

RECESSIVE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

EXCERPT:
12/4/22

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

We open on a small town classroom, filled with young students, aged ten to eleven. The class is quiet, except for the periodical scratching on paper. *

The TEACHER stands at the front of the room, holding a piece of paper, reading off from a list of words. *

TEACHER

Alternate.

Students frantically scribble, racking their minds, trying to remember how to spell their vocabulary. *

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Dispatch.

More scribbling. As they finish, they look up, waiting for the next word.

We begin to focus on ELIZABETH MILLER (11) sitting in the row of desks closest to the window. She has long, dark hair and eyes.

Between each word, she looks outside, daydreaming. The spelling comes easier to her than the other children.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Infinite.

Elizabeth finishes copying down the word, but hesitates before looking out the window. A confused look on her face, she turns to the girl behind her. *

The girl doesn't notice.

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

Eyes on your own paper, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth spins back around, embarrassed, hunching over her paper, doodling in the corner. *

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Ordinary.

She writes down the word and looks up again, still with that confused look on her face. Once more, she turns around. *

ELIZABETH

(low)
What?

The girl looks up from her paper, now wearing the same confused look as Elizabeth.

*
*

The teacher crosses her arms, unhappy.

TEACHER

No talking, Ms. Miller. I won't warn you again.

ELIZABETH

She was talking to me!

Tears begin to fill Elizabeth's eyes as she rubs her ear with her shoulder

*
*

GIRL

No I wasn't!

TEACHER

Lying won't do you any good, Ms. Miller.

ELIZABETH

I'm not lying!

The tears start to flow. She covers one of her ears with her hand, whimpering in pain.

*

Something is happening to her.

TEACHER

I didn't hear her speak.

She gestures to the class.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Did any of you?

The entire class hesitates, but ultimately shakes their heads 'no'.

But Elizabeth is no longer paying attention to the conversation at hand. DOZENS of other thoughts run through her head.

WHATEVER is happening to her quickly becomes UNBEARABLE. Both of her hands clasp tightly around her ears. Her panicked eyes dart around the classroom, her quiet whimper turned to sobbing.

*
*

TEACHER (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Elizabeth?

But Elizabeth can't hear her. She begins to scream, falling out of her desk onto the floor, shaking, kicking.

*

Her screams fade out into...

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - MINUTES LATER

The sun shines brightly on the field, crops waving back and forth around THOMAS MILLER, mid 30s, tall, wearing a patterned shirt.

He stands alone in the middle of the field, taking in the silence around him, his eyes closed, face raised to the BEAMING sun.

He smiles as he looks down, trailing his finger around a golden strand of wheat.

The smile fades. Something isn't right. He can FEEL it.

As if on cue, his wife, HANNAH MILLER, 30s, calls out in the distance.

HANNAH (O.S.)

THOMAS!

He starts at a jog, which quickly transforms into a sprint as he makes his way out of the field of wheat, leaving a trail behind him, crushing the stalk beneath his feet.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

*

We follows Thomas up to the beautiful blue farmhouse in the middle of the field, the middle of nowhere; a singular gravel road leads out to the nearby town.

*

*

Hannah stands at the front entrance of the house, holding a landline phone at her side, disconnected from the call. She has a worried look on her face.

HANNAH

(voice shaking)

It's Elizabeth. Something happened at school.

Thomas drops his head, allowing himself a second of disappointment and fear, but swiftly picks himself back up, rushing into...

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

*

We enter the house, but aren't given much time to take it in. We will see more of the house later.

Thomas is followed inside house by Hannah, who is biting her fingernails. With a CLINK, he grabs his car keys out of a bowl on the counter.

He takes a breath before speaking, trying to keep the fear out of his voice.

THOMAS

I'll go pick her up.

He gestures to the house around them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You know what to do?

She nods, unable to swallow the lump in her throat.

He dances his way around her, lingering in front of the open door.

*

*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And the code?

She nods again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I need you to say it.

*

She inhales deeply and exhales, but it isn't enough to keep the crack out of her voice.

HANNAH

49271.

*

THOMAS

Good.

He reaches his hand out.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you have your phone on you?

She reaches into her pocket, pulling out her phone. She hands it to him. He nods, tapping it mindlessly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Alright.

(beat)

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Be ready to go when we get back,
okay?

She nods a final time as tears begin to pour out of her eyes. He sees this and pauses for a SECOND, before pulling her into a hug.

This hug doesn't last long. They don't have TIME for this. He plants a kiss on top of her head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay.
(beat)
I promise.

And with that, he leaves her, exiting to...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

*

With a BEEP, his truck unlocks. Swiftly, he jumps inside and starts it with a ROAR.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

*

He grips the wheel tightly, exhaling, his breath shaky.

INT. TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

*

We jump a few minutes in time as he drives down the road, tapping nervously on the wheel, endless fields of wheat passing by in the window.

*

*

He takes two phones from his pocket; his and his wife's. He rolls the window down, letting in a breeze, pushing his dark, wavy hair messily. He TOSSES the phones into the endless wheat field beside him.

*

*

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

*

We cut back to Hannah inside the farmhouse, tears trailing down the side of her face. With speed, she makes her way through the house, which now feels quiet. Empty.

*

*

*

Bare furniture, no pictures on the walls, empty cabinets.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She reaches inside of a closet; it's empty with the exception of four suitcases. She grabs all four, one by one, and places them on the floor in front of her.

Opening three, we see that they're pre-packed:

Four sets of clothing, a pair of shoes, a toilet kit with shampoo, soap, a towel, a metallic water bottle, a blanket, and a winter jacket.

Hannah fishes through Thomas' suitcase until she finds two orange pill bottles, filled with medication. She puts them back.

She opens the fourth suitcase. It gives the illusion of being empty. She removes the false bottom, revealing STACKS of cash.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Thomas speeds down the town road towards the school. He reaches inside his wallet, grabbing his ID and credit card.

With no hesitation, he SNAPS them both in half.

He pulls up to the front of the school and parks, ignoring the signs advising against it.

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We see Thomas run into the school, pausing as the front desk staff stands up.

FRONT DESK STAFF

Mr. Miller-

Suddenly, we hear Elizabeth's screams in a nearby room. Thomas doesn't wait to be escorted by the school's staff. He runs to the nurses office towards his daughter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ELIZABETH'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Hannah enters her daughter's room, her arms crossed, holding a stack of papers. Homemade drawings are placed across the purple walls. She holds back her tears as she swallows the lump in her throat.

She pulls Elizabeth's handmade blanket off the bed, hugging it tightly; the only thing that's remained with each move.

She walks up to one of the pictures on the wall. Three stick figures, holding hands, labeled 'Mommy, Daddy and Me.' Elizabeth's scribbly signature in the corner. Hannah stifles a sob, plucking it from the wall. *

She looks down to the signature. *Elizabeth Miller*. She can't take this with her. *

She sighs, taking the other pictures down from the wall and we cut to... *

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on a shredder as the papers and files Hannah has collected from the house are torn apart into strings. The past two years of their lives, torn to pieces in an instant. *

Hannah looks down in sorrow, sighing. *

HANNAH *

Two years... and for what? *

We watch as Elizabeth's drawing of the Miller family is torn to pieces by the shredder before cutting to...

INT. SCHOOL - NURSES OFFICE

Thomas enters the room, stopping in his tracks when he sees his daughter. She's laying on a bed, her hands planted firmly on her ears, crying and whimpering. *

He can no longer stay strong enough to hide his fear. A tear falls down his face. He picks her and holds her tight, her head on his shoulder as he turns to the nurse.

He doesn't speak at first, horror on his face. *

THOMAS

What happened?

The NURSE shrugs. *

NURSE

She started screaming in the middle of a spelling test and has been shaky and unresponsive since. *

Thomas nods, another tear spilling out of his eye. *

NURSE (CONT'D)

If it were my daughter I'd take her to the hospital.

(MORE)

NURSE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've never seen anything like this before.

THOMAS

Y-- yeah, of course. *

He turns towards the door to exit, but turns back. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The nurse forces a smile and nods.

The two exit, Elizabeth in her father's arms, continuing to SOB. We can tell that Thomas is helpless. *

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS *

The backseat door opens and Thomas puts his daughter in the truck. He shuts the door and quickly makes his way to the driver's seat. Elizabeth leans her head against the window, shaking.

THOMAS

Breathe, babygirl. Just breathe.

They drive PAST the hospital on the way home. As they get further from the school, further from the town, further from everything, Elizabeth's cries of pain get quieter, until they stop. *

Thomas looks at his daughter in the mirror, a worried look on his face. He's AFRAID. There's a prolonged silence. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You... You okay?

She WINCES, wiping the tears from her puffed eyes with the sleeve of her shirt. She has a slight puzzled look on her face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Elizabeth? *

ELIZABETH

My head hurts.

He nods, afraid to speak again, a lump forming in his throat.

With his lack of questions, we get a sense that he knows what's wrong, but is DREADING the truth.

There's another beat of silence.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

The suitcases in the closet?

Through the rearview mirror, we see that Thomas' face has gone WHITE.

THOMAS

What?

Elizabeth begins to chew on her thumb.

ELIZABETH

You're going through a list. Things we need.

(beat)

Where are we going?.

Thomas doesn't respond. Now he's TERRIFIED. His knuckles clutch the wheel tightly, turning white.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What does Mom need out of the safe?

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Hannah kneels to the ground, swinging open one of the desk doors, revealing a closed black safe.

She enters the code: 49271.

The light blinks green and she swings it open, revealing a single LARGE YELLOW ENVELOPE.

Offscreen, we hear a vehicle approach, followed by the front door swinging open and closed. She grabs the envelope and stands up, hesitantly approaching the door exiting into the hallway.

She peeks out, standing on her toes, looking over the railing to the lower level. She sighs in relief.

It's Thomas.

THOMAS

Hannah?

(he pauses for a second)

Hannah, you ready? We have to go.

HANNAH

Can you help me with the suitcases?

We watch as he climbs the stairs, entering... *

INT. FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS *

He grabs two of the suitcases while his wife grabs the other two, stuffing the envelope inside the suitcase with the cash.

He follows her... *

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM/FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS *

...out the door, down the stairs, making their way to the front door. *

Hannah exits, refusing to look back. Refusing to say goodbye to their home of the past two years.

Thomas makes the mistake of looking back, trying to take it all in. This isn't the first time he's been robbed of a normal life. It won't be the last.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS *

The doors close as the two enter the truck. Hannah wipes a tear from her eye before looking back at her daughter in the back seat. *

She's asleep, her head in her hand. Her eyes move back and forth, eyebrows furrowing every once in a while, like she's stuck in a bad dream.

Thomas looks in the rearview mirror at his sleeping daughter.

THOMAS
She was awake when I came in.

Hannah nods. They sit in silence for a moment.

HANNAH
Is it...

The truck comes to life as he spins the key. He exhales softly.

THOMAS
Yeah.

The pair steal one final glance at their home. What used to be their home. The past two years of their life, left behind.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We knew this was coming.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH

I know. I just wished...

She doesn't finish, but she doesn't need to. He understands the feeling all too well. He plants his hand on her thigh, rubbing softly with his thumb.

THOMAS

Yeah. Me too.

He steals another quick glance at his daughter in the mirror. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It gets harder the older she gets.

HANNAH

Yeah. Harder to explain too. *

Her eyes wander off, thinking of the shredded drawings signed *Elizabeth Miller*.

The three ride off, leaving behind a trail of dust and the lives they've built for themselves.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGHWAY - LATER

We see the Miller's truck as they travel down the scenic highway. Green trees litter the world around them. Mountains creep up on the skyline in front of them. It's windy. The sun is beginning to fall. *

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - SAME *

Thomas is focused on the road in front of him, while Hannah watches the world pass by her window.

HANNAH

I'm going to miss this. The mountains. The trees.

(pause)

Hannah.

She looks back at her daughter.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Elizabeth.

THOMAS

We'll still be us. Just the details
have to change.

*
*

Hannah rests her chin in her hand as she stares out her window.

HANNAH

I know.

Thomas looks over at Hannah.

THOMAS

Do you have the envelope? We should
figure out who we'll become.

*

She looks to Thomas, gesturing towards the back with her head.

HANNAH

It's in the suitcase in the back.

Thomas nods.

THOMAS

We'll get it when we stop.

She goes back to watching the world pass by, their lives slowly erasing as they get further and further away from what was.

*
*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's a long ride.

(beat)

We've got time to figure things
out.

Hannah watches as they pass a green sign. It reads: "*NOW LEAVING WASHINGTON STATE.*" She turns her head, following the sign as it gets smaller behind them, disappearing.

Suddenly, in the back seat, Elizabeth STIRS. Thomas whips his head around, before turning back to the road. Hannah turns to look at Elizabeth.

*
*
*

HANNAH

Good morning, sleepyhead. You
feeling any better?

*
*

She rubs her eyes, then her forehead.

*

ELIZABETH

My head still hurts a little.

Hannah looks over to Thomas. He nods without saying a word.
Elizabeth tilts her head, a PERPLEXED look on her face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

How do you do that?

Thomas clenches his jaw. Hannah turns back around. *

HANNAH

Do what, baby?

ELIZABETH

Talk with your mouth closed?

We see Thomas' knuckles go white again as his hands tighten around the wheel. His eyes dart back and forth from the road to the rearview mirror. *

THOMAS

What number? *

Elizabeth has a confused look on her face. She doesn't quite get it yet.

ELIZABETH

What numbers? I don't--- *

She pauses, squinting. *

ELIZABETH (CONT'D) *

...85.

There's a long pause. Thomas shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Hannah looks over at him again, biting her fingernail. *

THOMAS

That's right.

ELIZABETH

How...

She trails off. There's another long pause. Thomas has gone through this scenario hundreds of times over the past decade, but still doesn't know what to say.

THOMAS

You see inside of our heads. Hear our thoughts.

(beat)

It got... loud at school didn't it?

She nods. Thomas sees this and nods as well. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

All those voices... all their thoughts... running together at once. It can all get.. so loud.

He trails off, looking into nothing.

He's hiding something. Something dark.

He snaps back to reality. Forcing a smile as he looks at his daughter through the rearview mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We'll find a way to shut those voices out.

Elizabeth nods, slight confusion on her face. She's overwhelmed and afraid. She turns to look out the window.

Thomas and Hannah exchange a glance. A tear is formed in her eye, threatening to fall. He gestures for her to control her breathing, inhaling and exhaling with her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(whisper)

We have to control our emotions. Clear out our heads. For her *and* ourselves.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

*

Hours later, the three pull into a car dealership in the middle of nowhere. The dealership is rundown and isolated, looking abandoned. However, it is still in use.

*

*

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

*

Thomas puts the truck in park and lets out a heavy sign, very visibly exhausted. Beside him, Hannah stirs.

HANNAH

Where are we?

He sighs again.

*

THOMAS

Montana.

He rubs his eyes sleepily.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I think.

He looks back at his daughter, fast asleep, before opening the door, exiting the truck.

*
*

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

*

He squints at the rising sun, making his way across the dealership. Junkyard by the looks of it. But it'll do.

*
*

EXT. CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas stands beside the DEALER in front of a USED MINIVAN. It doesn't look like it's in great shape. Then again, nothing here does.

DEALER

Needs a bit of work, but it's a '17 with under fifty thousand miles on it. I can get you a paint job, some fresh tires, and the complete paperwork for nine grand.

The dealer pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, patting his other for the lighter. He finds it and stuffs the cigarette in the side of his mouth, lighting it.

THOMAS

I'll give you eleven as is-- if you can forget about that paperwork.

The dealer takes an extended drag of his cigarette, thinking. Finally, he nods.

DEALER

Alright. I'll pull it around front.

EXT. TRUCK/CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas makes his way to the bed of the truck. He opens it, revealing the four suitcases. He pulls one out and unzips it.

Inside is the YELLOW ENVELOPE. He puts it aside and opens the false bottom, revealing the piles of cash.

*

EXT. MINIVAN/CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

*

The dealer, with a fresh cigarette in his mouth, hands Thomas the car keys.

Hannah stands behind him, with Elizabeth in her arms and the four suitcases in front of her.

DEALER

(pointing)

What about your truck there?

Thomas doesn't bother to look back at the truck. He spins the car keys around his finger.

THOMAS

A friend will come pick it up this afternoon.

They won't.

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - SUNSET

We cut to the three back on their journey across the country, hours later. We can see the downgrade from the inside of the truck. There's a stain on the roof, dust on the dashboard, a broken radio, etc. *
*
*

None of them seem to mind too much. It'll do until they get to where they're going.

In the passenger seat, Hannah holds the YELLOW ENVELOPE in her lap. She opens it, pulling out a HANDFUL of IDs. Thomas looks over at her, then back to the road.

THOMAS

IDs?

CLOSE UP: Several Driver's Licenses. Four for Thomas. Four for Hannah. Each has the same picture, but different information, each issued for a different state. *

HANNAH

Yeah. Figured we'd start out the who and where first. Start big. Figure out where to go from there. *
*
*

THOMAS

What are our choices again?

He already has the contents of the envelope memorized, constantly repeating in his head. She KNOWS he knows, but entertains him regardless, killing time. *

She begins to flip through the IDs, looking at them closely.

HANNAH

Let's see... Rhode Island... Texas... Minnesota... and Wyoming.

He thinks about it for a second, inhaling and exhaling softly.

THOMAS

Wyoming's too close. We're almost out of Montana already. Keep going this way and we could hit Minnesota in-- a day? If we take our time.

(beat)

Rest along the way.

*
*

HANNAH

Minnesota it is--

She pauses to read the Minnesota license. A smile forms on her face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

--John Crawford.

There's a pause

*

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Have you ever been?

*

A longer pause. Tension. He turns his head away slightly, looking out the window, caught up in a jumble of memories.

*
*

THOMAS

I don't know. It's all a blur.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

We come back to the car dealership, hours after the Miller family's departure. We follow the dealer, MIKE, as he shuts off the lights, locking up for the night.

*

As he makes his way to the front gate, FOUR BLACK SUVs pull into the lot, their lights momentarily blinding Mike, exposing him in the darkness. A box truck of the same color follows behind.

*

WILLIAM DRAHEIM, late 50s, steps out of the front SUV. He wears a dark suit, with peppered hair and dark, circular glasses, hiding his eyes. A long, healed scar stretches down his face-- from his forehead to the bottom right side of his nose.

Two men exit the same car: tall, young and muscular. Their names are GRANT and LEOPOLD.

*

MIKE

Hey, buddy. He not tell you we close at ten?

Draheim pays no attention to Mike, scanning the lot. *

MIKE (CONT'D)
(forcing a laugh)
Lot of guys for just one truck,
huh?

This catches Draheim's attention. He speaks with a SOUTHERN accent.

DRAHEIM
Can you point me in the direction
of the truck? We've really got to
get going... *

He pauses, grabbing out at the dealer's nametag. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
...Mike. *

An EERIE smile forms on his face. This is NOT a good man. *

Mike points past him.

MIKE
It's there. Right behind ya.

Draheim spins around, looking for the truck. Another smile forms as he gestures to the other two with his head, telling them to search the car without words.

As the two men make their way towards the car, Draheim turns back towards Mike.

DRAHEIM
I'm worried for my friend, here. He
said he'd be purchasing a new car
and sent the address. Haven't heard
from him since. *
(pause) *
Did he say where he was heading?

Mike shakes his head 'no'.

MIKE
Your guy wasn't very talkative.

Draheim makes a *HMM* sound.

At the truck, Leopold tries opening the door, but to no avail. Mike calls out across the lot.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Had to lock it up for the night!
Didn't think you all were gonna
show!

*

DRAHEIM

Mhm.

MIKE

Key's just in here, if you'd follow
me.

Mike walks to the compact office building, Draheim trailing slowly, still scanning his surroundings.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

*

It's messy, disheveled papers on the counter and floor, spare keys lying around with seemingly no order.

*

Mike goes behind the counter and pulls open a drawer, revealing DOZENS of keys. All have tags listing which car they belong to except one. It stands out from the others. One that hasn't been sitting, collecting dust.

*

*

He pulls out the shiny deviant, handing it to Draheim.

MIKE

Here you go, buddy.
(beat)

You all have a nice night, alright?

But Draheim doesn't leave, standing in front of the doorway, blocking Mike from exiting. He looks up from the keys, his eyes peaking over the top of his glasses.

*

*

DRAHEIM

The girl. Was she with them?

Mike hesitates, giving him a suspicious, but not exactly suspecting look. He nods.

MIKE

Sweet little thing. Gave me all
sorts of weird looks, though.

(beat)

Figured she was just shy or
something.

*

Draheim smiles what is meant to be a friendly smile, but doesn't come off that way to the audience.

Something is not right here.

Theres a long pause before finally he turns, holding his arm out, allowing Mike to exit before him. *

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP

Grant and Leopold stand outside of the truck, waiting for Draheim. With a 'beep', he unlocks the truck, signaling for the two men to search it. *

There's a long pause, Draheim and Mike watching the two search the car, before they gather in front. Leopold holds up a blanket. *

Elizabeth's blanket. *

GRANT

We found this. I figure we're just a few hours behind, but we've got them. *

Draheim smiles again. In the background, a confused look forms on Mike's face.

DRAHEIM

Good. Now make sure we don't lose them.

Draheim and the two men walk back to the front SUV, leaving Mike behind. Leopold gets into the driver's seat.

He points to the blanket in Grant's hand before opening the passenger door. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Give it to Maria. She'll know what to do with it.

LEOPOLD

Yes sir. *

He exits to the back of the convoy while Draheim stands in the entrance to the SUV, looking back at Mike. He gives him a slow, farewell wave. *

MIKE

(shouting, perplexed)
Aren't you gonna take the--

It's too late. The passenger door slams shut and the four SUVs are gone as quickly as they appeared.

INT. BOX TRUCK - SAME

We enter the interior of the black box truck and are met by MARIA THORUM, a BIOCHEMIST in her early 20s. She has a tablet in one hand, Elizabeth's blanket in the other. *

She sits across from Grant. It's dimly lit, the only light coming from her tablet and two four thin slits on the doors exiting the truck. The two sit beside a large METAL CAGE, bars stretching to the ceiling. *

She stands up, turning towards the cage, placing the tablet to the bench beside her. She approaches, slowly, crouching down, placing the blanket at the edge of the cage, pushing it inside. As she quickly stands back, we can see the faint outline of someone in the corner. *

THE MUTT is seemingly inhuman, almost giving the impression of a werewolf, but not quite as supernatural. He's thin, hunched over, facing the wall; we can tell he's been with these people for a long period of time, unwillingly. *

With a low snarl, he turns, slightly exposing his HAIRY face in the shallow light. He crawls on all fours over to the bars, grabbing the blanket the ground. He eyes it carefully before sniffing it suspiciously. *

There's a short pause as he examines the blanket. Maria stands in front of him, looking down. *

MARIA

Fetch.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. HALLWAY

There's a complete shift in time and place as we enter Thomas' unconscious mind.

We are greeted with a long hallway, stretching seemingly for miles. The walls are white, bleak tiles, lack of color and emotion. Closed doors line the walls. Flickering lights on the ceiling dimly light the hallway, giving it eerie vibes.

Thomas begins to walk down the hall, slowly. *He's been here before.* He tries to open a door to his right.

Locked. He moves to the one to his left. Also locked.

A dreadful feeling builds up inside of him. He feels like a kid again, afraid of the dark or the monsters in his closet. *

He's had this dream before. Many years ago, this dream was his REALITY. The years and dreamlike state doesn't make it feel any less real and horrifying.

He continues on down the hallway, checking each door as he passes.

Locked. Locked. Locked. Not a single door budes.

A SCREAM erupts from far down the hallway in front of him, bouncing off the walls, louder and louder as it approaches him.

He breaks into a run, jiggling each doorknob with haste. As he gets further and further down the hall, the hallway DETERIORATES. *

Cracks form in the previously polished, white tiles, which have now turned an ugly grey. The lights begin to flicker more, the hallway becoming darker and darker, making it harder for him to see.

Suddenly, a door EXPLODES in front of him. The door is launched into the hallway, along with a MAN. The heavy metal door slams into the wall, and the man into it.

He crumples to the ground, DEAD, blood oozing down the back of his temple, covering the door in a sheet of slick red. *

ZOOM IN on Thomas' face. His eyes are as wide, filling with tears. He's afraid, haunted. *

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. MINIVAN - DAWN

GRAPHIC MATCH on Thomas' face as he JOLTS awake, his breathing heavy. He puts his face in his hands for a moment, before looking up, out the windshield in front of him. *

They've stopped to rest, somewhere in the middle of nowhere. *

ELIZABETH (O.S.) *

Where were you?

Thomas JUMPS again, surprised. He whips his head around to his daughter, who is staring at him, fully awake. He reaches out and softly grabs her hand, rubbing it gently. *

THOMAS

What are you doing up, missy?

He's avoiding the question. *

ELIZABETH

I couldn't go back to sleep.

She looks out the window and, for a moment, Thomas hoped she forgotten about her question. She didn't. *

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Where was that? In your dream?

Thomas pauses, his mouth ajar. *He didn't want her to see that.*

THOMAS

I-- I don't know. It was just that.
A dream.

ELIZABETH

It felt so... *real*. Like I'd been there before. *

He forces a smile. He had been there before.

THOMAS

Yeah.
(beat)
I bet.
(beat)
How much of it did you see?

ELIZABETH

All. I think.

THOMAS

Not scared at all, huh? My brave girl. *

She smiles, showing her jagged, youthful teeth. *

ELIZABETH

Only a little bit.
(pause)
Were you scared, daddy?

He shakes his head, faking yet another smile.

THOMAS

No.

A lie. He pulls his hand back. From the tilt of her head, we can tell she senses the lie, but doesn't say anything. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now try and go back to sleep,
babygirl. We've got a long way
ahead of us.

*

He turns away, putting the key in the ignition.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

It's hard.

*

He turns back around to his daughter, turning the key,
starting the car.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I can't get it to quiet down.

He nods, sympathetic.

THOMAS

It can be a bit much, huh?

She nods, her hands crossed at her side. There's an extended
moment of silence as Thomas thinks of the right words to say.
To say it in a way so a scared eleven year old would
understand.

*

*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's like-- here. You know when
you're reading a good book and...
everything else just kinda... fades
away? You become so invested in
that story and it's characters that
nothing else matters. Nothing can
pull you out of that moment.

(beat)

It's the same thing really. You
just... shut everything else out.
Lock onto the thoughts in your own
head, like it's the only story that
matters. The only one you'll listen
to. Soon enough you'll have
forgotten about all the others.

(beat)

For the moment at least.

*

Thomas is too good at this. He seems confident in this
solution. Did he really come up it on the spot...?

He turns back, facing front, but continues to look at his
daughter in the rearview mirror. She doesn't look back,
visibly process what her father has told her. He looks away
and begins to drive.

*

*

ELIZABETH

Okay. I'll try.

She rests her head against the window, watching everything go by. Beside him, Hannah STIRS as they pull onto a bumpy road. He smiles.

THOMAS

Good morning, Mrs. Crawford.

A perplexed look forms on her face, still sleepy and now momentarily confused.

HANNAH

Hmm...?

(she remembers)

Oh. Right.

(beat)

And to you, Mr. Crawford.

Back to silence as both of their smiles slowly fade away, remembering what was.

*
*

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll miss being the Millers.

(beat)

Crawfords sounds like a old, rich couple, living tucked away in their little corner of the world.

Thomas laughs through his nose.

THOMAS

That'd be nice.

Hannah nods in agreement.

HANNAH

Yeah. Living out in the country in a nice home we've build for ourselves, nothing to run from.

THOMAS

No one to run from.

(beat)

We could just-- be.

She exhales through her nose.

HANNAH

Yeah.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - SUNSET

We watch as the three drive off from a gas station in the middle of nowhere, a rural town. They drive down the empty streets, exiting the town onto an old, two-lane back road. The light-gray concrete and faded yellow lines cracked in random places.

*

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

*

Thomas reaches into a plastic bag, handing a chocolate sprinkled donut and water to Elizabeth, and a turkey sandwich and water to his wife beside him.

He does a quick double take at his daughter through the rearview mirror.

*

*

THOMAS

It work?

She looks up at him, her mouth and hands already covered with chocolate.

*

ELIZABETH

(mouth full)

Hmm?

There's a brief pause until she remembers. Her mood drops ever so slightly, but it's noticeable.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh. It did work.

(swallows)

It was working.

*

Thomas looks embarrassed and ashamed, but with a hint of pride.

THOMAS

Sorry, babygirl.

(beat)

It'll become easier eventually. I promise.

*

She nods, taking another bite of her donut, less happy than before. She looks out her window, into the depths of the shoulder's drop-off.

*

They drive in silence for an extended period until...

BOOM!

Thomas loses control of the wheel for a second, jerking it back and forth, looking out his side mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What the-- shit!

Hannah twists around to look at her daughter, who's got a panicked look on her face.

HANNAH

Close your ears for a second, okay?

She does as she's told. Thomas looks rapidly from the side mirror to Hannah to Elizabeth back to Hannah.

THOMAS

She can still--

Her face reads 'Oh'. She looks past Elizabeth, who is still covering her ears, out the back windshield. For a brief second, we see a BLACK SUV in the distance, practically a speck. She looks back to Thomas.

HANNAH

What is it?

They start to slow down.

THOMAS

It's the fu--

(stops himself)

The tire. This piece of shit. He said he could put on new tires.

(exhales)

I figured we'd be fine until we got where we're going.

(pause)

We didn't really have the time to stick around at that dump.

*
*
*
*

He sits up straight, scanning the narrow road in front of them.

ALEXANDER

There's absolutely no room to pull over.

The car stops, lurching forward, right in the middle of the of the lane. Thomas sighs.

THOMAS

I'll go check it out.

Thomas opens the door and exits the car. Hannah turns back to her daughter, her ears now uncovered, but her eyes are closed. *

Hannah opens her mouth, but before she can ask what she's doing, Elizabeth answers, reading her mind.

ELIZABETH

I'm trying to shut the voices out.
Like Daddy taught me. *
(beat)
His are loud right now.

Over Elizabeth's shoulder, we can subtly see that the BLACK SUV... no... SUVs have gotten closer. *

The car door opens again, Thomas entering, taking his seat behind the wheel, visibly unhappy.

THOMAS

Yep. *
(beat)
Flat tire.

He sighs, beginning to search around the interior of the car for something. A button.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to himself)
I'm assuming this thing doesn't
have a button for roadside
assistance?

There's a brief pause as the two look, but fail to find. Thomas hits the wheel.

HANNAH

Well, what do we do now? We don't
have our phones anymore.

Thomas closes his eyes, looking down.

THOMAS

I guess we just sit here until
somebody--

He cuts himself off, looking over at the side mirror. A BLACK SUVs is SPEEDING towards their car. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)

SHIT!

With a CRASH, the SUV connects with their car, sending them TUMBLING down the STEEP DROP, into an OVERGROWN FOREST. The three SCREAM as we cut to black.

*
*
*

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. HALLWAY

We're cut back to the same hallway from the previous dream sequence. But this time, it's *changed*.

It's overgrown, almost post-apocalyptic, vine spilling in from above, green growing on the walls. The only thing lighting the hallway is the rhythmic flashing of red emergency lights, stretching down the hallway.

*

It's quiet. Too quiet. No screaming like last time. He walks slower down the hallway, wary of what lies before him. He reaches the entrance from before, door thrown across the hallway. A skeleton lies where there was once a fresh corpse.

Alexander peeks around the corner, looking inside.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - CONTINUOUS

He enters the room, the white tiles now gone grey, the walls cracked, falling apart and filled with mold. The walls are in significantly worse shape than those in the hallway.

Something happened in here...

*

In the center of the room lies a single, white table. A metallic cart lays beside it, tipped, spilling rusted and broken equipment all over the floor.

Alexander runs his hand against the cracked wall closest to him. He makes his way to the table in the center of the room, placing his hands on it, dropping his head, closing his eyes.

A moment passes and he looks over to the wall on his right. A STREAK OF BLOOD stains the wall. A clipboard lies beneath the bloodstain.

He begins to walk towards it, but before he can reach it, the floor beneath him gives way, DROPPING him into...

INT. BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pitch black room. Alexander falls, spinning, before stopping. He floats in the dark room, almost like he's in outer space, surrounded by endless black.

In the middle of the room is a large MONOLITH. It towers over him, silver, reflecting the emptiness around them. As Alexander approaches, it begins to PULSE with blue energy, spreading across the Monolith. The energy almost has the texture of fingerprints. It starts to HUM. *

Alexander reaches out to touch it. *

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - NIGHT

It's grown dark, the forest lit only by pale moonlight and the headlights of the minivan. The car is UPSIDE-DOWN, fuel trickling down from the back. It's in even worse shape than before, windows shattered, dents and scratches all over from the fall. *

Hannah and Elizabeth lay TRAPPED in the car, unconscious, suspended UPSIDE-DOWN, strapped in by their seatbelts.

Thomas on the other hand, lies several feet away from the car, tossed from the windshield.

He lies there for a few seconds, unmoving. His face is bloodied, cut in several places from the glass. His shirt is torn, a shallow wound running down his chest. His leg is in bad shape. *

We hear several FOOTSTEPS approaching from the top of the hill, cracking branches beneath their feet. Thomas WAKES. He tries to get up, but stumbles, falling back onto the ground, cursing under his breath, clearly in pain. *

THOMAS
(calling out)
HANNAH! ELIZABETH!

There's no response. He tries to get up again, but fails. He begins to crawl towards the car.

Suddenly, SEVERAL MEN PASS HIM, swiftly making their way towards the flipped minivan. For a moment, he thinks help has come. *

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(through tears, begging)
My wife and daughter need help!
Please!

But then he sees the men are ARMED.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(screaming)

NO!

He tries to get up a final time, but a man presses his BLACK SHOE against his back, pushing him to the ground, holding him there.

The man reaches down, injecting Thomas with a syringe filled with faint blue liquid. Thomas groans. We do not see who this man is just yet.

We watch, helplessly, as a man GRABS ELIZABETH out of her seat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(yell)
DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HER!

She's unconscious, bruises and shallow cuts all over her body.

Another man opens the passenger seat, but doesn't reach for Hannah, grabbing the LARGE ENVELOPE instead. The men walk back towards Thomas. Towards...

From Thomas' POV, we begin with blurry vision, his eyes filled with tears from pain and fear. He's starting to grow drowsy from whatever the man injected him with.

THE bends down in front of Thomas. As Thomas' vision clears, we see a man with peppered hair, dark, circular glasses, hiding his eyes, and a huge scar. He wears an EERIE smile. *

We've seen this man before.

DRAHEIM
Hello, Thomas.

Thomas screams, filled with a range of emotions. Shock. Pain. Anger. Rage. *

Fear.

Who we now see is Grant hands Draheim the envelope. He lifts his foot from Thomas, who quickly attempts to ATTACK Draheim, but is stopped by two other men. They pin him to the ground by his arms. *

Draheim tears open the envelope, dumping it's contents onto the damp ground in front of him. *

IDs, Social Security Cards, passports, etc. *

He reaches down, grabbing a handful of IDs.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
Or should I call you something
else?
(beat)
John?

He tosses the first ID aside. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D) *

Nolan?
(toss)
Charlie?

He tosses the final one before crouching down, taking off his glasses, fully revealing the huge SCAR running down his face. He looks Thomas straight in the eyes, Thomas thrashing around. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
And what about the others? The ones
before you became Thomas.

Thomas FREEZES, like a deer in headlights, his face grown white. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
Joseph. Edward. Matthew. Must I
continue. *

Thomas doesn't respond, looking at Draheim with anger in his eyes, a *hint* of disbelief showing. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
But you'll never be able to hide
from who you truly are.
(pause)
Isn't that right, Alexander?

The two men KNOW each other... but how??

FROM NOW ON, THOMAS WILL BE REFERRED TO AS ALEXANDER. *

ALEXANDER struggles against the strength of the two men, against the strength of the serum, gritting his teeth. *

ALEXANDER
Fuck you.

Draheim smiles, letting out an unimpressed laugh.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Just-- Leave her out of this.

DRAHEIM

Oh, she's harmless enough I'm sure.

But you on the other hand--

He shakes the now empty syringe. Alexander grows weaker by the second, his mind clouding, body growing weaker. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

You can never be too careful.

ALEXANDER

Just let us go. Haven't you taken enough from me? *

Draheim laughs.

DRAHEIM

Not yet.

(beat)

You know exactly why I'm doing this, Alexander.

(pause)

When you left me there, lying on the verge of death, you gave me something I hadn't had before.

(beat)

Drive. To persevere.

Draheim smiles again, walking over to Leopold, who is carrying Elizabeth. She shifts, still mostly unconscious, groaning from pain. A dull RINGING noise begins to form. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Granted, it took a few years to rebuild the Foundation after what you did, but when we finally found you, we found something we hadn't anticipated.

(beat)

A child. Your daughter.

He places a hand on her back, wearing his EERIE smile, looking down at Alexander, who once again tries to fight back, failing. Draheim scoffs. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

The genes of a father is a strong thing, wouldn't you agree?

(MORE)

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

The potential value in your
offspring was much more valuable
that anything you could give us, so
we decided to play the long game.
Waiting in the shadows.

He walks back to Alexander, crouching down, getting close.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

(whispering)

For years.

He stands back up, smiling. Alexander tries to process this.
How can this be true?

ALEXANDER

No... That's not--

DRAHEIM

Possible? You don't know *what* we're
capable of. You're not the only one
who knows how to hide, Alexander.

(beat)

It's such a shame you had to leave
your precious farmhouse behind,
isn't it? As well as the others?

(pause)

Trust me when I say we never lost
sight of you or your daughter. Not
for long at least.

Suddenly, the back of the crashed minivan IGNITES behind
Draheim. From inside, we hear Hannah come to, screaming.

HANNAH

THOMAS! HELP ME!

Alexander yells, thrashing around, trying to get up to save
his wife.

Elizabeth fully comes to, trying to escape the man's arms,
kicking, crying and screaming. The ringing grows LOUDER.

ELIZABETH

MOMMY!

The fire trickles up the back of the minivan, slowly. Draheim
sighs.

DRAHEIM

(to one of his men)

Put that poor woman out of her
misery.

He turns to Alexander

*

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

*

I'm not a *monster*.

Both Alexander and Elizabeth are screaming. A man turns, raising his gun to the minivan.

HANNAH

(begging)

Please, don't!

But he doesn't shoot.

Everything begins to SHAKE subtly.

Elizabeth drops out of the man's arms, running over to the burning vehicle.

ALEXANDER

(shouting)

Elizabeth, no!

Once more, he tries to get up. But this time he succeeds. He looks back to the men who once held him down.

The two men are FROZEN, unmoving. He looks around. *No one* is moving besides him and Elizabeth.

Is she doing this?

He stumbles over to the passenger side of the car, still weak from whatever Draheim injected him with. He pushes Elizabeth behind him, protecting her from the fire, which continues to spread up to the front of the car.

The door is stubborn, but he eventually opens it. Reaching inside, he unstraps his wife's seatbelt, pulling her out of the burning vehicle.

*
*
*

Hannah cries out in pain at he drags her away from the car. A TRAIL OF BLOOD follows her. Alexander doesn't notice at first.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I've got you. I've got you.

Alexander looks up, back to the open field. The men are still standing there, frozen in place. He looks Elizabeth, who is in tears, putting a hand on her shoulder.

*

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Keep doing whatever you're doing, babygirl.

He looks back down at Hannah. She's in bad shape; Cuts all over her body, blood trickling down her entire body from being suspended upside-down. She puts her bloodied hand on his cheek. *

HANNAH

Thomas...

He forces a smile, in pain, afraid.

ALEXANDER

It's Alex.

This time she smiles. It's a *real* smile. Genuine.

HANNAH

Alex.

It's a name she hasn't heard, or spoken in a long time. The two smile, holding each other closely. Alexander holds Hannah in one hand, Elizabeth in the other. She looks over at her daughter.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Baby...

The two are crying, both out of joy and pain.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)

Mommy.

Alexander glances again at the men in the open field in front of them, then to the forest behind them. There's seemingly no end to the leaves and trees.

ALEXANDER

We need to go. We'll be able to lose them in the trees. Then--

He doesn't know. He hasn't planned for this.

He attempts to bring Hannah to her feet. She screams in pain, dropping back to the ground.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Hey, hey. You're okay. You're okay.

Hannah nods unconvincingly. She covers her face with the back of her hands. She's shaking. Bad.

HANNAH

I'll be fine.

Alexander looks down, examining her. He freezes, his face dropping. Elizabeth gasps quietly, putting her hands to her mouth. Hannah inhales and exhales sharply.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I-- I can't feel my legs.

He grabs ahold of her hands, putting them against his lips, trying to stay strong. *

For her, for their daughter. Elizabeth begins to cry harder.

We pan down, revealing a LARGE shard of glass, sticking out of her ABDOMEN.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You're going to have to carry me, Alex. *

He nods repeatedly, trying to swallow the lump in his throat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

We need to-- We need to keep her safe.

He nods again. She looks up to the sky, trying to control her breathing, the life fading from her eyes.

ALEXANDER

I-- we will. We'll be okay. We'll all be okay.

He lets out a stifled sob. *

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

We're going to make it. To that house, tucked away in the middle of nowhere. No one to run from. I promise. We'll be fine.

She nods, not realizing she's dying, not realizing the 'we' Alexander is referring to is him and Elizabeth, not all three.

HANNAH

(weakly)
Okay... okay.

Hannah's body goes still. Alexander leans in, putting his lips against her forehead, choking on tears.

ALEXANDER

(sobbing)

We're going to be okay. We're going
to be okay.

He pulls back, giving her lifeless hands a final kiss,
letting them rest on her chest. Elizabeth begins to SOB,
crawling over to her mother, shaking her. *

ELIZABETH

Mommy? Mom! Wake up! WAKE UP!

Alexander tries to pick her up, but she slaps his hand away.

ALEXANDER

We need to go, babygirl.

ELIZABETH

NO! WE CAN'T LEAVE HER!

ALEXANDER

We have to GO. *

He grabs her, PULLING her off her mother's corpse. Alexander
looks up one final time to the empty field as Elizabeth
begins to SCREAM. He sees a single tear fall down the nearest
man's face, before they all CRUMPLE to the ground, including
Draheim, unconscious. *

Alexander wastes no time and begins to RUN. At first he
stumbles, dragged down by his pain and the weight of
Elizabeth, but then the adrenaline kicks in, focusing him,
allowing him to run swifter, deeper into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - LATER *

They run for what seems like forever, their path lit by
nothing other than moonlight. Alexander holding his daughter
tightly, them both crying from their pains, both physical and
emotional.

They run for MILES, until they spot light, in the middle of
nowhere, leading them to...

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS *

A clearing in the woods. A cabin, sitting alone, surrounded
by nothing but towering trees. Only the exterior lights are
on. A truck is parked near the house.

Alexander puts Elizabeth down, physically exhausted from
carrying her.

ALEXANDER

Stay close.

She nods, and the two cross the clearing towards the truck, silently, crouching. When they reach the truck, Thomas pulls at the handle. To his surprise, it opens.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(to Elizabeth)

Stay behind the truck. If you see or hear anyone in the woods, you run.

ELIZABETH

But--

ALEXANDER

No, listen to me. You *run*. As fast as you can. It's you they want, not me.

She opens her mouth to speak again, but hesitates, nodding instead. Alexander nods once back, before entering the truck. He begins to hotwire it. We can tell he's done this before.

We cut back and forth from the two for an extended period, Alexander in the truck, Elizabeth watching the woods. Until...

Elizabeth looks over to her father, freezing. She moves backwards, hiding behind the truck.

A OLDER MAN with a RIFLE, pointed at Alexander.

*

OLD MAN

Get out of the truck. Slowly.

Alexander JUMPS, his eyes darting up to the man standing in front of him. He puts his hands up, exiting the truck.

ALEXANDER

Please, we just need some help.

The man furrows his brows, confused.

OLD MAN

We?

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

Me and my daughter.

Elizabeth steps out from behind the truck, visible in the moonlight. The man sees how badly injured the two are, cuts all over, bleeding, dirty. He slightly lowers his gun.

OLD MAN

You're hurt.

(beat)

What happened to you?

ELIZABETH

There's bad men in these woods.

The man turns his head, looking into the deep, dark forest surrounding them. He turns back. Alexander lowers his hands. *

ALEXANDER

We just need a ride into the nearest town.

The man shakes his head 'no'.

OLD MAN

Can't. Doctors said I'm not to drive past sunset. Eyesights gotten worse with age.

ALEXANDER

I can drive us.

The man scoffs.

OLD MAN

How do you expect I'd get back home? It'll be dark for a few more hours still.

Alexander curses under his breath. The man hesitates, fully lowering the rifle. He gestures to the cabin.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You two are welcome to stay the night, you and your little girl. I've got an extra bedroom inside.

Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

I appreciate the offer.

(beat)

But we can't. We really need to get going.

(beat)

You don't know what's out there.

Once again, the man looks around into the surrounding forest,
raising his arms. *

OLD MAN
No one'll find you all the way out
here, I promise. *

ALEXANDER
We did.

The man laughs.

OLD MAN
That's right. But you're the first
uninvited guests to show up around
here. *

Alexander hesitates, which the old man senses.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I've got a first aid kit inside.
Could fix the two of you up.

Alexander looks back to his daughter. She looks EXHAUSTED,
from both the crash and the journey. Another moment of
hesitation passes before he nods.

ALEXANDER
That would be nice.

The man smiles. It's a welcoming smile. A trusting smile.

OLD MAN
Alrighty then.

He leads them through the clearing, towards the cabin.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Name's Isaac. *

Alexander hesitates for a second. *Those men from the forest
already know who he is, so what's the point of hiding
anymore?*

ALEXANDER
Alexander.

He gestures to Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
This is my daughter, Elizabeth.

Isaac nods as the three enter...

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

It's wooden, cozy, the cobblestone fireplace lit. For the first time in a while, Alexander feels like he can take a moment to rest.

ALEXANDER

This is a nice place you've got here.

ISAAC

Thank you. Been here for over thirty years.

Alexander raises his eyebrows, impressed.

ALEXANDER

Thirty years. That's a long time to stay in one place.

Isaac laughs, leading them into the kitchen

ISAAC

Yeah, you tell me.

He turns around to face the two, a smile on his face.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You two want something to eat? I've got meat in the fridge, bread in the cupboard.

*

Alexander looks over at Elizabeth, the two are *starving*.

ALEXANDER

That would be great.

INT. CABIN - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The three sit at the dining room table, eating sandwiches in silence.

ALEXANDER

Is it just you here?

Isaac nods. There's a long pause, a hint of grief on Isaac's face.

ISAAC

It used to be me and my wife, but it's just me now. She passed a few years back.

ALEXANDER

I'm sorry to hear that.

There's a long pause. Isaac points to the ring on Alexander's finger, which he's been twirling around mindlessly.

ISAAC

You're married. *

The look of grief passes from Isaac to Alexander. He looks up, pulling his hands from the table to his lap. Elizabeth lowers her head, poking at her now inedible sandwich. *

ALEXANDER

I-- uh-- yeah.

He looks over to Elizabeth, a tear dropping from her face. It breaks his heart.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Yeah. I-- We-- we lost her too.

He pauses, swallowing the lump in his throat, trying to hold back tears.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

In the-- the forest-- the wreck.

Isaac covers his mouth with a hand, shocked.

ISAAC

Jesus. I'm sorry. *

Alexander drops his head, nodding.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I don't-- I don't want to pry, but what exactly happened out there in those woods? Do you need me to call the police or somebody? *

Alexander shakes his head vigorously.

ALEXANDER

No. No. That'd just make things worse.

(pause)

It's a long story; How we got here, where we're going. *

ISAAC

We've got a few hours till daylight still. *

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

Yeah.

He doesn't want to tell this story. He looks over at Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(pause)

Maybe we should get fixed up first.
It's been a long day.

He looks back to Isaac.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You said you've got a first aid
kit?

EXT. OVERGROWN FOREST - SAME TIME

*

BLACK. We hear a man saying 'sir' repeatedly.

We see Draheim, laying on the forest floor, gaining consciousness. A man crouches next to him, shaking his shoulder. He reaches out his hand to help Draheim up, who slaps it away.

DRAHEIM

Get away.

He stands up, looking around. We see several of the armed men from the encounter before. Some are sitting on the ground, many are still unconscious, very few are on their feet. Draheim rubs his forehead.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Maria walks over, a concerned look on her face.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

My head is killing me.

MARIA

A young girl just overpowered
DOZENS of adult men, flooding their
mind, even influencing their limbic
system, projecting her own emotion
onto them. It's remarkable. I've
never seen anything like this
before.

Draheim sighs, looking up at Maria.

DRAHEIM

I have. Many years ago. Nothing of
this power, however. So raw.
Undomesticated.

He looks around again. More men begin to stir. He raises his voice to a commanding shout. *

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Every inch of this forest will be
swept until they are found.

He turns back to Maria, lowering his voice.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

It's time we take more drastic
measures, wouldn't you agree?

She hesitates, unsure. A smile crawls across Draheim's face.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Let the Mutt out of his cage.

INT. BOX TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER *

We cut to the inside of the familiar truck, the Mutt standing in the corner of his cage. Maria approaches, dangling a set of keys. *

She puts the key into the cage's lock, turning it. With a CLANG, the locked door, OPENS. *

The Mutt hesitates, looking at Maria from the corner. *

MARIA *

It's time to hunt. *

The Mutt growls, standing up, towering over Maria. *

THE MUTT *

A game. *

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER *

We linger on the empty forest for a few seconds, trees for miles. Suddenly, a dark, hairy figure TAKES OFF, running, launching itself over logs. *

The Mutt has begun his hunt. *

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Silence as Elizabeth and Alexander sit in the bathroom, Alexander tending to her wounds, stitching up a long cut on her arm. She wipes the dried blood from her face and body with a wet towel.

The silence grows uncomfortable.

ELIZABETH

Who are they? The people that--
that killed Mom.

Somehow, Alexander's face become even more sullen. There's a long pause. He plays it off with a shrug.

ALEXANDER

I don't know.

ELIZABETH

You're lying.

He doesn't want to get into this, but he knows he must. A long pause. *

ALEXANDER

They're called FOEE. *

ELIZABETH

(confused)
Foe?

ALEXANDER

Not like the word--

He spells it out.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

--FOEE.

(pause)

Foundation of Enhanced Entities.
They're a scientific research
group. But they're not...
government or anything like that;
They do what they do without anyone
else knowing. Without the world
watching. *

Elizabeth looks at him through the mirror.

ELIZABETH

What do they do?

His eyes become glazed as he begins to stare into nothing.

ALEXANDER

Testing, mostly. On objects of
unknown origins.

(beat)

On people.

He snaps back to reality, forcing a hint of a smile. He
doesn't want to scare her.

ELIZABETH

Unknown origins? Like aliens?

ALEXANDER

(shrugs)

Could be.

(beat)

FOEE has no idea where these
objects come from, just that they
don't belong here. There are some
that look normal, but have
something else lying within.
Something dark. Powerful.

(beat)

Most of these objects possess
inhuman properties.

There's a long pause as the two sit, Elizabeth with a
perplexed look on her face.

ELIZABETH

Like a rock? One that glows?

Alexander FREEZES for a second, before returning to the
stitches. A beat.

ALEXANDER

Have you been looking into my
dreams again?

She thinks on it for a second, a look of concentration.

ELIZABETH

I don't know. How do I tell if it
was your dream or mine?

ALEXANDER

I'm not sure.

(pause)

But yes. Like the mo-- the rock.

There's another long pause. Alexander praying her questions
will stop there. They don't.

ELIZABETH

You said no one knows about them...
But you do.
(beat)
Did you used to work there?

He shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

No, no not exactly.

The look of confusion lingers on her face, until it fades to realization.

ELIZABETH

Oh...

He doesn't say anything, just nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Is that why they were after us? *

He nods again.

ALEXANDER

And why we've had to move every few years. Change our names. Though you probably don't remember most of those.

She shakes her head "no".

ELIZABETH

I thought we moved because of the weather? Too cold. Too hot. We wanted to find someplace just right. *

This time Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

That's just what your m-- what we told you. It got harder to keep the lie believable as you got older. *

Elizabeth nods, deep in thought. It's like her entire life has been flipped upside down.

There's another long pause. Elizabeth looks down.

ELIZABETH

We shouldn't have left her.

Another pause.

ALEXANDER

We didn't have a choice.

(beat)

She wanted us to keep going. To run. She would've wanted us here, where we are. Safe.

For now. Another pause of silence. Alexander finishes up the stitch, putting it aside. The two look at each other.

ELIZABETH

I'm scared.

ALEXANDER

I know.

(beat)

What can I do to make it better?

ELIZABETH

Say you won't leave me.

(beat)

Like Mommy did.

He embraces his daughter, trying to fight back tears. A single one escapes, running down his face.

ALEXANDER

I wouldn't dream of it.

Another beat.

*

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I won't let them hurt you.

(beat)

I promise.

He pulls away.

He would do anything to protect his daughter, even if it meant sacrificing himself.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Now go get some sleep, okay? You need all the rest you can get.

She nods, hesitantly, before exiting the bathroom into the spare bedroom. He watches as she climbs into bed before closing the bathroom door.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - LATER

We watch as Alexander showers, the water turning pink. He's leaning with his hand against the shower wall, clearly in pain, having a hard time keeping himself up.

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - LATER

Alexander is now out of the shower, wiping his hand across the mirror, clearing the fog. He stands with a towel around his waist, revealing his upper torso.

We now fully see the shallow wound stretching down his chest, which has stopped bleeding. The underneath of his left armpit has begun to bruise. The gash in his head still bleeds, dripping down his temple. *

He runs his finger across the wound in his head, down the cut on his stomach, trailing a few healed scars...

He reaches into the first aid kit and places a gauze pad over the wound in his head. He begins to stitch his chest with the other hand, the thread in his mouth. He winces as he makes the first stitch.

ALEXANDER

Fuck...

But then he begins to work quicker, but still efficiently. We can tell he's had practice. We linger on this for a moment.

INT. CABIN - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

Alexander exits the bathroom into the bedroom, now wearing a plaid shirt and jeans, borrowed from Isaac. He looks over to the bed, finding it empty.

ALEXANDER

Elizabeth?

He quickly scans the room, then exits into...

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With a bit of panic in his stride, he makes his way down the hallway, searching for his daughter. *

ALEXANDER

Elizabeth?

ISAAC (O.S.)
We're in here!

Alexander lets out a sigh of relief, slowing his pace. *

INT. CABIN - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the dining room, greeted by Isaac and Elizabeth, each holding a handful of playing cards. In front of Elizabeth are three pairs of matching cards. In front of Isaac only one.

Elizabeth doesn't turn to acknowledge her father, looking at her cards.

ELIZABETH
I couldn't sleep. Bad dreams.
(to Isaac)
Go fish.

Isaac slaps the table playfully. He pulls a card from the deck in the middle of the table. Now it's her turn.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Do you have a queen?

Isaac sighs, dropping his head, before plucking the queen out of his deck and sliding it across the table. Elizabeth smiles, matching her queen with Isaac's, then placing it with her other pairs.

She is left with one card. Isaac still has four.

ISAAC
(to Alexander)
You're girl's got a bright future
as a gambler. Yet to win a single
game.
(to Elizabeth)
You sure you're not looking at my
cards?

Elizabeth's grin stretches across her face as she shakes her head.

ELIZABETH
Nope.

Alexander gives her a playful glare, knowing how she's winning so easily. He shakes his head with a smile.

ISAAC
Hmm...

He looks up from her cards, squinting at her suspiciously. *

ISAAC (CONT'D)

A three?

Elizabeth smiles before slowly shaking her head 'no'. He sighs again, picking up another card, adding it to his hand.

ELIZABETH

Do you have a four? *

Isaac sighs again, pulling the card from his deck, handing it to Elizabeth. *

ISAAC

Of course I do...

(beat)

Just picked that one up too.

She laughs, putting down her last pair, beating Isaac with ease. He collects the cards from the table, beginning to shuffle the deck. He turns to Alexander, who is leaning against the wall, his arms crossed. *

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Wanna join in?

He hesitates for a moment before looking at his daughter, who is filled with joy from her easy victory, even though her mother died just hours earlier. *

He wants to keep her in this moment for as long as he can. He walks over and pulls a chair from underneath the table, taking a seat.

ALEXANDER

Deal me in.

We watch for a few moments as Isaac deals out the cards to the three of them.

INT. CABIN - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The three sit with their cards in their hands.

ISAAC

We'll let your dad go first.

Alexander nods, looking at his cards, then up to Elizabeth.

ALEXANDER

Got a nine?

Elizabeth's smile fades slightly while Alexander's forms. She reluctantly hands him the nine, which he places in front of him with his matching card.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
(to Elizabeth)
Your turn.

She takes a moment, eyes darting between the two men before deciding on her father. She stares at him fiercely for a few seconds, thinking. *

ELIZABETH
Dad.
(pause)
Do you have one of the--

She back down to her cards.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
-- the As?

He looks up at her, his eyes peaking from his cards. *

ALEXANDER
An ace?

She nods. He stays silent for a moment, looking down at his cards, then back up to her.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Go fish.

She groans, grabbing a card from the middle. Issac cackles. *

DREAM SEQUENCE

QUICK MONTAGE

We're back in the dream. This time it goes quicker, flashing sequences.

The monolith, lying dormant in a white room, one-way glass on one side of the wall.

The hallway, restored, years ago.

The monolith again.

The research room. However, this time it is occupied by people.

The monolith, still dormant.

An exam room. A young boy sits on an elevated, white slab, strapped in. Men surround him with clipboards and other scientific tools.

One of the clip bards holds a picture of the young boy and his name underneath. ALEXANDER TARTH.

The room with the monolith, now accompanied by the same young boy, Alexander, standing in front of the monolith.

The other side of the one-way glass, filled with men. A panel filled with colorful buttons and switches.

A man in a lab coat pushes a lever forward. The two rooms begin to VIBRATE. The young Alexander looks from the other room through the glass.

Back to inside the monolith room, now vibrating. Alexander takes a step back as the monolith begins to GLOW. It shifts, sending ripples down the surface...

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CABIN - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

Alexander wakes in a sweat, breathing deep. Heavy. He gets out of bed and walks over to the window, but not before stealing a glance at his daughter, who is fast asleep in the spare bed. *

He looks out the window. It's still dark. He hadn't slept for long. Another look back at his daughter, his arms crossed. He sighs, exiting the bedroom.

INT. CABIN - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alexander begins his descent down the stairway. A faint clattering is heard off screen, causing him to FREEZE for a moment, before continuing into...

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Isaac stands at the counter, brewing a pot of coffee. He turns his head around towards Alexander.

ISAAC

Hope I didn't wake you.

Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

No, no you didn't.

Isaac tosses a dirty coffee filter into the trash.

ISAAC

You want a cup?

(beat)

No offense, but you look like you could use one.

ALEXANDER

Yeah, sure. Thanks.

*

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The two now sit in silence at the table, taking turns sipping from their mugs. A few moments pass before Isaac sets his coffee cup down on the table.

ISAAC

So, you ever gonna fill me in on what kind of trouble you two have got yourselves into?

Alexander sighs, putting his mug down in front of him. There's a few seconds of silence as he fiddles with the cup, spinning it around in circles.

ALEXANDER

Alright...

*

We linger on him fiddling for a few more moments before he finally looks up.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, I didn't have a lot. No good parents, not a lot of friends, anything.

(beat)

Well one day, this man comes to my door, offering me a better life. Of course as the miserable rebellious kid I was, I took the offer.

(pause)

The man's name was Draheim. He didn't give me that better life. He took my childhood from me.

He trails his finger against the lip of the coffee mug.

*

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

He took me in to his organization.
 There were other kids there, but
 not all of them were there on their
 own terms. He wouldn't let us
 leave. We were his guinea pigs.
 They would shove us into rooms with
 foreign objects, inhuman, maybe
 even alien, and test on us, hoping
 to get any kind of result. An
 activation of the object, an imbued
 power, anything. Many of the kids
 died.

He drops his head, pausing for a moment.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I escaped.
 (beat)
 I thought-- I thought I'd killed
 him, but I was never sure. So I've
 spent the last 17 years of my life
 running from him. Running from
 ghosts.
 (pause)
 But now... now he's come back.

A long pause. Suddenly, a brief white FLASH enters the room.
 Alexander's eyes dart to the window.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Did you--

He trails off, standing up, his chair dropping to the floor
 behind him. He makes his way to the window, looking outside.
 His face DROPS.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

In an arial shot, we see a RING OF LIGHTS closing in on the
 cabin; men holding guns with flashlight attachments.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alexander jumps away from the window, leaning against the
 wall, squeezing his eyes closed for just a moment. Swiftly,
 he moves towards Isaac, extending his hand.

ALEXANDER

Keys.

Isaac wears a confused look.

ISAAC

What--

They don't have time for this.

ALEXANDER

KEYS!

With brief hesitation, Isaac reaches into his pocket and pulls out the keys to the truck, handing it to Alexander, who snatches it and begins to make his way back upstairs.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Turn the lights off. And stay low,
away from the windows.

INT. CABIN - STAIRWAY/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alexander climbs up the stairs with swiftness, skipping steps. The cabin behind him turns to black. He flips off a switch before entering...

INT. CABIN - SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the dark bedroom. We see Elizabeth who is awake, sitting upright in her bed, sensing that something is wrong.

ELIZABETH

Something isn't right.

ALEXANDER

They're found us. We need to leave.

He makes his way over to her, picking her up, holding her head as it lays over his shoulder.

ELIZABETH

Daddy, I'm scared.

ALEXANDER

I know. It'll be okay.

He takes another risky look out the window, seeing the men closing in. They exit the bedroom, making their way back downstairs.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM

Isaac stands in the living room as Alexander and his daughter enter. The trio are lit only by pale moonlight. *

ISAAC

The truck is right outside, but I don't see how we'll make it without being seen.

Alexander puts Elizabeth down, squeezing her hand tightly.

ALEXANDER

I didn't think they'd find us this fast.

ISAAC

How did they find us?

ALEXANDER

I don't know, but that hardly matters now. All that matters is that they did.

Elizabeth looks afraid, as well as Alexander, but he is doing a better job hiding it. He turns to Isaac.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Where's your rifle? We'll need it.

ISAAC

I-- it's under my bed, but--

ALEXANDER

Go get it.

Isaac's mouth is left ajar for a quick second.

ISAAC

It-- it's not loaded. I don't have ammo for it.

ALEXANDER

What?

ISAAC

I've never needed it. It's just for show, really. People don't tend to ask if it's loaded when it's pointed right at them.

Alexander sighs, closing his eyes, his hands on his hips. There's a short pause before he speaks again.

ALEXANDER

Get it regardless. Lets hope they
don't ask either.

Isaac exits to the bedroom on the lower floor. Elizabeth
looks up to her father, fear in her eyes.

ELIZABETH

What are we going to do?

There's a short pause as Alexander thinks. They've run out of
options.

ALEXANDER

I-- I don't know.

Isaac enters, holding the rifle.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

We won't be able to make it to the
truck without being seen.

He turns to Elizabeth, crouching down, putting his hands on
her shoulders.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I need you to go upstairs, okay?
Find a hiding spot.

A tear rushes down her face.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Don't come out until I come and
find you, okay?

She nods.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I won't let anything happen to you,
I promise.

She nods again. He plants a quick kiss on her forehead before
ushering her to hide.

A few moments pass before we hear a KNOCK at the door.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
Shit!

He runs and hides in a nearby closet. There's a long pause as
Isaac stands frozen, holding his rifle, eyes darting from the
front entrance and Alexander's hiding spot.

The silence is broken by another knock and...

DRAHEIM (O.S.)
I know somebody is in there!
(singsongy)
Open up!

Hesitantly, Isaac makes his way to...

INT. CABIN - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Reluctantly, Isaac opens the front door. He's met by three men: Draheim, Grant, and Leopold, both armed, standing behind him. *

Isaac squints, blinded momentarily by the light before pointing his rifle to Draheim. He raises his hands. *

DRAHEIM
Woah now, fella. We mean no harm.

ISAAC
This is private property.

Draheim looks around, attempting to take a peek inside, but Isaac pokes him with the rifle's barrel. The two men take aim at Isaac.

DRAHEIM
Let's everybody calm down! Nobody needs to get hurt.

A pause.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
Give them up, and I can guarantee that you won't.

Isaac responds almost too quickly.

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

Draheim lets out a short, shallow laugh, smiling.

DRAHEIM
Mhmm.
(beat)
We both know that's not true.

He looks down at the gun.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

How about we put that thing down,
huh?

Draheim lowers his raised arms.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

We both know you're outnumbered
here.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - SAME

We watch as Alexander silently and slowly opens the closet door, exiting. We overhead the conversation in the other room.

ISAAC (O.S.)

You need to leave my home. Now.

*

Alexander sticks close against the wall, rounding the corner to the staircase.

DRAHEIM (O.S.)

Not until you give us what we want.

INT. CABIN - ENTRANCE - SAME

We're back to the entrance of the cabin. Isaac shifts the rifle in his hand, a bead of sweat forming along his hairline.

DRAHEIM

The girl. And her father.

Silence from Isaac. We cut to...

INT. CABIN - SPARE BEDROOM - SAME

We are under the bed with Elizabeth. She's laying flat on her stomach, holding her breath. This is a quick scene before we cut to-

EXT. CABIN - ROOF - SAME

We watch through the window, looking into the bedroom. A few moments pass before we hear a SCRAPING noise against the roof.

A SHARP, clawed hand appears, placing itself on the glass window, etching five scratches as it drags itself down the window.

INT. CABIN - STAIRWAY - SAME

Alexander climbs the stairs towards the bedroom, hugging the wall.

INT. CABIN - ENTRANCE - SAME

Draheim is visibly growing impatient.

DRAHEIM

Either way we get what we want.

(beat)

It's just a matter of if you make it out of this particular exchange. Make your choice.

Isaac eyes him carefully, still pointing the empty rifle at him. He stands his ground, staying silent.

Draheim sighs, dropping his head.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

I was hoping this would end better for you.

(beat)

So be it.

He makes a motion over his shoulder.

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY - SAME

Alexander jumps as GUNSHOTS echo throughout the house. It's accompanied by the shattering of glass, but not from the entrance.

He sprints forward, towards the bedroom as Elizabeth screams.

INT. CABIN - ENTRANCE - SAME

Isaac lies on the ground, motionless. Blood pours from his chest onto the wooden floor. Three pairs of shoes step over him, into the cabin.

INT. CABIN - SPARE BEDROOM - SAME

Alexander bursts through the bedroom door. He watches in terror as Elizabeth is dragged from underneath the bed by a hairy creature. It pulls Elizabeth close as tears run down her face.

THE MUTT stands over six feet tall, with a lengthy body, covered with hair. His eyes are bloodshot and yellow, his ears pointed. He's inhumane and terrifying, untamed and uncontrollable.

Alexander is taken aback by the Mutt for a second, but quickly regains his senses.

ALEXANDER

Let her go.

The creature snarls at Alexander, exposing it's crooked, pointy, yellow teeth.

THE MUTT

No.

It's speech is drawn out, like a deep growl. It clings close to Elizabeth, his arm wrapped around her throat.

ALEXANDER

What are you?

The Mutt smiles again.

THE MUTT

I am what they made me.

ALEXANDER

Who...?

From behind Alexander, we watch as a syringe is stabbed into his neck, pressed in until the contents of the syringe are fully injected into his body.

*
*

DRAHEIM

Who else?

Alexander falls on his back, revealing Draheim and two armed men behind him. He wears a sinister smile.

A slow ringing begins to build up once more as Elizabeth struggles in the Mutt's arms.

ELIZABETH

Please, stop!

Draheim makes a motion towards Elizabeth. One of the men by his side walks over to her, injecting her with the same serum has her father.

DRAHEIM
Not this time, missy.

Elizabeth falls against the Mutt, knocked completely out. Draheim walks up to Alexander, towering over him.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
We've had to up her dosage.
(beat)
So much raw, uncontrolled power in such a little thing.

Alexander tries to raise himself off the ground to no avail.

ALEXANDER
(groggily)
Monster...

DRAHEIM
I'm not a monster. I'm a scientist.

A pause as Alexander rolls slightly, looking to the Mutt.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)
Ah, him.

ALEXANDER
What is...

Draheim smiles again.

DRAHEIM
Surely you didn't think you were the first of our little experiments? You were hardly the first. Human experimentation is one big trial and error process..

(beat)
Although he proved himself to be useful, he was one of the errors. A scientific experiment gone wrong.

(pause)
His enhanced tracking abilities helped us keep tabs on you. He's the one who brought us back to you in the first place.

(pause)
Now, we really must get going.

*
*

Draheim walks over to the unconscious Elizabeth, picking her up.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

We've got experiments to tend to.
An offspring of an enhanced will
surely breed interesting results.

(beat)

Unfortunately, the Foundation has
outgrown our use of you, Alexander.

(beat)

Goodbye.

*

*

He turns to the lanky creature.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Have your fun, mutt.

And with that, Draheim and the two men exit, taking Elizabeth with them. Alexander reaches out, weak.

ALEXANDER

(groggy)

No...

Alexander's eyes flutter before he loses consciousness.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

You don't have to be what they made
you. You don't have to do this.

THE MUTT

I am... this.

INT - BLACK SVU - MOMENTS LATER

We cut to the inside of one of Draheim's SUV. As he places Elizabeth in the back seat, we see the headlights of several other cars, adding to Draheim's convoy.

He slams the door shut and jumps in the passenger seat, while Grant enters the driver seat.

GRANT

Where to now, boss?

A smile stretches across Draheim's face.

DRAHEIM

Back to where this all began. To
the Foundation. Take us there.

*

Grant turns away. He shifts gears and begins to drive. We
linger on Draheim for a second as he smiles, staring out the
window. *

DREAM SEQUENCE *

QUICK MONTAGE *

Another quick montage of the FOEE facility as Alexander
derams, unconcious. *

The outside of the compound, clean, large, yet seemingly
unoccupied. No labels or indictations of what the building
is. *

Back inside the compound, inside the research center. A
younger Alexander stands in the center of the room, reaching
out towards the glowing monolith. *

Back outside in the hallway. An explosion of blue light as we
watch the man from before be sent flying out the door,
crumpling to the ground, dead. *

The sound of shattering glass. *

A younger Draheim, lying in the observation room,
unconscious, a long cut stretching down his face. *

The sound of glass crunching as Alexander walks out of the
room, clutching his ears, walking past the carnage. *

END DREAM SEQUENCE *

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - DAY

Sunlight pours into the bathroom from the bedroom window.
It's day; hours have passed.

Alexander lays unconscious, one arm lifted in the air, bound
to the pipes underneath the sink. A few moments pass before
he groans, gaining consciousness.

As he comes to, he is made aware of his dire situation, first
eyeing his bounds, then noticing the passage of time. He
YANKS at his bindings, trying to free himself from the sink.

ALEXANDER
ELIZABETH! HEY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

We hear a snicker from the spare bedroom.

THE MUTT (O.S.)

Ah, you're finally awake.

In walks the Mutt, towering over Alexander. His sharp toenails scratch along the wooden floorboards as he enters, making a horrible sound.

Somehow, he looks even more sinister in daylight. He looks completely out of place, no longer the creature of the night.

ALEXANDER

What did you do? Where did he take her?

There's a pause. By the shift in Alexander's face, we can tell he's just read the Mutt's mind.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(low)

You don't know...

The Mutt exposes his sharp, yellow teeth, smiling. Another pause as we visibly see gears turning in Alexander's head.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I know where she is. Please, just let me go save my daughter.

(beat)

Don't let her end up like us.

The Mutt scoffs.

THE MUTT

Like *us*? I'm nothing like you.

ALEXANDER

I know what it's like to be under their thumb. To be a captive to the Foundation.

Again, the Mutt laughs.

THE MUTT

A captive? That's what you think I am? What we are? No...

He extends his arms out from his sides, palms facing up.

THE MUTT (CONT'D)

We're the next steps of human evolution, can't you see? I'm more free than I've ever been.

*

Alexander stares at him for a moment, in disbelief. Then he squints, once again reading the mind of this creature.

ALEXANDER

Their serum's worn off. I can see what they've put you through. What they've done to you.

*
*

The Mutt's face drops ever so slightly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

They had you in a cage.

(pause)

That's not free.

The Mutt turns away from Alexander, admiring his clawed hand.

THE MUTT

They think me a monster.

(beat)

I am a monster.

(beat)

It's for their own protection, really. They're a means to an end.

Alexander shakes his head.

ALEXANDER

What means? What end? What are you doing here? With them?

(beat)

They're always going to see you as a monster. As a threat.

This time the Mutt shakes his head. He turns back around, bending down to Alexander's level, bones cracking. He lifts a claw and softly presses it against Alexander's cheek, as if toying with him.

THE MUTT

I've had enough out of you.

Alexander ignores this.

ALEXANDER

What we do, what we are. That's what's special. Not the Foundation.

The Mutt drags a claw down Alexander's cheek, producing a shallow cut. Alexander winces.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

If they truly thought you were special, they'd be WORSHIPPING you, not keeping you locked up in a cage.

Both pause. The Mutt pulls his hand away, considering this. Alexander tilts, his head, digging further into the Mutt's mind.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I can see that you don't want this.

The Mutt snarls.

THE MUTT

Get out of my head.

Alexander shakes his head again.

ALEXANDER

You don't have to do this. To them, you're just an asset.

(beat)

Once your use for them runs out, they'll throw you away like garbage. You really expect they'd ever let you go? Alive?

*
*
*
*

The Mutt puts his clawed hands against his temple, trying to get Alexander out of his head.

THE MUTT

That's not true! You can't know that!

ALEXANDER

Look at me.

Hesitantly, the Mutt looks over at him. Alexander looks back with sympathy in his eyes.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I've been in Draheim's head too. It's the truth.

The Mutt looks at him like a wounded puppy, but deep down, he knew this to be true.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

We can put an end to this, to *him*.

A beat as Alexander extended his unbound hand.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Together.

Hesitantly, the Mutt reaches out towards Alexander's face. He SLASHES, but not at Alexander, at his restraints, freeing him with his sharp claws. *

THE MUTT

Together.

Alexander nods.

INT. CABIN - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The cold corpse of Isaac blocks their exit from the cabin. The Mutt looks at the corpse, but doesn't much acknowledge it, stepping over him and exiting.

However, Alexander takes a moment to pay his respects, kneeling down beside him.

ALEXANDER

Thank you. For giving us a place to stay.

(beat)

For protecting us.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

He bows his head for a quick moment. He stands up and exits. *

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Fog covers the clearing, but we can make out Alexander exiting the cabin, following the Mutt to Isaac's truck. The two enter, with Alexander in the driver's seat.

INT. ISAAC'S TRUCK - SAME

There's a quiet moment as the two enter the truck, Alexander spinning the key, bringing the truck to life with a roar.

THE MUTT

I could track them if they left something behind, a scent, but...

He peers outside his window, scanning the clearing.

THE MUTT (CONT'D)

It's like they were never here.

Alexander nods, gripping the wheel.

ALEXANDER
I know where they're going.

The Mutt furrows his brows.

THE MUTT
How?

A beat as Alexander pulls away from the clearing.

ALEXANDER
He's taking me back to the
beginning. To where they tested on
me, maybe even you too.

The Mutt turns away, looking out the window.

THE MUTT
It's all a blur.

Alexander sighs.

ALEXANDER
I wish I could say the same.

As they pull onto the narrow road leading out of the clearing, there's another extended moment of silence before...

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Who are you?

A beat.

THE MUTT
I'm-- they just called me 'The
Mutt'.

Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER
What about before all this?

Another beat.

THE MUTT
I-- I think it's Brennan.
(beat)
Like I said it's all a blur.

Again, Alexander nods.

ALEXANDER

It's nice to meet you, Brennan.

BRENNAN smiles, but it's not as menacing as before. It's almost... friendly. Warm.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER - LATER

We are once more at the Research Center from Alexander's dream, but finally in the present. Besides the cracks in the walls, it's been perfectly restored; all overgrowth cut down, as well as mold, dirt, and dust scrubbed away.

Elizabeth lies in the middle of the room on a white slab, encased in a glass cylinder. As it scans her body, it rotates, beeping and flashing lights.

INT. OVERSIGHT ROOM

In the other room, on the other side of the one-way glass, Draheim and several other men watch as Elizabeth is scanned. The room holds several monitor's as well as a panel of buttons and levers.

Draheim studies a nearby monitor very closely. Maria stands beside him.

MARIA

It's remarkable. I've never seen anything like this before.

The monitor showcases a 3D scan of Elizabeth's body, lighting up like a Christmas tree, specifically in her brain.

DRAHEIM

All without the influence of the Monolith. Imagine the power she may possess once exposed.

He lifts a hand, stroking his chin.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Yes. Remarkable.

He turns to Maria.

DRAHEIM (CONT'D)

Gather the pieces. It's time to see what she's truly capable of.

Maria nods, and we follow her as she exits into...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We enter the hallway from Alexander's dream, but once again it's been fully restored to it's prime. Maria travels down the corridor of doors before she finds herself at the...

INT. ENTITY STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the large storage room, walls lined with shelves, black boxes rising to the ceiling, each individually labeling specific entities that the Foundation has gathered over the years.

She pauses for a moment, searching the room.

MARIA

Ah!

She makes her way over to the left shelf, reaching for a black box on the 4th row. She pulls it from the shelf, opening it.

The box reveals pieces of the Monolith from Alexander's dreams, now shattered into several pieces of white and blue. Maria smiles before exiting.

EXT - FOEE COMPOUND - DUSK

We watch as Alexander and Brennan pull up to a stop outside of the Foundation's Compound. The outside of the building is rundown, almost like it's still out of commission. A facade.