

Zadok: An Innsmouth Story

By

Clemente Esparza, II

Based on characters from 'The Shadow Over Innsmouth'  
by H.P. Lovecraft

408-794-8672  
bonesawmcgraw1989@gmail.com  
Instagram: Bright\_Sun\_Studio  
Twitter: brightsunstudio

FADE IN:

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR - TWILIGHT**

Ominous dark clouds blanket the sky above a roaring ocean. Seemingly alive, the tide reaches onto the sand looking to drag a poor soul into its depths.

Weather beaten docks line the shore as small fishing boats bob up and down. Seabirds SCREECH as they ride the gusts of wind.

Haunting GONGS of buoy bells echo out from the open sea.

Brick warehouses; some in use and some decayed, are packed tight about the quaint town. Shop owners amble about as they open their store fronts.

Off in the distance, men's VOICES can be heard.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCK - MORNING**

SUPER: INNSMOUTH HARBOR, 1846

Men of all shapes and sizes; dressed in grungy fishing gear, hurry to their boats - Many of them carry large duffel bags around their shoulders.

A group of bearded, "bulldog faced" FISHERMEN load their boat as they banter with each other.

FISHERMAN #1

Another day, boys. Another day of  
steppin' on fish guts and gettin' shit  
on by seabirds.

The men chuckle.

An older man of unknown age, known to his crew as CAP'N, maybe in his 60's, stomps out onto the deck of the boat. Shaggy white hair and a dense white beard that buries any presence of his mouth, dressed similarly to the other men but with a tattered skipper's cap.

He stands with his hands at his waist and his chest - he draws fresh ocean air in through his nose.

CAP'N

Ah! Ye smell that boys?!

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FISHERMAN #1 (O.S)  
What's that, Cap'n? Rotten pussy?

The group of men explode into a roaring hack.

Cap'n snarls.

CAP'N  
Argh. You fuckin' kids don't know  
nothin' about the sea.

FISHERMAN #3  
You know Cap'n, your tales are just  
that. Nothin' to them.

Cap'n shakes his head as he brings his tin coffee cup up to  
his lips.

CAP'N  
Ye lads wouldn't be talkin' much like  
that if y'all went out to that there  
Devil's Reef.

FISHERMAN #4  
With who? That old Cap'n Marsh?

FISHERMAN #1  
He's fuckin' cracked!

CAP'N  
I served with Cap'n Obed Marsh. Don't  
you speak ill of him, boy.

Cap'n points his finger sternly at his crewmen. A wild look  
in his eyes.

The crewmen glare up at Cap'n.

CAP'N  
The tales of demons comin' out when  
the tides are low, are true.

A beat.

FISHERMAN #3  
You seen 'em, Cap'n?

CAP'N  
That's right, boy. I wa--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZADOK (O.S)  
Excuse me, Sir?

The old Captain's words are cut short as he is interrupted by the voice of a young boy.

Cap'n whips around to acknowledges the young man.

CAP'N  
What's it ye want, boy?

ZADOK ALLEN, 15, a tall and slinky teen aged boy with dirty blonde hair that grows from under an old green beanie cap. He wares a matching green sweater and holds a large army bag over his shoulder as he steps closer to the Captain.

ZADOK  
I'm lookin' for Captain Marsh. Is that you?

CAP'N  
No, my boy, but he does dock here.  
What's your name?

ZADOK  
My name is Zadok. Zadok Allen.

A BOAT HORN blares loudly from the shore, signaling approach. Men whistle and yell as they get ready for their hard days work.

One of the men calls out to Cap'n.

FISHERMAN #4  
Oi, Ain't that Marsh comin' up?

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCK - MORNING**

A massive boat glides up to the dock. Fishing equipment, dingy colored lifesavers, and shark jaws decorate the outside of the boat. Fishing traps covered in seaweed hang from the railing.

The name of the boat is '*THE COLUMBIA*'.

Crewmen ready the docking ropes.

They drop the ropes onto the dock as they hop over the railing and begin to tie the boat down.

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CREWMAN #1 (O.S)  
Aye! Get ready boys, we're comin' in.  
Grab yer gear!

A gang of seabirds hover above the Columbia. They SCREECH like banshees.

**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - MORNING**

CAPTAIN OBED MARSH, early 50's, a large and stalky man who lumbers across the deck of the boat. His clothes; thick dark colored wool coat and dark colored pants.

Worn and beat up black boots stomp down the deck.

Obed brings a tin cup up to his salt and pepper push-broom mustache and takes a sip. A dull brass ring on his finger displays a strange signet. The same signet sits on the front of his skipper's cap.

The ocean smacks against the hull of the boat.

Buoy bells DING as a haunting faint voice drifts out from the sitting fog.

LEVIATHAN (O.S)  
Dagon ya n'gha, ph'grah'n ah hliirgh  
gotha 'fhalma Dagon.

Obed gazes out to sea.

Silence.

CAP'N (O.S)  
Cap'n Marsh!

Obed's moment is broken.

He turns his attention to the Cap'n.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCK - MORNING**

The tattered looking Captain swiftly marches toward the Columbia as he breaks through groups of fishermen; pushing and shoving other fishermen.

Zadok follows closely behind him trying not to lose the old Cap'n in the crowd.

CAP'N  
This boy be lookin' for ye, Obed!

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CONTINUED:

Cap'n stomps toward the Columbia with a slight hunch.

CAP'N

Obed! This boy here be lookin' for ye.

ZADOK

Ahoy, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye, Cap'n.

(pause)

Boy.

The Cap'n nods to Captain Marsh as he turns to leave. Zadok stands with Captain Marsh. Obed raises his mug to the old Cap'n.

As he hurries back to his boat and crew, The Cap'n throws a hand in the air in acknowledgement.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Be safe out there, Cap'n!

A beat.

Obed turns back to Zadok as he take

CAPTAIN MARSH

So, Ye be lookin' for work, boy? How young are ye?

ZADOK

I'm fifteen, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye.

ZADOK

Won't give you any problems, Cap'n.  
Just want to work.

Captain Marsh glares at Zadok for a moment. He takes a drink from his cup.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Aye. Get in, boy.

ZADOK

Aye! Thank you, Cap'n. I won't cause you no trouble.

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CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN MARSH

Good. Don't wanna throw ye to the sea  
beasts.

**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - MORNING**

Zadok falls over himself as he climbs onto the boat with his bag over his shoulder. He hurries to set his bag down in the cabin.

He returns to receive his orders from Captain Marsh.

Zadok adjusts his beanie cap.

ZADOK

Aye, Cap'n. Where do I start?

CAPTAIN MARSH

First, boy. Out here on the sea, it's different. It's lonely out there. It can mess with yer mind. It'll drive ye into a madness. A dark, sinister place. Don't get caught in it, boy.

Zadok stares at Captain Marsh.

A hard swallow.

ZADOK

Aye, Cap'n. Aye

CAPTAIN MARSH

And most importantly, boy. Don't be sticking yer nose in things that ain't yours, either.

ZADOK

Aye.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Just a warnin'.

Zadok nods.

A seabird lands next to Zadok.

He cringes as the seabird screeches loudly in face.

A beat.

**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - DAY**

Crewmen gather around Captain Marsh as he checks the maps with his compass. Zadok works hard on the fishing traps - cleaning off the tendrils of seaweed, severed legs of crabs and dead fish from the nets.

CAPTAIN MARSH  
Barnabas! Get out here, boy.

A steel hatch on the deck swings open and SLAMS loudly.

Out from the hatch crawls BARNABAS MARSH, 16; average height, slim with disheveled brown hair. His clothes are dingy and worn; a dark sweater with matching pants and clunky black boots.

BARNABAS  
Aye, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN MARSH  
Ye have a new mate. Zadok.

The boys nod and shake hands.

ZADOK  
Cap'n has another kid here, aye?

BARNABAS  
Aye. That's my grandad. Doesn't treat me like it though. Rotten bastard.

Zadok and Barnabas laugh.

BARNABAS  
So, why you here? Runnin' away from somethin'?

ZADOK  
Nah. I'm an Orphan. Don't got nowhere to go.

BARNABAS  
Figured you for a thief who got into some shit.

ZADOK  
My parents just left me behind, really.

Barnabas pulls a beanie from his pocket and pulls it over his

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head.

BARNABAS

I guess it be a fisherman's life for  
you now.

Barnabas laughs.

CREWMAN #1 (O.S)

Aye, boys. The tide is gonna be low  
tonight. If ye be lucky, you'll see  
those demons and devils.

The boys are startled by the crewman; a greasy haired,  
cloudy-eyed, shady looking character. He looms over the boys.

He grins - dark stained teeth.

ZADOK

What's that mean? Demons and devils?

BARNABAS

It's seaman folklore. There's talk of  
these devils comin' out of the reef  
when the tide is low.

CREWMAN #1

Devils come out to watch over  
Innsmouth. They watch over us. They  
protect us. they bring us plenty.

The boys stare at the crewman.

He chuckles.

ZADOK

You've seen these devils?

BARNABAS

Aye, C'mon, don't feed his delusions.

CREWMAN #1

Argh! These are no delusions, boy! We  
seamen have seen them out there on the  
reef.

Zadok turns to Barnabas.

ZADOK

We have to see these devils, tonight.

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CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

I don't believe in that stuff.

ZADOK

Neither do I.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCKS - EVENING**

Zadok and Barnabas march down creaky wooden ramp that leads to the docks below. The boys wear wool coats and beanie hats; Barnabas with a satchel slung across his chest and Zadok with hands in pocket.

ZADOK

Aye, it's freezin', isn't it.

Barnabas nods.

Seabirds screech as they fly over head.

The boats bob in the waves - up and down. Fishermen sit with their poles waiting for a bite as waves smack the docks.

A small crab scurries across the docks, past the boys.

**EXT. WATER STREET - EVENING**

Street lamps burn bright as they line the near empty streets. Shop owners begin to place 'Closed' signs in the front windows of their stores. Locals anxiously hurry home as they town is slowly plunged into darkness.

Officers patrol the streets with bullhorns in hand.

OFFICER #1

Sundown orders will be in affect in fifteen minutes!

OFFICER #2

You there! Hurry on home.

As the boys jog by the officers, Zadok notices the strangeness of their faces; scaly skin with vacant black eyes that sit wide above a flattened nose.

One of the officers give a jagged toothy grin.

Zadok cringes.

Barnabas nudges Zadok - they hurry down Water Street to get to Devil's Reef.

**EXT. MANUXET RIVER BRIDGE - NIGHT**

A sun-bleached and partially rusted sign reads, 'MANUXET RIVER'. The full moon bleeds through the dense clouds as Zadok and Barnabas briskly make their way across the bridge.

Zadok hears a DUNKING in the rushing waters below. He stops to glance over the hand rail.

He stares into the blackened water.

Silence.

BARNABAS (O.S)

Aye, Zadok. You comin'?

Zadok is startled as he whips around to see Barnabas.

He takes a moment.

ZADOK

Aye.

The boys hurry toward the bay.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH COASTLINE - NIGHT**

Zadok and Barnabas steadily climb down slick barnacle covered coastal boulders. The boys come upon a spot and make themselves comfortable.

Barnabas reaches into his satchel and brandishes a pair of BINOCULARS.

He hands them to Zadok.

BARNABAS

Here. Take these.

Barnabas goes back into the satchel.

The sound of CLINKING of glass.

ZADOK

What in the bloody hell do you have in there?

Barnabas turns back to Zadok. He now holds two bottles of whiskey in his fists.

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BARNABAS  
Stole these from my grandad.

ZADOK  
He'll notice they've gone missin'.

BARNABAS  
That bastard drinks so much, he'll  
never!

The boys grab a bottle each and twist the wire caps off.

POP. POP.

Flying out to the ocean, the corks go.

BARNABAS  
Cheers, mate.

ZADOK  
Cheers.

Zadok and Barnabas sit and drink.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH COASTLINE - NIGHT**

Partially empty, the bottles sit on the boulders next to the boys as they watch the ocean. Zadok sits with his knees up to his chest, wrapped in his coat. He holds the binoculars up to eyes as he observes Devil's Reef.

His breath is visible.

Barnabas lays on the rocks in a fetal position. His wool coat blankets him, keeping him warm.

Zadok rubs his eyes as he lowers the binoculars.

He turns to Barnabas.

ZADOK  
Aye, Barnabas. Wake up. There ain't  
shit happenin'.

Zadok prods Barnabas with the binoculars. Barnabas slowly brings himself up to his seat.

He fixes his beanie and gazes out to sea.

BARNABAS  
Aye. What's that?

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He rubs the drunk from his eyes.

Zadok raises the binoculars to his eyes.

ZADOK

It looks like a man... paddling out to Devil's Reef.

BARNABAS

Aye. Let me have a look.

Zadok hands Barnabas the binoculars.

Barnabas grabs them and brings them to his eyes.

BARNABAS

Do you see that? It's movin'...

Zadok strains his eyes.

ZADOK

What? What do you mean it's movin'?  
Let me see.

Barnabas hands Zadok the binoculars.

BARNABAS

Here.

ZADOK

He's gettin' closer.

The boys gaze out to Devil's Reef as they watch the man in the paddle boat get closer.

ZADOK

He's made it. He's climbin' out.

Barnabas squints.

BARNABAS

Is it still movin'?

ZADOK

What?

BARNABAS

Aye, It looked like the reef was movin'.

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CONTINUED:

ZADOK

Barnabas, you've gone--

BARNABAS

What? Where've I gone?

(pause)

Zadok?

Barnabas turns to Zadok.

He's frozen.

Zadok brings the binoculars down from his face.

He hands them to Barnabas.

BARNABAS

What's the matter, mate? Let me see--

Barnabas snags the binoculars and brings them to his eyes.

His jaw drops.

ZADOK

Devils... Barnabas.

(pause)

Devils.

BARNABAS

Aye...

Zadok and Barnabas sit on the boulders.

**EXT. DEVIL'S REEF - NIGHT**

Waves crash violently against the rugged face of Devil's Reef. Various shells are littered across the reef as crabs scurry and starfish slowly scoot along the coral. The shadowy figure of a man climbs onto the reef.

He grunts.

The man takes a moment to glance around the reef.

It is Captain Marsh.

From the blackened ocean, four humanoid creatures creep toward the man. Tall and muscular frames; fins growing from each limb, a large dorsal fin extends out from their backs and abnormally large webbed hands with long fingers that curl inward.

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Obed stares into their large vacant eyes as he drops down to his knees.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH COASTLINE - NIGHT**

Still gazing through the binoculars at the horrific sight, Zadok shivers from the cold ocean breeze. Barnabas sits huddled tightly into himself.

ZADOK

The bloody stories are real.

BARNABAS

What do we do?

ZADOK

We have to get far from Innsmouth. I'm NOT stayin' here.

BARNABAS

What? I live here!

ZADOK

You have to tell your grandad but I'm leavin'!

Trying to not make a noise, the boys cautiously rise to their feet. As they turn to leave, Barnabas' foot slips and kicks the bottles off from the rocks.

CLINK. CLINK.

A beat.

CRASH!

The bottles shatter.

**EXT. DEVIL'S REEF - NIGHT**

Captain Marsh's head whips toward the shore. As the Dagon creatures react in the same manner, they let out nightmarish screams. Captain Marsh strains his eyes to see two figures running from the shore back onto the street.

CAPTAIN MARSH

Bloody bastards!

Marsh breaks for his boat.

The creatures break for the ocean head first.

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Captain Marsh cannonballs into the boat. The boat budes from the reef as he begins to feverishly paddle out back to the docks.

**EXT. MANUXET RIVER BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Zadok and Barnabas frantically sprint away from the shore. They kick up sand as their shoes beat down on the old wood bridge.

The bridge CREAKS with every stomp.

A gang of seabirds screech above the boys - Zadok is attacked by a few birds.

ZADOK

Ah! Bloody seabirds!

He stumbles to his knees.

BARNABAS

Hurry, c'mon! Get up!

The boys dart off.

**EXT. WATER STREET/DOCK STREET INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

As Zadok and Barnabas stampede down the paved street, the boys crash into each other as they lose their footing and slip on the slick asphalt.

Barnabas tumbles over Zadok.

Zadok makes it back to his feet and breaks off toward Dock Street. He leaves Barnabas behind.

Barnabas turns to see Zadok break off - he loses his footing yet again.

BARNABAS

Zadok! Where are you goin'?!

He looks on as Zadok disappears down the sparsely lit street.

BARNABAS

Damn!

Barnabas looks around for a moment. He begins to trot up Water Street back to The Columbia.



**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT**

As Barnabas ambles toward the dock of The Columbia, his legs give out from the exhaustion. He lands forcefully. His chest and face make contact with the wood ramp.

The wind gets knocked out of lungs.

He lies on the ramp as he writhes.

BARNABAS  
(gasping)  
Ah! Bloody... Hell.

Barnabas takes a short moment.

As he staggers to his feet, he begins to limp toward the cabin of The Columbia. With one hand placed on his head, he shakes off the hit.

**INT. THE COLUMBIA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Barnabas barges into the cabin and collapses onto a bench. As fishing equipment crashes down onto the floor of the cabin, he puts his arm out in a half-hearted attempt to stop the avalanche of gear.

A beat.

His breathing is laborious.

BARNABAS  
Oh hell...

He rips the beanie off of his head as he glances around the boat. His hair is a mess.

BARNABAS  
Grandad?  
(pause)  
Damn.

Barnabas' knees tremble with every step.

BARNABAS  
Grandad? Are you here?

A loud THUMP comes from the deck.

Barnabas creeps toward the door.

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CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

Granda--

Captain Marsh explodes through the doorway. He grabs Barnabas by the collar of his coat, shoving him into the wall of the cabin. The walls rattle.

CAPTAIN MARSH

It was you wasn't it?! It was you on the rocks. You and that Zadok boy!

BARNABAS

Grandad!

CAPTAIN MARSH

It was you and that boy wasn't it?!

Captain Marsh repeatedly shoves Barnabas into the wall.

BARNABAS

Grandad! Stop! Stop it!

CAPTAIN MARSH

The Old Ones are not pleased with what you boys did!

Captain Marsh thrashes his grandson around. Barnabas kicks and yells, as he throws punches at his maniacal grand dad.

The MARCHING of boots approaches the boat.

A man's voice speaks loudly.

SELECTMAN MOWRY (O.S)

This is Selectman Mowry and I have the police with me. Captain Obed Marsh, you are under arrest. Come out peacefully or prepare to be fired upon.

Captain Marsh's bloodshot eyes bulge out of his head. Foamy spit lingers on his lips.

He releases his firm grip from Barnabas. He drops onto the bench as Obed stomps out of the cabin.

**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT**

Captain Marsh trudges over to the edge of the deck. His large frame looms over the Officers and Selectman Mowry.

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SELECTMAN MOWRY, early 40's, towers over the other officers. He wears a long coat that drapes over his slim stature and a tall black top hat. A large dark mustache with curled tips boldly sits on his face.

SELECTMAN MOWRY  
You're under arrest, Obed.

OFFICER HOWARD  
Hands up, Marsh.

**EXT. INNSMOUTH HARBOR DOCKS - NIGHT**

OFFICER HOWARD, mid 50's, a shorter man with a pot belly, small mustache and a monocle. Closing one eye, he raises his pistol and aims it at Captain Marsh.

Captain Marsh slowly raises his hands. He snarls at the Officers. Pure anger covers his face.

CAPTAIN MARSH  
What's the meanin' of this, Selectman?

SELECTMAN MOWRY  
Suspicion of foul play.

Officer Howard removes the pair of handcuffs from his belt as he marches up the ramp to cuff Captain Marsh.

CAPTAIN MARSH  
This is absurd... Bloody mad.

A blood curdling SCREAM is heard.

Selectman Mowry and all of his men turn quickly as they shift their attention in the direction the scream came from.

SELECTMAN MOWRY  
OH! MY! LORD!

Selectman Mowry yells at the top of his lungs as a Dagon creature approaches him with its clawed hands outstretched. It lunges for Selectman Mowry; snarling and screeching.

Amidst the chaos, Captain Marsh rushes toward the cabin and kicks the door shut.

The Dagon tackles Selectman Mowry. Rabid and blood-thirsty, the beast proceeds to rip Selectman Mowry apart. The creature sinks its jagged teeth into his neck and rips out his throat. Selectman Mowry's cries are drowned out by sloshy gargles.

**EXT. THE COLUMBIA BOAT DECK - NIGHT**

Crippled by an overwhelming anxiety, Officer Howard drops his pistol on the docks as watches the Dagon creature rip his partner apart. He kicks the pistol as he turns to run away from the bloody scene.

OFFICER HOWARD  
Sonuva-- Bloody hell!

Officer Howard turns around to retrieve his firearm.

He stops to see two more creatures climbing over the railing of the boat.

OFFICER HOWARD  
Oh... My... AAHHH!

Officer Howard is petrified with fear. Beads of sweat trickle down his face as tears well up in his bulging eyes.

**EXT. DOCK STREET - NIGHT**

Zadok's knee gives out - the sudden change in momentum sends him flying forward. He catches himself hard on his palms as he takes a rolling tumble.

ZADOK  
Ah, shit!

He brings himself up to his knees. As he glances down at his hands - bloody palms reveal PEBBLES; embedded in the flesh.

Slow to rise, Zadok staggers to his feet. He takes a beat to look toward the Manuxet River bridge. Silhouettes scurry down the street in his direction.

A beat.

In the distance, muddy silhouettes approach fast. The sound of a stampede. Zadok strains his eyes to get a better view as he shields the street lamp from his gaze.

The throaty growls of the Dagon creatures echo through the deserted streets.

The reality of what is approaching overcomes Zadok. Without hesitation, he darts into the ruins of a factory.

**INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT**

Zadok enters the decrepit warehouse and see a staircase on the other side of the room. He begins to anxiously climb over a field of rotted wood beams and broken crates. Trash is strewn about the factory.

Now on the other side of the factory - Zadok trudges toward the staircase.

ZADOK  
(to himself)  
Aye... This doesn't look safe.

Zadok winces as he cautiously climbs up the stairs.

**INT. FACTORY STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

The higher Zadok climbs up the staircase, it becomes increasingly unstable; creaks and groans with every hesitant step. His hands clench the rails tight.

ZADOK  
(to himself)  
Aye... Shit. C'mon... Bloody hell.

He glances up to see a walkway landing just ahead. Zadok scoots closer but at a snails pace.

ZADOK  
(to himself)  
Aye, Almost there.

Zadok sets his foot on the next step - it breaks off. The steel plank plummets down onto the concrete floor. A loud CLANK echoes through the warehouse.

ZADOK  
(to himself)  
Oh... No. No. No. No!

Disoriented by the height, he clutches the handrails as he closes his eyes. He begins to hyperventilate.

From outside of the factory, a guttural ROAR and hellish SCREAMS grow closer. As he grips the rails, Zadok turns to look toward the entry way. The Dagon creatures step inside.

In a panic, Zadok hastily turns toward the landing - A hooded robed figure stands on the walkway.

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CONTINUED:

ZADOK

Oh shit!

Startled, he loses his footing and flips over the rail. Zadok flails as the heaps of garbage approaches quickly.

CRUNCH.

BLACK OUT

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT**

Zadok lies lifeless in the rubble of a shattered table. Deep crimson streams from Zadok's nose and mouth. He is covered in dust and debris.

A beat.

Suddenly, grunts and moans escape his mouth.

Signs of life.

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT**

P.O.V

Zadok's eyes slowly crack open. His vision is blurry. The bright moonlight seeps through the busted rooftop - it burns his eyes. He brings his hand up to shield the bright glow.

Low voices drone on in the darkness - not much is visible. Zadok anxiously turns in every direction. The surroundings are nothing but shapes and shadows that bleed into one another. A muddy darkness.

The voices continue on. They grow louder.

P.O.V END

**INT. FACTORY RUINS - NIGHT**

Zadok rubs the fog from his eyes. He strains his eyes as he peers into the oppressive darkness - trying to focus on where the voices are coming from.

VOICES (O.S.)

(monotone)

O' hail throdog Dagon. H' nog tonight  
l111 Innsmouth. H'l'nog cleanse c' ot  
wicked.

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ZADOK  
(with panic)  
Who's there?

VOICE (O.S.)  
(monotone)  
O' throdog dagon. C' mgep llll  
mgepfhtagn ymg'. C' mgep done ahf'  
ymg' mgepah'kn'a.

Zadok struggles to pick himself up from the debris. He grimaces as he holds his side.

FOOTSTEPS shuffle in the dark.

ZADOK  
(with panic)  
Aye, Who's there!

VOICE (O.S.)  
(monotone)  
Ymg', boy, ephaimgr'luh throdog  
dagon's throdogoth.

Zadok stumbles over his own feet as he whips around in every which direction.

ZADOK  
(with panic)  
Who is out there?!

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT**

P.O.V

With caution, he reaches out into the muddied void as formless shapes and blobs come in and out of the dark abyss. Now the chanting voices engulf the room.

Zadok spins around looking for the source of the chanting.

VOICES (O.S.)  
We are the children of Dagon.

A group of robed, hooded figures emerge from the shadows and begin to surround Zadok. They close in on him like predators on prey.

With both arms outstretched in defense, Zadok pleads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZADOK

No, Stop! C'mon, Aye. Stop! Stop!  
STOP! NO!

The figures grab Zadok and forcefully throw him down on the ground. He fights back; throwing punches as he kicks and yells, trying to break free of the grasp of the cultists.

Two of the cultists hold him down as the others watch on - chanting. Another member steps out from the group and throws a black sack over Zadok's head.

P.O.V END

Zadok fights with all of his might - he kicks as they cultists drag him away. He pleads for help are muffled by the sack.

The chants of the cultists drones on.

BLACK OUT

**EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING**

SUPER: NEWBURYPORT, 1921

ANNA TILTON, early 20's, she wears a cloche hat, a dark blue coat, with her dark hair cut in a short bob. A small beaded purse rests on her shoulder as Anna struts down the sidewalk of a busy street. She makes her way passed other pedestrians to her destination.

Black heeled shoes TAP on the pavement as she swiftly approaches the ticket window of the bus station.

The TICKET AGENT, a stalky, thin haired man with a mean face sits slumped to his side as he rests his arm on his desk. A toothpick barely hangs on his lip.

He glares at Anna as she approaches the ticket booth.

His lip twitches.

ANNA TILTON

Good morning, sir. I'm a student from  
the Historical Society.

A beat.

TICKET AGENT

Aye, What of it?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Anna is taken back by the blatant rudeness of the ticket agent. She reaches into her purse and produces an ID card. The card reads, '*Miskatonic University Historical Society: Miss Anna Tilton*'.

The ticket agent snarls, glaring at Anna.

TICKET AGENT

Aye. What you need?

ANNA TILTON

I would like to purchase a ticket for a bus ride for this morning, if they're are any available, please.

No reaction from the ticket agent, just a blank angry stare.

Anna clears her throat.

A beat.

ANNA TILTON

Alright... I need a bus to Port  
Innsmouth, please.

The agent shoots Anna a slimy grin as he chuckles.

BLACK OUT

END