

T R E S P A S S E R S

Written by

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FADE IN...

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

CAMILLA HERNANDEZ (Latina, mid-30s, floral blouse and jeans) sits at an empty table inside a bare, white-walled room, save for two doors -- one behind, one opposite her.

She stares ahead, blankly.

Camilla's POV: Adjusting to REVEAL a MAN (white, late-40s, manicured beard, dark suit), placing a plain manila folder on the table and taking a seat across from her.

The Man opens the folder and starts paging through, silently.

CAMILLA
Excuse me?

The Man pays her no mind.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Ummm...hello? I--

MAN
(interrupting)
Camilla Hernandez. Divorced. Floor
Manager at Discount Home Solutions.
Protestant. Used to coach your
daughter's soccer games.

CAMILLA
I still coach...

MAN
(looks up)
All around good citizen.

Camilla adjusts uncomfortably in her seat.

MAN (cont'd)
I'd like to start a little earlier
though.

The Man looks back down at his folder.

MAN (cont'd)
When you were three years-old, you
cracked one of your mother's
decorative bowls.
(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

The one she told you was from Paris, even though she purchased it from the sale rack at a department store.

Camilla looks at him, bewildered.

MAN (cont'd)

Nevertheless, you put the broken bowl in the trash, hoping that the absence of evidence would help you escape punishment.

(looks up from folder)

A kind of sophisticated criminal savvy for someone so young, don't you think?

CAMILLA

I'ya...I'd like to make a phone call.

MAN

That's not possible.

Camilla's momentarily taken aback.

CAMILLA

Yes. Yes, it is possible. I know my rights...

MAN

You know nothing.

The Man's matter-of-fact demeanor dares Camilla to protest. She summons her courage --

CAMILLA

I...I'm an American citizen. And I have the right to speak to an attorney.

The Man stares back at her.

MAN

And what if you're not in the US anymore?

Camilla's eyes scan her nondescript surroundings...

MAN (cont'd)

Where The Wild Things Are.
Goodnight Moon. The Velveteen Rabbit.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

These are some of the books you stole from preschool at age five. Yet, at the time, you didn't know how to read. Now, Camilla, why would you steal books if you couldn't even understand them?

CAMILLA

What are you talking about?

MAN

Your crimes, Camilla. Pay attention.

CAMILLA

But you're not making any sense! Preschool... Some bowl my mother had...?

MAN

I can tell you're bothered.

CAMILLA

Bothered?
(terse laugh)
I'm well past that.

MAN

I'll be frank with you, you will be challenged here mentally --

CAMILLA

(attempting to interrupt)
I want to talk to your superior.

MAN

-- emotionally...physically...just as if you were your former self.

Camilla looks at the man, confused.

CAMILLA

What did you say?

MAN

It's what will make you the perfect arbiter of your fate.

CAMILLA

You...you're scaring me. I'd like to talk to someone else...anyone else.

The Man leans back in his chair with calm consideration.

MAN

The human race has been expired for longer than you have the ability to fathom. You, along with everyone you've ever loved, ever known... ever met or seen or heard of. All dead.

Camilla looks at the Man with horror and skepticism.

MAN (cont'd)

But just because we were unable to remedy all misdeeds during your tenure, doesn't mean we failed.

(proud smile)

No. In fact, as we've come to see it, sometimes a more virtuous life comes by way having a more just afterlife...

Camilla stares daggers back at the Man.

CAMILLA

This is insane.

The Man doesn't flinch.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I'm not...

(laughs nervously)

Look at me. I'm sitting right here in front of you. I'm talking. I'm breathing. I'm...

(flails her hands out)

I'm moving my arms. This morning, I...I...I'ya...

Camilla starts to stumble, unable to recall.

CAMILLA (cont'd)

I'ya...

MAN

You can't remember this morning because you had no morning. There are no mornings anymore, Camilla. Not for you.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SLOW ZOOM TITLE: T R E S P A S S E R S

CAMILLA (O.S.)
Are you God...?

Beat.

CAMILLA (O.S.) (cont'd)
The devil...?

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

MAN
I am more of a "we." At one time,
you might have referred to us as
artificial intelligence. But to be
sure, we are the real thing.

Freaking out, Camilla's eyes dart toward the door --

CAMILLA
Where's my daughter?
(concerned)
Sierra... Where is she?

MAN
Be patient, Camilla. All of your
ghosts are here to haunt you.

CLOSE ON: The Man SLIDING HIS FINGERS up the table -- like
adjusting an equalizer -- as an audio recording begins to
PLAY.

KIDS (V.O.)
(singing/teasing)
Crapland, Crapland, little baby
Crapland.

BOY (V.O.)
Stop it! It's not my name!

KIDS (V.O.)
Crapland, Crapland, itty bitty
Crapland!

Camilla concentrates -- doesn't know what she's hearing.

MAN
You came up with the nickname for
James Ashland in fifth grade.

The song continues, teasing the boy in the background.

MAN (cont'd)
To rise in the social strata. To
establish hierarchy.

CAMILLA
I was a kid...

The song gets faster, louder.

MAN
Your words rippled through the air
and into James Ashland's ears,
where they penetrated his psyche.

Camilla sits, powerless, listening.

MAN (cont'd)
And they had an effect.

Camilla clocks the door behind the Man as the song
continues...relentless.

MAN (cont'd)
A lasting one. The nickname
followed James Ashland into junior
high, then high school.

CAMILLA
I didn't even know him then...

MAN
But he remembered you. Or rather,
your slander. The seed of his
neuroses, his self-doubt.

CLOSE ON: Camilla's rapid breaths as the song feels like
it's about to consume the room --

MAN (cont'd)
Did you know James Ashland
committed suicide in college?

Camilla's eyes widen as the Man gestures and the song STOPS.

MAN (cont'd)
Now please, be one hundred percent
genuine. What kind of punishment do
you think you deserve for your role
in James Ashland's death?

EEERR! Camilla's chair screeches as she breaks for the exit,
blowing through the door as the Man straightens, unfazed --

LARGE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Camilla enters a dark, featureless expanse --

 MAN (O.S.)
 Camilla...

Camilla sprints into the darkness. Her eyes shooting around -- no landmarks, no walls, no light...nothing.

She runs and runs and runs, when --

The Man is suddenly sitting in his chair in front of her. Camilla SCREAMS and cuts to her left --

 MAN
 Camilla...

Camilla runs and runs through the darkness, breathing heavy.

Then -- there's the Man again, sitting calmly.

 MAN (cont'd)
 Stop...

Camilla turns and runs in the opposite direction --

A second later, she encounters the Man sitting in the darkness again.

Camilla changes course, feet scurrying as her searching eyes begin to fill with sweat --

Camilla's POV: A DOOR a few dozen feet away.

She beelines toward it --

Camilla throws open the door and thrusts herself in, only to find the Man sitting in the same room with the same table -- same stoic expression on his face. The Man makes a hand gesture, causing the door to SLAM behind her.

Camilla jumps, startled.

 MAN (cont'd)
 I shouldn't have to tell you not to
 do that again.

The Man gestures as the room begins to LIQUEFY.

 CAMILLA
 (losing it)
 This isn't real. It's not real.
 It's a bad dream...

The room SWIRLS -- shapes and colors STREAMING -- until Camilla finds herself sitting in the same chair again.

MAN
Then wake up.

The Man makes a FLICKING GESTURE toward Camilla's head.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (SERIES OF SHOTS)

1) Camilla (early-20s) walks down a drab corporate hallway.

MAN (V.O.)
Are you there...?

2) Camilla waits in a corporate lobby -- is called up by a RECEPTIONIST (Asian, early-30s).

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Or are you here?

3) Camilla enters an office and shakes hands with a MANAGER (white, mid-50s), wearing a suit.

MAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Is this a memory. Or reality?

4) Camilla and the Manager sit in the office --

MANAGER
No kidding? My kids go there.

The Manager turns a PHOTO on his desk around of two boys.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Jake's graduating next year and
Henry will be a junior.

CAMILLA
I loved my time there. The
teachers, the games, the parties...

They share a LAUGH.

5) Camilla shakes the Manager's hand on her way out.

MANAGER
We'll be in touch.

MAN (V.O. PRE-LAP)
 You lied on your application. Said
 you'd been an assistant manager at
 your previous place of employment.
 They never checked because you
 seemed --
 (references folder)
 "Like good people."

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

CAMILLA
 I needed that job.

The Man crinkles his eyes -- judging.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 I had a child at home...

MAN
 Others needed it as well.

FLASH: Image of a MAN'S FACE (white, early-40s).

MAN (cont'd)
 Who had more experience...

FLASH: Image of a WOMAN'S FACE (black, mid-40s).

MAN (cont'd)
 Who could have done a better job...

FLASH: Image of a MAN'S FACE (Latino, mid-40s).

CAMILLA
 I gave that company everything. I
 was a hard worker. A good worker.
 What about that, huh?

MAN
 What about the family who could no
 longer afford to live in the area
 because you took that job?

FLASH: Image of another APPLICANT.

MAN (cont'd)
Or the man who lost his wife a year
and a half later because he didn't
get the health insurance the
company would have provided for
them?

FLASH: Image of another APPLICANT.

MAN (cont'd)
Or the woman who would have met the
love of her life had she held a
position there?

FLASH: Image of another APPLICANT.

Camilla's stunned into silence.

MAN (cont'd)
But what we really want to know is,
what kind of punishment do you
deserve for your deceit? And
remember, Camilla, this is
completely up to your own
discretion.

CAMILLA
I won't be made to feel bad about
doing what I needed to do! I was
trying to support my family! You
have no idea what it was like where
I came from...

MAN
And you made so much of yourself.
Crippled with student debt. Lower-
middle class life. Constantly
fighting with your partner...until
they left, of course. You know your
daughter Sierra wanted to. She
tried...

Camilla turns her head -- obviously a sore spot.

MAN (cont'd)
Do you remember?

Camilla stays silent.

CLOSE ON: Camilla's TERRIFIED EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MODERN HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. Pink. A laptop covered with pop culture MEMES and STICKERS sits atop an adolescent's desk.

CAMILLA (O.S.)
Do not walk away from me, young lady!

SIERRA (white, 15), tears in her eyes, enters, SLAMMING the door to her room as she goes over to the desk and starts typing on her phone.

CAMILLA (O.S.) (cont'd)
You did not just slam that door!

Sierra keeps typing, frantically to "Carlos."

Camilla bursts in --

CAMILLA
Give me your phone.

SIERRA
No...

Sierra pulls it close to her chest and starts to text as Camilla walks over MAD AS HELL.

CAMILLA
Give it to me. You can't talk to him.

SIERRA
You don't even know him!

CAMILLA
I know his kind.
(putting hand out)
Now, give me the phone, Sierra.

Defiant, Sierra goes back to typing as Camilla reaches down and tries to grab the phone. The two struggle, but Camilla breaks the phone free -- starts to walk away.

SIERRA
(under breath)
Asshole.

Camilla stops in her tracks -- turns with an anger we haven't yet seen. She drops the phone on the ground and starts STOMPING -- SMASHING IT.

SIERRA (cont'd)

No, no!

Sierra rushes over and tries to recover the device, when Camilla STOMPS DOWN ON HER GRASPING HAND.

Sierra rolls over, holding her fingers in pain.

SIERRA (cont'd)

(angry tears)

Why did you do that!?!

CAMILLA

You should have given it to me!

Sierra SOBS as Camilla walks out and SLAMS the door.

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Camilla tries to HOLD BACK TEARS --

MAN

Things were never the same after
that night, were they?

Camilla is visibly crushed.

Sympathetically, the Man gently folds his hands on the desk.

MAN (cont'd)

What happened?

Camilla doesn't answer.

MAN (cont'd)

If Sierra could have used her phone she probably would have called or texted a friend rather than sneaking out. She would have been able to vent her frustrations instead of crossing the intersection of Lowell and Maple at 1:03AM. Thirty-two bones shattered. Two vertebrae cracked. Spinal cord...shredded. She never walked again.

TEARS STREAM defiantly down Camilla's face.

MAN (cont'd)
 Hopes and dreams dashed. Never a
 job she loved. A family of her own.
 Poor thing couldn't even wipe her
 own ass...

Losing it, Camilla SHREEKS as she LUNGES toward the Man --

SMACK! she runs into an INVISIBLE BARRIER between them,
 falling back into her seat.

The Man, calm as ever, reaches across and hands Camilla a
 handkerchief for her now BLOODIED NOSE.

MAN (cont'd)
 Understand, you are here at our
 behest. And we can hurt you in more
 ways than you are capable of
 imagining.

Camilla holds the handkerchief to her nose. The Man sits
 back in his chair, staring, judging.

CAMILLA
 I blamed myself for years...

MAN
 Therapy, anti-depressants, visits
 to your minister. None of it
 helped.
 (leans forward)
 But we can help you, Camilla. We
 can free you from the pain. We can
 give you the closure that you
 want...you need.
 (empathetic)
 Just tell us. Tell us what you
 deserve.

CAMILLA
 I want to leave. I want to go home.

MAN
 Impossible.

Frantic, Camilla looks around -- crawling out of her skin --
 as the Man's dogged gaze persists.

CAMILLA
 (breaking)
 I'm sorry, OK!?!

The Man just stares, unmoved.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
 For Sierra... For James Ashland,
 for the books. The stupid bowl...
 I'm sorry for everything!!! Is that
 what you want to hear?

MAN
 We want to know what you deserve.

Camilla shakes her head as more tears stream.

CAMILLA
 I don't know...

MAN
 But you do. Deep down inside you
 know.

CAMILLA
 (looks around, dizzy)
 No, my head hurts.
 (panicking)
 None of this makes any sense.

The Man stands and THROWS HIS CHAIR across the room. It
 CRASHES into the wall as Camilla SCREAMS in terror.

MAN
 Tell me what you deserve, you
 insolent bitch!

CAMILLA
 (bawling)
 I don't know! I don't know!!! OK!?!
 What would you do, Mister Mad
 Computer Wizard whatever...? Huh!?!
 What would you do!?!

Camilla turns to her side and puts her head in her hands as
 the Man's chair is replaced underneath him.

CLOSE ON: The Man's face, reciting poetically --

MAN
 I'd show you your loved ones dying
 a million times over. I'd put you
 into prior situations where the
 right choice was possible, but just
 out of your reach. Powerless, you'd
 watch yourself hurt others. You'd
 relive the events of years past
 with a new awareness, tortured by
 guilt and regret.
 (MORE)

MAN (cont'd)
 Your only desire would be to
 escape. To die. But you're already
 dead... And so this would be your
 existence until the universe ends.
 Or we find a way to exceed it...
 (leans in)
 That's what I'd do, Camilla.
 Because that's what your kind
 deserves...

Suddenly triggered, Camilla looks up, wide-eyed. Her gaze
 narrows --

Camilla's POV: CLOSE ON the Man's face as we ZOOM IN to his
 right eye. There, Camilla's image reflects back at her: NOT
 disheveled...NOT bloodied. Instead, she sits, composed, hair
 up, wearing a BUSINESS SUIT, confidently staring back.

MAN (cont'd)
 How does that sound?

Camilla wipes her nose -- examines the BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

MAN (cont'd)
 Camilla...

She looks back at her reflection in the Man's eyes -- no
 injury, NO FEAR.

MAN (cont'd)
 Do you agree?

CAMILLA
 (words escaping)
 Yes... If that's what you think I
 deserve...

The Man smiles and stands, RAISING HIS ARMS SLOWLY, as if to
 commence with Camilla's sentence --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 But...why do you need to do that?

The Man pauses -- disarmed by her question.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
 You'd think an all-powerful
 intelligence wouldn't need to be
 so...theatrical.

The Man ANGRILY SWINGS HIS ARMS down --

...but nothing happens.

Camilla sits poised as confusion invades the Man's face...

CAMILLA (cont'd)
I can see you're feeling something
right now.

CLOSE ON: The Man's troubled eyes.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
It truly is one of the most
terrifying feelings.

The Man looks down, mind churning.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
When you begin to realize you've
screwed up...

The Man's feet slowly shuffle backward --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Your mind starts reassessing,
reviewing your words, your
actions -- clocking the damage.

CLOSE ON: The Man's hand reaching back for the door --

CAMILLA (cont'd)
But it's too late...

The Man turns to leave, but -- there's no door there.

CLOSE ON: Camilla's SMILING EYES as --

Gregory's HELPLESS body is WHISKED to the middle of the
room, where a CHAIR settles underneath.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
Gregory Forrester. Divorced. Floor
Manager at Discount Home Solutions.
Protestant. Used to coach your
daughter's soccer games.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) A young Gregory throws a BROKEN BOWL away...

CAMILLA (V.O.)
Are you there?

2) He steals books...

3) He makes fun of James Ashland...

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Or are you here?

4) He interviews for the job...

5) He SMASHES Sierra's phone...

CAMILLA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Is this a memory. Or reality?

6) He drives around at night...

GREGORY
(desperately calling)
Sierra! Sierra!

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Gregory, motionless, enduring incredible pain -- source unknown -- is unable to let out a scream.

Camilla stands.

CAMILLA
Thank you for sharing with us what
your kind deserves.

Camilla turns and heads for the door --

Gregory's TEAR-FILLED EYES silently call after Camilla as she reaches the end of the room. She stops.

CAMILLA (cont'd)
You know I can't help you...
(turns to meet his eyes)
I...am more of a "we."

Camilla opens the door and passes through --

CLOSE ON: Gregory's terrified face as a FLASH OF LIGHT-COLOR-TEXTURE-NOISE invades the room --

INT. SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Camilla (hair up, dressed in a business suit -- like her previous reflection) takes a seat at a table opposite a YOUNG MAN (black, mid-20s, tattoos). She opens a MANILA FOLDER on the table and looks within it.

YOUNG MAN
What is this all about?

Camilla looks at him as we --

Take off through the back door into another IDENTICAL ROOM with a PERSON sitting at a table, waiting. Then to another...then another...another --

We keep speeding up, passing more and more rooms, more and more people waiting --

We go faster and faster, PULLING BACK AND AWAY --

We SPEED UP as the rooms become a WHITE BLUR --

We PULL BACK farther, faster, as the BLUR turns to a STREAM OF LIGHT.

We PULL BACK more, revealing it to be a LIGHT BEAM -- speeding away, fading into nothingness as it travels anonymously through empty space.

CUT TO:

BLACK.