

NO ONE WILL SAVE YOU

Written by

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She places the dress delicately in a bubbled envelope.
Already addressed with incredible penmanship.

She prints out a stamp herself.

A vintage alarm clock rings. She hits it, gathers her things.

Eyes on a framed photo on her desk of a **WOMAN** and **KID** outside their house. Brynn and her mom.

A5 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY** A5

Brynn cuts some flowers from her perfectly kept garden.

5 **EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY** 5

Her home is very well kept. Surrounded by thick woods.

But Brynn pauses when she sees a **STRANGE BURNED CIRCLE**.

Brynn groans, looking closer.

Not burned necessarily. Like everything dried up in a perfect 8 foot wide circle.

She sighs and waters it with a hose before she goes.

A6 **INT. PARKED CAR AT HOME - DAY** A6

Brynn gets into her car. Strangely full of anxiety. She looks into her rear-view mirror and practices that smile again.

Then, strangely-

She puts on a hat and sunglasses to obscure her face. Then with a big deep breath, leaves her home.

6 **INT. CAR - DAY** 6

She listens to oldies while she drives. Packages beside her. Nervous.

7 **INT. CAR / EXT. PUBLIC MAILBOX - DAY** 7

She has to drive through town to get to where she's going. She sits low in the seat. Not that anyone could even recognize her anyway.

She drives up to a mailbox-

Quickly drops off her mail.

Before zipping away quickly.

8

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - DAY

8

Brynn gets out of her car, the lone car in the lot. She carries the flowers with her, along with a small step stool and a bag of bird seed.

13

EXT. THE POND AT BRYNN'S HOME - DAY

13

Brynn writes a letter, lounging on a small deck stretched over a small pond on her property.

Dear Maude,

And after a few more lines-

how sorry I am about

Brynn looks up from her letter when she hears something.

Turns towards the street. The sound of a car.

She smiles. It's here.

She huddles against the tree, making herself small-

So **THE MAIL MAN** can't see her when he pulls up to her mailbox at the end of her driveway.

He chucks in some letters.

Then reaches into the back and pulls out-

A hand-wrapped **BROWN BOX**.

For a moment, he considers putting it in the mailbox...

But not seeing anyone around-

He just dumps it on the ground.

Brynn hears it *thump* and winces as-

The mail truck heads further down the road.

14

EXT. MAIL BOX - DAY

14

Brynn peeks to make sure the coast is clear.

Then hurries to her mailbox.

She gently picks the box up.

Tosses the letters under her arm.

And heads back to her home.

Skipping with excitement.

15 **INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

15

She carefully cuts open the box with scissors, finally revealing-

An ungodly amount of bubble wrap inside.

She laughs victoriously at her flawless defeat of The Mail Man.

She carefully reaches inside and pulls out-

Another beautifully custom made **BIRD HOUSE**.

She grins, opens it so as not to ruin the packaging-

Places it proudly in its designated spot in her village.

Grabs a nearby **POLAROID CAMERA** and takes a picture.

Brynn carefully selects a record from her shelf of oldies.

She puts one on.

The speakers crackle and the jazzy waltz begins.

Brynn happily sways in her dress as she dances-

16 **INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

16

Into her kitchen.

Pulls the cork off a bottle.

Pours herself some red.

Opens her laptop.

And begins cooking a dinner for one.

The '30s music carries her through as she-

Sautés vegetables. Broils chicken.

Practices **WALTZ** steps from a vintage dance book.

Drinks more red (but *never* irresponsibly so).

Messages online with someone. It's flirty but in a homeschooled kind of way.

When her dinner is ready, she dutifully-

The crickets cease.

And then-

The birds that were sleeping a moment ago flee from the trees, desperate to get as far away from here as possible.

The house sits in the dark.

Everything still and awful quiet.

Too quiet.

Just the breeze.

But suddenly **ALL OF THE LIGHTS TURN ON.**

The sound of the TV and radio downstairs and then-

Even less than half a second after they turned on-

They're **OFF.**

And everything is silent once again as-

27

INT. BEDROOM - 3:27 A.M.

27

Brynn is fast asleep.

Breeze still ruffling the curtains.

Until-

A large gust of wind comes through the room.

Brynn's eyes flutter open.

She rolls over, trying to get comfortable again when-

Something **BUMPS INTO HER TRASH CANS OUTSIDE.**

She **GASPS** awake-

Everything is silent.

Then hears her cans jostling outside again. Eyes to the window.

Reaches over and tries to turn on her lamp. Nothing happens. No power. Flick flick flick. Nothing.

Annoying.

Brynn quietly sneaks out of her bed and leans towards her window.

Curtains billowing in the breeze.

She cranes forward and peers outside.

There is no sign of anyone until-

Her trash can lid rolls into her view, before falling flat to its side.

She groans. Annoying fucking animals.

She stomps sleepily over to her sandals.

28

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

28

She walks slowly across her wooden floors.

Towards the stairs at the end of the hall.

Passing closed doors on either side.

But just as she's about to reach the top of the stairs-

The sound of **THE DOOR HANDLE DOWNSTAIRS BEING JOSTLED.**

She freezes as-

The soft creak of **THE FRONT DOOR OPENING.**

The moonlight from outside shining up her staircase.

Brynn is terrified, but she can't help lean forward-

Just a bit.

To see what she can see-

Nothing.

Just an open door. No sound of anything or anyone.

Leans forward a little bit more.

Nothing.

And then a step forward when-

A FIGURE HURRIES ACROSS THE ROOM.

A figure that is decidedly **NOT HUMAN.**

It walks on two legs, with two arms and a bulbous head-
Brynn only sees it for a second as it scurries by-
Marching deeper into her home.

Thwap-thwap thwap-thwap thwap-thwap.

The sound of **FEET**.

Weird fucking feet.

The **ALIEN** still rummaging down there.

It makes little **GRUNTS** and noises.

Like it was talking to itself.

She takes a slow step backwards-

Up the stair-

Back on the wooden floor when-

Creak

Brynn freezes.

But so does the alien.

Brynn just out of sight of the staircase. Trembling.

After a silent moment she hears-

Thwap-thwap thwap-thwap thwap-thwap

As it moves deeper into her house.

Brynn creeps out of her sandals, abandoning them-

Turns and starts heading back to her bedroom-

Not sure where else to go.

Sweating.

She moves as fast as she can without making noise.

Which is not very fast at all.

Footstep by footstep.

As she nears her room-

She causes the *slightest* of creaks on the floorboard-

She cringes-

Looks down-

Holds her breath-

There is no sound from downstairs at all.

Until-

Thwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapt-

It's **RUNNING**-

Towards the stairs.

Brynn almost dies where she stands.

Holds back a petrified whimper and-

Forces herself into her room as the Alien reaches the stairs and races up-

But before it reaches the top stair-

Her bedroom door is closed-

And the Alien is on the second floor.

It stands there, silently, an unmoving silhouette.

29

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Brynn looks frantically around the room-

Nowhere to go-

She hurries to her bed and lifts the blanket to crawl under but-

There's old luggage blocking her route.

She grabs it and pulls it to the side but-

It makes a surprising amount of noise. She freezes-

And then-

Thwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapt-

It's running towards her room!

She desperately crawls over the bed and hits the floor-
Hiding behind the bed, hidden from the door's view as-
Her bedroom door is pushed open.

And from the dark-

The alien enters.

Tears in Brynn's eyes as-

It doesn't move for a long time.

A *long* time.

Staring in her general direction.

But there's no way it could see her.

No way.

And then, it seems to... talk.

A strange, off-key melodic-

chka-chka mmMMm chka-chka

As it sways in place-

Before moving deeper into the room.

Brynn slowly leans down and begins to quietly scoot herself
under the bed-

Reaches and pulls her blanket down to obstruct her view as-

All of a sudden-

The alien rushes forward in a flash and-

Doesn't look to see Brynn-

But instead hops on top of the bed.

The springs pushing down above Brynn.

Her head tilted to the side so the bed doesn't touch her.

The Alien stops moving for a moment-

And then resumes-

Rolling around on the bed.

Just round and round it goes.
As if it were testing the bed out.
Brynn holds her breath as best she can.
It *coos* to itself.
Wrestles with some blankets.
Making Brynn painfully more visible.
With a final contented snort-
It hops off the bed, landing with a soft *thump* near the window.
Brynn sees its feet in front of her.
Its toes tap for a second before-
All of its toes **SNAP** up.
And creep forward one at a time like insect legs.
Completely silent. The alien seems to glide to the window as-
It peers out into the night-
And then suddenly-
It calls out the window-
Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck!
Brynn winces-
Surprised at how loud it is.
How disgustingly not *human* it sounds.
Then the Alien just seems to-
Hop-
Right out the second story window.
Crawling up towards the roof.
Brynn is stunned-
Too smart to be hopeful.
But there's no return.

No more awful calls in the dark.
Nothing but silence.
She works on being calm.
Wipes tear trails from her cheeks.
And after another excruciating moment-
Begins to drag herself out from under the bed.
She slowly lifts her head-
And sees nothing.
Just the breeze through her curtains.
She swallows.
Takes a deep breath and-
Charges to the window!
Quickly and quietly pushes it closed-
Locking it.
She dodges out of view, expecting some kind of reaction but-
There is nothing.
Just silence.
She tries to will herself to move-
But having a hell of a time finding the courage.

30 OMITTED 30

31 **INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT** 31

Brynn walks, a curling iron gripped in her hand like a baseball bat.
Shuffling down the hall, towards the stairs-
She reaches the top of the stairs again-
Sees the front door open down below.

Leans forward to see if the coast is clear-
 Seems to be-
 So she takes a few sharp breaths and-
RUNS to the door-

32 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

32

She pushes it closed and locks both locks.
 Backing away from it-
 Expecting something to happen-
 Some reaction-
 But there is nothing.
 She keeps backing away when-
ALL THE LIGHTS TURN ON.
 The TV and the radio.
Horribly loud.
 She **SCREAMS!**
 This time they don't turn off.

33 **INT. THE TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

33

She runs over to the TV and rips the plug out-
 Then rushes to the record player-
 Tries to turn it off but it just goes crazy.
 Radio channels flying by until she's able to reach behind the
 counter and unplug it.

34 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

34

She rushes to the light switches on the wall by the staircase
 to turn them off too-
 Frantically slams them down-
 Too freaked out to look up-

And see **THE TWO GREY LEGS** standing at the top of the stairs.
Not moving.
Just simply watching.
Brynn none the wiser.

35

INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

35

And it's dark and quiet once again.
She passes by her bird house village.
The tiny electrical lights inside blinking.
She pauses and notices.
Not sure what it means.
Or why it's happening.
She kneels down to turn off the power switch when-
C r e a k-
She hears something upstairs.
She looks up-
Towards the steps.
Is that a shadow?
Or was that always there?
She softly unplugs the power strip.
The tiny orange lights in her tiny little world go out.
And the shadow on the staircase does not move.
She looks behind her-
Towards the kitchen-
Where she can see the cord of her landline.
Deep breath.
Here we go.
She slinks across the floor and into-

36

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

36

Where she presses her body flush against the wall.

Waiting to hear anything but-

Nothing.

She looks ahead-

The phone cord above her.

She slides her back up the wall.

And reaches for her retro landline.

She pulls it off the receiver and-

SCREECHING ERUPTS FROM THE PHONE.

Brynn yelps and drops it as-

Everything in her home goes **NUTS.**

The kitchen door beside her SLAMS repeatedly, glass shattering.

The lights strobe.

The refrigerator door bangs.

Brynn covers her ears and-

Sees that shadow on the stairs move.

Her eyes go wide.

Thwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapthwapt-

It's coming.

Her eyes dart around the insanity-

Looking for a place to hide-

There!

Beside the fridge!

She throws her body into the tight space where she keeps her brooms and-

Closes the fridge door-

Makes herself small as-

Once again-

Everything goes back to normal.

Everything is dark.

Everything is quiet.

Except for the noise coming from the telephone.

It dangles there, softly bumping the wall.

Brynn too scared to look-

Leaning back fully in the little corner-

When she hears the dial tone return.

No other sounds but that.

She decides to be brave and peek.

She see the phone, dangling there on its cord-

Oh God-

An **ALIEN HAND** with long boney fingers reaches out from the darkness.

And takes hold of the phone.

And slowly-

Places the phone back on the receiver.

Brynn's eyes watch the phone go up in the reflection-

And then realizes-

That the Alien is staring right back at her.

Just the glint of its two black eyes visible in the dark.

Brynn wants to throw up.

They stay in their respective spots-

Staring at each other's reflections when-

The refrigerator door suddenly pops opens-

Golden light obstructing the reflections-

Flooding the dark kitchen-

Brynn covers her mouth as it gently glides open.

Too scared to move a muscle.

Still gripping the curling iron-

But-

Nothing happens.

It's just an open refrigerator door.

The only sound the *hummmmm* of the fridge.

Brynn doesn't breathe.

She looks up to the top of the refrigerator door-

Nothing to see.

She looks to the bottom of the refrigerator door and-

Sees the tips of several **TOES** waiting underneath.

They wriggle.

The Alien crouched behind the door.

Waiting.

Fffffffucking with her.

And something about knowing that she's being played with-

Toyed with-

Eases her fear just a tiny bit-

Replacing it with fury.

The toes wriggle again.

Ugly fingers on the top of the refrigerator door-

Like it's getting ready to pounce.

Brynn drags her eyes to the reflection in the window where she sees it-

But then it snaps its head towards her in the reflection. Eye contact.

Brynn pounces first.

She pushes forward-

KNOCKING into the door and throwing the Alien back-

As she runs away barefoot-

The glint of the Alien's eyes casually watch her go as-

37

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

37

She heads for the front door-

Gasping as she goes when-

All the lights, the tv, the radio-

All **TURN ON** but with way too much power-

Bulbs **EXPLODE**-

Polaroids **DISCHARGE**-

She yelps at the raining glass-

Pixels in the TV burn through-

Speakers on the record player blow out-

But Brynn keeps running towards that door-

But as she reaches for it-

The front door **BLASTS OFF ITS HINGES**-

Barreling into Brynn!

Knocking her violently back as it slams through the room-

She lands on the ground in a heap.

Blood dripping from her forehead-
Crawling for cover as the Alien appears behind her-
She tries getting under the table where her village rests and-
With a slick flick of its finger-
The table smashes away from Brynn-
Destroying her village.
She yelps as rubble rains down around her-
Before **SHE GETS DRAGGED BACKWARDS** by an unseen force-
She tries scrambling forward-
Looking for anything to grab hold of-
Her village scattered about-
With a violent tug she shoots backwards across the floor-
Grabbing a cracked chunk of bird house-
She gets **JERKED** to her feet-
And **SPUN** around-
SCREAMING-
She's face to face with the Alien-
And flailing-
She does the only thing she can-
And hits at the side of the creature's head-
Where the splinter of the house she was gripping sinks inside
its skin with a-
Squelch
And for a moment nothing happens-
Brynn's eyes clenched closed-
Her home still-
And quiet. Just the sound of the night.

And after a terrible beat, Brynn can't help but be curious as to why nothing is happening-

She opens her eyes-

And sees the chunk of bird house **SUNK HALFWAY INTO THE ALIEN'S SKULL-**

The Alien's legs give out from underneath it-

Brynn lets go of the house and desperately-

Backs away against the wall in the family room as-

The Alien slips to the ground-

Slumping face forward.

House still lodged in its head.

Thuds when it hits the floor.

And the Alien lays there-

Motionless-

DEAD.

Brynn doesn't move for a second-

Before sliding down the wall to the floor-

Shaking.

Looking around to see if something else might happen.

But nothing happens.

Nothing happens for the rest of the night.

Brynn stares at the body on her floor.

Tomorrow will be worse.

38

INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

38

Brynn hasn't moved in hours.

She shivers.

Still in shock.

Traumatized.

The Alien still very dead in the middle of her living room.

She blinks and finally realizes how cold she is.

Sniffles.

Dried blood on her face and in her hair.

She unclenches her hand for the first time in hours-

Revealing it's skinned from how tightly she gripped that wooden shard.

She flexes it, wincing.

She looks down towards her feet and sees-

A shard of **LIGHTBULB** lodged in the bottom of her foot.

She wiggles her faintly blue toes.

Drags her foot towards her and with a grimace-

Pulls out the shard.

Places it neatly beside her.

Half of it red.

She looks up again at the body.

Can't believe it's real.

Can't believe it's dead.

She gets to her feet-

Hobbles nervously over to it.

Dried brown blood crusted around the building stuck in its head.

GREY skin like marble.

Brynn runs a shaking hand through her hair-

Feels the sticky dried **BLOOD** for the first time.

Looks at her hand-

Then back at the Alien.

Hobbles over to her couch where a blanket lays.

She picks it up and moves back to the Alien-

Holds it out to cover it and-

Stops.

Feels the blanket in her fingers.

Fuck.

She likes this blanket.

39 **INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

39

She pulls the light string-

Nothing.

Looks down.

Sees bulb glass.

Ughhhh-

Kicks it aside with her bare foot and grabs the blanket she likes the least and-

40 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

40

Lays it over the body so she doesn't have to look at it anymore.

Sees the fracture of the building sticking out of its head from beneath the blanket.

Nervously leans down and quickly flicks the blanket over it.

Then stands, slowly looking up-

And sees the wreckage of her beloved little village.

Her shoulders drop.

She picks up a piece and flips it over.

There in marker-

To BrynnyBear,

Love, Mommy

Brynn gives a long, heartbroken sigh.

41 **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

41

The phone on the wall.

Brynn stares at it nervously.

Glances around.

Fridge door open-

No light on inside.

Spilled drinks and food on the floor.

Eyes back to the corpse.

Still dead.

Eyes back to the phone.

A nervous step forward.

She reaches out her hand.

Then stops. Leaves-

Comes back with a dish towel so she doesn't have to touch what it touched.

Deep breath and-

Grabs the phone off the receiver-

No noise.

No screeching.

She gives a quick sigh of relief and-

Dials 9-1-1-

Phone to ear and-

There's **NO DIAL TONE.**

Huh. Clicks the receiver.

Nothing.

Again. Again. *Again.*

Nothing.

Checks the cord.

It's fine.

Huh.

She throws open her laptop.

Nothing.

Jams the power key.

Nothing.

Plugs it in.

No green light.

Nonononono-

Eyes back to the fridge and its open door-

NO LIGHT on inside.

Eyes go wide and-

Fuuuuu-

42	OMITTED	42
43	INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS	43
	No power in the bathroom-	
	Tries the sink. Water flows.	
	Well at least there's that.	
44	INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS	44
	Opens the door to the basement and flicks the lights.	
	Nothing either.	
	Hurries downstairs. It's dark. Glass on the floor.	
	Light bleeds through the closed storm doors.	
	Finds the fusebox.	
	She opens it up. Tries turning it off and on.	

She doesn't feel better.

She catches her disheveled reflection in the car window.

Pats down her hair. Matted with blood.

Knows exactly how it will go for her if anyone in town sees her looking like this.

Looks down at her dumb bleeding foot.

Frowns.

48 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY**

48

Still in her nightgown, she scrubs her foot clean in the shower.

It hurts.

She scrubs her head clean.

It hurts.

Big ol' cut and bruise where the door hit her.

She pokes it curiously.

There will be more.

49 **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

49

She opens her closet, wrapped in a robe, and pulls out options of what to wear.

She goes to place the options on the bed but-

Freezes at the last second.

Eyes the ruffled sheets.

Ruffled from where *it* played.

Nose scrunches in disgust so-

She puts the sheets in a trash bag.

She ties it up and-

She moves to her couch-
Pushes it as hard as she can-
Grunts and sweats as-
It finally budes and-
She blocks part of the door with it.

53

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

53

She crawls over it to land outside.
Reaches back in and props up some cushions to block the
entrance a little bit.
Surveys her work.
It'll do.
Then-
A **NOISE** from the woods.
Her eyes dart there in fear-
But sees nothing.
Maybe it was just a bird.
She stares intensely into the distance-
Nothing now but shadows and the creaking of trees.
Then Brynn slowly moves her eyes skyward.
To the clouds.
To where it came from.
She keeps gazing.
The fear building more and more until-

54

EXT. THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

54

Brynn zips down the road on her bike.
Long hair in the wind.
Determined like she's never been before.

Mortified-

Embarrassed.

Tugs at her hair-

Looks up at them-

Opens her mouth to speak and-

MRS. COLLINS SPITS IN HER FACE.

Brynn gasps.

And after a hideous beat-

Mrs. Collins passes her and heads out the door.

The Police Chief stays for a moment-

Like he knows he should apologize-

But honestly-

Honestly-

He just really doesn't fucking want to.

So he follows his wife out the door.

Brynn stands there, spit on her face-

She looks up at the quiet station-

The other officers that see her-

And then one by one-

They go back to work-

And it's suddenly very clear that Brynn is incredibly-

Incredibly-

Hated in this town.

58

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

58 *

Brynn stumbles out of the station-

Wiping her face-

Hurrying back across the street-

Humiliated and mortified-
Doesn't even look when she crosses the street-
A car screeches to a halt-
She barely even notices as she.
Gets to her bike-
Kneels to unlock it and-
Breaks down into **SOBS**.
She can't help it.
It all just pours out of her.
She tries to make herself stop.
Balling up her fists-
Hitting her leg.
Wipes her face again.
Tries taking deep breaths.
Small against the mural behind her of a girl with fire red hair. A memorial.
She looks up and-
Sees **TWO COPS** staring at her-
She doesn't break eye contact with them-
Tears down her cheeks and-
Soon they resume talking amongst themselves, not interested in helping her.
She sniffles.
Closes her eyes, trying to think.
When a **BUS** drives by.
She opens her eyes, watches it go.
A BUS!

That's a good idea.

That's a fucking **GREAT** idea.

59 **INT. BUS STATION - DAY**

59

Brynn walks with a **BUS TICKET** to Tulsa clenched in her hand.

Keeps her head down.

Just trying to get out.

60 **INT. STORE AT THE BUS STATION - DAY**

60

She quickly dashes into a convenience store-

Grabs a baseball hat-

Sunglasses-

Someone is watching her.

She crosses an aisle-

Grabs a sweatshirt-

Toothbrush-

Toothpaste-

The Mail Man at the end of the aisle.

Gum-

Chips-

Snacks-

Whatever it takes to get to tomorrow-

There is something different about him now.

Something... off.

Not like the cops.

Or the other people.

Not offended by her presence.

Something... just *off*.

Brynn reaches the check-out and-

The **TEENAGE CASHIER** rings each item up.

She looks at Brynn while she does it.

Recognizes her.

Knows *exactly* who she is.

Brynn looks back at her.

And has a sudden yawn.

Cashier keeps ringing her up.

Brynn ducks away to a small fridge by the counter.

And places a Monster energy drink on the belt.

Then a Red Bull.

Then a Rock Star.

Then grabs a handful of 5 Hour Energy Shots.

Then another handful.

The cashier looks at Brynn.

Not scanning anything for a moment.

So-

Brynn scans the Red Bull on her own.

Then cracks it open and begins chugging it.

The other people in the store watch.

Brynn finishes the can and-

Reaches over the counter-

The cashier **FLINCHES**-

But all Brynn does is throw the can away.

Feels kinda bad about scaring the kid though-

Until the cashier begins scanning the next items-

Quicker-

Minding her own fucking business.

Brynn smiles, pleased with herself.

61 OMITTED

61

62 **INT. BUS - DAY**

62

Brynn sits against the window on the sparsely populated bus.

Foot tapping anxiously.

No one in the seat beside her.

Just her bags of supplies.

Hat down.

Sunglasses on.

She doesn't notice-

That **MAIL MAN** sitting a few rows behind her.

Out of focus but clearly staring at her when-

The bus lurches forward.

And the journey begins.

Brynn lets out a small, victorious breath.

Good plan, Brynn.

She leans her head against the window.

Trying to calm her nerves for the first time.

63

INT. BUS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

63

The man behind Brynn gets up and moves-

To the row behind her, across the aisle.

Still staring.

She hasn't noticed him yet.

But then, soon enough-

She feels his eyes burrowing into her-

She sends a quick glance his way-

He doesn't look away from her-

She spins back towards the window-

Alarmed but not sure what to do or what his deal might be-

Until he moves and sits directly behind her.

Now she's spooked.

She can hear his weird arrhythmic breathing.

What the shit.

He doesn't move or seem to be doing anything else.

Just... breathing weird.

Breathing... *off.*

She calmly reaches to the seat beside her-

Gently grabs her bags-

And with a deep breath-

Stands up to find a different seat.

She moves across the row and-

HE GRABS HER BY THE ELBOW-

Not too aggressively-

But definitely enough to be startling-

She tries to pull away but-
He pulls her in close and leans to her ear-
To whisper-
She's scared-
But not as scared as she gets when-
The man *doesn't say anything.*
Her eyes peer to their edges and see him-
Just moving his mouth open and closed-
Before he starts making **STRANGE GUTTURAL NOISES.**

Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-

Like he hasn't figured out how to use his voice yet.
Something unnatural moves within his throat, the outside of
his skin bulging just a little too much as-
Terrified-
Brynn tries to pull away again-
But he grabs her elbow tighter-
His noises weirder and more intense until-
She aggressively **PUSHES** him away-
He **FALLS BACK IN THE SEAT.**

Everyone in the bus staring at Brynn-
As she falls into the aisle-
A passenger stands to help her but pauses when he recognizes
who she is-
Brynn's eyes go wide as-
The Mail Man's hand covers the man's face, pushing him down
out of the way-
As he begins **CRAWLING** over a row of seats. Coming for Brynn.

UCK-UCK-UCK-UCK-UCK!

Other passengers start freaking out-

The driver slams on the brakes and the Mail Man falls forward.

Makes eye contact with Brynn on the floor-

As Brynn springs up and runs for the bus door as fast as she can.

64 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

64

The bus makes an unplanned stop and-
Brynn **BOLTS** out of there-
High-tailing it away as fast as she can.
And after a long, drawn out moment-
The **MAIL MAN** stumbles off the bus.
He watches her go.

65 **EXT. THE PARK - DAY**

65

Out of breath and sweaty-
Brynn finally slows down.
Hands on her knees.
Deep breaths.
She looks back-
No sign of the man.
Well that's something.
But there is a park. Empty now.
But something catches her eye.
She walks slowly towards it.
Then stands there, alone in the park.
Leans down.
Her fingers touch the dead dried grass-
Before she stands back up.
In the middle of the **GIANT CIRCULAR BURN**.
Just like at her home.
Nervously, she looks skyward.
Barely a cloud in the sky-
But damn does it feel like something is up there-

High up there-

Watching her as the sun starts to set.

Sunset.

SUNSET.

FUCK.

Brynn grasps her head-

Panicking-

She's all alone-

With nowhere to go-

Out in the open-

And they might come back for her.

Of course they'll fucking come back for her.

She killed one of them.

And it's almost night.

And as her breath quickens-

She hears the creak of a swing set nearby.

She tears her eyes from the sky to see-

A **WOMAN** with her back towards Brynn pushing a swing.

But there's no child in it.

She just absent-mindedly pushes the chains forward.

And it's clear that there is something very, very bad happening to the people in this town.

Brynn's terrified when suddenly-

The woman grabs hold of the chains, stopping the swing.

A quiet pause, before she slowly turns to look back towards Brynn-

A vacant expression in her eyes-

But Brynn has fucked right out of there long ago, adrenaline replacing exhaustion as she hurtles away.

66 OMITTED 66

67 **EXT. THE ROAD - DAY** 67

Brynn hurries homeward-

Shuffling more than running at this point.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out-

Another 5 hour energy shot.

Downs it as-

A **TRUCK** is coming down the road from behind her.

She stops and holds out her thumb, hopeful-

But the truck doesn't stop-

In frustration and desperation-

Brynn **SLAMS** the little bottle onto the ground.

More deep breaths-

Trying to calm herself down-

When-

A **RUSTLING** in the trees nearby.

She freezes.

Was there that sound again? The one she heard at home?

She stares into the forest when-

Something unseen in the trees **MOVES** away quickly-

Something that feels **BIG**.

She takes some alarmed steps back-

Wasn't expecting... *that*.

But the trees are still.

The woods are quiet.

Brynn can't see anything.

Nothing is coming.

She picks up her litter and continues onward-

It's just another normal afternoon.

Except for all the ways it really fucking isn't.

68

EXT. THE OLD CHURCH - EVENING

68

Further down the road she sees it-

An **OLD CHURCH**-

And with a faint smile, heads towards it-

She reaches the door and pulls the handle-

But-

It's **LOCKED**.

Brynn groans and looks inside.

Sees a church bulletin board, the worship hall behind it.

Some **MISSING PERSON** fliers.

But no one inside. Completely dark.

She takes a step back and sees-

The parking lot is empty.

Beyond that a graveyard-

Brynn clocks it-

Stares at it for a second too long before-

Tearing her eyes away.

She rushes around the building.
Checking for an open door or window-
Goes the whole way around-
Nothing.
Shit.
Catches sight of the graveyard again.
Trying **NOT** to look-
But-
Eventually she does-
Peeking through her hair at it.
And the ocean of regret that resides in there.
Stares at it for a long moment.
Wipes her brow and decides-
Fuck it.

69

EXT. THE TINY GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

69

She slowly makes her way in-
Checking each headstone's name when-
She spots it.
A few rows ahead of her.
Maude Collins
She stares at it for a very long beat-
Until **THUNDER** rumbles in the distance.
She looks up.
Storm clouds coming in.
Wind picking up-

Brynn stares at it, more confused than frightened.

The alien is, well, clearly dead.

Flies buzzing around it.

It's... souring.

Disgusted, Brynn moves the blanket so it covers the alien again and-

Notices a dried **TRAIL** leading from the alien towards the door.

She gets down on her hands and knees fast.

Touches it. Slightly sticky.

Looks towards the couch and-

Sees the trail continues on from under it-

Straight into the yard.

She stands up fast and-

75

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

75

Follows the trail but it disappears in the grass.

Searches the yard with her eyes but sees nothing.

Doesn't know what the fuck it means.

There's another rumble of strange thunder outside.

And she snaps to.

There's too much work to be done.

And nowhere near enough time to do it.

Taps her foot. Eyes clenched shut-

Thinkthinkthink-

Tiny moans as her brain tries making a halfway decent plan-

And-

Her eyes pop open.

Okay. There it is.

She darts away.

So much to do.

Storm clouds coming.

76 **EXT. CAR - EVENING**

76

She makes sure all the car doors are unlocked.

Then, to be extra safe, makes sure all the doors are just barely left open.

77 **EXT. FRONT PORCH - EVENING**

77

Brynn latches closed all of the barn doors covering the front windows of her home.

78 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING**

78

Wraps a scarf around her nose and mouth.

Blanket goes back over the Alien.

Tries her best to ignore it for now.

79 **INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

79

Roots through the contents of her kitchen cupboards.

Knives. Pots. Pans.

Pulls out a **BOX CUTTER**.

Pockets it.

An old **CANDLE LIGHTER**.

She flicks it.

Flame.

Good.

Turns her attention to the oven.

Turns the dial-

Hears the hiss of gas.

Points the candle lighter at it-

Flick flick-

FLAME!

She jumps in the air with glee.

Fills four pots with water.

Sets them to boil.

A scented candle is lit. Then a second. And a third.

Lighting her home for the coming nightmare.

She has a new idea and runs to-

79A **INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT** 79A

Brynn lights the fireplace in the family room. Light source!

79B **INT. THE TV ROOM - NIGHT** 79B

Brynn lights the fireplace in the tv room. More light!

80 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT** 80

Takes the hand-held shower off its holder-

Turns on the water-

All the way hot.

Leaves it there in the tub.

Steam billows.

81 **INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT** 81

She rips out all of the **FUSES** from the fusebox.

Just drops them on the ground.

Leaves-

But returns quickly-

Gathering them up. Drops them in a nearby trash.

Her eyes hit the sliver of light coming through the storm doors.

Barricades the handles with a pipe.

82

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

BANG BANG BANG

She begins **NAILING** a quilt over the open wound of her house.

It drops down, cutting off whatever remaining light could enter from outside.

Brynn puts two and two together and instantly seeks cover as-

THWUMMPPPP!

A **BLINDING WHITE LIGHT** powers through the front door!

VIOLENT.

The quilt launching down the hallway.

The light hits the couch and the impact cracks it.

Brynn dives for cover, never in the path of the beam.

A droning **HMMMMMMMM** accompanies it-

Brynn covers her ears-

Squinting through the brightness even though it's not directly on her-

And then-

The **couch FLIPS out of the hallway-**

Landing beside Brynn.

She flinches but doesn't make a sound as-

The light rises-

LIFTING THE ALIEN UNDER THE BLANKET-

As it begins **MOVING** through the light.

Pulled out of her home.

Brynn stays motionless.

Trying to keep her breathing calm.

The body is out of her house and then-

Silently-

That awful light **DISAPPEARS** in a blink-

Everything caught in its path crashes back down and then-

All is still.

And dark.

And quiet.

Brynn too smart to move. *

Or hope. *

But maybe... maybe they took what they came for and left. *

Maybe. *

Brynn watches as the colorful lights of some craft peer through the cracks of her barn doors. *

Moving slowly around the house. *

Towards where she hides. *

Smart enough to not want to be near it when it reaches the kitchen as she turns to go down the hallway but- *

Dashes back to where she was because- *

Something is where the dead grey used to be. *

Investigating. *

Bizarre, long limbed **ARM**- *

Brynn staying out of potential eyesight. *

It has a gravel voice that grumbles out a- *

eeeuk *

Sends her blood ice cold. *

This Alien is **SMALLER**. The same species, maybe just a different gender. *

Sharp talons at the edge of its fingers scratch into the wood. *

It mews sadly- *

Like it was mourning. *

Brynn eyes the lights still moving around her house. *

Peers again towards the hallway- *

It seems like it's turned away from her. *

And then- *

It moves into the tv room. *

So while it's distracted- *

Brynn takes her moment and- *

Scurries across the floor- *

It doesn't notice her. *

She reaches the door to her basement- *

And quietly pulls it open. *

86 Omitted

86 *

87 **INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

87 *

She closes the door behind her.

Locks it.

It's darker down here.

The little scratching sounds from the living room above her.

She creeps downstairs, pausing when-

She sees that **LIGHT** move across the basement windows.

Brynn ducks safely out of sight when she sees the lights-

Hit one of mannequins. It pauses there for a moment-

Before turning off. Brynn exhales as she moves deeper into the room, past the storm doors when-

The light returns, pushing through the storm door cracks-

Intensifying as Brynn hears the doors bulging inwards.

The pipe Brynn placed there earlier creaking under pressure-

Brynn hurries and hides behind the old fireplace as-

BAM!

The doors **SLAM** open! The pipe **SNAPS IN TWO!**

The pieces **CLANG** on the floor loudly.

Brynn crouches low and peers around the edge of the fireplace and sees-

Light pour in through the broken storm doors and then-
It disappears-
Revealing the shuffling **FIGURE** descending the steps as-
The Alien enters the basement.
The same kind as the one she killed. But a new visitor.
Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap.
She hears it rummaging-
Investigating-
Like a tourist at a museum.
Not seeming to suspect Brynn hiding nearby.
But moving closer to her with every step.
She doesn't breathe.
Grabs a pair of clothing scissors nearby and-
As it crosses the fireplace-
Brynn moves low around the other side, crouching beneath her
work table-
Trying to circle around it undetected-
When-
She hears something behind her!
She snaps her head back, scissors pointed at the ready-
To see a mannequin toppled over but-
It hasn't touched the ground.
It hangs there, suspended strangely as-
**THE ALIEN LEANS DOWN AND STARES STRAIGHT AT BRYNN FROM
BEHIND.**
Brynn has no idea until she turns back around and-
Jumps in fright, banging her head off the bottom of the table-
Backing up as fast as she can away from it.

From the gleam of those awful black eyes in the dark.
Tries getting to her feet when-
Her work table surges straight at her!
Brynn thinks fast and ducks down low as-
The table hurls over her before crashing into the staircase.
All her stuff crashing to the floor.
Brynn re-grabs her scissors and sees-
That framed photo.
She instinctively grabs it as she gets to her feet.
She points the scissors at the alien.
It's still kneeling there.
It just gazes at her.
With those awful fucking eyes.
Until finally, it speaks.

Hrrrrrrm-Uhck.

Brynn doesn't respond.
Just points the scissors when-
Her arm jerks forward.
Her toes bend as-
The scissors are being **PULLED FROM HER.**
Brynn lets go so she doesn't fall forward as-
The scissors sail through the air-
Past the motionless Grey-
And straight into the chest of the mannequin behind it.
It falls to the floor unceremoniously.
A threat.
Brynn scans the floor for something to use instead but-

Freezes as **THE GREY STANDS.**

Brynn backs up until she hits the table behind her.

The reflection of the picture frame she's holding catches the Grey's attention.

Cocks its head.

And Brynn's hand holding the frame juts forward-

But expecting it this time-

She jerks her hand back.

The Grey cocks its head again. Now its curious.

Her hand juts forward harder, but she pulls it back again.

This is *hers*.

The Grey takes an annoyed shuffle forward. Brynn shrinks back.

Eyes the steps behind her.

And when The Grey summons the frame again-

She lets go.

It arrives in front of The Grey as it looks down at the photo, oblivious to why she would care about this as-

Brynn tosses herself over the table and scrambles up the stairs!

THE FRAME SLAMS INTO THE WALL!

Narrrrrrrowly missing her.

She yelps, covers herself with her arms as she-

Reaches the door-

Unlocks it and-

Throws herself through-

Brynn grabs both its wrists as it tries to slash at her-
She's able to keep it far enough away from her face as they
wrestle for dominance-
Brynn losing balance as the fucker flails about-
Its talons getting closer and closer-
And out of options-
Brynn does the only thing she can think to do-
She opens her mouth and-
BITES DOWN as hard as she can into the fucker's arm-
It **SQUEALS** in agony as it tries to get away from her-
Until finally-
She lets go-
And they separate at opposite ends of the room.
The Alien licking its wound like a sad dog.
Brynn catching her breath-
Until she tastes what's in her mouth-
And starts gagging and dry-heaving.
Spitting the blood onto her floor.
They lock eyes.
The little fucker getting its anger back and-
Brynn turns and-
Sprints towards the stove-
The little fucker scampers after Brynn as she-
Grabs a pot of boiling water and-
Pivots-
Slinging it into the fucker's face-
It **SHRIEKS** again as the water burns its face.
Brynn throws the pot, then hurls another boiling pot at it-

It stumbles back, pawing its eyes when-

Brynn attacks, **THROWING** a pot at it which-

Bangs off the fridge as the little fucker hides in that space beside it where Brynn hid earlier-

She grabs the last pot and hurls the boiling water at it, but keeps hold of the pot as-

It stares at her.

And she stares at it as-

It slowly moves forward again. Pushing her backwards-

Towards the entryway.

Brynn swings the pot but-

Slips back awkwardly in the water-

As the alien keeps advancing.

Brynn eyeing the front door and the danger that could come from there-

The alien takes another aggressive step forward and Brynn-

90

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

90

Moves quickly through the entryway! No light hits her as she-

Raises the pot again defensively as-

THWUMMMPPP!

That light **SMASHES** through again-

Hitting the pot in the middle, cracking it in half!

The force smacking against the wall as she hears the door glass break as-

She lets go and it hangs there-

The little fucker on the other side of the light, watching her.

She stands there, weaponless as-

The little fucker puts a taloned hand in the light. Aw shit.
It doesn't phase it.

Brynn backs up slowly as the creature emerges on the other
side of the light and-

Curiously-

Sits down.

Cocking its dumb little head at Brynn as she keeps backing up-

Now very concerned the bathroom she's heading to may be worse
than what's out here.

But it seems empty as-

91

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

91

She slowly enters it.

The little fucker still not moving. Still just watching as-

Brynn slowly closes the door-

It clicks shut up-

BANG!

The little fucker slams its talons into the door!

Over and over again!

Splintering it-

It begins breaking through-

Brynn scrambles-

Spraying it with the shower head and-

It does fucking nothing.

No reaction-

And Brynn realizes how totally fucked she is as the little Alien gets closer and closer to destroying the door-

And getting inside-

Brynn looks up-

Window.

WINDOW!

She rushes to her feet and pushes it open-

It's a small window but she can fit-

She pulls herself through it-

Almost out when-

The little Alien **GRABS HER LEG!**

Cutting into her ankle!

Brynn cries out as-

It jerks her back violently-

She slams into the wall outside-

Scratching her stomach on the window sill-

Grasping for something to hold onto-

It gets her back into the bathroom-

She's screaming-

Grabs the window frame for dear life-

Flailing and kicking-

Claws in her calf-

Until-

One of her kicks gets it smack-dab in the head-

It falls back-

Smashing its skull into the sink-
It collapses in a heap on the ground-
Dazed.

But Brynn is free!

And launches herself outside!

92

EXT. BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

92

It hurts like hell when she lands-
She forces herself to crawl away from the window-
Terrified it might come back but-
Nothing happens.
She doubles over-
Catching her breath.
She hobbles across her backyard.
The fabric on the clothes line wafting softly in the wind
behind her when-
She hears it again.
That sound she's heard all day.
Closer now.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Brynn starts backing up towards the sheets, not aware of the silhouette of a **MAN** standing back there, watching. *

The unseen creature calls out again and spooked- *

Brynn turns to run but- *

OOOOOF.

Runs straight into something.

Her back hits the ground and suddenly-

Her hair is being pulled away from her house! *

Brynn strains against the grip of the man, trying to pull herself free as she sees that- *

It's the **MAIL MAN** dragging her. *

Never looking down at her. Never reacting to her struggles. *

Just making sure she gets to where she needs to go. *

And it's clear to her- *

He is now, somehow, one of *them*. *

As she struggles against him she sees where he's taking her- *

Taking her to **IT**. *

The source of that sound. *

Ten feet tall. *

Four disgustingly long limbs- *

But a tiny alien body at its center- *

Probably nine or ten feet tall on all fours- *

God it's fucking disgusting- *

THE DADDY-LONG-LEG ABOMINATION. *

She struggles in terror when- *

Disgustingly it stands on two legs- *

And begins a strange rhythmic motion with its horrible arms stretched out to the sky. *

And there in the sky is *something*- *
Something big and featureless-
That blocks out the many stars shining down.
Desperate she reaches up to her hair and with a vicious yank-
Pulls herself free-
The Mail Man stumbles forward, confused.
Looks back at her as she gets to her feet-
She senses the ship above-
And as The Mail Man approaches again-
She surprises him by running straight at him and-
PUSHING HIM-
Then diving out of the way as-
THWUMMMPPP!!
The violent light **SLAMS** into the ground from above but-
CRUNCH!
Catches the Mail Man in his torso as he falls back!
He hangs there, half caught in the light, and half bent
crooked outside of it.
He stares at himself as if it caused no pain.
As if he can't even really register pain as-
Brynn stares up at him as-
The light vanishes-

And he hits the ground like a ragdoll-
Paralyzed-
He stares at her-
That vacant look as-
He begins to shake-
His mouth opening as he gags-
Like something *inside* was trying to get *out*.
Brynn backs up in disgust when-
Something catches her eye above him-
When she finally sees-
The Daddy-Long-Legs skittering towards her like a spider!
Oh God it's so close-
She gets to her feet and takes off *running*-
More like limping-
Desperate *oomfs* as she tries to move her sore bones and
bleeding leg faster-
Gaining on her-
Tearing apart her perfect garden as it chases her-
Fuckity *fuck*-

92A

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

92A

She turns the corner of her house-
Looks desperately behind her but-
The creature is gone.
Shit.
Not at all relieved, Brynn stumbles to the front of her house-
Confused what's the least terrible option.
Inside is awful. The abomination still out here. The sky is
fucked. She makes up her mind and-

Takes a step towards the house to go back inside when-

A lightning rod from her roof **FALLS**-

Hitting the ground in front of her.

She backs up in alarmed-

And then she hears it-

And looks up to the roof of the house where-

The Daddy-Long-Legs is now perched.

The abomination roars into the night sky-

That awful deafening sound-

And-

OTHER CREATURES respond to it in the night.

As if to say, there's nowhere left for you to run.

The alien looks down at Brynn and begins moving down the house towards her.

Brynn backs up to her car, slowly.

She reaches it without turning around, her hand searching for the handle behind her when-

The Daddy-Long-Legs seems to **SLIP** off the roof!

Falling onto its back.

Brynn's hopes rise-

But the upside down creature stares at her proudly.

Aw fuck it can move upside down.

Brynn throws open the passenger door and-

Dives inside-

Brynn doesn't close the door-

Leaving it open as-

The abomination tries to burst in after her-

Squeezing its body inside the car-

As she tumbles out the driver door-

Lands rough on hands and knees-

Scrambles away from the creature's swipes-

Rolling onto her back.

It's stuck!

It reaches for her furiously, claws swiping as-

She roots into her pockets and-

Wields her box cutter!

Well that won't do shit.

As the alien struggles-

One of its hands crashes through the floor of the car.

Gasoline slicks down.

Brynn sees it and reaches into her pocket-

Lighter!

She flicks it and-

Fla-

The abomination **RIPS THROUGH HER BACK WITH ITS CLAWS.**

Brynn spasms forward-

Blood.

Lighter flying out of her hand.

Bouncing away from her on the ground.

Brynn forces herself to crawl-

C r a w l-

Gets her hand on the lighter-

Stumbles to her feet-

Flick-

Flick-

Flame-

The gasoline alights-

Brynn's eyes grab the abomination, still struggling to get towards her again.

Heh.

Then remembers what the fuck she just did.

Eyes wide.

She moves away as the fire spreads into the car and-

BOOOOM!

THE CAR EXPLODES UPWARDS IN A BALL OF FLAME.

The blast knocks her forwards-

Ooof.

She rolls onto her back and-

Admires the carnage she hath wrought.

Fire burning in her eyes.

The Abomination flailing as it burns to death until-

THWUMMMPPP!

That awful light **HITS** the car directly from above.

The fire instantly snuffed out.

The Daddy-Long-Legs dies, a smoldering husk.

Brynn cranes her neck to see the source-

But the light is too blinding to make anything else out from above.

Then just as quickly and silently as it appeared-

It's gone again.

Just faint trails of smoke coming from the car-

Brynn catches her breath and-

THWUMMMPPP!

The light hits where she just was!

She gets to her feet and limps awkwardly-

Painfully-

Back towards her home but-

The light **CHASES HER AS SHE GOES-**

Just about reaches her when-

She's back inside-

Boxes upon boxes.
The Alien investigates.
Boxes full of *letters*.
Letters that Brynn wrote.
All to one person.

MAUDE.

As the Grey discovers-
Brynn rises silently from behind it.
Weapon raised in her hand and-
She **CHARGES TOWARDS THE ALIEN FROM BEHIND-**
But before she reaches it-
The Alien flicks a finger and-

96

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

96

Brynn **EXPLODES OUT OF THE ROOM-**
Smashing into the stair rail.
Letters flutter in the air as Brynn-
Hits the floor.
Coughs.
Holy shit that was awful.
She grabs her ribs.
Something's probably broken. Something *must* be broken.
But she remains alive.

For now.

She looks into the room and sees The Alien standing there.

Just... watching her.

As the door slowly closes on them.

GO BRYNN GO!

She pushes herself up to her feet-

Falls down. Forces herself back the fuck up-

Stumbles but stays up this time.

Probably concussed. *Definitely* concussed-

Using the wall as support. Back still bloody.

Makes her way to-

97

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

97

She enters the room and-

It's different-

Takes her a second to realize-

The bed is no longer in front of her-

She looks and it's been slammed against the wall-

Realizing much too late-

That the window is exposed directly in front of her.

THWUMMPPPP!

Brynn is **CAUGHT IN THE LIGHT-**

Blasting through her bedroom window-

Paralyzed by it-

She trembles in place. Can't even move her mouth when-

IT FLINGS HER UP.

Smashing her against the ceiling then-

Viciously back down into the floor-

And finally back up, pinned against the ceiling-

Drops of blood float from her nose.

An awful droning the only thing she hears.

She can move her eyes.

And that's it.

She can't move. She can't move. She can't move.

shecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
Her door is pushed open ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmovesheca **The Grey is there** ntmoveshecantmove
 shecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmo **It moves slowly towards her** veshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshecant **Then rises in the light** emoveshecantmoveshecantmov
 eshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesheca
 ntmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm **Rising up to her** oveshec
 antmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmov
 eshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesheca
 ntmoveshecantmoveshe **They come face to face** cantmoveshecantmo
 veshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshec
 antmovesohgodohgodohgodohgodhecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 eca **The Alien opens its mouth** ntmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshe
 cantmoveshecantmoveshecantmohgodohgodohgodohgodoveshecantmove
 shecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmove **And begins convulsing**
 ntmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmove
 shecantm**CONVULSING**oveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshec **Brynn can't even move her mouth to scream**
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
Her tears fall up her face shecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoves
 hecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecant
 moveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshecant **Something is coming out of its fucking mouth** antmo
 veshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshec
 antmoveshe **SOMETHING IS COMING OUT OF ITS FUCKING MOUTH** veshe
 cantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmo
 veshecantm **SOMETHING IS COMING OUT OF ITS FUCKING MOUTH** ovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshe
And it's fucking ALIVE cantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshecantmoveshecantmov **Like a living fucking blood clot** esh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshec **It screeches at Brynn** antmoveshecantmoveshecantmovesh
 ecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantm
 oveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshecantmoveshe
 cantmoveshecantmoveshecantmo **Before it crawls down her throat**

Brynn **SCREAMS** when she wakes up in her bed. So frantic that she falls off the side of the bed, still trying to get away from the grey.

She tries breathing.

Hair a mess from the nightmare.

The... nightmare?

It takes her a few seconds to calm down.

There's no one else in her room.

It's morning.

In her nightgown.

Birds chirp outside.

She grasps at her back-

It's dry.

No cuts.

She's clean.

Still alarmed-

But starting to slowly realize that-

Everything is absolutely fine.

And it's just another normal day.

She sits on her bed.

Dazed.

Almost laughs.

But instead can't help but cry.

For a while. Such a release.

She stops when she hears something downstairs.

Something... pleasant. Laughter.

99 **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

99

Brynn comes downstairs, still processing when-
She sees her bird house village, just the way it always was.
She looks at it for a moment before-
More laughter, nearby.
Nervously, she walks towards it.
Bare feet on the floor as-

100 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

100

Brynn sees-
People gathered outside. Music, talking, having fun.
Almost bizarre in how warm it seems when-
Two people walk in from outside to refill their plates.
Brynn steps back at seeing-
Mrs. Collins and the Police Chief.
Happy to be there, happy to be in her house.
Mrs. Collins turns to say something to Brynn and she-
Instinctively-
Startles back.
Mrs. Collins is surprised. She asks a question but it sounds
distorted as-
Brynn's mind starts to break-
Mrs. Collins and her husband take a worried step towards
Brynn but she just moves away again.
They call outside for someone to help as-
Brynn stumbles back into-

101 **INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

101

She looks around her home.

Things are different.
Things in different places.
Photos on the wall.
Brynn takes a step back.
Looks into the family room again-
Her bird house village.
There amongst them-
The building she plunged into the Alien's skull-
Mrs. Collins and the Police Chief at her side, asking
questions that she can't make out-
She just keeps trying to breathe-
But is having trouble-
Until between them she sees-
Out of focus-
A woman approaching.
Red hair.
Her face fuzzy.
And Brynn stares as she gets closer-
Becoming more and more aware-
Of what is happening-
As the woman approaches-
And Brynn takes a harried step back.
To the surprise of her friend.
Back against the wall.
Sliding down to where she landed after killing the Grey.
Muffled questions as the panic attack rises-
Brynn doesn't answer.
She covers her ears with her hands-

Pulling at her hair-
 Overwhelmed with emotion.
 Tiny pained groans.
 Tears she's fighting to keep inside.
 Until finally-
 She looks up at Maude.
 Takes a deep breath.
 Wipes her eyes.
 Forces a smile at the woman she'll never see again.
 And speaks at barely barely barely barely over a whisper:

i'm sorry

Then-
 She violently reaches into her mouth with her hand-
 Pushing it as far down her throat as she physically can.
 Maude screams-
 But it's too late.
 Because Brynn has grabbed hold of the parasite.

102

EXT. BRYNN'S HOME - NIGHT

102

She rips the parasite from her mouth.
 Spits up fluid.
 That parasite thing in her hand.
 Brynn catches her breath, looking frantically around-
 She's outside.
 Confused how she got there when-
 The parasite suddenly spasms in her grip.
 Brynn tries to keep hold of it but it-

Scrambles away on its tendrils-
Evading her.
She instinctively crawls after it-
Desperate to kill it but-
As she's about to grasp it-
An **INTENSE SCREECHING** rings out in the night sky above.
Like an *alarm*.
Brynn covers her ears with her hands, freaked as-
She loses sight of the parasite in the dark.
Wind whips at her hair.
Whatever is happening-
It's *panicked*.
Brynn gets to her feet-
Oof that hurts-
THWUMMPPPP!
Brynn startles back but-
The light isn't on her.
Or near her.
It's further up the yard.
Over *it*.
And then, it starts strobing.
Strange, disgusting lightning crackling within it.
Brynn shields her eyes with her hand but through her fingers
she sees-
To her horror-
Something is being made within the light.
Made for the parasite.
And whatever it's doing-

Brynn knows it's not good.

And she runs the fuck away.

103

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

103

She keeps close to the tree line as she stumbles forward-
Eyes darting behind her.

Not sure where she's going, just getting away.

104 OMITTED 104

105 **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT** 105

Keep going, Brynn!

Checks behind her-

There are people on the road. Walking slow.

People ahead of her too.

Heading in the same direction. All at a calm, peaceful pace.

Brynn hears something to her right in the woods and-

Horrorified-

Quickly ducks behind a tree as-

A **MASSIVE DADDY-LONG-LEGS** emerges from the woods.

It bellows into the night as it moves down the road.

Some of the people wait for it-

And it lovingly shepherds them forward.

Brynn watches them go, before heading the other way.

105A **EXT. ROADSIDE TREE - NIGHT** 105A

She scrambles towards the road-

Wobbles-

So fucking tired.

So fucking sore.

She doesn't hear the **FIGURE** behind her-

She turns around-

And comes face to face with-

Herself.

Herself?

It takes her a startled second to figure out what-

Who-

She's looking at.

SHE looks like Brynn.

A Brynn that hasn't gone through hell.

Hasn't gone through... anything.

It wears Brynn's clothes.

It stares blankly at Brynn.

Who can't really comprehend what she's seeing.

Until she looks down.

And sees it's holding a jagged piece from her broken village.

And it's buried deep in Brynn's stomach.

Brynn looks up at the AntiBrynn and-

It jabs it into Brynn's stomach again.

She feels it this time-

Lets out a gasp.

Steps backs-

It follows in step.

Brynn coughs blood.

The two locking eyes with each other.

But there's just... no malice in its eyes.

None.

Just total casual indifference.

Even curiosity.

Brynn looks at herself.

This cleaner, simpler version of herself.

The better version.

And for a moment-

It almost seems like she's ready to call it.

To just let it end here.

She's so tired.

She exhales and her eyes catch-

There swaying in the tree-

Her bird house.

Stares at it for a second.

Something stirs in her. A grit.

She looks up at the perfect AntiBrynn-

And **JABS** her box cutter into its neck.

Its mouth gapes open like a fish that can't breathe.

It staggers back from Brynn-

Sad-

Not really sure what to do with its hands-

Or how to stop it from hurting.

It doesn't want to die-

It just started living-

Brynn removes the wood.

Red all over Brynn's stomach.

Brynn grabs her wounds-

Looks up and sees the AntiBrynn struggling for air.

It sees Brynn-

And reaches out for her-

Not to hurt her.

But for help.

Just a scared little girl looking for a mom.

The AntiBrynn stumbles on its way towards Brynn-

Who catches it in her arms.

And cradles her in the middle of the road.

It looks up at Brynn-

Mouth still gaping.

Trying to breathe-

Blood flooding its throat-

Uck-uck-uck

Brynn strokes her hair.

Shhhhh

As the AntiBrynn dies in her arms.

Brynn cries.

Holding its body.

As those awful *THWUMMMPPPPs* blaze in the background behind her.

106

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

106

The parasite that was in the anti-Brynn-

The same one that Brynn pulled from her own mouth-

Spasms on the ground as-

Brynn feebly grabs it. It doesn't resist her as-

She staggers forward, wheezing as she stumbles.

Barely able to walk as-

Unclear where she's going.

Just grunting and groaning further down the road.

When-

There in the mist ahead.

A solitary **GREY**.

She sees it and too weak to flee-

Or be scared.

She just heads straight towards it-

Until she's close enough and-

Weakly tosses the parasite to the ground.

It doesn't move anymo-

THWUMMPPPP!

The light grabs hold of Brynn.

Freezing her mid-step.

She strains against it.

Sweat beading and rolling across her face.

And inevitably-

From the mist and darkness ahead-

The Grey begins its walk towards her.

Brynn sees it and begins groaning-

Deep guttural groans.

Until it becomes clear that they aren't groans at all.

She's *growling* at the Alien.

Teeth bared.

Eyes bulging-

Glaring from beneath her bloody and matted hair.

As the Alien stands before her.

And then circles around her.

It regards her, curious.

This girl that seems more like a rabid animal at this point.

It returns to face Brynn.

Tilts its head at her.

Brynn growls louder.

Blood floats mid-air from her stomach.

From her back.

The Grey raises its hand.

Long skinny fingers.

Brynn growls harder-

Desperate to fight-

To attack-

Until the Alien's fingers touch her forehead.

And Brynn in that instance seems to fall slowly backwards into the road until-

107

INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

107

Brynn opens her eyes and-

Recognizes her mother and herself as a little girl-

Working on her mother's bird houses when-

THWUMMPPPP!

They are frozen in the light as-

Brynn moves towards them-

Unclear of what's happening when-

*Someone **SPRINTS** past her out of the room!*

Holy shit.

Brynn catches a glimpse of her as she goes. Recognizes her.

The red hair.

Brynn can't help but follow her-

The girl throws open the front door and runs outside, closing it behind her as Brynn chases-

108 **EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS**

108

Opens the door and-

There's a **MAN** standing there that wasn't there before.

Brynn startles, his face in darkness but behind him-

The light shines down on two **COP CARS**, flashing red and blues frozen in place as Brynn-

Ducks around the man and sees-

The **POLICE CHIEF** on his knees, a freshly ruined man, consoled by an **OFFICER**, frozen in hell.

Brynn recognizes this.

She moves past it, trying to find Teen Brynn, trying to stop her when-

She trips and falls-

Landing in-

109 **EXT. THE WOODS - DUSK**

109

Face down in the leaves until she looks up and sees-

To her horror-

The girls fighting. Inaudible shouting. Slowed down.

Maude pushes Teen Brynn down and she lands down on the ground-

Face to face in front of Brynn.

Brynn sees her furious tear streaked face.

And how her eyes spot

The rock

between them.

Brynn scrambles to get it but-

Is too late-

Powerless as the girl grabs it-

Stands-

And swings her fist as-

Brynn screams silently and-

At the unseen impact-

RED LIGHT *blasts through the scene.*

Obscuring what happened.

But Brynn sees it. The worst moment of her life. The last moment of Maude's.

Frozen in front of her.

Overwhelmed, Brynn opens her mouth to scream and-

110 **THE STARS** 110

*The alien's home, a **BLUE PLANET** with a ring around it, **BLOWS APART** like a daffodil in the wind until it becomes-*

111 OMITTED 111 *

112 **EXT. GRASS - DAY** 112

*Brynn watches as a daffodil floats apart in the breeze as she writes her letter to Maude. **

She wipes her wet eyes. It doesn't really get easier. But with a sigh, she keeps pushing on as-

113 **EXT. THE ROAD - DAY** 113

A tear rolls down her eye, still frozen in the light.

Brynn's eyes snap back to focus-

As the Grey before her-

Lowers its hand.

Brynn not growling anymore.
Just long-
Deep-
Breaths.
As the alien stares at her.
Head cocked.
And then-
It turns and walks away as-
The light from above disappears-
And Brynn falls to the ground.
Ooof.
She stays there, face down for a few seconds.
Just trying to breathe.
Everything is quiet.
Everything is still.
Everything is peaceful.
With a painful force of energy-
Brynn rolls onto her back.
Staring up at the night sky.
Holding her bleeding stomach.
Starts laughing.
Just a little.
Because the sky is full of stars.
And as her laughter builds and builds-
Those **ALIEN LIGHTS** return.

Reflecting on her face as she looks up at them in the night sky.

It's oddly beautiful.

And Brynn keeps laughing.

Because it's just another normal night.

Except for all the ways-

It really fucking hasn't been.

114

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

114

Two gloved hands place a record on the player.

Brings down the needle.

The audio crackles and then-

The **WALTZ** begins.

Brynn moves away.

Looking classy as hell in a winter coat and a dress.

Flurries in the air.

She smiles to herself, swaying with the music, revealing that-

She's in the middle of the road.

On **MAIN STREET**.

Newly painted. Newly manicured.

Christmas lights twinkling overhead.

She surveys it all proudly.

Because **SHE DID ALL OF THIS**.

And then-

She begins **DANCING**-

Alone at first-

Until she sees **PEOPLE**-

Standing off to the side of the streets-

You'd recognize some of them but-

Something's a little...

Off about them.

ALL OF THEM.

As if they were all getting used to their bodies.

Because-

THEY ARE.

Brynn twirls and a **MAN** is waiting in front of her-

They begin to dance.

He smiles, still getting the hang of it.

It's not great, but he'll figure it out with her help.

And after a few moments-

A **WOMAN** is waiting for them-

She replaces the man, and her and Brynn dance.

Brynn having the time of her life.

Having a community.

A home. All of her own.

She smiles, full of joy, nothing forced about it anymore.

It's been a good day.

THE END.