

THE DIGGEST

Written by

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INT. CLAY'S BEDROOM- DAY

A DESK IS LITTERED WITH A CHILD'S DRAWINGS OF CAVES, UNDERGROUND DWELLINGS, AND THE LIKE. ARCHAEOLOGY MAGS. AN ASSORTMENT OF UNIQUE ROCKS, ARROWHEADS, AND GEMS ACCENT THE DESK, TOO

A NEW PIECE OF PAPER SLAPS DOWN ON THE DESK AND THE HANDS OF A CHILD COMPLETE A NEW DESIGN OF A FUN UNDERGROUND HOUSE.

The hands belong to Clay, age 10, non-fussed, non-mussed. He wears old jeans and an over sized t-shirt. Slung around his shoulder is an old military satchel. He springs up and grabs the drawing.

Over on a pinboard, he pins his new masterpiece. He looks at it proudly; his best yet.

He looks at his watch lunges out the door.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Clay downs a glass of milk.

He slams it down on the counter.

MOM

Clay!

CLAY

Sorry, Mom. Gotta go.

He whips out the back door , still putting his shoes on.

HUMBERTO, the family's terrier gently woofs at him.

MOM

Get back before the lights come on!

Clay is already out the door.

CLAY (O.C.)

Ok.

MOM

And don't go far... And no digging in the neighbors!

CLAY (O.C.)

OK!

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD

Clay digs excitedly with a hand shovel, he talks to himself.

He's got a good hole going. At least 2 feet deep. Non-descript rocks lay at the perimeter.

Several yards away, from the neighbor's back door, a tall man exits.

NEIGHBOR

Hey there... Whatcha doin.

CLAY

Digging!

NEIGHBOR

Yeah. For what?

CLAY

For rocks and fossils. I've got a few limestone, I think an arrow head. One time I found Jasper.

NEIGHBOR

Great, great. Well. You're tearing up my yard. You should go.

Clay stops his digging, and looks up.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

NOW!

Clay scrambles to put his shovel and prizes in his satchel and hightails it out of there.

EXT. THE WOODS- LATER

Clay hops through a scenic woodland area near the outskirts of his suburb. Lazy traffic can still be heard in the distance, along with the occasional dog barks, and Saturday lawn mowers.

He keeps his eyes down, looking for a spot that could reveal Earthen treasures.

Clay's little shovel breaks ground.

Clay kneels as he scoops more and more dirt from a hole.

An orange spherical object begins to reveal itself.

Clay gasps.

He taps the orb with a finger. A soft light glows where he tapped.

Clay laughs. He taps it a few more times.

The orb responds again; excitedly glowing in rhythm to the pressure of his finger tips.

INSERT

The sky has dimmed enough and a street light switches on.

Clay scoops up more dirt around the orb, uncovering it about half-way.

Clay looks up, seeing the darkening sky.

He swiftly gathers his things and stuffs them in his satchel

CLAY

Ok. Ok! Later! Tomorrow!

Clay skips off.

INSERT

Alone now, the orb begins to glow more vibrantly. The ground around it begins to crack and RUMBLE.

INT. CLAY KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Clay stumbles groggily into the kitchen and fixes himself a glass of orange juice.

From the kitchen he sees Mom and Dad catching the morning news. They tilt their heads towards him.

DAD

Morning. You're up early for a Saturday.

CLAY

Morning guys

MOM

Hey hun

Clay glances up at the TV. On the screen the image has switched to a live arial feed:

The ORANGE ORB, expanded to the size of a big house, glows in the sun. It is still half-buried, and surrounded by trees. A helicopter flies around it. Tiny trucks make a perimeter around the forest.

Clay nearly spills his OJ.

CLAY

Yeah, Yeah. Just not feeling that great today. I didn't sleep great. I think the dog next door kept waking me up.

MOM

Uh, babe (to Dad) I thought you were going to talk to them about that.

DAD

I did. I'll talk to them again.

Behind them, simultaneously, the TV anchor chatters--

NEWS ANCHOR

... just unbelievable. Especially here in our small town. Later in the hour, we'll have a few words from a scientist on the frontlines, explaining...

CLAY

OK. Later.

MOM

Ok. We'll come check on you in a few.

She turns to Dad who shrugs. Then, she notices the TV report.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oh my... What?!

INT. CLAY'S BEDROOM

Clay sweats it out, in his bedroom.

He tries to read something. He tries playing on his Game Boy.

Eventually, he lays back and pulls the cover over his face.

LATER

Clay wakes up to the sound of HEAVY WIND.

HE jumps up, and opens his curtains

The sky is orange and flickering.

Dad bursts into his room.

DAD

Lets go!

CLAY

Dad! Whats going--

DAD

Lets go. NOW!

INT. FAMILY CAR

Clay slides into the backseat. Beside him , Humberto shivers in a travel cage.

The car rocks. Outside, the sky still flashes and shines orange, elements in the air seem to spark.

Dad and Mom jump in and Dad floors it out of the driveway.

The radio in the car blares an emergency message.

Mom and Dad yell at each other.

The winds outside grow louder.

Humberto begins to bark.

CLAY

Oh S\*\*\*

**END**

