THE SEA GRAVES

Written by

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EXT. BEACH-NIGHT

Waves collide on the shore of a beach in quick, dark rhythms as a full moon shines bright amidst the late-night sky. A MAN and WOMAN are seen walking along the shore before they go out of view, away from the sight of FRED, a hitman who was watching them from a nearby street.

Fred, a suit-wearing, quiet contract killer, talks to his boss, STOKER, on a cell phone.

FRED
Followed them to the beach.

STOKER (O.S.)
Hey that's a perfect spot man.

FRED
Yeah I guess.

Fred starts to walk toward the beach.

FRED (CONT’D)
Think they just wanted some alone time.

STOKER (O.S.)
Hell, setting themselves up perfect for you. That’s...

Fred smiles as he steps onto the sand.

FRED
(interrupting)
Wish I could be as excited as you.

Stoker laughs.

STOKER (O.S.)
I must enjoy this shit more than you.

Fred looks around the beach.

FRED
Yeah you sound pretty eager Stoke.

STOKER (O.S.)
Hey man you should be too! How often do you get to kill two snitches in one night when they’re by themselves in the middle of...
Fred sees lots of feathers and blood scattered around in one specific area. They are surrounded by an engraved circle in the sand.

FRED
What the fuck?

STOKER (O.S.)
Hey Fred.

Fred lowers the phone as he walks into the circle. He leans down and sees stray pieces of guts lying amongst the blood-stained sand.

STOKER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
What’s going on buddy? You there?

The uneasy Fred puts the phone to his ear.

FRED
Yeah.

Fred reaches out and touches one of the guts. The moist blood sticks to his fingers from his touch.

STOKER (O.S.)
Hey think we’re breaking up. Just meet me in town when you’re finished alright?

Fred inspects the blood on his hand. He notices how fresh it is as it drips from his fingers.

FRED
You bringing the money?

Stoker laughs.

STOKER (O.S.)
C’mon Fred! This is Stoker! I always bring you the cash brother! Fucking trust me.

Fred smiles as he stands up.

FRED
Yeah I know Mr. Dependable.

STOKER (O.S.)
Damn right.

Fred looks down the shore, where the Man and Woman were walking to earlier. He can now faintly see the outline of the Man running toward him.
I always do what I say man. People like that shit...

Fred reaches into his suit pocket.

Fred (interrupting)
Hey man let me go real quick.

(rambling)
I always do what I say man. People like that shit...

STOKER (O.S.) (cont’d)
(kinda worried)
What’s wrong?

Fred takes a pistol out. It is attached to a silencer.

Fred
Don’t worry about it.

The Man is now only a few feet away.

Fred (cont’d)
I’ll call you back.

STOKER (O.S.)
Alright. We'll meet...

Fred hangs up his cell phone and puts it in his pocket. He points the gun toward the Man. His hit looks tired and terrified. He slows down upon seeing Fred holding the weapon.

MAN
Whoa fuck man! Don’t shoot!

Fred shoots the Man several times in the chest. He falls to the sand, blood spurting from his wounds. The hitman looks toward the direction the Man was running from. Only faint traces of light are seen off in the distance with no sign of the Woman.

Fred walks toward his latest victim as he puts the pistol back in his pocket. He sees that the Man’s eyes are looking right at him. Fred scoffs as he looks around the beach one more time, seeing no one, before he grabs the body.

He notices a gold watch worn by the Man that glistens in the moonlight. Ignoring the slight traces of blood on it, Fred takes the watch off and slips it on his wrist. He then starts to carry the corpse toward the sea.

A trail of the Man’s blood leads toward the water as Fred gets knee-deep into it while holding the corpse.
Fred is about to push the Man’s body off into the ocean when suddenly he jolts up and grab the killer’s shoulders. His eyes look right toward the hitman as he struggles in the water.

FRED
Fuck!

Fred quickly shoves the Man underwater. He holds him there for a few moments while the Man struggles to escape his drowned fate. Finally, the dying Man stops fighting, his final breath occurring beneath the water.

Fred relaxes for a few moments as he lets go of the Man’s corpse, his body floating back up. The dead man’s eyes still look right at Fred as the hitman shoves the corpse off, toward the middle of the ocean.

Faint beams of light from a few torches can now be glimpsed out on the shore nearby. Fred watches as the body floats away. He then turns around and starts walking back. He notices the faint glow from the torches. He nervously reaches into his pocket and defensively clutches his gun.

As he steps onto the sand, he sees a group of eleven people looking around the beach. They all wear dark robes and animal masks while the LEADER in the center wears a black goat mask. Several of them hold torches and many are armed with sharp axes and knives.

FRED (CONT’D)
What the fuck?

CULT MEMBER #1 notices Fred. It quickly points at him and looks at the others.

CULT MEMBER #1
There he is!

Suddenly the people in the cult start to run toward Fred.

CULT MEMBER #2
The husband!

FRED
Shit.

Fred turns and runs the other way before a cult member wearing a horse mask tackles him to the shore. The hitman pulls out his gun and quickly shoots the person several times before more people grab him.

FRED (CONT’D)
Get the fuck off me!
A few of the cult members knock Fred’s gun to the ground. The Leader notices the gold watch he wears.

FRED (CONT’D)
      Fucking bastards!

The people steadily hold Fred as he struggles to break free. He looks nearby where he sees four of the cult members carrying two wooden posts. Tied to one is the Woman, who has been knocked unconscious.

Both posts are adorned with a sliced-up chicken hanging from them. A rooster tied to the empty one and a hen tied to the one occupied by the unconscious Woman. The group carries the posts toward the engraved circle.

FRED (CONT’D)
      What the fuck do you want? Let me go!

The Leader points toward the engraved circle.

CULT LEADER
      Take him to his mate!

Fred looks toward the leader.

FRED
      Fuck are you talking about?

Fred realizes that they have mistaken him for the Man he just killed. The group starts to move him toward the circle.

FRED (CONT’D)
      You got the wrong fucking guy!

CULT LEADER
      Let them be together one last time!

FRED
      Hey goddamit! You got the wrong guy!

The two wooden posts are now shoved into the sand. They stand upright and loom over Fred as he is carried closer toward it.

FRED (CONT’D)
      Listen to me!

Fred nods his head toward the Woman.
FRED (CONT’D)
Wake her up! She’ll fucking tell you!

The Leader raises his hand.

CULT LEADER
Silence sinner!

Fred looks toward the Woman. She looks like she is starting to regain consciousness. He excitedly looks at the Leader.

FRED
Ask her!

Cult Member #3 holds a long knife and stands by the posts. It looks toward the Leader who nods his head.

FRED (CONT’D)
Just ask her! She’s awake!

Fred is placed in front of the empty post. The Leader takes off his goat mask, revealing a man with many scars on his face. Cult Member #3 quickly shoves the knife into the Woman’s chest. She screams as she looks around while blood splatters the sand beneath her. The Leader looks at Fred.

CULT LEADER
Not anymore.

The Cult Leader smiles, his teeth adorned with gold and silver fillings. Fred looks at him before he looks at the dying Woman. Cult Member #3 pulls down on the knife, slicing her chest completely open.

Her screams have quieted as she gazes toward Fred before she finally leans down, her eyes closing as she passes away. The Leader walks to her corpse.

FRED
Sick fucks...fucking crazy.

The Leader stops and reaches into her chest, grabbing an organ. He pulls it out and hands it to Fred.

CULT LEADER
Consume her.

Fred shakes his head as he tries to break away. The cult members hold him.

FRED
No! Fuck you!
Cult Member #4 uses its knife to slice off a chunk of the organ. Cult Member #3 holds Fred’s mouth open. The Leader smiles.

FRED (CONT’D)

No!

The group force-feeds Fred a chunk of the organ. He gags as he swallows it.

FRED (CONT’D)

Fuck!

Fred leans down and quickly vomits. The group look toward the Leader. He nods his head.

CULT LEADER

Finish it.

The Cult Leader puts his black goat mask back on and steps away from the wood posts. Cult Member #4 kicks Fred in the stomach before he then picks him up with another follower. Together they place him on the post.

FRED

No please.

The group tie the nauseated and weakened Fred to the post. The Leader remains silent and watches.

FRED (CONT’D)

(faint tone)

Why...why are you doing this to me?

The cult is quiet as Cult Member #2 throws gasoline from a cannister onto both Fred and the dead Woman.

FRED (CONT’D)

(delirium overtaking him)

No.

Fred turns and looks toward the Woman’s corpse. Her eyes now stare at him. His hallucinatory state causes him to imagine her smiling, her blood stained teeth put on display.

FRED (CONT’D)

No!

Cult Member #2 throws the cannister beneath Fred’s feet.

FRED (CONT’D)

Got the wrong guy!
Fred looks toward the group. Cult Member #2 takes out a matchbox.

    FRED (CONT’D)
    The husband’s dead!

Cult Member #2 strikes a match, igniting a flame. Fred hysterically laughs.

    FRED (CONT’D)
    I fucking killed him! Goddamn idiots!

Fred’s phone starts to VIBRATE, a call from Stoker.

    FRED (CONT’D)
    I killed him...killed him!

Fred continues to laugh as Cult Member #2 throws the match toward its victims. The posts burst into flames and engulf Fred and the Woman’s body. The Leader watches the blazing sight for a few moments before he turns around and walks toward the sea.

Not seen by any of the cult members yet is the Man’s dead body now washed up on shore. A brutal mistake awaiting their discovery.