

GRAD NITE

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WILD WORKS

CUT IN:

FROM SOMEONE'S HD CAMERA

We're outside at a theme park. It's Grad Nite, so all the park-goers are just-graduated high school seniors.

Something is very wrong.

It's nighttime. All the electrical power is out. Everyone is waiting in darkness for the power to come back on.

KID 1 and KID 2 are on a balcony viewing area.

KID 1
That have a light?

KID 2 (O.S.)
(operating the camera)
What, the camera? Yup it does.

Kid 2 flips on the camera's light. Blinding white light hits Kid 1 in the face, he has to shield his eyes.

KID 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sorry, sorry.

Kid 2 angles the camera away, down at the crowd of energy-wracked seniors on the walkway below.

The camera light acting as a beacon in the darkness, the seniors cheer at and flip off the camera as Kid 2 gets a sweeping panoramic shot of the madness.

FUNNY KID BELOW
(yelling out at the camera
light)
The Second Coming of Jesus!

The crowd chuckles, a perfect tension breaker.

CRACK-THWOOOOOOM-BOOOOOM!

Kid 2 jerks the camera up at the night sky, a crystal-clear starfield.

A MASSIVE DISC-SHAPED CRAFT is falling out of the sky. It's engulfed in flames. And it's headed straight for the park-goers.

Fun's over. Undeniable panic sets in.

KID 2 (O.S.)
Go-go-go-go-go!!!

Kid 1, Kid 2, and everyone in sight set off running in disparate directions.

The camera's mic is blown out by the high frequency din of what sounds like the very world coming to an end.

A blinding flash fills the frame, an explosion.

The camera falls out of Kid 2's grasp, the world/angle tipping sideways.

FREEZE IMAGE.

The 'Pause' icon pops up, so the tape has paused.

Then the 'Rewind' icon pops up, and suddenly the tape we're watching starts to rewind.

We catch non-linear glimpses of strange events and unfamiliar faces, but luckily the tape rewinds fast enough to not have to worry about context right now.

The 'Stop' icon pops up, the tape stops.

Then 'Play' is pressed, so that we're at the...

START OF TAPE:

EXT. TRACK & FIELD, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

CUT - to indicate time lapses within a scene

The lens cap of the camera is taken off, so it takes a few seconds for the angle to come into focus and the light levels to automatically adjust.

The camera's currently pointed down at the field's freshly-cut grass.

DARREN ARENDS, the camera's operator, is 17 years old, and from what we can hear, quite an affable young man.

DARREN (O.S.)
Yeah, so... you guys ready?

Darren frames two best friend CHEERLEADERS into the shot.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Just speak from the heart. That
 always comes out best.

CUT.

The Cheerleaders speak into camera, emotional and sweet as
 can be.

CHEERLEADER 1
 Autumn baby, we're thinking of you.
 We miss you. You're like a sister
 to the entire school. Can't wait
 to see you again.

CHEERLEADER 2
 Autumn... get better. Please. We
 need your giggle fits! And your
 sneezing Panda imitation, ohmygod!

The Cheerleaders laugh at the memories, and then lean into
 each other for emotional support. Whoever this Autumn is,
 she's obviously a sensitive subject.

EXT. COURTYARD, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

Darren is filming a HIPSTER AFRICAN-AMERICAN kid, who's
 holding up an Odd Future skateboard for the camera.

HIPSTER AFRICAN-AMERICAN
 Anyone got swag at Bronson, it's
 YOU, Autumn. Get kickin', because
 I can't stand hanging with the rest
 of these losers. Haaa. I dedicate
 this trick to you...

He hops on the skateboard and tries to grind a nearby bench,
 but then proceeds to accidentally flip forward and eat shit on
 the pavement.

Darren runs to help the kid, the camera flailing wildly at
 his side.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Dude! Are you ok-

CUT.

Same location, different angle, different interviewee. A
 bookish girl, **JESSICA VOLK**, a junior, stares intensely into
 camera.

JESSICA

I pray for you every night. I really do. You're as vital as the morning rooster, awakening us to the preciousness of life. You're *our* autumn, Autumn.

DARREN (O.S.)

K, got it. That was nice, Jess. Like poetry.

JESSICA

You don't have to be mean about it.

DARREN (O.S.)

... sorry?

JESSICA

Your impy girlfriend may like the abuse, I don't, got it?

She stalks away in an indignant huff. Darren turns the camera on himself, a look of exasperation on his face.

DARREN

Whoa- whaaat just happened?

INT. LAB/CLASSROOM, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

The on-camera well-wishes continue.

LABCOAT-WEARING TEACHER

Darwin was obviously thinking of you when he thought up the concept "survival of the fittest."

INT. LOCKER ROOM, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

GROUP OF JOCKS

Autumn!/Yeaaah, Autumn, whoooo!/See ya soon!

INT. LIBRARY, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

GROUP OF NERDY STUDENTS

(holding up a glitter-bombed banner with the words:)

WE LOVE YOU, AUTUMN!!!

EXT. LUNCH AREA, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

It's **NANNIE BRODBECK**'s turn to be on camera, and everyone wins because she's a preternaturally pretty 18-year-old debutante with nary the need to show off just how intelligent she really is.

Nannie is Darren's girlfriend, the lucky guy.

NANNIE
 (to Darren)
 I start crying, you shut it off.
 Deal, promise?

DARREN (O.S.)
 I'm not a voyeur, Nannie.

CUT.

NANNIE
 (into camera)
 Ah-tuh... *I know*, I know you hate
 it when I call you that but you're
 just gonna have to suck it up for
 now, 'kay?
 (beat)
 I love you, you're my best friend,
 and we'll be hitting up Fro-Yo City
 again in no time.

Her face crumples up in an expression of tearful angst, as she turns her head away in embarrassment.

Darren zooms in on her. Not disrespectfully, but definitely in the mode of capturing a rare moment of vulnerability.

As he steps in closer for a better shot (now he's being disrespectful)...

NANNIE (CONT'D)
 (shoves camera away)
 Jerk!

EXT. PARKING LOT, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie approaches and films Darren, late bloomer/come-as-you-are personality, who's checking the tape on his HD camera while sitting on the hood of his parent's Volvo.

Once Darren realizes he's on camera, he tenses up, uncomfortable.

NANNIE (O.S.)

Darren boy, why don't you tell us what you're doing with that fancy pants camera?

DARREN

(re: her smartphone)
Come on, what's with?

NANNIE (O.S.)

Behind-the-scenes, extra features. Story behind the story stuff.

DARREN

Ah, so, like *Hearts of Darkness*? You're my Eleanor Coppola.

INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - DAY

As Darren drives: Nannie flips down the sun visor and angles her smartphone camera so she can see/film herself in the mirror. She makes silly faces at her reflection.

DARREN (O.S.)

We're almost there.

NANNIE

(expression sobers)
Every time we go... know that *feeling* you get? In your stomach?

Nannie turns the smartphone camera on Darren, who's stone-faced.

DARREN

No, not really.

INT. ICU, HOSPITAL - DAY

Nannie follows right behind Darren, smartphone camera inconspicuously at her side, as they snake through the hospital's sterile hallways.

INT. OUTSIDE AUTUMN'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Nannie is filming from outside one of the rooms. The partition window is cluttered with "Get Well" cards, floral arrangements, and lovely pieces of art with the name **AUTUMN WHITEFORD** on them.

CUT.

Nannie manages to get a good spy shot into the room through an open space in the clutter on the partition window.

A teenage girl, around their age, is disturbingly hooked up to machines keeping her alive. 90% of her body is in a cast. Her face bloated and bruised.

This is Autumn.

Darren enters the room, alone. Goes by Autumn's side, greets her.

CUT.

We can't hear what they're saying.

Autumn can barely move her lips to speak, though try she does. Darren has to lean in close to understand her. He smiles in response to something she says.

CUT.

Darren exits the room, finds Nannie.

DARREN

Whenever you're ready to go in.

Nannie hesitantly puts her smartphone away, shutting it off...

INT. DARREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

It's really late and Darren's shirtless in bed, his face illuminated by the glow of his laptop screen.

DARREN

(into camera)

Yo Autumn... can't sleep. Graduate in, like, five hours. Went online and got us some stuff.

He slowly, dramatically turns the laptop screen toward the camera.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Since *I'm* gonna be a poly-sci major, and *you're* gonna be a poly-sci major... WHAT UP, SHIRTS.

The laptop screen comes into focus, an Amazon order of T-shirts saying: "I DUNNO WHAT I WANNA BE WHEN I GROW UP."

DARREN (CONT'D)

Me and you've been friends the longest, so I got 'em just for the two of us.

(gets serious)

Nannie asked me a question earlier. And, uh... for the record, I do feel it. Feel it everyday. So... that.

Darren's own vulnerability spooks him, he jostles the camera, hitting the controls.

DARREN (CONT'D)

God, stupid, cutting this-

INT. DARREN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Darren's hovering over Nannie. She's in her cap and gown, sitting on the couch and playing a violent first-person shooter video game on X-Box.

DARREN (O.S.)

My girlfriend's playing X-Box like a pro nerd. How do I keep you forever? Titanium chains?

EXT. GRADUATION CEREMONY, FOOTBALL FIELD, BRONSON HIGH - DAY

Graduating members of Bronson High's Senior Class make their way en masse to their seats in the ceremony.

Darren films what he can, snippets of the palpable din and excitement. "Pomp and Circumstance" plays over the loud speaker.

CUT.

Darren is seated amongst his peers, evergreen caps and gowns flooding his every periphery.

He pans the camera along the rows of people, all the jittery, excited, sweaty faces.

BEATRIZ FRIGO, mousey girl with a megaton of spirit, and **RAUL FRIGO**, varsity jock with a perpetual look of condescension, are seated next to each another in the row behind Darren.

Beatriz and Raul are fraternal twins, they look it.

Beatriz energetically waves at the camera. Then turns her wave into a faux gang sign.

BEATRIZ

'Sup, Arends. Watch your back,
esse.

We hear Darren laugh off-camera. He frames Beatriz and Raul into a lovely two-shot. Raul is staring daggers at Darren/the camera.

DARREN (O.S.)

We got the Skywalker twins, Beatriz
and Raul.

RAUL

Told you to stop calling us that-

DARREN (O.S.)

Joshing, big guy, breathe-

RAUL

Get the camera outta my face, NOW.

Raul sticks up a thick middle finger, right into the lens.

DARREN (O.S.)

So nice, genteel.

RAUL

What's nice is your girlfriend's
ass, IMAX 3D-style. I'd like to
borrow some glasses and enjoy *that*
feature.

DARREN (O.S.)

Yeah, I'd probably be offended if
what you just said made any sense.

CUT.

We're mid-ceremony. Up at the podium, the valedictorian,
GILBERT YALE, is giving his speech.

Gilbert is your typical 18-year-old overachiever, though it's
difficult to surmise if his drive will actually carry over
into the real world.

GILBERT

Here we are, seniors. No matter
what happens next, we have today.
Today is *ours*, and it's ours
forever.

CUT.

Darren is returning to his seat, having just received his diploma. He sticks the diploma right up to the lens.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Oh hey, look what I got. Smell it.
 It's my "get out of jail free"
 card.

CUT.

Darren films Nannie as she gets up on stage and receives her diploma.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Nannie, whoooooooo-yeah!

Nannie nearly trips getting off stage due to her cumbersome high-heels. She throws up some jazz hands, playing it off as "silly ole' me."

The crowd erupts in collective "ooh's" and nervous chuckles.

Darren flips the camera on himself, a knowing smirk.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Autumn, we should seriously
 reconsider being friends with her.

CUT.

The on-stage speaker, responsible for reading out the graduate's names as they each receive their diploma, reaches a particular name on the list who isn't there.

ON-STAGE SPEAKER
 Autumn, Whiteford. Our thoughts
 and prayers go out to Autumn and
 her family.

CUT.

Darren has the camera turned on himself, is standing up with the rest of his peers.

DARREN
 (huge smile)
 Here we go, baby, this one's for
 you!

VOICE OVER LOUD SPEAKER
 Will the senior class please turn
 their tassels?
 (they do)
 (MORE)

VOICE OVER LOUD SPEAKER (CONT'D)
 Congratulations, Class of 2015!
 You did it!

Darren angles the shot straight up at blue skies as dozens of mortarboard caps go sailing into the air.

Darren turns the camera on Nannie and himself as they embrace and kiss, enveloped by the jovial mass of just-graduated seniors.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BRONSON HIGH - MORNING

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie films Darren, Darren's MOTHER and FATHER, and her own PARENTS as they all pose in front of Darren's Volvo for a photograph.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Crap... Darren, how do I know if
 it's recording video or taking a
 pic?

Darren comes at her, annoyed.

DARREN
 Why do I always have to be the
 hero?

INT. VOLVO (PARKED), PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren's in the driver's seat, filming through the windshield. Nannie is standing outside the car, saying goodbye to Beatriz and Raul.

Raul goes in for a hug, Nannie accepts it.

INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - THAT NIGHT

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

We drop right into a heated argument between Darren and Nannie (out of their gowns, into civvies). She is surreptitiously filming this.

NANNIE
 I do not flirt with Raul!

DARREN

Raul's the senior classhole! Don't you get that?!

NANNIE

Only reason we ever talk is 'cause he's always up in Beatriz's business, TSA-style!

CUT.

Darren's distracted by his cell phone, which is going off with incoming texts.

NANNIE (CONT'D)

-just admit it then, you still talk to Erik?

DARREN

Erik's been my friend since Parker Elementary, it's not fair-

NANNIE

What's not fair is what he did to Autumn, that's what's not fair!

DARREN

It was an accident, *force majeure*-

NANNIE

Force majeure, Ken Jennings. And unless you wanna put me in the hospital too, I'd recommend not texting while driving!

DARREN

(puts his cell away)
No, you're right, sorry.

NANNIE

That night he drank, I saw it. He drove her home and even though it wasn't all his fault...

Nannie stifles her emotions, Darren looking over at her with a mixture of pity and continued anger.

DARREN

Listen, we text every so often. I have to know how *he's* doing in the whole situation. Don't try and make me feel bad for that.

NANNIE

Erik got himself transferred to another school. You don't see that's admitting guilt?-

DARREN

SHE ASKED ME TO CONTACT HIM! THE OTHER DAY- *SHE* ASKED ME. AUTUMN-- SHE WANTED IT.

NANNIE

(taken aback)

-how... you didn't tell me-

DARREN

Sometimes, you're not a very cool girl. You throw shade my way, I work around it.

Nannie is whiplashed by his words.

NANNIE

Let me out, stop the car. I want out, pull over!

Darren pulls over, Nannie exits the car, slams the door.

EXT. ENTRANCE CUL-DE-SAC, BRONSON HIGH - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

A mounted light, attached to the head of the camera, is turned on. Darren henceforth has a good source of light for the duration of the night shoot.

The graduated seniors, now in their casual clothes, get in line for the buses that will take them to their Grad Nite party destination.

The energy is high, inhibitions low.

Darren scans the crowd, looking for someone. He finds her: Nannie. And she doesn't look too thrilled to see him and/or the camera.

DARREN (O.S.)

Anything you wanna say to Autumn?
Wish her a Happy Grad Nite?

NANNIE

(forced smile)

Hey Autumn. My boyfriend blows.

(MORE)

NANNIE (CONT'D)
 Guess you already knew that. Happy
 Grad Nite.

Nannie turns on her heels and marches away from Darren.
 Darren follows her.

DARREN (O.S.)
 We're sitting together, right?

Nannie stops, faces the camera again.

NANNIE
 You have my ticket?

Off-screen Darren fishes around his pockets for the tickets.

He pulls them out, exhibits them to Nannie. Nannie takes one
 ticket for herself and tries to get as far away from Darren
 as she can.

DARREN (O.S.)
 So... we're not sitting together?

Nannie disappears into the crowd of seniors.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (calling out after her)
 You know, I'm a great bus-ride
 conversationalist!

CUT.

Darren catches up to Gilbert, senior valedictorian, who's
 busy being his gregarious self with friends.

GILBERT
 (shielding his eyes)
 Damn, too bright, man!

DARREN (O.S.)
 My bad.

Darren points the camera down, letting the light ease at
 people's midsections.

GILBERT
 How's it going, TMZ?

Darren's hand enters frame as he low-fives Gilbert.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Kinda lost my bus-mate. So: not so
 kosher.

GILBERT
Forget her, sit with us-

CUT.

On Nannie, who's milling about on the other side of the crowd. This angle could be described as stalker-ish, if it wasn't for Darren's understandably vested interest.

Nannie's approached by Beatriz, we can't hear what they're saying. It looks as though they've agreed to sit next to each other on the bus.

They look thrilled.

Then Raul shows up. He sneaks up behind Nannie, places his hands over her shoulders, getting way too comfortable with her.

A large man, one of the FACULTY CHAPERONES, addresses the rowdy seniors, whistling loudly to get their attention.

FACULTY CHAPERONE
Seniors, listen up! As you know,
the location of tonight's
festivities has been kept a secret
for months now. You've been
waiting, I've been waiting... who
wants to hear where we're going?

The crowd leans forward almost simultaneously, the anticipation killing them.

FACULTY CHAPERONE (CONT'D)
Tie up your laces, we're going to
WILD WORKS THEME PARK!

Everyone loses their minds. Darren has to duck the camera away from his fellow jumping-bean seniors.

Raul guides Nannie along, into a bus. They're talking, giggling, flirting. Beatriz follows them in.

DARREN (O.S.)
This. Sucks. So. Much.

Gilbert taps Darren on the shoulder, the camera swings over to him.

GILBERT
You coming? Bus is filling up, so-

DARREN (O.S.)
Yeah, one sec.

Darren sneaks one last look at Nannie, zooming in. She's gone, inside a separate bus with Raul and Beatriz.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Dammit-

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Darren's sitting in the back with Gilbert and other student council members. Merrily singing along to a portable music device, "Waterfalls" by TLC.

Darren's too pissed to join in on the fun.

CUT.

Darren's filming out the window, they're on the freeway. When THROOOSH, a caravan of **U.S. ARMY JOINT LIGHT TACTICAL VEHICLES** speeds by in the adjacent lane.

The military vehicles are pushing eighty/ninety miles-per-hour and before Darren is able to get a decent shot, they're way ahead of the bus and out of line of sight.

COUNCIL KID
 There's that Army base over the mountain, right? My Dad's seen it-

DARREN (O.S.)
 Wonder what the rush is? China invading?

GILBERT
 Only thing China's invading is Toys R' Us.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Is that racist? I feel like that's racist-

INT. BUS (MOVING), WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Through the front windshield, we see that the bus is now entering the gigantic parking lot of **WILD WORKS THEME PARK**, the state's largest and most popular amusement park.

Dozens of buses from other high schools transporting thousands of graduated seniors are starting to pack the entrance of the park.

CUT.

Faculty Chaperone stands at the front of the still moving bus, struggling to keep his voice heard above the cacophony of students.

FACULTY CHAPERONE

Reminder: No computers, no iPads,
no cameras. Nothing. Cells: fine-

CUT.

The bus is parked, and everyone starts to stream out single-file. Darren gathers his bearings, camera bag excluded.

GILBERT

(eyes camera)
Can't bring that.

DARREN (O.S.)

I know. I'm sneaking it in.

GILBERT

Security's tight as hell, you're asking for a one way trip, confiscation station. Or lifetime ban-

DARREN (O.S.)

I say sneaking it in? I meant, I'm sneaking me in-

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET, OUTSIDE WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Darren's walking alongside the high perimeter wall of the theme park. We can hear the distant thumping of party music and the echoey wave of thousands of kids already in the park.

CUT.

Darren has found a section of the high perimeter wall that is mostly a vine-encrusted chain-link fence.

DARREN (O.S.)

(sing-song)
... so here's my number, call me
crazy.

Darren whip-pans from one end of the street to the other, the coast is clear.

He hops up on the fence, starting to scale the twenty-foot-high perimeter.

EXT. STORAGE AREA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Darren has made it over the fence, and for now the camera light is off.

He slaloms through crates and portable storage units, keeping a low profile. There's nobody around in this part of the park.

Then he spots a nearby employee.

Darren ducks behind a crate, and angles the camera to get a good view of the employee. It doesn't seem like the employee is aware of Darren's presence.

Darren's cell phone rings and buzzes, loud.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (flips it silent)
 No, no, no, no-

He braves looking back at the employee to make sure the guy didn't hear it.

Camera peeks past the crate: all is good. The employee is walking away, oblivious.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (confidently)
 Autumn, remember when I told you I wanted to join the CIA, and you said: *more like CIAin't?* Booyah.

FROM SECURITY CAM

Darren runs from the storage area onto a path that leads straight into the park's central hub.

EXT. CENTRAL HUB, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren is moving through the herding mass of high school seniors, the theme park a swirling, nauseating assault on the senses.

A 30-story tower, an attraction called SKY TOURS, is at the heart of the park. The tower's crown has in giant flashing LED-lit letters: "GRAD NITE 2015".

CUT.

Darren's phone goes off again, this time a text.

He rack-focuses on the phone, reads the text: "WHERE R U??
:(" It's from Nannie.

He ignores it.

EXT. OUTDOOR DANCE TENT, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

A DJ spins the hottest pop hits, as hundreds of guys and girls get down on the dance floor.

DJ
(over sound system)
Class of 2015! Get it goin', baby!
Get them hands UP, UP, UP!

They throw their hands in the air. Youth having the time of their lives, no worries, just raw sexual energy and ear-throbbing music.

Some girls toss creeped-out glances at Darren/the camera.

DARREN (O.S.)
For a documentary! Not being weird-

EXT. BATHROOMS, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Darren's having to push his way through the bustling crowd of 17 & 18-year-olds.

It's like there are no rules in this Wild Wild West of Fun, and with most of tonight's guests being pseudo-adults, they're certainly acting like it.

Darren accidentally bumps into a couple of THUGGISH KIDS.

DARREN (O.S.)
Ah- dude, sorry...

THUGGISH KID 1
(mean-mugging Darren)
You wanna do something, camera boy?

Darren backs away, Thuggish Kid 2 threateningly follows him.

THUGGISH KID 2
You filming me, butt muffin?

DARREN (O.S.)
It's off, its off, its of-

EXT. CARNIVAL GAMES, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie's filming, but she hands off her smartphone camera to Beatriz.

Beatriz gets a decent shot of Nannie, as Nannie steps up to one of those SHOOT EM' UP! AIR RIFLE GAMES. Nannie poses with her tethered air rifle.

NANNIE
 (into camera)
 I make Annie Oakley look like Annie
 Choke-ly, that's how good I am.
 Watch.

Raul slinks up behind Nannie, puts his arms around hers to help her "aim" the air rifle correctly. She nudges him off her back, flirty-lite.

Nannie proceeds to, with deadly accuracy, shoot down all the red targets in effortless time.

A buzzer rings out. The game attendant hands Nannie her prize, a fat teddy bear wearing a cowboy hat.

BEATRIZ (O.S.)
 Yay! Name him something.

NANNIE
 How about... for Autumn.

BEATRIZ (O.S.)
 Foradum? What kinda name is-

NANNIE
 I mean, like, let's give it to
 Autumn. As a gift.

BEATRIZ (O.S.)
 You're so selfless, it's almost
 gross.

EXT. WOODCHIP RAPIDS, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

He angles on a scene happening by WOODCHIP RAPIDS, an American Frontier-themed river rafting ride.

A DRUNK GIRL, puke all over her shirt, is getting escorted out of the park by Security Guards.

One of the Security Guards makes eye contact with Darren/the camera.

DARREN (O.S.)

Shit.

The camera drops to Darren's knees as he bolts.

EXT. BASE OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie films Beatriz and Raul, looking sharp in his letterman jacket, as they wait in the hellishly-long line for DEIMO'S DROP.

It's a vertically ascending and descending "sudden drop" thrill ride, designed and decorated to be reminiscent of Greek mythology.

BEATRIZ

(into camera, with teddy)

So Nannie won chunky bear *Clint Eat-Wood* for you, Autumn, and I think, if you're lucky, this'll be just one of many prizes we'll be earning for you-

NANNIE (O.S.)

We'll?

BEATRIZ

-that SHE'LL be earning for you.
Chicken cacciatore-ya later!

Beatriz winks and blows a kiss to the camera. Raul rolls his eyes, and if we could see Nannie, she's probably doing the same thing, too.

CUT.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)

-happened to Darren?

NANNIE (O.S.)

Dunno, I texted him.

RAUL

What, can't have fun without him?
Let Nannie worry about that tool.

(eyes Nannie up and down)

A very *replaceable* tool. Ain't that right, Tennessee Nannie?

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Not from Tennessee- oh wait, I get
 it. As in you're the only "ten-I-
 see"? Weeeeak, dude.

EXT. PHANTASMA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Standing in front of PHANTASMA, a haunted maze attraction, Darren has perched his camera up on a wall so that he's framed in the shot.

He backtracks, looking up at the camera, until he reaches the stone statue of a Grim Reaper character.

The Grim Reaper's skeletal hand is outstretched in a neck-choke articulation. Darren, giggling to himself, slides his neck inside the statue's grip.

It looks like the Grim Reaper has a deathly hold on Darren.

Darren plays it up for the camera, widening his eyes for effect and pretending to choke out his final breaths.

Someone walks up behind Darren, and waits to say something.

MALE

Darren?

Darren turns around and immediately recognizes the person.

DARREN

(shocked)

Erik.

This male is **ERIK ANDUJAR**, the point of contention between Darren and Nannie. The one presumably responsible for Autumn's accident.

Erik's wearing a hoodie with the insignia of another local high school.

ERIK

Didn't want to interrupt your improv sesh-

DARREN

No, it's... fine. Hey man.

ERIK

Didn't expect to see you here.

DARREN
About to say the same.

ERIK
Uh-huh.

There's too much to say in this moment, a river of emotion behind sparse words.

Yet there's an air of comfort between the two, a salvageable familiarity living within the husk of a broken friendship.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Should we talk? Or, can we talk?
I'd like to catch up maybe, if-

Just then, a THUNDEROUS SONIC BOOM rocks the park.

Darren and Erik instinctively duck down, as if the sky was falling on their heads, that's how loud the boom is.

ERIK (CONT'D)
-hell was that-

Everyone around them looks up at the sky, where a fast-approaching screech of sound trails above. Darren runs and hops up at the wall to retrieve his camera.

CUT.

Darren's filming the night sky, a vast crystal-clear starfield.

We hear the jittery, excited voices of hundreds of park-goers all conjecturing at the same time, everyone scanning the skies for the source of the boom.

That distant, whining screech gets closer and louder.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Maybe it's a train, outta control?

DARREN (O.S.)
In the sky??

EXT. DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie, Beatriz, and Raul are strapped into the ride, their car already halfway up to the very top and still ascending (fifteen stories tall, total).

Nannie films the surrounding open-air vista, the colors and the sounds, as they ascend higher and higher.

She was just filming her dangling feet, the people on the ground looking like figurines from this high, but she hurriedly adjusts the angle.

They just heard the sonic boom, like everyone else in the park.

NANNIE (O.S.)
-don't tell me that's us!

Nannie turns the camera, gets Beatriz and Raul in the shot, who're strapped in right beside her.

BEATRIZ
You're trying to freak me out!

RAUL
The P.A. system popped or something, probably.

NANNIE (O.S.)
Remember when we waited for the space shuttle landing, eighth grade? Sounded just like that, a whattaya call it? Sonic boo-

BOOM!

A flash of fiery orange, reflected on Beatriz and Raul's faces, from some far-off distant explosion.

EXT. PHANTASMA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

THREE FIGHTER JETS enter and exit frame in a flash, their engines scorching full-thrust into the night sky.

People cheer and holler at the awesome sight, thinking that it's safely part of tonight's festivities.

DARREN (O.S.)
Dude!

Darren films Erik's stunned expression.

ERIK
That was... excessive.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Like Wild Works is in a dick
 swinging contest with Disney World.

Darren angles the camera back up at the stars, trying to capture the now-impossible-to-capture fighter jets.

CUT.

Another boom.

This sounds farther away, much farther. Perhaps miles away. Yet another boom, and then a crackle.

The pop-pop-pop of echoey gunfire.

Darren knows what this all sounds like, but he is too afraid to say it aloud. It sounds like the kick-off to a violent military skirmish.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Getting a better view.

Darren moves fast, heading for stairs that go up to a second-storey balcony viewing area.

ERIK (O.S.)
 (trying to keep up)
 Wait up!

EXT. DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Their car is finishing its last couple of meters of ascension before completely stopping.

The ride and impending drop aren't what's ruffling them at the moment.

Nannie's trying to zoom in on something happening a few miles away, right on the horizon, out in the real world.

The low-light conditions give the shot a low-fi, fuzzy quality; hard to see.

The flash-bang of explosions.

The flared streaks of gunfire hailing upward from below.

Shapes, military planes, moving in on a sizable target.

Nannie's filming a ground-to-air-to-air battle.

What those fighter jets, and military units on the ground, are firing at is as of yet unclear.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 (sheer panic)
 Is this real? Can't be real?

Then, snapping them back to their immediate surroundings, the ride fulfills its thrill-seeking promise and suddenly drops.

The ride-goers scream bloody murder.

Whether the screams are from the actual ride or from what they're seeing on the horizon is up to interpretation.

They fall ten stories straight down, reaching a maximum negative g-force speed of fifty mph. Intense.

As the car rockets back up to the top for another go-around, we notice Wild Work's electricity start to flicker, brown out.

Entire power grids across the city extinguish at punctuating intervals.

The car jerks to an unexpected stop, freezes near the very top.

RAUL
 We're stopped, what is-

EXT. SECOND STOREY BALCONY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren films the last seconds of the park having full electrical power.

Lights flicker, generators struggle to kick on, then everything goes dark. STYGIAN BLACKNESS.

The seniors cry out, freaked, but all in a manner of having good fun. Things going wrong in public places are teenagers' bread-n-butter.

The booms and crackle of gunfire increase in volume and depth. Now we see a few kids starting to get very nervous.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (facetious)
 This is fun.
 (beat, listening to the
 distant cacophony)
 (MORE)

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 How'd we end up on Detroit: The
 Ride?

CUT.

ERIK
 That have a light?

DARREN (O.S.)
 What, the camera? Yup it does.

Darren flips on the camera's light.

Blinding white light hits Erik in the face, he has to shield his eyes.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Sorry, sorry.

Darren angles the camera away, down at the crowd of energy-wracked seniors on the walkway below.

The camera light acting as a beacon in the darkness, the seniors cheer at and flip off the camera as Darren gets a sweeping panoramic shot of the madness.

FUNNY KID BELOW
 (yelling out at the camera
 light)
 The Second Coming of Jesus!

The crowd chuckles, a perfect tension breaker.

CRACK-THWOOOOOOM-BOOOOOM!

Darren jerks the camera up at the stars.

A MASSIVE DISC-SHAPED ALIEN CRAFT is falling out of the sky. It's a UFO. It's engulfed in flames. And it's headed straight for the park-goers.

Fun's over. Undeniable panic sets in.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Go-go-go-go-go!!!

Darren, Erik, and everyone in sight set off running in disparate directions.

The camera's mic is blown out by the high frequency din of what sounds like the very world coming to an end.

A blinding flash fills the frame, an explosion.

The camera falls out of Darren's grasp, the world/angle tipping sideways.

BLACK SCREEN.

EXT. DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

The power still out, their car is stuck at the top of the ride.

The alien disc-shaped craft continues to spiral out of control in the sky, falling down to earth, blue-and-orange plumes eating at its underside.

The alien craft has been irreparably damaged by military attack.

Fighter jets are right on its tail, blasting the alien craft with percussive missile hits.

The UFO is now a thousand feet up in the air and rapidly descending, about to hit ground.

Nannie's hand uncontrollably shakes as she films what she can, the camera vibrating from her stricken touch.

A chorus of screams echoes throughout the park.

EXT. CENTRAL HUB, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM SECURITY CAM

Grainy, black-and-white, no sound.

The UFO finally CRASH-LANDS into the park.

A solid tidal wave of concrete, fire, detonated detritus, and body parts explodes across the park's central hub.

This is a serious crash, made all the more surreal by the alien craft's damaged non-man-made exterior.

Tiny figures on screen, teenagers, run for their lives. Away from the blazing crash site.

FROM A STRANGER'S CELLPHONE CAMERA

We see the crashed alien craft up close.

People are burnt and hurt, in a daze. They stumble out from the choking wall of smoke and fire.

A few bodies strewn about.

CUT.

The operator of the cellphone camera is getting closer to the craft, zooming in on its sleek chrome outer shell.

PIERCING VIOLET RAYS fade on and off on the craft, like intergalactic hazard lights.

Curious on-lookers surround the area, stunned, unsure of what to make of the crashed ship.

CUT.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.)
Door's opening, survivors-?

A three-foot wide port on the side of the UFO slides open.

A GASEOUS SUBSTANCE shoots out of the port.

People run, but enough of the substance catches onto them. They hurl themselves to the floor, overtaken with the alien poison.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Holy- whatthef-!

CUT.

The camera operator hightails it backwards, continuing to film the horror behind him.

The skin of the people hit with the gaseous substance turns into bubbling, mucussy messes.

They are TRANSMUTATING before our eyes.

A bloody, transmutative hand pops into frame. Ripping the camera away.

Attacking whoever's operating this camera.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
GOD-NO! HEEELLP!!!-

EXT. SWINGING PIRATE SHIP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM THUGGISH KID'S CELLPHONE CAMERA

We're on an amusement park mainstay, the classic pirate ship ride. It's an open-seated gondola, seating about thirty people, that swings back and forth at extreme angles.

Even though the power's out, the momentum of the swinging ship hasn't ceded.

The ship continues to swing high, from one end to another, out of control.

Kids are screaming, terrified it won't ever end.

We're viewing this from the on-ride perspective of Thuggish Kid 1 and his buddy Thuggish Kid 2, the guys who gave trouble to Darren earlier.

Things start to jump onto the pirate ship.

They're human-shaped, except they move like insects. They're some sort of hybrid, resultant of the transmutative gas that came out of the downed spacecraft.

THUGGISH KID 1 (O.S.)
(operating the cellphone
cam)

Foo- what are we doin', foo! Let's
jump outta here-

THUGGISH KID 2
We can't, FUC-

The *things* gain in numbers, SWARMING the pirate ship, SLAUGHTERING the kids onboard.

Including our Thuggish Kids. Their cellphone camera is ejected, smashing into the ship as it rears back up at a steep angle.

For that cellphone camera's final seconds, we see kids' bodies tumble through the air, like a barrel of plastic monkeys.

EXT. NEAR THE ENTRANCE, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren and Erik follow the giant crowd of terrified kids as they hurriedly try to leave the park through the main entrance.

The pitch darkness makes it difficult to see where they're going.

ERIK
-how's your camera?

DARREN (O.S.)
S'fine, just dropped it. No cracks
I don't think.

ERIK
Just keep filming. Everything.
We're gonna have the best lawsuit
on our hands.

DARREN (O.S.)
Oh. Right.

CUT.

There is a heavy, high-anxiety energy in the air, and it's starting to settle within Darren's disposition. Darren angles the camera off to the side as he keels over.

He vomits into some bushes. Erik stops, tries to help.

ERIK
(re: camera)
Darren, buddy, need me to grab that
for you?

DARREN (O.S.)
Nah, got it.

ERIK
You sure? You okay?

DARREN (O.S.)
No.

Darren spits out the nerves.

ERIK
I'm freaked too, man. We stay
together, we'll be fine.

Unexpectedly, a bright light hits Darren and Erik. It's a roving spotlight, coming from above. We hear the steady thwoop-thwoop-thwoop of helicopter blades.

Darren films upward, catching sight of a **UH-60 BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER** as it circles the sky.

It's scanning the area with its military-grade searchlight.

BLACK HAWK MEGAPHONE
 (unbearably loud)
 DO NOT ATTEMPT TO EXIT THE PARK. I
 REPEAT: STAY WHERE YOU ARE. DO NOT
 ATTEMPT TO EXIT THE PARK.

On instinct, people push forward. They run and shove. The last thing anyone wants to do right now is stay inside the park.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Don't push! Stop pushing! Stop!

A girl is knocked over.

She's nearly trampled before Darren manages to help her back to her feet.

The camera auto-focuses on her face, revealing Jessica a.k.a. Bookish Girl (girl who ran away from camera at the opening).

JESSICA
 (near tears from her fall)
 ... you.

An eager park-goer slams into Darren, rocketing him into Jessica's chest.

DARREN (O.S.)
 That's our cue, keep going!

They start to trudge forward again, voices fighting to be heard over the roar of the Black Hawk.

JESSICA
 (hard to hear)
 -by you-

Darren leans in, camera as well.

DARREN (O.S.)
 What?!

JESSICA
 Can I stay by you?!

DARREN (O.S.)
 Get my arm, grab it.

She grips Darren by the arm.

Jessica's panicked heart skips a beat, entirely smitten with Darren's instant willingness to forgive and forget the way she treated him earlier.

CUT.

At the main entrance/exit gate, the U.S. Army has already set up a stronghold. A line of parked tactical vehicles forms a barricade, with **HEAVILY-ARMED FOOT SOLDIERS** keeping guard.

Kids wait in hope that they'll be let out.

SOLDIER WITH BULLHORN
 STAND BACK, KEEP ORDERLY. YOU WILL
 NOT EXIT THE PREMISES UNTIL
 NOTIFIED OTHERWISE. DO NOT VENTURE
 FORWARD! THERE WILL BE USE OF
 FORCE!

CUT.

Darren runs up to an adult, their school's Faculty Chaperone.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Mr. B! Mr. B! Hey!

Faculty Chaperone stops, lets Darren catch up to him.

FACULTY CHAPERONE
 Mr. Arends!
 (beat, re: camera)
 How'd you get that in here?

CUT.

FACULTY CHAPERONE (CONT'D)
 -don't leave my scope. Trying to
 round up everyone from Bronson.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Doesn't look like they're letting
 us out.

FACULTY CHAPERONE
 It's just procedure. Nothing to
 panic about. You look panicked,
 Arends.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Because I am?

CUT.

People at the crest of the formidable crowd are being involuntarily crushed forward, venturing dangerously close to the barricade.

Foot soldiers FIRE rounds into the air, scaring everyone back. People scream, cry. The crowd disperses, retreating away from the gunfire.

Darren loses Faculty Chaperone in the ensuing mess.

CUT.

Darren, Jessica, and Erik take part in the mass exodus away from the military presence.

ERIK

-should keep to the borders of the park.

DARREN (O.S.)

Not get anywhere near the crash.

ERIK

Correct-o. We go smart, we go home.

JESSICA

Some kids were saying it's a meteor hit?

ERIK

No, we saw it coming down, getting blasted. That was like, an enemy plane or some shit like that.

CUT.

As they move, no particular destination in mind, they make introductions as a way to keep preoccupied amidst the inescapable bedlam.

ERIK (CONT'D)

(offers a hand to Jessica)

-Erik. I used to go to Bronson.

JESSICA

(shaking his hand)

I know who are you. Jessica.

ERIK

Jessica, hi... you're a senior?

JESSICA

No. Junior.

ERIK
Junior? How'd you get to come
tonight?

JESSICA
Sold tickets for council.
(cute guilty face)
And, uh... there were extras
tickets?

CUT.

Erik is momentarily operating the camera while Darren tries to text/call Nannie. Darren holds up his phone at varying arm lengths, failing to get a signal.

ERIK (O.S.)
Can't believe she came tonight.

DARREN
(suddenly defensive)
Why's that?

ERIK (O.S.)
Just that- I dunno, she might've
thought I'd be here, too?

DARREN
Nannie doesn't hate you. Not like
you think.

ERIK (O.S.)
A *little* like I think, then?

Darren refuses to answer that one.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hope she's all right.

Darren looks earnestly into camera, worried.

EXT. POLICE CHOPPER, ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

FROM AN AERIAL CAMERA

Wild Works is under quarantine; the entirety of the park's perimeter enclosed and enforced by military units.

This is our first wide-angle view of the crashed alien craft, and it is UNREAL.

The chopper swerves violently to the side, avoiding collision with an aggressive Black Hawk helicopter.

EXT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren, Jessica, and Erik are huddled, along with a hundred other kids, outside the theme park's cafeteria-style eatery.

For some reason, this section of the park is the only section where the generators are working. Several lights are on, a comfort for the kids.

The camera hangs loosely at Darren's side.

Darren's cell phone buzzes, a flurry of backed-up text messages. He scrolls through them: Google News Alerts regarding the crash. Panicked texts from his parents.

DARREN (O.S.)
Signals back!

He rack-focuses on one message in particular, from Nannie.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nannie...
(reading text)
"stuck. help. deimos drop."

Darren angles the camera back up at Erik and Jessica.

JESSICA
I know where that is.

DARREN (O.S.)
Can you lead the way, Jess?

Jessica looks hesitant.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please.

JESSICA
Safer here with all these people, I think. We shouldn't risk it-

ERIK
Dude, Darren, let's just go!

Erik is pushing through the crowd, Darren starting to follow in his wake. Jessica swallows her fears, grabs Darren by the elbow.

JESSICA
I'll come, I'll show you.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (sincere)
 Thank you, thanks.

As they leave the comfort of light, back into darkness.

EXT. TOP OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie, Beatriz, and Raul are strapped in, stuck fifteen stories up. Raul is using his jock-strength to try to break off his automated shoulder-top SAFETY HARNESS.

He's having a tough go at it.

BEATRIZ
 You're gonna fall, man!

CRACK. The safety harness is shattered at its dual-fulcrum. Raul is free, his legs dangling sky high.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Raul! Don't you move! You'll
 fall!

RAUL
 I got it-

BEATRIZ
 Raul, don't! Stop-

RAUL
 I'm freakin' Spider-Man, watch me,
 whooo-eee!

Raul shifts in his seat, pulling his legs up. He pivots around. He is now facing the 90 degree vertical track from whence their car rose.

BEATRIZ
 We're too high up, you idiot!

RAUL
 If you think this is fun- Jesus,
 I'm trying to get us outta here!
 Lemme try!

Raul stands up on his seat, hoisting himself onto the top of their car, the sleek slippery curvature.

One wrong step, and he's likely to slide off into open air.

Nannie and Beatriz are faced the other way, so they can't see what Raul is doing.

It's only with Nannie's smartphone camera, which she's holding straight up high and flipped around, that we have a frame of reference for what happens next.

Without warning, Raul jumps onto the vertical track. He completely disappears from frame.

NANNIE (O.S.)

RAUL!!!

BEATRIZ

What happened?! DID HE FALL?!

Nonononono-

From Nannie's anchored position, she cannot get a better angle on where Raul landed. If he landed at all.

From behind them, a metallic clanging.

NANNIE (O.S.)

You hear that?

Beatriz is stress-weeping, convulsing in her seat.

BEATRIZ

-he fell, he fell, he fell-

NANNIE (O.S.)

We can't see, we don't know that.

CUT.

An echoey voice.

BEATRIZ

-Raul??

NANNIE (O.S.)

(screaming at hopefully
Raul)

CALL OUT! YELL SOMETHING!

RAUL (O.S.)

(relaxed, normal volume)
Wuchya'll hollerin' 'bout?

Nannie flips up her smartphone camera.

We catch the smiling face of Raul, who's currently lying flat on his stomach on the top of the car. His head is sticking out, coolly floating inches above theirs.

BEATRIZ
 (relieved, thrilled)
 YOU... jerkass! I get out: gonna
 punch you in the nose, call it
 strawberry shortcake!

Raul wags his tongue, cocky as hell.

RAUL
 Listen: it's a quick jump to the
 track. There's a maintenance
 ladder, that's our ticket.

BEATRIZ
 (pushing up against her
 shoulder harness)
 Yeah? And how are we supposed to
 get out of this thing?

RAUL
 Same way your strong bro did.
 Break the harness, keep thunking at
 it. Then I pull you up. Cool?

Beatriz exchanges glances with Nannie, who we can't see and
 who says nothing. The task in front of them is ghastly.

EXT. BASE OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

He's filming up at a straight vertical angle, zooming in and
 focusing on several shadowy shapes at the very top of the
 drop ride.

DARREN (O.S.)
 I see people up there. I mean,
 they *could* be people.

A figure falls from the top, sailing downward through open
 air.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Something's falling!

It's too dark to tell what it is, and in seconds, the figure
 hits the pavement. We don't see it land because Darren
 forces the camera away, just in case.

Jessica runs to the fallen figure.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 No, Jessica, don't look-

Jessica immediately returns to Darren and Erik, some kind of doll in her hand.

Once the doll reaches the glow of the camera light, we realize what it is. It's Nannie's cowboy teddy bear, the prize she won earlier in the night.

JESSICA
Cowboy teddy. Cute.

ERIK
(arcing his head back,
looking up)
There a furry party upstairs, or-?

EXT. TOP OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Nannie's made it out of the suspended car, and is situated on the maintenance ladder on the central vertical track. The ladder doesn't go down far, but it's enough of an escape.

NANNIE (O.S.)
(angling camera toward
ground)
-dropped Clint Eat-wood, oops.

RAUL (O.S.)
What?!

NANNIE (O.S.)
Nothing.

Nannie re-aims her smartphone camera.

Raul is trying to help Beatriz break out of her shoulder harness. The harness is giving them a difficult time, it won't budge.

The harness cracks somewhat, giving way.

RAUL
(to Beatriz, re: cracked
harness)
Point of no going back... however
the hell it goes.

NANNIE (O.S.)
You're almost there, Beatriz!
We're, like, two minutes from
freedom! Two minutes isn't even a
full length song!

A buzzing noise reverberates, the whir of machinery struggling to re-animate.

NANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Things are happening, uh, guys-

WHIP-PAN TO:

The horizon, where blink by blink, the power is being restored across the neighborhood, heading toward the park.

A wave of electrically-powered light, block by block, turning back on.

By the stress in Nannie's voice, we know this means trouble.

NANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Guys! Power's coming back- I think you need to be moving faster. Like... NOW.

The camera finds Raul's face in the darkness, he looks at the incoming wave of light, then back at Nannie, terrified.

NANNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Raul, HELP HER! The ride's gonna go again!

Raul's terror quickly turns into resolve.

He taps into his adrenaline to try and vehemently break off Beatriz's shoulder harness.

BEATRIZ
(not getting it)
What-? What's happening?? *What's* going again??

RAUL
(to Beatriz)
Help me push!

EXT. BASE OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

The camera's not pointing at anything, Darren just holding it as Erik pleads with him, whispering harshly.

ERIK (O.S.)
-someone's coming.

DARREN (O.S.)
I don't care. Nannie's up there,
I'm going-

ERIK (O.S.)
Seriously, turn off the light-

Erik pulls Darren down with Jessica, so that they're all ducking down, hunkered on their haunches, inconspicuous.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(re: camera)
That got night vision?

SWITCH TO:

In green-hued, NIGHT VISION MODE.

Darren's zoomed in on the main pathway, right off the entrance to Deimo's Drop. Someone or something is coming, a shape, hard to make out. It's moving fast. With purpose.

Darren, Erik, and Jessica whisper.

DARREN (O.S.)
-can't see who it is. It's staff probably, this is stupid-

ERIK
Just wait.

JESSICA
They don't look that tall?

She's right. The moving figure seems to diminish in stature the closer it gets, but it is moving faster. Strange. Crab-like.

DARREN (O.S.)
I know what it is.

Darren stands back up, hands off the camera to Erik.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Film me, so you come off extra dumb when I have to point it out to you.

CUT.

Erik's filming, as Darren marches right at the figure. Darren gets close to it, but then looks confused. His head swivels around, he's lost sight of it.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I swear to Yahweh, there was just a dog here-

ERIK (O.S.)

You're saying it's a *dog*-?

Snap-rustle.

We hear something moving in the bushes just out of frame.

Erik pans over and in night vision mode, we see two green luminescent eyes staring right into camera. Erik is unable to yell before it CHARGES Erik and the camera.

Jessica screams, takes off running.

Erik isn't so lucky. The camera bounces and skids across pavement as we catch discordant flashes of some kind of animal attacking Erik.

Erik fights back, it's clearly a losing situation.

EXT. TOP OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

NANNIE (O.S.)

Hurry!

Raul is pulling Beatriz out from between the handlebars of her shoulder harness, she's thin enough.

The power's being restored across the park. Once the wave of restored power reaches them...

It will cause the thrill ride to resume service, plunging their car fifteen stories down with Raul and Beatriz precariously on top.

EXT. BASE OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

We hear Darren sprinting back to Erik, trying to help his friend under attack.

Darren inadvertently kicks the camera as he leaps over it, pulling Erik by the arms, sending downward jabs at the animal.

The camera's in a different recumbent position, at a new angle.

We see the animal in full view.

It's not an animal. It's a human. A kid, 18 years old. His skin transmuted by the alien poison that shot out of the crashed craft.

He no longer is completely human.

He/It is **THE CRAWLER**.

Its skin bubbles. Its eyes rolled back to luminescent whites.

It crawls on all fours, its arms and legs bent in unnatural ways, like a spider-crab.

The Crawler is projectile-vomiting acidic bile at Erik, attempting to melt down Erik's skin and bone for consumption.

Erik yells bloody-murder, a splash of acid melting through his corduroy pants.

Darren sends a vicious kick to The Crawler's head.

DARREN

Back, git!

It BRAYS back at Darren, pissed.

Darren pulls Erik's slashed and beaten body away from The Crawler, the human-alien hybrid menacing its way forward, unafraid.

Darren has less than a second to figure out how to ward off the monster.

Just as The Crawler kowtows at its joints, readying to leap up at Darren for the kill, Darren jumps out of frame.

We lose sight of Darren for half a moment.

The camera picks itself up, operated by Darren again, as the light attached to the front of the camera flips back on.

The blinding white light hits The Crawler in its hellacious face, revealing the mottled features of what was once a baby-faced teenage boy.

The Crawler hisses at the light, freaked.

The Crawler scampers away, jumps up at the main vertical track of Deimo's Drop.

Before Darren drops the camera, we notice The Crawler scaling up Deimo's Drop, truly spider-like in its abilities.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Erik...

Darren falls to his knees, at Erik's side. It's unclear if Erik is even conscious at this point.

EXT. TOP OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Raul has Beatriz in his arms, they're standing on top of the drop car. She's crying.

Beatriz is scared to jump onto the main vertical track, onto the maintenance ladder, where Nannie is presently filming from.

NANNIE (O.S.)

You can do it, it's stupid easy!

RAUL

(to Beatriz, calm and assertive)

On five, ready on five? We jump.

BEATRIZ

I can't, I can't, it's too far-

RAUL

It's not too far. You used to do gymnastics, remember?

BEATRIZ

WHEN I WAS SEVEN!

Behind Raul and Beatriz, across the park, almost all the power/lights are restored.

Getting closer to, almost reaching Deimo's Drop.

RAUL

On five. One, two...

Below at the base of the ride, lights flare on. Thwoom.

RAUL (CONT'D)

... three, four...

More lights. Thwoom. Even more lights, closer still.

NANNIE (O.S.)
JUMP! NOW, NOW, NOW!

The power is just seconds away from reaching the top.

RAUL
... five.

Raul and Beatriz jump as one, arms outstretched, falling through the air, SLAMMING onto the main vertical track, right above Nannie's head.

They make it, just barely holding onto the maintenance ladder, safe for now.

The drop car comes back to life, re-ignited by the wave of resurgent electrical power, and DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN, as it's designed to do.

If Raul and Beatriz had been on top of it just a millisecond later, they'd be tumbling fifteen stories down to their deaths.

CUT.

Nannie continues to film, can't believe what she's getting on camera.

The smartphone camera is perhaps acting as a barrier between her and the severe stress of their predicament.

BEATRIZ
(through happy tears)
I did it, can't believe-

NANNIE (O.S.)
Yeah you did it, you wimpy bitch.

BEATRIZ
Don't call me wimpy, *bitch*.

Nannie and Beatriz share a stifled laugh, relieved as all hell.

Raul looks down at Nannie, at the camera.

RAUL
How's my ass look from that angle?

NANNIE (O.S.)
Just excellent.

RAUL
 (to Beatriz)
 Best ride ever, no?

BEATRIZ
 I can't feel my ankles.

RAUL
 Are we supposed to feel ankles?
 Here, just get your arm up. Yeah,
 like that.
 (catching his breath)
 Okay, we got one more jump to jump.
 One more big girl jump, and we're
 fresh.

Nannie films below their feet, where the ladder ends, and
 where a platform begins. It's a fifteen foot jump.

BEATRIZ
 Big girl jump, I can do a big girl
 jump.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Stop saying that, it's so
 condescending!

CUT.

Raul's sliding down past Nannie, reaching the bottom end of
 the ladder. He's poised to jump.

RAUL
 Going first. Catch ya on the
 platform- wait... count me down,
 sweetie?

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Ugh. Fine: on four, I guess. One,
 two, three-

Raul jumps at three, as Nannie's countdown is cut off by a
 blood-curdling SHRIEK.

Not a human one. An animalistic one. It comes from the
 shadows.

Raul is TACKLED MID-JUMP, pulled out of frame, his jock
 physique easily snatched up in one fell swoop by a blurry,
 vigorous shape.

That shape is The Crawler.

The alien-human hybrid has Raul in its grips, and it drags Raul up the main vertical track; like a spider would a fruit fly.

Raul is beyond help.

Beatriz freaks, slides down the ladder, right on top of Nannie, forcing her down.

BEATRIZ

JUMP!!!

Our view goes wobbly as Nannie loses her grip on the smartphone camera.

NANNIE (O.S.)

Oh no-

The smartphone camera falls, skipping down the rungs, spinning through night sky.

It lands on the platform. Smack-crack. The smartphone camera skids to a stop, settles askew.

A tiny crack appears on the upper-left corner of the lens.

Darren is right there, on the platform.

Beatriz plunges first, Darren's there to break her fall. Then Nannie falls, failing to grab onto Beatriz's pant leg, causing her to flip forward in the air, a full somersault.

She drops onto Darren, they collapse into a heap, his arms clasped tightly around her. Darren's just saved his girlfriend.

And the fallen smartphone's caught it all on video.

NANNIE (CONT'D)

Why do you always have to be the hero?

DARREN

That's what I say.

EXT. BASE OF DEIMO'S DROP, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Erik's filming, and from the movement of the camera, he's apparently back on his feet and none too shaken.

JESSICA (O.S.)
 You shouldn't be running, man.
 Your knee and-

ERIK (O.S.)
 Don't fret, I'm super spry like a
 super spy.

Erik turns the camera lens on himself.

His face is bloody and scratched. He's okay, for now.
 Actually, he's barely powering past the trauma of getting
 attacked.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 (looking up at the ride)
 Should we try to follow Darren up
 there?

Jessica shows up in frame, just behind Erik.

JESSICA
 Nope.
 (re: Erik's injuries)
 We don't know what that thing was,
 what if you're infected or-

ERIK
 I'm not *anything* and that was *not* a
thing.

JESSICA
 Then what was it?

ERIK
 Crack-head spider-dude, whatever.

JESSICA
 What if it comes back? With more
 of 'em, like a horde of freaks?

ERIK
 (facetious smile)
 No worries, we got the Army on our
 side. Anyways, if you could ditch
 the John Carpenter poppycock,
 that'd be a real booster.

JESSICA
 Who's John the carpenter? Look,
 you're bleeding and stuff. Be
 careful, is all I'm saying.

ERIK

Be careful? How ominous of you.
 (beat, thinking)
 I say that right? Oh-mih-nus?

CUT.

Erik's handing the camera over to Jessica, who's reticent to film at birthday parties let alone a moment like this. She just holds it, uncomfortable, not trying to capture anything.

Emerging from the exits of Deimo's Drop are Darren, Nannie, and Beatriz.

Beatriz is holding onto Nannie for support, her knees weak and spirit drained.

Darren escorts the two of them, slow and vigil.

Erik crosses over to meet them, happy to see they made it. Darren makes eye contact with him, waves him off so the girls have their space.

The camera tilts up, as Jessica fumbles with the buttons.

JESSICA

-you turn this off?

EXT. WALKWAY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

The camera's back in Darren's possession, he sets it on a bench. He fiddles with its light, dimmer than it's supposed to be.

CUT.

Erik picks up the camera, again turning the lens on himself. His pallor is starting to look odd, if the swaths of blood weren't odd enough.

ERIK

(into camera)
 Dude, Darren, you can sock me later for this, but like I said: lawsuit. Gotta film everything, for the record. Sorry.

Erik reverse-angles the camera, walks past Jessica, who stares icicles at Erik.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What?

JESSICA

I know we just met like a few hours ago, but...

ERIK (O.S.)

I don't wanna hear it.

Erik moves on, already annoyed with her.

JESSICA

... being a super creep is but a choice, buddy!

CUT.

Erik gives a respectful distance, zooms in on Nannie consoling an emotionally wrecked Beatriz, who's on her knees weeping.

Raul, her twin brother, is assuredly dead.

CUT.

Darren stands by the two girls, unsure what to do or say.

We hear the rising thwock-thwock-thwock of helicopter blades, getting near.

The camera scans the skies, searching for the copter. Noise pollution is a hindrance in this moment.

CUT.

A patrolling Black Hawk is now RIGHT ABOVE THEM, its searchlight blasting them white hot.

Their hair and clothes, litter and tree branches, tousle wildly in the wind of the military copter's downdraft.

BLACK HAWK MEGAPHONE

-ENTRANCE OF THE PARK! REPORT TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE PARK, YOU ARE INFRINGING ON QUARANTINED ZONE! IF YOU DO NOT COMPLY, YOU WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT!

The Black Hawk veers off, catching up to another group of stragglers in the distance, shouting out the exact same orders.

The angle lands on Darren, who's coming at Erik fast, fearful.

DARREN
 (reaching for camera)
 Give that.

ERIK (O.S.)
 Why? I got this-

DARREN
 We're going!

EXT. CENTRAL HUB, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Darren is operating the camera again.

Darren, Nannie, Erik, Jessica (still holding cowboy teddy bear), and Beatriz are walking together, heading back towards the entrance of the park.

The camera's bouncing about willy-nilly, Darren tapping fruitlessly at its external light, which won't turn on.

DARREN (O.S.)
 -ucking blessing the park's power
 came back.
 (re: camera)
 Light's busted on this. Hopefully
 we won't need it anymore.

ERIK
 (egging him on)
 Who's afraid of the big bad dark?

DARREN (O.S.)
Me.

Erik thinks about it.

ERIK
 (sincere)
 Yeah, me too.

CUT.

Erik's walking away from Darren, crossing over to Nannie and Beatriz, who're arm in arm, mutually tacit and somber as they move forward.

Darren whispers at Erik, failing to be discreet.

DARREN (O.S.)
 -DON'T! Stop it Erik, it's not the
 time, what are you-

Erik gives a quick turn to Darren, not stopping. He's really doing this:

ERIK
Got to do this, ssshhh.

Erik and Nannie haven't seen each other in months, and it's not like Nannie's expected to just be nice to the person responsible for putting her best friend in the hospital.

Screw it: Erik goes up to Nannie.

He marches alongside her for a while, hesitant to speak at first, ungainly.

Nannie doesn't make eye contact. Understandable.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Hey Nannie.

No reply.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Just so you know... things aren't that good for me anymore. Maybe it's what you want to hear... I mean, it's what I wanna say, 'cuz it's true. And I... wow, this sucks. Just... sorry. Just that: sorry. If I could say it a jillion times and get water-boarded or something to prove how sorry I really am, then I'd do it. So... that. That is what I wanted to say. Tonight. Right now. Sorry.

No reply.

The tension is wicked, so Erik goes for the tension breaker:

ERIK (CONT'D)
Grad Nite, jeeez. More like *Bad Nite*, *am I right?*

Even Erik gets the douche chills from his own joke.

Nannie and Beatriz walk a little faster, trying to keep ahead of Erik, their unwelcome intruder.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Nannie, wait up.

Just saying her name seems to stir her something fierce.

NANNIE

What.

ERIK

... I know that... this sucks, all of it sucks, and I don't know what to say or even if I should've said anything at all, saying hi or-

NANNIE

Say hi, then.

ERIK

What?

NANNIE

Leave it at saying hi, and that's it. We're done for the night, just leave it.

Erik gets semi-comfortable with their exchange. Beat.

ERIK

Done for tonight, or for like... forever?

Nannie spins on her heels, gets in Erik's face.

NANNIE

What you did to Autumn? Yeah, I'd say *done forever*. Candy-ass boy!

Darren tries to get in between them, pushing Erik away with force.

DARREN (O.S.)

I warned you, idiot.

ERIK

She's got the problem, not me!

NANNIE

(stalks up to Erik)
Oh, you wanna do this now? Let's do thi-!

EXT. THE SKY - NIGHT

FROM THE ONBOARD CAMERA OF AN SSM (SURFACE-TO-SURFACE MISSILE)

We're watching the first-person POV of a missile as it hurtles through the sky at Mach speeds.

Its targeting system [streaming location data, distance to target, etc.] has its cross-hairs aimed dead center at the crashed flying saucer.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
 (low-fi, remote)
 - initiating striation, angle
 quarter degree. Three kilometers,
 two kilometers, *one*, target locked-

The alien spacecraft looms larger and larger in frame until it becomes a sudden, indistinguishable blur.

CONTROLLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 -bullseye, that's a hit!

The screen blacks out.

EXT. POLICE CHOPPER, ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

FROM AN AERIAL CAMERA

THWOOOOOOOM-BOOOM!

The aerial camera quickly pulls out, a GIANT FLASH distorting the video signal.

The chopper, now about a mile away from Wild Works, is rocked by the shock-wave of the missile hit.

The video signal settles, allowing us to see what is ostensibly a fiery, thick-smoked mushroom cloud (non-nuclear) forming over the heart of the theme park.

EXT. CARNIVAL GAMES, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - CONTINUOUS

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Everyone's running like hell.

ERIK
 (into camera/to Darren)
 Don't you freakin' dare stop
 filming, dude! Keep filming!

Darren tilts the camera up to the night sky, where the gargantuan mushroom cloud is towering above them.

FLAMING DEBRIS and chunks of concrete hail down all around them.

Darren latches onto Nannie, pulling her by the arm, not letting go even a little bit.

NANNIE
WHERE'RE WE GOING?!

DARREN (O.S.)
KEEP-TO-ME, KEEP-TO-ME!

A piece of flaming metallic material whistles past their heads.

A separate group of kids, fifty meters ahead of our guys, become victim to the metallic debris.

Two males are lanced straight through their torsos, cutting them into buttery pieces, and a female catches on fire and falls forward, dead.

Darren chooses not to film this in its entirety; we get the gist as he forces the camera off-kilter, running at the same time.

CUT.

Darren and Nannie slide under the awning of a games tent, ducking for cover.

In the mayhem of the explosion and ensuing hail of debris, they've lost track of Erik, Jessica, and Beatriz.

They begin calling out, desperate.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jessica! Erik!

NANNIE
Beatriz!

EXT. POLICE CHOPPER, ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

FROM AN AERIAL CAMERA

Wide angle on: the damaged alien ship, spewing smoke and charred ember from the missile's point of impact. The ship's not as damaged as one would expect.

The top of the alien ship, a rotating chrome dome, activates and rises up.

It's protruding upward, fifty feet high, like the periscope of a submarine.

Its rotation intensifies into a fast spin, a warring pinwheel unlike anything ever seen by human eyes.

Flashes of light, cyan-hued, so bright they scorch the corneas of onlookers.

Suddenly ALIEN PROJECTILES shoot out of the top, goops of fire thrust in every direction, 360 degrees; like high-pressure water out of a wild garden hose.

It's an extra-terrestrial cluster bomb attack.

What look like jumbo artillery shells the size of humans, **ALIEN PODS**, metallic and iridescent, arc across the sky and land in various spots throughout the theme park.

EXT. RECREATIONAL AREA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren and Nannie are running, panting, hand in hand.

We hear the booming echoes of alien projectiles hitting ground across the many acres of Wild Works.

Then the unnerving whine of an incoming projectile; sounds like what you might hear in the microseconds before a rocket blows you up.

Just thirty feet away, one of the alien pods lands with a TREMOROUS THUD.

Darren yanks Nannie down, on instinct.

CUT.

They're tucked behind some bushes, under heavy foliage, decent hiding spot.

Nannie looks into camera, disgusted by it.

NANNIE

Why??

DARREN (O.S.)

This is *significant*. What we're seeing is significant.

Still keyed up on adrenaline, Nannie tries to catch her breath.

NANNIE

That you talking... or Erik?

DARREN (O.S.)
 What? What's *that* mean?

An agonizing HISS, mechanical sounding.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Duck!

CUT.

The camera's peeking past the bushes, angled on the nearby Alien Pod.

The hissing sound is coming from the pod, it's opening, nitrous emissions shooting out.

Its hyper-advanced gears are working, a clockwork mechanism from a distant world.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 Let's run, let's run now, like now,
 like-

DARREN (O.S.)
 NO, stop moving.

NANNIE (O.S.)
 No college, no parties, I'm gonna
 die-

DARREN (O.S.)
 Look-look-look...

Triangular doors on the pod slide open, revealing an open maw of black nothingness. Could be empty, probably isn't.

The camera zooms in on it.

We see movement. Slight, something awakening from its slumber.

Then the screams begin.

Human screams, from all around the park, as *things* start to come out of those pods.

And the particular *thing* coming out of its pod in front of Darren and Nannie is, and can best be described **THE BUBBLE-GUM SLUG**.

The Bubble-Gum Slug is a vile alien creature.

Imagine your everyday garden snail, sans the shell, grown to a height just below your chest plate.

Its backside is taken up by a spherical patch of ultra-thin membrane.

That membrane is red and veiny, and when it fills up with acidic snot, it expands into an organic, bulgy balloon; like blowing a bubble with a piece of gum (hence the name).

Except when that bubble pops, the acidic snot explodes everywhere.

The red membrane is rejuvenative, so the Bubble-Gum Slug keeps on blowing up that acidic bubble, a tireless killing force.

It moves with viscous undulation, yet unlike an earthen snail, it moves fast. It moves *hungry*.

And it's moving straight at Darren and Nannie.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yup, *now* we run-

EXT. OUTDOOR DANCE TENT, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - JUMP CUT

We catch snippets of kids getting attacked by a menagerie of alien creatures.

It's brutal, frantic, a paralyzation of the senses.

Made all the more surreal by the HIP HOP MUSIC blasting over the loudspeakers, fog machine and laser effects still going.

The end of the world as a dance party.

GWAAAR-SLOOOOOSH.

The Bubble-Gum Slug LEAPS OUT of the blanket of manufactured fog, gurgling angry vocalizations, its red membrane starting to engorge into an acidic balloon.

It goes for Nannie.

Darren, without a millisecond of hesitation, drops the camera and protects his girl.

The camera's on its side, on the dance floor, askew.

Darren kicks at the alien slug, grabs a folding chair, and thwacks it in the cranium repeatedly, with heroic purpose and youthful vigor.

Darren wants to kill this thing more than he's ever wanted to kill anything; a bloodlust entrenched in the deepest parts of our survivalist DNA.

Nannie leaves frame for a few seconds, re-enters frame.

She's bear-hugging one of the loud speakers, holding it up, music blaring, long wires attached.

The speaker is super heavy, so she struggles to carry it over, legs buckling.

Meanwhile, Darren is about ready to tap out against Bubble-Gum Slug.

Darren's fallen on his butt, scooting away from the creature as it comes at him, spittle and goo sloshing over Darren.

Bubble-Gum Slug chomps at Darren's feet, its multi-rows of serrated teeth bared full, primed for the kill.

Then Nannie catches up to them, finally.

She drops the immense loudspeaker directly on top of Bubble-Gum Slug. The alien's acid bubble bursts onto itself, melting through its own skin.

Sparks and smoke out of the speaker, Bubble-Gum Slug immolates into a BALL OF BLUE FIRE.

The Bubble-Gum Slug is no more.

Nannie is exhausted, sweating, thrilled. Darren's only alleviated, convinced he was just about to meet his Maker.

Nannie jumps up and down, hollering at the dead alien monster, pumped.

NANNIE

YES! YES! YES! WE KILLED YOU,
YOU'RE DEAD! YOU DIE 'CUZ WE'RE
BETTER THAN YOUR SLUG-ASS! YOU
MESSED WITH THE WRONG PLANET!
HUMAN BEINGS FOREVER, BITCH!

Nannie helps Darren up to his feet.

NANNIE (CONT'D)

(eyes the camera)
That still rolling?

DARREN

(in a daze)
Yeah... think so. Sorry.

NANNIE

You kidding me?! Better be rolling! What we just did, that was BADASS!

DARREN

'Kay.

A flash in the sky, an explosion.

Darren runs for the camera, reaches down and snatches it back up.

CUT.

Darren is panning the sky.

An alien projectile, looking like an amber comet with its thick chemical trail streaking past dark clouds, enters frame.

We follow the projectile in jittery close-up until BOOM it collides with a Black Hawk.

The Black Hawk spins out of control, aflame.

Darren and Nannie step back, unsure of where this helicopter might end up crashing.

Nannie points at something off-screen, unnerved.

NANNIE

Sky Tours, it's right there, dude-

On cue, Darren whip-pans over to the large free-standing tower in the distance.

It's Sky Tours, a 30-story tall attraction with an unencumbered, 360-degree viewing deck at its very top.

The tower's crown has in giant flashing LED-lit letters: "GRAD NITE 2015".

And the careening Black Hawk is on a collision course with it.

DARREN (O.S.)

(sotto, pleading)

Please don't let there be people,
please don't let there be people...

The camera finds Nannie's face, which is almost expressionless in its terror.

EXT. VIEWING DECK, SKY TOURS, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM A STRANGER'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

Whoever's operating this camera is only one of twenty kids up on the viewing deck, thirty stories off-ground.

They're crying, screaming, praying to God.

These are their last moments alive and they know it.

The Black Hawk, in a complete tailspin, teeters dangerously close.

Then just when the helicopter disappears below frame, a moment of hope, the deck's plexi-glass barrier explodes inward.

A shattered tail rotor flies at camera, an airburst of frame-enveloping fire...

BLACK SCREEN.

EXT. CENTRAL HUB, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

The Black Hawk's exploding into Sky Tours.

Darren gets a closer angle on the tower, which is now a smoldering disaster zone, its LED-lit crown a crackling mess; "Grad Nite 2015" now reads "G--- Nite ----".

He's stunned by the tableau, evident in his voyeuristic camera work.

DARREN (O.S.)
People *had* to have been in there,
Nannie, I'm telling you.

Nannie takes Darren's free hand, tries to pull him away.

Darren's distracted, filming.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hold on.

NANNIE
We gotta go.

DARREN (O.S.)
Gimme thirty seconds, a minute.

NANNIE
Hell no. This isn't *Faces of Death*, Darren, let's go.

DARREN (O.S.)
I'm getting the most insane stuff here, it's like-

NANNIE
Darren...

She says it in that stern, but sweet way. Catches Darren off-guard.

Although we can't see Darren's face for ourselves, we assume he's turned his attention over to Nannie.

Her face says it all, the fear and vulnerability.

DARREN (O.S.)
After you.

NANNIE
Thanks.

DARREN
Super welcome.

Nannie shoots him a look, makes sure he wasn't being entirely flippant.

CUT.

They're speed-walking, a good crowd around them, people in varying states of injury.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where're we going?!

NANNIE
Anywhere inside!

EXT. PHANTASMA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Darren keeps at Nannie's backside as they snake up Phantasm's entry ramp.

The entrance to the indoor haunted maze is done in the facade of a decrepit Victorian-style manor, replete with giant oaken double-doors.

A GUTTURAL ROAR spooks them.

Darren turns the camera toward something on the other side of the gate, the auto-focus takes a few seconds to adjust.

Kids are being chased by **THE SLIPSHOD**, a tentacled alien beast with a long wiry snout that serves as a quick-jab stinger.

Its stinger finds a SPIRITED GIRL with a painted-on mask representing her school colors.

The stinger goes straight through her neck, puncturing it clean, The Slipshod flinging her body high into the air with the flair of a triumphant predator.

If Darren and Nannie weren't moving fast enough before, they sure are now.

Kids jump the gate, cutting Darren and Nannie off in their rush to get inside to safety.

Darren doesn't notice it at first, he's busy running his ass off, but the couple of kids just ahead of them seeking refuge inside the attraction should look familiar.

One of them is Gilbert, senior valedictorian and Darren's bus buddy.

INT. PHANTASMA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SECONDS LATER

We're inside, just barely.

Gilbert and a few of his student council compatriots are pushing up against the double-doors, closing it off from anyone else trying to get in.

GILBERT

Keep it closed, push! FUCKING PUSH
HARDER!

The camera does a double-take, Darren recognizing Gilbert.

DARREN (O.S.)

Gilbert!

Gilbert turns and sees Darren, not really the time to get excited.

Kids trapped on the outside start pounding on the double-doors, shouting to let them in, desperate.

GILBERT

Arends. You're alive. Cool.
 (shoving his shoulder
 against the door)
 You want to hug and kiss, or you
 want to help?

Darren uses his free hand to help push.

Voices emerge from the other side of the double-doors,
 familiar ones.

ERIK (O.S.)

Darren! It's us, we're right here,
 let us in!

JESSICA (O.S.)

Darren! Please! Door's locked or,
 please-

DARREN (O.S.)

(to himself)
 Kidding me...

Darren, forgetting to shut off the camera, lets it hang
 haphazardly by his thigh as he squeezes past Gilbert to try
 and open the doors.

GILBERT

What are you doing?! Stop!

Gilbert blocks Darren, fists clenched, ready to fight to
 prevent anyone else from getting in.

DARREN (O.S.)

Those are my friends, let it open!

Gilbert holds his ground, selfishly fervent in his need to
 survive above all others.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Gilbert... let them in, man, I'm
 telling you *I know them*-

GILBERT

Place'll get swamped, those
things'll get in here. Don't be a
 hero, it's so not the thing to be
 right now.

DARREN (O.S.)

Move.

Darren goes for the doors again.

This time Gilbert and his compatriots shove Darren back, Nannie jumping to Darren's aid.

NANNIE

Let them in, Gil! People're out there, they're gonna die if you don't-

GILBERT

(points a finger at Nannie)

You wanna make it out tonight, I recommend you shut your dumb debate team mouth-

That's it, Gilbert's getting slugged.

Darren charges Gilbert, the camera slaps wildly by their hips in the scuffle.

Darren knocks Gilbert back with a clean punch to the jaw, who falls onto his posterior, punch-drunk.

Darren's at the double-doors, all clear, as he pulls them wide open, letting in the desperate stragglers.

It's Erik, Jessica, and a handful of other kids who bum-rush their way inside Phantasma's entryway.

ERIK

Thankyouthankyouthankyou-

JESSICA

(quickly hugs Darren)

We saw you, couldn't tell it was you for sure, but... yeah.

When it looks like there isn't anyone left trying to get inside, Darren shuts the double-doors again, this time locking them.

DARREN (O.S.)

(to Erik)

Where's Beatriz?

Jessica casts her eyes downward, taciturn. Erik looks to Darren, shaking his head somberly.

It's hard to say something like that out loud. But it's clear. Beatriz didn't make it.

Nannie enters frame, processing the news, and rather than becoming an emotionally wreck, she takes it in stride; her defense mechanism.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come here.

Darren comforts her.

CUT.

The camera drifts about the faux-candle-lit entrance, finds Gilbert. He's back on his feet, just staring at an off-screen Darren, fuming. His mouth is busted up.

GILBERT

(spiteful)

What a sweetheart.

DARREN (O.S.)

(rhetorical, saddened)

What's wrong with you.

GILBERT

Something could've gotten in,
maimed us all.

DARREN (O.S.)

So? You take those kinda risks for
friends. Real friends.

GILBERT

(half-hearted)

My bad, Arends. My super bad.

DARREN (O.S.)

Do me a biggie?

GILBERT

(spits out blood)

What, help you save the world, all
beta male and shit?

DARREN (O.S.)

Don't follow me.

Darren turns and leaves Gilbert there, the end of a
friendship.

GILBERT (O.S.)

(calling out after Darren)

Don't worry about me, jergoff! I
don't follow anybody, ever! I'm
valedictorian, baby! I'm actually
going places in life! I'm my own
leader, a winner, you've no ide-

DARREN (O.S.)
 (into the camera's mic)
 Aaaaand cut-

INT. MAZE WALKTHROUGH, PHANTASMA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK -
 LATER

Darren, Nannie, Erik, and Jessica are coasting through the attraction's "haunted" maze.

The maze is a labyrinthine series of hallways, with spooky paintings and artifacts up on the walls, and animatronic ghosts and monsters that pop out at you.

Darren's at the rear of the group, filming what he can, using the camera's flip-out LCD screen for illumination.

JESSICA
 I don't like scary rides like this.

NANNIE
 (sidles up next to
 Jessica)
 Me neither. It's not really a ride
 though. We just walk 'till it's
 over.

JESSICA
 Still. It's freaky.

Jessica, the cowboy teddy bear still in her possession, hugs it tight for comfort. Nannie takes heed of the plush toy.

NANNIE
 Where'd you get that?

JESSICA
 What? The bear?

NANNIE
 I think that might be mine.

JESSICA
 Oh. Someone dropped it, I guess.
 You can have it.

Jessica offers the teddy to Nannie. Nannie recognizes the fear in Jessica's eyes, and declines.

NANNIE
 It's yours, don't worry about it.

Jessica nods, thank you.

NANNIE (CONT'D)

Beatriz named it Clint Eat-wood. I mean, you don't *have* to name it that, but it's kinda funny 'cause he's chubby and all.

JESSICA

Oooh, I love that.
(to the teddy)
Pleasure meeting you, Clint Eat-wood.

Nannie cracks a soft smile, if anything in memory of Beatriz.

NANNIE

(looks back at Darren/the camera)
We got a plan, pap?

DARREN (O.S.)

We get through the maze, get to an exit. We figure it out *then*.

NANNIE

We sure don't know what we're doing anymore.

DARREN (O.S.)

We won't argue with that.

CUT.

Every time something pops out of the wall, scaring each gender equally, Erik gets pissed. He's embarrassed to admit the simulated scares are actually getting to him.

An animatronic ghost lunges at Erik. Erik yelps a bit, sounds like a squeal. He tries to play it cool.

ERIK

A puppet with a bedsheet. How scary?

Nannie rolls her eyes, beyond irritated with the guy.

DARREN (O.S.)

Never really took you for a squealer, Erik.

NANNIE

I did.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (stifling a laugh)
 Or a jumper.

ERIK
 Oh, come on! It's called flight or
 fight! It's a natural response to
 things coming at your face!

NANNIE
 Things coming at your face, is that
 something you have a lot of
 experience in?

Nannie's passive-aggressive jokes take a toll on Erik. His
 embarrassment turns to anger.

Erik punches at the ghost, rips its springy body into base
 sections. He launches what's left of the animatronic across
 the hallway, steaming mad.

NANNIE (CONT'D)
 Uh-oh, someone's drinking their
 morning Muscle Milk!

Erik stands up to Nannie.

ERIK
 Can I say what I'm thinking?

NANNIE
 Thinking, hmm. You allowed to do
 that during the week, or is it more
 a weekend treat for you?

Darren positions himself in-between Nannie and Erik, senses
 how out of control this could get.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Hey, remember that time we were
 trying to survive an alien
 invasion? Let's get back to that.

Even Jessica gets in on the action, puts a reassuring hand on
 Nannie's shoulder.

JESSICA
 (to Nannie)
 Maybe this isn't the greatest time?

NANNIE
 (to Jessica, eyes locked
 on Erik)
 (MORE)

NANNIE (CONT'D)

The greatest time is something my best friend in the world wouldn't know anything about. She's hooked up to machines in a hospital bed while the guy responsible for putting her there gets to go out and celebrate Grad Nite with roller coasters and over-priced churros. Princess Erik gets the fairy tale ending, and a girl named Autumn gets the nightmare.

Erik is flattened by this, he steels himself accordingly.

ERIK

... not fair, that's not fair...

Nannie scoots closer to Erik, teasing him with a cocky, "bring-it-on" smile.

NANNIE

You obviously got jumbo nards coming to Wild Works all guilt-free. So use 'em. Say what you're thinking.

ERIK

I think you wish I were dead. That I'd been killed tonight. Or, or-

NANNIE

Or really badly injured?

ERIK

Or really badly injured: yeah, exactly.

NANNIE

Wow you're right. You're like a *psychic*. Sylvia Browne, except more full of shit. Good on you.

ERIK

Swallow it, Nannie.

Darren, tired of the mediator role, firmly presses Erik into a corner.

DARREN (O.S.)

(to Erik)

STOP. Stop talking, walk away.

ERIK
 (over Darren's shoulder,
 to Nannie)
 Just so you know, you almost got
 your wish. I *did* get attacked. It
 was baaaad.

NANNIE
 Your nose.

ERIK
 I'm supposed to get butthurt over
 that, or what? My nose-

NANNIE
 (concerned)
 It's bleeding.

She's right. The camera focuses on Erik's face, difficult to
 make out in the dim lighting. Jet black liquid is pouring
 out his nostrils.

It's not blood. It's something else entirely.

ERIK
 (wipes it off)
 What is thi- The hell-

CUT.

As a group they are almost at the end of the maze.

Erik's in trouble, as he's keeling over with sudden abdominal
 pain. With one hand, he's covering up his nose to no avail.
 The black liquid is oozing out, non-stop.

DARREN (O.S.)
 (to Erik)
 Hey, need another break?

ERIK
 No. Gotta get out of here.

Darren's hand enters frame, pats Erik on the back.

DARREN (O.S.)
 Okay. Let's keep going, I got you.

ERIK
 Darren?

DARREN (O.S.)
 Yeah?

ERIK
I'm gonna die, right?

DARREN (O.S.)
Absolutely, it'll be just horrible
for you.

Erik shoots him a pained look.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Funny? No? That was... retarded,
never mind.

CUT.

The climax of the walkthrough, a cheesy-looking graveyard
with fake graves and tombstones rocking side to side.

DARREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Exit's pretty close.

A rotting mummy hand pops out of the ground, gives Jessica a
good fright.

She hops around Nannie, skeeved out, near hysterics. This is
her last straw.

JESSICA
Nope! My period's full blast!
This isn't conducive!

DARREN (O.S.)
We shouldn't make too much noise-

JESSICA
Screw you! We're the ones up
front, your freakin' guinea pigs.

ERIK
(to Jessica, in great
pain)
Seriously? I'm the one gushing goo
outta my face, so get over it.

NANNIE
(to Erik)
She wasn't talking to you-

DARREN (O.S.)
Shut up, *they* might hear us-

JESSICA
I HATE THEME PARKS. I HATE
TONIGHT. I HATE MY LIFE-

Eeeeeaaaaagggh!

A Shrieking Zombie Bride drops from the ceiling, glow-in-the-dark, and swipes the top of Jessica's head with its tattered, overflowing gown.

Jessica looks into camera, deadpan.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
... was I saying something?

Beat.

Thwooom, Jessica's plucked clean out of frame, up toward the ceiling. She's being hoisted up by The Crawler, the alien-human hybrid.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
DARRRRREEEEEEEEEEENNNNN!!!

The Crawler SNAPS Jessica's neck, killing her. It carries Jessica's limp body up a wall, past the rafters, and through a clawed-out hole in the roof.

CUT.

Up ahead, glowing red exit signs.

Darren's sprinting, as are Nannie and Erik. Erik's having the most trouble doing so out of the three.

Doesn't matter; as long as they're moving, they're surviving.

Behind them, the shrill echoes of The Crawler screeching, braying. Threatening to catch up to them in an instant.

Coming up are the exit doors.

Darren picks up speed, now flanking Nannie and Erik, the camera all herky-jerky.

EXT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Darren's filming seven newly-arrived Black Hawks as they hover over Wild Work's central hub. Rappelling ropes are dropped from the helicopters, as soldiers ready to enter the heart of the park.

Hyper-real imagery only seen in video games.

Military helo's in the sky, explosions going off, giant ferris wheel and roller coasters ablaze.

NANNIE (O.S.)
Get in here! Darren, come on!

The angle tilts down, where Nannie's signaling at Darren to follow her into the cafeteria-style eatery.

INT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Darren and Nannie are hiding out beneath the table of a booth. Erik's under a table directly opposite their booth. They lie in wait, exhausted.

We hear the sounds of battle outside the eatery. It's getting louder and more intense.

CUT.

Darren gently zooms in on Erik, who's got his eyes closed and is praying silently to himself.

NANNIE (O.S.)
(sotto, to Darren re:
filming Erik)
Don't be disrespectful.

Darren zooms out, turns the camera on Nannie. Her face is almost right up to the lens, they're huddled so tight.

DARREN (O.S.)
(sotto, to Nannie)
You were gnawing his nuts off an
hour ago, *now* you care?

Nannie smirks enigmatically. She doesn't have to answer that.

NANNIE
What do we do next?

It swiftly dawns on Darren, the answer.

DARREN (O.S.)
... I think I, uh, might know...

NANNIE
What? *What*, say it-

DARREN (O.S.)
You pick up one of those little map
brochures?

Nannie mulls it over, reaches into her pockets, then finds it. A crumpled map brochure, the sort theme parks give out to visitors upon entry.

Darren lays the camera down on the tile floor.

We watch as Darren unfolds the brochure into a spread, an illustrated map of the entire park.

EXT. UH-60 BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

FROM A SOLDIER'S HELMET CAM

We're seeing the first person POV of an unknown, unnamed **SPECIAL FORCES SOLDIER** as he rappells down a rope from the side of the helicopter.

He's descending rapidly, fifty feet in about three seconds.

EXT. CENTRAL HUB, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Soldier touches ground, detaches his cable grip, poises his burst-fire ASSAULT RIFLE.

His team's already on ground, waiting for him. Seven soldiers total, they venture forward. Weapons aimed.

INT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren's pointing out on the map where he was able to sneak into the park earlier.

DARREN
-there, the storage area.

NANNIE
How though?

DARREN
Perimeter fence, it's not too high.
We hop over it, leads right into a
residential street.

NANNIE
And you already did this? Snuck
in?

Darren shrugs his shoulders, "yep."

NANNIE (CONT'D)

Why??

DARREN

(re: camera)

Security would've park-blocked me.

Nannie uses her pointer finger and thumb to measure on the map the distance between where they're presently at, the eatery, to the storage area. It's not an easy trek.

NANNIE

I dunno, like... could we even make it that far without... *you know?*

DARREN

(sullen)

Yeah. I know.

Darren studies the map, considers a shortcut. There's one major obstacle in the way of getting to the storage area, and it's a water ride.

Woodchip Rapids, an American Frontier-themed river rafting ride.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(lost in thought)

... gonna get wet, definitely.

Nannie furrows her brow, pinches Darren's chin and lifts his head so they're making eye contact.

NANNIE

Uh, who's getting wet?

Darren points it out to her on the map.

DARREN

See Woodchip Rapids? See this main part of the river? Storage area's kitty-corner to it. It's right there, easy. So...

NANNIE

We jump the river.

DARREN

We can't jump it, river's too wide.

Nannie deflates, her anxiety getting the best of her.

NANNIE

I know you're gonna say we have to swim across it, but for like five seconds, can we pretend you're not gonna say we have to swim across it?

Darren's not looking at Nannie anymore. His eyes are trained on something off-camera.

DARREN

Erik?

Darren scoots forward under the table, accidentally knocking the camera so it's facing the rest of the room.

We see Erik standing, his back to us. As still as a tree.

NANNIE (O.S.)

Lay low, Erik, what are you doing?

DARREN (O.S.)

Erik.

Erik's not responding, he's not moving. Then a boyish timbre calls out, presumably from Erik. The voice morphs into an inhuman growl.

Erik turns around, revealing his face.

The black goo has metastasized, molding Erik's facial features into a sinister rictus. His eyeballs are missing, his eye sockets brimming with thumb-sized, orange-hued worms.

He opens his mouth wide, jaw muscles ripping apart, an alien battle cry.

Erik's no longer Erik; he's an alien-human hybrid.

Erik/It doubles over, his/its spine convexing unnaturally, until INSECT-LIKE WINGS sprout out of the skin of his/its back.

Erik/It is **THE GLIDER**.

Its wings ramp up for flight, then it ascends off its feet, hitting the ceiling at first, eventually crashing out a broken window.

The Glider is gone, outside.

Darren immediately reaches for the camera, turns the lens on himself and Nannie.

They're just sitting there gaping, out of breath, adrenaline spiking. What in the name of Satan's army did they just witness?

DARREN (CONT'D)

(freaked)

I vow to become an alcoholic for
the rest of my-

Gunfire, just outside.

EXT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - SAME

FROM A SOLDIER'S HELMET CAM

In the style of a first-person shooter:

The Special Forces Soldier and his team are surrounded by alien creatures. They're firing at-will, hitting and killing what they can.

It's much too overwhelming for the soldiers, even for highly-trained killers such as themselves.

Soon, our first-person POV is the only one left standing. The other soldiers are dead, except for us (the unknown, unnamed Special Forces Soldier).

We're attacked from the side.

Our perspective becomes blurred, wild. We hear the Soldier's bones snap, his screams of agony.

A speck of blood hits the lens of the helmet cam.

The Soldier stops screaming, stops moving. Our perspective freezes, we're stuck looking up at the night sky.

The alien predators leave him there, dead.

Except he isn't dead, not yet.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Help...

We hear the Soldier choke through a throatful of blood. He's fading fast.

SOLDIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... *HELP*, please...

A laborious beat of helplessness.

Then voices, hushed, human. They're approaching us, somewhat familiar.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
-c'mon, just help me then.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
This is yonkers, we're gonna-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
-get his arms, I got his legs.

The male and female enter frame. It's Darren and Nannie, and they assist the Soldier in getting him to safety.

Darren's got him by the legs, Nannie by the arms. We're dragged twenty feet over blacktop before entering the doors of the eatery.

INT. THE EATERY, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Soldier's arm enters frame, he grabs Darren by the shoulder, urgent.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
-gun, fire a gun, you know how to?

DARREN
(shaking his head)
No. Not at all-

NANNIE
I do.

Darren looks to Nannie, confounded.

DARREN
You do??

NANNIE
(ignoring Darren, to
Soldier)
I've handled weapons before,
Sergeant. I mean, nothing *this*
big, but-

SOLDIER (O.S.)
-'sfine, here-

Without hesitation, the Soldier hands his assault rifle over to Nannie. Nannie cocks the weapon, confident.

Darren's equal parts impressed and scared shitless.

DARREN
'Kay... Cool...?

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(coughing violently)
-my helmet, take it... s'got visual
targeting display... night
vision...

Nannie reaches in to unclasp the dying Soldier's helmet. She picks it up, fits it over her head. Once it's adjusted to a reasonably comfortable position, we are:

FROM NANNIE'S HELMET CAM

She looks down at the Soldier. His torso is a gored mess.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
... they'll bomb the park.. the
whole place... no survivors...

Nannie exchanges a glance with Darren, startled by the Soldier's warning.

NANNIE (O.S.)
Wh- When-?

SOLDIER
... soon. Go, get...

The Soldier takes his final excruciating breaths, waving them off direly, their protector.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
... go, now! Go! LEAVE-

EXT. WOODCHIP RAPIDS, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

Nannie's assault rifle is aimed, at the ready.

Nannie and Darren are at the edge of a controlled, FAST-MOVING RIVER; the aforementioned obstacle standing in-between them and the park's storage area (i.e. an escape from Wild Works).

DARREN
Let's just jump now, let's not even
think about it.

NANNIE (O.S.)
No, dude. Water's moving too fast,
we'll get swept or-

DARREN

Or what? We don't have time for anything else!

NANNIE (O.S.)

Like, I'm not going out Natalie Wood style! *I'm just not-*

Glrreeeeuuuaasshk.

We (Nannie) see movement in the treetops, where the sound came from. An alien monster is stalking them, daring them to inch closer.

Nannie raises the assault rifle, FIRES.

The trees explode with burst-fire rounds. The monster sails off a tree, down onto the grass, coming straight at Nannie and Darren.

DARREN (O.S.)

The boat, jump!

Nannie whips her head around, sees what Darren's referring to.

An automated raft boat, as part of the ride, is drifting down the river, close enough to hop into.

Darren jumps first, landing sloppily. He's on the raft boat, beckoning Nannie to follow suit.

The monster only gets closer, its talons pounding against wet grass.

NANNIE (O.S.)

Oh god, whatever.

Nannie hurls herself over the barrier, rapid waters just below her. We fall through the air, colliding onto one of the seats on the raft boat.

She's now alongside Darren, safely on the boat.

The monster's kept at bay above them, unwilling to get anywhere near the water.

The raft boat continues down the river, until it enters the indoors section of the thrill ride. It's a faux mining mountain, and it's mostly in complete darkness.

INT. MINING MOUNTAIN, WOODCHIP RAPIDS, WILD WORKS THEME PARK -
CONTINUOUS

Again, in the style of a first-person shooter:

The night vision kicks on. Nannie bears the assault rifle in frame like a true soldier, albeit she's trembling a bit.

The raft boat goes through the motions as if it's any ole' night at the theme park. Twists and turns and sudden drops. Water splashing the seats.

In the darkness, we hear the clatter and clucking of alien creatures. They're inside the mountain, they can be anywhere.

Nannie waits for the first sign of movement. And when she sees that first sign, she engages in ALL-OUT GUNFIRE.

Burst-fire rounds plink off the mining set. Creatures are shot, wounded. They're coming out of the darkness from all angles.

Chk-FTHOOM! Chk-FTHOOM! Chk-FTHOOM!

Nannie is firing with great fervor, the assault rifle's percussive blasts reverberating harshly indoors.

Darren is cowering down on the raft, protecting his head, as hot shell casings land atop his back.

The assault rifle clicks empty.

NANNIE (O.S.)
I'm out, shit.

The ride is over, we're outside again.

EXT. DISEMBARKING STATION, WOODCHIP RAPIDS, WILD WORKS THEME
PARK - CONTINUOUS

Their raft boat slows to a crawl, as it sidles up next to a disembarking station.

Darren gets out first, lends a hand to Nannie.

As Nannie steps up on solid ground, she's blind-sided, thrown twenty feet, landing on her stomach.

The helmet cam loses fidelity, starts to crackle and buzz from the force of impact.

Nannie turns over, the wind knocked out of her, incapable of vocalizing anything other than a pained gasp.

We see what's attacking her.

It's **THE HUNCHBACK GOBLIN**; it's really an alien, of course. But to the human eye, goblin would be the best descriptor for it.

The goblin is hopping its way toward Nannie, its salivary glands drooping like snot out of its open maw.

Nannie prepares for the end, for an insufferable death.

Then another alien creature swoops in, landing atop the goblin, killing it. Saving Nannie.

The Glider, a.k.a. Erik.

The Glider/Erik gawks at Nannie, an oddly sympathetic beat. There's something very human about the way it stands there, although it isn't quite human anymore.

The Glider takes off into the air, leaving an emotional Nannie and a bewildered Darren.

Darren helps Nannie up.

DARREN

Was that...?

NANNIE (O.S.)

I think.

(beat)

Yes.

Darren unclasps Nannie's helmet.

DARREN

Let's get this off-

EXT. POLICE CHOPPER, ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

FROM AN AERIAL CAMERA

We crash-zoom in on two **B-2 STEALTH BOMBERS** as they hurtle over Wild Work's airspace, dropping a ticker tape parade of **CLUSTER BOMBS**.

The bombers' primary target is the crashed extra-terrestrial spacecraft.

However, huge swaths of the park are instantly ignited like a gasoline-drenched matchbook.

EXT. STORAGE AREA, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - NIGHT

FROM SECURITY CAM

Grainy, black-and-white, soundless.

Darren and Nannie, hand-in-hand, are running, dodging debris. There is no escape, not even at the edge of the park. They're walled in by fire.

They run into a storage unit for cover.

INT. STORAGE UNIT, WILD WORKS THEME PARK - MOMENTS LATER

FROM DARREN'S HD CAMERA

Darren and Nannie together, on the dingy floor. Sweaty, bloody, out of breath.

Darren sits the camera opposite them, so they're both in frame.

DARREN
 (into camera)
 Hey Autumn. I set out to give you
 the virtual Grad Nite experience.
 Here we are. Nuts, huh?

Outside, an explosion.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 (to Nannie)
 Wanna say something to her?

Nannie appears to muster courage, braving the camera as though it was Autumn herself sitting there.

NANNIE
 (into camera, poker-faced)
 Yeah, tonight blew. Like big time.
 Never again. You lucked out,
 Autumn. Trust me.

Outside, another explosion, bigger.

DARREN
 (into camera)
 It could've went smoother.
 (MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

Other than that, I'd say it was well worth my 145 bucks. Two tickets, a.k.a. half of my entire savings.

Darren probes Nannie with a withering stare.

NANNIE

What? You offered to pay, your fault.

CUT.

Darren and Nannie forget the camera for a while.

NANNIE (CONT'D)

You know, UCSB has this thing the first week of classes. All the freshmen get to dress like their favorite characters, dance and get blitzed around a humongous bonfire 'till like, six in the morning. Right on the beach. They call it "Bonfire of the Insanities."

DARREN

Get outta here, really?

Outside, another explosion, the biggest yet.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Can I come visit my very cool girl at her very cool school sometime?

NANNIE

Hell yeah, son.

They bump fists, snuggle tighter, ready to die.

The storage unit vibrates, shifting on its foundation of wood palettes. Fire is creeping into the storage unit, the aluminum walls buckling under intense heat.

The camera is vibrating, falling over, heat waves distorting the lens.

The concrete beneath the storage unit's foundation splits open, what is seemingly an EARTHQUAKE in full effect.

Mammoth blasts of PULSATING AIR knock out the flames entrenching the storage unit, as easily a child would his birthday candles.

Intense ultraviolet rays bounce off the camera lens, in conjunction with the HEAVING BOOMS of a great, terrible machine attempting to start up.

These are sounds akin to the space shuttle lifting off at Cape Canaveral.

The concrete splits open wider, tipping the camera over.

Our perspective free falls through the air before landing on a bed of muddy gravel, streams of dirt and mesh hitting the camera from above.

We see water rushing past the gravel, down a pitch black tunnel.

WE ARE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND WATER MAIN, WILD WORKS THEME PARK -
CONTINUOUS

Entering from the top of frame, Nannie's legs dangle as Darren lowers her into the tunnel.

NANNIE
Slower, slower-

DARREN (O.S.)
Let go, it's not that deep-

NANNIE
Don't you let me go, wait, wait-

Nannie's feet dip into the deluge of water, she gains ground.

She's ducking her head and making room for Darren, as he's now lowering himself down.

Darren's on his feet, the water drenching his jeans.

Darren and Nannie scoot closer to camera, away from the opening in the ground.

There they wait, hunched over in the tunnel, listening to the furious dissonance of what they presume is the world coming to an end.

Outside, above ground: a sternum-punching POP, a WHOOSH, and then all is silent. For the first time in many hours.

All we hear are shrill breaths, the babble of water.

EXT. WILD WORKS THEME PARK - MORNING

The sun's just up, and Darren's panning the camera along the devastation of the theme park. It's unbelievable.

A place of amusement reduced to a place of annihilation.

We zoom in on Wild Work's central hub, on the MASSIVELY EMPTY CRATER where the extra-terrestrial spacecraft once lay.

DARREN (O.S.)
It's gone. UFO's gone.

Nannie doesn't buy it, climbs up a railing to get a better view.

NANNIE
Where'd-... how?

DARREN (O.S.)
Think we heard it take off, maybe.

NANNIE
They bombed the shit out of it,
though.

DARREN (O.S.)
Yeah. Well. Maybe all our good
bombs are in Afghanista-

BLUE SCREEN:

The camera's menu. An icon pops up, one indicating that the tape's run out of space.

END OF TAPE.

INT. ICU, HOSPITAL - DAY

FROM NANNIE'S SMARTPHONE CAMERA

A tiny crack remains on the upper-left corner of the lens.

Nannie's trying to keep up with Darren, who's running through the halls of the hospital, just a tad lost.

Passerby Nurses dodge out of Darren's way, looking him up and down like he's a patient escapee.

NANNIE (O.S.)
(to Nurses)
Sor-ry! We're like totally lost-

INT. AUTUMN'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Autumn's awake, still in her body cast, unable to move below the neck without great pain.

She sees Darren enter first, and her smile quickly drops.

AUTUMN
Holy Hades.

Darren and Nannie are both covered in blood, muck, and alien goo. Not a good look to just spring on somebody.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
You're gonna make me cry--

NANNIE (O.S.)
Oh no, sweetie-

AUTUMN
--tears of happiness. Finally,
somebody else looks worse than me.
Thank you! Both of you!

Darren looks to Nannie/camera, not really smiling, but close enough.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
So, how was it? Grad Nite?
(eyeing their clothes)
Let me guess: gross and bloody?

Darren hefts up his HD camera, points to it.

DARREN
Wanna see?

AUTUMN
Eh, maybe later.

CUT TO BLACK.