

TEASER

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - AFTERNOON

August and the other citizens are clearing debris, searching for survivors. People call out various names. Dragging, stuttered footsteps approach August.

KELLY

'ey August! 'Nother drink?

August scoffs.

AUGUST

(frustrated)

Kelly.

(pause to take a centering
breath)

Now is not the time. Do you--

KELLY

'Course it's the time! Everybody knows it ain't safe to drink the water after a disaster, especially one like this, but we still gotta stay hydrated, know-ah-mean?

AUGUST

(inpatient)

Look, Kelly. Just help yourself to whatever. Or better yet, help us instead of drowning your sorrows in the bottom of a bottle.

KELLY

Fine, but I ain't drinkin' the water.

(under breath, but
shouting at the voices)

I know! I tried to tell him water is bad. What else do you want me to do?

Kelly joins August in clearing the debris for a moment, then stops.

KELLY (CONT'D)

'ey, August, 'member back in '95? That heat? Whew boy. Us kids wouldn't even play outside. Good thing the water wasn't poisoned back then, huh?

AUGUST

It's not poisoned now either. Might have to boil it is all. Depends on whether the water plant got any damage.

KELLY

Oh, it's outside city limits, so it's good.

AUGUST

Well, then the water is safe. How 'bout a little help here instead of standing there just watching me work?

Kelly starts picking up bricks aimlessly.

KELLY

(discouraged)

You know people talk to me.

AUGUST

(with genuine kindness)

Yes, we all know. But you also know those voices aren't real, right?

KELLY

Sure. But just 'cause they ain't real doesn't mean they're wrong.

AUGUST

Fair enough, I guess.

KELLY

You keep a gun behind the bar?

AUGUST

What?

KELLY

A gun. You know. Pew, pew.

AUGUST

I heard what you said, and I know what a gun is. What I don't know is why you're asking.

KELLY

Things can get crazy in disasters like this is all. Important to know what defense options are available.

AUGUST

No, I don't keep a gun behind the bar.

KELLY

Liar.

AUGUST

If you already knew, then why on earth would you ask?

KELLY

'cause the voices told me. Told you they don't have to be real to be right. Don't drink the water, August.

ACT ONE

2 INT. DR TORRES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A door opens abruptly; shuffling of multiple, urgent footsteps. A gurney is wheeled in.

GEMMA

Doctor Torres! 11-year old injured
in the quake!

RHONDA

Please help my baby. Please don't
let him die.

Footsteps run toward us on a linoleum floor.

MARIA

Okay, wheel him back to Room 3. I
haven't been able to get any calls
out--

GEMMA

Yeah, and the quake took the
bridges out. You're all we got.

MARIA

Mrs. Caldwell, I'm going to do
everything in my power to help
Ethan.

RHONDA

(through tears)
Okay.

MARIA

Gemma, report?

GEMMA

Crush injuries. Found him in the
rubble of Gilly's. Flat-lined for a
few minutes, but we got a pulse
back with epi and it's been a
steady rhythm since. 3 units of
blood, but given what it took to
keep him stable, I'd bet on
internal bleeding.

MARIA

(under her breath)
Shit.
(louder)
Emily! I need you in here.

Footsteps rush into the room.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(with urgency)

Go see how much blood we have, and keep dialing the hospital until you get someone.

EMILY

Yes, ma'am.

Footsteps quickly depart.

MARIA

Mrs. Caldwell, I'm going to get an ultrasound of Ethan's chest and belly to see exactly what's going on, okay?

RHONDA

O-Okay.

Squirt of gel, otherwise silence.

MARIA

Gemma, how much blood can y'all spare?

GEMMA

We used the last of what we had on the way here.

MARIA

Okay.

(softly)

Mrs. Caldwell, I'm sure you're aware that Ethan's injuries are extensive. He's going to need a lot of blood to keep him alive until we can get him to a surgeon. Do you know his blood type and yours?

RHONDA

He's O negative. I'm A. I can't help him, can I?

MARIA

No, he can only take O negative. We'll put the word out that we need donors, okay? It's a rare type, but there is almost certainly someone in town with it. Gemma, what's yours?

GEMMA

A.

RHONDA

I'll call his grandfather.

Footsteps depart to just outside of the room.

MARIA

Gemma, let's get a medical tent with triage set up closer to where folks are injured. Set up for blood donations too; Ethan won't be the only patient that needs it. Can you handle that while I take care of Ethan? I'll head down there as soon as he's squared away to help with other survivors.

GEMMA

Sure.

MARIA

How many other survivors have been found so far?

GEMMA

Dana says no one else, yet. A handful of dead. I think the morgue will be more full than a medical tent, to be honest. Basically every building downtown is flattened.

MARIA

No other survivors at all?

GEMMA

Folks are looking. But those buildings...it's a miracle Ethan is still alive.

MARIA

There's gotta be people outside of downtown.

GEMMA

Maybe. I'll be going out to check.

MARIA

Okay, good idea. Need someone to come with you? Once we get Ethan to a hospital, I can spare my nurse to help you out.

GEMMA

Please. Might need someone else to help lift for sure.

MARIA

You got it.

(pause)

I heard the bar, church, and floral shop are all okay. No damage?

GEMMA

None. Everyone that was inside the bar is fine. It looks like a bomb went off downtown, but the bar and the floral shop didn't take any damage at all.

MARIA

That's...strange.

GEMMA

Who knows why some buildings could handle the quake and others couldn't? I'm just thankful that the bar didn't fall too, or I'd be looking for my entire family.

MARIA

I'm sorry, Gemma. I didn't mean to be insensitive. We're going to do our best for Ethan, and for anyone else under that rubble.

GEMMA

Thanks. I'll work on getting us some blood donors.

(pause, indecisive)

Please save my cousin, Doctor. Our family has already lost too much, and my mom...my mom is still somewhere under Gilly's.

(pause, clears throat)

I'm sorry. I know you'll do your best.

MARIA

Of course. I--

GEMMA

Yeah?

MARIA

Nevermind. Good luck out there.

3 EXT. GUNNAWAY WOODS - AFTERNOON

All is eerily silent, aside from **Mama Cherrie's groaning.**

MAMA CHERRIE
(groggy)
What in the hell...

Mama Cherrie stands up and starts walking.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)
Becky?

More walking.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Beck--
(groans in pain)
What the fuck...what happened?
(pause)
My head...
(pause, then alarmed)
blood?
(pause, then realization)
That little bitch shot me? I'm
gonna kill her. If I hadn't just
done that protection bath last
night...

Cherrie's phone rings. She keeps walking while she answers it.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)
August. It's back.

AUGUST (V.O.)
Oh thank god. I didn't know if you
were dead or alive. I just heard a
gunshot and...Listen, Ethan is hurt
bad. We need you to get to Doc
Torres right away. Ethan...Ethan
needs healing. The Doc won't be
able to help him.

MAMA CHERRIE
Okay, let me get to my car. I'll be
there soon as I can. Tell me what
happened with Ethan. If I'm lucky,
I'll have what I need in the trunk.

AUGUST (V.O.)
Earthquake, or something like it,
leveled downtown.
(MORE)

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Just the protected places are still
 standing. Ethan was inside Gilly's.
 (pause)
 So was Maisy.

MAMA CHERRIE
 Your daughter was there, too?
 August, I'm so sorry.
 (pause)
 Okay, so Ethan will definitely have
 some internal bleeding. You gave
 him Frizzled Hen?

AUGUST (V.O.)
 Yeah, but he was dead until I did.
 No pulse at all. But he was only
 down for a minute or two.

MAMA CHERRIE
 Okay, so his brain is still good.
 The 'Hen saved his life.
 (pause)
 Wait, why isn't he at Meltonville
 General?

AUGUST (V.O.)
 The damn thing took the bridges
 out. Can't make any calls outside
 of town either. It's smarter this
 time.

MAMA CHERRIE
 Shit. Okay. I should be able to
 heal him, but it won't be pretty.
 And it's gonna hurt. A lot.

The beep of a call coming through.

AUGUST (V.O.)
 Hold on. Rhonda's calling.

The click of a phone switching over. Background becomes
 downtown vs woods.

AUGUST
 Rhonda. What's going on?

RHONDA (V.O.)
 Ethan needs O negative blood.
 What's your type?

AUGUST
 O positive.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 (screaming)
 Fuck!

AUGUST
 Don't worry. I'm on the phone with
 Cherrie and she's on her way. Just
 keep giving him the drink and he'll
 be okay until she gets there.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 (shaky breath)
 Okay.
 (more certain)
 Okay. We're running low. Can you
 bring some more just in case?

AUGUST
 Of course. Let me finish filling
 Cherrie in so she can get
 everything she needs and I'll head
 right over.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 Thanks, August.

AUGUST
 We're family, Rhonda. And family
 always comes first. See you in a
 bit.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 Bye.

The phone clicks back over.

AUGUST
 Cherrie?

MAMA CHERRIE (V.O.)
 Ethan still okay?

AUGUST
 Yeah. Losing a lot of blood, needs
 O negative. The 'Hen is running low
 so I'm going to run some more out
 there just in case.

The sound of a trunk opening over the phone.

MAMA CHERRIE (V.O.)
 Well, I just made it back to my
 car.

(MORE)

MAMA CHERRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Looks like Becky took all my supplies, so I'm going to have to stop by the shop to grab what I need for Ethan. Speaking of Becky, did you know she's Agatha's niece?

Trunk closes, footsteps, then a door opens over the phone.

AUGUST

What? That Agatha?

MAMA CHERRIE (V.O.)

Yeah. And I think the book is controlling her. She and the sheriff are nowhere to be found.

AUGUST

Shit. You think they're heading this way?

MAMA CHERRIE (V.O.)

Where would you go if you wanted to destroy an entire town?

4 EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Becky and the sheriff hike through the woods towards town. The animals are silent as they approach them, but screech, altering to a predator, in the distance.

SHERIFF BOB

You know I oughta arrest you for hitting me upside the head. Still hurts something awful.

BECKY

I know, Sheriff. I'm so sorry. But like I said, we had work to do, and you were in the way. We saved lives, and while I would have loved for you to be a part of that with me, we had to do it without you.

SHERIFF BOB

So you say. Yet you still have me handcuffed.

BECKY

Merely an insurance policy. I want to trust you, Sheriff, I do. But you pointed a gun at me! How do I know you aren't working for the devil?

SHERIFF BOB

Now look here--

BECKY

I'm kidding, Bob.

(pause)

Listen, if you promise to help me and not hurt me, I'll take off the cuffs.

SHERIFF BOB

Becky, you know I'm not gonna hurt you.

BECKY

I thought I knew that. Then you drew on me.

SHERIFF BOB

Fair point. I'm not going to hurt you, though.

Bob clears his throat. Keys jingle as Becky unlocks the handcuffs.

BECKY

Better?

SHERIFF BOB

Much. Now you said we needed to get downtown to save more lives. What's that got to do with you? Or me for that matter?

BECKY

Well, you are the sheriff. At the very least you should be in town, seeing who needs assistance. And when I talked to August on the phone, he said downtown was basically flattened by the quake. The people need their leader.

(leans in)

And with the election coming up, I thought this would be a good chance to enhance your reputation and secure another win. You know, this town doesn't seem to care for you much. I can't imagine why.

SHERIFF BOB

Good point. These people don't know how good they have it. Might be I just need to show 'em. And you?

(MORE)

SHERIFF BOB (CONT'D)

Why do you need to risk your life
for these folks?

BECKY

That's where hoodoo comes in. I
need to prove that I'm capable of
protecting this town with magic.
Did you know hoodoo started as a
healing tradition? It wasn't until
slaves got desperate that they
started turning to magic to protect
themselves...and sometimes hurt
people that deserved it.

SHERIFF BOB

So you...want to heal people...with
magic? Spells? From that old book
you're carrying?

BECKY

I know it sounds far-fetched. And a
lot of folks are going to be beyond
help by the sounds of it, but the
least I can do is offer my
expertise to help those I can.
Don't you think this is the right
thing to do, Bob? Even if it
doesn't work, shouldn't we try
anyway?

SHERIFF BOB

As usual, you're right, Becky.
Smart girl.

(pause)

So how about giving my gun back?

BECKY

Oh, Sheriff. I would love to, but
you really scared me.

(chuckles)

Maybe just give me a little more
time to trust you again? I mean, it
turns out I'm a good shot.

SHERIFF BOB

Gotta say, much as I didn't care
for Cherrie, I'm sad to hear of her
passing.

BECKY

Me too. As bossy as she was, she
was really my only friend in town.
But once she got possessed, I-

(sniffles)

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

I didn't have a choice. I'm just glad I happened to grab your gun when I did. You saved me.

SHERIFF BOB

You did the right thing, darlin'. Taking a life is never easy, but sometimes folks leave us no choice. Just keep reminding yourself it wasn't Cherrie you killed--it was a demon. You were doing the Lord's work, if you ask me.

BECKY

Maybe when this is all over, then you and me can have a quiet little dinner?

SHERIFF BOB

I'd love that Becky. Truly. You're a beautiful woman. I just don't know why you'd be interested in me.

BECKY

Women love a man in uniform, what can I say?

ACT TWO

5 INT. DR TORRES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A heart rate monitor beeps with a steady rhythm.

RHONDA

Here baby, drink a little bit more
for mama.

Rhonda curls into the bed, **sobbing as quietly as she can.**

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Ethan, mama needs you to fight. I
can't lose you. I can't. I won't
survive it. I know it's not fair of
me to ask, but please, please stay
with me. I know you miss dad. I do,
too. But he's okay. I need you. I
won't be okay without you.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Okay, one straw left, but you don't
have to hold on much longer.
Grandpa will be here soon. Just
hold on a little longer, baby. You
can do this. We can do this.

MARIA

What are you doing?

Rhonda is shocked, and has no idea what to say. **She stutters a bit**, then opts to stay silent.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I asked what are you doing?

Determined footsteps come toward us. We hear **Maria sniff Ethan's breath.**

MARIA (CONT'D)

You're giving him alcohol? Look, I
know this is hard, but this is not
okay. Alcohol will thin his blood,
and that's the last thing he needs
right now.

RHONDA

No. This is exactly what he needs
right now. It's the only reason
he's still alive for you to save.

MARIA

I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to give that to me.

Rhonda finds strength in her rage.

RHONDA

No.

MARIA

Mrs. Caldwell, please. Be reasonable. Ethan is losing a lot of blood, and the little he has left needs to be able to clot well. Alcohol will only create a need for more blood, and may even kill him before we can get to a surgeon.

RHONDA

(more calmly)

I don't expect you to understand. This drink saved his life, and it's keeping him alive. If the situation is so dire, why wouldn't we try everything we possibly could--even if it doesn't make sense?

MARIA

I'm sorry, but I must insist. Please give me the glass so we can all remain calm...for Ethan's sake.

RHONDA

I said, no. I won't let you kill my son.

Struggling, then the sound of the glass breaking on the floor. **Rhonda wails.**

MARIA

Get out.

RHONDA

You better hope you didn't just kill my son because if you did, I swear on everything holy that I will kill you. Slowly.

Footsteps and the sound of paper towels being pulled from dispenser.

MARIA

What are you doing? I told you to leave.

RHONDA

Trying to salvage as much of this
as I can.

MARIA

I don't think you understand what's
happening here. I can not have you
in here after what I just saw. I'm
going to have to insist that you
leave. Now.

RHONDA

No.

MARIA

(sighs)

Fine. Have it your way.

(yelling)

Emily! Jamie! I need some help in
here!

Footsteps come running in.

RHONDA

No. Stay away from me.

(shrilly)

Get away from me.

MARIA

We need to get her out of here.

She's giving the child alcohol.

Sounds of struggling. **Rhonda's screaming and fighting** as hard
as she can.

RHONDA

You're killing him! No!

MARIA

Don't let her back in. Lock her out
of the office if you have to. Mrs.
Caldwell, I can't allow you to stay
in the room, but if you want to
stay in this office with your son,
you're going to have to calm down.

RHONDA

(defeated)

You're going to kill him. You're
killing my baby. He's dying. We
both know that. What if I'm right
and this is saving him?

MARIA

I'm sorry, Mrs. Caldwell, but it's only hurting him. You can't be in here.

The heart monitor keeps beeping. The door closes with a sense of finality.

RHONDA WAILS AND SOBS IN THE HALLWAY, GETTING MORE DISTANT AND HOLLOW UNTIL WE ARRIVE AT:

6 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - AFTERNOON

Sounds of debris being cleared and townspeople mumbling and crying, calling the names of missing loved ones. August is walking, and Kelly runs to catch up.

KELLY

'ey August! Gemma and Dana are setting up a tent thingy to tend to folks in. Maria's setting up the morgue behind the old movie theater.

AUGUST

(sighs)

Doctor Torres? I thought she was at her office taking care of Ethan?

KELLY

Oh, she is, for now. The morgue is later.

AUGUST

Okay, well I need to get to her office now, so if you'll excuse me...

August stops walking for a moment.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Why don't you focus on helping clear debris and find survivors?

KELLY

Because there aren't any.

Hurried footsteps approach, crunching glass and debris underfoot.

ANDRE

August! August!

AUGUST

Andre. What's up? I need to get to Doctor Torres' office to help with Ethan. Can it wait?

Andre clears his throat.

ANDRE

August. I'm so sorry, but we found Maisy. She--she didn't make it.

August clears his throat and sniffles, but doesn't speak.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Would you prefer to tell Gemma or do you want me to do it?

August clears his throat again.

AUGUST

Can you tell her? I need to get to Ethan, and I know she's been worried sick. As bad as the news is, at least she can stop worrying about her mom.

ANDRE

Sure thing. I'm really sorry, August. Please let me know if there's anything else I can do. I'll go find Gemma.

Andre's heavy footsteps depart.

KELLY

I'm sorry, too, August. For what it's worth, Maisy regrets straining y'all's relationship with her drug use. And she says she's sorry you had to raise Gemma.

AUGUST

(sighs)

Thanks Kelly, but I really need to go.

August starts walking, with Kelly following close behind.

KELLY

I'll walk with you. And I know you think I'm just hearing voices again. But she's real. Her voice is real.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

I can tell the difference between the fake ones and the real ones.

(pause)

She said to tell you she's stuck, but that Jackson is okay, and that Ethan is gonna be okay too.

AUGUST

Please stop, Kelly. Just stop. This is the last thing I need right now. Even if you think there are no survivors, the least you can do is help folks recover their dead.

KELLY

I--Okay, August. If that'll help you, I'll do that. For a friend. My best friend.

GEMMA

(from the distance)

Pops!

Gemma comes running up, again crunching glass and debris underfoot. **August and Gemma both sob**, muffled, because they're embracing each other.

AUGUST

(muffled)

I'm sorry, baby girl. I'm so sorry.

GEMMA

(muffled)

Me too, Pops. Me too.

August pulls away, and his voice is clear now.

AUGUST

We need to get to Doctor Torres'. Rhonda's almost out of Frizzled Hen.

A thermos with ice shakes.

August's phone rings, but he ignores it.

GEMMA

What Ethan needs is blood.

AUGUST

Well, until we can find him some blood, the Hen is the best we've got.

It immediately rings again, and he picks up.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Hello?

RHONDA (V.O.)

August! Doctor Torres took the drink and kicked me out of the room! I need you to get down here now!

Over the phone, we hear the faint sound of the heart monitor flatlining and multiple people rushing to Ethan's room. While Rhonda begins running to Ethan, August says:

AUGUST
Okay, I'm on my way.

RHONDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's flatlining! My baby's dying! No! No, no no no no.
(yelling)
Save him! This is your fault! You're killing him you heartless bitch! Let me help him!

We hear the phone drop, and the call disconnects.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Rhonda? Rhonda!
(pause)
Shit. Ethan's heart stopped, Gemma.

GEMMA

No. No!

August dials Rhonda while he and Gemma run, but gets a busy signal.

AUGUST

Come on, ring dammit.

HE TRIES THE CALL AGAIN, GETTING ANOTHER BUSY SIGNAL.
SOUNDS OF DOWNTOWN FADE, BUT THE BUSY SIGNAL REMAINS AS
WE ARRIVE AT:

7 INT. HANK GRIMES' HOME - GUNNAWAY - AFTERNOON

A busy signal comes from a speakerphone. Water from an aquarium trickles softly in the background.

HANK

What the heck is happening in this town?

The whooshing sound of an email being sent, then the ping of the arrival of a new email immediately after.

HANK (CONT'D)
Even emails won't go through?!
(pause)
Okay, think Hank.

Hank starts breathing heavily, his breaths getting more shaky.

HANK (CONT'D)
Calm down. Calm down. It's okay.
You're okay. I am okay.

One final shaky breath as Hank calms himself.

HANK (CONT'D)
Right, Bubbles? We're okay. We're okay. We aren't stuck here. The lines and towers are probably just overwhelmed with people calling 911 and trying to reach their families. Perfectly reasonable. Happens with any major disaster.

Hank clears his throat.

HANK (CONT'D)
Okay, Bubbles. How about I talk this through with you since I can't reach anyone at the university?

Hank's only answer is the sound of water in the aquarium circulating.

HANK (CONT'D)
I mean, fish aren't seismologists, but I've got that part covered. You've just gotta listen.
(pause)
Okay, so this definitely felt like an earthquake, but the readings don't look like a quake. Multiple epicenters. The main one downtown reading at 6.5. The cemetery and the woods are just 1.5.
(pause)
Absolutely no readings outside of town at all. Well, maybe there are, but I just can't reach them to get the data.
(pause)
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

More than that, how is there even that strong of an earthquake here? There's no fault line. The only reason we have sensors is because of all this fracking nonsense, and fracking does not explain this at all.

Hank starts breathing heavily again. A pill bottle rattles.

HANK (CONT'D)

Okay. Maybe let's just table this for now, Bubbles? Get this anxiety under control, then I can think. Good idea, Bubbles. Good idea. I knew I could count on you.

ACT THREE

8 INT. DR TORRES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Cherrie opens the office door to hear **Rhonda wailing** in the distance. Faintly, she can hear the **sobs of a man, and a young woman -- August and Gemma**. Otherwise, all is eerily quiet.

MARIA

Cherrie. You're hurt. Let me check you out.

MAMA CHERRIE

I'm fine. Bullet just grazed me.

MARIA

A bullet? You need stitches. And a concussion evaluation. And as a retired nurse, you know that.

MAMA CHERRIE

(frustrated)

I said I'm fine, Maria. I'll take care of it later. Right now, my family needs me.

Cherrie walks slowly toward the sounds of mourning until she arrives at the room, the door open.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)

August. Rhonda. I'm so sorry.

AUGUST

I know you tried. The doc took the Hen away from Rhonda. There's nothing any of us could have done at that point.

MAMA CHERRIE

She took it?

AUGUST

Yeah.

MAMA CHERRIE

That...Excuse me for--

Mama Cherrie starts to walk away, but Gemma's words bring her to a halt.

GEMMA

What the fuck is wrong with the 2
of you? If hoodoo was so god damn
effective, why is Ethan dead? Why
is mom dead? Why is
(voice rising)
half the fucking town dead?

MAMA CHERRIE

Gemma...

GEMMA

No. I held my tongue before. I was
skeptical when Pops asked us to let
him give Ethan the drink, but I
trusted you, Pops.

AUGUST

Gemma, calm down. That drink kept
him alive. He'd still be alive if
the doc hadn't taken it from
Rhonda.

GEMMA

No. That's ridiculous and you know
it. A cocktail is not going to
magically heal internal bleeding.
It didn't magically heal anything
at all. If it had, Ethan would
still be breathing. And y'all
wonder why I didn't want to be your
apprentice, Cherrie.

RHONDA

(weakly)
Please, stop.

GEMMA

I'm sorry, Rhonda. But that doctor
didn't kill Ethan. Pops and Cherrie
did, putting their faith in
bullshit that doesn't even make
sense instead of in modern
medicine. They're no better than
those people who refuse medical
intervention because they think god
will save them.

MAMA CHERRIE

Gemma, I know you're hurting right
now. I know you're looking to hold
someone or something responsible.

(MORE)

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)

But nobody in this building is responsible for this. Especially not your granddaddy and me.

GEMMA

You are unbelievable. What makes you--

Rhonda mutters unintelligibly, then slumps in her chair, falling to the floor.

AUGUST

Rhonda!

ETHAN

(ghostly voice)
Mom!

GEMMA

Don't touch her. She just fainted. I'll take her to the tent and take care of her there. The last thing she needs is y'all's kind of help fucking her up even more. She just lost her son. Hoodoo damn sure ain't gonna fix that.

Gemma stomps from the room, leaving everyone in stunned silence.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Doc, Rhonda fainted. I'm going to take her to the med tent. Want to ride with us?

MARIA

Yeah. I'm not much use here anymore. Maybe at least there I can help someone.

ETHAN

(ghostly voice)
Gemma...don't...her....fault.

MARIA

Ow!

GEMMA

What?

MARIA

Nothing. Could have sworn something scratched my face.

9

EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - AFTERNOON

The sounds of people clearing debris has gotten less frantic. More people are in the streets sobbing than before.

GEMMA

(exhausted, but mostly professional)

Dana, we lost Ethan. Rhonda fainted. Think you can keep an eye on her?

DANA

I'm so sorry, Gem. I've got her. Is there anything else I can do? For you, or for her?

GEMMA

A sedative probably wouldn't hurt her either.

DANA

You got it. She's in good hands, here Gemma.

GEMMA

I'm going to drive around and check on some of our frequent flyers and other housebound folks. There's gotta be other people who survived. Some people. Not sure how much use this tent, or we, can be unless we find survivors.

DANA

Yeah, okay. I'll hold down the fort. You do what you gotta do.

(pause)

Sorry to hear about your mom, by the way. Let me know if you need anything.

GEMMA

Thanks. I think I just need to work. Keep my mind off of it for now.

(pause)

Ready, Doc?

MARIA

Yeah.

(pause, somewhat flirty)

Nice to finally meet you, Dana.

DANA
 (flirty back, but
 awkwardly so)
 Nice to meet you as well.

Maria and Gemma walk away, and Dana dials a number on her sat phone, but gets a busy signal.

DANA (CONT'D)
 This place is wild. Even my sat phone isn't working. How am I supposed to do my job completely cut off from the main office?

10 EXT. MAKESHIFT MORGUE - AFTERNOON

All is quiet in this part of town. The only sounds we hear are of those of people setting up a tent, and wrapping bodies in trash bags, and covering them with sheets.

ANDRE
 Hey, Gemma, Doc. As you can see, we found a little popup canopy, and we've started to line up the bodies so they're ready for identification. Most folks are all in one piece, but we've got a couple stray limbs with no body yet.

GEMMA
 Thanks, Andre. I'm going to head out and start checking houses for survivors.

ANDRE
 No problem, Gemma. Thanks for your help.

Gemma walks away.

MARIA
 And thanks to you too, Andre. I appreciate you getting started on this while I was tending to Ethan.

Maria chokes a bit at the last part of that sentence. She's not taking his death well.

ANDRE
 I'm real sorry to hear he didn't make it. I know you did your best.

MARIA

(uncertain)

I tried.

(more certain)

Rhonda blames me. I took away this drink she was convinced was keeping him alive.

ANDRE

Yeah, August told her to give him that. They both believed it. I don't understand it, but I do know Ethan was gone, and after that drink, he had a pulse.

MARIA

Don't tell me you think that shit healed him somehow, too.

ANDRE

I don't know what to think, truth be told. I just know they believed in it.

MARIA

Yeah, well people also believe a con man with a robe can lay hands on someone and cure them of cancer. Doesn't make it true.

ANDRE

But some things do defy explanation. Who are we to say what actually works and what doesn't?

MARIA

We don't. Science does. Science tells us giving alcohol to a child with internal bleeding causes harm.
(convincing herself)

This wasn't on me.

ANDRE

Not saying it was, Doc. I'm just saying there's a lot going on right now that no one seems to be able to explain.

Footsteps approach.

KELLY

'ey Andre! Maria!

MARIA

Kelly, for the last time, it's Doctor Torres. And if you can't manage that, I'll settle for Doctor Maria at this point. I busted my ass for that degree and I'd appreciate a little respect.

KELLY

My bad, M--I mean, Doc. Can I call you Doc?

MARIA

Sure.

(under her breath)

Everyone else seems to. Fucking small towns.

KELLY

Thanks, Doc. Anyway, I just wanted to tell you not to drink the water.

MARIA

(exasperated)

And why is that, Kelly?

KELLY

'Cause it's poisoned.

MARIA

(dismissive)

Okay, Kelly. Sure.

KELLY

Great! I'm going to go back across the way and help out Dana.

Kelly walks away, whistling all the way.

MARIA

God, that guy is a nutjob.

ANDRE

Maybe. But he's kind. And I think kindness matters more than perfect sanity. So please don't call him that around me. He's been nothing but nice to me and that's more than I can say for most of this town.

MARIA

Sorry. I get it--maybe not as bad as you, but rural towns aren't exactly good to immigrants either.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

We're barely treated better than
trans folks sometimes.

ANDRE

People always need someone to make
them feel superior. And it's easy
to pretend you're better than
somebody when you don't see them as
human. Us--you and me--being
here...they may not like us, but us
existing and moving through the
world...that's how we eventually
change hearts.

MARIA

Cheers to that.

11 EXT. ABOVE CAVE - AFTERNOON

The cave below ground sounds as if it's breathing. Water
drips. Above ground, we hear voices:

BECKY

This is it.

SHERIFF BOB

This is what? We're not even close
to downtown.

BECKY

This is where you die.

The ground falls out from beneath them both. **They scream as
they fall.** We hear two separate splashes as they both fall
into deep water underground.