

INSMOUTH

an original screenplay

by

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INSMOUTH

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT OF SHERIFF'S STATION - NEARING MIDNIGHT

BRYAN, late twenties, tall, dressed casually but in multiple layers due to the cold, pulls in to the nearly full lot, parks his car and steps out.

Puffing on a cigarette he hurries to the station door, discards the cigarette, and enters.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION, CORRIDOR

Bryan warms his hands and snuffles as he hurries down the corridor.

He hesitates at a door.

A paper print out reads 'Volunteer Briefing' and the muffled sound of speaking can be heard through the door.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION, BRIEFING ROOM

JACOB, mid-forties, well-built but not muscular, dressed in his police uniform, is standing in the back of the room, drinking coffee. He notices Bryan enter, nods for him to come over.

An OFFICER is speaking and the room is filled with various other officers and townspeople.

OFFICER

...despite the vigilance, this week we  
have had another person we are  
considering missing. This is still

(MORE)

(CON'T)

outlying areas the suspected abductions are occurring in, and due to circumstances we now feel we have to think these people are being targeted...

JACOB

(in a whisper)

I thought you were backing out.

BRYAN

(in a whisper)

No. Nothing like that. Car stalled out.

Jacob nods, but doing so to indicate Bryan should be listening.

OFFICER

...we've been promised that some folks are going to be sent down to back us, here, but until then we're expanding our coverage as best we can. People have gone missing from houses off of Old Dimes Road and Western Horizon, including the Miller family, as you all know. As of yesterday, though, it seems Mr. Halberst, off of Flynn Road has gone missing, as well...

BRYAN

(in a whisper)

They sure Halberst didn't just leave off for the road?

JACOB

Both cars still there, not answering his cell.

BRYAN

And nothing took?

JACOB

(nodding)

Nothing took, nothing broke. Nothing.

OFFICER

...we're expanding the temp stations to cover all the offshoot roads, all of them, clear out to the river. Nothing happening near town or from out the other direction, so we're consolidating our men and all of you volunteers to new checkpoints. Stations're set up one mile apart, all nine of the river roads...

BRYAN

We should probably take your car—how far out are we?

JACOB

My cruiser's left at the station, we'll get dropped by Dale. We're eleven miles down Westlake.

OFFICER

...most of you should be paired with either an officer or someone licensed to carry a firearm. Those of you new here, tonight, who can carry, gonna need you to step over to get some paperwork final...

EXT. OUTSIDE OF SHERIFF'S STATION

Jacob and Bryan are having a cigarette. Officers and townspeople are filing out to various cars in the lot, pulling out.

JACOB

I don't believe it for one second any reinforcements are coming out, but it makes sense why not.

BRYAN

Sure, I guess. I mean, it's not that because someone just isn't there we're all assuming they were took or

(MORE)

(CON'T)

something. It's when they're not answering phones, their cars aren't gone, nothing.

JACOB

Same time, how many people live around here? What're we gonna tell to anyone? There's a couple of people not around but it doesn't look like there was any struggle, doesn't look like any anything? Especially with that girl, now. She turned up. It's just she took a bus out to see her boyfriend.

BRYAN

Darlene Boyle?

(Jacob nods)

I didn't hear she came back.

JACOB

Yesterday.

BRYAN

They didn't show her picture around the bus stops?

Jacob notices DALE approaching. Dale is shorter and less firm than Jacob, also dressed in police uniform, coat done up and hat on.

Jacob flicks his cigarette.

JACOB

(to Bryan)

They showed her picture, sure.

(to Dale)

This is Bryan, my volunteer.

DALE

Good to have you. You don't have a car?

BRYAN

It's for shit, got here late on account of it.

JACOB

They're leaving the cruiser at Eleven.  
Guys out there got their truck, too.

DALE

(patting Bryan on the shoulder)  
You looking forward to this?  
(slight laugh)

BRYAN

(slight laugh, too, but nervous)  
I just hope this does something to, you  
know, deter.

DALE

(lighting a cigarette)  
Deter? Right.  
(nods his head in the direction of  
car)  
I like that. 'Something to deter.'

INT. DALE'S CAR

Dale and Jacob are in the front seat, Bryan in the back.

DALE

You hold a gun, Bryan?

BRYAN

Uh, hold? I can fire a gun. Don't have  
one, though.

JACOB

(generally)  
There's another one in the cruiser.  
(to Bryan)  
Didn't know you could shoot.

BRYAN

Yeah. I've never shot at anything, but  
I've. Fired.

DALE

Grayson out on Wicker Road, last night,  
he got off four, five rounds.

BRYAN  
(after a pause in which no one  
responds)  
Got off rounds at what?

DALE  
Someone lurking, how he put it.

BRYAN  
Lurking?

JACOB  
(overtop of Bryan)  
Grayson just opened fire? He hit  
anything?

DALE  
If he did, they didn't file a complaint  
for it.  
(laughs)  
Have him working the radio, tonight. He  
insists on volunteering, but no way  
he's going out to a shed after that.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF STATION ELEVEN

Dale pulls up next to a police cruiser and a large truck. Jacob and Bryan get out. The Station, itself, is a small sized trailer normally used at a construction job. To the far side of it is a portable toilet.

NATHAN is in front of the station. Smoking a cigarette, he raises his hand to greet as Dale pulls off. Nathan is early twenties, rough looking, dressed sloppily casual, in layers because of the weather

ERIC, tall a trim, mid-forties, dressed in police uniform, exits the shed, lighting his own cigarette.

ERIC  
(to Jacob)  
All quiet, all quiet.

JACOB

Way I like it. You leave coffee this time?

ERIC

I did not, sir. You brew your own like the rest of us.

Eric and Jacob move off, into the trailer.

Bryan, loitering, eventually takes out his cigarettes, Nathan throwing him a lighter.

BRYAN

Thanks.

NATHAN

Just starting out, tonight?

BRYAN

(lighting cigarette)

Yeah. You?

NATHAN

Well, starting out last night, but I'm not doing the overnight again, for shit. Wouldn't be doing it at all if they didn't start making this thing round the clock. But don't tell Captain Cop, alright?

BRYAN

(nods, uncertain)

Sure. Yeah. The overnight's bad or what?

NATHAN

You know someone just up and shot some guy, last night, right? They mention that at the briefing?

BRYAN

They, uh. Late to the. Briefing. You mean Grayson?



NATHAN

Tad Grayson, yes sir. Shot someone down cold blooded, they were just out walking their property.

BRYAN

Said he fired off some rounds, only, is how I heard that.

NATHAN

(steps out cigarette, notices Eric leaving the trailer)

That how you heard that? Heard the whole thing over the radio, for myself. But if you heard otherwise, well, that must be something, too.

(to Eric)

Ready to go, boss man?

ERIC

Warm up the truck.

Eric makes a motion to Bryan to come over.

NATHAN

(taps Bryan's shoulder, speaks quiet and fast)

So you know, case you heard otherwise, your crusier's still broke down. Wouldn't want that to be, you know, a surprise.

Nathan, making a wave toward Eric, turns and gets into the parked truck, starts the engine.

Bryan walks over to Eric.

ERIC

What's he telling you?

BRYAN

Telling me? Naw. Just talking. Asked him was he starting out.

ERIC

Oh yeah? That what he was chatting about, there?

BRYAN

Uh. Said. Uh, cruiser's broke down. He just thought I ought to know that.

ERIC

Cruiser's broke down, that's right. Which he don't need to tell you. Jacob knows it. Cruiser broke down night before last, didn't get it up today. Get it up, tomorrow.

BRYAN

Sure.

ERIC

Jacob says you shoot?

BRYAN

I. Can shoot. No gun or anything. Except he says one's in the cruiser, if it comes down to it.

ERIC

(nodding)

Alright. All quiet, to now. You got Jacob on, so you just follow lead, alright?

Bryan nods as Eric moves off to the truck.

Bryan takes a drag from his cigarette, looks up to see Eric giving him a long, low nod. He nods back.

#### INT. STATION ELEVEN

Jacob is sitting at the desk, arranging some papers and reading over the logs. Bryan is standing at the tack board.

The inside of the station is a desk, a small television, several filing cabinets, two chairs, coffee maker etc.—very general.

On the tack board are over two dozen Suspected Missing print outs as well some other photographs, some of the people, some of houses or stretches of road.

On the tack board there is also a large map of the area. Push pins are inserted along the several roads leading out from the circled town of Insmouth, the pins snake nine roads all the way out to the river.

Bryan counts out eleven along Westlake Road where he is stationed, then counts the remaining four before the river.

BRYAN

Four stations out past us?

JACOB

Mmn?

(adjusts volume down on the small television)

Right. One to Fifteen, all the way out to the river. Road gets too shit past thirteen, but the stations go all the way to the river, in any case.

Bryan goes over to the coffee pot, watches new coffee brewing.

BRYAN

So if that girl came back, how is it they don't think these others won't just be off visiting people or something?

JACOB

(focusing on some paperwork)

Could be some of them are. Except the first to go missing was Laurie Pike's little girl. Could be that's just one thing, sure, but looking in to that it's found that some other folks haven't been around for some weeks and there's no sign where they are. It was some mailmen who were the ones first pointing it out.

Bryan has moved to the tack board, settles in front of a Suspected Missing print out for the young girl, Ginger Pike.

BRYAN

Pike girl. Forgot about that. That was back a month, now.

JACOB

Could be maybe she got took off by someone and she's the only one. Could be she got hurt somewhere, animal got to her. Maybe even she's out playing, fell in the river, she plays down there. They got to looking, though, and then the Miller family shows up gone. Hard not to make something out of it.

Bryan nods, pause, sits and fiddles with the television.

BRYAN

Cruiser's broke down, that other officer was telling me?

JACOB

Crusier's broken, still. Yeah. I didn't know they hadn't gotten around to it. Doubt we'll need it by morning and anyway, if an emergency comes up we got cars a mile from us, both directions.

Bryan stares at the television a moment, turns it off.

BRYAN

You want coffee? Looks ready.

JACOB

Sure thing. Any of the cups is fine.

Bryan selects two cups from the assortment on the cabinet with the coffee maker, pours coffee in both, returns the pot to the machine where the coffee is still brewing. Sets one down on the table for Jacob, then sits and leans back.

BRYAN

What is it you two were saying in the car? Someone shooting off rounds last night?

JACOB

(sips coffee)

Tad Grayson. Fired some rounds out into the grass.

BRYAN

(pause)

Guy out there tells it Grayson shot some guy down, cold blood, the guy's just out walking his property line.

Jacob turns to look at Bryan, lets out a breath.

JACOB

That how he tells it? So you think maybe that's how it was?

BRYAN

Thought maybe I could just ask, official, how it was, one way or the other. I got reason and no reason to believe either way, just figured I'd like to ask.

JACOB

(smiles)

Figure you should ask.

(drinks coffee)

Yes, you should. Man, people out here, like anywhere, they like to think up their spooks. Only natural. Week ago, I'll tell you, Manny Reynolds shot a dog was sniffing around. This was over on Western, just after it got official about the whole Miller family weren't answering calls. Weren't no reason, particularly, for Reynolds to shoot that dog, but he did when he sees it sniffing around. Next three nights it's hell staffing the overnight, right? One dog becomes two, then becomes one dog was carrying another dead dog in its mouth, then becomes a dog comes, foaming at the mouth, both eyes missing, tongue trailing stretched behind it ten yards. You see what I mean?

BRYAN

People like their spooks.

JACOB

They do. So Grayson puts a little bit away and decides to fire off some rounds, scream that any bad bastard around'll have to attend to him, first...well, that's a good thing to tell a tale out of.

BRYAN

But that's what happened, yeah? You're giving me that official?

JACOB

(drinks coffee)

Said he saw someone lurking. That's how Dale just told it to me. I've known Dale since kindergarten. That's better than official.

Bryan nods, Jacob makes a gun shooting gesture at him, turns back to the paperwork.

The radio makes a static sound, a voice them coming on.

RADIO (Homebase)

Hello, overnight. Starting hourly check ins. Station One, come back.

RADIO (Station One)

Station One, we're all good, Homebase.

The radio back-and-forth between the Homebase and each Station continues while Bryan stands.

BRYAN

Was that a toilet I saw outside?

JACOB

(sighs)

Yeah. We got a clunker, here at Eleven. Some folks got deluxe, toilet  
(MORE)

(CON'T)

unit inside the trailer. We're just outside. Flashlight's in the drawer, you want it.

Bryan opens a drawer, picks up a flashlight, this revealing a stack of three pornographic magazines. He smiles, moves as though to mention them, shuts the drawer instead.

BYRAN

Gonna be toilet paper, out there?

JACOB

Bottom drawer, just to play safe.

Bryan opens another drawer, takes one of the rolls of toilet paper he finds there.

BRYAN

I'm gonna go secure the toilet. Got things covered here?

JACOB

(hand poised over radio)

Yes, sir.

Bryan puts his coat on and moves to exit the trailer as Jacob talks with the RADIO

RADIO (Homebase)

Station Eleven, come back.

JACOB

Station Eleven. Partner's got a potty emergency, but under control, Homebase.

RADIO (Homebase)

Don't forget to mark it in the log, Eleven.

EXT. OUTSIDE STATION ELEVEN

Bryan stands at the base of the steps to the trailer. He glances in the direction of the police cruiser, squints into the dark beyond it.

He walks into the road, looks in both directions. Both advance into the dark to bends in the road, a hundred yards or so along.

He steps to the other side of the road, into the gravel, and looks out into the field of tall grass, pockets of tress here and there, thicker woods and growth further on where hills rise.

Turning back, he looks in through the illuminated windows of the trailer, sees Jacob drinking coffee.

His eyes move to the portable toilet.

He walks in the direction of the portable toilet, stands looking at the door, down at the toilet paper he is holding.

He opens the toilet door slowly, then turns back and looks over his shoulder, squinting, peering intently.

He puts the toilet paper into the stall, lets the toilet door close, turns to face the road.

He unzips his pants and urinates, bouncing on his toes, then zips up and moves back up the trailer steps.

#### INT. STATION ELEVEN

Jacob has the television volume back up, nods at Bryan as he enters.

JACOB

For all the build-up, rest of the night passes pretty much like this. As your superior, I am in charge of the programming choices.

BRYAN

Sure. Noticed the reading material, too.

(puts the flashlight away, nods at the drawer)

You in charge of those?

Jacob squints, moves his chair over to get a look in the drawer without standing, gives a sort of bored chuckle, closes it.



JACOB

Those are all yours, if you'd like.  
Couldn't even guess whose, really. Not  
Eric's, anyway, he doesn't usually  
station here. Check the log.

Bryan nods, takes the log book from where Jacob indicates, flips through it a few pages.

BRYAN

Yeah, I don't know. Seems a bunch of  
people have been stationed here, past  
week.

JACOB

They rotate. Especially with the  
volunteers starting out.

Bryan nods, makes some sound of agreeing.

He looks at a few entries from the previous night. All of the  
entries read the same "Made visual inspection of surrounding  
area. Nothing to report."

He flips back, idly, reads a few entries from a previous date.  
Each entry is slightly different, but reads to the same effect,  
just various wordings, of the entries from the previous night.

BRYAN

Do you think these stations.  
(pause)  
Do you think this will do anything?

JACOB

What?

BRYAN

(chuckles)

I don't know. These Outposts. Don't  
you think it'd be better to, I don't  
know, set people up in town or  
something?

JACOB

We're just doing what we can. Think they offered that, even. At least a shelter was set up, notices went out with the mail.

(shrugs)

Who wants to do that? Someone comes along the road, hopefully we see them. Or 'deter' them, right?

BRYAN

Right. Just seems, you never think about how dense it is out there. The woods and all, you know?

JACOB

Thinking is, there's no sign at all someone approached through the woods, nothing at all, no signs of that, footprints, cleared brush, that. Probably, whoever it is comes along the road, no other way to think it without leaving a trail. If there is anybody.

BRYAN

I know, man.

(pause)

Say it isn't even something like this, though. Say it isn't. Say someone has something else arranged. I mean, who knows, right? It doesn't seem like any of these people were snatched away, that's all.

JACOB

Someone arranges something secret with all these various folks, gets them to up and wander off?

BRYAN

Sure, maybe. Their cars are still there, right? So they had to go somewhere, so we think it's some other car because that wouldn't leave a trace. They checked gas station footage, toll roads, I heard. I mean

(MORE)

(CON'T)

they've run that all down, right?  
Insmouth, we don't get a lot of odd  
traffic in and out.

JACOB

I certainly hear you, Bryan.  
(squints out window)  
And it's been tested by better folks.  
I'll tell you, reason this is volunteer  
based, now, this is more for keeping  
people calm and something to do, I'd  
say.

(stands, leans to window)

You see anything while you were out  
there?

BRYAN

See anything? No.

JACOB

(opening drawer for flashlight)

Yeah?

Jacob stands, casually drawing his sidearm, clicking on the  
flashlight.

Bryan stands, also, squints out the window, hands cupped to the  
glass.

BRYAN

Are you dicking around with me, Jacob?  
I didn't see anything out there, didn't  
hear any-

Jacob gestures at Bryan, shutting him up.

The two look at each other for a moment, then Jacob looks down  
at his gun, sets it on the table.

Bryan makes a questioning gesture.

JACOB

The safety on that is off. You just  
need to point it and pull the trigger.

BRYAN  
(trying to keep it a joke)  
Yeah yeah.

JACOB  
(overtop)  
I'm going to the car, get the other  
gun, have a look around.

BRYAN  
I need to know if you're fucking with  
me.

JACOB  
(overtop)  
You keep that.  
(to Bryan, direct)  
No. No, I am not fucking around. You  
keep an eye on me out the window,  
right?

BRYAN  
Jesus, man. I didn't see anything out  
there.

JACOB  
(moving toward door)  
I did.

BRYAN  
You did. And what in the world could  
that have been?

JACOB  
(overtop)  
A dog.

BRYAN  
(pause)  
A. Dog?

Jacob gestures for Bryan to watch out the window, opens the door  
and steps out.

Bryan watches Jacob move down the steps, nods when Jacob looks  
up at him.

Bryan follows the circle of Jacob's flashlight as Jacob moves it around before heading to the cruiser.

Bryan watches Jacob open the cruiser door, then turns his attention to the surrounding darkness, then looks back to see Jacob closing the cruiser door.

Bryan nods when Jacob looks over his shoulder at him.

Bryan glances down to the radio and then to the gun on the desk.

When Bryan looks up, Jacob has moved into the road, shining the flashlight around. Jacob now has a shotgun, retrieved from the cruiser.

Bryan watches Jacob move to the other side of the road, pointing the flashlight out into the tall grass.

Bryan picks up the gun and moves to the door, opening it a bit.

This draws Jacob's attention, who turns and shines the light on Bryan, gesturing him back inside.

Bryan moves back to the window, watches Jacob move off in the direction of the portable toilet, losing sight of him.

Bryan puts the gun down, looks at the television, the radio, back out the window as the door opens and Jacob enters, setting the shotgun on a filing cabinet.

JACOB

If it's out there, it's wandered off.

BRYAN

What dog, Jacob? How did you see a dog out the window in the first place? Do you want me to call Homebase or something?

JACOB

(takes a deep breath, speaks perfectly even)

No. I just thought I saw something. I'm sure Homebase doesn't need everyone calling in each time they think they see something.

BRYAN

Right. And I suppose it goes in the log 'All clear round the perimeter, nothing to report'? I mean did you see a dog or what?

JACOB

(looks at Bryan a moment, then smiles)

Hey. No, write it in the log if you want. You're right. 'Jacob thought he saw a dog. No dog found on closer inspection. All secure.'

(laughs a bit)

Spooked you, that thing I said about the dog before?

BRYAN

(nods)

Yeah. Then you go seeing a dog. You really think you saw it, it wandered off, or you think, no, you didn't see it?

JACOB

I think, no, I didn't see it.

BRYAN

Alright. Then it goes in as 'Nothing to report.'

Jacob sits down, takes the log with a smile, writes. As he does he nudges his coffee mug in Bryan's direction, Bryan taking it and pouring a refill from the pot.

BRYAN

(setting the coffee cup down)

We can smoke inside these?

JACOB

Sure. Crack the window, though.

Bryan nods, lighting his cigarette and then moving to the window. As he undoes the latch, he squints out toward the tall grass, hard.

BRYAN  
How many people live along this road?

JACOB  
Bryan.

BRYAN  
Or I mean, how many offshoots does this road have, into the real country roads?

JACOB  
Think about something else.

BRYAN  
Hundreds of people. For all they know, no one's missing. Everyone's missing. What'd they do, a census, door-to-door?

JACOB  
I think they're being cautious.

BRYAN  
(pause)  
Sure. I know. I just.  
(pause)  
Nevermind.

The Radio voice comes on, startling Bryan a bit, he chokes on an inhale of his cigarette, Jacob having a laugh, continuing to drink his coffee.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Station One, this is Homebase, come back.

RADIO (Station One)  
Station One, we're good. Hey you taking food orders, still?

RADIO (Homebase)  
Not on the overnight, Station One, as usual. Station Two, this is Homebase, come back.

Radio continues the back-and-forth.

Jacob turns the volume on the television up, a bit.

Bryan smokes a few drags, flicks the remainder out the window and closes it.

Bryan sits down, positioned to watch television.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Station Eleven, come back.

JACOB  
(into radio)  
Station Eleven, things are wonderful.  
Except my partner did see a ghostly  
hound of some sort, over.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Sounds spooky, Eleven, put that in the  
log. Station Twelve, this is Homebase,  
come back.

BRYAN  
You saw the ghost hound.

JACOB  
It sounds better if we say you did. If  
I say I saw it, we really would have to  
go looking around for it.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Station Twelve, this is Homebase, come  
back.

BRYAN  
I see. Wanna keep to regulations.

JACOB  
You took toilet paper out, yeah?  
Didn't leave a mess or anything?

BRYAN  
Just marked the perimeter. I am not  
setting foot in that thing.

Jacob stands and moves to the door.



RADIO (Homebase)  
 Station Twelve, this is Homebase, come  
 back please.

JACOB  
 (overtop of Radio)  
 You feel like making me a sandwich,  
 meantime? Peanut butter and all in the  
 filing cabinet.

Bryan nods and Jacob exits.

Bryan stands and moves to the filing cabinet. Opens the top  
 drawer, sees nothing.

As he opens the second drawer, he turns his head in the  
 direction of the radio.

RADIO (Homebase)  
 Station Twelve, come back. Rick or  
 Dale, just wake up long enough to give  
 me an all clear, could you?

Bryan stares at the radio. After a moment, it comes back on.

RADIO (Homebase)  
 Station Eleven, come back.

Bryan stares, then blinks. He picks up the radio

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 This is Station Eleven, we're all good.

RADIO (Homebase)  
 Station Twelve isn't responding. Do  
 you think you can pop over there, get  
 the all clear, report back.

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 I think. Our cruiser is still. Broke  
 down.

RADIO  
 You don't have a car?

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
It's broke down since. Day before  
yesterday, I think.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Understood. Station Thirteen, come  
back.

Bryan sets the radio down, keeps staring at it. He rubs his  
eyes, a bit startled when Jacob opens the door and enters.

BRYAN  
Station Twelve isn't answering. Uh.  
Dispatch.

JACOB  
What is it?

RADIO (Homebase)  
Station Thirteen, could you respond  
please?

Bryan stares at the radio, then looks at Jacob

BRYAN  
Twelve didn't answer. They asked me  
could we go check it out. Told them  
our, uh, car's broke down.

Jacob seems to be considering this. He looks at the radio, at  
Bryan, who he gives a smile to.

JACOB  
They probably all set their radios to  
the wrong channel.

BRYAN  
They called in before.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Station Fourteen or Fifteen, could  
someone out there give me an all clear,  
see what's going on with Twelve and  
Thirteen, please?

Jacob has been nodding, thinking to himself since Bryan's previous remark and now lets out a long breath, shakes his head and sits.

JACOB

This goes in the log as 'nothing to report,' too-

RADIO (Homebase)

(overtop of Jacob)

Station Eleven, come back.

JACOB

(into radio)

This is Officer Healey at Eleven, Homebase. I go to take a dump, things go all to hell, is it?

RADIO (Homebase)

Could you pop out to Twelve, see what the thing is? Get an all clear, send them to Thirteen and so on?

JACOB

We got a broken down cruiser out here, nothing else.

RADIO (Station Ten)

Homebase, this is Station Ten. I'll head out there, give you a call back.

RADIO (Homebase)

Thanks, Ten.

Jacob shrugs at Bryan, sets down the radio.

BRYAN

This the usual sort of thing?

(Jacob tilts head)

You said this goes in as 'Nothing to report'? Radios go down a lot, sort of thing?

JACOB

(indicating he is stepping out)  
We'll see what it turns out to be.  
Maybe put it in the report. Have a  
smoke?

BRYAN

Be right out.

Jacob nods, exits the trailer.

Bryan rubs his face hard with both hands, then stand up, has a stretch, stares at the radio a moment.

EXT. OUTSIDE STATION ELEVEN

Jacob is already smoking, hands a cigarette to Bryan, who lights it.

BRYAN

Really, what do you think it is with  
the radio?

JACOB

I think it's nothing. Think they'll go  
out, won't figure it out, that's how  
it'll be.

BRYAN

(nods)  
You really see a dog?

JACOB

(looks at him, smiles slowly)  
Yes. I really saw a dog. Maybe you  
wanna get a ride back with this guy?  
(nods in the direction of  
approaching headlights)

BRYAN

No. I don't mean that.

Jacob flicks away his cigarette, slowly strolls into the road, holds up a hand as the car gets nearer.

As the car pulls up, the driver, BEN, rolls down the window. Ben is a bigger guy, not overweight, early fifties, dressed in police uniform and uniform coat.

Bryan wanders a little bit closer, still smoking, also a bit anxiously looking at the tall grass, over his shoulder etc.

BEN

Who's out at Twelve? That your man,  
Dale?

JACOB

I think it might be.

BEN

Having one of his legendary man orgies,  
no doubt.

JACOB

(chuckles)

That were the case, no station past  
Nine would've answered.

(turns to Bryan)

Bryan, you good?

BRYAN

(nods quickly)

I'm good, man.

BEN

Problem?

JACOB

Bit of a tummy ache, said he might want  
a ride back with you.

BEN

Let me know on the return. Last thing  
you need, right?

JACOB

(holds Ben's eyes a moment)

I'll let you know.

BEN

One of those. Radios're trouble on Wicker tonight, too, they were telling me on the phone. Don't see why we don't just phone in.

JACOB

Too much trouble, right?

Jacob pats the hood of the car, backs away. He turns as Bryan is stepping out his cigarette.

BRYAN

I'm fine, Jacob. I'm just asking about things.

JACOB

You're asking about the same things.

BRYAN

So what if I am? I mean, that's what we're out here doing, right?

JACOB

We're out here to be a presence, to hopefully make it harder for someone if there really is someone to make it harder for. We stay awake. A car goes by, we make sure about whose is it. Normally, this time of night, cars aren't going by. You get what I mean?

(changes tone)

I'm sorry I spooked you. Guy shot a dog. Just a dog. Don't know why he shot that dog, alright?

BRYAN

Alright.

JACOB

And I'd love to tell you some more stories, but it doesn't seem it's doing you good. I just wanted to put it in your head that there's nothing to worry about, seems it did the opposite.

Jacob moves past Bryan, back into the trailer.

INT. Station ELEVEN

Bryan enters. Jacob is again watching television. Bryan moves to the coffee machine, pours the dregs into his cup.

BRYAN

How do we brew more? Faucet in here?

JACOB

Bottles. Bottom drawer.

Bryan crouches, opens the drawer and gets a bottled water out. He continues preparations.

BRYAN

Let's talk about something, though, okay?

JACOB

What's that?

BRYAN

I mean just something. I admit I got the creeps a bit, first night out, I got questions. Okay. Keep em to myself. Fine. But instead we have to talk about something.

JACOB

You still seeing Stephanie?

BRYAN

(rough chuckle)

You know I am not. How about something other than that, too?

JACOB

(smiles)

What happened?

BRYAN

She got arrested. I think you know that.

JACOB

You left her because she's arrested? Or that she took a harsher hit because she wouldn't say where she got the stuff?

BRYAN

(forcing a smile)

What're you, a cop?

The Radio voice crackles on, Bryan is startled, again, laughs and leans back in his chair.

RADIO (Homebase)

Ten, you got word from those guys yet?

JACOB

Oh what in hell?

Jacob goes through the pockets of his coat, which is over his chair back, removing his cellphone.

BRYAN

You're. Calling?

JACOB

(already dialing)

Dale. See what in Christ's.

RADIO (Homebase)

Ten can you respond, please? Come on.

RADIO (Station Ten)

(immediately)

Homebase, sorry. I got the radio here.  
You try the car radio?

Jacob starts drifting to look out the door window of the trailer, his telephone still to his ear

BRYAN

What's up? He's not answering?

RADIO (Homebase)

(overtop of Bryan)

Tried the car. Come on, guys.



Bryan stands, looking between the Radio, Jacob and squinting at himself reflected on the inside of the trailer window.

RADIO (Station Ten)  
I'll try Ben on the phone, Homebase.

Jacob snaps his phone shut, stares intently out the door window.

Bryan watches, poised to ask something but immobile.

After a moment, Jacob opens the door.

BRYAN  
Hey. What's up?

JACOB  
(pause)  
What does that look like to you?

Jacob begins leaving the trailer, turns and looks at Bryan. They lock eyes a moment. Jacob tilts his head, indicating Bryan should follow.

#### EXT. OUTSIDE STATION ELEVEN

Jacob has advanced quickly into the middle of the road, stands looking intently in the direction of the bend in the road toward Station Twelve.

Bryan comes down the stairs slowly, starting to get out a cigarette, putting the pack back in his pocket.

JACOB (con't)  
What does that look like to you?

Bryan slowly comes the rest of the way to stand next to Jacob. He squints, rubs the back of his neck.

BRYAN  
I don't know. Headlights?

Jacob moves a few paces to the side, crouching a bit and craning his neck.

Bryan stands, rigid.

There is a slight indication of car headlights pointed out into the tall grass where the road curves around the bend.

BRYAN  
Dale isn't answering?

JACOB  
(to himself)  
No.

Jacob stands straight, touches Bryan's arm and heads back to the trailer with an obvious urgency. Bryan follows, getting up the stairs quickly.

#### INT. STATION ELEVEN

Jacob is putting his coat on. He picks up the shotgun from where he'd earlier set it, puts it on the table.

JACOB  
(direct, to Bryan)  
I want you to stay in here, douse the lights.

BRYAN  
(anxious, overtop)  
Douse?

JACOB  
(overtop)  
Lock the door and keep low. If I don't call you in five minutes, radio Homebase that there's an emergency.

BRYAN  
(overtop)  
Wait. We radio them, now.

JACOB  
(overtop)  
Five minutes. Your phone number the same?  
(pause)  
Is your phone number the same?

BRYAN  
(quickly, nodding)  
Yeah. Yes. Same as. Yesterday. Always.

JACOB  
(pointing)  
Gun's there. Lights out and low.

Jacob holds Bryans eyes. After a moment of no response, Jacob's look gets stern, but Bryan snaps out of it, nods and gestures that he is alright.

Jacob leaves the trailer.

Bryan immediately locks the door.

Bryan looks out the door window, sees Jacob advance a few paces, stop, turn and point the flashlight through the window at him.

Bryan again snaps into motion, flicking the light switch.

Bryan puts his face back to the door window, Jacob still pointing the flashlight through it.

Bryan looks out while Jacob lowers the light, puts the flashlight under his arm, holds up his hand to gesture "Five minutes" and then turns.

Bryan watches out the window as Jacob proceeds, but after a few steps Jacob turns off his flashlight and soon cannot be seen.

Bryan sits in the chair. Immediately he stands, takes up the gun, tests that the door is locked.

Bryan moves back to the chair, but immediately sits on the floor.

He breathes, watching the trailer door.

After just a moment of this, he stands, placing the gun on the table and picks up the radio.

He puts his face close to the trailer window, squints to see.

RADIO (Homebase)  
Ten, you get him on the phone?

The moment the radio voice comes on, Bryan startles, dropping the radio. The battery case pops off, skirts somewhere along the dark floor.

BRYAN  
(loud, the tensing)  
Fuck!

Bryan goes to his knees, finds the radio. He gets the battery to place, depresses the talk button

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Home base this is Station Eleven, come  
back.

A few moments of silence.

Bryan, frustrated, tenses, hisses, starts fiddling with radio. He turns it off then on. He squints at the indicator of the frequency it is on, depresses the talk button.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Homebase. Or whoever is on this  
channel. This is Westlake Road, Station  
Eleven.

Simultaneous with Bryan saying 'Eleven' there is the distinct sounds of a shotgun discharging outside the trailer from the direction Jacob had headed.

Bryan freezes.

After just a few breaths there is another sound of the shotgun.

Bryan closes his eyes.

After a pause, Bryan depresses the talk button on the radio, eyes still closed.

BRYAN

(into radio, not loud, panicked  
but quiet)

Someone come back? There's an  
emergency. There's gun fire outside  
Station Eleven.

Again, simultaneous with Bryan saying 'Eleven' there is the  
sound of the shotgun firing.

Bryan, eyes still closed, begins to shake, as though on the  
verge of tears.

He scoots under the desk.

Quickly, he gets out from under the desk, stands to take the gun  
from the desk, returns to his hiding place.

He settles to place for a moment, then wriggles to get his phone  
out of his coat pocket.

He opens the phone, dials 9-1-1. He listens a moment, a look of  
frustration, hangs up.

He dials another number.

BRYAN

(into phone, anxious, overtop  
himself)

Stephanie? Is everything  
alright?...Where are you?...Listen.  
Listen, is something going on?...I need  
you to call. There's an emergency out  
here and I can't get anyone on the  
phone...I need the police or...Police.  
All the fucking circuits are full.  
Busy...Nothing is happening out  
there?...Listen, just can you drive to  
the Sheriff's Station? I can't get  
anyone on the radio ... Drive. To the  
Sheriff's Station, tell them Jacob's  
shooting at something. He shot  
something or got shot...I'm in the.  
Fucking. Trailer...Go tell them to send  
someone. Or. Figure out what's going on  
and call me, okay?...

(MORE)

(CON'T)

Figure out what's going on and send  
someone...I'm fine...Just go. Go get.  
Go tell someone...Yes, alright.

Bryan closes the phone. He opens it like to call someone else,  
but closes it.

He sets everything down to rubs his face, then picks the radio  
back up. He sets it to one frequency.

BRYAN

(into radio)

Is anyone on this channel?

He waits a moment, sets the radio to another frequency.

BRYAN

(into radio)

Is anyone on this channel?

He waits a shorter moment, sets the radio to another frequency

BRYAN

(into radio)

Does this fucking thing still even  
fucking work even?

He sets it down, angrily.

Trying to get his breath steady, it is evident he is thinking.

He looks to the door several times, his eyes finally just  
locking on it.

He quickly scoots himself over to the door, stands to the side  
of it nearest the trailer corner, flattening himself, testing  
can he see out the main trailer window.

He puts his face cautiously to look out the window door. The  
area in front of the trailer is just dark. He sees nothing.  
Nothing seems to be moving.

He takes his phone back out of his pocket and dials. He holds it  
to his ear, but soon huffs and closes it.

BRYAN  
(under his breath)  
Fuck, Stephanie.

He dials another number. After a moment he snaps the phone shut, clenching his jaw.

Opening the phone again, he looks at the readout, eyes locking on the time. 2:34 AM.

He sighs. Dials another number. He nods like listening to something a moment.

BRYAN  
(into phone)  
Davis. Wake the fuck up man.

Bryan, angry, suddenly snaps the phone shut.

BRYAN  
(under breath)  
Voicemail. Can't hear voicemail.

Bryan dials the phone again. He waits, again, giving a peek out the door window at the same view of darkness.

BRYAN  
(into phone)  
Stephanie. Jesus fucking Christ. Call me back, okay? Get this message and just call me back tell me what's happening, okay? Please call me back.

Bryan shuts the phone, returns it to his pocket.

He positions himself to better see out the trailer door.

He puts his hand to the knob, slowly unlocks it and begins to turn it, pressing it open at the same time.

He closes it, quickly moves to the drawer where he got the flashlight, earlier, takes another, returns to the door, turning the flashlight on and off, quickly.

He turns the knob again, opening the door and quickly stepping out.

**EXT. STATION ELEVEN**

Bryan quickly gets down the trailer stairs and heads around behind the portable toilet.

**EXT. REAR STATION ELEVEN, EDGE OF FIELD**

Bryan moves quickly into the tall grass of the edge of the field. Keeping low, he moves in, stopping at a patch slightly clearer.

Breathing very erratically, he stares at what he can see of the back of the trailer and toilet.

As he stares, head cocked to listen intently, he is able to control his breathing with effort, finally letting out long controlled breaths and taking slow deep inhalations.

As he does this, another sound of breathing becomes noticeable, nearby, mingled with his. This breathing is a rough, irregular PANTING.

Byran, tensing, slowly moves his head to look around. With each moment, it is more evident that the panting is quite nearby.

As he settles on which direction it seems to be coming from, there is also the sound of movement.

He fixes his eyes on a spot he can more-or-less make out through the grass, the panting originating there, becoming more rhythmic.

He positions himself better to train his gun in that direction, his hand noticeably shaking.

Blinking, he realizes he has lost sight of what was there, the panting even more pronounced, though.

He moves on his knees, stops when he feels certain he can make something out.



His gun trained, he turns on his flashlight, holding it down into the ground as he does. As he slowly moves the light in the direction of the panting, the hind legs of a dog become visible.

His breath becomes more irregular as the panting stays even. He clenches his jaw and is obviously making an effort to point the gun, face twitching as he steels himself to shoot.

Still moving the light, it falls on the side of the DOG's head, in that same moment the dog turning its head in his direction.

The dog has no eyes, the fur around them and its snout a thick mess of what seems like a cake of dried mucus and blood.

Bryan's breathing becomes rapid and sharp, close to hyperventilation, his hand holding the gun shaking more.

While he is in this dazed state, blinking and trying to coax some action, the dog's lower jaw, as though unhinged, takes on a peculiar, stiff angle and swings open.

All at once, in a rough, wet thump, what seems like a long coil of tongue falls from the dog's jaw cavity to the dirt.

The tongue slowly uncoils and in the light seems to be not a long tongue, but something like a cross between the consistency of a tongue and the appearance of a millipede, cilia-like legs in multiple layers along the sides. The TONGUE-COIL continues to unspool until fully extended.

Bryan, having sat, begins scooting back, still holding the light on the dog and Tongue-coil.

The Tongue-coil, straining, tugs in his direction and the dog begins to walk toward him.

Bryan fires the gun. There is a yelp from the animal.

Bryan fires again. Again.

Scrambling back but unable to stand or turn, Bryan stops. He trains the light on the carcass of the dog. As he does, there is still the sound of movement in the grass and dirt.

He aims the light at the Tongue-coil which is still straining, tugging, roughly in his direction. It seems unable to drag the weight of the inert dog carcass.

**EXT. OUTSIDE STATION ELEVEN, NEAR THE CRUISER**

Bryan, almost erratic, scrambles in the direction of the parked cruiser.

He tries the door, but it is locked.

He hurries to the other side, that door locked as well.

He looks at the still open door of the trailer. Then he looks down the road in the direction of the bend leading to Station Twelve. The appearance of the headlights into the grass is still apparent.

He sinks to the ground, pulling out his phone, dialing.

BRYAN

(hushed, very panicked)

Stephanie, pick up the fucking  
goddamned phone Stephanie.

(becoming louder)

Pick up the fuck your fucking fucking  
phone!

Bryan slaps the phone shut, roughly putting it back to his pocket.

**EXT. OUTSIDE STATION ELEVEN, GRASS OPPOSITE TRAILER**

Practically, crying, Bryan gets to his feet and moves toward the grass at the other side of the road.

Almost to it, he stops, going stiff, pointing his gun.

After a moment, he lowers the arm, pressing on into the dark in the direction of headlights.

**EXT. WESTLAKE ROAD, THE BEND IN THE ROAD**

Bryan approaches what is clearly the police cruiser from Station Ten. It is diagonal across the road, both doors open, engine running.

Bryan slows, halfway raising his gun. He looks back over his shoulder, then presses on.

After a few paces, his dragging foot strikes something that skids along over the pavement.

Immediately turning on his flashlight and shining the light around, Bryan discovers he has just kicked a handgun.

Bryan looks behind himself once more, then moves forward, bending to take up this gun which he puts in his pocket, continuing toward the cruiser.

EXT. WESTLAKE ROAD, BEND IN THE ROAD, OUTSIDE THE CRUISER

As Bryan nears the door he continues to shine his light on things. The cruiser itself. The pavement. Etc.

It is on a wider sweep, preparing to sit in the car, that the light settles on a smear of blood, thick and puddled in one spot, thinner as the trail moves in the direction of the tall grass and tree line.

BRYAN

(quietly)

Jacob?

(pause, then a bit louder)

Ben? Jacob?

(pause, then, a snap, very loud)

Jacob?! Jacob?!

Bryan waits a moment, listening, slowly turning his head to follow the light he makes a pass over everything with. No sound other than his breathing and movement and the hum of the lulling cruiser.

## INT. THE CRUISER

Bryan gets himself situated inside the cruiser, closing and locking both doors. He picks up the receiver to the car radio, pressing the button on the side.

BRYAN  
(into receiver)  
Is someone there?

Bryan looks at the display panel, squinting at it.

BRYAN  
(into receiver)  
Can somebody hear me on this station?

Bryan drops the receiver, starts shaking but composes himself. He puts the car into reverse, backing up a ways.

As he centers the car on the road, the headlights illuminate the pavement in front of him. In the light, Bryan sees a shotgun on the ground. His eyes settle on it for a moment. He shuts his eyes.

He puts the car into drive and slowly begins down the road.

## INT. THE CRUISER—MOMENTS LATER

Bryan, still driving rather slowly, approaches the trailer of Station Ten in the car. Station Ten is slightly fancier than Station Eleven. There is no portable toilet outside, the unit is larger and the lights from inside illuminate a good portion of pavement surrounding.

Bryan slows almost to a halt as he passes in front of the station, his eyes settling on the door. It is apparent that the door has been forced off the hinges, is not really closed, not exactly open.

Bryan scans the windows for signs of anyone. He notices an interior door.

## EXT. OUTSIDE STATION TEN

Bryan opens the cruiser door, stepping out.

He stands, pointing his gun around in various directions.

He leaves the door open and begins approaching the trailer door.

On the steps leading up to the door, there is a desk lamp, the cord trailing up the steps, the plug just up inside the hanging door.

Bryan looks behind himself, reaching to the door knob. When he pulls, the door comes completely loose, falling, causing him to back-peddle, wheel around, point his gun in all directions.

After a moment of letting this settle, keeping his gun pointed, he turns his head to address the interior of the trailer.

BRYAN

(shouting)

Is somebody in there?

(pause, then shouting)

Is somebody inside the trailer?

(pause, then shouting)

Knock on that door or something if  
you're there. Otherwise I'm going.

Bryan waits a moment, shakes his head, takes a step toward the cruiser but pauses. He takes a breath and grits his teeth, turns to look at the space where the trailer door was.

## INT. STATION TEN

Bryan slowly steps into the trailer, gun drawn and pointed in the direction of the closed door.

The trailer is a wreck, as though there has been a violent struggle.

On the desk, in its charger, Bryan sees a radio.

He slowly reaches for the handle to the closed door, but it is locked. He knocks on the door.

BRYAN  
(knocking)  
Are you in there?  
(pause)  
I have a car, if you're safe in there.  
I'm leaving, though.

Bryan tries the door one last time, moves to take the radio.

He looks up at a clock on the wall to see it is nearly 4:00AM.

He gives one last look to the door, takes the radio, and moves to the door.

#### INT. THE CRUISER

Bryan closes himself back in the cruiser. He takes out his phone, opens it and dials a number.

After a moment, he snaps the phone shut, drops it in the passenger seat.

He grips the wheel tightly a moment, lets out a breath.

He turns on the radio he took from the station, clicks through the various frequencies, but does not attempt any calls.

He sets the radio in the passenger seat, happening to glance down while he does.

He notices a SMALL INSECT on the back of his hand, about the length of an average ant but just a worm-like tube with a single antenna out its side.

He brushes at it, but it does not come away. He brushes rougher, but it still does not come away.

A rising anxiety apparent, he pinches it hard and pulls it. It squirms between his fingers.

Bryan notices a hole in his hand now, like a small blemish had been burst.

He opens the car door, rubbing his fingertips to be rid of the insect, but it holds fast.

**EXT. THE ROAD, OUTSIDE THE CRUISER**

Bryan pulls the insect with the fingers of his other hand, now a blemish-hole in one of the fingertips the insect had just been between.

He steps fully out of the car, roughs his hand on the pavement.

He stands, leans into the cabin to examine his fingers. The insect is gone, but now a blemish-hole is on one of the fingers of his second hand.

Moving to get back into the cruiser, he notices another insect on the shoulder rest of the passenger seat.

He freezes, watching the insect, which doesn't move.

He looks down the side of the passenger seat, notices another insect.

All at once, he recoils, stepping out into the road a number of paces from the car, rubbing at himself all over. He works himself into a bit of a frenzy, only stopping when he hears something moving in the tall grass.

He stares at the grass, then at the first sound of movement, he hurries around to the passenger door of the cruiser, opens it, grabs his phone and the radio.

**INT. STATION TEN**

Bryan is going through the drawers, still rubbing at himself unconsciously as he does. He stands, looking at the radio where he left it on the desk.

He turns and looks at the tack board, sees a key hanging on a hook to one side of it.

Taking the key, he puts it in the lock for the secondary room. The door unlocks.

He takes a step back, taking the gun out of his coat pocket.

With the gun pointed, he awkwardly leans in and turns the knob, gently pushing on the door.

INT. STATION TEN, BATHROOM

Bryan pushes the door all the way open, flips up the light switch, verifying that the room is empty.

He quickly turns to take the radio from the desk, then closes himself in the bathroom, locking the door.

In a hurry, he removes his coat, shirt, undershirt, twisting to examine his body both by looking down and looking in the mirror.

Just as rough and hurriedly, he takes off his shoes and socks, his pants, his underpants, rubbing his hands up and down his legs, finger between his toes etc.

He lays out the garments and, still rushed, pats them, turns them inside out, roughing and patting them, holding them up near the light.

More agitated as it goes on, he re-dresses in garments he has examined, leaving several garments still on the floor.

He empties his coat pockets, then unlocks the bathroom door, throwing the clothing he isn't wearing into the trailer's main room.

He closes and relocks the door.

The radio crackles and a voice speaks.

RADIO (Henry):  
(hushed)  
Is anybody listening on this channel?

Bryan blinks at the radio a moment, approaching it warily, squinting as though expecting to find an insect, then snatches it up, sitting on the toilet seat.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Hello. Yes. Are you there?



RADIO (Henry)  
(hushed)  
Who is this?

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
This. Uh. I'm. This is Bryan. Weathers.  
Who is.

Bryan, as if surprised by how inarticulate he is, stops. Looks at the radio

RADIO (Henry)  
(hushed)  
Hello?

BRYAN  
(into radio, after rubbing face harshly)  
Yes. My name is Bryan Weathers. Who are you?

RADIO (Henry)  
I'm Henry Allan. I'm. I'm on Turner Creek Road. Where are you?

BRYAN  
I'm. Westlake Road. I'm on Westlake.

RADIO (Henry)  
Please come get me.

Bryan almost speaks, stops himself. He looks to the bathroom door.

RADIO (Henry) (con't)  
Please help me.

BRYAN  
Help you? I.

Bryan again stops talking, face a clear frustration of not knowing how to continue.

RADIO (Henry)  
Can you get out here?

BRYAN

(into radio, after pause, rubbing eyes)

I have a car. I'll send someone from town. I can't. Do anything.

RADIO (Henry)

You can't go to town. Where are you? You can't go to town. Are you. A cop? Volunteer?

BRYAN

(into radio, responding quicker than before)

Volunteer. What's wrong. Why. Can't I go to town? I need to get help. Why can't I go to town?

RADIO (Henry)

You can't go to town. Don't. Please just come get me. I'm in Station Six. Turner Creek Road.

BRYAN

(into radio)

I can't get to. Turner. I can't get.  
(harsher)

Why can't I go to town?

(calmer)

I'll help you. I promise. People are dead, here. I need help. I promise I'll send help.

RADIO (Henry)

They're dead in town.

(pause)

They're dead in town.

(pause)

Please. Come get me.

Bryan put the radio down on the floor and stares at it. He takes up his phone and dials a number.

RADIO (Henry) (con't)

Please answer me. I know what's happening to you. It's worse in town.

Bryan shakes his head, phone to his ear.

RADIO (Henry) (con't)  
My brother told me. He said it was worse. When I called him to help me. He said it was everywhere, even worse in town.

BRYAN  
(under his breath)  
Shut up shut up shut up.

RADIO (Henry)  
I called him because it got the officer. Ernie Hubbard. I was with. Everyone. No one was answering, I called my brother.

Bryan throws his phone at the wall, it shatters.

BRYAN  
Goddamnit!

Bryan hits himself in the face with both palms, buries his face in his hands.

RADIO (Henry)  
Please. I don't have a car. The car's off the road. I can't leave here. Please.

Bryan snatches up the radio

BRYAN  
(into Radio)  
I can't come out. I don't know what you're talking about, alright? If there's someone in town who can come out to get you, I'll tell them where you are. Have you heard from anyone else?

Bryan, anxious, waits from a response.

BRYAN (con't)  
(into radio)  
I'm sorry. I can't help you.

RADIO (Henry)  
There's no one. The radios stopped  
answering. The phones stopped  
answering. My brother said it was all  
of a sudden in town. They were  
everywhere. Everyone. You have to get  
me. I can't go out there. Those things  
are everywhere.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
The dogs?  
(pause)  
You mean the dogs?

RADIO (Henry)  
I'm begging you. You have a car. I'm  
begging you.

Bryan looks at the blemish-marks on his hand back and fingers.  
He looks to the bathroom door.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
I don't think I can get to the car.  
It's not safe. I'm locked in a  
bathroom. A. Trailer bathroom. The car  
is outside. I came in.

Bryan trails off. He rubs at the blemish-marks, scratches at his  
head, rubs himself.

RADIO (Henry)  
Please. You can't stay there. I can't  
stay here.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
I want to. Wait. For help. We should  
just wait. I have a gun.

RADIO (Henry)  
There's no one coming.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Do you have a gun? In case.

RADIO (Henry)  
Bryan. You say your name is Bryan?  
(pause)  
There's no one coming, Bryan. If you  
can get to the car. Please.

BRYAN  
(into radio, with fatigue)  
Do you have a gun? I asked you a  
question.

RADIO (Henry)  
A gun isn't going to help. It isn't  
going to help me.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
We just need to wait. Okay?  
(pause)  
Hey, even if it's a long time. Alright?  
You're safe. I'm safe. Someone will  
eventually come. However bad it is.  
(pause)  
Answer me.  
(pause)  
You better fucking answer me.

RADIO (Henry)  
You have a gun?

BRYAN  
(nodding)  
I have a gun. Yes.

RADIO (Henry)  
If I had one, I'd use it.

BRYAN  
I've used it. I'll use it if I have to.

RADIO (Henry)  
If I had one, I'd use it now.

Bryan looks at the radio. He moves it toward him as if to speak. Stops. He sets it down on the ground.

After a beat, he sits on the ground, scooting back into the corner. With his legs splayed and the gun rested beside him, he stares at the door.

LATER

Bryan's head nods forward and with a start he comes to, scooting back against the wall more forcefully, then getting to his feet.

He paces and shakes his head around, runs water from the faucet, splashes some on his face and rubs.

Just as abruptly, he shuts off the faucet, picks up the gun, leans back against the wall, pointing the gun at the door with his head cocked to listen.

INT. STATION TEN

Bryan slowly opens the bathroom, stepping through, gun drawn. After a quick sweep of the trailer room, he moves to the light switch, turning the lights off.

He looks up to the wall clock, finds it is just past 5:00AM.

He stares out the window, sees the cruiser, engine still lulling, headlights still on.

He looks up at the sky, which does not yet show any hint of brightness, has a tone of overcast.

He opens some of the drawers he'd opened earlier, takes a flashlight out of one, tests it.

EXT. STATION TEN

Bryan moves down the steps. He hesitates for a moment, looking at the cruiser.

Absently, he scratches the back of his hand, looks down to see the blemish-mark is now rawer, a bit swollen.

He looks at the fingertip blemish-mark on one hand, finds it is the same.

EXT. WESTLAKE ROAD

Bryan is moving hurriedly, but cautiously, keeping to the middle of the road. He gives tense glances over his shoulders and to the side of the road.

He slows as, still distant, he can see the first indication of Station Nine, the lights of which are on.

He continues moving forward, eyes fixated on the spot of light, then abruptly halts at the sound of movement just ahead on the road.

He readies his flashlight, but does not turn it on. Instead he squints and it is apparent enough that it is another PERSON walking.

BRYAN  
(hushed)  
Hey.

The Person continues walking and Bryan continues after.

He turns on his flashlight, stopping, crouching and keeping the beam of it low.

He raises his gun, letting the trail of the flashlight out in front of the Person.

BRYAN  
(louder)  
Hey. Are you alright?

Bryan lets the flashlight over the Person's back. In the light, the police uniform of the Person is evident.

Bryan moves forward, cautiously, still pointing the gun.

BRYAN

Is that your station, there? I was at  
Eleven.

As Bryan talks, the Person walking slows, begins to turn.

BRYAN

Do you still have a car? I think we  
need to just get out of here.

Simultaneous with Bryan's 'out of here' the Person turns, Bryan  
lifting the flashlight beam to the face.

The Person has no eyes, dried residue of blood and other viscous  
substances evident over the nose and mouth.

Bryan begins swaying, breathing heavily, just staring.

The Person also begins to sway, but in a more circular fashion,  
the motion getting more and more erratic, as though the Person  
should easily fall.

All at once, the Person's jaw drops open, far more that it  
should naturally be able, and a similar Tongue-coil to the  
dog's, earlier, flops to the pavement heavily.

Very quickly, the Tongue-coil, thicker than the previous one and  
with longer and more frenetic millipede-like bristle legs,  
unspools in Bryan's direction.

Bryan steps to the side, horrified, as the Tongue-coil unspools  
several feet past where he was standing.

The Tongue-coil tenses, taut and pulsing, legs feverishly  
tensing and swaying, this tugging enough that the Tongue-coil  
rises from the ground in a wavelike series of curves.

The Person attached, responding to the tugging, begins moving  
forward, the Tongue-coil further on than Bryan more-or-less  
standing straight up.

Bryan, abruptly, turns and begins firing the gun at the Person,  
these shots knocking the Person back.

The Tongue-coil is still vital and moves quickly in the  
direction of Bryan. He tenses, bringing his arms to him  
defensively, but the force knocks him back.



The Tongue-coil, its tugging and bucking moving the dead Person a little bit, crawls over him.

He grabs the Tongue-coil, screaming as he does so, as gripping the Tongue-coil tears his skin and bloodies his hand.

Rolling, he begins to crawl forward, the Tongue-coil still on his back, other portions of it rearing up in waves.

Managing to get free, the lower portion of his pant leg is torn and the skin is cut badly.

He limps, scrambling forward. Behind him, the Tongue-coil lashes and rears up, flailing around obscenely.

#### EXT. STATION NINE

Shaking and holding his wounded hand pinned beneath the armpit of the opposite arm, Bryan continues to limp, eyes locking on the truck parked to the side of the station trailer.

A sound from the side of the road draws his attention. He reels, instinctively raising his arm, his eyes widening in horror when he realizes he no longer has his gun.

He continues limping, erratic, gets to the trailer door and through it without any hesitation.

#### INT. STATION NINE

Bryan gets the door shut and locked.

He attempts to move a filing cabinet and then the desk in front of the door, reels, woozy, sits to the floor.

He holds his shaking, torn hand up and inspects it, the extent of the wound extreme.

Shrugging off his sweatshirt, he also gives his leg a closer look, for the first time noticing the trail of his own blood he has been moving around in.

He removes his undershirt and does his best to tear it. Unable to, he scoots to the desk, staggers to his feet, looks around until he finds scissors.

He cuts a few strips of fabric from the undershirt, wraps the remainder of cloth around his leg, struggles to tie the shirt to place with just his one good hand.

He cuts one of the sleeves off of his sweatshirt, wraps it as best he can around his injured hand, not doing a good job.

He gets to his feet, going through desk drawers, then notices a regular scotch tape dispenser on the desk and starts wrapping the roll around the sweatshirt wrap, his arm, etc.

As he does this, he fixates on the parked truck he can see through the window.

Bryan sits, still shaking noticeably. After a beat, he stands again, shaking his head around erratically.

Again opening drawers, his eyes settle on the coat hung over the back of the desk chair.

He rummages out the contents of the pockets, eventually finding a set of keys. He puts these back in the pockets, tries on the coat, which is far too big, but he leaves it on.

He makes a kind of pass around the trailer, doesn't find anything, eventually sits and takes up the radio which is in its charger on the desk.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Is anyone on this channel?  
(pause, the detached)  
Is anyone on this fucking channel?  
(pause)  
Henry?

He waits a moment, then changes the frequency.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Henry? Are you still on this channel?

He waits a moment, changes the frequency.

BRYAN  
(into radio, a note of  
desperation)  
Henry, if you're on this channel please  
pick up.

He waits a moment, changes the frequency. Says nothing.

He looks out the window at the truck, standing, putting the  
radio into the coat pocket, taking out the keys.

EXT. STATION NINE, PARKED TRUCK

Bryan moves as quickly as he can to the truck, keys at the  
ready. Trying the door, though, he finds it is already  
unlocked.

INT. THE TRUCK

Bryan closes himself inside, takes a moment to position himself.  
He is perspiring and it is evident he is having difficulty  
focusing. He leans his head back, closing his eyes.

LATER

Bryan has slumped, waking very stiffly, trying to get himself to  
focus. He inserts a key into the ignition enough to get the car  
running, but not far enough to start the engine. Music blares  
from the radio, which he shuts off.

As he does so, he glances out the window at the road. On the  
far side of the road is a THING moving along at a steady speed.

The Thing is about half as large as a man. The body of it is  
bulbous and wet and covered in multiple layers of the same  
cilia-like legs as the Tongue-coils that he has seen earlier.  
In a loose coil at the front of the thing is one of these  
Tongue-coils. The Thing's body pulses and contracts in a  
peristalsis kind of movement and it leaves a viscous trail  
behind it.

Bryan just stares, jaw somewhat slack, eyes glazed and only partway focused.

The Thing is soon a good ways down the road. Bryan watches it a little bit longer, the sky still thickly overcast but somewhat brighter with the morning.

The radio Bryan had tossed into the passenger seat crackles.

RADIO (Henry)  
Is anyone still there?

Bryan looks at the radio, closing his eyes.

RADIO (Henry) (con't)  
Is anyone still there? Oh Christ,  
please is anyone still there?

Bryan opens his eyes, taking up the radio

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Is that Henry?

RADIO (Henry)  
Bryan? What happened?

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
I don't know what I'm seeing, Henry.  
What's going on?

RADIO (Henry)  
Please. Where are you? Please.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
What did I just see? I don't understand  
what's happening. What happened in  
town, Henry?

RADIO (Henry)  
Do you have a car? Are you coming?

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 I'm in a truck. There's something out  
 there. I don't. Want.

Bryan trails off, blinking, looking at the road where the Thing  
 had crawled.

RADIO (Henry)  
 I'm still here. I'm still here on  
 Turner Creek. I've locked myself in.

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 You said your brother was in town? What  
 did he say happened?

Bryan keeps staring out the window. There is no response for a  
 moment. He more and more is beginning to drift.

BRYAN (con't)  
 (into radio)  
 What did he say, Henry?

RADIO (Henry)  
 (with almost no emotion, weak)  
 You've seen it, haven't you? By now?

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 I just saw. Something. I've seen  
 things. Things.

RADIO (Henry)  
 (as before)  
 He said they were suddenly everywhere.  
 Everyone.

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 Everyone?

RADIO (Henry)  
 People. There were things. Monsters.  
 Things. Some people. Became them. Some  
 of them. Ate people. People who weren't  
 (MORE)

(CON'T)

them just were. They killed them. He said he saw. They would. Burst. People would burst. Or. If they didn't. They'd get. Attacked. It happened everywhere, all at once. And the roads. People on the roads. By the time we called. By the time it was happening to us, it was already happening to everyone. Everywhere. On the roads. By the time we called. Everyone was calling.

BRYAN

(into radio)

Where are you?

RADIO (Henry)

He said. They just become. And grow. And no one knew what to do. To shoot. To hide. Nothing mattered.

BRYAN

(into radio)

I don't care, anymore. I don't.

RADIO (Henry)

He's dead, now. Even if he isn't, he is.

BRYAN

(into radio)

Tell me where you are?

RADIO (Henry)

Everyone is.

(pause)

I'm in Station Six on. Turner Creek.

BRYAN

(into radio, nodding off)

Which is Station Six? You have to. Tell me how I'll know it. I'm hurt.

There is a pause in which Bryan begins to nod off more severely.

BRYAN (con't)  
 (half unintelligible, not into  
 radio)  
 I don't know. I need to know how to  
 find it. If I can make it there.

RADIO (Henry)  
 Are you there, Bryan?

BRYAN  
 (still as above)  
 I can't stay. Awake to. Count. Six.

RADIO (Henry)  
 (as though about to cry)  
 Bryan? Please come get me. Please don't  
 let this happen to me.

Bryan blinks, looking out the windshield, a slight drizzle  
 starting. He takes up the radio.

BRYAN  
 (into radio)  
 You need to tell me how I'll know.  
 Station Six, I'm. Hurt.

RADIO (Henry)  
 I'll open the blinds. Put paper on the  
 window. S.O.S.

BRYAN  
 (into radio, as though confused)  
 S.O.S?

RADIO (Henry)  
 On the window. For you to see.

Bryan doesn't answer, absently sets the radio in the passenger  
 seat. He sluggishly starts the truck's engine.

BRYAN  
 (mumbling, not into radio)  
 Okay...okay...S.O.S...Alright,  
 Henry...Alright...

Bryan continues to mumble as he pulls the car onto the road.

LATER

As he drives, it is very difficult for him to keep his eyes open.

The slime trail left by the Thing is apparent on the pavement seen out the windshield.

The truck moves slowly and sometimes drifts toward the side of the road.

At one point, the slime trail left by the Thing becomes thicker, takes on the color and consistency of blood and human gore. After a distance of this, the trail connects with the lower half of a corpse—there is no torso, but there is a thick concentration of gore and some evidences of arms.

Bryan stares at this as he approaches, not seeming phased by the fact that the truck slowly runs it over.

LATER

Bryan, opening and closing his eyes as though drifting in and out of sleep, slows the truck.

In the road, amidst signs of crisscrossing slime trails and gore, he sees a handgun and a shotgun. Bringing the vehicle to a stop, he stares at the weapons.

Looking out the side door, he sees that, a number of yards into the tall grass, almost a dozen Tongue-coil tendrils are flailing, very tall, eight or ten feet higher than the tops the grass. He watches these things twist and tense, go slack, go taut etc.

EXT. WESTLAKE ROAD, OUTSIDE TRUCK

Bryan opens the door and nearly falls out of the truck, winding up on his hands and knees.

He very slowly moves in the direction of the guns.

As he crawls through one of the slime trails, his hand touches into the viscous substance.



Immediately, he writhes onto his side, cradling the wounded hand to him, rolling on his side in pain, his face in such anguish he doesn't make noise.

As he writhes, he again sees the flailing Tongue-coils rising high above the tops of the tall grass.

Getting to his feet with great effort, he continues to limp in the direction of the guns. When his shoes contact the viscous slime trail, he gets stuck to place but manages to tug himself onward.

Bryan picks up the handgun. He sees that the shotgun is covered over in a layer of slime from one of the trails.

He turns back in the direction of the truck. As he approaches, he sees in the distance a LARGE THING, much larger than the previous Thing, moving across the road swiftly. This Large Thing has the appearance of three of the previous things somehow conjoined and has six different Tongue-coils that sweep the pavements around it as it moves.

#### INT. THE TRUCK

Bryan closes himself back inside the truck, putting the gun in the passenger seat along with the radio.

He looks at his hand (the one wounded by the slime) which is raw and shaking.

He focuses on the blemish-marked from the insect, earlier.

After a moment, with the same hand, he begins rubbing himself just above his hip.

He scoots his body, lifting the fabric of his shirt. This reveals a full blemish, about the size of a dime, raised from the skin, an appearance that it is filled with puss.

He pokes at this blemish, but it has a solid enough consistency that nothing happens.

He sets the truck in drive and continues on.

## LATER—FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

Bryan opens his eyes. He realizes the truck has drifted off the road and to a halt. He sets it in reverse.

As he centers the truck, he finds he had just turned onto Turner Creek Road. He stares at the sign a moment, then takes up the radio from the passenger seat.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Henry?  
(pause)  
Henry?  
(pause)  
I need to know are you still...Henry?

He puts the radio down. Stares at it.

Blinking his eyes, he starts driving again, the truck drifting off the side of the road, back into the road, etc.

## LATER—FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

Bryan is startled, opening his eyes. His truck has just run into a police cruiser that was turned on its side across the middle of the road.

He sets the truck in reverse, then pulls it forward, nudging the cruiser out of the way.

As the road in front of him is revealed, Bryan sees a human corpse with three SMALL THINGS, each with a tongue coil affixed to the corpse at various places.

These Small Things differ from any previous Thing in that they are only the size of small cats and have wings, similar to those of dragonflies.

Very woozy, Bryan reaches for the gun in the passenger seat.

He rolls down the truck window and leans out, with great difficulty holding and attempting to aim his gun.

He fires off three rounds, but pays no attention to whether or not he hit anything, immediately slumping into the vehicle, exerting himself to get the window closed.

## LATER—FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

Bryan pulls the truck to a halt in front of a Station Trailer. This trailer has the widows smashed out, the portable toilet beside it is overturned.

The portable toilet jostles side-to-side as though something is trapped inside of it, struggling.

Bryan stares at the broken windows, fixating on a large smear of blood on the rear wall, covering the tack board and the papers affixed to it.

BRYAN  
(into radio)  
Henry?  
(pause)  
Goddamnit, Henry, if you don't answer  
me. I'm not. Going to save you.

Bryan chuckles, letting the radio back to the passenger seat. His head slumps back and his eyes close at the same time.

## LATER—FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

Bryan opens his eyes, lolling his head to look out the side window. The windshield wipers are going, though the drizzle has stopped.

Bryan focuses on the front of the Station Trailer he is outside of, now. On one of the three windows, sheets of paper have been arranged to spell out S.O.S.

Bryan limply picks up the radio, then lets it slip from his hands to the seat.

Bryan honks the horn, but it only makes a small noise. Bryan chuckles at this.

Bryan looks back at the trailer windows and can somewhat make out the figure of HENRY walking back-and forth.

Henry is a stocky man with disheveled, middle length hair, wearing a police uniform coat, all the way zipped up.

Bryan presses the horn again, this time it sounds loud. He presses it again. Again.

Sweat thick across his brow, Bryan slumps his forehead to the inside of the truck window. Having difficulty swallowing, he cups his hands to the window to see better.

The figure of Henry is now standing stationary, face to the interior window glass of the trailer.

Henry has no eyes, and his jaw hangs slack. He is lolling his forehead back and forth against the inside of the window, and would be staring directly at Bryan were his eyes still there.

BRYAN  
(mumbling)  
Fuck, Henry.  
(very weakly chuckles)  
Fuck. Could've told me. It was  
something like that.

Bryan looks out the windshield, awkwardly gets the car centered on the road, again.

BRYAN  
(mumbling)  
Selfish...fucking prick...Henry. Come  
on...Come on, Henry...you...could...  
damnit...Could've...said something...

As Bryan drives the truck forward, he continues to mumble, the words becoming more and more incoherent.

The truck almost immediately veers off the road, not moving very fast at all. It drives into the tall grass, continuing along until it strikes a tree, the impact hardly jostling Bryan with enough force to wake him.

#### LATER—IN THE TRUCK, AGAINST THE TREE

Bryan opens his eyes, looks at the trunk of the tree in front of him.

Bryan's eyes fall to the gun and radio in the passenger seat.

After looking at them for a moment, he opens the truck door and stumbles out.

**EXT. A FIELD**

Bryan crawls for a moment, eventually getting himself to his feet by means of using a tree trunk for support.

Bryan walks forward through the wet grass.

In a patch of grass that is somewhat shorter and smoothed down than the surrounding field, there is one of the Large Things, its various Tongue-coils either raised high or else sweeping through the grass around it.

Bryan looks at this and then sees, in the tall grass beyond, many dozen Tongue-coils raised high, flailing, snapping.

He turns his head and sees more of the same in the other direction.

He walks on. As he approaches another grouping of trees, he sees some of the Small (Winged) Things on the trunk of one, all in a clump, their Tongue-coils all touching at each other.

Bryan walks right past this grouping, into a small clearing dotted with a few more batches of trees.

As he continues to walk, he shows less signs of pain or struggle. His limping stops. His posture straightens. His both arms swing limply at his side.

As he passes beyond the small clearing into the tall grass, his jaw goes slack.

Several paces further on, he abruptly stands still. Blood begins to stream from his eyes over his cheeks.

Bryan continues to walk, robotic but smooth, head lolling side-to-side, neck titling back so that his eyes face skyward. More blood flows down his face and he begins to make a GLUGGING sound similar to a cat about to vomit.

BLACK OUT:

THE END