

THE UNSEEN

by

Shiva Ramanathan

WGAW. 1668738

Email:
SR1@HOTMAIL.COM

BLACK SCREEN

A man HUMS an Easter tune - "This is the way the bunny hops".

SUPER: "DAY AFTER EASTER - CAHUILLA DESERT, CA"

FADE IN:

EXT. CAHUILLA DESERT - DAY

Barren ground line both sides of the desolate highway. The nearest town is a shimmering speck in the horizon.

A police car approaches in the distance. The humming grows louder as the car wades through the blistering heat.

Suddenly, the humming stops.

The car swerves abruptly off the highway onto the dry land. Brakes screech as the car fishtails to a stop. Dust engulfs the car.

BARRETT HOGAN (42) emerges through the dust from the rear passenger door.

The blazing sun hides his face. Reveals only his monstrous frame, tattooed neck and long hair. An iron chain in front cuffs his ankles and hands.

Barrett hums again as he drags a police officer from the rear seat. Blood stains the ground as Barrett hauls the body from the car. The blood is from the dead officer's slit throat.

Barrett searches the officer's pockets. Doesn't find what he is looking for.

Barrett pulls the driver out from the cruiser - SHARON KELLY AKA SHAR (26).

A serrated shiv sticks out of Sharon's shoulder. A gash on her forehead. Blood and sweat plaster her face.

Barrett drops Sharon's limp body at her partner's feet. His large "size 23" shoes crush Sharon's right hand.

Sharon grimaces slightly but her eyes stay closed. She plays dead. Barrett searches Sharon's pockets.

Bingo!

Barrett locates the keys to his cuffs. His eyes gleam with excitement. They are scary as hell.

Barrett steps back to remove his cuffs. For a brief moment, his eyes move away from Sharon.

Sharon's left hand moves slightly. She finds what she is looking for - a gun buried under her partner's body.

Barrett whips around, free from the shackles. His wicked grin vanishes quickly.

Sharon points the gun at him.

Barrett steps back, stunned. He scans the area for any weapons that he could use. None.

Sharon struggles to see through her blood covered eyes. Barrett is a hazy shadow running for her car. She steadies her trembling hand.

BAM!

Barrett winces in pain as the bullet punctures his hip. Another shot finds his right leg.

Barrett dives into the police cruiser.

THE CRUISER

Is bereft of any weapons.

Police sirens BLARE in the distance.

Barrett's eyes burst with rage.

BARRETT

This ain't over, bitch.

Sharon fires again. Shatters the rear windshield.

Barrett starts the patrol car and speeds away.

Sharon shoots until the empty gun clicks. Her tired eyes close as police cars surround her.

INT. GREG'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

An old 19" TV plays Barrett's story.

ON TV

The POLICE CHIEF (56) talks to the press, grimly.

CHIEF
 (on TV)
 We're looking for this man.

A MUG SHOT

Of a tattooed Barrett shows on the TV. "BARRETT WESTON" is written next to the photo.

CHIEF
 (on TV)
 Barrett Weston. We believe that he's behind the Stuart family murder on Sunday. He was last seen in a gray ninety six Nissan Altima.

THE SHODDY ROOM

is illuminated by a myriad of lights of all sizes. Books about "EXTRA TERRESTRIAL LIFE" are scattered on the floor.

A BOOK

Has phrase "Vu-ga" highlighted.

GREG BISHOP (19), a neurotic nerd, sits on a worn out sofa. His eyes are glued to the TV. From the look on his pale face, today could very well be the end of the world.

CHIEF
 (on TV)
 He fled custody seven months ago killing one of our officers, Patrick Leary and injuring another, Sharon Kelly. He's armed and extremely dangerous. He is wanted for multiple homicides. If you have any information, please contact us immediately.

TV news switches back to the anchors.

NEWS ANCHOR #1
 (on TV)
 In world news, one hundred Pakistanis and eighty four Indians were killed in crossfire that lasted for three days along the India-Pakistan border. Tension between the two nations has escalated since the nuclear tests last month.

Greg flips the TV remote.

NEWS ANCHOR #2

(on TV)

A bomb blast in Israel injured eighteen. Five are in critical condition. The attack is believed to be by the same extremist group--

Greg switches the channel again.

REPORTER

(on TV)

We're here in Kalamazoo, Michigan where a couple was found shot--

NEXT CHANNEL

Reports a DUI accident.

ANOTHER CHANNEL

Shows a bomb blast in Afghanistan.

CLICK. Greg turns off the TV.

SUPER: "THANKSGIVING EVE - RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CA"

Greg's eyes reek of desperation. They roam the room like a caged animal.

The quiet in the room is abruptly drowned by STATIC from the TV. The TV turns on by itself.

ON TV

Channels flip in rapid succession until the TV stops on a dark sky.

A tiny white spec glimmers in the top right corner.

The spec slowly grows in size. It is a circular beam with a red core.

Greg looks closer in intrigue.

ON TV

The spec of light now floods the screen.

THE ROOM

Shakes as the light spills over from the TV. A water cup topples from the coffee table. The room is painted in the white light.

Greg takes off his shirt.

GREG
Vu-ga. Vu-ga.

Greg's back is littered with scars - wounds from a whipping. His forearm has dark spots from cigarette burns.

Greg kneels down before the TV. Tears stream down his cheeks as the light shines on him.

GREG
Vu-ga. Ga-su. Su-da. Da-ci. Ci-pe.

The light vanishes as quickly as it appeared.

A small sphere pierces through the TV's screen like it is a film of water. It lands on the sofa zipping past Greg. Vapors rise from the sphere's surface.

Greg whips his smartphone. Measures the temperature of the sphere in an infrared app - Ice cold "Zero degrees".

The vapors subside slowly.

THE METALLIC SPHERE

Is the size of a baseball. It is covered with exotic engravings. A line through the center indicates the sphere is made of two halves.

Greg slips on a pair of gloves. Twists the sphere nervously. Inside the hollow interior is a small piece of paper.

THE PAPER

Reveals the phrase,

"N3639W11623DECEMBER24N3639W11623".

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

Christmas wreaths adorn every door.

SUPER: "DECEMBER 13TH - HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA"

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A TV plays good news for a change.

ON TV

A mother tears up... tears of happiness.

The caption reads,

"DOCTOR PERFORMS SUCCESSFUL SURGERY ON SIX-DAY-OLD BABY".

The apartment is in shambles.

-- The computer, TV are covered in dust.

-- Dirty clothes are piled in a chair.

-- Bills, flyers are strewn on the floor.

-- Certificates for excellence in medical service lie on top.

BEN FISHER (33), beyond depression, stares intensely at a bottle of painkillers. A stubble hides what could be a good-looking face. He wears a medical gown.

ON TV

Newscasters laugh.

The headline,

"PEACE CONTINUES IN AFGHANISTAN".

BEN

Flips open the bottle. Gulps down a few painkillers.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A Christmas tree towers in a corner. On the wall above, a TV announces more good news.

ON TV

A medical correspondent speaks.

"MIRACLE DRUG FOR CANCER" scrolls through the screen.

BEN

Hurries through the hall as staff greet him.

NURSE

Welcome back, Doc.

RECEPTIONIST

It's good to see you again, Ben.

Ben ignores them. Heads for the operating room(OR).

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

8-year-old JOY DANIELS lies under anesthesia on the OR table. Joy's shaved head suggest she is being treated for cancer.

The medical team - surgical tech, anesthesiologist and OR nurse prep for surgery. The OR nurse helps Ben with the surgical mask.

OR NURSE

Heart rate 80. B-P 110 over 70.
Temperature 98.6. O-2 sats 96. All
vitals normal.

Ben sees Joy on the table. Her calm face disturbs Ben.

BEN

B-P is high.

OR NURSE

It is within limits.

BEN

Check it again.

OR NURSE

100 over 60.

BEN

Any reaction to the propofol?

The anesthesiologist shakes his head, "No".

Ben picks up a scalpel from the tray. Changes his mind and grabs a smaller blade. Switches back to the first scalpel.

Ben's hands shake as he moves the scalpel closer to Joy.

OR NURSE

Are you ok, doc?

Ben looks at the medical team and his shivering hands.

BEN

Call Doctor Henderson.

The team stares at him, surprised.

BEN

Page Doctor Henderson now.

Ben puts the scalpel back in the tray.

EXT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Soccer mom, SARA DANIELS (40), sits nervously in the hallway. She trembles in fear when she sees Ben walk out. Tears rush down her cheeks.

SARA
Is Joy ok? What's wrong?

BEN
Doctor Henderson is doing the surgery instead of me. She's amazing. Joy is in safe hands.

Ben rushes out of the hospital.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben vents his frustration on the steering wheel when his phone interrupts his outburst.

BEN
(on phone)
Joy's ok? Thank you, doctor. Thank you very much.

The good news calms Ben. He starts the car.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Lush greenery surround the funeral home. No one around except Ben who kneels beside a headstone. The grave sits in a secluded corner of the cemetery.

THE HEADSTONE

Has the name, "RACHEL ELIZABETH FISHER".

BEN
I got you something.

Ben places a box of candies near the headstone.

BEN
Don't want any?

Ben opens the box. Inside are exotic candies of all colors and shapes - dark chocolate, white chocolate, caramel.

BEN

Well, I'm going to try one.

Ben shoves a chocolate into his mouth.

BEN

It's good. Really good.

His eyes are moist. Before he finishes the first one, he stuffs another candy into his mouth. And another, desperately stifling his grief with candy.

The box is almost empty. Ben reaches for the last candy.

BEN

Last chance.

His cell buzzes.

A TEXT MESSAGE

"N3639W11623DECEMBER24N3639W11623".

The same message that Greg received.

BEN'S CELL

Shows the sender's name and photo - RACHEL FISHER AKA RACH (33). Rachel's captivating smile makes her look angelic.

Ben is confused by the text. Not for long.

A second text with the same phrase arrives on his cell.

Ben looks around the cemetery. Not a soul in sight.

His cell buzzes again. A third text from Rachel.

Ben sweats bullets.

The message counter increases rapidly. Soon there are more than 1000 text messages from Rachel all showing,

"N3639W11623DECEMBER24N3639W11623".

Ben's fingers tremble. He dials Rachel's number. A brief, haunting silence. Then...

A phone RINGS.

Ben gauges the direction of the sound. It is coming from the ground below.

Ben lies on the ground. Listens closely.

The phone rings are the loudest near Rachel's headstone.

Ben looks at Rachel's grave, stunned.

His phone buzzes again. The same text flashes,

"N3639W11623DECEMBER24N3639W11623".

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Sunset. Middle class neighborhood. Ben's older brother, DARYL FISHER (44), runs out of a house wearing a helmet and green biker suit. He stops beside Ben's car.

DARYL
(robotic voice)
He-ll-o, Ben.

Daryl takes off the helmet. Built like a quarterback, Daryl is a straight-arrow family man. His biker suit is a graffiti of cake, milk and other baby food.

DARYL
This is what happens when you have
kids.

Daryl points to his stained suit and helmet.

DARYL
You get a pass to alien galaxies.
(grins)
It's good to see you, man. The kids
are asking about you. They want a
doctor for Planet Vega. Come on!

Daryl sees the grim look on Ben's face for the first time.

DARYL
What's wrong?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The sun has given way to an inky darkness. Ben and Daryl stare at the grave, intensely.

DARYL
I shouldn't have left you alone.
Vicky confused me with all this
shi...stuff about grieving time.

Ben shows Rachel's text.

BEN
I'm not making this up.

DARYL
Just saying. You shouldn't have
been alone. Not now. Not after what
you've been through.

BEN
Let me show you.

Ben dials Rachel's number. Her phone doesn't ring from the ground.

Ben tries Rachel's number again. No response.

Ben puts his head on the ground. Dials again.

Third time is the charm. Rachel's phone RINGS from her grave.

Daryl looks like someone hit him with a sledge hammer. He slowly kneels down. Places his head to the ground. The phone rings from the ground are crystal clear.

BEN
I need your help.

EXT. BEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Ben pops the trunk. A brand new shovel lies inside. It still has its price tag on.

DARYL
This is crazy. Let's take a moment
here. There must be a logical--

Ben grabs the shovel. Slams the trunk shut.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Ben looks around the desolate cemetery.

BEN
I'll dig. You watch.

DARYL
Father Graham! Let's talk to Father
Graham before doing anything. Let's
come back tomorrow.

Ben sinks the shovel into the ground.

DARYL

This is wrong. So wrong.

Ben swings valiantly. But, he doesn't make much progress.

DARYL

Gimme that.

Daryl plunges the shovel into the ground.

DARYL

I'm going to burn in hell for this.

It is clear that Daryl has experience in physical labor. He makes more headway with one swing than Ben did in ten.

DARYL

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come, thy will be done on earth as
it is in heaven.

Mounds of dirt pile on either side as Daryl digs away.

DARYL

Give us this day our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against
us and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Daryl wipes the sweat off his forehead. He steps back revealing a magnificent casket.

Ben dials Rachel's number on his cell.

A light flashes in the far right corner of the hole. Rachel's cell lies buried in the dirt.

Ben jumps into the hole. Wipes the dirt off the cracked screen.

BEN

It's Rachel's phone.

Ben reaches for the casket door.

DARYL

No, no, no. Don't do that.

Ben swings open the casket. His eyes open wide in shock.

The casket is empty.

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH MOTEL - NIGHT

A rundown, deserted place.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The only light shines in the bathroom. A small shadow stands next to dresser.

RED BLOOD (54) is a scrawny little man. He unplugs the room phone and neatly folds the cables into an open bag.

A PAPER

On the table has a car license number, "4DBF532" and the owner's name, "Daryl Fisher".

RED'S CELL

Shows a photo of Daryl and Ben at Rachel's grave.

Red limps to the bathroom. The light there reveals a few more details.

Red is dressed for an Arctic winter. His eyes flaunt a strength that belie his frail exterior.

Red's right hand holds a small bag the size of a shaving kit. Steel gleams in the other hand - a scalpel.

INT. GREG'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

The alien sphere that popped out of TV sits on a table.

Greg clicks a photo with his cell phone. Uploads it to an Internet user group - "UFO HUNTERS".

GREG'S IPAD

Shows the search results for UFO sightings in Patton Valley - None.

The phone beeps. A response to his post.

GREG'S CELL

Shows a photo of a sphere that looks identical to his followed by, "Wanna meet?".

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Christmas lights jazz up the diner.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Greg sits in a corner table with a cup of coffee. He searches the restaurant nervously.

A lone trucker sits in the far corner. The trucker's eyes are glued to Greg.

Greg gauges the man. Takes the sphere from the bag and places it on the table.

The trucker doesn't react at first. Then he slowly smiles.

The smile is not for Greg but the trucker's girlfriend who walks in. They hug warmly and exit leaving Greg alone.

Greg hides the sphere in his bag and exits when a stranger blocks his way.

SIMON LEE (30), looks a lot like Greg in spirit. They have the same neurotic eyes and nervous energy. But, Simon is older with the beard of a saint and the attire of an Hawaiian.

SIMON
Leaving already?

Greg sinks back into the booth slowly. Simon slides in opposite to him.

SIMON
Let me see.

Greg places the sphere on the table.

SIMON
What was inside?

Greg's eyes go to Simon's bag.

GREG
What was inside yours?

Simon smiles and takes out his sphere from the bag. It is an exact replica of Greg's.

Simon twists the sphere and pulls out a paper, taped back from pieces. It has coordinates like Greg's message.

SIMON
Christmas Day. Oahu, Hawaii.

GREG
Christmas Eve, Patton Valley.

SIMON
This is amazing. Isn't it?

GREG
Why us?

Simon points to the burn scars on Greg's arms.

SIMON
Camel Lite? Or is it Lucky Strike?

MONTAGE - GREG'S ABUSIVE CHILDHOOD

-- A man's hand carries a burning cigarette. He opens a closed door.

-- The same hand holds a stick as it opens the door.

-- The hand now carries a belt.

BACK TO SCENE

Simon shows his forearm littered with knife scars.

SIMON
Wusthof - kitchen knife. Gotta love our folks, right? They found the most creative ways to teach us.

The men are briefly lost in their nightmares.

SIMON
We've suffered the most in this hell hole. We deserve a fresh start.

GREG
What if I'm guilty of causing pain?

SIMON
Was it intentional?

Greg's angst-ridden eyes say, "No".

SIMON
Do you regret it?

GREG
Every second.

SIMON
Then you're the perfect choice.
They want to create a world without
pain. Who better than us to do it.

GREG
Why the different days... different
places?

SIMON
They want to keep this quiet. All
of us flock to the same place on
the same day, the government is
going to notice. It'll turn into a
mess.

Greg slides Simon's message back to him.

GREG
How do we know they're friendly?

Simon's smile vanishes.

SIMON
We don't.