



DON'T



ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY



GO



BY RUDI O'MEARA



THERE

DON'T GO THERE

Written by

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INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

A brightly-lit vaguely Bloomberg-y TV studio.

Seated at a translucent desk opposite a video wall is a deeply-tanned, perfectly made-up female TECH REPORTER (30s). Modish glasses. Skin-tight power pants suit.

Her manicured nails stab a thin sheaf of papers across the table as she leans forward.

TECH REPORTER

So, it, like, pains me to have to
ask this. Like, literally pains me.

The camera DOLLIES slowly around her - revealing a CAMERA CREW flanked by two more large monitors.

On each of the monitors are live feeds of two YOUNG WOMEN obviously dialed-in from their home offices.

TECH REPORTER (CONT'D)

Rips out my cold, dead heart,
throws it to the ground, and stomps
on it. Twice. But...

The women on the screens - ZOEY (30s, sculpted features, the picture of calm) and SAMANTHA (30s, a river of auburn curls, smokey eyes) - stare back as if waiting for their cue.

TECH REPORTER (CONT'D)

(rapid fire)

...what's it like to be the only
female co-founders to go from an \$8
billion Series-D to record breaking
IPO all during a seemingly never-
ending global pandemic?

Both women on-screen smile (Zoey confidently, Samantha sarcastically) and blurt out, in unison:

ZOEY

Amazing.

SAMANTHA

Shitty.

On one screen, Samantha rolls her eyes. On the other, Zoey CHUCKLES to herself - as if this is the way every conversation between the two of them starts lately.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

See now, there you go. She's Jobs.
I'm Woz. She's got the fucking--

(catching herself)

Sorry, *freaking*, reality distortion
field. I call it like I see it.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
And it freaking sucks. We shouldn't
be, like, the *only* ones. Amiright?

TECH REPORTER
Exactly.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Of course we shouldn't be the *only*
absurdly influential women in all
of tech...

The camera continues its SLOW DOLLY around the studio.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
...but that's just how it is.

Samantha GROANS on-screen.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
But if you zoom out, that's why
what we're building makes so much
sense.
(entering pitch mode)
That's why Hive - why our platform
- is so unique. No dude could have
written our algorithm. No man would
have ever seen the value of mining
the emotional health of your
company - your people - by just
paying attention to what they say
in email, or Slack, or video chat.
(beat)
Empathy. It's a game-changer.

TECH REPORTER
So it's true then?

ZOEY (O.S.)
What?

TECH REPORTER
The rumors.

The normally unflappable Zoey seems suddenly nervous.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Oh, we couldn't possibly comment--

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
What rumors?

TECH REPORTER

That you have an acquisition offer
on the table for \$28.8 billion in
cash and 0.0824 shares per share.

Samantha turns and seems to stare directly through the bezel
of her monitor at Zoey.

ZOEY (O.S.)

We couldn't possibly--

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Yeah, you already said that part.

The tech reporter, grinning mischievously, peers over her
glasses at the two of them.

TECH REPORTER

I know I'm biased. But I really do
think you two would've made a
lovely couple.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Yeah. The freaking Odd Couple.

TECH REPORTER

Clearly.

The reporter gets a signal from her PRODUCER to break.

TECH REPORTER (CONT'D)

Well folks, you heard it here
first. The world's most powerful
sentiment analysis engine is
definitely not, not, not for sale.
Or is it? We'll be back for more
right after the break. I'm Jen
Davis and you're watching Venture
Zone on Livewire.

(beat)

Don't touch that dial.

The producer steps up, flashing a countdown with his
fingers. The lights BLINK twice, the reporter sits back from
her desk with a sly, pot-stirrer's grin.

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - AFTERNOON

Samantha, seated at a stark black marble desk GROWLS toward
an almost comically large monitor:

SAMANTHA

(to Zoey)

The fuck, dude?!

On her screen, we see Zoey and the reporter in two mirrored windows. Behind the monitor, a hulking ring light.

ZOEY (O.S.)
(on the monitor)
It would be better if we just--

SAMANTHA
It's fucking Gary isn't it?

The reporter feigns tuning them out.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I miss, like, one board meeting -
the only one since fucking lockdown
- and this is what happens?

INT. SF VICTORIAN - MORNING

Zoey pushes herself back from a stark white table.

She's got a nearly identical monitor. Behind her, an austere, heavily-curated shelving unit. Books and vases.

ZOEY
Despite what she says, there's
nothing on the table. There is no
deal. He just...
(choosing her words
carefully)
...brought it up. As a joke mostly,
I think. At dinner.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Dinner?!

ZOEY
He's in our pod. His ex's daughter
goes to Nate's school.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
This is why I never leave New York.
You guys and your *fucking* pods!

ZOEY
He's perfectly harmless. And if
there was an offer on the table -
an actual term sheet - trust me,
you'd be the *first* to know.

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - AFTERNOON

Samantha guzzle coffee from a hefty earthenware mug while eyeing a nearby pack of Dunhill Reds.

SAMANTHA

Man, fuck.

She reaches out for the pack, realizing she can't pull one out. Not on live TV.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Remember when it was just, like, us two against the world? Tech bro dude world.

(drumming her fingers)

And now, Gary? You let that slick prick into your pod?!

ZOEY (O.S.)

He's perfectly harmless. Plus, he, um... well, he, uh--

SAMANTHA

Spit it out.

ZOEY (O.S.)

He, uh, sort of, um, offered us his... island.

SAMANTHA

What *island*?

ZOEY (O.S.)

He owns an island. In the South Pacific.

SAMANTHA

Ugh! Of course he does.

ZOEY (O.S.)

I've seen pictures. It's amazing! Totally private. Just a place to unplug. Reconnect with nature.

(beat)

Get back on the same page.

INT. SF VICTORIAN - MORNING

Zoey takes a deep breath, slipping back into pitch mode.

ZOEY

Neither of us has had a proper vacation in, what, six years?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Vacations are for dummies.

ZOEY

We haven't taken a minute to come up for air since the IPO. And we haven't been on the same coast for, like, two years!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Fuckin' COVID.

ZOEY

I wanna see you. Be with you. Like it used to be. In the old days.

Zoey can sense it - Sam's cracking.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

I've got it all figured out. We meet up in L.A. Borrow Gary's Gulfstream to Papeete. Grab a little puddle-jumper to his place. I guess his plane's too big for the runway there.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Jerk.

ZOEY

Amy will send you the details.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Who's Amy?

ZOEY

My admin, silly.

(victorious smile)

Two weeks. Paradise. No devices. Just us.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I gotta feed my cat.

Clearly eating this up, the reporter chimes in on-screen:

TECH REPORTER (O.S.)

You two are too adorable.

INT. TRIBECA LOFT - AFTERNOON

Samantha slides the pack of Dunhills even closer.

SAMANTHA

(to Zoey)

What about Max?

ZOEY (O.S.)
We broke up.

Samantha lifts her hand from the cigarettes, shocked.

TECH REPORTER (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Twenty seconds.

SAMANTHA
What do you mean you broke up? You
have a *freaking* kid!

ZOEY (O.S.)
Nate's just fine. We're still co-
parenting.

SAMANTHA
Hold on, hold on. You got
divorced?!

ZOEY (O.S.)
Consciously separated.

Sam re-grabs the cigarettes, nearly crushing them.

SAMANTHA
FUCKING California!

TECH REPORTER (O.S.)
(interrupting)
Ten seconds.

ZOEY (O.S.)
Please. Just think about it.

SAMANTHA
Dickwad's not gonna be there?

ZOEY (O.S.)
Nope. Just us.
(beat)
And the locals.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - DAY

The reporter looks like even she wants to go. Her producer
steps up and counts them all down:

PRODUCER
Five, four...

ZOEY (O.S.)
Gary's in Davos.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Gross.

ZOEY (O.S.)

We totally deserve this!

PRODUCER

...three, two...

Samantha SIGHS - clearly having bent her will to Zoey's more times than she can count.

TECH REPORTER

And, we're back...

TITLES: **DON'T GO THERE**

To the tune of jaunty 1960s TAHITIAN MUSIC, we hover over a vast, placid stretch of dark blue open ocean.

INSERT MONTAGE:

-- In the near distance we see a lone ISLAND - seemingly just a jagged black rock in the middle of the sea --

-- The island is ringed by tiny white sand ISLETS sporting placidly swaying palm trees --

-- A rusty PASSENGER FREIGHTER pulls away from the island carrying hundreds of angry looking ISLANDERS --

-- Anchored beyond the reef, what appears to be some sort of MILITARY SHIP bobs in the current --

-- On the deck of the military ship, a handful of uniformed OFFICERS and GUESTS are gathered, each one smoking --

-- As if responding to broadcast orders, everyone on-deck slips on a pair of flimsy looking SKI GOGGLES --

-- Standing at the bow, an IMPERIOUS LOOKING GENERAL lifts a pair of turquoise HEADPHONES over his ears --

-- Just as the passenger freighter passes, the angry islanders glare at a YOUNG MAN behind the GENERAL --

-- This man, evidently an islander, looks out of place in his uniform and sheepishly dons matching HEADPHONES --

-- Everyone else on the military ship does the same, casting their gaze back to the ISLAND --

-- In the distance, the crowded freighter recedes across the sea leaving a blue/black trail of SMOKE --

-- Behind the freighter and beyond the military ship, the island stands - an abandoned PARADISE --

-- Suddenly, the sky FLASHES an almost blinding white - silhouetting the officers and guests --

-- A brilliant/terrifying scarlet MUSHROOM CLOUD engulfs the formerly peaceful islands --

THE MUSIC ABRUPTLY PAUSES AND STARTS PLAYING BACKWARD.

And the billowing fireball collapses into itself and then suddenly vanishes!

END MONTAGE.

EXT. MURE ORE, AIRSTRIP - AFTERNOON

Looking ridiculously jet lagged, Samantha and Zoey stand on the white coral fringe of a weathered airstrip as a small, bright yellow PUDDLE JUMPER behind them taxis swiftly away.

At their feet is a pile of very expensive-looking baggage - including a haphazardly stacked set of surfboard bags.

Gazing groggily into the distance, Samantha shifts shoulders with her only bag - a well-worn bright red Prada duffel.

SAMANTHA

(distracted)

Well he sure seemed to be in a hurry to get the fuck outta Dodge.

The CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND to reveal the panoramic vista spread out before them. It's even more vivid and lush than the glimpses we've seen previously.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What'd you say their vaxx status was here again?

ZOEY

Now you ask?

SAMANTHA

I Googled it a billion times. Why isn't there anything about this fucking island on the interwebs?

ZOEY

Because it's private. Duh.

Behind them, the runway - which juts out into the placid lagoon - is fringed with immaculate white sand.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
You know, like getting your house
blurred out on Street View.

At the center of the lagoon is the jagged, spade shaped
pinnacle we saw earlier - surrounded by swaying palms and
bathed in light rain from a single billowing cloud.

To the left and right, seemingly abandoned tiny islets
spread out, one after the other.

SAMANTHA
Well, gotta hand it to the pig.
Sure is pretty fucking pretty.

ZOEY
You're not kidding.

Zoey points at the beginnings of a faint rainbow forming
just below the summit of the peak. A warm, salty breeze
brushes her cheeks.

SAMANTHA
Now, come on!

ZOEY
Sorry I doubted you, Zoe.

SAMANTHA
Sorry I doubted you, Zoe.

ZOEY
And they're clear. Haven't reported
a case in, like, two years.

SAMANTHA
(distantly)
That's weird.

Zoey shields her eyes and turns around toward the surf break
just north of the airstrip.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
Wow, pumpin'.

SAMANTHA
Huh?

Zoey points.

ZOEY
That's where I'm going to teach you
how to surf tomorrow!

SAMANTHA

Oh, no, no, no. I'm from Brooklyn.
We don't surf.

Zoey turns back around, smiling while she pulls her phone from a pocket in her rumpled linen jumpsuit.

ZOEY

You got a signal?

Samantha fishes around in her purse for her phone. Finding her Dunhills instead, she shakes one out.

SAMANTHA

I thought you said no devices.

ZOEY

(toward her phone)

Man! I told Amy to set up
international roaming ages ago.

Rolling her eyes, Samantha finds her lighter and flicks it.

SAMANTHA

(inhaling)

Did you have her pack all fifteen
of your fucking bags, too?

Zoey grumbles, holding her phone up to the sky and spinning around, looking for a signal.

ZOEY

How you can get by without an admin
is beyond me.

Blowing smoke, Samantha sets her bag down and lets her eyes wander to the seemingly abandoned looking control tower.

SAMANTHA

So, uh. What now? Somebody supposed
to pick us up or what?

ZOEY

(increasingly irritated)

Remind me to trim her options.
Fuck!

Samantha smiles, taking another drag while savoring a rare Zoey f-bomb.

SAMANTHA

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

ZOEY

Get off it.

SAMANTHA

Didn't you say the whole point of this was no phones, no news. No doom scrolling. No social. Just the two of--

Suddenly, a rust-covered, olive drab Peugeot P4 troop transport rumbles into view along the only visible road.

ZOEY

Ah-ha! Voila. I knew Gary wouldn't leave us hanging.

SAMANTHA

(exhaling)

The shithead.

ZOEY

Please. He's not...

She pauses as the truck slows and then swerves off the road, across the sand, and onto the runway.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

...that bad.

Still holding her phone in one hand, Zoey waves toward the solitary silhouetted figure at the wheel of the truck.

Whoever it is, they don't wave back.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Hmm.

SAMANTHA

What'd you expect, a hula?

Zoey scans the slowly approaching truck.

ZOEY

May have to tie the board bags to the roof.

Samantha shakes her head, seeming mortified that anyone she knows could utter that sentence.

SAMANTHA

You never shoulda left New York.

The truck veers slightly away from them and then does a slow, lazy arc around them.

The window to the cab is up - and so dirty that the driver inside seems a mysterious cypher.

ZOEY
(loud, to the truck)
Um, *bonjour*? *Ia Orana*? Anybody in there?

The truck slows to a stop, idling for a moment, before the dust-covered driver's side window starts slowly cranking down with a loud, spooky: CREAK, CREAK, CREAK, CREAK.

Inside the cab sits a deeply tanned, deeply wrinkled man (JEAN-MICHEL, mid-50s maybe) with a silver buzz cut, manicured sideburns, and corroded wire rimmed glasses.

He doesn't say a word - and instead simply stares straight ahead, not making eye contact.

Something about him seems vaguely familiar. Like, maybe from the military ship we saw earlier?

ZOEY (CONT'D)
(still over-loud)
Bonjour, monsieur. Je m'appelle Zoey. This Sam. We're friends of Gary's.

No response - just the RUMBLE of the engine.

SAMANTHA
He said he could stay at his shithole mansion while he's hobnobbing at fucking Davos.

The croak of her voice seems to summon something in him - and he abruptly turns to face them. His right eye is covered in a sweat stained patch and his left eye is a milky gray.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Oy vey.

JEAN-MICHEL
(heavy French accent)
Did you say... Gary?

ZOEY
Oui monsieur.

He opens the rust-spotted door.

JEAN-MICHEL
 (heavy French accent)
Suis désolé. Where are my manners?
Of course I can take you. Bien sûr.

Not cutting the engine, he swivels in his seat and steps down onto the running board.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
 You can imagine my surprise. We do not receive many...
 (beat)
 ...visitors here.

SAMANTHA
 Right dude, fucking COVID.

JEAN-MICHEL
 (struggling to get down)
 But *Maeva*. Welcome to Mure Ore.
 Island of the eternal...

He steps gingerly down onto the ground, letting the ellipsis hang a bit too long.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
 ...sunshine.

Strangely, his boots don't make a sound as they hit the broken coral tarmac.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
Je m'appelle Jean-Michel, à votre service.

He turns and takes Zoey's hand. Bending to kiss it, he stares at it for just a moment too long. Almost hungrily.

ZOEY
C'est un plaisir de vous rencontrer.
 (wanting her hand back)
Je m'appelle Zoey.

SAMANTHA
 Yeah, you said that part already.

JEAN-MICHEL
Enchanté.

He licks his parched lips, kisses her hand, and then reluctantly lets go.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
Where did you say you arrived from
again?

SAMANTHA
We didn't.

He squints his one good(ish) eye at her for a long moment.

SAMANTHA
New York.

ZOEY
San Francisco.

He stands there, staring, as if he's frozen in-place. Like a sleepwalker. And then:

JEAN-MICHEL
(too loud)
On y va!

EXT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Seated behind Zoey and Jean-Michel, Samantha bounces up and down amid a thicket of Zoey's bags as the truck trundles down the island's only roadway.

JEAN-MICHEL
(pointing, shouting)
That is the sacred peak. Mt.
La'akea. It is *tapu*. Forbidden!
Whatever you do, do not venture
there. Stay on the motu.

On the left side of the road, we see a series of severe looking, bunker-like concrete structures.

SAMANTHA
(pointing)
What's that dump?

JEAN-MICHEL
Hospital. French Army.

ZOEY
Really? Still?

JEAN-MICHEL
Non. But you will meet General
Aubert. Tonight. He is staying at
the property. With his staff.
Whatever he says, do. *Oui?*

Samantha screws up her face like 'WTF'. Zoey turns and gazes out the broken window toward the turquoise sea.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
Very important. If you hear drums.
And conch. In the night time. Do
not go toward them. Stay where you
are. Face down.

SAMANTHA
Them?

JEAN-MICHEL
And avoid the locals. They are
primitive. Wary of outsiders.

ZOEY
(distantly)
Don't worry. We're totally vaxxed.

Jean-Michel listens distractedly, his one good eye fixed on a plump looking rooster crossing the road ahead of them.

Samantha looks as if she's about to interject when Jean-Michel interrupts:

JEAN-MICHEL
The General will explain all.

Samantha looks nervously to Zoey - who is still contentedly staring out to sea.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA - AFTERNOON

The truck pulls up to the gorgeous (if rundown) entrance to what appears to be a once opulent hotel.

The façade of the main building juts skyward like the upturned prow of a princely outrigger.

Hanging from a heavy beam at its peak is a giant, conch-shaped carved stone sculpture swaying slightly in the salty breeze.

Faint melodious TAHITIAN MUSIC echoes from within the thatched structure, sounding as if it's playing on an ancient gramophone.

Jean-Michel cuts the engine just as Zoey opens her door and steps out - spinning around in self-satisfied awe.

To her right, a mirror-still, lily pad covered pond surrounds a tall black lava rock tiki. Birds of every sort call out from the surrounding trees.

ZOEY

God, it looks like a screen saver!

Samantha pries the backdoor open and crawls out. Clearly, she's unimpressed.

SAMANTHA

Dude. I thought buddy boy would have some sorta shitbird tech bro palace. What is this gongpit?

JEAN-MICHEL

(untying the board bags)
Bienvenue à Pension Poerava. Once the jewel of Polynésie Française.

Suddenly, a BOOMING VOICE echoes from the thatched entrance to the hotel.

GARY (O.S.)

Bon après-midi, bitches!

Samantha and Zoey wheel slowly around to find GARY (ambiguously mid-50s, bronzed, linen shirt open to his belly button) standing with his arms held wide.

From one wrist dangles an embarrassingly expensive Jaeger LeCoultre titanium diving watch.

SAMANTHA

Fuck. Me.

Grinning ear-to-ear, his teeth blindingly white, Gary shambles in flip-flops down the stairs toward Zoey.

GARY

(toward Sam)
Hard pass.

Zoey seems frozen in-place as Gary wraps his arms around her. His stupidly vivid Vilebrequin swim trunks cradle his trainer-toned ass.

GARY (CONT'D)

This one on the other hand...

ZOEY

(stiffly, eyes to Sam)
I thought you were in Davos.

GARY

I'm so tired of Switzerland! This is where it's at!

He lands a quick kiss on Zoey's cheek before letting her go and turning toward Samantha.

GARY (CONT'D)
Welcome to paradise, ladies.

Arms extended, he steps toward Samantha. She halts his advance with one finger.

SAMANTHA
Let's get one fucking thing
straight. Hive is not for sale.

Gary pauses, lowering his arms.

GARY
Man, you never change.

Her eyes narrow.

GARY (CONT'D)
Okay. A, we try not to talk
business on the island. And, two,
everything's for sale.
(beat)
Did the IPO teach you nothing?

She swivels her head toward Zoey who mouthes 'I'm sorry'.

SAMANTHA
(more to Zoey than Gary)
I hate people who do that.

Gary takes a tentative half step her way.

GARY
Do what?

SAMANTHA
Flip-flop alphanumerical.

She turns and tosses her bag back into the truck.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Just, lazy.
(to Zoey)
C'mon. Let's bounce.

GARY
No, no, no. Please. Be my guest. I
would be so honored. Seriously.

Samantha looks to Zoey. It's clear she wants to stay.
Puppydog eyes. Again, Samantha begins to fold.

SAMANTHA
What the hell with sending Igor
here to pick us up?

Gary smiles, recognizing victory (a familiar sensation).

GARY
I didn't!
(to Zoey)
I thought you were coming Thursday.

ZOEY
Today is Thursday. The eighteenth.

Gary gestures to Jean-Michel to gather their bags.

GARY
It is?

ZOEY
We borrowed your plane!

GARY
Which one?

SAMANTHA
Gag.

GARY
Aw, who cares. I'm getting so bad
with time lately.
(beat, stepping away)
Anyway, I'm so glad you're here.
Both of you! Come, lemme show you
around.

He strides back toward the main entrance. Samantha's
shoulders fall. Zoey makes a 'pretty please' face - while
Jean-Michel grabs her luggage.

Samantha yanks her duffel back out of the truck.

SAMANTHA
You owe me. Big time.

INT. PENSION POERAVA - CONTINUOUS

We follow Samantha and Zoey as they follow Gary up and into
the vaulted, wood- and thatch-lined space.

GARY
I thought I'd tear the joint down
and build right here.
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

But then my architects convinced me
that a southern exposure is more
ideal.

To the right is a vast dining room with a long, formal
dining table wrapped in gauzy white cloth.

GARY (CONT'D)

So, while they're still sketching
things out, I've been staying on
the property. And, I have to say...

To the left is a long abandoned reception desk near a
seating area and decrepit looking library.

GARY (CONT'D)

...it's kinda growing on me.

Barely listening, Samantha and Zoey wander behind him,
taking it all in.

Everything seems almost purposefully distressed. Ceremonial
koa wood weapons sit in dusty glass vitrines. A massive
stuffed sailfish hangs above weathered bamboo furniture.

GARY (CONT'D)

Cyclone Oli did a number on her
back in 2010. And before that,
well...

And, up ahead, the whole far end of the room opens up to a
magnificent vista of the placid lagoon beyond.

GARY (CONT'D)

...our other guests can tell you
all about that.

At the sight of the lagoon, Zoey melts. Samantha not so
much.

SAMANTHA

Other guests?

Gary pauses at the threshold, gesturing to a pair of
uniformed TAHITIAN MEN standing like statues.

GARY

(to the men, tersely)
*Attention, les bagages. Quatre,
cinq. Vite.*

The men snap to attention as if awoken from a dream and
wordlessly depart.

GARY (CONT'D)
 (to Samantha)
 French Army mostly. A couple
 scientists. They still own part of
 the island. Doing some, I dunno,
 research stuff? Now...

He gestures grandly.

GARY (CONT'D)
 ...welcome to the eternal isle.
 (oddly stiff)
 Enter freely, of your own will. And
 leave some of the happiness you
 bring.

Zoey pauses briefly at the strange entreaty. Almost as if
 she recognizes it. Like, from a movie.

But then she shakes it off and steps outside.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, LANAI - CONTINUOUS

Gary waits until Samantha steps out. And then he follows her
 out. Up on the left we see a handful of thatched bungalows -
 each with their own small deck, right on the beach.

And on the right is an open-air thatched bar surrounded by
 small tables.

At the bar is perched a rugged looking man. This is GENERAL
 AUBERT (50s, wavy brown hair, cigarette, crisply pressed
 almost vintage looking uniform).

Next to him sits a shirtless, haggard looking man. This is
 BRUNO (50s, greasy dark hair, thick 5:00 shadow, sunken
 eyes, also smoking).

Beyond them, another pair of men - FRANÇOIS and CÉDRIC (both
 slightly younger, seeming academics) - sit locked in some
 sort of debate.

Behind the thatched bar stands a youngish looking Tahitian
 man. This is JEUDI (30s, wavy salt and pepper hair, sweat-
 stained retro Pension Poerava polo)

Gary waves to them all. Only Aubert responds - with a
 haughty, subtle nod.

GARY
 Almost all the islanders got carted
 off before these guys started
 nuking everything in sight way back
 in the 60s.

Only Samantha seems to be listening.

SAMANTHA

Nuking?!

GARY (CONT'D)

Mostly to piss off the Brits. And us. AND the Russians.

SAMANTHA

Hold on, hold on.

Gary stops, gesturing to a side-by-side pair of thatched bungalows.

GARY

Well, here we are. Best two bungalows in the joint. Unless, of course, you want one.

Samantha glowers. Zoey runs her fingers through the dried palm fronds lining the edge of the roof.

ZOEY

Oh my god it's, like, totally perfect.

GARY

The boys will be by with your bags in a sec. Don't chat 'em up. They, uh, don't like strangers.

He takes a quick look at his (massive) watch.

GARY (CONT'D)

Dinner's right after sundown. Why don't you settle in, freshen up. Take a swim in the lagoon. Have a drink at the bar.

He steps away, back toward the main building.

SAMANTHA

Wait. Don't we need keys or something?

GARY

(blithely)

In paradise? There are no locks. No keys. Just enjoy.

(beat)

À bientôt, girls.

At the 'girls' bit, Samantha looks ready to cold-cock Gary with a jab to the face.

EXT. LAGOON - SUNSET

Sometime later, Samantha and Zoey float on their backs in the crystal clear water of the lagoon, staring at the sky as it slowly turns a deep crimson.

ZOEY

I have literally never been
anywhere this beautiful.

SAMANTHA

Did you hear what he said about the
fucking nukes?

ZOEY

What're you talking about?

SAMANTHA

He said those guys at the bar,
meaning the French I guess...
(doing air quotes)
...'nuked everything in sight' in
the fucking 60s.

ZOEY

Nah. That was the Tuamotus. Like,
literally miles and miles away.

Samantha stews on that for a second. Beyond them, the nearby grove of palm trees is alive with BIRDSONG.

SAMANTHA

Well then, what's with those
fucking swim trunks?

Zoey grins, preferring to listen to the birds over Samantha's harping.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Just like him to go full-on
MacAfee.

ZOEY

It's called relaxing. You should
try it sometime.

Samantha groans, looking less than placid in the placid lagoon.

SAMANTHA

What's the plan for tomorrow?

ZOEY

You and your plans.

(beat)

I say we hightail it back up to
that break by the airport first
thing. Dawn patrol.

Samantha looks like someone just said something to her in an
obscure, dead language.

In the background, the birds in the grove go ABRUPTLY
SILENT. Zoey cranes her head past Samantha, toward the
trees.

Suddenly, we hear the far off sound of FAINT DRUMMING. Then
the BELLOW of a conch shell being blown. Zoey lowers her
feet to the white sand below and stands.

ZOEY

What the heck is that?

Ignoring the sound, Samantha continues floating.

SAMANTHA

What?

ZOEY

(pointing)

That.

Samantha slowly stands and turns toward the palm grove.

Behind them, we see all four patrons of the bar drop to the
ground, face first.

EXT. LAGOON - SAMANTHA'S POV

It appears as though sections of the trunks of the palm
trees in the distant grove are GLOWING a faint, blueish
white.

And, beyond the trees, what appear to be GHOSTLY SILHOUETTES
seem to be moving through the trees like an army of ancient
warriors.

Out of nowhere, we hear the sound of a young man's voice:

JEUDI (O.S.)

You might want to...

We WHIP PAN to Jeudi from the bar. He holds a silver platter
aloft with one hand and gestures toward the ground with the
other.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 ...stay down. Look away. Don't
 speak. *S'il te plaît.*

EXT. LAGOON - BACK ON SAMANTHA AND ZOEY

Zoey, perhaps remembering what Jean-Michel said in the truck, instantly ducks down, close to the surface. Samantha stays standing.

SAMANTHA
 Dude, what the fuck is that?

Jeudi, lowering his head, gestures rapidly for Samantha to get down. She reluctantly complies.

JEUDI
 (hushed)
 Here they have no name. In Hawaii,
 they are called *huaka'i pō*.
 (beat)
 The Night Marchers.

ZOEY
 (not listening)
 Oh, I read about this! On the
 plane. The glowing - it's, like,
 some sort of bioluminescent fungus
 or something.

In the distance, the DRUMS grow louder.

JEUDI
 (more to Sam than Zoey)
 They are my ancestors, my people.

He slowly starts to lower himself, face down, onto the sand.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 Searching for a path to the
 underworld. Or the sky world.
 (beat)
 But, ever since the incident, they
 - like we - are lost.

As if to punctuate his last word, a solitary CONCH BLAST
 blares and the marchers vanish as quickly as they appeared.

Still crouching down, Samantha turns just in time to see the
 patrons of the bar slowly stand, dusting themselves off
 nonchalantly (as if this happens every day).

SAMANTHA
 Great, just fucking great.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Seated around the large formal dining table in the main building, we see Samantha and Zoey on opposite sides of the table.

At the head of the table sits Gary. And between them sit the rest of the patrons from the bar.

Behind them, the night is an inky black, broken only by the flickering of distant torches. Faint SLACK KEY GUITAR echoes through the vaulted, warmly lit space.

SAMANTHA

So now they're zombies?!

ZOEY

(dismissively)

Bah. Bioluminescent fungus.

GARY

(already a little drunk)

At first I thought it was just a bunch of locals trying to spook me outta buying the place. But then I realized, there's a lot more going on on this island than meets the eye. If you know what I mean.

SAMANTHA

Actually, no. I have literally no idea what you mean.

Across from her, seated next to Samantha, General Aubert lifts his wine glass - taking a long swig of the deep red, oddly viscous liquid it contains.

GENERAL AUBERT

(heavy French accent)

Not everything in this world can be explained so... rationally.

His statement hovers there in the air for a moment. Then:

CÉDRIC

All primitive cultures have their own myths and legends to explain the afterlife.

FRANÇOIS

To take away the sting.

BRUNO

La ridicule.

CÉDRIC

The cruel permanence of death.

The general leans in, close to Samantha.

GENERAL AUBERT

What if I told you that life could
be limitless? That the horizon was
infinite. Endless.

Zoey looks to Gary - who shoots her an 'I know, right' look
before pounding back the last of his wine.

FRANÇOIS

As Feynman said...

GENERAL AUBERT

(quoting)

*There is nothing in biology yet
found that indicates the
inevitability of death.*

CÉDRIC

Theoretically, any living creature
with enough energy, enough fuel...

FRANÇOIS

...and the good luck to avoid
unfortunate accidents...

GENERAL AUBERT

...could survive forever.

BRUNO

Trapped. *Comme les autres.*

Aubert waves a hand between them as if to erase the thought.

GENERAL AUBERT

The Hydra, for example.

Samantha squints his way. Zoey too. Gary reaches for a
nearby bottle to top up his wine - seeming to enjoy the
spectacle.

CÉDRIC

A relative of the jellyfish.

FRANÇOIS

That can regenerate new bodies when
sliced into two.

GENERAL AUBERT

Bodies that never seem to age.

GARY
See now, that's what I'm talkin'
about!

General Aubert leans across the table, toward Samantha.

GENERAL AUBERT
Not zombies. Aitu. The undead.

In the background, the song ends and the STATIC and CLICKING of the record spinning fills the empty air.

After a moment - while noisily dragging his knife across a blood red rare steak - Bruno grumbles (more to himself than the room):

BRUNO
*Les morts-vivants et les éternels,
ce ne sont pas les mêmes.*

We do not get subtitles.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - LATER

A little drunk, definitely sleep deprived, and more than a tad spooked, Samantha and Zoey walk from the dining room with Gary hot on their heels.

ZOEY
I don't get it. But he definitely
said it: The undead and the
eternal, they're not the same.

GARY
Don't worry your pretty little head
about it. It'll all make sense in
good time.
(beat)
Now, let's talk terms.

Samantha freezes.

GARY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding!

Samantha sighs. Over her shoulder, we see Jeudi watching the three of them closely from behind the bar.

GARY (CONT'D)
Still though, can you imagine...

He yawns deeply - stretching his arms out in the moonlight.

GARY (CONT'D)

...taking your tech for mining a company's comms ecosystem - chat, email, Slack, Zoom - for emotional intel and then deploying it on my platform?

(beat)

More than two thirds of the world's population! What government, what company, what military wouldn't want that?

SAMANTHA

I thought you said you didn't talk work shit on your lame little haunted island.

Gary smiles. His teeth seem to be lit from within.

GARY

Alright, fuck it. We got bigger fish to fry. Like, what are we gonna do when we live forever? And what time do we wanna hit the waves?

Slapping his hands together and bowing like a faux Buddhist, he spins on his heels and heads the opposite direction.

GARY (CONT'D)

Meetcha at the airstrip. Say, 5:30?

By way of an answer, Samantha flashes him double middles.

ZOEY

I don't think we can manage that but we'll try.

GARY

(disappearing into the dark)

Alrighty. Nighty-night. Don't let the bedbugs bite...

Zoey and Samantha turn and continue toward their bungalows in silence.

ZOEY

Don't say it.

After a second:

SAMANTHA
 Maybe a fucking shark'll eat him.
 Then, we can finally relax.

Zoey snickers, seeming relieved as they reach her bungalow.

ZOEY
 See you in the morning?

SAMANTHA
 What time, really?

ZOEY
 Dunno. Dawn?

Samantha rolls her eyes. Zoey steps up and kisses her on the forehead.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
 Get some sleep. You're gonna need
 it.

She turns and hops up the stairs and into her bungalow. For a moment, Samantha stands staring at her own bungalow lit from above by the glow of the moon.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, BAR - LATER

Samantha sits slumped at the bar alternating between a can of Hinano and a shot of rum.

Across from her, Jeudi uncorks a second bottle of rum and tops up her shot - while pouring one for himself.

SAMANTHA
 (slurring slightly)
 I dunno even how to describe it.
 It's like we were sisters before we
 were best friends before we were
 co-founders. You know, like
 sister/sisters. Real family. She's,
 like, my emergency contact, the
 executor of my will, the person I
 call when I get dumped.

JEUDI
 Come now. Who would dump you?

Samantha nearly spits out her rum.

SAMANTHA
 There's definitely an element to
 our relationship that's, like, a
 little bit husband and wife.
 (MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But now it's like, well... we're on different coasts, in different time zones, on different planets.

(beat, taking a sip)

And then fucking Gary!

JEUDI

How do you know that dickhead?

She grins broadly at his charming pronunciation of one of her favorite words. Then, after a second:

SAMANTHA

Apparently, they're in the same fucking pod!

Jeudi cocks his head - not sure if he quite understands.

She reaches out and grabs him by the collar of his faded polo shirt.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Listen, let me let you in on a little secret.

He awkwardly leans one ear close to her lips.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(mimicking his pronunciation)

Dickhead...

(switching back to her's)

...wants to buy our company so that he can control the fucking world. Sussing out people's weak spots and then pressing their fucking buttons. Hooking them on shit they don't need. Making them feel like garbage. Stoking their forever FOMO. What a fucking...

She lets him go - waving both hands between them as if to dispel an unwanted evil spirit.

JEUDI

Dickhead?

She taps one finger to the tip of her nose, reaching back out for her Hinano.

SAMANTHA

Judy? That's your name right?

JEUDI
 (over-pronouncing)
 Jeudi.
 (beat)
 French for Thursday. Not quite
 Friday.

She parses for a moment and then gets the reference.

SAMANTHA
 Robinson Crusoe?

JEUDI
 A charming little joke from our
 eternal French overlords.

SAMANTHA
 Dude. That's fucked up.
 (beat)
 What do you mean, eternal?

He looks nervously around for a second, seeming as if he's
 said too much. Then, leaning in, hushed:

JEUDI
 You must go. Leave.

She grins drunkenly - like leaving is the first item on her
 agenda, no matter how beautiful the place is.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 Nothing on this island is as it
 appears. Especially him.

Not quite comprehending, Samantha leans back, emptying her
 beer.

SAMANTHA
 Dude. You're not kidding. He's one
 slimy fucker.

Sensing a lost cause, Jeudi stiffens - re-corking the rum.

JEUDI
 Remember, with the vaccine, the
 effect is delayed. Without, it's
 permanent.

She switches back to rum, parsing. Behind them Bruno ambles
 by - eyes locked on Jeudi. Samantha doesn't catch it.

Jeudi quickly changes subjects, parroting Jean-Michel from
 earlier:

JEUDI (CONT'D)

(too loud)

Mt. La'akea. It is *tapu*. Forbidden.
Whatever you do, do not venture
there. Stay on the motu.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, dude. Got that part.

INT. ZOHEY'S BUNGLOW - CONTINUOUS

The camera FLOATS in behind Zoey as he pulls off her camisole, kicks off her flip-flops, and parts the sheer mosquito netting before throwing herself into bed.

In the darkness, we can make out the silhouette of a small black BIRD as it lands on the sill of her open window. Its entire body is fringed in the iridescent glow of moonlight.

Zoey yawns loudly and sprawls across the bed. The bird jumps in from the ledge, but we don't see it land.

Instead, the backlit figure of a MAN ripples across the mosquito netting. Something silver on his wrist glints moonlight. A watch? A dive watch. Gary's watch.

The figure disappears into the darkness - but then reemerges at the far edge of the bed, now a WOMAN. It's hard to make out, but she appears to be naked.

She shakes her river of auburn curls loose and climbs into bed next to Zoey. Zoey sighs as she kisses her - first on the forehead, then on the lips, THEN ON THE NECK.

As the woman reaches to slide off Zoey's panties, the camera CRANES up and toward the window - which is now filled with the silver disk of the full moon.

EXT. ZOHEY'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Night has given way to a brilliant, blue-sky day. Already breakfasted and fully caffeinated, Zoey stands at the foot of the stairs surrounded by board bags.

ZOHEY

What do you think, hybrid fish?
Thruster or the quad?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

I think you've got too much money
and way too many toys.

She shambles across the grounds toward her looking like a zombie. Bloodshot eyes. Tangled hair. A wreck, basically.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
For a grownup.

ZOEY
What the hell happened to you?!

Samantha rubs her head.

SAMANTHA
I think Jeudi slipped me a Mickey.

ZOEY
Judy? Who's Judy?

Not waiting for an answer, she reaches down, picking up a board bag and pushing it toward Samantha.

SAMANTHA
That cute bartender.

ZOEY
Oh, great. We know your track
record with bartenders.

Samantha finally takes the board bag, seeming surprised by how heavy it is.

SAMANTHA
Zane preferred the term
'mixologist'.

ZOEY
Exactly. Eeew.
(beat)
Oh!

Picking up another board bag, Zoey reaches her free hand up onto the deck behind her for a steaming mug of coffee. She hands it to Samantha.

ZOEY
There's a rad ancient espresso
machine in the lobby.

SAMANTHA
(taking a sip)
You're my hero.

ZOEY
Now, c'mon. Let's get a move-on.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - MORNING

Zoey and Samantha pedal a pair of rusty bikes past the main building, carrying their board bags over their shoulders.

As they pass the entrance, Samantha looks to her right (careful not to spill her precious coffee).

Beyond the building we see a small pier. And past the pier we see General Aubert paddling a small dingy across the lagoon - toward the black stone mountain in the distance.

SAMANTHA

Hmm. Didn't Renfro say that place is a no-go? So did Jeudi.

ZOEY

(distracted)

Wait, Judy? Or Jeudi?

Samantha tries to point, but almost loses her grip on the handlebars.

SAMANTHA

Jeudi. Not quite Friday.

As they turn onto the main road, Samantha's eyes stay momentarily on the General.

ZOEY

(pedaling faster)

Okay, first lesson: popping up.

EXT. WHITE SHELL ROAD - LATER

Samantha and Zoey pedal along the empty white shell road on their rickety bikes.

Still looking worse for wear, Samantha holds the handlebars with one hand as she pounds the last of her espresso. The setting is ridiculously pastoral.

ZOEY

I had, like, the craziest dream last night. Somehow you busted into my room and we had super hot sex.

Samantha swerves to avoid a pothole.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

But you had a dick.

(beat)

And you smelled like Gary.

SAMANTHA

Gross!

(beat)

How do you know I don't have a
dick?

ZOEY

Good point.

SAMANTHA

God, remember when you were dating
that guy before Max? What was his
name?

She pauses, noticing up ahead the same truck that picked
them up at the airstrip idling outside one of the seemingly
abandoned barracks.

Jean-Michel (the driver from earlier) emerges from the
barracks carrying a large wooden crate.

ZOEY

Evan?

Next to the truck, four or five similar crates - all bearing
faded emblems of the (overtly racist) Banania brand - lie
stacked near the billowing exhaust pipe.

SAMANTHA

Right. Evan.

Jean-Michel turns away, as if to conceal what he carries.

But as we pass the other crates, we notice they're all
filled with clear plastic pouches full of a dark red liquid
and labeled with various letters of the alphabet.

ZOEY

What about him?

As they cycle past, only Samantha seems to notice. Her eyes
dart from the crates to the bed of the truck where we see a
larger metallic container stencil spray-painted:

Médecins Sans Frontières
VLA2001 VACCINE

Samantha does a double take at the container. Something
Jeudi said finally clicking in her head.

SAMANTHA
(distracted)
I just remember sitting in the back
seat thinking 'what has he got that
I ain't got'?

Beat.

ZOEY
A dick?

EXT. SURF BREAK - DAY

Their bikes tossed against palm trees and their board bags anchored to the sand with fallen coconuts, Samantha and Zoey stare out to the break.

Just beyond a ridiculously flawless set of breaking waves we see Gary pumping up and down on a foil board - his face smeared with zinc oxide.

SAMANTHA
Oh buddy. This dude's worse than
Zuck.

Gary shouts their way as he zips down a perfectly formed, glassy double overhead wave - hovering just above the surface.

GARY
C'mon in! Water's fine!

ZOEY
(to Samantha)
Lesson four: avoiding kooks in the
lineup.

Zoey pauses, wiping sweat from her forehead.

SAMANTHA
Dude. You alright?

ZOEY
Yeah, just a little... I dunno.
Hot.

EXT. SURF BREAK, LINEUP - LATER

Zoey and Samantha paddle toward a prime spot in the lineup. In the distance, a monster of a wave is beginning to build.

ZOEY

All you gotta do is watch for the peak, turn around, paddle like hell and do what I showed you. Don't get on your knees. Go straight to your feet. Your body will naturally follow the direction you're looking.

Already exhausted, Samantha isn't hearing a word.

Behind her, Gary continues pumping away on another wave - his arms outstretched in both directions like an extremely awkward looking Dracula holding an invisible cape.

Zoey slows, looking out to sea and then sits up on her board - dipping a hand into the water and dousing her face.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

So, once you're up, focus about 10-15 feet away from you on the part of the wave you wanna be on. Got it?

Saying nothing, breathing heavily, Samantha glides up next to her and tries to sit up too - almost flipping backward off the tail of her board.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

You really should consider quitting.

SAMANTHA

(struggling)

Surfing? Yes please.

Watching the peak forming behind them, Zoey slips her chest back down to her board and starts paddling again.

ZOEY

No, dummy. Smoking.

As Zoey paddles swiftly away, we see Gary turn out of his wave and start pumping the other direction - toward Samantha.

GARY

(toward Zoey)

Go, girl!

The peaking swell carries Samantha up and over.

She struggles to keep her balance as Zoey kicks her feet up, arms double pumping. The wave takes her and she pops up, seemingly effortlessly.

GARY (CONT'D)
That's it.

ZOEY
(shredding the wave)
Woohoo!

As Zoey disappears, another swell approaches. As does Gary - his board zigzagging up and down about a foot above the surface.

GARY
(oddly not winded)
I think we both know who's the dead weight in this whole deal.

SAMANTHA
(trying to look composed)
I'm sorry?

Gary continues to circle her, looking like a ridiculous marionette.

GARY
She's the real brains of the operation. You've just been riding her coattails.

Samantha glides up and over the hump of the next wave at a 90° angle to the face.

SAMANTHA
Fuck you, dude.

GARY
No wonder your board wants you gone.

Looking beyond Gary, Samantha sees another steep peak approaching.

As if trying to block him out by recalling all of Zoey's instructions, Samantha slips back down onto her board and starts paddling again - awkwardly.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, well suck on this you whiteface Pinocchio douchebag.

The wave builds. Her board starts planing, picking up steam. Behind her, Gary starts pumping for the same wave. She paddles harder, faster.

In the distance, having ditched her wave, Zoey pulls herself back onto her board, shouting:

ZOEY
Go, Sam. Go!

Her board ripping down the face and then just a bit ahead of the wave, Samantha bites her lip, closes her eyes and - much to her (and our) surprise, pops up with ease.

Her eyes snap open in awe. Zoey paddles right by - up and over the wave (which Gary is still furiously trying to catch).

ZOEY (CONT'D)
Knees bent, arms out. That it!

We stay with Samantha as she rockets away, the wave beginning to break just behind her.

For a moment, she's unsteady. But then something just clicks, and it's like she's been riding glassy rights all her life.

In the distance, Gary finally gives up, letting his board fall back to the surface. Samantha leaves the frame and we center back on Gary and Zoey.

GARY
You haven't told her yet, have you?

Zoey nods 'no' - again dousing her face with salt water.

GARY (CONT'D)
You feeling alright?

ZOEY
Yeah. No. Hot.

GARY
Excellent.

EXT. SURF BREAK, BEACH - LATER

Samantha and Zoey sit side-by-side on the sand scarfing down bits of baguette, cheese, ham, eggs, and fruit stolen from breakfast.

SAMANTHA
Oh my god, my fucking arms!

In the distance, we see that Gary is still out there doing his thing.

ZOEY
(her mouth full)
I don't think I'll ever surf a
better wave as long as I live.

Samantha's head is still elsewhere, stuck ruminating on what Gary said about the board wanting her gone.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
(wiping away sweat)
But dude. Look at you! You're a
freaking natural!

SAMANTHA
Helps to have a good teacher. You
know, to ride their coattails.

Her words don't provoke a reaction from Zoey - who's greedily ripping apart a section of baguette. She hands the other half to Samantha - who takes it, looking out to sea.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What I said about the shark still
stands.

EXT. WHITE SHELL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Samantha and Zoey pedal slowly down the road back toward the Poerava - seemingly barely able to hold onto the handlebars.

Weirdly, Zoey is drenched in sweat.

SAMANTHA
You alright?

With her free hand, Zoey fans her face.

ZOEY
Yeah. It's just... you're not
sweltering?

SAMANTHA
Uh-uh. Well...

ZOEY
Must be all the...

Up ahead, the grim looking barracks near again.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
...humidity.

The truck from earlier is now gone and the place appears abandoned. A nearby wall is nearly totally covered in a tangle of wild vines.

Samantha veers toward the building.

SAMANTHA

What the heck is this place?

ZOEY

You heard what's his name. A hospital.

SAMANTHA

Something funky's going on here.

Samantha ditches her bike and sets her board bag down roughly against a nearby wall.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Zoey reluctantly follows, being a bit more careful with her own bag. And still dripping.

ZOEY

God, I'm so thirsty.

SAMANTHA

And what's with that mountain?

As they approach a grimy wall with a grid of dust covered, cracked windows, Zoey slows - seeming to have no idea what Samantha's talking about.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(imitating)

Tapu. Forbidden.

Samantha pushes aside some bushes and leans up close to one of the window panes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I don't trust these fucking frogs.

EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - SAMANTHA'S POV

Through the grime and the dust, we see a large, hangar-like space filled with row after row of ancient hospital beds. There must be hundreds of them - each occupied.

In tidy rows, unconscious ISLANDERS - young and old, men and women - each dressed in gowns and covered in threadbare sheets lie connected to I.V. stands.

Above them, tiny cathode ray televisions FLICKER - playing what appears to be an early 1960s French animated series on a loop.

And, suspended from each I.V. stand is a familiar looking clear plastic pouch filled with dark red liquid.

It's hard to say for certain, but the bags appear to be filling, not draining.

EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK ON SAMANTHA AND ZOEY

Samantha stumbles backward away from the window - just as Zoey leans in, shielding her eyes with both hands.

SAMANTHA

I thought you said they hadn't had
a case in over a year.

ZOEY

Not just me. The CDC.

SAMANTHA

C'mon. We gotta get outta here!

EXT. WHITE SHELL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Pedaling swiftly, Zoey and Samantha approach the turn off to the Poerava.

SAMANTHA

So fucked up! I bet they're
hoarding the fucking vaccine - just
like the rest of the white world.

ZOEY

Hoarding? What for? Why?

SAMANTHA

You saw ol' one eye - with the
truck. That big cargo thing-y. It
was from *Médecins Sans Frontières*!

Samantha turns off the road and veers across the grass - rumbling past the main building and toward the pier we saw earlier.

ZOEY

What are you talking about?! Where
are we going?

With one hand on the handlebars, Samantha points across the lagoon - toward the black rock mountain.

SAMANTHA

Time to Nancy Drew this shit.

In the background, we can barely make out Bruno watching them as he takes a long draw from one of his ever present Gauloise cigarettes.

Samantha again ditches her bike and drops her board bag to the ground - before striding across the pier, grabbing an oar and stepping into a tiny outrigger beached right nearby.

ZOEY

Oh, man. I don't...

She cuts herself off, shaking out her blouse - which soaked through with sweat.

SAMANTHA

Man, all that SF fog has made you soft. Can't handle the heat.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Samantha and Zoey paddle a small outrigger across the lagoon, toward the jagged back rock mountain.

The water is so clear you can see their crisp shadow following them across the white sand bottom.

ZOEY

Wait. He said what?!

SAMANTHA

C'mon, paddle!

ZOEY

I AM!

SAMANTHA

He said I was dead weight. That the board...

Samantha awkwardly switches hands with her paddle.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

...wanted me gone.

Zoey lifts her paddle out of the water for a second, clearly aiming her words carefully. She's still drenched. The boat starts drifting to one side.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(after a second)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Zoey starts paddling again - oddly at a loss.

ZOEY
No, it's just...
(beat)
God, why would he do that?

SAMANTHA
To get into my fucking head, that's
why! I told you. He's bad fucking
news. This whole place is.

ZOEY
(wiping her brow)
Yeah, maybe you're right.

SAMANTHA
Maybe?!

Tilting her head to the right, Samantha finally notices what appear to be two small puncture wounds on Zoey's neck.

SAMANTHA
Dude. What's that? On your neck?

Zoey lifts a hand from her paddle, lightly touching her neck. It stings.

ZOEY
I dunno. Mosquitoes? Forgot to
close the net thing last night.

SAMANTHA
Doesn't look like mosquitoes.

ZOEY
C'mon. We're almost there.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Samantha steps out of the outrigger as it glides up the fine white sand at the base of the mountain.

ZOEY
(pointing with her oar)
Wow, look.

Samantha struggles to get the boat up onto the sand.

SAMANTHA
Little help...

Zoey absentmindedly steps out, her eyes transfixed on what appears to be a perfectly circular opening in the base of the mountain.

Bobbing behind them is the small skiff we saw earlier - Aubert's boat - tied to a faded orange buoy.

ZOEY
Lava tube?

Still tugging at the outrigger, Samantha looks over one shoulder. A faint rising and falling GLOW emanates from deep within the fern-lined cavern.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
(sounding feverish)
Must open up to the sky or
something. Crazy.

Zoey shoves the blade of her paddle into the sand, ditching it, and strides toward the cave. Something about her gait seems off - like she's caught in a tractor beam.

Samantha looks up, irritated.

SAMANTHA
(to herself)
Who's the dead weight now?

Zoey steps from the sand to the rocks and then scrambles up to the lip of the lava tube. Samantha follows, grumbling and still holding her paddle.

INT. LAVA TUBE - CONTINUOUS

Amid the faint, strobe-like flickering GLOW of some distant light source, Zoey and Samantha make their way cautiously down the lava tube.

Fresh water drips down from the ceiling. Lush ferns and other strange tropical flowers grow up from tiny crags.

Above the SLAP, SLAP, SLAP of their flip-flops, we can barely make out a low, metallic WHIR which seems to ebb and flow with the faint diminution of the light.

Zoey points to a horizontal line of rock that bisects both of the cavern walls at just above hip height.

ZOEY
That must've been how deep the
original lava flow was.

Finally, Zoey's no longer sweating. Maybe it's the cool of the cavern.

SAMANTHA
(deadpan)
Riveting.

Samantha pauses, looking past Zoey toward the end of the tunnel which is awash in what appears to be DAYLIGHT.

For the briefest moment, a shadow crosses the mouth of the cavern and then quickly disappears.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Wait. What was the fuck was that?

Zoey slows, squinting.

INT. CAVERN - ZOEY'S POV

Bathed in bright SUNSHINE at the center of a vast, roofless underground grotto we can barely make out some sort of structure. It looks like an antenna of some kind. A tower.

Anchored to the ground by massive concrete piers, rusted steel struts and beams zigzag up to the sky. Attached to one side of the tower is a large, cage-like elevator car.

Thick bundles of grease-covered steel cables run from the elevator car up to a series of corroded flywheels.

INT. CAVERN - BACK ON ZOEY AND SAMANTHA

The two women slowly enter the space, staring up in awe.

ZOEY
Yeah, maybe what's his name was right. We shouldn't be here.

SAMANTHA
What the fuck?

Clutching her paddle tightly, Samantha steps past Zoey, toward the tower.

At the base is another flywheel. And next to it, a small generator. It's RUMBLES on idle - presumably the source of the sounds from earlier.

And, to the left, stands an large, weathered blackboard - covered in complex looking diagrams and equations.

We can barely make out the words: 'Adenine', 'Uraclic', 'Guanine', and 'Cystosine'.

SAMANTHA
AUGC. Proteins. That's fucking DNA.

She points to a swirling helix - something about it seems off, scrambled. Written over and erased over and over and over again.

ZOEY
(ignoring the diagram)
Why would anyone put an elevator
inside a volcano in the middle of
the ocean?

Samantha looks away from the blackboard - and then up.

INT. CAVERN - SAMANTHA'S POV

The camera PANS UP to reveal a large orb-like structure at the very top of the tower.

Suspended by rusty steel struts and connected to a tangled array of cables, it flickers in the harsh daylight.

But it's not a reflection - not the glinting of the sun. The orb itself is PULSATING - emitting an EERIE METALLIC HUM with each rise and fall of the emanating light.

INT. CAVERN - BACK ON ZOEY AND SAMANTHA

Zoey walks toward the tower, as if drawn by a beacon - like an insect to the light.

Samantha instinctively grips the paddle she's still carrying and falls in behind Zoey.

SAMANTHA
I don't think this is a good...

Suddenly, the DEAFENING FLUTTER OF WINGS fills the space with sound. Zoey SHRIEKS!

Samantha looks up - just in time to see what appears to be a GIGANTIC BLACK BAT land on Zoey's shoulders and wrap her face and neck in its veiny, jet black wings.

Zoey spins around, SCREAMING. She flails her arms wildly, trying to the bat off her face.

ZOEY
(muffled)
SAM!

Samantha cocks the oar. Zoey spins. The bat SCREECHES. Samantha narrows her eyes... and swings.

THWACK! The paddle blade makes solid contact.

And the bat tumbles through the air, hitting the cave wall with a muted THUMP.

Skeeved the fuck out, Zoey dances around in a circle wiping her face like it's covered in cobwebs.

ZOEY

JESUS!! What the FUCK was that??!!

Samantha, still clutching the paddle, cautiously approaches the quivering body of the bat. It WAILS and CLICKS, writhing on the ground.

SAMANTHA

Dude.

Samantha slows, reaching out with the blade of the paddle.

ZOEY

Disfuckingusting!!

Samantha flips the bat over with the blade.

SAMANTHA

The fuck?

Suddenly, the bat goes silent, still twitching. One of the wings tenses up - almost like someone trying to push themselves up onto their hind legs with their arm.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Kill it?

ZOEY

Yes! By all means YES!!

The bat flips over onto its back, convulsing wildly. As Samantha lifts the paddle again, the bat curls into a ball.

Samantha closes her eyes, readying to smash. Zoey stops her.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Wait. What the...

Samantha opens her eyes - just as THE BAT TRANSFORMS INTO A SNAKE!

The snake slithers wildly, twisting end-over-end. Samantha is frozen, unable to move. The snake transforms into a RAT, then a small DOG, then some sort of MARSUPIAL.

Samantha and Zoey stumble backward, dumbfounded, as the marsupial turns into a SEABIRD, then a MANTA RAY, and then a WILD BOAR.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
Are you seeing this?

Samantha nods furiously - as the wild boar scrambles to its feet, SQUEALING wildly.

But, before she can do anything, it crumbles back to the ground again - AND MORPHS INTO THE FORM OF A MIDDLE-AGED MAN!

With his back to them, nude, the man sits - breathing heavily.

Samantha and Zoey take another half step back, eyes wide. Abruptly, the man swivels his head around to face them.

GENERAL AUBERT
(calmly)
Bon après-midi, mesdames.

Instinctively, Samantha cocks the paddle and swings again - clocking General Aubert in the face and knocking him, unconscious, to the cavern floor.

SAMANTHA
Run!

EXT. LAGOON - AFTERNOON

Zoey and Samantha paddle frantically back across the lagoon, arguing.

ZOEY
No, no, no. There's gotta be--

SAMANTHA
We gotta get OFF this fucking island!

Below them, we see the crisp shadow of their outrigger tracing the contours of the lagoon floor again.

Paddling, drenched again, Zoey shouts:

ZOEY
There's something I gotta tell you!

SAMANTHA
If you use the word bioluminescent one more time...

ZOEY
Gary. He's right.

Samantha lifts her paddle out of the water.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
About the board. They voted you
off.

Below them, a sizable BLACK TIP REEF SHARK darts through the water, bisecting their shadow, trailing a faint red plume of blood.

ZOEY (CONT'D)
Or tried to. I stopped them.

Zoey runs an open palm across her face. It's only now that we notice, the two marks on her neck are oozing blood.

SAMANTHA
What are you--
(beat)
Your neck!

ZOEY
(ignoring her)
You're just too impulsive. Too
reactive. Too--

With neither of them paddling, the outrigger slowly starts drifting back around, toward the mountain again.

SAMANTHA
What do you mean, you stopped them?

Zoey wipes the back of her hand across her neck, smearing the blood further.

ZOEY
I talked them out of it. Stood up
for you.

SAMANTHA
Well, la-di-fucking-dah. Of course
you did! We're partners!

ZOEY
But I had to say yes.
(beat)
To the terms.
(beat)
Of the deal.

Zoey finally notices that the back of her hand is smeared with her own blood.

Behind her, back on the motu - at the Pension - we can make out the naked figure of General Aubert emerge from the water and stumble toward one of the bungalows, bleeding.

Samantha shoves her paddle back into the water. SLAP!

SAMANTHA
I *fucking* knew it!

Zoey, dunks her hand in the water to clear the blood.

ZOEY
I had to do it. It was the only way
to keep them from firing you
outright.

SAMANTHA
That tricky motherfucker!

ZOEY
Listen.

SAMANTHA
No, you listen!

Samantha takes a deep breath, lifts her paddle.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You and me, the only thing that
makes us different from all those
stupid fucking tech bro
bloodsuckers - turning users into
the product, doing anything to
expand their TAM - the only thing
that separates us from them is us!
(beat)
I used to be able to trust you...
with anything.

ZOEY
I stood up for you!

SAMANTHA
You sold our company out from under
us!

Zoey lifts her hand out of the water, touches her forehead

ZOEY
God, I feel like shit.

Samantha slams her paddle back into the water, paddle furiously to turn the boat back around.

SAMANTHA

You SHOULD!

(beat)

I give it a quarter. Maybe two.
He'll do the same fucking thing to
you. Just wait.

ZOEY

(sounding dazed)

Can we just... Can we just talk
about it?!

SAMANTHA

Nope. I'm outta here!

Samantha switches hands, picks up the pace.

Zoey's eyes drift past her, toward the motu - just as
General Aubert disappears behind the bungalow.

ZOEY

Wait a minute...

SAMANTHA

Just paddle!

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, BEACH - LATER

The two of them drag the outrigger back up the beach, toward
the grass. Samantha throws her paddle to the ground and
takes off, toward the bungalows.

Zoey looks weak. Pale. Soaked through.

ZOEY

(dizzily)

Just saying, we saw a bat turn into
a pig turn into a fucking *man*!

SAMANTHA

Clearly, that's not much of a
stretch.

It's as though Zoey has been entirely drained of strength.

ZOEY

Slow down. Wait. I can't...
We've gotta--

Suddenly, Gary appears - standing between two palms,
blocking their path, grinning ear-to-ear.

GARY
 So, which one of you fine ladies
 cold cocked my precious General?

Samantha strides quickly up to him - thrusting her face
 toward his, fearlessly.

SAMANTHA
 Fuck. You!

GARY
 (calmly)
 Oh, good. So she told you.

SAMANTHA
 I quit!

GARY
 That's so you. Take your toys and
 go home at the first sign of
 trouble.

Her face only inches from his, Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA
 Someday, somehow, somebody's gonna
 take down your fucking platform.
 With your so-called AI whipping
 people up just to keep their
 fucking eyeballs glued to the ads.

Gary looks calmly past her, miming jibber-jabber hands to
 Zoey.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 I wrote our algorithm. And it's not
 going anywhere!

GARY
 Yeah, well. We'll see about that.

She pushes him out of her way.

SAMANTHA
 Up yours, asshole.

As she breezes past him, toward her bungalow, Gary turns to
 Zoey. She looks like she's about to collapse.

GARY
 Classic Sam. No self-control.
 (beat, to Zoey)
 Come. I need to show you something.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BUNGALOW - AFTERNOON

Samantha storms into her bungalow. Even though they've only been there a day, the place is already a disaster. Clothes are strewn everywhere.

In a frenzy, she grabs her duffel and starts throwing everything she can find into it.

SAMANTHA

That. Fucking. Dick! I can't believe she would do this to me. After everything - EVERYTHING - we've been through together. Son of a fucking--

She sees her pack of Dunhills, grabbing it and shaking it open. Her lighter goes flying.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I should've known better. Of course the board wants me gone. They're all fucking dudes!

On all fours, she finally fishes her lighter out from under the bed, grabs a cigarette and lights it, her hands shaking.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Too impulsive. Too reactive.
(exhaling)
I'll show you reactive.

She sits up onto the edge of the bed. Behind her, we see a figure pass briefly by the open window.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Looking like a man on top of the world, Gary imperiously guides an increasingly frail Zoey into an office just off the open central hall of the main building.

ZOEY

(weakly)

What did you mean, your general?

GARY

Between us chickens, I've been funding their research. For years.

Gary closes the door behind them. The room looks like a bamboo bunker.

Faded blueprints and diagrams similar to the ones we saw earlier are strewn across every surface. A coffin-like crate sits, lid ajar, next to a cluttered desk.

GARY (CONT'D)

The reason I'm not in Davos. The reason I wanted to be here, with you, was so that you could see it too. Be a part of it. With me.

ZOEY

(barely audible)

A part of what?

She staggers toward the desk, picking up a large, dogeared schematic that seems to resemble the orb at the top of the tower.

GARY

Eternity.

ZOEY

Wait...

She flips the drawing over, studding the detailed call outs - all in French. The effort seems more than she can muster.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

This is a bomb. A nuclear--

GARY

You always were the smart one.

He flicks open a small box on top of a nearby desk, pulling out a cigar and roughly biting off the tip before handing it her way. She barely reacts. Too much work.

He shrugs. Striking a match on an old fashioned ashtray and lifting it to the cigar.

GARY (CONT'D)

Not just any ol' nuke.

He puffs and puffs, filling the room with a fine gauze of light blue/white smoke.

GARY (CONT'D)

What the good General was blathering on about last night, it's all true. Every word. We can live forever. And this is how.

He ambles over, circling a finger over the core of the device in the drawing.

Zoey fruitlessly tries to bat away the smoke - looking pale as a ghost.

GARY (CONT'D)
See, our French friends here were
planning a little test fire way
back in '68. Didn't go quite to
plan.

Zoey's got both hands on the desk, trying to hold herself up. Again, she's soaked in sweat.

ZOEY
(woozily)
How do you--

Gary girns, blows smoke right in her face.

GARY
Somehow it fucked with their DNA.
And they've been stuck here ever
since. Ageless. Undying. Self-
healing. The first blast did most
of the work. The effect spread,
virus-like, from anyone who
witnessed it to anyone who didn't.
(beat)
All it took was just one tiny
little... nibble.

He steps away, taking a long draw from the cigar. Zoey touches her neck weakly.

GARY (CONT'D)
You're vaxxed right?

He exhales, bathing the two of them in haze. She nods, barely able to hold her head up.

GARY (CONT'D)
Boosted?

She nods again.

GARY (CONT'D)
Perfect.
(echoing Jeudi)
The vaccine delays the effect. But
without it, it's permanent.
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Think about it. Who better to fuel the eternal betterment of people like us than the dumb fucks who'd rather ingest a horse dewormer than suffer a tiny little pinprick jab?

ZOEY

What are you talking about?

He doffs ash from his cigar. It looks like Zoey is about to pass out. Gary smiles.

GARY

Microscopic magnetic 5G tracking devices? Give me a break. Like I care which Hooters you're gorging yourself at this week!

She screws up her face - her mind melting.

GARY (CONT'D)

Anywho, by this time tomorrow, everyone who did the smart thing wins. And everyone else...

He takes a furious drag, filling his ageless lungs with smoke.

GARY (CONT'D)

...becomes food. An infinite, magically delicious, utterly passive user base.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BUNGALOW - AFTERNOON

Samantha is still sitting on the bed, ringed by smoke. Her face has lost some of its former fury.

Suddenly, a massive single tear streams out of her left eye. She convulses, on the verge of sobbing, when:

JEUDI (O.S.)

Room service.

Outside the bamboo door, Jeudi knocks lightly.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Let me in. I can help.

She tries to collect herself, but then gives up and strides toward the door, opening it roughly.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 (oddly loud)
Bonjour madame. Luncheon is...

She surges out, throws her arms around him, and kisses him on the lips. He's frozen in-place - stunned. Barely able to hold onto the silver platter he holds on one open palm.

She pulls back - seeing François striding by behind him.

SAMANTHA
 C'mon in, dude. I'm famished!

Jeudi STAMMERS, entering. He's got her lipstick on his lips and flecks of her tear-streaked mascara on his cheeks.

JEUDI
 (quietly, still stunned)
 You taste like an ashtray.
 (even quieter)
 Close the door behind me.

Winking toward François, she obliges. François pretends to look away.

With the door shut, she spins back around.

SAMANTHA
 Listen, I'm--

He quickly sets down the tray, pulling off one of the domed silver plate covers - revealing a carved koa wood stake on a plate.

JEUDI
 Take it.

Samantha just stands there for a moment - still holding the lit cigarette. Jeudi wipes her clumsy kiss away.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 (all-business)
 Follow me. And put that out!

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - BACK ON GARY AND ZOHEY

Using the last of her strength, Zoey pushes herself away from his desk - teetering.

ZOHEY
 (hoarse)
 Sam was right. You have gone full-tilt MacAfee.

GARY
Pfft! That old hag?!

ZOEY
(all she can muster)
Leave me... alone.

He slams a hand down onto the desktop, hard - nearly splintering it. Ferocious strength.

GARY
You aren't listening.

ZOEY
I'm not... interested.

He surges across the room toward her - thrusting a hand behind her head, grabbing her by the hair.

GARY
Don't be such a disappointment.

Zoey tries to fight back. She can't control her arms.

He slowly pulls her head to one side, exposing the left side of her neck - the side without the bite marks.

GARY (CONT'D)
Or I'll have to do what my board
asked for ages ago...

ZOEY
Stop it.

He cocks his head, opening his mouth and licking his lips. For the briefest of moments we see what appear to be oversized CANINE TEETH bracketing his tongue.

GARY
...and execute...

ZOEY
You're hurting me.

GARY
...a hostile...

In a flurry of BLOOD and SCREAMING he gorges on her neck. Then, seeming momentarily sated, his mouth a crimson slash:

GARY (CONT'D)
...takeover.

Covered in her own blood, Zoey faints dead away.

EXT. PALM GROVE - LATE AFTERNOON

Pulling Samantha by the hand, Jeudi runs barefoot through the palm grove at the far end of the motu.

Passing one of the formerly glowing palms, Samantha notices that it is, indeed, covered in some sort of lichen.

SAMANTHA

Dude. WHAT?!

JEUDI

Quiet. Please. They may be among us.

A jet black Pomarea BIRD swoops just over Jeudi's head. He swats at it, skipping over a fallen coconut as he emerges from the grove.

Ahead of him, we see wispy green grass leading to another stretch of white sand.

Perched precisely where the grass meets the sand is a plinth-like walkway of black volcanic rock.

Surrounding the walkway, standing like eerie sentinels, are four walls of tall, blade-like stones. They're deeply weathered, almost like giant tombstones.

Jeudi nips inside an open gap and moves to the center of the space - which has a floor of smooth, dark black stones.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

Come, come. Inside they cannot hear us. Cannot see us.

Samantha crosses her arms, holding the spike in one hand.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

This is a Marae. An ancient temple of my people. There is nothing to fear here.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - SAME

Looking like someone who's just polished off an In-N-Out Double-Double animal style, Gary wipes the back of his hand across his blood-covered mouth. Satiated.

Zoey is nowhere to be seen as he strips off his gore spattered linen shirt, shambles across the room, checks his dive watch, and heads for the door.

Yanking another rumpled shirt from a nearby wicker lounge chair, he pulls the door open, steps out into the hall, and slams his door shut behind himself.

INT. MARAE - SAME

Inside the Marae, Jeudi looks exasperated - like a man running out of time. Samantha, still holding the stake, nods her head dismissively.

JEUDI
Please. Just listen!

SAMANTHA
That's fucking bonkers!

JEUDI
The device. You have seen it?

SAMANTHA
The thing in the cave? Yeah.

JEUDI
So you know!

Her head drops. And she pads her pocket for her pack of Dunhills.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
Please, not here.

He takes her by both shoulders.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
I was born on the island. Raised on the island. But all I wanted to do was get away.

His eyes mist over, as if recalling ancient history.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
My mother, was French. So when I could, I fled to Paris. To university. To the Sorbonne.

INSERT: A younger looking Jeudi strolling across the cobbles at the Sorbonne with an arm full of books.

JEUDI (V.O.)
My father. He would have been so proud. The first of his family.

INSERT: Jeudi at a massive chalkboard rapidly scribbling out a complex looking equation.

JEUDI (V.O.)
I wanted to be just like them. A
physicist. A scientist.

INSERT: A younger looking General Aubert lecturing to a
crowded hall wearing a stiffly-pressed uniform.

JEUDI (V.O.)
When Aubert discovered that I was
born on Mure Ore, they drafted me
immediately.

ANGLE BACK ON SAMANTHA: Standing, arms uncrossed, inside the
Marae listening, eyes narrowed.

SAMANTHA
They? They who?

JEUDI
The CEP - *Centre d'Expérimentation
du Pacifique*.

She stares at him blankly.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
Because France was not a signatory,
our first test on Moruroa was a
big, how do you say, fuck you to
Mother Russia. And America, of
course.

SAMANTHA
Wait. Signatory? To what?

JEUDI
The Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban
Treaty.

A flash of grave recognition washes across Samantha's face.

INSERT: A battalion FRENCH TROOPS standing at attention in
the midst of a vast stretch of sand dunes in the middle of
the Algerian Sahara.

JEUDI (V.O.)
After Béryl...

INSERT: A giant mushroom cloud billowing up above the jagged
white peaks in the distance as a rumbling shock wave
approaches the assembled troops.

JEUDI (V.O.)
 ...Algeria declared independence
 and France needed alternate testing
 sites. So, here we are.

ANGLE BACK ON SAMANTHA AND JEUDI:

SAMANTHA
 Wait. Lemme get this straight. That
 thing in the mountain... is a
 fucking a-bomb?!

JEUDI
 An above ground testing device.

SAMANTHA
 But I thought all that happened,
 like, miles and miles away!

JEUDI
 It did. But some experiments...
 (pointing to the
 mountain)
 ...needed more *discretion*.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - SAME

His fresh shirt clinging to both shoulders but fully unbuttoned, Gary strides calmly, confidently across the verdant grounds - looking like he fucking owns the place.

Passing François (who is now comfortably ensconced at his regular table near the bar, this time alone), he gestures. François points at his own chin like 'you missed some'.

Gary sops up a congealed bit of Zoey's blood with his pinky finger and lustily licks it clean.

Then, a still hungover Bruno crosses his path.

GARY
 What a day to be alive!

Barely acknowledging him, Bruno mutters to himself:

BRUNO
Tête de noeud.

Yep. French for 'dickhead'.

EXT. MARAE - SAME

Jeudi lets go of Samantha, standing back - his eyes now scanning the surroundings as if looking to make sure the coast is clear.

SAMANTHA

Jeudi?

JEUDI

(quietly)

My actual name is Tanetoa.

We can see Samantha trying to parse out how to string the cluster of vowels back together again.

SAMANTHA

You're telling me a fucking nuke turned a bunch of Frenchies into fucking vampires?! In 1968?!

JEUDI

Yes. No. Not vampires. Just...

She holds up the wooden stake he gave her.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

Okay, vampires.

(beat)

They feast on the blood of my people. Everyone who stayed. And all of those who returned.

SAMANTHA

And so now that fucker wants to move fast and nuke things?

JEUDI

With Aubert's help, he has re-engineered the device. A second, much larger blast...

SAMANTHA

(playing along, dubious)

...that'll turn the rest of the world into vampires?

JEUDI

Well...

He pauses, leaning in close.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 Everyone who has the vaccine, yes.
 Eternal. Eventually.

SAMANTHA
 And everyone else?

JEUDI
 Undead. Fuel.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BUNGALOW - SAME

Gary nonchalantly pushes open the front door to Samantha's bungalow. On the bed, shrouded in mosquito netting, we see Samantha's half-packed duffel.

Beyond the bed, the side door is open. And, to the right - on a small desk - the room service tray still sits with one empty plate exposed.

GARY
 Typical you. Run off with the
 fucking bartender.

He grabs Sam's still smoldering half-smoked Dunhill out of the ashtray and takes a deep drag - slowly exhaling a billowing cloud of smoke into the cramped, warmly lit space.

EXT. PALM GROVE - CONTINUOUS

With the Marae in the distance behind them, Jeudi and Samantha move swiftly back through the palm grove, toward the grounds of the Poerava.

JEUDI
 Some of the others eventually tried
 to escape. But beyond the reach of
 the device, everything fails. The
 body turns to ash.

He gestures again toward the mountain.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 But here, no. With proximity and
 enough fuel - enough plasma,
 platelets, hemoglobin - we live
 forever.

SAMANTHA
 We?!

He slows.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Wait. You're... one of them?

He nods grimly.

JEUDI
There is no time. We must act.

He picks up the pace again. Samantha, still parsing, struggles to keep up.

SAMANTHA
And do what?!

JEUDI
Disable the device.
(beat)
Prevent the detonation. Spare the world from what happened to my people 55 years ago.

He slows, seeming alarmed by something unseen.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
(distracted)
If we don't...

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a gigantic HARRIER HAWK swoops down from out of a nearby palm, barely missing Samantha.

Jeudi charges at the hawk, arms flailing.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
(urgently)
They can assume any form! Run!

The hawk doubles back and dives again for Samantha - talons flared. Jeudi suddenly vanishes.

SAMANTHA
DUDE!

Gripping the stake, she lunges at the bird - all instinct. Somehow, it catches the hawk just below the wing.

Blood spurts everywhere as the impaled bird struggles to free itself.

Shielding her face with her free hand, Samantha stabs again - and the hawk hits the ground with a WAIL.

Then, a huge PEREGRINE FALCON mysteriously emerges from the brush where Jeudi last stood.

Samantha jumps back, dumbfounded, as the falcon bounds toward the hawk, wings extended.

With a PIERCING CRY, it snatches the hawk up in its talons and flaps skyward.

SAMANTHA
(covered in blood)
What the...

Suddenly, the hawk transforms into the figure of a naked man - Cédric - and tumbles back to the ground.

The falcon swoops skyward and bends back behind Samantha - who stands frozen staring at Cédric's lifeless body.

JEUDI (O.S.)
Be careful!

Samantha jumps nearly out of her skin.

A suddenly re-embodied Jeudi approaches from behind, twisting his pareu back into place before picking up a jagged slab of volcanic rock with both hands.

Ahead, Cédric GROANS and slowly sits up, facing away and twisting his neck as if reattaching his head.

CÉDRIC
Stupid American. You know not what you do. They only wish to give the gift of eternal life. To all!

Jeudi steps past Samantha, lifting the sharp black rock above his head with two hands.

CÉDRIC (CONT'D)
Not all. Few.

Jeudi smashes the rock into the crown of Cédric's head with a bone-shattering CRACK!

And he crumples back to the ground, silenced.

Jeudi leans down, pulls the wooden stake from Cédric's arm and tosses it back to Samantha.

She catches it awkwardly.

JEUDI
There is nothing more tedious than an existentialist with eternal life.
(MORE)

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 (beat)
Trop de blabla.

Jeudi spins back toward the Pension grounds.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
 Come, we must hurry!

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - DUSK

As they pass the first few bungalows, a solitary figure with a lit cigarette emerges from the shadows up ahead.

BRUNO
 (inhaling, to Jeudi)
 Going somewhere?

JEUDI
 Leave us. He must be stopped. You
 know it's true.

Passing the thatch covered bar, Jeudi reaches a hand in and pulls out a long, machete-like knife.

BRUNO
 Don't be stupid.

JEUDI
C'est fini.

BRUNO
Rien n'est jamais fini!

Bruno flicks his cigarette away. We FOLLOW it in SLOW MOTION as it tumbles skyward in the increasing darkness.

Then, moving like a phantom - he appears behind Samantha and spins her forcefully around, baring his teeth.

JEUDI
 Let her go. This is between us!

Jeudi flips the knife over in his hand, catching it by the blade.

BRUNO
 Quiet, peasant.

Bruno pulls Samantha's head to one side.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
J'ai soif.

Thinking fast, Samantha grips stake she's still clutching and slams it like a dagger swiftly between her legs - catching Bruno precisely where it counts.

He SCREAMS in agony, stumbling backward and letting go of her - his rumpled linen pants blossoming a deep scarlet.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Toi putain!

JEUDI

I warned you.

Jeudi lifts and throws the knife.

It tumbles end-over-end in SLOW MOTION through the air - gliding only inches away from Samantha's face - before hitting Bruno squarely between the eyes.

Without a sound, Bruno falls backward to the ground - the blade of the knife jiggling back and forth, embedded in his forehead.

BRUNO

(a demonic howl)

Imbécile!

Still on the ground, Bruno reaches up, grasps the handle, and pulls the knife out of his head. A river of blood cascades down his face.

Tossing the knife away, he sits up, runs two fingers across his forehead, and then lustily laps up his own blood.

JEUDI

Allez!

On the run, Jeudi kicks Bruno in the face - knocking him back to the ground before yanking the bloody stake from his groin and tossing it back to Samantha.

Again, she bumbles it.

SAMANTHA

Dude, no!

JEUDI

Please, hurry!

SAMANTHA

Why are you helping me? You're one of them!

JEUDI

Not by choice. Please, we must go!

She slows, her eyes veering back toward Bruno's gurgling, blood covered torso.

SAMANTHA

The vacation is ruined.

INSERT MONTAGE:

To the TUNE of "What Happens When You Turn The Devil Down" by The Mystery Lights we watch as:

-- Jeudi runs toward the main building, ducking and weaving through the palms --

-- Samantha, also on the run, carries the bloodied spike as she passes the lily pad covered pond --

-- Jeudi and Samantha charge up the stairs, through the lanai, and into the main lodge --

-- Jeudi yanks the taxidermied sailfish off a bamboo wall and tosses it to Samantha --

-- Samantha catches it awkwardly and flashes him a glaring 'WTF' look while still clutching the bloody stake --

-- Jeudi points away, toward the library while making a swaying stabby motion --

-- François spins around, holding a book, just as Samantha runs him through with the sailfish spear --

-- General Aubert stands near the entrance to the lodge, his wounds healed and his outfit again crisply pressed --

-- Jeudi pulls a ceremonial, shark-tooth lined koa wood ax out of a dusty vitrine and tosses it to Samantha --

-- Samantha throws the ax back to him like 'dude, do your own fucking dirty work' --

-- Jeudi turns and takes aim at the tether anchoring the massive stone conch suspended above the lanai --

-- The ax spins sideways through the air, toward the tether, slicing it cleanly --

-- General Aubert flashes Jeudi a dismissive glare before the stone conch smashes down on top of him --

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - SUNSET

The MUSIC suddenly stops. Beyond the lanai, we see Gary walking slowly toward them, across the grass.

GARY

Oh, there you are. For a second, I thought maybe you two eloped.

JEUDI

Don't trust him. He's already had his way with her.

SAMANTHA

What are you talking about?

As Gary advances, Jeudi lightly touches his own neck.

Samantha shudders in comprehension as Jeudi steps down the stairs, toward Gary - arms extended protectively.

JEUDI

(to Gary)

You don't have to do this.

Gary GROWLS back:

GARY

Um, yeah. I actually kinda do.

Samantha cautiously follows Jeudi down the stairs and onto the grass - where she grips the bloody stake.

SAMANTHA

Where's Zoe?

Gary's eyes fall to the stake - and then dart to Jeudi.

GARY

(to Jeudi)

Really, dude?

SAMANTHA

What the hell is going on here?!

Gary stops in the center of the palm tree lined circle of grass - the sky behind him is already flush with the first signs of sunset.

His shirt is still unbuttoned. It flutters in the breeze.

GARY

Something way bigger than any of us. Something... *magnificent*.

SAMANTHA

Enough with the portentous fucking
claptrap!

(beat)

Where is she?!

GARY

Resting. Saving her strength.

He takes a couple slow steps toward her.

GARY (CONT'D)

It's a pity she didn't see what a
burden - what a drag - you were
sooner.

Samantha advances. Jeudi tries to hold her back.

JEUDI

Careful.

SAMANTHA

(ignoring him)

Fuck you, dude.

Gary snickers dismissively.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

She's always been the one who
shines brighter. The one everyone
listens to. The glad-hander. The
good cop.

Jeudi tries to slow her roll again. She presses on.

His eyes nervously scan the palms as if waiting for the
return of Aubert and his crew.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But still. We're stronger together.
I might be a pain in the ass most
of the time. Hell, probably all the
time. But she and I... we make us
both better.

Gary stops dead. His face betrays no emotion. Whatever dick-
ish spark in his eyes has gone. He's all menace.

GARY

Don't make me laugh.

Samantha slows - noticing the last remnants of dried blood
speckling his neck.

SAMANTHA
What have you done?

Gary stretches out his arms, closing his eyes.

GARY
(a demonic baritone)
Made the world a better place.

Suddenly, he lunges out - wrapping one hand around Samantha's neck.

JEUDI
No! Aita. STOP!

Gary whisks Samantha instantly up off the ground with one hand. She drops the spike, digging her fingers into his - trying to pull them apart.

GARY
If there's one thing COVID taught me, it's that mortality is a powerful motivator.

SAMANTHA
(hoarse)
Let... me... go!

Jeudi grabs the bloody spike off the grass. But he doesn't have a clear shot. Gary yanks Samantha around between them by her neck.

GARY
(to Samantha)
When are you gonna realize? The Valley... tech... it's for fucking dudes!

The last word is underscored by ear-splitting BLAST of a conch and the almost deafening BEAT of approaching drums.

Out of nowhere, THE NIGHT MARCHERS APPEAR AGAIN!

This time, they emerge from the trees all around them - surrounding Samantha, Gary, and Jeudi in a glowing, ethereal circle.

GARY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! These fucking guys?!
Can somebody please--

Jeudi leaps into the air - wielding the spike like a dagger. Behind him, one of the Night Marchers lifts a ghoulis, tattooed arm toward Gary.

NIGHT MARCHER
 (BOOMING)
E ho'i mai te repo!

Jeudi lands a solid blow to Gary's back just as all of the other Night Marchers turn and point Gary's way.

Jeudi falls to the ground lightly. One hand on the grass, eyes down.

Barely injured, Gary holds Samantha's nearly unconscious body at arm's length - trying to get a good look at the spike sticking out of his back.

GARY
 (to Jeudi)
 Goddamn you little fucking--

Suddenly, a terrifying, lightning-like surge of RAW ENERGY blasts from the eyes of the first Marcher.

It hits Gary with unimaginable force - filling the dimming sky with a shower of blinding sparks.

HIS BODY IS INSTANTLY VAPORIZED!

Samantha falls to the ground as, with another BELLOW of conch, the Night Marchers all disappear.

Jeudi leaps across the grass toward her - she's somehow still choking, still gasping.

Then we see it: what's left of Gary's hand is still wrapped around her neck - somehow still choking her out.

Using all his strength, Jeudi pries Gary's fingers apart - and tosses the blood-spattered hand (still attached to a bit of wrist wrapped in the gaudy dive watch) across the grass.

JEUDI
 Are you okay?! Are you okay?!

Samantha, the color slowly returning to her face and her neck still white from Gary's grip, gulps down air.

SAMANTHA
 (hoarse)
 Making the world a better place?
 What a maroon.

JEUDI
 Hurry. We must find your friend.
 Summon reinforcements.

He reaches back across the grass for the now blood-soaked and smoldering koa wood spike.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

There is no time.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jeudi and Samantha run quickly through the vaulted reception area. Behind them, we can make out the massive, crushed conch shell - Aubert is nowhere to be seen.

JEUDI

Measles, Mumps, Rubella, Polio.

Up ahead, the bloodied sailfish sits abandoned on the ground - spear snapped. François too is absent.

JEUDI (CONT'D)

Anyone privileged enough to have access to basically any vaccine, once exposed, becomes self-healing. Undying. But they retain their faculties - their will to live, their intellect. Anyone else, they become slaves.

(out of breath)

The eternal and the undead. *Ce ne sont pas les mêmes.*

Bending to his left, toward the door to Gary's office, Jeudi lifts two fingers to his lips. Samantha slows, tightening her grip on the stake.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - ON JEUDI AND SAMANTHA

Closing the office door behind them, Jeudi and Samantha enter the cluttered space. It's exactly as it appeared previously - full of equations, schematics, and books.

On the floor where Zoey dropped it, we see the cutaway diagram of the bomb. Samantha seems to recognize it.

Pausing, Jeudi gestures toward the now closed, coffin-like crate to the right of the desk. Samantha nods.

And, not making a sound, the two of them move toward the box. Then, carefully grasping the lid with two hands, Jeudi wordlessly counts down: *'un, deux, trois'*.

Samantha lifts the stake high overhead.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - SAMANTHA'S POV

Jeudi throws open the lid.

INSIDE, WE SEE ZOEY! She's conscious but covered in blood.

INT. PENSION POERAVA, OFFICE - BACK ON SAMANTHA

Samantha SCREAMS! Zoey SCREAMS! Jeudi SCREAMS!

Jeudi drops the lid. Samantha drops the spike.

Reaching down, she pulls Zoey to safety. Her shoulders, neck, and face are covered in glistening, partially congealed blood.

SAMANTHA

Oh, my god! Oh my GOD! I thought
I... I thought I lost you!

ZOEY

(weakly)

Where am I? What happened?

Samantha recoils, obviously grossed out by all the blood.

JEUDI

Can you stand?

ZOEY

Yeah, I think--

(then, to Samantha)

So what, you guys are dating now?

Samantha laugh/cries - her knees almost buckling.

SAMANTHA

You know, bartenders...

ZOEY

What'd you mean, lost me?

SAMANTHA

Dude, you don't wanna know!

Together, Jeudi and Samantha gently guide Zoey slowly away from the crate, toward the door.

JEUDI

We must keep going. The vaccine
only delays the effect.

SAMANTHA
(to Zoey)
I can explain.

ZOEY
No, I know. He's full-on batshit.

SAMANTHA
Was!

ZOEY
What?

JEUDI
No. He will be back. We need
reinforcements!

He slowly opens the door, scanning the room before
disappearing into the darkness.

SAMANTHA
(to Zoey)
Yeah, I dunno. He keeps saying
that.

They duck out the door behind him, Zoey slowly beginning
regain her strength and her balance.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - LOW TO THE GRASS

Just beyond the singed spot on the turf where the Night
Marchers vaporized Gary, the CAMERA GLIDES slowly toward the
palm grove.

In the middle distance, we see his severed hand still laying
palm-down on the ground - still wearing the watch.

After a moment, the hand TWITCHES to life - and then slowly
drags itself away, toward the palms.

EXT. WHITE SHELL ROAD - LATER

Jeudi, Samantha, and a still bloodied Zoey pedal bicycles
frantically down the moonlit road.

JEUDI
The Night Marchers. They're angry.
And they can wound us - but they
can't kill us.

ZOEY
Wait. What? Us?

SAMANTHA
He's one of them. But don't worry.

ZOEY
WORRY?!

She stops pedaling for a second, coasting.

SAMANTHA
He's on our side. Wants to stop
that fucking prick.

JEUDI
We need to disarm the device.
Destroy it before it's too late.

Zoey slowly starts pedaling again.

ZOEY
(to Jeudi)
What device?

Samantha veers toward Zoey.

SAMANTHA
That thing in the thing - in the
tunnel - it's a nuke! King Prick is
going to use to turn the whole world
into fucking vampires!

ZOEY
(repeating, distantly)
Everyone vaxxed gets eternal life.
Everyone unvaxxed turns into food.

Samantha nods, pedaling faster.

SAMANTHA
Like those poor fuckers in the...

Her eyes drift ahead - toward the hospital from earlier.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...hospital.

Both Samantha and Zoey slow again. Jeudi lifts his watch.

JEUDI
(toward Samantha)
We must awaken them before your
friend is lost.

Jeudi points toward Zoey's blood-stained neck, pedaling out
of frame.

JEUDI (O.S.)
 She has hours. Minutes maybe.

Zoey and Samantha swap a quick look and step on it.

ZOEY
 Fucking Gary.

SAMANTHA
 Fucking Gary.

EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

With Jeudi in front, Samantha and Zoey tromp through the reeds and grass, toward the decrepit looking hospital.

Samantha's again carrying her bloody spike and Zoey's clutching a koa wood ax from the lodge.

In the dim, dingy light glowing through grime covered windows, we can see the backlit shape of the troop transport truck parked at an odd angle just outside.

SAMANTHA
 (to Jeudi, hushed)
 So, your dad. He didn't leave with the rest?

JEUDI
 (also quiet)
 No, he wouldn't go by choice. Instead, he was killed in a bar fight. The night before the test.

SAMANTHA
 (a hoarse whisper)
 Oh, dude. I'm sorry.

Jeudi pauses as we see a single silhouette of a man pass before one of the windows and disappear.

JEUDI
 It was his way. I just wish I had a chance to say goodbye.

Having not seen the shadow up ahead, Samantha passes Jeudi - who throws out an arm and gently guides her into the darkness behind him.

Zoey follows.

ZOEY
 But wait. You said the Night Marchers--

JEUDI
 ...the *huaka'i pō*...

ZOEY
...could injure them, just not kill
them.

He nods.

SAMANTHA
Why not sick those goons on their
asses, like, forever?

We FOLLOW as Jeudi, Samantha, and Zoey move from shadow to shadow, making their way along the vine covered walls.

JEUDI
(quietly)
They cannot be commanded.
Controlled. Anyone gazing upon them
in defiance will die a violent
death. Only those who show proper
respect, fear, and deference will
be spared.

Ahead, the backlit figure passes before the window again.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
But, anyone fortunate enough to
have an ancestor among the *huaka'i*
pō - one that recognizes you...

Jeudi slows.

JEUDI (CONT'D)
...they will call out *Na'u!* Mine.
And no one in the procession will
harm you.

SAMANTHA
Then why don't we just--

Jeudi throws a hand out, tucking her in close behind him.

JEUDI
(barely audible)
Only by disabling the device can we
set them all free.

SAMANTHA
But--

Jeudi quickly covers her mouth with an open palm.

INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jeudi and Zoey cautiously slide open a side door to the hospital building and peer inside.

We see, ahead of them, a dimly lit hallway lined with random detritus: chairs, boxes, papers, clothing - all strewn haphazardly across the cracked linoleum floor.

Jeudi nods and Samantha steps in, gagging.

SAMANTHA

Disgus--

The two of them glare at her. She covers her mouth as they slowly proceed down the hall.

Along the way, we pass open doorways to seemingly long abandoned offices and exam rooms - some lit by flickering bare bulbs, all showing evidence of violent scuffles.

Jeudi pauses at the sight of what appears to be two sets of bloodied hand prints that skim the wall as if being dragged around the corner at hip height.

Suddenly, a FERAL KITTEN springs out from one of the open offices. Zoey GASPS!

Jeudi moves to grab the kitten - but misses. The kitten turns, cocking its head, and PURRS.

Up ahead, with the FLICK of a distant switch, 60s French POP MUSIC kicks in - echoing over a transistor radio. It's Serge Gainsbourg's "Black and White" from his 1968 album Comic Strip.

The kitten, still PURRING, saunters slowly into a nearby office - where we see the large silver crate marked:

Médecins Sans Frontières
VLA2001 VACCINE

Further up ahead, we hear the THUD of something wooden being dropped on the floor. All three of them duck out of sight.

Then, a man's voice BOOMS:

JEAN-MICHEL

Putain de merde!

To the sound of Gainsbourg CROONING, Jeudi, Samantha, and Zoey slowly continue down the hall, their backs pressed up against both walls.

In the distance, we see Jean-Michel standing, staring at the floor. At his feet sits one of the wooden Banania crates from earlier - splintered into a million pieces.

Surrounding the crate are a scattered array of slowly leaking blood bags.

JEAN-MICHEL
C'est des conneries.

He bends to start scooping up the blood bags. Jeudi gestures to Samantha and Zoey to duck into the room, behind him. They hesitate for a second, and then quickly make a break for it.

Picking up a nearby abandoned IV stand, Jeudi tiptoes into the room, right in front of Jean-Michel - who stands, clutching a handful of leaking blood bags.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
Casse-toi, fils de...

He cuts himself off, as someone lightly taps him on the shoulder. He spins his head sideways but can't make out who it is because of the eye patch.

Jeudi winds up and swings - hitting him squarely in the temple. But the IV stand only bends into a u-shape around his head, seemingly causing no harm whatsoever.

JEAN-MICHEL (CONT'D)
...pute.

He pulls the bent pole from his head and tosses it into the room like an abandoned matchstick. Jeudi takes a step back.

ZOEY
Uh, yoo-hoo!

He wheels around again just in time to see Zoey - who smashes him with the koa wood ax, sending a gust of blood and teeth spattering across Jeudi and onto the far wall.

Thinking fast, Samantha runs at Jean-Michel from his bad side, clutching the spike before her with both hands.

As he falls to one knee, she plunges the spike deep into his chest - just right of his sternum.

For a second, nothing happens. Samantha lets go of the spike, taking a step back.

Suddenly, Jean-Michel teeters and falls forward onto his chest - impaling himself completely and covering the already leaking blood bags with a fast-spreading scarlet cloud of his own blood.

Zoey slowly turns her eyes to Samantha - who's still backing away, stunned mute at what she's just done.

ZOEY

Well, now I guess you can add
vampire slayer to your LinkedIn
profile.

Wiping the blood from his face, Jeudi strides quickly past Jean-Michel.

JEUDI

We must hurry. He will be back.

Zoey hurries after him.

ZOEY

I dunno man, that looks pretty
permanent.

Samantha stands frozen for a moment - still staring at the bloody peak of the stake sticking out of Jean-Michel's back.

JEUDI (O.S.)

(to Samantha)

Don't forget, bring the stake.

INT. ARMY HOSPITAL, MAIN WING - CONTINUOUS

We're back inside the main wing full of seemingly unconscious islanders - eerily lit by the tiny cathode tube televisions flickering the same JAUNTY CARTOON.

Samantha, Zoey, and Jeudi are moving swiftly through the space, unhooking I.V. bags and jabbing syringes into the arms of everyone in view.

SAMANTHA

(pressing a plunger)

This better fucking work.

In the background, Jeudi moves from islander to islander, gently removing I.V.s and quickly jabbing syringes into arms.

ZOEY

(ditching a syringe)

Listen, I'm sorry.

Samantha pulls out her syringe, almost dropping the bloody stake she has tucked again under one arm.

SAMANTHA
About what?

ZOEY
Everything. Bringing you here.
Gary. The board.

JEUDI
(swabbing an arm)
Hurry.

SAMANTHA
(ditching her syringe)
I'm sure you'll find a way to make
it up to me.

Samantha spins, grabbing some more syringes and thrusting them Zoey's way. She takes them warily.

ZOEY
(to Jeudi)
Exactly how does this work again?

Jeudi tosses a fistful of spent syringes into a teeming garbage can and then spins around to slide a second tray of fresh doses from a nearby rolling rack.

JEUDI
I'm a physicist, not a doctor!

He wets a pad with alcohol and bends to swab the arm of a YOUNG MAN in a filthy gown. He measures, aims, and jabs - slowly lowering the plunger.

Suddenly, the young man JOLTS STIFFLY UPRIGHT - his tattered gown falling to his waist. Jeudi pauses. the young man opens his eyes. They're milky and distant.

ZOEY
(to Jeudi)
Uh, guys.

As if on cue, nearly all of the formerly unconscious islanders sit up, arms forward, groaning - zombie-like.

SAMANTHA
Is this what's supposed to happen?

The young man throws his feet to the floor. Jeudi backs away.

JEUDI

I don't... I don't know.

ZOEY

I have a bad feeling about this.

All of the other islanders stumble to their feet and turn - as if magnetically drawn - toward the still slumped body of Jean-Michel.

He GROANS.

YOUNG MAN

(loud, to the room)

Mort aux suzerains!

Unsure what the hell is going on, Zoey grips her club. Samantha looks to Jeudi, still holding the bloody spike.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

(quietly, to himself)

A ara, e au mau taea'e e au mau tuahine.

(then, loud again)

Réveillez-vous, mes frères et sœurs!

(beat)

Vengeance!

In a flurry, all the awakened islanders scramble from their gurneys and pounce onto the barely conscious body of Jean-Michel - literally tearing him limb-from-limb.

In the background, Zoey, Samantha, and Jeudi converge and cautiously begin to back their way toward a nearby doorway.

Pausing amid the bloodbath, the young man looks back up - directly at the three of them. His face is bathed in blood.

Jeudi grabs Samantha and Zoey by their arms.

JEUDI

Allez! RUN!

EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Springing full-bore, Jeudi, Samantha, and Zoey burst through the doorway and out into the darkness.

Behind them, the angry, formerly unconscious islanders follow hot on their heels through the moonlight.

SAMANTHA

Which way? Which way?!

Thinking quick, Jeudi runs for Jean-Michel's troop transport truck parked just outside.

JEUDI

The truck!

As they bend toward the truck, more and more islanders stream out of the hospital.

Some veer off into the thicket of vines. Some continue on, arms extended, right behind Zoey.

The young man from earlier, lunges for Zoey's feet - barely missing her.

ZOEY

Sam!

Up ahead, Jeudi leaps onto the running board and throws open the driver's side door. Reaching a hand back for Zoey, Samantha veers toward the passenger side.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, Jeudi frantically searches the dash - no key. Next to him, Samantha throws open the passenger door and shoves Zoey inside.

SAMANTHA

(gasping)

Great. Now vampires and zombies!

She jumps in, slamming the door shut - just as Jeudi flips down the driver's side visor. Miraculously, out falls a set of keys attached to a tiki totem keychain.

JEUDI

Voilà!

Just then, a pair of bloody hands THUD against the grimy driver's side window. Jeudi bobbles the keys, flips them over, shoves one into the ignition.

Another pair of hands, then more, bash all the windows. Both Samantha and Zoey struggle to keep their door shut.

It's straight-up "Night of the Living Dead", island-style.

SAMANTHA

C'mon dude. Let's get us the fuck outta here!!

The ignition STUTTERS and fails. Jeudi's window SPLINTERS.

ZOEY

Look out!

A bloodied pair of hands SMASH in through the window - just as the ignition turns over and the engine ROARS to life.

Jeudi delicately pushes the hands away before GRINDING the truck into gear and hitting the accelerator.

JEUDI

(out the window)

I'm sorry, my brothers! You will be avenged!

Carefully swerving to avoid hitting any of their pursuers, Jeudi speeds across the grass before SQUEALING out onto the white shell road and hitting the gas.

Finally safe, the three of them RUMBLE along the road for a moment, breathing heavily. Then:

ZOEY

So much for reinforcements.

Samantha fishes around in one pocket for her Dunhills.

Finding them, she crushes the pack and is about to throw it out the window. But, thinking twice, squeezes it open, and shakes out her lighter.

EXT. PENSION POERAVA, GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Lit by the silver orb of the moon, the three of them move from shadow to shadow, across the seemingly abandoned Pension grounds and toward the small dock.

The outrigger is gone. As is the skiff Aubert first set off in. But, tied to the left side of the dock, is a weathered dinghy with a tiny outboard motor.

Next to it, on the deck, we can barely make out what appear to be two tanks - one ostensibly for fuel, the other some sort of hand-crank air pump.

Gesturing, Jeudi moves toward the dock. Samantha and Zoey do their best to stick close.

But, as they sneak across the grass, a voice BOOMS from the darkness behind them:

BRUNO (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing, you stupid, ignorant fool?

Jeudi freezes, slowly spinning around.

FRANÇOIS

There is no defeating us.

Behind them, across the grass, Bruno, François, and Cédéric emerge from the lodge - standing shoulder-to-shoulder and looking nearly entirely healed.

CÉDERIC

No killing us.

Bruno steps up. Jeudi steps back, gesturing for Samantha and Zoey to fall in behind him.

BRUNO

You should try it sometime. Your people, they are...

Advancing, he makes a menacing SLURPING sound - his teeth glinting in the moonlight.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

...vraiment délicieux.

Jeudi turns away from them, toward Samantha miming something. She squints. He does it again - it looks like he's lighting an imaginary cigarette.

CÉDERIC

You must know, if you destroy the device, we all die.

Jeudi turns back toward him - continuing to back away as Samantha pulls out her lighter, still not quite understanding.

JEUDI

I would rather die than see the whole world fall.

He reaches a hand back. Samantha palms him the the lighter. Walking backward toward the pier, he flicks it open and hands it back.

FRANÇOIS

(still advancing)

Don't be so... naive.

Jeudi nods his head ever so slightly to one side.

She looks back, behind them, to see a rusting ESSO MARINE FUEL sign above one of the tanks.

Attached to the tank is a coiled rubber line and an old-school steel nozzle.

BRUNO
(condescendingly)
Jeudi, Jeudi, Jeudi.

Behind Samantha, Zoey steps onto the pier - moving past the fuel tank and slowing beside the air pump. Samantha follows, eyes locked on the fuel tank.

Jeudi pauses.

JEUDI
For the last time.
(beat)
My name... is Tanettoa!

He spins back around, grabbing the fuel line. Then, to Zoey:

JEUDI/TANETOA (CONT'D)
Air!

She quickly tosses him the air line. He catches it.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
Vite!

Behind him, Bruno, François, and Cédéric instantly vanish - transforming into three fast-moving, BLACK VIPERS.

Zoey instantly starts cranking the air pump and oxygen starts HISSING from the line. Tanettoa wraps the air line around the fuel line - grabbing both nozzles with one hand.

In the distance, the snakes morph into a pack of TARANTULAS - which skitter into the underbrush on both sides of the pier.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
(to Samantha)
Lighter!

Samantha flicks the flint wheel. Nothing happens. Sparks.

From the underbrush, two gigantic, hissing ALBINO CROCODILES - slide into the water.

And then, out of nowhere, a huge FLYING FOX BAT charges across the grass and leaps into the air toward Tanettoa.

Samantha flicks the flint again - =FLAMES!

She dips the lighter toward Tanetoe's hand. He squeezes the fuel nozzles - WHOOSH!

A billowing torrent of BRILLIANT ORANGE FLAMES gusts into the air, engulfing the bat - which arcs skyward, its translucent black wings on fire.

Suddenly, from both sides of the pier, two more BATS emerge from the water - one streaking by Samantha's face.

SAMANTHA
Fucking RATS!!

Thinking fast, Tanetoe swings the impromptu flamethrower wildly to his left and right - hitting both bats. With an almost human WAIL, they fall back into the water, sizzling.

JEUDI
GO!

The first bat, still on fire, swoops down - landing on Tanetoe's shoulders and burying its fangs into his neck.

SAMANTHA
(to Zoey)
Ax!

Zoey tosses the ax her way while the flames jet in every direction.

She catches the ax by the handle (still holding the spike in her other hand). Tanetoe SCREAMS - blood gushing down his neck and shoulders as the bat flaps wildly.

Wincing, Samantha swings the ax - slicing one of the bat's giant wings clean off and sending the bat tumbling backward across the grass, SCREECHING.

Behind her, Zoey stops pumping and runs for the dinghy.

The air stops hissing and the flame goes out. Tanetoe, covered in blood, tosses the nozzles, grabs Samantha, and pulls her with him, toward the dinghy.

Behind them, the bat twitches and rolls on the grass (as if trying to put itself out) before abruptly morphing back into a naked, one-armed Bruno.

BRUNO
You bitch!!

Tanetoe and Samantha jump into the dinghy. Tanetoe gives the starter line a yank - and the engine RATTLES to life. The boat takes off.

And as it speeds out of the frame and into the lagoon, we linger for a moment on the motu.

Bruno struggles to his feet with his back to us, still smoldering. François and Cédéric slowly emerge from the water, also smoldering.

As they crawl back onto grass, we see an angry mob of barefoot islanders charging across the grounds - some of them with I.V. lines still strung from their veins.

BRUNO

Merde.

The mob descends upon him, wreaking just havoc.

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

Over the sounds of CARNAGE in the distance, Tanettoa guns the engine - eyes on the black stone mountain ahead.

SAMANTHA

(feigning calm)

How do you say it again?

TANETOA

What?

ZOEY

Your name. Your actual name.

TANETOA

Tane-toa.

(beat)

It was my father's name.

SAMANTHA

What's it mean?

Tanettoa veers the boat hard to the right - avoiding the beach with the lava tube.

TANETOA

Warrior man. Add rum, and that's my dad in a nutshell.

The boat leaves the frame.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE LAGOON - LATER

Tanettoa pilots the boat toward a nearby grove of trees at the foot of the mountain and cuts the engine. The three of them drift momentarily in silence and moonlight.

TANETOA
 (quietly)
 They will be expecting us.

ZOEY
 They?!

He strips off his shirt, pulls a pocket knife from his waist and lays it on the shirt, gesturing for the spike and the ax.

Samantha hands them over - and he wraps them all up into a bundle before gesturing to the mirror-still water.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
 But there is another way in.

EXT. LAGOON, BELOW THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Followed by Samantha and Zoey, Tanettoa swims underwater toward a rippling, silver, disk-shaped hole in the side of the submerged portion of the mountain.

Bubbles cascade all around them, lit by the rising moon above.

Exhaling slightly, Tanettoa bends toward the disk. Samantha and Zoey follow - their strokes jerky and tense like they're running out of air.

Tanettoa kicks hard and, with one last push, pierces the silver disk. The women mimic his every movement - and we SURFACE with them, inside an underground cavern.

Trying hard to be quiet, the three of them GASP for air. Tanettoa gestures toward a smooth stone slope that leads from the water, deeper into the faintly glowing cavern.

TANETOA
 (hushed)
Par ici.

He un-bundles his shirt, pulling out the weapons, wringing it out, and sliding it back on before standing.

INT. LAVA TUBE - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK behind Tanettoa, Samantha, and Zoey as they cautiously make their way noiselessly up the lava tube, away from the water.

The entire cavern is again subtly lit by a familiar far off pulsation.

Tanettoa pauses, pressed up against the wall of the lava tube. Zoey and Samantha do the same, both soaked.

TANETOA
(hushed)
I will deal with Aubert. You two,
find the detonator.

He looks far off down the tube.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
It needs two keys to function. All
we need is one.

ZOEY
What if they've already armed it?

TANETOA
That would be madness.

SAMANTHA
Have you met Gary?

TANETOA
We just need to disarm it. But if
we can't...

He draws two fingers across his throat. Zoey begins to say something. He cuts her off.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
If all else fails, unscrew the
shell. Remove the core.

ZOEY
What?!

SAMANTHA
But wouldn't that... kill you?

TANETOA
It would be an honorable death.

He turns, gazing again down the tube.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
And remember. Even without the
core, there is enough material in
the device to destroy the mountain
many times over.

ZOEY
Great. Of course there is.

INT. FURTHER DOWN THE LAVA TUBE - CONTINUOUS

In SILENCE, Tanettoa, Samantha, and Zoey move swiftly along the stone wall toward the source of the now brighter ebbing and flowing GLOW in the distance.

Tanettoa wordlessly gestures for Samantha and Zoey to cross to the other side of the cavern. They do.

Up ahead, we see the cavern open up into the same scene we recognize from earlier.

Straight ahead, Aubert meticulously flicks an elaborate sequence of old-school switches on a massive, corroded control panel near the base of the tower.

The car to the cage lift is not visible.

Before entering, Tanettoa mimes 'climb the tower' to Samantha and Zoey.

They both look up to see the lift car suspended some 30+ stories above the ground, just below the device.

The both glare back 'no fucking way!' Ignoring them, he pushes on.

INT. CAVERN, CONTROL PANEL - ON TANETTOA

Moments later, Tanettoa stealthily approaches Aubert from behind. In the distance, we can see Zoey and Samantha hoof it barefoot toward the base of the scaffold.

Aubert pauses, not looking back.

GENERAL AUBERT
(calmly)
Your fortitude surprises even me.

He slowly swivels around.

GENERAL AUBERT (CONT'D)
But, then again. You always have
been full of surprises.

INT. CAVERN, TOWER - ON SAMANTHA AND ZOXY

Hearing the conversation playing out behind them, Samantha and Zoey reach the base of the tower and look up. The rusty beams and trusses run hundreds of feet up - into the ebbing and flowing light of the glowing device.

Zoey slips the ax into the back belt of her still soaked linen jumpsuit.

Samantha struggles to figure out what to do with the spike. Zoey takes it, and gently slides it into the band of Samantha's skirt, like a gun.

They hold hands for a second, locking eyes. They both nod like 'this is bananas'.

And then they both start cautiously climbing.

INT. CAVERN, CONTROL PANEL - BACK ON TANETOA

Drawing his knife and extending the blade, Tanettoa slowly approaches Aubert.

GENERAL AUBERT
Don't be ridiculous.

TANETOA
Where is the detonator?

General Aubert advances, his empty arms extended.

GENERAL AUBERT
It is far too late, my boy.

TANETOA
Where are the keys?

General Aubert pauses.

GENERAL AUBERT
The countdown has already begun.

Tanettoa freezes - realizing what he needs to do.

GENERAL AUBERT (CONT'D)
(nonchalantly)
Come now. Look at us, stranded here. For how long? Nearly six decades? And we still can't see eye-to-eye.

Tanettoa sidesteps toward the base of the tower. To his right, hanging suspended from a black coil of thick cable, is an orange metal box.

TANETOA
How can you abide by this?

GENERAL AUBERT
Please...

TANETOA
Subjugating the helpless.

GENERAL AUBERT

The naive! The uneducated! The
superstitious.

General Aubert mirrors Tanettoa's every movement in reverse,
as if trying to get between him and the orange box.

In the distance, we can make out Samantha and Zoey slowly
climbing the tower. Aubert doesn't notice.

GENERAL AUBERT (CONT'D)

I once thought you were like me. A
man of science. A man of inquiry.
Curiosity.

(beat)

But now I see. You are still just a
sad, frightened little boy -
willing to trade fairy tales and
fantasy, myths and legends, for
fact. Just like your so-called
people.

In the far distance, seemingly coming from both lava tubes
leading into the cavern, we hear faint SPLASHING.

TANETOA

You don't know me. Or my people.

Tanettoa lunges out, grabbing the orange box. Flipping it
over, he slams his free hand down on what appears to be a
some sort of button.

The flywheel behind him GRINDS to life.

GENERAL AUBERT

You will fail.

The same throng of angry (now blood-covered) islanders
surges into the cavern from every direction.

TANETOA

You already have.

He drops the orange box and runs for the tower.

Aubert's eyes fall to the army of formerly unconscious
islanders surging toward him. But before he can say another
word, they pounce.

With the sound of Aubert SCREAMING behind him and the cage
lift car descending loudly ahead, Tanettoa shouts up:

TANETOA (CONT'D)

This side, hurry!

INT. CAVERN, TOWER - BACK ON SAMANTHA AND ZOEY

The cage lift car trundles by - shaking the tower on its way down. Zoey momentarily loses her grip.

SAMANTHA

Zoe!

Samantha throws a hand out, grabbing Zoey by one arm and tugging her back to safety.

Below them, we see the cage lift car hit the ground. The door CLACKS loudly open. High above, the device continues to flicker and pulse.

INT. CAVERN, LIFT CAGE - ON TANETOA

Once inside the lift, Tanettoa hits the 'up' button.

The doors slam shut. And, as the car shudders upward, he grips the knife in his teeth and jumps up - catching the mesh roof with both hands.

Kicking his legs out, he swings forward, knocking the escape hatch open - and quickly sliding up and out onto the roof.

Close to 30 feet above him, we can see Samantha and Zoey shimmying their way toward his side of the tower.

TANETOA

Jump!

He opens his arms wide.

SAMANTHA

Are you nuts?!

TANETOA

We only have seconds!!

ZOEY

What?!

TANETOA

Jump!

Closing her eyes, Samantha leaps from the tower, toward Tanettoa. She lands on the top of the car with a SMACK! He quickly wraps her in his arms.

Their lips nearly touching, Tanettoa turns his eyes to Zoey.

TANETOA (CONT'D)

NOW!

ZOEY

I can't!

It's almost too late. Thick metal cables SNAP and STRAIN between them.

SAMANTHA

Dude. You can do it. You can do
ANYTHING!

Closing her eyes, Zoey jumps - way off course. Tanettoa and Samantha fall to the roof of the car, arms extended.

Zoey awkwardly grasps for the side of the car, sliding for a split second before getting a grip - and then frantically clawing her way up the metal cage like a woman on fire.

As she nears the top, Tanettoa and Samantha grab her - hefting her to safety.

Breathing heavily, all three of them lay on the top of the car, staring skyward. The glowing device nears.

TANETTOA

(winded)

Change. Of. Plans.

EXT. TOWER, PLATFORM - WIDE

The lift rumbles to a stop, about 20 feet below the glowing device. Close up, it's massive - an age-ravaged glowing metal orb connected to a thicket of twisting wires.

Standing on the top of the lift, the three of them stare at it. A broad octagonal metal walkway surrounds the device - anchored to the tower with thick metal struts.

Just below the device, the lip of the volcano's mouth rings the tower - nearly close enough to jump to.

SAMANTHA

(covering her eyes)

Jesus. It's fucking huge!

Tanettoa pulls the knife from his mouth.

TANETTOA

We have only one choice. Remove the core.

ZOEY

Can't we just cut the red wire or something?

TANETOA

Do not cut any wires!

He jumps from the cage to the walkway. The wind whipping all around them, Samantha and Zoey reluctantly follow.

The orb lights up, filling the screen with white and turning them into eerie silhouettes.

ZOEY

(shielding her eyes)

What is this?!

TANETOA

A microcosmic precursor of the rope
trick effect - stuck in an infinite
time loop.

(beat)

I think.

He scrambles along the walkway with one hand on the device.
The floor of the cavern is a good 350+ feet below.

SAMANTHA

(looking down)

Uh, guys. We have a problem.

EXT. TOWER, PLATFORM - ZOEY'S POV

At the bottom of the tower, we see that the islanders have
tired of Aubert and are now beginning to climb swiftly up
the tower.

EXT. TOWER, PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Ignoring them, Tanettoa runs a hand over the device. Finding
a thin circular seam, he digs his knife in, trying to pry
some sort of access panel loose. It won't budge.

SAMANTHA

Wait.

She reaches a hand up toward the plate, splays her fingers
and twists. It GRINDS loose. Tanettoa smiles.

TANETOA

So you *have* done this before?

With one last twist, the access panel pops free and slips
from her grasp - sliding down the face of the orb and
disappearing into the darkness.

Beyond the panel, all we can see is a tangled mess of wires
threaded around a small stainless steel handle.

As the access panel PINGS and CLANGS down the tower, we suddenly hear (from behind the device) the familiar SLAP, SLAP, SLAP of flip-flops against the metal walkway.

GARY (O.S.)
Wouldn't do that if I were you.

Dressed like some sort of trust fund beach bum, Gary emerges from behind the device, carrying a wireless detonator.

It's ridiculously old-school - like something out of a '50s B-movie. Gary slowly extends its silver antenna.

Samantha instinctively steps away from Tanetoea, toward Zoey - who raises her hands, approaching Gary.

ZOEY
Gary! Let's not do anything...
rash.

GARY
Rash? Me?

He juggles the detonator clumsily between both hands.

GARY (CONT'D)
Can't tell you again how much it
means to me that you came.

He slowly flips open a small switch cover - revealing two silver keys.

GARY (CONT'D)
But did you have to bring your lame
little friend?

Samantha steps up, next to Zoey. Behind them, Tanetoea looks nervously down toward the islanders scaling the tower.

SAMANTHA
Listen, dude. You can have whatever
you want.

GARY
I know.

SAMANTHA
No, I mean, Hive. It's all yours.
I'm out.

Zoey steps between Gary and Samantha.

ZOEY

No she's not. Give us the
detonator.

GARY

Um, yeah. That's a no.

Zoey advances toward him, eerily calmly.

ZOEY

Okay. Three-way equity split. A
blended board with a majority
stake. Same terms. \$28.80 in cash
and 0.0824 shares per share.

Grinning, admiring her guts, Gary lifts the detonator. On
its face, we see analog digits counting down.

GARY

Can't say I'm not tempted.

But then he turns around, gazing out past the tower. As the
device dims, we can see moonlight rippling off the jet black
sea in the distance.

GARY (CONT'D)

Tell me you wouldn't wanna wake up
to this view everyday.

(beat)

Forever.

Zoey steps up next to Gary. Behind them all, Tanetoa
cautiously reaches an arm into the device.

ZOEY

But all those poor people! In the
hospital. You can't do this.

Gary slams the detonator down onto the handrail. Finally we
see the digits clearly.

The countdown clock reads:

00:01:23

Gary howls back, ferociously:

GARY

No one tells me what I can't do.

Trying to seem calm, Zoey gently lifts a hand to Gary's
shoulder. Before she can, he turns.

GARY (CONT'D)
As my guru says, in business as in
life, there are winners...

He lunges out, throwing his free hand around Zoey's neck.

GARY (CONT'D)
...and there are losers.

Samantha rips the stake from her dress, charging forward.
Gary pushes Zoey back, toward her - still clutching the
device.

GARY (CONT'D)
(loud over the wind)
Just like my platform, this thing -
it doesn't make anything new. It
just amplifies what already exists.

ZOEY
(struggling to breathe)
Stop it! I can't--

GARY
Love, hate, prejudice, fear.
Inequity. They're all already here.
But only we have the power to
choose what to magnify. What to
stir up. What to profit from.

SAMANTHA
Put it down!

Gary turns his face toward her. His eyes are dead.

GARY
We really have to work on your
manners, young lady.

Samantha narrows her eyes and flips the stake over in her
hand, gripping it by the point - and then tossing it up into
the air.

In SLOW MOTION, we watch as Gary and Zoey's eyes follow the
stake - tumbling above them.

With Tanetoea still in the background, still struggling with
the device, Samantha darts deftly behind Zoey and Gary.

And, on the way, she pulls the ax from Zoey's belt - raising
it swiftly overhead.

SAMANTHA
Time's up, dickhead!

But before he can react, Zoey snatches the spike out of the air, spins around, and slams it between her and Gary - at chest level.

ZOEY
(hoarse)
Do we have a deal?

Radiating a condescending irritation with her persistence, Gary drops the detonator and throws his other hand around her neck - choking her.

Tightening her grip on the the ax, Samantha screams:

SAMANTHA
Let her fucking go!

Her face beginning to turn purple, Zoey shimmies the butt end of the stake up to her sternum.

ZOEY
(ferociously)
Do. We. Have. A. Deal?!

His eyes falling to the spike leveled at his ribs, Gary opens his mouth to speak. But, before he does:

ZOEY (CONT'D)
GOOD!

She pulls herself into him, lodging the spike deep in his chest.

Behind him, Samantha's eyes go wide at the sight of the spike tip jutting out the back of Gary's linen shirt - which swiftly turns a deep crimson.

She drops the ax. He falls to one knee, accidentally kicking the detonator. It tumbles away across the platform.

GARY
(wheezing, coughing
blood)
Fucking chicks. You never deserved
an \$8 billion valuat--

Before he can finish, Zoey shoves the butt end of the spike even deeper into his chest.

ZOEY
Hey dude. Hos before bros.

Behind him, the detonator teeters for a moment, and then falls from the edge of the platform - into the darkness.

As it disappears, we suddenly hear the BLAST of a nearby conch shell and the resounding BEAT of drums.

GARY
(coughing blood)
Oh, come ON!

EXT. TOWER, PLATFORM - ZOEY'S POV

Out of nowhere, The Night Marchers appear again - lining the rim of the volcano.

One of them - perhaps the same one from earlier - lifts a glowing, tattooed arm, toward Tanettoa and the device.

EXT. TOWER, PLATFORM - BACK ON SAMANTHA AND ZOEY

Remembering what happened last time, Samantha lifts both arms toward the eerie figure.

SAMANTHA
Whoa, whoa, whoa! No!

From the rim, the same Hooded Marcher points at Tanettoa - shouting:

HOODED MARCHER
Na'u!

Tanettoa spins back around. His arm twists free of the device - holding the long silver cylindrical core by its handle.

The device goes instantly dark.

TANETTOA
(squinting)
Dad?

Still on one knee, Gary's body suddenly seems to be caving in on itself, shrinking, dematerializing.

GARY
You fucking moron!

In the distance:

HOODED MARCHER
A haere mai na, e ta'u tamaiti.

Stunned, Tanettoa drops the cylinder.

TANETTOA
What are you doing here?

HOODED MARCHER
I have always been here. Looking
over you. Protecting you.

Tanettoa stumbles weakly forward, knocking the cylinder. It
rolls toward the edge of the platform.

TANETOA
But I thought--

The hooded marcher lifts an open palm his way.

HOODED MARCHER
Come, my son. To the sky world. To
eternal peace.

On the platform, between a stunned mute Samantha and Zoey,
Gary's body CRUMBLES INTO A HEAP OF ASH.

For a split second, Tanettoa turns, catching Samantha's eye.
He points bemusedly toward the hooded marcher - his FATHER.

TANETOA
Na'u. Mine.

EXT. PLATFORM - SAMANTHA'S POV

We're tight on Tanettoa's suddenly deeply lined face.
Smiling, a single tear wells his eye.

TANETOA (CONT'D)
(finally at rest)
Mine.

The tear rolls down his cheek and into the moonlit air. He
blinks. And then - like Gary - VANISHES IN A CLOUD OF ASH.

EXT. PLATFORM - BACK ON SAMANTHA AND ZOXY

With an EXUBERANT DRUMBEAT and TRIUMPHANT BLAST of conch,
the Night Marchers all disappear!

After a second, a kindly VOICE echoes up out of nowhere:

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Eh, uh. You drop this?

It's the young man from the hospital. His eyes are clear and
his skin flush with life. In his left hand, he holds the
detonator. It's display reads:

00:00:02

Samantha and Zoey dive toward him.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SURF BREAK - DAWN

Zoey and Samantha float calmly on their boards, far out past the break, looking toward the shore.

Ahead of them, the view is familiar - just a jagged, spade shaped, black rock mountain jutting out of a placid turquoise lagoon.

This time, though, we can make out a bustling handful of liberated islanders clustered together on the beach.

No longer clad in threadbare gowns, they're dressed in shorts, skirts, tank tops and t-shirts.

Like nothing ever happened, they give each other shit and telling tall tales while pulling the day's catch from a flotilla of motorboats and outriggers.

All now mortal - but free.

ZOEY

You sure about this?

SAMANTHA

Hell if I know. But I think he... I think Tanetoa would've wanted it this way.

ZOEY

So that it never happens again.

SAMANTHA

So that it never happens again.

ZOEY

Alright, hit it.

SAMANTHA

Let's blow this pop stand!

Only now do we notice that Samantha's holding the detonator. With one hand, she extends the antenna again.

With the other, she punches a couple buttons, twists both keys, and then flicks the master switch.

For a moment, nothing happens. They just float there, bobbing, staring at the mountain.

ZOEY

Oh, and, can we promise?

The two of them calmly rise and fall with the ebb and flow of the swell.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

No more secrets. No more lies. Just
the whole truth and nothing but
the...

Before she can finish, we hear a THUNDEROUS BOOM - and a dark gray cloud of smoke billows up from the peak of the mountain.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

...truth.

In the distance, the islanders CHEER - shaking their oars, buoys, baskets, and nets.

Smiling, Samantha slowly collapses the antenna and then confidently tosses the detonator over one shoulder and into the ocean - where it quickly sinks.

SAMANTHA

Deal.

Also smiling, Zoey slips her chest down onto her board and paddles swiftly away.

ZOEY

Now, c'mon. Let's go surfing.

Without saying another word, Samantha drops back down onto her board.

And as the two of them paddle out into the lineup side-by-side, we CRANE UP to see another faint rainbow forming just below the smoke-shrouded peak.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Bad Girls" by MIA

THE END