

A CHANGE IN THE AIR

Written by

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INT. DILLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A stack of books about law enforcement and forensics lie next to a bright lamp on a nightstand alongside a bed. Brown leaves RUSTLE against the borders of an ajar window. Black shadows of other houses and trees scatter beyond it.

DILLAN, 16, book-nerd, rests in bed. He stares down at an open book in his hands: "DETECTIVE WORK: VOLUME II."

The door CREAKS open. SAMANTHA, 35, an athlete in dirty clothing, walks in, peeks towards Dillan. She walks up to his bed.

SAMANTHA

Are you still reading that book?

Dillan glances up. He frowns, bends his head down towards the book.

DILLAN

How will I even become a detective
and enforce the law if I can't even
learn how to...

Samantha sits down next to Dillan's legs.

SAMANTHA

How to what?

DILLAN

Well, enforce the law. It's scary,
and I can't even think about using
a gun.

SAMANTHA

Oh. Well, it does require a lot of
time to get used to. It's like how
some people aren't ready to use
their knowledge in certain things.

DILLAN

I guess so.

SAMANTHA

Also, like how your father and I
learned how to take care of a baby
for the first time. It's scary, but
we learned as we progressed in
life.

DILLAN

But guns can kill. I don't think I
could ever take someone's life.

Dillan shivers. He closes the book, puts it down. He twists his body around to bury himself in the bed. He rubs his eyes with a grimace.

SAMANTHA

Well, I know that you'll always
make the right decision. You're
already making one by wanting to
make the world a safer place.

Dillan glances up at Samantha. A weary smile speeds past.

Samantha leans in, plants a kiss on Dillan's forehead.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Now, get some sleep. Your father
should be home soon. I love you.

DILLAN

Love you, too.

Samantha walks over to the door. She exits.

Dillan looks out into the black sky. He shuts off the lamp. Darkness. His eyelids close within seconds.

A CRASH.

Dillan's head shoots up. The darkness blankets his room. He looks outside the window. Blackness of trees sway with slight movement. Silence.

Dillan jumps out of bed. He shuffles his feet into slippers. He opens the door, steps through.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The darkness fills the hallway. The faint glare of moonlight glows near the stairs.

DILLAN

Mom? Dad?

Dillan walks down the stairs with silent FOOTSTEPS.

A CRUNCH echoes up along the walls.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Dillan steps around the wall beside the staircase. Darkness blurs all significant details of the room. Dillan pulls his arms up as a breeze rushes over him.

DILLAN

Mom?

Dillan shuffles across the rug. Faint friction sounds disturb the air.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dillan's eyes widen. His slipper steps with a CRUNCH. A layer of glass crumbs cover half of the kitchen floor. A massive hole resides in the sliding door that leads to the backyard.

Dillan glances over towards the dining room, a china closet comes into view. His eyes squint towards a grayish box behind the glass. He performs a choppy inhale, exhales deep.

Dillan rushes his hand up against his nose, twists his head over to the sound of SHUFFLES on his other side.

At the opposite end of the kitchen, Dillan catches a glimpse of a tall object enter another room. More CRUNCHES pop through the air as he makes his way down the kitchen.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness lingers. A golden ray of light from a walk-in closet shines upon a bed that rests against the wall. Blankets flop over to one side in a messy fashion.

Dillan steps through the open doorway with a THUMP.

DILLAN

Mom?

Samantha steps out in stomps . She fumbles a robe around her body, shivers.

SAMANTHA

Dillan? Did you do that in the kitchen?

DILLAN

No, I heard it from upstairs.

Samantha runs her hand through her hair.

SAMANTHA

What the hell did that then?

Samantha rushes back to the walk-in closet.

A black figure stands behind the open door. Breathless. Quiet. It pokes a corner of its eye out to glance at the walk-in closet.

DILLAN

A burglar?

Dillan peeks his head out into the kitchen.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get my phone and call the cops.

Dillan turns his head towards the door as it CREAKS. His eyes expand.

TALLER FIGURE, pale as snow, masculine, twitchy, humanoid-creature that reaches the ceiling tiptoes out from behind the door.

Dillan twitches.

Grayish, glossy eyes stare back at him. A dark color paints the figure's lips. They depart. Brownish broke, knife-sharp teeth expose themselves.

A light flickers and dances around the edge of the room. Samantha walks out with a flashlight. She freezes. Her mouth gapes as if someone pulls on her bottom lip.

The light hits the figure's face. It winces, whips its head towards Samantha. It lunges at her with two bear-like hands.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

Mom!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SMALLER FIGURE, twitchy, feminine, croaky humanoid-creature rushes out towards Dillan, squeezes his arm.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Dillan!

Smaller Figure and Dillan struggle in a tug match. Dillan pushes back as he and Smaller Figure slips on broken glass shards. He pushes himself off the tiles, rushes off.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A long table covers almost the entire area. The shiny china closet stands tall behind the table. A wooden, gray box rests behind the glass.

Dillan runs around the table.

Smaller Figure slams itself into the table, the table SCREECHES across the floor. It slams Dillan into the china closet.

Glass shards BLAST through the air, onto the table, into Dillan's cheek.

Dillan pushes his hands against the china closet. His body snug between the two structures. The table slides out little by little.

Smaller Figure shuffles around the bouncy table. GROWLS and SNARLS draw closer.

Dillan glances over at the box inside the china closet. His hand trembles out, pries open the cover. A revolver rests inside.

Dillan's eyes water. The figure pushes against the table. Dillan lets out a painful grunt as he pushes against the china closet. Glass pokes at his arms.

Dillan's face whips to the box. He stretches his hand through the broken glass, snatches the revolver. He glances at Smaller Figure.

Reddish, sharp bones peek out underneath whippy, thin flesh. They claw at the air near Dillan's face.

Dillan trembles his hands out in front of him. The bouncy tip of the revolver points to Smaller Figure.

DILLAN

I can't...

Dillan whimpers as his hands lower. His cheek drips like red tears. The gun SMACKS against the table.

Smaller Figure claws at the air. One of the bones scratches Dillan's arm. He slams and pushes against the table. It moves an inch.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Dillan!

Dillan's head perks up. He glances towards the kitchen with wide eyes.

The crackle-like voice of Smaller Figure breathes closer and closer into his ear.

Dillan cries out a grunt. He lifts the gun up towards Smaller Figure. His moist hands tremble. He squeezes the handle of the gun, his index finger slips around for the trigger.

A GUNSHOT.

Smaller Figure's body falls onto the floor with a splash of blood.

Dillan's hands drop with the gun. His wheezes sound sharp. His mouth and lips dry as dirt.

Dillan observes the palm of his hand as it twitches. He pushes himself against the table.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha struggles on the bed with Taller Figure. Taller Figure claws at her with its large, fleshy hands. She pushes the bed's thick blanket around to guard her from its attacks. Streaks of blood cover the mattress.

SAMANTHA

Get the hell off of me.

Dillan stomps into the room. He stares at the horror show. Taller Figure moves about with shaky quick hands like a tiger that claws its way to its prey.

DILLAN

Freeze.

The exclamation echoes across the wall. Taller Figure turns its head towards Dillan with a slow movement.

Dillan points the revolver towards Taller Figure.

Taller Figure lunges off the bed, speeds towards Dillan.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

I said, "Freeze!"

Samantha rips off the covers.

Taller Figure tumbles on top of Dillan.

Dillan squeezes the trigger.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Dillan! No! Dillan!

Samantha rushes off the bed, over to Dillan. He lays on the floor--still--under the tall body.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
No, baby. Wake up. Please, God.
Wake up.

Samantha's hands tremble out towards the body.

Dillan pushes the figure off with a firm swing of his arm. Stingy smoke lingers through his nostrils as he coughs. Blood drips down his face.

Samantha grabs Dillan in a tight, firm squeeze. She rubs her shirt over his red eyes and nose.

DILLAN
Are you okay?

SAMANTHA
More than enough.

DANIEL, 37, police officer, bolts through the doorway. His eyes dart to the creature on the floor--lifeless.

Dillan whips the gun up, tenses.

DANIEL
Don't shoot! It's me, son!

SAMANTHA
Daniel!

Dillan's hands tremble, fall.

DILLAN
Dad...

Daniel runs over, hugs both Dillan and Samantha between his tight arms--blood stains scatter across both of them.

DANIEL
Are you two alright?

SAMANTHA
Yeah.

DILLAN
I think so.

Daniel scans around the room. He looks to the revolver in Dillan's hand and the creature on the floor.

DILLAN (CONT'D)
But, I. I killed someone...

DANIEL
No, Dillan. No. You saved you and
your mom.

Dillan's wet eyelids tense as he listens to Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Nobody knows what those things are,
but they're not human. They've been
going after the townspeople since
this morning. I've seen it happen.

SAMANTHA
Jesus.

DANIEL
You did a good thing, Dillan. I
couldn't be more proud.

Dillan cracks a faint smile, nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
And I'm so happy you both are okay.

Daniel squeezes his arms tight around Dillan and Samantha.
All three of their arms wrap together.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Pier 6 in the city has survivors
with barricades surrounding the
area.

Daniel pulls his phone out, turns it. The shiny screen shines
and glows in Dillan and Samantha's face.

ON PHONE SCREEN

Survivors at Pier 6. Safe Houses with plenty of food and
shelter. Bring supplies, if any!

EXIT PHONE SCREEN

Daniel pulls both Samantha and Dillan to their feet.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
C'mon.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - DAY

A faint pink stretches across the dome of the sky. Below, an ocean of darkness, with faint streetlights that flicker. Trees lay still with silence in the air. A police helicopter rests in the middle of the street.

Daniel hugs Dillan and Samantha close as they walk towards the street. All three bear bittersweet smiles.

SAMANTHA

I thought you would never come.

The three reach the helicopter. Daniel helps Samantha up into the passenger side.

DANIEL

Careful.

In the cloud of darkness, a black shadow twitches about behind the group.

LONG ARM, mindless, fast, hostile creature twitches about behind them. Its left arm--a bit longer than a longsword--drags across the sidewalk. It shuffles closer to the group.

Dillan and Daniel turn their heads towards Long Arm. Dillan freezes up.

Daniel goes to draw his pistol. It shifts and tugs about in the holster.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Long Arm SCREECHES as its sharp jaws expand wide.

Dillan raises the revolver.

DILLAN

Freeze!

The STOMPS and SCREECHES echo louder and louder.

Dillan pulls the trigger.

BANG.

BANG.

BANG.

Long Arm tumbles in front of Dillan and Daniel. It lies on the floor. Its arm pulsates with a SQUELCH for a few seconds. Silence.

Daniel perks his head towards Dillan. Frozen.

Dillan's arms tremble a few seconds before he lowers them. He takes a sharp inhale.

DILLAN (CONT'D)
This isn't easy.

DANIEL
It isn't, but you do a better job
than me.

Dillan twists his head over to Daniel.

DILLAN
Really?

DANIEL
You pay attention to your
surroundings. You're more aware.
Stable. Smart.

Daniel looks over at the creature's long arm.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
And a hell of an aim, too.

Dillan cracks a smile.

DILLAN
Thanks, Dad.

Dillan lifts the revolver towards Daniel. Daniel pushes Dillan's hand down.

DANIEL
Nah, you seem to got the hang of
it. Go rest with your mom in the
back. I'll fly us to the pier.

Dillan nods. He climbs in the back with Samantha. She hugs him close to her side as they lean into each other.

Daniel smiles, gets in the pilot seat.

Helicopter blades emit loud WHIPS. They swing about and increase in speed.

Dillan's eyes close as he leans into Samantha. The revolver firm in his hand.