

GAZPACHO DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN OF ADAK - DAY

NOTE: Due to the summer solstice, this region is affected by extended periods of daylight.

A twenty foot hole in the side of a pale house reveals an abandoned residence. The sign on the door reads: DO NOT PROCESS THE CARIBOU IN THIS UNIT. The wind rasps debris and broken glass against cracked asphalt. A rusty swing set. Shopping carts tipped over in an empty grocery lot. It is ghost town surrounded by mountains, the mountains are surrounded by pine, and the pine stands tall no matter how steep the mountains.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

GAYLA, the most adorable eight-year-old to trudge the wilderness alone, wanders past a unsecured barbed-wire fence. Her pink boots are worn, but her hooded coat is vibrant. The ground is littered with expended ordinance. A dish tower is halfway between her and the snow-capped summit.

Her mental state is exempt of free will. In her hand, an eerie teddy bear hangs by one arm and faces the opposite direction. Behind her, she has reached a height that most men wouldn't dare.

As she approaches the dish tower, the faint sound of a random RADIO FREQUENCY become audible. A monotone female voice over disturbed static. She halts and examines the deteriorated tower before stepping toward it --

RADIO FREQUENCY
Fourteen...Two...Three...

Gayla quickly shifts her glance to a CAVE ENTRANCE.

RADIO FREQUENCY
Charlie...Thirty-two...Eight...

Without hesitation, she advances toward the cave. The quality of the radio frequency improves.

RADIO FREQUENCY
Four...Quebec...Seventy-one...

The entrance is black, there is no view of the inside. The radio frequency becomes audibly clear.

RADIO FREQUENCY
July fifth, two thousand and
thirteen...

Her pink boot covers a land-mine wedged in weeded snow.

RADIO FREQUENCY
Nineteen...Eighteen...Seventeen...

She doesn't move, but is oblivious to what she has stepped
on.

RADIO FREQUENCY
Fourteen...Thirteen...Twelve...

She remains a statue in front of the entrance.

RADIO FREQUENCY
Ten...nine...eight

CAVE ENTRANCE POV

No audio. Unsteady. UNKNOWN OBSERVERS watch Gayla from the
darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

RADIO FREQUENCY
Three...Two...

Gayla's pink boot steps off the land-mine. She drops her
teddy bear and enters the cave.

INT. DADDY'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

The cleanliness of the residence is a cluttered affair, some
would interpret it as cozy.

DADDY (O.S.)
That's more than my father did for
me.

KITCHEN

A sink of dirty plates and cups. A grey striped cat sips the
milk from a side-lined bowl of bran flakes.

DADDY (O.S.)

My brother? No, he left the boat --
he's a cook on a submarine now.

BATHROOM

Electric shock potential. Towels and underwear scattered
around the space.

DADDY (O.S.)

My mother's last words to him was
that she always thought he would be
a good cook -- yeah well, morphine
will make you say some crazy shit.

BEDROOM

DADDY, thirties and in need of nourishment, sits on the end
of his stained bed with bad posture. He keeps his left hand
free for gestures and his right for the phone and lit
cigarette. His movements are within masculine regs, but
feminine enough to ask the question.

DADDY

(to the phone)

What's funny is he didn't have a
clue what a fucking hard boiled egg
was before he enlisted.

Dust particles and smoke dance in the sun rays from the
pinholes of a drawn shade.

DADDY

What were my mother's last words to
me? Nothing -- she never made it
that far.

He draws a crackle from the cigarette.

DADDY

Gayla? Good, she out back playing.
She liked the fireworks if you want
to call them that -- sure, I'll
call back. Thanks for letting me
see her. I miss you --

Click. Daddy's got the kind of face that looks like he's
been tortured before and slightly enjoyed it. He gently
hangs up the phone and smothers his cigarette.

LIVING ROOM

A full view of the landscape from the window. Daddy sits in a recliner and pulls a picture from his wallet and ponders it.

Unnoticed, Gayla makes her way down the landscape toward the house. Daddy teeths a cigarette from the pack and lights up. He scowls at the picture. Gayla continues to pull closer, Daddy still in a trance. She falls to her knees and now has his undivided attention.

DADDY
(looks out the window)
Gayla?

Gayla's nose bleeds from both nostrils, her pupils have left her eyes. She does a face plant into the ground.

DADDY
Shit.

EXT. DADDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daddy slams open the thin screen door and runs to the aid of Gayla.

DADDY
Oh my God, what happened?

He cradles her head, she's collapsed in his arms. Her pupils roll down into center position.

GAYLA
Daddy -- I'm scared.

He rushes to carry her inside of the house.

INT. DADDY'S HOUSE - LATER

GAYLA'S ROOM

The most organized room of the house. Youthful art of hangs on the wall. Father, mother and daughter with smiles under a rainbow. Daddy is bedside as Gayla rests her head on the pillow.

DADDY
Where were you?

GAYLA
By the big tower.

DADDY
I told you that place is off
limits. We aren't allowed there.

GAYLA
I'm sorry, Daddy.

DADDY
You're here and you're safe, let's
go with that. I'm going to call
the doctor, can I get you anything?

Gayla is hesitant.

DADDY
I'll be in the next room, just
holler if you need anything.

GAYLA
Can I have some ice cream?

DADDY
Chocolate or vanilla?

Gayla smiles.

GAYLA
Vanilla.

DADDY
Good choice kiddo, I don't have any
chocolate.

MINUTES LATER

Gayla doodles a sketch.

DADDY (O.S.)
I need your ass here first thing in
the morning. I'm not sure when I
can fly her back to my ex -- roger
that doc -- no, thank you. You
have a good night as well. Yeah,
see you tomorrow.

Daddy enters her bedroom.

DADDY

The doctor will be here early in the morning to help you feel better. Dammit, I forgot the ice cream.

Before he leaves to go get the ice cream, he notices the doodle.

DADDY

What are you drawing?

He leans in curious, but is shocked to see a slender girl figurine in the middle of two TALL CREATURES on the sketch.

DADDY

Who is that?

Gayla's eyes begin to water.

DADDY

Did you see them by the tower?

GAYLA

Yes.

Daddy is stunned.

DADDY

Did they talk to you?

GAYLA

Yes.

DADDY

Did the hurt you?

Gayla tugs her shirt toward her feet.

GAYLA

Do you still love me, Daddy?

DADDY

I love you no matter what, you can tell me anything and I will always be there to protect you. Did they hurt you?

Tears fall down her face. Daddy's loose screws begin to shake to the surface.

GAYLA

Yes.

EXT. DADDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Daddy and Gayla, hand in hand, get into a rusty jeep with purpose. Gayla holds an ice cream cone. He keys the ignition.

DADDY

You're going to show me where they are.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The outskirts of an old military base. Gayla bounces from her seat as the jeep blasts the terrain. A pair of four-wheelers intersect with the jeep. Daddy applies the brakes.

BEARD and MOUSTACHE, both in their fifties, wear camouflage coats and ballcaps.

BEARD

Where are you going at this hour, friend?

DADDY

Just taking my daughter on the tour.

MOUSTACHE

At midnight?

DADDY

She won't get to see it again for awhile.

BEARD

(to Gayla)

You having fun, sweetie?

Beard grins like he's got candy to offer. Daddy leans into Gayla and whispers.

DADDY

Are these the ones that hurt you?

Gayla slowly shakes her head from side to side.

DADDY

(to Beard and Moustache)

Stay off those bluff trails boys. I won't be able to find you if you get in a pinch.

Daddy eases on the gas past a tip of the hat from Beard.

EXT. OLD MILITARY BASE - DAY

A time capsule of the Cold War. The structures are mostly intact, but severely damaged from the decades of harsh weather. The duo drive past the barracks, steel bunk-bed racks and mattresses can still be seen through broken windows. Daddy covers Gayla's hand with his own.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

The jeep skids the gravel and dirt in the air. A barbed-wire fence obstructs the vehicle from going further. Daddy exits the jeep and helps Gayla out. He raises his head to view the dish tower.

Gayla begins to have a seizure behind him. Blood drips from her ear. The radio frequency and static returns. Her pupils begin to rise toward her forehead, Daddy continues to ignore her.

DADDY

(toward the tower)

We are going to have to go through the restricted military zone. Can you point to where you were?

He turns to Gayla, no seizure or static.

DADDY

Gayla, I know you don't want to go back, but I need to find out what happened.

She points beyond the dish tower. Daddy takes her hand and approaches the fence.

GAYLA

If you want to hold on to your crops and slaves, you had better get over that fence.

Daddy's involuntary chuckle shifts to confusion.

DADDY

What did you say?

GAYLA

If you ask me, they shouldn't let men in this outfit if they need a boost. How old are you?

Daddy's involuntary confusion shifts to concern.

DADDY

Gayla, what the hell is the matter with you?

GAYLA

You shouldn't be here, you're just a fuckin' boy.

DADDY

I am here -- and I'm your father. I don't know what your mother has been teaching you, but you don't talk like that around anyone. Is that understood?

GAYLA

Die Existenz und die Steigerung unserer Rasse und Nation, den Unterhalt ihrer Kinder und der Reinheit seines Blutes.

Daddy raises his brows in disbelief. The radio frequency and static returns to Gayla as well as the seizure.

GAYLA

Die Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit des Vaterlandes und der Nation die Fähigkeit, um die Mission ernannt, um es vom Schöpfer des Universums zu erfüllen.

He picks up Gayla and carries her underneath the fence and toward the summit.

GAYLA

My poluchili soobshcheniye iz kosmosa, general. Proiskhozhdeniye ne v zemle, no yest' vse, chtoby sdelat' s nim. Ya nikogda ne byl bol'she boyatsya v moyey zhizni.

He stops at the dish tower and the frequency becomes clearer and more audible. Gayla continues to speak the foreign language with no interruption.

GAYLA

Eto Vnezemnykh translyatsiyu raspyatiya Iisusa Khrista.

DADDY

What did they do to you? Oh my God, oh my God. Please, God.

He begins to weep as he comforts a possessed Gayla.

DADDY

Please, God. Please, God. Please,
God. Please, God.

Gayla begins to calm down, her rhetoric subsides. Daddy embraces her tightly, she hangs like a puppet.

GAYLA

The cook's the best killer on my vessel. He made a soup before the incident. One of those cold Mexican soups.

DADDY

My mother's favorite soup.

GAYLA

That's it, gazpacho. I've never had it before, hell, I didn't even know there was a such thing as cold soup.

DADDY

Why are you telling me this?

GAYLA

I felt so goddamn electric after I tasted it, I turned the key. Just me and my crew, our enemies and AC/DC. No more bullshit. It all ends today.

DADDY

What ends? What's today?

GAYLA

Gazpacho day, Mr. President.

Daddy loses his grip as Gayla darts toward the cave entrance. He runs after her.

DADDY

Wait!

She stops at the cave entrance, gazing into it's darkness. Daddy halts as a metallic click engages. On the ground, a teddy bear -- and an armed land-mine. He is fully aware what he has stepped on.

DADDY

Gayla...Gayla. Go get help.

She remains frozen as does he.

DADDY

Gayla. I need you to go back and
get the neighbor to come here and
help daddy.

She ignores him. Cautiously, he reaches down for the teddy
bear.

DADDY

Look, I've found your favorite
friend.

CAVE ENTRANCE POV

The radio frequency is fully audible. The Unknown Observers
wait in the darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

The teddy bear is within his reach. Gayla turns and stares
at Daddy. He grabs the bear and stands up straight.

Complete silence.

GAYLA

I always thought you'd be a good
father.

In a split second, a pair of BLACK CREATURES snatch her
inside the cave entrance.

DADDY

Gayla!

He steps off the land-mine.

FADE OUT.