

Red River

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**EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT**

It's half past midnight on the 4th of July and the party's in full effect.

A hundred COLLEGE KIDS back in town after their first year away. WE SEE a Freshman hogtied on the ground as upperclassman in Alpha Gamma Rho practice their roping in a hazing ritual.

WE SEE a group lighting fuses along the riverbank and --

The sky is lit up with a dazzling fireworks show as speed boats whip past, creating mini tidal waves throughout the river; sending swimmers everywhere.

WE SEE a young woman fighting her way through the crowd. An AMERICAN FLAG bandana wrapped around her head as she yells --

ANGELA

Jake, wait! Wait --

But it's no use. JACOB JONES, 19, athletic, pissed, in an LSU Tigers shirt, on a mission to get out.

Ruggedly handsome with a quiet confidence about him, he's a dangerous combination of drunk and heartbroken at the moment.

ANGELA

(grabbing him)

Just stop!

JACOB

Don't touch me!

He shrugs her off fighting his way through the crowd along the dock heading for his boat.

ANGELA

But it wasn't my fault!

JACOB

I'm leaving.

ANGELA

Let's just go somewhere and talk --

JACOB

I got nothing to say.

Jacob gets in his boat. Starts untying it from the dock.

ANGELA

You're not okay. I don't want you out there like this.

JACOB

You need to let go.

ANGELA

Jesus, Jake just listen!

Jacob finishes untying the boat. His eyes meeting hers.

ANGELA

We're not good. Haven't been for months. You won't see me. Won't call me. Can read my texts but never respond and --

JACOB

You don't think I wanted too? I try it's just --

He's holding something back. Can't find the words.

JACOB

(beat)

Forget it. I'm not wasting my breath.

ANGELA

Right. Course not. We should just keep pretending.

JACOB

I never lied to you.

ANGELA

It didn't mean anything! I needed you and you weren't there and --

JACOB

He was. That's what you're gonna say right? He's there and I'm not.

ANGELA

That's not fair.

JACOB

(turns the ignition)

I gotta go.

ANGELA

Jake, please --

Jacob floors it as Angela jolts back losing her grip. His boat vanishing up stream into the night...

**A RIVER RUNNING WILD IN DARKNESS**

And then --

A FLOORED BOAT MOTOR --

BLURRED SPOTLIGHTS flash across the screen --

The PROPELLER rips through grass --

A moment of unsettling silence and --

BAANNGG!

Rapid fire fast, EXTREMELY CLOSE bits of --

METAL GRINDING --

SPARKS FLYING --

GLASS EXPLODING --

A PONTOON BOAT finally stopping --

STEERING WHEEL dangling by a thread from a tree --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**DARKNESS**

The gentle BUZZ of a distant air conditioner creeps in.

Followed by a low, piercing BREATH.

A light switches on, revealing a --

**POV SHOT**

But everything's blurry. The light flickers as EYES shudder and we're again engulfed by --

**DARKNESS**

The air conditioner continues its soft BUZZ.

A slow FADE IN --

DIM NEON LIGHT brightens --

**A LARGE ROOM**

Jacob lies on the bottom level of a dilapidated BUNK-BED. A large bear skin blanket covers his body. His eyes closed.

Cuts riddle his body. Blood seeps through his bandages.

Somewhere close -- the MUFFLED CLANK of a shutting door.

**JACOB'S EYES SHOOT OPEN.**

He touches his face and squirms. His fingers now stained with blood from the worn out gauze taped to his cheek.

His eyes focus. Take in his room --

Vaulted ceiling. Unpainted, decaying brick walls. Cement floor. A closed steel door.

He sits up, coughs out BLOOD.

And -- seemingly in response to his cough -- there's a SCRATCHING SOUND on the other side of the door.

Jacob goes quiet. He waits, listens -- but the scratching stops. His eyes dart around the room as his confusion builds. He lifts up the blanket --

He's in his briefs, legs burned, wrapped in bloodied bandages. A dirty CAST around his arm in a SLING. His shirt ripped, blood crusted at the collar; balled up in a corner. Confusion quickly turns to fear.

He moves to swing his legs off the bed but slips, hitting his arm on the bedpost. He grabs his arm, tries not to scream.

His WRANGLERS sit in a scrunched pile next to the bunk.

Keeping his arm steady, he struggles to pull them toward him. A trembling hand digs his cell from a pocket.

He ignores the display telling him he has missed calls. He hits 911 -- but there's no signal.

He holds up the phone, waves it around -- but nothing.

Jacob sets the phone down. Grits his teeth. Takes a long breath and -- steps off the bed.

A vintage WOODEN BAT sits above the door. He struggles to grab it, using it as a cane to balance himself.

Steadying himself on the bat, he turns the door knob. It doesn't budge.

Jacob looks around the room for another option. And then --

FOOTSTEPS on the other side of the door. Getting CLOSER with each step. Growing LOUDER with each step.

He wobbles to the side of the door, grips the bat...

The lock flips --

The knob turns --

The door SWINGS open --

A pair of feet enter the room --

Jacob swings for a homer --

The bat crashes into a WOMAN'S arm. A bag of clothes flies through the air as the woman smashes into the ground.

We'll come to know the lady as FLORENCE "FLO" COWGILL, 40's, but right now, she's target practice.

Jacob lifts the bat. Florence raises a hand.

FLORENCE  
Hold on! Wait!

Jacob swings the bat with all his force. Florence's wrist absorbs the crushing blow.

FLORENCE  
Stop! Just give me a second!

Jacob swings again, for the kill-shot this time.

Florence barely rolls out of the way. The bat smashes into the cement floor, splitting in two. She reaches back, grabs onto the bigger piece and rips it from his hands.

Jacob loses his balance falling into the bunk-bed ladder and collapses hard to the floor. He cries out in pure agony.

Florence gets up, blocks the doorway. She towers over Jacob, what's left of the bat gripped tightly in her hands.

She stares down at him -- trying to catch her breath -- her expression somewhere between intrigue and anger.

FLORENCE  
I'm only trying to help you.

Jacob frantically stands and steps toward her.

FLORENCE  
Stay back!

Jacob stumbles.

FLORENCE

I don't want to hurt you.

Jacob charges. His one good arm swings wildly. Florence ducks and swings. Nailing him in his back.

He hits the floor. Out cold.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - LATER**

The low SHAKES of a cage RATTLING, the distant and softened sound of dogs GROWLING.

Jacob's eyes open. He's now on the top bunk, the bear skin blanket covering him again. His head wrapped in bandages.

A SMOOTHIE in a GLASS BLENDER sits on the floor next to an empty cup. The bat gone.

Florence sits on a wooden rocking chair by the door, her wrist wrapped with a bandage. A 9mm in a holster on her hip.

He peers at her through the soft light. Is she sleeping? He sits up. Her voice slices through the darkness --

FLORENCE

You should drink that. Be dreaming about fresh fruit come winter.

Jacob looks at the drink, then back to Florence -- delusion in her voice, experience in her glazed over eyes. A combination that makes her difficult to read.

JACOB

Let me leave and I won't call the cops.

Florence takes a deep breath.

FLORENCE

You ain't got a clue what went down, do ya?

Jacob remains silent.

FLORENCE

Damn towel heads got us. Some kind of rocket attack. City's gone.

Jacob looks at Florence like she's on crack.

JACOB

Uh-huh...

FLORENCE

I was comin' up the river when I  
seen you on the bank. No way I was  
leaving you there.

JACOB

That make you my guardian angel?

FLORENCE

Mosta' my night was dedicated to  
fixing your face and setting your  
arm. Needed some shut eye and  
didn't want you sleepwalking out.  
(rubs her wrist)  
Or splitting my skull.

JACOB

I look ignorant to you?

FLORENCE

Not the first word comes to mind.  
But we both know if I wanted to do  
something I'd a done it by now.

JACOB

You got me shirtless in a dungeon  
and I never seen you before.

FLORENCE

Was a nurse for twenty-seven years.  
Needed to take off your shirt to  
set your arm.

JACOB

You need to let me go.

FLORENCE

Can't. Whole damn town is covered  
with some sort of chemical.

JACOB

You're crazy.

FLORENCE

You go out there, you're dead. My  
bunker has a ventilation system. In  
here we're immune to whatever's  
killing out there.



JACOB

What's it gonna take for you to let me go?

Florence rolls her eyes, knows she's not getting through to him. Stands up. Jacob watches her every move.

FLORENCE

You need sleep.

(points to smoothie)

Should help with the pain. I suggest you drink it...

JACOB

What? No morphine?

FLORENCE

There's Oxymorphone hydrochloride mixed in. Besides, you ain't in that much pain.

Jacob holds his gaze on her. She does the same. Then --

She takes a step toward him... and there's a small shift in Florence, something bubbling beneath her relaxed exterior --

FLORENCE

If I wanted to hurt you I would've done it through forced sedation. No consequences while you're out cold.

Jacob looks visibly shaken. Florence knows she went too far.

FLORENCE

This is a lot to digest.

Florence picks up the blender and pours the smoothie into the glass. As she sets the blender down --

FLORENCE

Drink this and get some rest.

(extends the glass)

We have plenty of time to talk after you get better.

Jacob hesitantly takes the glass from her and starts sipping the smoothie.

FLORENCE

Holler if you need anything. I'm always close.

That makes him feel worse. She exits the room, leaving the door open behind her. Jacob waits a beat...

He sets the glass back on the floor. His hand lingers, grabs the blender.

He tries to sit up, but leans on his bad arm. The pain is unbearable.

Jacob grinds his teeth, falls back onto the mattress, sweat dripping from his forehead. He can't handle it. He grabs the cup off the ground and slams what's left of it.

He tucks the blender behind the bed post and knocks out.

**EXT. BONFIRE - RIVERBANK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*A river running wild.*

*People scattered throughout. Floating. Drinking. The dock lights illuminating the water along the river bank.*

*Jacob's SPEED BOAT whips around a corner. He takes a long pull from his flask. A PONTOON boat approaches in front.*

*The gap closing between them. Jacob isn't paying attention. His vision is blurred. The CAPTAIN of the other boat lays down on the horn --*

*HONK! HONK!*

*As Jacob realizes what's happening and yanks the wheel --*

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - DAY**

He wakes up. A sliver of light creeps through the open door along with a little noise -- NAILING and DRILLING.

The cup is gone. He reaches behind the bed post. The glass blender is gone too. A folded polo and men's track pants sit on the floor next to his bed.

Jacob reaches over, grabs his cell and opens up his call log: all seven missed from Angela. Plus one text at 1:37 a.m. -- "It doesn't have to end this way. U r my everything."

Jacob types back "HELP". Pushes send, but nothing goes through.

He carefully throws on the polo, gently sliding his arm through. It's a little big, but it's clean. He then carefully pulls the pants on over his legs.

The door creaks open.

Florence enters carrying a quad cane made out of some glued together pieces of plastic and wood -- there's foam hand grips and a rubber stop duct taped at the bottom.

She sets the cane down by his bed.

FLORENCE  
My name's Florence.

As Jacob steadies himself with the cane.

JACOB  
Bathroom out there?

FLORENCE  
(nods)  
Let me give you a hand --

Florence reaches for his arm to steady him, but he instinctively pulls away. She gets the message, turns and leads the way out.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

Jacob enters the spacious area. The same vaulted ceilings and brick walls.

His eyes scanning every inch and detail --

A variety of animals mounted on the walls, Fallow Buck, Alligator, Aoudad...

In the middle there's a long table with five chairs. To his left, there's a kitchen with cabinets and a pantry.

Next to the cabinets, sits a stockpile of various liquor bottles, empty dip cans and a cracked door leading to another room.

To his right, a leather couch blocks a FIXED LADDER with a SAFETY CAGE that leads up into a black void.

A lazy-boy cater-corner to it.

And on the far side of the room, in the middle of the wall, a closed METAL DOOR with a PADLOCK below the handle.

Floor-to-ceiling HYDROPONIC SYSTEM takes up opposite sides of the door.

Florence leads Jacob through the main living area into --

#### **FLORENCE'S ROOM**

A sleigh-bed in the corner. A tall dresser against a wall next to a make-up vanity. In the back, a SHOJI ROOM DIVIDER to square off the corner.

Florence pulls one of the screens aside to reveal a toilet, a sink, a tiny mirror, and a retro bath tub. Jacob limps by her.

### **BATHROOM**

Florence lets the screen go, but stands right outside.

JACOB  
Help you with something?

Florence heads for the door.

FLORENCE  
If you need a hand, I'm here.

JACOB  
How 'bout you use that hand to shut  
the door on your way out.

Through the slit in the screen, Jacob watches Florence exit. She closes the bedroom door behind her. He waits a beat --

Then quickly limps into --

### **FLORENCE'S ROOM**

He hobbles to the dresser and starts sifting through drawers. The top drawer is filled with luxurious clothes.

Jacob opens the second drawer revealing a plethora of prescription drugs, including the Oxymorphone hydrochloride, Ketamine, in pill form and a few needles.

He moves to the vanity. Opens the side drawers and finds a pair of medical scissors. He attempts to open the center drawer, but it's locked. He feels around underneath for a key, but can't find anything.

FLORENCE  
You alright, Jacob?

Jacob shudders at hearing his name. He drops the scissors and closes the drawer. Limpes over and opens the door.

Florence all but falls into the room, having had her ear pressed to the door.

Jacob makes his way around her back into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Leaning on his cane, he opens a cabinet. Every shelf is stocked full with canned goods and survival kits.

Jacob turns to Florence.

JACOB  
How do you know me?

FLORENCE  
Got your name on your key-chain.

He moves to the back corner. He tries the metal door next to the hydroponics system. The padlock is latched.

Florence watches him but stays silent.

Jacob sits down on the lazy-boy. In the recliner, shifts his head to look up the ladder but he can't see where it goes.

He tries to act relaxed yet tough --

JACOB  
Where exactly are we?

FLORENCE  
Bout 80 miles outside of  
Shreveport. Underneath my  
plantation.

JACOB  
(looking at the  
hydroponics system)  
Been planning to disappear for  
awhile now, huh?

FLORENCE  
I converted this panic room into a  
Fallout bunker right after the  
attacks in Paris. The electricity  
comes from solar panels mounted on  
the roof. Water's piped in from the  
river to a well underneath the  
estate then it goes through the  
house filtration system I  
installed.

Florence leans against the table.

FLORENCE  
Neighbors said I was being  
dramatic.

JACOB

And now?

FLORENCE

Ain't got no neighbors. Ain't got nobody...

JACOB

How do you know what really happened?

FLORENCE

Picked up a stream from New Orleans. Heard enough to know I needed to get here.

JACOB

You're sayin' New Orleans is gone too?

FLORENCE

I don't know. They stopped broadcasting hours ago.

JACOB

My dad's there. I need to call him. Make sure he's alright.

The look on Florence's face says that he's probably dead.

FLORENCE

(hesitantly)

I have a son in Virginia. Ain't heard from him yet and --

She can't find the words. Fights back her own tears.

JACOB

We need to figure out what's happening.

Florence walks over, puts her arm out to hug him.

FLORENCE

I'm really sorry, son. Believe me, I know it's hard, but you can't --

JACOB

Don't touch me!

Jacob rises to his feet, backs against a wall. He keeps Florence at bay with his cane.

JACOB

You're lying! Nobody attacked anybody. I wanna go now!

Florence looks at him, her eyes empty. And then -- a burst of rage. She pulls the couch away from the ladder.

FLORENCE

You really wanna see what's out there!?

(motions toward the ladder)

Knock yourself out.

Florence keeps her distance as Jacob cautiously pulls himself up the ladder, struggling to maintain balance.

#### **INT. LADDER CAGE - EVENING**

Jacob finally arrives at the top of the platform and finds a thick steel door with a metal VIEWING HATCH closed.

Florence comes into view at the bottom of the ladder. Jacob looks down at her not sure what to believe now.

FLORENCE

Go 'head.

Jacob hesitantly lifts up the hatch revealing a 7x7 inch glass window.

#### **JACOB'S POV**

Early evening. Sun all but gone. A thick strip of the outside world is visible along the bottom of the exterior ladder --

Sunlight bounces off the back end of a broken down, rusted diesel Ford F-150 which barely hangs out from behind the corner of a new stable.

Outside the stable, a fenced in horse pen is occupied by --

FOUR DEAD HORSES. Rotting, blisters bubbling up from their skin oozing pus as if a contaminate in the air was eating away at their decaying flesh.

#### **INT. TOP OF LADDER**

Jacob leans back. Fear pulses through his body.

FLORENCE

Doesn't seem real, does it?

Florence climbs the ladder as Jacob tries to get his quivering hand under control.

FLORENCE  
Mark, John, Luke and Matthew...  
They were fine when we arrived. I  
glanced out a couple hours later.  
This is what I see.

Florence turns a knob on a bolted together piece of electronic equipment by the door. A steady HUMMING SOUND buzzes from the machine as the meter fluctuates slightly.

FLORENCE  
This is a particle detector coupled  
with an electromagnetic field  
reader.

Off Jacob's look --

FLORENCE  
A radiation detector. Identifies  
ionizing particles from nuclear  
decay.

A wand sticks out from the top of the device. Florence slides the wand through a suction-like hole in the door. The clicking picks up and the meter moves slightly.

FLORENCE  
Air's definitely contaminated.

Florence pulls the wand in. Looks up at Jacob.

FLORENCE  
Ain't enough radiation to cause  
that, though.

JACOB  
Looks like a cult. Animal sacrifice  
or some shit.

FLORENCE  
There's something out there.  
Something bad. Ain't chemicals  
neither.

Jacob subtly positions himself against the wall.

FLORENCE  
Whatever it is, we ain't opening  
this latch.



In the blink of an eye -- Jacob charges Florence knocking her off balance down the ladder, banging her arms and face on the RUNGS finally catching herself.

Jacob grabs the door knob, turns it. But it's locked.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Goddammitt!

Jacob desperately pulls at the door.

Florence steadies herself. Her body fills the bottom of the ladder cage, blocking all light from the living room.

Jacob bangs on the massive door.

JACOB  
Somebody help me! Help!

Florence rubs her head as she pulls herself up the ladder.

FLORENCE  
You suicidal or just stupid!?

There's real hatred in her voice.

Jacob bashes his cane against the glass, against the knob, but it's useless. He starts to hyperventilate, and falls back against the wall trying to catch his breath.

JACOB  
Just let me leave. I won't talk to anyone. I won't say anything.

Florence finally reaches the platform. She leans in, breathing right in his ear. Jacob watches her hand glide past him... switching off the particle detector.

FLORENCE  
You need rest. Probably still in shock. Sleep will fix that.

They look through each other for a long beat.

Florence finally turns, hustles back down the ladder. And as she goes, the sun sets outside, leaving Jacob in the dark to ponder what's on the opposite side of the glass.

#### **INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

Looking in the mirror, Jacob peels the blood-dried gauze off his cheek. The cut is still deep, but the bleeding has ceased. He tapes on a clean bandage.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - FLO'S POV - NIGHT**

Jacob tosses and turns in his sleep. Sweat profusely rolling down his forehead. A cool rag wipes the sweat from his brow.

**CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Florence wiping water off a young boy's face, PAUL, 11. She's a few years younger. As the boat bounces by the dock --

PAUL

Can we go again, mom?!

FLORENCE

You know the answer to that.

DAN (O.S.)

What'd we say, Paul?

DAN, 40's, wheels his neck around simultaneously cracking open another beer.

FLORENCE

Isn't good to stay out there all day. Too much sun's bad for the skin.

PAUL

But it's cloudy.

DAN

What's with the lip, huh?

A second boy, 10, emerges from the water. Dan extends an arm helping him on the back of the boat.

BOY

Are we going one more time, dad?

DAN

(sipping beer)

Last tour is home for the evening, son. We open back whenever-I-wake-up-tomorrow. Call ahead for a reservation.

PAUL

Come on, Dan. Just one more to the church and back.

BOY

Yeah. To the church and back.

Dan looks over to Florence.

DAN

What do you think, Flo?

Florence stops patting Paul down and glances over at her boyfriend, then back at Paul.

FLORENCE

Sure you boys don't need a little rest? We got a long day tomorrow.

PAUL

We're good --

BOY

Promise!

FLORENCE

(to Paul)

Okay, last one and that is it!

Florence kisses him on the cheek, wrapping him in the towel. He breaks free and launches into the water. His friend cannon balls into the river after him.

As they climb onto the inner tube --

BOY

Let her rip!

FLORENCE

Better hold on tight!

Florence positions herself behind the wheel of a FRESHLY POLISHED, brand new, blue SPEEDBOAT. She turns the key to the ignition, kisses Dan, and as the motor kicks in we --

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - DAY**

Static from a RADIO blares over the speaker in the other room. Jacob jolts awake. He looks out the bedroom door --

Florence sits quietly fiddling with the RADIO. She CLICKS it off, rises and walks away without a sound.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Jacob looks over his busted wrist. Then he glances at Florence's vanity. He limps toward it, keeping a watchful eye on the door to the living room.

He places his hand underneath the vanity searching for the key. Finds it taped near the back. Peels it off.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Everything okay in there?

JACOB  
Uh-huh.

As quietly as humanly possible, he inserts the key and opens the drawer. A vintage collection of fashion and doomsday magazines are scattered throughout.

A headline on the cover of one of them grabbing his eye:  
*"ADAPT TO SURVIVE: DISASTER STRATEGIES TO GET OUT ALIVE."*

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Jacob?

JACOB  
Just a sec...

Jacob quickly closes the center drawer and moves to the side drawer. Finds the scissors. Picks them up.

Florence rises from the couch. Approaching the room fast.

Jacob slides the scissors in his cast and presses the key back into place, just as Florence arrives in the doorway.

FLORENCE  
Everything alright?

JACOB  
Fine. Little dizzy, that's all.

Jacob limps past her. Florence looks around the room, unsure if she believes him.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Florence and Jacob sit on the couch, eating in silence. A re-run of JEOPARDY playing faintly in the background on the T.V.

Head down, Jacob picks at his food with his fork.

JACOB

Do we have to listen to that?

Florence grabs the remote and turns off the television.

FLORENCE

So, what were you doing in  
Natchitoches?

JACOB

Surprising a friend.

(a beat)

But she's dead right? Makes no  
sense talking about her now.

Florence bites her tongue as she rises up from the couch.

#### **INT. BATHROOM**

It's been a week. Jacob looks at himself in the mirror. He peels the gauze from his cheek. The wound is closed enough that he doesn't replace the bandage.

He flushes the toilet, but sneaks from the bathroom -- using the sound to hide his movement. He hobbles into --

#### **FLORENCE'S ROOM**

He crosses the room without his cane, stumbling but moving considerably well.

Jacob reaches underneath the vanity and grabs the key. Opens a drawer and takes the magazine with the "*ADAPT TO SURVIVE: DISASTER STRATEGIES TO GET OUT ALIVE*" cover.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob maneuvers through the room -- past Florence. He leans heavily on the cane writhing in pain as he clutches his arm to his chest making it appear that he's in real pain.

#### **INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Using the scissors, Jacob cuts away at his cast, slowly making progress. He hears Florence moving outside and stops.

#### **INT. LARGE BEDROOM - LATER**

Jacob lies in his bed as Florence unwraps the bandages on his legs. He cringes as the last layer sticks to his leg-hair.

Florence rips it off. Takes some skin with it.

JACOB

Shit!

They both stare at the burns. It's cringe-worthy.

JACOB

I need a doctor. Real medical attention.

Florence lets that one go. Starts to apply healing ointment.

FLORENCE

Pay close attention. You'll need to do this twice a day in order to heal properly.

JACOB

You got somewhere better to be?

FLORENCE

Something happens to me, you need to be prepared. Another week with continued elevation and clean wraps, you'll be good.

Jacob looks from the wound to Florence. He watches her meticulously remove the gauze and apply the ointment.

FLORENCE

2nd degree burns can be healed in two to three weeks at home if treated properly. You'll do this so I can focus on other tasks.

JACOB

What tasks?

Florence finishes rewrapping Jacob's legs with clean bandages then gets up and heads for the door.

FLORENCE

You're not the only thing needs fixin' down here.

She closes the door on her way out.

Jacob waits a beat, then repositions himself next to the metal framing. Goes back to work, cutting his cast off.

He does this until he passes out.

**INT./EXT. JACOB'S BOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jacob flies down the winding river smoking a joint. A SPEEDBOAT pulls up behind him. Its SPOTLIGHT nearly blinding him. Getting closer and closer.*

*Jacob swerves across the river, wasted. The boat HONKS whipping past him.*

*He guns the motor, accelerates. The boat vanishes around a bend.*

*Jacob looks ahead. A SPOTLIGHT blinds him...*

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Jacob wakes up in a cold sweat.

The bedroom door is open, but he's alone. He runs his fingers along his cast, finds the section he's been sawing into.

He looks down, notices that the tip of his scissors are poking out, the blades clearly visible.

He grabs it, pushes them deeper into the cast. But he has no clue if Florence was in the room to see it or not.

He lies back on the bed for a moment, listens. Nothing.

Jacob stares up at the air vent -- an idea comes to him. He grabs his cane and limps out of the room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Jacob peeks into Florence's room. She's out cold.

He closes her door softly then stares up at the hydroponics system above the kitchen where it sits in between the two air ducts that branch off from the main source and lead into the bedrooms.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Jacob strips the bed cover from the top mattress. He uses the scissors to cut it in half. Then balls it into a mound.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Jacob climbs onto a chair beneath the CONTROL BOX. He pulls off the cover and shoves the balled-up-sheet into the main tube system.

When he has it all in, he takes his cane and pushes it as far into the tube as possible.

He climbs off the chair then reaches up and BANGS on the vent with his cane until Florence wakes up.

He hears her moving and quickly hobbles back into his room.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob catches a glimpse of Florence through the open door. He waits a beat then limps out of the bedroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence is on a chair underneath the hydroponics system. Her hands are pressed up against the pipes.

She turns to Jacob -- intense look on her face.

FLORENCE

The hydroponics system is failing.

Jacob's eyes are empty.

JACOB

How do you plan to fix it?

FLORENCE

Not sure. If it's the filtration system we're in bad shape. Outside is a no-go to fix 'em.

She turns valves on the pipes that lead into the kitchen.

FLORENCE

I'm shutting down part of the kitchen flow. We'll have to limit our water use.

She gets down from the chair.

JACOB

How're we supposed to stay clean?



FLORENCE

Wash every other day. Don't take  
your time.

Florence appears to be staring at the tip of the scissors slightly poking out of Jacob's cast as she speaks.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Jacob sets two plates on TV trays, unidentifiable globs of canned fish and pale fruit on both.

JACOB

Three years of food down here and  
not a single can of Pringles.

Florence stands on a chair, her face against the pipes.

FLORENCE

Chips are not a necessity.

Jacob plops into the lazy-boy, exhausted. He stares at the wall of hydroponics, looks around the rest of the cluttered room.

JACOB

Right. Board games are definitely  
the priority.

FLORENCE

Here's an idea. Next apocalypse  
hits, I'll grab the Sour Cream &  
Onion you get the Scrabble. Deal?

She gets down from the chair and joins Jacob on the couch.

FLORENCE

(looking over the food)  
We're not getting enough nutrients  
or water. I may have to go out  
there and fix it.

JACOB

Thought the air was contaminated.

FLORENCE

To the best of my knowledge, it is.  
But we're facing dehydration.

Florence picks up a spoon and starts eating. Jacob just stares at his plate. Is he having second thoughts?

JACOB

If this shit is our last supper, we  
need a little of the sacrament to  
wash it down.

He hobbles over to the liquor pile and grabs a vodka bottle.

FLORENCE

It's not good to mix with your  
medication.

JACOB

Last I heard you're a nurse, not a  
doctor.

He sets the bottle on the counter, unscrews the top.

FLORENCE

Whatever you're looking for ain't  
in that bottle. Wasn't there the  
night you wrecked, neither.

JACOB

You take it neat or what?

FLORENCE

I'll stick with water.

Jacob grabs two ice cubes and fills his glass.

JACOB

Last chance...

Florence shakes her head "no".

JACOB

Must've been planning a party for  
the end of the world. Pretty  
pathetic guest list, don't ya  
think?

FLORENCE

Used to entertain all the time. I  
don't do that anymore.

Jacob raises his glass.

JACOB

To the rapture! Or whatever.

He takes a huge pull.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Jacob's food sits untouched but the vodka bottle is almost empty. Jacob's feeling buzzed. As he refills his glass...

FLORENCE

I think you've had enough.

Jacob picks up his glass and takes a swig. He looks at the liquor pile.

JACOB

What's the point if you don't like the taste?

FLORENCE

That's the problem. I love the taste.

JACOB

Sounds like a problem my grandma use to have.

FLORENCE

Maybe we'll talk some time when you're not busy poisoning yourself.

Jacob stares at the unappetizing food on his plate.

JACOB

I gotta smell this any longer, I'm gonna puke.

Jacob, still buzzing, grabs his plate and hobbles over to the sink WITHOUT HIS CANE.

Florence watches him intently as he easily cleans the plate off with BOTH HANDS. His sling apparently not needed.

Jacob makes his way back to the couch and sits down next to his forgotten cane.

FLORENCE

(suspiciously)

Your arm's getting a lot stronger.

Jacob takes another drink of vodka, plays it cool.

JACOB

Vodka gives me strength.

Florence nods, cautiously smiling.

Out of nowhere, she gets up from the couch and walks to the back of the room. She digs a key chain out of her pocket and opens up the locked hallway door.

Florence pulls out a metal drain snake before slamming the door shut and locking it.

JACOB

You going out right now?

FLORENCE

Can't believe I was this stupid.

Florence walks underneath the main pipe, tapping it with the snake as she goes.

TAP -- a hollow echo. TAP -- another echo. TAP -- same sound. Florence glances at Jacob.

He fights to keep an inebriated look on his face.

She walks a few more feet. Reaches up, TAPS again -- and this part of the tubing system answers back with a low THUMP.

Florence climbs onto a chair and undoes the control box. She pushes the drain snake into the pipe, starts digging around.

Jacob carefully removes the scissors from his cast as he keeps his eyes on Florence.

Florence pulls the snake out, bringing a big chunk of bed sheet with it.

Water immediately starts flowing into the hydroponic system again. Florence looks at Jacob. She's about to blow.

FLORENCE

I rescue you from a burning boat,  
give you shelter from whatever's  
out there, and this is how you say  
thank you?

She climbs off the chair, shakes the edge of the snake at him as she speaks. She's too angry to notice his trembling hands fast at work underneath the T.V. tray.

FLORENCE

You mean nothing to me. Just some  
stranger in need. And I gave you my  
time. My home. 'Cept instead of  
respecting me, you wanna threaten  
my safety. Our safety.

Florence takes a step toward Jacob. He leaps up from the couch and swings his scissors at Florence. She bats it away with the drain snake.

He cocks back, ready to swing again.

JACOB

This your plan from the beginning?  
 Throw me in a hole and keep  
 brainwashing me to depend on you?  
 (raises the scissors)  
 I'll die before you touch me.

FLORENCE

You're hard headed, you know that?

She sets the drain snake down.

FLORENCE

You wanna kill yourself? Be my  
 guest.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her key-chain. Sets it on the counter.

FLORENCE

It's that gold one there.

Jacob thinks for a long beat, not sure if he believes her, not sure if this is some kind of a trick.

FLORENCE

Like I said. You can leave whenever  
 you want.

Florence pulls the lazy-boy away from the ladder.

Gripping the scissors tightly in front of her, Jacob steps forward and grabs the keys off the counter.

He limps toward the exit, scissors at the ready.

FLORENCE

One last thing...

Florence's voice teeters between threatening and remorse.

FLORENCE

Once you're gone, you stay gone.  
 Die if you want too, but you're not  
 taking me down with you.

Jacob makes his way into the --

**LADDER CAGE**

He slowly climbs the rungs. Daylight flickers through the tiny window above.

He gets to the top, finds the ring -- sticks the small key in the lock --

Pauses, looks back down the ladder. Florence is nowhere to be seen. But she yells out --

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Leave 'em in the door. And move  
your ass.

Jacob hesitates... Game time. He waits --

And then the daylight from the window suddenly goes BLACK.

Jacob turns around -- a female college student in a home-made hazmat suit presses against the window --

She BANGS incessantly.

WOMAN  
(muffled)  
Open the fucking door!

Jacob is speechless. Suddenly it's getting hard to breathe.

Florence rushes up the rungs of the ladder, sees the figure on the other side of the window --

FLORENCE  
Don't open it Jacob!

Jacob freaks, spins the key, unlocking the door.

Before Florence can get up to the platform, the woman pulls open the door and enters, pushing into Jacob, TOUCHING HIM --

The woman blocks Jacob from getting out. She spins back, shuts and locks the door. Then strips off her hazmat helmet.

WOMAN  
Shh! They can't no we're here.

This is SADIE, 20's, dyed brown hair, cuts and dirt covering her face.

JACOB  
Who can't know we're here?

SADIE  
Stay back! Move!

Florence disappears back down the ladder. Jacob thinks...

Maybe it's the meds or the booze -- or maybe it's something in Sadie's voice that convinces him. But Jacob climbs down the stairs, away from the door.

Sadie looks out the window one more time before she heads down into the --

### LIVING ROOM

Florence stands on a chair under the tube system, turning the knobs on the pipes that lead to the kitchen.

FLORENCE  
We need to disinfect that suit.  
Now.

Sadie hurries past Jacob into Florence's room -- she's clearly been here before.

JACOB  
Who the hell is that?

FLORENCE  
(concerned)  
Sadie.

JACOB  
Friend of yours?

FLORENCE  
Ain't no such thing.

She gets down from the chair and heads for her bedroom.

### INT. BATHROOM

Sadie peels off the suit. Underneath she's only wearing a bra and panties. She throws the suit in the tub.

Florence comes in and starts running the water over it.

Sadie looks back, sees Jacob in the bedroom doorway. She hurries into --

**FLORENCE'S ROOM**

-- in just her underwear. Jacob can't help but notice Sadie's toned physique.

SADIE

You touched me. Go wash.

She grabs him. He doesn't resist. She leads him back to the --

**BATHROOM**

Florence scrubs the suit which is completely underwater. Sadie holds a washcloth under the running water but the flow has reduced to a dribble.

Sadie starts to place the washcloth in the tub.

FLORENCE

Stop! Water could be bad.

Florence closes the faucet.

FLORENCE

Use the sink.

Sadie spins the sink faucet. It rattles and a weak stream of water pours out.

Sadie wets the cloth as she turns to Jacob.

FLORENCE

Those clothes are history. Toss 'em in the tub. Then scrub yourself.

JACOB

Excuse me?

SADIE

You want to look like the horses or us?

Jacob takes the cloth, hesitates, looks at Sadie then Florence, who's not watching as she cleans the suit.

Sadie takes a breath, turns away from him.

SADIE

No time to be scared.

Jacob strips down to his briefs.



Sadie keeps her back to him, but turns enough to sneak a glance through the door as Jacob scrubs himself down.

**ON FLORENCE**

She flips the hazmat suit inside out to scrub the rest.

And she sees -- written on the inside in permanent marker:  
*PROPERTY OF NATCHITOCHEs POLICE DEPT.*

Florence stares at the name, her face cringing. She glances at Sadie, who still has her back turned.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - LATER**

Sadie, now in a pair of Florence's shorts and a tank top, sits at the table with Florence. They speak in hushed tones.

FLORENCE

You a special kind of stupid, you know that?

SADIE

Had nowhere else to go.

FLORENCE

You shouldn't be here.

Jacob walks in, dressed in a different set of clothes. Sadie watches him as he heads for the couch.

SADIE

Ain't like it's crowded or nothing.

He sits on the couch and watches the women skeptically.

JACOB

(to Florence, re: Sadie)  
She was outside. And we're still breathing.

FLORENCE

Hazmat suit's only thing that saved her.

SADIE

Homemade. Thank you.

Florence glares at Sadie.

JACOB

This the next phase of your plan?  
Bring in some crazy to convince me  
we're all gonna die?

SADIE

How long he look at the sun?

FLORENCE

Too long.

JACOB

You're both lying and now you're  
sitting there trying to come up  
with a plan B.

SADIE

You're dumber than you look, if you  
think I've been sitting up there  
for a week.

When she puts it that way, it does sound ridiculous.

JACOB

This isn't making any sense.

SADIE

End of the world's not supposed  
too.

FLORENCE

(under her breath)  
World's not over.

Sadie gets up from the table, walks over to Jacob. She offers  
her hand along with her most endearing smile.

SADIE

I'm Sadie. Built this place with my  
aunt --

FLORENCE

Assisted. You assisted me in the  
early stages of construction.

Sadie ignores her -- keeps her focus on Jacob.

SADIE

Got a name?

JACOB

Jacob.

He reaches out and he gives her a firm shake. Sadie takes a seat on the lazy-boy next to him, gently lets go of his hand.

SADIE

Thought aunt Flo was running a solo mission down here.

(flashes a magnetic smile)

Happy that's not the case.

Sadie holds her gaze with Jacob. He can't figure her out.

SADIE

It's nice to meet you, Jake.

Jacob smiles and catches a glimpse of Florence frowning at the sight of Sadie next to him.

Jacob turns, offers Sadie a forced smile.

JACOB

Nice to meet you.

FLORENCE

(interrupting the moment)

So what's it like outside?

SADIE

Air's still contaminated. Not as bad as before but...

(a beat)

On my way over here, I saw a woman who looked like her skin went through a cheese grader. If I didn't have a suit, that'd been me.

Florence stands, moves closer to them.

FLORENCE

What else?

SADIE

There's a lot of bull-shit in the ether right now... Nothing real, at least not yet.

Sadie leans forward on the couch. Florence and Jacob waiting in anticipation with every word she speaks.

SADIE

Word is, North Korea never shed their nuclear stockpile.

SADIE (CONT.)

Coupled with the chemical weapons they been developing for years, they hired some ISIS off-shoot to stage the attack. Few other countries got hit at the same time.

Jacob startles as the filtration system RATTLES... then starts emitting a scratching THUMPING sound.

FLORENCE

Looks like your little science experiment broke our system.

JACOB

Don't think you can fix it?

FLORENCE

Not from in here.

JACOB

I'll go.

SADIE

Not a good idea.

FLORENCE

Over my dead body.

SADIE

It's dangerous. There's still some scavengers out there.

JACOB

We should be helping them.

FLORENCE

Filtration system's the priority. No room for them anyway.

Florence rises from the table and heads for her room.

#### **FLORENCE'S ROOM**

Florence puts on the make-shift hazmat suit. She doesn't latch down the helmet yet. She walks out into the --

#### **MAIN ROOM**

Jacob and Sadie are on the couch -- a little too close for Florence's taste. She looks them over, grits her teeth.

FLORENCE

If it's damaged beyond repair  
there's no way three people can  
survive down here.

SADIE

You want us to play rock-paper-  
scissors?

JACOB

Odd man out. Or woman...

Jacob and Sadie share a laugh.

FLORENCE

Keep it up. Remember this is my  
shelter. I'll decide who stays and  
who goes.

Florence takes a deep breath, locks her helmet.

**EXT. PLANTATION - LATE AFTERNOON**

Cloudy and overcast.

The sprawling plantation sits in the back of a never-ending  
forest. A river running wild through the backyard.

The dead horses rotting in their yard.

The shelter door opens. Florence walks out. She takes a beat,  
looks back as the door slams shut.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob stands by the table. Sadie comes down the ladder and  
takes a seat on the lazy-boy.

JACOB

You really believe she'd kick you  
out?

SADIE

She never said that.

Jacob walks over and sits down on the couch.

JACOB

Think she'd send me packing?

SADIE

Aunt Flo's no good with small talk.  
Great mechanic though.

Not exactly the answer Jacob was hoping for.

JACOB

What went down between y'all?

SADIE

She asked my dad to help with the  
conversion of this place a few  
years back.

JACOB

Older or younger brother?

SADIE

Older. There were four of them. My  
pop was the oldest.

JACOB

And the others? Are they... ?

Sadie starts to talk, then looks away shaking her head "no".

SADIE

Few weeks into construction I came  
on board to help out. Things ran  
smooth at first, but after a month  
or two Aunt Flo decides she wants  
the place just for herself, and  
starts making secret security  
additions that only she has access  
too. But this house and the land  
it's built on belongs to all of  
them. We're not even half-way done  
when she tries to bribe my pop. He  
wasn't having it. So we left.  
Haven't seen too much of Aunt Flo  
these past few years.

JACOB

You think... you think she's all  
there?

SADIE

She hurt you or something?

JACOB

Nothing like that. She just seems a  
little off. Know what I mean?

SADIE

She likes the quiet. She'll be  
alright.

**EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS**

Florence walks along the edge of the river. As she steps onto the dock, something snags her arm.

She looks back -- it's a piece of razor wire, tugging at the hazmat suit, nearly causing it to rip.

Florence carefully takes a step back and releases herself from the wire.

She then moves across the dock in the vanishing light. Her SWEAT FOGS the plastic mask.

She stops at the water pump. A large solar panel has fallen across the pumps. Three of the five are cracked. Florence shoves the panel to the side.

The panel slides off the edge of the dock and lands with a loud SPLASH! Florence freezes, looks around...

Nothing but silence. And then -- CHICKA-WOCKA-CHICKA-WOCKA. Florence spins around and --

**FLORENCE'S POV**

On the river, something in the water, way out in the distance -- maybe a rescue boat?

Florence wipes the sweat from her face mask...

Her hand moves away but whatever it was has slipped behind the bend before Florence can get a good look at it.

**CUTTING WIDE**

Florence scans the horizon. Trees everywhere lining the river. She turns back to the pump and --

Heads for the shelter door. She stops, turns and makes for the front door of the plantation instead.

**INT. PLANTATION - CONTINUOUS**

Florence opens the closet door in her bedroom. She lifts up a loose floorboard, pulls out a dart gun and a box of ammo.

**INT. PLANTATION - BACK STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Florence comes down the stairs into the --

**KITCHEN**

She grabs a shopping bag from under the sink. She stuffs the gun and ammo into it, then pulls open a cabinet.

**INT. LADDER CAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Florence enters the shelter, locking the door behind her. She hustles down the ladder, shopping bag in hand.

**MAIN ROOM**

Florence gives Sadie and Jacob a thumbs up as she rushes past them toward her room.

**BATHROOM**

Florence steps into the bathroom, takes the gun out of the shopping bag and quickly wraps it in a towel. She throws the bag in the sink, and begins stripping out of the hazmat suit.

Jacob pulls aside the shower curtain.

JACOB (O.S.)  
See anybody outside?

Florence hesitates, considers her answer.

FLORENCE  
No one living.

Florence turns on the water -- a weak stream drips. Sadie steps up behind Jacob.

SADIE  
What'd you bring us?

Florence pulls the bag from the tub, reaches inside and pulls out a sealed tube of Sour Cream and Onion PRINGLES. She wipes it with a wet cloth, then throws it to Jacob with a smile.

FLORENCE  
Snacks.



**MAIN ROOM - LATER**

Florence and Jacob sit at the table as Sadie works in the kitchen behind them.

Jacob fills two cups with vodka. Florence watches, a look of disgust on her face.

SADIE

(with zest)

The newest edition to our menu,  
sir. I like to call it: a  
celebration of Springles.

Sadie sets a plate down in front of Jacob. SPAM is the centerpiece and she's arranged the chips to look almost like a float the spam can lay on. All-in-all very appetizing.

Jacob smiles. Florence rolls her eyes.

FLORENCE

Wanna tell me who helped you steal  
that suit?

Florence keeps her eyes on Sadie --

SADIE

Dad helped me make it round the  
same time we stopped working with  
you. Been adding on to it ever  
since. When the attack happened, I  
went straight home and waited.  
Internet, radio, cell phones, land  
lines -- all dead. Didn't take long  
to realize no one was coming.  
Figured I better get over here  
before the air got any worse.

FLORENCE

I didn't know he had access to  
those materials.

SADIE

Started working with the police  
department a few months back. If  
you came around more often, you'd  
know that.

FLORENCE

Ron still giving 'em hell down  
there?

SADIE  
Sheriff the past fifteen years  
going on another fifty.

Florence locks eyes with Sadie.

FLORENCE  
Victor still buffing them  
sidewalks? Can't remember the last  
time I seen old Vic.

A moment of tension --

SADIE  
Not since he died last Christmas.

Florence and Sadie stare each other down. Sadie turns to  
Jacob, throws back her vodka.

SADIE  
Hot damn. A little lime goes a long  
way.

FLORENCE  
You ain't never had a real drink  
before have you?

Sadie holds her glass out to Florence.

SADIE  
Show me what I'm missin'...

Florence stares through her.

SADIE  
(turns to Jacob)  
How bout you cowboy? What ya think?

Jacob throws it back. Same way Sadie did.

JACOB  
The lime's a nice touch. If we had  
a little ginger beer we could do  
Moscow Mules.

SADIE  
(grinning at Florence)  
Seems pretty real.

Florence struggles to hide her irritation. Jacob breaks the  
tension.

JACOB

What I could really use is a fat lip. You got any Grizz, Flo?

FLORENCE

Nope. My ex was a Cope man. Grizzly was a straight sin in this house. Got some zyn salts though.

Florence rises from the table and crosses to a drawer in the kitchen. She pulls out a can of ZYN SALTS. Walks back over.

JACOB

What the fuck is a zyn salt?

FLORENCE

(as she sits)

Nicotine pouches. My husband used 'em when he was trying to quit chewin'. Guess it was short lived.

JACOB

No self respecting cowboy would do that.

FLORENCE

You want 'em or not?

Florence offers them to Jacob. After a beat, he grabs them.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Dirty dinner plates and empty Pringles cans. Sadie polishes off the last of the vodka.

Florence pushes her dish and silverware toward Sadie.

FLORENCE

You plan on stayin, you'll start doing your part.

SADIE

I'm not finished yet. What do you say, Jake? One more for the road?

Jacob stands up -- drunkenly stumbles to the liquor pile.

FLORENCE

(softly to Sadie)

Don't get comfortable. This is a temporary luxury.

SADIE  
(leans in close)  
Then I better stop wasting time  
talking to you.

Florence rises, walks into her room and shuts the door. Jacob limps back over with a new bottle of vodka.

JACOB  
What's her problem?

SADIE  
She woke up this morning.

JACOB  
(laughing)  
Could be worse.

SADIE  
She mention her son, yet?

Jacob nods his head yes.

SADIE  
Didn't think she would. About eight  
years ago he drowned in the river.  
Aunt Flo was never arrested or  
nothin', but a lot of folks in this  
town think there's more to the  
story than she lets on.

Jacob's jaw hits the floor.

JACOB  
Thought he was living in Virginia?

SADIE  
She's still running with that, huh?  
That's Flo for ya. She isn't well,  
Jake. Hasn't been for some time.

JACOB  
Why would she make something like  
that up?

Sadie fixes another cocktail.

SADIE  
Mind wanders after a tragedy. Never  
fully resets. Me and you need to  
work together. Have to be able to  
trust each other.

Sadie hands Jacob a new cocktail. They cheers halfheartedly.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - LATER**

Sadie sits on the couch, rubbing elbows with Jacob. He holds a nearly empty glass of vodka in his lap. His eyes flutter. Sadie takes the glass off his lap and sets it on the floor.

She turns and leans in for a kiss.

Jacob instantly sobers up and recoils at first, then relents kissing her back. Soft at first, then passionately with no reserve.

As the make-out session intensifies, Florence opens her door, storms into the room. Sadie and Jacob quickly stop kissing.

Florence grabs some peanuts out of the cabinet. She sits at the table and slowly peels the paper cover off the inside of the lid, staring daggers at Sadie the entire time.

Sadie stares right back as Jacob turns off the TV. Sadie looks at him, then back at Florence.

Jacob gets up off the couch.

JACOB

(to Sadie)

Top bunk's all yours if you want  
it. Just be quiet whenever you come  
in.

Jacob goes into the bedroom and closes the door. Florence eats her peanuts while staring at Sadie.

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

Jacob starts to doze off when the door opens and closes. He rolls over, half-asleep, and sees Sadie standing there.

She walks over and motions for him to scoot over. He does. And she climbs into bed next to him.

They stare at each other for a long beat, then she kisses him. Their lips becoming familiar with one other.

A few moments feel like an eternity as she stops kissing to look into his eyes. Unsure why she feels so safe...

Sadie pecks him once more on the cheek and rests her head on his chest as they fall asleep.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Florence SANDS and CUTS different PVC pipes.

The bedroom door opens. Jacob comes out holding his arm, looking like dog shit.

Florence sees a pipe, notices Jacob cringing with each slice.

JACOB

You really have to do that right now?

FLORENCE

I do.

JACOB

Where's Sadie?

FLORENCE

Thought she was with you.

That catches Jacob off guard for a sec. Did she see them in bed together? He plays it off.

JACOB

Snoring must run in your family.

Jacob settles into the lazy-boy as Florence goes back to her sanding -- a big smile on her face each time Jacob winces.

Sadie walks in, a mischievous grin on her face. She shoots Jacob a quick smile and plops down on the couch. Florence looks at her. Her face the same color as the brick walls.

FLORENCE

I think the air might be starting to creep in. Skin feels rough.

SADIE

You knew that was a possibility when we built this place.

Florence cuts another pipe.

JACOB

Can you knock it off for a sec!?

Florence stops cutting. She looks over to Jacob.

FLORENCE

Nearly finished.

JACOB

With what?

FLORENCE

One of the pipe connectors was dented causing a restriction of water flow. This should work as a temporary solution.

SADIE

When you headed out?

FLORENCE

You're leaving as soon as you get dressed.

SADIE

You sure about that Aunt Flo?

FLORENCE

Room and board come at a price.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Sadie climbs the ladder in the hazmat suit, holding the PVC pipe. Florence waits until she hears the door close then she walks up the --

**LADDER CAGE**

And locks the door behind Sadie.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Florence sits down next to Jacob on the couch.

FLORENCE

Sadie can't be trusted.

JACOB

Excuse me?

FLORENCE

She said Victor died last Christmas. But Victor's doing just fine. Went fishing with him just over a month ago.

JACOB

Why's it matter? Everyone's dead.

FLORENCE

The face-shield on her hazmat suit  
is brand new.

JACOB

What's your point?

FLORENCE

If her father helped make the suit  
months ago then how'd she get new  
upgrades? And who'd she get them  
from?

JACOB

Just ask her. I'm sure she'll tell  
you.

FLORENCE

Doubtful. Got a temper on her too.  
Landed her a few summers in juvie  
when she was young.

JACOB

Past is the past. She seems fine.

FLORENCE

Just keep an eye on her. Sadie  
hurts people.

Just then -- banging from the top of the ladder cage.  
Florence doesn't move.

JACOB

Let her in.

FLORENCE

Are you deaf and dumb? She's a  
liability.

JACOB

Let. Her. In.

Florence reluctantly rises, heads for the ladder cage.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Florence and Sadie finish their meal. Jacob stands at the  
sink, staring into nowhere as water runs over the dishes.

JACOB

Flow seems to be fixed.



FLORENCE

We can all be less wasteful.

Sadie takes her plate over to Jacob. Subtly caresses his hand as she walks off.

SADIE

That calls for a celebration.

Florence is ready to puke as she watches them. She sits up in the lazy-boy. It retracts loudly, grabbing Sadie and Jacob's attention.

FLORENCE

Screw it.

She crosses to the liquor pile, grabs a bottle. She turns back and hands it to Sadie.

FLORENCE

Go head, smart ass. Set us up.

Sadie goes through the process. Florence pulls out TWO COPPER MUGS, and a bottle of GINGER BEER, sets them on the table.

Sadie opens the beer bottle and puts the vodka down. Florence proceeds to make them MOSCOW MULES. As she mixes the drinks...

FLORENCE

The Moscow mule was first born in Manhattan back in 1941 at New York's Chatham Hotel. Its ingredients are acidic, and public health officials recommend the copper mugs be plated with nickel or stainless steel on the inside and the lip. The idea of these wonderful ingredients sitting down here unused as the world comes to an end would most certainly be a sin.

Florence sets one glass in front of Jacob, picks up the other herself. She sips the drink, running the vodka over her lips. She smiles.

FLORENCE

(raising glass)

Salut.

Jacob doesn't touch his glass. Florence clinks it anyway then takes a mouthful of the mule.

FLORENCE  
Mmmm! Now that's a mule!

Florence throws the copper mug back downing the rest of the drink. She picks the vodka bottle up, fills her cup to the rim. And chugs it again. Sadie and Jacob watch in silence.

SADIE  
There a party we didn't know about?

Florence ignores her.

FLORENCE  
(to Jacob)  
Have a taste.

He remains still.

FLORENCE  
What's the matter? You only shoot  
it straight? Thought you loved  
Moscow Mules...

Jacob watches as Florence pours herself another full cup.

JACOB  
Maybe you should pace yourself.

Florence pounds the vodka.

FLORENCE  
(glares at Jacob)  
What's the matter, pretty boy? Damn  
near opened your own bar last  
night.

SADIE  
Lay off.

FLORENCE  
Nobody's talking to you.  
(back to Jacob)  
It was your girlfriend wasn't it?  
Friend you came to visit...

JACOB  
You don't know what you're talking  
about.

FLORENCE  
Handsome young man like you  
probably got a whole stable of  
girlfriends. Poor girls. Never have  
a chance do they?

SADIE

I said that's enough.

Florence's attention shifts to Sadie. She lifts her glass, but doesn't drink.

FLORENCE

You know what I've done for you?  
You know what it's called? It's  
called kindness. And when someone  
shows you kindness, the right thing  
to do is to reciprocate it.

SADIE

This place only exists because of  
my father's innovation.

FLORENCE

Any idiot can draw some lines on a  
piece of paper.  
(a beat)  
Thought without action is failure.  
If he was so damn smart, why didn't  
he build a shelter of his own?

Sadie picks up the vodka bottle but keeps her eyes on Florence.

SADIE

This land's as much his as it is  
yours. It was supposed to be for  
all of us. It was supposed to be  
for our family.

She takes a massive pull straight from the bottle.

SADIE

But you ain't too big on that word  
are you, Florence?

Florence's expression turns dark and unhinged...

She jumps up -- flings her copper mug at Sadie. It CRASHES into the wall behind her. Vodka shoots into Sadie's eyes.

JACOB

Enough!

Florence charges --

Sadie wipes the vodka from her eyes as Florence CRASHES into her. They collide into the wall. Sadie takes the brunt of the hit in her back -- the oxygen rushes out of her lungs.

Florence steps left, throws a vicious hook.

Sadie ducks the punch and swings a counter into Florence's chest.

Florence GROANS in drunken pain. And in seconds, the fight has turned. Florence has lost the element of surprise. Older, sloppier and weaker -- she's in trouble.

Sadie comes up with a crushing haymaker --

Florence stumbles backwards -- dazed. Sadie lurks forward, hits Florence, follows with a right jab --

BAM! Money shot. Florence's neck snaps back, her body tumbling into the hydroponics system --

Ripping a row of plants up, glass rips through Florence's skin as she falls to the ground.

Sadie kicks Florence in the gut. Hard.

JACOB

I said enough!

Jacob grabs Sadie around the waist, drags her away.

Florence hazily looks up from the ground, encircled by broken plants and glass.

SADIE

Touch me again, and I'll kill you!

Sadie marches into Jacob's bedroom leaving Florence and Jacob to stare at each other.

#### **INT. BATHROOM**

Florence looks at herself in the mirror, picking shards of glass from her shoulder.

#### **INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Jacob finishes wrapping a bandage around Sadie's back. She looks shaken. He hugs her, holding her close as she weeps quietly into his chest.

#### **INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM**

Florence is now patched up. She listens to Sadie CRYING. Then climbs into her bed, each bump and bruise screaming at her.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Sadie clutches onto Jacob as they lay on the lower bunk. His eyes glued to the door. His scissors-tipped cast sitting at the ready.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Plants drying in their pots, water slowly dribbling out.

Jacob stands at the HYDROPONICS system, a concerned look on his face as he stares at the dying vegetables.

Florence walks out of her room. The 9mm holstered on her hip along with a SNUB-NOSED PISTOL attached to her ankle.

Jacob notices the additional gun.

JACOB

It's getting worse by the day.

Florence comes over to inspect as Sadie enters.

SADIE

Look Aunt Flo, I just wanted to tell you...

But her words fade away as she sees the additional gun.

SADIE

You plannin' a hold-up?

FLORENCE

This shelter belongs to me. What I say is law, is law. You either shut-up and listen or get the fuck out.

Sadie releases a condescending chuckle. Florence reaches down, touches the butt of the gun.

FLORENCE

Think I'm playing?

SADIE

I do. So do those deer you let get away every season.

(to Jacob)

Aunt Flo don't even like fishin'. Says the hook gives too much pain.

FLORENCE

Shut-the-hell-up, Sadie! One more word and I swear...

SADIE  
Relax. It's your show, Flo.

Florence nods then turns her attention to the faucet.

FLORENCE  
(under her breath)  
Two of ya shouldn't even be here.

Jacob eyes both women, an unsettling look on his face.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Florence removes a beat-up poster from the wall. Underneath, there's a small door. She pulls it open, revealing a narrow crawl space. Florence nods to Sadie, hands her a flashlight --

FLORENCE  
After you.

Sadie grits her teeth, but climbs up into the crawl space. Florence turns to Jacob.

FLORENCE  
I need you by the plants. Once the water starts flowing, holler.

Jacob nods as Sadie goes up into the crawl space, then walks back into the --

**KITCHEN**

Jacob stands by the sink staring at the broken hydroponics shelves --

**JACOB'S POV**

The plants. The broken shelves. The tubes.

**CLOSE ON**

JACOB -- staring at the light above the door --

Suddenly his blood runs cold as his memory kicks in --

**INT./EXT. JACOB'S BOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jacob is blinded by the spotlight hitting him head on.*

*He nearly flies off the river, clutches the steering wheel at the last possible second.*

*The boat in front of him HONKS again as he approaches fast. Jacob looks over at the boat -- POLISHED, BLUE, OLD but REFURBISHED.*

*Jacob tries to adjust his eyes as the boat closes in, but there's a collapsed tree ahead and it's too late.*

*The speedboat swerves -- is it trying to run him off the water, or is it just driving dangerously?*

*Jacob overcompensates as he turns away from the speedboat, his pontoon boat weaves toward the edge of the riverbank --*

*He yanks the wheel left -- The boat SKIPS across the river --*

*A tree approaching quick. Jacob knows he's dead. His eyes open wide in horror...*

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob crosses the room to the ladder cage. Makes his way up.

**INT. LADDER CAGE - JACOB POV**

Top of the platform looking out at a fallen tree. He scans his surroundings. Sees a BOAT partially covered down by the riverbank.

It's the BOAT from the FLASHBACK.

He goes into shock. Nearly faints as he loses all control of his bodily functions.

He tries the door handle. Locked. A long beat of short breaths and then he turns and heads down the ladder.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence and Sadie climb out of the crawl space. Sadie has a set of DIGITAL WATER GAUGES in her hands.

Jacob stands by the women -- a concerned look on his face.

FLORENCE

Are you okay?

JACOB

(switching gears)

What's with the gauges?

FLORENCE

Not sure.

SADIE

That's why I'm gonna fix it.

FLORENCE

So, I've been told.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sadie works on the gauges. Jacob prepares another meal.

Florence walks in from her room. She doesn't say a word, just pulls a bottle of vodka from the pile and hands it to Jacob.

He opens it. Sadie messes with the pump, doesn't look up.

Florence pulls out a single glass, sets it on the table.

Jacob unscrews the top. It rolls on the floor.

As Florence reaches down for it, Jacob slips smashed up MORPHINE pills into her glass.

Florence comes up with the cap, sets it on the table.

Jacob pours her a full glass of vodka and forces a smile. Florence nods, takes a pull.

FLORENCE

A little flat. Might need some ice.

She hands him the glass. He puts two cubes in the drink.

FLORENCE

(as she sips)

Better.

Florence takes a big drink.

**MAIN ROOM - LATER**

Florence is slumped on the lazy-boy, out cold. Sadie and Jacob stand over her.

JACOB

It was her boat. She ran me off the river that night.

(trembles)

She wanted me here.



SADIE

She always has been a bit desperate. And she's drinking again... not a good recipe.

Jacob pulls the guns from Florence's hip and ankle.

JACOB

These are better off with us.  
(holds up guns)  
Ain't shit she can do as long as we got these.

SADIE

We?

JACOB

It's me and you now... We're all we have.

SADIE

Why wait for a problem when we can solve it before it happens?

JACOB

You want to toss her out?

She shrugs. Jacob ponders this cautiously.

SADIE

She's been threatening us since we got here.

JACOB

(thinking)  
I can't. We stick her out there, we're no better than she is.

Sadie looks deeply into his eyes. Leans in for a kiss as we --

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SMALL BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob and Sadie lost in each other between the sheets, having the kind of wild, passionate sex that only happens with the world ending. Sadie MOANS in ecstasy.

**INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence on the lazy-boy. Her eyes flicker open. She rubs her head. Sadie's MOANS echo from the other room.

Florence's brain slowly wakes up as Sadie works her way toward climaxing.

Florence reaches down to her waist. Her gun is missing. Checks her ankle. That one is gone too.

The look on Florence's face is haunting as she begins to put together the pieces of the previous night.

With one final SCREAM of pleasure, Sadie's noise dies down. And then Florence hears someone walking her way. She closes her eyes, pretending she's still knocked out.

**INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - LATER**

Florence sits on her bed, propped up on her pillows against the back wall.

Sadie comes into the bedroom, the 9mm tucked into her waistband in clear view.

FLORENCE  
I want my gun back.

Sadie passes by her and walks into the BATHROOM.

SADIE (O.S.)  
I'm sure you do.

Sadie PISSES in the toilet. Steps out of the bathroom, heads for the door.

FLORENCE  
Sleeping just became your enemy.

Sadie stops, walks over to Florence, kicking an empty vodka bottle out of the way.

SADIE  
It always has been. Now gimme your keys.

FLORENCE  
Fuck yourself.

Sadie levels the gun, pressing it against Florence's temple.

SADIE  
The keys. Now.

Jacob appears in the doorway, surprised by Sadie's tone.

FLORENCE

(to Jacob)

This is the side you take? After everything I've given you.

Jacob walks over. Stands at Sadie's side.

JACOB

All you've given me? You mean like running me off the fuckin' river? Nearly killing me!

Florence's face morphs through emotions -- lands on rage.

FLORENCE

(pointing at Sadie)

This little cunt tell you that during your date?

JACOB

I saw your boat. I know it was you.

FLORENCE

You were knocked out. If it wasn't for me, you'd be dead.

Sadie flips the safety off the 9mm.

SADIE

Hand them over.

Her finger hovering over the trigger. She's really going to kill Florence.

Florence reaches into her pocket, pulls out her key-chain, tosses it to Jacob.

Sadie grins -- loving every minute of this.

SADIE

The pipes are fixed. Get sober and move your ass down to the dock.

#### **INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

Sadie and Jacob stand at the door. Sadie turns the key in the lock.

SADIE

This door needs keys on both sides. When we're in here, it's locked and when we're not, it's locked.

Jacob lets out a small chuckle.

JACOB

First I'm trapped in a shelter. Now  
I'm trapped in a room inside a  
shelter. What's next, the closet?

Sadie turns on him, a harsh look in her eyes --

SADIE

This is life or death. You  
understand?

Jacob is thrown by her tone. He stops smiling and nods.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The trap door to the crawl space is open. Florence pokes her head out, looks at Sadie, who is near the hydroponics system.

FLORENCE

How bout now?

Sadie turns the knob. Water POURS over the plants.

Florence pulls herself up through the trap door and closes it, drags the poster back over it.

SADIE

You were gone so long, I thought  
you got lost.

FLORENCE

Takes a special kind of bitch  
showing up here, causing shit.

SADIE

We're wading through your mess. And  
now it's time to say good-bye.

FLORENCE

You asking me to leave?

SADIE

I'm telling you Jacob and I aren't  
going anywhere. And there's no room  
for you.

Jacob listens from the hallway. Florence processes Sadie's words. Her face turning pale.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Sadie, Jacob and Florence sit around the couch finishing their meal. As a Family Feud re-run plays quietly on the TV.

Florence polishes off another bottle of vodka. Sadie pushes her empty bowl in front of Florence.

SADIE

Take care of that for me.

Sadie gets up from the couch, the 9mm visible in her waistband.

SADIE

This spam ain't sitting right.

She grips her belly as she walks toward Florence's room.

FLORENCE

You don't like it, don't eat it.  
Can't afford to be wasteful.

Sadie swings Florence's bedroom door closed behind her. Florence leans in close to Jacob. Speaks in a hushed tone.

FLORENCE

I was wrong. You were right.

JACOB

So I've been told.

FLORENCE

Listen to me goddammit. This is all a show. No attack ever went down. Sadie and I planned this from the jump. She convinced me to take you.

Jacob is thrown completely off guard.

JACOB

Why are you telling me this, now?

FLORENCE

You were supposed to be for both of us, but Sadie's greedy. And now I don't know what she'll do.

JACOB

You're disgusting.

FLORENCE

The truth is rarely appealing after you've continually been fed lies.

FLORENCE (CONT.)

You're nothing more than a pretty distraction to her, and after she's forced me out of the picture, there's no guarantee you'll be safe.

JACOB

Why should I trust you?

FLORENCE

You don't have too. Just make sure you stay armed.

Jacob discreetly lifts up his shirt, revealing the snub-nose.

JACOB

I'm always ready, Florence. You should know that by now.

FLORENCE

Then where are the keys? Without them, you're as dead as I am.

JACOB

Nobody's going to die.

FLORENCE

Just get them for me. I'll use my cell and call your dad. We'll have the police here in no time.

Jacob wants to believe her, but can't.

FLORENCE

Let's work together. I can help you get out of here. Back to your girlfriend, back to your family.

The toilet FLUSHES. Florence stares at Jacob. He doesn't say a word, not sure what to think.

#### **INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - LATER**

Florence sleeps on her bed. Jacob comes in and nudges her awake.

Florence's eyes open. Jacob's kneeling next to her. The key ring DANGLING softly in his hand.

Off Florence smiling grabbing the keys.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The door to Jacob's bedroom is closed. Jacob sits on the lazy-boy, anxiously scratching at his cast.

Florence comes out dressed in a hazmat suit. They whisper --

JACOB

If nothing happened, what's with the suit?

FLORENCE

Sadie's still armed. She wakes up when I'm gone, tell her I was checking on the pipes.

JACOB

I thought you were coming back with reinforcements?

As he says this, the bedroom door flies open. Sadie comes out, gun drawn.

SADIE

Going somewhere?

FLORENCE

Filtration system's acting up again. I need to check those new pipes.

Sadie sees the keychain in Florence's hand. She turns to Jacob, eyes filled with confused rage.

JACOB

Better she go than us.

SADIE

You couldn't wake me?

JACOB

She said it was urgent. No time for a fight.

Sadie turns the knob on the plants. It's running smooth.

SADIE

Must've just been a hiccup.

Florence turns and heads back toward her bedroom.

SADIE

Leave those keys.

Florence hesitates. Then sets them on the table. Sadie steps toward Jacob, a concerned look on her face.

SADIE  
We still good?

JACOB  
Why wouldn't we be?

Sadie reaches down and gently rubs his crotch with her hand that still holds the 9mm. A slight shiver runs through Jacob as the gun grazes him.

He quickly grabs her hand and sticks his tongue down her throat. She doesn't resist.

#### **INT. LARGE BEDROOM - LATER**

Sadie sleeps on the bottom bunk. Jacob lies next to her, holding her close staring at the ceiling.

He moves to get out of bed but stops. Shakes Sadie. Her hand whipping the gun from under the pillow.

Jacob grabs it. Gently pushes the gun down on the bed.

JACOB  
I gotta take a leak.

Sadie sits up. She unties the key chain from a necklace around her neck, hands it to Jacob.

#### **FLORENCE'S ROOM**

Florence snores loudly on her mattress. An empty vodka bottle rests on the floor next to her bed.

Jacob tiptoes by her into the --

#### **BATHROOM**

He pulls the screen closed. Lifts the toilet seat.

Florence stops snoring. Jacob finishes, zips up, moves the screen to leave and --

Florence stands there, staring at him with drunken eyes.

JACOB  
Relax. I'm done.



He moves to slide by her. But she steps in front of him.

FLORENCE  
We haven't even started yet.

JACOB  
Move, Florence. I'm warning you.

FLORENCE  
You've been a disaster since the  
day I met you. Never should've  
saved you from that crash...

Jacob steps around her, but Florence stumbles back, blocks his path to the door.

JACOB  
I said move!

Jacob runs his hand on his hip -- draws his snub-nose.

FLORENCE  
...would've made things so much  
simpler.

Florence takes a step toward him. Jacob cocks the hammer.

JACOB  
One more step and your dead.

Florence laughs, takes another step.

JACOB  
Stop!

He pulls the trigger! But nothing happens.

FLORENCE  
Uh-oh. Looks like somebody forgot  
to check if it was loaded.

Jacob squeezes over and over and over again, but nothing.

FLORENCE  
Hate it when that happens.

She charges and grabs Jacob around the neck, lifting his body off the ground, a possessed look in her eyes.

And then --

WHAM! The SNUB-NOSE smashes Florence in the nose. Blood shoots on both of them as she drops.

Florence stumbles toward him and Jacob swings hard with his pistol -- landing a devastating blow to Florence's temple.

She crashes into her vanity, breaking the glass mirror, pulling Jacob on top of her limp body.

Sadie appears in the doorway, looking down at them both. Her eyes glued to Florence's unconscious body.

SADIE

Is she...?

Jacob looks up at Sadie. She waits for a response. He stares at her a long beat... and shakes his head no.

Sadie turns and leaves the room as Jacob slowly struggles to pull himself up.

#### **INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - LATER**

Florence wakes up -- runs her hands along her forearm and finds it crusted with blood.

She wobbles to her feet, stumbles into the --

#### **LIVING ROOM**

Jacob stands at the sink pouring out full vodka bottles. Judging by the half dozen or so empty bottles on the counter, he's been at it awhile.

FLORENCE

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Jacob ignores her. Florence hurries over and grabs a bottle out of Jacob's hand.

JACOB

Get your hands off me!

Sadie slinks into the room. She walks right over and holds the 9mm against Florence's skull.

FLORENCE

That's my medicine.

SADIE

Can't take it to the grave with ya.

Florence puts the bottle down and walks away. Sadie locks eyes on Florence, a harrowing look on her face --

SADIE

You like hurting men, don't ya,  
Aunt Flo?

FLORENCE

I never attacked him. I could never  
do that. I...

Florence reaches a hand out to Jacob -- he quickly backs away  
from her.

FLORENCE

Listen, I lost control. It's really  
not my fault. I'm not myself with  
that poison and --

SADIE

Slumber party's over. Jacob, wait  
for me in the bedroom.

FLORENCE

Don't do it Jacob. Don't!

He walks into the bedroom and shuts the door.

Sadie grabs Florence by the hair yanking her neck back with  
one hand, holding the gun to her chin with the other.

SADIE

Up the ladder.

FLORENCE

Sadie, wait! Please --

SADIE

Up the FUCKIN' LADDER!

Sadie shoves her forward. Florence trips, falls at the bottom  
of the ladder. Tears form in her eyes.

She kicks Florence in the back.

SADIE

Move your ass!

FLORENCE

Sadie, we're family.

SADIE

You mistook my kindness for  
weakness. Time's up.

Florence stumbles to her feet. Sadie shoves the gun barrel in  
her back, pushes her into the --

**LADDER CAGE**

FLORENCE  
 (sobbing hysterically)  
 Not like this -- please -- Sadie --

Sadie pulls out the keys.

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob stands with his ear to the door, listening...

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
 You're not a killer, Sadie --  
 We can figure this out together.  
 Create boundaries --

Jacob reaches for the door handle... hesitates.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
 Stop, Sadie! I'm begging you...!

Jacob pulls open the door. Rushes to the --

**LADDER CAGE**

JACOB  
 Sadie, wait!

Sadie keeps her eyes on Florence, who's stalled on the ladder.

JACOB  
 This isn't us.

Sadie pauses, thinking...

Florence looks down at her with begging eyes. Sadie pulls her back down the ladder.

Florence stumbles into the --

**LIVING ROOM**

Sadie pushes her with the 9mm.

SADIE  
 These are the new rules. Your room  
 is your home. Forever.

SADIE (CONT.)

You need something out here, you ask me nicely and you ask me when he's in our room. You stay away from him at all times. Understand?

FLORENCE

Yes, but --

SADIE

Shut up. From this point on, your voice no longer exists. You keep using it, I'll glue your fucking lips shut.

Sadie sneers at Florence. Florence returns a blank look -- something has broken inside of both of them.

**INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - LATER**

Florence sits on the floor at the foot of her bed staring at her door. A raging look in her eyes as she drinks and we --

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT./EXT. BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*Florence behind the wheel of the speedboat, drinking and whipping the wheel back and forth with a look of determination in her eyes.*

*Paul and his friend skim across the water struggling to hold on when --*

*BOOM!*

*They swerve into a wake soaring into the air -- then flying back down into the water still in tact.*

*Florence looks back, laughing --*

*FLORENCE*

*Had enough yet?!*

*PAUL*

*Never!*

*BOY*

*We want faster!*

*Florence takes a long pull from her cocktail, then whips the boat around heading towards a bend in the river.*

DAN  
 Slow it down. That turn is tight.  
 (glances at boys)  
 They're too far out.

FLORENCE  
 I got it. They're fine.

Florence WHIPS her neck around and sees the boys holding on for dear life, screaming and laughing.

DAN  
 Why don't I take over for a bit?

FLORENCE  
 You always take over.

She takes another pull from her drink. Swerves.

DAN  
 That's it. Get up Flo.

FLORENCE  
 (drunk)  
 This my boat! I'm the captain!

Dan tries to get her up but -- she floors it. He flies back. The boat approaches the bend. They're going too fast.

DAN  
 Slow down!

But it's too late. Florence loses control and --

SNAP!

The line BREAKS --

The tube whips around the side of the boat and the boys are launched in the air --

The tube SPIRALING out of control across the water like a NASCAR CRASH --

DAN  
 Stop the boat!

Florence trembling as she cuts the engine off. Her eyes fixated on the river. The boys nowhere to be seen.

She scans the tree line. Terror slowly taking over her face as a lone tube floats past her.

FLORENCE  
 (screaming)  
 Paul!

*A moment of silence as cicadas rumble low in the distance.  
 The water running when suddenly --*

*A BOY'S head pops out of the water near the riverbank.*

VOICE  
 Help!

*Dan dives into the water, swimming towards the voice.*

FLORENCE  
 PAUL!

*Florence DIVES into the water, frantically swimming out  
 towards the tube. Dan gets closer to the voice.*

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Over here!

FLORENCE  
 Where is he?

DAN  
 (sees him)  
 There!

*Florence's head whips around in panic as she wades in the  
 water. As her world starts to close in -- a life jacket is  
 seen floating in the distance.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM**

*Jacob wakes up next to Sadie -- from a nightmare. Cold sweat  
 dripping from his temple. He shivers.*

SADIE  
 (half awake)  
 You alright?

JACOB  
 Mmhm.

*He wraps his arms around her. Tries to pull her close, but  
 she pushes him away, throws off the covers.*

SADIE  
 Be right back.

Sadie climbs out of bed and crosses to the door. She unlocks it, gun on hip, walks out, closing it behind her.

Jacob hears the sound of Sadie locking the door from the outside. He grips the pillow, eyes quickly close.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Florence sits at the table, fiddling with the RADIO.

Jacob walks in still waking up, he scans the room, then walks into Florence's room.

A moment later he comes back in -- fully awake.

JACOB

Where is she?

FLORENCE

Said she was checking on something down by the river. Be back soon.

JACOB

How long's it been?

FLORENCE

Few hours.

He stares skeptically at Florence.

JACOB

Few hours?

FLORENCE

Must've found something important, she's been gone this long.

Jacob moves to the pantry.

FLORENCE

Been sayin' it was gonna happen for years.

JACOB

Been sayin' what was gonna happen?

FLORENCE

The invasion. Too many catastrophes going on at once -- mass migrations, depleting resources. Too many piranhas in the swamp.



FLORENCE (CONT.)

Bunch of pay-to-play businessmen posing as politicians who only care about advancing their personal agendas -- it wasn't hard to figure out they were covering up something. And that's the issue with our society -- we're lied too 24/7, so anytime real facts are presented to us, we lose our damn minds. But the truth always comes out.

JACOB

And what is the truth?

FLORENCE

In the end, we have no friends. People, by nature, only look out for themselves. They do what's best for them first, and worry about the consequences of their actions after the fact.

(pauses)

We're primal like that. Animals to our core. And now we're dealing with otherworldly forces...

Florence locks eyes on Jacob --

FLORENCE

...otherworldly forces that intend to do us harm.

JACOB

You think we're being invaded by entities from other worlds?

FLORENCE

I know it's hard to accept, to come to terms with the fact that we're not really alone in this world, but it's the truth. The longer you try to avoid the truth, the quicker it catches up to you.

Jacob breaks eye contact, pulls out some cashews -- masking his growing sense of paranoia.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Florence is on the lazy-boy, flipping through an old photo album. Wheel of Fortune plays in the background.

*HOST (O.S.)*  
*You have ten seconds to talk it out.*

Florence comes across a picture of two young boys in a tube, being pulled behind a boat.

*GUEST (O.S.)*  
*A fate worse than death.*

Florence's eyes start to water.

**INT. LADDER CAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Drops of rain start to fall on the glass as Jacob scans the riverbank from the PLATFORM at the top of the ladder cage.

A life jacket floats down the river. No sign of Sadie. He reaches for a pair of binoculars and notices dried blood on them. He looks around. More drops of dried blood on the platform.

He stands there frozen, staring.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Florence looks up as Jacob enters.

JACOB  
 What's really going on?

FLORENCE  
 I don't understand the question.

JACOB  
 Sadie would never leave me alone with you. Not after how you acted.

FLORENCE  
 We've already been through this. The poison was the reason for my momentary lapse in judgment. Thank you again for helping me.

JACOB  
 Florence.

FLORENCE  
 What?

JACOB  
 I'm not doing this anymore.

FLORENCE  
Sadie will be back shortly. Watch.

JACOB  
You said that this was all a hoax.  
Then you pleaded for your life when  
Sadie was going to send you away.  
I'm through with the games.

FLORENCE  
I should've never lied to you.  
Those keys were my only way out.  
Sadie planned to kill me.

JACOB  
So how'd you get rid of her?

FLORENCE  
Jacob, I only want to help you. We  
can help each other. Together. Just  
the two of us.

JACOB  
There is no us!

FLORENCE  
I only wanted to help you. That's  
all I ever wanted...

Jacob starts to hyperventilate. Florence feels for him, but  
knows better than to walk over.

FLORENCE  
Everything's going to be fine.

And then -- BARKS break out from outside. A CAGE rattles  
while seeming to get closer.

JACOB  
That could be Sadie!

Florence flips off the main lights, leaving them in darkness.  
NEON BLUE emergency lights kick on within seconds.

FLORENCE  
(whispering)  
Not a sound. Sadie said there were  
scavengers after her...

Whatever is happening stops -- An unsettling silence.

JACOB  
(whispering)  
Maybe we're being rescued?

FLORENCE  
 Maybe we're being hunted...

Florence moves toward Jacob who stands in almost complete darkness looking up the ladder... waiting.

JACOB  
 What if it's Sadie with help?

Florence nods as she slowly, methodically moves closer. Jacob stares up the ladder, heaving silently.

FLORENCE  
 (whispering)  
 If it's Sadie, she'll enter.

A life-time passes.

The RATTLE of the engine restarting breaks the silence.

Jacob suddenly charges for the ladder --

JACOB  
 Somebody help! Help me --

Florence tackles him, covers his mouth. The BARKING starts up again, then stops.

Jacob throat punches Florence, gets free for a moment. But she pulls him back and they wrestle across the floor.

And now there's BANGING on the ladder door. LOUDER and CRAZIER.

Jacob gasps for air. Florence holds him down. She drags him toward the couch and reaches underneath. He punches her again, but as he does so, she shoots him with a tranquilizer.

WHACK, WHACK, WHACK from the ladder cage. Jacob stops fighting. WHACK, WHACK, WHACK! His eyes close.

The banging stops. As Jacob slips into unconsciousness, he hears --

FLORENCE  
 Everything will be okay, Paul. I'm here for you.

**INT./EXT. JACOB'S BOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jacob's boat SKIPS across the river... His eyes wide in pure horror...*

*And the boat skids over a dock, the propeller catching on the guard rail and flipping it. It spirals to the base of a tree. DENTED METAL and BROKEN GLASS.*

*Then a slow shudder of SILENCE creeps in as the engine dies.*

*A lone spotlight cuts through the darkness pulling to a stop on the river.*

*Someone exits the boat and crosses through the beam of light. Then begins wading through the shallow water by the dock.*

*Jacob's upside down, in a contorted position between what's left of the steering wheel and the latch door. His broken arm dangling over the side, blood pouring from his face, eyes fluttering in shock.*

*A SHRIEK from the latch door as it's slowly pried open, revealing --*

*FLORENCE, standing above Jacob, looking down at him. The expression on her face is... maniacally satisfied.*

*FLORENCE*

*Stay still. It's going to be okay.*

*As Florence reaches down for Jacob, he passes out.*

**INT. LARGE BEDROOM - MORNING**

*Jacob's eyes shoot open. He sits up in a panic. Looks around.*

*He's alone on the bottom bunk where it all began.*

*He gets to his feet, crosses the room and yanks the door.*

*It's locked. He bangs on the door.*

*JACOB*

*Open up! Damn you Florence, I said open this door!*

*Footsteps quickly approach. The lock clicks. The door opens.*

*FLORENCE*

*I was wondering when you'd get up.*

*Jacob storms past her without saying a word.*

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence sits on the lazy-boy putting the finishing touches on her lipstick. Her hair is straightened, and she's dressed in a revealing vintage sweater with a plunging neck line.

Florence looks up with a sly grin...

FLORENCE  
Not bad for an old lady, huh?

Jacob snaps out of the trance and casually opens a drawer. Florence doesn't notice as he checks for the scissors he hid in his cast.

They're still there.

He opens the pantry, reaches to the very back and pulls out three bottles of vodka.

Florence sees them lined up on the counter.

FLORENCE  
Saving those for a special occasion?

JACOB  
Sadie and I saved them to celebrate, in case we ever got out of here.

FLORENCE  
So what are you celebrating if you're not leaving?

JACOB  
Us.

Jacob starts opening the vodka. Florence steps over, gently takes the bottle from him. Their fingers softly grazing.

FLORENCE  
There's other ways to celebrate, us. Don't ya think?

Florence looks down at the bottle in her hand, then into Jacob's eyes.

JACOB  
Nothing wrong with a little taste, right?

He puts his hand back on the bottle. His fingers slightly rubbing Florence's. They lock eyes. Slowly getting closer.

Their lips about to touch, when she finally lets go of the bottle. Jacob finishes opening it. He pours himself some. Offers the bottle to Florence.

FLORENCE  
I really shouldn't.

JACOB  
That's not the point.

Florence keeps the glass clutched to her chest.

JACOB  
Come on, Flo. You know you want it.

FLORENCE  
Fine. But just one.

Florence hands him her glass. Jacob pours a healthy taste.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Jacob is on the lazy-boy, clearly drunk.

JACOB  
(slurring)  
I miss wine. Vodka's too much.

FLORENCE  
Not if you mix it...

JACOB  
And I miss Slurpees and Chick-Fil-A  
and poy-boys...

FLORENCE  
We have some frozen calamari.  
Somewhere...

JACOB  
Oooh. You know I love my scrimps.

He's knocking out fast. His eyes close and he doubles over on the chair.

FLORENCE  
Okay, cowboy. I think it's time we  
get ya to bed.

Florence stands, a bit wobbly herself. She walks over to Jacob and pulls him to his feet. He GROANS softly.

Florence guides Jacob to his room, keeping him upright as best she can.

#### **JACOB'S ROOM**

Florence tries to set Jacob down on his bed, but stumbles and falls next to him. Jacob bumps his head on the frame and wakes up.

She gently kisses his forehead as he wraps his arms around her.

FLORENCE

The end of the world makes for a  
good reunion.

Something CLICKS inside Jacob's head.

#### **INT. JACOB'S ROOM - LATER**

Jacob lies on the bed, totally still. Florence next to him, nuzzled close. The key chain nowhere in sight.

He slides out of bed -- careful not to wake Florence.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob's door swings open. He shuts it as quietly as he can, and scans the room for the key chain.

He tip-toes across the room and begins sifting through the cushions in the couch.

Jacob finds the keychain and crosses to the steel door, unlocks it.

He pulls open the door and finds -- two HAZMAT SUITS, along with the GUNS and a set of BOAT keys.

He pockets the boat keys, tucks the guns in his waistband and ankle and grabs the suit.

#### **INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob pulls on the hazmat suit. He checks himself in the mirror and then exits.



**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob walks by the open steel door and looks at the other suit. He pushes the scissors up to the top of his cast and slices a small hole on the arm of the remaining HAZMAT suit.

He looks back at his room, then heads up the ladder.

**INT. LADDER CAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob reaches the top of the ladder and goes through the key ring.

BUT THE KEY TO THE DOOR IS GONE.

He frantically goes through the keys again. Still nothing. He tries the other keys, but none of them work.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob returns to the bottom of the ladder and looks over the room, for the key.

Florence coughs from inside Jacob's room.

Jacob is growing desperate. He walks over to the wall and pulls the poster off, revealing the escape door. He pulls open the door and climbs up into the --

**TUNNEL**

It's only a few feet high.

Jacob glances around, finds what he's looking for -- slits of SUNLIGHT.

He moves toward the sun, doing his best not to pierce the suit.

At the far end of the tunnel, he finds a SEWAGE DUCT that has been blocked in by PVC pipes.

He kicks at the pipes, but they're lodged in tight. So he rolls over on his stomach, hands to the pipes, and punches as hard as he can.

SMACK! But the pipes hold.

**INT. JACOB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence stirs, lifts her head at the sound of Jacob punching the pipes in the tunnel. She shakes her head, still half asleep.

**INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob punches the pipes again. They're starting to break and come free, revealing a sewage duct behind them.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK!

And on the last punch unbeknownst to him, the gun in his waistband comes loose. Falling by his side.

**INT. JACOB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence shakes herself out of her stupor. She looks around the room. No Jacob.

FLORENCE  
(to herself)  
God-damn it, Jake.

She throws on her clothes and exits the room to the --

**LIVING ROOM**

-- and sees the door wide open.

She moves to the trap door, pokes her head inside, spins around and finds --

The PUNCHED IN DUCT.

**EXT. PLANTATION - DAY**

A soft rain subsides. Jacob comes around the side of the horse stables in the Hazmat suit.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence darts across the room, finds the closet door flung open. Guns and hazmat suit missing. The other suit ripped up.

FLORENCE  
Shit!

**EXT. PLANTATION - DAY**

Jacob comes around the corner of the plantation and stops dead in his tracks. Nothing he has experienced so far compares to the terror in his eyes now --

**JACOB'S POV**

Sadie, face up, pale, lips blue with strangulation marks all around her neck. Eyes open propped up against a dying tree in the middle of a cage. Her body is torn to shreds. Blood and bite marks all over her.

**CUTTING WIDE**

Jacob stares in shock as a massive dog gets up and waddles over to his water bowl. Two others lay close.

**INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM**

Florence rushes in, throws the vanity to the side and finds the shelter door key beneath it.

She grabs the key and races out.

**EXT. PLANTATION - SHELTER ENTRANCE - DAY**

The DOOR FLIES OPEN.

Florence climbs out of the ladder cage. She's wrapped the arm Jacob sliced on the HAZMAT suit with duct tape.

She scans the yard --

Her eyes lock in on the four dead horses -- she hesitates --

**EXT. PLANTATION - DAY**

Jacob stares at Sadie's lifeless body.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
Jacob!

Jacob jolts at the sound of his name.

FLORENCE (O.S.)  
We need to be inside. It's not  
safe out here!

Her voice gets closer.

Jacob scans his options -- THE RIVER -- forty yards away. THE STABLES -- twenty yards away. THE PLANTATION -- ten yards away.

FLORENCE (O.S.)

Jacob!

Her voice right around the corner now.

Jacob rushes to the plantation back door, his feet churning up the gravel driveway beneath him.

He turns the handle. The door swings open.

Florence comes around the corner, catches a glimpse of the hazmat suit disappearing inside the farm plantation.

She looks down at Sadie's corpse for a beat then opens the door to the cage.

FLORENCE

Go on now. Get!

The dogs perk up and rush out the door towards the plantation. Florence following.

**INT. PLANTATION - KITCHEN - DAY**

Jacob latches the lock on the back door then peeks through the curtains on the window --

The dogs quickly approach. SNARLING and GROWLING as --

Florence approaches, the tape on her suit coming undone.

Jacob reaches down to his waistband for the gun. It's gone. Realizes he must've dropped it in the sewage canal.

He reaches for his ankle when --

CRACK!

**EXT. PLANTATION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Florence launches herself into the back door over and over and over again. But the door holds.

**INT. PLANTATION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob reaches for his ankle. He pulls out the snub nose.

**EXT. PLANTATION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Florence stops, takes a step back and rams hard with her shoulder just above the door handle.

BAM! The door lock splits.

The dogs bolt in.

**INT. PLANTATION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob struggles to get his gloved and trembling finger through the trigger.

BAM! The back door SWINGS OPEN.

The dogs rush towards Jacob --

Florence stands there, trying to catch her breath.

Jacob fires -- shoots one dog in the temple. He fires again, hits another through the chest as the third's teeth tear into his leg.

JACOB

Ahhhhhh!

He fires again, but the gun jams.

Florence knocks it out of his hand, the gun sliding across the ground.

FLORENCE

Release.

The dog backs off from Jacob. Florence stands over him with an insane look as if she is just playing with her food.

Jacob turns, runs from the kitchen. On his way out he stumbles into the counter. He starts pulling drawers open frantically until --

He finds a knife.

FLORENCE

Get!

The last dog leaps towards Jacob.

Jacob turns around -- knife in hand and falls backwards against the cabinets. Right as he does this, the blade punctures the dog's stomach.

Jacob slides down the cabinets as the last of the SNIPS and SNARLS fade from the mask of his hazmat suit.

Florence reaches down and picks up the gun about to aim at Jacob, but he's gone -- stumbling out the door.

She pushes the door closed -- spots Jacob's wet footprints --

**INT. PLANTATION - BATHROOM - DAY**

Jacob rushes into the bathroom, starts tearing through the drawers -- rips open the bottom medicine cabinet.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Down the shallow corridor, Florence closes in -- watching Jacob move hastily in the bathroom with his back to her.

FLORENCE (O.S.)

She didn't give me a choice. Sadie wasn't right in the head. She was sick... I did it for you... for us.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence now visible in the hallway behind him. She moves methodically, talks softly.

FLORENCE

She was going to kill us. It was the only way you and I could be together.

Jacob still rifling through drawers, looking for anything he could use as a weapon.

JACOB

There is no us!

Florence steps into the bathroom doorway.

FLORENCE

Just stay. Please stay with me. I only want to love you. That's all I've ever wanted.

JACOB

You're insane. Paul is gone!

FLORENCE

Sadie wanted to take you from me,  
and I couldn't let her do that.  
Already had one boy taken from me.

JACOB

I'm not your boy.

Jacob stops rummaging. Finds a switchblade. He stands at the sink, frozen, but stays facing the other way.

**JACOB'S POV**

A reflection in the mirror -- Florence approaches from behind.

FLORENCE

I can't let you go. Not again...

Jacob spins --

JACOB

Get out of my way!

The blade slices through the hazmat suit that covers Florence -- she stumbles, falls to her ass.

Jacob bolts toward the front stairway.

Florence looks down, the blade lodged in her stomach. She slowly pulls it out...

FLORENCE

Ahhhh!

Her scream like a war-cry. She pulls the snub-nose from her boot as she gets to her feet.

**INT. PLANTATION - FRONT STAIRWELL - DAY**

Jacob races up the front stairs. A daunting task in the oversized hazmat suit.

He glances over his shoulder. Florence starts up the stairs behind him, snub-nose at her side.

Jacob trips over the top step, stumbles, steadies himself on a large GRANDFATHER CLOCK at the top of the landing.

It rattles against the wall.

Florence is halfway up the stairs behind him.

He tugs hard on the CLOCK. It rattles more. He pulls on it again. It rocks more. One more huge pull --

It starts to fall --

The CLOCK tumbles down, forcing Florence to run back down the stairs.

**INT. PLANTATION - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob hustles into the guest bedroom.

A wireless phone sits on the night stand. He picks it up -- but the battery's dead.

Jacob throws the phone. Moves to the window -- a three story drop to the ground below. A balcony on both floors below.

His eyes lock on the blue BOAT parked next to the stable. He smashes the window open with a chair.

Jacob leans out and looks down at the balcony.

**INT. PLANTATION - FRONT STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Florence storms up the front stairway, gun still drawn.

**INT. PLANTATION - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Florence stumbles into the bedroom. She sees the open window.

Crosses the room, looks out -- no sign of Jacob. Florence turns back, looks around the room --

The bathroom door is closed. The walk-in closet door is half open. Florence slowly approaches the bathroom -- rips open the door -- it's empty. Florence walks toward the closet. She pushes the door all the way open.

She steps into the --

**WALK-IN CLOSET**

Florence reaches out, she pulls a row of clothes apart and finds --

Jacob -- a hot IRON in his hand. He smashes the burning iron through Florence's hazmat suit. Holds it against her face.

FLORENCE

Ahh!



She drops the snub-nose as her hands fly up to block her face, but the damage is done. Her face burning.

Jacob drops the iron, lunges for the snub-nose. Florence falls and grabs for him, but can't get a grip.

Jacob rises, gun in hand. He backs toward the door as he cocks the hammer.

Florence grips her burnt face, quickly drops her hands.

She opens her eyes. Takes a second to focus --

Jacob stands in the closet doorway, gun trained on her. Florence puts her hands up.

Jacob puts his finger on the trigger.

FLORENCE

Nobody wants to kill anybody.  
Sometimes you ain't got a choice.  
My husband told me that right  
before he went in a coma and I took  
him off life support.

Florence wipes her eyes. Her tears flowing now.

JACOB

I know you were never married. I  
remember you now.

Florence slowly rises, a lost look on her face.

JACOB

You ran me off the river and held  
me hostage in a shelter all so you  
could play mommy.

FLORENCE

I love you, Jacob! Can't you see  
that?

JACOB

I don't love you, Florence! I never  
have! You and my dad were together  
for one summer and then Paul died  
and you drank your life away.

Florence stands there a moment, a defeated look on her face --

FLORENCE

And in eight years I still think  
about that day every time my eyes  
open...

**EXT. RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

VOICE (O.S.)  
Dad! Over here! Hurry!

**ANGLE ON: DAN**

Swimming to the river bank. He sees a boy riddled with scratches, clinging to a branch. As he gets close WE SEE it's actually: JACOB.

Clutching on for dear life.

DAN  
Jacob!

JACOB  
Dad!

DAN  
Are you alright?

JACOB  
I'm good.

Dan embraces him, squeezing him tightly kissing him on the forehead as he pulls him to the shore.

DAN  
Where's Paul?

Fear fills Jacobs eyes. He scans the river. Then stops --

**ANGLE ON: FLORENCE**

Grabbing the empty life jacket out of the water. It's ripped to shreds. She lets out a shriek.

FLORENCE  
PAUL!

**ANGLE ON: JACOB**

Shocked, he points to the right of Florence. Dan looks --

DAN  
Over there!

**ANGLE ON: PAUL'S LIFELESS BODY**

Face down floating in the river.

FLORENCE  
Paul!

**INT. PLANTATION - CONTINUOUS**

FLORENCE

Your father and I had something  
real. We were gonna leave together.  
That trip wasn't just a vacation.

Her eyes water up.

FLORENCE

I never meant to hurt anybody. It  
was an accident. We loved you so  
much and --

Florence takes a small step toward him.

FLORENCE

I don't want to lose you again --

Jacob raises the gun to her head.

JACOB

Back the fuck up.

Another tiny step.

FLORENCE

I'm offering to be your mother  
again. You wouldn't kill me for  
that, would you?

Florence smiles as she takes another step.

FLORENCE

We're gonna get through this.

Jacob lowers the GUN.

JACOB

No we won't.

BANG!

A bullet RIPS through Florence's foot. She falls --

FLORENCE

AHHHH!

Florence rolls around in agonizing pain. Jacob drops the gun,  
turns and bolts out of the room.

**INT. PLANTATION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

He races toward the front stairs. Florence's SCREAMS echoing throughout the house.

**EXT. PLANTATION - DAY**

Jacob runs out the front door.

He sprints across the gravel driveway, past Sadie's body. He reaches the boat and removes the wheel blocks.

As the boat trailer starts to roll downhill he grabs the keys from a pocket on the inside of the hazmat suit.

Florence's voice carries out the open window upstairs...

FLORENCE  
Jacob! Jacob wait!

Jacob guides the trailer to the riverbank. The boat slides in the water. As he starts to get in, he looks over his shoulder and sees the rotting horse flesh in the yard.

He climbs in the speedboat and starts the engine.

Rain pours down as lightning strikes in the distance.

**INT./EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

The motor THUNDERS to life -- Jacob throws the throttle into full speed -- water shoots across the yard as the propeller spins.

**INT./EXT. BOAT - DAY**

The boat skips along the choppy river water.

He flies around a bend as rain starts to pour.

He reaches down and turns on the radio, scans the dial but only comes up with STATIC.

Jacob turns his eyes back to the dock as he crosses under a bridge. A sign directs him to NEW ORLEANS: 70 MILES.

**INT./EXT. BOAT - DAY**

The boat turns onto the main drag in the direction of New Orleans. The river is creepily empty.

Jacob comes upon a trio of boats. They're tied to a dock on the riverbank, but they're all empty.

**EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob climbs out of the boat and walks up to the dock gate. There is a long dirt pathway leading up to a small house.

**EXT. BOAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob climbs out of the boat and walks up to the boat house door, knocks, looks inside.

He walks around to the side of the dock and sees -- A LANDLINE PHONE.

Jacob moves to it, lifts the receiver. No dial tone. He dials 9-1-1 anyway. Still nothing.

Jacob drops the receiver. He heads back to his boat and climbs in. He's about to take off, then he looks at the other boats' gas reserves. Checks his tanks. They're low.

He gets out and grabs their remaining canisters.

**INT./EXT. BOAT - LATER**

Jacob has driven out of the storm.

He speeds down river, passes a road sign --

NEW ORLEANS: 15 MILES.

The river is still completely empty. Just Jacob, the boat and Jacob's growing sense of fear.

The boat has almost reached the port. It's clear there will be a vantage point as he approaches.

Jacob's anticipation grows...

His heart pounds... His hands shake...

**EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS FRONT ANGLE**

The boat rounds the bend. It slows, pulling forward into a --

**CLOSE UP ON**

JACOB -- panting, a look of confusion on his face.

**JACOB'S POV**

**A boat full of patrons --**

Curiously looking at him as he drives his boat in his hazmat suit.

JACOB stares at the group.

He slowly pulls down the mask on the hazmat suit, then takes a breath.

**SMASH TO BLACK.**