

CRASH BACKWARDS

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**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

A long stretch of road in the middle of the FLORIDA EVERGLADES. Few street lights.

ROAR!

The scream of an engine, followed by the scream of a FEMALE.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
Hurry, Felden!

A BLACK AUDI races next to an ORANGE CAMARO. The Audi pulls ahead. The Camaro ducks back in behind. The only cars on the dark road.

Canals border both sides of the alley.

Grassy areas divide the road from the water. Ten foot tall metal fencing runs the length of the canals.

It had been raining.

Frequent flashes of lightning reflect off them, tires spray water all the way.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

The speedometer surges past the hundred mile an hour mark.

On the open glovebox door a box of bullets has been torn thru, its contents scattered everywhere.

A FEMALE HAND tries to load the thirty eights in a COLT DETECTIVE SPECIAL, her fingers jittery. She drops the bullets.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
C'mon. C'mon.

She gets one in.

REAR VIEW MIRROR

A MAN's panicked eyes steal a glance.

HEADLIGHTS from behind flash bright. The man's eyes wince. His hand flicks to the mirror, flips the night switch.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The orange CAMARO, brights blaring, catches up to the Audi, noses the back bumper.

FELDEN (O.S.)

Hang on!

The Camaro smashes the Audi, shoves it off the road.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

The Driver wrestles with the steering wheel. Their headlights shine against a --

BILLBOARD

*ZZ Top looking people with smiling faces hold up bottles of green liquid.*

They pulverize the sign, get jostled around.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

FEMALE (O.S.)

Felden!

Both cars cut across the soaked grassy area, bulldoze thru the metal fence, go airborne.

FEMALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Aaauuughhh!

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

The headlights glare off the water. They slam into it. The Woman wrenches against the seatbelt. She is *PREGNANT*.

The Colt flies out of her hand, smacks the windshield. BLAM! It goes off.

A flash of orange fire.

*BLACK.*

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A WOMAN(30s) and her SON, DILLON(7) hustle a corner together. The woman holds a sign that asks for help, with a money basket in front of her.

Dillon goes from one car to the next, holds up a bottle of water to anyone that might buy one.

WINNY (O.S.)  
 You can't keep pushing Fink, Fable,  
 or we'll both be peddling street  
 ware.

The boy dodges back across traffic and over to his mother when the light turns green. No sales.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

CUSTOMERS sit around eat, drink, converse, work on laptops at various tables.

FABLE FALKER(30s), dressed in a sharp business dress suit, has a cup of coffee with WINNY(30s), dressed flamboyantly in bright oranges, and greens in a mix mash of stripes and oversized polka-dots.

Fable's cup is full, hasn't touched it. She stares out the window, watches the mother and son.

WINNY  
 Either we finish the last few  
 episodes or they pluck our ibis.  
 And working in swampsilvania  
 doesn't help.

Winnie notices she hasn't heard a word.

WINNY (CONT'D)  
 I mean, I'm not sure we should use  
 the gargantuan caterpillar in our  
 next scene or the abominable  
 snowman.

Still no response.

He waves his hand in front of her face to snap her out of it. Nothing.

WINNY (CONT'D)  
 (spanish accent)  
 Hello, Juan Valdez to Fable. Is  
 your Cafe con Leche too much leche?

RING. RING.

Fable's phone face up on the table, snaps her out of her daze. She glances down at the phone, turns it over.

RING. RING.

Winnie snatches it up. It reads --

*"Unknown Caller"*

WINNY (CONT'D)

Don't blame you. If they can't identify themselves, they can talk to the machine.

RING. RING.

He puts the phone back down.

FABLE

I've answered, but it's always weird static.

WINNY

I wouldn't pick it up at all. No telling what weirdo's on the other end.

FABLE

He is abominable.

WINNY

Unknown caller?

FABLE

Fink the Skink.

The phone quits ringing.

Winnie chuckles.

WINNY

Yes, but he's the Station Manager and this swamp show we're doing is my stepping stone to a sequel to Creature from the Black Lagoon.

Winnie chuckles, sighs.

WINNY (CONT'D)

Seriously, I hate reality TV shows, but...we just need to play nice.

FABLE

Feel like my life is being picked apart by an evil woodpecker.

Winnie laughs.

WINNY

Never heard Fink referred to as an evil woodpecker, but if the beak fits.

FABLE

Half the time I don't know if I'm awake or asleep.

WINNY

Aaaauuuuggghhhhh!

Winnie lets out a blood curdling scream. Everyone stops, look over at them.

FABLE

What the hell was that?

Winnie grins.

WINNY

Well if you were asleep, you'd be awake by now. But we're still here.

Fable glares at him. Winnie waves off everyone.

WINNY (CONT'D)

No problem. You're all real. She's awake.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Fable and Winnie come out of the shop. Fable has two cups in her hands, a small bag of goodies scrunched under one arm and her purse over her other arm.

She stops, glances back and forth, suspicious.

WINNY

You are paranoid.

FABLE

It's not paranoia if someone's really following you.

Winnie reaches into a bag and pulls out oversized dark black lady's sunglasses.

WINNY

Okay. What's he look like?

FABLE

I've only caught glimpses.  
Handsome, with a kind of boy scout  
looking face.

WINNY

Honey, you better introduce me when  
he attacks you.

He pans back and forth like radar.

WINNY (CONT'D)

Do. Do. Do. Do. Where's the Falker  
Stalker? Come in please.

FABLE

I'm serious. It's like a shadow in  
the shadows.

He pulls off the glasses, feigns disappointment.

WINNY

No hot and sexy interloper  
detected.

FABLE

Thanks a lot.

WINNY

Cheese and crackers, Fable. You  
need an anguish enema.

The walk sign flicks on. Dillon walks between cars to get  
back to his mother.

A car HONKS, peels out from around another car, Fable throws  
everything down, dashes across the street. Winny's mouth  
hangs open, stunned.

She reaches Dillon just in time, pushes him out of the way of  
the screeching car.

She gets hit instead.

**INT. FABLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Pitch black.

A phone RINGS.

Muffled VOICES seep in to the darkness.

The phone RINGS again. VICTOR FALKER(40s), Fable's husband, answers it.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
Hello? Yes, this is, Mister  
Falker. She's still out.

Fuzzy light dispels the darkness. Several blurry figures come into focus.

VICTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now I'm going to insist she see  
you. Okay thanks for calling,  
Doctor Stevenson.

FABLE (O.S.)  
Where am I?

Victor's smiling but distorted face comes into view. It gradually sharpens.

VICTOR  
Fable you're awake.

Fable lies in a hospital bed hooked up to an EKG machine and an IV. Her face pale, worn, no makeup.

A couple of PEOPLE stand around the room. One of them JESSEE(early 20s), Fable's personal assistant. She picks up a vase of flowers off a back counter.

The other, FINK(early 30s), Fable's boss. And a NURSE.

The room filled with "Get Well" cards and bouquets of all kinds.

Victor shifts a lock of hair away from her face.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Glad to see you back amongst the  
conscious.

FABLE  
How long have I been out?

The Nurse has Fable's chart.

NURSE  
This is the third day.

The Nurse goes to the opposite side of the bed.



FABLE

Three days? I've got to get out of here.

She struggles to rise up. Both Victor and the Nurse gently push her back down.

NURSE

You're not going anywhere until the Doctor clears you.

FABLE

But.

VICTOR

Fable, you were lucky.

JESSEE

Don't worry, Missus Falker, I contacted everybody and let them know you had an accident.

FABLE

I feel fine and I have to get back to work before Fink the...

FINK (O.S.)

Fink *the Boss*.

Fink shoves in between Victor and Jessee.

FINK (CONT'D)

Will handle your Glader's Show until you're strong enough to get back at it.

Fable, embarrassed, starts to say something. Fink continues.

FINK (CONT'D)

I know it won't be in the best hands, but it will be in capable hands.

Fable smiles awkwardly.

FINK (CONT'D)

But get back soon. I hate mosquitos and snakes.

Fink winks, gives her hand a squeeze. Victor catches the exchange, glares at Fink.

VICTOR

I hate snakes, too.

He pulls Fable's hand out of Fink's and clasps it a little too tightly. Fink offers an uncomfortable smile, nods to everybody, exits.

Victor shoots Fable a suspicious look. Fable squirms her hand out of Victor's.

Chilly silence.

Jessee clears her throat, forces a grin, presents the flowers.

Fable relieved to let the moment pass, signals to bring the flowers closer for a sniff.

FABLE  
They're lovely.

She inhales deeply. A concerned look shoots across her face.

FABLE (CONT'D)  
What about the boy?

Jessee pulls back the flowers.

JESSEE  
What boy?

Fable looks to Victor.

FABLE  
The boy I pushed out of the way  
when I got hit by the car.

VICTOR  
Hit by a car?

JESSEE  
Missus Falker, you didn't get hit  
by a car.

FABLE  
Did the boy?

VICTOR  
Fable, I found you passed out on  
the kitchen floor. You cut your  
leg badly.

He pulls up the bed sheet to show her. A bloody bandage wraps her right leg.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
There was no boy.

Fable gets annoyed.

FABLE  
That's from getting hit.

The nurse pulls the sheet back down.

NURSE  
Okay. I think you all need to  
clear out. She don't need to get  
agitated.

FABLE  
I'm not agitated.

The nurse ushers Jessee and Victor towards the door.

NURSE  
If she's going to get out of here,  
she needs her rest.

Fable pushes up.

FABLE  
I'm getting out of here now.

The Nurse rushes back.

NURSE  
Ma'am you've lost a lot of blood.  
Your condition is not stable.

The nurse hits the "Call" button, wrestles Fable back down.

Victor jumps in, helps hold her. Fable struggles to throw  
them off.

ORDERLIES rush in, grab her on either side. NURSE #2 dashes  
in, administers a sedative.

FABLE  
I was hit by a car.

VICTOR  
You were dreaming.

Fable fades as her words slur.

FABLE  
I wasn't. Jessee get Winny.

She blinks back the heaviness in her eyes.

Jessee stands by the door, clings to the flowers. Sobs.

Behind Jessee stands a MAN(40s) brown hair, flecks of gray. A *handsome, boy scout face*. He stares at Fable with a concerned look.

Terror widens Fable's eyes. She points, tries to cry out, but no words come forth. She slips into unconsciousness.

Victor looks back at Jessee. No one stands behind her.

**INT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

WHAM!

An empty bottle of *Glader - Two - Oh* gets slammed to the counter.

FABLE (O.S.)  
...I need a vacation, Victor, not a head doctor.

Fable, in a night gown, spins towards him. Her leg uninjured.

He sits at the dining table, dressed in business attire, pecks on an electronic tablet, chows down a bowl of cereal.

VICTOR  
What if you take a vacation and still can't sleep?

FABLE  
Then we really have a problem.

He doesn't look at her, engrossed in his work.

VICTOR  
I think you should talk to him.

Fable gets annoyed.

FABLE  
Maybe if I had a keyboard attached to me.

Victor puts the tablet down, gets up, slurps down a glass of orange juice, heads to her.

VICTOR  
Honey.

He puts the glass in the sink, turns and pulls Fable in for a hug, plants a kiss on her forehead.

VICTOR  
I can listen. I have listened.  
But I'm obviously not helping.

Fable pushes away. Victor pulls her back in.

VICTOR  
Fable. I love you. I don't want  
to see you hurting.

Fable relents. Victor kisses her. Holds her at arms length.

VICTOR  
Call him.

She gazes into his eyes and nods.

**INT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY**

Fable comes down dressed in a dark goldenrod suit. She holds her high heels in one hand, and her phone pressed to her ear with the other.

FABLE  
I'd like to make an appointment.  
Fable Falker. F.A.L.K.E.R...Doctor  
Stevenson. Of course it's for me.  
But it's just to talk. Not as a  
patient.

**KITCHEN**

The sun bleeds through the closed rooster curtains that grace the window box outside the sink.

Fable cradles her cell phone between her ear and her shoulder. She washes dishes.

FABLE  
No, I've never been there before.

She turns to grab her husband's cereal bowl off the table.

A SHADOWY FIGURE appears outside her kitchen window, diffused by the curtains.

She turns back to the sink --

FABLE  
Yes. I have the address.

-- and catches sight of the *Dark Silhouette*.

Startled, she lets out a quick scream. Her cell drops into the dish water. The bowl crashes to the floor, shatters. She slips and collapses onto it.

A piece of broken shard bites into her right leg. She cries out, and grabs her shin. The shard sticks out just below the side of her knee.

Fable snatches the dish towel that hangs below the sink.

Blood oozes out around the shard. She winces, tries to ease it out. It's buried too deep. She stops.

Sweat breaks out across her forehead. She looks away, inhales to gather her resolve. Then turns back to the bloody piece, takes a hold of it and yanks.

FABLE

Aauuggghh!

She slings it across the floor and doubles over in pain.

Blood oozes from the wound. She squeezes it shut, fights passing out, gathers herself, pats her face with the towel, then uses it to quickly wrap her leg.

She squeezes her eyes shut momentarily, struggles to slow her breathing. Seconds go by. Her eyes snap open.

Fable nudges up, fights thru the pain, turns around to peek over the sink. No one at the window.

She pushes up higher, peels back the curtain for a quick scan. Still no one around.

She looks down into the dish water at her phone, snags it out of the water and tries to push a button.

The screen black. The phone fried.

**EXT. FABLE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Fable gimps to her black Audi. Still in her dress suit, but now wearing fashionable strapped sandals. Her leg has gauze wrapped around it with a small stain of blood.

She glances around nervously as she gets to her vehicle. Pops the lock, opens the door, and struggles to get in.

**INT. FABLE'S AUDI**

Fable puts her key in, starts the car. She digs her cell out of her purse, checks it one last time.

Dead phone.

She tosses it on to the passenger seat, it bounces and hits the floor. She lets out a heavy sigh, reaches for it. The pain stops her.

She sits back up, puts the car in reverse, grimaces when she shifts her injured leg from the brake to the gas.

**EXT. LONG RURAL ROAD - DAY**

The Audi cuts along a slim two lane road bordered closely by tall grasses, trees, and bushes, to the point where there is no place to pull over, save for a thin area of rocks.

A TALK SHOW drifts from the car.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

And I always wake up right before  
the train hits me. I'm scared  
Doctor Stevenson.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

A dream, particularly a recurring  
bad dream, or rather, unnerving  
dream, because not all unnerving  
dreams are necessarily bad, though  
you may react to it as such.

**INT. FABLE'S AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable smokes a cigarette.

Her mind could be a million miles away, or she could be listening intently. Either way, she seems to be driving unconsciously.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

It could be the subconscious  
warning you of an impending  
situation, which on the surface  
seems like a nightmare, but in  
reality, may be a call to save your  
life.

BLAM!

The car careens across the road. Fable grips the wheel to get it under control. She bites down on the cigarette.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
 No one really knows when a life  
 altering or threatening situation  
 can suddenly occur.

An ORANGE CAMARO heads right at her. It's HORN BLARES.

She slams the brakes and rips the wheel back to the left.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD**

The Audi careens back across the highway, a whisker separates the two head on vehicles.

Strips of rubber fly off the Audi's front passenger tire.

The Camaro shreds off to its side of the road. It just misses the Audi before it rights itself. One last horn blast protests as it continues on.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable wrestles the car to a grinding halt.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 So it could be a good thing? The  
 train about to kill me?

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
 Well, I would need to go deeper  
 with a few sessions to be able to  
 answer that. I'm just saying, not  
 everything that appears bad, is.

Fable plucks the mangled cigarette from her lips, stabs it in the ashtray.

FABLE  
 That's it. I quit.

She switches off the radio. Pauses to gather herself. Bugs buzz around her car windows. The sounds of nowhere.

As far as she can see in front of her, no cars. She looks in the rear view mirror. No cars behind her.

She strangles the wheel with both hands and lets out a shriek. She hangs her head and begins to sob.



She notices her leg. A red stain expands across the gauze.

RING. RING.

Startled, Fable looks towards the sound.

FABLE

How the hell?

Her purse on the passenger side floor, she stretches for it. The seatbelt snags her.

RING. RING.

She unsnaps the belt, lurches for the purse, snatches it off the floor.

RING. RING.

Not in her purse. She tosses it on the seat, spots the cell on the floor. She dives for it, scoops it up and reads the display --

*"Unknown Caller"*

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable jumps, the phone flies out of her hands back to the floor. It stops ringing.

The same man that was behind Jesse in the hospital stands at her window.

But in this situation, his good looks, suit and tie, not exactly comforting. Especially since he appears out of nowhere.

Fable glances around for his car. No vehicle in sight. Fear begins to claw at her throat.

The Stranger places his palms against the window. He peers at Fable like she's a long lost treasure.

STRANGER

You.

The man goes around to the front passenger tire.

Fable eyes him all the way. He bends down, disappears from her sight.

Fable shoots to the glove compartment, pops it, rifles through the crap til she lands a --

COLT DETECTIVE SPECIAL

Panicked, her eyes dart to the window.

Clear.

She snags the gun out, grasps a small box of thirty eights, sets it on the open glove box door. Rips into it, scatters bullets everywhere.

Fable fumbles to put them in the chamber, her shaky fingers drop some to the floor.

Sweat in her eyes doesn't help. She swipes at her face with her forearm.

Finally loaded, she shoves the gun under her purse. Waits for the man to reappear.

Several long seconds.

Sweat rolls down her face, her lips twitch. She blindly reaches for the door handle, dares to crack the door open.

Pauses. Nothing.

She eases out. Holds the gun in front of her. She shakes like a scared puppy in a hurricane.

She creeps around to the front of the car. Stops to listen. Bugs whiz by her face. She holds her breath.

Humid silence.

Fable takes a deep breath, whips around the car, and points the gun at --

*NOTHING.*

She glances at the blown tire. Intact. Looks at the rear tire. Also intact.

She looks around at the high grasses that border the road. No sign of entry or exit. No sign of the Stranger.

The bugs begin to dive bomb her sweaty face again. Annoying little shits. She flails at them.

HONK!!!

A RED SEMI blasts its horn as it careens by.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

A BLUE EIGHTEEN WHEELER splashes water off the black top. It races by two cars that have plunged into the canal.

**INT. SEMI TRUCK (MOVING)**

A large BURLY MAN glances in his passenger side mirror and notices the brake lights of a car protruding from the water.

He double takes, slams his breaks.

**EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - WCMA - DAY**

Fable's Audi pulls up to a GUARD GATE. The gate rises and Fable pulls through.

FABLE (O.S.)

I'm telling you Victor my tire blew out, and the next thing I know some guy appeared, disappeared, and the tire was fixed.

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - WCMA - DAY**

Fable limps her way through the throng of desks and WORKERS.

FABLE

Of course I grabbed my gun. The bullets went everywhere.

Dried blood down her leg, all eyes on her.

FABLE

It wasn't like the range. I was so shaky I barely got it loaded.

Her phone pressed to her ear, she doesn't acknowledge anybody.

FABLE

I wasn't imagining it.

Fable makes it into her office. The door reads "*Fable Falker, Producer*"

**INT. FABLE'S OFFICE**

Fable dumps her purse on her desk.

Fink walks in. Dressed in suit and tie, smarmy look on his face like he's about to feed Fable a "You're fired" sandwich.

FABLE

I was almost killed, dammit.

Fable turns with fire in her eyes and shoots them at Fink. He twitches, offers a weak smile, slinks out of the room.

Fable glances around, everyone stares at her.

FABLE

Screw it, Vic. I'm late and Fink the Skink just slithered back into his hole. Anyway, I called the Doctor...

She stops, turns away from the office, lowers her voice.

FABLE

I called the *Listener*, and made an appointment for Thursday. Yeah...

Fable cuts the phone off, tosses it to her desk. It smacks a WEDDING PICTURE --

*Victor and her cuddled together, carefree joyous smiles.*

-- And knocks it to the floor.

FABLE

...Great.

She goes over, picks it up.

FABLE

You deserved it.

She looks at it. The glass has cracked.

FABLE

Crap.

Fable stands it back on the desk next to her phone. She turns, limps to the door.

FABLE

Jessee.

Fable hobbles back to her desk, slumps into her chair. She stares at the face of her husband. He stares back at her, smiling through the broken glass.

Jessee scurries in with an IPAD.

FABLE

I'm not talking to you.

She turns the picture face down.

Jessee stops in her tracks.

JESSEE

Sorry, Missus Falker, I thought you called me.

She turns to leave.

FABLE

I did.

Jessee turns back.

FABLE

I know I've missed my first appointment.

Jessee punches up the IPAD.

JESSEE

Already called and rescheduled.  
But the one with Mister Fink and  
Winnie...

Fable holds her hand up, sighs. She nods her head at the fresh faced intern to go on.

JESSEE

Oh. Well, I didn't know what time you'd be coming in, so I rescheduled your second appointment, both to Thursday.

Jessee gives Fable a big grin.

FABLE

Thursday?

Jessee's smile fades.

JESSEE

Only day you had a free morning.

Jessee starts punching at the iPad to bring up the clients.

JESSEE

I can get them back and change it.  
It was only about a half hour ago.

FABLE

Leave it.

Jessee continues to punch nervously.

JESSEE

I can switch them to next week  
Tuesday.

FABLE

Leave it, Jessee.

Jessee looks up with anguish painting her face. Tears threaten.

FABLE

Just leave the new appointments,  
changing them again will look  
extremely unprofessional.

Jessee looks down.

JESSEE

Yes, Missus Falker.

Fable struggles up and limps to Jessee.

JESSEE

What happened?

FABLE

Rough morning.

Fable puts her arm around Jessee's shoulder.

FABLE

Hey. You saved me today.

Jessee looks into her eyes. A single tear drops.

FABLE

C'mon.

Fable glances down the corridor to Fink's office. He stands behind his glass window, arms folded, stares at her.

Fable glares back.

FABLE

I'll make us both a cup of "I don't  
give a skink's nuts."

Fable snags a tissue from a box on a small table, hands it to her.

FABLE  
Dry those pretty eyes.

Jessee dabs her eyes, nods, a slight smile.

They go out.

RING. RING.

Fable lurches back in, over to her desk, scoops up the phone.

*"Unknown Caller"*

She frowns, turns, notices the cracked picture of her husband is upright.

Confused, she checks it closer. Now, the Wedding Picture has her cuddling with the Stranger that appeared to her on the road.

*And the glass is fine.*

Fable staggers back, faints. The phone bounces away, continues ringing.

**EXT. EVERGLADES - HAMMOCK - DAY**

Everything BLACK.

The drone of muffled VOICES. Bugs whirring.

WINNY (O.S.)  
Fable!

Fable's eyes pop open. She jerks in her Producer's Chair as if catching herself falling.

FABLE  
Huh?

Gnats freckle her pasty face. The scorching sun beats down pissed off.

Fable's eyes wander towards Winny.

He wears a Hot Pink Cooling Sleeve over his head and neck with large mirrored sunglasses, and a loud tie-dyed one piece jumpsuit.

Looks like a giant rainbow caterpillar.

WINNY  
Hello.

He snaps his fingers.

WINNY

Snapping turtle. Are you with us  
today?

Fable, disoriented, glances at her surroundings. A medium sized clearing circled by trees and bushes.

A ramshackle large HUT made of mix matched plywood and native tree limbs with an old tin roof sits at one edge about two feet off the ground on construction blocks of cement.

The tacked together shack has several small rooms added on like tics on a alley mutt.

Scattered around, a half dozen members of a TV CREW and several red neck looking MEN and WOMEN, (a Group of people who live in the Everglades) called --

"GLADERS".

Grubby, fully bearded Caucasian males with their female counterparts, dressed in patchwork jeans, camouflaged shorts and dingy sweat stained T-shirts, have stopped what they're doing and stare at her.

HEAVYSET GLADER

Come around the shack or start out  
in front?

Fable doesn't respond.

The crew stand sweaty and impatient.

One FEMALE GLADER, has a half gutted rabbit on a crate in front of her. Knife buried in its belly, innards spilling out. Fat flies get their fill.

Another GLADER FEMALE stands in front of a line with slices of snake meat hung across it. Her DAUGHTER(6) has more strips ready to hand her.

A MALE GLADER with a braided beard cleans a shot gun. Another MALE with RED HAIR sharpens his machete.

ALL eyes wait on Fable.

FABLE

I'm with you.

Everyone glances at each other concerned, perplexed.



Winnie approaches Fable, signals for one of the PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS to get her something to drink.

WINNY

Fable, maybe you're dehydrated.

The Production Assistant scurries up and hands Winnie a cool bottle of "*Glader - Two - Oh*".

Winnie gives the greenish liquid to Fable.

FABLE

I was just in my office.

Fable reaches down and pulls up her right pants leg to reveal a perfectly normal leg.

She yanks up her other pant leg. Again, normal. No injury to either.

FABLE

What? But, I lost a lot of blood.

Fable begins to swoon, grabs her head.

WINNY

(to the Assistant)

Heat stroke.

Winnie takes the bottle from her, cracks it open.

WINNY

Fable, drink the Two-Oh.

FABLE

I'm not crazy. What the hell is going on?

She glances around. Blank stares meet her glare.

WINNY

We never said you were.

Fable shoots a look toward the shack, catches the Stranger through a window. He stares at her.

FABLE

You!

Fable pushes up, knocks past Winnie and the Assistant, staggers into the building leaving everyone flabbergasted.

WINNY

Fable!

**INT. HAMMOCK SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Sparsely decorated with old beaten up furniture.

HEADS of DEER, RABBITS with ANTLERS, and various other Glade creatures hang from the walls.

Shotguns rest in corners and hang from wall hooks.

In the center of the room on a well worn cypress coffee table rests a large Alligator Head, mouth open, a friendly toothy smile.

A BABY CRIES from another room.

Fable darts into the --

**BABY'S ROOM**

Surrounded by junk gathered over the years, a makeshift crib shoved against one wall.

A dark FIGURE holds the BABY covered by an old tattered quilt. His back to Fable.

FABLE

What do you want? Why are you  
stalking me?

The FIGURE doesn't turn, doesn't answer. The Baby continues to cry.

FABLE

Hey, I'm talking to you.

Fable strides over to him, grabs him by the shoulder, spins him around to reveal --

A SCRAGGLY BEARDED GLADER(70s)

A scarred eyeball and a tooth now and then in an unnerving smile.

He spits out a repulsive CACKLE through his salt and pepper beard and filth matted mustache.

*Like a baby's cry.*

Fable's eyes dart to the infant. She yanks back the quilt.

Horror screams across Fable's face.

Cold black eyes and a frozen stare greet her.

A beat up PLASTIC DOLL with a stuffed SQUIRREL head lodged in the neck.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER  
Hold the baby.

The Glader shoves the macabre doll at Fable and squawks.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER  
Hold the baby. It wants its  
mother.

The Glader makes another curdling cry. Fable bolts out of the room terrified.

A maniacal WAIL chases her out.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER (O.S.)  
It wants its mother!

**INT. HAMMOCK SHACK - DAY**

Fable runs through the shack, bashes her leg against the table, sprawls to the floor. She writhes in pain, cradles her right leg to her body.

Blood begins to stain her jeans.

She looks up at the ceiling. Light from the setting sun glances off a mobile made of various Everglade bird heads with their wings sewn together in a small umbrella above them.

Bird SCREECHES and SHRIEKS fill the room.

She scans the whole ceiling. Dozens of freakish bird head mobiles with lifeless eyes staring out hang all around.

The SHRIEKING gets louder and louder. The room begins to spin.

Fable lurches up, smashes her hands against her ears, stumbles out the door.

**EXT. HAMMOCK SHACK - DUSK**

The sun has disappeared behind the tall twisted Gumbo Limbo trees creating gnarled branching shadows reaching out as if to grab Fable.

Fable staggers around the shack, looks for her crew.

FABLE

Winnie?

The clearing eerily empty, she sinks onto a fallen tree trunk.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable?

Fable turns towards the VOICE.

The Stranger stands in the shadows on the far side of the circle.

Fable lurches up and weaves into the woods.

She half runs, half limps down a tunnel like path created by the various trees and bushes. Darkness collapses on her. Branches take turns punishing her.

Fable steals a glance back. The Stranger's silhouette fills the tunnels entrance.

Fable cuts off the path, falls head first into a Solution Hole filled with murky water and decayed leaves.

**INT. FABLE AUDI - NIGHT**

Fable thrashes under water. She kicks at the passenger side window.

The MAN next to her floats unconscious. A small cloud of blood drifts from his head.

Headlights from the car in the water behind them beam into her face, blind her. Fable pushes up to the ceiling of the car, gasps for the little air left.

SMASH! Behind her on the driver's side, glass shatters.

Fable ducks back under.

In the light of the headlights, Fable watches a large dark FIGURE snatch the Man out through the now broken window as the car sinks further into the murky depths.

Fable reaches towards the rescuer, she sinks with the car.

**INT. FABLE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Fable flails in the bathtub, knocks a small orange bottle of pills off the side of the tub. The label reads --

"VALIUM"

The pills scatter across the floor.

She pushes up out of the water, hacks and coughs until she catches her breath.

She pulls her knees up and checks the side of her leg. No injury.

FABLE

What is happening to me?

She begins to shake.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable's eyes dart towards the door, petrified. Waits.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Honey? You okay?

She exhales softly, doesn't respond. Still shook up.

**INT. FABLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Victor stands at the bathroom door. He wipes a carving knife dry with a dish towel.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Fable rubs her red flushed face.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Honey?

FABLE

I'm...I'm fine, Vic. Be out soon.

Victor's footsteps plod away down the hallway. Fable clenches her eyes shut. Takes a deep breath, holds it.

The room becomes very still, very quiet.

A single drop of water eases from the tub faucet, hangs forever, then lets go. It hits the bath water and reverberates like a bell in a tower.

Fable throws her hands over her ears, squeezes her eyes even tighter.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (O.S.)  
Now count backwards from ten.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Fable's eyes shoot open.

The BELL SOUND ends abruptly.

Guileless eyes peer at her over thin, gold framed narrow bifocals. He doesn't blink.

DOCTOR STEVENSON(70s). His wrinkled face sags on his skull, framed by bushy unkempt greyish sideburns and a comb over that would make a rooster envious.

His voice calm, soothing.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Close your eyes, Missus Falker.  
Just let your body relax.

Fable lies stretched out on a maroon leather sofa, her eyes dart around panicked. She notices --

-- A STUFFED OSPREY in one corner of the office with a silver stuffed fish in its mouth mounted on a small log.

-- A GLASS BOWL with a bug eyed GOLDFISH swimming around two ceramic sunken CARS. The top car ORANGE, bottom car BLACK.

-- A blank CHALK BOARD on wheels at one side.

-- A DREAM CATCHER hangs from the ceiling.

-- A CLOCK with the face of a COMPASS on one wall.

And back on Stevenson.

The Doctor faces her in an over stuffed leather chair, his legs crossed at pointed knees.

He scratches a note on a legal pad held by a clipboard.

Fable pushes herself up, swings her legs to the floor.

FABLE  
I can't be here.

The Doctor puts his clipboard aside.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Can't or don't want to be?

FABLE

Both.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

You made the appointment.

FABLE

But I missed it. I was in the hospital.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I assure you Missus Falker you were right on time.

Fable stands up, gathers her purse.

FABLE

No. This can't be. I was just taking a bath.

The Doctor stands.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

In the hospital.

FABLE

No. That was before...I was home taking a bath...in a car going under water...

DOCTOR STEVENSON

There are some who are susceptible to immediate hypnosis if the conditions are right.

Fable shakes her head.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Missus Falker, I'd like to help you.

Fable hugs her purse to her chest.

FABLE

I don't know what's happening to me.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Please.

The Doctor gives her a reassuring smile.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Let me help you.

The Doctor gestures to sit back.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Whatever you are experiencing is  
 obviously difficult. But together  
 we can get you through this.

Fable relents, sits, but does not relax.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 As with all of my patients, trust  
 must be earned. From both sides.  
 I have to trust you are being  
 truthful with me. And you must  
 trust me with the truth.

FABLE  
 I don't even know what's true  
 anymore.

Doctor Stevenson comes over to her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Then let us start with what you  
 know. In it will be enough truth  
 to begin with.

He gently removes her purse from her hands, lays it on the  
 small wooden table next to her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Come now. Let us put Humpty Dumpty  
 back together again.

He helps her to lie back against the sofa.

FABLE  
 Yes, but all the King's horses and  
 all the King's men--

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Ahhh, but Missus Falker, he never  
 had a Neurospecialist Therapist.

He offers a reassuring smile.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Now close your eyes and count  
 backwards from ten.

Fable stares at him a moment, unsure. He nods. She closes  
 her eyes.



FABLE

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five.

Everything goes BLACK.

FABLE (O.S.)

Four.

Everything goes silent. Like all sound just got vacuumed out of the room.

Convoluted VOICES come up, dispel the silence.

VOICES (O.S.)

Three. Two. One.

REVELRY and CHEERS from a multitude of people rise up as they sing "Auld Lang Syne", the New Years Eve Song.

The song ends.

BOOM!

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT**

A FIREWORK splatters against the clear onyx sky.

Then another. And another.

"Oooohhs" and "Aaaahhs" and applause from HUNDREDS of people gathered together to watch the New Years Eve Show.

Fable stands rooted amongst the celebrating throng of all ages in a large field.

Some stand. Some sit in folding chairs. Some lay on blankets. Everyone stares up at the spectacular display.

Fable turns around, absorbs her surroundings.

KIDS dash by her, brush against her.

She falters back a step, follows them with her eyes.

About twenty feet away they duck out of her vision behind other PARTIERS.

Left in her line of sight, lounging on a blanket and propped up on his elbow facing towards her, Fable spots the shadowy face of --

*The Stranger.*

A WOMAN lies in front of him with her back to Fable.

The Stranger listens intently to the woman, lets out a jovial laugh.

Fable draws towards them. The crowd noise and sound of fireworks dissolve into the background.

Her heart THUMPS against her eardrums.

Trance like, she moves ever forward, oblivious to the people that cross back and forth in front of her, some with *Sparklers*.

Her total focus fixed on the Stranger. Even the woman appears blurred.

The Stranger's face, warm and inviting, like hot apple pie in a window. His smile genuine and happy.

Closer Fable steps. She gets within a few feet. Can hear him.

STRANGER

I was lost before we met.

Fable halts.

The Stranger hands the Woman a small black felt box. The Woman opens it.

A *SILVER LOCKET* on a chain.

WOMAN

It's beautiful.

Her back still to Fable.

STRANGER

Open it.

The Woman takes it out, pops open the locket.

A *SMALL COMPASS* with *HEARTS* in place of *N* and *S*

WOMAN

A compass?

STRANGER

A heart compass.

The Stranger suddenly looks up, points at Fable.

Fable freezes. Panic grips her.

The WOMAN turns where the Stranger points. She looks up into the night sky. Her face darkened in Fable's shadow.

A firework like a shimmering umbrella explodes high above and behind Fable. The crowd gasps in delight.

Fable gasps in dismay. She now sees the woman's face.

It's Fable. FABLE #2.

Fable #2 looks up in awe at the firework. She doesn't notice Fable.

Fable stares down at herself as the Stranger's brightly lit face swoons to the beauty of Fable #2. He moves in, takes the locket and slips it around her neck.

Fable grabs her own throat as if she was being violated.

Fable #2 thrills to his touch. She turns to him, kisses him passionately.

The firework fades, leaves them in the shadows.

Fable grips her own throat in repulsed disbelief. She cannot look away.

The Stranger works his hand slowly down Fable #2's body.

Another firework bursts across the sky. Again the crowd cheers.

With the light from this firework Fable can clearly see the Stranger's hand reach Fable #2's waist. Fable #2 turns, lies back, places her hand on the Stranger's hand, pulls it to her bulging stomach.

Fable #2 is -- *PREGNANT FABLE*.

Fable's eyes roll back, she faints to the ground.

**INT. HAMMOCK SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

BLACK.

Muffled VOICE.

WINNY (O.S.)  
Fable. Fable.

Fable's eyes open groggily. Winny hovers over her, barks out an order.

WINNY

Get me a wet towel. And another  
Two-Oh.

Fable still groggy, whispers.

FABLE

Pregnant.

WINNY

Pregnant? Why didn't you say so,  
honey.

The CREW crush around.

WINNY

Give her air. Here, help me. Can  
you get up, Fable?

Fable nods. A couple of Crew GUYS help.

WINNY

Careful. She's pregnant.

A MURMUR goes through the Cast and Crew.

WINNY

You really should have said  
something. You can't be out here  
in this heat in your condition.  
What's wrong with you girl? You  
giving birth to a swamp rat?

They help Fable to the couch.

WINNY

Today's a wrap. Pack it in. We'll  
start back tomorrow.

The Crew tramp out. Several of the Gladers stand around  
watching.

WINNY

Where's that Two - Oh?

The Red Bearded Glader rushes in with the drink and a wet  
towel.

Winnie snatches it, wrenches open the lid, hands it to Fable.  
He lifts it to her mouth. She guzzles it down, spills some  
on herself.

Winnie mops it up with the towel.

WINNY

Your baby. Does anybody else know?

Fable begins to recover. Drinks a little more. They wait for her answer.

FABLE

Know what?

Winnie points at her stomach and winks. Fable looks at him blank eyed.

The Scraggly Bearded Glader enters holding the baby in the quilt.

Fable spots him, points at him.

FABLE

That's not a baby.

Fable pushes up, knocks Winnie back, spills the drink.

She lurches towards the Glader. He secures the baby tighter, protecting it.

Fable jabs her finger at it.

FABLE

That's a dead squirrel.

Fable yanks the quilt back.

A precious INFANT about six months old cradled in the man's arms fast asleep.

Fable's mouth drops open. She glances around.

FABLE

He had a plastic doll with a dead squirrel head stuffed in it.

Winnie and everybody else stare mortified.

Fable turns back on the Scraggly Bearded Glader.

FABLE

Didn't you? Where is it? Where's the dead squirrel baby?

Fable shakes his arms. The infant wakes with a start, cries.

The Glader wrenches away from Fable, takes the baby back into the room.

Winnie rushes up to Fable.

WINNY

Now would be a good time to leave  
these kind folks alone.

He nods apologetically to them. The Gladers just stare.

**EXT. EVERGLADES - DUSK**

The sun sinks down behind the tall thin grasses. The sky  
awash with purples, oranges, reds and golds.

The sounds of AIRBOATS ring in the distance.

WINNY (O.S.)

Honey, I don't know what was going  
on in there, but you were fussin'  
more than a Bigfoot crappin' a  
porcupine.

**EXT. EVERGLADES - AIRBOAT (MOVING)**

Fable and Winnie, along with the AIRBOAT CAPTAIN, Miccosukee  
Indian #1(40s), zip along the River of Grass.

In front of them, a second airboat transports the Crew with  
Miccosukee #2 at the helm.

They skim across the water. Turtles dive off old logs long  
since stuck in the muck of the riverbank.

**INT. AIR BOAT (MOVING)**

FABLE

I'm telling you he had a baby doll  
with a dead squirrel head stuffed  
in it and was making a sick baby  
crying noise.

A gator peeps out of the water. The upper side of his knobby  
body looks like a large black floating branch.

WINNY

With the heat.

Winnie pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Feels for a lighter.

WINNY

Your pregnancy.

FABLE  
I'm not pregnant.

WINNY  
You serious? Got a light?

FABLE  
I'm not pregnant. I quit.

WINNY  
But you said you were pregnant in there. When did you quit?

FABLE  
When I was with that stalker. Well not me, but...

Fable grabs her head.

A tall grey Egret picks its way along the river's edge, forages for food.

WINNY  
No, when did you quit smoking?

Fable shakes her head.

FABLE  
I don't know. Whenever.

Winnie puts the pack back in his pocket.

WINNY  
Stalker? You mean you were with Unknown Caller? Did you tell him about me?

A flock of white Ibises fly overhead.

FABLE  
Wait a minute. How'd I get here?

WINNY  
In the boat?

FABLE  
Out here? With all of you?

WINNY  
You've been here all day. Remember you had heat stroke and ran into the house and passed out?

## FABLE

No. I was in Doctor Stevenson's office. He hypnotized me. I saw myself with that, that man that's been following me. I was pregnant.

Winnie sits in stunned silence.

**EXT. FABLE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

The yard festively decorated for a WEDDING.

A CROWD squeezes around a three tier cake with two figurines on top. A man in a tuxedo and a woman in a wedding gown.

A large knife slices into it.

Fable in a wedding gown, her hand on top of a MAN's hand. They cut the cake.

Everything starts to move around jelly like. Voices echo in and out of Fable's head.

## VOICES

Congratulations. Just the beginning.

She looks up at the groom's blurry image. The unidentified MAN pulls Fable in and plants a long passionate kiss on her.

He pulls back, lifts the icing filled knife to her lips. His face comes into focus --

The Stranger.

## STRANGER

Til death do we part, my love.

**INT. FABLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dark.

Fable shoots up in bed. Her breathing heavy. She reaches over, switches on the lamp, glances back at Victor.

His back to her, sound asleep.

Above them hangs their WEDDING PICTURE. The same one Fable knocked off her desk.

She grabs a glass of water from the night stand, takes a gulp. The water spills over her onto the bed.



FABLE

Crap.

She places the glass back, rips a couple tissues from a kleenex box, soaks up the water. The water continues to pour across the bed.

She grabs more tissues but the sheets become soaked as if it was a waterbed that sprung a leak. She jumps out of bed, notices the water comes from under her husband's body.

FABLE

Victor.

Victor doesn't respond. The water continues to soak the bedsheets.

FABLE

Vic wake up.

He doesn't stir. Fable stretches across and shakes him. He still doesn't wake.

Fable clutches his shoulder, pulls him over onto his back.

Glassy eyes frozen open, a chilling expression on Victor's bloated face, like he'd drowned and been decomposing under water.

She rears back, petrified, knocking the lamp off the stand. It blows out. She tumbles to the floor.

**INT. FABLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

*Dark.*

Fable shoots up in bed. Her breathing arduous. She switches on the light, looks back at her husband.

His back to her. She reaches for the glass of water on her night stand. Stops. Looks back at Victor.

She reaches out to him. Her hand trembles. She gives him a quick shove.

He stirs.

Fable sighs, relieved. She draws her legs up and begins to cry.

Above her the large Wedding Picture smiles down on her --

*The Stranger and Fable.*

Same one that appeared on her desk.

Fable sobs. Strong arms wrap around her, pull her in to comfort her.

FABLE

Victor.

She sputters thru her tears.

A WHISPERED VOICE answers.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Help me find me.

Fable jerks up, face to face with the Stranger, his eyes pleading with her.

STRANGER

Help me find me.

She throws the Stranger off, dives out of bed, knocks the lamp off the stand. The light blows out.

The sound of Fable hitting the floor resounds in the darkness.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

Awake.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

The blinds drawn, the lights dim.

Fable wrenches up off the couch, her eyes wide open.

Doctor Stevenson at the chalk board. The phrase --

*"Help me. Find me."*

Written at the top.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Easy, Missus Falker. You were just under.

FABLE

What?

Fable tries to absorb this information. Doctor Stevenson goes to a table next to his desk.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 We were having another session.  
 You're in my office.

Doctor Stevenson pours her a glass of water from a pitcher,  
 takes it over to her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Drink.

Fable strains at him in the dim light. She hesitates as her  
 eyes adjust, then takes the glass.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Oh.

The Doctor goes over and taps the light switch to brighten  
 the room.

Fable sips the water. Her hands shake.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 That better?

Fable barely nods.

The Doctor goes over to the black board. Picks up the chalk.

The goldfish swims around and around the bowl.

Fable continues to sip the water, content to stay silent  
 while she tries to regain herself, her thoughts, her  
 whereabouts.

Anything solid and real.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 He said 'Help me? Find me?'

Fable glances at the board.

FABLE  
 No.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 No?

FABLE  
 No. It was 'Help me find me.' Not  
 'Help me. Find me.'

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Help me find me?

The Doctor erases the "periods."

FABLE  
Help me find me.

The Doctor stares at the phrase.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
You saw a New Years Eve  
celebration.

FABLE  
At a park.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
The Stalker, I mean...your *visitor*,  
was there?

FABLE  
With me. The other me. The  
pregnant me.

He turns back to Fable.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
How long have you been married?

Fable takes another gulp.

FABLE  
Years.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Can you tell me exactly?

Fable thinks for a moment.

FABLE  
I should.

The gold fish swims up and gulps at a piece of food.

Fable gets up, puts the glass on the table, goes to the  
closed blind.

The Doctor turns back to the board and begins to write  
letters below the "Help Me Find Me" phrase.

"M", "I", "N".

He crosses each letter off the phrase as he goes.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Interesting.

FABLE

What?

He writes "D". Crosses that one off.

Doctor Stevenson studies the rest of the letters, puts the chalk down, goes to her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Let's say you and I are really in this room.

FABLE

Well, we are.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Okay. We are really in this room.

The Doctor opens the blinds. Dark out. They see their reflection in the window.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

But there is a reflected reality.

The Doctor nods towards their reflection.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Who's to say that both aren't real? Concurrent realities.

Fable stares at their reflection then turns away.

FABLE

This is not helping. Hate to say it, but I hope you're a better Neurospecialist than Psychologist.

Fable heads to the chalkboard.

FABLE

You aren't putting Humpty Dumpty back together again. You're trying to get me to accept I'm a cracked egg.

The Doctor draws the blinds, chuckles, goes back to his seat.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I want you to do something the next time this stranger pops up.

FABLE

My gun is what I'm going to do.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Missus Falker, if you are going to cope and I am going to help you every step of the way, then you are going to have to trust me.

FABLE

I don't even trust *me*.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I want you to find out what he wants.

Fable pushes off the couch, shakes her head.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Help him find him.

She stares at the written phrase.

FABLE

Help me find me.

Then what he wrote under it.

FABLE

Mind?

He shrugs.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Could be an aptigram.

She shakes her head.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

A transposal.

She stares blankly at him.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

An anagram if you will.

He looks back at the chalk board.

Fable wanders around the room like a caged animal. She stops in front of the stuffed Osprey.

Stevenson writes "M" "E" "L" "D" next to "MIND" and crosses off each letter from the HELP ME FIND ME phrase until he gets to the "D". It is already crossed off from the word "MIND".

Fable glances over.

FABLE  
Mind meld? Really?

He sighs, puts the chalk down.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
If you help him find him, it may  
just help you find you.

Fable touches the stuffed fish in its mouth.

FABLE  
I don't need finding. I need my  
life back.

Fable goes back over to the blinds, pulls them open. Stares  
at herself in the reflection.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
May be your only way.

She looks over at the Compass Clock. Words on it read --

*"It takes TIME to KNOW where you are HEADING"*

FABLE  
I'm afraid.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
He hasn't hurt you.

FABLE  
Yet.

She turns back, stares at her reflection, closes her eyes.

SCREECH!

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

An orange Camaro chases a black Audi down the wet highway.

FABLE (O.S.)  
Felden he's catching up.

**INT. AUDI - MOVING**

Panic flashes in Fable's blue eyes as she looks back at the  
chasing car, its headlights stab her face.

The sound of a large FAN rumbles as a motor REVS.

**EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY**

A BRIGHT BLASTING LIGHT becomes the sun in a cast blue cloudless sky.

An airboat glides slowly down the river. Tall brown grasses line both sides.

Fable has her face up, soaking in the rays. She opens her eyes, blinks, looks down towards the water.

**INT. AIRBOAT (MOVING)**

Miccosukee #1 captains.

Fable gazes out at the redundant scenery. Occasionally a fish leaps out of the water ahead of the boat. Fable turns to the Captain.

FABLE

Those fish sure are fast.

Not catching her drift the Indian turns and smiles.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Aren't they?

FABLE

Or we're just damn slow. I'm running late for the shoot if you don't mind.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Lady, you've been making this run for a while now. Haven't learned the Law of Habitats?

FABLE

No, but the law of being on time or getting fired is one I learned a long time ago.

He smiles, nods.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It's all around you out here. We're visitors, invaders. We don't naturally belong.

PSSSHHTT!

A large SEACOW breaks the water next to the boat, blows out air.



Fable jerks back. The Miccosukee laughs.

FABLE

Look at the size of that thing.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Manatee. Seacow. Harmless.

FABLE

To who?

The Miccosukee cuts the boat off, lets it drift to a stop.

FABLE

Really? You're stopping?

The Captain gets down from the bridge, moves to the side. He puts his hand in the water and splashes around.

FABLE

Don't do that. You want it to turn us over?

The Captain chuckles.

MICCOSUKEE #1

This is God's Hoover.

The mucky brown creature gently swims to him like a dog that wants to be pet. It sticks its snout out of the water and exhales.

The Captain puts his hand in its mouth and rubs its tongue.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It has two tongues. One on top.  
One on the bottom. No teeth.  
Perfect for cleaning the bottom.  
God's vacuum.

FABLE

You're crazy.

The Miccosukee laughs heartily.

MICCOSUKEE #1

When someone invades our habitat we feel threatened, afraid. This creature doesn't know us but trusts us.

Fable takes this in.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Even invites us to get to know it.

She gets up the courage to peer over the side, notices its great flat tail scarred and missing a small chunk.

FABLE

Gentle? Looks like its been in some pretty good bar fights.

Anger flashes across the Miccosukee's face.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Man. Propeller scars from careless boaters. No respect for the Law of Habitats.

FABLE

Maybe a little fear would do it good.

He ignores her comment.

MICCOSUKEE #1

In any habitat, the smallest of creatures, snails, or even algae, even things that cannot be seen, are a part of the whole.

The creature turns over for a belly rub. He obliges.

MICCOSUKEE #1

If they are out of balance or worse, taken out of the equation, the whole system is effected. Life in the habitat can quickly crumble.

He waves her over.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Come.

Fable glances at him, shakes her head. He points to the scars on its belly.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Still it welcomes me, no animosity.

Fable watches as the Captain loves on this unusual mammal.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It knows, even the invader can be a friend.

This hits Fable like a ton of bricks. She slides next to the Indian.

He glances at her, smiles, and takes hold of her hand. She resists at first then allows him to move it to the docile creature.

He moves her hand back and forth across the animals soft belly.

The seacow snorts approval. Fable laughs.

The Captain lets her hand go as she continues to pet it.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Sometimes we just need to put aside  
our fears and learn how to reach  
out to the unknown.

The seacow turns and moves towards Fable.

FABLE

Fear can keep you alive.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Fear can cheat you of who you are.

He nods at the creature.

MICCOSUKEE #1

He wants his tongues rubbed.

Fable pulls her hand out of the water.

MICCOSUKEE #1

He'll be your friend for life.

Fable hesitates. The seacow looks at her, mouth open. She shrugs and dips her hand down.

FABLE

Reaching out to the unknown.

She slides her hand in its mouth.

FABLE

Oh my gosh, it does have two  
tongues. That is so weird.

She moves her hand back and forth in the creatures mouth, a smile plastered on her face.

FABLE

Not even slimy.

The Miccosukee laughs.

Fable notices a fishing line coming from the animal. She follows it under its tongue with her hand.

FABLE

There's a hook in its mouth.

The Captain jumps up, goes to the hull, takes out a tool kit. He pulls out a pair of needle nose pliers, comes back over.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Move its tongue out of the way.

FABLE

I don't want to hurt it.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It's asking for our help.

Fable nods and moves its tongue out of the way. She pets its snout with the other hand to comfort it. The Captain digs into its mouth and pries the large hook out.

The seacow snorts.

FABLE

You got it.

The Captain holds it up.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Lucky the barb was rusted away. But any longer and it could have become infected.

Fable continues petting its tongue.

FABLE

You saved its life.

Fable smiles, pets the creature one last time as it rolls over and dives under water.

MICCOSUKEE #1

You saved its life.

Fable watches as the seacow reappears, snorts, turns over, and dives away.

MICCOSUKEE #1

We have an ancient saying, 'When you save a life, you save yourself.'

SCREECH!

An *Osprey* flies overhead, dives into the water talons first. It makes a small splash as it snatches up a fish and flies away.

Fable follows its flight directly into the blaring sun.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

A LIGHT spots Fable's face, then flicks away.

Fable squeezes her eyes shut, swishes her head a moment to clear it.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable.

Fable opens her eyes. Glances around disoriented. Dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and white sneakers.

She's on her hands and knees behind a small bush. She looks up over the bush towards the Stranger's voice.

The Stranger comes up on *Pregnant Fable*. He carries a flashlight. Pregnant Fable stands out next to the end of the driveway in a white maternity blouse with gold lace on the neck and sleeves.

Pregnant Fable stares right at Fable.

Fable ducks.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Honey.

Fable peers through the bush. It does not cover her very well.

The Stranger moves the flashlight down to *Pregnant Fable's* hand. She holds a cigarette.

STRANGER

Thought we agreed.

She glances down at it.

PREGNANT FABLE

We did.

Fable watches them.

*Pregnant Fable* moves her free hand to her now very pregnant stomach. She caresses the unborn baby. She continues to stare towards Fable.

PREGNANT FABLE

Thought I heard something.

The Stranger's eyes dart around the front yard. Fable crouches down even more.

The Stranger scans the trees and bushes that line the street with the light.

The flashlight moves closer and closer to Fable. Fable turns around, plops down, pulls her legs up to ball up behind the bush.

The light lands on the bush, spots Fable. She holds her breath, doesn't move.

STRANGER

Hey!

CAUGHT.

STRANGER

Who's out there?

Fable gets up, turns to them. The light fully on her. The Stranger and *Pregnant Fable* look directly at her.

A silent tense moment.

STRANGER

There's nothing out here.

The light moves away to scan the rest of the yard.

STRANGER

Probably just a raccoon or something.

Fable exhales, her legs go weak, she slinks back down on her hands and knees behind the bush.

*Pregnant Fable* blinks. Gazes back at the Stranger.

PREGNANT FABLE

Probably. Something.

*Pregnant Fable* offers the Stranger an unsure smile, drops the cigarette into the grass, crushes it with her slippered foot.

The Stranger pulls her close, stares deeply and affectionately into her eyes.

Fable peeks back through the bush.

STRANGER

If you're really worried about him,  
I'll call the police.

PREGNANT FABLE

Just don't know what he's capable  
of. Feels like he's always  
watching me. Always just in the  
shadows.

STRANGER

Just say the word and I'll call  
them.

*Pregnant Fable* shakes her head.

PREGNANT FABLE

He was so...kind at first.

The Stranger bends down to her close to giving birth belly.

STRANGER

I'm not going to let anything  
happen to you or Junior here.

The Stranger kisses her belly, comes back up and plants one  
on *Pregnant Fable*.

Fable looks away as if watching something dirty and  
distasteful.

CRACK!

Lightning rips across the ominous sky, brightens the whole  
yard.

They all look up.

The Stranger takes *Pregnant Fable's* hand and they head to the  
house. Fable stays behind the bush staring after them.

Another streak of lightning.

*Pregnant Fable* glances around one last time. Fear flashes  
across her face. She pushes it away, goes in, the door  
closes.

Fable stands up. Unsure of what she just witnessed, or even  
how to process it.

SNAP!

A noise, like a branch being stepped on comes from the left side behind her. Fable, now all by herself, jerks towards the sound.

The sky rumbles and flashes.

The dark figure of a MAN breaks from the trees and runs towards the house. Terror seizes Fable. She strains to see who he is.

The Man slinks along the front of the house, peers into the kitchen window. The light from the kitchen falls across the Man, but creates a silhouette so Fable can't make him out.

**INT./EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

*Pregnant Fable* comes into the kitchen, goes to the sink.

The Man outside ducks, peeks back up at her as she washes a dish. *Pregnant Fable* glances up at the window as if she hears a noise.

The Man ducks back again.

Worry crosses *Pregnant Fable's* face. She watches herself other self in the window. The Stranger comes in, wraps his arms around her in a loving embrace. He rubs her belly.

*Pregnant Fable* forces a smile. Lays her head back on his chest. Her SILVER LOCKET glints.

The Man outside watches this. He turns, eases along the side of the house and onto the front porch. He eases to the front door.

Fable, out in the yard, can't take it anymore.

FABLE

Hey!

The Man turns. Does he hear her?

In the light of the porch, Fable catches a glimpse of the intruder.

VICTOR FALKER!

Fable reels, falters back a step.

FABLE

Victor?



Victor slides something out of his coat pocket. Another streak of lightning. Metal flashes in his hand.

Fable sucks in a short breath. Her hands shoot to her mouth.

BOOM!

A sonic clap of THUNDER. Fable flails to the ground.

RING. RING.

**INT. FABLE AUDI - DAY**

The phone on the passenger side floor reads --

*"Unknown Caller"*

A hand snatches it up.

FABLE (O.S.)

Hello?!

Fable squeezes the phone to her face. She stays below the dash. A now familiar voice answers.

STRANGER (V.O.)

We have to meet.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable's head whirls towards the knock.

Victor peers through the driver's side window. His two palms against the glass.

VICTOR

Why're you out here like that?

Fable swipes off the conversation. Springs up. Forces a smile.

Victor opens the door. He looks annoyed.

VICTOR

The whole world can see you.

Fable glances around at the empty yard in the middle of nowhere.

FABLE

Really?

**EXT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - DAY**

Fable gets out, tries to mask her nervousness.

FABLE  
What are you doing back?

VICTOR  
Forgot my E-pad.

Victor leans in to kiss her lips. She puts up her hands to hold him off.

FABLE  
Maybe we both need a break.

An awkward moment between them.

FABLE  
From our E-tethers.

Fable holds up her cell, offers him her cheek instead. He doesn't kiss it.

FABLE  
Getting the sniffles. Don't want  
to give them to you.

Fable wipes her nose. Victor pulls her in.

VICTOR  
You know I'm sniffle proof.

He plants a quick one on her lips. Heads into the house.

VICTOR  
I'm late. Gotta find that Pad.

**INT. FABLE/VICTOR BEDROOM - DAY**

Fable walks in, sets her phone on her dresser, goes into the bathroom.

**BATHROOM**

Fable in the tub, turns on the shower.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Victor storms in, slings the blankets off the bed. Frustration reddens his face.

VICTOR  
Fable. Still can't find my Pad.

RING. RING.

Fable's phone on the dresser. Victor glances at it.

RING. RING.

He goes to it, picks it up, notices --

*"Unknown Caller"*

He answers it.

VICTOR  
Hello?

The line goes dead. Victor brings up the call list. He begins to surf through the calls.

*"Unknown Caller"*

*"Unknown Caller"*

*"Unknown Caller"*

Over and over, one right after the other. He flips past dozens. No other numbers.

Anger darkens his expression.

### **BATHROOM**

Fable turns off the water, grabs a towel.

### **BEDROOM**

Fable comes in from the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

No Victor.

She goes to the closet, pulls out her golden rod suit and lays it on the bed. She goes over to the dresser, picks up her hairbrush. She brushes her hair, notices her phone missing.

She lifts up some papers, shifts other items around. No phone.

FABLE  
I know I left it right here.

**STAIRCASE - DAY**

Fable, barefoot, comes down in her dark goldenrod suit, holding her dress shoes.

FABLE

Victor? Have you seen my phone?

No answer.

The house eerily quiet.

FABLE

Vic?

Dead silence. She crosses the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Puts her shoes down on a chair and goes into the --

**KITCHEN**

Empty.

She stops. Spots a shattered bowl on the floor.

FABLE

What happened? Victor?

She moves to get a broom and dustpan when she steps on a broken SHARD. She SCREAMS, stumbles forward, collapses into a dining chair.

She swoons from the pain, rocks back and forth until she can stand to look at her foot. Her eyes well up.

The broken ceramic piece sticks out of the center of her foot. Blood drips onto the floor.

She gathers herself, pushes up, winces, and hops towards the sink. She stops just short of the smashed bowl, strains to reach the dish towel. Snags it off the hook.

She twists around, never lets her foot touch the ground, hops back and collapses on the chair.

Her blood paints the floor around her. She crosses her foot on her knee, tries to pry the shard out. She can't.

She takes a deep breath, grimaces. Sweat pours from her face, she starts to sob.

FABLE  
Victor. Dammit.

She squeezes her eyes shut, pounds the table with her fist. Her teary eyes snap open. She glances around.

FABLE  
Where's my phone?

She looks down at her foot, resolve crosses her face. She grabs the towel, takes hold of the shard, and rips it out of her foot.

She HOWLS, and drops the shard onto the table. She ties the towel around her blood oozing foot, leans back in the chair to recover.

She calms her breathing, opens her puffy eyes, and spies the bloody shard. She picks it up, turns it different ways.

FABLE  
Wait a minute.

She holds the piece down next to her knee.

*Same piece that nailed her before.*

She glances at the sink. Pushes herself up, writhes from the pain. She hops around the broken dish, up to the counter.

Fable eases along the counter to the sink, careful not to step on any more pieces. She peers down into the sink, spots something, reaches into the water.

She snags out her cel. Looks down at the broken dish.

FABLE  
Everything's the same.

She grimaces again, glimpses at her foot. The towel has turned red, and drips blood.

FABLE  
But my foot.

Pain shoots through her body.

FABLE  
Oh, God.

Her face flush, nose running, she sets her jaw, determination floods her puffy eyes.

FABLE  
It's changed.

She lurches out the kitchen, her blood trails her.

FABLE  
Now it's *my* turn.

**EXT. LONG RURAL ROAD - DAY**

Fable's car cuts along a slim two lane road bordered closely by tall grasses, trees and bushes.

Same road as the morning she cut her leg.

A TALK SHOW drifts from the car. Same talk show as that morning.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
And I always wake up right before  
the train hits me. I'm scared  
Doctor Stevenson.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
A dream, particularly a recurring  
bad dream, or rather, unnerving  
dream, because not all unnerving  
dreams are necessarily bad, though  
you may react to it as such.

**INT. FABLE'S AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable white knuckles the steering wheel. She wills the car forward, senses on high alert.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
Could be the subconscious warning  
you of an impending situation,  
which on the surface seems like a  
nightmare, but in reality, may be a  
call to save your life.

BLAM!

**EXT. FABLE'S AUDI**

Her front passenger tire explodes.

Just like clock work.

The car careens across the road.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
 No one really knows when a life  
 altering or threatening situation  
 can suddenly occur.

The Orange Camaro heads right at her.

HONK!

Its horn BLARES. Back tires on both vehicles lock.

SCREECH!

Rubber burns. Asphalt smokes.

A heart beat separates the two head on vehicles. Strips of  
 black rubber jettison all over the road.

The Audi swerves back to the left. Sparks fly from the  
 damaged wheel.

The Camaro shreds to its left before it straightens. A  
 scathing horn blast flips Fable off as it goes on its way.

**INT. FABLE'S AUDI**

Fable wrestles the car to a grinding halt. She grabs her  
 injured leg. Winces in pain. Her breathing heavy.

Her foot and ankle wrapped with gauze, she wears the same  
 fashionable sandals. A small stain of blood begins to work  
 its way through the white fabric from the side of her foot.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 So it could be a good thing? The  
 train about to kill me?

She cuts off the radio, reaches over, pops the glove box.

Grabs her COLT.

FABLE  
 No dumb bitch. A train about to  
 kill you is never a good thing.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD**

Bugs whizz by her windows.

No cars either way.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI - MOMENTS LATER

An opened box of bullets rests on the glove box door.

Fable's hand under her purse on the seat.

She waits.

Fable glances at her cell on the floor.

She waits.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Her heart pounds her sweaty head.

She waits.

RING. RING.

She flinches, even though she was expecting it. Pain shoots through her body from her injured foot.

RING. RING.

*"Unknown Caller"*

A bead of sweat drips from her forehead down her face to her lips. She licks the salty drop like sweet nectar to a honeybee.

Waits.

RING. RING.

Her eyes intense. Her body coiled for the --

KNOCK. KNOCK.

*There it is.*

The phone stops ringing.

Fable whips the gun towards her driver's side window at --

The Stranger.

He flinches back, his hands shoot up.

STRANGER

Whoaa.

Fable shoves open the door, gets out.



FABLE

You.

**EXT. AUDI - RURAL ROAD**

She keeps the pistol on him. The wavering gun belies her nervousness.

The man dressed in suit and tie like the last time this happened, backs away slightly.

STRANGER

What is this?

FABLE

This is me getting my life back you stalking son of bitch.

The Stranger spots her bloody wrapped foot.

STRANGER

You're bleeding.

She doesn't take her eyes off of him.

FABLE

Bleeding today. Not bleeding tomorrow.

Fable waves him to go around the car to the blown tire.

FABLE

Move.

He moves around the car, hands still up.

Fable lurches behind him, shadowing him, afraid he's going to disappear.

He halts. She almost runs into him.

They stare down at a mangled black peel of rubber collapsed around an alloy rim.

FABLE

I don't know how you fixed it the last time, but I'm holding the magic wand now.

Fable's eyes dart down the road, she forearm the Stranger back over the hood, the gun crammed up to his nose.

HONK!!!

A RED Eighteen Wheeler blasts its horn as it careens by like a freight train barely an arms distance from them.

Their eyes lock. The Stranger's face a mask of panic and sweat. Fable's face wroth, her eyes menacing.

The Semi clears them.

Unnerving silence envelops them in a dry cloud of dust.

BZZZZZ!

Mosquitos zip back and forth past them. Their high pitched whine like strained notes on dueling violins.

Heat swims just above the road. The sticky humidity oppressive and punishing.

Fable, in pain, lets him up. She takes a staggered step back, gun never leaves him.

The Stranger exhales. She waves him to the back of the car.

FABLE

Isn't it convenient you always just appear out of nowhere?

The Stranger pushes off the hood, his hands go back up as he takes the lead to the trunk.

STRANGER

I don't know how I got here.

Fable tosses him the keys.

FABLE

That makes two of us.

He catches them. Opens the trunk, looks back at her.

Fable flicks the gun towards the trunk. He sighs, climbs in.

FABLE

Really? Fix the tire, Houdini.

Embarrassed, he gets out.

**EXT. FABLE AUDI**

The Stranger squats down to change the tire. The spare and jack next to him.

STRANGER

I'm not going to hurt you.

He waves the bugs away from his clammy flushed face.

FABLE

You got that right.

She chucks the tire iron next to him. He looks up at the shaky gun.

STRANGER

Easy with that thing. Don't want it accidentally going off.

FABLE

If it goes off, it won't be an accident.

STRANGER

Fable.

Fable stabs the gun towards him.

FABLE

Tire on. Mouth off.

He removes his coat, tosses it onto the hood.

**INT. AUDI - LATER**

The Stranger in the driver's seat. Fable in the passenger. She continues to fight through her injury. Her foot tiptoes the floor.

The snub nose points at him like a bird dog on its prey.

FABLE

Drive.

He slips the key in, cranks the car, takes off.

STRANGER

Where to?

FABLE

How the hell do I know. I haven't lived this part yet. Just drive.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD**

The black car moves on down the narrow roadway.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

The two drive in silence until they get to a stop sign. A "T" in the road.

A large sign reads --

*"Alligator Alley Hwy 75"*

A smaller sign underneath --

*"Naples"*

With an arrow to the left. And --

*"Miami"*

With an arrow to the right.

The Stranger looks over at Fable. The gun still trained on him, she stares straight ahead.

STRANGER

You don't have to use that. I wanted to meet you. Needed to meet you.

FABLE

That's *why* I have to use it.

She flicks the gun to the left.

FABLE

That way.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING) - LATER**

Silence parts the two again, oppressive as the heat outside.

Fable stares out the window on her side.

Just past the canal, magnificent ocean blue skies kiss the tall sandy brown sea of grasses as far as the eye can see. They gently wave back and forth caressed by a hot breeze.

Extreme beauty.

Perfect spot to dump a body.

Fable spies a large black Alligator sunbathing along the bank.

The Stranger focuses on the road.

Fable blurts out.

FABLE

Help me find me. Help me find me?

The Stranger doesn't look at her.

STRANGER

Yes.

Fable shakes her head, turns back towards the window.

A large Billboard advertises a Miccosukee Rest Stop next exit.

FABLE

Get off there. Gotta use the little girl's room.

**EXT. MICCOSUKEE REST STATION - DAY**

Just off the highway, the rest stop looks like a yellowed post card from the past.

Part gas station, part picnic area, covered by thatched and tin roofs.

A small food store, a separate building of men and women's bathrooms, and a hand shake with the past as a forlorn building planted at the closed end has a large, faded, hand painted sign above the door --

*"WELCOME. MICCOSUKEE MUSEUM. WHERE PAST MEETS FUTURE."*

A smaller sign next to the door --

*"Tickets \$5 Dollars"*

Crossed out and *"FREE"* Painted underneath in large red block letters.

All kinds of TRAVELERS, from truckers to tourists to business folks, to day-trippers, pull in and out of this haphazard island of civilization dredged up in the middle of the swampy terrain.

The black Audi slides into a parking space in front of the bathrooms.

Several cars, jeeps, and trucks have claimed their spots across the well worn black top parking area.

People tramp to and fro, in and out of the various structures. Some snap pictures, others eat in the picnic area, still others pump gas.

**INT. AUDI - DAY**

Fable keeps the gun on the Stranger.

FABLE

Stay.

Fable gets out, limps around to the driver's side door. She hides the gun below her arm but still at him.

She yokes open the door.

FABLE

Let's go.

STRANGER

I don't have to go.

FABLE

You're not staying here.

The Stranger gets out. Fable flicks her head towards the bathrooms. They move side by side.

PEOPLE pass them, not giving them any notice. Fable directs him to the ladies room.

A WOMAN exits.

Again she flicks her head for him to head inside.

STRANGER

I can't go in there.

Fable crushes into him, shoves the deadly steel into his rib cage.

FABLE

Look here. If I'm going crazy, I'm taking you with me.

STRANGER

But--

Fable grabs him by the necktie, yanks him into the bathroom.

**INT. MICCOSUKEE REST STATION - BATHROOM**

FABLE (O.S.)

Hello?

Her voice echoes against the bare concrete walls. Fluorescent lights shed a greenish glow in the smelly, sordid room.

No one here.

Fable steals a glance out the window. The screen too filthy to see through.

She yanks some papertowels out of the holder, pulls the Stranger over to the last stall. A tiny blood dripped trail behind them.

She shoves open the stall door.

FABLE

Hands and knees.

The Stranger casts a sour look at the nasty concrete floor.

FABLE

Do it. I don't have time to fool around with you.

She sticks the gun in his face. It doesn't waver.

The Stranger relents, sinks to all fours.

Fable holds tightly to his neck tie as he crawls into the stall.

She quickly changes gun hands, reaches under the stall wall from the stall next to him and snatches the end of his tie, holds him like a dog on a leash.

FABLE

Shut your door.

He does. She limps into her stall, shoulders her door shut.

**INT. FABLE'S STALL**

She locks the door, glances around.

Fable sets the gun and towels down on the back of the toilet. She grabs a single towel, wipes down the seat, all the while she clings to the Stranger's tie.

His hands and lower body can be seen below right next to the stall wall.

Fable spreads the rest of the towels across the seat.

FABLE

Women.

She switches hands on the Stranger's tie, whips around to sit down.

She wrestles her panties down below her knees.

STRANGER

Fable, I--

She yanks him against the side of the wall.

THUMP!

FABLE

Sorry, but shut up.

She plops onto the seat.

FABLE

I'm holding the gun at you, so don't even think about looking.

The Stranger hacks.

STRANGER

You're choking me.

Fable realizes she has the tie wrenched too tight. Gives him some slack.

FABLE

Now quiet. I can't pee with you talking to me.

The Stranger clears his throat.

FABLE

Quiet.

Fable waits to pee. Nothing yet. She glances at the Stranger's hands and knees.

FABLE

And how do you know who I am but don't know who you are?



STRANGER (O.S.)  
 I only know your name, not you.  
 But I get this feeling--

CLOP. CLOP.

The sound of someone enters the room.

FABLE  
 Sssshh.

CLOP! CLOP!

The footsteps grow louder. They stop in front of Fable's door.

BOOTS.

Swampy, black water drains off them into a puddle on the floor.

Fable watches as the muddied water creeps towards her as if the floor is tilted.

She catches her breath. Continues to cling to the Stranger's tie.

Just as the murky rivulet touches the blood that has dripped from her wound, the door shakes violently.

BABY (O.S.)  
 Waaa! Waaaa!

A Baby's cry reverberates off the dank walls.

The Stranger's tie jerks back tight like a fish hitting a line.

Fable slams hard against the stall wall. Her sandals slip and slide in the filthy water.

BABY (O.S.)  
 Waaaaa!

Fable's eyes snap open.

The dripping Boots...*Inside her stall.*

Terror seizes her. Her eyes follow the boots up to --

*Scraggly Bearded Glader*

He looms over her. Lets out a WAIL. A baby's cry.

The tie yanks Fable violently again. The Glader gets in her face. Howls at her.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER  
Hold the baby. It wants its  
mother.

His spittle rains on her as water begins to fill the stall. Fable yanks back against the tie.

The Glader's forehead presses against her forehead. His scraggly beard sprays drool all over her.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER  
Waaa! Hold the baby.

A fierce tug of war ensues as the sooty water rises.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER  
It wants its mother. Waaaa!

Fable yanks the tie one last time. It comes free. Water rushes up to her waist, she lifts the tie up. Swinging at the end --

The BABY DOLL

The dead squirrel's head dangles inches from her face knotted at the end of the tie.

BABY (O.S.)  
Waaaaa!

Its face turns towards her. Black glass eyes glare lifeless at her. Its mouth opens, and lets out a SHRIEK.

DEAD SQUIRREL  
Waaaaa!

A baby's cry. She slings the doll against the stall door.

The water floods over Fable. She screams and kicks to get away from the toilet. She can't. A SEATBELT straps her to the tank.

STRANGER (O.S.)  
Fable.

The Stranger's VOICE hoarse and choked.

CUT TO:

**INT. FABLE'S STALL**

Scraggly Bearded Glader gone. Baby doll gone. The stall dry save for a couple drips of blood on the floor.

Fable, breathing heavy, has the tie pulled taut under the stall wall.

The Stranger coughs.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable.

Fable looks down. Her knuckles white, the tie twisted around her hand. She realizes she's choking the Stranger, and relaxes.

The Stranger wheezes.

**INT. STRANGER'S STALL**

He massages his throat, leans against the stall wall, gulps at the air.

CLOP. CLOP.

**INT. FABLE'S STALL**

Fable braces for the worst.

The footsteps echo through the squalid bathroom, stop in front of her stall door.

A LADY's black dress shoes. The person tries to open her door. Fable freezes. The door shakes again.

Fable blurts, her voice strained.

FABLE

Occupied.

**INT. STRANGER'S STALL**

The Stranger stares down at the floor.

A large nasty cockroach crawls under him onto his hand. He quietly tries to blow it off. The ugly palmetto bug skitters away and under the door.

The Lady's dress shoes appear in front of him.

SQUISH!

One of them squashes the roach. His door shakes.

FABLE (O.S.)  
Someone's in there, too.

The person walks away. Parts of the crushed bug left behind.

A stall door squeaks open, closes, and locks.

The sound of Fable beginning to pee echoes in the room.

The sound of the other woman peeing joins her.

The Stranger closes his eyes, leans his head against the stall. He listens to Fable finish, grab toilet paper, flush, and stand up.

He watches her sandals shift around as she wrests her panties back up. She flushes.

The sound of her door unlocks and swings open as his tie gets yoked forward.

WHACK!

The Stranger bangs his forehead against the stall door. He shakes it off, sees Fable's feet in front of him. Her one bloody foot a mess.

He unlocks the door and ducks as it creaks open. Fable wavers in front of him, the gun swims in his face.

He leans away from it, points to her blood-soaked sandal.

STRANGER  
You're really bleeding.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
Is there a man in here?

Fable brings her finger to her lips, looks to her left at the other stalls. Fable weakens, her eyes close, then open.

She leans against the stall, barely able to put any weight on her injured foot. She pulls at the tie for the Stranger to get up.

**INT. - MICCOSUKEE REST STATION - BATHROOM**

The Stranger comes out of the stall, she digs the gun into his side.

Whispers.

FABLE

Move.

Fable collapses against him. He puts his arm around her, props her up.

STRANGER

You've lost a lot of blood.

Fable pushes off him, struggles to stand on her own. She jabs the gun back in his ribs.

FABLE

Let's go.

They head toward the exit.

Woman #1 in the other stall opens the door and cuts them off.

*Shock.*

Her mouth drops open to protest but no words come out.

Fable shoots her a "Don't even think about screaming" look as she and the Stranger shove past her.

Fable stops at the sink, nods for the Stranger to grab some paper towels.

Fable peers at the mirror, notices *Pregnant Fable* behind her in place of Woman #1, staring at her.

Fable glances back over her shoulder. Just Woman #1 staring dumbfounded.

The Stranger snatches a handful of towels, wets them, looks up. Stuck to a corner of the mirror, a small advertisement --

A PICTURE of the smiling GLADERS holding up their bottles of green liquid with the caption --

*"Now's the time to drink a Glader - 2 - 0"*

The Stranger stops, stares at it, *recognizes* it.

Fable pulls him away toward the front door.

STRANGER

I know that.

Fable jerks him out the door.

**EXT. MICCOSUKEE REST STOP - BATHROOM - DAY**

Fable staggers out with the Stranger in tow. They push past WOMAN #2 who starts to enter.

Woman #2 halts in her tracks.

WOMAN #2

Hey!

Fable turns around, points the gun in her face, slurs.

FABLE

Stay out of my alternate reality.

Woman #2 gasps.

Fable teeters back around. The Stranger helps her towards the car.

Woman #2 beats it into the bathroom.

**EXT. MICCOSUKEE GAS STATION - DAY**

The black Audi backs out and pulls off. Woman #1 and Woman #2 run out of the bathroom.

They glance back and forth, look for Fable and the Stranger.

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING) - DAY**

The Stranger drives.

Fable wraps her foot with the paper towels. Bloody ones balled up on the floor around her. She slips her shoe back on.

STRANGER

Stay out of my alternate reality?

Fable looks over at him, points the gun back at him. He looks back.

They share a momentary chuckle. Then an awkward silence.

Fable turns back towards the window. Her eyes heavy.

They both blurt.

STRANGER

I know that poster.

FABLE

What happened to you.

Stop. Speak again.

STRANGER  
Sorry. You go.

FABLE  
What did you say?

More silence.

The Stranger glimpses at Fable.

Her head leans against the window, she watches the scenery whip by, her gaze tired.

He looks down at the gun still pointed at him.

STRANGER  
Believe me when I tell you I am not going to hurt you.

She slowly turns her head, weakly takes him in. Surrenders an exhale.

FABLE  
Alright.

She lets her hand slip into her lap. But the gun still flirts with him, just in case.

He glances at it, then her, then back at the road. Shakes his head.

FABLE  
Anyway.

She pushes up from the seat to gather more strength.

FABLE  
My Doctor says I should help you.

STRANGER  
Your Doctor?

FABLE  
Yes.

She deflates again.

FABLE  
A Neuro...Shrink...Specialist. Something like that. If you must know. This whole thing has me...

STRANGER  
Maybe he can help me, you know, find me.

FABLE

Hmm. Me and my psychosis getting together with my Shrink.

She lifts the gun and taps her temple with it.

FABLE

We can have a going bat shit party.

She turns back towards the window.

STRANGER

Need to get you to a hospital.

She whips her head around.

FABLE

No.

Stabs the gun towards him.

FABLE

No hospitals.

STRANGER

But you need blood.

She waves the gun in the air.

FABLE

This too shall pass.

She drops the gun back to her lap.

Silence.

Fable takes him in.

FABLE

How the hell do you expect me to help you find you?

STRANGER

I don't know, but I have some sort of connection with you. I mean, I know your name, but I don't know how I know it.

FABLE

Listen. This is going to sound crazy, not that what you are telling me is sane, but...when my Doctor put me under, I saw you.



STRANGER

You did?

FABLE

With me.

STRANGER

See I knew we had a connection.

FABLE

Just wait.

The Stranger looks over at her.

STRANGER

Those faces on that poster back there. I know them.

FABLE

What poster?

STRANGER

In the bathroom. You didn't see it?

The Stranger looks past her out the window.

Nothing but a tall metal fence, wide canal, and amber waves of grass. Forever.

FABLE

I saw a lot of things in there.

The Stranger's eyes go wide.

STRANGER

I know this place.

Fable looks out again.

Fence. Canal. Grass. Fence. Canal. Grass.

FABLE

You don't know you. You don't know me. But you know this place? What are you kidding? It's the same frickin' last forty miles over and over again.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The Audi whizzes up on several vultures. They peck apart a carcass on the side of the road.

Just before they reach them, the carrion birds flap off into the grassy area abandoning their flattened meal.

The car races by them.

FABLE (O.S.)  
With an occasional road pizza.

**INT. AUDI (MOVING)**

The Stranger scans the side of the road.

STRANGER  
No, but something.

He keeps searching. Spots it. In the grassy area, along the side of the road, a small BILLBOARD --

The smiling Gladers holding up bottles of green liquid.

*"Don't Forget Ya'lls GLADER - 2 - 0"*

STRANGER  
There!

He slams the brakes.

Fable jolts violently against the seatbelt. The gun flies off her lap, cracks the windshield.

A SHOT rings out. A fiery flash.

SCREECH!

**INT. SEMI TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

The BURLY MAN wrestles the BLUE Eighteen Wheeler to a smoking stop.

Fable whiplashes against the passenger seat.

The Burly Man throws open his door, leaps out of the cab.

Fable fights blacking out.

Her head leans back against the seat, she blinks several times to clear her head, glances in the side view mirror.

Red and yellow lights flash from the truck, reflect off the wet road behind her.

The husky Driver lumbers away, disappears into the darkness beyond the lights.

Back farther she spots what he runs towards.

BRAKE LIGHTS

Two red dots glow like the embers of a fire about to go out. They stare up at the pulsating, thunderous night sky.

Fable grapples with the door. She latches on to the handle, wrenches it back, throws her body against it.

The door jolts open, she half slides, half tumbles out.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Fable takes a spill, gets up and lurches forward. She looks up. Halts.

In the kitchen window Pregnant Fable and the Stranger cuddle, share a laugh.

Fable wears jeans, a t-shirt, and white sneakers. Same clothes she had on the last time she was here.

She glimpses down at her foot. No bandage, no gauze.

Confusion. Trepidation.

Lightning crackles across the apocalyptic sky. A deep rumble threatens to unleash a deluge.

*The yard rotates around her.*

She looks back at the kitchen window.

Pregnant Fable and the Stranger get interrupted. They turn back behind them, obvious concern, dismay.

The Stranger slides Pregnant Fable behind him, protecting her from something.

Or *Someone*.

Outside, Fable draws in closer to the window.

Thunder rumbles ever louder.

The Stranger has his hands up. Unintelligible VOICES. Shouting and strained.

Fable gets right under the window.

PREGNANT FABLE  
We work together. Nothing more.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
No. We're supposed to be together.

Fable peeks in but can't see the other person. She can only see the Stranger and Pregnant Fable.

STRANGER  
Just put the knife down, Falker.  
We can work through this. No one  
has to be hurt.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
Someone already is.

*Pregnant Fable* SCREAMS.

The Stranger fends off a knife attack from --

*VICTOR!*

Fable pushes back off the window, shocked. Victor stabs at the Stranger again.

Pregnant Fable begins sobbing. Screams and shouts accompany the brawl.

Fable outside, watches as the Stranger and Victor go out of her vantage point.

She crushes back against the window. Still can't see them. She watches Pregnant Fable react in horror and despair.

Hard to read what's happening and who is winning.

The Stranger comes back into view, snatches a dining chair back over his head and slams it down.

SMASH! It lands out of view.

The Stranger disappears again.

CLAP!

The skies open up with a peal of thunder and a

CRACK!

Of lightning.

The rain pounds Fable. She stays glued to the window.

Victor comes into view, wields his knife. He spins towards Pregnant Fable and springs to attack her.

Outside, Fable, soaking wet, stares riveted. The rain distorts her vision through the window.

Victor headlocks Pregnant Fable, raises the knife.

VICTOR

If I can't have you in this life.  
I'll have you in the next.

Victor brings the knife down.

The Stranger rams him from behind, plasters Victor over the sink.

Pregnant Fable's *LOCKET* breaks off, falls to the floor. She staggers away, holds her throat.

Thunder growls.

The rain continues to pound. The Stranger crushes Victor's face against the kitchen window.

Flashes of lightning distort Victor's face into a gruesome mask.

Outside, Fable screams. Pitches away, moves back to the window, pounds on it.

FABLE

Victor! Victor! Stop it! Stop it!

The large carving knife up against the glass, the Stranger locks Victor's wrist, keeps him from using the weapon.

Fable begins to weep.

FABLE

Victor.

Fable closes her eyes, not able to watch.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

FABLE

Victor.

Fable opens her red swollen eyes.

She looks around. The Doctor stares at her. Notebook on his lap, pen hovers over it.

Fable catapults off the couch, grabs him, gets in his face.

FABLE

Send me back. You have to send me back. They're killing each other.

Doctor Stevenson waits for Fable to calm a moment.

Fable releases him, stumbles back to the couch, grabs her head. She collapses back on it.

FABLE

You have to put me back under, Doctor Stevenson.

The Doctor puts the pad and pen down, stands up.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

You are too emotional to go under just yet.

He goes to her.

FABLE

Please, you have to.

The Doctor takes her wrist in his hand, checks his watch. He lets go.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Too much adrenaline. Your heart is racing. Your mind cannot relax enough right now.

FABLE

Then give me something, but I have to get back. I have to stop them.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

How are you going to stop them, Missus Falker? You are not a part of their world.

Fable begins to weep.

FABLE

You don't understand.

The Doctor offers his handkerchief.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Truth, Missus Falker. That is the bridge of trust we have built.

Fable shoots up. Knocks his hand away, gets back in his face.

FABLE

I told you the truth, now get me back.

The Doctor backs away, blows his nose in his hanky, stuffs it in his trouser pocket. He pours himself a glass of water from the pitcher on the table next to his chair.

He takes a bottle of scotch out, tops off the water, drinks down the whole glass, sets it back and pours one for Fable.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Like water your life depends on it.

He goes over to his desk, pulls open the drawer and takes out a bottle of Valium.

Fable flops back on the couch.

In the *FISH BOWL*, the Gold Fish swims around the sunken ceramic car toys.

FABLE (O.S.)

Yes. It is my life and I'm fighting to keep it.

The Doctor pops the top, shakes out two pills, closes the bottle, slips it back in his drawer. He goes over, offers her the water and pills.

This time she takes him up on his offer. Fable pops them in her mouth.

*The Gold Fish begins to struggle, it's swimming labored.*

The Doctor goes over to the Chalk Board, picks up the chalk. It is now completely filled with crossed off "Help Me Find Me" partial and broken phrases underneath using the same letters.

Fable guzzles the water down, sets the glass on the floor, lays back on the couch. She stares at the Dream Catcher hanging above her head.

*The Gold Fish sinks again, struggles around the ceramic cars.*

At the top of the chalk board, the first phrase the Doctor wrote reads --

*"Mind Plee (HEMF)?"*

Next to it with the word "Aptigrams?" and "Soy Sauce?"

*The Gold Fish starts to sink, fights to swim back up.*

The Doctor stares at the board.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Drink up, Missus Falker.

On the Chalk Board other words and phrases read --

"Need Him" the letters "E,L,P,F,M" next to it. Under those--

"Needle Him" and the remaining letters from the phrase.

"Lend Him"... "I Lend Me Hemp"... "Mend Him"

Fable closes her eyes.

*The Gold Fish breathes out a few bubbles, twitches, sinks to the bottom.*

FABLE (O.S.)  
Please, Doctor.

The Doctor puts down the chalk.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Okay, Missus Falker.

He goes and sits down.

*The Gold Fish gasps one last bubble, goes belly up, floats to the top.*

DOCTOR STEVENSON (O.S.)  
I'm going to put you back under.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Fable opens her eyes. She stands in front of the kitchen window. The rain comes down in sheets.

The light bright, but everything blurry. She blinks back the water. As her eyes clear, Fable sees Victor's face smashed up against the window.

From the side, Pregnant Fable appears with a vase, and smashes it against Victor's head.

FABLE  
No!



Victor stares blankly out at Fable, then slips down, his knife squeaks against the glass. He falls away from the window.

FABLE

Victor.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE KITCHEN**

The Stranger and Pregnant Fable embrace.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lightning crackles, lights up the sky.

Fable looks up at the sky, glances back to the window. The Stranger and Pregnant Fable are gone.

The rain stings Fable's face and eyes. She shuts them for a moment.

**INT. FABLE'S SHOWER - NIGHT**

Fable rubs the water from her face.

She opens her eyes, her vision clears to focus on a tile that has a painted Manatee on it.

She traces it with a finger. Mumbles.

FABLE

Rebalance the system.

Fable leans on the shower wall. The water pours over her. She swipes her face again, flips her hair back and shuts the water off.

She reaches out, drags her bath towel off the door hook. Covers her head. Her voice squeezes out, muffled under the towel.

FABLE

Victor.

Fable slides down against the wall, sits in the tub, begins to sob.

FABLE

I'm crazy. None of this is real.

She continues to bawl into the towel.

RING. RING.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Fable looks up.

RING. RING.

She glances towards where the sound comes from.

The Stranger and Pregnant Fable stand out on the porch. The Stranger answers his phone.

STRANGER

Doctor?

He looks back at it.

STRANGER

Went dead. I'll call on the way.

He puts the phone in his pocket, opens an umbrella, hurries Pregnant Fable to the black Audi.

Fable looks back into the kitchen.

Victor rises up.

FABLE

Victor.

Victor wobbles, rubs his bloodied head, snags his knife off the floor, staggers out of the kitchen.

Fable dashes towards the Stranger and Pregnant Fable.

FABLE

He's up. Victor's up.

The Stranger closes the car door for Pregnant Fable and hurries around to the driver's side.

He opens the door, gets in, puts the umbrella down, shakes it.

FABLE

No!

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI - NIGHT**

The knife comes down on the umbrella, slashes it.

Pregnant Fable screams. Lightning flashes.

The Stranger shoves the umbrella forward. Victor's arm sticks through it, the knife rips past the Stranger's face.

The Stranger grabs the door, slams it on Victor's arm. Victor hollers out. Releases the knife.

The Stranger shoves the car door into Victor knocking him back.

The Stranger shuts the door, starts the car, and peels back. His tires spin on the wet pavement.

Pregnant Fable a hysterical mess.

**EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The rain pours down.

Victor sprawled on the ground, face up. Rain punishes him as he grimaces to stay conscious.

Fable stands over him.

RING. RING.

Victor's eyes pop open, stares spitefully, right at Fable.

RING. RING.

**INT. FABLE'S SHOWER - NIGHT**

Fable rips the towel off her head, jumps up, wraps the towel around her, lunges out of the tub.

RING. RING.

**INT. FABLE'S BATHROOM**

She yanks open the door, runs to get the phone.

Crashes into --

FABLE

Victor.

Fable stumbles back, looks up, smiles apprehensively.

Victor stands in the door, glares at her. His face seethes rage.

RING. RING.

He holds up her phone. It reads --

*"Unknown Caller"*

FABLE

Vic?

He doesn't move.

RING. RING.

He ends the phone call. Fable stammers.

FABLE

What's...what's wrong, honey?

A glint causes her to look down. Victor chokes the carving knife handle.

Fable gasps.

FABLE

Victor?!

VICTOR

Unknown caller. Unknown caller.  
Unknown caller. Unknown caller.

FABLE

Victor stop it. Stop saying that.

VICTOR

Unknown caller. Unknown caller.

Fable wraps the towel tighter around her body as she backs away from him.

FABLE

I can explain. That's a...He's a stalker. He's stalking me. I've been talking to Doctor Stevenson about him. It's okay. It's only in my mind. He doesn't exist.

Victor brings up the phone, holds the face to her. Presses the on button.

*"Unknown Caller"*

He flips to the next call.

*"Unknown Caller"*

The next one.

*"Unknown Caller"*

VICTOR  
Doesn't exist, but he calls you.

Fable begins to break down and cry.

FABLE  
I was trying to help him find him.

Victor enters the bathroom.

VICTOR  
Thought he doesn't exist.

He scrapes the knife against the wall like fingernails across a chalk board.

VICTOR  
Liar. You love him.

Fable crushes back against the wall.

FABLE  
Victor, please. I love you.

Victor continues towards her, very deliberate, menacing. He towers over her, a mountain of retribution.

Something glimmers on her neck. Victor puts the phone in his knife hand, takes up the shining object.

*Pregnant Fable's SILVER LOCKET.*

VICTOR  
He gave you this.

Fable fearfully looks down at what he is talking about.

She gasps.

FABLE  
I don't know where that came from.

He snatches it off her neck, shakes it in her face.

VICTOR  
Liar!

Fable balls up, slides down in the corner squeezed in between the toilet and the bathtub.

FABLE

It's not mine.

Victor slings it behind him into the bedroom. He kneels down in front of her. Takes her head in his hand. His whole demeanor changes.

VICTOR

I love you, Fable.

Fable fights back tears.

FABLE

I love you too, Victor.

Victor kisses her hard, passionately. Then releases her.

VICTOR

But...

He stands back up, takes the cell in one hand and holds the knife down towards her in the other.

VICTOR

*Felden.*

Fable glances up at him through teary eyes.

FABLE

Who?

He gets into her face and seductively rolls the name off his tongue.

VICTOR

*Felden.*

FABLE

I don't know who you are talking about.

VICTOR

You call his name in your sleep.

Fable shakes her head.

FABLE

No, Victor. No.

Victor rears back and slams the phone down at her. It smashes against the tub and breaks into pieces.

Fable SCREAMS, shrinks back.

Victor grabs her up by the back of her head, pulls her face to face, lips to lips.

VICTOR

I'm not going to stop loving you,  
even when I give you to Felden  
piece by piece.

He raises the knife above his head.

VICTOR

In a bunch of little baggies.

He comes down with it. Fable shrieks.

SMASH!

Broken glass rains all over.

Victor and Fable crumble to the floor in a heap.

Victor moans, barely conscious. Fable looks up, crying,  
fearful.

Her vision blurry, a SHADOWY figure stands in front of her.

A familiar VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)

Did he hurt you?

Fable coughs, shakes her head. Her vision clears.

The Stranger.

STRANGER

We have to go.

Fable looks down at Victor, sobs.

The Stranger holds his hand out to her. The LOCKET dangles  
from it.

SCREECH!

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

The black Audi swerves, then straightens down the stormy  
road.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Rain punishes the windshield. Visibility close to zero. Windshield wipers flail uselessly.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)

The baby!

The Stranger reaches over, takes Pregnant Fable's hand.

STRANGER

Hang in. I'm going fast as I can.

PREGNANT FABLE

Watch it!

Rear lights from a BLUE Eighteen Wheeler appear out of nowhere. The Stranger yokes the steering wheel to the left.

FABLE sits up in the back seat, jostled violently. She grips the two headrests.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The car wildly misses clipping the truck's back end in front of them, before it rights itself, passes it.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

STRANGER

We're okay. We're okay.

The Stranger picks up his cell, dials.

Pregnant Fable shrivels in the seat.

PREGNANT FABLE

Something's wrong.

Fable stares helpless as she hangs on to the two headrests from the back.

The rain stops. Visibility clears. The wipers squeak back and forth frantically.

STRANGER

Thank, God. We drove out of it.

Pregnant Fable pushes back up, looks up at the night sky.



PREGNANT FABLE

We're going to be alright. The baby's going to be alright.

STRANGER

(in phone)

Yes. Naples Hospital? This is Mister Memphi. M. E. M. P. H. I. I'm bringing my wife in. We're having the baby.

He hangs up. Takes Pregnant Fable's hand.

STRANGER

They'll be ready for us.

Fable from the back looks at the Stranger. She whispers.

FABLE

Memphi.

The wipers continue to SQUEAK against the windshield.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

No rain.

The moon peers in and out of dark, quick moving thunderous clouds. Lightning silently flickers behind them.

The peek a boo white moonlight reflects off the wet asphalt.

The Audi spits water off the road as it speeds down the deserted highway.

FABLE (O.S.)

Where are we headed?

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Windshield wipers occasionally swipe the glass clearing the dampness off.

STRANGER

The only spot that means something.

The Stranger in the driver's seat. Fable in the passenger. She holds the Locket.

FABLE

This time of night?

STRANGER

The time doesn't matter. The answer does.

FABLE

How will you know it? It's pitch black out.

STRANGER

I don't know how. But I'll know it. I felt it before. I'll feel it again.

Fable looks over at him.

FABLE

Thank you for helping me back there. I...I've never seen him... It's like I never knew him.

STRANGER

I'm sorry it came to that.

Fable nods, looks back at the Locket. She pops it open, stares at the compass with its two hearts.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Fable looks over at the Compass Clock. WORDS on it read --

*"It takes TIME to KNOW where you are HEADING"*

FABLE

I'm afraid.

BACK TO:

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable snaps the Locket shut. Sets the Locket on the dash. Looks out her window. Black nothingness greets her back. She notices her own reflection.

She wipes the moist window with her forearm. Her image becomes clearer.

FABLE

I'm going to help you. No matter what.

The Stranger looks up into the growling dark sky.

STRANGER  
At least it cleared.

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Hit them from behind, light up the whole inside of the car.

Fable turns to look back.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

The blinding headlights reflect off the wet back window.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)  
What's that?

Fable in the back seat turns forward to look at the Stranger and Pregnant Fable.

The Stranger's eyes wince.

STRANGER  
I have to slow down. Let them go around.

Pregnant Fable grabs his arm.

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable has the Stranger's arm.

FABLE  
No. Don't slow down.

STRANGER  
They want to pass, let them pass.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The Audi slows a bit to let the car pass.

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

The headlights disappear from the inside of the car, leave them in the dark save for the dash lights.

The Stranger looks over at Fable and smiles.

STRANGER

See? Just wanted to go around.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Fable peers out of the back seat window as the car pulls up along side of them.

She spots the driver. He stares right at her as he pulls past.

VICTOR

He looks monstrous in the dash lights. His face wrathful.

Fable jumps to the Stranger's ear.

FABLE

Go!

The Stranger doesn't hear her, glances over at the car that has pulled along side of them. He zeroes in on the driver.

Cold murder glares back. Victor has his phone to his ear.

RING. RING.

The loud tone reverberates inside the Audi like a bell in a bell tower.

All of them tense up.

The Stranger, Pregnant Fable, and Fable's eyes dart to the cell sitting on the seat between them.

*"Unknown Caller"*

Pregnant Fable snatches it up.

**INT. CAMARO (MOVING)**

Dried blood down the side of his head, Victor watches Pregnant Fable turn towards him. A look of horror crashes across her face.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Pregnant Fable, phone crushed to her ear, can't rip her eyes away from Victor. She watches his lips move as his VOICE slithers out her cell like a snake from a dark crevice.

VICTOR  
I love you.

Pregnant Fable drops the phone. Pops the glove box.

SHRIEKS

PREGNANT FABLE  
Go!

The Stranger crushes the gas.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

ROAR!

The scream of an engine, followed by the scream of a female.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

PREGNANT FABLE  
Hurry, Felden!

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The Audi separates itself from the Orange Camaro.

The Camaro ducks back in behind.

The only cars on the dark road. Frequent flashes of lightning reflect off them, tires spray water all the way.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

The speedometer crosses the hundred mile an hour mark.

On the glovebox door a box of bullets has been torn thru, its contents scattered everywhere.

Pregnant Fable tries to load the thirty eights, her fingers jittery. She keeps dropping the bullets.

PREGNANT FABLE  
C'mon. C'mon.

Finally, she gets one in.

Fable's whispered VOICE from the back pushes thru the anxiety like a sudden breeze on a sweltering summer's day.

FABLE (O.S.)

Felden?

The Stranger's panicked eyes steal a glance in the rear view mirror. He catches a glimpse of Fable. They share a momentary gaze.

Fable a realization.

FABLE

Felden.

HEADLIGHTS from behind flash bright.

FELDEN's eyes blanch. The moment severed. His hand flicks to the mirror, flips the night switch.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The orange Camaro with deadly intentions chases the Audi. Catches it and noses the back bumper.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The Doctor stands at the open blinds, stares at his reflection.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)

Victor tried to kill us.

Fable leaps off the couch. She goes to the chalk board, snatches up the eraser, clears a large spot in the center of the scribblings. She grabs the chalk, rewrites --

*"Help Me Find Me"*

The Doctor goes over.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Victor?

He stands behind her, watches.

She begins to write underneath the phrase that has haunted her. She crosses out each letter as she goes.

*"F. E. L. D. E. N."*

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Felden?

FABLE  
His first name.

Fable continues.

"M. E. M. P. H. I."

Fable crosses off the "I", the final unused letter of the "Help Me Find Me" phrase, puts the chalk down.

She steps back next to the Doctor. They stare at the board. All letters of the phrase slashed through.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Felden Memphi.

Doctor Stevenson nods his head, smiles.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
You found him, Missus Falker.

Fable darts back to the blinds, grabs the pull string, turns to the Doctor.

*The Gold fish bowl is now dried and empty.*

FABLE  
When you save a life, you save yourself.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Now help him.

Fable nods to the Doctor, pulls the string. The shutters close.

BLACK.

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

Headlights blare into the car, spot the Stranger and Fable in the front seat with stark white light.

Fable grabs the Stranger.

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

The Camaro smashes into the Audi, shoves it off the road.

STRANGER (O.S.)  
Hang on!

**INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

The Stranger wrestles with the steering wheel as Fable clings to him.

Their headlights shine against a --

BILLBOARD

The Gladers smiling, holding up bottles of green liquid.

*"Don't Forget Ya'lls GLADER - 2 - 0"*

They pulverize the sign, get jostled around, shred the grassy area, crash through the fence.

Fable shouts.

FABLE

Felden!

The Stranger looks at her quizzically. She grips him tighter, screams.

FABLE

You're, Felden Memphi! We're Felden Memphi!

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY**

Both cars go airborne.

FABLE (O.S.)

Aaauuughhh!

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)**

The headlights glare off the water. They slam into it.

Pregnant Fable wrenches against the seatbelt. The Colt flies out of her hand cracks against the windshield, goes off.

*A flash of orange fire!*

BLACK.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S RADIO STATION/LAB - NIGHT**

Two rooms can be seen.



One large, lab like. Cluttered with an eclectic collection of salvaged operation room equipment.

Three small tanks sit in spot lights next to one another on a stainless table. The tanks filled with a clear solution.

A HUMAN BRAIN submerged in each tank. All manner of tubes and electrical wires run from the tanks into a large MAIN FRAME COMPUTER. Some of the wires attach to the brains.

An additional set of wires go from the tanks, across the floor, into the smaller room. A soundproof, broadcast booth with a desk, two microphones, and a lit up ON-AIR sign.

Behind the desk sits Doctor Stevenson. Only this man is a combination of robotics and human flesh. A patchwork of the original Stevenson melded with artificial intelligence and robotic body parts.

He speaks into the mic.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Thus, the mystery of our three guests from the middle of the twenty-first century is resolved. However, the resolution must still play out right after this obscene expression. A holler for your dollar as the expression went, from what seems like ages ago when man was wholly man and machine was a mere tool to be applied to even the most menial of tasks.

He flicks on a button with a shiny robotic appendage. A commercial message plays that will end with a catchy jingle.

COMMERCIAL VOICE OVER

Are you fully human? Feeling like life is in its last stages? Don't be weary of your final demise.

The Doctor turns a plug connected to his skull, pulls a lighted shiny object out. A green light goes out on the Main Frame, indicates he has been disconnected.

He pushes away from his desk.

COMMERCIAL VOICE OVER

Be confident you can now have an eternal beginning to your mortal ending. Here at *Conscious Launch Us* we transfer you into an everlasting beauty.

He leaves the booth, goes to the three brains. A piece of white tape stuck to each tank has a question mark on it. The Doctor takes out a black marker from his top pocket and writes a name on each tape.

*Felden Memphi. Fable Memphi. Victor Falker.*

COMMERCIAL VOICE OVER

An automaton intimately designed by  
you, for you.

A RED LIGHT flashes by the front door.

The Doctor notices it. Goes to the door, opens it.

TWO white coated DELIVERY MEN, part human, part machine enter. On their breast pockets the letters "SSS" embroidered in capital letters.

They push a cart in with a tank on it, full of solution and a brain in it.

Doctor Stevenson peers into the tank, taps on it like he's trying to get its attention.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Ahh. Next weeks mystery guest. Dead men tell no tales, but the brain, with the right stimulation, will sing like a canary.

He grabs a roll of white tape that hangs on a nearby nail. Rips a short piece, sticks it on the tank. Marks a question mark on it with a black felt pen.

Delivery Man #1 shuts the door, stands next to Delivery Man #2. Stevenson chuckles, goes back towards the booth.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

The denouement gentlemen, and you can whisk these back to their humble catalogued abodes.

He goes into the booth, shuts the door. Pulls a bottle of scotch out of a desk drawer, pours himself a drink.

The JINGLE from the commercial comes to an end. Stevenson sits, flicks on his mic.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Welcome back my family of listeners  
to Unknown Caller.

He takes a belt of the scotch. Lets it ease down his throat.  
Speaks into the mic.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Some things only being fully human  
we can appreciate. A slice of  
pizza. Dark chocolate covered  
almonds.

He swishes the scotch around in the glass.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

A belt of scotch.

He gulps down the rest of the glass. Closes his eyes  
momentarily. Swallows as if trying to recall a long lost  
memory.

He speaks into the mic, eyes still closed.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Seems all we can do is savor the  
memory. And even that will one day  
fade into the oblivion that was  
what an advocate for the mentally  
disabled once said about being  
fully human, 'We were born in  
weakness. We will grow. And we will  
die. So the story of each one of us  
is a story of accepting that we are  
fragile.'

His eyes spring open. The red light in his right eye dilates.  
He smacks the empty glass down on the desk.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Fragile. Perhaps substituting this  
fragility with technology we've  
lost more than is cared to admit.

He pushes a button, electricity crackles.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Even the taste of death may have  
been sweet.

A blue glow zooms through the wires to the tanks. The brains  
get zapped and glow.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Instead we are left to frolic where  
truth meets *saazish* and the  
corporeally confined get to  
transmit their stories via that  
very conduit we have become.

The Doctor reinserts the plug into his skull, turns it.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

An irony, I assure you, that has  
not been lost on your good Doctor  
Stevenson.

The Green Light on the Main Frame blinks on, beeps to life.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Pity everything now tastes like  
metal.

**INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Bright white light.

BLINK. BLINK.

The room comes in to focus.

-- A DREAM CATCHER hangs from a ceiling fan.

-- A TV on. FAMILY FEUD. Sound down.

-- A bug eyed GOLD FISH in a bowl swims around a ceramic  
MANATEE.

Around the room until --

FABLE

In a chair, asleep.

HUSKY VOICE (O.S.)

Honey.

Fable stirs. Wakes. Jumps out of her seat, rushes over.

**INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI - UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

Headlights beam through the car from behind. The gun slides  
off the dash. Sinks to the floor.

Fish swim through the car. Pregnant Fable watches a SHADOWY FIGURE pull the silhouette of an unconscious Felden out through the broken driver's side window.

The Silver Locket floats by. Pregnant Fable reaches out, grabs it.

The car sinks deeper. She screams. Air bubbles explode out of her mouth. Through the bubbles, a HAND snags her wrist.

In the headlight beam -- the SCRAGGLY BEARDED GLADER.

His beard wisps back and forth. He yanks Pregnant Fable through the broken window.

Her pregnant belly barely clears a jagged piece of broken glass but her right leg catches on it. A dark cloud of blood billows out like smoke from a chimney.

The Audi disappears into the murky depths below. The Camaro follows.

**INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

A summer dress reveals a long jagged scar on Fable's right leg.

Fable mashes the Nurse Call Button.

FABLE

Felden. You're here. You're here.

Felden, hooked up to an IV, a heart monitor, a brain analyzer, all manner of tubes and wires run in and out of him.

He looks like a Mad Scientist's experiment. But the most beautiful sight Fable has ever seen.

She bursts into tears, hugs him with all her love. Her tears mix with kisses. Fable pushes back, drinks him in, and bawls.

Felden gazes at her.

FABLE

Oh, Felden, I knew you'd come back.  
I knew it.

Felden notices the SILVER LOCKET swinging from her neck. He takes it in his hand, pops it open to reveal the compass.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Felden and Pregnant Fable lie on a blanket. She holds a small black felt box.

FELDEN

Open it.

She takes it out, pops it open.

*A SMALL COMPASS with HEARTS in place of N and S*

PREGNANT FABLE

A compass?

FELDEN

A heart compass.

BACK TO:

**INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Felden snaps the locket closed, Fable wraps his hand with hers. They share a loving gaze.

Felden's face clouds, angrily.

FELDEN

Where is he? That bastard.

Fable stops. Her mind races to make sense of his question.

FELDEN

That lunatic who ran us off the road.

Fable connects the dots.

FABLE

You just woke up. Let's not talk about him.

Fable runs her fingers through his hair.

FELDEN

I don't want him coming back after you.

FABLE

Felden. He's dead. They never found his body.

NURSES rushes in.

One Nurse punches off the Call Button, the others begin to check his charts, machines, and vitals.

FELDEN

The baby?

FABLE

Junior is here everyday.

Felden smiles at the love of his life. Tears begin to stream down his face.

Fable steps back, lets the Nurses do their thing.

Hands to her mouth, her smile can hardly contain her joy. Her tearful eyes dare not leave her husband's pale sunken face.

**INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATER**

The Gold Fish swims up to the surface and gulps some air.

A MALE NURSE, (MICCOSUKEE #1), checks Felden's IV as Fable stands by. She beams with joy, eyes red from happy tears.

MICCOSUKEE #1

The Doctor is coming in to see you.

He pauses, looks down at Felden, smiles and pats his shoulder.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Welcome back, Mister Memphi.

Miccosukee #1 glances up, smiles at Fable.

MICCOSUKEE #1

The system is rebalanced.

FELDEN

Good to be back.

An ORDERLY, (WINNY), bursts in. He wears a rainbow scarf and springy SMILEY FACES on his head that go from happy to laughing with tears as they bounce around.

He strides over to Felden, cracks open a bottle of green liquid.

WINNY

Drink up, Mister Memphi. Nectar of the glades.

He puts it on the tray in front of Felden.

"GLADER - 2 - 0"

Winnie leans down to him in an aside.

WINNY

Careful. Might give you swamp gas.

Winnie chuckles, glances up at the television.

BILLIONAIRE'S BOG

WINNY

Our favorite show. Rich rednecks in the marsh. I sit in here and watch it with you everyday.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Sometimes twice a day.

WINNY

Alright, Mister 'Rebalance the System.'

(to Felden)

Has he explained the Law of Habitats to you yet?

MICCOSUKEE #1

Everyday.

The Miccosukee smiles.

A MAN'S VOICE Booms in the room.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Felden Memphi.

The Man stands behind Fable. His Name Tag reads --

"STEVENSON, PHD."

WINNY

(to Felden)

That one's a rerun. We'll catch you tomorrow.

Miccosukee #1 and Winnie exit.

DOCTOR STEVENSON, (one hundred percent human), moves past Fable, gives her a smile, gestures at her as he goes past.



DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 You've had an angel on your  
 shoulder, Felden.

He grabs Felden's chart, comes up to him.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 This brave lady never left your  
 side, never gave up, never stopped  
 praying. You should thank her with  
 hugs and kisses the rest of your  
 life.

Felden nods, beams at her.

FELDEN  
 My hero, Doctor. Wouldn't be here  
 without her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 That's the truth.

FINK (O.S.)  
 As for these insurance papers,  
 Mister Memphi.

The Doctor shoots a look to a corner of the room.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Fink!

Fink stands in the shadows, a thick file in hand.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Harass these good people another  
 day. He just woke up.

FINK  
 But we need to get these figures  
 settled.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Back to your hole, Fink!

Fink slinks out the door like a scolded puppy.

The Doctor stares at Felden, a grave look crosses his face.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 Don't want to go too much into this  
 now, but you have a bullet lodged  
 in your brain. In a place we don't  
 dare go after.

Fable drops her head.

FABLE  
My fault, I had the gun...

The Doctor cuts her off.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
(to Fable)  
We talked about you blaming  
yourself. It was an accident. Now  
stop that.

Fable nods, dabs her eyes.

FELDEN  
What'll we do?

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
The fact that you're awake means  
the brain is functioning around it.  
But it'll take time to know where  
we head from here.

Felden nods.

FABLE  
Doctor? Can the baby sitter bring  
our son in?

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
I won't be the one to say no.

Fable gets on her cell phone.

FABLE  
Bring Junior in to see his Daddy.

The Doctor shines a pen light in Felden's eyes.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Felden. One day, when you're  
strong enough, I'd like to pick  
your brain, so to speak. Find out  
where you've been all this time.

The Doctor clicks off the light, pockets it.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Make a hell of a book.

FELDEN  
Not sure I even know.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Daddy!

A little boy(3) bolts into the room past Fable, climbs onto the side of the bed.

Jessee stands at the door, smiles.

JESSEE

Junior, mind the wires and tubes.

Junior holds up a stuffed animal.

JUNIOR

Look, Daddy. I keep him for you.

A SQUIRREL

Black glass eyes, tattered and pitiful.

FABLE

He will not let that dirty toy out of his sight.

Junior pushes the stuffed animal into his face.

JUNIOR

Hold the baby.

Felden looks at it.

A beat up baby doll with a dead stuffed squirrel head stares at him.

The old Glader sits on the bed, shoves the doll in his face.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER

Hold the baby!

Felden pushes the Glader away, closes his eyes. Turns his head..

Junior cries. Fable rushes to him.

FABLE

It's okay, baby.

Junior hugs Fable. Holds the squirrel doll.

JUNIOR

Daddy push me.

FABLE

Daddy didn't mean it. He just woke up.

Fable looks over at Felden. Felden turns back, looks around. No Glader. No dead squirrel doll. He looks at Fable, uneasy.

Fable takes his hand, puts it on Junior.

FABLE

See. Daddy loves you. He didn't mean it.

Felden looks at Junior. Junior turns back to Felden.

Junior's tears drip all over Felden. Felden gathers the little boy in. Hugs, kisses and tears all around.

FELDEN

Daddy was confused.

Junior lies across Felden, puts his ear to his chest.

JUNIOR

I hear Daddy heart, Daddy.

FELDEN

It's saying 'I love Junior.'

Junior looks up.

JUNIOR

And, Mommy.

FELDEN

And, Mommy.

Felden snuggles his chin into Junior's neck. Junior giggles and giggles. The Doctor notes the chart.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Funny.

Felden and Fable look at him worried.

FELDEN

What?

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Have to shoot across the Alley today. Another miracle.

FABLE

Another miracle?

Doctor Stevenson hangs the chart back, pockets his pen.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Patient of mine, in Miami. Been in  
a coma about as long as Felden  
here.

Fable's face turns white.

FABLE  
Where's...Who is he?

**EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT**

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
I'm still working on that.

In the red glow of the brake lights the BURLY TRUCK DRIVER drags a MAN out of the water onto the canal bank.

Another car pulls up and several FIGURES dash out, dive into the water.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
Apparently, a big ole trucker  
brought him in they said.

**INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
Didn't leave any information. Must  
have been his angel.

Fable's fearful eyes dart to Felden.

**INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

The room sits in shadow.

BEEP. BEEP.

A dim green glow from a monitor tracks a patient's heart beat.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
Two miracles in one day.

A dark FIGURE lies in bed, hooked up to various machines.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)  
 Amazing organ, the human brain. I  
 always say we know so little about  
 it, but somehow, it will find a  
 way.

An ORDERLY comes in, cracks open the cherry wood blinds.  
 Sunlight spreads its wealth.

ORDERLY  
 Sun time, Johnny D.

FIGURE (O.S.)  
 Falker.

The Orderly turns to him.

VICTOR

Lies motionless, stares at the orderly.

**INT. DOCTOR STEVENSON'S RADIO STATION/LAB - NIGHT**

The Doctor turns off the electricity to the tanks.

VICTOR (V.O.)  
 Victor Falker.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 (Into the mic)  
 Chilling that Victor was.

He nods to the Delivery guys. They roll the new tank to where  
 the three brains are.

Doctor Stevenson presses a button on the control panel on his  
 desk.

RING. RING.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 (Into the mic)  
 Oh. Oh. Unknown Caller.

The Delivery Men load the three tanks on their cart.

DOCTOR STEVENSON  
 (into the mic)  
 Be sure and tune in next week for  
 another dive down the rabbit hole  
 of the fully human experience.

The men place the new brain on the stainless table. They turn to see the Doctor behind them. He lifts an electronic tablet that hangs from the cart, scans it with his glowing red eye. The tablet beeps, blinks twice.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I made a note. They should resubmit the Felden brain. It glitched momentarily at the end. Like a memory within a memory. It may be nothing, but it may be purposeful. Salvageable.

The two Delivery Men glance at each other.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I know over a hundred years it's against protocol, but I have been injecting myself into these anamnesis for longer than I care to recall, and I've never seen one glitch.

The Men push past him.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Worth a transfer. A minor one. Even a simple appliance could teach us something.

They leave without a single word. Doctor Stevenson watches them load the tank, get in their van, drive off.

The side of the van reads -- "Somatic Soul Solutions"

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Idiots. Waste of good robotics.

The Main Frame Computer fires up behind him. The Doctor spins towards it.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

What the?

Over the speakers in the room a VOICE seeps out.

VOICE

Help me launch me.

The Doctor heads over to the computer.

RING. RING.

He stops. Looks down at his lab coat pocket.

RING. RING.

A blue light emits through his lab coat pocket with each ring. He pulls the phone out. A clear piece of glass with a silver frame around it.

RING. RING.

It vibrates blue twice. He looks at the cell.

*"UNKNOWN CALLER" runs across the glass.*

He glances around the station, curious, perhaps even fearful.

RING. RING.

He looks down at the phone. Hesitates. Answers it.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Hello?

Static.

VOICE THRU CELL

Help me launch me.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Who is this?

A sinister voice slithers out of the glass cell.

VOICE

Victor Falker.

Stevenson's glowing red eye dilates. He drops the phone.

**CUT TO BLACK.**