

MONSTROUS BEINGS: EPISODE 8 "ARRIVAL" BY J.M. TATE

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

(JOSHUA'S DREAM AFTER NODDING OFF IN RV...)

We are in a first-person P.O.V. Floating through a forest, like in the dream in the beginning of the film. The forest is misty and dark.

We go past some trees, and see a house in a clearing, a house that looks like a church.

As we approach this house that looks like a church, having moved beyond the tree line we see white lights from inside the windows, getting brighter and brighter and we near.

Suddenly, the entire house beings to shine, not just the windows but everywhere, to the point that it's almost blinding, until the entire "screen" becomes nothing but bright white light.

CUT TO:

INT. RV - DAY

Joshua awakes in the passenger seat of the RV, rubbing his eyes as if he'd just stared into the sun. He looks over at Michael, still driving with dreary "road eyes". Joshua looks back, sees the Gates family all asleep, their heads rested on their arms around the table.

Joshua turns and looks out at the highway again.

His eyes narrow curiously as he sees what looks to be a hooded cloaked figure, the cloak a grayish-brown color, standing at the side of the road. The figure isn't hitchhiking, nor wearing a sign. It's just standing there; looks about six feet tall.

As the RV approaches this mysterious figure, Joshua looks over at his dad; but Michael is looking straight ahead, oblivious. Joshua looks back at the cloaked figure as the RV passes; the figure turns along with the RV, but because of the long cloak, no face is visible. The RV passes. Joshua is in a spell, not sure what he saw, staring forward. Then he turns to his father.

JOSHUA
Did you see that?

MICHAEL
(yawning)
See what, son?

JOSHUA
(after a beat)
I don't know. I guess it was
nothing.

There is silence for a few beats.

Then, Michael looks into his driver's side mirror.

MICHAEL
Oh, shit!

Joshua looks through his own outside mirror, and sees a
motorcycle cop trailing them.

JOSHUA
Is he gonna pull us over?

MICHAEL
I don't know why he would, I'm
driving under the speed limit.

Michael keeps his eye in the rearview mirror with anticipated
irritation.

MICHAEL
This is the worst part.

Reggie, who'd just woken up and quickly became aware of the
situation, goes up between the front seats.

REGGIE
There's a cop behind you, Mr.
Waits.

MICHAEL
Yes, I can see him, Reg. Thanks.

REGGIE
Being from the city originally I
don't know if white people are
allowed to drive around with
flamethrowers in their cars.

MICHAEL
It's in a hidden compartment, so
there's nothing to worry about. And
this isn't a car, it's a
recreational vehicle.

Reggie goes back to the table with his family, who are now starting to wake up.

Michael notices that the motorcycle has its red light shining; followed by a quick blast of the siren.

MICHAEL
Yeah, yeah. I know.

CONNIE
What's going on?

REGGIE
The pigs got us.

The Gates see the motorcycle cop outside the back window.

MARGO
(rubbing her eyes)
Reggie, we don't use that kind of
verbiage about police officers.

CONNIE
(looks at Margo)
Verbiage?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The motorcycle pulls around the RV as the RV is now pulled over. The cop rides about ten yards in front of it and parks. The helmeted officer climbs off the bike, walks over towards the driver's side of the vehicle, taking off his helmet along the way.

CUT TO:

INT. RV - DAY

Michael has his window rolled down, and his driver's license ready.

Helmet off, we see the cop is DREW BULLOCK, now known as Sheriff Drew Bullock of New-Nilbog County.

MICHAEL
Here's my license.
(realizes)
Hey, don't I know...

SHERIFF DREW
 (interrupting)
 You can put the license away, sir.
 I'm not writing you a ticket. I
 just wanted to give you a personal
 escort into town.

MICHAEL
 (surprised)
 Oh... All right.

SHERIFF DREW
 Just follow me, sir. It's about a
 mile up the road.

Sheriff Drew nods at Michael, and walks up to the motorbike.
 Michael looks over at Joshua.

MICHAEL
 Well... they are hospitable.
 (thinks about it)
 Then again, they were before... at
 first.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY/MOTORCYCLE - DAY

Drew gets on the bike. Starts it up. Takes off as the RV
 follows.

He pulls out the radio. Talks into it loudly.

SHERIFF DREW
 This is the Sheriff. Inform the
 Mayor that the guests we've been
 anticipating are right behind me.
 I'm giving them a personal escort.
 Over.

DISPATCHER (VOICE)
 Will do, Sheriff. Over and out.

EXT. NEW NILBOG/TOWN CENTER - DAY

The RV pulls into the New Nilbog main street/town center,
 otherwise known as a promenade, and parks along a curb. The
 promenade has a stage set up in the center. Nicely cut dark
 green grass in a perfect arc surrounds the stage. Beyond the
 street, which is circular surrounding the promenade, there
 is, on one side, three store buildings;

on another side a big old fashion courthouse with another small store next to it; and on another side a large field with volleyball nets throughout, one in a sand pit. Further back beyond everything are a line of tall trees - the outer-forest bordering the entire town.

Michael, Joshua and the Gates get out of the RV. The town seems desolate, but there is one person standing on a platform behind a pulpit: kind of a "soap box", as it were.

Obviously, from the strangeness of this place, both the Waits and Gates are silent, taking in everything with silent intrigue.

The young man on the platform is MAYOR ARNOLD YOUNGBERG, wearing thick-rimmed glasses, looking like a nerdy college student but dressed for success in a nice business suit. He is speaking into a microphone connected to the pulpit.

MAYOR ARNOLD

Welcome, friends. I'm Arnold Youngberg. Just call me Mayor Arnold. As you can probably tell, I run things here, and excuse me but I feel more comfortable speaking from this lofty vantage. As a politician I prefer a little distance from common folk - makes me feel more important.

Mayor Arnold laughs heartily at his own joke. The Waits and Gates smile awkwardly.

MAYOR ARNOLD

And of course you've already met Sheriff Drew Bullock.

Mayor Arnold nods in the direction where Drew is leaned against his motorcycle, now parked in front of the RV.

MAYOR ARNOLD

Sheriff Drew is a man of few words. We're lucky to have him in charge of securing this paradise-haven known as New Nilbog. And as you can see we're set up for family fun: lots of volleyball and, well... lots of volleyball.

The Waits and Gates look around at what the mayor had pointed out. Beyond the circular street is the large grass park area with three volleyball nets, one of them in a built in sand pit.

MAYOR ARNOLD

Well I guess it isn't much of a town, yet - but it's home. And if you look over to the left you'll see the epicenter of this utopia, our diner: the Cafe Brent.

The Waits and Gates look over and see, in between two empty stores, a diner with a sign CAFE BRENT, looking like a "greasy spoon" you'd see in any hick town.

MAYOR ARNOLD

The cafe used to be our drugstore. But this is now a drug free town.

Mayor Arnold again laughs at his own joke.

MAYOR ARNOLD

And if you look over there you'll see our bookstore, run by the lovely Librarian Jane, who, as the title implies, also runs the library which is located a few miles away.

The Waits and Gates look at the bookstore. Like the Cafe Brent it's small, not much to see. Inside, a pale skinny old lady with long black hair is standing by the window, looking out.

MAYOR ARNOLD

And last but not least, my own stomping grounds is right next door. As you can tell by it's illustrious design it was once an old time courthouse.

Mayor Arnold is referring to the large building next to the bookstore, that resembles an old court building (but is it really old?).

MAYOR ARNOLD

Centuries ago our country started in places just like that. Isn't it amazing how far we've come?

(turns back towards cafe)

But more important than history is food. And I'm sure you're all very hungry from the drive so why don't you all go to the cafe for lunch. We pride ourselves on our food so head on inside, take a seat, and enjoy...

(MORE)

MAYOR ARNOLD (cont'd)
As for me, right now I have some
mayoral business to take care of.

Mayor Arnold steps down from the platform. He walks over to
the bookstore, not even acknowledging his once rapt audience.

CONNIE
This place is sure weird.

REGGIE
I thought you liked *weird*.

CONNIE
I prefer scary. Weird annoys me.

Across the street Sheriff Drew climbs on his bike, starts it,
revs it, and takes off. Phil Gates turns to Michael and
Joshua.

PHIL
Well, we're going to eat. See you
guys inside, all right?

MICHAEL
Yeah, sure. See you inside, Phil.

Phil follows his wife and kids who are already headed to the
cafe.

Michael and Joshua remain standing on the grass.

MICHAEL
This is all very strange. That
large building wasn't there before,
and either was that bookstore next
to it. And Drew and Arnold haven't
mentioned anything about knowing
who we are, which works in our
favor. I prefer the Gates thinking
we're strangers too.

JOSHUA
All I know is, this town's awful. I
think I prefer my old hospital
room.

Michael turns, faces out at the tree-line beyond the
volleyball park.

MICHAEL

If you only had a clear memory of the past, you'd know what lies behind all this so-called boring environment, out there in that forest, isn't boring at all.

(to Joshua)

But to play along, I guess we should go inside.

Michael heads towards the cafe, Joshua following.

But then Joshua stops as he sees, standing on the grass near the volleyball nets, the same cloaked, faceless figure from the highway.

Michael turns around, notices Joshua. He follows his son's attention to the park, and sees only the field. He turns back to Joshua.

MICHAEL

Anything wrong, son?

Joshua blanks out from his "spell".

JOSHA

No, nothing's wrong. I guess I just spaced out for a second... Come on, let's go eat.

Joshua joins his father; both of them walk to the cafe.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS FROM MICHAEL AND JOSHUA IN BETWEEN THE FIELD AND THE CAFE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE HIGHWAY - ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS OFF - WHERE A BLACK BMW ("THE YUPPIE STALLION") WITH DARKENED WINDOWS IS PARKED, SOMEWHAT OBSCURED BY A COUPLE OF TREES (AND CAN ONLY BE SEEN IF YOU WERE REALLY PAYING ATTENTION).

CUT TO:

INT. DR. COOPER'S BMW - DAY

DR. COOPER'S BINOCULAR PERSPECTIVE: Joshua and Michael entering the cafe.

Dr. Cooper is seated inside the sleek car with the binoculars. He sets them on his lap.

DR. COOPER

Well. I guess I have to wait...
Nothing new for me in this rotten
purgatory town.

Dr. Cooper reclines in his car seat, and sighs out loud.