

**"NIGHTFALL"**

aka

**"CHAMELEON"**

by

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12.10.09

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**DiNozzi/Dowling Productions**

"I am not what happens to me.  
I am what I choose to become."

CARL JUNG

"You must not lose faith in humanity.  
Humanity is an ocean;  
if a few drops of the ocean are dirty,  
the ocean does not become dirty."

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI:

FADE IN:

ON A WALL OF NUMBERS as they scroll past. A blur of figures that, to the indoctrinated, are as readable as a language.

As we PULL BACK from these numbers we hear a roar like water, or the approach of a 747. Then we begin to make out voices, words, and find ourselves in --

INT. THE WALL STREET STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

The market is in full swing. We're with the Brokers down in the pit and the bidding is furious. They scream and shout over each other. Hand gestures fly, notes are scribbled, paper is shredded and fortunes made or lost...

Among the maelstrom, we find CRAIG NIGHT, 30, handsome, driven. A wolf in designer clothing.

EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A beautifully clear day, the sun shining, the water blue and there's just enough wind to drive the sleek 30-footer, "The Gecko", through the water.

EXT. DECK OF THE GECKO - DAY

Craig is at the helm. Shades on. Windswept. TWO GIRLS, below deck, prepare fruit and cocktails. Craig's friend JULES lounges on the deck sipping from a bottle of BUD.

The jib starts to luff as Craig tacks to starboard.

JULES  
(laughs)  
Your fly's down.

Craig rises to the challenge.

CRAIG  
Time me.

Jules hits the stopwatch on his Tag Hauer and, as the seconds tick, Craig loosens a sheet one-handed. Lets it out. Cranks on a winch handle. Brings the jib under control. It's slick and done in a heartbeat.

Jules stops the clock and raises his glass to Craig.

JULES  
A personal best.

The Girls climb from below deck with snacks and more drinks. Meet APRIL and GINA, both in bikinis, both sex on legs.

CRAIG

You can say that again.

Jules grins. The girls pair off. April is with Craig. She slips an arm around his waist and a strawberry in his mouth.

EXT. DECK OF THE GECKO - NIGHT

The boat is anchored. Creaking gently on the still waters. The four of them are lying on blankets looking at the stars. Soft music plays from a CD player. It's full-on seduction and the girls are falling for it.

CRAIG

What most people don't understand is that the market's a jungle and Jules and I ... we're the hunters.

GINA

You make it sound so dangerous.

CRAIG

It can be.

JULES

Take Tippin over at Friedkins --

CRAIG

Exactly. He never had it. The survival instincts you need to make it out there on the floor.

APRIL

What happened?

CRAIG

Lost a client seven mill' in one day.

GINA

Seven million?

APRIL

Was he fired?

CRAIG

You could say that.

Craig pours more drinks as the girls wait for somebody to explain what happened.

JULES

He blew his brains out.

Craig and Jules actually find that funny. The girls think it's 'icky'. They're not the brightest pair, but they're not along for their brains.

APRIL

Oh, wow. Look.

All look skyward as --

A SPECTACULAR METEOR SHOWER

streaks across the heavens. Celestial rocks scratching at earth's outer atmosphere. God's own 4th of July celebration.

ANGLE ON - CRAIG

as reflected light dances across the surface of his glasses. He's strangely contemplative.

CRAIG

Makes you wonder doesn't it?

JULES

'Bout what?

CRAIG

About how far they've travelled.  
What they may've seen along the  
way.

A beat.

Jules whistles the tune from the 'Twilight Zone'.

CRAIG (cont'd)

I'm serious, man. If those rocks  
could talk, maybe they could tell  
us if we're really alone.

The question hangs in the air. Even the girls are thinking about it when --

A CHUNK OF FIERY ROCK

streaks from the night sky and STRIKES the water near the yacht. It's like a bomb DETONATING. Water and steam vent skyward.

JULES

Jesus -- ?!

ANOTHER ROCK hits the ocean. BOOM! And another. BOOM!  
Each getting closer and closer to the yacht.

PEBBLE-SIZED STONES hit the water like superheated machine  
gun bullets.

CRAIG  
Jules, start the engine! Gina, up  
anchor!

They scramble to it as --

A ROCK BLASTS through the main sail. The canvas instantly  
busts in flames. ANOTHER ROCK rips through the decking and  
April is BLOWN overboard.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
April?!

THE ENGINE stalls. Jules cranks the key. Tries again.

JULES  
Come on, come on, come on...

Gina is winching up the anchor as --

Craig CHOPS a rope and THE BURNING SAIL drops to the deck.  
Sparks and embers fire in all directions. Craig drags the  
sail toward the boat rail and shoves it overboard as --

TINY ROCKS pepper the hull. Wood and fibre-glass splinter...

JULES (cont'd)  
Craig. We gotta bail, man.

But Craig races below deck...

JULES (cont'd)  
Craig -- ?!

INT. BELOW DECK - NIGHT

The cramped space is already full of acrid smoke. Water laps  
at Craig's heels from the punctured hull...

He grabs the radio...

CRAIG  
Mayday. This is 'The Gecko'.  
We're going down. Two miles out,  
sixty degrees east, south-east of  
Martha's Vineyard. Mayda --

The wall EXPLODES with what can only be described as bullet-fire. Tiny, super-heated flecks of rock punching through the boat like it isn't even there.

One streaks through Craig's shoulder. Wound instantly cauterized. He SCREAMS in pain. Drops the handset. Heads up the steps, dizzy with the pain as --

EXT. A METEOR'S P.O.V. - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

WE hurtle down toward the Gecko. Flames and smoke lick at our peripheral vision. We see Jules and Gina look up in horror from the deck and --

EXT. "THE GECKO" - NIGHT

EXPLODES in a ball of flame and steam. Wood and fibre-glass debris fly in all directions and among it all --

CRAIG'S BODY

arcs through the air ... BODY-SLAMs the sea with a sickening crunch ... and then submerges.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER - NIGHT

A watery silence. Craig's motionless body sinks beneath the debris covered surface, then hangs amid submerged rigging and sails like a marionette. Apparently dead.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

as we see the dead, charred bodies of Gina, Jules and April floating amid debris. As Jules' body turns in the water we see that he's missing his left arm and leg. Then suddenly --

CRAIG CONVULSES

and, finding no air to breathe, tries desperately to surface. But his limbs are tangled.

EXT. ABOVE THE SURFACE - NIGHT

Craig's fingers break the surface. Grasping at the air...

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER - NIGHT

The more Craig fights, the more tangled he gets. It's a losing battle. Slowly, the fight leaves his body.

Final pearls of air leave his lungs and Craig goes still...

CUT TO:

INT. A HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Craig is on the gurney of a rescue chopper. MEDICS perform CPR. Desperate. Above the 'thump-thump-thump' of the props we HEAR the medics shouting orders...

MEDICS

(as lib)

Still no response ... Give me some  
adrenaline ... Stay with us, son  
... Stay with us.

MOVE IN ON - CRAIG'S EYES

staring ... pupils dilated ... and make the TRANSITION to --

A REPTILIAN EYE

and find we're now looking at A KOMODO DRAGON hiding among moist green foliage. Its eyes track A FAT BUG crawling along a small damp log. The lizard's tongue shoots out and the bug is eaten alive.

We HEAR a cluster of KIDS GROAN in disgust O.S. (though some of the boys think it's cool) and PULL BACK, through glass, to find we're in --

INT. THE REPTILE HOUSE - NEW YORK ZOO - DAY

The school party of KIDS are moved on from the Komodo Dragon to the next display by their haggard TEACHER...

TEACHER

Okay kids, this next display  
contains something called "a  
chameleon". Can anybody tell me  
what that means?

They pass A YOUNG MAN emptying the trash-can and replacing the bag. His boiler suit and logo tell us he's part of the zoo's maintenance staff. As he turns around we recognize him. It's --

CRAIG.

He looks tired. Hair longer. Needs a shave. And his skin looks a little - gray. Craig picks up the full trash-bag and the bottom splits. Spills the contents onto the floor.



THE SCHOOL KIDS see this and LAUGH. Craig looks at them and his face cracks into a smile. He picks up some trash and juggles with it. The Kids clap. Craig takes a bow.

EXT. NEW YORK ZOO - DAY

It's winter. The sky is gray. Everything is gray. Craig and his workmate, ZORAN, of Croatian descent, ride around the zoo in a small golf-cart sized buggy with trash-cans on a flatbed trailer. Craig draws on a cigarette. Shivers...

CRAIG

Man, I hate winter. There's never enough sunlight in a day.

ZORAN

Tell me about it. I'm Croatian and even I think this is cold.

CRAIG

You're from Brooklyn.

ZORAN

What's your point, man?

CRAIG

My point, Z', is the closest you've been to the region of Dalmatia is petting a fireman's dog.

ZORAN

Hey man, I've got something for you, here. I've been meaning to give it to you for a while.

He searches in his pocket and comes up with - his hand, middle finger extended. Craig laughs.

They stop beside a row of trash-cans and begin emptying them.

ZORAN (cont'd)

But seriously, man ... if the weather's getting you down there's only one solution.

CRAIG

Don't say vodka.

ZORAN

The tanning salon.

CRAIG

Yeah?

ZORAN

Swear. You'll feel like a new man.  
Here.

Zoran hands him a tattered business card from his wallet.  
There is a picture of a faded sun on it.

ZORAN (cont'd)

That's the place I go. You should  
check it out.

Craig goes to hand the card back.

ZORAN (cont'd)

Keep it.

CRAIG

*(thinks about it)*

Thanks. Maybe I'll do that.

Zoran hefts another trash-can into the trailer...

ZORAN

And on the eighth day, God made the  
U.V. lamp, and - trust me - it was  
good.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Gray light fights through the gaps amid bustling, faceless  
New Yorkers that mill up and down the entrance steps. Among  
them, Craig shuffles down...

He hits the short passageway at the bottom and sees --

A HOMELESS BUM

sitting at the side of the passage. Commuters hustle past  
without regard. The Bum is grimy and old. He has his hand  
out holding a McDonalds cup. A few grubby nickels line the  
bottom.

Craig digs into his pocket and pulls out TWO BUCKS. As he  
passes the Bum, he bends and drops the balled up notes into  
his cup.

CRAIG

Here you go.

The Bum clasps Craig's hand.

BUM

Bless you.

Craig motions to draw his hand back but the Bum's grip tightens. His head tilts to one side and he sniffs the air. Taking in Craig's scent.

Craig pulls free. Staggeres away down the passage with the Bum staring after him.

WE MOVE WITH CRAIG

as he weaves his way through the crowds. Behind him, the Bum rise from the floor and begin to follow him.

Craig notice. Speeds up. Looks back. The Bum is still tailing him. Getting closer. Craig sees a train at the platform edge. He hurries toward the open doors...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - EVENING

The inside of the carriage is dirty and smeared with graffiti. Empty beer cans and discarded newspapers litter the floor.

CRAIG

pushes his way inside and sits. He looks out through the grimy windows at the platform. People mill around. There is no sign of the Bum.

THE TRAIN DOORS rattle closed. Drawing Craig's attention. He watches them slap together. Then turns back to the window and --

THE BUM'S FACE

is on the other side of the glass. Craig stifles a YELP of shock. Draws back. Staring at the Bum. There's something hypnotic and disturbingly compelling about his eyes and --

The Bum BLINKS horizontally with a second set of translucent lids. Like a lizard.

CRAIG

Jesus.

Craig bolts out of his seat and backs away from the window. He looks at the BUSINESSWOMAN near him, reading a book. She doesn't look up...

He looks back out the window and the Bum has vanished.

The train starts to move.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - EVENING

Craig shivers as he walks along the row of graffiti adorned brownstones. Family homes long since turned into apartments. Youths lounge on the steps to their building, in thick coats, smoking and drinking. Rap music plays from an open window. Craig reaches his building and climbs the steps. An ELDERLY NEIGHBOR is struggling with the door and her shopping.

CRAIG

Mrs. Bowers, let me. Here.

He unlocks the door and helps her inside. She smiles, eyes distant.

MRS. BOWERS

Who are you?

CRAIG

It's Craig, Mrs. Bowers.

MRS. BOWERS

Craig? There's a Craig live's in my building.

CRAIG

I know, I'm sleeping with his girlfriend.

MRS. BOWERS

*(hasn't heard)*

What, dear?

INT. HALLWAY - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The place is simple but homey. Craig enters and hangs his coat on the hooks behind the door. We hear the sound of cooking in the kitchen. A WOMAN'S VOICE calls out.

ABBY (O.S.)

Craig, is that you?

CRAIG

No, it's Santa Clause. I'm early.

He enters the kitchen. ABIGAIL "ABBY" LOWE, 27, is standing at the stove cooking dinner. She's still dressed in her nurse's uniform. Her whole face lights up when she sees him. He kisses her.

ABBY

Oh honey, you're freezing.

CRAIG

Tell me about it. I'm gonna hit  
the shower. Thaw out a bit.

She stops him.

ABBY

You okay?

CRAIG

I'm fine.

Craig heads for the bathroom.

ABBY

Don't be long. Dinner's almost  
ready.

*(turns back to the stove;  
shouts)*

And don't use all the hot water.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

The bathroom billows with steam. Through the cheap plastic  
shower curtain Craig momentarily resembles a bug in a cocoon.  
We move around the curtain.

Craig is standing under the running water. Loves the  
feeling. Turns his face up to the stream and blinks into the  
water...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the kitchen door, we see Abby washing the dishes.  
Craig is flopped on the sofa opening bills. Reads them out.

CRAIG

Gas is up thirty bucks.

ABBY

That's 'cause somebody needs the  
heat on all the time.

He opens another. It's a medical bill...

CRAIG

There's another letter from Doctor  
Rubin's office.

ABBY

I thought you arranged a payment  
plan with him.

CRAIG

I did. The arrangement was I pay him.

Abby walks into the room drying her hands.

ABBY

Well, we can't fall behind with that. You're doing so well.

CRAIG

Am I?

She puts her hands on his shoulders and kisses him on the head. Craig sees a brown package on the table..

CRAIG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What's that?

ABBY

Your mom sent it over.

Craig tears open the brown paper and opens the rose-colored photo album inside. Abby joins him on the sofa. She loves to see pictures of him as a kid.

The first page is of him when he was seven, on a red fire engine. Turns the page and he's swimming in a pool with his parents. Turns another page and he's dressed as a cowboy...

ABBY (cont'd)

Look at you. You were adorable. That must have been the costume party your mom told us about.

CRAIG

Yeah.

He's distant. Can't remember.

ABBY

Nothing?

CRAIG

No.

He pushes the album onto her lap and leans forward for his glass of wine, left over from dinner.

ABBY

It'll be okay.

CRAIG

Will it? I may as well be looking at your childhood for all those pictures mean to me.

ABBY

It's not the past that's important. It's the present. It's us. And if this stuff doesn't come back ... you know what I say? Fuck it. I have enough memories for both of us.

He looks at her.

CRAIG

I do love you, you know.

ABBY

Keep remembering that, and we'll be fine.

She kisses him. The kiss lingers. Slowly he turns to passion...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

as Craig and Abby are making love on the sofa. Limbs entwined. Driving deep inside of her. Craig rolls her over and gets on top. Pushing and pushing toward climax. Abby grasps at his arms and the edge of the sofa, riding the momentum. Pressing back against him. Forcing him deeper and deeper until the moment comes and --

Craig arches his back, face grimaced in ecstasy, and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

CRAIG'S BODY CONVULSED IN PAIN

as ER DOCTORS surge hundred of volts of electricity through his chest. He collapses again and we hear the piercing SCREECH of the heart-monitor as it FLATLINES...

INT. A HOSPITAL ER - MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT

Craig's blank, lifeless eyes stare at the ceiling. A NURSE cranks up the CRASH-CART for another heart-jolting shock.

The ER Doctor works Craig's chest while shouting orders. Another nurse is forcing air into Craig's lungs.

ER DOCTOR  
How long's he been in v-fib?

ER Doctor looks at TOM GRAY, a silver haired 60 year old in a crisp Capitol Hill suit. His pale blue eyes watch Craig.

GRAY  
Thirty-two minutes, but the water  
was cold. Our medic gave him  
adrenaline and constant CPR.

The nurse hands ER Doctor the paddles. He positions them on Craig's chest.

ER DOCTOR  
Clear.

All medical staff pull their hands clear and Craig's body CONVULSES with electricity. Back arched. He slams down again. They look at the heart monitor...

Still a flatline...

The ER Doctor looks down at Craig's body. Wipes his brow. The rest of the staff look at Gray. What's his decision?

GRAY  
*(with regret)*  
Call it.

ER DOCTOR  
*(looks at the clock)*  
Time of death, eleven thirteen.

The ER Doctor turns away and peels off his gloves. The mood is sombre. The Nurse takes the oxygen mask off Craig. Others power down machinery. But before Gray and the Doctor can leave the room --

THERE IS A GASP OF AIR

and Craig coughs up water. He sucks air painfully.

ER DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Jesus --

The heart monitor PINGS with a beat. All stare in shock. Then surge into action. Give Craig oxygen. He writhes. Confused. Lungs burning...



ER DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Hold him! Stay calm, Mister Night.

Gray watches as a syringe is filled with a sedative and the needle plunged into Craig's arm...

ER DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(to Nurse)  
Heart-rate?

NURSE  
Stable.

ANOTHER NURSE  
Blood pressure's normalizing.

Craig blinks slowly. Stares at the ceiling. An overhead lamp makes halos of light...

A MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
And when I clap my hands, I want  
you to wake up. You'll feel rested  
and relaxed.

INT. A THERAPIST'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

A PAIR OF HANDS CLAP and Craig opens his eyes. He's lying on a leather sofa. Daylight streams through the window blinds. The bustle of New York muted at this altitude. Close-by sits DOCTOR RUBIN. He's early 50's, dressed comfortably, holding a pad and pen. He sits so he can see the wall clock but his clients can't.

RUBIN  
How do you feel?

CRAIG  
Like a fly's been buzzing in my  
head.

RUBIN  
Is that still the first thing you  
can remember? Halos of light.

CRAIG  
Yeah. It's how I imagine being  
born would be like, if that makes  
any sense.

RUBIN  
Perfect sense. You had just  
officially died.

CRAIG  
Anything else is like a dream.

RUBIN  
What about the photos your mother sent?

CRAIG  
Nothing.

RUBIN  
How's the zoo?

CRAIG  
Quiet. I like that. There's something nice about being among the animals, you know? Calming. Especially in the evening, after we close. I like that time the best.

RUBIN  
You still getting those knots in your stomach? Dizzy spells?

CRAIG  
I'm fine. The city just gets to me sometimes.

Rubin nods. Knows what he means.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
How much longer is this gonna take, Doc? I mean, will I ever get it back?

RUBIN  
According to specialist friends of mine, you're unique. The oxygen was cut off from your brain for a long time. The longest they've ever known without leaving you physically impaired. So the honest answer, Craig, is - I don't know.

Rubin looks at the wall clock over Craig's shoulder. It's 12:45pm. Before Rubin can open his mouth Craig says --

CRAIG  
Time's up.

Craig levers himself off the sofa. Picks up his coat and scarf...

RUBIN

How do you do that?

Craig nods to A LARGE TV that faces the sofa. The clock is reflected in its curved surface. Rubin smiles. Craig notices a DVD player beneath it. The power light is on.

CRAIG

What do you use that TV for anyway?  
I told Abby, I think you watch  
sports while I sleep for an hour.

RUBIN

*(laughs)*  
How is Abby?

INT. A HOSPITAL ER - MASSACHUSETTS - PAST

Craig is staring up at the halos of light. MEDICAL STAFF work around him. Voices muffled. Craig's half sedated eyes roam the unfamiliar ER and find --

ABBY in her nurse's uniform. Her hair is longer, eyes a little younger. She returns his gaze. Craig's eyes, playing tricks with the light, superimpose the halos over her.

INT. DOCTOR RUBIN'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

Craig smiles at the remembered image. Pulls on his coat.

CRAIG

She's my angel.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE NEW YORK SKYLINE

seen from the harbor. The sky is a bright gray white. Sea birds dance and dive in the wake of the Staten Island Ferry.

EXT. CRAIG'S STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY

There are no parking spaces curb side so Craig double parks his VW Rabbit and puts on the hazard lights. A VOLVO DRIVER honks at him, annoyed, and pulls around. Craig waves. On the steps of Craig's building a KID plays with a Gameboy.

Craig climbs out of the car and climbs the steps...

KID  
There was a guy here looking for  
you.

CRAIG  
*(looks around the street)*  
Who?

KID  
*(shrugs)*  
He left this for you.

Kid hands Craig a business card. Craig looks at it: "TROY  
EDNEY - PILOT". Then HEARS a commotion from down the street.

BLACK WIFE (O.S.)  
Please, you're not listening to me.

ON THE STEPS OF A BUILDING, A FEW DOORS ALONG --

a PAIR OF COPS are trying to calm a BLACK WIFE down. She  
seems afraid of her HUSBAND. Sounds confused, borderline  
crazy...

BLACK WIFE (cont'd)  
That's not my husband!

Her HUSBAND just stands there, leaning on crutches.

BLACK WIFE (cont'd)  
I won't calm down. I know it looks  
just like him but it's not him, I  
tell you. It's not my husband!

The Cops walk the Black Wife inside her building. Husband  
looks at Craig.

It's an unsettling beat as he hold's Craig's gaze. Husband  
then turns and limps inside. Craig looks at the crutches as  
we --

CUT TO:

INT. PHYSIOTHERAPY ROOM - A MASSACHUSETTS HOSPITAL - PAST

There are light exercise machines, tables for massage and  
mats for stretching. Craig is between a pair of parallel  
bars in the center of the room. He's holding them as  
handrails. Taking some of the weight off his legs. A  
PHYSIO, young, early 30's, kind eyes, is helping him.

PHYSIO

Come on Craig, another step. You  
can do it.

We watch the concentration of Craig's face as he raises a  
foot and slides it forward.

PHYSIO (cont'd)

You'll be running a marathon before  
you know it. One more.

Craig takes another step.

PHYSIO (cont'd)

Wonderful.

The door opens and a PAIR OF DOCTORS enter. They take Physio  
aside. Whisper in a corner.

DOCTOR#1

How is he?

PHYSIO

Remarkable progress. Yesterday he  
couldn't even stand.

They watch as Craig takes another, much more definite step.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

The countryside is in transition. Reds and golds still  
linger but the grayness of winter is taking hold. Craig's VW  
winds lazily along a road etched through the landscape.

INT. CRAIG'S VW - MOVING - DAY

Craig at the wheel. Abby in the passenger seat. Radio  
playing low. Craig sees A HITCHHIKER in a red slicker and  
Cowboy hat standing by the roadside. He's holding a sign for  
"Boston". Craig sails straight past.

CRAIG

Sorry, cowboy. Tree stole your  
seat.

The rear seat and window are filled with an oversized Yucca  
plant in a terra-cotta pot. Abby hits his hand playfully...

ABBY

It's for your mother's patio.  
It'll look nice.

CRAIG

They live in the country.

ABBY

So?

CRAIG

So, isn't it a bit like taking snow  
to the Eskimos?

She gives him a "oh, you're so funny" smile. On the radio,  
"Sympathy For the Devil" starts to play.

ABBY

I love this song.

*(she cranks it up; sings)*

Please allow me to introduce myself  
I'm a man of wealth and taste.

*(Craig joins in)*

I've been around for a long, long  
year. Stole many a man's soul and  
faith.

Craig pulls the business card from his pocket.

CRAIG

Abby, do you know a Troy Edney?

ABBY

Who?

CRAIG

It says he's a pilot.

Abby takes the card and looks at it...

ABBY

You met this guy?

CRAIG

No. He left his card with Billy.

ABBY

Never heard of him. What would a  
pilot want with you?

CRAIG

Maybe he's an old friend. You  
think I should call him?

ABBY

Your mom call every week and you don't talk to her, but this guy you think about calling.

CRAIG

I don't know what to say to her.

ABBY

Say anything. She just misses her son.

CRAIG

Well, if her son ever shows up be sure to let me know. I could do with some financial advice.

ABBY

Can you for once be serious?

They sail into the next bend and pass A HITCHHIKER in a red slicker and Cowboy hat walking by the roadside. He looks at Craig. It's the same guy! Craig does a double take. Uses the mirrors...

CRAIG

Did you see that?!

ABBY

See what?

CRAIG

The hitchhiker. It was the same cowboy.

ABBY

What are you talking about?

CRAIG

How the hell can he be in two places at once?

ABBY

Oh, nice way to deflect.

Abby looks out the window. Craig has lost sight of the Hitchhiker. "Sympathy for the devil" continues to play...

THE ROLLING STONES

...pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name...

Craig turns back to the road. Keeps driving. Unnerved.

EXT. STONEBROOK - CRAIG'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

A Colonial style home surrounded by gardens, perfectly manicured lawns, and looking out onto a lake. The house has its own private mooring.

Craig pulls the VW up to the front door and climbs out. Craig's DAD is already coming down the steps toward them.

DAD

Hello, son. Good drive?

CRAIG

Hi, dad.

They shake hands. Warm but a little distant. Abby gives Dad a big hug and a kiss.

DAD

Hello, my dear.

ABBY

Where's Helen?

Dad gestures and Craig and Abby look around to see MOM (Helen) slender, 58 year old, in trousers and a fleece jacket, walking toward them from the greenhouse. She's pulling off her gardening gloves. She has Craig's smile. As she reaches them Abby greets her with a hug.

ABBY (cont'd)

Hi, Helen.

Mom greets Abby with a hug. Looks at her.

MOM

You changed your hair. Suits you.

Dad grabs bags out of the car. Mom turns to Craig. He smiles. She kisses him and hugs him tight...

MOM (cont'd)

I've missed you.

*(the hug lingers; then)*

Right, let's get your bags inside, shall we. Your brothers will be here shortly.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - EVENING

The table is set for twelve. Ladened with steaming plates of lovingly prepared food. Dad is carving the turkey. Wine and juice are passed around.



Sweet potatoes are spooned out by Mom. Compliments flit around the table faster than the kids - who can't decide upon their seating arrangement.

JOE

Steven, just sit beside your brother.

STEVEN

But I want to sit with Shelly.

JOE is Craig's older brother, hair thinning, waste expanding. He's an investment banker and is married to ANITA. They have three bundles of energy running around. None over ten.

DAD

Who's for dark meat and who wants light?

FRANK

I'll take a leg.

Frank is Craig's younger brother. Just turned 24. He followed Dad into the hardware business. His wife is MARY and their first child, SHELLY, is three.

MOM

Sweet potatoes, Mary?

MARY

Please.

JOE

So, Craig. How's life at the zoo?

Joe's kids tear around the table again...

CRAIG

I was thinking you could tell me.

JOE

You got that right. They are a handful. Aren't you?

Joe scoops Steven up in his arms and tickles him. Sits him on his knee. Craig sees Abby watching the kids. Wistful...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - EVENING

People are eating and chatting. Jokes, laughter and wine flowing. The mood is warm and entertaining. Mom watches her children. All together, with pride.

No need to ask what she's thankful for. She catches eyes with her Craig and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOORING - EDGE OF THE LAKE - NIGHT

Craig is sitting on a bench wrapped in a warm winter coat, looking out over the lake. Sail-boats bob like white ghosts against the black water and sky.

The back door of the house opens and Mom appears carrying a steaming cup of coffee. She hugs a shawl around her as she walks across the lawn toward Craig...

We HEAR laughter from the kitchen and Mom glances back. Sees Abby and Mary loading the dishwasher and rinsing glasses. Mom smiles. Turns back toward Craig.

MOM

Mind if I join you?

Craig slides over on the bench. Makes room for her.

MOM (cont'd)

I brought you some coffee.

She hands him the cup.

CRAIG

Thanks.

She sits beside him. There's silence for a moment. Craig feels the need to explain...

CRAIG (cont'd)

I just needed a bit of air.

MOM

Gets a bit crazy, doesn't it.

A beat.

CRAIG

Dinner was nice. Thank you.

They stare out at the lake.

MOM

Your dad taught you to sail on this lake, you know. You took to it like a duck to water.

CRAIG

Yeah?

*(ponders the lake)*

I must have liked that.

She takes his hand.

MOM

How's the treatment? With Doctor Rubin.

CRAIG

Slow. Sometimes it feels like I'm getting worse not better.

MOM

I'm proud of you.

CRAIG

Proud.

MOM

I am.

CRAIG

I pick up trash at the zoo.

MOM

Even if you were cleaning toilets.

CRAIG

It's hardly Wall Street, is it?

MOM

To be quite honest, and don't let your father hear this ... but I hated Wall Street. You're my son and I love you unconditionally, but it was turning you into, well - a bit of a prick.

Craig laughs.

MOM (cont'd)

I'm sorry, but it's true.

CRAIG

I'll have to take your word for it.

MOM

What would you say if I told you that a colleague of yours killed himself over some deal or other?

CRAIG  
That's awful.

There's no hint of amusement. Whoever that "prick" was, who worked on Wall Street, is long dead.

MOM  
You're a good man, Craig Night.  
And that's why I'm proud of you.

He smiles.

MOM (cont'd)  
Your hands are freezing. Let's get  
you back inside.

Craig stands. Mom links him. They head toward the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATES - NEW YORK ZOO - NIGHT

Distant sirens. The sounds of New York. GUARDS close and lock the gates behind the last, straggling, visitors.

EXT. VARIOUS ANIMAL COMPOUNDS - NEW YORK ZOO - NIGHT

THE ELEPHANTS are eating straw. A mother makes room for her now half grown infant.

THE DOLPHINS circle their training pool. One of them performs an impromptu trick. There's no fish reward.

EXOTIC BIRDS huddle close to each other. Heads already drooping in sleep.

THE TIGER lounges, weary, in its fake jungle setting.

EXT. REPTILE HOUSE - NIGHT

Craig sits on a wall, looking out over the zoo. The trees are bare and skeletal and the light is gray but there's a tranquility about it. Craig draws on a cigarette, exhales into the chill evening air, closes his eyes and soaks up the animals noises.

A DOOR OPENS in the Reptile House and Zoran appears. The signal that Craig's break is over. Craig pinches the cherry off his smoke and pockets the rest.

INT. A BUILDING - NEW YORK ZOO - EVENING

Zoran is sweeping the floor while Craig polishes the glass of the reptile displays. Zoran picks up a fountain pen.

ZORAN

Fifth pen tonight. You want it?

CRAIG

You're supposed to hand that stuff in, you know.

ZORAN

What are you now, hall monitor?

Craig wipes Windex off the glass and in the reflection he glimpses - A CHILD IN A BLUE COAT flash past a doorway. Craig spins around. The Child is gone...

ZORAN (cont'd)

So, you never told me - how was your Thanksgiving?

Craig staggers and leans against the glass. Face perspiring.

ZORAN (cont'd)

Hey, buddy. You okay?

CRAIG

No, I... I keep getting these stomach aches.

ZORAN

Whoa. You should get some air, man. You look gray.

He's right. Craig's skin does look gray.

EXT. NEW YORK ZOO - NIGHT

Craig steps out the door and leans against the building. Half in shadows. He clutches his stomach as he gets another twinge. Grimaces. Then gets a strange feeling ... like he's not alone. Craig looks around and sees --

A SMALL GIRL

dressed in a blue coat. So he wasn't imagining things. She has blond curly hair and piercing eyes that seem to burn straight into Craig.

CRAIG

Hey, little girl, you shouldn't --

The door behind Craig opens. He looks around. Zoran appears.

ZORAN  
You okay, man?

CRAIG  
Yeah. There's a kid here --

But the Little Girl is gone. Craig steps away from the building. Looks around.

ZORAN  
What kid?

Craig glimpses her disappearing round a bend in the path.

CRAIG  
There.

Zoran misses it. Craig takes off after her.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Call security.

ZORAN  
Craig, wait.

Zoran bolts after Craig.

EXT. ANOTHER AREA - NEW YORK ZOO - NIGHT

Craig runs along a path and stops. Looks around. Sees her running along another path by the lake. Races after her.

CRAIG  
Hey.

Zoran is lagging behind.

EXT. THE CONCESSIONS AREA - NIGHT

Craig appears. Can't see her. The tables and chairs are all stacked. The umbrellas closed and chained. The shops shuttered and locked.

Suddenly, Craig sees the Child flash past the end of another path. He races after her again. Disappears from view as Zoran arrives. Looks around.

ZORAN  
Craig?!

No answer. There are five different paths leading from here. Zoran curses under his breath and pulls out his cellphone...

EXT. THE PRIMATE SECTION - NIGHT

Craig is fast running out of breath and this damn kid keeps vanishing like some kind of phantom. He reaches a high point in the path and looks around. There is no sign of the kid in any direction.

Craig curses under his breath. Exhausted. He fights the nauseous feeling again then HEARS --

CHAOS COMING FROM ONE OF THE ENCLOSURES.

Craig walks toward it. As he get closer he passes a sign for the "SILVERBACK GORILLA". Craig reaches the rail and looks down into the enclosure...

EXT. THE GORILLA ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Ground-level for the gorillas is fifteen feet below. They have trees, tree trunks, and tires to entertain them. The edge of the compound is lined with a moat, to discourage any attempt to climb out.

The SILVERBACK GORILLAS pace in the twilight. The males beat their chests and bare their teeth. But why? Then Craig sees it --

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE COAT

is standing in the middle of the enclosure. She looks up at Craig.

CRAIG

Shit. Jesus, don't move kid. You hear me? Whatever you do - don't move.

Craig looks around. The paths are deserted.

CRAIG (cont'd)

(shouts)

Help! Somebody help me!

But nobody responds. Craig looks back down into the compound as --

A MALE SILVERBACK beats his chest aggressively and takes a run past the kid.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Craig knows what he has to do. He peels off his coat and climbs over the rail. He jumps.

Lands painfully, half in half out of the moat. The splash is loud. The impact painful. He grimaces in pain.

The Gorillas spin to assess this new intruder.

Craig limps to his feet. Moves as slowly as he can.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
(to the kid)  
Stay still. And don't look at them.

Craig keeps his eyes low. Heads for the kid. One step at a time.

The Silverbacks rush him and back off. Beating their chests. Teeth bared. Testing him. Again and again.

THE MALE shoulders past Craig. It's like being shouldered by a freight train. He takes it and keeps walking.

The HOWLS of the gorillas is growing in intensity. And, with his eyes low, Craig doesn't know where the next blow will come from. Or even where the kid is.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
I'm almost there.

Craig glances up and sees the kid is staring at him. Unnervingly calm. She's holding A TWIG in her hands. She flexes the brittle wood.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Kid, no...

SNAP! It sounds like a gunshot. Echoes around the pen.

KID  
You have to remember, Craig.

Craig reacts. How does she know his name?

THE MALE SILVERBACK

charges Craig. Teeth bared. There's no stopping this thing. It's coming in for the kill.

Craig stands there. Riveted to the spot as --



A volley of tranquilizer darts HIT the Silverback in mid run. The beast spins around in confusion and grabs at the darts.

OVERHEAD LIGHTS SNAP ON. BLINDINGLY BRIGHT.

At the railing's edge, ZOO HANDLERS are reloading rifles. They fire another volley of darts into the beast.

THE SILVERBACK

finally collapses. Breath heavy. It snorts at Craig.

THE ZOO HANDLERS

climb down and approach Craig. Guns up. Other Handlers throw food at the far end of the compound. The Gorillas head for the food and away from Craig...

ZOO HANDLER

*(pissed)*

What the hell do you think you're doing? Are you trying to get yourself killed?!

CRAIG

Where's the kid?

ZOO HANDLER

What kid?

Craig looks around the compound. There's no sign of the kid. Where she was standing is now A SMALL GORILLA with a flash of white fur.

CRAIG

The girl in the blue coat. She was standing right there.

The Handlers look at Craig.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Don't look at me like that! I'm telling you, there was a kid in here! I chased her.

Craig sees Zoran at the rail.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Z', tell them. You saw her, right?

But Zoran just looks at him...

CRAIG (cont'd)

Z', tell them.

Zoran shrugs "sorry". He didn't see anyone.

ZOO HANDLER  
Come along, Craig.

CRAIG  
I know what I saw. She was here.

As Craig is led away he looks at the Small Gorilla eating the banana. She looks straight back at him.

WE LINGER ON THE GORILLA'S EYES - there's something about them. Like they're too knowing.

THE OVERHEAD LIGHTS SNAP OFF and the compound, and the Gorilla's eyes, are plunged into darkness once more.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Abby is sitting on the sofa watching as Craig pours a glass of Scotch and downs it. He pours another. Hands shaking.

CRAIG  
I'm telling you, Abby. It happened exactly how I described it.

Zoran is standing in the hallway on the telephone.

ABBY  
You want to know what I think? I think you're exhausted. You're working too much --

CRAIG  
No, no...

ABBY  
You don't sleep, you're cold all the time --

CRAIG  
I know what I saw. I know what I heard. She said my name. Told me I had to remember.

ABBY  
Remember what?

CRAIG  
I don't know!

Craig overhears Zoran on the phone...

ZORAN

I don't know how, but they found him.

Abby's voice drags him back to her.

ABBY

Honey, I know you're frustrated that you've lost part of your memory --

CRAIG

My memory, not my sanity.

ABBY

Jumping into a compound with gorillas doesn't exactly strike me as sane.

Silence. We hear Zoran hang up the phone. He steps into the living room. Abby and Craig look at him.

ABBY (cont'd)

Everything okay?

ZORAN

Yeah.

CRAIG

Who found me?

ZORAN

What?

CRAIG

On the phone you said somebody found me.

ZORAN

Oh. The handlers. I was telling your dad that they found you in time. He was worried.

ABBY

Who wants some pasta?

CRAIG

I'm not hungry.

ABBY

You've got to eat something. Z?

ZORAN

If I'm not imposing.

Abby gets up and heads toward the kitchen.

ZORAN (cont'd)  
(takes off his coat)  
Is it okay if I smoke?

ABBY  
If you open the window.

Zoran crosses to the window and opens it. He lights a cigarette and casually takes in the street below. Craig bums a cigarette off him. Lights it. Zoran continues to take in the street...

ZORAN  
You say the little girl told you to remember something.

CRAIG  
Yeah.

ZORAN  
And then she vanished.

CRAIG  
I know how it sounds.

ZORAN  
Hey, you don't hear me judging.  
I'm just worried about you. This whole memory thing ... it's got you under a lot of stress. But the bottom line is - you got a nice life here, man. Good woman. You should try to enjoy it more.

Craig nods. Exhales smoke out into the cold air...

INT. SONNIE'S TANNING SALON - EVENING

A cheap clock hangs among faded pictures of exotic beaches and beautiful people. Craig enters. Glad to be out of the cold. A couple of young women are sitting in the plastic chairs reading magazines. Behind a desk is a BRUNETTE in a white lab-coat filing her nails. She has a fantastic tan.

CRAIG  
Hi.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

and the Brunette is leading Craig down a small corridor lined with doors on either side.

The eerie glow of blue UV light shines through the gap underneath. We hear the fan cooled machines humming. Craig is clutching a towel and a pair of plastic eye shades.

BRUNETTE

You been on a bed before?

CRAIG

First time.

BRUNETTE

Five minutes is your max then. Get your skin used to it.

THEY PASS A PARTIALLY OPEN DOOR

the sun bed is on inside the booth. Lid lowered so that the body inside is hidden. Hidden that is, except for A BARBED TENTACLE which flicks into view. It's gone just as quick.

Craig looks at the Brunette. She didn't see a thing...

BRUNETTE (cont'd)

Here you go.

*(opens another booth)*

Tokens go in the timer on the wall.  
Bed switches on and off automatically. There's glass cleaner and paper towels on the shelf to wipe it down when you're done. Have fun.

She walks away.

Craig glances back at the booth he saw the tentacle in. The blue glow inside CUTS OUT. Booth ominously dark.

INT. A TANNING BOOTH - SONNIE'S SALON - EVENING

CRAIG'S HAND drops two tokens into the timer by the door. He twists the handle. They clunk into the money tray and --

THE UV TUBES on the sun bed flicker to life.

THE BOOTH is barely large enough for a sun bed and a chair. Craig is stripped down and has a towel around his waist. His body looks as good as it did on "The Gecko". He hasn't gained an ounce.

Craig lies on the sun bed and pulls the overhead section down. It's like closing yourself inside a neon coffin.

CLOSE ON CRAIG

in the claustrophobic space. Glass only an inch or two from his face. He slips the eye shades on and gets comfortable.

A beat.

Slowly a smile spreads across his face. Sun, even artificial sun, feels really good on his pale skin.

CRAIG

Oh, yeah...

We linger on him, soaking up the rays. Eyes closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Craig is in the middle of speech therapy. He's being shown flashcards with faces on them. Photographs of people with different expressions.

THERAPIST

Angry.

CRAIG

An-gry.

She shows him a card with the face of a smiling child on.

THERAPIST

Happy.

CRAIG

Ha-ppy.

THERAPIST

Good.

(and another)

Old.

CRAIG

Old.

The door to the room is open and Craig sees Abby outside. She stops and watches him.

The Therapist holds up another card and says --

THERAPIST

Young.

CRAIG  
(looking at Abby)  
Pre-tty.

Abby blushes and smiles. The Therapist sees Abby outside the door and gives her a stern look. Abby hurries away. The Therapist looks at Craig. Craig reads his face.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
An-gry.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Patients are sleeping and the lights are dim. At the end of the ward, a bed has a curtain drawn around it and a light burns within. WE TRACK toward it and hear Abby talking. We see round the curtain and find she's sitting on the edge of Craig's bed. She's talking about her life. Makes a joke. He laughs. And on the laugh we make the TRANSITION to --

INT. BATHROOM - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Candles flicker around the bath and fingers of light and shadows dance on the walls. Craig and Abby lie in the bath laughing. She's behind him. Legs and arms wrapped protectively around him. She soaps his chest with a sponge.

ABBY  
Then you took me out for dinner,  
remember? And you forgot the word  
for steak. So you mimed a cow  
right there in the restaurant.

CRAIG  
(laughs)  
They understood me.

ABBY  
I'm just glad I didn't let you  
order my duck in orange.

They laugh again. It's cozy. They belong together. The laughter dies down to quiet remembrance...

CRAIG  
I'm scared, Abby.

ABBY  
I know.

Craig looks into a dark shadow in the corner.

CRAIG

I keep thinking about that night.  
In the water. Trying to remember.  
But it's like staring into the  
darkest shadows, and the harder I  
stare the blacker it gets.

*(a beat)*

What's in those shadows, Abby?  
What am I not remembering?

ABBY

Your boat was hit by a freak meteor  
shower. What more is there?

CRAIG

I just can't shake the feeling that  
there was something down there with  
me.

ABBY

Oh, honey...

She hugs him tighter. They just lie there in silence.

Craig stares into the shadows in the corner of the room. For  
a moment the flickering shadow fingers, caused by the  
candles, take on a more menacing look. Remind us of barbed  
tentacles...

EXT. CRAIG'S BUILDING - MORNING

Another cold morning. Billy is fixing the chain on his bike.  
Craig walks down the steps, fastening his overcoat.

CRAIG

Hey, Billy. You need a hand?

BILLY

I'm good, thanks.

Craig starts to walk away. Billy looks at him...

BILLY (cont'd)

Craig, that guy came round again  
looking for you.

CRAIG

What guy?

BILLY

The one that left his card.



CRAIG  
Right. Thanks.

Craig walks on down the street. A few buildings along, he sees --

THE BLACK WIFE AND HER HUSBAND

walking out of their building. Hand in hand. Happy. Husband now walks without crutches. Craig passes them as they come down the steps. He nods to them. They stare at him. Craig keeps walking. Starts to feel uncomfortable. Turns between parked cars to cross the street and glances back. Husband is on a cellphone. He stares straight at Craig. Craig walks out into the road and --

A HORN BLARES! Craig steps back out of the way as a TAXI zooms past. Barely slows down.

Craig looks back at the couple. They have turned and are walking the other way.

EXT. NEW YORK ZOO - DAY

Craig stops his cart beside a trash-can. Gets off. Ties the bag of trash and dumps it in the cart. Puts in a new bag. Hears the Silverbacks. Looks around. He approaches the enclosure and looks in. The beasts move around. Some lounge. A small one swings in a tire. They seem a lot less threatening than we remember. Almost timid.

FEMALE HANDLER (O.S)  
Not thinking of jumping in again I hope.

Craig looks around and sees the FEMALE HANDLER walking past. She was one of the people who helped him that night.

CRAIG  
Not in this lifetime.

She smiles. Starts to walk on...

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Tell me. What happened to the little one?

The Handler looks into the enclosure.

FEMALE HANDLER  
She's on the tire.

CRAIG

No, the other one. There were two.  
They were identical. Like twins.

FEMALE HANDLER

Twins? Not at this zoo. It was  
hard enough to get Kiki to conceive  
once, let alone twice.

She walks away and leaves Craig alone. He looks back into  
the Gorilla enclosure. The sole, baby Silverback swings on  
the tire...

CUT TO:

EXT. A BUSTLING NEW YORK STREET - AFTERNOON

The cold November rain is coming down in sheets. Taxis and  
cars slosh through puddles. The sidewalk bustles with  
harried New Yorkers in even more of a hurry than usual.

Craig is about the only happy soul among them. He actually  
smiles as he dodges people and umbrellas. He reaches a  
crosswalk and as he waits for the signal to change --

Craig suddenly feels nauseous. He flinches in pain and grabs  
the signpost beside him. Breathes. It's the same feeling he  
got at the zoo. Almost on instinct he looks around. Scans  
the street. The passing faces. Half expects to see the  
little girl.

Craig sees A CHINESE WOMAN standing across the street staring  
straight at him. Their eyes lock.

A truck passes between them and she's gone. Craig looks up  
and down the street. She can't have gotten away that fast.

Then he sees her, disappearing down the steps into --

A SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

Craig surges after her. Races into the road. Clutching his  
stomach. Still feeling nauseous. Car horns sound. People  
shout and stare.

A TAXI skids to avoid him.

Craig staggers on. Stops traffic. Reaches the other  
sidewalk. Ignores the shouts of derision as he --

Pushes through the pedestrians. It's like a salmon swimming  
upstream. He fights through and --

## INT. SUBWAY STEPS / PEDESTRIAN TUNNELS - EVENING

Craig hits the subway steps. Races downward. Two steps at a time. Sees the back of --

THE CHINESE WOMAN disappearing around a corner.

Craig hits the foot of the steps. Sprints after her. The pain in his side crippling. He rounds the corner and runs out onto --

## INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

The place is hot and crowded. There are businessmen, tourists, shoppers - all walks of life packed into a small area. Somewhere an unseen busker is crucifying "Walk on the wild side".

Craig sees the Chinese Woman swimming, through the crowds, ahead of him. Craig fights after her ... loses sight of her momentarily and --

## AN OLD BLIND MAN

coming the other way, cracks his white-stick hard against Craig's shin. Craig moves aside. Glimpses the pale, lifeless eyes behind the man's broken glasses. The Blind Man walks on, stick tapping, toward the entrance steps.

## CRAIG

pushes on through the crowds. Reaches the platform edge. Looks around. There's no sign of the Chinese Woman. He stands on his toes and peers over the crowd. Nothing.

The building ROAR of an approaching TRAIN makes the crowd shuffle forward and Craig is forced closer to the edge. He then turns and finds he's standing next to --

## THE SAME OLD BLIND MAN

waiting patiently for his train. Craig stares at him. Same stick, same lifeless eyes, it's the same damn guy.

Craig spins around and looks back toward the entrance steps. Through the milling bodies he glimpses --

## THE BACK OF THE BLIND OLD MAN

disappearing up toward the street. White stick tap-tap-tapping. Then he's gone.

The ROAR of the approaching train builds in intensity and volume as Craig pales with fear. He slowly looks back at the Blind Man beside him and finds --

The Blind man is staring straight at him.

QUICK ANGLES

as barbed tentacles slide around Craig's legs. Coming from somewhere in the Blind Man's clothes. Commuters are packed tight around them, so nobody else could see this even if they wanted to.

Craig is rigid with fear. Heart pounding. He stares at the Blind Man's pale, lifeless, eyes which blink. But not how you'd expect. They blink with a second, semi-transparent set of lids.

CRAIG

What? What are you -- ?

The tentacles tighten around Craig's legs and --

BLIND MAN

Remember, or die.

Blind Man pushes him off the edge of the platform.

Craig SLAMS down onto the tracks. It kicks the wind out of him. He looks up at the platform but the Blind Man is gone.

COMMUTERS on both platforms are calling to him and reaching out their hands. But they're hard to hear over the approaching ROAR of the train.

Craig staggers to his feet. Shoes slipping on the oil-slicked laths.

Lights of the train bear down on him. He doesn't know which way to jump. His feet slip again. He almost stumbles onto the third rail.

The train is upon him. Lights BLINDING. Noise DEAFENING.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT POLICE DIVISION - DAY

Transit cops bustle about. Deal with every walk of life. Mugging victims, drunken vagrants, lost tourists. Phones ring. A scuffle between two vagrants breaks out. Cops intercede. Abby enters this zoo, harried, dressed in her work clothes. Crosses to the DESK SERGEANT.

ABBY  
I'm here for Craig Night.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - TRANSIT POLICE OFFICE - DAY

A fluorescent light hums and up in the corner, a vent blows. Streamers blowing like tentacles on the air. In another corner water drips from a pipe. Slaps into a recently emptied bucket. Craig draws on a cigarette. Scared. Angry. Confused. A PAIR OF TRANSIT COPS sit opposite him.

CRAIG  
I'm telling you, the Old Man pushed me.

TRANSIT COP#1  
The Blind Man.

CRAIG  
Yes.

TRANSIT COP#2  
The one you said was in two places at once.

CRAIG  
I know it doesn't make any sense but --

TRANSIT COP#1  
Mister Night, we found this bag on the track near where you fell.

He puts a grimy BACKPACK on the table.

TRANSIT COP#1 (cont'd)  
Isn't it possible that you just got your legs tangled in the straps and tripped?

Craig glances up at the door and sees Abby standing there.

INT. A TAXI - MOVING - DAY

Craig and Abby ride in silence. Craig stares out at the bustling New York street beyond the rain soaked windows. The cab becomes snarled in traffic. They sit there for a while. Finally, Craig tears open the door and gets out.

ABBY  
Craig, where are you -- ?

But he just slams the door and disappears through the cars. Abby sees the cab driver looking at her in the rear view mirror.

INT. DOCTOR RUBIN'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

Craig BURSTS in. He's dirty and wet. Clothes ruined. Rubin's secretary, ROSE, is hot on his heels...

ROSE

Mister Night, you can't just barge in like this.

Rubin is on the phone.

CRAIG

Doctor Rubin, you have to help me.

RUBIN

*(into telephone)*

It's okay, Abby. He's just walked in. I'll call you later.

ROSE

You need to book an appointment.

CRAIG

*(snaps)*

It's an emergency, okay?!

She is shocked by his sudden ferocity. Doctor Rubin diffuses the situation...

RUBIN

It's okay, Rose. Hold my calls.

Rose shuffles out mumbling insults under her breath...

RUBIN (cont'd)

I think you owe Rose an apology.

CRAIG

I know ... I'm sorry. I'm desperate.

RUBIN

What's happened, Craig?

CRAIG

People are trying to kill me.

RUBIN

I understand your anxiety, Craig,  
but paranoid delusions are an  
unfortunate side effect of what  
your brain has been through. It's  
still figuring out the world...

CRAIG

Really? Well that "delusion" just  
pushed me in front of a subway  
train.

He's got Rubin's attention...

RUBIN

What are you talking about?

CRAIG

*(sharp)*

Something happened out there on the  
water, Doctor Rubin, and I need to  
know what it was.

*(beat; scared)*

I need to remember.

Rubin looks at Craig, sees the fear and longing in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Craig relaxes in a plush brown leather chair. Hands on the  
arms. Doctor Rubin is sitting before him. Moves a pen-light  
back and forth. Slowly.

RUBIN

Follow the light with your eyes.  
Ignore everything else in the room,  
and listen only to my voice.

*(Craig follows the speck  
of light.)*

Keep your eyes on the light. The  
light and my voice. The light and  
my voice.

Craig's eyes look tired. He blinks once, twice, three times.  
Longer each time...

RUBIN (cont'd)

I'm going to count down from five  
and you will be totally relaxed and  
open to my suggestion. Five ...  
four ... three ... two ... one.

Craig's eyes stay closed. Breathing level.

RUBIN (cont'd)  
Can you hear me, Craig?

CRAIG  
(mumbles)  
Yes.

RUBIN  
I want to take you back, Craig.  
Back to the night of the accident.

We move in on Craig as he starts the journey...

RUBIN (cont'd)  
You remember waking up in the  
hospital?

Craig gasps...

FLASHBACK - HOSPITAL

P.O.V. SHOT - as we wake with a gasp of painful breath.  
Shocked ER staff stare. Halos of light hurt our eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

RUBIN (cont'd)  
I want you to go back further.  
You're in the helicopter. Do you  
remember that?

Craig stays motionless...

FLASHBACK - RESCUE CHOPPER

P.O.V. SHOT - as Medics try to resuscitate us. We just stare  
at the thumping chopper blades above. Noise is deafening.

BACK TO SCENE

RUBIN (cont'd)  
And I want you to go back even  
further now. You're in the water,  
before the chopper crew rescue you.

FLASHBACK - UNDERWATER

P.O.V. SHOT - as we struggle in the black water. Ropes and  
rigging swirl around us.

BACK TO SCENE



CRAIG  
Can't breathe.

He's getting very uncomfortable.

RUBIN  
Do you remember the explosion?

CRAIG  
The water's full of stuff. Ropes.  
I can't reach the surface.

RUBIN  
What else do you see?

FLASHBACK - UNDERWATER

P.O.V. SHOT - as a person's leg kicks into view.

BACK TO SCENE

CRAIG  
I'm not alone. There's somebody  
else trapped near me.

Craig starts to put a hand out...

RUBIN  
Do you recognize them?

FLASHBACK - UNDERWATER

P.O.V. SHOT - as the leg looms larger. Wearing a red Nike.

BACK TO SCENE

CRAIG  
They're wearing red sneakers.

RUBIN  
Who's wearing red sneakers?

CRAIG  
I don't know.

FLASHBACK - UNDERWATER

P.O.V. SHOT - as the red sneaker gets closer and - A HAND  
grabs the ankle. The hand is claw-like with scales and barbs  
all over it. The barbs clamp into the fleshy ankle. Blood  
instantly clouds the water.

BACK TO SCENE

as Craig jolts and squirms in the chair.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Oh, Jesus. Oh, God what is that  
thing?

He starts to convulse. Rubin is worried...

RUBIN  
Craig, I want you to go back to  
before the explosion. Before the  
water. Before any of this  
happened.

Craig's body relaxes again. He becomes tranquil.

RUBIN (cont'd)  
You're back onboard. You're safe.  
What do you see?

CRAIG  
It's dark.

FLASHBACK - DARKNESS

a black screen that shimmers with unseen heat.

BACK TO SCENE

RUBIN  
You mean it's night?

CRAIG  
No. Not night. It's hot. Hot  
shadows. Burning hot.

FLASHBACK - DARKNESS

Flashes of burning orange lick the edge of the black frame.  
But the blackness has depth. Can be plunged into...

BACK TO SCENE

RUBIN  
I want you to go into the shadows,  
Craig.

Craig shakes his head "no" like a frightened child...

CRAIG  
The heat. It's under my skin.  
Burning me...

FLASHBACK - DARKNESS

We move with trepidation into the blackness. We glimpse tentacles with barbs. A barely seen form...

BACK TO SCENE

RUBIN

Ignore the heat, Craig. Trust me.

*(beat)*

Go into the shadows and tell me  
what you see. Tell me what it is  
you want to remember.

There is a noise behind Rubin. He turns. Sees his office door opening. But before we see who is entering...

FLASHBACK - DARKNESS

We BURST into the blackness with the velocity of a bullet.  
HEAR an animal, PRIMAL SCREAM and --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abby is asleep in bed. The room is in darkness. She rouses. Hears the sound of running water in the bathroom. Looks at Craig's side of the bed. He's not there.

ABBY

*(calls)*

Craig?

There's no answer. She slips out of bed. She's wearing a green T-shirt that says "Tree Surgeon" on it.

INT. BATHROOM - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abby pulls back the shower curtain. Craig is just standing under a torrent of hot water. Steam fills the air.

ABBY (cont'd)

What are you doing? I called you.

CRAIG

Sorry, I was miles away.

ABBY

When did you get home?

CRAIG

I don't know.

ABBY  
(sees something)  
What's that?

CRAIG  
What?

Abby examines the red areas on his back and shoulders...

ABBY  
Is that a sunburn?

CRAIG  
I've been tanning.

ABBY  
You went to a tanning salon? While  
I was here worried sick about you?

CRAIG  
I know. I'm sorry. Everything's  
kinda foggy after Rubin's office.

Craig turns off the water and Abby hands him a towel.

ABBY  
Why did you run away from me, like  
that? I know he's your doctor but,  
we're supposed to be able to talk  
about anything.

CRAIG  
I asked him to hypnotise me again.

ABBY  
And?

Craig stops towel drying his hair. Looks at her. Confused.

CRAIG  
I don't remember.

ABBY  
Well, what did he say?

CRAIG  
I don't remember that either.

Craig looks at her. His eyes pleading. Her mood softens...

ABBY  
We'll call him tomorrow. Together.  
Okay? Now come to bed. You must  
be exhausted.

They leave the bathroom. The shower head drips. Water splashing down into the tub

EXT. A BUSTLING STREET - MORNING

Even at this early hour, the streets are busy. Through the traffic we see a COFFEE SHOP across the street. Craig is sitting at the window table.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The place is a throw back to 50s styling. Staff keep the coffee pots full and pastry trays fresh. In the window, Craig goes over the job section of the morning paper.

Zoran crosses from the counter and puts a pair of steaming coffees down before them.

ZORAN

There you go. That should warm you up.

Zoran sits. Greg sips his coffee.

CRAIG

Thanks.

ZORAN

So you're really looking for another job.

CRAIG

The zoo was always meant to be temporary. But it's tough. On paper I'm qualified to do so much. I look at my resume and even I'd hire me. But in reality all I know how to do is pick up trash.

ZORAN

There are worse jobs.

Craig gives him a "are you kidding me?" look.

ZORAN (cont'd)

(smiles)

Okay. Then there are worse places to pick up trash.

Zoran sees a man come out of the restroom. He gets up from the table. Crosses to the bathroom. Slips inside before another customer can get there.

As he passes the row of people sitting at the counter, eating 24 hour breakfasts, we linger on the back of --

A TIRED MAN

observing the world behind him in the dull reflection of a steel backplash. He is watching Craig.

CRAIG

continues to pore over the job section. Senses someone sit in the seat opposite him...

CRAIG

That was fast.

Craig looks up. It's not Zoran. TIRED MAN is early 40's, unshaven, with haunted eyes.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Oh. I'm sorry. That seat's taken.

The man continues to stare at Craig. It's uncomfortable beat before the man speaks...

TIRED MAN

You don't remember me, do you?

CRAIG

Sorry?

TIRED MAN

Why should you? You were dead to the world.

CRAIG

Am I supposed to know you?

TIRED MAN

You and your wife are hard to catch at home.

Tired Man glances nervously at the men's bathroom door. Like he's scared of Zoran returning.

CRAIG

I'm sorry, who are you?

TIRED MAN

Troy Edney.

CRAIG

Edney?

TIRED MAN/TROY

I left my card with a kid in your building.

CRAIG

You're the pilot.

TROY

Was a pilot, 'til they pulled my license. It was my crew that pulled you from the ocean.

CRAIG

You were there?

More customers enter the coffee shop. Take a place at the booth next to Troy and Craig. Troy sits back...

TROY

This is too public.

CRAIG

So, you know what happened that night.

Troy looks out the window and sees an OLD MAN watching from a phone booth across the street.

TROY

Not here.

Troy gets up. Craig looks out into the street for what's spooked Troy. Sees nothing but a PREGNANT ASIAN WOMAN in the phone booth. Troy leaves...

CRAIG

Wait.

Craig looks at the men's room door. Still no sign of Zoran. But through the window, Troy is hurrying away. He has a tough choice to make.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Shit.

He dumps a pocketful of change on the table. The Waitress looks at him. She's going to have to count that shit. Craig follows Troy out the door.

A beat.

Zoran exits the bathroom. Sees the empty table. The coins.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Zoran hurries out into the bustling street and looks around. No sign of Craig.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MORNING

Traffic roars and pedestrians hurry along the sidewalks. Craig weaves his way through the sea of people. Troy staying just ahead of him. Troy ducks into a side alley. Beckons for Craig to follow.

INT. SIDE ALLEY - MORNING

Craig enters the alley. Slowly. Daylight has trouble penetrating the gloom. Water drips from skeletal fire-escapes that cling to the tall buildings like iron ivy. A rat scurries among piles of trash. Then Craig sees it, half hidden from view --

AN OLD GRAY BUICK. Troy is climbing inside. He pops the passenger door for Craig.

TROY

Get in.

Craig looks around. Hesitant.

CRAIG

Let's talk here.

TROY

It's not safe. They'll find me.

CRAIG

Who?

There's movement on the rooftop. Craig looks up as A FLOCK OF PIGEONS clamor into the air.

Troy fires up the Buick's engine. Spooked. Clouds of oil smoke chug from the tailpipe.

TROY

Get in.

CRAIG

Fuck that. I don't know you from Adam. You could be some psycho for all --



TROY

I have a piece of The Gecko.

A beat. Craig stares at him.

CRAIG

That's impossible. She sank  
without a trace.

TROY

That's what they want you to think.

CRAIG

Who's "they"?

Troy just holds the door open for him. Waits. The only way  
Craig's gonna get any answers is to get inside.

Craig curses his own stupidity and climbs in. As the door  
slams shut we --

CUT TO:

INT. TROY'S BUICK - MOVING - MORNING

Troy weaves through morning traffic. Keeps his eyes on the  
mirrors. Scrutinizing every car around and behind him.

Craig glances around the Buick's interior. There are  
religious symbols. A crucifix swings from the rear-view  
mirror. A sleeping bag and bagged food on the backseat tell  
us this car is also Troy's apartment.

CRAIG

You want to tell me what this is  
all about?

TROY

You already know.

CRAIG

I do?

TROY

Why else did you get in the car?

CRAIG

I don't remember anything about  
that night. Just flashes. Images.

TROY

You're serious?

CRAIG  
I wish I wasn't.

TROY  
(a beat)  
Well, I don't know how to break  
this to you, but you and your  
buddies weren't the only thing we  
pulled out of the water that night.

CRAIG  
What do you mean?

Troy sees a BLACK EXPLORER a few cars back.

TROY  
There was something else.

CRAIG  
What do you mean: "something else"?

TROY  
At first I thought it was just a  
burned body. From the explosion.  
The skin was black and scaly, like  
charred flesh, but --

Troy changes lanes. The Explorer changes lanes too.

TROY (cont'd)  
We're being followed.

Craig looks behind him. Nervous.

CRAIG  
By who?

TROY  
The government.

The traffic lights ahead of them change to RED. Cars begin  
to slow to a halt.

TROY (cont'd)  
Hang on.

Troy floors it. Blows straight through the stop-light.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

Troy's Buick speeds across the intersection. Cars nearly hit  
them but they make it through.

Leave blaring horns and angry drivers behind them. They also leave the Explorer snarled in traffic.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - MORNING

The diesel engines chug and the boat cuts a slow path through the Hudson bay. Tourists, braving the cold, line the rails and snap pictures of the skyline.

Away from them, Craig and Troy talk. Coats turned up against the chill.

CRAIG

I still don't understand, if you're saying it wasn't a person, what was it?

TROY

Like I said "something else". Its skin wasn't burned, it was scaly, like a fish, or a lizard, and it had these little... er...

CRAIG

Spikes?

Troy looks at Craig.

TROY

So, you do remember.

CRAIG

Not really. Bits. It comes in flashes.

TROY

But at least you believe me.

The men look at each other. Draw comfort from somebody else believing them for once. A group of tourists cross to their side of the boat. Craig and Troy walk along the deck.

CRAIG

What did the hospital say it was?

TROY

We didn't take you to a hospital. The Government was all over us as soon as we hit dry land. They're the ones who took you to hospital. Not us.

CRAIG

And - the thing?

TROY

Never heard about it again. When we got back to base, Military Brass was waiting. My crew was forced to sign the "Official Secrets Act" and ordered never to discuss it again.

*(beat; pissed)*

They threatened our families. Like we were enemies of the state, for Christ sake.

CRAIG

So why are you talking to me?

Troy pulls a tatty photograph from his pocket and hands it to Craig. It's of Troy and his flight crew.

TROY

Cooper's brakes failed on the freeway, Miller's camping stove exploded, Jones had a scuba diving accident and Nielson ... he "*fell*" from his roof. I'm the only one left.

CRAIG

But why? What is it they think you saw?

TROY

I don't know, but whatever it was, you saw it too.

A chill wind blows across them as this sinks in. Craig huddles his coat. They move out of the wind...

TROY (cont'd)

When the Government team were loading it into their vehicle, I...

CRAIG

What?

TROY

It started to change.

CRAIG

What do you mean "change"? Change how?

TROY

The skin got smoother. No scales  
or barbs. And the hands were  
less...

CRAIG

Claw-like?

TROY

Yeah. It started to look a lot  
more, well ... human.

They're coming back into port. The huge ferry turns in the  
water. Ready to reverse in.

CRAIG

What does any of this mean?

TROY

You want my take?

*(Craig does)*

That rock, that took out your boat?  
It wasn't a rock.

CRAIG

What do you think it was?

TROY

There's only two things come from  
space. Things we can identify -  
and things we can't.

CRAIG

You think it was an alien ship?

TROY

I know how it sounds.

CRAIG

And the thing you pulled from the  
water. You think that was an  
alien.

TROY

Sherlock Holmes once said: When  
you've eliminated the impossible,  
whatever remains, however  
improbable, must be the truth.

CRAIG

If its true, why haven't we heard  
about them? Why haven't we seen  
them?

TROY  
I think we have. We just don't  
know it.

Troy looks around at the people on the boat. Craig follows his gaze across the numerous faces in the crowd.

TROY (cont'd)  
I think they can shape shift. Make  
themselves look just like us.

Troy sees A BLACK GOVERNMENT AGENT-TYPE coming his way.

TROY (cont'd)  
Shit.

Troy panics, turns and runs. Shoves through tourists.

CRAIG  
What? Troy -- ?

The AGENT pushes Craig aside and races after Troy. Craig collapses among a cluster of folding chairs. Grabs his knee in pain.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Hey?!

Craig jumps to his feet and limps after them.

INT. THE MAIN CABIN - FERRY - DAY

Craig busts inside. The place is packed with tourists grabbing their coats and camera bags. He pushes through the sea of bodies. Going is slow.

CRAIG  
Let me through! Troy?! Move!  
Troy?!

INT. THE BRIDGE - FERRY - DAY

The CAPTAIN throws the massive diesel turbines into reverse.

EXT. REAR OF THE FERRY - DAY

The gray water churns white as water is sucked into the massive props. The ferry moves backward toward the dock.

EXT. UPPERDECK - DAY

Troy races out onto the deck and finds he has nowhere to go. He is breathless and scared. He looks around and sees the AGENT coming his way. Slow. Menacing. He backs against the rail.

EXT. LOWERDECK - DAY

Craig fights his way out of the main cabin and onto the deck. More tourists crowd the deck waiting to disembark.

CRAIG  
(shouts)  
Troy?!

He reaches the rail. Looks around. Can't see him. Then --

TROY

plummets from above. Falls, arms and legs wheeling, straight into the foaming water below.

The blades dice him. Water flashing blood red.

Women, around Craig, scream and Craig fights the urge to vomit.

Craig looks around. He sees the AGENT coming down the steps to Craig's deck. Craig fights his way through the crush of people spilling out to see what happened...

INT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

Craig slips inside before the Agent sees him and runs straight into --

TROY. Alive and well.

CRAIG  
Troy? But I thought you just -- ?

Troy looks past him. Out at the deck where the Agent is searching the crowd.

TROY  
This way.

Troy unhooks a "no entry" chain and hurries Craig down another flight of stairs...

INT. BELOW DECK - DAY

The throb of the engines comes to a disquieting stop as the Captain kills the props. It's darker down here. Damp. There is a short corridor and then a heavy metal door that leads to a storage area.

CRAIG

What the hell is going on?

Troy hushes him. We see a shadow of a man appear on the wall of the stairwell. It pauses. A beat. Then moves on...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Troy leads Craig inside. The room is in gloom. The odd shaft of gray light fight through grimy port-holes. There are boxes and crates piled everywhere. A bag of tools lies on the nearest crate. Troy looks around...

CRAIG

Talk to me, man. Who is that guy,  
and who the fuck just got chopped  
up.

Troy decides the place is clear.

TROY

Who?

CRAIG

Yeah, who?

TROY

Troy Edney did.

CRAIG

What?

Troy looks at Craig and a second set of eyelids blink horizontally. Before Craig can react --

Troy grabs him with hands of steel. Slams Craig against the wall with a metal thud. Craig grabs at the hands but the guy is strong beyond anything human.

Craig punches Troy but it's like hitting lead. Craig's hands reach and search for something. Anything. They find the bag of tools. He grabs a wrench and --

WHAM! Slams Troy around the head with all his strength. Troy releases him. Clutching his head. Craig swings again. Sends Troy flying backwards over a crate.



Craig rushes round the crate, wrench in hand...

But Troy is gone.

There's an inhuman hiss from somewhere behind him. The patter of something moving fast. Circling him. Craig spins. Stares around in the gloom.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
What the fuck are you -- ?

TROY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You already know, Craig. You just  
have to choose a side.

Across the room. A crate shifts. A shadow dances across the back wall. The shadow of tentacles...

CRAIG  
What are you talking about?

Craig backs toward the door. Wrench ready. Breath short.

He then sees Troy standing between crates. Staring at him.

TROY  
Wrong answer.

He bolts at Craig. Leaping the crates.

Craig gets through the metal door. Starts to pull it closed with all his might and --

WHAM! a pair of barbed tentacles whip into view and stop the door.

Craig howls with fear. Watches as they mutate into human fingers. Troy's face appears suddenly in the gap. Staring at Craig and --

Craig SLAMS the door closed with all his might and --

SEVERS THE FINGERS. We hear Troy SCREAM on the other side of the door.

Craig drops the heavy metal latches staggers back from the door. Breathing heavy. Troy, or whatever the hell it is, howls and POUNDS on the other side of the steel door.

Craig looks at the severed human finger tips lying on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Chairs, tables, and magazines that have all seen better days. Abby pushes open the door with her ass. Arms loaded with clipboards and files.

ABBY

*(to an unseen figure)*

Tell him I'll be there in five. I just gotta grab a coffee and pee.

She puts down her stacks of files. Grabs the pot from the drip-feeder. It's empty.

ABBY (cont'd)

Shit.

She turns toward the sink and almost drops the pot.

CRAIG is sitting right behind her.

ABBY (cont'd)

Jesus, Craig. You scared me. Why didn't you say something?

She sees his face. He looks scared and like he's been crying. It shakes her.

ABBY (cont'd)

Honey, are you okay?

CRAIG

I just saw a man die.

ABBY

What?

CRAIG

On the Staten Island Ferry. He was thrown into the propeller blades.

ABBY

I thought you were meeting Z for lunch? What were you doing on the ferry?

CRAIG

Abby, they killed him and I think I might be next.

ABBY

Craig, you're scaring me.

A NURSE sticks her head inside...

NURSE

Abby, Doctor Brown wants you in  
examining room six.

ABBY

Tell him to wait.

NURSE

He said now.

ABBY

So you fucking go, Dawn. I'm busy!

The Nurse holds up a hand "whatever" and leaves.

ABBY (cont'd)

Now, you. Talk to me.

CRAIG

You remember that man who left his  
card? The pilot?

ABBY

Vaguely.

CRAIG

Well, it was his team that rescued  
me from the sea that night. Only  
now they're all dead because of  
something they saw.

ABBY

Something they saw?

CRAIG

Abby, the government forced his  
team to sign the official secrets  
act. He told me. What struck my  
boat wasn't a rock. It was  
something - alien.

ABBY

Alien?

CRAIG

Yes. And they dragged something  
else from the water. Something not  
human.

ABBY

Okay. You're freaking out and  
you're losing me.

CRAIG

I think there are aliens living among us.

ABBY

*(sits)*

Oh, Craig.

CRAIG

You didn't see what I saw. It's the only thing that makes any sense. It's those 'things' that have been trying to kill me.

ABBY

Why? I can't believe I'm even asking this. Why would aliens be trying to kill you?

CRAIG

All I do know is that everyone who was there that night is dead, apart from me. And I didn't push myself in front of a subway train and I sure as hell didn't do this.

Craig shows her his neck. She sees the grip marks. The bruising. She gets up. Checks his neck. Concerned.

ABBY

Jesus. When did this happen?

CRAIG

Today. When one of those bastards got its claws on me.

Abby takes a deep breath.

ABBY

Honey. Look at me.

*(he looks her in the eyes)*

I need you to listen. There are no aliens.

CRAIG

I guess we'll know soon enough.

ABBY

What do you mean?

*(instant concern)*

Craig, what have you done?

He hands a file.

ABBY (cont'd)

What's this?

(reads)

You ordered a tissue test on  
yourself? And you signed my name?

CRAIG

It's not my sample.

ABBY

What do you mean, it's not yours?

CRAIG

I didn't know what else to do.

ABBY

(firm)

Craig, where did you get the  
sample?

Craig opens a napkin and shows her the severed fingers.

INT. CANTEEN - HOSPITAL - DAY

Craig is sitting alone drinking coffee. Waiting.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Abby is doing her rounds. Changing an IV bottle for a  
patient. She looks at the wall clock. The seconds tick...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A centrifuge filled with blood vials spins at high speed.  
Separating the red and the white blood cells...

INT. SAMPLE TESTING LAB - DAY

Craig and Abby enter. She motions for Craig to hang back.  
He shouldn't even be in here. A few TECHNICIANS are busy at  
microscopes and filling in reports. Craig looks at a TV  
monitor. Sees an image of healthy live blood cells as Abby  
approaches --

DR. ROYCE, 50, an Asian Man with a kind face. He looks up at  
Abby from behind his glasses.

DR. ROYCE

Ah, Nurse Lowe.

ABBY

You paged me.

Dr. Royce takes off his glasses. Smiles at her.

DR. ROYCE

Okay, you can tell me. Who put you up to this? Was it O'Hanlon in radiology?

ABBY

I'm sorry, I don't understand. Is everything okay?

DR. ROYCE

You really don't know?

ABBY

Know what?

Craig moves closer. Concerned...

DR. ROYCE

*(a breath)*

Oh, dear. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you've been the butt of a practical joke.

ABBY

What do you mean?

DR. ROYCE

They've switched your patient's skin sample.

CRAIG

What did you find?

DR. ROYCE

And you are?

CRAIG

I'm the patient.

DR. ROYCE

*(chuckles)*

I don't think so, Mister Night. Not unless you are a mollusk.

CRAIG

A what?

DR. ROYCE

It's a bit of a running joke we have down here. The other doctors like to test me with exotic skins and skin conditions to diagnose --

ABBY

But, let me get this straight - you're saying it's not human?

DR. ROYCE

Far from it. If I had to guess, I'd say it was a cuttlefish.

The Technicians look at each other and laugh. Abby turns to Craig but he is already striding out the door.

ABBY

Craig, where are you going?

Craig leaves. The door swings closed behind him.

DR. ROYCE

I do apologize, Nurse Lowe. If you'd like to give my another sample I'm sure I can get to it by morning.

ABBY

That won't be necessary but thank you, Doctor.

Abby leaves. Going after Craig...

CUT TO:

A LIZARD EGG

as it begins to hatch. Slimy green snout pushing through the soft shell. Human fingers reach in and help the process...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Tell me Craig, why are you suddenly so interested in chameleons?

INT. THE HATCHERY - LIZARD HOUSE - NEW YORK ZOO - EVENING

The fingers belong to SOPHIE COLLINS, early 50's, slim, hair tied up, as with many who've given their lives to other species, her own appearance isn't a major concern.

Craig stands behind her. Listens as she talks and walks between different incubation tanks. The directional heat lamps give the place an eerie, mad scientists lab feel.

CRAIG  
It's specifically cuttlefish.

SOPHIE  
Ah, cuttlefish - the chameleons of the sea. You know that they're not actually fish at all.

CRAIG  
They're mollusks.

SOPHIE  
Very good. They're cephalopod mollusks from the same family as squid and octopus. I've got one over here.

Sophie takes off her latex gloves and walks over to a tank filled with rocks and seaweed. At first it looks empty. Then Craig notices an eye with a W shaped pupil. The creature is camouflaged. He sees it's tentacles...

FLASHFRAME - The alien Creature. Tentacles flailing...

Craig shudders. Shakes it off.

SOPHIE (cont'd)  
How does it work? The whole camouflage thing.

SOPHIE (cont'd)  
Cuttlefish have chromatophores embedded just under the skin which consist of an elastic pigment-sac surrounded by muscles. When the cuttlefish contracts its muscles, these sacs are stretched out into flat discs of dense pigment making the color more apparent. When it relaxes its muscles, the elastic nature of the pigment sac causes it to contract, making the color less apparent.

Craig looks at the creatures.

CRAIG  
But we're just talking about colors, right? These things can't actually ... shape shift.



SOPHIE

Not true. Cuttlefish can alter the texture of their skin and when they contract certain muscles, develop skin protrusions.

CRAIG

What kind of protrusions?

SOPHIE

Anything from small bumps to rather large spikes or barbs. Whatever they need to resemble the environment.

Craig lets this sink in as Sophie drops tiny fish into the tank. They swim around.

CRAIG

So, it's a defense mechanism. To hide from predators.

SOPHIE

*(laughs)*

No, Craig. Cuttlefish are the predators.

A pair of tentacles, recessed below the Cuttlefish's eyes, dart out and hook the fish. Faster than a lizard's tongue. Drag the fish back to its beak-like mouth. Violently severs the fish in half. On impact we --

CUT TO:

A SUBWAY TRAIN

BLASTS through the tunnels beneath New York. The ROAR is deafening. The transition harsh, brutal and disorienting.

INT. A SUBWAY CARRIAGE - DAY

Alone in the carriage, Craig is a knot of tension. Feet curled up on the chair in front of him. Clutching his knees to his chest. He draws on a cigarette. Shaking. Scared.

The lights in the carriage flash off and on... off and on... to the rhythm of the train.

INT. CORRIDOR - DOCTOR RUBIN'S BUILDING - DAY

Elevator doors open and Craig exits into a plush corridor. He passes a plaque on the wall. We see various business names but move in on "DR. RUBIN - PSYCHIATRIST."

We HEAR the chatter of police radios before we see the UNIFORMED COPS. They're clustered around the door to Doctor Rubin's office. Men and women from Forensics and the Coroners office mill in and out.

Craig strides along the corridor toward the scene. Beyond the cops he sees the door to Rubin's office is open. There are flashes of crime-scene cameras inside...

Craig tries to pass the Cops. A large, SURLY COP with a Brooklyn accent, stops him...

SURLY COP

Whoa, pal. Where do you think you're going?

CRAIG

What's going on?

SURLY COP

You can't go in there.

Craig glimpses crime scene photographers flashing pictures. As the cameras flash we see --

CAMEOS OF GORE AND HORROR

-- the walls are splashed with blood.

-- furniture is trashed.

-- a chalk body shape, well body parts, marked around the office.

CRAIG

Oh, Jesus.

Craig turns away and rests against the wall. Clings to the contents of his stomach.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Is that Doctor Rubin?

SURLY COP

His secretary.

CRAIG

Rose.

SURLY COP  
Who are you, Sir?

CRAIG  
I'm a patient. Is Doctor Rubin  
okay?

SURLY COP  
We don't know right now. What's  
your name?

CRAIG  
Erm, Craig... Craig Night.

Surly Cop looks through a printout. Craig watches a cop  
piling boxes of files onto a dolly. The top one contains  
DVDs. Craig glimpses his name is on a couple of them...

SURLY COP  
A patient you say?

CRAIG  
Yeah. I've been coming for  
eighteen months.

SURLY COP  
There's no Night on the patient  
list.  
*(calls into office)*  
Sir?

Craig looks past the cop into the office and sees a man in a  
suit turn. He is the BLACK AGENT from the ferry - the man  
who killed Troy.

SURLY COP (cont'd)  
*(to Black Agent)*  
We got a guy out here claims he's a  
patient. Says his name's Craig  
Night.

He turns back to Craig...

COP#1  
It was Night, wasn't -- ?

But Craig has gone. The stair door swings on its hinges.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Craig slots a DVD into the player beneath the TV. He sits on  
the sofa and picks up the remote. Hands shaking.

A small pile of stolen DVD cases are on the coffee table before him. They have his name on.

Craig hits play and stares at the screen as --

A MONTAGE OF HYPNOTIC IMAGES APPEAR

Petting a dog, birthing a child, feeding the hungry, families laughing and playing, a father carrying a child on his shoulders, a sportsman winning a gold medal, John Lennon, Woodstock, Jimmy Stewart in "It's a Wonderful Life", a first kiss, holding hands, conducting a symphony, the Mona Lisa, the Statue of Liberty, Martin Luther King, Christmas, Mickey Mouse...

CRAIG

just stares at the screen. Bemused and terrified in equal parts. These images of happiness seem tainted. Corrupted.

He notices FLASH-WORDS among the images: PEACE, LOVE, FAMILY.

He freeze frames on "HUMANITY."

ABBY (O.S.)

What's that?

Craig looks around. Abby is standing in the doorway.

CRAIG

It's what Doctor Rubin would play  
for me while I was under hypnosis.

ABBY

Why?

CRAIG

I don't know.

Craig stands and strides toward the bedroom. Abby follows him.

ABBY

Did you ask him?

CRAIG

I couldn't. He's not answering his  
phones and Rose is dead.

ABBY

What?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Craig drags a pair of suitcases from the closet. Throws them open on the bed. Abby watches...

ABBY  
Rose's dead? When?

CRAIG  
Today.

Craig slams clothes into a suitcase. Drags shirts and sweaters from the drawers. Slings jeans and underwear in.

ABBY  
What are you doing?

CRAIG  
Getting us out of here.

ABBY  
Why?

CRAIG  
We're not safe.

ABBY  
What do you mean we're not safe? I don't understand. What happened to Rose?

CRAIG  
I'll pack the bags. You go and bring the car around.

ABBY  
Craig?

CRAIG  
I'll explain everything on the road. Please. Get the car.

ABBY  
No, you'll explain now. What happened to Rose?

CRAIG  
(snaps)  
She was murdered, okay? And Doctor Rubin's vanished. I can only presume he's dead too.

ABBY  
Murdered?

CRAIG

Yes. Somebody - or something -  
broke into his office and tore her  
fucking throat out.

ABBY

You mean an alien.

CRAIG

Abby, all I know is that people are  
dying all around me and I'm scared.  
That skin sample at the hospital.  
That was no mix up.

ABBY

You heard what the doctor said.

CRAIG

Yes. He said it wasn't human.

ABBY

He said it was a fish.

CRAIG

No, he guessed. These things are  
chameleons. They can look like  
anyone. I've seen a child become a  
gorilla, a Chinese woman become a  
blind man. And today, after Troy  
died in the blades of the boat, his  
double almost killed me.

Abby's head is reeling. She doesn't know what to think or  
believe...

CRAIG (cont'd)

I'm in the middle of something,  
Abby, something big, and I don't  
know who to trust. It's like the  
government doesn't want me to  
remember what happened that night  
and these things will kill me  
unless I do.

(beat)

What happened out there on the  
water, Abby? What have I got  
locked away?

Abby holds him.

ABBY

I don't know. But we'll figure it  
out. Okay? You want to leave,  
we'll leave. Right now.

CRAIG  
You'll come?

She pulls back. Holds his face.

ABBY  
I love you. Where you go, I go.

Abby kisses, snatches up the car keys, and hurries out the door. Craig continues packing.

EXT. CRAIG'S STREET - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The rain falls. Abby runs out the front door and hits the sidewalk. She bumps into THE BLACK HUSBAND from a few buildings along the street. Their shoulders clash. Husband nods an apology. Abby runs on. Husband watches her a beat too long. Then heads up the steps of Craig's building.

ANGLE ON - HIS FEET

As they change from a man's feet to a woman's...

INT. BATHROOM - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Craig grabs a soap bag. He dumps toothbrushes and medications into the sack. Grabs Abby's perfume and --

A SHADOW flits past the bathroom door behind him. Craig spins around. Tense. Nothing moves.

CRAIG  
Abby?

Silence. Craig puts down the bag and walks into --

THE HALLWAY

There's no sign of Abby. A shadow moves in the kitchen.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Abby? Is that you?

Still no answer. The clatter of metal against metal. Craig moves down the hallway toward the kitchen. Slowly, the back of Abby comes into view. She is putting pans on the stove.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Abby, what are you doing?

ABBY  
Are you hungry?

There's something strange about Abby. She opens the fridge and dumps left overs into a pan.

CRAIG  
We have to go.

ABBY  
I thought we'd eat first.

CRAIG  
Abby, there's no time for this.

The phone RINGS.

ABBY  
Watch the stove.

CRAIG  
Are you kidding me?

Abby disappears into the living room. We HEAR her pick up the phone...

ABBY (O.S.)  
Hello?

Craig rubs his face. Frustrated. The timer on the cooker continues to purr. Then he notices something strange. There's no flame under the pans. He frowns...

A KEY hits the front door lock.

Craig turns around and looks down the hall. The door opens to reveal --

ABBY

breathless and soaked from the rain.

ABBY (cont'd)  
Car's downstairs. I even found a parking spot.  
*(sees his look)*  
What? What is it?

Abby hears a woman's voice in the living room...

Craig spins back and looks into the kitchen. The cooker is HISSING gas and the TIMER is ticking down to ignition...

ANGLE ON - THE TIMER

4 ... 3 ... 2 ...



ON CRAIG

sprinting down the corridor at Abby and --

ANGLE ON - TIMER

1 ... CLICK. A spark ignites the gas and --

BOOM! The kitchen explodes in a fireball.

Craig barrels Abby out into the hallway and ducks aside as --

FLAMES BLAST out of the door and rock the apartment building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The kitchen windows EXPLODE outward spewing flames and glass.

INT. HALLWAY - CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Craig coughs and pulls himself off Abby. The air is thick with smoke...

CRAIG

Are you okay?

ABBY

What happened?

Craig HEARS a noise and looks at THE WINDOWS AT THE END OF THE HALL. Outside the rain streaked glass, something flashes past. Tentacles dragging across the glass.

CRAIG

Hurry!

He drags her to the elevator and gets inside. The door jams.

INT. OLD CAGE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Ornate metalwork and Victorian stained/frosted glass on all sides. They drag the old folding door closed as O.S. a window breaks.

Craig hits GROUND FLOOR and the elevator jerks into life. As it descends, we see the staircase wrapping around on all sides. HEAR weird footsteps. Inhumanly fast. See a silhouette pacing them. Circling them. Tentacles swirling and slapping the glass...

CRAIG

Shit.

Abby stares at the shape. Wide eyed.

CRAIG (cont'd)

You see it? You see it?

ABBY

*(oddly calm)*

Yes.

CRAIG

Do you still think I'm crazy.

ABBY

No.

The thing circles the elevator. Pacing them.

Abby reaches into the back waistband of her slacks.

They hit the ground floor and --

ABBY (cont'd)

*(coldly professional)*

Get behind me.

ABBY PULLS A GLOCK 9mm. Zeros the door. Two handed grip.

CRAIG

What the fuck -- ? Where did you  
get that?

The elevator door rips open and --

AN ELDERLY COUPLE are standing there. Behind them are other  
confused building residents. Some of them gasp when they see  
the gun. Abby quickly puts it away...

Heads out into the crowd. Looks back up the stairs. Sees no  
one. Scans the gathering.

ABBY

Craig, come on.

But Craig pulls away from her. Looking at the gun...

CRAIG

No. Abby, what the fuck is going  
on. Where did you get that gun?

ABBY

We'll explain later. First I have to get you somewhere safe.

CRAIG

Who's "we"?

Other people stare at them. Craig backs away from her. Through the people.

ABBY

Craig.

CRAIG

Who the fuck are you, Abby?

Abby reaches for him, but Craig turns and bolts through the crowd. Outside, there is a clap of thunder and the heavens open...

ABBY

Craig, if you run I can't help you!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls in sheets on the quiet street. Craig runs. Scared. Doesn't know who to trust. What to think. His feet pound through puddles and in moments he's soaked to the bone...

In the distant background, Abby is calling him...

He notices a CAB pacing him in the road. The light is on. He hails it. The cab stops. He tears open the rear door and glances back through the rain.

Abby is half a block away. He gives her a last look and climbs inside.

INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Craig pulls the door closed.

CRAIG

Drive.

The driver glances around and we recognize him. It's Zoran, his colleague from the zoo.

ZORAN

Hey, buddy.

CRAIG  
(*half laughs in surprise*)  
Z! I didn't know you had two -- ?

But there's no friendship in Zoran's face. Craig realizes he's not alone in the back seat. Beside him is the Black Agent, his name is JONESEY.

Craig panics. Grabs the door handle. Jonesey jams a gun in Craig's side. Craig freezes. Stares out through the rain streaked window. Sees --

Abby is standing in the rain watching him.

CUT TO:

BARE BULBS AS THEY RACE PAST OVERHEAD

and we're going down a basement corridor. The ceiling is damp. Water drips from pipes and runs down the walls.

Craig is strapped into a wheelchair. Light flashes on and off his terrified face. Jonesey is pushing him. Zoran strides ahead.

CRAIG  
Please, Z', where are you taking  
me? Talk to me. Z'?

Zoran ignores him. Tears open a freight elevator door.

ZORAN  
You wanted answers. So do we.

Jonesey shoves Craig inside and Zoran slams the shutter door closed. Hits "down". With a groan the elevator descends...

INT. ELEVATOR (DESCENDING) - NIGHT

Craig stares through the cracks in the freight door. Sees floors pass outside. What look like mortuary rooms with Doctors doing autopsies on bodies. Only it's grungier. Dirtier. More like an abattoir.

TIGHT ON CRAIG'S EYES

as they squint. Trying to make sense of what he's seeing. Then they widen in panic as he begins to notice that the bodies they're working on are still alive.

CRAIG  
What is this place?

One of the bodies on a slap jolts. Barbed tentacles flap in all directions.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Jesus!? What the hell is this place?

Neither Zoran nor Jonesey answer. Craig begins to tug at his bonds. Scared...

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Where are you taking me?

Craig thrashes like a madman trying to loosen his straps. We see the threads begin to give under his staggering strength.

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Where the fuck are you taking me?!!!

The elevator arrives. Zoran yanks up the freight elevator door to reveal --

A MORTUARY ROOM

with an autopsy table in the middle. It's like the others only there is nobody on this table. Yet. A cluster of medical staff in smocks and masks are waiting...

CRAIG (cont'd)  
(screams in fear)  
Nooooooooo.....

He TEARS his arms free from the wheel chair and actually rips one of the arms up with him. Drives his fist into Jonesey and sends him CRASHING into the corner.

Zoran pulls a Glock 9mm.

Craig, in sheer panic, slams him with what's left of the wheel chair. Looks at the Medical staff who hesitate...

A DOCTOR  
Stop him!

Craig hesitates. The Doctor's face is obscured by shadows but there was something about his voice.

The Medical staff move toward him. Ghostly figures in white smocks...

Craig runs for a door to the side of the room. Bursts through it --

Zoran and Jonesey stagger to their feet and go after him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Craig sprints for all his might. The corridors are gray concrete and cracked Victorian tile. Bare bulbs flash by over head. Everything glistens with damp and mold.

Craig spins around corner after corner. Each corridor looks like the last. A twisted rabbit warren that never seems to end.

Craig tries rusted door handles. They're all locked.

Craig hears Jonesey and Zoran coming fast. He rounds another corner and finds a dead end. He's trapped. He grabs the handle of a final door. It's locked. Footsteps approach fast.

Craig looks around in desperation and HEARS water running. He sees a rusted metal grill in the floor. Craig grabs it. Tugs at it. It doesn't budge. He straightens and STAMPS on the grill.

CLANG! The grill buckles. He stamps again. CLANG! It caves more. CLANG! And more...

Zoran and Jonesey burst into the corridor. Guns coming up --

Craig JUMPS and slams both feet down into the grill. It crumples beneath him and he DROPS through the hole.

ZORAN

Fuck!

Jonesey and Zoran race over and look down. Shine flashlights. Try to draw a bead on him. Finds only water...

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Craig stays beneath the black, ice cold, water. Allows the current to take him away from lights and guns...

In the black water, Craig senses movement. What feels like tentacles swirl around him. At first it's like another hallucination. But then Craig reaches out to one. Grab it. The tentacle isn't connected to anything. A semi-claw-like hand swirls past him. Dismembered and eviscerated body parts loom out of the cloudy, black water.

Finally, a monstrous head looms large in Craig's face.

## CRAIG BURSTS UP FROM THE WATER

and gasps. Breath pluming like steam in the air. He clings to a slimy brick wall. Stares around him. The water is a stew of limbs and organs...

From a pipe in the wall, more blood and flesh flushes down into the water.

Craig sees a grill above him. Dim light spill through it. He reaches up...

## INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig's fingers reach up through the grill and push. It lifts. Rusted hinges groaning. Craig struggles up into the dim lighting and artificially chilled air. He shivers. Sopping wet. Sees a row of something in the gloom. He moves closer. Finds they are --

## A ROW OF HUGE GLASS TANKS

filled with formaldehyde. Craig walks to the first tank and sees that this place is a FREAK SHOW of alien remains. He walks along the row of tanks looking inside each with a mixture of fascination, disgust and fear...

## IN ONE TANK --

is a fully fledged Alien. Humanoid. Tentacles. Barbs. Everything from Craig's nightmares and more. It's half burned. Clearly died upon impact.

## IN A SECOND TANK --

is a half mutated Alien. Half monster, half woman. A strange meld of flesh and scales. Something out of the mind of Salvador Dali.

## IN A THIRD TANK --

we see something we hadn't considered. An alien is half changed into a mountain lion. These things don't just take human form. It's all teeth, fur and scales.

## THEN IN A FINAL TANK --

Craig sees something that makes his heart stop. He stares into the oily liquid and sees a perfectly formed human. But not just any human...

CRAIG STARES AT HIMSELF!

Craig hears something. Looks around. Sees Zoran and Jonesey. There's nowhere to run. Craig looks back at the copy of himself.

CRAIG

What the hell is this thing? It looks ... it looks just like me.

ZORAN

That's one perspective.

CRAIG

What do you mean?

ZORAN

Another is you look just like him.

Craig stares at the body. It is wearing exactly the same clothes Craig as in the opening boat scenes and more than that, it's wearing the red sneakers.

WE MAKE AN INVISIBLE TRANSITION

and the body jerks into life. Struggles to reach the surface of the ocean. It's the night of the accident and Craig is running out of air fast. His hand breaks the surface. He's going to make it but A SCALY HAND grabs his ankle.

FLASHBACK - A KALEIDOSCOPE OF IMAGES AND SOUNDS

-- Craig's NAKED body, fresh from the ocean, convulses in pain as ER DOCTORS surge hundred of volts of electricity through his chest. The heart monitor flat-lines...

-- Craig is in a Physio room learning to walk.

PHYSIO

Remarkable progress. Yesterday he couldn't even stand.

-- Craig is in the middle of speech therapy. He's being shown flashcards with faces on them. Photographs of people with different expressions.

-- Craig and Abby go through childhood photos. He's swimming in a pool with his parents ... he's dressed as a cowboy...

CRAIG

I may as well be looking at your childhood for all those pictures mean to me.

-- Craig is watching a DVD and being bombarded with images of mankind at his best.



ABBY (V.O.)

What's that?

CRAIG

It's what Doctor Rubin would play  
for me while I was under hypnosis.

He freeze frames it on the word "Humanity."

-- Back in the Hospital ER, A NAKED Craig coughs up water and  
sucks air painfully. The heart monitor PINGS. Doctors surge  
into action. Give him oxygen. Craig stares at an overhead  
lamp. It makes halos of light...

CRAIG (V.O.) (cont'd)

It's what I imagine being born  
would be like, if that makes any  
sense.

Craig's head rolls to the side and now he sees --

THE REAL CRAIG NIGHT, FULLY DRESSED, RED SNEAKERS, LYING ON A  
SECOND GURNEY. DOCTORS COVER THE DEAD BODY WITH A SHEET.

Craig looks back at his own naked body. His hand is scaly.  
Claw-like. It begins to change into a human-looking hand.

ANOTHER INVISIBLE TRANSITION

and that "human-looking" hand is now attached to Craig's arm  
as he stands before the formaldehyde tanks.

CRAIG (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What am I?

RUBIN

We were hoping you'd be able to  
tell us.

CRAIG

You don't know?

RUBIN

All we know is that your kind are  
among us and your numbers are  
growing. But we don't know why -  
or what they want.

Rubin stares into the first tank. At the fully fledged  
creature in all its horror.

RUBIN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
We've captured your kind before.  
Some escaped, the rest would die  
before telling us anything. But  
you - you didn't know who or what  
you were. By giving you the life  
of Craig Night we hoped you'd learn  
to empathize with the humans - and  
that some day you might help us  
figure out why the others are here.  
But then they found you and we lost  
the luxury of time...

CRAIG  
They tried to kill me.

RUBIN  
Because you didn't want to rejoin  
them. On some deep level you  
wanted to be Craig Night.  
(beat)  
Help us, Craig. Help us infiltrate  
them. Learn about them.

CRAIG  
And when you're done with me, then  
what? You kill me like you killed  
Rose?

RUBIN  
We didn't kill Rose, Craig.

INT. RUBIN'S OFFICE - A VIOLENT FLASHBACK

Distorted. Half remembered. Craig is under hypnosis.  
Craig's skin starts to move. Rubin watches, urging him on...

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig shakes off the painful flashback. Zoran and Jonesey  
circle him while Rubin talks.

RUBIN  
Have no illusion about what you  
are.

INT. RUBIN'S OFFICE - A VIOLENT FLASHBACK

Craig writhes on the sofa violently. A door opens.

ROSE'S VOICE  
Doctor Rubin, your four o'clock --

Craig's eyes snap open. Lizard eyes. He flies off the sofa.

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig fights the memories. Zoran and Jonesey have Tazers in one hand and 9mm guns in the other...

RUBIN  
What that thing inside you is  
capable of.

INT. RUBIN'S OFFICE - A VIOLENT FLASHBACK

A HALF-SEEN Creature tear into Rose. We sense immense violence. Blood. Rubin watches in awe...

INT. SPECIMEN ROOM - NIGHT

Craig shakes it off and looks at Rubin. Disgusted...

CRAIG  
You let me do it.

Zoran and Jonesey quietly close in...

CRAIG (cont'd)  
You watched me do it. And you did  
nothing to help her.

Jonesey puts a hand on Craig's shoulder and --

WHAM! Spikes flash up through Craig's shoulder and straight through the his hand. Jonesey screams in pain. In the same move, Craig grabs Jonesey and hurls him aside.

Jonesey takes flight. SMASHES through a formaldehyde tank. A wave of liquid and alien mutation spill into the room as --

Zoran hits Craig with a stun gun. Thousands of volts surge through his system. Craig hits the floor. Zoran keeps zapping him. Craig jolts violently. His eyes roll up into his head and --

FADE TO BLACK:

In the blackness there is total silence. Then a PRIMAL SCREAM chills our blood and --

## CRAIG WAKES WITH A START

delirious. He's clean shaven. Hair shorter. Looks like the man he was back on "the Gecko" at the beginning. He's terrified. In a panic. He stares around --

## INT. A HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Craig is lying under white cotton sheets. He is wired to monitors tracking his heart and blood-pressure. The bedside table has flowers and "get well" cards on it.

We HEAR the bustle of a hospital outside the door. An Orderly wanders past wheeling an old man in a wheel chair. Craig tries to climb out of bed, half falls as --

A PAIR OF NURSE enter with a bowl and towels. They rush to his aid.

NURSE #1

Mister Night, you shouldn't try to stand.

CRAIG

Where am I? Where's Zoran?

NURSE #1

Who?

ABBY

Let's get you back into bed.

They help him back into bed and straighten his covers. We now recognize the second nurse. It's Abby.

CRAIG

Abby?

The Nurses look at each other with surprise.

CRAIG (cont'd)

Abby, where am I?

NURSE #1

How does he know your name?

Craig takes Abby's hand.

ABBY

You're in a hospital, Mister Night.

NURSE #1

I'll get the doctor.

CRAIG  
Why are you calling me, Mister  
Night?

ABBY  
Try to relax. Don't talk.

She times his pulse.

Nurse #2 returns with Doctor Rubin dressed in white lab coat.  
Hair shorter. No glasses.

RUBIN  
How's he doing?

ABBY  
Pulse is eighty-eight. Heartbeat  
steady, blood pressure's normal.

CRAIG  
Doctor Rubin? You're alive?!

Rubin's face tells us he's surprised Craig knows his name.

NURSE #1  
He knew Abby's name too.

RUBIN  
Must have heard it while he was  
out.

CRAIG  
I thought they killed you too. You  
didn't answer my calls...

ABBY  
He's delirious.

RUBIN  
It's a miracle he's even talking.  
Mister Night, can you hear me?  
You're at Mass' General. You were  
in a boating accident fourteen days  
ago.

CRAIG  
What?

RUBIN  
Nod if you understand me.

CRAIG  
No.

RUBIN  
Coastguard Search and Rescue  
brought you here --

CRAIG  
That was ... two years ago.

RUBIN  
You've been in a coma, Mister  
Night.

CRAIG  
No. Abby, tell him. It was two  
years ago.

Craig looks to Abby. Clings to her hand...

RUBIN  
I know this is all confusing for  
you, but you were under the water  
for quite a while. To be honest,  
if the Atlantic hadn't been quite  
so cold ... I don't think you'd be  
here.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Steven come back here. Don't run  
in a hospital.

Craig looks past Rubin into the hall. A child we recognize  
from thanksgiving is running around. The door opposite is  
open and JOE (Craig's older brother) is in the bed with a  
broken leg.

CRAIG  
Joe?

RUBIN  
Do you know Mister Windsor?

Joe has visitors that we recognize as people from around the  
Thanksgiving table. We hear their jovial, almost festive,  
voices drift across the hall. The woman Craig knew as MOM  
looks at Craig and closes the door.

CRAIG  
No ... I guess not.

Craig lies back. Rubs his face...

RUBIN  
You should get some rest. We can  
talk more later.  
(MORE)

RUBIN (cont'd)  
 I promised your fiance I'd phone  
 her as soon as you woke up.

Abby releases Craig's hand and follows Rubin and the others  
 out of the room.

Craig just lies there. He looks at the table of flowers and  
 get well cards. Stares at them. Sees one with --

"My Love" written on it. He looks inside it. There's a  
 photo of himself and a black-haired woman. Smiling. The  
 signature says her name is Vanessa. He closes the card...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

The room is dark. A bedside lamp casts shadows around the  
 room. For the first time, Craig doesn't see monstrous shapes  
 in them. Abby enters and checks his monitor. Glances at  
 him. He stares at the wall...

CRAIG  
 We lived in Brooklyn, you know. It  
 was only a single. Top floor. But  
 it was home.

ABBY  
 You should try to sleep.

CRAIG  
 Last Christmas, the elevator was  
 broken and we'd bought this huge  
 tree. We had to lug the damn thing  
 up eight flights of stairs.  
*(Abby looks at him)*  
 Thing looked half dead by the time  
 we got to the top. Needles were  
 missing, branches were broken. I  
 was ready to throw it away, but you  
 decorated it anyway. Covered it  
 with band aids and bandages.  
*(smiles)*  
 I bought you a T-shirt with "tree  
 surgeon" written on it.

Abby laughs. Moved.

ABBY  
 That's a nice story.

They hold each other's gaze a moment, then his eyes go cold.

CRAIG

Only I didn't, did I? There was no T-shirt. There was no tree, no apartment, there was no damn Christmas.

He rolls over and stares at the wall. Abby looks at his back. Seems like she wants to say something. She doesn't.

Abby walks out of the room...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - CRAIG'S SLEEPING FACE - NEXT MORNING

He opens his eyes and sees the face of a plastic alien. He pulls back in shock. A PATIENT CHILD with blonde hair is holding an ALIEN DOLL. She squeals with delight and runs out of the room.

Passes a JANITOR buffing the corridor floor with an electric buffer. The Janitor laughs with the playful Child. Glances at Craig. The Janitor is ZORAN. He walks on. Cleaning...

Craig looks down and notices the Alien doll on his bed. He picks it up. Turns it in his hands...

CRAIG (O.S.)

It was all so detailed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Winter sun streams through the window. Rubin and Abby help Craig off the bed.

CRAIG

There were these - aliens - coming down hidden in the meteor showers. They were like chameleons living among us.

Craig is dressed in clean clothes and shoes. He's going home. Rubin and Abby lead him to a wheelchair.

CRAIG (cont'd) (CONT'D)

The thing is everyone around me was part of a lie and I couldn't figure out why. Until I found the tank.



Craig is weak on his legs.

RUBIN

Easy. Not too fast. The tank?

CRAIG

The tank with my dead body in.

RUBIN

So you were dead?

CRAIG

No. Craig Night was dead. I wasn't him, I was an alien that took his form. You all knew it but you wouldn't tell me.

There's an uncomfortable beat.

ABBY

Okay, sit down.

Craig sits into the wheelchair.

CRAIG

You were trying to humanize me. Make me help you find out why the aliens were here.

ABBY

Why were they here?

CRAIG

I don't know.

RUBIN

You know, this really isn't my field of expertise, Craig. I deal with the body not the mind.

CRAIG

You think I'm crazy.

RUBIN

I think your brain nearly died and was trying to make sense of its surroundings, any way it could.

Craig straightens his hair. Abby leans in and fastens a shirt button for him. He breathes in her hair. One last time. She steps back.

CRAIG  
I don't know this woman, you know.  
The ones coming to visit me.

RUBIN  
It'll come back to you. Just give  
it time.

CRAIG  
(*smiles; a beat*)  
That's what you always used to tell  
me. In my dream.

RUBIN  
Did it help?

CRAIG  
Not really.

Abby laughs...

CRAIG (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
I always loved your laugh.

This shakes Abby a little. Rubin trades looks with her.

RUBIN  
You fiance will be here any minute.  
Maybe we should give you some time  
to prepare yourself.

Rubin and Abby turn toward the door. Craig takes Abby's  
hand.

CRAIG  
Would you stay?

ABBY  
I have rounds to do.

CRAIG  
Please. I don't know this woman.

Abby wavers. Looks at Rubin. He shrugs...

Rubin exits and looks at VANESSA, coming along the corridor.  
Raven haired. As beautiful as the photograph. Composed.  
Clearly a professional at whatever she does for a living.  
She stops and trades a couple of words with Rubin. He walks  
away. Vanessa flashes a smile at Craig and enters the room.

ABBY  
I'll be over here.

Abby moves away as Vanessa approaches Craig. Wraps her arms around him.

VANESSA

Darling, it's so good to see you're alright. I've been worried sick about you.

CRAIG

I'm sorry.

VANESSA

I sat with you every day. I began to think you might never wake up.

Vanessa kisses him. Abby busies herself arranging things. She knocks over some cards. Vanessa gives Abby a cold look.

VANESSA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Perhaps we could be alone.

CRAIG

I asked her to stay.

VANESSA

Okay.

Vanessa sits on the edge of Craig's bed. Back to Abby...

VANESSA (cont'd)

So, how are you feeling? Doctor Rubin said you may be able to come home tomorrow. Isn't that wonderful?

CRAIG

Yeah.

VANESSA

I understand you've lost some of your memories but he assures me they'll come back.

CRAIG

That's what he said last time.

VANESSA

Last time?

CRAIG

It's a long story.

VANESSA

Is that about the nightmare?

CRAIG

Boy, you and Rubin must have had a really long chat about me.

VANESSA

He's worried. That's all. Me too.

CRAIG

That makes three of us.

Vanessa smiles at Craig. Strokes his hand.

VANESSA

You've got your sense of humor back. That's got to be a good sign.

CRAIG

Really? I thought I used to be an asshole?

VANESSA

(laughs)

Who told you that?

CRAIG

I guess I did. In my dream.

VANESSA

You want to tell me about it?

CRAIG

I don't know what to say.

VANESSA

You thought you were an alien.

CRAIG

It sounds nuts, I know.

VANESSA

You've been through a lot.

CRAIG

Well it sounds nuts to me.

VANESSA

Why were you here?

CRAIG

What?

VANESSA

In your dream. If you were an alien from somewhere else. Why were you here?

CRAIG

That's an odd question.

VANESSA

Is it?

CRAIG

That's what Rubin and Zoran wanted to know.

VANESSA

Rubin and who -- ?

Craig looks past Vanessa at Abby. She feels his eyes on her.

VANESSA (cont'd)

(smiles)

I was just curious. That's all.

Craig sees Abby look at the wall mirror...

VANESSA (cont'd)

Of all the things you could have dreamed about. I wondered why you picked aliens?

Vanessa strokes his arm. It draws Craig's eyes back to her.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Why do you keep looking at that nurse?

CRAIG

What?

VANESSA

You keep staring at her.

CRAIG

I don't mean to. This is just so confusing for me.

VANESSA

So, let's un-confuse you. Tell me what your dream meant to you and we can figure it out together.

CRAIG

I don't know what it meant.

VANESSA

Not what it meant. What it meant  
to you.

CRAIG

I was lost and confused. Pretty  
much the same as now.

VANESSA

But in your dream you had a  
purpose. Do you remember what that  
purpose was?

Craig sits back...

CRAIG

Are you a shrink or something?

VANESSA

Darling, you know I am. Don't you?  
(off his blank look)  
Do you really not remember anything  
about us? About me?

CRAIG

No.

That hits hard. She wipes a tear forming in the corner of  
her eye. Craig glances at Abby again. Sees her watching his  
reflection in mirror.

VANESSA

That's okay. Finish telling me  
about your dream. About the  
purpose you had for being here.

CRAIG

Vanessa, I'm tired.

VANESSA

Just think about it. You and the  
other aliens were here for a  
reason. Do you remember what that  
was?

Craig rubs his head...

CRAIG

Seriously, I don't know.

VANESSA

(smiles; warm)

That's because you're not trying.

Craig is becoming agitated...

ABBY  
Maybe he's had enough for today.

VANESSA  
I think I know what's best for my  
fiance.  
(to Craig)  
Darling, just relax. Let it come  
to you.

Craig is becoming very uncomfortable...

CRAIG  
I don't remember. Abby - ?

Abby walks toward Vanessa.

ABBY  
You're distressing him.

VANESSA  
Craig, why were you here?

CRAIG  
I don't know.

VANESSA  
You do know, darling. Think.

CRAIG  
I don't.

VANESSA  
Try harder. Think.

Craig loses his temper...

CRAIG  
Goddammit - I DON'T KNOW!

The room stops. Craig breathes. Vanessa just looks at him.  
Her warm smile fades. Replaced by a cold professional mask.

VANESSA  
It's no use.

Vanessa stands. She looks to the mirror...

VANESSA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
He's fighting the memories.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - BEYOND MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, we see hi-tech monitoring machines. Recording everything. A camera scrutinizes Craig. Zoran, Rubin and Jonesey are standing there. Watching.

VANESSA  
(addresses them)  
We'll have to stimulate them the hard way.

ABBY  
(reacts)  
No. You can't...

RUBIN  
Get in there.

Zoran and Jonesey head out the door and --

INT. CRAIG'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Craig looks from the mirror to Vanessa. Confused...

CRAIG  
Do what the hard way? What's going on?

Vanessa pulls a HYPODERMIC from her pocket. Unsheathes the needle and --

Abby grabs a steel bed-pan. Slams it around Vanessa's head. Vanessa staggers. Abby spin-kicks her. Sends her crashing into the corner. Abby grabs the end of the bed. Stomps on a floor pedal. The wheels engage.

ABBY  
(to Craig)  
Help me!

Craig jumps out of his chair. Grabs the frame. Helps her roll it. It slams against the door as the door begins to open. Hits the heavy steel frame as --

Abby locks the brake. The door slams against it. Open a little. Zoran's face presses into the gap.

ZORAN  
Abby, open the door.

Craig stares at Zoran. Sees Jonesey beyond him. Zoran forces his arm through. Clutching a 9mm Glock.



CRAIG

Jesus.

Abby throws herself against the door. Zoran's gun fires.

A bullet takes out the mirror.

As the silver shards fall, Craig sees the camera and Technicians watching him. Then sees Rubin (who had ducked) straighten up and stare at him.

CRAIG (cont'd)

It's real.

ABBY

Craig, get out of here!!!

Craig turns and rips up the window blinds. To his shock he sees nothing but --

A DAMP BRICK WALL. A sequence of daylight-bulbs give the illusion of outside.

Abby shoulders the door again and Zoran's gun fires. A bullet hits a plug-socket and a cluster of wires. They explode sparks as --

Vanessa launches herself onto Craig. Clutching the syringe. Craig grabs her arm and --

The room plunges into darkness.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - BEYOND THE MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Rubin stares into the darkness and suddenly a shape flies through the broken mirror at him. Rubin ducks aside as Vanessa SLAMS into the machinery behind him. Drops to the floor. Bones broken.

Rubin lunges for the control panel and slams a button. A KLAXON alarm sounds as --

Zoran and Jonesey shoulder the door open and push past Abby. Guns drawn. Light floods into Craig's room from the corridor. Craig is gone. Another door stands open...

RUBIN

After him. He can't escape.

Zoran and Jonesey run out the other door. Rubin looks at Abby.

RUBIN (cont'd)  
You're through, Agent Lowe.

Rubin hurries out into the corridor. We linger on Abby. She walks toward the shattered mirror and looks into the observation room at Vanessa's broken, dead body. A look of doubt crosses Abby's face.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The same, grimy subterranean New York basement corridors he was in earlier. The alarm echoes around Craig as he runs. Face wracked with grief and confusion. He doesn't understand who or what he is. Just needs to get away.

He sees an exit door ahead of him but, before he can reach it, A STEEL SHIELD drops down across the doorway.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Craig keeps running. He turns a corner. Sees another door. The same thing happens. Steel door slams closed.

He senses SOMEONE BEHIND HIM. Spins, so fast it's a blur. Has the figure pinned to the wall by their throat. Fist drawn back. Spikes and barbs flash out of the fist and arm.

Abby stares at Craig. Breathless. Scared.

CRAIG  
What do you want?

Craig's eyes blink vertically with a second pair of lids...

ABBY  
I need to know.

CRAIG  
Know what?

ABBY  
If I was wrong about you.

The barbs and spike retract like switchblades. Craig releases her. She has her answer...

They HEAR footsteps approaching. Abby grabs his hand and pushes open a gray door. Drags him inside and gets it closed behind them.

INT. BOILER AND STEAM-PIPE ROOM - NIGHT

Rusting pipes and machinery. The sound of steam. Air stifling and humid. In the dim lighting, Craig and Abby listen as the footsteps outside pass. He then HEARS a SUBWAY TRAIN pass beyond the far wall. The room vibrates. It passes. Abby puts a hand on him. He brushes her aside. Doesn't want her touch.

ABBY

Craig, listen to me. I'm sorry.

CRAIG

Sorry for what? Spying on me?  
Sleeping with me? Using me?

ABBY

That's not what happened. I mean,  
it was, at first, but not later.  
Not once I got to know you.

CRAIG

Know me? Even I don't fucking know  
me. I'm a monster.

ABBY

Don't say that.

CRAIG

Abby, you saw what I just did to  
that Vanessa woman.

ABBY

You were protecting yourself.

CRAIG

Abby, I tore Rose to pieces.

ABBY

That wasn't you! Rubin should  
never have taken you back so far.  
You regressed to a point before you  
even knew what a human was!

Through the billowing smoke, from the fire-extinguisher, Abby glimpses Jonesey, with a gun raised. Aimed at Craig. From the look in his eyes, there's no doubt. He's gonna shoot.

ABBY (cont'd)

NO!

Abby lurches between Craig and - BOOM! Takes a bullet in the shoulder. She's blown into Craig's arms. Screams in pain...

CRAIG

Abby.

Craig swipes at a fire extinguisher braced to the wall. The bolts tear from the plaster and the buckled extinguisher shoots across the room. Jonesey ducks aside. It misses. Spins on the floor, nozzle spewing a fog of powder that will slowly consume the room...

Craig drags her around a pillar as Jonesey aims again. BOOM! Blows a chunk out the column.

RUBIN AND ZORAN

appear. Rubin garbs Jonesey's gun hand.

RUBIN

We need him alive.

BEYOND THE COLUMN

Craig holds Abby in his arms. She clutches her shoulder. Blood oozes through her fingers...

CRAIG

Hang in there, Abby.

He helps her take off her shirt. Balls it up to press against her wound. Reveals a green T-Shirt underneath.

RUBIN, JONESEY AND ZORAN

circle close to Craig. Guns drawn. Aimed at Craig. Rubin is loading a dart gun with massive dose of sedative.

CRAIG

Stems Abby's blood loss and looks at her T-Shirt. Sees the words: "Tree Surgeon" written on it. She kept it.

ABBY

You have to get out of here.

Craig doesn't even seem to notice Rubin taking aim and --

CRAIG

Not without you.

PFFT! the dart fires.

CRAIG'S HAND snatches it out of the air.

Jonesey and Zoran stare in awe. Trade looks with Rubin as --

Craig looks up at them. A second set of eyelids blink. An animal growl begins to rise in Craig's throat. Jonesey and Zoran stop in their tracks. Keep Craig targeted. Ready to fire...

ZORAN  
Say the word, Doc.

Rubin is hurriedly reloading.

RUBIN  
Wait.

Rubin fumbles the dart. It falls to the floor. Jonesey and Zoran glance at Rubin. Momentary distraction. A fleeting move of the eyes and --

Craig pounces forward. Plows into Jonesey with the force of a freight train. Vanishes into the fog. Blood sprays Rubin.

Zoran reacts. Gun blazing. Strafes the wall. Hitting only steam pipes and air. Steam vents. Fogging the room even more...

Zoran and Rubin look around. Zoran reloads his gun.

ZORAN  
Where is he?

RUBIN  
(scared)  
I don't know.

There is a muted scream in the fog and the sound of ripping flesh, then silence.

ZORAN  
Jonesey?!

Rubin snatches up Jonesey's fallen gun. Handles it clumsily

They look around. The air is choked with fog-like powder. A movement in the whiteness. Zoran fires. Bullets blast a JUNCTION BOX on the wall. It explodes in a shower of sparks. Then the shape is gone.

It's tense. Silent. They hear a whimpering across the room and turn to look. In the fog they see --

Jonesey lying on the floor. He's hurt bad. Blood oozing from his wounds. Breath short.

JONESEY  
Help me.

Zoran motions to go to him. Rubin stops him.

RUBIN  
Stay with me.

Zoran shrugs off Rubin's hand and moves cautiously through the fog. Gun searching. He reaches Jonesey.

ZORAN  
Can you walk?

Jonesey nods. Zoran helps him one handed. It's awkward.

JONESEY  
*(through the pain)*  
Two hands ... need two hands.

ANGLE ON - RUBIN

as he keeps turning in the fog. Knows Craig is here somewhere. Liquid drips on his face. He wipes it away.

ANGLE ON - ZORAN

as he reholsters his gun and grabs Jonesey with two hands...

ANGLE ON - RUBIN

as another drip lands on his head again. Rubin wipes it and looks at his hand. It's red - blood red.

Rubin spins the gun up and FIRES.

Bullets blaze up into the overhead lighting rig. It flashes and sparks until he dry-fires. Ammo spent. Among the pyrotechnics --

A BLOOD-SOAKED FIGURE

drops like a bird of prey through the fog toward Rubin. Arms reaching. Tentacles unraveling. Rubin screams in terror and THE BLOODY FIGURE jolts to a halt inches above him. Hangs motionless. Rubin opens his eyes and looks up into the dead face of --

JONESEY his torso and legs tangled in power cables.

ANGLE ON - ZORAN

as he peers through the fog. Sees the body of Jonesey hanging above Rubin. He spins back to look at the figure he's holding hands/claws with and sees - THE CREATURE!!!

ANGLE ON - RUBIN

as he HEARS Zoran's SCREAM. Rubin stares into the whiteness.

RUBIN

Zoran?!

Silence. Like all the air has been sucked out of the room.

A HULKING SILHOUETTE

materializes in the fog. Walking toward Rubin. Seven feet tall. Thick arms and torso. Flesh armor plated with scales. Face an emotionless mask with reptilian eyes. And tentacles that seem controlled by thought. Like extra arms. He is an awesome sight (this is the big reveal).

Rubin stands rooted to the spot. He aims the gun at the Creature. It clicks. Empty. Impotent. Rubin falls slowly to his knees before it and --

It morphs back into Craig. He looks down on Rubin. Covered in blood.

CRAIG

Tell me something, Doctor Rubin.  
What part of me just killed these  
men? The human ... or the other?

RUBIN

I don't know.

CRAIG

From what I can tell. There isn't  
much difference.

Craig grabs Rubin's throat in his hand. Physically lifts him off the floor with one hand --

RUBIN

*(choking)*

Craig, please. Help us.

CRAIG

I can't help you, Rubin. I can't  
help any of you.

RUBIN

*(realizes; beat)*

You remember.

CRAIG

Everything.

RUBIN

Then tell me. What do they want?

CRAIG  
Not want. Need. They need this  
planet. But they don't trust  
humans to share. Not in peace.  
Not as equals.

RUBIN  
So, what happens to us?

Craig leans in and whispers. Voice, calm and cold...

CRAIG  
Annihilation.

BOOM! A DOOR IS BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES.

The BLAST blows Craig off his feet and away from Rubin.  
Armed SWAT burst in. Guns up. Laser-sights cutting the fog  
and smoke...

Craig staggers to his feet as --

SWAT target him and open-fire. Craig dives aside as bullets  
blow chunks out of the wall. Rubin curls on the floor.  
Below the hail of lead.

BEHIND THE COLUMN

Abby is shielded. Craig dives behind the column with her.  
Bullets strafe the concrete but don't penetrate. She sees  
the blood on him.

ABBY  
Craig?

Craig looks at her. Then snaps his head sideways. Looks at  
the far wall of the room. Senses something about it.

CRAIG  
Do you trust me?

ABBY  
What?

SWAT are stalking forward. Getting firing angles. Craig  
scoops Abby up in his strong arms.

CRAIG  
Do you trust me?

ABBY  
(beat)  
Yes.



CRAIG  
Then close your eyes.

Abby closes her eyes and we GLIMPSE Craig's skin begin to change. To thicken. Armor plate. Spikes grow. And --

ANGLE ON - SWAT TEAM

as the Creature, carrying Abby, bolts from behind the column and races through the fog and --

BOOM! THE WORLD SLAMS INTO SLOW MOTION

SWAT OPEN FIRE. Tracers streaks after him. Muzzle-flare strobes the room. Shell casings rain on the floor. But the Creature stays one step ahead of the bullet hits that FLASH and SPARK of walls and pipes behind him like fireworks.

Abby has her eyes screwed tight. Breath held. Cradled like a baby. The pounding of the creatures heavy feet boom like a giant heart beat and --

The Creature LAUNCHES himself at the wall. Turns in the air. Tentacles trailing. Takes the impact with his plated shoulders. Shielding Abby and --

BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL!

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

THE WORLD SLAMS BACK INTO REGULAR SPEED as the Creature EXPLODES through the old brickwork. Out into the blackness of the tunnel. Bullets and tracer fire streak out after him. He slams down onto the rails. Rolls in pain. Releases Abby.

Abby opens her eyes. Looks at the Creature. She draws back in shock. Abby staggers to her feet. Shoulder oozing blood. The Creature rises to its feet. Towers above her. It reaches out a claw-hand to her. She draws back. Can't bring herself to touch it. The Creature's reptilian, alien face softens.

Suddenly a SUBWAY TRAIN flies around the bend. Illuminates the tunnel. Abby looks at it. Then back at The Creature. It doesn't move. Just lowers its face in shame.

ABBY  
Craig?!

The train races at the Creature as, in the blinding lights --

It transforms back to Craig. There's a sadness to it. Spikes and plated skin turning back to soft, vulnerable, human flesh. The Train is almost upon him. About to hit Craig and --

Abby grabs him and painfully drags him to the wall. The train thunders past. Inches behind them. Blowing them with wind. Sparks vent. They look at each other in the flashing light.

ABBY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

CRAIG

I'm a monster.

ABBY

You're Craig Night.

CRAIG

Craig Night is dead! I'm whatever lies those bastards filled my head with.

ABBY

You're right. You're not him. I read his jacket. You're better than him.

CRAIG

How can I believe anything you say?

This is tearing at his head. Like it's going to explode from the inside...

ABBY

Because it's the truth. We could only fill your head with so much. The rest was you. Nobody told you to care the way you do. To risk your life for me even after I betrayed you.

CRAIG

But I'm not human.

Abby strokes his face. He looks at her.

ABBY

Believe me, you're the most humane man I've ever met.

She kisses him. As strange as it sounds, with the flash of the train lights and the sparks from the wheels, it's romantic, passionate and sad all at the same time.

INT. BOILER ROOM/SUBWAY TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The subway train thunders past the hole in the wall. The SWAT TEAM ready themselves. Guns prepped. Rubin pushes through. They have no shot...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Abby and Craig's kiss finally ends...

ABBY

Now run.

CRAIG

What?

ABBY

Run and don't stop.

CRAIG

Come with me.

ABBY

I can't. You can change. Can hide in plain sight. Be whoever you need to be. I can't. They'd find me. And that means they'd find you.

Lights flash in her sad eyes. He knows she's right.

ABBY (cont'd)

You're in the middle now, Craig. You know too much for either side to ever stop hunting you. So, until you decide which side you're on, you're not safe anywhere.

The train has almost passed. Craig starts to back away. But needs to know...

CRAIG

Did you ever really love me?

Abby looks at him. The train will be gone any second...

ABBY  
*(as cold as she can)*  
 No.

Her eyes tell otherwise. Tears roll down her cheek. Craig smiles a sad smile.

ABBY (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 Now run. Please.

Craig still hesitates and --

ANGLE ON - RUBIN AND SWAT TEAM

as the last train carriage passes. SWAT reacquire their target but --

The red dots only light up Abby. Craig is gone. SWAT lower their guns. Rubin stares at Abby. She just stares back. Defiant...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EVENING

Craig walks up from the subway entrance and through the anonymous, bustling crowd. He spots more and more of "his own kind" among the humans...

-- A street cop eating a donut gives a subtle blink to a Construction worker.

-- A Couple dressed for the Opera blink to a man dressing a store window.

More and more people from all walks of life pass blinks and swirl past Craig. We get a growing sense of foreboding.

Craig joins a line boarding a crosstown bus. Follows them inside. The doors close. It pulls out into traffic. As the bus drives away, the CAMERA pans up and - through gray drizzle clouds, we see METEORS streak across the heavens.

NEWS ANCHORMAN (V.O.)  
 And in a final story of the day,  
 scientists tell us that the  
 spectacular meteor showers we've  
 all been seeing are actually  
increasing in frequency and are not  
 expected to be letting up any time  
 soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A REGULAR SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

We hear children playing. Mom is in the kitchen preparing lunch. In the living room a TV plays, unwatched by everyone other than the family dog lounging on the sofa.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

So all you astronomy buffs out there, keep your eyes peeled on that night sky...

TWO KIDS run through. Knock a side table. Framed photos fall over. Mom is not happy...

KIDS' MOM

Take it outside. What've I told you about running in the house?

The Two Kids run out again. Hitting each other. The dog just watches footage of THE METEOR SHOWER on TV.

We MOVE IN on its eyes. Get so close that we can see the TV reflected in them. Then they blink, lizard-like, with a second set of eye lids...

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END