

TEASER

1

EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - MEDICAL TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

1

Ambient sounds of sobbing; debris being cleared. **Rhonda groans** as she awakens.

RHONDA

(groggy)

Where am I?

DANA

(gentle and patient)

Hey, Rhonda. You fainted at Dr. Torres' office and Gemma brought you here so I could look after you.

(pause)

Here, take a sip of some water.

**Rhonda sips** from a cup.

RHONDA

(groggy and despondent)

Thank you.

(pause)

Where is Gemma?

DANA

She's out checking on our homebound folks.

RHONDA

(disappointed)

Oh.

**Rhonda takes another sip.**

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Do you know when she'll be back?

DANA

I'm sorry. I don't.

(pause)

Try to drink a little more water. I'd just set you up on an IV if I could, but we need to save--

RHONDA

(no longer groggy)

What the fuck is she doing here?

MARIA

Mrs. Caldwell, I--

RHONDA  
No. Don't you dare.

DANA  
I think maybe we should--

RHONDA  
No. She killed my son.

MARIA  
Mrs. Caldwell, Ethan--

RHONDA  
Do not say his name.

Rhonda stands up.

DANA  
Rhonda, please, sit down.

Maria backs away from Rhonda and into a stand with a metal tray, sending it clattering onto the floor.

RHONDA  
Do you remember what I said I'd do  
if you killed my son?

MARIA  
(confused)  
What?

RHONDA  
(chuckles darkly)  
Of course you don't remember. I  
said I'd kill you. Slowly.

MARIA  
Rhonda, you need to calm down.  
(more alarmed)  
Dana, do we have any sedatives?

DANA  
On it.

RHONDA  
Dana, I have no issue with you.  
Stay out of this.

MARIA  
(very alarmed)  
Rhonda...Rhonda, stop. Put that  
down.

RHONDA

(angry at first, then as  
the drugs kick in more  
groggy)

Ow! What the...wh...what did  
you...give...?

Rhonda slumps and Dana and Maria catch her.

DANA

(straining under Rhonda's  
weight)

She'll be out for a couple of hours  
at least. Are you okay?

A cot squeaks as they drop Rhonda back onto it.

MARIA

(unsettled)

Me? Uh...yeah. I'm okay.

(recovering her  
confidence)

I think we might need to find  
another place for her when she  
wakes up. It's a bit hard to take  
care of people if someone is trying  
to murder me.

ACT ONE

2 INT. AUGUST'S BAR

2

Ambience: **somber chatter**, glasses clinking, **some sobbing**.

MAMA CHERRIE

August, hand me the peach syrup and tonic water, will you?

AUGUST

Making some more Frizzled Hen mix?

MAMA CHERRIE

Yeah, I have a feeling this is just the beginning and we're gonna need it. How are we on the bitters?

AUGUST

Good. I just opened the last jar you made, so we have enough for the whole town...or what's left of it at least.

MAMA CHERRIE

Finally. At least something's going our way. Is it in the back?

AUGUST

Yeah. I'll go grab it.

Footsteps signal August's departure.

KELLY

(from across the bar)  
Mama Cherrie!

Kelly runs up to the bar.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Glad I caught you! Did August tell you not to drink the water?

MAMA CHERRIE

He told me you said it wasn't safe.

KELLY

(claps hands)  
Excellent!  
(pause)  
Whatcha makin'?

MAMA CHERRIE  
Some more Frizzled Hen mix.

KELLY  
Oh good. We're gonna need that for sure.

MAMA CHERRIE  
How do you mean?

KELLY  
Just...it's been a rough day. I think we could all use a drink.

MAMA CHERRIE  
(skeptical)  
Mmmm hmmm.

Footsteps as August returns.

AUGUST  
Here you are, milady.

August turns a faucet on, and it immediately starts sputtering, while Kelly says:

KELLY  
Don't use the water!

AUGUST  
Looks like no one will be using any water. The underground pipes must have gotten damaged.

KELLY  
Oh thank goodness.

AUGUST  
Kelly, there's a couple of cases of bottled water in the storage room. Go grab one for us, will you?

KELLY  
Sure thing, boss.

Kelly's footsteps depart, him whistling as he walks away.

MAMA CHERRIE  
You were right. It is smarter than last time.  
(lowers voice)  
Let's talk somewhere with less ears.

AUGUST

The back. Last thing we need is folks panicking or looking at us like we're crazy.

A swinging door rocks on its hinges as August and Cherrie walk into the back. Ambient sounds are muffled and diminished here, but **August and Cherrie keep their voices down** just in case.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Okay. The quake was targeted, that's for sure. Downtown, the bridges...and whatever it's doing to block calls outside of town...

MAMA CHERRIE

(finishing August's sentence)

..and this all ties back to Agatha Williams somehow.

AUGUST

Right. So, back in '95, the book came, possessed Agatha, then sacrificed her and her friend.

MAMA CHERRIE

Which gave it enough power to fuel the heat wave. And that god awful wind and the sandstorms.

AUGUST

So how is it stronger this time without any sacrifices at all?

MAMA CHERRIE

There's gotta be something in Becky and Agatha's bloodline.

AUGUST

You thinkin' they're somehow related to the book?

MAMA CHERRIE

It's the only thing that makes sense.

AUGUST

True. We have more power against it because of our heritage, so it makes sense that it would have more power when using its descendants.

MAMA CHERRIE

But how is it even here without a blood sacrifice? And how did it bring its little friends with it?

AUGUST

Maybe the dirt from Agatha's grave was enough to kickstart it.

MAMA CHERRIE

(angry)

I swear if I ever get my hands on that child...

AUGUST

Oh I'm sure she'll make an appearance again. Unless the book killed her already.

MAMA CHERRIE

Something tells me it hasn't.

AUGUST

What do you mean?

MAMA CHERRIE

When I came to, Becky and Bob were gone. If the book was going to kill Becky for power, why bother with Bob?

AUGUST

Good point. So the book is keeping her alive because it's not done yet.

MAMA CHERRIE

Seems that way.

AUGUST

Think we should start giving out Frizzled Hen to anyone who wants it?

MAMA CHERRIE

The 'Hen is healing work, not protection. It only helps after someone's been hurt through supernatural means.

AUGUST

So how can we protect people?

MAMA CHERRIE

We can't. I don't have enough supplies to make mojo bags for everyone. And let's be honest, most folks wouldn't wear them anyway.

(pause)

But...it won't hurt to give everyone some 'Hen. Who knows what else that book has done.

AUGUST

Okay then. Let's go give the people something to soothe their frayed nerves.

3 INT. HANK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

3

Water from an aquarium softly trickles in the distance. Hank is shuffling papers, unfolding maps, and **mumbling** to himself. Finally, he wheels over and smooths out a map on a table.

HANK

Okay Bubbles! Let's connect the dots, shall we?

His only answer is more sounds from the aquarium.

HANK (CONT'D)

Let's start with why the quakes lasted so long.

(pause)

Probably because the ground is clay? Yeah. Good thinking, Bubbles.

Trickle from the aquarium.

HANK (CONT'D)

But that doesn't explain 5 separate simultaneous quakes. Or the larger one later.

Hank rustles a paper map.

HANK (CONT'D)

So...it looks like the epicenters are here...here...here...and on the bridges out of town in both directions.

(pause)

It's almost like something is trying to cut us off.

(fearful chuckle)

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Oh boy. Okay Hank. Just breathe.  
 Breathe.

**Hank takes several deep breaths.**

HANK (CONT'D)  
 I have got to remember to talk to  
 the doctor about upping my dose or  
 trying some different meds.  
 (pause)  
 Hey Suzy?

An electronic voice replies:

SUZY  
 How can I help you?

HANK  
 Set a reminder to call the doctor  
 tomorrow at 9 AM.

There's a pause while the AI thinks.

SUZY  
 Done.

HANK  
 Thanks, Suzy.  
 (pause)  
 Okay...so what do bridges, the  
 Sheriff's house, the woods, the  
 cemetery, and downtown have in  
 common?

Hank wheels over to another desk and rummages through some papers.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Well, Bubbles, they don't have  
 anything in common above ground,  
 but maybe they have something in  
 common underground.

More papers shuffling.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Aha! I knew I had it!  
 (pause)  
 Look, Bubbles. An underground map.  
 (pause)  
 Now let's see...

The aquarium trickles softly in the background.

HANK (CONT'D)

(confused)

This...this can't be right.  
Nothing? No aquifers, no caves?

(pause)

Well, I guess that makes sense.  
Kind of hard to have caves with no  
rock.

(pause)

But there has to be something  
linking all these places.

Hank's phone rings. He picks it up almost right away.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Hello! We've been trying to reach  
you about your car's extended--

Hank hangs up.

HANK

(annoyed, panicking  
slightly)

No outside calls but I can get spam  
calls?

(rising voice)

Seriously?

(pause, then excited)

Wait...they spoofed the number to  
look like it was coming from town.  
Maybe I can do the same to get a  
call out of town.

Hank begins clicking and typing away on his computer.

HANK (CONT'D)

Sweet!

(pause)

Okay. Here we go.

A phone rings...and rings...and rings.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well, Bubbles. The good news is  
that spoofing worked. The bad news  
is that no one is picking up.

(pause)

Oh! Yes! Good idea. The hospital is  
always open.

The phone rings again...over and over and over.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Okay, that's not right.

Hank dials again. The phone rings and rings until he hangs up.

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Ooooookay. None...  
 (gasp, fighting off a  
 panic attack)  
 of this  
 (gasp)  
 makes sense.  
 (gasp)  
 I moved...  
 (gasp)  
 here to avoid  
 (gasps)  
 quakes.

Hank **gasps for breath.**

HANK (CONT'D)  
 Oh god.  
 (gasp)  
 Bubbles.  
 (gasp)  
 Not dying...

The aquarium trickles while **Hank gasps, his breaths getting more and more strained.**

There's a knock at the door.

4 INT. AUGUST'S BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

4

Ambience: **somber chatter**, sounds of debris being cleared outside.

August taps a spoon against a glass and the chatter quiets.

AUGUST  
 Good afternoon, everyone.

**August clears his throat.**

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
 (somber tone)  
 Today has obviously been a hard day  
 for us all.  
 (pause)  
 Some of you...lost someone.  
 (MORE)

AUGUST (CONT'D)

And some of you are still looking  
for the people you love.

(pause)

I wish I could fix that for all of  
you. I...

(clears throat)

truly do. But, what I can do is  
give everyone a safe place, water  
to drink, snacks to eat...

(in a happier voice)

and a Frizzled Hen, on the house.

**Chatter gets loud and excited.** August taps the glass again.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Just line up right here.

Footsteps as people make their way to the line at the bar.  
The chatter picks back up, much more upbeat than before.  
Then, the **chatter starts to take on an angry note.**

AUGUST (CONT'D)

(stern)

No need to cut in line, or any of  
that nonsense. There's enough for  
you all. Please, everyone, be kind.  
Let's not add to today's heartache.

The chatter settles down, returning to a more somber tone.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Here you go, Martha.

(pause as he waits for the  
next person to approach)

Hi there.

MAMA CHERRIE

(under her breath)

Dear Lord. Look who's coming. Let  
me get out of here before I say  
something.

A bell rings as the door opens. Two sets of footsteps enter:  
heels and men's dress shoes.

DON

(confident, yet clueless)

Everyone, please remain calm!

The bar falls dead silent. Don's footsteps approach August.

DON (CONT'D)

Hey there, August. Glad to see  
everyone congregating here, yeah?

AUGUST

Yeah, I figured folks would need a place to...

DON

'Course it's the only building standing, so there's nowhere else folks can go.

AUGUST

Well except for the church and floral shop. But, we've got water and...

DON

(annoyed that August organized this all without him because he wants to be the hero)

I see.

Heeled footsteps approach.

KAREN

(overly nice to the point of sounding fake)

August! So nice to see you.

AUGUST

(obviously annoyed)

Hello, Karen.

KAREN

(offended, but pretending not to be)

Well.

(pause, then overly cheerful)

Don, honey, it looks like you've got everything under control here. I'm going to run over to the med tent and help out over there. Maybe I can put my shiny new CPR certification to good use!

A quick peck between Don and Karen.

DON

Bye, sweetheart. Knock 'em dead!

**Don clears his throat** uncomfortably, realizing that probably wasn't the best thing to say.

Karen's heeled footsteps trot out of the bar. The door opens, ringing the bell and announcing her departure.

DON (CONT'D)

As I was saying, August...I've got it from here.

AUGUST

(aghast at the audacity)  
Now, Don--

DON

Oh, don't get me wrong, August. The town definitely appreciates you offering your place of business as a safe haven, but I think it's important that a city official take over operations, don't you?

AUGUST

To be honest--

DON

Are you...giving everyone alcohol?

AUGUST

And water, and food. Yes.

DON

(seeing a chance to knock August down a peg)  
Now, August...do you really think getting folks drunk during a situation like this will be helpful?

AUGUST

It's one drink, Don. Nobody's getting drunk.

DON

Even so...alcohol...well, it's just plain bad, but especially in a situation like this.

Quick, light footsteps approach.

KELLY

(flat, not his usually cheerful self because he doesn't like Don...no one does)  
Hey, Don.

DON  
(deeply annoyed)  
Kelly.

KELLY  
(seemingly genuine, but  
obviously saying it just  
to put Don in his place)  
Can you believe August has managed  
to get this all set up in just an  
hour? The man's amazing!

DON  
August is a blessing to the town of  
Gunnaway, that's for sure. But now  
that I'm here--

KELLY  
Don, you haven't drank the water,  
right?

DON  
What?

KELLY  
The water. You haven't had any,  
right?

DON  
No...I haven't. I was heading down  
here when a sinkhole opened up a  
couple blocks away.  
(somehow painting himself  
as a victim and a hero at  
the same time)  
Swallowed up my brand new Corvette.  
Karen and I were lucky to escape  
with our lives. I thought God was  
calling us home! But I guess He's  
not done working through me yet!

AUGUST  
(annoyed and ready to get  
out of this conversation)  
Can I get you a bottle of water,  
Don?

DON  
You know what? That would be  
fantastic. I probably do need a  
little time to decompress after my  
brush with death.

(pause)  
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)  
 And I'll take a drink too...since  
 they're on the house.

5 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - MEDICAL TENT - LATE AFTERNOON 5

Ambience: sounds of debris being cleared, some light sobbing,  
 but mostly everyone has either given up, or tired themselves  
 out.

KAREN  
 Dana! Maria! Wonderful to see you  
 lovely ladies.

MARIA  
 Uh...hi, Karen.

KAREN  
 So I don't know if you knew this  
 about me, but I just got my CPR and  
 first aid certifications last  
 month. Great timing, huh?

MARIA  
 (falsely enthusiastic)  
 Great!  
 (pause)  
 You know...we could use some help  
 sorting out supplies. Do you think  
 you can handle that for us? Just  
 until we have a patient, of course.

KAREN  
 You got it, Doc!

Karen walks away.

DANA  
 Well this oughta be fun.

MARIA  
 Tons.

Footsteps limp along the ground outside the tent, as a woman  
 approaches.

WOMAN  
 Help! Can anyone help?

KAREN  
 (from the other side of  
 the tent)  
 I've got her!

Karen trots out.

MARIA  
Ay, dios mío.

Maria and Dana follow Karen out.

KAREN  
(overly cheerful)  
Here, ma'am. Have a seat. I'm just going to get your temperature and blood pressure real quick!

DANA	WOMAN
I don't think temperature is important here today.	I'm not even hurt! I found someone. A man. He's...

KAREN  
Oh.  
(pause, then overly cheerful again)  
Take me to him! Dana, can you hand me that first aid kit?

Dana gives Karen the first aid kit. Karen and the woman walk away.

MARIA  
(under her breath)  
Why couldn't she have been at Gilly's?

**Dana chuckles, somewhat shyly.**

DANA  
Should we really be letting her take care of anyone, Dr. Torres?

MARIA  
Call me Maria. And no.

DANA  
(flirty)  
Then after you, Maria.

We follow them as they approach Karen. In the near distance, we hear:

KAREN  
One, two, three, four, five, six...  
(stops to catch breath)  
Wow, this is really hard.

MARIA  
What are you doing?

KAREN  
(inappropriately excited)  
CPR! It stands for cardiopulmonary-  
-

MARIA  
I know what it stands for Karen.  
Why are you doing CPR?

KAREN  
(dismissive)  
Look, I don't have time to chat. A  
man's life is at stake here!

MARIA  
Karen.

**Karen is fervently counting as she performs CPR.**

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Karen!

Ribs crunch and protest against Karen's compressions.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Karen!  
(leaning close, through  
her teeth)  
This guy is dead. You can't bring  
him back.

KAREN  
(in time with  
compressions)  
Four...Yes...I...can...Eight...  
Nine...

The popcorn of broken ribs punctuate each compression.

MARIA  
(quietly)  
Karen. Look at his arms. Lividity.  
This guy's been dead at least a  
couple of hours. You. can't. bring.  
him. back.  
(through her teeth)  
And you are traumatizing this poor  
woman. She's never going to forget  
that sound. Stop.

KAREN  
 (offended)  
 Well! No good deed goes unpunished.

MARIA  
 (exasperated)  
 Karen, I am both a doctor and the town coroner. I'm pretty sure I know dead when I see it.  
 (fake cheer)  
 Maybe you can be of more use at the morgue tent? I imagine being the town realtor means you know a lot of people? We need help identifying the remains, and notifying and comforting next of kin. I can't think of a better person for that job.

KAREN  
 (not buying it)  
 I see what you're doing, Maria. If you don't want me here, just say so.

MARIA  
 Okay. I don't want you here.

KAREN  
 (scoffs)  
 Fine. I should be helping the grateful anyway.

Karen's heels click as she walks away angrily.

DANA  
 She's gonna be a problem.

MARIA  
 Yup.

6 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - MORGUE TENT

6

Ambience: Water dripping into a bucket, a sponge being wrung out.

Karen's angry steps click loudly across the asphalt, coming toward us.

KAREN  
 Andre!

Her steps speed up.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Andre!

ANDRE

(annoyed because nobody  
likes this woman)

Hi Karen. What can I do for you?

KAREN

Oh! I'm here to help you! Dr.  
Torres and Dana apparently just  
want to be alone to flirt and  
kicked me out of the medical tent.  
You'd think they'd prioritize  
saving lives over

(whispers)

s-e-x,

(normal voice)

but their moral compass is  
obviously skewed.

ANDRE

I doubt that, Karen. They both care  
very much about helping people.

KAREN

If they did, then I'd be there  
instead of here.

(pause)

But I digress. What can I help you  
with?

ANDRE

Well, as you can see, we've got a  
lot of bodies. Mary's already  
cleaned about half of them, but  
we'd like to get the rest done  
before dark.

KAREN

(squeamish)

Do you really need me to do that? I  
just feel like my skills as a  
certified medical professional  
could be put to better use.

ANDRE

Folks are being traumatized after  
seeing their loved ones all bloody  
and broken. So yes, we need help.  
This is important and necessary.  
Sometimes we all have to do work  
that we feel is beneath us for the  
greater good.

KAREN

Fine. I'll help out for a little while.

ANDRE

Great. Mary filled this bucket from a hydrant already.

(pause)

Oh, and here's a sponge.

KAREN

(grossed out)

A sponge? You want me...to give a corpse a sponge bath?

ANDRE

Well, yeah. There's no running water so we can't exactly hose them down. And, frankly, the dead should be treated with dignity. You should be honored. Cultures worldwide bathe their dead as a final act of kindness.

KAREN

(with disgust)

Yeah, Jewish people. And this is a Christian town. And Christians don't give sponge baths to their dead.

ANDRE

Look...you can help or not. If you don't want to be of service to your community, I'm happy to do it.

KAREN

No no no. I'll do it. I just don't agree with it is all.

ANDRE

Thank you, Karen.

Andre walks a few steps away.

KAREN

(shouting)

Can I at least get some gloves?

**Karen scoffs** at the lack of reply.

Karen dips the sponge into the bucket of water, takes a few steps and removes a trash bag that covered a corpse.

She begins to clean it, none too gently, dripping water all over the place, while saying:

KAREN (CONT'D)

(angry)

This is such a waste of my time and talent.

(pause)

And it's pretty obvious that those lesbians

(normal voice)

care more about their ungodly--

KELLY

What are you doing? Stop!

KAREN

My goodness, Kelly! You scared me!

Karen wrings the sponge over the bucket, dips it back in, wrings it again, then takes a few steps toward another body.

KELLY

I said stop!

Karen removes another bag from a corpse and begins cleaning it.

KAREN

(annoyed)

Stop what?

KELLY

Using the water! Put that down.

Karen drops the sponge in the bucket, splashing it on herself. Kelly jumps back.

KAREN

(horrified)

Look what you made me do!  
I've got...corpse water...on  
my designer blouse!

KELLY (CONT'D)

Be careful!

KELLY (CONT'D)

(somber)

Well, that is very unfortunate for you.

KAREN

Kelly, I don't have time for this.  
I'm trying to be of service to my  
community.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

You should try it sometime. As you can see, there are a lot of bodies to clean up. Here, take--

Kelly jumps back again.

KELLY

Not with water!

KAREN

Pray tell, what else should we be using to clean them?

(malicious)

Your precious alcohol?

KELLY

Well...yes. The water is bad.

KAREN

It's not like we're drinking it.

KELLY

I said put it down!

Kelly steps back toward Karen.

KAREN

(struggling)

Let go of me!

Andre stomps back toward Kelly and Karen.

ANDRE

(with authority)

What's going on here?

KAREN

Kelly just attacked me!

KELLY

I did not! I'm just trying to help her. And the town. This water is bad. We can't use it.

ANDRE

(fed up)

Okay. Everyone out.

KAREN

But--

ANDRE

I said out. You too, Kelly.

KELLY

I'm going! Just please promise me you won't use the water, Andre. Please.

ANDRE

I--Kelly, I can't promise that. There's work to be done.

KELLY

(begging)

Please, Andre. Please. I'm begging you.

(pause, then confident)

I won't leave until you promise.

ANDRE

(sighs)

Fine, Kelly. I won't use the water. I'll figure something else out. Happy?

KELLY

Very.

(pause, then very sincerely)

Thank you, Andre. Thank you for believing me.

KAREN

Why are you listening to this lunatic? You know he hears voices, right?

ANDRE

(insistent)

Goodbye, Karen.

7

INT. HANK'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

7

The aquarium trickles in the background. A knock sounds at the door again. **Hank strains to breathe.**

GEMMA

(from outside the door, concerned)

Hank! Are you there?!

Hank knocks something down, making it crash to the floor.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Hank! I'm coming in!

Gemma tries the door handle, and **sighs with relief** to find it unlocked. The door opens, and **Hank strains to breathe again.**

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Hank! It's okay.

(calm and soothing, in an attempt to calm Hank)

I'm here now. What's going on? Panic attack?

HANK

(wheezing)

Ye..yes.

Gemma rustles through her bag while saying:

GEMMA

When was your last dose?

HANK

(gasping)

About...an hour...

GEMMA

Okay, I've got you. Here you go. Just a little pinch.

Gemma gives Hank an injection.

**Hank's breaths slowly go from wheezing to normal.**

HANK

(weakly)

Thank you.

GEMMA

Of course.

HANK

(confused)

Why...why are you here?

GEMMA

(with a kind smile)

I'm making rounds to check on all my favorite patients. We've got a medical tent set up downtown, and my Pops is giving folks food and water and a safe place to be. Want me to give you a ride there?

HANK

(still a little out of it)  
No thank you. I'm okay. And I don't  
want to leave Bubbles.

GEMMA

You sure?

The ground begins to shake with another quake. A few small  
objects fall off of Hank's walls and tables, some clattering,  
and some shattering. After a bit, it settles, then the power  
goes out. The aquarium slowly trickles into silence.

HANK

(groggy)  
Hang on...I have a flashlight...

GEMMA

I got it.

Gemma pushes a button on a flashlight.

HANK

(sounding exhausted, but  
frightened)  
You know...on second thought, I  
think I will go. But only if I can  
take Bubbles.

GEMMA

No problem. Do you have a bowl we  
can put him in?

HANK

Yeah...under the kitchen sink?

GEMMA

You stay there. I'll get it.

HANK

(tired)  
Gemma, you know I can do it myself.  
That's the entire point of the  
wheelchair.

GEMMA

I know. I'm not talking about that.  
I'm talking about the fact that you  
just had a major panic attack and  
need to rest and recover.

HANK

(solemn)  
Oh.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)  
 (normal voice)  
 I'm sorry.

GEMMA  
 It's okay. I can imagine that  
 people thinking you're helpless is  
 a frequent occurrence. But I know  
 you're not. Like this...

Gemma rustles Hank's papers and maps.

HANK  
 Yeah, I'm trying to figure out what  
 caused these quakes. Matter of  
 fact, I'm going to need to pack all  
 this stuff up.

GEMMA  
 So you don't know what's causing  
 them yet?

HANK  
 No. That's why I was panicking.  
 None of this makes any sense.

GEMMA  
 Okay, I'll take care of Bubbles.  
 You gather your papers and we'll  
 head out.

Gemma walks away into the kitchen, while Hank rustles his papers, gathering them up. Gemma turns on the faucet in the distance and it sputters, but nothing comes out.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 (from kitchen)  
 Hank? Water's not running. Do you  
 have any bottled water for Bubbles?

HANK  
 (voice raised)  
 Oh. Yeah. That's probably better  
 anyway. Grab a lot, yeah?

GEMMA  
 (still from the kitchen)  
 Sure thing.

Gemma grabs a few bottles, opening them, and pouring water into a bowl. Hank finishes gathering his papers, then Gemma drops Bubbles into his new home.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
 Ready?

HANK

Why do I have the feeling I'll  
never see this place again?

GEMMA

Probably just left over dread from  
the panic attack. Speaking of...

Gemma rattles a bottle of pills.

HANK

Good call.

GEMMA

Let's roll.

Hank chuckles as he wheels out the door next to Gemma and  
Bubbles.

8

EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - MEDICAL TENT - EARLY EVENING

8

The same quake from the previous scene rumbles. **Rhonda  
groans**, the quake awakening her from her drug-induced  
slumber. Medical supplies clatter to the ground.

RHONDA

(groggy)

What's happening?

DANA

It's okay. It's an aftershock.

RHONDA

(still groggy)

No it's not.

DANA

How so?

RHONDA

(no longer groggy, and  
full of rage)

You. What did you give me?

DANA

Let go of me!

RHONDA

You're helping her!

DANA  
 (still trying to get free  
 of Rhonda)  
 Helping who?

MARIA  
 How is she awake?

Her. RHONDA DANA  
 (confused and worried)  
 I don't know. She should have  
 been out for another hour at  
 least.

Maria runs quickly to grab another sedative, and returns.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
 No. Stay away from me. Don't give  
 me that!  
 (Rhonda's voice changes  
 almost imperceptibly)  
 You bitch. You evil fucking bitch.  
 I'm going to kill you. I'm going to  
 gut you like  
 (Rhonda starts to get  
 groggy)  
 ...like...a...fish.

DANA  
 (with relief)  
 What the fuck just happened?

MARIA  
 Maybe she's resistant?

DANA  
 Maybe. But she shouldn't have been  
 able to be so strong. Or  
 aggressive. She must be really  
 pissed at you.

MARIA  
 Yeah. And now you too. Let's move  
 her somewhere else.

DANA  
 Agreed. It's getting dark anyway.  
 And now that the electricity is  
 out, we're not going to be able to  
 see to help anyone here.

MARIA  
 Let's stay a little bit longer,  
 just in case. Then we'll move.

9

INT. AUGUST'S BAR - EARLY EVENING

9

The sun is setting, and more people are packing into the bar with the power out. It's louder, more boisterous, but the **voices are much more concerned** now that dark is coming. The door's bell rings as Hank and Gemma arrive.

AUGUST

Hank! Gemma! You guys want a bite to eat? Water?

GEMMA

(short--she's still angry with August)  
I'm good.

HANK

(a little groggy still, but cheerful)  
Something to eat would be great.

AUGUST

You got it. Want a Frizzled Hen, too?

GEMMA

Oh my god. You're still on that bullshit?

AUGUST

Gem--

HANK

What's he talking about?

GEMMA

He thinks that drink has magical powers.

HANK

Well, as far as I'm concerned, it can't hurt.

GEMMA

Actually it can. You're not supposed to drink with your meds, Hank.

HANK

Oh. Yeah. Okay. August, I'll just take some water and something to eat.

AUGUST

Coming right up.

GEMMA

You good here, Hank? I want to head out and check on some more folks.

HANK

Go on ahead. Thanks for your help.

Gemma leaves the bar, ringing the bell angrily on her way out, slamming the door.

HANK (CONT'D)

What's with her?

AUGUST

(choked up)

We lost Ethan earlier. And her mom.  
She's just struggling,  
understandably.

HANK

I'm sorry to hear that.

(pause)

I don't want to be a bother, but is  
there a place I can set up to work?  
I'm trying to figure out what's  
causing the quakes.

AUGUST

Sure thing. You can use the desk in  
my office.

HANK

Thanks, August.

Hank starts to wheel away.

AUGUST

(calling after Hank)

Hey Hank?

HANK

Yeah?

AUGUST

Let me know what you find out.

DON

(from the distance)

Me too, Hank!

HANK

(under his breath, to  
August)

That fucking guy.

AUGUST

(chuckling darkly)

Yeah.

The bar's bell rings loudly as Kelly opens the door abruptly. He walks in with determined, quick footsteps. Karen is right behind him, heels clicking, but she stops short of the bar to be with Don, as Kelly continues all the way to August.

KELLY

(harried)

August, we have a problem. They used the water to clean the bodies. I don't know how many.

AUGUST

(patient but starting to get fed up with all this water talk)

Why is that a problem, Kelly?

Karen's angry footsteps approach.

KAREN

It's not a problem. That guy is nuts and everybody knows it. I don't even know why you listen to him. And Andre...Andre is supposed to be the law and he just watched him attack me!

AUGUST

Karen...

Don's footsteps approach.

DON

He what?

(pause)

You put hands on my wife?

AUGUST

(channeling his inner Morgan Freeman)

Hang on, everybody. Let's all calm down.

DON

The hell I will. Nobody touches my wife.

(with petty anger)

And I think you of all people would respect that August.

AUGUST

Now, Don. You know that's not fair. If you can't calm down, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Don hits Kelly. **Kelly yelps. August steps in, grunting with effort**, to separate the two.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Get out, Don.

DON  
Gladly.

Don spits on the floor, and he and Karen leave, ringing the bell violently.

10

EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - MORGUE TENT - EVENING

10

Ambience: sounds of night in East Texas. Otherwise, the streets are dead silent because everyone has sought shelter, and given up search efforts until dawn.

MAMA CHERRIE  
(sadness and disbelief)  
Dear God. So many dead.

She rustles a trash bag covering a body. Takes a few steps, examines another.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Why is there no lividity? Enough  
time has passed.

She examines a few more bodies. The wind starts to blow, gently for now.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
(confusion becoming  
concern)  
They don't even look dead. How do  
they still have color in their  
skin?

The wind picks up a little more. Cherrie unzips a bag, and pulls out a syringe. She injects a body, taking some blood.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
(deeply worried now)  
This can't be good. Some of these  
folks don't even have a mark on  
them. No bruises. No broken bones.

Cherrie removes another trash bag from a body.

The wind gets stronger. Slight thunder rolls in the distance.

Cherrie removes another trash bag from a body, taking another sample.

MAMA CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
Three should be enough.

Cherrie's phone rings.

MARIA  
(from the distance)  
Who's here?

Two sets of quick footsteps approach. Cherrie retreats, dropping a vial of blood on her way out.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Stop!

Maria and Dana trot to where Cherrie was.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What was Cherrie doing here?

DANA  
I dunno, but she dropped this vial  
of blood.

The wind begins to gust. Thunder rumbles loudly. Lightning strikes in the distance. Heavy rain begins to fall.