

Dreamscapes
by
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1. EXT.CITY-NIGHT

San Fernando Valley, California.

VIEW: THE CITY IS QUIET FROM ABOVE.

A glimmering mix of white, fluorescent and orange lights, few vehicles move about the roads below. A small strip of brick buildings and plaza's mark the cities center, homes dot the landscape that fit neatly between trees and various streets with half of the cities neighborhoods set against hill sides.

A single house sits at the head of a cult a sac in a neighborhood seated against a small mountain. The street lamp nearest the house flickers then goes dark.

2. INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Large windows frame the master bedroom.

Dark, moonlight fills the space with a eerie glow.

An alarm clock rests on the dresser in large green letters it displays 3:30 AM.

Heavy breaths are heard then movement, the covers stir with a grunt.

In the bed Michael moves when he hears a throbbing metallic sound accompanied by a series of flashes that force him awake. Drenched in sweat, he sits up. In between gasps he draws deep breaths before he's able to calm himself.

His wife Janet beside him, rolls over.

JANET

You Okay?

JANET Wescott, Caucasian, supportive groggily sits up, rubs her eyes then reaches her hand out to his back.

MICHAEL

(breathes)

Yea, I think so.

MICHAEL Wescott, African American fit and stolid remains silent, a long beat before he turns to her.

JANET

Do you remember what it was?

MICHAEL stares down.

MICHAEL

No.

Janet rubs his shoulder, leans in front of him and searches his blank expression.

JANET

You alright.

He nods then looks to her, she nods toward the bed.

JANET

(softly)

Come On. You need your rest.

They lay back down, Janet pulls his arm over her.

A quiet beat later MICHAEL'S eyes open, he stares out the window. Outside the wind begins to stir, the shadow of the trees sway, in the distance an owl is heard.

3. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

TRANSITION (SHRILL AUDIO)

The morning light shines through the bedroom window when Michael awakes. The brightness fills the room, along with it comes a high pitched metallic hum that settles into a shrill line signal. Michael groggily arises yet quickly reaches for his temples.

It's another long beat before the sound fades, MICHAEL lowers one hand from his head then the other, the sun shines through the window. He becomes aware, stretches his jaw, takes a breath then leans to the side and swings his legs out of bed.

Michael rubs at his stubble, he pauses as he feels a substantial growth of facial hair.

MICHAEL

(Shrill Noise)

Aghh!

Off screen and from downstairs Janet hears something.

JANET

(feint in background)

Michael?

A painful beat passes before Michael shakes it off, this time the high pitched noise is accompanied with a flash that hovers over his mind's eye.

JANET

Babe.

Michael turns toward her, a hand returns to his temple.

MICHAEL

Huh?

JANET

Didn't you hear me?

MICHAEL

No. No I'm sorry, uh I guess I just woke up. I, I cant believe I slept that long.

JANET

It's alright you must have needed it. So you know, we're all awake and in the kitchen about to eat breakfast.

MICHAEL

That noise.. did you, hear it?

JANET

What noise?

MICHAEL

(clears throat)

Sort of like a hum or something.

JANET

Huh?

MICHAEL

Never mind, it was probably just a t.v. or some electronics or something. it's gone now.

JANET

um, okay.

(mutters)

The stuff you say sometimes, I swear.

MICHAEL watches JANET as she leaves. He rubs at his ears then looks to the alarm clock. 9:33AM.

Michael stands up and puts a shirt as he does, a bright flash again occurs. His equilibrium awry he peers around the room until the brightness wanes.

Michael turns to the window where the only brightness remains. He approaches its ethereal seal to the outside world. Michael extends a hand, pull the blinds drawstrings half open and peers out.

The view of the neighborhood, is an empty street and mostly clear sky save a lone overly large moving Strato Cumulus cloud.

He scratches his head as he steps away from the window, shaking his head he leaves the room.

4.INT.HOUSE-DAY

At the table french-toast breakfast is being served, Micael approaches and takes a seat.

CICI
Good morning sleepy head!

Michael looks up as he pulls a French toast then reaches for the syrup.

MICHAEL
Good morning sweetie, good morning son.

He flashes a brief smile then flips the syrup bottle upside down.

The thick stream catches a glint of light that holds Michaels attention as it slow pours it fills in then covers his plate. They each watch curiously.

ISRAEL
Mommy, Daddy is a space cadet again!

JANET
Is he now? Oh.

Janet spots his budding mess.

JANET
Earth to Daddy, Earth to Michael.
(she reaches across and rights the bottle)
Come in, over.

Michael returns an aloof smile, his eyes widen then he rolls them slowly till he stares at each one by one, finally at Janet then begins to chuckle.

MICHAEL
Ha, ha, heh!

KIDS
(in unison)
Ha, Heh, Ha!

Janet shakes her head then joins in.

JANET
(chuckles)
Heh heh.

She sits at the table with orange juice in hand, smiles at the kids then looks to Michael suspended in another thought.

MICHAEL
Maybe it's the dream I had last night,
I guess?

Michael consoles his chin with two fingers and a thumb.

JANET
The one you woke up from this morning,
do you remember it?

A vague series of flashes cross his minds eye then fade just as fast.

MICHAEL
No. I mean, not quite.

He strokes his morning shadow then peers up to Janet.

MICHAEL
I don't know, I really don't remember.

JANET
Hm? If you could recall the dream,
maybe I could help you but.

Michael squints then lifts a brow and eases into a smile when she nods to his plate, his gaze returns to the now soaked french toast.

MICHAEL
It's not that Dr. Phil. It's more of a

feeling I'm left with. Its something like anxiety almost paralysis, maybe even paranoia?

Michael looks from his plate to Cici's, she shakes her head in the negative and guards it with a fork and smile.

JANET

Exactly! That's the minds way of sub consciously dealing with something. You remember that *dreams and interpretations* book I read a while back?

Michael looks around the table finds a glass of Orange juice and takes an unassuming sip.

MICHAEL

You read a lot and share even more.

JANET

I will act like I didn't hear that yet disregard all the new wave non-sense your always into.

Michael picks back up his fork and takes a glimpse down his his syrup soaked breakfast.

MICHAEL

First off, ouch.

(lighthearted)

I'll have you know that Meta physics and UFO's are a growing field of credible research, babe.

He begins to fork into the French toast island.

MICHAEL

Don't knock my search for truth just because you're a skeptic.

JANET

Pseudo science!

Michael peers up at that one with a smile.

MICHAEL

Double Ouch! You always know right where to poke.

Janet returns a smile, they all settle into their breakfast, the kids share smiles as they watch their parents antics.

JANET
(chants)
Im just saying, don't start no 'ish,
wont be No 'ish.

They all pause before each burst into laughter.

5.EXT.COMMUNITY CENTER-DAY

The kids and MICHAEL pull up to their local community center in the family truck. He puts the truck in park as the kids unbuckle, open the doors and jump out.

MICHAEL
Bye Kiddos, love you!

KIDS
Bye, Love you Daddy.

The kids close the doors and walk off together.

MICHAEL watches them and smiles his focus shifts into a daydream/ theta state.

A stiff honk from a horn behind him sounds, with a startled glance in the mirror he puts one hand up then the car in drive and pulls off.

MICHAEL
Sorry, sorry.

He turns onto the street and into traffic. The entire vehicles makeup from the suspension to the engine seem to sound more apparent to MICHAEL as he drives.

Michael rolls down the window a bit and listens closely then rolls it back up and shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Must be time for a tune up.

The street lights turn red, the traffic slows to a stop. At the light Michael looks to his left, when he does the driver in the next vehicle stares at him. MICHAEL returns forward then slowly peers to his right, the driver on that side also is engaged in a blank gaze directed at him. Michael banks and quickly returns his eyes to the light ahead. It immediately turns green.

6.INT.POST OFFICE-DAY

Michael enters the post office, behind him a woman several years his senior dawns retro yet stylish fashion follows close behind. Michael holds the door for her. She smiles when a phone rings from in her bag, she answers it and stops just inside the doors.

MICHAEL lets the door close then passes her as he steps in line. The woman on the phone quickly finishes her call then falls in line behind him.

NEW AGE WOMAN
Please excuse me, thanks for getting
the door.

Michael unassumingly flashes a smile and faces forward.

MICHAEL
Of course. No worries.

MICHAEL remains still in the line of people for a long beat. One by one he catches each person appear to stare at him, he tries to look busy yet fails as he takes a nervous breath.

MICHAEL
(coughs/ clears throat)
Ehem.

The woman behind him begins to speak.

NEW AGE WOMAN
(speaks up)
I'm Starla by the way.

Michael quietly turns away from blank gazes to politely face her.

MICHAEL
Um, Hi. I'm Michael.

He scratches behind his neck with his left hand forces a smile and extends his right hand which is met with a gentle shake from the petite hand of Starla.

MICHAEL
Very Nice to meet you.

A warm smile greets him, she leans in and nods towards the

front of the line.

STARLA

I see it's all eyes on you today.

MICHAEL

Yea, no joke, huh.

Michael attempts a nonchalant glance forward.

MICHAEL

I was just thinking the same thing. I didn't know quite what to make of it?

Michael pauses and glances to Starla, she waits patiently for him to finish.

MICHAEL

I guess you saved me there. I should probably thank you.

Starla's smile turns into a soft chuckle.

STARLA

Don't mention it. It's not there fault.

MICHAEL

How's that?

STARLA

Someone seems to have an aura' about them today.

Michael shy's again. A person from the front walks to the counter and everyone shifts forward in line.

MICHAEL

Aura'?

STARLA

Yes. Well Um.

She looks around, steps a bit closer and with a softer voice.

STARLA

Have you recently, been awoken?

MICHAEL winces then caulks his head in that familiar way.

STARLA
Or maybe having dreams, lie really
different and vivid types of dreams.

MICHAEL
Um Okay. Maybe that last one but they
cant possibly be

STARLA
Do you remember them?

MICHAEL
No. Not at all.

The line moves forward, when they almost reach the front.
Starla steps even closer.

STARLA
Then this is just the beginning.
Possibly in time, you'll remember
more.

MICHAEL
More what?

Starla smiles and gives him a once over.

STARLA
I'm sorry, it's not whatever you think
it is or what anyone might likely
interpret it as.

Michael returns his hand to the back of his head and looks a
bit embarrassed.

MICHAEL
Um.

STARLA
Whether it comes to you through your
dreams in this reality or not, either
way **It Is Real**.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry. You lost me now. What is?

The person in line in front of them walks toward the counter
with a bewildered look on their face.

STARLA
It's almost your turn. Take care and

take head, It's all about to change.
Good luck!

Two spots at the counter open up, they both separate and approach. MICHAEL approaches the counter he looks back to the woman then to the post office worker.

POSTAL WORKER
How may I help you today?

MICHAEL half smiles, chuckles to himself then looks back over to the lady who begins to walk away with a package in hand. She glances back, smiles at him then walks out the door.

POSTAL WORKER
Sir? May I help you with something?

MICHAEL
Yes, thank you. Hah, okay I'm was told
I had something to pick up.

7.EXT.COMMUNITY CENTER-DAY

The family truck pulls into the community center to find the small lot almost full, Michael finds then pulls into the last and furthest parking spot.

Michael peers around, a single mother walks her child into the community center. He glances at the time on the dash. Early, Michael unbuckles and reclines his chair. The time on the clock ebbs forward slowly. He glances around the interior of the car looks down at his phone begins to reach for it then stops and rests his head on the seat.

Out the windshield the sun shines as the palm trees blow in the breeze. Another beat passes, Micheal's eyes become heavy and he drifts to sleep.

8.EXT.APARTMENTS-NIGHT

A younger Michael by at least ten years walks alone water bottle in hand along community sidewalks.

The path forks at a six foot tall gate Michael sets his bottle upon, looks up then quickly dispatches with it entirely in a single bound.

Once over he reaches for the water, stands up and turns to walk away when he stops dead. Michael slowly turns and stares back over his shoulder.

In the sky just above and the other side of the gate something prances on the breeze.

Its shape is odd, approximately eighteen inches in width and translucent, save its cross section and edges.

He slowly returns to the gate, as he does it recedes on the breeze. Michael places his hands on the gate in a daze he watches it a long beat.

TRANSITION

9.EXT.COMMUNITY CENTER-NIGHT

(AUDIO) TAP. TAP. TAP.

Michael awakes in the car at the community center when a woman with a scowl on her face raps at his driver side window with the children in tow. Michael peers out perplexed it's nightfall rolls down the window.

MICHAEL

Oh my kiddos, are you alright? When did it become this dark. what time is it?

Michael scratches at his head, turns the keys in the ignition to see 5:39 PM.

CENTER WORKER

Sir. We are not a daycare.

Michael unlocks the car doors then reaches over the seat to open the door for the youngest.

MICHAEL

I understand, thank you so much. Come on kids get in, Im sorry.

CENTER WORKER

Its just that, if your going to leave your children we request that you return in time to come in and pick them up!

MICHAEL

Hm, yes of course. Eh hum, you see I was here early. However its due to folks like you, I don't like to come inside. So I usually wait out here for the girls.

The community center worker shifts her weight as her mouth opens and one eyebrow raises.

MICHAEL

This time it was quite busy so I had to park back here and well I guess I fell asleep. I am very sorry though, I do thank you and it won't happen again.

Michael rolls up the window, the woman stands their stolid, her face formed in a scowl.

MICHAEL

Um, so sorry! Thank you. Uh, Bye.

The children make squeamish faces, Michael's own turns to apologetic as he turns to face the children. He puts the vehicle in drive and rubs his eyes as he makes his way out the lot, the woman late attempts to raise one hand in protest.

MICHAEL

I really am sorry guys. I cant believe I fell asleep for that long and left you guys in there with Ms. Fuss and Stuffs.

CICI

It's Okay she just came over and asked us a little bit ago if we wanted to walk out here and look for you.

MICHAEL

Oh, I guess that was nice of her.

ISRAEL

Yea, sometimes she's mean or looks that way but she was nice to us and just trying to help, I think.

Michael nods his head then expresses innocent smiles at them both in the mirror before he pulls out he attempts a last minute wave at the woman.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry guys, I can't believe I fell asleep like that, that's so weird.

CICI

It's okay daddy.

ISRAEL

Yea, I was just playing in the game room anyway.

Michael looks in the rear view and smiles. He returns his fix to the windshield, he shakes his head in frustration.

10.INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

The Children lead through the door and on into the house.

CICI

Hey momma!

JANET

Hey kiddos, you're late. What took you so long tonight?

ISRAEL

Dad fell asleep.

Michael closes the door behind him and crosses the room looks over at the kids makes large eyes at them then smiles awkwardly at Janet.

JANET

What?

MICHAEL

Yea. Well, apparently I dozed off after I arrived a few minutes early and I didn't wake up until that sweetheart desk lady tapped at the car window with the kids beside her.

JANET

No!

MICHAEL

I woke up to it being night no one else in the lot, it was weird.

Janet walks over to the children and gives them hugs.

JANET

Wow, babe? And my little ones were you both alright?

CHILDREN

(in unison)

Yes mom.

She turns towards Michael and gives him a firm stare.

MICHAEL

I told them sorry. I really don't know
how it happened.

Michael walks over to the children and lands a hug to each
over the back.

MICHAEL

Sorry again kiddos, I love ya.

Janet lightens up, the kiddos each lean on Michael in return

JANET

Were you still tired from last night?

MICHAEL

I really don't know. I mean I didn't
think I felt that beat, but I guess
so.

JANET

Well dinner has been ready, so lets
make it over to the table and eat.

They beeline for the kitchen and make their way to their
familiar seats.

MICHAEL

Then there was this interesting lady I
met while at the post office.

Janet looks over at Michael with a curious expression the
children both take notice as they find their spot at the
table.

JANET

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Oh, please babe. I said interesting
not seductive.

JANET

I figured sweetheart. I thought I'd
just bust your chops isn't that what
you and the fellas always say.

Michael smiles and takes the entree' that Janet passes him,
scoops a serving then places some on each of the kids plates

and returns it to the table.

JANET

So this interesting woman you were speaking of?

MICHEAL

Yea, so I was at the post office and this lady approached me or rather I guess it started a minute before that when I walked in and everyone there was staring at me. It was weird before that in traffic I turned to my left and some one was staring at me then I look to my right and the other driver was too!

JANET

Okay, that is a little unnerving but you sure you weren't, um mistaking baby. Everyone everywhere you went was just staring at you.

MICHAEL

Yes! Exactly, that's what I'm saying it was so ..Odd!

Michael looks up from his food to see the kids focus on him explaining while Janet seems more in an analytical posture her eyes squinted in thought as she appears to examine him.

MICHAEL

You.. don't believe me. Heh. When do I ever make up anything even remotely like this.

JANET

I didn't say that at all. Even if you are being a little paranoid.

Michael lifts his head just as he goes to take his first bite.

MICHAEL

Okay. I never vie' for attention, I don't want any, don't need any. Now all the sudden I want to see, no **make up** a bunch of folks just staring at me. I'm just reporting to you how odd of day this was up til that point.

JANET

And this is when you met the woman at the post office.

Michale smiles and rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

Yes.

JANET

And did she stare at you too?

MICHAEL

No. Ha heh. That's just it she actually said something, something entirely aware to the situation as if she could see it.

JANET

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

I don't know really it sounded crazy to me.

JANET

What do you Mean?

MICHAEL

She was talking about my Aura? And was I "awoke" recently or something like that.

JANET

Wait. What? I don't get it.

MICHAEL

That's what I'm saying. Then the last thing she asked was have I been having dreams lately to which I said "yes" but that I don't recall them.

Janet curious yet unconvinced puts a finger to her chin. The children eat, their forks scrape and clatter though each listens attentively.

MICHAEL

Yea, so basically she was she said the dreams are just the beginning. To expect more and that I should start to recall them in time. Ans something to

the effect of to get ready for the change.

JANET

You actually met a woman that said this to you?

Michael looks at her bemused takes a deep breath then lets out a sigh before continuing.

MICHAEL

Now you get it. This was the single strangest day of my life, up till now. That's not all, She was right.

JANET

What do you mean?

Janet looks up as she takes another bite having only eaten a single bite herself.

MICHAEL

Well, when I stopped to pick up the kiddos and I fell asleep.

JANET

Uh huh.

MICHAEL

I, think I had another dream.

Michael pushes the food on his plate together looks at it then separates it again.

MICHAEL

I still don't remember, exactly but I know I had a dream. I was a little younger maybe ten years ago or so just before I met you. I was walking along a path behind where I used to live when something seemed to be following me.

Everyone at the table slowly peers up from their food, Janet stops eating.

MICHAEL

I couldn't quite make out what it was but there was something behind me.

JANET

What do you mean something?

MICHAEL

I mean like something in the sky,
something small, I don't know almost
invisible or translucent. Like some
kind of technology maybe I don't know,
I think right before I could make out
what it was I woke up. Even that's
already foggy. I could be mistaking
about the whole thing but it is still
kind of vivid at the same time. Its so
odd!

JANET

That's odd alright but I can't tell if
its you or the experience.

The children nervous laugh, Janet smiles at Michael who looks
a little dis-heartened and frustrated.

MICHAEL

Seriously though I've never had
anything like this happen. I cant say
I'm looking forward to having any more
dreams or whatever this is or might
be.

JANET

More?

MICHAEL

That's what she said.

JANET

Who? The woman at the..

MICHAEL

at the Post office, Yea. She said it
was just the beginning and I would
remember more.

Michael pushes at his food then stabs at the first bite,
lifts it into view turning it around on his fork to look at
it.

JANET

Didn't your mother teach you not to
play with your food?

Michael looks at the kids then to Janet and forces a smile

MICHAEL

Hah.

JANET

What's the matter, your not hungry?

MICHAEL

I guess my mind is just elsewhere.

JANET

I'd say.

TRANSITION

11.INT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Michael and Janet tuck the kids in, they finish with a kiss to foreheads before they leave. Michael pulls the door half way.

MICHAEL

Good night babies.

They walk down the hall and into to their room.

12.INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Once inside Michael walks to the bed and plops down. Janet follows and gently closes the door behind her.

JANET

Your not tired already are you? Seeing as how you already took a nap today.

Michael puts a hand to his head as he lowers it into his palm.

MICHAEL

Agh. You're never going to let me live this one down are you?

Janet smiles and walks over to the dresser, with a swift open and close of the drawer a sexy ensemble is withdrawn.

She whisks over to the bathroom and pulls the door halfway closed behind her.

JANET

Oh I don't know, ask your poor damaged

children.

MICHAEL

(chuckles)

You know your not helping, right.

When the door opens again Janet is dressed in a gorgeous blue teddy with matching untied short silk robe.

She steps out and dims the lights to set the mood.

MICHAEL

Whoa. How did I manage to get this lucky.

Janet approaches Michael, he sits up to receive her.

JANET

I promise it's not because you've been a bad boy today. **Only** because I bought this last week and haven't had a chance to share it with you yet!

MICHAEL

I'll take it however I can get it!

JANET

You better!

She leans over and gives Michael a long kiss holding him in her arms before she lowers her self onto the bed and into his lap.

MICHAEL

Oh!

She smiles at him as her hands slide down his shoulders to his chest before she extends her arms pushing him flat to the bed.

JANET

You like that don't you.

MICHAEL

Have to admit I love a woman that knows how to take the lead.

JANET

Ohhh!

MICHAEL

Oh!

They both laugh, he pulls her close and they roll over. Michael leans in and follows with kisses.

Janet turns the bed side lamp off, a beat later a moan is heard.

13.EXT.SAN FERNANDO VALLEY-NIGHT

The quiet valley flickers below, each neighborhood rests in its place.

VIEW: THE ANGLE OF APPROACH NEARS A MOUNTAINSIDE.

The familiar cult-de-sac with the single street lamp flickers.

14.INT.HOUSE -NIGHT

The interior of the house is dark and quiet. The kitchen and dining room are idle. The stairs and hallway empty. The kids room quiet except for Cici's deep soft breaths, Israel turns over in his bed.

15.INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Janet sleeps sound, Michael lay beside her. He's deep asleep when a subtle electronic hum becomes audible. He lifts his hand to his head, he rubs his ears as his eyelids dart, he whimpers between shallow breaths.

MICHAEL

Huh!

The Street lamp outside flickers then goes out, the room falls dark.

16.EXT.APARTMENT'S-NIGHT

Michael crosses the long sidewalk in approach to his apartments.

He stares ahead and down when he spots a small shadow below him. Michael looks up and searches for the Object.

Unable to make out what it is Michael starts to walk away when the Object descends then stops and moves in the opposite direction as if on the wind. Curious Michael takes two steps towards it when the Object makes a descent in the opposite

direction.

Instantly Michael pursues the Object, It prevails with the wind in an upward trajectory. Michael gives up in a pant he watches it until the wind all together stops and the object appears to fall.

MICHAEL

Ha.

Michael eyes it a beat then raises one brow as he starts again towards it then smirks when it he slows. He shakes his and turns away when the Object, small and crystalline in appearance with a slight buzz to it descends further towards Michael.

MICHAEL

Aha!

Michael quickly does an about face, it counters with a rotating spin and change in direction. He watches another beat then jumps after it.

The Crystalline Object continues just above the sidewalk. He tries to catch up as it darts in short bursts and attempts to rise still along the path.

MICHAEL

Come on.

In a final attempt to catch it Michael leaps for the translucent object his finger tips touch yet miss It.

MICHAEL

Ugh!

The Object crashes to the ground in front of him. **TSCHKK!**

MICHAEL

No!

It breaks into a hundred pieces that fizzle as they dematerialize in front of him.

17.INT.MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

MICHAEL

Agh!

Michael lifts his head from his pillow his eyes large, daylight floods the room.

MICHAEL
What.. time is it?

He peers at the alarm clock on the side table that blinks
12:00AM.

MICHAEL
Babe, The alarm went out?

JANET
No, not again!

MICHAEL
Where's my watch?

JANET
On the dresser.

Michael still groggy raises himself from the bed, crosses to
the dresser and lifts his watch. It shows 7:05Am.

MICHAEL
I'm going to be late. I have to get
going

JANET
What time..

MICHAEL
Just after 7. You still have a minute
I better get moving though.

JANET
Ugh! Why does this keep happening?

MICHAEL
I don't know and for an extra thirty
minutes sleep, I sure don't feel
rested.

Janet takes a deep breath and lifts herself from the bed.

JANET
That beat, huh?

Michael shakes his head then glances to Janet with a half
smile. A deep breath later he rubs his temples as he exhales.

JANET
I'm sorry. Was it um, the dreams?

Michael's squints.

MICHAEL

I don't think so. Love you.

He kisses her on the head then makes for the closet, pulls on a pair of jeans, removes his boots and heads towards the door.

MICHAEL

Sounds like the kiddos are already up.

JANET

Oh good, I love you.

Janet rises from bed, reaches for her nightgown from the bedside chair and slips it on.

MICHAEL

I'll kiss them on my way out. Love you.

Janet smiles.

JANET

Bye.

He leaves the door open and disappears around the corner.

18.INT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael swiftly descends the stairs into the kitchen. The kids each eat cereal.

MICHAEL

Your mother was just saying that about you two.

Israel looks up as he just starts at his cereal.

KIDS

(in unison)

What?

MICHAEL

How awesome you two are.

Michael kisses Cici on the head.

MICHAEL

I got to run to work. I'm late.

CICI
Okay daddy.

Michael leans to Israel and kisses him on the head too.

MICHAEL
Love you guys.

ISRAEL.
Love you dad.

CICI
Love you too dad.

Michael removes his jacket from the entry way door and puts it on, a patch just above the chest reads Electrician's Inspector.

He smiles and with a wave quietly slips out the front door.

19.INT.WORK TRUCK-DAY

Michael swings shut the large door of his white work truck, on its exterior the green and yellow logo of Southern California Edison.

The truck reverses down the driveway, sun beams shine through the trees and through the windshield. The light is spell bindingly bright on Michaels face.

The work truck weaves through the neighborhood as the sun light continues to wink between trees and houses. The short bursts of light in succession change to quick flashes across his vision.

Michael blinks followed by subtle twitches. Michael hears a blaring horn honk with a fury that brings him to stomp on the brakes full force, just in time to make the stop sign and keep from running into oncoming traffic.

MICHAEL
Oh!

Michael grips tight the steering wheel as sweat falls his brow.

MICHAEL
Come on man. Get it together.

He wipes the sweat from his fore head, looks both ways then pulls out and on to the road.

20.EXT.BUSINESS TOWER- DAY

Michael steps off the elevator and walks out onto a completely empty upper floor of an office building.

Ceiling high glass windows reveal the overcast sky outside. Michael nods at the journeymen that operate a wench and generator that power a hefty spool of fiber optics each feed into a large black tube at the wall.

MICHAEL

Alright, good stuff. I'm headed down.

CO WORKER.

Okay, thanks boss.

Michael nods, the doors open and he gets on the utility elevator, tablet in hand. He steps inside pushes the button marked B and the doors close.

21.INT.ELEVATOR- DAYH

Inside the walls are a crude polished stainless steel finish. The elevator dings as it passes each floor, the lights above flicker.

Michael looks up and through the black hexagonal holes in the light cover. The fluorescent bulbs inside flicker as it passes another floor. Michael tries to resist's the onset of another episode as best he can when a bead of sweat rolls down his brow. The elevator shakes with its descent and the lights flicker a long beat.

TRANSITION

22.EXT.PATH-DAY

TRANSITION

View: Bright sun light now beams down through the branches.

The sun sets on a distinctly younger Michael. A sense of Euphoria rushes at him when he glances around then spots the familiar object above.

Michael slows as he approaches the fork only to confirm the objects trajectory in his peripherals.

This time Michael continues to walk past his gate, the object follows him along the path. The breeze shifts then stops when it hovers then dips lower.

In a burst of movement Michael turns then leaps at the translucent object, it attempts a latent thrust in the opposite direction.

MICHAEL

Oh no you don't!

Another leap forward and he manages to hold fast to the crystalline machine now fragile in appearance.

Michael stumbles forward yet catches himself on one knee he grasps tight the thin multi surfaced object.

Michael takes a quick glance around before he looks down at the unusual machine in his grip.

MICHAEL

Whoa!

His own words bring him awareness, he stands up and begins to walk away.

MICHAEL

What the?

Fszzchk!A sound akin to static electricity prompts Michael to second guess his hold of it.

Nervous and with a quick examination he reels it in close.

MICHAEL

(whispers)

Oh shit!

The object appears metallic, yet when light shines straight at it, everything phases translucent. Michael gently rubs at its quirky texture.

MICHAEL

Wow.

Remarkably crystalline with a shiny silicone quality the hue is that of metal that is malleable and extremely fragile. With a pep in his step Michael jogs towards the apartments ahead.

TRANSITION

23.INT.ELEVATOR- DAY

TRANSITION

The fluorescent light above flickers once, twice then returns with a buzz.

Michael blinks and regains awareness. The indicator lights up B then ding as the doors opens.

Hesitant Michael pers out before he steps through the doors.

24.INT.BASEMENT, OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Inside the lights nearest him flicker on.

ELECTRICIAN

Over here Boss.

Michael crosses the distance as row after row of overhead lights spring to life.

At the opposite wall a team of Electrician's Miguel early thirties, clean cut Hispanic dawns a smile, one flashlight in hand and in the other a CB radio.

Behind him his apprentice John 26 years of age short, strong and sports a red Philly Cap nods to Michael as loads tools on the truck.

MICHAEL

Doing alright down here kid?

JOHN

Im good, thanks.

MICHAEL

Paying those dues, huh?

JOHN

Just pulling my weight. I'm just happy to earn while I learn.

Michael turns to Miguel and nods a half hidden smile.

MICHAEL

Great attitude kid, that's why we're happy to have you.

Michael turns to Miguel, with one hand on his head he rubs his temple. Miguel raises an eyebrow. Michael protests with the wave of his hand and shake of his head.

He drops to one knee, flicks his flashlight on, inspects the machinery, its receiver and its levels.

Michael approaches a patched hole in the wall where 2 flood lamps standby and light the other end of the black plastic tube that protrudes.

MICHAEL

Looks good. How'd everything go?

MIGUEL

With the install? As good as any old building like this can be. No major hiccups that I could complain about though.

The overhead lights in the distance flicker then go off followed a second later by the rest. Their flashlights streak through the dusty, dark and empty space.

Michael squints through the darkness and rubs again at his temple.

MIGUEL

It takes a little getting used too, down here with the automatic lights.

MICHAEL

Hah, yea.

With a gentle approach Miguel lifts his hand and takes a half step forward.

MIGUEL

You alright, boss?

The flashlight clicks off and returned to its pouch at his waist.

MICHAEL

Um. In the elevator just now?

MIGUEL

Yea?

MICHAEL

I don't know, it might be some kind of reaction. I dont know maybe epilepsy or something.

MIGUEL

Whoa! That sounds serious, maybe you should have that looked into.

They both stand up Miguel appears concerned as he holds one hand up.

MICHAEL

I'm not epileptic or eighty years old.
I'm just saying I think I'm having
hyper sensitivity to light?

Michael forces a smile and shifts his eyes away from Miguel.

MIGUEL

(Sarcastic chuckle)

Yea, Im sure thats all it is. Don't
worry old man, I've got your back.
They do say, "Age- man, it just creeps
up on ya"!

MICHAEL

If I'm old then I'll tell you what,
your next.

MIGUEL

Oh No! I see, now you're just throwing
curses around. Voodoo on you dude!

They share a chuckle as Michael produces the tablet from his carry case, opens it, taps a couple times at the screen, lifts a stylus out of its side and signs his name.

With a final tap he waits a beat then closes the tablet.

MICHAEL

It's done. Please, let the team know
everything looks sharp as always.

MIGUEL

Thanks. We try.

MICHAEL

Hope everything is good with the
family.

MIGUEL

They are. Thank the lord with
everything that goes on now a days.
Your's too?

MICHAEL
You said it brother. Take care now.

MIGUEL
You know it.

Miguel nods and smiles as Michael turns to walk away.

John closes the truck doors and nods with a smile as they pass each other.

MIGUEL
Hey don't forget!

Michael pushes the elevator button then turns an about face.

He spots Miguel who faux knocks at the top of his head while his index finger circles his ear before he throws both hands up and chuckles.

Michael shakes his head then turns and gets on the elevator.

25.EXT.SCHOOL-DAY

The sun sets through an overcast sky by the time Michael pulls into the parking lot, he ends up at the far end of a line of cars.

The street lamps cast a warm glow through a gentle sprinkle. Raindrops dot the wind shield as Michael stares ahead. A little one makes a small patter before its wiped away followed by another then another even larger that splatters drops of itself in all directions.

The headlights just ahead of him glow a bright red that change and blur into a wall of abstract shapes, a kaleidoscope of colors drip and run together. Michael shutters when a flash of light accompanied by a soft ring.

Children pour out from the school gates, a single teacher follows after each group. The windshield wipers swipe again to reveal the line of cars slowly pull forward. Each vehicle starts and stops, umbrellas open as children and adults dart about.

Michael glances inthe rear view mirror, people intersect the vehicles. The head lights strobe and flash to him.

MICHAEL
Awe.

One hand up he peers through the crowd as he nears the front of the cars. Only missing heads and mushrooms of colors from the umbrellas that prance about.

He rolls closer still and leans to spot faces.

CICI
Daddy. Dad!

Michael hits on the brakes and rolls down the same side window.

MICHAEL
Oh, there you are!

CICI opens the door, her and Israel get in the back seat.

MICHAEL
I couldn't see ya' anywhere.

CICI
We were right there under Margaret and Sean's umbrella's, well I was. Israel didn't want to be

Michael Looks over at Israel who climbs in soaking wet.

MICHAEL
Hey.

Michael's mute expression changes into a broad smile and a nod, in turn Israel does back and they both laugh.

ISRAEL
Hey.

CICI
You two are so anti social, you're perfect for each other.

MICHAEL
I love you too, now quiet trying to sound like your mother. It's creeping me out.

Michael smirks at CICI when she punches at him.

MICHAEL
Hey now, your still doing it.

They all giggle then pull off and out of the school parking lot.

The corner streetlamp flickers then goes out as they drive past.

26. EXT.BALCONY-NIGHT

The stars bright overhead, Michael peers from their bedroom balcony out over the hillside.

JANET

Honey.

Janet appears at the doorway in a blanket.

JANET

What are you doing out here?

She crosses to Michael and puts her arm around him. He stares up at the sky a long beat before his eyes catch Janet's. Michael opens his mouth to speak, stops then looks away. Janet scans Michael then puts a hand on his shoulder, he flashes a smile.

JANET

You coming inside?

MICHAEL

Yea, um hum.

He nods and follows her, at the door frame he peers back over his shoulder to the sky.

Once inside Janet closes the doors.

27. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

The two get into bed, Michael awkwardly kisses Janet turns over and stares out the window. Janet caulks her head.

JANET

Good night?

Michael exhausted remains stolid.

MICHAEL

Night.

His eyes heavy he drifts asleep. Janet shakes her head, clicks the light off and turns over.

Michael's eyelids flutter to the sound of a high frequency noise.

TRANSITION

28. INT.APARTMENTS-DAY

Daylight fills the small apartment followed by abrupt darkness when the front door is open then shut by a younger Michael.

The space is sparse, save a large stereo that's been converted into a home theater that sits in front of an old TV and love seat.

Michael walks in and directly to the bedroom.

29. INT.APT BEDROOM-DAY

A bed made neat rests near the window, on the counter are various piles of clothes that lay around the room as well as a few pairs of shoes. The shades are open, the last of the days sun shines in when Michael enters and immediately rolls the blinds closed.

He paces back and forth when the object in his hands begins to make a high pitched noise, he puts a hand to his temple.

YOUNGER MICHAEL

Agh!

Michael quickly sets it down atop the bed and steps back. The object pulses with a bright glow then unfurls in one superfluous movement. Michael fly's backwards and around the corner.

30. INT.APT-DAY

Michael finds refuge on the loveseat. He attempts to shift his attention to the remote and turns on the television.

His curiosity returns as he glances toward the room, the soft pulsing glow remains. The TV's image rolls over, the show turns fuzzy then flickers on and off.

31. INT.APARTMENTS BEDROOM-NIGHT

Down a short hallway and into the room, Younger Michael approaches the pulsing object that now glows with a low buzz. The TV flickers then the power goes out.

Everything dark, when from outside a large ominous glow appears through the blinds.

Its luminous presence fills the room.

Michael is unable to move when something appears in the room with him. He can barely raise his head to see.

The light becomes so bright, it envelopes everything.

TRANSITION

32. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Michael awakes in a gasp so loud it wakes Janet.

JANET

Are you Okay? Babe!

Sweat forms at his brow, Michael hyperventilates, the humming noise peaks and troughs in his ears.

The sound fades and he attempts to speak.

MICHAEL

They came back!

JANET

What? Who came back?

MICHAEL

All this time, I didn't remember.

JANET

Remember what.

Michael eyes flutter then he faints, a second later random spasms wrack his body as his eye lids dart about.

JANET

(frightened)

Babe. Baby!

Janet attempts to lift him up, gives up and leans in to assess.

JANET

(stern)

Sweetheart, Wake up.

Michael draws a deep breath and the spasms stop, Janet pulls

him close as he comes to.

Michael looks up at her then around the room.

MICHAEL

What happened?

JANET

Your, kidding me right!

Michael stretches his hands then his arms before he reaches to his temple and sits up.

JANET

Do you remember anything?

Michael pauses then looks at her.

MICHAEL

No.

JANET

You said something like, "they came back for it".

MICHAEL

I did?

Janet sighs, rolls her eyes then falls back to the bed.

JANET

Agh!

Michael stares at Janet aloof.

MICHAEL

Whatever it was, it feels eerie to wake up to. I don't know, something feels off.

JANET

What do you mean, off?

MICHAEL

Our closet even seems different to me, for some reason.

JANET

Heh ha.

MICHAEL

Even more our windows. Don't they feel, I know your gonna laugh but kind of ominous.

JANET

(stops laughing)

Well, we did pay extra for this quiet house at the top of the street.

MICHAEL

Look, I know any minute now the sun is going to come shining through but somehow at the same time I feel like anything can happen or that it just might!

Janet swallows then bites her lip and sits back up beside Michael.

JANET

Its Okay babe.

She rubs his back with a curious look between him and the window.

JANET

It's okay if your paranoid.

She leans away from him with a sympathetic smile.

JANET

You've always been more of an anti-social type, that's why I love you. Maybe because I know, you'll always be mine!

He looks from the alarm clock that reads 6:30AM back to Janet his expression shifts to apologetic.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. I keep waking you up like this. Messing with your sleep.

JANET

Our sleep. This thing has you all zonked and discombobulated. You already work a lot as it is.

MICHAEL

I just wish I could remember.

Something.

JANET

Nothing?

Michael looks down then back at her with another deep breath.

MICHAEL

Just, light.

JANET

O.k. that's good light. Then what?

MICHAEL

Just, Light. Then nothing.

The sun rises, its first light starts to fill the room. Michael's caulks his head and his eyes widen as he reels in the bed. Rigid his face draws back to a place of fear. Janet glances over to see Michael.

JANET

It's alright baby, it's just the sun.

She smiles for a beat then quickly see's Michael stuck.

JANET

Baby? It's alright, come back to me!

Michael mouth quivers yet doesn't speak, a tear drops his eyes as he stares straight ahead. Janet analyses him before she follows his gaze to the window.

MICHAEL

(quivers)

They came back for it. Or was it for Me?

JANET

I don't understand baby. Please.

The sun settles over the valley, it color changes from a cold white into a warm orange.

Michael blinks his eyes, tears stream from them.

JANET

Are you OK?

Michael nods then slowly faces Janet.

MICHAEL
I don't know what's happening. But I
have to figure this out.

JANET
What. How?

Michael shakes his head.

33. INT.HOUSE-DAY

Janet walks in the front door. The house is quite save the
television its volume low.

In the kitchen electronics, cameras, tools and radio
equipment lay strewn about along with their discarded
packages.

JANET
Hello.

She approaches the living room, lifts the remote from the the
couch and turns off the Television.

JANET
Anyone home?

Janet returns to the kitchen where she surveys closer the
mess that is the table.

Items everywhere she reaches out and examines a packaged
product from the table. She sets the item atop a radio
scanner still in its half torn open wrapper next to a sensor
activated camera.

Janet takes a deep breath and turns around as one of the
children comes in from the back yard.

JANET
Why Hello. What's going on?

ISRAEL
Dad's installing some stuff so he can
see whats happening at night.

Janet peers around curiously.

JANET
What's happening at night?

ISRAEL
Don't know. Something.

JANET
Uh Okay. So what are you doing now?

ISRAEL
Dad asked me to get the other camera.

JANET
Um, how many more cameras are there?

ISRAEL
Just this one, I think. Um, we already
installed two.

Janet blinks, looks to the back door then back to Israel.

JANET
Tell you what. How about I take this
to your father and you stay in here
and get yourself a snack.

ISRAEL
Okay.

Israel nods then crosses to the fridge and begins to look
inside. Janet holds up the camera, lifts an eyebrow then
walks outside.

34. EXT.HOUSE BACKYARD-DAY

Janet closes the sliding glass door behind her before she
crosses the patio to the grass turns the corner and spots
Michael half way up a twenty foot ladder with a power tool in
one hand he finishes the last screw in a mini camera already
in the wall next to their bedroom window.

MICHAEL
Hey champ did you find it?

Michael stops and turns around.

JANET
He did.

Janet stares at Michael long and hard, he pauses then
descends the ladder.

MICHAEL
What's up babe?

JANET
(frustrated)
My thoughts exactly?

MICHAEL
I picked them up on my way home today.

Michael reaches the bottom of the ladder, smiles then walks right past her to set the tool down on the patio table.

JANET
It's not just them. Their are a whole bunch of.. things inside. You can't pick all that up at one place.

Michael scratches the back of his head, swallows deep then clears his throat to speak.

JANET
Did you even go to work today?

She waits then squints her eyes.

MICHAEL
Please don't do that. You know I don't like it when you do that.

JANET
Excuse you! Then walk with me please.

They cross the porch and return inside.

35. INT.HOUSE-DAY

In the kitchen Janet comes a stop smack in line with the table of electronics.

MICHAEL
So I left work early today, no big deal, I wanted to do this right.

Janet caulks her head to the side.

MICHAEL
Baby I got top of the line everything right here. Wait till you see it, I pre-wired the whole set up.

Janet puts her hands on her hips and stares at him in disbelief.

JANET
You got to be freaking kidding me!
Michael how much did all this cost?

Michael clears his throat, swallows then looks up to meet eyes.

JANET
(sighs)
What do you have all this for? Wait,
aren't they supposed to be positioned
in front of the house?

Michael reaches for the last unopened camera, still in its box he holds it up.

MICHAEL
That's what this one's for. But I
don't think they'll come through the
front door.

As the words leave his mouth Michael bites his lip and looks away.

JANET
You don't think **who** will come..
through the front door?

A perplexed expression crosses Michaels face.

MICHAEL
(clears throat)
Aha, er hum. Them.

Janet stares at Michael a minute before she notices that his brow motions upward. She follows his direction and peers up, when she looks back to him he's gone back outside.

JANET
Um, excuse you. Why do you keep
dodging me?

Michael stops, begins to talk then continues on his way.

MICHAEL
Look I haven't figured it all out yet
either babe, okay? I just don't think
you'd understand.

JANET
Maybe you could try to help me

understand.

Michael takes a step back, approaches the ladder with a single foot.

MICHAEL

Um.

JANET

What did you mean by..

She motions upward with her eye brow in an exaggerated motion.

MICHAEL

Hah, it's kind of funny when you do it.

JANET

Trust me it was funny when you did it.

Michael blinks then continues up the ladder.

JANET

So help me God, Michael! I will kick this ladder over with you on it if you don't answer me.

Tears build in her eyes and Michael stops.

JANET

Tell me something. Anything.

Michael partially descends the ladder then lifts one hand to her shoulder.

She looks up to him a beat then leans in and they wrap arms around eachother.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry. I don't know what's going on I'm just trying to figure it all out too.

Michael peers up, around then back to Janet.

MICHAEL

Please, have a little patience with me. I swear, I'm not losing it.

Janet nods then looks him in the eyes.

JANET
You promise.

Michael nods and returns her gaze.

MICHAEL
I promise.

TRANSITION

36. EXT.BALCONY-NIGHT

Michael sits in a chair, next to him a tripod and camera point up.

He stares at the LCD screen that shows the view of the night sky, yet in a greenish hue.

JANET
So how long do you plan to be out here? Every night?

MICHAEL
I'm coming in. I a, just wanted to set it up and get an idea of how everything works.

Michael stands up, lifts the camera awkwardly and carries it inside where he sets it behind the balcony door.

37. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

JANET
I'm just curious but don't you have cameras already set up everywhere.

MICHAEL
Yea but this one is different. It's equipped with "night vision", the others just record when they sense something.

Janet rubs the back of her neck and nods.

MICHAEL
Maybe this one can see what the others don't, that's all.

Janet stares a minute at the camera then sits down on the

bed.

JANET

Have you said good night to the kids?

MICHAEL

Oh, no.

Michael does a half turn then sets off out the room. Janet watches him leave then shakes her head before she sets it into the palm of her hand.

38. INT.CHILDREN'S ROOM-NIGHT

Michael appears in the doorway.

MICHAEL

Hey babies.

CICI

Hey daddy

ISRAEL

Hi dad.

Michael enters the room.

MICHAEL

Sorry, I have been a little absent minded these last couple days.

CICI

It's OK daddy. You've always been a little, different.

Michael falls onto her bed and looks at her with a sideways face.

MICHAEL

Say What!

He begins to reach at CICI with both arms up in a monsters pose reaches out then quickly tickles at her. She gasps for air between giggles and fits of laughter Israel chuckles when Michael turns towards him.

Michael then jumps beds and begins to furiously tickle Israel.

The three of them exchange laughs before they settle down when CICI speaks up.

CICI

Is everything going to be Okay daddy?

Israel quiets down, looks to her then to Michael, he positions himself in between them.

MICHAEL

Hey, Hey!

Michael puts his hands on each shoulder and exchanges glances with them.

MICHAEL

We're a family, right? Families push through, no matter what.

ISRAEL

Mama seems real upset.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about that. I' ll work things out with momma, alright.

He turns to CICI.

MICHAEL

Alright.

They all hug when Michael gets up crosses to the light switch on the wall and flips the switch.

MICHAEL

I love you both.

KIDS

Love you.

Michael begins to close the door and stops it ajar then walks away.

39. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Michael reenters the room, Janet rests quietly on her side of the bed the lights dim.

He approaches and climbs in bed, he reaches out an arm to Janet then stops mid-air. Michael looks to the camera by the balcony door, the window then back to Janet. He remains in bed turns his head, sighs and settles in before he returns to the window, a streetlight outside lends an orange hue to the room.

Janet lays beside him, her eyes open she pulls her covers up and closes her eyes.

40. INT.APARTMENTS-NIGHT

Younger Michael walks down the short hallway towards a sound. The bright light fills the apartments bedroom from outside the window.

He walks into the room and curiously peers at the window when the object begins to crackle and buzz.

He steps towards the crystalline object when something appears in the room by the window. The light blindingly bright fills the room, the being framed by the window appears ethereal then dissolves.

TRANSITION

41. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Janet feels a breeze then hears a thump.

She comes too and glances to her side to see the balcony door open. It gently sways and knocks the wall with the breeze.

Janet rubs her arms, bewildered she reaches for her night gown from the beside chair. She stands and dawns the gown as she crosses to the balcony.

A camera is set up and on, its LCD screen open shows a red blinking battery.

JANET

Huh?

She turns, walks back inside closes the door and walks out the bedroom door.

42. INT.KITCHEN-DAY

Down stairs Janet walks from the shadows into the kitchen where she finds Michael at the table with more electronics.

A telescope stands beside him as he works on a small metallic cylinder in his hand, he replaces 2 small batteries in its backside and screws it closed.

JANET

It's 5:30 in the morning, you left the bedroom door wide open.

Janet flicks the light switch, Michael shakes blinks his eyes yet doesn't look up.

JANET

Why are you sitting in the dark.

Michael finishes with the tiny gadget then looks up to her.

MICHAEL

Awe, thanks babe. It's morning already? You should have seen how dark it was when I first got up.

Janet remains still a beat and watches him.

JANET

What are you doing with all this stuff?

MICHAEL

This?

Michael tuns it once over in his hand then presses the button as a bright green laser shoots from one end, he releases then pushes it once more before he glances back at her.

MICHAEL

Pretty cool huh. Dont worry it will all stay up on the balcony with the other cameras.

Janet raises one eyebrow impatient.

JANET

At some point were you going to run any of this past me?

MICHAEL

Hey, I was thinking of taking the family camping.

Janet frustration mounts in dis-belief.

MICHAEL

It'll be a great chance to take the telescope and gear and go sky gazing!

Janet's mouth draws open, she lets out a laugh.

JANET

Sky gazing? Camping and telescopes, since when do you like any of that stuff? Besides it's only May, don't you think it's a little cold to go camping!

Michael takes a look around regardless of being inside.

MICHAEL

Oh. Well maybe I take Israel with me or just I'll go or something. Maybe Saturday night after everyone has gone to sleep!

JANET

So you're just going to abandon your family to go, sky gazing? That sounds like a load of horse shit!

Michael caulks his head in rebuff.

MICHAEL

What? Stop being melodramatic. I try to do something different with my family and you call it horse shit?

JANET

No, I call wanting to ditch us and disappear on a Saturday night to do god knows what. That, thats what I'm calling horse shit!

MICHAEL

Stop It! I'm not going to disappear. I just told you what I want to do. I invited you and the family, you said you don't want too.

JANET

I didn't say I didn't want to go. I said I didn't want you to go!

MICHAEL

Wait, What?

JANET

You promised, you said you weren't going to loose it. Well you know what, you are! And If you're not, well it sure seems like you are.

Michael all but ignores her with a shoulder shrug he begins to pack a couple of the items into an old empty apple crate.

JANET

Did you have another dream last night?

MICHAEL

No! I don't think so. I mean, I don't know!

Janet turns and sighs as the two children stumble downstairs.

CICI

What's going on?

ISRAEL

Is everything Okay?

Michael turns to see the kids enter and begins to stand when Janet walks over to them.

JANET

(Quietly)

Shhh, yea. Everything is Okay.

She turns and looks at Sean with a scowl, he replies with an aloof expression.

JANET

I think.

Janet turns the children back the way they came.

JANET

Come back up stairs. I'll help you both get dressed while your father makes some space at the breakfast table. For Breakfast!

She gives Michael a hard stare over her shoulder.

TRANSITION

43. INT.WORK TRUCK-DAY

Michael drives his normal route, as he does he zones out his eyes fixed ahead.

TRANSITION

44. INT.WORK SITE-DAY

He approaches and nods to the technicians.

The lead Journeyman nods back as Michael kneels, inspects multiple points stands back up and makes a note. The workers pack up when a friendly face steps towards Michael. The others nod and shrug when Miguel notices Michael's disposition and refrains.

TRANSITION

45. EXT.WORKSITE-DAY

Michael crosses the lot, clipboard in hand he climbs into his work truck.

Inside the vehicle he enters the last of the information off his paperwork. Something out of his peripheral moves over head, he stops and looks up, It's an obvious plane though he stares at it a long beat.

Someone approaches beside the truck, without any notice from Michael a rap is heard.

Michael snaps too, peers left then rolls down the window.

MIGUEL

Hey, hey. Sorry man, I didn't mean to
startle you. Everything Okay?

Michael blinks and squints thru the sun that half shines through the windshield that casts a horizontal shaft of light across Michael's face and chin.

MICHAEL

(clears throat)
Um hum.

Michael nods to the affirmative.

MICHAEL

Yea, yea. All good, thanks.

Still squinted Michael looks Miguel in the eyes.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

Michael pauses a second then feigns a smile and begins to roll up the window.

MIGUEL

It's just.

Miguel clears his throat, Michael slows his attempt to roll up the window.

MIGUEL

Some of the guys noticed. Look,
everyone's noticed how much you've..
You seem say pre occupied these days.

Miguel pauses with a smirk.

MIGUEL

They um, just wanted me to ask if
every things alright? We just wanted
to see if there's anything we can do
to help?

A deep breath is audible from Michael before he answers.

MIGUEL

Hey, I don't mean to pry. I'm being
rude huh?

Miguel starts to turn away.

MICHAEL

Uh, no. Its okay.

Miguel stops and scans Michael for any indicators, Michael appears healthy if anything he appears fatigued.

MICHAEL

That's nice of you guys, I appreciate
it.

Michael peers down at his steering wheel then looks back up while he rubs his eyes with his right hand.

MICHAEL

Look, I don't mean to be rude. Please
tell every one, thank you.

Miguel waits patiently and smiles.

MICHAEL

Im that obvious, huh?

MIGUEL

Ha, yea boss. You're one of the good

ones, you know! So call it a curse of
charisma. I have it to man, cant help
it.

Miguel gives a wink and chuckles to himself.

MIGUEL

Life's too short, you gotta at least
try to hold onto your happiness. I
wont let anyone take that from me, ya'
know.

Michael concurs with a gentle nod.

MIGUEL

Anyway that's always how you appeared
to us, until lately. It's like your
whole personality just went MIA. We're
curious if something was wrong with
you. We just all hope you're doing
okay, is all.

Michael turns idle begins to digress, he blinks a couple
times, nods then stares back at Miguel.

MICHAEL

It's just, a..

Michael pauses, clears his throat and squints at Miguel,
takes a breath then tries to finish his sentence.

MIGUEL

Look man if it's drugs or something,
uh. We can get you some help!

Michael stops, half laughs then looks forward thru the
windshield.

MICHAEL

What, no! No, nothing like that It's
a. It's just um..

He looks at Miguel who has one eye brow raised.

MICHAEL

Dreams.

Michael makes an awkward face and waits for Miguel to reply.

MIGUEL

Wait, What? I don't get it.

MICHAEL

Exactly. Neither do I. I mean I never get the whole picture, only in glimpses but it's like I've been followed my whole life or

Michael starts to get excited stops, then steady's himself.

MIGUEL

Wait, what?

Michael doesn't answer, he peers away in thought.

MIGUEL

Who's been following you?

MICHAEL

I, uh. I don't want to seem too crazy, er heh ha. Too late huh?

MIGUEL

Hah! Well maybe now, yea.

Michael peers at Miguel who feigns a smile at him.

MICHAEL

Maybe I ought to keep it to myself? At least until I figure it all out.

Miguel awaits anything else Michael might have to share.

MIGUEL

It's alright to ask for help Mike. Hey, my cousin has an office down in Van Nuys. She's a really good therapist and certified of course.

MICHAEL

A shrink? Huh, now you sound like my wife.

MIGUEL

Maybe she's right. Just someone to speak with and all that, you know!

Michael makes a strained face before he looks in the opposite direction.

MIGUEL

That's what they're good for, to listen. Help put your thoughts in order, I guess.

MICHAEL

Yea. Hey I appreciate it. Um, I'm just experiencing something I think a little bit out of the norm and it's definitely caught me off guard but give me some time to process it and I'm sure I'll be back to Normal.

MIGUEL

Yea Man, of course. Just trying to help, huh. If you ever need anything, that's all I wanted to say.

MICHAEL

Yea, Okay. Thanks.

Michael forces a smile, gives a short wave then reaches down and rolls the window up.

Miguel takes a step back and nods with a smile, then turns away with a lowered head he walks away. Michael turns the truck over, puts it in gear and pulls off.

46. INT.HOUSE -DAY

The Family eats dinner together. Michael appears preoccupied when Janet turns to the children.

JANET

How was your day at school kids?

CHILDREN

Fine.

JANET

Just fine? Israel, what was your day like, what did you learn?

ISRAEL

It was okay. Um, just getting ready for tests. Everyday we study math and read. It' kind of boring.

Janet chuckles and CiCi giggles.

JANET

Please, let me know if you need any help with anything baby, alright. otherwise I'll check your homework here after dinner. Something tells me your father hasn't.

She looks up with a smile at Michael, he stares off in his own thoughts, latent he peers back and smiles in her general direction. Janet's own smile fades, the kids take notice.

CICI

Daddy was like that the whole drive home too. He didn't even say anything to me when we got in the car. I said hello but he didn't back.

Janet listens to CiCi then turns to Michael with an astonished expression.

JANET

Michael.

She waves her hand at him, turns to the kids.

JANET

Um, lets take it..

Out of no where Michael lifts his head and turns half around with a smile.

MICHAEL

Oh!

(chuckles)

Huh.

Michael starts to stand, he clumsily wrestles with the dining room chair he's seated in.

He nods to himself, stops and kisses each on the head.

MICHAEL

Excuse me kids, babe. I'm just a bit tired. Uh, I mean I'm going to work in the office for a bit. Okay

He turns and makes around the corner.

They each stare in that direction Janet's expression clueless before CiCi and Israel respond with awkward giggles.

47. INT.OFFICE-NIGHT

Michael approaches and taps the computer, he waits for the screen to awake when it does he opens a search page.

He stares at the empty search bar a long beat rubs at his eyes then types in UFO's and takes a seat.

Michael clicks on the first result, a low resolution Youtube video. almost immediately he backs out.

Another click opens a shabby online magazine touting first hand photos with an alleged video wherein a crouching alien more resembles a child's Halloween costume.

Michael clicks the back arrow again.

Another try at the key word of ALIEN brings up just as dubious of results when Michael sits back at his chair reaches down and picks up the laser pointer and traces the ceiling with it.

MICHAEL

What..?

A minute passes, Michael changes position, rubs at his head, grabs a pen and seems to hold it in his hand as if attempting to auto write, nothing happens.

Eventually he drops his head onto his arms over the keyboard.

MICHAEL

Uh.

(sighs)

There was a bright light..

Michael's breaths slow.

MICHAEL

Then something? By the window.

Michael lifts his head, slowly his eyes open as he extends his arm looking out at something invisible.

MICHAEL

(recognition)

They wanted it back.

Michael rubs his fingers together as if he can feel it in his hand.

MICHAEL

Hmm.

Michael clicks on the search bar and begins to type a description, pauses then inputs a final word.

Being followed by Alien Drones.

Various blog sites followed by a MUFON case file pop up in the search results. Michael scans each before he settles on Reddit. Man says small alien drones follow him, another sub reddit over ten years old describes a farmer in Kansas who sees things in his field or while driving home at night. Another return to the search and Michael erases "the feeling of" then hits search again when more hits appear. More odd faux stories until Michael happens across a case with photos of smaller orbs, also a linked video of a small orb that makes a crop circle on the ground while hovering just a few feet above. The most current article reads, young woman gives statement she's regularly followed by a small almost translucent drone. Michael leans in closer and reads the entire post. By the end the woman says she can recall, when the phenomenon began to occur sometime in early childhood and that she also has coinciding dreams to which she often wonders which came first or if the dreams are "erased memories" of countless entanglements with said, mysterious objects. Michael leans back in his chair takes a deep breath then rubs at the brows of his head.

48. INT.OFFICE-NIGHT

The house is quiet, no one is awake.

In the office a snore is heard from Michael asleep at his desk. The computer on, on the screen is the silhouette of an alien in the top right corner of ominous websites mast head. In the next beat the machine flickers then turns off.

Outside the street lamp is on, a second later it goes out.

MICHAEL

HUh?

Still asleep Michael rolls to his side.

MICHAEL

(Gasps)

What!

TRANSITION

49. INT.CHILDHOOD HOUSE-NIGHT

Younger Michael approximately 12 years old sits in his bed one arm extended. His fingers separate the blinds, he peers out his second story window.

MICHAEL
(awe struck)
Whoa!

Everything becomes still, young Michael reels and peers at the alarm clock beside his bed. The stark red numbers display **11:30pm.**

A massive white light fills the bedroom from outside and above.

The glass and blinds are absent, as Michael floats out the window frame high over his backyard.

50. EXT.CRAFT- NIGHT

In the next instant his home and neighborhood shrink.

Everything becomes dark, Earth and its atmosphere are in view one instant and the next the vast emptiness of space increases as the Earth shrinks. Darkness.

TRANSITION

51. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

The room is unusually quiet.

The balcony doors closed, the cameras off and tucked in a corner Janet slows as she enters peers around then observes Michael seated at the bedside chair.

His demeanor calm he draws a breath and looks up.

MICHAEL
I made sure to kiss the little ones
and tell them good night.

Janet quiet, she slowly approaches him and nods.

JANET
I know.

She sits down at the bed beside him.

JANET

ARE YOU,ALRIGHT?

Michael looks up at her slowly he see's her tears and saddens.

MICHAEL

I'm not trying to be a burden. I'm
just trying to figure this, thing out.

His eyes glaze over, Michael drops his head .

JANET

I know.

Janet slides closer and puts an arm over his shoulder.

MICHAEL

I can see how I've been, how it looks.
I've frightened you and the kids and
distanced myself.

She lifts a hand to his face.

JANET

(soft)
Come back to us.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

JANET

We've missed you.

They pull into each other.

Janet holds him then lays her head on his shoulder.

TRANSITION

52. INT.CHILDHOOD HOUSE-NIGHT

A FEINT AND FUZZY METALLIC SOUND IS HEARD FOLLOWED BY A
MUFFLED VOICE VOICE.

A startled younger Michael looks up at his boom box from his
bed, flashlight in hand hunched over a stack of comics.

The sound returns loud and clear when the next transmission
flows from the radio in an excited relay.

RADIO VOICE
(radio crackle)
Indigo 1. Immediate perimeter check of
alpha and bravo sectors, over!

Unexpected and loud Michael reels.

INDIGO 1 -VOICE
Indigo 1 copy, over!

The boy edges forward on his bed with sweat on his brow he
glances down then leaps to unplug the boom box.

VOICE
That's affirmative for a visual, on
UAP.

Michael jumps back onto the bed.

VOICE
Currently South bound over our
position.

Michael stares at the Boom Box visibly shaking, in disbelief
he stares at the chord still in his hand.

Michaels attention is pulled to the window beside him, he
lift one arm and peers through the blinds as something
outside approaches.

MICHAEL
(awe struck)
Whoa!

He turns to see the alarm clock, its bright red display
states 11:30pm.

A second later an incredible brightness shines from outside,
its light fills the bedroom.

The glass and blinds of Michael's window are absent as he
hovers out the frame and over his backyard.

His home and neighborhood shrink.

Everything fades when Earth comes into view before the
distance between makes it shrink in size.

Darkness.

53. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael Packs the last of his cameras, odd items and camping gear in the back of the family Jeep when Janet pulls up.

Her expression falls flat as she gets out, walks to the back of the car and grabs excessive arm fulls of groceries. Michael greets her at the trunk with a smile.

Janet rolls her eyes and walks away. Michael grabs 2 hands full of bags and follows after her.

JANET

So what is all that?

MICHAEL

It's some camping supplies I thought we would take advantage of spring break!

JANET

You know I'm supposed to work tomorrow.

MICHAEL

I know, I know. I just figured either everyone would want to go or I would just go by myself.

Janet slows then does an about face, scans Michael then returns on her way into the house.

MICHAEL

I thought the kids **might** want to go.

JANET

Did you even run it by the kids?

MICHAEL

I told them to be back from their friends house about now and we had something to discuss, as a family.

JANET

It sounds like you've got everything figured out. Apparently you don't need us to discuss anything anymore.

MICHAEL

Come on now, you're being melodramatic.

JANET

Am I now?

They cross the hallway past the living room into the kitchen, Janet peers at the clock on the wall.

JANET

It's already 2:45pm. Is that even enough time?

MICHAEL

Yes, Yes! That's why I packed everything without asking because I know it's always a hassle to get everyone moving.

JANET

Sleeping bags, tents, plenty of food and extra blankets?

They begin to set the groceries on the counter.

MICHAEL

Yes, Yes. Oh Food! and extra blankets I got to make room for that there might be room maybe under or around the cameras.

Janet raises one eye brow at him.

MICHAEL

We can make it work!

JANET

Your cameras? Michael I thought you said this was a family trip.

MICHAEL

I said this would be a great way to start spring break. A camping trip.

Janet drops her arms slack and stares at Michael.

MICHAEL

I mean, I want everyone to go, I just.

The door swings open from the garage as CiCi walks in followed closely by Israel who comes to a running stop, the door slams shut behind him with a thud.

TRANSITION

54. EXT.CAMP SITE-DAY

A fire crackles near two tents interspersed between a couple semi young pine trees.

Erected across from there are folding chairs next to a campsite table of assorted gadgets.

Neatly placed on the table top is a laptop, a digital CB radio, Multiple laser pointers, an RF Scanner, a telescope and night vision goggles.

ISRAEL

Dad what is all this stuff?

JANET

My thoughts exactly.

Michael glances up as he sets up the final camera.

MICHAEL

Well at dark all these cameras will watch the sky for us. The telescope, I thought would be fun to learn some constellations together.

CICI

What?

MICHAEL

Please believe it.

Janet observes Michael and the kids.

Michael looks o Israel and Cici and to his surprise their interest is peaked.

MICHAEL

This baby here can peer close enough to see the moon up close, most of the planets, we can even see the moons of Jupiter!

CICI

Cool!.

ISRAEL

(in awe.)

Yea, awesome.

Michael smiles and motions for them to join him.

Wide eyed they run towards the telescope.

JANET

Should I dare ask how much all this
cost?

MICHAEL

I admit I don't know everything about
all this stuff. I did make sure to
read the directions.

Janet watches them point to the rising moon, she joins them
tilts her head up and smiles.

MICHAEL

We just have to use these two nobbs
here to move it. When we find
something though we'll have to chase
after it after it as it moves out of
view.

KIDS

(unison)

Cool!

TRANSITION

The sun sets over the mountain's side, the sky reflects a
slowly changing kaleidoscope of colors.

Janet stokes the fire.

Michael carries over cans of food, an oven mitt and plastic
spoons.

He peels open 4 cans and sets each around the fire followed
by some hot dogs he sets on a small grill that rests on rocks
beside the flames.

55. EXT.CAMP SITE-NIGHT

CICI

Wow!

THE VIGNETTE OF THE TELESCOPE CAPTURES THE JAW DROPPING
VISION OF THREE OUT OF THE FOUR MOONS OF JUPITER, TOGETHER
THEY PUSH PAST THE EYE VIEW WITH SURPRISING SPEED.

CICI
They're almost gone again!

Cici's face is close to the diopter when she looks up at Michael.

He hovers behind her and the diopter with one eye squinted. Michael peers up to the sky then back and adjusts a large knob below with a subtle twist.

MICHAEL
How's, that?

ISRAEL
I want to see. Please!

Michael puts a gentle hand on his shoulder.

MICHAEL
Give your sister one more minute then
its your turn, I promise.

Israel gives a solemn nod then waits his turn.

Michael nods at him then gives him a hug with one arm around the boy.

Janet stands half leaned against the picnic table, she gazes up at the night sky.

Michael's jacket sleeve is pulled by Israel when he looks down.

ISRAEL
My turn yet?

MICHAEL
Ha Heh, Okay, alright. CiCi.

She steps back from the diopter with the roll of her eyes.

CICI
(Interrupts)
It's fine, they all just left the view
anyway.

She walks over and plops down beside her mother.

MICHAEL
Alright, let's adjust this.

He leans over the telescope again and turns the two knobs.

MICHAEL

After your turn, we'll switch subjects
and look at our moon. Look guys! Here
it comes, it's almost right above us.

Larger then life and a warm hue the full moon rises towards
its apex.

CICI

Whoa!

Israel pulls away from the telescope.

ISRAEL

Wow Dad! Those moons are all
Jupiter's?

MICHAEL

Yes sir. There is a forth, we just
cant fit all of them into view at
once.

ISRAEL

Why not?

MICHAEL

There's just too much space between
them all.

ISRAEL

Wow, this is so cool!

The moons one by one leave the frame when Israel glances back
down at the diopter.

MICHAEL

Alright hows about some scenery
change, huh?

ISRAEL

Yea, yea! I want to see the moon.

Israel looks up then over to his mom with a huge smile.

ISRAEL

Whoa!

JANET

Please.

ISRAEL

Please!

Janet smiles at Israel then to CiCi, she returns to her feet with a bound she steps over to the telescope.

MICHAEL

Let's let your mother take a look too.

JANET

I thought you'd never ask.

Janet feigns a smirk at the children before she crosses to the telescope.

She cant help but peer up with a gasp coupled with a smile.

56. EXT.MOUNTAINS-NIGHT

Janet zips up the kids tent and walks toward Michael who plops down at the site's picnic table next to his gear.

JANET

I have to admit that was nice.

Michael holds the laser pointer up, taps it twice, which emits a bright green line across the sky.

MICHAEL

And educational.

Michael miles to himself as does Janet as she sweeps the discarded plates, food and cups from the picnic table into the trash that dangles over the edge and ties it at the top.

JANET

So.

MICHAEL

(clears throat)

Ehem.

JANET

I take it, you'll be staying out here tonight.

Michael opens his mouth then stops.

They share an awkward silence.

Janet shivers and reaches for the blanket draped over her

chair.

Michael approaches and helps lift it over her shoulders when they share a warm moment without words.

JANET

Well, Im going to get some sleep then.

Michael wavers. Janet is about to speak, and doesn't just turns away.

Michael moves to the cameras and Janet the Tent.

DISSOLVE

57. EXT.MOUNTAINS-NIGHT

Two tents stand side by side, the campfire fades, the embers glow and emits a thin plume of smoke.

Two camera's record in opposite directions and a third in night vision records a wide angle of the sky above.

At the picnic table the electronics rests next to Michael, he's deep asleep.

His body shivers, his eye lids flutter, he sinks into a dream state and lets out a soft groan.

58. INT.CHILDHOOD HOUSE-NIGHT

Younger Michael looks up from his comics to the alarm clock just as 11:29 turns to 11:30pm.

His head swivels to the Boom Box when the speakers blare to life, then quickly places his hands over his ears.

VOICE

ECHO Team. Perimeter check at alpha & bravo sectors, over.

Michael leans back and glares at the boombox then scans down to the empty socket and the chord that rests on the ground.

VOICE

Echo Team, do you copy? Over.

Michael slowly leans forward.

VOICE

HQ. That's a go for UAP. Currently in

a South bound flight path, over.

His attention shifts to the window, sweat forms on his brow as he lifts one arm to peer through the blinds.

Michael is met with a bright white light that permeates every where, his sight returns to the window now completely absent before him, time appears to slow to a halt along with it.

MICHAEL

(slow)

Whoa!

Michael aware floats through the windowless frame high above his backyard.

Everything from there on appears in short glimpses, his home and neighborhood shrink.

Everything becomes dark, the Earth comes into view then slowly at first, the moon rises in the distance.

Then **Brightness**.

TRANSITION

59. EXT.MOUNTAINS-DAY

The world around comes too slowly with the sun rise.

First a gentle breeze accompanied by the sounds of birds, the noises of other campers and vehicle's engines.

Michael shivers, lifts his head and looks around at his equipment.

ALL THERE.

The tents each still closed.

In the distance, a lone vehicle navigates the last few campsites toward the exit.

Michael stands, rubs his head and looks around puzzled he thinks to himself in a failed attempt at recall.

Frustrated he walks to the equipment and shuts the cameras off.

He crosses to the Jeep, pulls the cooler from the back and

closes the hatch.

TRANSITION

60. EXT.MOUNTAINS-DAY

The family awakes led out by Janet, they each smile, Israel lifts his nose and sniffs at the air that turns to an approving smile.

Michael is at the grill with a cast iron skillet, he wraps up eggs, bacon and some fried potatoes with coffee.

61. INT. JEEP-DA

The kids happy in the back seat, CiCi plays with her toys Israel arm extends out the window his hand sways in the wind.

Janet watches everyone from the front in her side view mirror then smiles as she looks to Michael.

He quietly drives focused. She places her hand on his neck and rubs at it when Michael relaxes and smiles back.

JANET

Any dreams last night.

Michael shakes starts to shake his head then stops and stares peers forward.

Janet's Smile fades as she takes in his demeanor change, she turns to watch the road.

TRANSITION

62. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

It's midday when the family pulls up to the house.

They each grab their own bags.

Michael takes extra trips each time interspersed in heaps are camera's, electronics and camping gear.

63. INT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael sets the last hand full of equipment down with a grunt.

He appraises the new mess, sighs and looks for the camera and laptop.

Once found they're quickly removed from their bags and before him at his desk.

Next the media is pulled from the camera and slid in the side of the laptop.

Michael begins to log and scan the footage from the first camera.

15 minutes later his face in his palm, he squints at the play head and moves for the mouse. He pulls the play head forward and is rewarded with a manual scrub of the time line. Soon he arrives at the end, nothing.

Michael lifts his head and stares at the screen, the video stops on the last seconds as the sun rises and his video image approaches the camera to turn it off.

He rewinds a ways further then curious, he stops it. Michael peers at a bright spot akin to a planet or star that doesn't move or blink.

The mouse clicks on eject. He removes the SD card from its slot and lifts a second camera from the desk. The second SD card slaps into the slot.

The footage appears as Michael begins to scrub through it still tedious at best.

He loads the third card, takes pessimistic pause, lowers his head a beat then pops back up with a fresh thought.

Michael opens the stock edit program in the computer and pulls all the footage into a bin, highlights all three and right clicks the mouse, options open. He highlights multi camera and clicks it.

The footage pops up on the screen in one big window with all three cameras playing at once. Michael smiles as he watches intent, his eye ball darts back and forth to examines the screens each simultaneous.

30 minutes later and Michael sits back draws his hands to his eyes and lets out a Chewbacca Moan before he settles forward again, Janet stands behind him at the doorway.

JANET
Find anything?

MICHAEL
(chuckles)
Ha, hmm.

Michael doesn't answer only shakes his head.

JANET
So the whole trip was for nothing.

Michael turns to face her.

MICHAEL
No. I mean, yes it was. We had a great
time, as a family. Didn't we?

JANET
I don't know, did we? Meanwhile you
stayed up the whole night, again.

Michael blinks at her then with an audible sigh turns his
head.

MICHAEL
I had a great time and the kids did
too. You're making it about what you
want to see, not what actually
happened.

JANET
Am I now? I'm just ecstatic over your
spontaneous family trip, where you
packed us in between all your new
gear.

She stops, take a breath begins to let it go then turns back
at him.

JANET
All to do a little stargazing with
your family before you shuffled us off
to bed. To what? Stay up the rest of
the night doing, doing, I don't even
know what!

Michael fixes an aloof glare on Janet, shakes his head then
returns to the computer.

MICHAEL
That's not fair.

JANET

Not fair. Not fair! Not fair is me not
having my husband all the sudden.
You're not going to work. You're
abandoning your children! That Michael
is **not** fair.

Michael holds his tongue but breathes heavy as he shakes his head.

Michael begins to feel shaky, his vision blurs and darkens around the edges when the shrill noise returns. Michael raises a hand to his head, Janet nears and reaches for him

JANET

Michael.

MICHAEL

You don't get it.

Michael pulls away from her squints his eyes at the lamp in the room before he glances to Janet dis-heartened.

MICHAEL

You're trying to down play this. I
keep coming to you and telling you
everything as it happens and you act
like this is some kind of freak
accident we want to get past. Well,
you know what? I won't ignore it! I
won't. This might be the single most
important thing to happen to me in my
whole life!

Janet turns and walks away when she stops to face him.

JANET

What about Us! What about your family
Michael? Aren't we important, huh?
Don't we matter anymore!

She begins to break down and cry.

Neighbors in the house across the way stare from their window when Michael notices and returns the stare.

The neighbors just as soon disappear behind their curtains.

MICHAEL

I think you're making this whole us
thing out to be more than it really

is.

JANET

And I really think you need to see someone.

He rubs at his head as the sound ebbs.

MICHAEL

What!

JANET

We need to see someone, You need to see someone. I don't know, if you don't start paying more attention to your kids or!

MICHAEL

or what Janet? what! I'm doing the best I can. I don't know what this is! Hell, I don't even know what's going on.

Janet nods to her self when she next looks back at Michael tears fill her eyes.

JANET

Exactly. That's why I made an appointment for you to see a Dr. Sandra Smith.

MICHAEL

You what?

JANET

I made an appointment for you with a psychologist.

MICHAEL

Are you serious right now? We handle things within our family. This **ultimatum** is how you do me?

Michael begins to pace back and forth his skin starts to flush from anger.

JANET

You haven't left me much choice. You haven't been a part of this family for a while now Michael.

MICHAEL
You have to be kidding me! Do you know
the power these Fucking shrinks have
nowadays, babe?

Michael stops and stares at Janet.

Janet matches his gaze with a teary eyed, both her hands up.

JANET
Michael. We **need** help.

MICHAEL
I can't believe you. I trusted you.

After a long pause Michael turns and walks away with out a
word or a look back.

In the foyer he removes his keys from the wall.

JANET
Michael!

He continues toward the door and starts down the hallway when
a loud double knock is heard at the front door.

Michael stops, looks to Janet who returns an aloof glance
when a harder knock is repeated.

VOICE
This is the San Fernando Police
Department.

Michael closes his eyes and grits his jaw, takes a breath and
approaches the door.

S F P D-VOICE
Could you please come to the door!

Janet follows a few steps behind.

64. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

The door opens on two stoic police officers, one male, one
female.

MALE OFFICER
MA'AM, SIR.

The officers both lock on Michael with suspicious glares, the
male officer inspects Janet as he attempts a step closer.

FEMALE OFFICER

We have a report of a domestic disturbance, we'll need you both to step outside please.

MICHAEL

There's been no such thing and you can see and speak to the both of us clearly from out there.

FEMALE OFFICER

Not quite sir. In the event of domestic disturbance, it is routine to gather statements from any individuals to determine whether there has been an aggression in the household and if so to remove or reprimand either party into custody.

JANET

Look officers we were arguing but nothing like that!

MALE OFFICER

We understand ma'am but we're still going to have to ask you both to step outside.

MICHAEL

I don't think that will be necessary.

Michael feigns a smile and starts to take a step back to close the door.

Janet eyes widen.

FEMALE OFFICER

Sir. You don't tell us what to do. We tell you!

65. INT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael's head begins to pound and swim as the sound returns with the high pitched sound, his vision bright at the edges.

JANET

All right, now who's being hostile here?

FEMALE OFFICER

Ma'am, We're here to help. Now kindly

do as we say or we can charge you both
with obstruction.

JANET
Obstruction! Really now. We'll
cooperate but you need to calm down
with the threats.

Michael begins to rub at his temple, the keys dangle from his
hand.

The Male officer observes Michael.

MALE OFFICER
Is there anyone else inside the
premises?

MICHAEL
Yes our children, let's leave them be.
They're in bed already, please.

The Male Officer steadies his first step inside the house
with a push forward.

MALE OFFICER
We're going to need to gather a
statement from them. Please have them
come outside.

Janet steps forward from behind Michael to stop the officer.

JANET
Uh, no your not at this hour and
please stay outside of my house. I am
not giving you permission to come
inside!

The female officer backs up her partner and reaches for the
wrists of Janet.

JANET
Ah! What the hell is wrong with you.

MICHAEL
Take your hands off my wife!

Michael steps forward, one hand he withdraws his wife by the
hips and the other he slaps away the wrist lock of the female
officer.

Startled and off balance she tumbles backwards.

66. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

Janet and Michael remain on their front door step, glance to each other with resignation and put their hands up.

The Female Officer attempts to regain her balance.

Her partner reacts with strong indignation and immediately moves for Michael with handcuffs.

No resistance is given, still Michael is slammed into the door frame with all his weight then wrenched to the ground.

FEMALE OFFICER

Stay right there! Keep your hands up
and lay down on the ground. Both of
you!

The female officers points a semi automatic pistol at Janet.

Michael attempts to brace his self while his arm is in a shoulder lock with one knee in his back. He groans and almost rolls the Male Officer from atop him by sheer instinct.

The officer caulks his pistol and realigns it with Michaels face.

JANET

Stop!

EVERYTHING SLOWS.

Michael exhales as the male officer shuffles his weight to regain control.

The kids appear in tears behind Janet in the doorway, they cry out with hands raised.

CICI

(sobbing)

Momma?

ISRAEL

Daddy!

67. EXT.POLICE CAR-NIGHT

Janet, Israel and CiCi stand outside the house in tears, the kids huddle under Janet as blue and red lights flicker off

the neighborhood.

The police stuff Michael in the back seat of the police cruiser, numb he glares out the window and peers around for Janet.

The police car pulls out the neighbored, a second squad car falls in behind.

Michael watches his family shrink out the side window, his children wear long expressions before they drift out of focus.

When they turn the corner Michael faces forward, a tear streams his cheek.

MALE OFFICER

Yea, well. You should have thought about that before you struck a police officer.

The Male Officer in the front seat shakes his head then looks forward with disbelief.

68. INT.POLICE CAR- DAY

Michael sits idle in the rear of the squad car, it speeds down the freeway as the sun rises in the sky.

69. INT.DOWNTOWN POLICE STATION- NIGHT

Doors buzz then click before the officers pull them open.

They march Michael in, park him in a line where they point at it then leave him for a window where they sign his wallet and ID over.

The Male Officer returns, leads him to a long bench among several other rows and sits him down.

After several detainees have been processed and moved out he is called to the window where he answers a barrage of health & personal questions.

He's finger printed, photo's taken then sent to another room full of inmates, has to change with everyone else into an ugly orange under sized jump suit and blue socks with two orange sandals one of which is cracked down the middle.

Michael holds it up, stares at it then slips it back on. He limps back into line with other inmates being put into

General population.

As soon as he emerges into the unit his sandal breaks as he steps leaving one exposed foot.

Michael lays in a cell and watches the clock go by. He's lined up for for a meal, returns then watches the clock awhile longer before he falls to sleep. Another meal is served then night falls, hours later a click is heard from a speaker on the wall.

C.O.
Michael Wescott

Michael lifts his head.

They give him back his clothes, he changes again in a separate room full of new strangers.

Each stick to their self during and after they're told to strip before they put their civilian clothes back on.

70. EXT.DOWNTOWN POLICE STATION-DAY

Michael appears from the small door off the side of the police station rear alley.

He turns the corner head down and is surprised when he see's the whole family waiting.

Michael takes two more steps then drops to his knees, the kids run to embrace him!

Michael smiles with each hug then peers to Janet.

Both exchange silent looks of apology, underneath is hurt. They all stand and turn to the car parked on the street.

71. INT.COURTHOUSE-DAY

Michael and Janet are in dress attire, they walk into a small courtroom full o people and wait in the back at long benches.

A man wraps his case and is handcuffed and reprimanded to custody.

Michael glances to Janet she reaches for his hand, she reaches up removes a piece of lint from his shoulder.

The next name called is their own.

Michael and Janet step in front of the judge and anxiously face him.

The judge reads out the charges of obstruction and assault on a police officer then pauses and looks to Michael and Janet.

JUDGE

I have taken this case into careful consideration. It is my duty to uphold the law, that also includes seeing to it that it was not violated on behalf of the citizenry as well.

The senior judge peers back at them with deliberation.

JUDGE

So, I'm going to ask you a couple of straight forward questions and I would like the same in answer form. Okay Mr. Wescott.

MICHAEL

Yes your honor.

Michael looks at Janet, who nods her head in return.

JUDGE

Did you and your wife have an altercation on the night in question?

This time when Michael looks to Janet with tenderness the judge takes notice.

MICHAEL

We did indeed have an argument but that was all sir.

JUDGE

Did the officers at any time **ask** if they may come in?

MICHAEL

No sir. That all happened during the uh, the scuffle that ensued.

The Judge takes an audible breath, looks over his glasses and Michael then to Janet.

JUDGE

You had children in the house at that time, is that correct?

Michael begins to shake and waiver.

Janet puts a hand on his and mouths "breathe". She slowly takes a deep breath herself.

Michael follows her example then peers back at the judge.

MICHAEL

(Clears throat)

'ehem. Yes Sir.

JUDGE

Uh huh.

The Judge marks two notations on the case file then looks back to Michael.

JUDGE

Mr. Wescott, you are lucky in that regard. It is at this time that the court seeks to reduce your sentencing to obstruction. What do you plea?

MICHAEL

Um, thank you your honor. I, however plead no contest sir. Er, I.

JUDGE

That's okay, you have that right Mr. Shepard.

MICHAEL

Thank you sir.

JUDGE

Don't thank me yet. While I wont be remanding you to custody or to a probation officer this time, particularly given the situation and circumstances. However you will have to attend domestic abuse counseling classes or a court mandated psychologist; your choice, for a minimum of six weeks.

Michael blinks, looks around then lowers his head, finally he nods.

TRANSITION

72. INT.PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE-DAY

Music plays quietly over the speakers.

Michael sits idle and mute, his thumbs encircle each other.

Dr. Sibi sits across from Michael, a small notebook, customary glasses, dress casual attire and a neat beard. The Doctor clicks his pen, returns it to his chest pocket then closes the notebook and sets it beside him.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I think you have your time with me
confused or rather I would like you to
know.

Michael shifts in his chair and lifts his eyebrows with a prudent pause he waits.

MICHAEL

No, I.

DR.SIBI

This time with me can be productive.
I'm not here to judge, just to help
you assess and better understand your
own position. Your day to day
thoughts, your stress and any related
or unrelated emotional duress that you
might be experiencing as well.

Michael nods then looks around the office, the sleek desk with a photo, the wall lined with diplomas, plaques, accolades and achievements.

MICHAEL

I'm curious, sir. I don't see any
pictures of kids, just the wife.

DR.SIBI

I'm sorry.

The Psychologist leans forward on his haunches and tilts his head sideways. He watches Michaels body language closely.

MICHAEL

I'm just wondering? When you ask if
their might be any emotional duress
you only have a career and a wife to
worry about, no children?

DR.SIBI

Would that make me a better qualified Mr. Wescott, to be a therapist, your therapist?

MICHAEL

Um, no. I just don't understand how you can sit there and do your job without having experienced what other people have. Children, Mental illness, Depression, Schizophrenia?

The Psychologist smiles, relaxes and sits back, takes off his glasses and places them beside him.

DR.SIBI

Well, While I've not had the majority of experiences mentioned. I've lost family to medical conditions, never to mental illness. I guess one might subjectively say, "fortunately not". In the end it is my education, clinical studies and day to practice that lends me both the experience and most importantly an objective insight to do what I so, humbly do.

Michael flinches at that last statement then returns his attention to the Doctor.

MICHAEL

Pretty sure I go through what every one else does, life. That night was quite a foul up though, um..

Michael clears his throat before he speaks and looks directly at the Psychologist.

MICHAEL

On both our sides. We should have cooperated more thoroughly with **them** and **they** should have checked their desire to use excessive force. Either way the charges were dropped and I'm doing everything I can to put this whole thing behind me.

DR.SIBI

Indeed Michael, I believe you. I surely can't say one way or another what happened that night and who was

in the wrong. Nor am I here too.

Michael returns a sideways glare at the Doctor, breaths deep and sits back himself.

DR.SIBI

Over the next six weeks I make an assessment If you are in anyway a threat to your self or others. If that were the case and only then would a case "status" be required, so that any treatment could be determined.

Michael raises his eyebrows and shakes his head.

MICHAEL

That's a lot of power for one person. You determine a good deal of people's lives, if I may say so Doc'.

DR.SIBI

I understand your apprehension Mr. Shepard. In the contrary, what is most often the case that one is determined to be of sound mind and body and is no longer necessary for the weekly visit and Evaluation is closed.

Michael observes the doctor. He blinks once then glances away.

MICHAEL

(sighs)

Look, whatever you want to talk about. I'm an open book.

DR.SIBI

Have you been having any concerns lately?

Michael shifts then silently shakes his head.

DR.SIBI

How about loss of appetite, headaches, insomnia, any recent trauma?

Michael looks up at the man then to the notebook which lay beside him un opened before he swallows and begins to open his mouth.

DR.SIBI
Which one Michael?

MICHAEL
Did someone say, Did Janet say
something?

DR.SIBI
No, Mr. Wescott. Are you, alright?

Michael hears but is distracted first by a lawn mower then vehicles that bustle about outside. Each seem to coalesce into one irritatingly busy noise.

Michael stands up, in turn the Psychologist sits upright and observes Michael walk to the window, he rubs at his temples.

MICHAEL
Eh, do you mind, if I close this?

DR.SIBI
Not at all, It's just for fresh air
and apparently a fair bit of noise
pollution today, huh?

Michael closes it as he feigns a smile. Afterwards he promptly returns to his seat then returns to rub his right temple.

MICHAEL
Yea, heh.

Slowly Michael removes his hand from his temple, the noises fade as does the accompanying ringing.

DR.SIBI
you seem a little agitated, perhaps
bothered by the excessive noise?

Michael takes a deep breathe then glances at him.

MICHAEL
Look the last thing I want to do is
give you any ammunition against me but
I said I would be honest, so here
goes..

Michael shifts restlessly in his seat.

MICHAEL

About two or three weeks ago I stopped having much of an appetite. I've been sensitive to light. Sometimes I have migraines or something and insomnia.

Michael briefly glances at the Doctor for any apparent judgements or assumptions.

MICHAEL

I guess sometimes I do have a ringing in my ears too or my head, I can't exactly tell which.

DR.SIBI

Uh huh, Tinitis quite common. Go ahead.

The Doctor nods and quietly reaches for the notebook, the other hand removes the pen from his shirt.

DR.SIBI

How about recent trauma, anything of note lately?

Michael shakes his head to the negative.

DR.SIBI

Loss of loved one's or friends.

Michael quietly returns inside himself.

MICHAEL

No.

Dr.Sibi reaches for his glasses and puts them back on.

DR.SIBI

Sometimes things like this are brought on by stress, changes in diet or even glandular triggers.

He writes a single line in the note book after a sentence then closes it back.

DR.SIBI

This week I'm really only going to suggest plenty of rest. After a couple visits depending both on what I hear

and what you're comfortable with, we might consider some alternative approaches. For now, I'd just like to continue to see you as per our predetermined guidelines.

Michael returns to awareness.

MICHAEL

Uh, oh. Okay.

DR.SIBI

Yes. And before you go, we have just a couple minutes left. If I may?

MICHAEL

(clears throat)

Yea um, Shoot.

DR.SIBI

Two things. Medications are there any I should be aware of?

MICHAEL

Nope, uh uh, and second?

DR.SIBI

Well, this one might seem a little more esoteric, your dreams. Have you had any, that you can remember? Any that stand out?

Michael swallows looks down then back at the Doctor, this time a little more prudent. He stretches his neck that cause a number of audible pops then rubs at the back of his head.

A faint hint of the ringing sound and a light head ache return that cause him to squint his eyes.

DR.SIBI

Often times the things that we are sub consciously facing off with in life or are undermining our health, show up in a variety of ways, sometime in our dreams. If something is bothering you, I'd be happy to listen and attempt to interpret the underlying theme.

Michael looks down and to the side, when he returns to face the doctor he shakes his head to the negative.

DR.SIBI

This is of course altogether another discussion however I'm also a licensed hypno-therapist.

Michael chuckles then smiles at the doctor.

MICHAEL

You want to hypnotize me, is that it Doc?

DR.SIBI

No, again I only want to help you. I only mention it so that you are aware of the methods I practice and options that are, available to you.

Michael nods, again cracks his neck then begins to encircle his thumbs.

Dr.Sibi notices then obviously checks the time on the clock in his office.

DR.SIBI

That looks like about all we have for today. I do appreciate you accommodating my schedule.

MICHAEL

Don't think I had much of a choice in the matter doc', but thanks for saying.

DR.SIBI

None the less, thank you.

Michael feigns a smile and stands up.

MICHAEL

Alright then.

DR.SIBI

Thursday, same time.

MICHAEL

Sure. Can't wait.

Michael exits the office Dr. Sibi watches him leave after which he picks up his notebook and jots something in it.

73. INT.HOUSE-DAY

In the kitchen Janet makes a late lunch.

Michael unbuttons his shirt and loosens his tie on the way to the couch. With his hand to his head he massages his temple his eyes fixed on the dead space in front of him.

JANET
(sincere)
How did it go?

She finishes at the counter with two plates crosses towards him.

Janet hands him one and keeps the other when she gives in and joins him on the couch.

MICHAEL
(sighs)
I don't know.

JANET
It can't be that bad. Was it that bad?

Michael turns his head slowly to face Janet.

MICHAEL
This profession and they're endless
ability to a fix labels to everything.

JANET
What do you mean?

MICHAEL
You still don't get it!

JANET
Get what?

Michael stares at her with disbelief.

MICHAEL
If I am experiencing something,
anything I don't know, outside their
normal. I can be held indefinitely.

JANET
(chuckles)
No.

Michael is taken back by Janet, he barely remains seated.

Janet stops her self mid giggle and re appraises.

Frustrated and hurt Michael wipes a tear that emerges.

JANET
Michael, I'm sorry.

JANET reaches out to touch him, Michael pulls away and starts to shake his head.

MICHAEL
(To himself)
I never thought it would be you.)

Michael's hands stiffen, he stretches his fingers, balls em into a fist then shakes then looses them again.

Janet watches him.

JANET
Michael.

MICHAEL
After everything. Just because I buy a few things or look for the truth. Or is it because I feel something is trying, to reach out to me?

Michael looks at then away from Janet, she watches him in wait.

MICHAEL
I don't understand why you would do this to me?

JANET
Do what to you. Michael you're scaring me.

Michael turns back to Janet before he scoffs at her then releases his fists before he peers down at them.

Janet watches as he stretches his fingers then rubs at his wrists.

In a short burst of movement Michael stands up, glares at Janet with tears in his eyes and half paces.

At last he shakes his head again then walks away.

Janet alone on the couch, lets out a deep breath when she slumps into sob.

74. EXT.CITY'S EDGE-NIGHT

Michael pulls onto a lone mountain that rises up out of a city suburb.

The lights from the valley below glisten as Michael hops out the vehicle, looks around then peers up and pauses before he heads to the back of the vehicle.

At the trunk he opens and peers inside.

A large trunk space is packed full with equipment, electronics, water and a cooler.

Michael stops and turns to look at the the path that veers up the mountain side. He stares back at the equipment, to the mountain again.

The trunk is shut.

75. INT.JEEP-NIGHT

Michael sits inside the vehicle the radio broadcasts Coast to Coast AM with George Noory while he eats a sandwich.

He pulls a map from the passenger seat, where a hand held camera, laser pointer and cell phone -that brightly shows a GPS coordinated map-all lay ready.

Michael rubs at his head and sigh's

MICHAEL

(To himself)

What the fuck are you doing out here?

Idle a beat Michael slowly leans forward then gazes up and out the front windshield.

Nothing.

Michael swallows and thinks to himself before he opens up the rest of the paper map.

He follows along on the the map, the cities out skirts nearby where he runs his finger past large streets or freeways that end there until he finds one only a few miles away.

He turns his head and peers into the distance then at last turns back to the map and taps on the spot with a nod.

76. EXT.CITY OVERLOOK-NIGHT

Michael pulls up front and center to a serene but crowded bluff just as the moon rises in the late night sky.

He gets out and walks to the back of the Jeep when he notices a number of high school or college kids peer from their vehicles.

Michael turns away and begins to pull equipment from the trunk as several youthful faces watch in bewilderment.

A number of cameras are carted out and set on tri-pods, the first car simultaneously starts up and pulls away.

MICHAEL

(chuckles to him self)

Heh ha.

A few minutes pass it becomes obvious as more electronics are set into view and another truck revs its engine then leaves.

A single fogged over station wagon remains parked near the brush at the far end of the bluff.

Michael grabs a pull over hoody from the passenger seat, puts it on then crosses to each camera and taps record.

He hops atop the hood of his truck and sits back.

The speakers share Coast to Coast AM whereon George Noory interviews someone from an alleged secret space program.

The two banter about Moon bases as Michael produces a skinny silver object from his pocket.

GEORGE NOORY (V.O.)

So you're telling me you know for a fact, that there is or that you have first hand knowledge of **The** alleged "L.O.C." or Lunar operation Command"?

CALLER (V.O.)

Yes sir. As an Executive Board Member

of a private conglomerate of aerospace and defense subsidiaries, I also over saw work in collaboration with several joint defense and private projects ranging from the Moon, to semi local asteroids and even Mars!

The pointer emits an ultra strong green laser as Michael peers down at it, sighs then directs it up and points it at the sky.

GEORGE NOORY (V.O.)

Please. Um, can you tell us and the listener's sir, what is this moon base like?

CALLER (V.O.)

Well there are very little that can be said about it. The only real thing I can say is that it's our military and several governments own moon base or Lunar operation Command as you called it..

GEORGE NOORY (V.O.)

Yes, well that is what it is called isn't it? That is what many have referred to it as or said it is indeed named.

A long minute passes as various random stars and planets are targetted in the sky when the radio pulls Michaels attention.

CALLER (V.O.)

Yes um, I guess that is accurate. Either way this entire facility is buried half underground with the newest or most modern of the structures built above ground as a sort of shiny metallic cylinder like smaller town whilst complete with several buildings, an enclosed bridge a number of air traffic control towers and a number of smaller runways!

Michael lifts his hand to his head and begins to rub at his temples. He caulks his head then laughs to himself as a shiver shudders through his entire being.

MICHAEL

You got to be shitting me.

GEORGE NOORY (V.O.)

Can you give us an idea of where It is?

CALLER (V.O.)

Sure I can, in fact while this base is on the dark side of the moon per se' there is a MiLab joint operations task base of sorts, on the bright side at its Ten o' Clock edge.

MICHAEL

What? If that were true.

Michael holds the laser in hand when he lifts his head to follow it, smiles and chuckles again to himself.

MICHAEL

I have the power!

He presses the laser and directs it at the moon squints then lifts his arm a little and refocuses the laser at the moons 10 O clock when he spots a plane fly past above.

MICHAEL

Oh, Whoops!

Michael pauses and watches the plane pass over head.

Eventually it does, Michael peers around then out at the view.

Another minute passes before he starts to fidget then returns to the sky with the laser.

MICHAEL

S.O.S.

Michael fakes a laugh and an awkward face then drops his arm to the car.

He sits awhile longer then drifts to sleep.

At last the car across from him starts their engine then slowly drives away.

Michael awakes soon after, slides off the hood and start to pack up.

77. INT.OFFICE-NIGHT

Back home Michael pulls a stack of media cards from the cameras and starts the multiple downloads.

Soon thereafter he begins to scan through them one by one.

Before long he has again succumb to sleep.

The sun rises and the birds chirp.

The door pushes open Janet peers in and her eyes scan him. She sighs, shakes her head and walks away.

78. EXT.HOUSE-NIGHT

Michael sits recluse in the office surrounded by books in various positions, several are open or stacked inside one another.

Self Help and Dreams, Meditation and Astral projection, alien abductions, crop circles and one on top of the pile opened to a page the chapter titled **Secret Space Programs**.

Michael looks over the entirety of the items in his vicinity, further surround by the cameras and electronics of the previous night.

He rubs at his temples lifts his head then sips at a mug of coffee and just as quickly spits it back into the mug.

MICHAEL

(swallows)

Ach!

Michael sets the mug down, pushes it back from himself then returns his hand to his face. He picks up a book already opened and continues to read a beat later he lowers it and looks to the computer.

Michael quizzical gazes around then leans forward and opens an Internet browser.

The search engine fills the screen, Michael types a name *Dr. Sibi*.

What returns is Dr. Sibi, PHd. practicing Psychologist and noted Hypnotherapist.

Michael clicks on one of the links that states the doctor has been a pioneer in taking the fringe science of Hypnotherapy

into a more respected field of study.

Also listed are a number of research grants and studies he headed, including *Psychotherapy and Violent Criminals*, *Hypnotherapy as well as Trauma Patients and Regression Hypnosis in Child Abuse Cases*.

The back arrow highlights with a click of the mouse and the search results change as Michael scans the rest of the page.

At the bottom an older post states the promising Dr.Sibi is top of his field.

When he clicks on the result, pictured is a younger Dr.Sibi next to an article that speaks highly of the young Doctorate who now "seeks to help patients that suffer any number of known and unknown mental conditions, using his new methods".

It continues to list a number of recognitions and accolades.

Michael stares at the screen another minute then nods his head.

MICHAEL

Okay Doc.

He picks back up his book with a nod when he returns for his coffee but stops just shy of another sip.

Michael pushes the mug back with a smirk, lifts the book up to read when remembers to check the clock.

MICHAEL

Oh, yea!

CUT TO

79. INT.PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE-DAY

DR.SIBI

Please Michael, come on back.

Michael nods and follows in behind him.

The doctor leads them both into the office and takes his eat first, Michael follows him hesitant.

Dr. Sibi takes notice.

DR.SIBI

Please. Feel at ease, have a seat.

Michael breaks into a half smile then slowly sits.

MICHAEL

So. I uh, looked you up.

Dr.Sibi nods and returns a smile.

MICHAEL

I hope that is okay? I don't mean to put you on the spot.

DR.SIBI

Not at all. what did you find?

MICHAEL

I have to admit, more than I thought I would. It appears I'm fortunate to have been referred to such a reputable therapist.

Dr.sibi takes a seat, his pen and pad remain beside him on an end table. He advances a gentle smile, takes a breath then looks to Michael

DR.SIBI

My mother committed suicide when I was 11. She was depressed a long time before that but I had to come to understand that for myself. In full disclosure, working here 2-3 days a week around my practice obviously pays school loans quicker.

Michael stares back and attempts to discern the doctors motives.

DR.SIBI

I'd also like to think I'm giving back. I treat each case individually and with sincerity.

MICHAEL

I have to admit the the whole hypno-therapist thing is, intriguing. That plus your research and I guess I'm not as..

DR.SIBI
Adverse.

MICHAEL
I was going to say skeptical.

DR.SIBI
Awe, yes. Well, I do get that one of course. There's not been as much attention to what's published on hypno-therapy as it's more commonly called.

Michael sits back and listens to the Doctor.

Dr. Sibi observes Michaels posture.

DR.SIBI
Even in academia there is little research over the last twenty years. Still it has been both a challenge and a inspiration to be a pioneer in my field.

Michael nods at the doctors modesty.

DR.SIBI
Take you, for instance. It's your own curiosity that might allow me to foster such trust between us that you allow me to conduct just such a session. Others may take days, weeks even months to communicate that possiblity or need.

Michael leans forward, turns his head then moves to a spot not directly in the lone sun beam that pokes through the office blinds.

DR.SIBI
I apologize, I know last time it seemed you might be suffering from light sensitive headaches. I attempted to close the blinds before the session. It appears that rogue beam of light cant be stopped, you know?

MICHAEL
No worries, thanks.

As Michael adjusts, a headache fades in and out, the

accompanying sound soft yet still audible.

Dr.Sibi gets up and pours a cup of water from his cooler by the door and hands it to Michael.

MICHAEL

Funny, I haven't had these in a couple days. They start then go away or at least seem to wash over.

DR.SIBI

Is there anything else Michael, that you have been experiencing? Something that you haven't said or would like to speak about.

Michael rubs at his temple, the sound fades and the room settles. The lone sun light shows through to the couch beside him.

MICHAEL

(sighs)

Dreams. I've been having, dreams.

TRANSITION

Michael sits feet up on the longest section of the couch. The lights dim the music off and the fan in the room on low, a tape recorder rests on the desk its red light blinks.

DR.SIBI

(monotone)

Listen to my voice Michael as you stare at the ceiling fan above.

The ceiling fan whirs quietly the light underneath a soft yellow that create gentle arching shadows over the fan.

Michael stares up at it.

DR.SIBI

I would like you to follow my voice as I direct you inward Michael. Ever inward. Relax your head and neck, your shoulders and torso. Relax your whole body, your thighs all the way down to your feet and toes. Just relax.

MICHAEL

Uh huh.

Michael sounds as if he mumbles. His voice becomes more audible, his eyes squint and he furrows his brows, one hand instinctively lifts and rubs at his temple.

DR.SIBI
Is it the light again?

MICHAEL
This sound in my head, is so high pitched..

DR.SIBI
Its alright Michael, just relax.

MICHAEL
The light, the light is so bright!

Instantly Michael's torso pulls upward, his muscles tighten from head to toe, locked tight.

DR.SIBI
Don't fight it Michael! Now try to relax.

Michael begins to perspire and pant, shivers come over him as he lifts a terrified face.

DR.SIBI
Where are you?

Tears builds in Michaels eyes.

MICHAEL
(whispers)
Help me.

Dr.Sibi startled, watches Michael, gulps, takes a breath then leans in.

DR.SIBI
Michael.

MICHAEL
Ugh!

Michael depresses his body and relaxes in his seat both hands go up as he lets out a breath he leans forward his eyes open in slits.

MICHAEL
Where. Where are they taking me?

Dr.Sibi continues to observe cautiously he re appeals.

DR.SIBI

Who? Who is taking you Michael.

Michael pants, sucks in oxygen two times then slowly lifts his head to see Dr. Sibi eye to eye.

His eyes enlarge as he recognizes something beyond Dr.Sibi's face and bursts into a gasp of sheer horror.

MICHAEL

Aghhhhhh!

His voice registers for a beat before the sound stops though his mouth continues to be open, a tear rolls down his cheek.

Dr. Sibi observes in shock.

DR.SIBI

Please. Michael. **Relax.**

Michael slumps back. He raises his hands across his face as he takes another in a series of deep breathes.

MICHAEL

Is That?

Michael lifts his head ever so slightly and looks over his arms.

MICHAEL

The Moon. Wow.

Dr. Sibi attempts to sit back in his chair one arm extended to guide him.

DR.SIBI

Michael did you say, the moon?

Michael's head swivels as he watches an invisible Moon go by out the window of his minds memory.

Dr.Sibi moves his own head as he leans to see what Michael does.

MICHAEL

Where, are we going?

Michael continues to shiver, he leans forward and peers around the room then huddles forward and looks over

something.

MICHAEL
Why are we here?

Slowly Michael reels back then looks up and just over the shoulder of Dr.Sibi

MICHAEL
I've been here before.

Michael turns to his right before an immediate reproach when he recognizes another unseen entity. Dr.Sibi joins him in his gaze.

MICHAEL
I don't want to be back!

Michael fights to turn and get away but is frozen stiff.

MICHAEL
I want to go HOME.

Michael's facial expressions changes as he again stiffens, he falls back on the couch and is overcome with tremors.

He stares up at the ceiling as if something remains above him.

MICHAEL
UGH, Ugh, UGH, Ugh!

Dr. Sibi again follows his gaze before he stands up, crosses to him and places a hand on his shoulder.

DR.SIBI
Michael. Listen. Return to me.

It takes a short minute for Michael to straighten up, as he does his tremors fade.

DR.SIBI
Please. Take your time. Michael. Can you hear me?

Michael relaxes then blinks, open his eyes, wipes at his face. He returns his focus to Dr.Sibi.

MICHAEL
Yea, I can hear you. Did it work?

TRANSITION

80. ENT.WORK TRUCK-DAY

Michael pulls out of the plaza onto the road.

81. INT.WORK TRUCK-DAY

Euphoric, a subtle smile graces Michael.

He rolls down the road.

Michael clicks the blinker and turns onto the freeway, he cruises no less than half a mile up the ramp when he joins a group of gridlocked traffic.

Michael looks down, puts on the radio then returns to his drive as a familiar oldie comes over the airwaves.

The traffic appears to break up and thin out after a mile as the freeway separates then widens.

Michael nods to the beat a thin smile on his face.

The freeway bends around a mountain, trees and houses line its crest their long shadows dance over the windshield the as the thin strobes of light blink over Michael his hands grip the wheel tight.

His truck clears the hill and continues around the mountain side into a warm bath of light as the freeway heads north

Michael is rocked by a sudden flashes across his minds eye. The Moon. A stainless steel cylindrical base. A Gray Alien!

MICHAEL

Agh!

Barely able to hold the wheel steady, sweat covers his brow.

He tries to take deep breaths and glances for a shoulder to pull onto.

The freeway nears an interchange, as it does the signal to the radio fades and winks in and out.

The sound turns metallic and intolerable when Michael succumbs to another group of flashes across his mind.

He fights to reach out and turn off the radio when he swerves into the lane on his right and nearly crushes the small car

there, that brakes to avoid the collision.

Michael hears the honk of a horn, eyes squinted he peers into the rear view then at last turns off the radio.

The lower roadway re-emerges from below, the brightness stabs at Michael's eyes as he lifts his arms to block out the light that shines immense and an overbearing.

MICHAEL

Awe!

The truck crashes into the vehicle in the lane on his left then bounces off and veers to the right and smashes into the side railing.

82. EXT.HIGHWAY ROAD-DAY

Vehicles push by as Michael lulls from inside his work truck the windows cracked the front passenger side window is smashed to pieces.

Someone approaches and looks inside.

PERSON

Hang in there buddy. The police have been called. Help is on the way.

The voice fades, everything goes dark.

When next his eyes open, Michael hears a loud noise then a crunching metallic sound as his car door is ripped off by a hydraulic operated emergency device.

Immediately followed by a rush of fireman.

TRANSITION

83. INT.AMBULANCE-DAY

Michael is lifted into the back of an ambulance, he drifts off as the sirens blare.

The night sets all around him.

TRANSITION

84. INT.HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Michael comes too, his family surrounds him.

The kids brighten up and leap to his side. they lean on him with hugs.

MICHAEL

Ugh! Its good to see you too.

JANET

Babies be careful your father is in a lot of pain right now.

Janet's sullen expression changes to a soft smile as she crosses over, leans in and draws Michael into a long hug.

JANET

Are you okay?

Michael quietly nods then re positions and faces the kids with a gentle smile.

A Nurse walks in.

NURSE

Great your awake.

The Nurse approaches Michael lifts a mini flashlight clicks it on and checks his pupillary response.

NURSE

Please, follow the light with your eyes. Wow, Your lucky!

JANET

How so?

NURSE

We don't usually see many unconscious accident arrivals awake in the first day with out head trauma.

The Nurse smiles, jots a note in the clipboard, turns to leave when she stops.

NURSE

The Doctor will.. eventually be in to see you. If everything is alright you may be released this evening or she may decide to keep you overnight for further observation. It's really up to her.

(hushed)

And your insurance.

She emphasis the thought with her eye brows raised followed by an index finger over her mouth then exits the room.

Janet smiles at Michael with an inquisitive look of her own.

JANET
Well, that was honest!

MICHAEL
And different

JANET
Heh ha.

They both smile at each other, the kids watch.

Michael and Janet both look away hesitant.

Michael speaks up just as Janet is about too do the same.

MICHAEL
Look, um.
(unison)

JANET
What happened?

They both stop mid sentence.

MICHAEL
I don't know what happened..

JANET
Hah ha, heh.

Janet stares at Michael her eyes glossy, she drops her chin when she lifts her eyes she tries to meet Michael's.

JANET
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
I literally had just left the doctor's office. I was headed home when I, had those flashes.

Janet observes Michael and gives him time to speak.

Michael rubs at his temples then across his forehead.

JANET
What do you mean flashes.

MICHAEL
I, don't know.

JANET
Honey, was there anything different
about your session today?

MICHAEL
I don't think so.yea, I was
hypnotized. I mean I don't know if it
worked.

JANET
Wait, what!

Michael lifts his head and holds a gaze with Janet.

MICHAEL
He asked. I just don't know what
happened. When I came out of it he
didn't say a thing. He seemed,
spooked.

Janet places her hand on his then nods and looks to the kids.

85. INT.HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Michaels room is quiet, the wind blows against the palm trees
outside the second story window.

Asleep in his bed, Michael's eyes flutter his voice low he
begins to mumble and whimper.

TRANSITION

86. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Michael awakes to a high pitched metallic sound that fades
then returns, it worsens when he spots the light that shines
through the nearby window.

He sits up, slowly reaches for his temples when he's overcome
with De Ja' Vu'.

Another beat and the feeling settles, he lowers his hand from
his head. Michael peers at his surroundings for awareness.

Jaw clenched Michael takes a breath, puts his feet on the
ground and audibly sighs into both hands, palms to the face.

MICHAEL
(frustrated)
Ugh!

Michael shakes it off as the high pitched noise fades, its startlingly replaced by a low rumble that appears to effect the room.

JANET
Babe?

Michael returns to attention, his hand to his temple.

MICHAEL
Huh? Yea Baby.

JANET
Didn't you hear me?

MICHAEL
No. No I'm sorry, I just woke up uh,
I. Did I just sleep through an
earthquake or just over sleep?

JANET
It's alright you must have needed it.
I thought you were awake and heard me.

Janet goes about her routine in vein as if his response didn't matter.

JANET
Breakfast is made. We are all down
stairs.

Michael curious walks past her and out the bedroom door.

TRANSITION

87. INT.HOUSE-DAY

The space appears to morph and outright change into the downstairs.

Michael walks from the dining room away from the family where Janet sits beside the children.

He approaches the front door as a second rumbling shakes the house.

MICHAEL
You don't feel that!

Michael turns back to see the house is empty semi dark and he's **alone**.

He groans to himself as he spots the front door another larger rumble sounds as if the world beckons him to investigate outside.

Michael reaches the front door and opens it.

88. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael steps through the doorway and gasps as he peers up and into the sky.

Emotions flood him, he's paralyzed from the immensity of reality shift.

MICHAEL
Aghhh!

A massive city sized space ship hovers above at an ominous altitude, half hidden behind ionic reentry and upper atmospheric clouds.

From the bowls of the enormous mother ship another condition of its existence stirs as hundreds possibly thousands of smaller craft detach and descend with frightening speed.

Michael remains glued to his doorway as he stands and awaits certain doom.

TRANSITION

89. INT.HOSPITAL-DAY

The sky a soft blue, the sun begins to rise outside the hospital room.

Michael awakes in an upright seated position drenched in sweat.

90. INT.HOSPITAL-DAY

The family walks in to greet Michael save a bandaged cut on his right cheek and a couple stitches to his left brow he is dressed and ready to depart the hospital.

He's pushed in a wheelchair by Janet as they exit the ward,

board an elevator, cross the first floor lobby and out the front sliding door into the light.

Michael raises one arm to shade his eyes, anxious he bites at his lip.

91. INT.JEEP-DAY

The vehicle cruises along, the kids in the back seat giggle to themselves.

In the front passenger Michael stares ahead out the window.

Janet drives yet takes notice. She engages the blinker to get off the freeway, glances over at Michael and puts on a smile.

Michael evades as he shifts his vision out the side window and peers into the sky.

Janet takes her time then speaks.

JANET
You alright?

Michael nods, he appears to scan the sky for something.

92. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

They arrive at home, the family bounds out of the truck, Michael deliberately opens his door slowly and climbs out.

Janet pulls his crutches from the back and hands them to him.

Michael takes them with a brief smile then with an exhale he stands up and into them, overhead storm clouds appear to gather.

93. INT.OFFICE-DAY

The rain begins to fall steady on the window of the office. Idle in his chair, one hand under his chin Michael is surrounded by stacks of books, electronics and equipment.

Janet passes then stops at the doorway, hurt she walks away.

94. INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

From the shadows of the hallway Michael emerges into the doorway of their room.

Janet is on top of the covers still dressed yet asleep.

Michael approaches the foot of the bed. He wains, notices her smeared eye make up then lowers his head.

A tear drops his cheek, when he lifts his head he reaches down lifts his side of the bed cover and tucks it over her.

Michael scans the room, peers down at her once more then turns and walks away.

95. INT.CHILDREN'S ROOM-NIGHT

Michael steps into the children's room, steps to each bed where he smiles down then kisses each child on the forehead.

Michael turns around, does a double take then limps away.

96. INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Michael sits on the couch and watches an old black and white film.

It wraps as credits roll when he starts to channel surf.c Commercials and bad programming is all is found. Michael yawns first then his eyes get heavy and he drifts closer to sleep.

An infomercial blares loudly and wakes him when he changes the channel to Nick at Night, just as Lost in Space begins.

Another yawn and Michaels drifts to sleep.

TRANSITION

97. INT.LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Michael feels a vibration and hears the sound of t.v. static as he comes too. He opens his eyes to a second subtle vibration and shake of the house.

MICHAEL

Hello.

Michael peers around.

MICHAEL

Anyone home?

There's no answer when another shake effects the house this time like a soft earthquake.

Michael hears familiar voices from the garage, he turns and

quickly makes for the garage door and swings it wide open and steps through.

98. INT.GARAGE-DAY

Janet stands in the garage where she rushes the girls to the Jeep.

JANET
Hurry up, let's get moving!

Michael watches then watches Janet.

MICHAEL
Is this actually happening. You can see this too, right?

JANET
Of course. Now, get in the truck we have to go!

Michael startled opens the door and piles in the truck next to several keepsakes and boxes of food and supplies.

Janet takes swiftly crosses the vehicle and jumps in.

MICHAEL
What is all this, stuff?

JANET
This is all **Our** Stuff..

Janet puts the keys in the ignition, turns it over then turns and stares at Michael.

JANET
I wasn't going to leave all **Our** Stuff!

Michael pauses before he answers curious he analyzes the situation and the kids then returns his gaze to Janet

MICHAEL
Okay. Are you sure we really need it all?

Before Michael can finish his sentence Janet throws it in reverse and steps on the pedal.

They peel backwards out the garage.

The Jeeps skids to a stop at the bottom of the driveway.

Janet pushes the shifter down into Drive and stomps on the gas pedal as they peel out then speed off down the road.

99. EXT.ROAD-DAY

The terrain morphs into to a highway, the Jeep speeds along. Michael glances around. He appears confused.

MICHAEL

Whoa. Wait, what?

The children look excited and anxious yet act strangely calm and mute.

Michael turns from them to Janet, she stares forward with focus as she drives through thick traffic.

Michael feels another rumble and hears a vibration in the distance when he leans to the side window and gazes out.

High in the sky a horrible sight as hundreds of space ships fall in columns, from high in the atmosphere then scatter into a steady wave of attacks.

TRANSITION

100. INT.LIVING ROOM-DAY

MICHAEL

Ugh!

Michael startles awake, sweat covers his brow. He reels as reality returns with a quiet sureness.

Above him Janet stands with her hand extended out.

JANET

It's okay. I came down stairs to find
you dreaming or having a nightmare.
I'm not sure which!

Michael tries to relax and slumps.

Janet stands by a beat concerned, she peers around then spots her phone.

JANET

Are you alright, babe?

Michael shivers between breathes.

MICHAEL
It all.. seemed so real.

A silent sob escapes, he shakes his head side to side.

MICHAEL
Why is this happening?

Janet remains behind him and returns her hand to his shoulder.

Michael calms and moves to rub his temples.

The kids can be heard in the hallway upstairs.

Michael lifts his head when the two of them come down together.

Janet rubs his back, they put on a smile.

Michael stands up, makes his way to the breakfast table and sits in his chair.

The family eats their food when Janet speaks up.

JANET
Hey, I'm going to take the children to school. Relax for a bit. We'll talk when I get back.

The children grab their backpacks, Janet her keys then make for the door.

101. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

Michael steps outside one flip flop on, dawns a half tied robe, heavy stubble, bandages and hair in disarray. He peers up at the sky, waits then takes a few more calculated steps and looks around.

He spots a plastic lawn chair, noisily drags it a few feet then stops and peers about before he half lifts it closer to the front door of the house, still in full view of the neighborhood.

Michael sits slowly on the chair where he then resides for the next several hours.

He watches as neighbors leave for work, take children to school or run various errands. Some return at lunch a postman delivers to each house, the children return after school,

some point at him when a neighbor notices she herds her children inside.

The sky turns a hazy yellow then a bright orange and lastly pink and purple by the time most return home from work.

Michael is still seated when Janet pulls up to the house at the end of the day with the kids in tow.

She climbs out the Jeep and walks around to the trunk, the kids run inside back packs in hands.

Janet crosses the yard, grocery bags in hand.

JANET

Have you been out here ..the whole day?

She stares at Michael then peers back over her shoulder at the neighbors then again to Michael.

JANET

I can't do this right now. Michael,
Please go inside.

Michael doesn't move. He caulks his head and looks to the the large ominous clouds above.

JANET

Michael!

Janet steps towards him then stops and looks to the neighbors that gawk from across the street.

JANET

Please. **Get up** and go inside the house!

Janet moves closer to him when she nudges him with a handful of grocery bags.

Absorbed in his gaze Michael is startled, jumps and knocks the bags from her hands to which Janet side steps him as various items fall to the ground.

JANET

What the..?

Janet aware of all eyes are on them steps back frustrated, puts her hand to her head.

102. INT.PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE-DAY

Janet sits besides Michael in the wait area of the office noticeably upset.

Michael appears calm albeit detached particularly so in a t shirt, shorts and a pair of flip flops.

The secretary stares at them anxious, she feigns a smile and attempts to be polite.

SECRETARY

Um. Would you like some water or uh, is there anything I can get you?

JANET

No, thank you.

Michael glances up briefly.

SECRETARY

It'll be just a minute or so more then the doctor will be out to see you.

JANET

Alright no problem. I would like to ask though, if I may have a moment with the doctor prior to the appointment. Please.

SECRETARY

Uh, I'll certainly see what I can do.

DR.SIBI

Hello. I can see you now. And Mrs. Wescott I think maybe you should sit in on this as well please.

They both stand, Janet starts to speak but stops her self.

An exhale and a stare later she follows the Doctor into the interior office.

103. INT.PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE-DAY

The secretary closes the door behind them, the Doctor gestures and they each take a seat.

DR.SIBI

Yes well. I wanted to invite you both here today, so that I can share my

professional opinion.

JANET

Already, after only a couple of sessions?

DR.SIBI

I do think things have uh, become quite obvious.

Michael takes a breath, raises both eye brows then glances back at the man.

Janet stares at him and opens her mouth, to which Michael shakes his head.

JANET

Please, share this apparent insight.

DR.SIBI

First I'd like to discuss the diagnosis and possible treatments.

Michael sits back in his seat.

DR.SIBI

(continued)

I'm fairly certain Michael suffers advanced paranoid schizophrenia.

Janet balks.

DR.SIBI

Some of the methods with which we can treat this is.

JANET

I hope your not about to say hypnotherapy because that seems to be the topic you're avoiding most right now.

DR.SIBI

Excuse me, mam. I'm trying to help you and your husband. At this point I'd like to discuss the diagnosis and proper treatment options.

JANET

Discuss? So your just going to skip

the part about your prior session involving hypnosis and that as the likely culprit and cause of the ensuing aftermath. You know that part where you knuckled around inside my husbands mind with your hilariously enormous and pretentious ego!

DR.SIBI

I simply performed a typical form of regression hypnosis. Where in your husbands case, he appeared to have a hostile reaction.

The Doctor nods towards the door.

DR.SIBI

It rather frightened myself and my staff! It was as if he just clicked. He was going on about something or someone that came for him.

Light shines through the blinds that are left half open to which Michael squints and Dr. Sibi takes notice.

DR.SIBI

His belief in these delusions are exactly the sort of evidence that determines..

Janet stares at the doctor taken aback by his callousness.

JANET

Uh huh. Well Doctor were you aware that last week my husband had a severe accident?

Dr. sibi raises one brow curious.

JANET

Immediately after leaving your *typical* therapy. DR.SIBI

DR.SIBI

I had no idea. I'm sorry to hear that.

JANET

Indeed you should be! He spoke of bright flashes, while on the road that led to the accident.

At that the doctor attempts to hide his reproach and keep his composure.

DR.SIBI

Michael. I wonder were these flashes at all, um related to your account of the uh, said events?

Michael observes the legal fencing between his wife and Dr. Sibi, he smiles at Janet's defense. He peers back at the doctor then nods in the affirmative.

MICHAEL

Yes, they were.

DR.SIBI

Hm.

JANET

Rethinking that conclusion, are we?

Doctor Sibi silent.

Michael takes notice grins at Janet. She stands up, followed quickly by Michael then the Doctor.

JANET

With that, I think we should all reconsider our options.

Janet stops just shy of the door and barely turns to face the man in his own office.

JANET

We'll reach out next week, after we've had time to speak to someone and review if we should reach out to the judge or what. Who knows how many other legal woes may be involved in this matter.

TRANSITION

104. INT.HOUSE -NIGHT

The sun sets through the window of the dining room.

The children quietly sit and they watch their parents in awkward silence.

JANET

I don't know, maybe I was wrong? I mean, He did seem a little flakey or in the least self centered.

Michael just pushes food around his plate then glances up.

JANET

Could you please, **Stop that!**

The children react more then Michael.

Michael slowly sets his utensils down.

JANET

Or **say** something.

Michael returns his eyes to Janet expressionless.

MICHAEL

What do you want me to say?

JANET

I don't want you to say anything specific, I just?

Janet gasps then exhales as she fights back tears.

MICHAEL

I'm just saying, I came to you first. You threw me to the wolves.

A tear falls from her eye.

JANET

Is that what you think, I abandoned you? Is that what this is all about? To spite me for trying to get you help, get **us** help!

Janet turns away from the children and tucks her face behind her sleeve then emerges tear free, save a small run of eye liner.

MICHAEL

Excuse me!Of course, I'm supposed to just divulge everything after that. Come to you with what I was still experiencing. After it was clear all you wanted was everything to be A-okay.

The children faces long they rear back, a tear rolls down the youngest's cheeks.

JANET

What I want is for everything to
return to normal. All I wanted was for
You to come back to **Me**.

Michael drops his chin, looks to the kids then to Janet and
takes a long breath.

MICHAEL

Don't you get it? I cant just, go back
to the way things were. Whatever is
happening to me, it's real.

JANET

What are you saying?

She leans forward and peers into Michaels eyes.

JANET

That we aren't real? Your family right
here, sitting in front of you **right**
now.

MICHAEL

That's not what I'm saying. You dont
have to be so dramatic or make
everything about You.

JANET

Then what are you saying Michael?
Because it sounds like you're choosing
some other reality, over your own
family!

MICHAEL

I'm saying it will probably never be
the same. You can accept me and what I
am going through or?

JANET

(upset)
Or what, Michael?

MICHAEL

I, I don't know.

The kids gaze from Michael to Janet and audibly sob.

Janet stands up, pauses then steps to the children.

JANET

I can't believe what your saying.

Michael turns to the children, feigns a smile then looks to Janet disappointed.

FADE TO BLACK

105. INT.HOUSE-DAY

The alarm clock on the microwave **blinks** 12:00AM.

Michael asleep at the couch stirs, the youngest Israel sits across from him and clicks at the television remote.

ISRAEL

Do we have school today?

MICHAEL

What day is it?

ISRAEL

I don't know.

Michael smirks as he stands to pass Israel and rubs at his head vigorously.

He squints at the microwaves blinking digital display.

Michael moves for the office, pushes the door open and peers at the computer that's asleep. Beside it the clock too blinks from loss of power.

A soft rumble sounds when Michael stops then rolls his eyes.

Another second and the vibration increases in strength when Israel stands up with a concerned look.

ISRAEL

Dad?

Michael steps from the doorway and motions for him.

MICHAEL

Come here.

They both stand under the door frame, Michael holds Israel one arm over his shoulder until the tremor calms.

MICHAEL

Janet!

He holds Israel as they step to the bottom of the staircase and shouts up again.

MICHAEL

Ci Ci. Janet wake up!

Michael begins up the stairs when Janet half stumbles down them behind CiCi.

JANET

That was really strong. Let's get outside where it's safe, in case theirs an after shock.

CICI

After shock?

Michael nods at Janet, he gazes around perplexed.

She notices then dismisses it as she reaches for CiCi's hand and they make for the front door.

MICHAEL

This is familiar.

JANET

What?

MICHAEL

I think this is, what I've been dreaming about.

JANET

Ok, but not now Michael we need to get outside

Janet reaches for the door knob, Michael looks concerned.

MICHAEL

Are you sure, this is happening right?

Another rumble sounds beneath their feet.

JANET

Yes it is. Now come on you two. Lets all get outside, please.

Michael stares at the handle, looks to Janet, bites his lip

and follows close behind.

JANET

Come on.

Janet pushes past the ebbing feeling of earth that shifts beneath them as the family pours out the front door.

106. EXT.HOUSE-DAY

The family falls forward and out onto the front yard alongside old strewn toys left sun damaged, dry bushes and dead grass.

Several other neighbors stumble and shuffle from their homes.

The children and Janet lean in for a hug.

Janet notices Michael doesn't join them.

She observes him then spots the next closest neighbors and then others that all seem to gaze or point skywards.

Janet turns and peers up, her mouth drops when she slowly shifts her gaze to Michael.

Michael concedes then lowers his eyes to meet Janets.

High in the sky, large cumulus clouds are seemingly torn into half creating a burning curtain of colors, at its center an incredible site emerges.

A massive sized, metallic space ship hovers upon re entry through the earths atmosphere.

A variety of sizes of smaller craft are released and encircle until a small fleet have amass and appear to discharge at high rates of speed in multiple directions.

Janet pulls the children close, they all tuck in around Michael.

ROLL CREDITS

