4TH KIND

Autobiography of Dr. Abigail Tyler

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Dead Crow Pictures LLC
Revision: 9.12.07
NOTE TO READER:

All ARCHIVED AUDIO material provided by Dr. Tyler is underlined.

All ARCHIVED VIDEO material provided by Dr. Tyler is bolded.

The interview with Dr. Tyler was done by this writer/director in one continuous session on February 18th, 2006.
All interview material is ITALICIZED.

The ARCHIVED AUDIO, VIDEO and INTERVIEW materials, have all been described in this text as accurately as possible, and to the best ability of this writer/director.

Any discrepancies between the text and the actual material is purely accidental and unintentional.
FADE FROM WHITE:

ON A WINDING ROAD

lined with a wooden guide rail, FOG rolls by as a FIGURE approaches, obscuring who or what IT is.

As IT gets closer, its gait can be discerned --

HUMANOID.

ITS build is oversized yet solid -- and ITS face has two LARGE BLACK EYES, that cut clearly through the white snow and fog like miniature black holes.

IT continues to walk closer, and a hand reaches up and PULLS OFF THE EYES -- which are actually GOGGLES -- revealing ITS identity:

FIGURE
My name is Olatunde Osunsanmi, the director of 4TH KIND.

Olatunde continues walking towards us, his heavy winter clothing bulking up his frame.

OLATUNDE
This film will be a dramatization of events that occurred October 1st through the 9th of 2000 in the northern Alaskan town of Nome. To better explain the events of this story, I have included actual archived footage throughout the film. This footage was obtained from Nome psychiatrist Dr. Abbey Tyler, who has personally documented over 65 hours of video and audio materials during the time of the incidents. In an effort to protect their privacy, we have altered the names and professions of many of the people involved.

(pause)
Every dramatized scene in this film, will be supported by either archived audio, video, or as it was related to me by Dr. Tyler herself during extensive interview sessions. In the end what you believe, will be yours to decide.

Olatunde comes to a stop as breath rises from his mouth.
OLATUNDE
Please be advised that some of what
you are about to see is extremely
disturbing.

CUT TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

IN AN INTERVIEW ROOM.

Several 50 inch WIDESCREEN MONITORS are mounted on the walls,
creating a collage of ABSTRACT MOTION on their screens.

THE REAL ABBEY TYLER sits in a chair, the camera frames her
from the waist up.

She is a thirty-eight year old female with a good deal of
pain evident in her eyes. She's rail thin, edges of bones
pushing out her skin like needles under tissue paper.

The left corner of her mouth twitches occasionally as she
looks to the right of camera, where the interviewer sits.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Please state your name for the camera.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Doctor Abigail Elizabeth Tyler.

OLATUNDE
Have you provided us with the master
tapes from your archive?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Yes I have.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Is everything you are about to tell
me as close to factual as possible?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(nods)
Yes, yes it is.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Are you willing to submit to a lie
detector test to confirm these
answers?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Yes I am.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Thank you...So, where would you like
to begin?
Dr. Tyler frowns.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I guess uh...after what happened
with Will--my husband. I uh...went
to my friend...who's also a
psychiatrist--Dr. [NAME WITHHELD,
ALIAS--ABEL CAMPOS] because I was
having trouble dealing with how he...
(starts to get
emotional)
How it happened...and who did it...

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-1-00
LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE

Over black, a poor AUDIO RECORDING is heard, as SUBTITLES follow the dialogue.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
It might be a little too soon.

ABBEEY (O.S.)
I'll be fine.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
The pain's still fresh. You don't think you might need more time--

ABBEEY (O.S.)
--No, this is something--No, I have to do this. I--I have to remember his face.

FADE IN:

IN DR. ABEL CAMPOS' OFFICE.

Daylight floods the room, warming dark wooden furniture.
Seated to the left is ABBEEY TYLER, 36, a widow whose suffering has permeated her every being.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as ABBEEY TYLER

Across from her is DR. ABEL CAMPOS, 50, a psychiatrist whose disposition is relaxed, composed, and comforting.

On a table between them a portable TAPE RECORDER records.

[THEIR DIALOGUE IS REPLACED BY ARCHIVED AUDIO IN AREAS]
ABBEY
It's what I need to heal. I have to try. And-and I have to know--for the children.

(sniffles)
--that I've done everything I can to remember. You know since that night Ashley still can't see? I don't think she'll get her sight back until she accepts what happened--

CAMPOS
--I think you both have the same problem, different symptoms--

ABBEY
--and it would help if I could... just remember the face of that guy... so we could have some chance of tracking him down--set the record straight, and have closure.

CAMPOS
(sighs)
Alright, alright...

ABBEY
Thank you.

CAMPOS
Do you want it on video?

ABBEY
(softly)
Yeah.

Campos gets up, aims a VHS CAMERA at Abbey, and hits RECORD.

TITLE -- ARCHIVAL VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-1-00 9:36am
LOCATION: CAMPOS CARE
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:00:04

CAMERA ANGLE: FROM THE WAIST UP OF ABBEY

SPLIT SCREENS BETWEEN ARCHIVED/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

DR. CAMPOS' FACE IS BLURRED OUT IN ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

CAMPOS
(light hearted)
Counseling another psychiatrist is like talking to myself.

The REAL DR. TYLER lies further back in her chair and takes a calming breath.
TITLE: Dr. Abbey Tyler

Campos stands over her and extends a finger.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
Watch my finger as I count back...20, 19, 18, 17...

Abbey's eyes roll up as she follows his finger over her head. Then slowly, her eyes close.

Campos sits down out of frame.

CAMPOS (gently)
Abbey, lets go back to the night of September 9th of this year.

ABBEEY
Mm-hmm.

CAMPOS
What was the weather like?

ABBEEY
Warm...warmer than normal...even though it was snowing outside.

CAMPOS
Now...let's go to when you were with Will -- just before the intruder entered your room.

ABBEEY
OK.

CAMPOS
Describe what you see.

Abbey's eyes are working hard beneath her eye lids, flickering back and forth. Then her face relaxes and a smile parts her lips.

ABBEEY
We're making love...it was wonderful kind, gentle...

FADE IN LEFT FRAME OF SPLIT/SCREEN:

ABBEY'S P.O.V. as she leans down and kisses WILL, 35, a man in love with the woman above him. He gently caresses her cheek as they make love.

ABBEEY (C.S.)
...then we fell asleep....
IN RIGHT FRAME: ABBEY'S NECK goes limp, and her head falls to the side.

TIMECODE: 00:01:45

She's quiet a moment.

CAMPOS
What do you remember next?

ABBEY
We're awake...both of us...wide awake.
...And we're...lying here...

CAMPOS
What woke you up?

ABBEY
I don't...Nothing...we were just...lying here...

TIMECODE: 00:02:02

IN LEFT FRAME: ABBEY IS LYING
	next to Will. His eyes are open, darting back and forth as they study her...

A shadow falls over Will's face, and then

METAL SLAMS DOWN
into his
CHEST,
BLASTING into his SKIN as

BLOOD EXPLODES UPWARDS.

Abbey breaths in sharply and pulls back in SHOCK. She looks up at the INTRUDER -- and FLINCHES back and

SCREAMS --

-- FADE OUT LEFT FRAME --

RIGHT FRAME NOW FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN

Abbey SHRIEKS

at the top of her lungs and covers her face with her arms.

TIMECODE: 00:02:43
ABBYE
Oh my God! Someone stabbed him! In
the chest! Oh my G---!

CAMPOS
Abby! Stay with me! Stay with me!
What do you see?

ABBYE
I don't know! It--it's too much!
It's moving so fast, but it feels
like we're frozen-- I can't see it!

CAMPOS
Shhhh. Abby relax! Calm down, Try
and see the face!

ABBYE
Oh my God not again. I can't--I
can't see it! PLEASE STOP! PLEASE
STOP! OH MY GOD! STOP-STOP-STOP-SIOP-
STOP-!! IT'S TOO MUCH! IT'S TOO
MUCH!

Dr. Campos tries to regain control, counts her back out of
hypnosis as she wails uncontrollably.

CAMPOS
--Focus on my voice--

ABBYE
-HE'S BLEEDING EVERYWHERE! THERE'S
BLOOD ALL OVER ME-

CAMPOS
- Focus on my voice, you will be fully
awakened and conscious in 5,4,3,2,1...

Abbey breaks hypnosis, sits up, doesn't remember crying,
wipes tears, sits a moment silently, awkwardly, before burying
her face in her hands and crying.

Campos puts an arm around her shoulders.

CAMPOS
Abbey...

She cries for a little bit longer and then wipes her eyes.

ABBYE
If I could just see his face we
could...I--feel so...He was killed
and I was right there--and I--I--
can't described who did it...!
CAMPOS
It's natural to feel guilt...it's just as unnatural to feel it was your fault.

She wipes her face again.

ABBNEY
(whispers)
I can't help it.

CAMPOS
You said something there...you said 'It's too much.' What did you mean by that?

Abbey thinks a moment...and then slowly shakes her head.

ABBNEY
...I don't know....

CAMPOS
It feels like maybe it's...something we should keep an eye on.

Campos holds her hands in a very paternal way, trying to comfort her.

TIMECODE: 00:04:57

CAMPOS
You should consider taking some time off -- real time. That two weeks didn't count. It may help you find clarity with what happened--

ABBNEY
I want to finish the study.

CAMPOS
Which is exactly what I knew you'd say. Which is what you always say when confronted with the notion of spending time away from work. Uncle Sam isn't exactly beating down your door for a return on his investment.

Abbey shakes her head.

ABBNEY
It meant a lot to Will. He would of wanted me to finish it as soon as I could.

Off Campos' look --
ABBYEY
I'll be OK.

She stands up abruptly lifting her face out of frame, wiping stray tears, attempting to pull it together

ABBYEY
I know you wouldn't, but please don't tell anyone about our sessions.
(small smile)
Wouldn't be good for my practice.

CAMPOS
Of course.

TIMECODE: 00:05:29

He reaches towards the camera, pulls the tape out and hands it to her.

ABBYEY
Thanks.

CUT TO:

A RED CESNA

SOARS HIGH above the SNOW COVERED world of Alaska, cutting hard to the left as it ROARS across the afternoon sky.

IN THE COCKPIT

Abbey flies the plane, her face is a little more composed. Flying is the best therapy of all.

A family picture of Will and her two children Ronnie and Ashley decorates the dashboard.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
When I flew, I felt at peace. It was just me, the wind and the clouds.

THE CESNA

straightens out and FLIES over

SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS -- their rolling hills of white are blindingly beautiful.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
I think Alaskans are lucky in that way--that flying is one of the only ways to get around the state.
The plane SOARS UP and over another MOUNTAIN RANGE, revealing a town nestled next to the sparkling waters of the ARCTIC, and the MONSTROUS blue-white ice of a GLACIER behind it.

This is a town on the edge of the wild.

TITLE: Nome, Alaska

IN THE COCKPIT.

Abbey is smiling.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)
Welcome Ten-twenty-three, you've got some clear air turbulence ahead, some cross winds, descend to one-fifty, hold at altitude.

ABBEY
(to mic)
Thanks--descending to one-fifty and holding, ten-twenty-three.

Abbey throttles down and the plane begins its descent.

ABOVE Nome

the AIRPORT RUNWAY comes into view as 1023 glides towards it, passing over the warehouse style buildings and two lane roadways of Nome.

IN THE COCKPIT.

CONTROL TOWER (radio)
Ten-twenty-three you're clear to land.

ABBEY
Ten-twenty-three's landing -- have a good day Ori.

ORI (radio)
You too Abbey, thank you.

She pulls hard to the left,

BANKING THE PLANE

almost sideways in a fighter jet like maneuver. The wing flaps straighten out, straightening out the plane as

IN THE COCKPIT

the RUNWAY lines up directly with the front of the windshield. Abbey throttles down further and tilts the nose up as the

GROUND RUSHES
up to meet her.

MATCH CUT TO:

ABBEY'S VOLVO ROARS
down Ahkovak Street. Snow covered barrack type buildings
dominate both sides of the road. She turns left
ONTO APAYAUK STREET,
heading south as snow falls.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE,

Abby's car pulls into the driveway of a Victorian styled
building, passing a SIGN: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE.

IN THE LOBBY

Abby strides in fully composed and collected. She passes
by her secretary's desk, where THERESA[ALIAS], 50's, a dark
haired woman with beauty rarely seen at her age, types on a
computer.

     ABBEY
     Any messages?

     THERESA
     No, but Scott's waiting in your
office, and you have a four and a
five o'clock.

     ABBEY
     (nods)
     Thanks.

     THERESA
     How was it coming in?

     ABBEY
     Bumpy. You'd think as beautiful as
that sky was, the air could never be
that rough.

     THERESA
     The stuff that really shakes us, we
seldom ever see coming.

Abby kind of smiles at that, what it means, how matter-of-
factly it was uttered. She walks down a hallway and into

HER OFFICE
to find SCOTT STRACINSKY [ALIAS], 41 -- Troubled. Tense. Sleepless circles are carved beneath his eyes.

TITLE: (CAST MEMBER) as SCOTT STRACINSKY

Abby beams, greets him warmly.

ABBEY
How you doing Scott?

SCOTT
Alright.

She closes the door and sets her stuff down on her desk. Wooden panelled bookshelves line three of the walls, and the fourth a wall of windows featuring a vast snowscape outside.

A deep leather couch flanked by two plush chairs are at the center of the room, her desk is off to the side. This is an office of comfort, of trust. One feels at ease within these walls.

ABBEY
Make yourself comfortable.

They sit on the chairs directly across from each other. On the coffee table she pushes eject on her tape recorder and inserts a tape labeled: SCOTT STRACINSKY

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-1-00
LOCATION: TYLER'S HEALTH & CARE

ABBEY
(gently)
How've you been sleeping?

He shakes his head.

SCOTT
It's worse. I wake up in the middle of the night, almost every night, now...and just lie there.

ABBEY
What time does this usually occur?

SCOTT
Around two-thirty, three in the morning.

ABBEY
And nothing's waking you up?

SCOTT
 Nope, nothin'.
ABBEY
(writing, nodding)
Mm-hmm.

SCOTT
Just... there's one thing, there's--

Abbey looks up from her notepad.

SCOTT
... I do remember somethin'... I...

Scott's eyes dart back and forth, searching for something in his subconscious.

SCOTT
... It's an owl. At my window.

ABBEE

An owl?

JESSICA POEMAN [ALIAS],

36, an eskimo like beauty now sits where Scott was.

JESSICA
A white owl. It was just looking at me.

ABBEE
How long was it there?

TOMMY FISHER,

36, white, tall, and has the bearing of solid rock, now sits where Jessica was sitting.

-- WE JUMP BETWEEN SESSIONS --

TOMMY
Hours. No matter what I did it wouldn't fly away. It wasn't scared of me.

ABBEE
What was it doing?

SCOTT
It was just staring at me.

FLASH TO:
A SNOW OWL

fixes its eyes onto us -- into us, regarding us curiously, knowingly...

CUT TO:

ABBEY CONTINUES.

ABBEY
Have you seen it before?

JESSICA
Yeah I think so. Once... when I was a kid.

ABBEY
Before then?

TOMMY
Uh-huh... I guess I've seen it a lot. You think that's what's keeping me up?

ABBEY
How much is a lot?

SCOTT
Every night this week.

ABBEY
Every night? You mean, every time you go to bed?

Tommy nods, rubs his face.

TOMMY
...I think it came inside.

ABBEY
Was the window open?

SCOTT
No.

ABBEY
Then how did it come inside?

JESSICA
I don't know. I remember it looking down at me.

ABBEY
Over your bed?
TOMMY
I think so... it's really hard to remember. It's almost like it didn't-- didn't happen. You know, like a dream. Like I just dreamt it.

Abbey sits back and regards Tommy carefully.

ABBREY
Would you mind coming in tomorrow?

TOMMY
Sure. I mean, if you want me to, or think it's important.

ABBREY
I do and it's... nothing to be alarmed about at all. It's just... there's some interesting coincidences here and I want to try something different.

TOMMY
What do you mean?

ABBREY
You're not the first patient I've had who has experienced something like this.

TOMMY
Whatever you wanna do Doc, you know I've always really trusted you and Will.

He bites his tongue.

TOMMY
I'm sorry... I-- wasn't... thinking.

ABBREY
I'm fine, it's OK.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

is almost below the snowed horizon as Abbey's VOLVO pulls up in front of a series of COZY BUNGALOWS known as

NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CHILDREN meander about, walking home or waiting for their rides.

IN NOME ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- LOBBY.
ASHLEY TYLER, 6, the cutest, saddest, little girl you've ever seen, sits on a bench looking straight ahead, not seeing the children as they pass by her.

Next to her rests a long white walking stick. This child is blind.

RALPH[ALIAS](6) runs up to Ashley and makes all kinds of faces at her. She whips up her stick and just misses his face.

RALPH
Hey!

ASHLEY
Knock it off.

He sticks out his tongue one more time and runs off.

FADE IN TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
I felt so sorry for my baby...and I feel...responsible...it's not a phenomenon that a lot of people understand and we've had to make quite an adjustment.

FADE OUT TEXT -- THE REAL DR. TYLER

Abbey enters the LOBBY and walks over to her. She looks at her daughter with sad eyes, but she keeps it from her voice.

ABBEEY
Hi sweetheart.

ASHLEY
Hi mommy.

ABBEEY
What's wrong?

ASHLEY
Nothing.

Abbey takes her hand and she stands up. They walk out ONTO THE STREET

and towards her car, Abbey leading the way.

ABBEEY
How was school?

ASHLEY
OK.
ABBIEY
Yeah? OK? Did something happen?

A beat.

ASHLEY
Ralph called me a 'faker'.

ABBIEY
A what? A "faker?"

ASHLEY
He said I could see before and now I was just pretending. He said I just wanted everybody to feel sorry for me because of Daddy.

Abbey blanches, hates hearing this kind of stuff.

ABBIEY
Wasn't Ralph the kid your friends caught eating his own boogers?

This makes Ashley smile.

ASHLEY
Yeah.

ABBIEY
Then why are we worried about what Ralph's saying. Ralph's got his own problems.

ASHLEY
Yeah mommy.

ABBIEY
(bends to tickle her)
Yeah?

ASHLET
(squirming)
YEAH!

Abbey picks her tiny body up in to her arms and spins her around. The two girls laugh as they get in and Abbey starts the car up.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBIEY'S HOUSE -- EVENING

It's a two story house situated up on a hill that looks like it's right out of a storybook.

Snow falls lightly as the Volvo pulls up into the driveway, all of Nome can be seen behind it.
IN ABBEY'S KITCHEN

Ashley sits at the kitchen table listening to the Discovery Channel on TV. She passes her hand back and forth in front of her eyes, trying to see it.

Abbey cooks soup and meat loaf behind her.

ASHLEY
Mom?

ABBEEY
Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY
When's dinner gonna be ready?

ABBEEY
Soon.

ASHLEY
How soon?

ABBEEY
Real soon.

The kitchen door opens and RONNIE[ALIAS], 15, walks inside, his boots caked in snow. He's tall for his age, has an athletic build and a huge chip on his shoulder.

ABBEEY
Hi darling.

ASHLEY
Hi!

RONNIE
(mutters)
Hey.

Abbey glances over at him.

ABBEEY
Your boots.

He sighs, takes them off, throws them next to the door, and walks off into the living room. Abbey watches him go.

IN ABBEY'S DINNING ROOM

the three of them sit at the dinning room table in prayer. Abbey and Ashley's heads are bowed, Ronnie's is not, and his eyes are open.
ABBNEY
Lord, thank you for everything we
have. Please continue to bless our
family. Please help Ashley overcome
her loss of sight, help her see again
like she did. Thank you, in Jesus'
name we pray, Amen.

ASHLEY
Amen.

They begin eating in awkward silence.

ABBNEY
(to Ronnie)
How was school?

RONNIE
(shrugs)
It was alright.

ABBNEY
Learn anything new?

RONNIE
No.

The silence continues for awhile. Ashley cocks her ear back
and forth between the two of them.

ABBNEY
(to Ronnie)
What time's your game tomorrow?

RONNIE
Seven.

ABBNEY
Who you playing?

RONNIE
I told you already, Browerville.

ABBNEY
I'm sorry, I forgot.

RONNIE
Dad never forgot.

That comment stings Abbey.

ABBNEY
Well...your dad's not here.

RONNIE
No...he's not.

(MORE)
RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(looking up, glowering)  
Can you accept it yet?  

ABBEEY  
Accept what?  

RONNIE  
(like stone)  
...what happened to dad.  

Abby absently grabs a platter of food.  

ABBEEY  
Not in front of your sister.  

ASHLEY  
What do you mean?  

ABBEEY  
Nothing honey.  

RONNIE  
You're never gonna face it are you?  

ABBEEY  
Stop it.  

Face what?  

RONNIE  
How dad died.  

Ashley gasps.  

ABBEEY  
Damn it Ronnie! What's wrong with you?  

Ronnie pushes himself back from the table.  

RONNIE  
You go around helping other people  
with their problems--  

ABBEEY  
--stop it! Stop it!--  

RONNIE  
--and you can't even help yourself.  

ABBEEY  
--What the hell is that supposed to  
mean--?
Ronnie walks out.

RONNIE
--Or your kids...

Somewhere in the house, a door slams.

ASHLEY
Mommy...? What did--what does he mean...?

No answer...

ASHLEY
Mommy...?

Unable to answer Abbey looks at her angelic face...at innocence only a child can demonstrate.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

the night is complete. An OWL perched on a branch watches through the windows as lights are turned off. All is still.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
You know...he was right. Not only could I not help myself, I couldn't help him either.

IN ABBEY'S LIVING ROOM

she turns off the lights and walks down the HALLWAY to

ASHLEY'S BEDROOM DOOR.

She peeks in and sees Ashley lying in bed. The love is obvious on her face. She continues

DOWN THE HALLWAY to Ronnie's room. The door is cracked and she peers INSIDE.

He's lying in bed as well, the lights are off. She stares, unsure what to do about him, then walks away.

FADE IN TEXT -- 'THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER'
THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
I realized that...for the first time as a mother, I became the enemy. I represented to him everything that was bad in life, and I also represented failure.

Ronnie opens his eyes as his mother walks away, then slowly closes them again.

ABBAY WALKS BY
another door, hesitates, then goes back and opens it.

IN THE STUDY.
Abbey turns the lights on revealing a rather large room with two desks and books everywhere.

She walks over to Will's desk which is covered by papers, folders and books in an orderly fashion -- it's as if it were still in use.

A book catches her eye...it has a bookmark sticking out of one of it's pages...marking a chapter titled: SUMERIAN. Written on the bookmark is a name: AWOLOWA ODUSAMI, and beneath it a PHONE NUMBER.

Beside the book sits a tape recorder. She considers it for a moment, and then presses play.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 9-8-2000
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

WILL (tape recorder).
More and more of my patient population are complaining of loss of sleep and insomnia. A small number continue to experience debilitating sleep disorders. This seems to be the trend throughout Nome. The number has jumped from five to twenty-three people in less than two months. The cause remains unknown.

Her eyes begin to well up.

IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM

she sits down on her bed, listening to the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 9-8-2000
SOURCE: WILL TYLER DICTATION

Will's voice is heard...
WILL (tape recorder)
... Even during the night months they can't sleep. We've seen over three hundred people throughout Nome who are all exhibiting the same symptoms.

She pulls the sheets around her, lies down and continues to listen.

WILL (tape recorder)
Around three in the morning they are awakened for no apparent reason and they wake up scared... as if something's about to happen....
... whether or not this is related to the missing people... or disappearances that have been going on... there's not enough evidence to corroborate that. But something is happening in this town, in the middle of the night.....

ASHLEY
Daddy?

Abbey looks over at Ashley at the door.

ABBEY
No sweetie, it's a recording of daddy's voice.

Hands outstretched, Ashley makes her way to the bed and cuddles next to her mom.

ASHLEY
If he came back would I be able to see again?

ABBEY
Honey he can't come back. OK? He can't. You'll be able to see again... but you have to accept that he's gone.

ASHLEY
I miss him.

Abbey sighs and her eyes well up.

ABBEY
I do too sweetheart.

The tape continues to play.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:
A SNOW OWL

sits in a tree, the MORNING LIGHT glinting and sparkling off the ice coated branches around it.

It flaps its wings and flies, gliding right over TYLER'S HEALTH and CARE.

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE

Tommy lies on the couch, relaxed. Abbey sits in a chair beside him, the video camera is on a tripod and rolling.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-2-00
CAMERA ANGLE: LOOKING AT TOMMY FROM THE WAIST UP
LOCATION: TYLER'S PSYCHIATRIC CARE
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:02:11

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE OCCASIONALLY

ABBEY
20...19... 18...

She moves her finger up over his head and he follows, and then his eyes close a few moments later.

ABBEY
Tommy, can you hear me?

TOMMY
(vague, but focused)
Yes.

ABBEY
(softly)
Tommy...when was the last time you had trouble sleeping?

TOMMY
Last night.

A moment passes.

ABBEY
Did you see the owl?

TOMMY
(nods)
Yeah.

ABBEY
...And what did it look like?

Tommy's face contorts, confused.
ABBEEY
Tommy?

TOMMY
I...don't remember.

ABBEEY
You don't remember what the owl looks like?

TOMMY
No...I don't see the owl now. It's not there any more.

ABBEEY
Did it fly away?

TOMMY
No...I think it's...I don't really remember it...ever being there.

TIMECODE: 00:03:46

Tommy's eyes snap open but he's still under hypnosis. His eyes are glazed over, darting, wild with fear.

TOMMY
There's someone outside my door. They're gonna open it!

His breathing increases, sweat starting to form.

TOMMY
The door's opening...

He 'sees' what it is and his face bends and contorts as his mouth slowly opens wide and finally sound comes out.

TOMMY
JESUSSSSSSSSS! OH MY GOD!!!! NO-NO- NONONONO!

ABBEEY
What's wrong?

TOMMY
NONONONO!!! AAAAAHHHHHHH! AAAAAHHHHH!

ABBEEY
Tommy--

Abbey reaches towards him when he rears up suddenly, knocking her back. SHRIEKING at the top of his lungs.

He starts

KICKING OUT
with his legs repeatedly, FRANTICALLY, still SCREAMING.

ABBEY
On the count of three you will return
to conscious thought!

TOMMY
NONONONONO!

ABBEY
One...Two...Three!

Tommy
CLIMBS BACK
HALFWAY OUT OF FRAME and
over the couch -- trying to get away from whatever it is
that he's seeing --
and HITS
a coffee table HARD,
SHATTERING it
into a million pieces.

CAMERA ANGLE: He can still be seen on video, just behind the
couch.

TIMECODE: 00:04:59

He sobs like a little kid, curls up into a fetal position,
hiding his face, his hands bloodied, smearing it everywhere,
still emitting the most shrill, ear-piercing screams, as if
his soul were being gouged out with a spoon.

Abbey rushes over and kneels next to him, snapping her
fingers.

ABBEY
Tommy, it's not happening! It's a
memory! Come out of it!

Theresa hurries into the room, concerned, barely recognizing
Tommy who's been transformed by the hysterics.

THERESA
T-Tommy?

ABBEY
It's alright Tommy...it's alright.
It's not real.

Tommy, adamant.
TOMMY
It is real.

ABBEY
What did you see?

He looks around the room at the couch -- which has been shoved a few feet back -- he sees the shattered coffee table...his eyes hold no recollection of how it got that way. Finally:

TOMMY
Did I do all that?

ABBEY
Yeah you did, but it's OK.
(beat)
What did you see?

Tommy looks at her hard, intent...then slowly shakes his head.

TOMMY
It was...............Nothing.

ABBEY
But you said you saw something.

TOMMY
No...I didn't see anything.

TIMECODE: 00:06:02

He starts to get up, STANDING OUT OF FRAME.

THERESA
I'll call Sarah to pick you up--

TOMMY
No--I can--I'll drive myself.

ABBEY
Please, Tommy. We're trying to help.

TOMMY
Then help me get out of this room --
I just need to get home.

Abbey holds a moment, looking at Tommy. There's still this great sense of fear, circling him, clouding over....

TOMMY
I'm ok...I'm ok.

ABBEY
Who are you trying to convince? Me or you?

(MORE)
(pauses)
Tommy, did you see what's been keeping you up? Was it the owl?

Tommy moves as though his skin were crawling.

TOMMY
I need to...
(pauses, can't bring himself to)
Can we talk about it next time?

ABBEEY
(sighs, nods)
Sure...if you're ready by then.

TOMMY
(nods)
I am. I will be.

He points to the shattered coffee table.

TOMMY
Do you need me to pay for--

Abbey waves that suggestion off.

ABBEEY
No--don't worry--it's fine.

And with that, Tommy hastily grabs his jacket and walks out of the office. Abbey closes the door behind him, then leans back on it and lets out a breath. She holds a moment, thinking, before crossing to her desk.

ABBEEY
Theresa could you get Tommy's wife on the phone please.

CUT TO:

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
That night at the game...the quarterback wasn't able to throw the ball to Ronnie...

FOOTBALL FOOTAGE FADES IN LEFT OF FRAME creating a SPLIT/SCREEN with the INTERVIEW ROOM.

IN LEFT FRAME: A FOOTBALL FIELD
is LIT UP by gigantic FLOOD LIGHTS as snow falls over the crowd and players.
It's a full house -- everyone in Nome is here.

SCOREBOARD: Nome 0, BROWERVILLE 28.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: The QUARTERBACK repeatedly misses his target, throwing balls into the grass, out of bounds, and over RONNIE'S HEAD, who then gets

A HELMET SLAMMED

into his chest. Abbey winces, Ashley is oblivious to what happened.

ABBEY
(to Ashley)
Ronnie just got hit.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Then I found out it was because their normal quarterback, Timmy, wasn't there.

She falls silent...reliving a moment, her face growing darker by the second.

OLATUNDE (O.S.)
Why was that relevant?

The corner of her mouth begins to twitch again.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
He was...uh...Tommy's son.

IN LEFT FRAME: The lights go out on the football field, and the image FADES TO BLACK.

IN RIGHT FRAME: The video lingers a moment on Abbey, then FADES OUT.

IN THE BLACK

a phone call is heard.

TEXT: ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-2000, 2:34 AM
LOCATION: NOME 911 EMERGENCY

TEXT OF THE DIALOGUE SCROLLS UP THE SCREEN

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)
911, what's your emergency?

A WOMAN is crying, sobbing.
WOMAN (phone)  
(desperate whisper)  
Please help me!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)  
Ma'am what's the problem?

The WOMAN breathes hard then holds her breath.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (phone)  
Ma'am?

WOMAN (phone)  
I think he's gonna kill us.

A GUNSHOT GOES OFF.  
(distorting the audio!)

WOMAN  
Aaaaaahh--!  
(begs)  
Please stop!

EMERGENCY OPERATOR  
All available units respond  
to shots fired 2323 Aivik  
Street. Suspect on  
premises, armed and  
dangerous! Ma'am are you  
with me?

MAN  
GET OVER HERE!

WOMAN (phone)  
Why're you doing this?

MAN (phone)  
(CRYING)  
I DON'T WANT TO! BUT I DON'T HAVE A  
CHOICE!

The WOMAN'S SCREAMING and KICKING as she's dragged away from  
the phone.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR  
Ma'am? Ma'am? They're on their  
way, hold on!

CUT TO:

A POLICE TRUCK CAMERA  
bounces chaotically as it shows the HOUSE at  
2323 AIVIK STREET.

The image is dark, pixelated and black and white.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO  
RECORDED: 10-3-00 COP TRUCK
CAMERA ANGLE: WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE, PIXELATED BLACK AND WHITE
LOCATION: HOUSE ADDRESS: 2323 AIVIK STREET.
RUNNING TIMECODE: 02:25:15

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

MUZZLE FLASHES can be seen popping off through the windows.

IN SHERIFF AUGUST'S POLICE TRUCK,

SHERIFF AUGUST[ALIAS], 45, a man with a beard and chin length hair, he looks like he's fought animals in the wild and won.

He drives intensely as his emergency sirens flash. He's yelling into his cell phone.

AUGUST
Cut in now and transfer me into that house!

The COP CAMERA continues bouncing roughly as the cop truck comes to a stop, aimed at the HOUSE.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-00, 2:31 AM
LOCATION: NOME PHONE ARCHIVES

The phone rings in August’s ear. Someone answers.

MAN (phone)
Yeah.

AUGUST (phone)
Tommy! (softens his tone)
What's going on in there?

TOMMY (phone)
August?

AUGUST
Yeah it's me.

TOMMY
I need to talk to Abbey Tyler.

AUGUST
Abbey's not here, but I can help you.

TOMMY
I have to talk to her!

Gunshots BLOW OUT

two front windows,
SCREAMS of his WIFE and CHILDREN can be heard over the phone.

TIMECODE: 02:26:07

AUGUST
OK! OK! Give me some time to get her up here.

Tommy hangs up on him.

AUGUST
Damn it!

August speed dials.

DISPATCH (phone)
Yes, sir.

AUGUST
Transfer me to Abbey Tyler.

CUT TO:

ABBEEY'S PHONE RINGS

in her bedroom, waking her up. She answers it.

ABBEEY
Hello?

AUGUST (phone)
I need you down here now!

ABBEEY
August?

AUGUST
Tommy's gone crazy! He's asking for you--he's got his family hostage!

Abby snaps wide awake--

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF TOMMY'S HOUSE

Abby pulls up next to the cop trucks and gets out. August meets her at her door, his hands covering a cell phone.

AUGUST
He's got Sarah, Timothy, and Joe lined up in the kitchen with a gun to their heads.

August points to the kitchen, and Abbey can see all

THREE OF THEM,
SARAH(36), TIMOTHY(15), and little JOE(5).

TIMECODE: 04:01:07

Tommy has a gun pointed at them with one hand, and the other on the house phone. He yells through the window.

AUDIO, VIDEO ARCHIVES, INTERVIEW and NARRATIVE MATERIAL ARE USED SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH MULTIPLE SPLIT/SCREENS.

COP CAM FOOTAGE fades in to the TOP LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from behind, and Tommy's house in front of her in the background.

ANOTHER COP CAMERA fades in to the BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: showing Abbey from the side, and all the cop trucks.

The BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: contains the narrative footage.

All these frames constantly FADE IN AND OUT and GROW IN SIZE -- LARGER OR SMALLER contingent on emphasis.

TOMMY (phone)

Abbey!

In the TOP RIGHT FRAME: IN INTERVIEW ROOM

THE REAL DR. TYLER
It was completely...surreal. To be there in the middle of the night...with all those police trucks...

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Shocked by what she sees, ABBEY takes the phone from August.

ABBEY

Tommy...what's happening here?

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

TOMMY

I'm so sorry, but I've gotta do it!

ABBEY

Do what?

TOMMY

I-I--I don't have a choice.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME:

ABBEY

There's always a choice Tommy...We always have a choice.
TOMMY

Not this time.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

-- DIGITALLY ZOOM INTO TOMMY AND HIS FAMILY --

He grips the gun TIGHTER finger firmly around the trigger.

SARAH

PLEASE! TOMMY! TOMMY! JOE

Daddy please stop!

ABBEY

Yes you do Tommy, you have a choice right now. You can choose to put the gun down--it's within your power. Someone is going to get hurt Tommy. Look at your wife, look at your boys. You would never let any harm come to them. You love them...

He shakes his head and makes direct eye contact with her through the broken glass.

TOMMY

I know what keeps us up at night. And if you saw what I saw...you would understand.

ABBEY

What did you see?

Tommy shakes his head.

TIMECODE: 04:02:02

TOMMY

It doesn't matter 'cause we're never gonna see it again.

ABBEY

(voice shakes)

Tommy...Tommy...okay, we're gonna talk for as long as we need to...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME:

August jumps on his radio --

AUGUST

If anyone's got a clear shot take it now!

OFFICER RYAN [ALIAS] (on radio)

That's a negative sir.
OFFICER GREGORY [ALIAS] (on radio)

I've got nothing!

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

Abbey is crying, her voice is cracking.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...He wasn't listening to me...and
they were gonna kill him...and...

IN TOP LEFT FRAME & BOTTOM RIGHT:

TOMMY

Do you know what

(he can barely
pronounce it)

ZIMABU ETER; means?

ABBIE

I didn't und-- can you
repeat it?

TOMMY

ZIMABU ETER! ZIMABU ETER! What the
hell does it mean?

ABBIE

I can find out for
you.

TOMMY

I need to know now! Right now!

ABBIE

I need a little time! Just a--

TOMMY

Then you can't help me.

ABBIE

Tommy--I can help--I just need a
little bit of time to--

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK!!!

Through the pixilated image we see

Bullets

TEAR THROUGH Sarah's head and BLOOD Erupts from her Skull, as she COLLAPSES --

CRACK!

A BULLET RIPS TIMOTHY'S CHEST
WIDE OPEN
staggering him backwards --

JER

DADDY!

CRACK!

Joe is

FLUNG

back against the kitchen wall.

HITTING IT HARD.

And then Tommy turns the gun on his own head

and FIRES.

BLOWING a HOLE

into the left side of his face, PROJECTING a SPRAY of

BONE and BLOOD

everywhere as his body falls forward and HITS the sink HARD.

Abbey's LEGS GIVE OUT and she collapses to the ground as the

POLICE rush the house, swarming through the FRONT DOOR and

into the KITCHEN.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME:

Dr. Tyler is crying harder.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
It was--I couldn't believe--I didn't
understand how he could--I'd never--

She can't finish.

IN THE OTHER FRAMES:

AUGUST

Move, move!

Abbey climbs back up to her feet and runs towards the door,
but then an OFFICER

GRABS HER

from behind, lifting her off her feet and pulling her back.
She lets out a

SCREAM
as her arms and legs FLAIL WILDLY through the air.

AUGUST (on radio)
GODDAMN IT! They're all dead.
They're all gone...
(voice cracks)
All of them...

TIMECODE: 04:04:37

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

NOME POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER.

Abbey sits at a plain table across from Sheriff August.

She's pale and her hair is stringy and unkempt -- August has large circles under red eyes -- they've been through the worst night of their lives.

A RECORDER rests on the table, recording.

TEXT -- AUDIO RECORDING
RECORDED: 10.3.00, 4:45 AM
LOCATION: NOME POLICE STATION

AUGUST
You don't know what he saw?

ABBEY
He wouldn't tell me.

AUGUST
What did he tell you?

ABBEY
That whatever he thought he saw wasn't an owl. It was something else.

AUGUST
And that's what's been keeping him up at night?

She grinds her teeth, rubs her forehead.

TRANSITION FROM ARCHIVE AUDIO TO NARRATIVE AUDIO

AUGUST
So he was under hypnosis and that's when he saw what he saw?
Father comits murder-suicide

By Kate Ripple
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska – Tommy Fisher murdered his wife and two children before committing suicide yesterday night at approximately 3:30 AM, following several hours of hostage negotiations. Authorities have yet to determine motivation and no note was left behind.

Neighbors have commented that Tommy frequently complained of insomnia and had paid regular visits to a psychiatrist. Homicide in Nome is higher than the state average due to multiple unsolved murder and missing person cases dating back to the 1960's.
ABBEY

Yeah.

AUGUST

How do you know what he saw was real?

She's quiet a moment.

ABBEY

I don't know that it was.

AUGUST

So what you're telling me is that Tommy might have done all of this based on something that may not exist at all.

ABBEY

All I know, is that he believed what he saw. And I saw more fear in his eyes than I've ever seen in my life.

AUGUST

Had you not hypnotized him, would he have done these things?

ABBEY

What do you mean?

AUGUST

If you hadn't hypnotized him, would he have murdered his family?

ABBEY

That's a ridiculous and offensive questi--

AUGUST

--What's ridiculous and offensive is that an entire family is lying in the morgue from a murder suicide and the last meaningful contact the murderer had, was with you.

ABBEY

What happened last night would have manifested itself eventually. Whatever it was it was something he'd been suppressing. In eleven years of practice I've never--

AUGUST

--Why didn't you notify us? If you suspected that he was unstable, after an admittedly violent episode, in your presence, in your office--
ABBEEY
--When he left he was perfectly coherent. I called his wife and asked her to keep an eye on him.

AUGUST
And now she's dead.

Abbey rises to her feet, her eyes blazing.

ABBEEY
I'm not gonna sit here--

AUGUST
Sit down.

ABBEEY
--and listen to your theories on how hypnosis induced murder--

AUGUST
Sit! Down!

ABBEEY
--caused this--

AUGUST
I'm trying to figure out what caused one of the worst homicides in the history of Nome--

ABBEEY
--There's something going on in this town that we don't understand. There's something happening to people when they sleep--

AUGUST
--I deal in what I see, not hallucinations. Not visions in the ether, but real flesh and blood things, four of which are lying on slabs next door--

Abbey SLAMS her fist onto the table.

ABBEEY
How dare you-- my husband was lying on those same goddamn slabs, and you still haven't found his killer--

AUGUST
--WHAT? You know goddamn well what happened to Will--the case is closed for Christ's sakes--
ABBEY
No--No--you can't just file these things away without getting to what really happened. There are more unsolved murders and missing people in Nome than any other city in Alaska--three years of which have been under your watch! Whatever is happening in this town is real, is dangerous, and must be dealt with!

August glares at her hard, then pushes stop on the recorder and stands up, towering over her.

AUGUST
As Sheriff of this town I'm warning you professionally. As a citizen and someone who grew up here, I'm warning you personally. Stop. Whatever governmental study you're conducting, whatever you and your husband were after, is bringing nothing but bad things to a town that's had enough. Now if I decided to press, I could make you an accessory to a multiple homicide. I don't want that...just like I don't want whatever you're doing to continue. So, in fairness, let this be understood...you've been warned.

CUT TO:

ABBEY'S HANDS SHAKE.

She balls them up in a fist and holds them tight. She's sitting on her BEDROOM BED, and tears are rolling silently down her face.

Fully clothed she lies down and curls into a little ball. She stays in that position, her eyes darting back and forth...thinking, thinking.

FADE IN RIGHT FRAME: THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE CAMERA is closer now, FRAMING Dr. Tyler in a CLOSE UP. Her eyes are red from crying, but her cheeks are now dry.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
You know...at the time...this was the worst day of my life...No matter what I told myself, no matter what excuses I came up with...there was so much guilt--guilt on top of guilt I already had...I felt responsible for Tommy's death--and his family's. (MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D).
And at the time, after all that happened, I still didn't know why he did it.

RIGHT FRAME -- INTERVIEW ROOM: DISSOLVES AWAY

FULL SCREEN:
Abbey reaches over to her nightstand and grabs her portable recorder which sits next to a PICTURE of WILL.
She checks the tape in it then hits record.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-00
SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER
LOCATION: ABBEY'S BEDROOM

ABBEY
All of the patients have reported seeing the same 'white owl'. Tommy mentioned his memory of the owl was wrong, that he didn't see it anymore...it seemed to be some sort of false recollection.
(doses off)
...The question is, if under hypnosis, will the others feel the same way? And will they see what he saw?

She doses off again, and then her eyes flash open.

ABBEY
...we'll have to proceed with extreme care...What's happened here is tragic, but remains unexplained...and worse...unsolved...Like Will...and...

Her eyes close and her hand goes limp. She starts snoring softly.

CUT TO:

THE MORNING SUN RISES
above Nome, blazing rays off the snow and ice, and revealing a SNOW OWL sitting on a tree branch -- it's eyes boring right into us.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S OFFICE, DRIVEWAY.

Light snow falls as Abbey drives up to find Theresa talking quietly to someone unexpected -- Dr. Abel Campos. She kills the engine and gets out.
ABEL?

CAMPOS
...I heard what happened. I wanted
to make sure you were OK.

ABBEY
You came all the way up here?

He opens his arms wide and gives her a warm hug. At first
she resists and then relents while fighting back tears.

ABBEY
(sighs)
You didn't have to, I'm fine.

CAMPOS
You want to talk?

She pulls away and digs in her purse.

ABBEY
I can't--not now. Theresa could you
transcribe this for me?

She hands her the PORTABLE RECORDER, and starts to head
inside.

THERESA
(watches, inspects
her)
Do you want me to cancel your schedule--

ABBEY
No-no-

THERESA
--I'm sure they'll understand...

CAMPOS
...Abbey...

She finally turns back around.

CAMPOS
How you feeling?

ABBEY
(lies)
Ready to get the day started.

CAMPOS
A lot's happened. None of it good.
You think maybe it's time to take a
step back, maybe consider a
sabbatical.
ABBEE
I love that word, it doesn't sound anything like what it actually means, which is "time off."

CAMPOS
Then call it a "break."

ABBEE
I did a lot of, thinking, a lot of soul searching about...what I'm doing here, about myself, Will.

She shakes her head slowly.

ABBEE
I would have never, ever thought, in a million years, that Tommy, would do what he did and wipe out his entire existence.

CAMPOS
--Abbey--

ABBEE
--Nor would I have thought, that I'd be sitting here as a widow when less than a month ago I was happily married and raising two healthy children, one of which has now lost their sight as a result of all this...

CAMPOS
--you need to step away...for perspective--clarity on what happened. You can't continue--

ABBEE
--No Abel. I can. And have to. That's the only thing that's still possible, within my power... Continuing. Finding out what's caused this. I don't believe that what happened to Will and what happened to Tommy and his family are unrelated. I don't think that five people slain in a little over three weeks can be chalked up to simple coincidence--especially in a town that has a history of death and disappearance.

Campos says nothing, staring at the snow.

CAMPOS
Then would you mind if I stayed on for a bit?

(MORE)
CAMPOS (CONT'D)
Kept an eye on you, since you don't seem too keen on doing so yourself.

Abbey can't help the tears, she embraces Campos. He holds her fast.

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER

Abbey walks in to find Scott Stracinsky and his wife CINDY[ALIAS](31) seated on the couch. Scott is clearly agitated, having trouble sitting still.

ABBEE
Good morning.

SCOTT
Hey.

CINDY
'Morning doctor.

Abbey sets her things down and then sits in the chair next to them. They are clearly tense. Abbey does her best to ease into things.

ABBEE
So...lots to talk about.

Scott, anxious, chomping at the bit.

SCOTT
(almost blurring out)
What happened to Tommy?

ABBEE
I can't really discuss another patient's--

SCOTT
--He's dead. You should be able to discuss everything!

Abbey relents a bit.

ABBEE
It was something--I believe--to do with his sleeping habits.

Cindy caresses Scott's shoulders. He is inconsolable.

CINDY
We're really worried, obviously. It's the second suicide in a month...

ABBEE
I understand.
SCOTT
We want you to hypnotize me too. We need to know if there's anything I'm not remembering. I feel like--we feel like—that the best thing to do is to face it.

ABBEEK
If you want to undergo that, it has to be done very delicately.
(beat, then)
Is it alright if I have Dr. Campos come in to observe? He's a visiting doctor that I trust, and I think we should have another pair of eyes and ears in here.

The couple look at each other and nod in agreement.

SCOTT
Sure.

CUT TO:

IN ABBEY'S OFFICE, LATER.

Scott is
HYPNOTIZED
on the couch,
and Abbey is sitting in a chair right next to him.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-3-00, 10:26 AM
CAMERA ANGLE: OVER ABBEY'S SHOULDER, LOOKING FROM THE WAIST UP AT SCOTT
SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO CAMERA
LOCATION: TYLER PSYCHIATRIC CARE
RUNNING TIMECODE:00:01:35

SPLIT SCREEN ARCHIVAL/NARRATIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

Campos and Cindy sit behind a little distance away. The video camera is ROLLING.

ABBEEK
When was the last time you had trouble sleeping?

SCOTT
Last night.

ABBEEK
Do you remember seeing anything unusual last night?
He's quiet for a moment.

SCOTT
Yes.

ABBEY
What did you see?

SCOTT
An owl.

Abbey looks over at Campos.

ABBEY
Tell me about the owl.

SCOTT
It's a white owl...its eyes are big, like...I don't know, it doesn't look like a normal owl....

He trails off and stops, confusion crosses his face.

ABBEY
Scott?

His head turns to the left, then to the right, as if on strings.

SCOTT
There is no owl.

He grows alarmed.

SCOTT
Honey, wake-up. Did you hear that?

Scott pushes the couch on his left side, as if trying to wake up his wife.

SCOTT
Wake-up! She's not waking up. Someone's outside the door.

Then he freezes and sucks in his breath hard and sharp, and his face contorts in complete and absolute terror.

He WHIMPERS and starts to hide behind his hands.

TIMECODE: 00:02:45

ABBEY
(softly)
Remember Scott, none of this is happening right now, OK? Tell me what you see.
SCOTT
(whispers)
Something's out there.

ABBEY
Can you see who it is?

SCOTT
Not who, WHAT. I know what they are. They come all the time, since I was little.

ABBEY
'What' are they?

SCOTT
They're gonna open the door...How'd they get in without setting off the alarm? I armed it! I know I did!

(he shivers)
I thought they only come when I think about them. I wasn't thinking about them tonight!

He puts his hands together in prayer.

SCOTT
Our father which though in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done--give us this day our daily bread, forgive--They're not going away!

Then he jerks back VIOLENTLY and

SHRIEKS!

SCOTT
AAHHHHHH! NOOOO! AHHHHHHHHH!

ABBEY
On the count of three you're waking up! ONE, TWO, THREE!

Scott gives a final yell and then jumps to his feet. He looks around at them in complete SHOCK.

TIMECODE: 00:04:01

SCOTT
God...

He sinks back to the couch, holding his stomach, then GAGS and THROWS UP
all over the floor. Abbey rubs his back, trying to relax him.

  **ABBY**
  It's OK...it's OK...

  **SCOTT**
  (crying)
  It's unbelievable. It doesn't make any sense!

  **ABBY**
  You don't have to rush. Whenever you're ready you can tell us what you saw.

Campos hands him a tissue and he wipes his mouth then starts making strong gestures.

  **SCOTT**
  (harsh whisper)
  Abbey...these...I saw them.

  **ABBY**
  Who are them?

  **SCOTT**
  They're not from here.

  **ABBY**
  What do you mean?

  **SCOTT**
  (crying)
  They're not from here, they don't look like you! They don't look like us. They're tall, like six and a half feet, and really skinny,
  (gestures to her)
  like half as wide as you. And their skin is this-this-this beige color, like the color of an egg and they've got these gigantic heads, that make a point in the back...
  (pauses)
  And their eyes. They're black, and so huge--

He cups his hands together making a GIANT OVAL. Abbey can't disguise her disbelief, as she slowly pulls away from him.

  **SCOTT**
  And they're slanted so they fit their head--and I remember the smell--like a-a-a putrid, cinnamon--do you UNDERSTAND what I'm saying?
  (MORE)
SCOTT (CONT'D)

(sobbing)
And the worse part was the voice in my head—cause they talk so you can hear them, but they also talk INSIDE of your mind. Like-like-like you're connected or something...and then they take me away, to somewhere--b-b--but I can't remember where, I-I-can't remember what they DO to me....I--

He can't go on, convulsing hard as he cries. And no one can even move to comfort him. His own wife Cindy, immobilized with fear and disbelief.

Abbey and Campos exchange looks -- what the hell is going on here?

ABBNEY
That will be enough for today.

Cindy goes over to her husband and hugs him.

CINDY
I'm sorry...

ABBNEY
Now, because of the circumstances I'm going to have to inform Sheriff August that we met. That we had this session.

CINDY
Yes, yes, please do.

Scott takes a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm himself down.

TIMECODE:00:06:57

SCOTT
(to Abbey)
Now I know why Tommy did what he did.

ABBNEY
Why?

SCOTT
You have to have seen it. (pauses, wipes tears) What it is.

ABBNEY
And what is it?
SCOTT
...the worst...

ABBEY
Of what?

SCOTT
(looking up at her)
...anything you've ever seen.

An awkward moment. Abbey trying to process the larger meaning when:

CINDY
Come on, let's go home.

Scott stands, steps around the vomit.

SCOTT
I'm sorry--

ABBEY
It's OK--

SCOTT
--if you need me to--

ABBEY
--don't worry about it, we'll get it cleaned up--OK?

SCOTT
(takes a breath)
...OK thanks.

Scott walks out of her office, with Cindy's help. Abbey glances over at Campos who is still glued to his seat, his eyes pinned to her.

CAMPOS
What the hell was that?

TIMECODE:00:07:39

She walks over to the camera and switches it OFF. She sits on the couch and takes a deep breath.

ABBEY
Have you heard of abduction theories?

CAMPOS
Abductions? Like kidnappings?

ABBEY
Yeah, but...no. Abductions as in...

Abbey, leading him along. Campos' face suddenly falls.
CAMPOS
Wait, like "alien"? Alien abductions?

ABBEY
I'm pretty sure that's what we just heard.

Campos, shaking his head in disbelief, disdain.

ABBEY
If you look at the statistics...they're impressive. Will was into that a little bit...

She trails off, recalling...processing...

ABBEY
He did a little research and found that there are ninety million people worldwide who have reported seeing or know of someone who saw a UFO since 1930.

CAMPOS
(dissmissive)
The idea that any of that is real...

ABBEY
Come on Abel, you're not going to take the classic scientific stance against something that boasts ninety-million witnesses? That many people wins any court case in the world.

CAMPOS
There are just as many logical explanations and reasons. Weather balloons, atmospheric effects, optical illusions...We have to deal in hard, empirical evidence, not--

POUND-POUND-POUND--someone's knocking on the door. Theresa barges into the room breathing hard, her eyes wild, her manner unhinged.

THERESA
You're tape have you heard your tape!?

ABBEY
Slow down, what's wrong?

THERESA
You're tape--the one you gave me to transcribe, have you listened to it?

ABBEY
What is it?
IN THE OFFICE LOBBY, MOMENTS LATER.

Theresa grabs the PORTABLE recorder off her desk and hits REWIND. Abbey and Campos stand next to her. Abbey looks deeply concerned...and a little scared.

THERESA
I don't know what it is, what's going on. I'm just going to hit play okay? (pauses, looking back at Abbey)
I don't want to hear it again.

Theresa hits PLAY
and then hurries out of the room.

Abbey's voice can be heard on the tape recorder.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-00
SOURCE: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER
LOCATION: ABBEY'S TAPE RECORDER

ABBRE (tape recorder)
...The question is, if under hypnosis, will the others feel the same way?
And will they see what he saw.

...Abbey, listening to herself from the previous night, leans in closer...

ABBREY
...we'll have to proceed with extreme care...What's happened here is tragic, but remains unexplained...and worse, unsolved...Like Will...and...

Static...white noise...we hear the rustling of sheets, then more tape noise. Then we begin to hear her breathing slow, and develop into a SOFT SNORE.

Abbey looks at the recorder intensely, unblinking.

NOTE TO READER: AT THIS POINT THE RECORDING BECOMES INEXPLICABLY WORSE. WE CAN STILL HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT A LOW PITCHED STATIC SLOWLY GROWS LOUDER.

...more snoring, snoring...

Then, in the background, a

CREAKING DOOR

is heard OPENING.
Campos, engrossed--

CAMPOS

What-the-hell...

SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS

patter on her wooden floor.

Abbey's heard taking in a

DEEP BREATH

almost choking on it and then she

SCREAMS!!!

AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS!

TOTAL, COMPLETE, and ABSOLUTE FEAR

SHREDDING her THROAT--

ABBEY (tape recorder)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

BED SHEETS RUSTLE

violently as she

THRASHES BACK and FORTH.

ABBEY (tape recorder)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

She continues

SHRIEKING,

barely stopping to take a breath, her voice

DISTORTING

the SPEAKER.

ABBEY (tape recorder)

GOCOCOPODDD HELP MEEEEEEEEE!!!! NAMA!

MAMA! MAAAMAAA!!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Abbey starts BACKING AWAY

from the tape recorder,

HORRIFIED --
she doesn't understand, can't comprehend her voice doing these things.

**ABBEY (tape recorder)**

```
AAAAAAAAAGGGGCGHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIII!
```

Then a

**LOW METALLIC**

almost

**ELECTRONIC but ORGANIC**

**VOICE**

cuts through it all, in a

**COMMANDING, AUTHORITATIVE tone**--

**ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)**

```
E.NE.NE...ME.NA.AM...ME-EN-DE
...KLULUTIM
```

A low **BREATHE INHALE** is heard, then--

**ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)**

```
IGI.KAR...A.E...SA.
```

And **FINALLY**--

**ALIEN VOICE (tape recorder)**

```
ZIG...KAE...SUG.SAG.GU.
```

Then a

**HEAVY RUSTLING**

is heard as **ABBEY's SCREAMING**

becomes more

**DISTANT -- she's being taken away!**

And then, we can't

**HEAR HER AT ALL.**

Silence plays on the recorder, and then it reaches the end of the tape and **CLICKS to a stop.**

They continue to stare at it for **SEVERAL MOMENTS.**

No one moves.

Campos's eyes rotate up and lock on Abbey.
But Abbey's eyes remain glued to the recorder. She lets out a whimper and then GRABS the TAPE RECORDER with both hands and physically tries to CRUSH IT, shaking UNCONTROLLABLY with the EFFORT.

ABBEY
AAAHHHGGGG!

-- FREEZE FRAME --

-- ZOOM IN TO HER FACE --

OLATUNDE (V.O.)
What are you thinking?

MATCH CUT HER FACE TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

The real Dr. Tyler cries as the corner of her mouth twitches uncontrollably. The TAPE RECORDER is in Olatunde's hand...and her screaming can be heard. He hits stop and rewind.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
That's my voice on there. That's me--
and when you hear yourself doing something you had no previous recollection of doing--it's scary--it's terrifying.

(she's forceful)
I've never screamed like that before--my voice doesn't--I've never--ever, even...

OLATUNDE
After you heard it...did you... remember it happening?
THE REAL DR. TYLER
Oh God yes. Emotionally I was...
After the initial shock, I was in
denial--it couldn't be me--my voice--
the scientist in me wanted--needed--
another explanation. I went through
what I could hold onto, which were
the facts.

FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE LEFT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey is sitting uncomfortably at the edge of
her bed, listening to the portable recorder.

Behind her the comforter is intertwined with the bed sheets --
it's a complete mess.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Olatunde hits play, and we hear Dr. Tyler
snoring softly...

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(takes a breath)
So...I went home...to try and recount
what happened during the recording
...I was sleeping in my bed...when
my door opened.

...we hear the door creak open on the recorder....

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks up at the door, and the blackness
beyond.

IN RIGHT FRAME: We hear the sound of feet against wood.
Fear contorts Dr. Tyler's face.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And...
(emotional)
...someone--or something came in my
room...that wasn't supposed to be
there.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey GRABS the bed sheets in her fists as
she looks down at the wooden floorboard.

IN RIGHT FRAME: On the recording we hear Abbey take in a
sharp breath, and then she screams at the top of her lungs.

We hear the METALLIC ORGANIC VOICE over her screams.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Something was there--something--there,
inside the room with me--right next
to me.

(whimpers)
And I didn't know what it was. Why
it came--

(MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(quietly)
--what it was going to do to me.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey grabs the sheets and slowly pulls them closer to her as she looks back at her open door.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And then...
(chokes up)
...whatever it was--it grabbed me--and I fought it, but it was too strong.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey SLAMS the BED SHEETS DOWN over and over, letting out all of her frustration.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

And it took me away...

Her screaming grows increasingly distant as we hear her being taken away...and dragging scratching sounds can be heard...

THE REAL DR. TYLER

You know...the moment it became...too real...was when I looked down at the floorboards...

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey gets on her hands and knees between the bed and the door, and sees SLIGHT SCRATCHES in the wooden floor.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER

...and I saw scratches in the floor...leading all the way to the door.

She shakes her head and her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Were those there before? Or did I do that--when they were dragging me? Was I trying to claw my way back?

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey looks at her nails.

IN RIGHT FRAME:
THE REAL DR. TYLER
But I uh--you know--I put myself
back together. I was determined to
know, to figure out what it was--

Her eyes harden.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
--what came in my room--what it was
saying--where it took me--and what
it did to me. I listened to that
tape over and over.
    (cracks)
It was hard...but I did it. To find
anything, something to explain...what
it was.

4 SPLIT/SCREENS DISSOLVE IN

EACH SCREEN GROWS LARGER OR SMALLER and ROTATES POSITIONS in

A COLLAGE OF MOVEMENT

depending on which one needs the most EMPHASIS.

IN TOP LEFT FRAME:

Abbey hits PLAY on the tape recorder and listens to the tape.

IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: The TAPE RECORDER fills the entire
frame as it plays.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey can barely listen to her screams,
biting her lip harder and harder...

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: We see her entire room, as she listens.

The 4 FRAMES ROTATE

positions, moving

COUNTER CLOCK WISE

as Abbey rewinds and plays the tape again, while writing
notes down, trying to decipher what it is she's hearing --

as she REWINDS BACK,

ALL THE IMAGES OF ABBEY SIMULTANEOUSLY REWIND

as well, and then

PLAY

as she listens to her SCREAMING and the VOICE again.
IN BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Abbey’s pen writes down phonetic syllables of what’s being said. The 3 other frames rewind again then play.

while the

BOTTOM LEFT FRAME: Plays normally, and her pen continues to write down SYLLABLES.

IN TOP RIGHT FRAME: Abbey shakes her head -- they don’t make sense.

They rewind again and again and again, then pause.

IN BOTTOM RIGHT FRAME: CUT TO -- THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
It wasn’t Latin--wasn’t Greek--it wasn’t any language I had heard before. But I felt it was...the key to everything that was happening...to me to Will and everyone else in Nome--if I could decipher what--it was saying.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN: IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

OLATUNDE
Why didn’t you take it to a linguistic or a phonetics specialist?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I wanted to--to take it to the college but...that was my voice on the tape--I mean...

(ssearches for words)
Something like that would of destroyed my reputation in a heartbeat. Doctors--scientists work to maintain a safe detachment from this type of thing because of those reputations. Since I’ve come out I can’t possibly explain to you the ridicule I’ve endured--

Her voice cracks--she can’t finish.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
So at the time, I needed someone outside of the community who wouldn’t know me...
FADE IN ABBEY'S NARRATIVE FOOTAGE IN LEFT FRAME.

IN LEFT FRAME: Abbey sits at Will's desk in their study.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Then I found exactly what I was looking for.

IN LEFT FRAME: She picks up the book[TITLE BLURRED AT WRITERS REQUEST. THIS BOOK FOCUSSES ON DEAD LANGUAGES]

The author can be seen -- [NAME OMITTED at writers request. His Alias is AWOLOWA ODUSAMI.] His photo is on the cover flap--a sharp looking Nigerian man in his mid thirties [PHOTO BLURRED.]

She turns to the book marked page with the SUMERIAN heading. Her fingers travel down the bookmark, passing his name and stopping on the scribbled writing of his phone number.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Someone Will must have contacted. A linguist who is one of the best in the world. He's a professor on sabbatical out of [UNIVERSITY OMITTED] in Canada.

FADE OUT RIGHT FRAME. LEFT FRAME FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN.

Abbey picks up the phone--hesitates......then dials--it rings...

MAN'S VOICE (phone)
Hello?

ABBEEY
(swallows)
Hello is...
(can barely pronounce)
...Doctor A-w-o-lowa there?

AWOLOWA (phone)
This is he.

ABBEEY
...are you familiar with a man by the name of Dr. William Tyler?

AWOLOWA (phone)
I am not.

ABBEEY
Oh...OK--well...thank you--
AWOLOWA (phone)
May I ask who's speaking?

ABBYY
I'm uh...uh...

AWOLOWA (phone)
...work for the CIA?

ABBYY
...no...do you?

Yes.

AWOLOWA (phone)

ABBYY
Excuse me?

AWOLOWA (phone)
(chuckles)
I was kidding. What is your--

SHE HANGS--stares at the phone as if it were a snake.

The PHONE RINGS--and she knows who it is, who it has to be.

ABBYY
Hello...?

AWOLOWA (phone)
But there was a man who called from this number...He called himself John.

ABBYY
There's no John here.

Exactly...

AWOLOWA (phone)

ABBYY
What did he...why did he call you?

AWOLOWA (phone)
He wanted a history lesson...on ancient languages.

Abbey absorbs this, takes it in--makes a decision--

ABBYY
...look I uh--that man you talked to...?...he was...murdered and uh...I need you to hear me out...

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
Doctor [NAME OMITTED] listened to me...he didn't judge me--or try and
(MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
analyze me...he just listened...and
then he flew up to Nome...

CUT TO BLACK:
CUT TO:

IN THE LEFT FRAME:
a COLD BLUE SUN
rises over Nome, igniting the snow white horizon with the
light of dawn.

IN THE MIDDLE FRAME: The sun rises again, turning the frame
from black to bright blue as the sun caresses the horizon.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME: A third time it rises, and then all the
frames
JOIN AS ONE,
creating ONE SUN that shines incredibly BRIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

FALLING SNOW SLOWLY DISSOLVES IN,
hiding something...then an
EYE OPENS,
the GIGANTIC YELLOW EYE of an OWL, and then slowly, it CLOSES,
disappearing from sight.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE:

OVER WHITE,
we hear Awolowa's voice --

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
I thought it was Akkadian but it's
not, it's Sumerian...I'm sure of it--
it's widely considered by my peers
to be the "Holy Grail" of dead
languages--but we still haven't
deciphered the entire lexicon--

We hear the
CLICK of a tape recorder starting...

and the MAN'S voice is heard...doubling the VOICE on Abbey's
recording. His PRONUNCIATION is close -- but not perfect.
As they speak their WORDS move towards us out of the WHITE, as if they were specters drifting out of FOG.

"Our creation"-- are the last two words, don't know the first two--

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
IGI KAR...A E...SA...

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
Igi kar...a e...sa...

"Examine" --is the first word.

ZIG...KAE...SUG.ZAG GU.

Ie...kae...sug.zag gu.

The last word is, "ruin" or...
"destroy."

A MOUTH

moves as we PULL BACK from it revealing AWOLOWA ODUSAMI a Nigerian man in his early 40's, with a full head of hair, and a neatly-trimmed beard. He's sitting in ABBEY'S OFFICE with Abbey and Campos.

Abbey is absolutely floored, Campos slowly shakes his head.

"Our creation." "Examine." "Ruin" or "destroy."

ABBEE

Ruin? Destroy? Who?
AWOLOWA
It's an incomplete translation—we don't know for sure what's being said.

ABBEEY
Whatever it said... sounds aggressive.

CAMPOS
(can't process)
This isn't making sense.

AWOLOWA
If this is authentic, then it's the first ever verbalized recording of the Sumerian language. We're talking about the oldest language in human history--

--he holds up the tape recorder--

AWOLOWA
--with a key on how to speak it.

ABBEEY
But what was happening in my room? What was being done to me?

AWOLOWA
What's unsettling... is that whatever it is... it's vocals... it doesn't sound...... ordinary...

ABBEEY
You mean human?

CAMPOS
Stop. Stop. Stop. Let's not fuel any more of these fires. 
(to Awolowa)
There's any number of reasons for the distortion in that voice.

AWOLOWA
I'm not jumping to conclusions, but her voice sounds fine.

CAMPOS
The tape could have been recorded over and part of the old recording is still heard--

ABBEEY
I don't recycle tapes.

CAMPOS
Well maybe you did this time!
AWOLOWA
That still doesn't explain why that voice is speaking a language that pre-dates Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Campos can't respond.

AWOLOWA
I've researched the Sumerian civilization for the last fifteen years of my life...and the things I've found in--in relation to this issue--are intriguing.

As Awolowa talks ARCHIVAL IMAGES flash across the screen --

AWOLOWA
You can go into any Sumerian exhibit and see what I'm about to tell you. Drawings of rockets--like Apollo--launching into the sky.

IMAGE 1: A DRAWING OF SUMERIANS IN CEREMONY AS BEHIND THEM A ROCKET LAUNCHES INTO THE SKY.

IMAGE 2: A DRAWING OF MOUNTAINS AND TWO ROCKETS TOWERING OVER THEM.

AWOLOWA
Etchings and sculptures of men in spacesuits, and what look like oxygen masks.

IMAGE 3: A DRAWING OF A MAN WEARING A SPACESUIT AND AN OXYGEN MASK.

IMAGE 4: A SCULPTURE OF A MAN IN A SPACESUIT AND MASK

AWOLOWA
All of this art was created in four-thousand B.C.
(emphasis)
Four-thousand years before Christ walked the earth.

IMAGE 5: PAGES OF CUNEIFORM WRITINGS NEXT TO BIBLICAL TEXT OF GENESIS AND NOAH'S ARK.

AWOLOWA
Genesis, Noah's Ark--to name a few. Both of these stories existed in Sumer six thousand years before the Bible was written. Genesis came from the the Sumerian Epic of Creation. Noah's Ark came from the Sumerian's Deluge.
(MORE)
AWOLOWA (CONT'D)
The Alien-God legend has its basis, it's origins, in Sumerian history.

Astounded they look at Awolowa, trying to process the flood of information. The phone is ringing but no one hears it.

AWOLOWA
You can find everything I've described in a museum right now.

CAMPOS
Bullshit.

AWOLOWA
And you're entitled to that reaction. I stated from the beginning that I would draw no conclusions, I am giving facts. Proof, from thousand of years of data collection and research.

Campos turns to Abbey.

CAMPOS
It's one thing to entertain a wild theory, it's quite another to invest in it. You honestly believe you were forcibly taken from your bedroom by members of an alien race?

Abbey, flummoxed, frustrated. The phone continues to ring incessantly. Abbey reaches over wearily, picking up the receiver.

ABBEY
(she listens)
Cindy? Sweetie, take a breath and try and calm down. Do you think he's a threat to you, or to himself?

Abbey eyes lock on Campos.

ABBEY
Good, where is he? OK, OK. Just stay there. Don't call the police. Not yet.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE A TWO STORY BROWN HOUSE.

Snow falls as the Volvo pulls into the driveway, and the three of them hurriedly get out of the car and walk up to the door.

Abbey knocks, and Cindy answers. Her eyes fall questioningly on Awolowa.
ABBNEY
This is Dr. Odusami. He's here to help.

AWOLOWA
Good morning.

She nods -- too impatient to argue.

CINDY
Come in.

They walk
IN SCOTT'S HOUSE,
and follow Cindy down
A HALLWAY
and into the
MASTER BEDROOM
where Scott is lying in bed.

His skin is pale and clammy -- this man is not well.

ABBNEY
Scott?

SCOTT
What took you so long?

ABBNEY
I'm sorry I got here as fast as I could.

SCOTT
Last night was--was--

He's on the verge of tears, she puts a hand on his shoulder.

ABBNEY
Calm down...it's ok.

SCOTT
Calm down?

ABBNEY
Scott?

SCOTT
How can I--Y-y-you d-don't--

Scott!
His teeth clench, air pushes through them like he's hyper-ventilating.

ABBEEY
I'm here now... alright? Take your time... breathe for me, just try to keep yourself calm, I won't be able to help you if you're worked up.

He swallows, bites back a flow of tears that seem to have sprung from nowhere.

SCOTT
... I don't want to talk about it, but I have to. I have to, I have to, I have to...

ABBEEY
I'm gonna set up the camera, alright?

SCOTT
No, I don't need anyon-- I don't want this getting out or--

ABBEEY
-- Scott, I need to make a record of this, I need to record your session for study, so we can find out what's going on with you.

A reluctant Scott nods and Campos sets-up the camera on the tripod.

SCOTT
I don't want to go under.

ABBEEY
Then let's not do that. You relay as much as you can remember.

SCOTT
There's things... that I-I-I... have to remember... But I can't, without...

ABBEEY
Scott, I can put you under a very light hypnosis, if you're worried about...

SCOTT
I have to-- I have to remember, I have to get this out of my head, it feels like it's just dug in there. I can't think straight anymore.

   (long pause, sighs)

I-- I-- fine... Do it.
Abbey studies him carefully -- then looks at Campos who looks right back.

CUT TO:

TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM
SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER
CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM
LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:03

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.

ABBEY
(soothingly)
Eight, seven, six, relax...there's a lot of people in the room with you now...you're not alone...relax...
...relax...by the time I reach one, you will be asleep... Five...Four...Three...Two...One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at each other -- what next?

TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, piercing their ears.

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical bars of chaos. It is impossible to decipher anything.

[NOTE TO READER: ELECTROMAGNETIC INTERFERENCE (EMI) SCRAMMBLED THE IMAGE BEYOND ANY RECOGNIZABILITY. THE SOUND IS ROUGH AND FULL OF STATIC, BUT CAN STILL BE UNDERSTOOD]

[NOTE: "--------" means the audio is too distorted or is untranslatable by the Sumerian experts.]

TIMECODE: 00:08:41
ROLLING BARS OF DISTORTION ARE ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN.
The rustling of bed sheets can be heard...

...and then a heavily accented METALIC VOICE speaks forth with:

ALIEN VOICE
ABBEYE TYLEREY.

A woman SHRIEKS and is heard running out of the room.

ALIEN VOICE
ABBEYEA ELIZABETHAY TYLEREYH. DI!

Abbey is quiet for another moment, and then words tremble out of her mouth.

ABBEY
Deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power--

ALIEN VOICE
"-------" A AG SU MU, "-------" GU.E.

Someone is heard stumbling backwards--and then bed sheets rustle again. The ROLLING DISTORTION is moving faster than ever.

TIMECODE: 00:09:17

Abbey's sniffling and whimpering uncontrollably.

ALIEN VOICE
GE.SHUR NAM NU HUR BUR, "-------"
TEN ZAE AL.TAR A.DA, "-------" BI!!!

THE ROLLING BARS STOP -- CLARITY IS RESTORED.

SCOTT lies crumpled in the bed, completely limp and unconscious.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING their eyes out -- and crying hard.

TIMECODE: 00:09:55

-- FREEZE FRAME --

-- ZOOM IN UNTIL IMAGE PIXILATES --

...as we hear a CHORUS OF SOUND...

SLOWLY ZOOM OUT OF PIXILATION...
THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

They sit in the stillness, in the quietness of the room. Dr. Tyler's eyes are red, and her cheeks puffy.

ABBEE

...God.

OLATUNDE

I have something you've never seen before. And I'd like to show it to you.

ABBEE

(hesitant)

...is it...?

OLATUNDE

Something that might upset you, yes.

A moment. Dr. Tyler considers this.

OLATUNDE

Footage that you gave me--restored footage--of what happened in [NAME WITHHELD] room.

Dr. Tyler's brow furrows.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

Restored?

OLATUNDE

We translated it, and our engineers were able to minimize the effects of the electromagnetic interference. And if you look carefully, you can actually see a little bit of what happened.

She's quiet a moment, then slowly starts to shake her head.

THE REAL DR. TYLER

I--I can't watch it.

OLATUNDE

I just want to play--

THE REAL DR. TYLER

There's no reason for me to--I can't relive it.

OLATUNDE

I thought if you could walk us through like you did with the audio recor--
THE REAL DR. TYLER

I said no.

An intelligible male voice is heard off camera. Olatunde looks towards the voice.

OLATUNDE
I want the audience to be able to experience it with her--so they know what it was like--so they can feel what she went through at the time.
Is that--

The voice interrupts, utters something unintelligible.

OLATUNDE
(to voice)
That's all. We only do it once.
(to Abbey)
Is that OK with you?

The male voice speaks again and Dr. Tyler turns her head awkwardly to look at him, and then back to Olatunde and nods.

ABBEE
(sighs)
OK.

OLATUNDE
Thank you.
(to Abbey)
Thank you for agreeing to this.

Olatunde indicates a monitor to the right of where he sits.

OLATUNDE
Alright...here's the restored footage.

Dr. Tyler sighs and nods.

SPLIT SCREEN: INTERVIEW ON RIGHT/RESTORED FOOTAGE ON LEFT

IN LEFT FRAME:

TITLE -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-4-00, 11:01 AM
SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER
CAMERA ANGLE: TWO SHOT OF SCOTT IN BED, AND ABBEY SITTING IN CHAIR BESIDE HIM
LOCATION: SCOTT STRACINSKY'S HOUSE
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:08:14

Scott's eyes are closed, he's relaxed, an unbelievable contrast from earlier. Abbey is sitting next to him on the far side of the bed away from the camera.
ABBNEY

(soothingly)
Eight, seven, six, relax... there's a lot of people in the room with you now... you're not alone... relax...
... relax... by the time I reach one, you will be asleep... Five... Four... Three... Two... One.

Scott slumps in his bed and is quiet. The three look at each other -- what next?

TIMECODE: 00:08:25

Scott's mouth snaps open

IMPOSSIBLY WIDE,

IMPOSSIBLY LARGE--

and a

LOW METALLIC yet

ORGANIC WAIL PROJECTS OUTWARDS

into the room, hurting their ears.

IN RIGHT FRAME: Dr. Tyler is breathing harder and harder, approaching hyperventilation.

IN LEFT FRAME:

The video image TWISTS, DISTORTS, and ROLLS into nonsensical bars of chaos.

However this time due to the manipulation of our engineers, a WARPED, TWISTED IMAGE can be seen, and BARELY DECIPHERED in the middle portion of the chaos:

TIMECODE: 00:08:41

Through the GRAIN and DISTORTION,

Scott SITS UP TOO FAST, EERILY FAST,

and his head starts to rotate UNNATURALLY to the right, away from the camera, while his torso remains pointed straight ahead.

The head is TURNING FARTHER

than a human head should, until he seems to be looking right at Abbey.

THIS IS NO LONGER SCOTT.
[NOTE: "------" means the audio is too distorted to be deciphered, or unable to be translated by the Sumerian experts.]

HIS mouth opens again...

...and a heavily accented METALIC VOICE speaks forth with:

**ALIEN VOICE**

(subtitles)

"------" ABBEY TYLER.

Paralyzed with fear where she sits, Abby can say nothing.

Cindy **SHRIEKS** and can be heard running out of the room.

**IN RIGHT FRAME:** Dr. Tyler breaks down and cries.

    THE REAL DR. TYLER

    Oh my God... oh God!

**IN LEFT FRAME:**

**ALIEN VOICE**

(subtitles)

ABBYYEA ELIZABETH HAY

TYLER EYH. DI!

Abbey cannot move, total and unbridled terror controls her.

**ABBYYE**

(mumbles)

Deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power--

**ALIEN VOICE**

(subtitles)

"------" NO NEED TO PRAY, I "------" AM HERE.

**IN RIGHT FRAME:**

Dr. Tyler **SCREAMS** and screams. She closes her eyes and locks away from the monitor.
She's trying to talk, trying to say something, but everything comes out as a whimper.

**IN LEFT FRAME:**

Abbey staggers out of her chair, away from the bed, practically off screen.

*TIMECODE: 00:09:17*

The LIGHTS

FLICKER MADDENINGLY,

STROBE like, BURING their eyes.

ALIEN VOICE

END THE "-------" STUDY

"-------"!!!

ALIEN VOICE

A."-----" AL.LA."-----"!!!

SCOTT'S BODY goes limp

and CRUMPLES

back into the bed.

Off screen, Abbey, Awolowa and Campos can be heard CRYING -- and crying hard.

*TIMECODE: 00:09:55*

**IN RIGHT FRAME:** Dr. Tyler shakes her head and cries, sucking in huge intakes of air before each sob.

She tries to say something but can't, falling apart and continuing to cry violently.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

**IN ABBEY'S BEDROOM**

her suitcase is out and she's frantically stuffing clothes into it as Ronnie and Ashley watch in disbelief. The house phone rings incessantly.

RONNIE

But where are we going?

ABBEEY

North Carolina.

ASHLEY

North Carolina?
RONNIE
What's in North Carolina?

ABBEY
Us by tomorrow.

Ronnie looks at her incredulously -- she's serious.

RONNIE
But I have a game tomorrow!

Abbey points at him.

ABBEY
Pack, your bags.

He can't believe this. The phone stops ringing, then starts again--he picks it up.

RONNIE
(to phone)
Hello?

ASHLEY
Mommy?

ABBEY
Yes sweetheart.

ASHLEY
What's wrong?

ABBEY
Nothing baby, we're just gonna take a little break. I'll help you pack in a second.

RONNIE
(to Abbey)
It's Abel.

ABBEY
I'll call him back.

RONNIE
(to phone)
She'll call you back.
(listens, to Abbey)
He says he has to talk to you.

ABBEY
(snaps)
I'll call him back!

RONNIE
(to phone)
You heard that.
He hangs up.

**RONNIE**
He's coming over.

Abbey sighs, and slams a wad of clothes into another suitcase.

**ASHLEY**
Are we going to see grandma and grandpa?

**ABBEEY**
No honey. They're not here anymore, remember?

**ASHLEY**
Yeah, they're with daddy. I mean grandpa and grandma Lilly.

Abbey sighs deeply. The phone rings again.

**ABBEEY**
We're not seeing them either.

**ASHLEY**
Why not?

**ABBEEY**
'Cause they don't talk to me anymore.

**ASHLEY**
Why?

**ABBEEY**
(snaps)
Go to your room and pack.

**ASHLEY**
OK...

Ashley turns and fumbles out of the room, Abbey watches her go, wishing she hadn't snapped at her.

**RONNIE**
It's 'cause of Dad, huh?

Abbey doesn't respond as RED and BLUE lights flash through her window. Ronnie looks outside.

**RONNIE**
Mom...what did you do?

**ABBEEY RUSHES INTO**
her living room -- SOMEONE IS POUNDING on the front door.
ABBEY

Hold on!

She opens the door, and August charges right in, followed by THREE DEPUTIES including DEPUTY RYAN [ALIAS], 32, bearded.

August approaches her and launches an assault --

AUGUST

What happened to Scott Stracinsky?

ABBEY

I didn't do anyth--

AUGUST

He's paralyzed from the neck down! Three of the vertebrae in his neck are completely severed!

ABBEY

He's para--?

AUGUST

YES goddamn it!

ABBEY

I don't know--I don't know--

AUGUST

You were there-- tell me what happened!

ABBEY

But it wasn't--he was saying things. He was saying--he was--

AUGUST

How'd he brake his back?

ABBEY

I can't explain it--it's--

AUGUST

You'll explain it NOW!

ABBEY

S--Something was inside of him, and--and it twisted his body--an-and that's probably what did it. It was--it was--

She's at a loss for words...

August is very still, very rational -- but his eyes are firing into her like the bullets of an AK-47.
AUGUST

(quietly)
Something was inside of him. It twisted his body.

It takes her a moment to answer--

ABBEY

(pained)
Yes.

AUGUST

And you have proof of this.

ABBEY

It didn't record, it's all distorted--

The rage drains from August...

AUGUST

Abbey...how the hell do you expect me...

...and is replaced by sorrow...

AUGUST

...how in God's name am I supposed to believe this?

ABBEY

I know what I saw...

AUGUST

I know you just lost Will, and I'm sorry about Ashley--my heart goes out to you--it does. But you have to understand that what you're doing is hurting people, horribly. It's time you face the reality at hand. Know I don't want to do this, but you've forced us to this situation.

August moves, putting his hands on her.

ABBEY

What?

As he turns her around and begins to handcuff her.

AUGUST

You have the right to remain silent.

ABBEY

What are you doing?
AUGUST
Anything you say or do can and will be used against you in a court of law.

The deputies move towards her.

ABBEY
Sheriff... August...

AUGUST
You have the right to an attorney.

ABBEY
Please.

AUGUST
If you can't afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you.

ABBEY
You can't take me away from my children.
(begs)
August...

CAMPOS (O.S.)
August!

Campos hurries into the room, panting, out of breath. He steps up to the Sheriff.

CAMPOS
I know what it looks like--but I was there, saw it with my own eyes.

AUGUST
Saw what?

CAMPOS
He--he--Scott--

Campos can't find words that make sense, he looks at Abbey then back at August.

AUGUST
(to deputies--no patience)
Get him out of my sight.

The deputies grab Campos and pull him back.

CAMPOS
I watched you grow up with her--both of you, in this town--together. You knew her father--you know her family!
(MORE)
CAMPOS (CONT'D)
She committed no physical harm to
that man--never touched him! She's
not capable of it!

AUGUST
I don't know what--

CAMPOS
You know her! You know she couldn't!
What's happening in Nome is terrifying--
I know it is--But whatever you do,
you can't--you can not arrest her
because of something you don't
understand--because your terrified!

AUGUST
Goddamn it man--!

CAMPOS
You're taking her from her children!
For their sake, leave her be!

August looks from Ronnie to Ashley -- seeing them for the
first time. He runs a hand through his hair -- it shakes,
betraying nerves, indecision.

ABBEEY
Please...

CAMPOS
Don't do it.

AUGUST
(sighs)
I'm putting you under house arrest.
(a breath, not meeting
her eyes)
You'll be under twenty-four hour
supervision and aren't allowed to
leave these premises. Campos, you're
coming with me.

August grabs Campos by the arm and strides out of the house
with his deputies, leaving Abbey and her children alone.

Ronnie looks at her as if she were mad, he's at a complete
loss for words.

ASHLEY
Mommy? Are you OK?

FADE IN TEXT -- THE VOICE OF DR. TYLER
THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)

(shaky)
Sometimes...when I care for a patient...I realize they're different from all the others...

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE

the cop trucks crush snow as they drive away from the house.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
It's a...it's a shock every time--as if I'm seeing it for the first time...

A ways down the road, DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK makes a U-Turn away from the other trucks, and pulls off to the side of the road, facing Abbey's house.

IN DEPUTY RYAN'S COP TRUCK.

Deputy Ryan turns off his truck, from here he can see her entire house with ease. He grabs his radio mic.

RYAN
This is Ryan sir, I'm stationed in front of the Tyler home.

AUGUST (on radio)
Roger that, you're out there all night Ryan.

Ryan sighs.

AUGUST (on radio)
She so much as opens that front door, you arrest her. And don't request anything from her. Order it. Clear?

RYAN
Copy that, sir.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Abby's eyes are bloodshot, tears rimming the bottom of each eye. Her cheeks are puffy and red.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...You see it in their eyes, in their mannerisms. You can tell by what they're saying, that something isn't right.

(MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(pauses)
And then all of a sudden you realize that the person sitting across from you is insane.
(breath)
I became that person...to everyone else--they thought--they think I'm insane. And the thing is...how can I blame them? What I'm saying is--is...I wish I had made it all up.
Because at least that way, I could walk away--with all the things that I lost--
(she grows more emotional)
--and I could continue to live my life...but I can't.
(quietly)
'Cause...'cause, I didn't make up any of it.

Olatunde nods, understanding.

FADE IN LEFT SPLIT/SCREEN, UPPER & LOWER FRAME

THE REAL DR. TYLER
And...then uh...Campos and Awolowa were both questioned...by August...

LEFT LOWER FRAME: August questions Awolowa, who glares at the Sheriff.

LEFT UPPER FRAME: August interrogates Campos, towering over him as he verbally attacks him.

IN RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Campos reminded him about the disappearances, and--

OLATUNDE
What about them?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Homicides, missing people, dozens of them. It's been going on here since the 1960's and the FBI has been dropping in from time to time.

OLATUNDE
What did they find?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Nothing...it's inconclusive. To this day nothing's been solved.
OLATUNDE
You mentioned the situation dated
back some time, 1960's, that's forty
years.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...there's a lot of government
activity up here...I mean, they had
a couple of Blue Book cases back
then too...

Olatunde is writing all of this down.

OLATUNDE
What do you think all this means?
How do you put it in perspective?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
They have categories for these types
of things--different levels--

OLATUNDE
--Explain...

THE REAL DR. TYLER
An encounter of the First
Kind...that's when you see a UFO.
The Second Kind? It's when you see
evidence of it, crop circles--
radiation...Third Kind is when you
see an alien. But the Fourth
Kind...there's nothing more
frightening than the Fourth...you
see, that one's when they abduct
you.

She looks at Olatunde hard.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I think it's all part of the same
thing, it's all connected...to Will--
the missing people--to everything in
Nome.

(her mouth twitches)
You see...this kind of thing...what's
happening to Nome--to me?... I think
it's happening to other people...not
just there...but all over the
world...in towns, cities--most of
them don't even know it.

OLATUNDE
Know they're abducted?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
How could they know?
(MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

How could they remember what they're being forced to forget? Unless they had help.

(forceful)
And I tried to give that help to as many people as I could--no matter what they say about me--I tried and maybe failed, but I did try.

This floats in the air a couple seconds.

OLATUNDE
So what happened with the Sheriff's interview of Campos and Awolowa?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
August told them to stay away from me--and I told them to go back home--so I wouldn't...drag them into this any further but...they--uh--they told me they weren't leaving until they were sure I was alright. But that night just got worse...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

3:33 AM

is the time on Deputy Ryan's dashboard as he snores.

And then he wakes up.

For a moment he stares straight ahead, and then he starts looking around frantically as if he missed something, but there's nothing.

He rubs his head and sets his head back against the headrest -- at that moment he see's it, just under his rear view mirror, out the window, and above Abbey's home.

RYAN

What the hell?

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-5-00, 3:01 AM
CAMERA ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD AT ABBEY'S HOUSE WHICH IS IN THE DISTANCE
QUALITY: BLACK & WHITE, PIXILATED
SOURCE: DEPUTY RYAN'S PATROL TRUCK CAMERA
LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE
RUNNING TIMECODE: 05:57:53

The image TWISTS and BENDS as what appears to be
# Disappearances or suspicious deaths in Nome

Unofficial list from Kawenaik, Inc.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>AGE</th>
<th>HOMETOWN</th>
<th>DETAILS</th>
<th>DATE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eric Apatiki</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Gambell</td>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>Oct. 2004</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonya Ivanoff**</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Unakwikot and Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Jan. 2003</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tedall Kaslongak</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dillingue</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>March 2002</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Tyler</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Sept. 2000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Male***</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>June 1998</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jeffrey Komonaseak</td>
<td>&lt;25</td>
<td>Wales</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Aug. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oldi Apatiki</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>Gambell</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Aug. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male***</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Dec. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Justina Kunayak</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dillingue</td>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>Nov. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eimer Campbell Jr.</td>
<td>&lt;25</td>
<td>Gambell</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Nov. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthew Towanik</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Nov. 1998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male***</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>May 1999 after being reported missing seven months earlier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nathan Amingawak</td>
<td></td>
<td>Wales</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>1997</td>
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<td>Donald Adams</td>
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<td>Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Oct. 1976</td>
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<td>Ratliff Barona</td>
<td></td>
<td>Unakwikot and Nome</td>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>1970s</td>
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<td>James Moses</td>
<td></td>
<td>Eek and Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>Late 1960s</td>
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<td>Aurora Eskiolt</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nome</td>
<td>Missing</td>
<td>Aug. 1936</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beverly Imningan</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nome</td>
<td>Found dead</td>
<td>1950s</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We want people to feel someone took a good hard look into their family member's case — whether they were drinking or not, whether they were from a village or a city, whether they were from a wealthy family or a poor family. Justice should be served.

— Melanie Edwards, Kawenaik executive vice president

We're trying to separate this urban legend from fact.

— Nome Police Chief Craig Heimus
SOMETHING LARGE

moves over Abbey's house, and then the

VIDEO COMPLETELY DISTORTS

and becomes absolutely unwatchable. Only sound is heard.

TIMECODE: 05:58:01

The VIDEO SLIDES to the left side of the screen, as SUBTITLES
OF RYAN'S CONVERSATION scroll on the right side.

Archive Video and Audio play simultaneously.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED AUDIO
RECORDED: 10-3-00
SOURCE: NAME POLICE COMMUNICATIONS RECORDER
LOCATION: IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE

RYAN (on radio)
(urgent)
Dispatch, this is Deputy [NAME. WITHELD].

DISPATCH (on radio)

Go ahead.

No response from Ryan.

DISPATCH
I said go ahead.

RYAN (on radio)
Uh... I--I--
(pauses)
God almighty...
(frantic)
I need back up now! We have a situation at the Tyler residence on Hunting Road.

DISPATCH (on radio)

Clarify the situation, sir.

RYAN (on radio)
There's some kind of machine--a ship flying over her house and--and--and--pulling someone out. Oh Christ it's insanity--it's not making any sense. It's pulling them out of Abbey's house. Into the-the-the thing! I don't know what it is! I--I--just get them over here--
The VIDEO DISTORTION clears up. In the pixilated black and white image, nothing can be seen in the sky over Abbey's house.

Whatever was there is gone.

Officer Ryan stands on the left side of the screen talking into his mic.

**TIMECODE: 06:00:18**

_Ryan (on radio)_

Mother of God! It's gone, it just--
it's gone, I didn't see it, it-- something flashed and it's fucki-- oh-my-God, my God, they took 'em, they-- you gotta-- I can't believe-- they're gone I-- I-- don't know where it went!

He stumbles down to a knee, leaving only his head in frame.

_Ryan (on radio)_

I can't believe what I just saw! I can't believe it...

--- FREEZE FRAME ---

The PAUSED VIDEO FADES OUT as...

INTERVIEW ROOM

FADES IN:

_THE REAL DR. TYLER_

Did you-- were you able to...

_Olatunde_

-- we weren't able to pull anything out of this one--

_THE REAL DR. TYLER_

-- but this is when they took her--

_Olatunde_

-- I'm sorry-- we tried, but there was no more information to pull out, only the beginning--

_THE REAL DR. TYLER_

I just want to see her-- I want to see what happened--

_Olatunde_

We don't have anything else--
THE REAL DR. TYLER
--where it took her--

OLATUNDE
--there's nothing except for what
you saw...

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Just, maybe--

OLATUNDE
Dr. Tyler. There's nothing else
there...We tried everything we could.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(shaking, eyes watering)
I was hoping...

OLATUNDE
...I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF ABBEY'S HOUSE, LATER.

Four patrol trucks with their sirens BLAZING arrive,
surrounding a deeply shaken Deputy Ryan. Sheriff August
steps from one of the trucks.

AUGUST
Where are they?

RYAN
I-I-I don't know--I tried t-to tell
you--

August doesn't break stride, hurrying towards the house.

AUGUST
I want that video played back.

RYAN
Sir, it didn't record, it--it did
but nothing came out--

AUGUST
Ah--bullshit! C'MON!

RYAN
I-I-It's--

AUGUST
RYAN! Pull it together man!

August rushes

INSIDE ABBEY'S HOUSE,
with his OFFICERS in tow, and RUSHES past the rooms till he see's Abbey in

ASHLEY'S ROOM

and enters.

Ronnie and Abbey are the only ones in here. Abbey is on the floor crying and Ronnie's trying to calm her down. Chaos pours from her mouth.

AUGUST
What the hell happened?

ABBEEY
They took my baby.

RONNIE
Mom shhhhh! Mom!

AUGUST
Where's Ashley?

Abbey points upwards.

ABBEEY
They took her.

RONNIE
Stop it!

AUGUST
(to Ronnie)
What's she talking about?

RONNIE
Someone kidnapped Ashley.

AUGUST
(to radio)
I want this entire house searched, I want everybody outside, inside, going through this residence top to bottom.
(to Ronnie)
What the hell did you see?

RONNIE
Nothing, I came in here and she was gone.

ABBEEY
She's not here! They took her!--they took her into the sky--up there! I saw it!

AUGUST
Through the ceiling?
ABBEEY
Yeess! A beam of light
came down and--and--
pulled her up--oh my
God!

RONNIE
(desperate)
Mom! Why are you saying
this?

AUGUST
What the hell are you saying?

ABBEEY
I saw it! It reached
down and grabbed her!
It took my baby! I
couldn't stop it I
couldn't move I was
frozen! They took
her!

RONNIE
(desperate)
Stop it! Please stop!

AUGUST
Alright clear the room! Everyone
out!
(to Ronnie)
You too.

RONNIE
Why--?

AUGUST
Out!

ABBEEY
He doesn't leave my sight!

AUGUST
I need you alone!

ABBEEY
I'm his mother--he's not leaving my
sight!

The deputies leave the room leaving the three of them alone. August slams the door.

Sniffling, Abbey sits on Ashley's bed. August spins a chair backwards and sits on it, his face less than two feet from hers. Ronnie looks between the two of them.

AUGUST
Less than five hours after I arrest
you, your daughter goes missing.

ABBEEY
You gonna arrest me again?

AUGUST
(quietly)
Where is she?
ABBEY
I just told you what happened--

AUGUST
That horse shit--

ABBEY
You had an officer outside my--

AUGUST
He couldn't show me shit on video--

ABBEY
It's true! I saw--

He stands and SLAMS the chair down.

AUGUST
Where is she goddamn it!

ABBEY
I don't know--!

AUGUST
What did you do with her?
(to Ronnie)
Where's your sister?

ABBEY
Don't yell at him!

AUGUST
(to Abbey)
Where is she--WHERE IS SHE!

He hurls the chair behind him -- it splinters into the wall and bounces back out of shape--

AUGUST
GOD DAMN IT! WHERE THE HELL IS SHE??

ABBEY
I--I told you!

RONNIE
(to Abbey)
Why are you saying this?

ABBEY
Honey--I'm not-- I'm not--

RONNIE
What's wrong with you? What happened to you!

ABBEY
Baby...
That hit her harder than ever.

ABBEEY

Baby--I...

Breathing hard, seething air between his teeth.

AUGUST

You haven't been right in the head since Will.

ABBEY

You haven't found the killer--

AUGUST

No Abbey...we did--

ABBEY

--he's still out there--!

AUGUST

--and you know I speak the truth. There's a thin line between reality and fiction, and you've crossed over to the wrong side.

August nods at Ronnie.

AUGUST

I'm removing him from your custody.

ABBEY

You are not taking my son.

AUGUST

I am. And come tomorrow morning, for your sake Abbey, have a lawyer present. That's how we're doing it from here on in.

Abbey rushes over to Ronnie and grabs onto his arm.

AUGUST (to radio)

Guys get in here, we're removing Ronnie from Abbey's custody.

The door bursts open and the DEPUTIES rush in, swarming around Abbey and Ronnie.

ABBEEY

NO!

They try and separate her from her son but she is not letting go!
RONNIE
(to Abbey)
Let me go! Let go!

ABBEEY
No!

RONNIE
Mom! Let go--let go of me!

The sound fades out as her mouth moves...she continues to struggle to know avail.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
(crying)
That was the worst day of my life.
I lost my baby...

DISSOLVE TO:

THEY PULL

Ronnie away from her and towards the door.

Dissolve to:

ABBEEY'S CRYING

alone in the room.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
...lost my son...

FADE IN ABBEEY'S INTERVIEW RIGHT OF FRAME SPLIT/SCREEN

IN THE RIGHT FRAME: THE REAL DR. TYLER'S face glistens with tears and her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER (V.O.)
I was alone...completely alone. I can't describe how that felt. What that experience is like. To have your kids ripped away from you. Ashley without any explanation...and then Ronnie just not wanting anything to do with me. Going with the police of his own free will. The kind of pain that creates, it just--it stays there and just gets stronger.

She cries for a moment in silence.

CLATUNDE
So...What did you do next?
IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Narrative Abbey rises to her feet.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I realized...that they weren't going
to be able to find her...that I would
have to do it on my own.

OLATUNDE
But you couldn't leave.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
That's not what I mean, I had to...to
find a way to go directly to the
them...directly to the source.

OLATUNDE
Who's them?

She pauses for a moment, carefully looking at him.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Whoever took my daughter.

OLATUNDE
How...?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces around Ashley's room.

CUT TO:

RONNIE'S ROOM.

IN THE LEFT FRAME: She paces back and forth next to his bed.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...figure out-- I had to try and--
and determine where they might have
taken her...by figuring out where
they took me.

OLATUNDE
You mean hypnotize yourself, and go
back to the night they took her?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(shakes her head)
No-- the night they abducted me,
when it got recorded on my tape
recorder--
OLATUNDE
--Right.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
If I could figure out where they took me...then maybe--

OLATUNDE
--you could figure out where they took her.

The corner of her mouth twitches.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...and find a way to communicate with them, talk to them.

CUT TO:

THE STUDY -- IN THE LEFT FRAME:
She stands at the doorway, looking in.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

OLATUNDE
Talk to...whoever took Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Yes.

OLATUNDE
...and how?

IN THE LEFT FRAME: Abbey walks into her study and sits down at her desk.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I had already seen it done--with Scott. They can communicate with you when you go under hypnosis.

OLATUNDE
You were going to try and initiate this on purpose?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
Exactly.

OLATUNDE
And you knew at the time that Scott was paralyzed?
THE REAL DR. TYLER
I knew I'd do anything for my daughter. For one of the two things
I really love in this world.

Olatunde nods.

IN THE LEFT FRAME:

Abbey picks up the phone, dials and starts talking.

IN THE RIGHT FRAME:

THE REAL DR. TYLER
I called the two I knew I could trust---
even though August warned them to
stay away--they came over, like true
friends.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
Abbey...are you sure you want to do
this?

ABBY (O.S.)
I don't have a choice.

FADE IN:

IN ABBEY'S STUDY,

she sits in a leather chair. Campos sits across from her,
and Awolowa is behind him, hand holding the camcorder, and
RECORDING.

TEXT -- ARCHIVED VIDEO
RECORDED: 10-6-00, 7:01 PM
CAMERA ANGLE: HAND HELD, LOOKING AT ABBEY FROM THE WAIST UP
QUALITY: FAIR, COLOR
SOURCE: ABBEY'S VIDEO RECORDER LOCATION: ABBEY'S STUDY
RUNNING TIMECODE: 00:09:20

SPLIT SCREEN NARRATIVE/ARCHIVE FOOTAGE AS NEEDED

She's slumped in her seat, and her head is hanging to the
side.

The CAMERA BARELY KEEPS HER FRAMED, allowing too much
headroom.

CAMPOS (O.S.)
Abbey.
Yes...

CAMPOS
Let's go back three days...to Tuesday...when you were giving dictation in your bedroom....

ABBEE
Yes...

CAMPOS
What happened after you finished your dictation?

ABBEE
'...remains unexplained...and worse, unsolved...Like Will...and...' She trails off into nothing...

CAMPOS
Are you sleeping?

ABBEE
...yes...

TIMECODE: 00:9:20

CAMPOS
What happened next?

Her head slowly, quietly, rolls groggily to the right...

ABBEE
...The owl...it's looking down at me...

CAMPOS
Is this the same owl your patients see?

ABBEE
...yes...but it's......smiling... (rising panic) ...I don't like when it smiles...

CAMPOS
What do you mean, 'smiling'?

ABBEE
I don't know what I mean...I don't want to know...

CAMPOS
It's too late to forget what you already know. Tell me what you see.
Her lips tighten, a part of her unwilling to part with her next words—

**ABBEEY**
(whispers)
It's not an owl...

Abbey's eyes gradually open...looking hard at something we can't see above her and she starts to whimper, starts to cry— as fear melts her features.

**ABBEEY**
Oh God...God--

**CAMPOS**
Relax, we're here, it's OK. None of this is happening right now.

**ABBEEY**
GOOOOODDD HELP
MEEEEEEE!!! MAMA!
MAMA! MAAAMAAA!!!
AAAAAAAAAA!
AAAAAAAA!!!

**CAMPOS**
(tries to talk over her)
Abby! Detach the emotion!
It's not happening right now--

**ABBEEY**
--aaaaaaAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Abbey SLAMS HER BODY

back into the chair and goes rigid, her face screwing up as if something were pushing on her, SMOTHERING her body with an immeasurable amount of pressure.

She exerts quick rapid breaths, trying to breath. Campos watches her helplessly.

**CAMPOS**
What are they doing to you?

**ABBEEY**
(clenched teeth)
--Taking me out-- up-- up--
(desperation)
God I'm so high, I'm so-- it's not stopping-- it's not safe--AAAAHHHH!

She lifts her back out of the chair, then COLLAPSES back into it as if whatever vehicle she thinks she's in stopped.

Eyes closed, her head is making jerky movements to the left and right as if it took great effort to move it.
CAMPOS

Keep talking to me-- keep talking--
what do you see?

Her arms raise into the air, and with the motor skills of
someone who appears drugged, she seems to be swatting
something away. Her face is contorted into a flesh mask of
fear.

ABBEEy

(silent tears)
What are you...? What are you doing
to me...?

CAMPOS

Who are you talking to?

ABBEEy

The things...the--the--people,
operating on me--I'm on a table.

CAMPOS

People? Like you and I?

ABBEEy

No--they don't look like you...they
don't look-- they're not from
here...not human--NO!

She keeps swatting at thin air, trying to get something away
from her.

ABBEEy

They're all around me-- too many of
them--their minds--it hurts--ahhhh.

Suddenly her body goes STIFF, her head snaps back into the
headrest--her arms slam down, and her

LEGs spread OPEN.

ABBEEy

Oh God! Nonononono stop it
pleeeeeease! Don't let it-- don't
let it--

She squirms as if restrained, trying to twist back further
up the chair, her eyes are focused down at her crotch.

ABBEEy

--Ahhhhgg! They're putting it in me--
(high pitched)
It hurts--oh God!

CAMPOS

What is it?
ABBEY
  (shrieks)
  A metal thing--!

CAMPOS
What are they doing--

ABBEY
--th-they're in my
womb...oh....God...!

She starts
CONVULSING,
seizure like-- in obvious PAIN, then her entire body goes
limp.

CAMPOS
  Abbey...
  (no response)
  Abbey...?

Campos reaches towards her...

...The video image begins to TWIST--BEND---

TIMECODE: 00:11:20

Abby jerks VIOLENTLY and a CRACKING is heard as her back
bends UNNATURALLY over the back of the chair, hiding her
face from view as she FLOPS WILDLY as if in a SEIZURE.

The camera is EXTREMELY SHAKY as it follows this.

ABBEY
  (LOW, ELECTRONIC)
  AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII.

This voice is vocalizing from Abbey, but DOES NOT BELONG TO
HER.

The VIDEO COMPLETELY DISTORTS,
bars of nonsense ROILING INCOHERENTLY. Nothing visual can
be deciphered.

She talks now, vacillating between her NORMAL VOICE and this
other, nominally DEMONIC VOICE channeling through her--as if
she were having a conversation with herself.

TIMECODE: 00:12:02

VOICE
  ME. EN. NE. EN "--------"
A'AS."----------"

VOICE
  (subtitles)
  I "--------" WILL ENFORCE
  MY WILL "----------."
BARS CONVULSE, BEND, STILL NOTHING CAN BE MADE OUT.

ABBEY
What does that--what do you mean--?

VOICE
"--------" ISH SAR.

[DISTORTED] ZU.

VOICE
"--------" NOT FOR MY WORLD

TO [DISTORTED] KNOW.

ABBEY
Give me my baby! Why can't you give
her back to me?

VOICE
"--------" NU "--------"

VOICE
"--------" CHILD "--------"

ABBEY
She's my child! Give her to me!
Give her--

VOICE
A' ZAE A'E "--------"

"--------" MEN.ZEN.

VOICE
CHILD "--------" NEVER "--------"
RETURNED.

ABBEY
No! You can't do that, you can't do
that to us.

VOICE
A'E "--------" A'AS

TIL.

VOICE
MY "--------" WILL DONE.

ABBEY
Please! Please! Don't do this!
DON'T DO THIS!

No answer.

ABBEY
What are you? Why are you doing
this?

TIMECODE: 00:13:16

We hear flesh colliding with wood -- Abbey falling onto the
floor.

VOICE
ME.EN.NE.EN ILU

"--------,"

VOICE
I AM YOUR GOD "--------."

ABBEY
You're not! I reject you! You're--
you're--y--ahhhhhhhhh!
Abbey

WITHERS in PAIN,

GRUNTING and SHRIEKING.

ABBEY

S-S-S-STOP IT!

VOICE

"----------" .NA DA "-----

VOICE (subtitles)

"----------" TRUTH REMAINS

"-------

Louder than ever, assaulting -- DISTORTING the speakers.

VOICE

"--------" ME. EN. NE. EN

VOICE (subtitles)

"---------" AYA. MEN. ZEN!

ILU!

For a moment there's no sound save for the hiss/static of the tape...

...as if the last proclamation of the VOICE silenced everything...it's claim...HANGING, FLOATING on the air...

...VIOLATING it, DEFILING it...

AWOLOWA (O.S.)

A--Abbey?

TIMECODE: 00:14:26

CAMPOS (O.S.)

You see that...? Out...on the horizon. What is it?

Distortion bars roll...

AWOLOWA (O.S.)

My God...

CAMPOS

It's coming...here...?

The camera is

DROPPED

onto the floor,

HITTING IT HARD.

(NOTE: AUDIO HAS BEEN TRANSCRIBED AS BEST AS POSSIBLE)

SCREAMING.
distorting the audio, all of them, yelling at the top of their lungs--

AWOLOWA (O.S.)
OTI-OTI-OTIOTI!
RUNMILOWO GAAAWDOTTIIII!
KO NI SHELE Mo-LAI -
LAI! FI MI SI LE!

CAMPOS (O.S.)
NOOOOOO! GAAAAAAWWWDD---!
I'M PARALY---

ABBEY (O.S.)
NOT AGAIN! NOTAGAIN!
GETAWAYFROMME! GETAWAY FROM ME!
AHHHHHHH--!

THE SCREAMS GROW EVEN LOUDER AND MORE DESPERATE, OVERLOADING THE SPEAKERS IN A WALL OF NOISE!

ALIEN VOICE (O.S.)
...ZIMABU--FRANEVEYRY...

THEN A

WHOOSHING SOUND

IS HEARD THEN

DEAD SILENCE RULES.

Our IMAGE CLEARS UP, the DISTORTION IS GONE...giving us a perfect view of a room that looks like

A TORNADO

walked though it.

COUCHES at odd angles, CHAIRS against the walls, BOOKS on the floor, but NOTHING is near the window--almost as if something CLEARED that area away.

NO ONE is in THERE now--

not Awolowa, not Campos, not Abbey.

The tape rolls for some time...and then...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Dr. Tyler is speechless, not breathing as her mouth twitches uncontrollably. Behind her the monitors are black.

CLATUNDE
What the hell happened in that room?
THE REAL DR. TYLER
...they came...and we were-- we were...

Now her whole face is twitching, her left eye blinking with every movement.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...They abducted us, all of us-- but eventually brought us back, but we don't remember where they took us-- even with hypnosis it's black--

The twitch has become a tremble, making it difficult for her to form her words.

OLATUNDE
Are you OK? Do you need a break?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
No, I'm fine.

Dr. Tyler takes a couple of breaths, steadying herself.

OLATUNDE
Why would...another entity not from this world do these things? Help us understand the reasoning behind it.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
God I don't know--how can we know? If humans can mystify other humans... on a daily basis...then--I--I think we can conclude that something from another world...can mystify us as well.

The import of her statement hovers in the air.

OLATUNDE
You're voice--it's voice...it said it was...God...

Dr. Tyler's face twitches--doesn't respond.

OLATUNDE
What do you believe...? Are they...was it...God...?

She can't meet his eyes...eyes that have something terrible welling within them--something worth hiding.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...I believe...I don't know what I believe...the things I've seen...the presence...I felt inside of me...is (MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
beyond anything we can imagine...and
God...if that were God--what God
is...then he is.........
hopelessness...it cannot be God...it
can't be....

OLATUNDE
And what about Ashley?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(shakes her head)
She...I had to recover from that
night...took me a couple days to
wake up--and as you know I-I was
changed forever. August couldn't
bring me into the station so he...he
came to me.

She looks down at the table...not wanting to say these next
few words.

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...he talked to me about Ashley...and
about Will.

CUT TO:

IN A NOME HOSPITAL ROOM.

Abbey sits in bed...her back against the headboard...her
hair stringy, moist, unkempt. She's lost too much
weight...bone is pressing against her skin...an empty shell
of a once strong, healthy woman.

Her body is very still, unmoving.

August sits in a chair next to her, a MANILA FOLDER in hand.

AUGUST
I hate to ask you these questions--
now, while you're in this condition
your in--but this is one of those
things in life that can't wait.

Abbey nods weakly, quietly.

AUGUST
Abbey. What happened to your
daughter?

ABBEY
(quietly, weakly)
I told you...
AUGUST
What you told me and what actually happened are two different things.

ABBEY
No--they're the same.

AUGUST
OK...you want to play this game?

ABBEY
It's not a game--

AUGUST
How did Will die?

She hesitates, pulls back--stunned by the question.

AUGUST
C'mon....Answer it.

ABBEY
He was murdered.

AUGUST
No Abbey. What you're telling me and what happened are two different things. Now one more time: How did Will die?

Her eyes are darting around...she's breathing harder...her skin is losing it's color...panic is welling in her throat.

ABBEY
Why are you asking me this?

AUGUST
(yells)
Campos! Get in here!

A deputy opens the door and Campos walks in, circles to the other side of the bed and kneels next to Abbey.

ABBEY
What is this?

CAMPOS
It's OK...It's OK...

AUGUST
No it's not OK. We're getting to the bottom of everything now. Again: How did your husband die?

ABBEY
I told you, an intruder entered our house and killed him.
August and Campos exchange looks.

CAMPOS
He's going to show you something that will upset you. But it has to be done, understand?

She doesn't understand. With what strength she has left, she looks at Campos hard.

August opens his file...and holds up a PHOTO for her to see...

She gasps--half SCREAMS, doesn't have the strength to scream again--her face is a perfect mask of revulsion, of tears...anguish.

ABBEEY
...why...?

THE PHOTO is of WILL TYLER--with a BLOODY HOLE in the side of his head the size of a GRAPEFRUIT.

AUGUST
This is the head of a man--

He holds up a SECOND PHOTO, this one of a 9mm PISTOL.

AUGUST
--who used this gun, to blow his own brains out.

Abbey can't stop sobbing--her eyes are closed, her head turned away--whimpering. Campos is caressing her face, almost protecting it from the photos.

CAMPOS
I'm sorry...

August shakes the photos for emphasis.

AUGUST
This is how you do it--and he did it right. Suicide Abbey. That's how your husband died.

ABBEEY
...stop.

AUGUST
He took a pistol and shot himself in the head--there was no knife, no intruder--just him and his own gun at the edge of your bed.
ABBEEY
--he's not that man--he wouldn't do that to us, to his family--

AUGUST
--I've seen it before, I'll see it again--

ABBEEY
(to Campos)
Tell him...tell him he's wrong. I would have known he was gonna--I'm a psychiatrist--Christ----I would have known--!

Campos holds her close, trying to comfort her.

CAMPOS
You can't blame yourself for what was going on in his head. Who knows what he learned, what he didn't share...what finally broke him--

ABBEEY
No...no...

CAMPOS
Sometimes the closest signs, the ones closest to us, are the hardest to read.

AUGUST
(to Abbey)
Now you know the reality.

August puts the photos down...and leans in.

AUGUST
And for the last time. Tell me what happened to Ashley.

She can't answer.

AUGUST
Tell me.

CAMPOS
You have to tell him...for Ashley.

Tears wetting her cheeks, she pulls away from Campos and looks at him...softly.

ABBEEY
You know what happened. You experienced it. Except we came back...she didn't.
Campos' eyes lock on hers...and then they give in, looking down to the bed. He can't refute her words...not after what he's seen. Not after what they've been through.

ABBNEY
(to August)
I swear to you--I swear it. She was taken, by-by something...something not from here.......I swear it....

August looks between the two of them, his face like a bull ready to charge--but unsure which bull's eye to hit first.

AUGUST
(then quietly)
It's difficult to go back.

He arranges the pictures and closes the files just so.

CAMPOS

Go back?

August takes his time, doesn't rush it.

AUGUST
Back over the line, from fiction to reality. You can't just stop being insane whenever you want to. It's the kind of thing that stays with you forever.

CUT TO:

THE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Abbey is quiet...lost in the memory.

OLATUNDE
So Will committed suicide?

...the kind of thing one would not want to admit...would not want to say out loud...but she does--

THE REAL DR. TYLER
...yes.

OLATUNDE
Your credibility....How do you expect me--the audience--to believe anything you have to say, after you were hallucinating the murder of your husband?

THE REAL DR. TYLER
They weren't hallucinations--I just couldn't--it can be difficult to
(MORE)
THE REAL DR. TYLER (CONT'D)
face the truth, and with Will, that's
how I dealt with it. And... no matter
what you believe, the recordings do
not lie. You can doubt my words--
you would doubt me even if I were a
saint, I mean we're talking about
things that--that aren't normal--but
what you cannot doubt are the
recordings--t-the other people--their
stories. [name removed] is dead,
[name removed] back is broken-- a-
and Ashley... she's still gone. These
are hard facts.

OLATUNDE
They appear to be--

THE REAL DR. TYLER
(twitches)
No goddamn it. THEY ARE. You can
sit there and speculate but I have
to keep hope alive... I have to believe
in what we were doing--this film--my
story--that it will help. I have to
believe she's still alive somewhere,
that she's safe... that there's a
chance I'm going to see her again--

(hold her again--

(starts to cry)
--hear her voice... I-- I just want my
little girl back! She's all I have.
I can't bring back Will, Ronnie he--
he--he--blames me for everything-- he
shut me out of his life! Mothers
shouldn't be alone. We shouldn't be
without our children...

(desperate)
I just want my baby back... I just
want her back...

Tears glisten off her cheeks as her face continues to twitch,
but she's somehow holding it together, somehow preventing
the complete emotional collapse you'd expect.

OLATUNDE
I think we can stop here.

The camera's slowly zoom out in farewell... and for the first
time we see that Dr. Tyler is in a WHEELCHAIR with ARMS and
LEGS so WITHERED away, they don't look like they've moved in
years...

CUT TO:
STILL IMAGES

*of the TYLER FAMILY dance across the screen.*

OLATUNDE (V.O.)
With no credible evidence, kidnapping charges against Dr. Tyler were dropped. Her daughter Ashley has not been found.

An image of ASHLEY SMILING zooms towards us, it morphs into an OLDER VERSION of her -- approximately 7 years older.

OLATUNDE (V.O.)
If you have any information about Ashley Tyler that may assist local authorities please call toll-free 1-800-MISSING.

TITLE: 1-800-MISSING

DISSOLVE TO:

ON A HILL OVERLOOKING NOME,

Olatunde stands, looking directly at us.

OLATUNDE
Someone else is interested in Nome as well. Since the 1960's, there have been over 2,000 visits to Nome by the Federal Bureau of Investigation -- the highest in Alaska. Second is Anchorage, with a population 76 times larger than Nome. The FBI has paid them only 353 visits.

The camera begins craning back, bidding us adieu.

OLATUNDE
In the end...what you believe, is yours to decide.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END
Psychiatrist released from custody, child not found.

By Kate Ripple
Fairbanks Daily News

Nome, Alaska — The only suspect in the disappearance of 5 year old Ashley Tyler was released from custody yesterday, with all charges dropped after spending 2 months under house arrest for her daughter’s disappearance on the morning of October 10th.

“We’ve got nothing on her, and we haven’t found the girl,” chief Moates said. Asked if he believed Dr. Tyler was guilty, he stopped short of saying she was innocent. “There’s no motive, no evidence, and no girl. On paper there’s no reason she should have kidnapped her own daughter. But she’s not here, and we have no idea where the hell she is.”

Reports speculate that Ashley’s disappearance could be related to the hundreds of people who have disappeared in the city, which has cases going back to 1960 and occurring as recently as last month. Most of Nome’s missing person cases have gone unsolved, as have most missing person cases throughout Alaska due to the severity of the land.