

THE CABIN AT THE END OF THE WORLD

by

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Based on the Novel by Paul Tremblay

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FADE IN:

ON GRASSHOPPERS.

Hopping through the underbrush. We're so close they're frightening. Black lifeless eyes. Long spindly legs. Twitchy and frantic in their movements. They hop around erratically. Trying to escape...

From the HANDS swooping in to grab them. Most of the grasshoppers evade, but one is too slow and gets snatched.

The hands gently dump it into a GLASS JAR with an aerated lid and some grass. The grasshopper bounces around, trapped. Surrounded by several more of its imprisoned kin.

WEN (O.S.)

It's okay... Relax...

The jar rises to reveal WEN, a precocious seven-year-old girl, staring at the grasshopper, her features comically distorted by the curved glass.

WEN

I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm just gonna study you for a little while. Is that okay?

There's a sweetness in her tone. An innocence that the real world inevitably stomps out with time. But not yet.

As she lowers the jar, we see that she's Chinese, with a subtle SCAR above her lip. Playing amidst the tall grass in the front yard outside of --

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Old fashioned, built with logs. The perfect place to spend a long weekend. Weathered and worn, it's been through a lot over the years. But that's what gives it charm.

It sits on a raised foundation, overlooking the shimmering LAKE. An SUV parked on the dirt driveway at the end of a gravel road that snakes away into the FOREST. It's incredibly peaceful out here... And isolated.

Wen studies her new grasshopper as it hops around. A childish curiosity in her eyes.

WEN

I'm gonna name you Caroline, after my friend at school. She's really nice. But she farts in class sometimes and pretends like she didn't.

(MORE)

WEN (cont'd)

So please don't do that, 'cause
you're sharing this jar now and the
others won't like you if you smell.
Okay?

The grasshoppers jump, having no say in the matter.

Satisfied, Wen grabs her NOTEBOOK. She's drawn a CHART with headings - "Name" "Size" "Boy or Girl" "Energy-level." Pretty sophisticated for a seven-year-old. There are already entries for grasshoppers named Liv, Orvin, Sara, and Gita.

She writes "Kerolien" in a new column and jots down notes. "6 inches" for size, obviously way off. For energy level, she thinks about it. Then writes "Hi."

WEN

Now there's enough grass in there for
all of you, so make sure you share
it. And don't bite each other either
please. You're a family.

As she continues to play, we can't help but notice that she's all alone out here. No people in sight. No boats on the lake. Just snow-capped mountains in the distance.

Until we hear FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL. Wen turns to the road. And her young eyes go wide...

There is a BEHEMOTH OF A MAN (30s) striding towards her. Wearing blue jeans with a white button-down shirt, neatly tucked in. A warm smile on his face. A smile that says he can be trusted.

From the look on Wen's face, he must be the biggest person she has ever seen. An absolute giant compared to her.

MAN

Hi there!

He sounds friendly. But Wen doesn't respond, her spidey sense on high alert. *Who is this guy?*

MAN

I'm not from around here, and was
hoping to make some new friends. Can
I talk to you for a little while?

His smile doesn't waver.

WEN

I... I don't talk to strangers.

MAN

Of course you don't. And you shouldn't, you're very smart. But I'm here to be your friend. So hopefully we won't be strangers for long.

(beat)

What's your name?

Wen hesitates... But he seems friendly enough.

WEN

Wenling. But everyone calls me Wen.

MAN

Well, it's nice to meet you, Wen. My name is Leonard.

LEONARD extends his meaty hand. After a moment, Wen shakes it, barely wrapping around a couple of his fingers.

LEONARD

I see that you're catching grasshoppers. Can I help you?

WEN

Umm... I guess so.

Leonard crouches next to her, moving his hand back and forth through the grass. Wen watches, intrigued.

LEONARD

I loved catching grasshoppers when I was your age.

WEN

Just be careful with them please.

LEONARD

Oh, don't worry. I'm very gentle.

A grasshopper hops and Leonard SNATCHES IT out of the air.

WEN

Whoa! You're really good!

LEONARD

Thanks Wen. Could you grab your jar for me, please?

Wen begins to unscrew the lid and the grasshoppers inside bounce around, trying to escape.

LEONARD

Wait, let the ones inside calm down a bit... We don't want them to panic.

He and Wen watch as the grasshoppers slow and stop jumping.

LEONARD

There we go...

Wen gently removes the jar's lid and Leonard drops the new one inside. Wen closes it back up. It would be such a cute moment if it was between a father and daughter. But it's not... Which makes his attitude all the more unnerving.

LEONARD

Did someone teach you how to catch grasshoppers? Or are you just a natural?

WEN

Daddy Eric taught me.

LEONARD

You call your dad by his first name?

WEN

It's so they know who I'm talking to. There's Daddy Eric and Daddy Andrew. All the other kids at school only have one dad. All the Disney Channel shows only have one dad too.

LEONARD

I see... Does that bother you?

WEN

No. Except when my guidance counselor keeps saying how *'it's so great'* that I have two dads. It's like she's trying to convince me. But I already know.

LEONARD

You want to know what I think? I think you and your dads make a beautiful family.

That makes Wen smile.

But Leonard's expression falters as he sneaks a glance at his WATCH and turns uneasily to the road behind him, as if expecting to see someone else coming down it.

WEN

What's wrong?

And just like that, his warmth returns.

LEONARD

Nothing. Nothing at all. Hey, how old are you, Wen?

WEN

I'll be eight in six days.

LEONARD

Well happy almost-birthday! In fact, it just so happens... I have something for you.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a freshly-picked WHITE FLOWER.

LEONARD

I saw it and thought it was pretty, so I decided to keep it until I met someone nice... Someone like you. Consider it an early birthday present.

He holds it out to her. But Wen doesn't take it. As nice as he is, something about him still makes her uneasy.

LEONARD

If you don't like it, we could play a game with it instead.

WEN

What kind of game?

LEONARD

We take turns pulling off petals and asking questions. By the time we're done, we'll know each other better. We'll be better friends.

Wen stares at him, his smile so warm and inviting.

WEN

Okay.

LEONARD

Great. I'll start, just since I've played it before.

He delicately pulls off a petal. Then lets it flutter off in the breeze.

LEONARD

Alright. What's your favorite movie?

WEN

Big Hero Six.

LEONARD

I like that one too. It made me laugh a lot. Okay, now your turn.

Wen moves closer to him to pull off a petal.

WEN

Everyone always asks what your favorite food is. I want to know what your least favorite food is. The kind that makes you want to throw up.

LEONARD

That's easy. Broccoli. Blargh!

He pretends to vomit, making Wen giggle. Leonard pulls off another petal.

LEONARD

Where are you from?

WEN

Hong Kong. I don't remember it though. I left with my dads when I was little. But they say it's real pretty.

Wen smiles, now it's her turn. She pulls off another petal.

WEN

Why are you here?

A crack in Leonard's friendly facade. His eyes dart to the road again, unease growing.

WEN

Leonard?

LEONARD

Why am I here? Well, I suppose I'm here to make friends with you. And your dads too. And maybe catch some more grasshoppers.

He pulls off another petal.

LEONARD

How did you get that tiny scar on your lip?

Wen's expression falls. That hit a self-conscious nerve.

LEONARD

I'm sorry... I shouldn't have asked. That's too personal, even for this game.

WEN

It's okay... My lip was broken when I was born. My dad's said it took a lot of doctors to fix it.

LEONARD

Well they did an amazing job. You're beautiful just the way you are.

The moment lingers as Wen doesn't quite believe him... It's impossible not to notice it's just the two of them out here.

WEN

It's not fair. You can see what's wrong with me, but I can't see what's wrong with you.

LEONARD

Oh, there's something wrong with me too, Wen... I may not have a scar on the outside, but if you could see inside, you'd see my heart is broken.

WEN

Why's it broken?

LEONARD

Because of what I have to do today.

WEN

What do you have to do?

Before Leonard can answer, Wen hears MORE FOOTSTEPS crunching up the gravel road. Leonard turns with trepidation. Wen looks past him.

WEN

Are there more people coming?

Leonard nods.

WEN

Are they your friends?

Leonard shakes his head "no."

LEONARD

You're my friend, Wen. No matter what happens, I want you to remember that. The others who are coming are more like my... Associates.

The footsteps get closer.

LEONARD

You see, the four of us have a very important job to do. In fact, it might be the most important job in the history of the world.

Then Wen's eyes widen as she sees...

THREE MORE STRANGERS coming up the road, two women and one man. Like Leonard, they all wear blue jeans with tucked in, button-down shirts - one black, one pale, one red.

We will soon learn their names are SABRINA (pale shirt, 20s, thin and tan), REDMOND (red shirt, 40s, lots of tattoos), and ADRIANE (black shirt, 30s, short and stocky).

And in their hands are BIZARRE LONG-HANDLED WEAPONS. Shovels and rakes modified with NAILS, RAKING CLAWS, and CURVED BLADES. Medieval weapons from tools of the present. The stuff of nightmares.

Wen staggers back, alarm bells ringing.

LEONARD

This isn't about you, Wen. Or your dads. Nothing that's going to happen is your fault.

Wen stumbles up the cabin's front steps --

LEONARD

WEN!

The intensity of his voice startles her. She turns back to face him. Leonard takes a breath, trying to sound friendly.

LEONARD

Your dads won't want to let us in. Please tell them they must. Tell them we need their help. Otherwise, we'll have to find our own way inside. Do you understand?

Wen stares back as the others approach. Redmond carries a WORN BROWN SATCHEL over his shoulder. He holds out a BRUTISH WEAPON with a SLEDGEHAMMER HEAD on one end and spikes on the other. Leonard accepts it. Then turns back to Wen.

LEONARD

Wen? Do you understand?

Wen stands alone on the porch of the quaint little cabin, taking in the terrifying sight of these four strangers standing together, weapons in hand.

Then she yanks the door open and runs inside, slamming it shut behind her.

INT. CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Wen tears through, panic gripping her, nearly tripping on a rug, but she catches herself and keeps running. Throws open the back door --

EXT. BACK PORCH, CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The door slams against the wall as it flies open, startling her DADS. They look up from their lounge chairs, books in hand. ERIC (30s), shaved head, conservative polo shirt. ANDREW (30s), ponytail, more casual attire.

WEN

You have to come inside right now!
There are strangers and they want to
come in and they're scary!

ERIC

Whoa, whoa, slow down --

WEN

Hurry! NOW!

She grabs their hands, tugging them both.

ANDREW

Okay, okay, we're coming sweetie.

They get up and she pulls them both into --

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

As soon as they're inside, Wen closes the back door and locks it. Breathing fast. Fighting back tears. Eric and Andrew kneel down besides her.

ERIC

Wen. Wen, it's okay. Listen, sweetie,
what happened? What scared you?

Wen struggles to catch her breath, words flowing faster than she can control them.

WEN

There -- There were four of them --
The big one -- His name's Leonard --
He -- He says we have to help them --
He says they have the most important
job in the history of the world.

Eric and Andrew exchange a look. *What?*

ANDREW

Jehovah's Witnesses?

ERIC

Great...

WEN

They have these weapons!

Now *that* gets their attention.

ERIC

What do you mean they have --

KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

Wen jumps and the dads' heads snap around at the sound of SEVEN POLITE KNOCKS IN RHYTHMIC SUCCESSION.

Wen stares at the FRONT DOOR across the room with wide eyes. CURTAINS cover the windows on either side, OBSCURING WHAT'S OUTSIDE. But she knows what's out there.

ANDREW

Stay here, Wen. Stay right here.

Wen steps behind the arm of the love seat for a sense of protection as her dads cautiously approach the door.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Wen gasps.

LEONARD (O.S.)

Hello in there!

His voice is eerily calm and friendly.

LEONARD (O.S.)
 My name's Leonard and I'm here with
 some associates of mine. Could you
 open your door, please?

Wen vehemently shakes her head no. But she can only watch as
 her dads peek out the curtains.

ANDREW
 (whispering)
 This guy is freaking huge.

ERIC
 (whispering)
 What do we do?

ANDREW
 (whispering)
 I don't know. Tell them to go away
 nicely?

Eric takes a breath, steadying his nerves.

ERIC
 Hi, uh, hello Leonard. We --

LEONARD (O.S.)
 Is that Daddy Andrew or Daddy Eric? I
 met your delightful daughter Wen
 already...

Wen stiffens upon hearing her name.

LEONARD (O.S.)
 ... She's so thoughtful and kind. You
 two should be very proud.

ERIC
 This is Eric. Is there something we
 can help you with?

LEONARD (O.S.)
 There is. Why don't you open your
 door. It'll be easier if we speak
 face to face.

WEN
 No... Don't listen...

Eric motions with as much reassurance as he can manage. *It's
 okay, Daddy's got this...* Turns back to the door.

ERIC

We weren't expecting visitors. I don't want to sound rude, but we'd like to be left alone.

LEONARD (O.S.)

I understand, and I'm so sorry to intrude on your vacation. Especially in such a beautiful place as this. But it is vital that we talk. I cannot stress that enough.

Tears stream down Wen's face as she clings to the love seat.

WEN

Tell them to go away... Please make them go away...

LEONARD (O.S.)

You should know that this isn't easy for us either. None of us have ever been in this position before. But our situation is bigger than any of us.

WEN

Make them go away!

Andrew sees the terror on his daughter's face.

Then grabs an old PORTABLE PHONE and dials 9-1-1.

ANDREW

(whispering)

What the -- There's no dial tone!

ERIC

(whispering)

What? I checked it when we got here. Is the battery dead?

ANDREW

(whispering)

The battery's not dead. It's not dialing!

Wen watches, panic rising, as Andrew frantically fiddles with the phone.

LEONARD (O.S.)

Like I said... We need to talk. We don't have a choice.

ANDREW

Yeah, well, we don't have a choice either! We're calling the cops!

SABRINA (O.S.)

Hey, um, we know you can't do that. None of our phones get service out here either. And sorry, we had to cut the landline.

Wen picks up a cell phone from off the coffee table. Desperately tries dialing. The "No Service" message only amplifying her building panic.

LEONARD (O.S.)

We don't mean to rush you, but I'm afraid we're a little pressed for time. Please open the door so that we can have a real conversation.

WEN

If you wanna talk, then why do you have those scary weapons with you?!

LEONARD (O.S.)

They're not weapons, Wen... They're tools.

Wen's eyes widen. *What the hell does that mean?*

POUND! POUND! POUND!

REDMOND (O.S.)

Open the goddamn door! We're coming in either way.

ANDREW

The hell you are! I have a gun!

Wen and Eric turn. That's news to them.

ERIC

(whispering)
You brought it here?

ANDREW

(whispering)
Yes and no... It's in the safe in the back of the truck.

REDMOND (O.S.)

Show us what you're packing, Daddy Andrew! We all like show and tell.

ANDREW

You'll see it when I'm pointing it at your head, asshole!

LEONARD (O.S.)

We can't linger out here any longer. I'm giving you one last chance to open the door.

Wen's eyes dart between her dads as they stare at each other, trying to figure out what to do.

WEN

Leonard, go away! Just go away!

LEONARD (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Wen... I wish it didn't have to be this way.

THE LOCKED DOORKNOB RATTLES. Followed by a THUNDEROUS THUD as the door shakes! Wen lets out a shriek.

ERIC

Oh my God...

THUD! THUD! THUD! THEY'RE TRYING TO BREAK IN!

Andrew springs to action, grabbing a CHAIR and WEDGING IT UNDERNEATH THE DOORKNOB.

ANDREW

Get the windows!

Wen watches, paralyzed with fear, as her dads frantically scramble about, closing all the windows, making the cabin darker and darker.

Then she wipes away her tears and joins in, closing a nearby window and using all of her strength to twist the lock. Pulls the drapes shut.

ERIC

Good job, Wen! Keep going.

Wen rushes to the next window as Andrew and Eric wedge the COUCH at an angle up against the back door.

Amidst the scramble, we get a general sense of the cabin's layout. There's ONE MAIN ROOM with TWO ADJACENT BEDROOMS, a BATHROOM, and a DOOR LEADING TO THE BASEMENT.

Wen dashes to another window. Strains to pull it shut --

LEONARD MOVES BY OUTSIDE, causing her to jump back. THE WINDOW IS JUST OUT OF REACH due to the cabin's raised foundation. Wen yanks the drapes shut before he can see her.

The sound of SPLINTERING WOOD. Wen turns and sees --

REDMOND'S FACE through a broken slit in the front door. He winds up and SMASHES IT AGAIN.

WEN

Daddy Andrew?!

Andrew picks her up with his steady hands.

ANDREW

I got you, baby --

CRACK! CRACK! The family turns at the sound of SOMETHING BANGING AGAINST A WINDOW.

THUD! THUD! Someone trying to break down the back door. THEY'RE COMING IN FROM ALL SIDES.

GLASS SHATTERS on the far side of the room. Wen screams.

Eric rips open one of the drapes, throws open the window, and punches out the screen.

ANDREW

What are you doing?!

ERIC

Come on!

But Eric moves away from the window and opens the basement door, motioning them down. WEN CLINGS TO ANDREW as he carries her, Eric closing the door behind them.

BASEMENT

Wen clutches her little arms around Andrew's neck as he carries her through the dark space. Cobwebs and dust. Rusted shelves full of boxes.

ERIC

This way...

There's a DOOR LEADING OUTSIDE on the far end of the space. A glimmer of hope. Andrew carries Wen towards it --

A LOUD THUD on the door! Wen lets out a scream as the dads startle back. Someone's coming in this way too!

SMASH! THE FRONT DOOR BREAKS OPEN UPSTAIRS.

FOOTSTEPS creak on the wood above... They're inside now.

WEN

We're trapped... We're trapped...

Andrew sets Wen down and puts a finger to her mouth.

ANDREW

(whispering)

Listen to me... You have to be quiet baby... Stay very quiet...

ERIC

(whispering)

We're not gonna let anything happen to you. But you have to be brave for us. Can you do that?

MORE THUDDING on the door. Wen startles. Then nods emphatically to her dads.

Eric motions to Andrew. Together, they move one of the dusty shelves away from the wall, making enough space to hide. They wave Wen over, and she crouches down behind the shelf.

Andrew motions to Eric to hide with her. Eric shakes his head 'no' and points to Andrew.

Smash! Smash! The basement door shaking with every hit.

Andrew motions again, insisting. Eric acquiesces and crouches next to Wen, holding her close to him.

Smash! Smash! The wood splinters, no strength left.

Andrew glances around, searching for another place to hide. Then wedges himself between the furnace and the wall --

SMASH! THE BASEMENT DOOR BREAKS OPEN --

Revealing Leonard's hulking frame, eerily silhouetted by the sunlight behind him. The weaponized sledgehammer dangling from his massive hand.

He dips his head to fit through the door and steps inside, footsteps the only sound in the silent space. Searching...

WEN

Huddles behind the shelf next to Eric, holding her breath as Leonard moves closer... Closer...

Until his footsteps slow... And Wen realizes Leonard is standing right over them.

LEONARD

Looks over the shelves. Brushes aside some dust...

WEN

Struggles not to cough as the dust drifts over them. Eric quickly covers her mouth. They hold still, clinging to one another tightly, just out of Leonard's view.

The sound of the DOOR OPENING at the top of the stairwell.

ADRIANE (O.S.)

Are they down there?

LEONARD

I don't think so.

ADRIANE (O.S.)

They might've gotten out. One of the windows is open. We're gonna go look.

LEONARD

Quickly. We don't have time for this.

ADRIANE (O.S.)

Don't worry. Redmond slashed their tires. They won't get far.

Wen sees Eric cringe upon hearing this.

LEONARD

Takes another look around... Then heads up the stairs.

WEN

Lets out a relieved breath. But the dust is still in the air. Getting into her nose. She can't stop it --

And she lets out the tiniest SNEEZE.

LEONARD

Snaps around, coming back down the stairs with purpose.

WEN

Covers her nose, trying not to cry. Not to scream. Eric holding her close.

LEONARD

Approaches the shelf, knowing exactly where they are.

LEONARD

I'm giving you a choice... Come out now. It'll be much easier for you this way.

WEN

Sits tight, on the brink, as the tense seconds pass...

LEONARD

Lets out a disappointed sigh. Then sets down his weapon. Grabs hold of the shelf --

ANDREW LEAPS OUT from behind the furnace, PUNCHING LEONARD IN THE JAW!

ANDREW

Go! Go!

ERIC SHOVES THE SHELF FORWARD, tipping it and its contents ONTO LEONARD, staggering him back. Eric grabs Wen and scrambles for the door --

But SABRINA STEPS INSIDE, her razor sharp weapon on guard. Wen screams at the sight.

Eric picks Wen up, carrying her up the stairs. Andrew rushes to follow --

But LEONARD SNAGS HOLD OF HIS LEG, yanking him back.

WEN

Daddy Andrew!

ANDREW

Keep going!

COMMON ROOM

Eric carries Wen up the stairs --

Only to come face to face with Redmond and Adriane, holding their weapons, ready to strike.

ADRIANE

It doesn't have to be like this...

REDMOND

We just want to talk, daddy...

Eric sets Wen down, shielding her with his body. She clings to him as Redmond and Adriane step closer.

Eric glances around desperately, searching for anything to protect his daughter. He snatches a FIRE POKER from the nearby fireplace.

Redmond takes another step forward, raising his weapon --

And Eric swings the poker -- CLING! Metal meets metal as Redmond blocks. But ERIC KEEPS SWINGING and -- SLASH! His poker GASHES REDMOND'S FACE. Redmond steps back, seeing blood on his hand. He smirks.

Eric white knuckles the poker, turning to Adriane.

LEONARD (O.S.)

That's enough!

Leonard emerges from the stairs, HIS BRUTISH ARMS WRAPPED AROUND ANDREW'S NECK, dragging him along. Sabrina follows.

LEONARD

Drop it, Eric. It's over.

Eric hesitates, locking eyes with Andrew. Andrew shakes his head 'no' as he squirms, helpless in Leonard's vice grip.

LEONARD

Eric, please. For Wen's sake.

Wen cries, clinging to Eric's leg. The other three intruders advance, circling them.

ERIC

Just stay back! Stay away!

He swings the poker, desperate, panicking.

REDMOND

I'm through fucking around here!

Redmond jabs his weapon at Andrew's stomach, stopping just short, a mere thrust away from stabbing him.

REDMOND

You've wasted enough time already!
Now drop it or I'll end him!

Andrew still shakes his head 'no,' but Eric staggers back, tears filling his eyes.

LEONARD

Eric... Put it down...

Eric feels everyone's eyes on him. He has one hand on Wen, one hand on the poker, completely surrounded. As the intruders move in on him, step by step...

What's he going to do?

And in this moment... **OUR PERSPECTIVE SHIFTS TO ERIC. MOVING FORWARD, WE ARE IN HIS STORY AS WE --**

CUT TO:

INT. BMW -- EVENING (ERIC - 2 DAYS AGO)

Eric sits in the driver's seat of his parked car. Wearing a sharp suit and tie. Restrained and polished.

It's extremely quiet here. Just Eric.

And yet, he's still tense. Weighed down by his thoughts. And that's when we see....

His hand nervously fidgeting with the WEDDING RING on his finger. He eyes it. A decision he doesn't want to make...

But he does, pulling his ring off in one swift movement. He places it into his pocket. Whatever he's about to do, he doesn't want anyone to see the ring.

With a fortifying breath, he opens his door and steps out into the --

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Eric walks across the pavement with purpose...

Towards a towering CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ERIC / CONGREGANTS (PRE-LAP)
Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy name...

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH -- EVENING

Eric stands amongst the CONGREGANTS, saying the prayer along with everyone else, blending in seamlessly.

ERIC / CONGREGANTS
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on
Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us
this day our daily bread. And forgive
us our trespasses as we forgive those
who trespass against us.

As he mechanically recites the words, his eyes wander, taking in the other couples. Men and women holding hands. Mothers holding their children.

He is decidedly alone. Separate.

ERIC / CONGREGANTS
And lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil.

Eric lingers on the last phrase, its words sinking in.

Then he straightens, putting on his Catholic mask again. Listening as the Priest continues the ritual.

INT. SUV -- DAY (ERIC - EARLIER TODAY)

Eric sits in the passenger seat, Andrew behind the wheel, Wen on a booster seat in back. All having a great time, belting out Justin Timberlake's "Can't Stop the Feeling!" and grooving in a silly fashion with the beat.

ERIC/ANDREW/WEN
*I got that sunshine in my pocket. Got
that good soul in my feet. I feel
that hot blood in my body when it
drops... Ooh!*

As they sing, Andrew reaches over and takes Eric's hand, now with his wedding ring back on. Eric returns a loving smile.

EXT. BACK ROAD, FOREST -- DAY

The music fills the air as their SUV rolls down the gravel road, driving alongside the beautiful lake, glistening in the sun. We can just make out the CABIN in the distance.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Eric and Andrew stand behind the cabin, looking out over the lake. Eric in his pressed khaki pants and button down, very out of place here. Andrew by contrast, in a vintage t-shirt and ripped cargo shorts, perfectly at home in the outdoors.

Andrew takes a deep breath and exhales.

ANDREW
Much better than the pine scent from
the car wash.

ERIC
Anything is better than the pine
scent from the car wash.

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
(smiles)
Hey Wen, come check out the view!

Wen comes scampering around the side of the cabin.

ERIC
How many grasshoppers did you catch?

WEN
Just one so far. Her name's Liv.

ANDREW
You see any bears yet?

ERIC
Andrew, I swear, don't even start.

Andrew laughs. He loves giving his husband shit.

ANDREW
Hey Wen, show Daddy Eric your scary
bear face.

Wen stands tall, curling her hands into claws, barring her
teeth, and letting out her best little girl roar.

ERIC
I assume you taught her that?

ANDREW
Of course not... But I'm very proud.

ERIC
Well fortunately, I came prepared.
With my own specialty bear spray --

He reaches into his pocket, and when his hand comes out, he
grabs Wen and tickles her. She laughs hysterically,
squirming to escape. Then gets away, fleeing towards the
lake, giggling the whole way.

ANDREW
I would pay to see you try to tickle
a real bear.

ERIC
You know, if bears got tickled more,
maybe they wouldn't be so violent.

ANDREW
Bears aren't violent!

ERIC
Hey Wen, sweetie. Not too close.

Wen steps out onto the RICKETY WOODEN DOCK that stretches over the water. It creaks beneath her.

ERIC

That dock might have rusty nails.

Wen slows, disappointed. Andrew smirks.

ANDREW

Nails my ass.

HE RACES PAST WEN, running across the dock --

ANDREW

CANNONBALL!

He triumphantly leaps into the water with a big SPLASH! Wen races after him with a giddy scream.

ERIC

Wen, don't --

WEN

CANNONBALL!

SPLASH! Leaving Eric alone on the shore, shaking his head.

ANDREW

Come on! The water's warm!

ERIC

You mean the cesspool of germs is warm?

ANDREW

Oh, Daddy Fun is so strict...

WEN

Come on, Daddy Fun!

Eric sighs. Pulls off his shirt. Then halfheartedly runs down the dock and jumps into the water. But he screams the moment his head emerges.

ERIC

Oh my God it's freezing!

Andrew laughs, and Eric splashes him in return. Wen joins in, splashing both of them, loving it.

EXT. BACK PORCH, CABIN -- DAY

Eric and Andrew lounge on patio chairs, Eric in the shade, Andrew with his feet up, enjoying the sun. Eric sets down his book, getting a little antsy.

ERIC

One of us should check on Wen.

Andrew doesn't look up from his novel.

ANDREW

It's too late. Bears ate her by now.

ERIC

(smirks)

You're such a dick.

ANDREW

I'll go free the grasshoppers from her torture chamber in a few minutes. Can you just relax till then? The sun's out. It would like to tan you.

ERIC

Sorry... I'm trying not to hover.

ANDREW

Listen, you're like the best dad in the world. Give yourself a break.

Eric nods. Goes back to his book. A few moments pass... Then he sighs, setting it down.

ERIC

I'm just gonna check on her real quick.

Andrew sticks out his legs, blocking Eric's path.

ANDREW

You... Shall not... Paaaass...

ERIC

What are you, the world's hairiest wizard?

He pinches some of Andrew's leg hair, making him recoil.

ANDREW

Ow! You're such a bully!

Andrew grabs Eric and they wrestle around playfully. Until Eric winds up in Andrew's arms.

ANDREW

Wen's having a great time here. And
so am I.

Eric smiles.

ERIC

Me too.

They share a sweet kiss.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Eric now sits at the kitchen table. Andrew beside him. Wen in between, held close by her dads. The tension hangs heavy, all of them on pins and needles as --

Sabrina, Redmond, and Adriane pace around them, lurking with their weapons.

Leonard pours glasses of water from a pitcher, the sound palpable. He sets a glass in front of each family member.

LEONARD

Please. Drink. I'm sure you're
thirsty.

None of them move. Andrew stares daggers.

LEONARD

Wen, at least take a sip --

ANDREW

Stop talking to her.

Eric motions for Andrew to calm down. Then whispers to Wen.

ERIC

Sweetie, if you're thirsty, it's
okay.

Wen hesitantly picks up the glass and sips. Leonard nods, pleased. Then sits across from them.

LEONARD

I understand what you're thinking.
Really, I do. But I promise you, we
are not here with hate in our hearts.

ANDREW

Oh really. The fact that we're
married men has absolutely nothing to
do with why you're here.

REDMOND
 (scoffs)
 If it were only that simple.

LEONARD
 We're here, Andrew, because we have
 to be. We don't have a choice.

ERIC
 There's always a choice.

LEONARD
 For you, yes... Not for us.

His words linger, the dads uncertain what he means.

ERIC
 If you want money, you can take
 everything we have --

Redmond guffaws.

LEONARD
 Redmond, please.
 (to dads)
 This is about something far more
 valuable than money.

ERIC
 Then what's it about?

Leonard forces a polite smile.

LEONARD
 I think it would be better if we
 began with introductions.

REDMOND
 We don't have time to dick around,
 Leonard.

LEONARD
 This is the way it's supposed to be.
 They deserve to know who we are.

An edge in his tone. Redmond doesn't press. Leonard takes a
 breath, smiling across the table at the family once again.

LEONARD
 My name is Leonard and I like
 catching grasshoppers. Right, Wen?

Wen just stares back, terrified.

LEONARD

I'm from Chicago. I'm a second grade teacher, and I run the after-school program.

Eric and Andrew exchange a look. *WTF?*

Sabrina forces a smile, trying to act cordial in spite of the weapon in her hand. Her voice is soft and restrained.

SABRINA

Hi... I'm Sabrina. I'm a post-op nurse from Southern California.

Adriane shifts her weight. Perpetually antsy and impatient.

ADRIANE

I'm, uh, I'm Adriane. I'm a cook at a Mexican joint in DC.

Redmond steps forward, playing with his weapon. Everything is a joke to this guy.

REDMOND

Is it my turn now? Great! Well hello freaked out family, my name's Redmond. When I'm not brandishing medieval death sticks, I enjoy long walks on the beach, babes, and beer. Preferably together.

He laughs, but no one else does. Leonard glares at him.

REDMOND

Alright, fine. I work for the gas company and I'm single, if you can believe that. Sabrina and Adriane don't seem to care though.

Sabrina rolls her eyes.

ERIC

Okay... Thank you for introducing yourselves. You want us to see you as people, not as intruders. I get it.

Calm and respectful. A negotiator.

ERIC

If you're here to recruit us for something, we're happy to listen. But we'd be much more at ease if you could please put your weapons down. You're scaring our daughter.

LEONARD

We're not here to recruit you, Eric.
We're not a cult, if that's what
you're thinking. The four of us are
everyday people. Just like you.

Eric and Andrew sure don't believe that.

ERIC

If you're not here to recruit us,
then what do you want?

Leonard hesitates, weighing his words.

LEONARD

It's important you know that the four
of us didn't meet until earlier this
morning. We didn't even know each
other existed until a week ago. We're
from different places. We work
different jobs. And yet... We all
received the same message, at the
same time. We were chosen... We were
called.

(beat)

The four of us are here to stop the
apocalypse.

Sheer bewilderment all over Eric and Andrew's faces.

ANDREW

Not sure we can help you with that
one, Leonard.

LEONARD

Oh but you can... You see, whether
the world ends or doesn't end is
ultimately up to the three of you.

ERIC

What makes you think that?

Leonard takes a breath. This is hard for him to say.

LEONARD

The only way to stop the apocalypse
is with a sacrifice... You must
willingly sacrifice one of your own.
After you make what I know is an
impossible choice... You must kill
whoever you choose before the sun
sets tonight.

ANDREW

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

ERIC

Leonard, whatever you think this is, it's not real. So let's just --

ADRIANE

It's real.

From the looks on their faces, they all believe.

WEN

Leonard... Please don't kill us.

LEONARD

Oh Wen... If I killed anyone, it wouldn't make a difference. Your family must make the choice.

ANDREW

We're not hurting anyone!

LEONARD

If you fail to make the sacrifice before the sun sets... Then it will be the last time the sun ever sets. The three of you will live, but the rest of humanity, all seven billion, will perish. Then you will witness the horrors of the end of everything, and be left to wander the devastated planet... Alone. Knowing what you could have saved.

ANDREW

I don't even have words to describe how utterly psychotic that sounds.

SABRINA

We wouldn't have left our lives behind and come all the way out here if this wasn't real.

ERIC

I'm sorry... I'm trying really hard to understand this. Do you seriously expect one of us to do something... Something so horrific... Just because you told us to?

LEONARD

I can't imagine how hard this is for you.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)

But this is the way it's always been. It happens every few years. And every time, the family makes the right choice.

ERIC

Wait, but you said that none of you have ever been in this position. So how do you know that it's happened before?

LEONARD

Because the world is still spinning.

Eric and Andrew exchange a look, neither buying any of this.

LEONARD

We're asking you to make a choice, like many others have before you. And the sooner you make that choice, the more lives will be saved.

REDMOND

It's like that song, you know? *He's got the whole world in his hands...*

LEONARD

Stop it.

ERIC

None of us are gonna hurt each other. Not now. Not ever.

Wen vehemently nods.

LEONARD

Perhaps I should be more specific about what will happen if you *don't* choose. The four of us have been made to watch the end of times over and over again. At first, I thought it was a nightmare. But then the visions started playing in my mind every waking hour. They're unrelenting.

ERIC

A lot of people have visions. That doesn't make them real --

LEONARD

First, the oceans will rise and the cities will drown...

ANDREW

There's something really wrong with you if you actually believe that --

LEONARD

Then a terrible plague will descend and the infected will writhe with fever and pain...

ERIC

Leonard, let us get you help. If you let us go, I swear we'll get you --

LEONARD

Then the skies will fall and crash to the ground like pieces of glass. And finally... An everlasting darkness will descend upon everything.

ERIC

But who showed you this? Who showed you these visions?

SABRINA

Listen to them. They think we're nuts.

LEONARD

Who or what showed us the visions is beyond any of our comprehension. We are merely the messengers.

ERIC

Okay, so you say you saw some apocalyptic imagery. But you didn't see any of us.

LEONARD

We saw this cabin.

Absolute sincerity in his eyes.

LEONARD

It was part of our vision. It was our glimmer of hope. Your family was chosen... Just like each one of us.

REDMOND

How do you think we got here, guys? This is the middle of nowhere. Nobody's phones work. We didn't have an address.

(MORE)

REDMOND (cont'd)

Call me crazy, but I'm telling ya, I put my hands on that steering wheel and I knew exactly where to drive.

ANDREW

I'll just call you crazy.

ERIC

Everyone, please... Now if this really is the end, there's a major flaw in your reasoning. You're talking about saving the whole world... But you're all Americans. Isn't that a little nationalistic for some greater power like God?

LEONARD

I don't have all the answers, Eric. We've already told you everything that you need to know. Now you *must* make a choice.

ERIC

We're not choosing anything.

LEONARD

I told Wen that I think you're a beautiful family. And I do. But I also believe that your family was chosen because you're strong enough to do what must be done.

Redmond paces around the table, leaning down towards Andrew and Eric.

REDMOND

Tick, tock, tick, tock... Hurry it up boys. Everyone's countin' on ya. *He's got the whole world in his hands... He's got the whole world --*

Andrew suddenly grabs his water glass and SHATTERS IT ON REDMOND'S HEAD! Redmond staggers back, yelling in pain. Andrew leaps to his feet, grabbing hold of Redmond's weapon. They struggle for it as Eric joins in the melee --

ERIC

Wen, go! Run!

Wen is just as surprised as the others, and by the time she runs for it, Leonard is on his feet. HE SHOVES THE TABLE ASIDE AND SCOOPS HER UP. SHE SCREAMS AND FIGHTS against him.

ERIC RIPS REDMOND'S WEAPON AWAY. He swings it around, keeping the others back, yelling at Leonard.

ERIC

Put her down! Let her --

He doesn't see ADRIANE SWING HER STAFF LOW --

IT SLAMS INTO ERIC'S KNEE, taking his leg out from under him. He falls, SMASHING HIS HEAD ON THE TABLE'S EDGE WITH A SICKENING CRACK --

CUT TO BLACK.

Darkness...

Then the sound of POURING RAIN...

Suddenly we're hit with a SERIES OF GROTESQUE IMAGES, flashing from one to the next with jagged intensity --

A WAVE OF WATER FLOODS BY US, filled with LIFELESS BODIES. Their DEAD EYES open, staring away. Others flail helplessly, screaming and crying as life leaves them --

An empty street, DEAD BODIES strewn about, their bloody skin covered with LESIONS, FINGERTIPS BLACKENED. Some clutching onto others in one final embrace, still more lying alone and forgotten. FLIES buzzing around their carcasses --

A RAGING STORM fills the sky, lightning cracking, thunder echoing, sheets of rain. The storm to end all storms. A lightning bolt strikes right in front of us, BLINDING US WITH LIGHT --

But as it dissipates, we realize that it's SUNLIGHT... Streaming in through a crack in the drapes --

INT. BEDROOM, CABIN -- DAY

Eric's eyes dart about, trying to get his bearings. He's lying on a bed in the darkened room. Lights off. Drapes closed except for the streak of sunlight --

ERIC'S POV: The sunlight is SO BRIGHT IT'S BLINDING. Painful to look at. There's a PERSISTENT RINGING that makes it hard to understand the nearby voice. We can just make out a figure as our FOCUS BLURS IN AND OUT.

SABRINA

It's okay... You're okay...

Sabrina sits at Eric's side, wiping the GASH ON HIS FOREHEAD. Eric realizes it's her and struggles to sit up --

But pain shoots through him and he clutches his head, groaning as she helps him lay back down.

SABRINA

Just relax... I told you, I'm a nurse. You may not be on board with all the end of the world stuff yet, but at least trust me on that.

Eric turns away from the window, clenching his eyes shut.

SABRINA

Sorry, that's as dark as I could get it. Light sensitivity is common with concussions. Do you know your name?

Eric is still groggy from the blow.

ERIC

Er... Eric... I'm Eric.

SABRINA

Eric, do you know where you are?

ERIC

At... At the cabin.

SABRINA

And who am I?

He locks eyes with her. Just the two of them in here.

SABRINA

Yeah... You remember me.

Eric tries to move again, but Sabrina gently holds him down. He's far too weak at the moment.

SABRINA

Just lay still. Hurting yourself more won't help your family.

ERIC

Where's Wen?

SABRINA

Your daughter and husband are fine, I promise.

Eric tenses as Sabrina wipes his wound again.

SABRINA

None of us wanted it to go this way.
We need you in a clear state of mind.
You've got a big decision to make.

ERIC

Why... Why are you...

Sabrina picks up a large bandaid and opens the wrapper.

SABRINA

You think I'm some kind of religious
freak, right? I would too. Truth is,
I haven't even been to church since
my grandma forced me to go when I was
little. I always thought that
religious stuff was so tired and
boring, from a different time when
people were scared of shadows.

(beat)

But then the visions started...

She gently places the bandaid on his forehead.

SABRINA

Leonard told you what's gonna happen,
but he didn't give you the details.
Yeah, I saw the ocean leveling a
city. My city. But that's not what
got me. What got me was the bodies...
All the dead bodies floating past
afterwards... Limp... Eyes still
open... Just bobbing in the water...

ERIC

Why are you telling me this?

SABRINA

Because I saw the look on your face
when you woke up. I know you saw
something too.

She meets Eric's gaze. He squints his eyes, struggling to
clear the haze and put words together.

ERIC

That... That doesn't prove
anything... You've all been going on
about this crazy... Gave me a
nightmare... Doesn't mean anything.

SABRINA

I didn't believe it at first either.
But you will.

(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)

(beat)

When I was a kid, my dad used to tell me, 'Trust the process.' That's sorta become my mantra these past few days. No matter how hard it gets... Trust the process. I said it when I saw the visions. I said it when I built my weapon exactly the way it was shown to me. I said it over and over as I passed every freeway exit on my way out here. I said it when I walked out onto the boardwalk and saw the others, just like I'd seen them in my head. That's when I knew I wasn't alone. That all of this is real. And I'm saying it to you now, Eric... You need to trust the process. You may not want to believe it, but we're all on the same side.

ERIC

I'm on my family's side.

SABRINA

Your husband is stubborn. And Wen is way too young to understand. That means it's up to you. You're the only one who can stop this. You're the only one who can save all of us.

Eric struggles to focus on her.

ERIC

I could never... I could never kill.

SABRINA

Trust the process, Eric. Trust the process.

The door opens. Eric groans as he tilts his head to see the hulking shape of Leonard, a solemn look on his face.

LEONARD

It's almost time.

SABRINA

Can we give him a few more minutes?
He's still pretty foggy.

Leonard shakes his head, no. Sabrina nods, understanding.

ERIC

Almost time for what?

SABRINA

Help me move him.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- DAY

Leonard and Sabrina help Eric out of the bedroom, an arm over each of their shoulders. Eric is still in bad shape, eyes scanning to see --

Andrew sitting in a chair on the side of the room, his HANDS CUFFED BEHIND HIM. Wen crouched on the floor next to him. Other furniture pushed aside to open up the space.

ANDREW

Eric! Eric, you okay?

Wen races over to Eric, throwing her arms around him.

WEN

Daddy Eric, make them leave! Make them leave us alone!

The sight of her brings tears to Eric's eyes. Wen clings to him as Leonard and Sabrina ease him into a chair.

Adriane reaches into the satchel Redmond was carrying earlier, and we see that it's filled with HANDCUFFS, ROPE, DUCT TAPE, and other items. She pulls out a pair of cuffs and uses them to LOCK ERIC'S HANDS BEHIND THE CHAIR.

ANDREW

Leave him alone you sick fucks! He needs to go to a hospital.

LEONARD

We didn't want it to be like this. We'd hoped you'd open your door so we could all talk in a civilized manner. We gave you every opportunity.

ANDREW

Fuck you!

Leonard ignores him and checks his watch. Sighs.

LEONARD

It's time.

He looks to Eric and Andrew with pity in his eyes.

LEONARD

You have to choose. A sacrifice must be made.

ANDREW

Like hell we're choosing anything.

Leonard slowly nods.

LEONARD

Then your first choice has been made.

ANDREW

What?! We didn't --

ADRIANE PICKS UP WEN, who starts screaming.

ERIC

No! Let her go! Don't hurt --

But Adriane places her on Eric's lap. Wen clings to him.

Then Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane PICK UP THEIR WEAPONS.

ANDREW

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait! You said you wanted to talk... Let's just talk!

Andrew fights against his cuffs.

WEN

What are they doing? What's happening?

Eric blinks hard, trying to focus his hazy mind, as --

Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane step away from each other, forming a triangle, their movements ritualistic --

Leaving REDMOND IN THE CENTER. Not holding his weapon. Sarcastic smile gone.

REDMOND

This isn't fair, Leonard... Come on, man. We wasted so much time just breaking into this damn place! I deserve a few more minutes.

LEONARD

This is the way it must be done.

REDMOND

This is bullshit!

Eric watches this unfold with a mix of confusion and terror.

WEN

Daddy Eric... What's happening?

ERIC
I don't know, baby...

REDMOND
We've been waiting around out here
while Sabrina played nurse. Just give
me a few more minutes.

He looks at Sabrina. To Adriane. But they just stare back.

REDMOND
Come on. Sabrina. Adriane. Come on.

They don't waver. Redmond turns to the family, desperate.

REDMOND
You can still stop this... But you
better hurry the fuck up!

With shaking hands, he reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a
THIN WHITE CLOTH. He stretches it over his face, revealing
it's a MESH MASK. A truly creepy sight to behold.

WEN
What's he doing?

Redmond sinks to his knees before them.

Eric's mouth falls open, realizing what's about to happen...

ERIC
Wen... Don't look...

But she keeps watching as Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane
close in around Redmond. Taking deep, steady breaths.
Hands clenching their weapons.

REDMOND
Please... You can stop this... Make a
choice... Make a fucking choice!

The others raise their weapons... THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES,
MUTTERING TO THEMSELVES... Redmond begins trembling.

ERIC
Oh God...

ANDREW
(realizing)
No! Don't do that! Stop!

REDMOND
I swear to God, this is all real!
It's all real!

Behind him, the curtains flutter in the breeze, letting in a beam of BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

ERIC SQUINTS as the light flares. And through blurry vision he sees --

AN AMORPHOUS GLOWING FIGURE hovering above Redmond...

Eric blinks. And just like that, THE FIGURE IS GONE. *Was it actually there? Or is his concussed mind playing tricks?*

Then Eric refocuses on Redmond, kneeling before them.

REDMOND
PLEASE! YOU CAN STILL SAVE US! YOU
CAN STILL SAVE EVERYONE!

Adriane opens her eyes. Then she swings her staff down on Redmond --

ANDREW
Wen, close your eyes!

Wen buries her face in Eric's shirt just as --

ADRIANE'S RAKING CLAW SLAMS INTO REDMOND'S FACE WITH A SICKENING SPLAT! He lets out the high-pitched shriek of a wounded animal. The dads cry out in horror. Wen screams.

ANDREW
Jesus Christ!

Sabrina swings her bladed staff at Redmond's skull --

Eric turns away, closing his eyes as WE HEAR THE GROTESQUE SOUNDS OF METAL MEETING FLESH.

Adriane and Sabrina shower blow after blow upon Redmond. We don't see the impacts. But WE HEAR THEM. We hear Redmond's screams. And every time Sabrina and Adriane raise their weapons, we see more blood and gore layered on them.

WE CATCH GLIMPSES of Eric and Andrew reacting, cringing, yelling. Wen crying as she holds onto Eric.

All the while, Leonard just stands there. Watching. Waiting.

We hear Redmond whimpering, writhing on the floor.

Then, ever so stoic, Leonard raises his enormous sledgehammer over his head --

AND SLAMS IT DOWN WITH A HORRIFIC CRUNCH. BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS HIS FACE AND WHITE SHIRT.

And Redmond whimpers no more.

An unnerving silence takes hold...

Holy. Fuck.

Eric opens his eyes... But nothing can prepare him for the sight before him. Horrified beyond words.

Andrew yells out in agony, turning his head away. But Wen slowly looks, and the sight is far too much for her young mind to even process.

Redmond's body is mangled. Lying in a pool of blood that continues to grow. His white mask now crimson, with more blood oozing out of it.

ANDREW

(whispering)

Wen... Wen, I love you. I love you so much. I love you, Wenling.

But his words do little to soothe her.

Eric looks where the figure of light appeared. But it's gone... If it was even there in the first place.

Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane stand over Redmond's body, taking slow breaths... In and out...

Then Leonard suddenly startles, his eyes widening, as if just noticing the body in front of him. He staggers back, looking nauseated, he might puke. The sledgehammer falls from his hand, thudding loudly on the floor.

Sabrina and Adriane back away as well, overcome with the horror of what they've done.

SABRINA

Oh God... Oh God...

Leonard's hand trembles as he checks his watch again. Then he staggers across the room.

ANDREW

You're sick... You're all sick... The fuck's wrong with you!

Leonard picks up the REMOTE CONTROL and turns on the TV.

ANDREW

What, now that your friend's dead, it's time to catch a game?

LEONARD
He wasn't my friend.

Leonard flips through the channels. The volume barely audible. Stops on CNN. Commercials above the news scroll.

LEONARD
Just watch.

ANDREW
Watch what?

LEONARD
The results of your choice.

ON SCREEN: A BREAKING NEWS BULLETIN flashes as the program returns to a NEWS ANCHOR.

LEONARD
It's starting...

He turns up the volume.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
... 6.4 earthquake that struck four hours ago in the Aleutian Islands in the Bering Sea. The US National Tsunami Warning Center has issued a cautionary advisory for the western seaboard...

LEONARD
We told you this would happen.

ANDREW
You told us what would happen?

LEONARD
If you didn't make a sacrifice, the oceans will rise and the cities will drown. I used those exact words. The cities *will* drown.

ANDREW
Are you even listening to what they're saying? That earthquake happened four hours ago! Long before you said that. Not exactly some big prophesy.

LEONARD
Just watch.

They all do so in silence as video shows several CAPSIZED BOATS in a harbor.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Thus far, we've had reports of ten foot waves making landfall on the Hawaiian islands. At this time, no injuries have been reported and only minimal property damage has been sustained.

ANDREW

No injuries and minimal property damage. This is some doomsday.

LEONARD

Just wait...

ERIC

It's not real. None of this is real... Please, just let us go.

LEONARD

Wait...

ANDREW

At least let Eric and Wen go. Let them go and I'll stay.

Leonard doesn't look away from the screen.

SABRINA

I don't recognize any of this...

LEONARD

We're supposed to keep watching.

ADRIANE

There wasn't anything in my visions about watching TV.

LEONARD

Well how else are we supposed to know?! What other option do we have? We have to keep watching...

He's getting desperate. Unsure of himself.

LEONARD

It'll happen... It'll come...

ERIC

Leonard... Nothing's coming.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Wait... Hold on...

ON SCREEN: The news report cuts back to the anchor in the studio. Finger on his ear as he listens to his earpiece.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
... We're getting word that another earthquake has just struck in the Pacific Ocean, registering 8.6 on the Richter scale, only seventy miles off the coast of Oregon...

An ominous sense of relief sweeps through Leonard.

LEONARD
This is it...

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
The epicenter is in what's called the Cascadia subduction zone, an area scientists have long feared would produce a catastrophic quake.

LEONARD
This is it!

SABRINA
Oh my God...

LEONARD
You didn't make a sacrifice. So we had to make one for you. And now we must all suffer the consequences.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
(listens to earpiece)
We're getting a preliminary report that a tsunami has struck the Oregon coast...

SABRINA
No, no, no...

Wen cowers close to Eric, unable to watch anymore.

WEN
I thought it wasn't real.

ANDREW
It's not real, baby. It's just an earthquake. They happen all the time.

WEN

Daddy Eric?

Eric stares at the TV with horror. Not wanting to believe...
But...

WEN

Daddy Eric!

ERIC

It's not real... Just a quake.

LEONARD

Your parents are wrong, Wen. It is
real. It's very real.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

A warning to viewers... The images
we're about to show are disturbing.

ON SCREEN: The broadcast cuts to SHAKY PHONE VIDEO that is
chaotic and hard to make out. Then the image steadies...

WATER EVERYWHERE. We're just above it. And then DEAD BODIES
FLOAT PAST. So many bodies. Some bobbing face down. Others
with unblinking lifeless eyes. Sounds of SCREAMING build.
The injured crying out for help amidst the destruction.

ADRIANE

Holy shit... This is what I saw!

SABRINA

Me too...

Eric takes it all in with wide eyes. Then looks away,
shaking his head emphatically. Trying to un-see the images.

Leonard turns off the TV.

LEONARD

This will happen again, and again,
and again, until the sun has set.
Every minute you waste moves us one
minute closer to another tragedy...
Until we reach a permanent midnight.

ANDREW

Leonard. Listen to yourself. What are
you talking about? Disasters happen,
man. It's terrible, but they happen.
This doesn't prove anything!

But Eric doesn't look so sure. And Leonard seems to
recognize it.

LEONARD

I understand that you're all frightened. But this choice you have is a gift. Not all gifts are easy to accept. In fact, I believe the most important gifts are the ones we wish we could refuse, and only later, do we realize just how lucky we were to receive them.

He smiles reassuringly. Face and shirt splattered with blood.

LEONARD

We'll let you think about it for a little while. I'm afraid we've made quite the mess.

(to Sabrina and Adriane)

I'll take care of Redmond's body. Perhaps you two can start on the blood.

Adriane starts rummaging around the cabin, searching for cleaning supplies.

But Sabrina lingers a moment longer, a hint of uncertainty shining through. Then she moves to join Adriane.

Leonard grabs a BED SHEET from a nearby linen closet and drapes it over his shoulder. Picks up Redmond's weapon in one hand and grabs Redmond's collar with his other. Then begins to drag Redmond's carcass towards the front door, leaving a bloody streak in its wake.

Eric stares at the black TV screen, still trying to process.

WEN

Daddy Eric... Are you okay? Daddy Eric?

Her voice snaps him out of his daze.

ERIC

Yeah baby. Daddy Eric's okay. We're all gonna be okay.

But his words are strained. Wen puts her arms around him. Eric instinctively tries to hug her back, but his cuffed hands clink on the chair.

Andrew watches, pained by seeing his husband and daughter like this.

ANDREW

Eric... Are you really alright?

ERIC

My head's still ringing. But my vision's clearer.

ANDREW

You know that first earthquake happened four hours ago, right? Leonard's been checking his watch a thousand times. They've been timing all of this.

ERIC

I know.

ANDREW

I just don't want you to be... You know... To be spooked or anything.

Eric turns, realizing what Andrew's suggesting.

ERIC

You think I believe them?

ANDREW

No, just, you know, with your head and all, I want to make sure you're thinking straight. With how they're trying to manipulate us. How they knew about the first quake and how the second one was triggered by it.

ERIC

I can't believe this... You think I believe them?

ANDREW

No, I... I'm sorry. I'm just... I'm just scared, okay? I'm just really scared of what they're gonna do.

ERIC

I don't believe them.

But there's tension in his voice and Andrew recognizes it.

Adriane and Sabrina return with cleaning supplies and a trash can. The dads are quiet as they begin sopping up the pool of blood. Wen looks away and closes her eyes.

Though Eric can't help but notice that Sabrina's breathing is labored.

She's silently crying, tears running down her cheeks.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Leonard drags Redmond's body onto the porch, leaving a bloody trail behind him. Sets down Redmond's weapon.

He sighs, taking in the remains of the human before him. And as we linger, we realize...

WE'RE IN LEONARD'S PERSPECTIVE NOW. THIS IS HIS STORY.

Leonard crouches down, looking at the dead man's face. One of Redmond's OPEN EYES peeks through his mesh mask. Leonard stares at it for a long moment.

And we see a hint of regret on Leonard's face. A glimpse of the man behind the monster. With a shaky breath, he reaches down and gently closes the dead eye.

Then the giant of a man stands up and shakes out the white bed sheet, guiding it to gently fall over Redmond's body.

He gives a small nod, this is the way it's supposed to be...

But then a RED BLOOD STAIN slowly spreads through the sheet. Leonard stops and stares, watching it grow and grow... The sight of it unnerving to him, as we --

CUT TO:

A RED MARKER drawing a solid red circle on a white board. Then a green marker adds a leaf on top.

LEONARD

So we know that Tommy has two apples...

We pull out to reveal we're in --

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY (LEONARD - 1 WEEK AGO)

Leonard looks enormous in the room full of miniature furniture for the little SECOND GRADERS. But his excitement and verve are even bigger than his body. The passionate teacher you want your child to get in school.

He's drawn two apples under a stick figure boy. Points to a nearby stick figure girl.

LEONARD

And we know that Lilly has *four more* apples than Tommy. So let's start with what skill we're going to use to solve this problem.

Several hands rise around the classroom. He points.

STUDENT

Addition.

LEONARD

That's right. Addition.

Leonard gets to work drawing additional apples on the board.

LEONARD

We're going to take the number of apples that Tommy has and *add* how many apples --

WHISPERS behind Leonard. He sighs, and turns to the class.

LEONARD

Is there something someone would like to add to the discussion?

The students exchange confused glances. Leonard looks from student to student. But no one admits guilt.

LEONARD

Alright... I'll let that one go.

He goes back to drawing his red apples.

LEONARD

So we're going to *add* how many *more* apples Lilly has to figure out how many *total* apples she --

WHISPERS behind him once again, louder this time. Leonard snaps around.

LEONARD

If you have something to say, please raise your hand so that I can call on you.

But now the students are even more baffled, exchanging nervous glances with one another.

ANOTHER STUDENT

Are you okay, Mr. Travers?

Leonard sees the concern on their faces.

Then the WHISPERS rise. Leonard tenses, looking around.

But none of the students' lips are moving. Yet the WHISPERS PERSIST... Coming from nowhere and everywhere.

INT. LEONARD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The cozy home of a man who chose to give back rather than live in luxury.

But Leonard is far from comfortable as he paces around, WHISPERS COMING FROM BEHIND HIM no matter which way he turns. Surrounding him.

HE CRANKS UP MUSIC, blasting classic rock. But THE WHISPERS ONLY BECOME LOUDER... Drowning out the music.

We can't quite make out what they're saying. But from the looks of it, Leonard certainly can.

And it's freaking him out.

INT. BEDROOM, LEONARD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

LEONARD IS NOW CURLED UP IN BED, hands clenched over his ears. The MUSIC BLARES from the other room. But it's no use. The WHISPERS SURROUND HIM. Overwhelming him.

LEONARD

Stop it... Stop it! Leave me alone!

But they're not going away.

LEONARD

Please... Please!

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY (LEONARD - 5 DAYS AGO)

Leonard moves aimlessly amongst the CHILDREN playing at recess, lost in a haze. He hasn't slept in days.

The children are all around him, but their laughs and yells seem to echo in the distance. Drowned out by the INCESSANT WHISPERING. Leonard tries to ignore it but can't, every second of his life now a living hell.

Then his eyes widen as he sees A GIRL LYING FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND by one of the play structures, not moving.

Leonard snaps back to reality.

LEONARD

Chelsea?! Chelsea?!

LEONARD RUNS TO HER. The whispers fading as he comes to the little girl's aid. Turns her over --

Revealing that the GIRL IS COVERED WITH PLAGUE-LIKE LESIONS, FINGERTIPS BLACKENED. Like she's been dead for days.

Leonard recoils at the horrifying sight, trying to make sense of it. Then he realizes -- the school yard is suddenly silent. No sounds of kids playing. He slowly turns...

The bright sun has been replaced by dark storm clouds and fog. And all around him... EVERY CHILD IS LYING DEAD ON THE GROUND, COVERED IN LESIONS, FINGERTIPS BLACKENED, FLIES BUZZING AROUND THEM.

Leonard staggers, overwhelmed by the sight...

But then he blinks, and suddenly -- EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL. Children frolicking about. As if nothing happened.

But Leonard doesn't move. Frightened beyond words.

The WHISPERS RISE again. Only this time, Leonard doesn't fight them. Instead, he takes a deep shaky breath.

EXT. BOARDWALK -- DAY (LEONARD - EARLIER TODAY)

People everywhere. Headed to the beach. Perusing shops. On carnival rides. Enjoying a summer day.

Leonard moves amongst them. Now dressed in jeans with a white button-down shirt, neatly tucked in. He's tense, filled with trepidation. Transformed by his experience.

His eyes dart about the commotion, passing over the tan bodies with indifference. He's searching for someone. Then his gaze steadies and he slows...

Standing at the boardwalk's rail are SABRINA, ADRIANE and REDMOND, all dressed in jeans and their colored button-down shirts. STARING RIGHT AT HIM. They've been waiting.

Leonard stiffens. As if he was clinging to one last shred of hope that this wasn't real. But with a steadying breath, he steels himself and approaches. He stops in front of them. For a long moment, they all just stare at each other.

LEONARD

Did everyone bring what they were told to?

The others nod. Leonard nods back, resolved.

Then he steps to the railing, looking out over the CROWDED BEACH below. The others take in the sight with him, gazing at all the people.

SABRINA

There's so many of them...

LEONARD
That's why we're here.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Leonard stands alone on the front porch, looking out over the railing, surrounded by the beauty of nature.

But on the horizon, DARK STORM CLOUDS LOOM.

Leonard eyes them with trepidation, seeing more than just a coming storm.

He glances down at his bloody hands, realizing that they're SHAKING. He wipes them on his shirt. But he can't get the blood off. The sight of it makes him shudder.

He clasps his hands together. Bows his head, whispering a small prayer.

When his eyes open again, his ice-cold facade has returned. And his hands are steady.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- DAY

Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane huddle near the front door, WHISPERING to each other. Sneaking glances at the family across the room.

LEONARD
We all knew this would be hard... But we have to stay the course.

ADRIANE
That's pretty easy to say when you're not the next one in line to get her head split open.

SABRINA
They think we're nuts. Hell, I'm starting to think we're nuts too.

LEONARD
They're *going* to believe us. We all know what happens if they don't.

An edge in his voice -- it's not an option. Sabrina and Adriane nod, they're all in this together.

Leonard turns and approaches the family, the others right behind him.

ANDREW
Our answer hasn't changed, assholes.

Without a word of explanation, LEONARD GRABS WEN'S HAND AND PULLS HER AWAY as she screams and shouts in protest.

ANDREW

What -- Wait! What are you doing?!
Wen! Wen!

At the same time, SABRINA GRABS ANDREW'S CHAIR AND DRAGS HIM towards the bedroom.

ERIC

Andrew! Wen! Don't hurt them!

WEN

DADDY ERIC!

Leonard carries her down the steps into the --

BASEMENT

Wen thrashes and struggles against Leonard, her dads' voices echoing from above.

ERIC (O.S.)

WEN!

ANDREW (O.S.)

Don't listen to them! Don't listen!

WEN

DADDY ANDREW!

LEONARD

Shh... Calm down, Wen. Calm down.
You're okay... You're okay.

He sits her down on the workbench and takes a step back, raising his hands in a non-threatening manner.

LEONARD

I just wanna talk, alright? I just
wanna talk.

Wen's alarm diminishes, still on guard but listening. Leonard nods, pulls up a nearby stool and sits down.

LEONARD

Listen... I know you're scared right now. I know you probably don't like me much either. And that's okay. But I want you to know... When I said you were my friend, I meant it. No matter what happens, I'm not gonna let anything happen to you.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)

And I know your dads won't either.
The world's a better place with you
in it.

He smiles with sincerity. He means it. But she doesn't give an inch, still staring him down.

LEONARD

Hey, do you like reading? I bet you
do.

He waits for her to respond. Feeling the pressure, Wen hesitantly nods.

LEONARD

Have your dads ever read you any of
the really old stories?

WEN

(hesitantly)

They read me Alice in Wonderland.

LEONARD

I like that one a lot. But the story
I'm thinking of is much older. It
goes back thousands of years. It's
about a dad who had to make a really
hard choice. A sacrifice. Do you know
what a sacrifice is, Wen?

Wen shakes her head no. Leonard speaks with the same gentle charm we heard from him in the classroom.

LEONARD

Sacrifice means letting go of
something, or *someone*, that you
really love... In exchange for
something even greater.

(beat)

You see, a long time ago... There was
this man named Abraham. He was a
wonderful person, thoughtful and
smart. In fact, he was a lot like
you, Wen. He was so perfect that God
chose him to lead a whole new nation.
A place where everyone would be safe
and happy.

Wen listens, drawn in.

LEONARD

But... God needed to know if He could
trust Abraham.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)

So God gave him a test, just like your family's being given a test. Abraham had to make a very difficult choice, just like your family does. God asked Abraham to take his son, the person he loved most in the world... And sacrifice him. So you know what Abraham did?

Wen shakes her head.

LEONARD

Abraham took his son up to the top of the highest mountain. Then he took out his knife and put it to his son's neck.

Wen's eyes widen. Leonard smiles.

LEONARD

But God told Abraham to stop. You see, Abraham passed the test. He made the right choice. He'd proven that he believed. And his son got to live. Abraham was willing to sacrifice everything to help everyone.

He leans in closer to her.

LEONARD

And now, thousands of years later, we still sing songs about him. He's a hero. And your family, you can be heroes too. Heroes who save the whole wide world.

Wen takes this in, realizing what he's saying.

WEN

But... It's just a story. It's not real.

LEONARD

It wasn't just a story, Wen. Abraham was chosen... Just like you and your dads have been chosen. And I believe what happened to Abraham will happen to your family too.

WEN

We wouldn't have to hurt anyone?

LEONARD

That's right. If one of your dads were to put a knife up to the other's neck... I believe God would say, that's enough. Do you think you can help convince them to do that, Wen?

Wen ponders this. It almost seems reasonable at first, but then her expression turns...

WEN

What if he doesn't tell us to stop?

Leonard hesitates.

LEONARD

Well, then... Perhaps it's not meant to stop.

WEN

Daddy Eric told me God was about love. But yours isn't about love. Your God is a killer.

LEONARD

He's not a killer. He's just... Asking for a sacrifice. And if we disobey, then others will die. That would make us the killers.

WEN

I don't believe you.

LEONARD

Wen --

WEN

You're not my friend. You never were.

A newfound strength in her young eyes.

Leonard leans back, genuinely hurt.

EXT. CABIN -- EVENING

The sun begins its descent as the dark clouds drift towards the little cabin. A jagged bolt of lightning flashes, followed by rumbling thunder.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- EVENING

Leonard, Sabrina, and Adriane stand over Eric and Andrew, hands cuffed behind them. Wen back in Eric's lap, glaring up at Leonard.

LEONARD

Once again, you have the opportunity to choose.

We don't yet know what happened in the other rooms, but Eric looks even more troubled. Whatever happened to him with Adriane, it has shaken him to the core.

While Sabrina looks even more uneasy after her time with Andrew.

Leonard glances at his watch as the seconds tick... Tick... Tick... Adriane tries to steady her breathing...

LEONARD

I don't mean to rush you... But our time is short.

ADRIANE

You mean my time is fucking short.

She turns to Eric. He can't meet her piercing gaze.

ADRIANE

Don't make me do this...

He doesn't respond. *What does she mean?*

ADRIANE

Listen man, you and us and everyone on this planet is gonna run out of chances if you don't choose right now!

ANDREW

He doesn't believe you. None of us believe you. Let your time run out, we're not gonna do what you want.

ADRIANE

Eric, this is your last chance...

Her eyes plead with him. But he remains steadfast.

LEONARD

Very well. Your second choice has been made.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
 (to Adriane)
 I'm sorry.

Wen clings to Eric, burying her head in his chest. Knowing what's coming.

Leonard picks up his weapon. The sledgehammer head still coated with Redmond's dried blood. But Sabrina hesitates.

ANDREW
 You don't have to do this.

LEONARD
 Sabrina...

Sabrina meets his gaze, conflicted. Then she obediently picks up her weapon.

ANDREW
 You don't have to do this!

Leonard and Sabrina step to opposite sides of Adriane, taking deep, steadying breaths once again.

ADRIANE
 No, no, no, wait...

We move in on her as tears well up in her eyes.

AND WE ARE NOW IN ADRIANE'S PERSPECTIVE, SEEING HER STORY.

She glances around, desperate, beginning to panic. Leonard and Sabrina step closer to her, weapons raised...

ADRIANE
 Please... I don't wanna die... I
 don't wanna die...

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIANE'S HOUSE -- EVENING (ADRIANE - 1 WEEK AGO)

Adriane dabs her eyes with a dish towel, wiping the tears away. Then goes back to CHOPPING ONIONS. She's making fajitas with the finesse of a pro. The meat and vegetables sizzling in the pan. Looks so good you can taste it.

She looks like a different person here, rested and carefree.

MANUEL (O.S.)
 Mama? Is it almost ready?

Adriane smiles as MANUEL (5) comes in the back door.

ADRIANE

You know it. Here, take these out.

She hands him plates and silverware.

EXT. BACK PATIO, ADRIANE'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Adriane and Manuel sit at the table, eating the fajitas. It's a beautiful evening, the sky a tableau of colors.

An AIRPLANE soars over them, flying low, en route to the nearby airport runway. Their modest suburban home is situated underneath the FLIGHT PATH, which for Adriane's son means constant entertainment.

MANUEL

(pointing to plane)

I bet that one's coming from...
France! Or Italy!

ADRIANE

Nah, that's a puddle jumper. I'm
thinkin'... Richmond.

MANUEL

(re: the next plane)

Okay, that one's coming from...
Florida. Maybe someone brought an
alligator with them!

ADRIANE

Actually that maple leaf probably
means it's coming from Canada, home
of your favorite maple syrup.

MANUEL

Yes! Do you think we could have
waffles for dessert?

ADRIANE

(laughs)

No, no we cannot. But how about for
breakfast tomorrow. Deal?

But Manuel's not listening... Eyes focused on the sky.

ADRIANE

Honey?

MANUEL

What's wrong with it?

Adriane turns, following his gaze...

Then she gasps as she recognizes the SMOKE TRAIL. AN AIRPLANE PLUMMETING TOWARDS THE GROUND in the distance.

ADRIANE

Oh my God...

Her jaw falls open as she sees a SECOND PLANE TRAILING SMOKE AND FALLING FROM THE SKY. Still distant, but closer to them.

MANUEL

What's happening to them?!

ADRIANE

I... I don't know --

A SHRIEK OF GRINDING METAL above them. Adriane looks up -- THERE'S A THIRD PLANE CRASHING RIGHT TOWARDS THEM.

Adriane watches, paralyzed by the sight. Manuel screams --

The plane CRASHES INTO A NEARBY HOUSE, sending out an ENORMOUS FIREBALL! Adriane wraps up Manuel as the FLAMES ENGULF THEM, OVERWHELMING THEIR SCREAMS --

SMASH BACK TO:

Adriane still sitting on the patio.

MANUEL

Mama? Mama, you okay?

He stares at her quizzically. Adriane snaps around to look at the sky.

But ALL THE PLANES ARE WHERE THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE, on their normal flight paths towards the airport.

ADRIANE

It's... It's nothing. Mama's fine.

She forces herself to pick up her fork and take a bite of food. But her hand is trembling.

INT. KITCHEN, ADRIANE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Adriane leans against the counter, dirty dishes filling the sink in front of her, staring off in a daze.

And once again, we hear the SAME WHISPERS that plagued Leonard, ECHOING AROUND HER.

Adriane twitches one way. Then the other. Shakes her head, covers her ears, trying to drive the voices out.

ADRIANE

No... No...

But they persist... Incessant...

INT. MANUEL'S ROOM, ADRIANE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A nightlight projects stars across the ceiling, playing a soft lullaby. Manuel is fast asleep, curled up in bed.

Adriane sits by his bedside. Gazing down at him with all of the love of a protective mother.

But the whispers continue. Unrelenting.

Adriane's hand trembles as she caresses Manuel's back. She blinks and tears run down her cheeks.

But she snuffles hard and wipes her face. Then steadies her breathing, beginning to listen to the voices.

INT. KITCHEN, CABIN -- DAY (ADRIANE - A FEW MINUTES AGO)

Chop. Chop. Chop. Adriane slices another onion on a cutting board. She glances down at it, wiping her tears away, remembering...

With a resolved breath, she sprinkles cubed onions over two restaurant-style sandwiches. Closes them up with another slice of bread and carries the plates into the --

COMMON ROOM

Where Eric has been pulled up to the table, hands still cuffed behind his back.

ADRIANE

Didn't have a lot of options for getting creative, but I'm betting these will still be pretty good. Someday you'll have to try my fajitas. Will blow your mind.

She sets a plate down in front of Eric and sits across from him. He glares back at her.

ADRIANE

Eat up, man. No one makes good decisions on an empty stomach.

She picks up his sandwich and holds it out to him.

ADRIANE

Come on... You must be starving.

Eric turns away, refusing.

ADRIANE

Listen, I know you think I'm batshit crazy, but trust me, my food's top notch.

(takes a bite herself)

Oh yeah... That's good. Seriously, get in on this.

But he won't look at her. Adriane chews and swallows. Sets the sandwich down.

ADRIANE

Alright, I'm gonna level with you...

(beat)

I'm the next one to go... I'm the next sacrifice. So I'm counting on you, man. You're like my last hope here. I...

A tinge of emotion breaks through.

ADRIANE

I don't wanna die like Redmond did. I don't wanna be butchered like some... Like some animal.

ERIC

Then maybe you should just leave.

ADRIANE

I can't leave. None of this can stop until you make a choice. Don't you get that already? I mean, look at me... Look at me.

She waits until he does.

ADRIANE

You think I wanna be here? I'm just some fucking cook. But here I am, begging you to do what has to be done, 'cause if you don't, my son's gonna die. Over the past few days, I've had to watch him die over and over and over again. I've watched my little boy burned alive as I held him in my arms. I can't get the sound of his screams out of my head, even right now. So as a mother... Believe me when I tell you that this is really happening. And it's up to you.

ERIC

I won't do it...

ADRIANE

You have to. Any moment now,
Leonard's gonna come up those
stairs... And then the next round
will begin. Unless you stop it.

Eric breaks eye contact, defiant. Adriane sighs.

ADRIANE

Listen... We're not supposed to hurt
any of you. We can't force you to
make a choice. I saw some crazy shit,
but I didn't see any visions like
that...

(beat)

But that doesn't mean I won't do what
I have to do. You get me, Daddy Eric?

A chill down Eric's spine.

ADRIANE

I wanna be alive at the end of this.
I wanna be alive for my boy. So if I
have to hurt Andrew... Or Wen... If I
have to hurt them real fucking bad to
get you to do what has to be done,
I'll do it.

She leans closer, whispering in his ear.

ADRIANE

Don't back me into a corner. 'Cause
I'm telling ya, I'll fuckin' do it.
If I die, one of them dies with me.

Eric takes a shaky breath.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Adriane turns to see Leonard coming
up from the basement, dragging Wen along with him.

And the sight of him makes Adriane turn pale.

EXT. CABIN -- EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

The sun has moved further across the sky, its light being
gradually overtaken by the towering storm clouds.

They're nearly upon us now...

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- EVENING

The tears are still wet on Adriane's cheeks as she glances from side to side. Leonard and Sabrina circle in around her with their medieval weapons. Their movements precise, ritualistic. Just like before.

ADRIANE
Please... Oh God...

She moves towards Eric, pleading with him.

ADRIANE
You're just gonna let this happen?!
Just gonna let thousands of more
people die?!

ANDREW
Don't listen to her.

ADRIANE
Oh, he's gonna listen to me! He's
gonna hear me scream and wail and
choke on my own blood, and I'll just
be the first of so many more!

She glances at Leonard and Sabrina lurking behind her, clenching their weapons, getting ready to strike.

ADRIANE
Oh, I'm sorry... You want me to put
my mask on first before you slaughter
me? Well, if that's how it's gotta
be. Gotta abide by the visions...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her WHITE MASK --

But then SHE PICKS UP HER WEAPON and lunges forward. SHE YANKS WEN TO HER FEET, AND HOLDS HER WEAPON TO WEN'S THROAT.

ERIC / ANDREW
WEN! / LET HER GO!

But they can't stop Adriane with their hands cuffed. Wen squirms and screams, but Adriane holds her tight. Leonard and Sabrina slow their advance, not expecting this.

SABRINA
Adriane, stop!

ADRIANE
Stay back! Stay back or I'll slice
her up!

LEONARD

You can't do this. They need to make a choice --

ADRIANE

Sorry, but I don't want my blood and guts spilled all over the floor!

ERIC

Please don't hurt her...

ANDREW

Leonard, fucking stop this!

LEONARD

Adriane, just let her go... It can't be like this... It won't stop --

ADRIANE

They're just gonna wait us out till we're all dead!

LEONARD

They'll do the right thing... You'll see...

ADRIANE

Then why don't we trade places right now and see if you still believe that!

LEONARD

You'll ruin everything --

ADRIANE

You're right, I'll ruin everything! I'll damn it all to hell!

(to Eric)

Unless you stop me right now. Come on, Daddy Eric. It's up to you. Your daughter or your husband.

Eric meets her fiery gaze, breathing fast.

ERIC

I... I can't...

ADRIANE

You have three seconds to choose!

ERIC

No... Please --

ANDREW
Someone stop her!

ADRIANE
Three...

Everyone begins shouting, creating a CACOPHONY OF EMOTION AND VITRIOL. Eric caught in the middle of the maelstrom.

ADRIANE
Two...

ERIC
No, no, oh please God --

ADRIANE
One...

ERIC
STOP! I'LL DO IT!

And just like that, EVERYONE GOES SILENT.

Andrew turns to his husband, horrified.

ANDREW
Do what?

Eric doesn't answer. Can't look at him.

ANDREW
Eric?

Eric's gaze rises to meet the three intruders. But where he lacked conviction before, he has it now.

ERIC
I'll do it. But only if Wen isn't in the room.

Adriane gives a small nod and moves Wen towards the bedroom.

WEN
No!

She tries to resist but Adriane pulls her along.

WEN
No! Daddy Eric, don't do it! You can't!

Adriane pushes her into a bedroom, and closes the door, standing guard by it. Wen's cries echo from inside.

ANDREW

Eric... You can't be... No...

Andrew shakes his head, trying to come to grips with this.

ANDREW

This is crazy... You know they're
crazy...

Leonard pulls a SMALL KEY out of his pocket and UNLOCKS
ERIC'S HANDCUFFS.

ANDREW

You're my husband. I love you. Do you
hear me? I love you! We're a family!

Adriane watches as Eric slowly rises from his chair. Relief
sweeping through her.

LEONARD

(to Sabrina)

Give him your weapon.

Eric extends his hand towards her...

But Sabrina hesitates. She looks down at the weapon in her
hand, fingers locked around it in a death grip.

ANDREW

Don't do it. Don't do it. Please.

ADRIANE

Give him your fucking weapon,
Sabrina!

But Sabrina doesn't move, conflict overwhelming her as she
feels the weight of her choice.

AND NOW WE ARE IN SABRINA'S PERSPECTIVE. THIS IS HER STORY.

Sabrina looks at Andrew sitting helpless in his chair. Then
at the bloody weapon in her hand...

CUT TO:

The same weapon being SHARPENED WITH A METAL GRINDER.

INT. GARAGE, SABRINA'S HOUSE -- DAY (SABRINA - 5 DAYS AGO)

Sabrina stands in front of a workbench in her NURSING
SCRUBS, illuminated by the SPARKS flying from the grinder.
No conflict in her eyes, just focused intensity.

We can't help but notice the jarring visual contrast. A nurse building something so horrific. She takes a break, wiping the sweat off her brow. Then listens as --

The WHISPERS rise around her, unabated.

She goes back to work.

Then HER PHONE RINGS, sitting on the workbench nearby. Sabrina ignores it and keeps sharpening, just like she's supposed to. Ring... Ring... She glances over.

"DAD" on the screen with a SMILING PICTURE of them together. Sabrina stares as it continues to ring.

The WHISPERS GROW MORE INTENSE... She presses her grinder to the metal. Sparks continue to fly.

Her phone chimes with a NEW VOICEMAIL.

Sabrina tenses, resisting the urge. She steels herself. Then her phone chimes again.

She drops the tool and grabs her phone. PLAYS THE MESSAGE.

SABRINA'S DAD (FROM PHONE)

Sabrina, where in the world are you?!
I'm losing it here. You have to call me, please. I just talked to your boss at the hospital. She said you've missed your last four shifts and aren't returning her calls either. What's happening?

Tears well up in Sabrina's eyes as she listens.

SABRINA'S DAD (FROM PHONE)

I know you well enough to know that something's very wrong. You have to call me right now. If I don't hear from you in the next hour, I'm going to the airport and getting on a flight out there to find you. If you don't want to talk to me, that's fine, but I have to know that you're okay... I love you, no matter what. I love you, Sabrina.

The message ends. She lowers her phone, staring at the smiling image of her with her dad.

EXT. BACK PORCH, SABRINA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sabrina steps out onto her porch. She takes deep breaths, trying to calm her anxiety as she looks out over the beachside town and THE OCEAN IN THE DISTANCE. Hoping to find answers in its vastness.

She unlocks her phone... Brings up her dad's number... Her thumb hovers over the "Call" button --

But she's interrupted by a LOW RUMBLE. THE PORCH BEGINS TO TREMBLE BENEATH HER. DISTANT SCREAMS ECHO.

Sabrina's gaze rises to the ocean... And sheer horror washes over her face...

An ENORMOUS TSUNAMI approaches the shore at unbelievable speed... Careening towards her town.

But she can't move, petrified by the sight. People run for their lives, grabbing loved ones, screaming in terror --

And the CRASHING WATER OVERTAKES THEM. Their bodies flung about wildly, no way to survive.

A moment later, SABRINA IS SWEEPED AWAY IN THE DELUGE OF WATER that rips everything apart.

INT. REDMOND'S TRUCK -- DAY (SABRINA - EARLIER TODAY)

Sabrina sits in the backseat, in a daze. Staring out the window, watching the power lines go up and dip down, up and dip down.

Redmond drives, Leonard and Adriane in the other seats. All dressed for their arrival at the cabin. Coldly focused.

But Sabrina just stares away. Dreading what's to come.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The truck suddenly pulls over. Sabrina opens her door before it's stopped and jumps out. SHE VOMITS into the dirt. More dry heaves follow, and then subside.

She gathers herself, looking back. The others stare at her from inside the truck. She hesitates.

Then climbs back in. Pulling the car door closed --

INT. BEDROOM, CABIN -- DAY (SABRINA - A FEW MINUTES AGO)

The bedroom door closes. Sabrina's hand on the knob.

She stands there for a moment, troubled by her thoughts. Then lets them pass as she takes a seat on the bed, facing Andrew, his hands still cuffed behind his chair. Just the two of them in here now.

ANDREW

Look, I don't know what your plan is, but you're wasting your time.

SABRINA

Oh don't worry, I know you're too closed-minded to ever open your eyes. I'm just babysitting you while the others talk sense into Eric and Wen.

ANDREW

It'll never work.

SABRINA

We'll see.

ANDREW

You know, I've been wondering... What happens when the clock ticks down to sunset, and you're wrong?

SABRINA

What happens when the clock ticks down to sunset, and we're right?

Andrew chuckles, shaking his head.

ANDREW

I feel sorry for you. Not the others, but I really, truly feel sorry for you. I mean, you're a nurse, right. You're someone who's trained to catch mental illness. I mean, what the hell happened to you?

Sabrina bristles, not liking where this is going.

ANDREW

Your whole job is to heal people. To save lives. And now you're here.

SABRINA

We told you. We don't have a choice.

ANDREW

And you really believe that?

SABRINA

Yes. I do.

But her confidence is waning.

ANDREW

Bullshit. You're no harbinger of the apocalypse. You're a nurse with schizophrenia.

SABRINA

I've seen plenty of schizophrenics. There's a big difference between a delusion and a vision.

ANDREW

I'd call it more of a fine line. Or more likely, no line at all.

SABRINA

What are the chances four people had the exact same visions?

ANDREW

What are the chances one person had a delusion and convinced others it was real? I'd say that's a hell of a lot more plausible.

SABRINA

Now that's bullshit.

ANDREW

Then how come you never told us how you met?

SABRINA

We met this morning. At a boardwalk on the coast.

ANDREW

So you came all the way across the country from California... Randomly showed up on a boardwalk... And just happened to find three other people dressed in jeans and fancy shirts who were all ready for the apocalypse?

Sabrina averts his accusatory gaze.

ANDREW

You met before, didn't you?

SABRINA

It doesn't matter.

ANDREW

I'd say it matters a lot. Leonard said we deserved to know who you were.

(beat)

All I want to know is how you all first met. It's a simple question.

Sabrina hesitates.

SABRINA

It was... It was on a forum.

ANDREW

A forum? You mean, like, an internet forum? Are you fucking kidding me?

SABRINA

I told you it didn't matter.

ANDREW

Oh it matters. It matters a lot. This is all starting to make sense...

SABRINA

Just stop talking. I shouldn't have told you.

ANDREW

You were suffering, right? Seeing horrible things. Hearing horrible things. Sound familiar?

She looks away, refusing to engage.

ANDREW

But instead of seeking professional help, you went online. Then you found a couple others who had the same kind of delusions as you did. You became your own echo chamber, and it got worse and worse, until here we are.

SABRINA

That's not what happened.

ANDREW

It's not? Because it happens like that all the time. That's why you hear about some soldier killing people on his base because he spent all his time on a message board where everyone thought there was a shadow government stalking them.

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)

Or why someone thought Hillary Clinton was running a pedophile ring out of a pizza parlor and decided to go shoot it up. Or a nurse comes to believe that the apocalypse is coming and she has to stop it. It's a *shared* delusion.

SABRINA

None of that has anything to do with this!

ANDREW

I don't think you really believe that. I think you have doubts.

(beat)

I saw the tears in your eyes when you were cleaning up Redmond's blood. Not exactly the mark of a true believer.

SABRINA

It doesn't mean I have to like what's happening.

ANDREW

You're not like the others. You want to believe... But you know in your heart that what you're doing here is wrong and evil. You know it.

Sabrina doesn't respond. Can't look him in the eye.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sabrina averts everyone's gaze as she stares at the weapon in her hand. Eric opens his hand, waiting for her.

LEONARD

Give it to him, Sabrina.

But she's still hesitant, she doesn't want this...

ADRIANE

Give it to him!

Sabrina looks to Andrew, whose hands are still cuffed behind the chair.

ANDREW

Don't... You're better than this...

She wavers, half of her believing him...

But then she extends her arm, holding out her weapon.

Eric takes it and their eyes meet. She silently begs him not to go through with it... But then he moves behind Andrew, weapon in hand.

ANDREW

Eric, for God's sake, listen to me!
You can't do this! I know you don't
believe them!

Eric eyes HOW SHARP THE BLADE IS. The other three watch his every move, waiting for the inevitable.

ANDREW

None of this is real! They weren't
called here by some shared vision.
They met on a fucking online forum!
They're insane!

But Eric is unaffected by the news. He tightens his grip on the weapon. Steadies his breathing, preparing himself.

Sabrina looks away, unable to watch.

ANDREW

Please Eric, I love you! Do you hear
me? I love you, Eric! You can't...
You can't!

ERIC

I love you too... Always.

Eric lifts the weapon high... ANDREW SCREAMS AS ERIC SWINGS THE BLADE DOWN --

AND CUTS CLEAN THROUGH ANDREW'S HANDCUFF CHAIN! It snaps in two, setting him free!

ERIC

Get the gun! Get the gun!

For the briefest moment, everyone is too stunned to realize what just happened...

THEN ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

ANDREW RUNS FOR THE FRONT DOOR. Eric thrusts his weapon at Leonard, HITTING HIM IN THE GUT WITH THE BLUNT END. He swings it at Adriane, nearly taking her head off.

Sabrina stands frozen, watching as Andrew runs out the door.

Then she races out after him --

EXT. CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The sunlight is fading as Sabrina comes outside. She quickly picks up REDMOND'S WEAPON off the porch and looks ahead --

Andrew is nearly to their SUV. The TIRES HAVE BEEN SLASHED, the deflated wheels sitting on the rims. Andrew yanks open the SUV's door. About to climb in --

But Sabrina closes the distance and swings her weapon, CLOBBERING THE BACK OF HIS KNEE. Andrew cries out in pain as he falls to the ground.

Sabrina stands over him. She could kill him right now if she wanted to.

SABRINA

This is all real, no matter what you say...

Andrew clenches his teeth as he clutches his already SWELLING KNEE. She extends her hand to him.

SABRINA

Come on. We still need you.

Andrew raises a hand to acquiesce and cautiously moves to get to his feet --

But he suddenly throws a HANDFUL OF DIRT IN SABRINA'S FACE with his other hand. Then PUNCHES HER IN THE STOMACH, DOUBLING HER OVER.

Sabrina gasps for breath, the wind knocked out of her as Andrew pulls himself into the SUV. Sabrina lunges for him --

HE CLOSES THE DOOR JUST IN TIME. She yanks on the handle but he's locked it shut.

She lets out a cry of frustration and SMASHES HER WEAPON INTO THE WINDOW. The glass spiderwebs, but doesn't break. Through the cracked glass, she can see Andrew frantically digging out a GUN CASE in the cargo area.

Sabrina smashes the window again with the weapon and THE GLASS SHATTERS, showering Andrew in shards. But he's focused on the gun case.

Sabrina reaches in, pops the lock, and yanks the door open.

SABRINA

We don't have time for this!

CLINKING METAL as Andrew fumbles with bullets, trying to load his gun.

SABRINA SHOVES HER WEAPON IN, JABBING ANDREW IN HIS SIDE WITH THE BLUNT END. The bullets spill out of his hand as he cries out.

SABRINA

Get out, now!

SABRINA JABS HIM AGAIN, but Andrew doesn't surrender, still trying to load the gun. Sabrina flips her weapon around to the sharp end --

SABRINA

I don't want it to be like this!

But ANDREW TURNS OVER WITH THE GUN IN HAND --

BANG!

THE BULLET HITS THE CEILING JUST ABOVE SABRINA'S HEAD, the explosive sound surprising both of them.

Sabrina stumbles back as Andrew steadies his grip on the gun, aiming at her.

ANDREW

Now you listen to me, you crazy fucking bitch. Drop that thing and back the fuck up.

SABRINA

Okay... Okay...

ANDREW

BACK THE FUCK UP!

Sabrina shuffles back, knowing the tide has turned. She lowers her weapon, but doesn't drop it.

Still holding the gun, Andrew maneuvers to get out of the SUV, face contorting with pain due to his SWELLING KNEE.

ANDREW

Keep going! Move!

Sabrina takes another step back. And another.

Andrew cringes as he moves through the broken glass --

SABRINA TURNS AND RUNS AWAY towards the forest.

Andrew struggles to get out of the SUV, his KNEE ALMOST GIVING OUT UNDER HIM. He winces, aiming his gun --

ANDREW

Stop! Stop!

Sabrina doesn't look back. Andrew balances his weight on his good leg, taking aim --

BANG! The bullet just misses her. But the recoil from the shot causes Andrew to lose his balance and fall.

He looks up just as Sabrina disappears into the trees.

ANDREW

Fuck!

He grimaces, clutching his swelling knee, gritting through it. **NOW WE STAY WITH ANDREW. THIS IS HIS STORY.**

Andrew struggles to get back to his feet. Grabbing hold of the SUV and pulling himself up, every movement causing him pain. He looks out to the trees. No sign of Sabrina.

He limps forward, cringing, feet crunching on broken glass. The sound makes him look down --

At the JAGGED PIECES OF GLASS scattered across the ground...

CUT TO:

THE CLINK OF GLASS MUGS as we find ourselves in --

INT. DIVE BAR -- NIGHT (ANDREW - 8 YEARS AGO)

Andrew and Eric toast their beers and drink. Each of their hairstyles a little different. As they set down their mugs, they both smile elatedly.

ERIC

I can't believe we're actually gonna do this.

ANDREW

But you're excited, right?

ERIC

Of course. I'm over the moon.

ANDREW

You're freaking out, aren't you?

ERIC

It's just... What if some huge project comes up at work, or one of us gets laid off --

ANDREW

The timing's never gonna be just right. Everyone says becoming a parent is the most terrifying thing you can ever do. So I say let's be terrified together.

He takes Eric's hand, squeezing it. Eric smiles, reassured.

DRUNK (O.S.)

Get outta here with that shit!

Andrew and Eric turn, seeing a DRUNK (40s) holding a cheap beer bottle glaring at them.

DRUNK

Do your gay thing behind closed doors, you hear me? Not out here in the open. Makes us all sick.

ERIC

It's a free country, sir. If you'd kindly mind your own business, we'll mind ours.

DRUNK

It ain't a free country for faggots.

ANDREW

Actually it is. Unfortunately, it's also a free country for ignorant morons who waste their time getting drunk and hating others instead of fixing their own sorry ass lives.

The Drunk glares at him. But Andrew stands his ground.

DRUNK

Fuck you.

He turns and wanders away. Andrew smirks.

ERIC

You shouldn't provoke them.

ANDREW

I wasn't provoking. I was telling the truth. And the truth hurts sometimes.

THE DRUNK SUDDENLY SMASHES HIS BEER BOTTLE OVER ANDREW'S HEAD. Andrew collapses off his stool while Eric leaps to his aid. PATRONS grab the Drunk, pulling him away.

ERIC

Andrew! Andrew!

Andrew's out cold, a GASH STREAMING BLOOD on his head.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Andrew sits on a bed with a DOCTOR STITCHING UP THE CUT ON HIS HEAD. Eric beside him, holding his hand tight.

But Andrew's brooding. A simmering resentment bubbling within him...

INT. GUN STORE -- DAY

A CLERK sets a HANDGUN on the glass counter over a display case full of GUNS.

ANDREW PICKS IT UP. Tests the weight of it in his hands. Flips open the cylinder. Flips it closed. Feels good.

But then he hesitates, looking at the gun in his hand. *Is he really going to do this?*

ANDREW

Yeah. I'll take this one.

INT. ANDREW & ERIC'S BEDROOM -- DAY (ANDREW - EARLIER TODAY)

Andrew closes up two suitcases spread across the bed, all packed up for their trip to the cabin.

ERIC (O.S.)

You need a hand with those? I packed for every possible weather condition.

ANDREW

(smiles)

Nah, I got 'em. You just worry about capturing that rambunctious panda of ours and getting her in her car seat.

Sounds of Wen laughing and Eric chasing after her from a nearby room. Andrew chuckles as he picks up the suitcases.

But he stops as a new thought comes over him. He glances back down the hall towards the sounds of Eric and Wen, but neither is in sight.

He sets down the suitcases and opens the closet door. Reaches up to the top shelf and pulls out a small GUN SAFE. Looks it over, hesitating. *Yeah... Just in case.* He tucks it into his suitcase, out of sight.

EXT. CABIN -- EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

Andrew clenches that SAME GUN as he limps towards the cabin, favoring his good leg.

What was once a quaint vacation home now feels like a foreboding haunted house under the murky gray sky. THUNDER CRASHES as the WIND HOWLS.

Andrew passes by Wen's jar of grasshoppers, still where she left it. But the grasshoppers aren't moving anymore.

Andrew eyes the BLOOD SOAKED SHEET covering Redmond's carcass on the porch. A TRAIL OF BLOOD leading from the body to the front door. Pieces of broken glass and splintered wood mixed in.

ERIC (O.S.)

Stay back! Stay away!

Andrew forces himself to go faster. He pushes the door open, gun at the ready as he moves back into --

INT. COMMON ROOM, CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Where he's met with a chaotic scene. Eric swings Sabrina's weapon wildly, keeping Leonard and Adriane at a distance.

ERIC

Stay back!

LEONARD

It's okay... We just wanna talk...
That's all...

Leonard raises his hands in a gesture of peace, but he continues to stalk closer to Eric. Adriane approaches from the other side, weapon in hand, ready to strike.

Andrew aims his gun at Adriane --

ANDREW

Drop it!

Adriane and Leonard look over, surprised to see the gun.

ANDREW

Drop it now! Do it!

LEONARD
Where's Sabrina?

ANDREW
Drop the goddamn weapon!

Adriane makes a show of lowering her weapon to the ground, then drops it with a loud clang.

LEONARD
You're dooming us all, Andrew. You're dooming your husband. You're dooming your daughter --

ANDREW
Shut the fuck up!

He shifts aim to Leonard, who doesn't flinch.

ANDREW
I'm done with you! I'm not listening to another goddamn word you say!

LEONARD
Just wait --

ANDREW
Shut your mouth or I'll put a bullet through it!

His finger is on the trigger. Leonard doesn't move a muscle.

Adriane watches, hands slowly lowering towards her weapon...

A GUST OF WIND BILLOWS A CURTAIN to Andrew's side... He turns for the briefest moment --

ADRIANE SCOOPS UP HER WEAPON AND CHARGES TOWARDS ANDREW FROM HIS BLIND SIDE.

ERIC
Andrew --

Andrew spins as SHE SWINGS AT HIM --

BANG! THE BULLET HITS ADRIANE IN THE CHEST, sending her crashing onto the floor.

Leonard rushes to her. Putting a hand on the wound, trying to stop the rush of blood.

LEONARD
Shh... Just breathe. Breathe...

Andrew looks down at her, watching as she clings to life. Her eyes meet his as she struggles to speak.

ADRIANE

You know... You know what the worst part is...

Her bloody hand reaches out for her fallen weapon.

ADRIANE

... I knew I was dead as soon as I started seeing all this shit. I knew I was dead already.

Her hand tightens around her weapon and SHE SUDDENLY SITS UP with a jolt towards Andrew --

BANG! ADRIANE'S THROAT EXPLODES IN A GEYSER OF BLOOD, spraying Leonard as she collapses. She squirms, gurgling, as blood drains out of her... Until her body is still.

Andrew and Eric stand frozen, staring at her dead body.

But as Leonard looks into Adriane's lifeless eyes, his breaths quicken. And we see something new in him... Rage.

With a thunderous yell, he charges at Andrew --

Andrew tries to raise his gun, but LEONARD BULLDOZES INTO HIM, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST THE WALL.

Leonard grabs hold of the gun, but Andrew hangs on as the two of them STRUGGLE VIOLENTLY FOR CONTROL OF IT.

Eric races to Andrew's aid. But Leonard yanks the gun backwards -- CRACK! HIS ELBOW CLOBBERS ERIC IN THE JAW, dropping Eric to the ground, clutching his face.

Amidst the struggle, the bedroom door opens...

And WEN STEPS OUT.

Andrew hangs onto the gun as Leonard tries to pry it away, pinning Andrew against the wall, smashing him into it over and over again.

WEN

Stop! You're hurting him! Stop!

Leonard looks back, momentarily distracted by her voice --

And Andrew drops to his knees, causing Leonard to lose his balance and fall forward, HIS HEAD COLLIDING WITH THE WALL.

Andrew tightens his grip on the gun, swinging it towards Leonard. But Leonard won't let go of it.

WEN

Stop it! Stop!

Leonard tries to pull the gun free, yanking Andrew's arms up and down, side to side, both still clinging to the gun --

BANG!

Everyone freezes in horror. Then turns as --

WEN'S SMALL BODY CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR. Blood spilling from the bullet wound in her chest.

Time seems to stand still. Disbelief all over Andrew and Eric's faces.

Then the reality hits. They run to Wen, holding her in their arms, screaming, crying.

ANDREW

WEN! WEN! Wake up baby! You're okay,
please be okay! Wen!

ERIC

OH GOD, NO! WEN! OH PLEASE GOD NO!

Then they're just screaming. Indiscernible moans and cries. Agony that no parent should ever feel.

Leonard watches, devastated. He collapses to his hands and knees, overcome with grief.

LEONARD

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

He repeats the words again and again.

Sabrina hurries back in through the open front door. But she stops in her tracks, taking in the horrific scene. Her weapon falls from her hand.

She rushes to Wen's side, going into nurse mode. Checking for a pulse. Trying to stop the bleeding. But Wen's eyes remain open. Unblinking.

Andrew and Eric cling to her body, screaming between sobs.

Leonard forces himself to take deep breaths. Wills himself to crawl to Adriane's body. Takes her head in his hands.

LEONARD

I'm sorry.

He retrieves her WHITE MASK from her pocket. Gently slides it over her face. It remains remarkably white, in spite of the pool of blood beneath her.

ANDREW rises to his feet, gun still in hand. He limps towards Leonard, hatred in his eyes.

ANDREW

Get up. Get up!

LEONARD

I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm so --

ANDREW CRACKS LEONARD IN THE JAW WITH THE GUN, laying him out on the floor.

Sabrina watches, not interfering. She can't help but look at Eric, holding little Wen in his arms, continuing to sob.

Andrew grabs an upended chair and sets it upright. Points his gun at Leonard.

ANDREW

Get up, you son of a bitch. Sit in that chair and don't fucking move.

Leonard struggles into the chair, still dazed. Andrew grabs a pair of fallen HANDCUFFS, pulls Leonard's arms behind the chair, and cuffs his wrists. Leonard doesn't resist.

LEONARD

It's not your fault. It was an accident. It just went off --

ANDREW

Stop talking!

Andrew points his gun at Sabrina, ushering her to move.

ANDREW

Get in that other chair and don't move or I'll blow your head off.

Sabrina does as she's told. Andrew reaches into their satchel and pulls out another pair of HANDCUFFS. Uses them to cuff Sabrina's hands behind the chair.

LEONARD

You don't have to worry about me doing anything. But we have to check.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
 We have to check if Wen's death is
 enough to stop the end.

Andrew turns, becoming more incensed.

ANDREW
 What did you just say?

LEONARD
 It had to be a choice. A *willing*
 sacrifice. Wen's death... She might
 not count.

ANDREW
 She doesn't count? She doesn't
 fucking count?!

Andrew presses his gun against Leonard's temple and PULLS
 THE TRIGGER --

CLICK. CLICK. He keeps pulling the trigger, but the gun is
 empty. Leonard just stares back at him, not blinking.

Andrew throws the gun down. Then picks up Leonard's
 SLEDGEHAMMER. He steps towards Leonard and raises the
 sledgehammer high --

Leonard merely closes his eyes, accepting what's to come.

But Andrew hesitates. He just can't bring himself to do it.
 The sledgehammer slides from his fingers, falling to the
 ground with a loud clang.

Andrew breathes heavy, glaring at Leonard.

Then turns, seeing Eric still holding Wen's little body in
 his arms. The sight almost makes Andrew break down again.

ANDREW
 Eric, let's go. Let's get out of here
 and never come back.

Eric looks up, still shell-shocked.

LEONARD
 Eric... Turn on the TV.

ANDREW
 We're not turning it on! Eric, come
 on. Let's take Wen and go.

But Eric doesn't move, conflicted.

ANDREW

Eric?

LEONARD

We have to know if we stopped it. We have to know if your daughter's death was part of something greater. We need to know if she saved the world.

Andrew crouches down next to Eric, taking his hand.

ANDREW

Please, let's just go. Let's get out of here and bury our daughter --

ERIC

Oh God!

Eric begins FRANTICALLY SWATTING THE AIR OVER AND AROUND WEN'S BODY. Andrew stares at him, baffled by the sight.

ERIC

Get away! Get away from her!

ANDREW

What? What is it?

ERIC

I'm getting them off her! I want them off her!

ANDREW

Getting what off her?

ERIC

The flies!

ANDREW

The what?

ERIC

The flies!

Andrew looks around. THERE AREN'T ANY FLIES. Not a single one. But Eric manically waves his hands around Wen's body. *What the hell is he seeing?!*

LEONARD

Eric... Turn on the TV.

ANDREW

We're not turning it on! Eric, there aren't any flies. There's nothing there. Let's go!

But Eric doesn't move. Still fighting off the flies that only he can see. THUNDER CRASHES, right above them now.

LEONARD

Remember what I said, Eric. The oceans will rise. The cities will drown. And a *plague* will descend.

That clicks with Eric. He grabs the remote and TURNS ON THE TV --

ON SCREEN: CNN. Images of an Asian City - bustling markets, crowded sidewalks, packed subways.

ANDREW

Why'd you do that?

Eric doesn't respond.

ANDREW

Eric? Why'd you turn it on?

ON SCREEN: Back to a NEWS ANCHOR. A caption reads - "CITY ZERO: HONG KONG AND THE FIGHT AGAINST THE BIRD FLU."

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

...Surging number of H5N1 bird flu cases in Hong Kong over the past four months, with a rapidly increasing mortality rate that has crossed sixty percent. Doctors believed they had the virus contained...

Eric stares in disbelief. Andrew eyes him, growing more concerned.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

But now an explosion of bird flu infections are being reported as far away as England, India, South Africa, and Tennessee, sparking fears of a worldwide pandemic.

ON SCREEN: Images of PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL BEDS, CROWDED NEXT TO EACH OTHER. Hooked up to every life support system available. Skin pale, eyes bloodshot. En route to death.

LEONARD

We didn't stop it...

ANDREW

Turn it off, Eric.

ERIC

He said there'd be a plague...

LEONARD

Wen's death was an accident. You didn't choose to make a sacrifice. The only way to stop it is to willingly make a sacrifice.

Sabrina watches, shaking her head in disbelief.

SABRINA

This isn't right...

ANDREW

Eric, there've been stories about the bird flu for years. This isn't a plague.

ERIC

But it started in Hong Kong. Of all the cities. That's where we met Wen. Hong Kong is *our city*.

ANDREW

That doesn't have anything to do with this.

SABRINA

None of this is right...

ANDREW

Eric, listen to me, we have to go right now.

But Eric doesn't move.

ERIC

I... I saw something after Redmond died. There was something in the light. A figure.

ANDREW

You have a concussion!

ERIC

There was a presence. And I felt it again when Adriane and Wen died.

ANDREW

It was a hallucination. Listen, we can't argue with each other. It's what they want. Now please, let's go.

Eric hesitates. Then MUTES THE TV, but doesn't turn it off. The horrible images continue to play.

ERIC
I just need a minute, okay.

ANDREW
Eric --

ERIC
Just one minute!

Eric's sharp tone catches Andrew off guard. Eric gazes at Wen with a sadness that will last forever.

ERIC
It has to mean something. Our little girl... It has to mean something.

Everyone watches as he holds her in his arms.

SABRINA
None of this is right. It should be over. What kind of god wants this? Demands this?

Her question hangs.

LEONARD
The one we have.

SABRINA
Then maybe the world should end, if it's meant to be like this.

ANDREW
Shut up or I'll kill you both.

Sabrina hesitates. Then looks up to him.

SABRINA
I know you don't trust me. But if you let me... I'll help you get out of here.

This gets everyone's attention.

LEONARD
Sabrina? You can't --

SABRINA
If a little girl dies and nothing changes, I want no part of this. I don't believe in this kind of god.

ANDREW

We don't need your help.

SABRINA

Yes you do. You can barely walk and your husband has a concussion. You won't make it far on foot, especially if you're carrying Wen. But I can take you to Redmond's truck.

ANDREW

We'll find it ourselves.

SABRINA

The keys are hidden under a rock on the side of the road. You'll never find them without me.

LEONARD

You can't do this. They have to make a choice. There's barely any time left!

SABRINA

Then we'll run out of time!

(to Eric)

Trust the process. Please.

Andrew turns to Eric.

ANDREW

If we listen to her, will you leave right now?

Eric nods.

Andrew picks up the handcuff key that had fallen in the earlier melee. Steps behind Sabrina, unlocking her cuffs.

ANDREW

If you test me, it won't end well for you.

The cuffs click open. She doesn't make a break for it or try to attack him. She just stands up.

SABRINA

Grab something to wrap up your daughter.

Andrew stares at her, not knowing if he can trust her. But then he limps towards the bathroom.

LEONARD

Sabrina, don't do this... You can't leave... We've come too far... We've all sacrificed so much.

Andrew grabs a large towel off the rack. Brings it to where Eric and Wen are, bending down alongside them.

LEONARD

Once the sun sets, it's over for everyone. You know it. You know it!

Andrew and Eric gently wrap up Wen's body in the towel. It's so painful for them, more tears rising.

LEONARD

Sabrina, you may try to resist, but I know you still feel it. And it's not gonna go away. It's never gonna go away until they do what we were sent here for!

The sound of METAL SCRAPING against the wooden floor. Andrew and Eric look up to see --

SABRINA PICKING UP ADRIANE'S WEAPON. Leonard merely closes his eyes as SHE SWINGS IT AT HIS HEAD --

AND BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS SABRINA'S FACE AND SHIRT. She keeps swinging, again and again, eyes focused. All the while, Leonard remains silent. We only hear the splat of his blood and the crunch of his bones.

Until Sabrina stops swinging. Her breathing steadies. She drops her weapon.

SABRINA

The third choice has been made.

Andrew and Eric stare at what's left of Leonard. His scalp mashed. White shirt now crimson.

Sabrina digs into Leonard's pocket and pulls out his WHITE MASK. Stretches it over his bloody face. A shaky gasp escapes her. She backs away, horrified by what she's done. Another CRASH OF THUNDER rumbles through the cabin.

Then she realizes something. With trembling hands, she picks up the remote, and turns up the volume.

ON SCREEN: The report continues on the bird flu. But then a BREAKING NEWS BULLETIN FLASHES.

Andrew's eyes widen. *This can't be happening...*

ON SCREEN: The SMOLDERING WRECK OF AN AIRPLANE. An aerial shot of debris scattered in a suburban neighborhood as black smoke rises from billowing flames.

Then the SCREEN SPLITS -- Showing MULTIPLE CRASH SITES WITH DIFFERENT SMOLDERING PLANES.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

We're just getting word that as many as seventeen airplanes have crashed without warning, and without issuing any distress calls...

ERIC

Then the skies will fall and crash to the ground like pieces of glass...

Andrew watches, jaw hanging open. This time, there's no quick retort from him.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Little is known about the cause of these crashes at this time, but aviation experts are already beginning to speculate that this could possibly be a coordinated cyber attack on the planes' --

Andrew picks up Leonard's sledgehammer and lets out a yell as he SWINGS IT AT THE TV, SHATTERING THE SCREEN IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS.

He turns to Eric and Sabrina. Sledgehammer in hand.

ANDREW

We're leaving. Now.

But Eric doesn't move. His eyes haven't drifted from where the TV used to sit.

ERIC

We have a choice to make...

Andrew steps in front of Eric and takes his shoulders.

ANDREW

Listen to me... I just want to get out of this cabin so we can bury Wen... Please, let's just bury our daughter. Make that choice with me.

Eric blinks, coming out of his daze. He looks Andrew in the eye... Then looks down at Wen's body.

EXT. CABIN -- EVENING

Sabrina steps out, followed by Eric carrying Wen's body, wrapped in the towel. Andrew limps behind them, gun in hand. They all stop on the porch, staring up at the --

VIOLENT STORM CLOUDS filling the sky. Rain falls, lightning flashes, and thunder roars. Trees creak under an onslaught of wind. ONLY A FAINT HINT OF SUNLIGHT left on the horizon.

Eric moves forward with purpose, holding Wen's body tightly as he walks. Andrew limps behind.

He stops at their SUV and opens the back door. Picks up several BULLETS he dropped earlier. RELOADS THE GUN as he hobbles to catch up.

The three of them head down the gravel road towards the forest. IT BEGINS TO RAIN. Andrew looks up, letting the drops wash the blood from his face. He glances back --

At the cabin. Once so peaceful... And now so horrific.

Then he continues after the others.

EXT. FOREST ROAD -- EVENING

RAIN POURS as the three of them walk down the muddy path. Andrew and Eric side by side with Sabrina ahead.

Andrew looks up at the GRAY AND PURPLE STORM CLOUDS, roiling angrily. He quickly looks down and keeps walking.

ANDREW

How much further is it?

SABRINA

Not far.

Andrew eyes the blood-soaked towel in Eric's arms.

ANDREW

I can carry her for a bit.

Eric shakes his head no, mind swirling just like the storm clouds above.

ANDREW

What is it?

ERIC

Leonard was right. We haven't stopped it yet...

ANDREW

You're not thinking straight.

ERIC

Everything that he said would happen has happened. You just don't want to believe it.

ANDREW

All I want is to get to that truck and bury our daughter.

Eric stops, facing Andrew. Sabrina turns, watching them.

ERIC

Do you really think that everything that's happened today, everything we've seen... Do you really think it's all just a coincidence?

ANDREW

Do you really think that one of us killing the other would stop the end of the world?

Andrew stares at him as the rain pours around them.

ANDREW

Do you?

ERIC

You didn't answer my question.

ANDREW

Yes, I think it's all a coincidence! A horrible, tragic coincidence! I have to believe that, because the alternative is too horrifying to even consider! Now answer mine.

Eric just stares back.

ANDREW

Do you really think that one of us needs to kill the other?

Eric can't bring himself to say it... But Andrew can see it in his eyes. He does.

SABRINA SCREAMING jars their attention.

SABRINA

NO! NO!

She puts her hands over her ears, closing her eyes, trying to drown something out, yelling to no one we can see.

SABRINA

I'm helping them! I'm helping them!

SHE TAKES OFF RUNNING, hands clenched over her ears.

ANDREW

What the... Stop! Sabrina, stop!

He raises his gun but she doesn't slow down, running into the forest.

The dads follow, Andrew on guard with his gun, Eric still carrying Wen. They catch up with her and see --

Sabrina frantically rooting around in the mud, MUTTERING TO HERSELF. Words drowned out by the rain.

ANDREW

What are you doing?!

SHE TOSSES SOMETHING towards them. It lands at their feet. Andrew picks it up. It's the TRUCK KEYS.

Then Sabrina rises, now holding a DARK VINYL BAG.

ANDREW

What's that?

SABRINA

The truck's only a little ways down the road. You can make it.

ANDREW

What's in the bag, Sabrina?

Sabrina opens the bag, reaches in, and lets it fall. Revealing a PISTOL in her hand that's bigger than Andrew's.

Andrew tightens his aim on her. But she keeps her gun at her side. Tears in her eyes.

SABRINA

I didn't know it was here. Redmond must've left it. Or maybe Leonard. I just saw the keys. I swear to you both, I swear.

ANDREW

Just drop it! Let it fall!

Sabrina's other hand trembles as she reaches into her pocket, pulling out her WHITE MASK.

ANDREW

No, no, no, put that away. Put it away and drop the gun.

She roughly pulls the mask over her head with her free hand. But it's askew, covering only the top half of her face.

SABRINA

You have the keys. Just go! Please just go!

She begins to cry, open mouthed and silent.

SABRINA

I'm sorry... I wanted to help you. I wanted to help you more than this.

Eric gently sets Wen's body down in the grass. Then stands to face Sabrina, taking it all in.

ANDREW

Sabrina, listen to me, just --

In one swift motion, Sabrina LIFTS THE GUN TO HER OWN HEAD.

ANDREW

No!

She sobs as her other arm waves furiously with objection. Her will fighting against her mission. Mouth twisted in a silent scream.

ANDREW

Just put it down! Don't do this!

Sabrina's wide eyes lock on Eric.

SABRINA

You still have time to save everyone.
You still have a chance. Even after.
But you have to do it quick.

She frantically shakes her head, "no." But her hand holding the gun is rock solid.

SABRINA

Please Eric, you're our --

BANG!

Her body collapses against a tree, head lolling to the side. Blood rapidly spreading in the heavy rain.

ANDREW

FUCK!

He turns away, hands on his knees, unable to look.

But Eric hasn't moved. Eerily unshaken by Sabrina's death.

He calmly moves towards her body. Kneels down next to her.

ERIC

She said we could still save everyone...

Then he stands up and turns back, revealing that HE NOW HAS SABRINA'S GUN IN HIS HAND, POINTING IT AT ANDREW.

ERIC

But we have to do it quick.

Andrew stares back at him, his gun at his side.

ANDREW

I could never hurt you, Eric. And I don't think you want to hurt me.

Eric's aim doesn't waver.

ANDREW

Forget about all the coincidences, okay? They expect us to believe Wen's death isn't a worthy sacrifice for their god. So you know what? Fuck them and their god. Fuck 'em all!

His voice cracks as a sob escapes. On the verge of breaking down as Eric keeps the gun on him.

ERIC

You can try to explain everything away. But I saw something that you didn't see.

ANDREW

You just think you saw it --

ERIC

I know I saw it! I felt it. And for Wen to be taken from us... That didn't just happen. He wouldn't have taken her for nothing.

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
 And now all those other fathers and daughters, and mothers and sons. It's up to us. We can still save them.

Andrew drops his gun.

ANDREW
 So which one of us is it gonna be then?

Eric holds his gun steady. Andrew limps towards him.

ANDREW
 Which one?

ERIC
 Don't try to take it away.

ANDREW
 I won't. I promise.

He takes a step forward --

And ERIC PUTS THE GUN UNDER HIS OWN CHIN. Andrew takes a sharp breath.

ERIC
 He said we have to willingly sacrifice one of us. That's all it takes. I'll do it. You don't have to be here. Just take Wen and go.

But Andrew moves closer.

ERIC
 Stay away from me! Don't you get it? My life's already over. I don't want to live without her.

But Andrew takes another step towards him.

ERIC
 Stay back!

ANDREW
 I'm sorry, but I can't do that.
 (another step)
 I'm not taking the gun. I'm just gonna take your other hand, okay.

He slowly reaches out, gently taking Eric's free hand in his, wrapping his fingers around it.

ANDREW

I'm not taking the gun from you. I promised I wouldn't.

With his other hand, Andrew touches Eric's wrist that's holding the gun. Eric tenses.

ANDREW

If you really want to do this, I'll accept it. But it can't be you.

He slowly moves Eric's arm, UNTIL THE GUN IS POINTED AT ANDREW'S CHEST.

ANDREW

It's gotta be me. Because I can't live without you.

Andrew lowers his hand, leaving the gun pressed against his chest. Eric's finger hovers over the trigger. Second after excruciating second passes.

ERIC

I... I don't know what to do.

ANDREW

Yes you do. You'll throw the gun down. It'll be hard, but you can do it. Then we'll take Wen and walk down that road. We'll get out of here and we'll bury her. We'll bury her like she deserves to be buried, with all of our love for her.

The storm rumbles above them.

ERIC

You still don't believe it, do you.

ANDREW

Yes, I do. I don't want to, but I do. I know something is happening here. Something horrible.

(beat)

But how do you know it's God that's doing it?

Eric blinks, not following Andrew's line.

ANDREW

What if it isn't God making these things happen? What if it's someone else? Someone cruel and evil?

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)
Because I know the God you believe
in, the God you love, would never...
Could never... Do anything like this.

The statement lingers. Eric slowly draws a breath. Glancing up at the storm above. At the towel covering Wen's precious body. Suddenly seeing everything in an entirely new light.

ANDREW
If you pull that trigger, you're
doing exactly what he wants you to
do. You're giving in to evil. You're
letting him win.

Andrew slowly reaches up and takes Eric's free hand.

ANDREW
But you wanna know how we overcome?
We overcome by showing him that we
love each other. And that bond is too
strong to break.

ERIC
We can't go on... After all this...
We can't go on.

ANDREW
We will go on. We have to. It's all
we can do. We'll go on.

Eric's hand quivers, finger on the trigger...

Then he lowers the gun from Andrew's chest... And drops it.

He leans into Andrew, who leans back into him. Their heads side by side, cheeks touching. Leaning onto the only support they have left in the world.

Together, they lift Wen's body, holding her in their arms with so much love.

Then they set off down the road, carrying their daughter. Not looking back. Eyes focused on the journey ahead.

While high above, the sky is a malignant black. Bright lightning flashes, thunder echoes, and the storm rages...

But these two are walking through it...

They're walking through it together.

CUT TO BLACK.