

GEARHART

a series

"HOW TO DISAPPEAR"

written by

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Life on Mars ain't just a song



EXT. SKY - TWILIGHT

A frosty blue-green sky. Crisp nighttime air setting in.

A few birds chirp and flutter about. We watch this slice of sky, peaceful, for a comfortable beat. Trees sway gently, breathing in and out with the whistling wind.

In a far corner of our canvas, a tiny plane breaks into the frame, jetting across the expanse.

The plane soars through the sky in a clean line. Then:

Suddenly - almost impossibly - IT FALLS.

The plane plummets toward the earth. It slips out of frame, and we remain with the blue sky for another moment, darkness seeping in as nighttime encroaches.

SUPER: Oregon Coast, 2025

EXT. STREET - GEARHART, OREGON - NIGHT

A thin row of young evergreen trees poorly shroud a LARGE EXPANSE of clearcut stumps along a quiet 2-lane highway. A HERD OF ELK stand in the street, grazing on coarse beach grass sprouted from the roadside. Their PATCHY WHITE HIDES glow under the dim streetlights.

MIA MANN (female, bi-racial, 17, bright, resilient and ever-loyal) bikes along the road, careful not to disturb the elk. Distorted sirens WAIL in the background.

She cuts down a side street, ZOOMING by a *Tsunami Hazard Zone* sign and into the sleepy TOWN CENTER, passing an ice cream parlor, a market, a few small cafes and galleries -- most everything's closed.

A few tattered *MISSING PERSONS* signs rot on wooden lampposts. We can't quite make them out.

An ELDERLY WOMAN (70s) hobbles down the street with a SQUEAKY GROCERY CART full of ENSURE.

Across the street, a PETITE MOM (30s) in athletic gear trails a CHILD ON A TRICYCLE (female, 5). The child's wheel catches on something and she TOPPLES off the bike, BURSTING into tears.

As the mom rushes to the scene, Mia waves warmly at the crying child who, distracted from her pain, stops crying and waves back.

EXT. FIELD OF BEACHGRASS - GEARHART, OR - NIGHT

A tiny speck in the landscape, Mia walks her bike along a trail and through a field of beachgrass, wooded ocean cliffs towering behind her.

Something RUSTLES. She glances behind her, nothing there. Ocean waves CRASH LOUDLY all around.

EXT. MANN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mia arrives home to a modest A-frame shingled house with a large deck and a mossy roof. It's close to the shore, about 200 yards out from a small ocean inlet where a docked boat bobs in choppy waters.

Mia rests her bike against a post near the dock, tying it up. She walks below the deck, heading toward the staircase when --

Something RUSTLES again. Mia looks up from below the deck, tracking the sound.

MIA

Hello?

No response.

More RUSTLING up on the deck. Mia freezes, senses sharpened, peering up through the deck's planks. A shadowy figure suddenly SHIFTS overhead.

MIA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Cam?

Mia begins to creep up the staircase, craning her neck to try and see more. We get a clearer look as Mia's brother CAM (28, bi-racial, a guarded and pragmatic old soul) stands abruptly from a dusty Adirondack chair, headphones on, his back turned to us as he reaches for an open beer.

Relief washes over Mia. She walks up to the deck and snatches Cam's beer before he can get to it, taking a swig and playfully shoving him.

Cam STARTLES, turns to Mia and smiles as he removes his headphones.

CAM

Hi! You scared me.

MIA

You scared me.

Cam gestures to his headphones then swoops the beer out of Mia's hand.

CAM
Checking tomorrow's tides. High
tide's at 5:24 AM.

MIA
Hey, I'll be up.

CAM
I know you will.

Mia heads inside.

Cam sits down again, staring out at the ocean, eyes searching the landscape for something -- we're not clear on what.

INT. MANN HOUSE - MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia's room is modest and tidy. Hand-drawn sketches of Pacific Northwest landscapes are pinned across the walls.

Mia glances at herself in the mirror, catching a glimpse in the reflection of an OVERTURNED PHOTO FRAME. She frowns and moves across the room to prop the frame back up. Mia stares at the photo, expression unknowable. We don't see what she's looking at.

MIA
Where did you go?

Mia takes a deep breath, composing herself. She turns to face a full-length mirror. She examines herself, dissatisfied, until she's interrupted by --

A loud CLANK.

Mia peers out the window. Choppy waves crash against the dock, rattling Cam's small fishing boat. Disturbed, she draws her blinds closed.

She pulls out a weathered drawing pad and settles on her bed.

INT. MANN HOUSE - MIA'S ROOM - DAWN

We're close on the photo Mia was looking at. It's Mia as a child, smiling at a birthday cake while her YOUNG MOTHER, a slender, tired-looking woman, cuts a slice. A slant of sharp morning sunlight partly obscures her mother's face.

Next to the photo, Mia's drawing pad is open to the sketch she was working on last night: a detailed limestone cliff landscape.

An ALARM BLARES on the bedside table: 5:00 AM. Mia's hand reaches in to silence it.

EXT. MANN HOUSE - DAWN

It's barely light out as Mia collects her bike from near the dock and walks it out through the beachgrass. She peers down at the dock where Cam, in fishing gear, loads several crab nets into his small boat.

Cam gives Mia a cheeky salute and she nods back.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAWN

Mia bikes along Ocean Avenue, an upper-class cliffside neighborhood where the houses are large and stately, all boasting ocean views.

Up ahead, a thick plume of dark yellow chemical smoke billows from a cliffside home where the roof has caved in. Several FIRETRUCKS and AMBULANCES are parked out front.

Mia slows to a stop outside the house where the plane in our opening crashed the night prior.

She gazes up in horror at the sight.

A MOTHER (late 30s) SOBS INCONSOLABLY in front of the house, her knees buckling as she staggers onto the ground and into several other FAMILY MEMBERS seated at the curb. The mother clutches at grass, uprooting it from the earth as she WAILS. Family members attempt to comfort her.

A woman in a suit who we'll come to know as MAYOR CHARMAINE THOMAS (40s, black) is surrounded by a SMALL PROFESSIONAL POSSE. She speaks competently with a few PARAMEDICS.

A small group of ODD ONLOOKERS have also assembled to watch the scene.

Mia crosses the street to give the family some privacy, but keeps her gaze locked on the destruction.

The left wing of the plane JUTS OUT violently from the roof of the house, protruding at a perpendicular angle. A slick streak of RED is crusted on the wing. A GAPING HOLE hollows out the back side of the house. Part of the structure has crumbled off the cliff and into the ocean.

A wooden sign hangs askew from the house's unhinged front door. Written in a child's hand-painted writing:

200 Steps to the Beach!

EXT. BASE OF OCEAN CLIFF - DAY

A STREAK of BLOOD stains the jagged limestone cliffs -- the same ones Mia sketched the night prior. Lush webbed greenery grows from the cliff's crevices.

A coastguard boat jets around the base of the cliff. Additional shrapnel from the wreckage drifts on the ocean surface.

A sole COASTGUARD OFFICER (20s, baby-faced) surveys the dismal landscape, slick oil shimmering atop the water. He identifies a shape in the water, his expression DROPPING. He radios something in via a walkie.

We're suddenly close on a SINGED WEB of blonde hair which is entangled in a net of seaweed, barely visible amid the rest of the wreckage.

From afar, we see the coastguard boat close in on the body, severely mangled from its tumble down the cliff.

EXT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

We're outside a picturesque, bright-white ocean inn, boasting the sign: *We Have Sustainable Cleaning Practices!*

Mia's bike is parked out front. HOTEL GUESTS mull about outside the hotel, rubbernecking, unsettled by the chaos down the street.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

A BELL CHIMES as Mia enters the lobby, nodding at FRANK BERG (male, 40s, townie to the core). Frank runs the inn and is seated behind the front desk with his son TOMMY (17, practical and compassionate dreamer), who is sorting room keys.

MIA

Hi. Did you -- ?

FRANK

You bike in on Ocean?

Mia nods, almost shameful. Her hand TREMBLES as she hangs her backpack on a hook by the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

Plane went down last night around 7:40. Some guy with a shiny new pilot license taking his wife out for a spin.

MIA

Do they know what happened -- ?

FRANK

It's unclear. The thing dropped straight outta the sky. Total engine failure is what it looks like. 3 kids and the dad inside the house... Some of the debris crumbled off the cliff, so they're still looking...

Mia BLANCHES.

MIA

Jesus.

FRANK

(true remorse)

Real tragedy.

(quick beat)

Might scare away tourists, though --

TOMMY

Dad...

Frank SHRUGS.

FRANK

(to Mia)

Hey, I need a turndown in 4 and 11.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - ROOM 4

Mia vacuums the room, collects trash, wipes down surfaces and strips the sheets, all while listening to MUSIC on the radio.

She works efficiently, periodically brushing her hair behind her ear.

SOME TIME LATER:

The room is fully restored to its clean state. Mia fluffs a pillow and retrieves the GUEST BOOK from the bedside table.

She flips through the pages until she arrives at the most recent entry, tracing down the page and landing on the newest message:

*We had a wonderful stay in Gearhart and will surely return!
Cheers, Sue and Mike*

Mia closes the book and moves on to the next room.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - ROOM 11

Mia CLICKS on the room's radio. There's some jarring TWISTY STATIC. Mia quickly tunes the knob to the news.

QUICK CUTS again as Mia goes through the motions of her cleaning routine. We hear some of the radio news as she cleans:

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

In keeping with the national trend, temperatures in Northern Oregon have been steadily rising this Fall. Temps reached a new October high yesterday, averaging at 61 degrees. Residents on the Oregon Coast can expect similarly high numbers throughout the week and into the weekend.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Shifting to some tragic local news, last night a plane crashed into a vacation home in the small coastal town of Gearhart, Oregon. Three children and their father were in the house when the plane went down. The crash's cause is still unknown and under serious investigation. Abnormal wind patterns are in question --

Mia CLICKS OFF the radio and sits on the bed, reaching again for the guest book and flipping to the middle.

She discovers a beautiful and intricate sketch of a SWELLING WAVE. There's something menacing about it.

Unsettled, Mia closes the book.

FEMALE VOICE (PRELAP)
Climate grief.

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Mia and her best friend KEMI KELLY (white, 16, whip-smart perfectionist, conventionally attractive, bold, and just a bit narcissistic) sit in a dingy high school cafeteria. Kemi sips on a diet coke -- her lunch of choice.

Behind the girls, a discolored banner with a photo of a track reads: *Visit Your Guidance Counselor Today - Stay on Track to Graduate*

MIA
What?

KEMI
(sounding it out)
Cli-mate grief.

MIA
I heard you, Kem.

KEMI
But do you know what it means?

MIA
I can infer.

KEMI
(passionate)
This isn't just the next trendy post-post modern ailment. This is a real thing. The world is being disemboweled in slow-motion and many are already mourning our collective demise!

MIA
Fuck, you're a downer these days.

KEMI
It's called raising awareness.

MIA
Maybe rethink using "grief" when coining this term... on this day, of all days, when a mother has just lost her kids... there are more pressing things to grieve.

KEMI

Don't be so sure she's grieving,
dude! Kids these days are fuckers.
Battery-run little freaks. So much
energy with no future to pour it
into. My mom would've been relieved
if I got knocked out. Such a *bitch*.

As soon she's done speaking, a realization dawns on Kemi. She
QUIETLY GASPS, clapping her hand over her mouth.

KEMI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm an idiot.

MIA

(re: the diet coke)

By the way, the chemicals in that
shit are slow-mo disembowling you,
so --

Kemi's jaw drops, insulted, until she breaks into a laugh.

KEMI

Alright, fuck you.

Tommy, the guy from the inn, sits down a few tables over,
joining his friends SID (male, 16) and SAM (male, 17).

Kemi gives Mia a knowing nod.

KEMI (CONT'D)

How's the pursuit?

MIA

Huh?? Shut up, there's no pursuit.

KEMI

He's into it, I can fucking feel
it.

Kemi sips her diet coke LOUDLY with a straw. Tommy glances up
in Mia and Kemi's direction but looks away quickly.

KEMI (CONT'D)

Told ya. He wants it. It's
happeningggg!

MIA

Nope, no --

KEMI

Just wait, bitch. You just wait.

Kemi playfully jabs a finger in Mia's face.

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Kemi and Mia walk down the hall as TWO BLONDES (female, white, 16) hang a frilly sign for the *NATIONAL CHARITY LEAGUE MOCKTAIL SOCIAL*.

KEMI

(gesturing at the sign)
 Fuck! Mrs. Chapman promised me that spot for the Earth Day walk out poster.

Mia, distracted by her phone, shrugs as Kemi beelines angrily down the hall toward the main office.

The BELL RINGS and people disperse and enter classrooms.

The hall is suddenly TOTALLY EMPTY. Mia's spooked. A door SLAMS behind her and she spins to face it, but there's no one there.

She squints down the hall and through a window, straining her eyes at a PARTIAL OCEAN VIEW. Huge waves crest and fall in the distance. A TWISTY STATIC lulls, barely audible. Rapt by the waves, Mia watches on, mesmerized.

SOFT CRIES interrupt the static.

Curious, Mia follows the cries, passing by the COUNSELOR'S OFFICE.

Mia peers inside the doorway, leaning past some brochures for *SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER*.

A KIND COUNSELOR (female, 50s) consoles a CRYING STUDENT (female, 14).

Mia watches on, empathetic, maybe envious?

INT. MANN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We're close on a LIVE CRAB on a cutting board, lethargically attempting to drag itself off the counter. A KNIFE breaks the frame and STABS the crab in the head, killing it swiftly.

Cam sets the knife down, plops the dead crab in a pot of boiling water and moves to stir a pan of rice pilaf.

Mia emerges from her room and enters the kitchen, grabbing some lettuce from the fridge. She begins preparing a salad.

MIA

Smells great.

CAM
Mom's pilaf. Always a crowd-
pleaser.

Mia smiles sadly. There's a comfortable beat as brother and sister go about their respective meal-prep duties. This is clearly routine.

CAM (CONT'D)
(faux nagging)
How was school?

MIA
Fine. *You know.*

CAM
You think about colleges anymore?
Or SAT vs ACT? You can always use
my old SAT books. I have them
upstairs somewhere --

MIA
Those are like, what...? 7 years
outdated?

CAM
Better than not studying at all. I
just really want you to be thinking
about your future. I know it can be
scary, but you need a plan. We
gotta do something to get that GHS
graduation rate up.

Cam laughs, taking a swig of beer. Mia's not amused.

MIA
I haven't thought about it much
more, honestly. Since our last
talk. I'll start thinking about it
again. I promise.

CAM
I want you to have your own life.
The world is bigger than this town.

Mia looks up from her chopping.

MIA
But is it better?

CAM
What?

MIA

Is it better anywhere else? Seems like anywhere I could go would be just as... precarious.

CAM

Sure, it's precarious here and anywhere. That shouldn't stop you. If I could do it all again, I'd get out. See something else while there's still more to see.

Cam laughs again, sardonic.

MIA

It's not too late for you. Come with me. Wherever I go, come with. I don't want to leave you or mom --

CAM

(grimly)
Mom left *us*, Mia. She made her choice.

Mia sets her knife down on the cutting board, hurt.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But she took off. Now it's your turn to make the choice. And you should absolutely go.

Cam turns off both burners and grabs the crab pot, straining the water out in the sink.

Mia quietly moves toward the front door, slipping on sneakers.

MIA

I'm not hungry.

CAM

Mia. Where are you going?

MIA

You know where.

Mia exits. Cam glances out the kitchen window, watching her run off down the oceanside trail. Once she disappears from view, he turns his attention to the ocean.

The waves are menacingly swollen and choppy. He watches them, devout, with an eager hunger.

EXT. OCEAN TRAIL - NIGHT

Mia runs down a narrow cliffside trail parallel to the ocean. In the distance, we can make out a wooden bench surrounded by beach grass.

She stops in front of a bush of wildflowers, mostly weeds, and picks a small bunch. She jogs up to the bench and gingerly lays down the flowers, then takes a seat herself.

In an eerie beat, we observe this moment from a distance, through beachgrass.

Mia sits alone on the bench, BREATHING HARD from her run, unbothered by her surroundings. She surveys the ocean cliffs in front of her, squinting through the darkness.

Several cliffs over, far in the distance, she catches a SUDDEN GLIMPSE of what appears to be a LONE WHITE ELK, very close to the edge. A mysterious RIPPLING FIGURE stands near the elk.

Mia stands abruptly, then JOGS a few yards toward the far cliff, squinting to get a better look.

The elk STARES BACK at Mia, morose, lethargic. It turns to the figure, as if to acknowledge it, before STEPPING OFF THE CLIFF.

Mia's horrified. She staggers forward, at a loss for what to do. She searches the landscape for the Figure -- it's gone.

INT. KEMI'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kemi sits at the dining room table doing homework.

Her mom CASSANDRA (white, late 40s, plastic face, big hair, a ex-debutante turned realtor) speaks on a bluetooth headset as she cooks something on the stove, gel nails CLACKING against the counter.

CASSANDRA

(on a call)

We'll cap the closing costs at 15
and that's that. End of discussion.

Kemi's sister MARIAN (white, 15, kind but vapid, pretty with a beauty pageant glaze) enters the kitchen, picking at Cassandra's cooking. Cassandra kisses Marian on the head as she snacks.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(on a call)

Oh don't tease me! It's done soon
and then we're all going into the
city for lemon drops. Bye baby.

Cassandra punches a button on her headset, BEEPING it off.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Kemi, honey, what do you want dry
cleaned for the vigil?

KEMI

I'll wear whatever. Don't worry.

CASSANDRA

Honey, pick something out and let
me dry clean it. Need you to look
presentable, okay?

MARIAN

I'm gonna wear my black pencil
skirt, mama.

CASSANDRA

That's beautiful on you, baby.
Kemi, don't wear a pencil skirt now
that your sister's wearing hers.

Cassandra and Marian set the table around Kemi, shooing her
out of the way.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(calling to the other
room)

Mac! Dinner.

MAC (white, early 50s, man of the house and also the town
Sheriff, still sporting the day's uniform) emerges from
another room, taking a seat at the head of the table.

Cassandra and Marian fall in line to his left and right.
Kemi's the odd one out at the far end of the table. She flips
her laptop closed as Cassandra begins dishing out food.

Cassandra and Marian share an excited energy, occasionally
glancing at each other. Kemi clocks this, annoyed.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(to Mac)

Tough day, honey? With the crash?

MAC

Brutal day. Gotta be the worst in a while. Maybe in all my time.

CASSANDRA

It's just terrible. Just so terrible.

Marian, somewhat oblivious to the somber mood, stifles a smile.

After a beat:

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't stand it! Tell him baby.

Marian SQUEALS, suddenly bursting into a desperate smile.

MARIAN

I got it, daddy!

Mac JUMPS to his feet, jazzed, and embraces Marian in big hug.

MAC

Oh, Mare. Of course you got it! Congrats, sweetheart. You're a star.

CASSANDRA

(genuinely tearing up)
So proud of you, baby. On to bigger and better. Sky's the limit.

Kemi clears her throat.

KEMI

(sincere but hurt)
Congrats, Mare. The *Miss Oregon* pageant, wow.

Marian's touched by Kemi's approval more than anyone's. She reaches out to give her hand a squeeze.

MARIAN

Thanks, Kem. I want you to help me with my current events portion. I definitely need to say something about global warming.

KEMI

Yeah, for sure. You totally should.

CASSANDRA

Well, we'll see, Mare. We don't want to get too political.

Cassandra pats Marian's hand, ending the discussion.

KEMI

Any developments on Simone, dad?

MAC

Pardon?

KEMI

Simone Mann.
(after a beat)
Mia's mom...

Mac thinks hard, not remembering. Then it clicks.

MAC

Right! The librarian lady? Black one?

KEMI

Yes... *Simone Mann*, dad.

MAC

Kemi, hon. There's no searching for someone like that. She doesn't want to be found. And anyway, you know you can't ask me about these things. K?

Mac PATS Kemi's hand, giving her a gentle (literal) slap on the wrist. Silverware SCRAPES on a dish as the family continues eating in silence.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - NIGHT

A Greyhound bus BARRELS past a sign for *Gearhart, Oregon*.

INT/EXT. BUS - NIGHT

A woman's hand reaches up and touches the bus window. REVEAL a TATTERED PIECE OF PAPER resting on the woman's leg. The paper is covered in WAVE SKETCHES (similar to what Mia saw in the hotel guest book). Beyond the waves, a GLOWING GREEN LIGHT has been colored in.

EXT. GEARHART BUS STOP - NIGHT

The near-empty Greyhound GROANS to a halt at a lonely bus stop.

Bus doors open to reveal AUDREY LAM (female, Chinese-American, 60s, steely and composed), a small duffel bag slung over her shoulder. A SVELT DOBERMAN on a leash appears at her side.

The BUS DRIVER broods -- clearly angry about the dog. Audrey slips him a \$20, stepping off the bus.

She takes in a deep breath of fresh coastal air.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - NIGHT

Audrey ties her doberman NOVA up outside the inn. She takes a beat to collect herself before stepping inside.

As she enters, Frank looks up from his desk, recognizing her instantly.

FRANK

Audrey! Oh... wow!

Audrey reaches into her duffel, pulling out a wad of cash.

AUDREY

Hi, Frank.

She slaps the cash down on the counter.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Two week stay, please.

Frank hesitates, briefly frozen in disbelief, but he snaps out of it.

FRANK

Uhh -- you're in luck! Got our last dog-friendly room. Been busy here lately.

AUDREY

Mmm.

FRANK

How have you been? Haven't seen you since... *Cynthia* --

Frank sets a room key on the counter. Audrey swipes it.

AUDREY
Goodnight, Frank.

Audrey exits the lobby, leaving Frank unsettled.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - OCEAN AVENUE - ROOM 4

Audrey, now in pajamas, prepares a bowl of food for Nova, carefully SLICING APRICOTS with a pocket knife. Nova is curled at the foot of the bed, but PERKS UP as Audrey lowers the bowl.

Audrey begins loading her clothes into the hotel dresser. She unpacks a GOVERNMENT ID BADGE and tucks it into one of the drawers.

She ties her hair up, settling in to bed. Once situated, she retrieves the TATTERED PIECE OF PAPER she was reviewing on the bus, placing it gingerly on the bed. She opens the GUEST BOOK and begins skimming through it, examining the other CRYPTIC WAVE DRAWINGS and taking photos on her CELL.

PRE-LAP: Seagulls CAW quietly, their cries eventually erupting.

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

A CACOPHONOUS ORCHESTRA of SEAGULLS shift through the sky in a dark cloud, intricate flight patterns blossoming with their movement.

The flock dips down sharply, disappearing from frame.

We pan down to reveal the Gearhart Inn's NO VACANCY sign FLICKER ON with a PISS YELLOW glow.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - LOBBY - DAY

Mia stands behind a counter, serving soggy eggs to a surprisingly large assortment of hotel guests: 15-20 MOSTLY SINGLE travelers, all buzzing about excitedly.

An ODD COUPLE (60s) sits in the corner of the lobby, whispering conspiratorially. The woman LAUGHS ERATICLY, and the man HUSHES her, amused.

Mia clocks this couple, curious but unsettled.

WEAK VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me.

JOY (female, early 20s, demure, possibly anorexic) politely nods at the eggs.

JOY

May I?

MIA

Yes, of course. I'm sorry.

Mia moves to serve the woman, but Joy grabs the serving spoon herself, hungrily loading a plate. She returns the spoon.

JOY

Thanks.

Joy flashes a shy snaggletooth smile. In the background, a TALL TRANSIENT MAN who we'll come to know as DEX (late 20s) impatiently waves Joy over to his booth. Joy moves along, obeying Dex's orders.

In a far corner of the lobby, Audrey reads a local newspaper and sips on a cup of coffee. She takes note of the dynamic between Dex and Joy, concerned.

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - DINGY PORTABLE CLASSROOM - DAY

Twenty or so students sit in a classroom, most bored, many in the back text.

Kemi is among the group. She sits near the front of the class, attentive. The teacher, MRS. DAY (late 50s, scattered, frizzy hair), stands at the whiteboard, her back to the class. She FUMBLES with a magic marker, attempting to write something on the board, but it's out of ink. She TOSSES the marker in a bin angrily.

She WHIPS toward the class, on-edge, frazzled, brushing hair from her face.

MRS. DAY

So. Our school counselors are standing by and have extended their regular hours -- if you'd like to speak with anyone about what you're feeling, please don't hesitate to reach out. The candlelight vigil for the crash victims is tomorrow. Do try to attend and pay your respects.

JT (male, 17, smart-ass, greasy jet-black hair) sneaks a drag from a NEON PINK VAPE PEN and blows it into his hoodie. Kemi notices and LAUGHS.

MRS. DAY (CONT'D)
 (irked)
 Kemi? Something I said?

KEMI
 (teasing JT)
 Sorry, Mrs. Day. The air is just especially toxic today.

Mrs. Day FLINCHES, irritation building.

MRS. DAY
 Let's have some respect, please.

JT COUGHS, suppressing a laugh.

KEMI
 Sorry. Bad timing. I didn't actually mean the air was toxic.
 (trailing off)
 Although it is...

Mrs. Day snaps, THRASHING a textbook on the ground.

MRS. DAY
 Step off the soapbox, *Kemi*. We don't have time for one of your lectures today.

Kemi's stunned. The classroom quiets, shocked at Mrs. Day's response. CHAD IN THE BACK pipes up inappropriately:

CHAD IN THE BACK
 Got 'em!

Students MURMURING EXCITEDLY, entertained by the confrontation.

KEMI
 I'm sorry... I --

MRS. DAY
 (stern)
The classroom is no place for politics.

Mrs. Day straightens up, regaining composure after losing control.

KEMI
 Mrs. Day, let me please just clarify. I was joking --

Mrs. Day points to the door.

MRS. DAY
Front office.

KEMI
Excuse me?

Mrs. Day turns back to the whiteboard, but remembers she doesn't have anything to write with. Frustrated, she jams open her desk drawer, rifling through it for a new marker. Kemi collects herself and exits, proud and composed.

JT watches her go, guilt washing over him.

EXT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY

Kemi digs around in her bag and pulls out a cigarette, lighting it and taking a long drag.

KEMI
(to herself)
Fuckers. Absolute fucking fuckers.

She grabs her phone and texts Mia: *where you at?*

JT emerges from the portable, a bathroom hall pass in-hand.

JT
Yo!

Self-conscious, Kemi quickly stomps out her cigarette, blowing smoke in the opposite direction.

JT (CONT'D)
That was fucked.

KEMI
You think?

JT
For what it's worth, I like that you care about something.

JT smiles warmly.

JT (CONT'D)
Wanna come to mine tomorrow? I'm throwing a kickback after the vigil. My folks are outta town.

KEMI
Jesus. *That's* what's fucked.

JT

Bad timing, whatever. But it would
be cool to see you there.

JT smiles again. Kemi swoons, uncharacteristically flattered
by the attention but trying to keep it together.

KEMI

(playing it cool)
Okay, maybe.

She turns on a heel and heads inside, shooting another text
to Mia: *you're free tomorrow night. ok? ok.*

JT notices Kemi's cigarette on the ground, still partially
lit. He grabs it and takes a drag, admiring her as she walks
off.

INT. GEARHART HIGH - SKATEPARK - DAY

Mia sits at an outdoor table behind Gearhart High,
overlooking a dilapidated local skatepark. She sketches the
park on her drawing pad.

A small group of SKATERS occupy the space, judiciously taking
turns skating the various elements the park has to offer.

A few yards in front of Mia, two Youtube Fuckboys - ZEEK and
HARRIS (16) - mess around on their phones, filming something
for their channel. Zeek is clearly the face of their
operation, while Harris pulls the strings. Zeek turns to
Harris who records a video on his phone.

ZEEK

(absurdly performative)
YooOooOooO wassa my subscribers?
Chill vibes to you all today. My
update for the day: a plane crashed
in my hometown, and it's suddenly
the only thing keeping us relevant.
Kinda sick, I gotta admit. Stay
tuned for more on this. And in the
meantime, I wanna hear YOUR plane
crash stories. Hashtag 9/11!
Comment, like and subscribe below!

Mia balks, shocked.

MIA

What are you doing?

ZEEK
 (shushing Mia)
 Filming something, *shut the fuck up.*

HARRIS
 Wait wait -- can you actually be in our video? Girls always get more reposts.

MIA
 What's it for?

ZEEK
 My Youtube channel.

HARRIS
 Our Youtube channel.

ZEEK
 So we can get likes and subscribers.

Zeek mouths "cashmoney" to Mia.

HARRIS
 Drop it, man. She's a narc.

The Fuckboys brush past Mia.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 It's whatever. Stay focused.
 This ad money... we can go places with this.

Harris playfully SLAPS Zeek on the ass. He hops on his board and does a GUT-LURCHING trick off a ramp.

Zeek cautiously follows Zeek down the same cavernous ramp, both boys disappearing from sight.

EXT. OCEAN PARK - CANDLELIGHT VIGIL - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON a candle as it FLICKERS and snuffs itself out.

We reveal a full crowd gathered at an oceanside park, many holding candles.

Frank & Tommy Berg, Kemi and her family and Mia and Cam are all in attendance. Marian (Kemi's sister) is decked out in a form-fitting pencil skirt and stilettos, chatting with a couple of LOCAL BOYS.

Strangely, a group of TRANSIENTS from the hotel are also in attendance, including the Odd Couple (PENNY & KURT, 60s) and Joy and Dex from the continental breakfast. They look on coyly from the back of the crowd.

Large photos of a smiling FATHER and THREE KIDS - the Palmer family - are on display at an altar atop a small stage. The children are all blonde. The daughter's hair resembles the tangled mess the coastguard official discovered in the water.

The mother from the crash site, KARA PALMER (late 30s), sits in a chair near the altar, looking ill and despondent. She's surrounded by FAMILY MEMBERS who periodically whisper in her ear or pat her on the back. She doesn't respond in any way.

Mayor Thomas steps to the front of the altar.

Zeek and Harris, still with their skateboards, pull out their phones to record the speech.

MAYOR THOMAS

Thank you Gearhart for paying your respects on this sad evening. We are devastated by Mrs. Palmer's loss and extend our most heartfelt sympathies to her family. In this time of tragedy, please look to your neighbors and offer a helping hand whenever possible. We are a resilient community and this is a time when we must come together to support those in need.

Mayor Thomas reaches to pat Kara's back. She flinches. There's an awkward beat.

MAYOR THOMAS (CONT'D)

Please join me in a moment of silence to honor Jack, Sam, Clare and Luke Palmer.

The crowd quiets, many bowing their heads.

Suddenly, Kara lets out a single HEART-SHATTERING SOB and continues to cry silently. Family members RUSH IN to comfort her.

MAYOR THOMAS (CONT'D)

(clearing her throat)

Please take some time to light a candle in respect.

As the mayor steps off the stage, a small group of PRESS closes in on her.

PRESS 1

Ma'am has the cause of the crash been identified?

PRESS 2

Mayor Thomas, could it have something to do with the increasingly abnormal wind and tide patterns?

The mayor brushes the reporters away and continues off the stage toward a group of STAFFERS.

Mia moves toward the back of the crowd, noticing Kurt and Penny. Intrigued, she continues forward, stopping a few feet short but still within earshot.

Kurt and Penny speak discreetly with Dex.

PENNY

We're so glad people are starting to arrive... this is a special place.

DEX

I'm thinking of going. Soon.

KURT

Us too. Tonight, actually.

DEX

Tonight! Wow... wishing you the best.

KEMI (O.S.)

Hi.

Mia STARTLES, pulling herself away from this bizarre conversation.

MIA

Hi.

KEMI

Ready to go?

MIA

Kem, I'm not really feeling it.

KEMI

Nooo. No. Please. I'm actually begging you.

MIA
An hour.

KEMI
Fine. Fine!

KEMI (CONT'D)
(nodding toward Kurt and
Penny)
Who are they?

MIA
No idea, why?

KEMI
This town's full of weirdos.

Kemi and Mia part from the crowd.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

A comfortable family home in one of the more affluent neighborhoods. Monotonous MUSIC THUMPS hypnotically as Mia and Kemi approach the front door. Kemi turns to Mia.

KEMI
Ready?

MIA
Sure.

Kemi blows Mia a kiss as she opens the front door, revealing:

INT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A formidable rager, with 40+ kids spread out throughout the house.

A group of mostly GUYS play a heated game of beer pong by the window. Another collection of mostly GIRLS dance sloppily in the middle of the room.

A couple MAKES OUT voraciously against a wall, the GUY slipping his hand down the GIRL's pants.

OTTO (male, 16, reckless and impressionable) BUMPS a key of cocaine discreetly in a corner, then quickly returns the baggie to JT, who pockets it and heads toward the kitchen.

Kemi and JT lock eyes. He waves her over.

INT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kemi and Mia enter the kitchen. JT offers them each an empty red solo cup, gesturing proudly to an array of plastic handles of alcohol. Kemi shouts over the noise.

KEMI

I'll take a reusable cup, actually?

JT

(shouting)

Huh?

Mia grabs both plastic cups and begins mixing two drinks.

MIA

Thanks, JT!

Mia takes a big swig of her drink, nodding at Kemi to do the same. Kemi follows suit.

Mia sips her drink again and clocks Tommy down the hall: her sights set.

Tommy chats with a few GIRLS. A new song comes on and they SQUEAL happily, shuffling over to the living room to dance.

Now alone, Tommy takes a sip of his PBR. He glances around and meanders up the staircase, bored.

Mia, determined, knocks back two shots without flinching and centers herself, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

SOME TIME LATER:

INT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

A SMALL GROUP, including JT and Kemi, sit around JT's back porch, which overlooks the ocean. JT starts up a fire in a metal pit, alternating between vaping and arranging the wood.

Sid and Sam (Tommy's friends from the cafeteria) and TWO GIRLS all huddle in close to warm up.

Kemi hangs back near the edge of the deck, sipping her drink.

Back by the fire, Girl 2 stares out at the ocean as she smokes a joint, then passes it to Girl 1.

GIRL 1

Kem, Marian's a Miss Oregon finalist?

KEMI
The rumors are true.

GIRL 1
That's so sick. God, she's
gorgeous. She's gonna make it out,
isn't she?

KEMI
That's the hope.

GIRL 2
Holy shit those waves are big. Are
they always that big?

JT
They get like that at night.

KEMI
(skeptical)
That's not normal, though. Even
with rising sea levels and shit.

Everyone shrugs, unbothered.

SID
Okay are we playing or are we
playing?

JT
We're playing. Let's play!

JT puts a metal grate over the fire and takes a seat in an
empty chair, patting a bench next to him.

JT (CONT'D)
Kem?

Kemi moves toward the bench. She sits next to JT, who vapes
and offers Kemi a drag. She coolly hits the pen.

JT (CONT'D)
Mmm, toxic tastes good, huh?

Kemi shoves JT playfully. He laughs as he arranges a deck of
cards around the table for a drinking game.

JT (CONT'D)
Okay, who first?

GIRL 1
I'll go.

Otto suddenly CRASHES out through the back door, tripping toward the balcony railing and PUKING VIOLENTLY over the edge.

Kemi and JT jump up, running to stabilize him. He's pale, sweating profusely and appears to be dipping in and out of consciousness.

KEMI
Holy shit. Holy shit.

JT
Sam, grab some water. He's having a bad reaction.

KEMI
To what?

JT ignores the question as Sam runs inside.

Kemi reaches for a nearby beach towel and wipes vomit off of Otto's chin. She looks down at the towel -- it's covered in GREEN BILE.

Kemi gags a little, covering her mouth and turning the towel so JT can see it.

OFF his concern --

INT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - READING DEN - NIGHT

A collection of LARGE BLACK MOTHS flutter in a corner of the room. The door to the den CREAKS open as Tommy enters.

He peruses the titles in JT's modest family library, retrieving *THE OCEAN WORLD* by Jacques Cousteau off a shelf. He takes a seat on a nearby couch and begins flipping through the pages.

We stay with Tommy for a beat as he admires the vivid and otherworldly marine life imagery.

MIA (O.S.)
Hi.

Tommy startles, CUTTING HIS FINGER on a page as he turns toward the door.

MIA (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry.

Tommy smiles, sucking a BEAD OF DARK BLOOD off his finger quickly, then brushing his hand through his hair.

TOMMY
All good. Hey.

MIA
Hi. Hi hi.

Mia smiles. A sexually charged beat.

She takes a seat on the couch next to Tommy, nodding at *THE OCEAN WORLD*.

MIA (CONT'D)
I love that book. My brother has
like a million copies.

TOMMY
(harmless)
I bet he does. The infamous Cameron
Mann.

Mia playfully pushes her shoulder into Tommy's, a little drunk. She brushes her hair from her face.

MIA
Hey!

TOMMY
Infamous is the wrong word. Fuck.
What's the word?

MIA
Elusive? Idiosyncratic?

TOMMY
Idiosyncratic, sure. I love your
brother but he's a weirdo.

A little burned, Mia frowns. Tommy clocks this, suddenly embarrassed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, that was rude.

MIA
It's okay. He is a weirdo. But he's
my weirdo, and he's all I've got.

Mia darkens, feeling self-conscious and sad all of a sudden. Tommy turns the book toward her. He shows Mia a photo of TWO SEA LIONS - a mother and child - embracing.

TOMMY
Look at these guys. Aren't they
incredible? Just like dogs.

Mia LAUGHS, levity restored. She reaches for the book and flips through the pages.

MIA

Here, let me show you my favorite.
My mom always said this one looked
like me.

Mia finds a page with a spindly translucent fish with an oblong face. Tommy stifles a laugh, and then holds the book up near Mia's face.

TOMMY

Honestly, I see it.

MIA

Alright, fuck you.

Tommy smiles at Mia, gears shifting for a beat. Then:

TOMMY

Hey, wanna get out of here?

Mia nods, sure of herself.

The BLACK MOTHS in the corner of the ceiling FLUTTER out a cracked window.

INT. OCEAN AVENUE - JT'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

A MODEST CROWD of partygoers have descended upon the scene. Some take photos and film the spectacle, Zeek included.

Otto continues to dip in and out of consciousness.

Kemi and JT confer quietly off to the side of the porch.

KEMI

I think we should get him to the
hospital.

JT

Let's give him a few more minutes.
His heart rate is normal, he
doesn't have a temperature --

Otto coughs and then VOMITS again, for what seems like an ABNORMAL amount of time. The mess spills all over his shirt, leaving a WET PUDDLE on his lap.

The crowd GROANS in disgust, some SNICKER, others GAG. Zeek steps in to get a closeup of Otto as he sloppily wipes his hand on his face, smearing green vomit across his own cheek.

KEMI
 Alright. That's enough.

Kemi pushes Zeek back and steps in front of his camera.

KEMI (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Hi there, to anyone pathetic enough
 to be tuning in to Zeek's live-
 stream on a Friday night. I hope
 you're *really* enjoying this display
 of collective human failure. You -
 just like these partygoers - are
 complicit in Otto's suffering.
 Shame on you. Goodbye!

CHAD IN THE BACK whistles a CAT CALL. Kemi snatches Zeek's
 phone and ends the stream.

ZEEK
 (swiping his phone back)
 Fuck you!

CHAD IN THE BACK
 Show your tits!

JT
 (corralling the onlookers)
 Okay, okay. Everybody inside. Give
 us some space.

The crowd slowly starts to retreat inside.

KEMI
 (to JT)
 Can you drive? I really think he
 needs some help. Please.

JT
 Fine. Just give me five to chug
 some water and sober up. K?

Kemi nods, unsure. JT trails behind the last of the guests as
 they file inside the house and off the porch.

She takes a seat next to Otto, rubbing his back as she looks
 out at the vast ocean in front of her.

It's enormous and awe-inducing, but peaceful, despite the
 darkness.

KEMI

Hey buddy. You're okay. You're okay. We're gonna get you some help.

As she scans the landscape, we catch a QUICK GLIMPSE of a RIPPLING FIGURE moving stealthily, several hundred yards out in the beachgrass and near the cliff's edge.

Kemi turns her head in the Figure's direction just as Otto VOMITS once more, drawing her attention back to him.

Kemi is still for a moment, sensing a presence behind her but afraid to look.

When she finally does, the Figure is gone. Kemi glances inside to check on JT. He's doing a bump with Zeek.

KEMI (CONT'D)

You're fucking kidding me.

She stands to go and bang on the door, but stops as she sees of Mia and Tommy descending the stairs and exiting the party together.

Kemi sighs and pulls out her phone, calling an uber to the nearest hospital.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CLIFFSIDE TRAIL - NIGHT

Mia and Tommy walk side by side along an ocean trail. They're up to their knees in beach grass.

They stumble along together, both drunk, giggling.

TOMMY

So. Why haven't you quit the inn?

MIA

There's something about working there that's kinda sweet. You know? You get to see all these people when they're at their happiest -- on vacation, without a worry.

TOMMY

God, it's so funny you see it that way. It's the opposite for me. I find it depressing as hell.

MIA

Yeah?

TOMMY

For me it's like... why would anyone ever come *here*? Is this really the best you can do? This lonely little town?

Mia shrugs and glances out at the moon lighting the ocean. At the dense beach grass. It WHISPERS softly in the wind. The landscape is eerie but striking.

MIA

Looks pretty beautiful to me --

TOMMY

Do you ever think about the type of people who stay at the inn?

MIA

Kind of. Not really.

TOMMY

It's this bizarre thing. So many of them travel alone. What a lonely vacation that must be.

A beat.

MIA

(sassy)

You're really thinkin' a lot about loneliness these days, huh?

Mia suddenly TRIPS and falls flat on her ass. Tommy, cracking up, TUMBLES DOWN next to her.

They both catch their breath in the beach grass, gazing up at the stars. After a moment, Tommy turns on his side and leans in for a kiss.

Mia touches his face, kissing him back gently. Tommy leans in deeper. They kiss frantically grabbing at each other -- simmering tensions coming to the surface.

We leave Tommy and Mia in this moment and drift past them through the beachgrass and toward the edge of the ocean cliff.

As we soar out over the ocean, we begin to descend, ever so slowly, upon a speck far out in the distance.

Upon closer inspection, we realize we're watching a TINY BOAT from a bird's-eye view. It SLOSHES through choppy waters.

We float down toward the boat to reveal the two passengers aboard -- Penny and Kurt. They're paddling in unison with hopeful determination.

A smile spreads across Penny's face. But strangely, it shifts into something unhinged, desperate. Even grotesque. We stay with Penny for a beat as she PADDLES RHYTHMICALLY.

Penny's WOODEN OAR is chafing her hands. A stain of BLACK BLOOD has oozed onto the handle.

Penny doesn't seem to notice or care. We stay on her face as it's ILLUMINATED by a GREEN LIGHT that flickers on in the distance -- her expression blooming from coiled-anticipation to life-affirming ecstasy.

EXT. RIDGE PATH - GEARHART - DAY

A CREEK BABBLES alongside the Gearhart Ridge Path, a quiet, lush trail forged in the late 1800s by The Clatsop, a small tribe of Chinookan-speaking Native Americans that inhabited the Pacific Northwest.

The Ridge Path runs from North to South through all of Gearhart proper, a well-kept townie secret.

Audrey walks Nova along the trail. She approaches a clearing ahead, where Joy and Dex are visibly disputing something. Audrey hangs back, observing from a distance. She recognizes these two from the continental breakfast.

The fight ratchets up, and Dex SHOVES Joy out of his way, blowing past her. Nova SNARLES. Joy slinks off into a CAFE.

INT. CAFE - GEARHART - DAY

A BELL CHIMES as Audrey enters the same quaint local cafe, cases packed with fresh pastries. Nova is tied up outside. Joy sits at a counter sipping a tea. Audrey heads to the ELDERLY CASHIER (female, 70s, the lady from our opening with the cart of Ensure).

AUDREY
Hi, black coffee, please.

CASHIER
3 dollars.

The cashier fills a ELK-SHAPED MUG with coffee, sliding it across the counter.

AUDREY
Oh, can I have a to-go cup?

CASHIER
We don't have those.

The cashier smiles.

AUDREY
Ah, okay.

Audrey hands over some cash, and then moves to take a seat at the counter near Joy. She grabs a nearby *Pacific Northwest Brochure* and pretends to skim through it. Audrey notices a BRACELET on Joy's wrist.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
That's beautiful.

Joy looks up at Audrey, then down at her bracelet. Her eyes are red from crying.

JOY
Thank you. It's from my boyfriend.

AUDREY
Mmm. Boyfriend, huh?

Audrey gives Joy a knowing glance. Joy's unsure how to respond, a bit uncomfortable.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I was walking my dog on the Ridge
Path -- I think I saw you two
together?

Joy's weirded out. Audrey moves in close, quiet and gentle.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
No one should touch you like that.
Okay?

Joy nods, averting eye contact. This little gesture is meaningful to her. Audrey takes a sip of her coffee.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
You two on vacation?

JOY
(shrugging)
Something like that...

AUDREY

Take care of yourself. With him and
out here. Not everyone comes home.

Audrey smiles sadly as she stands to leave. Meanwhile,
Sheriff Mac Kelly (Kemi's dad) enters the cafe. There's an
awkward moment as Audrey and Mac recognize each other.

MAC

Oh! Audrey, long time.

AUDREY

Hi. Hope you're well.

Audrey moves toward the door, eager to leave.

MAC

You doing okay?

Audrey is frozen for a beat -- unable to respond. So much she
wants to say.

AUDREY

I'm fine.

MAC

What brings you back?

Audrey takes a breath, composing herself.

AUDREY

Haven't been back since the
investigation... stopped. Figured I
could try and start things up again
myself.

MAC

(pitying)
Oh, Audrey --

AUDREY

There are answers here. Okay? We
just need to *look harder*.

Mac opens his mouth to speak --

AUDREY (CONT'D)

(biting)
Good to see you, Sheriff.

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

We're TIGHT ON an empty desk with *OTTO* carved on the surface.

We slowly pull out to reveal a classroom of students, including JT, Zeek and Kemi.

MS. LORE (late 20s) leads a lesson on physics.

The BELL RINGS, emitting an OFF-PITCH STATIC DRONE. A few of the students grab their ears, groaning.

MS. LORE
Alright guys, good work today. Be safe. Do your homework. Etcetera.

Students file out, with Kemi hanging behind. She approaches Ms. Lore.

KEMI
Hey, do you have an extra worksheet? I'm trying to collect Otto's homework for him.

Ms. Lore clears her throat and meets Kemi's gaze.

MS. LORE
That's so sweet, Kemi. I don't think Otto is going to be able to do homework for a while. But thank you for thinking of him.

Disturbed, Kemi nods and heads for the door.

MS. LORE (CONT'D)
Kemi?

KEMI
Yes?

MS. LORE
Good luck today. I think what you're doing is really important.

Kemi smiles and exits the classroom.

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Kemi grabs a binder from her locker. She SLAMS it closed.

ZEEK
Yo, Kemi!

Zeek appears at Kemi's locker, leaning against it.

KEMI
 (curt)
 Hi. What's up?

ZEEK
 Just wanted to thank you for last
 night.

KEMI
 I mean, I couldn't leave Otto --

ZEEK
 Nah, nah. Not that. For this.

Zeek hands his phone to Kemi. It's playing the video of Kemi scolding Zeek's followers.

The video has thousands of likes and an assortment of different comments, like:

Damb... psycho ass bitch; I love her!!!; this is what's wrong with liberalism; Omggg, she's beautiful!; GORGEOUS and young - link to channel?

ZEEK (CONT'D)
 I have like 500 new followers from
 all the reposts. It's going viral.
You're a star.

Kemi blinks, affected by this.

KEMI
 I am?

ZEEK
 (genuinely grateful)
 Thank you.

Kemi's still processing, but there's a hopeful twinkle in her eye -- an opportunity here.

KEMI
 Hey, do me a favor?

ZEEK
 Yeah?

INT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A finger taps a microphone.

Kemi stands at the center of the auditorium in front of hundreds of classmates, teachers and staff.

A limp banner is pinned behind her:

Climate Change IS REAL - The Time to Act IS NOW

Kemi clears her throat and nods at Zeek, who begins **FILMING**.

KEMI

Hi everyone. I'm here today to speak to you all about the new sustainable initiatives that we at Earth Club have started implementing. Every day is precious in our battle against climate change, and we must act NOW.

CRAZY STATIC blares out from the mic. People GROAN. Marian flashes Kemi a strained smile and a thumbs up.

Kemi clocks the disaffected audience and shifts gears, cheating a bit toward Zeek and his camera.

KEMI (CONT'D)

How many of you feel hopeless?

The audience STIRS. Ms. Lore smiles, proud.

KEMI (CONT'D)

I'm serious. How many?

Kemi raises her hand. Ms. Lore raises hers. Mia follows suit, in solidarity. A small group of other students do the same. Marian refrains, self-conscious.

KEMI (CONT'D)

Okay, well, I'm going to guess the numbers are a bit higher. But thank you to those who participated.

The crowd CHUCKLES, warming up.

KEMI (CONT'D)

It's okay to feel hopeless. We're so small. *Gearhart* is so small. And the world is so large. So, so large.

(gesturing toward a window)

That ocean alone is immense.

Kemi pauses -- processing her own statement. She continues with newfound rigor:

KEMI (CONT'D)

The reality is, we might be fucked.

GASPS from the crowd.

KEMI (CONT'D)

The burden now rests on us as young people to affect change, and I have little confidence anything we do can help. And you know what's worse? Considering how poorly we've treated our planet, I think we actually deserve *all. the. shit.* that's coming our way. Seriously.

A cluster of students MURMUR, disturbed. Marian's FLUSHED with embarrassment.

Kemi begins FLICKING THROUGH a powerpoint with DISTURBING GRAPHIC IMAGES: a PLASTIC STRAW stabbed through a turtle's face; a PLUMP CHICKEN being SKINNED ALIVE on a slaughterhouse conveyor belt; a cut-open BEACHED WHALE with a stomach full of RUSTY FOUR LOKO CANS; a CHILD with NUCLEAR BURNS WAILING at the camera.

The audiences BALKS at the sensationalized images. Two SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS (40s) whisper, tensely concerned.

Kemi becomes gradually more emotive and performative as she speaks.

KEMI (CONT'D)

We can't *do nothing*, goddammit! We need to make the effort. Because what will they say about us if we don't? That we have no will to live? That all we care about are *Juuls* and *Fortnite* and *TikTok*? Now is the time for us to make something of ourselves. Finally do something as a generation. Now is the time for us to stand up and act in the face of the biggest crisis our world has ever faced.

The auditorium is silent. After a beat, CONFUSED APPLAUSE echoes through the crowd. Kemi - adrenalized - GRINS at Zeek. He nods at her, flashing a sincere THUMBS UP.

An ADMINISTRATOR moves to SHUT OFF the powerpoint and pull the plug on Kemi's mic. She shouts out over the crowd.

PRE-LAP: A HISSING builds.

KEMI (CONT'D)

We can all stand up together. They won't silence me!

(MORE)

KEMI (CONT'D)

I'm just getting started. Do
something. Someone do something!

From Zeek's camera's POV, we push in close on Kemi SHOUTING to the crowd, unhinged.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A dusty ventilator HISSES and SPUTTERS.

Otto lies in a hospital bed, hooked up to wires and IVs. He's lethargic and subdued, the ventilator helping him breathe.

His skin is a SICKLY PALE GREEN.

Outside the room, we see his DEEPLY CONCERNED PARENTS speaking in HUSHED VOICES with a DOCTOR. We can pick up a few loose phrases: "drug-induced coma," "further testing," etc.

As Otto's parents and doctor continue speaking, the ventilator HISSES ON, CRACKLING sporadically with STATIC.

EXT. GEARHART HIGH SCHOOL - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - DAY

We're at the end of a long underground tunnel that school custodians use for storage. We move slowly toward a group of guys huddled at the end - JT, Sid and Sam - who all pass around a joint.

SID

Yo, I'm not saying the behavior is okay or proper or whatever, I'm just saying: as a culture, I think we all need to be *allowed* to separate the artist's achievements from his personal choices.

SAM

100 percent. Woody Allen is a prime example.

SID

Exactly. Can't I appreciate a Woody Allen film and separate that from my disapproval of his personal choices?

SAM

Totally man. You're so right.

JT scoffs.

JT
You guys are fucking dumb.

Sam and Sid exchange a glance, then burst out laughing. JT takes another hit.

SID
Damn. Yeah this isn't the right take.

SAM
No, not at all.

Color drains from JT's face -- he's suddenly pale and woozy. Panicked. Sid notices.

SID
You good, man?

JT
I'm too high. I'm too high.

JT slides down the wall, dropping to the ground. He CLUTCHES Sid's arm to stabilize himself.

JT starts crying.

SAM
It's okay, dude. It'll pass.

JT
(through sobs)
Fuuuuuck.

Sid pats JT's back, awkward.

JT (CONT'D)
(begging)
Is Otto okay? Is he okay?

SID
He's fine. He's gonna be fine.

JT
He's not fine. He's not fine, is he?

Sid and Sam share a concerned glance.

INT. MANN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

An assortment of bills are spread out on the dining room table. Cam sifts through them methodically, laptop open as he pays things off.

Cam pulls out some cash from his wallet - roughly \$200 - and portions out \$60, setting it aside. He reaches under the dining room table, feeling around. His hand emerges with a pouch labeled *Mia*, where Cam deposits the \$60, then returns the pouch to its hidden location.

Cam stands up to stretch. He plops down on the ground near the table, lying back on the carpet. He stares up at a skylight in the roof.

Through the window, trees sway against a dusty blue sky. Cam gazes up, transfixed by the view.

We continue to close in on the skylight when --

SLAM.

Cam STARTLES. A SEAGULL has SMASHED into the window. It leaves a trail of BLACK BLOODY SLUDGE as it slides off. We STAY ON this black sludge for a moment.

Cam stands, disturbed, but shaking it off. He grabs a beer from the fridge and heads out to the deck.

EXT. MANN HOUSE - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mia bikes down the driveway, parking her bike at the post by the dock. Cam watches her from the deck.

In the shallow water by the dock, Mia sees a SMALL CLUSTER of DEAD CRABS floating on their backs, claws curved inward, frozen in paralysis.

She stares at the crabs, disturbed. Cam watches her from a distance, curious.

CAM
(calling out)
Everything okay?

Mia stands slowly.

MIA
Yeah. All good.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

CRAB LEGS sizzle in a VAT of HOT OIL. A COOK retrieves them with TONGS and dishes them onto a plate, which a WAITRESS grabs. We move with her out to the counter, where she serves a GUEST.

Elsewhere, at the far side of the diner, Mia and Tommy are seated on the same side of a booth. They share a basket of sweet potato fries and a milkshake.

A TV in the corner plays local news.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The investigation into the downed plane in Gearhart continues. The plane's black box is being analyzed and the results are expected to be released imminently.

The Waitress grabs the remote and switches the channel to a college football game, Oregon vs. USC. A banner on the TV reads: *Game Delayed Due to Heavy Winds.*

MIA

So what's your master plan?

TOMMY

Do I need one?

MIA

I dunno. Are you gonna stay here forever?

TOMMY

God, no. I hope not.

MIA

Why is everyone always so adamant about that?

TOMMY

I can't be here my whole life, Mia. This town's a black hole. People get stuck here. Like Otto... Jesus. He's sucked in now. Hooked up to a ventilator, maybe for life.

MIA

(in her own world)
People also disappear here.
(quick beat)
I've been noticing things.

TOMMY
What kind of things?

MIA
Weird shit. *Not normal* shit.

Tommy sits up, intrigued. He nods for Mia to continue.

MIA (CONT'D)
I saw something. Out on the cliffs.

TOMMY
Okay...

MIA
An elk - it just walked off.

TOMMY
It fell off the cliff?

MIA
It *walked* off. Willingly. Like something compelled it to. Someone, maybe?

TOMMY
Someone?

Mia listlessly stirs a fry in her milkshake.

MIA
And then there's the static. Haven't you been hearing it? It's everywhere.

Tommy's worried about Mia, thinks she's going off the deep end.

TOMMY
I'm not sure... I'll try to pay attention from now on.

MIA
I miss when it was okay to not know what I wanted.

TOMMY
(comforting, sincere)
It's still okay to not know.

MIA
What's the point, though? In knowing? Everything's gone to shit.

TOMMY

Kemi's really getting to you, huh?

MIA

She's *not* getting to you?

Tommy reaches out and SQUEEZES Mia's knee.

TOMMY

She is, sure. But I try not to worry about things I can't control. It'll cripple you. You should put your energy into something productive. Like, shit, Mia, I dunno -- *getting out of here*.

Mia nods.

MIA

I know, I know. It's just hard. To disregard the greatest loss humanity has ever faced...

Mia stirs her milkshake again, avoiding eye contact, then glances up at Tommy -- they both start laughing.

A BELL CHIMES as the diner door opens. Audrey enters, conferring with the waitress. She steps away, returning with a BOWL OF WATER.

Audrey thanks the waitress and takes the water to Nova, who's tied up outside.

Mia clocks Audrey, curious.

MIA (CONT'D)

Should we head out? I think I'm sufficiently depressed now. Ready to fall into a deep slumber.

Tommy and Mia both stand, each placing cash on the table.

INT. MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia sneaks in through her bedroom window.

She rises to face Cam, who stands in the doorway, upset.

MIA

Shit...

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CLIFFSIDE TRAIL - NIGHT

Tommy walks alone along a cliffside trail, hands in his pockets, shivering in the cold moonlight.

He's on high alert, scanning around him every few steps. In the distance, he spots a dark patch on the ground.

It's a large flock of DEAD SEAGULLS.

OFF Tommy's disturbed look --

INT. MIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mia sits on her bed while Cam stands above her.

CAM

Just text me next time, okay? I need to know when you're stepping out.

MIA

Fine. But can you just trust that I'm smart and know how to take care of myself?

CAM

Mia, this isn't unreasonable. A text isn't a lot to ask.

MIA

But do you not trust me?

CAM

I don't *not* trust you. It's just --

Cam struggles to articulate his thought. Mia stares on.

MIA

(bitter, almost taunting)
Yes, Cam?

Frustrated, Cam sighs.

CAM

Just fucking text me next time!
It's not a big ask. This town isn't safe at night, *okay?* Mom's proof enough.

Simmering with anger, Mia doesn't respond.

CAM (CONT'D)
Hellooo? I said: *okay?*

MIA
(under her breath)
Don't use her as an example

Cam scoffs.

CAM
What?

MIA
I said, don't make an example out of mom, Cam. She's not some missing persons poster. She's our *fucking* mom, okay? That void is something we'll never fill. How dare you use her as a prop in your bullshit discipline.

Cam becomes irrationally angry, not being totally forthcoming.

CAM
You think I don't get that we'll never fill that void? I'm well aware. More so than I care to be.

MIA
What is that supposed to mean?

CAM
Forget it.

MIA
Cam. *What is that supposed to mean?*

CAM
Mom left. She got out. That's it.

MIA
Where, Cam? Where did she go? Why hasn't she come back?

Cam throws his hands in the air, exasperated. He turns to leave the room, SMASHING the framed photo of Mia and their mom face down on his way out, hurting his hand as he does.

CAM
FUCK.

Cam SLAMS the door as he exits.

Mia stares at the wall, deflated and confused, tears welling.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CLIFFSIDE TRAIL - NIGHT

Tommy picks up his pace. A RUSTLING stops him in his tracks.

TOMMY

Hello?

No response. Tommy walks even faster, hustling along the trail.

There's another RUSTLING out in the middle of the beach grass.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Tommy starts to jog, heading off trail and up through the grass toward the street.

He glances back over his shoulder as he jogs away -- a green light has appeared on the horizon. He can barely make out what appears to be a RIPPLING FIGURE rushing through the grass.

Frightened, Tommy turns back to hurry up the hill and is SUDDENLY face-to-face with a TOWERING WHITE ELK.

The elk's CRAZED BEADY EYES scan Tommy's face. There's an unspoken connection here, both creatures sensing something is fundamentally AMISS on the hillside.

Tommy reaches up - ever so cautiously - to stroke the elk's face. Just as he places his hand on the bridge of its nose, it ABRUPTLY STARTLES, distrusting of human touch, and CHARGES OFF past Tommy, narrowly avoiding trampling him.

INT. GEARHART OCEAN INN - LOBBY - DAY

Seated at a table in the lobby, Mia fills out a timecard.

She rises to hand it in to Frank, when she notices Audrey returning to her room.

MIA

Who's that?

Frank glances out the window as Audrey enters her room.

FRANK

Why? You know her?

MIA
Not at all.

FRANK
She's Audrey Lam. Retired Oregon
Supreme Court Justice. Total
bulldog.

MIA
What's she doing here?

Frank hesitates a beat.

FRANK
Her daughter went missing out here.
Fell off the map. She launched a
whole state investigation, ruffled
some feathers, but nothing ever
panned out.

Mia watches Audrey as she CLOSES THE CURTAINS inside her
room.

Off Mia, gears turning --

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Green bankers lamps give the dingy bar a certain eerie glow.

Cam sits in a corner booth, two bottles of beer in front of
him.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, baby.

We reveal Katie Lore (Kemi's teacher) as she leans in to kiss
Cam on the forehead, sliding into the booth next to him.

CAM
Hi, baby.

Cam passes a beer across the table. Katie takes a swig.

KATIE
I'm almost ready.

Cam grabs Katie's hand and SQUEEZES, a sadness in his eyes.

CAM
Me too.

Katie clocks this, taking another sip.

KATIE

What is it?

Cam shrugs, a little drunk and trying to mask his emotions. Unable to hold it in, he lets out a sudden soft sob, then covers his face with his hands.

Katie wraps an arm around Cam, comforting him.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Mia?

Cam nods, his face still covered.

CAM

I shouldn't just leave her.

A flare of frustration flashes across Katie's face, but she reigns it in.

KATIE

Don't think of it as *leaving* her, baby. Think of it as *finding* yourself. Finally getting the escape you want. You *deserve*.

Cam nods, wiping his nose. When he pulls his tissue back, there's a small spot of BLACK BLOOD. He and Katie both clock this knowingly, oddly unfazed.

CAM

It's such an unknown, Katie. How can you be so sure?

KATIE

Don't vilify what you don't know, baby. It's the unknown that draws me. There's a comfort there.

Katie radiates confidence and self-assurance, so much so that Cam can't help but feel comforted. She brushes his hair out of his eyes, then raises her beer. They CLINK bottles.

KATIE (CONT'D)

To the unknown.

CAM

The unknown.

INT. MANN HOUSE - MIA'S ROOM - MORNING

Mia's in a distressed slumber.

Suddenly, she GASPS AWAKE, her room alit with a dim radioactive glow.

She grimaces, glancing over to the framed childhood photo of her mother. It's still turned over from when Cam slammed it down during their fight. Mia flips it upright.

In her pajamas, she slips out of bed. Sensing that something's off, she stands, frozen for a beat too long in the middle of the room.

Mia steps gingerly toward the window. Her floorboards CREAK. She reaches the sill, peering out at the small ocean dock.

Unbelievably, sea levels have RISEN BY SEVERAL YARDS overnight.

Mia's bike floats in the SWOLLEN OCEAN INLET, tied to the post she left it at.

A GREEN LIGHT flickers against the horizon line.

Awestruck and distraught, Mia tumbles back toward her bed. She fumbles toward her door and out into the living room to investigate.

EXT. OCEAN - BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Waves SLOSH VIOLENTLY as Cam, tiny in the ocean landscape, motors out to sea.

Up ahead, the waves appear to settle in a SURREAL CLEARING of water, like the eye of a storm. Dense fog rests atop the water beyond the clearing.

Small RED SPECKS float listlessly in this clearing.

As Cam approaches, he retrieves his crab net, and it becomes clear that these red specks are actually hundreds of PARALYZED CRABS.

Reluctant and disturbed, Cam dips his net into the settled water, retrieving dozens of crabs at a time and dumping them into his boat.

SUDDENLY, as if a light has been switched on, Cam's face is ILLUMINATED with a GREEN GLOW as he works in the dark water.

A hundred or so yards in front of him, we reveal the NEON GREEN HORIZON LINE.

A STATIC HUM sounds off as water SPOUTS UP from PLUMES deep within the ocean. A large ship-like structure is BARELY VISIBLE beyond the dense fog.

Cam pauses his work to glance up at this OMINOUS TABLEAU. We get the sense that he's seen this before, but he's nevertheless in awe of the majesty.

EXT. MANN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mia steps out into the front porch and is FLOORED. She opens her mouth to scream, but raises a trembling hand to silence the noise.

TWO DEAD WHITE ELK float atop the SWOLLEN ocean. Mia gently wades toward the water to check on the elk, and as she does, SEVERAL RIPPLING FIGURES become visible on distant ocean cliffs. Their forms are near impossible to distinguish, but they seem to peer out at the elk, passively observing them.

Horrified, Mia retreats back to her porch. She RUSHES up the stairs and TRIPS.

She SCAMPERS inside, scraping her knees along the way.

INT. MANN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mia SLAMS the door behind her, darting toward Cam's room.

BLACK BLOOD drips from her knees, contrasting garishly against the PALE GREEN LIGHT that bathes her bare legs.

MIA
(screaming)
Cam!

From the hallway, Mia HURLS open Cam's door.

INT. MANN HOUSE - CAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cam's room is empty, his bed left unmade.

Mia hurries to Cam's window, carefully scanning the landscape outside -- the Figures aren't visible from the side yard.

She slides down against Cam's wall, tears welling as her knees buckle from exhaustion. She pokes her head out into the hallway, and to her surprise, a WARM YELLOW SUNLIGHT glows as the sun rises.

An OPEN DRAWER at the far side of Cam's room catches Mia's eye. A MOLESKIN NOTEBOOK pokes out.

Recognizing this, Mia tiptoes forward, delicately lifting the notebook out of the drawer.

She stares inscrutably at the notebook, clearly recognizing it, then flips to the inside cover, which is inscribed with her mother's name: *SIMONE MANN*

Darkly curious, Mia begins flipping through the pages, which mostly contain diary entries, although a few contain DETAILED SKETCHES OF WAVES.

She flips to the last page in the notebook and reads the simple final entry, which is accompanied by a DOZENS OF intricate rendering of MONSTROUS WAVES:

time to disappear

Something else is written below this text, but before we can get to it, Mia SLAMS the book closed, tossing it across the room like it's searing her skin.

INT. GEARHART CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

We're inside an office, close on a computer screen. A mug of coffee steams nearby. Someone at the computer reviews a predictive MAP of rising sea levels on the Oregon Coast.

There's a KNOCK at the door. An ASSISTANT pops his head inside the office. We don't see who he's speaking to.

ASSISTANT

Ma'am, the sheriff's here?

Reveal Mayor Thomas at her desk. She nods. A moment later Sheriff Mac Kelly and the Baby-Faced Official from the crash site enter.

Mayor Thomas stands to greet them. Mac hands her a briefing. He looks WRACKED as they take their seats.

MAYOR THOMAS

Gentlemen. What do you have for me?

MAC

Ma'am, unfortunately the plane's black box analysis was inconclusive. And highly abnormal.

Mayor Thomas nods for Mac to continue.

MAC (CONT'D)

The data gathered is
incomprehensibly distorted, and the
recordings from the cockpit are --
they're --

Mac struggles to find words. The Baby-Faced Official averts
eye-contact.

MAC (CONT'D)

You'll have to hear them yourself.

Mac retrieves his laptop and plays on a recording.

We hear nothing, and then suddenly HORRIFIC SCREAMS,
inhumanely distorted into otherworldly STATIC SHRIEKS. We
stay with this terrible noise for a beat too long, until
Mayor Thomas closes the laptop.

MAYOR THOMAS

What is your analysis?

MAC

It's impossible to analyze this
data, ma'am. But we can look for
precedential patterns in the
analysis of other black boxes. We
discovered that cockpit crews have
reported similar... distortions...
elsewhere in the US. In one
particular coordinate region,
actually.

MAYOR THOMAS

Okay. And where is that?

MAC

Nevada, ma'am. Area 51,
specifically.

Mayor Thomas sits with this intel, taken aback.

MAC (CONT'D)

Ma'am, one more thing?

MAYOR THOMAS

Yes?

MAC

Audrey Lam is back in town.

OFF the Mayor's concerned look --

EXT. KEMI'S HOUSE - DAY

Dim light illuminates Kemi and Marian's adjacent rooms as we observe both girls from outside the house.

Marian, clad in a pink slip, sits upright at her vanity applying lotion to her face. Kemi sits at a desk hunched over a laptop.

INT. KEMI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We watch Kemi from behind as she replays the footage Zeek filmed from the assembly. She's been up all night cutting together the most incendiary moments from her speech:

We can't do nothing, goddammit!; Now is the time for us to stand up and act; Someone do something!

Kemi observes herself in the footage, watching it on repeat, mesmerized.

She finishes editing and labels the video "Youth Climate Activist Kemi Kelly's Impassioned Outcry Against Climate Change" before UPLOADING it to Youtube.

Kemi looks in the mirror. She's sexed-up. Low-cut shirt, dark eye-liner. She applies a fresh coat of lipgloss and fluffs her hair.

She opens up the video camera on her laptop and begins RECORDING.

KEMI

Hi guys, it's Kemi Kelly, climate activist. Welcome to my channel. I've just posted a video from a recent climate assembly I spoke at. *Some weren't prepared.*

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF - DAY

From a distance, we see a FIGURE sitting on a cliffside bench.

KEMI (V.O.)

My perspective? In many respects, the life that exists here on Earth is a matter of chance.

We cut in close to reveal Audrey, who's seated facing the choppy ocean. HARSH WINDS bluster against her red cheeks as the SUN RISES. She clutches the paper with the wave drawing.

We now see that the drawing is sketched on stationary with a *CYNTHIA LAM* monogram. Nova sits dutifully beside her.

KEMI (V.O.)

There's an enormous amount of potential variety possible, here and... elsewhere. We're not the chosen ones, we're just lucky.

EXT. OCEAN INLET - DAY

The swell of water has subsided. BIG WAVES crash against Cam's boat, which motors into the inlet, exhaust fumes SEEPING into the air as he returns from his fishing trip.

KEMI (V.O.)

Yet we take our incredible luck for granted, as if only human prosperity matters. We treat our earth with callous arrogance, disregarding anything that disrupts our precious lifestyle.

Cam docks, lugging his haul out of the boat.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Otto lies in his bed, listless, feverish. Slowly, he fumbles for the breathing apparatus attached to his nose and PULLS OUT THE TUBES.

KEMI (V.O.)

And as a result, our planet is sick. It's dying, and it's beginning to poison us. *Reject us.* As it should!

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF - DAY

We're back at the cliffside bench with Audrey.

KEMI (V.O.)

Can we really blame anyone who just wants to disappear? It seems like a natural defense-mechanism in the face of immolation.

INT. KEMI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Kemi recites her final statement with gusto. We watch her speak fervently at her computer screen.

KEMI

I'm not here to give up. I'm here looking for answers. I'm looking for *anything* that suggests we still have a shot. Subscribers, I'm here to hold your hand and walk with you through the unknown. Through this uncertain time. That's something few people are willing to do, but I'll brave it -- for both of us.

(pausing for effect)

Welcome to my channel. Stay tuned.

Kemi smiles as she ends the video. She posts it, then closes her laptop.

She catches her reflection in the mirror and fluffs her hair. She likes what she sees -- until a tiny bead of BLACK BLOOD begins to trickle from her nose. Kemi frowns and wipes the blood away, smearing her lipgloss as she does.

INT. MANN HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Mia stands outside on the deck, BLOOD CRUSTED on her knees, her mother's journal hanging loosely from her left hand.

The surrounding trees RUSTLE GENTLY in the ocean wind. WARM SUNLIGHT splinters through the forest.

In the yard in front of Mia, the tide has retreated and the Figures are gone. The two DEAD ELK have washed up on the shore like beached whales.

We push in on the journal dangling from Mia's hand. Her finger is bookmarking the foreboding entry.

As we land on the last page, which is cluttered with sketches of waves, we can read the final passage in its entirety:

time to disappear

Mia and Cam, won't you join me?

The journal DROPS from Mia's hand.

EXT. OCEAN CLIFFS - DAY

Audrey stands from the bench and walks out toward the ocean. We watch her from afar as she approaches the very edge of the cliff, peering out at the sea knowingly.

A TWISTY STATIC HUM rings out, and the green light at sea FLICKERS ON in full force, illuminating Audrey's face.

The choppy waters ahead begin to settle. Before long, the crashing waves subside entirely, and just the TWISTY STATIC persists.

Audrey breathes deeply and we move out past her, FAR over the cliff to reveal...

SOMETHING LOOMING on the ocean horizon. We push in further, beyond the DENSE fog.

An enormous half-dome SHIP-LIKE STRUCTURE pokes through the misty water.

Audrey is in AWE at the wonder before her. Tears of joy stream down her face. This image brings her a great relief.

Static CRACKLES LOUDLY as we approach this mysterious VESSEL, which emits a flickering FLUORESCENT GREEN LIGHT.

END PILOT