

EXT. COLLEGE ARENA - NIGHT

Bursts of noise from the interior of the arena interrupt the still and empty exterior of the building. POLICE SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, CENTER - NIGHT

The seats are filled with cheering parents sporting Polaroid cameras who occasionally clash with the audio coming from the main stage.

A line of students patiently wait their turn to shake hands with the COLLEGE PRESIDENT and receive their diplomas before dancing back to their seats proudly.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, STAGE - NIGHT

JAMIE (22) stares at the ground motionless, all sound muffled as it passes through his head. The two students behind him are looking around nervously and whispering to each other.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT (O.C.)
Son, please take your diploma and
have a seat.

Jamie breaks out of his trance and looks up at the college president, realizing his turn has arrived. He quickly adjusts his shaggy bangs out of his eyes and weakly shakes the college president's hand before taking the document.

While exiting the stage, Jamie stops and looks out at the endless sea of people watching him.

Jamie scans the arena, passing over all students without thought, and finds two empty seats in the bleachers.

Jamie looks to the ground, disappointed, and makes his way back to his assigned seat.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, FLOOR - NIGHT

Once sitting down, Jamie takes off his cap and stares straightforward and unfazed, opposed to the other students around him who have heads turned towards the stage.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, FLOOR - LATER

An OLD WOMAN approaches Jamie, seemingly appearing out of nowhere, and places her hand on his right shoulder.

OLD WOMAN (O.C.)
You must be Jamie, right?

He turns his head towards her slowly and nods.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sir, the ceremony is over. I have
some people waiting at the entrance
to the gymnasium that wish to speak
with you.

She removes her hand from his shoulder and motions for him to follow her.

Jamie stands up and looks around. The bursts of noise suddenly stop and the floor is filled with various decorations and trash. The entire arena is empty.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, LOBBY - NIGHT

Jamie turns a corner heading towards the arena entrance.

Three blurred figures can be seen ahead. One of them is the old woman from before, while the other two resemble a middle aged man and woman.

Jamie approaches them and the blurriness fades from their frames. A MALE and FEMALE POLICE OFFICER wait patiently with concerned looks on their faces as the old woman walks away.

MALE OFFICER
Some of your relatives let us know
you were graduating tonight. We
were hoping you would still be in
the area.

He nervously glances at the female officer before looking back to Jamie.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)
I don't really know how to say this
and always hoped I would never have
to.

He pauses again and holds back tears.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Your mother and father were in a
car accident on I-49. The person
that hit them was heavily
intoxicated. When the paramedics
arrived, they identified all three
as dead at the scene.

Jamie stares for a few seconds, all sound devoid from the outside world. He slowly turns and starts walking in the direction he originally came from.

The female officer leans towards the male officer.

FEMALE OFFICER

Where is he going? They said he might have a reaction like this. He hasn't spoken to them in years.

She cups her hands around her mouth and aims in Jamie's direction.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Jamie stops and looks at the ground, sighing. He slowly turns halfway to them.

JAMIE

I forgot my cap.

INT. COLLEGE ARENA, FLOOR - NIGHT

Jamie's cap can be seen centered among the chaos that litters the floors. Behind it are leftover balloons that, when combined, spell out the word REQUIEM.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Countless street lamps illuminate the dull and ordinary neighborhood. Most of the homes stand parallel to various cars parked in the streets. It is completely silent, devoid of any presence from its residents.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

The unassuming home ironically fails in its attempt to blend in with its acquaintances. The lack of vehicles in both driveway and street are accompanied by a bright light emitting from one, of the several, windows.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

CHRIS (22) closes a newspaper disappointingly and puts it on the window-side desk in front of him. The headlining story reads "SIGNAL RECEIVED FROM EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN?", dated AUGUST 15TH, 1977.

Chris proceeds to clean his glasses before being startled by a RINGING NOISE in the kitchen.

He quickly grabs the newspaper from his desk and tucks it under a stack of journals and notebooks. A typewriter is revealed from underneath the removed newspaper.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris swings open his bedroom door and rushes down the hallway towards the kitchen. He passes several framed photos lining the walls, all exclusively featuring Chris and his mother.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris slides into the tiled kitchen and frantically picks up the rotary phone.

CHRIS

Hello?

The phone line is silent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(Confused)

Hello...?

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hey, man.

The confused look on Chris' face disappears.

CHRIS

Jamie? What's up, man? How've you been lately?

Chris leans back on the kitchen counter and wraps one arm around himself, resting his elbow on it. The phone line goes silent again for a few moments.

JAMIE (V.O.)

I need to ask a favor of you.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, DOOR - NIGHT

Jamie waits at the front door to the home, duffel bag strung over his shoulder and suitcase handle in hand. Chris opens the door and motions for him to enter.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie stands in the middle of the living room examining the new decorations that line the walls. A large painting catches his eye as Chris pours a glass of water in the connected kitchen behind him.

The painting features a long-legged, immaculate figure embracing it's own severed head. Blood runs down the arms and torso of the figure and onto the floor of the scene where a pool is created around it's indistinct feet.

Jamie's gaze follows the droplets of blood to the bottom of the painting where he notices an embroidered plaque. It reads, "ACCEPTANCE".

Chris glances over at both Jamie and the painting after taking a sip of water.

CHRIS

Yeah... I don't know how she comes up with this shit.

He takes another sip of water and clears his throat before walking over to Jamie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How was your trip over here? You should've graduated recently right?

Jamie continues to stare at the painting.

JAMIE

Yeah, it was good. Didn't take as long as I expected.

He breaks his trance with the painting and turns to Chris.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I actually graduated earlier tonight. I've been having some complications with my roommate recently and since our lease runs out in a few days anyways, I figured I would head back here early.

CHRIS

Ah, that makes sense. Like I said before, you can feel free to stay here as long as you want to. Mom won't care.

JAMIE
(Puzzled)
Where is she, by the way?

Chris rolls his eyes and shrugs.

CHRIS
Some exhibition a good ways away.
First I heard of it was when she
was leaving yesterday. Said she was
taking the car and would be gone
for a week.

Chris throws his arms up in the air.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Left me completely stranded here!

Chris pauses, clearing his throat again, and looks to the ground before looking back to Jamie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Nervously)
So... things still not good then?
I'm assuming that's why you're
here.

Jamie looks back at the severed head on the painting.

JAMIE
I'm starting to think that they'll
never be.

Chris finishes the glass of water and walks over to the kitchen, putting it on the counter.

When he turns back to Jamie, Chris enacts an uncomfortable stance with hands sheathed in pockets and shoulders slightly raised.

CHRIS
Ah, well I wouldn't worry too much
about it. I'm sure everything will
work out soon enough.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie's suitcase and duffel bag rest easily beside him on the guest bed as Chris leans in the doorway. The room is poorly decorated in comparison to the rest of the home.

A moderate-sized dresser sits parallel to the bed, with an empty closet to its left. A small nightstand with chain-powered lamp sits within reach of the bed's user.

CHRIS

Well, you know where everything is if you need anything. I'm gonna do some reading and then hit the sack.

JAMIE

Alright, I'll see you tomorrow morning then.

Chris closes the door softly and Jamie is left alone.

Jamie stands up and begins to unpack his things, changing into more comfortable clothes as he stores the rest into the dresser. He takes a prescription bottle out of the duffel bag and swallows a few pills before placing it on the nightstand.

Jamie lays down in the bed, covering himself to his upper chest while leaving his left arm unsheathed and exposed. After a few moments, he pulls the lamp's chain and darkness envelops him.

Jamie takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. A SLIGHT RINGING SOUND vibrates THROUGH HIS EARS which heightens in volume over time, making his face scrunch in discomfort.

Jamie opens his eyes and looks to the side, attempting to uncover himself with his exposed arm.

He struggles to move his left arm as the ringing grows louder and more painful by the second. Once his hand finally reaches the sheets blanketing him, it phases through the covers and bed as if nonexistent.

Jamie holds his arm up in front of him, unable to move the rest of his body, completely frozen with fear.

Beyond his hand sits a VOID-LIKE ENTITY made entirely of black, empty space.

It looks down at Jamie intensely, emblazoned with grayish-black eyes. Jamie extends his arm out to the entity, opening his hand as wide as possible as the ringing in his ears continues to grow.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Help me.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, GUEST ROOM - MORNING

The ringing has stopped. Jamie quickly sits upright, breathing heavily and sweating profusely with arm still somewhat extended.

A bright light shines through the window next to the bed, revealing an empty space in which the entity once sat.

Jamie looks down at his left arm and tests his general movement before collapsing back into the bed, relieved.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jamie stumbles into the living room and is greeted by a cereal-eating Chris listening to the radio at the kitchen table.

CHRIS
How'd you sleep?

Jamie blows air from his nose while stretching.

JAMIE
I don't think I've woken up yet.

Chris laughs and proceeds to tune the radio to a different signal while pouring more cereal.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Any plans for today?

CHRIS
Maybe. I need to make a couple phone calls first and have you drive me to town to run a few errands... If you don't mind that is.

JAMIE
I think my schedules fairly open today.

Chris laughs and Jamie takes a seat at the table.

CHRIS
I forgot to ask, what did you end up studying again? I know you were undecided for a while.

JAMIE
Psychology.

CHRIS
Sounds bountiful.

Chris points his dripping spoon towards his face while adjusting his glasses.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Sarcastically)
Now you can start the job hunt with me.

Jamie looks to the ground and blows air from his nose again.

JAMIE
How's that been working out for you?

CHRIS
(Disappointed)
Eh, you know.

Chris lowers the volume on the radio and motions for Jamie's attention.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Anyways, I was thinking last night and came up with the baddest idea.

JAMIE
Lay it on me.

CHRIS
So recently, both for research and my mom forcing me out of the house, Aleck and I have been going on a few different expeditions in the wilderness.

JAMIE
(Condescending)
Like a nature trail?

CHRIS
(Offended)
No, not at all. I'm talking deep woods shit.

Chris pauses and composes himself.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You know him, always been an avid outdoors-man.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So he calls me one day and invites me on this "wild excursion", turned out to be a pretty basic hike.

He pauses and grabs Jamie's wavering attention.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But anyways, that's not the point. We started to go on them together, somewhat regularly, and its extremely relaxing. Good for your mental health. Getting away from... everything, you know?

JAMIE

(Sarcastically)

Eh, I'm not sure. I've never really strayed too far away from civilization.

Chris chuckles as he gets up from the table, empty bowl in hand. He walks to the connected kitchen and places it in the sink.

Chris leans over the kitchen counter and Jamie turns to face him, arm relaxed over the chair's back.

CHRIS

There's a mountain range a few hours away that he keeps calling "the big one". Said our recent trips have just been training for the real challenge.

JAMIE

Sounds like I'm underprepared.

Chris waves his hand through the air.

CHRIS

Nah, you'll be fine. It'll only take 5-6 days to reach the summit, if his research holds up.

JAMIE

I'm definitely underprepared.

CHRIS

(Amused)

I'll go ahead and let him know you're interested.

Chris reaches over the kitchen counter towards the rotary phone, rotating it towards himself, and picks up the receiver.

JAMIE
(Suspicious)
Earlier you mentioned making a
"couple" calls... right?

Jamie pauses, retracting his relaxed arm and quickly crossing it with the other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
So who's the second?

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Randomly dispersed piles of garbage line the sidewalk in front of the rundown building. Various cars, widely ranging in condition and age, are parked adjacent to it and fill the majority of the street.

Two African-American men, middle aged, make their way down the pathway and enter the building's main entrance. One of them has his arm wrapped around the shoulder of the other as they hunch over in laughter and joy.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

JACKSON (14), Mixed, sits in front of an old television, eyes glued to an episode of Charlie's Angels.

A large duffel bag loudly hits the floor behind him, making him jump and quickly change the channel to Sanford and Son.

Jackson turns around to see DAN (21), Mixed, sorting through various prescription bottles and placing them on the kitchen counter.

JACKSON
Hey, what's the deal? You nearly
gave me a heart attack.

Dan grabs a marker from the counter and begins labeling the bottles in numeric order.

DAN
Sorry, I'm in a bit of a rush. They
should be here any minute now.

Dan places the cap back on the marker and returns it to its original position.

JACKSON

How long are you gonna be gone
again?

Dan quickly scans through the kitchen cabinets and their contents.

DAN

Just for a few days, 5 tops.

Jackson sighs and refocuses his attention on the television.

JACKSON

That's a lot of responsibility.

Dan finishes his search and sighs in relief before making his way over to Jackson.

DAN

I know you can handle it. I've got
you stocked up on enough food to
last for months.

He rubs Jackson's curly head before quickly being swatted away.

A knock at the front door startles Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Uh... just a second!

INT. DINGY APARTMENT, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dan quickly rushes down the hallway, passing a calendar with markings on each day of the month. AUGUST 16TH, 1977 is circled.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT, BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Dan quietly creeps into the dimly lit room and softly shuts the door behind him.

Dan's FATHER (60's), African-American, lays in the center of the room, propped up in his bed. The nightstands and dressers surrounding him are littered with various medical supplies and bottles of water.

DAN

They're here dad, just wanted to
say bye before I left.

The half-asleep man turns slowly towards Dan and smiles.

FATHER

I hope you have fun son, they're a good bunch of boys.

Dan hugs his sickly father, barely being able to return the kind action.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Today's your anniversary right?

Dan smiles, looking to the ground before back at his father.

DAN

Yeah, it is.

FATHER

Congratulations son. I'm proud of you.

Dan bites his lip and nearly cries.

DAN

Thanks dad. I'll see you in a few days.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dan rushes back into the living room and grabs his duffel bag from the floor.

DAN

See you.

He waves at Jackson before opening the door and exiting the apartment. Immediately after his exit, Jackson checks his surroundings before switching back to Charlie's Angels and inching closer to the screen.

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A green 1971 FORD ZODIAC sits on the curb, all windows rolled down. The accumulation of various stains and grime help it to blend in with the surroundings.

Jamie sits in the drivers seat, elbow resting on the window with arm extended upwards. He patiently taps his finger on the top of the car while resting his head on his extended arm.

ALECK (23) sits backseat in the passenger-side of the car, arm hanging out of his corresponding window. He begins to swing his toned arm back and forth before flexing slightly and smirking at his own physique.

Aleck quickly retracts his arm back into the car and looks to Jamie.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

ALECK
Maybe he got lost.

Jamie blows air from his nose as he lifts his head up, turning towards the building's entrance.

JAMIE
Let's hope so.

ALECK
Ah, come on man... Chris says he's a different person nowadays. Apparently he's been clean for a while now.

Jamie sighs.

JAMIE
I guess we'll see...

Jamie's gaze drifts away from the entrance.

ALECK
(Disappointed)
I thought you would've been more stoked honestly...

Jamie retracts his arm into the car and looks at Aleck in the rear-view mirror.

JAMIE
(Vacant)
Huh?

ALECK
I mean... we're getting the gang back together! It feels like it's been forever.

JAMIE
Yeah...

ALECK

You know you never really give it any mind when you're a kid but everything they say about time flying by really is...

EXT. DINGY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The door to the apartment building swings open loudly as Chris and Dan exit and make their way back to the car.

Chris gets into the passenger-side front seat while Dan walks around to the back of the car, duffel bag in hand.

Dan swiftly opens the trunk and finds a place to store his luggage among the various supplies and bags that nearly fill it to capacity.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jamie watches Dan enter the car from the rear-view mirror and is exposed once they make eye contact.

Dan leans forward and grabs Jamie's shoulder, making him flinch.

DAN

What's up man? It's been so long.

JAMIE

It has.

Aleck looks over at Dan.

ALECK

We're all grown up now. Reunited once again to embark on the adventure of a lifetime.

Dan sinks back into his seat and looks to Aleck.

DAN

Good to see you too, man. I really appreciate you inviting me, you have no idea. It's gonna be great to get away from here for a few days.

CHRIS

I know what you mean.

Chris looks over to Jamie.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Jokingly)
Pretty great idea huh?

Jamie rolls his eyes and starts the car.

OVER BLACK;

TEXT: Two days later

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

All sound of human civilization is devoid from existence. Mountains are sprinkled across the earth with an endless sea of trees connected them. A white light emits from the clouds in the distance, briefly, before going dark.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Once on ground level, the waves of timber seem much less daunting and far more spread out. An orange light flickers at the center of the sea. Leaves rustle in the still forest, breaking the deafening silence.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The flickering campfire in the middle of the area rescues the two massive tents from an endless void of darkness. Four chairs sit around the campfire, all facing it, with backs to the forest surrounding them.

Jamie takes a few pills before slouching in his chair, head towards the stars.

Chris bends towards the fire, attempting to find the perfect lighting, as he writes in a leather-back journal.

Dan drifts in and out of consciousness as Aleck vigorously lectures him on the most efficient way to cook food in the wilderness.

ALECK
Anyone wanna try some?

Chris closes the notebook, pen inside, and looks up.

CHRIS
I think I'll continue to stick to
the pre-made meals we brought.

ALECK

Ah come on... you'll never get a more authentic experience than this.

Dan jumps awake and attempts to play it off by adjusting himself in the chair.

ALECK (CONT'D)

Jamie, what about you?

Jamie continues to stare into space.

JAMIE

Nah, I'm with Chris on this one.

ALECK

(Disappointed)

Ah... whatever.

CHRIS

Well I don't know about you guys but I think it's about time for me to begin my rest before the first ascension tomorrow.

DAN

Agreed.

Dan stretches and lets out a big yawn before making his way to one of the tents.

Chris stores his journal in one of the pockets on the inside of his jacket before making his way into the other tent.

Aleck looks up from the campfire to a vacant Jamie.

ALECK

I'll probably stay out here for a little while longer if you wanna join them.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Chris lets out a loud snore as Jamie enters the two-person tent.

Jamie quickly drops his jacket to the floor and tucks himself into the other sleeping bag parallel to Chris, arms still exposed.

After finding a comfortable position, Jamie fixates back on the night sky through the semi-transparent top of the tent.

The fire is still burning bright and is the only sound present, aside from the occasional huff from Chris.

Movement is heard around the tent momentarily and then stops, breaking Jamie's fixation.

He sits upright and scratches his face.

Jamie looks through a small, open, slit in the tent's entrance and sees that Aleck is missing, fire still burning bright.

Movement is heard again, this time much closer.

Jamie slowly and quietly unzips the sleeping bag and crouches towards the tent's zipper.

He closes one eye, moving the other closer to the slit and peers outside.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The other tent is motionless and silent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Movement is heard once more, this time right next to the campfire.

Jamie, startled, quickly looks to the four chairs and finds two of them occupied by DARK FIGURES.

He slowly unzips the tent and steps outside.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

He walks towards the figures, both of their backs to Jamie, and freezes as one of them turns towards him.

JAMIE

Mom...?

Jamie's parents stand up from the chairs, the fire engulfing them.

Their flesh falls to the ground as they begin moving towards a completely frozen Jamie. A faint repeating WARNING SOUND begins ringing through Jamie's ears.

Before they are able to reach Jamie, a hand reaches out from behind him and tugs on his shoulder.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Jamie's head spins around to see Chris.

CHRIS
Are you feeling ok, dude?

JAMIE
Uh... yeah.

Chris retracts his arm as Jamie turns back to the center of the campsite.

The fire is extinguished and Dan is slouched in one of the chairs. Aleck stands nearby, tinkering with a two-way radio as it blasts the same warning sound.

ALECK
I think it's busted...

The droning sound is suddenly broken by a RADIO ANNOUNCER.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is the Nationwide Broadcasting Service... This country has been attacked by weapons of currently unknown origin. Damage to communications, the number of casualties, and the extent of overall damage are not yet known. We shall bring you further details as soon as they emerge. Meanwhile, stay tuned to this wavelength, stay calm, and stay INDOORS.