

TALES FROM THE DARK SIDE
"A Window Opens/The Sleepwalker"

Written by

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DARKSIDE 001 - EPISODE 1: "A WINDOW OPENS"

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. JOSS WALDROP'S CAR - DAY

JOSS WALDROP, a cute co-ed in big glasses, drives with one hand on the wheel and a smartphone in the other, texting with her thumb while she drives. John Cafferty's "On The Darkside" blasts from the radio.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARADISE - CONTINUOUS

Joss's car speeds through a housing development familiar from dozens of 80s-era Spielberg films: a zone of bright green yards, bright blue skies, and bright big futures. A sound rises, electrical in nature, a little like that drone of feedback at the start of The Beatles' "I Feel Fine."

INT. JOSS WALDROP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Over the rip-it-up melody of "Darkside" at full-swing, Joss doesn't hear that building drone. With her eyes fixed on her smartphone, she doesn't see the color leaching out of the neighborhood around her, everything taking on the monochrome tint of a photo negative.

EXT. THE ROAD

We are in a photo negative world now and the drone has reached a final deep wavering pitch. A deformed shape appears in the road, a man-shaped lump. The sound cuts out; the world flushes with color again. The lump becomes a man lying in the street. Joss's car rushes right at him.

The guy - a grizzled young man with the grooming habits of a hobo - sits up all at once, as if lurching awake from a nasty dream. This is NEWMAN and if *DARKSIDE* has a hero, he's it. Too bad he'll be dead by the first commercial break.

INT. JOSS WALDROP'S CAR

Joss is still texting when Newman stands up. The movement catches her attention, but it's too late, there's no time to brake, so she swerves around him instead.

EXT. THE ROAD

Newman is still groggy and hardly notices as her sunny little Prius veers around him and clips someone's mailbox.

Joss shrieks to a halt in front of a big new-built home. A sign in the yard swings back and forth in an uneasy wind.

ANOTHER FAIRY TALE HOME

SOLD BY MATHESON-JACKSON ESTATES...

BRINGING YOUR DREAMS TO LIFE!

Strawmen flank the front door, each in its own rocking chair: a mommy scarecrow and a daddy scarecrow, dusty and limp. The observant will spy a U-Haul in one open bay of the garage.

Newman gives the scarecrows on the front step a wary glance, then looks toward the other side of the road. There's another home being built on a hill, although right now it's little more than a muddy hole with a loader looming over it.

INT. JOSS WALDROP'S CAR

Joss shudders behind the wheel, turns the car off. She takes a scared look over her shoulder for the guy she almost hit. We look with her and - no one there. We come back to Joss and Newman is staring through the driver's side window at her.

NEWMAN

What are you?

Joss shrieks. She stabs *lock* with her thumb.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Are you one of *them*? Are you from this world or the Darkside?

Joss shrieks again and begins pressing the button to start the car. This gets her nothing but some flat clicking sounds (it's still in DRIVE).

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Do you have a *past*? I need to know. Did you exist before *today*?

Joss claws at the mess in front of the passenger seat and in a glance we see her entire life: a cell phone bill with **\$324 PAST DUE** circled in red, Spanish textbook, earbuds, phone charger, a photo of her and the hunky boyfriend (which she clearly took herself with her phone). The thing she wants most, though - her phone - is not to be found.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Just tell me if you existed before today and I'll leave you alone.

JOSS

Yes! Yes, I did, I swear!

NEWMAN

What about *the car*? Have you had it long? Do you think it could be *evil*?

JOSS

No! No, it's a *good* car. It's a *nice* car. It's a hybrid! I bought it so penguins could be happy somewhere! In the cold penguin places of the world!

Newman blinks, shakes his head, straightens up.

NEWMAN

I don't think it's her. I think she's just a kid.

He turns in a slow circle, considering the neighborhood once more. We see - and he doesn't - that the rocking chairs on the front step of that nearby house are now *empty*.

Newman suddenly sticks his face back against her window.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I am sorry I scared you. Are you all right?

Joss hesitates - he seems normal now - and nods.

JOSS

Are *you*?

NEWMAN

Not really. I expect to be torn apart by something any minute. Listen. You're in trouble. This place is sick. Contaminated. It's blanketed by a Darkside Field. You drove right into it.

(MORE)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

I'd tell you to run, but it's like passing through radioactivity. You're charged now. You can't run from a case of radiation poisoning. This crap sticks to you. It's an appointment in Samarra.

JOSS

Appointment in *what*?

NEWMAN

Google it.

Joss looks away from him, her face comically alarmed. She begins, once more, to search the mess on the floor.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JOSS

Looking for my phone. You seem very unhappy and I think you could use some help. And I think *I* could use some too.

Newman bangs his *head* against her window in frustration.

NEWMAN

Forget that. If you're *in* it, I'm *all* the help you're going to get. You might as well toss your phone through a window. **LISTEN**. I want to help. Just... don't be afraid... of being afraid. The thing that generates the Darkside fields, it doesn't understand *fear*. It *wants* to, but it doesn't. It doesn't know what fear is good for.

JOSS

I'm glad to hear it's good for something because I'm really, *really* scared right now.

NEWMAN

You want to know what it's good for?

She nods meekly, blinking at tears: *sure, buddy!*

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Inspiration. And awareness. You want to stay aware.

(MORE)

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

If you are contaminated, the sunlit world of what you *believe* is reality is gonna curdle around you, like bad milk. But it won't be obvious right away. You have to *pay attention*. It's not like whatever is circling you is just gonna whistle and wave its hand -

A sharp whistle interrupts him.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The world's creepiest little boy stands beside the loader. This is WARD, a child with hair the color of cobwebs. He has a tablet under one arm. He whistles a bit of the original *Tales from the Darkside* theme, waves, and strolls from view.

EXT. THE ROAD

Joss glances around to see what Newman is looking at, but can't see the kid from her vantage point.

NEWMAN

Maybe I can stop this without anyone getting hurt. Besides me.

She watches him depart, moving toward the construction site. Joss makes another search for her phone and - in this less stressful moment - is able to come up with it. She dials three numbers (guess which three) and then her thumb hovers over CALL. At last, though, she lowers the phone and shuts her eyes and exhales. Hey: it's over.

Bang bang bang! Newman raps on the passenger side window with one knuckle. Joss screams in a small voice.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

You've got someone's mailbox under your front tire. Might want to move that before trying to go anywhere.

She watches him turn and amble on, climbing the hill and vanishing beyond the loader. When he's well and gone, Joss steels herself and steps out of her car. Yep: there's the mailbox, right under her front driver's side tire.

JOSS

Oh Jeez.

She collects the mailbox and carries it across the lawn to the front door. She raps uncertainly.

The door swings wide to reveal ROB GOODFELLOW, a Father-Knows-Best type. Further down the hall we glimpse his wife, GLORIA, unpacking a box. Seems they just moved in. Both of them are dressed as the scarecrows were.

ROB

Hel-*lo* there! Everything all right?

Joss tries a brave smile and holds up the crushed mailbox.

JOSS

Hi, I'm Joss Waldrop, I live about six blocks from here and I -
 (begins to cry)
 - I killed your mailbox. Yep!
 Welcome to the neighborhood.

ROB

Aw, kid! Come in. Are you all right? Gloria -- ?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Newman wanders around to the far side of the loader. A little girl sits on the treads, peering at a tablet with a glowing screen. This thing didn't come from Apple. It's as thin and beautiful as a sheet of stained glass. Meet PAM, twin to her brother and every bit as creepy.

The boy stands a few steps from the edge of the enormous hole, looking through a tablet of his own. He glances back to acknowledge Newman's presence.

WARD

You were just lying in the road.

NEWMAN

I know. I could've been killed, right? Not very safe. Of course neither is playing on a construction site. I'm not sure your parents would think much of you being up here, kids.

WARD

We're not hurting anyone.

PAM

Not yet.

WARD

Want to see our game?

NEWMAN

Do I?

PAM

Maybe *she'd* like to see!

She gestures with her head toward the house down the slope.

LOOKING DOWN THE HILL

toward the Goodfellow House. From here we can see Joss and Rob through a window, the two in conversation.

BACK TO:

AN APPREHENSIVE NEWMAN.

NEWMAN

No. Show me. Leave her out of it. I want to see.

He approaches Ward to look at the boy's tablet.

THROUGH THE GOBLIN GLASS:

The enormous hole, piles of dusty boulders, and stacks of lumber. A menubar floats over the view.

Ward has used his stylus to draw black tentacles on the screen, so they appear to be exploding from the giant hole. He taps them and they come to life, lashing around. We hold on the tentacles for a moment, but when Ward lowers the tablet there is, of course, nothing but an empty hole.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Wow. Nice piece of tech.

PAM

It's cutting edge.

WARD

Now you go over by the hole and pretend it's getting you. The Bad Thing. And I'll take a picture. It'll be funny. It'll be so funny.

Newman doesn't look too high on the idea.

PAM

He's no fun. I told you we should've showed the girl.

NEWMAN

No! I'm fun. There's no need to
bring her into this.

Newman creeps to the edge of the hole and looks down into it.

WARD

Perfect. Now turn around and look
scared.

As Ward speaks, he double taps THE BAD THING with the stylus.
The screen reads: **RENDERING**.

Newman turns and tries out an unconvincing look of horror.

NEWMAN

How's that?

PAM

More scared!

WARD

More scared!

A different face. And another. Black tentacles uncoil from
the hole behind him. At last he can hear them whipping about,
which is when an expression of true terror crosses his face.

PAM & WARD

PERFECT!!

The tentacles snarl around him and fling him into the air.

EXT. THE GOODFELLOW HOUSE

Joss, looking more refreshed, comes out onto the front step,
followed by Robin and Gloria Goodfellow.

JOSS

I'm really sorry for being such a
complete idiot.

GLORIA

Will you *stop* -

ROB

- aw, never you mind -

Up the hill, in the background, tentacles lift Newman into
the air and smash him down. Joss jumps, looks around, but the
tentacles have disappeared. The Goodfellows must've seen
that, but their smiles remain fixed on their faces.

ROB

Joss? Do you ever do baby-sitting?

JOSS

Ah... pretty much every weekend
since I was twelve.

ROB
No kidding...!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Newman clutches the edge of the hole, snared in black tentacles. The children gaze impassively down. Pam sketches something on her own tablet.

NEWMAN
You don't have to *do* this.

WARD
Of course we do. That's why we're here. And it's why *you're* here too. *To start the story.* It's what you *always* do. You know that. You can start it and...
(gestures at the house)
... she can finish it.

In the background, a boulder sprouts pink, glittery wings, and begins to shimmy itself loose from the ground. The tentacles drag Newman out of sight into the hole, just as the boulder heaves itself into the air.

EXT. THE GOODFELLOW HOUSE

JOSS
You guys are *too* kind. Yes. Of course yes. I should do it for *free* after bashing your mailbox.

ROB
No, don't even think about it. This evening then?

JOSS
You bet.

Joss has turned back to look at the Goodfellows, so she doesn't see the boulder rise into the air on those giant wings. It hovers for an instant, then drops with a great ***slam!*** Joss spins, but there's nothing to see. After a moment she looks back, trying to smile, but her eyes are bewildered.

GLORIA
Can't wait for you to meet the kids.

ROB

That's right. They're gonna have a good time with you.

JOSS

Can't wait!

EXT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

The boulder lifts itself to reveal a dusty, bloody Newman, impacted in a Newman-shaped hole. Shades of *Loony Tunes* here. He begins to flicker black-and-white. Newman covers his eyes.

NEWMAN

This is gonna hurt like *fuuuuu-*

And the boulder drops again with a great big

SMASH CUT TO:

CREDITS:

Soft and sinister music that recalls the original *Tales from the Darkside* theme. We're looking at a glassy, terrifying black cube, with rotating sides. In each new facet we see another dizzying vision, yanked straight from your worst fever dreams. Newman speaks over the parade of appalling images.

NEWMAN (V.O.)

Most of us live in the sunlit world of what we believe to be reality. But there's another world - and you better hope it never touches you - bleeding through into our own. A *different* world that's not so brightly lit. *The Darkside* is rising, poisoning everything it touches... and it's my fault. Now I have to atone. Pray you never see me coming. There's a darkness following right behind me and if it finds you, you may never see the light again.

Images include:

A) a doll rots like a time lapse reel of fruit going bad.

B) A trollish, blind child stacks a wall of blocks that reads DIES DARK. He rearranges them to read DARKSIDE.

C) Newman's screaming face, his eyes squeezed shut, tears of blood running down his cheeks.

D) A crow lands on a street sign at the corner of BRADBURY and ROMERO. It flicks an impossible forked tongue at us.

E) A weird photo negative image of a grinning psychopath who bears a vague resemblance to Newman. His eyes are an irradiated blue; his teeth glow; his tie is a stripe of radioactive ash. Someday we will meet this awful fellow but not tonight...

The final facet turns to face us and we see in it The Goodfellow House and Joss Whedon, climbing out of her car...

ACT II

EXT. THE GOODFELLOW HOUSE - LATE DAY

Joss climbs out of her car and starts across the lawn toward the front door. Her phone burbles for her attention. She digs it out of her pocket and looks down at it - and walks into the SOLD sign in the yard. She spins off and grimaces, rubbing her hip.

JOSS

Ow OW! Stupid phone. Stupid Joss.
Hopefully no one saw that.

She puts her phone in her back pocket and limps to the door. Dead-eyed, unsmiling Ward answers her knock, his tablet tucked inconspicuously under his arm.

WARD

Did you get a bruise?

JOSS

I don't think so. You must be Ward.
Hey. I'm Joss.

Joss's cell phone bleeps again.

WARD

You have a text, Joss.

JOSS

It's not important.

She clicks off her phone.

WARD

Why did you bring so many books?
Are you going to make us listen to
a story?

JOSS

No. They're for me. I have to
study. But do you *want* a story
tonight? I know some really good
ghost stories.

WARD

Not really. I'd rather *meet* a ghost
than listen to a story about one.

JOSS

But you know what? You can *only*
meet a ghost in a story. That's
because they're not real.

WARD

I know. It's awful when you think
about it. The ghosts are all stuck
in books and movies and I bet if
you asked them they'd *rather* be
free. I bet a *lot* of the things in
stories, like vampires and
boogeymen, would rather be free. I
bet you anything.

(Joss's phone goes off)

You have another text. Someone
really wants you.

JOSS

(glares at phone)

Someone doesn't understand it's
time for me to work.

Ward peeks at her phone's screen.

WARD

Maybe you should just tell him
whether you're wearing any
underwear.

Joss looks at him in surprise - then rises with a smile as
Rob and Gloria crowd into the doorway behind the little boy.

ROB

Joss, how are you! Come on
in, please -

GLORIA

Are you all right, *dear*, I
saw you hip-check the sign,
we should take that down...

*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pam sits at the kitchen table, staring through her Goblin Glass at a block of knives. A giant kitchen knife protrudes from the cedar block. She's using a stylus to doodle on her screen, drawing pink-and-golden wings on the knife handle.

Voices float in from the living room.

GLORIA (O.S.)

... awfully good of you. What with the move and the unpacking, we just need a little time to switch off.

Mom, Dad, Joss, and Ward enter the kitchen. Dad beams at his daughter, who takes no notice of them, then looks to Joss.

ROB

And you think your boyfriend -

JOSS

- Carter.

ROB

Carter can figure out how to get the router set up and get us online? These kids, they turn into little *devils* if they aren't connected.

JOSS

Carter can handle it. He's with the Dweeb Division at Big Box, he spends all day getting people wired. It's his thing.

ROB

What'chu doin', Pam?

PAM

I made a butterfly knife! It's the prettiest.

GLORIA

Sometimes I think to these kids, the world in the screen is more real than anything else, including us.

Joss leans over to look at the knife through the Goblin Glass. The wings on the knife wave slowly.

JOSS

I love your iPad, Pam.

PAM
It's not an iPad. It's a window.

JOSS
It's Windows?
(whistles)
Apple better watch their back.

Mom turns and leads them all back out into the living room. All except Pam, that is.

MOM
We'll be off the grid until 11,
midnight at the latest...

When they're gone, Pam double-taps her screen. **RENDERING.**

The knife sprouts hummingbird-like wings, vibrates right out of the cedar block, and flits away. Pam grins.

INT. THE GARAGE - DAY

Mom and Dad flank their minivan, waving to Joss and Ward, who are joined after a moment by Pam, her tablet under her arm.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| MOM | DAD |
| Be good to Joss. Don't break her! | Remember, bed at 8:30! Dad says! |

Joss waves, squeezes Pam's shoulder.

JOSS
C'mon, guys. I'll get dinner started.

But when she's gone, Pam and Ward remain behind. Mom and Dad have climbed into the van, but haven't started it. They just sit there grinning vacuously.

Pam lifts her tablet, looks through the screen at her parents. She draws an X over each of them and double-taps. **ERASING.** She lowers the window... and the parents have been replaced by scarecrows, the ones we glimpsed earlier, sitting in rocking chairs.

Ward reaches up, presses the button to close the automatic garage door, and the two children slip back into the house, shutting the door behind them.

EXT. SUBURBAN PARADISE - MAGIC HOUR

The sky glows in delicate shades of rose, deepening to gloom.

INT. KITCHEN

Joss yanks a full garbage bag out of the can under the sink, then looks around, not sure what to do with it. Pam sits at the table with her tablet.

PAM

The cans are at the end of the drive. Be careful. Ward put a Gruesome Tongue in one of them.

JOSS

I had to face one of those the night of the senior prom. Chris Golden in his blue tux. *Yuck!* Thanks for the warning, but I think I'll live. What'chu lookin' at?

PAM

I'm mapping possible futures for you. There's a fifty-seven percent chance you won't get off the couch tonight.

JOSS

After you kids go to bed, it's more like a hundred percent.

(beat)

You can't map the future, you know. Not really. If a fortune teller looked into a crystal ball and said she could tell me what was going to happen next? I'd take a baseball bat, shatter her pretty ball, and ask why she didn't see *that* coming.

Joss winks and slips out, dragging the garbage bag. Pam watches her go.

ON THE SCREEN OF PAM'S GOBLIN GLASS:

It's still window-like, showing a view of the kitchen... although a window *within* the window impossibly shows Joss opening the front door and stepping outside.

Bullet points float on the screen:

FUTURECAST:

57 in 100 dies on the couch
 15 in 100 dies by Gruesome Tongue
 10 in 100 dies by Bad Thing
 8 in 100 dies by Mama
 5 in 100 dies by Daddy
 4 in 100 dies by Butterfly Knife
 1 in 100 dies by Miscellaneous Catastrophe
 100 in 100 - Fails to reach Midnight

EXT. SUBURBAN PARADISE - NIGHT

Joss lugs the bag to the road, where three big plastic garbage cans await her.

She doesn't see the gaunt figure in the hoodie, watching her, Michael-Myers-like, from down the street. We lose sight of him when she lifts the lid to the first trash can. She wrinkles her nose at the stench. This one is full. She puts the lid back on and our Michael Myers is *right behind her, terrifyingly still.*

She opens the 2nd can: this one is crammed with cardboard boxes. She sighs, shifts her attention to the third can.

The figure in the hoodie leans in from behind her. A terrible tongue reaches out to lick the back of her ear and -

- she wails, drops the bag, and whirls, ready to fight. The dude in the hoodie, CARTER, howls with laughter and lifts his hands to defend himself. Carter is a good-looking orangutan, the Tabasco sauce in the otherwise sensible banquet of Joss's life.

JOSS

Carter! *You herpes sore!* You should've been here an hour ago.

CARTER

I texted you I was gonna be late. You never got back to me. Dude, I wish I videoed that. You just about jumped out of your clothes.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

Which is what I was hoping you'd do later, but now is fine, too. What's got you so wired?

JOSS

This weird crazy homeless person leaped in front of my car this morning, and I almost killed him. Right here, right on this corner. He screamed a bunch of stuff at me and then wandered off. I keep worrying he'll crawl out from under a rock someplace and freak me out again. Also: *The kids*. They're creepy and depressing. They don't do anything or say anything, they just sit there looking at their tablets. It's like that glowing screen has sucked all the life out of them, like -

Carter's phone plays a hair-band ringtone. He ignores Joss's evident irritation and stares at the screen, begins to type.

JOSS (CONT'D)

What?

CARTER

Your mom wants to know if you're okay 'cause you aren't answering your phone. I'm letting her know you aren't dead, you just don't love her enough to take her calls.
(finishes typing)
What were you saying?

JOSS

Wasn't important.
(kisses him)
I'm glad you're here. I need some stupid fun to take my mind off the little zombies.

CARTER

Nice! Wait. Which am I? Stupid or fun?

JOSS

You're... *multidimensional*. You're like a Swiss Army Knife, only instead of a corkscrew you've got -

CARTER

A penis. I see where you're going with this.

JOSS

Oh good.

He squeezes her and lays on another kiss. Then he grabs the trash, opens the lid on the third can, throws the bag in, closes it. They walk away. HOLD ON THE CAN. HOLD. HOLD.

A fat gray tongue, the size of a human arm, spills out from under the lid, and slurps grease off the side of the can.

CARTER (V.O.)

Dude. *Dude*. Duuuude.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CARTER

I mean: **Dude**.

Carter is bent over to look at Pam's Goblin Glass. Pam is showing it off, but if she takes any pride in a device that makes the iPad look like a toaster, she doesn't show it.

CARTER (CONT'D)

That's, like, *Star Trek: Into Righteous*. What kind of apps are you running?

PAM

This is the best one. You can draw right on the screen and then it tweaks reality to make it come to life. Like: look.

She holds the tablet up, and stares through it at some big plate glass windows. She draws a childish sun on the screen and taps it... and suddenly the view outside is lit by a bright morning sun.

PAM (CONT'D)

Look! Tomorrow morning's sun, today!

She lowers the tablet, and of course the picture windows are still dark with night. The illusion of daylight can be seen through the Goblin Glass only.

Ward and Joss watch from a few paces away.

JOSS

Pretty cool. Of course if you want to see tomorrow's sun for real, you have to go to bed. Which reminds me. C'mon, you guys. Into your jammies, time to unplug.

Joss leads Ward out. Carter follows reluctantly. Pam waits until they're gone... then slyly double-clicks the sun on the Goblin Glass. **The kitchen floods with impossible daylight.** Tomorrow's sun today.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An attractive if conventionally decorated space. It could be the living room in a showroom house. The widescreen TV mounted on the wall is a glassy blank.

Joss herds the children across the room, in the direction of a back hall and bed. But halfway there, Carter cranes his neck to look at Ward's tablet.

CARTER

What else can you pull up on that thing?

Ward holds up the screen and looks through it at the couch.

WARD

I've been throwing Grabby Grabbers around the house.

He pulls a loathsome looking black hand out of the menu-bar and attaches it to the couch. Immediately this rubbery black hand begins to grasp blindly about.

CARTER

More.

Ward adds a small forest of searching, awful hands.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Be careful when you sit down, Joss. You might find evil hands wandering all over you.

JOSS

Guys, come on - you two - I *said*, let's go - You can have this back -

She grabs at Pam's tablet, trying to tug it out of her hand. Pam shrieks as if Joss were yanking her pigtails. Joss half leaps away, prying the tablet loose. Pam screams and screams.

JOSS (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa! No one is being torn apart here. Brush your teeth and jump into your PJs and I'll put it next to your bed, all right?
Ándele!

Joss ushers a sullen Pam out of the room. Carter hurries after. Ward looks at the couch, double-taps his screen, and follows.

HOLD on the couch. For a long moment nothing happens. Then a horrible, obscene hand of black rubber creeps out from under the cushions and grasps the remote control. The TV pops on, the sound muted. The picture shows a woman screaming and then a knife coming down and a spray of blood.

BLACK.

ACT III

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joss eases out of a darkened bedroom, pulling the door most of the way shut behind her. Carter stands a few paces off, texting.

JOSS

Have you ever seen anything like it? It was like I chopped off her hand.

(waits)

Carter?

Carter looks up blankly.

CARTER

Hm? Totally. Yes. No? What was the proper response to that question? Actually... what was the question?

JOSS

How long do you think you could be away from your little world in your iThing? Without screaming in pain?

CARTER

Long enough for love, baby. Long. Enough. For love.

JOSS

So what's that? About a minute and
a half?

CARTER

'Bout that.
(registers her disgust)
Should I find the router and get to
work?

JOSS

Yeah. I'll be studying.

Exunt Joss.

Carter sees a featureless door, reaches for the knob, and -

PAM (O.S.)

Don't go in *there*.

Pam peers at him from her half-open bedroom door.

PAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ward put the *Bad Thing* in there.
The wires and electronic stuff is
the next door down.

(beat)

Joss shouldn't have tried to take
away my window. That's not fun. I
hate people who aren't fun.

CARTER

You kids don't stay in bed, we're
going to find out if *The Bad Thing*
wants a couple disobedient hor
d'oeuvres.

She gives him a tragic look and disappears into her room. He
moves on down the hall, finds the closet with the modem in it
and crouches to begin work.

The door he almost opened? The knob rattles gently, then is
still.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joss hesitates next to the couch, frowning at the TV. Who
turned that on? She flips it off, then drops on the couch
with her Spanish text. She opens it and begins to conjugate
the verb for frightened.

JOSS

*Tengo miedo... tienes miedo...
tenemos miedo...*

Those black rubber hands slide out from under the cushions, blindly grasping for her. She doesn't notice a finger twirling her hair. Another black hand reaches up between her partly spread legs in a gesture at once both comically obscene and terrifying.

In the kitchen, Joss's phone plays its little jingle. Joss slaps her Spanish text closed and the grabby grabbers immediately leap back into hiding.

JOSS (CONT'D)

Carter, that better not be you,
texting me when you could just walk
down the hall!

She stalks swiftly out of the living room and on into

INT. THE KITCHEN - BRIGHTEST DAY

Where she takes three steps toward the kitchen table, grabbing her phone... and then freezes, her eyes glazing over. It is, impossibly, early morning outside. She turns her head and looks back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DARKEST NIGHT

Joss looks like she just took a swift blow upside the head.

INT. KITCHEN - BRIGHTEST DAY

Joss's legs are shaking. She backs away into

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Retreating to the couch.

JOSS

(wheezes)
Carter. C-Carter.

She opens her mouth to wail - and then catches herself again, as the butterfly knife buzzes into view, dipping this way and that like a hummingbird on coke. It seems almost to be looking her over. It really is like Tinkerbell reimagined as a murder weapon.

Joss stares back at TINKER-KNIFE, both frightened and mesmerized. She backs against the couch, unable to make a sound. Just as she seems to be gathering the air to scream, one of those black hands catches hold of her pony-tail. Another leaps out to reach around her waist, and together they pull her down onto the couch.

Joss struggles, as half a dozen hands paw at her, and begin pulling her down into the couch, as if there were a bottomless pit under the cushions. One of those hands slithers out and covers her mouth as she's about to shriek. The butterfly knife zips this way and that, appearing to follow the action like a spectator at a tennis match.

Another black hand reaches for the remote control and pops the TV back on, then manipulates the volume, turning it up. On the screen, a new victim screams *at the top of her lungs*.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carter pulls himself partway out of the closet at the sound of screaming on the TV.

CARTER

Joss?

INT. LIVING ROOM

The perverse black rubber hands have pulled Joss deeply into the couch. In another minute she'll be gone.

INT. HALLWAY

Carter scowls, starts down the hall... then catches himself. Remember the door Pam told him not to open? It just jiggled.

CARTER

All right. Look, you kids need to be in bed, not running around -

He flings open the door. The black tentacles we last saw on the construction site erupt from the open door and fasten themselves to Carter's torso, legs, and throat.

Carter grabs the edges of the doorframe and plants his feet to either side of the doorway, before The Bad Thing can yank him into darkness.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Joss is sucked down into the couch - all except one flailing arm. Her free hand lashes blindly about -

- and then seizes the butterfly knife by the handle.

She begins to lay about her with the blade, stabbing the couch cushions, here, there, and everywhere. A blizzard of goose-feathers whirls through the air.

INT. HALLWAY

The tentacles strain like high-tension cables. The edges of the doorframe begin to split and pull apart in Carter's powerful grip.

Pam and Ward have emerged from their bedroom to watch.

CARTER

Please! Do something!

PAM

We are.

WARD

We're watching. This is the most fun thing to happen since you got here.

Carter looks at them in horrified disbelief.

In the next instant there is a knife at little Pam's throat... The butterfly knife.

JOSS

Stop it, Ward. Stop it or - or I let this knife fly.

Ward gives her an icy look but taps his screen. The tentacles let go of Carter, drop him hard to the floor. The doorway seems to *inhale* them. They squirm out of sight and the door slams behind them. Carter clutches his throat, gasping.

Ward continues to tap things on his Goblin Glass.

ON WARD'S SCREEN:

A pop-up window shows a view of the garage. He taps the scarecrows in the van that never went anywhere. **RENDERING.**

JOSS (CONT'D)

Put it down.

PAM

You put it down! Mother and Father will be angry! You are *not* a very good baby-sitter!

INT. GARAGE

The Goodfellows move toward the steps up into the house. Gloria reaches for a spade. Rob takes up a hand-held blowtorch. Intercut this with the stand-off taking place in the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

JOSS

What the hell *is* that thing?

PAM

I told you. It's a *window*. It's a window to the Darkside.

JOSS

Darkside?

Oh, Joss: that term has an awful ring to it, doesn't it?

WARD

It's not a place. It's more like a force. Doors and windows are opening all over the world. You wouldn't believe the power that's coming through. The things that are getting loose. Things that used to be make-believe but aren't anymore. We're the first. We won't be the last. It's just getting started.

CARTER

Christ, Joss, can we skip the Mexican stand-off and get *out* of here?

As he's saying this, the door at the end of the hall - the door into the garage - opens. Rob and Gloria stalk in behind our heroes. Gloria has a shovel. Rob has a hand-held blowtorch, which ignites with a soft *WHUMP*.

GLORIA

You can kiss your tip goodbye,
young lady.

ROB

That's for sure.

Carter rolls as Gloria brings the shovel down, taking a chop out of the floor. Then he's up, driving his shoulder into her, throwing her back into Rob. Gloria's blouse ripples with flame.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oops! Sorry!

Gloria staggers forward, grabbing for Carter. Robin follows, brandishing the blowtorch.

Joss lets go of Pam, shoves her into her brother. She lets go of the butterfly knife, too, and Carter and Joss run. Ward and Pam recover to turn and watch them go.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Carter and Joss are sprinting for the front door - our view is theirs - when the butterfly knife zips in from behind and blocks the way, stabbing at them (at us). Its wings *hum*, making it sound like a giant agitated wasp.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joss and Carter veer into the living room. The couch leaps on its legs and black hands flail for them. The couch takes another violent lurch toward them. Joss screams, grabs Carter, yanks him back and away.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Carter and Joss retreat, Carter looking around in bewilderment at that impossible sunlight.

Ward and Pam appear in the doorway, their "Father" right behind them. In the background, Mom, still burning - she's a walking torch - runs past going one way, then staggers by going the other. No one pays her any mind as she reels back and forth, which is, let's face it, pretty hilarious.

ROB

You better believe I won't be
writing a recommendation letter for
you anytime soon, honey.

WARD
Shut up, Father-thing. You aren't
even real.

ROB
Oh. All right.

Pam is busy with her screen, tapping it with the stylus.

Every knife in the cedar block bursts into the air, wings
beating furiously, surrounding our heroes.

CARTER
What do we do? Any ideas?

JOSS
Smash the window.

WARD
No! Don't let them touch it,
sister!

PAM
Of course I won't. You'll die
before I'd let you close enough to
do anything to my Darkside window.
You'll both die.

JOSS
Not *that* window.

And she sidearms her phone through the picture window... that
window filled with tomorrow's forgiving daylight. Bright
blades of glass spin through the air. Joss and Carter tumble
after the chair and fall out into -

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

Joss and Carter spill across the grass. When they sit up,
they are holding hands. Their faces are studies in amazement.

The place has become a blackened and smoldering ruin. Only
one wall still stands upright, the wall containing the window
they just leapt through.

From a high angle we can see a couple fire engines out front.
A single fireman sprays down the charred wreck in a desultory
sort of way.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pam and Ward stare out the window: likewise holding hands. Behind them, the living room is a blazing oven. Our wicked children can see the lovers, but Joss and Carter can't see them. Outside - out in the future day - a dazed Joss picks her phone out of the grass.

Rob stands at dazed attention. Knives hover, waiting for a command.

WARD

They don't see us, do they?

PAM

No. They jumped through the window into tomorrow. We're still in tonight. I didn't think they could do that.

WARD

Do what?

PAM

We turned the world upside-down.
Then they stood on their heads.
(beat)
This place is lost. Come on. Back through the window. We'll find someplace else we can have fun.

Ward and Pam put their windows on the floor, edge-to-edge... *and they become an open trapdoor looking into howling darkness.* Ward hangs his legs over the side, then drops. Pam scoots to the edge.

Rob waves at her, a forlorn look on his face. She grins, waves back, and drops through the hole.

Robin Goodfellow sits on the floor. Flying knives zip this way and that. The chandelier falls with a shocking crash in the next room.

The house burns, fire consuming curtains, wallpaper, the calendar on the wall. Hold on Robin, looking morose.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE RUIN - DAY

And Rob Goodfellow's charred body of straw. Nothing remains of the house but a debris field of cinders and broken glass.

Joss backs away from the wreck, her eyes still astonished. Carter retreats with her, his phone out, filming the smoking, blasted ruin. She looks at him.

JOSS
What are you doing?

CARTER
What do you think? This is going right on YouTube.

She looks at him with dawning horror as he backs away to get a wide view of the house. Her own phone goes off in her pocket. She slips it out, looks at it - then drops it and crunches it under one heel.

Joss approaches The Fireman, who is, ideally, Christopher Walken. Or Steve Buscemi. Or Rupert Grint. Or Bruce Campbell. Or Tom Savini! Tom Savini would be fun.

The Fireman sprays down the blasted heap, chewing on a match.

In the background, we see Carter sit on a rubber trashcan to film his dumbass video.

JOSS
Did anyone die?

THE FIREMAN
Mhm? No. No one in the house, thanks be. Something like this happens, man, you just can't believe it had a happy ending.

Joss backs away from the ruin.

JOSS
Carter? Did you hear that? They didn't find any bodies. Do you believe that? Do you - Carter?

She turns in a circle, looking for him. But Carter, man, he's gone, baby, gone. She does not notice his shattered phone, lying on the blacktop. She drifts into the road, staring up the street.

JOSS (CONT'D)
*Carter? **CARTER!***

She begins to run - half-hysterical - looking for him.

HOLD ON THAT LINE OF TRASHCANS. Hold. Hold.

The third trashcan burps, rattling the lid. A filthy gray tongue laps around the rim, then slips back into the can and out of sight.

DRAW BACK:

TO REVEAL THE BLACK BOX.

The garbage can is just an image on one face of this impossible shifting block of darkness. The facets of the cube revolve, offering up a series of images: here is Joss running down the road, her face frantic, eyes wild. Here is a butterfly knife twitching in the ruins of the Goodfellow House, one burnt wing shivering in the breeze. Here is a sky of blood-curdled smoke. Newman speaks.

NEWMAN (V.O.)

Some people make it out of the dark, but God knows what happens to them after. God knows if they ever sleep again.

(beat)

That reminds me, doc. I met a guy who could've told you a hell of a story about never wanting to sleep again. This guy got himself an education from the Darkside on the dangers of nodding off at the wrong time.

(beat)

I wish I could've done something for him but.... doc, I think this guy was doomed before I got to him. I think if you could've talked to him... he would've told you that himself. He would've told you he was headed for a fall.

As Newman speaks, we see new images in the black box: girls in bikinis bobbing in a brightly lit pool at night, dude-bros standing pool-side chucking each other beers, tiki torches. The final image is of a buff superhero in a billowing red cape...

DARKSIDE 001 - EPISODE 2: "THE SLEEPWALKER"

EXT. A BLUE SKY - BRIGHT DAY

On a SLOW-MO shot of a ripped superhero, naked except for red trunks and red silk cape flowing behind him.

ZIGGY ZALIBAN has the body of an Olympic swimmer, the sly smile of a youthful Tom Cruise, and the chiseled chin and golden locks of Buster Crabbe. ZIG has a pair of red Zs - **Zz** - drawn on his chest in lipstick.

No sound except a faint whoosh of the breeze.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Ever have one of those dreams where
you're flying?

Sound rises. The image speeds up. Music roars: "The Girl Got Hot" by Weezer or some other song appropriate to a party hard beer commercial. Go ahead: put it on right now. It'll get you in the mood.

Ziggy crashes into a hot tub packed with beach girls in bikinis, inciting screams.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Yeah. I used to have that dream
too. Back when I had time to sleep.

Ziggy's cannonball into the jacuzzi of a million teenage sex fantasies launches a montage straight out of a *Porky's* summer movie.

Ziggy and a crowd of friends - hard bodies all - ride a mix of bicycles, tricycles, unicycles, scooters and skateboards into a car wash, past a yelling attendant with stringy hair and a CHINBEARD. We catch glimpses of Ziggy and his pals laughing and making out in the suds while they're swatted by rubber strips. Ziggy falls butt-first onto the windshield of someone's station wagon. The family jammed inside the car gapes at him with the stupid amazement of fish in an aquarium.

We also see flashes from a night-time pool party. Ziggy does shots from one belly-button after another, freezing only at a blubbery, furry stomach he doesn't recognize. It's Chinbeard, the attendant from the car wash, smiling placidly, as if to say, *hey, great party, man.*

And here is Ziggy in a handsome bathroom - all chrome and glass - sitting on the edge of a bathtub filled with ice and beers. He makes out with a random cutie, until, in a moment of distraction, they topple over into the Arctic slurry. They shout with laughter, but rather than climb out, stay there and keep necking.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

The summer I was 19, I didn't need
to catch up on my dreams. I was
living them.

(MORE)

ZIGGY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had the beach house to myself five days out of seven while my mom was in L.A. making buttloads of cash as a divorce lawyer for movie stars. I could sleep in all morning and stay out all night. In between, I had the dream job on Summerway Beach as head lifeguard to keep me busy. 98% of that job is about one thing, *looking good*, and day after day, I rose to the challenge, come rain, or sleet, or snow, not that we ever had anything horrible like that happen around here, because, c'mon, Southern California, people.

Long lingering shot of Ziggy standing heroically on his lifeguard tower, his sculpted muscles gleaming with oil. He's more Hasslehoff than Hasslehoff.

Finally here he is right in the middle of a volleyball game which appears to be taking place between the Norwegian Women's Olympic Squad and The S.I. Swimsuit Girls. The montage ends abruptly when the ball goes wide and Ziggy rushes after it... inadvertently kicking apart part of a genuinely impressive sandcastle.

The girl building the castle, 19-year-old MADELINE GRANGER, flinches in irritation, recoiling onto her beach towel. She brought a stack of books with her to the beach: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of the visible titles.

MADLINE

Oh you - you - big chunk of stupid!

ZIGGY

Sorry, Madeline. Sorry.

And he really does seem sorry. He tosses the volleyball back, but doesn't move to rejoin the game. Instead, he remains with Maddy, making a clumsy effort to repair the damage. She irritably waves him off.

MADLINE

Stop. Stop, that's worse. Leave it.

He leaves it. Zig picks up *Midsummer Night's Dream*, frowns down at it.

MADLINE (CONT'D)

And you can stop looking at my books, Ziggy. I wouldn't want the big words to give you a headache.

ZIGGY

What are you doing here? I thought you were allergic to sunlight and... children laughing... and fun and stuff...

MADELINE

I'm entering in the sand castle contest. The winner gets a gift certificate for the university bookstore. I could use it.

ZIGGY

Why, you think there might be one or two books there you haven't already bought?

MADELINE

Textbooks, *bimbo*. Remember textbooks? Those things full of facts? The sort of facts you absorb through the ancient art of reading to obtain a college degree? Do you vaguely remember what it's like to read a book?

A squealing sound, like someone pulling a needle across a record. Picture freezes.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

I know what it looks like - two kids who kind of know each other, talking on the beach. But really you're witnessing an assault. She's whomping me with the big guilt pillow and if I let her, she'd hold it over my face till I choke. *Of course* I remember reading.

INT. CAFE - RAINY DAY

Ziggy, younger, less confident, in a hoodie and a pair of glasses, sits with Madeline over cups of creamy coffee. He has a book open, studying the page. She directs his attention to the right lines with one finger.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

My senior year I overslept the final in English and got a D for the year. Bad news: they won't even look at your application for a lifeguard job at Summerway Beach unless you made honor role.

(MORE)

ZIGGY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As if life-guarding has anything to do with grades. But Mr. Mitchell gave me a deal. Madeline Granger was doing a special reading project over winter break - she was reading *Richard the III*, writing a paper on it, and filming a scene, all so she could do some big deal Shakespearean study program in England. If I assisted her, *and* she got accepted, he'd give me an A. This was totally ridiculous. Totally blackmail. I totally said yes.

INT. - A THEATER - NIGHT

Madeline and Ziggy, dressed in street clothes, sit on the edge of a stage in front of a dim, empty theater. They each read from a copy of *Richard the III*.

MADELINE

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

ZIGGY

Methoughts I dreamt of Jennifer Lawrence making out with Taylor Swift, and oh then it was the season of dear Dick's discontent...

She swats him.

INT. ZIGGY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Madeline and Ziggy are reading in front of the television, the sound off. Ziggy lounges on the floor, his brow furrowed, his gaze intent on the text. Madeline sits above him, on the couch, with her leg draped over his shoulder. Check it out: Ziggy is really into the reading. Maddy notices and smiles a little and briefly - shyly - fusses with his hair. He doesn't seem to notice.

INT. A THEATER - NIGHT

Now a video camera records them, as they perform in costume.

MADELINE

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

ZIGGY

Methoughts I had broken from the
Tower and was embarked to cross to
Burgandy...

EXT. THE BEACH - DUSK

They stretch out on a towel, side-by-side, a candle guttering
in a smoked glass tube between them, both of them reading.

Ziggy casually runs a thumb along Madeline's bare arm, and
she looks at him with shy pleasure.

Someone walks by in the foreground and we

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

And back to the present moment.

ZIGGY

I remember you got to go to England
and Mr. Mitchell gave me my A. I
remember it worked out great and we
both got what we wanted. Isn't that
what you remember?

MADELINE

Yeah. I guess that's what I
remember.

But she doesn't mean it and she's hurt.

He gets up, gestures at the castle.

ZIGGY

Sorry about that.

He takes a step, then turns and beams his winning, boyish
smile.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

*I wish I could still remember my
lines.*

*(struggles with his
memory)*

*Methought I broke from the Tower...
struck me overboard into the
tumbling billows of the main...*

(gives up)

What came next?

MADELINE

No idea. I haven't thought about it in ages. I don't think there's any reason to get hung up on an old scene. Isn't that exactly your point?

ZIGGY

Yeah. I guess.

He looks a little uneasy, though, as he turns away.

Maddy splats sand onto the wall of her half-wrecked castle... and in a low voice whispers the next lines.

MADELINE

Oh Lord, methought what pain it was to drown.

Zig yawns into the back of his fist, crossing to the lifeguard tower. A couple in late middle-age passes in front of him and we let Ziggy go, and stay with them: BO and ELLEN MILLER. Bo is fifty, a brawny working man, more comfortable in a hard hat than that hilarious Speedo he's wearing. His wife is sun-burnt and some scar tissue peeking above her one-piece marks her as the lucky recipient of a triple bypass.

BO

Ah, Christ, babe, now? I just opened a beer.

ELLEN

Who said I need you to come with me? Stay and drink it. I'm going out to the buoy and back.

BO

The buoy?

ELLEN

I've swum out to the buoy every year since I was sixteen, and I'm not quitting now. I'll be fine. If I get in trouble I'll give shout and you can rescue me.

Bo smiles at that thought and lays a kiss on her raised cheek. He swats her backside and she trots playfully away across the sand. They may be old and battered and in disrepair, but in their hearts, they're still seventeen.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy climbs to his high white wooden seat and settles in, putting a pair of mirrored shades over his eyes. He yawns again.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

As I was saying. 98% of this job is about looking good at all times, and I always exceeded expectations.

Ziggy shuts his eyes behind his sunglasses.

ZIGGY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The other 2% is not letting anyone drown.

Ellen Miller wades into the water.

Kids yell and splash.

A dog runs up and down the beach, barking. Teenagers walk by, one of them carrying a portable sound system, blasting that old time a-rock-and-a-roll.

Ellen paddles out toward the green buoy.

Ziggy slumps down, asleep behind his sunglasses.

Kids horse around.

Ellen, well out into the sea, clamps a hand over her left breast and grimaces. She attempts another stroke and the pain intensifies. She pants, looks wildly around, sees Ziggy up in his tower, back at the shore. She begins to lash one arm over her head, gesturing for rescue.

ELLEN

Help! Huh - huh -
(swallows water)
- hellllmmp!

A teenage boy makes a show-off catch to grab a Frisbee, and tumbles acrobatically through the white sand.

A baby cries.

Two teenage girls plunge into the sea and swim out away from shore... and then pull up at the sight of a woman face down in the water, being tugged steadily in by the tide. Ellen Miller drifts peaceful and easy on the swells. The girls gaze at her more with bewilderment than terror.

Screams rise. Ziggy's eyes pop open, and he leaps to his feet, and stands staring out at the water... the color draining from his face, and a stricken look of something that can only be described as horror rising to his features.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRODY ISLAND COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ziggy descends the courthouse steps, hands shoved in the pockets of his tailored wool slacks, accompanied by his lawyer and his MOTHER. Mom looks good herself, a chrome beauty and a courtroom surgeon in her own right.

Beneath his golden boy tan, Ziggy's color is bad. He has the waxy look of an embalmed and badly made-up corpse in his coffin.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

No one knew. No one had any idea. As far as the world was concerned, I was on duty the whole time. No one could prove she shouted loud enough for me to hear. The coroner expressed doubts she could've been saved even with timely action - something about a weakness in the wall of her heart. The hearing was over in an hour. The judge even told me not to blame myself.

Bo Miller is close to the bottom of the steps, in a huddle of middle-aged men and women in cheap off-the-rack suits. He twists his head around, catches sight of Ziggy, and bulls toward him. Some of his friends grab at his shoulders but he tugs free.

BO

Hey, you! Hey. I don't care what they said in there. You had a job to do and you didn't do it.

ZIGGY

I'm so - so sorry -

ZIGGY'S LAYWER

That's not an admission of any responsibility. That's just a general expression of regrets.

(MORE)

ZIGGY'S LAYWER (CONT'D)

He was cleared of all charges and he's going back to work as soon as he's up to it.

BO

You might as well have not been there at all. You might as well have been at home in bed. You were asleep on the job and now my wife is dead.

Bo doesn't mean Ziggy was *actually* asleep on the job - he's using a euphemism - but Ziggy twitches and pales, and for a moment his eyes confess.

ZIGGY'S LAYWER

Step back, sir. I won't have you harassing my client.

MOM

Come on, Z.

ZIGGY

Mr. Miller, I know I... let your wife down... but I don't *think* I was... It's hard to remember...

ZIGGY'S LAYWER

Shut up, Zig.

Ziggy's escorts - the lawyer and his mother - hustle him on. Zig shoots a pleading look back at Bo Miller. Bo meets his gaze with bloodshot, grief-struck eyes... and just a trace of icy speculation.

EXT. THE PARTY LIFE - NIGHT/DAY

Another montage, which mirrors the one that opened the episode... only now it's all gone horribly wrong. The music is too slow, slurred: it's like we're drunk and hearing it from underwater. And Zig stands in each shot looking corpse-like and pale, drink in hand and shell-shock in his eyes.

He stands in the hot tub while girls make out on either side of him. He doesn't appear to notice.

He sits in the bathtub full of ice. A couple comes in and gets beers and goes out. He doesn't move, sipping at a beer of his own in a daze, apparently indifferent to the cold.

He slouches in his car at the car wash while soap slops over the windshield.

His sporty little racer is crowded with SoCal skateboard kids, drinking and laughing and necking, but he remains mannequin-like behind the wheel, unseeing and unhearing.

Then we're with him in the sunken living room at his summer house. He sags in a black leather couch in front of a wide-screen TV. A kid with his hair combed into a FAUXHAWK digs through the DVD collection.

FAUXHAWK

Dude you gotta have some porno here somewhere - Score! Dick III.

He picks up a homemade DVD with the name, DICK III, written on it in Sharpie.

FAUXHAWK (CONT'D)

Dude, what's this, little nasty amateur action?

He slides it in. Maddy and Zig, both dressed in Renaissance dress, appear on the screen, performing their bit from Richard the III.

FAUXHAWK (CONT'D)

Dude: nice tights! I have never before had a chance to appreciate what a tight little pair of buns you have.

ZIGGY (ON THE SCREEN)

Oh, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown. What dreadful noise of water in mine ears. What sights of ugly death within mine eyes...

Here in the now, Ziggy shoves his way to his feet, color flushing into his face for the first time in days.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Everyone out!

Fauxhawk and some hotties look around in alarm.

FAUXHAWK

Jesus, dude, have a sense of humor.

ZIGGY

Out! Everyone out!

He launches his beer. The bottle smashes the TV screen, spiderwebbing the image.

Fauxhawk and the girls creep uneasily away. Ziggy shoves back the sliding door and stumbles into the crowded pool area, casting a raging, lunatic glare upon the girls in the jacuzzi, the hardbodies in the shallow end.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Everyone goes home! Everyone leaves! Get your ass out of the pool. All of you. It's over. *It's allllllll done.*

And they go. They climb out of the shallow end, find towels, and slink away, appalled and irritable. Tires shrill as the revelers haul ass away from the sloppy wreck of Ziggy's now empty house.

Ziggy collapses into a lawn chair beside the pool. Water slaps against the edges, glowing a scifi green. His head lolls on his shoulders.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

I slept. I drowned in darkness, in motionless, dreamless deeps.

Fast-forward. The stars tumble through the sky. The sun jumps up from the horizon. Ziggy barely moves, while the world rushes from night to dusk to day. Then, when it's still just mid-morning, time slows back to its normal laggard pace. Ziggy stirs. A bottle falls out of his lap, smashes on the tiles. A lawnmower grinds somewhere nearby. A dog yelps.

The sky flickers - black, white, silver - then returns to normal, precursor to a Darkside Event. Ziggy doesn't notice.

He rubs one hand in his eye and makes his way around the house, probably to check the mail.

Across the street, a wiry old guy drives his riding mower over the green expanse of his lawn. A pair of young moms speed-walk while pushing their strollers. An older fellow with a Hitchcockian build walks a Yorkshire Terrier.

Thunder grumbles from a clear blue sky. An unnatural breeze rises. The streetlights blink on with a dismal drone, brighten, fade. The cars parked along the street come partly to life, headlights and blinker-lights flashing. This is real *Close Encounters* stuff.

Ziggy shades his eyes with one hand, peering around - as the Darkside Event strikes. Everything in the world becomes a negative image of itself, except for Ziggy... and Newman, phasing into existence across the street. The two of them stare at each other in bewilderment. The rest of the world hangs in place, as if time itself has somehow got stuck.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
What's happening?

NEWMAN
Darkside Event! You're right at the center of it.

ZIGGY
What's wrong with everything? No one's moving!

NEWMAN
It'll pass. Quick: think hard. Have you recently done anything really, really bad or really, really good?

Ziggy gapes.

ZIGGY
Well, I haven't done anything... really, really good.

NEWMAN
That's unfortunate.

The world gives one last great white throb and then the event is over. The lawn mower rumbles forward. The speedwalkers speedwalk on. No one seems aware that anything at all has changed.

Newman points a finger at Ziggy.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
Stay where you are. I usually don't have much time, but I'll try and help before -

Newman yawns. His eyes flutter. His head drifts downward so his chin rests on his chest. He raises one hand, waving it in a dismissive gesture: *it's cool, don't worry*. But then he sinks to one knee and folds over onto his face.

Ziggy sweeps his gaze around in alarm. The quick stepping housewives swerve into each other, knocking heads and going down in a tangle... asleep before they hit the ground. Their strollers roll down the sidewalk without them.

The older man - the one who resembled Hitchcock - yawns, sits down in the grass, lies back, and falls asleep. His dog curls up on his chest and goes to sleep with him.

The man driving the riding mower falls asleep at the wheel. The mower veers, running straight at Newman's crumpled body.

Ziggy takes a startled step forward, lifting his arms to cry out, but he's too late. The riding mower goes over Newman with a dreadful, grisly thud. There's a flash of silvery light, like a flashbulb popping, and Newman is gone.

Ziggy gapes at the street in bewilderment. As he stands on the curb, a Lexus rolls by. The driver gives Ziggy a casual sidelong glance - and then passes out. The Lexus drifts off course and crunches into a telephone pole. The airbag erupts from the wheel, but doesn't disturb the driver's peaceful slumber.

Our hero jogs into the street, reaches the side of the car. He opens the driver's side door, tugs at the sleeping driver.

ZIGGY
Mister? Mister?

DRIVER (ASLEEP)
No mommy it isn't a school day.

Zig looks around as the riding mower crashes through a line of trashcans and trundles off up the street.

He pulls at one of the speedwalking housewives, then another. They refuse to awake. He shoves Hitchcock with his foot.

ZIGGY
What is this? Wake up. Wake up!

He grabs the dog and hoists it into the air by its back legs. It sleeps on. He flips it aside (everyone will laugh except for PETA) and after a moment of indecision runs for his house.

INT. ZIGGY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ziggy snatches his cell phone off the coffee table and dials 911.

We jump to a split-screen, Ziggy on the left half of the screen and

INT. EMERGENCY CALL CENTER - DAY

On our right. An efficient young woman takes his call.

ZIGGY
Hello?

RESPONDER
You've reached 911, what is your -

She pauses, yawns hugely - and then crashes face first onto her desk.

ZIGGY
Hello? Hello?

Split screen ends as Ziggy hangs up.

He dials a different number. Split-screen again. On the right half of the screen:

INT. L.A. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ziggy's Mom is just leaving a conference room with a few businessmen. One of the businessmen is standing pretty close to her, a guy about her age, with the jutting jaw of a professional model. Call him THE BOYFRIEND.

ZIGGY
Ohmigod Mom, something awful is happening.

MOM
Oh Zigggfffzzffnggg.

She collapses, drool running from the corner of her mouth.

The boyfriend cries out.

BOYFRIEND
Olivia! Olivia, my God!

He grabs the phone.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
Who is this?

ZIGGY
What happened? Did she fall asleep?

The boyfriend's eyes roll up in his head. His mouth hangs open in a ditzy grin. He sighs comically and falls on MOM.

The split screen ends, leaving us alone with Ziggy.

Ziggy stares at his phone in horror. His pacing has taken him to a picture window with a view of the yard. He parts the blinds slightly to see what's happening outside.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

People are up and staggering about, half-awake. One of the speedwalkers has moved to the crashed car. She kneels in the road, comforting the driver, who has moved to the passenger seat. The other speedwalker has run to collect the strollers. Hitchcock sits up, holding his little dog in his lap.

EXT. THE FRONT YARD - DAY

Ziggy bursts through the door.

ZIGGY
You're awake!

And they all collapse again. The woman who was helping the accident victim drops face first into his lap in a parody of oral sex. Hitchcock flops back into the grass. His dog curls comfortably up on the slope of his chest.

Ziggy stands there, pole-axed with wonder and shock, as sleeping birds begin to fall from the sky in a softly thumping hail.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO.

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE - DAY

A pretty young gal admires a bagel slathered in cream cheese... then shuts her eyes and falls face first into it, her wide mouth fixed in a dreamy smile. Splat!

Ziggy wanders through a cafe where everyone is asleep. Coffee cups have been knocked over, and coffee spills across tables to either side of him, dribbling onto the floor, puddling at his feet.

ZIGGY (V.O.)
No one could keep their eyes open
around me. I put people to sleep
faster than a *Murder-She-Wrote*
marathon.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

Ziggy stands in an open bank vault. Before him are the bags of cash. Behind him, in the foreground, a bank guard sleeps with his thumb in his mouth.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

I could've robbed more banks than John Dillinger. No one could've stopped me. No one could even watch the surveillance footage without falling asleep.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Two Feds in ties and suspenders are asleep in front of a security monitor. One of them dozes with his head on the other guy's shoulder, his hand lightly twirling his partner's hair.

ON THE SCREEN: Ziggy stares up into the security camera, his face filling the screen, his eyes enormous and bewildered.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ziggy walks toward us, eyes dazed, face stricken. Behind him, in an intersection, is a four-way collision between an ice-cream truck, a hearse, a cop car, and a taxi. Steam rises from the crumpled hood of the taxi. A coffin has been ejected out the rear door of the hearse and lies in the street. The drivers are clearly asleep.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

I could've killed more people than the Son of Sam, too. I learned pretty quickly to stay away from busy streets -

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

A rising shot of the beach, revealing bodies littered all about, as far as the eye can see. It looks as if four dozen sunbathers and swimmers were struck down by a nerve agent. Ziggy walks among the slumbering corpse-like bodies.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

- or public areas. Too much risk to human life. No one who saw me could keep their eyes open. They couldn't wake up, even if their lives depended on it.

He pauses at Madeline's glorious, completed sandcastle, open at the back like a dollhouse. He kneels and looks in at a Prince Charming type figure, tucked into a dollhouse-sized bed. He frowns, digs out his wallet, and finds a photo of Maddy and himself, sitting on the edge of the theater's stage.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

I kept hoping they'd wake up... or I would. That'd I'd snap out of the bad dream I was in and be a human being again... instead of a walking sleeping pill.

INT. BATTERED OLD CAR - DAY

Close on Bo Miller's hand, which holds a bottle of sleeping pills: **DOZ-4-YOU SLEEPING PILLS * ZOPICLONE. WARNING: OVERDOSE MAY CAUSE DEATH! USE AS PRESCRIBED.**

A sunny Beach Boys riff plays on the crappy radio in his crappy Olds. Bo sits in the parking lot of a liquor store, with a photo album open across his knees, weeping helplessly. Here is a picture of Ellen and Bo at their 40th anniversary, cutting a cake. Here they are together in front of Big Ben. Here they are, young, fit, and tanned, in a sun-stained photo at least thirty years old.

BO

I'll see you soon, baby.

He shakes a fistful of pills into his palm and throws them into his mouth. He reaches for a bottle in a brown paper bag - he's going to need a hell of a slug to swallow all that.

An ad comes on the radio, a pair of sneering young radio voices, trading phrases. The sound of them freezes Bo in place.

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

It's time to get some:

MALE RADIO VOICE

Sun!

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

Get some:

MALE RADIO VOICE

Waves!

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

Get some:

MALE RADIO VOICE

Good times down at Summerway Beach,
where you can get some of the best
surfing, best swimming, best
diving, best beachside cafes, and
prettiest honeys in SoCal.

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

... and don't forget the rock hard
boys, ladies!

MALE RADIO VOICE

It's time to get some:

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

And live the dream at Summerway
Beach -

MALE RADIO VOICE

- Summerway Beach -

FEMALE RADIO VOICE

Summerway Beach. Come on down and
get some before the summer is gone.
Come on down and start living the
life.

Bo spits out the entire half-melted gob of tablets, and screws the top back on the bottle. He reaches for the glove compartment and pops it open. He throws the sleeping pills in - and pulls out a Ruger .44, big enough to give Dirty Harry a boner.

BO

I just got one thing to do, first.

FADE OUT:

ACT THREE.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUMMERWAY BEACH - DAY

Madeline pads toward her sandcastle, dressed for a morning on the beach - silky blouse over a bathing suit, hemp bag full of books over one shoulder. She frowns: something's different about her castle.

There's Prince Charming's bed, but Prince Charming is gone. In his place is the photo of Maddy and Ziggy.

She picks it out, a furrow of concentration appearing between her eyebrows, and turns it over. Written on the back: **NEED HELP. MY HOUSE - Z.**

Maddy scowls uncertainly and casts an uneasy look across the half-empty beach.

EXT. ZIGGY'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Maddy, still dressed for the beach, approaches the front door. She peers uncertainly at the windows: every blind pulled, every shade drawn. Anyone looking at her can see she doesn't know whether to be irritated or worried.

She knocks. A moment passes... and then her phone burbles pleasantly. She slips it out, has a look at a text message. We see what she sees, the text bubble floating on the screen (take a look at the way Josh Boone handled text messages in *THE FAULT IN OUR STARS* - we want it to look like that).

TEXT: I'm here. Right on the other side of the door.

Maddy looks away from her phone.

MADLINE

If you're right on the other side of the door, then why don't you open it so we can talk like normal people.

TEXT: I can't do that. I can't let you see me or hear my voice. Something really bad is happening to me.

MADLINE (CONT'D)

Oh for chrissake Ziggy sometimes I get so sick of your stupid -

TEXT: I can't explain, but I can SHOW you. Give me one chance. Turn around and DON'T LOOK BACK, even when I open the door. PLEASE TRUST ME.

Madeline fumes for a moment, then reluctantly turns around and stares at the street.

MADDY'S P.O.V.: A 12-year-old glides by on his dirt bike. An old lady collects bags of groceries from the trunk of her car. A housewife waters her flowerbeds.

The door opens behind Madeline and Ziggy steps into the doorway. She starts to turn, but he puts his hand on her shoulder, keeping her from facing him.

MADDY'S P.O.V.: The old lady hangs half out of her trunk, legs in the air. The housewife has collapsed into her begonias; the hose squirts pointlessly into the air. The poor kid lies in the road, the wheels of his overturned bike spinning in the sunshine.

Madeline's eyes grow enormous. Ziggy retreats into the house. The door bangs shut. She continues staring at the street as...

MADDY'S P.O.V.: ... the housewife begins to struggle up from behind her peonies. The bicyclist sits up holding a scraped knee and wailing. The old lady kicks her legs feebly in the air.

Maddy spins and presses herself to the door.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
What just happened?

The mail-slot opens and a notebook falls out: flump.

She slides down the door and sits with her back against it, and the notebook on her knees. The title reads: **I AM THE SLEEPWALKER.**

EXT. THE BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

Bo Miller watches from the hedge, with his gun across his knee.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE FRONT YARD - DUSK

Maddy closes the notebook, smooths it down across her knee. She looks up into the plummy evening, while crickets make soft music. She looks very pretty; and very sad.

MADELINE
I believe you, you know. All of it.
(pause)
Except maybe the part about it
being your fault that woman
drowned. She had a weak heart.

TEXT: IF YOU BELIEVE ANY OF IT, BELIEVE THAT PART. I WAS ASLEEP. I LET HER DIE. MY FAULT.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
And you think somehow that's why
this is happening?
(MORE)

MADELINE (CONT'D)

That you were selected for cosmic justice by this weird - electrical storm or whatever? This Darkside event?

No reply.

Maddy turns, presses one hand against the door, closes her eyes.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

So what do we do? Do you want me to - bring you a doctor? Or... carry the story to the press?

TEXT: I WANT YOU TO HELP ME CONFESS. IF I TELL THE TRUTH MAYBE IT WILL STOP.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Good. Good, Ziggy. You could've asked me for anything and I would've done it for you. But I'm glad you asked me to do the right thing.

(pause)

I wish I could hear your voice.

The letterflap opens. Ziggy's lips appear in the slot.

ZIGGY

I wish you could too.

Maddy closes her eyes, rests her head against the door. She's already asleep.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Sometimes I feel like I've been sleepwalking through my whole life. The only time I was ever all the way awake was when I had to help this cute little dork with her Shakespeare project. I didn't sleep through that. God I wish I had spent a little more time with my eyes open.

His finger reaches through the flap and lightly caresses her cheekbone. Then the flap swats shut.

She stirs, opens her eyes, yawns.

MADELINE

Unh. Sorry. I - hey. Did you just try talking to me? Sorry...

(MORE)

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I didn't get any of it.

(pause)

So. What now?

TEXT: NOW YOU DRIVE ME TO THE POLICE. THE CONFESSION IS ALL WRITTEN, BUT I NEED TO TURN IT IN MYSELF. IF I'M GOING TO STOP BEING A COWARD, I WANT TO STOP RIGHT NOW.

The door opens.

Ziggy stands in it - covered by a heavy wool blanket. Maddy stares up at him for one moment of quiet amazement... but remains awake. She can't see him or hear him, so for the moment, she's safe.

EXT. THE BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

Bo Miller watches as Maddy guides Zig across the yard to his hot little ride. She opens the passenger door and settles Ziggy in his seat, even buckling him up. She shuts the door and starts around the front of the car.

That's when Bo makes his move. He surges from the brush and clouts Madeline in the back of the head. Her legs give. He catches her around the waist before she can fall to the blacktop. She drops the notebook and the car keys.

She isn't quite unconscious but when she moans he shuts her up.

BO

Be quiet if you want to live.

He opens the door to the backseat and shoves her in. She's half limp and doesn't put up a struggle when he points the gun in her face and lifts a finger to his lips: sh. He uses a zip tie to cuff her wrist to the strap above the door, cinching it tight.

He picks the keys out of the driveway - leaves the notebook - and gets behind the wheel. Flicks the headlights on and coasts into the night.

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

No surprise here: Ziggy owns a sleek, show-off ride, something right out of *The Fast & The Furious*, with neon lights wound through the undercarriage, so it seems to float through the tight curves like a Spielberg UFO. Bo steers them away from town, up into arid hills, among the saguaro and the sage.

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bo is steering now - in more ways than one. His face shows a belligerent, ugly calm.

BO
Hey, Zig. What'chu doing under there?

Ziggy stiffens. Until now, he assumed Maddy was driving.

MADELINE
He's got a gun, Ziggy. He was waiting for us.

BO
I've been waiting all day. What's this little game the two of you been playing? What's with the blanket?
(pause)
Come on. Say something. Or are you asleep under there?

MADELINE
He can't talk.

BO
Why not?

MADELINE
You wouldn't - you wouldn't believe me.

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

And Ziggy's racer climbs higher into the hills, accelerating all the time. It's going dangerously fast.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

Bo can't decide whether to smirk or rage and is doing a little bit of both.

BO
So take off the blanket. I want to see your face.

MADELINE
He can't do that, either. Don't do it, Ziggy. We're going too fast.

BO

Why can't he show me his face?
 Scared to look me in the eye?
 Scared to face up to what he took
 from me? *MY WHOLE LIFE IS GONE.*

MADELINE

He's not scared. We were going to
 the police. He wrote a *confession*.
 He admits he screwed up. It was all
 in the notebook. I could've showed
 you, but you bashed me over the
 head. If you take us back -

BO

(laughs)

Nice try. Points for creativity.

(pause)

You know what's funny, Ziggy? I
 came *thi-i-is* close to doing
 myself. Sleeping pills.

He takes them out of his pocket, rattles the tablets in their
 bottle, and throws them on the seat, by Ziggy.

BO (CONT'D)

Then I thought, *oh man, you got
 this all wrong*. Ziggy is the one
 needs to catch up on his beauty
 sleep. Good looking young man like
 that can't catch enough Zs. So. You
 take them. You go on and *get some*,
 and I won't shoot your girlfriend.

Ziggy hesitates - then nods. The blanket shifts and the pills
 disappear under the hem.

BO (CONT'D)

No. Come on. What d'you think, I'm
 stupid? I hafta *see* you take them.
 Get that blanket off.

MADELINE

He can't -

BO

You shut up, bitch. I'll kill both
 of you.

(to Ziggy)

I want to see your face while you
 swallow them. I want to look at you
 while you pass out and die. The
 blanket comes off. *Now.*

Ziggy shakes his head but Bo won't have it.

BO (CONT'D)
Enough of this crap -

He grabs the blanket. A brief struggle follows, but Bo has the arms of a silverback gorilla and a hundred pounds on Ziggy. The blanket flies free.

Bo's eyes widen - then sag. He collapses across the wheel. In the backseat, Madeline quickly looks away from Ziggy before she can be affected.

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

The sporty little coupe veers across the oncoming lane, hits the steel guardrail, and flips, spins acrobatically into the air, and comes down with a shattering clang, in a spray of glass and blue sparks. It tumbles down a dry incline, before coming to stop against a loose heap of shattered deadwood.

Flames begin to ripple and stream from the front end of the car. Black smoke boils toward the sky.

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Ziggy struggles free from his seat belt. He seems relatively uninjured, maybe a little dash of blood at the corner of his good-looking mouth. Bo Miller is out, face sunk deep in the air bag. Both eyes are black, swollen shut.

Ziggy looks into the backseat. Madeline's eyes are still closed, face averted.

MADELINE
I'm all right. Get him out of the car.

EXT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy is able to kick his way out through the passenger side window. He runs to the other side of the car. The driver's side window is already gone. Ziggy drags Bo free and sets him down halfway up the hill.

By now, the car is burning pretty good. Ziggy shoots a look toward the top of the hill and the road above. Headlights shush by. He takes one step in that direction - then catches himself.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Even then, with all I knew, my first instinct was to run and get help. To wave down another car. But the first person to see me in their headlights would fall asleep and fly off the road themselves. Maybe it would be a minivan with kids in the back. Maybe it would be a schoolbus.

He slides back down the hill, dust and rocks tumbling ahead of him. He reaches Madeline. Her door won't open, but he is able to slide in through the shattered window to be next to her in the whirling smoke and flickering orange light.

She coughs, her face filthy, bloodied, her eyes squeezed shut. Her wrist is still cuffed to the strap.

MADELINE

I can't. I'm stuck. Ziggy, get out of here.

He fights with the cuff, trying to free her wrist. Bites at it, pulls at it. It would require a pair of lock cutters to snap them. They're both coughing now. As the first flames begin to flicker around them, Ziggy's panic grows... while Madeline becomes ever more calm.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Ziggy. Ziggy. It's all right. You can't help me. You can't get me out and we both know this car is going up in flames.

He touches her face with the back of his hand, weeping helplessly.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You want to do something for me? You can send me off with a good dream, so I don't have to feel any pain. Will you do that?

She tentatively opens her eyes and smiles at him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Will you do that one thing for me, dreamboat?

Her gaze searches his desperate, handsome face. He lightly cups her neck in his hands, staring back.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

My soul is heavy. I fain would
sleep.

ZIGGY

God give Your Grace good rest.

She shuts her eyes, sagging into slumber, her face nestling into the space between his neck and shoulder. He smooths a hand over her hair, shivering with misery. Then he lifts his head. He peers into the front seat, reaches up there, and comes up with the bottle of sleeping pills.

The smoke glows the color of hot coals as he tosses back one handful, then another. He shuts his eyes and clings to his beloved. Of course he isn't going to leave her. She might wake up before it's over.

We move slowly in on his almost too-handsome face.

ZIGGY (V.O.)

Sleep, perchance to dream.
Something like that, right?

(laughs)

I'm not proud of sleepwalking
through my life. I'm not proud of
the people I hurt or the lives I
destroyed. But I like to think I
was awake at the end. For a moment,
anyway, I had my eyes open.

Suddenly he opens his eyes, and fixes US with a piercing blue stare.

ZIGGY

What about you?

DRAW BACK:

TO REVEAL THE BLACK BOX.

Ziggy's face is just an image on one side of our ever-turning cube of nightmares. The sides of the box continue revolving to show: a man with a bat climbing out of his mouth (see "Black Box"), an older man screaming as a silver ball rolls over him (see "Black Box"), a hideous troll glaring at us (again, from "Black Box").

NEWMAN (V.O.)

I like to think maybe there at the
end, there was a little rest for
Ziggy, you know? We can hope.

(MORE)

NEWMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's all I got for you tonight,
doc. I gotta close my eyes for a
while. I'd tell you I have to turn
out the light and get some Z's...
but it's always dark here.

(yawns)

Sleep well, doc. Maybe don't look
under the bed tonight. Who knows
what might be under there.

A click. A dial tone. The box revolves around to show a face
of perfect, absolute darkness.

END CREDITS.