

Pilot Script (Final)

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRASS FIELD - NIGHT

A grass field sits silently, before a figure, AGENT DAVIS (mid 20's) appears from the darkness and stands still, holding a briefcase in his hand.

In the distance, the headlights of a car flash towards Davis, and he uses his free hand to block the bright light.

The lights suddenly vanish, and two people exit the car. AGENT ROBERTSON (mid 40's) and AGENT GELLAR (late 30's) approach Davis, before stopping feet away from him.

The three stand silently for a moment. Davis looks slightly nervous.

ROBERTSON

So, you have it?

DAVIS

(pause)

Uh, yeah. Yeah.

Robertson notices Davis' nervousness. He gives Gellar a glance before turning back to Davis.

ROBERTSON

You okay, son?

DAVIS

I'm fine.

ROBERTSON

You sure? You know we don't have to do this. This was your idea after a-

DAVIS

I said I'm fine. Now take it!

Davis shoves the briefcase outwards, towards Robertson and Gellar. Another pause.

GELLAR

We wanna see inside.

DAVIS

But I already told you what's inside!

ROBERTSON

We want to be sure you're not lying.

Davis pauses, thinking. He quickly nods in agreement and unlatches the briefcase, opening the top towards the other two.

Robertson and Gellar look down into the briefcase. Their faces change from curiosity into awe.

GELLAR

Shit, man. The kid wasn't lying. That looks real.

ROBERTSON

Yes, it does.

Robertson snaps the briefcase shut, and slowly removes it from Davis's hands. Robertson gives Davis an empathetic look.

ROBERTSON

Alright, kid. All you have to do now is lay low. We'll do everything else.

Davis, still looking anxious, quickly nods. Robertson places his heavy hand on Davis' shoulder. The two make eye contact.

ROBERTSON

Kid.
(pause)
It's going to be okay.

Davis' breathing slows down. He nods at a slower pace this time, as if Robertson's words really got to him.

Suddenly, a heavy CLUNK hits the grass. The three spin around and face the darkness, where the sound came from. Gellar takes out a pistol, and quietly readies it.

Another heavy clunk hits the ground, this time closer. The three men are alone in the darkness, still and silent.

EXT. GRASS FIELD - DAY (DAWN)

The same grass field sits silently. Now birds CHIRP loudly. Cars can be heard HONKING off in the distance.

The car that carried Robertson and Gellar is still here. The windows are now fogged up with condensation.

In the center of the field, the three men lie dead. Their

bodies are broken, crumpled, and twisted. Blood is spattered across their skin and clothes.

Beside them, the briefcase sits, torn wide open, and empty. The birds continue to chirp with the morning sun.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ROBIN'S CAR - DAY

ROBIN (early 30's) drives her sedan down a busy urban road. She consistently glances down at her phone for directions, and grabs chips out of a plastic bag to shove them into her mouth as she drives.

She pulls into a hotel parking lot and aggressively snatches a parking space. She quickly grabs her snacks and phone, then exits the car, SLAMMING the door shut.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Robin casually walks through a long hotel corridor, still carrying all of her snacks. She looks down at her phone and back to the line of doors, searching for the correct room.

Finally, she stops at a room labeled "389". She POUNDS on the door, then pulls a soda up and takes a quick sip. The door, after a moment, opens.

SPECTOR (mid 20's, maybe?) opens the door without a shirt, his hair a shaggy mess. He has heavy bags under his eyes. He attempts to push words out of his mouth.

SPECTOR

(groggily)

Robin, what the hell? I was sleeping.

Robin shoves her snacks into Spector's arms, then lets herself into his room.

ROBIN

(sharply)

I texted you that I was on my way. You should've gotten up. Not my problem that you're tired.

Spector gives her a look of mild annoyance, deciding that he is too tired for an argument. He shuts the door behind himself.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Robin moves around the room, avoiding the seemingly all-encompassing mess that Spector has created. As he drops all of her stuff on a small wooden table, Robin rips open the curtains, allowing light to spill into the room.

Spector recoils from the sunlight, shielding his eyes.

SPECTOR

Jesus, Robin. At least gimmie a minute to adjust!

ROBIN

Listen, I've secured a sweet deal for you, but you've got to act fast if you want the full payout.

Spector, squinting his eyes, gives Robin a quick look, conceding and sitting down on the edge of the bed. He snatches a box of cigarettes from a nearby nightstand and pulls one out of the box.

SPECTOR

Fine, gimmie what you've got.

ROBIN

Thank you.

Spector shoves a cigarette in-between his teeth and pulls a lighter out of his pocket, lighting it up, and filling the air with smoke.

Robin pulls a small chair through the piles of trash and clothes on the floor to face Spector, sitting down.

ROBIN

So you were on your way to that job in Albuquerque, right?

SPECTOR

Yeah, the one with the ghost in the attic.

ROBIN

Wait, it's a ghost?

SPECTOR

Yeah, most likely. I haven't taken any readings but all the signs point to a paranormal haunting.

ROBIN

Cool! So, you can afford to squeeze in one more case before you get to New Mexico, right?

Spector exhales a ball of smoke and gives Robin a brief judgmental look.

SPECTOR

Depends on the case, Robin. What're you getting at here?

Robin briefly pauses, then reaches into her coat and pulls out a small orange envelope. She hands it over to Spector, who returns his judgmental gaze to her as he tears open the envelope.

Spector pulls out a police report and several photos of the dead bodies of the agents. He gazes, at them, searching for anything of note.

ROBIN

A day ago, the bodies of three federal agents were found dead in a field.

SPECTOR

These two have different identification than the third one.

ROBIN

Two of them were CIA agents. The youngest was FBI, stationed here in town.

SPECTOR

So it's some kind of inter-political scuffle. The CIA and FBI pick fights with each other all the time.

ROBIN

You're looking at the pictures, these guys were crumpled into little balls. This isn't a clean assassination job or even a shootout.

(pause)

These guys were beaten to death.

Spector pauses, looking at a photo of the torn-open briefcase.

SPECTOR

And they're opening this case up to any

nearby spectors?

ROBIN

Yeah. It was so quick that there was a bit of a bidding war.

SPECTOR

And we won?

ROBIN

I won the bidding war. Now, if you can solve the case before you head out for New Mexico, we'll both win and get paid very nicely. You in?

Spector pauses. He closes his eyes and rubs his brow.

SPECTOR

Yeah, what the hell, fine. I'll do it.

ROBIN

There we go! I knew my Spector was the best one!

Robin stands up, satisfied, giving Spector a small peck on the cheek and heading for the door.

SPECTOR

You don't wanna help me clean up?

ROBIN

I'm only here to help you with the problems we get paid for. This don't qualify, soldier.

Robin exits and SLAMS the door behind her. A painting falls from the wall and hits the ground. Spector falls back onto his bed, and exhales another cloud of smoke.

INT. SPECTOR'S CAR - DAY

Spector travels down a thin dirt road in between trees, scanning the area outside with his eyes. Finally, he breaks through the trees and enters a large field. The dirt road ends.

He drifts his car off, parking next to the tree line, before exiting.

EXT. GRASS FIELD - DAY

Spector, now looking slightly less messy than before, trudges along the field in silence. He appears awkward in the daylight, as if his natural habitat is in that smokey hotel room.

Finally, after moving over a hill, he finds a small area in the distance encircled by yellow tape and one police car. He moves forward.

EXT. GRASS FIELD - DAY

When Spector reaches the crime scene, OFFICER MIKE (mid 50's) takes notice and approaches him with a determined walk.

OFFICER MIKE

H- Hey! Stop right there!

SPECTOR

Calm down, officer. I'm Spector. We called ahead.

(pause)

Or at least I think we did.

OFFICER MIKE

(pause)

Oh! You're the guy who that nice woman called about earlier, right?

SPECTOR

Yeah, that's me. I'm here to take a look, if you don't mind.

Officer Mike's previously hostile attitude deflates almost instantly.

OFFICER MIKE

Uh, yeah. If you're with the government, guess I can't say no!

SPECTOR

Thank you, officer.

Spector, dropping his respectful act, moves straight past Officer Mike and dips below the tape, looking at the patch of grass in front of him. He scans the area robotically.

Officer Mike stays behind the tape, observing Spector pull out and put on black gloves, squat down and begin touching the grass.

OFFICER MIKE

Sorry for the scare back there, agent. Guess I just didn't expect you to look so young! Thought you were some asshole teenager coming to mess up the crime scene!

SPECTOR

Hm. I get told that a whole lot, man.

OFFICER MIKE

Get told what, agent?

SPECTOR

That I look real young. Too young for what I do.

OFFICER MIKE

Hmm.

SPECTOR

Oh, and I'm not an agent. I don't work under the government.

OFFICER MIKE

Oh yeah! The nice woman on the phone tried explaining that. Didn't make too much sense, to be honest.

SPECTOR

I work contractually for the governments. Think of the government hiring a private detective.

OFFICER MIKE

Huh, I've never heard of anything like that before. Sounds a bit desperate.

SPECTOR

Well, the government can get a bit desperate sometimes.

(scoffs)

I guess I'm the result.

Spector suddenly takes notice of a large imprint in the ground. It somewhat resembles a rectangular shape.

SPECTOR

What's this?

OFFICER MIKE

Oh, that? That's a piece of evidence that has us stumped. Can't be a footprint, or anything like that.

SPECTOR

Yeah, the imprint is far too deep, and I've never seen a shoe in this shape before.

(pause)

It's like someone dropped a brick, or a metal ingot into the ground.

The imprint holds Spector's attention for a while.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY (DUSK)

Spector sits on the sidewalk outside of a small diner. Next to him is a drink with a straw stabbed through it and a thin piece of paper with a small burger sitting on it.

Spector snatches the burger off of the paper and shoves it into his mouth like he hasn't eaten in days. In his other hand, he types on his phone, then holds it up to his ear.

He waits for a brief second as the ringtone RINGS. A voice is heard on the other end.

ROBIN (V.O.)

What's up, idiot?

SPECTOR

You know, I count that as workplace harassment. I should call HR.

ROBIN (V.O.)

What HR? The government? Good luck trying to get them to give a shit about a Spector.

SPECTOR

Yeah. I guess you have a good point.

(pause)

Whatcha up to?

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

Robin sits on her bed, lounging in a loose shirt and a pair of sweatpants. An open box of cheese-its sits next to her. "The Bachelorette" plays on her television, illuminating the darkened room.

ROBIN
You know. Important detective work.

She grabs a handful of cheese-its and shoves them in her mouth.

SPECTOR (V.O.)
Hm. Trying to steal my job, huh?

ROBIN
(while chewing)
Yesh.

EXT. RESTURAUNT - DAY (DUSK)

SPECTOR
Having dinner?

ROBIN (V.O.)
Probably, yeah. Have you eaten anything today?

Spector holds up his half-eaten burger and examines it.

SPECTOR
Well actually, I'm having myself a gourmet, five-star meal for dinner!

ROBIN (V.O.)
Uh-huh. How's the burger?

Spector feigns shock.

SPECTOR
Wha- how'd you know?

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

ROBIN
You like burgers. They're always your go-to food whenever you travel.

SPECTOR (V.O.)
Huh. Guess I'm not as mysterious as I thought.

ROBIN
Yeah, guess not.
(pause)
Hey, listen. You calling just to talk? Or do you have something new about the

case?

EXT. RESTURAUNT - DAY (DUSK)

Spector pauses. His face drops. He doesn't want to talk about the case.

SPECTOR

To be honest, I'm really finding it hard to care about this case. The only guys killed are some government agents, so it isn't a *huge* loss.

(pause)

I guess I'm just starting to think I'm not adding anything by taking this one on. Like, this one seems a bit peculiar, yeah. But so far there's no evidence that it was anything more than a inter-agency scuffle for some document I don't give a shit about or something.

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

ROBIN

Hm. I guess I understand. Listen, even if it doesn't fall under our jurisdiction, we still got hired to solve it, which means we'll get paid.

EXT. RESTURAUNT - DAY (DUSK)

ROBIN (V.O.)

All you have to do is solve it, and whether its a wendigo or a three-way heart attack, they'll pay up.

SPECTOR

Yeah, I guess so. I guess that I'm just stuck on a case I'm just struggling to care about.

ROBIN (V.O.)

Stuck?

SPECTOR

Oh. Yeah. I checked the crime scene out today. Besides a weird imprint in the ground and an empty briefcase, there isn't much to go off of.

ROBIN (V.O.)

Well, have you checked the bodies?
There could be something there.

SPECTOR

I read the autopsy reports. Nothing
unusual there, besides the brutal
cause of death.

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

Robin leans forward in bed, taking a bit more interest in the
conversation.

ROBIN

Okay, listen. How about this. Go check
out the bodies for yourself. And if
there's nothing there, we can just
call it early.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY (DUSK)

SPECTOR

Call it early?

ROBIN (V.O.)

Yeah. We give the government a half-
assed theory about the inter-agency
scuffle and we move on.

Spector pauses, contemplating her proposition.

SPECTOR

Okay, yeah. Sounds like a plan.

INT. ROBIN'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

Robin leans back again, satisfied that her words have gotten
Spector to stop whining.

ROBIN

Good to hear. Now listen, I'd like to
see who this girl ends up picking as
her date without any distractions.

SPECTOR (V.O.)

Alright, alright. I get the idea. Ill
let you be.

ROBIN

And Spector-

SPECTOR (V.O.)

Yeah?

ROBIN

If there was nothing weird about this case, the government wouldn't be shopping it out to people like us.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY (DUSK)

Spector sits, silently, caught a little off guard by Robin's statement.

ROBIN (V.O.)

Goodnight, Spector.

SPECTOR

Night.

Spector hangs up and shoves the phone into his pocket. He sits there on the sidewalk, completely silent. Suddenly he gets up, picks up his food, and walks off.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Spector stands in a white laboratory, tapping his foot on the tiled floor. Suddenly, a woman in a white lab coat, PALMER (late 30's) bursts out of two thin doors with a cart. On the cart is a white sheet. Under the white sheet, a distinct outline of a body can be seen.

PALMER

Sorry for taking so long, mister...

SPECTOR

Spector.

PALMER

Mister Spector, sir. I didn't know anyone was coming by today.

SPECTOR

Yeah, it's a hit or miss thing whether they notify people of my arrival or not. Kind of annoying.

PALMER

Well, either way. I'm glad you're here. I was expecting *somebody* to show up, but nobody did until you.

SPECTOR

Wait, you were expecting someone from the government to come examine the bodies?

PALMER

Well, yeah.

SPECTOR

But I thought that the coroner's report showed a complete autopsy and nothing came up?

PALMER

(cautiously)

Well, that's where I did something I'm not fully proud of. Look here.

Palmer lifts up the sheet to show the body's fingers. With a small pointer, she points to each finger.

PALMER

On the right hand, on individual fingers, there were traces of a small, gooey substance. Initially I thought it was mucus of some kind. But I was wrong.

Palmer puts down the pointer and leads a curiously intrigued Spector to a computer monitor. She pulls up photographs and readings of the substance on her computer.

PALMER

These are the results of various tests on the substance found on the body's fingers. Typical stuff. But everything flipped on its head here.

Palmer points to a strange pattern of sting-like simulations.

SPECTOR

What's that?

PALMER

I think, that it's DNA.

SPECTOR

That doesn't look like any DNA I've ever seen, doctor.

PALMER

Exactly, this doesn't match any known lifeform on Earth. Whatever this substance is, its DNA doesn't resemble anything I've ever seen. We literally couldn't identify it.

SPECTOR

Well, holy shit.

PALMER

Yeah, holy shit.

(pause)

Listen, that's why I wanted to talk to a government official, or at least someone who knows something about this.

Spector backs away from the computer screen and turns around, pondering while staring off into space. Suddenly, he spins back around to face Palmer.

SPECTOR

Okay, first thing: don't mention this to anyone. We don't want to bring any unnecessary attention to ourselves.

PALMER

Um, okay, I guess.

SPECTOR

Next, I need to know where you keep the information gathered about the bodies' identities. Stuff like name, age, employer. All that stuff.

PALMER

Oh. We ship that stuff to an office downtown. Here's the address.

Palmer turns and quickly jots down an address onto a small scrap of paper. She turns back and hands it to Spector. Spector takes a look at the paper, and then nods at Palmer.

SPECTOR

Thanks, Doctor Palmer. I'll see you.

Spector speed-walks towards the doors of the morgue, but is stopped by Palmer's words.

PALMER

But be careful, I'm not sure if you're

allowed in or not, they're super protective of stuff down there.

SPECTOR

(smugly)

Don't worry. I'm not sure I'm the type of guy to ask for permission.

Spector then bursts through the doors, leaving Doctor Palmer behind.

INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Inside a tall corridor, walled by massive shelves of endless files, Spector sits on a precariously-situated ladder with a flashlight, rummaging through boxes of files.

He looks through one box, and becomes dissatisfied, casually tossing the box below him. He then reaches deep into the shelf and pulls out another box of files.

From the other end of the hallway, a young security guard emerges and notices Spector and the mess that he's making. A face of slight shock paves over the guard. Nervous and confused, the guard approaches Spector.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh, hello? Mister?

Spector suddenly re-adjusts to reality, and notices the security guard.

SPECTOR

Oh, hey man.

SECURITY GUARD

Um, sir, the building's closed.

Spector pauses, then takes a look at his watch.

SPECTOR

Shit, guess it is. Whatever, just gimme a minute.

Spector then returns to rummaging through the files, as if nothing is wrong. The security guard is stunned and clearly confused as to what to do.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you to leave. You're not allowed to be here.

SPECTOR

Yeah, in a minute.

(pause)

Hey, I'm looking for classifications under the letter "D". Where'd that be?

SECURITY GUARD

(unsure of what else to do)

Uh. A little to your right, I guess?

Spector turns to his right and takes notice of a box he hadn't checked yet. He turns back to the guard and nods, satisfied. He pulls the box out and almost instantly finds what he's looking for.

An official government paper reads: AGENT BRIAN DAVIS, UNDER EMPLOYMENT AND DIRECTION OF DIRECTOR ROBERT STEIN.

Spector crumples the paper into his jacket pocket, then slides down the ladder, reaching eye level with the security guard.

SPECTOR

Thanks, man. See you.

Spector then walks right past the stunned guard and right out the door.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh, hey! You can't do that! Hey wait!

INT. SPECTOR'S CAR - DAY

Spector drives through a metropolitan area. Tall, glistening building tower over the streets. He occasionally glances down at his phone for instructions on where to go.

He finally reaches a gigantic skyscraper that catches his eye. He pulls into the underground parking lot and lands in a far away parking space, almost in the shadows.

Once he shuts his car off, he pulls the rumpled file out of his jacket pocket, and uncrumples it. He reexamines the name: ROBERT STEIN. After seemingly re-remembering the name, he grabs his keys and exits the car.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Spector floats through the crowded office space like he lives there, analytically looking at the names outside of doors for his target.

Suddenly, an older-looking security guard grabs Spector's arm to stop him. Spector face feigns great annoyance.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Hey son, what're you doing here?

SPECTOR
Goin' to see Director Stein. Who's asking?

SECURITY GUARD #2
Me, son. You've got clearance?

Spector reaches into his pocket and pulls out a black ID card. It has an unusual design and insignia. Spector never loses eye contact with the guard.

The guard's eyes widen a little upon sight of Spector's ID. The same annoyance that washed over Spector's face washes over the guard's face. The guard lets go of Spector's arm.

SPECTOR
That's what I thought.

Spector turns and walks forward as he returns his ID to his pocket. The guard continues throwing his look of anger and annoyance at Spector.

SECURITY GUARD #2
(quietly)
Goddamn spectors.

INT. DIRECTOR STEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A massive, mostly empty office room is bathed in blinding white sunlight. A desk sits at the end of the room. Sitting at the desk, is DIRECTOR STEIN (mid 40's) a tall, stone wall of a man.

He observes papers on his desk. They are actually printouts of photographs of the bodies of the three agents. As he stares silently, a look of quiet disappointment crawls over him.

This looks changes to wide-eyed curiosity when a knock is heard at his door. He methodically stacks the photos and drops them in a desk drawer.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Come in.

Spector appears through the door in a seemingly casual mood.

He closes the door behind him. He pauses, then waves his hand in a sarcastic sign of friendliness.

SPECTOR
(smiling)
Hi.

Spector's almost playful tone is contrasted immediately by Director Stein's stern seriousness.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Should I know you?

SPECTOR
Probably not.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Good, I'd never want to know anyone
who dresses like that.

Spector feigns offense, and takes a look at his own leather jacket.

SPECTOR
Ouch, sir. I didn't think we'd be
talking about my fashion choices
today.

DIRECTOR STEIN
I didn't think we'd be talking at all
today.
(pause)
Who are you?

Spector approaches the desk slowly, in his same casual, carefree strut.

SPECTOR
Well, you've heard of the three dead
agents found out in the fields about
ten miles out?

Stein nods.

SPECTOR
Well, I'm the guy who's been hired to
found out what happened to them.

As Spector pulls out chair and sits in front of Stein's desk, a look a stern realization appears on Stein's face.

DIRECTOR STEIN
You're a spectator.

SPECTOR
Yep. I guess so.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Which one?

SPECTOR
F-2715.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Hm. I should look you up.

SPECTOR
Director Stein, you know you can't
look up a Spector's identity. It's
against the rules.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Unfortunately, your kind doesn't have
any rules. So why should I respect
them?

Spector's mood shifts slightly.

SPECTOR
Because we exist for a reason, Robert.
And it isn't to make you happy.

The room becomes silent. The two stare at each other like
wolves who are about to kill one another.

DIRECTOR STEIN
You're here to ask about the agents.

SPECTOR
Yes, I am. Specifically the one under
your command, Agent Brian Davis. I
know that the other two were CIA, but
Davis was FBI. He was yours.
(pause)
And now he's dead.

Stein doesn't give any kind of response. He just sits,
silently. Spector rolls his eyes dramatically.

SPECTOR
Director Stein, I need you to
cooperate. You understand how serious

this is, don't you?

DIRECTOR STEIN

This is a serious scenario.
Unfortunately, our own private
investigation was stomped out when the
higher-ups decided they wanted to shop
this case out to you people.

(pause)

So, Spector, I know even less than you
do. I have nothing to speak to you
about.

Spector stares at Stein. The gears in his head turn, and he realizes that Stein will give him absolutely nothing. He raises from his chair and walks out without a word.

Director Stein stares at the door where Spector exited. He breathes a slow, subtle sigh of relief. A look of slight regret washes over him.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Spector stomps into the empty parking garage. Each footstep he makes echoes throughout the concrete building. As he raises his attention to his car, he notices a silhouetted figure leaning against his car.

Spector perks up. He keeps his eyes on the figure and now moves slowly, silently towards his car, and towards the figure. The figure's head perks up, and the two make eye contact.

The figure, a small woman named WILLIAMS (early 20's) comes into focus. She looks timid, and nervous. Spector, sensing little chance of danger, lowers his guard and approaches Williams slightly more relaxed.

Spector stops just feet away from Williams. He gives her a look of curious confusion for a moment, then speaks.

SPECTOR

Hello?

WILLIAMS

(sheepishly)

You're the guy whose investigating
Davis's death, right?

SPECTOR

Yeah, that's me. Who are you?

Williams pauses for a brief moment.

WILLIAMS
I'm Williams. I'm an agent here.

SPECTOR
Huh. So you knew Davis?

WILLIAMS
Yes.

SPECTOR
Were you two close?

Williams perks up at this question.

WILLIAMS
Oh, no. Not at all. To be honest,
Davis was kind of an asshole.

SPECTOR
Oh, sorry about that.

WILLIAMS
Well, until he wasn't.

Spector perks up. He takes interest in this statement.

SPECTOR
"Until he wasn't." What do you mean?

WILLIAMS
One day, he just, became nicer. Like
really nice. It was like he had an
epiphany or something. He also got
more sheepish. More nervous.
(pause)
Like me, I guess.

SPECTOR
Do you have any clue as to why his
personality changed so suddenly?

WILLIAMS
No clue. It just baffled me. But
that's why I wanted to talk to you.

SPECTOR
Why?

WILLIAMS

Because ten miles out. Near where the-
(pause)
-bodies were found. There's a
building. On the outside its just a
factory or a warehouse or something.

SPECTOR

But on the inside it's different.

WILLIAMS

Yeah. Although we never see what
really happens. We just provide
security, assistance, that kind of
stuff.

SPECTOR

Wait, "we"?

WILLIAMS

Yeah, Director Stein offers our
services to whatever agency runs that
place.

SPECTOR

The FBI doesn't run the place?

WILLIAMS

Not at all, we're just hired help. I
have no idea who's actually in charge.

Spector stares off into space for a moment, contemplating
what's been said to him.

WILLIAMS

Listen, I understand you're a spector,
right?

SPECTOR

Yeah, I am.

WILLIAMS

That means that you don't really
follow all that clearance rule stuff,
right?

SPECTOR

I don't, but I can get in trouble for
it if I poke into something I don't
understand.

Williams herself pauses, trying to come up with an argument.

WILLIAMS

Well, please, just listen. I think whatever killed Davis and those two CIA agents came from that facility. I'm not sure I could go in all the way.

(pause)

But if there was someone who had more experience in this kind of stuff, who could find what he's looking for better than I could, maybe we could figure out what happened to Davis.

SPECTOR

You want me to sneak into the facility to investigate?

WILLIAMS

Please, I'm desperate here. Everyone is scared after the bodies were found. I'm scared. Please

Spector stares at Williams. He thinks.

SPECTOR

You really care about this, don't you?

WILLIAMS

Right now, more than anything.

SPECTOR

(pause)

Okay. I'll do it.

Williams sighs in relief and almost jumps for joy. She throws herself forward and hugs Spector.

WILLIAMS

Thank you! Thank you! This means a lot to me. I don't wanna die the same way Davis did. I just can't.

SPECTOR

And you won't. We'll figure this out.

Williams pulls herself back from Spector and pushes down her relief.

SPECTOR

Okay, we shouldn't leave together. That would be a one-way ticket to being found out.

WILLIAMS
Okay, so what do we do?

SPECTOR
(pause, thinking)
Meet me tonight, when your shift at
the facility would normally begin.
That's when you'll get me in that
building.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Tonight. I guess I'll see you
then.

Spector approaches his car.

SPECTOR
(sarcastically)
Yep. Tonight. Don't worry, it'll be a
fun time.

Spector slams his car door behind him. Williams backs away,
allowing Spector to pull out of the parking spot.

INT. SPECTOR'S CAR - DAY

Spector starts up his car, and then pulls out. As he begins
driving forward towards the exit, he sees Williams watching
him leave.

He makes brief eye contact with her, before he turns his head
forward and drives into the sunlight, leaving Williams in the
dark parking lot.

EXT. SECRET FACILITY - NIGHT

A wide, chain-link fence guards distant lights and sounds.
Williams stands by the fence, anxious. Suddenly, a CRUNCH of
grass puts her on edge.

WILLIAMS
(scared)
Uh, hello? Who's there?

Spector appears from the bushes, in a suit and with his hair
looking slightly less messy.

SPECTOR
(sarcastically)
How's my Halloween costume?

Williams relaxes, and exhales.

WILLIAMS

Sort of convincing. I guess. Here,
take this, you'll need it.

Williams reaches into her pocket and pulls out an ID card with Spector's face on it. It reads: JOHN HENDERSON. Spector takes a hold of it and studies it.

SPECTOR

Nice fake name. 'Bout as convincing as
me so it'll work well.

WILLIAMS

That's not the only thing. Look here.

Williams points to a part of the ID below the fake name. It reads: LEVEL FOUR.

WILLIAMS

Your level tells the people inside how
deep into the facility you're allowed
to go. I'm only level two.

SPECTOR

So I'll be able to check out more than
you'd ever be able to?

WILLIAMS

Exactly. And once you've seen what you
need to see, get whatever evidence you
need to get, or steal whatever you
need to steal, just leave right the
way you came. You should be safe then.

SPECTOR

Alright, sounds like a plan to me.

(pause)

You, hang back. Don't wanna risk you
being associated with me or any break
in.

WILLIAMS

Trust me, I'm scared enough as it is.
I don't plan on going in there.

SPECTOR

Good to hear. Scared isn't always bad.

Spector gives Williams a smug smile, then climbs over the fence. He leaps down and hits the grass below him.

As he begins walking forward, Williams calls out to him, catching his attention.

WILLIAMS

Hey, Spector.

Spector turns around and makes eye contact with Williams.

WILLIAMS

I don't know too much about spectors, but I know that you didn't have to do this. You could've chosen any other case or just passed right through here.

(pause)

I'm just really scared, of whatever's going on. So, someone like you caring about this, even a little bit, means a lot to me.

Spector's smile is gone. He studies Williams' face.

SPECTOR

(caught off guard)

Of course. Glad I could help.

Spector slowly turns back towards the facility and disappears into the darkness. Williams stands idly.

Spector approaches the facility, a large concrete box, buzzing with people and lights. Spector hears the FLUTTERING of a large helicopter overhead.

Spector turns his attention to the front doors of the facility. They are massive, yet alone in the wall of the building. There are no windows or any other types of exits.

Spector takes a deep breath, then exhales, before moving to the front doors. He moves towards the doors, which he then stands in front of.

Suddenly, a wide beam of light punctures the air and scans Spector. It then vanishes completely. The massive doors then open. Spector, looking nervous himself, pauses for a moment, before moving inside.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - NIGHT

Inside is a small dark room. Spector, alone in the room, is trapped when the door to the outside is closed behind him. He jumps when the door SLAMS shut. After a moment, a voice comes over a loud speaker.

DOOR GUARD
(emotionless)
Name?

SPECTOR
Uh, Henderson. John.

DOOR GUARD
Level of identification?

SPECTOR
(stuttering)
Four. Level four.

The room becomes silent. Spector pauses in anticipation, in fear.

DOOR GUARD
Okay, you're clear. Head down to
inner-section five.

SPECTOR
Yeah su- Yes sir!

The massive doors in front of Spector open, and he walks forward.

INT. FACILITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Spector carefully moves into a gigantic auditorium filled with scientists, armed guards, and other FBI agents in suits.

The room is vaguely circular, and is organized into smaller and smaller rings of walkways, which move further downward until there is a small circular room at the center, which is illuminated by one singular light. There is some kind of table or podium in the center, but Spector can't exactly make out what is on it.

ROBOT
May I help you, sir?

Spector jumps. Next to him is a human sized machine. It is metallic and clunky. Its chest has a screen displaying the words that it just spoke, while its head simply has two white dots for eyes. Spector stares at it, confused and nervous.

SPECTOR
Um, hello. Just trying to get to
inner-section five.

The machine springs into movement, wrapping its arm around Spector, then pointing, with its other arm, to the ring of walkways just outside the center room.

ROBOT

You're looking for that one, sir!
Anything else I can help you with?

SPECTOR

Uh, no. I-

Spector's eyes trail down the machine to its feet. They are large, and somewhat rectangular in shape.

ROBOT

Are you okay, sir?

Spector's eyes dart back up to the machine's glowing eyes.

SPECTOR

Oh, yeah, I'm fine! And no, there's
nothing else you can help me with,
thank you!

Spector shoves an interaction-ending smile into his face. The emotionless robot stares back at him for a moment.

ROBOT

Alright! Have a good day.

The robot then CLUNKS past Spector, stomping with every step. Spector locks eyes with the machine, not letting it out of his sights, until a human voice catches his attention.

SCIENTIST #1

That thing isn't buggin' you too much,
is it?

SPECTOR

Oh, not at all. Just giving me
directions, that sort of thing. You
know.

SCIENTIST #1

Yeah, I get you. Christ, those things
freak me out. Ever since they
installed that advanced A.I. program
in them, they've been trying to act...

(pause)

...human. It's just weird.

SPECTOR

Yeah. Sounds, looks, and feels real creepy.

(pause)

And you said A.I.?

SCIENTIST #1

Yeah, artificial intelligence. Lets the robots think and preform experiments we can't.

(pause)

How come you don't know that? Didn't they send out a message to everyone?

SPECTOR

Oh, I only recently got a level four clearance. Must've missed the message.

SCIENTIST #1

Hm. Guess so.

(pause)

Well, either way, that hasn't stopped this place from losing its mind because of the missing machine.

The scientist vaguely gestures to a wall behind him. Spector gives it a look.

On the wall hang several similar robots to the one he just met, all limp and with no lights whatsoever. However, a space for one robot is empty.

SPECTOR

When did that one go missing?

SCIENTIST #1

Just before that kid turned up dead. Now this place is a goddamn mess.

SPECTOR

Agent Davis?

SCIENTIST #1

Yeah, and the two CIA agents. First, the robot goes missing, then the sample goes missing, and then three agents turn up dead, one of them from here! No wonder everyone is losing their minds!

SPECTOR
(mind elsewhere)
Yeah, crazy times.

The scientist moves in close to Spector.

SCIENTIST #1
And hey, between you and me, kid. I'd
stay careful outside of work. Heard
there's a spector working the case
with the dead agents.

Spector feigns surprise.

SPECTOR
A spector? Really?

SCIENTIST #1
Yeah, really. And I don't know if
you've every come across one of those
guys before, but they're bad news. I'd
rather this stay as far away from any
spector and the public as much as
possible.

SPECTOR
Totally agree with you, man.

SCIENTIST #1
Yeah. Anyway, don't wanna waste time
and make the big guys mad. Seeya
around, kid.

The scientist then moves past Spector, walking away.

SPECTOR
Yeah, See ya.

Spector then turns his attention to the center of the
facility. He stares for a moment, then moves to an elevator
in the wall.

CUT TO:

Spector emerges from the elevator, now in a circular walkway
lined with rooms on one side, and open to the center podium
on the other side.

Spector, now close to the podium stares at it. One the podium
sits an empty glass box. He turns his attention the the rooms
behind him. He spots a room with two scientists exiting

through the doors.

He speed-walks towards them and catches the door before it closes, and he slips inside. Inside, the room is dark, only illuminated through the windows to the center podium light.

Several tables line the room, and stacks of folders and paper cover them. Spector scans and frantically searches the tables. Suddenly, and singular folder catches his attention.

The cover of the folder reads: MOOD DIFFERENCES AFTER CONTACT. Spector opens the folder and pulls out a piece of paper. He studies it intensely. Spector breathes in, exhales, then shoves the paper into his blazer pocket.

SCIENTIST #2

What are you doing, sir?

Spector spins around, his hand still in his blazer. A young scientist in a white lab coat too big for him stands in the doorway.

SPECTOR

Just, uh, gathering papers for
Director Stein.

SCIENTIST #2

Doesn't Director Stein have all of the
papers in the facility on his
computer?

Spector stands still, unsure of how exactly to respond.

SPECTOR

Listen, I don't know why he wants the
papers, I'm just doing what he asked.

SCIENTIST #2

(pause)

Oh, okay.

The room falls silent as both Spector and the scientist don't move.

SPECTOR

(quickly)

Cool, bye!

Spector then speeds out of the room, and right past the scientist, who stands in place, still confused.

Spector jams himself into the elevator with two armed guards,

then mashes one of the buttons to go up. As the elevator rises, Spector anxiously taps his foot rapidly. The two guards stare at him with confusion and suspicion.

Spector glances behind at the guards, and gives them a smile that's a little too big. Once the doors finally open, Spector speeds out and directly towards the massive exit doors. The guards continue staring at him as the door shut behind him.

EXT. SECRET FACILITY - NIGHT

Spector continues fast-walking as he leaves the facility, the exit doors slamming behind him. However, after getting a little ways from the facility, he begins slowing down, and he breathes a sigh of relief.

Behind him, the doors open again, and several armed guards exit the building.

ARMED GUARD #1

Hey, you! Stop right there.

Spector instantly sprints forward into the grass, and the squad of guards gives chase.

Spector runs forward, spotting a dense, dark forest in front of him. He glances behind him one more time before vanishing into the forest. The guards, armed with flashlights and assault rifles, follows behind Spector.

Spector jumps over branches and roots, and darts in and out of moonlight. The guards follow suit, but then the start flashing their flashlights all around them. They slow down, confused. As they stop, no more footsteps can be heard anywhere in the forest.

One of the guards notices something on the ground in front of him. He shines his light on it, then squats down to pick it up. He studies it to find a picture of Spector, along with the name: JOHN HENDERSON.

In the distance, an engine ROARS to life, and two shining lights appear through the forest. The guards perk up.

ARMED GUARD #1

Move!

The team then runs towards the lights, breaching through the edge of the forest, onto a small dirt road. A black car speeds out just in front of them, and leaves dust in the guards' faces.

As the car drives away, one of the guards stands silently, before his face turns into a furious frown. He slams his rifle onto the ground.

ARMED GUARD #1
GOD DAMMIT!

The rest of the guards stand still as the car vanishes into the darkness.

EXT. PARK - DAY

In a large grass park, shaded by trees, played in by children, and shifted by a gentle breeze, Robin sits on a park bench by a concrete path. She stares off into the distance, emotionless, with earbuds in her ears.

She takes notice of a man and a woman sitting in the grass, laying with each other and talking. Her eyes slowly shift, almost becoming somber.

From behind her, Spector approaches. He taps her shoulder, and she snaps out of her thoughts and takes her headphones out.

ROBIN
(sarcastic)
Oh no. It's you.

SPECTOR
Yep. Your worst nightmare, sorry.

Spector steps around her and sits opposite her on the bench. In his hands, he holds a beige folder. Robin glances at the folder, then brings her eyes back up to Spector.

ROBIN
Wow. That's such a
(pause)
great Christmas present.

SPECTOR
Sorry, too broke to give you a present
this year. Also, it's April.

ROBIN
Can't a girl hope you'd plan ahead or
something?

Spector throws a doubtful look at Robin.

ROBIN

Okay, yeah. It isn't like you plan ahead for literally anything. Otherwise I'd be unemployed.

(pause)

So what're you here for? I was busy.

SPECTOR

Yeah, I seemed to interrupt some really important soulful longing.

ROBIN

(sarcastic)

What could I possibly be longing for?

Spector seems a little hurt by this comment. He pauses briefly before he responds.

SPECTOR

I never know. Maybe another creative way to annoy the hell out of me. Anyways-

Robin rolls her eyes at Spector's words. A slight smile curves her lips.

Spector looks down at the folder and opens it. As he looks back up at Robin, her smile vanishes suddenly.

SPECTOR

So, last night, I did some important investigating stuff.

ROBIN

Utterly enthralling. What super-duper "important investigating" did you do?

SPECTOR

(quickly)

I kind of broke into a secret facility and stole some files.

Robin's face drops.

ROBIN

(sternly)

I'm sorry, you did what?

SPECTOR

Yeah. So, it turns out that there's this secret facility outside of town.

With the help of this FBI agent, I got myself in, saw some crazy shit, stole some crazy shit, then left!

ROBIN
(scolding)
Spector! Why did you not tell me about this?

SPECTOR
Oh, and there's alien goo on one of the dead agents' bodies.

Robin's face somehow becomes more shocked by this information.

ROBIN
Spector, this is serious shit! There's an alien involved? Do you at least know what species it is?

SPECTOR
Well, not really-

ROBIN
Christ, man! You need to tell me this stuff! This is super serious to the investigation!

Spector's face has retreated into being a child getting scolded by his mother.

SPECTOR
Dude, I'm sorry! I just,
(pause)
didn't wanna bother you.

Robin stares at Spector. He almost looks like a kicked puppy. She pauses, then her face returns to some sort of stern normalcy. Her voice becomes slightly quieter. She sighs.

ROBIN
Okay, fine. Well, next time, bother me. You're not *that* unbearable to me.

Spector's face brightens a bit. He smirks.

ROBIN
Well? Whatchu find?

SPECTOR
Okay, yeah. So, this facility has some

seriously weird shit. There are these big robots with artificial intelligence installed in them.

ROBIN

Robots? And there's A.I. in every single one of them?

SPECTOR

Yeah! Except, one's missing. The ones they aren't using are hung up on the wall, and there's just an empty spot where one would be.

ROBIN

Huh. Could it have been moved to some other facility?

SPECTOR

I don't think that's likely. Don't think they'd give one random robot away to some other random facility that I've never even heard of.

ROBIN

Okay, okay. Anything else?

SPECTOR

Yeah, there was this small podium with glass over it, but there was nothing under the glass.

ROBIN

Do you think that there was anything under the glass that you could have missed?

SPECTOR

(pause)

Maybe.

ROBIN

(pause)

What're you thinking?

SPECTOR

I think that whatever alien we're dealing with was contained in that facility, under that glass.

(pause)

And I think it got out.

ROBIN
How would it get out?

SPECTOR
I don't know, Robin. I've never seen the thing, I just know that they used these super intelligent robots to only *assist* in dealing with whatever was in that glass container.

ROBIN
Which means that they cared more about what was under the glass than the A.I. robots.

SPECTOR
Exactly.

ROBIN
So, you think that this thing is being contained and experimented on, and then it escapes somehow and kills three government agents?

SPECTOR
It's my best theory, so far.

Robin lets out a slow exhale, looking back to where the couple used to be. Now, there is no one there. She stares for a moment, before snapping back to Spector.

ROBIN
Okay, listen. That's a good first draft of a theory. But there's some stuff that doesn't add up.

SPECTOR
Like?

ROBIN
The missing robot? What happened to that? I doubt it's just a random coincidence that one of their hyper-intelligent robots goes missing right as their alien goes missing, too.
(pause)
Plus, what about the dead agents? Why was one FBI agent meeting with two CIA guys? And was the alien goo on the other two guys?

SPECTOR

No.

ROBIN

There we go! So how'd they die if they were killed by the same alien?

Spector begins staring off in nothingness. He sighs.

SPECTOR

Yeah. I guess you're right. Plus the FBI agent who helped me out, Williams. She said that agent Davis' behavior changed shortly before he died. He suddenly changed from kind of an asshole to this empathetic do-gooder.

Spector reaches down to the open folder and pulls out the file he stole, handing it to Robin.

SPECTOR

I think that this file has something to do with whatever happened to Davis.

Robin scans the page with her eyes, before gazing back up at Spector.

ROBIN

What's this?

SPECTOR

A study on mood swings caused by close contact with "the sample". Sound familiar?

ROBIN

Sounds just like Davis' behavior before he died.

Robin pauses, leaving the air to hang for a moment. He eyes wander for a second as she thinks. Suddenly, he head swings back to Spector.

ROBIN

You gotta see that agent who let you into the facility again. What as her name?

SPECTOR

Williams.

ROBIN

Williams! You gotta see Williams. She may know more, now that we have some extra context. Plus, if all else fails, she can probably get you more stuff from the facility.

SPECTOR

Yeah, you're right. She would be the most logical next stop.

Spector pushes himself to his feet and snatches the file out of Robin's hand, stuffing it in his pocket.

SPECTOR

Alright, I'm gonna go see her. You hang tight.

Spector steps around Robin and into the grass behind the bench. Robin's eyes once again land on the spot where the couple used to lay. He head whips backwards towards Spector.

ROBIN

Hey, idiot!

Spector turns around to face Robin.

SPECTOR

What do you want, loser?

ROBIN

(lightheartedly)

You better call me afterward. Or I'm gonna be seriously mad.

SPECTOR

Oh no. Wouldn't wanna incur Robin's deadly wrath. Of course I'll call you, dumbass.

Spector smirks, then spins back around and walks off. Robin's face is covered by a huge grin. She turns back around and faces forward. She exhales, then puts her earbuds back into her ears.

INT. SPECTOR'S CAR - DAY

From inside his car, Spector drives through a shady suburban neighborhood. He occasionally glances at his phone for directions.

Finally, after he turns a corner, Spector spots the house he's looking for. He slows down, and parks on the side of the road. After shutting down the engine, Spector exits his car.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Spector jogs across the street to a white one-story house. He walks up a small set of steps until he gets to a maroon red door. Spector KNOCKS on the door.

After a few moments, nothing happens. Spector knocks on the door again, slightly harder. Again, nothing happens.

SPECTOR

(loudly)

Agent Williams? It's me, Spector. I need to talk to you.

Spector waits for a few more moments, until losing his patience and glancing from side to side, studying the house itself. Suddenly, his eyes land, and his brow furrows.

To the right of the door, a window sits in the wall. In the center of the window, a small hole punctures the glass. Spector studies the hole, before slowly turning his head back to the front door.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

The front door SMASHES open, and Spector bursts through. Blinding sunlight streams through the door and windows into the dark and quiet home. Spector scans the room robotically. His gaze is pulled towards the entrance into the other room. A faint, muffled sound flows through the walls.

Spector, infinitely cautious, steps forward slowly. He turns his head to the right, taking notice of the kitchen. On the island in the kitchen, several papers, magazines, and books are strewn about. A bottle of beer sits, open, half empty.

Spector approaches the counter, and his gaze turns to a cellphone next to the beer bottle. He taps the screen, and the phone lights up. On the screen, several notifications pop up.

They read: 6 MISSED CALLS FROM MOM

Below that notification, a text is visible, also from Mom. It reads: BABY, YOU THERE? I'M GETTING WORRIED, CALL BACK WHEN YOU SEE THIS. LOVE YOU :)

Spector's eyes shift into worry, and he whips his head up,

staring randomly into the dark house.

SPECTOR
Agent Williams?

There is no reply.

Spector wades out of the room. The house gets darker, and the sound gets louder. Spector turns the corner, following the sound, and reaches the living room.

The living room is slightly messy with magazines, letters, but overall, upkept and a little empty. The room is only illuminated by a television, which is playing reruns of "The Bachelorette".

Opposite the television sits a large blue couch, a small coffee table, and a recliner in the corner of the room. On the coffee table, several copies of Spector's fake ID card sit. The top one has a bright red stain smeared on it. Spector picks it up, and gives it a fearful look. His eyeline moves up.

A person sits in the recliner, their head slumped down.

Spector moves toward the recliner, and squats down next to it. He glides his hand up to the hair of the person in the chair, gently pulling their head up and allowing their face to be illuminated by the television's light.

It's Williams. Her eyes stare off into nowhere. Her mouth hangs slightly open. A trail of blood falls from inside a hole in her forehead, and moves down her face, dripping off her chin.

Spector stares at Williams silently, his mouth slightly agape. He slowly lowers Williams' head to where it was, then closes his own mouth. Spector's eyes move off into nowhere, and his jaw clenches.

Spector's hand gently lands on Williams' cold hand. His grip of her hand tightens slightly.

He sits on the carpet, bathed in the light of the television, not moving. Suddenly, with a force, he lets go of Williams' hand, stands up straight, then briskly moves into the hallway, without looking back.

As he moves to the front door, a quick BUZZ is heard, and the sound of an hard impact hits the wall behind Spector. He spins around to look at the wall. In the wall is a similar hole to

the one in the window and in Williams' head.

Spector stares at the hole in the wall, briefly curious, before his eyes widen and he jumps to the floor. Immediately after, another quick buzz is heard, and another hole appears in the wall, next to the first one.

Spector desperately crawls into the kitchen, as several other buzzing sounds, followed by hard impacts, are heard. Spector sits against the wall under the window, and a buzzing snaps through the window above him, smacking into the island countertop, leaving a deep hole.

Immediately after, the window is snapped through again. This time, the half-empty beer bottle explodes. Spector wraps his arm around to his back, and he pulls out a large silver pistol. He then reaches into his jacket, pulls out a small rectangular magazine, and smacks it into the bottom of the pistol.

The haze of bullets briefly stops, and Spector notices. He slowly moves his eyesight up to the edge of the window, scanning the outside. At first, there is nothing. However, a black figure suddenly appears from behind a parked car. The figure points a thin rifle at the window.

Spector quickly ducks as another quick succession of bullets fire through the room, shredding the various glasses, utensils, walls, countertops, and papers. However, the bullets suddenly stop again. Spector's eyes widen with realization.

This time, he waits as the bullets shred the room again. When the bullets stop, Spector rises and shoves the barrel of his pistol through one of the holes in the window.

He moves his eye to be positioned right above the barrel. He waits in position for a brief moment. When the figure appears from behind the car, Spector pulls the trigger, causing the muzzle to flash, and sending a loud CRACKING sound echoing through the air.

The window of the car shatters, and the figure flies backward, dropping his rifle. Spector waits a moment, before pushing himself up and sprinting outside.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - DAY

Spector, keeping his pistol up, runs towards the car. As he gets closer, he can see a large splatter of blood covering the shattered glass frame. He moves around the front to the other side of the car.

In the ditch, a man in black clothes and light body armor lays, face down. A pool of dark blood drains onto the sidewalk from his head, which is covered by a black ski mask. Spector squats down to the man and pulls him over, revealing the body's pale, lifeless eyes.

Spector's attention moves to the various pockets that the man has, which he pats down and reaches into. Finally, Spector pauses upon searching one pocket. He pulls out an ID card.

On the card, there are three large letters: FBI

Spector's eyes stare at the ID card with animalistic anger. He breathes shaky breaths in and out of his lungs.

EXT. PARK - DAY (DUSK)

The park is now empty. No children play, no people talk, and no couples lay together in the grass. Orange light vaguely moves through the trees, making everything seem just a bit darker than before.

At the bench where him and Robin spoke earlier, Spector sits, alone. In his hands, he holds the bloody ID card. The smear of blood has since dried into the card. The smear covers the picture of his face on the card in a red tint.

He stares at it, with a solum look on his face. He doesn't move. It's as if he's a statue, frozen in place forever.

SPECTOR (V.O.)
 (quiet, slowly)
 Hey, Robin. It's me.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY (DUSK)

Spector stands at a phone booth. He holds the phone up to his ear.

ROBIN (V.O.)
 Spector? Hey! Sorry I didn't pick up
 at first, didn't recognize the number.
 What's up, moron?

SPECTOR
 (coldly)
 Nothing. Just working. Listen, I need
 your help with something.

INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Director Stein exits his office, shutting the door behind him. He moves through the dark and empty office.

SPECTOR (V.O.)
I need to know what kind of car
Director Stein drives. I also need to
know where he lives. It should be
public information.

Stein enters an elevator, and presses one of the buttons. It closes on his stern face.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Stein exits an elevator into the large, open parking garage. He moves towards a black SUV.

ROBIN (V.O.)
Um, okay. It looks like he drives a
black GMC truck. Big as hell, can't
miss it.

Stein enters the car, and after a moment, it starts up. The headlights turn on, and it exits the parking garage.

INT. DIRECTOR STEIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Stein drives down a dark road in the middle of the woods. He casually picks his teeth as he drives.

ROBIN (V.O.)
It also looks like he lives in this
big ass house outside of town. There's
a long road through the woods you
gotta take to get there. Should be off
Exit 31 on the highway.

Stein puts his hand back on the wheel, and looks forward onto the barely-lit road.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY (DUSK)

Spector continues to hold the phone to his ear. His car can now be seen close by.

SPECTOR
Thanks, Robin. Means a lot.

ROBIN (V.O.)

Spector, you don't sound good. You sound like you did when you found those kids in Arizona a few years back. What's wrong?

(pause)

Okay listen, I know that I give you shit a lot, but you really can talk to me, I actually do care-

Spector casually puts the phone back, hanging up the call. He breathes in, then exhales. He then walks out of the phone booth and steps into his car. In the passenger seat, the sniper rifle that the assailant used earlier now sits here, next to Spector.

He starts his car. The headlights turn on, and he speeds forward.

INT. DIRECTOR STEIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Stein continues speeding down the dark road, alone. It is quiet, only punctuated by the HUM of the car engine. Stein's eyes slide slightly to his right. His face focuses, and his eyes lock on to something in the forest.

In the forest, there is a slight reflection of light. Stein looks as the car passes the reflection. For a brief moment, the reflection takes the shape of a solid man. Stein looks stunned by the sight. His head snaps back to looking forward, and his breaths heave in and out.

Suddenly, a distant, muffled POP is heard. Stein quickly turns his head left, in the direction of the sound, before the car flips.

EXT. LONE ROAD - NIGHT

The car flips forward and rolls, sending metal flying everywhere. As the car finally slows down from its crash, it lands on the edge of the hill, which sits on the edge of the forest. It pauses for a moment, before succumbing to the steep hill, and falling.

The car finally stops when it smashes into two trees, quickly halting its decent. After a moment of silence, Stein desperately crawls out, on his hands and knees, moving through twisted shrapnel and shattered glass.

Managing to get himself into the soft grass, Stein fully collapses onto his back. He is covered in blood, which drips

from his head, both of his forearms, and throughout his torso. Pieces of glass stick out of him.

Stein takes a deep breath and pulls himself up, looking back towards the road. On the other side of the road, another hill moves up higher. A silhouetted man trudges forward, towards the crash, and towards Stein.

Panicking, Stein painfully rises to his feet, and stumbles into the dense forest. Behind him, the figure gives chase, stepping into the moonlight at the edge of the forest. It is Spector, hunting his prey. He holds the thin sniper rifle in his pale hands.

Stein limps further and further into the brush, moving in and out of the moonlight, before finally entering a large clearing in the forest. A beam of moonlight shines through.

Stein looks up at the moon, still. His eyes glow with moonlight. For a brief moment, Stein almost smirks, entranced by the light.

The CRUNCH of grass from behind Stein brings him back to reality, and he spins around. Spector stands there, the rifle readied. Stein's face drops, and becomes almost emotionless.

DIRECTOR STEIN
(attempting to be calm)
What're you doing, Spector?

Spector doesn't respond. Instead, he moves ever so slightly closer. Stein takes a step back.

DIRECTOR STEIN
You could get in a lot of trouble for this. You know that, right?

SPECTOR
(cold)
I know that you ordered Williams' death. I'd worry about that if I were you.

Stein stops. The gears in his head turn as he tries to come up with a response.

SPECTOR
Tell me everything. And don't lie this time.

Stein's breathing becomes slightly faster.

DIRECTOR STEIN
I'm not sure that I can tell you
everyth-

SPECTOR
(boiling with anger)
DON'T TRY ME WITH THAT SHIT!

Spector rushes forward, raising the gun to his eyes. Stein falls to his knees, and his eyes widen as the barrel of the rifle is shoved in his face.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Christ! Okay, okay! Fine!

The two fall silent for a brief moment.

DIRECTOR STEIN
Something, crash landed here about a year back. We didn't know what it was, we didn't understand it. We just knew that people changed when they touched it.

SPECTOR
The alien, I know about that part. It changes people's moods when they touch it?

DIRECTOR STEIN
No. No, it doesn't change people's moods. The thing makes people *like it*.

Spector's angry eyebrows furrow into confusion.

SPECTOR
The hell does that mean?

DIRECTOR STEIN
It means that if you touched the thing, you're brain chemistry changed. You got attached to the thing. You'd get,
(pause)
empathetic.

SPECTOR
The alien makes people care about it?

Stein looks up at Spector, and nods.

DIRECTOR STEIN

We think that it was some sort of defense mechanism. A cheap way of getting out of danger.

The air once again becomes quiet. Spector lowers the gun slightly.

SPECTOR

And that's what happened to Agent Davis.

DIRECTOR STEIN

He was one of the first guys to experiment on the thing. Next thing you know, he's acting different. He's acting weird.

Spector's face changes to acceptance.

SPECTOR

So, Davis stole the alien.

(pause)

It makes him feel for it so much that he steals the thing and leaves.

Stein's eyes lower, as does his voice. An aura of regret hovers over him.

DIRECTOR STEIN

The last thing we determined before you got involved was that he was trying to give the alien to the CIA. A last-ditch attempt to try to protect it from us.

Anger flushes into Spector once again.

SPECTOR

So, you killed them all. You learned about Davis' attempt to deal with a rival agency, so you ordered the assassination of all three of them.

Stein's head snaps back up to Spector's in shock.

DIRECTOR STEIN

What? No!

SPECTOR

(angry)

Yes, yes you did! You killed them, just

like you killed Williams!

DIRECTOR STEIN

No! I swear I didn't! We only found out about the deal after the bodies were already found!

SPECTOR

Then who killed them, Stein? And where's the alien? And what happened to the robot that went missing in the facility?

(pause)

It could only have been you!

DIRECTOR STEIN

No, dear god, I swear! Listen, I'll admit, I found out about what Williams did with you.

(pause)

I did order her death. But I did NOT kill those three agents.

SPECTOR

Then what did, Stein?

A heavy CLUNK is heard. Both Stein and Spector pause and turn to look into the forest. Another heavy clunk.

Stein falls on his backside and crawls backward towards Spector's legs. Spector stands tall and raises his rifle to the source of the sound.

Out of the darkness, a figure enters the moonlight. It appears in the shape of a man. However, it is angular, and reflective of the cool light. It steps forward into the clearing.

A rectangular metal foot lands in the grass, leaving a heavy imprint. It is not a man, but a machine. It is covered in dirt, its metallic skin is heavily dented, and the screen on its chest is glitching. Its small, beady eyes glow with faint light.

Stein's eyes widen in shock. Spector studies the robot with surprised, yet tactical eyes. The screen on its chest begins to display words. As they slowly type onto its chest, the machine speaks.

FERAL ROBOT

(glitching, slow)

How can I help you?

Its eyes suddenly dart down to Stein, and it focuses on him. The machine takes another step forward. As it approaches Stein, its head bounces back, flashing with a small point of sparks. Stein looks back behind himself.

Spector holds the rifle in his hands up to his eye, and fires again. The robot stumbles, but does not fall. Instead, it moves towards the pair despite Spector's repeated gunfire.

The robot speeds up its walk, and Spector leans down and pushes Stein out of the machine's path. It swings its clunky arm towards Spector's torso, and he flies several feet backwards. The rifle is smacked into the grass, several feet away.

Before, Spector can recover from the powerful hit, the robot descends on him, using its cold hand to hold Spector down to the grass. Although he tries to push and fight back against the metallic beast, its strength is just too much.

However, Spector slows down his struggle as he notices movement from inside the machine. From in between the wires and bars and metal parts, a gooey, slithering creature slides out. It extends three slimy tentacles forward towards Spector's face.

In fear, he pulls his head backward towards the ground. The tentacles simply further extend towards his face.

DIRECTOR STEIN

Hey! Over here!

The tentacles pause they're decent, and they slither back into the machine. Out of the backside of the robot, the slimy creature appears to study the now standing Stein.

DIRECTOR STEIN

I'm the one who found you! I'm the one who experimented on you! If there's anyone you should be coming after, it should be me!

The alien takes notice of Stein's words, and disappears back into the robot, which lets go of Spector, who collapses, exhausted. It stands up to face Stein, before trudging towards him.

Stein looks up at the face of the robot, which looks back with cold apathy.

FERAL ROBOT
(broken, glitchy)
Do you feel for me?

Stein refuses to answer, instead clenching his jaw and shutting his eyes. The machine pulls back its fist, before firing forward into Stein's face. Stein instantly collapses to the ground.

The robot leans down to the bloody and swollen Stein, and raises both of its arms into the air. Finally it drops them onto Stein's body, sending a loud CRUNCH through the forest.

Spector spurts out a broken cough, pushing himself up to his feet. He spots the machine above Stein's corpse. It turns to face Spector, who anxiously stands still.

Out of the machine, the alien rises once again. This time, it simply slithers and moves in place, idling. Spector's eyes fall to Stein's broken body. Spector now shares Stein's former look of regret.

Before Spector says anything, the alien slithers back into the robot, which snatches the back of Stein's shirt. It turns to face the forest, and it trudges back into the darkness, tugging Stein's corpse behind it.

Spector stands alone in the now-quiet forest. He is still frozen, like a statue.

ROBIN (V.O.)
So, what happened next?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Spector sits at the same park bench one last time. He stares forward. A young girl plays with her father in the grass.

ROBIN
Spector?

Spector snaps his head to his left, where Robin sits with a clipboard.

ROBIN
You okay?

SPECTOR
Yeah. I'm okay.

He looks back forward. Robin continues staring at him. Her

eyes widen into worry and pity. She sighs.

ROBIN

So, what happened next? You just went home?

SPECTOR

Yeah. Wasn't much else I could do. At least I think.

ROBIN

Okay. So, Stein's gone. And we got our explanation to what happened to the original three agents, and why they were there.

SPECTOR

The alien makes anyone who touches it heavily sympathetic to it. Davis touches it, and becomes super empathetic to the alien.

ROBIN

Enough to steal it and organize a trade with the CIA to ensure its safety.

SPECTOR

Yep. And that's where the missing robot comes in. It kills all three agents and takes the alien for itself.

ROBIN

But what would make the robot loose its shit and go rogue like that?

SPECTOR

The alien itself.

(pause)

The robots have a super-advanced A.I. installed in them. It wouldn't be that far of a jump to say that their minds weren't also affected by the alien's ability.

Robin pauses, and looks off into space for a second. She returns her gaze to Spector.

ROBIN

So, this whole thing was just a captured alien desperately trying to find a way to escape by altering

anything with a mind that happened to touch it. Everything else was a shitty cover-up by Stein?

Spector looks at Robin.

SPECTOR

Yeah. I think that's exactly what happened.

Robin sighs, then glances at her clipboard for a moment.

ROBIN

Okay. Alright. That sounds conclusive to me. I can't really find any holes in that one. I'll submit that one to our clients. We should get a pretty good payout for this one.

(pause)

By the end of the year, we should be able to afford one hell of a vacation, huh?

Robin smirks at Spector, and lightly shoves him with her elbow. Spector doesn't move or even look at Robin. Her smirk fades.

ROBIN

Hey, what's buggin you?

Spector sighs.

SPECTOR

I thought that this was gonna be a nothing case. Something to get an extra buck between here and New Mexico.

(pause)

And now at least five people are dead. I couldn't save even one person.

Robin leans forward.

ROBIN

(softly)

Hey, look at me.

Robin raises her hand to Spector's face, and turns it towards her.

ROBIN

This case was worth taking. Yes, those

people are gone. But now that we know what happened here, the government will send their guys here, and will take care of the problem.

(pause)

No, you didn't save everyone on your own. But because of what you did, nobody else will get hurt. Nobody else will die. Look at all the people here.

The two look out at the park. Several couples walk together. A woman jogs. The little girl continues to play with her father.

ROBIN

This case could've spiraled far out of control if we didn't come here. If you didn't fix things. Now, the goddamn U.S. Army's gonna come and take care of it. We did it.

Spector exhales, and then looks back at Robin. She gives him a truly earnest smile.

ROBIN

Whether you know it or not, you did good.

(pause)

Feel that.

Robin gives Spector a small peck on the cheek. She grabs her clipboard and stands up.

ROBIN

So, we should probably get out of here before the army raids this place lookin' for that piece of sentient metal. I'll book us a flight.

SPECTOR

Yeah. That sounds like a good idea.

Spector looks forward once again. His eyes widen, as if he's thinking about something.

ROBIN

Oh, hey Spector.

Spector turns towards her.

SPECTOR

Yeah?

ROBIN

If we do have enough money to go on vacation this year, I'm thinking Fiji.

Spector's eyes shift into childlike surprise.

SPECTOR

You wanna go, together?

ROBIN

Yeah, why not? Save us money in the long run. Plus, it's fun to drink with you.

Spector is too stunned to respond back with a snarky remark.

SPECTOR

Uh, yeah. Fiji sounds nice.

Robin smirks with self-gratification.

ROBIN

Alright, sounds like a plan.

(pause)

But first, plane to New Mexico. Be at the airport in around an hour, idiot.

SPECTOR

(sarcastically)

I'll be there, you dick.

Robin's eyes roll, and she spins around, walking back through the park.

Spector's gaze once again leans forward. He smiles, and quietly giggles to himself.

INT. SPECTOR'S CAR - DAY

Spector casually drives down the road to his hotel. His eyes are still wide and wonderous after his talk with Robin. He pulls into the parking lot for the hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Spector walks at a brisk pace down the hallway to his room. He fumbles with his keys to find the right one. As he gets to the door, he raises his eyes to the lock. His eyes turn stern and serious instantly.

The door's handle is broken, and the door itself is slightly

open. Spector raises his eyes, and shoves his keys in his pocket. He reaches behind him, and pulls out his pistol.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Spector pushes the door open incredibly slowly. The light of the hallway streams into the dark room. Spector inches inside, his gun raised to his eye-level.

From the bathroom, the muffled sound of RUNNING WATER can be heard. Spector inches towards the bathroom, finally reaches the door, which is also broken, and slightly ajar.

Spector takes a deep breath, then exhales quietly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

Spector smashes into the illuminated bathroom, scanning the room through the barrel of his gun. The water to the sink is running softly.

He turns his gaze towards the tub. Fallen into the shower is the robot that killed Stein. It has smashed against the wall, and is collapsed into the tub.

The machine itself is extremely damaged. Its inside are ripped apart, and there is no room for any alien inside anymore. No lights come from its eyes. One last broken, glitched message reads on the chest screen of the robot: LOW BATTERY.

Spector stares in disbelief. He breathes in, and exhales.

