

Zirah pulls up in front of a run down sports bar. A neon sign flashes MONTERO'S WINES & LIQUORS.

INT. MONTERO'S BAR - NIGHT

Zirah enters the bar and sees bartender NED (44), a middle aged, muscular Rockabilly type with a pompadour and beer gut. He looks up with a scowl.

NED

You're late.

ZIRAH

Traffic.

NED

Bullshit.

(MORE)

NED (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

Now I'm going to be late to pick up
my kid.

There are three older gentlemen at the bar. Two are regulars,
but Zirah has never before seen the third MIDDLE AGED MAN
(40's) unshaven, overweight and clad in an ill-fitting suit.

Middle Aged Man watches Zirah as she climbs over the bar and
grabs a bottle of Jameson off the shelf.

NED (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No more free drinks when you're on
shift! I told you before!

ZIRAH

(waving him off)

It's on me.

She pours two shots and hands one to Ned.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(holding up shot glass)

Sláinte.

Ned CLINKS her glass and they both down the shot in one gulp.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Good.

Ned brushes past Zirah with the cashier till in his hands.

NED

I'm going to count down my drawer.

ZIRAH

Right on.

Ned disappears leaving Zirah with the three patrons.

AARON (62) the most worn and grizzled of the three, looks at
Zirah with sorrowful eyes.

AARON

I'll take one of those if you're
pouring.

Zirah SHRUGS and pours a shot for Aaron and herself. He
tosses it back before she can toast him.

AARON (CONT'D)

(wipes mouth)

Indeed. Indeed.

JIMBO (71), is the most dapper of the three in a bright blue suit coat and a yellow collared shirt with paisley tie. Jimbo has several missing teeth.

JIMBO
Oh yeah, I'll have a shot of Hennessey.

ZIRAH
You got it.

Zirah turns to the shelf and locates the bottle.

JIMBO
(rubbing hands together)
Oh yeah.

ZIRAH
(pouring)
You got the money for it this time, right, Jimbo?

JIMBO
Uh... eh....

ZIRAH
I'm just playing with you.

She grins and pours Jimbo a shot. He drinks and slams the glass on the bar and gestures for another. Zirah pours.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
That'll be \$22.

JIMBO
\$22 for some Hennessey? Crazy shit.

ZIRAH
Blame the Techies.

NED
(walks past)
You better be ringing up those drinks.

ZIRAH
I am, Ned.

NED
And get here on time tomorrow. Shit.

ZIRAH
I will, Ned.
(to Middle Aged Man)
Anything for you, Sir?

MIDDLE AGED MAN
I'm fine for right now.
(pulls out SFPD badge)
My name is Detective Rowell. I'd
like to have a conversation with you
regarding your husband.

Zirah turns white.

ZIRAH
Ex-husband.

DETECTIVE ROWELL
Your ex-husband escaped from police
custody last night. Are you aware
of that?

ZIRAH
No. We haven't spoken in years.
What happened?

DETECTIVE ROWELL
He was being treated at the Medical
Center following an arrest.

ZIRAH
Arrest? For what?

DETECTIVE ROWELL
Battery. Against a police officer.

ZIRAH
Battery? That's insane!

DETECTIVE ROWELL
He was being cited for a drunk and
disorderly when he attacked an
officer. Has anyone unusual tried
to make contact with you?

Zirah shakes her head slowly as she polishes a glass.

ZIRAH
Nope.

DETECTIVE ROWELL
(reading notepad)
Your address still 3864 Ruby St?

ZIRAH
(snapping)
You have my address?!

Rowell studies her impassively.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
 (calming down)
 Yes, that's correct. Sorry.

Rowell pays for his drink and stands up.

DETECTIVE ROWELL
 Just routine, Ma'am. When a prisoner escapes custody, we contact all known family members in the area.

ZIRAH
 Even ex-wives.

DETECTIVE ROWELL
 Especially ex-wives.
 (Rowell puts on a hat)
 Have a good evening, Ma'am.

Zirah stares at Rowell wistfully as he leaves the bar. There's a longing in her gaze. She notices that Rowell has left a business card behind. Her face darkens.

ZIRAH
 This motherfucker.
 (shaking her head)
 Ma'am.

Aaron and Jimbo guffaw.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
 Just routine, Ma'am. Asshole.

INT. MONTERO'S BAR - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE (SPED UP):

The night continues and the place fills up.

The faces change. The drinks change. Zirah pours and pours.

She flickers the lights on and off and hollers at the crowd.

She settles bills in a wild flurry.

Zirah pushes the last stumbling drunks out the door.

EXT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zirah arrives home to find a classic powder-blue convertible in her driveway. Her face falls.

ZIRAH
 Fuck.

She creeps to the front of the house and peers through the living room window. She can only see Vicki on the couch watching television. No one else.

INT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zirah bursts through the front door and is surprised to find Vicki on the couch with a HANDSOME MAN (late 20's).

VICKI
(startled)
Oh, Zirah.

Zirah notices orange tablets and pharmaceutical pill bottles strewn across the coffee table.

ZIRAH
What the hell is this?

Handsome Man stands up awkwardly. He is shaky and unbalanced.

VICKI
This is Jack. He's passing through town. I thought I told you.

JACK
(extending hand)
Hello there, how are you?

Zirah notices scar tissue on JACK PHILIP'S forehead.

ZIRAH
Vicki, can I talk to you?

INT. ZIRAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

ZIRAH
I don't want you inviting randoes into my house without telling me.

VICKI
(laughing)
He's not a rando. He's a friend of my brother's.

Zirah turns on the faucet and washes her face.

VICKI (CONT'D)
He's just passing through and needs a place to stay.

ZIRAH
He can't stay here. And what's all that orange shit on my coffee table?

VICKI
It's just one night.

ZIRAH
Not for any nights! No randoes. I
have a strict 'no-randoe' rule.

VICKI
Zirah, I'm serious.

ZIRAH
So am I. No randoes.

VICKI
He was in Afghanistan, you know.

Zirah dries her face. She says nothing.

VICKI (CONT'D)
With my brother.

Zirah tosses the towel to the ground and brushes past Vicki.
She turns off the light, leaving her in the dark.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicki follows Zirah into the bedroom.

VICKI
That orange shit is really good.

Zirah turns.

ZIRAH
What is it?

VICKI
Come on out and see for yourself.

ZIRAH
(shaking head)
I had a fucked up night.

VICKI
Come on, don't be a little bitch.

ZIRAH
(snapping)
Don't fucking invite strangers over
to my house without telling me.

VICKI
Fine. Fuck.

Vicki goes for the door, but Zirah remains.

VICKI (CONT'D)

C'mon.

ZIRAH

I'm coming.

Zirah looks at her vanity.

VICKI

(mocking)

You're going to put on more make-up?

Zirah shrugs.

VICKI (CONT'D)

You were going to kick the guy out
into the street a minute ago.

ZIRAH

I still might. And you too.

(shooing her)

Go on.

VICKI

You better come out.

ZIRAH

I will. Go, Bitch.

Vicki lingers.

VICKI

Hey Zirah. You mentioned a name
earlier. Billy?

Zirah says nothing.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Who's Billy, Zirah?

ZIRAH

Another time.

VICKI

I'm just wasting time with you.

Zirah turns and locks eyes with Vicki.

ZIRAH

I guess we're probably both wasting
time with each other.

Vicki is wounded. She says nothing and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zirah enters fully made up in tight black pants and a vintage Iron Maiden t-shirt. Vicki looks at her and LAUGHS.

VICKI

Poser.

ZIRAH

What? I got this shirt at the show.
(embarrassed)
Shut up.

JACK

Hey, it's cool. Who cares? I'm Jack.

Zirah shakes Jack's hand and sits on the couch next to Vicki.

She examines the detritus of orange powder and pill bottles. She grabs one and sees the name JACK PHILLIPS on the bottle. The name of the drug is Hr71. It is stamped with a VA logo.

ZIRAH

(reading)
Take 1 tablet by mouth in the morning
and at night for pain. What's this?

JACK

It's a painkiller. Government gives
it to me.
(knocks on prosthetic)
For my leg.

Zirah and Vicki LAUGH.

JACK (CONT'D)

But if you snort enough of it, you
can get a pretty killer buzz.

VICKI

It makes you trip.

ZIRAH

Trip? Like hallucinate?

JACK

Sort of. It's more like being asleep.

VICKI

Like a dream.

ZIRAH

That sounds stupid. You just fall
asleep? For how long?

VICKI
Just like a couple of minutes.

ZIRAH
Then what happens?

JACK
You just feel really up and alert.
Like a cup of coffee.

ZIRAH
(shrugging)
Alright. I'll give it a try.

JACK
I'll fix you up.

Jack pulverizes a handful of tablets in a pill crusher with a screw-on top. He dumps the powder onto the table and cuts it finer with a razor blade, then forms three orange lines and hands Zirah a straw.

ZIRAH
What a gentleman.

JACK
Now, that first hit is gonna to burn like crazy, but you gotta do the whole amount. Switch nostrils.

Zirah hesitates.

VICKI
Don't be a pussy.

ZIRAH
Alright, alright.

Zirah snorts the first line. Her eyes grow big as saucers.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Oh.... Lord.... Fuck...

JACK
C'mon, you gotta power through.

VICKI
Left, right, left.

Zirah snorts the second line and the walls appear to shatter away, revealing an infinite expanse.

JACK/VICKI
(chanting, distorted)
Left, right, left.

Jack and Vicki's faces look like wild, deranged animals.

Zirah snorts the rest of the powder.

JACK
Now breathe in real fast.

Zirah INHALES. She hears a tremendous CRACK.

EXT. ALIEN WORLD - DAY

Zirah finds herself on the ground of a dense and lush forest. She is dwarfed by giant ferns, trees and poppy plants that extend far into an alien sky.

She peers into a dragon lily and is hypnotized by its glowing, undulating spots.

She walks buoyantly. There is less gravity here.

She hears a RUMBLING in the distance.

Trees shake and shift from view revealing a wooden stairwell. She approaches it. She sees that the stairwell leads to a lake below.

She sees a massive, metallic pulsing Orb emerge from the depths of the Lake. She stares at it in awe.

INT. ZIRAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zirah wakes with a huge GASP with Vicki and Jack looming over her. Vicki smiles enthusiastically.

VICKI
Pretty great, right?

JACK
Shh. Just let her come down.

Zirah sits up and holds her face.

ZIRAH
Oh.... that was just wonderful.

BEGIN LATE NIGHT TRIPPY MONTAGE:

The group parties, laughs, drinks and snorts Hr71.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Zirah awakes at dawn.

She rises slowly out of bed and is surprised to discover that Vicki and Jack are nude.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Zirah pours coffee grounds into a filter, then stares out of the living room window as the coffee maker GURGLES.

Flashes of sex with Vicki and Jack.

Flashes of doing lines of Hr71 off Vicki's breasts.

Flashes of her husband, Rick.

Flashes of Detective Rowell.

Flashes of Billy.

She looks at the pill crusher on the coffee table.

She sees extra orange tablets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Zirah pulverizes the tablets and lays out three lines. She rubs the powder onto her gums. As she does this, she gets FLASHES of The Orb. She leans down and snorts up a line.

JACK (O.S.)
Hey, whatchu doing?

ZIRAH
What?

JACK
It's dangerous to do it alone.

ZIRAH
Why?

JACK
I'll tell you, but Vicki, she don't know this, so don't say nothing.

ZIRAH
I won't.

JACK
Okay, this one time when Vicki's brother was supposed to be on patrol, Dilmar took a whole mess of this shit and wandered off. We had not idea where he was for a full day.

ZIRAH
Then what?

JACK
Eventually we found him, with his
pecker cut off.

ZIRAH
His pecker?

JACK
Yup. Shoved in his mouth.

ZIRAH
Gross. You had Hr71 out there?

JACK
Hell yeah. That's where the shit
comes from. The poppy. What you
think we doing out there anyway?

ZIRAH
(examining pill bottle)
What's in this shit?

JACK
It's an opiod, like Vicodin, it all
comes from the opium poppy.

ZIRAH
I've had Vicodin before. It was
very different than this.

JACK
It's different when you snort it.

ZIRAH
But opiates don't make you trip.

JACK
I don't think it's a trip. I think
it's more of a dreamstate or a --

ZIRAH
Let's do it together.

JACK
That's the same as doing it alone.

ZIRAH
I want to test a theory. C'mon.

JACK
Hell no. I want to keep my dick.

Zirah reaches down and grips Jack by the penis.

ZIRAH
No harm will come to this dick.

JACK
(groan)
Alright.

INT. ZIRAH'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Zirah crushes up a handful of hr71 and dumps an Everest mound of Hr71. She separates it into monstrously thick lines.

ZIRAH
I'll race you.

Zirah puts the straw to the table and Hoovers up the first line like a pro. Jack can't keep up.

Zirah immediately starts convulsing on the ground.

She goes still, though her eyes remain open.

The drug takes hold of Jack and he passes out.

Many seconds pass. Zirah's breathing becomes more shallow.

There's a CRACK and then darkness. Only darkness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zirah awakens with a GASP. Vicki is shaking her awake.

The POUNDING continues.

Vicki's voice is not yet audible. Slowly, her voice is heard.

VICKI
This fucking guy won't go away!

Zirah realizes the POUNDING is not a part of her dream. She rises and stumbles to the front door and answers it.

A stream of light blinds her. She sees a figure slowly come into focus. He is wearing a suit and holding flowers.

ZIRAH
(drowsily)
Rick?

It is Zirah's ex-husband, Rick Conway.

RICK
Zirah, can I come in? I need to talk to you.

ZIRAH

Rick, I can't believe it's you.

Rick hands her the flowers.

RICK

Did I wake you?

Rick pushes his way in. He sees Jack drowsy and struggling to lift his head. Vicki, in a white t-shirt and panties.

JACK

Hey man.

ZIRAH

Wait, wait. You can't be here.
No, no, no. You got to go.

RICK

(calmly)
I just need to talk to you and--
(looking at the table)
Wait, what is this shit?

JACK

It's cool.

RICK

Can we speak somewhere privately?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ZIRAH

What the fuck are you doing here?
Why would you come here?

RICK

Shh. Just listen to me for a second.

ZIRAH

No way. A police officer came to my
work looking for you. You have to
leave. Now.

RICK

Zirah, I have enough money that we
can go. Right now.

The phone begins RINGING O.S.

ZIRAH

I....

RICK

Leave all this shit behind for good.

The phone RINGS again O.S.

VICKI (O.S.)
Want me to get that?

ZIRAH
I have to get that

Zirah gets up. Rick grabs her wrist.

RICK
No you don't.

VICKI (O.S.)
Zirah!

ZIRAH
(snapping)
Can you answer the phone please?

VICKI (O.S.)
(muttering)
Okay, God.

RICK
I can get us back to where we were,
babe. I can make it happen now.

ZIRAH
No. Not anymore. I mean, what do
you expect? Really?

VICKI (O.S.)
Zirah?

ZIRAH
What?

VICKI (O.S.)
(hollering)
It's some guy. I don't know. I
think you better take it.

ZIRAH
I gotta go.

Rick remains holding her hand.

RICK
I'm not leaving here without you.

Zirah rips her hand free.

ZIRAH
I said no.

She opens the door and sees Vicki with it in her hand with her other hand over the receiver.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

VICKI
(mouthing)
Who the fuck is that guy?

Zirah ignores her and grabs for the phone, but Vicki won't hand it over. Zirah becomes frustrated and SPANKS Vicki.

ZIRAH
(mouthing)
Give me the fucking phone!

Vicki frowns and petulantly hands the phone over.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Hello?

MAN (O.S.)
Zirah Ann Conway?

ZIRAH
Yeah. Who's this?

MAN (O.S.)
You need to do exactly as I say.

ZIRAH
Who is this?

MAN (O.S.)
You're in danger, Zirah. Rick is not who you think he is.

ZIRAH
What are you talking about?

MAN (O.S.)
Rick Conway is an agent of Pharmcom. You must agree to everything he asks of you. Then, when the time is right, you must kill him. Kill Rick Conway.

ZIRAH
What? Who the fuck is this?

Jack walks into view with a look of consternation.

MAN (O.S.)
But do not believe his lies. You must kill him. Kill Rick--

Zirah hangs up the phone.

JACK
Who was that?

ZIRAH
I don't know, just a bad joke. Look,
we gotta get this guy--

Far off, Zirah hears something. A high pitched noise.

NOISE (O.S.)
Ziiiiirrrraaahhhh. Ziiiiirrrraaahhh.

Rick comes out of the bathroom.

RICK
You ready--

ZIRAH
Shhh!

JACK
Hey man, I don't think she--

ZIRAH
Shhhhh!!!!

NOISE (O.S.)
I'm tryyyiinnggg to savvee youuuu.

Rick, Jack and Vicki are all looking at her now.

VICKI
What is it, Zirah?

She hears a high pitched squealing noise near the telephone.

RICK
Who was on the phone, Zirah?

She follows the noise.

ZIRAH
Wait, shhh. Be quiet for a minute.

She leans her head closer to the phone. She hears a high, screechy voice.

NOISE (O.S.)
You must killllll Rickkkk Conwayyyy...

ZIRAH
What the fuck?

Zirah takes the phone off the hook and hears the DIAL TONE. She examines the phone. She hears the voice again.

NOISE (O.S.)
Killllll Rickkkkk Conwayyyyyy!

Zirah unscrews the phone cap. She sees nothing.

NOISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(louder now)
Killllll Rickkkkk Conwayyyyyy!

She TAPS the phone up against the wall and a ROACH crawls out from the phone. Zirah SHRIEKS.

ROACH
Killll Rickkk Conwayyyy!!!

Zirah looks closer. There's a face on the roach. Zirah realizes the roach has grotesquely human face with ink black eyes. She SCREAMS and the roach scurries away.

ZIRAH
Don't let it get away!

ROACH
Killlll!!!! Killll Rick Conway!!!!!

Zirah is tracking The Roach intently, but Rick grabs her again by the wrist.

RICK
C'mon, Zirah. Let's go.

VICKI
Go?

Zirah wrestles herself free from Rick's grip and falls to her hands and knees searching for the roach.

JACK
She don't want to go with you, man.

RICK
Hey! I'm Zirah's husband and I'm taking her with me!

VICKI
You're married?

Zirah is focused solely on capturing the roach.

ZIRAH
He's my ex-husband. Shhh!

RICK
C'mon, Zirah.

Zirah sees the roach break toward a hole.

ZIRAH
Oooohhh!

She grasps for it. She misses.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Oh!

JACK
Wait. Where are you taking her?

VICKI
Zirah, what the hell is this? You're
getting back with your ex?

Rick puts his arms around Zirah's waist and lifts her up and
throws her up over her shoulder.

JACK
Hey!

VICKI
Put her down!

Zirah is being bounced toward the door. The phone RINGS.
From her bouncy perspective, she sees that the phone is
ringing despite being in pieces on the floor.

Vicki grabs Zirah's hand. She's trying to pull her back.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Let her go!

The phone RINGS again.

Jack gets in Rick's face. Rick shoves Jack to the floor.

RICK
Mind your business!

The phone RINGS again.

Jack lunges toward Rick. Rick topples to the ground and
Zirah scrambles toward the phone.

In the background, Jack and Rick wrestle upon the ground in
slow motion. Vicki shouts for Zirah.

Zirah reaches the phone and puts it to her ear mid-ring.
The phone immediately stops ringing.

INT. ALIEN ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

She carefully pulls herself out of the chamber and immediately becomes disoriented by the zero-gravity environment. As she clings to the walls to avoid floating away, she discovers other cocoons filled with sleeping bodies of humans and other alien creatures.

She sees a human that has been horrifically dissected.

Zirah then sees her own son, Billy, unconscious in one of the storage cocoons. She frantically tears at the chamber, but she can't seem to rip it. She SCREAMS.

INT. ALIEN ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

A hole opens in the wall of the atrium and a vacuum sucks Zirah away from Billy's chamber.

She hangs on tightly, but the suction is too great.

She flies across the chamber and into the vacuum hole.

INT. ALIEN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zirah is dumped onto the floor of an alien hallway. The force of the impact knocks the wind out of her and she struggles to catch her breath.

She feels something in her hand, on the floor.

It is a pair of ancient octagonal, wire-frame spectacles.

Suddenly, she SCREAMS as she is yanked from the spectacles.

She is being dragged by a group of three figures, one of whom is dragging Zirah by her ankle down the dark corridor.

Zirah scrambles desperately to get away from the creature's grip, but she cannot escape.

The dark corridor is cluttered with items from Earth such as keys, shoes, books and eyeglasses - scattered detritus.

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zirah is taken into an exam room. She is stripped naked and covered with a white elastic sheet which tightly pins her to the examination table under a blinding white light.

ZIRAH
(hysterical)
Please! Please, no!

The creature forcefully shoves a metallic tube into her mouth. A grey jelly-like substance comes out of the tube and into her mouth.

A sharp device is inserted into her neck and Zirah becomes immediately docile and paralyzed.

Zirah starts to fade from consciousness.

Zirah feels a rustling below her waist.

The camera pans down revealing Zirah's legs in stir-ups. It is unclear what the three creatures are doing.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

No... no... please no.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Zirah wakes with a GASP. She is on the floor. She's sweaty and exhausted. She turns her head and sees Jack staring at her with dead eyes.

ZIRAH

Jack?

Jack doesn't respond.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Jack!

Jack awakens with GASP.

JACK

Hey. Hey, what's up?

She turns to look at Vicki, who also lies lifelessly in bed.

ZIRAH

Vicki?

Vicki isn't breathing.

She sees Hr71 tablets and powder on the nightstand.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Zirah frantically flushes the pills down the toilet. Flushing, flushing, one right after another, flushing it all down.

Suddenly... RINGGGG RINGGG RINGGGG

ZIRAH

No. No. Noooooo!!!!!!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She gets to the telephone and stares at it. It RINGS again.
She JUMPS but continues staring. Finally....

ZIRAH
Hello?

STATIC.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Hello!

NED (O.S.)
Zirah!

ZIRAH
Ned! Thank God it's you!

NED (O.S.)
Where the hell are you?!

ZIRAH
What?

NED (O.S.)
I'm going to be late to pick up my
fucking kid! Again!

ZIRAH
What? It's Sunday.

NED (O.S.)
It's Tuesday! It's 5:15! You're
late! You're fired!

ZIRAH
What? I---

NED (O.S.)
You're fired--

CLICK--

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jack weeps over Vicki's lifeless body.

Vicki is dead.

Zirah kisses her on her forehead.

ZIRAH
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SUPER: NINE MONTHS LATER

INT. AA MEETING ROOM - DAY

We see a diverse group of people. All ages, all races, many holding styrofoam coffee cups. The group sits in classroom style seating, but they are all turned to face LORRAINE (48), a skinny African-American woman who addresses the group.

Zirah sits next to Lorraine. Her hair is now a neutral brown, longer and more professionally styled.

LORRAINE

(to the group)

It's never been hard for me to pinpoint the moment, you know, the rock bottom moment. This one time my boyfriend, well, I called him my boyfriend, in reality he was my pimp... well, his kid brother, Sonny, was in prison up in Palmdale. Was Rae mad at Sonny for getting himself in jail? Hell no. Rae had a brilliant idea to have Sonny sell heroin in jail. But of course he had to get the heroin to Sonny, which meant I had to stuff little balloons of heroin in my pussy to bring it in to him.

People listen intently.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

So I'm sitting there watching all the inmates come out and I realize I don't know this cat from anybody. I never met him before.

(a beat)

Suddenly, this little dude sits down in front me and he can't be a day over 18 years, and I'm looking at this skinny little kid and I'm thinking, this little boy could be my son! And there I am, acting casual as I'm pulling baggies of heroin out my coochie. So there I am, hoping to God none of these guards catch me, cause I sure as hell don't want to end up in here.

(a beat)

And I'm pretending to be having a conversation about some bullshit and

(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to suppress myself as I watch this kid take them baggies out my hand and put 'em right in his mouth like it's candy. Baggies of heroin from my pussy going into the mouth of a baby.

(a beat)

And I just start thinking about my own son. And where he's going to be when he's 19. And I just felt so damn bad. Was it my rock bottom, oh you damn right that was my rock bottom. Making that long drive back from Palmdale, I ain't never felt so low as I felt that day.

There's a silence in the room.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

But I been sober for 8 years now.
Eight years today!

The crowd ERUPTS in APPLAUSE.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I am just so very grateful for my sobriety and grateful for ya'll.

GROUP LEADER

Thank you, Lorraine.

APPLAUSE for Lorraine dies down. Lorraine NUDGES Zirah.

Zirah stands.

ZIRAH

Hello, my name is Zirah and I'm an alcoholic and a drug addict.

ALL

Hi Zirah.

ZIRAH

You've heard my story many times. When I was 27 years old, I lost my son at the Sun Valley mall. I wasn't drinking much at the time. But after I lost Billy, I sure started drinking in a hurry. I lost my job. I lost my husband. I gave up for a long time. Then the coke came.

(MORE)

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

And things just fell apart little by little until I realized I was... no longer living in reality. Then another person close to me died as a result of my actions. I should've known better. Maybe that was my rock bottom. That's what got me here: her death. That's what got me here, but it wasn't the worst day of my life. And as guilty as I feel about it, it wasn't the worst day of my life. Maybe the lowest, but not the worst. No, the worst day of my life is still the day I lost my son. My marriage, everything bad came after that day.

(a beat)

But I'm sober now.

The group APPLAUDS.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I got nine months today. And I'm very grateful. Thank you.

APPLAUSE for Zirah. The camera pans through the group of people holding hands. We see Rowell in the group as well.

ALL

(in unison)

Keep coming back! It works if you work it!

EXT. AA MEETING ROOM - DAY

Lorraine and Zirah stand outside the AA building on a busy street in Oakland, California.

LORRAINE

I wanted to congratulate you on your nine months, honey. Remarkable.

ZIRAH

Thank you for being my sponsor, Lorraine.

Lorraine hands Zirah a token the size of a silver dollar. Zirah examines it. The token has a '9' on it indicating 9 months.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(reading)

To thine own self be true.

LORRAINE
That's right, girl. Remember it.

ZIRAH
I will.

LORRAINE
I'm really proud of you, girl.
Remember you can always call me.

ZIRAH
I will. I do. You know I do.

LORRAINE
Oh, I know. How's everything at
your new job going?

ZIRAH
Not bad, you know.

LORRAINE
Frank treating you okay over there?

ZIRAH
Oh yeah, real good.

LORRAINE
He built that business up by himself.
And it's better for you not be around
alcohol when you're staying sober.

ZIRAH
I know..

LORRAINE
Alright, have a good night, honey.

They embrace and go their separate ways.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

Zirah sits opposite her boss, FRANK BRODERICK (40). Frank is casually, but professionally dressed in a sweater and dress shirt. He has close-cropped brown hair and a boyish face

As he reads through a brief Zirah has given him, she stares at a hideous, brightly colored mask hanging on the wall. The mask has bug eyes and a menacing grimace.

Frank finishes the brief and notices her staring at the mask.

FRANK
I got that in Lhasa.

ZIRAH

It's spooky.

FRANK

I suppose it is. It's meant to ward off evil spirits. That's what they say in Lhasa at least.

ZIRAH

Has it been working out for you?

FRANK

It has so far. So I like what you've outlined here, but what prompted it?

ZIRAH

I noticed that when the customer places the order online for shoes, we sometimes have difficulty ensuring that the shoes the customer has selected are the right ones.

FRANK

Yes, that continues to be a problem.

ZIRAH

I think the problem is that there's no leadership in fulfillment.

FRANK

That's not exactly true. We have Curt.

ZIRAH

But who is managing Curt?

We see CURT (36), a squirrely type with huge glasses.

FRANK

Curt is a unique personality, I don't want to cut his legs out from under him. Frankly, I can't afford to hire someone to manage Curt.

Zirah points at the piece of paper.

ZIRAH

This is a template I designed that perhaps Curt could use. If the order documents were the same from department to department, I think we would have fewer errors in fulfillment.

FRANK

(examining the paper)

I see. This is excellent, Zirah.
This is the type initiative that I
wish my other employee's had.

ZIRAH

(smiling)

Thank you very much, Sir. I'm just
trying to do well here.

FRANK

You're doing great so far. I
appreciate it.

(a beat)

What did you say you did before this?

ZIRAH

I was a bartender.

FRANK

Oh, yes. I remember someone telling
me that. And before that?

ZIRAH

A lot of different things.

FRANK

Very interesting.

Zirah gets up and heads for the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey Zirah.

ZIRAH

Yes.

FRANK

There's a position opening up to in
marketing. I think you might be
good for it.

ZIRAH

Oh?

FRANK

Absolutely. I'll tell Christine to
send you the job description. You
should throw your hat in the ring.

ZIRAH

Thank you, Mr. Broderick!

FRANK

Frank. Call me Frank.

ZIRAH

Okay, thanks, Frank.

FRANK

Thank you, Zirah. I appreciate your commitment to Spantzo's.

ZIRAH

Yes, of course. I just really want to do well here.

FRANK

You're doing just fine, Zirah. Enjoy your weekend, okay?

ZIRAH

Thank you, you too.

INT. ZIRAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Zirah returns to her cubicle.

We circle around her desk and see a picture of a much younger, much blonder, Zirah with her son Billy and her ex-husband Rick in a photograph on the teacups at Disneyland from many years ago.

We meet CINDY (22), Zirah's affable co-worker.

CINDY

What are you doing this weekend?

ZIRAH

Same old shit, probably.

CINDY

We're shooting pool later. You should come along.

ZIRAH

Eh. Maybe another time.

CINDY

C'mon, it'll be fun. Frank's going to be there. He's kind of hot.

Zirah looks at Frank from across the office.

ZIRAH

Oh, honey. No.

CINDY
Oh, c'mon. It's Friday. What else
are you going to do.

ZIRAH
I don't know. Something else.

CINDY
Alright, be that way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zirah is home alone with a television on in the background
She is in her same house in Concord. She sips a sad cup of
tea alone while playing with her phone.

Zirah begins to nod off.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Zirah finds herself, once again, on the banks of the lake
from her first trip.

She sees shadowy figures in the distance. The figures seems
to be running toward her. Faster and faster. Zirah runs.

VICKI
Zirah! Zirah, wait.

Zirah, realizing it's Vicki, stops and turns around. It's
Vicki and Billy holding hands. They all embrace.

ZIRAH
(weeping)
I'm so sorry.

There's a tremendous BOOM and the The Orb from the beginning
of the story rises from the depths of the Lake. Light fills
Vicki and Billy's face and eyes, blinding Vicki.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zirah is startled awake by her phone VIBRATING in her hand.
She doesn't recognize the phone number. She hesitates.

ZIRAH
(disoriented)
Hello?

She hears the BLARING SOUND OF BAR O.S.

FRANK
(shouting over sound)
It's Frank. How the hell are ya?

ZIRAH
Uh, I'm good.

FRANK
(shouting)
Zirah? Can you hear me?

ZIRAH
(shouting)
Yes, yes, I can hear you!

FRANK
Oh good, I didn't wake you, did I?

ZIRAH
No, I'm awake. What's up?

FRANK
Listen, I'm sorry to be calling you at home like this but Cindy called out sick for the office 9-ball tournament and we're needing an alternate. I was thinking maybe you could help us out. Have you shot pool before?

ZIRAH
(incredulous)
I have, yes.

FRANK
Great! Can you meet us at Sharkies?

ZIRAH
Tonight?

Zirah looks at her watch. It's past 10pm.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
When?

FRANK
Well, now, if you can.

ZIRAH
Uh... I don't know, actually. No, I don't think I can. Sorry.

FRANK
No? You have a prior commitment?

ZIRAH
It isn't that. It's just, eh, where?

FRANK

Sharkie's, in the city. But hey, I get it. It's a long way from Concord.

ZIRAH

(sitting up)

Well, listen, Frank, I haven't brought it up before, but I'm an alcoholic. I'm in AA and-- I'm actually pretty fresh in my recovery and it's not a good idea for me to hang out in a bar right now.

FRANK

You're what? You're breaking up!

ZIRAH

I'm in AA! Recovery!

FRANK

Oh! Hey, I completely understand.

ZIRAH

Yeah, sorry.

FRANK

No, I totally get it. I should've put it together when Lorraine recommended you. I think it's really cool that you're sober.

ZIRAH

Okay, great. Yeah.

FRANK

So, I'll see you tomorrow then?

ZIRAH

Tomorrow?

FRANK

Yeah, it's the Spantzo softball game. We're playing some of the other online retailers in the Bay Area. No booze. You'll be able to come to that, right?

ZIRAH

Uh...

FRANK

You were coming to the Spantzo softball game, right?

ZIRAH

Yes, of course. I wouldn't miss it.

FRANK

Great! We'll see you tomorrow!

ZIRAH

Yeah, okay. Good bye.

FRANK

Good bye.

Zirah hangs up. She stares at the television blankly.

ZIRAH

Fuck.

Her phone starts BUZZING again, it's from the same 415 number as before. She answers.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

What's up, Frank?

It's the same absurd weird bleeping and blooping from before. Zirah does not hang up.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(talking to no one on
the phone)

Hello? Look I don't know who this is or why this keeps happening but I-- oh fuck it. I don't know what I'm doing anymore. I'm fucking playing softball tomorrow. Fucking softball. Because what else is there? Everything is so, so boring.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zirah looks at a little league photo of Billy on the refrigerator.

ZIRAH

So much of life, you are trying to run from something. I suppose if you were in your ages here, you would be about 15 years old, a teenager. And instead I'm here. What have I done with the time. So much booze and drugs. So much wasted time. Once I lost you, I guess I just didn't want to live anymore. That's something that I suppose you'll never have to deal with.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ZIRAH

And I guess, I haven't really wanted to be alive after you disappeared.

(she pulls the 9 month chip from her pocket)

But maybe that's not true. I just need a little courage to change things. And faith that something good will happen to me eventually. Because I'm being good, something good will happen. I don't know. Maybe that's the wrong way to look at it, but I'm trying. I'm trying.

(she climbs into bed)

So now I'm going to go to sleep and tomorrow I'm going to go play softball with my coworkers. I don't know why. I guess because it's not good to be alone. I don't know. I just don't know. Good night, my beautiful boy. Wherever you are. Goodbye.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

Zirah is sitting in the dug-out surrounded by her co-workers. Frank pins the batting line up on the gate.

Zirah sees that she's the first up to bat. In horror, she goes to Frank privately.

ZIRAH

Hey, dude. What's up with the line up over there. I'm first to bat?

FRANK

Yeah, that's cool, right?

ZIRAH

Yeah, no. I was thinking maybe...ugh, look, I haven't played baseball since I was in high school. Before that.

FRANK

You'll be fine. It's slow pitch.

Frank motions to the pitcher on the mound who SPINS his arm around and hurls the ball to the catcher. The ball smacks the mitt with a THWACK.

ZIRAH

That's slow pitch?

FRANK

Just keep your eye on the ball and swing. You'll be fine.

Zirah gets up to the plate.

The pitcher hurls the first pitch, it shoots right past her.

UMPIRE

Strike 1!

FRANK

(clapping)

C'mon, Zirah, you can do it!

The pitcher hurls the second pitch and it shoots right past her.

UMPIRE

Strike 2!

CINDY

(clapping)

C'mon, Zirah, you can do it!

The pitcher hurls a third pitch and Zirah swings and connects. The ball sails over the short steps head and lands just at the feet of the left fielder.

SPANTZO TEAM

Run! Run!

Zirah gets a late start and runs to first. She's slow.

The left fielder grabs the ball and throws it to the second baseman who then throws it to the first baseman.

Zirah can see the baseball sailing to the first baseman.

Her foot hits the bag as the ball tips off the side of the glove. The ball skips into right field.

SPANTZO TEAM (CONT'D)

GO! GO! GO!

The Spantzo Team shouts at Zirah to run to second. As she delays, the right fielder picks up the ball.

Zirah begins running as the right fielder makes the long throw to second base.

Zirah's foot hits the bag as the ball hits the glove.

UMPIRE

Safe!

The Spantzo Team ERUPTS in applause.

Zirah smiles to herself. She doesn't notice Rowell walking around the outside perimeter of the back field.

BEGIN SOFTBALL MONTAGE

The game continues on.

People hit balls. People catch balls.

Zirah plays center field and catches a high fly ball.

The Spantzo Team wins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

CINDY
Hey Zirah, great game.

ZIRAH
Hey, thanks.

CINDY
You heading over to Cato's?

ZIRAH
Oh, no. I really got to go home.

FRANK
C'mon, Zirah.

ZIRAH
Frank, no. I really can't.

FRANK
It's okay.

ZIRAH
Frank. Dude, I told you--

FRANK
Zirah, it's okay.

CINDY
I'll give you guys a minute.

Cindy leaves Frank to talk to Zirah.

ZIRAH
I can't be around alcohol right now.

FRANK
It's okay, I'm not drinking either.

Zirah is pissed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You had a great game. Let people be happy for you. Stay for a twenty minutes. You don't have to drink.

Zirah is silent.

INT. CATO'S BAR - DAY

Zirah sits uncomfortably squished into a booth in a cacophonous dive bar in San Francisco.

CINDY

Anyone want a shot? Shots?

Cindy walks into frame with a tray of shots. Zirah panics.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Zirah, c'mon, girl. You deserve one.

ZIRAH

No, no. I'm good.

FRANK

She's good.

CINDY

C'mon, it's jager.

ZIRAH

I don't drink.

EMPLOYEE 2

Really? Never?

CINDY

(to Frank)

Frank? I know you want one.

FRANK

Nah, I'm cool.

ZIRAH

(to employee 2)

I used to drink. But I don't anymore.

EMPLOYEE 2

That's cool.

The group holds their shots into the air.

ALL
Spantzo! Spantzo! Spantzo!

The group downs the Jagermeister in one gulp and CHEER.

FRANK
Do you smoke?

Zirah struggles to hear him over the din.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(louder)
Do you smoke?

He pantomimes smoking.

ZIRAH
Yeah.

FRANK
Want to have a smoke with me?

Zirah nods. Another employee returns with another tray of Jagermeister and the group ROARS in approval.

EXT. CATO'S BAR - DAY

Frank gives Zirah a cigarette. It's a grey day in the city.

FRANK
(blowing out)
Aaah. I love to smoke.

ZIRAH
Me too. But it's so bad for you.

FRANK
Yeah. It sure is.

ZIRAH
At my meetings, I always see people smoking, chain smoking. And I can see why they do it. A lot of people are trying really hard to stay sober.

FRANK
You got to have something.

ZIRAH
Yeah, and for a lot of people, as long as you're not getting fucked up, anything is preferable.

FRANK
Yeah. Smoking. Food. Sex.

ZIRAH
 (chuckling)
 But then, more death from smoking is
 more of a sure thing than anything
 else.

FRANK
 Everything is bad for you.

Frank moves in to kiss her.

ZIRAH
 Whoa, whoa! No!

FRANK
 Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were--

ZIRAH
 No! You can't do that. Shit, man.

FRANK
 No, I know. That was really shitty.

ZIRAH
 Yeah, I can't do that.

Frank leans in to kiss again. Zirah pushes him away.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
 No, goddamnit!

FRANK
 Sorry, I--

Zirah grabs Frank and kisses him. It's a long and passionate
 kiss. Droplet of rain begin to fall. The kiss deepens.

Zirah loses herself and is transported.

The making out gets hotter and hotter. And then the door
 OPENS and they jump off each other in a hot flash.

CURT
 Hey Frank. Hey Zirah.

ZIRAH/FRANK
 Hey, Curt.

Zirah is really hot and bothered. As is Frank.

CURT
 Hey, Frank. You coming back in?

FRANK
 (clearly distracted)
 Uh, yeah. Let's do it, man.

CURT
 Okay, great. Because they're asking
 for you.

FRANK
 That sounds a-okay.
 (suddenly remembers
 something)
 Shit, actually. You know, I forgot
 to FAX that order to--

CURT
 FAX?

FRANK
 Yeah, I gotta take care of it now.
 Zirah, let's go see about that.

CURT
 You want me to come with you?

FRANK
 No, oh no. I've got it taken care
 of. C'mon, Zirah.

ZIRAH
 Wait, me?

FRANK
 Yeah, you're familiar with the
 Charouvsky account, right?

ZIRAH
 Um, yeah.

FRANK
 Okay, let's go. C'mon.

Frank hails a taxi cab and a confused Curt stands pathetically
 in the doorway.

INT. CAB - DAY

The minute they get in the cab they're all over each other.

They pull up to a building.

ZIRAH
 Wait, where are we?

FRANK
 My place, c'mon.
 (to driver)
 Thank you, sir.

ZIRAH
 Wait, what? I thought we were going
 to work.

FRANK
 No, we're at my place. C'mon.

ZIRAH
 Oh, Frank. No.

FRANK
 Why not? You were all over me in
 there. What are you talking about?

ZIRAH
 I'm not going to fuck you.

FRANK
 Oh, Zirah, c'mon. We're both adults.
 I mean we...

ZIRAH
 No, wait, what the fuck is that
 supposed to me?

FRANK
 I'm sure it's not your first time.

ZIRAH
 Oh, fuck this.

EXT. CAB - DAY

Zirah jumps out of the cab and starts walking down the street
 with Frank following closely behind.

FRANK
 Zirah, c'mon.

ZIRAH
 (walking)
 Leave me alone.

FRANK
 Zirah, I just meant that you've had
 a kid before.

Zirah spins around and SLAPS Frank right in his fucking face.

ZIRAH

Don't ever talk about my kid.

Frank is stunned. Zirah looks at him. He looks at her.

Zirah kisses him, deeply and passionately.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

They enter into Frank's cavernous apartment and they're all over each other.

Zirah pulls away briefly to look at Frank's opulent apartment. It's very modern and cold and empty and white. There's a metal spiral staircase that leads to a loft bedroom.

ZIRAH

You have no furniture.

FRANK

I have a bed upstairs.

He's grabbing all over her. She's looking around with a queer expression. It's weird. Why is there no furniture? Zirah is resisting.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't you want to go to the bedroom?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He takes her into the bedroom. All there is is a bed and nothing else. Everything is so white. Sterile.

Frank starts taking her clothes off. She tries to get back into it. He goes down on her. She has wonderful breasts.

But her mind is adrift.

He slides a condom on and she GASPS as he enters her.

She just isn't feeling it.

He pulls out, rips off the condom and sprays semen on her stomach. They lie their awkwardly. It's so awkward.

ZIRAH

(wiping belly)

I got to go.

FRANK

Go? Go where?

ZIRAH
I have this AA thing. What time is
it? Shit! Yeah, I'm late.

FRANK
Okay.

Zirah puts her clothes back on.

ZIRAH
See ya.

FRANK
Hey.
(a beat)
We're cool, right?

ZIRAH
Yeah. Yeah, we're cool.

Frank gets up and puts his arms around Zirah.

FRANK
I just want everything to be cool.

ZIRAH
Okay, everything's cool.

Frank watches her descend the metal stairwell and exit.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Zirah walks outside and hails a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

ZIRAH
(to herself)
Fuck. Why the fuck did you do that?

DRIVER
Excuse me?

ZIRAH
Nothing.

INT. AA MEETING ROOM - DAY

LORRAINE
Well, why'd you do it?

ZIRAH
I don't know. I got carried away.

Lorraine laughs.

LORRAINE

I been carried away plenty of times,
but it's not good to get in
relationships your first year of
sobriety.

ZIRAH

No! No one's getting involved in any
relationship.

LORRAINE

That's what you think! You fuck
someone at your work, you got a ready
made relationship whether you like
it or not, girl.

ZIRAH

What should I do?

LORRAINE

Well, you gotta quit.

ZIRAH

I don't want to do that!

LORRAINE

You fucked up, girl. You got three
options, quit or relationship.

ZIRAH

Jesus Christ, don't say that. What's
my third option?

LORRAINE

Get fired. Because if you don't
fuck him again and you keep working
there, he'll find some way to fire
your ass. So you might as well just
quit...

(a smile creeps)

Unless you liked it a little.

ZIRAH

I didn't.

LORRAINE

Then quit.

ZIRAH

Shit. Now I got to start looking
for another job again. And I can't
go back to bartending.

LORRAINE

No. Alcoholics cannot be bartenders.

(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

What was so bad about it anyway?

ZIRAH

I don't know. He has no furniture.

Lorraine looks at her like she's crazy.

Zirah's phone BUZZES. It's him.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Fuck, he won't stop calling me!

LORRAINE

You better quit, girl.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Zirah daydreams at the copier as it HUMS in the background. Frank walks up from behind her.

FRANK

Hi, Zirah.

ZIRAH

(startled)

Oh hey, Frank.

FRANK

Is everything okay?

ZIRAH

Yes, Frank. Everything is fine.
Just making some copies.

FRANK

Good, good. I just wanted to check
on you because I texted you a few
times and I never heard back.

ZIRAH

Yeah, I was just really busy with my
AA group. You know how it is.

FRANK

I bet. Listen, I was thinking about
your proposal and I've been thinking
about a solution.

ZIRAH

Yes.

FRANK

Yeah, I got this great idea that the best way to do things would be for you to be the new Curt and then you could handle all the fulfillment on your own.

ZIRAH

What? I...

FRANK

Yep. In fact, I'm putting you on tonight. Because I fired Curt.

We see Curt exit the building with his crazy glasses and a boxes in his arms.

ZIRAH

No. Oh God. No.

Frank hands Zirah a stack of papers.

FRANK

These need to be packed up by tonight.

ZIRAH

What?! This is way too much work.

Frank SLAMS down another huge stack of papers.

FRANK

And these have been on backorder.

ZIRAH

Frank, that's way more than anyone can do in one day.

FRANK

Then I guess you're working late.

ZIRAH

That makes no sense. Who's going to pay the overtime?

FRANK

I will.

Zirah stops and thinks.

ZIRAH

Well, I have plans. And I don't want Curt's job.

FRANK

Then quit.

Frank storms off.

ZIRAH

Fuck.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Zirah pays a pizza delivery guy at the glass doors of the building and carries pizza and hot wings through the lobby.

Zirah walks past a surreal bronze statue of the mascot, SPANTZO, an overweight nineteenth century wrestler in tights with a Rollie Fingers mustache. He flexes menacingly.

Zirah processes orders alone in the office with the huge stack of papers by her side. Her cell phone RINGS.

ZIRAH

Hey Lorraine.

LORRAINE

Hey baby, you're supposed to be at 8 o'clock meeting. Where are you?

ZIRAH

I'm at work. My boss, he, I don't know if he demoted me or what, but he gave me the shittiest fucking job in the office and--

LORRAINE

Didn't I tell you, Honey?

ZIRAH

Yes...

LORRAINE

Call if you feel tempted.

ZIRAH

Alright. Good bye.

Zirah is processing and processing.

She puts a piece of pizza in her mouth when JORGE, the janitor (38) comes in emptying the trash cans. Jorge is small and slight of frame.

JORGE

Where's Carl?

ZIRAH

Oh, Carl got fired.

JORGE
Too bad. I liked Carl.

ZIRAH
Sorry. You want something to eat?

Zirah motions to the box of Super Hot Zingo wings.

JORGE
Yes, I will take one. I like these
hot wings. Very good.

ZIRAH
Yes.

JORGE
Okay, I get back to work.

ZIRAH
Okay, good bye, Jorge.

Without warning, Zirah feels a terrible cramp in her stomach.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Ugh!

Then, just as suddenly, it goes away.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
(to self)
Oh, oh my God. What was that?

The concern passes and she goes back to work.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
What was that strange feeling?

Suddenly, another cramp SHOOTs through her, even worse than
before. She falls to the ground and CRIES OUT in agony

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Oh baby Jesus. Oh sweet baby Jesus.

Zirah crawls toward the bathroom, in great pain, as she moans
and wails.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

ZIRAH
Oohhh. Ooohh...Oooohhhh...

Zirah crawls in front of Spantzo.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zirah crawls onto the toilet and EVACUATES BOWELS in a glorious symphony of fart and diarrhea.

ZIRAH
Oh, ohh, God.

And then peace.

The stomach cramps pass, but she remains on the toilet. She puts her head in her hands in relief.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Super hot Zingo... no bueno...

ZANG, another bolt shoots through her.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaarrrrggggghhhhhhhh! Uggghhhh!

She looks down into the toilet and a thick stream of blood FLOWS out of her vagina.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

The pain in her stomach becomes overwhelming and she falls off the toilet onto the floor of the bathroom. She rolls onto her back.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
Oh! Oh God! Why!

She clutches her stomach and SCREAMS.

Suddenly, a head BURSTS from Zirah's vagina.

CREATURE
(alien screech)
Eee!

The Creature looks at Zirah with ink black eyes, sharpened teeth and an elongated peanut-shaped skull.

ZIRAH
Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The Creature climbs out of Zirah and climbs onto all fours. The Creature laps up all the pregnancy blood.

Zirah huddles into the corner of the stall. Her clothes are covered in blood. The Creature slowly explores the bathroom stall. He has a dangly little penis and testicles.

The Creature jumps onto to Zirah's chest. He looks at her with its ink black eyes. Blood is streaked on The Creature's face. Zirah fears he may harm her.

But then, The Creature snuggles onto her breast. Zirah is at first disgusting, but then she embraces The Creature and SOBS and SOBS and SOBS.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

JORGE
Hello? Hello Mrs. Conway?

ZIRAH
Don't come in here!

JORGE
Oh, okay. Sorry.

Jorge notices the blood on the floor of the stall.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Mrs. Conway?

ZIRAH
I'm fine. I just have a touch of
diarrhea.

Jorge tentatively enters the restroom. He sees more blood. The Creature makes an ethereal CLICKING.

JORGE
You need me to call a doctor?

ZIRAH
I'm fine, Jorge! Please, just go!

JORGE
You sure?

ZIRAH
Yes! Please!

The Creature's CLICKING increases in frequency and volume.

JORGE
Ms. Zirah? What is that noise?

ZIRAH
Please just go away, Jorge!

Jorge is at the door of the stall.

JORGE
Mrs. Zirah?

The Creature SPRINGS out of Zirah's arms and peers over the stall. Jorge sees the The Creature.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 (crossing himself)
Ai, dios mio!

The Creature springs over the stall and latches onto the Jorge's neck. Blood SPRAYS everywhere.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 (shrieking)
Hijo de la Chingada!

Zirah exits the stall to see Jorge flailing around the bathroom with blood spraying like a sprinkler.

After much struggle, Jorge falls dead and The Creature laps at Jorge's neck.

ZIRAH
 Shit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Creature, now satiated, sleeps deeply in Zirah arms. She drags Jorge's cleaning cart into the bathroom and makes a bed in the sink of towels and lays The Creature inside.

BEGIN MONTAGE: CLEANING THE RESTROOM

She dumps bleach from the cart all over the bathroom and, over the course of several hours, Zirah cleans up the blood.

Zirah wraps garbage bags around Jorge and struggles to dump him into the cart. After many tries, she succeeds.

EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Zirah wheels Jorge's cart, with Jorge in it, in front of the great statue of Spantzo and out the front door.

She clutches the sleeping Creature against her body as she pushes the cart.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Zirah pushes the cart to her Honda Civic and pops the trunk. She lies The Creature in the backseat.

CREATURE
 Coo. Coo. Coo.

INT. CHEVY VAN - NIGHT

Across the street, Detective Rowell watches Zirah as she stuffs a bagged object into the back of her Honda Civic. He picks up the CB Radio in his vehicle.

ROWELL
 She's putting something into her trunk. I can't be sure from this distance, but it looks a lot like a--

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
 Do not engage. Follow.

Rowell shakes his head.

ROWELL
 (to Authority)
 Confirmed.

He puts the CB back on it's cradle.

ROWELL (CONT'D)
 What are you doing, Stupid?

INT. ZIRAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Zirah drives down the freeway. The Creature sleeps peacefully on the passenger seat. She turns on the radio. It's a long and lonely stretch of road on a moonlit night.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

"Baby" by Ariel Pink OVER

ZIRAH
 (singing)
 "When we're out in the moonlight,
 looking up at the stars above. Feels
 so good when I'm near you. Holding
 hands and making love. Oooh, baby.
 Yes, oh baby.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - NIGHT

Rowell follows Zirah. He is listening to the same song.

ROWELL
 (singing)
 Oh baby. Yes, oh baby.

INT. ZIRAH'S CAR - NIGHT

ZIRAH
 (singing)
 Ooohh Baby. Yes, oh baby. You're
 so baby.

The MONTAGE Ends.

Suddenly, a POUNDING from the trunk startles Zirah and she swerves. The sudden motion causes The Creature to wake up.

CREATURE
 Waaaaaaaa!!!! Waaaaaaaa!!!

The POUNDING continues. It is sharp and startling.

She YANKS the wheel and abruptly pulls off the freeway, leaving Rowell to pass by her.

The Creature CRIES hideously.

EXT. MORAGA WAY - NIGHT

Zirah pulls over to the side of the road. Moonlight illuminates the fog hanging over an open field. There are no people out here.

Zirah gets out of the car and walks slowly to the trunk. POUND. POUND POUND. Each POUND startles Zirah.

She walks slowly to the trunk. She's shaking.

Zirah finds a cabbage-sized rock on the ground and tucks it into the crook of her arm.

She slowly slides the key into the slot.

ZIRAH
 Alright, you goddamn--

POUND POUND POUND

Zirah nearly jumps out of her skin and drops the rock. The rock falls onto her foot.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)
 (howling)
 Aaaaaaarrrrrgggghh!!!

POUND POUND POUND

The Creature continues CRYING it's horrible cry.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She grabs the boulder and POPS the trunk.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Aaaaaarrrrggghhh!

What remained of Jorge has transformed into a steaming, pulsing, squirting ORGANISM. It is steaming with heat.

Zirah examines the hideous mass. She notices pulsing tentacles that extend from The Organism like gelatinous sticky appendages. Periodically, they SLAP the walls of the TRUNK.

Zirah recoils in horror. As she retreats, a swaying tentacle THWACKS out of the trunk, just missing her face.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Uggghh!

Zirah holds the boulder high above her head. A slimy tentacle THWACKS Zirah in the breast.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaarrrrggghhh!

She HURLS the boulder onto the The Organism and it SCREAMS in a shrill, insectlike way. The tentacles wave wildly.

Zirah finds a stick the length of a broom handle and STABS the organism. With each stab, there is a SCREAM.

Zirah has a murderous rage in her eye and continues STABBING.

STAB

SCREAM

STAB

The Organism goes silent and dies.

Zirah SLAMS the trunk shut and examines the stick in the glow of the tail light. A steaming goo emanates off of it.

Suddenly, everything gets very bright. Zirah looks behind her and sees a pair of headlights.

The headlights stop. The Creature is silent. Only the SOUND of the CAR'S ENGINE idles behind her.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Hello?

The driver-side door OPENS and a MAN steps out. His face is obscured by the headlights.

MAN
Hello there. How are you, Miss?

ZIRAH
Hello?

MAN
Are you okay?

ZIRAH
Am I okay?

MAN
Yes, Ma'am. Is everything okay? Do you require assistance?

ZIRAH
I was just leaving.

OFFICER ROEBURY (43), handsome and square-jawed, steps in front of the light.

OFFICER ROEBURY
You know, people come whipping down this road. You wouldn't believe it.

ZIRAH
I believe it.

OFFICER ROEBURY
It's unsafe to linger.

ZIRAH
I wasn't. I'm just leaving.

OFFICER ROEBURY
Good.

Zirah turns to get into the car.

OFFICER ROEBURY (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Miss.

ZIRAH
Yes?

OFFICER ROEBURY
Your tail light is out.

Zirah discovers that her tail light is, in fact, out.

ZIRAH
I'll take care of it as soon as possible, Officer. Thank you.

OFFICER ROEBURY
I'm going to have to cite you. License and registration, please.

ZIRAH
Officer, this really isn't necessary.

OFFICER ROEBURY
Well, do you have a spare light? In your glove box, perhaps?

ZIRAH
No.

OFFICER ROEBURY
Well, then as far as I can tell, the ticket is necessary. License and registration, please.

OFFICER ROEBURY (CONT'D)
Officer, please.

Officer Roebury SHINES his flashlight in her face.

OFFICER ROEBURY (CONT'D)
(snarling)
License and registration! Please!

Zirah SCOFFS.

ZIRAH
Ridiculous.

She goes to the car. Officer Roebury follows behind.

INT. ZIRAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Zirah pulls the registration out of the glove box and hands it to Roebury.

OFFICER ROEBURY
Remain seated. I'll be right back.

The Creature STIRS.

CREATURE
Cooooo... coooooo.....

OFFICER ROEBURY
Oh my god. You have a baby.

ZIRAH

Yes, I have... a baby.

OFFICER ROEBURY

I wouldn't have kept you had I known.
 (he pauses a moment)
 Get the light fixed.

Zirah nods her head.

OFFICER ROEBURY (CONT'D)

Now you show me that little baby of yours and we'll call it a night, how about that?

ZIRAH

(rolling up window)
 No, I should go.

OFFICER ROEBURY

Ma'am, please.

ZIRAH

I'd rather be on my... well, wait a--

Zirah grabs The Creature, who is sleeping. She takes him into her arms and shows Roebury.

OFFICER ROEBURY

Oh my God!

The Creature opens his black eyes. He SNARLS, then LEAPS for the Officer's neck.

OFFICER ROEBURY (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah!!!!

There's a violent struggle and then Roebury falls. Zirah watches from the car as The Creature laps at his neck.

INT. ZIRAH HOUSE - NIGHT

Zirah inspects The Creature on her lap as he sleeps peacefully. All is normal about the baby except for his teeth and his elongated peanut head.

She Googles ELONGATED HEAD in her phone.

She sees pictures of children with the Zika virus. She compares images. It doesn't look correct.

She sees a statue of an ancient Egyptian pharaoh. She comes images. It looks oddly similar.

She Googles CANNIBAL BABY.

She scans the first few headlines but sees nothing useful.

Then, a bolt of a realization STARTLES her.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She fumbles through drawers in the kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She fumbles through drawers in the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She fumbles around drawers in the bedroom.

Nothing. She gets frustrated.

Then she looks under her bed and in between her mattress and she finds the familiar pill bottle that says Hr71 with Jack's name and phone number.

She calls the number.

JACK
Hello?

ZIRAH
Jack?

JACK
Yeah. Who is this?

ZIRAH
Jack, this is Zirah.

JACK
Zirah. How you doing?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

We see Jack in a motel room with a cheap, large breasted blonde woman.

JACK
What can I do for you, Z. It's been what, like a year?

ZIRAH
9 months.

JACK
Uh huh. And what can I do for you?

ZIRAH
Well, I'm having a bit of an
emergency.

JACK
Okay.

ZIRAH
It's an emergency and I--

The blonde woman bends over in Jack's face.

JACK
Listen, I'm a littl ebusy right now--

ZIRAH
I had a baby.

JACK
A baby?

ZIRAH
Yeah, a baby.

JACK
Shit. Congratulations.

As the blonde woman waves her ass in Jack's face, a thought
dawns on him.

JACK (CONT'D)
How long has been since we last saw
each other?

ZIRAH
Nine months.

JACK
Oh.

ZIRAH
Hey Jack, do you have any children?

JACK
No. Not to my knowledge.

ZIRAH
You know anything about Hr71 and
deformities.

Jack shoves the blonde ass away from him.

JACK
No. What are you getting at here?

ZIRAH
I think you better come pver. Now.

JACK
What does that mean?

ZIRAH
This baby... this baby has some kind
of problem with it.

JACK
I'm out in Stockton.

ZIRAH
What, why?

JACK
It's what I could afford.

ZIRAH
When can you be here?

JACK
I'll leave now.

ZIRAH
Alright.

Jack turns to The Blonde.

JACK
Sayonara.

INT. ZIRAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zirah looks at the pill bottle. It's empty.

She looks at the sleeping Creature.

EXT. MORAGA WAY - DAWN

Rowell investigates the site as the sun rises behind him.

ROWELL
(to Authority)
All I see here is an abandoned police
cruiser. The cruiser died with the
keys in the engine.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
Is there any evidence of a struggle?
Do you see the officer?

ROWELL
Negative.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
Get the vehicle started and take it
off the road.

ROWELL
Copy.

Rowell gets the cruiser started and drives it away.
In the bushes nearby is a slithery, pulsing Organism.

INT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jack arrives at Zirah's door. They embrace.

JACK
You're a sight for sore eyes.

ZIRAH
Don't.

EXT. ZIRAH HOUSE - MORNING

Rowell pulls up to Zirah's house. He notices Jack's Galaxie.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - MORNING

He climbs into the back of the van revealing surveillance equipment. In a few keystrokes, he's able to lock in on Zirah's television and hear the conversation taking place between Jack and Zirah.

ROWELL
(to Authority)
Jack Phillips is at the location.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
Patch us in.

INT. ZIRAH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zirah's Samsung television transmits the audio to Rowell and to the Authority.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - MORNING

JACK (O.S.)
Well, let's see it.

Zirah leads Jack into her bedroom and The Creature is on the bed. Jack creeps closely and looks at him.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What is this thing?

ZIRAH (O.S.)
That's your son, Jack.

INT. ZIRAH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JACK
What's wrong with it?

ZIRAH
I don't know. But you're the only
guy I've slept with. And that was
nine months ago.

JACK
You had no idea you were pregnant?
This entire time?

ZIRAH
No.

JACK
And you haven't slept with anyone
except me?

ZIRAH
(evasively)
Uh... no....

JACK
Why does it look like this?

Zirah shrugs.

ZIRAH
Maybe it's a deformity, from the--

JACK
From what?

Zirah pulls out an empty vial of Hr71.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nah. I've known tons of junkies.
They never had babies that came out
looking like this.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - MORNING

Rowell is listening intently.

ZIRAH (O.S.)
What else could it be?

JACK (O.S.)
Who knows? A million things.

ZIRAH (O.S.)
There's something else.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - MORNING

Rowell watches Zirah and Jack leave the house and walk to her Honda. She pops the trunk. Jack, startled, jumps back.

EXT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JACK
(shocked)
What is that?

ZIRAH
This is Jorge, the janitor. The
baby ate him and he became this.

We see that The Organism, once slimy and pulsating, is now deflated and ashy and dead.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - MORNING

Rowell cannot make out what is inside Zirah's trunk.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
What's happening?

ROWELL
Unclear. They're looking at something
in her trunk.

CREATURE (O.S.)
Waaaa! Waaaa! Waaaaa!

ROWELL
There's.... a baby inside.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
A baby?

ROWELL
It sounds like a baby.

INT. ZIRAH'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jack and Zirah enter the house and hear The Creature crying.

JACK
Is that how it cries?

Zirah nods and picks up The Creature and tries to soothe it, but it will not stop crying.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Maybe it's hungry.

Suddenly The Creature begins choking and gagging. He seems to have stopped breathing.

ZIRAH
 Oh my god. Save it.

Jack performs CPR on its hideous mouth.

The Creature sputters and starts crying again.

JACK
 Yaaaowww! The damn thing bit me!

Blood streams from Jack's mouth.

ZIRAH
 He bit you because he's hungry.

Zirah rushes to the kitchen, ignoring Jack, and pulls milk from the refrigerator. She puts it on the stove.

The Creature continues CRYING.

Zirah finds a plastic glass to give to The Creature. She pours the milk inside and brings it to his mouth.

The moment the liquid touches The Creature's lips, a blast of bileous yellow vomit shoots out of his mouth and hoses down Jack who HOWLS in disgust.

Zirah watches him SCREAM, covered in yellow, smoking vomit.

The Creature CRIES too.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rowell is listening via Zirah's Samsung smart television.

ROWELL
 The baby seems to have vomited all over the female. Over.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Zirah and Jack struggle to get The Creature to eat something. They gives him pureed vegetables but he rejects it and sprays his bilious yellow vomit all over the kitchen.

Jack gives him a chopped up piece of an apple, but again the Creature rejects it sprays vomit all over the kitchen.

The vomit is everywhere now. It's dripping off the walls.

Jack slips on it and CRASHES to the ground. Hr71 tablets spill out of his pocket like a busted piñata. Zirah's eyes immediately go to the pills as Jack collects them.

The Creature is WAILING now.

Jack looks at the wailing Creature and notices razor sharp teeth. He gets an idea.

Jack rifles through Zirah's refrigerator and sees a package of raw ground beef.

He removes the plastic wrapping and The Creature stops crying. He seems delighted by the smell of the meat.

Jack scoops out a small piece of meat with a spoon and holds it over the The Creature's face.

The Creature lunges for the meat like a crocodile.

Jack lets him have it and the baby gobbles it right down.

JACK
He likes raw meat.

Jack scoops off an even bigger piece this time and The Creature eats more of it.

ZIRAH
He's insatiable. He loves meat.

INT. ZIRAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zirah and Jack sit on the sofa with The Creature who is sleeping peacefully next to them.

They watch a news segment on the Samsung television about a plane crash in Oregon. Zirah looks down at The Creature.

JACK
Must be a deformity or something.

ZIRAH
A deformity because of you? Or because of me?

JACK
We don't know that this baby belongs to me.

ZIRAH
You're the only person I've slept with in the last nine months.

Jack says nothing.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I would never make something like
this thing.

Zirah stands up. She's incensed.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

You're such a fucking asshole.

JACK

Shh.

ZIRAH

I'm standing here telling you the
truth. I'm not trying to pin
something on you.

Zirah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a pill.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I think this shit fucked up your
body or it fucked up my body and we
made a fucked up baby. That's what
I think.

Jack shakes his head.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

Oh no? What's your take on it then?

JACK

Who knows? Weird shit in the water.
Pollution. Chemicals. Fucking
pesticides or some shit. Radiowaves
from our fucking phones. Who knows?

ZIRAH

Then why aren't there more babies
like this then? Fucking cannibals
with pointy heads and sharp teeth?

JACK

Maybe there are!

Zirah sits back down.

ZIRAH

I have something to tell you. The
night Vicki died. I had this
experience. I thought it was the
drugs, but now I'm not so sure.

JACK

What happened?

ZIRAH

I had a dream, I don't know, there was a loud crash and I was inside a spaceship. I saw aliens and they implanted something into me. Into-- inside me.

JACK

What did the aliens look like?

ZIRAH

Kind of like him. Big heads and black eyes.

JACK

Teeth?

ZIRAH

I don't know. I didn't see teeth.

JACK

Then what?

ZIRAH

I saw Billy. I saw him. I saw my little boy. He was in that ship.

JACK

It was just the drugs, a bad trip that you imagined.

ZIRAH

Then what the fuck is this thing? This thing that came out of my body!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK... someone knocks on the front door.

The Creature stirs.

JACK

What's that?

Zirah goes to the door and peaks out of the eyehole.

ZIRAH

Oh my god!

JACK

What?

ZIRAH

It's my sponsor.

JACK

Sponsor?

LORRAINE (O.S.)
I can hear you talking, Zirah.

Lorraine KNOCKS again with greater force. The Creature wakes and wails an inhuman caterwaul.

JACK
Get it! Get the door!

Jack picks up The Creature and rocks it but the baby will not stop crying. Lorraine continues POUNDING on the door.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - DAY

ROWELL
(to Authority)
The woman's sponsor is at the door checking in on her.

AUTHORITY
Do not engage.

INT. ZIRAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zirah opens the door with a false smile.

ZIRAH
Lorraine, how are you?

Lorraine pushes herself in to the house.

LORRAINE
Alright, where's it at?

She peers into Zirah's eyes.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Frank called and said you were a no call, no show to work.

Lorraine looks around then grabs Zirah.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
You're coming with me.

ZIRAH
Lorraine! Stop!

The Creature CRIES O.S.

LORRAINE
Is that a baby?

ZIRAH
It's not a good time, Lorraine.
Please, I'll call you later.

Lorraine brushes Zirah aside and follows the cries.

INT. ZIRAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lorraine finds Jack rocking the swaddled, crying Creature.

LORRAINE
Who is this?

ZIRAH
Jack is an old friend. He surprised
me this morning and showed up with
his new baby.

JACK
Hello, Ma'am. How you doing?

LORRAINE
Oh I feel so silly now.

ZIRAH
It's okay. You're just being a good
sponsor to me.

LORRAINE
Oh okay. I'll get out of your hair.
Could I just hold the baby first?

ZIRAH
Oh, well. This baby is.. Difficult.

LORRAINE
Please, Zirah. I just haven't held
a baby in so long.

Lorraine advances closer to The Creature. Jack inches back.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
I just always want to hold the babies.
Always. Everytime I see 'em. I just
think of them as the most wonderful
little bundles of joy and ---

ZIRAH
Lorraine, please! No!

The Creature LAUNCHES from Jack's arms and latches onto
Lorraine's neck and bites and tears at Lorraine's flesh.

LORRAINE
Aaaarrrrrgggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rowell hears Lorraine's death O.S.

ROWELL

I think I should engage here.

AUTHORITY

Do not engage.

INT. ZIRAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Zirah tries to pull The Creature off Lorraine but he has latched on with great tenacity. Lorraine flails about, then falls in a heap as The Creature suckles at her bloody neck.

Jack watches in disbelief.

JACK

I think she's dead.

ZIRAH

Do you think so?

JACK

What do we do?

The Creature is satisfied and Zirah picks it up.

ZIRAH

Step back.

Suddenly, Lorraine's corpse begins mutating and bubbling and pulsing. She is transitioning into an Organism.

JACK

Oh Jesus.

ZIRAH

That's what happened to Jorge.

The Organism gets bigger and BIGGER, pulsing and squirting liquid and growing tentacles that slap about.

JACK

Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. ZIRAH HOUSE - DAY

Zirah and Jack run out of house to Jack's Galaxie 500.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - DAY

ROWELL
They're exiting the house and getting
into Jack's car.

AUTHORITY
Follow but do not engage.

EXT. ZIRAH HOUSE - DAY

The front door of Zirah's house bursts open. The Organism pushes through the doorway, but it is too wide to make it through. The mass of muscular bulges strain through and BLOW the front half of the house off.

JACK
Holy Christ.

Jack throws the Galaxie 500 into gear and speeds off.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - DAY

ROWELL
Holy Christ! What is that thing?

Rowell starts the van, but the piece of shit won't start.

AUTHORITY
Please elaborate, Rowell.

ROWELL
I don't know what the fuck this thing
is! It's a goddamn fucking blob of
puss and -- AHFFFH!!!!

The Organism leaps onto the windshield. The underside of The Organism looks like an octopus. Tentacles attach to the windshield and pulse on it grotesquely, pushing and pulling.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
Rowell! What the hell's going on?

Rowell attempts to drive away but The Organism obstructs his view so much that he can barely see.

AUTHORITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Rowell!

EXT. ZIRAH HOUSE - DAY

Rowell weaves around the street in front of Zirah's house. He spins around the neighborhood and runs into a fire hydrant. Water sprays into the sky. All the while The Organism remains affixed to Rowell's windshield.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Rowell BURSTS into the living room of a neighbor's house. Building material and dust and wood studs go flying everywhere in slow motion.

THE NEIGHBORS, two old white people (55), scurry away.

INT. ROWELL'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rowell is injured and his face is bloody from the crash, but he is still conscious.

The Organism is no longer on the windshield.

AUTHORITY (O.S.)
(damaged speakers)
Rowell! Do you copy, Rowell?

ELECTRICITY buzzes all around the van.

He notices a wide crack on the windshield and he puts his hand to it. He can fit his fingers through the crack.

The Organism suddenly GRIPS Rowell's hand.

ROWELL
Ahhhhh!!!!

The Organism's tentacles SQUEEZE through the crack in the windshield and wraps itself around Rowell's outstretch arm and oozes toward his face.

ROWELL (CONT'D)
Noooo!

The Organism enters in through his mouth and then wraps around his head like a python. Then it begins to squeeze. All we hear are the muffled cries of Rowell and then a series of muffled CRUNCHES.

The Organism becomes red and grows markedly larger.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The old and frail Neighbors appears.

THE NEIGHBORS
Hello? Hello? Are you okay in there?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

COLONEL GEORGE B. SCHOOT (55) flips through images on his laptop of Jack Philips and Zirah Ann Conway at various points in the story.

Schoot's assistant, a beautiful young blonde explains the situation to Schoot. She is MELANIE HORVATH.

MELANIE HORVATH

As you can see, Jack Phillips...

GEORGE SCHOOT

Melanie, how many times have I told you? Refer to these people by their official designation.

MELANIE HORVATH

Excuse me, Colonel. TC #432.

GEORGE SCHOOT

Thank you.

MELANIE HORVATH

We believe Tc432 successfully impregnated a civilian. She brought the fetus to term.

(pointing to the screen)

We believe, this is the first successful Hr71 offspring.

GEORGE SCHOOT

Yes, it would appear so.

MELANIE HORVATH

Congratulations, Sir.

GEORGE SCHOOT

Don't congratulate me yet. It's possible that we have succeeded...

MELANIE HORVATH

But?

GEORGE SCHOOT

We don't know for sure.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

George Schoot is in front of the President of the United States, MALCOLM WEST (55) who is tall, muscular and black. He has a bolts of grey hair shooting from his temple in an upward, eccentric fashion.

Schoot is presenting slides of maps and charts as he presents the story of Hr71. There are several others in the room including the SECRETARY OF STATE, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE AND SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY.

GEORGE SCHOOT

You see, Mr. President, this was a Cold War era plan. Even then there were suspicions that the population rate would outstrip natural resources.

(a picture of Truman
comes up on the screen)

President Truman thought we should cull the country's undesirables such as refugees, immigrants, criminals, the mentally ill and so on to pave the way for a new world, comprised of the most successful contributors to society:

(we see Andy Puzder,
Ken Lewis and Gary
Cohn)

The elite 1%: corporate CEOs, bankers and stock traders but also doctors, real estate professionals, entertainers in the arts and sports heroes. Truman called it, simply, The Plan.

Schoot shows pictures of many, many nubile young women.

GEORGE SCHOOT (CONT'D)

A significant portion of this 1% are healthy, fertile young women.

President West is highly interested in this.

Schoot then flips to a picture of Zirah holding The Creature.

GEORGE SCHOOT (CONT'D)

After 50 years, we believe this woman has birthed the The Plan's first success.

Everyone CHEERS, especially Melanie Horvath.

GEORGE SCHOOT (CONT'D)

This is what we've been waiting for!

More CHEERS. President West motions for silence.

MALCOLM WEST

And where, Colonel Schoot, is the baby now?

COLONEL SCHOOT

Following the unfortunate demise of the woman's AA sponsor, we lost communication with...

(slide of Rowell)

the detective we were using to track and follow the mother and Tc432. The whereabouts of the baby are unknown.

MALCOLM WEST

Any idea where they're headed?

COLONEL SCHOOT

We do not know.

MALCOLM WEST

We need to locate the child immediately. Following this, we dispense with Tc432.

COLONEL SCHOOT

And the woman that was killed?

MALCOLM WEST

Disregard the woman.

COLONEL SCHOOT

And Zirah Ann Conway?

MALCOLM WEST

Obviously, the mother of the first of a new species of mankind is a tremendous asset. She should be in our custody where we can analyze her and find other vessels.

COLONEL SCHOOT

These are my thought exactly, Sir. After we discover why this woman succeeded where so many others have failed, we can find more women like her, perhaps even better vessels to implant the mutated seed.

Schoot shows a slide of an artist rendering of row after row of women giving birth to mutated, feral babies.

COLONEL SCHOOT (CONT'D)

These women will pump out mutant after feral mutant which we can unleash upon the country.

The Secretary of Homeland Security, DONALD HANNITY stands.

DONALD HANNITY

Perhaps we could introduce the mutant children as immigrants. The country already has a negative view of immigrants. We can dump them at the border and they will run rampant over the country and the world.

Secretary of Defense, ROBERT 'MAD DOG' MATTIS stands.

MAD DOG MATTIS

These children will become the destructive force that will allow us to finally start over and build a new world. A better world for good people like us.

MALCOLM WEST

At this delicate stage in the process, we cannot let this baby fall into the wrong hands.

COLONEL SCHOOT

Indeed, Sir. But first, we have to determine if this truly is the baby we've been looking for.

Pharmaceutical executive TRACY PICKFORD stands.

TRACY PICKFORD

If I may, Colonel. If indeed this baby has been created by this couple while under the influence of my company's drug, Hr71, it will be the first known baby of its kind.

COLONEL SCHOOT

I do believe we have already established this, Tracy.

TRACY PICKFORD

And you are correct, Colonel, the side effect of this drug, which was originally intended to help soldiers manage pain, caused mass deformities and feral offspring.

Tracy walks around the room while addressing the President and Secretaries.

TRACY PICKFORD (CONT'D)

I know its taken quite a bit longer than expected, and I understand everyone's enthusiasm, but currently,
(MORE)

TRACY PICKFORD (CONT'D)
 there are more questions than answers.
 If indeed the baby is what we are
 all hoping it to be, we will need
 more data to learn how this creature
 will act in a natural environment.

Much GRUMBLING by the Secretaries.

TRACY PICKFORD (CONT'D)
 I say we continue tracking Tc431 and
 the woman, as well as all the other
 test subjects.

More GRUMBLING.

MAD DOG MATTIS
 We don't have that kind of time!
 Imagine if the Russians realize what
 we're doing! We must bring this
 baby in now!

Secretary of State JOAN CRAWFORD (55) stands.

JOAN CRAWFORD
 What if the American public finds
 out we've been meddling in the gene
 pool of war veterans? We will be
 destroyed! Hanged even!

TRACY PICKFORD
 We don't even know what we're dealing
 with at this point! Frankly, if you
 rush into this, you can forget about
 Ion Labs in the next election cycle!

Everyone loses it. PANDEMONIUM ensues.

MALCOLM WEST
 Quiet! Quiet, goddamnit!
 (Malcolm paces around)
 The Plan seems far fetched, it's
 true. But the reality is, Earth is
 really dying. We've got a terminal
 case here. The science is clear. If
 we tell the people, they'll panic.
 If we do nothing, they'll die. We're
 fucked either way.

The Secretaries MURMUR and AGREE.

MALCOLM WEST (CONT'D)
 The people will never stop driving.
 They will never stop fucking.
 (MORE)

MALCOLM WEST (CONT'D)

They cannot control themselves! So the best thing we have is The Plan: appeal to their taste for sex and drugs and hasten the end so that the world may live again. An Eden for all us.

Everyone begins to CHEER and CLAP.

MALCOLM WEST (CONT'D)

We cannot give up on this dream!

More CHEERS and CLAPS.

SECRETARIES

(all)

4 more years! 4 more years!

The COMMOTION dies down. Then...

COLONEL SCHOOT

So what do we do, Mr. President?

MALCOLM WEST

I understand what the concerns are but I think we need to move forward.

TRACY PICKFORD

Move forward in what way, sir?

Malcolm stands upon the table.

MALCOLM WEST

We will follow them, wherever they go. Into the east. Into the west. Wherever they go, we will track their movements.

COLONEL SCHOOT

And then?

MALCOLM WEST

And then, at the decisive moment--

TRACY PICKFORD

Yes?

MALCOLM WEST

--we will strike.

TRACY PICKFORD

Meaning, what exactly, Sir?

MALCOLM WEST

We will get them in. For questioning.
And then we will enact this agenda,
which we all know is a necessity.

Everyone CHEERS. Pickford FRETS.

COLONEL SCHOOT

(privately to Mattis)
Get the drone.

Mattis nods. CHEERING continues.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - EVENING

God's Eye View of Jack's Galaxie 500 driving through the picturesque Californian landscape.

A DRONE flies into the frame, high above the Galaxie 500.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - EVENING

Jack drives as Zirah holds The Creature in her lap.

JACK

So how long have you been sober?

ZIRAH

Almost a year.

Jack takes a pill out of his pocket and swallows it.

JACK

Good for you.

ZIRAH

I guess you never sobered up.

JACK

Nope. I don't need to be in control
every minute of every day. I think
that's what's missing with the kids.

ZIRAH

How do you mean?

JACK

There's no spontaneity anymore.
They're in control. The weird chance
encounters or weird correlations,
it's not really possible.

ZIRAH

No, it really isn't. They choose
every facet of their lives.

JACK

When I reflect on my childhood I realize so much of life was being out of control.

ZIRAH

Always doing what someone else wanted.

JACK

Or being prey to the television people, the networks.

ZIRAH

Yeah, absolutely.

JACK

It's all changing so fast but I don't know that anyone's life is any better.

ZIRAH

I think choice is just an illusion. The more you think you have options and choices and control, the less freedom you actually have.

JACK

There's more freedom in addiction.

The Creature COUGHS and SPUTTERS

ZIRAH

(alarmed)

Something's wrong.

Jack sees that The Creature has developed a rash on his body.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I think he's sick.

JACK

Maybe he's hungry again.

ZIRAH

We can't keep letting him eat people. We need a solution.

JACK

I think we just need to get out of the city for awhile.

The Creature SPUTTERS again. He WHEEZES.

ZIRAH

Something's not right, Jack.

JACK
What do you want me to do?

ZIRAH
I don't know, pull over.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm West and the Secretaries hover over a console manned by Mad Dog who flies the drone.

MAD DOG MATTIS
They're pulling over.

MALCOLM WEST
Let the drone hover. Let's see what they're up to.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

ZIRAH
He's stopped breathing!

JACK
Give him mouth to mouth!

Zirah puts her lips on The Creature's which are rapidly turning blue. She puts her fingers on his tiny, almost reptilian chest. She breathes into his mouth.

The Creature BARFS in Zirah's mouth and then WAILS.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good job, Girl!

Zirah glares at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
We'll stop somewhere.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The Administration watches the Galaxie pull off the highway.

COLONEL SCHOOT
We're wasting time. We should call in a strike force. Let's get them.

TRACY PICKFORD
There's no harm in observing. We're collecting valuable data.

MALCOLM WEST
It is time. Initiate! Get the baby!

They watch the Galaxie 500 pull into a Starbucks parking lot. A black van pulls in behind.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

The Galaxie 500 parks into one of the spots.

The black van pulls in a few spots over on Zirah's side.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

Rain falls on the car windshield. Zirah is covered in vomit.

JACK

Wait here.

ZIRAH

Yes, please hurry.

Jack exits the Galaxie.

The Creature sleeps peacefully. The rash is spreading. She looks at herself as a song by the Smiths plays.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

(singing to self softly)

'Oh the rain falls hard on a hum
drum town. This town has dragged
you down.

(looks down at baby)

Oh the rain falls hard on a humdrum
town. This town has dragged you--

The doors open in the black van. Rain falls harder as two MEN IN ARMY FATIGUES walk toward the Galaxie.

INT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Jack grabs a handful of napkins and then walks toward the door. He stops. He looks at the menu board.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

SOLDIER 1 KNOCKS on the window and Zirah JUMPS.

ZIRAH

(motioning)

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SOLDIER 1

Can you open the door please?

Zirah shakes her head.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Open the door, please, Ma'am.

Zirah won't do it.

Soldier 1 pulls a badge.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
Open the door and exit the vehicle!

Zirah is petrified. She doesn't know what to do.

Soldier 1 reaches for the car door handle and tries to open the door but Zirah locks it just in time and then as she leans to the driver side door to lock it, the window EXPLODES in shards of glass.

SOLDIER 2 has a nightclub, and he is rimming the window to remove the shards of glass.

Soldier 2 reaches into the car to remove Zirah.

Zirah and The Creature HOWL in fear.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The Administration watches from the drone high above.

INT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Jack decides against getting a drink and exits the Starbucks with a handful of napkins.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Jack sees two men surrounding his car with Soldier 2 reaching into the driver side. His lower half is sticking out.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

Zirah is HOWLING and clutching The Creature, who's cries become more strained and alien.

Suddenly, Soldier 2 is pulled from the car without warning.

EXT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

Soldier 2 falls to the ground with Jack gripping his ankles. Soldier 2 flips around and kicks Jack in the face and gets to his feet.

Soldier 2 PUNCHES Jack as Jack struggles to get up, but Jack catches the punch and breaks Soldier 2's arm.

Soldier 1 barrels in and tackles Jack to the ground.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

Zirah, still vomit soaked, watches Soldier 2 get it together to help his friend who is beating Jack.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The Administration is aghast at how poorly this is developing.

PICKFORD

Mr. President, you must stop this.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Really, Mr. President. Witnesses are gathering around the vehicle.

COLONEL SCHOOT

Do not stop anything, Mr. President. The only thing that matters is the baby. Nothing else matters.

Malcolm watches on with concern.

EXT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

Jack, bloodied and busted toothed, catches one of the legs of Soldier 1 and reaches up and gets a good handful of testicles, twists and YANKS.

SOLDIER 1

Aaaaawwwwooooooooooooo!!!

Soldier 1 falls to the ground.

Soldier 2 brains Jack with a parking cone and Jack goes falling down, basically unconscious.

Soldier 2 rolls Jack over, barely conscious, and begins stomping his head in against the curb.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

JOAN CRAWFORD

He's going to kill him.

MAD DOG MATTIS

We cannot allow the death of a soldier like this. You must stop this.

MALCOLM WEST

Okay... radio it in. Tell them to abort. Abort now.

Suddenly--

SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
 (screaming in pain)
 Aaaaahhhh! Aaaahhhh!!

The Administration look up. Then--

ALL
 (screaming in horror)
 Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

EXT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

The Creature has been unleashed upon Soldier 1. The Creature is devouring him like a piranha.

Soldier 2, who was beating a very bloody Jack, stops for a moment, looks over just in time to see The Creature launching towards his face.

The Creature BITES the nose off of Soldier 2's face.

Jack painfully gets up and sees the insane display.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The Administration CELEBRATES maniacally. This is the first time they've seen The Creature. They finally have confirmation of the feral Creature.

GEORGE SCHOOT
 We did it! We fucking did it!

George Schoot grabs Melanie Horvath and plants a big one on her as the group jumps up and down in celebration.

MAD DOG MATTIS
 What do you want to do about the bodies, Sir?

MALCOLM WEST
 The bodies? What bodies?

MAD DOG MATTIS
 The dead soldiers, Sir.

MALCOLM WEST
 Oh. Fuck 'em. Stay on the Galaxie for fuck's sake! Follow that baby!

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Patron's stream out of the Starbucks to see the commotion.

COFFEE DRINKERS
 WHAT?!

Jack and Zirah PEEL OUT of the parking lot.

The drone in the sky follows the Galaxie.

The audience at Starbucks hover over the dead bodies and take pictures with their phones.

COFFEE DRINKER #1
Somebody call an ambulance!

Suddenly, the bodies of the fallen soldiers BUBBLE and GURGLE. The transform into The Organism.

Organism #1 wraps around Coffee Drinker #1's leg.

COFFEE DRINKER #1 (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Oh my god!

Organism #2 slides over to Coffee Drinker #1 and sucks her face into it's gelatinous body.

The Coffee Drinkers SCREAM and RUN.

The Organisms devour Coffee Drinker #1 leaving only a dried out husk of a body. They SLITHER toward the Starbucks.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The screen in the front of the room shows the Galaxie 500 driving north on the 5 Freeway.

GEORGE SCHOOT
We need to acquire that baby and acquire it immediately, Sir.

MAD DOG MATTIS
I have to say I agree with Mr. Schoot on this, Sir. There can be no more mistakes.

MALCOLM WEST
Pickford? What are your thoughts?

PICKFORD
Agreed. This baby is the fulfillment of everything Ion Labs has stood for. Let's get that baby.

GEORGE SCHOOT
Shall we call in more soldiers, Sir?

MALCOLM WEST
No, hell no. We need one guy. A good one. Who do we have?

TRACY PICKFORD

We have a guy named, Damita, Sir.
We only use him when we need something
very delicate done. He isn't cheap.

MALCOLM WEST

But is he good?

TRACY PICKFORD

He's the best.

MALCOLM WEST

(thinking)

Damita. Yes. Call Damita.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

DAMITA (33), tall, muscular and black is washing his face in
a high rise apartment in San Francisco. His phone BUZZES.

DAMITA

Yes. Yes. I understand. Yes. Yes.
Yes, I will. Both of them. Yes.
Yes. Okay. Yes. Goodbye.

Damita hangs up the phone.

DAMITA (CONT'D)

(putting on clothes)

I got to go.

There's a white American couple lying naked in bed looking
very happy and content.

COUPLE

Okay, bye. Have a good night.

The couple spark up a bong load. Damita leaves.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Damita races through the city at recklessly high speeds.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

DAMITA

(talking on speaker)

Where am I headed?

AUTHORITY

The subjects were last seen driving
north on the 5 freeway. They're
driving a 1974 Galaxie 500.

DAMITA
What else you got?

AUTHORITY
They're in custody of a baby. You
need to obtain the baby.

DAMITA
Yeah.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

JACK
This is worse than I thought. We
have to get farther away.

ZIRAH
Who's following us?

JACK
He's not looking right.

The Creature's rash is spreading quickly.

ZIRAH
Who's following us?

JACK
I was going to ask you the same thing.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Damita pulls into the parking lot of Starbucks. He sees the
abandoned black van, but no one else.

He sees blood in the parking lot. He tastes it.

He hears an Eagle's CALL from high above. He looks at it.

He gets in the Lambo and drives away with a ROARRRRRRRR.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - NIGHT

JACK
Listen, I know a place in the
Mendocino Forest up here. We'll
cool out up there and figure out
what the fuck is going on.

ZIRAH
I don't think he's going to make it.

She holds the Creature up. He's struggling to breathe.

Suddenly Damita's pulls up right behind the Galaxie. He is tailgating them aggressively.

JACK
What's this guy's problem?

ZIRAH
He's stopped breathing again.

JACK
He's right up on my ass.
(hangs hand out window)
Go around me, asshole!

Damita BUMPS Jack's car from behind.

JACK (CONT'D)
That motherfucker just hit me.

ZIRAH
Pull over.

EXT. GALAXIE 500 - DAWN

Jack pulls over. Damita pulls in right behind.

JACK
Yo, what the fuck your problem, man?

A GUNBLAST blows off Jack's ear. Jack clutches it and howls. Blood seeps through his fingers. Jack jumps in his car.

INT. GALAXIE 500 - DAWN

ZIRAH
What's going on? What happened?

EXT. MENDOCINO FOREST HIGHWAY - DAWN

Jack tries to speed away, but Damita's car is too fast and nimble. Damita is right on his tail on the long stretch of mountain road.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAWN

The Administration watches Damita crash the Galaxie's rear right fender, causing the car to spin out, nearly tumbling off the side of the mountain.

EXT. MENDOCINO FOREST HIGHWAY - DAWN

Jack and Zirah jump out of the Galaxie and run through the forest. Jack lags behind.

Damita tackles Jack.

JACK
Run, Zirah! Runnnnn!

THWAK. Damita kidney-punches the piss out of Jack.

Zirah runs through the forest with The Creature clutched to her breast. She turns to see Jack being beaten mercilessly.

Damita ties up Jack and runs after Zirah.

Damita chases Zirah through the forest.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAWN

The drone's field of view is obscured by the forest.

MALCOLM WEST
I can't see shit.

MAD DOG MATTIS
(to Schoot)
Tell him to switch to body cam.

GEORGE SCHOOT
(to Horvath)
Tell him to switch to body cam.

MELANIE HORVATH
(to Damita)
We are having difficulty seeing through the forest. Please switch to body cam.

GEORGE SCHOOT
Make sure he doesn't hurt the child.

EXT. MENDOCINO FOREST - DAWN

Damita presses his chest. Body cam has been engaged.

AUTHORITY
(in Damita's earbud)
And do not hurt the child.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

From the body cam perspective, we see Zirah running.

Damita is gaining on her rapidly.

His hand is outstretched.

The Administration is in rapt attention as Damita reaches for her. He is almost at her hair.

Damita trips. The camera falls. The screen goes black.

ALL
What the...???

MAD DOG MATTIS
What the fuck is going--

MALCOLM WEST
What the fuck is going on???

EXT. MENDOCINO FOREST - DAWN

Zirah approaches the body of Damita, who is face down on the forest floor. He isn't moving.

She gets closer.

She sees a small bloody wound on the back of his head.

She kicks at his body. It barely moves.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The screen is totally black. There's PANDEMONIUM in the War Room. Everyone is at each other's throats.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Zirah pushes his body over.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

We see Zirah wince in an upward shot from the body cam POV.

EXT. MENDOCINO FOREST - NIGHT

There is a branch sticking right through Damita's eye which pierces right through his skull.

Zirah turns and runs with The Creature clutched to her.

She runs.

The Creature GLOWS. The more she runs, the more he glows.

She keeps running.

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - NIGHT

Zirah comes to a body of water. The Creatures GLOWS brighter and brighter. The brightness of him is blinding.

There's a sudden, body-shaking THOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

An immense, spherical spacecraft EMERGES from the lake.

Zirah watches in awe as The Creature is healed instantly from the glow of the metallic orb hovering in the sky.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

As Malcolm West, Schoot and Mattis argue about how to proceed, Melanie Horvath switches camera views to the drone which has been hovering quietly above the forest.

MELANIE HORVATH

Look!

All stop and stare at the glowing metallic orb.

MALCOLM WEST

Shoot that thing down.

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - DAWN

Within minutes, the first round of jets fly into view and OPEN FIRE upon The Orb.

A RADIANT LIGHT surrounds The Orb and shields it from the military onslaught.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

MALCOLM WEST

Take it down! Take it down!

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - DAWN

Another round of jets swarm in and open fire but all shots are repelled by the RADIANT GLOW of The Orb.

A group of soldiers organize around the shores of Clear Lake and fire mortars. All shots are repelled.

The Orb emits a SHOCKWAVE which knocks the power out of all mechanical devices including the vehicles, guns and planes.

Zirah watches with horror as jet planes fall from the sky and crash into the lake.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Again, the screen in the War Room has gone dark and the group erupts into sublime violence.

President Malcolm West has to pull Mattis off of the Joan Crawford who is beating Donald Hannity.

MALCOLM WEST

That's enough! That's enough!

Everyone stops. Malcolm motions to the black screen.

MALCOLM WEST (CONT'D)

Can somebody please tell me what the fuck is going on.

All are silent.

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - MORNING

A portal opens from the bottom of The Orb and a smaller metallic orb emerges from it.

The soldiers and Zirah watch from the banks of the lake as The Orb is engulfed by electric bolts.

Suddenly The Orb SHOOTs OUT successive, electric blue blasts through the brains of the soldiers.

THE BLASTS increase in frequency and intensity.

Zirah watches as the Soldiers' heads are hit with violent electric BLASTS and their heads EXPLODE one by one.

Zirah cowers behind a tree with The Creature as The Orb continues BLASTING. Then, there's a chilling silence.

The metallic orb retracts and a PINK SPOTLIGHT shines down, illuminating the lake. The Light shines on Zirah.

The Light tugs The Creature from Zirah, but she won't let go. The Light functions as a tractor beam and it pulls Zirah and The Creature toward The Orb.

EXT. SPACECRAFT - NIGHT

The Light lifts Zirah and The Creature off the ground.

They float high into the air, 20 feet... 30 feet. 50 feet...

Zirah won't let go...

And eventually...

INT. THE ORB - DAY

She is inside The Orb. The interior is austere and metallic. She still clutches The Creature in her arms.

Darkened figures emerge from the walls. They are the same Creatures from her vision in the 1st Act. She realizes now, that it was not a dream or a hallucination, but an abduction.

The Creature in her arms is an alien, not a mutation.

ZIRAH

Where's my boy! Where's my Billy!

Zirah clutches The Creature menacingly.

The Aliens stand as immobile as Easter Island Moai.

Zirah grabs The Creature by the neck and holds him up.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I'll do it! Bring out Billy or I'll
fucking kill him!

The Aliens do nothing.

She drops The Creature to the ground with a THUD. The
Creature ROARS in pain. Zirah puts her foot on him.

The Aliens STIR and GRUMBLE amongst each other.

ZIRAH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fucking crush him!

Suddenly, one of the Aliens steps forward and SQUEALS. He
points at The Creature on the ground.

Then, a sleepy Billy (the Billy from the beginning of the
movie who has not aged) comes walking out, rubbing his eyes
as though having just awakened from a long nap.

The Alien beckons for The Creature. He wants to trade.

Zirah lifts her foot off The Creature. He LEVITATES off the
metallic floor and drifts toward The Alien.

The Alien nudges Billy toward his mother.

BILLY

Mommy.

ZIRAH

That's right, come to Mommy, Billy.

EXT. THE ORB - MORNING

Billy and Zirah are pulled out of The Orb and they descend
slowly and gently toward the earth from a light shining down
to the earth from a portal in the bottom of The Orb.

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - MORNING

Zirah and Billy watch the portal close above them. They watch
The Orb ascend into the early morning sky and disappear.

Upon leaving, the power to the vehicles returns. We see the gruesome bodies of all the dead soldiers.

Zirah carries sleeping Billy over them.

She looks down at Billy.

ZIRAH

A second chance.

INT. WAR ROOM - MORNING

Colonel Schott, Pickford and Malcolm West are desperately trying to communicate with anyone on the ground.

MALCOLM WEST

(on CB radio)

Hello... this is the President of
the United States of America. Hello?

EXT. CLEAR LAKE - MORNING

A single man, GENERAL SAVAGE (50), who has been badly burned and injured from The Orb, regains consciousness and climbs to the CB inside a Jeep.

GENERAL SAVAGE

This is Savage.

MALCOLM WEST (O.S.)

Savage! Thank God. This is Malcolm
West. What the hell's going on?

GENERAL SAVAGE

My entire unit has been destroyed.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

The images of the dead soldiers are being transmitted to the War Room. For the first time they see the true carnage that has been wrought. Inexplicably, Mad Dog SINGS.

MAD DOG MATTIS

(singing)

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound.

COLONEL SCHOOT

(singing)

that saved a wretch like me...

ALL

(singing)

I once was lost but now I'm found.

Was blind but now I see.

MALCOLM WEST

Savage, we need this woman and her baby. The fate of country is in your hands. Don't let me down.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST - DAY

It isn't long before the Galaxie 500 drives into a road block.

The scary, burned General Savage, approaches the vehicle.

ZIRAH

What's the problem, officer?

Without warning, Savage YANKS Zirah out of the car through the window. Soldiers on the other side grab Billy and pull him out of the car.

GENERAL SAVAGE

(to War Room)

We've found them both. A woman and her child in a Galaxie 500.

MALCOLM WEST (O.S.)

Good, good. What is of most importance, General Savage, is the baby.

GENERAL SAVAGE

I don't see a baby, Mr. President. Just the woman and a child, roughly eight years old.

MALCOLM WEST (O.S.)

Please look again, General Savage. This baby is of utmost importance.

GENERAL SAVAGE

No baby, Mr. President.

The Soldiers separate Zirah from Billy and place them in the back of two separate military vehicles. Zirah is hysterical. Billy WAILS and BANGS his head against the window.

ZIRAH

Billy!

GENERAL SAVAGE

(strikes Zirah)

Shut up!

Billy has weird spasms, like an epileptic seizure.

SOLDIER #3

(to Savage)

Uh, Sir, this kid's freaking out.

Billy starts mutating into a larger version of The Organism. He BUBBLES and GURGLES. It's a horrific transformation. Zirah and General Savage is horrified.

The Organism grows larger and BURSTS the windows of the military vehicle from the inside out.

A soldier OPENS Fire on The Organism.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

The group views the GUNFIRE from a drone in the sky.

MALCOLM WEST

(to General Savage)

Savage, what the hell's going on?!

They watch as The Organism BURSTS out of the vehicle. Soldiers gather around it and FIRE but this only seems to make The Organism LARGER.

The Organism SLITHERS over a group of soldiers, warps itself around them and bursts their bodies within it. The Organism gets LARGER and LARGER.

MALCOLM WEST (CONT'D)

Savage! Savage!

The Administration hears only the sounds of war and SCREAMS.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COASTAL ROAD - DAY

Zirah watches The Organism with great horror as, one by one, he swallows up the soldiers and grows larger and larger. Finally, all have disappeared. All the remains on the street are the various weapons.

The Organism slithers up to Zirah.

Zirah looks at The Organism. The Organism SLITHERS into the ocean and disappears.