

Terror in the Reef

written by

Lucas Nyhus

ROUGH DRAFT - 10/14/2025

Phone: (714)330-7873
E-mail: lucasnhs77@gmail.com

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

A Hula Girl toy sits on the table, wobbling around.

A pen held by someone out of frame flicks the girl, making her wobble around quicker, more violently.

Rain hits tall windows nearby, the refraction of the raindrops pelting the side of the window illuminating the table.

A flash of lightning flickers throughout the room, followed by the *crash* of thunder a half second later.

The pen hits the Hula Girl again, making her thrust with an even greater intensity.

J.T. ANDERSON (O.S.)
Can you stop fucking with that?

The MAN WITH THE PEN pulls his hand back, then raises it back up, and sets the pen on the table, visibly embarrassed.

His name is HARRISON MILLER. In three years he will be the richest man in America.

In four years he will lose it all.

Bottom third text:

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AUGUST 21, 1959

HARRISON
I was listening.

J.T. ANDERSON
I don't care if you listen to me,
you're just being annoying.

HARRISON
Sorry.

J.T. is the CFO of Equatorial Holdings, and is the youngest in the company's history.

In four years he will be harpooned through the heart by a sea monster.

J.T. takes a deep breath before recomposing himself.

J.T. ANDERSON
Now...

J.T. wheels himself back to a board, he resists the urge to exclaim "whee!" as he does so. The board shows incomprehensible charts and graphs depicting what one could assume is their quarterly figures. They look pretty good!

As he moves back, we see more of the conference room, lined with OLD MEN, all of them veterans of World War II.

J.T. stands up and moves the first sheet off the board, now displaying a map of a small island, somewhere vaguely southeast of the contiguous United States.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, the island of Ika Tagane is now ours for the taking. As you all know, the native population voted today to formalize their statehood, and it passed with a whopping ninety eight percent.

J.T. pauses to allow an excited murmur to pass over the board.

He picks up a pointer and holds it at the ready.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Now due to some charitable donations we've made to the Department of Housing and Urban Development, any new real estate holdings that are approved for the island will pass through our hands.

A member of the board coughs violently and raises his hand timidly. He is a big boisterous man named ROBERT HOLMWOOD. He served in the air force, and was triple ace during the war.

In four years he will be electrocuted and impaled by a sea monster.

ROBERT HOLMWOOD
Now Mr. Anderson, I think that is all well and good, but I also do believe that it would serve the interest of the board to slow our rollout.

A wiry woman, seemingly around the same age as Holmwood, pipes up. Her name is VIVIENNE HOUSTON, and is a tenacious force in the world of real estate and land development.

In four years she will be smashed into a power generator, and the US government will claim it was a laboratory accident.

VIVIENNE HOUSTON

I believe if the time is ripe, why not put all our eggs in this basket. The island- what's it called Mr. Anderson?

HARRISON

Ika Tagane, Ms. Houston.

VIVIENNE HOUSTON

If the native trash on Eye-ka Tagge-nay have voted to be incorporated into these United States, then they voted to be built on like any of these states. Ten years from now there could be banks and stores and Dairy Queens and McDonalds and a row of luxury condos on every blocks.

HARRISON

Now Ms. Westwood, there are legal reasons that is inhibiting our ambition for development. There needs to be surveys of the local flora and fauna, and I believe J.T. has already got a man from UC Davis leading a team to do exactly that.

J.T. nods.

VIVIENNE HOUSTON

We've found ways to get around development codes since the turn of the century. This island is a big pit of dirt and gravel, and quite frankly we'll be doing the natives a big favor by--

HARRISON

By killing all the native fish to build a Dairy Queen?

VIVIENNE HOUSTON

Yes.

J.T. ANDERSON

Look the point is we have people making sure that we're doing this all above board, there is a path for us to have our cake and eat it too, we'll just have to be a little patient while statehood is formalized by the President.

(MORE)

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
In one year the wildlife surveys
will be completed, in two years
we'll have all our plots sold to
other companies, a few months after
that we'll hire local crews, in
four years we'll have everything up
and running.

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

Rain pelts the canopy of palm trees that hangs over the moonlight, little raindrops sleeting down palm fronds, glistening in the light of the full moon.

Below, a group of CREATURES gather around, all of them in silhouette.

An occasional gust of wind will blow through the trees, allowing speckles of moonlight to illuminate tiny details of the CREATURES.

The CREATURES are performing some kind of ritual, doing their best to conduct it in complete silence.

Their YOUNG are gathered in the center, with who we can presume to be their Moms and Dads dancing and swaying around them in a choreographed formation.

Suddenly, the Parents all freeze.

They raise their arms to the heavens, move them level, then point them to the ground.

They release a guttural, visceral chant, a deep woohhhh sound echoing through the jungle.

Their voices grow louder and louder, until it comes just short of clipping the mics.

Suddenly! A burst of fire appears in front of the children, we catch a half-second glimpse of their shocked expressions.

INT. MILITARY SHIP - NIGHT

Red light fills the cabin of a ship.

The red light bulbs overhead are dangled from cables on the ceiling, as the boat rocks with the waves, the bulbs sway.

ARMED GUARDS clad in heavy black armor sit and stare into nothing.

This is GHOST COMMAND. An elite, and highly secret, battalion of SOLDIERS tapped by the US Navy to carry out their most dangerous missions. They go in, clean house, and get out without a trace.

We hear the lapping of the waves against the hull of the ship, the intense breathing of the Troops under their helmet, the quiet sounds of unseen machinery working inside their futuristic armor.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

The ship pulls up to the shores of the island as the storm dries up. Suddenly a cacophony of animal noise from the jungle fills the air in the void of the rain and thunder.

A gate on the rear of the ship opens, and a drawbridge extends from the ship straight onto the sand.

As the machinery *whirrs* through its motions, a wall of steam is emitted, and the SOLDIERS of GHOST COMMAND marches through.

As they trudge onto the sands, they ready their rifles, all of them making an eerie *hiss* as their electronics are activated.

The SOLDIER at the head of the pack - running recon - finds a safe place to hide for a moment. He signals his squadron to kneel and await instructions.

He hits a panel on the side of his helmet, activating thermal vision.

He manipulates the image, slowing down time, speeding it up, zooming in, refocusing through planes of plant life and inanimate objects.

Eventually, he locks in on the group of CREATURES.

They seem to be enjoying dinner together.

The Recon SOLDIER signals the others the direction of the CREATURES, and they all charge.

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

The squadron stalks through the trees, walking in careful formation.

The Recon SOLDIER leads them right up to where the CREATURES are lying.

Through the thermal vision, the ground all runs cold.

The Recon flips up his visor to see all of them, sleeping.

He brushes some shrubs to the side and stares at them with a wild eyed intensity.

As the rest approach, military helicopters fly overhead.

While the choppers *chug* in the sky, the SOLDIERS all freeze and look to each other.

The SOLDIERS all charge in a wild blitzkrieg.

The Recon signals to the helicopter to shine a light.

A blaring red spotlight flickers on, bathing the sleeping CREATURES in a grotesque harsh light.

The KING of the pack wakes suddenly, eyes cracking open.

SOLDIERS move in to attack him first.

As if activated by some unseen force, the KING sets out whomping SOLDIERS with his finned fists.

He punches with such force that it sends the SOLDIERS flying into nearby trees, hitting the dirt. One of them has his helmet crack open on slamming to the ground with such intense force.

The rest of the SOLDIERS move in, grabbing CHILDREN, picking out the ones smallest and weakest, and pulling them away.

The Children cry out for their MOTHERS, the MOTHERS cry out in a helpless anguish.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER PILOT is listening to TOM SAWYER, mimicking the drumming, by tapping his fingers against the controls.

Getting to the drum fill in the interlude, he goes a little too crazy, and flicks a switch on the console.

The switch detaches.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Ah, fuck.

CO-PILOT

What?

HELICOPTER PILOT
I knocked a switch out of its
little... uh... you know - its
port?

CO-PILOT
What was it?

HELICOPTER PILOT
I think it was the spotlight?
Maybe?

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

In the midst of the raid, the spotlight suddenly flickers off, leaving the SOLDIERS helpless in the pale glow of the Moon.

Some of them ease off of the CREATURES.

One SOLDIER holds the YOUNGEST in his arm.

The Baby Creature bites the SOLDIER.

He lets out a muffled, metallic *scream*.

Dropping the Baby and deploying his rifle at the same time, he falls backwards, firing random shots through the air, hitting nearby treetops.

The rest of the CREATURES use the moment to their advantage, alternately attacking the Officers or scattering into the woods.

The SOLDIERS, in turn, fight back or run to chase those who fled.

The Youngest staggers off to hide.

After a moment of fighting, the SOLDIERS begin firing randomly into the crowd, instantly killing the bulk of the CREATURES.

The spotlight flicks back on as our attention turns to The KING.

The KING, in a moment of blind rage, raises his jaw to the sky and releases a wild *shriek*.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - NIGHT

MIDLAND UNIVERSITY's head of the BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT sits at his desk.

A wiry man in his late 30's, a genius in his field, and a trailblazer in the world of consciousness in marine biology.

His papers have been published in pop science magazines throughout the world, and have made him something of a notorious and controversial figure.

His name is PROFESSOR BENJAMIN VAN VECHTEN.

In four years he will electrocute himself to save the life of another.

He quickly brushes fast food trash off his desk and into his trash can.

Seeing the door opening, he quickly examines himself, identifying and removing a barbecue sauce sign from the corner of his lip.

He straightens out his shirt, puts on a smile, and stretches out his arm for a handshake.

J.T. Anderson enters and the men promptly shake hands.

J.T. ANDERSON

Professor, honor to meet you, J.T.
over at Equatorial.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Nice to make your acquaintance.
Please take a seat--

J.T. takes a seat.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

--and do tell me, I received your
phone call, what seems to have been
troubling you?

J.T. ANDERSON

Well, the boys at the lab are
really up my rear about the local
wildlife they might encounter on
Ika Tagane.

The Professor's face darkens.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I know you and your researchers
spent a summer down there, and I
just wanted to get your assurance
of what's down there before we
start erecting our own
biotechnology lab.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Yes well, you know, eh, there's the
normal, eh-hem, uh, you know there
is such and such- such and such-
you know the local flora and fauna.
Nothing unexpected, about par for
the course, what you might see in
any of the islands of Polynesia.

J.T. ANDERSON
Such as?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Oh you know, there are plenty of
species of seabird endemic to the
islands. The shallow waters in the
immediate perimeter hold lots of
skates, rays, sand sharks, a few
species of smaller sea turtles.

J.T. ANDERSON
Okay, anything hazardous my team
should be aware of?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Well there is one thing you should
be aware of.

The Professor stands.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure how to broach this,
but I suppose this would be as good
a time as any.

The Professor walks to a bulletin board sized pad of paper.
The first page depicts strange looking animal skulls, ink on
paper renderings depicting it straight on, overhead, in
profile.

The Professor flips to the second page, showing one of the
CREATURES. What the Professor has incorrectly identified as
an adult male, as the pack leader, or so he has indicated in
captions surrounding the artists depiction.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

This is what we have given the formal name Ambystoma X. One of the military men in our crew took to calling them Reef Rippers.

J.T. barely reacts, seemingly nonplussed.

J.T. ANDERSON

Okay, are they dangerous?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

All of my findings are that they lack any venomous appendages, they lack a territorial instinct, and maintain a vegetarian diet. They treat the animals of the island with a tremendous amount of care. Their crop harvesting is followed by a type of gratitude ritual--

J.T. ANDERSON

Okay, okay, yeah, where are they?

The Professor, disappointed he can't finish his spiel, sits down.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

There's a colony of them in the jungle just about a quarter mile up from the south beach. We tried to observe them without being detected, on the one time I was spotted, they gave me a friendly wave and went about their business. My professional determination is that they intend no harm, and that they must not be meddled with by human affairs.

J.T. ANDERSON

Let's just say hypothetically, when we get some of our guys stationed on the island, let's say one of them attacks one of my guys. Do you think my guy could put up a fair fight?

Van Vechten sighs and goes back to the board. He flips to a page showing a detailed portrait of a mature Reef Ripper in profile.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

There's a lot we still don't know about these CREATURES, there's a lot we're still working out. One thing we do know is completely unique to their anatomy. When threatened, an adult can split its limbs in two, essentially making them eight-legged but still bipedal, and uses its new excess limbs as blades to stab rivals with. Additionally, it can split its face into four sections, actually let me just--

He flips between that page and a third page, the new page showing the CREATURE snarling and screaming, its face split into four sections. As if it's two CREATURES inhabiting one body, both of them wrestling control for the brain.

The Professor does this faster and faster until it appears like a flipbook, completely animated.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Pretty cool huh?

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

The spotlight flickers back on, then rapidly fluctuates between on and off, lighting the KING in the same animated fashion as the Professor's flip book.

In the intermittent gasps of harsh light, we see the maw of the Reef Ripper bifurcate and transform in under five seconds.

His arm splits at the fin on the forearm, allowing him to use the split as a deadly blade.

It turns out this biological blade is quite sharp and quite deadly, as he quickly uses his arm-blades to bisect several SOLDIERS through the midsection of their torso.

When it cuts through armor pieces it sends out a shower of sparks, illuminating the torrent of blood that follows.

When a SOLDIER attempts to get the jump by jamming a rifle in his back, the KING(without turning around), kicks behind him like a horse.

The impact of the kick is so strong it sends the SOLDIER head first into a coconut tree. His head bursts on impact and the body clumsily stumbles to the ground.

The spotlight stays off.

One of the few remaining SOLDIERS charges at the KING with twin swords.

Like an anime character, the BLADE SOLDIER cuts through the KING's arms with two lightning fast slashes.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The RECON SOLDIER is putting on their last pieces of armor before disembarking.

As she goes to put on her helmet, she catches another cadet nearby, wondrously eyeing their twin swords.

RECON SOLDIER
You're bringing two swords to Ika Tagane?

BLADE SOLDIER
(beaming)
Yeah, pretty cool right?

RECON SOLDIER
Where did you get those?

BLADE SOLDIER
Trip to Japan, fifty-seven.

He holds up the blades to show her, on closer examination she clearly sees the engraved hiragana.

BLADE SOLDIER (CONT'D)
It translates to reaper of souls, fucking sick right?

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

The spotlight flicks back on and remains on, casting a harsh glow on the KING of the REEF RIPPERS.

With a tremendous amount of effort, the KING regrows his arms on command, which burst out with a horrible spray of slime and bile.

The BLADE SOLDIER is completely frozen.

The KING picks up the BLADE SOLDIER by his throat, and holds him aloft for a moment.

The KING uses his other arm to do a lightning quick punch - like a PRAYING MANTIS SHRIMP - through the BLADE SOLDIER's helmet/head.

The BLADE SOLDIER drops his matching katanas.

The KING surveys the damage, then runs deep into the jungle, until he is completely out of view.

The final SOLDIER - the RECON SOLDIER - stands up, recovering from unconsciousness. She shakes off his grogginess, and limps towards the first thing he hears.

She hears a voice, vaguely alien, like a high pitched chirp.

The Soldier approaches a nearby tree stump, which has been hollowed out.

Inside, shaking and cowering, is the youngest of the Reef Rippers, practically a baby.

The Soldier shines a flashlight.

He can see in its eyes that its scared.

Gently, slowly, she moves toward it. We see that she lost a hand in the attack, though she is still too shocked to notice her bleeding stump of an arm.

She picks the BABY up tenderly and removes her helmet. We can see one of her eyes was pierced in the fray, and is badly damaged and scarred.

The Recon Soldier drapes its body over her shoulder, the Baby falls asleep immediately.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Van Vechten sits back at his desk, and his facial expression darkens.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

As much as I know you'll take a hit on this Mr. Anderson, my decision on this is final, and is corroborated by everyone who went to Ika Tagane with me.

J.T. ANDERSON

Which is what?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
 My recommendation - as an academic
 - as a researcher - is that you
 abandon all plans to build on the
 island.

EXT. CAR - OMAHA - DAY

A white 1963 Dodge Dart blazes past Peony Park.

A billboard near the park depicts a painting of Hula Girls on a non-descript beach.

Text to the right of the girls reads: 'VISIT IKA TAGANE!'

INT. CAR - OMAHA - DAY

A woman in her mid-20's sits in the passenger seat. Her name is KEHLANI AKAMU. Dark frizzy hair, almond skin, dark freckles. A scar that runs across her cheekbone.

She lived on what is known as Hawai'i. When she was five, American forces arrived by surprise, hoping to establish a Naval base without permission from the locals.

Local militia warded off the US troops, and secured themselves as a sovereign nation. As her parents fled the conflict, her little brother died in the crossfire. His name was Haikili.

Kehlani pulls her left hand away her hair, placing it in the center console.

After a moment without motion, Kehlani gestures in frustration. Eventually another hand reaches out to hers. Kehlani uses her thumb to rub the backside of their palm.

The hand belongs to Kehlani's girlfriend CHARLOTTE LEE. Fuzzy platinum blonde hair, pale skin, soft cheeks, striking blue-gray eyes.

Charlotte glances at her rear view mirror, trying to get a good look at Kehlani's eyes.

CHARLOTTE
 Is everything okay?

KEHLANI
 Yes.

CHARLOTTE
 Why are you doing that?

KEHLANI

Doing what?

CHARLOTTE

Rubbing my hand with your thumb.
You do that when you're anxious.

KEHLANI

I do?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.

KEHLANI

Is there anything else I do, that I
haven't picked up on?

CHARLOTTE

You twitch in your sleep. And you
talk in your sleep. And you kick,
sometimes.

(short beat)

So why are you nervous?

Kehlani *sighs* and unrolls her window to get some air.

KEHLANI

You know why Charlotte.

INT. DINER BOOTH - DAY

Charlotte takes a calm sip from her mug of coffee.

CHARLOTTE

I mean, okay, they might be upset.
But what's the worst they could do?
No matter what they're your parents
and they'll just have to learn to
acclimate.

Kehlani takes a forceful swig of hers.

KEHLANI

They could disown me. They could
never speak to me again. They
could--

A WAITRESS swoops in.

WAITRESS

What can I get you dolls?

CHARLOTTE

Oh shoot, I didn't even look at the--

KEHLANI

Could I get the number three, over easy eggs, sourdough toast, no meat please? Oh and a cup of orange juice?

She smiles, her eyes dart to Charlotte.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

Oh, do you want your usual?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, sure--

KEHLANI

She'll have biscuits and gravy and a side of orange slices. And please get her some extra creamers for her coffee.

They hand over their menus.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

The Waitress nods and walks off.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

What was I saying? Yeah, yeah, no. I don't think it's a good idea to tell them. Not yet. What if we wait until we're engaged? I suppose gay and married isn't *as bad* as gay and dating? Right?

The Waitress sneaks in extra creamers.

Charlotte adds them to her coffee, buries her head in her mug, and quietly takes another sip.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

(hissing)

Charlotte.

Charlotte turns her attention back to Kehlani.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

I am in love with you Charlotte Maryanne Houston.

(MORE)

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
I will make sure, no matter what
happens, we find our way to each
other always. And we stay together.

Instinctively, they both reach their hands to the center of
the table and quickly clasp them together.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

We see Charlotte's car pull up just past the driveway, we're
viewing sneakily from inside the house. Other PEOPLE are
watching with us.

Kehlani kisses Charlotte goodbye, walks to the front door
still bubbly.

Just before she sees us, we quickly drop the curtains back
into place.

Us and the other RELATIVES go to take seats around the living
room, all of us trying to act natural.

A moment later, Kehlani walks in.

KEHLANI
(bellowing)
Hello! Where are my guys!

She drops the shouting the second she sees everyone
congregated in one room.

Her face drops.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Oh, hi, what's going on?

Kehlani's FATHER - MARC AKAMU - leans forward in his chair.

MARC
Kehlani. We know about you and
Charlotte.

KEHLANI
Um, know that we're best friends?
Yeah, I think everyone knows.

Marc sighs.

MARC
No, I mean, we know that there is
a, uh--
(whispering to his WIFE)
--how do you say it in English--
(MORE)

MARC (CONT'D)
 (back to Kehlani)
 --a romantic, uh, thing.
 Entanglement. Affair. A kissing
 thing.

Marc's WIFE/Kehlani's MOM - MERIGOLD AKAMU - pipes up.

MERIGOLD
 You're dating.

KEHLANI
 I, well, yes. I suppose we are. And
 I was going to tell everyone. I
 just didn't know when the right
 time was.

MERIGOLD
 Take a seat sweetie.

Kehlani suspiciously watches as her AUNTS/UNCLES/GRANDMA's
 eye her down as she goes to take her seat.

She sits awkwardly in a clumsily constructed chair, and
 clears her throat.

KEHLANI
 So, is everyone cool with this?

MARC
 No, I don't think so. I--

KEHLANI
 I think we're moving to a point
 where people are more accepting of
 two women dating, I mean it's--

MARC
 The issue is not that Charlotte is
 a woman--

Kehlani's AUNT CYNTHIA interjects.

AUNT CYNTHIA
 In Hawai'i, especially when our
 parents were young, moe aikāne was
 very common. Kehlani, aikāne is
 someone of the same sex. And it was
 very common to have intimate
 relationships with another woman.
 Even if it wasn't sexual, even if
 it wasn't romantic, you loved each
 other, you would die for each
 other--

KEHLANI

So what's the issue?

AUNT CYNTHIA

What I'm getting at is that--

MARC

Things are different here. You might think it's okay to kiss another girl in the street, but not in Nebraska. They kill people over this Kehlani. In New Orleans a college student lured a gay man out of a bar, on the pretense that he was interested. His buddies were waiting outside to beat this nice man, who just wanted to go out in New Orleans, and he got killed in the street. I can't have that happen to you.

KEHLANI

So what? You want me to stop being in love? Because truthfully I would rather someone kill me than stop being with Charlotte.

MERIGOLD

Honey...

KEHLANI

No, I just, think what you want. Maybe we could be more discreet, maybe we could be more cautious, I don't know, but for now I just want to--

Kehlani trails off as she's overcome with emotion, and she runs to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kehlani is silently crying in her bedroom. Her night light is on.

A soft knock at the door.

Kehlani stiffens. She stops sniffing.

Merigold enters.

MERIGOLD

Hi honey.

Merigold sits at the foot of the bed.

MERIGOLD (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

KEHLANI
Bad.

MERIGOLD
I know. I'm sorry that none of us really handled that the best earlier. I talked to your Father about it, and it's all going to be okay. Just know that we have the right intentions for you. And-and, we just want you to be happy. We want you to feel safe.

KEHLANI
What's going to happen now?

MERIGOLD
We're going to look out for you.
We're going to work things out for you. You're going to be okay.

Kehlani sits up to face her Mom.

Her eyes dart away as she realizes her Mom can now see the bloodshot splotchiness of her eyes.

KEHLANI
I'm sorry.

MERIGOLD
You have nothing to be sorry for, we do. Come here.

Kehlani comes in for an embrace.

MERIGOLD (CONT'D)
Come morning everything's going to be okay.

KEHLANI
Okay.

Merigold suddenly gets up to leave.

MERIGOLD
You want that night light on?

KEHLANI
Yeah, I like it when I feel scared.

MERIGOLD

Okay.

Merigold turns out the overhead light and closes the door.

Kehlani lies down to go to sleep.

INT. BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Kehlani has shifted positions, now fast asleep.

She is breathing deeply, loudly.

There's some shuffling on the stairs in the hall.

Long shadows of feet come in through the crack under the door.

They open the door oh so quietly.

The night light gets unplugged.

They creep in.

Suddenly they grab Kehlani.

She screams.

One puts their hand over her mouth.

They restrain her limbs.

She's dragged out of bed.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BUNK - DAY

Seagulls.

Daylight hits Kehlani's face.

She is rocking in place.

Her eyes flutter open.

She hears the sound of churning waves.

She stands up, still groggy from the night before.

Kehlani still believes last night was a dream, until she looks around, eyes adjusting into focus.

She's standing in what seems to be a bunk on a naval ship, sparsely decorated with nautical wares and military regalia.

She *gasps* and runs out of the bunk.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Kehlani runs out on the deck of the boat.

There are other TEENAGERS and YOUNG ADULTS on the deck with her. All of them having just woken up, all of them still adjusting to the noise and the light.

Kehlani accepts her fate, brings her run to a stroll, and quietly steps to the edge of the mast.

She stares down into the parting waves below, as the boat tears through the sea.

She hears someone next to her and slowly looks over.

It's a young GIRL, roughly the same age as Kehlani. On first glance, she looks vaguely like Charlotte.

KEHLANI

Hi, Kehlani.

The GIRL reaches out to shake hands.

LISA

Hi, Lisa.

KEHLANI

Do you know where we are?

LISA

Church sponsored conversion camp.
They ship us out to an island, who
knows where exactly it is.

KEHLANI

Church?

LISA

Yeah, the church got in trouble
with the state because it's
conversion methods were legally
considered torture.

KEHLANI

Conversion? Torture? What?

LISA

I mean, I knew my old man would get me out to one of these places sooner or later. Just thought it would maybe be after trying a few more years of yelling at me to turn straight.

KEHLANI

Oh. Okay.

LISA

I mean at least the place is nice. Check it.

Kehlani looks out. The fog parts to reveal the full vista of IKA TAGANE.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

As MEMBERS of the CHURCH come out to see the ship arrive, Professor Van Vechten is quietly conducting tests nearby.

Van Vechten is extracting samples, collecting little vials of sea water as tiny waves roll into shore.

The leader of the congregation, PASTOR JAMES COLLINS strides over, wearing white flowing robes. He is brimming with positive energy, sporting a wide grin.

PASTOR COLLINS

Professor, professor. To what do I owe the pleasure?

Professor Van Vechten pockets his samples and whips around to the Pastor.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Collins. Good morning. Do you know who the new arrivals are?

PASTOR COLLINS

I was actually coming over to address them. This is a new batch of troubled youngsters that came in from around Georgia and the Carolina's.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Troubled how?

PASTOR COLLINS

Nothing to concern yourself
Professor, and certainly they won't
pose a threat to you or any of the
other Ika Tagane residents.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

What about the film crew? What's
happening with them? Three weeks,
not a foot of film shot. And once
their permit is up I'm telling
Anderson that my team is moving
back in to conduct more field
tests.

Pastor Collins throws his hands up in mock surprise.

PASTOR COLLINS

Professor, if I knew I would be an
open book with you. But the inner
workings of the island are out of
my hands. I just come to practice
the word of God--

The boat is nearly at the docks now.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Now Professor I do need to
introduce myself to the new members
of our congregation, and I will
unfortunately have to ask you to
make yourself scarce. Would that be
alright?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Leave now? Why?

PASTOR COLLINS

Well these kids have a lot to
process right now, I think they
should only see men of God for the
time being.

The Pastor cocks his eyebrows.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

I suppose I could get these samples
back to the lab.

PASTOR COLLINS

Good boy, run along now!

The Pastor walks away, leaving the Professor to walk back
towards his BIOTECHNOLOGY LAB.

We pivot back to see the Pastor welcoming the NEWCOMERS from aboard the ship, eventually shaking hands with Kehlani.

INT. PASTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Pastor has his hands clasped with a previously unseen TEENAGE BOY. This is LIAM. He has a boyish face and freckles, his cheeks rosy, his eyes splotched with tears, his shoulders trembling.

PASTOR COLLINS
No matter what thoughts and
emotions run through your heart,
action is what brings you toward
sin. Temptation is an impulse,
listening to the temptation is a
choice. It is *your* choice.

Liam nods, not looking the Pastor in the eyes.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Now you run along. I'll see you at
the congregation lunch tomorrow.

The Pastor waves his hand, mockingly shoos the Boy away.

The moment Liam exits, the phone *rings*.

The Pastor quickly hits the intercom button.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
'Yello?

The CHURCH RECEPTIONIST - ELIZA - is on the other line.

ELIZA (V.O.)
Pastor, the next recipient is
waiting.

PASTOR COLLINS
By all means, motion her in!

Click!

Knock, knock.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
(mock booming voice)
You may enter!

Kehlani timidly enters and quickly takes a seat.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 By all means my friend, take a
 seat, get comfortable. How are you
 today?

Kehlani says nothing.

Pastor Collins continues, clearly going off a memorized
 script.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Now I know you've had a bit of a
 shock. One moment you're in your
 comfy bed at home, the next you're
 being shipped off to an ocean in
 the middle of -er, -eh, somewhere
 far from home. But you have my full
 assurance you will be taken care
 of, you will be loved and supported
 just the same as at home. Our track
 record speaks for itself.

He slides over a pamphlet, the cover showing a photograph of
 a TEENAGE GIRL weeping and shying away from her PARENTS - in
 haunting silhouette - yelling at her in her bedroom door
 frame.

The title of the pamphlet reads *Has Sin Pulled You Away from
 Family Values?*

Kehlani doesn't know what to make of it.

The Pastor is still all smiles.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 We have had a one hundred percent
 success rate, yes that is a hundred
 with two zeros at the end. Even the
 teens and youngsters who were the
 most apprehensive about the program
 and about our methods have all
 written glowing reviews now that
 they've returned to the mainland,
 and started settling down with kids
 and a family and a house and a job
 and all that good stuff. Any
 thoughts Miss Akamu?

Kehlani takes a moment to choose her words deliberately.

KEHLANI
 I'd like to go home.

PASTOR COLLINS

For the next month you are home.
Just thirty days and then you're
back with your Mom and Dad and your
friends, driving in your car,
hitting the malt shop...

The Pastor trails off, having run out of examples.

KEHLANI

Was it my parents who had me sent
here?

PASTOR COLLINS

We are not at liberty to disclose
who sent who where. But just know
that I spoke to them personally
when they requested our services.
They have only the best intentions
for you in their hearts.

KEHLANI

And someone on the boat told me
this is more or less a conversion
camp? Where they deprogram gays?

PASTOR COLLINS

That's certainly one way to phrase
it, yes. But I see my mission here
as something a bit different. You
see--

(hesitating, collecting
his thoughts)

--the Lord conceived of man to
enjoy his beauty. Man conceived
woman to gaze on the grace of man.
Man and woman conceive their child
to share in the beauty of life
together. My mission is to ensure
everyone can enjoy the life in a
married union with a child - or God
willing - a whole bundle of
children to share a home with. I
want you to be someone who can go
out and bring new life into this
world the way it was intended.

INT. LABORATORY - BIOTECH

One of the vials of The Professor's seawater samples. Teeny
tiny marine life can be seen shifting in the bits of coral
and kelp enclosed within.

The Professor deposits the sample into a repository. *Drip, drip, drip.*

He takes a look through the viewfinder...

...which is attached to a state of the art MICROSCOPE!

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Hm.

He makes a note on a strange typing machine.

Van Vechten's LAB ASSISTANT walks by the entrance to the lab, sees Van Vechten, whips around, and enters. This is ANNABELLE TRAPP.

ANABELLE

Professor.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

(not looking away from
microscope)

Belle.

(gestures her over)

Come here. Quickly.

Anabelle considers, then decides to hold what she has to say until she's helped the Professor. She walks to his side.

ANABELLE

Yes Professor?

He pulls his head away from the viewfinder.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Look at this.

He kicks his chair back so she can get a look.

The light pouring through the viewfinder pulls Annabelle's eye right towards it.

ANABELLE

Oh.

10x magnification. There's the normal amoeboids and phytoplankton. But there is a shifting red mass somewhere buried underneath all the noise.

50x. Anabelle refocuses the lens.

The red mass is coming into focus, but it's still too small to get precise details. It is moving of its own accord, undulating and vibrating.

100x. It appears vaguely like a cluster of red blood cells. It splits off into two. Those two split off into four. Those four into eight and so on. Eventually they all decay and dissipate into a red mist.

Anabelle pulls away, a little shaken, and looks to Van Vechten.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
I believe that mass of tissue was
from one of the Rippers. So--

He looks and sees the door is still open. He hits a secret panic button that shuts the door.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)
--I believe there's still at least
one somewhere on the island. Every
one of my samples had these
mysterious cellular clusters.

ANABELLE
It could be injured. We could take
it in.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
It would have to be done in secret.
And only you are to know about this
Anabelle. I don't trust J.T. and
the others being aware of all this.

Anabelle nods.

ANABELLE
But Professor, why did it bisect
itself in that way. Is it some form
of attempt at self-repair? Like an
Axolotl.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
As we've seen with the field tests
conducted by my team a few years
ago, they have the ability to split
their physical form in two. This
revelation leads me to believe they
can perform this multiple times.
But, after a few bisections so to
speak, their cellular structures
decay and all organisms born from
this process quickly die off.

ANABELLE
I think your instinct is correct
Professor.

(MORE)

ANABELLE (CONT'D)
With that settled, I do have to
tell you some bad news about
Patient Z-0.

INT. HALLWAY - BIOTECH

Van Vechten and Annabelle hurriedly pace down the corridor, occasionally slowing down the pace to smile and wave or nod to a SCIENTIST coming the other direction.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Why didn't you say something
before? Why didn't you find me out
on the shore?

ANABELLE
I'm sorry, I knew you had field
tests today, I just didn't want it
to be an imposition.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
The well-being of--
(waving to a SCIENTIST)
--hello--
(bringing his voice to a
whisper for Annabelle)
--the well-being of the patient is
always top priority whenever I'm on
this island.

The Professor walks to a nearby door, marked with codes and symbols indicating only staff with top security clearance are allowed to enter.

He swipes a keycard, inputs a code, and performs a retinal scan.

The door opens for them. The room on the other side is dark.

INT. PATIENT Z-0'S CELL

Van Vechten and Annabelle enter, both of them being cautious and considerate in their steps. Trying not to make any noise.

The door closes behind them with a loud *CLANG!*

They pause.

An array of medical instruments, all of them lighting up in random sequencing, all of them *beeping* and *booping* in some unknown rhythm.

All of these instruments are wired into a giant glass pod, filled with a bubbling green liquid.

Inside the pod is the body of the BABY from the initial assault on the Reef Ripper colony.

She has aged a few years, and is now entering the tail end of her adolescence. This is Patient Z-0.

Annabelle investigates nearby panels showing quality of life, an alien heart monitor shows that Patient Z-0 is still alive and healthy.

Inside the pod, Patient Z-0 fidgets and shake, causing torrents of bubbles to form in the wake of her movements.

Professor Van Vechten kneels before the pod and stares inside.

He leans in to get a closer look.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
(not peeling eyes away)
How long has she been like this?
How long has she been in motion?

ANABELLE
About three hours.

They take a beat to listen to the monitors, to watch her movements.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)
The strange thing is I've looked over everything. There's been no difference in brain activity, heart rhythm, oxygen tubes are functional, no anomalies detected.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
That can't be right, there must be some difference in brain activity if she's moving. Even if its slight.

ANABELLE
Professor.

The Professor looks at Annabelle.

ANABELLE (CONT'D)
I think we need to do something to improve her quality of life. And I know you want that as much as I do.
(MORE)

ANABELLE (CONT'D)

With your permission, I'd like to introduce THE DRUG into her system.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

I don't know. I just want to be able to get her out of the life support pod, get her on physical rehabilitation, and reintroduce her to the island.

ANABELLE

You know we can't. She's too sick. And the island has become too hostile to the Rippers.

The Professor looks back to the pod, suppressing emotion.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Put her on a small dose to start. Ramp it up everyday for the next seven days until a full dosage of THE DRUG has been introduced into the pod's fluid.

Anabelle goes to kneel next to him.

ANABELLE

With THE DRUG in her system, she'll see again, she'll hear. She'll play music, she'll be with loved ones. She'll have the ability to make memories again. It's the best thing for her right now--

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Until the research is done, I know.
(short beat)
May I have a moment alone with her for a moment.

ANABELLE

Sure.

Anabelle walks out.

The door opens.

Clang!

The Professor puts his hand to the pod and weeps.

The Patient convulses...

She is sensing something...

She is connecting with something...

Her heart beats arrhythmically.

EXT. CORAL REEF - DAY

It is still broad daylight on the surface of the island, but where this reef lies, it runs a bit darker, sunlight still dappling the pale colors of the reef.

We still hear the heartbeat of the Patient. *Thump, thump.*

Kelp sways with the current of the ocean.

Thump, thump.

Something is moving in the reef.

Thump, thump.

Something alive, something jostling and trembling in rhythm with the Patient's heartbeat.

Thump, thump.

A torrent of bubbles from the figure.

Thump, thump.

A screech.

The heartbeat stops.

The ocean is still.

A school of fish swims by.

The kelp is still.

More bubbles.

More shaking.

More motion.

The figure lurches toward the surface, in a frenzied blur. It is too fast and too dark to make out details on the silhouette.

As it disappears, we see a boat trudge along on the surface.

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

A NATIVE WORKER diligently ties knots of rope, securing the ship to the dock. His name is KUATA.

He sports head to toe tattoos, designs and script entrenched in folklore and tradition specific to the TAGANAN people. He does his best to hide these tattoos in his work uniform and baseball cap.

The BOARD of Equatorial Holdings steps off the luxurious ship, more or less a yacht.

There is chatter from the old codgers that make up the board of directors, all of them walking by Kuata without even a glance.

Last off the boat is Harrison and JT, they aren't talking.

JT flips a silver dollar to Kuata.

J.T. ANDERSON
(mock Clint Eastwood
voice)
Keep the change, partner.

Harrison kindly approaches and shakes Kuata's hand, Kuata is taken aback.

HARRISON
Hi, thank you for your help today,
what's your name?

KUATA
Kuata, sir, I...

He trails off, trying to mask that his sentence morphed into his native language.

Harrison dutifully listens and nods.

HARRISON
Are you coming to the--

JT pulls Harrison away from the conversation quickly. He places his arm around Harrison's shoulder, aggressively pulling him in tight.

J.T. ANDERSON
Listen, poindexter. The natives
don't want to mingle. They don't
want to hang out. They want to do
their jobs, go back to their
houses, see their own families.
(MORE)

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
They don't fucking care about the
Equatorial Holdings CEO's birthday
party.

INT. JEEP - DUSK

The dashboard of a Jeep, tearing through a trail ripping through a slice of the jungle, bumping and thumping across the rocky road.

A statue of a Hula Girl is adhered to the dash, erratically shaking with the bumps of the car.

JT and Harrison sit in silence.

INT. KEHLANI'S BUNK - NIGHT

Kehlani lies in bed, crying.

The door opens.

Light pours in.

Kehlani quickly composes herself and hits a nearby desk lamp.

Lisa enters, timidly shutting the door behind her.

The room is bare, with plain yellow walls, one window, red curtains, and a pair of bunk beds.

Kehlani has bolted upright in the bottom bunk.

KEHLANI
Hi. Was it--

LISA
Lisa. Hi Kehlani. I think we're
bunkmates.

KEHLANI
Hey, alright.

Lisa walks to set her luggage down on the desk.

Lisa only has one small duffel bag. She rifles through it, only having a few changes of clothes.

She *sighs*.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

LISA

My Mom didn't pack any of my books.
I'm just going to have to sit on
the beach and stare at the water.

Short beat. Lisa gives up her search.

KEHLANI

May I ask you something?

Lisa approaches Kehlani, and leans on the ladder to the top bunk.

Lisa eyes the beds.

LISA

Are you set on bottom bunk or do
you have a preference?

KEHLANI

No, I just, I don't know, what do
you prefer?

LISA

I don't care, I can be top bunk.

KEHLANI

Okay.

LISA

What was your question?

KEHLANI

Oh, right. So, if this is stepping
over a line, please tell me... but,
how do you know your Mom sent you
here?

LISA

She's a single parent, I have no
brothers and sisters, haven't
talked to my Dad since he walked,
eleven? Twelve years ago? Point
being, she's out of her mind. Yells
at me every night, calls me a--
(masks emotion)
Calls me a fucking--
(trails off)
--something every night. So yeah,
she's sent me to this kind of thing
before.

She pulls a cigarette from nowhere, lights it, takes a puff.

LISA (CONT'D)

Your parents ever send you to one of these?

Kehlani is a bit stunned. Her and Charlotte never smoked.

KEHLANI

No. They didn't find out I was with another woman until kind of recently.

LISA

They didn't approve.

KEHLANI

In their own way, yes.

Lisa rolls her eyes.

LISA

Everyone does things in their own way. Either you love your kid or you don't. Either you respect their choices or you don't. My Dad left me in his own way, at the side of the road after a little league soccer game. I was so excited to tell him I won. He'll never know we won county championships that year.

Lisa takes a beat to see if Kehlani will respond, taking a long inhale on the cigarette in the interval.

LISA (CONT'D)

There are billions and billions of ways you can tell someone you love them. You can show them you care. You can nourish them, you can learn their favorite things, and make sure it's always served on a plate for them. You can hold their umbrella when it rains, and tuck them in at night, and kiss them on the forehead, and nuzzle their little head when they're sick. And some kids don't get that.

Lisa walks to the window, flicks the lit butt outside.

She walks to her bunk, still talking as she ascends the ladder.

LISA (CONT'D)

Sorry if that's a lot for our first night. But I've been through this kind of camp three times now, it's going to be a long and honestly really suck-y month. So goodnight.

Lisa slumps into bed, lazily throwing the covers over herself.

Kehlani sits on her words, still a little dazed.

She raises a shaky hand to the lamp and shuts it off.

Through the window, she sees a faint light in the distance.

It is a blazing fire.

Tribal drums cry out, *boom ch-ch-cha boom boom ch-ch-cha!*

HULA DANCERS perform a dance around the fire.

EXT. HULA PARTY - NIGHT

The Tribal Dancers are reaching the apex of their performance, their motion increasing in intensity, the drums getting faster and louder.

It is clear by their dress that the native Taganans are not in their traditional clothing. They are instead dressed in a pastiche of Hawai'ian and Polynesian garb.

The DANCERS - all WOMEN - have covered their tattoos in makeup, though some can be seen in flickers of firelight.

The MEN - performing the percussion - do not seem to be doing so enthusiastically.

The performance concludes, leading to a round of polite applause from the aged crowd, entirely composed of Equatorial employees.

Hors d'oeuvres are brought out by WAITERS on shiny silver platters, enthusiastically snatched up by the employees.

Some of the WAIT STAFF scramble to get a microphone set up for toasts.

Just as they get everything set up, JT walks in right on cue, with a flourish of insincere laughter and applause.

J.T. ANDERSON
Can we give it up for our
performers?

More applause.

JT cues them to be silent.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I just wanted to thank everyone
from Equatorial for making it out
here. A boat ride to the South
Pacific is a big ask, but I am
sincerely grateful to everyone who
came. I additionally wanted to take
Pastor Collins, who personally saw
to it that this island was blessed
prior to our arrival, so we are on
holy land.

Scattered applause.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And an additional thanks to
everyone in his congregation, who
have been so welcoming and
supportive as we continue to make
this island a hotspot for
development.
(clears throat)
And I would be remiss if I did not
thank the people of Ika Tagane, who
have been so warm, and have really
-eh, illuminated us as to the -ah,
traditions of their culture.

Scattered applause.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And now, without further ado, the
CEO of Equatorial Holdings, the man
who made this all possible, Mr.
Harrison Miller!

Cheers and applause as JT jogs back to his seat, pats
Harrison on the back.

Harrison timidly waddles up to the microphone.

HARRISON
Hello everyone. It's good to see
everyone from work here.

Robert Holmwood pipes up after downing a glass of whiskey.

ROBERT HOLMWOOD
Richest man in the world! Yee haw!

Laughter from the audience.

HARRISON
I-yes, -eh, thank you. It's a
thrill to be here on our - on this
- new development. Everything I've
seen of Ika Tagane has been
beautiful, and I'm just--

A rustle in the trees. Harrison looks terrified.

No one else seems to notice, just fixated on his strange
reaction.

Snickers and murmurs from the crowd.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
I would just like to thank our
board. Robert. Vivienne. Samuel.
Palmer. J.T., of course...

He rifles through the notes in his mind.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Having seen the beauty of this
island now for the first time, I
recognize how different it is from
the photographs and the films I've
seen. As we continue developing--

Shrieks and howls from the treetops.

Some people in the crowd stand, alarmed.

There is nothing in the trees.

Some sit back down, mumbling that it must've been a Monkey or
a Parrot.

Harrison steps away from the podium to investigate the source
of the noise.

A *whoosh*, a flurry of movement in the trees.

A generator nearby explodes!

The area loses all electric light.

A flurry of movement on the ground.

The fire pit goes out, followed by all the tiki torches.

The crowd is frozen in stunned silence, sitting in the dark, the howling of wildlife suddenly deafening.

The silhouettes of two or three - maybe even four - Rippers tears through the crowd.

Sounds of ripping and tearing are heard, it's too dark for Harrison to see - or even make sense of - exactly what's happening.

After a beat of the frenzy, the Rippers disappear back into the jungle, releasing vicious *shrieks* before they vanish.

The flames come back to life.

Screams from a few people reacting to the dead bodies now lying on the ground, or slumped over in their chairs.

Harrison, having not been made aware of the Rippers, is too stunned to say anything.

JT calmly rises to his feet to address everyone.

J.T. ANDERSON

Alright everyone, let's not lose our cool. The Biotech labs have secure facilities, nothing can get in or out without the Professor's knowledge. We can seek refuge there while we get this all sorted out.

INT. HALLWAY - BIOTECH

Red lights flash in the halls of the laboratory. Sirens blare.

SCIENTISTS and RESEARCHERS run around in a panic.

Van Vechten and Anabelle stride through with zero hesitation.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

If the Patient isn't in the pod, I will deal with Mr. Anderson, and make sure his goons aren't assigned to this.

Anabelle nods.

ANABELLE

Okay, Professor.

They turn the corner and approach the door to Z-0's holding cell.

Keycard. Code. Retinal scan.

INT. PATIENT Z-0'S CELL

The Professor and Anabelle enter. Their faces immediately drop.

The Patient's pod has been shattered, green goo still trickling down onto the floor, the circuits of the electrical instruments fried and sparking.

INT. HALLWAY - BIOTECH

Patient Z-0 runs frantically down an empty corridor, lights still flashing, siren still *screeching*.

She is panting and running out of energy, she's never had to run before.

She sees the feet of some researchers turning the corner, and she ducks into a nearby room, the door automatically shutting and locking behind her.

INT. ORGANISM ROOM - BIOTECH

The darkened room is lit only by work lights in cages lining the wall. Each of the cages contain one to three of each species endemic to Ika Tagane.

There are parrots, insects, fish, rays, turtles, some of them more familiar to us than others. Some of them much more alien than anything we've seen before.

She walks to the far wall, eyes scanning over charts and diagrams with great intensity.

She notes a map of Ika Tagane, the first time she's ever seen the island in full.

Tucked in the corner of the room are the Professor's anatomical diagrams of the Rippers.

When she gets to the words on the page, she attempts to say the scientific name aloud, only babbling comes out.

She gets to the words *Reef Ripper*.

PATIENT Z-0
Ree-e-ef, ef, ef. Reef. Re-ef. Re-
ef ripe-rip-ripper. Reef Ripper.

She cocks her head. The words mean nothing to her.

Patient Z-0 walks down the other side of the room, her hand glossing over each of the animal cages individually.

She stares at each one intensely, giving them each a moment of respect. Her heart breaks for their captivity.

She reaches the last cage, stares at the lock, stares at her fin, then with one quick strike of her fin, destroys the lock.

INT. HALLWAY - BIOTECH

The Professor and Anabelle are walking together, quietly whispering about what to do about the situation.

A cluster of SCIENTISTS run past them screaming.

Before they're able to react, they see the source of the trouble, a horde of animals stampeding down the hallway.

The Professor and Anabelle turn on their heels and take off in the other direction.

After the corridor has cleared, Patient Z-0 checks that the coast is clear, and uses the chance to dart out.

EXT. BIOTECH LABORATORY - NIGHT

Patient Z-0 runs out of the lab.

She sees people approaching and stumbles forward, getting sand all over her face.

She ducks behind a rock just before they look in her direction.

There are quiet, tense murmurs from the crowd, comprised of the Equatorial Holdings board.

JT, seemingly in no rush, knocks on the door to the lab.

Z-0 watches as the door opens, the Professor welcomes them in, and the door shuts.

Z-0 scurries off into the distance.

INT. DINING ROOM - BIOTECH

Professor Van Vechten sits at one end of a table, he sighs heavily, unsure of how to open the conversation.

JT sits bored on the other end, feet kicked up.

Adjacent to them both is Harrison, fiddling with his hands, nervous for what the Professor might say.

The rest of the board is calmly eating snacks at a table in the background.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Now... there's not an easy way to say this, but there's been a bit of a disturbance in our operations of this facility.

HARRISON

Disturbance in what way?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Well, we had some animals escape our custody, but we're corralling them now.

The door to the hallway opens. Outside the room, a SCIENTIST chases down a rooster through the hall.

The door shuts.

Both men look back to the Professor.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

They were let loose we presume.

(talking a little quicker)

We know the er, test subject, escaped and we think she let them out as a diversion.

J.T. ANDERSON

Escaped? Escaped when?

HARRISON

What escaped?

J.T. ANDERSON

You fucking idiot. I knew your team couldn't keep her here this long. Now what do you do if she keeps multiplying, keeps growing, comes back to the facility, and does to you what we did to her family.

HARRISON

What escaped?

J.T. ANDERSON

The last remnant of a native population of a hive of humanoid sea creatures, highly lethal, took out all of my original Ghost Comman. I- shut up--

(back to the Professor)

You should've killed it in the first place as I suggested.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

We couldn't have killed it. It's just a child. Besides, we don't even know if they're hostile to human life at this stage.

At the nearby table, Vivienne excuses herself.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

In a fostering environment--

JT rolls his eyes, behind him we can see Vivienne exit.

J.T. ANDERSON

Oh brother, in a fostering environment? In a bacta tank filled with green ooze inside a dark room inside an experimental biotechnology laboratory? You think that's good for that things brain?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

No I don't, but if it is between that and executing her you leave me no choice.

HARRISON

May I ask what's happening?

J.T. ANDERSON

We're not executing anything, we're just conducting business. And if having this land hospitable for new hotels and condos means we have to wipe out one little animal, so be it!

Harrison puts up his hand and sets it down gently. For the first time he is visibly upset.

HARRISON

I would really like to know what's happening. As the owner of this company I would like to know what's happening. I just would--

The lights flicker.

An eery electrical sound: v--o--o---ooooooooom.

The lights go dead.

They look to each other, falling silent, lit only by the dancing lights of electrical panels that adorn the walls of the room.

A crowbar goes through the door, and it gets pried open.

Annabelle enters, wielding a flashlight.

She marches straight up to the table, looking only at the Professor.

CHARLOTTE

Please come with me. All three of you.

INT. HALLWAY - BIOTECH

The group follows Charlotte down the hallway, all of them flanked by a group of SCIENTISTS, all of whom all carry flashlights.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group pries open the door to the storage closet.

The flashlights all go to the dead body of Vivienne Westwood, smashed into the power supply box.

A jet of sparks cascades over her dead body.

J.T. ANDERSON

Hm, harmless!

He walks away from the scene, and exits into the hallway.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Harmless!

JT cackles as he walks down the hallway, his shadow looming behind a simmering Professor Van Vechten.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Charlotte's MOM - ELIZABETH TYLER - is diligently cleaning the kitchen.

Ring, ring!

ELIZABETH
I'll get it!

She realizes she's calling out to no one in particular, and walks to the landline.

She picks up the phone.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Hello, Houston residence, this is
Thomas' wife Elizabeth, how may I
help you?

A grim stream of murmuring from the other end.

She takes a deep inhale and nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Well thank you for letting me know
Officer.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Charlotte is sitting in her bed, quietly reading a book.

The sun is pouring in, the yard is active with wildlife(primarily birds and bugs).

Knock, knock.

Charlotte says nothing.

Elizabeth enters, door *creaking* open as she nervously leans on it.

ELIZABETH
Hi sweetie, how are you feeling?

CHARLOTTE
Fine. What's up?

Charlotte continues to read while she talks.

ELIZABETH
Well, gosh, I don't really know how
to go about putting this best.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

But I just got a phone call, your Grandma was on a retreat to Ika Tagane, something for the business. And someone on the island called the sheriffs station in Miami, requesting assistance in investigating a wrongful death. And I suppose what they were telling me was that your Grandma died. In an electrical accident apparently, they were visiting a biotechnology lab, God knows why.

Charlotte puts a bookmark in her book and gently closes it.

CHARLOTTE

Is this your Mom or Dad's Mom?

ELIZABETH

Your Nani. Dad's Mom.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, okay.

ELIZABETH

Are you upset?

CHARLOTTE

I mean, it's sad when any life is lost, I suppose. But I never really talked to her.

ELIZABETH

Oh thank God, I felt so bad that I was excited we wouldn't have to go to her dreadful house for Easter anymore. She was always such a bitch to me when your Father and I were dating--

EXT. STREET - DAY

Charlotte is riding her bike.

She almost rams into a car that comes barreling around a corner.

She slams her hand on the hood.

CHARLOTTE

Come the fuck--

Hisssssss--

Charlotte looks down to investigate the tire.
 The car honks to get her to move out of the way.
 She ran over a nail, her tires now fully deflated.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Charlotte is walking her bike down the street.

EXT. KEHLANI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte kicks the kickstand, and sets the bike to the side of the porch.

She knocks on the door.

Merigold answers, and on seeing Charlotte, her face immediately falls.

MERIGOLD
 Oh, hi Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
 Hi! Is Kehlani home?

INT. YOUTH GROUP ROOM - DAY

Kehlani sits in a folding chair, staring into space.

The blank white-gray walls of the room envelop her, pulling out we see sparse decorations. Posters depicting Noah's Ark, Mary-Ann feeding a lamb, "Jesus Loves Reading!", and so on.

The decorations and tchotchke's that adorn the room are equally lame.

Kehlani hears someone enter the room, her eyes and ears perk up. When she sees it's Pastor Collins, she goes back to staring into space.

PASTOR COLLINS (O.S.)
 Alright everyone, first day, a little nerve wracking but we'll get through it okay.

Kehlani's eyes shift to the Pastor.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 I was trying hard to think of an icebreaker activity.
 (MORE)

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)

First of all, actually, this is my first group on the actual island, so this is a real treat. I stayed up all night thinking of group activities and - y'know - trips to the tide pools and what not, but for now let's just go around and introduce ourselves. And when you introduce yourselves I want you to name something - or *someone* - which you love dearly. I'll start. My name is Jeremiah Collins. I am thirty two years old, I have been a pastor my whole adult life. I have a wife named Joanne, who passed on to the Lord about four years ago. Ever since her passing, I shifted to running these youth groups to honor her memory. Y'know--

(clears throat)

--we always wanted kids. But it just never happened. And I believe that the Lord didn't want me to be a single father so that I could dedicate my life to helping all you youngsters. So that's my - that's my - that's my most important - that's the thing I love the most. Joanne.

He goes silent.

He regains himself, all smiles, and points to the person to his right.

It's Lisa.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Lisa, you next.

LISA

My name is Lisa Anderson. I am eighteen. The person I love the most is... a girl from my college class. I met her in a Psychology lecture. Her name is Colleen.

PASTOR COLLINS

Is this a romantic partner of yours?

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA

Her and I were romantic for a bit,
and I was steering us toward a
relationship. And she kept saying
she wasn't ready for that. And I
asked if she'd ever be ready. She
said she loved me more than
anything, but that she was only
attracted to men, y'know,
physically. She wished she could be
different, if she could only rewire
her brain for me. The last time I
saw her she held me in her arms.
And said she was sorry. When I told
her I would always be in love with
her, she left. And I haven't seen
her since.

PASTOR COLLINS

You think possibly she saw the
light of the Lord? And if it makes
you feel better, there is a world
where you both overcome these
impulses, and you realize you would
be so so much happier as best
friends. Wouldn't you like that?

Lisa looks to the floor and sadly nods.

Kehlani is up next.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)

Kehlani?

Kehlani nervously clears her throat and deeply sighs.

KEHLANI

Hi. My name is Kehlani Akamu. I'm
nineteen. I'm from Hawai'i. Well, I
was born there. I've spent all my
life that I can remember in Omaha.
And that's about it.

PASTOR COLLINS

There's no one you love dearly
Kehlani?

Kehlani thinks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlotte angrily paces around the living room while Merigold sits in a nearby recliner, nervously fidgeting with her hands, looking at the floor.

CHARLOTTE

I mean - I'm sorry Mrs. Akamu - but have you lost your fucking mind! She could be anywhere! You don't know these people! You don't know the island! You didn't go with her! You didn't even see the boat! I mean, how did they get her out of the house?

Merigold makes a horrific facial expression as she tilts her head up to look at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

How Mrs. Akamu?

Merigold's eyes dart away to avert eye contact.

MERIGOLD

They... came in... while we were sleeping... and they grabbed Kehlani while she was in bed... and they took her out the front door.

Charlotte is stunned.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Charlotte sits in the airport, nervous.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Charlotte sits on the plane, bored.

EXT. AIRPORT - DUSK

Charlotte sits outside the airport, waiting.

INT. TAXI - DUSK

Charlotte sits in the taxi, exhausted, she slumps against the door.

She looks out the window and looks up at a swirling mass of clouds.

INT. PASTOR'S OFFICE - DUSK

The same mass of clouds, through the window of the church.

PASTOR COLLINS (O.S.)
Miss Akamu?

Kehlani is looking out the window.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Hello?
(alien voice)
Earth to Kehlani...

Kehlani looks back to him, still a bit dazed.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
I'm going to cut right to the
chase. Are you familiar with a
concept called hypnotherapy?

Kehlani shakes her head.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Well it's a new field of the
sciences, and I believe it could
yield significant results.

He pulls out a suitcase and unbuckles it.

Pastor Collins lays out an array of metal pieces, deposits the suitcase under the desk, before arranging the metal bits into a sculpture.

The somewhat sophisticated sculpture is brought into motion with a prod from the Pastor's finger, and a quiet *ding*.

The sculpture emulates the motion of ocean waves.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Are you looking at it?

Kehlani nods, and does seem to be somewhat hypnotized by the ocean.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
How do you feel right now?

KEHLANI
Fine.

PASTOR COLLINS
Where are we?

KEHLANI
An island.

PASTOR COLLINS
What island?

KEHLANI
Ika Tagane.

PASTOR COLLINS
Do you like being here?

KEHLANI
No.

PASTOR COLLINS
Why?

KEHLANI
I didn't choose to be here.

PASTOR COLLINS
You will change your mind.

Kehlani says nothing.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
You will leave the island feeling I
have purged you from sin. You will
go home and tell your family you
have seen the light. Your neighbors
will know you as someone who is
kind and performs kind deeds out of
love for the Lord.

Kehlani vaguely nods.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
How do you feel about Charlotte?

Kehlani's head bobs and sways with the motion of the
sculpture.

KEHLANI
I'm in love with her.

PASTOR COLLINS
You may only love her as two
friends love each other. Or as I
love the youngsters in church.
(MORE)

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Or as we all love the trees or the
 mice in the walls or the smell of a
 hot pie on a cool Autumn night. The
 smell of the pie Mama used to make
 every night.

KEHLANI
 That is how I love her.

PASTOR COLLINS
 And you will not love her in a
 sexual, romantic sense.

KEHLANI
 My love for her is more than body
 or mind or even heart or soul. She
 is mine and I am hers. When I leave
 this plane we will acquiesce in the
 stars and fade into the cosmic
 radiation to let our souls swirl
 around each other with glee
 forever.

Pastor Collins is frustrated by this response.

PASTOR COLLINS
 If that is how you feel you are not
 to love this woman at all.

Tears are effortlessly trailing out of Kehlani's eyes, her
 head does not stop bobbing.

KEHLANI
 I can't stop loving her or my heart
 will stop.

Pastor Collin's voice turns to ambient noise as she stares
 deeper into the sculpture.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOCKS - TWILIGHT

Water gently smacks against the pylon of the docks.

Charlotte walks down the galley, strong winds blowing, boats
 bobbing up and down as waves *crash* in the distance.

Charlotte approaches the first FISHERMAN she sees, in the
 process of mooring a dingy dinghy.

CHARLOTTE
 Hi, are you going to Ika Tagane?

The Fisherman grumbles to her in Tagalog.

FISHERMAN
(subtitled)
I will pay you a million US dollars
to fuck off and kill yourself.

Charlotte politely nods.

CHARLOTTE
Okay, thank you!

She walks to a GRIZZLED, RAGGED SAILOR.

Charlotte peers in, seeing she's asleep.

The Sailor has an eye-patch over her right eye. The Sailor's navy blue raincoat is dirty and damp, she is fast asleep. She is missing her left hand.

Charlotte investigates the hand, seeing a hook hidden in the wrinkles of the sleeve.

Charlotte nudges her, trying to wake the Sailor.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Hey, excuse me...

EXT. JUNGLE - IKA TAGANE - NIGHT

The RECON SOLDIER - backing against a tree stump, staring down the looming silhouette of a RIPPER.

Slash!

Her hand comes off.

Scream.

The silhouette rears its fin back.

She braces for impact.

We move into her eye rapidly, and just as we're about to make impact--

EXT. DOCKS - TWILIGHT

The SAILOR - KRYSTYNA - *screams* and jolts awake.

She sees Charlotte and looks at her incredulously.

Krystyna removes her eye-patch, revealing a severely damaged and scarred eyeball.

Krystyna peers in closer, pretending that she can see better with the bad eye.

KRYSTYNA

What can I do you for?

INT. KEHLANI'S BUNK - NIGHT

Kehlani lies in her bunk, staring at the ceiling.

The ceiling is pure white.

She tosses and turns, and eventually hops out of bed, landing delicately on the floor.

She opens the window, then turns to Lisa, and closes it.

Kehlani kneels down, turns on the lamp, and watches Lisa sleep.

After a moment, Lisa stirs, murmurs, and her eyes flutter open.

LISA

(groggily)

Good morning Kehlani, what's good?

KEHLANI

Would you be mad at me if I left?

LISA

Whaddoyoumean?

Lisa rubs her eyes, yawns, and sits up.

LISA (CONT'D)

No, I wouldn't be mad at you, who cares?

KEHLANI

Well, I've just, I've grown to like and appreciate the people in this group. And especially you, just being together the last couple nights. And I don't want you to feel like I'm abandoning you. But I just need to leave. I can't be in a place like this. I can't be apart from Charlotte.

LISA

I understand. It's okay, I promise
I wouldn't be mad.

KEHLANI

I can come back for you. I can get
us a boat out of here. Somehow.

LISA

I'll be fine. I'll wait out my term
here, or I'll make it out in my own
time. Don't worry about me.

Lisa peers in and kisses KehlanI on the head, then suddenly
pulls back, embarrassed.

LISA (CONT'D)

Have a good night. I love you.

Lisa gets back under the covers and rolls over.

KehlanI opens the window, climbs out, and disappears into the
dark jungle.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Patient Z-0 limps into the cave, sniffing and groaning.

A passing CRAB makes her shriek in terror.

As she recognizes the Crab, the Crab waves its tiny claw.

Z-0 waves back.

Z-0 walks through the cave until she finds a reflective pool,
shiny and surprisingly bright, reflecting a sliver of
moonlight from a crack in the rocky surface above.

She bends down, seeing additional pockets of shimmering waves
of light. Its a herd of bioluminescent fish, which dashes
around the pool gleefully.

Now somewhat more comfortable, Z-0 finds a somewhat comfy bed
of sand and lies down.

Tears pool in her eyes as she struggles to drift off to
sleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

TRACK: ?

Z-0's eyes flutter open.

She looks down to see she's wearing a beautiful floral dress.

Around her, the Reef Rippers are conducting a ritual, much more lively and joyful than we had seen previously. The adults smile and wave at Z-0.

She looks to the side.

Another RIPPER, about her age, is wearing a suit and tie. He looks at her meekly and waves.

Collecting himself, he stands up and offers out his hand. With a twinkle in Z-0's eyes, she stands up and takes it, following him into the night.

They descend deeper and deeper into the jungle.

Z-0 looks back to see the Rippers smiling and waving as they fade into the distance.

Eventually Z-0's suitor leads her to a clearing deep in the jungle, completely remote. The jungle comes to life, lighting up with streaks of luminescent teal, swarms of lightning bugs.

Z-0 looks at them in wonder as an alien looking bioluminescent BUTTERFLY zooms in and lands on her nose, the tickle making her laugh.

The Suitor pulls her back to reality, grasping her hands and smiling.

He takes a long pause, gathering up the courage to say something in their native tongue.

SUITOR
 (in native language)
 Em tau okha, Lulu.
 (subtitled)
 I love you Lulu.

LULU
 (in English)
 I love you.

He runs his fin down the side of her head and pulls her in, and just before they kiss-

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Lulu snaps awake.

She looks around at the cave, now dark, no longer alive with the noise and energy of the wildlife.

Disappointed, she goes back to sleep.

INT. EMPLOYEES LOUNGE - BIOTECH

JT and Harrison sit in the sterile, decor-less void, on two plain white chairs at a plain white table.

Spare employee uniforms are hung up on a nearby door-less closet, benign medical supplies and bare bones kitchen ware is all that adorn the room.

Harrison hears footsteps outside and looks to the door, a motionless red light on the electronic lock indicating that they are locked in from the outside.

Green!

The door zips open.

Professor Van Vechten peers in.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Hi. We are still searching for the Ripper that killed Mrs. Houston, so far no sign.

J.T. ANDERSON

And the kid? The patient?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

No sign either. I sent one of our researchers to comb the beach. I've marked that as low priority since she doesn't pose any physical risk to personnel.

J.T. ANDERSON

I want to call in Ghost Command now.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

What remains of Ghost Command is of no use to me. Any specimens found is to be preserved and kept alive, my team and I will determine where their fates lie.

J.T. ANDERSON

I--

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

I will have to raise the possibility with you that there are multiple Rippers present. We know they reproduce asexually--

J.T. ANDERSON

They--

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

I told you this in our initial meetings Mr. Anderson. Right now I would guess there are five on the island, including the patient. Rest assured you are both in the jurisdiction of Biotech now... we will make sure the situation is resolved.

With the silent press of a nearby button, the door closes.

JT is visibly fuming but says nothing.

HARRISON

May I know what's happening?

J.T. ANDERSON

Why sure, those things are going to rip me apart sometime this weekend, so I may as well.

(short beat, he makes a face)

What are your questions?

HARRISON

What is Ghost Command?

J.T. ANDERSON

A small team of paramilitary's I hired to sweep the island prior to development. There were eight sent here, seven survive.

HARRISON

Where did you get funding for that?

J.T. ANDERSON

When Equatorial received the grant from the Department of Defense, I appropriated it as necessary.

(MORE)

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
All internal hires, all former
Naval cadets. Kept the price tag
pretty low honestly.

HARRISON
I mean, this was all done with my
authorization. This is my company,
and, and, I-I didn't know any of
this. Seven people died because I
wasn't informed, because no one
told me.

J.T. ANDERSON
No one told you because you
wouldn't have made the tough calls.
I sent willing soldiers here to
fulfill their duty. And they did so
admirably.

HARRISON
What exactly did they do in their
sweep?

J.T. ANDERSON
In the Professor's initial field
reports, he noted that there was a
species endemic to the island that
was highly dangerous. Bipedal,
seven feet tall at full maturity,
able to survive underwater for
days, highly lethal. Highly
territorial. I decided it was
necessary to have them wiped out
before development.

HARRISON
And the kid is the one that was
left. Or so you thought.

J.T. ANDERSON
Yes, the Professor foolishly
decided to research it while he had
the chance. I thought it was
foolish but I also thought it was
just a kid, so I made the
concession. And look at us now.

HARRISON
When your team of soldiers swept
the island how many of these
creatures did they kill?

A loud *thud*.

JT barely reacts.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
How many?

Bzzt.

The lights go dead.

Footsteps.

Rip. Tear.

Screech.

Harrison and JT stare at each other in the dark as they hear screams from outside.

The electronic panel malfunctions, sparks shoot out.

The door whips open.

JT points at the door and smiles.

J.T. ANDERSON
Well, shall we?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - BIOTECH

As Harrison and JT stalk through the darkness, bare slits of sweeping red and green light from malfunctioning equipment show the chamber.

A sprawling desk makes way to several corridors, going out in four separate directions.

A map and signage indicates the different rooms and labs each corridor leads to.

Across from the desk is a waiting room, lined with tables and chairs, littered with reading material and rotary telephones.

Behind the waiting area is the door that leads back to the island.

JT pulls out a flashlight and clicks it on, making his way to the exit.

He takes a chair from the waiting area and flips it over.

Putting the flashlight in his mouth, he pulls out a screwdriver from his pocket, and quickly dismantles the chair.

Harrison nervously watches from nearby.

JT pulls a metal bar from the scraps of what was once a chair and jams it into the exit door, attempting to pry it open.

With a lot of creaking and groaning, he manages to get the door a crack open.

J.T. ANDERSON
(hissing to Harrison)
I think we can get through here.

JT sticks his arm through the door to demonstrate.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
It'll be a tight squeeze though.

Harrison creeps over.

HARRISON
J.T., do you think anyone is left
here?

Thud.

A quick jostle of the building throws the flashlight from JT's mouth, it rolls across the floor until it hits a table.

The path of the flashlight beam illuminates the right-most corridor, shining light on the dead bodies of several SCIENTISTS.

JT and Harrison do their best not to react, instead creeping slowly backwards toward the exit.

Something moves across the roof, they track the movement of the noise with their eyes.

Eventually it arrives near the right-most corridor.

A *screech* of metal as the Ripper tears through the roof with its fins, stealthily leaping down to the floor before.

It stretches itself out, revealing all of its figure in the flashlight beam, raising its head to the Moon high above the hole in the roof, *screeching* with all its might.

JT and Harrison rush to the exit, Harrison is midway through crawling through the door.

The RIPPER makes its way through the chamber, *screeching* and *groaning* with every step.

Something has weakened it, but it still retains enough power in itself to rip the two humans to shreds.

As Harrison attempts to pull JT out, the RIPPER arrives.

It peers down as JT looks at it with total cool and resolve.

With a quick rip of its fin, it tears a hole through JT's abdomen, how finally lets out a howl of pain.

Nearby, a door flings open with a screech, from one of the middle corridors.

Robert Holmwood runs out of the open door, alternately wheezing and screaming.

Upon seeing the RIPPER, he clutches at his heart, his breaths becoming quicker and more pained.

He sinks to the floor.

As the Ripper runs to him, Harrison grabs at JT and starts to pull him through.

JT clumsily pulls a phone off a nearby side table.

The RIPPER descends on Holmwood, and immediately detects he's died.

Disappointed, the RIPPER easily reaches into the ceiling and pulls out a live wire, sparking and *hissing* as it pulls the wire down.

JT dials a number as quickly as he can.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
(hurriedly)
We don't have time, come on.

The phone rings.

JT waits with baited breath.

The RIPPER shocks Holmwood with the wire, bringing him back to life with a gasp of air.

In the brief moment of renewed life, the RIPPER plunges its fin down with a wild scream, piercing him right through his heart.

The phone clicks, and someone on the other line answers.

J.T. ANDERSON
(between labored breaths)
Krystyna... this is J.T.
Anderson... get to Ika Tagane
immediately.

As the RIPPER rushes over, Harrison determines they've run out of time, and he yanks J.T. out.

The phone sits on the floor as the RIPPER rushes over.

KRYSTYNA (V.O.)
Hello? Hello? Hel--

The RIPPER crushes it with its final step.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Charlotte sits by a lantern on the deck of Krystyna's tiny boat.

She shivers as the cold ocean air whips in her hair, a thick marine lair surrounding them on all sides.

Krystyna exits her cockpit, still rattled by the phone call.

She calmly drapes a blanket around Charlotte's shoulders, who wordlessly thanks her, and goes back to staring at the ocean.

KRYSTYNA
You said your friend was stranded
on Ika Tagane?

Charlotte nods, a couple stray tears pooling in her eyelids.

KRYSTYNA (CONT'D)
Can I ask why she's there?

CHARLOTTE
Her Mom sent her there. I don't
think I can say why.

KRYSTYNA
Okay, do you know who took her?

Charlotte shakes her head.

KRYSTYNA (CONT'D)
Okay, I just need you to listen
very carefully to what I say to you
next. I've been to this island, and
your friend is very likely in grave
danger.

(MORE)

KRYSTYNA (CONT'D)

There is a harpoon gun and flares
on this boat. If anything happens
to me take them, signal for help,
and shoot anything that attacks you
with the harpoon.

Charlotte glances at the harpoon and flares nearby.

Her eyes dart back.

CHARLOTTE

Okay.

EXT. JUNGLE/BEACH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A branch *cracks*.

Kehlani, bloodied and bruised, is pulling herself out of a particularly thorny bush.

She breathes a sigh of relief, glad to be done with the pain.

Looking up, she sees a barbed wire fence.

She shakes the fence, hoping to find some opening or weak spot. Nope. She breathes a sigh of defeat.

Looking back she sees the CHURCH, its giant luminescent white cross lighting up the Jungle.

Instinctively, she reaches for the fence and scales it.

Reaching the top, she braces herself to touch the barbed wire.

Without another thought, she grabs ahold, pulls herself up, resists the burning desire to scream, gets on the other side and drops down with a *thud*.

She limps toward the Cave, examining the damage on her hand, they are thrashed.

She goes to the shore and dips her hands in the ocean, grimacing as a rush of water flows across her hands.

Pulling them out, she sees they're still thrashed.

She looks to the Moon.

Howls from the Jungle. From the Biotech building. She assumes it's some kind of bird or howler monkey.

Looking down, she sees the opening in the cave.

With nowhere left to go, she crawls in.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kehlani crawls into the cave, stumbling as she stands upright.

She peers around, her eyes adjusting to the light.

She freezes.

There are footsteps just outside the cave.

She ducks in a safe place.

The padding of footsteps and the quiet murmur of voices grows louder and louder.

Kehlani peers through a hole in the rocks, seeing as Harrison pulls a bloodied JT onto a soft bed of sand.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Harrison peers down to examine JT's wound.

JT swats him away.

J.T. ANDERSON

I'm fine Harrison, this is no worse than anything that happened to me in Korea.

HARRISON

Did you ever get shot in battle?

J.T. ANDERSON

No, but I took a mighty tumble down a cliffside. North Korean soldiers took me in and fed me. They left me in the mud for my command to find. I never told them that I was let go.

He drifts off, his eyes turn to the stars.

HARRISON

You're losing a lot of blood Mr. Anderson.

J.T. ANDERSON

It's not enough for me to bleed out.

(MORE)

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
We wait for Ghost Command to get
here, clear out the last Rippers,
then get the fuck off this island
so I can go to an American
hospital.

HARRISON
Van Vechten could still be alive. I
can search for him to--

J.T. ANDERSON (O.S.)
No!

As Harrison goes to walk away, JT grabs him, looking at him
with pleading eyes.

Harrison gives in, and sits in the sand with JT, gazing up at
the stars.

JT winces and blocks his bleeding wound with his hands, not
wanting Harrison to see.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I can big dog you
sometimes. And I'm sorry I didn't
tell you everything that was
happening on this island. I just
thought if this endeavour
succeeded, we'd all succeed. The
old men on the board, I didn't care
what happened to them. But you and
I, I wanted us to have secure
futures. I wanted us to come back
from Korea and run big businesses
and buy nice houses, find a wife
and give her whatever she wanted.
That's all I wanted, for you at
least.

HARRISON
When we go home, this all goes
away. I'm going to have to report
all of this JT. I can't lie to the
families of everyone who died--

Clang.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Kehlani backs away, having just dislodged a cluster of rock
that tumbled to the ground with the noise just heard outside.

She sees through the cracks that Harrison looks over and moves in to investigate.

As quickly and quietly as she can, she backs away until she can fully run deeper into the cave.

Eventually, she trips on a rock and lands in the reflecting pool with a *splash*.

She gathers herself and goes to sit up, surprised by how little she's groaning in pain.

Kehlani looks down at her hands in the reflecting pool, seeing the wounds heal themselves, and the blood dissipating into the water.

She withdraws her hands from the water and looks at them in awe, good as new.

Shifting her eyes around she looks in wonder at all the light and life in the cave, taking it all in at once.

After a moment, her eyes land on Lulu lying dead asleep in the sand.

She screams, and after a second or so, Lulu wakes up and shrieks as well. A second after that, they register each other and go silent, recognizing neither of them pose a threat to one another.

Curiously, Kehlani crawls towards Lulu.

She kneels and puts her hands in front of her, keeping them low so as to not present any threat.

KEHLANI
My name is Kehlani.

She points at herself.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Kehlani.

Lulu sits up straight and mimics Kehlani's pose.

Lulu cautiously points a fin at Kehlani.

LULU
(struggling to enunciate)
Ke-ha-la-ni.

KEHLANI
Very good.

Lulu points her fin at herself.

LULU

Lu... lu...

KEHLANI

Lulu.

Lulu nods.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

May I shake your hand?

Lulu tilts her head curiously.

Kehlani shakes her own hand to demonstrate.

Lulu crawls a few paces closer.

Kehlani stretches out her hand.

Lulu takes her hand and examines it in wonder. She hasn't seen a human hand so close up before.

Kehlani takes the opportunity to examine Lulu's fin.

She sees it's taken some damage, still bearing some old scarring.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

Your fins are beautiful.

Lulu nods. She doesn't know what it means, but she knows it's nice.

EXT. TIDEPOLLS - DAWN

The sun is rising over the ocean surrounding Ika Tagane.

Kehlani and Lulu walk out onto the shore, taking advantage of the morning light, before other residents of the island are awake.

Lulu bends down and picks something up. It wriggles in her hand. The little critter is some distant relative of the Hermit Crab.

Proud, she hobbles over to Kehlani and shows it off.

Kehlani takes it from her happily.

KEHLANI

Oh, thank you Lulu.

Kehlani sits down on the rocks, trying not to wince as she makes contact with some jagged edges.

Kehlani examines the Crab and lets it walk around on her palm.

Kehlani points at it, displaying it to Lulu.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

Crab.

Lulu points at the Crab.

LULU

Crab.

Kehlani nods, excited.

KEHLANI

Yes, very good!

Lulu takes a moment to pause. She points at herself.

LULU

Lulu.

Lulu points at Kehlani.

LULU (CONT'D)

Keh...la...ni?

Lulu points at the Crab.

LULU (CONT'D)

Crab!

Kehlani nods.

Kehlani locks eyes with Lulu, without verbalizing, she asks permission to grab Lulu's fin.

Lulu giggles and nods.

Kehlani pulls Lulu's fin toward her and dangles the Crab over it.

KEHLANI

Give.

Kehlani drops the Crab. The Crab excitedly runs up and down Lulu's fin, *tack-a-tack-a-tack*'ing across the hard surface of the fin.

LULU
Kehlani. Give. Crab. Lulu.

Kehlani smiles and nods.

Kehlani's eyes catch something in the distance. She looks to see a small ship in the distance, then is obscured again by the marine layer.

Panicked, Kehlani rises to her feet.

KEHLANI
Lulu... Let's go to the jungle and
look for some lunch.

Lulu nods, then lowers her fin and lets the Crab run back onto the rocks.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

The Ika Tagane First National Church is largely empty, save for the seven or eight TEENS that are forced to be there.

Tall white walls make up the building, there are no statues or fascinating bits of architecture for the eye to wander to. Just rows of white pews in a giant white obelisk.

Behind the lone podium is a giant cross-shape carved into the dry wall, making way for an indented stained glass window, which is all silvers and blues.

A church organ near by sits unplayed.

The Pastor takes the podium, tapping the mic real quick to test it.

PASTOR COLLINS
HELLO--

The Youth Group TEENS wince at the volume of the feedback.

Pastor Collins reels back and tries again.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Hello.
(clears throat)
Now I don't know if any of you have
seen this, but my wife and I used
to watch America's Funniest Home
Videos every night...
(long beat)
(MORE)

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
As you may know, on that show there
are clips of poignant scenes from
the human drama, as captured by
someone's home video camera.

He licks his index finger and thumb and leafs past his first
page of notes, which is just that one paragraph printed in
giant text.

Someone in the pews *sighs* loudly enough for it to be audible
through the whole church. The Pastor either doesn't notice,
or chooses to power through.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
There was one particular clip we
had some affection for. We would
rewind the tape over and over. And
just laugh our bottoms off.

He laughs at the thought and flips to the third page.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
It was of a father and son on a
fishing trip. The kind I used to
take with my Dad every summer. The
kind I would dream of having with
my son someday.
(microscopic beat, inhale)
A huge wave hits the side of their
little fishing boat, and a giant
tuna is thrown onto the deck,
thrashing about like mad. The son
wrestles with the fish, clumsily
trying to get the fish back into
the ocean, exclaiming with wild
excitement as his mission succeeds.

Fourth page.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
I was reflecting on this clip upon
arriving at Ika Tagane. The fish
and the monkeys and the bugs and
the crabs are all just looking for
a home, looking for somewhere to
survive. Somewhere to find a mate.
Somewhere to raise a family. And
this island shows that we can live
in harmony with all of Gods
creation. We can share our bounty
and our love with them.
(MORE)

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 And in that I envision the same
 dream that the Lord mapped out when
 he set Moses onto his ark all those
 centuries ago...

He trails off as he flips to the next page. His eyes quickly
 dart around the room. Suspicious, his eyes make one more pass
 over the pews, this time more slowly.

He notices Lisa sitting alone. No Kehlani.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Lisa. Where is Miss Akamu?

Lisa shrugs.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Okay, no one has seen Kehlani?

No response.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Okay, well Lisa, please just come
 to my office after our group
 session today, alright?

He looks back to the page.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
 This morning I also did some
 reflection... on an episode of
 M*A*S*H* in which Father Mulcahy's
 faith is tested--

INT. CHURCH CORRIDOR - MORNING

Creak. Slam.

Lisa darts out of the Pastor's office, visibly crying, she
 brushes past a confused looking Professor Van Vechten.

The Professor takes another look at Lisa as he goes to open
 the door.

We can see that his lab coat is visibly bloodied.

INT. PASTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Pastor is writing up the next day's sermon on a
 typewriter.

Knock knock.

PASTOR COLLINS
(sing-song)
Come in!

The Professor hurriedly enters, concern washing over his face.

The Pastor finishes typing this page as the Professor takes a seat.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Good morning Professor, what can I do you for?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
What happened to the girl out there? Why was she crying?

PASTOR COLLINS
Oh that's Lisa, very bright young girl. Her roommate has gone missing, and I just requested a private meeting to--

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Wait missing, one of your subjects is missing?

PASTOR COLLINS
One of my youths, yes. And yes I just found out this morning.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Who did you report this to?

PASTOR COLLINS
She'll turn up Professor, it's a small island.

The Professor takes a deep breath to compose himself.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
Have you seen JT? Or Harrison? Or anyone from Equatorial? Have you seen anyone from my lab?

The Pastor kindly shakes his head.

PASTOR COLLINS
No, I've just been here ever since our first batch of heavenly recruits came in last Tuesday. I've just been talking with my kids.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Okay.

The Professor stands up and gently moves the typewriter to his chair. He sweeps off all the other nonsense, without any resistance from Collins.

The Professor reaches into his back pocket, and quickly unfolds it, revealing a giant map of Ika Tagane he lays out on the Pastor's desk.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

This is Ika Tagane.

The Professor points at the western third of the island.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

This is the primary area of impassably dense forest, it's impossible to clear without proper training and equipment. This is where my team and I found a tribe of native creatures four years ago. They are territorial, highly lethal - if aggravated - and killed several members of the troop Mr. Anderson sent in to sweep the island.

The Pastor grimaces and nods.

Points at the ocean on the northside of the island.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

This is the shallowest area of ocean on the island's perimeter. I believe one of these - we call them Reep Rippers - survived the onslaught and stowed away here for the last few years. He is now mutated and out for revenge, and has killed most of the Equatorial board, and most of my staff at Biotech.

The Pastor leans back into his chair, politely nodding, assessing the situation.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Now you and I need to make sure it is captured, and brought into my care before anyone else gets hurt and killed.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

And if you have a defenseless
teenage girl wandering around, and
if she gets hurt by this thing,
that liability is on you.

PASTOR COLLINS

Well first of all, anything we do
from this moment forward is Gods
plan. Understood?

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Fine.

INT. CHURCH CORRIDOR - DAY

The Professor prods the Pastor forward to get them at an
equal pace.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

I already put slips on the doors of
your residents, instructing them to
stay put with their doors locked. I
also left walkie talkies - courtesy
of Biotech - to make sure they can
contact me if anything were to
happen.

Short beat, the Pastor has fallen behind.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Can you please walk faster?

EXT. DOCKS - AFTERNOON

Krystyna ties her little boat to the dock, quickly taking
stock of the boats already moored.

She looks around, realizing no one came to greet them.

She shrugs it off and finishes the task.

Charlotte goes to step off the boat, and slips.

Krystyna catches her and more or less picks her up to get her
onto the dock.

Krystyna prods Charlotte into action, hustling them onto the
island as quickly as possible.

KRYSTYNA

Now, whatever happens to you from
here on out, you are in my care.

(MORE)

KRYSTYNA (CONT'D)
Whatever comes for you - or your
girlfriend - I will protect you.
You have my word.

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Lulu happily walks through the boisterous, cacophonous jungle, looking at each insect and critter that passes through her line of sight.

A few paces behind, Kehlani is a bit more cautious, scanning visually for some unseen threat.

KEHLANI
Now just be careful Lulu, you
could-- OW!--

Kehlani's hand rears back from a nearby tree, having just pricked herself on its jagged bark.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
(muttering to herself)
--prick yourself.

Kehlani looks up at the top of the short tree. Dangling just above her head is a bunch of bananas(or plantains, whatever works).

Kehlani pulls the bunch off the tree and kneels down, handing one to Lulu, and taking one for herself.

Kehlani shows her how to peel the fruit(or berry, whatever).

Lulu copies the movements exactly and takes a bite, taking a second to mush it around in her mouth. Trying to mask that she doesn't love the texture.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Fruit.

Lulu looks at it, then looks to Kehlani, nodding sagely.

LULU
Fruit. Fruit. Hm.

They finish their bananas.

Kehlani rifles through her pockets, trying to see what else she can teach Lulu.

Kehlani pulls out some coins.

KEHLANI
Money.

LULU
Money.

Kehlani pulls out a map of the American rail system.

KEHLANI
Map.

LULU
Map.

Kehlani pulls out her wallet and leafs through it. She pulls out a photo of herself as a little girl, posing sweetly with her Mom and Dad.

Kehlani flips the photo around to show Lulu.

She points at herself.

KEHLANI
Kehlani.

Lulu nods.

Kehlani points at her Dad.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Dad.

Lulu nods.

Points at her Mom.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)
Mom.

Lulu takes the photo, muttering to herself, tracing the image with her fin.

LULU
(under her breath)
Kehlani... Dad... Mom... Kehlani...
Dad... Mom...

Lulu points to themself.

LULU (CONT'D)
Lulu.

Points to Kehlani.

LULU (CONT'D)

Mom.

Lulu hands the photo back and wanders off immediately.

Kehlani quickly puts her things back in her pockets.

Lulu comes back with a coconut.

LULU (CONT'D)

Fruit.

KEHLANI

Very good, this is also fruit.

Kehlani takes the coconut and smashes it against a rock. She takes the coconut and brings it to her mouth, downing the contents.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Kehlani is sleeping soundly in the cave, the quiet chirps of wildlife surrounding her.

Lulu is a few feet away, unable to sleep, stirring.

Lulu gets up and walks to Kehlani, lying down stealthily, trying their best not to wake her.

Getting brave, she nestles herself into Kehlani's chest. Kehlani's sleeping body naturally raises her right arm, and drapes it over Lulu.

Cuddled with each other, Lulu now quickly falls asleep.

A quiet *thump...thump...thump* is heard just outside the mouth of the cave.

The silhouette of the KING passes by, lumbering through the sand outside the cave.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

The silhouette of the KING, obscured in the void of the new moon, creeps down the docks.

IT climbs into Krystyna's boat.

IT walks to the harpoon and the flares, and grabs both.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The Professor is walking through the jungle, constantly checking his map and compass, keeping his eyes and ears alert for danger.

Pastor Collins, a couple steps behind, is visibly not thinking on anything in particular. He carelessly steps on branches and leaves, loudly crunching anything in his path.

A few steps ahead of him, a SNAIL is crawling across the mossy soil.

Just as the Pastor is about to step and make contact, he is stopped in his tracks.

Coming out of his daze, the Pastor sees that the hand that stopped him belongs to the Professor and breathes a sigh of relief.

The Professor brings in his head uncomfortably close to Collins.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
(whispering)
You almost stepped on that snail.

PASTOR COLLINS
(full volume)
What?

The Pastor looks down to see the Snail.

PASTOR COLLINS (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry Professor.

He steps around it and they continue walking.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN
While you are on the island,
especially in these most densely
forested and isolated areas, you
must tread very lightly. Avoid
making noise and do what you can to
avert any risk of arousing the
suspicion of the Reef Rippers,
certainly.

As the Professor talks, he doesn't register the gasp of shock and pain from the Pastor.

The Professor gestures to the sleeping animals in the treetops above.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)
One false move, and you risk
harming or maiming one of these
creatures--

A mysterious *clicking*.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)
Shh!

The Professor steps away from Pastor Collins, who we can see has already been impaled. He's already dead.

The Professor looks around at the jungle, he whips out a flashlight and shines it at the treetops.

As he moves further away from the Pastor, we can see the vague outline of a RIPPER, it's fin pierced clean through the Pastor's chest.

More *clicking*. He can't identify the source of the sound. It's too close.

He whips around.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)
(hissing)
Pastor! Help me look!

The RIPPER retracts the fin and drops the Pastor.

The Professor's flashlight hits his dead body just as it hits the forest floor.

The flashlight moves up until it hits the RIPPER. In a panic it hisses, shrieks, and whumps the Professor upside the head.

The Professor flies into a tree and the flashlight flies off to God knows where.

A moment later the Professor rises, in a daze, and sees that Collins' body has disappeared.

As he regains his composure a flare goes off in the air above the treetops.

Excitedly the Professor follows the source of the flare, hoping to find other humans.

Another flare.

He walks faster, getting closer and closer to the source.

Thump!

The Professor and Krystyna are knocked on their butts as they bump into each other.

The Professor gets his - now cracked - glasses off the ground and puts them on, now seeing Krystyna in full view.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Ms. Bosko! Wow, it's a relief to see you.

(remembering the need to whisper)

Gosh, it's been years now.

(eyes flicker to Charlotte)

What are you doing here? Who's this?

KRYSTYNA

I was taking this girl to Ika Tagane to find a friend abducted by the church. I didn't intend to set foot on the island. But I got a distress call from Mr. Anderson last night. It sounded like danger.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

The Rippers may have gotten to him already. Did he say anything to identify his location.

Krystyna shakes her head.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

It's okay, we'll find him.

He walks to Charlotte and happily extends his hand.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Professor Van Vechten, what's your name?

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Okay, wonderful. And you said your friend is on the island.

Charlotte nods.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll find her too. I promise.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

JT and Harrison limp down the shore, away from what remains of Biotech.

Sounds in the distance implies there are still RIPPERS inside, still killing.

Harrison is supporting JT, who is bleeding somewhat profusely now.

J.T. ANDERSON

If I die--

HARRISON

You won't die. I'll find the Professor in time.

J.T. ANDERSON

If I die, what happens to Equatorial?

HARRISON

Who cares?

J.T. ANDERSON

Will you know what to do if I'm--

He chokes up blood.

Harrison pauses, his expression growing a little more solemn.

HARRISON

It'll be fine.

J.T. ANDERSON

If I go, there's a drawer in my desk. There's a wooden panel that can be removed to reveal a secret compartment. At the bottom of a bunch of paperwork is a manilla folder containing all evidence of Ghost Command--

HARRISON

Uh huh.

J.T. ANDERSON

I want you to burn it. Or if someone asks tell them you don't know anything about a secret compartment...

(breaths become more labored)

(MORE)

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
...or anything about any secret
compartment.

JT collapses into the sand.

HARRISON
Let's keep walking, come on, I got
you.

J.T. ANDERSON
No, let's just take a breather. I'm
just a little woozy.

Out of the corner of Harrison's eye, he sees movement.

He looks around, realizing they're completely exposed, no
rocks or cliffs to hide behind.

HARRISON
No, I think we should *really* go.

JT babbles something, he's losing too much blood, he's
becoming incoherent.

Harrison sees IT approaching.

The RIPPER looms over them, making no noise, doing nothing.

JT swivels his head over.

J.T. ANDERSON
Hello Professor...

He trails off.

A nearby wave crashes, a small one, and dapples the RIPPER
with speckles of reflected moonlight.

The RIPPER, without acknowledging Harrison, raises the
harpoon.

JT's face contorts, as he sees the glint of the side of the
harpoon.

The RIPPER steps forward, very human-like, one step at a
time. IT brandishes the harpoon like a shotgun, scowling and
muttering something in its ancient tongue.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
What are you saying to me - please
- please just let me know what
you're saying. Let me know what
you're thinking.

A bigger wave crashes. The RIPPER is standing right in front of JT. It is bathed in light. We see it in full detail for the first time. This is the KING of the RIPPERS.

It says a full sentence in its language, clear as day.

JT nods.

The trigger clicks.

J.T. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Oh, I get it.

Fire.

The harpoon goes right through JT's heart.

He hits the rocks in a split second.

Harrison, unable to react for a moment, swings around to the RIPPER.

It is gone.

Harrison walks to the body of JT, and with a scream, pulls the harpoon out of the man's heart.

He breathes heavily, staring at the body, staring at the bloodied harpoon.

Whoosh!

A splash of pink light.

Harrison looks to see a flare coming from the Jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The rest of our survivors walk through the Jungle.

They see the flare.

They look to each other, then book it towards the source of the flare.

They all run through foliage and shrubs and past monkeys and birds, in a mad dash to find the other survivor.

Suddenly, they all find themselves in a clearing. The darkest, foggiest section of the jungle.

Through the fog, hundreds of firebugs illuminate around them, allowing them to see without the Professor's trusty flashlight.

Forgetting the mission for a moment, the Professor allows himself to enjoy the presence of the firebugs, soaking in the musty night air and the smell of the cool fog.

Something steps out from behind a tree, firing another flare in the air.

The second the Professor recognizes the body as a RIPPER, the RIPPER takes the last flare and fires it at the ground right in the center of them.

The flame bursts, separating all remaining humans from one another.

The RIPPER walks right up to the light, they all see IT very clearly.

Seeing they're all taken aback by its decaying appearance, the RIPPER takes the spotlight to begin reproducing.

Its limbs split. Its fins tear. Ectoplasm and bile splay onto the forest floor as the process unfolds. Though we've seen this before, this is the first time we have seen it in full light. It's gross.

By the end of the process, there are two IDENTICAL RIPPERS, though they seem more frayed, exhausted from the process. They both quickly register that they're outnumbered. Though the humans are unarmed, they can't take chances.

They both split again. Rip. Tear. Splat.

The humans gather together, now staring down four RIPPERS.

These four are even weaker now.

The Professor takes the initiative, being familiar with the process, he knows they may not have long.

He attempts to goad the RIPPERS into stepping through the fire, they lumber after him like undead.

One suddenly decays on its own, crumbling into the fire, howling as it disintegrates.

The rest of the pack pays this no mind, still pursuing the Professor.

Charlotte sees a tree has loose roots, and is pretty light.

She goads one of the RIPPERS into following her, and at the last second jumps to a low branch, pulling the tree down, pinning it on the RIPPER.

Krystyna sees one of the RIPPER's has dropped the flare gun. She covertly checks and finds a flare in her vest.

Krystyna signals to the Professor to snatch the flare gun, and he leaps across the fire, tumbling across the ground as he grabs it.

In one swift moment, he steadies the gun and pulls the trigger.

Click.

Nothing.

Click, click.

Nothing.

He looks to Krystyna, stunned.

The RIPPERS suddenly get a burst of energy and lumber faster, ready to hack him to bits.

Krystyna tosses the loose flare.

The Professor fumbles with it, struggling to load it into the ready flare gun.

He gets it in. Readies.

Fires.

The RIPPER goes up in flames, falling down as he burns.

The fire spreads to the downed tree, burning up the other RIPPER with it.

The last of the pack watches as ITS brethren are burnt to ash.

It rears its head up, gills flared, and howls in anguish.

It points its fin at the Professor and lunges, ready to go in for the kill immediately.

Zip! Wham!

The harpoon hits the remaining RIPPER right through the heart and it hits the ground.

Harrison limps in, having just dealt the killing blow.
Silently, he removes the harpoon from the RIPPER.
He mumbles just quietly so the others can't hear.

HARRISON

I'm sorry.

Harrison looks to the Professor.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

JT is dead. Everyone on the board
is dead. I don't know how many
natives are left on the island. I
don't know how many of your staff
is left. I was hoping to find you
so we could offer help to any
injured... anyone still living.

The Professor walks over and pats him on the shoulder.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

Sorry buddy.

The Professor looks around to the group.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

I think this may be all of them,
but we can't be too careful--

HARRISON

There's at least one more. The one
that killed JT disappeared on the
shoreline, in the south. He
couldn't have gotten this far.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN

This will just be a second, but I
do want to examine the body that
isn't burned. I won't be able to
get the bodies back to the lab, and
they may possess some evidence as
to the location of the last
survivor.

(examines his person)

I did lose my flashlight somewhere
back there, does anyone have a
light?

Everyone searches themselves.

After a moment, Charlotte walks over, politely handing the
Professor a lighter.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The Professor goes over the bodies of the RIPPER with the lighter.

Examining them closely under the flicker of the light, he notices tiny pinpricks on the calf of one of the RIPPERS.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

This one has bites... looks to be from a leech... the only leech endemic to Ika Tagane is the Cavernous Moss Leech...

The Professor's head swivels to the others.

PROFESSOR VAN VECHTEN (CONT'D)

The only place on the island with leeches is the cave on the southeast shore.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The gang all files into the tiny crawlspace of the cave, some struggling more than others to get inside.

Harrison suddenly takes charge, trembling but holding out his harpoon, as if to ward off invisible threats.

Harrison approaches the main chamber of the cave, and resists feeling awed by what he sees.

His eyes immediately lock onto Kehlani and Lulu - both sleeping.

Groan.

Harrison's eyes dart over to the KING RIPPER, watching them sleep from across the reflecting pool.

The KING's body is decaying, wounded, dying.

The KING strides across the reflecting pool, the pool leaves ITS wounds intact.

The group all steps cautiously forward, hoping to intervene before IT can get to them.

As Charlotte steps in, she immediately locks eyes on Kehlani.

CHARLOTTE

Key!

Charlotte runs to Kehlani's side and immediately throws her body in front of them.

Kehlani and Lulu stir.

KEHLANI
Oh Charlotte, you came.

CHARLOTTE
Of course, I love you Key.

KEHLANI
I love you.

Kehlani and Lulu instinctively cling onto Charlotte's waist.

The KING watches them silently, emotionless.

Harrison's fingers nervously fidget with the harpoon. His face gives away that he doesn't know the correct move.

Krystyna snatches it out of his hand, taking charge, she rushes at the MONSTER.

She bellows in anger and leaps off a rock, about to bring it right down on ITs head.

IT watches silently as she does so.

At the last second, she averts course, and plunges the harpoon into the sand.

Krystyna rips off her eyepatch and tosses it in the reflecting pool. Tears form in her good eye.

KRYSTYNA
(to KING)
I can't do it.
(to humans)
I'm sorry.
(back to KING)
I shouldn't be here.

Krystyna stalks away from the group and slumps against the wall of the cave.

Harrison and the Professor move closer, but just watch.

The KING reaches out its hand.

KING RIPPER
Lu... lu...

Lulu steps forward and visually scans Kehlani and Charlotte, they both give her an encouraging nod.

Lulu approaches the KING.

IT kneels down.

KING RIPPER (CONT'D)
(in ancient tongue)
**Em akh un se vuc... Eetai mo
eetai...**
(subtitled)
Out of all of us... I'm glad it was
you...

Lulu puts her fin to his shoulder.

Bits of the KING are falling apart, his decay is accelerating.

KING RIPPER (CONT'D)
(in ancient tongue)
**Oh to mo eta... Peromo me en ka
terawa...**
(subtitled)
I love you... but I need you to
make me one with water...

Lulu nods tearfully.

IT stands.

Lulu extends her fin.

She guides IT to the water.

As they walk to the reflecting pool, IT stumbles.

Lulu tries to pick IT up, but IT is too heavy. She groans and strains, nothing.

Overcome with emotion, the Professor rushes in and helps pick up the MONSTER. It must weigh hundreds of pounds.

They move IT a little, but there's still a ways to go.

IT is in pain, IT is struggling to live.

Harrison rushes in to help.

Then Krystyna.

Then Charlotte.

Then Kehlani.

Eventually, they muster up the strength to gently lift it into the pool.

They walk with it as they move deeper and deeper, clothes getting soaked, bathed in the light of the bioluminescence.

A contented smile pours over ITs face.

ITs limbs are dissolving rapidly, every piece of ITs flesh becoming one with the saltwater.

Lulu caresses ITs face, one last bit of comfort.

LULU
(whispering)
Oh to mo eta.

Lulu watches as the KING fades into nothing.

EXT. BOAT - DAWN

Krystyna turns on the boat's ignition, and steers them away from the docks.

Harrison and the Professor silently sit together, staring at the island as it fades into the horizon.

Kehlani and Lulu sit together and fall asleep again, heads pressed together, exhausted.

Charlotte pulls a camera from her knapsack and takes a photo of them.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

[STILL PHOTOS ON BLACK BACKGROUND]

[35mm, BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS]

BOTTOM THIRD TEXT: 1964

- Kehlani and Lulu on the ship back to the mainland.
- Lulu and her parents in front of an exhibit at the worlds fair.
- Lulu playing with other kids.

- Lulu and her parents pose with a friend and their parents.

[SUPER 8 REEL]

BOTTOM THIRD TEXT: 1966

- Lulu playing in the backyard, Kehlani jumps in and they tussle on the ground. The family dog jumps in. Charlotte runs over and flips the camera around to be in the reel with everyone (she is barely in frame).

[FILM STRIPS OVER BLACK BACKGROUND]

- Fade between strips of film from county fair trips over the summers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lulu - now about seven years old - wears a t-shirt and overalls, sitting criss cross in front of the family's new TV set.

She turns it on, seeing a news broadcast come on.

ON TV:

The news graphic fades to an image of Harrison Miller, which fades to other photos of him throughout his career at Equatorial Holdings.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
Now a special interview with the
reclusive former CEO of the once
great Equatorial Holdings--

Lulu changes the channel to SOMETHING ELSE.

CUT TO BLACK.

[STILL PHOTOS ON BLACK BACKGROUND]

BOTTOM THIRD TEXT: 1972

- Lulu at her elementary school graduation.
- Vacation to London.
- Visiting Charlotte's parents.
- River rafting.

- Polaroid: Lulu and Charlotte set up camp.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Lulu and Charlotte are posed for the photo, frozen.

Click! Kehlani - now approaching 30 - takes the photo, pulls it out of the camera and wiggles it around in her hand before depositing in a knapsack.

She walks up to Lulu and kneels down, Lulu diligently sets to work.

KEHLANI
Are you having fun?

LULU
Yeah.

KEHLANI
Would you like me to take over?

LULU
It's okay.

KEHLANI
Do you want any help?

Lulu pauses what she's doing.

LULU
It's okay Mom, I want to do it.

KEHLANI
Okay, I love you.

Kehlani kisses Lulu on the head and walks off to make lunch.

Lulu blinks away tears as she goes back to erecting the tent.

CUT TO BLACK.

BOTTOM THIRD TEXT: 1973

- Lulu and her middle school friends.
- Lulu's middle school graduation.
- Lulu's first job(Dairy Queen).

BOTTOM THIRD TEXT: 1977

- Lulu driving her first car.

- High school graduation.
- Seeing Star Wars.
- Moving off to college.
- Christmas.
- Christmas the next year.
- Christmas the year after that. Charlotte is setting up lights, happily giving a thumbs up.

TRACK: HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS - GENE AUTRY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kehlani and Charlotte are now in their early-40's.

They are wearing matching Christmas sweaters they made for each other.

Kehlani whispers something to Charlotte, stands up, and leaves the room.

Charlotte grabs a present from under the tree and moves to hand it to Lulu, now a full grown adult, dressed in a beautiful scarlet dress.

CHARLOTTE

This is from both of us Lulu.

Lulu timidly unwraps the box and removes the contents.

It's a card bearing the Amtrak logo.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

It's a hundred dollars in fare credit. You can use it at the station by your dorm. So no obligation, but if you ever want to take a last minute trip home, you can use that card.

LULU

Oh thank you Mom, next time I'm missing home I'll catch the first train home.

Lulu moves across the floor to bring Charlotte in for an embrace.

LULU (CONT'D)
I love you, Mom.

CHARLOTTE
We love you, Lulu.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRACK: UP ON THE HOUSE TOP(HO HO HO) - GENE AUTRY

Lulu and Kehlani lean on adjacent cabinets, quietly sipping on hot cocoa.

LULU
This is really good Mom. I missed
your cocoa.

KEHLANI
I'll have to figure some way to
mail it to you.

LULU
Can I ask you something Mom?

KEHLANI
Of course.

LULU
Are you happy you found me? Would
you - you know, would you be
happier with a human baby?
(short beat)
You know it's just, I never asked
before.

KEHLANI
I don't much like any of my
memories before I found you. We're
so proud of you for going to
college, and for working as hard as
you do, and whatever you choose to
do after school, we'll just be so
proud of you. And if you choose
to do nothing but come home and
loungue around all day, we'd still
be proud of you. No matter what you
do we're happy you're our daughter.
And we really are glad you're off
at school, but every night you're
gone, the house is a little less
full.

Lulu sets down the mug to spring into Kehlani's arms.

KEHLANI (CONT'D)

We love you Lulu, we wouldn't have
it any other way.

LULU

I love you, Mom.

FADE TO BLACK.