

For It Is Written

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A beautiful long straight stretch of white beach. It is a pleasant, windless day. Crowds of PEOPLE fill the strand.

A BROTHER, 8, and SISTER, 7, leave their blanket and run for the water, chase each other, play tag.

A WOMAN, mid 50s, and her dog are romp at the water's edge. She throws a stick out into the ocean, the dog, a Jack Russell, jumps into the waves after it.

COLLEGE KIDS fill their own section. Alcohol in hand with music they only understand fills the air. Camera phones video all their bad dance moves.

Two young people break away from the others. They are ARNOLD BUCKLER, 22 average looks, sweet smile and THERESA ROMANO, 21, easy on the eye, all natural. They make their way for the oceanline.

ARNOLD

You wanna go for a swim?

THERESA

Looks inviting.

They turn around, glance at their drunken friends. One friend approaches bottle in one hand, drags scuba gear in the other. MICHAEL TRAVERS, 22, face like a mule puts both arms around Arnold and Theresa. He leans into Theresa.

MICHEAL

How about you and me grab the scuba gear and find our own little treasure in the ocean?

THERESA

I wouldn't go with you if you were last man on earth.

Arnold laughs. Michael leans into Arnold.

MICHEAL

How about me and you then?

ARNOLD

You're not my type.

MICHEAL

Have it your way, here you go have fun kids. Remember I get half of what you find.

Michael drops the scuba gear, saunters back to the crowd bottle raised, sings with the rest.

Arnold nods to the scuba gear.

MOMENTS LATER

Theresa and Arnold are geared up, they run headlong into the inviting sea holding hands until they're submerged.

Behind them, we hear the beery chorus of drunken friends singing "It's the end of the world" by REM.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Arnold and Theresa dive amongst exotic fishes and sunken ships. Arnold touches some coral it breaks away. An angel fish approaches Theresa's helmet. She watches on as it seems to kiss her mask then swim on.

Arnold gives a thumbs up as she smiles a gentle smile. Something catches Arnold's eye... A light protrudes from between rocks.

He signals to Theresa, they follow.

They get close, notice an huge opening, hesitate... then enter. It's a cave of sorts. Regardless of what may lie ahead Arnold follows the light, Theresa close behind.

He makes his way to the surface of the cave, realises he can remove his mask, Theresa does the same.

ARNOLD

This is fucking cool.

THERESA

Oh my God, there's daylight through those that must be the beach.

Arnold moves in closer.

ARNOLD

A little alone time.

The kiss passionately, it starts to get heated... then the cave goes pitch black.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

THERESA

Arn, I can't see a thing.

ARNOLD

Put your mask back on we're getting
outta here.

THERESA

This is scary.

A small light bursts through the cave, illuminates enough
for their escape.

ARNOLD

Maybe someone didn't pay their
electric bill down here.

THERESA

Let's go back to the beach.

They put their masks back on, Theresa points to the exit.
They both appear from the cave, hold hands as they rise to
the surface of the ocean.

Slowly their heads emerge above water.

They scan the entire beach... everyone is dead. Theresa
lets out a huge scream. Something knocks into her... it's
the Jack Russell motionless eyes sunken in it's head.

Arnold grabs her as they make for the beach. Removing the
gear as they struggle through the waves to get to land.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Dazed and confused Theresa holds her hand over mouth. She
can't breathe. She stumbles over the bodies of friends.
Arnold gazes on in shock. The body count never ends.

Faint music can be heard from under Michael Traver. They
glance at each other and nudge near his body.

Arnold rolls him over. It's his cell phone "It's the end of
the world as we know it and I feel fine" blasts from the
speaker on repeat.

Arnold shuts it off.

THERESA

Arn what the hell happened?

Arnold is speechless, he stares at Michael's cellphone.
Punches in a few buttons to get to the camera. Theresa stands
over him as she looks on.

MICHEAL (O.S.)

Let's rock this beach... Holy fuck
what is that?

4.

Arnold drops the phone and with that we:

FADE OUT:

(CONT'D)