

OMENS (EXCERPT)

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INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DOOR-SIDE - EVENING.

DORIAN (20s, fit, ripped clothes, bleeding head wound)  
awakens in a **daze**.

Tornado sirens blare in the background. Wind howls through the open door. Sounds of city-wide destruction whirl around the house: car horns, crashes, distant screams.

We see HANK (20s, fit, jock style) freaking out, looming over Dorian and arguing with EVE (20s, fit, a bit bloodied, injured arm), panting nearby.

They move quick with **ferocity**.

EVE

(Concerned)

Why would you bring him in here!?  
We don't know who's looking for  
him!!

HANK

(Freaking out)

I-I-I don't know!! I just-- We need  
more friends than enemies right  
now!!

Dorian blinks slowly, dizzy from his fresh head gash.

KATIE (20s, smaller, fit) slams the door closed and slides down it, hyperventilating.

ROBBIE (20s, tall, fit), stands motionless with a blank expression near **the TV**. He eyes Dorian *like a hawk*.

KATIE

(Whispers to herself)

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh  
my god-

Eve gets in Hank's face as he repulses:

EVE

You have a plan smart-ass!? What  
are you gonna do if more people  
show up?!

Dorian's daze spikes as the noises fade around. We hear his heart-beat and breath.

Suddenly, **the TV turns on...**

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TV-SIDE - CONTINUOUS.

SLOW ZOOM on **the TV** (centered). The sounds of devastation fade out and static looms from the speakers.

THE FIGURE (age unknown, seemingly male, dressed in a dark-green hazmat suit and gas-mask), speaks from on **the TV**, its voice eerie and distorted:

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
(Distorted, ominous)  
Attention US Citizens. Stay calm,  
and take shelter. *They*, are here.  
Do not let anyone inside your  
homes. Lock your windows, lock your  
doors, stay clear of all exits, and  
do **not** be seen. This is not a  
drill. Hear our words:  
(distortion blares)  
**No One Can Be Trusted...**

INT. THE HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER.

The wind rakes against the house, other than that, there's silence.

Dorian sits slumped in his chair, his head wound covered up. He watches Katie.

She counts canned food and water on the shelves.

Eve's chair scrapes across the floor, catching Dorian's gaze. She sits near a defeated Hank, her arm wrapped up now.

EVE  
(Determined)  
What's your name and what's with  
the head wound?

DORIAN  
(Still dazed)  
Dorian. And, I don't know.

EVE  
(Aggressive)  
You don't know? Your skull seems to-

HANK  
(Unsteady but calm)  
Eve...

DORIAN  
(To himself, remembering)  
Eve...

Eve death stares Hank and Katie takes a seat.

HANK  
Dorian? I'm Hank, that's Eve, and  
that's uh--

KATIE  
(Anxiously)  
Katie. We're running low on food.

A beat. *Silence.*

DORIAN  
Who's house is this? An-and where  
is the other guy?

EVE  
Robbie? He's upstairs, on deck. And  
I don't know whose house this is.

A beat. Everyone's still recovering.

KATIE  
Guys I'm serious, we might have to  
go out there.

EVE  
(Angrily, to Dorian)  
And what? Get beat half to death  
like this freak?

HANK  
Hey, let's calm down, we need a  
plan.

EVE  
No one asked you Hank-

Suddenly, **the TV** turns on and blares throughout the house.  
Everyone rushes upstairs.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TV-SIDE - CONTINUOUS.

The doors and windows are somewhat blocked off, curtains  
closed.

Robbie stares pensively at **the TV**, the rest of the group  
crowds around. The Figure appears just like last time and  
speaks:

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
 Attention US Citizens. Stay calm,  
 and take shelter. *They*, are here.  
 This is a new safety alert: refrain  
 from extended periods outdoors; the  
 atmosphere grows weak. Air may be  
 toxic, and sunlight may sear human  
 skin.

The group cowers in fear.

ROBBIE  
 (To himself, deadpan)  
*Shit.*

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
 Info has been gathered on, ***The Others***: They can look like us,  
 sound like us, and may already be  
 in your homes. New info has been  
 released on, ***The Others***: Check for  
 issues with your party's memories.  
*They* will struggle to recall before  
 they've finished **assimilating**. This  
 is not a drill. Hear our words:  
 (distortion blares)  
***No One Can Be Trusted...***

**The TV** shuts off. The party stares at Dorian.

DORIAN  
 Hey, woah woah woah-

They move cautiously toward him.

ROBBIE  
 (To the rest)  
 What's wrong with the guy?

EVE  
 (Menacingly)  
 He doesn't remember shit...

Robbie tilts his head; *better run Dorian...*

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER.

Dorian's chained up, disorientated.

Robbie sits in a chair nearby: *Dorian's not going anywhere.*

Blankets and more supplies scatter the room. Food sources  
 have decreased.

Katie tries to sleep, writhing, twisting and turning.

Eve journals in a notebook she found.

Hank tries to get service on his phone; *no dice*.

DORIAN

(Panting slightly)

I'm not one of those things-

Silence; no one budges.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Please-- Guys I- I'm not lying I  
can prove it just-- Please, can I  
have some water?

EVE

(Deadpan)

Cry about it.

A beat. No one budges.

DORIAN

Eve-- What's your last name?

EVE

(Anxious)

What did you say?

DORIAN

It starts with an 'M' doesn't it?  
Murphy?

EVE

(Bewilderment)

How?

DORIAN

(Relief)

Henrik? My brother? Have you seen  
him?

EVE

Oh my God. Henrik's your- Holy  
shit...

HANK

What? Who's what, what's happening?

EVE

He knows my friend, from college.  
Wait... He can't be one of those-

ROBBIE  
(Abruptly)  
Can't be sure.

DORIAN  
Please, I'm not--

ROBBIE  
We'll wait until morning to figure  
this out.

HANK  
(Anxious)  
Yeah, what if he turns or-or  
something.

EVE  
He's not-- He-he- I don't-

HANK  
Hey we don't know if those things  
can fake memories or-or-or steal  
someone else's right!?

Katie winces in her sleep. A beat.

Eve turns to Dorian with light eyes, remorseful.

Suddenly, a rumbling shakes the house, like an earthquake.

Just as the party recovers, **the TV** comes on...

Robbie and Hank rush upstairs.

Eve keeps an eye on Katie and goes to fetch Dorian water  
nearby. We hear The Figure echo to the basement:

THE FIGURE (O.S.)  
Attention US Citizens. Stay calm,  
and take shelter. *They*, are here.  
This is a new safety alert:  
Sinkholes have begun to appear.  
Stay cautious. New info has been  
released on **The Others**: more of  
*them* have arrived. *They* may have  
come from underground. Wherever  
they come from, we suggest to take  
arms.

Eve looks Dorian in the eyes; she's close enough to feel his  
breath. He feels so human to her. She eyes the shackles in  
angst.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 This is not a drill. Hear our  
 words:  
 (distortion blares)  
**No One Can Be Trusted...**

INT. BASEMENT - NEXT MORNING.

KATIE (O.S.)  
 (Anxiously)  
 Food is low what are we gonna do!?

HANK (O.S.)  
 Hey! Calm down and think. Eve,  
 didn't you have something?

Dorian slowly awakens. The group stirs in their chairs.

EVE  
 What?

HANK  
 Weren't you writing something down  
 last night?

EVE  
 That's none of your bus-

ROBBIE  
 It doesn't matter, we know what's  
 out there. *They* are out there...

HANK  
 Man who the fuck is they!?  
 (To Dorian)  
 I thought **they** were already here!

Dorian moves and the shackles move with him; *they're coming undone*. He stops moving and listens.

KATIE  
 Oh god, oh god-

ROBBIE  
 Shut it Katie!

EVE  
 Watch yourself-

Robbie picks up a metal pipe he's found after the last **TV message**:



ROBBIE  
(Violently)  
Watch yourself woman.

Dorian leans forward and his shackles come loose.

A beat. Everyone's nerves flare.

DORIAN  
(Hesitantly)  
Can't we just, allocate food and  
supplies if we just-

ROBBIE  
(Hostile)  
Who unchained you?

KATIE  
Guys we only have enough to last us  
the next two days.

A beat.

HANK  
Then we worry in two days.

EVE  
What?? Weren't you the guy who  
wanted a plan?

HANK  
Oh don't act so tough! Who's the  
one who led you here from the  
wreckage down the street? Huh? Who  
was the one who *saved* you? Who's  
the one who found this house in the  
first place-

EVE  
Oh cry me a river, like we owe you  
shit!

The group riles up in chaos, arguments turning to loud  
shouting.

DORIAN  
Guys--

Shouting increases.

DORIAN (CONT'D)  
Guys please--

Robbie grips his weapon tighter.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

GUYS-

**\*BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM\***

The rooms drops dead silent. Everyone eyes each other. Sounds like the front door.

**\*BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM\***

A beat. Heart-rates spike.

The banging continues from upstairs, followed by the shattering of glass.

Robbie takes his weapon and creeps up the stairs. Eve and Hank silently freak out at Robbie but he pushes on.

Footsteps creak above them. Muffled panting echoes, like from under a mask.

Robbie gets closer to the closed basement door, ready to strike. The footsteps creep toward the basement.

The knob starts to twist. The door cracks open. Robbie stands ready.

The door opens fully and there stands A MAN (20s, strange mask, clothes covering every inch of him, travel bag on his back). He's startled, backs up and Robbie swings at his head:

THE MAN

(Jump-scared)

WAIT!!

**\*WET CRUNCH\***

INT. BASEMENT - LATER.

HANK

Holy shit... Holy shit! Holy shit!  
Holy shit!!

ROBBIE

QUIET!

EVE

Oh my God who is that!?

KATIE

Jesus Christ is he- Is he one of  
*them?*

The Man struggles, chained up like Dorian. His mask turning red from his head wound. Dorian watches silently.

Eve kneels near The Man's bag on the floor.

HANK  
What was in his bag!?

EVE  
I don't know.

HANK  
WHAT DID HE HAVE!?

EVE  
I don't know!!

ROBBIE  
(To The Man)  
I can make him tell us...

The Man whimpers at this like an injured animal.

The group begins to argue and Dorian cautiously approaches The Man.

Dorian reaches out to The Man who curls up and whimpers, making strange noises; *like he can't speak anymore.*

HANK  
Dorian what the Fuck are you doing!?

DORIAN  
He could've been fine!

HANK  
And you wanted to take that chance?

DORIAN  
Weren't you the guy who wanted more friends than enemies?

HANK  
***This***, is not what I meant.

KATIE  
What does he remember? Check his memories!

Robbie sticks the pipe in his face, The Man cowers and screeches, animalistic.

ROBBIE

Who are you and where did you come from!?!

The Man whimpers and continues panting and making weird noises.

HANK

He's one of those things, he has to be!

DORIAN

We don't know that.

EVE

Yeah, we don't-

HANK

Are you serious right now!? You're really about to side with this-this fuckin' **Critter**!?

The Man repulses and whimpers, CRITTER, what a fitting name.

Suddenly, **the TV** comes on...

HANK (CONT'D)

Nope. Ah-ah. I'm done.

Hank shoves past Robbie, taking his weapon.

ROBBIE

The fuck?!

Robbie and Hank wrestle but Hank steals it.

THE FIGURE (O.S.)

Attention US Citizens. Stay calm, and take shelter.

Hank rushes upstairs, everyone following behind.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*They*, are here. New info on **The Others--**

Hank rushes over to **the TV**, Robbie rushing behind-

ROBBIE

NO! HANK!!

Hank takes the pipe and smashes **the TV**...

It falls to the ground, glitching out, screen cracked.

A beat.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!?!

Hank pants, dropping the pipe. Robbie snatches it as the group looms around.

**The TV** comes back on...

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
(Freakishly distorted)  
*They know you are here... They know  
you are here...*

Hank begins to shout and freak out, Robbie grabbing him and holding him down.

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
(Freakishly distorted)  
*They know you are here... They know  
you are here...*

The Figure continues to repeat itself as Hank struggles.

Dorian looks at Eve, both tense in fear, Katie freaks out too.

Then, the power goes out and **the TV** stops. Everyone quiets down.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER.

The food and supplies are nearly gone. Each member tries to sleep but it's hot, and no one is comfortable.

Critter mumbles faintly, seemingly sleeping, blood staining the mask.

Robbie sits awake, restless.

Faint static noises reach the basement. Robbie stands alert, waking Critter. No one else awakens and Robbie goes upstairs.

Critter budes the chains; they're coming undone.

Dorian starts to wake, and so does Eve. Critter goes eerily silent.

DORIAN  
(Softly to Eve)  
I'm sorry this happened.

A beat.

EVE  
(Softly)  
Yeah-- me too.

They pause between talking, the air is stuffy.

DORIAN  
(Devastated)  
I think my brother is gone.

EVE  
(Melancholy)  
I think my parents are dead.

A beat.

DORIAN  
(Disassociating)  
Good night Eve.

EVE  
Good night Dorian.

Dorian tries to drift off like Katie and Hank, and so does Eve.

INT. BASEMENT - MIDNIGHT - LATER.

A little time has passed; everyone's dead asleep and Robbie still hasn't returned.

Critter whimpers softly and tries again to shimmy his chains loose.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TV-SIDE.

Robbie stands still, metal pipe in hand. He's gazing at **the TV**; *it's on again...*

Faint static looms over the house. The Figure appears on the broken screen:

THE FIGURE (V.O.)  
(Foreboding tone)  
*They have found us-*

The basement door creaks open behind him, shadows bleeding into the room. Robbie doesn't move. His eyes stay locked on the screen.

THE FIGURE (O.S.)  
You need to help us. You need to  
listen to us.

The basement door slowly opens. Robbie's gaze doesn't falter.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It is only you.

The basement door's wide open, a shadowed figure crawls out.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No one else is safe.

The crawling figure moves closer.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nothing is left.

Robbie quickly turns and there's Critter. Robbie nearly slams the pipe straight into Critter's face and he winces. Robbie, in a trance like state, turns back around to watch the screen.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The world is dead. *Death* hums its  
tune.

Critter sits perched like a cat next to Robbie, watching too.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Those alive are not really alive.  
*They* are here with you.

Robbie inhales, slow and tense.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You know what you must do,  
**Robbie...**

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING.

Katie wakes up, everyone around is still asleep.

Critter and Robbie aren't there, and Critter's bag and supplies are gone too.

Katie's perturbed. She sneaks past everyone and up the stairs.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The front door is wide open, some of the barricades taken down.

Katie freaks out, covering her mouth, trying not to breathe.

She glances over at **the TV** and walks over, as if it's calling to her.

Robbie appears behind her, eyes blood red, pipe in hand.

ROBBIE  
Nothin' personal...

Katie screams-

INT. BASEMENT.

Dorian, Hank, and Eve jolt awake to Katie's screams, followed by **metallic crunches** and **wet splatters**.

Eve runs up to investigate as Dorian and Hank glance at each other and wait.

Suddenly Eve sprints back down the stairs-

EVE  
RUN!!!

Robbie appears and attacks her violently. Eve screams and tries to fight back but Robbie doesn't budge.

Dorian stands in shock, locking eyes with Eve. He runs to tackle Robbie but Robbie doesn't even flinch.

Dorian hits him. No reaction.

Robbie shoves Dorian with inhuman strength and he flies backwards.

Hank makes a run for the stairs, trying to squeeze past Robbie.

Robbie slams the pipe down on Eve with a **\*CRUNCH\*** and lunges at Hank, barely missing.

Hank ruggedly sprints up the stairs.



INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.

Hank sees the door open, relief washes over until he trips and falls. He looks back; *it's Katie's bloodied corpse.*

Hank screams in terror. Robbie appears behind him and swings the pipe into his shoulder with a deep, **\*CRACK\***.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS.

Dorian gets up to Hank's screams, dazed.

Dorian waltzes over to Eve. She coughs up blood, head wounded and immobile.

HANK (O.S.)  
HELP!!! SOMEBO-

Metallic thuds reign throughout the house. Dorian struggles to leave Eve behind. Eve doesn't blink; *she's fading.*

Dorian turns for the stairs and hobbles up them.

INT. THE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.

Dorian gets out of the basement and makes a run for the door.

Robbie lets go of Hank and jolts after Dorian and catches him. Dorian hits him in the face: no reaction.

Suddenly Hank grabs onto Robbie. He lets go of Dorian and he limps towards the door. Dorian turns back for a second:

With Hank on his knees, Robbie takes a big swing and **cracks** Hank's skull. Hank falls to the floor motionless.

Robbie twitches and slowly turns to Dorian; *soulless.*

Dorian bolts out of the house.

EXT. THE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING (CLOUDY).

Robbie stands and eyes Dorian from within the house as he runs out the door.

EXT. GRASSY AREA.

Dorian continues running far far away, panting, breathing in the air heavily, but he doesn't stop.

EXT. THE HILL.

Dorian, out of breath entirely, looks back: *no one followed.*

He's a ways away from the house. He stops, catching his breath. He begins to aggressively cough.

He sees a figure nearby, his vision going blurry. He shuffles toward the figure sitting down and collapses.

That figure hands him some water. Dorian drinks it desperately, and as he does his vision returns; *it's Critter.*

Dorian breathes in again; *the air isn't killing him.* He coughs a bit, still breathing fine.

Dorian glances at Critter.

A beat.

Critter leans his head on Dorian and Dorian accepts. The two sit there, together, quiet, their eyes forward.

The wind is the only sound they hear.

A beat.

*What a beautifully silent world...*