

TEASER

1

EXT. MORGUE TENT

1

Maria and Dana walk away from the morgue tent. The wind roars, and thunder gets closer with each passing minute. They're walking quickly.

MARIA

Come on. Let's go get Rhonda to the bar before this storm blows in.

DANA

We need a place to hunker down, too. Maybe your office?

MARIA

Yeah. I'd really like to examine this blood sample for myself. Cherrie was always smart and competent. Whatever she's up to, she has a good reason for it and I want to know what that is.

The women stutter step, then Maria walks into the medical tent a bit deeper.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(confused and alarmed)

Where is she?

Dana approaches slowly from behind, with quiet footsteps, searching the dark corners. Thunder sounds almost right on top of them.

DANA

I dunno, but we need to go. I don't see any signs of a struggle, and look...her shoes are gone, and the only set of footprints in the dust are heels. She left on her own, so she can get herself to safety. It's us we need to worry about.

MARIA

(impressed, but a little suspicious)

You're very observant, Dana.

(pause)

Ready?

Thunder reverberates again.

DANA

Definitely. I don't wanna get caught in this rain. I can smell it. We don't have a lot of time.

MARIA

You have an ambulance or truck you can drive? Cars are useless on these roads.

DANA

(a little embarrassed)

Yeah. I um...borrowed your coroner van. Sorry about that.

MARIA

It's okay. You needed it, I didn't. Let's go.

The women walk toward the van. Another clap of thunder startles them, briefly disrupting their steps.

DANA

Do you have any idea what Cherrie might have been up to?

MARIA

No, but I bet it has something to do with this drink they were all convinced was saving Ethan. Something tells me that this blood holds the key.

They open and close the doors and get in the van.

DANA

Well, let's go see what doors this little vial opens.

The engine starts and rumbles before they drive over bumpy roads littered with bits of glass and debris. They ride in silence.

ACT ONE

2 INT. CHERRIE'S FLORAL SHOP

2

Cherrie opens the door to her shop and closes it (gently!), then walks to the back room, opening a couple of cabinet doors until she finds what she's looking for. She sets something with a bit of heft on the table -- it's a microscope. Throughout the scene, we hear thunder roll outside.

CHERRIE

Shit. I forgot this microscope needed electricity to run.

(pause)

Think, Cherrie.

Cherrie rustles through the shop, opening and closing cabinet doors.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God. Let's hope this thing is charged.

(pause)

Hallelujah! Guess that ice storm was good for something. It made me get a portable power supply, so now we're in business! The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Cherrie plugs the microscope into the power supply.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe this is actually working, but I damn sure ain't gonna question it.

Cherrie clicks the microscope back off, then digs around and finds slides, preparing one, then clicks the scope back on.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

This blood is...the consistency isn't right. It's like it came from a live body.

Glass clinking as she prepares another slide.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

But this one...looks like it came from a corpse.

(pause)

Where's the last one?

(MORE)

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

(pause while she rustles  
around)

Shit. I must have dropped it when I  
ran out.

(pause)

Okay, two will have to do.

(as if peering into the  
microscope, muttering a  
bit)

Let's see here...the normal one  
looks...normal. Some cells still  
alive, but a lot more dead. Lot of  
clotting. Definitely tracks with a  
body that's been dead less than a  
day.

(pause)

But, number two.

(pause)

I'd say this can't be right, but  
something supernatural is obviously  
happening here. But this...this is  
living blood.

(pause)

So why is one dead and one alive?

Cherrie steps away and begins to pace. Thunder rolls and  
lightning strikes close, but Cherrie doesn't react. She's too  
focused.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Think, think, think. Was there any  
difference between the bodies?

(pause)

Oh no. No, no, no, no no.

(pause)

Fuck!

(pause)

This is bad. Really bad.

Cherrie starts to frantically pack up supplies. We hear bags  
crinkling, zippers, and bottles of liquid.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Please Lord don't let me be too  
late.

Cherrie walks to the door, and grabs the knob. One more roll  
of thunder and crack of lightning before the sky opens up  
with a hurricane-worthy downpour. Cherrie opens the door  
slowly, revealing how hard it really is raining, then  
immediately closes it.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Well, we are well and truly fucked now.

3 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY

3

Karen and Don have left the bar and are seeking shelter before the storm hits. Thunder rolls in the distance and the wind blows hard.

DON

I cannot believe these people. It's like they want to suffer. And then you get attacked for helping?

KAREN

Honestly, this town doesn't deserve us. Maybe we should revisit the idea of moving?

DON

Maybe. But you'd have to start over building your real estate client base, and I'd have to start over building my political reputation. Even if they are ungrateful, we at least make a difference here. And Matthew 6:1 tells us "Take heed that you do not do your charitable deeds before men, to be seen by them. Otherwise you have no reward from your Father in heaven."

KAREN

True.

(pause)

So where are we going? Home is too far away without the 'Vette, and the bar and floral shop are obviously out of the question. And I can smell the rain. We don't have long.

DON

Well, August said the church is still standing. Let's head there.

Don and Karen walk in silence. The wind blows harder, and the thunder rolls closer. Lightning strikes nearby.

KAREN

Honey, I don't think we can make it to the church.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's almost another mile away. I can smell the rain and my feet are killing me.

DON

Okay. How about the morgue tent? No one is there, so we won't have to deal with those...

(with derision)  
women.

KAREN

Sheltering with dead bodies?

DON

I know, hon. But the dead will leave us alone. The living...

KAREN

You're right. I'm just scared.

DON

Darlin', there's nothing to be afraid of. And if there was, I'd protect you.

KAREN

I know. I love you.

Don and Karen share a quick kiss, then continue walking. Heavy drops of rain start to fall, building into a downpour. The pair start to run.

DON

(out of breath from  
running)  
Home, sweet home. At least for now.

KAREN

(also out of breath)  
Ugh. My blouse is totally ruined now between the...  
(with disgust)  
corpse...water  
(normal voice)  
and now the rain.

DON

Don't worry. We'll get you another.

KAREN

I'm freezing.

DON

Here, take my jacket. I'll get us a fire going.

KAREN

Don't you think it's weird that it's so cold at the height of summer?

DON

It's probably just because it's dark and we're soaking wet. Once the rain started, the temp dropped a good 10 to 15 degrees too. We're fine honey. I promise.

KAREN

O--Okay.

DON

Are you okay here while I go try to grab some wood from the rubble?

KAREN

(alarmed)

How long will that take?

DON

Five minutes or less. I'll be back as soon as I can...or you can help me if you'd rather not be alone?

KAREN

I'll help. I don't care if they're dead. I don't want to be alone with them. I'd rather brave the rain.

DON

Okay, let's do it.

They walk in silence in the rain, gathering wood for a moment.

DON (CONT'D)

This should be enough. Let's head back.

They walk back to the tent, where Don strikes a lighter.

DON (CONT'D)

Come on.

KAREN

Do we need leaves or something small to help it catch, you think?

DON

Yeah, probably. Let's see if any of these bodies have anything. At minimum, the sheets should help. We don't have to uncover them. Just take a few strips here and there.

Karen lets out a keening of disgust.

DON (CONT'D)

It's okay, sweetheart. I can do it.

Don rips some sheets, then strikes the lighter again.

DON (CONT'D)

(extremely frustrated)  
Why won't this light?

KAREN

Maybe it's just too wet?

DON

No. People start fires all the time in the wilderness with wet wood. Remember that show we watched for a while? They were in the Pacific Northwest and always had a fire going. I'll keep trying. I'll get it.

KAREN

(with total faith in her husband)  
Ok, hon.

Lightning strikes nearby, startling them both.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Please hurry.

4

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY

4

Gemma is driving the ambulance, soft music playing in the background. It's pouring, and the rain dances on the roof of the ambulance, creating its own tune.



GEMMA

I can't see anything in this rain.  
 (gasps)  
 What in the...

The tires screech as she swerves to miss someone on the side of the road. The ambulance fishtails and finally stops on the gravel shoulder. Gemma catches her breath for a few seconds.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Thank God Dana was paranoid about having ponchos ready for rainy days.

(pause while Gemma grabs a poncho)

Oh...I should see if she has a spare one. This guy's soaked, but at least it'll help.

Gemma rustles around again, grabbing a poncho, then exits the ambulance, closing the door.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Sir! Sir? Are you okay?

She gets no response. She approaches the man slowly, and as we get closer, we hear his footsteps dragging along the asphalt.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Sir? I'm a paramedic. Are you hurt?

The man stops and turns abruptly, growling almost imperceptibly.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(under her breath,  
 shocked)

Jesus Christ.

(after collecting herself)

Sir, I think you need some help.  
 Will you let me help you?

The man growls again, before speaking:

MAN

You're afraid.

GEMMA

(definitely afraid but  
 pretending not to be)

What? No. No, I'm just concerned.

MAN

No. You're afraid of me.

GEMMA

I'm afraid for you.

MAN

You don't know what's wrong with me.

GEMMA

You're right. I don't. I'd have to examine you closely to figure that out. Will you let me do that?

MAN

You lost your mom. And nephew.

GEMMA

Do I know you?

MAN

No.

GEMMA

Ummm...okay. How about we just start with me taking a look at your eyes and your throat?

MAN

Why?

GEMMA

Well...your eyes...seem to be changing colors. And your mouth...have you eaten a blue lollipop or something lately?

MAN

Why would I do that?

GEMMA

I'm only asking because your lips and all around your mouth is blue. Between your eye color and mouth, I think you could have a serious disease. I'd like to help you, if you'll let me.

MAN

Like you helped Ethan?

GEMMA

What?

MAN

Gemma, you're way above your pay grade. Just go home.

GEMMA

How about I take you to a place we can help you? Or at least take you home out of this rain?

MAN

Like I said, outside of your pay grade. Ain't nothing you can do for me, so mind your fucking business.

The man pushes **Gemma to the ground, making her exclaim in pain**, then takes off running into the night.

GEMMA

What the hell is happening in this town?

Gemma opens the door to the ambulance, gets in with her poncho squeaking, and tries to radio Dana, but gets nothing but static.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Something is very, very wrong. This can't be all from a quake.

5

EXT. MORGUE TENT

5

Don and Karen continue to try to light a fire, without success.

KAREN

The wood is just too wet, honey.

DON

Yeah. Inside should be dry, though.  
(pondering)  
I just need a way to split it a bit.

KAREN

I hate to even suggest it, but this is life or death. I...when I was cleaning the bodies earlier, I noticed a couple of limbs without bodies. One was a leg with a big part of the femur exposed.

DON

Are you saying we use...a dead guy's  
leg as an axe?

KAREN

(hurried)

I wouldn't even suggest it if we  
weren't in danger. We could catch  
pneumonia being out in this rain!

(getting panicked)

And..and...with the bridges out, we  
wouldn't even be able to get proper  
treatment.

DON

You're right. I hate to defile the  
dead, but the living are more  
important.

(pause)

Okay, show me which one.

KAREN

Over here.

Karen takes a few steps and Don follows.

A plastic bag rustles as they uncover the leg.

DON

Oh, God in Heaven.

KAREN

You can do it, hon. You're the  
bravest, strongest man I know.

Don makes a keening noise as he picks up the limb.

DON

(seriously icked out)

Uggghhhhhh...okay. This will do. But...

KAREN

But what?

DON

But we need the bone out of the  
leg.

KAREN

(high pitched)

What? Why?

DON

It's...too hard to try to use the bone to crack the wood with all the muscle and skin and such around it.

(pause)

Surely one of these rednecks had a knife on him that we can use.

KAREN

Wait. You're going to cut the bone out of the leg? We can't do that!

DON

Honey, I know. This is hard, and I'm so sorry. But if we don't do this, our days will be numbered.

KAREN

I don't know Don...

DON

Sweetheart, remember what Pastor Abbott said at service on Sunday? How God helps those who help themselves? What if this man lost his leg to help us? We can't get into the habit of turning away God's blessings, or questioning His mysterious ways. This is what He wants. He wants us to live, and he gave us the tools to do it.

(pause)

You have a seat. I'll look for a knife. I'll let you know before I start so you can close your eyes.

KAREN

Oh..okay. Okay. This is God's will. He knows how much this town needs us. Do it, hon.

Footsteps approach far in the distance. Barely audible, we hear:

RHONDA

Hello? Is anyone there?

KAREN

Oh my goodness! I think that's Rhonda!

(pause)

Rhonda! We're here.

Rhonda enters the tent.

KAREN (CONT'D)

My goodness. Your eyes! Are you okay?

RHONDA

My eyes? What's wrong with them?

KAREN

They're...green. Like the color of grass green.

Rhonda's voice almost imperceptibly changes on a few words:

RHONDA

Hm. Well, Dana gave me a sedative earlier without my permission. At least she said that's what it was. There's no telling what she actually gave me.

KAREN

I wouldn't doubt it. Her and Maria are...a problem. But do you feel okay? You know I have my first aid-

RHONDA

I'm fine. I actually came to see if you guys needed anything. You know my house is just up the street. We could shelter there.

KAREN

Oh my goodness, that would be amazing. You have no idea what we were about to do to survive out here!

(louder)

Don, honey! Rhonda says we can stay at her place.

DON

Oh, thank God.

RHONDA

Well then it's settled. Unfortunately, I don't have an umbrella, but maybe we can use these bags as raincoats? It's not like they need them.

KAREN

Just from the clean ones, though.

DON

Whatever makes you happy darling.  
Let's get out of here and get  
somewhere dry and warm. I can't  
believe how cold this rain is.

RHONDA

(almost darkly)

Yes. It's almost unnatural, isn't  
it?

Rhonda giggles awkwardly, while the three of them grab bags  
to cover themselves with.

DON

That should do it. Shall we,  
ladies?

KAREN

Absolutely. I don't want to be here  
a moment longer.

ACT TWO

6 INT. MARIA'S OFFICE

6

Maria and Dana sit in the coroner's van, rain pelting the roof.

DANA

Shit. Do you happen to have any raincoats in here?

MARIA

There's one poncho in the back. You can take it. A little rain isn't going to hurt me.

Maria pulls on the door handle, but Dana locks it before she can get it open.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DANA

I'm sorry. I...I just think we shouldn't get out in this rain.

MARIA

It's just rain, Dana.

DANA

Maria. Please, just trust me.

MARIA

Please don't tell me...

DANA

Please.

MARIA

We need to examine this sample.

DANA

And we will.

(pause)

Here. You take the poncho and I'll use one of the body bags.

MARIA

(resigned and suspicious)

Whatever makes you happy.

(pause)

Now will you unlock the door?



DANA

Let's get suited up first.

(pause)

Your microscope... does it need power?

MARIA

Mierda. Yes.

DANA

It's okay. I have a field scope in my bag.

MARIA

Why would you...

DANA

Let's get inside. I want to know what Cherrie's looking for.

MARIA

Me too, but don't change the subject.

DANA

I'll explain. I promise. I just need you to trust me for a little longer. Can you do that?

MARIA

No. Tell me why you're so worried about the rain. And why you carry a microscope with you. Something...if off about you.

DANA

You...you aren't going to believe me. Not until you see it. So let me show you. Put on this poncho, and let's get inside so I can explain.

Dana climbs into the back to get the poncho and a body bag. Silently, the women don their protective gear.

MARIA

This better be good, Dana. I don't like it when people waste my time. And I especially don't like being lied to.

Dana's silence answers Maria's final statement loud and clear. The women open the doors to the van and run into the office. It's raining, and the drops pelt the body bag and poncho they're using to protect themselves from the rain.

Maria unlocks the door to her office and they stumble in.

DANA

Be careful. Hold on, let me dry you off first.

MARIA

This is ridiculous. It's just rain.

DANA

(unexpectedly forceful and angry)

No. It's not. Let. me. dry. you. off. This is serious, Maria.

Dana wipes Maria's poncho down, none too gently.

MARIA

(as if she's being shaken a bit by the cleaning)

What is wrong with you? What is wrong with half this town?

DANA

Let me show you.

Dana unzips her bag and takes out her microscope. She prepares a slide with the blood.

DANA (CONT'D)

Take a look.

MARIA

What? It's just blood. Regular blood.

DANA

Not from a corpse, it's not.

MARIA

Then Cherrie drew her own blood.

DANA

You know she didn't.

(pause)

Now look at this.

Dana prepares another slide.

MARIA

The rain...this... this can't be right. How did you know...

DANA

Because I'm not just an EMT. And we need to get to the morgue tent right now.

7 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - NIGHT

7

Don, Karen, and Rhonda start walking down the road away from the morgue tent. It's still raining out, raindrops hitting the plastic of the trash bags.

DON

Thanks for offering to share your home with us, Rhonda. It's very kind of you. You know, in disasters like these, we all need to stick together. Your father-in-law could learn a thing or two from you. In fact--

KAREN

(alarmed)

Are you okay, Rhonda?

RHONDA

What do you mean?

KAREN

Well, you're walking kinda funny. And your eyes are still green, if not more so. And your lips...are blue. Do you need a jacket or something? Are you cold?

RHONDA

Oh, I'm fine. Great, actually. Glad to be out of that medical tent.

KAREN

It's okay to not be okay. You lost your son. You don't have to put on a brave face for us.

RHONDA

(short)

I said I'm fine.

A dog growls suddenly, **startling Don and Karen**, but not Rhonda.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Rhonda pulls Karen away.

KAREN

Don?

The dog growls again. Thunder rolls.

DON

It's okay. Go with her. I'll take care of this.

(pause)

Keep her safe, Rhonda.

Rhonda and Karen walk away, Karen stumbling a bit because Rhonda is pulling her along.

KAREN

Be careful, hon. I love you!

DON

I love you. Now go.

The dog lurches at Don as the women begin to run away, sounds of the attack and Don's fight fading as they get further away.

RHONDA

Here. We can hide here.

KAREN

(out of breath, in tears)

Okay. Is he gonna be okay.

Shouldn't we--

RHONDA

Shut up, Karen. Jesus fucking Christ. Between you and Don no one else has a chance to speak in this town.

KAREN

(crying)

Wh..What?

RHONDA

Don't worry. You were going to die anyway. This...will be kinder.

KAREN

I don't...I...what is happening?

The squelch of a knife piercing Karen's body. She tries to scream, but Rhonda's got her hand over her mouth, muffling her cries. She stabs her again, and again, and again.

RHONDA

It's okay. The rain will see to it  
that you come back. Just close your  
eyes and let it take you. Let it  
remake you, the way it remade me.

Karen's breathing gets more ragged until it stops.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

See you soon  
(with vehemence)  
Karen.

Rhonda runs, eventually approaching Don who's breathing  
heavily from his fight.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Don! Don! Karen...she's...she's...

Rhonda breaks down, crying crocodile tears.

DON

Rhonda! Tell me where my wife is.

RHONDA

She's...dead. Kelly...

Rhonda breaks down again, unable to continue.

DON

No. No no no no no. She can't be.  
Take me to her.

Rhonda cries harder. Don shakes her.

DON (CONT'D)

Take me to my wife, Rhonda.

Rhonda continues to cry. Don slaps her, rendering her  
completely silent. The rain suddenly stops with her crying,  
but lightning strikes something very close by.

DON (CONT'D)

I...I'm sorry. I don't know what  
came over me. A man should never  
hit a woman. I...just, please, take  
me to my wife.

RHONDA

(cold)  
This way.

8

EXT. FLORAL SHOP - NIGHT

8

Gemma closes the door to her ambulance. It's still raining, lighter now. Gemma's poncho squeaks as she walks, protecting her.

Gemma rustles around behind a bush and opens a jar. A key rattles inside.

GEMMA

I keep telling her she needs to move this key around. Lucky for me she's stubborn as all get out.

Gemma unlocks the shop, and quietly steps in, dripping water on the floor.

CHERRIE

Who's there?

Cherrie's footsteps quickly approach from the back.

GEMMA

(urgently because a gun's pointed at her)

It's me. Just me. Put the gun down.

Cherrie lowers the gun she was holding.

CHERRIE

Dammit, Gemma. What are you doing here?

GEMMA

I needed a place to get out of the rain. I figured you'd be at the bar. I'll go.

CHERRIE

Wait. There's something I need to show you.

GEMMA

(annoyed)

What is it?

CHERRIE

Science. Follow me.

Gemma takes off her poncho and tosses it on the coat rack. The women walk to the back of the shop.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Look at what's in that microscope.

Gemma walks over and peers in.

GEMMA  
It's blood. So what?

CHERRIE  
It's blood from a dead body.

GEMMA  
What?

CHERRIE  
A body that's been dead at least a few hours.

GEMMA  
Cherrie, cells continue to live and even divide after death. What is your point?

Cherrie steps up and switches out the slides.

CHERRIE  
Now look at this one.

GEMMA  
What are you wanting me to see?

CHERRIE  
It's dead. You can see the cells dying. Why is this blood dying and the other blood thriving?

GEMMA  
There's all kinds of reasons. Death is a process. It's not an immediate thing, and it happens faster for some than others.

CHERRIE  
Now look at this one again.

Cherrie slides the first slide back under the scope.

GEMMA  
It's the same. So what?

CHERRIE  
Watch this.

Cherrie pulls the slide from the scope, sliding the glass cover off. She puts a couple of drops of a liquid on the blood.

GEMMA

What are you doing?

CHERRIE

Putting some of the bitters we use  
for the Frizzled Hen on the blood.

(pause)

Now look.

GEMMA

It's dying.

(angry)

I told you and Pops that Frizzled  
Hen was bullshit. Not only does it  
not heal anything, it's killing.  
Jesus fucking Christ. Ethan was  
probably gone anyway, but y'all  
damn sure sped it up.

CHERRIE

Gemma, that's not what you're  
seeing. Think. You're a smart girl.

GEMMA

I can't do this right now.

Gemma starts to walk away. Cherrie follows her.

CHERRIE

Gemma, stop. Let me show you what  
it does to the other blood. The  
dead blood.

GEMMA

You know what? Fine. Show me. Show  
me more evidence that what you  
believe is bullshit.

They walk back to the back again. Glass slides against glass  
as Cherrie drops the bitters on the other slide.

CHERRIE

See?

Gemma steps up to the microscope.

GEMMA

What did you do?

(pause, then a dark  
chuckle)

You switched out the slides.  
Unbelievable.



CHERRIE

No, I didn't. Put the other one back on.

Glass slides against the scope again.

GEMMA

This can't be right. What did you do?

CHERRIE

Proved to you that the Frizzled Hen works.

GEMMA

But it killed the first blood.

CHERRIE

It killed blood that was infected with something that was reanimating it. The Frizzled Hen heals supernatural harm. In the blood that wasn't infected, it healed the cells. Not enough to bring anyone back from the dead, but it brought some of the cells back. In the infected blood, it killed those cells because something unnatural is keeping them alive.

GEMMA

No, there's got to be another explanation.

CHERRIE

Then give me one.

GEMMA

I...I can't. But this can't be real.

CHERRIE

Then listen. The dead blood--the blood with the cells dying--that came from a body that hadn't been cleaned. The living blood came from a body that had been cleaned. Remember what Kelly kept saying about the water? I think...I think he's right. There's something in the water that isn't natural. The question is, what is that water is capable of?

GEMMA

I...I just saw a man. Walking down the street. His eyes were this...bright green, like astroturf green. And his lips were blue and he was acting all weird...and...and... it was like he was reading my mind.

(pause)

Have you examined the water?

CHERRIE

Can't. It's not running.

GEMMA

No, I mean the rain.

ACT THREE

9 EXT. DOWNTOWN GUNNAWAY - CORONER VAN - MOVING

9

Maria and Dana are riding in the coroner's van. The rain has stopped, but the streets are still wet.

DANA

I'm sorry I lied to you.

MARIA

Normally, I wouldn't forgive it, but you actually had a legitimate reason to lie. You didn't have a choice.

(pause)

I'm actually really happy you confided in me. I know...I know it's hard to know who to trust, and it warms my heart to know you trust me.

DANA

Thank you. For believing me. I know it sounds crazy. All of this is crazy.

MARIA

Sometimes, science is crazy. Bacteria-infested rain falling from the sky? It's...improbable, but not impossible. Birds and frogs have fallen en masse from the sky for reasons we still don't understand. Bacteria living in water, even water in clouds, seems more likely than it raining creatures.

DANA

I have to say...I didn't expect to you accept...all of this...so well.

MARIA

I may not have majored in microbiology like you, but I did have to take several classes for my medical degree. You showed me proof and I saw it with my own eyes. How can I deny what is right in front of me?

Dana stops the van and puts it in park.

DANA

Are you ready for this?

MARIA

(chuckles darkly)

Can anyone be?

DANA

Fair enough. Let's go. Stay behind me, yeah?

MARIA

Oooo...are you my knight in shining armor?

DANA

(flirty chuckle)

Something like that.

The women walk into the tent, both stopping short suddenly.

MARIA

What the fuck...

DANA

Yeah. Can't say I didn't see this coming.

MARIA

What do you mean? Half the bodies are gone. How could you possibly predict someone coming and taking dead bodies?

DANA

Because no one took them, Maria. Think about the blood.

MARIA

Wait. Are you seriously saying the dead...came back? As in reanimated? As in...

(rising voice)

fucking zombies?

(deep breath)

Okay, I believed you about the rain, and your being a microbiologist studying this region as some secret project because no one would fund your study because you're investigating places with "supernatural phenomena", but zombies? No. The dead do not come back. Dead means gone. Forever.

One of the bags rustles. A corpse groans as though letting out a long-held breath.

DANA

Then what's happening with that guy?

MARIA

The dead do that all the time. It's unsettling the first few times you experience it, but after a while you get used to it. It's just a release of gasses.

The bag rustles more. Now the corpse inhales. A corpse across the tent groans.

DANA

Maria, I do not have time to convince you. I need you to go back to the van. Now.

MARIA

I'm not scared, Dana. The dead aren't walking the streets of Gunnaway.

Steps approach from outside of the tent, dragging and slow.

DANA

Then let's prove it.  
(raises voice)  
Who's there?

A groan is the only response.

MARIA

Someone needs help.

Maria starts to run toward the sound, but Dana grabs her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Let go of me, Dana.

DANA

(whispering)  
Quiet. Just. Wait.

The walking corpse comes into sight just as 2 of the bodies sit up. Whispers fill the night, and more groaning approaches from the distance.

MARIA  
 What the fuck is...  
 (pause)  
 This is a joke, right? A prank. Did Rhonda put you up to this? August?

DANA  
 Please, Maria. Go back to the van. Now.

Maria screams and fights as one of the corpses grabs her. Dana draws her gun and puts two in its head without a hint of hesitation. The body drops, and she turns and dispatches 2 others before grabbing Maria.

DANA (CONT'D)  
 I said, let's go.

MARIA  
 Who the fuck are you? The truth this time.

10 INT. FLORAL SHOP - NIGHT

10

The shop is dead silent.

CHERRIE  
 Did you get any of it on you?

GEMMA  
 I...I don't know.

CHERRIE  
 Okay. It's okay. This won't taste great on its own, but the magic of the Frizzled Hen is in the bitters. Drink some while I see if I can find anything in the rain.

Gemma sips from a jar while Cherrie prepares a slide.

GEMMA  
 Be careful. Don't get any on you.

CHERRIE  
 I'm fine. This ain't my first rodeo.

Cherrie places the slide on the microscope.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
 There's...a bacteria. No idea what kind. But it's teeming with it.

GEMMA

Let me see.

(pause)

I don't know what it is either.

(pause)

Wait...I think it's a cyanobacteria, maybe? Better known as blue-green algae, but that's a misnomer. It's the only bacteria I can think of that's green. And it causes toxins...

(panicking)

Holy shit. What if that patient I saw was infected with this stuff? What if--

CHERRIE

You're gonna be okay. But just to be sure, let's see what the Hen does to it.

Glass slides against glass again, then the slide is back on the scope.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)

Oh thank God.

GEMMA

What?

CHERRIE

The Hen kills it. If you did get wet, you'll be okay. But we need to call August. It's too late to keep anyone out of the rain, but we have to let him know what's coming.

Gemma takes a shaky breath. Cherrie dials her phone.

AUGUST (V.O.)

Hello?

CHERRIE

August? We have a problem. 2 actually. Kelly was right about the water. I'm about to head to the morgue tent because something's up with the bodies that were cleaned. And the rain, it...it's chock full of a bacteria that's making people sick. Green eyes, blue lips...if you see anyone like that, give them some Hen.

There's no response.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
August? You there?

The beeping of a dropped call. Cherrie tries again, only for it to go straight to voicemail.

CHERRIE (CONT'D)  
Shit. We just lost cell service.  
(pause)  
We need to see if we can purify these bodies and go to the bar. I don't know how much August heard before we got cut off. You take the bar, and I'll work on the bodies?

GEMMA  
Consider it done.

11 INT. AUGUST'S BAR - NIGHT

11

The bar is mostly silent now as people sleep, but Andre, Hank, and August speak in hushed voices in August's office.

AUGUST  
I don't know exactly what's going on. The call got cut off and now it just keeps going to voicemail. All I heard is Kelly was right about the water and that Cherrie is going to the morgue tent because of something to do with the bodies that we're cleaned? Then she said "the rain" but the call dropped before I could hear the rest.

ANDRE  
So what are you going to do?

AUGUST  
I think I've got to meet Cherrie. Knowing her, she'll go to the morgue tent before she tries to come here.

The door opens suddenly, and Kelly walks in.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Kelly. Where have you been?

KELLY  
Around.



AUGUST

In the rain?

KELLY

Oh, god no. The rain is bad, too.

AUGUST

Well, Cherrie confirmed you were right about the water.

KELLY

Of course I was...they were...we were.

HANK

To be fair, it's not exactly far-fetched. Remember that bad flood we got last year? The water was bad then, too. Any unusual weather can do the trick. And the quake breaking open pipes...of course it would be contaminated.

KELLY

But that's not what..

HANK

I'm sorry, Kelly. I didn't mean to downplay your insight. What I'm trying to say is that you were smart to think of it.

KELLY

I didn't think of it.

HANK

However you came up with it...you did good.

KELLY

Th..Thanks.

AUGUST

I'm gonna head to the morgue tent and see if Cherrie is there. Andre, can you hold down the fort til I get back?

ANDRE

Sure thing, August.

August leaves the office, and eventually the bar, sounding the bell as quietly as he can.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Kelly...you said the rain is bad too. And Cherrie was trying to tell August something about the rain too before their call got disconnected.

KELLY

(sad)

You won't believe me.

ANDRE

Kelly, you'd be surprised about what I'd believe at this point.

KELLY

It's infected. Anyone who was out in it is going to get sick. Real sick.

The bell to the bar door jingles loudly. The men open the door to the office to find Don and Rhonda stomping toward them. People gasp and murmur.

ANDRE

Don...what's going on? What's wrong with Karen?

DON

Why don't you ask him that?

ANDRE

Kelly? Why would Kelly know anything? Is she...is she dead?

DON

Yes, she's fucking dead. She's dead because this lunatic st--

(Don starts to break down)  
stabbed her.

ANDRE

Whoa, whoa, now. Let's calm down. Kelly--

RHONDA

I saw him. He was screaming something about her using the water. She

(Rhonda starts crying)  
she begged for her life and he didn't even flinch.

KELLY

(confused and very sad and  
small)

Rhonda? Why would you say that? I didn't...Andre, you have to believe me. I would never hurt anyone. Ever. I know people think I'm crazy, but crazy doesn't mean homicidal.

DON

Andre, if you don't do your fucking job, the rest of us will make sure you do. I'd say put him in jail, but that's not standing anymore. But he needs to be locked up. Any one of us could be next. Any. one. of. us.

Don pauses for dramatic effect.

DON (CONT'D)

It could be you. Or you. And if we can't count on the law to help..

ANDRE

Don, that's not how this works. We can't just go arresting people and locking them up without evidence.

DON

Did you not hear Rhonda? You have an eyewitness.

ANDRE

Eyewitnesses are unreliable, especially as hard as it was raining just now. And, forgive me Rhonda, but you've been given a lot of sedatives. I can't arrest Kelly on your word alone. I mean, he doesn't have a drop of blood on him. How'd he stab someone to death without getting bloody? That's messy business.

Don wails.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Don. But whoever killed your wife would be covered in her blood. And Kelly's been with us--

DON  
 You've seen him? Had eyes on him  
 this whole time?

ANDRE  
 Well, no, but--

DON  
 Fine. You won't do your job, Bob's  
 MIA, so I guess it's up to the  
 people to protect this town from  
 that lunatic.

Don sets Karen's body down gently, and kisses her.

DON (CONT'D)  
 I love you sweetheart. I won't let  
 him get away with this.

RHONDA  
 And neither will I.

Numerous footsteps close in on Andre and Kelly. The two start  
 to scream and fight against the people trying to capture  
 them.

KELLY  
 (struggling)  
 Let us go! I didn't do it!

ANDRE  
 (struggling)  
 You can't do this. This isn't who  
 we are. Let us go and let's talk  
 rationally.

DON  
 (not struggling because  
 someone else always does  
 his dirty work)  
 We tried that, but you wanted to  
 defend your loverboy here.

ANDRE  
 My wh--

Someone hits Andre on the head, knocking him out.

DON  
 Thank you, Greg. I hate you had to  
 do it but knocking him out is best  
 for us all.

KELLY

Why would you do that? He's the deputy! He hasn't done anything wrong!

RHONDA

Oh, Kelly. Do you ever shut up?

Rhonda hits Kelly, knocking him out as well.

DON

Wow...I don't think I've ever seen a woman knock someone out before. You're...stronger than you look.

RHONDA

We won't have much time. Let's get them somewhere secure before they wake up. We'll make sure Kelly pays for what he did, Don. I promise.

Thunder rolls in the distance, and the angry mob carries Kelly and Andre, ringing the bell, which reverberates into the night.