

BLACKNESS

The soft strains of classical music

LEGEND

Ten years from now...

EXT. THE HENRY MEADOW'S ESTATE -- NIGHT

Expensive home somewhere exclusive-- dripping money.

Normal, actually, except that EVERY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE IS ON.

GLEASON stands at the end of the drive way.

A world weary man, has seen more than he cares to admit.

Dressed in dark suit and tie, tailored but now rumpled.

A car approaches behind him.

Black Dodge Challenger, low profile, stops.

Driver door opens-- the younger man gets out.

Professional, proficient, skilled-- his name is CARNEY.

The young man stalks up behind him.

CARNEY

Gleason?

Gleason glances back with disdain.

GLEASON

You're late.

CARNEY

I'm your liaison, the name's  
Carney.

Gleason ignores the outstretched hand.

Instead, he pulls his heavy .44 magnum automatic.

GLEASON

You been briefed?

CARNEY

Yes, sir.

Carney pulls a Sig Sauer 9mm.

GLEASON

So you know what we're doing  
here?

Suddenly-- from the house--

AN INHUMAN SCREAM-- A SHRILL SHRIEKING SOUND!

Gleason has heard this before.

He watches Carney's startled reaction.

He watches Carney recover and shake off the fear.

GLEASON

This ain't like the video's  
kid.

CARNEY

I suppose it isn't.

Carney catches Gleason staring at him.

GLEASON

They showed you the videos,  
right? You know what we're  
dealing with here?

CARNEY

The Governor told me to follow  
your lead.

GLEASON

See that you do.

Gleason starts up the drive to the house.

Carney follows.

CARNEY

We are now moving up the drive  
to the house.

Gleason gives him a look as they head for the front door.

Gleason opens his cell phone-- pops a single number.

GLEASON

Marvel. You ready? It's  
started. Henry Meadow's place.  
(and)  
You heard me right. Just get  
here.

Gleason pockets his phone, toes the door open.

CARNEY

Marvel and his fire team have  
been summoned.

Gleason turns to Carney.

GLEASON

Who are you talking to?

Before Carney can answer, Gleason eyeballs his collar.

A curly of white plastic runs from an ear into his collar.

CARNEY

I'm in direct contact with the  
Governor.

GLEASON

You are, huh?

Gleason jerks the plastic wire--

Pulls the small communicator from the collar--

Speaks into it--

GLEASON

Your guy's a real pip, there,  
peg-leg. But we have to remain  
quiet--

(for Carney)

-- and keep our fucking mouths  
shut. So if it's okay with  
you, your Honor, we're gonna  
leave you outside.

Gleason pitches it into the grass.

He racks back his weapon and turns for the door.

Carney-- pissed-- follows.

INT. MEADOW'S FRONT ROOM -- NIGHT

Glass and tile, all white and pristine.

A beautiful house-- except for the blood.

Spattered and spewed everywhere.

Gleason clocks the room, moves in further.

Carney follows, all pro-- gun out, looking for targets.

On the wall-- a large photo of the family.

Henry Meadows with wife, two daughters, one son.  
Below the picture on the floor, soaked in blood--  
A BUTLER-- slaughtered-- sprawled on the floor.  
And right then-- on cue-- FROM UPSTAIRS--  
The hissing shrill shriek of a scream.  
Definitely NOT HUMAN-- freezes them both.  
Gleason starts up, listens, hesitates-- hears it again.  
*Feeding sounds.*

INT. MEADOW'S UPSTAIRS -- NIGHT

Gleason and Carney move up the stairs.  
At the top landing, the music is louder.  
Blood on the carpet-- careful not to step in it.  
Two doors off this upper landing.  
SUDDENLY-- from a side room-- A YOUNG BOY!  
15-- 16-- half naked-- TOTALLY FERAL!  
His face contorted with rage-- twisted OUT OF HUMAN!  
Gleason doesn't need a good look to know.  
Without hesitation, one shot-- Gleason caps him.  
Carney stands with weapon out-- trembles in terror.  
The kid drops and shrieks, kicks, dies.

CARNEY

Oh, Jesus--

Gleason scowls, both men stand over the dead boy.  
Carney takes a hard look--  
The boys bulging eyes are like oversize BLACK MARBLES.  
The half human "alien face" stares up at Carney.  
As if under the skin and bone, trying to press out.

GLEASON  
It ain't like the videos, is  
it?

CARNEY  
Oh, Jesus--

Gleason moves on to the bedroom-- following the *sounds*.

INT. MEADOW'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gleason eases in-- gun out-- cautious and wary.  
The *sounds*-- feeding in progress-- noisy-- wicked-- *juicy!*  
HENRY MEADOWS, corporate exec, past 50--  
Naked on the bed, feeding off the body of his daughter.  
He has ripped out her throat and she is long gone.  
Carney steps in and sides Gleason, horror on his face.

CARNEY  
Oh My God!

Henry hears-- whips his head around-- glares!  
Mouth smeared with blood-- eyes black and glistening!  
A slithery "alien" tongue snakes out-- licks blood.  
Past needle like fangs in a bulging mouth.  
An "alien face" pushed further out than the boys.  
Meadows, feral, turns to leap at Gleason.  
This time, both Gleason and Carney fire.  
Four heavy bullets rip big holes--  
Toss Meadows back against the far wall with a crash.  
Carney rushes forward, in case more lead is needed.  
Gleason knows better-- he turns-- looks around.

CARNEY  
Henry Meadows-- oh my God--

GLEASON  
Now all we have to do is find  
his wife and other daughter.

Gleason heads out of the bedroom.

Carney follows.

EXT. MEADOW'S BACK YARD -- NIGHT

With a snappy sound, fifteen sprinklers come on.

Water sprays the luxuriant grass.

The ground floor patio doors open.

Gleason steps out-- Carney behind him.

They both turn and face the brightly lit open garage.

They slowly head in that direction.

EXT. MEADOW'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Four cars parked here, all new, all expensive.

And from the open back doors of the Hummer--

Female legs hang dead.

CARNEY

That the daughter?

Gleason senses it-- turns and looks past Carney.

FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE WET SPRAY OF SPRINKLERS--

A WOMAN LEAPS FORWARD-- 50-- OLDER--

WHEN SHE WAS HUMAN!

Now her bulging eyes are black as marbles--

Her shrill, shrieking mouth swollen with fangs!

No time-- Carney has no chance--

Gleason raises his weapon and POW-POW-POW!

The woman twists like a broken kite in a tornado.

Drops to the wet ground and thrashes.

Carney leaps back, into the side of the Hummer.

Gleason walks closer-- ONE SHOT-- and the woman dies.

Carney steps forward--

CARNEY

You-- saved--

He steps on something that crunches.

He steps back-- looks down-- a syringe.

Gleason steps closer-- toes the syringe with his boot.

Looks into the back of the Hummer.

Sprawled in the seat, the younger daughter, face down.

Her lower back is exposed-- shows a nasty, purple bruise.

A single drop of blood has oozed from the needle hole.

GLEASON

He's got more.

CARNEY

More?

(gets it)

The videos-- she's a donor,  
right?

Gleason stares at Carney, holsters his weapon.

GLEASON

Yeah, she's a donor.

He walks off down the drive.

Carney stares at the young girl, then her mother on the ground.

Holsters his weapon and follows.

EXT. THE HENRY MEADOW'S ESTATE -- NIGHT

Gleason and Carney wait by the black Dodge Challenger.

An oversize black van wheels up the street and stops.

Three men get out-- the Fire Team-- lead by MARVEL.

His two helpers have backpack flame throwers.

MARVEL

Man, this is cold.

GLEASON

Kind'a makes you wonder if we're  
gonna have jobs come Monday,  
now the boss is dead.

MARVEL

Locor's a big company, they  
always have jobs for guys like  
us.

(to Carney)

Who's this?

GLEASON

Marvel-- this is Carney, the  
Governor's man.

MARVEL

My tax dollars at work.

Marvel uncorks the hand held video camera from his backpack.

GLEASON

One downstairs, three up, two  
in the garage.

MARVEL

The whole family?

GLEASON

And the butler.

MARVEL

Jeez--

(to his crew)

Come on, let's get this done.

CARNEY

Wait a minute-- you're-- you're  
gonna burn them?

Marvel and his team head for the house.

MARVEL

Seems to be the plan.

The two FireMen uncork their flame throwers--

Light up the nozzles-- hissing blue flame.

The Fire Team moves up the drive for the house.

CARNEY

There was never any mention of  
burning them.

GLEASON

You'd be surprised what they  
don't tell you, Carney.

He moves around the passenger side.

CARNEY  
Where's your car?

GLEASON  
Took a cab.

Gleason gets in. Carney-- *wtf?* He gets behind the wheel.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

Gleason and Carney speed away.

INT. GLEASON AND CARNEY IN CAR -- NIGHT

Carney drives.

GLEASON  
Should have seen it coming.  
Old man Meadows was trying to  
shut down funding. He turns up  
as the first victim.

Lights in the road ahead.

CARNEY  
I'm going to have to stop.

They both look-- roadblock.

GLEASON  
Of course you are.

EXT. ROADBLOCK -- NIGHT

Three official black Suburbans block the road.

Half a dozen well heeled suits stand close by.

One man, surrounded by others, is balanced on a crutch.

Carney stops, gets out fast.

Gleason in no hurry to meet the one legged man-- The GOVERNOR:

GOVERNOR  
The Meadows family?

CARNEY  
Wife, two daughters, one son.

GLEASON  
Don't forget the butler.

GOVERNOR

Jesus!

The glow of fire over the trees.

GOVERNOR

"And seeing the corruption he had become, he surrendered to the fires of Gabriel."

Sanctimony turns Gleason's guts--

GLEASON

Morning news will say a freak electrical fire swept through the million dollar home--

INT. MEADOW'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dead daughter, dead father, dead son--

The fire teams "lights them up"-- as Marvel records video.

GLEASON (V.O.)

-- of Locor Industries president and CEO Henry Meadows last night, killing him and his family.

EXT. ROADBLOCK -- NIGHT

GLEASON

And the butler.

GOVERNOR

Yes, Mr. Gleason. Yes, it will. To protect him. Even though he's responsible for all of this.

GLEASON

All your talk ain't helping me find Redmond Gates.

GOVERNOR

If he stays in Los Angeles.

GLEASON

He will.

GOVERNOR

How can you be so sure?

(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)  
(before he can answer)  
Oh, I forgot, you worked for  
him, you know the man. You  
know how he thinks. You even  
know what he's doing.

GLEASON  
Yeah. I do. And I'll tell you  
something, peg-leg. He reminds  
me of you. A Bible quoting son  
of a bitch.

Neither man moves-- Carney caught in the middle.

GLEASON  
(doubles down)  
There's fourteen million souls  
to be saved in L.A. and he ain't  
gonna pass that up. He's been  
feeding this Eight Ball myth  
into the drug scene for three  
months. Dealers and addicts  
are primed for the next new  
high.

GOVERNOR  
If this goes bad--

GLEASON  
Too late.

The Governor makes a move.

A man in a suit hands a replacement communicator to Carney.

GOVERNOR  
(to Carney)  
I want you to remain in contact.

Gleason snatches it and tosses it back to the man in the suit.

GLEASON  
I ain't got time for play by  
play. You wanna know what's  
going on, get in the car with  
us.

The Governor-- if looks could kill--

His cell phone rings suddenly--

GOVERNOR  
(to Gleason)  
We only have two days.  
(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Go--  
(listens-- then to  
Gleason)  
Found him.

Pulse pounding music FADES UP-- SMASH INTO:

INT. SUICIDE CLUB -- NIGHT

Hard music-- naked people-- a combo dance and sex club.  
Drug use and substance abuse, free flowing fluids.

EXT. SUICIDE CLUB -- NIGHT

Carney's black Challenger across the street.  
Gleason and Carney sit inside, watching the club.

CARNEY  
We're too late, aren't we?

GLEASON  
What he does takes less than  
twenty minutes. Yeah, we're  
too late.

Gleason gets out. Carney follows.

CARNEY  
Leaving us to clean up his mess.

They cross the street.

GLEASON  
Damn inconsiderate of him.

EXT. SUICIDE CLUB; ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Gleason and Carney elbow through the crowds.  
Right up to the door where the Bouncer stops them.

BOUNCER  
And where the hell you goin',  
white bread?

Gleason slams a taser into him.

The Bouncer recoils ten feet and crashes to the sidewalk.

The crowd cheers as Gleason and Carney enter the club.

INT. SUICIDE CLUB -- NIGHT

Gleason and Carney clock the inside, eyes adjusting.

Behind them, the unfettered crowd rushes in.

GLEASON

Over there--

He targets a door in the back-- Carney sees it.

Fights break out as the crowds get rowdy.

Gleason and Carney head for the door.

Two massive bulldog guards block the door.

Gleason pulls a picture, shows it to them.

Industrial B&W of a mousy little man-- REDMOND GATES.

GLEASON

I'm looking for this guy.

The bigger SHITBIRD grins and pushes him back.

SHITBIRD

Beat it, asshole.

Suddenly: the door behind them flies open!

A WOMAN LEAPS OUT-- lands on the back of Shitbird!

HER EYES ARE BLACK MARBLES!

HER NEEDLE LIKE FANGS RIP OUT THE SIDE OF HIS NECK!

Gleason caps her in the head.

GLEASON

Sorry pal--

Gleason shoots Shitbird-- moves past him fast.

CARNEY

(to the other guard)

GET OUTTA HERE AS FAST AS YOU  
CAN!

The second Shitbird scrams into the screaming crowd.

Gleason and Carney move through the door to the back room.

CARNEY  
Once they're bit--

INT. SUICIDE CLUB; BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

They're in-- Gleason kicks the door closed behind them.  
This party has gone to hell and back.

GLEASON  
-- they're infected.

Frenzied sex / blood lust in full throe!  
A man, hunkered down, looks up from feeding.  
HIS EYES ARE GLISTENING SOLID BLACK!  
He screams, an inhuman snarl-- Gleason shoots him.  
Victims crawl across the floor, streaming blood.  
Gleason and Carney wade into the throes.  
Skanks and Scum bail for the doors-- Eight Ball eyes!  
Gleason and Carney burn them down-- none can escape!  
Three more men, caught in the frenzy.  
Half human, half *something else*.  
Mouths and hands smeared with blood.  
Needle like fangs distended from tight, bulging mouths.

**Bang bang bang bang bang!**

They thrash and writhe on the floor, spitting blood.  
Carney finds a man on the floor, holding his throat.  
Blood pours from him-- he can't stem the flow.  
Carney stares, grief and horror in his eyes.  
Suddenly, Gleason is there-- whips out the picture:

GLEASON  
Redmond Gates! Where is he?

DYING MAN  
Son bitch--

Gleason gets in close, targets his glazed eyes.

GLEASON  
Tell me where he is and I'll  
kill him for you.

The dying man coughs blood.

DYING MAN  
Bastard lied to me...

He goes still and dies.

For a moment, Gleason stares at him, the world pressing down.

GLEASON  
Yeah...

Sirens outside.

Seven victims lay dead, half human-- half alien--

The room pales in gun smoke.

Gleason scans the floors, looking for something.

Carney moves across the way, toward a bed against the wall.

With a dead black woman on it-- EIGHT BALL EYES.

CARNEY  
Donor.

Carney rolls her onto her side.

A heavy syringe sticks from the base of her spine.

Filled with blood.

GLEASON  
Good to the last drop.

Carney walks off, his back to Gleason.

Gleason turns back, feels through the blankets-- finds it.

A tiny glass ampule, a virulent black grease coats the bottom.

Gleason turns, *is Carney watching him?*

CARNEY  
How could-- someone-- knowingly  
create-- something like this?

Gleason palms and pockets the ampule.