

2009

Blackout

Christopher J. Burnside
University of Dayton

Follow this and additional works at: https://ecommons.udayton.edu/graduate_theses

Recommended Citation

Burnside, Christopher J., "Blackout" (2009). *Graduate Theses and Dissertations*. 1854.
https://ecommons.udayton.edu/graduate_theses/1854

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Theses and Dissertations at eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Graduate Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of eCommons. For more information, please contact mschlangen1@udayton.edu, ecommons@udayton.edu.

BLACKOUT

Thesis

Submitted to

The College of Arts and Sciences of the

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for

The Degree

Master of Arts in English

by

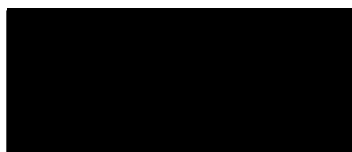
Christopher J. Burnside

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

Dayton, Ohio

May, 2009

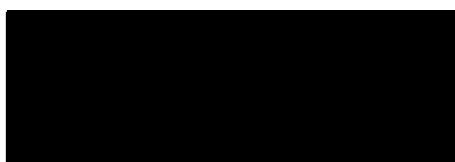
APPROVED BY:



Faculty Advisor



Faculty Reader



Faculty Reader

© Copyright by
Christopher J. Burnside

All rights reserved

2009

ABSTRACT

BLACKOUT

Name: Burnside, Christopher J.
University of Dayton

Advisor: Prof. Albino Carrillo

The thesis version of *Blackout* consists of two teleplay scripts introducing the first two episodes of an original television series. The series is intended as a serialized, hour-long, single-camera drama. The story follows seven individuals who find themselves the only people left in the city after a brief blackout that affects all electrical devices, whether plugged in or not. As they soon discover, not all is as it seems in the city, as dangerous strangers who seem to know something about what happened keep turning up. As the survivors uncover the mystery of the blackout and the disappearances, they also delve deep into their own histories and issues. The end of the second script sets up what would be the rest of the series.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. INTRODUCTION	1
II. "BLACKOUT, PART 1"	4
Act 1	7
Act 2	20
Act 3	33
Act 4	47
III. "BLACKOUT, PART 2"	57
Act 1	62
Act 2	70
Act 3	83
Act 4	96

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

EXT - exterior

Filtered - audio through a static filter (i.e. the off-screen half of a phone conversation)

INT - interior

O/S - off-screen (not visible)

TITLE OVER - the words following "TITLE OVER" would appear as text
superimposed over the image on the screen

INTRODUCTION

The first appearance of *Blackout* in any form was about ten years ago. I began writing it as a manuscript for a novel in a very freeform fashion, as evidenced by its descriptive, longtime title: *New Story 2*. The question that drove the project was in place from the beginning and has survived intact all the way through to this most recent and final execution: what would happen if, during a blackout, every other person on earth disappeared? The question, of course, establishes the type of story I usually tell. It's not about *why* this happened, but about the aftermath and the people who have to deal with the crisis. It's humanity pushed to its limits, and humanity is so much more interesting than blackouts and vanishing populations. The problem with this is, of course, that I was never actually focused on why the motivating event really did happen.

The event itself was really just something I thought would be creepy. I have been fascinated by the concept of blackouts since I wrote a story about a monster that ate people's internal organs during a blackout. I was in junior high and had been reading a lot of Stephen King. There are, fortunately, no monsters in my new story, organ-eating or otherwise. Once again, though, this left me clueless as to what actually caused the event, which in turn caused the story to flounder after about 100 pages of meandering. Eventually, I realized the characters would seek the source of the event, and I didn't

know where that would lead them. I eventually shelved *New Story 2*, determined to return if I ever actually came up with a good ending.

The next iteration added the *Blackout* title and was my first attempt at writing a screenplay. I was re-working the story for the Project Greenlight competition and had decided that an evil wizard was behind the blackout and disappearances. I was a junior in college and had been playing a lot of Dungeons and Dragons. There are, fortunately, no wizards in my new story, evil or otherwise. I did get about halfway through a very abbreviated version of the story that crammed it all into two hours when I realized that an evil wizard was possibly the worst explanation for such an event in the history of ever. Once again, the story was shelved.

I decided to return to *Blackout*, again in a totally different format, after becoming hooked on serial television dramas like *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *The Sopranos*, and *Lost*. Seeing how this medium allowed writers to tell massive stories in short, connected chapters, I was determined to give it a go. *Blackout* was my second attempt to design a television series. Sometime in late 2005, an idea for how to bring it all together, a way to connect the blackout with the disappearances without monsters or wizards, came to me. Over the next year, I wrote a very rough version of a pilot episode. It had lots of things wrong with it, but the characters made it work on a basic level.

Three years later, I pulled out that script and began polishing it up, using friends, colleagues, and my thesis committee as an audience and sounding board. I dramatically improved the first hour and then wrote the second hour as its companion piece in the span of about three weeks. This version is not just the latest version; it is the final one. While the entire story has not been written, this is its most perfect form.

As I mentioned earlier, *Blackout* is a story first and foremost about people. I don't really find anything else interesting in stories. Sure, they might have great action sequences or fun plot twists, but people make stories more than just plotlines. The characters in this story are all different and all traumatized or flawed in some way. Some are upfront with their issues, like Patrick with his alcoholism. Others hint at dark secrets, like Jazz with her cryptic references to her parents or Wendy with her strange visions. Still others, like Six and Brian, seem perhaps a bit too comfortable with what's going on. Each of them answers that question about what someone would do if everyone else vanished in a very different way. Some take charge, while others follow. Some keep their cool; others crack.

I won't tell you what caused the event, or who the creepy people with the walkie-talkies are. For that, you'll hopefully be able to watch it all yourself some day. I can tell you that, while you might get pulled in initially by the interesting setup, you'll be sticking around for the characters. What will Six do this episode? How will Jazz deal with this latest twist? What bitchy thing will Tessa say next? If I've done my job correctly, that's why you'll keep tuning in.

BLACKOUT

Episode 1.01

"Blackout, Part 1"

Written by

Christopher J Burnside

TEASER

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The entire city is sprawled out below. It is a typical big city in the Midwest, with spread-out suburbs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A WOMAN dressed in a bathrobe removes a WHISTLING tea kettle from a burner on the stove. She turns and begins pouring the boiling water into a mug.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A MAN dressed in mechanic's overalls is running a board through a table saw. In the background of his garage, we can see the cabinets he is working on.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A MOM is kissing her SON and DAUGHTER goodnight. The kids are already asleep. She smiles at them and leaves the room, turning the light out and leaving only a nightlight on.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:06pm

Every light in the city goes out, blanketing it in darkness.

MONTAGE

The lights go out in the kitchen as the woman pours her tea.

The lights go out in the garage as the man operates the saw. The saw stops running.

The nightlight in the bedroom goes out.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Six seconds later, the lights all come back on at once.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights come back on. The mug of hot water sits on the counter, steaming. Both woman and kettle are gone.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The lights come back on. The saw starts up loudly again. The man is gone.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The nightlight comes back on. The beds are now empty of children.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WHITTAKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is on the corner of a residential street, though it is only sparsely populated by houses with large lots. The Whittaker home is large and well decorated. Lights are on inside.

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:05pm

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

BRIAN WHITTAKER is in his bedroom, seated before the computer which provides the only light in the room. Brian is around eighteen years old with a slight build and a bit of a "nerd" look to him. The room itself is decorated with the appropriate memorabilia, from superhero action figures to Dungeons and Dragons posters.

Brian is typing on the keyboard. The screen shows that he is writing an entry for his blog, entitled Conspira-city. The article has to do with government psychics using astral projection. The entry is now rather long, the top of it having scrolled off the page.

The power outage surprises Brian. His screen goes black, darkening the room.

BRIAN

No way.

Six seconds later, the computer beeps as it reboots. The screen comes alive again and shows the startup sequence.

BRIAN

You've got to be kidding me.

Brian gets up and walks to the door. He opens it and peers out into the empty upstairs hallway.

INT. WHITTAKER UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The other doors in the hallway are closed.

BRIAN

Mom? Are you vacuuming with the
microwave on again? I lost an entire
entry.

There is no answer. Brian starts down the hallway, a
curious expression on his face. He can faintly hear a
constant sound from downstairs. He reaches the top of the
stairs.

BRIAN

Mom? Dad? Hello?

Brian starts down the stairs slowly, looking around. He
finds the silence more than a bit eerie.

INT. WHITTAKER FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As he reaches the first floor, the sound is more easily
identified as running water.

Brian turns the corner and sees into the kitchen.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

No one is there, but the faucet is on and the sink is
filling with soapy water. As he looks, the suds are
quickly rising over the lip of the sink.

Without thinking, Brian runs toward the kitchen. He
doesn't even come close. The waterline crests over the
sinks and spills onto the countertop and down to the tiled
kitchen floor. When he hits the soapy water now spreading
across the floor, he slides right past the sink and slams
hard into the far counter, bending over it as he loses his
breath.

As he tries to stand up and step back from the counter, his
feet hit the spreading water and fly out from underneath
him, dropping him to the ground.

Moaning with embarrassment, Brian carefully makes his way
to the sink, pulls himself up, and turns off the water. He
shakes his head in frustration, then looks around the
kitchen and into the adjoining great room.

The lights are on, but the television is off. Brian does not see anyone in either room.

BRIAN

Hello? You left the water running.

He pauses and looks around, waiting for a response.

BRIAN

It's a big mess now. I'm not going to clean this up.

Still not getting a response, Brian goes out the back door in the kitchen that leads to the garage.

INT. WHITTAKER GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian flips on the lights, revealing a large three-car garage. An SUV, a luxury sedan, and a sports car are parked inside. No one is around. Brian scans the garage thoroughly before turning off the light and heading back inside.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian is now confused and somewhat frightened.

BRIAN

Mom? Dad? Where did you go?

Panic is now starting to edge its way into Brian's voice.

BRIAN

What the hell, you were just here like twenty minutes ago.

Brian stands in the middle of the kitchen, oblivious to the pool of sudsy water he is standing in. He surveys everything he can see from this vantage point. The panic in his voice is now joined by a hint of desperation.

BRIAN

Hello?

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

The street is located just outside the downtown area. The homes are all large apartment buildings, most fairly run down. Streetlamps light the way for WENDY as she walks home from the video store with a plastic bag containing rented movies.

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:05pm

Wendy is a pretty woman in her late twenties or early thirties, casually dressed for a summer evening. She is humming to herself and seems relatively happy and unconcerned with the fact that she is a woman walking alone through a not-so-nice part of town.

As she nears a severely raised portion of the sidewalk, she dodges around it without so much as a glance, avoiding a hazard that might cause others to trip and fall.

She takes a few more steps beyond this when she suddenly stops and winces in pain. She drops the bag of DVDs to the ground and puts her hand to her temple. As the DVDs land hard on the concrete, the streetlamps go out, along with all the lights in the buildings around her.

In the dim starlight, Wendy staggers, now holding her other hand out in front of her as if to ward off some unseen attacker. She sways and starts to fall forward. The lights come back on just before she lands face first in the grass beside the sidewalk.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Spencer house sits on a residential street quite unlike the Whittaker's neighborhood. The houses here are well-maintained but much smaller and closer together. Only one light is on in the house, but flickering light illuminates the windows in the garage. Two cars are parked out front.

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:03pm

INT. SPENCER GARAGE - NIGHT

Four youths are in the middle of band practice in this garage that has been converted into a makeshift studio. They play by the light of over a dozen candles placed around the room. The music they are playing is fast, heavy, complex, and intense.

JAZZ SPENCER plays the drums, moving with a mechanical precision that is remarkable given the tempo. She is in her late teens or early twenties and is strikingly attractive. Her blond hair and dark clothing mimics the music: stylish with a strong hint of punk intensity.

SAM SPENCER plays the keyboard and appears to be struggling to keep up. It is obvious from looking at her that she is Jazz's younger sister by a few years. She is far less intense, though, with her hair and outfit of a much more traditional teenage style.

KEVIN and HANK are the guitarist and bassist, respectively. Kevin is dressed in basic casual jeans and t-shirt, while Hank is goth all the way, complete with dyed black hair, black fingernails, and spiky jewelry.

The song blazes on, until finally Sam loses the tempo and stops playing. She looks up at the ceiling in frustration. Jazz stops playing immediately and stands up on her bass drum pedals, causing a loud beat to issue from the drums. She glares accusingly at Sam. Kevin and Hank play on a few moments longer, then stop. Both stare at Jazz apprehensively.

JAZZ

What the hell was that?

Sam's voice is timid and quiet. She almost meets her sister's gaze, but not quite.

SAM

I lost the beat.

JAZZ

What?

SAM
(louder)
I lost the beat.

JAZZ
Oh, is that all? You just lost the
beat?

SAM
Yeah.

JAZZ
Now what do you think a promoter would
say if you lost the beat during a show?
You think they would want you to play
there again?

Sam studies the floor intently, not answering.

HANK
Chill out, Jazz, we're just practicing.
It's a complicated song.

JAZZ
Shut up, Hank. She didn't answer me.

HANK
Aw, come on.

Jazz doesn't even need to say anything. The glare she
shoots at Hank silences him immediately. Kevin hooks his
thumb back, indicating the door.

KEVIN
Let's go grab a smoke, dude.

JAZZ
Yes, please go kill yourselves while I
deal with this.

Hank and Kevin both shake their heads as they put their
guitars down and head out the door.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Hello? Earth to Samantha.

Sam looks up, finally meeting her sister's gaze. She looks like a lamb that has decided to stand up to the wolf stalking it.

SAM

I can't see the keys very well.

JAZZ

What?

SAM

Might have something to do with the candles.

Jazz looks around, then back at Sam.

JAZZ

You lost the beat. Do you need to see to count?

SAM

No, but it makes it confusing.

JAZZ

Stevie Wonder counts just fine and he can't see anything.

SAM

Maybe you should poke my eyes out, then.

Jazz rolls her eyes, then sits back down.

JAZZ

Try it again, from the top, just the two of us.

Sam seems reluctant, but knows it's not a request. She readies herself as Jazz counts off, then starts to play. They are only a few seconds into the song when Sam's keyboards quit making sound. Jazz stops playing again, this time visibly furious.

JAZZ

Now what the—

She stops as she sees that Sam is still pressing the keys experimentally, straining to listen for sound that isn't coming.

JAZZ

What happened to—

SAM

(interrupting)

Shhh...

A second later, the amp blares out the notes as Sam presses the keys.

JAZZ

Huh.

SAM

That was weird.

Sam looks around and notes that the keyboard is still plugged in. Jazz walks out from behind the drum kit and investigates the keyboard's connections.

JAZZ

Go bring the guys back while I look at this. I want to get this damn song down tonight.

Sam nods and, when she is sure Jazz isn't looking, rolls her eyes. She heads for the door.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The yard is empty, but the cars are still parked out front. Sam comes out of the garage and looks around. She frowns when she doesn't see Hank or Kevin.

SAM

Guys?

Sam walks down the driveway and peers into each car. No one is in either of them.

SAM

Hank? Kevin?

Sam starts back toward the garage and makes it a few feet before she stumbles over something. She looks down at the ground and her eyes grow wide. She has just tripped over Hank's shoe, which appears stuck in the soft ground. She looks around again, then runs toward the garage, yelling for her sister.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

The road winds through a state park. On one side is a steep drop-off to the river running far below. A thin guardrail runs the length of the road on the ravine side.

A car is heading down the road, moving at the suggested slow speed around the dangerous curves. It is an 80s model sedan with a faded paint job.

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:03pm

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK is a man just outside the middle-aged category on the young end. He is dressed in a flannel shirt and wears a John Deere baseball cap squarely on his head.

The music playing in the car is a deep-South bluegrass. Patrick mouths the words of the song, but does not actually sing along. Without taking his eyes from the road, he reaches into the passenger seat and takes a bottle of beer from a case that is already missing one.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

This road is the same one Patrick is driving along, just further down. A car is heading the opposite direction, moving very fast despite the twisting roadway. The car is a current-model silver sports car, complete with flashy rims and neon outlining the license plates.

INT. TERRI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TERRI is a young woman who attends the local college. She is pretty enough, but not strikingly so. She is dancing shamelessly along to the pop music blasting from her car's

expensive sound system. The song on the radio ends and a commercial begins to play. Annoyed, Terri reaches down and begins to switch through the channels.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is leaning forward in the seat, trying to use the bottle opener on his key chain that dangles from the ignition to open the beer bottle. He occasionally looks back up at the deserted road to correct the path of the car that keeps edging into the other lane.

INT. TERRI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terri is still flipping through stations on the radio. She finally finds a song she likes and begins bopping to the music again, not paying much attention to the road.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is still trying to open the beer bottle. As he takes the car around a sharp bend, he sees the headlights and neon from Terri's car as it speeds around the bend, heading his direction. Just as the other car comes into view, the cap pops off the beer bottle.

INT. TERRI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terri is taking the car around a bend. As she does so, she glances down at the clock display on the radio. The illuminated digits show her it is 10:06. She barely has a chance to register the time, though, for suddenly the clock display goes blank, along with her entire dashboard.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick drops the beer bottle and grabs the wheel with both hands. The bottle falls to the floor of the car and begins to pour beer on the floor mat. Patrick swerves sharply into his own lane, but he overcompensates. Just as his car hits the guardrail, the lights of the oncoming car, as well as the lights on Patrick's dash, go out. The car's engine immediately dies, and a second later sparks fly as the passenger's side scrapes against the guardrail. Unable to see, Patrick swerves back away from the guardrail.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Both cars, each without power, have just enough time to slow down a bit before they collide. Patrick's car, moving at a slight angle, hits the corner of Terri's car, smashing in the sports car's headlight and twisting it around to sit perpendicular in the road. Both cars come to a stop. Moments later, their lights that are still intact blaze back to life, illuminating the crash.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

A short limousine is parked on the shoulder of this quiet, wooded road. The LIMO DRIVER is crouched beside the rear of the car, his sleeves rolled up and his hat resting on the spare tire sitting on the road beside him. The limo's back left tire is obviously flat. The limo driver is using a jack to raise the car.

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, June 6, 2009, 10:05pm

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

A glamorous-looking woman, TESSA, is sitting in the back of the limo, lounging on the seat and talking on a cell phone. She appears to be in her early thirties and has the looks of a fashion model. Her attire suggests she was at some sort of formal gathering. Her accent is British, lending her an air of sophistication. The attitude in her voice, though, is anything but sophisticated and glamorous.

TESSA

No, you don't understand. They made me look awful. And don't give me any of this rough cut garbage, we both know the script wasn't exactly Tarantino.

Tessa pauses and studies her nails. It is obvious that the other person on the line is talking, and even more obvious that she isn't paying the slightest attention.

TESSA

Next time I want approval of the final draft. And co-star approval. And while you're at it, I want-

She stops in mid-sentence as the overhead light in the limo goes out, shrouding the interior in darkness.

TESSA

What now? And how about I get a decent limo for the next wrap party. Hello?

The overhead light comes back on. Tessa's phone beeps at the same time. She holds it out at arm's length and notices that it is just turning on.

TESSA

What the hell was that?

Annoyed, Tessa drops the phone to the floor of the limo. She sits there for a few seconds, then looks around and cocks her head as if listening for something.

TESSA

Driver? Hello? Are you done with the tire?

She waits, then rolls her eyes.

TESSA

Unbelievable.

Tessa crawls over to the door and opens it.

EXT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Tessa gets out on the right side of the limo. She looks around, then starts around the vehicle. When she gets to the driver's side, she sees the car is up on the jack and the flat tire has been removed. The spare tire is sitting nearby, the driver's hat still atop it.

Tessa stares at this in confusion, then looks around. She sees no other sign of the driver.

TESSA

Hello?

(muttering)

What was your name?

(louder)

Hello? Mr. Limo Driver Man?

She looks at the treeline that sits about twenty feet from the road.

TESSA

Are you out there?

Tessa circles the car, then returns to the spare tire. She reaches down and picks up the driver's hat. She waves it around over her head, as if trying to catch the attention of someone far away.

TESSA

Where the hell are you?

She throws the hat down onto the road angrily. She stomps back to the door and reenters the limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Tessa picks up her phone and speed dials someone. She holds the phone to her ear and listens to the ringing.

TESSA

Pick up.

Finally, after ten rings, she hangs up in frustration and tries the number again.

TESSA

I was just talking to you. Pick up, dammit.

Tessa finally hangs up and stares at the phone accusingly.

TESSA

Where the hell is everybody?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

The two cars are crashed in the middle of the road just as we left them. It is eerily quiet until we enter-

INT. TERRI'S CAR - NIGHT

-and her music is blaring as it was before the crash. Terri is leaning forward on the airbag, eyes closed. Slowly, she raises her head and looks around groggily. She winces at pain in her neck as she turns her head to look around. She reaches to the radio and turns it off, instantly silencing the music in mid-lyric. Terri looks out the windshield but sees only the dark side of the road, as her car has now spun perpendicular to it.

Terri tries her door, but realizes that the boat of a car that hit her is too close to open the door and fit out. Pushing past the airbag with some difficulty, Terri slides into the passenger's seat and opens the passenger door.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Terri stumbles from her car and falls to her knees, catching herself before her she goes face-down. She stands but wavers and has to grab the car for support. Holding onto the car with one hand, she makes her way around the front of it toward Patrick's car. With no light shining on Patrick's car, she sees only the outline of a person slumped in the driver's seat.

Terri reaches Patrick's door and looks inside. Patrick is unconscious and slumped forward, his head leaning on the steering wheel. Blood trickles from a head wound that could have been prevented had he been able to afford a car with airbags. His John Deere baseball cap is sitting on the dash in front of the steering wheel.

Terri's eyes widen in concern and she starts to reach for the door handle when she sees the case of beer bottles (minus two) in the passenger seat. Her concern turns to shock, which is quickly replaced by anger. She drops her hand from the door handle and strikes her leg in frustration.

TERRI

Son of a bitch.

Terri, now a bit more steady on her feet, walks to the front of Patrick's car and examines the accident. Patrick's car is mostly unharmed, though the front bumper is a bit bent and the hood has come unlatched.

She heads over and looks at the front of her car, seeing that the front corner is smashed in and the headlight is obliterated. She looks back at the unconscious Patrick.

TERRI

Drunk driving son of a bitch!

She goes back to her car, reaches in, and grabs her purse. From the purse emerges a cell phone, which she uses to call 911. She paces as the phone rings and rings. Her face contorts in confusion. Finally, she hangs up.

Terri looks around, takes a step forward, then holds her arms up, confounded. She points at Patrick's car accusingly.

TERRI

You'd better have insurance.

She drops her hand and looks despondently at the sky.

TERRI

Of course he won't have insurance, that would be too easy.

She looks at the smashed part of her car.

TERRI

I'm sure as hell not fixing this.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Tessa is standing next to the limo beside the missing wheel. She is staring down at the spare yet leaning backward, as if trying to distance herself from it.

TESSA

I'm sure as hell not fixing this.

Her mind made up, she walks away from the limo and starts down the road. She quickly realizes that the car's headlights only reach so far, though, and she stops before she is completely in the dark.

TESSA

Someone has to drive by. I mean, it's the middle of nowhere, but there have to be nowhere people.

Tessa heads back and opens the driver's door on the limo. She sits on the seat sideways, with her legs out the door. She rests her chin on her fist impatiently and watches the road.

TESSA

Someone has to drive by.

She peers through the window into the back of the limo and looks at her cellular phone lying on the seat where she left it.

TESSA

Someone whose phone works, preferably.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT

The view from the ground where Wendy is lying is limited by both the vantage point and her groggy state. As her vision clears, she can see the road from ground-level. As she watches, she sees the wheel of a car slowly roll into view and come to a stop. She hears the car's engine stop, and the door open and close. As she watches, still too groggy to move, she sees simple-looking black tennis shoes step into view. The shoes stop in front of her, and their owner hunkers down.

Wendy blinks once, hard, and then pushes herself up. She sees a man, SIX, dressed in dark clothes wearing a dark jacket kneeling before her. His car, a white two-door sedan, is pulled over to the side of the road just behind him. The man holds out his hand. Wendy flinches back suddenly, eyes wide with fear.

SIX

Easy. You OK?

Wendy shakes her head to clear it, then realizes that she's inadvertently responding.

WENDY

No. I mean yes. Fine.

SIX

You sure?

WENDY

Yes, quite. Thanks, though.

She starts to get to her knees. He gestures with his outstretched hand, indicating that he wants to help her up. She eyes him cautiously.

SIX

Don't worry, I've had all my shots.

She smiles slightly, then takes his hand. He stands and helps her to her feet. She releases his hand quickly, but wavers. His arms snake out with incredible quickness and grab her shoulders gently to steady her. The rapid movement startles Wendy, but she still seems grateful.

SIX

I think you need to see a doctor. Did you hit your head?

Wendy closes her eyes tightly, steadies herself, then pushes his hands away. She seems able to stand on her own now.

WENDY

No, I told you, I'm fine. I just had a little fainting spell.

SIX

Are you sure? I figured you must have tripped in the dark when the power went out.

WENDY

The power went out?

Six looks at her curiously.

SIX

Yes, about fifteen minutes ago.

Wendy's eyes widen.

WENDY

Oh my god. I was out that long?

SIX

Well, you must have been if you didn't notice the sudden lack of seeing. I think the whole city went out, but only for a few seconds.

WENDY

Huh. Weird.

Six looks about to say something else when suddenly Wendy looks past him, over his shoulder. Her face turns white with fear. Six whirls, lowering in a half-crouch.

He sees nothing there.

Six turns back just in time to catch Wendy as she falls forward. She recovers quickly, trying to stand on her own again.

SIX

Another fainting spell?

She just looks at him sheepishly.

SIX

Come on, let's get you to the hospital.

Wendy doesn't resist this time. As he helps her into the car, she is looking all around them into the night, as if expecting to see something lurking in the shadows.

INT. SIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Six gets into the car, starts it up, and begins to drive down the road.

SIX

I'm Theodore McDonald. I'm in town on business.

Wendy doesn't seem to be paying attention. She is looking in the side-view mirror at the road behind them.

SIX

OK, I think I'll call you Margaret.

Wendy snaps out of her stare and turns to him.

WENDY

What?

SIX

Maggie? Meg?

He pauses, raising an eyebrow.

SIX

Margo?

Wendy stares at him, confused. She shakes her head in dissent.

WENDY

Wendy. I'm Wendy.

SIX

Theodore McDonald.

She gives him a weird look. He nods, not explaining.

SIX

Nice to meet you.

WENDY

Yeah. Uh, maybe you should keep your eyes on the road. I mean, if we're going to make it to the hospital alive.

Six nods and puts his full attention back on the road.

SIX

Which reminds me, where is the hospital?

WENDY

You don't know?

SIX

Sorry, not from around here. I'm in town on business. Should have mentioned it earlier.

WENDY

Oh. Well, just keep going. It's on the main drag.

SIX

Uh, is that what we're on now?

WENDY

Yeah, why?

Wendy goes back to looking in the mirror.

SIX

Well, it's just that where I live, the road most would construe as the 'main drag' is a little more crowded at 10:30 on a Saturday.

Wendy's brow furrows in confusion. She looks up and realizes for the first time that they are in the only car on the road.

WENDY

This can't be right.

SIX

That's what I'm saying. How do we get to this infamous main drag?

WENDY

No, no, we're on it.

SIX

So what's not right?

WENDY

We're the only ones on it.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

Tessa is kneeling down beside the spare tire. She is holding a tire iron in one hand and a lug nut in the other, using tissues to hold each so she doesn't have to touch anything directly. Her gaze shifts back and forth between the two items, and she seems genuinely confused.

INT. SIX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Six is again only half paying attention to the road as he looks at Wendy. She appears seriously shaken.

WENDY

Where is everybody?

SIX

It's Saturday night. Sporting event?

WENDY

Not everybody. This road is usually a parking lot on Saturday nights.

SIX

Something to do with the blackout?

WENDY

Like what?

SIX

Hey, I don't know, this is your ghost town.

WENDY

There should be cars. Other people.

Six reaches into his jacket and withdraws a cellular phone. He flips it open and looks at her.

SIX

Give me a number.

WENDY

Whose?

SIX

I don't care. Pizza Hut.

WENDY

I don't know Pizza Hut's number.

Six nods without condescension but with perhaps a hint of exasperation.

SIX

Fine, 411.

He dials the three numbers for information and listens to the phone ring. After a while, he hangs up.

SIX

OK, weird.

WENDY

What?

SIX

No answer.

WENDY

Try something else.

SIX

All right, we've reached emergency status, I think.

Six dials 911 and listens. He lets it ring for a full minute before hanging up.

SIX

If Rod Serling had a hidden camera show...

WENDY

What?

SIX

Nothing. There's no answer.

WENDY

How is that possible?

SIX

I don't know.

He peers out the windshield, scanning the street. He nods in cold acceptance as his eyes lock on to a building.

SIX

All right, here's a place guaranteed to have people with answers.

Six pulls the car into the parking lot of the city police station.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian is still standing in the kitchen, staring around in shock. He walks over to the wall and takes the portable phone off its cradle there. He dials 911 and puts the phone to his ear.

BRIAN

If I'm wrong this is going to be very embarrassing.

He waits through multiple rings before hanging up.

BRIAN

I think I would rather have been embarrassed.

Brian goes over to a drawer and takes out an address book. He opens it to the first page and dials the first number in the book, "Gene Anderson."

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Every light in the station is on, which only serves to accentuate the emptiness. The front doors open and Six and Wendy walk into the lobby. They both stand silently, trying to take in the solitude.

WENDY

No way.

SIX
Something's going on here.

WENDY
This can't be happening.

Six walks quickly around the lobby, peering into cubicles and offices.

WENDY
How is it that we're the only people around?

SIX
I don't know.

WENDY
Have you seen anybody else?

Six pauses just a moment before answering.

SIX
No. Not since the blackout.

WENDY
Maybe there was some sort of evacuation.

SIX
Could be.

Six suddenly and effortlessly vaults the high counter and walks around the office portion of the station, looking into each cubicle intently.

WENDY
What are you looking for?

He doesn't answer her immediately. As he looks into another cubicle, he finds what he was looking for. He holds up a piece of paper.

SIX
Fax machine.

WENDY

And?

SIX

If an evacuation happened so suddenly, there would probably be information faxed over. Like information on a chemical spill or some sort of bulletin.

WENDY

Oh. Of course. So?

He rifles through some papers, looks around on the floor, and steps out of the cubicle.

SIX

Nothing.

Wendy looks crestfallen.

WENDY

At least there's no chemical spill.

SIX

Not that we know of, anyway.

Six keeps poking around. He heads over to a door leading deeper into the station. He tries the knob and finds it locked.

WENDY

Well, where do we go now?

She is partially cut off as Six opens the door.

WENDY

How did you do that?

Six looks over his shoulder and grins.

SIX

The key was on one of the desks.

Wendy nods.

WENDY

Oh. Right.

SIX

I'll be right back. Will you be ok?

Wendy nods again. As soon as Six disappears through the door, she rolls her eyes and smacks her forehead.

WENDY

Of course he found the key. Why don't
you just accuse the kind stranger who
stopped to help you of breaking and
entering?

Wendy paces around the lobby, absently looking at bulletin boards and flyers, her mind wandering. She is totally caught off guard, gasping and jumping, when the telephone behind the counter rings.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SPENCER GARAGE - NIGHT

Jazz is kneeling down behind the keyboard amp and checking the wires. She hears a faint sound and cocks her head, listening. She hears it again, this time a little louder. It sounds like someone calling her name.

Jazz stands up and looks toward the door leading outside. A second later, the door is thrown open and Sam hurries inside, looking over her shoulder. Sam slams the door shut and twists the lock into place. Jazz is staring at her, completely bewildered.

Sam reaches over and flips the light switch, illuminating the garage fully. Jazz winces a moment as her eyes, used to the candlelight, adjust.

Sam looks at her sister, makes a whimpering sort of sound, then runs for the door into the house. Jazz grabs her arm as she passes, stopping her.

JAZZ

OK, what the hell?

Sam looks at her fearfully.

JAZZ

Where are the guys?

A look of understanding and concern comes over Jazz's face, quickly replaced by anger.

JAZZ

What did they do to you? I'll kill them.

Sam shakes her head furiously.

SAM

No, no, they're gone.

JAZZ

They left?

Sam shakes her head again.

JAZZ

I left my patience in my other pants,
Sam.

SAM

I don't know.

JAZZ

Just tell me everything. Christ.

Sam composes herself visibly. Jazz relaxes, expecting the answer to come.

SAM

Hank's shoe is out there.

JAZZ

What?!

Sam nods vehemently, as if she has just explained everything. Jazz rolls her eyes, lets go of Sam's arm, and stomps toward the door to the outside. Sam gives a high-pitched yell.

SAM

No!

Jazz whirls on her.

JAZZ

What is going on?

SAM

I went out there, the guys were gone,
but their cars were there, and then I
tripped on Hank's shoe, just the one,
and they aren't out there.

It all comes out as one sentence. Jazz has a hard time following.

JAZZ

So the guys are gone, their cars are still there, and Hank's shoe is laying in the yard?

Sam nods. Jazz busts out laughing. Sam appears crestfallen, uncertain why Jazz is laughing at her.

SAM

What's so funny?

JAZZ

I am picturing the guys hiding on the other side of the house and Hank hopping around on one foot, that's what. They really got you this time, Sam.

SAM

No.

JAZZ

Oh, come on. What, you think some crazy masked psycho kidnapped them and stole Hank right out of his shoes?

SAM

It was just one shoe.

JAZZ

Oh my god, Sam. Just self-reflect for a second, ok? You're embarrassing yourself. Any second now, the guys will be—

Jazz stops cold as she looks at her watch. Sam appears frightful again.

SAM

What?

JAZZ

That's so weird.

Sam is growing more concerned.

SAM
What's so weird?

JAZZ
My watch.

Jazz holds her wrist up, displaying the mostly-plastic watch to her sister, her mind distracted by her confusion.

JAZZ
It's blinking 12:00. It just keeps
blinking 12:00.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian is leaning against the kitchen counter, deep in thought. He has the portable phone in his hand, and the address book is on the counter in front of him. It is open to the "Z" section, the only entry being a "Zachary's Pizza."

BRIAN
Impossible.

Brian walks into the great room and picks up the remote control from its resting place on the couch. He turns the television on. A second later, the picture that comes up is only the snow that indicates a lost signal. Brian channels up, finding the same static on each station. He shakes his head slowly and the remote slips from his slackening grip and lands on the floor.

Leaving the television on, Brian heads out of the great room for the stairs.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brian walks into his room and sits at his computer desk. He opens his web browser. After waiting a few seconds, the browser returns a simple "Page Not Found" error. Brian appears very freaked out.

BRIAN
OK, no home page.

He types in a web site address, waits, and gets the same error again. He begins clicking through his list of bookmarks, each returning the identical error.

BRIAN

You've got to be kidding me.

INT. SPENCER GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

SAM

So your watch sucks. That doesn't matter right now.

Jazz is still confused over her watch.

JAZZ

It's like it lost power. Can that happen?

SAM

The battery probably just died, that's all.

JAZZ

Then how is it still blinking, genius? I didn't put a fresh battery in.

SAM

Who cares? Quit worrying about your dumb watch.

Jazz is getting annoyed now.

JAZZ

Fine, I'll go find the guys, OK?

SAM

No, don't go out there.

JAZZ

Just stay right there, I'll be back in two seconds.

Sam clearly has her doubts.

JAZZ

I'll be fine. Trust me.

Jazz unlocks the door, opens it, and heads outside.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jazz walks into the yard and quickly finds Hank's shoe. She picks it up. She looks around, sees no one, and heads over to look into the cars.

JAZZ

Guys? Time to come out. The funny has left the building.

Jazz takes the shoe and chucks it into the middle of the street.

JAZZ

Hank, your shoe's going to get run over.

Jazz stops and cocks her head, listening. The complete silence feels odd to her.

JAZZ

Hello?

She calls out louder than she would need to for just Hank and Kevin. Eyes narrowing, Jazz steps into the street and starts looking both ways. She then looks to the houses around her own. Most have their lights on, but she sees no other signs of life.

Jazz walks back up to the house and enters through the front door.

INT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jazz walks into the foyer and crosses into the living room. Sam is in the living room, holding the phone to her ear.

JAZZ

I thought I told you to stay-

She stops as she notices Sam is crying.

JAZZ
What's wrong?

SAM
Mom and Dad won't answer their phone.

JAZZ
I told you not to call them that.

Sam gives her a pleading look.

JAZZ
So what? They're at dinner.

Sam hands the phone to Jazz. Jazz takes it and put it to her ear. She hears ringing.

JAZZ
Why isn't their voicemail picking up?

SAM
That's not their cell phone.

Jazz gives Sam an apprehensive look.

SAM
It's 911.

Jazz pulls the phone away from her ear as if it were some sort of poisonous snake and hangs it up.

JAZZ
You called 911?

Sam nods.

JAZZ
Do you know that it's a crime to make up an emergency?

SAM
This isn't made up.

JAZZ
Thank god I hung up before they answered.

SAM

Jazz, I heard it ring 10 times before I gave it to you.

JAZZ

What? No way.

SAM

And the voicemail on the cell phone isn't picking up.

Jazz looks at the phone in her hand apprehensively, then quickly dials a number and puts the phone to her ear.

SAM

Who are you calling?

JAZZ

Work. They're open till 11 tonight.

After a few rings, Jazz hangs up.

JAZZ

OK, what's going on?

Sam looks at her, worried, upset and clearly lacking answers. Seeing her sister in crisis, Jazz takes on a resolute look.

JAZZ

Don't sweat it.

Jazz looks on the back of the phone. A sticker placed there has the numbers for the local police and fire stations written on it. She dials the police number. Jazz pulls the phone from her ear and is about to push the button to hang up when both sisters hear the click of a connection and the voice on the other end of the line.

WENDY (O/S)

(filtered)

Hello?

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Brian is still at his desk, staring at the error message on his computer screen.

BRIAN

What am I going to do?

His countenance firms up and he stands from his chair. He goes to his dresser and gets out a fresh pair of socks. He peels off his soaking wet ones and puts on the dry pair. He then heads out of his room.

INT. BRIAN'S PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark as Brian enters. He flips the light switch after he comes in and then heads for the closet. He sifts through a large quantity of his mother's shoes that line the floor of the closet until he emerges with a small metal box. He sets the box on the bed and opens it. The inside of the box is lined with blue foam, and a small pistol, a .380 Colt Mustang, rests in a cutaway of the foam sized perfectly for it. Beside the pistol, in another cutaway, is an empty magazine. Brian looks at the gun with trepidation.

BRIAN

Sorry, Dad.

He goes to the nightstand beside the bed and starts going through drawers. He sees the corner of a small cardboard box inside and pulls the box out. His look changes to horror when he realizes he has pulled out a box of condoms. He is aghast and tosses them aside quickly. He shudders and makes a disgusted face, then reaches back into the drawer. He removes another box from the drawer, this one noticeably heavier. The labeling on the box shows that it contains .380 caliber ammunition.

Brian takes the box of ammunition back to the bed and opens it. He counts out seven bullets and places them on the bed. He then withdraws the magazine from the gun case and loads six bullets into it. He looks at the gun again, as if unsure, then lifts it out as well.

Brian loads the magazine into the gun, works the slide to put a round in the chamber, decocks the gun, and removes the magazine. He takes the seventh bullet he laid out and loads it into the magazine that now holds only five. This done, he takes both the gun and the box of ammunition back into his room.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian goes into his closet and emerges with a slightly battered backpack. He opens it and empties notebooks, folders, and other school supplies onto the floor. He then places the box of ammunition into the backpack. He quickly grabs a small notebook and a couple pens off the floor and throws them into the backpack. He then goes into the closet and comes out with a flashlight, which he also puts into the backpack. He slings the backpack over one shoulder, picks up the pistol, and heads downstairs.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian comes down the stairs and sets both backpack and gun on the kitchen counter, this time avoiding the water on the floor. He goes into a drawer and takes out a cellular phone, a lighter, and a Swiss army knife, all of which he tosses into the backpack.

Brian walks over to the closet beside the door that leads into the garage and takes a jacket out. He puts the jacket on, then checks one of the inside pockets. He picks up the pistol from the counter and puts it in the pocket. It fits nicely.

Brian takes a pair of hiking shoes out of the closet and puts them on, lacing them tightly. Finally, he opens the door and heads into the garage.

INT. WHITTAKER GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian pushes the button to raise the garage door and takes a bicycle off of a rack on the wall. He gets on the bike, takes one last look back into the house through the door, and then begins to pedal away.

INT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jazz and Sam are sitting in the living room. Both are looking around, but neither looks at the other. Finally, Sam breaks the silence.

SAM

Are you sure this is safe?

JAZZ

What?

SAM

Having them come here. I mean, we don't even know them.

JAZZ

Sam, there isn't a single TV station broadcasting, no one is answering their phones, and our neighbors are all gone. What are we supposed to do?

Sam shrugs, but she does not appear any more at ease. Jazz seems to sense this.

JAZZ

Besides, they were at the police station. It's not like I just picked people off the street.

SAM

Yeah, but where are the cops?

JAZZ

I don't know, probably the same place everyone is.

SAM

What if those two killed all the cops?

JAZZ

Come on, Sam, their names are Wendy and Theodore. To kill a station full of cops, your name would have to be like Rocko or Tony or Hannibal or something.

Who ever heard of a psycho named Theodore?

SAM

Ted Bundy.

JAZZ

Shut up.

SAM

All I'm saying is that we don't know them. Shouldn't we be armed or something?

JAZZ

Just because there's something weird going on doesn't mean we need to be armed. We've always taken care of ourselves, haven't we?

Sam does not answer. She seems hung up on the reference Jazz made and for a moment she looks like she's just a little girl sitting there. Jazz repeats herself, more forcefully.

JAZZ

Haven't we?

Sam nods, seeming more herself but still thinking about something from the past.

As if to save them from more conversation, the doorbell rings. Jazz looks at her watch, then rolls her eyes.

JAZZ

They certainly got here quickly.

Jazz gets up and walks over to the door. She looks through the peephole, then unlocks and opens the door.

The man on the other side smiles and gives a little half wave. He has some partially dried blood on the side of his face that looks to have come from a cut on his forehead, though the John Deere cap partially obscures it.

PATRICK

Hello, miss. My name's Patrick.

INT. SIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Six is again driving the car, with Wendy in the passenger seat. Wendy is checking the radio stations; each is nothing but static. She gives up, annoyed.

WENDY

Should we expect any different?

SIX

Yeah, no offense, but your town sucks.

Wendy laughs. Six smiles, watching her intently out of the corner of his eye as he drives.

SIX

How's your head?

WENDY

Tender, but mostly all right. I'm sure I'll have a nice bruise tomorrow.

Six nods. Wendy points to a street sign up ahead.

WENDY

You'll want to take a right up there.

SIX

How much further?

WENDY

Maybe five more minutes. Not far.

Six suddenly starts to slow down. Wendy looks at him strangely.

WENDY

No, the road's up there.

Six points up ahead, toward the side of the road. Wendy looks up and sees the form of man walking along the side of the road.

WENDY

Oh my god. Who is that?

SIX

I don't know, but I think that I'll call him the only person we've seen tonight.

WENDY

What are you going to do?

SIX

Well, the headlights probably gave us away about a mile back, so I think an ambush is out of the question.

Wendy gives him a bemused look. Six's expression becomes serious again.

SIX

I'm going to talk to him.

Six pulls the car up near the walking man and puts it in park.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jazz is standing at the door. She only has it halfway open and appears ready to slam it shut. Patrick is smiling and trying to look friendly despite the blood covering his face.

PATRICK

I'm sorry to bust in on you like this,
ma'am, but I'm having some trouble.

JAZZ

Who are you?

PATRICK

Name's Patrick, ma'am. I'm sorry about
my appearance; I was in a car accident.

Jazz smells the alcohol on his breath as he speaks. She makes a face.

JAZZ

You're kidding.

PATRICK

I'm afraid not. I just wanted to use a
phone and call the police and a tow
truck, but your whole neighborhood
seems to be out for the night.

JAZZ

So you don't know anything about what's
going on?

PATRICK

No, ma'am. Should I?

JAZZ

Everybody's gone, Patrick. No one's
answering the phone, the TV's dead.
You're the first person we've seen in
almost an hour.

PATRICK

We?

Jazz's face hardens. Patrick takes the hint.

PATRICK

That makes two of us then, ma'am.
Since the accident I haven't seen a
soul. I've knocked on about fifty
doors, and haven't seen no one.

JAZZ

Well, there's a couple that we managed
to get on the phone. From the police
station. They'll be here any minute.

PATRICK

That's good to hear, ma'am.

They stare at each other for a minute.

PATRICK

If it makes you more comfortable, I'll
sit out here on your stoop till they
arrive.

Jazz stares intently at him, sizing him up. Patrick gives
her a warm smile. She finally grins a little, and her
stance becomes less guarded. He gets ready to walk inside.
Her reply, then, surprises him.

JAZZ

Sounds good.

Still smiling, Jazz shuts the door in his face. Patrick
steps back to avoid getting hit in the nose. He stares at
the closed door, grunts, and turns and sits on the stoop.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tessa's limo is parked lengthwise through multiple spaces
in front of the police station. It looks like it may have
suffered multiple sideswipes and possibly a front-end
collision.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tessa walks into the police station. She is a mess. Her hair is mussed and matted with grease. Black grease also is smeared in streaks on her dress, hands, and face. Her dress is ripped significantly in two spots and one of the straps is missing, allowing it to droop significantly in the front. She is walking with a minor limp that seems to intensify as she approaches the counter inside the station.

TESSA

Hello? Officers? I need to report an abandonment. Hello?

She makes it to the counter and reaches to ring the bell. As she does, she notices a note written on a piece of paper that has been taped to the counter. It reads:

If anyone is looking for other people, we are meeting at Jazz Spencer's. 382 Willow Dr. 614-555-9144.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick is still sitting on the stoop. He is humming a country song. A moment later, the door cracks open. He turns and looks to see Jazz sitting on the floor just inside the house. The door is open about six inches.

Jazz extends her arm out the door and hands Patrick a wet wash cloth. He takes it.

JAZZ

For your head.

Patrick nods, removes his cap, and starts wiping his face. He pulls the cloth away and sees it stained with blood.

PATRICK

I'm ruining your wash cloth.

JAZZ

It's all good. We've got more.

He nods again and continues to clean his face as best he can without a mirror. Jazz reaches out again and sets a

glass of water beside him. He dips the cloth into the water and continues cleaning.

JAZZ

That was for you to drink.

Patrick blushes immediately.

PATRICK

Oh.

JAZZ

That's ok, I've got coffee brewing.
You smell like you need some.

He blushes again and cracks a grin.

PATRICK

That obvious, huh?

JAZZ

Just to me. Years of experience.

PATRICK

You look a little young for that.

JAZZ

Not the drinking. I never touch it.
But I could smell alcohol on a picture
of a drunk guy.

PATRICK

Right.

JAZZ

How bad was the accident?

PATRICK

Car's pretty banged up. Didn't want to
move much.

JAZZ

What happened?

PATRICK

I don't know. I was going along and all the sudden my car just died. Lights went out and I couldn't see. Same thing happened to the other car.

JAZZ

Other car? You've seen someone else?

PATRICK

No, ma'am. I was out cold on account of this head wound. When I came to, the other car was gone. Must have left.

JAZZ

Was there anything left behind?

PATRICK

Like what?

JAZZ

Like a shoe?

Patrick looks confused, and he smiles apologetically.

PATRICK

I didn't find any shoes. Sorry.

JAZZ

Well, anyway, there are at least three other people out there, and they're all headed here. The couple I mentioned from the police station, and a woman who claims to be Tessa Braddock.

PATRICK

The actress?

JAZZ

Yep.

PATRICK

Wow. She's really, uh, I mean—

His face turns red again.

PATRICK

-she's talented. She does nice work.

Jazz rolls her eyes but grins condescendingly.

JAZZ

Yeah, she's got a nice big pair of work.

Patrick grins sheepishly. He holds the cloth up, trying to change the subject.

PATRICK

Thanks again for the rag, ma'am.

JAZZ

No problem. Thanks for offering to wait outside until more people show up.

Patrick nods and goes back to cleaning his face as Jazz shuts the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Brian is riding his bike down the road. He is going slow and looking around constantly, trying to see if there are any signs of life in any of the houses.

He passes another two houses and then suddenly spots movement. He skids to a quick stop and squints ahead. A SHADY MAN in a dark, hooded sweatshirt is walking along the front of a house a few doors down. He looks around cautiously, then peers into the house's front window. After a few moments, he pulls out what appears to be a walkie-talkie and starts talking.

Brian raises his hand and appears about to call out. The shady man suddenly swings the walkie-talkie and smashes in the window. Brian immediately drops his hand and walks his bike backward to hide in a shadow. He appears terrified. He doesn't really notice the headlights behind him, then, until they are nearly on top of him and his entire body is bathed in light. He turns his head and his eyes widen as a car heads right for him.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick is still sitting on the stoop. He is looking around casually, passing the time, when something suddenly catches his eye. He stares, surprised, and then jumps to his feet. A few houses down, the shape of a man is clearly walking down the street toward him.

Patrick walks down to the road and begins heading toward the figure. As he nears, we can see that he is a SHIRTLESS MAN walking in wide, ambling steps, as if really drunk.

PATRICK

Hey, man. Hey. Hey?

Finally, Patrick is close enough to see the shirtless man. He has a large cross carved into his chest, and the wound looks fresh. The blood drenches his chest and has soaked into his pants. His shoes makes squishing noises as he walks; they've also filled with blood. Patrick stops walking and stares, wide-eyed. The shirtless man stops as well, as if suddenly realizing Patrick is there.

SHIRTLESS MAN

Is this the reward?

PATRICK

Excuse me? Uh, are you all right?

SHIRTLESS MAN

Is this it, then? The reward?

The shirtless man raises his right hand, previously held against his leg, revealing a bloody carving knife. Patrick gasps and takes a stumbling step back.

SHIRTLESS MAN

Are we all dead now?

EXT. SIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Six gets out of the car and leaves his door open. He takes one final glance at Wendy before stepping around the open door and walking in front of the car. The other man, MORT, is walking in the path of the headlights away from the car.

Though he is clearly illuminated, he shows no sign of recognition.

Six walks a few feet forward and stops. He is about twenty feet from the walking man.

SIX

Excuse me, sir.

The other man makes no display of recognition. He continues walking. Six takes another step forward.

SIX

Excuse me.

The other man stops walking. He slowly turns around and looks at Six. The man looks to be about sixty years old, but it looks as if the years may have been unkind. His gray hair is unkempt and ragged. He is wearing a black overcoat that looks like it might have been expensive when he bought it in 1975. His hands are in the deep pockets of his coat. His eyes are slightly wild as he looks at Six, who is silhouetted by the headlights.

SIX

Sir, we've been going all around town trying to find people. Have you seen anyone else?

The man simply stares.

SIX

Sir? Do you want a ride? We're going to a place where there are—

He is interrupted as the man begins to speak.

MORT

Watch and pray so that you will not fall into temptation.

SIX

Excuse me?

MORT

The spirit is willing, but the body is weak.

SIX

I'm not sure what you mean.

Mort raises his voice as he talks until he is nearly shouting.

MORT

Enough! The hour has come. Look, the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Mort pulls one hand out of his coat and brandishes a large, wooden crucifix at Six. Six takes a step back. Wendy, looking on from the car, suddenly jerks forward. Her eyes are wide and her mouth is open as she stares at Mort as if seeing something else.

MORT

Rise!

Mort begins to advance on Six. Six takes another step back.

MORT

Let us go! Here comes my betrayer!

Mort stops and continues to brandish the crucifix.

SIX

Sir?

Mort's voice calms and he seems to relax a bit.

MORT

The spirit is willing—

Mort's other hand emerges quickly from the jacket. He is holding a Colt M1911, which he points at Six.

MORT

—but the body is weak.

He fires the gun.

BLACK OUT

White on black: "To be continued"

END ACT FOUR

THE END

BLACKOUT

Episode 1.02

"Blackout, Part 2"

Written by

Christopher J Burnside

TEASER

EXT. SIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Continuous from the "Previously on..." introduction. Wendy is sitting inside Six's car. Six is standing just in front of the car, backing away from Mort. Mort is brandishing a crucifix and a gun. Mort fires the gun at Six.

Six half-jumps and half-falls backward, slamming against the hood of the car, rolling across it, and falling out of sight on the far side. From the angle and the way he jumps, it is unclear whether he miraculously dodged the shot or was struck and thrown backward.

EXT. CLOSEUP - SIX - NIGHT

Six is lying on the ground, his eyes tightly shut. A dull, ambient BUZZ is getting louder, like someone's ears ringing. Wendy can be heard faintly SCREAMING in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSEUP - SIX - DAY

Six is in another location, this one well-lit, and his eyes are closed much more peacefully. PULL BACK to reveal:

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

TITLE OVER:

Wednesday, April 15, 2009, 1:00pm

Six is asleep on a crowded airplane. He is sitting in first class. He has a book entitled "Counting Cards: How to Win Big at Blackjack" on his lap. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT is standing over him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Mr. Johnson?

Six opens his eyes slowly, as if reluctant to wake up from a good dream. He sees the flight attendant and smiles.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
We're preparing for the descent. You
wanted me to let you know.

SIX
Yes. Thank you.

The flight attendant looks at the book Six is holding and
points to it.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Are you planning on winning big?

Six looks at the book as well and grins.

SIX
Hopefully.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I saw a movie about those MIT kids who
counted cards. Don't you need a whole
team so you, y'know, don't get caught?

SIX
Unfortunately, I'm short on cash and
friends at the moment.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Well, Vegas is pretty serious about
cheating. You better be careful.

SIX
I guess we'll see.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

TITLE OVER:

Saturday, April 18, 2009, 9:30pm

Six is sitting at a blackjack table in the casino. He is
just pulling in a very large number of chips. As he does
this, EDISON, a big middle-aged man in incredible shape
wearing a tailored suit, approaches and rests his hand on
Six's shoulder. Six turns, sees Edison, and grows pale.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson. I'm Mr. Edison. We spoke last night, if you remember.

Six gulps and raises his eyebrows sheepishly.

SIX

Right. Yeah, I, uh, remember.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson, I'd like you to please come with me.

SIX

(toward the table)

Can I bring my chips?

EDISON

They'll be taken care of.

Edison's hand tightens on Six's shoulder. It clearly isn't a request. Edison leads Six away from the table and toward an elevator that is guarded by two security guards in nice suits. The men step aside as Edison calls the elevator and calmly forces Six inside with him.

INT. CASINO ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Edison waves an ID card in front of the control panel on the elevator to unlock it, then pushes the basement button.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson, you've won over \$50,000 in the past four days at this casino, and over \$100,000 from our neighbors.

SIX

How did you--

EDISON

I'm the head of security for this establishment and three others on the strip.

More color drains from Six's face.

EDISON (cont'd)

When we spoke last night, I told you that I knew you were counting cards. I told you that the casino was willing to overlook this if you stopped doing it and started enjoying some of our other games. I'm sad to see that you chose to ignore this suggestion.

SIX

Look, this is all just a big misunderstanding.

EDISON

I'm afraid we're past the point of whether we understand each other or not, Mr. Robertson.

The elevator stops and the BELL sounds. The doors open and reveal a large, open area with concrete floors. A single chair sits in the middle of the room, flanked by GUARD 1, GUARD 2, and GUARD 3, each wearing a nice suit.

SIX

Uh, what are we doing here?

Still clutching Six's shoulder, Edison punches Six in the gut with his other hand. The movement is sudden and fluid, and Edison never changes his calm expression. Six starts to double over as he gasps for air, but Edison mostly holds him upright.

EDISON

We're going to have a little chat about following the rules, Mr. Robertson.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Picking up where the last episode left Brian. He is watching the shady man with the walkie-talkie. Brian raises his hand and appears about to call out. The shady man suddenly swings the walkie-talkie and smashes in the window. Brian immediately drops his hand and walks his bike backward to hide in a shadow. He appears terrified. He doesn't really notice the headlights behind him, then, until they are nearly on top of him and his entire body is bathed in light. He turns his head and his eyes widen as a car heads right for him.

The black limo rolls slowly toward Brian. The car coasts lightly into his bike before stopping, just enough of a push to send the bike rolling forward very slowly. The bike wobbles and Brian, caught by surprise, cannot steady it before it moves a few more feet and finally falls over, spilling him onto the road. The entire "crash" is drawn out and completely nonthreatening.

Brian looks up into the headlights of the car a few feet away. Someone emerges from the car and steps into the light, the silhouette revealing a female form. As she steps closer, we see it is Tessa, still wearing the dirty, tattered dress.

Brian's look changes to surprise as he sees the beautiful but filthy actress. She makes no move to help him, so he extricates himself from underneath the bike and stands up slowly. His hand slowly reaches inside the jacket toward the gun.

TESSA

Hello? Are you a person?

She asks this loudly, as if speaking to someone senile. Brian looks confused and stops reaching for the gun.

BRIAN

Are you with him?

He cocks his thumb back toward the shady man who went into the house, but never takes his eyes off of Tessa.

TESSA

With whom? Who are you?

BRIAN

Who are you?

TESSA

Listen to me, boy, I've had--

She stops and stares over his shoulder. Brian turns around and follows her gaze. The shady man is standing in the front yard of the house again, looking back at them. Brian realizes that, in the headlights, they are very exposed and steps sideways into the darkness.

TESSA

(calling out)

Hello? Sir?

Brian whirls on her. His voice is a harsh whisper.

BRIAN

Be quiet! Get out of the light!

Tessa completely ignores him and takes a step forward.

TESSA

Sir? This is Tessa Braddock. Where the hell did everybody go? Are we under attack from the terrorists?

The man is still staring. If he hears her, he does not make any indication. He says something into his walkie-talkie, but they are too far away to hear. He reaches into his sweatshirt for something.

TESSA

Excuse me. Do you know who I--

She is cut off by a loud GUNSHOT. Cracks spiderweb out from the hole that the bullet punches in the windshield of the limo. Brian immediately ducks and runs in a crouch toward the car. Tessa is staring confusedly at the shady man, now holding a pistol, who just shot at her.

BRIAN
Get in the car!

The shady man begins advancing and fires again. The bullet misses Tessa by inches and she feels it shoot past her head. This more than Brian's shout snaps her into motion and she jumps back into the driver's seat of the limo and slams the door. Brian opens the limo's back door and dives in, not bothering to shut it.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
Drive!

Tessa puts her hands on the wheel as another bullet punches through the windshield and narrowly misses her. This time, she screams. The shady man is now advancing on them.

Tessa puts the car in gear and begins driving forward toward the shady man.

BRIAN
Backwards would be better!

Tessa quickly puts the limo in reverse and slams on the gas. The car lurches and then reverses, increasing in speed as it goes backward down the road. Another bullet hits the hood and is deflected off. Tessa screams again and ducks down. The limo swerves toward the side of the road and bounces off the curb.

BRIAN
Keep us on the road.

Tessa slams on the brakes. She raises her head and looks back at Brian.

TESSA
I've had enough of your piss-ass
attitude. Do you want to drive?

Brian looks past her through the cracked windshield. He reaches and shuts the open back door.

BRIAN

Are you nuts? He's still coming. Turn this thing around and get us out of here.

Tessa looks forward, sees the shady man advancing in the distance, and then puts the limo in drive. She tries to turn it around, but only gets halfway and has to reverse to complete the U-turn.

TESSA

Dammit!

As she finally straightens out, another bullet hits the car, this time putting a hole in the back window. Brian ducks down immediately. Tessa hits the gas again and sends the limo forward and away from the shady man. They hear two more SHOTS as they speed away, but neither hits the limo.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Picking up where the last episode left Patrick and the shirtless man.

SHIRTLESS MAN

Is this it, then? The reward?

The shirtless man raises his right hand, previously held against his leg, revealing a bloody carving knife. Patrick gasps and takes a stumbling step back.

SHIRTLESS MAN

Are we all dead now?

Patrick backpedals into a turn and begins running for the Spencer house. The shirtless man's expression changes, growing darker, as he watches Patrick run.

SHIRTLESS MAN

(calling after him)

You're one of them!

Patrick nears the front door and dares a look over his shoulder. The shirtless man is loping after him with a

strange, drunken grace. He waves the knife wildly as he moves.

Patrick reaches the door and begins banging on it frantically.

PATRICK

Miss--

He realizes that she never told him her name.

PATRICK

Miss, uh, Who-Lives-Here? Please open the door now.

He hears the lock TURN and Jazz opens the door.

JAZZ

What the hell is--

She sees the crazed and bloody shirtless man in the middle of the yard moving toward them. Politeness aside, Patrick pushes Jazz into the house and hurries in after her, slamming the door and turning the deadbolt.

INT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two are standing at the bottom of a set of stairs. The entryway opens into a living room with a sofa, loveseat, and television. Sam is sitting on the loveseat, staring wide-eyed at them.

JAZZ

Who is that? Was that blood?

Patrick looks around the room, taking it in. All three of them jump as something, probably the shirtless man, SLAMS against the front door. Patrick looks at the door, then at Jazz.

PATRICK

Do your parents have a gun?

JAZZ

They're not my--

She is cut off as the shirtless man SLAMS against the door again. Sam gets off the loveseat and starts toward her sister.

SAM

Jazz, what's going on?

Jazz ignores Sam.

JAZZ

Who's out there?

PATRICK

Crazy guy with a knife? You have a gun in here?

Jazz ignores the question, pushes Patrick out of the way, and looks through the front door's peephole.

JAZZ

He just has a knife?

PATRICK

Just?

(off her lack of reaction)

It's a big knife.

Sam has reached them and is standing next to Patrick, just away from the door. Jazz keeps watching through the peephole as she rests her hand on the deadbolt. She slowly turns it, unlocking the door.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

He starts to reach for the deadbolt just as Jazz steps back and pulls the door open swiftly. The front of the door is smeared with blood from the shirtless man running into it. The shirtless man, who had been running up the walk toward the door again, careens inside the house instead, tripping on the lip of the doorframe and stumbling forward. Sam screams. Jazz immediately swings the door shut again. It slams into the shirtless man's face, breaking his nose and reversing his momentum. He drops the knife and crumples to the ground in the doorway, keeping the door from shutting entirely.

Jazz opens the door and kicks the knife away. She looks down at the shirtless man as he squirms a bit and moans.

JAZZ

Who are you? What are you doing here?

The man simply moans in response. Jazz raises her foot as if to kick him when she hears an electronic BEEP and the crackle of static.

VOICE 1 (O/S)

(filtered)

I think I have one.

Jazz puts her foot down and leans in, straining to hear. The sound is coming from the shirtless man.

VOICE 1 (O/S)

(filtered)

It's the actress.

VOICE 2 (O/S)

(filtered)

Kill her.

Jazz's eyes grow wide, and she flinches as she hears a filtered GUNSHOT. The shirtless man's eyes suddenly open. He lunges for Jazz as she leans over him. Jazz jumps back inside the house, narrowly dodging his grasp. The shirtless man stands unsteadily and pulls a walkie-talkie, the source of the voices, out of his back pocket.

Jazz stares at the device and reaches out to snatch it from him. The shirtless man leans back, outside her reach, and looks beside the door at the address on the mailbox affixed to the house. He holds the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

SHIRTLESS MAN

382 Willow Drive. I found two of them.

A look of horror crosses Jazz's face. She steps back, slams the door shut, and locks it. She whirls on Patrick and Sam, both of them still staring.

JAZZ

We have to get out of here. Now.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CASINO BASEMENT - NIGHT

Six is sitting in the chair in the middle of the room, looking terrified. His hands are handcuffed behind his back. Edison stands before him and the three guards flank the chair.

SIX

You can't do this, you know. Counting cards isn't illegal. I checked beforehand.

Edison just stares at him, then stretches his shoulder as if preparing for a workout.

SIX

This is illegal. False imprisonment.

EDISON

Oh, there's nothing false about it. You are most certainly my prisoner.

SIX

This isn't right.

EDISON

Right? I was nice to you yesterday, Mr. Robertson. I could have just read you the Trespass Act and banned you from the premises for a year. But you seemed like a nice guy. I thought you would get the hint.

SIX

I get the hint. Loud and clear. Ban me for a year. Hell, ban me for life. It's cool.

EDISON

No, it's not cool. And it's too late for a ban. You've taken far too much of the casino's money.

SIX

Then what do you want?

EDISON

You're going to donate all your
winnings to the charity of our choice.

SIX

What? I can't do that.

EDISON

(ignoring him)

And I'm going to teach you a lesson.
Not necessarily in that order.

SIX

What kind of lesson?

EDISON

I won't lie to you, Mr. Robertson. You
aren't going to like it.

SIX

No, no, there's no reason for more of
you hitting me. Really, I see the
error of my evil, evil ways. It won't
happen again.

EDISON

I'll make sure of it.

Edison suddenly draws his arm back as if to slug Six right
in the face.

SIX

Wait wait wait wait!

Edison freezes and a half-smile crosses his face.

SIX

Just--just hear me out.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson, there's nothing you can
say at this--

SIX

Just listen. I promise, you really
need to hear this. Really.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSEUP - SIX - NIGHT

Six is lying on the ground in the present, his eyes shut.
The dull, ambient BUZZ is receding. PULL BACK to reveal:

EXT. SIX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Six is laying where he fell beside the car. Wendy is
crouched over him, looking concerned. She is carefully but
confidently inspecting his chest for injury. Mort is gone.
Wendy is talking to Six, and her voice slowly fades in as
the buzz fades out.

WENDY

--hear me? Theodore? Stay with me,
Theodore.

Six's eyes flutter, then open fully. His gaze snaps
quickly to Wendy, then past her. He sits up quickly,
startling her, and winces. She claps her hand on his
shoulder to keep him still.

WENDY

Stop moving.

SIX

Where is he?

WENDY

Gone. Did he hit you? Where do you
feel pain?

SIX

What do you mean "gone?"

WENDY

Don't worry about him. You've been
shot.

SIX

No, I haven't.

He forcibly lifts her arm off of his shoulder and stands, looking all around. Wendy's right: Mort is nowhere to be seen. Wendy stands. As they speak, Six continues to look around instead of looking at her.

WENDY

I don't understand. He shot you.

SIX

He missed.

WENDY

But you flipped over the hood of the car.

SIX

I was trying to dodge. Yes, I do realize how ridiculous that sounds.

WENDY

But you were wincing.

SIX

Yeah, hurt my side in the fall.
Knocked the wind out of me, too. But
look,
(points to ground)
no blood. See?

WENDY

Incredible.

SIX

That was at least three of my nine
lives right there. You have a pretty
solid bedside manner, by the way.

WENDY

I used to be a nurse.

SIX

Lucky again. Later, you can check me
out. My sore ribs.

(off her blush)
Where'd the crazy guy go?

Wendy points down the road where they came from.

WENDY
After he shot you--shot at you--he took
off down the road.

SIX
Huh. He didn't try to hurt you?

WENDY
No. My helpless screaming must have
scared him off.

He touches her arm briefly.

SIX
Don't sweat it. All that matters is
we're both ok.

WENDY
You should probably be examined by a
doctor. If we happen to find one.

SIX
I'll live.

Six looks off in the direction Mort went.

WENDY
What? Should we go after him?

SIX
Too dangerous. We need to meet up with
sane people first.

Six gestures toward the car. Wendy goes around to the
passenger's side and gets in. He watches the horizon until
she is inside, then pulls out his cell phone.

WENDY
Who are you calling?

SIX

That Jazz girl. She needs to know that
there might be other people around who
don't play nice with others.

He waits as it rings and rings, then finally hangs up.

SIX

She's not answering.
(off her concern)
This could be bad.

INT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jazz is standing before Patrick and Sam, just as we left
them.

SAM

What do you mean "get out of here,"
Jazz? What's happening?

JAZZ

I don't know. Nothing good.

PATRICK

What did he say?

JAZZ

He called his friends. We have to get
away from here before more of the
Stigmata Brigade shows up.

SAM

Where can we go? We don't even have a
car.

JAZZ

We'll take Hank's or Kev's. Their keys
are in the garage.

Jazz starts further into the house. She is barely out of
the living room and into the dining area when the shirtless
man comes around the corner from the kitchen in front of
her. With his nose broken, he is even more covered in
blood and starting to waver from the loss of it. He yells

and comes at her, waving the knife wildly at his side. Sam, behind Jazz, screams.

Jazz sighs and, looking almost annoyed, sidesteps to the side opposite the knife. The shirtless man has to swing across his own body to get at her, shortening his reach. Jazz easily steps around his lunge and grabs his knife arm between the wrist and elbow with both hands. He snarls, but before he can readjust to fight her further, she brings her knee up hard into his elbow. A loud CRACK follows the impact and the shirtless man howls and drops the knife.

Jazz hooks her foot around his legs and kicks up, tripping him to the ground. Patrick runs up behind them and grabs the knife. Jazz drops to her knees on top of the shirtless man. Her left knee pins his left arm down, and she uses both hands to hold his right arm down. Her right knee presses hard against his throat. The shirtless man starts to thrash around.

JAZZ

Grab his legs.

It's not a request but neither is it frantic. Patrick looks at the bloody knife in his hand, then drops and grabs the flailing man's legs. Patrick takes a solid kick to the chest, but manages to hold on until the squirming stops. When the shirtless man is completely unconscious, Jazz stands up.

PATRICK

What the hell? How did you do that?

Jazz ignores him, instead rubbing in annoyance at the blood now staining her dark jeans. Giving up, she grabs the walkie-talkie out of the shirtless man's pocket and walks into the kitchen.

JAZZ (O/S)

He came in the back door. Wasn't it locked?

Sam, freaked out but clearly proud of her association with her badass sister, walks up beside Patrick.

SAM

Jazz teaches self-defense classes for
battered women at the shelter.

Patrick looks the unconscious man, then back at Sam,
incredulous.

SAM

She's like a ninja master.

Sam is still too scared to laugh at her comment as she
follows Jazz into the kitchen. Patrick looks again at the
unconscious man, then at the knife. He thinks about
tossing it aside, then thinks better and carries it into
the kitchen after the girls.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Tessa is driving the limo down a residential street. She
keeps looking into the rearview mirror. Brian is sitting
in the back of the limo, just beside the dividing window.

TESSA

Who was that?

BRIAN

No clue.

TESSA

How do I get around him to get to
Willow Drive?

BRIAN

Why? What's on Willow?

TESSA

People. Some girl. I called her on
the phone.

BRIAN

How did you reach someone on your
phone?

TESSA

Not my phone. My cell won't call out.
Her number was written on a note at the

police station. I called her from there and got directions. I wonder if she's working with the terrorists.

BRIAN

I don't think that guy was a terrorist.

TESSA

Is that so, smart guy?

Brian ignores her attitude. He seems happy to explain.

BRIAN

That guy back there was a dude in a hoodie who was trying to use a small-caliber pistol to hit targets over a hundred yards away in the dark. Whatever happened to all the people was organized. Powerful.

TESSA

What do you mean "whatever happened to all the people?"

BRIAN

Uh, everyone, you know...poof.

TESSA

Not everyone, clearly.

BRIAN

I'm still working on that part. What was her name?

TESSA

What was who?

BRIAN

The girl you talked to on the phone.

TESSA

Jazz. What kind of a name is--

BRIAN

Jazz Spencer. I know her. Not a terrorist.

TESSA

Good. How do I get there?

BRIAN

Not a good idea. We don't know how many more guys in hoodies with bad aim are between here and there.

TESSA

And I suppose you have a better idea.

BRIAN

My house is just another two blocks from here. We'll go there and call her, see if she's seen anyone else since you talked to her. Maybe find a neutral place to meet that we can fortify.

TESSA

Yeah, sure, whatever. Does your house have a shower?

BRIAN

Of course.

TESSA

Fine. I'll take that over company at this point.

BRIAN

So, uh, aren't you that actress?

Tessa appears offended, but she clearly is happy he finally noticed.

TESSA

I'm not *that* actress. I'm Tessa Braddock.

BRIAN

Thought so. Cool.

TESSA

Cool? You know that you're in the car with someone who was almost nominated for an Academy Award.

BRIAN

How does someone get almost nominated?

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jazz, Sam, and Patrick are exiting through the garage and headed for the two cars parked on the street. Jazz points to the larger of the two.

JAZZ

We'll take Kev's car.

PATRICK

Shouldn't we stock up on things before we leave?

JAZZ

Like what?

PATRICK

I don't know. Supplies? Weapons?

JAZZ

You've got that big knife there, killer.

Patrick looks at the knife in his hand.

PATRICK

I'm just saying--

JAZZ

Everyone's gone. The only person we've collectively seen all night makes cutters look well-adjusted. If we want or need anything, we can just walk into a store or someone's house and take it.

Patrick starts to open his mouth but, realizing the truth of her words, he shrugs and keeps walking. Sam suddenly grabs Jazz's arm.

SAM

Wait, Jazz. What about Theodore and Wendy? And Tessa Braddock?

JAZZ

What about them? We have to get out of here.

SAM

But how will we find them? We should leave a note saying where we're going.

Jazz's tone is more than a little patronizing.

JAZZ

If we leave a note, Sam, anyone can find it. Bad guys included.

SAM

Oh. Right.

They reach the car and Jazz goes to the driver's side. Patrick follows and reaches his hand out, silently asking for the keys as if this should be expected. A glare from Jazz drops his hand and he waits by the back door for her to open it.

JAZZ

I never thought to ask for Theodore's cell number, and he never thought to give it to me. We just have to hope that we run into them before either of us runs into more psychos. At least now we know what's out there.

INT. CASINO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Six is still sitting in the chair in the middle of the room, handcuffed. Edison stands before him, looking less ready to punch him but still about to swing. The three guards still flank the chair. Guard 1 looks somewhat amused at Six's desperate attempt to talk.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson, let's not devolve into begging. Just take it like a man.

SIX

I'll make you a deal. I have a story to tell you. It's something you will really want to hear. After that, if you want to hit me, then swing away. I won't say another word.

EDISON

And why will I be so interested in this story?

SIX

Because, Mr. Edison, you're the star.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CASINO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Edison seems to have forgotten about wanting to hit Six.
He is leaning forward now, intrigued.

EDISON

A story about me.

SIX

There are other characters, but yes.

EDISON

Five minutes.

GUARD 1

Boss, what's the point of--

EDISON

I'm curious. He has five minutes.

SIX

Fair enough. Ten years ago today, you
caught a man named Conway counting
cards and brought him down to this same
room.

EDISON

Conway? I don't recall.

SIX

You do this a lot, then?

EDISON

I do what needs to be done.

SIX

Well, you caught Conway. You didn't
make him the same deal you made me, but
then, he was a much better counter. He
won over five times what I won.

EDISON

I remember now. Mousy guy, mid-
thirties.

SIX

Before you beat him within an inch of his life, he begged you to let him go. He desperately needed the money for an operation for his son.

EDISON

Right. Sob story. It was a fabrication. My people checked the school records in his hometown. No kid.

SIX

Wrong. Kid was his stepson. Different last name. Conway's name wasn't attached because he hadn't legally adopted him.

Edison's face falls a bit, but he recovers quickly.

SIX (cont'd)

You put him in the hospital with a broken leg, collarbone, and ribs. He was unconscious from the head trauma for days. He missed his son's funeral.

EDISON

You're lying.

SIX

Look it up.

EDISON

I will.

Six shrugs as much as he can while handcuffed to the chair.

SIX

After that, his wife left him. Took the stepdaughter with her. When you took his winnings, he had even less than he started with, and he had borrowed that money from work.

EDISON

You mean he stole it.

SIX

With every intention of paying it back as soon as he returned from Vegas. But without the money, he lost his job and did a short stint for felony theft.

EDISON

Boo hoo. He got what he deserved. He broke the rules.

SIX

Counting cards isn't illegal.

EDISON

He cheated the casino out of half a million dollars. What kind of operation costs that much? It was a scam, plain and simple.

Six shrugs again.

EDISON (cont'd)

How do you even know this?

SIX

Conway taught me to count.

EDISON

What, he didn't teach you how to not get caught? You'd think he'd have learned his lesson. I suppose you have a sick kid, too.

SIX

I have my reasons. Would you really ruin another person's life?

EDISON

Oh, that's what this is. A guilt trip. Not going to save you.

Six looks surprised.

SIX

You're still going to beat me and rob me? You're barely human.

EDISON

I'm just a guy doing a job, keeping
freeloaders and cheaters from cashing
in.

Edison rears back to punch Six.

SIX

Just a few more things.

EDISON

Your five minutes are up.

SIX

But I haven't told you how it ends.

INT. WHITTAKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of Brian's house unlocks and opens. Brian
pushes it open and steps out of the way, allowing Tessa to
storm past him inside.

TESSA

I don't see why we had to park so damn
far away.

BRIAN

Well, we couldn't exactly leave a
limousine parked in front of the house
we're in. Kind of a dead giveaway,
don't you--.

TESSA

Stop talking.

Brian shrugs, follows her inside, and shuts and locks the
door.

TESSA

Where are your parents?

BRIAN

I don't know. Vanished along with
everyone else. They were here one
minute, and then--

She holds her hand up, silencing him.

TESSA

So you're not normally the only
resident in the town that time forgot?

He looks about to speak, but, seeing her hand still held
up, simply shakes his head.

TESSA

Where's your phone?

Brian points inside.

BRIAN

Kitchen.

Tessa stomps off for the kitchen. The realization of where
she is going dawns on him too late.

BRIAN

Oh, wait, look out for the--

He can't see her fall from his angle, but he hears her
CRASH loudly to the ground.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(to himself)

--water.

TESSA

Bloody hell.

EXT. SIX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Six is standing outside of the car, looking at his cell
phone. Wendy is inside the car and looking at him through
his open door.

WENDY

I hope this Jazz didn't run into any
gun-toting crazy people.

SIX

More than likely the cell phones are
out. If signals aren't transmitting to

the car's radio, they might not be
sending out calls either. Maybe we
should--

He stops short as something in the distance catches his
eye. He stares off in the direction they came from. The
headlights of a car can be seen about a half mile away.

SIX

Wendy. Get down.

Wendy looks at him strangely, then follows his gaze. Upon
seeing the lights, she looks back with fear and excitement.

WENDY

Shouldn't we--

SIX

Get down.

He doesn't shout, but his voice is commanding enough.
Wendy ducks down in the seat. Six shuts the car door, runs
to the other side, and ducks down. He peeks out to watch
the car pass.

A black Bentley with silver trim and detailing approaches,
slowing down as it passes Six's car. The windows are
heavily tinted, preventing Six from seeing inside. As it
slows, the front passenger window lowers and, before the
passenger becomes visible, a high-powered flashlight beam
extends from inside the car, silhouetting the passenger and
driver. The passenger passes the beam over Six's car, then
shuts it off and raises the window. The car lingers for
another moment, then picks up speed and approaches the turn
toward the Spencer house.

In a sudden burst of speed, Six runs from the side of the
car to the driver's side, throws the door open, jumps in,
and slams the door.

INT. SIX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

WENDY

What's--

He points forcefully ahead, toward the Bentley just about to make the turn.

SIX

Is that the turn toward Jazz's house?

WENDY

Uh, yes. Do you think that car's headed there?

SIX

We need to find out.

He flips on the car's headlights and HONKS the horn three times in rapid succession. The Bentley, just about out of a sight, slams its brakes and comes to a sudden stop.

Wendy whirls on Six, looking worried.

WENDY

Didn't we just hide from them?

SIX

We don't know why they're headed the same place we are. If they're like us, then we'll figure it out together.

The Bentley begins backing up slowly, turning back onto the main street, now facing Six's car.

WENDY

And if they are dangerous?

SIX

Uh, well, I haven't really thought that far yet.

INT. WHITTAKER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian steps toward the kitchen with trepidation. When Tessa comes into view, he sees that she is sitting on the ground in the pool of water with her legs stretched out in front of her. Her head is slumped down and she appears to be crying.

BRIAN

Are you all right?

She whirls around, looking rather frightening with her mascara running down her tear-streaked face coupled with her fury.

TESSA

Does it look like I'm all right? I am having the worst night of anyone. And not just anyone now, I mean anyone in the history of the world. The worst.

BRIAN

Well, my whole family disappeared, so I think I can give you a run for that title.

Tessa stands slowly, gripping the counter for support. She leans toward him and points her finger accusingly.

TESSA

Listen to me, boy: I don't care where your family or anyone else in this godforsaken armpit of a town went. I need your phone.

Brian shrugs and points to the phone on the counter. Tessa grabs it, looks at Jazz's phone number written on her palm, and dials. After a few moments, she slams the phone down.

BRIAN

No answer?

Tessa looks upward at the ceiling.

TESSA

Where is everybody?

BRIAN

I don't know. I've been trying to figure that out. My entire family was just a few feet away one minute, then gone the next.

TESSA

Did your whole town just hop on some
bloody spaceship?

BRIAN

That's one theory.

She starts to laugh, but then realizes he is being serious.
She rolls her eyes.

BRIAN

How did you find me back there?

TESSA

I told you. I was going to this Jazz
person's house.

BRIAN

That's really convenient.

TESSA

Are you interrogating me? You little
brat, don't you dare interrogate me.
Do you know who I am?

BRIAN

I think we established that. Almost
Oscar-caliber, right?

TESSA

I am Tessa Braddock. You will not
interrogate me.

BRIAN

Check. No more bad cop.

TESSA

You've got a smart mouth.

BRIAN

I've got the IQ to match.

TESSA

Arrogant, to boot.

BRIAN
It must be catching.

TESSA
You ungrateful git.

BRIAN
"Ungrateful?" What did you do for me?
Hit me with your car?

TESSA
That was an accident.

BRIAN
I was on a bike that was parked on the
side of the road--and by parked, I mean
completely stationary. Does that
really deserve the same terminology you
would afford to a head-on collision?

Tessa shakes her head angrily and grabs the phone again.

TESSA
I'm done with you. I'm going to find
someone else out there.

BRIAN
Come on, I literally tried over a
hundred numbers. No one is answering.

TESSA
Have you tried calling long distance?

BRIAN
Yes. Shockingly I do know people
outside this "armpit" of a town.

TESSA
No one in the entire country is
answering?

BRIAN
And still the answer to that question
is no.

TESSA
I'm being punished.

BRIAN
(under his breath)
That's funny, I was just thinking the
same thing.

INT. KEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Jazz is driving Kev's car down a different residential street. Sam is in the passenger seat and Patrick is sitting in the backseat. He is leaning forward between the two, watching the road, and appears on edge. The windows are down and Jazz is driving slowly, looking out at the empty houses and listening for sounds of life.

SAM
I don't understand. Why was he all cut
up? Did he do that to himself?

JAZZ
Most likely.

SAM
Do you think he's involved with, like,
why everyone is gone?

JAZZ
Don't know.

SAM
(to Patrick)
What do you think?

Patrick thinks visibly for a second and is about to speak when Jazz interrupts.

JAZZ
Just because he's older than us doesn't
mean his opinion is any better.

SAM
I just thought--

JAZZ

Look at his eyes and smell his breath,
Sam. He's a drunk. You'd be better
off asking the crazy guy with the
knife. And he's unconscious.

Patrick looks at her, mortified and slightly angry.

PATRICK

Whoa, that's a little much, don't you
think? I had a really rough day--

Jazz slams on the brakes suddenly, cutting Patrick off as
he jerks forward hard against the seatbelt. She leans her
head out the window, listening. After a few seconds of
silence, Sam whispers to her.

SAM

Did you hear something?

JAZZ

I thought I did. Sounded like a car
horn, maybe.

They all listen a few moments longer.

PATRICK

Maybe it was those other people. Or
Tessa Braddock.

SAM

They shouldn't be honking the horn.
There could be more crazy people.

JAZZ

They might not know that yet. All we
know is that they weren't honking at
us, which limits the odds that this is
a good thing.

PATRICK

Maybe we should head toward it. At
least it's people.

JAZZ

So was Knife Boy.

She is about to speak again when a faint GUNSHOT is heard. All three snap to attention. The sound is followed by the SQUEAL of tires and more GUNSHOTS.

SAM

Were those...?

JAZZ

Yes. And we're not waiting around for the details.

She does a u-turn and speeds off in the other direction.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SIX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Six and Wendy are in the car, watching the Bentley roll slowly toward them.

WENDY

Are you sure this is a good idea?

SIX

Not in the slightest.

WENDY

Right.

SIX

Sorry. It was a reflex. I couldn't let bad guys just roll up to that girl's house.

WENDY

I don't suppose we have any way to defend ourselves if they are bad guys.

SIX

I sell pharmaceuticals, not rocket launchers.

(off her worry)

You're probably sorry you got in the car with me.

WENDY

Let's just be ready, if, you know.

The Bentley pulls up so that the rear driver's side window is even with Six's window. The tinted window rolls down, and Six puts his down as well. In the darkness, he can barely make out the form of PAUL from inside the Bentley. Paul leans forward a bit, coming into view. He's in his 40s, has well-groomed gray hair, and is wearing an expensive suit. He has tinted glasses that partially obscure his eyes.

SIX

Uh, hey.

Paul stares at him.

SIX

Is this the part where you ask for mustard?

PAUL

Who are you? What's your name?

SIX

My name's Theodore.

PAUL

Why are you out here?

SIX

I'm looking for other people. You, uh, know where everyone else went?

PAUL

Who is she?

SIX

You're not big on declarative sentences, are you?

PAUL

My name is Paul. So you don't know why you're here?

SIX

What do you mean? Why I'm where?

Before Paul can answer, a shout comes from O/S.

MORT (O/S)

Here comes my betrayer!

Six and Paul both look and see Mort standing in the distance behind Six's car.

WENDY

Oh no.

A GUNSHOT sounds from Mort's direction, and one of the Bentley's headlights explodes. Paul immediately ducks down

in his seat. As Paul raises his hands to cover his head, Six sees that he is holding a pistol.

SIX
(to Wendy)
Head down.

Six puts the car in gear and floors it, peeling out loudly. GUNFIRE issues from the Bentley toward Mort, who returns FIRE. Six quickly puts them in the distance.

INT. WHITTAKER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tessa is taking a hot shower, exalting in the steamy cleanliness. A KNOCK comes from the bathroom door. She yells loudly over the sound of the shower.

TESSA
Yes?

BRIAN (O/S)
I have some of my mom's clothes that you can wear. I'll put them by the door.

She nods matter-of-factly and continues to shower.

INT. BRIAN'S PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

Brian is sitting on the bed, waiting for Tessa to come out of the shower. The water is no longer running. A large maroon sweatsuit hangs on the knob of the bathroom door. A few moments later, Tessa opens the door and steps into the bedroom. She has a fluffy towel wrapped around her torso and another around her hair. Brian stares as only teenage boys can as the wet, beautiful, mostly-naked woman enters the room and takes the sweatshirt from the doorknob.

Tessa holds up the sweatshirt. It is big enough to fit two of her.

TESSA
Seriously?

BRIAN
Sorry. That's the smallest one.

TESSA

These are your mother's?
(off his nod)
How could you lose her?

Brian stares at her, stunned. She takes the sweatsuit and storms back into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door. He continues to stare, his eyes tearing up.

INT. KEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Jazz is driving Kev's car at high speed down the road. Patrick appears dazed and out of it. He is staring out the window. Sam is quite frightened and she is crying silently.

SAM

What are we going to do?

JAZZ

We're getting the hell out of here. I can make Columbus in an hour if I speed. I am so over this city.

SAM

What's in Columbus?

JAZZ

People, hopefully. And you know what else it is? Not here. That's good enough for me.

They drive a few moments longer, until Sam stares in confusion at something O/S ahead of them. Jazz sees it, too, and slows the car to a stop.

JAZZ

What the fu--

INT. SIX'S CAR - NIGHT

Six is driving down the street. Wendy keeps looking out the back window.

WENDY

No one's following. Not yet, anyway.

SIX

Good. This is her street.

Six turns the car onto Willow Drive. He goes a few hundred feet and slows down.

SIX

What is that in...is that a shoe?

He points up ahead to Hank's shoe, still sitting in the middle of the road. Wendy looks and nods.

WENDY

Looks like a shoe.

Six pulls up beside Hank's car in front of the Spencer house and kills the engine.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Six slowly gets out, glances again at the shoe, and then looks around. Wendy gets out of the car and walks over to him.

"Hands Away" by Interpol starts playing softly in the background.

WENDY

For the record: not sorry I got in the car with you.

He smiles softly.

WENDY

That was very brave, trying to protect this girl. Not so bright, but brave.

SIX

I'm just a salesman from Idaho.

WENDY

Well, you're a brave salesman from Idaho.

He holds his hand out to her.

SIX

Shall we?

Wendy smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The music stops abruptly with the cut. Six is still sitting in the chair in the middle of the room, handcuffed. The three guards still flank the chair. Edison is fed up with the delays and ready to hit Six.

SIX

But I haven't told you how it ends.

EDISON

Mr. Robertson, I'm about to show you how it ends.

SIX

Two more things. One: I let you catch me.

Edison punches Six in the face.

EDISON

Sure you did.

Edison rears back to punch him again.

SIX

(unfazed)

Two: I haven't been handcuffed for the last five minutes.

Edison's punch is already coming in as Six talks. Six twists out of the chair, dodging the punch, and grabs Edison's arm as it passes. Six yanks, using Edison's momentum to throw him to the ground.

Six jumps to his feet and snaps his right arm straight out. A collapsed steel baton slides out of his sleeve and he catches it in his hand. The suddenness of the movement

extends the baton to its full two foot length with an intimidating SNAP.

Six lashes out to his right, slamming Guard 2 in the shoulder. An audible CRACK of bone issues from the impact. As Guard 1 and Guard 3 begin to move at him through their shock and Guard 2 cries out in pain, Six pirouettes into a crouch, turning a full 180 and smashing the baton against the side of Guard 3's knee. Guard 1's swings goes harmlessly over Six's ducked head and Guard 3 collapses to the ground as he crushed knee gives way.

Edison gets up on his hands and knees. Six jumps into the air from his crouch and lands with both feet on Edison's back, slamming him back into the ground. Guard 1 recovers from his missed swing and whirls on Six. Guard 1 attacks with a one-two combination of punches. Six pulls back to dodge the first jab and uses his forearm to block the second.

Six jumps off of Edison just before Edison can throw him off balance and throws a punch with his off-hand at Guard 1. Guard 1 catches Six's fist and yanks him in to punch him. Meanwhile, Guard 2 is coming around to flank Six and Edison rolls away and starts to get up again.

As Six is pulled toward Guard 1, he brings the baton up sideways, parallel to the ground, and drives it into Guard 1's chin. Guard 1 reels back, letting go of Six, and Six kicks out sideways, striking Guard 2 in the stomach and driving him back.

Six spins on Guard 2 and rushes him even as Guard 2 backpedals. Six strikes out three times with the baton, hitting Guard 2 a second time in his wounded shoulder and then cracking him on other side of his head. Guard 2 drops immediately, unconscious.

Six spins a 180 and sees Edison getting to his feet across the room. Edison reaches into his jacket and starts drawing out a gun. Guard 1 recovers and charges Six from the side. Without looking, Six flings his arm sideways, hurling the baton. It strikes Guard 1 square in the chest. Ribs CRACK. Guard 1 goes down, wheezing.

Six grabs the chair he had been handcuffed to and tosses it into the air. He spins a full 360 and does a roundhouse kick at the chair as it begins to fall back down. The chair flies across the room and strikes Edison as he draws a Glock 22 from his jacket. Edison gets tangled in the chair as he tries to both dodge and deflect it.

As Edison smacks the chair aside, he sees Six has covered the distance and is now right in his face. Edison brings the gun up, but Six is too close and too quick. Six strikes Edison's forearm with one hand while disarming him with the other. Now holding the Glock, Six takes a step back and trains it on Edison's face.

SIX

On your knees.

EDISON

You're making a--

With incredible speed and fluidity, Six shoots Edison in the knee and then points the gun back at his face. Edison collapses, half-lying on the ground.

EDISON

(through the pain)

What do you want?

SIX

Ten years ago, you ruined a man's life.
I'm fairly certain you've ruined more
since then.

EDISON

It's not like that. They deserved it.

SIX

No. You take people's freedoms away.
You are not the law. You're not a cop.
You're a thug.

EDISON

I just do my job.

SIX

And I'm just doing mine.

EDISON

What the hell kind of job is that?

SIX

I'm in the business of giving people
what they deserve.

EDISON

This is what I deserve? Beating up my
men and shooting me?

SIX

That's just part of it. Earlier today,
I killed your son.

Edison is overcome with shock and horror. He looks about
to throw up.

EDISON

What...why?

SIX

Fair is fair.

Before Edison can react further, Six pistol whips him in
the temple, dropping him unconscious to the ground. Six
turns and heads for Guard 1, who is now getting up. He
passes Guard 3, now crawling for the elevator, on his way.
Six points the gun at Guard 1.

GUARD 1

You're sick. You killed his kid?

SIX

Of course not. But for a few hours,
he'll know what Conway felt like.

Guard 1 can't decide between being horrified and relieved.

SIX

I have a job for you.

GUARD 1

Screw you.

SIX

No thanks. You're going to deliver a message to your boss's boss: the owner of the casino.

GUARD 1

Why should I? You gonna shoot me, too?

SIX

You'll do it if you want to stay employed. I have a small video recorder in my jacket. You tell the owner that this video of his employees torturing me goes to the Gaming Commission if Mr. Edison there is still employed on Monday. And I don't just mean employed here. I don't want to see him so much as mopping floors at a restaurant within a hundred miles of this city. Do you understand?

GUARD 1

What the hell is wrong with--

SIX

I will shoot you in the kneecap.

GUARD 1

Alright, alright. I'll tell him.

SIX

Good.

Six ejects the magazine from the Glock and works the slide to eject the remaining bullet. He takes the magazine and the bullet and tosses the gun aside. He scoops up his baton and collapses it on the way to the elevator. He passes Guard 3 on the way again, calls the elevator, enters, and stares back at the room. As the doors shut,

CUT TO:

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

"Hands Away" picks up again and plays louder now, taking up 100% of the audio. Six is holding out his hand to Wendy. She smiles and takes it.

TRACKING SHOT - SIX & WENDY (SLOW MOTION)

walking up the Spencer driveway toward the house. They are most of the way to the front door when Six stops, realizing that the front door is smeared with blood.

INT. WHITTAKER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian is in the foreground, sitting on the couch. His knees are pulled up to his chin and he holds his legs tightly. He appears to be crying. Tessa comes down the stairs in the background, wearing the massively oversized sweatsuit. She stops and watches him. He stops crying as he realizes she is there, but makes no move to look at her or speak.

EXT. SPENCER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Six motions for Wendy to stay there and cautiously approaches the front window. He peers inside and sees nothing but bloodstains where the shirtless man had been lying unconscious.

EXT. KEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Jazz is getting out of the car slowly, mesmerized by something just O/S in front of her. Sam gets out as well, but Jazz half-heartedly waves her back, her attention still fixed. Patrick leans forward in his seat, staring confusedly.

PULL BACK to reveal that the road, and all the landscape around, abruptly ends in what looks like a jet-black void of a wall. As they stare, tiny fingers of violet electricity crackle across the surface of the wall.

PULL BACK further until they are specks on the horizon against the wall. It extends in a straight line as far as we can see in all directions, even upward. The song ends.

BLACK OUT

White on black: "To be continued"

END ACT FOUR

THE END

R002594349