

VITREOUS

by

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EXT. MAYAN TEMPLE - SUNSET

The trapezoidal top of a Mayan temple towers above the treetops of a thick green jungle, bathed in the blood-red light of the setting sun. ABIGAIL, an 11-year-old girl dressed in white ceremonial robes, is chained to a sacrificial altar at the temple's peak. She is struggling, but held fast by her chains, and her head is in a metal cage that keeps it from moving at all.

Next to Abigail stands a SHAMAN, his face covered by a sinister mask that matches his ceremonial costume of hides and feathers.

In stark contrast to the low-tech feel of the rest of the scene, a strange MACHINE floats weightless in the air above the altar. The heart of the machine is a bronze sphere the size of a small car, and a dozen metal arms extend from the sphere at odd angles, each ending in a drill, a saw, or some other terrifying tool. The machine hums ominously.

Chanting in a strange language, the Shaman reaches up and pulls down one of the machine's arms, which ends in a pair of long, thick hypodermic needles. He aligns the needles with Abigail's eyes and slowly begins to lower the arm.

There is a sound like air rushing into a vacuum from directly behind the Shaman, and as he turns a tremendous arm lashes out, grabs him by the throat, and lifts him off the ground. Beyond the arm, nothing can be seen of the MONSTER, and as the Shaman stares off-screen at it there is a horrible slurping noise, as the life is sucked out of the Shaman and he withers to a dessicated husk. The arm throws his body aside and loud footsteps lumber toward Abigail.

Abigail's expression is a mix of hope and fear, as she tries to determine if the horrifying monster has come to save her. There is a moment's pause, and the monster's arm reaches out and grabs the arm of the machine, plunging the twin needles down into Abigail's eyes.

Abigail screams.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

The scream turns into the school bell, indicating the end of class. Abigail, dressed in a baggy shirt and jeans, has been asleep sitting up at her desk, her chin resting on her hand. During her nap, someone has written a capital letter "L" on her forehead in magic marker.

The bell has woken Abigail up, and as she shakes off her nightmare she stands up and loads her book and notebook into her backpack. A few of the other students watch her and giggle on their way out the door. Abigail looks around to see what the giggling is about, and locks eyes with MARK, a handsome and well-dressed boy across the room near the door. They smile at each other for a moment, then Mark makes an "L" with his fingers and holds it to his forehead, and mouths the word "Loser" before he laughs and heads out the door.

The TEACHER, a fussy little man in a brown suit and a hideous tie, shakes his head and turns to Abigail.

TEACHER

Abigail, I'd appreciate it if
you'd try to stay awake
through class tomorrow.

Abigail lowers her head and nods, avoiding eye contact.

TEACHER (CONTINUED)

And you have something on
your forehead.

Abigail touches her forehead, and when she looks at her fingers they're dotted with fresh magic marker. She blushes and runs out into the hallway, covering the letter with her hand.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

On the verge of tears, Abigail races to the bathroom, her hand still covering her forehead.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL BATHROOM - MORNING

Abigail is standing at the bathroom mirror, scrubbing her forehead with a wet paper towel. She's crying a little, and the scrubbing has turned her forehead red, although the letter is still partially visible.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - MORNING

Abigail is dressed in her gym shorts and a t-shirt, and is playing dodgeball with the rest of her class. COACH, a mustachioed man in a monogrammed school shirt and shorts, both two sizes too small for him, is refereeing.

A row of Nerf balls are lined up along the middle of the court, and when Coach blows his whistle most of the kids run up and grab them. Abigail hangs back while the rest of her team runs up. Mark, who is on the other team, snatches up one of the balls and flings it at her. Abigail cringes, and the ball hits her in the thigh. The Coach gives a short blast on his whistle.

COACH

Abigail! Out!

Abigail limps off the court and slumps to the floor against the wall, turning her face away from the court and staring off into space.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL LAWN - AFTERNOON

Abigail is sitting on the grass in front of the school, looking generally miserable and pulling up blades of crabgrass. A stationwagon pulls up to the curb and honks. Abigail looks up at it, then back down at the blade of grass she's pulling apart.

The car honks again. Abigail looks harder at it, and she recognizes the driver. She picks up her backpack and trudges over to it. HARRY is behind the wheel. He's in his late 50s, and looks like the fatherly chief of staff from a typical hospital TV show. Abigail opens the door and gets in the car.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

HARRY

Hey, kiddo! Your mom's up to her elbows in pottery, so she asked me to come get you.

ABIGAIL

OK.

HARRY

So... how was your day?

ABIGAIL

OK.

Harry pauses for a moment to assess Abigail's mood.

HARRY

I think I'll stop by and get a Blizzard on the way home. Would you like one?

Abigail's eyes don't quite light up, but this is certainly the highpoint of her day.

ABIGAIL

Yes, please!

INT. DAIRY QUEEN, AFTERNOON

The CASHIER is handing Abigail and Harry their Blizzards.

CASHIER

(to Harry)

That's a small Oreo for you, and...

(to Abigail)

a large Heath for you.

Harry and Abigail sit down at a table and start eating.

HARRY

You want to talk about it?

Abigail shakes her head and continues eating. After a while she says,

ABIGAIL

I just wish I could be done with school. Kids are stupid, and I know that none of this popularity stuff matters when you're an adult.

Harry chuckles and takes another bite of his Blizzard before talking.

HARRY

I'm going to let you in on a little secret, Abigail. All those stupid kids grow up to be stupid adults, and then have stupid kids of their own. The whole world is filled with stupid people, not just middle school. The most important lesson of middle school isn't math, or science, or English; you could teach yourself those things, and you're probably already smarter than your teachers. No, the most important lesson of middle school is learning to deal with stupid people; learning to live your own life even when you're surrounded by them, learning how to find the few smart people like you and me among all the idiots, and sometimes even learning to get the stupid people to do what you want them to do.

Abigail smiles.

ABIGAIL

Wow, that's really harsh. Thanks.

HARRY

Don't mention it. I just wish
someone had given me this
talk when I was your age.

(he finishes his
Blizzard)

Shall we get you home, now?

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Abigail enters through the front door carrying her Blizzard cup, and walks down the hallway toward her room. Halfway down she passes her mom's "office", which contains a computer, a sewing machine, an easel with a half-finished oil painting on it, and a pottery wheel.

TAMARA, Abigail's mother, is working at the pottery wheel, and just as Harry described she's elbow-deep in clay. Her hair is in a short ponytail, and she's wearing sneakers, jeans-shorts, and a ratty t-shirt, stained hundreds of different colors from her countless projects.

TAMARA

Hi, honey!

ABIGAIL

Hi mom.

TAMARA

I'm sorry I had Harry pick
you up. I got caught up in
this and didn't have time to
get cleaned up before you got
out of school.

ABIGAIL

It's OK. He bought me a
Blizzard. I'm gonna go watch
TV for a while, is that OK?

TAMARA

As long as you do your
homework after dinner.

ABIGAIL

'kay.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, ABIGAIL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Abigail continues down the hall into her room and shuts the door. She turns on her TV and sits on her bed watching cartoons. Eventually her eyes droop and she curls up and falls asleep. A few hours later, Tamara comes in to check on Abigail, finds her fast asleep, and turns off the TV.

DARKNESS

Footsteps running on cobblestones echo in the darkness...

EXT. VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

Abigail, in a Victorian-era dress, is running down a foggy London street. This is obviously another nightmare; the buildings around her waver, and strange faces appear and disappear in the fog.

A man, also in a Victorian costume with a top hat and his collar pulled up over his face, is chasing her, and his walking stick taps rhythmically against the cobblestones. Abigail ducks down an alley and hides behind a row of trashcans. She's breathing heavily, and her heart is pounding. The man, shrouded in fog, stops at the end of the alley, peers at the trashcans, and then continues down the street.

Abigail calms down, her breathing and heartbeat slow, when suddenly there's a low and terrifying voice from behind her.

MONSTER

Abigail!

Abigail turns, her eyes grow wide with terror...

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

...and she wakes from her nightmare with a gasp. She looks around frantically for a moment, then realizes she's safe in her own bed. She shrugs off the nightmare, rolls over, and falls back asleep.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

A medium-sized suburban kitchen, complete with dishwasher and breakfast table. Tamara has just started the coffeemaker, and is setting out a few cereal boxes, a carton of milk, and three bowls.

She's digging spoons out of the silverware drawer when RICK, her husband, shuffles in half-asleep but freshly showered. Rick is clean-shaven, but his clothes just barely meet the requirements of his suit-and-tie government job. He heads over to the table and starts pouring himself a bowl of cereal.

TAMARA
(calling down the
hall)
Abigail! Breakfast!

Tamara comes to the table with spoons in one hand and a pair of identical garlic presses in the other.

TAMARA
We have two garlic presses.

RICK
(honestly
surprised)
We do?

TAMARA
Yeah. Did you buy an extra
one?

RICK
Nope. Maybe Harry and Lucy
brought it over.

TAMARA
Maybe, but I'm sure there was
only one in there last night
when I set the table.

RICK
Spooky.

They both shrug and giggle at the absurdity of their conversation.

TAMARA
(calling down the
hall again)
Abigail!

RICK
Should I get a bucket of cold
water ready?

TAMARA
(smirks)
I was thinking we should try
the electric cattle-prod
first.

Abigail enters.

ABIGAIL
I'm up! I'm up!

Abigail heads toward the table. Rick is drinking a fresh
cup of coffee, and trying not to burn himself with it.

RICK
Morning, pumpkin!

ABIGAIL
Hi, daddy.

Abigail pours herself a bowl of cereal and starts eating at
breakneck speed.

RICK
How'd you sleep?

ABIGAIL
(shrugging with a
mouthful of cereal)
Mmph.

RICK
(to Tamara, and
looking at his
watch)
I can take her this morning.

TAMARA
That would be great. Thanks!

RICK

(teasing)

Call me at work if the spatulas start multiplying.

TAMARA

Yeah... I'll do that. But if you don't hear from me assume the worst!

ABIGAIL

(annoyed)

Can we go now?

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

The room is darkened, and Abigail is watching a video on atoms with her classmates. Abigail's eyes start to droop. There is an unintelligible whisper from the desk behind her. Abigail turns around; the desk behind her is empty, and it's the last desk in the row.

Abigail shakes her head, and then starts falling asleep again. A few seconds later a HAND reaches up from behind Abigail and touches her shoulder, and Abigail whips around so fast that her desk squeaks against the floor. The desk behind her is still empty, and now everyone in the room is staring at her. Abigail pretends to squint at the screen, and then moves up to the front of the room into the only empty desk among a cluster of kids.

INT. ABIGAIL'S ROOM - MORNING

A laundry basket is sitting on Abigail's bed, and Tamara is folding Abigail's clothes and putting them away in her dresser. As she drops a stack of shirts into the top drawer, she looks up to see a goldfish, floating belly-up in a small fishbowl on top of the dresser.

Tamara sighs. She leaves the room, and returns with a small aquarium net, which she uses to scoop the dead goldfish out of the water.

INT. ABIGAIL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Tamara ceremoniously dumps the dead goldfish in the toilet, and flushes. Even though she's home alone, she comically salutes the fish as it swirls down the drain.

INT. ABIGAIL'S ROOM - MORNING

Tamara returns to Abigail's room, to find the same goldfish that she just flushed down the toilet swimming merrily in the fishbowl. She looks down at the net in her hand, and then looks back at the fishbowl, completely baffled.

As she scrutinizes the goldfish more closely, the curve of the fishbowl distorts her face, exaggerating her puzzled expression.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON

Abigail, dressed in her gym shorts and t-shirt, is struggling her way through a single chin-up. Coach is trying to cheer her on by pretending to struggle along with her. A dozen other kids are sitting on the gym floor, looking bored.

COACH

Grrrrr! Come on, Abby! You
can do it! Almost there!
Almoooooost!

Abigail finally gets her chin above the bar, then lets go of the bar and drops to her feet.

COACH

Great job, Abby! You got a
whole one that time! Big
improvement!

The coach gives Abigail a big thumbs up, which she mostly ignores. She plods over to the group of kids sitting on the floor and sits down among them.

COACH

OK! J.J.! Your record's
fifteen! Let's go for sixteen
this time!

J.J. stands up and strides over to the chin-up bar.

Mark, who is also sitting in the group of kids, gives Abigail an exaggerated, goofy smile and a thumbs-up, mimicking the Coach. He then turns the thumbs-up into the letter "L", holds it against his forehead, and mouths the word "Loser" at her. In response, Abigail gives him the same goofy smile, and the finger.

COACH

Abigail!

ABIGAIL

Sorry!

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

The rest of the girls have finished changing and are leaving the locker room as Abigail is just putting on her socks and shoes. One of the girls turns out the lights on the way out.

ABIGAIL

(shouting)

Thanks a lot, Marsha!

Abigail is now alone in the locker room. The room is still fairly well-lit by sunlight streaming in through the high frosted-glass windows. As she pulls on her socks, she hears bare-footsteps behind a row of lockers.

She's about to pull on her shoes when a figure steps out from behind the row of lockers at the other end of the room. The figure is standing in shadows, so Abigail can't see it clearly.

ABIGAIL

(afraid)

H-hello?

The figure comes closer, and steps into the light. It's Abigail - or at least it looks just like her - dressed in torn and bloodied clothes, with a thin trail of blood dribbling from the side of her mouth.

The bloody girl reaches out to Abigail with a pleading expression on her face, and tries to talk, but more blood just comes out of her mouth.

Abigail screams and bolts out of the locker room, taking her shoes and backpack with her, but leaving her locker hanging open.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON

Out on the gym floor in socks, Abigail slips and falls, and scrambles to a position where she can see the door to the girls' locker room while she pulls on her shoes. Nothing comes out of the locker room, and she finishes pulling her shoes on and runs out of the gym, into the bustling hallway, swarming with other kids.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Abigail looks back again and sees nothing out of the ordinary in the gym. Regaining her composure, she joins the flow of kids and heads off to her next class.

INT. FBI FORENSICS LAB - AFTERNOON

Rick is dressed in scrubs, and is washing his hands while talking on the phone. Behind him is a body on an autopsy table, covered with a sheet. Several other scientists are working at other stations and autopsy tables around the room.

RICK

I wish I had something more for you, but this one's been scrubbed spotless, just like the others.

The voice at the other end speaks.

RICK

Same M.O. as the other five; fluid drained from the eyes while the victim was still alive, contusions from restraints in all the same places. Cause of death was hypovolaemic shock. That makes four by shock and two by asphyxiation.

The voice at the other end speaks again.

RICK

You're telling me. We're running the usual tests, but I'm afraid that all we're going to find is high traces of Zolpidem in the bloodstream again. I'll let you know either way.

(a pause)

Yeah, you too. Bye.

Harry hangs up the phone, and runs his wet hands through his hair. He checks his watch, takes a moment to switch from "forensic scientist" mode to "husband and father" mode, and picks up the phone again.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The kitchen phone is ringing. Abigail enters through the front door, followed immediately by Tamara. Tamara heads one way, toward the kitchen, and picks up the phone. Abigail heads the other way, down the hall to her room.

TAMARA

Hello?

RICK

Hi, honey! Any exciting plans for dinner?

TAMARA

Nothing so far. Do you wanna pick something up on the way home?

RICK

Sure. Subs sound good?

TAMARA

Subs sound great. Abby and I will have our usuals. We'll see you soon. Love you!

RICK

Love you too, honey.

Tamara hangs up the phone, and starts unloading the dishwasher. After a few seconds, an iridescent globe, like a silvery, softball-sized soap bubble, floats in front of Tamara's face. Tamara gasps and jumps back, dropping the dish she was holding, which shatters. Abigail has followed the globe back out to the kitchen, and is standing in the doorway.

ABIGAIL

Sorry!

TAMARA

Abigail! That was one of the good plates! Come help me clean it up.

Abigail takes off a strange bracelet and puts it on the counter. The globe silently glides over and settles down on top of the bracelet, and Abigail helps Tamara pick up the pieces of the plate.

TAMARA

Careful you don't cut yourself, honey, they're sharp.

ABIGAIL

'kay.

TAMARA

(as they're cleaning)
Where did you get that thing?

ABIGAIL

You didn't buy it? Maybe dad did.

TAMARA

What is it?

ABIGAIL

I don't know. It didn't have a box, it was just sitting on my bed. It's cool though! You can make it move around with the bracelet!

They finish cleaning up the broken plate, and Tamara sweeps the smaller pieces into a dustpan and throws them away.

ABIGAIL

Watch!

Abigail puts the bracelet back on, and makes the globe float around the kitchen.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Tamara is showing the globe to Rick. She's holding the bracelet over three of her fingers like brass knuckles since it's too small to fit over her wrist, and the globe is doing loop-de-loops in the air.

TAMARA

You've really never seen anything like this?

RICK

Really.

TAMARA

Really really, or top-secret really?

RICK

If I had seen anything like this before, I'd have to say "that's classified". But I really haven't, so I'm free to say "really really". It's actually kind of scary in a way. There's no propeller, no fans, I don't even see any batteries. It kind of defies every single thing I have a degree in.

TAMARA

Oh, it has batteries.

RICK

It does?

Tamara clumsily coaxes the globe over to her, and lets it settle into her hands. She pops open a panel that was indistinguishable from the rest of the surface of the globe, and shakes out two clear plastic cylinders, one of which is filled with glowing red liquid, and the other of which is filled with glowing green liquid.

RICK
Holy monkey-shit!

Abigail enters and sees the bag of sub sandwiches sitting on the counter.

ABIGAIL
Food!

RICK
Hi pumpkin!

Rick exchanges an embarrassed smirk with Tamara for having just said "monkey-shit" within earshot of their daughter.

INT. ABIGAIL'S DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Abigail, Tamara, and Rick are sitting around the dining room table, enjoying a candlelit dinner of sub sandwiches. There are a couple of plastic 2-liter bottles of soda on the table, and plastic glasses full of soda in front of each family member. One side of the dining room has no wall, and looks out into the living room.

RICK
(to Abigail)
More bubbly my dear?

ABIGAIL
Oh, only if it's not too much trouble, Monsieur Rinaldo.

Rick fills her glass with soda.

RICK
(to Tamara)
Mademoiselle?

TAMARA

Oh, no more for me, Monsieur
Rinaldo. Ze bubbles, zey all
go to my head.

They all giggle and eat some more of their sandwiches.

TAMARA

So, tonight's mystery is: I
didn't get Abigail the ball,
you didn't get it for her,
and she didn't get it from
anyone at school. So where
did it come from?

Rick takes a moment to chew his sandwich in deep
philosophical thought.

RICK

We can only assume at this
point that our child is the
new messiah, and she is being
brought gifts by space
aliens.

TAMARA

(incredulous)
Space aliens?

There's a loud sound like air whooshing into a vacuum, and
an art-deco red leather chair appears in a flash in the
living room. All three family members freeze completely and
stare with half-mouthfuls of food at the new chair.

RICK

(a little croaky)
Space aliens.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - SUNSET

Abigail is helping Tamara wash the few dishes that they
used for dinner. In the living room nearby, Rick is
cautiously inspecting the red leather chair.

TAMARA

I'll finish up these if you
go fill the bird feeder.

ABIGAIL
Can I just help here instead?

TAMARA
(as annoying as
possible)
Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?

ABIGAIL
Oh, all right! Just stop!

Abigail opens the pantry and fills a plastic pitcher with birdseed from a 25-pound bag there.

TAMARA
Thaaaaaaaaaank you!

Abigail sticks her tongue out at Tamara and goes out the back door.

EXT. ABIGAIL'S BACK YARD - SUNSET

The bird feeder hangs from a high tree limb, by a rope that is tethered to a hook at the base of the tree. The sun is setting, bathing the entire yard in a bright orange light, and as Abigail reaches the tree the sun sinks below the horizon, and everything suddenly returns to its normal color.

Abigail turns, almost unconsciously, to see that the sun has set, and when she turns back she finds herself face to face with another bloodied version of herself. She yelps, drops the pitcher of bird seed, and runs full-tilt back to the house. When she reaches the back door she turns to look back, but the bloodied girl is no longer there. She takes a few deep breaths and opens the back door.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Abigail enters through the back door. Tamara has just finished with dishes and is drying her hands.

ABIGAIL
(shaking)
M-mom?

TAMARA
What is it, honey?

ABIGAIL

I... I can't get the rope
untied. Could you come help
me?

TAMARA

Sure.

They both go out the back door.

EXT. ABIGAIL'S BACK YARD - DUSK

Abigail and Tamara walk out to the bird feeder. They stop
at the spilled pitcher.

TAMARA

What happened with the
pitcher?

ABIGAIL

It slipped, sorry.

TAMARA

That's OK, it looks like
there's still enough for the
bird feeder.

Abigail shovels some of the spilled bird food back into the
pitcher with her hands and picks up the pitcher, while
Tamara unties the rope and lowers the bird feeder. Abigail
fills the bird feeder, and Tamara raises it back up and
reties the rope.

TAMARA

All righty! Another job well
done.

Tamara and Abigail salute each other comically, and then
race back to the house.

INT. ABIGAIL'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The coffee table is covered with microscopes,
spectrographs, oscilloscopes, and all other kinds of
scientific equipment. Rick is sitting on the couch at the
coffee table scribbling in a notebook. He flips back and
forth between a few pages, then stretches and lies back in
the couch. Tamara enters.

TAMARA

Well?

RICK

Well, it's a chair. It's red, it's leather, the dark brown parts are wood, and the nails are iron. There are green felt squares on the bottoms of the feet, the stuffing appears to be cotton, and there's nothing suspicious inside. Without carbon dating I can't say exactly, but I'd wager that it was made within the last century or two.

TAMARA

So, it's just a chair.

RICK

Yep.

TAMARA

That spontaneously materialized in our living room.

RICK

Yep.

TAMARA

You know what the really scary part is?

RICK

What?

TAMARA

It goes perfectly with the rest of our furniture.

RICK

That IS scary!

TAMARA

So, have you ever seen anything like this before?

RICK

A chair? No.

TAMARA

But other furniture?

RICK

(smiling)

That's classified.

She sticks out her tongue at him and he kisses her.

INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail is in bed asleep. There is a strange sound, like a voice heard from underwater, and Abigail wakes up and looks around. At the foot of Abigail's bed, there is another girl who looks just like Abigail. The other girl's hair and clothes are floating around her, as if she's underwater, and her feet don't quite touch the floor.

The girl is staring at Abigail, and saying something important, but her words are muffled and unintelligible, like the sound that woke Abigail up in the first place.

Suddenly the girl's attention is diverted, and she looks in a different direction and covers her face with her arms. Deep slashes appear on her arms, and then one arm is severed completely and the slashes appear all over her body as she's literally cut to pieces by an invisible assailant. Her blood blossoms in clouds around her, as if she really is underwater.

Abigail screams very loudly.

Across the hall, Tamara comes running out of her and Rick's bedroom, pulling a robe tight around her. She turns on the light in Abigail's room, and Abigail's screaming turns into crying. There is no longer any sign of the "underwater girl".

ABIGAIL

Mommy!

Tamara sits on the bed and wraps Abigail up in her arms.

TAMARA

Oh, darling, did you have a nightmare?

ABIGAIL

(still sobbing)

Uh huh. It was so real. There was a girl, and she looked like me, and she got cut up, and there was so much blood, like in the "Passion" movie.

TAMARA

Oh honey, I'm so sorry. But it was just a dream. I promise. Do you want to come sleep with me and daddy?

ABIGAIL

(shivering, but starting to calm down a little)

Uh huh.

Tamara hands Abigail a tissue and she blows her nose, then they both trundle off toward Tamara and Rick's bedroom.

TAMARA

When did you see the "Passion" movie?

ABIGAIL

At Charity's. Her mom gave it to her.

INT. ABIGAIL'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rick is sitting up in bed as Abigail and Tamara enter.

RICK

Nightmare, huh? Do I get to blame video games this time?

ABIGAIL

Dad, the only video game I've played all week was called "Crystal Pop".

RICK
Crap, then I guess I'm back
to blaming society again.

Tamara smiles at him and Abigail scowls and they all climb into bed and turn out the light.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Rick and Tamara are sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast in their pajamas. Abigail enters, also in pajamas.

RICK
I'll take the chair over to
the lab today, see if I can
find out anything more about
it. Good morning, bedbug!

ABIGAIL
(rubbing her eyes)
Shouldn't I be at school?

TAMARA
It's Saturday, princess.

ABIGAIL
Oh yeah...

Abigail pours herself a bowl of cereal.

TAMARA
We got more furniture.

ABIGAIL
Really?

TAMARA
Yep. It's a sideboard. That's
what woke me up this morning.
Goes great with the new
chair.

ABIGAIL
What's a sideboard?

Tamara goes over to the kitchen door and points into the dining room. There's a beautiful mahogany sideboard against the wall that looks like it came from a 17th century French palace.

TAMARA

That thing.

They eat breakfast in peace for a little bit, then a loud, crackling noise comes from the living room. All three tentatively look in to see a strange sculpture, like a stylized skeletal fire-hydrant, fade into existence on top of an end-table. The sculpture becomes solid, and the crackling noise stops.

TAMARA

Wow.

(a beat)

Who wants pancakes?

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, TAMARA'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Tamara is back at her pottery wheel. She's turned it so that she can look out the window, where Abigail is playing in the backyard with her flying globe. Abigail is making the usual hoots and hollers that often accompany play, so it takes Tamara a minute to realize when Abigail has started to scream in terror at something that Tamara can't quite see through the window.

Abigail runs full-tilt toward the house, and there's a "shudder" in the air behind her, like a ripple in the shape of some sort of tremendous monster.

Tamara leaps out of her chair and spins around, to find Abigail standing peacefully in the doorway of the room.

ABIGAIL

Mom?

Tamara puts her clay-covered hands on Abigail's shoulders.

TAMARA

(a little frantic)

Abigail? ...Are you OK?

ABIGAIL
(nonchalant)
Yeah. Mom, you're getting
clay on me.

Tamara looks back out the window. There's no sign of the Abigail that was there just a moment ago. Tamara takes her hands off Abigail's shoulders.

TAMARA
Sorry, I must be overworked
today.

They both smile.

ABIGAIL
Where's dad?

TAMARA
At the lab.

ABIGAIL
But it's Saturday.

TAMARA
Yeah, I know. He took the new
chair over to run some more
tests on it.

INT. MRI LAB

Rick and three TECHNICIANS are sitting at a control panel in what looks like a sound stage control room. Behind a thick sheet of glass, the chair sits in an MRI machine. It has just finished a pass through the machine, and MRI images of the chair appear on the control room screens.

RICK
(to one of the
technicians)
Anything?

TECH 1
Maybe. There's a weird spot
right here.

(he taps the
screen)
Let's do a current density
next, and then we can run an
MRS.

DAVE enters. He's a middle-aged man with a thick mustache, a comb-over, and the kind of furrowed brows that only come from taking one's job far too seriously. His suit isn't much nicer than Rick's, but it's clear that he takes much more pride in it.

DAVE
Rick, may I ask what you're
doing here, outside of your
department, and on a Saturday
no less?

TECH 1
We're running MRI tests...
sir.

Dave shoots Tech 1 an angry glance and the Tech shuts up.

DAVE
MRI tests, on a chair. A
chair that you've also X-
rayed, CT scanned, thermal
mapped, and submitted samples
of for DNA testing. What,
pray tell, is so special
about this chair that it's
worth thousands of dollars of
laboratory resources and
overtime?

RICK
(a little
sheepishly)
It... uh, appeared in my
house last night. Sir.

DAVE

(rolling his eyes)

I see. So you think that Al-Qaeda, under cover of darkness, snuck into your house and gave you a chair, is that it?

The Techs snicker.

RICK

No... sir. It "appeared", with a sort of "foomp" noise.

DAVE

...a "foomp" noise?

EXT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Rick is unloading the chair from the back of the family's SUV. Tamara and Abigail have come out to meet him.

TAMARA

And then what?

RICK

Well, the techs started whistling the X-Files theme song. All of them. In unison. And Dave said that I need a vacation, and put me on leave for a week. I was going to smash the chair over his head, but then I remembered how nice it looks in our living room. At least it's paid leave.

TAMARA

(optimistically)

Well, you've been meaning to take a week off to work on your motorcycle anyway, right?

Abigail, having lost interest in the story, points to a large garish "wind sculpture" in their neighbors' front yard.

ABIGAIL

Look. Harry and Lucy got a new whirly-gig.

TAMARA

I don't remember that being there when you left.

RICK

Maybe they're getting gifts from the space aliens too.

TAMARA

You can ask them yourself at dinner.

RICK

Ooh! Our house or theirs?

TAMARA

Ours.

RICK

Curses! That means cleaning! Any new furniture while I was gone?

TAMARA

Even better. There's a skylight in the dining room now.

RICK

Really?

TAMARA

Yep. Come on, I'll show you.

Tamara and Rick enter the house, Rick carrying the chair. Abigail is following behind them, but gets distracted by a rustling in the bushes at the side of the house. She investigates, and finds another girl who looks exactly like her hiding in the bushes.

Abigail jumps backwards, then stops herself from running and closes her eyes tight. When she opens them, the other girl is still crouching in the bushes. Abigail looks scared, but the other girl puts her finger to her lips to warn Abigail to be quiet. She is dressed like a fairy-tale PRINCESS, although her dress is ripped in a few places, and her right arm is bandaged.

The princess girl looks cautiously from side to side, and then starts speaking to Abigail, slowly, deliberately, and in a language that is completely foreign and unintelligible. Abigail furrows her brow and shrugs, and finally says:

ABIGAIL

(shaky)

I- ...I don't understand you.

The girl in the bushes slowly disappears, and keeps repeating the same phrase over and over again, enunciating as clearly as she can, although the phrase is still utter gibberish. She can tell that her message hasn't gotten through to Abigail, and looks very sad as she completely fades out, the glittering of the jewels on her gown the last thing visible.

INT. PACKARD HOUSE, WINDOW - AFTERNOON

There is a FIGURE at the window of Harry and Lucy Packard's house which has just witnessed the exchange between Abigail and the girl in the bushes. The figure steps back, and lets the drapes covering the window fall back into place.

INT. ABIGAILS' DINING ROOM - EVENING

Harry and Lucy Packard have joined Abigail, Rick, and Tamara for dinner. Lucy is a slender woman who wears her salt-and-pepper hair in a bun, with big eyes and reading glasses on a beaded cord around her neck. Like Harry, she's in her late 50s.

The soda bottles are back out on the table again, but this time there are a couple of wine bottles as well, and dinner is being eaten off the good china. There have been more minor additions to the strange furniture and decor, both here and in the adjoining living room. Dinner is just ending.

LUCY

I still can't get over how good your chicken marsala is. Someday I WILL pry that recipe out of you.

TAMARA

Oh, you know, a little of this, a little of that and, of course...

(lowering her voice an octave and speaking with a campy "Dracula" accent)
the blood of virgins!

Abigail rolls her eyes, then whispers across the table to Harry,

ABIGAIL

(whispering)
Stupid people!

Harry laughs, then gestures into the living room.

HARRY

(to Rick)
So, I see that the furniture fairies have been to visit you, too.

RICK

Yeah. I was going to ask you about the whirly-gig in your front yard. What else did you get?

LUCY

A sofa and loveseat combo, and something that looks like a mechanical bull from a country and western bar.

HARRY

And we got one of the same sculpture that you got. Have you "figured it out" yet?

RICK

Figured it out?

LUCY

(nudges Harry)

Oh, go on and show him, dear. Harry "figured ours out" last night and has been playing with it all day.

Everyone moves to the living room and gathers around the fire-hydrant-looking sculpture on the end-table. Harry clears his throat, and with a flourish he presses something on top of the sculpture. Nothing happens. He tries again. Nothing.

LUCY

Triangle first, dear, then circle.

HARRY

Oh yeah.

Harry presses something on the base of the sculpture, then something on the top. The sculpture opens up like a rosebud, and a cluster of different-sized silver cubes spin and dance inside of it, finally settling into a cohesive order before the sculpture closes back up. Harry looks extremely proud.

HARRY

Did you get it?

TAMARA

Get it?

HARRY

(smirks)

I'll do it again.

Harry presses the top again, the sculpture opens back up, and the process repeats. Everyone looks generally amused by the parade of shapes and shiny objects. Rick's face suddenly lights up.

RICK
It's a proof of Fermat's Last
Theorem!

HARRY
For squares AND cubes.

RICK
Holy monkey -

(remembers that
Abigail's in the
room)
- shines! I feel like it's
Christmas, only there really
is a Santa Claus!

(looks at Abigail,
and "over-actingly"
stammers)
Er... I mean...

ABIGAIL
(rolling her eyes)
Yes dad, I'm eleven. I know
there's no Santa Claus.

LUCY
Have you thought about
reporting this to anyone?

RICK
Yeah, but with my job it's
really best to keep a low
profile. You?

LUCY
No. The last thing we want is
every tabloid in the country
clambering at our door to see
our "magic furniture".

HARRY

We're guessing it'll probably die down as suddenly as it started, and in the meantime we're just enjoying the ride.

Rick nods, and Abigail yawns.

HARRY

(checking his watch)

Well, looks like it's bedtime in magic furniture land.

(Moving toward the front door with Lucy in tow.)

Thanks again for that wonderful dinner, and we'll see you on Wednesday!

TAMARA

Are you two sure you're sober enough to walk the thirty feet to your house?

Rick puts his hand on Harry's shoulder, and speaks very somberly.

RICK

Harry, I think you've had too much. Hand over your shoes.

HARRY

(playing along)

It's my life, man! You ain't the boss of me!

LUCY

Oh, you two!

(grabbing Harry by the arm and dragging him out the door)

Come on, sweetheart. Bye!

RICK AND TAMARA

Bu-bye!

RICK

(to Tamara)

Who WERE those people?

Tamara smiles, slugs him in the arm, and closes the door.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Abigail staggers half-asleep out of her room and into the bathroom, closing the door. While the door is closed, a flash of light silhouettes a human shape against it. Abigail emerges from the bathroom, and stumbles half-asleep toward the kitchen.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Abigail opens the refrigerator looking for a midnight snack. There is a fist-sized cube of what looks like jell-o sitting on one of the shelves, with tiny lights twinkling inside it. Abigail pokes the jell-o, it jiggles, and the lights dart around inside like startled fish. Having lost her appetite, Abigail groans and closes the refrigerator door.

Standing immediately behind the fridge door, and between Abigail and her room, are two more of the strange girls. As before, both girls look just like Abigail, and seem a little ghostly as though they're not quite real.

One of them is wearing a "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"-style costume, and the other is wearing a skin-tight, one-piece body suit, covered in ELECTRONICS, with more electronic devices attached to her head. Terrified, Abigail leaps back and grabs a kitchen knife out of the knife block on the counter, holding it out to defend herself from the girls.

The "little red" girl holds out her hand to Abigail.

Very cautiously, Abigail sets the knife down on the counter, reaches out, and takes her hand. It clearly feels a little strange to her, but at the same time calming. The "little red" girl motions for Abigail to be quiet and says something in a strange language to the "electronics" girl.

The "electronics" girl holds a device up to her mouth and starts speaking; the device translates the words she's saying, but into another different strange language. The voice that comes out of the device is extremely unnerving and inhuman and frightens Abigail.

Both of the other girls look at Abigail hopefully, but Abigail just continues to look scared and confused. The "electronics" girl adjusts her device and tries again. This time, a few of the words get through, and between gibberish Abigail hears:

ELECTRONICS GIRL
...CONVERGE... HELP US?

ABIGAIL
Help you? How?

There is a quick exchange between the two strange girls.

ELECTRONICS GIRL
CONVERGE.

The "little red" girl yanks her hand out of Abigail's and shouts a warning to the "electronics" girl. The "electronics" girl turns to see where she's looking, and covers her face with her hand.

A slash, like the ones that cut up the "underwater" girl, cuts deeply into the "electronics" girl's arm, and there is a spray of blood and sparks, but the "little red" girl is able to pull her away, and they both fade into thin air as they run.

This time Abigail gets a better view of what's assaulting them; there's a huge, vaguely human-shaped shimmer in the air, and a loud grumbling, creaking sound, and then it's gone.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The family is eating breakfast. Rick is reading the comics out of the Sunday paper.

ABIGAIL
Mom, what does "converge"
mean?

TAMARA

It means when many things
come together into one thing,
like... like when smaller
rivers all meet to make one
big river. Why?

ABIGAIL

It's in something I'm reading
for school. I think I'm gonna
go play outside today. Is
that OK?

TAMARA

Of course it is!

ABIGAIL

'kay, thanks!

Abigail goes outside.

RICK

Playing outside? On a
beautiful Sunday afternoon?
Honey, I think there's
something wrong with our
daughter.

TAMARA

It's a Sunday miracle.

They both laugh.

EXT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, SIDE YARD - MORNING

Abigail is snooping around in the bushes where she saw the
"princess" girl before. After a while, she gives up, and
wanders around the side of the house to the backyard.

As she turns the corner, though, she comes face to face
with the "princess" girl, who's now even more bandaged than
she was before; her left arm is in a sling, and she has a
big bandage wrapped around her head that covers one eye.

Abigail jumps back from surprise, but doesn't run away. The "princess" girl smiles weakly at her. Abigail thinks for a minute, then holds out her hands in front of her with her fingers spread apart and facing the fingers of the other hand, and then puts her two hands together so that the fingers weave together.

It's a crude sign language for "converge", but it works. The "princess" girl gives Abigail a great big smile, and nods enthusiastically, looking like she's on the verge of tears.

EXT. THE PACKARDS' HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - MORNING

TROY and CHRIS, two teenage boys in nice suits are standing at the Packards' front door. Troy, the older one, is wearing a backpack. Lucy Packard answers the door.

LUCY

Good morning!

TROY

Hello! I'm Troy, and this is Chris, and we're wondering if we could talk to you about the Book of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

LUCY

Oh, that's just lovely! Come on in!

(calling into the house)

Harry, a couple of nice Mormon boys have arrived!

INT. THE PACKARDS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The decor is a combination of tasteful art-deco furniture and the same sort of strange furniture that has been appearing in Abigail's house. Large, framed sheets of parchment hang on the walls, covered in weird hieroglyphics and anatomical sketches. The two boys are sitting on a couch, with their literature on the coffee table in front of them. Harry and Lucy are both in chairs on the other side of the coffee table, facing them. The boys have just finished talking.

HARRY

...Well, that's certainly worth thinking about. So tell me, how do "ghosts" fit into the Mormon cosmology?

TROY

Cosmology?

HARRY

How things work, on a spiritual level.

TROY

Oh, well, I'm honestly not sure what the Book says about ghosts in particular, but I think ghosts are the spirits of people who die but still have something they want to do before they go on.

HARRY

Yes, that tends to be the general consensus. So, have you boys ever seen a ghost?

TROY

(smiles, as if it's a joke)

No.

Chris looks a little uncomfortable.

LUCY

Chris?

CHRIS

I have.

TROY

Really? Oh, that time at camp?

CHRIS

Yeah, that time and lots of other times.

HARRY

And does it seem to you like they have "unfinished business"?

CHRIS

Sometimes. But sometimes they're doing other things, like once I saw a ghost who looked like she was just putting stuff on a shelf, only there wasn't any stuff and there wasn't any shelf. So maybe her "unfinished business" was putting away the groceries or something, but sometimes it seems like they're just living normal lives, but as ghosts.

Everyone's looking at Chris, and he blushes.

LUCY

(breaking the ice)

Oh heavens! Where are my manners! Let me get you boys something to drink! You must be parched from all the walking and talking you've done today! Let's see, we have lemonade, 7-up, iced tea, root beer, milk...

TROY

I'll have some lemonade, please!

LUCY

Wonderful! And Chris, what about you? Would you like some tea? It's decaffeinated!

CHRIS

(still blushing,
but also smiling)
Lemonade, please.

Lucy bustles off into the kitchen to get the boys drinks.

HARRY

I'm sorry to keep you boys
talking so long about ghosts.
Hearing peoples' personal
ghost stories is sort of a
little hobby of mine. It sure
beats stamp collecting!

The boys giggle. Lucy comes back in with their drinks, and they both immediately start gulping them down.

HARRY

So what's the story of the
ghost at camp, if you don't
mind my asking?

TROY

Oh, well, everybody says that
the camp we go to was built
on an old Indian burial
ground, but it wasn't really.

Troy pauses for a long time, as though he's having trouble collecting his thoughts.

TROY

I'm sorry, Chris, it's your
story, you should tell it.

As Chris talks, Troy lies back and closes his eyes.

CHRIS

Well, there's this place we
hike to at night to look at
the stars, because it's far
away from the lights of the
camp so you can see the
constellations better. We
were hiking back, and
everyone else was way ahead
of me, and I couldn't really
see where they went.

There's a long pause. Chris looks like he's having trouble staying awake.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So when I was looking for
them I saw a campfire, and
went over, and there was an
Indian sitting there...

Chris trails off. His eyes have closed completely during
the last sentence, and he slumps back against the couch.

LUCY

Did I use too much?

Harry stands up and takes the boys' pulses.

HARRY

Nope, just right.

They smile at each other.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE, TAMARA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tamara is working on the computer, facing toward the
window. Abigail is visible outside, and it looks like she's
shadowboxing, or pretending to be a ninja fighting unseen
opponents. Rick enters.

RICK

How's the monkey doing?

TAMARA

(glances at Abigail
through the window)

Pretty good. Not too terribly
active, but it beats video
games. I keep catching myself
watching her more than I need
to, though.

Tamara pauses, trying to decide whether or not to tell him.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

This is going to sound really stupid. Yesterday I saw her running across the yard like someone was chasing her and she was terrified, and then I turned around and she was standing right there behind me, like nothing was wrong.

RICK

No, that doesn't sound stupid. On the way home Friday I almost knocked over the Packards' mailbox because I thought I saw Abigail run out in front of the car. But when I looked back there was no-one there.

TAMARA

Should we talk to her about it?

RICK

I don't think so. It would just worry her. Maybe it has something to do with the furniture. Tell you what, if we see any more, THEN we'll talk to her about it.

(He kisses her on
the top of the
head.)

I'm gonna be out in the garage, so let me know if you need anything.

TAMARA

OK, you too. I'd ask you to get me more tea, but I'm getting up anyway.

Tamara takes an empty glass off her computer desk and follows Rick out of the bedroom.

Outside the window, Abigail is still shadowboxing; she throws a few punches, and a few kicks, and swings her arms around like a tai-chi fighter out of a kung-fu movie. The expression on her face is very concentrated.

She does another series of punches and kicks, but follows up this time with a spinning jumping kick, a backflip, a no-hands cartwheel, and a few other moves that would be difficult even for a professional gymnast.

She ends with another tai-chi arm movement, and this time, barely perceptibly, her arms leave "trails" in the air.

INT. THE PACKARDS' HOUSE, OPERATING ROOM

Somewhere beneath the Packards' house there is a clean, brightly-lit operating room with white-tiled walls and no windows. In the middle there is an operating table, and Chris is bound to it with metal and leather restraints, and gagged with a red rubber ball. His eyes are being held open with metal clamps. From the ceiling above him hangs the same horrible bronze MACHINE that hung in the air over the Mayan temple in Abigail's dream.

Troy is also bound, ball-gagged, and eye-clamped nearby, in a vertical, "Silence of the Lambs"-style restraint. Harry and Lucy enter the room, both dressed in clean surgical scrubs.

HARRY

Oh good, I see you're both awake. I'm sorry to trouble you boys like this, but I'm afraid I need your help with another of my hobbies.

With Lucy assisting, he prepares for surgery, and starts up the machine.

HARRY (CONT'D)

My wife and I have discovered that the chemical composition of vitreous humor - that's the liquid inside someone's eyes - is what determines who can and can't see "ghosts".

(he actually makes
the quotation-marks
with his fingers)
Of course, "ghosts" are a
very superstitious and
ignorant term; I prefer to
think of them as "divergent
realities", but that's really
beyond the scope of this
discussion.

He begins to adjust the arm of the machine that ends in the
twin hypodermic needles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, what I need from you,
Chris, is I need for you to
put yourself in the
particular mindset where you
most often see the "ghosts".
This will agitate the humor,
and create the optimum sample
for harvesting. Usually that
mindset is fear. Could you be
afraid for me?

Chris neither nods nor shakes his head, he simply looks
utterly terrified and continues to gibber unintelligibly
and half-drugged through the ball-gag.

HARRY

That's wonderful, now hold
that thought.

Harry pulls a lever like the arm on a drill press. The
device slides down with perfect precision and plunges the
needles into Chris's eyes. Chris screams.

There is a horrible slurping sound from the device. Through
a transparent tube a milky liquid is visible, being pumped
out of Chris and up into the machine.

INT. ABIGAIL'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Rick and Tamara are cooking dinner together. The dining room is visible through the open kitchen door. Tamara spoons something out of a pot, blows on it, and then feeds it to Rick. Rick makes a face like it's too hot, but gives Tamara a "thumbs-up" at the same time. He finally manages to swallow.

RICK

Perfect!

Distracted by their cooking, Rick and Tamara don't notice Abigail enter the dining room. As Abigail moves, she leaves a long "trail" of afterimages in the air behind her that quickly fade out.

She walks to the sideboard and does something to it, and a secret panel swings open on the side. She pulls an ornate jeweled box the size of a small suitcase out of the compartment, and carries it back down the hallway to her room. She returns to the hallway empty-handed, and walks across the hall to the bathroom.

INT. ABIGAIL'S BATHROOM - EVENING

The bathroom door is closed, and water is running in the sink. Abigail is staring into the bathroom mirror, and holding her hand out in front of her. She slowly waves her hand from side to side, and it leaves trails in the air.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, then opens them and tries again. There are no trails this time, but as she waves her hand faster the trails reappear. Again she closes her eyes, and whispers:

ABIGAIL

Converge.

She opens her eyes and waves her hand at the same speed, without trails. She starts to speed up the waving more when she's interrupted by a knock at the door.

TAMARA

Abigail?

(No response)

Abigail, honey?

Abigail opens the door. Unseen by Tamara, there are two images of Abigail in the mirror, layered one on top of the other. Only one of them turns; the other one remains staring at Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Yes?

TAMARA

Dinner's on the table, honey.

ABIGAIL

Oh, OK. Sorry, I'll be right there.

Tamara leaves. Abigail looks down at the sink, and the "other" reflection does too. Without Abigail touching the faucet, the water turns off.

INT. ABIGAIL'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Tamara and Abigail enter. Abigail is moving a little bit slower and more deliberately than normal, but is no longer leaving trails. Food is on the table, but Rick is hunched over the sideboard, inspecting the secret panel. The space behind the panel is empty.

RICK

Hey! Look at this! There's a secret panel!

TAMARA

Cool!

Abigail is uninterested.

RICK

It was open when I came in here, but there's nothing inside. Abigail, did you find it?

Abigail shakes her head slowly and sits down to eat. Rick looks at Tamara, who shrugs. He closes the panel.

INT. THE PACKARDS' HOUSE, LABORATORY

The Packards' laboratory is as immaculate as the operating room, and contains even more of the strange devices and sculptures that have been appearing in both houses. Harry appears to have "figured out" many of the devices, and is using them in concert with his more mundane lab equipment.

He has just finished distilling a glowing blue liquid, which he draws into a normal-sized hypodermic needle. He turns to Lucy, who is standing next to him.

HARRY

These machines are incredible! Do you remember how long it took me to distill the humor before? I can't imagine how they appeared here, but in a few moments we'll be one step closer to knowing. Are you sure you're ready? This isn't going to be pleasant.

LUCY

Yes, dear. We've spent too long and taken too many risks to turn back now.

Lucy affixes a metal clamp to her own right eye, holding it open, and tilts her head back. Carefully, Harry inserts the needle into her eye through her pupil, and injects the blue liquid.

Lucy tries hard not to scream from the pain, but a series of anguished noises escape through her clenched teeth. Harry finishes the injection and withdraws the needle. Lucy doubles over from the pain, and unhooks the clamp from her eyelids. Gradually her pain subsides.

LUCY

Ow! Ow! Ow! Oh Harry, I don't think it worked.

She looks up at him. The eye that was injected has swollen significantly, and the white of the eye has turned a deep blue, while her iris has turned purple. She seems to be having trouble focusing.

LUCY

I can't see through that eye anymore. Oh Harry, I'm blind in my right eye!

She starts to cry, then suddenly stops.

LUCY

No, wait, scratch that. There is something...

Lucy stares at Harry, and she can see a ghostly white glow around him. She covers her normal left eye with her hand, and all that she can see with her right eye is a ghostly white image of Harry in otherwise total darkness. She looks around more. As Lucy narrates, shapes and figures fade in and out.

HARRY

What is it? What do you see?

LUCY

I can see you, standing in front of me.

(She turns toward the closed door that leads back to the operating room.)

And I can see those two boys, but the image of them is slowly fading away.

HARRY

What else?

LUCY

I can see the neighbors in their houses. Harry! There's something very bright in Rick and Tamara's house. It's their daughter! Abigail is shining like a flare! And...

HARRY

Go on!

LUCY

They're very faint, but I can see other people, here in the room. Some of them look like you, and some of them look like me. I don't think they can see us, though, or each other.

(She startles)

And there's something else...

HARRY

Something else?

Lucy tries to focus on it, but it remains indistinct.

LUCY

Something big. Something very big. I can't quite make it out, but it's moving like a person. And it's dark... Everything else is like little lights in the darkness, but this thing is darker than the darkness. And it can see all the other people. It... Harry, look out!

The giant thing suddenly lunges at the ghostly image of Harry. Harry raises his arms to cover his face, and is sliced to pieces by the giant thing, just like the "underwater" girl was.

LUCY

Harry! Harry!!

Harry grabs Lucy from behind and shakes her, then turns her around and pulls her hand away from over her "good" eye.

HARRY

I'm all right! I'm all right,
Lucy!

LUCY

(clutching Harry to
her)

Oh Harry, it was so awful!
That thing killed one of you,
Harry! It ripped him apart!

(she stares,
horrified)

and now it's moving toward
another one!

HARRY

Then we have to hurry and
complete our research before
it gets here.

(He turns Lucy to
face him, away from
the ghostly carnage
she's witnessing)

You said Abigail came through
stronger than anyone else?

LUCY

By a magnitude of ten, at
least.

HARRY

And isn't Wednesday night our
turn to have them over for
dinner?

LUCY

Why yes, yes it is.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Two eleven-year-old boys, Mark and CAPTAIN are picking
teams for kickball. Each team already has 5 kids, and only
two kids remain; Abigail and BOOGER, a fat little boy with
his finger in his nose.

CAPTAIN

(disdainfully)

Abigail.

Abigail joins his team.

MARK

Booger.

(No response)

Booger, you're on my team!

Booger shuffles over to Mark's team. The two team captains play rock-paper-scissors to see who kicks first, and Mark wins.

CAPTAIN

I'm pitching. Steve, you're catcher. Jody, first base. Kim, second base. Other-Steve, third base. J.J., you're shortstop. Abigail, you're outfield.

Abigail wanders into the outfield and sits on the ground. Mark steps up to the plate to kick first. Captain goes through the motions of a Major League Baseball pitcher, which really just looks silly with a kickball. He nods at Steve, the catcher. Steve nods back.

Captain revs up and bowls the ball toward Mark, who gives it a good solid kick and sends it soaring high, up onto the second-story roof of one of the school buildings. His team cheering, Mark begins to strut around the bases.

CAPTAIN

J.J.! Go get the lasso!

J.J. takes off running toward the lasso on the other side of the playground. The lasso -- an old bicycle tire with a long rope tied to it that's used to snag balls off of roofs -- sits in a pile of balls and other playground equipment next to a teacher reading a romance novel.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by any of the players, Abigail is effortlessly shimmying up a drainpipe to the first-floor roof of a building adjacent to where the ball is.

BOOGER

(pointing at
Abigail)

Look!

Abigail is bouncing around like a monkey between roofs, window ledges, a flagpole, and other things as she quickly works her way up to the ball.

All of the other kids stare slack-jawed, except for Mark who's oblivious to everything except looking cool as he struts around the bases. Even J.J., on his way back with the lasso, has stopped in his tracks to watch Abigail.

Abigail reaches the ball, picks it up, takes aim, and hurls it at Mark as he rounds the final stretch from third base to home. The ball whizzes through the air, and smacks Mark squarely in the back of the head, knocking him off his feet and throwing him into a full somersault that lands him on his ass. Mark is stunned for a second, then bursts into tears, but otherwise looks OK.

ABIGAIL
(cupping her hands
around her mouth)
Sorry, Mark!

Abigail walks to the edge of the roof, and then runs down the side of the building like a cat, rolling into a squat when she reaches the ground. She wanders back to her outfield spot and sits back down.

All of the other kids continue to just stare at her.

INT. PACKARDS' GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Whistling "Alouette" while he works, Harry stuffs two large black garbage bags into the back of his station wagon, then opens the garage door. As he reaches over to slam the hatch, the ARM of one of the Mormon boys flops out of the open top of one of the bags, blocking the hatch. He gingerly pushes the arm back into the bag.

RICK
(from behind Harry)
More adventures in
woodworking, eh?

HARRY

Well, you know what they say

-

(he slams the hatch
of the
stationwagon)

- you've gotta break a few
eggs to make a bird house.
What are you doing home in
the middle of the afternoon?

RICK

Oh, just taking some time off
to do some work around the
house. We'll see you tonight,
then!

HARRY

(getting into the
car)

Yep! Better come hungry!

RICK

Oh, we will. And better luck
on the next...

(motions toward the
lumps in the back
of Harry's car)
...whatever that is!

HARRY

Thanks!

Harry drives away, closing the automatic garage door behind
him.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dave's desk looks like a surplussed teacher's desk from the
1950s; utilitarian, steel, and avocado-colored. He's
shuffling diligently through papers while taking measured
sips from a diet coke. His INTERCOM buzzes.

INTERCOM

Dr. Lin is here to see you,
sir.

DAVE

(puzzled)

Dr. Lin? Send her in.

DR. LIN enters carrying a thick file-folder. Her black hair is braided in a ponytail. She wears small-rimmed glasses perched on the end of her nose, and a stylish business dress under her lab coat.

DR. LIN

We got the results from those tests we ran on the chair. I thought I'd pass them on to you since Rick is out of the office for the week.

DAVE

Oh, thank you. And? Just a chair, I presume?

Dr. Lin opens the folder and shuffles out papers for Dave.

DR. LIN

Well, yes, just a chair, but the wood samples don't match anything we have on record. The closest relative has only been found in fossils.

DAVE

Fossils?

DR. LIN

Also the stuffing is cotton, which is normal enough, but the "leather" is some kind of naturally red alligator hide. We don't have any samples on file, so we'll have to send it off for further testing.

DAVE

(Looking over the
papers, mutters)

A "foomp" noise...

(then, to Dr. Lin)

I see. Well, thank you, Dr.
Lin. Until further notice,
I'd appreciate if you
suspended analysis of this
"chair", and treat the matter
as classified.

DR. LIN

Yes sir.

(she starts to
leave)

DAVE

Oh, and if Rick asks you
about it, you are to tell him
that there was nothing
unusual about the samples. Is
that understood?

DR. LIN

(perplexed, but
dutiful)

Yes, sir.

Dr. Lin leaves, and Dave reaches for the telephone.

DAVE

Hello, Pete? This is Dave
Duncan down at the lab. I
need one of our employees put
under surveillance.

INT. PACKARDS' HOUSE, BATHROOM - EVENING

Lucy is tying Harry's bow tie in front of a bathroom
mirror. Lucy is wearing a white gauze patch over her right
eye. She slaps his hands out of the way as he tries to help
with the tie.

LUCY

(teasing)

I declare! 57 years old and you still can't tie a proper bow! Leaving your poor half-blind wife to do it for you!

HARRY

Whatever would I do without you, my dear?

LUCY

Start wearing clip-ons, I suppose. There. Lovely. Be a dear and zip me up, would you?

She turns around and he zips up the back of her dress, taking the opportunity to kiss her on the back of the neck. She giggles.

INT. PACKARD'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Harry and Lucy open the door to let in Rick, Tamara, and Abigail. Rick has Abigail in a bear-hug and is tickling her.

RICK

I gots a package here for the "Parkerses". Yer gonna have to sign for it.

ABIGAIL

(laughing)

Daaad!!

TAMARA

Ooh, I smell oregano!

(Notices Lucy's eyepatch)

Good heavens, Lucy, what happened?

LUCY

Oh, it's nothing. Just
scratched my cornea pruning
the wisteria. It'll be fine
in a few days. Come on in,
troopers!

Rick looks around at all the "artifacts" that have appeared
in the Packards' house.

RICK

You know, Harry, I think we
have the same interior
decorator. Wow! You got a TV!

Rick wanders over to something that looks vaguely like a
water-cooler with colorful static swirling around the tank.

HARRY

Pretty, isn't it? Only gets
static, though, and I have no
idea what kind of media those
slots were made for. I'll
show you the flying car after
dinner.

RICK

A flying car? Really??

HARRY

No, not really.

(He smiles
devilishly)

RICK

Damn! Every time, Harry! You
get me every time!

HARRY

It must be my honest good
looks.

INT. PACKARDS' KITCHEN - EVENING

Tamara and Abigail are carrying serving-dishes of food out
to the dining room. Lucy remains in the kitchen.

LUCY
Tamara, wine?

TAMARA
Yes, please.

LUCY
And Abigail? Ginger ale or
lemonade?

ABIGAIL
Ummm... ginger ale, please.

LUCY
OK! You girls go on out and
sit down, I'll get everyone
else's drinks.

She pokes her head out through the kitchen door.

LUCY
Boys? Wine?

RICK
Yes, please!

HARRY
Thank you, honey!

INT. PACKARDS' DINING ROOM - EVENING

Everyone is sitting down, except Lucy, who's bringing in
the last of the drinks.

LUCY
Now I hope everyone likes it,
but if you don't it's all
Tamara's fault because this
is her recipe.

TAMARA
(feigning
embarrassment)
Oh, go on!

LUCY
Dig in!

RICK

(eating and
drinking as he
talks)

You should let me take that
TV to the lab, Harry. Even if
I couldn't get it to work it
would make a wonderful alien
artifact to smash over Dave's
head.

While Rick is talking, Lucy is watching them with her "new" eye through the patch. Rick and Tamara appear ghostly and translucent through it, but Abigail's image is even brighter than before, and "jitters", like there are several images of her layered on top of each other but they're not quite lined up right.

HARRY

Acting up again, is he?

RICK

I called in this morning to
check on the tests I ran on
that chair, and he
intercepted the call to
lecture me about how I was
"squandering" lab resources.
You know, he's the only
person I've ever heard
actually say the word
"squander".

Rick loses focus for a second, then comes back.

RICK (CONT'D)

We found a secret compartment
in our... um... the...

He looks at Tamara; she's sitting back in her chair and her eyes are closed.

ABIGAIL

Sideboard?

RICK

Yes, sideboard. Thank you.

HARRY

Really? What was inside?

Rick's eyes droop.

RICK

Nothing. It was... empty.

Rick closes his eyes and slumps back in his chair. Abigail looks worried. Lucy does too.

LUCY

Rick? Tamara?

Harry runs around the table and checks their pulses.

HARRY

This is terrible! Lucy, get my bag!

Lucy hurries off to the back of the house.

ABIGAIL

Mommy?

HARRY

Your mommy's going to be alright, honey.

Lucy returns with a black leather doctor's bag, which she sets on the table. Harry opens it up, and takes out a brown glass bottle and a wad of gauze. He pours some of the liquid from the bottle onto the gauze, and steps around behind and between Abigail and Tamara.

Suddenly, he grabs Abigail and holds the gauze tightly to her face. Abigail screams and struggles for a moment, then falls limp.

INT. THE PACKARDS' HOUSE, OPERATING ROOM

This time it's Abigail who wakes up bound to the operating table, and her parents are both restrained upright. All three are eye-clamped and ball-gagged. Harry and Lucy are also in the room, dressed in their surgical scrubs. The horrible machine hanging above Abigail is already warmed-up and humming ominously.

HARRY

(stroking Abigail's
hair)

There, you see my dear,

(he points)

your parents are just fine.
Now there's something I have
to do to your eyes,
sweetheart, and I need you to
hold very still.

(To Lucy)

How is her image?

Lucy has removed her patch, and is scrutinizing Abigail
with her "new" eye.

LUCY

Good. Very strong. We were
right, too; her fear is
definitely making it
stronger.

HARRY

(turning back to
Abigail)

Wonderful. Now Abigail, this
is only going to hurt for a
few minutes, and then it will
all be over.

Harry pulls the machine's lever and the needles plunge down
into Abigail's eyes. Abigail screams. Her parents look on,
helpless to do anything and physically unable to close
their eyes or look away.

Abigail's screaming stops. The machine finishes its
business, and Harry raises the needles. He puts his fingers
to Abigail's throat.

HARRY

Oh, the poor dear. Dead of
shock.

LUCY

Her image is already starting
to fade.

Harry unbuckles Abigail from the operating table, carries her to the corner of the room, and tosses her body, head-first, into a large plastic garbage can. He walks over to Rick and Tamara.

HARRY

(To Lucy)

So, which one is the next strongest?

There is a loud, creaking and roaring sound from upstairs that sounds like a sailboat full of lions capsizing. Harry and Lucy both look up.

LUCY

Harry, it's getting closer. We can distill Abigail's humor now and worry about them later.

HARRY

(trying not to sound nervous)

That's a good idea. The machine needs time to warm up for the next round anyway.

They both exit the room through a big metal door that swings shut and latches behind them. Rick and Tamara are left staring at Abigail's lifeless legs sticking out of the garbage can. They both start to cry.

INT. PACKARDS' LABORATORY

Harry has finished distilling another syringe-full of blue fluid. There are more creaking and popping noises from the house above, but nothing as loud as the first. Harry hands the hypodermic needle to Lucy.

HARRY

Will you do the honors, darling? I'm afraid the pain would make my hands shake too much.

Lucy looks pensive, but nods that yes, she will. She takes the hypodermic from Harry, who sits down on his work-stool to be closer to her height. Harry nods to Lucy, and at his signal she plunges the needle into his eye, injecting the fluid.

Harry screams horribly, and keels over from the pain. Finally the pain subsides and he rises to his feet. The deep blue tint seeps into the white of his eye, and he blinks a few times, getting used to his new perception. He looks at Lucy, and notices that she's staring, horrified, over his shoulder.

LUCY
(in a whisper)
Harry, it's here.

Harry turns to look, and his "new" eye's pupil dilates violently as his face is twisted in terror.

INT. PACKARDS' OPERATING ROOM

A horrible growl comes from the next room, followed by Lucy's and Harry's screams, and a loud ripping noise. A powerful force smashes into the metal door, knocking it off its hinges, but not quite knocking it open.

Rick and Tamara look on in terror. Unseen by them, and out of focus, Abigail twitches, then slowly extracts herself from the garbage can. As the garbage can falls over, her parents turn to look as best they can.

Abigail rises laboriously to her feet and, keeping her head bowed and her eyes unseen, she walks over to her parents, each step becoming easier. She starts to unbuckle Tamara's restraints.

ABIGAIL
Untie your husband, and run
out into the street. It's not
safe for you here or in your
house.

She reaches up to brush the tears and streaked mascara from Tamara's cheek.

ABIGAIL

Don't worry about your
daughter. She wants to help
us.

Abigail looks up, but only Tamara can see her eyes.
Tamara's expression is a strange combination of joy and
horror.

INT. PACKARDS' LABORATORY

Lucy watches and whimpers as something huge and unfocussed
sucks the life out of Harry with loud gulping sounds,
leaving a twitching, shriveled husk. A broken fluorescent
bulb sputters in the ceiling.

Abigail pushes open the broken metal door and enters. Lucy
turns to look at her, then looks back at the MONSTER.

LUCY

What... what is it?

Abigail's eyes are intact, but her irises are milky white.
As she speaks, the MONSTER is finally fully shown.

It's a tremendous man-shaped mass of skinless muscle, the
size of an SUV. Its body is covered here and there with the
same style of devices that have been appearing in the
Packards' and Abigail's homes. It has two pairs of hands;
one pair of "normal", human-sized hands, sprouting from the
palms of the huge, monstrous claws that it's been using to
tear apart its victims. Its eyes look disturbingly human.

ABIGAIL

It's Harry. The "true" Harry.
And all of the other Harrys
he's caught.

Abigail looks down at Harry's shriveled corpse.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Every Harry aspires to move between realities, and this is the first Harry who succeeded. For the past year he's been hunting down the rest. Every other Harry he catches makes him stronger, and weakens the realities. Your Harry was just another echo of this "true" Harry, just as you're only an echo of the "true" Lucy.

LUCY

(still staring at the monster)

And you're an echo of the "true" Abigail?

ABIGAIL

I am many echoes.

The monster tosses aside Harry's corpse. When it speaks there are a dozen voices, all in different languages, layered on top of each other, but Harry's voice in English is the strongest.

MONSTER

Ah, another reality, another echo consumed, and another little Abigail standing in my way. Always the same. The first Abigail was quite a challenge, a strong little warrior princess, but every subsequent Abigail has been weaker and stupider and easier to tear into tiny pieces.

The monster chuckles.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm just getting too strong. How many of you have I killed so far?

ABIGAIL

Too many. But the rest of us
have converged. We know your
secret!

The monster scrutinizes Abigail, then makes a horrible
snarling laugh.

MONSTER

Converged?? Oh, little girl,
that's not a convergence.
This,

(indicates itself)
is a convergence!

Lucy recognizes her husband's voice coming from the monster.

LUCY

Harry?

The monster looks down at her. Its face changes, and for a
moment looks like a grotesque of Harry.

MONSTER

Oh, this Harry had a Lucy! I
just love Lucys! They taste
like chicken.

The monster swings one of its tremendous claws and
decapitates Lucy in one smooth motion. Continuing its
momentum, it lunges at Abigail, who springs out of the way
and over its head.

The monster turns, and Abigail flings a hypodermic needle
into its eye. Unfazed, the monster lumbers forward. Abigail
tries to dodge to the side, but the monster catches her in
one of its gigantic hands, wrapping the fingers of the
smaller hand inside around her throat. The monster lifts
Abigail up high, and then smashes her to the ground several
times.

Each time Abigail hits the ground, and every other time
that she is hurt while fighting the monster, a ghostly
image of her is knocked out of her, as one more of the
"other Abigails" that she has converged with is killed.

INT. PACKARDS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The floor is smashed to pieces as Abigail flies up through it, hurled by the monster. She bounces off the ceiling before landing on a couch which collapses under the force. She clutches at her throat and gasps for air.

The monster starts to climb up through the hole as Abigail staggers over to the TV-like device, hefts it over her head, and flings it at the monster. The monster bats it aside and it crashes against the wall.

Abigail runs and dives through a closed window, shattering the glass and the frame, and then in through an open window of her own house. The monster follows her, and simply smashes through the walls as it goes.

Across the street, a couple of FEDS in a black sedan notice the commotion and one of them picks up the radio to report.

INT. ABIGAIL'S LIVING ROOM TO ABIGAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chased by the monster, Abigail retreats down the hallway to her room. She flips her bed up against the wall, revealing the ornate box she pulled out of the secret compartment in the sideboard underneath.

The monster is slowed down a little by the tight hallway, but quickly smashes its way through and into Abigail's room. Abigail is wearing the bracelet that goes with the floating globe toy, and sends the globe flying at the monster. It bounces off the side of the monster's head without hurting it at all. Annoyed, the monster grabs the globe and crushes it in its hand. The globe pops like a burst lightbulb, and emits a sprinkling of sparks.

While the monster is distracted by the globe, Abigail shoulders the ornate box and pulls the trigger; it's a huge gun that fires a blast of energy, taking a bowling-ball-sized chunk out of the monster's chest.

Abigail checks the side of the gun, and a series of glowing jewels indicate that the gun is recharging for another shot. The monster staggers backward, crashes into the wall, and slides down to the floor. Its body writhes and it howls in pain as its entire mass shifts to repair the hole in its chest, leaving it a bit smaller than before, but still bigger than an ox.

Every time the monster is hurt during his fight with Abigail, he shrinks a little as his mass shifts to cover his injuries.

The air around the monster ripples and crackles as the monster becomes partially transparent and steps back, into the wall. As Abigail watches the monster, the "electronics" girl appears out of her and behind her, and shouts to her in an alien language.

ELECTRONICS GIRL
(subtitled)

He's retreating to another
reality! Follow him quickly
or he'll escape!

Abigail understands, and the "electronics" girl merges back into her. The gun has a strap which Abigail slings over her shoulder as she charges after the monster. Reality ripples around Abigail and the monster, and Abigail's house is replaced by the grand hall of a ruined medieval castle.

INT. MEDIEVAL DINING HALL - NIGHT

Moldy tapestries cover sooty black stone walls, and skeletons in medieval clothing sit at long wooden tables of decayed food. Cobwebs and dust cover everything, and the roof of the dining hall has caved in, letting a tremendous full moon light the scene.

As the dining hall becomes solid around Abigail and the monster, the monster continues to reel backwards, and crashes through one of the tables, knocking metal plates and skeletons in every direction.

Abigail quickly takes in her surroundings, grabs a large axe out of the lap of a skeleton, and turns to face the monster, just in time to duck as the monster swings a table over her head. Abigail counter-attacks with the axe, but the monster blocks it with the table, into which the axe sticks. Abigail yanks on it, but it doesn't come loose, and the monster heaves himself into the air, and then kicks with both feet, through the rotting table, knocking Abigail into an adjoining kitchen area.

INT. MEDIEVAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The monster follows Abigail into the kitchen, but she's nowhere to be seen. The kitchen's just as strewn with dust, dirt, and cobwebs as the dining hall.

The monster looks high and low and then pauses, listening closely. He hears Abigail breathing and creeps forward toward the closed door of a large oven. In one quick motion he rips the oven door off its hinges, revealing Abigail crouched inside, pointing her gun directly at him.

A green jewel lights up on the gun, and it makes a "ding" noise to denote that it's ready to be fired, and Abigail blasts the monster with it, sending him backwards toward a wall covered in rusted meat hooks. Reality shimmers around the monster again, and the wall of meat hooks is replaced by the paper wall of a pagoda which the monster flies through unharmed.

INT. PAGODA - NIGHT

Abigail follows the monster out of the medieval castle and into the pagoda. Straw mats cover the floor, and candles burn in each of the four corners of the square room. In the foreground, a BUDDHIST MONK sits in meditation with his back to them, completely oblivious to their presence.

Abigail spots a samurai sword on a stand along one wall, and draws it while the monster recovers from the last shot from her gun. The monster rises to his feet as Abigail draws herself into a Japanese swordfighting stance.

There is a moment of Zen calm.

The monster lunges, and Abigail brings her sword down, slashing the monster's arm. The monster feints, and then lunges again, swinging its huge claw in a wide arc and knocking the sword from Abigail's hand. The sword clatters to the ground next to the monk.

In disarming Abigail, the monster has left himself open to attack, and Abigail lets the momentum of the monster's blow twirl her around, landing a solid spinning kick in the monster's midsection and knocking him backwards through an open doorway.

The gun "dings" that it's ready for another shot as the monster slams shut the paper door between himself and Abigail. Abigail fires, reality shimmers again, and the paper door is replaced by a solid steel door, which reflects the blast back at Abigail and knocks her down in the next reality, a futuristic bathroom.

INT. 50's-STYLE "BATHROOM OF TOMORROW" - NIGHT

Everything is polished chrome and gleaming white plastic. The toilet has fins like a '57 Chevy. The shower has five different nozzles coming out of its walls, ceiling, and floor. Above a sink that looks like it's just about to blast off, hangs a mirrored medicine cabinet with a dozen spindly chrome arms, which end in a makeup mirror, a toothbrush, tweezers, a hairbrush, a blow-dryer, and other common bathroom implements.

As Abigail writhes on the floor, the monster casually opens the steel door that it hid behind. The door slides open with a futuristic "whooshing" noise. He grabs Abigail by the face with his smaller right hand, and wraps his larger right hand completely around her head, and proceeds to shake her like a cat shakes a mouse, trying to snap her neck while smashing her against the walls.

The monster cocks his arm back and punches Abigail's head into the medicine cabinet above the sink, which shatters and plays a recorded voice.

MEDICINE CABINET

What's wrong?

The monster continues to throw her against the toilet, the sink, and through the glass door of the shower, as a MAN IN A BATHROBE with a very frightened look on his face appears in the doorway.

MAN IN BATHROBE

(shouting in a
squeaky voice)

House! Intruder alert! Purge
the bathroom immediately!

A soothing WOMAN'S VOICE counts down as the monster ignores it and continues to crush Abigail's skull.

COMPUTER VOICE
Purging bathroom in 3... 2...
1... purging.

The bathroom floor swings open, and Abigail and the monster fall in and roll down a metal chute. They slide past a large warning sign that declares "DANGER! WASTE FURNACE!", and are just on the precipice of being dumped into said furnace, when reality shimmers around them again, and they roll to a stop in the middle of a lavish cathedral.

INT. LAVISH CATHEDRAL - MORNING

A coronation is taking place, and the nave of the cathedral is lined with flamboyantly dressed soldiers, holding their swords aloft to form an arch. At the transept of the cathedral, an elderly bishop weighed down with jewelry is holding a crown over the head of a dashing young prince. On either side of the prince stand guards in even more flamboyant regalia, holding long halberds.

Abigail and the monster roll into the middle of the nave, and the monster loses his grip on Abigail, who rolls a little further. The coronation comes to a screeching halt, and everyone in the room turns to look at the monster.

Eventually, the prince catches on and turns to look as well. There is a moment of confused silence from all parties, when finally Abigail catches her breath long enough to shout out:

ABIGAIL
Attack!!

The soldiers lay into the monster with their swords, and the monster swats them away like insects. In this moment of respite, Abigail recovers and draws a bead on the monster with her gun. The monster grabs the prince as Abigail fires, and uses him as a shield. The prince is vaporized, and the monster is left unharmed.

As the monster finishes off the last few soldiers, Abigail snatches a halberd from one of the guards and charges at the monster with it, trailing the halberd behind her to make an overhead attack.

The monster glares at her, and reality ripples again, placing them both in a Victorian-era commuter train car.

INT. VICTORIAN COMMUTER TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Abigail swings the halberd overhead, and it sticks in the ceiling of the car, just as the car screeches to a halt, throwing her off balance. The monster grabs her, and throws her out one of the windows of the train, shattering the glass in the process.

INT. VICTORIAN TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Abigail lands in the middle of the train station platform, in front of a gigantic statue of Atlas holding a globe on his shoulders. The monster smashes through the side of the train car, sending hundreds of impeccably dressed Victorian ladies and gentlemen scrambling in every direction.

Instead of wheels, the train has pulled into the station on rows upon rows of mechanical insect legs, like a giant centipede.

A heavily-armored BOBBY police officer, furiously blowing his whistle, runs toward the monster while winding a crank on his nightstick. When he reaches the monster he strikes him with the nightstick, giving the monster an electric shock.

The monster recoils, then lunges back and flicks the Bobby's head off. While the monster has been distracted by the Bobby, Abigail has been lining up a shot, and fires just as the monster kills the Bobby. The shot grazes the monster's left flank, and the monster glowers at Abigail, as if chastising her for missing such an easy shot.

There's a deep creaking noise from behind the monster, and as it turns it realizes that she was actually aiming for -- and destroyed -- one of the giant Atlas statue's arms. The monster crouches and crosses its arms over its head as the tremendous globe comes crashing down on top of it.

Reality shimmers once again, and the globe becomes a giant cartoon tumbleweed.

EXT. CARTOON STREET - AFTERNOON

The train station is replaced by a cartoon of an old-west street, lined with a bank, a saloon, a sheriff's jail, and other buildings. Abigail is also a cartoon. Zany music and sound effects play throughout this entire scene.

The tumbleweed rolls away down the street, revealing a paper-flat cartoon of the monster underneath it. Abigail looks at the monster tentatively, and the monster suddenly springs back into shape, charges at her, and hits her with a giant red mallet that he pulls from behind his back.

Abigail is sent flying backwards, and makes an Abigail-shaped hole in the wall of the saloon.

INT. CARTOON SALOON - AFTERNOON

The saloon is filled with cartoon cowboys who watch the fight disinterestedly over their drinks and card games. The cartoon bartender cleans glasses, while the cartoon pianist continues the melody from the street scene.

The monster runs in through the swinging doors of the saloon, and is looking back and forth trying to spot Abigail when the saloon's circular chandelier comes crashing down from the ceiling, with Abigail riding on it.

The chandelier encircles the monster, tightly binding him, and Abigail jumps out of the way. The candles on the chandelier are all lit sticks of dynamite, and Abigail squints her eyes and plugs her ears with her fingers as the monster makes a face of exaggerated fear and explodes.

When the smoke clears, the cartoon monster is pitch black except for his eyes, but still fully intact. The monster shakes himself and returns to his original color, and it becomes obvious that the dynamite had no lasting effect at all.

The monster's face turns bright red, and steam comes out of his ears as he grabs the saloon's piano and smashes it over Abigail's head. The piano itself is destroyed, but the piano's strings remain intact and pass right through her.

Abigail blinks, and then keels over in slices like a loaf of bread. The slices all stack neatly back together, however, and she springs back to her feet, none the worse for wear.

The gun "dings", and two pieces of toast pop out of the top of it. Abigail draws it and fires, blowing a perfectly round hole in the middle of the monster's chest. The monster looks down through the hole for a moment, then shakes it off, and stomps on a floorboard, which see-saws with Abigail at the other end and sends her flying into the ceiling.

Abigail's legs protrude from the ceiling, and the monster leaps up and grabs them, then spins around and around, twirling Abigail by her feet. Just as he lets her go, reality changes again, and the saloon is replaced by the inside of a clock tower.

The monster, Abigail, and their surroundings are no longer a cartoon.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

The clock tower is packed to bursting with huge spinning gears and swinging pendulums, and it's into the mesh of two of the largest gears that the monster throws Abigail. On her way, she flies miraculously unscathed through a gauntlet of swinging pendulums and the spokes of spinning gears, which prevent the monster from following after her.

Abigail holds her arm out in front of her to break her fall, and her hand rather than her head is caught between the gears and crushed. Abigail screams out in pain, and the gruesome agony of the moment stands in stark contrast to the goofy, cartoon indestructibility that both characters enjoyed just a moment before.

On one side of the monster hangs a tremendous brass bell with a ring of dancing maidens engraved around its lip, and on his other side is a stack of sharp, frisbee-sized gears. Behind the monster is the inside of a tremendous glass clock-face.

The monster picks up one of the gears and hurls it at Abigail, and it's deflected at the last second by a pendulum. The monster picks up another gear, carefully judges the rhythm of the pendulums and gears and throws it at Abigail's head as Abigail struggles to pull her hand out of the mesh of the gears.

Finally, her mangled hand comes out the other end of the mesh, and she yanks herself backward, just in time to be only grazed by the gear which cuts a deep bloody slash in her cheek. She runs back into the darkness, out of the monster's line of sight.

The monster picks up another gear, and waits for her to appear again.

In the darkness, Abigail hunches over her mangled hand, stifling her screams as her bones and flesh quickly knit themselves back together, ghostly "other Abigails" streaming out of her in the process.

There is a loud "click" as the clock hands reach midnight, and gears that had stood still before whir into motion.

A full-sized brass man with a large brass hammer slides along a track, around all of the gears and pendulums, to stand next to the monster. The monster stares at the brass man as it slowly raises the hammer over its head. The monster looks behind him, and realizes that he's standing between the brass man and the bell, which the hammer is obviously meant to ring.

The monster snaps out his arm and stops the hammer in mid-swing. His guard is down for a second, and Abigail swings out of the shadows on a thick chain, screaming a battle cry, and knocks the monster through the glass clock-face. The monster pinwheels his arms wildly, and manages to catch Abigail's ankle, pulling her through the face of the clock with him.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Both Abigail and the monster are freefalling down the side of the clock tower, which must be at least a hundred stories tall. The monster has shrunk significantly from all of the damage he's taken so far, and Abigail is able to manhandle him into a piledriver wrestling hold. From this height the fall will probably kill them both, but at least the monster's head will be the first thing to hit the ground.

As they plummet toward the street below, reality ripples once again, the lights of the cars on the street below turn into fish, and they find themselves deep underwater.

EXT. DEEP UNDERWATER RUINS - NIGHT

A school of fish scatter as Abigail and the monster pass through them. The water slows their descent considerably, but they still both come down hard, right on the monster's head, in the middle of what looks like a ruined temple.

They are far too deep underwater for sunlight to penetrate, but the scene is lit by glowing, conch-shell-shaped lanterns placed at odd intervals around the ruins. Horrible, nightmarish fish wriggle through the water just outside the perimeter of the temple, and strange luminous crabs skitter along the floor.

Abigail pushes off from the monster and swims backwards, drawing the gun as she does so. She aims and pulls the trigger, but there is no blast - only a few bubbles rise from the end of the barrel.

The monster recovers quickly, and whips through the water like a shark, tackling Abigail and smashing her against a giant wall of coral. A plume of blood blossoms from Abigail's mouth, and she's about to retaliate when a low groan fills the water, like a whale song at quarter speed, and the wall behind them splits open, revealing a tremendous and terrifying EYE, at least 30-feet across.

The eye focuses on Abigail and the monster, and tremendous, squid-like tentacles lash out of the darkness and encircle both of them in a crushing grip.

Abigail and the monster both struggle in vain as reality changes around them once again, and the underwater ruins are replaced by a desert.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A huge, blood-red moon, as large as the underwater eye, fills the sky, and as the scene changes the tentacles are replaced by sand, which falls away from Abigail and the monster.

They both fall to the ground at the top of a sand dune, coughing up sea-water and gasping for breath. The monster is the first to recover, and with a powerful uppercut he sends Abigail rolling down the side of the dune.

This action sends them both into another coughing fit, from which Abigail is the first to recover this time. She raises the gun and squeezes the trigger, and the monster defends himself by shifting reality one last time.

EXT. ALIEN SWAMP - NIGHT

They finally end up in a murky, unearthly swamp beneath a sky full of giant planets. The monster stands on a crude stone dais that juts up from the muck, surrounded by broken stone columns. Abigail stands waist-deep in the swamp grass a few yards away from the dais. There is a blood-stained, sacrificial altar in the middle of the dais, and the terrible bronze machine hovers in the air above it, but this one looks cleaner, larger, and stronger than either of the others seen so far. There are also two sets of shackles nearby, right where the restraints were in the Packards' house.

The monster has shrunk every time Abigail has hurt it, and many of its implanted devices have been blown off, so that now it looks mostly like a very muscular and bloody version of Harry. At the same time, however, Abigail has become weaker and weaker as the monster has knocked the "other Abigails" out of her, so that now she's barely able to lift the gun.

Abigail fires, but the monster ducks behind a huge column which is blown to pieces by the blast. Abigail stops for a moment and surveys the dais while the gun recharges. The monster has disappeared from view. Faintly, the "princess" girl appears out of and behind Abigail, the same way the "electronics" girl did before. Abigail keeps her eyes on the dais, but speaks to the "princess" girl.

ABIGAIL

This is where it all began.
Where he first sacrificed one
of us to learn how to move
between worlds.

EXT. ALIEN SWAMP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

As she speaks, a flashback shows another Abigail chained to the altar on the dais, struggling as a strangely-dressed but completely human Harry holds her head down and brings the twin needles of the machine toward her face. The flashback ends just before the needles touch Abigail's eyes.

EXT. ALIEN SWAMP - NIGHT

The monster emerges from his hiding place behind a pile of rubble, picks up some of the pieces of the column Abigail blasted and starts throwing them at her. It isn't aiming very well, and she dodges easily. Too late, she realizes that the monster was actually trying less to hit her than it was trying to agitate something underneath the swamp; the "grass" begins to writhe, and is joined by thicker tentacles that grab hold of Abigail and drag her underwater.

INT. PACKARDS' LAB

There is the same rippling that accompanied Abigail and the monsters' moving through realities, and Abigail falls out of thin air onto the floor, coughing up brackish water and blood. The lifeless "princess" girl floats out of her. As Abigail's arms and legs stretch and convulse, her hand touches a hypodermic syringe, still half-full of the potent blue vitreous humor distillate.

EXT. ALIEN SWAMP - NIGHT

The monster slowly scrutinizes the swamp around the dais, looking for signs of Abigail. It reaches up to the side of its head and adjusts a device implanted there, and a deep blue hue washes over its eye.

With the same sight that Lucy's "new" eye gave her, the monster pans the horizon again, but again sees nothing but a faint sickly glow from the grass. Satisfied, the monster shambles over to the hovering bronze machine.

Part of the machine is throbbing, like a giant heart, and the monster pulls down a dark red tube with a giant needle at the end, like an I.V. drip the size of a fire hose, and stabs it into its chest. Thick, gory fluid flows through the tube, as the monster slowly begins to grow, regaining the mass that Abigail blasted off of it.

The monster flexes its muscles as they expand, and as it hunches over to stretch its back it looks down and sees Abigail; she's standing in the Packards' operating room, aiming the gun at the monster's head, and the eye she's using to aim is the same deep blue as the monster's.

Abigail takes a quick, deep breath, and reality changes around her as the operating room is replaced by the solid stone of the base of the dais. She fires, and the shot both severs the I.V. tube and decapitates the monster.

Abigail drags herself up out of the hole she's blasted in the floor of the dais as the monster begins to regenerate; tendrils are growing out from the pieces of its head toward each other and the body, and slowly pulling them back together. Abigail points the gun at the monster and pulls the trigger; nothing happens.

She tries again, but still nothing happens. Frantic, she runs over and tries to topple one of the columns onto the monster, but she doesn't have the strength to move it. She clenches her fists and tries to think, and faintly, very faintly, she hears the whispered voice of one of the other Abigails. She strains to hear, and although it's speaking in an alien language she understands enough of it to act.

Abigail runs back to where she dropped the gun and smashes it against the stone altar until the ornate casing breaks. The monster, meanwhile, has reattached its head and is starting to twitch its arms and legs.

Under the whispered voice's guidance, listening more to the tone of what's being said than trying to understand the words, Abigail finds and removes what looks like an old-fashioned vacuum-tube from the inside of the gun. She pulls the trigger, and the gun starts to hum and tick rapidly like a Geiger counter gone crazy. She steps back from it, and the monster's hand latches on to her ankle.

Abigail falls to the ground, as the noise of the gun rapidly rises in pitch. She reaches out and finds a piece of the broken column and uses it to beat the monster's hand to a bloody pulp, finally freeing her ankle. She skitters back from the monster a few feet, then closes her eyes and grits her teeth.

Reality crackles around her just as the gun explodes, and the moment she disappears the explosion creates a chain-reaction; the bronze machine hovering above the dais bursts with the force of an atomic blast, vaporizing the monster, the dais, and a few miles diameter of the swamp.

INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE - MORNING - A WEEK LATER

The damage to the house has mostly been repaired, although a few walls still need to be repainted. The strange furniture is still present.

INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Abigail is sitting on her bed, absentmindedly playing with the bracelet that went with her floating ball. She has mild bruising and swelling around the eye that she injected with the blue drug, but otherwise seems healthy, and the color of both eyes has returned to normal. Tamara enters.

TAMARA

Ready for school, pumpkin?

Abigail looks up and smiles at her.

ABIGAIL

Yes.

Abigail puts on the bracelet, pulls on her backpack, and follows Tamara out to the car.

TAMARA

(while they're
walking)

How's the eye?

ABIGAIL

Better.

(She puts a hand
over her good eye)
Everything's still really
blurry, but it's not as
blurry as it was last week.

EXT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Abigail and Tamara come out the front door. Their SUV is parked in the driveway. Next door, the Packards' house is swarming with FBI agents and government scientists. The damage to it has not been repaired, and the exterior holes are covered over with tents and tarps. Rick is talking to one of the scientists, who's outside having a smoke break.

Tamara calls:

TAMARA

Rick!

...and Rick jogs over and gets in the driver's seat of their SUV. Tamara gets in the passenger seat, and Abigail climbs in the back. As they pull away, Dave walks out of the front door of the Packards' house and watches them leave.

TAMARA

What're they going to do with Harry's research?

RICK

I don't know. I've been transferred out of Dave's department, which I suppose I can't really complain about. The rest of the guys are keeping pretty tight-lipped about it.

TAMARA

Well, let's just pretend that they're going to figure out a way to use it for the benefit of all mankind.

RICK

(smirks)

Ha! OK, yeah, let's just pretend that for now.

Abigail has been staring out the back window of the SUV at the bushes where she first met the "princess" version of herself. She waves her hand in front of her face a few times, trying to make it leave trails the way it did when she was "converged", but it just waves normally.

RICK
So, ready for your first day
back at school, pumpkin?

ABIGAIL
(shrugs)
Sure.

TAMARA
So, once again, what do we
tell people about the
Packards?

ABIGAIL
(reciting)
That their house exploded in
the middle of the night
because they were stockpiling
weapons of mass destruction.

TAMARA
(scowls at Rick,
who feigns
innocence)
Gas leak, Abigail. It
exploded because there was a
gas leak.

ABIGAIL
(disappointed)
Oh, all right.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Mark and Captain are picking teams for kickball again.
Neither of them has picked anyone yet, and Captain picks
first.

CAPTAIN
Abigail!

Abigail, used to being picked last, isn't paying attention.

CAPTAIN
Abigail!

Abigail reacts this time, surprised, and jogs over to join
Captain's team.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - MORNING - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Abigail is up to kick. The bases are loaded, and everyone's watching her. Mark is pitching. He glares at Abigail, and motions for the shortstop and the basemen to come up closer, certain that Abigail can't kick the ball further than a few feet. Just for good measure, he reels back, and throws the ball high, as hard as he can, right at Abigail's face.

Abigail shifts her stance and head-butts the ball back into Mark's face. Mark's nose starts bleeding and the infielders rush forward to catch the ball as it rolls back toward Abigail, who sends it flying with a good solid kick. She and her teammates run, and as she rounds first base the ball bounces far out in right field.

Booger, the only outfielder, stares at it blankly with his finger up his nose as his teammates run toward the ball and shout at him to get it. Abigail clears the rest of the bases and is engulfed by a huddle of her cheering teammates. The recess monitor looks up from her romance novel and rings her hand-bell, calling the kids back to class.

THE END

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