

CONTINUUM

"The Monsters"

by  
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TEASER

BLACK

Under which WE HEAR nothing. Several seconds of total silence. Then the VOICE of the NARRATOR is HEARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Existence is a path with a  
beginning...

A point of light appears left of frame in the lower third of the screen. It pulses ever so slightly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...and an end.

A second point of light appears right of frame, directly across from the first. It also pulses slightly.

A line of light emanates from within the first point of light, slowly moving across the screen toward the second point.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is the journey along this  
path.

The line of light continues its slow pace across the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is a continuum.

The TITLE "CONTINUUM" FADES IN above the line of light, center screen. Its appearance is identical to that of the points and line. After two beats the TITLE GLOWS BRIGHTER, THEN DIMS AND SLOWLY FADES AWAY.

The line of light shoots straight upward, then levels off and moves across the screen at a rapid rate. Nearly reaching the right side of the screen, the line abruptly turns downward at a ninety degree angle and drops straight downward, past its original level. It stops abruptly and ANOTHER TITLE FADES IN at its end. The title reads "February 21, 2011, Flagler County, Florida."

Lingering for a moment, the title, points and line of light all FADE AWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY and we are plunged into black again.

FADE IN:

EXT. FLAGLER COUNTY, FLORIDA COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

CRANE SHOT of an upscale commercial district in Flagler County, Florida. Essentially a sea of bland stucco, endless brick, neon signs, devoid of character and history. As superficial and youth-obsessed as its clientele, this commercial district is one of many in the area that serve as "supply centers" for the seemingly endless tract home developments that surround it.

Street traffic on the main drag that cuts through this "paradise" is steady, consisting of gleaming hi-end cars and SUV's, too much carnauba wax and Armorall. Pedestrians of all ages fill the sidewalks, sporting designer everything from their shades to their dyed hair to their \$150.00 flip-flops.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN AND MOVES IN ON one particular SUV, a glitzy Escalade, that is bogged down in traffic. It creeps forward in impatient lurches as it nears an intersection.

INT. ESCALADE

Inside we find four individuals. Behind the wheel, her face partially hidden by a Jennifer Aniston-type hairdo, is a WOMAN of indeterminate (for the moment) age. Next to her, riding shotgun, sits a car seat holding a ONE YEAR OLD BABY GIRL. The woman is attempting to feed her a bottle with limited success.

In the backseat sit two quiet children, a BOY of around twelve and a GIRL of seven. Well behaved, maybe a little too neatly-scrubbed.

Behind them, the luggage area of the SUV is crammed full of helium balloons that indicate a baby's first birthday is the big moment of this particular day. The balloons are emblazoned with phrases such as "#1 Girl!," "Happy 1st!" and so on.

The woman pulls her hair back over her left ear, revealing a bluetooth headset. She is in the midst of a phone conversation and her frustration is evident as she tries to balance driving, talking and feeding a baby at the same time.

WOMAN

I know I'm running late! What am I supposed to do? I've got all three of the kids ready, the balloons are in the back and omigod!

She stomps on the brakes and the SUV lurches to a stop.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

God! This traffic!

Her stop has caused the bottle to come out of the baby's mouth and formula shoots onto the little one's face. She starts to cry.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now what?!

The woman looks at the baby, sees the situation, roughly cleans her face off with a diaper and reinserts the bottle into the kid's mouth.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No, no, nothing. Is everyone there? What about mother?--

(PAUSE)

Okay. What about your mother?--

(PAUSE)

She had better not ruin this.

The woman sees an opportunity ahead of her in the road and takes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hang on a second.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DISTRICT INTERSECTION

A miniscule gap has opened up in traffic. Not appearing to be large enough to accommodate an Escalade, unless you are a certain stressed out woman driver.

In a rather dangerous swerving maneuver, the Escalade darts into oncoming traffic around the jammed up line of vehicles in front of it. It skids around the corner and pulls into a curb-side parking spot in front of a bakery shop.

INT. ESCALADE

Not even a hint of reaction from the occupants of the Escalade. Apparently this is quite the norm.

The woman continues to speak on the phone.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm here. All I have to do is get the cake & I'll be home in five minutes. Is the jumper ready? How about the food? Okay, good. Bye.

She taps off the bluetooth, then turns to the boy in the backseat. We still do not see all of her face. However, the observant viewer may notice skin that has a bit of a plastic/waxen appearance to it. Lips that are maybe too full to be natural.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Feed your sister for me while I go inside to get the cake, okay? I'll be just a minute.

The boy obliges without protest, leans over and takes the bottle from the woman.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

The woman puts the windows down, turns the motor off and hurriedly exits the SUV. We see her enter the bakery through the open car window.

Once again, a note to the observant viewer: you may notice a certain plastic quality to the steady stream of pedestrians that pass by in the background as this scene continues. It's a subtle thing. At least for now.

The boy feeds the baby like a pro; the little one happily sucks on the bottle. The boy smiles slightly at the happy baby, then turns to the little girl sitting beside him.

She is staring straight ahead of them. Frozen in fear.

BOY

What's wrong?

She doesn't respond. He persists, concerned.

BOY (CONT'D)

What is it?

The girl slowly raises her right hand and points out toward the windshield.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS OFF of the children, SHOOTING THROUGH THE CAR WINDSHIELD.

PAN STOPS, revealing a white stucco single story building, very long and wide, ahead of them at the end of street. A walkway leads up to a set of double doors framed by two large curtained picture windows. There are no identifying marks of any kind on this building except for four large numbers above the door: "1141." The building stands quiet, oddly devoid of any activity on this otherwise busy street.

BACK TO THE CHILDREN

GIRL  
(in a whisper)  
1141.

The boy continues to feed the baby. He is looking in the direction of the building marked "1141," then turns to the little girl. His face registers contained fear.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
(her voice shaking)  
The monsters.

BOY  
It's okay, sis. It's okay. There  
are no monsters there.

GIRL  
Yes, there are.

Tears begin to well up in her eyes. The boy turns to see the woman emerge from the bakery shop with a large cake in her arms (hiding part of her face), then quickly looks back at the girl.

BOY  
It's okay. Mom's coming. It's  
okay.

He gently wipes a descending tear from her cheek and calms the little girl as the back gate of the SUV opens. The helium balloons try to escape.

WOMAN  
Oh no you don't!

She fights with the balloons, jams the cake in and slams the gate shut. Shortly thereafter the driver's door opens and the woman gets in, her face still partially hidden from view.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, we're done. Everybody okay?

She takes over the bottle feeding from the boy, then starts the Escalade and puts the windows up. After a beat she becomes aware of the silent response of the children and turns around to face them.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

BOY

Nothing, Mom. Can we go?

The girl's feelings bubble over again and her face quivers fearfully.

WOMAN

What is it, honey?

GIRL

It's, it's...the monsters, Mommy.  
The monsters. 1141.

She points. The woman slowly turns her head, revealing her face for the first time. She is attractive in an artificial sense, trying hard to look thirty but definitely older, her face an overdone mask of plastic, collagen and pulled skin. A distorted bust created by too many visits to a plastic surgeon.

The one thing that this manufactured face cannot hide is the worry in the woman's eyes as she looks ahead of them.

THEIR POV

The building looms ahead of them. As do the numbers "1141."

BACK TO WOMAN & CHILDREN

WOMAN

There are no monsters.

She utters the words with no conviction, then jams the transmission into "Drive."

EXT. COMMERCIAL DISTRICT STREET

The SUV pulls away from the curb with a SQUEAL of its tires and moves into traffic. CAMERA PANS briefly with the Escalade, then MOVES OFF of the SUV as it passes building 1141. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to the building, PAST the numbers "1141" to the right front picture window.

7.

Where the curtain pulls back slightly from the window corner.  
And a horribly disfigured human (?) hand is revealed!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER