

CAMP BETHLEHEM BUMPERS

INTRO BUMPER

Efx: recorder button/tone.

KATIE

(whispering)

Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 5,
about to begin. Entering the
laboratory now.

Efx: keycard beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched.
Door opens, footsteps.

JOHN

I have some news.

KATIE

Oh, God. Do I really want to hear
this?

Efx: A purse is plopped down on the table. The audio
fuzzes for a moment.

JOHN

Here, take a look.

Efx: keys tapping on a keyboard.

KATIE

What am I seeing here?

JOHN

It's the keycard log. If anyone
scans their keycard to get into
the lab, it's noted here.

KATIE

(reading)

John Kinsler, Katie Reed, John
Kinsler, Katie Reed. It's only us.
For weeks.

JOHN

Correct.

KATIE

So that's a good thing, right?

JOHN

Not necessarily. What about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

The heads.

JOHN

Right.

KATIE

Well they aren't being dropped down the laundry chute, that's for sure. Which means...

JOHN

Someone is deleting the records.

KATIE

They don't want us to know where the heads are coming from.

JOHN

Exactly.

KATIE

Who has access to the database?

JOHN

I don't know. Could be anyone. We aren't pretty high up on the totem pole.

KATIE

John, if I didn't know any better I'd say you're finally ready to dig into this.

JOHN

I'm not. We're not. The chance or not-so-chance meeting with Ramsey has reaffirmed my core beliefs of keeping my mouth shut.

KATIE

I thought...

JOHN

Now, I'm not saying you're instincts aren't accurate. I'm not saying that. Let's just say I'm entertaining the idea that you're onto something here. But I'm still exercising caution and keeping all thoughts between you and me. Which means there's a few ground rules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Okay.

JOHN

Number one: we do our jobs.

KATIE

No surprises there.

JOHN

We remove the eyeballs, make the reports, and file them to Robert as accurately as possible.

KATIE

Even if more Center people are in the death images?

JOHN

If we start falsifying our research, someone will find out. Then we look even more suspicious.

KATIE

Right.

JOHN

Number two: none of this leaves this laboratory. If you see me in the cafeteria, I don't want any wink-wink chats or hushed voices.

KATIE

Okay.

JOHN

And number three: we have to trust each other. So if there's anything you're keeping from me, tell me now.

KATIE

Nothing. There's nothing.

JOHN

Then we have nothing more to discuss. Onto business.

Efx: sheet being thrown off a box.

KATIE

She's so young and pretty. Life can be so unfair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Can you handle this one?

KATIE
Yeah, I got it.

Efx: Wet popping noise.

KATIE
Withdrawing blood from the optic
nerve. Depositing into the box.
Locked and loaded.

JOHN
Project Cyclops. Trial 5-charlie-
1. Timestamp is registering
correctly. Initiating playback in
3...

2...

1...

Initiate.

Efx: distinctive noise.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS

Note: Two 17 year old girls are strapped to chairs,
facing each other. A curtain surrounds them in a wide
circle. Wooden floor. Torches light their area

Efx: Outdoors night ambiance (crickets, torches, wind),
chairs occasionally moving, occasional muffled
whispering/crowd noise.

RACHAEL
(whispering pointedly.
Trying to get Ellie
to wake up without
alerting anyone that
she herself is
awake.)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Ellie. Hey. Ell. Open your eyes.
Wake up.

ELLIE

(groaning and starting
to come to)

NARRATOR

Ellie tried to open her eyes, but
found that they didn't really want
to move.

RACHAEL

Come on, Ell. Open your eyes. I
know you can hear me.

ELLIE

(mumbling and slurring
her words)
Rachael? What's going on?

NARRATOR

Ellie tried to move her head, but
found herself unable to do so.

(breathing and
straining a little
to look around)

Her head was strapped to a leather
chair. Moving just her eyes, she
looked down at her wrists and saw
that they were strapped to the
arms of a dark leather chair with
thick leather straps.

(breathing and
straining a little
harder to move her
arms)

ELLIE

(straining against
leather straps
throughout)

What... What is this? Where are
we?

NARRATOR

Ellie's eyes scanned where they
were. Torches lit the scene.
Surrounding the chairs both she
and Rachael were strapped to was a
scarlet curtain that flowed in a
wide circle, catching the
flickering torchlight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

To Ellie's right was a portable chalkboard like the type you'd see wheeled around a school.

The chalkboard had three words on it, but she couldn't quite make out what they said.

Between the girls was a dark pedestal placed on a wooden floor. The pedestal looked sticky with a black stain that spread down its sides and onto the floor.

Above her the stars in the sky spread out in all their far-from-the-city brightness.

This was an area she hadn't seen the whole time she'd been at Camp Bethlehem. It was almost like she was on a stage in the middle of the woods.

RACHAEL

Keep your voice down. I don't want them to know we're both conscious.

ELLIE

Who?

RACHAEL

Pastor Mike and Jack. Maybe others. I keep hearing things out there. Movement.

ELLIE

The camp leaders?

NARRATOR

Ellie thought Rachael had to be mistaken. Pastor Mike and Jack were the leaders of Camp Bethlehem: the camp where both of them were residents for the next month at least.

RACHAEL

Yeah. I was awake when they wheeled you in. They must've drugged our food at dinner tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

How else could they have strapped
us in these chairs and dragged us
out here?

Wherever here is...

ELLIE

What's the chalkboard say?

RACHAEL

Abaddon loves you.

ELLIE

(incredulous)
What?

RACHAEL

Abaddon loves you.

ELLIE

Abaddon loves me?

CURTAINED-OFF WALL

(Efx: vibration +
movement outside the
curtain when Ellie
says "Abaddon loves
me". Something
creaks.)

ELLIE

(concerned)
What was that? Did that come from
the other side of the curtain?
From out there?

RACHAEL

(strained laugh)
I have no idea. I don't know why
we're here or what they wan-

Efx: Curtain part. Two steps of footsteps come in.

NARRATOR

Rachael was interrupted when the
door opened and Pastor Mike and
his assistant Jack entered.

Pastor Mike, the leader of the
camp, was an older man with a
thick accent and a thicker waist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He was fond of telling his charges that their indiscretions would always be forgiven by the Lord, their savior, no matter how ugly those sins happened to be.

Jack, his assistant, always followed at Pastor Mike's heels like a little puppy afraid to let his master get too far away for fear that he might never see him again.

PASTOR MIKE

(caring voice)

Ladies. I hope you're doing alright in here.

ELLIE

What is this?

RACHAEL

Yeah. What's going on?

ELLIE

Why are we strapped into these chairs? Why are we all alone here?

PASTOR MIKE

(booming, good-natured laugh)

You're here to be saved of course. Why else would your parents both remand you to my charge if not to redeem your immortal souls.

And you're not alone.

RACHAEL

Look. I think there's been a mistake. I'm just here because my parents think all this religious bullshit will keep me from smoking and having sex.

I don't believe in God and I don't believe in Jesus.

PASTOR MIKE

But do you believe in Abaddon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ELLIE

What are you talking about? I'm here because I got too high at a fuckin' party and parked my dad's car in our dining room instead of the garage.

My parents, in their infinite wisdom, thought it would be a good idea to send me to... oh, wait.

Is this a scared straight program? I thought I was just here to read bible verses and sing Kum-bah-ya and God's almighty healing power would fill me, but if this is a scared straight type thing, let's do this. Start screaming about my soul. Really let me have it.

PASTOR MIKE

(good-natured laughing again)

I'm not here to give you God.

I'm not here to help you get sober.

I'm here to give you Abaddon. It's almost as if you're not hearing me.

RACHAEL

Uh, I think we hear you just fine. Neither one of us is here for God or religion.

We're both here for the same reason: our parents thought sending us to church camp was easier than having to deal with us themselves, and this was the cheapest church camp out there so they even saved a little bit of change on both of you backcountry hicks.

PASTOR MIKE

(sighing)

Jack? Can you bring in Abaddon please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACK

Yes, Pastor Mike.
(Efx: Footsteps
walking away)

NARRATOR

Jack walked to the far side of the stage before ducking behind the curtain. When he reappeared, he held a statue in his hands. Ellie couldn't quite make out what it was until he set it down between Rachael and her.

Only about a foot tall, it was completely black. There was almost a sheen to it, like something thick and viscous had been poured over the statue and then been allowed to dry.

The statue itself was hard to describe, not just because most of the features were obscured by the black sheen, but because they didn't quite make sense.

The body was that of a young boy, or girl: you couldn't really tell. The head that sprouted from the shoulders of the statue was that of a vulture or some other type of bird.

Around its neck were multiple gold chains that snaked beneath the curtain.

What they were connected to, Ellie couldn't imagine.

ELLIE

What is that thing?

JACK

(laughs)
That thing, as you call it, just so happens to be Abaddon.

RACHAEL

Abaddon? Abaddon from the chalkboard? Abaddon loves me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(Multiple voices all
saying together)
Abaddon loves you.

NARRATOR

The voice came from the other side
of the curtain. It was
otherworldly in that all of the
voices melted into one unified
voice, like the congregation of a
church celebrating Mass.

ELLIE

Jesus Christ. What's on the other
side of the curtain?

PASTOR MIKE

You'll find out soon enough. Jack,
will you fill them in please?

JACK

We want both of you to understand
that you're special. Both of you
were chosen by him. He can only
take one of you though.

RACHAEL

Who? Abaddon?

JACK

Yes.

ELLIE

He wants us for what?

JACK

He wants one of you to become a
sister wife. The sister wife,
really.

ELLIE

What are you talking about?

JACK

Will one of you volunteer to
become the leader of his sister
wives?

RACHAEL

(scared laughing)
Hell no. Fuck you, fuck Pastor
Mike, and fuck Abaddon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Efx: Demon howl and loud whispering noises.

NARRATOR

The curtain billowed out at both girls as if hundreds of hands were pressing against it and hitting it.

When it quieted down, Pastor Mike took a step forward.

PASTOR MIKE

Well, Ellie, it seems you've been volunteered to become head sister wife by your friend Rachael here.

ELLIE

No! Why?

RACHAEL

She didn't do anything? Why are you punishing her?

PASTOR MIKE

Who said anything about punishing her? She will see the world end by Abaddon's side, as the leader of his twenty-one sister wives.

Jack?

JACK

Yes, Pastor Mike.

Efx: Footsteps away.

NARRATOR

Pastor Mike smiled at Ellie as Jack sprung into action, walking behind Rachael to the curtain.

PASTOR MIKE

Okay. It's time for you to meet your sister wives. Go ahead, Jack.

NARRATOR

Jack began to pull the curtain toward himself, slowly revealing what lay on the other side.

Behind the curtain.

Efx: Sound of curtain being rolled back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

ELLIE

Hold on. Wait a second.

Wait!

NARRATOR

As the curtain was pulled toward Jack, Ellie watched Rachael's face drain of color.

RACHAEL

(scared and
whimpering)

No. Nonononono.

(whining)

What is this?

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(various voices
muffled, but trying
to respond/moan/cry)

PASTOR MIKE

(to sister wives)

Ladies, please. I'm trying to speak to your final member.

(to Ellie)

Beautiful, aren't they?

Each one was handpicked from the tree of life by Abaddon himself.

NARRATOR

As the curtain was pulled all the way back, Ellie could just make out what was there from the corner of her eye.

ELLIE

(whispering to self)

No.

NARRATOR

Assembled on the other side were the Sister Wives of Abaddon and something else.

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(muffled mumbling,
moaning, etc)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

NARRATOR

Beyond the sister wives were gathered a great mass of people.

Ellie and Rachael's chair lay in the center of a circular wooden stage. Surrounding them on all sides were people.

At least Ellie thought they were people.

The torch light made it hard to tell. The animal masks they all wore didn't help either.

ELLIE

What is this?

PASTOR MIKE

What is this? Why? How come?

These are all wonderful questions, but ultimately useless. Shouldn't you be asking about your sister wives?

(to the crowd)

The sister wives of Abaddon!

CROWD

(crowd whispers the word Abaddon several times in unison)

Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

ELLIE

(quietly)

What did you do to them?

PASTOR MIKE

(quietly)

Nothing that Abaddon didn't instruct us to do.

NARRATOR

Ellie stared at the women assembled on the stage. They all sat strapped in leather chairs much like hers.

Five chairs.

Four rows deep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Twenty total.

Each woman had a circle drawn onto their forehead in grey ash. That wasn't what drew Ellie's eyes though. Ellie's eyes jumped from woman to woman as she stared at their lips.

The lips of each woman was stitched closed with what looked like a thin gold chain. Each gold chain stretched away from the women and terminated in a loop around the neck of that strange, black statue.

It was almost as if the statue wore a necklace of twenty golden leashes.

Efx: Jack returns. Footsteps.

JACK

Ready?

PASTOR MIKE

Just about.

Do you know how lucky you are, Ellie? You will get to see the world in flame by Abaddon's side, long after the rest have been burned to ash.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

RACHAEL

(scared laughing)
You're crazy. Both of you. You're both nuts.

PASTOR MIKE

Shhhh. It's okay, Rachael. Abaddon always chooses two.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

PASTOR MIKE (CONT'D)

One as a sister wife and one to
feed the others. Your life will
not have been in vain.

RACHAEL

Like I said. Fu-

NARRATOR

Ellie watched as Jack stepped
forward, his hand bringing around
a concealed knife so fast that it
flashed as it shot across
Rachael's throat.

Efx: Footsteps then slash + gurgling.

NARRATOR

Ellie wanted to scream, felt as
though she needed to scream, but
it wouldn't come out.

She couldn't breathe.

Efx: Quick shallow breaths.

JACK

Bless this meal and the soul whose
life prepared it. Abaddon.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

PASTOR MIKE

Bless this sacrificial lamb,
Abaddon.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

NARRATOR

Jack lifted the knife again and
Ellie saw that it was not really a
knife at all, but a strange sort
of ladle with a cupped spoon on
one side and a sharp blade on the
other.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The cup of the ladle was stained black and Ellie watched, tears streaming down her face, as Jack held the ladle to Rachael's throat, collecting her hot, coursing blood.

PASTOR MIKE

May it bring the downfall of humanity. May it seal the end times for the wicked world that we find ourselves prisoners in. May we cast aside our bonds and join our Lord in heaven by loosing Abaddon unto this world.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the word Abaddon several times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

NARRATOR

Jack took the ladle and carefully poured its contents over the head of the statue. The blood soaked into the wood, but it all seemed to drip towards the gold chains around the statue's neck.

Pastor Mike turned Ellie's chair to face the assembled women, whispering into her right ear all the way around.

Efx: Pouring liquid + Ellie's chair being turned to face the sister wives

PASTOR MIKE

(whispering in right ear)

Witness Abaddon bathing in the blood of a chosen follower. A wife that could have been, but never was. Where once were two, now are one.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the word Abaddon several times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

NARRATOR

Ellie watched as the golden chains around the statue's neck shook and vibrated.

(Efx: swallowing sounds)

ELLIE

What's happeni-

PASTOR MIKE

(whispering in Ellie's left ear)

For when the twenty-first life is joined to Abaddon's army on Earth, he will rise from below to burn away all of humanity.

NARRATOR

Ellie listened as Jack poured another ladle-full over the statue.

(Efx: Pouring liquid)

PASTOR MIKE

Listen. Do you hear it?

ELLIE

I don't hea-

PASTOR MIKE

(interrupting)

Shhh.

NARRATOR

As Ellie watched the women's mouths work, she began to hear something else. It was low at first, but grew louder. The chains connecting the women to the statue began to sway.

(swallowing, mouth noises)

Ellie watched as each of the sister wives' throats began to work, as if they were drinking and swallowing.

PASTOR MIKE

(quietly)

Abaddon truly provides, does he not? Praise be to Abaddon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

JACK

(quietly)
Praise be to Abaddon.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

PASTOR MIKE

You've seen his power at work. You
will be the twenty-first.

NARRATOR

Ellie watched as all the sister
wives closed their eyes at the
same time.

Then their mouths began to move,
jaws working behind gold-sewn
lips.

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(Efx: multiple female
voices speaking as
one. Some
whispering, some
growling, some
speaking in normal
voices)

We accept you as our own. Abaddon
accepts you.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

ELLIE

I don't want to be a sister wife.

PASTOR MIKE

It doesn't really matter what you
want at this point.

(to Jack)

Help me wheel her over, Jack. Have
you prepared yourself?

JACK

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

PASTOR MIKE

Good.

(Efx: Wheeling chair
over)

(to Ellie. Whisper
into just one ear.)

Ellie, it was nice to meet you.
I'm sorry we don't have more time
to get to know each other, just
know that I think you'll make a
wonderful leader to the sister
wives.

ELLIE

I don't want to be a sister wife
or a leader. I just want to go
home.

PASTOR MIKE

I know. I don't want to die, but
to complete our mission on earth,
I must.

JACK

This is going to hurt. Bear with
us though. It will be over soon.

ELLIE

What's gonna hur-

NARRATOR

Before she could finish asking
what they were going to do to her,
Jack pinched her forehead and
threaded a needle through her
skin.

(Efx: needle through
skin + yelp from
Ellie)

He was so fast that she didn't
have any time to react, not that
it would have mattered anyway.

He slipped a golden ring through
the hole. It had a gold bead that
screwed it closed. With that
finished, he stepped back and
Pastor Mike stepped forward.

ELLIE

Please stop. What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

PASTOR MIKE

Preparing you to lead Abaddon's
army.

Efx: Footsteps away

NARRATOR

Ellie watched Jack approach the
statue and remove each of the
loops from around the statue's
neck before returning.

Efx: Footsteps return

JACK

Almost finished. Just hold still.

NARRATOR

Ellie tried to move her head, but
it was still strapped to the
chair. Jack threaded all the gold
chains through the loop on Ellie's
forehead (Efx: gold chains being
fed through a ring) and nodded to
Pastor Mike.

JACK

Finished.

PASTOR MIKE

As are we all.

JACK

Yes, Pastor.

PASTOR MIKE

Only in the blood of the righteous
and his supplicant will Abaddon be
born.

Do you freely allow this to
happen?

JACK

I do.

NARRATOR

Jack leaned forward over Ellie,
face upraised to the Pastor. The
Pastor delicately closed Jack's
eyes, waited a beat, and then
slipped his own knife across the
man's throat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(Efx: liquid pouring
onto a face + demon
whispering yessssss)

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

NARRATOR

Jack's throat opened over Ellie's
face and she began to scream but
quickly stopped herself as blood
poured onto her face.

Pastor Mike pushed Jack away.

(Efx: Body falling to
ground)

PASTOR MIKE

The blood of the suppliant was
willingly given unto thee.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

ELLIE

Why? Why are you doing this? Why
do you want the world to end?

PASTOR MIKE

(said like it's the
most obvious answer
in the world)

The only way the rapture will ever
occur is if the righteous make it
happen.

We did this for the common good.

We die today so that the many
shall live forever with God in his
kingdom. His Will be done.

Abaddon will be born in the blood
of the righteous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

NARRATOR

Pastor Mike leaned forward and
slashed his own throat over
Ellie's face.

(Efx: liquid pouring +
demon whispering
yesssss)

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon several
times in unison)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

ELLIE

(spitting blood out of
her face and
breathing hard)
(Efx: body falling to
ground)
(calling out to crowd)
Help!

Someone help me. Please.
(to self)
Please. Someone help me.

NARRATOR

Ellie felt hands on her straps and
closed her eyes for a half second.

ELLIE

(sighing. Thinking
she's safe and that
someone has come to
their senses.)
Thank God.

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(Efx: multiple female
voices speaking as
one. Some
whispering, some
growling, some
speaking in normal
voices)
You shall lead us to Abaddon. You
shall bear him into this world.

CROWD

(crowd whispers the
word Abaddon from
here until the end.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

CROWD (CONT'D)

Bring this up and
down in volume so
that it keeps going
beneath all the
following speech,
but you can still
hear it.)

Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

NARRATOR

Ellie's eyes flew open as the
hands of the sister wives released
her from her bonds. The hands
didn't release her though.

Instead, they clamped down and
lifted her up into the air.

Ellie tried to look down and saw
that her belly was beginning to
stretch as though something on the
inside was pressing to get out.

The crowd swayed around the stage
lost in rapture at what was
happening.

Pastor Mike's words came back to
her.

Efx: flashback of Pastor Mike's earlier words

PASTOR MIKE

Only in the blood of the righteous
and his supplicant will Abaddon be
born.

NARRATOR

When the first claw slipped up and
out of her belly button, Ellie
found, to her horror, that she
didn't feel the least bit faint.

ELLIE

(screaming, crying,
and begging)

NARRATOR

The torches guttered out
completely as Ellie felt her belly
tear open.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (21)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(Efx: belly tearing +
torches being blown
out)

CROWD

(goes silent as demon
roars into the
night. Echoes.)

ABADDON

(deep, rumbling voice)
Mother.

ELLIE

(crying)
No. This isn't happening. No.

ABADDON

I'm starving, Mother.

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON

(said in unison)
Your feast awaits you, son. It
surrounds us even now.

NARRATOR

Ellie started laughing as she
realized what the sister wives
were talking about.

ELLIE

(crazy, broken
laughing. All hope
gone. In shock.)
Go feast, son.

NARRATOR

As the thing inside of Ellie
crawled out, the sister wives
brought her down and sat her back
in the chair.

Ellie closed her eyes as she
listened for what was about to
happen in the crowd around her.

MALE VOICE

Wh-what is that?
(begins to scream)

Efx: crowd begins panicking as Abaddon tears through them
all. Lots of running, screaming, blood sounds, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (22)

ELLIE
(mumbling to self as
crowd noise begins
to die down. Tired.)
Abaddon, Abaddon, Abaddon.

ABADDON
Welcome to forever, Mother.

With us.

SISTER WIVES OF ABADDON
(Efx: multiple female
voices speaking as
one. Some
whispering, some
growling, some
speaking in normal
voices)
With usssssssssss.
(Efx: Whispering of
sister wives + Ellie
screaming)

OUTRO BUMPER

Efx: distinctive noise.

KATIE
That was horrifying, yet oddly
comforting in a way.

JOHN
Comforting?

KATIE
That was the first death image
we've seen without a Center
employee. That has to be good,
right?

JOHN
Hmm.

KATIE
Remember what you said before
about nightmares? Maybe Project
Cyclops is projecting dreams. This
Abaddon thing isn't real. It can't
be.

JOHN
(thinking)
Hmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

KATIE

Why do you keep saying 'hmm'? Rule three, John. Honesty policy.

JOHN

There was something about that Pastor Mike. He looked so familiar.

KATIE

I'll ask, but I'm pretty sure I know the answer. Is Mike from the Center?

JOHN

I think so but I can't be sure.

KATIE

Maybe it was another mind serum thing, like the Quarantine experiment.

JOHN

Why couldn't I have put in for retirement two months earlier?

(increasingly
irritated)

For God's sake. I don't even know what's real anymore. I could be sucking on that serum right now and not even know it. How can I be sure that you're real? That this purse is real?

Efx: The purse lifted off the table. The contents go tumbling to the ground. Smacking of the microphone and fuzzy audio.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm not sure what I was doing there.

KATIE

(frantic)

It's fine, it's fine. Just let me do it, it's fine.

Efx: clasping microphone.

JOHN

(really close to
microphone)

Katie? What the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

Silence.

Efx: recorder button press/tone.