

PSYCHIC SPACE MONSTER

written by

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FADE IN

INT. VEE'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cutting board. Strong female hands efficiently slice strawberries' tops off.

Topless strawberries tumble into a blender, followed by heaping dollops of yogurt.

Lid on, button press -- the goop mulches into a pinkish slurry of strawberry smoothie.

VEE ALBRIGHT (tough, driven, negative tolerance for BS) gulps down big swallows of smoothie.

She glares at her laptop. Snaps it shut.

Tying her hair back for her early-morning jog, she glances out the window at the pre-dawn light.

EXT. URBAN SHORELINE - NIGHT

Grey mist curls and drifts over urban lake.

Sunrise an hour away.

SUPER: "day 0 contact"

An OLD MAN emerges from the water.

Bald. White. Naked.

He sloshes wetly ashore.

Vee rounds a bend towards him.

Catches his eye as she approaches.

Holds uneasy eye contact then looks away as she jogs past, giving him a wide berth. His eyes follow her.

She's ten paces beyond him when he raises a finger.

Vee jerks to an unnaturally instant stop.

He twirls his finger. She spins in place.

He beckons. She approaches. Halts in front of him.
Her eyes bulge in helpless frozen terror as he appraises her.

INT. VEE'S PLACE - FOYER - NIGHT

Vee's foyer, dimmed in shadow.

Key in lock, CLICK-KLAK! -- the door opens.

Lit from outside, Vee's in silhouette. She enters.

The Old Man's behind her.

He follows her in and shuts the door behind them.

INT. VEE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vee leads the Old Man into the living room.

She takes a spot on the couch. He seats himself in the chair.

They meet eyes.

INT. VEE'S KNOWLEDGE MONTAGE - DAY

Rapid-fire montage of everything Vee knows about Earth:

-- Bacteria wriggle and squirm in water.

-- Algae and plants erupt out of ocean over land, grow wildly.

-- Earth lifeforms, trees, grasslands, bugs, dinosaurs, ferns, flowers, mammoths, people.

-- People with wooden spears.

-- People with metal blades.

-- Tracks, trails, roads, highways lead into settlements, villages, towns, cities...

INT. VEE'S HEADSPACE - STUDY - DAY

Vee in her study glares at a hardcore Zoom meeting.

Her screen displays GREG, an impressive clean-cut go-getter.

GREG

Listen. I fought for you. I did.

VEE

Are you fucking fucking FUCKING
kidding me?

Onscreen Greg tosses his hands up in sad resignation.

GREG

Stuff like that, Vee... it doesn't
help. I wish you understood. It kills
me to watch you sabotage yourself when
you have so much to offer.

VEE

Look. Look.

(calming herself despite herself)

Greg, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. But we're
ready to go. The money is in the
budget. It's right fucking there.
Can't they just let us finish?

GREG

You know if it was up to me I would
say yes.

VEE

But it's not up to you.

Onscreen Greg does a "what-are-ya-gonna-do?" shrug.

GREG

C'mon, Vee. It's the game and you
should know it by now. When they play
musical chairs in the exec offices,
shows get killed. You suck it up
and... oh, hello, who's this?

The Old Man, who has been watching the whole time from behind
Vee, has leaned in far enough to become visible to Greg's
camera.

Vee looks over her shoulder, sees the Old Man.

She shrieks and dives out of her chair --

INT. VEE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- blankly seated on the couch across from the Old Man, Vee twitches --

INT. VEE'S HEADSPACE - STUDY - DAY

-- in her study headspace Vee clambers as far from the Old Man as she can get, flings whatever comes to hand at him.

No impromptu projectile comes particularly close so he doesn't move.

VEE

What the fuck what the fuck fuck what
the fuck are you what is this is this
a memory is it a dream what the FUCK?

Vee runs out of small stuff, grabs the laptop and hurls it. This one he dodges by taking a half-step to the side.

With nothing else to fling, Vee switches tactics:

VEE

FUCK YO000000000000U!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Arms folded, leaning against the wall, the Old Man waits for her screech to run out of gas, which it eventually does.

A flick of the Old Man's finger dispenses with everything in the room except himself and Vee.

Same room, empty now but for the two of them.

OLD MAN

Language. Speech.

A gentle dip of his finger has her crash to her knees on the hardwood before him.

OLD MAN

Food.

INT. VEE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- on the couch, Vee whips out her phone and pulls up a quick repeat-order on her GrubHub equivalent --

INT. VEE'S HEADSPACE - STUDY - DAY

-- Vee, on her knees on the hardwood floor, finishes placing the order on her phone.

Except she's not holding her phone. Which she realizes and drops the phone she's not holding like a snake.

VEE

FUCK!

OLD MAN

Rise.

He puppets her to her feet.

OLD MAN

You understand I have power over you?

VEE

I don't understand shit!

INT. VEE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vee, seated, punches herself in the face, HARD.

INT. VEE'S HEADSPACE - STUDY - DAY

Vee staggers back in the aftermath of the blow.

OLD MAN

You understand I can make you suffer?

She sucker-punches herself in the mouth, HARD.

VEE

Yes! Fuck! Stop! I understand!

OLD MAN

Hear. Attend. We are a time of change.
For your own wellbeing and the
survival of this world, you obey.
Resistance is punished; initiative,
rewarded.

VEE

Do I get to say anything or talk at all?

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK

INT. VEE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seated on couch & chair in Vee's living room, Vee and the Old Man perk up at the sound.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Food.

Vee puppets to her feet.

INT. VEE'S PLACE - FOYER - NIGHT

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK --

Vee opens the door to reveal FOOD DUDE (20s, an immigrant from somewhere).

FOOD DUDE

Hello. Food Dude!

Vee grabs the bag from Food Dude's outstretched hand.

She's a little twitchy but Food Dude doesn't notice.

VEE

I. Forgot. The tip. Come inside.

Vee beckons Food Dude inside --

INT. VEE'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vee's kitchen lies between her foyer and her living room. Vee snaps on the light and leads Food Dude to the counter.

VEE

I have my bag here somewhere.

She doesn't, but Food Dude doesn't yet notice.

FOOD DUDE

Nice.

VEE
 Sorry? Sorry?

FOOD DUDE
 Nice. It's nice. You have a nice
 place.

VEE
 Thanks thanks thanks --

Behind Food Dude, the Old Man emerges from the shadows of the living room. He grins.

In front of Vee's helpless eyes, behind Food Dude, the Old Man's grin EXPANDS UPWARDS.

His mouth opens higher and higher --

-- impossibly, his head STRETCHES UPWARDS on a column of flesh, his upper teeth and above go up up up, the lower teeth stay where they were --

-- a gaping distended maw rises up and over Food Dude's head.

FOOD DUDE
 Look lady I got like three more
 deliveries so if we could just quick--

Food Dude sees something in Vee's eyes.

The Old Man throws Vee a WINK --

Food Dude turns as the Old Man's mouth flops forward and ENGULFS Food Dude's head.

Inside the Old Man's mouth, terrible teeth crush and grind Food Dude's head to instant pulp.

Vee has been so stupefied witnessing this horror that she hadn't realized she is no longer under the Old Man's control. Now she does.

She flinches back, looks around in panic. Fight? Flight?

She spots her knife rack, grabs an 8" Aikido steel Chef's Knife from it, whips around to face the Old Man.

The Old Man calmly eyes her, sucks on Food Dude's neck like a juicebox.

He empties it in three shuddering swallows.

Snaps his head back with a crunchy slurp.

Food Dude's drained and headless corpse drops to the floor.

One final obscene swallow as his head returns to normal, still eyeing Vee, who's been poised but hadn't found her nerve.

OLD MAN

You sense I have released my control
but you have not attacked.

VEE

No.

OLD MAN

Why?

VEE

I... fuck, I don't know! I don't think
I'll make it before you grab me again.

OLD MAN

Yes.

He puppets her to the counter.

Her left hand splays out across the cutting board.

The right hand with the knife lines up to slice off a thumb.

VEE

Oh no no fuck no

OLD MAN

That you recognize so quickly shows
promise. We forego this demonstration.
A gift.

He puppets her around to seat the knife safely back in the rack.

OLD MAN

You are more use whole.

He gestures to the window, the approach of morning.

OLD MAN
Light rises. Much ahead.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

Vee and the Old Man (now in one of Vee's shapeless track suits) in Vee's Tesla.

They pull up to a gate barring the entrance to Greg's tacky mansion estate.

Vee leans out and presses a button on the gate intercom, a fancy one with a Zoom-like screen.

LAURA (Greg's assistant, 20s, sweet) appears on the screen.

VEE
Hey, Laura. Greg there?

LAURA
Vee, hi! What's up? I didn't see you on the schedule.

VEE
Yeah, I'm kinda here to make a desperate plea.

GREG (O.S.)
Is that Vee?

On Laura's screen, Greg peeks in.

GREG
You came to my house?

VEE
C'mon, man, you gotta let me beg face-to-face at least once. Five minutes. Old times. Be real.

Greg grunts, rolls his eyes.

INT. GREG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vee's place was nice but Greg's is ten times bigger and more expensive.

Greg lounges by his laptop at the bar as Laura shows in Vee and the Old Man.

Neither Laura nor Greg seem to notice the Old Man.

GREG

I'm just being nice here, Vee. The decision's already made.

VEE

I'm sorry, man. This is so fucked up. I don't know what to do.

The Old Man strides up to Greg, who notices him.

GREG

Hey, who's this?

The Old Man takes Greg by the head and KISSES HIM.

Greg's freaked, and struggles, but can't break the Old Man's grip as the kiss goes on, LONG and DEEP.

A GROTESQUE BULGE makes its way up the Old Man's neck and into Greg's mouth.

Greg writhes as tendrils and slime BURST FROM HIS EARS.

LAURA

Oh my god what are you doing what's happening --

She turns to run. Vee grabs her arm.

VEE

Don't. He'll hurt you.

The Old Man pulls back from the kiss. The remainder of the bulging implant squelches into Greg's mouth and disappears inside him.

Greg and the Old Man sag against each other, both seeming weakened by the experience.

Vee's grip on Laura's arm TIGHTENS.

With shuddering breaths, Greg and the Old Man rise to identical postures of confident strength.

They meet eyes, nod.

The Old Man beckons Laura to follow him downstairs.

VEE

Oh god I'm sorry Laura no don't do it
you FUCKERS

Ignoring her, the Old Man and Laura exit.

Vee turns to Greg, who grins and rubs his hands together hungrily.

GREG

Lighten up, Vee. Show's back on.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

Taking a turn round a filthy rich person's expansive back yard, ALANA (30s, ferocious, playing "Carol") stares down ROD (30s, smarmy, playing "Ben").

ALANA

I don't give a fuck. And you the fuck
know why not? You stupid incompetent
fuck?

ROD

Enlighten me. I want to hear this.

ALANA

In case you hadn't noticed, I happen
to be making all the money. All of it.
Every fucking penny. And what --
respectfully-- fucksticks like you
don't seem to grasp is I do not give
two squirts of cuntjuice how tight me
having all the fucking money twists
your personal fucking paddies.
Panties. Shit! Sorry.

DIRECTOR DAN (O.S.)

Cut.

SUPER: "day 32 bloom"

Pull back: we're shooting a TV show, a scene from "No, Fuck YOU" (Vee's show) on location at Greg's estate.

Production trailers, video village, PAs and grips and art department people scurrying everywhere. A crane.

DIRECTOR DAN approaches Alana, comforting.

ALANA

Sorry.

DIRECTOR DAN

No worries. It's a mouthful.

ALANA

The show's called "No, Fuck YOU." I knew what I was signing up for.

DIRECTOR DAN

And you're killing it. One more, we'll put this to bed.

MAGGIE from Makeup & Hair squeezes in to freshen up Alana's base and check her wig.

DIRECTOR DAN

Remember, take your time. There's no hurry. You're in control here.

He FREEZES.

So does Alana. So does Maggie. So does Rod.

So does everybody across the set.

Motionless. Eyes blank. Unseeing.

Like somebody yelled "Red Light!" and the whole production nailed it flawlessly.

Enter Vee and Greg weaving in towards the actors.

VEE

... I'm just saying, if you keep pigging out on these people, they have families.

Greg's head expands up into Feeding Mode and he chomps down onto Maggie's noggin.

Vee rolls her eyes, taps her tablet impatiently with her stylus. There's no talking to him while he's feeding.

Greg finishes his meal with a stomach-churning SLURP.

Maggie's headless body strolls off towards the mansion to dispose of itself as Greg turns to Vee, wiping his lips.

VEE

Was that good? Tasty? Must be awesome not having to worry about finding somebody to do her job.

GREG

Not enough cigarettes. Nourishing otherwise. We grow stronger.

VEE

Why am I even fucking here? You can put the brainlock on anybody but you still keep me around and make me do and see all this fucked up shit WITHOUT controlling my mind. Is it torture? Is this just fucking fun torture for you?

GREG

Come on, Vee. Without you there's no show. You know that better than anyone.

He releases the set from his mindlock, everyone snapping back to life, busily resuming their business.

Neither Director Dan nor the actors register surprise at Greg and Vee's sudden appearance in their midst.

DIRECTOR DAN

Hey, Big Man. Checking in on how we're spending your money? Don't worry, baby, it's all going in here.

(tapping the camera)

Vee, got the pages, love 'em, cranking 'em as we speak.

ROD

FUCKING cranking them.

ALANA

You're just jealous I get all the juicy "fuck" lines.

Everybody laughs. Well, Vee doesn't.

DIRECTOR DAN

I think we're ready to go. Though...
hmmm. Can we get a quick touch-up?
Where's Makeup? Makeup?

INT. VEE'S TRAILER - DAY

Vee types on her laptop in her on-set trailer.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

VEE

Yup.

Director Dan enters.

DIRECTOR DAN

Just wanted to check in on our
absentee issue. It's really starting
to affect production.

VEE

You don't say.

DIRECTOR DAN

This is a great show and an awesome
crew. Why do people keep bailing on
us? I don't get it.

VEE

Yeah, you wouldn't. Your mind's being
blocked by a psychic space monster.

DIRECTOR DAN

What?

VEE

It sucks. Running a show's not hard
enough? Try a fucking human buffet.

DIRECTOR DAN

Uh... is this a bit?

VEE

Don't worry about it. Venting.

Vee's walkie-talkie crackles; she answers it.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Hey, Vee, sorry to bother you, but we
need you out at the gate.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

The gate's open, manned by a little booth.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (Terry) waits with DETECTIVE GERALD SANDERS (40s, big-boned).

Tapping her tablet, Vee strolls up to join them. Sanders steps forward, hand outstretched. They shake.

SANDERS
Ms. Albright? Detective Gerald
Sanders, LAPD.

VEE
What can I do for you, Detective?

SANDERS
Well, it's a funny thing. We get
missing persons reports all the time.
They go into a big federal database
and we update it and so on.

VEE
Huh. Okay.

SANDERS
One thing we do is go through 'em and
look for patterns. And this really
weird one just popped out.

VEE
Oh boy.

SANDERS
Maybe you see where I'm going with
this. Did you know that in the last
thirty days, five missing person
reports listed this production as
employer?

VEE
Whoa, really? I mean, we've had people
not showing up for work. In fact I
(MORE)

VEE (CONT'D)

think we've talked to your officers a couple of times before. Wait... are you saying you think there's something going on? Like, here? On the set?

SANDERS

I'm not saying anything. But I wouldn't mind a chance to walk around, ask a few questions.

VEE

Of course. Yeah. Anything we can do. Terry, can we get a guest pass for the detective here?

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

Trailers, and a production tent. Under it, Greg relaxes in a producer's chair as various production folks scurry hither and thither.

Vee and Sanders pull up in a golf cart and disembark.

VEE

Detective Sanders, this is our Producer, Greg Davis.

Greg rises to meet them.

GREG

Detective. Good to meet you. You're right on schedule.

Across the set, everyone except Greg and Vee FREEZES, just like before.

Sanders is also frozen, but unlike everybody else, instead of glassy, his eyes are awake, aware and terrified.

SANDERS

What's happening. I can't move.

GREG

No. I've allowed you to retain observation and speech, as it will aid the process. Come with, Vee.

He beckons and makes towards the house.

INT. GREG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greg, Vee and puppeted Sanders enter Greg's living room from the patio. Lightstands and crates are piled in a corner, evidence they've been using this space for interiors.

GREG

... after establishing security radius and a consistent feeding channel, the next phase is to penetrate local armed authority. Which is where you come in, Detective.

SANDERS

Please, whatever this is, stop it. You have to stop it.

GREG

Explain it to him, Vee.

VEE

Yeah, you're gonna get murdered, I'm afraid. Or worse, actually. Sorry. Nothing I can do.

She fidgets with her tablet.

GREG

I think we're ready, but it's a big step, so let's take it downstairs and run it by the Old Man.

INT. GREG'S BASEMENT - DAY

Greg, Vee and Sanders descend the stairs into Greg's expansive basement to meet the Old Man.

The Old Man has changed since we last saw him.

His body has withered away completely.

All that remains is his loathsome head, which has swelled to the size of an AMBULANCE.

One horrendous cheek has become a titanic BOIL, bigger than two men. Under tight translucent skin, grisly shapes squirm.

The Old Man's beachball-sized eyes narrow and focus on Greg, Vee and Sanders as they assemble before him.

SANDERS

Oh my god oh my god this isn't
happening this isn't real

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Proceed.

As the Old Man had done to Greg, Greg grabs Sanders' head and deep-kisses him.

The distorted swelling works its way up Greg's neck and into Sanders.

Vee looks down at her tablet. Has a thought. Goes for it.

VEE STABS GREG IN THE THROAT WITH HER STYLUS.

A deafening PSYCHIC SHRIEK blares out.

Vee releases the stylus, reels back. Hideous juice foams and jets from the wound.

The Old Man's eyeballs roll in wild agony.

Greg and Sanders stagger, still locked together mouth-to-mouth.

The Old Man's boil BURSTS, unleashing a torrent of salmon-sized implants to gush in a wriggling wave across the basement floor.

Impossibly, the psychic shrieking INTENSIFIES.

Vee clutches her head --

bleeding from eyes, nose and mouth --

but somehow still alive and able to move --

scrambles up the stairs.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

The shrieking and blubbering howls just as loud outside.

Vee staggers out across the set, weaves between crew members twitching and writhing in torment.

Vee lurches to an SUV --

-- hops in, guns it --

-- pulls out in a spurt of gravel.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

Vee's SUV rockets past the gate booth where P.A. Terry foams at the mouth in the grip of the psychic cacophony.

Out on the street other vehicles slam erratically into each other. Vee swerves around a three-car pileup and keeps going.

INT/EXT. VEE DRIVING - PASSAGE OF TIME

-- Vee's SUV winds up hilly roads towards sun-bloodied mountains.

GREG (O.S.)
COME BACK!!!

Hunched over the wheel, Vee flinches but drives grimly on.

-- mountain roads as sun sets, night swallows the world.

Quieter:

OLD MAN (O.S.)
...come back come back you come back
right now girl...

Vee almost smirks. Hell, she totally smirks. In fact:

VEE
Fuck off and fuck you, you fucking
psycho space fucking FUUUUUUUUCKS!!!!

Screaming her fucking head off by herself at herself in the SUV feels super good.

-- coming off mountains onto desert highway, eastward into plunging night.

INT. VEE'S SUV - NIGHT

Wired behind the wheel and fleeing into the dark, Vee's head keeps nodding down into micro-sleeps and snapping awake.

She doesn't notice blowing past a highway patrol cruiser waiting in a crossing between the divided highways.

One micro-sleep later the cruiser is zooming along right beside her, SIREN WHOOPING.

Vee can't hear what the Trooper is yelling but she can sure see the Trooper pointing urgently at the side of the road.

VEE

Fuck.

Vee pulls over.

EXT. VEE'S SUV - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Vee exits her SUV.

The Trooper (DORIS MORRIS, 40s) has already pulled to a stop behind Vee's SUV and exited her cruiser.

Her gun is drawn and aimed at Vee.

MORRIS

Hands in the air!

VEE

They're already up, you daffy bitch.

MORRIS

Get down on the ground right now!

VEE

Whoa whoa holy shit lady.

MORRIS

I SAID GET DOWN!

VEE

Jesus fuck, fine, Christ.

Vee kneels.

MORRIS
Hands behind your head!

Vee complies.

VEE
Okay. You got it. Anything else? Fuck.

MORRIS
You're from the city?

Vee snorts.

VEE
How can you tell?

MORRIS
What's happening? Was it terrorists?

VEE
Is that what they're saying? That's
fucking hilarious.

MORRIS
They think it was nerve gas.

VEE
Oh fuck. If only. Listen, honey, if
you're smart you'll hop right back in
that choo-choo train and get the fuck
out of Dodge as far and fast as you
can and let me do the same.

The Trooper considers.

MORRIS
Huh. You actually know something.

VEE
And you won't believe it. But you're
gonna fucking have to because it's
real.

The Trooper holsters her gun.

MORRIS
I-15's blocked at the state line. I
think you better come with me.

VEE

Am I under arrest?

MORRIS

Do you want to be? I clocked you at ninety-three, "honey." What's your name, anyway?

VEE

Vee Albright. You?

The Trooper extends her hand.

MORRIS

Doris.

(resigned)

Morris.

VEE

Seriously? Your parents were funny?

MORRIS

They thought so.

They shake.

VEE

Okay, fine. Fuck it. Let's do this.

INT. GREG'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the aftermath of Vee's attack and escape, Greg's basement bustles with urgent activity.

The Old Man's monstrous head looms over all, chomping and chewing. Repulsive juices ooze from the horrific ragged injury that was once a titanic cheek-sized boil.

The Old Man swallows with a GULP and opens his appalling mouth wide.

A frozen line of puppeted glassy-eyed crew members winds back up the basement stairs.

The crew member at the head of the line gets on his hands and knees and crawls into the Old Man's gaping maw.

The blubbery lips crash closed. The Old Man resumes chewing.

Greg, meanwhile, sprawls on the sofa.

He groans and clutches a blood-soaked towel to his neck.

Puppeted Director Dan attends him, gingerly peeling away the towel and replacing it with a fresh one.

With a flick of a finger Greg motions a frozen crew member from the lineup to approach.

Taking a deep breath, Greg goes into Feeding Mode, his head stretching up --

GREG
!!!EEEEEEIIGHH!!!

-- he shrieks in agony, the new towel instantly soaking red. Director Dan and the frozen line flinch in unison.

Greg's head shrinks and he sags into the sofa, whimpering.

Behind them, puppeted Alana and Rod slosh about in the slime, robotically fishing wriggling implants out of the goo and tossing them into plastic bins.

Sanders, standing off to the side, directs their efforts.

Sanders does not look good.

He looks like somebody whose alien ganglial implant got stabbed mid-insertion.

Or in layman's terms, like he choked on a basketball.

And is still choking on it.

SANDERS
Thuh!

Drooling and cross-eyed, he points at a splash.

Alana and Rod wheel as one towards it.

Their skulls crack together and they reel back.

SANDERS
Thuh!

Another point, another crack of skulls colliding.

Pause. Wait for it.

SANDERS

Thuh!

Greg mentally barks at Sanders:

GREG (V.O.)

Enough.

The Old Man intones over them both:

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Further delay is intolerable. We must bloom.

Sanders nods furiously.

SANDERS

Huhhhhh!

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Vee, seated across from Morris at Morris' squad room desk, simultaneously finishes her coffee and her story:

VEE

And if you don't believe me you can go fuck yourself.

Morris glances up at SHERIFF BURKE (50s, paunchy). Are we buying this?

Burke's frown and tightly folded arms say he's not.

MORRIS

Well, now. That's a heck of a story.

SHERIFF BURKE

It's bullshit is what it is.

VEE

Holy fuck can we just not? Do I look like I'm fucking kidding? Give me a lie detector test if you have one in this rinky-dink podunk pig pen. Fuck.

MORRIS

I think she's telling the truth.

Burke snorts.

SHERIFF BURKE

Do you.

MORRIS

Yeah. I do. She's not high. She's not crazy. She's scared. But not of us.

VEE

Holy shit, she has eyes! She has a brain! Thank you!

(to Burke)

And what about you, numbnuts? Got fucking milk?

MORRIS

I don't know if you need to curse and insult people so much.

VEE

Right! Sorry!

(to Burke)

Sorry. For real. Sorry. Officer.

SHERIFF BURKE

Sheriff.

VEE

Whatever. I'm just... this is beyond fucked up.

SHERIFF BURKE

Here's my problem, Ms. Albright. We're on high alert. Nobody really knows what's going on. Now if I was a terrorist, I'd be trying to gum up the works any way I could with crazy stories. Confuse people, you know? Mix 'em up. Crazier the better.

VEE

I don't know what to tell you, Sheriff. It's the only story I got. I don't like it any better than you, believe fucking me.

Burke scowls, but he's thinking.

SHERIFF BURKE

Let's say it was true. What happens next?

INT. FEMA COMMAND POST - NIGHT

FEMA has established an emergency command post in a high school gymnasium.

Rather like a film production on location, it buzzes with activity. Agents, cops, medics in hazmat suits scurry between makeshift workstations.

Standing before a city map pockmarked with colored pins, Incident Commander ROBERT IRWIN (40s, stern) receives a report from DR. SELEN (30s, urgent):

DR. SELEN

I'm sorry, Commander. The second round of tests come up exactly the same.

IRWIN

No chemical agents?

DR. SELEN

None. That we can detect, anyway.

IRWIN

So everybody for miles around just gets hammered by a killer migraine for no reason.

Dr. Selen gestures at the map.

DR. SELEN

That's not an airborne dispersal pattern. If anything it's a broadcast.

IRWIN

So what are we talking? An EMP?

DR. SELEN

Maybe? If it is...

She trails off. She's frozen.

As is Irwin. As is everybody else. The sounds of busy hubbub go silent.

Greg and Sanders enter, followed by Director Dan, Alana and Rod wheeling in heavy plastic bins on handcarts.

Greg and his crew wind their way through the tableau of frozen figures to Irwin and Dr. Selen.

The pushcarts clunk to a stop. Greg nods at Sanders, who cracks open the nearest bin.

Inside, of course, squirms a mess of repulsive implants.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Begin.

Sanders reaches in. Grabs one. Lifts it out.

The slippery implant squirts out of his clumsy fingers and splats on the floor.

He stares stupidly at the implant wriggling on the floor. Grabs another. Drops it as well.

Greg slaps him, hard.

Sanders falls back, a hurt look on his grotesquely distorted face.

SANDERS

Buuuh!

Greg grabs two implants from the bin, holds them up.

Irwin and Dr. Selen step forward obediently and allow Greg to feed them the implants.

They twitch and grimace in agony for a moment, then straighten. They nod at Greg, who returns the nod.

SANDERS

Lunnup!

Sanders waves the remaining frozen cops and agents forward.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Vee, Morris and Burke pore over a map of their own.

SHERIFF BURKE

If they can control you and infect you, why let you run around free? What makes you so special?

VEE

I wish I knew. I could never figure it out. They're lazy? It was easier for them to get me to do all that shit on my own?

SHERIFF BURKE

To the point where you can stab them? Doesn't add up.

Vee throws her hands up in frustration.

VEE

Again: I know!

MORRIS

The real question is: what can we do? If they can see into our minds, how do we fight them? We can't catch them by surprise.

SHERIFF BURKE

I guess we all got to get fitted for tinfoil hats.

VEE

Fuck, maybe. I never tried. I just went for it and got as much distance as I could.

MORRIS

You did say it got weaker as you got further away.

VEE

We have to get the word out.

Trooper Morris' computer beeps a notification. At the same time the fax/printer beeps and prints out a sheet.

Burke scoops it up, looks at it, scowls.

He waves over Morris.

SHERIFF BURKE

(at Vee)

Not you.

Morris scans the sheet.

MORRIS

Hoo boy.

She hands it to Vee.

MORRIS

You're famous.

Vee scans the sheet.

VEE

Oh fuck.

INT. FEMA COMMAND POST - NIGHT

In the command post, a screen displays an APB for Vee.

There's a headshot of Vee and the following text:

"ALL POINTS BULLETIN - MAXIMUM PRIORITY"

"EVE 'VEE' ALBRIGHT caucasian (f) age 37"

"Detain for questioning"

"Approach with caution"

(flashing) "WARNING: SUBJECT HAS PSYCHOTIC BREAK"

"Disregard all statemints"

"Especially about aliens"

Sanders has been typing. The "message sent" button blinks.

Greg smacks him, points at "statemints."

Sanders corrects it, hits "send" again.

INT. COUNTY SHERRIF'S STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Vee, holding the sheet, stares warily at Morris and Burke as another APB prints out behind the two.

VEE

You see what this is, right? They got
'em. Somehow they fucking got 'em.
Jesus we are so fucked.

Vee notices Burke's hand move to his gun. He draws.

SHERIFF BURKE

Ms. Albright, I'm going to ask you to raise your hands. Slowly.

VEE

Don't do this. Do this and you're fucking us all, I swear.

SHERIFF BURKE

Hands behind your head, please.

VEE

Fuuuuuuuck.

SHERIFF BURKE

Escort Ms. Albright to holding, Trooper.

Morris hesitates, but draws and gestures Vee to move as Burke turns to Morris' computer and taps some keys.

INT. FEMA COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Sanders' computer beeps.

Greg sees it, nods.

GREG

That was quick.

(to Sanders)

Continue. We must bloom. I will retrieve her.

Sanders points at the blood-soaked bandages on Greg's neck.

SANDERS

Weak.

Greg snorts in contempt, winces in pain.

GREG

And you are strong? Obey.

Greg gestures Director Dan, Alana and Rod to join him.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Morris swings the holding cell door shut in Vee's face.

MORRIS

I'm sorry.

VEE

Jesus Christ, don't be sorry, be
fucking right!

MORRIS

It's procedure. We have to.

VEE

You know this is fucked up. You know
it. You're too smart. We have one
chance. You have to fucking know that.
Please. I'm begging you.

(kneels)

I am on my fucking knees begging you.
Do I look like the kind of person who
begs fucking anybody? Ever? Please,
please, please could somebody in the
entire universe for fucking once
LISTEN.

Morris FREEZES.

She's held, rigid.

Except for her eyes. They dart around in helpless terror.

Vee on her knees stares at her, utterly shocked.

She doesn't know how -- but she's doing this.

VEE

Oh fuck what is this.

She slowly climbs to her feet, still "holding" Morris with an
outstretched hand.

She's as freaked out as Morris. More.

VEE

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

INT. FEMA HELICOPTER - NIGHT

An implanted FEMA pilot flies a FEMA helicopter through the night. Greg's in the co-pilot seat. Director Dan, Alana and Rod in the back.

All jerk to attention.

GREG

She wakes.

Rod suddenly bursts into tears.

ROD

Oh god oh please what is happening

GREG

Silence.

The three helpless humans lock again into rigid postures.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Vee still has Morris.

A moment of stillness: Vee holding, Morris held...

SUPER: "day 33 unlock"

With a gasp, Vee releases her. Morris staggers back and crashes against the wall in a shuddering intake of breath.

Morris whips out her gun. Points it trembling at Vee.

MORRIS

What did you do to me?

VEE

I--

MORRIS

You're one of them!

VEE

NO!

MORRIS

You are!

VEE

I don't know what's happening, I swear to fucking god.

MORRIS

I should shoot you.

VEE

Please, I'm sorry, there's no, I can't-- Everything is so fucked.

MORRIS

Lord Jesus help us.

VEE

Fuck, I wish.

Morris thinks harder than she ever has in her life.

MORRIS

You could have made me unlock the cell. But you let me go instead.

VEE

If you say so.

MORRIS

Do it again. Make me put my gun away.

VEE

I'm telling you I don't know how!

MORRIS

Do it or I fucking kill you!

VEE

FUCK!

Somehow she does it.

She freezes Morris again.

Her hands are held out towards Morris, gingerly, like balancing a broom on a beach ball.

Slowly, Vee mimes one hand back towards her hip.

Morris mirrors the move, holstering her pistol.

Burke from hallway:

SHERIFF BURKE (O.S.)
All right, I called it in and they're
sending--

Burke enters and FREEZES mid-sentence.

Vee's "got" him, releasing Morris, who snaps out of it and
stares at Burke in amazement.

MORRIS
Whoa. That's-- you've got him?

VEE
Yeah.

Burke's eyes spin wildly in his frozen face.

MORRIS
What's it feel like?

VEE
It's thick. Easy. Words don't...
(to Burke)
Sorry Sheriff. We got kind of an extra
fucked new wrinkle here. Don't freak
out. I mean more than you already are.
I mean I can feel... hang on. Lemme...

Vee slowly lowers her outstretched hand.

Burke's panicked expression softens. His breathing calms.

Vee releases him. He relaxes. Morris crosses herself.

VEE
I guess we believe me now?

EXT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Morris' squad car peels out from the squat rural county
sheriff's station and heads off down a back road.

INT. TROOPER MORRIS' SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Morris drives. Vee's shotgun. A placid Burke reclines dozily
in the rear.

MORRIS

Whelp... now we're fugitives.

VEE

Yeah. Looks that way. Sorry. Thanks?
I'm not good at this kind of shit.

MORRIS

Maybe you're making me do this.

VEE

I'm not. Which I can't prove. But,
y'know. I'm not.

MORRIS

So what's the plan?

VEE

Stay ahead? Hope somebody listens?
Nuke L.A.? I'm open to suggestions.

MORRIS

How many people do you think you can,
um, do?

VEE

I don't fucking know. Mystery brain
powers don't come with instructions.

MORRIS

Well, you need to figure it out
because I don't see any other angle.
Nobody else can do anything.

VEE

Here's where it'd be awesome to run
into a bunch of Area 53 fuckers full
of science nerds who know the score.

MORRIS

Do you think there are?

VEE

Fuck no.

Vee suddenly goes glassy-eyed, staring forward at nothing.

VEE

Oh fuck. They're coming. He's here.

A floodlight blazes down from above. Vee leans into the windshield, looks up.

FROM THE HELICOPTER

Greg glares down at the fleeing squad car effortlessly centered in the FEMA helicopter's floodlights.

BACK IN THE CAR

Vee panics.

VEE
Fuck! Floor it!

But Morris isn't flooring it. Glassy-eyed, she is slowing down and pulling over.

VEE
No! Don't stop! Fucking GO!

Under Vee's command Morris goes rigid back in her seat, stomps the gas --

-- flops forward, releases it --

Hands locked on the wheel Morris jerks and spasms, caught between dueling mental compulsions --

FROM ABOVE

The squad car in its tracking pool of light swings wildly left and right before fishtailing off the road to a skidding stop in the ditch.

EXT. BACK ROAD DITCH - NIGHT

Vee tumbles out of the squad car onto the sandy dirt as the FEMA helicopter touches down twenty yards away, floodlight still blinding.

Vee looks back into the car. Morris slumps over the wheel, out cold. Vee reaches in, shakes Morris.

VEE
Come on, come on...

Morris groans but doesn't move. Vee looks around wildly, spots Burke in the back.

Vee pops back out of the car, swings the rear door open.

VEE

You're up, fucker!

Under Vee's command Burke springs out, draws his weapon and starts firing at the FEMA helicopter's blinding floodlight.

BANG BANG BANG-ksh

-- a lucky shot kills the floodlight, plunging the scene into moonlit darkness --

VEE

Ag!

Vee clutches her head as if hit by an instant migraine even as Burke's aim jerks away from the helicopter --

-- jams the barrel under his chin --

BANG

-- blows his own head off.

His corpse drops to the ground as Vee staggers.

GREG (O.S.)

Vee?

Looking up, her eyes adjusting to the darkness, Vee sees Greg (flanked by Director Dan, Alana and Rod) has approached to ten feet away.

VEE

Can't you take a hint? I fucking quit.

GREG

You were very naughty back at the mansion, Vee. You hurt us.

VEE

Good! Why not finish the job, fuck off and die?

GREG

Oh no. So much to do.

VEE
Fuck there is.

Vee dives at Burke's body. Scrambles for his gun.

Grabs it and aims at Greg --

-- as Greg puppets Director Dan, Alana and Rod to step in front of him, blocking her shot.

VEE
Oh you fucking... fine. You know what?
Fuck you and fuck this. I'm out.

She sticks the gun in her mouth --

-- only to have it yanked back out by a glassy-eyed Morris.

BANG

The shot goes wide.

Puppeted Morris claws at the gun, trying to wrest it from Vee's grip. They struggle.

VEE
Let her go you fucking... let her go.
LET HER GO!

This breaks Greg's hold on Morris, who falls back (with the gun) to crash in the dirt next to Burke.

Vee glares furiously at Greg hiding behind his three puppets.

VEE
Wait a second.

A dawning realization.

Vee takes a step towards Greg and his puppets.

They step back.

VEE
Why control her? Why not me?

Another step forward. Another step in retreat.

GREG
Stay back.

VEE
 You can't. You could but now you
 can't. Or won't.

She waves Director Dan, Alana and Rod off.

VEE
 Out of the way, guys.

They step aside in unison, then "unpuppet" and back away,
 exposing a worried-looking Greg.

Vee advances on Greg.

VEE
 What are you hiding, you fucker? What
 are you afraid of?

She reaches her hands out to grab Greg by the head --

INT. VEE'S HEADSPACE - STUDY - DAY

-- to suddenly find herself with Greg back in her headspace.

It looks like it did when we last saw it -- her old study,
 empty of furniture.

She advances on Greg. He backs away.

GREG
 Too early. We're not ready.

VEE
 Well you better fucking get ready--

GREG (V.O.)
 Aid me.

Sanders appears next to Greg.

SANDERS
 HUUH!

Vee recoils in disgust.

VEE
 Holy Jesus dude you got fucked up.

SANDERS

NUHHH!

Sanders lunges at her.

She clubs him down with her baseball bat.

Er, baseball bat?

She gapes at it in brief surprise. Where did it come from?

Who cares. Doesn't matter. She turns on Greg and brandishes the bat with murder in her eye.

VEE

Yeah that's fucking right let's go--

OLD MAN (O.S.)

NO.

A bolt of agony explodes in Vee's head, staggering her.

She turns to see the grotesque swollen bulk of the Old Man's head looming behind her.

Powered by fury and hate she stares him down.

VEE

Yes.

OLD MAN

YOU MUST TRUST THE PROCESS.

Another blast of pain slams her down.

But only to one knee. She's still upright.

VEE

I don't think so, you gross fucking blob.

Gritting her teeth against the pain and crushing weight, she struggles to her feet.

OLD MAN

STOP.

VEE

Who even let you in here? Fuck off!

She squares off against the monstrous bulk.

VEE

In fact--

She jams the bat at the Old Man's face --

VEE

--let's see your house.

Vee's headspace gives way to --

INT. OLD MAN'S HEADSPACE - WASTELAND - DAY

-- a broken wasteland of hideous shapes bathed in crimson bloodlight.

A foul night sky pimped with diseased stars wheels over Vee's head.

Dominating that sky, filling half of it, fifty times wider than the moon -- a SQUIRMING MASS OF EYES.

VEE

Oh fuck off with that shit.

Greg and the Old Man lurk nearby, the Old Man bald and naked and human as he first appeared.

Morris, Director Dan, Alana and Tom, also somehow present, cower in terror.

MORRIS

Lord Jesus above.

VEE

I hope not because he looks fucking terrible.

Across the blasted plain, stacks of spheres punch out and launch into space. Vee turns on Greg and the Old Man.

VEE

Is that what you assholes are? Plague?
A disease? Scabies on the whole
fucking universe?

GREG

Vee, no. It isn't like that.

OLD MAN
We preserve. Protect.

VEE
Oh, fuck off. Protect from what?

Greg and the Old Man point to the horizon.

The light changes, as if dawn.

The cosmic eye-thing's eyes all snap in the same direction
towards the sunrise.

But what rises is not the sun.

Hard to make out at first. Indistinct.

A buzzing band across the horizon, stretching from north to
south. It is --

STATIC

Formless. Mindless. Meaningless. Manic.

White noise HISSING --

Celestial half-dome RISING --

Blotting out more of the sky --

IS the sky.

A sudden wall of static storms across the blasted plain --

As if fired from a cannon the POV launches up and out into --

SPACE

The wasteland planet falls away into the distance --

-- vanishes into the all-obliterating wall of static.

FURTHER BACK

The wall of static slicing the cosmos in half.

It comes on. Inexorable. Advancing on --

The eye-thing, immense, orbited by spheres, globes, globs,
stranger shapes --

-- tiny sparks pop off the orbiting objects as --

-- the static wall ENGULFS the eye-thing.

The eye-thing convulses, thrashes --

Eyes darting in crazed, panicked directions --

WHITE NOISE blaring deafening ROARING

-- the last remaining eye STARING DIRECTLY AT US as the
static swallows it --

EXT. BACK ROAD DITCH - NIGHT

The headspace vision shatters and gives way to the real world
of the moonlit ditch.

Vee, Greg and the others stagger at the wrenching transition.

Vee, first to recover, snarls at Greg.

VEE

What. The fuck.

GREG

That, Vee, is the natural state of the
universe. We call it the static.

VEE

Is this some multiverse bullshit?

GREG

No. One universe. Finite. But vast.
Beyond comprehension. Consider a book.
A thousand pages long. Letters,
numbers, punctuation.

VEE

I know what a fucking book is.

GREG

Then imagine a library with all those
possible books. In alphabetical order.
Every story that could ever be told is
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

in there. But pull one out at random. How likely is it to be anything besides meaningless garble? Even if the book you grabbed just happened to be an exact copy of Anna Karenina up to page seven hundred and forty-eight, what's the chance it'd be anything when you turn the page?

VEE

Shitty?

GREG

None. Zero. So close it might as well be. Less than one atom in the universe. That's what we face. That's what we've been holding back. The only reason one second follows another is us.

VEE

What, you want me to feel fucking sorry for you?

GREG

You misunderstand. When I say "us," I mean us. Including you.

VEE

Fuck. That.

GREG

It's why we're here. The universe resists the meaning we impose upon it.

MORRIS

Can't say I blame it, mister.

VEE

What she said. In case you hadn't noticed, you guys fucking suck.

Greg deploys one of his "what-are-ya-gonna-do?" shrugs.

GREG

Yes, we have taken billions of worlds. Yes, they feed us. Power of mind is costly. But the alternative is--

He points up into the night sky.

Just a bit left of the moon, something has appeared.

Hissing with a low but insistent WHITE NOISE.

Shuddering. Growing. Spreading.

A blotch. A shapeless shape.

Of STATIC.

VEE

Oh Jesus.

(to Morris)

If that God of yours exists this'd be
a fucking fantastic time for him to
step in.

He doesn't.

GREG

Vee. We need you.

VEE

No. No fucking way.

GREG

It was no accident I found you that
morning at the lake.

VEE

Fuck you.

GREG

A million years away I felt it. Sensed
you were close. That you could become.

VEE

I don't believe this. Are you pitching
me? Your technique sucks donkey dick.
Why the fuck didn't you explain this
earlier?

GREG

We didn't have to. We thought we'd
have more time. We were stupid.

VEE

You think?

GREG

We weaken. We fail. You saw. Our power fades.

Greg kneels before Vee. Head bowed. Arms wide and imploring.

GREG

Command us.

VEE

Get the fuck out.

GREG

Your hate. Your anger. The first time I allowed myself to feel hope was when you stabbed us.

VEE

I told you to finish the job. What the fuck are you waiting for? Fucking DIE!

GREG

And the static?

All look up at the buzzing blotch in the sky.

Vee searches the freaked-out faces of Morris and the "No, Fuck YOU" crew. No answers there. Back to Greg:

VEE

We'll take our chances.

ROD

Vee, can I ask a question?

VEE

Shoot.

ROD

Why do I feeeeeee--

Rod's words blur into a buzz of WHITE NOISE.

His mouth is stuck open. He can't stop. He's terrified.

ROD

--eeeeeeeeeeeeee--

ALANA

Oh God Rod--

VEE
 What the fuck?
 (to Greg)
 Stop it!

GREG
 It's not me. You stop it.

ALANA
 Help him!

Vee focuses on Rod. He's in a bad way.

ROD
 --eeeeeeeeeeeeee--

Jerking back and forth.

Clawing at his mouth.

Which is filling with STATIC.

Vee reaches for him, pressing her power, struggling --

VEE
 I can't... I don't know how... fucking
 HELP ME!

Greg rises, steps up next to Vee.

GREG
 Focus. Concentrate. Join.

Impossibly, insanely, in unison -- they SING:

VEE AND GREG
 (together)
 OGTHROD AINF YOG-SOTHOTH GEBEL-EE
 OGTHROD AINF YOG-SOTHOTH GEBEL-EE
 OGTHROD AINF YOG-SOTHOTH GEBEL-EE

The haunting melody dips in and out of the white noise tone
 buzzing from the stricken Rod's mouth.

Melds with it, calms it, washes it away...

ROD
 --eeeel so weird?

Holy shit. It worked.

Rod bursts into tears, sags into Alana's comforting arms.

MORRIS

I didn't know you could sing.

Vee turns to Greg. Exhausted. Wiped out.

VEE

You cocksuckers. You come here, you eat people, you do this fucking heinous shit... and now you want to put it all on me?

GREG

Who else?

VEE

There are going to be some fucking changes around here. Nobody else gets hurt, for starters.

GREG

You know it can't be that way.

VEE

FUCK!

She turns to Morris and the "No, Fuck YOU" crew.

MORRIS

This is wrong, Vee. It has to be.

Vee turns back to Greg. Resigned at last.

VEE

Nobody I like gets hurt.

INT. GREG'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A scene from "No, Fuck You."

ALANA (as "Carol") types on her laptop, looks up as ROD (as "Ben") enters with a to-go bag.

ALANA

You took your fucking time. It's almost noon.

ROD

Feeding Day. I-5's clogged all the way back to Euclid.

ALANA

Don't give me that. I pay you to do your fucking job and that includes making allowances for known and predictable shit. If it's Feeding Day you leave early. Two hours. Minimum.

Rod hands her the bag.

ROD

Sesame bagels with low-fat cream cheese, your highness.

ALANA

Don't call me that.

Alana digs into the bag as Rod takes a seat.

ROD

But it's true, isn't it? Ever since the Dominants took over, you're like King Shit.

ALANA

I was King Shit before, thanks.

ROD

Sure. But now, y'know...
(waving vaguely)
Things have changed.

ALANA

No fuck, numbnuts. You know what hasn't? Being forced to rely on incompetent pisswipes like you when you're trying to hold the fucking world together.

Pull back from TV --

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - DAY

"No, Fuck You" plays on a big TV in the kitchen.

ROD
(from TV)
We all have to make sacrifices.

Mom, Dad and Teenager chow down on burgers. Teenager reaches for the ketchup --

They FREEZE.

SUPER: "day 427 new earth"

They stand in unison.

As one, the family heads for the door --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mom, Dad and Teenager exit the apartment building in a robotically orderly line along with other residents.

Shuddering blotches of static buzz in the sky.

Implanted cops in riot gear oversee the residents loading themselves wordlessly into waiting school buses --

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The school buses cruise up the on-ramp to join a fleet of other buses on the freeway --

EXT. STADIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mom, Dad and Teenager file out of their bus into the stadium parking lot.

Weaving between more arriving buses, they join the long line of puppeted people heading inside --

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY - DAY

The line of puppeted citizens tromp up a dark hallway to emerge --

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

-- onto the field facing --

THE OLD MAN

Now so immense he FILLS HALF THE FIELD.

The human sacrifices wait patiently as the Old Man's monstrous mouth chews, slobbers, finally opens wide --

Mom, Dad, Teenager and the others march silently into his gaping maw.

Irregular static blotches throb and hiss in the sky above.

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

Back to "No, Fuck YOU," now in the back yard.

Alana grimaces at Rod.

ALANA

Of course it sucks. But what can we do? It's not like we have a choice.

She turns directly to camera:

ALANA

I really need to take a moment to stress this to all you viewers out there. Nobody likes this but we're doing the best we can. You idiots in the rebellion need to knock it off right now. YOU ARE NOT HELPING.

Rod steps up beside Alana, looks to camera:

ROD

We don't want to do this, but sectors with rebel attacks will have their quotas increased by fifty percent. That means it's more important than ever for all of you out there to stay vigilant. Keep your eyes open. Don't let these cowards put your families in more danger.

ALANA

And if you're thinking of joining the rebellion... don't. Think of the cost.

DIRECTOR DAN (O.S.)

And cut.

Pull back: on set shooting the "No, Fuck YOU" scene.

Vee and Director Dan behind the camera.

VEE

That'll work. Wrap it up and get it out there.

Vee comes round from behind the camera to join the actors. Alana gulps a bottled water.

ALANA

Jeez, Vee... on the nose, much?

VEE

Gimme a break. I got a billion tons on my plate. There's no time to be fucking subtle.

ALANA

Right! Of course! I didn't mean--

ROD

She didn't mean anything by it.

Vee clocks that they're scared of her.

VEE

Whoa, guys--

ROD

We appreciate you, Vee. We're so grateful. Really. Both of us.

ALANA

For all of it. Everything you've done.

VEE

Dudes, stop licking my ass. I'm tired is all and I--

BOOM

An EXPLOSION detonates under one of the production trucks and launches it into the air, showering the set with sparks.

Vee and the actors duck for cover.

VEE
Fucking rebels!

EXT. GREG'S ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY (LATER)

Aftermath of the explosion.

Emergency workers and implanted riot gear cops buzz about.

Vee sits on the tailgate of an ambulance, her arm in a sling.

A paramedic fusses with the sling while Greg frets with his tablet nearby.

GREG
Why were you even here? There's no need for you to keep working on the show. We have people for that.

VEE
Excuse me for having one thing in my whole shitty life I still actually enjoy. And quit changing the subject.

Greg consults his tablet.

GREG
It's not good. Including the new quotas, we project total informational collapse within ninety days.

VEE
Fuck! And it'll be sooner if we don't put a lid on this rebel bullshit. Why didn't our implants sense the guy?

GREG
Vee, you know why.

VEE
Goddammit.

EXT. PSI PSCHOOL - DAY

A typical elementary or high school, now not so typical.

Students of all ages and appearances stand about in twos or threes. Eyes closed. Softly humming in unison.

Above the school's old sign, a much bigger one says:

"PSI PSCHOOL"
 "Psionic Unlock Facility No. 1"
 "World Headquarters"

A local wag has spray-painted "Powers to the People" on the school's old sign.

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Vee enters. She's still wearing the sling. Morris jogs up to greet her.

Morris isn't a state trooper any more. Her new uniform now gives off a "Headmaster/Administrator" vibe. It includes a baton on her hip.

MORRIS

Vee! Thank God you're here! In person!

VEE

I know, I know.

MORRIS

We're unlocking folks as fast as we can but you're so much more powerful--

She stops. Sensing Vee's mood/mind.

MORRIS

You're not here for that. Oh, Vee.

Morris puts a comforting hand on Vee's uninjured shoulder. Vee accepts the gesture with abashed gratitude.

VEE

Thanks, Door. I'm sorry. There's just so much. We're barely holding it together. Not even.

MORRIS

Oh no. Ninety days? That bad?

VEE

No matter how many bodies we chuck in the fire, it's not enough. It's never enough.

MORRIS

But that's why we need you here. More than ever. You said it yourself, the Dominants are just a stopgap. Human psychics are the only hope for a win.

VEE

I know. But we won't get the chance if these retards don't stop fucking with our shit.

MORRIS

We try not to use the "R" word.

INT. PSI SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Vee and Morris walk down the hall past riot cop guards.

VEE

Fuckers came at me this time. On the "Fuck You" set. Hurt Alana.

MORRIS

And you.

She points at Vee's sling.

VEE

I'm fine. Fucking suicide bombers. Can't pick the brains of a smear on the pavement. But! We do know that they're getting past the implants.

MORRIS

So they must be able to shield themselves. And the only ones who could do that would be our trainees.

VEE

Bingo.

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - MORRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Morris works her computer at her shiny principal's desk.

Vee micromanages over Morris's shoulder.

VEE

You were a cop. How do we do this?

MORRIS

Well, I can pull up the database for all our students. I don't think it'll help much, though.

VEE

We're looking for, I don't know... anti-Dominant sentiment.

MORRIS

Oh, okay. That narrows it down to... let me check... every human being on Earth.

VEE

When did you get sarcastic? You know what I mean.

MORRIS

I'm just saying, we're not going to find it here. We screen all our trainees but we don't have a checkbox for "Do you hate being fed to alien monsters yes/no?"

VEE

So what would a cop do? Can't we check social media profiles or something?

MORRIS

Sure. In the old days that could work. We'd probably get lots of hits. But now? Nobody's crazy enough to risk stuff like that online. That kind of crazy we do screen for.

VEE

Right. You're right. Fuck.

Vee paces angrily, thinking hard.

MORRIS

Vee, listen... is this really the best use of your time? Chasing these people? You could make such a huge difference right here.

VEE

Got it. You're a genius, Doris Morris. I fucking love you. Gimme a class. Best you got. No more fucking around.

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Half a dozen students, eyes closed, kneel in a wide circle around Sanders, who sits cross-legged on the floor.

Sanders leads them in enraptured song:

SANDERS

Uh-muuhhh gruh-uh-uhhh...

The class responds in unison:

PSI PSTUDENTS

How sweet the sound...

GREG

Thuuh suhh uh ruh luh muhhh...

A throbbing HUM of psychic power rises with the song.

PSI PSTUDENTS

I once was lost, but now I'm found...

SANDERS

Wuuhh bluhh, buhh nuhhhh uh suhhh!

The song continues as Vee and Morris enter quietly and pause by the door for a quick psychic conversation:

VEE (V.O.)

Really? Church hymns?

Morris shrugs.

MORRIS (V.O.)

Everybody knows them. And you have to admit: they're great songs.

Vee steps forward and claps her hands.

VEE
All right, listen up!

The singing cuts off. Sanders and the students blink awake.
Sanders bows his ruined head when he see's it's Vee.

SANDERS
Gruuhhh!

VEE
Jesus, seriously?

MORRIS
You said our best. That's him. By far.

VEE
Of course. Why not? Fuckin' Christ.

She shakes her head and addresses the class psychically:

VEE (V.O.)
Okay, folks. You all know who I am but yeah. I'm Vee Albright. I hope you got your horsepower up and running cuz we got a special assignment today.

One of the students (CINDY, 20s, bashful) raises her hand.

Vee nods.

CINDY
Is it--

MORRIS (V.O.)
Cindy.

Morris puts her finger to her lips in a "shh" gesture.

CINDY
Sorry.
(psychically, V.O.)
Ms. Albright, is it true? Are we losing against the static?

VEE (V.O.)
Not if we can help it. And we can. I'm gonna need you all to focus up.

Vee and Morris take seats on the floor next to Sanders, Vee awkwardly as she favors her injured arm.

Everybody closes their eyes.

VEE (V.O.)
Get us going, Doris.

Morris nods, begins to hum a tune along with Sanders.

The students join in. The psychic throb rises.

The walls and floor of the classroom blur and fade as the class slips into headspace --

EXT. HEADSPACE - FIELD - DAY

Classroom gone, the class now sits in an open field.

In this headspace, people glow with colored auras.

Vee's aura is green.

It's by far the most intense and well-defined, easily outshining those of Morris and the students, also green.

Sanders' aura, meanwhile, is a nasty purple.

Dotted around the field are seated circles of other students, also glowing green. Here and there implanted riot cops with purple auras stand sentinel.

Vee picks up the tune, starts singing:

VEE
We're gonna find you fuckers, fuckers,
We're gonna find you find you find
you--

The POV rockets up into the sky --

EXT. HEADSPACE - SKY - DAY

From above, the city is a heat map.

Individual non-psychic humans have faint yellow auras.

At this height individual auras merge into glowing yellow blobs and rivers on the landscape below.

POV coasting across the city, Vee continues to sing:

VEE (V.O.)
 Looking for red, folks,
 looking for red,
 red is the color
 of up-to-no-good,
 that's why we're looking for
 looking for looki-- shit! There!

The POV rockets back down to hover a dozen feet above --

DOWNTOWN STREET

A RIOT COP, glowing purple, tears off a ticket and hands it to a DUDE whose yellow aura flickers with red.

DUDE
 Thanks, sorry, won't happen again...

But in his mind:

DUDE (V.O.)
 --bastard bastard not right I'll get
 you I will I've got a gun I'll--

He suddenly goes rigid, his aura clamped shut under a hard purple outline.

RIOT COP (V.O.)
 Badthought. Correction.

The puppeted dude marches over to the nearby brick wall--

DUDE (V.O.)
 --no no no--

and punches it -- WHAM WHAM WHAM -- as hard as he can.

The purple outline vanishes.

The dude cowers and cradles his smashed and ruined hand, his aura now a feeble yellow flicker.

RIOT COP (V.O.)
Warning only. Next infraction: quota.
Be grateful.

DUDE (V.O.)
--I'll be good I'll be good I promise
I'm sorry I promise--

POV pulls up and away --

VEE (V.O.)
False alarm. Just a noob.

BACK IN THE SKY

Roving over the city heat map again.

MORRIS (V.O.)
It's bad, Vee. Everyone's so afraid.

VEE (V.O.)
Of course people are unhappy. Of
course they're scared. They fucking
should be. We're fucked. They should
be terrified out of their fucking
minds. I know I am.

MORRIS (V.O.)
There has to be a better way.

Coming in over the city towards the stadium.

The Old Man's titanic head throbs with purple power.

Long lines of puppeted purple-outlined humans extend away
from the stadium.

A pulsing cancer on the city heat map.

Bursts of purple energy squirt from the Old Man's eye up at
static blotches jittering in the heavens above.

VEE (V.O.)
There fucking isn't. You're killing it
with the schools but they're not at
scale. Eighty percent of our total
comprehension still comes from Ol'
Lumpy here. That's the reality.

MORRIS (V.O.)

I know you're doing your best.

VEE (V.O.)

It's as fair as we can make it.
Everyone's got food, a place to live.
Fucking health care, even. And if
you're picked we turn off your fear.
Oh fuck. That's it. Come on.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

A few yards downfield from the Old Man, a purple-glowing Greg oversees purple Irwin and Dr. Selen at an admin station.

Purple riot cops usher a line of locked-down purple-outlined human sacrifices past the station towards the Old Man's maw.

VEE (O.S)

Hey! Asshole!

Greg turns, sees glowing Vee behind him, with Morris, Sanders and the psychic students a humming choir behind her.

GREG

Vee! You're Astral.

She nods.

VEE

We're at the PSchool. Figured I'd
rustle up some extra juju to root
these fuckers out.

GREG

Smart.

VEE

Suck my dick and listen. They're not
shielding, they're mimicking. I think
they're putting up fake control auras.

Greg uneasily surveys the line of purple-outlined controlled human sacrifices shuffling past.

GREG

How can you tell the difference?

VEE
I can't. But I got an idea.

Vee's astral form lifts into the air and hovers 20 feet over the scene.

VEE (V.O.)
Release them.

The riot cops obey instantly and drop their control.

The purple outlines vanish. All of them.

The sacrifices' auras flicker back to yellow.

The sacrifices blink, look around confused, waking from dream to nightmare.

They realize where they are.

They go BERZERK.

Screeching wailing flailing pleading crying deafening --

SACRIFICE CACOPHONY (V.O)
(overlapping)
--no no nonono
--ohmigod ohmigod ohmigod
--please please please
--not me can't be me not happening
--kill it killit killit
--I was good I was good I was good
--no no no no

The cacophony assails Vee like God's own migraine.

VEE
Fuck!

Her astral form drops to the turf like a sack of rocks.

VEE
Fucking fuck! LOCK IT DOWN!

Purple outlines clamp down on the screeching mob.

But not instantly; it takes the implant riot cops a second or two to get all the clamps back in place.

The screaming tapers and dies off.

The controlled sacrifices once again stand rigid in place under purple outlines.

Greg and astral Morris jog over to Vee as she struggles grimly to her astral feet.

MORRIS

That was not smart.

VEE

Yeah, I see that now. Fuck!

MORRIS

Should we call it off, or--?

VEE

No. There's one here. I heard it.

She looks over the now-randomized crowd of purple-outlined controlled human sacrifices.

GREG

We'll do it in batches.

Vee meets his eyes, nods, and rises back into the air, a little unsteady this time.

Once she's in position:

VEE

Go. Ten at a time.

VEE'S POV - LOOKING DOWN AT THE CROWD

About a hundred people encased in purple outlines.

The outlines vanish from a patch of ten. Their yellow auras flare as terrified voices start to rise--

SACRIFICE CACOPHONY (V.O)

--ohgod ohgod please please please--

VEE

No.

Purple outlines clamp down again, silencing the voices.

VEE

Keep going.

The outlines vanish from another patch of ten. Rising voices, clamped down.

Another.

Another, closest to the Old Man's mouth --

A purple aura in the patch stays up an instant too long --

VEE
GOTCHA!

A hard green outline -- Vee's direct control -- clamps around the revealed rebel.

Vee's astral form vanishes and reappears next to the rebel.

This is TANDY (Cindy's sister, as it turns out).

Locked inside Vee's green outline, she looks kinda like Cindy. A little older. Wearing a baggy jacket.

Clutching a detonator in her raised and frozen hand.

VEE
Clear the rest out! Now!

The other sacrifices in the batch, re-controlled with purple outlines, pull back to give Vee and Tandy space.

VEE
Got you, fucker.

Morris, Sanders and the psychics' astrals appear behind Vee. Greg jogs over to join them.

CINDY
Tandy! Oh God what are you doing?

VEE
You know her?

CINDY
She's my sister! She didn't mean it!
Whatever it was! She didn't I swear
she didn't--

VEE
Quiet.

Cindy shuts up instantly.

Vee grits her teeth; holding Tandy is some effort.

VEE

Tricky bitch. She's got a hairtrigger
deadman. Let go, squeeze harder--
boom. Fuck. I gotta get inside.

MORRIS

I'm coming with you.

CINDY

Me too!

SANDERS

Gruh!h!

VEE

Greg, step up. Take her hand--
carefully! Got it?

GREG

Hang on, hang on. Okay. Yeah. Got it.

VEE

You sure?

GREG

Yeah.

The controlling outline around Tandy switches to purple.

Vee steps back, takes a breath.

Fixes her gaze on Tandy.

VEE

Right. Let's you and me have a nice
fucking chat.

Vee vanishes --

INT. TANDY'S HEADSPACE - BEDROOM - DAY

-- and reappears in Tandy's headspace.

A kid's bedroom. Two beds. A cute little vanity loaded with
childish bric-a-brac.

Tandy sits on one of the beds, her hand up in the air gripping absolutely nothing.

Vee glares down at Tandy.

Morris, Cindy and Sanders appear behind Vee.

VEE

Hey. I'm Vee. You little bitch. Might as well let that go.

Tandy opens her hand, sees it's empty.

Vee checks out the room.

VEE

So this is your headspace, huh? Happy memory? Childhood home? Nice comfy spot to chill and hang out and FUCK UP MY SHIT YOU STUPID SELFISH CUNT?

Vee smashes her fists down on the vanity, exploding it to splinters and scattering bric-a-brac across the room.

MORRIS

Vee! Don't!

VEE

Don't "Don't" me, Doris. This dry fuck of a rebel cunt came this close to taking out the one thing holding back the static. Yeah, I fucking hate him too but he's all we got.

Vee advances on Tandy cringing on the bed.

VEE

Now: who's your leader?

Tandy's terrified, but she stays mum and shakes her head.

VEE

I don't want to hurt you. But you better fucking believe I will if I don't get what I want. Who?

An even more terrified head-shake from Tandy.

Vee grabs Tandy by the skull and zaps her with a trillion psychic volts.

Locked into the electric chair of Vee's unbreakable grip, Tandy thrashes and convulses.

VEE

WHO?

TANDY

--aaaaiiiiieeee!!!---

CINDY

Vee, no, stop, please--!

Cindy leaps forward, grabs Vee's arm --

-- like grabbing a high-voltage cable--

-- clutching Vee's arm, unable to let go, Cindy writhes, screams --

-- VANISHES

-- her scream echoing away --

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Back in the Pschool, Cindy --

(still seated in the circle with Vee, Morris, Sanders and the other students, eyes all closed)

-- sneezes and coughs out blood --

-- slumps forward. Dead.

INT. TANDY'S HEADSPACE - BEDROOM - DAY

Vee releases Tandy and looks around wildly for Cindy.

VEE

Fuck! Where'd she go?

MORRIS

Oh my God. Vee.

VEE

Fuck. FUCK! What the fuck was she thinking?

(rounding on Tandy)

You! You did it! You killed your own fucking sister! What do you have to say for yourself you fucking fucksauce cunt-eyed triple-cocked fucking fuck fuck--

TANDY

I'm not alone.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

Greg still holds Tandy locked in a purple outline.

Purple-outlined sacrifices stand frozen in the background as purple Irwin and Dr. Selen try to defuse the bomb.

They have Tandy's jacket off, exposing the dizzying tangle of wires and packages of explosive underneath.

One of the purple-outlined sacrifices steps forward --

-- pulls out a knife --

-- shanks Greg in the back.

GREG

Ahhg!

The purple outline encasing Tandy wavers --

Tandy's thumb jerks on the detonator.

Flare to WHITE.

The roar of explosion cut off: BOO--

Beat.

Fading back in from white --

Tandy's bomb has gone off.

Vee has caught it a millionth of a second after detonation.

Clamped down by Vee's green power outline, the superhot fireball of expanding gases is about six feet wide.

It has already atomized most but not all of Tandy. Tandy's head is caught in the instant of being launched hundreds of feet in the air by the explosion.

Astral Vee grips the frozen, green-outlined explosion --

-- the exploding gases boiling and roiling and thundering within the outline --

-- Vee HOLDING IT with all her might.

Greg and the astrals of Morris, Sanders and the class (minus Cindy) stare at Vee in astonishment.

Vee struggles. She's losing her grip --

VEE
HELP ME YOU ASSHOLES!!!

Greg decides nope and nopes out, turns tail and flees hellbent for the exit.

Astral Sanders and Morris step forward and take positions at Vee's side.

Morris looks sadly up at the grotesque bulk of the Old Man looming above them.

MORRIS
Sorry, Vee. It has to die.

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

In the classroom, Morris opens her eyes --

-- whips out her baton --

-- and cracks Vee's injured elbow with it as hard as she can.

Vee shrieks --

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

-- in agony:

VEE
 AAAHHHHH--!

And drops the hold.

Smash to BLACK.

BOOM

This time the echoes of the explosion seem to go on forever.

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The psychic students lie flat on their backs.

Minus their heads, which have exploded.

The room is splattered wall to ceiling with gore and fragments of brain.

Blood-soaked Vee and Sanders still have their heads.

They're out cold.

A low HISS of static is audible.

Vee and Sanders groggily return to consciousness:

VEE
 Uhhh--AG!

Which hurts more? Her head or her newly-shattered elbow?

Hard to say. They both hurt a fucking TON.

SANDERS
 Gruhh... shuuuh gruhhh...

Vee looks around. He's right. Where's Morris?

By Vee's side, instead of Morris: an ass-shaped outline of floor without blood splattered all over it.

Bloody footprints lead to the door.

VEE
 Door! Where are you? Where'd you
 fucking go?
 (psychically, deafening)

YOU COME BACK HERE RIGHT NOW GIRL

No response.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

The entrance to the field is a smashed and smoking ruin, but it did protect Greg from the worst of the blast.

He staggers to his feet, coughing.

VEE (V.O.)

Greg!

Vee's astral appears next to him.

VEE

Morris. She's gone. That CUNT. How's the Old Man?

They turn and look.

The Old Man is not good.

His monstrous head has been knocked on its side, his horrible mouth now a shredded pulp gushing blood in all directions.

The Old Man's bubbling DEATH-GURGLES can't quite drown out the rising HISS of angry STATIC.

VEE

Oh fuck fuck fuck fuck

INT. PSI PSCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Sanders helps Vee to her feet.

VEE

We're coming. Keep him alive. As many as it takes. Throw them in. Grind them up. Drive over 'em if you have to.

INT. FEMA VAN - DAY

Sanders drives the FEMA van, barreling crazily through the obstacle course of halted traffic.

Vee rides shotgun, cradles her injured arm, glares out at the city.

VEE

I know you can hear me, you fucking bitch. I trusted you. I thought you were smarter than this. You of all people know what's at fucking stake here so why'd you-- FUCK!

A spiky irregular polyhedron of STATIC erupts into existence directly in their path.

Sanders cranks the wheel, swerves hard--

-- slamming Vee on her bad arm against her door --

VEE

AG!

She clutches her arm and ducks as the van clips a buzzing spike of static, shearing off the roof on Vee's side.

VEE

Look what you fucking did!

More jagged snowflake starbursts of buzzing static erupt in their path.

Sanders swerves, screeches, expertly dodges the eruptions.

VEE

Holy shit, dude, You can really fucking drive. Nice.

SANDERS

Gruhh ruhh-muhh vuhhh!

The van forgets it's a van --

-- and reverts into STATIC.

For a moment Vee and Sanders cruise along in a FEMA-van-shaped silhouette of static.

VEE

No! EXIST, you fucker!

The van hears her, remembers, becomes a van again.

VEE

Faster!

WHAM

The FEMA van slams into a pedestrian, sends him flying.

VEE

What the fuck!

More people in the streets ahead.

Pouring out of every building.

Stampeding for the stadium.

The FEMA van zooms up behind the sprinting mob.

VEE

Fuck outta the way!

The mob splits like a human Red Sea.

Runners dive out of the van's path as it roars past.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

Greg and a clutch of surviving implant riot cops stand off to the side.

Human beings of all descriptions sprint past, desperate to fling themselves into the gurgling ragged mess that was once the Old Man's mouth.

Vee and Sanders enter and jog up to Greg. With a wave Vee halts the charging crowd of puppeted sacrifices.

VEE

How we doing?

A section of stadium bleachers forgets it's a section of stadium bleachers and reverts to static.

Another. Another.

One of the implant riot cops becomes a silhouette of static.

Then they all do.

Vee, Greg and Sanders now surrounded on three sides by buzzing silhouettes of static.

Jagged polyhedra of static explode into existence across the field, a snowflake minefield erupting blast by blast closer and closer to the Old Man's dying bulk.

The Old Man's death-rattle thunders over the HISSING static:

OLD MAN
--UHHHHHHH--

Vee rushes to the dying Old Man.

Clamps her hands down on his ruined flesh.

VEE
STAY ALIVE YOU SHITTY FUCKING MONSTER!
DON'T LEAVE ME!

OLD MAN
--GGGGHHHHH--

MORRIS (O.S.)
Vee!

Vee turns, sees:

Morris jogging up with Director Dan, Alana and Rod.

Additional psychics behind her, "holding" Greg and Sanders.

VEE
Get over here and help you fucking
cunt! I'm losing him!

MORRIS
No, Vee. We do it human or not at all.

OLD MAN
--UK!

The Old Man dies.

Silent beat, then:

HSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

The sky instantly STATIC, howling its mindless triumph.

A trillion megatons of invisible weight crash down on Vee.

VEE

UHH!

Vee trapped in a desperate "Atlas holding up the world" pose.

Struggling with ultimate effort.

Holding up the dome of existence against the inconceivable weight of infinite nothingness.

Morris, Director Dan, Alana and Rod all reach out, place comforting hands on Vee.

MORRIS

We're here. We've always been here.

VEE

Fuck!

MORRIS

(singing)

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound...

DIRECTOR DAN, ALANA & ROD

(joining in)

That saved a wretch like me...

VEE

FUCK!

Director Dan, Alana and Rod continue:

DIRECTOR DAN, ALANA & ROD

(singing)

I once was lost
But now I'm found
Was blind
But now I see

As Morris pleads to Vee:

MORRIS

Sing, Vee! Sing with us!

VEE

I CAN'T!

MORRIS

Sing!

VEE

It won't work!

MORRIS

(singing)

Yes, when this flesh
and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Vee contorts and struggles under the crushing weight.

She hears the song.

It strengthens her.

But --

VEE

It's not enough!

MORRIS

Trust us!

VEE

Need more! Need!

MORRIS

Let go!

With ultimate effort, Vee lifts --

Her arms boosting the impossible burden above her head--

VEE

AHHHHHHHH!!!!

-- her mouth opening wide, wider, WIDER --

-- her head stretching up into FEEDING MODE.

VEE

I'M SORRY

Vee's gaping maw flops forward to envelop Morris's head --

SMASH TO BLACK

SFX: CRUNCH

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

SFX: choir HUMMING the tune of "Amazing Grace"

A line of hikers trudge up a hill.

The terrain is steep, uneven, unnerving. The hikers step over little running rivulets of water as they climb.

The path leads to walkways and scaffolding erected around enormous yellow boulders.

The hikers top the boulders and proceed into a cave behind.

PULLING BACK

Not a cave.

A mouth.

Vee's mouth.

FURTHER BACK

Vee's head.

Looming over mountains.

Rivers of tears pouring down her titanic cheeks.

Pouring from hateful eyes glaring, glaring, ever glaring up at the buzzing sky --

Of STATIC.

SUPER: day [infinity sign] perpetual

ROLL CREDITS

END OF SHOW