

KING TIDE

FADE IN

EXT. FJ TORRAS CAUSEWAY — EASTBOUND BRIDGE — NIGHT

3:15 A.M. A January fog drapes the Georgia coast like a burial shroud.

The causeway bridge connecting the mainland to St. Simons Island stretches across the Intracoastal Waterway — 300 feet of salt air and sodium light over black water.

An overhead shot shows a lone ambulance running lights and sirens.

INT./EXT. GLYNN COUNTY RESCUE ONE — CONTINUOUS

BIGGS HAVERSTOCK, 21, Firefighter/Paramedic rides shotgun in the ambulance.

BENNETT SUTTON, 32, Paramedic is driving.

Both men go rigid when the ambulance headlights find a mangled red Hyundai Elantra. The vehicle has crashed through the barriers and hangs half over the edge of the bridge.

BIGGS

How does that even happen?

BENNETT

Where's the PD?

The Elantra groans.

BENNETT

Let's get a strap on that thing.

Movement inside the car. Then

Andrea Franks, 18, shoots upright in the driver's seat. Dark air. Brown eyes wide with terror. Blood covers the right side of her face.

ANDREA

Help me!

She thrashes against her seat belt. The car shudders in response. The rear tires grind tighter against fractured concrete.

BIGGS (approaches)

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Hold on.

She freezes. Stares at him. Looking for a sign of hope.

Biggs's moves toward the car slowly,

Biggs reaches the car. Doesn't dare touch it. Any hint of contact could tip the balance. He leans over the broken parapet. Gets close to her window the door is sheared clean off.

He makes the mistake of looking down.
The Intracoastal churns 300 feet
below. His stomach drops as the water
reaches for him.

BIGGS

I'm Biggs. What's your name?

ANDREA

Andrea, please get me out

BIGGS

We're good Andrea. First things
first. Can you move? Arms, legs,
toes all that?

She checks herself and nods.

ANDREA

I think so.

BIGGS

That's good. Really good. Can you unhook your seatbelt?

Andrea reaches for the buckle. Starts PRESSING, PANICKING

The car SHIFTS. Concrete
CRACKS. Both of them
freeze.

The beeping reverse signal of the ambulance chimes in the
background.

ANDREA

(whimpering)

It's stuck. It's stuck I can't

Biggs draws his Kershaw
auto-folder from his
thigh pocket. The blade
snaps open. Stretching
drastically over the
edge, almost into the car
with her, he grabs the
shoulder strap and starts
sawing at the strap.

Something deep in the parapet gives a catastrophic crack,
Andrea shrieks.

BENNETT

(distant)

What are you doing? Get Back!

The strap. It snaps free. Andrea claws toward him. Concrete
crumbles. Biggs notices a hint of relief on Andrea's face.

The Elantra drops.

So fast she doesn't even scream. She just looks confused as
she drops toward the blackness. Biggs can only watch her
fall.

Something tugs his wrist. Biggs is in free fall.

CRASH TO BLACK

EXT. GOULD'S INLET BEACH — DAWN (VISION)

BIGGS stands on wet sand. Barefoot. His boots are gone. The
cold bites at his skin.

He is alone.

A figure approaches. Featureless. Just a silhouette against the blue-gray hue of first light.

BIGGS

Hello?

Closer now. Features clear. Biggs is floored by the unmistakable visage. God is smiling.

Biggs takes a step toward him .

INT. MOROCCAN JUNK SHOP-Day- 18 MONTHS LATER

Victoria Chilton, 23, rich girl traveling on daddy's money to find herself enters dusty, old Junk Shop. Owner, undescribably old, and weathered as the morrocan desert, wearing man jammies, as Victoria calls them, assesses her with dead eyes. The shop is a hoarders paradise. Victoria does her best not to touch anything. She needs to find something to bring back to her parents, and it has to be something interesting. It's the only reason she is there. She feels the owners eyes on her, tracking her. Gives her the creeps. When she steals a glance at him, he looks like a statue, like a marionette waiting for someone to pull his strings. Victoria selects and old looking statute, appraises it for her father's tastes in all things old. Good enough. She approaches the register to find the owner, polishing the jeweled sheaths of a jaw dropping pair of ancient looking scimitars.

VICTORIA

Those are beautiful.

OWNER (now full of charm)

Beautiful weapons for a beautiful woman. You buy?

VICTORIA (statue forgotten)

Yes, I'll take them both.

The owner offers one of the scimitars, hilt first, offering a sort of curtsy. Victoria smiles and accepts. She can already see the two blades crossed, mounted in father's study. She takes the hilt and gasps. Something happened, something powerful, confusion, curiosity, elation, power.

SMASH CUT DARKNESS-A VOID

Victoria experiences fear she has never known. A woman, ALANZER, ancient warrior queen, whose soul is trapped within the scimitars, appears in the darkness. Golden skin, racing, powerful curves, barely covered by lithe, linen sashes. Her eyes are piercing. She weilds the scimitars. They gleam as if brand new.

VICTORIA

Wha...

Alanzer stabs Victoria, one scimitar in each shoulder. Victoria screams as Alanzer lifts her into the air. Victoria is helpless, skewered on the blades. Alanzer appraises her.

ALANZER

(Middleeastern accent)

You have
potential.

VICTORIA

I...uh...

ALANZER

Choose. Serve me or death. Give yourself to me. I will bring you power, wealth beyond reason. Deny me. I feed on your puny soul.

VICTORIA

(desperate cry)

I...AHHHH! Serve you. I give myself to you, just please stop!

SMASH CUT

INT. MOROCCAN JUNK SHOP-Day

The shop owner sags, eyes rolling back in his head he falls away from the counter. Strings cut.

Victoria takes the second scimitar by the sheath, twirling the two ancient, very special weapons in her hands as if she'd dispatched a legion with each blade. Her eyes are fierce, her mouth twisted in a menacing grin. She exits.

Much to do.

INT. BIGGS'S TOYOTA 4RUNNER — DAY

Biggs sits at the security gate of Gimbell Retreat, an exclusive enclave on St. Simons Island, Georgia. He has a three-day beard and wears a worn Whiskey Meyers t-shirt, camo cargo shorts and flip flops.

BRADLEY WEDGE, 28, a slovenly, doughy security guard, spectacularly indifferent to his job, talks on his cell phone in the guard shack. He glances at Biggs, then continues to ignore him.

Biggs's dash display lights up: UNCLE HANK is calling.

He stares at it, considering.
Finally, he taps accept.

HANK (V.O.)

(phone)

You didn't show.

Biggs doesn't respond

HANK (V.O.)

I called in a favor with Charlie at Atlanta FD. A sure thing.
A fresh start. And you're a no-show.

BIGGS

Sorry.

HANK (V.O.)

Sorry? You apologizing to me? Don't bother. You want to apologize to Charlie? He's already forgotten about you. He's got a hundred other guys lining up for that job.

Biggs stares at the gate. He can't argue. Won't argue.

HANK (V.O.)

I know what happened is hard. It's fucked up. You did everything you could.

BIGGS

(quiet)

Not everything.

HANK (V.O.)

Do NOT say that. Don't you ever fuckin say that again. You hear me?

Long pause.

HANK (V.O.)

Come on, kid. You gotta get back on the horse. What we do. It's in your blood. Come over Monday. We'll take the boat out, get shitfaced and reset.

BIGGS

(clearing his throat)

Can't. Housesitting at the Neimans' place.

HANK (V.O.)

The doc's place. Alright, Tuesday then. And Biggs? I love you, kid. You know that right?

Biggs disconnects. Sits with that for a moment. His cheeks are hot.

Bradley's round face appears at his window.

BRADLEY

You alright, bro? That was intense. That your dad?

BIGGS

Uncle.

BRADLEY

Even worse. Mine talks to me like that. Fuckin dick.

Biggs stares at him.

BIGGS

Can you get the gate?

BRADLEY

(startled)

Oh yeah, yeah

Biggs pulls through as Bradley scrambles back to his shack chasing a ringing phone.

EXT. CHILTON RESIDENCE-DAY

Bradley pulls the security emblazoned golf cart into the manicured concrete drive and hops out. He tries to straighten his belt, armed only with pepper spray and a radio, and tuck his stained, wrinkled uniform shirt into his ill fitting polyester pants. Bradley is nervous. Ever since that incident at the pool, Victoria hadn't said a single word to him. Before he gets to the wide double doors he straightens his cap, trying to shove his greasy, unwashed mop of hair underneath.

At the door, just as he's about to push the door bell Bradley freezes. Movement through the window to the right of the door catches his eye. Victoria Chilton is in the kitchen. She's on a stool straining for something in an upper cupboard. Even at this distance, across the open floor plan Bradley is transfixed by the generous amount of ass hanging out of her shorts. She does a sort of leap for whatever she's reaching for. Bradley feasts on the jiggle of her pert tits. No bra.

When Victoria turns toward him he jumps, straightens and pushes the doorbell.

VICTORIA

It's open!

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE-DAY

Bradley clears his throat and enters.

BRADLEY

Ms. Chilton?

Victoria is at the kitchen island making some kind of drink. Her shirt, an old Georgia Bulldogs football jersey is loose, and cut off impossibly deep down her chest and at the midrift.

Bradley can't help but notice Victoria's nipples poking through the jersey, and the awesome sword on the island next to her. What is that doing there?

VICTORIA

Hi Brad. Thank you for coming.

BRADLEY

Of course, what seems to be the problem.

VICTORIA

Just wanted to let you know I'll be hosting a small get together tonight. Just a quick welcome home sort of thing.

BRADLEY

Ok, I can put them on the list.

VICTORIA

(flits her eyes at him)

Yeah, but that's not why I need you.

BRADLEY

(breath catching in his throat)

No?

VICTORIA

No. Try this.

Victoria offers him a drink, dark liquor with a tinge of something.

BRADLEY

Uh, I can't drink on duty.

Victoria

(Pouts)

Come on. No one will know. I just need a second opinion and no one is here. Mom and Dad are in Spain, and none of the girls will be here in time for a trial run. Please.

BRADLEY

(sheepish)

I guess. Just one.

VICTORIA

(smiles)

One is all it takes.

Bradley takes the offered glass and a hesitant sip. Rum, maybe Captain Morgan, juice, citrus, and...His brow wrinkles.

BRADLEY

What is that? Kind of...

VICTORIA

(no longer flirting)

Coppery, is it too coppery?

BRADLEY

(nods)

That's it. What is that?

VICTORIA

Blood.

Bradley's eyes bulge.

BRADLEY

Bloo...

Victoria pumps her arm and makes a fist. Bradley explodes in a red mist. Victoria is covered in blood, an air of ecstasy takes over her expression. She breathes deeply, relishing the moment. She recovers, studies the mess on the floor on the other side of the island. She smiles.

INT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — KITCHEN — DAY

A doctor's house: immaculate, understated, expensive. Biggs drops his backpack on the tile. Finds a handwritten note on the counter in a physician's unintelligible script.

He reads it. "Salt in the pool system. Dock boards. Garage door motor." He nods. Manageable. He's traded a weekend of minor repairs for access to a six-thousand-square-foot property with a pool, hot tub, sauna, and boat.

He stares out the window at the Intracoastal Waterway. The view is objectively beautiful. He can't feel it.

He opens the refrigerator. Finds a package of bologna. Almost laughs.

He's making a sandwich when he notices through the kitchen window a brunette taking groceries out of her BMW sport utility vehicle.

He looks again.

BIGGS

(to himself)

Oh. Shit.

VICTORIA CHILTON, 26, is exactly as beautiful as she was three years ago when they had a brief, incendiary, and mutually destructive fling.

Biggs considers this development. Finishes his sandwich. Decides: avoidance. Total avoidance.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — DOCK — DUSK

Biggs works on the dock boards. Hammer. Nails. Physical labor as sedative.

He pauses. Looks at his hands. Remembers the weight of that seat belt strap.

SMASH CUT TO HIM FALLING TOWARD BLACK ROILING WATER

Biggs shakes it off

He hammers harder.

Across the manicured hedge, Victoria's house is beginning to fill with people. Cars lining the street. The weekend edition of rich island kids letting their parents' absence become an occasion.

Biggs continues to work, ignoring the familiar voices of former high school friends.

INT./EXT. LEXUS SUV — MOVING — TAURUS CAUSEWAY — DUSK

Cara Parsons, 20, watches the golden marshland sweep past her window. Coastal Georgia laid out in greens and golds the Golden Isles. She's from landlocked central Georgia. This place is mesmerizing.

Chandler Franks, 22, drives. Good-looking in a deliberate way. Pink polo. Khaki shorts. A man who's made peace with being comfortable.

CARA

It's beautiful here.

CHANDLER

It Stinks.

She ignores him. Swipes her phone to a tab she's been reading: University of Hawaii, Nurse Practitioner Program.

CHANDLER

My parents want brunch before we go back. Some of the partners from Atlanta are at the lodge Dad wants us to meet them.

CARA

Us?

CHANDLER

You make me look good.

She holds up her phone.

CARA

Oahu, Marty.

CHANDLER

(scoffing)

Nurses can work anywhere right? Yeah, for peanuts. Is this the its not about the money speech again?

CARA

(retreats to her phone)

CHANDLER

Can't wait to hear what Mom thinks of your little plan.

Cara says nothing. She turns back to the window. The causeway opens up before them the wide expanse of sawgrass and tidal tributaries.

EXT. CITY STREET, SAVANNAH — DAY

DARREN BINGHAM, 25, a United States Army Ranger, fit, slim, confident African American, attempts to park his gleaming gray Jeep Gladiator in downtown Savannah's narrow streets.

He finally wedges the Jeep in and takes a breath.

BANG BANG BANG someone knocks on his passenger window. He JUMPS.

ALYSSA MORGAN, 21, gorgeous, sun-kissed, is bent at the waist laughing at him through the glass. She's wearing a flowing sundress and the kind of smile that short-circuits rational thought.

Darren drops the window.

DARREN

You think you're hilarious.

Alyssa performs a graceful curtsy, making eye contact throughout. Half the pedestrians on the sidewalk notice.

DARREN

I'm going to lock this door.

ALYSSA

I'd like to see that.

He locks it. She reaches for the handle. He locks it again just as she grabs it.

ALYSSA

We're going to have to work on your material.

Darren feels the small box in his front pocket. The weight of it. His heartbeat goes somewhere it has no business going. He unlocks the door. She leans in for a kiss, then sits.

ALYSSA

We're making an appearance at Victoria's. She said stop by.

DARREN

This is not going to go well.

ALYSSA

What could go wrong? They're going to love you.

He pulls into traffic. She
hangs her hand out the
window like she owns this
city.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — NIGHT

Biggs hauls bags of salt pellets from
his 4Runner. He's about halfway
through the job when

CARTER EDWARDS (O.S.)

Biggs? Biggs Haverstock?

Biggs turns. CARTER EDWARDS, 22,
approaches formerly the most
committed stoner at Glynn Academy,
now wearing boat shoes and a
sweater as though he attended a
seminar on adulthood.

BIGGS

Carter? How are you?

CARTER

Good, Cape Canaveral now. IT
support, but I got out for the
weekend.

BIGGS

Nice.

CARTER

(gesturing at Victoria's house)

Heard some guys from school were
going to be here. I don't get back
much. You coming?

CHANDLER

(appearing from behind Carter)

Haverstock.

BIGGS (reticent)

Chandler.

CHANDLER (Aggressive)

What'd I tell you? If I ever saw you again.

Carter disappears in the background.

BIGGS (notices Cara looking perplexed
behind Chandler)

Here I am.

Biggs closes the distance. Balls his fists but keeps them at his sides.

BIGGS

Think you got it in you this time?

The two eye each other, Chandler steaming, Biggs looks bored. Chandler blinks.

CHANDLER

(Huffs, storms off)

Don't ever let me see you again.

BIGGS

Sure.

Cara and Biggs meet awkwardly.

CARA

Sorry, I don't know what that was.

BIGGS

Small town stuff, nothing to worry about.

Extends hand.

BIGGS

I'm Biggs.

Cara excepts.

CARA

Cara.

CHANDLER

Cara!

Biggs stifles a laugh.

BIGGS

Have a great night Cara.

CARA (Leaving)

Sorry.

Biggs sighs, turns back to the last bag of salt. He gives Cara one last look before reaching for the heavy sack.

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE — KITCHEN —
NIGHT

Victoria's house: monument to her parents' money and her mother's taste. High ceilings, polished marble, floor-to-ceiling windows facing the water.

From a carved wooden case, she places the two scimitars in the center of the table and arranges candles around them.

She presses her thumb against a sharp edge until blood wells up. Let's several drops fall into a row of shot glasses full of the cocktail Bradley helped her refine.

Her entourage arrives: Molly, Becka, and Steph beautiful, early-twenties, built for this kind of night.

VICTORIA

Tits up, bitches.

BECKA

(eyeing the shots)

What is that?

VICTORIA

My blood. Kidding. Recipe I picked up in Africa.

MOLLY

I am getting wasted tonight.

STEPH

Every guy on the guest list was hoping you'd say that.

MOLLY

Fuck you, bitch.

Molly is studying the
growing crowd like a hawk
scans a field. She eyes
Brett Whethers floating
around the bar.

STEPH

Isn't Brett still fucking
Sara?

Molly throws back another shot.

MOLLY

Not tonight he's not.

Victoria watches Molly chase down
her prey with a satisfied smile.

Chandler Franks, and Cara
Parsons make their
entrance through the
crowd.

BECKA

Who's that with Chandler?

VICTORIA

Let's go see.

Victoria navigates through the growing party, arriving at the
billiards room where Chandler is already settling in like a
returning conqueror.

VICTORIA

Chandler. Welcome home.

She hands him a shot. He takes it. She offers the second to
Cara.

CARA

Thanks, not there yet.

VICTORIA

I hear you. New place. New faces. Take
your time. Mi casa, su casa.

CHANDLER

(Takes Victoria around the waist)

Like old times.

Cara can't help but notice the sudden intimacy between the two of them.

VICTORIA

(embracing Chandler, making eye contact with Cara)

Like we never left.

Victoria offers Chandler Cara's shot.

CHANDLER

(throws the shot back)

Never threaten me with a good time.

VICTORIA

(peels herself away from Chandler)

Yes, well, I must mingle. Enjoy your evening. Nice meeting you.

Cara watches her like she's locked in a room with a jackal.

Victoria drifts back toward the great room as the party grows.

Chandler leaves Cara to join a host of pastel polo wearing tools who could easily pass as mop topped clones of Chandler Franks.

CHANDLER

Rack'em bitches!

Cara has the sudden sad realization that her night just ended. Defeated, she finds a lone bar stool in the corner of the billiards room. One that gives her full view of the growing celebration.

INT. CHILDEN PARTY-NIGHT

Cara watches as the bros high five and embrace Chandler Franks. One of them even tries to cup check Chandler as he walks by. Cara waits for Chandler to introduce her. Among a handful of sideways, blatantly lustful glances, he never does.

Cara smiles weakly as she tries to turn invisible.

She can't believe he's doing this too her, again.

INT. CHILDEN PARTY-NIGHT

Molly Thacker intercepts Brett Whethers just as he's about to join the throng around the pool table.

Cara, from her perch, can't help but note the predatory look in Molly's eye.

MOLLY

(bumps into Brett, tits first)

(feigning surprise) Brett, you're back.

BRETT

(eyes locked on Molly's cleavage)

Molls, hey girl.

Molly grabs Brett by the dick and without another word drags him away from the billiards room.

Cara watches in amused awe while at the same time realizing she won't survive this night sober. A glance at Chandler confirms she has been forgotten. A toy thrown back in the bin til who knows when.

CARA

Nope.

Cara rises from her stool just as one of the nameless, bro clones plants himself directly in her path. He tries to hand her a beer.

Derek

Hey, I'm Derek, pre-med at UGA. You here with Chandler?

Derek is far less interested in Cara's response then he is leveraging his height advantage to see down her shirt.

CARA

Not a chance Derek.

Cara side steps and takes off.

EXT. VICTORIA'S POOL DECK — NIGHT

LEVI and BLUE, mid-twenties, beach-bum handsome, sit poolside consuming psilocybin mushrooms with the dedication of professionals. Carter watches them with dismay.

BLUE

(scarfing a handful)

I'm going off planet.

LEVI
(taking the bag back)

Talk to me, Goose.

BLUE

Fuck you, I'm Goose.

CARTER

I'm not babysitting you two dipshits all night.

LEVI

Carter goes to college a man, comes home a prude.

BLUE

That's like the opposite
of how it's supposed to
work, dude.

Carter observes the two idiots for a second. He decides coping with Levi and Blue drunk is vastly preferable to coping with them on mushrooms.

CARTER

I'll be back.

LEVI

Where are you going, Mom?

CARTER

To get drunk, asshole.

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Chandler wins his first two frames of pool. He looks at Cara briefly while lining up a shot but quickly turns his attention back to his friends. Cara's cheeks flush. She wonders why she's surprised, every time they go out in Athens he focuses on his boys. She's always the third wheel.

TANNER

So you came with Chandler right?

The question takes Cara off guard. This new frat boy has a sea foam green cardigan tied around his neck. Cara wonders if everyone from this island dresses like the villains in eighties ski movies.

CARA

(can barely muster a smile)

That's right.

Tanner is also unabashedly trying to look down her blouse.

TANNER

Right, good dude.

Cara shoulders past Tanner so he gets as good a look as he can.

CARA

Is he though?

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Carter, like he did at most parties in high school stuck to the perimeter, angling around clusters of clicks until her found the bar. Well stocked with an impressive array of beers, top shelf liquor, and a wine rack that made no sense to him. He drifted amongst the selection determining his taste.

A girl, the one he saw earlier with Chandler Franks barges around the counter. Takes one look at the wine rack and pulls a dusty bottle of merlot, checks the label, grabs a wine key, and heads for the door. She looks at him, maintaining eye contact as she passes. She is clearly unhappy about something.

Carter stays out of her way.

CARTER

(Mutters)

Okay...jeez.

EXT. CHILTON POOL – NIGHT

Carter returns to Blue and Levi after deciding on a bulbous, expensive looking bottle of rum.

Blue and Levi are stretched out on pool loungers watching the sky.

BLUE

I don't feel anything yet.

LEVI

Patience bro.

BLUE

Carter.

CARTER

(cracks the rum)

Yeah.

BLUE

You work at NASA. What's up with the aliens dude?

LEVI

I want to meet an alien.

BLUE

I wanna fly the space ship.

Carter takes a sip. Happy with his choice. Spice rum and hallucinating alien hunters. Gonna be a good night.

CARTER

You to are both aliens.

Blue and Levi scoff. Carter is distracted. The girl from the bar comes from around the house walking leisurely toward the dock, wine in hand. Pretty, but her vibe warns against making a move. Not that Carter had the guts to make a move.

INT. CHILTON MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET-DARK

Brett is trying to catch his breath as Molly takes him in her mouth. She didn't even say a word, just shoved him in the closet, kissed him on the mouth then dropped to her knees. Best night ever!

BRETT

Ahh, Ahh, Oh my god.

Molly makes eye contact while performing on him. She stops.

MOLLY

Oh no you don't

Molly drags Brett to the floor of the spacious closet by the crotch of his pants and mounts him.

Brett gasps.

MOLLY

Fuck me like you own me Brett.

EXT. CHILTON DOCK-NIGHT

Cara lays in a hammock near the end of the dock, wine in hand. The stars are extraordinary. The marsh breathes in the darkness around her.

She opens her phone. The Hawaii program. San Diego. Key West. Princeton. The latter makes her snort. She leans back to watch the stars.

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE — GREAT ROOM — SAME TIME

Victoria dims the main lights. Becka and Steph watch her as she approaches the table in the great room.

BECKA

What are you doing? What is that?

VICTORIA

Everything.

Victoria lowers herself to her knees. Closes her eyes. When she speaks, her voice has a quality it didn't have ten minutes ago layered, resonant, as if someone is speaking with her.

STEPH

Jesus, a travel year finding herself and she comes back a wiccan or something.

BECKA

I heard the Wicca thing was cool.

VICTORIA

(low, invoking, chanting in a guttural, primal language)

Alanzer. Come to me. I beseech you. I offer you the vessel.

BECKA

(scoffs)

Holy shit.

STEPH stares, shocked.

Nothing happens. Then the candles gutter despite no wind. The temperature drops. The air pressure builds.

Victoria's eyes snap open. BLACK. No iris. No white.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM — SAME TIME

Carter is back, skirting the perimeter for a bathroom. Couldn't bring himself to piss in the yard. He catches a strange sound coming from the great room. Everyone surrounds Victoria, her complexion really pale. She looks...dark. Victoria rises. Carter sees her eyes. He's not sure what he's seeing. He notices the mallet in her hand. Hears her haunting chanting.

CARTER

(to himself)

Nope.

Forgetting the piss, he bolts.

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE — GREAT ROOM — CONTINUOUS

Victoria rises, scimitars in hand. She raises them slowly, crossing them over her head. Her expression is rapture and violence combined.

The crowd of twenty somethings in various states of inebriation are engrossed.

She slams the scimitars down shearing the strong oak table in two.

A shockwave of sulfuric smoke and a sound like a thunderclap in a closet. Every glass in the room SHATTERS.

The partygoers SCREAM.

SMASH BLACK.

EXT. POOL DECK — CONTINUOUS

The BOOM rolls through the house. Levi and Blue feel it in their teeth.

BLUE

Dude. I think I feel something.

LEVI

Yeah. I farted.

They crack up.

Carter sprints toward them.

CARTER

Guys, we gotta go. We gotta get out of here right now.

LEVI

Wha?

CARTER

I am not kidding. Get the fuck up.

SCREAMING from inside.

CARTER

Oh fuck.

BLUE

What are they doing in there?

LEVI

Orgy, for sure.

Carter grabs them both by the collar.

INT. CHILTON MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET-DARK

Brett knows he has very little time. He's about to explode. Molly is gasping, gyrating on him like she's trying to swallow him whole.

A rumble shakes the house, shocking Brett out of ecstasy.

BRETT

What wa...

Molly stopped to. She arches her back, pulling away from his choke. She heaves and gasps. Her legs suddenly clenching on his sides. She starts making a low gurgling sound.

BRETT

Molls?

Molly convulses, throwing her head forward until the two are face to face. Her eyes are black, her skin pasty grey. Her mouth is now a morass of spiked teeth.

MOLLY

Was it good for you?

Before Brett can scream jaws of horrible teeth are tearing out his throat.

INT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Biggs lies on the couch asleep. His laptop open, a personal locator beacon and Guide to the Appalachian Trail on the table next to him.

EXT. TORRAS CAUSEWAY-NIGHT

The dream again. The bridge. The girl falling. God on the beach. But this time God's expression is different. He looks concerned.

Biggs jolts awake. Lies there. Catches his breath.

Movement outside.

He goes to the window. Sees nothing. Just the dark yard. The hedge. Victoria's house lit up next door.

Something flashes across the window making him jump.

He slides the back door open.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE BACKYARD-NIGHT

BIGGS

Hey!

One of the partygoers (ROURKE) is frantically trying to get into the pool house.

ROURKE

(Eyes wild with fear)

Shh! She'll hear you.

BIGGS

Get out of here, man.

Rourke stumbles onto the patio. His shirt is torn. He's bleeding from his shoulder.

Then something fast, a blur slams into him from the darkness

Ansley, a girl Biggs went to high school with, in a stained yellow sundress is on top of Rourke with her hands around his throat and her face covered in blood that is definitely not hers.

BIGGS

Jesus Christ!

The Ghoul that used to be Ansley looks up at him. Her eyes all black. She's smiling, her face mangled by a grotesque set of needle-like teeth.

She pulls Rourke's jaw from his face, while maintaining intense eye contact.

She leaps from Rourke. Lunging at Biggs.

Biggs grabs the first thing he can find, a patio chair. Shatters the chair over her head. Ansley barely flinches. Again. She's knocked off balance but keeps coming. Biggs kicks her in the solar plexus. She goes down landing on a splintered leg from the chair. The jagged piece impales her shoulder.

She looks at the wood stake then back at Biggs.

BIGGS

My God!

MOLLY/GHOUL

(smiling)

God?

She roars, making a sound no human should make.

Biggs looks at Rourke.
He's dead in a puddle of
his own blood.

Sounds of screaming and chaos coming from Victoria's house.

One cry cuts through the night air from the direction of the dock.

Biggs takes off at a sprint.

EXT. CHILTON DOCK — CONTINUOUS

Cara, asleep in a hammock snaps awake. At the far end of the dock, a figure, a shadow in the moonlight sits in lotus position, back to her, rocking.

It's Molly, her skirt soaked in blood. She's whispering. Holding something small in her hand Cara can't see.

CARA

(unsettled, approaches slowly)

Hello?

The figure snaps around, her back rotating at an impossible angle. She's holding a HUMAN EAR. It might be her own the side of her head is a ruin.

MOLLY

(holding ear to lips)

I like your ears. (she whispers into the ear) Can I tell you a secret?

Cara runs.

Molly gives chase.

Cara screams.

EXT. CHILTON RESIDENCE BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS

Biggs vaults the hedge, crashes through bushes toward Victoria's dock. He slams into Cara as she rounds the corner of the dock house. They crash to the ground. Cara swings and connects with Bigg's jaw. He sees she's not a monster. He intercepts her next blow.

BIGGS

Whoa. Its okay.

CARA

(notices Biggs is not a monster)

It's a monster! What the fuck!

Before Biggs can respond Molly
barrels through the hedge, tackling
Biggs. She swings wildly at his
face, slashing with gore stained
claws.

BIGGS

Holy fuck.

Biggs grappels with Molly but she is supernaturally strong.
She head butts him.

MOLLY

Biggs, I know someone who's going to be happy to see you.

Biggs barely hears her. His eyes
flutter as he tries to move.

CUT

BIGGS POV, Blurry, IN AND OUT
LOOKING UP

Cara appears over him. She swings a
shovel like it's a driver,
connecting hard with Molly.

Biggs feels Molly's weight leave him.

CUT

EXT. CHILTON RESIDENCE BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS

Cara yanks Biggs to his feet.

CARA

Come on!

They dash back through the bushes. Cara is running away from the Neiman's.

Biggs faculties return.

BIGGS

No, this way.

Biggs pulls Cara toward the Neiman residence.

CUT

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT- NIGHT

From overhead we see Biggs and Cara scrambling toward the Neiman garage, all around the Chilton residence figures run for their lives, chased by ghouls with all the chaos of a bait ball under attack from a swarm of swordfish.

INT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — GARAGE — NIGHT

Biggs and Cara rush through the garage door. Biggs throws the deadbolt. They lean against the wall in the dark, chests heaving.

They relish the sudden moment of stillness. Finally Cara breaks the silence.

CARA

Hi again.

BIGGS

Hi.

CARA

What's happening?

BIGGS

Don't know, come on.

He takes her hand, leading her into
the house.

INT. KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS

Biggs creeping slowing in
the dark. Cara stays
close.

CARA

Nice place.

BIGGS

Not mine. Friend of a friend.

CARA

(clocking his backpack and PLB)

Going camping?

BIGGS

You talk when you're scared.

CARA

All the time.

BIGGS

We need to get off this island.

He rummages through a cupboard: boat keys but no boat at the Neiman's dock. Car keys, but no car in the garage.

Biggs grabs a knife out of a block on the counter, offers it to Cara. She takes it, looking at the potential weapon as if it might bite her.

CARA

Oh God.

BIGGS

(Taking another knife for himself)

I don't like it either. But I'm not ending up like whatever's going on out there.

I

Something CRASHES against the house. They freeze. Silence.

BIGGS

My truck's out front. I'm going to get my keys and we're out of here.

INT. CHILTON RESIDENCE — GREAT ROOM
— SAME TIME

Victoria sits on a chair at the center of the destroyed great room like a queen on a throne. Possessed partygoers move languidly around the room. A green-grey pallor has overtaken their complexions.

Chandler stirs.

Victoria studies Chandler with mild interest.

CHANDLER

What? What just happened.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

(overlapping cadence, as
if two voices share one
body)

You have been given a chance to be reborn

CHANDLER

(notices her eyes, the destruction of the room)

Vic?

VICTORIA/ALANZER

You have a choice to make Chandler. Serve, or die. No one can make that choice for you. Free will is a powerful thing. The only thing.

Victoria reaches up and touches Chandler's jaw, almost tenderly.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Can you feel it?

Chandler heaves as if
suffering a sudden bout
of nausea. He looks
around the room. Sees the
ghouls.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

For some the decision comes faster than others.

Chandler starts seizing.

CHANDLER

Vic?

VICTORIA/ALANZER

I will leave you to it.

EXT. GIMBELL RETREAT GATE — NIGHT

Carter, Levi, and Blue reach the causeway. Carter yanks the other two behind bushes before they reach the bridge.

Two GHOULS stand at the guard station.

CARTER

Look at those things.

LEVI

(squinting)

What things?

BLUE

(staring at the dark woods)

What is that thing?

CARTER

Shut up. We have to get past them. We have to think.

One of the ghouls slowly turns toward the bushes.

LEVI

(excited)

That's not a thing. That's Liv.

BLUE

Dibs.

CARTER

Do not...

Levi is already heading for the bridge.

CARTER

Oh my GOD.

Blue catches up with Levi. They shove each other, arguing about who called dibs first.

Carter watches, paralyzed by their idiocy.

LEVI

(waving at the ghoul)

Liv! Girl, I knew that was you.

Liv reaches out and takes Levi's wrist.

LEVI

Whoa, easy.

Liv smiles a grotesque mouthful of fangs.

Levi's flirtatious affect evaporates.

LEVI

Blue!

Liv tears Levi's arm off at the elbow.

Levi studies the ragged flesh where his forearm used to be.

Liv attacks, opening Levi's throat.

Blue is drenched in the spray.

BLUE

(sprinting right past Carter)

Bad shrooms, bad shrooms, bad shrooms, I got bad shrooms.

CARTER

(gives chase)

Oh God, Oh my God. Blue!

INT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — KITCHEN — NIGHT

Biggs and Cara move carefully from the kitchen toward the living room, where his pack and keys are.

A ghoul smashes through the large bay window. A woman, 20s, moving with preternatural speed lands on Biggs and drives him into the counter. His knife goes flying.

Cara hesitates with knife in hand. The ghoul spins, backhanding her across the room. She is disarmed as well.

Biggs rolls across the counter, falling unceremoniously to the other side. He gropes for anything he can use as a weapon.

The ghoul leaps on top of the island. She looms over Biggs.

Cara, armed with a putter, slams the club across the ghoul's knee, breaking the club in two. The ghoul shrieks and falls back before swiping at Cara.

Dropping the broken club, Cara grabs a cast iron skillet from a rack over the island just as the ghoul slides from the counter.

(MORE)

Cara hesitates with knife in hand.

The ghoul stalks her. Cara bashes the ghoul in the face. The impact staggers the ghoul dropping it to a knee.

Biggs grabs the nearest thing he can get his hands on, a glass canister of kosher salt. He throws it. The canister shatters against the side of the ghoul's head. The monster, recoils, convulsing and shrieking before collapsing to the floor.

Cara and Biggs are awestruck.

CARA

What the...

BIGGS

Let's not wait here to find out.

Biggs races across the room, grabs his pack and throws the beacon inside. They run.

Behind them: a small, broken voice from the kitchen floor.

GHOUL ON FLOOR

Help. Please. Help me.

They stop and look at each other.

The woman, now human sits huddled on the floor. She looks at them like a scared child who's lost her mother.

INT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS

The ghoul woman is curled on the tile. The black in her eyes is fading like ink diluting in water.

She's terrified. Of herself.

HALLEY

(barely audible)

It's like being pushed into a corner. You can hear and feel what's happening but you can't stop it. Whatever she freed from that idol it's not human. It's the essence of something else. Something from somewhere worse.

Biggs kneels. Careful. Watching her eyes.

BIGGS

Who did this?

HALLEY

Victoria. She had two swords, I don't know. But it's not Victoria, she's something else. It feeds on us, or worse. Offers us a choice right before the lights go out. Submit or die.

CARA

Insane.

HALLEY

I know how it sounds.

BIGGS

(grimaces)

HALLEY

She's coming for us all. She eats souls. That's what she wants.

CARA

So, what do we do?

BIGGS

Stick to the plan. Get the hell out of here.

EXT. ISLAND PERIMETER — NIGHT

Darren and Alyssa approach Victoria's. Darren stomps on the brakes when a figure bolts in front of the Jeep. The man is ragged, bloody, and scared. He's tackled to the street by a woman, just as torn and injured. She pins him down, slashing at him with her bare hands. She looks up at them, stark in the headlights. Her maniacal grin framed in blood.

DARREN

What the hell?

Alyssa's window shatters as another ghoul hits the door. Darren floors it. The Jeep rockets down the street chased by three ghouls moving impossibly fast.

The Jeep swerves. Clips the center divider just as a ghoul hits them broadside. The Jeep rolls twice before coming to a rest on its roof in a neighboring hedge.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — CONTINUOUS

Biggs, Halley, and Cara emerge from the side gate heading for Biggs' Four Runner. They realize quickly that the crashing sound they heard earlier was the sound of ghouls destroying his vehicle. The engine compartment is torn open, belts and wires strewn about.

CARA

No...

BIGGS

Fuc...

Biggs is cut off by the whine of a revving engine. They look up just in time to see Darren's Jeep's crash into a yard across the cul de sac. A mob of ghouls close on the stricken vehicle.

The Jeep bursts into flame.

CARA

Oh God.

BIGGS

Back. Now.

They drag Halley back inside as several ghouls catch sight of them.

EXT. STREET — JEEP WRECK — NIGHT

Darren comes around. He tastes blood. His ribs feel wrong. Alyssa pulls at him.

ALYSSA

Darren, Darren! come on!

The fire holds the mob back like the ghouls fear the flames.

Darren and Allyssa slip into the darkness, using the tall marsh grass as cover. Darren is hurt but moving. They freeze when a partygoer bolts from the yard opposite them. The mob takes him down like a pack of jackals, tearing him apart as he screams.

ALYSSA

(watching in shock)

That's Micah Leonard.

DARREN

There's nothing we can do for him. Come on.

Blue crashes into them from out of nowhere. Darren instinctively takes him down with a hip toss. His ribs grind like splinters of kindling. He's about to punch Blue in the face when

CARTER (hisses)

Hold up, he's okay! He's okay!

BLUE

I want to go back to the
butterflies. This is the worst.

DARREN

(eyeing Blue)

What is wrong with him.

CARTER

He ate a pound of mushrooms.

DARREN

(massaging ribs)

Picked a great night for that.

ALYSSA

What is happening?

CARTER

Victoria. At the party. She did
something. I don't... I've never seen
anything like it.

DARREN

We need to move. Those things are
going to find us. We find a boat,
car or we swim for it, something.

ALYSSA

We can't swim. It's king tide.

CARTER

Between the currents and the marsh,
we'd never make it. Also, from what
I saw, I don't think a car is going
to do it.

Darren looks at the water.

DARREN

Boat?

ALYSSA

This way.

INT. GARAGE ATTIC — NEIMAN RESIDENCE — SAME TIME

Biggs, Cara, and Halley climbed to the attic above the
garage. From the small gable window, they can see the
peninsula below.

Ghouls move with slow, deliberate purpose through the yards
and streets. Not hunting exactly. Roving.

Cara

What are they doing?

HALLEY

Waiting.

BIGGS

For what?

HALLEY

Us.

Across the street, ghouls drag Rachel Harris and a young man out of a house by their hair. Rachel is screaming.

HALLEY

That's Rachel Harris.

BIGGS

There's a dozen of them.

Biggs pulls the beacon from his pack. Turns it in his hands. Looks at Cara.

BIGGS

I don't know what else to do.

He pulls the tag. The beacon activates. Somewhere in a satellite network, a signal registers.

She offers a small smile, one tinged with...sadness, like a lack of hope. Biggs looks at her really looks for the first time. Sees her losing hope.

BIGGS

We're not done. I'm getting you out of here.

CARA

I don't want to die...or be one of those...things.

BIGGS

We're not going to die. Besides I've been dead before. Didn't take.

CARA

(scoffs, can't help herself)

What?

BIGGS

(shrugs)

Sorry, I was trying to cheer you up. Some times the first responder humor doesn't translate.

CARA

You're a cop?

BIGGS

Firefighter, well was anyway...

CARA

And you died?

BIGGS

You remember when Chandler
got in my face, got all pissed?

Cara nods.

BIGGS

Well, I came across his sister one night. She wrecked her car on the causeway. Busted through the wall. (Biggs, takes a breath, has no idea why he's telling this to a stranger) Uh, we fell. I couldn't get to her... Anyway they found me later that night. I guess the water was so cold it bought be some extra time. They have no ideal how long I was down. From what I hear they shocked me back to life only to have me try and die on them three more times. I don't remember much.

CRASH

Vision of Andrea Frank's reaching for him as they plunge to darkness.

RETURN TO GARAGE

Biggs fidgets to look out the window.

Cara watches him.

CARA
So, death just isn't your
thing.

BIGGS
(scoffs)
Guess not.

CARA
I'm really glad I ran into
you tonight.

BIGGS
Literally.

CARA
Yeah, but, I feel like. We have a chance with you.

BIGGS
I bet Chandler doesn't like your odds.

CARA

(smirks)

I...

HALLEY

Oh man, what did you just conjure?

Biggs and Cara join her at a side window. Victoria Chilton leads a mob of bloody torn ghouls their way. Chandler Franks is among them.

CARA

No way.

BIGGS

Great.

HALLEY

What do we do?

EXT. VICTORIA'S STREET — NIGHT

Victoria walks through the carnage of her own party like she's on a moonlit stroll. Becka, Steph, and Molly glide behind her. The possessed mill around, awaiting direction.

Rachel is on her knees, Kyle is hemorrhaging from a badly mangled leg.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Fear. Pleasure. Power. These are currencies. I cannot take what yours. So, I offer a choice. Submit or watch your life slip away.

KYLE

(clutching his leg)

I submit! I submit!

VICTORIA/ALANZER

(almost gently) (CONT'D)
Of course you do.

She kneels and kisses him. Smoke from her lips overtakes him. His complexion drains to ash. He falls, a grey husk. Still. Empty.

Victoria eyes Rachel like a plaything. She looks up. Her black eyes find the attic window of the Neiman house.

She smiles.

INT. GARAGE ATTIC — CONTINUOUS

HALLEY

(deathly quiet)

She is the eater of souls.

Biggs watches Victoria.

FLASH-BEACH-GLOOMY

Biggs is back on the beach. God's standing with him.
Something has shifted in his expression. No longer worry.
Something closer to purpose, maybe pride?

FLASH- INT. GARAGE ATTIC -
CONTINUOUS

Biggs blinks. The vision is gone.

CARA

She knows we're up here. Doesn't she?

BIGGS

(quiet certainty)

It's her or us.

HALLEY

What did you just say?

CARA

I'm not following.

BIGGS

There's too many of them. They won't let us get away. That thing feeds on fear. She'll choke if we don't give it to her.

Cara and Halley are watching him like he's gone mad.

CARA

Pretty sure I can't turn the scared off. There's monsters outside.

HALLEY

Ditto.

Biggs rushes downstairs. The girls follow as quietly as they can. Biggs reaches the bags of pool salt. He grabs a handful.

BIGGS

The salt worked to bring you back. We make salt bombs out of bags or something. Throw them into the crowd, create a cloud. It won't stop them, but it might buy us time to get to the behind Victoria's place.

HALLEY

And if they just charge through it?

Cara holds up the cast iron skillet.

CARA

This isn't leaving my hand until I'm as far away from this island as possible.

Biggs hands Halley a baseball bat from a dusty collection of athletic gear. He finds a mallet for himself on the workbench.

Halley eyes the baseball bat.

BIGGS

Couldn't find an Uzi.

HALLEY

Let's hope the salt works.

Cara finds a sling shot in one of the workbench drawers. Her eyes light up.

CARA

Maybe we can test your theory.

EXT. ISLAND PERIPHERY — MARSH LINE — NIGHT

Darren is failing. Every step costs him. Alyssa helps keep him up. Carter flanks. Blue drifts behind them.

A shape separates from the shadow of a live oak ahead of them. A ghoul wearing one flip flop, shorts covered in pink shrimp and an obnoxious Hawaiian shirt. He tilts his head and SNIFFS the air.

GHOUL

(pleasantly)

The fun I will have with you, my girl.

Alyssa goes rigid.

GHOUL

(points at Darren)

You. Warrior. You are bleeding inside. Your ribs have punctured your liver. A grievous wound. Every moment is precious to you now, isn't that right, Darren?

BLUE

(impressed)

I didn't know they talked.

DARREN

It's lying.

ALYSSA

It knows your name.

GHOUL

(sniffing, searching)

The sand slips from the hourglass...

Darren launches himself at the monster, taking it by surprise. Both bodies tumble over the bank, disappearing into fast moving black water.

ALLYSSA

Darren!

Allyssa falls to her knees. Blue is there, pulls her arm over his shoulder. Howls and chatter can be heard in the distance.

CARTER

We gotta go. Come on.

They run.

INT. UPSTAIRS NEIMAN GARAGE-DARK

CARA

This feels so...

HALLEY

Childish?

CARA

Kinda.

Biggs has two salt disks loaded in the slingshot. He's standing back from the open window to conceal himself. He pulls the leather pad containing the two salt disks back to his cheek.

BIGGS

But if it works...
Biggs releases the pouch. The disks fly across the yard into the throng of blood thirsty ghouls. Chandler Franks is taken unaware when one of the disk explodes on impact right between his eyes. The ghoul roars, clawing at its face as if roils on the ground.

From the shadows of the garage Biggs, Cara, and Halley watch and wait. Biggs can't help but notice Victoria. She is the only ghoul standing still amongst the throng, stirred by the sudden attack on Chandler Franks. Its like she's staring straight at him.

Franks slows and goes still.

CARA

It worked.

HALLEY

She sees us.

BIGGS

Yeah, well, she knows
we can hurt them.

HALLEY

She also knows where we are.

BIGGS

(Heading for the stairs)

That's why we better get ready.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE BACKYARD — NIGHT

Biggs, Cara, and Halley emerge from the rear of the house, opposite the Chilton residence. Moving fast, they head toward marsh, hoping to hide until Victoria's ghouls attack the house. Salt bombs, handfuls of salt wrapped in paper in hand. The mob is thick out front.

Carter, Alyssa, and Blue appear from the rear of the neighboring house, cutting around the far corner of the yard. They appear human and aren't trying to kill them. That's enough for Biggs and the girls.

CARA

(hisses)

Get to the boat.

Ghouls catch their scent, suddenly streaming at them from everywhere, and closing off their escape behind them.

CARA

Biggs!

BIGGS

Get them. Go!

Halley leads with her baseball bat, charging the nearest ghouls, shrieking like a berserker. Cara and Biggs launch salt bombs into the cluster of monsters. The resulting cloud of powder works, the ghouls recoil.

But not all of them.

A second group rounds the house blocking the dock path. Biggs throws salt packs into them. Cara swings the cast iron. Carter carries Allyssa.

The group is pushed back, retreating to the Neiman house. They scramble through the shattered glass doors of the great room through the wreckage until they tumble into a small, tiled mudroom at the back of the house.

Ghouls outside.

Ghouls in the house.

They are surrounded.

Blue and Halley are not with them.

CARA

Where's Halley.

CARTER

Blue?

BIGGS

I thought they were in front of me.

Carter moves for the door. Biggs stops him..

BIGGS

They're everywhere. We can't.

Carter looks at him as if
to argue but can't find
the words.

Cara notices an old wooden
cross above the mudroom
door. She reaches for the
silver one at her neck.

ALLYSSA

He's real, you know.

CARA

What?

ALLYSSA

God. I never really thought about it. My grandma used to harp on it so much. Get right with Jesus, girl, and all that. I tuned it all out. But if she's real, then He's got to be real too, right?

Biggs catches what Allyssa is saying.

FLASH

EXT. NEBULOUS BEACH-DAWN

Biggs is back on the beach. The man. His smile. So pure, so genuine.

FLASH

INT. NEIMAN MUD ROOM-DARK

BIGGS

(epiphany)

Holy shit.

The ghouls are at the door.
Pounding. The door frame shudders.

Biggs reaches for Cara's cross. Takes it gently in his fingers. Their eyes meet.

He offers her a sad, careful smile.

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE — CONTINUOUS

The wall of the mudroom is ripped
away.

Victoria waves a hand. The exterior wall protecting the mudroom tears away from the structure. Dark energy, black, and purple radiates from her like a fire.

Halley and Blue are on their knees in the yard, surrounded by ghouls. They've been beaten savagely. Darren, soaking wet, barely conscious lays on his side.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Your spirit is precious.

Alyssa SCREAMS and tries to go for Darren. Carter holds her back.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Brave.

She looks at Biggs.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Hello, Biggs.

Biggs steps past Cara. She reaches for him.

CARA

(to Biggs)

No.

BIGGS
(low)

It's okay.

He slips the boat keys into Cara's hand.

Biggs steps into the yard between the house and the waterline.

BIGGS

Vick. Long time. You look... well.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

(amused)

This is a delicious surprise.

Victoria flexes her fingers. DARREN explodes in gout of blood.

ALYSSA

Nooo!

Carter holds her. Blue stares straight ahead, shaking. Biggs doesn't flinch.

Victoria raises her hand and Biggs goes rigid, frozen by an invisible force. He can't move. Can barely breathe.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Bravery. You have never lacked for bravery have you. That's why she liked you so.

BIGGS

(struggles)

You two should compare notes. She
wasn't that into me.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Humor...

BIGGS

(cuts her off)

It's fear. Isn't it?

Victoria cocks her head.

BIGGS

(struggling)

That's your whole play. Fear. You can only take them when the
fear takes over. That's when the door opens. That's when you
step through.

Something shifts in Victoria's expression. She seems amused.

BIGGS

You don't scare me. I've been dead once. You've got nothing
on me.

He takes a step. He is no longer frozen.

Victoria drops her arms. Her visage darkens.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

Very bold, human.

BIGGS

You want to get in my head? You're going to have to let that monster out.

He advances toward her. She steps back, closer to the waterline. Hairline cracks start spreading across her face and arms. Smoke seeping from the fissures.

VICTORIA/ALANZER

(the human starting to bleed through)

Biggs?

Her face begins to crumble. Piece by piece. Victoria falling away from the inside.

From the ruins of her body, something rises.

Alanzer. The demon in true form.

Black-skinned. Massive. Crowned
with curved horns. Elegant and
terrible. Seven feet of wrong.

Fear hits Biggs like a wall of fire. His legs go weak. His breath seizes in his chest. His brain screams an ancient, mammalian terror.

He goes to one knee.

FLASH

EXT. BEACH-DAWN

God's face. Not speaking. Just present.

FLASH

EXT. NEIMAN RESIDENCE-FIRST LIGHT

Biggs breathes.

BIGGS

(stands)

You don't look so tough.

The demon and the human close on each other until they're face to face. Biggs opens his fist. Blows a cloud of salt directly into the demon's face. Cara's cross hangs from his wrist.

Alanzer shrivels back, screams a sound that has no precedent in the human catalog.

Biggs throws the punch of
his life, charging
forward.

He connects with the demon's jaw
and the impact carries them both
over the shoreline into the
Intracoastal Waterway.

The splash is enormous.

The ghouls howl. Every possessed body on the island locks up,
convulsing. They fall, writhing on the ground, the darkness
leaving them like smoke from a doused flame.

CARA

Biggs!

The black water where Biggs and the
monster went in froths white,
boiling. Lighting cracks under the
surface. Carter and Halley pull
Cara toward the dock.

CARTER

GO!

They run for their lives.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Alutzer's claws dig deep gashes into Biggs's side. Blind he fights by feel. Twisting he drives the beast deeper below the saltwater. Until Alutzer shudders violently, overwhelmed by the mineral content in the water. The beast's eyes flare and she screams a gargled cry before bursting in an otherworldly explosion. Biggs tumbles though the darkness, everything goes black.

EXT. NEIMAN DOCK / INTRACOASTAL — CONTINUOUS

A tempest of phosphorescent, sulfuric smoke swallows the waterline. The water churns. The lights across the island strobe, flickering on and off.

CARA leaps on to a center console Boston Whaler tied to the dock and starts the engine. Carter throws off the lines. Halley helps Alyssa aboard. Blue collapses on the stern.

The boat blasts away from the dock through the cloud of smoke into the growing dawn.

Cara stands at the wheel.

CARTER

Oh my God. We made it.

Cara swings the boat in a wide arc.

CARTER

What are you doing?

Halley steps in front of him. Doesn't say a word. Stares him down.

Carter retreats.

The boat returns at a crawl, cutting through dispersing smoke. Scattered bodies lay still on the ground.

They find Biggs lying on the sawgrass mat like it's a death bed. He's tangled in saw grass, twenty feet from the shore

HALLEY

There. There!

BIGGS' face, barely above the water. His arm caught on a root.

Cara dives.

Cara pulls Biggs to her.

CARA

(softly)

I've got you.

EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY — CONTINUOUS

Carter and Alyssa haul Biggs onto the boat. Cara follows.

CARA

(sternum rub)

Biggs? Come on.

She presses on his chest. Tilts his head. Does mouth to mouth. She checks for a pulse.

CARA

Nooo, please...

EXT. FOG SHROUDED BEACH-DAWN

God stands before him. He can see him completely now. Linen pants. Bare feet. An honest, genuine smile that radiates pure empathy.

God extends His hand.

Biggs takes it. Feels a love so complete it has no end.

He has so many questions. The moment won't allow them.

From above, somewhere, Cara's muffled voice

CARA (V.O.)

Biggs!

God's eyes flicker up. He looks back at Biggs. A gentle smile, a specific look.

Not yet.

EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY — CONTINUOUS

Cara slaps Biggs across the face.

Biggs lurches Coughing saltwater.

He's on the boat. Cara, Carter, Alyssa, Halley, Blue kneeling over him.

He gets his bearings. Finds Cara.

BIGGS

(hoarse)

You guys okay?

CARA

Are we Okay?

She can't finish the sentence. Her forehead drops against his chest. He embraces her.

Carter looks away. Halley looks at the sky. Blue watches as an actual butterfly land on his finger.

BLUE

It's back.

On the shore, FIRE TRUCKS, EMS VEHICLES, and POLICE flood the island. The calvary. Responding to Biggs' beacon.

Halley takes control, steering the boat toward the dock.

Alyssa weeps.

Cara cradles Biggs.

EXT. GOULD'S INLET BEACH — DAWN

WEEKS LATER.

The same beach. The same cold bite of morning mist. The same blue-gray hue at the first edge of light.

Biggs stands barefoot in the wet sand. Breathing. Present.

He's alone.

He looks at the horizon appreciating the water, the light, the morning.

A figure approaches from down the beach. Along the water's edge, a silhouette in the early light.

But this time it isn't God.

It's Cara.

Coffee in both hands. Her hair pulled back, bare foot.

She hands him one.

He wraps his arm around her as they enjoy the view. Together.

FADE OUT.

END