

DOMINANT SPECIES

EXT. CABIN - SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - OCTOBER - NIGHT

BEN MORRISSEY (70) sits in a rocking chair on the porch of his small cabin. A nearly empty bottle of Jack Daniels is in his hand. Ben wipes drool from his lips. He's dirty, disheveled, and drunk. He looks off into the distance.

A HALF DOZEN SEARCHLIGHTS rotate as they cut through the darkness from a hill several miles away.

Ben takes a swig. (O.S.) A HORSE WHINNIES, frightened. The ANIMALS in a pen beside his house become RESTLESS. Ben pushes himself shakily from his rocker. He walks to the side of his porch and looks around to see...

A HORSE, A FEW GOATS, CHICKENS, AND A PIG struggle to get out of the pen. They're panicked.

Ben peers out into the dark forest. (O.S.), THE SOUND OF SOMETHING IN THE BUSHES.

BEN
Goddamn dogs. Shit!

Ben sets the bottle on the rail and walks into his cabin.

INT. BEN'S CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ben pushes the door open and stumbles in. THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM. The interior is a mess. Old food containers, magazines, and tools are scattered everywhere. He walks to a RIFLE RACK and removes a SHOTGUN. He ratchets a shell.

(O.S.) The SOUND of SOMETHING LARGE HITS THE DOOR. Ben stops cold. (O.S.) The SOUND of A BIG CAT ROARS. THE SOUND OF THE FARM ANIMALS UNDER ATTACK.

Ben steps forward. SOMETHING HITS THE DOOR and NEARLY POPS THE HINGES. Ben points the shotgun at the door and pulls the trigger.

A HOLE BLASTS through the door. A LARGE PAW COMES UP and LONG CLAWS RIP AT THE HOLE.

Ben backs up. His eyes widen with fear. He struggles to load another shell. The SOUND of HIS FRONT DOOR SMASHING IN. Ben covers his eyes and SCREAMS.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - DAWN- LATER

MONTY WINSTON (64) walks out of the Hall of Science and down the steps. Monty looks tired. His hair is gray, down to his shoulders. His clothes are wrinkled. The SOUND OF A DIESEL GENERATOR (O.S.) GROWS LOUDER.

Monty walks up to a LARGE GENERATOR mounted on the back of a truck. He goes to the control panel and looks over towards the central monument.

SIX LARGE SEARCHLIGHTS ring the needle-shaped Astronomers Monument.

Monty throws the first in a series of switches.

The first searchlight dies, then the next. One-by-one they are all extinguished.

Monty throws another switch on the generator and the machine goes starkly quiet. He looks out at the parking lot.

Several cars sit in the parking lot. Behind one car, SOMETHING ON THE ASPHALT STRUGGLES TO STAND.

Monty looks more carefully. He goes to the cab of the truck and removes a large wrench and then walks cautiously towards the parking lot. Monty sees...

It's a LARGE DOG. It's BLOODY AND BROKEN. It shakes violently and snarls at Monty. It's hind legs give out and it falls back to the asphalt. It growls weakly and then lays it's head down and dies.

Monty looks down at the dog a moment and then his eyes peer a little further out through the dim morning light.

EIGHT OTHER DIFFERENT KINDS OF DOGS lay broken and bloody around a small area of the parking lot. Monty looks around, worried, confused by what he sees. (O.S.) A THROATY SOUND, AN ENGINE, COMES CLOSER.

An ARRAY OF LIGHTS on a vehicle come up the road and enter the parking lot. The vehicle drives towards Monty. It stops. The bright lights aim at Monty. The driver can't be seen. Monty shields his eyes against the bright lights.

The lights go out. The engine shuts off. The vehicle is a LARGE, well-traveled, PICKUP TRUCK WITH A SMALL CAMPER. The truck has FLORIDA license plates.

Monty stares. He clutches tightly to the big wrench.

A beautiful young girl, CORALIE LEGER (17), opens the door and steps from the truck.

She has almond colored skin and long dark hair that pokes out from under a baseball cap that reads: HOLLYWOOD CHARTERS. She studies Monty and smiles mischievously. She nods at the searchlights. She speaks with a Creole accent.

CORALIE

I saw your lights there.

Monty stares, bewildered for a moment, and then grins.

MONTY

It pays to advertise.

Coralie laughs.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MULHOLLAND ESTATE - SAME TIME

Early morning sunlight filters through the windows of the large, beautifully decorated bedroom. ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS ADORN THE WALLS: RENOIR, MONET, DEGAS. EVAN FROST (40) and ELENA PADILLA (28) sleep in a large bed.

The bedroom door slowly opens.

Evan sleeps soundly. A shadow moves across his face and stops. His eyes flutter open.

A little blonde girl in pajamas, KATIE (4 1/2), stands in front of Evan. She holds Pearl out in front of her. MAX, the German Shepherd, rests his head on the edge of the bed.

KATIE

Daddy, Pearl wants to watch television.

Evan struggles awake.

EVAN

Is that what she told you?

Katie nods innocently.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's let mommy sleep. You go to the TV room and I'll be there in a minute.

Katie smiles brightly and runs out of the room carrying Pearl. Max follows. Evan lays for a moment and then pushes the covers quietly back and sits on the edge of the bed. He looks fit, toned from years of physical labor.

Elena stirs beneath the covers next to him. She's a natural Latina beauty. She reaches out with one arm and rubs Evan's back. She has a gold wedding band on her ring finger.

ELENA
Television time? So early?

Evan leans back and kisses Elena tenderly on the cheek.

EVAN
I've got to get up anyway. I need
to pick up the things for tomorrow's
get together.

Evan gets up. He walks to the bathroom. Elena calls out.

ELENA
Booker wants to go with you today.
He's got some more work to do in the
city on his movie.

Evan comes out of the bathroom. He wears jeans and puts on
a shirt. He sits at the edge of the bed and retrieves his
boots and socks. Elena rolls onto her back and rubs her
PREGNANT BELLY.

ELENA (CONT'D)
I'm fat.

Evan reaches over and rubs her belly.

EVAN
Sweetie, you're not fat, you're eight
months pregnant.

ELENA
I'm fat and pregnant.

Evan leans forward and puts his socks and boots on.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Are you taking the dogs?

EVAN
Not today.

Elena nods. Evan leans back. He strokes her hair.

ELENA
Don't forget the radios.

EVAN
Are you okay? You seem a little
skittish.

Evan continues gently.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Elena, don't worry. The baby will be fine. You'll see. He...or she, will be the most perfect baby in the whole world. I promise.

Elena rests her head against his arm.

ELENA

It's not that. Last night I just felt...uneasy.

EVAN

Uneasy about what?

Elena thinks for a moment. She shakes her head and shrugs.

ELENA

I don't know. Don't listen to me. I'm just a pregnant fat woman.

EVAN

Angelina will be awake pretty soon. She'll watch Katie. You should try and get some more rest.

Elena nods. Evan kisses her tenderly and stands.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Need anything else while we're out?

Elena thinks for a moment and then grins mischievously.

ELENA

I guess not. Unless you want to surprise me?

EVAN

Surprise you, huh?

Evan smiles and thinks about what to get her for a surprise.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We'll see. I just don't want to spend my time fighting the crowds.

Elena chuckles.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Bye, sweetie. Call me if you need anything.

Elena watches Evan leave. She is still unsettled.

INT. TOP PORTION OF THE HOUSE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evan walks across the top floor of the huge house. Ceiling lights turn on automatically to illuminate his way. ORIGINAL ARTWORK AND SCULPTURES are on the walls and hall furniture. He stops at a door at the end of the hall and knocks.

INT. BOOKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan enters. BOOKER HILL, 16, is asleep, sprawled across a king size bed. He's a handsome young black man, tall for his age. Headphones cover his ears. His eyeglasses are on the nightstand. His DOG, BISLEY, looks up and wags his tail.

The bedroom is cluttered with computer and electronic entertainment gear and video processing equipment. An electric guitar and a keyboard stand next to the equipment. Books are piled everywhere. A few girlie magazines are on the floor beside his bed.

Evan walks over and pushes the magazines under the bed with his toe. He speaks to Booker.

EVAN

Rise and shine, Booker my man.

Booker doesn't hear Evan. Bisley gets up and licks the boy's face. Booker comes awake.

BOOKER

Yuck... C'mon Bisley, knock it off!

Bisley wags his tail and licks the boy's face again. Booker removes the headphones and looks sleepily at Evan.

EVAN

Elena said you want to go with me to get supplies for the get together?

Booker nods and rubs his eyes.

EVAN (CONT'D)

See you in the kitchen in twenty minutes.

Evan leaves. Booker yawns. He pets Bisley and struggles awake. He reaches over and puts on his glasses.

INT. BOTTOM PORTION OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evan enters into a large, state-of-the-art, entertainment room. Theater seats and plush couches are spread around the room in front of a giant television screen.

Katie sits on a beanbag chair in front of the T.V. She pets Pearl in her lap. Max lays next to her. Evan walks over, presses a button, and a wall slides back to reveal a series of shelves filled with a huge collection of DVD's.

EVAN

What would the princess like to see?

KATIE

The purple dinosaur.

Evan searches the DVD's and finds what he's looking for. He goes to a wall of electronics and places the DVD into a player. He presses a few buttons and goes back to sit on the floor beside Katie. He scratches Max's head.

The children's television show, *BARNEY*, COMES ONTO THE SCREEN.

EVAN

Katie, you've seen this a hundred times. Why do you like it so much?

Katie thinks for a moment. She looks serious.

KATIE

It has kids like me in it.

Evan looks up at the screen.

Barney sings and dances in a studio with four small children.

Evan stares for a moment and nods to himself. Finally, he leans over and kisses Katie on the forehead.

EVAN

I'll get you some cereal.

Katie doesn't answer. She is mesmerized by Barney.

INT. GARAGE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The interior door to the garage opens. Evan and Booker enter. Booker carries a professional video camera and a battery pack. He wears a small fanny pack. Evan flips on the light switch to reveal an eight car garage.

Half of the stalls are filled with cars: two Range Rovers, a Honda Hybrid, and a classic diesel Mercedes sedan. The other four stalls have been converted into a WORKSHOP full of neatly arranged tools, a lathe, a drill press, and several other metal and woodworking devices.

Evan turns to his left and grabs two walkie-talkies from among several in a bank of chargers. He hands one to Booker.

They walk over to see...VARIOUS RIFLES, SHOTGUNS AND PISTOLS HANG FROM PEGS HIGH ON THE WALL. Evan takes down a pump shotgun and a REVOLVER and hands them to Booker.

He then takes down a CONTRACTOR'S WORK BELT THAT HAS A PISTOL, hammer, hunting knife and several other tools for prying and demolition. He tucks his radio into a holder on his belt and retrieves a HIGH CAPACITY SHOTGUN. Booker looks at his own shotgun and the pistol.

BOOKER

Do I need to take them both?

Evan walks over and presses the garage switch.

EVAN

Okay. You don't need to carry the shotgun, just keep it in the truck. But promise you'll keep the pistol with you?

Booker nods his agreement. He tucks the pistol into his front waistband and follows Evan out of the garage.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE ESTATE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

It is a beautiful warm day. Indian summer. A 4X4 DUAL CAB TRUCK with large tool box in the bed is parked on the wide brick driveway outside of the garage.

The SOUND (O.S.) OF A DIESEL GENERATOR intrudes faintly into the quiet morning. SEVERAL UTILITY VEHICLES: a water truck, a large generator truck and trailer are scattered around what was once a well-manicured lawn.

A portable gas-powered generator, cables, and a ladder are in the truck bed. Two ice chests are tied down in the bed. Printed onto the doors of the truck is a sign that reads: FROST CONSTRUCTION, 310-555-6795, Ct655550034. Evan and Booker put their shotguns in back and climb in.

Booker puts the video camera and battery pack on the front floor. Evan presses a button in the visor and the garage door closes. He starts the truck and backs up.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The estate grounds cover a few acres. RECENTLY HARVESTED ROWS OF CORN STALKS, TOMATOES VINES, PEAS, AND BEANS have replaced the grass in the lawn. A redwood playset has been constructed several yards from the front of the house.

The truck drives a few hundred feet down a long driveway to a high gate and a Spanish mission wall that surrounds the entire estate. He stops and waits for the gate to open.

The truck drives through, stops, and waits for the gate to close behind it. The truck continues down a long driveway and then turns right onto Mulholland Drive.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evan's truck winds casually down Mulholland. It passes a newer PORSCHE THAT HAS CRASHED INTO A TREE by the road. There are NO OTHER CARS ON THE ROAD.

Soon, the truck passes the REMAINS OF A LARGE HOUSE THAT HAS BURNED NEARLY TO THE GROUND. HALF OF THE HOUSE NEXT TO IT HAS ALSO BURNED. A large SEDAN HAS CRASHED into thick bushes in front of a house. There are NO PEOPLE AROUND.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Booker pay no attention to the destruction. They pass SEVERAL MORE HOUSES OVERGROWN WITH BUSHES AND WEEDS.

EVAN

Do me a favor?

Booker looks away from the window to Evan.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Keep the girlie magazines somewhere where Katie can't find them.

Booker makes a face. He's embarrassed.

BOOKER

Sorry.

EVAN

No sweat.

Booker looks forward. His eyes widen and he screams out.

BOOKER

Watch out!

Evan quickly looks forward.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY OF LARGE WILD PIGS hurries across the road.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS.

Evan brings the truck to a halt and they watch from the cab as the pigs cross the road. The pigs pay them no attention.

EVAN

Good thing Fred's not here, you guys
would be toast.

BOOKER

More like roasts.

The pigs pass and Evan moves the truck forward.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Where're we headed first?

EVAN

The Natural History Museum.

BOOKER

Cool! I'll take some footage of the
exhibits.

EVAN

How's the movie coming along?

BOOKER

Good. I'm going to play part of it
tomorrow.

Evan nods and drives on.

EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The truck drives down Laurel Canyon. There are NO OTHER
VEHICLES ON THE ROAD. He slows occasionally to work around
a WRECKED CAR OR TRUCK. NO PEOPLE ARE PRESENT.

A little further along, they pass A BUCK AND THREE DOES THAT
DINE ON THE OVERGROWN LAWN OF A LARGE HOME.

The truck enters the city. THEY PASS CARS THAT HAVE CRASHED
INTO BUILDINGS AND INTO OTHER CARS. THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS ARE
OUT. THE ELECTRICITY IS GONE.

They drive past a large mall.

INT. EVAN'S TRUCK - MOVING CONTINUOUS

Booker looks out the window at the mall.

BOOKER

Do you ever wonder what really
happened to those dead people we
found at that mall? Right after...

Evan glances over. He shakes his head.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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