

SPARK OF DEATH

Written by

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[In classical BLACK & WHITE...]

**FADE IN:**

A gorgeous night sky, clear and full of stars. A COMET-LIKE OBJECT streaks across the atmosphere. PAN DOWN to reveal:

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

The vast desert goes as far as the eye can see.

**EXT. HILLS/ DESERT - NIGHT**

All appears quiet when suddenly a rickety old FORD PICKUP climbs over a small hill.

**INT. FORD PICKUP - NIGHT**

The nervous driver, a MAN (28) sitting alone in the cab, wipes sweat from his face as he stares ahead, wide-eyed and breathing deep. Behind him, through the rear window into the bed of the truck, lays a BODY wrapped in a sheet. A shovel rattles beside it.

**EXT. CLEARING/ DESERT - NIGHT**

The truck pulls into a secluded clearing. As the man steps out, he quickly surveys his surroundings to ensure he is alone. He lowers the tailgate, slides the body out of the trunk, lays it on the ground, then grabs the shovel and begins digging in the area ahead where his headlights shine.

**TIME CUT:**

The man is halfway through the grave when suddenly a FLASH OF LIGHT emanates across the sky. He looks for its source but sees nothing. The man hurriedly continues digging. Deciding it's deep enough, he climbs out and rolls the body inside.

While refilling the grave, an inconsistent but continuous bright glow now irradiates behind him. The man freezes, and his fear is only accentuated when he turns to look back.

**MAN**

What are you?!

The flash brightens as the man's eyes exude true horror.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

Get away from me!

He has trouble breathing as he realizes he's no longer in control over his body. Unable to move his arms or legs yet still trying to, his tense straining and shaking continues as the bright light envelops the screen...

**TITLE CARD:                   Spark of Death**

**FADE OUT/IN:**

**EXT. MANHATTAN HIGH-RISE - NIGHT**

Thirty floors up, a modest gathering enjoys a quiet party in the spacious living area of a Manhattan high-rise condo.

**INT. LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

With an incredible view of the city lights, FIFTEEN GUESTS mingle and converse, some on the couches, several standing near the fireplace, while others stream in and out of the kitchen. Most are wealthy middle-aged academic types comprising of a nearly even split of men and women.

MARY (52), the party's hostess, carries a tray of food to a table filled with a variety of hors d'oeuvres and wine. She appears confident in her ability to host a party and checks in on her guests before reaching the table.

The three people already at the table include Mary's husband GENE (56), BARBARA (34), and ADAM (42), all well-dressed work acquaintances who converse while snacking.

**BARBARA**

Most people think a second language is just a translation of the first.

**ADAM**

It's gotta be that way early on, no?

**BARBARA**

You really believe children have the capacity to simultaneously translate and speak multiple languages?

**ADAM**

Children grow up learning multiple languages all the time.

**BARBARA**

The languages flows from a deeper understanding of their meaning, not through a translation of the other. It comes naturally to them because it isn't initially looked at as a second language.

**ADAM**

I see. So through the simplicity of a child's learning pattern, they consume information more easily than an adult?

**BARBARA**

It's that simple.

**GO TO:**

Across the living area at the sectional couches sits SAMANTHA (21), young and pretty but dressed homely in her pajamas and hoodie, indicating she lives there. Further on the couch is WILLIAM (36), handsome and with a well kept beard and glasses that don't detract from his looks, another educator. They are joined by two others, JANET (39) and FRED (42), a happy couple whom, along with Samantha, intently listen to William.

**WILLIAM**

Most of these inmates know people who got away with the same crime they were incarcerated for.

**FRED**

That's gotta sting a bit.

**WILLIAM**

Out of all the patients I volunteer for, how many would you guess feel they just drew some overzealous D.A. looking to rack up wins in a bid for their reelection?

**FRED**

I don't know... Half of 'em?

**WILLIAM**

(shakes head)  
Much higher.

**JANET**

Eighty percent?

**WILLIAM**

Every single one of them.

**SAMANTHA**

That can't be true.

Mary is heading to the kitchen and calls to Samantha.

**MARY**

Hey Sam, help me bring a few more things from the kitchen.

**SAMANTHA**

Just a minute...

Mary returns to the kitchen and Samantha stays put.

**WILLIAM**

I'll tell you why they feel that way. Might be a little unsettling the first time you hear this but we live in a country where ninety-seven percent of burglaries go unsolved, close to ninety percent of rapes, and get this, more than half of all homicide cases are unresolved.

**JANET**

Good grief.

**WILLIAM**

One of my patients brought this up to me. They put him away for murder and he's maintained his innocence. I asked him why he was looking into these statistics in the first place since it wouldn't help his case. Know what he told me?

**SAMANTHA**

What?

**WILLIAM**

The way he saw it, he had more than a fifty-percent chance of getting away with it and was just unlucky.

**FRED**

That's one way of looking at it.

**WILLIAM**

Of course I couldn't help but point out to him he only belongs in that category if he actually committed the crime.

They laugh.

**FRED**

Oops.

**WILLIAM**

You should've seen the look on his face. I had to reassure him he hadn't said anything that breached confidentiality.

Mary enters the living area with a tray holding bottles of wine and empty glasses. She shifts a quick, unpleasant look at Samantha who ignores her.

**BACK TO:**

At the table, Barbara continues to explain her theory.

**BARBARA**

And the only exception would be if you actually mastered the language which in most cases, people don't.

**GENE**

So adults have significant learning deficiencies as opposed to children is what you're saying.

**BARBARA**

Obviously it doesn't apply to every stage of development but it's worth identifying.

Mary arrives with the tray and Gene makes space for it.

**MARY**

Did you tell them the title of your new paper, Barbara?

**BARBARA**

"The Value of Stupidity."

Gene and Adam chuckle.

**ADAM**

A little poignant if you ask me.

**GENE**

It'll get you more readers... but that's what you wanted, isn't it?

**BARBARA**

(facetiously)

Are you accusing me of something?

**GENE**

(sarcastically)

I'd never do such a thing.

**MARY**

We'll need more wine soon.

**GENE**

I'll grab some.

**MARY**

Actually tried to get Sam to give me a hand but I guess she didn't feel like helping.

**GENE**

I'll help. Which should I bring?

**MARY**

Sam should do it whether she wants to get off her lazy butt or not.

**GENE**

Let's not do this now. I'll talk to her after the party. Just tell me what you need.

**MARY**

Forget it.

Barbara overheard them and addresses Mary.

**BARBARA**

Everything okay?

**MARY**

(changes tune)

Yeah, I just wanted my daughter to give me a hand with something but it looks like your husband took all the attention she could spare.

Barbara looks over at the couches where an enamored Samantha listens to William.

**BARBARA**

He has a way of doing that.

**BACK TO:**

William, who seems to enjoy being in the spotlight, continues to regale his peers.

**WILLIAM**

I've testified dozens of times. It's a daunting responsibility, knowing you can affect lives other than your patient's or your own. I have to sift through the sociopaths and decide which ones I'm willing to vouch for. Putting my word in court and hoping this person I've treated for years wasn't playing me for the fool and is actually willing and wanting to reintegrate back into society has kept me up nights. What if they end up hurting someone? But I've never been able to get past the idea I genuinely believe everyone deserves another chance.

**FRED**

You can't mean *everyone*...

**WILLIAM**

We can't just give up on these people. So with only the most extreme exceptions, I do.

Barbara surprises William from behind and puts her arm around him. Samantha appears jealous seeing the affection between them but hides it well enough.

**BARBARA**

Is Will boring you all to death?

**JANET**

I wouldn't say that.

**WILLIAM**

What I'm asking is, beyond the question of "are we victims of circumstance", would you become the same criminal such and such person is or was based on the events and circumstances that led them to do those things? Differences measured by physical traits and mental capacities are also circumstantial since they're not something any of us get to choose. Are we all equal when push comes to shove?

(MORE)



**WILLIAM (CONT'D)**

Because if you're not willing to concede that point, that means you believe some of us are better than others.

**FRED**

But you agree a society would break down without a moral hierarchy?

**WILLIAM**

Sure. I'm only analyzing this on an individual level.

**FRED**

But the basis of individuality revolves around the belief in taking personal responsibility.

**WILLIAM**

What they did and the punishment they face isn't in question. What you and I would have done under the same set of circumstances following a lifetime of whatever led them to that moment before committing the crime, that's worth asking.

(they ponder momentarily)

What makes us different? I could never envision myself pointing a gun at someone and pulling the trigger, so what separates me from someone who has? Is there a bit more evil in their soul? And if it's that simple, why is it something they suffer and not us? Are we just lucky and they're not?

(they ponder)

If anyone has an answer, you know where to find me.

His peers laugh and ponder once again.

**FRED**

Will, if we're talking objective criminality, whether or not that person faced a court or was convicted, whether it was premeditated or a moment of weakness...

Fred hesitates to continue as he can't find the right words.

**WILLIAM**

The question I'm asking may be impossible to answer. And that's why it fascinates me.

**BARBARA**

Just try not to give our friends too big a headache in the meantime.

They laugh.

**WILLIAM**

No promises.

**BARBARA**

Sam already has to put up with you twice a week.

**SAMANTHA**

I don't mind.

**BARBARA**

Is he this intense in class too?

**SAMANTHA**

You have no idea.

**BARBARA**

Well I'm married to him, I think I have some.

Samantha offers a tepid smile.

**JANET**

(to William)

She's your student?

**WILLIAM**

Mary and Gene never even told me. First time I showed up to one of these things I thought it was odd of them to invite a student.

They laugh.

**BARBARA**

It's a hell of a way to make sure you don't play favorites.

**SAMANTHA**

I was already his favorite student before he found out he worked with my parents.

**WILLIAM**  
 (sarcastically)  
 Oh sure.

**INT. HALLWAY/ ELEVATOR LOBBY - LATER**

William walks Barbara through the hall to the elevators, their arms around one another. He presses the call button.

**BARBARA**  
 We really should've just carpooled.

**WILLIAM**  
 You weren't even sure about coming. Plus there's something I gotta talk to Gene about when everyone's gone. I didn't want to make you wait.

**BARBARA**  
 Call me when you leave.

**WILLIAM**  
 I will. Might be a while, though.

The elevator dings and the door opens.

**INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

There are now only six guests present. Samantha is absent. Strangely, every guest is looking out the balcony. Will enters, takes his wine glass from the table, and heads towards them. A guest, on his way out, waves at Will.

**GUEST**  
 See ya, Will.

**WILLIAM**  
 Take care.

The guests begin to return from the balcony. Will stops them.

**WILLIAM (CONT'D)**  
 What's going on?

**GUEST #2**  
 Was a flash of light or something.

**GUEST #3**  
 Apparently no one was looking in the right direction at the right time to see what the hell it was.

The guests continue to the living area, Will to the balcony.

**EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

He leans on the railing, taking in the cool night air and tremendous city view as he sips his wine.

**SAMANTHA (O.S.)**

You should've seen it. Whole bunch of folks turned their lights on at the same time to come out and look.

Will finds Samantha further down the balcony.

**WILLIAM**

Guess I missed out.

**SAMANTHA**

Party's slowing down...

**WILLIAM**

Don't see your parents around...

**SAMANTHA**

They're getting a head start in the kitchen. I always thought it was weird to leave their guests alone. I mean, someone could be upstairs the next thirty minutes and they'd have no idea.

**WILLIAM**

Is that so?

**SAMANTHA**

They ever give you a tour?

**WILLIAM**

Nope. Never got the tour.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm going upstairs. Come up later if you want me to show you around.

She walks through the balcony opening. Will continues to enjoy the view, then looks inside and finds Samantha looking back at him. A moment later, she heads upstairs. Will looks ahead, pondering what he'll do next.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

Barbara, Fred, and two other male guests, JAMES and ETHAN, are all that remain. They socialize at the couches as Barbara brings over a half empty bottle of wine.

**BARBARA**

This is all that's left.

**FRED**

No way we finished everything...

**BARBARA**

Anyone shameless enough to go ask  
Mary and Gene for another bottle?

They all shake their heads as Barbara sits and pours wine.

**FRED**

I thought you were driving...

**BARBARA**

(sips her wine)  
Plans change.

They chuckle.

**FRED**

Help yourselves, then. I better  
start sobering up.

To everyone's surprise, a man (the man from the opening scene) walks across the living area to the balcony, giving them a short glance before stepping outside. James points.

**JAMES**

Anyone else just see that?

**ETHAN**

Pretty sure I did.

They lean back to see the man taking in the view.

**FRED**

Maybe someone should say something.

**ETHAN**

Is he a crackhead?

**BARBARA**

How'd he get through the lobby?

**JAMES**

These are all great questions that none of us have the answers to.

Ethan gets up and approaches the man at the balcony. He cautiously stops a few paces behind him.

**ETHAN**

Didn't see you here earlier...  
(no response)  
How do you know the family?

**MAN**

I saw you.

**ETHAN**

You sure? Think I would've remembered.

The man points to the sky.

**MAN**

I saw you from out there.

Ethan shifts a comically fearful look to the others.

**ETHAN**

(whispers)  
Holy shit.  
(sarcastically to the man)  
I see. That's not at all creepy...

The others get up and stand by Ethan while watching the man.

**FRED**

You sure you're in the right place?

**MAN**

I am.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Four doors line the upstairs corner hallway. One of them opens and Samantha peeks her head out to ensure no one is around. She then motions behind her and William squeezes between her and the door. Her current emotions are conflicted, perhaps hiding some shame.

**WILLIAM**

Guess I'll see you in class.

She nods. While they are still in front of each other, Will isn't sure whether or not to kiss her and decides against it.

He heads down the hall. Samantha watches him disappear down the stairs and suddenly hears someone disappointedly click their tongue at her. She whips her head over to see DANNY (17), her brother, grinning from the next room over.

**SAMANTHA**

(angrily)

What the fuck are you doing?

**DANNY**

I should be asking you that.

**SAMANTHA**

If you say anything to anyone...

**DANNY**

(interrupts)

You're the ones who woke me up. These are thin walls, genius. You think I wanted to hear that shit?

**SAMANTHA**

Okay, you're right, I'm sorry. Now just pretend you didn't see anyone and go back to sleep.

**DANNY**

Fair enough.

**SAMANTHA**

Alright then.

**DANNY**

Hey I just have a quick question.

**SAMANTHA**

(aggravated)

What?

**DANNY**

You think you're gonna get an 'A' in his class now?

She storms at Danny as he grins and jumps back in his room, shutting the door.

**INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

William reaches the bottom of the stairs, hearing chatter and laughter just around the corner in the living area. He turns the corner and finds Ethan, James, Fred and Barbara huddled at the balcony. Fred looks back at him.

**FRED**

Didn't know you were still here.

Will flashes his phone.

**WILLIAM**

Left my cell. What's going on?

**ETHAN**

You're not gonna believe this...

They part and Will can now see the man at the balcony.

**WILLIAM**

Who's he?

**JAMES**

This guy just wandered in here. He won't admit he's on something but we're pretty sure whatever it is, it's a lot better than the wine we've been drinking.

**WILLIAM**

That's not exactly hard to believe.

**ETHAN**

We haven't gotten to the good part. Brace yourself for this. He claims, and I'm not making this up, he says he's an interdimensional being that possessed this man's consciousness and is communicating with us through him.

Dead silence. They wait for William's reaction. He begins to chuckle and the others laugh with him. The man looks back at them, his demeanor exuding carefree confidence.

**WILLIAM**

Well... I'm glad I came back.

**ETHAN**

And we're glad we never left.

William walks up to the man and examines him.

**WILLIAM**

His pupils look fine. I don't smell any alcohol.

**JAMES**

That can only mean one thing...



**ETHAN**

He's telling the truth.

They laugh, all except Will.

**WILLIAM**

(to the man)

You really believe it, huh?

**MAN**

My existence isn't based on what I believe. I'm able to see what was, what is, and all that could be.

**ETHAN**

Holy shit...

**JAMES**

Did this guy just say he can see the future?

**FRED**

I think he did.

Ethan walks up to the man, a very serious look on his face.

**ETHAN**

Tell me this, oh great and powerful being... Will the Yankees win the World Series this year?

Again, all but Will laugh.

**JAMES**

You don't even have to tell us if they win, but do they make it?

**ETHAN**

Tell us, please. I beg you.

**MAN**

It wouldn't matter if I did.

James and Ethan feign their disappointment.

**ETHAN**

Says you.

**JAMES**

Somehow I knew he wouldn't say it.

**ETHAN**

You knew he wasn't gonna tell us?

**JAMES**

I did.

**ETHAN**

Wow, it's almost as if... You can tell the future, too.

Ethan and James continue to crack each other up.

**BARBARA**

I think both of you are having a little too much fun.

James finishes his wine and heads to the kitchen.

**JAMES**

That's it, I'm getting another bottle.

**FRED**

Maybe you oughta tell Mary and Gene about the stranger that just walked into their home while you're at it.

**JAMES**

Oh yeah, I should probably do that.

**WILLIAM**

They might call the police. You sure you don't want to leave?

The man smiles and steps inside from the balcony.

**MAN**

They won't.

**WILLIAM**

Ah, because you already know what's going to happen.

The man confidently watches William as a quiet moment passes. Mary and Gene walk in, James behind them with a wine bottle. The man doesn't look to them as he continues to watch Will. Mary stops in her tracks, unable to believe what she sees.

**MARY**

Tom?

Her eyes well up as Gene looks at her.

**GENE**

I don't believe it... This is him?

Mary is unable to speak.

**BARBARA**

You know who he is?

**GENE**

(3 beats)

It's her eldest son.

The man smirks at Will, who is trying to figure things out. Gene walks up to the man and extends his hand for a shake.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

I know we never met but she told me a lot about you.

Their hands don't meet. Gene lowers his as Mary comes closer.

**MARY**

Tom...

**MAN**

Don't call me that.

**MARY**

After eight years, that's the first thing you say to me?

**MAN**

You think you know me but I'm not your son.

Those words cut into her like a knife as the others watch. Gene puts his arm around her.

**GENE**

That's a very hurtful thing to say.

**MAN**

It wasn't meant to be.

The man returns to the balcony, exchanging looks with Will as he passes him. Those watching Mary struggle to hold herself together are unsure what to do. Fred and Barbara come closer in an attempt to comfort her. Will observes the man.

**GENE**

Maybe it's best if you all leave.

**FRED**

Sure thing. I feel a little guilty for poking fun earlier but do you know what he said to us?

**GO TO:**

The man leans over the railing as he looks down. Will is startled by this and steps towards him.

**WILLIAM**

What are you doing?

**MAN**

It's something I like to experience from time to time.

**WILLIAM**

Experience what, exactly?

**MAN**

Being afraid to die.

**WILLIAM**

You're not afraid to die?

**MAN**

I can't die.

**WILLIAM**

You think if you jump from there, you won't die?

**MAN**

I wouldn't.

**WILLIAM**

Do you plan on jumping?

**MAN**

Time will tell.

William looks inside, sees everyone watching and goes to speak with an emotional Mary.

**WILLIAM**

Mary, I know this is none of my business but I believe your son is having a psychotic episode.

**MARY**

I never told any of you about him but I had him committed before he finished high school. He ran away.

**WILLIAM**

I gotta ask... Was he suicidal?

**MARY**

He threatened to a few times but thankfully nothing ever happened. He was violent with others, though.

**WILLIAM**

Did they diagnose him before he ran away?

**MARY**

(nods)  
Severe paranoia with schizophrenic tendencies.

**WILLIAM**

Any dissociative disorders?

**MARY**

No, he was never confused about who he was. It's just the world around him he can't seem to figure out.

**WILLIAM**

I'm not so sure it's that simple anymore.

**MARY**

Because he's saying he's someone else now?

**WILLIAM**

(correcting)  
*Something* else. But you're adamant this never happened before?

**MARY**

Never. I have no idea where he's been all these years or the last time he took medication, though.

**WILLIAM**

I'm telling you, he might somehow actually believe what he's saying.

**MARY**

Maybe it's some way of getting back at me.

**WILLIAM**

That's also a possibility. If you'd like, I'll stay and talk to him.

**GENE**

I don't know Will, this might not be the right time to...

**MAN (O.S.)**

(interrupts)  
All of you can stay.

They watch the man step inside from the balcony.

**MARY**

Tom... Where have you been?

He walks between them to the center of the living area.

**MAN**

I could tell you that. I could explain in perfect detail where he was and what your son experienced every day since you last saw him. But I'll only answer the questions you have about him once you accept he isn't the one you're talking to.

**MARY**

(3 beats)  
So you really believe you're this thing, this being that took over my son's consciousness?

**MAN**

That's something you would ask Tom.

Mary nearly scoffs, unable to play along. Will tries.

**WILLIAM**

Okay. Who are you, then? Where did you come from?

**MAN**

My species dwells on a different plane. One that molds the fabric your world exists in. Better to ask *what* I am than *who* since you have no point of reference as to what others similar to me are.

**WILLIAM**

Alright. What are you?

**MAN**

Beings like myself consist of a strong electromagnetic radiation.

**(MORE)**

**MAN (CONT'D)**

It may be difficult for you to grasp the concept of intelligent light with the ability to control itself, but that's the simplest way I can explain it. We can manipulate microscopic particles individually. So when I insert myself into a host which absorbs my essence, I'm able to control it as I please.

**JAMES**

Fascinating...  
(all eyes turn to him)  
Well it is.

**ETHAN**

That covers the *who*, the *what*, and the *where*. The *when*, we're living in it now so that just leaves the *why*.

**MAN**

Why Tom?

**ETHAN**

You could've picked anyone on the planet. Why not the president? Wouldn't that be more interesting?

**MAN**

Not necessarily. I observe my hosts for some time before taking them. I pored over every moment of his life to experience it as he did. Of the tens of thousands of organisms I've adapted to, the human mind is one I don't fully understand. Yours has an unusual way of...

**JAMES**

(interrupts)  
Whoa whoa whoa, tens of thousands?

**ETHAN**

Yeah we can't just gloss over that.

**JAMES**

What do you mean? You've done this tens of thousands of times?

**MAN**

Yes.

**WILLIAM**

Could you elaborate?

**MAN**

This is my first time on your world but the others I've explored, the civilizations I've walked amongst, number in the tens of thousands.

Stunned silence.

**JAMES**

Still trying to wrap my head around that...

**WILLIAM**

You've seen tens of thousands of different species, civilizations and planets in your lifetime?

**MAN**

I have.

**WILLIAM**

Do you remember them?

**MAN**

Vividly.

**FRED**

That's news to us because we hardly have more than rumors and pixilated photos suggesting the existence of intelligent life other than ours.

**WILLIAM**

If I asked you to describe one of them to us, would you mind?

The man ponders the question and turns away from them.

**MAN**

There was a world... So striking I would spend a millennia musing over every mountain, every valley and ocean until the moons completed a cycle and the suns set them afire.

He goes and sits at the single seat couch before continuing.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

Before there was life, there was a blinding light brought down by five suns.

**(MORE)**



**MAN (CONT'D)**

For the next thousand years the world would never see darkness. Mountains turned to white ash while the oceans turned black. Color was gone from the world after the moons collided and the skies rained fire and rock. Even then, I couldn't decide whether the world was more beautiful before or after it was destroyed.

The man scans their stupefied faces until Will is the first to take a seat on the long couch.

**WILLIAM**

This is before there was life?

**MAN**

It took life an eon to emerge.

**WILLIAM**

And you know this because you were there?

**MAN**

Yes.

**WILLIAM**

So you waited an eon? How long was that? Millions of years? Billions? Just how old are you?

**MAN**

What you don't understand is time is far more subjective to us than it is to you. It runs differently between the planes of existence as opposed to the revolutions around a star on this small world.

**WILLIAM**

Again, could you elaborate? Sorry, this isn't my field.

**MAN**

One of yours was able to determine the correlation between time and space in the absence of gravity. The spectral light I'm composed of travels faster than any matter or radiated energy you may be familiar with. A lifetime for you could pass in a brief moment for me.

**WILLIAM**

What are you thinking, Fred?

**FRED**

It might be my field but I'm not going to get into an argument over theoretical physics. I'm just wondering how an inter-dimensional being such as yourself knows about Einstein's Theory of Relativity...

**MAN**

Through Tom. Even a passing memory he holds no value to could show me as much.

**FRED**

That's how you learned to speak our language?

**MAN**

I experienced every moment of Tom's life as he did only much faster and from the perspective I've gained through others I've witnessed.

**FRED**

So why do this? What's in it for you?

**MAN**

It's something neither I, nor my species, had the opportunity to experience. We've drifted between the seams of spacetime for as long as any of us remember. We have no mothers or fathers. I am what I consume but I've forgotten what I was before.

The man coughs.

**WILLIAM**

And you want to rediscover that?

**MAN**

That's not possible.

The man awkwardly clears his throat and rubs his neck.

**WILLIAM**

What's the matter?

**MAN**

There's an irritation here...

**WILLIAM**

(hiding his disbelief)  
Are you... thirsty?

**MAN**

I haven't felt this in a long time.

**WILLIAM**

Will someone get him some water?

**JAMES**

Sure thing.

James gets up and heads to the kitchen. They still watch in utter bewilderment.

**MAN**

Do you believe me now?

**WILLIAM**

Well I believe that the human mind can be very conflicted. It's often our most misunderstood members of society that have the most unique and interesting voices. Now these answers you've given us are incredible. I believe you have a special, creative mind. The truth is I think something's triggered you to recess your consciousness into another which you, which Tom, has no control over.

**MAN**

What would trigger Tom's mind in the way you're thinking?

James enters with a glass of water and hands it to the man. He then gulps it down, spilling some before placing the empty glass on the table.

**WILLIAM**

In all likelihood, a recent and traumatic event. Maybe you could help us understand what happened.

As James sits, he inconspicuously pulls the wine opener out of his pocket and begins screwing it in the cork.

**MAN**

How so?

**WILLIAM**

Was Tom in distress before you took him?

**MAN**

He was.

**WILLIAM**

What was occurring in his life to make him feel that way?

**MAN**

Tom killed a man.

James pops the cork on the wine bottle. Bad timing. William and the others are stunned, unsure what to believe.

**WILLIAM**

He what?

**MAN**

He killed a man.

Mary angrily stands and walks towards him.

**MARY**

Tom!

William stands to stop her.

**WILLIAM**

Mary, please...

**MARY**

He's done this before. He'll make up stories and say things to hurt me.

**MAN**

You're still speaking as if I was your son.

**WILLIAM**

Mary, he's trying to communicate with you some other way. I think you should indulge him.

Mary composes herself, then approaches the man.

**MARY**

If you're not my son, what should I call you?

**MAN**

I don't have a name.

**MARY**

Okay. Is there something Tom wanted to say to me?

The man pauses, finally ready to engage with Mary. James quietly pours wine into his and Ethan's glasses.

**MAN**

I could tell you how he felt. That the things you made him do left him feeling alone and helpless. And the subsequent choices he made were his way of letting you know you failed him as a mother by abandoning him.

**MARY**

It was the hardest time of my life, taking care of three children after their father died. I couldn't give Tom the help he needed on my own.

**MAN**

You chose to medicate him rather than understand he was different. All the drugs made his life feel meaningless and empty.

**MARY**

I listened to the doctors and the people around me. They all thought it was the best option for... Tom.

**MAN**

But did you really believe it was?

**MARY**

I questioned my decision every day. Do I regret it? Of course I do. I took responsibility for my mistakes but it was an impossible situation.

**MAN**

What hurt Tom the most was you and his family were the only connection he had to the world and by sending him to an institution, he couldn't trust anyone ever again.

**MARY**

I'm so sorry. But try to understand Tom tormented us for years.

(MORE)

**MARY (CONT'D)**

He'd wake in the middle of the night screaming so loud the neighbors would call the police. You'd scare Danny half to death. Sam loved you but losing her father and trying to take care of her older brother was too much for someone her age. You would come home covered in cuts and bruises. Always fighting, always finding trouble.

**MAN**

You didn't ask him *why* he did those things.

**MARY**

He couldn't remember what happened most times.

**MAN**

I do.

**MARY**

Then tell me why. Please.

**MAN**

Pain made him feel alive and less confused. Somehow finding ways to hurt himself made him feel better.

Mary becomes emotional once again.

**MARY**

I should have understood that at the time. Do you think Tom could forgive me?

After a moment, he walks past her towards the balcony. Mary keeps her distance, but follows. He looks out at the sky.

**MARY (CONT'D)**

You're so lonely aren't you?

There is pain in his eyes.

**MAN**

(quietly, to himself)  
Yes.

**MARY**

Give me a chance to make things right baby, please. I've missed you so much.

She walks up to him with her hands out.

**MAN**

It's not you he'd want to see...

**MARY**

What?

The man looks to the living area foyer, as do the others. Samantha is standing in the opening, shocked to see him.

**SAMANTHA**

Oh my God, Tom?

She runs up to him and wraps her arms around his waist. Something feels strange to him as he stands motionless.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Didn't know I'd ever see you again.

**MARY**

Sam, he's not himself right now.

**SAMANTHA**

That's okay. He always remembered me.

(looks up at him)

I can't believe you're here.

**MARY**

This is different than before. I need to talk to you.

Mary gently pulls them apart and takes Sam aside, quietly speaking to her. Will comes closer to the man, who doesn't take his eyes off Samantha.

**WILLIAM**

Just to be clear, we're still not speaking to Tom, correct?

(no response)

I haven't asked the most obvious question. I think the best way to bridge the gap between what we want to be true and what we collectively believe is to first have someone you trust say the things you might need to hear.

(beat)

So do you trust me? At least enough to know I wouldn't lie to you.

**MAN**

Sure, Will.

**WILLIAM**

When a patient of mine is showing clear signs of psychosis, I first explain to them what it is.

**MAN**

I know what it is.

**WILLIAM**

Someone explained it to you?

**MAN**

To Tom.

**WILLIAM**

Right, sorry. And neither of you believe you're currently in a state of psychosis, correct?

**MAN**

That's clever, Will.

**WILLIAM**

I'm not trying to be. What you say you are, and the abilities you say you have, there must be a way to prove you're telling the truth. So why don't you prove it to us?

**MAN**

If I revealed myself, you would all prostrate, cry, and experience a sudden rush of fear that would cause some of you to die.

**WILLIAM**

Ah... Guess we're ruling that out.

Janet gets up and walks towards them.

**JANET**

If you don't mind Will, I have a question for him.

**WILLIAM**

By all means.

**JANET**

I wanna go back to what you said earlier, when you claimed Tom may have hurt someone, or worse.

(MORE)



**JANET (CONT'D)**

With you now being someone other than Tom, that strips away the morality from your decisions and makes the person we're talking to blameless, doesn't it?

**MAN**

That's a question for Tom, but if I were to indulge you, in no way do I share the same ideals or propensity as you or any of your species.

**JANET**

And that's relevant because Tom doesn't respect the law either?

**MAN**

It's relevant because if the question were directed at me, you'd understand my decisions aren't made on a moral basis.

**JANET**

Wow, okay. Never thought of it like that.

He turns and looks out the balcony.

**MAN**

What I'm doing is forbidden. To put it in a way you understand would be to call it unethical, irresponsible and dangerous.

**JANET**

Dangerous to whom?

**MAN**

You and your entire species. The ramifications of what I'm doing could change the trajectory of your future.

**JANET**

Didn't think of that, either. In your mind, this is first contact.

**MAN**

The reason others like me haven't experienced what I have is we're not allowed to interfere with the development of other species.

**JAMES**

Like a Prime Directive.

All turn to James.

**ETHAN**

I don't think this is the time or place for Star Trek references.

**JAMES**

Sorry.

**WILLIAM**

It's true, though. Depending on to what extent you expose yourself...

The man turns to William with a piercing gaze.

**MAN**

I've destroyed civilizations, Will.

**WILLIAM**

Have you?

**MAN**

Planetary systems full of life...  
Gone because of me.

**WILLIAM**

How did you do it?

**MAN**

I have the power to be anyone I want. To see anything I want. I could pull the sun closer and shatter your world into dust, ending your existence in the blink of an eye.

**WILLIAM**

And you have no remorse for all the death and destruction you caused?

**MAN**

Beings as primitive as you are inconsequential to the universe.

**JANET**

Megalomaniacal narcissism...

**MAN**

Only in the context of your moral and ethical beliefs.

**WILLIAM**

As opposed to what, exactly?

**MAN**

I am what I am. I drift across the cosmos and do as I please. There's no purpose to my existence if I don't use my power and change the world.

**JANET**

Certainly delusions of grandeur...

**MAN**

Only if I'm not telling the truth.

**JANET**

That's really what it comes down to, isn't it? The truth.

**WILLIAM**

You said it's forbidden to use your power this way. So there are a set of laws you're meant to follow?

**MAN**

If others like me ever discovered what I've done, they'd capture me and send me to a hollow void.

**WILLIAM**

What's that? Inter-dimensional prison?

The man becomes uncomfortable imagining what he describes.

**MAN**

I'd be thrown into an infinite whorl of black holes and dark mirrors. No matter where I drift, I'll collide with my own light and reflection and be lost forever.

**WILLIAM**

Sounds terrifying.

(no response)

You and Tom seem to have a penchant for self-destructive behavior.

(beat)

When you came to Tom, how did he react?

**MAN**

He was afraid.

**WILLIAM**

He didn't want you to take him?

**MAN**

Not initially but his fear subsided because he struggles with objective reality.

**WILLIAM**

He didn't think you were real...

Fred walks over to William and Janet.

**FRED**

That's something I've been thinking about. Don't mean to interrupt your line of questioning. I know I'm not a clinical psychologist like you two but there's a perspective here that I think ought to be explored.

**JANET**

What do you mean?

**FRED**

It has to do with, as he said, Tom's struggle with objective reality.

(to the man)

You indicated Tom was afraid when, you know, you did your thing to him, however that works.

**MAN**

He was.

**FRED**

But after a while he figured it was just part of his imagination and gave in to what was happening?

**MAN**

Yes, he did.

**FRED**

You said you've seen all of Tom's thoughts and memories just as he did?

**MAN**

That's correct.

**FRED**

He thought you were real, and then decided you weren't, which is when you took over.

**WILLIAM**

What are you getting at?

**FRED**

Thoughts and memories can be two separate things. If through Tom's memory he saw what happened, but doesn't believe it, how can you tell truth and fiction apart?

For the first time, the man doesn't have an immediate response. The others notice.

**WILLIAM**

I see what you're saying. That's a really interesting point, actually.

**JANET**

Yes, it is. To assume the mind of a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic can't be as black and white as it would with someone who's never questioned their own reality.

**FRED**

If Tom believed something to be true, even if the outside world objectively knew it wasn't, how do you know what you're thinking and seeing, from the perspective of his memories and thoughts, is real?

**MAN**

(3 beats)

What I know and see is separate to what he sees and thinks.

**WILLIAM**

But that would only apply up to the point you took him, wouldn't it?

**FRED**

Would you consider the possibility Tom may have constructed you as an alter ego of sorts? At least try to understand how that makes more sense to us than the alternative.

**MAN**

(chuckles)

I have memories stemming from the tens of thousands of lives I've lived, not just his.

**FRED**

But none of those would be beyond the capacity of the human mind to invent.

**WILLIAM**

Exactly. The mind is as infinite as the universe in that regard.

Mary steps forward and speaks to the man.

**MARY**

Do you remember that night the police brought you home to me? A week before I had you committed.

(no response)

Your knuckles were bleeding. You had that huge cut on the back of your head that needed stitches.

(no response)

How did that happen to you?

The man takes a moment before responding.

**MAN**

He was protecting an elderly woman from two men trying to rob her.

**MARY**

(3 beats)

You attacked her, Tom.

**MAN**

(confused)

He didn't...

**MARY**

I couldn't believe it, either. People out on the street recorded the entire thing. You were yelling at her, saying she was possessed by a demon. The two men tried to calm you down but you attacked her, and then them.

(3 beats)

I tried to explain why I didn't have a choice in sending you away but you couldn't accept the truth.

**(MORE)**

**MARY (CONT'D)**

You couldn't accept that you were a danger to others, just like you won't now.

**MAN**

(beat)

Whether or not Tom saw what...

**WILLIAM**

(interrupts)

I want you to know something and it pains me to say it. In my practice, I rarely have notable breakthroughs with patients in... anything that resembles your condition. Psychosis disrupts the way our brains process the world around us and the narratives we design shape thoughts and decisions til we can't separate reality from what's inside our heads. Sometimes the hardest thing in the world can be the acceptance of one very simple truth.

**MAN**

And what's that, Will?

**WILLIAM**

That you need help.

The man looks at the others before his eyes return to Will.

**MAN**

You're a talented shrink...

(no response)

But this doesn't answer for the things I've seen. Not based on Tom's memory or thoughts.

**WILLIAM**

Such as?

**MAN**

I know you were upstairs with Sam before I came here.

William chuckles as he looks at Gene and Mary, then the man.

**WILLIAM**

What exactly are you accusing me of, Tom?

**MAN**

Why are you calling me Tom?

**WILLIAM**

My mistake.

**MAN**

You were upstairs with Sam before you came down and spoke to me.

**WILLIAM**

After what we just went through to prove you don't have a clear grasp on what's happening around you, it's odd you'd immediately make up another story for us but I suppose it's an attempt at misdirection.

**MAN**

I may have been wrong about Tom's memories but I know you're lying.

**WILLIAM**

If you can manufacture any version of the truth you like, how can we trust you with such a ridiculous accusation?

**MAN**

How about you, Sam? You love your brother. Are you going to sustain this lie against him?

Samantha holds back tears.

**SAMANTHA**

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

**MAN**

You would have hurt him by saying that.

**SAMANTHA**

I love you but what you're saying is wrong.

**WILLIAM**

Tom, and yes I'm going to call you Tom from now on, because this story of you being possessed by an alien, along with the hurtful allegation directed at me, isn't going to cut it. I want you to understand, your mind is creating images and stories in order to give you the result you want.



**MAN**

And what would that be?

**WILLIAM**

To convince yourself of anything other than the fact that you're not well.

The man smirks again.

**SAMANTHA**

You did this when we were younger, too. And if anyone challenged you, you'd get so angry and deny any of what happened was your fault.

**MAN**

You'll all see just how wrong you are very soon.

**JANET**

There go those delusions again...

**WILLIAM**

Didn't you say you see the future?

**MAN**

I do.

**WILLIAM**

Then how does this end?

**MAN**

The future isn't linear. I see what could be in the threads of time across many dimensions.

**ETHAN (O.S.)**

Sounds a little convenient if you ask me...

Ethan pours the last few drops of wine into his glass as the others look on with surprise at the now quite inebriated man. He walks up to the group.

**ETHAN (CONT'D)**

Since everyone's had a chance to get a word in, I'd like one too. But unlike all of you, I'm not trying to talk to Tom. I want to speak with the person... the alien thing you think you are.

(3 beats)

You seem like a real asshole.

**GENE**

Ethan?!

**ETHAN**

Maybe that makes me one as well but I'm pretty sure Janet and Will were getting to the same conclusion.

**WILLIAM**

It's true, it is difficult to be empathetic with this person he's projecting.

**ETHAN**

"We see things not as they are but as we are." And that spells nothing pleasant about you, pal.

**MAN**

Do you really think I'm concerned with your opinions on my apparent lack of empathy?

**ETHAN**

That's exactly my point...

(2 beats)

Couple years ago, my wife was killed in a car accident. The guy who hit her, he wasn't drunk and there were no witnesses to say otherwise so he blamed the whole thing on my dead wife and got away with it. Now you can say who am I to judge, I wasn't there and I'm obviously bias, but when I went to the scene of the accident, there was something I saw in him and knew what I know now. He had the same look in his eyes I see in yours. He didn't care he had killed someone, whether or not he was responsible. And that told me all I needed.

(2 beats)

So you can tell us you live in different dimensions and have all this power, as laughable as it is to say, but I think you're the sad one. That painful shit I carry, the invisible scars that flare up when I start to miss her, I think that makes what I am more significant than this all-powerful thing you genuinely seem to think you are.

**MAN**

(3 beats)  
I'm evolved beyond pain.

**MARY**

That's not true if you're lonely.

**ETHAN**

That's when it hurts the most. When you're alone.

Ethan gives him one final look and returns to the couch.

**MARY**

I think you came here because you want us to help you.

**WILLIAM**

So do I, Tom. You must realize what your mind is capable of by now.

**MARY**

I know you'll come around. And when you do, we'll be here to help you.

Samantha steps forward.

**SAMANTHA**

That's right, Tom.

They all wait for the man to respond. He scans their hopeful faces as they wonder if this is the moment he comes through. To their disappointment, he begins to chuckle.

**MAN**

You still don't believe me. I don't have a penchant for dramatics but I want to reveal myself in a way you'll all remember.

Amongst their confused expressions, he turns and walks onto the balcony.

**EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

The man HOPS ONTO THE RAILING and bravely stands there. The others behind him scream in horror but hesitate to come any closer due to his fragile position.

**MARY**

Tom, no!

**SAMANTHA**

Tom!

**WILLIAM**

Stop! What are you doing?!

**ETHAN**

Fuck!

**MARY**

Tom, listen to me! Don't do this, please!

**SAMANTHA**

Come down from there!

**MAN**

Watch for the light! That's where I'll be!

**MARY**

(emotionally)

Thomas, listen! Remember when you were a boy, you climbed onto the roof of our first home. You said, "Mommy, I feel so free up here." And I was crying because that was the moment I knew something was different. I knew you didn't see the world like the rest of us do and that made you special but it also broke my heart. Because you didn't trust me. I begged you to climb down. And what did you say? You said, "I have to do this. I want to be free." And ever since then I did everything to make sure you weren't. It's all my fault. Please don't do this.

The man's confident grin begins to fade.

**WILLIAM**

Tom, just ask yourself one thing for me. What are the odds every single one of us here is wrong?

(3 beats)

Don't listen to those thoughts. The ones that tell you not to trust us. Because you can. I promise we'll do everything we can to help you.

As reality dawns on the man and he looks down at the New York streets thirty stories below, fear creeps into his mind.

Then a rush of panic as he trembles and hyperventilates. He falls backwards as he screams. Mary, Will, and Sam catch him.

He looks up at their faces, the fear in his eyes slowly dissipating and making way for laughter. What starts as a low chuckle escalates to maniacal shrieking.

**MARY**

(emotional)

There you are, Tommy. I missed you.

**MAN**

This has never happened. In all my years, I never thought it would be possible to forget who I was, even for such a short moment.

**SAMANTHA**

It's okay. You're back now.

Danny steps into the living area, perturbed by what he sees. The man grasps Samantha's wrist.

**MAN**

You still don't understand...  
Close your eyes.

A white flash sparks and all turns to black.

**INT. VOID**

In PITCH BLACKNESS, a faint light appears. The light is shown to reflect on Samantha's face, illuminating a look of horror as she looks out into the infinite blackness all around her. Ripples of light begin to reverberate throughout the void.

**SAMANTHA**

Hello?

Her voice seems to fall flat in the air as she experiences a sensation she isn't used to while breathing.

**MAN (O.S.)**

Sam...

She looks behind her but sees nothing.

**SAMANTHA**

What is this?

**MAN (O.S.)**

This is my home.

**SAMANTHA**

Oh my God... You really are...

His voice comes from a different direction.

**MAN (O.S.)**

You finally believe me.

She again turns to follow his voice.

**SAMANTHA**

Why did you bring me here?

**MAN (O.S.)**

Are you upset that I did?

**SAMANTHA**

(hesitates)

I don't know what to think...

**MAN (O.S.)**

Normally I'd remain on the planet for some time but your brother's condition complicates things.

**SAMANTHA**

You mean we're not on Earth?

**MAN (O.S.)**

This is a channel between the third and fourth dimensions. An ever-expanding void which has no beginning and no end.

**SAMANTHA**

But why am I here?

**MAN (O.S.)**

Sam, this is an opportunity most of your species would never dream of.

**SAMANTHA**

Why won't you answer me?

The man appears behind her. She turns as soon as he speaks.

**MAN**

I don't expect you to accept me right away but this isn't for your discomfort. Tom rarely experienced love. Only the memories of others who did.

He steps closer to Samantha and places his hand on her cheek. She begins to tremble emotionally as she looks into his eyes.

**SAMANTHA**

Why am I here?

**MAN**

I've taken many companions. I know you're afraid. It'll pass. There's so much I want to share with you.

She backs away.

**SAMANTHA**

Take me home.

**MAN**

Perhaps I will eventually. Once our time together has run its course.

**SAMANTHA**

What are you talking about?

**MAN**

In this form, I can express myself in a way you'd understand.

He touches her face again. Disgusted, She pulls away.

**SAMANTHA**

What are you doing?

**MAN**

There's already something that connects us. Don't be afraid.

**SAMANTHA**

You're... He's my brother!

**MAN**

That's not important here.

**SAMANTHA**

No! I won't do that!

**MAN**

I'm simply in a vessel you're familiar with. Nothing more.

Samantha backs away and he follows. Experiencing a strange sensation, her back hits a surface and she realizes she's now laying down. The man crawls on top of her as she cries.

**SAMANTHA**

Why are you doing this to me?

**MAN**

Why I experience the things I do shouldn't require an explanation beforehand.

**SAMANTHA**

Wait, please wait...

**MAN**

If we waited days or years, you wouldn't feel any different than you do now. It has to be this way.

She tries pulling away as he follows her. CAMERA PANS AWAY.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

[Heavy instrumentals; deep, long, and spaced]

INSERT: Shot of EARTH in all its glory.

INSERT: Shot of the STARS in infinite black space.

INSERT: Shot of the SUN, fiery and fierce.

INSERT: Shot of MARS.

INSERT: Shot of a glowing NEBULA.

INSERT: Shot of a second NEBULA, wholly unique from the last.

**FADE OUT/IN:**

**INT. VOID**

Light flashes and strobes, while a spotlight slowly brightens to reveal Samantha laying on a BLACK PLANE, curled up while alone and crying.

After a while, she hears a strange wisping noise buzz from above, prompting her to look. She sees nothing. It disappears behind her and she again retreats into herself.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha is laying down, her eyes closed.

**MAN (O.S.)**

Sam?... Sam?



She opens her eyes and turns over, startled to see the man behind her. He walks closer.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

Sam, is that you?

**SAMANTHA**

Get away from me!

He moves into the light, a worried look on his face.

**MAN**

Sam, it's me.

She looks into his eyes, noticing some familiarity.

**SAMANTHA**

Tom?

**TOM**

Unless I have an identical twin no one told me about.

**SAMANTHA**

(into the void)  
What is this?

**TOM**

I'm dreaming, aren't I?

**SAMANTHA**

What?

**TOM**

C'mon Sam, this can't be real. It's the oddest thing, I feel like I've been walking in the dark for hours.

After briefly looking around, he turns his attention back to Sam and crouches next to her.

**TOM (CONT'D)**

And then I found you. It's been a while, kiddo. I really missed ya.

He puts his arm around her and she grimaces from his touch.

**TOM (CONT'D)**

What's the matter?

**SAMANTHA**

(beat)  
Look at me.

They look in each other's eyes.

**TOM**

I'm looking.

A long moment later, she's confident it's her brother and breaks down again as she accepts his embrace.

**SAMANTHA**

Tom...

**TOM**

Hey, I'm here kiddo. What's gotten into you?

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha and Tom now sit side by side, facing opposite directions.

**TOM (CONT'D)**

Never had a dream like this before.

**SAMANTHA**

This isn't a dream, Tom.

**TOM**

That's just what a dream would say.

**SAMANTHA**

(shakes head)

What's the last thing you remember?

**TOM**

I was driving down the highway and... I uh...

Tom gets up and paces as he reflects.

**SAMANTHA**

Did you really hurt someone?

**TOM**

How would you know that unless I was dreaming and you're in my head?

**SAMANTHA**

Oh God, you really did.

**TOM**

Guess it wouldn't matter if I told you, but I still don't want to.

**SAMANTHA**

If I tried to explain everything that's happened, you'll think I'm... the craziest person here.

Tom laughs, then she does.

**TOM**

There's something about this dream. I have so much clarity. Haven't felt this in a long time.

**SAMANTHA**

Stop saying this is a dream. It's more like a nightmare, anyway.

**TOM**

Oh, c'mon. It isn't that bad.

**SAMANTHA**

You really don't have a clue what you did, do you?

**TOM**

I don't want to talk about it.

**SAMANTHA**

(clarifying)  
What you did to me...

**TOM**

Sam, what would I...  
(horrified)  
Did I do something to you out there in the real world?

She buries her face in her hands as he kneels beside her.

**SAMANTHA**

No. Never mind. Forget it.

**TOM**

Ya know, you were the only one I missed. I like Danny but he and I never had anything in common. It was always you and me. Plus mom and dad hated my guts.

**SAMANTHA**

They didn't hate you.

**TOM**

They did. And I don't blame them. I notice whenever I stop taking my meds, people look at me funny. But they numb my mind and I can't make sense of anything. What's the point of living like that? You were the only one who still looked at me the same. I always wanted to tell you that. Maybe when I wake up, I'll get the chance.

Samantha lifts her head out of her hands and looks at him.

**SAMANTHA**

You don't have to. I know.

After a personal moment, Tom becomes upbeat and looks around.

**TOM**

Why would I dream up such a boring place?

Samantha continues to look at him with pity.

**SAMANTHA**

It's not so bad.

**TOM**

When I wake up, I'm gonna come find you.

**SAMANTHA**

(emotional)  
Okay.

**TOM**

Just you, though. Mom wouldn't want to see me again.

**SAMANTHA**

If you go back to her, she'll try to help you. We all will I promise.

Tom looks at her and smiles, then looks into the void.

**EXT. SPACE**

Drifting amongst the stars in the blackness of space...

**INT. VOID**

Samantha has nodded off in the same seated position we left her, her head limp and facing the floor. The wisping noise returns above, darting all around her. She raises her head and looks around. Tom is nowhere to be seen.

**SAMANTHA**

Tom?... Tom?!

The noise overhead turns into what sounds like a whisper.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Hayash unach measzt.

**SAMANTHA**

Who is that? Where are you?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Umast tranelacht muhasheanth.

**SAMANTHA**

Where's Tom?

The wisp travels directly above her, its voice sounding similar to Tom's, yet with a unique distortion.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I don't need him anymore.

**SAMANTHA**

What did you do with him?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

He's returned to his family.

**SAMANTHA**

Is he okay?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

That's not my concern.

**SAMANTHA**

(defiant)

Well it *is* mine. I want to see him.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I have no desire to return.

**SAMANTHA**

What if I do? I'm stuck here til you get bored of me? What do you even want with me if Tom's gone?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

If all I desired was to experience a physical sensation of the human body, I'd take thousands just like you and place them all around here, taking turns with each of you for centuries til I could never want for such a thing again.

**SAMANTHA**

You're sick.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

As I experienced a part of you, I'm going to share something of my life and my existence in return.

Samantha erupts out of frustration.

**SAMANTHA**

Why aren't you listening to me?! I don't want to be here! I don't want any of this!

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Your reaction is to be expected.

**SAMANTHA**

So you let me see Tom as some sort of courtesy before taking me away?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

You think I'm cruel but my intent was merely to explore your world.

**SAMANTHA**

Why do you sound like him? You're not Tom! You shouldn't have his voice!

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Tom is a part of me now. I'll carry his memories for the rest of my existence as if they were my own. The familiarity should comfort you.

Samantha sits.

**SAMANTHA**

It doesn't. You don't understand...

The wisp slowly hovers above, brightening her face.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

There are things you can teach  
me... But there is also so much  
I can share with you.

**SAMANTHA**

Let me see them again. Please.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Your family is safe. From now til  
the end, they'll live their lives  
as best they can.

**SAMANTHA**

How can I just leave without saying  
anything?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I let you speak with your brother.

**SAMANTHA**

I didn't know I was saying goodbye.  
(3 beats - less angry)  
Let me see them again, please. I  
know I don't have a choice so I'm  
asking you for this one thing.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(3 beats)  
There isn't much time...

**SAMANTHA**

What do you mean?

The wisp dashes away in a blink, leaving Samantha alone.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha lays on her back, staring up at nothingness. A  
distorted suctorial sound emanates all around her.

**OLD MAN (O.S.)**

Sam?

Samantha turns around and suddenly...

**EXT. OASIS - SUNSET**

Her surroundings distort and she realizes she's standing in  
an oasis. She looks to her left as someone speaks.

**OLD MAN**

Sam?

She sees an OLD MAN, (60's), staring at her in disbelief. They both have a bewildered look about themselves.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry we gave up on you.

Afraid to hear his answer, Samantha hesitantly asks...

**SAMANTHA**

Who are you?

The old man steps towards her.

**OLD MAN**

He told me it would feel as if it's been no more than a day for you.

**SAMANTHA**

What's going on?

**OLD MAN**

Don't you recognize me at all?

As her eyes swell...

**SAMANTHA**

Danny?

**OLD MAN**

Who ever thought I'd be older than you someday, huh...

Samantha begins hyperventilating and leans over with a knot in her stomach. Danny comes closer in an attempt to comfort.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

I felt the same way at first.

She drops to her knees.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

It's what he talked about that night, all those years ago. Existing outside of time.

**SAMANTHA**

(between gasps)  
Mom and dad? Tom?

**OLD MAN**

I'll tell you when you're ready.

**SAMANTHA**

Tell me!



**OLD MAN**

(3 beats)

They're all gone.

She continues to suck in air while holding her stomach and rocking back and forth. He carefully explains things to her.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

Cancer took mom fifteen years ago.  
Dad had a stroke before that...

**SAMANTHA**

And Tom?

**OLD MAN**

Let's wait a little.

**SAMANTHA**

Just tell me...

**OLD MAN**

This won't be easy for you because  
you haven't had time like I have.

**SAMANTHA**

I have to know.

**OLD MAN**

This was years after he took you.  
We thought he was gone forever but  
one day Tom showed up like nothing  
happened. His mind was never the  
same. They institutionalized him  
not so long after. We visited when  
we could and asked about you but he  
couldn't understand the situation.  
The only thing he remembered was a  
dream he had of you. And he kept  
asking when you'd come to visit.

(3 beats)

He uh... he took his own life.

Samantha continues to break down emotionally.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

It's been... It's been hard, Sam. I  
missed you, believe it or not. It's  
crazy to think I'd have a chance to  
see you again.

Sam is shivering and continues to struggle breathing. Danny  
feels there isn't much he can do.

**OLD MAN (CONT'D)**

Let's just sit for a while.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha, still in shock, at least has her breathing under control. Her pale expression shows immeasurable dejection. Danny walks about the oasis nearby. Samantha gets up.

**SAMANTHA**

He brought you here?

Danny turns around.

**OLD MAN**

What's that?

**SAMANTHA**

You said he brought you here.

**OLD MAN**

Yeah, he did.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm not sure where we are.

**OLD MAN**

This isn't real.

**SAMANTHA**

I know. It's too cold to be real.

**OLD MAN**

(hesitantly)

He said he'd take me back. I can't stay.

**SAMANTHA**

I know.

**OLD MAN**

Wish I knew what to say.

**SAMANTHA**

You don't have to say anything.

**OLD MAN**

I haven't had the best luck, ya know.

**SAMANTHA**

What do you mean?

**OLD MAN**

I had a son. Was married for a while.

**SAMANTHA**

Really?

**OLD MAN**

There was an accident. They both passed away decades ago.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm sorry.

**OLD MAN**

I was an alcoholic for ten years before getting my act right. Even then, I haven't found much reason to keep going.

**SAMANTHA**

Don't say that.

**OLD MAN**

It's true. Never had much luck. Thing's haven't gone my way for some time now.

(2 beats)

I asked him to bring me here. He figured giving the news to us one at a time would be easier. I just had this idea that maybe it would be best if I came here so you wouldn't see how I was living.

**SAMANTHA**

You really think I care about that?

**OLD MAN**

I care.

**SAMANTHA**

(beat)

Time's flying past you too, then.

**OLD MAN**

(nods)

I put some money away. What little I had, anyway. Sold everything and invested. All the interest over the years, I'll be rich when I go back.

Samantha tries to hide her disappointment in him.

**SAMANTHA**

Well... congratulations.

**OLD MAN**

Don't take it like that. I just want you to know you're helping me.

**SAMANTHA**

Happy to help.

**OLD MAN**

Why shouldn't I have done it? The world will be so different when I go back. We both get to experience something special.

**SAMANTHA**

You're starting to sound like him.

**OLD MAN**

Maybe it isn't all bad. You think back home things turned into some paradise while you were gone?

**SAMANTHA**

What's your point?

**OLD MAN**

It can't help to take everything in the worst way possible.

**SAMANTHA**

How should I take it then?

**OLD MAN**

If it's something you have no control over, it isn't worth dwelling on.

**SAMANTHA**

So I should just ignore reality? I'm a prisoner.

**OLD MAN**

Has he done this with others?

**SAMANTHA**

Apparently.

**OLD MAN**

But not someone like us?

**SAMANTHA**

So?

**OLD MAN**

You're going to experience  
something no human being ever has.

**SAMANTHA**

Now you really sound like him.

Samantha doesn't feel like continuing the argument.

**OLD MAN**

What do you want at this point? To  
go back and live a normal life?  
You think that's even possible?

**SAMANTHA**

I just want to live *my* life.

**OLD MAN**

I know. And I wish you could, I  
really do. If there was something I  
could do to help, I would. You know  
I would. It's out of our control.  
So maybe try to look at it in a way  
you normally wouldn't.

Samantha defiantly turns away in anger. It takes time for her  
to calm. She hears the wisp overhead.

**SAMANTHA**

I came to say goodbye.

Danny looks above as he hears the wisp as well. As Samantha  
turns to look back at him, he lowers his gaze to meet hers.  
She conveys uncertainty in her feelings towards him.

**OLD MAN**

You've always been so judgemental,  
Sam. You haven't had much time to  
grow so I guess I shouldn't have  
expected any different. We were  
never really close, were we...  
But I wish you well.

With tears coming, she quietly speaks, but not to Danny.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm done.  
(looks up)  
I'm done!

Her surroundings begin to distort. She looks to where Danny  
was standing only to find herself alone, trying to suppress  
her pain.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Did this bring you happiness?

**SAMANTHA**

How can you ask me that? You took everything from me.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

And I'll give you so much more.

**SAMANTHA**

Something I never asked for.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Don't you see how insignificant it all was?

Samantha kneels while clutching her stomach.

**SAMANTHA**

This doesn't feel insignificant.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Even pain is temporary. But now you'll see what's beyond it all. Beyond the pain, worry and grief.

The surroundings revert to the black void.

**INT. VOID - CONTINUOUS**

Uncertainty continues to weigh on her.

**SAMANTHA**

What could be worth how I'm feeling right now?

Samantha looks up and the light brightens on her face, forcing her to turn away.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

To see what's connected us since time began.

An overlay begins to project on the void's surroundings, mirroring the voice's descriptions as it shows imploding stars and the subsequent cosmic waves.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

They're remnants of the aftermath of a thousand suns collapsing into themselves and crushing everything between them and the infinite ends of the cosmos. Clouds of dust took millions of years to reach what you call home and beyond to where you thought was impossible to reach. I was there when it happened. I rode the currents that bound spacetime in a way I had never seen before and they showed my species glimpses into what was and what will be. Now can you see?

Samantha looks at the images surrounding her.

**SAMANTHA**

I still don't understand.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Try.

**SAMANTHA**

You're showing me what you saw millions of years ago.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I'm showing you what was. Not in the light I project but through a channel to that place in time.

**SAMANTHA**

All of your memories are recorded?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

And never to be forgotten.

**SAMANTHA**

So you're showing me how it all began. How far ahead can you see?

The overlay begins to show what look like roots, rapidly spreading from their ever-expanding source.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

The future is constantly moving, like we are now. I can peer into branches that spark along the currents, but I don't know which will remain. As the sparks fade, only one moment in time perseveres.

The older roots die as the source chooses one path to grow.

**SAMANTHA**

So you can't tell the future. Not really, anyway.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

It's never certain.

**SAMANTHA**

We decide our own fates then.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Your entire species could be gone in the same span of time you've experienced from the day you were born til now. Even sooner. Do you think they'll survive in the end?

**SAMANTHA**

How could I know?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Look at the troubles your brother found himself in. Irrelevant. Why? Because they're wiped out in the passing of but a short moment here. Humanity's passing is no different, but it is inevitable. There's no future amongst the stars for them. Only death and destruction until they cease to be.

The overlay now shows the Earth and surrounding planets as the sun quickly evolves into a RED GIANT, vaporizing the waters of every planet in the solar system.

**SAMANTHA**

So what? I'm no better than any of them. It's where I belong.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Because you haven't seen the other worlds I have. A glimpse of one is enough to forget about a lifetime of pleasure you may experience on Earth.

(3 beats)

I want to show you something...

The light shifts around Samantha as the overlay in front of her warps, then shows spiraling mountains towering hundreds of miles above the surface. Giant boulders tumble down the canyons and shatter along the mountains.



As the overlay moves through the overwhelming mountains, severe volcanic eruptions can be seen in the distance but the molten rock freezes quickly as it makes contact with the cold air. A gaseous reaction ensues. Samantha is in complete awe.

**SAMANTHA**

It's incredible.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

This was the first world I created. Against every rule my species ever adopted and with nothing to gain and yet everything to lose, I took the risk of changing the universe. No matter how insignificant it felt as I did my work, the ripples in time would be felt forever.

**SAMANTHA**

What did you do?

Three bright star-like objects begin to glow in the sky and slowly expand into moons above the mountains.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

For life to be possible, this treacherous world needed balance.

The moons' gravitational pull stabilizes the falling boulders and pulls and tilts the planet towards the sun.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

What was rock and dust had come down before but this world would now embrace life as it never could in prior eons. So I waited. Not in the mountains or even within the atmosphere. There's no purpose in watching life pass within their limitations of spacetime, but I watched just as you are now. When the planet rooted new growth and the creatures began to develop sentience, I would look down on my creations with such pride in knowing I fostered them. I gave them life.

Instead of seeing the overlay, we now only see Samantha's wonderment at what she is viewing.

**SAMANTHA**

And then what?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Look at them. Look what they  
created through me.

Sped up light and images reflect across her face.

**SAMANTHA**

I never thought such things were  
possible.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

They were remarkable.

**SAMANTHA**

"Were"? What happened to them?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Their time passed long ago.

**SAMANTHA**

How?

**VOICE**

Look...

The images change and what Samantha now sees upsets her.

**SAMANTHA**

You were so proud of them. And you  
did nothing to help?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I did nothing? What do you know of  
it?

**SAMANTHA**

I... If you were watching them...

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(interrupts)

I guided them. I sent down warnings  
and protected them from dangers  
they never even knew existed. But  
if their arrogance carried them to  
a place where they felt they no  
longer needed me, then I will make  
other children and give them more.

**SAMANTHA**

So you couldn't forgive them?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Whether I did or not is irrelevant.  
If they don't acknowledge I created  
them, then I see no purpose in  
their existence.

Samantha ponders for a moment.

**SAMANTHA**

Do you know how vain that sounds?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

They didn't ask for my help in the  
end.

She ponders.

**SAMANTHA**

Maybe it was too late for them to  
change but I doubt you're capable  
of change, either.

The light circles behind her.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Maybe you'll convince me otherwise.

**SAMANTHA**

As if you'd ever listen to me.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I'll listen.

**SAMANTHA**

Aren't I too far beneath you for my  
opinion to matter?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Do you feel so insignificant?

**SAMANTHA**

How can't I when I'm here with you?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Create new worlds with me. Watch  
them birth forms of life never  
seen in the cosmos.

**SAMANTHA**

And when they no longer please you,  
do we leave them to die?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Who's to say. You might convince me otherwise.

Samantha smirks, then hides it immediately. The overlay again mirrors what the voice describes.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Come with me. Why should I force you when the universe beckons? I'll show you my favorite stars and then the nebulae by which they incubated like children for so many years. It takes you beyond the outer reaches, where the cosmic rays are so volatile, any carbon-based creature would leave behind only a shroud of dust. But I can protect you. I will show you new worlds. I will show you the worlds between worlds. And the colors... Imagine a veil removed from your eyes and a whole new spectrum revealing itself as if the world you've known was so dark and dull. A prison which your mind never knew it could escape.

Samantha's eyes widen and reveal her shock as the overlay reveals this new spectrum. Her BLUE IRISES momentarily glow.

**VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

But there's a way out! I promise if you'd just see for yourself, if you willingly reach out to me and take this gift I'm offering...

Tears now stream down her face as she turns and faces the light, forced to squint at its incredible luminosity.

**SAMANTHA**

Okay.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Reach out, Sam.

She outstretches her hand towards the light, soon realizing her body is becoming translucent. The light absorbs her essence and we move into the overlay, travelling through space at an accelerating rate while transitioning from **BLACK & WHITE:**

**IN COLOR:** We stop amidst a METEORITE COLLISION on an unknown planet. The planet fractures as the reverberations of the collision spread in multiple waves.

We float amongst the asteroids as they travel further into space. Root-like sparks begin to envelop the screen and pull us between dimensions, revealing a series of vortices interconnected by channels and multi-colored beams.

We move through the eye of a tornado-shaped opening which brings us to the BUTTERFLY NEBULA, revealing the death throes of a star, exploding with two gargantuan lobes of hot gas and debris. Nearing its core, the vibrating intensity of the heat being dissipated overwhelms the senses. The core evolves into a BLACK HOLE, pulling us through distorted space to...

FIVE PILLARS made of gaseous clouds that stretch up to four light-years above, revealing the birthplace of new stars. The dark pillars are highlighted by the yellow ionization around them, emitting blue rays beyond into the blackness of space.

Our movement towards the pillars slows. After finally arriving inside the pillars, we're drawn to a faint white light, partially hidden by the dense gases. The closer we are, the brighter the light becomes, revealing itself to be a YOUNG STAR still forming. TWO THIN TORNADO-SHAPED COLUMNS run through opposite ends of the bright star, one seemingly feeding it and the other dispersing unwanted gases.

In the distance, a SMALLER SECOND STAR is visible, undergoing a similar formation process as the larger. The root-like sparks again envelop the screen and darken it til we...

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**EXT. GORGE - MIDDAY**

Staring into the red and blue horizon on an unknown planet, we see two suns, one closer than the other. They appear to be the now fully-formed stars we were just watching develop.

Peering lower to the striking landscape reveals vast canyons and tall rock structures surrounding a lake. Even lower to the ground, a woman's shadow playfully walks across the red earth. From behind, we watch Samantha, wearing a white gown, traverses ahead. Light follows her, its source we cannot see.

**SAMANTHA**

There's something about this one.  
It's gorgeous but it isn't just  
that. It's so serene.

She stops and turns to the side, revealing a BABY BUMP about five months into pregnancy, as she points to the ridgeline.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

It's so beautiful.  
(faces the light)  
Just like you. I told you, when  
it's bright enough I can finally  
get a good look at you.

Samantha appears... happy.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I'll have a home built above the  
ridge.

**SAMANTHA**

You've built me so many already...

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I see it in your eyes. You're fond  
of this world.

**SAMANTHA**

Aren't you?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I was once.

**SAMANTHA**

When there was life here?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Before there was water, spectral  
auras were trapped between the  
atmosphere and surface. When I  
first came across this world, it  
was one of the rare moments I  
needed time to collect myself  
having been left in awe.

**SAMANTHA**

Why didn't you take me?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

It would have blinded you.

**SAMANTHA**

Oh.

Samantha turns back as they continue to move ahead.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I never thought to bring you here  
until I discovered life had formed  
without my knowledge.

**SAMANTHA**

What were they like?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

They never evolved beyond their own desires. Similar to your species. In the end, they perished as the others did.

**SAMANTHA**

They don't sound very pleasant.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

This world is better without them.

**EXT. LAKE - SUNSET**

Shades of green and purple now glow in the afternoon sky. Samantha sits on a boulder by the lake as the sun sets. She hears the wisp approach from behind as it loudens. The colors reflected onto her are now more complex in the changed light.

**SAMANTHA**

Where did you go?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I planted a garden in the valley across the lake.

**SAMANTHA**

Do we have to leave just now or can we wait a while?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

When the suns are gone, I'll take you through but just until there's enough life to sustain you and the child. Then you won't travel with me for some time.

Samantha ponders her future.

**SAMANTHA**

How often will you visit us?

**VOICE (O.S.)**

You still worry I'll abandon you?

**SAMANTHA**

(beat)  
Sometimes.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

I'll never lie to you, Sam. I have  
no reason to.

**TIME CUT:**

Time passes on the quiet planet. There is wind and a howling  
echo over the water. The suns are setting on the horizon.

**SAMANTHA**

I haven't seen it in so long.

The suns create a partial eclipse. From their red and white  
cores, orange beams pulsate and join forces, emitting a  
stunning shock-wave that envelops the sky with an electric-  
like consistency. The orange currents mix with the natural  
greens and purples in the sky, with the majestic colors  
blending across the planet. The clouds are injected with the  
heat of the currents, turning into a colorful spark-show as  
they evaporate.

**INSERT:** For a brief moment in this marvelous event, we see an  
ESTABLISHED SHOT of Samantha on the rock, the colors from the  
sky being reflected over the lake, and the INTER-DIMENSIONAL  
BEING we've yet to see until now. Its white body, which takes  
a humanoid shape, is made of a gaseous matter as it hovers  
behind Samantha. Protruding from both sides of its back are  
six tentacle-like appendages which flutter at speeds so fast,  
there's hardly a blur between movements. And oh is it bright.

Samantha continues to enjoy the spectacle. To her surprise,  
there is an unexpected WHITE FLASH across the sky.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

(to herself)

Where did you go?

**BEING**

I haven't gone.

She turns around to find her companion still present.

**SAMANTHA**

What was that?

**BEING**

They've come for me.

**SAMANTHA**

Who's come...

Before she can finish, she's engulfed in light and pulled  
through the vortex into the void.



**INT. VOID - CONTINUOUS**

The unknown planet is still in view within the vortex.

**SAMANTHA**

What do you mean "they're coming for you"?

She tries to look at the being but its light in the contrasting darkness of the void is too much.

**BEING**

They've been sent to find me.

**SAMANTHA**

Who?

**BEING**

Others like me.

**SAMANTHA**

Do they know you're here?

**BEING**

They know I'm near.

Through the vortex, TWO WHITE WISPS are seen streaking in the sky, one after the other.

**SAMANTHA**

What are you going to do?

Samantha feels a gravitational pull as the being's light extinguishes far into the void. The vortex to the planet begins to shut, shrinking like an iris until all is BLACK. Samantha is alone in the darkness.

**DISSOLVE:**

A distant WHITE SPECK slowly drifts in infinite blackness.

**DISSOLVE:**

MOVING CLOSER to the white speck reveals Samantha aimlessly traversing the void. She has one hand over her belly, lonely and fearful as she continues on.

**DISSOLVE:**

What look like funnels of electricity are streaming down in multiple columns and spaced stupendously far apart from one another in the void. They appear to have no ceiling and set into a strange fog in the ground. White sparks emanate from the base as well as where the strands occasionally meet.

Samantha nears a column out of sheer curiosity but is still cognizant of the potential dangers. At just a few feet away, several strands are attracted to her and touch her shoulder. Initially fearful, she doesn't appear to be in any pain. The buzzing causes her ears to ring. She hears a faint whisper from a familiar sounding voice.

**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)**

I saw it so long ago.

**SAMANTHA**

Who is that?

A second voice, also sounding familiar, speaks up. They come through distorted.

**FEMALE VOICE #2 (V.O.)**

First time, huh?

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

Have you had the child?

**FEMALE VOICE #4 (V.O.)**

How could I? I haven't left yet.

Each successive voice comes from a different direction and with unique distortions, but still sound similar.

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

Not you, the new girl.

**SAMANTHA**

Who's speaking?

**FEMALE VOICE #5 (V.O.)**

Who's gonna tell her?

**SAMANTHA**

Tell me what?

**FEMALE VOICE #6 (V.O.)**

Let her figure it out for herself.

**FEMALE VOICE #7 (V.O.)**

Feels like every time another comes along, we feel sorry enough for her to try and explain it all. I'm tired of it.

**FEMALE VOICE #9 (V.O.)**

Be fair ladies, it's always strange hearing yourself at first.

**SAMANTHA**

Myself?

**FEMALE VOICE #8 (V.O.)**

Oh, I'm jealous.

**FEMALE VOICE #9 (V.O.)**

What for?

**FEMALE VOICE #8 (V.O.)**

It's only a matter of time before we all go crazy and she's got the longest wait before it happens.

Samantha hears a baby coo through one of the channels.

**SAMANTHA**

Who's child is that?

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

Who's do you think?

**SAMANTHA**

Where are you?

**FEMALE VOICE #6 (V.O.)**

Same place as the rest of us, dear.

**SAMANTHA**

Will you please tell me what this is?

**FEMALE VOICE #5 (V.O.)**

Ugh, was I this bad my first time?

**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)**

Can't exactly expect to be any different now, can ya?

**SAMANTHA**

Why are you all so condescending?

**FEMALE VOICE #8 (V.O.)**

No worse than you were before all this.

**FEMALE VOICE #10 (V.O.)**

You sound so bitter.

**SAMANTHA**

How am I bitter?

**FEMALE VOICE #7 (V.O.)**

Not you, you stupid bitch!

A cavalcade of laughs from dozens of women ensue.

**FEMALE VOICE #4 (V.O.)**

Still think everything's about you?

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

You'd think you've had enough time to reflect on all that by now and yet here we are.

**SAMANTHA**

How many of you are there?

**FEMALE VOICE #4 (V.O.)**

How high can you count?

Dozens of laughs come through once more.

**SAMANTHA**

How long have you been here?

**FEMALE VOICE #8 (V.O.)**

(sarcastically sighs)

Lemme check my watch.

**FEMALE VOICE #2 (V.O.)**

(sarcastically)

Mine's been a bit slow. In fact the damn thing hasn't moved in forever.

More laughs. Samantha is disgusted.

**SAMANTHA**

Is this really what's in my future?

**FEMALE VOICE #10 (V.O.)**

She's finally catching on.

**SAMANTHA**

This is what you do with your time?

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

What does she mean by that?

**FEMALE VOICE #6 (V.O.)**

When you spend ages wandering aimlessly, anyone's voice will sound good to you, believe me.

**FEMALE VOICE #3 (V.O.)**

Even your own.

Terrified by the implication, Samantha backs away.

**FEMALE VOICE #5 (V.O.)**

She's fading already.

**FEMALE VOICE #4 (V.O.)**

(condescending)

Leaving so soon?

**FEMALE VOICE #2 (V.O.)**

She'll be back.

**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)**

But we won't know it's her.

**FEMALE VOICE #7 (V.O.)**

She'll be one of us before she even realizes it.

Laughter erupts from the various women as Samantha severs her connection to the threads by distancing herself further. She can't look away from the glowing column.

**DISSOLVE:**

A STROBE LIGHT now flashes on Samantha's face as she appears even more horrified than before. Now in another area of the void, all around her are square and ovular waves of light leading in every direction. It seems to be causing her strife as she attempts to block out some of the light with her hand while moving forward.

It's a struggle to continue on, wanting respite from the extreme conditions. She finds a ROUND BLACK PATCH of space unfettered by the surrounding light. Once she steps into it, she drops to her knees and lays on her side, covering her face with her arms in the fetal position.

**TIME CUT:**

Samantha opens her eyes. To her surprise, the lights have moved on and now dimly occupy various distant sectors. She continues to lay there, dejected while semi-enveloped in black mist as she rolls to her back.

**DISSOLVE:**

Against a backdrop of spiraling white waves, Samantha falls gracefully at a speed similar to sinking through water. She turns in all directions, trying to regain control but can't.

**DISSOLVE:**

An endless row of white streaks move like conveyor belts in the same direction. They tower infinitely high and bow steep downwards before leveling out and falling over a ledge.

Samantha tries to regain her footing as she crosses the path but continuously slips and falls, being pushed closer to the edge of the unknown. (For scale, she is still miles from the ledge.)

**DISSOLVE:**

Cone-shaped particle storms rage in every direction. Specks of all colors streak in circles, occasionally intermingling with others to form new particles. Samantha walks through the eye of the storm after being hounded by its eyewall.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha sits in a ovular, black tunnel. Through her eyes, it's clear she's struggling with her own sanity.

**SAMANTHA**

(whispers to self)

I am... I'm... Sam.

**CUT TO:**

Giant white, semi-translucent platforms drift like shards of glass without gravity. Sam comes to the end of the tunnel and looks out to the field of shards, also noticing countless tunnels all throughout the area of the void.

**BACK TO:**

In the tunnel, she continues talking to herself.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

I think she's lost.

**BACK TO:**

Reaching out beyond the tunnel, she feels the separation from gravity and steps out into the space of drifting shards. She drifts to one and rides it until she pushes off to the next.

**BACK TO:**

Emotional, she breaks down in the tunnel.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

I can't find them.

**BACK TO:**

The shards have carried her far into the space and at the edge, she sees more tunnels. Dejected, she looks back.

**BACK TO:**

Samantha is laying down in the tunnel. Her eyes are open, however there isn't much life in them. At both ends of the tunnel are more drifting shards.

**DISSOLVE:**

Glowing white translucent strands hang from hundreds of feet above and disappear into the blackness. Just a few feet from one another, they behave like jellyfish strands under water. Samantha finds herself surrounded by them in all directions.

Strangely, the strands reflect a multitude of colors only when reflected on her even though there appears to be no light source other than white. As she passes through, she dares to touch one. The contact point glows.

**INSERT:** Hovering over the RED OCEAN of an unknown planet.

Samantha removes her hand from the strand rapidly, having felt something she never has before. She touches another.

**INSERT:** TOWERING ARCHED ROCK FORMATIONS silhouette a distant canyon and horizon of a planet with FOUR MOONS in its sky.

Samantha feels another with her fingertips. Her eyes roll back and close momentarily in the out-of-body experience. She moves deeper in and wraps her fingers around the next.

**INSERT:** A MOON thunderously crashes into another.

Samantha gasps and releases the strand. She continues through the field, touching several others in short order. Deeper in, harmless sparks begin to appear at her points of contact.

**DISSOLVE:**

Time has passed as Samantha continues on, seemingly searching for something. She touches more and more strands.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha lays on her back, blankly staring upwards from between the strands.

**DISSOLVE:**

She now avoids touching the strands and moves between them.

**DISSOLVE:**

Samantha begins to notice a strange occurrence. The strands nearest her begin to part, as if clearing a path. She obliges and walks down the path of bowed strands. They close in behind her once she passes.

Straight ahead to where she is being led, a strand appears out of place. It is motionless and echoes a hollow tone, as if calling to her.

She nears and the strand begins reverberating. Light begins to burst from minute seams in the strand. The constant echoing quickens and loudens the closer she gets. Samantha reaches out to touch it when an unpleasant and prolonged shriek is followed by THE BEING BURSTING FROM THE STRAND.

**BEING**

DON'T TOUCH IT!

A petrified Samantha backs away. The being is furious.

**BEING (CONT'D)**

EVERY MOMENT OF MY EXISTENCE IS  
RECORDED IN THIS STRAND! MY LEGACY  
WILL ONLY HOLD MEANING IF IT CAN BE  
SEEN A HUNDRED MILLENNIA FROM NOW!

She struggles to speak out of fear and being out of practice.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm sorry. I didn't do anything. It  
just... it opened up to me.

**BEING**

HAVE YOU TOUCHED OTHERS?!

**SAMANTHA**

I... I'm sorry.

The being hovers towards her.

**BEING**

YOU IMBECILIC LITTLE CREATURE!  
COULD YOU NOT JUST WAIT?! I WOULD  
HAVE COME BACK FOR YOU!

**SAMANTHA**

I... I... I don't know what's  
happening to me. How long...

**BEING**

IT DOESN'T MATTER! LOOK AT YOUR  
BELLY! THE CHILD HASN'T GROWN!  
YOU'VE ONLY LOST A MOMENT!

**SAMANTHA**

How can you pretend I haven't felt  
every second of every hour of each  
day and month and year you've left  
me in this place?



**BEING**

HOW MANY HAVE YOU TOUCHED?!

**SAMANTHA**

(beat)

I don't know...

Light begins to seep through a handful of distant strands. Wisping sounds and flashes of light come from all directions. Another shriek from the being as its light envelops Samantha.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ORCHARD - MIDDAY**

The distorted surroundings become clear as Samantha drops to her knees, feeling sick. Adjusting to breathing oxygen is a strange sensation, no matter how many times she's done it. The being hovers above her. She gets her bearings and looks around, discovering a vibrant and fruitful orchard.

**SAMANTHA**

Where are we?

**BEING**

Where we last were. Now the entire planet fosters life because of me.

**SAMANTHA**

How long has it been?

**BEING**

In relation to what?

**SAMANTHA**

I'm not even sure anymore.

**BEING**

Look to the suns. The cycles have evolved to accept life such as I have given this world in abundance.

Samantha looks up at the two suns, now larger in the sky. She reflects on his words.

**SAMANTHA**

(to herself)

There it is again.

**BEING**

What are you speaking of?

**SAMANTHA**

You're running from others like you  
and you still can't help but gloat  
about your "creations".

**BEING**

But they are mine.

**SAMANTHA**

I've had so much time to think  
about this. To think about what it  
means when you say something like  
that. I know that, no matter what,  
I will love this child. Will you?  
Do you even care to know them?

**BEING**

I care for all my creations.

**SAMANTHA**

You don't. Not really. I never felt  
any love in you because there never  
was. You kept me around to inflate  
your ego and make you feel less  
lonely. Nothing more.

**BEING**

What I've given you, even the time  
I share with you now, you should be  
grateful I chose you.

(no response)

I've created something tangible.  
Something you can see and feel.  
Why is it not enough?!

(no response)

Your brother would have made a  
better companion.

The hurtful comment stings her.

**SAMANTHA**

Please don't talk about him.

**BEING**

Tom embraced the aspects of his  
life which he had no control over.

**SAMANTHA**

I forgave you for what you did and  
you still have the audacity to say  
his name!

**BEING**

It's your hubris that blinds you to what you have. Never accepting your place in any world you inhabit and always looking to take more than you're given. Nothing will satisfy you. Not even death.

**SAMANTHA**

You're not so different. Even a being as incredible as you, deep down, you have the same self-destructive arrogance we do.

**BEING**

But ambition drives me. This want to create more. It's something we don't share. I should have seen it.

It's beginning to feel as though they are parting ways with Samantha's acceptance of his hypothesis. She looks away.

**SAMANTHA**

You have to go, don't you?

**BEING**

They'll find me if I stay.

**SAMANTHA**

(beat)

Will you ever come visit us?

**BEING**

If I can. I'll return you to the void and in time, see you again as you are before the child comes.

**SAMANTHA**

(fearful/ forceful)

No! I can't do that again! Please don't take me back there!

He gives her a moment to settle.

**BEING**

You will make this your home, then?

**SAMANTHA**

You told me there's nothing left of humanity. Where else will I go?

**BEING**

Perhaps you should live amongst others.

**SAMANTHA**

We wouldn't belong. This will be our home. And despite everything I said, I hope I'll see you again.

**BEING**

I don't know if I will return before you pass on.

**SAMANTHA**

If I'm gone, please try and look after the child.

**BEING**

You won't be wanting in fresh water nor food. There's enough here to last a thousand lifetimes and more.

Samantha looks at the endless fruit trees and walks towards one, placing her hand on a STRIPED RED AND BLUE APPLE.

**SAMANTHA**

You should still meet our child before we're both gone from the world.

**BEING**

The choice to procreate may arise.

**SAMANTHA**

That will never happen. We'll be the end of humanity.

**BEING**

(beat)  
So it is, then.

A FLASH of light sparks the sky. Samantha looks back to now find herself alone. She holds in her sadness, looking for a silver lining in the beauty surrounding her. She plucks the apple and takes a bite. Before she even chews, something is wrong as she looks into the apple's core. It is rotten.

The COLOR on screen reverts to **BLACK & WHITE**.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**HOLD FIVE SECONDS...**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. LAKE - MIDDAY**

The lake and surrounding land has much changed. Vegetation has developed over land which was once dirt and rock. The water is still. Samantha's head and shoulders emerge from the water as she bathes in the lake.

**TIME CUT:**

She sits on a boulder, drying her now shorter hair in the warmth of the sun. Viewing her from behind, she turns and reveals she is no longer pregnant. Soft footsteps are now audible from the direction she faces.

**SAMANTHA**

There you are, munchkin. You ran away before mommy could give you a bath.

A handsome young boy (9), with dirt on his hands and face, walks to Samantha.

**BOY**

You always take so long.

**SAMANTHA**

Guess who's gonna take one now?

**BOY**

Oh c'mon, the water's been so cold.

**SAMANTHA**

Suck it up, kiddo. You're going in.

**BOY**

I want to show you something.

**SAMANTHA**

Maybe after.

Both are wearing a strange SILK-LIKE MATERIAL while barefoot. Samantha takes him by the arm but he defiantly pulls away.

**BOY**

I'll do it myself.

He removes his shirt, leaving on his LOINCLOTH as he moves into the lake. The cold water makes him gasp.

**BOY (CONT'D)**

It's freezing!

**SAMANTHA**

Sooner you get cleaned up, the  
sooner you get outta there.

The boy grunts in frustration, takes a deep breath, and submerges his head in the water while shaking it and blowing bubbles. Samantha chuckles.

**EXT. TRAIL TO HILLTOP CLEARING - EARLY AFTERNOON**

The boy leads Samantha up a trail with an impeccable view of snow-covered mountains.

**BOY**

The same thing happens every time.  
I dream it and when I wake up it's  
like I can still see everything.

**SAMANTHA**

It's that imagination of yours...

**BOY**

I'm serious, Mom.

**EXT. HILLTOP CLEARING - CONTINUOUS**

They make it to the top of the hill. Samantha is the last to make her way up and is alarmed by what she sees. A fifteen-foot long MOCK-UP of the being, made from sticks and stones, lays in front of her. Its enneagram-shaped head, appendages, jointless limbs, all come together in an accurate depiction of the being. She moves around it to get a better look.

**SAMANTHA**

You saw this in a dream?

**BOY**

Well I did my best, anyways. It's  
like a big ball of light and then  
after a while I start to see this.  
There's no face and I feel like it  
tries to talk to me but I can't  
understand it. It doesn't speak  
like us. It talks inside my head.

Samantha circles the mock-up.

**SAMANTHA**

Are you afraid when you have these  
dreams?

**BOY**

I used to be.

**SAMANTHA**

Not anymore, huh?

(boy shakes head)

Have you ever seen anything like this when you were awake?

**BOY**

No.

Samantha attempts to hide her own confusion.

**SAMANTHA**

I don't want you to worry about it, okay honey?

**BOY**

It's not like I can just forget what I saw.

**SAMANTHA**

But they're just dreams, right? I have them all the time.

**BOY**

Dreams like mine?

**SAMANTHA**

(hesitates)

I dream strange things, too. What's important is when you're awake.

The boy is dissatisfied with her answers and she knows it.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

It's time for bed.

It's broad daylight and the suns are still directly overhead.

**INT. CAVERN - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Inside a beautiful cavern, the two have made a modest home. Soft light still finds a way in at this time of day. They lay on a bedding made from the same material as their clothing.

Facing one another, their outer hands meet in the middle as Samantha gently touches her son's fingertips with her own. He's drowsy, barely keeping his eyes open but not yet asleep.

**BOY**

Mom?

**SAMANTHA**

Yes, baby?

**BOY**

I get really confused sometimes.

**SAMANTHA**

What are you confused about?

**BOY**

It's hard to explain.

**SAMANTHA**

That's okay. Everyone gets confused once in a while.

**BOY**

You see, it's things like that. Why did you say that?

**SAMANTHA**

It's true, baby.

**BOY**

Why do you say "everyone"? It's just you and me.

Samantha holds in her tears.

**SAMANTHA**

You're right. I didn't think of that.

**BOY**

You shouldn't have to.

**SAMANTHA**

You're so smart. You make me see things in ways I can't on my own.

She touches his face.

**BOY**

I like sleeping when it's dark better.

**SAMANTHA**

I know, baby. But if we don't sleep now we'll be too tired before dark.

He reaches for a nearby cloth and pulls it over his eyes.

**DISSOLVE:**



**EXT. GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

The boy sits with an enormous zucchini-shaped MELON between his legs, the top cut open as he reaches in and grabs the juicy meat of the fruit, enjoying it like candy and making a mess of himself as it runs down his arms. He belches loudly.

**SAMANTHA (O.S.)**

Hey, don't be gross!

Samantha is still out of view in the garden.

**BOY**

(disingenuously)

Sorry!

He takes a sloppy bite, gulps air, and belches again.

**SAMANTHA (O.S.)**

Don't make me come over there!

**BOY**

I can't help it!

**SAMANTHA (O.S.)**

You better try!

The boy giggles. He looks at the mess he made on himself, then peers inside the still mostly full fruit. As he makes sure his mother is still out of sight, he lifts the fruit, lays back and pours it all over himself. Glops run through his hair and over his face and chest. Once the fruit is empty, he rubs its contents all over his body.

As he lays there he clears his eyes, mouth, and nostrils while looking up at the sky. He massages the soil with his hands and looks at how it sticks to the fruit's residue. He then hears his mother approach.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

You gotta be kidding me!

The boy has no fear of any potential consequences.

**BOY**

I had an accident.

**SAMANTHA**

Why do you do this to me?

**BOY**

I did it to myself.

**SAMANTHA**

And who has to clean you up?

**BOY**

I'm not forcing you to do anything.

She sighs and stands over him.

**SAMANTHA**

I'm done with the garden. We're going to the lake.

**BOY**

I don't want to. I like how it feels.

**SAMANTHA**

Oh yeah? How does it feel?

**BOY**

(3 beats)  
Different.

Samantha doesn't have the energy to argue and sits beside him. She then playfully throws some dirt on his chest.

**EXT. LAKE - EVENING**

Underwater. The boy cannonballs into the lake. He holds his breath as long as he can as he shakes off the filth he is covered in, then surfaces. Samantha is also in the water.

**SAMANTHA**

My little boy is so nice and clean now.

He surprises her by spitting a mouthful of water in her face. She laughs, then swims over to get her revenge by holding him and tickling him til he screams.

**BOY**

Stop! Please! I hate that!

**SAMANTHA**

Have to teach you a lesson when you do that. You're so stubborn lately.

They settle as they float in the water.

**BOY**

Mom?

**SAMANTHA**

Yes?

**BOY**

How come when it's warm out and the suns are up in the sky, the water's cold, but now it's cold outside and the water is nice and warm?

**SAMANTHA**

These aren't things I understand, baby. I'm sorry.

(he's disappointed)

I wish I could give you the answers you want but sometimes this is just how it is.

(swims closer to him)

When I was younger, I didn't get all the answers I wanted. As you grow, you have to accept the fact that some of your questions will never be answered.

**BOY**

Did you want to know why the water is warm at night, too?

**SAMANTHA**

Not exactly. For the longest time, I wanted to understand this painful feeling I had in my chest.

**BOY**

Why does your chest hurt?

**SAMANTHA**

It took me so long to figure it out but when I did, everything started to make sense... It's love. That's the feeling I have inside me. When I was young, I couldn't understand it but I felt it. And now that I have you, everything became clear.

**BOY**

It hurts because of me?

**SAMANTHA**

(emotionally)

It only hurts because you make me so happy. It's not the same like when I pinch you or when you step on a sharp rock. You're a part of me. That's how much I love you.

**BOY**

So that's why I feel this way? Why I'm confused all the time?

**SAMANTHA**

I don't know but you have to be patient to understand it. Wait until you're big like me, okay?

**BOY**

When will that be?

**SAMANTHA**

Not for a long time... But it'll probably happen faster than you think it will.

**BOY**

Are you going to keep growing, too?

**SAMANTHA**

Not the same way you will. But I'll start to look different.

**BOY**

Different? Like how?

**SAMANTHA**

Well I hope it doesn't happen for a very long time but my hair will probably turn grey.

He touches her hair.

**BOY**

That's so cool.

**SAMANTHA**

(laughs)  
Yeah, you're right. It'll be cool.

**BOY**

Is that it?

**SAMANTHA**

My skin will start to get wrinkly.

**BOY**

Aw gross.

**SAMANTHA**

(laughs)  
You don't think it'll be cool?

The boy shakes his head.

**BOY**

And then what happens?

Conflicted, she doesn't answer him. They remain in the water.

**EXT. CAVERN - NIGHT**

Outside the cavern, Samantha and the boy lay on a silk cloth as they look up at the stars. THREE MOONS, varying in size, decorate the dense sky. The boy gets up.

**BOY**

I'm going to sleep.

**SAMANTHA**

It's about to start.

**BOY**

We see it all the time.

**SAMANTHA**

Okay, baby. I'll be there soon.

He heads inside the cavern. Samantha lays there, still looking up but something else is on her mind. As inconsistent lights from the sky flash across her face, she is too deep in thought to enjoy the spectacle.

**INT. CAVERN - MORNING**

The boy sits in a crevice along the cavern wall near their bed. Samantha is asleep as he watches her. His eyes trail from her face down to her partially exposed breasts.

**EXT. CLIFF - MORNING**

He now paces on a tall cliff, seemingly having a conversation with himself in separate tones, the first being his own.

**BOY**

You're hiding something. I know it.

(second tone)

Why would I do that to you?

(first tone)

I don't know because you won't tell me what you're hiding.

(second tone)

**(MORE)**

**BOY (CONT'D)**

How can you know that or be so sure about it when all I want is for you to be happy?

(first tone)

Then why am I not happy?

(no response)

You see?! You have nothing to say!

(second tone)

Just because I'm your mother doesn't mean I have the power to give you everything you want.

(first tone)

All I want is the truth!

He grips his hair in frustration and seethes through his teeth. He then runs to the edge of the cliff and lets out the loudest scream he can muster. After a few deep breaths, he cries out once more. It echoes through the valley.

**TIME CUT:**

A short while has passed as the boy now sits on the ledge, his legs dangling. Samantha hikes up the cliff and finds him.

**SAMANTHA**

Get away from there!

(no response)

I heard you scream. What's wrong?

(no response)

Why would you scare me like that?

Realizing he's being difficult, she shifts her approach.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Okay, I won't be mad. I just want to know what's wrong.

**BOY**

You're hiding something from me, I know it.

**SAMANTHA**

Why would I do that?

**BOY**

I don't know because you won't tell me what it is you're hiding.

**SAMANTHA**

How can you be so sure, then? Don't you understand that all I want is for you to be happy?

The boy gets to his feet, still standing near the ledge.

**BOY**

Then why am I not happy?  
(no response)  
You see?! I already knew you  
wouldn't say anything.

**SAMANTHA**

(confused)  
What?

**BOY**

You have nothing to say!

**SAMANTHA**

Maybe you just won't listen. You  
think because I'm your mother, I  
have the power to give you  
anything you want?

**BOY**

All I want is the truth!

A moment of silence ensues.

**SAMANTHA**

Please just come away from the  
ledge, baby. You're scaring me.

**BOY**

I'm not afraid.

**SAMANTHA**

You should be. If you fell, you'd  
go to sleep and never wake up.

**BOY**

If I went to sleep forever, maybe I  
wouldn't feel like this anymore.

**SAMANTHA**

That's a terrible way to look at  
things. Don't think like that.

**BOY**

I can hear us talking in my head.  
Then you'll say something after I  
already heard you say it.

Samantha ponders his statement.

**SAMANTHA**

I never told you about your father.

**BOY**

"Father"?

**SAMANTHA**

Just like I'm your mother, you also have a father. We made you together but he had to leave us here. That's why you never met him.

**BOY**

He left us here? Where did he go?

**SAMANTHA**

(looks up)

Somewhere out there. Out amongst the stars and much further even.

The boy paces along the ledge, deep in thought.

**BOY**

Why did he leave us here?

**SAMANTHA**

He was in trouble. He did some bad things and others like him were trying to find him so he left.

**BOY**

"Others like *him*"? He wasn't like us?

**SAMANTHA**

For a very short time, he was. Then he changed.

**BOY**

I don't understand.

**SAMANTHA**

You and me, we are who we are and nothing more. But your father was many things all at once. A part of him was like us, and I knew that person for a very long time. I loved him, like I love you. That person is a part of you, too.

The boy is tremendously confused.

**BOY**

What am I?



**SAMANTHA**

You're special, you really are. But no one is perfect. The part of your father I felt closest to, he would get sick. Sometimes he heard voices in his head, too. I don't know if that part of him is in you but we'll figure it out together.

**BOY**

I'm sick... I knew something was wrong with me.

**SAMANTHA**

No, if you are it's just a part of your life and we have to learn how best to live with it.

**BOY**

I wish I wasn't like this.

**SAMANTHA**

I never want you to think you're alone. I'll be here no matter what.

**BOY**

(2 beats)  
What about my dreams?

**SAMANTHA**

You saw your father in your dreams.

**BOY**

So he's trying to talk to me?

**SAMANTHA**

Baby, I really don't know.

**BOY**

I'm so tired of you saying that!

**SAMANTHA**

Maybe a part of him is in you, too.

**BOY**

I can't understand what he says. Doesn't he know that?

**SAMANTHA**

They're just dreams.

His frustration builds once again. He nearly cries.

**BOY**

Why? For what? Why are we here?

**SAMANTHA**

What if I asked the same question?  
There's no one who could answer  
that for me, either. It just is.

(no response)

Do you want to know why we're so  
lucky? Because we're not alone. I  
was alone for so long before I had  
you. And I'm grateful every day I  
wake up knowing you're there with  
me. You don't understand what it is  
to be so alone, baby. To have no  
one who cares about you and no one  
to wake up next to. I hope you  
never experience that.

**BOY**

(3 beats)

I want to be alone right now.

Hurt by this, Samantha nods and gives him space.

**SAMANTHA**

Okay. Just come back to sleep when  
you're ready.

She looks at him for another moment, then leaves. Once she's  
out of sight, he steps towards the ledge, feeling a natural  
adrenaline rush as he looks down. His breathing intensifies  
before calming. He looks out to the horizon, then to his left  
where a distant forest spans much of the land. After one last  
look in the direction his mother left, he heads towards the  
forest. Along the ridgeline, his pace quickens.

**EXT. HILLS - NOON**

A half mile away, the boy runs towards the forest, unsure if  
he's running from or to something.

**EXT. FOREST - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Sweaty and tired, the boy makes it to the treeline and  
catches his breath before entering the forest. The tall trees  
provide welcome shade as he takes in the new environment.

**TIME CUT:**

Deeper in the forest, where the surrounding vegetation appear endless, the boy hums a familiar tune. The forest is eerily quiet aside from the occasional breeze through the trees.

**TIME CUT:**

The boy sits beside a massive tree, munching on an apple. Half eaten, he tosses it after having his fill and yawns. His eyes begin to close.

**TIME CUT:**

He opens his eyes and tries to assess how long he slept. Now later in the afternoon and with less but still enough light, he rises and continues his journey.

**EXT. RAVINE/ FOREST - EVENING**

Near a ravine, the ground becomes more treacherous. The boy takes care moving ahead. He stops when he notices the sound of running water nearby. At the edge of the ravine, he looks below to find a healthy stream of water running through it. He finds the nearest path and makes his way down.

At the stream, the boy splashes himself with water and then drinks from it. Once satisfied, he takes in his surroundings. The stream branches into multiple channels in the opposite direction of the current. He heads upstream.

**EXT. CAVERN - EVENING**

With the suns setting and a look of worry on her face, Samantha scans the horizon in search of her child.

**EXT. CLIFF FACE/ FOREST - EVENING**

Night isn't far off. The rocky cliff face at the edge of the forest spans many times higher than the already imposing trees. The boy follows the cliff as it turns inward, hiding what's around the corner.

He finds a wide clearing just beyond it. Nearly centered in the section of the cliff face surrounding the clearing is a substantial CAVE, too dark to see much past the entrance. The boy looks up at the darkening night sky and decides to head towards the cave.

Now just a few yards from the opening, the boy stops. An ominous feeling enters his mind as he looks back, then into the cave. This sort of fear is unique to him and builds until he realizes he's barely breathing.

In utter silence and with tremendous grace, out of the shadow of the cave WALKS A HUMANOID CREATURE. At SEVEN FEET TALL, it towers over the boy. The slender creature is dressed in long robes with a shorter shawl draped over its shoulders. With a slender face, unblemished skin, three thick braids of hair that reach its lower back, long arms and 4-fingered hands, large black eyes, a nose that barely protrudes, thin lips, and circular ears, the creature is startling to the boy.

Still only a few yards from each other, they are locked in an unsettling glare. The creature's shoulders fluidly lurch forward before tilting its head. A moment later, it begins to speak in an unintelligible language. Its hiss-filled tone, grumbling, and sudden shifts in volume unsettle the already frightened boy. It then TAKES A STEP TOWARDS HIM.

The boy SCREAMS AND RUNS. He makes it to the treeline at the edge of the clearing and looks back. The creature is still... THEN BEGINS TAKING LONG, FAST STRIDES TOWARDS THE BOY who again screams and runs into the forest.

#### **EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Relying on the scarce moonlight, the boy dashes through the trees while doing his best to avoid a dangerous misstep. He runs with no motive other than to escape his own fear. With the occasional backwards glance, he sees no pursuer.

Deeper and aimlessly into the forest he goes, gasping air like never before. He gets behind a tree to hide as he catches his breath. His breathing slows to a reasonable degree as he gains the courage to peek around the tree.

He sees no creature. In the deafening silence, the boy listens. Contemplating whether to hide or run, he begins to hear faint CHANTING in the direction he was running towards. As he looks, he notices a small glowing orb of light moving through the distant trees.

Movement in the brush can suddenly be heard back where he ran from. With another look, his fear is elevated when he sees the creature searching for him. The boy quietly backs away. He is forced to head in the direction of the chanting.

Keeping low while moving through the underbrush, the chants louden. Coming from multiple sources, they combine to a rhythmic composition in the creature's language.

#### **EXT. CLEARING/ FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

The boy remains low as he finds the orb of light in the middle of a clearing. It sits atop a flat carved stone.

Surrounding it are SIX CREATURES, virtually identical to the one looking for him. The only distinguishing characteristics are their uniquely designed clothing.

As the creatures chant, they perform rhythmic motions with their hands and arms, three at a slower pace, and three of them more quickly. The orb glows brighter, prompting them to louden and take a step closer to the stone.

The boy is in awe, his eyes wide and body trembling. Sweat drips down his face. He stands beside a tree for cover and continues to observe.

Three of the creatures walk to the stone and kneel before it while placing their hands on its flat surface. The orb glows even brighter as it begins to crack. Anticlimactically, the light dissipates, confusing the creatures who quit chanting. They look to the orb and their surroundings for answers.

The boy hears movement nearby but can't find where it came from. More movement in the brush follows as he crouches. Still unable to find its source, he looks back at the creatures near the orb. A chill runs up his spine. The boy cocks his head upwards and FINDS THE CREATURE HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE TREE, STARING RIGHT AT HIM AND WITHIN REACH!

Mortified, the boy screams, alerting all to his position. The creature hops down, remaining on all fours as it studies the child. He turns away from the creature and sees the others watching from the edge of the clearing.

The creature reaches out and grabs the boy's ankle, dragging him closer. In a scramble, he's able to kick away and tries to run. The others head into the forest, quickly surrounding the boy who now finds himself nearing the clearing.

They close in on him, led by his main pursuer. The boy continues to turn, looking for an opening to run through but his chances are slipping away. The other creatures get into identical stances, keeping low on all fours. They speak with each other.

One nears and reaches for the boy as he screams and jumps away. Now inside the clearing, the boy watches them encircle him as he nears the stone platform. Closer and closer until they are just a few feet away, he tries to run between them.

A creature grabs his shoulders but he's able to pull away. The child screams as they crowd him, now standing tall. In this horrifying nightmare, he's unable to find a moment of security or sanity. He moves between their outstretched arms and pushes their hands away in a constant state of panic.

Everywhere he turns, he finds another reaching for him. One finally grabs him from under the arms as another gets hold of his legs. They lift him but his squirming makes it difficult. Their increased shrieks insinuate their frustration.

The orb begins to glow, befuddling the creatures. They look to the boy and wonder what could be the cause. After speaking for a moment, they carry him closer to the orb. Three of the creatures kneel at the stone platform.

The boy constantly screams and fights their hold on him. He is able to shake one of his arms free and tries to get down. Unable to, he uses his free hand to grab at the nearest thing he can. In doing so, he grasps one of the braids of a nearby creature. **THEY ALL SHRIEK IN UNISON!**

The creature whose braid he holds lets out a ghastly sound, appearing to be in excruciating pain. It grabs the sides of its head as the boy pulls. The braid **RIPS FROM ITS HEAD AND GLOPPY BLOOD POURS OUT!** They drop the boy, who sits in shock while holding the braid and part of the creature's scalp.

The dying creature convulses on the ground, blood pouring from its eyes, mouth and head as others attend to it. The three who do place their hands on it to comfort it as it dies. They chant in a more subdued manner until life has completely left its body.

Two creatures stand beside the boy. The orb glows brighter still and can't be ignored. The creature nearest the orb picks it up and holds it in front of the petrified boy who is now partially blinded by it. It angrily speaks and gestures as if inquiring for answers.

Another creature shoves the one holding the orb and they begin arguing. The three still knelt by their deceased friend now look at the boy. Two rise and walk to him while the other lifts the corpse. They extend their open hands and perhaps in the first moment of understanding, the boy shakily raises the braid and gives it to them.

They coil it and place it on the chest of the corpse, then interject with the arguing creatures. As they converse, the child stands, trembling and sobbing.

**BOY**

I want my mom.

The creatures quiet, surprised to hear him speak.

**BOY (CONT'D)**

I just want to go be with my mommy.

The creature with the orb speaks to the one behind the boy who subsequently grabs him under the arms. Another grabs his legs once again as they carry him across the clearing. The boy doesn't fight them. He only cries. Looking up at the sky while being carried, he sees the stars through the trees.

**EXT. WHITE MOUNTAINS - MORNING**

The sky is bright and clear, without a tree in sight. The creatures walk down a trail surrounded by massive white mountains in a single-file line. At the front is the creature carrying the boy on his own, asleep in his arms. At the rear is the creature carrying the corpse. The region appears dry.

**EXT. CANYON/ WHITE MOUNTAINS - NOON**

The mountains and subsequent canyons have a sleekness about them. Smooth and shiny surfaces, very few rocks, and little vegetation set them apart. The caravan continues their journey through the canyon.

**EXT. MUSHROOM FARM/ WHITE MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON**

Rows of logs are arranged vertically along the canyon walls and contain a plethora of mushrooms being purposely grown. The boy, awake in the creature's arms, surveys the farm.

**EXT. CLAY PATHWAY/ WHITE MOUNTAINS - LATE AFTERNOON**

The path carves into a corroded gully. Engravings in the clay show strange symbols and markings. The creatures continue on.

**EXT. LIVING GROUNDS/ WHITE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT**

In relative darkness, they enter their living grounds situated in a wide valley between the mountains. Placed about are ten identical and raised clay platforms with no weather protection. Atop each is a hammock-like apparatus. Leading up the twenty-five-foot high platform is a spiral ramp that looks too steep to climb.

The boy is again asleep as he is carried through the grounds. At a clean patch of soil, they lay him down, inadvertently waking him. He turns on his side and watches three creatures take a bevy of tools and begin digging a few yards from him.

Their process for digging consists of taking two slotted rods and drilling them into the ground by hand and at an angle.

A bowed scythe is placed between both slots and slices into the ground in a back and forth motion. The scythe is then removed and a spiked plank is inserted in-between the slots.

The creatures grab the exposed end of the rods and pull against the angle. Before they do, two others place a malleable mat with corded handles where the soil will mound. They pull the rods and a heap of dirt collects on the mat, which is hauled away. The process is repeated.

**DISSOLVE:**

The boy watches the creatures continue to work as they are now chest-deep into the hole. Somewhat paralyzed by his fear, he hesitates to even move. Still lying down, he slowly pushes off the ground to sit on his rear. He looks over his shoulder and sees a creature scamper up a nearby platform. It lays in the hammock and begins making a high-pitched sound (snoring).

**DISSOLVE:**

The creatures have devised a pulley system to extract soil from the twenty-foot deep/ thirty-foot diameter hole. They are nearly finished as the final load is hauled up. Two creatures dump the loaded tarp with the rest of the soil while two others walk over to the boy.

They put a hand under each of his arms and walk him to the pit. He stares into it fearfully, knowing it is his new home. The others return with the tarp, latch it to the pulleys, and lift the boy onto it. He adjusts to the unsteady tarp and grabs the cords, then is lowered into the pit.

**EXT. PIT - CONTINUOUS**

He steps off and looks up at them as they recoil the tarp, then leave. Looking around the well-carved pit, realizing there isn't much to do but wait, and feeling as though he wants to cry again, he walks to the center and lays down. A cacophony of the creatures' snores ensue shortly after.

**TIME CUT:**

The morning light fills the air but the pit still casts harsh shadows. The boy awakens to silence. He places his hand over his stomach, feeling the need to move his bowels. He gets up and walks to the edge, then digs a small hole with his hands and squats over it.



While he finishes his business, he looks to the upper rim of the pit and still sees nothing. He uses a handful of dirt to wipe with, then covers the hole.

**DISSOLVE:**

The boy walks in circles over and over, brushing the walls with his fingertips as he does.

**DISSOLVE:**

With the suns overhead and the heat making him uncomfortable, he sits against the wall with his head slumped over. The boy begins humming his favorite tune. His considerable talent is apparent in the quiet air. A while later, as he hums, a thin shadow casts over the pit. The boy looks up to see a creature watching him hum. They stare for a moment before it leaves.

**DISSOLVE:**

The child is sleeping near the middle and awakens. He feels a cramp in his stomach and begins to realize how hungry he is. His mouth is parched. The boy looks up the pit to find three kneeling creatures watching him.

**DISSOLVE:**

Now in the afternoon, the wall of the pit casts enough shade to relieve the boy but his hunger is growing. He feels weak as he sits in the shade. Suddenly, five creatures surround the pit from above. A sixth carries an item to the pulley system, places it on the tarp, and carefully lowers it.

The boy walks to the item and discovers it to be a bowl made of crystal. Inside is a clear liquid that contains a handful of mushrooms and long blades of grass. He picks it up, smells its contents, looks at his peers and sips it. His eyes flare at the taste of water. He glances up one last time before sucking down every last drop of liquid.

He drops to his knees while gripping the bowl and begins to whimper. Once he collects himself and wipes his tears, he picks a mushroom out of the bowl and bites the head off it. Realizing it's merely edible and not very tasteful, he eats the food he's given gratefully.

**DISSOLVE:**

The bowl is empty. The boy is on his back looking up at the evening sky, but something feels different. His pupils are dilated and he's sweating.

**BOY**

Can you see me, father?

(beat)

Father...

He reaches out as if to touch the sky. The show of lights begins.

**TIME CUT:**

It's the middle of the night and the boy is in a deep sleep. The sound of the pulleys awakes him and he watches the tarp being lowered by two creatures. Three others watch. The boy walks to the tarp as it lowers, hoping to find more food. It hits the ground and he realizes it's empty. He looks up at the creatures and understands what they want.

The boy steps onto the tarp and is lifted to the surface. They take him by the arms and begin walking him through the living grounds. The canyon narrows up ahead.

**EXT. NARROW CANYON - NIGHT**

The five creatures walk the boy through the canyon. Its small turns make it difficult to see much further ahead. They go on till they reach a linear thirty-foot stretch that leads to a sheer wall. At the end of the path is a manually controlled wooden platform attached to a complex pulley system.

The platform, large enough to fit all of them, leads all the way to the top of the mountain. They step onto it and four of the creatures begin hoisting them up. A third of the way from the top, they reach the opening of a cave.

**INT. CAVE/ NARROW CANYON - CONTINUOUS**

They tie off the elevator to wooden posts and enter the cave. Strategically placed crystal orbs illuminate their path. They follow an arched passageway down carved steps.

**INT. MAUSOLEUM/ CAVE - CONTINUOUS**

Centered in the wide mausoleum is a raised platform, and lying on the platform is the corpse of the dead creature, who is now naked. It appears to have no reproductive organ, and its limbs are extremely thin. All three of its braids are now separated from its head and coiled down its torso.

They walk the boy closer to the corpse and release their hold on him. He hesitates, then walks to the corpse and examines it. A thick, clear paste has been spread over its skin.

**BOY**

What's wrong with it?

A creature behind him makes a LOUD HISS, giving the boy a scare as he decides to remain silent. Two creatures take glowing orbs from a nearby rack and hold them at the corpse's head and feet.

Starting at a low pitch and gradually rising, they all begin rhythmically hissing. A creature takes a third orb and hands it to the boy. It sporadically glows in his hands, intriguing the creatures.

**EXT. CAVE/ NARROW CANYON - NIGHT**

They return to the elevator and step out of the cave. The creatures untie the elevator and continue ascending to the top of the canyon.

**EXT. SUMMIT/ NARROW CANYON - NIGHT**

The elevator reaches the summit and the creatures once again tie it off. They all step off and the boy takes in a truly breathtaking view. The moons and auroras shine over the maze of mountains and canyons. Even so, the mountain they stand on is dwarfed by those in the far distance.

Between them and the towering mountains is the only visible clearing, miles away. In it sits a weathered, abandoned city. Three diamond shaped structures, many times larger than any other buildings, are most easily visible. They indicate a civilization far more advanced than these creatures are.

A creature takes the boy by the back of the neck and walks him to a better view of the city. It speaks while they look upon the ruins.

**BOY**

What is that place?

The creature takes the boy's arm and begins rubbing it. He turns the boy around and in the blink of an eye, another creature removes a lance from his robe and STABS THE BOY'S INNER FOREARM. He screams as he watches blood pour out of him. A creature places a vase beneath to collect the blood.

The boy cries but doesn't fight back. They accumulate a few cups of blood and slap a wad of the thick, clear embalming paste over his wound, stopping the bleeding. The boy drops to his knees, clutching his arm.

The creatures huddle and converse while examining the blood. Their tones fluctuate during a heated debate. The one currently speaking in an angry tone walks to the boy, lifts, then carries him to the ledge. The others follow them as the one carrying the boy HOLDS HIM OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE!

The child screams as his legs dangle over the thousand-foot drop, and the creatures who followed halt a few paces away from the delicate situation and plead with the aggressor not to make a rash decision. It shouts at the boy while he screams, then tosses him back on the ground.

As the boy sobs, the other creatures walk past him without a care and continue to argue with each other. The boy scoots away to distance himself from the commotion, his back to the creatures as he looks out to the canyons.

**DISSOLVE:**

The creatures have been speaking for hours. Some pace along the cliff, others sit and rest. The boy is still away from them, contemplating his situation.

**DISSOLVE:**

The sliver of light along the horizon reveals dawn fast approaching. The creatures sit in a circle, humming while in a meditative state. Laying on his side and in utter despondency, the boy picks himself up and walks to the ledge. As he looks down the canyon, a strong wind hits him.

He feels off balance for a moment, leaning over the edge but now accepting the fear of whatever may happen if he falls. It's currently an inviting feeling. His toes inch over. Suddenly, a creature's hand reaches across his face and pulls him away from the ledge, throwing him down.

The boy scuttles back as the creature hisses angrily at him.

**BOY (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I just wanted  
to sleep forever! Please don't hurt  
me.

The others walk over and one of them picks the boy up, taking him to the elevator.

**EXT. PIT - MIDDAY**

Back in the pit, the boy is getting some much needed sleep. He awakens to the sight of another crystal bowl on the tarp.

After crawling over, he sees it has nearly the same contents as before. Instead of drinking, he fishes out a mushroom and analyzes, then eats it.

**TIME CUT:**

With his pupils dilated, he sits in the center of the pit, now more prepared for this experience.

INSERT: The boy holds a glowing orb in the mausoleum.

INSERT: The being he sees in his dreams, its light streaking through the void.

INSERT: The creatures sitting in a circle, meditating.

INSERT: A creature takes the vase of the child's blood and pours it into the mouth of the corpse in the mausoleum.

INSERT: The boy stands over the ledge of the cliff, closes his eyes, and falls.

**TIME CUT:**

Hours later, the boy is hunched over, holding his nauseous stomach. He hears movement above and watches a unique shadow hover over him. In disbelief of who it belongs to, he sees his mother step to the edge of the pit and look down at him.

**SAMANTHA**

Thomas?

**BOY**

Mom?

She's gasping, emotional, wanting to go down to him.

**SAMANTHA**

I can't believe it! I was so worried!

He feels an uncontrollable rush of emotion as he attempts to speak but is unable to say anything coherent.

**BOY**

I... Mom... Please... Help... Me...

She looks behind her.

**SAMANTHA**

Get me down there!

She sees the pulley system and walks to it as two creatures follow her. Understanding the situation, they raise the tarp.

The other creatures gather around the pit and observe. She steps onto the tarp, almost loses her balance, and is lowered. Thomas weakly stands.

There are still a few feet to go but Samantha decides to jump down. He's in a state of shock as she runs over and holds him tight. She touches his hair and face, kissing him despite how filthy he is.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Baby, look at you. What happened to your arm?

He's trembling, crying, still unable to speak and she realizes he just needs love at the moment.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

I'm not letting go, don't worry.

So far she's kept her word as the creatures watch from above.

**TIME CUT:**

They sit against the pit with their arms around each other. The creatures have left them alone and the boy is calmer.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

I thought we were alone. So much time had passed... Your father didn't know... Or he didn't care.

**BOY**

What are they?

**SAMANTHA**

They're... Look baby, I've seen lots of different... creatures. Things that are alive like us. I don't know exactly what they are but I want you to understand something...

**BOY**

What?

**SAMANTHA**

You know how when we look at our own reflection in the lake, we look different from each other?

**BOY**

Yes.

**SAMANTHA**

These creatures are all the same.

**BOY**

Why?

**SAMANTHA**

It doesn't matter why. What it means is they don't understand what it is to be individuals... I guess you don't either, really.

She scoots in front of him to be more direct.

**BOY**

They're not like us because they don't look like us.

**SAMANTHA**

They're not like us because they look exactly alike. That's what worries me. Your father showed me the difference between creatures like us and creatures like them. They don't develop because they have no point of reference to what is a better version of themselves. So we have to be very careful.  
(touches his wounded arm)  
What happened to you?

**BOY**

They poked me and so much of my blood came out. They took it.

**SAMANTHA**

That's odd, baby. They don't seem aggressive. When they found me in the forest, they knew I was looking for you.

**BOY**

They're mad at me.

**SAMANTHA**

Why?

**BOY**

I hurt one of them.

**SAMANTHA**

Why did you do that?

**BOY**

I didn't mean to. I was so scared I just wanted to get away and be with you again.

**SAMANTHA**

It's going to be okay, baby.

**BOY**

He won't wake up.

Samantha understands what that means. She holds him close so he can't see her worried face.

**TIME CUT:**

The suns are setting. Four creatures stand around the pit, staring down at them. Two others walk towards the pulleys and lower the tarp. Samantha stands first, then her son.

**EXT. NARROW CANYON - NIGHT**

The creatures lead them down the narrow canyon.

**EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

They take the manual elevator up the canyon wall.

**INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT**

Samantha, with her arm around her son at all times, looks at the dead creature's corpse. A creature hands the boy an orb, which again glows brightly from his touch, stirring Samantha. The others reach into a compartment near the wall and grab a piece of long, clear tubing with a needle at both ends.

They each inject one of their needles into varying places on the corpse, including its chest, thighs, and neck. They then inject the other end into their lower forearm. Their thick blood works its way through the tubing.

Chanting begins. The one unattached creature places two orbs under the corpse's hands. He then reaches beneath the tomb and takes out the vase containing the boy's blood, placing it on the platform. In the compartment containing the tubing, he removes a hose and slides one end down the corpse's throat.

The boy, near the corpse's hands, sees the glow of his orb spread to the others. The chants louden. Blood from all five tubes has reached the corpse. The creature carefully pours the boy's blood through the hose.



**BOY**

(silently)

He's going to wake up.

The corpse begins trembling, its movements very unnatural. There is no more of the boy's blood to pour. The creature removes the hose and the blood pools to the top of the corpse's mouth, some dripping down its cheek. Its stomach compresses, swallowing the blood.

The corpse is motionless once again... THEN VIOLENTLY SITS UP, RIPPING THE TUBES FROM THE OTHERS' ARMS IN THE PROCESS. It begins convulsing, spraying the boy's blood everywhere. The corpse doesn't seem to make conscious decisions. It grips the orbs and rolls off the tomb, falling to the ground.

The creatures grab a bowl of embalming paste, cover their needle marks, then try to settle the flailing corpse and cover its wounds as well. Both the boy's blood and theirs gets everywhere. The corpse makes consistent involuntary squeals. It thrashes and shoves, terrifying the boy as it limps in his direction. He and Samantha back away.

A creature gets behind them, blocking them from getting away. More blood spews from the corpse's mouth. Now just a few feet from the boy, it holds out the orbs in both its hands. They react like magnets to the brighter orb the boy currently holds. The corpse's hands are inches from the boy. He raises his orb to meet the other two and channels light into them.

The chanting seems to be peaking with a tonal shift, leading to this moment. The corpse stands tall and still for once. Then a strange rumble comes from its stomach. It gurgles, then vomits a mix of both bloods onto the boy. He screams and drops the orb, shattering it like crystal and extinguishing its light. The light in the other two go out as well.

Not a single muscle on the corpse moves. It then falls forward, smashing its head on the stone floor. The head splits open, revealing a thin skull and gelatinous brain, which oozes out onto the ground.

The creatures scramble to mend the corpse but just as soon realize it's too late. One picks up shards from the shattered orb. They all turn towards the boy. He feels their glaring blame. Samantha puts her hands on his shoulders.

**EXT. SUMMIT/ NARROW CANYON - DAWN**

The elevator reaches the summit and they all step off. The creatures converse while they secure the elevator. Samantha, her arm around Thomas, sees the ancient city in the distance and walks over to get a better look.

Being the crack of dawn, streaks of light begin pouring over the tremendous mountains. It is quite a sight.

**SAMANTHA**

I kept you so sheltered, honey. All I wanted was for you to be safe. And I could've shown you something like this all the years we've been here. It's not fair I got to see these things and you didn't.

**BOY**

My favorite days were the ones we went somewhere we'd never been.

He continues to look ahead while Samantha shifts a careful glance behind them. The creatures are ten yards away, all standing in a straight line, an arm's length apart. They observe in silence. Samantha looks away, worried as she inadvertently squeezes her son's shoulder.

**SAMANTHA**

(points to the city)  
Yeah? I bet you'd like to go and explore way out there, huh?

**BOY**

Yes, I would.

Samantha kneels in front of him. They are now face-to-face.

**SAMANTHA**

You just wanted to be free. I don't want you to think anything was your fault. It's mine. I didn't tell you everything when I should have. You deserved better. I'm sorry, baby.

Tears fill their eyes.

**BOY**

I felt so alone without you, mommy.

**SAMANTHA**

Me too. You're my heart and everything in it.

She pulls him in tight and tries to hold herself together, closing her eyes. Not wanting to open them in this painful moment she's doing all she can to extend, she eventually looks to the creatures. Samantha stands, still holding her son close and keeping one side of his face pressed against her abdomen while covering his outer ear with her hand.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

He's an innocent child. He's just a confused boy. It's all my fault. He doesn't understand what he did.

Three creatures, each holding one of the corpse's braids, hold them outwards and grasp the middle with both hands. They strain but manage to tear them in half, then toss them on the ground. A creature walks to them, stopping within reach.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Please just leave us alone.

It reaches for the boy and Samantha slaps its hand away. An angry screech follows, and two others come forward while the rest go to the ledge a few yards behind Samantha.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Nothing will change what happened.

The two stand on opposite sides of Samantha as she tightens her already intense hold of the boy.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Don't touch my son!

The creatures to her sides each take one of her arms and try to wrestle them away from the child. She twists and turns, aiming to shake them off but their surprising strength is too much. Her grip is pulled loose. The third creature wraps the boy around the waist and carries him to the creatures waiting at the ledge. The boy reaches out to her.

**BOY**

Mom...

**SAMANTHA**

No! Please, no!

Samantha screams and fights, but they've wrestled her to the ground where she is on her hands and knees, facing the ledge to which they took her son. He now stands between two of the creatures, inches from the ledge. Eerily calm, the boy turns to his mother, almost to reassure her.

**BOY**

Mom, I'm not afraid.

She struggles to match his courage, as much as she wants to.

**SAMANTHA**

Good, there's no need to be.

**BOY**

I'm just tired.

**SAMANTHA**

(to the creatures)

Please! Just this once! Give me what I want!

(to her son)

Look at me, baby. I love you so much.

**BOY**

I know.

The two creatures beside the boy lift him by the legs and arms and effortlessly THROW HIM OVER THE LEDGE.

**SAMANTHA**

Noooooooooo!

They release her as she cries out, feeling pain manifest in her chest and stomach. She slumps over helplessly, burying her face in her hands and sobbing profusely. The creatures, with no apparent empathy, return to the elevator. Samantha crawls to the ledge where he was thrown and looks down.

Below, she finds a labyrinth of crevasses in the canyons and looks for her son's body. There is a FLASH OF LIGHT in the sky, shocking Samantha as she scans the entire horizon but finds nothing. Anger begins to accompany her sorrow.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Were you watching this?! Have you been watching the entire time?! He was your son! How could you?!

In the distant city, three separate and thunderous cracks are heard. The top half of the diamond structures begin to rotate and extend upwards. The creatures squeal with excitement and run back to the ledge for a better view.

They continue to shout, then acknowledge Samantha by crossing their hands at her before hurrying to the elevator and leaving. Light crystals atop the diamonds begin to ignite. Samantha continues to look for the being.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Where are you, you bastard?! Look what you did to me!

More pain and discomfort builds in her gut and she vomits.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

Are you still watching?!

She crawls to the ledge and looks down, crying.

**SAMANTHA (CONT'D)**

I just want it to stop. Please, I can't do this anymore.

She leans further over the ledge.

**BEING (O.S.)**

Samantha...

She turns and sees the being behind her. His presence causes only more pain as she speaks through her tears.

**SAMANTHA**

No... Why? You could've saved him.

**BEING**

I'm not the one who brought you here, Samantha.

**SAMANTHA**

(confused)

That voice... Why do you sound like my fa...

(The voice of her biological father.) She doesn't finish.

**BEING**

I searched his memories and in them I found you. So long as we exist he will be locked away for what he's done to you and so many others.

She ponders the implications.

**SAMANTHA**

I don't care. Despite everything, he would've saved my son. And you didn't.

**BEING**

I and the others can't choose when to bring you happiness or decide what we believe to be best for you.

**SAMANTHA**

It hurts so bad. Does it have to? Why am I in this much pain?

**BEING**

Because you believe your son is dead.

**SAMANTHA**

He... what are you saying?

**BEING**

Where did he say he wished to go?

Samantha thinks, then turns to the ancient city coming to life and is at a loss for words.

**SAMANTHA**

How...

**BEING**

He's one of us now. But still a child. A child who will have the means to explore infinite worlds. He will need guidance and we will give him that and more.

**SAMANTHA**

He should be with me.

**BEING**

He would be more lost, even more confused than before.

**SAMANTHA**

It doesn't change that he's my son.

**BEING**

At this moment, he won't understand what you are in relation to what he is now. He's travelling faster than light, between the spaces of this physical world and the metaphysical fabric that holds it all together.

**SAMANTHA**

(emotional)

He's my boy...

**BEING**

And he's truly free now, Samantha. Just as you wanted him to be. I'll watch over him. And perhaps you will meet him again. When he's ready.

She struggles to stand and faces the city, still sobbing.

**SAMANTHA**

There's nothing else for me... I can't stay here.

The being moves closer to her.

**BEING**

Oh Samantha, I've been watching  
your son but I came for you.

**SAMANTHA**

For me?

**BEING**

Any memory. Any place in time you  
remember. Any feeling you wish to  
explore. Just tell me, where would  
you like to go?

She faces the being. Its light envelops her.

**FADE TO WHITE.**

**ROLL CREDITS.**

**END.**