

A L I V E

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## SCENE 1

INT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S MODERN APARTMENT - NIGHT

SOUND of gentle jazz music

A minimalist, tastefully decorated living room. WILLIAM PRATT (35, sharp suit, impeccable hair) sips wine, smiling at ELSA (30s, stunning in a silk dress). She laughs, her eyes sparkling.

ELSA

Another perfect evening, Will.

WILLIAM

Just as I like it. Perfect career,  
perfect wife. What more could a man  
ask for?

He kisses her hand. They look utterly content.

## SCENE 2

INT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

William lies in bed, eyes closed. Soft moonlight filters through the blinds.

SUDDENLY, the sound of GLASS SHATTERING.

William's eyes snap open. He's still asleep, but the POV is from his perspective, disorienting and shaky.

He's in a different, older house. Dust motes dance in faint light. The air is cold.

FOOTSTEPS THUD. William's breathing becomes ragged.

Shadows writhe. Figures emerge from the darkness. Four of them. Their faces are monstrous - not human.

One wears the classic, gaunt mask of DRACULA. Another, a snarling WOLFMAN. A third is swathed in the tattered bandages of the MUMMY.

The fourth, the largest, wears the iconic, scarred, green mask of BORIS KARLOFF'S FRANKENSTEIN.

The FRANKENSTEIN monster lunges. William lets out a SILENT SCREAM.

William's body jolts in bed. He sits bolt upright, gasping for air. Elsa stirs beside him.

ELSA  
Bad dream, honey?

WILLIAM  
(WHISPERING)  
Yeah. Just... weird.

He lies back down, heart pounding.

### SCENE 3

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

William is at his desk, staring blankly at his computer screen. He runs a hand through his hair, looking tired.

A colleague, MARK (30s), walks by.

MARK  
Rough night, Will? You look like  
you've seen a ghost.

WILLIAM  
Something like that.

William looks down at his hand. He notices a small, almost invisible FLAKE of something on his skin. He picks at it. It feels dry, almost synthetic. He brushes it off.

### SCENE 4

INT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elsa is making dinner. William watches her. She hums a tune he doesn't recognize.

ELSA  
Remember that summer, Will? We went  
camping by the lake, and you tried  
to fish with your bare hands. It  
was hilarious!

William frowns.

WILLIAM  
Camping? I... I don't remember  
that, El. Are you sure that was us?

Elsa pauses, a strange look on her face.

ELSA  
Of course it was, silly! We had  
that little red tent. You even got  
stung by a wasp.

She laughs. William forces a smile, but a knot of unease  
tightens in his stomach.

#### SCENE 5

INT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

William is back in the nightmare. The masked figures are  
closer now. He's cornered in a grimy living room. The Mummy  
is ransacking drawers. Dracula stands menacingly by the door.

The FRANKENSTEIN monster slowly raises a GLOCK pistol.  
William's POV focuses on the cold steel.

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)  
Don't you ever...

William's POV lunges forward as the gun is aimed.

William screams, waking up in a cold sweat. Elsa is gone. He  
glances at the bedside clock: 3:30 AM.

#### SCENE 6

INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - MORNING

William stands in front of the mirror, examining his face. He  
sees another flake of dry skin near his jawline. He pulls at  
it gently. It peels away, revealing skin underneath that  
looks oddly... new. Smoother, almost too perfect.

He pulls more. More flakes come off, revealing more of the  
new skin. He pulls harder, near his collarbone.

He gasps. Beneath the peeling layer, his skin is crisscrossed  
with FAINT STITCHES, like a patchwork quilt. They are barely  
visible, but undeniably there. He touches them, a shiver of  
horror running through him.

## SCENE 7

## INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

William is at his desk, trying to concentrate. He catches a glimpse of his reflection in his computer screen. His eyes. Something is off.

He leans closer. He blinks. A soft, translucent contact lens-like film slips from his right eye and falls onto his keyboard. He stares at it, bewildered.

He looks in the screen again. His right eye is now a vivid, startling BLUE. His left eye is still its usual brown. He has two different colored eyes.

He picks up the film. It feels thin, almost like a membrane.

## SCENE 8

## INT. BAR - NIGHT

William sits with his colleagues, MARK and CHLOE (30s). He's several drinks in, slurring his words.

WILLIAM  
(Laughing too loudly)

You know, I thought I had it all figured out. Perfect life, perfect wife... turns out, maybe I don't even know myself. Literally.

Mark and Chloe exchange a glance.

CHLOE  
You've had a bit too much, Will.  
Let's get you a cab.

WILLIAM  
Nah, I'm fine. Perfectly fine. I can drive.

He pushes himself up, stumbling slightly.

## SCENE 9

## EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

William's car swerves erratically. A police cruiser with flashing lights appears in his rearview mirror.

SOUND of SIREN

## SCENE 10

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

William sits on a bench in a dimly lit holding cell, head in his hands.

DETECTIVE MILLER (40s, weary) stands outside the cell, looking at a printout.

DET. MILLER

William Pratt, huh? Funny, we've got a match on your prints for a Sarah Jenkins. Died in a car crash two years ago. And a Robert Peterson, 45, heart attack last year while teaching.

William looks up, his face a mask of confusion and fear.

WILLIAM

What are you talking about? My name's William.

DET. MILLER

We know what you told us. We'll sort this out in the morning.

Miller walks away. William stares at his hands, his mind reeling.

## SCENE 11

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT

QUICK CUTS of:

\* A large, sleek billboard for "TERRAGEN REGENERATIVE SOLUTIONS" featuring a distinguished DR. HENRY CLIVE smiling.

\* A TV commercial playing on a loop, Dr. Clive's calm, reassuring voice talking about "the future of human potential."

\* Dr. Clive's face on a bus stop advertisement.

## SCENE 12

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

William is asleep, slumped against the wall.

He's back in the nightmare. The Frankenstein monster is in front of him, the gun pointed directly at his chest.

FRANKENSTEIN

You touched my wife, nigger.

The gun FIRES. A blinding FLASH.

William's POV drops to the ground. He sees his reflection in a puddle of blood. It's a BLACK MAN'S FACE, eyes wide with terror.

William jolts awake, screaming. He's drenched in sweat.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Pratt! You've been bailed out.

## SCENE 13

EXT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S HOUSE - DAWN

William walks slowly towards his house. The sun is just rising, casting an eerie orange glow.

As he gets closer, he sees it. Candles. Hundreds of them, flickering through the windows.

He pushes the front door open.

## SCENE 14

INT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S HOUSE - DAWN

The house is filled with a soft, flickering glow from countless candles. The air is thick with the scent of beeswax and something else... gasoline.

Elsa stands in the center of the living room, wearing her WEDDING DRESS. It's stained and ripped. Like William, she has pulled off all the synthetic skin. Her face and arms are a horrific patchwork of different colored, stitched-together skin, old and wrinkled in places, youthful in others.

She is pulling at her hair, strands coming loose. Her eyes are wide and manic.

ELSA

We belong dead! We belong dead!

William stares at her, utterly horrified.

WILLIAM

Elsa! What are you doing?!

She ignores him, her eyes fixated on some unseen horror. She pours a can of gasoline over her head.

ELSA

WE BELONG DEAD!

With a wild, despairing cry, she strikes a match.

FLAMES erupt, engulfing Elsa and the house. The inferno is instant and terrifying.

William, screaming her name, stumbles backward, barely escaping the fiery blast.

## SCENE 15

EXT. WILLIAM AND ELSA'S HOUSE - DAWN

The house is a roaring inferno, black smoke billowing into the dawn sky. William stands, numb with shock, watching his entire life burn.

A sleek BLACK VAN pulls up silently.

Several figures in black tactical gear and masks emerge. They move with military precision.

They grab William, who offers no resistance in his daze. One of them injects him with a tranquilizer.

William's vision blurs. He collapses into unconsciousness.

## SCENE 16

MONTAGE - FLASHBACKS - QUICK CUTS

\* A MAN (the black man from William's dream) laughing, playing with a child in a park. His face is happy, vibrant.



\* The same man, arguing fiercely with unseen figures. Racial slurs are shouted. The masked burglars from the nightmare are glimpsed, unmasked, as drunk white supremacists.

\* A woman (SARAH JENKINS) behind the wheel of a car, smiling. Then, the horrific crunch of metal, shattered glass.

\* A middle-aged man (ROBERT PETERSON) lecturing enthusiastically in a college classroom. He clutches his chest, collapses. Students rush to help.

## SCENE 17

### INT. TERRAGEN LAB - CONTINUOUS

William's eyes flutter open. He's bathed in bright, sterile white light. He blinks, disoriented.

He's lying on a pristine white bed, in a vast, futuristic lab. Wires and cords snake from his body to advanced machinery. Two strange, bolt-like devices are attached to either side of his neck.

WILLIAM  
(Voice hoarse)  
Where... where am I?

A CALM, REASSURING VOICE echoes through the lab.

DR. CLIVE (O.S.)  
You're home, William. Or should I  
say, Project Adam?

A soft GREEN LIGHT washes over William's bed.

DR. HENRY CLIVE steps into view. He's impeccably dressed, his smile radiating authority and a hint of something sinister. He's the man from the billboards and commercials.

WILLIAM  
Dr. Clive? What is this? What's  
going on?!

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DR. CLIVE  
(Approaching the bed)  
  
You're thirty-five years old,  
William. But in truth, you're only  
six days old. Your life, your  
career, Elsa... all fabricated.  
(MORE)

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)  
A necessary narrative to integrate  
your consciousness.

William stares at him, horrified.

WILLIAM  
What are you talking about?

DR. CLIVE  
You are a mosaic, William. A  
testament to our success. Your  
parts come from different  
individuals who have passed on.  
Your magnificent brain, for  
instance, belonged to a brilliant  
man. Attacked, murdered, by... less  
enlightened individuals. That's why  
your fingerprints don't match.  
Those residual memories, those  
fragments of lives... fascinating.

William's eyes well up. He remembers the nightmare, the black  
man's face.

WILLIAM  
Elsa... she was like me?

DR. CLIVE  
An earlier prototype. Project Eve.  
A failure, I'm afraid. Too  
unstable. But you, Project Adam...  
you were meant to be the triumph.  
However...

Clive sighs, a hint of disappointment.

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)  
We didn't account for the  
persistence of the human soul. The  
subconscious. Those memories, those  
lives within you... they proved  
difficult to suppress. You are a  
success, William, but also a  
failure.

William starts to cry, silent tears streaming down his face.  
Everything. All a lie.

WILLIAM  
I'm... nothing.

DR. CLIVE  
Not nothing. A stepping stone.  
Perhaps Project Adam Beta will be  
more compliant.

Clive reaches into his jacket. He pulls out a SILENCED SILVER GLOCK.

William's eyes widen.

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, William. It will be  
painless.

Clive raises the gun. But as he does, all the memories, all the lives William has absorbed, surge within him. The strength of the man who fought the bigots, the swiftness of the woman who died in the crash, the sharp intellect of the teacher.

With a sudden, almost supernatural burst of speed, William rips the wires from his body. He lunges, grabbing Clive's arm.

Clive grunts in surprise. William twists, sending Clive sprawling across the pristine lab floor, the Glock skittering away.

Two ARMED TERRAGEN GUARDS rush in. William, powered by an unknown force, moves with incredible agility. He ducks under a guard's arm, disarms him with a swift move, and uses the gun to knock out the other.

He dashes into the shadowy recesses of the lab.

Clive slowly picks himself up, rubbing his jaw. He watches William disappear into the darkness, a flicker of something new in his eyes.

DR. CLIVE (CONT'D)  
(To himself, a faint smile)  
Maybe not a failure after all. Keep  
him alive.

SCENE 18

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

SOUND of distant sirens and city ambiance

WILLIAM (35, appearing gaunt and haunted) walks with a determined stride down a busy city street.

He wears a long black hooded blazer, the hood pulled up, obscuring his face in shadow. He moves with a newfound awareness, a quiet intensity.

He stops briefly under the flickering neon sign of a convenience store. He pulls a crumpled piece of paper from an inner pocket. It has several names typed on it, each accompanied by a small, hastily printed photograph. We see glimpses of the faces: the smiling black man, the vibrant woman in the car, the earnest college professor.

William looks at the faces, a flicker of something akin to understanding and sorrow in his eyes, though his expression remains largely hidden by the hood.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

They took their lives. Snipped  
pieces, like threads, and wove them  
into something new. Something they  
thought they could control.

He continues walking, the city lights casting long shadows behind him.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They are gone, in the way the world  
understands it. But I feel them.  
Their laughter, their passions,  
their pain. It's all here, inside  
me.

He pauses again, looking up at a towering billboard. It features Dr. Henry Clive's smiling face and the TerraGen Regenerative Solutions logo. Below it, a slogan reads: "The Future of You."

William clenches his fist inside his pocket, his gaze unwavering.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They may be dead, but they will  
always be alive... within me.

He pulls the hood further over his face, disappearing deeper into the shadows. He blends into the crowd, an anonymous figure walking amongst the oblivious masses.

The camera pans across the street, lingering on numerous TerraGen posters and billboards, their promises of a better future now carrying a chilling irony.

FADE TO BLACK.