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EXT.LIGHTLY WOODED SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Play "Release" by Sun Araw.

FADE UP from black.

FOLLOW the PROFILE of HATCH FARKAS (HATCH) driving in a VW RABBIT to the LEFT at NIGHT.

There are no street lights.

HATCH'S face is LIT YELLOW and the NIGHT is DARK BLUE.

No houses are lit in the background.

SLOW ZOOM into an AIR FRESHENER in his CAR.

Credits are written on it.

SLOW ZOOM OUT.

STOP on a set of THREE UNLIT HOUSES surrounded by trees.

HATCH continues to drive left out of the shot.

The middle house's lights flick on and the yellow light sprays into the blue night.

CUT TO BLACK for a beat then:

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - MORNING

FOLLOW the PROFILE of a young NEWSPAPER BOY riding a DARK RED BIKE to the RIGHT.

He is in a hurry.

He looks back and is frightened.

He looks ahead again.

STOP on an UNFOCUSED TELEPHONE POLE.

The NEWSPAPER BOY zips past it out of the shot.

SLOW ZOOM to the TELEPHONE POLE and FOCUS on it.

Credits are written on a LOST CAT POSTER stapled to it.

CUT TO BLACK for a beat then:

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH ROAD - EARLY MORNING

FOLLOW the PROFILE of HATCH walking slowly with his hands in his pockets along the ROAD of the BEACH to the LEFT.

Heavy waves crash in the distant background.

HATCH is kicking his feet around, scuffing them.

HATCH stops walking and looks to the water.

The PAN continues LEFT, past HATCH, until he is out of the shot.

STOP the PAN, centering on a SIGN attached to a WOODEN STRUCTURE.

SLOW ZOOM into the SIGN.

Credits are written on it.

HATCH walks into the shot past the SIGN to the LEFT, but only see the top of his HAT moving through the shot.

CUT TO BLACK for a beat then:

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MORNING

HOLD on the TELEPHONE POLE and PAN RIGHT SLOWLY and FOCUS to OLD FAKE shambling into the shot from behind the TELEPHONE POLE.

OLD FAKE is wearing a DARK RED BATHROBE. He is holding a white MUG by his chest.

OLD FAKE nods unnaturally and cheers his MUG up with a big teeth-shown smile.

The MUG says "GREAT MORNING!"

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of OLD FAKE'S smiling face.

He has sagging skin around his eyes and the same kind of sag around his mouth.

He sips from the MUG and the coffee leaks down the side of his face.

He is still smiling.

It looks like his eyeballs and teeth will fall out at any moment.

CUT TO:

The PROFILE of the NEWSPAPER BOY riding to the RIGHT faster. The houses behind him rare in favor of sparse woods.

He stops riding in front of a section of woods and looks back with horror.

He throws down his DARK RED BIKE and runs to the RIGHT, out of the shot.

CUT TO BLACK for a beat then:

CUT TO:

INT.GROCERY STORE - MORNING

FOLLOW the PROFILE of HATCH walking to the LEFT down an AISLE.

He is looking up and down the shelves of the store for SOMETHING.

There is a wall of DARK RED SERIAL BOXES along the shelves.

HATCH continues to walk to the LEFT as the DARK RED BOXES become more sparse on the shelves.

HATCH stops at a section of the AISLE where there are almost no DARK RED BOXES.

ONE LIGHT BLUE BOX OF SERIAL stands in the middle of the shot on the middle shelf.

HATCH shakes his head.

SLOW ZOOM to the BOX as HATCH stares at it.

The shot is close to the BOX so that it encompasses the whole shot. It has credits written on it incorporated into the generic brand.

HATCH'S hand comes into the shot and grabs it.

CUT TO BLACK for a beat then:

CUT TO:

EXT.SPARSE WOODS - MORNING

FOLLOW the PROFILE of the NEWSPAPER BOY running in the woods to the RIGHT.

NOISE. The crunching of leaves as he runs.

A NEWSPAPER SHEET flies from his BAG and STOP FOLLOWING.

ROTATE LEFT to see the BOY running away into the WOODS down the center of the SHOT.

The NEWSPAPER lands in the center of the shot on the leaf covered ground.

The crunching of leaves fades as NEWSPAPER BOY disappears farther into the wood.

ROTATE DOWN SLOWLY and ZOOM into the PAPER.

Credits are written on it.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: THE BIG BUG centered against the black.

It is a white sans-serif font.

It is a little grainy and shaking slightly.

NOISE. Footsteps crunching on leaves come closer then stop.

CUT TO:

EXT.SPARSE WOODS - SOMETIME LATER

Over the NEWSPAPER.

It has no credits, Instead, it has "**THEE ORIGIN**".

BLACK DRESS SHOES are next to the NEWSPAPER to the LEFT.

An arm reaches down and picks up the NEWSPAPER.

PAN DOWN then ROTATE up and PAN up to FOLLOW the hand.

The hand pulls the newspaper up covering the shot.

PAN up slower than the hand, revealing:

The base of TAN SLACKS and BLACK DRESS SHOES.

Up to a WW1 ERA TAN TRENCH COAT.

UP to the BREAST POCKET, next to the hand grasping one part of the NEWSPAPER.

In the BREAST POCKET is a closed REPORTERS NOTEPAD and a SILVER CLICKING PEN.

There is a REPORTER BADGE clipped to and hanging off of the BREAST POCKET.

The badge says: **THEE ORIGIN** on top with our CHARACTER's NAME: HATCH FARKAS, underneath.

Hatch turns a page and that encompasses the whole shot as the PAN continues, revealing his face.

STOP the PAN and ZOOM OUT to a 3/4.

He straightens out the NEWSPAPER.

He has a WIDE-BRIMMED HAT on, to match his WW1 ERA TAN TRENCH COAT.

Hatch shakes his head SLIGHTLY and SCOFFS.

HATCH
(Under Breath)
Garbage.

ROTATE LEFT and PAN UP to see over HATCH'S right shoulder.

SLOWLY ZOOM IN to show the contents of the NEWSPAPER.

It is an article written by HATCH FARKAS about:

"Giant River-Salamander Fossils Found Near Armtrout County Farmland".

HATCH rips up the NEWSPAPER starting from the bottom and tosses the shreds to the ground.

He looks at the last SHRED before he tosses it down.

He holds the SHRED with both hands and pulls it out straight.

It has the title of the NEWSPAPER: **THEE ORIGIN.**

PAN down to see his hand reach into his pocket and pull out a SILVER ZIPPO.

He holds the top of the SHRED with his left hand and flicks it a flame.

CUT TO EXTREME CLOSE-UP:

The ORANGE FLAME start to lick the end of the dangling SHRED in SLOW-MOTION.

FOLLOW the flame in a SLOW PAN upwards as the letters burn until there is nothing left.

CUT TO:

HATCH'S front upper quarter.

HATCH, in one SMOOTH motion, pockets his SILVER ZIPPO, pulls out his REPORTERS NOTEPAD, flips it open, and pulls out his SILVER CLICKING PEN, clicking it.

He walks out of the shot to the right.

NOISE. Leaves crunching under HATCH's feet.

ROTATE RIGHT to see Hatch's back as he walks to a HOUSE in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

It has a WOODEN ORANGE DOOR and a CRYSTAL DOORKNOB.

Dying bushes are on both sides of the MOSSY CONCRETE steps that lead up to the door.

Angled on the front of the house with one big window with shades drawn to the right of the door.

Part of the shades peep open and eyes look through.

The muffled music gets louder, this is in direct proportion to HATCH getting closer to the house.

Play "Torture Garden" by Naked City in the background, muffled.

HATCH approaches the house and carefully walks up the steps looking at his feet for each step.

HATCH readies himself.

Hatch then notices the eyes peeping him.

He makes eye contact and looks a bit confused.

He goes in to knock.

After only ONE knock:

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of the WINDOW SHADES.

The eyes pull back quickly into the darkness and the shades SNAP shut.

NOISE. Shades rustling.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of the DOOR.

It JERKS and SLAMS OPEN just a CRACK:

There is a CHAIN LOCK preventing it from opening.

Start to SLOWLY ZOOM OUT.

An EMBER of a CIGARETTE through the crack and an eye.

The Music is no longer muffled.

WOMAN VOICE

What the hell do you want?

The EMBER intensifies and calms.

Smoke puffs out of the crack.

Continue to ZOOM OUT to show both HATCH'S head and the door crack.

HATCH can't stand still and is angling his head to get a good look inside.

HATCH

Um--yes

He is still unable to stand still.

HATCH(CONT'D)

I'm from Thee Origin, Uh--wondering
if--

WOMAN VOICE(TALKING OVER)
The Origin huh?

HATCH(TALKING OVER)
THEE--Origin, THEE.
(beat)

WOMAN VOICE
Thee--huh?

HATCH nods awkwardly.

The EMBER smolders bright.

A MASSIVE GREY CLOUD of SMOKE PLUMES! from the crack.

The cloud ENGULFS HATCH until only his flailing silhouette is visible.

The silhouette fades and the cloud engulfs the whole shot.

NOISE. Hatch coughing.

The smoke swirls around.

NOISE. Chain lock unlocking.

NOISE. Door closing and then opening.

The music gets a bit louder.

The smoke clears:

The WOMAN standing in the door frame.

She is young and thin with a poorly adorned grey wig and a silky modest nightgown.

Her arms are crossed. Her right hand is lazily holding a cigarette.

She has a completely DEADPAN look on her face.

CUT TO:

full-body shot of HATCH and the WOMAN, angled about twenty-five degrees behind HATCH.

HATCH stares at her for a beat.

He still can't quite stand still.

The WOMAN leans forward as she shakes her head slightly, giving HATCH a look.

WOMAN
 Got somthin' to say, pal? Or you
 just gonna' stand there in a dumb
 fog?

HATCH
 (Hesitating)
 Um--yes--

HATCH Looks down and starts to flip open his NOTEPAD.

He then raises his head quickly with his mouth open and
 shakes his head:

HATCH(CONT'D)
 (Hesitating)
 Uh--No--I--

HATCH shoots his head down.

He puts his pen to the paper.

HATCH(CONT'D)
 Name?

WOMAN
 Inga Zorn, I N G A--Z O R N

INGA blows to HATCH'S face.

HATCH coughs as he nods and writes down her name.

HATCH flips the page over and mid flip he holds the paper up
 and looks at it.

HATCH becomes panicked a little and hesitates.

He starts flipping through the NOTEPAD.

HATCH
 So, my first question is uh--

Still slipping through.

HATCH(CONT'D)
 It's--uh

INGA
 (Looking around a little then
 at Hatch)

Foggy out today, huh?--
 (She looks at his breast
 pocket)

Hatch.

HATCH doesn't look up as he flips and takes the question as clearly serious.

HATCH

No, I wouldn't say so.

INGA rolls her eyes. HATCH doesn't see.

CUT TO:

Over HATCH'S shoulder.

HATCH stops flipping.

He points his silver pen to the page.

Nothing is on it.

CUT TO:

full-body shot of HATCH and INGA. Slightly behind HATCH.

HATCH(CONT'D)

Yes--so, first question. Have you seen any increased police activity around this area?

(Hatch motions with his pen in a circle indicating the area around)

Or any area you've been around? Just any increase in officers--arresting--patrolling--anything like that at all?

INGA thinks for a moment as she blankly stares off into the distance.

INGA

I guess so--I mean, I've seen a few squad cars drive by--but that's nothing *really* out of the ordinary.

HATCH writes in his NOTEPAD as he nods his head.

He looks at it for a moment and then lifts up his head to face INGA.

HATCH

Have you seen any kind of suspicious activity around?

HATCH
 Gatherings in woods, unmarked vans,
 alleyway rituals? Anything?

INGA leans back a little relaxed.

She runs her tongue over her front teeth.

INGA
 Other than you?
 (Beat)
 I'd so no--not really.

HATCH writes.

HATCH looks up into INGA'S eyes.

HATCH leans into her, a little to close.

INGA matches his leaning in with an equal creped out
 leaning away.

CUT TO:

INGA'S point of view.

HATCH leaning in with his NOTEPAD visible to INGA.

It just has a bunch of scribbles all over it.

CUT TO:

Close-up of HATCH and INGA's upper bodies.

INGA is staring at HATCH'S NOTEPAD.

Then back to HATCH--wide-eyed and scared.

HATCH looks around to make sure the coast is clear.

NOISE. Beeping of a truck backing up.

HATCH
 Have you seen any--

CUT TO:

Full-body shot of HATCH and INGA in PROFILE.

HATCH
 Unusually Abandoned Houses?

The words appear at the bottom of the shot in big all
 uppercase white sans-serif font.

INGA makes a confused and scrunched face.

NOISE. Loud BANG of a garbage truck.

INGA and HATCH flinch.

The words crack and fall off the screen.

Inga scratches her philtrum, keeping the scrunched look.

INGA
Unusually Abandoned House?

The words appear again the same way.

NOISE. Another loud BANG!

INGA and HATCH flinch.

The words crack and fall off the screen.

NOISE. Record scratch.

Naked City stops playing.

INGA
(Inga shakes her head)
What are you talking about?

Hatch puts up his hand to explain:

HATCH
Well--

BLURRY WHOOSHING PANAWAY:

EXT. OLD FAKE'S U.A.H

Play "Strange Meadow Lark" by Dave Brubeck.

SLOW PAN over a similar house to Inga's.

It is much nicer.

It has a nice BRIGHT GREEN LAWN, fresh cut.

The front door is OPEN a little.

The DOOR is PURPLE and WOODEN with a CRYSTAL DOOR KNOB.

The windows are broken.

O.S HATCH

(kind and with purpose:)

Inga, most strange things have been happening around here--and I want to get to the bottom of them, get to the bottom of what's happening in my--our beloved town of Armtrout...

(beat)

Houses, nice houses, and people, nice people, have been going--all weird...

O.S INGA

(Sarcastically)

Ya' don't say?

O.S HATCH

(beat)

I think these are signs of something, or no--symptoms, symptoms of something, something big. Armtrout is sick...It's sick Inga...

(beat)

Look out for anything like this:

CUT TO:

EXT.OLD FAKE'S U.A.H

PAN across a CLOSE-UP of the BROKEN WINDOW.

A dotted line is drawn to the WINDOW and topped with an arrow.

O.S HATCH(CONT'D)

(beat)

Broken windows.

CUT TO:

EXT.OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

PAN across a CLOSE-UP of the OPEN DOOR.

A dotted line is drawn to the OPEN DOOR and topped with an arrow.

O.S HATCH(CONT'D)

(beat)

An open door.

CUT TO:

PAN across a CLOSE-UP of the FRESH CUT GRASS.

A dotted line is drawn to the GRASS and topped with an arrow.

O.S HATCH(CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Fresh cut grass.

The arrow and line disappear.

STOP the PAN and ROTATE the camera up to see:

OLD FAKE waving to the camera.

OLD FAKE
 Hiya' Neighbor!

WHOOSHING BLURRY FAST PAN AWAY UP FROM THE GROUND AND BACK TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

INGA and HATCH standing still.

Behind HATCH'S shoulder.

He is POINTING at the house across the street.

It is the U.A.H, but OLD FAKE is gone.

ROTATE LEFT: INGA'S face.

INGA
 Well, Hatch--

She closes her eyes with a kind of sarcasm to preface her speech:

INGA (CONT'D)
 Guess you found one of your symptoms, Huh

She opens her eyes and looks aghast:

CUT TO:

INT. INGA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

INGA'S point of view.

HATCH is already halfway across the street running with his arm outstretched, pointing forward to the house.

He runs past a GARBAGE MAN to his left.

In the distance:

GARBAGE MAN
Hey Hatch.

HATCH
Hey Steve!

CUT TO:

EXT. INGA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Front of INGA'S house.

She SLAMS her door.

CUT TO:

Close-up of INGA'S DOOR.

NOISE. Chain lock being re-secured.

NOISE. Needle drop

Play "Torture Garden" by Naked City muffled from inside the house.

Slow PAN down and to the right showing the shades.

The shades reopen slowly.

INGAS eyes are looking.

Naked City stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

Hatch walking up to the house carefully looking at his feet.

CUT TO:

INT.INGA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

From INGA'S point of view.

"Torture Garden" by Naked City is not muffled now.

Center shot, HATCH looking inside the slightly open door of the house across the street.

To the left is a GARBAGE TRUCK.

The GARBAGE MAN looks on to HATCH.

To the right is an unmarked WHITE VAN.

CUT TO:

EXT.OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH standing in front of the partially open door.

HATCH
(Leaning his head to peek
inside)
Hello?

HATCH backs away and looks to his left and right.

Hatch BANGS on the door with ONE KOCK sending it flying OPEN.

NOISE. SLAM!

He steps back at first nervous and looking around over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT.OLD FAKE'S BATHROOM

Angled down inside the house's bathroom.

OLD FAKE sits on the toilet. He is holding toilet paper over his crotch.

His head shoots up and looks to the right and left in confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT.OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH slowly, but not smoothly looks over his shoulder with a face of pleasant surprise.

CUT TO:

EXT.INGA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Inga's window and her eye looking through.

THEN:

Immediately the SHADES SNAP back.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

STEVE stares on.

THEN:

He looks startled and gets back to work.

CUT TO:

Into the WHITE VAN window.

A man in a dark blue trench coat is kicked back sleeping and snoring.

there is a walky-talky on his dashboard.

CUT TO:

EXT.OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

Front of the house and a broken window.

HATCH is crouch walking along the house to the left.

HATCH stops and rises a little and looks through the broken window.

HATCH
(beat)
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

ZOOM through the open front door.

FOCUS on the GLASS SLIDER to the left of LIVING AREA.

Hatch is pressed up against it.

HATCH
(beat)
Hello?

CUT TO:

Close-up of hatch looking down to the grass on his hands and knees.

He leans in:

HATCH
(beat)
(whispering)
Hello?

HATCH turns his head to the left and puts his ear to the grass to listen.

CUT TO:

HATCH standing in front of the open door.

He calmly takes out his silver pen, holds it up and looks at it, then throws it inside to the living area.

HATCH
Oh no, my pen!

Hatch throws his hands in the air and casually walks inside.

ZOOM into the living room through the door as HATCH walks in.

Hatch walks in the center of the shot in front of a coffee table.

There is a TV broadcasting news to his right in the distance.

He picks up a magazine from the table and looks at it for a second and throws it back.

He takes a knee and bends down to pick up his pen.

This reveals the GREAT MORNING! MUG on the coffee table.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

Hatch walks to the left over to a DARK open basement door.

PAN left to center the basement doorway as Hatch walks down the steps fading into the darkness.

PAN right to reveal OLD FAKE looking over to the basement.

He holds up a walky-talky and clicks it with a radio static noise:

 OLD FAKE
 Uh--Boss, I think we've got a
 problem.

CUT TO:

HATCH walks in the illuminated dark blue basement.

He finds and yanks a light pull-string after failing to grab it a few times.

A DIM light flickers and buzzes on REVEALING:

The basement lined with metal CADAVER TABLES and fleshy throbbing pink and green flesh in the corners.

The tables are aligned one after another.

People lay on them.

The pulsating flesh tubes are attached to some of their extremities: Arms, legs, shoulders, heads.

Some of the people's extremities are longer than they should be and uneven: Fingers, toes, arms, legs.

Hatch walks up to one of the tables and seems to recognize the person. It's a little old woman.

Hatch leans in slowly over her lifeless face AND:

Gives her good slap on the cheek to wake her up.

His slap breaks her flesh like porcelain or a dried up cicada exoskeleton.

Hatch pulls his hand away.

It is covered in gross pink and green goop.

She has a cracked cheek.

Hatch holds his hand still and it shakes progressively more furiously.

HATCH
(Angrily)
Ah, shit!

He whips and motions his hand to shake off the goop.

Hatch looks on at her with his hand on his hip, and elbow angled out.

HATCH (CONT'D)
Goddamnit, Margaret...
(Hatch takes off his hat and shakes his head and says whispering to himself as he puts his goopy hand on his head)
How's your wife gonna' make her marmalade with her muse dead?

HATCH realizes that he put the goopy hand on his head and JERKS it away

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Into the WHITE VAN.

The man in the dark blue trench coat, the TURNCOAT, is looking like he just woke up. He has messy hair.

TURNCOAT FRANTICALLY dials a number on his CAR PHONE.

Once it starts RINGING, he looks on to the house.

ROTATE LEFT to see the house.

NOISE. Phone Ringing.

NOISE. Phone picking up.

ROTATE RIGHT to see TURNCOAT.

TURNCOAT
Uh--Boss, We gotta' problem...

UNKNOWN

NOISE. TV Static with Clicking/Gurgling overlapped with Reverse Laughter underneath.

TURNCOAT

(Frightened)

Okay, Boss--I won't let you down--

NOISE. Phone line disconnects.

NOISE. Dial tone.

INT. OLD FAKE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH wipes remaining ooze onto his trench coat.

HATCH is facing away from MARGARET'S body laying on the table.

HATCH continues to try and get all the goop off his hand in quick successive motions.

MARGARET rise up behind him.

NOISE. DOOR CLOSING.

NOISE. FLOOR CREAKING.

Hatch looks directly up.

MARGERET falls onto him and he turns and FREAKS OUT as:

PAN UP THROUGH THE FLOOR:

INT. OLD FAKE'S U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

TURNCOAT holds a TOMMYGUN and walks inside and looks around in a sort of ACTION STANCE.

OLD FAKE holds up his finger to his mouth in a shushing motion.

He points over to the basement.

TURNCOAT nods.

He walks towards the open door, tiptoe.

PAN LEFT to see TURNCOAT walking to the lit basement.

PAN DOWN THROUGH the FLOOR:

INT. OLD FAKE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

NOISE. Creaking steps.

MARGARET is FIGHTING HATCH for his HAT.

HATCH finally yanks it from her.

He SPRINTS and pulls the pull-string HARD in a panic.

It breaks off as the light goes out.

HATCH scurries out of the SHOT.

CUT TO:

Close-up of the stairs.

PAN LEFT and DOWN following TURNCOATS feet.

As TURNCOAT Passes halfway down the stairs.

PAN down:

HATCH hunched under the stairs. Everything is lit in that dark blue.

HATCH is shaking, scared, and trying to keep quiet.

Then TURNCOAT walks into the shot.

HATCH
AHHHHHHHHH!!!

TURNCOAT
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!
(in unison with Hatch)

TURNCOAT open fires as HATCH and him continue to YELL!

The bright orange muzzle flashes illuminate the area around HATCH and his face in particular.

The bullets enter his chest and stomach rapidly.

They both yell as HATCH grows more and more riddled with bullets.

O.S VOICE
(sound of bullets and yells
get quiet)
Whoa Whoa Whoa--What?

ZOOM into Hatch's yelling face.

The orange muzzle flash light morphs into a softer orange light.

NOISE. Talking and people fade in.

HATCH IS STILL YELLING AND HIS YELL GROWS LOUDER. THEN HATCH
AWKWARDLY AND SLOWLY STOPS HIS YELL AS:

INT.DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

ZOOM out and Hatch is sitting at a bar with the GARBAGE MAN,
STEVE.

HATCH
It was JUST like that.

ZOOM into HATCH'S face.

HATCH slowly closes his eyes.

THE ORANGE LIGHT FADES TO DARK BLUE. ZOOM OUT:

INT.OLD FAKE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH is laying on the basement floor.

ZOOM out more and ROTATE UP and TURNCOAT is standing over
HATCH'S body, laughing.

CUT TO:

HATCH'S cold dead body lays in the dark blue.

O.S STEVE
(Exhausted/Fed Up)
HATCH--YOU'RE NOT DEAD!

HATCH'S eyes shoot open.

HATCH
(in the shot)
Oh yeah...uh--Maybe...It didn't
happen like that?

ZOOM OUT and ROTATE UP to see HATCH:

Get up and dust himself off.

TURNCOAT very confused.

HATCH(CONT'D)
Maybe--he missed?

Hatch shrugs.

O.S STEVE

What!?

TURNCOAT open fires on HATCH in a FURY of BULLETS!

Every bullet misses him as he shifts to the left and to the right.

ROTATE RIGHT to see:

TURNCOAT grabs his TOMMYGUN and looks down the barrel.

He is shaking it.

He goes to hit it HARD, still looking down the barrel.

CUT TO:

Close-up of HATCH'S face in the dark blue.

NOISE. BANG

HATCH'S face flashes orange.

HATCH'S eye's light up with a look of memory.

ZOOM out to HATCH flinging out his arms and hands.

HATCH

I remember now!

(beat)

He had a BLENDER!

(hatch snaps his fingers)

CUT TO:

The TURNCOAT holding a BLENDER.

O.S STEVE

What?!

TURNCOAT

What!?

TURNCOAT looks very confused at first then:

VERY angry.

CUT TO:

HATCH runs from TURNCOAT up out of the BULKHEAD.

ROTATE to FOLLOW HATCH.

TURNCOAT throws the BLENDER towards HATCH as he escapes through the BULKHEAD.

It illuminates the basement with bright daylight.

HATCH'S silhouette is standing and waving goodbye at the top of the stairs leading to the outside.

The illuminated daylight shines onto TURNCOAT.

PAN LEFT.

TURNCOAT JERKS back lifting one arm up, his hand in a claw formation, covering his face from the light, like a vampire.

The light shines more as HATCH'S silhouette leaves the light to the LEFT.

It obscures the scene.

THE BRIGHT TURNS INTO A LIGHT AT THE BAR BEHIND HATCH:

INT.DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

UNFOCUS from the light and FOCUS on Hatch's face. He is smiling assuredly. Nodding slightly as he turns forward.

Two shot of HATCH and STEVE.

They sit in silence for a moment.

NOISE. Steve sighs.

STEVE

That's--really crazy, Hatch.

HATCH

Yep--That's how it happened...hard to believe...wow...yep
(smiles and half-laughs,
reassuring himself as he nods)

NOISE. Steve sighs.

STEVE

NO--You are crazy--and you need help.

HATCH

You--You are so right, Steve.

STEVE
What!? You really think--

HATCH
(talking over Steve)
I really do need some help--How
else am I gonna take *THEM* down!?

Hatch stands up in an ACTION STANCE.

CUT TO:

Close-up of STEVE'S face.

STEVE
THEM, HATCH??

CUT TO:

Where Hatch stood.

FOCUS on:

HATCH in the distance over to the door.

PAN BACKWARDS to see STEVE in the shot.

STEVE
HATCH--THEM???

HATCH turns around and gives a thumbs up and a smile:

HATCH
The big bug people!

Hatch pushes through the door.

Rotate over to STEVE shaking his head.

He takes a drink from his class then sets it down.

PAN UP AND ROTATE INTO AND ZOOM INTO GLASS.

FADE TO BLACK IN LIQUID:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Play "2b-UI Tracking Station" By Tlim Shug.

FADE IN slowly. The room is a long conference room with wood paneling and an array of framed portraits of mayors with name plaques on the wall.

There is a very long conference table with DARK RED CHAIRS all around.

The edges of the shot are washed out and out of focus--dreamlike.

TURNCOAT sits at the far right end of the table.

He is centered in the shot facing the camera.

He encompasses a FRAME that is behind him.

Turncoat is sullen, sitting still, looking at the TABLE in a swaying trance.

A BLENDER sits on the TABLE to his left.

There is a BLACK BRIEFCASE to the right.

Slowly ROTATE and PAN to see Turncoat in profile.

He fills another FRAME on the wall.

Slowly PAN to the LEFT.

An array of other FRAMED PORTRAITS line the walls.

There is a BOWEL OF FRUIT in the middle of the TABLE, made to look like a still life. It has a DARK RED CLOTH underneath all the fruit: Bananas, Apples, Grapes, Oranges.

Reaching the end of the TABLE, ROTATE LEFT and CENTER on the MAYOR.

He is OLD and STOCKY with a MUSTACHE.

He is TIED UP with WHITE WRAPS around his shoulders and mouth. His mustache fights the wraps.

His eyes are tired.

He is filling a FRAME that is behind him.

Where the PLAQUE of the PORTRAIT would be, there is a NAMEPLATE stood in front of MAYOR, It reads "MAYOR PUCKETT".

He is in a swaying trance.

To MAYOR'S right stands a BUG MAN with a DARK BLUE SUIT and DARK RED TIE.

He has UNEVEN FINGERS and VARICOSE VEINS. His hands are folded together on his waist, one hand sticking out.

His head is a BIG COCKROACH HEAD.

Holding MAYOR'S shoulders, with UNEVEN FINGERS, are two POLICE UNIFORMED BUG MEN.

To the LEFT is a TALL BLONDE WOMAN with a DARK RED SKIRT AND TOP.

She is a FAKE: loose eyes and mouth. She is smiling.

The "mouth" of the right BUG MAN ungulates:

NOISE. TV Static with Clicking/Gurgling overlapped with reversed Laughter underneath.

BUG MAN slowly shakes his head in the same pattern as MAYOR'S swaying trance to his lower left.

CUT TO:

CENTER on TURNCOAT occupying the same space of the shot as MAYOR just was, doing the same swaying trance.

He slowly reaches for the BLACK BRIEFCASE and flings it across the table in SLOW-MOTION and continue so:

ROTATE and PAN to see the profile of:

SLOWLY ZOOMING into the drifting BLACK BRIEFCASE as it slides across the table. THEN:

Smashing into the FRUIT BOWL.

ROTATE AROUND to behind the FRUIT BOWL in the CENTER of the shot. An UNFOCUSED TURNCOAT springs up!

ZOOM in as the crash unfolds.

ZOOM past the FRUIT and further into the BLACKNESS of the BRIEFCASE as:

Fade to black:

Music transposes into an oscillating fan noise.

Talking and clutter fade in.

THEN CUT TO:

INT.NEWSPAPER WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

NOISE. Hatch snorting.

Hatch shoots up from his desk where he had just been sleeping.

He stays up eyes half open.

There is a CUTOUT PAPER SQUARE stuck to his cheek.

Its a layout design for an AD that says:

"**HELP WANTED:** FRIEND AND CONFIDANT, TOP SECRET MATTER!!!
PAYS VERY POORLY! 107 Fishtoss Lane"

There is a black and white posterized picture of HATCH giving a thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

It is night and everything is DARK BLUE.

This is an UNLIT ROAD and HATCH is driving his VW RABBIT LEFT.

Through HATCH'S DRIVER SIDE WINDOW.

The faint YELLOW LIGHT from the dashboard and headlights illuminates his face against the DARK BLUE.

He looks to the RIGHT at SOMETHING quickly, out of the PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

He double-takes, trying to maintain focus on driving.

He keeps looking forward with a now concerned face.

PAN LEFT and FOCUS into the CAR and through the PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW on a HOUSE LIT YELLOW in the DARK BLUE night.

Hatch drives slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT.DARK WOODS SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH pulls over on the side of the road.

The headlights illuminate a swarm moths.

The engine goes off. The lights go off.

The car door opens and closes.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Centered on a HOUSE, It sits in the DARK BLUE with BRIGHT YELLOW beams cast through BROKEN WINDOWS and a PART-OPEN DOOR against the DARK BLUE NIGHT.

HATCH creeps up a YELLOW CAST walkway.

YELLOW LIGHT illuminates HATCH'S sides as he walks closer to the DOOR.

ZOOM in as HATCH pushes the DOOR more open slowly.

He peaks inside even slower.

HATCH is shocked.

NOISE. Loud gasp for air.

CUT TO BLACK:

NOISE. GARBAGE TRUCK BANG

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

HATCH's House is cluttered with papers stacked all around.

PAN over HATCH'S countertop.

HATCH is sleeping on the COUCH in front of the OLD TUBE TV.

It is OFF.

Stay on Hatch sleeping for a moment.

Sun shines on his carpet through the SHADES.

NOISE. Slow Knock--Knock.

HATCH SHOOTS upwards in his place with a gasp for air!

NOISE. GARBAGE TRUCK BANG.

NOISE. Slow Knock--Knock.

HATCH hunched over:

HATCH
Yeah--I'm coming hold on--

NOISE. Slow Knock--Knock

HATCH walks over to the SHADES and pulls them up.

He waves to STEVE and STEVE waves back.

NOISE. Slow Knock--Knock.

CUT TO:

HATCH'S GLASS SLIDING DOOR that leads to his kitchen.

A MAN with MESSY HAIR, a HUGE SMILE, a POWDER BLUE V NECK SWEATER, a WHITE SHIRT underneath, with TAN SLACKS and DARK SHOES, stands still pressed against the GLASS.

In his right hand, he holds up the NEWSPAPER folded back to the AD HATCH put out.

HATCH is more awake now and walks towards the GLASS DOOR as he squints.

HATCH and the MAN make eye contact.

The MAN smiles and knocks slowly again.

NOISE. Slow Knock--Knock

HATCH smiles and pulls open the DOOR.

HATCH extends out his hand:

HATCH
Hatch Farkas.

The MAN looks surprised and hesitant.

His eyes widen.

He steps inside and HATCH backs up with his hand still extended.

MAN

No--No--That's not me, I'm Jimmy
Mac.

(he nods once as he says his
name)

JIMMY MAC reaches out and grabs HATCH'S hand and brings it
to his own chest.

HATCH is surprised, but still smiling.

his hand still on JIMMY MAC'S chest:

HATCH

Well--it's nice to meet you, Jimmy
Mac.

HATCH puts his free hand on JIMMY MAC'S shoulder.

JIMMY MAC looks over to his shoulder and smiles and back to
HATCH.

JIMMY MAC

(with honesty)
So, who are you?

HATCH laughs and puts his hand that was on JIMMY'S chest
onto his forehead. Pushing up his hat a little bit.

HATCH

Oh boy--
(he smiles and shakes his
head)

JIMMY MAC starts to laugh like HATCH did but, unnaturally.

HATCH takes both his hands and puts them on JIMMY MAC'S
shoulders.

JIMMY MAC looks over at his other shoulder then back to
HATCH with an honest and concerned looked.

HATCH

Look, you've almost got the part! Come back in a few hours,
when I've seen the rest of the competition--okay friend?

JIMMY MAC grabs HATHC'S hand from his LEFT shoulder and puts
it on his chest.

JIMMY MAC

(slowly)
Jimmy Mac

(he slowly nods twice)

HATCH
(nodding)
Yes--Okay, Jimmy Mac...

CUT TO:

HATCH and JIMMY MAC in profile.

HATCH presents JIMMY MAC the OPEN GLASS DOOR to exit.

JIMMY MAC walks out of the DOOR, smiling and clenching his fists, shaking them with excitement.

CUT TO:

Play "Only a Fool Would Say That" by Steely Dan.

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

HATCH sit's on his COUCH leaning over his COFFEE TABLE and SLURPING some MILK from a SERIAL BOWL.

The TV is OFF.

NOISE. Three loud knocks.

HATCH stands up with his face still in the bowl, slurping.

He sets it down on his countertop as he walks out of the shot towards us.

CUT TO:

A BALD BIG BURLY MAN standing behind the GLASS DOOR holding up the NEWSPAPER folded to the AD.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH is sitting on a FLAT RAILING BENCH that lines his DECK, just outside the GLASS DOORS that lead to his KITCHEN.

The BURLY MAN looks at him with a serious face.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of the BURLY MAN'S pant leg. HATCH'S leg is across from his.

The MURLY MAN lifts up his pant leg:

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S DECK - MOMENTS LATER

ZOOMING in to at an ANGLE to reveal:

A BIG HAIRY LEG with a black strap.

It has BIG KNIVES at the top and then SMALLER KNIVES down and SMALLER ONES and SMALLER, then at the BOTTOM are PLASTIC SWORD TOOTHPICKS.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH sighing and shaking his head.

JIMMY MAC is in the background standing up and fidgeting excitedly.

CUT TO:

The BURLY MAN walks past JIMMY MAC.

JIMMY MAN waves goodbye with a BIG SMILE.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - AFTERNOON

TURNCOAT walks up HATCH'S DRIVEWAY.

TURNCOAT is holding a BLENDER on one arm with the NEWSPAPER in his other hand.

HATCH sees him as he cleans his teeth with a plastic sword toothpick.

JIMMY MAC stands eagerly in the background.

TURNCOAT holds up the NEWSPAPER and HATCH just shakes his head.

TURNCOAT brings his head down and turns around.

JIMMY MAC waves goodbye to him.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - HOURS LATER

HATCH is crouching and petting a CAT.

JIMMY MAC is looking at the CAT excitedly.

INGA ZORN walks up the driveway.

HATCH turns around and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MINUTES LATER

HATCH sits on his DECK BENCH holding and petting the CAT.
There is a BLENDER on the steps.

INGA is playing the SAXOPHONE passionately and erratically.

HATCH nods his head like he is enjoying it thoroughly.

HATCH lets the CAT out of his arms and stand up.

He walks over to INGA and points to her SAXOPHONE and gives
a big thumbs up.

He points to the AD in the PAPER in his hand.

His smile gets small as he shakes his head slightly.

JIMMY MAC gives her a BIG THUMBS UP as she was past him.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - DUSK

OLD FAKE shuffles up HATCH'S driveway.

HATCH is unsettled as he stands in the yard.

OLD FAKE is holding his GREAT MORNING! MUG and his wearing
his MORNING clothes.

The NEWSPAPER BOY comes RUNNING out of the woods.

He comes right up to HATCH and attempts his place his hand
against HATCH'S arm and misses the first time and gets it
the second.

NEWSPAPER BOY is massively out of breath.

As he breathes heavily he looks up and over.

He freezes and then:

Screams as OLD FAKE smiles.

NEWSPAPER BOY runs away and OLD FAKE cheers his MUG to him.

HATCH shakes his head.

Still smiling, OLD FAKE shuffles in place, turning around, and leaves.

As the sun sets, HATCH looks over to JIMMY MAC.

He nods.

JIMMY MAC JUMPS UP WITH JOY!

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HATCH sleeping on his couch as he SNORES.

JIMMY MAC sits on another couch in the darkness.

He smiles.

Slowly ZOOM into JIMMY MAC'S eye.

The edges of the show slowly shift to be blurred and washed out.

Play "2b-UI Tracking Station" by Tlim Shug

CUT TO:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Slowly ZOOM out of the EYE, revealing the MAYOR'S eye.

The MAYOR sways his head in a trance.

Continue to PAN BACKWARDS showing the scattered FRUIT and the BOWL.

Over the BLACK BRIEFCASE and ROTATE DOWN into it and fade to black very slowly:

EXT.LIGHTLY WOODED SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Fade up from black quickly to the dark blue night sky.

PAN down to see HATCH driving to the LEFT in the night.

He pulls over to the side of the road.

Fade to black very slowly:

EXT.SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Fade up from black quickly and see a close-up over HATCH'S shoulder as he opens a DOOR to a house lit yellow against the dark blue of night.

Inside the house, a BUG HEADED POLICE MAN drops to his knees.

He falls backward and the clothes on his chest start to get pushed at from inside.

Buttons of his shirt fly off and his chest cracks open and BUG-LIKE TENDALS emerge and supplant themselves in the floor.

CUT TO:

Extreme close-up of HATCH'S face.

HATCH GASPS in SLOW-MOTION but the sound is regular.

Fade to black very slowly:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

CUT from black to HATCH first-person perspective.

NOISE. BANG from outside.

HATCH looks at JIMMY MAC smile at him.

JIMMY MAC
Great morning!

HATCH groans as he brings up his hands to cover his eyes.

ONCE THE HANDS COMPLETELY OBSCURE THE SHOT CUT TO:

Over HATCH'S shoulder looking through the shades and waving to the STEVE.

HATCH turns around and walks to the camera.

PAN back to follow him into his KITCHEN.

HATCH picks up a BLUE BOX of CEREAL on his counter and shakes it. It sounds almost empty.

HATCH
Hey Jimmy Mac.

HATCH is looking for his CAR KEYS as he calls back to JIMMY MAC.

JIMMY MAC
Yes?

JIMMY MAC smiles in the background, sitting still diligently.

HATCH
I'm going out for awhile, I'll be back tonight. Make yourself at home--please.

JIMMY MAC
Home?

HATCH
Have a good day, Jimmy Mac.

HATCH walks out of the shot as JIMMY MAC stands up and watches him leave.

NOISE. ENGINE REVING.

JIMMY MAC looks at the wall to his left then plops down on the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT.GROCERY STORE - SOMETIME LATER

Center on a medium sized grocery store with a natural tone brick exterior. The distance is obscured by thick mist.

Into the shot drives HATCH in his VW RABBIT.

He parks and gets out.

From behind as looks on to the building.

The parking lot is deserted.

CUT TO:

A profile of an automatic door obscured by a wall.

Baskets sit in front of the wall.

HATCH walk through the door, creeping and careful.

He looks around in a state of shock.

A muffled voice speaks over the store intercom system.

HATCH walks to us passing out of the shot.

CUT TO:

Follow HATCH down an aisle as he looks for the BLUE BOX.
There are only RED BOXES.

As HATCH looks, focus on a large screen behind the aisles
and the voice becomes more clear.

People shuffle their ways through the shot.

One person shuffled into HATCH'S aisle.

The large screen mounted at an angle upon the far wall as a
close-up of a white-haired man on it speaking. His elbows
are bent and he has his hands folded over each other. He's
wearing a silver ring with a DARK RED STONE set in it. His
cheeks and forehead are a little lumpy and his
fingers are unusually elongated. On his lumpy cheek, there
is a crack with green goo visible inside. The crack looks
like that of porcelain. This is the crack faced man.

THE CRACK FACED MAN

You don't need that nonsense of
having a free mind, do you? Nah, of
course not, go home and consume. Go
home and watch some TV, That will
make you happy, don't you want to
be happy? If you have freedom then
something might make you sad, you
don't want to be sad, do you? Nah,
of course not! So, go home and
consume. Go home and watch some TV!

THE CRACK FACED MAN continues as his voice grows muffled and
focus on HATCH and the person shuffling closer to him.

PULL into HATCH as he looks over at the man shuffling closer
and closer to him.

As he comes into focus, the MAN is very tired.

He's wearing a brown bathrobe tied tight.

He doesn't look like a fake.

THE MAN
 (he yawns)
 Hey, how's it goin' fella?

HATCH
 Pretty good, pretty good.

HATCH looks on in confusion.

The MAN looks where HATCH was looking, in an empty part of the aisle.

THE MAN
 (he shakes his head)
 Ugh--they don't have my stuff, it gets harder and harder to find.

HATCH nods, confused.

The MAN takes one of the RED BOXES off the shelf and turns right and walks away.

The BOX gets replaced instantly with a strange mechanical noise as a new RED BOX is pushed slowly outwards from the dark depths of the shelf.

Focus again on the big screen on the far wall as the MAN walks away and HATCH looks on to him.

ZOOM into the screen and the CRACK FACED MAN.

As the speech comes into a distinguishable range:

Play "Teen Town" by Weather Report.

THE CRACK FACED MAN
 Go home and consume. Go home and watch some TV!

ZOOM OUT OF A TV SET AS CHANNELS START TO CHANGE

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

A living room similar to HATCH'S

The MAN from the store sits on his couch with a bowl of cereal in front of him on his coffee table.

STOP once the TV, his BACK, and to the LEFT of the window is visible.

The MAN looks at the RED BOX and sets it down as a NEWSCAST plays on the TV.

HATCH slowly rises from the window to spy on the MAN.

The MAN takes one spoonful of cereal, he then starts to devour it.

CUT TO:

Head-on shot of the MAN.

He smiles and has the exact look of JIMMY MAC on his face.

He looks up from his bowl to the TV.

CUT TO:

A profile of the MAN watching his TV. He is on the LEFT and the TV is on the RIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT.SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Close-up of the window and HATCH'S face resting against it as he sleeps.

CUT TO:

A profile of the MAN watching his TV. He is on the RIGHT and the TV is on the LEFT. The light is flashing against his face in the DARK room.

His eyes and mouth are drooped and loose.

He stands up knocking his coffee table over.

CUT TO:

Close up of the window and HATCH'S face resting against it.

HATCH snorts and WAKES up.

CUT TO:

The MAN begins to shuffle his way out of the shot.

ROTATE to see him leave his door, leaving it open slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT.LIGHTLY WOODED SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

The MAN shuffling his way down the road.

HATCH sneaking after him.

At a street intersection, the man stops and looks behind him.

PAN back to see HATCH hiding behind a tree.

The MAN walks on.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Center on a set of three houses and the center one is lit with a door open and yellow light shining into the dark blue night.

The MAN shambles and shuffles up to the house.

HATCH keeps a careful distance behind him.

The MAN gets up to the window and crawls through the broken shards.

NOISE. THUMP! of the MAN hitting the floor.

HATCH carefully walks up to the DOOR.

CUT TO:

HATCH'S face illuminated YELLOW by the inside of the HOUSE. He looks on in disgust.

CUT TO:

POV Through the door, slightly shaking:

There is the flesh covered reverse imprint of the BUG POLICE MAN on the ground in the corner of the room.

Bug-like tendrils have spread and are pulsating.

The MAN shambles near the flesh mass and lays down on a couch facing the door.

A thick tendril shoots over the MAN'S arm and pulsates.

CUT TO:

POV from across the street.

HATCH is swaying slightly were he stands.

He then quickly turns around and runs to the LEFT.

He gets in his car and drives off.

Fade to black slowly.

CUT TO:

INT.UNKNOWN - UNKNOWN

Play "2b-UI Tracking Station" By Tlim Shug.

The edges of the shot are washed out.

Fast cuts:

-The MAYOR'S swaying face.

-TURNCOAT'S swaying face.

-JIMMY MAC still smiling big.

-The MAN'S eye and cheek skin drooping.

-The CRACK FACED MAN talking in slow-motion.

-BLACK.

NOISE. BANG!

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

NOISE. HATCH GASPS.

The shot opens from black fast like an eyes opening.

JIMMY MAC is sitting on the couch and smiling.

JIMMY MAC waves to HATCH.

CUT TO:

PAN DOWN to HATCH'S kitchen counter over both JIMMY MAC and HATCH'S shoulders.

A white paper list ripped out of HATCH'S notepad.

Written on it:

-SOME GLASS BOTTLES

-LIQUID LAUNDRY DETERGENT

-A CAN OF GASOLINE

-WASHCLOTHS

HATCH point his finger to the third item on the list.

With his right hand he pulls up from out of the shot, a RED PLASTIC JERRY CAN and plops it on the table sideways with the cap off.

HATCH'S other hand comes up and over JIMM MAC'S shoulders.

JIMMY MAC nods his head once.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MINUTES LATER

Play "Jimmy Mack" by Animal Collective.

Head-on shot of HATCH waving goodbye.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S DRIVEWAY - SAME

JIMMY SMILES as he starts to drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH look past the shot and a man dressed in a white coat holding a BIG NET sneak from the woods in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT.DEPARTMENT STORE - SOMETIME LATER

From above the entrance to the store.

Angled straight down to the black mat that's right after the entrance.

JIMMY MAC walks in.

ANGLE UP as he walks off to the aisles.

He walks down an aisle right in the center of the shot and disappears off to the right.

One moment later he turns around and walks to the left.

CUT TO:

INT.DEPARTMENT STORE AISLE - SOMETIME LATER

Center shot of JIMMY MAC standing in an aisle behind the cart facing the shot head-on.

JIMMY MAC obscures his face holding up the shopping list high and in front of him.

JUMP CUTS, each cut has a different aisle:

-The cart filled with a pile of glass bottles.

-The cart filled with a couple cartons of liquid detergent.

-The cart filled with a pile of white washcloths.

CUT TO:

EXT.DEPARTMENT STORE PARKING LOT - LATER

Center shot of JIMMY MAC pushing the CART and FOLLOW.

JIMMY MAC has the list in his mouth and is pushing the CART with one hand and slogging along the FILLED JERRY CAN.

The LIGHT of the day illuminates the GAS inside the plastic CAN.

CUT TO:

EXT.NEAR HATCH'S - SAME

HATCH is walking along the road.

His house is in the distance behind him.

The MAN IN WHITE sneaks after him in the far-off distance holding that BIG NET.

FOLLOW HATCH walking.

He stops and looks behind him.

PAN LEFT to see:

JUMP CUTS in different locations along the road:

-The MAN IN WHITE is hidden behind a telephone pole.

-The MAN IN WHITE is hidden behind a tree.

-The MAN IN WHITE is crouched behind a fire hydrant.

CUT TO:

EXT.NONDESCRIPT ROAD - SAME

Close-up of JIMMY MAC driving to the left with his right hand outside of the car window, the end of which is obscured.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

The house head-on in the cluster of three.

The door is open.

HATCH enters the shot from the RIGHT and walks up to the door and walks in.

The MAN IN WHITE walks into the shot and hides behind a tree that's between the far right house and the middle house.

CUT TO:

INT.SUBURBAN U.A.H - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH walks into the pulsing flesh living room.

There is a TV on and HATCH quickly turns it off.

The flesh looks dry and slower in the daylight.

Several people lay on the floor, one on the coffee table, the MAN on the couch.

They all have a tendril attached in one way or another, arms, legs, heads.

HATCH walks further to the center of the room.

He shakes his head.

HATCH starts yanking the TENDRILS off of the people's extremities.

He carefully shakes each person by the shoulders, hoping to wake them up.

The start to rise up, smiling and looking faker than ever.

HATCH waves his arms up and the fakes look on to him.

He motions for them to come and they do so.

CUT TO:

EXT.NONDESCRIPT ROAD - SAME

Close-up of JIMMY MAC driving to the left with his right hand outside of the car window, the end of which is obscured. The JERRY CAN is seatbelted in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

A profile of the HOUSE and HATCH standing next to the open door sort of gentlemanly presenting the way out with an outstretched hand. In the distance, the MAN in WHITE and his BIG NET sticking out from behind the tree looking on at the situation.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

FOLLOW the profile of HATCH walking left.

STOP as a tree becomes centered in the shot.

JUMP CUTS:

-A FAKE walks left into the shot and stops at the tree and looks on, then continues out of the shot.

-Three more FAKES walks into the shot from the right to the left.

-The MAN IN WHITE walks left into the shot and hides behind the tree for a moment and peeks around then continues out of the shot.

CUT TO:

EXT.NONDESCRIPT ROAD - SAME

Close-up of JIMMY MAC driving to the left with his right hand outside of the car window, the end of which is obscured. The JERRY CAN is seatbelted in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - LATER

HATCH sits on his DECK BENCH RAILING.

HE looks into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT.NONDESCRIPT ROAD - SAME

Close-up of JIMMY MAC driving to the left with his right hand outside of the car window, the end of which is obscured. The JERRY CAN is seatbelted in the passenger seat.

Slowly PAN DOWN to see JIMMY MAC gripping his shopping cart tightly as he drives and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

LONGSHOT of HATCH'S HOUSE and to it's right in the distance HATCH'S DECK BENCH RAILING jutting off, HATCH sits on it, swinging his legs.

From the right of the shot, the MAN IN WHITE sneaks towards HATCH'S HOUSE.

CUT TO:

Close-up of JIMMY MAC driving to the left with his right hand outside of the car window, the end of which is obscured. The JERRY CAN is seatbelted in the passenger seat and JIMMY MAC HOLDING ON TO THE SHOPPING CART.

ZOOM OUT as JIMMY MAC makes a SHARP turn into HATCH'S driveway.

He RUNS OVER the MAN IN WHITE'S TOE!

MAN IN WHITE
Ah, SHIT, man!

He hops out of the shot to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - SAME

Over HATCH'S shoulder as he looks at JIMMY MAC pulling into the driveway with the shopping cart gripped in his hand.

HATCH give him a big thumbs up and JIMMY MAC returns it with his left hand.

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

HATCH carefully pours GAS and DETERGENT into the glass bottles on top of his KITCHEN COUNTER.

PAN LEFT to see JIMMY MAC with a WASHCLOTH IN HIS MOUTH.

He pulls on it straight out and cuts it with scissors.

HATCH passes a bottle LEFT to him and he stuffs the cut piece into the stopper.

CUT TO:

EXT.BEACH - LATER

A timelapse of the sunset.

Hold on the night beach.

Fade to black slowly:

NOISE. Engine running fades in and the sound of trees and cars passing.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Close-up of HATCH driving in his car.

In the seat next to him is a bag, seatbelted in.

HATCH looks over to it.

Then back to the road in front of him.

HATCH looks his right and slows down and pulls over.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN U.A.H - SOMETIME LATER

Centered on the house.

It is lit up a bright yellow in the darkness.

HATCH obscures the light from the open door and it disperses around his form.

He walks in slow-motion down the small stone path the leads to the steps.

In his RIGHT hand is a MOLOTOV that he made.

In his LEFT hand is a LIGHTER.

He stops just before the steps.

He swings he left hand over and flicks the wick a flame and it catches in a slow red-hot flame.

HATCH sends his right arm back and WIPES the MOLOTOV to the ROOF.

JUST BEFORE IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

CUT TO BLACK.

NOISE. GLASS BREAKING.

NOISE. FIRE ENGULFING.

NOISE. FIRE ROARING.

NOISE. ENGINE STARTING.

THE BLACKNESS FADES UP TO BLACK SMOKE AND SLOWLY CLEARS. SLOWLY ZOOM OUT OF DULLING SMOKE AGAINST A MORNING BLUE SKY.

EXT.SUBURBAN U.A.H - MORNING

PAN down to BURNED WRECKAGE of the HOUSE.

The other houses on each side are untouched.

Into a worm-eye shot walks two POLICEMEN.

They stand still and look on.

They walk closer.

Their cheeks are cracked and oozing green goo.

CUT TO:

INT.GROCERY STORE - UNKNOWN

The shot's edges are washed out.

The screen mounted in the grocery store. The CRACK FACED MAN sways in slow-motion.

CUT TO:

Shelf auto dispensing a box of cereal.

CUT TO:

BUG POLICE MAN falling to his knees and his chest BURSTING OPEN.

CUT TO:

Slow-motion smoke pluming from the charred house in slow motion.

It slowly gets posterized in black and white.

Fade to BLACK.

NOISE. HATCH GASPING.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSPAPER WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

HATCH shoots upward at his desk.

There is a cut out of the newspaper stuck to his cheek.

It has the posterized picture of the charred house.

Above it says: **SUSPECTED ARSON IN ARMTROUT**

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTLY WOODED SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

HATCH drives in the night to the left.

Follow him in profile.

His lights illuminate swarming moths that are plinking off his head lights.

He passes the cluster of three houses.

STOP on them as he continues by.

The center one is rubble.

After a few moments, the lights of the two outer houses flick on.

CUT TO BLACK.

THEN:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

NOISE. BANG of the garbage truck.

FADE UP.

HATCH'S POV seeing JIMMY MAC sitting on the couch.

JIMMY MAC smiles.

CUT TO:

On the kitchen countertop is a blue cereal box.

HATCH gets up and scratch his head and looks at the box.

JIMMY MAC looks to HATCH in the background, still smiling.

HATCH stands with his back towards JIMMY MAC.

HATCH

Jimmy, you've worked hard for me.

HATCH picks up and holds the box with both hands.

JIMMY MAC

Jimmy Mac--

HATCH

Jimmy Mac, you've worked hard--and

JIMMY MAC(TALKING OVER)

Thank you!

HATCH

We've got to do more, you know.

JIMMY MAC nods.

HATCH(CONT'D)

We need to--

(hatch shakes his head and
turns around)

ACT!

HATCH crunches the empty BOX and drops it down.

HATCH walks out of the shot to the left as he speaks.

HATCH(CONT'D)

Jimmy Mac I've got some ideas, walk
with me.

JIMMY MAC rises fast with his arms straight down.

He looks around confused then to where HATCH would be walking out.

ROTATE down to look at the BOX and ZOOM in as he shuffles after HATCH.

JIMMY MAC accidentally kicks the box in his shuffling gate.

STAY ON WHERE THE BOX WAS AND ZOOM OUT AS: HATCH HAS KICKED IT DOWN AN AISLE AS HE PACES ABOUT.

INT.GROCERY STORE - SOMETIME LATER

CUT TO:

A LONG SHOT of HATCH and JIMMY MAC standing in the aisle.

HATCH

--Then I'll switch it out for this--

(hatch reveals a film reel canister from inside his trench coat)

JIMMY MAC nods once assuredly.

HATCH starts to point at something on JIMMY MAC.

HATCH(CONT'D)

Don't forget--

HATCH goes limp and smiles large and starts to shamble around a little and picks up a DARK RED BOX and holds it up in front of him.

The empty space behind him to his right is replaced slowly with a new box in the same strange electronic way as before.

HATCH smiles and holds the box.

JIMMY MAC acts like JIMMY MAC.

A FAKE shambles by them both of them to the right, into and out of the shot.

HATCH looks around and tries to shove the box back to where it was but can't because the box that replaced it pushes back like it's spring loaded.

HATCH pushes one last time and it drops.

HATCH looks to JIMMY MAC and points to his hand.

Play "Ain't Got No, I Got Life" by Nina Simone.

HATCH(CONT'D)

Remember...

HATCH flips around and runs off to the left out of the shot.

JIMMY MAC waves bye to him and turns to the right.

ROTATE to see over his shoulder as he looks to the big elevated room underneath the giant wall-mounted screen that displays the crack faced man's video.

Reveal that JIMMY MAC has earplugs in.

CUT TO:

Hold on the end of the aisle.

HATCH sprint sneaks from the right and backs up against the aisle and peeks around it.

PAN LEFT and FOLLOW HATCH as he starts to sort of half power walks and shuffle when he is near a FAKE as he constantly looks around.

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC calmly smiling as he stands next to the steps of the screen control room.

THE SHOT GETS GRAINY AND DESATURATES AS WE. ZOOM OUT OF A SECURITY MONITOR.

INT.SECURITY OFFICE - SAME

A security outfitted cracked and lump faced SECURITY BUGMAN squints at JIMMY MAC standing still and smiling.

NOISE. BANG!

The SECURITY BUGMAN shoot upright and looks left and then starts to scour the screens.

He is looking at a screen that shows HATCH pushing over large shelves at the end of the store.

NOISE. KNOCK--KNOCK on the door.

The SECURITY BUGMAN is really confused. He gets up and walks over and opens the door.

JIMMY MAC is standing in front of the door on the steps.

JIMMY MAC smiles and raises his hand and slowly raises his middle finger.

JIMMY MAC starts to giggle and then runs away.

The SECURITY BUGMAN chases after him.

ROTATE around and see the security camera.

HATCH runs up the stairs of the security room and then him entering the shot past the screen.

HATCH looks around in a panic and takes out the REEL.

CUT TO:

EXT.GROCERY STORE - SAME

The Mounted TV is at the end of an aisle as FAKES shamble around.

The video cuts out.

Some of the FAKES stop and look to it.

A video of HATCH flickers on.

HATCH walks away from holding the camera.

ZOOM into to screen.

HATCH (ON THE SCREEN)
(hatch clears his throat)
Hey there. If you are seeing this,
there is is a good chance you are
being controlled. I'm sorry about
that, to be honest. I need you to
snap out of it though. I need you
to think--

PAN LEFT as the door opens and HATCH starts to walk down the stairs.

He only gets about two steps when he looks up.

CUT TO:

A POV of a FAKE in a crowd of about twenty FAKES looking up to HATCH.

HATCH looks out to them with awe.

To the LEFT is a wiggling arm the origin of which is obscured by FAKES.

The POV looks left as do all the other FAKES.

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC wielding the ripped off arm of the SECURITY BUGMAN with him on the ground bleeding out green liquid and the arm leaking and splattering green liquid.

JIMMY MAC uses the arm to wave to HATCH.

JIMMY MAC
HI THERE!

CUT TO:

POV of a FAKE in the crowd.

The whole crowd WAVES to HATCH in a similar way.

HATCH smiles in a concerned way.

HATCH walks down the rest of the stairs.

CUT TO:

Bird's eye view of HATCH and JIMMY MAC.

HATCH starts to make his way through the crowd as they all look to him.

HATCH
let's get out of here--and leave
that!
(Hatch points behind himself
striking the air twice)

HATCH exits the shot.

JIMMY MAC (YELLING)
I'll just leave this here!

CUT TO:

EXT.GROCERY STORE - SOMETIME LATER

The front of the grocery store.

It's covered in mist.

HATCH walks out of the door.

JIMMY MAC follows.

HATCH walks up to the CAR and look off into the distance.

JIMMY MAC looks at him then to the distance.

JIMMY MAC's face becomes concerned slightly.

JIMMY MAC
What's that?

CUT TO:

The misty parking lot. In the distance red and blue lights shine through the mist making purple.

NOISE. Distant Police sirens.

HATCH (O.S)
Nothin' good.

NOISE. Car doors close and engine revs.

CUT TO:

The front of the grocery store.

FAKES pour out of the door.

NOISE. Car drives away.

The FAKES start to follow HATCH'S CAR.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - LATER

HATCH and JIMMY MAC pull up the driveway.

The rescued FAKES from the house that HATCH burned down are shambling around in front of the shot.

HATCH and JIMMY MAC get out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the glass sliding door. HATCH paces in his Kitchen as he looks like he is talking to JIMMY MAC who is sitting in the background on the couch.

PAN LEFT to see the FAKES from the grocery store shuffle up the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

HATCH is sleeping.

JIMMY MAC make smiles and sits on the couch to the left.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

In SLOW-MOTION The BIG BUG stands still with folded hands.

He encompasses a framed portrait behind him.

He starts buzzing with TV static and laughing in reverse.

He leans in over the table and SLAMS down with one fist.

NOISE. BANG of the garbage truck.

CUT TO BLACK:

NOISE. Knocking on glass.

NOISE. Two sloe knocks on wood.

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

FADE UP fast to POV of HATCH laying on the couch.

The other couch is empty, where JIMMY MAC would normally be.

HATCH stands up.

CUT TO:

The blinded window and the OFF TV to the right.

HATCH walks into the shot and up to the window.

He pulls open the blinds and waves to STEVE.

NOISE. Knocking on glass.

HATCH turns around.

CUT TO:

LONG-SHOT of JIMMY MAC standing in front of the glass slider that leads to the kitchen. INGA is outside standing on the porch.

JIMMY MAC stands still.

He leans over and KNOCK--KNOCKS slowly on the wooden wall.

He is smiling.

HATCH walks into the shot scratching his head.

HATCH (MUMBLING)
 (he lightly moves Jimmy Mac
 out of the way)
 Jimmy...

JIMMY MAC (SPEAKING SOFTLY)
 (he stares into nothing)
 Jimmy mac...

JIMMY MAC smiles bigger.

HATCH half looks back to him.

He smirks a little.

HATCH pulls open the sliding door.

The CAT walks in from between INGAS legs and nobody notices.

INGA smiles with her teeth showing.

There is an awkward silence.

HATCH
 How's the day?

INGA
 Treating good, you?

HATCH
 Good and good, Inga!

INGA
 I've got news.

HATCH
 Good or bad.

INGA
 Could be both if you're looking for
 something to do.

JIMMY MAC walks out of the shot.

HATCH
 Alright--

INGA
The drive-in's gone weird on us.

HATCH
Gone weird?

INGA
Unusual--you know--

HATCH turns over his shoulder to project his voice.

HATCH
JIMMY MAC we've got some work to do.
(he turns back to Inga)
Thanks for the head up, really.

INGA
I want this dumb little island back, Hatch--I've seen the sickness in it and I need to help--so I'm helping--

HATCH(TALKING OVER)
You're doing good--

INGA
Hatch--
(she leans in--with a serious look)
I'm helping.

HATCH's eyes widen as he slowly nods and grows a smile.

CUT TO:

EXT.DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

PAN RIGHT, above the filled parking lot.

Cars are parked in every spot and speakers are strung inside most windows. The massive movie screen is playing the crack faced man's video. Some fakes are wondering.

CUT TO:

A fenced-in little beer garden area with an outdoor bar. The whole area is to the right of where most cars are parked. A few FAKES sit on the stools.

HATCH walks into the area casually and takes a seat.

There is a bartender with his back towards the bar shaking up a drink.

HATCH takes off his hat and puts it on the bar top.

He exhales and un-sleeps his eyes with closed hands.

He exhales again.

HATCH clears his throat in a way to get the bartender's attention.

The bartender turns around as he continues to shake the drink: It is JIMMY MAC.

He pours the drink into a glass and slides it to a FAKE but it slips off the table.

JIMMY MAC looks at HATCH and smiles.

JIMMY MAC leans in a little more, reveal that he is wearing EARPLUGS.

JIMMY MAC (VERY LOUDLY)
WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR YOU TONIGHT?

HATCH flinches a bit and turns to the FAKE next to him.

CUT TO:

The FAKE looking back to HATCH, smiling the whole time.

CUT TO:

Over HATCH'S shoulder

HATCH
I'd like the HAM--BURGER--
(Hatch looks around)
EXTRA--ONION--

JIMMY MAC nods with a smile and turns and heads into the back room.

CUT TO:

Long-shot of HATCH sitting next to the FAKE.

The FAKE turns again and smiles big.

HATCH nods and smiles at him.

The FAKE looks away.

JIMMY MAC comes from out of the back with a white and red hatched cardboard food holder.

In the holder is a BIG BURGER with FRIES next to it.

In the BURGER is a FILM CANISTER with lettuce, tomato, and cheese.

HATCH lifts up the bun and looks at it.

He gives JIMMY MAC a thumbs up and smiles.

HATCH
Cooked to perfection.

JIMMY MAC slowly smiles bigger.

The FAKE turns and smiles.

CUT TO darkness:

PAN RIGHT out of behind a building.

Play "Came Out of a Lady" by Rubblebucket.

A car pulls towards us and the shining lights shut off.

CUT TO:

BIRDS-EYE view of INGA getting out of her car.

She pauses and looks at her watch and waits one second then looks up and walks out of the shot as soon as the horn section of the song begins.

CUT TO:

Follow HATCH running through cars to holding the HAMBURGER.

He knocks into a FAKE who is wondering.

HATCH stops and turns around and hesitates.

He turns back around and runs off.

CUT TO:

INT.DRIVE-IN PROJECTOR ROOM - SAME

PAN RIGHT from a dark corner of the room.

Two guys sit in chairs next to the massive projector.

INGA walks into the room and looks at them.

They stand up fast looking surprised.

INGA takes a karate stance.

CUT TO:

EXT.DRIVE-IN THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOW HATCH as he runs carrying the burger.

CUT TO:

INGA chopping a guy in the throat with her hand.

Freeze as she makes contact.

CUT TO:

HATCH still running.

He gets to the building and INGA'S CAR comes into focus.

CUT TO:

INGA kicking the second guy while he's on the ground.

Freeze as she makes contact.

CUT TO:

INT.DRIVE-IN PROJECTOR ROOM - SAME

HATCH walks in holding the burger.

He looks to his right.

PAN left to see INGA sitting in one of the chairs.

She waves.

The two guys lay on the ground unconscious.

CUT TO:

EXT.DRIVE-IN THEATER - SAME

The screen fills the shot.

The film of the CRACK FACED MAN cuts out to black.

HATCH'S FILM starts playing.

CUT TO:

INT.DRIVE-IN PROJECTOR ROOM - SAME

HATCH and INGA sit on the who chairs. INGA on the right and HATCH on the left.

They sit in silence as they here the muffled sound of the film from speakers inside the room.

INGA
I-Is it working?

HATCH looks at the floor.

HATCH
I hope.

CUT TO:

Behind HATCH and INGA, INGA on the left and HATCH on the right.

INGA
What do you mean by that? What's hope about it? You said it worked before, didn't you?

HATCH
Takes time, it's not just instant...can't just fix it with telling them the same way they were told before--that's not fixing.

NOISE. Door opening.

JIMMY MAC walks into the room and stands between the two of them.

HATCH looks up to JIMMY MAC and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT.DRIVE-IN THEATER - LATER

BIRDS-EYE LONGSHOT:

JIMMY MAC, HATCH, and INGA walk to INGA'S CAR.

INGA gets in and the lights go on.

She starts to pull back and drive away.

PAN LEFT.

HATCH and JIMMY MAC walk to HATCH'S CAR.

The YELLOW lights go on.

HATCH turns right and stops so that his lights are shining into the majority of where people are parked.

CUT TO:

POV from in the crowd.

There are hundreds of dark blue silhouettes against the light of HATCH'S CAR shambling towards it.

HATCH turns around and drives off as the crowd follows.

CUT TO:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Play "2b-UI Tracking Station" by Tlim Shug.

CLOSE-UP of the MAYOR'S face.

He looks tired and sad.

He sways hypnotically in slow-motion.

The white wraps tied around his mouth is soggy.

CUT TO:

A DARK RED APPLE from the fruit bowl on the table spinning in slow-motion. The BOWL is to it's left.

It slowly spins off the edge of the table.

As it falls.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

Fade up from black. HATCH'S POV.

JIMMY MAC isn't sitting on the couch, INGA is sleeping on it.

Light is shining through the shades illuminating dust.

2b-UI Tracking Station by Tlim Shug fades.

CUT TO:

Blurry shot of HATCH'S sliding glass door.

NOISE. Knocking.

Shot focuses a little.

NOISE. Knocking louder.

Shot focuses fully.

HATCH walks into the shot rubbing his eyes.

He looks up and sees who it is, it's STEVE.

He rushes over to the door and opens it.

In the background, JIMMY MAC is outside with a ton of FAKES who came from the drive-in. JIMMY MAC is teaching one who to give a thumbs up.

STEVE looks concerned.

HATCH

How's it going, Steve?

STEVE

Not so good, no, not so good at all.

HATCH

What's wrong?

STEVE

I've been doing garbage for Mayor Puckett for the past three and a half years, Hatch--not one week went by where those barrels weren't filled to the brim from his soirees, bashes, and shindigs. Today I went to his stop--Hatch--empty...nothing...and--and private sec was there, like outside of his house, freaking looking, just standing there. Somethings up.

HATCH

(nodding)

Be back here tonight, seven or eightish.

HATCH starts to walks away.

STEVE

For what? Hatch? I'm in, but for what?

O.S HATCH
Can't rescue him--alone!

STEVE
Rescue?

JIMMY starts clapping in the background because he got a few fakes to be able to give thumbs up to him.

STEVE turns around and looks back.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hey, who are these people? Hatch?

O.S HATCH
Others we've rescued!

STEVE makes a confused face and turns around.

ZOOM into JIMMY MAC working with some FAKE.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - NIGHT

JIMMY MAC stands on the bench railing of HATCH'S DECK.

He looks nervous.

HATCH, INGA, and STEVE stand next to him on the deck.

JIMMY MAC
Tonight is the night that we all
work as one.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of the crowd lit by the porch light are all quite, but smiling.

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC on the deck.

JIMMY MAC is unsure, but still smiling.

He looks down to HATCH and HATCH nods and looks to the crowd.

JIMMY MAC
We can not succeed without your
help.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of the crowd lit by the porch light are all quite, but smiling.

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC on the deck.

JIMMY MAC

We are trying to fix something inside of you and inside of me--us, but we are only half of that solution and the other half is you. Only together are we whole--and we really need to be whole.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of the crowd lit by the porch light are all quite, but smiling.

O.S JIMMY MAC

Enlightenment is mankind's release from its self-incurred tutelage.

Tutelage is mankind's inability to make use of its understanding without direction from another.

Self-incurred is this tutelage when its cause lies not in lack of reason, but in lack of resolution and courage to use it without direction from another.

Sapere Aude!

The FAKE'S EYE'S widen

O.S JIMMY MAC(CONT'D)

Have the courage to use your own reason!--that is the motto of enlightenment.

Kant said that and I'm saying it now.

The FAKE'S smile bigger and lift up their hands and all give big thumbs up!

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC stepping down from the bench railing of the deck.

INGA, STEVE, and HATCH are staring at him with their mouths open.

HATCH grabs JIMMY MAC's shoulder lovingly.

Play "Watermelon Man" by Herbie Hancock.

HATCH nods graciously.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

FLY along the road at night.

Stop and fly up as the group of fakes is in sight.

PULL forward over the group.

HATCH, INGA, JIMMY, and STEVE walk at the front of the group.

JUMP CUTS as the BASS kicks in:

-CLOSE-UP of HATCH'S FACE.

-CLOSE-UP of JIMMY MAC'S FACE.

-CLOSE-UP of INGA'S FACE.

-CLOSE-UP of STEVE'S FACE.

As the DRUMS kick in CUT TO:

EXT.MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sit on a LONGSHOT of the MAYOR'S HOUSE.

It is massive with white columns and a big wooden door with a window above it. The estate is surrounded by tall green hedges.

In the white-rock driveway at the front door, there are two armed men with cracked looking faces.

JIMMY MAC and INGA with FAKES behind them wander into the shot.

They hide just behind a very tall hedge to the right of the shot.

HATCH and STEVE wonder into the shot from the left with FAKES behind them.

HATCH motions to INGA.

INGA and JIMMY motion to the fakes. They walk into the open and towards the armed security guards.

PAN left and HATCH starts motioning to all the FAKES near him to lift him and STEVE up.

They get a boost over the hedge.

They sneak to the left and back behind the house as INGA and JIMMY MAC sneak through the FAKES as they distract the guards.

CUT TO:

INT.MAYOR'S HOUSE - SAME

EYE-LEVEL SHOT from inside the MAYOR'S KITCHEN.

HATCH breaks the glass and flips the slider lock. The door doesn't open as HATCH tugs it.

STEVE flips the lock back and it opens...

They walk inside.

CUT TO:

BIRDS-EYE view of the crowd coming closer to the guards.

INGA and JIMMY diverge in the crowd as they crouch down.

INGA goes left and JIMMY goes right.

GAURD ONE
Hey, what is this?

GAURD TWO
Get back now!

INGA and JIMMY MAC Pincher the guards.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP

JIMMY grabs the right guards left arm and rips it off and green blood sprays from ou out. As he falls he fires off his gun up to the house. The muzzle flash lights up the dark blue scene and one of the windows shatters.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP.

INGA chops the guy in the throat and it causes the crack in his face to spurt some green liquid out as he falls.

CUT TO:

HATCH and STEVE sneak up a set of stairs.

There is a hall in profile and there is an open door shot to the left of the shot.

HATCH and STEVE slowly walk past it.

Inside is OLD FAKE sitting on the toilet just staring at them, confused, as they walk by.

CUT TO:

Further down the hall.

NOISE. Struggling.

HATCH opens the door.

On the bed is the MAYOR.

He is kicking and struggling.

He's all tied up.

HATCH and STEVE run in.

STEVE runs over to the MAYOR and starts untying his feet.

CUT TO:

HATCH walks up to the window that's broken and inspects it.

CUT TO:

The MAYOR making eye contact with STEVE trying to move his head to the left.

STEVE looks up.

STEVE

HATCH!

HATCH turns to see.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of a woman in a DARK RED dress holding a gun slowly shuffles out of the dark corner.

She shambles enough into the light of the window to reveal her face.

There is a huge hole in her eye from where the bullet went through.

She shambles another step and falls over.

HATCH just stands there in shock.

STEVE gets the wraps off of the MAYORS mouth.

MAYOR

Let's get the hell out of here!

They run out of the room.

PAN to the LEFT out the window.

In the distance of the night, red and blue lights flash, creating a purple aura within the mist.

CUT TO:

EXT.MAYOR'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

Birdseye-view of the driveway of the Mayor's House.

NOISE. Police sirens.

The crowd of FAKES scatters as HATCH and STEVE escort the MAYOR out of the fence.

HATCH motions his hands in the air with a panic.

JIMMY runs off towards the street, dropping the ripped-off arm he was holding.

INGA follows him.

The fakes split up and some group up with INGA, some with JIMMY MAC, some with STEVE, and some with HATCH.

HATCH has the MAYOR with him.

They all rush out in their respective groups.

JIMMY MAC goes first, followed by INGA, STEVE, then HATCH.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

Medium Longshot of the road.

The flashing police lights that illuminate the night purple come closer and finally, the cop cars pull up.

The shot is shaky as JIMMY MAC'S group rushes past a huge amount of BUG COPS with BATONS and INGA'S group lures them in a different direction.

STEVE waves to HATCH and gives a thumbs up from in the middle of the crowd.

HATCH sneaks off in his group with the MAYOR.

CUT TO:

POV of a fake that is just behind HATCH.

The flashing purple on the heads of all around fades as HATCH and the MAYOR look backward.

HATCH has a concerned look on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - LATER

HATCH and his group get up to his house.

HATCH
(looking at the group of
fakes)
You did fantastically, thank you.

CUT TO:

LONGSHOT of the backyard.

The FAKES all give HATCH a thumbs up in unison.

CUT TO:

Medium shot of the deck.

HATCH nods and smiles.

HATCH starts to herd MAYOR in his house with his hand on his shoulder.

MAYOR looks back to the group of FAKES and smiles confusedly.

MAYOR
So, who are these people?

HATCH
(Looking away quick and into
his kitchen through the glass
sliding door he is opening)
Citizens.

MAYOR
What?

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH brings the MAYOR to his basement and opens the door.

HATCH puts out his arm in a presenting manner.

The MAYOR nods politely.

MAYOR
How did you know all I was in
trouble?

HATCH
Steve saw that you had no trash in
your barrel.

MAYOR
Oh--he's real good...

HATCH nods once and smiles.

MAYOR nods and smiles as he looks off into the distance and
heads into the basement.

PAN left to follow HATCH as he walks back into the living
room.

HATCH walks up to the blinds.

He opens them up.

STEVE and his FAKES come up the driveway.

HATCH waves to STEVE.

STEVE waves back to him.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A PROFILE of HATCH standing in his driveway and the group of FAKES coming up the driveway as STEVE slowly emerges closer to the front of the group.

HATCH smiles.

STEVE smiles.

CUT TO:

STEVE and HATCH sitting on the deck bench.

STEVE stands up and then HATCH does.

CUT TO:

INGA and her FAKES walking up the driveway.

She waves.

CUT TO:

STEVE and HATCH on the deck.

INGA walks into the shot.

INGA
Where's Jimmy?

Play "Jimmy Mack" by Martha Reeves & the Vandellas.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of HATCH'S face.

In Slow-motion:

He is smiling and he blinks and his face grows concerned.

He starts shaking his head.

CUT TO:

STEVE and INGA sitting on the deck bench.

HATCH paces in the background.

JUMP CUTS:

-STEVE and INGA playing chess, INGA has checkmated STEVE,
HATCH paces to the left in the background.

-STEVE and INGA playing checkers, STEVE, got all INGA'S checkers, HATCH paces to the right in the background.

-STEVE and INGA playing rock paper scissors, HATCH pacing to the left in the background.

-STEVE and INGA napping on the deck, Hatch pacing to the right in the background.

Jimmy Mack fades.

NOISE. Russling from the woods.

HATCH looks up and smiles.

CUT TO:

LONGSHOT of the woods behind HATCH'S house.

The faint yellow from the deck light splashing partially into the woods and as figures emerge from the wood, the first one revealed is JIMMY MAC.

He holds up his hand and gives constant thumbs up to HATCH.

HATCH
Guy--guys!

NOISE. Unison of mumbling from INGA and STEVE.

O.S STEVE
JIMMY MAC!

O.S INGA
(mumbling, then a snort)
JIMMY?

HATCH walks JIMMY MAC out of the shot with his arm over his shoulder.

The FAKES follow.

CUT TO:

Medium shot following HATCH and JIMMY MAC.

They walk onto the deck.

HATCH
I was worried--so worried.

JIMMY MAC
You had the Mayor? Like we planned?

HATCH
(nodding)
Yeah.

JIMMY MAC
Why were you worried?

HATCH
(hesitating and a little
confused, furrowing his brow)
About you, ya' idiot!

JIMMY MAC
(his eyes widen--he smiles)
Oh--
(he starts laughing with joy)

HATCH looks a little confused.

JIMMY MAC moves HATCH's hand onto his chest.

JIMMY MAC
(he nods thoroughly)
I'm glad you are safe now too.
(he smiles big)

HATCH nods and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

The lights are off.

PAN over to the living room.

HATCH is sleeping on the left couch and JIMMY MAC is sitting awake on the couch that HATCH usually sleeps on.

Stay on this shot with the back of JIMMY MAC's head and HATCH on the couch.

HATCH turns a little.

ZOOM towards where HATCH is sleeping.

Sticking out from underneath the cushion of his couch is the slight end of a remote.

PAN to the LEFT until:

JIMMY MAC is sitting in profile on the couch in the darkness and JIMMY MAC sleeping on the couch in the background, JIMMY MAC is on the left of the shot and HATCH is in the middle.

HATCH turns over in his sleep again.

NOISE. TV click and static for a moment.

The TV turns onto the news.

JIMMY MAC immediately turns his head to the TV.

JIMMY MAC'S face is illuminated blues and reds from the broadcast.

Super slow ROTATION around JIMMY MAC to the LEFT. This is a timelapse of the night.

The TV screen speeds up as the darkness turns lighter and by the time the ROTATION is done, JIMMY MAC is on the far RIGHT of the shot, HATCH is behind the shot, and JIMMY MAC'S face is a little drooped.

It's early morning.

JIMMY MAC stands up and walks out of the shot.

An unfocused TV broadcast:

The broadcast focus and has HATCH'S face on it and a number to dial below. "WANTED CRIMINAL, HATCH FARKAS ARMTROUT ARSONIST AND MAYOR KIDNAPPER."

NOISE. A phone dialing.

NOISE. Muffled chatter.

O.S JIMMY MAC
(deeper and dragged out)
I found HATCH.

PHONE VOICE
(muffled and static)
Stay on the line.

CUT TO:

EXT.UNKNOWN - UNKNOWN

Play "2b-UI Tracking Station" by TLIM SHUG.

In Slow-motion:

POV of HATCH.

He is being forced into a police car.

His hat flays off as a BUG POLICE MAN pushes him inside with a baton.

Focus on an unfocused BUG MAN in the background.

He is holding a gun, pointing it at HATCH.

The BIG BUG walks from the RIGHT slowly.

His head is obscured.

He stands still with his hands folded.

The silver ring with a red gem is visible.

NOISE. Police sirens fade up.

ZOOM into the door.

It gets slammed shut.

As it comes closer.

Continue to ZOOM into the blackness of it.

Once it closes.

NOISE. SLAM.

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - MORNING

HATCH gasps as he wakes up.

The Police sirens are still going.

Hatch gets up.

He looks around in panic.

He realizes that the TV is on.

He stops dead in his tracks.

He turns around.

CUT TO:

JIMMY MAC sitting, swaying hypnotically, his face loose.

O.S HATCH
No--No, No, No--NO!

CUT TO:

HATCH looking down at the phone on the table.

HATCH
NO! NO! NOOOO!

HATCH turns around and slams the TV down on the ground and it smashes and turns off.

NOISE. Steps from upstairs sound fast.

NOISE. Steps from another room sound fast.

STEVE comes down from upstairs and INGA comes from the other room.

STEVE
What the hell happened--

INGA
What is going on?

HATCH flails his arms and presents sarcastically to JIMMY MAC.

INGA(SPEAKING OVER)
Are those sirens for us?

STEVE (SPEAKING OVER)
(looking at Jimmy Mac)
Oh--no...

INGA
What?
(she looks at Jimmy Mac)
Oh--shit...

HATCH starts to wipe away tears with his palms and angrily itch his head.

NOISE.SIRENS GET LOUDER.

INGA

Hatch, those are pretty damn close.

HATCH looks around.

HATCH and INGA and STEVE walk out of the shot.

JIMMY sits on the couch.

NOISE. GLASS BRAKING!

O.S INGA

HATCH!

O.S STEVE

NO!

JIMMY MAC gets up and walks over to the TV that fell over.

NOISE. BEATING in the background.

NOISE. Struggling.

JIMMY MAC puts the TV back onto the stand.

NOISE. INGA yelling and STEVE yelling.

HATCH

No--Stop! Help!

JIMMY MAC smacks the side of the TV and it turns on.

He walks back and sits down.

The newscast is coming from inside HATCH'S house.

ZOOM INTO THE TV.

POV of a hand cam with a NEWSCAST OVERLAY:

Showing HATCH being beaten by the BUG POLICE.

INGA and STEVE are restrained.

LOOK over to the broken glass window, many FAKES are looking inside concerned.

The shot moves over to show JIMMY MAC sitting watching the broadcast.

It catches up he is centered looking at himself.

The camera moves over to show the POLICE guiding thew MAYOR up from the basement. He's unconscious with a bleeding head.

The shot moves over to HATCH laying on the ground, crying as police restrain him to the floor.

ZOOM OUT OF A TV SET IN ANOTHER HOUSE.

Two fakes sit on the couch.

A man on the right and a lady on the left.

Through the windows 2.3 kids are playing catch.

Two kids stand visible in the sliding glass door.

To the right of the TV, there is a window where only the waist up of another kid stands.

They all have the same hair color.

DAD

I sure am glad they stopped him
before he did too much.

The MOM nods.

ZOOM into the TV.

Stay there for a moment.

ZOOM OUT INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM FROM HATCH'S DREAMS.

The BIG BUG is standing there looking at the TV.

Some BUG POLICE are next to him.

THE BIG BUG

Buzzing TV static with reverse
laughter.

(Subtitles: I sure am glad
they stopped him before he did
too much.)

ZOOM into the TV.

Play "Jimmy Mac" by Animal Collective.

HATCH looks over to the right then back to the camera.

HATCH

JIMMY MAC! PLEASE--If--If you are
in there somehow--Just
please--JIMMY, you are--you're my
friend--

(Tears are coming down his

eyes as he kicked in the
face.)

BUG POLICE
Shut up!

CUT TO:

INT.HATCH'S HOUSE - SAME

JIMMY MAC standing up.

He shambles quickly over to the TV.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP profile of JIMMY MAC with his face super close to
the TV.

JIMMY MAC
(He looks around for a second,
tears stream from his face as
he makes a disgusted look)
Friend?

JIMMY MAC'S eyes shoot open wide.

JIMMY MAC stands up fast.

CUT TO:

The POV of the news cam.

HATCH is laying on the ground as POLICE kick him.

O.S JIMMY MAC
(Yelling)
I'M HIS FRIEND!

The camera PANS up to see JIMMY MAC coming towards the cops.

He grabs the BUG POLICE restraining INGA and rips his arms
off and uses them to beat the other one that was restraining
STEVE.

He then beats two BUG POLICE with the ripped off ARM that
are holding HATCH down.

The camera turns to the left and sees another POLICE BUG
frozen in the broken doorway.

The POLICE BUG pushes through some FAKES to run away.

JIMMY MAC helps HATCH up and looks at him.

JIMMY MAC
Friend...

HATCH nods with his eyes still closed.

JIMMY MAC limps with HATCH towards the camera POV and throws it down.

The CAMERAMAN runs out of the door.

CUT TO:

Medium shot of the Kitchen counter. A black bag sits on the counter to the right. Some MOLOTOVS stick out of it.

JIMMY MAC holding up HATCH waddle into the shot from the left.

HATCH points towards the bag.

JIMMY MAC looks at HATCH.

CUT TO:

EXT.HATCH'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Play "I Shall Be Released" by Nina Simone.

SLOW-MOTION of BUG POLICE as they stand in front of their car with guns pointed out of the shot, lights flashing against them.

CUT TO:

HATCH limping, with JIMMY MAC, STEVE, and INGA walking out the door in slow motion.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of HATCH lighting a lighter and touching it to the cloth of the MOLOTOV.

The FLAME crawls up the cloth slowly.

ZOOM OUT to an AMERICAN SHOT of HATCH.

He leans back to throw the MOLOTOV.

CUT TO:

The BUG POLICE standing in front of cars.

They look up and start to run.

The MOLOTOV comes down in a fiery explosion.

The SIILLOUHUTES of their burning bodies are dark black against the flames. An area of their heads melt away and antennas spring from their head and their flailing arms and hands turn to insectoid shapes.

CUT TO:

A PROFILE of HATCH, INGA, STEVE, and JIMMY MAC in a row, HATCH furthest to the right with the black bag around his back.

The MAYOR walks into the middle of the shot from behind the camera. He whispers in HATCH'S ear.

CUT TO BLACK.

NOISE. Glass breaking.

CUT TO:

EXT.TOWN HALL - LATER

A long shot of a big white brick building that says "TOWN HALL".

The "FOUR", MAYOR, CAT, NEWSPAPER BOY, and all the FAKE'S are in front of the TOWN HALL standing, looking on to it.

CUT TO BLACK.

NOISE. Group of footsteps.

CUT TO:

INT.CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

PROFILE LONGSHOT of the WHOLE GROUP in the conference room from HATCH'S DREAMS.

PAN LEFT to see THE BIG BUG TURN AROUND.

CUT TO:

BIG BUG in center of the shot, encompassing a portrait.

CUT TO:

HATCH and group behind him, encompassing the door frame.

CUT TO:

PROFILE LONGSHOT of the table and the BIG BUG on the left and the GROUP on the right.

HATCH lights a MOLOTOV.

HATCH throws it.

In SLOW-MOTION FOLLOW the MOLOTOV through the air, arching down to the BIG BUG.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP of the BIG BUG in the center of the shot.

NOISE. TV STATIC with REVERSE screaming and clicking.

CUT TO BLACK:

SHOW THE TITLE: THE BIG BUG.

NOISE. FIREY EXPLOSION and GLASS BREAKING.

The TITLE catching on fire and burns into a silhouette.

CREDITS ROLL.

Behind credits:

EXT.SUBURBAN ROAD - UNKNOWN

HATCH, INGA, STEVE, JIMMY MAC, The FAKES all walk down the street smiling, in the center of the shot.

OUTSIDE of a house peering into the window.

The TV has the MAYOR speaking.

CUT TO:

FAKES walking outside of their houses.

CUT TO:

HATCH and JIMMY MAC looking over to them.

They both smile at the same time.

CUT TO BLACK.

Play "Birdland" by Weather Report.