

Miskatonic

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WGAw #1905402

EXT. OCEANFRONT - TWILIGHT

Year: 1980. Kingsport, Massachusetts.

A forest leads to a secluded beachfront.

A storm brews. Dark clouds and sea fog roll in with the tide.

A RED STAR burns brightly through the quick-moving cloud cover.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Follow me Pat!

A child's laughter follows the voice until two are seen in the clearing on the beachfront.

ANDREW KIND (Male, 30's) leads his young son PATRICK (Male, 6-8) with glee.

PATRICK

Dad, where is your friend?

ANDREW

He'll be here soon son.

(kneeling down)

You still have his present, right?

PATRICK

Yes, I do.

From Patrick's pocket: a slimy, black-yellow stone in the shape of an OBELISK.

PATRICK

It feels gross.

ANDREW

To you maybe, but it's a treasure.

And we are giving it back.

(eyes the ocean)

You wanna go for a swim?

Patrick stares at the ocean apprehensively.

PATRICK

It's scary, Dad.

ANDREW

Do you trust me?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Yes.

ANDREW

Then come on. I won't let you go.

Andrew grabs Patrick's hand, leading him into the water.

Andrew takes wide strides into the water, unphased by the harshness of the sea.

Waist deep, he turns back to Patrick, following timidly.

ANDREW

We were born for this Patrick.
Don't be afraid, the sea is part of
us.

Patrick takes another step. Then another. Deeper and deeper. What's waist deep for Andrew is up to Patrick's neck.

ANDREW

Stand on my toes.

PATRICK

(shivering)
I'm so cold.

ANDREW

Shh... Relax.

Patrick shuts his eyes to stop the shivers.

ANDREW

Patrick, Daddy has to do something
now. Trust me with this. I love
you.

PATRICK

Dad?

Andrew pushes Patrick's head underwater and holds.

Patrick flails and screams, losing all the air in his lungs.

ANDREW

(whispering)
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
wgah'nagl fhtagn.

Andrew continues chanting while holding Patrick underwater.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE (O.S)
 (searching)
 ANDREW? PATRICK?

Stumbling from the forest, is TOM BROWN (Male, late 30's) - the town SHERIFF.

Tom spots Andrew. Despite Andrew's stationary body, there's a flurry of movement around him.

Tom focuses to see the flailing limbs of a young boy, and realizes what he's witnessing.

TOM
 Oh god.
 (yelling)
 ANDREW!

But Andrew is possessed in ritual, not hearing or caring about the concerned voice.

ANDREW
 (chanting)
 Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
 wgah'nagl fhtagn.

Andrew's eyes turn impossibly blue. Whites and all.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE WATER - TWILIGHT

Patrick starts to fade.

His eyes remain open, Seeing a SHADOW looming in the distance.

As if the salt is bleaching them, his eyes burn blue.

EXT. OCEANFRONT - TWILIGHT

TOM
 ANDREW! FOR CHRIST SAKE, MY GUN IS
 DRAWN. I WILL SHOOT!

Andrew does not budge.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE WATER - TWILIGHT

The shadow grows tendrils, sweeping to Patrick from the ocean floor.

Deeper in the sea, a behemoth of unspeakable shape and characteristics.

Mesmerized by the sight, Patrick musters the energy to grab THE YELLOW OBELISK from his pocket and presents it to the tendrils.

GUNSHOT -

EXT. OCEANFRONT - TWILIGHT

Tom's warning shot rings past Andrew.

Without moving, Andrew looks at the tendrils wrapped around his son's arm. YELLOW OBELISK glowing.

Andrew smiles with satisfaction.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE WATER - TWILIGHT

SECOND GUNSHOT -

The tendrils gently take the obelisk and recede.

SPLASH - Andrew's limp body hits the water next to Patrick, with new tendrils of red flowing around and clinging to Patrick.

Eyes open and trained on the fleeting monstrosity, Patrick floats peacefully.

Slowly, the red overtakes the ocean's blue.

AS A HAND PULLS HIM FROM THE WATER -

SMASH CUT

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A YOUNG MAN raises his head from the bathroom sink after washing his face. He dries off with a towel, and stares into the mirror.

The same blue, bleached eyes. Patrick's (16-18).

TITLE - 10 YEARS LATER.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C)
Patrick! You ready yet?

With a deep breath -

PATRICK
(calling out)
I'll be right down.

INT. CAR / DRIVING - DAY

Patrick rests his head against the window, staring at the trees passing by.

Patrick's mother JULIE (Female, 40's, very loving and protective, but mentally rocked from her family's history) is driving.

JULIE
You seem dazed. Everything okay?

PATRICK
Yes Mom, it's just the medicine.

JULIE
Yeah, it'll take some getting used to. But let me tell you, you seem so much better.

PATRICK
I just want to be able to drive myself.

JULIE
Soon, Patrick. Just give it some time.

Patrick doesn't respond.

POV - TREES FLY PAST WITH A WOOSH. BRANCHES LIKE LITHE ARMS SEEMINGLY REACH FOR THE CAR.

THERAPIST (PRELAP)
Nice to see you Patrick.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Patrick lays on a therapist's sofa. DR. RYAN (Male - 50's, masks his graying. Reeks of ego and alcohol) tends to his patient from a bougie chair.

The room could be ripped from the Victorian era with velvet and red inlays. A portrait hangs on the wall - DR. RYAN PHD. A tacky showing of self-importance.

DR. RYAN
How are you feeling?

PATRICK
Slow.

POV - DR. RYAN SHIFTING IN SLOW MOTION IN HIS SEAT.

(CONTINUED)

DR. RYAN

That will pass. Does the sound of waves persist?

PATRICK

Not on the pills.

DR. RYAN

That's good.

Dr. Ryan makes marks in his notebook.

DR. RYAN

What about the indecipherable voices?

PATRICK

I can feel them trying to claw out, but can't hear them. It's strange.

DR. RYAN

Sounds like your brain chemistry is becoming accustomed to the quiet. Do you feel at ease?

PATRICK

I feel lobotomized.

DR. RYAN

Rest assured, you aren't.

PATRICK

I'm glad to not have the voices or visions... but I'm missing something. My inner monologue is gone.

DR. RYAN

Patrick, this will take time. Without medication, you are a paranoid schizophrenic with repressed trauma and vivid hallucinations. With medication, this is the normal you.

PATRICK

The kids at school don't think so.

DR. RYAN

How so?

PATRICK

They say I'm crazy like my father... Among other things.

DR. RYAN

How does that make you feel?

PATRICK

Alone. Numb. Until they hit me or throw me against a locker. Then I feel pain. At least it's something.

DR. RYAN

These... Classmates. Is Chad among them?

Patrick stares off for a moment.

PATRICK

Yeah. He hasn't let off since I started going to school again. I don't necessarily blame him.

DR. RYAN

And why is that?

PATRICK

He's right. I am crazy. Yeah, I hallucinated, but that doesn't excuse what I tried to do.

DR. RYAN

You've atoned for that episode at the hospital and with your regimen. They should not bully you.

(beat)

Have you talked to your mother about this?

PATRICK

No.

DR. RYAN

What about Tom?

PATRICK

Why would I do that?

DR. RYAN

He might be able to help with what's going on in school-

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

They also say that my mom was
fucking Tom before my dad tried to
drown me.

(beat)

Not that it matters, or that I
believe it.

Dr. Ryan gauges Patrick before following up.

DR. RYAN

Do you wish Tom was out of the
picture?

Patrick weighs this.

PATRICK

No, truthfully I don't have any
ill-will towards him. He's been
good to my mother, and I wouldn't
be here if it wasn't for him.

(beat)

Part of me thinks he shouldn't have
stepped in.

DR. RYAN

You think you should have drowned?

Right as Patrick is about to speak - An old grandfather
clock rings out.

Dr. Ryan winces. Inopportune timing.

DR. RYAN

It would seem our session is up. We
will continue next week.

(beat)

And no, you shouldn't have drowned
Patrick. You're a good kid, and you
are here for a reason. It's always
a pleasure.

Patrick collects his half-dazed self and leaves the office.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

A very New England home. Small, yet spacious. It feels
somewhat empty, lacking decoration and enthusiasm.
Impersonal.

Tom Brown, the man who saved Patrick at the beach, reads by
the fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

He's older, and softer. A good man with a heavy heart. Still the town sheriff, but not much has happened in Kingsport since the incident many years ago.

Patrick walks through the door.

TOM

Hey Pat, how was therapy?

Patrick is exhausted and has no interest in small talk with his surrogate dad.

PATRICK

(continuing to his room)

Good, heading to bed. Got school tomorrow.

TOM

(barely catching him)

Okay, have a good night!

Tom droops as Julie steps into the house with a sullen look.

TOM

(comforting)

Hey.

Tears start building in Julie's eyes.

Tom hugs Julie to console her.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick closes his door behind him.

It's dark in here. Large bookshelves filled with encyclopedias and grimoires of dark fiction span the walls of the room.

Paintings of vague, ethereal, and monstrous figures are strewn about any bit of free space. Patrick's artwork.

He eyes the paintings - they begin to BLUR AND SHIFT.

His medication is wearing off. He can feel it.

He takes a moment to collect himself.

As he closes his eyes - THE SOUND OF WAVES crash in his head.

The WAVES turn to CHANTS.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW
(whispering)
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
wgah'nagl fhtagn.
(stern)
Patrick.

As he opens his eyes, the paintings shake from the frame, laughing at Patrick.

He b-lines it to his attached bathroom.

INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Panicked, he grabs a bottle of PILLS.

He pops a couple and swallows.

The crashing waves, chanting, and laughter reach a cacophony.

THEN - all goes still.

Patrick takes deep breaths to ease the panic.

Clutching the pills, he steps out of his bathroom to -

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

His room - free of supernatural activity.

Patrick sighs, puts the pills on his nightstand, and falls into bed.

On the counter - An ALARM CLOCK reads - 9:00pm.

FADE INTO:

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - MORNING

The ALARM CLOCK blares - 7:00am.

Patrick slams the alarm clock off and grabs the pills in one set motion.

He downs two, throws the bottle into a backpack, and puts a shirt on.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tom, freshly uniformed and ready for patrol, finishes up his morning coffee and paper as Patrick comes down the stairs.

TOM

Hey, your mother's still asleep, so I'll be taking you to school this morning.

PATRICK

Ah, I was really hoping to drive myself today.

TOM

Pat, I hate to be that guy... But they don't want you driving on that medication. YET. Soon enough.

(beat)

I know it's not cool to be in high school getting rides from adults, but I can drop you off on a far corner and nobody will know. I get it bud.

Knowing he can't win, Patrick concedes.

PATRICK

Thanks Tom.

TOM

No problem at all. I'm happy to have the company.

INT. TOM'S POLICE CAR - MORNING

Tom drives, trying hard to make conversation.

TOM

So, ya got any new girlfriends these days?

PATRICK

(awkwardly)

No.

TOM

Oh come on, a good lookin' kid like you with a gift for painting? Girls probably flock to you.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

They don't.

TOM

Well they will eventually. They sure will when you get to College.

PATRICK

I don't know if I could handle college.

Tom's face twists to a frown.

TOM

Oh sure you can.

PATRICK

I can barely handle high-school with medication.

TOM

Pat. You're a good kid. Once you get accustomed to it, you'll be just like everyone else.

(wince)

Not that you aren't already.

Patrick's eyes focus on the eerie mid-morning sky.

A RED STAR peaks through the clouds.

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH - MORNING

An old fashioned, if not decrepit, high school bordered by a FOREST that leads to the BEACH.

It's grey in both color and demeanor. Kids file in like they are walking into prison.

On the far corner, Patrick steps out of Tom's car timidly.

TOM

Go get em Tiger.

PATRICK

Thanks for the ride Tom.

TOM

What time should I pick you up?

Patrick thinks on that.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
I'll just take the bus home today.

TOM
You sure?

PATRICK
Yeah, it's no problem.

TOM
Okay, well have a good day today!

Patrick steps to the school grounds. The other students are either indifferent towards Patrick or keep their distance. A clear outcast.

Soon, he's lost in a sea of students all making their way into the large and gothic entrance to the school.

PRELAP - A BELL RINGS.

INT. MR. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

MR. STEPHENS (Male, 50's, withered but doing his best as a mustachioed teacher of tomorrow's leaders) wipes obscenities and crude artwork off a chalkboard.

MR. STEPHENS
While I appreciate the decoration,
this isn't Contemporary Art 101.

CHAD (Male, 15-18, school bully, will grow up to be miserable) laughs in the MIDDLE ROW with his LACKEYS.

MR. STEPHENS (CONT.)
(darting a look at Chad)
Chad, I want to see you after
class.

Students "Ooh" in unison.

Chad's quick to turn his laugh into a frown of angst.

As medicated as can be, Patrick sits at his desk, located in the row behind Chad.

The desk next to him and directly behind Chad is vacant.

MR. STEPHENS
Alright students, before we get
started today, I'd like to
introduce you to your new
classmate, Katie Williams. Let's
give her a warm welcome, yes?

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Stephens opens the door for KATIE WILLIAMS (Female, 16-18, equal measures exotic and fierce. A rebellious orphan.)

SLO-MO - Katie walking in, eyes trained on Patrick.

POV - PATRICK STARING AT KATIE, VEILED IN A BLINDING AURA.

Patrick is mesmerized.

MR. STEPHENS

Katie, pick any seat that you'd-

But she's already moving for one. The one NEXT TO PATRICK.

Everyone notices her connection with Patrick, including Mr. Stephens.

KATIE

(confident)

Hi.

PATRICK

(in awe)

Hi.

As Chad and his Lackeys look in jealousy -

MR. STEPHENS

(where were we?)

Okay! Who knows about photosynthesis?

ANOTHER BELL RINGS -

INT. KINGSPORT HIGH HALLWAYS - DAY

Patrick shuffles out of the class awkwardly among other students, followed closely by Katie.

KATIE

Hey, you! Hold up!

Patrick turns around anxiously.

KATIE (CONT.)

Oof, I caught you! You seem cool, what's your name?

Patrick extends his hand out awkwardly.

PATRICK

I'm Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Katie. Nice to meet ya.

CHAD (O.S)

Yo, new chick!

Chad and his lackeys approach, Patrick is visibly distraught. Katie notices.

CHAD

You seem fly. Where ya from?

KATIE

I don't know.

Chad laughs, already overstaying his welcome while - One of his LACKEYS sneaks open PATRICK'S BACKPACK.

KATIE (CONT.)

For real. I'm an orphan.

A hand slips in, Grabs PATRICK'S PILLS, and zips it back up.

CHAD

Who cares anyway, you're hot. Let's hang sometime.

KATIE

(to Patrick)

Wow. Is everyone in Kingsport this douchey?

Patrick laughs, enraging Chad.

CHAD

Oh good. Glad we could fast forward to the part where I find out you're a bitch.

(nods towards Patrick)

Seems like you already know your crowd too. Word to the unwise, stay away from this lunatic, or he'll try to strangle you too.

(fully turns towards Patrick)

You should'a killed me punk.

Chad shoves Patrick, followed by his Lackeys brisking by aggressively.

KATIE

(calling out)

Nice to meet you too, asshole!

Chad turns and gives the finger.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
They do this a lot?

PATRICK
Yeah.

KATIE
Did you actually try to strangle
him?

PATRICK
Yeah.

KATIE
Then you're cooler than I thought.

Patrick smiles coyly.

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Katie file out of school with the rest of the students after their classes.

KATIE
Alright well, I'm gonna be sticking
to you since I don't know anyone.

PATRICK
You'd meet more people hanging
around someone else. I'm not the
most popular.

KATIE
Oh come on, you're special. And not
in the special-ed way. Remember
that.

Patrick blushes, why is this happening?

A BUS DRIVES PAST - HONKING AS IT DEPARTS -

BARNACLES cover it, looking dredged up straight from the ocean floor.

Patrick takes it in, then swings his backpack around for his medication. But, it's not there.

PATRICK
(rummaging through his
backpack)
Oh no. No no no.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
Everything alright?

PATRICK
(panicked)
My medicine is gone.

KATIE
You need a ride home?

Patrick nods worryingly.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - DUSK

Katie's car is clean, yet there's a tribal / spiritual feel to the interior decor. DREAM-CATCHERS and IDOLS strewn about.

Katie drives casually, but checks on Patrick periodically through the trip.

For Katie, the road ahead is clear.

For Patrick, a DARK ELECTRICAL STORM is on the horizon.

Patrick is sweating, visibly ill.

KATIE
Hey, let me turn on the air.

SLO-MO - KATIE CRANKS THE AC

The vents whir, spewing a DISSONANT, LOW PITCHED FLUTE instead of air.

Patrick lurches forward and slams the vent shut. Right as he does - the sound stops.

KATIE
Or not?

PATRICK
(embarrassed)
Sorry. I'm okay.

KATIE
Are you too cold?

PATRICK
No no. Just... I need my medication.

Katie sizes that up.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

What kind, if you mind me asking?

Patrick hesitates.

PATRICK

Antipsychotics...

KATIE

You take antipsychotics?

PATRICK

(ugh)

I knew this was a bad idea.

Katie smiles.

KATIE

I've known plenty of people who
need those. You aren't one of them.

(beat)

Sometimes we just need to breathe
deep and face the cosmos head on.
You have control.

Despite the strangeness of that statement, it is soothing
for Patrick.

PATRICK

My house is just past this stop
sign.

EXT. KIND FAMILY DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Katie pulls the car up the driveway.

PATRICK'S POV - The ELECTRICAL STORM is centered on his
house, and stretches all the way to the ocean in viewing
distance.

Patrick remains cool as the car rolls to a stop.

PATRICK

Thank you Katie, I'm sorry about
this.

KATIE

Hush. You're fine. If you need
anything, let me know.

Patrick smiles with reserved gratitude. Could this be
someone who finally understands?

He nods, and leaves the car.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
(out the window)
See you tomorrow, kid!

Patrick waves as she pulls out of the driveway. When she's out of view, he runs to his door.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - DUSK

The door opens hard as Patrick bounds in, with Tom finishing up cooking and Julie setting the table.

JULIE
Hey! You weren't on the bus, how'd you get home?

Patrick is preoccupied, but knows he has to explain before he can escape to his room.

PATRICK
A friend drove me.

JULIE
A friend?

PATRICK
Yeah, the new girl. Katie Williams. She's cool.

Julie is speechless.

TOM
Hell yeah Pat! Is she cute?

PATRICK
(Blushing)
Please don't, I just met her.

JULIE
Well I can't wait to hear about her and your day over dinner.

PATRICK
I think I'm going to go to bed early tonight.

JULIE
Oh.

PATRICK
That okay?

TOM
I'll save some barley soup for ya.

Julie shrugs.

PATRICK
Okay, goodnight.

Patrick bounds up the stairs.

JULIE
Love you.

TOM
Sleep tight!

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick enters his room, the voices are becoming overwhelming.

He grabs a WALKMAN and HEADPHONES to drown out the chanting and waves.

As he puts the headphones on - THE PAINTINGS START TO SHAKE AGAIN.

He quickly makes his way to his bathroom.

INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Once inside, Patrick rummages around his medicine cabinet to find a RESERVE PILL BOTTLE.

He grabs it, and pops it open. Empty.

PATRICK
Shit.

He closes the medicine cabinet, revealing the mirror -

PATRICK'S FATHER ANDREW IS STARING BACK AT HIM.

Patrick jumps back and stares at his father's image.

It moves with him, smiling sadly.

Patrick shakes his head - and it's back to his normal reflection.

Without his medicine, Patrick knows he has no choice but to accept his scary sobriety.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick pops his head out to inspect his room - it's still. He steps in cautiously.

He breathes deep, trying to be brave in the face of un-medicated sleep. He climbs into bed, and closes his eyes.

As he drifts to sleep - he SINKS IMPOSSIBLY DEEP INTO THE BED. Entirely enveloped.

EXT. ANCIENT RUINS - DREAM / NIGHT

A storm rages in the distance - waves crash.

Soaking wet, Patrick sleeps on a stone platform with JADE PILLARS surrounding, all coated in thick moss. An altar.

Between each pillar, large STATUES. Kneeling, facing the center. Human in a way, with bodies and limbs too long and slender to be proportional.

The pillars have barnacle-like sockets covering them.

A low rumble shakes the ground. With a cold-shiver, Patrick opens his eyes and sits up.

He takes in the environment with dreamlike wonder. With no light pollution, the stars burn in the sky, illuminating the ruins. Some stars move, jumping from one area to the next. Some disappear all together. An ever-shifting pattern.

Patrick's focus shifts towards the statues. More curious than concerned, he steps towards one.

Stepping off the platform, a quiet chant floats in the air.

With each step, the chanting gets louder.

Patrick stands in-front of a statue, water dripping from the moss. From this distance, we see the statue wears a mask.

STATUE

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
wgah'nagl fhtagn.

Patrick reaches out to touch it.

The statue's head jolts up - eyeing the sky.

Patrick steps back, but re-approaches to pull the mask off.

EXPOSING - FLESH. FACELESS, WET FLESH. NO MOUTH.

(CONTINUED)

Each statue's mask falls to the ground as the chanting gets louder.

ON THE PILLARS - THE BARNACLE SOCKETS OPEN TO REVEAL EYES - LOOKING AT PATRICK.

Patrick steps back.

THE STATUES COME TO LIFE - AND TO THE STANDING POSITION. AT LEAST 8 FEET TALL.

Each step Patrick takes back is mirrored by a statue's step forward.

Until - He's back on the platform.

THE GROUND SHAKES.

The platform stays stationary, but the ruins surrounding begin to submerge.

The statues stand still as the water rises around them, higher and higher.

Soon, Patrick stands alone on the platform. A tiny island in the night and sea.

All quiet. No more chanting.

Patrick eyes the water, illuminated by starlight.

A small shadow flitters under the water. He tracks it around the platform.

The small shadow grows large and more defined. Black tentacles stem from it as it gets closer. This is something Patrick has seen before.

The shadow shifts and gains face-like features: half octopus, half human with tentacles strewn from the lower section of its face.

This is CTHULHU.

Patrick's gaze meets the monster's, a terrible sight.

CTHULHU
(guttural)
Hastur cf'tagn.

The voice boils the water into waves that crash against the stone platform. Patrick struggles to hold his ground.

(CONTINUED)

Tentacles break the water's surface, and tower with menace in the night sky.

Between them, A STAR grows in size. Blindingly bright. Patrick shields his eyes.

It grows... And grows... And grows... Until -

EXT. BEACHFRONT - EARLY MORNING

Patrick comes to, standing at the beach. The same beachfront the incident with his Father occurred.

The sea stirs. A cloud of dark water lingering in the distance, moving further away.

KATIE (O.C)

You awake?

Patrick turns around, confused.

Katie hangs out further up the clearing.

PATRICK

Oh god, Katie. How long have you been here?

KATIE

I came here to think about things, and all of a sudden you walked out from the forest. I tried getting your attention but then I realized you were asleep. If you were gonna go in, I was going to wake you up.

(beat)

Strange place to sleep-walk to.

Patrick stares at the ocean, then the sky.

PATRICK

I haven't done this in a while. I didn't have any medicine left.

Patrick turns and walks away from the beach.

KATIE

(calling out)

Hey.

PATRICK

I can't be here. Bad memories, and just had a hell of a bad dream.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Of what?

PATRICK

A monster in an island of ruins. It spoke to me.

Katie is more than interested. Engrossed.

KATIE

Woof, sounds scary. What did it say?

Patrick shakes his head. He's had enough.

PATRICK

Katie, why do you care? Frankly, I'm having a hard time trusting a random new girl at school with my mental health issues.

KATIE

(taken back)

I'm sorry if I've been nosy. I've just had experience dealing with monsters, and I thought you could use some help.

Patrick droops.

PATRICK

I'm sorry if that was harsh. I appreciate it, but I don't think you can help with this.

KATIE

You'd be surprised.

(segue)

Patrick, How do you feel right now?

PATRICK

Why? I feel-

(surprised)

great actually.

KATIE

(back to smiling)

I don't think you need those pills.

(nudge)

Maybe you should listen to monsters more often.

Patrick takes it all in.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Well, I don't have any medicine left anyway, so until I get some more, I'm gonna have to.

(checks watch)

Shit. I gotta get home. My mom's gonna freak out.

KATIE

Oh, the protective type?

PATRICK

Yeah.

KATIE

Want me to cover for you?

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - MORNING

Julie, with a fresh coffee on the living room table, drums her fingers impatiently.

Patrick walks through the door.

JULIE

Oh there you are.

PATRICK

Hey Mom.

JULIE

I saw your door open and was worrie-

And after Patrick, Katie walks in.

JULIE

(Taken aback)

Oh, hello.

KATIE

Hi, nice to meet you. I'm Katie.

Katie extends a hand to Julie, disarming her but leaving her awkward in the midst of many emotions.

JULIE

Hi Katie, I'm Julie, Patrick's mother. Where were you guys so early on a school-morning?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
I'm sorry ma-

KATIE
(Cutting him off)
Patrick took me for a walk on the beach since I'm new in town.

JULIE
(Oh no)
The beach.

PATRICK
I was going to tell you but didn't want to wake you.

TOM (O.C.)
Whose lovely voice graces us with their company?

Tom descends the stairs, ready for work.

PATRICK
Tom, this is Katie.

Katie and Tom shake hands cordially.

TOM
So, did Pat lure you here to show off his art?

Tom winks at Patrick.

KATIE
What? Patrick's an artist? He didn't tell me.

TOM
Unbelievable painter. Truly gifted.

Patrick blushes.

KATIE
(Nudging Patrick)
Another hobby we have in common.

TOM
You paint too? Would you look at that. You should work on something together after school!

JULIE

(checking her watch)
Speaking of which, let me throw on
some shoes and I'll give you guys a
ride.

PATRICK

Actually, Katie offered to drive.

KATIE

I live just down the street.

TOM

Aw, that's great.

PATRICK

I'm gonna go change really quick.

Patrick runs upstairs.

TOM

Thanks again Katie, I'm sure he'll
feel better with a ride other than
us or the bus.

KATIE

It's no problem at all.

JULIE

What brought your parents out here,
Katie?

KATIE

Oh, I was actually reassigned to a
new foster home. Martha Edwards,
she's a lovely woman.

That's not what Julie expected to hear.

JULIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

KATIE

Why would you be?

JULIE

I-

Patrick comes downstairs, freshly changed.

PATRICK

(to Katie)
Ready to go?

KATIE

Yep!

JULIE

It was so nice to meet you
Katie.

TOM

Yes, so nice.

KATIE

Likewise! I'm sure I'll be seeing
you around. Bye!

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH - MORNING

Katie and Patrick pull up into school, but this time is different.

Patrick is sober, and alongside Katie. People notice the latter, but Patrick is more concerned with the former.

KATIE

How're you doing?

PATRICK

Anxious. Haven't been here off
medication since the incident with
Chad.

KATIE

Just breathe. Remember, you don't
need the pills. I'm here for ya.

PATRICK

I guess we'll see.

Patrick breathes deep as they walk through the giant open doors.

INT. KINGSPORT HIGH HALLWAYS - MORNING

Patrick and Katie wade through students in the hallways.

PATRICK

(hesitant)

I gotta grab a book from my locker.

KATIE

I got ya. Don't worry.

Patrick nods, and they head to his locker together.

Where Chad is using it as a backrest as he pals around with fellow jerks.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick timidly tries to get around him while Chad pretends not to notice. Katie quickly grows tired of it.

KATIE
Move Chad.

CHAD
Oh, am I in the way? Sorry, I
forgot the class lunatic can read.

Chad's lackeys laugh as he moves just enough to let Patrick into his locker.

KATIE
You're pathetic.

CHAD
Not as pathetic as Patrick over
here.
(to Patrick)
Isn't that right, Pathetic Patrick.

Patrick does his best to ignore him.

CHAD
What are you going to do, choke me
again? Go for it. You should'a
stayed in the loony bin.

Katie moves in and slams the ajar locker into Chad's face, sending him reeling.

CHAD
(embarrassed)
Screw you Katie. Enjoy your time
with this loser before he's back in
a straight jacket.

Katie squares off on him, and he backs down.

Chad leaves with a scowl.

KATIE
God that kid sucks.

PATRICK
(softly)
Thanks.

THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS - TIME FOR CLASS.

MR. STEPHENS (PRELAP)
Class, I know this doesn't sound
riveting...

INT. MR. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

MR. STEPHENS (CONT.)
But we are talking about the most
destructive force known to man.
Utilizing these physics yield
horrors and power beyond
imagination.

Mr. Stephens at the helm of the class again, attempting his
usual uphill battle.

Patrick is busy doodling his recollection of Cthulhu from
his dream, with Katie glancing from the side.

MR. STEPHENS (CONT.)
We harness it to power our everyday
lives.

ON A SHITTY POWERPOINT - A NUCLEAR POWERPLANT.

MR. STEPHENS (CONT.)
And to threaten our enemies into
submission.

THE IMAGE SWITCHES TO - A NUCLEAR BOMB / DESTRUCTION OF
JAPAN.

Patrick continues to zone out as he traces in tentacles.

MR. STEPHENS
There are two ways we generate
nuclear power. Fission and Fusion.
Fission is the process of splitting
the atom - which was what we used
to end WW2.

Patrick gazes at his creation.

The lines start to shift... Come alive.

CTHULHU breathes on the page.

CTHULHU PICTURE
(whispering)
Hastur cf'tagn. Hastur cf'tagn.
Hastur cf'tagn...

Transfixed on the drawing, Patrick begins to panic.

(CONTINUED)

Katie notices worryingly.

MR. STEPHENS (O.C)
The Great Nuclear Chaos will
envelop us all.

PATRICK LOOKS UP.

Mr. Stephen's mustache grows into tentacles, sliding down his face.

MR. STEPHENS
Azathoth returns and his pride will
do his bidding.

BACK TO THE PICTURE -

CTHULHU PICTURE
Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
wgah'nagl fhtagn.

BACK TO MR. STEPHENS -

- But, now with the face of PATRICK'S FATHER.

ANDREW (MR. STEPHENS)
He awaits you Son.

Patrick jolts up.

- And everything is back to normal.

MR. STEPHENS
Patrick? Everything alright?

Everyone stares at Patrick, who is sweating bullets.

Katie doesn't know if she should step in.

PATRICK
I'm sorry. Got a charlie horse. Can
I run to the bathroom?

MR. STEPHENS
...Sure.

Patrick quickly steps out.

Chad turns and shakes his head smiling at Katie.

INT. KINGSPORT HIGH HALLWAYS - MORNING

Not a soul in the hallway.

Patrick steps outside and puts his back on a locker. Trying to breathe deeply.

He still hears running water, but it sounds slightly different this time. Not coming from inside his head. Directional.

He looks to the side. A shallow but steady current of water runs slowly and unnaturally through the hall. Like a red carpet. Beckoning him.

With the water, the same unearthly whispers follow.

Patrick watches as the shallow wave rolls slowly past him.

It leads down the hall, to the exit.

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH ENTRANCE - MORNING

With no one else to witness, the water continues to roll out of the building.

It's eerily silent, save for the sloshing water. Patrick follows behind, hypnotized.

It leads him off school property and into the surrounding WOODS.

INT. MR. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

Katie sits impatiently next to Patrick's vacant seat.

Mr. Stephens continues his lecture but she tunes it out, wondering where and how Patrick is.

She raises her hand.

MR. STEPHENS

Yes, Katie?

KATIE

Can I go to the bathroom?

MR. STEPHENS

Let's wait until Patrick gets back.

KATIE

It's a feminine issue, Mr. Stephens.

(CONTINUED)

MR. STEPHENS
(awkward)
Oh. Uh, okay, no problem!

INT. KINGSPORT HIGH HALLWAYS - MORNING

Katie steps out of the classroom. Looking up and down the empty hallway.

Her eyes are drawn to WET FOOTPRINTS leading down the hall - tracing Patrick's path out of the school.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The shallow wave continues to run through the forest, with Patrick on the path.

The passing water animates the trees as they sway maliciously. Their roots twist and burrow deeper and closer to Patrick.

Earthy features appearing like contorted faces that look on in contempt.

Patrick stays the course.

EXT. CLEARING - OCEAN - DAY

Once again, Patrick is led to the ocean.

The shallow, unnatural wave hits the sand, wetting a path towards the water.

The wet sand sinks with each of Patrick's steps.

He reaches the shoreline. The sky instantaneously turns black.

Thunder from afar. At least, it sounds like thunder.

TENTACLES rip through the ocean and slam on both sides of Patrick, casting aside colossal amounts of displaced sand.

The water starts to boil with activity.

TWO SMALLER TENTACLES grab PATRICK and constrict.

Patrick can feel it. If this is a delusion, it hurts.

- FROM THE DEEP, A FAMILIAR FACE EMERGES - CTHULHU.

Patrick does his best to be brave in the face of this monstrosity.

(CONTINUED)

CTHULHU
You've been repressing me.

PATRICK
I'M NOT SCARED!

CTHULHU
You should be.

Barely audible and extremely guttural in its English, Cthulhu's voice sends shock-waves through the water, creating violent waves.

It also sends a hurricane towards Patrick. Held up only by the tentacles that root him.

The tentacles squirm further up his legs. Patrick struggles to combat the panic.

KATIE
(from the forest)
PATRICK!

PATRICK
(turning)
Katie?

AND WOOSH - The tentacles sweep Patrick off his feet, DRAGGING him out to sea.

And Katie is left on the beach alone.

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH - DUSK

At the end of the school day, students walk out of their classrooms to find -

FOOTSTEPS - in the form of SALT DEPOSITS stained into the ground.

Chad leads a group of kids, following curiously.

The DEPOSITS follow Patrick's path, from the entrance to a path of dead grass leading off school grounds. All the way to the woods.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julie has the morning news on, but her focus is somewhere else. She's been awake all night.

Tom is asleep and snoring on the couch.

Julie impatiently checks the CLOCK - 6:00 AM.

(CONTINUED)

She steps from the phone and whips out a phonebook. She finds MARTHA EDWARDS.

Ring - Ring.

MARTHA (O.S)
(half-asleep)
H-Hello?

JULIE
Martha, my name is Julie Kind. I'm so sorry to be bothering you this early, but I just need to check. Is my son Patrick over there? Did you see him with Katie?

MARTHA (O.S)
(slow)
Patrick? Oh... I don't recall any young men around here, but I could put Katie on the telephone?

JULIE
That would be great, and sorry to bother you.

MARTHA (O.S)
No worries at all, dear.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Katie has been eavesdropping since the phone rang.

MARTHA
(from downstairs)
Katie - Julie Kind is on the phone for you.

KATIE
(calling down)
I'll be right on!

Katie closes her door, and picks up the phone.

Her room directly mirrors Patrick's. Dark and filled with matching art and literature.

KATIE
Hi Mrs. Kind, how are you?

JULIE (O.S)
Katie, have you seen Patrick? He didn't come home last night.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Oh. He didn't tell you? He went camping up-town.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julie nearly tears the phone from the wall.

JULIE

He went CAMPING? In the middle of the school week? Oh my god, why? Is he okay?

Tom stirs from his sleep.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Katie stares at a fresh painting - PATRICK GETTING PULLED OUT TO SEA.

KATIE

He got anxious in class and told me he needed to clear his head. I offered to go with him, but he said he needed the time alone to think about things.

(beat)

I thought for sure he would have told you.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tom now stands next to Julie, concerned.

JULIE

Not a word. Oh I don't feel good about this at all.

(beat)

Do you know when he'll be back?

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Katie shifts her gaze, looking at the storm clouds outside her window.

KATIE

No, but he can't stay out there long. There's a storm coming.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julie can't stand still, pacing with the phone chord whipping back and forth.

JULIE
Oh lord. This isn't like
him. Please, keep me posted.

KATIE (O.S)
If I see him, I'll make sure he
high-tails it to you.

JULIE
Thanks Katie.

Julie hangs up the phone with a frantic, worried look.

TOM
Hey. He's a teenager. God knows I
had to escape sometimes when I was
one.

The phone rings - Julie answers immediately.

JULIE
Hello? Oh. One moment.

Julie hands the phone to Tom.

TOM
This is Tom.
(beat)
Alright, I'll head over.

EXT. KINGSPORT HIGH - MORNING

Katie approaches the school. The students are on edge as POLICE OFFICERS scan the scene.

Mr. Stephens is outside, talking to a DEPUTY busy writing notes.

Katie notices, and tries to b-line it into school.

Mr. Stephens points at Katie, and the deputy approaches.

DEPUTY
Katie Williams?

KATIE
Yes, that's me. How can I help you
officer?

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY

We've been sent here to investigate the vandalism. Mr. Stephens said you left class yesterday and did not return?

KATIE

Yes sir, I was going to apologize to Mr. Stephens today.

DEPUTY

Did you notice these footprints on your way out?

Katie tries to look at the footprints inconspicuously.

TOM (O.C)

(To the Deputy)

Deputy, I got it from here.

Tom walks over from his parked car. The Deputy meets him halfway and shares some comments in quiet. Tom looks with concern, then nods him off.

The Deputy gets back to investigating the footprints.

TOM

Hey. Sorry about the interrogation.

KATIE

No, it's fine. What's going on?

TOM

The station got a call about this last night. Figured it was just a senior prank until my men assessed the situation and called me in.

(beat)

I was just informed that the damage was done during school hours and all but two students were accounted for. You and Patrick.

KATIE

Oh, really?

TOM

This wasn't you guys, was it?

KATIE

No, I swear.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Yeah. No way two teenagers could be responsible for this. The path leads all the way to the beach. It's all dead, a ghost-trail. The sand is all torn up too. Like a hurricane swept it out. Much more destruction than you and Patrick could muster.

KATIE

That's so weird.

TOM

Yeah.

(to his officers)

Hey, comb the woods again. I have a feeling we'll find something back there.

(back to Katie)

Is Patrick back? His mother is having a panic attack.

KATIE

I haven't seen him yet.

TOM

Between us, I feel for him. Dealt a horrible hand, but he's a great kid. His mother loves him, but she can be overprotective given what happened, so I get why he's out there.

(beat)

Just, let me know if I can help. Alright?

KATIE

Will do Tom. You have my word.

TOM

Alright, well. I gotta figure out what monster caused this mess.

(segue)

Get to learnin'.

Tom gets pulled away to continue the investigation as Katie steps through the mayhem to get into class.

INT. MR. STEPHEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Back in class, Katie sits next to Patrick's still vacant seat.

MR. STEPHENS

Okay class, I can see the cops outside too, but I need you to focus.

CHAD

How long does it take to figure out it was that psycho Patrick?

(pointing at Patrick's desk)

Look, he's too guilty to come back to class!

The class laughs, and Katie kicks the back of his seat.

CHAD

Maybe you should disappear too, you crazy orphan bitch.

MR. STEPHENS

(pointing to the door)

Get out.

CHAD

I'm just saying what every normal person in here is thinking.

He glares at Katie while heading to the door.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

The woods are pristine, minus the path Patrick walked on. A lifeless trail in the midst of green.

Police scour the woods for clues unsuccessfully.

Tom is among them, inspecting meticulously and growing frustrated.

DEPUTY

No signs of Arson. You think this was them pesticides I keep hearing about?

TOM

(really?)

Not a chance in hell.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN - RAINFALL. TORRENTIAL.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
God damnit.

Everything is getting soaked. The dirt turns to mud, erasing Patrick's footprints and replacing them with the officer's.

TOM
OFFICERS, OFF THE PATH!

But its too late.

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DUSK

The rainfall slams the sand, reverting the trenches to normality.

Tom kicks a bit of sand defiantly.

TOM
EVERYONE OUT, BACK TO THE STATION!

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DUSK

Katie sits eerily still facing the window, watching as the storm begins.

With the first raindrops, she exits her room.

EXT. OCEAN CLEARING - STORMY NIGHT

The waves batter the beach, returning sand that it took.

And with it, Patrick. He washes in face down, and unconscious.

Then, a set of feet. Katie's.

PATRICK SPITS UP WATER AS HE RETURNS TO THE LIVING.

KATIE
Welcome back.

INT. CAR / PARKED - STORMY NIGHT

The storm has subsided much since it spat Patrick out.

Patrick is wrapped up in blankets in the passenger seat of Katie's car.

PATRICK
You're telling me that was real?

KATIE

You aren't delusional Patrick. I saw it. I saw the monster.

PATRICK

You saw that.

KATIE

Yes. Where did it take you?

PATRICK

The island in my dreams.

(beat)

I met him. He spoke to me. I can still feel his hellish breath.

Patrick remembers something and fumbles to get into his pocket.

He pulls out a YELLOW OBELISK.

PATRICK

Holy shit. This was my father's.

KATIE

What are you supposed to do with it?

PATRICK

I can't remember.

KATIE

What do you remember?

PATRICK

I... need to go to Miskatonic University. For a book.

Katie laughs.

KATIE

You remember the legend of Wilbur Whateley?

PATRICK

The name is familiar?

KATIE

Wilbur Whateley, from Dunwich, Massachusetts, tried to steal the Necronomicon from Miskatonic University for some satanic ritual.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

Did he get it?

KATIE

Wilbur broke in and was killed by a guard dog. When the police inspected the scene, his body was already decomposed.

PATRICK

(solemn)

Oh. Well I need that book.

KATIE

Then let's go.

PATRICK

You shouldn't come with me.

KATIE

After what I saw? You aren't going alone.

Patrick stews on that. He could use the validation.

PATRICK

Wait. How long have I been gone?

KATIE

Since yesterday.

PATRICK

A whole day!? Oh god, it felt like 5 minutes. Shit. My mom is probably calling a search for me.

KATIE

I already covered you.

PATRICK

You did?

Katie gives Patrick a look.

INT. KIND FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

From a window outside, Patrick and Katie peer into his house to survey the mood.

Julie and Tom sit quietly by the fireplace.

Julie, even more distraught, has the phone pulled all the way from the living room in case of news.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick gives a nod and Katie opens the door, stepping in.

KATIE
Hey, look who I found.

As Julie and Tom perk up, Patrick enters the household.

PATRICK
Hey guys.

JULIE
Patrick? Oh thank god.

Julie jumps up and hugs Patrick.

KATIE
I'm gonna let you guys work this out.

JULIE
Oh Katie, thank you so much for bringing him home.

KATIE
I gave my word.

PATRICK
I'll call you later?

Katie nods then leaves.

JULIE
I've been worried sick about you.

PATRICK
I'm sorry mom.

TOM
It's good to see you safe, Pat.

PATRICK
Look, I'm sorry for not telling you guys before leaving. I just knew you wouldn't approve.

JULIE
You can't just disappear on me. You can't do that.

PATRICK
You wouldn't have let me go. I got overwhelmed and needed space.

JULIE

What about your medication?

Patrick thinks on that.

PATRICK

I brought it with me, what about it?

JULIE

Oh, you did?

PATRICK

Yeah ma. I think they're finally working too.

JULIE

Really? You wouldn't lie to me would you?

It hurts Patrick, but he knows he has to.

PATRICK

I promise. I feel better now than I have in a long time. I'm sorry for scaring you, but everything is fine.

Julie, still suspicious, drops her apprehension momentarily to hug Patrick again.

JULIE

Just please, don't go missing on me. I can't lose you.

PATRICK

You won't Ma.

(beat)

I need a shower. You guys eat dinner yet?

TOM

I was just about to fire up some of Tommy's famous casserole.

PATRICK

Sounds great.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick closes the door behind him and presses his back to it.

He takes a deep breath and allows the room to quiet, and it does.

It's rather peaceful now, something Patrick hasn't experienced for a long time.

Then - Drip. Drip. Drip.

Each drop has bass to it. Percussive. Invasive.

Patrick catches it, following the sound to the bathroom.

INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The FAUCET drips lightly into the basin of the sink.

It shouldn't be noticeable, but it is.

As Patrick inches closer, the drip gets louder and heavier.

CTHULHU (V.O)
(through the drops)
Patrick.

Unmistakable and unsettling. The calm is gone.

Patrick turns the handle controlling the faucet to let more water come through, it sounds like a waterfall.

The basin fills to the top of the sink. Patrick turns the faucet off.

THE POOL OF WATER VIBRATES -

CTHULHU (V.O)
Miskatonic.

Cthulhu echoes from afar. Each word that Cthulhu speaks pulsates through the water giving it that bass-like property.

Patrick doesn't know how to respond.

PATRICK
(to the sink)
I'm working on it.

The water forms TWO TENTACLES, extending toward Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
Oh come on.

They wrap around his neck, and pull his head into the water.
AS HIS HEAD IS SUBMERGED -

CUT TO

INT. MISKATONIC LIBRARY - DREAM

A HORRIBLE BOOK lays on a podium.

It flies open, exposing a BLACK HOLE - sucking everything into it.

CUT TO

EXT. EGYPT - DREAM

A Pharaoh overlooks THE GREAT PYRAMID from an oasis.

Behind him, A LANKY, GROTESQUE MAN holds the same BOOK, smiling wildly.

He stares up at a HUGE BURNING STAR IN THE SKY.

ZOOM TO

EXT. SPACE - DREAM

BEYOND PLANETS - A giant, barnacled MEGA-STRUCTURE.

The BARNACLES open, revealing eyes. The same ones from the ruins.

From the center of the structure, it looks like something is trying to claw its way out.

LOW, THIN FLUTES SOUND AS WE FLY THROUGH THE BREACH.

CUT TO

FLASHBACK - UNDERWATER

Shrouded in water and shadows, is CTHULHU.

CTHULHU
Nyarlathotep is on the move. Beware
of Shub's influence.

THE FLUTES HEIGHTEN UNTIL -

INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Patrick pulls his head from the sink, soaked and agitated.

No more drips. No more noise. Calm.

Patrick towels off, and exits the bathroom.

INT. KIND FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner is being set as Patrick walks in.

Julie sits at the head of the table, calmer than last we saw her.

Tom scrambles from the kitchen to the table with enough plates of food for a feast.

JULIE

Come sit next to your mama.

Patrick hides his inner turmoil and sits down.

TOM

You guys ready? This casserole is going to send you to another planet.

Tom plates the casserole and takes his seat.

PATRICK

So, I was thinking while I was out there.

(beat)

I want to go to college.

JULIE

That's great honey-pie. Of course we support that.

TOM

Yessir, we do.

PATRICK

I want to start visiting schools.

JULIE

Oh. Well, we can do that, but you've missed the application deadlines for this year since you were out of school for that stint.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

I know, just... Kingsport has me down. I feel behind my classmates, and the prospect of a new start is exciting to me. I thought I'd at least visit some places.

TOM

You got any schools in mind kid?

PATRICK

Katie and I are going to visit Miskatonic University.

Julie drops her fork on her plate.

Tom catches the awkward air, and tries to fill it.

TOM

Artsy fartsy, huh?

JULIE

... You want to go there?

PATRICK

It's not too far away and I've heard some great things?

JULIE

Patrick, if you think Kingsport is dreary, you'll be very disappointed when you see Miskatonic. That place is creepy.

TOM

Eh, to each their own. I won't lie, it's got a bit of a weird history to it, but it's not a bad school by any means.

Julie looks at Tom - "What are you doing?"

PATRICK

They have a good art program and their library is more like a museum. They have original manuscripts of classic works. A friend of mine told me I have to go... At least to visit.

Tom and Julie speak through another glance.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Well, just because you want to visit doesn't mean you'll like it I suppose.

PATRICK

Gee, thanks for the support.

TOM

She's right. If anything it's a good baseline for other schools you'll see after.

PATRICK

I appreciate the optimism.

(segue)

Well, Katie and I are going to head out in the morning-

JULIE

You're going TOMORROW?

PATRICK

Yeah, we don't have school. Why not?

JULIE

Well, you just came back from your camping trip...

(beat)

And I thought we'd visit schools together. I think Tom would like that as well.

TOM

Hey, I'm game.

PATRICK

I mean, I'd love for you guys to come, but Katie and I really wanted to get the feel of the school for ourselves without parental bias.

Beat.

JULIE

Katie is going to drive that whole way?

PATRICK

Oh Mom, come on.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

It is tricky to get down there. The highway isn't so bad, but after that, there are a lot of back-roads to get lost on.

PATRICK

(frustrated)

Are you guys saying no? Is this a no?

JULIE

I just think we should come with. We won't bother you guys.

PATRICK

Can I be excused?

TOM

Yeah, sure bud.

JULIE

Are you mad at me?

PATRICK

No. Thanks for dinner.

Patrick gets up from the table, and goes to his room.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick closes the door and quickly dials Katie.

KATIE (O.S.)

Hello?

PATRICK

Hey. It contacted me again. Things are moving fast.

(beat)

We leave tomorrow, but there's a small hick-up. My Mom and Tom have to come. I'm going to make sure that we split up from them once we are there, but I'm still in hot water.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Katie lays in bed with the phone, surrounded again by her strange paintings and aesthetic.

She eyes one in particular, entranced. A fresh one. On an easel in-front of her bed.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Aw. I was looking forward to it just being us, but whatever. You sure they'll be cool?

PATRICK (O.S)

They'll have to be. I don't think this can wait.

KATIE

Alright then, tomorrow it is.

PATRICK (O.S)

Sorry Katie. I wanted it to be just us.

KATIE

It's alright, we'll make it work. I'll see you bright and early.

PATRICK (O.S)

Thanks... For everything.

AND THEY HANG UP.

Katie's focus goes entirely on the PAINTING.

The painting is a weird feminine horror. A fertile cloud of flesh and tentacles. A twisting mouth with goat-like legs, from which many creatures spout downward.

Katie picks up her brush to continue working on her creation.

INT. KIND FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Tom sit together reading by the fireplace.

Patrick comes down the stairs.

PATRICK

Hey guys.

TOM

Hey there.

JULIE

Everything alright?

PATRICK

Yes, everything's good. Do you guys still want to come to Miskatonic U?

(CONTINUED)

TOM
 (to Julie)
 I got nothin' better goin' on.

JULIE
 Tomorrow morning?

PATRICK
 Yeah, you just have to promise me
 that if Katie and I want to explore
 a little bit and experience the
 vibe for ourselves, we can.

JULIE
 We aren't trying to smother you,
 Patrick.

TOM
 You have my word, I'll drag your
 mom away if need be.

PATRICK
 Cool, thank you. I'm going to bed,
 but I'm looking forward to this.

JULIE
 Me too!

TOM
 Goodnight bud!

With that, Patrick runs back upstairs.

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

And slams into bed.

Peace and quiet.

Quickly, he falls into unmedicated sleep.

INT. MISKATONIC LIBRARY - DREAM

Patrick scavenges through book after book, throwing them to
 the ground.

PATRICK
 Katie? You find it yet?

KATIE SCREAMS IN DISTRESS.

Patrick sprints around the corner to find -
 THE LANKY, GROTESQUE MAN FROM THE VISION.

(CONTINUED)

This is NYARLATHOTEP / NYARLA (Male, 20-50, sinister, always smiling. The stuff of nightmares).

NYARLA

By Azathoth, do I have competition
on this plane?

Patrick is too scared to talk or move.

NYARLA

What is that I smell on you?

Nyarla creeps forward.

Patrick musters the energy to pick up his arms to fight.

BUT THEY AREN'T ARMS, THEY ARE TENTACLES.

NYARLA

Oh. That's intriguing.

NYARLA CLOSSES THE GAP AS -

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - MORNING

Patrick wakes up in a cold sweat.

A couple deep breaths, then still silence. Just a bad dream.
Reasonable for what's been going on.

Patrick throws his things quickly into a bag.

EXT. KATIE'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Patrick, Julie, and Tom pull into Katie's driveway, who's
sitting on the curb with her backpack all ready to go.

JULIE

Hi Katie.

KATIE

Hi everyone!

TOM

Hey Hun, Glad to have you with us.

KATIE

Oh please, thanks for taking me!

Katie slides into the back-seat next to Patrick.

KATIE

I got even more excited when Patrick told me you guys were coming. The more the merrier, right?

Katie nudges Patrick and smiles.

JULIE

I didn't know you were also looking at Miskatonic. It's an... Interesting school!

KATIE

Yeah, it's got character, which I like. Plus some really old books. There's one in particular I wanna see first hand.

PATRICK'S FACE - "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

TOM

Oh yeah? Which one?

KATIE

An original copy of the Kama Sutra!

Katie laughs.

Patrick is somewhat relieved, also embarrassed.

JULIE

Oh...

KATIE

I'm kidding, that's Patrick's reason. I'm here to help him find it.

Tom laughs a bit too hard at that.

INT. CAR / DRIVING DOWN MISKATONIC HIGHWAY - DAY

As the car drives the highway, it approaches a ragged, hooded, HITCHHIKER.

TOM

(re: the Hitchhiker)
Aw, poor guy.

SLO-MO AS THE CAR PASSES -

KATIE STARES OUT THE WINDOW AND MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH THE HITCHHIKER HOLDING OUT HIS THUMB.

(CONTINUED)

HIS HAND DROPS.

It's someone we've seen before. NYARLATHOTEP, in GYPSY ROBES.

Patrick doesn't notice, but Katie and Nyarla lock eyes.

Katie gives Nyarla a death stare. He takes it in wide-eyed.

SLO-MO END -

The car passes Nyarla.

PATRICK
Wow, he didn't look too happy.

Katie turns nonchalantly to Patrick.

KATIE
Would you be if a ride passed you up?

TOM
Now I feel worse.

THE CAR PROGRESSES AS WE SHIFT TO -

EXT. NEW ENGLAND ROADS - DAY

NYARLA'S POINT OF VIEW.

Watching the car drive down the road.

NYARLA
(surprised)
Shub. What are you doing here?

Distracted, he doesn't notice the 18 wheeler pass him, then slow to a stop.

NYARLA
Oh, lovely.

Nyarla dances to the 18 wheeler's passenger door.

TRUCK DRIVER
(through the window)
Where ya headed, brother?

NYARLA
Miskatonic University please! I have LEARNING to do!

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK DRIVER

Ah, I'm headin' far west, but you're welcome to tag along for a little. It'll get you a bit closer at least and keep you off the street?

NYARLA

That sounds lovely.

With that, Nyarla jumps in the truck.

INT. TRUCK / DRIVING - DAY

Nyarla sits somewhat feminine in the passenger seat. Still with a psychopath's demeanor.

The driver's loneliness makes him oblivious.

The truck is pretty grody.

Stupid bobble-heads, a crappy radio, and an old school CV are some of the only accouterments.

TRUCK DRIVER

So, where ya comin' from?

NYARLA

Faaaar from here. Some would say eons away!

TRUCK DRIVER

(pleasantly joking, or trying to)

How Mysterious! Oh, it doesn't matter where we come from, only where we're headin'. Am I right?

NYARLA

We're all HEADIN' to nothingness, and we all came from nothingness. So, does it really matter?

TRUCK DRIVER

The existential type huh. Is that Nihilism?

NYARLA

No, it's beyond your comprehension.

The truck driver gets a little annoyed by that.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK DRIVER

So, what are you studying at Miskatonic? That place has always creeped me out. Can't imagine why you'd spend your time there.

NYARLA

Ancient incantations.

TRUCK DRIVER

(oh god)

Oh. Ha. That's neat.

NYARLA

My father is upset that I've meddled with humanity for so long. I'm going to open Yog-Sothoth, and Azathoth will bring you all into the abyss.

Beat.

TRUCK DRIVER

(ok, enough)

I can only take you a couple miles further before I have to drive away from where you're goin'. How about we listen to some tunes until then, yeah?

The truck driver turns on the radio, but before he can tune the channels -

NYARLA

Splendid idea, I know just the tune!

Nyarla tunes through static and normality, to -

AN UNEARTHLY CHANNEL. A TERRIBLE NOISE.

The low, thin flutes return. Dissonant and monotonous. It somehow comes through the crappy speakers crystal clear.

Enough to drive anyone insane.

TRUCK DRIVER

(getting sick)

I don't like this.

The truck driver's hand goes to change the station -

IT IS SLAPPED AWAY BY NYARLA.

(CONTINUED)

NYARLA

I adore this.

The truck driver starts to bleed from the ears.

Then the nose.

Then the eyes.

It congeals rather than runs.

All life seems to pass from the Truck Driver, a zombie.

He still drives flawlessly, with new purpose.

NYARLA

(cold)

Take me to Miskatonic University.

The flutes continue to hum as the truck driver maintains his silence.

EXT. MISKATONIC HIGHWAY - DAY

The truck barrels down the lonely highway.

A split approaches: One side stays on MISKATONIC HIGHWAY, the other heads WEST.

The truck sticks on the Miskatonic.

We watch as it slowly fades into the distance.

END OF PILOT.