

The Idea of Fireflies

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And

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WGA REGISTERED

FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Among a swarm of fireflies, a REAL ESTATE sign juts from the lawn.

KATHRYN JOHNSON (50s) makes her way up the narrow sidewalk. Although she is dressed in a state uniform, she seems uneasy.

Following behind, swatting her way through the swarm of fireflies, is Ezzy.

KATHRYN

I don't know what to say. The house was vacant for so long. Taxes accumulated. And now, well, there are problems.

EZZY

There is no problem. It's my house. My fiance would've paid the taxes.

A hand holds a magnetic key in front of the door lock.

Kathryn turns the knob, gives the door a nudge.

INT. VACANT HOME. FOYER - NIGHT

The front door swings open. Ezzy steps inside.

Attached to the wall is a security system panel. Its LED lights flicker as if something is wrong with the power.

Kathryn flips the light switch.

She freezes. Stands, waiting, watching.

Ezzy takes the lead. Walks to...

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mid room, an archway with two glass panels on either side.

Within the surface of each panel, a vicious VIRTUAL DOG comes alive, growling, barking, lunging.

EZZY

The not-so-silent alarm.

KATHRYN

Like I said, this one has some problems.

Ezzy veers around the room, avoiding a couch draped in plastic.

The dog's BARKING doubles in volume.

Kathryn covers an ear with a hand.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

(loudly)

The previous owner hacked the security system. We can't shut it off.

EZZY

Charming.

Beneath a table beside the arch, ANOTHER DOG lies curled on a pillow.

On a table is propped some sort of latex head. It is severed horizontally through the bridge of the nose. White filaments like blonde hair protrude from the skull. They connect to a panel on the wall.

Clearly distraught, Ezzy's hand goes to the sofa for support.

KATHRYN

Maybe we should just go.

Ezzy hurries forward, goes to touch the head, but she draws back.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Ms. Moore?

Ezzy wipes black slime from the head, cautiously at first, but then quickly. It is non-responsive.

EZZY

Oh David -- no -- no -- you damned, dumb, miserable shit.

Ezzy keeps wiping. And wiping.

Kathryn steps toward her, and blue lasers scan both women's bodies.

Both women freeze.

An image flickers in the archway. Maybe a bed. Flickers. Something on the bed. Someone--covered by a tarp.

MAN'S VOICE
(something indiscernible)

Protruding from beneath the tarp, two pair of bloody feet, one pair massaging the other.

Propping himself to one side, the man shoves body parts and gore onto the floor. Once again, the image flickers.

KATHRYN
It's one of those ... what are they called? Murder-walls? A psychological security system.

EZZY
Bio-digital. Touch the screen, and whatever is playing gets seared into your brain for life. It's outdated.

KATHRYN
It's a good system if we could shut it off. They really work.

Shimmering within the arch, a new scene involving a new line of body parts begins its cycle, and beneath the tarp, someone MOANS.

EZZY
This isn't a murder wall. More like some sort of rape wall.

Kathryn grimaces.

Ezzy holds an outstretched palm up against the digital gore. Careful not to touch it.

Beside her, Kathryn hurriedly digs out her cell phone. Taps the phone's screen.

KATHRYN
How about I just take you to another house. You'll receive a government credit. I'll show you something comparable.

EZZY
This is the one I need.

Ezzy maintains her position: one hand palm outward, dangerously close to the surface of the shifting images.

Kathryn steps back as Ezzy stands in front of the severed head.

Using the tip of her index finger, Ezzy rubs the inside of her gums, then touches her fingertip just below the head's ear.

KATHRYN

Unless you have access, a DNA key won't work. Trust me, we've tried.

The murder-wall dissipates.

The dog beneath the table also flickers, finds a more comfortable position on the pillow.

A holographic keyboard appears, and Ezzy types something into the panel.

Replacing the gory scene is a gentle cascade of clear water.

Ezzy turns to Kathryn, gestures to go ahead.

Cautious but intrigued, Kathryn steps forward then looks back toward Ezzy for assurance.

Kathryn, holding her hands upward against the digital water, steps through, GASPS as digital water glitters over her skin.

Examines her hands. Although they are dry, although her entire body is dry, she shakes out her hair as if it were wet.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, what'd you do? I could actually feel that ... the cold ... it was like really being there.

EZZY

I believe that's the point.

Ezzy also steps in, her breath catching.

DERANGED DIGITAL VOICE (O.S.)

YOUR CUNT MOUTH....CUT YOUR
GODDAMNED....DOWN YOUR FUCKING
THROAT!

Pounding, bed squeaking, weeping, cursing sounds of horror from upstairs