

THE FRENCH QUARTER WILL NOT BE SPARED

by

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FIRST DRAFT 9.21.18
PARADIGM, BEVERLY HILLS
CIRCLE, LTD

No man knows till he has suffered from the night, how sweet and dear the morning can be.

Bram Stoker

We are facing a storm that most of us have long feared. It will change us.

Mayor Ray Nagin, New Orleans 2005

UP FROM BLACK:

INT. A BEDROOM - DAWN

THE BURNT REMAINS OF A FOUR-POST BED

Charred, black. Traces of flash fire. Walls deteriorated.

And dug into the brittle mattress, the burned outline of a woman's body. Off this grim, final image...

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - NEW ORLEANS, AUGUST 2005 - DAWN

7th ward. Weather-beaten and fucked up.

Wind and light rain, aura of a storm having passed.

Before the 9th ward levee break. Bush's infamous "dodged the bullet" period.

FOLLOWING a SIX-MAN NEW ORLEANS FIRE TEAM as they move down the sidewalk, responding to a SMOLDERING ROWHOUSE.

A COP moves with them, shotgun in hand.

INT. ROWHOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

MOVING through a completely singed, gutted hall.

Heading into what used to be a LIVING ROOM.

Fire Captain putting flashlight on the burnt remains. A huge BLACK FIRE MARK on the wall. Throwback Polaroid photos of a family, corroded from the fire. Can't make the faces.

FIRE CAPTAIN
BEDROOMS?

FIRE TEAM (O.S.)
(on radio)
A's intact. Heavy residual in B,
we got some remains here.

FIRE CAPTAIN
Shit. Copy.

LOUD SOUND snaps Fire Captain. Moves with another to a closed door.

Big bookcase thrown over the door, as if someone were trying to prevent another from getting through.

FIRE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Jimmy, help.

Fire Captain and that COP struggle to move the big bookcase. Finally heaving it to the ground.

Runs FLASHLIGHT on a staircase leading into darkness. THOUSANDS OF FINGERNAIL SCRATCHES all over the stairwell walls.

More sound. Something in the dark down there.

FIRE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

HELLO?

(to his #1)

EMT. Possible 505.

#1 rushes to call medic support as Fire Captain and Cop move down the stairs with poker. A foggy monoxide smoke rises.

FIRE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

ALL RIGHT, JUST SIT ON THE FLOOR
IF YOU'RE HURT.

Fire Captain gets to the bottom, shining light into what appears to be a:

INT. GROUND-LEVEL GARAGE

A RED 1996 HONDA ACCORD sits parked, all tires slashed.

Battered, mangled F-150 PICK-UP TRUCK is smashed into the breached garage door, blocking the exit.

The sedan's ENGINE IS ON. Filling the small garage with carbon monoxide. A blade-carved, abstract message remains in the side of the car:

ATE THE HEARTS FUCKERS

Captain has to throw his mask on from the toxic fumes.

Comes to the breached garage door with the Ford F-150 gutted through its door.

His men struggle to push the truck back to clear the toxic smoke. Moves it back a few feet as daylight enters. Fills their faces.

LOUD SHRIEK ERUPTS ACROSS THE WALLS

FIRE CAPTAIN TURNS AROUND.

Off horrified EYES, seeing hell:

the french quarter will not be spared

Black and silent beat.

EXT. I-10 FREEWAY - DAY - THREE DAYS AGO

FOLLOWING a red Honda Accord motoring down the highway.
LUGGAGE on the racks.

Superdome and the city's skyline rising into view.

Titles: **August, 2005**

INT. HONDA - SAME

ADAM FERRIS (30s/40s) at the wheel. Sweating beads in Miami Dolphins cap.

SHANNON FERRIS (30s/40s) stares out the car window at the city in the hot Louisiana sun. Both wear the aura of a long drive.

Note: Adam (African American) and Shannon (Caucasian) are an interracial couple.

ADAM
Sadie, Superdome.

Their daughter SADIE (10) in the backseat. Pulls out an iPod earbud, watching the big dome pass.

SADIE
What's the team?

ADAM
You kidding? Saints.

SADIE
Are they any good?

SHANNON
Better than the Dolphins.

ADAM
Hey.

Shannon squeezes Sadie's toes from the front seat. Makes her giggle.

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

Honda crosses the famed dividing line between the French Quarter and everything else.

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - 7TH WARD - DAY

Famed rowhouse street with the French-style apartments.

Honda turns a corner, rolling past some KIDS shuffle-dancing for tourists.

Comes upon 523 Frenchmen. A two-story French-quarter townhome with the patio balcony. Takes us a moment to realize: this is the burnt apartment home in the teaser.

INT. TOWNHOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Distant rattle of thunder as the door opens. Adam, bags in hand, moves in with Shannon and Sadie.

Sadie has an old-school Polaroid around her neck.

The place is sparse, dusty. The furniture, more mundane than antique. Aura of thrift-store hand-me-downs.

Adam throws a light on as the CHANDELIER glitters to life. Shards reflect their warped shapes.

ADAM

Sadie, check out the chandelier.

Sadie watches its red crystal shards glitter under the dim light.

SHANNON

Belonged to your great grandmother. You can see where actual candles used to hang.

ADAM

Sadie, take a shot.

SHANNON

Adam, she's tired.

ADAM

C'mon, one photo.

Adam's already guiding his wife under the chandelier as Sadie aims the Polaroid. Takes the SHOT.

EXT. PATIO DECK - DAY

Sadie leans on the iron railing, watching the kids dancing on the sidewalk below.

Shannon moves up behind her.

SHANNON

Tap dancing. They call it shuffle here. I learned how to dance right on this street.

Sadie watches, fascinated as the kids glide back and forth in near-perfect rhythm.

Shannon kisses her on the head. Wraps arms around her. Off thunder...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOME - DUSK

Rain pouring down now. Emptied the street.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Sadie sits on the unmade bed. Rows of newly-taken Polaroid photos spread out before her. Sound of arguing from the living room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Shannon paces the floor with a permanent limp as Adam drinks a club soda.

SHANNON

None of this feel right. Christ, it's like it all came pouring back as soon as we drove across the city line. Felt my mom just smirking down at me.

ADAM

Hey. We're all tired, let's just finish the unpacking.

She moves into the KITCHEN. Jolts at some ROACHES on the counter.

SHANNON

SHIT.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Sadie shuffles around the photos, trying to tune-out the growing volatility.

SHANNON (O.S.)
(echo)
Elise didn't even clean this place
after Mom died.

ADAM (O.S.)
Shannon, lower your voice.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Don't tell me to lower my voice,
Adam! Trapped in a car for 14
straight hours and we barely have
enough for a goddamn pizza.

PANNING TO THE WINDOW

A distant FORM in knit hoodie stands across the street in the downpour. Can't make his face...

CUT TO:

DRIP-DROPS ON OPEN WINDOW PANE

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

All three huddled together in bed.

Adam stirs awake. Studies Sadie embraced in her mother for a moment. He gently moves out of bed...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sadie and Shannon are arranging some recent POLAROIDs on the wall as Adam puts a neck tie together in the mirror.

ADAM
Shan, you see my reading glasses?

SADIE
I think I saw them in the
bathroom, Dad.

ADAM
You saw them in the -- can you get
them, baby girl?

SADIE
Baby girl, I'm almost eleven.

ADAM
Always be my baby.

Sadie sighs, reluctantly leaves her photo wall, heading for the bathroom.

SHANNON
Backpack off the floor, please.

Sadie snags it up as Shannon moves up to Adam, helping him with the tie.

ADAM
Swear to God, gonna need to keep
six pairs of reading glasses in my
pockets.

SHANNON
We'll get you a necklace like the
old ladies use for their canasta.

ADAM
I like that look.

She breaks a small smile. Stares upon him with apologetic eyes. Their tussle last night.

INT. HONDA - DAY - MOVING

Adam and Shannon in the front.

Sadie in the backseat, watching people heading out hotels. Fighting for cabs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Adam pulls up to a quaint REALTOR OFFICE on the corner.

ADAM
Got all the paperwork?

SHANNON
Probably not. Never had to sell
my own home before.

ADAM
It's gonna be all right.

Shannon regards the realtor office, slightly apprehensive. Nods.

SHANNON
One day at a time.

ADAM
One day at a time.

She turns into him.

SHANNON
Pick me up later in front of the
community center on Decater?
Think I'm gonna go to a meeting.
Haven't had one in awhile.

ADAM
I think that's a good idea. Love
you.

They kiss.

SHANNON
Knock em out cold today.

ADAM
First round. Give your mom a
kiss.

Sadie leans up, giving her a kiss.

Shannon heads out the car, limping slightly to the
realtor office. They both watch her for a moment.

SADIE
Mom looks pretty today.

Adam nods.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Adam's driving into the TULANE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. Lots
of students packing up their things.

INT. ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY - DAY

Sadie sits alone at a line of chairs. Checking the
batteries on her Polaroid camera.

ASSISTANT DEAN (V.O.)
So how long in Miami?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Adam sits calmly across from an ASSISTANT DEAN of the
English department.

ADAM

Oh, about thirteen years. Got a TA job there right after the military. I went between their splinter campus in Key Largo, that's where our daughter was born.

INT. A COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Shannon's sitting with a small cup of orange juice in an AA circle. Paperwork folder in hand.

SHANNON

I've been clean for a little over a year, including the Fentanyl. There's still pain, always will be. The hip is nearly healed. But I'd be lying if I said I haven't hadn't had my moments.

INT. OFFICE

Adam feels his tie for a moment.

ADAM

I did my grad at U/M. Met my wife there. She's originally from here.

ASSISTANT DEAN

Whereabouts?

ADAM

The Quarter, 7th. Homecoming's been bittersweet. Her mother passed away last year. She and her sister are trying to sell the house.

INT. AA MEETING

SHANNON

I didn't want to come back. There's memories from when I was younger...

(a whisper)

Personal demons. But we had few options. My husband getting laid off. The finances -- or lack thereof.

INT. OFFICE

ADAM

Shannon was a dancer. Principal with the Miami City Ballet. She was being looked at by Houston.

(beat)

Then, unfortunately, she had an injury one night.

(hushed)

A bad injury.

INT. AA MEETING

Shannon holds her crucifix chain in hand, reflecting on the quiet.

SHANNON

When I was young, I wanted to be everything my family wouldn't let me be. And I was almost given that chance. But instead, I ran.

(beat)

And after my mother died, all those wasted years not speaking -- I realized what family is.

(beat, wipes a tear away)

I just don't want to lose anymore time with them. My little girl. The moments...

INT. OFFICE

ASSISTANT DEAN

Is your wife looking to maybe instruct-

ADAM

No. She won't dance again. And with Sadie and middle school coming up... I think she is "embracing" motherhood in all its profound glory.

Adam, alone to himself. Seeing Shannon. Resets his mind.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I-

(nervous laughter)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Trailed off into deep space, that happens in my lectures, by the way.

Makes the man laugh.

ASSISTANT DEAN

Well, with that elegant segue, shall we discuss what we may have to offer you here at Tulane?

Adam smiles, polite and genuine.

ADAM

Yes.

(disarming laughs)

Lets.

EXT. DECATER STREET - LATE DAY

Honda pulls up to the small community center as people race to find cover from the new downpour.

INT. HONDA - SAME

Adam rolls down the window, trying to spot Shannon.

ADAM

You see your mom?

Sadie scours the area. Points.

SADIE

There she is.

Adam turns around, spotting Shannon in an alley, talking with a frail form in hoodie and jeans. Has an arm around her waist. The same figure who was standing outside their rowhouse.

Can't make his face through the gray hoodie.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Beat.

ADAM

Wait here.

Adam heads out as Sadie goes for her Polaroid. Aims her camera on Shannon and the man.

INT. ALLEY - NEXT MOMENT

Thunder reverberates as rain comes down.

FOLLOWING Adam toward Shannon, finishing up her talk with the stranger. He quickly starts off as Adam approaches.

ADAM

Shannon.

Shannon turns around, caught a bit off-guard.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thought you'd be waiting out front. Everything okay?

SHANNON

Yeah, just.

ADAM

(realizes her tears)
Shannon, you been crying?

SHANNON

Adam, I'm getting drenched.

She starts out as Adam turns back into the rainy alley. Off loud gutter pour...

INT. GUMBO SHOP - NIGHT

They're eating at a table by the window. Sadie's blowing on her most recent Polaroids.

In bg, CORNER TV playing news conference with mayor Ray Nagin. Side-paneled with new radar tracking of storm.

SHANNON

A teaching Assistant?

ADAM

For now, yeah.

SHANNON

Adam, you were assistant dean to American Lit. TA's are for kids in grad school, it's almost demeaning.

ADAM

It's a starting point and it's Tulane, that means something.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Next semester's only a few weeks away.

SHANNON

A few weeks is a lifetime without money.

ADAM

So we'll find some part-time work until then. We don't have to worry about the rent, right?

Shannon thinks about that. Sadie blows hard on the photos.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Sadie, enough.

SADIE

This one came out all blurry-

ADAM

Put the photos down and finish your dinner.

SADIE

It's too spicy.

ADAM

Hey. You know what a poverty line is? There's kids in this city that don't have homes, let alone get to eat like this.

SADIE

I know that, Dad, it's just too spicy. Can I get some hush puppies instead?

Adam regards that. Fishes some dollars from his pocket.

ADAM

Get some for your mother, too.

Sadie heads out to the counter, leaving Adam and Shannon alone. Shannon taps on a cigarette. Gets that look from him.

SHANNON

What?

ADAM

Why were you crying? And who was that back there?

Shannon pauses.

SHANNON

It's fine, Adam. He was a friend.
An old friend. Ran into him on
the street right outside the
community center if you can
believe that.

Adam, still hasn't blinked.

ADAM

You ran into an old friend on the
street and he made you cry?

SHANNON

He was telling me about someone we
used to know. She died. Took her
life after getting sick.

ADAM

(beat)
Oh. I'm sorry.

Shannon shrugs.

SHANNON

My sister actually knew her
better. Just kids we all used to
run with.

SADIE

(shouting from
counter)
Mom, you want butter sauce?

SHANNON

Yeah, baby.

Adam puts a hand over his face. Taking it in.

ADAM

And this friend.

SHANNON

Vincent.

ADAM

You knew him too when you were all
kids?

She nods.

SHANNON
He was the wild child. It's
amazing, actually. He's barely
aged since I last saw him.

Adam tries hiding that hint of jealousy, frustration.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Oh, for the love of God.

ADAM
What, some cat has his arm around
you in an alley, what am I
supposed-

SHANNON
HE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT OUR DEAD
FRIEND.

Loud enough to silence the place. Shannon rises up to
have her cigarette outside.

ADAM
Shannon. You quit, we both quit.

Shannon heads out as Sadie comes back with a small tray
of hush puppies. Sits down by her father.

SADIE
Mom's smoking again?

Adam stares through the restaurant window, watching
Shannon light up in the rain.

Frustrated, he puts his arm around his daughter. Stares
down at the photos.

ADAM
This the one that came out blurry?

SADIE
Yeah. Think the flash was wrong.

Adam pulls the photo closer. POLAROID taken by Sadie
from the car. Vincent speaking with Shannon.

His BODY is an eerie blur...

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - NIGHT

Rain has tempered.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Adam comes out of the bathroom, through a hall. Sound of whispering, guides Adam into the:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Where Shannon is sitting on the bed's edge, back to us. Whispering with her sister about their dead friend.

SHANNON

You know Marie, she was always defying gravity, it was just a matter of time. No. He didn't say.

(beat, frustrated)

Elise, why would we stay with you in Seattle? We're fine here, okay?

Adam decides to give her that moment. Steps away...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shannon and Adam are making love. Their bodies, silhouetted shapes in the dark. The sex is restless.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mood candle down to a weak glow beside a pack of matches.

ADAM (O.S.)

Hasn't been like that in a long time.

ON ADAM AND SHANNON

Sharing a bubbly, clawfoot tub. Adam runs a hand through her wet hair.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What brought that out?

Shannon thinks about that.

SHANNON

Nerves, maybe. You didn't like it?

ADAM

I loved it. I missed it.

SHANNON

(softly)
Me, too.

Beat.

ADAM

You were right today. I should
have held out for more.

She shakes her head, taking his hand.

SHANNON

No. I came off like some ball-
breaking bitch. In this day and
age, we need to take what we can
get. Even if we have to take it
here.

Adam weighs that.

ADAM

Shannon. You can't keep hating on
where you're from. I know these
things that happened between you
and your mother-

SHANNON

It's more than that. When you
take away Bourbon street, all the
tourists, this is a very poor
city. Always has been. There's a
thing here... a conflict. The
streets almost took me and my
sister when we weren't much older
than Sadie. You see the way some
of the older boys look at her?

ADAM

I try not to.

SHANNON

Well, you should. Cause a pretty
girl grows up fast around here.
It's easy to fall in with the
wrong crowd. Wrong crowds of all
kinds.

ADAM

As opposed to Miami?

Beat.

SHANNON

Adam, this isn't Miami. There's things here that we just don't talk about.

ADAM

And what's that?

Shannon realizes she can't begin to make Adam understand.

SHANNON

(quietly)
It doesn't matter.

Adam feels her internal doubts. Swallows a breath. Cradles her.

ADAM

Hey. This is just a stop-over. We sell the house, I get a full-time position and we find our own place somewhere. Outside of the city.

(softly)
Shannon. We're gonna be all right.

Shannon thinks about that. Takes his hand. Off an uncertain nod...

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - NEXT DAY

Dark clouds but no rain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Small TV with NBC news. Sadie sitting in front of it, trying the channels as Shannon makes coffee in houserobe.

Adam comes through that garage stairwell door, hands the color of motor oil.

SHANNON

Adam, your hands.

ADAM

Changing the oil. Say, throw me those paper towels.

(football)
C'mon, bench warmer, go long!

Sadie smiles, grabbing up the paper towel roll.

SADIE
I ain't no bench warmer.

Throws it across to her father.

ADAM
Ah, disastrous throw, and there's
the interception.

SADIE
Replay, replay!

ADAM
No replay. Pathetic.

SHANNON
How's the Honda?

ADAM
Let's just say I'm impressed it
got us this far. But after 600
miles, it's throwing in the towel.
Little trips should be okay.

SHANNON
What about the bigger ones?

Shannon gestures to the growing news report of Katrina.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Cat 3 now.

SADIE
Some of the neighbors are leaving.

ADAM
Well, they're not real Whodats.
You mom, she's a true black-and-
gold. And her kind don't leave
when a little panic sets in.
Right, Supermom?

A moment between Adam and Shannon. Shannon turns to
Sadie, putting an arm around her.

SHANNON
The quarter never floods, honey.
I've seen them come and go. We'll
go to the market later and get
some goods, okay?

Off Sadie's nod...

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

FOLLOWING Shannon and Sadie with a rattling shopping cart. Long lines, people rushing for anything to get their hands on.

CLOSE ON SHANNON AND SADIE

Trepidation, a little fear from the shouting and cussing.

A couple of employees have to get between two women as a fight breaks out between a shopping cart.

Off Shannon, holding Sadie closer...

NEXT MOMENT

Shannon fights her way down an aisle. Shoppers kneeled over by the aisles, grabbing whatever they still can.

Shannon moves by a row of cold lockers.

Through an employee flap door, a dark FACE looks through the plastic bubble window. Thin, ragged. Seems to be staring only at:

SHANNON

Looking back, scared eyes. Loud SCREAM. Woman beside her falls from grabbing too many cans. Pile over on her.

Another man bumps Shannon. She looks back to the cold locker. The form has now vanished.

An eerie quiet permeates. Sadie calls out, pointing to the empty aisle of water.

But Shannon just stands there, momentarily detached. A cold malaise.

Turns to the SUPERMARKET'S SLIDING DOORS. People coming in and out.

Beyond them, TWO STRANGERS standing in dark rain. Both wearing hoodies. Faces obscure.

A void reverberates through Shannon's world.

Real fear in her eyes.

The two strangers stare right back. Hoodies cover their pale faces.

And then, the subtle drift of heat smoke. Beginning to rise off their rain-wet bodies.

Shannon, frozen eyes. Tear slips down her cheek.

Loud BANGING of something trapped in the sliding doors.

As Shannon looks down upon HERSELF. Younger, in dance costume. Door BANGS against her bloody, grotesquely twisted leg.

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - DAY

Adam chucks broken-down cardboard moving boxes out onto the street.

NEIGHBOR, tying-down some trash at a house across the street. Portly, retired military type.

NEIGHBOR

They're not collecting until next week. If you want, put it with mine. I'm taking the whole thing to the dump later.

ADAM

I appreciate that.

NEIGHBOR

Just moved in, huh. Helluva welcome.

(puts his hand out)

George Hughes.

ADAM

Adam Ferris, pleasure.

GEORGE

I reckon ya'll staying through the storm.

ADAM

Yeah, we are.

GEORGE

Me, too. News loves to scare you. I've seen so many hurricanes, they don't phase me none-

BEEP as Adam turns into Shannon, pulling up in the Honda with Sadie.

SHANNON
(rolling down window)
Can you get the rest of the bags
in the trunk?

ADAM
Uh, sure. Honey, this is George.

SHANNON
(nervous, curt)
Hi, George.

George gives a slight wave. Gestures to Adam.

GEORGE
Anything more you need to throw
out, just set it right here on the
pile.

ADAM
Thanks.

George waves bye, heading back in. Adam approaches
Shannon.

ADAM (CONT'D)
That was a little rude.

SHANNON
I'm not thinking clearly right
now, you should have seen that
supermarket.

SADIE
It was insane.

Sadie climbs out with some plastic shopping bags as
Shannon pops the trunk on the rest.

ADAM
Sadie. Go on in, be there in a
minute.

Sadie heads in. Adam moves closer to Shannon.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What happened. You all right?

Shannon looks around, panicked.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Shannon-

SHANNON
NO, I'm not all right.
(moves closer)
I want to leave, Adam. I don't
want to be here any longer.

Beat.

ADAM
If it's about the storm, they're
saying-

SHANNON
It's not the storm, it's this
place. It's all around us, don't
you see that?

Adam pauses, puts a hand on her arm.

ADAM
Look. Let's garage the car. Come
inside, we'll talk-

SHANNON
GODDAMN IT, YOU'RE NOT HEARING ME.
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE. FROM THE
START, THIS WAS ALL ABOUT YOU.

ADAM
What the hell's that supposed to
mean?

SHANNON
It means you just jumped right
into this option without even
considering how I'd feel about it!
Christ, you barely fielded the
other offers.

ADAM
Don't throw that back in my face.
You know I tried like hell to keep
us in Florida-

SHANNON
Oh bullshit. As soon as you got
the call from Tulane, you just
assumed I'd climb right on board
with this. You never once saw
what this could do to me. Did
you? ADAM, DID YOU?

Adam, stuck by the blow.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Shannon snatches up her purse from the car. Starts away.
Adam grabs her arm.

ADAM

Where you going?

SHANNON

To a meeting, I need one, I'm
about to explode inside.

ADAM

A meeting? Shannon, we gotta tape
up the windows-

SHANNON

(pulls away)
LET GO OF ME.

She heads out before he can say anything.

ADAM

SHANNON.

She's already ducked through an alley. Adam curses under
his breath, slamming the trunk closed.

CUT TO:

SMALL TELEVISION FILLING FRAME

RADAR GRAPHICS OF A MONSTER HURRICANE

300 miles off the coast of Louisiana. More images of
traffic. Bumper to bumper as far as the eye can see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam trying Shannon on the cell phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(got her voicemail)
Shan, it's almost seven, let me
know what's going on. Sadie and I
already ate. I tried the
community center, they're closed.

He thinks of something more to say. Clicks off. Moves
around a corner, checking in on Sadie washing dishes in
the kitchen sink.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Clean that pot good.

SADIE
I am.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits by Sadie's bedside, tucking her in.

SADIE
(reflective, tired)
I miss Key Largo. When we were
happy.

Beat.

ADAM
We are happy. Things are just a
little... tense right now. We'll
find our footing. But for now,
this place is your mother's home.
That means you got roots here.
Always remember that.

She pauses.

SADIE
Louisiana has more alligators than
Florida.

ADAM
(small smile)
I didn't know that.

Sadie contemplates. Looks up at him.

SADIE
Dad. Do you trust her? Mom?

Adam slightly reacts.

ADAM
Yeah. Sure I do.
(off her uncertainty)
Sadie. Your mother wants the
absolute best for you. She loves
you. More than anything. You
know how big *anything* is?

Sadie reflects. Nods.

SADIE

I know. I wish we could just --
not be so far from the ocean. I
could snap my fingers and fly Mom
there when she's sad.

Adam pauses.

ADAM

Close your eyes. And you'll fly.

He reaches down, kissing her --

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Adam awakens. The worst nightmare we'll never know.

Struggles for a moment, terrified, finding the side
light. Rises up from the couch, Don Delillo's White Noise
on his chest.

Drenched in sweat. It's silent as hell. He checks the
time: 5:01 am.

ADAM

Jesus.

INT. HALL - NEXT MOMENT

Adam, tense eyes, phone to his ear. Gets Shannon's
voicemail again. Before he can leave a message:

LOUD DOOR BUZZER.

INT. FRONT ALCOVE - DAWN

BUZZER rings again. Adam comes up to it, hurried.

ADAM

Shannon?

Adam looks through the eyehole. Quickly unbolts the door
and opens it, finding his wife slumped on the front
porch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Shannon.

SHANNON

Need to come in.

Adam grabs his wife, carrying her inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Shannon on the couch, looking ragged, stoned. Adam comes over with a glass of water.

ADAM
You relapsing again? All this
time and effort? When we're both
at the breaking point?! Lift your
head up, up.

She does, sipping on some water. Spits a little out.

Adam spots some blood on her neck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What happened, what is this?

SHANNON
(beat)
Dog. A dog bit me.

ADAM
A dog bit you? Shannon, where did
a dog bite you?

Shannon covers a weird, humiliated grin. Clearly dealing with some kind of affliction or drug.

SHANNON
Oh, God. I left before they knew
I was gone.

Sadie comes out of her bedroom.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Sadie, baby.

ADAM
Say, go back to bed.

SADIE
What happened to Mom-

ADAM
BACK TO BED.

LOUD DOOR KNOCKS.

Everyone turns to it. Coming from downstairs.

INT. FRONT ALCOVE - SAME

KNOCKS echo across the old, antique walls.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Adam absorbs. Gestures Sadie over, pulling off his knit fleece.

ADAM

Come here. Keep this on your
mother's neck. Can you do that?

Off Sadie's determined nod...

NEXT MOMENT

Adam opens closet. Reaches up to a high shelf, pulling out an Air Force issue S&W 38 special. Dusty as hell. Checks the roll chamber, grabbing the box of soft point rounds.

INT. ALCOVE - FIRST FLOOR

FOLLOWING ADAM as he moves down the ratty stairs with gun. Feeding the chamber rounds. Third set of KNOCKS.

ADAM

WHO IS IT?

No answer. Adam realizes he forgot to lock the door. Races up to it, twisting the bolt.

Slaps the gun's chamber closed, now armed with eight rounds.

Looks through the EYEHOLE.

FISH-EYED POV OF THREE PEOPLE

All dark in silhouette.

Young, pale looking VINCENT stands behind a TALL FORM (50s) in a second-hand cowboy hat. Long, ratty hair.

A WOMAN (20) beside him, drenched in tattoos. Aura of drugs, transient living. Creepy Manson feel.

Adam moves away from the door, gun ready. Tense silence.

TALL FORM (O.S.)
 (through door)
 She okay? Got troubled when she
 left.

The voice has a grainy, metallic filter to it.

ADAM
 You been giving her shit? What's
 she on?

TALL FORM (O.S.)
 We don't use drugs. We're here
 because we can help.

ADAM
 You can help by getting off my
 porch.

Tense silence.

TALL FORM (O.S.)
 You her man, yea? Open the door.
 Let's talk.

Adam regards this. Unbolts the door, gun in hand. Keeps
 the chain on, now getting a blurred look at the
 strangers.

We never quite see their faces.

TALL FORM holds an artificial larynx speech aid to his
 throat. Part of it scarred.

TALL FORM (CONT'D)
 (grainy filter)
 I'm Leon.

(Pronounces Lee-own, in the old French-creole accent)

ADAM
 I don't give a damn who you are.
 You had no business being with my
 wife.

TATTOOED WOMAN
 She came to us.

Adam regards that.

LEON
 It's true. She wanted to see
 Vincent.

LEON (CONT'D)
They were childhood friends. And
they lost someone close-

ADAM
Yeah. Got sick or something.

VINCENT
The hell she did.

TATTOOED WOMAN
Bitch burned herself alive.

Adam checks the Woman on that.

SADIE (O.S.)
Dad.

SADIE
Skinny in underwear by the stairs.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Mom went to sleep.

Vincent creaks his head to check her out.

Woman gives a creepy wave.

TATTOOED WOMAN
Sweet little honey girl! Can I
come in?

ADAM
Sadie, get upstairs.

TATTOOED WOMAN
Sadie, hear my voice.

Sadie turns to her, spooked.

ADAM
UPSTAIRS, NOW.

Sadie scrambles up the steps as Adam turns back to his
vaguely-seen guests.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Listen to me. I want you to
listen to me. You come back here
or speak to any one of my family
again, I'm calling the police.

Leon notes Adam's old military tattoo on his arm. 82nd
Airborne.

LEON

Soldier.

(beat)

I was a soldier once, too.

Adam regards that. Leon puts the hand-held modulator back to his throat.

LEON (CONT'D)

From one to another: the police won't help. I know you can't understand. But that woman has to come with us now. We can help her like we once helped Vincent.

Adam looks at Vincent. A tension ready to snap cable.

LEON (CONT'D)

By this time tomorrow, you'll be screaming for us to take her away. But it'll be too late. So. Don't ask us to leave.

(quiet demand)

Just let us in.

Adam keeps in check. Shows them the gun through the door slant.

ADAM

I'm not asking you. I'm telling you. Go.

VINCENT

Go where? Where we gonna go?

TATTOOED WOMAN

Ain't nowhere to go.

VINCENT

This is our city, motherfucker.

Another eerie crackle of thunder.

Leon looks up to a glint of daylight beyond the darkening clouds.

LEON

Ou konprann. Your woman made a choice. And now she gotta answer for it. There's more of us than you. We take her now -- or we take you all. This is the last chance you get... Mr. Soldier.

Adam pulls back the gun's bolt. Stare to stare:

ADAM
Get the hell out of here.

Leon pauses. Calculates whatever strength Adam may have. Steps up close to the door. A hissing whisper:

LEON
Monsieur. You ain't know what
hell is. Yet.

Adam SLAMS the door shut. Girl giggles from outside.

TATTOOED WOMAN (O.S.)
Pretty Sadie, I can smell that
blood comin.

Adam opens the door, ready to kill.

THEY'RE GONE. No sign of their fleeing. Eerie as hell.

Adam, hard eyes. Stares out into the desolate street...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Adam returns to the couch where Shannon lies slumped over. Sadie holds the makeshift tourniquet over her neck.

SADIE
Who were those people, Dad?

ADAM
(doesn't answer)
Get me some bandages from the
medicine cabinet.

Sadie runs to fetch them.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Some rubbing alcohol, too.

Adam turns into the window, still trying to comprehend...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - DAY

Streaks of blue storm daylight glisten through the particle dust.

Shannon, fast asleep on the couch. Wound has now been somewhat dressed and taped.

ON ADAM

Standing in the kitchen, phone to his ear.

POLICE (O.S.)
*You have reached the general call
board of the New Orleans Police
Department. Leave you name and
number with a brief message-*

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam sits next to his wife, gently running a hand through her sweaty hair.

Sadie on the floor, eating dry corn flakes.

Shannon stirs awake. A little listless, but more lucid.

ADAM
Hey.

Sadie jumps up at Adam's voice. Goes to her mother.

SADIE
Mom.

Shannon, groggy. Reaches out, taking Sadie's hand.

ADAM
It's all right, we're gonna take
you to the hospital-

SHANNON
No. I just need to rest.
(to Sadie)
Close those drapes, Say.

Sadie rushes over to close the drapes. Adam clicks on a light. Causes Shannon to squint.

ADAM
Shannon, this needs treatment.
You need a tetanus shot-

SHANNON
It wasn't a dog.

Adam regards that. Addresses Sadie with a pot of water.

ADAM
Sadie, go refill this pot. Dab
some more cloths, too.

Sadie takes it, heading to the kitchen. Adam leans in closely.

ADAM (CONT'D)
That man, Vincent?

Shannon, humbled and guilt-ridden. Nods.

SHANNON
I never went to a meeting. I met
up with him. Where they dwell.
He tried to kiss me. I froze.
When I tried to stop him, he must
have attacked me.
(beat)
I went to the bathroom, then I
ran. Didn't. Didn't even know he
had hurt me until I made it back.

She looks up at him. The slight anger, confusion in his face.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Adam.

Adam turns back to her.

ADAM
These people. They said you came
to them.

She reluctantly nods.

SHANNON
I don't know why. I've been
seeing things, Adam. I- I felt
pulled there. I felt it as soon
as we came back here.

Adam regards that. Takes her hand.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Adam. Forgive me. Please.

He shakes his head.

ADAM
No. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
brought you back here. I didn't
know it was this bad. I just
wanted the short cut. Wanted us
to be on solid ground again.
(hushed)
The way we used to be.

Shannon, listless and in pain.

SHANNON
It's too late.

ADAM
No, it's not too late-

SHANNON
Adam. It is. But I'm here with
you. And I'll do anything to
protect you and Sadie. Anything.

Adam absorbs that as Sadie returns with some water.
Shannon puts her hand out to her. Sadie puts the bowl
down, takes her hand.

SADIE
Mom, your hand is so cold.

Shannon, eyes wet. Kisses Sadie's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - DAY

Dark clouds have rolled in.

Heaps of trash on the side of street. Despite a distant
car horn or a crazed shout, an eerie quiet has set in.

INT. BEDROOM - TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Shannon, fast asleep in bed. Sadie cuddled in next to
her.

INT. GARAGE - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

Adam in the Honda, trying the transmission. Barely comes
on. Weak and puttering.

With one long crank --

SHANNON DANCING ON STAGE

Young, elegant, perfect.

With another crank of failed transmission --

SHANNON LAUGHING IN SILENCE ON A BEACH SWING

Hugging Sadie, just a toddler.

BACK ON ADAM

Finally relents. Turns the engine off. Internalizing the memories. Feels his tarnished wedding band.

MATCHING CUT:

WEDDING BAND ON SHANNON'S FINGER

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sadie rolls over, coming close to her sleeping mother. Kisses her cheek.

SADIE
(whisper)
Mom. You want some more water?

Shannon says nothing, in a distant sleep.

Sadie pauses. Starts out of bed.

SNATCHED UP BY SHANNON

Fast and scary.

SHANNON
(sickly, in pain)
Where's your father?

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Adam, hunched over at her side. Holding Shannon's hand.

ADAM
We gotta get you to a hospital,
now. Shannon, they did something
to you. You're freezing.

SHANNON
No. I feel hot. Feel like I'm
burning.

Adam goes to dial 911. Shannon GRABS his hand, sending the phone spitting across the floor.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
IT WON'T HELP.
(struggling)
Adam. I need you to keep her away
from me. Sadie.

ADAM
What are you talking about?

INT. HALL - DAY

Sadie, outside. Hearing their conversation in eerie reverb.

SHANNON (O.S.)
It's going to get worse. It's
going to get bad. You need to
lock this door.

ADAM (O.S.)
I'm getting you to the hospital.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Please, don't- ADAM.
(fighting him)
ADAM, NO.

INT. STAIRWELL - NEXT MOMENT

Shannon's SCREAMING as Adam moves her down those stairs to the:

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Sadie, tears running down her face. Watches as Adam tries to get Shannon into the Honda.

ADAM
Sadie, get the garage door button!

Sadie hits the button as the DOOR GRINDS OPEN.

SHANNON
NO, YOU FUCKING CUNT.

SHAFTS OF LIGHT stream in, covering Shannon.

BEGINS TO SMOKE and SCREAM.

Day starts to burn through her jacket. She violently throws the crucifix off her neck.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
CLOSE THE DOOR, OH GOD.

Adam, staggering, pulls Shannon close to him.

ADAM
SADIE, HIT IT AGAIN.

She does, tears streaming. The garage door reverses itself, giving refuge to Shannon.

She cowers into Adam. Saliva running down her mouth, clutching him.

SHANNON
(crying)
Upstairs, get me back upstairs!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

TV plays in mute. STORM TRACK now 80 miles off the coast of Louisiana.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK

Clock on the mantle: 6:40 PM

ON SHANNON

Torrid fever sleep. Body trembling, sweating. Multiple blankets thrown around her.

ADAM (V.O.)
They did something to her.

INT. SADIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Adam sits on the edge of the bed, talking with Sadie. Holds Shannon's crucifix in hand.

ADAM
Some drug, chemical compound that burns her skin.

SADIE
(breaking apart)
Why did she call me that-

ADAM
She didn't know what she was saying. She loves you. But she's in a bad place again. We're gonna get her help.

Beat. Sadie nods.

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - NIGHT

Loud roar of winds. Outer rain bands of Katrina now beginning their full-on assault.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The street and dark alleys.

The boarded up shops and clubs. A form or two sprints in the darkening light.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam, Shannon and Sadie are asleep, cradled together.

Loud rap of wind and rain on the taped-up windows.

CELL PHONE on the dresser suddenly rings.

Awakens Adam. He wipes eyes, checking on Shannon and Sadie.

NEXT MOMENT

Adam answers the phone.

ADAM
(quietly)
Hello.

POLICE (O.S.)
This is Officer John O'Mera with
the New Orleans Police Department,
8th District.

Perks Adam up. Steps into the dark hallway.

ADAM
Yes, thank you for returning my
call. We have a... a situation.
My wife, she ran into some
dangerous people and they followed
her back to our home. Can you
come over and-

POLICE (O.S.)
I can only take a statement right
now.

ADAM
(beat)
What do you mean?

POLICE (O.S.)
We have no units available right
now, we have situations on our own
due to the storm.

ADAM
Listen to me, my wife is in
danger. My daughter, too, now I
know your hands are full. But we
need someone here right now!

POLICE (O.S.)
Sir-

ADAM
Now. Please.

Beat.

POLICE (O.S.)
I'll see if I have a unit on stand-
by. What's your address?

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Sadie's asleep at her mother's side. Suddenly, like a
distant dream. Hissing whisper:

TATTOOED WOMAN (O.S.)
Sadie, hear my voice.

Sadie, groggy, stirs from the voice.

Climbs up off the bed, coming to the TAPED-UP WINDOW.
Loud wind rapping on the other side.

CLOSE ON SADIE

Approaching window. Pulls out a drape, putting her EYE
to one of the exposed slants.

Beat.

SHE SCREAMS, HORRIFIED.

Falling back -- into ADAM.

SADIE
Daddy, someone's outside the
window!

Adam moves over, taking a peek. Rain bands drifting
across the street below.

ADAM
There's no one.

SADIE
No, she was there. This woman,
she was there!

SHANNON (O.S.)
I can feel them.

Adam turns to Shannon, sweating in bed.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Lock the door.

His cell phone RINGS.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
(terrified, sickly)
Lock the bedroom door!

Adam pulls his phone out as Sadie takes her mother's
hand.

ADAM
(answers)
Hello.

COP (O.S.)
Yeah, this is Officer Ortiz, you
called?

ADAM
Yeah, yes.

COP (O.S.)
We're outside your residence.

ADAM
Hang on.
(to Sadie)
Stay here with your mother.

SHANNON
No, get her away from me!

SADIE
(heartbroken)
Momma.

Adam pauses as the DOOR BUZZES downstairs. Puts his hand
out to Sadie.

ADAM
Sadie. Let's let your mother
rest. C'mon.

Sadie, teary-eyed. Reluctantly goes with her father.

INT. ALCOVE - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING Adam down the flight of stairs. Puts a hand
out to Sadie to wait on the high steps.

Door BUZZES again. Loud KNOCKS.

ADAM
Yeah, coming.

He moves down to the first floor alcove, gun in hand.
Approaches the door. Looks through the eyehole.

TWO NEW ORLEANS COPS at the door in big rain parkas.
Dark silhouettes.

Adam lifts his eye from the eyehole. Unlocks the door,
keeping that chain on.

OFFICER'S FACE filling the slant.

COP
Everything okay?

Beat.

ADAM
No, my wife.

COP
You wife. What about your wife?

Adam tries to look at the man's dark face. Big rain
parka over it.

ADAM
There's people. Harassing her.
Followed her back here.

Cop looks to his silent partner.

COP
Yeah. We've been getting some
repeated calls.

ADAM
(relieved)
Really?

COP
Your wife. She have any marks?
Lacerations on her body?

ADAM
Yes. Yes. We tried to get to a
hospital, we-
(suffering inside)
Oh Christ. I don't know what's
going on.

COP
All right, we're gonna call for an
ambulance, your wife needs medical
attention, we have pre-packs, you
wanna let us in?

Adam nods, about to go for the chain.

SADIE
Daddy.

Adam stops. Stares up at his daughter, scared. Stares
back through that small slant at the two cops.

Loud wind and rain bands pour over the street.

Adam stares into it. Realizes something big. There's no
police car.

COP
Sir?

Beat. Adam look back at the cops.

ADAM
I don't mean to sound rude. But
can you show me some ID?

Cop turns to his partner.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Officer?

Cop turns back to Adam.

COP
Sir. You see the weather outside?
We don't have time for this. Let
us in.

SHANNON

ADAM, DON'T.

Shannon behind Sadie on the stairs.

Cop SLAMS open door, sticks his hands through.

COP

(hissing)

BURN.

Adam slams door closed on his long, withered fingers.
Breaks the bolt.

Loud SHRIEK. Multiple SHRIEKS from all over the exterior.

Shannon SHRIEKS, felt the pain too. Slaps violently against the wall.

SADIE

DAD.

Adam finally slams the door back closed.

ADAM

GET UPSTAIRS.

Loud stampede of footsteps, all over the house.

Impossibly fast and feral. Walls, roof, awning.

Adam rushes back up the stairs as we FOLLOW.

SADIE (O.S.)

Mom, no!

Adam runs faster as the sound of a DOOR slams shut.

Into the HALLWAY. Where Sadie stands at the bedroom door.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(crying)

Dad, she locked the door!

Adam moves up to the door. Tries it.

ADAM

Shannon. Shannon, open the door,
baby.

IN THE BEDROOM - SAME

Chair is slanted into the knob.

ADAM (O.S.)
Shannon, open the goddamn door!

ON SHANNON

Standing by the wall. Staring into SOMETHING. Tears running down her face. Pale and drained.

As we REVEAL A BEDROOM MIRROR. No reflection.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
SHANNON, OPEN THE DOOR.

Shannon SCREAMS.

IN THE HALL

Adam tries kicking down the door. Multiple creaks and sounds of movement from everywhere.

ADAM
Say, go to your bedroom. Lock the door.

SADIE
I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU.

ADAM
GO AND LOCK THE DOOR. NOW

Sadie scrambles down the hall to her own bedroom. Shuts and locks the door.

Adam KICKS again. Finally has to pull his gun. FIRES on the door lock.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Another KICK as the door is thrown open and Adam comes through. Spotting an EMPTY ROOM.

WINDOW THROWN OPEN. Spitting rain stains the old wood floor.

Adam regards that MIRROR, now shattered in pieces on the ground.

ADAM
(breathless)
Shannon?

In darkness, the whispers.

Adam cautiously moves up to the open window. Staring at something so horrific, he has no words.

FORMS ARE FLOATING IN THE RAIN-DRENCHED SKY

Clutching Shannon. Feeding on her throat and breasts.
Tearing apart her skin.

Her head, twisted, arched back in unnatural proportion.

SHANNON
(breathless)
It hurts.

ADAM
SHANNON.

Adam falls back.

Loud BATTING as WINDOW SHUTTERS slam closed from the storm. Hissing whispers of *Sadie* follow.

SHANNON (O.S.)
Don't let them in.

Adam turns around, spotting the real Shannon sprawled on the bathroom tile.

ADAM
Shannon.

The WINDOW SHUTTERS clear, now seeing NOTHING IN THE SKY.

SHANNON
They'll make you see things that
aren't there. They make you see
what you want to see. Don't let
them in. If you let one in, you
let them all.

Adam rushes up to his wife, putting on the light.

Sees a piece of sharp wood from one of the window
shutters clutched in Shannon's hand. Realizes she's been
trying to stab herself in the chest.

ADAM
Oh, Jesus, Shannon.

NEXT MOMENT

Adam sets Shannon on the bed, tries pulling the makeshift stake from her hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's all right, just let go.

SHANNON
Adam. Adam, look at me.

He does. Tears streaming.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
I can't hold on anymore. You have to let me go. I was the one. I let him do it. Adam, he didn't attack me. I let him.
(dire, hates herself)
I made the choice. I didn't want to keep being who I was. Oh God.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM
No. I don't believe that. We're gonna live through this. You got a daughter and she loves you-

SHANNON
THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO DO IT.
THERE'S NO CURE FROM THIS. GONNA
TEAR HER APART.

Lunges for his neck. Adam throws her down as she SHRIEKS.

Sound of hissing reverberating from everywhere and nowhere.

ADAM
Shannon, SHANNON.

Shannon, fighting the urge. So hard, she's biting through her closed lips.

Adam holds her down. She swallows a breath. Struggles to say it:

SHANNON
I love you, Adam. You and Sadie are my life. You have to do it. Do it now.

ADAM
(breaking apart)
I can't.

Shannon SHRIEKS, grabbing the stake from him, putting it on her cut-up breast.

SHANNON
FUCKER, GONNA EAT THAT BITCH IN
HELL.

ADAM
SHANNON.

SHANNON
EAT HER FUCKING HEART.

She lunges at Adam.

A LOUD SCREAM.

Not Shannon's.

BUT SADIE

Charges up, grabbing her father protectively.

Shannon SCREAMS, falls face-first to the bed, using the impact to IMPALE THE WOOD THROUGH HER CHEST PLATE.

ADAM
NO.

Shannon, as if released. Eyes wide. Stares at her daughter with a last grasp of love.

SHANNON
(breathless)
My baby.

THEN HER ENTIRE BODY GOES ABLAZE.

SADIE SCREAMS, going for her mother.

Adam pulls Sadie back, both of them crashing to the ground as Shannon's body burns brightly in bed.

Adam has to turn Sadie away as Shannon's BURNING BODY SPITS UP ONTO THE CEILING.

Multiple SHRIEKS from the others as they feel her pain.

Adam grabs up Sadie. Both charging out of the bedroom as it crackles, burning in red.

HALL - NEXT CUT

FOLLOWING Adam as he pulls Sadie down the hall. Walls pounding, reverberating. Off Sadie's SCREAM --

SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam rambles in with Sadie, slamming the door shut. Storm pounding on window shutters as he slides an old ARMOIRE over to the window.

Sadie, tears streaming, staring at the batting shutters.

Adam pushes hard, finally securing the ARMOIRE against the window.

Moves his daughter back, finding a small sense of protection in the corner.

The sound of RUNNING, feral movement on the outside walls and roof.

GOING CLOSE ON ADAM'S FACE, HIS STARE

As the loud, frantic movement culminates to an almost symphonic horror chord -- and all goes SILENT.

POWER SUDDENLY CUTS OUT

Beat.

Sadie, breathing heavily. Terrified eyes watch the WINDOW SHUTTERS. Only wind and rain bands now. Total dread.

Adam stares upon the DOOR. Just the sound of fire crackling from their bedroom.

Adam looks up as we PAN UP to the CEILING. Eerily quiet.

CHANDELIER barely swings from the recent tremble. Dust falls.

Sadie pauses. Starts to quietly break down again.

SADIE

Mommy.

Adam holds her closely. Shushes her.

ADAM

Sadie, you gotta be strong.

SADIE

I can't.

ADAM

You can. Your mother needs you to be. She's with us now.

(almost breaks apart)

Sadie, she's with us.

Sadie absorbs her father's voice. Nods.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I have -- I have to go check on the fire. Gotta put it out.

SADIE

You can let it burn. Firemen will come--

ADAM

No one's coming. We have to help ourselves.

Sadie absorbs that. Adam carefully holds up his pistol.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You remember. Remember how I showed you how to fire? The practice range?

Sadie nods.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Safety on, safety off. If you have to fire, you don't shoot unless your arm is--

SADIE

(a whimper)

Totally extended.

Adam nods. Holds a hand on her face. Sadie, taking hushed breaths.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(whispery)

I don't hear them anymore. Maybe they're gone. Maybe Momma made them go away.

Adam reflects. Kisses her on the head.

ADAM
I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

HALL - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING ADAM moving down the dark hall toward the open bedroom. Reflective orange glow and rustling from fire...

CUT TO:

THE MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

The fire is now a lukewarm constant. Adam grabs some towels from the bathroom. Douses them in water, snapping the fire dead.

He has to stop for a moment and just take in the BURNED SHAPE OF SHANNON. No bones or remains left. Only ash...

CUT TO:

SADIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Trembling hands of Sadie holding the gun. As wind and rain lashes against the exterior.

Her wet eyes stare at all of those POLAROIDs on the wall. Shannon hugging Sadie, smiling on a rest area bench.

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Adam puts the final curls of fire out. The towels are now parched, blackened.

He suddenly freezes at the small WEDDING BAND left on the burnt mattress. Adam gently takes it. Covers a hand over his mouth, finally breaking down.

Stumbles down to the ground. Makes a BANG.

Reverberates across the place.

CUT TO:

SADIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sadie hears it.

SADIE
Dad -- ?

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Adam wipes tears from his face. Stares at all those broken shards of mirror glass.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(distant)
Daddy?

Adam takes a deep breath. Steels himself.

ADAM
Yeah, baby. Comin.
(clears his throat)
Coming, Sadie-

LOUD WHUMP OF POLICE CAR. Freezes Adam.

He rises up, moving over to the shattered window.

Spots a genuine NOPD SEDAN rolling up to his door.

Adam rushes out the bedroom.

IN THE HALL

Bedroom door opens as Sadie peeks out.

SADIE
Daddy?

Adam moves over to her, hurried.

ADAM
Get back inside.

SADIE
It's the police-

ADAM
BACK INSIDE. Gimme the gun. The
gun.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

TWO OFFICERS moving onto the porch. Male officer RHODES rings the bell. No power. The other, a FEMALE OFFICER, BELLS, gives a loud KNOCK.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Adam hurries down the steps to rendezvous, gun in hand.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Rhodes tries the knob. Sees that the bolt is gone. Violent scratches. He opens the door.

RHODES
POLICE, EVERYTHING OKAY IN THERE?

Adam rushes into the alcove, gun in hand.

ADAM
WAIT.

Rhodes only sees that gun and Adam's manic face. Draws sidearm.

RHODES
GUN DOWN.

ADAM
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US-

RHODES
I SAID GUN DOWN, NOW.

Sadie appears, SCREAMING, embraces Adam.

SADIE
NO, DON'T SHOOT MY DADDY.

Adam quickly lowers the gun, lets it drop the ground.

Bells takes a step across the threshold toward Sadie.

BELLS
Sweetheart, are you okay? Is this
your house?

ADAM
YES, DAMN IT, IT'S OUR HOME.

RHODES
ON THE GROUND. HANDS FLAT ON THE
FLOOR.

Adam complies. Rhodes spots Shannon's blood on his shirt and jeans.

RHODES (CONT'D)
Whose blood is that on your
clothes, sir?

ADAM
Please -- Oh, God, please close
the door.

RHODES
I'M NOT ASKING AGAIN, WHOSE-

BELLS
MATT.

They both turn into a LITTLE BOY, standing on the porch.
Donned in filthy, thrift-store clothes.

Razor slits all over his skin. Drenched in rain, pale as
hell.

BOY
It hurts.

BELLS
Baby. Sit on the ground, IS THIS
YOUR CHILD?

BOY
He hurt me with the razor.

BELLS
WHAT'D YOU DO TO THIS BOY?

ADAM
HE'S NOT MY BOY, GET AWAY FROM
HIM.

BOY
(shivering)
I'm cold, Daddy, wanna come him.

ADAM
NO, DON'T LET HIM IN.

RHODES
(gun aimed)
KEEP YOU MOUTH SHUT, HANDS ON THE
FLOOR.

BELLS
C'mon. It's okay, baby. Take my
hand.

She gently grabs him up, moving the Boy past the threshold.

ADAM

NO, DON'T.

BELLS VIOLENTLY SLAMS TO THE FLOOR AS THE BOY TEARS INTO HER THROAT.

Blood jet-sprays across wall. She's decapitated.

Sadie SCREAMS.

WRAITH FORMS charge into the foyer, taking Rhodes down. A flood of bodies and --

ADAM

Already charging up the steps with his daughter. In blurred b.g., FERAL FORMS fill into the downstairs, tearing the two cops apart.

Taking to walls in spider crawls. Bodies twisting unnaturally. All chasing:

ADAM AND SADIE

Ducking onto the:

SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

Running down the hall as the onslaught pursues.

FINGERNAILS digging into the plaster, creating those horrifyingly long scratches we saw in the opening sequence.

The entire horde, now given universal permission to enter.

Sadie SCREAMS as another FORM explodes through a stained glass window. As it charges them --

Adam FIRES one shot, blasting it in the head.

HUGE MANIC SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS.

Adam can't get off another shot in time as a mass of them fill the hall.

He grabs up Sadie, pulling them both into the:

BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam SLAMS the door shut, throwing a parlor chair against it. Moves away as the DOOR BANGS VIOLENTLY.

Adam pulls them both into to the cast-iron clawfoot tub.

Door BANGS again.

Then all goes silent.

Adam, holding Sadie. Both of their hearts pounding. Sweat glistening in the dark.

Adam's trembling hand checks on the gun cartridge. Six rounds left on an eight-round barrel chamber.

He rolls the chamber back in, aiming at the door.

Sounds of movement all around the old bones of the house.

Adam keeps his hand cupped over Sadie's mouth. Both their chests pounding like cannery machines.

He stares at the GAS HEATER mounted into the wall beside the door.

CUT TO:

FOYER - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

BLURRED FORMS hunched over the unseen bodies of the dead police officers. Like animals feeding at the trough.

VERY OLD MILITARY BOOTS slowly, methodically stepping into FRAME.

The boots of Leon. Dark in shadow. Wearing old-school wire glasses, blacked out. Huge scar haunts his face.

Staring up to the second floor. As the blurred forms of VINCENT and the TATTOOED WOMAN move past him...

CUT TO:

BATHROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Adam absorbs the silence from the other side. A sinister, almost ethereal cloud of whispers follow.

Adam lets go of Sadie, climbing from the tub. She pulls him back. He gestures it's okay. Stay silent.

Adam quickly, quietly moves over to the bathroom vanity.

Pulls a cabinet drawer open, producing that PACK OF MATCHES from Shannon's mood candle.

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Vincent's dark form crosses the threshold. Stares at the remains of Shannon's warped outline on the ceiling and mattress. Off his silent rage...

CUT TO:

BATHROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Adam sparks a match, lighting the WALL FURNACE. Blue burner sets the place in a haunting night light glow.

Adam quickly moves back into the tub with Sadie. Both staring at that:

BIG DOOR

Glowing from the wall furnace.

EXTREME CLOSE ON ADAM

Scared eyes watching. Sweating in the new heat. Grabbing Sadie closer, moving them back against the tile wall.

THE DOOR

Chair slanted up on its knob. Tarnished in blue glow.

ADAM

Swallows a breath. Raising gun to it.

THE DOOR

Silent a moment more. WOOD EXPLODES.

A long, feral HAND blasts through the door. ANOTHER and ANOTHER. Ripping apart the wood.

Some so violently, wood shards spit at Adam and Sadie.

Door ultimately splinters and shatters.

A TALL, GROTESQUELY THIN FORM moves in with those long, feral hands. Twisted mouth. Off black, tormented eyes finding Adam and Sadie in that tub...

ADAM FIRES AT THE WALL FURNACE.

First shot does nothing. Second BLASTS IT APART.

WALL OF FLAME ENCAPSULATES THE ROOM

BLOWS THE BATHROOM WALL OPEN

Protected by the castiron tub, Adam cradles his daughter from the fallout.

The form and three others are instantly INCINERATED. Horrifying SHRIEKS sound off.

Adam pulls Sadie up from the tub. Moves her through the blown tile wall, through the closet, into:

SADIE'S BEDROOM

Adam FIRES on another wraith form coming through the door. Throws all his strength onto the bed, pushing it against the door.

He throws the armoire blocking the window to the ground.

Shoots out the WINDOW.

CUT TO:

SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME

FOLLOWING Vincent, moving aggressively past the burning wreckage, toward Sadie's bedroom door.

Off the murder in his BLACK, SOULLESS EYES...

CUT TO:

SADIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Adam breaks away the remaining shards of window glass. Cuts himself on the jagged edge.

Unseen FORCES bashing against the door, now blocked by the bedding.

Adam picks up Sadie, glancing down at their discarded moving boxes, wet with rain.

ADAM
Boxes are soft from the rain,
gotta jump into them.

SADIE
(terrified)
No, don't leave me-

ADAM
Right behind you, I'm right behind
you!

Door now breaking apart. Loud and horrifying. COUNTLESS
ARMS pushing through and --

ADAM

Shepherding Sadie out the window. Hanging down from the
pane.

SADIE
DADDY.

ADAM
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU-

THE BOY RIGHT THERE, CLUTCHING THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.

ATTACKS SADIE, READY TO TEAR INTO HER NECK.

ADAM FIRES POINT-BLANK. The boy breaks off, shrieking.

Sadie lets go of Adam, falling into the rain-drenched
trash heap below.

The Boy clamors down on Adam, trying to get at his
throat.

DARK FORMS finally break through the bedroom door,
shoving away the bed.

Scattering onto the walls. Vincent, taking the lead.

Adam pulls Shannon's CRUCIFIX from his pocket. Boy
SHRIEKS as Adam plunges out the window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Adam crashes ugly onto the wet pile of moving boxes.
Sadie, still on the ground. Partial shock from the near-
attack.

Adam quickly sweeps her up in his arms. Spots some suburbanite's SUV rushing by in the wind-swept rains.

ADAM
HELP US. HEELLLLP.

Instead of slowing down, the truck accelerates.
Disappears in glowing red brake lights.

Adam turns, spotting the horde already clamoring out of the townhome's side and front.

Adam runs fast for the neighboring rowhouse across the street. FOLLOWING him as he fights the violent winds, rushing up the porch steps.

ADAM (CONT'D)
GEORGE. GEORGE, HELP US. HELP.

He turns around. They're running fast for the porch.

Adam bashes his fist against the door.

Finally opens to reveal George's stunned face.

Adam turns back around --

THE HORDE HAS INEXPLICABLY VANISHED. That quiet and fast.

Off the rain bands fanning the street...

INT. LIVING ROOM - GEORGE'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Sadie's put down on a plastic-tarped couch. Adam methodically checks for any bites or scratches.

George watches in houserobe, concerned. Comes over with a warm cloth.

GEORGE
Here.

Adam takes it, gently pats Sadie's face with the cloth. Strokes his fingers through her hair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What happened?

Adam pauses. Looks around him.

ADAM
You have power.

GEORGE

Got me a genny down in the garage.
I ask again, what happened?

Beat.

ADAM

People. People after us. They
attacked us in our home.

George regards that.

GEORGE

People. What, looters?

Adam shakes his head no, still staring down at Sadie.

George glances through the partially boarded-up windows.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your wife, where's she?

Adam, as if having forgot her for the moment. Stares at
PHOTOS on George's living room mantle. His own photos of
he and his wife in younger times. Maui vacation. Naval
photos of George in his service whites.

George turns back to him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your wife.

Adam swallows a breath. Faces George with hollow,
bloodshot eyes.

ADAM

Can you. Can you call 911? We
need to get my daughter help.

George eyes Adam with a hint of suspicion, didn't answer
the question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

George. Please.

George pauses a moment more. Moves over to the kitchen
phone.

Sadie suddenly coughs on the couch. Eyes flutter, coming
out of shock.

SADIE

(weak)
Daddy -- ?

ADAM
(breathless)
Here, baby. I'm here.

Clutches her hand. Sadie swallows a breath. Scared eyes.

SADIE
I fell... fell asleep. I saw them
in my sleep, Dad. They took me
somewhere. It hurt.

ADAM
You're okay. We're safe right
now. Just rest. Rest your eyes.

She shakes her head no.

SADIE
Don't wanna go to sleep.

Adam regards that. George's blurred form appears from the dimly-lit kitchen.

GEORGE
(spooked)
Line's out.

ADAM
You have a cell?

GEORGE
Yeah, but don't work either.
Goddamn storm.

Adam absorbs. LIGHTS BLINK AND DIM. Everything goes dark for a moment. Then weakly returns to power.

George hears the putter of his portable generator cough from downstairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Genny needs gas. I'll be right
back-

Loud WHUMP of a police car.

Adam shifts to it. George instinctively grabs up an old hunting rifle from the wall.

NEXT MOMENT

In the loud whipping of winds, George moves close to the window. Peeks outside, spotting that one POLICE SEDAN that had rolled up to Adam's door.

Loud KNOCK on the door.

George backs away from the window, on guard.

VOICE (O.S.)
POLICE, EVERYONE ALL RIGHT IN
THERE?

George moves toward the door.

ADAM
(breathless)
Don't open the door -- George.

George calculates. Looks again through the slit of boards in the window.

POLICE SEDAN dark in the rain. Lights on.

BACK ON GEORGE

Uncertainty in his face.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from the porch)
Listen up. The man in your house
just killed his wife. Shot two of
my officers.

George turns to Adam, now scared, on guard. Adam rises up, shaking his head.

ADAM
He's lying. Don't let them in.
(hollow)
Don't let them in.

More LOUD RAP on the door.

George can now spot a YOUNG OFFICER on the porch. Dressed in the appropriate uniform.

OFFICER
I need you to call out to us if
you're all right.

Adam starts toward George. George turns, aiming the rifle on:

ADAM

Putting his hands out. Disarming stare.

ADAM
George, he's lying.

GEORGE
And how do I know you ain't?

Beat.

ADAM
(breathless)
We're neighbors.

GEORGE
No, sir. I don't know you for
shit and you got blood all over
you.

Adam. Struggles to say it.

ADAM
They... they killed my wife. Look
in my eyes, George: they killed my
wife and now they want to kill us.

GEORGE
You tellin me cops killed your
wife?

ADAM
They're not cops -- !

LOUD RAPPING on the door. Adam goes to double-bolt it.
George raises the rifle, finger on the trigger.

Adam quickly pulls his sleeve down to reveal his 82nd
AIRBORNE ARMY TATTOO.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I wouldn't lie to you. They're
not police. They make you see
what you want to see. George.

George shakes his head, scared as hell.

GEORGE
You gonna have to give me more to
go on than that.

SADIE
(weak, on couch)
He's telling the truth-

ADAM

Sadie, shhhh.

More pounding on DOOR.

GEORGE

I'm coming!

He takes a step toward the door, rifle still aimed on Adam.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Gotta show me something now.

Adam puts his hands out in peace, moving over to the mantle where photos of George and his wife lie.

Grabs up a small, mirrored music box.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, that belonged to my wife,
leave that alone!

Adam slides it across the floor to George who instinctively grabs it.

ADAM

Hold it to the slant. Look at him
in the reflection. The
reflection.

More POUNDING on door. Sound of radio squelch.

George absorbs that. With rifle half aimed, he steps back to the slant in the boarded-up window. Holds the box's quaint mirror to the slant.

Moves the angle to the porch -- THERE'S NO REFLECTION.

Horried, George drops the music box. It smashes to the floor, playing a weak version of I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.

George turns back to the slant:

VINCENT'S PALE FACE AND EYES FILLING FRAME

SHRIEKS at George. Who shock-FIRES on the plank of wood.

Sounds of them scattering, filling the roof and sides of the house.

George FIRES again, terrified. Discharge ricochet strikes him.

He slaps down to the floor beside that broken music box.

ADAM (CONT'D)

GEORGE.

Adam clutches him. The man is bleeding out from scatter shot, holding his chest. Possible heart attack.

Sadie, blanket around her. Watching water begin to flood from the tops of the old ceiling rot. The filthy rain water, transforming to ruby-red blood.

SADIE

Daddy --

ADAM

Sadie, gimme that blanket!

She throws him the blanket as he puts it around George's bleeding shoulder.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Where's your truck? George? Your truck.

GEORGE

(in pain,
convulsions)

Garage.

SMASH TO:

INT. GARAGE FLOOR - NIGHT

Adam comes through the door, holding up George with his shoulder. Moving down the stairs with Sadie. Power sparking and dying in the evaporating genny power.

ADAM

SADIE, GET THE TRUCK DOOR.

Sadie rushes over to open the truck's cab door. With military form, Adam sets George down in the back of the cab.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Get in, Say.

SADIE

But they're out there-

ADAM

They can't come in without us
saying so, the man's dying, GET
IN.

They both climb into George's truck, slamming the door closed.

INT/EXT. FORD F-150 - NIGHT

Adam starts up the truck. Hits the garage door button.
Not working from the limited power.

He quickly gets back out.

ADAM

Gotta open the door. Hold
George's hand.

Sadie turns around to the wounded man. Gently takes his
hand in hers.

INT. GARAGE - NEXT MOMENT

Adam leans down before the garage door handle. Fights to
free it up. Uses all his strength.

The genny finally stops. ALL POWER SHUTS DOWN.

Adam throws up the garage door --

ON SHANNON

Standing in the cold rain. Staring back with fragile
eyes.

SADIE

Seeing her too.

SADIE

Momma.

SHANNON

No longer bloody or burned. Looking almost radiant.

SHANNON

(hollow)
Let me in.

Adam lingers on the image. Shakes his head.

Shannon extends her hand.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
I want to be with you.

CLOSE ON GEORGE

Staring down the dark vision. Only he sees his dead wife, KATHLEEN. Still pretty in her 50s, but succumbing to cancer. IV straps hanging down from her arms. Holding a weak hand out to him.

GEORGE
(mesmerized)
Kathleen. My Kathleen.

Kathleen, in pain, tears clouding her eyes.

KATHLEEN
Hurts in the bones. Eating me
alive. Let me in. I'm in hell.

GEORGE
(devastated)
Kathleen, don't leave me. DON'T
LEAVE ME AGAIN.

ADAM
DON'T LOOK AT HER.

Shannon cries, staring at the hole in her chest.

SHANNON
You left me there. You left me to
burn.

SADIE
MOMMY.

Sadie throws open the door. Adam runs up to her, pushes her back into the truck.

ADAM
IT'S NOT HER. IT'S NOT YOUR
MOTHER.
(to George)
DON'T LOOK AT HER, GEORGE.

Kathleen falls to her knees. SCREAMS in pain. Rain falling.

KATHLEEN
OH GOD, IT HURTS. LET ME IN.

George, heart-broken with yearning.

GEORGE
Kathleen. Come inside. COME TO
ME.

ADAM
NO.

DARK FORMS CHARGE INTO THE GARAGE, SLAMMING ONTO
WINDSHIELD. CRACK THE GLASS.

DOORS TEAR OFF THE TRUCK AS ADAM GRABS SADIE

GEORGE IS RIPPED OUT OF THE TRUCK

Dragged into the darkness of the garage.

BODIES CONSUMING THE OLD FORD

Adam FIRES George's rifle at the GAS TUBS for the
generator.

FIERCE EXPLOSION AND BLAZE

Bodies burn around them. Adam floors the peddle.

The form of Shannon now revealed to be the TATTOOED
WOMAN. SHRIEKS with fangs and black moons for eyes --

ADAM SLAMS INTO HER AT FULL POWER

Slams her body onto the hood. She tries tearing at Sadie
with long fingernails. Grabs her little arm.

SADIE
DADDY.

Woman pushes her head through the shattered window,
biting down on Sadie.

ADAM
NO.

Adam stabs the Woman through the eye with Shannon's
crucifix.

Woman SCREAMS, letting go of Sadie. Grabs Adam's face,
ready to crush it inward.

Adam pulls the wheel hard, driving the Ford through his
own garage door --

SLAMMING THROUGH THE WOOD AND METAL

Gets caught in the garage's frame, blocking the horde from getting through.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Adam, covered in glass. Stares ahead at the Tattooed Woman, lying cold against the floor and garage wall.

He opens the mangled door, grabbing Sadie, who's now bleeding from the neck.

FOLLOWING Adam out, frantic. Holding Sadie, scrambling for their own Honda Accord. The last refuge. Gets Sadie into the car, turning back -- THE WOMAN HAS NOW VANISHED.

Beat.

SHE SHRIEKS INTO FRAME

Slamming Adam against the car. SMASHES the driver's window. Ready to plunge her teeth in -- FREEZES.

As we reveal Adam holding a WOODEN SHARD from the garage door. Just nailed it through her chest.

She hisses and SCREAMS. Entire body beginning to burn.

Adam digs in hard as she SLAMS AGAINST THE WALL, burning brightly.

NEW SHADOWS moving down from the stairs.

INT. HONDA - NEXT CUT

Adam climbs in, grabbing hold of his daughter. Starts the engine. Throws the stick into reverse. Bashes against the TRUCK. Can't get out.

SADIE
(in pain, shock)
Daddy --

BLURRED FORMS suddenly appear around the car like a ghostly mob.

Adam, panicked eyes. Tries to back up again.

Through the window, the charred smear of the Woman is all that remains.

Others making room for Leon's blurry tall form, moving down the stairs. Something in his hand.

CLOSE ON ADAM

Feels his approach. Clutching Sadie. Makes one more valiant effort to hard-reverse through the truck wall.

Beat.

Vincent's tall, slinky FORM violently throws open the hood. Pulls a wire, killing the engine.

SLAMS the hood back down.

Adam shuts his eyes to it. Won't let go of his daughter.

Vincent's FORM passes around the hood. Has Sadie's POLAROID CAMERA.

Sound of TIRES popping.

Vincent's slashing the tires, one after the other.

LOUD CAMERA POP AND FLASH on passenger's side. That iconic, grim spit-grind of a Polaroid taken.

Then...

The tinny notes of a music box.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen. Plays out in grim simplicity.

LONG FINGERS with filthy, 3-inch nails sets George's mirrored music box on the hood of the car.

Obscure form of Vincent pulls a huge BLADE from his back.

Adam opens his eyes to find Leon's form hovering over the car.

Lining Sadie's POLAROIDs on the cracked windshield. His image doesn't reflect in the side mirror.

ADAM
(hushed, breathless)
You can't come in.

Sound of scraping from the side of the car.

CUT TO:

VINCENT'S KNIFE SCRAPING THE WORDS. Loud and pierced like fingernails on chalkboard:

Ate the hearts fuckers

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can't come in.

BACK ON ADAM

Whispering the words like a creed.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Can't come in.

Beat.

VINCENT'S FORM rises up from the side of the car.

Puts his BLADE to the open window. A hissing whisper in Adam's ear:

VINCENT
Don't need to. Gonna just watch
your girl die. Bleed and puss.
Bleed the fuck out-

Vincent freezes from a brutal grip on his throat.

It's Leon, one-handed. Choking Vincent so hard, his eyes are bulging.

LEON
(hoarse voice)
Was she worth it?

Digs his razor-sharp fingernails into skin. Vincent, pale and hissing. Eyes ready to explode. Drops the blade.

LEON (CONT'D)
Your dancing bitch?

With that, Leon violently throws Vincent against the wall.

Powerful and quick.

Grabs up the blade.

CUT TO: ADAM'S FACE

Shielding Sadie from the sight. Horrifying SCREAMS from the unseen Vincent. The sound of blade puncturing skin.

NEW ANGLE - THROUGH CRACKED WINDSHIELD

The form of Vincent, stabbed Christ-like to the wall with the one blade. Body glowing in the car's headlights.

Leon looks upon it as if studying some twisted type of modern art. Surrounded by the last of his horde.

He drifts back to Adam's Honda, moving OUT OF FRAME up beside him.

CLOSE ON ADAM

Holding Sadie in his arms. Staring at the unseen killer.

LEON (CONT'D)
(metallic filter)
How bout you, soldier?

Adam, shaking in fear and regret. Stares at the ring still on his finger.

ADAM
(hollow whisper)
She was my wife. I loved her.

Silent beat.

Loud SCRAPING. Adam turns to the others, putting that bookcase over the top of stairs to block any escape.

Leon leans in, just enough to where his shadowed face is poised at that invisible separation line between them.

LEON
You the one who brought her back here. Now you gonna suffer for it.

Tear skirts down Adam's eye.

LEON (CONT'D)
She's all bleedin out, your girl.

ADAM
Spare. Spare her.

LEON
Ain't nobody get spared. This city's been drowning since the day it bore. I know, I seen it. Your girl be dead by first light. You refused us the woman. So now we take your child.

Adam absorbs that.

ADAM
No, please.

Beat.

LEON

Let me in. And we'll take care of her. She'll exist with us. You don't? You best choose which one dies first.

Leon chucks Adam's cold .38 into his lap.

LEON (CONT'D)

Cause you gonna choke on these fumes either way.

Leon touches the hood. The car instantly rumbles to life. Engine powering on.

Monoxide pouring out the exhausts.

Adam, hardest decision of his life. Fights through tears.

ADAM

Please, oh God-

Leon SMASHES his fist on the hood. Crushes it. SHADOWS converge as the others encircle the Honda.

LEON

Ain't no God here. She lives with us. Or dies with you.

Adam stares down at the gun in his hand. Devastated, holding his girl.

ADAM

I can't. I can't do it.

Beat.

LEON

Then you both suffer in the black.

Sadie clutches the glass car windows.

SADIE

(groggy)
No. Don't take my daddy. Gonna fly away.

ADAM

Sadie-

SADIE
Come in. Come inside.

ADAM
SADIE, NO.

Leon RIPS open the metal door.

FILTHY, LONG ARMS AND HANDS pour in.

Adam pulls trigger. FIRES.

HARD BLACK

Long beat.

UP:

STARS AND STRIPES HANGING WITH FRENCH CRESCENT GLORY

Both withered and torn. Survivors.

Whipping around resiliently in the strong, Mississippi
river morning winds.

EXT. STREET - FRENCH QUARTER - DAWN

Those flags, 70 all in a row. Clinging to life on the
castiron balconies.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Half-flooded cobblestone streets.

Desolate alleys. Wind whipping ugly rain puddles around.

White fences torn.

Broken, twisted jazz instruments on the old cobblestone.
Mixed with rain and trash.

Off the distant sound of sirens...

INT. FIRE ENGINE TRUCK - DAWN

Following a NOPD POLICE SEDAN with lights on. Radio
squelch.

Turns another corner, now coming to an all-too-familiar
street.

FIREMAN at the wheel. Points to both George's home and
Adam's.

FIREMAN

There.

FIREMAN 2

(on radio)

Ladder 14, Rescue 3, requesting additional support, 211 with this fire.

DISPATCH

Copy Rescue, notifying Royale units, Hap on stand-by.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

FIRE CAPTAIN from the opening sequence climbs out of the truck as three COPS race to curb.

Another fire engine has pulled up to George's place.

COP

Got a trashed black-and-white on Torough, burned to a crisp, looks like my 8th Division.

Cop pulls a shotgun as we FOLLOW them toward the ominous ROWHOUSE.

It's only now do we reveal George's truck smashed into its garage. Vehicular scraps all over the street...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FIRE CAPTAIN moving around the charred remains of a bed, walkie in hand. Stares out of the breached window.

FIRE CAPTAIN

Bedrooms?

FIRE FIGHTER (O.S.)

A's intact.

A FIRE FIGHTER across the street, standing before George's place. The one responding.

FIRE FIGHTER (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Heavy residual in B, we got some remains here.

FIRE CAPTAIN

Shit. Copy.

That LOUD BANG. Snaps him around. Heads off as we now REVEAL Shannon's WEDDING RING on the blackened mattress...

INT. GROUND-LEVEL GARAGE - NEXT CUT

Foggy from the carbon monoxide.

The HONDA ACCORD sitting parked, all tires slashed. We now know why.

FIRE CAPTAIN puts his protective mask on, inspecting George's mangled truck, stuck into the garage door.

FIRE CAPTAIN
Wayne, get the truck.

His men work to push the truck back to clear the toxic smoke. Daylight enters.

LOUD SHRIEK

FIRE CAPTAIN TURNS AROUND

Stunned, terrified eyes -- now seeing it:

THE BURNING, VIOLENT BODY OF VINCENT

Stabbed into wall with one single knife.

Shrieking and flailing like a child as the sting of daylight absorbs him.

Fire Captain falls back by the wild flames as men rush it with retardants.

Huge white chemical lather and spray --

Clears to reveal NOTHING THERE. Just a knife stabbed into the wall and the faint burn tread of someone or something.

Firefighters cough from the fallout. Their Captain just stands there, still in disbelief at what he just saw.

Another loud KNOCK.

Fire Captain snaps back to that Honda Accord. Realizes the knock came from the:

FIRE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
TRUNK.

NEXT CUT

They pry open the trunk. Throw it open on ADAM, still alive. Coughing from the monoxide, nearly succumbed.

ADAM
(muttering, half
alive)
My girl. My baby.

Fire Captain spots a gun wound in his side. Possibly self-inflicted.

FIRE CAPTAIN
GET HIM OUT, OUT. EMS STAT.

Adam fights through six strong arms.

ADAM
Sadie --

The men quickly work to pull the bloody, battered man from the trunk of the car.

Adam suddenly breaks from the men, running past the breached garage door. Out onto:

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - DAY

Spitting storm rain. Only an eerie, washed-out daylight pushes through the dark clouds.

Adam stumbles, falling down upon the cold, cobblestone street. Finds a single, filthy POLAROID lying in the 6am rain.

The one taken by Vincent.

That last image of Sadie in the car. Just a haunting blur now.

Adam, horrified, staring into the rain. Into ruin.

ADAM
SADIE. SADIEEEEE.

BLACK

Long beat.

The heavy roar of approaching winds. Then...

September

twelve years later

EXT. APARTMENT STRIP - DUSK - KEY LARGO, FLORIDA

Sparse, decrepid 12-unit efficiency. Pay-by-the-day.

As winds kick up, a local POLICE FORD EXPLORER rolls by FRAME. Heads into the parking lot where only a couple of cars remain.

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - DUSK

TV plays on a cheap dresser. LOCAL NEWS AND WEATHER.

WEATHER ANCHOR points her remote to a mosaic of weather graphs.

WEATHER ANCHOR
-- from Marathon, Key Largo, thru
Miami, we are looking at the
potential for catastrophic
flooding. Irma is a storm unlike
anything we've ever come across.
The sheer strength of the rain
bands. They are fast, they are
violent, they will cause immense
storm surge of-

TV's abruptly shut off.

Blurred FORM in its dark reflection, throwing down the remote on the dresser.

Moves over to an unpacked tote, grabbing a tee shirt as two FORMS drift by the closed drapes.

Loud KNOCK on the door.

NEXT CUT

Chain is undone and bolt opens to reveal the sly, polite faces of TWO FLORIDA DEPUTIES.

DEPUTY 1
Hi there. Gettin' along okay?

A moment of silence.

UNSEEN MAN (O.S.)
(aged)
Fine.

Deputy 1 nods, slightly suspicious. Deputy 2's eyes pour over what he's able to see in the ajar door.

Spots a recently-purchased broom, leaning against the wall. Wal-Mart special. Price tag still on.

DEPUTY 2
Little spring cleaning, huh?

The man says nothing.

DEPUTY 1
I'm Officer Bodds of the Monroe County Police Department, this is my partner-

UNSEEN MAN
What do you want, officer?

Beat.

DEPUTY 1
Well, to put it plainly, we're asking that you vacate these premises. You and a few others are on the hot line here of the storm and we'd rather not have to come back and see you washed away.

DEPUTY 2
We have shelters provided in case-

UNSEEN MAN
The evacuation isn't mandatory.

DEPUTY 1
No, not at this point.

A pause.

UNSEEN MAN
Then I'm not going anywhere.

Deputy 1. Pulls off his cap.

DEPUTY 1
Sir. You understand that once the storm arrives, we will not be able to save you. I can't tell you how many times I've had this conversation.
(off the silence)

DEPUTY 1 (CONT'D)

Now I strongly urge that you
cooperate and vacate this facility
while you still can-

Door closes on them.

NEXT CUT

Unseen Man moves back into his one-bedroom unit.

Listens to the police SUV motor away. Moves up to the
mirror. REVEALING AN OLDER, GRAYER ADAM FERRIS.

Looking life-worn and haggard. Half a beard, frosted in
white. Sad stare, almost broken. The aura of time lost.

Picks that broom stick up, reflecting. Suddenly cracks
it in two over his knee.

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

Louder winds outside. Some thrashing on the window.

PANNING ACROSS THE ROOM

Various NEWS CLIPPINGS on the dresser and bed. One after
the other like years slipping by...

*Husband Charged With Wife's Murder, Daughter Still
Missing.*

*Two Police Officers Killed by Unknown Assailants, Storm
Looters*

*Missing "Katrina Girl" Believed to Have Drowned in Levee
Breach.*

*Wife Killer Given New Trial. Fire Captain To Testify On
His Behalf.*

*Man Charged With 7th Ward Murder Released After
Conviction Overturned*

Finally finding Adam at the bathroom mirror, shaving his
beard. Rinsing the razor into water.

Cuts himself. Stops and watches the blood drip-drop into
the soapy water. Swishes it away.

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

Adam pulls open the drapes to reveal a RAINY, DESOLATE
PARKING LOT. Winds howling, rampant.

He puts his face up to the window glass.

Small trail of blood still runs down his jawline. He pats it down with a bathroom cloth.

NEXT MOMENT

Unbolts door. Opens it into the rain.

Eyes watered. Stares into something he can never get back.

Beat.

ADAM
(a whisper)
Come in.

THE DESOLATE LOT

Just wind and rain and nothing more...

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

Door locked and bolted again. Banging from the intensifying storm.

Adam's sitting at the small desk. Fumbles around a cheap crucifix in his hand.

Something carried with him through his years. Eyes staring down upon its tarnished metal.

He places it on his desk, very quietly pulling that S&W .38 from his tote. Loads one single bullet in the chamber. Smacks it shut.

Looks again at the crucifix. Weighing this final decision.

Loud KNOCK on the door. Snaps him around.

NEXT MOMENT

Approaches the closed drapes. Now duct-taped tightly.

Loud KNOCK again.

Adam decides to let the duct tape be and unlock the door.

Throws it open --

ON NOTHING BUT DARKNESS

CLOSE ON ADAM

Surveys the terrain a moment more. Starts to close the door.

Suddenly stops. Sees it in the rain-drenched muck of the sanded parking lot: FOOT PRINTS.

Those of a young girl's. Approaching his door.

They just stop at the threshold.

Adam regards them. Dissolving away in the rain. A new whip of wind. Force of it nearly blasts him back.

He slams the door shut. Locks and bolts it.

Thinks in the dense silence. Beat.

FILTHY HANDS VIOLENTLY GRAB HIM FROM BEHIND.

RIPPING SKIN FROM OFF HIS FACE

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - NIGHT

ADAM AWAKENS IN A COLD SWEAT

Digging his way out of the flash nightmare.

Rain and thunder resound. Weak lamp light on the bedside. Blinks and winks like a thing dying to stay alive.

NEXT CUT

Adam rips the duct tape off the DRAPES, pulls them open to reveal:

BIG WINDOW LOOKING OUT TO A DESOLATE LOT

No foot prints. Just rain bands and intensifying wind surges. Palm trees twisting in the wind.

ADAM

Something emotional, yearning in his face. As though he perhaps wanted the nightmare to be real...

NEXT MOMENT

Some buckets on the floor, catching leaking rain water.

Bedside lamp taps and winks again, on the verge of blackout.

Adam sits down at the desk before the mirror. Gently pulls open the desk drawer to reveal that gun and crucifix.

He contemplates.

Takes the gun out, keeping the crucifix in the desk. Closes the drawer.

CLOSE ON ADAM

Thinking hard about the next crucial seconds. Grips the gun in hand. Stares at himself in the mirror.

Loud rap of wind on the glass. He turns to the window.

Looks back at himself in the mirror.

Suddenly, a frail HAND drifts onto his shoulder. There is no reflection of it in the mirror.

Adam doesn't flinch. Felt her presence all along.

SADIE (O.S.)
(dry whisper)
Daddy.

Beat.

Adam barely looks up.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I heard your voice. Through the
wind.

Adam now senses them. Looks back at the window.

FORMS floating in horrifying silence down from the sky. At least a dozen. All ages.

Like frozen paper figurines against the dark storm.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The others are gone. I'm their
shepherd now.

Adam turns back to the mirror. No reflection. As her sharp fingernails press against his shoulder.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And mommy's with us. Out there.

Tear breaks from Adam's eye. Knows it's not the case.

SADIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We can be together again. We can
be happy. All you have to do is
close your eyes.

ON HER MOUTH

White lips with corroded, sharp fangs.

SADIE (CONT'D)
Close your eyes. And you'll fly.

BACK ON ADAM

Slowly lowers the gun. Accepting of his fate.

It's only then we reveal that SNAPPED BROOM STICK
clutched in his hand under the desk. Jagged wooden
point.

CLOSE ON HIS TEAR-STAINED EYES

With a moment left to consider the choice. The weak
light, blinking across his face.

ADAM
(breathless)
Fly.

As the lamp light finally cuts out --

LOUD THUNDER AND WIND. Then -- A HORRIFYING SCREAM.

Adam's scream. Either from Sadie's attack or the anguish
of having just killed what was once his daughter. We'll
never know which...

EXT. APARTMENT STRIP - NIGHT

The lot, 6 inches underwater.

An open door with rain and wind pours into a dark one-
bedroom unit. Porch screen smacking.

The sound of heavy rain bands and winds.

Off palms bending into dark...

The french quarter will not be spared