

Lake Of Fire

written by

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Address  
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FADE IN TO:

P.O.V: SATELLITE. Looking down on central ALASKA, framed in margins of scrolling, blinking codes and command lines, one of which enlarges and highlights to read,

SCAN PIVOT: 58N-134W...DEMARICATION: 5 SQUARE KM... IMAGING: ENLARGE-FULL...

SCAN FOR ELECTROPHONIC RESONANCE....

For a few beats, the enlarged image stampedes with translucent, fast forward, alpha-numeric jibberish, dialogue boxes, etc. And then:

Scan NEGATIVE

EXT. ALASKAN OIL FIELD - DAY

Amidst the snowy, mountainous background, the sporadic blight of oil PUMP JACKS,

As an ELECTROMAGNETIC REFLECTION survey is conducted around a BORE HOLE. Two cart style electromagnetic survey devices, (resembling futuristic pallet-jacks, bristling with scanners) and a larger Gem-3 model is parked adjacent to a large AWNING,

Under which, laptops, scanners and other equipment on card tables are studied by CYNTHIA (30s, blonde, hot/nerdy, glasses) and her assistants: the stocky burly, very LGBT KAREN, and fat bearded Russian MIKHAIL.

Who, with ear-buds on, avidly views (mute) PORN on his laptop across from Cynthia.

Cynthia notices an unexpected READING on her screen, displayed as a flittering SOUND WAVE graphic.

CYNTHIA

Mikhail, do you have one of these  
E.M. Scanners running?

Mikhail neither hears, nor averts his riveted eyes.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Mikhail!

Karen leans over, gives the porn a DISGRUNTLED look, and YANKS the earbud cord out of its port, broadcasting the hedonistic MOANS of Mikhail's movie through the laptop's speakers.

He looks at the two glaring women in alarm and embarrassment, abruptly CLOSING and SILENCING his laptop.

KAREN

Ahh yes, the sound of breeders breeding. Makes me puke in my mouth a little.

CYNTHIA

Mikhail, you leave a special kind of filth on me that no amount of bathing will scrub away.

MIKHAIL

But I am just lonely Russian man in Alaskan wilderness.

Karen smirks, pats him on the shoulder, and goes to look in the truck

CYNTHIA

I'm getting a continuous reading from our bore-hole, but we haven't started the survey yet. any ideas?

Mikhail looks at the other laptops, tablets, and such on his table in CONFUSION as Karen returns from the truck.

MIKHAIL

If not from scanner, then...geological event?

KAREN

Pulse generator is offline. Whatever your reading is, it's coming from somewhere else.

Cynthia takes a longer look at the wave-form on her laptop screen.

CYNTHIA

These frequencies are way to low. They're almost in the auditory range.

MIKHAIL

Something make noise down there?

KAREN

Cynthia, that's three thousand feet  
in the Earth.

Mikhail and Karen move to Cynthia's side of the work station,  
as types, points and clicks.

CYNTHIA

Reset the Geophone for a custom  
scan at twelve to fifteen thousand  
hertz, and we'll play back the  
recording as a WAV file.

SOFTWARE boots, MACHINES whir and click, as Karen works on  
her end.

Then we hear the first AUDIO: a FAINT sound, something like  
distant, mechanized ROARS. filtered, howling WINDS.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

There's a lot of distortion and  
electrical noise. Turn the high-  
pass filter down to three.

She does this, and the quality of the sound CHANGES, a  
louder, less distorted, more cacophonous screeching.

Cynthia listens with an unsettled look, then decides,

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Turn up the rumble filter up to  
eight.

And when the rumble filter bar gets to SEVEN or so, the sound  
clarifies into...

A MULTITUDE of Human SCREAMS.

Thousands. Tens of thousands. Who can know? Still a bit  
filtered and distorted, but, unmistakable now.

As the noise radiates, ceaselessly, tangled with all the  
inflection, pitch, and tone of authentic HUMAN voice, and  
human horror.

DISTURBED reactions reactions from all three.

And a last look at the SOUND-WAVE graphic, fluttering away on  
the computer screen, CUT off by the quiet serenity of

EXT. CARTER'S GRAVEYARD - DAY

A FUNERAL in the snow covered graveyard behind Carter's church. A FAMILY and other MOURNERS dressed in black sit before a child sized CASKET adorned with flowers and photos of a five-year-old girl, CASSIE.

The REVEREND CARTER PARIS concludes the eulogy in his priest's uniform. He's 30's more muscular, and rough around the edges than we'd expect from a minister.

CARTER

So I leave you with my fondest memories of Cassie: I remember her laugh. Her love of horses, and mint chocolate chip ice cream. I remember the time I caught her in my chapel, filling her squirt pistol with holy water...Vampires, she said. She was worried about vampires. . .

After a PAUSE and an appraising look around at his audience, Carter's tone becomes darker.

CARTER (CONT'D)

...But it wasn't vampires that took her from us far too young. It was acute Myeloid Leukemia. One of many diseases that proliferate in the families and communities of oil workers, and again begs the question: Which is more important to us? Our energy, or our children?

On a few of Cassie's MOURNERS, expressions transmute from grief to disapproval, confusion.

CARTER (CONT'D)

...I'll miss you Cassie. I've got something you left in my church.

Without another word, Carter produces Cassie's SQUIRT GUN and places it on top of the casket among the flowers and pictures.

He turns and WALKS back toward his church, leaving a murmuring crowd in his wake, pulling his priest-collar off and undoing the top two buttons of his shirt.

INT. CARTER'S RECTORY - DAY

The place is unclean and ungodly, CLUTTERED with dusty pizza boxes, several empty bottles of COMMUNION WINE, and on a counter-top, a large very scattered pile of POT.

Carter tears a page out of a nearby bible, and uses it to roll a very large, very sloppy looking JOINT.

He fires up the joint, takes a mammoth TOKE, and he holds it in,

During which he pulls the CORK out of a fresh bottle of COMMUNION WINE wine with his teeth, spits it out, and takes a giant SWIG .

Exhales a massive ghostly CLOUD,

And That's when ELI walks in. SHERIFF Eli. About Carter's age, In his uniform. He is distinctly Native American, and just now, distinctly annoyed.

ELI

Tell me Carter, does this badge  
look like it came out of a box of  
Lucky charms?

Carter takes another swig and says offhandedly:

CARTER

More like the fifty cent bin at a  
thrift store.

ELI

(points at weed)  
One ounce in your home is the legal  
limit in Alaska. That looks like  
three.

CARTER

Oh it's well north of three, buddy.

ELI

You think just because we grew up  
together I won't throw you in  
County lockup?

Carter takes another TOKE.

CARTER

It's cool, I have a medical  
condition. . .Severe nausea,  
induced by chronic spiritual  
psychosis.

ELI

Sure, man.

CARTER

Also known as fucking religion!

Eli steps to Carter, grabs the joint and mashes it into the floor.

ELI

Well get over yourself. This town  
needs a man of God, not a human  
dumpster fire.

Carter glances out the window now at the remaining funeral  
GUESTS, LEAVING the casket and heading for the parking lot.

He takes another SWIG of wine and waxes philosophical

CARTER

People are such hypocrites, Eli.  
You ever notice that?

ELI

Look at you, man. Did you even  
sleep last night?

CARTER

They cry at weddings, but they  
never laugh at funerals. And they  
should, you know why?

ELI.

I'm not doing this with you Carter.  
You're not getting in my head  
today.

Carter twirls a loosely bolted CRUCIFIX (w/Jesus) on the wall  
and sets it SPINNING.

CARTER

Because He does! The most  
fucktacular fuckadelic Fuckasaurus  
Rex in the sky.

Carter goes to take another swig, But Eli steps forward and  
GRIPS the bottle in mid-hoist.

The two men STARE at each other for a beat, as if they're  
contemplating wrestling for the bottle.

But Carter slowly loosens his grip, and Eli gently takes the  
bottle and puts it down on the table. Eli's tone is softer  
now.

ELI

Christina's dead. She's buried out there in your graveyard, and you buried your hopes of having a family with her. But right now there's another family, a whole community, who needs you.

Carter too softens his tone as he says reflectively,

CARTER

Town this small, when a kid dies, everyone feels it like it was their own kid.

ELI

Glad were on the same page. Because Cassie's reception is in thirty minutes.

CARTER

I Don't think I'd be a welcome addition to all that.

ELI

You will go. You will dispense uplifting anecdotes, inspirational truisms, hypnosis. Vulcan mind melds. Shit man, just make the magic happen.

CARTER

(resigned)  
Alright.

ELI

As I recall you used to have a talent for that sort of thing.

CARTER

(sincerely)  
I know these people. And I know what needs to be said.

Eli looks appraisingly at Carter,

And finally nods his approval, and starts for the door.

ELI

You now have fifteen minutes to shave, and brush the wine and reefer off your breath.



As Eli walks away, Carter turns to look at the CRUCIFIX on the wall, which has come to rest, almost, but not quite UPSIDE DOWN.

As Eli is heard to add,

ELI (CONT'D)

And so help me, I will shoot you with rubber bullets if you don't put in a real priestly appearance.

Pondering the nearly inverted crucifix, Carter repeats, almost in a whisper,

CARTER

So help me...

EXT. CARTER'S GRAVEYARD - DAY.

As Carter and Eli, in the background, get into Eli's Sheriff's SUV and pull out of the church lot, two GROUNDSKEEPERS slowly pay out the rope lines that LOWER Cassie's COFFIN into the open plot.

INSIDE the GRAVE, as Cassie's COFFIN comes to rest at the bottom, in a shallow puddle of an unusually BLACK and SYRUPY strain of CRUDE OIL that has pooled at the bottom of the hole. It looks more like black INK than oil.

The oil begins CREEPING up the walls of earth in meandering, branching FINGER, weaving a black, oily tapestry over the coffin, and the FLOWERS and squirt PISTOL on top of it.

As the first few shovels full of DIRT rain down into the hole.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH, YEARS AGO - DAY.

Shaky PHONE CAMERA P.O.V. of what appears to be Carter's HONEYMOON. Carter's late wife CHRISTINA, a brunette, looking smoking HOT in a bikini and holding a surfboard, knee deep in the surf of some tropical beach.

She playfully kicks a splash of water at us/Carter.

CHRISTINA

Time to get wet, baby!

The voice of Carter, as he whips us briefly away from the advancing splash.

CARTER/O.S.

Bad girl! Don't spray the phone!

The video FAST FORWARDS, becoming a scrambled blur of SURF, SAND, PALMS, day, and night.

And SLOWS again on,

EXT OCEAN PIER - NIGHT

Same shaky PHONE CAMERA P.O.V.: Carter holds the phone out to the side so we can see him and Christina KISSING passionately, lost in each other for a moment.

Carter Pulls back to say,

CARTER

This is the last night of our honeymoon. My unit deploys in about thirty six hours, so, two things I need you to do...

Christina, looking stunning in a dark evening dress, holding a glass of Champagne, nods as she looks our way with a confused smile.

CHRISTINA

Um, ok?

Carter SPINS HER around, points us at her ass briefly.

CARTER/O.S.

First off, let's get one more shot of your ass, I need a reminder what I'm fighting for.

She spins back and with a faux-pouty look, wags an adminishing finger at us.

CHRISTINA

Stop that! You're a Priest and a military officer, get your head together!

CARTER/O.S.

We're married now, I can talk about your ass all I want. It's in the Bible somewhere.

Christina rolls her eyes, takes a sip of champagne.

CHRISTINA

Get a grip, dude. What's the other thing?

CARTER/O.S.

Give me a message. Say something I can take with me, on all those lonely nights in the desert.

She sighs and looks at us, smiling warmly, sincerely this time.

CHRISTINA

I love you Carter Allen Paris. You have the body of a warrior, and the heart of a poet. Be safe in Iraq...

She rubs her hands gently over her stomach, as she adds as she adds,

CHRISTINA (CONT) (CONT'D)

...And hurry home, before Carter Junior gets h-

FREEZE-frame. Cut off in mid-sentence.

We linger on the frozen, slightly blurry image of Christina, staring at us in the moonlight for a beat.

INT. CARTER'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Carter slumps on his COUCH with a REMOTE in his hand looking DRUNK and DESPONDENT, by only the pale synthetic light of the freeze-frame image on the TV screen in front of him.

Several open BOTTLES of communion WINE adorn the coffee table among scattered detritus and a silver communion CHALICE.

He leans forward, picks up one of the bottles, turns it upside down over the communion chalice.

And all that pours out is half a dozen DROPS.

Disgusted, he TOSSES the empty bottle over his shoulder where it hits the hardwood floor, rolls loudly into some unseen corner.

As Carter stares at the screen, his cell PHONE rings on the coffee table. He leans forward and answers.

CARTER

Hello.

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
Carter, it's Cynthia.

He perks up a bit.

CARTER  
Cynthia. It's been a long time.  
There's an awkwardness in Cynthia's voice.

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
Yeah...How have you been?

Silence, then she adds,

CYNTHIA/V.O. (CONT'D)  
...I mean, besides...Bad question.

CARTER  
What can I do for you?

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
You know I'm a geologist with  
Lexicon Oil now?

CARTER  
Yeah, I heard.

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
We've got a new drilling operation  
in the fields off of Tyler Road.  
And we found something a couple of  
weeks ago - something I need you to  
take a look at.

CARTER  
I'm a priest, why do you need me?

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
That's exactly why I need you...  
And there's another reason.

CARTER  
And this is something you can't  
tell me over the phone?

CYNTHIA/V.O.  
You'll understand when you get  
here.

CARTER  
Is two PM tomorrow good for you?

CYNTHIA/VO

Two O clock's good. I'll be at the Lexicon field office. It's across from the warehouse on Hunter Street.

CARTER

See you there.

CYNTHIA/V.O.

Thanks. Um, it's...Good to hear your voice again, Carter.

CARTER

Yeah. You too.

CYNTHIA/V.O.

Good night.

Carter puts the phone down, stares again at the TV screen, and we part with its frozen, blurry IMAGE of the smiling Christina.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER ROCKY STREAM. DAY

A narrow, ROCKY STREAM scores a jagged line through a blanket of virgin snow. The babbling, sun glinted water tumbles down steep rocky RAPIDS from a wooded area, before flowing under a two-lane

BRIDGE, across which Carter DRIVES in his TRUCK. And at the end of that bridge, a SIGN that reads

Lakewood. City limits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET, LEXICON OFFICE - DAY

The Lexicon OFFICE on one side, the busy WAREHOUSE and loading dock on the other.

Standing on the corner PANHANDLING is the clearly homeless and clearly schizophrenic GUB: A disheveled bearded black man in his 60s, bundled up in layers of mismatched, ill-fitting clothes.

As PEDESTRIANS pass him on the sidewalk, he holds out a Styrofoam CUP containing change and bills, begging by way of psychotic exhortation.

GUB

Gub'ment cheese! Gub'ment cheese!  
Man in the room put the gub'ment  
poison in the cheese!

Carter's truck pulls alongside Gub and parks. He rolls down his window, as we hear (but don't see) the front door to Cynthia's office open and close behind Gub.

CARTER

Been looking all over for you Gub.

GUB

Gub'ment cheese!

Carter hands Gub a BAG full of cheeseburgers through the window.

CARTER

You look like big shit in a tiny  
bag. Eat something.

Gub's eyes light up as he takes the bag, pulls out a mini cheeseburger and DEVOURS it.

Carter watches him with a slight smile and asks

CARTER (CONT'D)

Gub, who told you Alaska was a good  
state to be homeless in?

As Gub eats with one hand, he extends the cup with the other, RATTLES the coins within, and announces, as a question this time.

GUB

Gub'ment cheese?

CARTER

Why? So you can spend it on some  
rot-gut? I'll go you one better...

Carter reaches across the front seat grabs a mostly full BOTTLE of communion wine, and hands it out the window to him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

.... Have some Jesus juice.

Gub eyes light up again. He drops the bag of burgers, pockets the change cup, grabs the bottle, drinks heavily, and then,

GUB

(Glug glug glug glug glug)  
Gub'ment-Cheese!

CARTER

Yup. That's word on the playground.

Another series of GLUGS. The drinkie-drink puts a bit of schizophrenic fire in Gub's belly. He wags a FINGER with his free hand as he warns

GUB

Poison put the devil in you! Poison  
Make you feet stink! Make you  
nappy!

CARTER.

I don't speak gibberish, Gub. I'm  
not Gibberian. Now what do you do  
when it gets too cold out here?

Gub has a moment of clarity. An eye in his psychotic storm.

GUV

I comes to the church.

CARTER

Damn right. If I'm not there, let  
yourself in. I don't want to come  
out here one night and find you've  
turned into a bumsicle.

Gub picks up the sack of cheeseburgers, and makes his way down the street now, eating and drinking as he goes.

As he moves away from Carter's window, Carter now sees CYNTHIA standing outside the door to her office. She's been standing there long enough to comment,

CYNTHIA

You've got a funny way of doing  
God's work, Carter.

Carter gets out of his truck as he replies

CARTER

I don't tell you how to tear the  
planet new assholes, do I?

CYNTHIA

(insulted)

I don't tear the plan- you know  
what, let's not start. This is  
going to be hard enough.

She goes inside, and Carter follows, a bit puzzled by her words.

INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is cluttered with books and geology equipment. And a rack of large VIALS containing the same STRAIN of inky BLACK OIL we saw in Cassie's grave.

Carter and Cynthia ENTER, and as she sits at the L-shaped desk with TWO COMPUTERS. One small screen in front, one larger screen to the side.

On the LARGER SCREEN a 3D E.R.T. image of an an OIL DEPOSIT: It has a distinctly NEURON/DENDRITE morphology, with a large central reservoir, branching outward and upward in winding, narrowing rivers.

On the SMALL SCREEN, the SOUNDWAVE GRAPHIC from the survey. Muted, but playing on a repeating loop.

Carter stands behind her at the desk and asks

CARTER

So What are we looking at?

CYNTHIA

Well, that's the million-dollar question.

She points to the rotating image.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

A couple of weeks ago we found what now looks like the mother of all North Alaskan oil deposits. And the chemical composition of this oil is way off.

Carter seems mildly interested at best.

CARTER

Way off how?

CYNTHIA

Two ways. first, I've had samples tested, and this oil is unusually toxic. I'm talking about benzene, xylene, mercury, chromium, the worst stuff you find in crude; The levels were hundreds of times what they should have been.

CARTER

What's the other thing?

Cynthia points and clicks with her mouse.



The chromatography GRAPH (chemical analysis) displayed on the screen is REPLACED by a new IMAGE: two molecules of DNA rendered vertically and three dimensionally, their double helices dangling and coiling around themselves, to the bottom of the screen. each rung on the ladders is a different sequence of the letters A, G, T, and C.

Cynthia turns to Carter with an OMINOUS look.

CYNTHIA  
It's DNA, Carter.

CARTER  
(confused)  
DNA? What species?

CYNTHIA  
According to the University lab in Juno, It's a little of everything.

CARTER  
Excuse me?

CYNTHIA  
This DNA strand shares genetic markers with every animal and plant species in the database,

CARTER  
How is that even possible?

CYNTHIA  
And that's not all.

Cynthia points to the DNA image on the LEFT side of her screen.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
This is human DNA. Everything that makes me me, and you you is in this top three percent up here. The rest of this is what they call junk D.N.A. It's like, empty hard drive space.

She hits PAGE DOWN, and her computer screen scrolls downward, and keeps scrolling. We find that the human helix ENDS quite shortly, but the RIGHT one keeps SCROLLING...and scrolling...

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
This is DNA from the sample I had tested. The helix is over one thousand times longer. And there's no junk in this trunk.

(MORE)

## CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, it's by far the most densely coded life form I've ever seen.

A last look at Carter's slightly unsettled REACTION to this.

## EXT. ALASKAN OIL FIELD. DAY

A TRAILER and an undulating PUMP JACK now occupy the snowy field.

MIKHAIL, and KAREN both work under the AWNING with their tables of computers, scanners, and tools.

On Karen's LAPTOP, we see a split image: a 3-D rotating E.R.T. image of the oil deposit.

Mikhail, once again with ear-buds on, ignores his work station in favor of viewing porn on his laptop.

And in quick form, Karen reaches across the table and once again YANKS the ear-buds from both Mikhail's ears, and his laptop

## KAREN

Mother of bitches, you vodka sucking Communist pervert! You disgusting creature of habit! How many times, Mikhai?! How many times have we been down this road?!

And Mikhail, sheepishly, in his thickly Russian accent,

## MIKHAIL

But I miss climactic scene where Misty run chain with plumber, gardener, cable guy. . .

But he trails off as he NOTICES something on his monitor - Something of sufficient concern that he abruptly CLOSES and silences the laptop again.

And his concern is mirrored on Karen's face now.

## KAREN

What is it?

## MIKHAIL

Pressure in oil deposit increase by three hundred percent...

He gets an increasingly ominous look as he continues to watch his numbers.

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)  
 ...now is one thousand  
 percent...now is off scale.

As the two cast worried glances in all directions, the slightest, faintest, earthquake-like TREMOR begins to RATTLE the field, and the items on the tables.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE. DAY.

The ongoing D.N.A molecule on the bigger computer screen is STILL SCROLLING, as Carter turns his attention to Cynthia.

CARTER  
 Don't take this the Wrong Way, but  
 I'm trying real hard to give a shit  
 here.

Now Cynthia gets a troubled look; She's dreading this part, and Carter seems as puzzled as we are.

CYNTHIA  
 Carter, you know I'd never lie to  
 you, right? Never mess with your  
 head?

CARTER  
 I have religious crap to do. just  
 Spit it out.

CYNTHIA  
 I mentioned we found this oil  
 deposit with an E.M. reflection  
 survey. But it's more like the oil  
 deposit found us. We recorded this  
 with a geophone at a depth of  
 about three  
 and feet.

She turns to the smaller computer screen and un-mutes the SOUND on the repeating WAV file.

And we hear the chorus of SCREAMS again, for about five seconds before Cynthia MUTES it once again.

Carter looks unnerved, racking his brain for answers.

CARTER  
 That must be gas under pressure.

CYNTHIA  
 I'm a geologist. That's not gas  
 under pressure.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

And In point of fact, it's not one noise, it's four hundred sixteen overlapping noises.

Cynthia points and clicks again. Opens a a VOICE analysis PROGRAM. Then she opens a series of windows all containing new WAV files.

CYNTHIA (CONT) (CONT'D)

I isolated the sounds by amplifying the individual harmonics and attenuating the surrounding ones.

CARTER

Okay.

CYNTHIA

I ran these isolated WAVs through the voice-print software for Lexicon's new security system. I wanted to see if these screams register as human voice-prints. You want to know what this has to do with you. This is what:

She plays the first WAV file, a (somewhat distorted) male voice screaming in what sounds like slightly mechanized AGONY.

The voiceprint program displays a HEADSHOT of middle aged black man with the caption,

Ving Washington. Voiceprint match 73%.

She plays the second WAV. A (less distorted) FEMALE SCREAM this time, with the caption

Allison Carpenter. Voiceprint match 87%.

A third WAV file. A (more distorted) MALE SCREAM. Picture of a young blond guy with a crew cut

Jeremy Iberg. Voiceprint match 71%.

And now she plays the FINAL WAV. An only slightly distorted FEMALE scream,

With a picture of CHRISTINA and the caption

Christina Paris. Voiceprint match 92%.

Carter's confused, angry gaze DARTS back and forth between the computer screen and Cynthia.

CARTER

What kind of sick joke is this?!

CYNTHIA.

All employees of lexicon. All deceased. All recorded at a depth of three thousand feet.

CARTER

Well if you're not messing with my head, somebody's messing with yours. Either way I'm out of here.

CYNTHIA.

This is real, Carter! Now as a man who knows something about Heaven and Hell, as a man whose dead wife's voice I recorded a mile inside the earth, I need you to help me understand this!

CARTER

OK, here's what's going on: There's no place called Hell, there's no place called Heaven, and God is a deadbeat dad who let his kid get nailed to a stick! Can you understand that?

CYNTHIA.

I'm sorry I called you here.

CARTER

That makes two of us.

Carter walks OUT, leaving Cynthia fuming.

EXT. OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE. DAY.

As Carter exits the office and digs for his keys, a tanker TRUCK with a Lexicon logo is parked in front of the warehouse next door, and a hose is hooked up to it.

And pumping oil into that truck is the chubby, thoroughly blue collar MICK.

Upon seeing Carter emerge he waves to him.

MICK

The most right Reverend Carter  
Paris!

Carter waves back,

CARTER

That depends on who you talk to,  
Mick.

MICK

Carest thou to blesseth the oil  
before it shippest?

CARTER

You know how I feel about that  
stuff.

As Carter gets into his truck.

MICK

Yeah. Satan's diarrhea, I believe  
were your exact words.

EXT. TWO-LANE BRIDGE LEAVING TOWN - DAY.

The same BRIDGE spanning the STREAM from before.

We watch as Carter's TRUCK crosses the bridge in the other  
direction, then we slowly pan down to the STREAM underneath.

We LINGER on it again for several beats. Watching the clear  
glistening water spill over the rocky downhill stretch and  
into the deeper, wider pool before flowing under the bridge.

Slowly, narrow veins of this shiny black CRUDE OIL appear in  
the stream where it descends from the woods. Trickling down  
amidst the Clear water, not mixing with it.

DOWN over the rocks, into the deep, slow pool. Flowing in  
ever thicker, more slowly, quietly tumbling currents, until  
the stream of water slowly becomes an eerily SILENT stream of  
shiny, syrupy BLACK, framed in pure WHITE snow.

TRACK ultra-fast - DOWNSTREAM from the bridge, racing along  
meandering twists and turns in the as-of-yet untainted  
stream.

Past houses, buildings, under more bridges, through more  
urban stretches.

Then into DOWNTOWN Lakewood -Buildings, storefronts,  
sidewalks.

And OUT into a large LAKE.

UP and OVER the water, taking in the larger view

This lake is at the center of town, a town that stretches uphill in all visible directions.

And wherever the oil flows from, it's all going to trickle down to this lake.

INT. OIL WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Stacks and shelves of oil DRUMS far and wide.

MICK Strolls through the warehouse but stops as he notices something in a four-way intersection between walkways.

A slowly spreading PUDDLE of inky black oil, being fed from a narrower stream that disappears underneath one of the

shelves full of barrels. moving so stainlessly, unnaturally.

Mick shouts over his shoulder.

MICK  
Hey C.J! You got another cracked  
barrel!

Nothing. Silence.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Yo C.J!

Again no response, as Mick approaches and stoops down to give the oil a closer look, and we angle on it too.

It's thick, shiny-black, with an almost metallic glint.

MICK (CONT) (CONT'D)  
What in the ripe fuck...

He reaches for it slowly, index finger pointed.

The instant his finger TOUCHES the oil, it RACES up his arms in snaking, branching FINGERS, covering first his arm, then his chest and head in shiny black oil.

Mick YANKS his arm free, but it's too late, the oil races in slithering fingers into his mouth, nose, and down his throat, filling him, CHOKING off his SCREAM into a quiet wet gurgle as he clutches his throat.

Rapid zoom on one of his bulging horrified eyes: in E.C.U the whites go rapidly BLOODSHOT. First the veins are RED.

Then they turn BLACK.

Back out to the world at large, where branching networks of larger BLACK VEINS emerge beneath the skin on Mick's face,

He STUMBLES in his panic, falls on his back. writhing choking and gurgling.

Then abruptly, the struggle CEASES. a beat of silence and serenity, as Mick stares up at the heavens with an inappropriately serene expression.

Then he SITS UP with a frightening quickness. looks around with feral, predatory eyes that tell us with certainty Mick doesn't live here anymore.

He scrambles to his feet with inhuman swiftness, and takes off in a sprint, SCREECHING, howling.

INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE. DAY.

A VIAL of the same inky black strain of OIL we now know is up to no good, looms large in its rack in the foreground, as Cynthia works at her computer across the room, facing sideways to the vial.

A single BUBBLE rises to the surface of the oil, making the surface RIPPLE. (It wants to come out and play like the other stuff.)

It catches Cynthia's eye, she turns to look, but the oil is once again STILL.

She STARES for a beat, puzzled. But deciding it was nothing, turns back to her work.

INT. DRILLING STATION WITH TWITCH. DAY

A growing clattering RACKET comes from the nearby drill motor outside as twitch puts a lighter flame to his glass METH-PIPE.

TWITCH, the drill station tech slash meth-head, his eyes bugged out like a damn cartoon character, his body racked with fine tremors. Good times. Kids, don't be this guy.

He lifts a charred glass PIPE and a lighter to his mouth. He shakes so much his teeth clatter against the glass when...

A loud EXPLOSION outside, followed by a steadily loudening metallic Rattle.

A large wrought iron GEAR is through one wall, and embeds itself in the other



Twitch explodes in a thrashing, twitching PANIC, flinging pipe and lighter away.

The glass PIPE SHATTERS into tiny pieces across the floor, and we hear quivering breath in Twitch's wired lamentation.

TWITCH

Fuck!! Fuck!! Fuck!! Now my fuckin' balls are in my throat!! Now I know what my fuckin' balls taste like, thank you very fucking much!

He casts an ominous GLANCE at the steel gear embedded in the wall, and hurries out the door to see what's happening.

EXT. OUTSIDE DRILLING STATION. DAY

Twitch exits the small structure and looks on in horror as the motor and drill assembly tears itself apart.

Tremendous HOWLING gas pressure escapes from the bore hole, SHOOTING drill COMPONENTS hundreds of feet into the air, and blasting the hole into an ever widening version of itself

TWITCH

Oh fuck a bunch of this noise!

Twitch takes off running.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Crude oil invades the town of Lakewood.

It POURS, inky BLACK and SYRUPY, from a FAUCET in a bathroom, overflowing from the sink.

It FLOWS from a SEWER grate into a street.

It POURS out of an open DISHWASHER in a kitchen.

It LEAKS from a ventilation DUCT and POURS down a WALL in meandering veins.

It BUBBLES up from a DRAIN in the floor of a basement.

It OVERFLOWS from a WASHING MACHINE in a laundry room.

It FILLS a BATHTUB. A horrified but curious WOMAN touches it, and is quick PULLED THRASHING into the tub.

It ERUPTS from HOLES and cracks in the ground.

It overflows from a WELL.

It BLEEDS out of cracks and knotholes in the trunk of a large TREE.

It FLOWS through TOWN in every STREAM, gully, and drainage DITCH - Jet black veins in white blankets of snow.

From an oil filled DITCH in some remote place, a sign of things to come: An oil covered HAND, still GROWING, gestating, reaches up out of the pool, and unfurls its digits.

Only the THUMB is definitively HUMAN.

The INDEX finger is a larger, hairier, APE-like appendage. The MIDDLE finger is a DINOSAURIC claw. The RING finger is more of a TENTACLE, and the pinkie ends in a CRUSTACEAN-LIKE claw.

An OVERHEAD shot of the town's central LAKE, and the surrounding URBAN sprawl: spreading black PLUMES of OIL bleed into the lake from numerous points along the shore...

We shoot OUT to a much WIDER angle - another

SATELLITE P.O.V.

Looking down on central ALASKA again, framed in margins of scrolling, blinking codes and command lines, one of which enlarges and highlights to read,

SCAN PIVOT: 58N-131W...DEMARICATION: 5 SQUARE KM... IMAGING: ENLARGE-FULL...

SCAN FOR ELECTROPHONIC RESONANCE....

And after a beat or two, and another racing flip book of translucent data overlaying the snowy landscape below, a blinking red message,

TARGET DETECTED.

Containment team notified - protocol delta 6

EXT. LAKEWOOD CITY STREET. DAY

ELI DRIVES slowly along the store-front district in his sheriff's SUV, PATROLLING his domain with a hawkish gaze.

All is well until he catches sight of GUB, cheeseburger bag in one hand, wine BOTTLE in the other, staggering along as he takes what looks like the latest of many swigs.

Disgusted, Eli STOPS his vehicle, gets out and Confronts him.

ELI  
 Damn it Gubbie, what have I told you  
 about walking around with open  
 containers?

Gub swallows the last gulp of wine, opens his mouth to speak,  
 but Eli cuts him off.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 Let me guess, government cheese?  
 Get some new material, man.

Then Eli spots the label on the wine bottle: COMMUNION wine.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 Wait a minute. . .

He snatches the nearly empty bottle, and waves it in Gub's  
 face.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 Did carter give this to you?!

But Gub looks DOWN at something on the ground between them  
 now.

Eli looks down as well...

Two spreading, branching puddles of OIL pour slowly outward  
 from the pry holes of a MANHOLE cover in the street between  
 the two men, BRANCHING outward into meandering fingers.

Eli and Gub BACK UP a step or two, and Gub remarks

GUB  
 Poison in the Earth...

The two men look up. Their eyes meet as Gub continues, in  
 another moment of clarity.

GUB (CONT'D)  
 ...Poison put the devil in you.

Eli has only time for a briefly ominous reaction to these  
 words before his RADIO BLEEPs, and his dispatcher LEAH's  
 voice comes through, sounding urgent

LEAH/V.O.  
 Eli? You there?

Eli takes his walkie in hand:

ELI

Yeah, I'm here Leah. What's up?

LEAH/V.O.

We've just got like five calls in the last minute. Assaults, disturbances, crazy stuff. And it's all over town.

ELI

I'm on Hudson street now. What's closest?

LEAH/V.O.

You've got someone being attacked at the Lexicon warehouse, and across the street at Lowell's pharmacy.

ELI

I'm right around the corner from there. I'm ten forty nine on the warehouse.

We hear a window SHATTER somewhere, followed by a SCREAM.

Eli puts the walkie back on his belt with one hand, walks past Guv, giving him back the wine bottle, glancing around with an ominous look.

ELI (CONT'D)

Gub, why don't you head to the church; you and Carter can have yourselves a wine tasting convention.

Leah's voice comes again on Eli's radio, more urgent this time

LEAH/V.O.

Jesus Eli! I just got eight more calls on my screen, same shit! Something's up man!

Concern growing on his face, Eli goes from a walk to a JOG now as he talks into his walkie.

ELI

Where the Hell are my deputies?!

More screaming, shattering and commotion, closer now

LEAH/V.O.

I can't raise em. You're the only  
one picking up.

Eli Re-belts his walkie again, picks UP the PACE some more as  
he jogs around the corner onto the street with the Lexicon  
office and warehouse as he mutters

ELI

When it rains it pours.

Up ahead at the loading dock, COMMOTION, smashing, yelling,  
And MICK races out of the warehouse in to the street  
SCREECHING inhumanly, a sound something like a tortured pig.

Eli, in a full SPRINT now, stops half a block away from Mick,  
as Mick too stops dead in the street and casts Ferrel,  
darting glances in all directions; The motor's running, but  
nobody's at the wheel.

And His face, neck and arms all show networks of branching  
BLACK VEINS. Like he has Oil for blood.

Eli draws and points his sidearm.

ELI (CONT'D)

Mick stop! Show me your hands!

Mick turns his raving attention to Eli now, sprinting towards  
him with a swiftness UNNATURAL for a man of Mick's bulk.  
Howling again in that swinelike way.

ELI (CONT'D)

Mick stop! get down on the ground  
or I'll shoot!

No dice. Mick keeps SPRINTING, HOWLING, arms waving,

Eli fires a single SHOT into Mick's leg. This has ZERO  
EFFECT. Doesn't even slow him down.

ELI (CONT'D)

Mick Freeze! This is your last  
warning!

Eli puts ANOTHER round in his SHOULDER with the same lack of  
results. jet black OIL BLEEDS from his leg and shoulder now,  
bleeds in those creeping, snaking fingers but Mick keeps on  
coming.

At a distance of about eight feet, makes a flying, almost  
superhuman LEAP for Eli.

This is when Eli, in desperation, draws his TAZER with his other hand and tazes the flying, screeching Mick in mid-air.

And Mick bursts into FLAMES, hitting the ground at Eli's feet.

Eli backs up as the flaming Mick now CRAWLS toward him, slowing and quieting as he BURNS down to a charred hulk, finally solidifying as a blackened, smoking corpse, frozen in MID CRAWL, arm still tenaciously outstretched toward Eli.

More COMMOTION and thrashing - this time inside Lowell's pharmacy to Eli's right, and a tall lanky, screeching WOMAN, face webbed with black veins, wearing an ironically flowery dress, PLUNGES through the GLASS storefront as if it wasn't even there, and sprints toward Eli with complete disregard for the several large shards of glass embedded in her flesh.

Now out of tazer darts, Eli points his GUN and shouts

ELI (CONT'D)  
Stop, Goddamnit!! stop!!

And of course she keeps right on coming, screeching all the way.

Eli UNLOADS his clip into the woman. Jet black OIL ERUPTS from every hole.

The last SHOT goes through her eye and that whole side of her HEAD EXPLODES in a shower of oily BLACK GORE. It knocks her flat on her side,

But DOESN'T KILL her, at least not right away

She gets UP with half a skull, a gory, oily mess, and RACES toward Eli again,

And this time her pig-like SCREECH comes with black SPRAYS of OIL from her mouth (what's left of it.)

Eli takes off RUNNING around the corner, back toward his SUV.

And as he flees, OTHER howling, black veined BERSERKERS join the chase, citizens from all walks of life, racing after him from both sides of the street he just departed. They are frighteningly, almost unnaturally fast. (They're not unlike the screeching vampires from I Am Legend)

Eli SPRINTS along the street on which his SUV is parked, as MORE berserkers join the fray by PLUNGING mindlessly through WINDOWS on both sides of him, some from second and third stories.

These things feel no pain. They HIT the pavement, bones CRUNCHING, at all kinds of disfiguring angles, SCRAMBLE painlessly to their feet, and join the CHASE without missing a beat.

Some chase Eli, others break off after various fleeing, uninfected citizens.

But by the time Eli gets to his vehicle and shuts himself inside, he is chased by a HORDE of these things.

He FIRES UP the vehicle as the first of them LEAP and scramble onto it - the hood, the roof, the sides. Clawing, scratching, screeching.

Eli floors it in REVERSE, running over several bogies racing toward him from behind, SQUISHING them into black squirming piles of roadkill that just won't die.

Eli FLIES down the street BACKWARDS, PUNTING several MORE attackers clear out of the way in the process.

But his windows and windshield are COVERED in a HOWLING tapestry of bug eyed, black veined FACES.

He slams on the BRAKES, throwing the assailants off the sides and back like rag dolls.

He puts it in drive and FLOORS it, hitting, squishing, punting more new arrivals in the process.

As Eli drives, and berserkers CLING and SCREECH all around him, his tone is almost ironically calm.

ELI (CONT'D)

OK. So this is happening.

He SWERVES around the corner at the intersection with tires squealing, THROWING the remaining clingers and speeding away - leaving us in his wake for a beat,

Where we hear the lingering SOUNDS of not unzombielike CHAOS throughout the neighborhood: screams, howls, smashing, shattering, car alarms, gunshots. . .

Another WINDOW SHATTERS in a building somewhere above us.

A BERSERKER FALLS flailing and screeching to the sidewalk before us, in a brutal face down BELLY FLOP.

He SCRAMBLES to his feet, mangled, and bleeding jet black oil, and SPRINTS away howling as we fade to,

INT. LEXICON OIL EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE. DAY.

In a large plush office, a fat jowly, middle aged OIL EXECUTIVE sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair, looking to the heavens with an expression of hedonistic rapture that makes it clear he is being SERVICED by someone unseen BENEATH his desk.

He remarks with a twangy Texas drawl.

OIL EXECUTIVE  
 Aaah yeah...Take it from an oil man  
 sweetheart...This well's about to  
 gush.

The land-line on his desk RINGS.

In slight irritation, he leans forward just enough to pick up the receiver.

OIL EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)  
 Don't stop the music darlin'

He answers,

OIL EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah-lo.

ELLIS/V.O.  
 It's me. The anomaly's been  
 detected.

OIL EXECUTIVE  
 Jumped up Jesus in a Cadillac! Stop  
 the music darlin'!

The unseen Darlin' is heard BUMPING her head on the desk.

SECRETARY/OS  
 Ow!

He pinches the phone between his ear and shoulder as he hastily puts himself back in his pants and SHOOTS to his FEET, leaving his fly unzipped and his shirt unbuttoned.

But his mind is is light-years from matters of appearance now.

OIL EXECUTIVE  
 Where Goddamnit?!



ELLIS/V.O.

Lakewood Alaska. And it's by far the largest signature we've ever seen. Looks like the stuff's all over town.

OIL EXECUTIVE

Crippled Christ on Crutches! That's right on the Goddamn pipeline!

ELLIS/V.O.

Team's already on the tarmac. Waiting on the word from you.

The blond, slutty looking secretary crawls out from under the table and stands up now.

OIL EXECUTIVE

I want you in the air five Goddamn minutes ago! I want total containment in Lakewood, and I want a living sample!

ELLIS/V.O.

We're on it.

OIL EXECUTIVE

You shut this shit down Ellis! You burn that town to the ground if you have to, I don't want this shit on anybody's radar!

And Ellis, sounding a bit exasperated and facetious now

ELLIS

Roger that. Roger the shit out of that.

He slams the phone down, glares at his now confused and nervous looking secretary, and barks

OIL EXECUTIVE

Get lost, knee-pads!

She hurries out, leaving him muttering

OIL EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Jesus Chainsaw juggling Christ! If that shit gets in the pipeline...

INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE/RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Hearing the sounds of CHAOS and civil UNREST outside, Cynthia walks through the front office, noting the now empty room and receptionist's desk.

She cautiously approaches the thick pane-glass of her office front door.

Whap! A (male) BERSERKER, his face scored with a thicker network of Black veins than we have yet seen, hurls himself against the glass with a ferrel SCREECH, and commences clawing, pounding at the glass.

Cynthia yelps, jumps back, startled to the point of no-sequitaria.

CYNTHIA  
OH! Holy Jesus, balls!!

Steeling herself now, as the berserker continues to pound and screech she reaches forward, LOCKS the front door, and rushes back into

Her OFFICE, where she slams and locks that door, catches her breath as she asks herself frantically,

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, what the shit was that?!  
What the shit was that?!

She glances across the room, and notices the VIALS of crude oil standing in the rack on the counter top. . . .they're quaking, VIBRATING.

Then one by one, the tops of the vials POP OFF, and the OIL bubbles up and over the tops, spreading across the table top in puddles that NARROW into meandering STREAMS like searching probing FINGERS, .

Without averting her rapt, unblinking gaze from this, she CREEPS along the farthest corners of the room until she gets to a mini-FRIDGE.

She opens it and pulls out a glass BOTTLE of clear liquid with a bio-hazard symbol, and beneath that:

EXPERIMENTAL: ALCANIVORAX BACTERIA. ACTIVE SERUM CULTURE

She opens a FIRST AID kit on a nearby wall and takes out two diabetic insulin NEEDLES.

It's then that her computer screen comes to life with a Skype image of KAREN'S alarmed face.

KAREN/ON SCREEN

Cynthia! Cynthia it's Karen, are you there?!

Cynthia keeps her EYES on the puddles of OIL, whose fingers now meander down cabinet doors toward the floor

CYNTHIA

I'm here Karen! What's happening out there?

The picture gets increasingly grainy and blinky as Karen's reply is BROKEN UP by some kind of INTERFERENCE, and her message comes through in patches.

KAREN

Pressure in the. . .off the charts.  
. . Can't find Twitch. . .blown  
out. . .We're evacua-

Replaced by a blue screen with a message

CONNECTION LOST

Somewhere in the DISTANCE, a tremendous EXPLOSION is heard, and the boom RATTLES the office.

It's followed by a protracted, EARTHQUAKE-like rumble that shakes a few shelved books and other light objects to the floor.

EXT CHURCH PARKING LOT. DAY

Eli skids to a STOP, leaps out of the SUV, and Races for the front door of the church, but the sound of the SAME EXPLOSION stops him dead in his tracks,

And as he looks in the direction of the lingering rumble. we angle on the HORIZON, a jet black COLUMN of OIL, hundreds of feet wide shoots up into the sky, and just keeps going. A MEGA-GUSHER.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY - DAY

As the RUMBLING continues, Carter pauses with a JOINT in one hand, and a BOTTLE of communion wine in the other, and a cork in his teeth.

He stares out the window at the now more developed column of rising oil on the horizon. It's now TALLER, and beginning to branch out in in a manner that seems to defy gravity.

The burning JOINT FALLS out of his fingers, and he spits out the cork as he looks on in stunned silence.

And we hear Eli's knock at the front door.

EXT. CARTER'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The RUMBLING continues, but the quaking slowly abates as CARTER OPENS the door, looks around, acknowledging the sounds of chaos, then fixes Eli with a smug look.

CARTER

Looks like we got ourselves a crudenado out there!

ELI

I hope you're sober this afternoon, because I got an emergency on my hands, and you just got deputized.

CARTER

So yesterday I was a human dumpster fire, and now you respect my gangster?

ELI

Carter, I do not have time for your signature brand of bullshit!

CARTER

Eli, do you know what happened the day I found Jesus?

ELI

Dude, what?

CARTER

He said. . .Tag. You're it.

Eli, now an even mix of fuming and sarcastic , holds his hand out, and looks around as if WAITING for something.

ELI

Oh hold on. Wait a tick.

Carter looks around too, confused.

CARTER

What?

ELI

Yeah I'm sorry, I'm waiting for the thirty nine other clowns to pop out the tiny car you just drove up in!

CARTER

Why don't you come inside for a minute. There's something I want to show you.

INT CHURCH RECTORY - DAY

We still hear the lingering RUMBLE in the distance as Carter and Eli walk through the room.

As Carter passes the loose crucifix w/ Jesus on the wall, he says to it:

CARTER

Capital J! You gonna hang out on that stick all day, or you gonna give us a hand down here?!

Eli shakes his head in silent disgust as they pass the crucifix and Carter flicks it again, sending it spinning.

INT. CARTER'S WAR ROOM.

Pitch black.

The BEEPING of a code punched on an unseen key-pad.

Double DOORS open elevator style, and a widening swath of light falls across the floor.

Overhead LIGHTS come on, Carter and Eli walk into a room packed with WEAPONS, AMMO and EXPLOSIVES and wall mounted CCTV screens.

A large table in the center of the room is generously piled with ammo, and several surveillance drones in various states of disrepair.

Eli looks around at the hardware most disapprovingly taking inventory of the items he sees.

ELI

M-sixteens, forty millimeter grenade launchers, RPG's, all manner of compact subs.

(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)

Plastic explosives, remote  
detonators...Do you have any idea  
how illegal this all is?!

Carter pulls a pair of Tek-nines off the walls, rams clips  
into both of them and lays them on the table as he remarks  
casually,

CARTER

Careful buddy. All that goose-  
stepping can lead to back problems  
later in life.

Seeing a half smoked Marley in an ashtray on the table,  
Carter picks it up, sparks it up, and puffs it up to full  
throttle as he adds,

CARTER (CONT'D)

You can seig-heil yourself a nice  
case of tennis elbow if you're not  
careful.

ELI

I'm the Sheriff dude! would you  
please stop smoking that shit  
around me?!

Carter pretends to be at a loss for words for a beat as he  
continues to puff away.

CARTER

Mmm, let's put it this way: No.

With an exasperated sigh, Eli asks

ELI

What color is the sky in your world  
Carter? I'm thinking kind of a  
highlighter green.

Carter adds more weapons and ammo to the table

CARTER

Close. Highlighter yellow.

ELI

I'm guessing you plan to explain  
your little shit-kicker's emporium  
here.

Carter picks up a remote and points it at the wall

CARTER

Indeed I do. Observe.

The wall screens come to life with closed circuit IMAGES of an unusually large PIPELINE stretching through various patches of snowy and wooden WILDERNESS

ELI

That's lexicon's new pipeline.

CARTER

Not just any pipeline. It is the largest one ever built, major supplier for North America, and as such a tasty target for terrorists. I'm homeland security's sleeper agent for central Alaska.

Eli waves his hands around the room.

ELI

So DHS authorized all this heavy balls to the wall shit here.

CARTER

That they did Eli, but let's redirect the conversation a little, shall we?

Carter snuffs out the joint

ELI

(Confused)

Um, OK.

CARTER

How much do you know about my military background?

ELI

You were in Afghanistan and Syria. Specialist in explosives and demolition. You commanded a unit that was assigned to protect oil wells from terrorists.

CARTER

Not protect them Eli

ELI

Well what then?

CARTER

I'll give you a hint: It rhymes with-

Carter, makes an EXPLOSION NOISE in lieu of an actual word.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What are you saying? That you blew up oil wells in the middle east?

Carter nods.

ELI (CONT)

Why?!

CARTER

Don't know, it was classified. Our orders came from a black op in the EPA known as the Guaia Division. And whoever they are, I think they might know a thing or two about what's happening in our town today.

ELI

This stuff's bubbling up all over the place. It's infecting people somehow, making them attack. Bullets have no effect.

CARTER

No effect? Whatch'you talkin' 'bout Willis?

ELI

I'm telling you man, I blew half this woman's head off, she got right back up and kept running.

CARTER

Damm. Even zombies go down when you get them in the head.

ELI

Their only weakness seems to be they're highly flammable.

This strikes a chord with Carter.

CARTER

Flammable you say?

ELI

I know it sounds nuts, but this oil, it gets inside them somehow.

CARTER

In Iraq, the marines were usually the first ones at a combat site.

(MORE)



CARTER (CONT'D)

We used to hear rumors about how they occasionally encountered enemy soldiers and civilians that looked like that.

ELI

Did they have. . .

Eli gestures around his face, carter gets the point and finishes the question, and answers it.

CARTER

Black veins?. . . Yeah.

Carter takes a large metal box from under the table, puts it on the table top.

ELI

What's in the box?

As Carter opens the box and we see the tracer bullets inside he explains.

CARTER

Tracer rounds. Incandescent phosphorous. Marines said bullets wouldn't even slow them down, but as soon as that first tracer round hit: poof.

ELI

Why have I never heard about this?

CARTER

Only way to kill them was to light them up. Nothing but ashes to prove it even happened. Became just another urban myth.

ELI

How many rounds you got in there?

CARTER

Couple of hundred.

ELI

Great. So now what?

CARTER

I know this: If that stuff gets in the pipeline it's all bad for everyone.

Carter takes a land-line PHONE on the wall and puts it to his ear: the LINE'S DEAD.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Of course.

ELI

Yeah, cell service is dead too.

CARTER

What about your radio?

ELI

(ominously)

Yeah, about that. . .

Eli pulls his RADIO off his belt clicks it ON and turns up the VOLUME.

And we hear the slightly synthetic chorus of human SCREAMS, but a more mechanized, STATIC clouded version of the recording in Cynthia's office.

Eli clicks through the frequency DIAL, revealing that the same screams broadcast on every other frequency as well.

Carter reacts. He's heard this before.

ELI (CONT'D)

Kind of makes you want to sleep with the light on.

CARTER

Cynthia.

ELI

What about her?

CARTER

She knows something about this. And we'll need her help to shut down the pipeline.

ELI

One more thing. Until we know what we're dealing with, we can't stop to help anyone.

CARTER

I'm the priest and you're the sheriff. It's our job to help people.

ELI

I don't like it any more than you do! But we don't know who's infected or what they have.

CARTER

The milk of human kindness should never be skim, Eli.

ELI

What we're dealing with today ain't human.

EXT. OUTSIDE CARTER'S CHURCH. DAY

The front doors of the church FLY OPEN, and Carter and Eli step out. Carter has an m-16 grenade launcher, and Eli has a pair of compact subs.

A SPARSE CROWD of roving black veined berserkers PROWLs the neighborhood. Some walk, some crawl over vehicles, clawing, sniffing like hunting predators.

A few CHASE after uninfected townspeople in the distance.

Upon seeing Eli and Carter, EVERY BERSERKER within bum-rushing distance ATTACKS, closing in from all angles.

Carter has his weapon set to SEMI automatic fire, and Eli's on full-AUTO.

Carter AIMS and fires while Eli just SPRAYS like he's watering a garden.

STREAKS of green issue from the weapons, and IGNITE multiple berserkers, who CONTINUE to close in as tenacious howling FIREBALLS, getting alarmingly close before tumbling to the ground, squirming, and burning to lifeless crisps.

By the time it's over, our heroes find themselves at the center of a smoldering, waning WILDFIRE of charred human BODIES, some still convulsing and growling as they BURN.

As carter loads a fresh clip he remarks, almost in a whisper

CARTER

Wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Carter and Eli look to the horizon then, where we see that the massive oil GUSHER which has now reached the altitude of Cirrus clouds, branches out across the upper atmosphere into the same NEURON/DENDRITE formation we saw in the first subterranean oil deposit, now writ large across a third of the sky.

CARTER (CONT'D)

That's gotta be seventy, eighty thousand feet.

ELI

You know, all that's coming back down somewhere.

Carter gives him an ominous look as they start for the SUV.

SUV. CHURCH GRAVEYARD. DAY

Once again we see Carter And Eli in the background getting into the SUV and DRIVING off.

And now, slowly to the side, as HEADSTONES and various granite grave-PIECES DRIFT through the frame, until we come to rest on a HEADSTONE that reads

CHRISTINA PARIS Beloved wife and mother to be.

1979 - 2007

We look DOWN now;, where we find the graveyard has been FLOODED with this inky black OIL, with the headstones sticking out like trees in a swamp.

Something WELLS UP to the surface in front of Christina's headstone. It's her SKELETON, covered in oil.

Slowly, as the bones rise, the oil, with numerous black murky fingers, weaves flesh organs and muscle over top of them, into a skinless, oil covered female form with eyes that appear to bulge in horror.

She STANDS up. The oil cascades down her body, and its dark stains gradually lighten into the tones of flesh and skin.

The last traces of oil seem to seep into Christina's pretty face like a sponge.

A single drop of crude leaks from her eye, like a tear. And like a tear, she wipes it away self consciously.

Nude, spotless, and beautiful. She wades out and walks away from the oily black pond.

And as she does, her STOMACH slowly BULGES outward in a fast forward PREGNANCY. Something is not only rapidly growing, but rippling, twitching in her womb.

In seconds, she looks like she's about five months along, as we fade to

EXT/INT. DOWNTOWN IN ELI'S SUV. DAY

Eli and Carter drive through a scene of not unzombielike CHAOS. Chasers, chasees. Assailants, victims. Red blood, black oil. Hell of an afternoon.

Two speeding VEHICLES COLLIDE in an intersection, just behind the SUV, just after it drives through.

Both drivers PLUNGE through their respective windshields, GLANCE each other in midair, and send each other SPINNING Off at odd angles like savage bloody pinwheels.

A SERIES of SHOTS gives us some idea of how this berserker infection spreads.

Some berserks VOMIT oil onto uninfected victims, and it races into their mouths CHOKING them.

Some are simply BITTEN zombie style.

Others run through puddles of oil, and it CLIMBS their bodies in racing fingers.

One thing we notice throughout all this is that the crawling tendrils of oil are beginning to look MORE like three dimensional FINGERS, than like flat rivers.

As Eli SPEEDS his SUV through TOWN, around crashed and abandoned cars, he hits and horribly PUNTS the occasional BERSERKER,

While OTHERS HURL themselves at either side of the vehicle as it speeds by, Only to be BOUNCED off and away by the force of the speeding vehicle. Mindless and tenacious to a fault.

As carter sits in the passenger seat, taking all this in, he sings in a deep raspy, louis Armstrong voice

CARTER

(sings)

I see trees of green! red roses  
too! And I think to my. . .

He breaks off as he catches sight of Eli's thoroughly unamused gaze

CARTER (CONT) (CONT'D)

Wh. . .What?

OUTSIDE, a berzerker PLUNGES from a third story window, and another LEAPS from a roof,

Screeching and clawing all the way down to to the HOOD and ROOF of the SUV where they IMPACT and HOLD TIGHT to the vehicle.

Back INSIDE, Eli looks about to say something exasperated to Carter when

Wham! and Wham!

Carter shoots a puzzled look upward, then at Eli

ELI

Yeah, they do that. Seat belt?

Carter pulls tight on his seatbelt strap.

CARTER

Check.

Eli slams on the BRAKES.

The two clinging berzerkers FLY forward, SKIP along the pavement, flailing and screeching all the way.

Eli FLOORS it, again and takes off.

And we hear distinctly HUMAN SHOUTS behind the SUV now

Carter looks back, and sees two PEOPLE being CHASED by berzerks: Twitch, and his long haired connection TODD.

Carter unhooks his seatbelt and starts CLIMBING into the back

CARTER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab 'em. Stay slow.

ELI

Damnit Carter, we don't know if they're OK!

As Carter continues over the seats he remarks:

CARTER

That's cool man. So being a prick and a half, what's that like?

ELI  
 (fuming)  
 Scoop and scam Carter! You've got  
 ten seconds!

Carter's in the trunk now. The back door pops slowly open. Todd and Twitch are now at the leading edge of a large mob of pursuing howling, sprinting berserks, the closest with arms waving, clawing, inches away

Carter takes careful aim and fires tracer rounds at the opposition one at a time, IGNITING them into sprinting, screeching fireballs.

This takes awhile. He has to load a fresh clip before all is said and done, and the last of them tumble to the ground in burning heaps.

Carter reaches his arm out, Twitch is closer now, he grabs on, but has trouble leaping in to the SUV

CARTER  
 Eli! slow down more!

Eli slows down a bit, allowing a newly gathering group of bogies to GAIN on them, but Carter pulls twitch fully into the back with him.

But the new horde is upon him now. As Carter reaches for Todd with one arm, fires his m-16 with the other, igniting multiple targets, but there's too many now, and it's the baddies who GRAB hold of Todd, not Carter

Suddenly, with Carter's hand still outstretched, a CAR SPEEDS out from a side street, HORN blaring and straight into the attacking horde. It PLOWS through them (and what's left of Todd) like bowling pins, sending everyone flailing over, or crushed beneath, the vehicle.

The vehicle continues through the fray, straight into a large propane distributor where it collides with a large TANK in a massive, all consuming FIREBALL.

Carter pulls the door shut as the SUV speeds away. . .

As the fireball dissipates in the stretching distance, Carter gets another LOOK at the progress of the OIL GUSHER.

It has stretched across half the sky now, the branching out into a interconnected black cloud formation that distinctly resembles a NEURAL network.

Carter turns his attention to Twitch, whose panic is clearly amplified by his pharmacological state of affairs

TWITCH

F-f-fuck!! f-f-fuck!! F-f-fuck!!

SMACK! carter let's him have it.

CARTER

Get a grip. What happened at the oil field? What's that thing on the horizon?

Twitch, fit to be fed under the door now, is all, tremors, and blithering, and spastic arm gestures as he rants,

TWITCH

I-I don't f-fuckin know man! I got out of there just in time! It took out the whole camp! it's like a fuckin' volcano! tore the place up! And there were voices in it! like people f-fuckin' screaming, man!

Eli, noticing they're in a berserker free zone for the moment, pulls the SUV into an empty parking lot.

Eli gets out, and opens up the back door.

ELI

Get out.

Twitch's terrified gaze darts this way and that

TWITCH

What? why?

ELI

Get out!

TWITCH

Alright! Alright!

Twitch gets out, and Eli PUSHES him roughly against the side of the car, face first.

He kicks Twitch's legs further apart and begins FRISKING him as Carter scans the horizons for bogies, rifle pointed.

TWITCH (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doin' man?!

ELI

Shaking you for the crystal you're clearly amping on.



TWITCH

Well you're gonna be sorely disappointed on that score. Because that was my fuckin' dealer you just turned into hippie flambe`back there!

ELI

Yeah, Todd Simmons, priors for possession, manufacturing, receiving stolen property. Good riddance.

CARTER

Actually he was also my weed guy.

ELI

You're not helping, shut up.

Eli, done with his search now, waits for Twitch to turn around and take half a step before PUSHING him back against the SUV again.

ELI (CONT) (CONT'D)

And you Tweakasaurus! As soon as this is over, I'm gonna fold you up like a damn lawn chair and carry you to rehab!

TWITCH

Fine! anything fuckin' else?!

Eli pretends to think about it for a tick

ELI

Um, oh yeah. One more thing

TWITCH

Yeah?

Eli throws a right HOOK to Twitch's jaw.

Twitch DROPS to the ground and GROANS quietly.

CARTER

Damn, dude. Seriously?

ELI

I don't like meth-heads, Carter. they're a plague in my community.

CARTER

Well we've got a bigger plague right now. Speaking of which-

Eli interrupts:

ELI

-You know when we take them to the E.R. we have to strap them down to the gurneys to keep them from masturbating themselves to a bloody pulp?

(to Twitch)

Isn't that right Twitchy?

TWITCH

Whatever, pig. You've got a Starship Troopers sized bug up your ass, you know that?.

Carter chuckles a bit

CARTER

Tweaker's got a point Eli. Bit of a bug. . .Just sayin'

ELI

Not helping!

Distant howls and screeches, getting closer. Carter raises an eyebrow at this.

CARTER

We should go.

EXT/INT. OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE. DAY

The sheet of BLACK fed by the cyclonic gusher spreads across nearly HALF the SKY now, as Eli's SUV squeals to a halt outside Cynthia's office, in a street now LITTERED with carnage and detritus, in puddles, streams and fingers of living, probing OIL.

Eli, Carter and Twitch exit the vehicle, only twitch is unarmed.

The CRUNCHING of glass and CLANGING in a nearby shredded looking STORE is followed by the appearance of three berserkers climbing through the store's shattered front window.

They see our heroes, and give CHASE.

The number of visible dark veins has increased on all visible faces, arms, etc. their screeching is deeper more gurgly, as if oil is beginning to fill their lungs now. One sprays dark mists of oil from his lungs as he screeches

Eli SPRAYS them with a storm of full-auto TRACER rounds, and IGNITES them.

They burst into larger fireballs now. And they don't stay in the game long before dropping into flaming lumps.

Carter pounds on the office door three times

CARTER (CONT'D)

Cyn! It's me me and Eli! You In there?!

A few beats later, she rushes do the door and lets them inside

The good guys HUSTLE into the

LEXICON OFFICE, slam and lock the door just as the three BERSERKS, one in flames, pile up along the front door and window, pounding on the already widely fractured glass.

The Flaming one burns down to a cinder in front of the window, while the one pounding on the door fully SHATTERS the glass and scrambles through into the reception area.

Carter grabs an ornamental flag POLE with an Alaskan flag and a pointed tip, IMPALES the advancing Berserker, and drives him through the front window

Glass shatters, the berserk plunges onto the SIDEWALK where the smoldering husk of the flaming berserk IGNITES this one.

He squirms, screeches and burns down to a lifeless black lump of his own.

CYNTHIA.

Follow me. I've got something you're going to need.

The three follow Cynthia past the reception counter and back into:

INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - DAY

A giant black SCORCH a shards of ruined glass vials cover the region of her office where used to live the incarcerated samples of oil.

The used FIRE EXTINGUISHER andwhite powder coating that whole half of the room tells the tale: The oil broke out of its vials, and she made short work of the snaking, branching fingers now burned into the carpet.

And now recedes from Cynthia as she walks into the office .

ELI

I see the shit got real in here?

CYNTHIA

Samples blew out of their glass and started coming at me. This stuff is a living organism, and I've got something that will kill it.

Cynthia WALKS toward them, and with each step she takes the OIL and it's tiny weaving fingers RECOIL from her, slither away from her a little, leaving not so much as a stain on the floor,

But closing in again behind her, a tiny haunted forest of oily black branches, stalking her as she goes.

She draws a needle full of ALCANIVORAX serum out of its bottle and hands it to carter.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You guys, inject yourselves with twenty CC's apiece.

CARTER

I don't think flu shots are gonna help us right now, Cyn.

CYNTHIA

It's an experimental bacteria that eats the hydrocarbons in crude oil. It will inoculate us. Lexicon developed it to clean up oil spills, but it never got past the R and D stage.

ELI

(suspicious)  
And why not exactly?

CYNTHIA

(reluctantly)  
There was evidence it could damage an ecosystem by mutating into a strain that eats, well, everything.

CARTER

This doesn't sound like something we should be injecting into our bodies.

CYNTHIA

I'm not going to lie to you Carter.  
The first few minutes are a rough  
ride. But the stuff works.

Carter sinks the needle into his shoulder and squeezes the  
plunger.

He pulls the needle out, appears fine for a few beats as he  
looks around at the others and shrugs his shoulders

CARTER

Well that wasn't so ba-Oh mother of  
piss!!

He breaks off in mid-sentence. Eyes suddenly wide, hurling  
PUKE before he can even drop to his knees.

It keeps coming in waves until he's dry heaving. As he wipes  
his mouth and gets to his feet we notice that the oil is  
slithering back away from him too.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I feel like I've been hit by a  
truck.

He hands the needle to Eli

CARTER (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Eli injects himself, and after the same brief hang-time he  
too PUKES his guts,

And the oil shrinks away, giving him a wider berth too.

He holds the needle out to Twitch who holds his trembling  
hands out saying

TWITCH

That's a negative on on that  
Resident Evil nonsense!

CYNTHIA5

EXT. OUTSIDE CYNTHIA'S OFFICE/CITY STREET. TWILIGHT.

Unnaturally dusky now, like a solar eclipse; the spreading  
black CLOUD of oil in the upper atmosphere more than covers  
the late afternoon sun, spreading across half the sky, and  
now graduates from a solid central mass into snaking  
branching rivers that stretch toward the horizons.

Like the fingers and tentacles of oil we have seen thus far, but writ large across the sky.

The same sky in which we hear The SOUND of CHOPPER blades approaching.

Our heroes TURN to look that way, as three BLACK CHOPPERS come into view over distant buildings, heading in their general direction.

TWITCH

Oh man! Black choppers! Black choppers are so not good! Those are spooks man!

ELI

Save it teeth-grinder! We're in no mood for your paranoid bullshit.

But Carter's gaze tells us he knows the danger is real.

CARTER

No he's right. That's a paramilitary unit. They are not here to help us.

ELI

Stu-fuckin-pendous.

We hear spates of machine GUN FIRE from surrounding neighborhoods now.

Something explodes.

They all pile into Eli's SUV as the choppers continue this way.

As the SUV takes off in one direction, the choppers descend into an intersection a block on the other direction. The outer two break off down the right and left streets, and the middle one comes straight down this street after them. the Chase is on.

INT. ELI'S SUV. TWILIGHT.

Cynthia looks out her window, and in neighboring blocks she catches sight of armed soldiers in full MOPP gear and gas masks, taking machine guns and flamethrowers to attacking berserkers and fleeing humans alike,

As Carter climbs into the trunk again, loads up his hand-held grenade launcher. He snaps the barrel close with a vigorous flick of his wrist and calls

CARTER  
Pop the trunk Eli!

ELI  
I'm fast learning to hate those  
four words.

The trunk opens, the chopper is at street level behind them, and gaining fast. The chopper fires a MISSILE.

Carter aims and detonates it in mid-flight with his grenade. both projectiles explode in a fireball, closer to the chopper than the car.

Carter quickly loads another grenade as the chopper flies through the smoke cloud and reappears.

This time, the chopper fires a missile before Carter has a grenade chambered and ready.

He fires and detonates both projectiles, this time dangerously close to the SUV.

The shockwave blows carter back and LURCHES the vehicle, making it fishtail, as Eli fights to regain control.

And in the several seconds before the chopper flies through the new cloud of smoke, carter cocks open his barrel, loads another grenade, but leaves the weapon hanging open as he pauses to turn around and remark casually,

CARTER  
You know what really burns my ass?

CYNTHIA  
(alarmed)  
Dude, what?!

CARTER  
People who cough the word bullshit.  
Like that's still funny.

ELI  
Carter Goddamnit!!

CARTER  
Oh right, bad guys.

The chopper flies out of the smoke cloud, as Carter, lightning fast, flicks his wrist, snaps the barrel closed, and fires his last grenade into one of the chopper's missile chambers, and blows the thing up in the biggest fireball yet.

CARTER (CONT'D)

There, see? Problem. Solution.

The SUV speeds through an intersection to find the other choppers closing in on them from both side streets, alarmingly close.

One of the choppers commences a volley of MACHINE GUN FIRE, An advancing double line of bullets eats up the road approaching the SUV, shooting out one of its rear tires before: The other chopper fires a missile.

Cynthia sees it coming straight for her window and cries:

CYNTHIA

Duck!!

She and twitch duck, as the missile FLIES THROUGH her open window, out the other one,

And scores a direct HIT on the machine gunning chopper.

Eli swerves to maintain control now. He's all over the street with the one flat tire. He makes it one more block, but the next intersection is covered in an inky black OIL SLICK,

And the SUV now spins wildly out of control, coming to rest right in the middle of it all.

The one surviving Helo approaches them from behind. a BLACK HUMVEE approaches from the right. and on the other two streets, MOPP gear clad soldiers with flamethrowers close in, torching occasional berserkers as they charge out of an alleys and buildings, howling and flailing.

Inside the SUV, Twitch panics, and attempts to jump ship.

TWITCH

Oh fuck this noise! I'm gettin'  
with the winning team!

As twitch opens the door, Cynthia tries to pull him back.

CYNTHIA

Twitch, no!

ELI

No, go ahead Twitch. make some new  
friends.

Twitch scrambles out of the car with his HANDS UP, as the soldiers and vehicles converge on all sides.



TWITCH

Guys! I give up, I swear! I-I can provide you with valuable intel! Y-you need me!

Suited, gas-masked soldiers now surround twitch and the vehicle, all pointing GUNS at him.

SOLDIER#1

Stop! Not another step, Fuckhouse!

Twitch STOPS, but continues in his agitated plea with his hands held up.

TWITCH

I get it man! It's the corporations! They poison the planet! they poison our bodies! Aspartame, Sucralose, nitrates, acrylamide, Malathion, M.S--fuckin-G. Then they send you guys to clean up the...

A PAUSE, as look of dissociation and wonder emerges on his face. He's light years away, suddenly. Enraptured.

TWITCH (CONT'D)

...Mess.

The soldiers now look with pointed interest at the GROUND around Twitch's FEET.

Where inky black fingers of OIL creep upward from the large PUDDLE he has been standing in. He is fully covered from the knees down, and from there up, branching tendrils and RIVERS of flowing BLACK weave a mummifying tapestry around his upper body

In his inebriation, Twitch staggers back and FALLS flat, lying SPRAWLED face-up in the oil,

It GROWS up onto him like vines, DISSOLVING his flesh into a black gelatinous, then liquid state, becoming one with the puddle around him.

As weaving rivers of black converge finally on his head and face, twitch says, almost in a whisper,

TWITCH (CONT) (CONT'D)

Oh my God. This is the greatest high I've ever felt. This is the dragon I've been chasing my whole life. It's speaking to me...

He trails off for a beat. His eyes dart, as if a flood of information is downloading into him.

TWITCH (CONT'D)  
 ...Molecules, benzene, ring  
 structures, amines, drugs...She is  
 the mother. All pleasure derives  
 from her.

The oil COVERS him now, digesting and diminishing the human form beneath, until the evil puddle is all that remains.

We hear Chris's voice, inside his helmet

CHRIS/V.O.  
 You just got Rorshacked, homey.

We hear Evan speaks into his headset radio in his helmet.

EVAN/V.O. (CONT'D)  
 All units be advised, the anomaly  
 has entered phase three.

The soldiers now turn their rifles and their focus to Carter and Cynthia and Eli.

SOLDIER#2  
 Out! Let's go!

Cynthia and Carter exit the SUV with their HANDS up.

One gas masked-soldier looks at another and asks,

EVAN  
 The fucker's still alive! You owe  
 me a fifty-spot, bitch!

Both soldiers remove their masks revealing themselves as EVAN and CHRIS. dead-eyed, cold-blooded, bad apples. Their faces light up at the sight of their old C.O.

CHRIS  
 Lieutenant Goddamn Carter fucking  
 Paris. Well here's fifty bucks  
 worth of pussy and beer I can never  
 have back.

CYNTHIA  
 Friends of yours, Carter?

CARTER

Troops from my old unit. Couple of dead-eyed psychopaths I never much cared for. So you guys are paramilitary now?

EVAN

Serving God and country don't pay the bills so good. But this Merc unit. Man! When Big Oil needs their garbage taken out, we're the fuckin go-to's.

CHRIS

Just last month we banked a million five apiece taking out a research group that invented some fusion powered car engine.

EVAN

Micro-fusion.

CHRIS

Whatever. Grease half a dozen nerds, blow up a lab. done in an afternoon. Million five

EVEN

Word.

CHRIS

In any case, Boss says if you ain't busy bein' dead, he wants you brought to him directly.

EXT/INT.SCHOOL PARKING LOT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The high school and its grounds have been turned into a base of operations for the MOPP gear suited mercs. The lot is full of SOLDIERS, VEHICLES, and equipment. and in the distance, three black HELICOPTERS sit on the snowy football field.

The humvee PARKS. Carter, Cynthia and Eli are led into the school's side ENTRANCE at gunpoint.

In the school's HALLWAY, they pass the GYMNASIUM, where about fifty or so uninfected townspeople mill around looking scared and confused as armed mercs guard the doors.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WITH ELLIS. NIGHT

ELLIS sits at the principal's desk, Middle aged, crew-cut, lean, hard ball-buster.

He RECLINES in his chair, looking up at the ceiling with his hands behind his head. He has the look of a man troubled by the things he knows

Our heroes are led in. Chris and Evan park their guns, sit down, lean against the desk. Ellis leans forward, looks at the three appraisingly, then at Carter specifically.

ELLIS

I'll cut to the proverbial chase:  
Turns out there is a lot more oil  
in the Earth than people ever  
thought...and this is not a good  
thing.

CARTER

Major Ellis.

ELLIS

Just Ellis now. Former C.O. of the  
Gaia division. Whose mission was to  
wage a classified war against this  
strain of living crude oil known  
only as the hydrocarbon Anomaly.

EVAN

The Iraq wars: They were just cover  
ops, distractions. They were never  
really looking for WMD, they were  
looking for this stuff.

ELI

What is it?

ELLIS

Better question: What is the  
planet? It's a living organism, and  
like any organism it has an immune  
system. And when it gets sick with  
an industrialized pathogen like  
ourselves, it fights back.

Evan, with more than a hint of admiration

EVAN

Fossil fuel is both the disease and  
the cure. It exists to make an  
energy burning species like  
ourselves dependent on it. Like the  
nectar in a pitcher plant attracts  
bugs.

CHRIS

It's everywhere we are. waiting for the day we heat the planet up to a certain trigger temperature, then comes phase two.

And Chris adds with a hint of admiration,

EVAN

It infects us. Weaponizes us.

CYNTHIA

You mean all those roid-ragers out there with oil in their veins.

CARTER

And now it's in phase three. What's that?

Ellis picks up a SMARTPHONE on the desk, which we notice is malfunctioning somehow, the screen blinks in and out. He SMACKS the phone against the desk, fracturing it.

He pulls it APART to reveal that the plastic parts of the internal circuitry are in the process of MELTING - green circuit boards liquifying into jet black oil that drips from the phone. This stuff at least, seems to be inanimate crude oil.

ELLIS

Assmilation. catabolism.

CHRIS

Shape-shifting, man.

ELLIS

It retains the genetic code and molecular structure of everything it was ever made of, and everything we make from it now. Big oil's known about the anomaly for years. Lexicon thinks this new super-deposit of theirs is like the heart, or the brain, or shit they don't know, they just see dollar signs.

CARTER

What does Lexicon want with this stuff?

ELLIS

They think that if the anomaly has DNA, it can be cloned and modified.

(MORE)

ELLIS (CONT'D)

It would make an inexhaustable energy source. This is of course exactly what the anomaly wants. But try to explain that to a room full of greedy oil men and their heads explode like a David Cronenberg Movie. So here we are.

ELI.

So what's up with this?

Eli clicks on his radio, cranks up the volume briefly, allowing everyone to hear the cacophony of SCREAMS for a beat, then shuts it off.

Ellis is familiar with this sound, and he's a bit creeped out by it.

ELLIS

It's called electrophonic resonance. It's how our satellites are able to track the stuff.

CYNTHIA

But what is it?

ELLIS

E.M frequencies so low they create sound waves as a kind of shadow. They're an amplified version the brainwave patterns of fear, pain, anger. The consciousness of suffering, it resonates in fossil fuel, throughout the Earth. It uses it against us.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT.

A new GROUP of townspeople is led into the gym at gunpoint to join the others, one of them is KELLY, a chubby woman while not a black veined berserker, doesn't look so good. Nauseous kind of pale, sweaty.

As a group of her friends GATHER around her, one man asks,

KELLY'S FRIEND

Kelly, did anyone tell you what the hell's going...Whoah, Jesus Kelly, are you okay?

She looks up at him, and her condition deteriorates rapidly. She shivers and shakes. Her flesh ripples as if her guts are squirming inside of her. She can barely get the words out.

KELLY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, it made me do this.

KELLY'S FRIEND

Do what Kelly? What are you trying to tell us?

KELLY

It knows how to cause such pain!

Whatever it is, she's FIGHTING it, and it's making it painful for her.

She CONVULSES.

She SCREAMS in pure agony, and on the breath of that scream,

KELLY (CONT'D)

Get away from me!!

With a sweep of her head, and a look of horror on her face, She projectile VOMITS jet black oil onto several people around her.

The oil acts faster now, dissolving straight through their clothes and flesh. The BLACK VEINS appear immediately,

A chorus of panicked screams slowly transmutes to the roaring, and HOWLING of mindless berserkers, but DEEPER, louder, As they turn and VOMIT OIL onto those around them, and those transform likewise, and so on.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The conversation continues as Carter asks:

CARTER

So what happens now?

ELLIS

Well the good news is, we're not going to do what Lexicon sent us here to do, which included eliminating any witnesses to this event. The bad news is we have a new buyer for the anomaly.

CARTER

Who?

ELLIS

Does it matter really? They believe that if this thing can be controlled, then it would make a powerful weapon.

CYNTHIA

And if it can't be controlled?

And after the briefest dramatic pause.

ELLIS

.. .Then it would make a powerful weapon. In any case Carter, as your favorite book would say, I'm going to let your people go.

CARTER

Then what?

ELLIS

My advice is to make yourself scarce. Because the next time we run into you guys, these two junior Antichrists here have standing orders to go open season on your ass.

Another soldier in full MOPP gear barges into the office, hastily removes his headpiece.

SOLDIER NUMBER TWO

Major! The anomaly has breached the gym! We do not have control!

Ellis speaks into his headset radio

ELLIS.

All units bug out and regroup at the city library! All civilian subjects are now hostiles!

Ellis grabs his rifle (leaving a semiautomatic shotgun on the desks) and hurries out, followed by Evan who glares a bit at Carter.

Chris grabs his M-16 and is the last to go. He opens his mouth to say something to Carter,

But Carter punches him in the Adam's apple.

The kid drops the rifle, which Carter immediately catches, and clutches his throat choking and rasping.



As Carter turns the rifle around and points it at him

CARTER

Soon and very soon Chris.

Chris clutches his throat and chokes out the words as he exits in pain.

CHRIS

I'm gonna carve you up like a  
Christmas ham, Paris!

CARTER

I know what you two did to that  
girl in Damascus.

As Chris leaves, Eli grabs the shotgun off the desk and slides the pump.

He and Cynthia look at him expectantly, but Carter has nothing more to say on the matter.

They walk out.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Merc SOLDIERS pour out of the front office and down the hall from the direction of the gym. Ellis Evan and Chris are among the first out the door.

Most of the Merc unit makes it outside. But the last two doesn't fare so well.

OIL POOLS rapidly around the front entrance, snakes up the walls and across the ceiling in meandering fingers and tentacles. In short order the entire hallway around the door is COVERED.

The second to last soldier slips and falls in the oil. The oil quickly covers him, and races down his throat, choking him.

The last soldier halts, and backs up, pointing his rifle, unsure what to do.

The fallen one first convulses and WRITHES on the floor. Then his body and flesh begin to ripple and bulge.

His upper body ERUPTS in an oily/bloody- mass of what look like mutated CENOZOIC era MAMMAL body parts: Trunks, tusks, tails, legs and claws. blooming outward like petals a surreal prehistoric meat flower.

And from the center of that flower BULGES an oily, dark conglomeration of mis-shapen Cenozoic PREDATOR HEADS and jaws. Deformed, gnashing Saber Tooth Tiger, Cave Bear miscarriages, from a primordial soup of oil and blood.

And all the mouths emit the sound of the distorted, subterranean SCREAMS.

This gnashing, writhing undulating mountain of black, ice-age flesh looks a bit like something THE THING might do if it got to this planet a couple of million years ago.

These mutated body parts ripple, bulge, and GROW across the floor, walls, and ceiling. The guy is no longer recognizable as human, and the prehistoric monstrosity he has become now blocks the exit.

The last soldier takes off sprinting past our heroes, fleeing from the advancing oil slick.

ELI.

Oh yeah! Love me some phase three!

Our heroes BOLT down the hallway after the soldier

They don't get far before the fleeing soldier who disappeared around the corner comes running BACK, joined by another,

And chased by the former residents of the gymnasium, who are now all berserkers pumped up, NEXT LEVEL berserkers: unnaturally, asymmetrically big, like DEFORMED BODY BUILDERS, bulging black veins, superhumanly fast and loud.

Carter Eli and Cynthia stop dead next to a fire exit door, watching as the crowd of berserkers quickly overtakes the two soldiers and literally RIPS them to pieces.

Guts, GORE, Arms, legs, clothing, weapons, and sprays of blood fly hither and yon with disturbing swiftness. The deformed berserks go Day Of the Dead on their ass. Choke on it!!

One berserker focuses his attention on our heroes. He sprints this way.

Eli fires a thundering shot at the berserker with his shotgun, and cuts the berserker in two.

Jet black oil sprays from the body instead of blood.

Trailing jet black guts and hanging meat behind it now, the berserker's torso tries to CRAWL the rest of the way toward our heroes, flailing, and snarling, but slipping around in its own oily carnage, and gaining little ground Carter takes a look at the now carnage strewn hallway and declares loudly.

CARTER

Viewer discretion is advised!

Then Eli steps forward with another thundering shot from his 12-gauge blows the flailing torso's head off. Jet BLACK brains SPLATTER across the tiled floor like a savage inky flower.

The torso continues to FAIL spastically, without a head, and gushing oil.

Some of the remaining hulking berserkers, having rended their current victims beyond recognition, start to BUM RUSH our heroes now. And they're FAST.

Carter pushes the release bar on the fire exit DOOR. The door opens and the ALARM blares.

He then SMASHES the release bar with his rifle butt, dislodging it sufficiently that a mindless berserk couldn't put it back together.

They all rush OUTSIDE into the NIGHT, and slam shut the now un-openable fire exit door.

The unseen berserks pound and claw against the door harder than human strength could ever accomplish. (it won't hold for long)

As the three lean with their backs against the door Cynthia asks

CYNTHIA

What now?

CARTER

We go back to the church and re-arm ourselves.

CYNTHIA

(Confused)

With what, communion wafers?!

CARTER

No, I ate all those one night when I had the munchies.

Cynthia shakes her head in disgust.

ELI  
Dumpster fire!

CARTER  
You spread jelly on them they're  
sacrelicious.

CYNTHIA  
(Frustrated)  
Why are we going to the church?!

ELI  
Carter's got an arsenal that puts  
these guys and my precinct to  
shame. And I am not happy about it.

Carter starts for the parking lot and the other two follow.

The remaining soldiers Exit the parking lot hastily in their  
Humvees, jeeps, etc - but something is hindering their  
traction, they slip swerve in sideswipe one another as they  
go.

This is when our heroes look skyward. . .then at their  
clothes . . .and notice it is beginning to RAIN OIL.

Tiny drops spatter their clothing, but roll off them like  
beads of water. It's just an ephemeral black drizzle - for  
the moment.

CYNTHIA  
Oh shit. not good.

ELI  
Here it comes.

CYNTHIA  
What are we gonna do about this?

CARTER  
We're going to wait it out until  
there's enough oil to catch in this  
snow, and light the whole town up.

ELI  
Hmm...Burn the town of Lakewood.  
Biggest Arson crime in  
history...yeah, as sheriff of said  
town, I feel I gotta say no!

CARTER  
Whole town Eli. The Mercs too.

CYNTHIA

Think about what happens if it this thing gets out of Alaska.

CARTER

Or if it gets to that buyer, and they try to weaponize it.

A beefed up berserk RUSHES at them from one corner of the parking lot as the last of the Hum-vees depart. Howling, clawing at the air.

Then another comes at them from another angle.

And the rain comes down just a little more heavily.

Eli takes the closer one's head off with a shotgun BLAST.

And Carter does essentially the same to the other with about half a dozen rounds from his M-16.

And the mostly headless, oil spouting bodies fall and scramble blindly on the ground grabbing, swiping at nothing in particular,

But not an iota closer to death.

ELI

Jesus. alright, look. At the Fire station they have protection suits for oil fires. If we're wearing those when we spark it up, it might buy us fifteen minutes to get out of the flames. I am so not getting re-elected.

Carter pats him on the back.

CARTER

All right, church first, then the engine house. The lake's the lowest point in town, so the fire will spread uphill from there. we better hurry.

They take off in a jog now, as the oil continues to rain slowly, steadily harder.

EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

As the oily DRIZZLE comes down a bit HEAVIER still, three HELICOPTOR are still parked in the middle of field.

Carter tosses live GRENADES into the cabin of each of them,  
and

K'BOOM! Times three. The Ruined choppers blaze and crackle.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A mixture of snow and oil on the ground now has the INKY RAIN  
comes down a bit stronger on this deserted street.

Carter, Eli, and Cynthia come to a narrow alley way between  
two buildings and Carter stops.

ELI

It's coming down heavier.

CYNTHIA

More heavily.

CARTER

It's falling on my head like a new  
emotion...

Cynthia gives Carter a sour look. As he pretends to THINK  
about it for a tick,

CARTER (CONT'D)

...Oh never mind, it's one of the  
old ones.

Eli points through the alley.

ELI

This way. It's a shortcut.

INT. DARK ALLEY. NIGHT

It's DARK in here, all shadows with little detail.

OIL cascades from many of the windows and apertures in the  
buildings' walls above, down the building's walls and onto an  
overhanging FIRE ESCAPE.

So much oil is raining and dripping down in dark strings and  
tendrils, It causes Carter, Cynthia and Eli to slow their  
pace.

That's when Cynthia notices the open MANHOLE on the Ground,  
FILLED with crude OIL. The oil ripples and bubbles.

She holds her arms up to halt the other two.

CYNTHIA

Guys, stop. I don't like the looks  
of-

She's CUT OFF, as a massive, deformed, Dinosauric HEAD plunges up through the oil in the manhole. Something like a deformed, mutated T-Rex, cracking the surrounding concrete and asphalt, making a small mountain of rubble and scaly flesh, all covered in dripping black.

CARTER

Get back!

All three back AWAY with guns pointed. As The mouth OPENS unnaturally wide, not only revealing irregularly sized and shaped carnivorous TEETH,

But also vomiting quite suddenly a writhing plume of long NECKS and HEADS that look like they belonged to deformed Sauropod dinosaurs.

All Covered in oil. All the mouths emit the sound of the electrophonic SCREAMS.

The three BACK off IN A fighting retreat, FIRING off a STORM of pistol and shotgun rounds, blasting big holes, but doing little to deter the things.

The writhing necks suddenly RECOIL, back into the mouth, the massive jaws CLOSE, and the thing recedes back into the inky, shredded pond from which it came.

EXT. CARTER'S CHURCH - NIGHT

The oil rain comes down more THICKLY now. And while the rest of the neighborhood is a mixture of oil and snow, the PROPERTY around Carter's Church is absolutely coated, clustered around the structure in little ponds and rivers.

His GRAVEYARD looks like a dripping black SWAMP

Carter Eli and Cynthia, their clothing now moderately doused in oil droplets, APPROACH the church, and now stop to ponder this: The oil has taken a pointed INTEREST in this place.

INT. CARTER'S CHAPEL - NIGHT

A dripping BLANKET of OIL covers EVERY SURFACE, floor to ceiling, obscuring what looks like a slowly squirming tapestry of embedded MOLLUSKS, shellfish, barnacles, oysters, and even a few overturned, writhing Horseshoe Crabs and clawing, half buried Lobsters, claws and mandibles writhing.

But it gets worse.

In the region around Carter's PULPIT, this writhing black turf on everything becomes an increasingly thick wilderness of CRUSTACEAN-LIKE EYE STALKS, uncovered by the oil, the

closer of which TURN to to FOLLOW Carter, Cynthia and Eli as they walk into the room.

The pulpit itself is a black syrupy mountain covered in increasingly LARGE eye-stalks as it ascends.

Atop the pulpit, the only place in the chapel not covered in oil, the body of a mis-shapen, OCTOPUS-like creature complete with writhing TENTACLES. The thing appears to have been modified or mutated for the specific purpose of reading.

It's body is covered in the LARGEST of the eye-stalks, all of which READ the open BIBLE on the pulpit, eyes DARTING, stalks writhing, while the tentacles, some of which end in multi-species HANDS of MIXED digits, like the one we saw earlier, RAPIDLY turn the bible's pages.

Cynthia says quietly to Eli

CYNTHIA

It keeps jumping further down the fossil record.

ELI

Is that an Octopus?

CYNTHIA

Makes sense. They have the largest brain to body mass ratio of any invertebrate. two thirds of its neurons are in its tentacles.

Carter raises his RIFLE and cautiously approaches the thing.

All but one of the eye-stalks turns to FOLLOW carter as he approaches. The eyes are wide with looks of childlike wonder.

The TENTACLES work with alarming QUICKNESS then, turning the bible back to another specific PAGE, and pointing, touching the ONE HUMAN finger it has in the bunch to a single verse.

The eyes staring at Carter BULGE a little.

Carter READS the verse. Then, as he looks at the eye-stalk covered Octopus thing. Both he and the eyes have somehow the same ominous look for one another,



As the eyes and arms begin to MELT along with EVERYTHING else in the room, back into dripping flat puddles of inanimate oil, making a slithery, deflating SOUND as they go.

Our heroes look around the room at the shrinking, prehistoric muck.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What is it carter? What was it trying to tell you?

Carter says nothing, and starts for the door. Eli and Cynthia follow.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY. NIGHT

Carter marches in as Eli and Cynthia follow, they watch as he opens a cabinet, pulls out a bottle of communion wine that looks suspiciously dark as we angle on it briefly.

He pulls out the cork with his teeth and prepares to take a swig.

CYNTHIA

Right now? Are you serious?

CARTER

When life gives you lemons...

As Carter hoists the bottle, Eli draws his Side-arm and SHOTS it.

The bottle shatters in a small tempest of green glass and inky black oil.

Carter, stunned, holds the shattered neck of the bottle and looks at the oil spill and spatter on the floor, and now racing away in tiny snaking currents.

ELI

I don't see any lemons in that shit, do you?!

With a distant look now Carter drops the bottleneck .

CYNTHIA

It knows those injections of ours are wearing off, and I think it just tried to slip you an oil mickey.

ELI

It's taken a pointed interest in you and your church, Carter. Ask yourself why that is.

CYNTHIA

It's scared of faith. It's scared of you. There's a reason behind that. A weakness. And I for one want to know what it is.

ELI

That makes two of us

CYNTHIA

Then maybe the earth is right. Maybe our species has become too toxic. Maybe it's our time to go.

Carter, with the same distant look, slowly turns and walks to a WINDOW, where in lieu of an outside view, he sees a syrupy sheet of OIL rain cascading down the outside of the glass.

But he gazes at it, as if it's a panoramic landscape unto itself, as he recites softly.

CARTER

For I will bring evil from the north and great destruction...For this shall the earth mourn, and the heavens above be black.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry what?

CARTER

Jeremiah, chapter four. That's the verse it pointed to.

Carter turns and walks to the wall-mounted crucifix he has twice now sent irreverently spinning. It's most of the way upside down.

He straightens it, looks at it for the first time reverently, and then turns to the others, and says serenely.

CARTER (CONT'D)

God doesn't make mistakes. Existence is suffering, and He wants us to play our role...He wants us to fight.

Cynthia reacts: this stirs something in her. Old feelings maybe, as we fade to,

INT. RECTORY HALLWAY. NIGHT

Carter Cynthia and Eli now wear fresh clean hunting camo, and are heavily ARMED. Carter wears a large crucifix around his neck that looks a little... Off.

Eli walks ahead with a large duffel bag. As he opens a door at the end of the hallway and walks through, Cynthia Holds Carter back and says.

CYNTHIA

Carter, I need to tell you something. I don't know what's going to happen tonight, and I need to say this now.

Carter waits patiently, he seems to understand what's going on here. But the words are difficult for her.

CARTER

Okay.

CYNTHIA

In high school. Before Christina. When you and I were...

She trails off. A moment of vulnerability, and Carter tries to make it easy for her.

CARTER

You'll have time to tell me later. Nothing bad's going to happen to us tonight.

They look at each other wistfully. They're having a moment, and then,

CYNTHIA

You sure about that?...Because, I'm not.

No reply. Carter's wistful gaze unbroken. And we hear Eli calling from the doorway.

ELI/OS

Hey guys! We doing this?

INT. RECTORY GARAGE - NIGHT.

A fully restored jet black very souped-up looking Classic MUSCLE CAR. Huge tires, jutting air cooled turbo engine. Blah blah car stuff.

ELI  
Phat ride yo.

And Carter, ironically,

CARTER  
Yeah...Real gas guzzler.

He gets in the driver seat Eli gets in the front and Cynthia in the back with the bag.

Carter gets a small BIBLE out of the glove-box, opens it, revealing it's fake, hollow inside, and filled with neatly rolled JOINTS.

He grabs one joint, and dumps the rest out the window.

Then he fills the gap inside the Bible with a large glob of C-4 and a small blinking remote detonator pin, which she pushes into the clump.

ELI  
Where there's a new twist the old  
Jihad? So like, Why?

CARTER  
I might need to spread the good  
news tonight Eli.

Carter Carter lights up the joint. Eli is losing his patience with all this potsmokery.

ELI  
Carter, Goddmanit, would you please  
stop sm-

Carter cuts him off

CARTER  
-Nope!

Carter fires up the engine, revs it, and it growls like the angry turbocharged beast that it is. As Cynthia and Eli Lock and load their weapons.

ELI  
Locked and loaded.

CARTER  
Let's rub some funk on it.

CYNTHIA  
(awkward, confused)  
I, I don't, know that means...

EXT. OUTSIDE CARTER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

It means This, Cynthia: The garage door EXPLODES in a storm of splintered wood, as the CAR plunges through into a mostly black landscape and a HEAVY RAIN of OIL.

And an ocean of BERSERKERS, with clothing shredded or shirtless, looking more DETERIORATED and DEFORMED (Clearly the shelf life of a berserker is a short one)

Who respond to the noise and bum RUSH the vehicle in a SLOWER more staggering manner than before, as it reaches the end of the driveway, TURNS to bank onto the street,

And SKIDS across the oil slicked road, SPINNING like a top before COLLIDING loudly with a parked car, SQUISHING several of these worn down berserks, and setting off the car's ALARM as they their bodies explode in showers of jet black gore.

Eli leans out his window AIMS his M-16, and takes out three sprinting berserkers with green streaking tracer rounds.

The berserkers and small patches of ground around them burst into FLAMES. The flaming berserks continue staggering on, for a beat or two, now STARTING to IGNITE the thickening oil rain, leaving brief comet-like TRAILS of flame behind them,

Before they drop, and burn down into grisly black campfires.

Eli grabs his shotgun and blows the head off a too-close-for-comfort berserk, buying him a few seconds to warn,

ELI

The ground's starting to catch! We  
don't have much time!

Carter steps on the gas and his WHEELS SPIN in the oil,

More berserks, DRAWN by the sound of the car alarm come in a slow, staggering run from all directions.

The car's wheels spin and SLIDE in the oil slicked road, gradually gaining traction, the vehicle TAKES OFF down the street.

Eli SHOOTS and IGNITES any berserk that gets close to the car.

One of them gets SHOT in mid leap and the FIREBALL he becomes IGNITES the oil rain briefly in the air around him, letting us know just how flammable this town is getting.

The car races through TOWN, block after block, turn after turn, rattling loudly on its rims, spitting sparks that leave short (but ever-lengthening) wakes of flame behind it.

They all FIRE TRACER rounds thick and fast out their windows, igniting far more berserkers than we can even count. A small fraction of the total onslaught,

Which, as we track with the speeding Mustang at a wide OVERHEAD angle, we can see a dark, incoming tide of them, numbers approaching a thousand.

They get the bulk of the pursuers chasing BEHIND them now. But Carter has to slow down to make several tight turns in rapid succession,

spinning, sliding, smacking bogies all over the place like rotting black bowling pins,

and still the roaring black mob gets frighteningly close to the vehicle.

Eli grabs a pair of Tek-nines cranks open the old-school SUNROOF, stands up into the night and SPRAYS two full clips of tracers at the howling multitude behind.

Something like a howling, staggering WILDFIRE behind them, lighting up the neighborhood briefly in a kind of dim orange daylight.

They flame, stagger, and drop in an ugly burning chorus.

And gradually the fire falls away into the distance behind them as the car accelerates, still fish-tailing as Carter fights the wheel for control, and the occasional parked vehicle gets loudly SIDE-SWIPED.

A few beats of silence, as Eli sits back down and cranks the sunroof shut.

And Carter glances at CYNTHIA in his rear-view MIRROR and notices she's FUMBLING to reload her weapon. She slides a new clip in her pistol, and it falls out.

She rams it in successfully points out the window window and pulls the trigger.

Click.

She gives it a frustrated look.

Carter smiles a bit as he watches her. Their eyes meet. She gives him an irritated yet somehow vulnerable look.

CARTER

Pull the slide back Cyn. The metal clip above the handle.

K-klack. She LOCKS the weapon, test fires a single SHOT out the window, then looks at Carter in the mirror. There is a moment happening between them again here, as her irritated look slowly melts into a coy smile.

Carter smiles back. But as he does, she catches sight of something ahead of them that causes her smile to evaporate into a look of concern.

Carter turns to see what she's looking at: They're approaching the FIRE STATION now, and there is a female form standing just inside one of the open, lighted garages.

CYNTHIA

Who is that?

EXT. OUTSIDE FIREHOUSE - NIGHT.

The oil rain is damn near a MONSOON now as the battered muscle car pulls to a stop in the front drive.

The FIGURE in the garage APPROACHES.

A closer look reveals it to be CHRISTINA. She's clothed now, looking young, healthy, and considerably PREGNANT.

As she walks out of the garage, the oil RAIN abruptly STOPS.

And we angle on the night SKY, where we see a widening vortex of STARS and pale MOONLIGHT return, and the night once again looks natural.

Carter opens his door as he says.

CARTER

Stay here.

Cynthia wraps her arms around Carter, frantically trying to restrain him.

CYNTHIA

No! Carter, it's not Christina! No!

But Carter's in the zone now. He shrugs her away, gets out and slams the door, as Cynthia continues to freak out.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

No Goddammit no!

She TRIES to open her door, but Eli reaches across and RESTRAINS her.

ELI  
Let him go!

CYNTHIA.  
No!!

Eli speaks more softly now.

ELI  
Trust him. He knows what he's doing.

She STOPS struggling and gives Eli, then Carter a worried look.

In the engine house DRIVEWAY now, the pregnant spotless Cynthia and Carter are now face-to-face. Carter looks sad and uncertain. She smiles and looks very certain, as she cups her hands over her pregnant stomach.

CHRISTINA  
We're going to be a family soon, Carter.

CARTER  
You're not Christina. You're just that thing, playing tricks.

CHRISTINA  
I come from an older, deeper place. I'm something just for us.

CARTER  
There's no us.

CHRISTINA  
Oh but there is. There are two kinds of oil in the earth. Fossil fuel, and Abiogenic. It's made by inorganic chemical reactions, deep in the Earth's mantle.

She runs her fingers down Carter's chest, and we notice something he doesn't: The oil on his clothing snakes and streams AWAY from her finger as it passes.

CARTER  
I don't understand.



CHRISTINA

It wants us to be a family. Endowed  
with it's gifts. We'll be like gods  
in the world that's coming.

It's repelled by her for some reason.

CARTER

Like Gods. so it understands  
Religion.

CHRISTINA (CONT)

It has memories. Just like I  
remember you have the body of a  
warrior, and the-

Carter, cuts her off, finishes the sentence.

CARTER

-Heart of a poet.

She smiles demurely.

CHRISTINA

And I remember that night we went  
fishing down at the lake. The  
outboard motor died. And we spent  
the night...Not fishing.

This gets to Carter. He fights it but it clearly gets in his  
head.

CARTER

Not a day goes by I don't think  
about that.

CHRISTINA

It knows about love, joy, laughter.

Carter narrows his eyes a bit. He looks appraisingly at her

CARTER

Does it think seeing you like this  
will deter me? Does it think I'll  
trade a monster that looks like  
Christina for the world?

Her whole expression sours, and she takes a new track on the  
conversation.

CHRISTINA

Why weren't you there for me  
Carter? When I was dying.

(MORE)

## CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

When every breath was agony like  
I'd never known.

Carter is choked up.

## CARTER

I couldn't. I was on a classified  
op. They didn't even tell me until  
...After.

Christina steps closer, gives Cynthia a contemptuous glance  
over Carter's shoulder as she whispers in his ear,

## CHRISTINA

In those last days...when all I  
knew was pain...I died calling for  
you Carter...I died screaming your  
name.

Carter holds her, and cries. Shaking from his sobs, and from  
the sheer weight of his guilt. As the tears rain down, like  
the oil did until moments ago.

Pulling himself together now. There's a blooming stoicism  
about Carter as he says,

## CARTER

I love you Christina... I will  
always love you.

Quickly, decisively he holds her even tighter with one arm,  
gazing unblinkingly over her shoulder as he draws a large  
caliber pistol puts it to her chin, and BLOWS the top and  
back of her HEAD OFF.

Her SKULL EXPLODES from the forehead up in a monsoon of oil  
and BLACK GORE that splatters Carter generously. And she  
drops.

As Carter, with grim determination, turns and walks back to  
the car, the stars above shrink to a vanishing point, and the  
OIL RAIN RETURNS to a full downpour within seconds.

He opens Cynthia's door, reaches in grabs the duffel bag, and  
marches into the firehouse garage. Eli follows, Cynthia's  
last.

So she's the only one who stops and turns when the now half  
headless oil-soaked Christina gets to her feet, though  
already her head is slowly growing back, healing. Oil  
stitching, weaving into to flesh.

She clutches her, pregnant stomach and shouts in a raspy almost demonic voice, sprays of oil flying from her ruined mouth,

CHRISTINA

Our baby is coming soon Carter!!

Christina REACTS: This bodes an ill wind.

INT. FIRE STATION LOCKER ROOM

Angle on a wall-mounted RACK of metallic silver high-tech fire PROTECTION SUITS. Full-body units with oxygen tanks compact oxygen tanks and mirrored face-plates.

Eli explains to Carter and Cynthia as they all get into their respective suits,

ELI

These will protect you from three hundred fifty degree temperatures for up to fifteen minutes. And if we get caught in a firefight, don't let them shoot your oxygen tank, because that would really suck for you.

INT/EXT. FIREHOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT.

The OIL RAIN POURS. Christina's gone, her only remaining evidence a spatter of oily brains in the driveway.

Carter, Eli and Christina enter the garage.

They all wear the fire protection SUITS now, and Eli carries the large duffel BAG.

The tires on the fire truck, have SNOW CHAINS on.

Eli and Cynthia Pile into the front seat. Carter climbs into the cherry picker on the back with his large heavy duffel bag, which we find is mostly filled with a salad of loaded compact sub-machine GUNS, and spare CLIPS.

As he DUMPS these contents onto the cherry picker floor around him. Burying himself up to his shins in an avalanche of pure stopping power.

EXT. DOWNTOWN/MAIN STREET, APPROACHING THE DOCKS - NIGHT.

Cynthia and Eli are in the front seat of the truck, Eli drives, and Carter is in the cherry picker cart, with a pair of Uzis, and the pile of guns and ammo.

The oil RAIN POURS, and at this point it COVERS EVERYTHING, ground, walls, rooftops.

Our heroes wear their silvery FIRE SUITS, covered head to toe, mirrored face-plates, identifiable only by their voices as they talk on the suits' internal microphones.

As they drive down Main Street toward the docks, we find they are walking into an ambush of sorts.

Dozens of BERSERKERS lumber into the street, COVERED in OIL, clothes now in tatters or missing entirely. They're in rotten, DETERIORATING condition. Covered in oil weeping lesions, shambling like old school Romero-zombies.

They quickly SURROUND the fire TRUCK, but this time they don't attack, howl, or screech, but seem instead to be MELTING and CONGLOMERATING into the oil. Collapsing in the road or colliding with each other.

Main street rapidly becomes an oily, fleshy, bloody SOUP

A soup that squirms, writhes, and REGENERATES into hundreds of oil covered, somewhat VELOCIRAPTOR-LIKE creatures with MORE of everything: Two tails, four clawed arms, and two

sets of jaws, one beneath the other. Covered in oil, but for their eyes. They are as alien as they are dinosauric.

ELI

Oh shithouse mouse! Cynthia?!

CYNTHIA

I know!

ELI

I don't recall seeing any of these things at the natural history Museum!

CYNTHIA

It imitates what it's made of, Eli.

ELI

Meaning?

CYNTHIA

It's trying to mimic something that  
either pre-dates the known fossil  
record or. . .

She trails off, looking scared and leaving Eli hanging.

ELI

Or what?

CYNTHIA

...or wasn't from this planet.

The creatures begin crawling, running, leaping, up onto the  
vehicle, as Carter's voice comes through on the headsets.

CATER/V.O.

The ground is saturated guys. a  
single spark now will light us all  
up.

As these things gnash and lunge at the windows, beginning to  
fracture them, Cynthia observes,

CYNTHIA

That severely limits our options  
Carter!

Outside in the cherry picker, Carter LOADS the first of his  
knee-deep pile of clips.

CARTER

Stop the truck. I've got about five  
thousand options right here.

Carter OPENS FIRE with two Uzis pointed in opposite  
directions, a slow, continuous, clockwise assault.

The SUBTERRANEAN SCREAMS come from the creatures' carnivorous  
mouths as they're peppered with bullets.

The creatures don't die when shot, so much as they get blown  
back down, then heal by way of MUTATING convulsively into  
ever more random, deformed versions of themselves.

Emptying those guns, he ducks down and pops back up  
repeatedly with freshly loaded compact sub-machine guns.

He RADIATES the fully automatic LEAD STORM of the century.  
five seconds. Ten.

Fifteen.

Before he has to reload a pair of weapons.

Longer pauses between clip emptyings, as he, RELOADS empties CLIP after CLIP, and the increasingly deformed creatures get CLOSER before being shot down.

Carter has to fire SHORTER bursts now, at individual targets as they crawl, leap, and scramble too close for comfort.

The jet oily, bloody bodies PILE UP around the truck, squirm, roll down the mountain of ruined flesh, and ripple into things ever less recognizable than they were before,

And less functional. As The bullets rain down into the black squirming mountain of flesh, said mountain slowly becomes less proactive about the business of attacking, until finally...

Carter CEASES FIRE. His gun barrels smoke, as he stands in the top half of the cherry picker, the only part of the fire truck not buried under a slowly SQUIRMING, groaning MOUNTAIN of bullet riddled jet black gore, gushing countless small rivers of oil from its collective wounds.

A fast GROWING forest of black, slithering APPENDAGES reaches for him now. Growing out of the ruined black flesh like it's compost. Arm-like, claw-like, tentacles, mandibles, arms, as the remaining mountain of inky, perforated flesh still squirms and bleeds oil.

Back INSIDE the CAB, we see Eli and Cynthia looking on in horror at the squirming walls of jet black flesh outside the windows.

Eli floors it.

OUTSIDE again, as the forest of growing appendages reaches for Carter, and the TRUCK slowly DISLODGES itself from the mountain of squirming black flesh beneath.

Carter raises his Uzis again, pulls the triggers,

He gets a hollow click from one, and two measly rounds from the other.

He looks down in the Cherry picker. He's out of ammo.

The black, dripping APPENDAGES are CLOSE to grasping Carter when the truck's wheels find purchase, TEAR AWAY from the mountain of flesh, and the forest of limbs is ripped away from him, cast aside and crushed underneath the truck.

Even though the truck is a black, gore covered mess now, we can see that it has been damn near torn to pieces in this

melee, and now LIMPS, wobbles down the ramp to the docks.

Carter CLIMBS FORWARD over the mashed, oily (periodically squirming) truck, and gets in the cab, as its other three TIRES pop, and the thing ends up skidding SCREECHING down to

INT/EXT. TRUCK CAB, THE LAKE-FRONT. NIGHT

The fire engine GRINDS to a HALT at the waterfront and the engine DIES.

And immediately the vehicle is PEPPERED with BULLETS from three different directions ahead and at both sides,

The WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. Carter Eli and Cynthia duck the hailstorm.

Eli and Carter RELOAD their respective weapons.

And all the while the OIL RAIN is slowly WANING.

ELI

They're coming from nine twelve and three O clock.

CARTER

You got nine. I got three. Shield yourself behind the door and we'll both do the ones ahead.

Carter and Eli BAIL out and, each one opens fire on several MOPP gear SOLDIERS apiece at various distances along the waterfront.

Carter's aim is true like an elite soldier, and he gets all his targets with few bullets.

Eli shoots more like a cop - competently, though he has more targets to contend with. He takes out all but ONE, who SHOOTS ELI one in the SHOULDER.

Eli's blown BACK against the seat, As Cynthia calls to him

CYNTHIA

Eli!

Carter turns and sees Eli's predicament, AND sees the one remaining soldier LOADING a fresh CLIP.

Cynthia scrambles toward Eli, and in the process, puts herself in the impending line of fire.

Carter YANKS her out of the way with one hand, FIRES the LAST of his ROUNDS with the other.

He DROPS the guy, but only after he gets half several rounds off in Eli's general direction.

One of which CATCHES Eli in the abdominal region.

MORE GUNFIRE comes from ahead now. Carter grabs one of Eli's two compact subs as he asks,

CARTER

Eli! You still with me?

As Eli slumps back against the driver seat, he removes his headpiece, showing us that blood now leaks from his mouth, and he struggles for his words.

ELI

Yeah. . .I'm here man.

The OIL rain is barely a DRIZZLE now, as Carter steps OUT of the passenger side and FIRES off half a dozen rounds dead ahead before THAT last CLIP empties,

And we angle on what he was shooting at...

An oil TANKER TRUCK is parked along the waterfront, with a long HOSE stretched out along the wooden dock and into the lake, standing at the end of the dock flanked by four MOPP gear wearing SOLDIERS, (all with belts bearing large Bowie-knives) and ELLIS,

Inhumanly TALL and MASSIVE, Shirtless, not unlike a BLACK VEINED Incredible HULK. He is an ALPHA BERSERKER.

But This transformation is taking a toll on him, as evidenced by the fact that he lightly, continuously WEEPS OIL from both eyes, making him look like he's crying jet black tears.

And behind him, the LAKE itself has become what I suppose we can call The OIL KRACKEN...

A syrupy black LAKE of pure LIVING OIL: heads, jaws, clawed arms, EYES, and every other APPENDAGE imaginable, MORPH into, and out of form along its surface, like, slowly, strangely frothing black waves.

And along the shores of the Lake, giant writhing branching oily TENTACLES branch off and spread out into the town in ALL DIRECTIONS. This thing's overall appearance is consistent with the NEURON/DENDRITE morphology we have been seeing.

Ellis sees our heroes and calls to them in a bellowing voice, something inhumanly loud and demonic.



ELLIS

Beautiful, isn't she?

CARTER

Beauty's subjective. You don't look so good.

ELLIS

I'm an Alpha, Carter! I always was! She inoculated me years ago, and lay dormant in my unconscious mind! And I'm not alone!

CARTER

So it's a she now?

Ellis TURNS, looks at the frothing lake of forms and faces with fondness and wonder, then back at Carter.

ELLIS

She is our life! She is our energy and power! She lairs here, sends her alphas forth to take back a world that was always hers!

CARTER

Well on behalf of said world, allow me to convey the following message.

Carter quickly pulls the R.P.G. launcher out of the cab, aims and fires a streaking MISSILE past Alpha-Ellis, at the black lake of a thousand faces.

We see that being an "Alpha" gives you HULK-LIKE skills as well as appearance. Ellis CATCHES the streaking rocket in mid-flight, and before it blows up, RIPS it in two

He cast the two pieces away. The lake swallows them.

CYNTHIA

That was our last rocket, Carter.

CARTER

Well this licks a special kind of balls.

Ellis and his soldiers slowly walk this way as he bellows, holding his now monstrously big arms out.

ELLIS

She is everywhere! She is everything! The oil industry! The Iraq wars! The Guafia division! me! All part of her plan!

The oil RAIN is OVER now. And the approaching soldiers drop their weapons and remove their headpieces revealing themselves to be Chris and Evan.

CHRIS

All except you Paris. But we're about to fix that.

EVAN

We don't exactly understand everything our new boss is saying. B'blah b'blah evolution! b'blah b'blah new world order...

CHRIS

But we sure like the sound of it.

EVEN

Let's do him old school. It's more sporting.

Evan shows us what he means by drawing his Bowie KNIFE. The other soldiers remove their helmets and do the same.

Ellis gets a look like something is downloading into his main-frame for a beat, and then,

ELLIS

Ah, She likes them Carter! Them, and those who think like them! She will inoculate them all as alphas!

As Carter walks forward to meet them drawing BOTH his Bowie KNIVES and holding them in a forward stance (blade pointed down over the forearm)

CHRIS

You hear that, Paris? If you're not at the table you're on the fuckin' menu!

The first soldier comes at Carter. He's fast and muscular but his knife forms are kind of sloppy. He LUNGES, STABS, and makes wide arcing slashes. He stumbles a bit.

Carter displays MAD SKILLS., he ducks, blocks, punches with his free hand, throws wicked kicks.

One over-leaning lunge puts the guy off-balance. Carter gets the guy in an ARM bar, BREAKS the arm of the elbow.

The guy drops the knife is a YELPS in pain. With his good hand, he reaches for a PISTOL in his ANKLE holster.

Stoically without even turning to look, Carter goes from arm bar to STAB through the NECK.

His opponent DROPS, just as he points the gun at Carter.

Carter spins AROUND, takes on SOLDIER number TWO, who has a small SWORD, it is quite GOOD with it; genuine Samuri skills.

But Carter's BETTER. So much so that he SHEATHS his knife and takes on the guy BY HAND.

He ducks, kicks, flips the guy judo style a few times, and just generally SOFTENS the guy up.

Carter's got him LIMPING and breathless when the guy brings his blade straight down, and Carter grabs his arm, and SNAPS it the wrist: a Kotegaeshi.

With the guy behind him facing away now, Carter leans forward and uses the sword it to LIFT the guy off the ground in a backwards HEADLOCK. The guy dangles down Carter's back hanging by his neck from the broad side of the blade, thrashing and choking.

Carter holds the sword at both ends against his shoulders, holding the guy ALOFT and struggling, as Carter STARES coldly at Evan and Chris, who now look less sure of themselves.

Carter YANKS the sword around by the handle, SLASHING the guy's throat in the process. He hits the dock behind Carter, dead.

Carter draws both Bowie KNIVES again, holds them just like his opponents and says in an almost nurturing tone.

CARTER

That's right kids. Just like I trained you.

This angers the two slimeballs on a visceral level. They ATTACK, Carter DEFENDS, one BLADE for EACH of them. Carter has to move twice as fast to keep up, but he holds his own.

Chris and Evan come at Carter with everything they have. They move off to either side to FLANK him, forcing Carter to divide his ATTENTION between TWO different fights at increasingly wide ANGLES.

His opponents begin to CONNECT, draw BLOOD. A slash here, a shallow stab there.

Chris hits Carter in the knee with a sweeping KICK. Carter goes down.

Chris PLUNGES his blade downward to finish Carter off, but Carter SCRAMBLES to his feet with another aikido MOVE: (kotehinari) He spins around twisting Chris's knife wielding arm into an L shape, making Chris STAB HIMSELF in the kidney.

While Chris is still STUNNED by the wound and STARING in horror, Evan drops his knife, ducks down out of frame reaching for something,

While Carter shoots to a standing position behind the impaled Chris, SNAPS his NECK first one way, than the other.

Chris drops DEAD, and Carter looks up just in time to see the Evan SCRAMBLE to his feet with the with his comrade's oil smeared PISTOL and fires a shot, hitting Carter in the shoulder.

Carter goes DOWN on his back, his head at the edge of the dock. As we briefly angle on him from above: the BLACK LAKE below him is a slithering blanket of vague black TENTACLES.

Carter looks up to see Evan stepping OVER him, POINTING his gun for a kill shot.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Yeah. Real sporting ,kid.

Evan smiles coldly.

EVAN

It's like you said, man. I'm a dead eyed psychop-

BLAM! In mid sentence, Evan's HEAD is OBLITERATED in a thundering shower of (red, fully human) GORE.

What's left now is a twitching meat fountain SPOUTING blood, and keeling over sideways.

Angle on Cnthia, approaching, holding Eli's still smoking shotgun, and looking mean.

CYNTHIA

Rub some funk on it, bitch!

Cynthia helps Carter to his feet.

CARTER

Thought I told you to stay in the truck.

As Carter limps a bit, leans on Cynthia a little and they start to walk.

CYNTHIA

Really? That's your big issue right now?

Hearing wood SPLINTER and SPLASHING, Carter turns around toward the lake to see that ELLIS is GONE, and numerous oily TENTACLES from the oil lake slither around and over the outer docks, slowly DESTROYING them, pulling vast hulks of broken wood into the black oily depths.

As Carter and Cynthia HURRY back to the truck, Carter with a great LIMPING and discomfort, as Cynthia asks,

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

The gunshot Carter - how bad?

CARTER

Still in the game Cyn, just a graze.

They get back to the fire TRUCK. Then they hear the oil TANKER'S ENGINE fire up, and it TAKES OFF.

At the same time, the BODY of the oil Kracken SWELLS to most of the size of the lake. The oily TENTACLES now inundate the TOWN in all directions, DESTROY what's left of the dock and continue TOWARD our heroes.

Cynthia watches the oil tanker depart.

CYNTHIA

He's going for the pipeline.

Carter turns his attention ELI. BLOOD pours from Eli's mouth he's clearly not long for this world.

CARTER

How you doing, buddy?

ELI

I'm not going to make it Carter.

CARTER

Bullshit. You're gonna be fine.

Eli COUGHS, spits up BLOOD and continues.

ELI

You guys have to go after him. I'll only slow you down. Do you remember what I told you about the oxygen tanks on the suits?

CYNTHIA

What are you saying?

ELI

Were out of R.P.G.s and grenades.  
I'm going to make a run for that  
thing. You know what to do.

CARTER

No way! Who's gonna to keep me in  
line? I'm a human dumpster fire,  
remember?

ELI

Yeah well this dumpster fire's  
about the save the human race.

Eli struggles to his FEET as the oil kracken and SWELLS, and  
the tentacles get closer.

Cynthia rushes to pull Eli back.

CYNTHIA

No! Eli no!

Carter pulls her back. Shakes his head silently as Eli keeps  
walking away.

ELI

I love you guys. But this is my  
town. My job.

Eli slowly, painfully accelerates to a staggering RUN, as  
Carter takes AIM with one of Eli's compact subs.

Cynthia notices as Carter takes out the unusual looking  
CRUCIFIX. around his neck with his free hand, kisses it and,  
almost in a whisper,

CARTER

Go in peace buddy. I'll be with you  
soon.

Angle briefly on the LAKE OF OIL: It's countless FACES seem  
to be LOOKING at the fast approaching Eli in wide eyed, as if  
they know what's coming.

Eli reaches the end of the pier, and dives into the blackest  
of all nights.

Carter stoically HOLDS Cynthia - who clings to him, face  
buried in his chest - with one arm. And with the other arm,  
he AIMS and FIRES a single shot.

Carter's aim is true. it hits the tank , just as Eli whispers, at a lake full of inky faces that now stare up at him with looks of horror,

ELI

You're under arrest, bitch.

Eli IGNITES, and the lake becomes a roaring LAKE of FIRE,

Complete with screaming tortured faces in the flames, all of them screaming the same shrill unfiltered CHORUS of subterranean SCREAMS we heard in scene one.

The FLAMES SPREAD outward, the SCREAMING SPREADS with it. Everywhere, the oil is alive, burning, screaming.

Carter and Cynthia grab their headpieces and put them back on.

Carter grabs the shotgun and they run down along the walk waterfront.

But they don't get far before the FLAMES BLOCK their path. They turn to see the FIRE SPREADING up onto the waterfront and within the leading edges of this fire, burning tentacles that seem to be coming specifically for our two surviving heroes.

CARTER

Follow me!

They RUN to a storefront - a restaurant. He SHOOTS out the front WINDOW. and they CLIMB INSIDE

INT DARKENED RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Everything basks in the brightening ORANGE of approaching FLAMES as Carter and Cynthia RACE through the dining area into the kitchen and out a back door.

And all the way supernatural looking TENDRILS of pure screaming FIRE SNAKE and BRANCH across the floor walls and ceiling after them.

Just before Carter slams the back door in the KITCHEN behind them, Cynthia looks back and sees that the approaching tentacles of fire have vaguely demonic FACES constantly morphing in and out of them.

EXT. A BLOCK AWAY FROM THE WATERFRONT. NIGHT.

The flaming tentacles spread over every rooftop and down every wall. Up the street, everything is fully involved in flames.

The gas tanks in nearby parked vehicles begin to EXPLODE, making this block that much more of a FIERY GAUNTLET.

As Carter and Cynthia frantically avoid already burning cars, try one car door after another, they find themselves in a growing WILDERNESS of FLAMES within seconds.

As Tires POP. Gas tanks DETONATE. a (natural)GAS EXPLOSION obliterates a nearby storefront.

Finally, Carter and Cynthia come to a mini ELECTRIC CAR amidst the towering flames. The motor is running. And there is a squirming howling BERSERKER in the driver's seat, still in its seat-belt.

Carter PULLS the spastic ghoul OUT into the street, where it promptly burst into FLAMES.

They get inside and take off riding loudly on the rims.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TOWN. NIGHT.

The tiny CAR RACES through the jet BLACK LANDSCAPE, it's spinning rims leaving jets of SPARKS in its wake and igniting a widening CONE of FIRE that SPREADS across the LANDSCAPE behind it, like the wake of a speeding boat

EXT. PIPELINE STATION. NIGHT.

An orange GLOW illuminates the horizon. The battered little hatchback pulls into the parking lot to find the oil TANKER parked there, with its hose leading into the station, and a set of massive, oily footprints tracking with it.

And the shape of each footprint a a little different.

Carter and Cynthia exit the car. FLAMES down the road are fast APPROACHING, as Carter RUPTURES the hose with a shotgun BLAST.



INT. PIPELINE STATION. NIGHT.

We hear the clanking, hydraulic CACOPHONY of the stations gears and pumps working, and see the HOSE leading through the front entrance and around the corner.

Carter and Cynthia remove their headpieces, look around.

CYNTHIA  
Are we too late?

CARTER  
I don't know. I'm going to look for him. You get to the control room and shut this place down.

Cynthia unzips her fire suit, takes the last SYRINGE full of oil consuming bacteria out of a pocket and hands it to him.

CYNTHIA  
If you get close to him. Be careful Carter.

CARTER  
We're way past careful now.

He takes a syringe and pockets it, as she takes off for the control room.

Carter moves in cautiously with this SHOTGUN POINTED. He FOLLOWS, the hose and footprints around several corners, until he comes to a LARGE central ROOM with the super PIPELINE running through the middle of it. A good six feet tall, beneath metal grid catwalks and flanked by steep metal stairways.

No sooner does Carter walk out into the room than an inhumanly massive, oil covered FOOT SHOOTS into the frame from the left and knocks Carter clear ACROSS the ROOM to bounce off a control panel hit the floor. Wounded, winded, his shotgun several feet away.

A more HULKING monstrous ELLIS LUMBERS toward Carter. He's covered in inky black oil, dripping with it, like it's sweating out of him.

His massive upper body now RIPPLES and BULGES. And the surface flesh beneath the coating of oil constantly MORPHS and twists into numerous half formed and prehistoric ANIMAL APPENDAGES, as if they're all trapped inside and trying to break out.

His voice is something truly INHUMAN now.

ELLIS

Do you have any idea how it feels  
to be every living creature who  
ever walked the earth?!

Carter SCRAMBLES for us SHOTGUN, and Ellis does nothing to  
stop him.

ELLIS (CONT) (CONT'D)

I feel like a God!

Carter FIRES a VOLLEY of shotgun blasts, emptying the  
magazine. Each one blows a black oozing crater in Ellis'  
flesh. And from the various oil coated wounds, tentacles,  
arms, claws, SHOOT OUT, reaching for Carter - and continue to  
periodically do so.

Carter fearlessly RUSHES Ellis, brandishing the shotgun like  
a baseball bat.

And Ellis with one hand grabs the shotgun in mid-swing, grabs  
Carter by the neck with the other, TEARS the weapon out of  
Carter's hands and FLINGS it away.

Then just as effortlessly, FLINGS CARTER away, sending him  
flailing and skipping over the pipeline and its catwalks, as  
we cut to,

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT.

Cynthia enters to find all the control PANELS SMASHED, gears  
RIPPED off, and the levers on all the circuit boxes TORN  
away.

The last thing her eyes come to rest on as a fire kit in a  
glass CABINET, with a wall-mounted fire-hose, fire  
extinguishers, and a large AX.

EXT. LARGE ROOM WITH PIPELINE.

Carter BOUNCES brutally off the cinder block WALL and hits  
the floor, bruised, bloodied and groaning.

He hears the voice and heavy footfalls of the approaching  
Ellis.

He pulls the SYRINGE out and ponders it as he lies on his  
back.

ELLIS/OS

Join us Carter! embrace this  
magnificent thing you always were!

Carter turns his head, near the needle in his hand he sees a small puddle of the shiny black OIL leaks from the pipeline.

He squirts the liquid out of the syringe as he mutters:

CARTER

You know, that's not a bad idea.

Ellis makes a superhuman LEAP and LANDS on the CATWALK atop the pipeline. His flesh still constantly MORPHING, RIPPLING. He looks down at Carter who is now on ALL FOURS, his FACE HIDDEN.

Ellis jumps off the catwalk to ground level, approaches Carter who rapidly SCRAMBLES to his feet and turns, showing us BLACK VEINED FACE of a berserker. He is clearly fighting for control, fighting to keep the feral berserker in him subdued. until Ellis gets within arms reach, and then....

CARTER GRABS Ellis, and with his newfound strength and RIPS his HEAD clean OFF, with not one spinal cord still attached, but four, of different shapes, sizes, species, who knows.

The still standing body of Ellis SPASMS, as oil pours from the neck and a writhing PLUME of TENTACLES shoots upward from it, hitting the WALLS, and CEILING and beginning to SPREAD ACROSS them.

Then Ellis's arms and legs explode in similar plumes of branching tentacles, and Ellis's BODY assumes a shape not unlike a NEURON with attached DENDRITES, his now unrecognizable body mass suspended by the branching jungle of tentacles.

Multiple (oil covered) heads, jaws and faces surface on the flesh of Ellis's torso. Multiple personalities to be sure. And most of them are not remotely Earthly looking.

As the tentacles climb, grapple, and move the Ellis blob's central mass closer to Carter with a frightening swiftness, and quietness, all the mouths bellow in unison.

ELLIS

What chance do you have against  
four hundred million years of  
evolution! What could you possibly  
do to defeat such a magnificent  
beast?!

And Carter. Calm in spite of his painful transformation,

CARTER

Same thing any good preacher would  
do. . .

He Pulls out the explosive packed BIBLE, LUNGES forward, crams it into one of the mouths of the monster, making it CHOKE for breath.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Cram Jesus down your throat.

Carter slides the mysterious CRUCIFIX OPEN, revealing it to be an improvised radio DETONATOR inside, with a single blinking BUTTON.

He PUSHES the button.

Kaboom! Ellis becomes an EXPLOSION of OILY GORE. In which we see small embryonic bodies and body parts of things neither human nor earthly.

Carter is BLOWN clear back to the WALL at the edge of the room, as the now lifeless dendritic TENTACLES, still intact fall to the floor and begin MELTING into lifeless black crude OIL.

Carter with BLACK VAINS bulging now, and flesh rippling seems to be FIGHTING against the internal workings of this INFECTION, as he takes off the fire suit, cracks open a seal on the side of the pipeline, and climbs up onto the overhead CATWALK.

Beneath the metal grid he stands on, we see the HATCH is OPEN in the pipeline, and the RIVER of crude OIL flowing side.

It's all the jet BLACK STRAIN now, with vague, tortured looking face-like apparitions periodically swirling into and out of form in it's currents and eddies.

Cynthia RUSHES in holding the AX. She looks around and sees Carter up on the catwalk.

She Drops the ax, CLIMBS up where she finds Carter's black veined face looking serenely at her as his lower body slowly MELTS through the metal grid into the pipeline.

This looks painful for him, and he struggles periodically for his words.

As he slowly melts and sinks, she grabs his hands as if to pull him out.

CYNTHIA

Oh God Carter no! Why?

CARTER

It's already in the pipeline. I have to go after it. This the only way.

CYNTHIA

You can't survive in there.

CARTER

Well, not in human form anyway. But I can do what needs to be done.

CYNTHIA

How? Look what's happening to you.

Most of Carter's legs are gone now as he Explains

CARTER

I used to know this crazy Baptist preacher. In church he would drink a lethal dose of poison, and then pray. You know what kept him alive?

She gets it now.

CYNTHIA

Faith.

CARTER

That's right. I have poison in me Cynthia. but for the first time in years I also have faith. And you have a town to rebuild.

And with a bittersweet laugh,

CYNTHIA

Yeah. I think I'll put solar panels on all the new rooftops.

Carter smiles. Oil dribbles from his mouth now.

CARTER

And windmills. Lots of windmills.`

CYNTHIA

Anyone ever tell you you have a funny way of doing God's work?

A laugh that's almost a sob from Cynthia, as Carter's torso begins to melt through the grid floor panel, and he gets a faraway look.

CARTER  
It's speaking to me Cynthia.

CYNTHIA  
What's it saying?

CARTER  
Christina. She's giving birth to  
something...Different...worse.

CHRISTINA  
I'll be careful.

Carter is little more than a head, chest and arms now, and  
continues to slowly sink.

CARTER  
I know what you wanted to say to me  
tonight; about how we used to feel  
for each other. Before Christina.

CYNTHIA  
Carter, it's OK. You don't have to-

CARTER  
-It should have been us, Cynthia...  
Should have always been us.

Cynthia lets go of Carter's hands now, and the rest of him  
MELTS AWAY. Their eyes stay locked on each other, full of  
fondness and regret until the end.

We fade to one last:

SATELLITE P.O.V. A more magnified image - an overhead view of  
the charred, jagged landscape that used to be Lakewood. At  
this altitude, we can discern patches FIRE, clouds of SMOKE,  
and the burned out RUINS of buildings. The usual spy  
satellite jibberish, scrolling, blinking in the outer  
margins:

SCAN PIVOT: 58N-134W...DEMARCATIION: .25 SQUARE KM... IMAGING:  
ENLARGE-FULL....

SCAN FOR ELECTROPHONIC RESONANCE....

TARGET DETECTED....

And then in blinking red letters beneath it all:

ANOMALOUS READING: UNKNOWN SIGNATURE.

EXT. BURNED OUT WATERFRONT - MORNING

CHRISTINA emerges from the lake. The blasted HALF of her HEAD has grown back, but lumpy, DEFORMED, and thickly clustered with bulging black veins. A stark contrast to her human half.

She WADES out of the oily shallows of a boat ramp, onto the lake SHORE, emerging from the water into a hanging wilderness of SMOKE, and a charred, jagged landscape that used to be a town. She's drenched, in both water and OIL. but for now, it's just normal inanimate crude oil - Phase one.

Her FLESH RIPPLES, and she now looks INHUMANLY PREGNANT with some SQUIRMING kicking thing.

She clutches her belly, holding on for dear...whatever this is.

Her face betrays a berserker-like rage. As she shouts, an evil money shot of black crude sprays and dribbles from her mouth.

CHRISTINA

Carter!! It hurts, Carter!! Why do you always abandon me in my moments of pain?!

She walks up onto the water-front, LOOKS AROUND at the charred smoking REMAINS of the town. As the thing inside her now squirms so violently it damn near knocks her off her feet.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You wanted a family once Carter!  
Well now we're a family!!

She RIPS her SHIRT away, head tilted back to the heavens, dropping to her knees as she SCREAMS in both pain and rage. Her Body has gone from sexy to monstrous.

Two oil covered ARMS and a hideous money shot of black crude ERUPT from her bulging, rippling STOMACH.

The HANDS unfurl, palms facing us, revealing SIX digits apiece, each one a separate unearthly answer to a finger.

And a large EYE opens on each PALM, staring at us, making both hands look collectively like a FACE with writhing, Medusa-like appendages for hair.

She HOWLS like a berserker, as her stomach EXPLODES, and this older, deeper thing, seen so briefly it's no more than a WRITHING, oily BLACK BLUR, making a new and different sound, more of a ROAR than a scream. LUNGES directly at US, COVERING all we know in.

JET BLACK.

End credits.

(With the cover of Paint It Black by Hidden Citizens)

You've been a wonderful audience, thank you and goodnight.