

MATCH

Episode: "The Society"

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EXT. STREET - DUSK

A small, decrepit, city enclave along the waterfront.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

From a bird's eye view but moving closer - a MAN runs down the street. Lost and confused. As his image gets closer, we see that he wears a torn coat and jeans. He stops, looks up to the gray sky, and screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

He cautiously marches forward. This is ALEXANDER FRYE (25).

A BUZZING SOUND continuously reverberates from beneath the ground, like an electrical current.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Alexander stops at a concrete water fountain. His mouth is crusty. He leans over to sip, nothing comes out. Dying of thirst, he fights the urge to cry.

A MAN'S VOICE speaks faintly in the distance. Finally, a glimmer of hope.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello? Help! Is someone there?

Alexander looks around.

ALEXANDER
Where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Alexander cautiously makes his way down a nearby alley, following the cries.

He notices something glimmering under a nearby dumpster. As he gets closer he realizes its the barrel of a HANDGUN.

He bends down to get a closer look. Alex struggles to get it free from the rubble...

The BUZZING SOUND is quickly approaching.

He wiggles the gun free to discover there is still a bloody stump of a hand and forearm attached to it.

He drops it and staggers backwards. On closer inspection, he notices something else in the gun bearers hand.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ahhhhh, please!!! Is anyone there?

Alex hears the voice behind him. Definitely placing its whereabouts for the first time. He hesitantly turns away from the weapon and looks around the following corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Around the next bend he finds a DIRTY MAN sprawled backwards over a pile of rubble. His leg snapped under a pylon.

Instinctively, Alex runs up to him and grabs a 2x4 to use as leverage. He grunts and leans his weight into the board which snaps and the man screams as the weight resettles on his leg.

Alex tosses the splintered scrap behind him and grabs a thicker piece. This time he really lays into it and the pylon shifts and rolls off his leg.

Alexander moves some additional rubble and extends his hand to help the man up. The Dirty man is still face down, greasy hair obscuring his face.

As Alexander pulls the man to his feet the man shows no signs of pain or difficulty standing. What was moments earlier a huddled wretch is now a towering bulk of a man.

Alexander tries to step backwards but realizes the man is still gripping his palm. He looks down, the man's hand is glowing and quickly tries to pull away, to no avail.

He looks up to his face, his eyes glow underneath his hair, turning red. His hand gets hotter. Alexander screams in pain. He pounds on the man's arm trying to get free.

The Man SHRIEKS like a creature. Alexander cocks back and uses the man's grip to swing himself into him with additional force, crashing a devastating elbow into the creature's skull and breaking himself free.

Alexander cradles his burnt hand and searches for a weapon. He grabs the 2x4 he used as a prying bar.

The Man charges. Alexander swings and splinters the board over the Dirty Man's face sending him into the wall. The creature just regains his balance and shakes it off.

He looks at Alexander another moment before charging and Alex can see through his cracked skin to burning embers underneath. As the creature flares his breathing like a bull, it stirs the fire inside.

ALEXANDER

What the...

He charges and using the splintered end of the board he smashed him with, Alexander IMPALES HIM as they go tumbling to the ground at the end of the alley.

Alexander sees something on the ground. The SEVERED ARM holding the pistol. A rat chews on the arm's flesh.

Alexander goes for it but finds he's injured his leg in the altercation, as he limps towards the gun, the man rises back to his feet in the background.

Alexander pries the gun from its stiff fingers and something else falls out of the hand. He points it at the Man, hand shaking.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Please be loaded.

With the Dirty Man only a few feet away, Alexander pulls the trigger, BAM, a bullet rips through the Man's forehead and he collapse backwards.

Alexander sighs with relief. He catches his breath for a few moments until...

The Man rises again. Alexander pulls the trigger - click, click.

The Man dives on top of him. He crawls backwards using the stake in the man's chest to keep him at bay.

Suddenly he notices an exotic WOMAN cradles the top of a fence behind him. She aims an old-fashioned wooden bow and arrow. This is TERESA (30).

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Shoot!!!