

SUPERIMPOSE

"Goddess of song, teach me the story of a hero"
- Homer.

SUPERIMPOSE credits but,
Leave TITLE for The End.

EXT. PRE DAWN - SALT FLATS

Fade In Flying:

Over salt flats glowing day-for-night under a setting crescent moon.

From the moon we turn to follow a sand washed carless I-80.

Along I-80 a smokestack slips by, then a derelict beach park where a half buried sign reads "SaltAir".

Over hundreds of abandoned cranes, army trucks, bulldozers. Then up and over their work: A city-enclosing containment wall of conex, rail tankers, and big junk.

Passing warehouses to "REDWOOD ROAD", we Fly the exit ramp to a giant warehouse with big letters, "OUTDOORGEAR.COM".

A hole in the wall spills weathered outdoor gear. Skis, packs, water jugs, helmets. Lifejackets.

The moon's last sliver goes down as CREDITS WRAP, INTRO MUSIC FADES. It must always be a female singer in Dennis' Timeline.

INT. PRE DAWN - ALCOVE

Continuous into the hole, resolve on two rotten work boots.

Track up worn canvas pants with black (blood) stains, a corpselike right hand hangs limp.

Pull out to DENNIS, (60s), a decent looking, but filthy and slowly decomposing white male zombie. His cheek holds him upright against the wall, dormant. The hand twitches.

The body creaks like a tortured mummy as Dennis becomes alive.
Awake.
Whatever.

INT. PRE DAWN - ALCOVE

Continuous as tremors rise up Dennis' body. He sips air, then stops breathing and moving for so long we have to wonder.

<Beat>.

Suddenly he shudders like a nightmaring dog and vacuums in a huge agonal breath.

His crusty green eyes peel open, look side to side. He is surprisingly alert for a Zombie. Which isn't saying much.

Dennis (internal, V.O.)
The horror bangs reveille.

My imprisoned mind begins a race of
lost cause against the now rising
sun and all the other turning of
the spheres.

As he levers his cheek off the wall a patch of papery flesh sticks to the grit. He doesn't seem to notice, just runs a hand absently through his roadkill hair - ick.

He pats his chest releasing a foul dust cloud which he steps through unblinking, unbothered.

EXT. PRE DAWN - WAREHOUSE

Continuous as Dennis exits his alcove.

Dennis (V.O.)
The parasite has beaten me like a
mongrelled dog and tossed my soul
down the maw of a deep and joyless
Well.

Like spider venom it cloaks the
world entire under a shroud spun
from the silk of our own hijacked
memories.

His body makes sounds no living thing should, or could make.

Dennis (V.O)

Inside me I see a flower, then
forget. Am I emerging from a year's
dormancy or a day's?

I cannot know this any more than
the cotyledon can ask the radicle
how long dead winter ran.

EXT. PRE DAWN - WAREHOUSE LOT.

As Dennis shuffles out through the hole most of the stars are
hidden by giant warehouse walls.

Dennis (V.O.)

Sometimes, between the darkness and
the stupor, I have a flash of
complete self-awareness.

No greater joy have I known.
No greater terror.

He rasps in air, his feet push gear aside as he follows a
vague trail through the gear.

Dennis (V.O.)

In these moments I covet a secret.

I do not have hope, but I know what
hope is. Dennis can survive. Dennis
can live again.

His legs suddenly tangle in a jumble of skis and he faceplants
brutally in the darkness, his head splashes into a water-filled
Pothole.

CUT TO: CHLOE'S
TIMELINE:

The music must always be a male singer in Chloe's timeline.
Maybe one like John Hiatt's "Crossing Muddy Waters" here. (No more
music notes.)

EXT. DAY - OVER THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Flying over a vast grey lake patched with pale red, green and blue algae blooms. Hazy, could be an apocalypse all by itself. But it's not.

EXT. DAY - ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

A single paddle dips the water off a swift gliding kayak.

Steady, strong, rhythmic strokes.

Pan to CHLOE FIELDS (30s), ruggedly attractive white female. She sports a faded cap, a weathered PFD with upside down knife. Lean, muscled, salt crusted.

She powers a big flat ocean kayak rigged with water-sample bottles, a waterproofed tablet, small plastic dry boxes, a pair of poles on the sides.

She looks like a Patagonia ad for doing science out here.

EXT. DAY - ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Having reached the exact middle of nowhere Chloe glides to a stop and takes a pull from her water bottle. She eyes a distant line of passenger jets stepping down towards her.

Off the planes she gazes down, into the grey water. She is floating exactly over the open end of a submerged rusty pipe.

EXT. DAY - IN THE SALT LAKE

Moments later, underwater, close-up on an open mouthed plastic bottle, now clipped to a pole.

We follow it up a tunnel of rust, suddenly into a tiny world of green silky algae.

An Applebees steak knife taped to the other pole wobbles into frame. It hacks, scrapes algae into the sample bottle as little clouds of algae and grey mud wash away.

The pipe is slowly flowing outwards.

EXT. DAY - ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Continuous as Chloe's gloved hands cap the sample jar she knocks her drinking bottle into the now-cloudy water.

She lurches for it and her hand slides along the serrated Applebees knife edge. She gasps, shocked.

Somehow the blade rolled flat at the last second. She is uninjured.

<beat>

Her water bottle floats a few feet away, held by a tether. She pulls it in. It has a worn "Algae Girl" sticker.

Even out here she glances to make sure no one saw.

EXT. DAY - ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Moments later as she peels her gloves off, one into the other, a pro. She takes it in. Beautiful, stark, silent and,

A plane roars overhead, low enough to hear airflow whooshing. The landing gear just meters above. Probably Delta.

It dopplers off to a safe landing a few miles away at KSLC.

EXT. DAY - ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE

She turns, Eastwood eyes now, and tracks the pipe disappearing through the water towards its origin.

The silhouette of an oil refinery at dusk on the far shore.

Without looking away she sends a perfect farmer's blow into the water over the pipe.

CHLOE

Watch out Mr. McGreggor, here comes
Peter Cottontail.

EXT. EVENING - ABOVE THE SALT LAKE

Minutes later, pull out from her sample jug, tracking until Chloe is a speck backlit by a Maynard Dixon sunset on her

long paddle home.

CUT TO: DENNIS' TIMELINE

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