FADE IN:

INT. BERKELY SEISMOLOGICAL LAB - NIGHT

Banks of computer monitors surrounded by empty desks. A lone ceiling light illuminates a plastic happy-face jack-o-lantern.

SEISMOGRAPH

Paper rolling. The needle begins to vibrate. Intermittently.

COFFEE CUPS

Begin clinking a seismic opera.

THE LAB DOOR

Blows open. HELEN BRADBURY, the senior lab tech enters. She is breathing heavily. Helen flips the light switch on.

The room illuminates. Reveals--

JOSH WATERS(17)

A wirery high school intern. Hunched over his desk. Sleeping on his open textbook. He recoils from the light.

Josh is wearing a fully hooded wolf man mask.

    HELEN
    Christ! Don’t you feel that!?

    JOSH
    Feel what?

Helen walks over to the Seismograph.

    JOSH
    I thought I was dreaming.

    HELEN
    Come here and take a look at this.

Josh rises. Shuffles to the Seismograph.

    HELEN
    (re: the mask)
    And take that ridiculous thing off.
Josh lifts the mask off and reveals a fresh crop of acne.

JOSH
(re: the seismograph)
Holy shit!

The needle scribbles a wildly.

HELEN
Go back to your desk and find out where this started. I’ll bet it’s not far from here.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT

A lone fishing boat, the Pac Belle, slowly chugging away from the city. At the helm is BRAD FERGESON, 16, he struggles to maintain his balance as the boat is tossed by the choppy waters.

Brad turns to the rear deck.

BRAD
Hold on tight! It’s going to get rough!

THE REAR DECK

Seated is WENDY and MELISSA CHAPMAN, 16, twins. Every adolescent boy’s dream.

WENDY
Turn around! I’m fucking getting sick.

BRAD
We’re almost there.

Brad points straight ahead.

BRAD
I can see it.

WENDY
I don’t care. I wanna go home.

BRAD
You’re the one that wanted to go to Alcatraz on Halloween.
MELISSA
(to Wendy)
Don’t worry. Brad knows what he’s doing. He helps his dad do those fishing charter things on the weekends.

A huge swell tosses the boat. Water saturates everything. Wendy and Melissa SCREAM in unison.

Brad spins the wheel and shoves the throttle forward. The engine races.

ON BRAD

He sees a huge swell heading directly at them.

BRAD
(to himself)
Fuck me.

Brad grips the steering wheel to brace himself as the water engulfs the bridge.

Brad falls backwards onto the rear deck.

INT. LAB – NIGHT

Josh is looking at a computer screen.

The lab phone RINGS. Helen answers.

HELEN
Yeah, I’m here...not yet...we’re working on it...I’ll let you know as soon as we figure it out...

Helen puts the receiver back on the phone. Turns to Josh.

HELEN
Have you got that for me yet?

JOSH
Yeah.

He touches the screen where the epicenter was.

JOSH
I...I got to go. Shit. I got to go.
HELEN
Josh? What’s going on? Are you okay?

Josh quickly gathers his belongings.

JOSH
I’m sorry, but I’ve got to get out of here.

Josh bolts out of the lab.

Helen walks to Josh’s work station. Leans over. Focuses on--

THE COMPUTER SCREEN
Indicates the epicenter was in the San Francisco Bay.

EXT. THE PAC BELLE - NIGHT

The bay is calm. The boat lights are out. The engine has stalled. A lone buoy RINGS in distance.

Melissa bends over Brad. Trying to revive him.

Wendy holds her stomach. Losing the battle with her nausea.

MELISSA
C’mon Brad.

Melissa grabs Brad’s shoulders and shakes him.

MELISSA
Please...wake up.

WENDY
We’re gonna die. I know it. We’re going to fucking die.

MELISSA
Would you shut up and die already. You’re the reason we’re stuck out here in the first place.

Melissa lowers her head to his chest. Listens for a heartbeat.

MELISSA
(to Wendy)
Give me you sweater.

Wendy returns a reluctant look.
MELISSA
Hurry.
Wendy tosses her sweater to Melissa. Melissa folds the sweater to create a makeshift pillow.

Melissa places her hand under Brad’s head. She gently lifts his head and slides the sweater underneath. Melissa carefully lowers his head onto the sweater.

Brad emits a shallow COUGH.

Melissa rubs her fingers together. She feels a warm liquid.

MELISSA
He’s bleeding.

WENDY
What are we going to do?

MELISSA
We’d better get him to a hospital. Give me your cell phone.

WENDY
I didn’t bring it. You know how mom likes to track where we are on that thing...bitch.

Melissa forages through Brad’s coat pockets.

WENDY
What are you doing?

MELISSA
Hopefully Brad wasn’t as stupid as us...

Melissa extracts a cell phone from his coat pocket.

WENDY
Thank God.

The cell phone screen reads: 1 MISSED CALL.

MELISSA
He had it on "vibrate". Josh tried to call him.

Melissa opens the phone and presses the talk button.
MELISSA
C’mon Josh...pick up the phone. Please.

Wendy stands. Paces. Trying to get warm.

MELISSA
Josh? It’s me. Melissa. Brad’s hurt...he’s bleeding...I don’t know where we are...we were close to Alcatraz, but the fog is starting to roll in...okay...hurry.

Melissa closes the cover. Shoves it into her jeans’ pocket.

WENDY
Well?

MELISSA
He’s with the Harbor Master. They’re on the way.

WENDY
How long?

MELISSA
How the hell would I know. Josh said that there should be an emergency light down below. I’m going to go look for it. You stay with Brad.

THE GALLEY
Melissa wades through a puddle of water as she searches the cabinets. She holds Brad’s cell phone up. The screen illuminates the galley.

Melissa finds a box of wooden matches in a plastic bag. Continues searching.

WENDY (O.S.)
Lissa...better get out here.

MELISSA
What is it?

WENDY (O.S.)
It’s Brad. He’s waking up.

Melissa splashes out of the galley.
REAR DECK

Brad sits upright. Wendy holds the sweater to the back of his head.

Melissa kneels next to Brad.

MELISSA
You okay?

BRAD
My freakin’ head hurts.

MELISSA
You took quite a tumble. The back of your head is bleeding. I found some matches. Let me take a look.

Melissa steps around in back of Brad. Strikes a match.

MELISSA
(to Wendy)
Pull the sweater away...slowly.


Wendy turns away. Leans over the railing. Hurls.

Wendy sees something stir in the water.

WENDY
Lissa...come here.

MELISSA
Oh gross. You think I want to look at your puke.

WENDY
Seriously. You’d better come see this.

Melissa lights a second match and crawls to the rail.

THE WATER SURFACE

Churns violently. Consuming every last drop of bile.

MELISSA (O.S.)
(re: the match)
Ow!! Shit!

Melissa drops the match into the water. Starts a small fire on the surface.

BRAD

Crawls to Wendy and Melissa.

BRAD
What is it?

WENDY
There’s something out there.

BRAD
Maybe it’s just a lone sea lion.

MELISSA
Do sea lions catch on fire?

BRAD
Probably some sludge left over from the Cosco Busan spill.

Melissa strikes another match. Leans over the rail. Observes.

MELISSA
Look.

Melissa moves her hand back and forth. The water surface churns. Mirroring Melissa’s movements.

WENDY
Lissa you’re freaking me out.

BRAD
Better step ba--

The surface water geysers up and snakes around Melissa’s wrist.

Wendy SCREAMS hysterically.

Brad grabs Melissa by her ankles.

MELISSA
Help me! Help me!

Wendy grabs one of Melissa’s Nikes.

BRAD
I got you! Let go you motherfucker!
RESCUE BOAT

A small inflatable equipped with a large outboard motor skips across the bay. The HARBOUR MASTER, 45, sits in the rear. Steering the craft across the bay.

Josh sits in front. Holds a small parabolic microphone. Clutches the earcup to his headphones. Listens to the screams. Motions in that direction.

THE PAC BELLE

The struggle continues. Brad maintains his grip. Wendy yanks on Melissa’s shoe. The shoe comes off. Sends Wendy crashing into Brad. Melissa’s limbs slip through his hands.

Melissa sinks into the abyss.

The water churns. Then calm. Then a few bubbles containing Melissa’s last breath.

BRAD
Fuck! Fuck!

WENDY
Melissa! Melissa!

Brad grabs Melissa’s Nike and pounds it on the deck.

Wendy stands. Shivers. Tears stream down her face.

Brad gathers himself. Sprints to the galley.

THE GALLEY

Brad tears open the cabinet doors. Digs through the contents. Pots, pans, kitchen utensils scatter behind him.

Finally. Brad grabs a hand-held emergency light. Flips the switch on.

The light flickers. Brad shakes the light violently. The light stays on.

Brad moves out onto the rear deck. Stands at the railing. The light beam sweeps across the bay water to see--

HYDROPHIBIC MODULES

Thousands. They respond to the light beam as it moves across the water.
BRAD

Surveys the water.

WENDY (O.S.)

Brad.

BRAD

Shhh....

A boat motor HUMS in the distance.

BRAD

Hear that.

WENDY (O.S.)

It’s gotta be Josh.

RESCUE BOAT

The THUD of the Modules against the boat becomes pervasive. The engine SPUTTERS. Then stalls.

HARBOR MASTER

What the f...

Josh turns to the rear of the boat. Rips his headphones off.

JOSH

What’s the matter.

HARBOR MASTER

How the hell would I know? Toss me that emergency bag. Probably some ass-hole’s illegal fishing net got the motor all tangled up.

The Harbor Master digs a light stick out and breaks it in two. Steps to the rear of the boat and kneels. Sticks his hand into the water to feel what’s on the propeller.

The glow from the light stick reveals the modules surrounding them.

Josh sees the modules moving to the light.

JOSH

Kill the light!
HARBOR MASTER
What’d you sss....

Three oily tentacles wrap around his neck, mouth and eyes. The Harbor Master flips into the water.


Josh pulls an aluminum oar from beneath the emergency bag. Brad paddles to the Pac Belle.

BRAD AND WENDY

Sit. Brad reaches behind his head. Feels the blood.

WENDY
How’s your head?

BRAD
I don’t want to know.

A voice in the distance.

JOSH (O.S.)
Brad...Wendy...Melissa!

Brad and Wendy spring up. Brad turns the light on. Waives his arms.

JOSH (O.S.)
I can see you. Turn off you light.

WENDY
Hurry Josh! Hurry!

JOSH (O.S.)
I heard a boat coming this way...from Alcatraz. I’ll bet it’s from the Mayor’s Halloween party.

BRAD
I’ll get the flare gun.

Brad hands the light to Wendy. Strides to the galley.

RESCUE BOAT

Brad’s flare gun DISCHARGES. The night sky turns magenta.

Josh sees the moduels move to the light of the flare. Except one.
JOSH
I think I see a body!

Josh changes course. Paddles to the floater.

BRAD (O.S.)
Are you sure? Be careful.

JOSH
Yeah. I can see it now. Shoot off another flare!

Another flare DISCHARGES. The sky lights up.

JOSH
It's got one shoe on.

WENDY (O.S.)
One shoe? It’s Melissa! Melissa!

Brad paddles next to the floater. Covered with the modules.

It’s Melissa. What’s left of her.


THE PAC BELLE
Brad and Wendy are leaning over the rail.

BRAD/WENDY
(in unison)
Josh! Josh!

The rescue boats drifts into view. Empty.

Brad and Wendy turn and slide down. Silent. They sit next to each other. Brad puts his arm around Wendy.

A Blue and Gold Fleet boat aproaches.

MATCH CUT TO:
BLUE AND GOLD FLEET BOAT


    CAPTAIN
    Here’s a blanket.

Brad accepts the blanket spreads it over Wendy. The Captain takes a knee next to Brad and Wendy.

    CAPTAIN
    That’s quite some story you have there. Oil monsters coming up from the bottom of the bay, devouring human flesh, light, energy.

    BRAD
    But it’s true. Josh wrote all about it last year. That’s why he was out there...he knew what was happening.

The Captain stands. Turns to see the MAYOR, late 50’s, distinguished. They turn and walk away together.

    MAYOR
    So, are they going to be okay?

    CAPTAIN
    The girl’s in shock, but I think she’ll be okay. The boy’s got a pretty good gash on the back of the head. He’s rambling on about something to do about oil monsters...

    MAYOR
    Hold that thought.

They approach the Mayor’s PRESS SECRETARY, mid 20’s, he hands a martini to the Mayor. The Mayor leans to his confidante.

    MAYOR
    Want a good Halloween story? Listen to this.

The three men break out into laughter as we--

FADE OUT: