

Death Detail

By

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC SEA — TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS 1.

The late afternoon sun gleams on the vast, shifting surface of the sea. Trailing thick streamers of decaying seaweed, a huge, battered freighter rocks in the low swells, its cluttered deck canted over at an angle, its high, massive plates brick-red with rust. No seabirds wheel above its masts. No life, no movement at all is visible on the ship. The only sounds are the faint creaks as its steel bulk heaves slowly in the sea. Across its stern, barely legible under the rust, tall white-painted letters read "S.S. Paraibo" and below that, its home port, "Belem".

CUT TO

2. EXT. SHOT — COAST GUARD BASE, CHARLESTON, S.C. — CREDITS CONTINUE. 2.

A sign over the main gate reads "U.S. Coastguard, Seventh District Headquarters". Beyond the gate, the superstructures of several naval ships moored in the harbour are visible above the administration buildings, storage sheds, and barracks of the dockside base.

CUT TO

3. EXT. COAST GUARD BASE DOCK — DAY 3.

A red-and-white Coastguard cutter is moored alongside the pier, dwarfed by the warships nearby. Seated on their seabags near the gangplank leading to the cutter's deck, TOM SEGRUE, a twenty-year old Signalman, and SALLY FIEDLER, a cute, blonde Second Class Yeoman, watch as a grey jeep drives up the pier towards them.

SEGRUE

(calling up to deck of cutter)

Hey Skipper. Looks like we pulled a shitbird.

ANN LARSEN, an attractive, strong-willed thirty-year old Lieutenant, is standing on deck with the cutter's grey haired, middle-aged CAPTAIN. She glances towards the jeep, flicks her cigarette over the railing into the water, then strides down the gangplank.

FIEDLER

Okay Segrue, what's a shitbird ?

(continued)

3. CONTINUED

3.

SEGRUE

Oh man. Where've you been, Fiedler ?
It's some guy they dragged outta the brig.

FIEDLER

(grinning)

Friend of yours, no doubt.

LARSEN joins them, standing at the foot of the gangplank.

LARSEN

(watching the jeep)

Shit ! This is what they call a qualified
replacement ?

The jeep pulls to a halt nearby. A shore patrol of two burly SEAMEN roughly pulls FRANK DISALVO from the rear of the jeep. A big, tough Chief Petty Officer, he has five five-year service stripes on the sleeve of his rumpled uniform. Holding DISALVO between them by his arms, the SHORE PATROLMEN march him towards LARSEN. One of them carries his seabag, the other his order papers.

FIRST SHORE PATROLMAN

Lieutenant Larsen ?

(Larsen nods)

Chief Petty Officer Disalvo, Frank G.,
reporting for duty.

The FIRST SHORE PATROLMAN hands LARSEN a sheaf of order papers. She glances at them, then at DISALVO. His uniform is stained, his face unshaven, and he is weaving unsteadily between the two SHORE PATROLMEN, obviously suffering from the effects of a shore-leave bender. He belches loudly and gives a half-assed salute.

LARSEN

You look a little green around the gills, Chief.
Better get onboard and sober up.

(to others)

Okay, let's move it.

(continued)

3. CONTINUED

3.

FIEDLER and SEGRUE stand up and grab their seabags.

DISALVO

(slurring his words)

'Scuse me, ma'am. But I ain't going nowhere.

LARSEN

(turning to face him)

What's that, sailor ?

DISALVO

Nothing personal, miss. But I hereby request transfer to another assignment.

LARSEN

Request denied. Get your gear onboard. We're running late as it is.

She turns and starts to head up the gangplank.

DISALVO

I wish I could, Lieutenant. But I got this problem, see. . . ?

LARSEN

(impatiently)

Okay, let's hear it, Disalvo.

DISALVO

Well, it's just that I can't see myself working under a broad - woman - ma'am. It's not in my nature.

DISALVO has touched a nerve, and LARSEN sees red. She walks back to DISALVO and stands eye-to-eye with him.

(continued)

3. CONTINUED

3.

LARSEN

Is that a fact ? ! Well, it's not in my nature to listen to this kind of crap from you or anyone else. So get your ass onboard before I have you up on charges. You got that, Disalvo ?

As she glares angrily at DISALVO, the SHORE PATROLMEN try unsuccessfully to suppress their grins. DISALVO snaps to attention and salutes with exaggerated zeal.

DISALVO

Yes ma'am.

LARSEN

(threatening tone)

Just keep it up, Disalvo. . .

She turns and walks up the gangplank. DISALVO takes his seabag from the grinning SHORE PATROLMAN with a muttered snarl and follows her, dragging the bag behind him.

FIEDLER

(to SEGRUE)

Jesus, what planet is this guy from ?

SEGRUE

(as they walk up the gangplank)

The planet "Six-pack", by the looks of him. . .

CUT TO

4. EXT. THE HARBOUR — CREDITS CONTINUE

4.

The Coastguard cutter heads out of the harbour, passing by a row of moored naval vessels and out towards the open sea.

DISSOLVE TO

5. EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN — CREDITS CONTINUE 5.

The Cutter knifes through the rolling swells, sending up plumes of spray. A dark line of storm clouds has formed on the distant horizon.

DISSOLVE TO

6. EXT. JEKYLL ISLAND — CREDITS CONTINUE 6.

The Cutter sits five hundred yards off the shore of Jekyll Island as a small launch bucks through the waves towards it. The island is about a mile long, crossed by high, grassy dunes. A long sand bar rises from the sea at the far end of the island. Near a cove facing the ship, an immense lighthouse stands, banded in broad stripes of red and white. The storm has moved closer, and a brisk wind has whipped the sea into choppy whitecaps.

CUT TO

7. EXT. COASTGUARD CUTTER — CREDITS CONTINUE 7.

The launch's pilot, COLLINS, cuts the engine and lets the boat drift in alongside the cutter as CREWMEN lower the gangway. A boyish, clean-cut man in his early thirties, COLLINS is wearing faded denim fatigues and a Walkman headset slung around his neck. LARSEN and the CAPTAIN appear at the head of the gangplank.

COLLINS

(calling up)

Lieutenant Larsen ?

(LARSEN nods)

Storm front's building up fast. I'd like to get back in quick as possible, if you don't mind. . .

LARSEN

(calling down to COLLINS)

We're on our way. Did the equipment arrive in one piece ?

COLLINS

Yeah, they brought it in a couple of days ago. The rest of the crew went back to the Mainland with them.

(continued)

7. CONTINUED

7.

Carrying their seabags, SEGRUE, FIEDLER and DISALVO start down the gangway to the launch. LARSEN turns to the CAPTAIN and shakes his hand.

LARSEN

Thanks for the lift, Captain. See you in ten days.

CAPTAIN

Anytime, Ann, anytime. And don't forget to give my regards to your old man next time you see him.

LARSEN

Sure thing.

She heads down the gangway as COLLINS takes the others' gear and stows it in the rear of the launch. He takes LARSEN'S bag from her as she steps aboard.

COLLINS

Glad to have you guys aboard, Lieutenant. We don't see too many new faces round here normally. By the way, my name's Collins.

He starts the engine. SEGRUE casts off the line. At the helm, COLLINS waves up to the CAPTAIN as the CREWMEN raise the gangplank, then turns the launch sharply and heads back towards the island. CREDITS END as we

CUT TO

8. EXT. PATH TO LIGHT STATION — DAY

8.

Carrying LARSEN'S seabag over his shoulder, COLLINS leads the way up the path from the boathouse, a corrugated tin building with "U.S. Coastguard" painted in white letters across its roof. Lugging their gear, SEGRUE, FIEDLER and DISALVO follow, sweating in the oppressive heat. Tall seagrass flanks the gravel path way as it winds over the dunes.

(continued)

8. CONTINUED

8.

COLLINS

There she is. One of the last manned light stations in the Seventh District, you know.

LARSEN

Tell me about it. We've been automating these places for the last three months.

The red-and-white striped light tower stands eighty feet tall from its broad base to the balconied lamp room at the top, where high windows sparkle in the tropical sun. There is a tall, blue-painted water tower on spindly steel-pipe legs set on a hill near the tower, and nearby, a generator shed and small storage buildings. Across a yard of crushed shell and sand is a white, two-storey clapboard house. A hundred and fifty yards away, on the landward slope of a dune, stands a grey radio shack with a tall antenna mast bolted to its side and supported by guy wires anchored in the tall grass.

SEGRUE

What's the radio shack doing way out there ?

COLLINS

Just holding up the antenna. We moved the radio into the house.

As they walk along the gravel pathway, DISALVO gazes up at the light tower.

DISALVO

(quoting from memory)

They have neither the fear of the devil nor all his henchmen, but they mark well the waters around them. . .

LARSEN

(laughing)

Disalvo, you didn't tell us you were a poet.

They walk down from the grassy dunes into the station yard.

(continued)

8. CONTINUED

8.

DISALVO

(perversely cheerful)

So, they're giving you the old heave ho, eh Collins? How does it feel to know these guys are gonna replace you with a bunch of machines?

FIEDLER

Hey, come on Chief. We're just doing our job.

SEGRUE

Yeah. Building a better and safer world for tomorrow.

LARSEN

Technology marches forward, Disalvo. With or without you. Better get with the times.

DISALVO

Bullshit, Lieutenant. There's nothing a machine can do a good man can't do better. Right Collins?

COLLINS looks back at DISALVO and shrugs.

COLLINS

You're asking the wrong guy, Chief. My first words were "tee-vee".

Crossing the yard, they approach a small rock garden surrounding a cement pond filled with rainwater set in the sandy earth. Several marijuana plants stand among the weeds and flowers.

LARSEN

That's a nice homey touch.

COLLINS

(folksy accent)

Yup. We call it the North Forty.

(continued)

8. CONTINUED

8.

As LARSEN and COLLINS step onto the porch of the house, FIEDLER stops to examine the plants.

FIEDLER
Hey, these look just like. . .

SEGRUE
(grinning)
They are. Dope. Cannibus sativa.

COLLINS
(looking back from porch)
Really? Gee, I wonder how they got there?

LARSEN
The seeds must have just happened to blow out from the mainland. Right Collins?

Relieved, COLLINS smiles at her and shrugs.

COLLINS
What can you do?

He opens the door and steps inside the house. The others follows.

9. INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM — DAY

9.

The door bursts open, banging against the wall. SEGRUE tosses his gear in the corner of the tiny, barren room.

SEGRUE
Ah, home sweet home.

He flops on the narrow bed, testing the mattress. FIEDLER leans in the doorway and glances around the room.

FIEDLER
(sarcastic)
Wow! Looks like you got the presidential suite. . .

10. INT. MEZZANINE GALLERY — DAY

10.

Five or six bedroom doors open out onto a gallery which runs along two sides of a two-storey tall lounge area. A staircase at one end of the gallery leads down to the lounge. COLLINS stands on the gallery by the door to LARSEN'S room. The doors to the other rooms are open as the crew settles in.

COLLINS

Your room okay, Lieutenant ?

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)

(from inside room)

Better than the last station we were at.

DISALVO (VOICE OVER)

Worse than the fucking brig.

DISALVO steps out of his room as COLLINS heads for the staircase.

11. INT. LARSEN'S ROOM — DAY

11.

LARSEN'S room is larger and brighter than Segrue's, furnished with a bed, table and chair, and a bureau. As she unpacks her gear, DISALVO appears in the doorway.

DISALVO

Mind if I ask you a question, Lieutenant ?

LARSEN

(not looking up)

No, go ahead.

DISALVO

Are you any relation to Admiral Larsen ?

LARSEN glances over at DISALVO — she's heard the question a thousand times before.

(continued)

11. CONTINUED

11.

LARSEN

(wearily)

Matter of fact, Disalvo, he's my father.

DISALVO

(smiling broadly)

Well, I'll be. Good ol' Lead Balls Larsen's daughter. . .

Chuckling, he turns to leave the room.

LARSEN

Disalvo. . .

DISALVO

(turning back)

Lieutenant ?

LARSEN

You just earned yourself KP duty. I'll expect dinner at nineteen hundred hours. On the dot.

12. INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

12.

Wearing an apron, DISALVO takes a skillet of fried potatoes from the institutional-style gas range. There are shelves of canned goods on the walls, a refrigerator, and a big, horizontal freezer set in the corner. A storm rages outside, flashes of lightning flashing through the rain-washed windows. DISALVO steps through the swinging door leading to the lounge area.

13. INT. LOUNGE AREA — NIGHT

13.

The others are already seated, hungrily helping themselves to food piled on the table as DISALVO sets down the skillet. The table is near the kitchen, under the mezzanine gallery. Beyond it, the room opens up into the high-ceilinged lounge area, its battered, government issue furniture contrasted by an ultra-modern radio transceiver, stereo system and home computer set up along one wall.

(continued)

13. CONTINUED

13.

COLLINS

(as he eats)

Good food, Chief. We haven't eaten this well since the last overhaul crew left.

DISALVO grins, then sits down and starts heaping his plate with food.

SEGRUE

(to LARSEN)

Hey Skipper, any idea where we're going next ?

FIEDLER

Jesus, Segrue ! We just got here.

LARSEN

(with her mouth full)

Another light station, I guess. I figure we're on this detail 'till every one of them is automated.

FIEDLER

This is good, Chief.

DISALVO

Hell, this is nothing. Wait 'till I get into my exotic stuff.

FIEDLER

Such as ?

LARSEN

So, I guess you're going to miss this place, huh Collins ?

DISALVO

Oh, you know. Lasagna, bouillabaise, monkey brains. . .

(continued)

13. CONTINUED

13.

COLLINS

Uh-uh. The romance is over. There's just so much you can do out here. After a while you start getting a little weird, you know. Talking to yourself. Seeing ghosts. . .

Lightning flashes outside the window.

FIEDLER

Monkey brains ?

SEGRUE

Ghosts, huh ?

DISALVO

Yeah, it's an old Japanese delicacy. And sort of a speciality of mine.

COLLINS

Yeah, there's supposed to be a whole bunch of 'em on Jekyll. Supposedly the survivors of some brigantine that smashed into the island about a hundred years ago. Before they put up the light.

DISALVO

(grinning at FIEDLER)

First, you get a monkey, see ? Then you set it under a round table, with its head wedged up through a little hole in the center, so it sticks up like an egg in a cup.

COLLINS

When their bodies were found, a couple had been eaten by the others. Driven mad by hunger, they say. . .

DISALVO

Then whack ! You lop off the top of its skull. And while it's still alive, you dig into its brains with your chopsticks.

FIEDLER

Yech !

(continued)

13. CONTINUED

13.

LARSEN

How many times have we heard that one,
Segrue ?

SEGRUE

Half a dozen, at least. Seems like every
station from Maine to the Keys has got ghosts.
Or buried treasure.

FIEDLER

There's only one problem, Chief. Where do
you plan on getting a monkey ?

DISALVO

Well, I figured if we couldn't find one, we'd use
Segrue here. . .

SEGRUE

Say what ?

DISALVO

(winks at him)

Next closest thing.

The others laugh.

SEGRUE

(good naturedly)

Up yours, Chief.

Finished her dinner, LARSEN lights a cigarette. COLLINS pushes his
plate away and stands up.

COLLINS

(wiping his mouth)

Well, guess we better go check the light.

He goes to a coatrack near the door and pulls on a yellow slicker.

(continued)

13. CONTINUED

13.

FIEDLER

Don't let the ghosts get you.

COLLINS

Oh, they don't bother us. . .

COLLINS switches on his Walkman and slips the headphones over his ears, then puts on a sou'wester.

DISALVO

Hey Collins, what's with this "we-us" shit ?

COLLINS doesn't hear him.

FIEDLER

(laughing)

Maybe he's got Royal blood.

LARSEN

Or he's a schizophrenic.

COLLINS

(talking unnaturally loudly)

We'll be up most of the night, so don't wake us
in the morning.

He turns away, opens the door and steps out, not hearing the others' laughter.

14. EXT. LIGHT STATION — NIGHT

14.

The beam of light from the lighthouse sweeps across the station yard. Hunching his shoulders against the wind and rain, COLLINS trots from the house to the lighthouse. He slides open the big, curved iron door at the base of the tower and steps inside.

15. INT. GROUND FLOOR CHAMBER — NIGHT

15.

The high, round chamber is lit by a single light bulb. There are a few crates of equipment stacked around the curving walls, and a single porthole is set high in the wall opposite the door. COLLINS pulls the door shut, then takes off his wet rain gear and drapes it over a big spool of fire hose set on the wall. He adjusts his Walkman headset, then starts to climb the black spiral staircase which rises from the center of the floor.

16. INT. SECOND STOREY CHAMBER — NIGHT

16.

He passes up through an opening in the steel floor of the second storey chamber. The round room is empty except for stacks of paint cans, brushes, tarps and a bosun's chair used for painting the outside of the tower.

17. INT. THIRD STOREY LANDING — NIGHT

17.

A ladder bolted to the narrowing walls leads to the lamp room above, and brilliant flashes of light come from the open hatchway, illuminating the landing as COLLINS climbs up into view. Two red buckets — one full of sand, the other water — are set beside the ladder. An open door leads to a store-room on the same level, cluttered with coils of electrical cable, emergency batteries, insulators and electric motors stacked on shelves around the curving walls. COLLINS pauses to pull a pair of dark glasses from his pocket. He slips them on, then climbs the ladder up into the lamp room.

18. INT. LAMP ROOM — NIGHT

18.

The round, glass-walled room is flooded with searing blue-white light from four one-thousand watt bulbs set on a pedestal in front of a large curved fan of dozens of mirrored shutters which rotate slowly on a circular steel platform. COLLINS climbs up out of the ladder well. Avoiding looking at the brilliant light, he goes to a low control board to check the settings of several dials. Satisfied, he sits down on a large roll of tin foil used to repair the reflectors, takes a joint from his pocket, wets it with his lips, then scratches a match on the steel floor and lights it. He takes a long drag, holding the smoke in his lungs as he stares out to sea through the rain-streaked windows.

Finally, he exhales. Then, just as he is about to take another drag, he thinks he sees something outside. He leans closer to the window, wipes some moisture from the pane, raises his dark glasses onto his forehead and squints into the darkness outside.

19. COLLINS POV:

19.

The beam of light passes over the storm-swept island. Far in the distance, near the hook-shaped key at the end of the island, something glitters in the light, reflecting it back weakly.

20. CUT TO:

20.

COLLINS frowns, not quite sure what he's seen. Then, he sees the distant reflection again.

COLLINS

Holy shit.

He takes one last quick drag from his joint, pulls off the glowing end with his fingers and stubs it out on the floor, pockets the remainder, then hurries down the ladder.

21. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

21.

The iron door slides open and COLLINS steps out, dressed in his slicker and sou'wester. He closes the door, switches on the powerful flashlight he is carrying, then sets off, buffeted by the rain and wind as he strides along a pathway leading towards the far end of the island.

22. INT. MESS AREA/LOUNGE — NIGHT

22.

The table has been cleared. Still wearing his apron, DISALVO steps through the swinging door from the kitchen carrying a pot of coffee. SEGRUE is fiddling with the radio, but can only get bursts of music interrupted by static.

SEGRUE

Too much interference from the storm.

He shuts off the radio as DISALVO pours out four cups of coffee. Lighting a cigarette, LARSEN takes her cup and goes to inspect the small computer.

LARSEN

Nice set up. Let's see what we've got.

(continued)

22. CONTINUED

22.

She switches it on, then starts going through the floppy discs stored on a shelf above it. FIEDLER gets up to join her.

DISALVO

What's Collins got there ? Blue movies ?

LARSEN

(selecting a disc and reading
its label)

More like "Tide Tables, S.C., 1984".

FIEDLER

Or "Five Year Weather Projection".

DISALVO

Whoa boy ! Pretty racy stuff.

LARSEN slips the disc into the machine and hits some keys on the console. Gathered around the display screen, SEGRUE and FIEDLER start to laugh. DISALVO can't see the screen from where he's sitting.

SEGRUE

Oh great ! Fabulous !

FIEDLER

Let me go first !

DISALVO

(standing up)

What is it ?

LARSEN

(trying not to laugh)

Oh, it's much too technical to explain. . .

SEGRUE

A real complex program. . .

DISALVO peers over their shoulders at the display screen.

(continued)

23. DISALVO'S POV

23.

The screen shows the video game "Donkey Kong".

24. CUT TO:

24.

DISALVO cracks his knuckles and grins.

DISALVO

Donkey Kong! My favorite! Let's go!
Who's first?

The others look at him in surprise.

DISALVO

Well, what do you think? I come from
another planet or something?

25. EXT. FAR END ON ISLAND, NEAR SAND BAR — NIGHT

25.

The wind howls fiercely, almost drowning out the sound of the waves crashing against the shore. The beam from COLLINS' flashlight bobs along the ground ahead of him as he walks down a grassy dune and onto the beach. His feet sink into the wet sand as he strides towards the shore line. Just out of reach of the surf, he stops and looks out to sea, holding up his flashlight and wiping the rain from his eyes. He raises the light higher and higher — a vague, black shadow, barely visible through the rain, looms in front of him.

26. COLLINS' POV

26.

A sudden flash of lightning illuminates the towering, rusted bow of a freighter. Grounded on the sandy key, its massive hull is draped with rotting seaweed.

27. CUT TO:

27.

Staring up at the black hulk of the freighter, COLLINS cups his hands over his mouth.

COLLINS

(yelling)

Ahoy there! Ahoy there!

(continued)

27. CONTINUED

27.

His words are lost in the roar of the storm. He gazes up at the beached ship for a moment, then remembers that he is wearing earphones. He slips them off so that they hang around his neck, and tries again. The tinny music is barely audible over the sound of the storm.

COLLINS

Ahoy there ! Is anyone there ?

This time, listening intently, he hears something — but the sound is coming from behind him. He turns in surprise, raising his flashlight.

28. CLOSE ON COLLINS

28.

His mouth drops open in surprise and terror. He swings up the flashlight to try and shield himself and lets out a strangled scream.

29. EXT. BEACH NEAR LIGHT STATION — EARLY MORNING

29.

The sun has just risen, clearing the bright blue sky of clouds. Wearing a red bikini, FIEDLER runs down the beach into the surf. A flock of seagulls wheels overhead as she wades out into the waves then starts swimming, cutting the water with smooth, expert strokes.

30. EXT. OCEAN OFF JEKYLL ISLAND — DAY

30.

Fifty yards from shore, FIEDLER stops swimming and floats on her back for a few moments to regain her breath. Then, as she turns to head back to shore, she sees something. Staring in amazement, she brushes her wet hair away from her eyes.

FIEDLER

Wow...!

31. FIEDLER'S POV:

31

Almost a mile away, the distant silhouette of the freighter rises from the end of the island, a rusted metal chip between the white sand of the key and the blue ocean beyond it.

32. CUT TO:

32.

FIEDLER treads water as she stares at the distant wreck, then starts swimming back to shore.

33. INT. MESS AREA — MORNING

33.

The door swings open and FIEDLER bursts inside. Still wet from her swim, she is carrying a large red and white towel. LARSEN, DISALVO and SEGRUE look up from their breakfasts.

FIEDLER

(breathlessly)

Skipper ! There's a ship out there.

DISALVO

(unimpressed)

It happens on oceans sometimes.

FIEDLER

No. On the key. I think it's run aground.

The others shove their chairs back from the table and stand up, leaving their breakfasts unfinished.

DISALVO

Why didn't you say so in the first place ?

LARSEN

(to SEGRUE)

Grab the binoculars.

She heads for the door.

FIEDLER

(to DISALVO)

You didn't give me a chance.

SEGRUE runs into the lounge area for the binoculars as DISALVO and FIEDLER follow LARSEN outside.

34. EXT. STATION YARD — DAY

34.

Carrying a pair of binoculars, SEGRUE catches up to the others as they stride across the sun-baked yard towards the lighthouse.

FIEDLER

... it's a big freighter.

LARSEN

Any signs of life onboard?

FIEDLER

I couldn't tell. It's too far away...

DISALVO wrestles open the iron door at the base of the tower.

35. EXT. END OF ISLAND — POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

35.

The derelict freighter comes into focus. It is hard aground, beached on the key at an angle.

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)

It's a freighter, alright. She's listing badly.
Looks hard aground.

36. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — DAY

36.

Standing on the narrow iron balcony ringing the lamp room, LARSEN lowers the binoculars. DISALVO, FIEDLER and SEGRUE stand beside her, gazing towards the freighter.

LARSEN

I can't see anyone on board.

FIEDLER

May be they're sick. Or hurt.

LARSEN hands the glasses to DISALVO. He raises them to his eyes and examines the ship.

(continued)

36. CONTINUED

36.

DISALVO

She's a floater. A derelict. All rust fore and aft. Covered in weed.

(lowers glasses and turns
to LARSEN)

Doesn't look like anybody's on her, but I better run out in the launch and take a look.

He gives the binoculars back to LARSEN, then turns towards the door.

LARSEN

Hold it right there, Disalvo.

Standing in the doorway, DISALVO stops and looks back at her.

DISALVO

Yeah. . . ?

LARSEN

Disalvo, I wonder if you'd be kind enough to tell me who's in charge here ?

DISALVO

(innocently)

Why, you are, Lieutenant.

LARSEN

(stepping towards him)

Good, Disalvo, very good. Now that we've established that, do you think you could wait for orders before springing into action ?

DISALVO stares at LARSEN for a moment, then salutes sloppily.

DISALVO

Yes sir, Lieutenant, anything you say.

LARSEN

Cut it out, Disalvo. Okay Segrue, you come with me. . .

She steps past DISALVO into the lamp room.

37. INT. LAMP ROOM — DAY

37.

With the others following behind her, LARSEN heads for the ladder.

FIEDLER

You want me to wake up Collins ?

LARSEN starts to climb down the ladder.

LARSEN

No, let him rest. Just get dressed, then show Disalvo what goes where. We do have a job to do here, you know. . .

DISALVO climbs down the ladder behind LARSEN. SEGRUE grins at FIEDLER.

SEGRUE

Better still, get undressed, then show Disalvo what goes where.

FIEDLER

You jerk !

Laughing, she whips his ass with her towel as he turns towards the ladder.

38. EXT. BOATHOUSE — DAY

38.

Inside the boathouse, the launch's motor starts. Then, with LARSEN at the helm and SEGRUE sitting beside her, it backs out into the hot, white sunlight. She turns it expertly in the narrow channel and heads out to sea.

39. EXT. LAUNCH AT SEA — DAY

39.

The sea is calm, big Atlantic swells rolling easily under the launch's prow as LARSEN steers it towards the distant wreck.

40. EXT. THE FREIGHTER — DAY

40.

LARSEN slows the launch as they approach the freighter. Trailing strands of rotting seaweed, it juts out into the sea from the sand bar. Canted at a thirty-degree angle, it is solid red with rust.

41. EXT. STERN OF FREIGHTER — DAY

41.

LARSEN cuts the launch engine and drifts in beside the great rudder. In rusty white letters across the ship's stern are the words "S.S. Paraibo" and "Belem".

SEGRUE

The good ship S.S. Paraibo.

LARSEN

She looks high and dry, anyway.

The ship's plimsol line, barely visible under the sheet of rust, is ten feet over their heads.

LARSEN

(calling out)

Ahoy the ship! Is there anyone aboard?

They stand in silence for a few moments.

SEGRUE

(suddenly shouting in awkward Portugese)

Ha alguem a bordo?

LARSEN

(surprised)

What's that?

SEGRUE

Portugese, I hope. She's Brazilian.

LARSEN

Well, it doesn't look like anyone's on board, but we better check.

She starts the launch's engine again, backs it away from the rudder and heads around to the starboard side.

42. EXT. STARBOARD SIDE OF SHIP — DAY

42.

LARSEN motors the launch forward in the shadows under the ship's listing side. Two frayed lifeboat lines, bleached and worn ragged by the wind and sea, dangle from the ship's deck, one line hanging only a few feet above the water.

LARSEN

That looks like our only way up.

SEGRUE

No problem, Skipper. I'm the next best thing to a monkey, remember ?

LARSEN grins, then steers the launch under the line, cuts the engine, tosses a small anchor overboard and snubs the line around a cleat. SEGRUE grabs the rope and tugs on it experimentally.

LARSEN

I'm going to check around the hull to make sure she's here to stay. Don't take too long.

SEGRUE stuffs a waterproof flashlight in his pocket.

SEGRUE

Gotcha.

He reaches up to get a grip high on the rope, then begins to haul himself up hand over hand.

LARSEN

Check the crews' quarters. And see if you can find the log, or any papers. Anything.

SEGRUE

(grunting with exertion
as he climbs)

Right.

He reaches the ship's rail and pulls himself up and over, out of sight. LARSEN kicks off her shoes, slips off her shirt to reveal the tee-shirt underneath, starts to undo her pants, then looks up suspiciously. SEGRUE is leaning over the railing, watching her.

(continued)

42. CONTINUED

42.

LARSEN

You got a problem. Segrue ?

SEGRUE

(grinning)

No ma'am. Just admiring the view.

LARSEN

Well move it, sailor.

SEGRUE

Aye-aye, skipper.

He disappears. LARSEN pulls off her pants. Wearing only panties and her tee-shirt, she vaults over the side of the launch into the chest-deep water. She wades towards the ship's bow, stopping now and then to check the angle of the freighter's list and the depth its hull is buried in the sand.

43. EXT. FREIGHTER'S DECK — DAY

43.

SEGRUE walks along the steeply canting deck towards the bridge island. He selects a rusted door and pulls it open. It creaks loudly on its rusted hinges. He steps into the dark passageway.

44. INT. PASSAGEWAY — DAY

44.

In the gloom, soft light filters from a row of open cabin doors. Checking each cabin, SEGRUE walks to the end of the passageway. Debris is scattered everywhere. He unclips the dog-latches of a ladder well-hatch at the end of the passage, and pulls it halfway open. A nauseating stench emanates from below. SEGRUE backs away, gagging, then switches on his flashlight, steels himself, and climbs down through the hatch.

45. INT. HOLD — DAY

45.

It is almost pitch dark. The flashlight beam bobs over the slimy bulkhead as SEGRUE climbs down the ladder. Reaching the floor, he steps away from the ladder and looks around.

46. CUT TO:

46.

The flashlight beam plays over crooked stacks of crates, many of them smashed open, then stops on a pair of grey fiberglass coffins.

SEGRUE steps towards the coffins and inspects them curiously. The bolts holding the lids in place have been snapped off. One of the lids lies crookedly on top of the coffin. Gathering his courage, SEGRUE shoves it aside, expecting the worst – but the coffin is empty. Just then, he hears a quick, scuttling sound, like footsteps. He whirls around.

SEGRUE

(nervously)

Lieutenant. . . ? Is that you ?

There is no reply. The place is beginning to give SEGRUE the creeps. He backs away from the coffins, turning slowly, then freezes.

SEGRUE

Oh shit. . .

47. SEGRUE'S POV

47.

The flashlight beam illuminates a large yellow metal container. Stencilled on its side is a circle with three black triangles and the words; "Danger: Radioactive materials". A big, open crack runs right through the warning sign.

48. CUT TO:

48.

SEGRUE backs away from the container, then turns and quickly heads for the ladder. Just as he reaches it, there is another noise, louder than before. SEGRUE looks up, then dives aside just in time. A crate crashes to the floor beside him. Shaken, SEGRUE grabs his flashlight and scrambles to his feet, turns towards the ladder, then lets out a shocked gasp.

49. SEGRUE'S POV

49.

Ghastly in the yellowish flashlight glare, a FIGURE blocks SEGRUE'S way to the ladder.

50. REACTION SHOT

50.

SEGRUE backs away, fearfully.

SEGRUE
(gruffly)
Who's there ?

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)
It's just me, Segrue. You okay ?

51. CUT TO:

51.

With a sigh of relief, SEGRUE realizes that the figure is LARSEN, looking back over her shoulder as she clutches the rungs of the ladder.

SEGRUE
Yeah, but you just took ten years off my life.

LARSEN
Sorry about the crate. So listen, did you find anything ?

SEGRUE
No. But there's some radioactive stuff down here. I think we should high-tail it out of here fast.

LARSEN
Jesus. Where ?

SEGRUE points the flashlight in the direction of the cracked container.

LARSEN
Oh Christ. Let's beat it.

LARSEN hurriedly climbs the ladder, with SEGRUE right behind her.

52. EXT. FREIGHTER'S DECK - DAY

52.

Blinking in the sunlight, LARSEN and SEGRUE step out onto the deck. SEGRUE is about to head for the railing when LARSEN grabs his arm.

(continued)

52. CONTINUED

52.

LARSEN

Wait. We've got to check the bridge.

SEGRUE

But Skipper . . . the whole goddamn ship
might be hot. . .

Flakes of rust shower down on LARSEN as she starts to climb the ladder
to the bridge.

LARSEN

If we didn't get a dose down there, we're not
going to get one up here. . .

SEGRUE

(pausing worriedly before
he follows her)

But what if we did. . . ?

53. INT. BRIDGE – DAY

53.

The door screeches loudly as LARSEN yanks it open. All the windows on
the bridge have been broken long ago, and the floor is littered with soggy
heaps of debris. As LARSEN checks the bridge counters, SEGRUE goes
through the drawers of the chart table, slamming each empty drawer
with a bang.

SEGRUE

Nothin' here. . .

LARSEN

Aha! Here it is. . .

She pulls a big, water-logged book from a drawer – the log.

SEGRUE

Great. Let's get out of here. . .

54. EXT. FREIGHTER'S DECK – DAY

54.

Lugging the log under her arm, LARSEN follows SEGRUE across the deck. He
starts to climb over the railing.

54. CONTINUED

54.

LARSEN

Hey Segrue. Am I imagining something,
or are you starting to glow. . .?

A look of panic crosses SEGRUE'S face as he glances down at his body.
LARSEN laughs.

SEGRUE

Very funny, Skipper. . .

Definitely not amused, he lowers himself out of sight. LARSEN drops the log to him, then climbs over the railing and down towards the launch. A few seconds later, its engine starts. Then, the launch appears, heading out to sea beyond the railing of the ship's deck. As it motors back towards the light station, we hear a series of creaks, like footsteps on the deck, then another sound, a strange, rasping noise strongly suggestive of breathing. . .

55. INT. MESS AREA — DAY

55.

CLOSE ON the video screen as LARSEN types the words "S.S. Paraibo" on the keyboard. There is a pause, then the computer requests that she supply the ship's home port. She types in "Belem Brazil". The data quickly appears on the screen.

LARSEN

Ah, here we go.

56. CUT TO:

56.

LARSEN sits at the keyboard, with DISALVO and SEGRUE watching over her shoulders. At a table nearby, FIEDLER is going through the ship's log, trying to make sense of the smeared writing with the help of an English-Portuguese dictionary, and jotting down notes on a piece of paper.

LARSEN

(reading data on screen)

S.S. Paraibo. . . presumed lost at sea. . .

DISALVO

Presumed lost. . . ?!

(continued)

56. CONTINUED

56.

LARSEN

Yeah, look. Last radio contact 20:22 Lat, 24
Long, in the South Atlantic. . .

(pause)

Oh my god! Over three years ago.

SEGRUE

You mean it floated around for three years
without being spotted. . .?

DISALVO

It's a big ocean. . .

LARSEN turns away from the screen

LARSEN

Hey Fiedler, anything about abandoning ship
there? Storm warnings?

(no reply)

Fiedler?

FIEDLER glances up from the log. She looks totally freaked out.

LARSEN

What's wrong?

FIEDLER

We're in trouble, skipper. It wasn't a storm.
Listen. Here's a rough translation, last
entry. . .

(reads from notes)

Whole crew infected. Those who will not die.
Cannot hold out much longer. . .

(looks up)

And then there's something colloquial, which
means, I think, caught in a shitstorm without
an umbrella. . .

SEGRUE

(puzzled)

I don't get it. . .

DISALVO

Sounds like some sort of epidemic. . .
a plague or something. . .

(continued)

56. CONTINUED

56.

LARSEN checks the computer screen.

LARSEN

Radiation sickness. . . yeah, here, look. . .
cargo and routing. . . cotton seed. . . drilling
machinery. . . here! Sealed containers of
medical supplies. . .

SEGRUE

That could've been the radioactive stuff in the
hold. Isotopes or something. . .

LARSEN lights a cigarette and stares at the screen tensely.

DISALVO

But you guys didn't see any bodies, right?
I mean, if everyone onboard dies, there's gotta
be bodies. . . unless they all buried themselves
at sea.

SEGRUE

I saw some things that looked like coffins. But
they were empty. . .

FIEDLER

Didn't you hear me? He said "those who will
not die."

DISALVO

You mean, like vampires or something. . .

SEGRUE

Ah, come off it, Disalvo. . .

LARSEN

(Turning from screen)

Pipe down, you guys. If there was something
onboard infecting people, we could've picked it
up. Segrue, get on the blower and report back
to District Seven. We need a medical team
out here. . .

(continued)

56. CONTINUED

56.

DISALVO

Radio's out.

LARSEN looks at him, surprised.

LARSEN

What ?

DISALVO

Radio's out. I tried it already. The antenna came down in the storm last night.

LARSEN

What were you trying to do, earn yourself some brownie points back at H.Q. ? I never told you to radio in.

DISALVO

It don't matter now, Lieutenant, does it ?

LARSEN

(getting pissed off)

That's not the point, Disalvo. I asked you wait for orders before barging ahead on your own. I'm not going to say it again. Do I make myself clear ?

DISALVO

(without conviction)

Absolutely, ma'am.

LARSEN

Fiedler. You better get Collins up now.

FIEDLER

Will do, skipper.

She heads for the stairs leading to the sleeping quarters.

57. INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY — DAY

57.

FIEDLER walks along to the hall to COLLINS' door.

FIEDLER

Rise and shine, Collins. Lieutenant wants you.

There is no reply. She knocks on the door.

FIEDLER

Collins ?

Still no reply. She turns the door handle, then tentatively pushes the door open.

58. INT. COLLINS' ROOM — DAY

58.

The door swings open and FIEDLER steps inside. A few pen and ink self-portraits adorn the walls. Books and magazines are piled on the small table. The bed is neatly made — it obviously hasn't been slept in.

59. EXT. BACK PORCH — DAY

59.

SEGRUE, LARSEN and DISALVO stand on the back porch gazing towards the radio shack on the dune. The mast antenna is barely visible, lying in the grass beside it.

LARSEN

Shit.

DISALVO

Shouldn't be much trouble getting it back up.

LARSEN

So why aren't you doing it, Disalvo ?

DISALVO

Just waiting for orders, ma'am. Just waiting for orders. . .

LARSEN looks as if she'd like to strangle DISALVO. Just then, FIEDLER steps out through the back door.

(continued)

59. CONTINUED

59.

FIEDLER

He's not in his room, skipper, and his bed
hasn't been slept in. . .

LARSEN

(getting flustered)

Goddammit. What's going on around here ?

She lights a cigarette as she gazes around the station. Cupping his hands
to his mouth, SEGRUE steps down from the porch and starts calling.

SEGRUE

(yelling)

Collins ? Hey, Collins ! ?

LARSEN

Forget it, Segrue. He's probably wearing his
headphones.

FIEDLER

You think something's happened to him,
skipper ?

LARSEN

I don't know. He's not in the house, or the
station. And he wasn't at the boathouse. We
were just there.

DISALVO

Maybe "they" went to check the launch last
night. May be "they" tripped over each other
and fell overboard. Maybe "they" got dragged
out to sea by the undertow. . .

LARSEN

Maybe you better get that antenna up.

(then, to SEGRUE)

Segrue, start getting the equipment sorted
out. If Collins happens to turn up, sound the
fog horn, okay ?

(continued)

59. CONTINUED

59.

SEGRUE

Right.

FIEDLER

What should I do, Skipper ?

LARSEN

Come with me. We're going to search for Collins. He's got to be somewhere on the island. . .

The two women start walking away towards the dunes.

60. INT. GENERATOR SHED — DAY

60.

There is a loud shriek as SEGRUE pries the lid off a wooden crate with a crowbar. The small shed is filled with several more crates of equipment, and the throbbing generator. Sweating in the heat, SEGRUE pauses to take a sip from a can of coke. He has tufts of keenex stuffed in his ears to deaden the sound. He sets the can down on a bench by the open door, then gets back to work, carefully lifting an electronic control panel from the opened crate.

61. EXT. DUNES ABOVE THE LIGHT STATION — DAY

61.

FIEDLER and LARSEN appear over the crest of a dune near the center of the island. LARSEN gazes around for a moment, shielding her eyes from the blazing sun.

LARSEN

(pointing)

Okay, we'll split up. You circle around the shore that way. We should meet up somewhere around the key.

FIEDLER

You don't think he really was washed out to sea, do you Skipper ?

LARSEN glances at FIEDLER and shrugs, then starts walking away towards the shore. FIEDLER watches her for a few moments, then turns and walks in the opposite direction.

62. EXT. NEAR RADIO SHACK — DAY

62.

Carrying a toolbox, DISALVO walks along the path leading to the radio shack. A plank at the base of the shack to which the antenna is bolted has been torn free, leaving a gap in the wall. The antenna lies on the ground. As DISALVO sets down his toolbod and starts to examine the damage, he hears a faint, moaning sound.

DISALVO

Collins...?

No reply. But the sound seemed to come from inside the shack. Frowning, he walks around the shack and pulls open the door.

63. INT. RADIO SHACK — DAY

63.

DISALVO peers in through the doorway. The unused shack, its shelves stripped of equipment and littered with debris, is empty. A thin sliver of sunlight from the gap at the base of the rear wall cuts across the dusty floorboards.

64. EXT. RADIO SHACK — DAY

64.

DISALVO backs away from the door uncertainly — he's sure he heard something — then heads for the rear of the shack. He takes a screwdriver from the toolbox, kneels down by the fallen antenna and starts to unfasten it from the broken baseboard.

65. CLOSE ON DISALVO

65.

As he hears, very clearly, a whispering sound and footsteps. Turning in surprise, he gashes his hand on the rusty metal bracket connecting the antenna to the board.

DISALVO

Segrue?

66. DISALVO'S POV

66.

There's no one there.

67. CUT TO

67.

DISALVO looks around in bewilderment, then down at his hand. It's gushing blood.

DISALVO

Shit!

(continued)

67. CONTINUED

67.

Clutching his bleeding hand, he gets to his feet and heads back toward the house.

DISALVO

Goddamn hell!

68. EXT. BEACH NEAR FREIGHTER — DAY

68.

The derelict ship lies at an angle against the key, separated from the beach by twenty yards of calm, blue water. LARSEN walks down the sand towards the shoreline, then stops.

LARSEN

(shouting)

Collins!

There is no reply. She gazes at the freighter for a few moments, then turns back. Then suddenly, she stops, staring at something on the sand in front of her. She bends down to pick it up — COLLINS' flashlight. She brushes away the wet sand clinging to its surface. It's switch is still at the "On" position, but the batteries are dead. LARSEN stands up and gazes around worriedly.

69. INT. STORAGE SHED — DAY

69.

Most of the crates are opened and electronic equipment is spread out over the tool bench. Drenched in sweat, SEGRUE wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, then reaches for his can of coke.

SEGRUE

(puzzled)

Huh. . . ?

70. SEGRUE'S POV

70.

The coke can has disappeared from the bench. All that remains is a ring of moisture.

71. CUT TO:

71.

SEGRUE looks around the shed for the can of coke. But he's sure he left it on the bench. He steps outside the shed.

72. INT. STORAGE SHED – DAY

72.

The roar of the generator is reduced to a throbbing hum. SEGRUE looks around.

SEGRUE
Disalvo...? Collins...?

But even if they replied, he couldn't hear them – he still has the kleenex in his ears. Shaking his head, SEGRUE goes back inside the shed.

73. INT. KITCHEN – DAY

73.

DISALVO steps in through the back door and goes to a cabinet over the counter. He pulls open the door and takes down a roll of gauze and a bottle of hydrogen peroxide from the shelf. Lying beside the medical supplies is a service revolver and ammunition belt. DISALVO uncaps the peroxide with his teeth, then, holding his wounded hand over the sink, pours the disinfectant over it. He grimaces in pain as blood drips into the sink, then sets down the bottle and starts to bandage his hand with the gauze.

74. EXT. BEACH – DAY

74.

FIEDLER walks along the beach, disturbing a group of seagulls pecking through the rotting seaweed marking the tide line. Most of them fly away, but one just hops along the sand in front of her.

FIEDLER
Shoo! Shoo!

Startled, the gull flaps his wings and flutters into the tall seagrass, out of sight. FIEDLER walks on for a few steps. From behind her comes the sound of a mad scramble, then a tortured squawk. She turns just in time to see a puff of feathers float up into the air above the grass.

FIEDLER
What the...?

Curious, she turns and walks back towards the feathers. Then she freezes. Her mouth falls open in shock.

FIEDLER
Oh...!

75. FIEDLER'S POV

75.

A strange man rises out of the grass in front of her. Wearing the rotting remnants of a captain's uniform, his flesh is deathly white and spotted with crusty running sores. Where one of his eyes should be, there is nothing but a black, gaping hole. He holds the dead seagull in his hand, and fresh blood drips from his mouth as he stares at her.

76. CUT TO

76.

Stunned by the CAPTAIN'S sudden appearance, FIEDLER backs away slowly.

FIEDLER

(stammering)

Who are you. . . ?

Then, she lets out a frightened gasp as more men rise from the grass, first two, then three, then a dozen of them. Horrible misshapen creatures, they wear tattered seamen's clothing. Most look like they're badly wounded, but seem to be suffering no pain. Many are missing limbs. And their faces are dead and expressionless.

FIEDLER

Are you from the ship. . . ?

As she talks, one of the creatures raises a well-chewed human forearm he is holding and takes a bite from it. FIEDLER's eyes widen in horror. And then the CAPTAIN lets out an unearthly moan and his crew starts to shamble forward, closing in on FIEDLER.

FIEDLER

Oh shit!

She turns and runs.

77. EXT. REAR PORCH OF HOUSE — DAY

77.

With his hand freshly bandaged, DISALVO steps out of the kitchen, crosses the porch, goes down the steps and starts walking towards the radio shack. Then he stops and looks around, thinking he's heard something.

FIEDLER

(faint, in the distance)

Help ! Help me !

DISALVO turns and looks towards the sound, shielding his eyes against the sun with his hand.

78. **DISALVO'S POV:** 78.
- On the near slope of the beach dune, two hundred yards beyond the radio shack, FIEDLER runs through the grass, pursued by the crewmen from the derelict freighter.
79. **CUT TO:** 79.
- Unable to believe his eyes, DISALVO stares in amazement.
- DISALVO
What the fuck. . . ?
- He starts to run towards FIEDLER, then remembers the revolver and dashes back into the house.
80. **INT. KITCHEN – DAY** 80.
- DISALVO pulls open the cabinet, grabs the revolver and ammo belt, and hurries back outside.
81. **CUT TO:** 81.
- Running in terror, FIEDLER glances over her shoulder. The creatures are gaining on her.
82. **CUT TO** 82.
- DISALVO appears over the crest of a dune, quickly loading the revolver as he runs.
- DISALVO
(yelling)
Hold it right there!
83. **CUT TO** 83.
- Eyes wide with terror, chest heaving, FIEDLER hears DISALVO. As she turns to see him, she trips and falls into the grass. One of the SEAMEN – a big ugly brute with rotting grey flesh – is closing in fast. And the rest are right behind him.

84. CUT TO 84.
- DISALVO, raises the gun.
- DISALVO
I said hold it!
- He fires off a warning shot.
85. CUT TO 85.
- The men ignore the gun shot. FIEDLER scrambles to her feet. But the FIRST SEAMAN has reached her. He grabs her hair, and with a scream she falls back to the ground.
86. CUT TO 86.
- DISALVO takes aim at the FIRST SEAMAN and fires again. This time he means business.
87. CUT TO 87.
- Hit squarely on the chest, the FIRST SEAMAN is knocked to the ground by the impact.
- On her hands and knees, FIEDLER backs away from the body in terror – and then screams in disbelief as suddenly, with unnatural, jerky movements, the FIRST SEAMAN springs to his feet, totally unaffected by the gaping wound in his chest.
88. CUT TO 88.
- DISALVO can't believe his eyes.
- DISALVO
Fiedler! The shack! The radio shack!
Run for it!
- He quickly aims and fires another round at the FIRST SEAMAN.
89. CUT TO 89.
- Again, the SEAMAN goes down, hit in the shoulder. The rest of the deadly crew have almost caught up to him. FIEDLER scrambles to her feet and runs for the radio shack, not looking back to see the incredible sight of the twice-wounded SEAMAN rising to his feet once again and joining the others in pursuit.

90. CUT TO 90.
DISALVO runs forward, then raises his gun in both hands and fires into the mob.
91. CUT TO 91.
ANOTHER CREWMAN is flung to the ground, half his face blown away. But like the first, he too quickly recovers and joins in the chase.
92. CUT TO 92.
On the brink of exhaustion, FIEDLER reaches the shack. Her pursuers are only a few steps behind her. As more shots ring out, she pulls open the door and leaps inside.
93. INT. RADIO SHACK — DAY 93.
Just as FIEDLER slams the door, a gnarled hand bursts through the narrowing crack and grabs at her. Leaning against the door with all her might, she hits at it with her fist. Finally, it withdraws. The door clicks shut. She locks and bolts it, sobbing in relief.
94. CUT TO: 94.
DISALVO crouches and fires as the last few creatures disappear behind the shack.
95. EXT. BEACH NEAR FREIGHTER — DAY 95.
Carrying the flashlight, LARSEN hears the sound of the shots, carried faintly on the sand. Puzzled, she gazes over the dunes. Then there is another shot, a bit louder. She starts walking quickly back towards the station. Another shot sounds. She begins to run.
96. EXT. RADIO SHACK — DAY 96.
DISALVO runs to the radio shack, then pauses uncertainly. He can hear strange growling sounds, but FIEDLER's pursuers are hidden behind the shack. Flattening himself against the side of the building, he raises the gun, then leaps around the corner, ready to blast away.

97. EXT. FRONT OF SHACK — DAY

97.

Feet spread wide apart, gun held in both hands in front of him, DISALVO stares in surprise — there's no one there. He lowers the gun warily.

DISALVO
Fiedler. . . ? You okay ?

No answer. He tries the door, but it's locked.

DISALVO
Fiedler ! Open the goddamn door.

Suddenly, a terrified scream comes from inside.

DISALVO
Fiedler !

He runs around to the rear of the shack.

98. EXT. REAR OF SHACK — DAY

98.

For a moment DISALVO stands stock still, staring in horror as the last of the creatures wriggles into the shack through the gap left by the plank torn away by the fallen antenna.

DISALVO
Oh god, no !

He raises his gun and fires until the gun clicks empty, riddling the body with bullets, quickly reloads his pistol, then tears around to the front of the shack.

99. EXT. FRONT OF SHACK — DAY

99.

DISALVO fires at the door latch, then tries to open it, tugging on it frantically. But the door is bolted from the inside and won't give.

DISALVO
(yelling)
Fiedler ! Open the door ! For the love
of god, open the goddamn door !

From inside, the muted growls and snarls rise to a fever pitch. Then FIEDLER'S voice, strangely clear, seems to come from outside the shack.

FIEDLER (VOICE OVER)
Chief. . . help me, Chief. . . please. . .

DISALVO runs around to the side of the shack.

100. EXT. SIDE OF SHACK — DAY

100.

Drenched in sweat, FIEDLER'S head and arm are sticking out a small ventilation window, its hinged shutters forced wide open. Then suddenly, she lets out an agonized scream and is yanked back inside, just managing to keep a hold on the window sill with her fingers.

DISALVO

Hold on honey, I'll get you out. . .

He jams his pistol in its holster, grabs her hand and tries to pull her out. Her head reappears. Gasping in pain, her eyes glazed, her face twitches as she tries to cry out.

FIEDLER

Chief. . . they're hurting me. . .

DISALVO

Oh Christ. . .!

Weeping with rage and frustration, DISALVO pulls on her arm with all his might. But her shoulders are too wide to fit through the small window. The shack vibrates with frantic motion inside. FIEDLER screams pitifully.

101. CLOSE ON DISALVO:

101.

DISALVO realizes that she hasn't got a chance, and that there is nothing he can do to save her. With tears streaming down his face, he raises his gun and takes careful aim.

DISALVO

Jesus honey, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. . .

His face tenses as he squeezes the trigger. There is the sharp sound of a single gun shot. FIEDLER'S screams stop abruptly.

The small window is now empty — FIEDLER'S body has been pulled back inside. Seized with rage, DISALVO aims through the window and fires wildly at the murderous creatures.

DISALVO

Die, you fuckers! Die!

102. INT. RADIO SHACK – DAY 102.

Like a pack of sharks in a feeding frenzy, the CREWMEN are fighting over FIEDLER's body. There is blood everywhere. And the bullets seem to have no effect whatsoever as they thud into the huddled mass of bloodthirsty creatures.

103. EXT. GENERATOR SHED – 103.

Wiping his hands on a rag, SEGRUE steps out of the shed. He takes the kleenex out of his ears, then looks up in surprise as he hears the sound of gunshots echoing across the yard. Shaking his head in disbelief, he tosses the rag aside and starts walking toward the radio shack.

104. EXT. RADIO SHACK – DAY 104.

With a final shot, DISALVO's gun is empty again. Staring in horror through the window, he backs away numbly, then turns and runs towards the light station.

105. EXT. STATION YARD – DAY 105.

As SEGRUE walks across the yard, DISALVO comes into view, heading down across the grassy dune toward the house.

SEGRUE
(cheerfully)
A little target practice, Chief. . . ?

DISALVO runs towards SEGRUE.

DISALVO
(shouting)
Get the launch fueled and ready. I'll find the Lieutenant. We're getting off this fucking island.

SEGRUE stares at DISALVO, puzzled. DISALVO'S face is flushed, his eyes wild.

SEGRUE
What are you talking about, man ?
We're not going anywhere. We haven't even started —

Cold rage in his eyes, DISALVO raises his gun and points it at SEGRUE'S face.

(continued)

105. CONTINUED

105.

DISALVO
Move your ass, sailor ! Now !

Shocked, SEGRUE raises his hands and backs away. He thinks DISALVO'S gone nuts.

SEGRUE
(humoring him)
Sure thing, Chief. Anything you say. . .

DISALVO
Move it, Segrue !

SEGRUE backs away a few more steps. Crazy or not, DISALVO looks like he means business.

SEGRUE
Okay, okay. Read you loud and clear. . .

He turns and runs towards the boathouse, glancing over his shoulder to see that DISALVO still has his gun trained on him. When SEGRUE has reached the edge of the yard, DISALVO lowers the gun and jogs towards the house.

106. EXT. REAR PORCH OF HOUSE — DAY

106.

DISALVO steps up onto the porch. He reaches for the door, then freezes as a crash comes from inside the house. He steps forward cautiously and peers in the window.

107. DISALVO'S POV:

107.

Chairs and tables have been overturned, cupboards opened and ransacked, debris scattered everywhere as about half a dozen of the living corpses aimlessly search through the house. One of them looks up, sees DISALVO, lets out a hoarse snarl, then starts walking towards him.

108. CUT TO:

108.

DISALVO backs away from the window, steps off the porch, then quickly reloads his gun. He raises it and takes aim, methodically firing at the door, hoping to keep the creatures inside.

109. EXT. DUNES BEHIND LIGHT STATION — DAYS 109.

LARSEN runs breathlessly over the sandy dune. She hears the gunshots and speeds up, cutting through the grass. The station comes into view. She slows down, breathing hard as she stares at DISALVO.

110. LARSEN'S POV: 110.

DISALVO stands behind the house, firing one shot after another into the kitchen.

111. CUT TO: 111.

LARSEN can't believe her eyes.

LARSEN
(shouting)
Disalvo !

She breaks into a run. DISALVO doesn't stop shooting at the house.

112. EXT. STATION YARD — DAY 112.

LARSEN runs towards DISALVO.

LARSEN
What the hell are you doing ? Stop it !

He fires one last shot, then glances over his shoulder at LARSEN, keeping the gun pointed at the house.

DISALVO
Don't come any closer ! Turn around and run
for the launch !

LARSEN stares at DISALVO, bewildered.

LARSEN
Jesus Christ, Disalvo. What's gotten into
you ?

DISALVO
(angrily)
Didn't you hear what I said ?
We got to get out of here ! They already got
Fiedler. You wanna be next ?

(continued)

112. CONTINUED

112.

LARSEN

Alright, Disalvo. That's enough.
Give me the gun before you hurt someone.

She reaches out for the gun. DISALVO pulls it away, they grabs LARSEN'S arm.

DISALVO

Don't argue. come on, let's go.

She tries to pull herself away, but DISALVO won't let go. She swings at him with her fist.

LARSEN

Let go of me, you asshole !

DISALVO grabs her with both hands in a rough bear hug, lifting her off her feet as she kicks and struggles, pounding at him with her fists.

DISALVO

Listen to me ! Listen to me !

LARSEN

Let me go, you crazy son-of-a-bitch !
You've lost your fucking mind !

She twists and wrestles as DISALVO starts dragging her towards the boathouse.

SEGRUE (VOICE OVER)

Lieutenant ! Disalvo !

Both LARSEN and DISALVO look up to see --

113. THEIR POV:

113.

Scared out of his wits, SEGRUE runs up the path from the boathouse, waving his arms.

SEGRUE

Go back ! Go back !

Then, several yards behind him, another pack of the undead flesheaters appears.

114. CUT TO:

114.

LARSEN stares in amazement.

LARSEN
What the hell. . . ?

DISALVO
(letting go of her)
Now do you understand? They're all over
the place.

Running breathlessly, SEGRUE reaches them at the edge of the station yard.

SEGRUE
They're. . . in. . . the boathouse. . .

DISALVO
And the house.

LARSEN, SEGRUE and DISALVO back warily into the center of the yard. The men chasing SEGRUE have fanned out and gaze at them from the grass.

LARSEN
Oh god! Behind us!

They look to see more CREWMEN watching them from the other side of the yard. The, the one-eyed CAPTAIN appears from behind the house. He gazes at LARSEN, DISALVO and SEGRUE for a few seconds, then opens his mouth wide and lets out an eerie, inhuman howl. Immediately, the others start to move forward, slowly closing in for the kill.

DISALVO
No sudden movements. We gotta work
our way back down to the boathouse. . .
(raises gun)
This won't kill them, but it stops them
for long enough. . .

LARSEN
It doesn't kill them?! What are you
talking about. . . ?

She looks around desperately. There's now about thirty creatures – the whole ship's crew – moving in from the edges of the station yard.

(continued)

114. CONTINUED

114.

LARSEN

(shouting)

Stand back! Clear this area immediately
or we'll shoot!

Her warning has absolutely no effect.

DISALVO

Come on, Lieutenant!
We gotta get off this rock now!
While we still have the chance.

SEGRUE

(suddenly realizing)

Where's Fiedler ?

DISALVO

Fiedler's dead.

SEGRUE glances at DISALVO, shocked.

SEGRUE

Dead ? !

DISALVO

Yeah ! And we're gonna be dead too
if we don't get out of there. . .

He raises his gun and points it at the nearest CREWMAN.

DISALVO

Now ! Run for it .

LARSEN

(horrified by what
DISALVO's about to do)

No!

But she's too late. As the sound of the gunshot echoes across the yard,
the nearest CREWMAN goes down, hit in the abdomen.

LARSEN

Jesus, Disalvo!

But the, to LARSEN and SEGRUE's total amazement, the CREWMAN
simply gets back up, totally ignoring the fact that the half his guts have
been blown away.

(continued)

114. CONTINUED

114.

SEGRUE

Holy shit!

LARSEN

The tower ! It's our only chance !

They turn and race for the tower, pursued by the whole pack of undead crewmen from the ship.

DISALVO

(shouting)

Get inside ! I'll get the door !

As LARSEN and SEGRUE leap inside, he tries to shove the iron door shut. It creaks on its rusty runner, but only moves a few inches. Sweating, DISALVO glances over his shoulder. The CAPTAIN and his deadly CREW are only thirty feet away, charging straight for him.

115. INT. GROUND FLOOR CHAMBER — DAY

115.

The inhuman horde is visible through the doorway.

LARSEN

Come on, Segrue ! Push !

They leap to the door and help DISALVO push it closed. At the last second, DISALVO leaps in through the diminishing opening. The door slams shut. DISALVO swings the broad bolt home. From outside come the sounds of the enraged creatures.

LARSEN

(panting)

Well, at least we're safe. . .
for the time being.

DISALVO

Yeah. Great.

SEGRUE slumps down on the bottom step of the spiral staircase, then looks up at DISALVO with tears glistening in his eyes.

SEGRUE

How did she die. . . ?

DISALVO

(tonelessly)

Those things were chasing her. She locked herself in the radio shack. But they got in. I couldn't get her out. So I shot her.

(continued)

115. CONTINUED

115.

LARSEN and SEGRUE stare at him in disbelief. SEGRUE lets out a sob.

LARSEN

You shot her ?

DISALVO

They were eating her alive, for chrissake !
What else could I do ?

LARSEN looks around bleakly.

LARSEN

Oh god. . .

She slumps down on a crate and buries her face in her hands.

SEGRUE

(it still hasn't sunk in)
You. . . killed. . . Fiedler. . . ?

Ignoring him, DISALVO slips the gun belt off his shoulder.

DISALVO

D'you think they got Collins too ?

LARSEN

(quietly)
I think so. I found his flashlight on the beach
near the freighter. And that's where they
must be from. . .

Glaring at DISALVO, SEGRUE gets to his feet and steps towards him,
shaking with grief and rage.

SEGRUE

You killed her ? ! You bastard !

LARSEN

(leaping to her feet)
Segrue, no !

DISALVO turns towards SEGRUE, ready to take him on.

DISALVO

Just try it, sonny boy.

SEGRUE stares at DISALVO for a moment. Then his body goes limp. He
turns away.

(continued)

115. CONTINUED

115.

LARSEN

Oh god, I don't believe this is happening.

DISALVO

It's happening, Lieutenant. And you two can sit here moaning if you want to, but I'm going to blast my way out of here and head for the boathouse. . .

He searches through the pockets on the gun belt for more ammunition. Then, his face falls.

DISALVO

Oh Jesus. . . !

LARSEN

What is it ?

DISALVO turns towards her, crestfallen. In his hand he holds two bullets.

DISALVO

That's all that's left.

He sits down, defeated.

DISALVO

Okay, Lieutenant, your move.
What do we do now ?

LARSEN

(trying to sound confident)

We. . . we go by the book. Secure our position.
And. . . attempt to establish communication.

DISALVO

Oh yeah ? What happens if those things haven't read your book, Lieutenant ?

LARSEN turns away and starts to climb the staircase. Then she gazes down at DISALVO.

LARSEN

For fuck sake, Disalvo, get off my back !

(to SEGRUE)

Come on, Segrue. I want to see what we've got up top. . .

She continues up the staircase. SEGRUE follows her, moving like a sleepwalker. Holding the gun in his hands, DISALVO watches as they climb up out of sight.

(continued)

116. EXT. STATION YARD - DAY

116.

Most of the CREATURES are still grouped around the lighthouse. Others have wandered off towards the house and the other buildings. The CAPTAIN stands alone, staring up at the tower.

117. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — DAY

117.

DISALVO stands on the balcony, the gun in his hand as he gazes down into the yard.

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)
(from inside tower
Disalvo ? Come here.

DISALVO doesn't respond.

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)
Disalvo ?

LARSEN steps out from the lamp room and leans against the railing beside him.

DISALVO
(quietly)
I figure that one's the leader. He looks
older and tougher than the rest. . .

LARSEN glances at DISALVO suspiciously — is he suggesting he should be leader rather than her ?

118. THEIR POV:

118.

Seeing DISALVO and LARSEN gazing down from the balcony, the CAPTAIN lets out a defiant snarl.

119. CUT TO:

119.

LARSEN stares down at the creatures in the yard.

LARSEN
(with a shudder)
God, they're ugly creatures. They look sick.
And deformed. . .

DISALVO aims the pistol at the CAPTAIN.

(continued)

119. CONTINUED

119.

DISALVO

(matter-of-factly)

That's because they're dead.

(pause)

Maybe I should put another hole
in that one right now. . .

LARSEN

No. Save the ammunition till we need it.

They watch the CREWMEN in silence for a moment.

LARSEN

I think it must have something to do with that
radioactive material in the hold of the ship.
The way they look. . . But what do they want
from us?!

DISALVO

Hell, Lieutenant, don't they teach you kids
nothing in the academy? Those guys down
there are corpses. They're dead. . . And
everybody knows the dead hate the living.
They want to kill us.

LARSEN

Don't be ridiculous. . .

DISALVO

It's obvious. You just don't want to see it.
Look at them! Look at those fucking things!

LARSEN

I don't believe in ghosts Disalvo. . . or
vampires or undead or whatever the hell you
want to call them. . .

DISALVO

Well, you better start believing, Lieutenant.
You better start believing before its too late.

LARSEN

I've heard just about enough of your bullshit,
Disalvo. Let's go see what Segrue's turned
up. . .

She turns and heads inside. DISALVO takes aim with his pistol, pointing
it at the CAPTAIN. He pulls the trigger. The hammer clicks down, but
the gun is empty.

DISALVO

Gotcha !

He turns and follows LARSEN inside.

120. INT. THIRD-STOREY STORE ROOM — DAY

120.

A lantern and a small can of kerosene are set on the floor beneath the shelves stacked with electrical equipment. Carefully laid out on a crate are one and a half chocolate bars (melted), an almost full bottle of rum (Puerto Rican) and the red fire bucket full of water (fresh). SEGRUE proudly displays his find to DISALVO and LARSEN.

SEGRUE

. . . kerosene. A lantern. And, a bottle of rum. I guess Collins left it up here for those long, cold nights.

DISALVO holds up the bottle and reads the label.

DISALVO

Not bad stuff. . .

He sets it down again, then turns to LARSEN.

DISALVO

So, that's it, eh ?

LARSEN

What do you mean, that's it ? Don't you see ? We can make it. We ration the water and the chocolate bars. And we can easily last until the cutter comes to pick us up.

DISALVO

That's in ten days. In this heat, we need at least a quart of water a day each.

LARSEN

And we've got the light. We can send out an SOS. Someone's bound to see it before then.

SEGRUE

(bitterly)

You got a better idea, Disalvo ?

DISALVO glances at SEGRUE, then shakes his head.

DISALVO

Okay, I guess you guys win. I'm hungry. Let's crack open those chocolate bars.

He grabs one of the bars and starts tearing off the wrapper. LARSEN snatches it from his hand.

(continued)

120. CONTINUED

120.

LARSEN

Not so fast, Chief.

She carefully breaks the bar in two, then holds up one half.

LARSEN

This is our food for the day, and it's going to go three ways.

She breaks the half into three equal parts, then hands DISALVO and SEGRUE their shares.

LARSEN

Bon appétit.

She pops her share into her mouth. With a scowl, DISALVO eats his, gulping it down, then steps through the hatchway into the landing.

121. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — DAY

121.

DISALVO starts climbing the ladder to the lamp room. SEGRUE steps into the landing.

SEGRUE

Chief...?

DISALVO looks down at him.

DISALVO

Yeah?

SEGRUE

I... I kinda lost my head down there. About Fiedler. I guess you did the right thing...

DISALVO

It's not a question of right or wrong, Segrue. I didn't have a fucking choice...

He turns away and continues up the ladder. Standing below, SEGRUE watches until he's out of sight.

122. EXT. THE ISLAND — NIGHT

122.

The moon has risen, almost full. The surf rolls in long silver lines upon the beach. Lights twinkle merrily from the house and outbuildings of the station, and a soft hum comes from the generator shed. High above the station, the powerful light from the tower flashes on an off, blinking out an S.O.S.

123. INT. LAMP ROOM — NIGHT

123.

Crouching over the control panel, SEGRUE flicks one of the switches back and forth, turning the light on and off. DISALVO and LARSEN sit nearby, staring out the window, DISALVO absently twirling an empty plastic cup in his hand.

DISALVO

We're just wasting our time, Lieutenant.
Every goddamn ship in the area's been notified
to stay clear of Jekyll for ten days. Till the
switch was supposed to be completed.

SEGRUE

(wearily)

I think the Chief might be right, Skipper.

LARSEN

Just keep signalling, Segrue.

DISALVO stands up and head for the ladder-well.

LARSEN

Where are you going, Disalvo ?

DISALVO

To get some water, if that's all right with you.

LARSEN

No, it's not alright. You've had your ration for
the day.

DISALVO

Jesus Christ !

He hurls the cup on the floor, just missing LARSEN.

(continued)

123. CONTINUED

123.

DISALVO

I'm sick of sitting on my goddamn ass !

LARSEN

Oh shut up, Disalvo. Things are bad enough without you throwing stupid tantrums – and cups – around.

She picks up the cup and examines it for cracks. DISALVO glares down at her with unconcealed contempt.

DISALVO

You sure as hell ain't nothing like your old man.

LARSEN

Keep my father out of this.

DISALVO

Lead Balls Larsen, that's what we called him.
(laughs)
'Cause he was a real heavy guy. And he sure as hell didn't go by the book. He had guts.

LARSEN lights a cigarette and puffs on it angrily.

LARSEN

Okay Disalvo. How do you think my father would have handled a situation like this ?

DISALVO

He wouldn't have got us into a situation like this in the first place !

LARSEN

You're avoiding the question, Disalvo. How would he have gotten us out ?

(continued)

123. CONTINUED

123.

DISALVO

(very sure of himself)

He'd have fought his way out through the
buggers and sailed off into the sunset.

LARSEN

Fought his way out ? With what ?

DISALVO

(thinks about it for a moment)

Well. . . there's some kerosene in the store-
room, right ? He'd have made some torches.
'Cause those guys down there are the undead.
And everyone knows the only thing the undead
are afraid of is fire.

LARSEN

You and my father sure think alike, don't you ?
Jesus Christ, Disalvo, get it through your thick
head — we're not going anywhere ! We've
already lost Collins and Fiedler. That's it. No
more. So just sit down and shut up —

Suddenly, the light goes out, and stays out. There is a cough and sputter
from the generator shed, then dead silence.

SEGRUE

What the hell ?

LARSEN

Shit !

She peers out the window.

124. LARSEN'S POV:

124.

The house and the outbuildings of the station are in total darkness.

125. CUT TO:

125.

LARSEN turns to the others.

LARSEN

Generator's out.

DISALVO

Fuel tank must be empty.

SEGRUE

Yeah, you gotta switch them every couple of days. . .

DISALVO

So what now, Lieutenant ? No power, no signal.

Sitting in the darkness, LARSEN thinks it over.

LARSEN

You really think your fire idea would work, Disalvo ?

DISALVO

You bet.

LARSEN

Okay, we'll do it.

DISALVO

Great ! Let's go. . .

LARSEN

But just to the generator shed — we'll switch the tanks, start the generator, then get back here as fast as possible.

She glances up at DISALVO, expecting him to put up a fight. Instead, he just shrugs and smiles.

DISALVO

Anything you say, Lieutenant, anything you say.

126. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — LATER THAT NIGHT

126.

A kerosene lantern set on the floor burns brightly. SEGRUE and DISALVO are crouched by the hatchway leading to the lower levels. LARSEN straps the gun belt around her waist and loads the pistol with the remaining two bullets as DISALVO soaks three wood and canvas torches he has made with kerosene.

LARSEN

Okay, everyone knows what to do when we get to the shed?

DISALVO and SEGRUE nod. LARSEN slips the pistol in the holster and picks up one of the torches.

LARSEN

Right then. I'll take the lead. Let's go.

She starts to climb down the staircase, taking care not to make too much noise. SEGRUE goes next, then DISALVO.

127. INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE — 2ND STOREY CHAMBER — NIGHT

127.

Pale moonlight filters through two portholes high on the cavernous sides of the mid-tower chamber. Holding the unlit torch, LARSEN leads the way down the staircase. Following behind, DISALVO lays his hand on SEGRUE'S shoulder.

DISALVO

(whispering)

When we get outside, we go for the boathouse.

SEGRUE looks back at DISALVO in surprise.

SEGRUE

But the Lieutenant —

DISALVO

To hell with the Lieutenant.

(grins)

Don't worry, we're not going to leave her behind. But we're going for the boathouse. Got it?

(continued)

127. CONTINUED

127.

SEGRUE
(uneasily)
Yeah. . . okay.

They continue down the staircase, through the hatchway leading to the ground floor chamber.

128. INT. GROUND FLOOR CHAMBER — NIGHT

128.

It is almost pitch dark. The circular staircase creaks and rattles under their footsteps. Reaching the bottom, LARSEN steps across the floor to the door.

LARSEN
Okay, we better light up now.

She fumbles in her pocket for her lighter, then clicks it on. The little flame sends huge shadows flickering over the curved walls.

SEGRUE
(alarmed)
Oh shit !

LARSEN
What ?

Then she sees.

129. THEIR POV:

129.

Dozens of red lights gleam dully in the darkness, red eyes reflecting the flame from the lighter. A few quiet whispers come from the waiting crewmen as they start to edge towards the base of the staircase. The porthole window set high in the wall has been smashed open, and one creature is in the process of climbing in through it.

130. CUT TO:

130.

DISALVO gestures urgently with his torch.

(continued)

130. CONTINUED

130.

DISALVO

(nervously)

Don't worry. They're scared shitless of fire.

LARSEN quickly lights SEGRUE'S torch, then DISALVO'S, then her own. The bright flames lick up around them. Now clearly visible, the creatures start to grow restless, hissing menacingly — but they keep their distance.

DISALVO

See, what'd I tell you ?

LARSEN

(anxiously)

Get the door.

As LARSEN and SEGRUE keep the fresh eaters at bay with their torches, DISALVO steps towards the door to unlatch it.

DISALVO

This is going to be easier than I thought. . .

Just as he reaches for the latch, one of the creatures lets out a shriek and leaps forward. It grabs DISALVO'S torch away from him and flings it up into the air.

DISALVO

Jesus Christ !

LARSEN

(dismayed)

Got any more bright ideas, Chief ?

Instantly, the rest of the crew closes in, totally unafraid of the fire. Edging back towards the staircase, SEGRUE and LARSEN try to fend them off with their torches.

LARSEN

Run for it !

She flings her torch at the mob of creatures, then turns with DISALVO and SEGRUE and runs up the stairs. The things race up behind them, shaking the spiral staircase.

131. INT. 2ND STOREY CHAMBER — NIGHT

131.

LARSEN bursts up through the hatchway, then turns to give SEGRUE a hand.

LARSEN

Come on, come on!

She pulls SEGRUE up through the hatch. DISALVO leaps up behind him. They race up the staircase towards the storeroom in a thunder of echoing metal just as the creatures surge up out of the hatch.

132. CUT TO:

132.

Clutching the last torch, SEGRUE is in the lead. Halfway up the curving staircase, he trips.

SEGRUE

Whoops..!

He knocks into LARSEN, then falls past her, sliding down the staircase by DISALVO'S feet. DISALVO just manages to grab onto his outstretched hand. Scrambling up the staircase, the first CREWMAN leaps on SEGRUE. SEGRUE tries to hit at it with his flaming torch. Another creature grabs the torch from his hand and flings it back at SEGRUE.

SEGRUE screams in agony as the torch lights his shirt on fire. DISALVO kicks the creature in the head, knocking it flying, then starts to drag SEGRUE up the stairs. The undead are right behind them.

133. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — NIGHT

133.

Reaching the landing, LARSEN turns back to give DISALVO a hand. SEGRUE'S clothing is still on fire as they heave him up through the hatchway. He rolls on the floor, screaming in pain.

LARSEN

Shut the hatch! Quick!

As DISALVO slams the metal hatch shut, LARSEN looks around frantically for something to put the fire out with. She spots the red fire-bucket and grabs it.

DISALVO

No!

(continued)

133. CONTINUED

133.

He leaps to his feet to stop her, but too late. LARSEN douses SEGRUE with water from the bucket, emptying it. Then she kneels down and tears off his smouldering shirt as he writhes on the ground, moaning.

DISALVO

Way to go, Lieutenant.

LARSEN

(angrily)

What did you want me to do? Let him burn up?!

DISALVO kneels at her side and helps her pull away the remnants of his scorched shirt.

DISALVO

There's more than one way to put out a fire, Lieutenant. . .

134. INT. STORE ROOM — LATER THAT NIGHT

134.

Set on a shelf, the kerosene lantern burns brightly. SEGRUE lies face down on the floor, wincing in pain as DISALVO cleans the burns on his back, splashing them with rum from the two-thirds full bottle. DISALVO has stripped down to his tee-shirt. Nearby, LARSEN sits on the floor, tearing his shirt into strips for bandages.

SEGRUE

Owww. . .

DISALVO

(looking sadly at bottle)

This hurts me more than it hurts you, Segrue. Okay, sit up.

SEGRUE sits up with a groan.

DISALVO

Give me some of those strips, Lieutenant.

LARSEN makes a wad out of one of the strips and holds it over a burn as DISALVO wraps another strip of cloth around SEGRUE'S chest and ties it in place.

(continued)

134. CONTINUED

134.

DISALVO

There you go. Take two aspirins and call me
in the morning.

SEGRUE

(sourly)

Very funny.

He leans gingerly against the wall. DISALVO holds up the bottle of rum.

DISALVO

I guess this is the next best thing. Take a
sip.

SEGRUE reaches for the bottle.

LARSEN

Not too much. You'll get dehydrated.

Taking a small sip, SEGRUE shudders, then hands the bottle back to
DISALVO.

DISALVO

There's worse ways to go, Lieutenant.

With a defiant grin, he lifts the bottle to his mouth and takes several big
gulps.

135. INT. STORE ROOM — LATER, SAME NIGHT

135.

The kerosene lantern has been shut off. Lit only by pale moonlight
filtering through the porthole, SEGRUE sleeps fitfully, groaning quietly
as he turns restlessly. LARSEN sits leaning against the wall, gazing at
SEGRUE worriedly as she smokes a cigarette, its red end glowing in the
dark.

DISALVO (VOICE OVER)

(singing drunkenly)

Well, I went downtown just to see my gal,
Singing polly wolly doodle all day. . .

136. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — NIGHT

136.

DISALVO sits on the balcony, his legs stuck out through the railing supports and hanging over the edge, the near-empty bottle in his hand.

DISALVO
My gal Sal was a spunky old gal,
Singing polly wolly doodle all day. . .

He takes a drink from the bottle, emptying it.

DISALVO
Till you fucking monsters killed her !

He heaves the bottle down into the yard.

137. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT

137.

The bottle shatters on the gravel. Hearing the sound, the creatures begin to grow restless. The CAPTAIN gazes up at DISALVO, his expression malevolent, his dead eyes unblinking.

DISALVO (VOICE OVER)
Yes, I went downtown just to see my gal. . .

138. EXT. SEVERAL SHOTS OF ISLAND — NIGHT

138.

The ocean is almost flat calm, reflecting the silver moonlight. DISALVO'S forlorn voice drifts out from the dark tower, over the deserted station yard, and across the bleak dunes. At the far end of the island, the derelict freighter juts out from the sand bar, a dark, mysterious ghost ship.

DISALVO (VOICE OVER)
(fading)
Singing polly wolly doodle all day.
And my gal Sal was a spunky old gal
Singing polly wolly doodle all day. . .

139. EXT. STATION YARD — DAY

139.

It is early morning, and already the tropical heat is intense. Many of the windows of the house are smashed, and the sound of things breaking comes from inside. In the yard, some creatures wander around aimlessly. Others stand motionless, gazing patiently up at the tower. They seem to be settling in for a long seige.

140. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — DAY

140.

Leaning on the railing, LARSEN smokes a cigarette as she watches the activity below.

141. HER POV:

141.

A cardboard carton of canned food crashes out through a kitchen window, breaking open as it hits the ground. One of the undead CREWMEN picks up a can and tries to bite into it, tearing the label, then tosses the can away. It bounces on the gravel, rolls towards the tower, then comes to rest, sparkling in the early morning sunlight.

142. CUT TO:

142.

LARSEN stares at the can thoughtfully. Then, she has an idea. She tosses her cigarette over the railing, turns quickly and goes inside.

143. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY

143.

SEGRUE and DISALVO are sleeping on the floor, DISALVO snoring intermittently. LARSEN rushes down the ladder into the landing, then tiptoes into the room. She takes an old fishing rod and reel down and leans it against the wall. Then she starts searching through a bunch of machine parts until she finds what she wants, a magnetized rotor from a small electric motor. As she tests the strength of the magnet by picking up other parts with it, SEGRUE wakes up with a groan.

LARSEN

'Morning, Segrue. How're you feeling ?

SEGRUE sits up gingerly, grimacing in pain. His face gleams with perspiration.

SEGRUE

Like a million bucks.

DISALVO stirs in his sleep. LARSEN ties the end of the nylon fishing line securely on the rotor.

SEGRUE

Going fishing ?

(continued)

143. CONTINUED

143.

LARSEN flashes him a mysterious smile.

LARSEN

Yup.

Carrying the fishing rod and the rotor, she heads for the ladder, as SEGRUE struggles to his feet.

SEGRUE

Your casting arm must be in pretty good shape. It's a long way to the ocean.

LARSEN

(from the landing)

I'm not fishing for fish, sport. There's a can of food just lying out there in the sun.

DISALVO

(his eyes pop open)

Food ?

DISALVO sits up, suddenly very awake, very thirsty and very hungry.

144. EXT. STATION YARD — DAY

144.

The rotor thuds into the sand about a yard from the tin can, trailing the nylon line behind it. It is jerked closer, then over to the side. Finally, it clicks onto the can.

145. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — DAY

145.

Holding the rod over the railing in both hands, LARSEN grins proudly.

LARSEN

Got it !

Standing on either side of her, SEGRUE and DISALVO gaze down at the can as she starts to reel in the line. The rod bends slightly as the line goes taut.

(continued)

145. CONTINUED

145.

SEGRUE

Easy now, easy. . .

DISALVO

You'll never get it up. The magnet's not strong enough. . .

146. CUT TO:

146.

A few creatures in the yard watch curiously as the magnet pulls the can a few inches across the sand, then breaks free and swings away.

147. CUT TO:

147.

The rod swings back and the line goes limp.

LARSEN

Damn !

DISALVO

What'd I tell you ?

SEGRUE

Try again. Just reel it in nice and slow this time. . .

LARSEN

Alright, alright.

LARSEN quickly reels in the line.

SEGRUE

I hope it's a can of peaches. Nice, cool cling peaches, just dripping in sweet syrup. . .

LARSEN

Or grapefruit juice. I'd love some grapefruit juice. . .

(continued)

147. CONTINUED

147.

LARSEN reaches over the balcony and grabs the rotor, then gets ready to cast again.

DISALVO
(getting into the spirit)
Artichoke hearts. . .

LARSEN and SEGRUE simultaneously turn and stare at DISALVO.

LARSEN & SEGRUE
Artichoke hearts. . . ?!

DISALVO
(shrugging)
So I like artichoke hearts. So what ?

LARSEN smiles and casts out the rotor onto the sand below.

LARSEN
Here we go.

148. CUT TO:

148.

The magnet clicks onto the can, then starts to drag it slowly across the sand as LARSEN reels in the line. One of the CREWMEN starts ambling towards the can.

149. CUT TO:

149.

DISALVO and SEGRUE watch tensely as LARSEN reels it in. The creature is now only a few feet from the can. The line tightens and the rod begins to bend.

SEGRUE
That's it ! Hurry, hurry !

DISALVO
Gently, gently. . .

150. CUT TO:

150.

The line is vertical. The can lies near the base of the tower, directly under the balcony. The magnet lifts the can off the ground a couple of feet, then whack! The CREWMEN swipes at it with his its hand. The can breaks free from the rotor. It rolls a few feet then comes to a stop.

151. CUT TO:

151.

DISALVO groans. SEGRUE'S face falls.

LARSEN

(looking down at the crewman)

Get out of here! Beat it!

DISALVO

No. Just keep quiet. Don't let it know you want it.

LARSEN reels in the line again.

LARSEN

(in disbelief)

You're using psychology on a stupid corpse?

DISALVO

If they're so stupid, why are they running free while we're trapped up here?

Now it's LARSEN'S turn to groan. Nevertheless, all three remain quiet as they watch the undead crewman.

152. CUT TO:

152.

The crewman toys with the can for awhile then finally gets bored. Leaving the can behind, he starts heading back to join the others near the house.

153. CUT TO:

153.

SEGRUE sighs with relief. LARSEN tries to ignore DISALVO'S smug "I told you so" expression and casts out the rotor once more.

154. CUT TO: 154.

The rotor lands a few feet from the can.

155. CUT TO: 155.

LARSEN carefully lets out a little line.

156. CUT TO: 156.

The magnet snaps onto the can. The line pulls tight, then the can lifts off the ground, swinging back and forth.

157. CUT TO: 157.

LARSEN reels in the line slowly, leaning over the balcony.

DISALVO

(running his tongue over his
dry, parched lips)

Easy now. . .

He kneels down and sticks his hand out through the railing, reaching down to grab the can.

158. CUT TO: 158.

Swinging on the end of the line, the can rises up towards the balcony. Finally, it is almost within DISALVO'S reach.

LARSEN

Careful, Disalvo, careful. Wait 'till I get it
up. . .

DISALVO doesn't answer. He reaches down, straining impatiently. The can swings out of his reach as he tries to grab it.

DISALVO

Damn. . .

(continued)

158. CONTINUED

158.

It swings back. This time he manages to reach it.

DISALVO

Got it !

He leaps to his feet, holding the can in his hand.

DISALVO

(winking at LARSEN)

What'd I tell you ? I knew it would work.

LARSEN

(grinning)

Right, Disalvo.

SEGRUE

Come on, what are you guys waiting for ? It's chow time !

159. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY

159.

Kneeling on the floor, DISALVO uses a hammer and a screwdriver to open the can, pounding the screwdriver into the lid around the rim. LARSEN and SEGRUE hover over him anxiously. Red sauce oozes up through the opening as DISALVO pries the lid open with the screwdriver.

SEGRUE

What is it ? Spaghetti ? I could go for some spaghetti.

LARSEN

Ravioli ? Meat balls ? Cabbage rolls ?

DISALVO sticks his finger in the can, then raises it to his mouth and licks off the sauce. LARSEN and SEGRUE gaze at him anxiously. His face is expressionless for a moment, then —

DISALVO

Aw shit !

He spits out the sauce and wipes his mouth with his hand. LARSEN quickly tastes some of the sauce in the can.

(continued)

160. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY

160.

LARSEN
(screwing up her face)
Oh god! Hot sauce!

SEGRUE
Goddammit!

He kicks the can. It spins across the floor, spilling out a trail of sauce, then comes to rest against the wall.

161. EXT. THE SKY — DAY

161.

The white-hot sun blazes down from a cloudless sky.

162. EXT. LIGHT STATION — DAY

162.

There are fewer crewmen in the yard than before, and they seem to have been immobilized by the mid-day heat. The only sound is the buzzing of countless insects, which have been drawn by the smell of rotting flesh.

163. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY

163.

The room is like an oven. Her shirt off, LARSEN sits in her sweat-stained tee-shirt, smoking a cigarette and watching the smoke curl gently in the hot, still air. SEGRUE sits on the floor, soaked in sweat, his lips cracked, his eyes glazed and feverish. Flies buzz around the spilled hot-sauce on the floor.

164. EXT. LAMP ROOM BALCONY — DAY

164.

DISALVO stands in the shadow of the lamp room, sweating in the heat as he stares down at the creatures. He wipes the sweat from his forehead with his arm.

165. DISALVO'S POV:

165.

The water tower, standing on spindly steel legs, only fifty feet away.

166. CUT TO 166.

DISALVO licks his lips as he gazes at the tower. He leans over the railing and looks at the store-room porthole below the balcony, then back to the water tower, trying to gauge their relative heights. A grin spreads across his sweat streaked face. He turns and goes into the lamp room.

167. INT. LAMP ROOM — DAY 167.

DISALVO kneels down beside the big roll of tin foil lying on the floor of the lamp room. He tears off a strip and tests it, crumpling it in his hands. Satisfied, he starts to tear wide strips from the roll, working with calm deliberation.

168. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY 168.

SEGRUE is sleeping fitfully. LARSEN hears the sound of DISALVO moving around in the lamp room above. She glances up at the ceiling, then stands up and goes into the landing and starts to climb the stairs.

169. INT. LAMP ROOM — DAY 169.

LARSEN'S head appears through the hatchway. She turns to look around the room. Her eyes widen in amazement.

LARSEN

What on earth are you doing ?

170. LARSEN'S POV: 170.

DISALVO turns to face her. His body is wrapped in the heavy tin foil, held together by pieces of tape. Only his head and hands are bare. He twirls awkwardly to model his foil suit. He looks like a complete idiot.

DISALVO

(grinning)

What do you think, Lieutenant ?

171. CUT TO: 171.

Standing in the ladder-well, LARSEN laughs in spite of herself.

LARSEN

What are you going to do ? Scare them to death ?

(continued)

171. CONTINUED

171.

She climbs up into the room.

DISALVO

They're already dead, lieutenant. . .
(confidently)
I'm going to get some water.

LARSEN

(angrily)
Forget it, Disalvo. You're not going
anywhere.

DISALVO bends down and starts tearing some more strips of foil from the roll.

DISALVO

Listen, Lieutenant. We need water. And I've got it all figured out. There's a length of fire hose below. I can run it out through the porthole in the store room and take it out to the water tower. . .

LARSEN

In that get up? You're crazy. They'll rip right through it in seconds.

DISALVO

I'm going to fix it so they won't even want to get near me.

(looks up at LARSEN)

Like I say, I've got it all figured out. The water tank's high enough to give us a little flow down the hose.

LARSEN

No! You're not going out! And that's an order!

DISALVO shrugs and gathers up the strips of foil, then turns to face LARSEN.

DISALVO

I respectfully disobey that fucking order, Lieutenant. And I don't want to hear anymore shit about us sitting here on our asses until we drop dead.

He shuffles past LARSEN to the ladder and starts to climb down, dragging the strips of foil behind him.

(continued)

171. CONTINUED

171.

LARSEN
(impotent rage)
Disalvo !

He just keeps going down the ladder, not even looking at her. She watches him, realizing she's lost control of her command.

172. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY

172.

SEGRUE sits up as DISALVO shuffles into the room.

SEGRUE
(bewildered)
Chief. . . ?

DISALVO goes to the shelf and takes down an emergency battery and sets it on the floor, not answering SEGRUE.

SEGRUE
(getting to his feet)
What's with the tinman suit, Chief ?

DISALVO
I need your help, Segrue. Gimme a hand with these batteries.

Still puzzled, SEGRUE reaches up for a battery on the shelf.

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)
Hold it right there !

SEGRUE glances over his shoulder.

173. CUT TO:

173.

LARSEN stands on the other side of the rom, the pistol held in both hands and pointed at DISALVO. She looks ready to shoot either one of them.

SEGRUE
(surprised)
Jesus. Has everyone gone crazy around here ?

LARSEN
(determined)
No one's going anywhere.

(continued)

173. CONTINUED

173.

DISALVO stares at LARSEN, as if daring her to shoot him.

LARSEN

I'm not going to say it again, Disalvo. . .

SEGRUE

(glancing from DISALVO to
LARSEN)

What the hell's going on here ?

LARSEN

Stay out of this, Segrue.

DISALVO

No. Let's let the kid have his say.

LARSEN

Shut up, Disalvo. I'm in charge here.

DISALVO

(a confident smile on his face)

What'll it be, Segrue. Do you want some water, or do you want to die ? 'Cause, believe me, you're gonna die up here. By tomorrow you'll have lost a quarter of your body weight. You'll start to get dizzy and be too weak to move. You'll start to hallucinate. Your belly will swell up. . .

LARSEN

Shut up !

LARSEN'S body is shaking with rage. The gun is pointed right at DISALVO'S head.

DISALVO

(calmly)

. . . and then you'll die. I've seen it happen, and it's not the way I want to go.

LARSEN

I'll kill you, Disalvo !

DISALVO

You're gonna kill me to keep me alive ? !
Where'd you get that from, Lieutenant ? The book ? Or are you just winging it now ?

(continued)

173. CONTINUED

173.

LARSEN keeps the gun aimed at DISALVO, but she looks less sure of herself. SEGRUE glances from her to DISALVO.

SEGRUE

(quietly)

The Chief's right, Lieutenant. We need water. . .

His forehead beaded with sweat, DISALVO turns away from LARSEN and takes another battery down from the shelf.

DISALVO

(to SEGRUE)

I need all these batteries. And some wire. And some more tape or something to hold this stuff together. . .

SEGRUE glances at LARSEN, then goes to help DISALVO. LARSEN watches helplessly. After a long moment, she tilts the pistol muzzle up and lowers the hammer.

LARSEN

(pleading)

We've already lost Fiedler. . . and Collins. . . I just don't want anyone else to die. . .

SEGRUE takes a coil of wire down from the shelf.

DISALVO

(ignoring LARSEN)

Yeah, that's it. See if there's some shears up there. . .

He starts fiddling with the batteries and wire. LARSEN slumps down onto the floor, sitting with her back to the wall, the gun hanging limply in her hand.

LARSEN

We don't have to go out. Maybe a boat will come. Or it might rain. . . we don't have to go outside. We're safe up here. . .

SEGRUE

(showing DISALVO a rusty pair of shears)

These do, Chief ?

(continued)

173. CONTINUED

173.

LARSEN

(quietly as she starts to cry)

They'll kill you, Disalvo. Don't go out there.
They'll kill you. . .

DISALVO glances back over his shoulder and sees LARSEN sitting on the floor, crying quietly. For a moment he looks as if he's about to say something comforting to her, but then quickly reconsiders. Female or not, she's the commanding officer, and in his eyes, she's mis-handled their situation through youth and inexperience — no need to rub her nose in it. He turns back to SEGRUE

DISALVO

Yeah, they'll do. Now cut this stuff here.
And here, like this. . .

174. INT. SECOND STOREY CHAMBER — DAY

174.

The hatch at the top of the staircase is undogged, then lifted about six inches. A thin stream of sunlight falls into the room, illuminating the spiral staircase. SEGRUE peers down through the hatch cautiously.

SEGRUE

It's okay. . . there's none of them down there.

The hatch is thrown open with an echoing clang. Moving with ponderous grace, DISALVO steps down through the hatchway, then pauses. His armour is complete, glittering like a crumpled mirror from head to foot, his face covered by a heavy foil helmet, with only small holes for his mouth and eyes. The batteries are in a knapsack strapped on his back, and he carries a three-foot long pipe in his hand. SEGRUE kneels in the hatchway above, looking down.

DISALVO

(muffled)

Don't forget, when you pull your end of the
hose up, secure it for Chrissake. I don't want
to go back down for it.

SEGRUE

Right, Chief. Good luck. And be careful. . .

DISALVO

Yeah, yeah, I know. Now beat it.

SEGRUE swings the hatch closed. In the darkness DISALVO crosses himself with a hand wadded in a shiny mitten, then continues down the stairs, his breath whistling through the slit in the foil mask.

175. INT. GROUND FLOOR CHAMBER — DAY

175.

Sunlight filters through the smashed porthole. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, DISALVO walks clumsily across the floor. Two coils of fire hose hang on storage bindles by the door. DISALVO joins their ends together, then pulls down the coils of hose and adjusts the heavy, black loops over his shoulder.

176. EXT. IN FRONT OF TOWER — DAY

176.

The big iron door rattles open slowly. With the hose slung over his shoulder, DISALVO steps out into the sunlight and glances around warily. To his surprise, the station yard is empty — there's not a single crewman in sight. He quickly walks around to the other side of the tower.

177. EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF TOWER — DAY

177.

A thin, frayed strand of signal line hangs down from the storeroom porthole, running down the sheer tower wall to the sand. Staggering under the weight of the hose, the iron pipe swinging in his left hand, DISALVO comes thudding around the tower. He hurriedly dumps the coils of black hose on the sand. Snatching up one metal-threaded end, he sticks it through the loop in the dangling cord and pulls the slip knot around it.

DISALVO
(calling up to porthole)
Okay, Segrue. Haul away.

178. CUT TO:

178.

SEGRUE leans out the porthole.

SEGRUE
Aye-aye!

He starts to haul in the line, grimacing in pain from the effort as his bandages rub against his burns.

179. CUT TO:

179.

DISALVO watches as the thin cord tightens and the hose end lifts up into the air slowly, swaying like a heavy serpent, its coils shaking out in long loops.

180. INT. STORE ROOM — DAY 180.

Grunting and straining, SEGRUE tries to pull in the line. Watching from the other side of the room, LARSEN can see that he doesn't have the strength to pull up the hose. Little spots of blood have started to seep through his bandages. She gets to her feet and takes the line from his hands. They exchange a meaningful look. SEGRUE backs away as LARSEN quickly pulls in the line hand-over-hand, then grabs the end of the hose, pulls it through the window and ties it securely with its end hanging into a bucket.

181. EXT. TOWER — DAY 181.

LARSEN leans out the porthole.

LARSEN
Fast on this end, Disalvo.

182. CUT TO: 182.

A bit surprised to see LARSEN, DISALVO pauses, then he waves up to her. He gathers the remaining lengths of hose and starts trotting across the sand towards the water tower, paying out the coils as he goes. An eerie, wailing sound rises from the edges of the station yard.

183. CUT TO: 183.

LARSEN runs out onto the balcony and goes to the railing above the porthole to watch DISALVO. She hears the sound and looks towards the grass.

184. LARSEN'S POV: 184.

Dozens of un-dead creatures, all letting out strange, sibilant howls, are converging on DISALVO, some appearing from the tall sea grass surrounding the yard, others coming from the house or the shelter of the outbuildings.

185. CUT TO: 185.

SEGRUE is watching from the store room porthole.

(continued)

185. CONTINUED

185.

SEGRUE

They're coming, Chief, they're coming!

LARSEN

(from the balcony above)

Disalvo, run!

186. EXT. NEAR THE WATER TOWER — DAY

186.

DISALVO turns to look just as the horde of creatures boils out of the grass and onto the sand, the yowling sound becoming a high-pitched discord of screeches and snarls. He turns to face them, waving the pipe in his hand.

DISALVO

That's right. . . come on. . . come and get it. . .

The howling mob of undead creatures surrounds DISALVO, keeping just out of reach of the pipe he swings in his hand. Then, one of them leaps at DISALVO. He strikes out with his pipe. There is an explosion of sparks. Jolted by a powerful electric shock from the batteries in the knapsack, the creature falls away, stunned.

DISALVO

(triumphantly)

Haha! There's more where that came from, you ugly mothers!

A second creature tries to bite Disalvo's arm. Amid a hail of sparks, it falls limply to the ground. The others back off warily.

187. EXT. THE BALCONY — DAY

187.

LARSEN looks down at SEGRUE in the porthole below and grins.

LARSEN

(surprised)

Goddammit, he's done it! It works!

188. EXT. BASE OF WATER TOWER — DAY

188.

Keeping the undead at bay with his pipe, DISALVO backs toward the spidery steel ladder leading to the top of the water tower. The crewmen keep their distance. DISALVO leaps up onto the ladder. Trailing the hose behind him, he climbs fast, breathing heavily through the foil mask as he glances over his shoulder and looks down.

189. DISALVO'S POV:

189.

The undead crewmen circle the water tower. Below him, a couple start climbing the ladder, staring up at DISALVO as they pull themselves up towards him.

190. CUT TO:

190.

Reaching the top of the ladder, DISALVO pulls the hose hand-over-hand until it rises several feet off the ground, stretched between the porthole and the water tower.

191. CUT TO:

191.

LARSEN watches anxiously from the balcony as the hose is stretched tight.

LARSEN
(calling down to SEGRUE)
Make sure it's fast on your end, Segrue.

SEGRUE'S head disappears as he checks the hose, then reappears.

SEGRUE
It's secure.

192. EXT. TOP OF WATER TOWER — DAY

192.

DISALVO loops the end of the hose around the ladder. Standing on a narrow platform running around the tank, he starts to raise the metal cover. As he lifts it, the creature on the ladder below him leaps for his legs. DISALVO drops the cover with a bang and kicks out at it. Sparks fly. The undead thing falls spinning to the ground.

(continued)

192. CONTINUED

192.

DISALVO heaves the cover up again, until it begins to slip off the tank with a harsh, grinding noise. Several of the creatures are now climbing their way up the tower. Using all his strength, he gives it one final heave. With a crash, it slides down, booms on one of the tower's tall pipe legs, and crunches into the sand below.

DISALVO pulls the last coil of hose free and throws the end into the water in the tank.

DISALVO

Got it !

He turns to give LARSEN and SEGRUE a "thumbs up" sign.

193. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — DAY

193.

SEGRUE sees the sign and grins as he waves out the porthole.

SEGRUE

(shouting)

Way to go, Chief !

Watching from the balcony, LARSEN'S smile suddenly turns to a look of horror.

LARSEN

(shouting)

Look out !

194. EXT. TOP OF WATER TANK — DAY

194.

DISALVO turns to see the CAPTAIN crouched on the other side of the tank. Expecting a full frontal attack, he raises his electrified iron pipe to defend himself.

DISALVO

Just try it, bozo. . .

Something resembling a smile crosses the CAPTAIN'S ghastly face. Instead of leaping for DISALVO, he simply cups his hands in the water. DISALVO realizes too late what he's going to do.

DISALVO

No. . . !

He raises his arms to shield his face just as the CAPTAIN flings the water at him. DISALVO'S body stiffens.

(continued)

194. CONTINUED

194.

DISALVO
 (screaming in pain)
 Jesus Christ!

The water has short-circuited his electrified suit. His body shakes and shudders as the batteries start to sizzle.

195. CUT TO:

195.

LARSEN watches in dismay — she can't tell what has happened.

LARSEN
 Disalvo ! Are you okay ?

196. EXT. ON WATER TOWER — DAY

196.

DISALVO stands paralyzed on the small platform at the top of the ladder, electricity surging through his body. Sensing his weakness, the creatures swarm up the ladder, reaching out to slash at his legs and arms.

Watching DISALVO from the far side of the tank, the CAPTAIN is flanked by a couple of CREWMEN. He lets out a hideous, croaking sound — it could be laughter — then splashes some more water on DISALVO.

With a final scream, DISALVO spins and topples backwards over the rim into the tank. There is a burst of steam as he disappears beneath the surface.

197. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BALCONY — DAY

197.

LARSEN'S face twists in anguish as she stares at the water tower.

LARSEN
 Oh dear god. . .

She turns and runs into the lamp room.

198. EXT. WATER TOWER — DAY

198.

The CAPTAIN lets out a howl. The other creatures leap into the water.

199. UNDERWATER IN TANK

199.

From below, the surface looks like sloshing mercury, crowded with the thrashing creatures as they attack DISALVO. Thin spirals of blood spurt out from under the torn metal suit.

200. EXT. WATER TOWER —

200.

The CAPTAIN watches as DISALVO'S body resurfaces briefly, one bloody arm sticking up out of the water, the foil hanging from it in strips. The crewmen tear at him with their teeth and hands, thrashing in the water. DISALVO'S mouth opens in a silent scream. Then he is dragged back under.

201. INT. STORE ROOM —

201.

LARSEN comes thundering down the steel ladder, runs across the room and starts to pull the hatch open.

SEGRUE

Lieutenant ! No!

He shoves LARSEN aside and slams the hatch shut.

LARSEN

I've got to help him !

She stares at him in fury and despair as he bolts the hatch.

SEGRUE

(quietly)

It's too late. There's nothing anyone can do now. . .

He stands up and goes to the porthole. LARSEN follows his gaze. As she stares out the window, her hands fall limply to her sides.

202. EXT. WATER TOWER — DAY

202.

The water in the tank is calm, quiet. The CAPTAIN stands triumphantly on the edge of the tank. He turns to stare at the lighthouse, his malevolent eyes almost human.

203. INT. STORE ROOM — LATER

203.

Sweating in the heat, SEGRUE and LARSEN sit listlessly with their backs against the wall, neither speaking nor looking at each other, just gazing hopelessly at the floor. Then, slowly at first, they hear the sound of water dripping into the bucket. Realizing what the sound is, they both raise their heads to stare at the bucket.

204. CLOSE ON BUCKET

204.

First one drop of water, then another falls into the pail. Soon, a thin trickle is running into the echoing tin. The water is pink.

205. CUT TO:

205.

SEGRUE scambles across the floor on his hands and knees. He cups his hands under the nozzle. The water dripping into his hands is clear, with no trace of blood. He drinks thirstily, then cups his hands again until they are full, turns and offers the water to LARSEN, a guilty look on his face.

SEGRUE

Skipper ?

LARSEN just stares at the floor, avoiding SEGRUE'S gaze.

SEGRUE

Don't you want some water ?

She shakes her head. SEGRUE crawls closer, his hands stretched out in front of him, a few drops splashing onto the floor.

SEGRUE

(plaintively)

But you have to. . .

LARSEN

(weakly)

No. . .

SEGRUE

(pleading)

Come on, Lieutenant. Please.
Please have some water.

(continued)

205. CONTINUED

205.

LARSEN

(quietly)

Maybe later.

She turns away from SEGRUE. Her eyes fill with tears. One trickles down her grimy cheek. Stifling a sob, she buries her face in her hands.

206. EXT. THE ISLAND — NIGHT

206.

The full moon is up, riding through the clouds above the island. No lights shine from the lighthouse tower.

207. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

207.

SEGRUE lies asleep on his back, his face hidden in the shadows. LARSEN dozes fitfully by the door hatch, frowning, her hand curled into a fist.

Water drips slowly from the hose, the only sound in the room except for their breathing. The bucket is almost full.

Then, the dripping changes rhythm, first slowing, then suddenly increasing to a rapid trickle. The hose nozzle taps softly against the inside of the pail.

208. CUT TO:

208.

A bloodstained human hand appears on the sill of the porthole. Then one of the undead thing crawls into the porthole on the hose. He pauses for a moment, squatting on the ledge, then drops to the floor, landing in the shadows with a soft thud.

209. CUT TO:

209.

LARSEN stirs in her sleep but doesn't wake up. The creature gazes around the room. SEGRUE groans quietly and rolls over. Glancing towards him, the creature spots the revolver hanging on the wall, glinting dully in the moonlight. He reaches over and pulls the gun from the holster, accidentally cocking the hammer.

(continued)

210. CUT TO:

210.

Just then, a second living corpse crawls onto the window sill. Surprised by the sudden movement, the first creature swings the pistol around and unintentionally pulls the trigger. The sound of the shot is deafening. The creature drops the pistol as blood explodes from the second CREWMAN's chest. The impact of the bullet sends him flying back out the window and tumbling to the ground outside the tower.

211. CUT TO:

211.

LARSEN and SEGRUE wake up instantly. SEGRUE takes in the scene in a glance.

SEGRUE
(panic-stricken)
Jesus Christ !

He leaps to his feet, accidentally kicking over the bucket, runs to the open hatch leading to the landing, jumps through it and slams the door shut behind him. The dogs snap into place.

LARSEN scrambles across the room and desperately tries to open the door, but it's locked.

LARSEN
Segrue ! It's locked !

She pounds frantically on the door.

212. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — NIGHT

212.

The blows resound dully through the landing. SEGRUE sits on the lowest rung of the ladder leading to the lamp room, resting his cheek against the cold steel, his eyes half closed, whimpering softly to himself.

LARSEN (VOICE OVER)
(through door)
Open the door ! Segrue ! Open the door.

Lost in his own world, SEGRUE doesn't hear her cries.

213. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

213.

LARSEN hears a footstep behind her and turns with animal quickness. Its eyes yellow in the pale moonlight, the undead crewman is closing in on her. The two circle warily, like boxers looking for an opening. The pistol, with one round left in it, lies on the floor between them.

Just then, the nozzle bangs against the side of the pail. LARSEN glances towards the porthole, realizing another thing is climbing the hose. Keeping out of the creature's reach, she backs towards the window, then glances out.

214. EXT. STATION YARD — LARSEN'S POV:

214.

One CREWMAN is two thirds of the way to the lighthouse, hanging from the hose. Perched on the water tower, the CAPTAIN urges another creature to climb the hose. He glances up towards the porthole and hisses menacingly.

215. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

215.

LARSEN edges towards the hose and yanks it free. It whips out the porthole, pulled down by the weight of the undead things.

216. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT

216.

The CAPTAIN lets out an enraged shriek as the two creatures crash to the ground with the hose.

217. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

217.

Crouching, LARSEN faces the lone crewman in the room, her expression determined, her fingers curled into claws. The thing edges closer, ready to strike at any second. LARSEN looks around desperately — the gun is still out of her reach. The creature feints towards her. LARSEN leaps aside, then turns to face it again. It steps towards her, ready to leap. . .

LARSEN finally does the only thing she can do. With almost comic deliberation, she rears back and lets out a piercing karate yell.

LARSEN

Aaaiieeee !

(continued)

217. CONTINUED

217.

Astonished, the CREATURE freezes. LARSEN lunges forward and kicks it in the groin. It lets out a grunt and doubles up. LARSEN dives for the gun, grabs it in her outstretched hand, and before the thing can recover, squeezes the trigger. Its inhuman face disappears in a shower of blood.

LARSEN scrambles to the stairwell hatch, unlocks and opens it, then runs back to the bloody corpse. It hasn't come back to life yet. Straining with all her might, she drags the body across the floor. Just as she gets it to the hatch, its eyes pop open. Its hands reach out for her, but too late. With a final heave, LARSEN sends the creature bouncing down the iron staircase. It lets out an inhuman shriek as she slams the steel hatch and locks it.

218. EXT. WATER TOWER — NIGHT

218.

As the sound of the scream echoes over the station yard, the CAPTAIN stares up at the lighthouse.

219. CUT TO:

219.

LARSEN'S face appears in the porthole. She glares defiantly at the CAPTAIN.

LARSEN
I'm not finished yet, you bastard.

She disappears back into the room.

220. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — NIGHT

220.

The sound of LARSEN'S voice brings SEGRUE to his senses. He lifts his face from his hands, slowly hauls himself to his feet, unscrews the dog-latches and pulls open the hatch door.

221. CUT TO:

221.

LARSEN stands in the doorway, drenched in blood, her face frozen in a mask of rage. With cold, deliberate fury, she advances towards SEGRUE, and before he can react, socks him on the jaw with all her strength. With a crack, his head jerks back. He scrumples to the floor.

LARSEN
Oww...!

(continued)

221. CONTINUED 221.

Grimacing in pain, she holds her hurt fist in her other hand as she turns and lurches out of the room. Stunned, SEGRUE slowly pushes himself up from the floor, shaking his head to clear it.

222. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT 222.

Standing in the middle of the room, LARSEN pulls her crumpled pack of cigarettes from her pocket. Her hand shakes as she tries to pull out a cigarette.

LARSEN

Oh no. . .

She pulls out one cigarette, then rips open the pack to make sure — it's her very last one.

LARSEN

Shit !

She lights the cigarette with her lighter and puffs on it angrily, pacing around the room, the adrenalin still coursing through her veins. She glances out the window, then turns and paces some more. She looks around the room desperately. Then suddenly, she stops pacing, and stares down at the floor.

223. LARSEN'S POV: 223.

The blood smeared on the floor glistens in the dim light. Dozens of ants, drawn by the smell, crawl over it.

224. CUT TO: 224.

LARSEN stares at the ants, smoking thoughtfully as an idea forms. Then, taking a final puff from her cigarette, she carefully drops it onto the blood. She watches it sizzle for a moment, then brings her foot down on the butt, crushing it and several ants with a slow, deliberate motion. Her expression hard and determined, she turns away and strides into the landing.

225. INT. LANDING — NIGHT 225.

The landing is empty. LARSEN quickly climbs the ladder to the lamp room.

226. INT. LAMP ROOM — NIGHT

226.

SEGRUE sits on the steel platform, staring morosely out through the windows. LARSEN climbs up through the ladder well and steps towards him.

LARSEN

Hey Segrue, you got any condoms on you ?

His back turned to LARSEN, SEGRUE doesn't answer. She crouches down beside him.

LARSEN

Well ? Do you or don't you ?

SEGRUE turns to look at her, his face expressionless.

SEGRUE

Condoms. . . ?

LARSEN

(impatiently)

Yeah, you know. Condoms. Rubbers. Safes. . .

SEGRUE shakes his head in disbelief.

SEGRUE

(grinning)

Jesus Skipper. First you slug me and now you want to make love ? !

LARSEN laughs.

LARSEN

Hey, don't jump to any conclusions, sailor. I just want a condom.

SEGRUE

(sheepishly)

Well, I might have one in here somewhere. . .

He pulls his wallet from his rear pocket and slips out a foil-wrapped condom. LARSEN snatches it from his hand.

LARSEN

Great .

SEGRUE

So, what do you want to do with it ?

(continued)

226. CONTINUED

226.

LARSEN

Well, you know how when you go on a picnic, the bugs and ants always converge on your food. . . ?

SEGRUE

Shit. Where I come from, we don't go on too many picnics.

LARSEN

Well, do you know those little things you use to trap bugs in, they've got food in them or something. . .

SEGRUE

Roach hotels ! Yeah, there's something I know about.

LARSEN

That's it. And I think we can use the same principle to get those things. All we've got to do is bunch the son's-of-bitches together down there in the house, right ? And I've figured out a way to get them in there. . .

SEGRUE

So we bunch them and then make a run for it ?

LARSEN stands up and gazes out the window.

LARSEN

(quiet determination)

Not quite. First I want to waste every last one of those buggers. . .

SEGRUE

Hell Skipper, I'd be happy just to get off this island with my butt in one piece. . .

LARSEN turns back to face SEGRUE.

LARSEN

(vehemently)

Well, I wouldn't. Not anymore. This is my island. My light station. My command. And no goddamn bunch of half-assed zombies is gonna chase me off of here with my tail between my legs.

(continued)

226. CONTINUED

226.

SEGRUE gazes up at LARSEN, surprised by her outburst.

SEGRUE

Okay Skipper, okay. . . but how do you plan
to waste them ? They don't die. . .

LARSEN holds up the condom.

LARSEN

With this, Segrue. With this little device we're
gonna blow every one of those fuckers to
kingdom come !

227. EXT. THE ISLAND — NIGHT

227.

A brisk wind has risen, whistling through the sea grass on the dunes.
Thin spears of cloud slice across the pale face of the moon.

228. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE TOWER — NIGHT

228.

Ropes creak through pulleys fastened to the railing of the balcony.
Seated in the bosun's chair used to paint the lighthouse, SEGRUE starts
to lower himself towards the ground. A pair of unlit kerosene lamps
attached to the rope supporting the bosun's chair dangle above his head.

LARSEN

(leaning over railing above
SEGRUE)

Break a leg, Segrue.

SEGRUE

(looking up)

Yeah, you too, Skipper. Good luck.

LARSEN watches for a couple of seconds, then turns and runs into the
lamp room. SEGRUE continues to lower himself down the side of the
tower.

229. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

229.

LARSEN hurries down the ladder and into the store-room. A coil of rope
is tied securely beneath the porthole. She loops it around her body, then
climbs up on the sill.

230. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

230.

SEGRUE pays out rope until he is about ten feet above the ground, then secures the end to a cleat on the chair. He pauses for a moment, then takes some matches from his pocket and strikes one.

SEGRUE

(nervously)

Here goes nothing. . .

He quickly lights the kerosene lamps.

SEGRUE

(shouting)

Lights! Cameras! Action. . .!

He turns the lamps up full, so that they illuminate him brightly.

SEGRUE

Come on, guys 'n' ghouls! It's showtime!

231. INT. STORE ROOM — NIGHT

231.

Crouched on the window sill, LARSEN gazes anxiously down as SEGRUE's voice echoes across the station yard.

232. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT

232.

Slowly at first, undead things start appearing from out of the shadows, reacting to the noise, becoming more and more agitated. Some start running towards the tower. More appear, spilling out of the house and the grass surrounding the yard. They join the others, racing towards the source of the sound.

SEGRUE (VOICE OVER)

(singing tunelessly)

Raise the curtain, dim the lights, tonight's
the glorious night of nights. . .

233. EXT. BASE OF LIGHTHOUSE TOWER — NIGHT

233.

Hanging in the bosun's chair, SEGRUE watches for the creatures. The light from the swinging lamps sweeps over the ground below. Then suddenly, the horde of things comes charging into view around the tower.

(continued)

233. CONTINUED

233.

SEGRUE

(to himself, scared)

Oh god. . . here they come. . .

(shouting)

They're coming, Skipper. Here they come.

(to himself)

Oh shit.

Panic-stricken, SEGRUE unfastens the rope around the cleat and hauls himself higher above the ground. The creatures race towards him. Illuminated by the lights, some leap into the air, slashing at SEGRUE'S legs. Others scramble up the wall of the tower, then spring out from it, just missing SEGRUE as he pulls himself out of reach.

234. EXT. STORE ROOM PORTHOLE — NIGHT

234.

With the rope looped around her body and held firmly in her hands, LARSEN edges out the window until she is standing on the sill, leaning back almost horizontally, her weight supported by the rope.

SEGRUE (VOICE OVER)

(shouting)

Oh god, are they ever here! And there's still more coming. . .!

LARSEN glances down at the yard below.

235. LARSEN'S POV:

235.

The last few stragglers run across the yard and disappear around the tower. The yard is now empty.

236. CUT TO:

236.

LARSEN tightens her grip on the rope. Then, she kicks off from the sill and rappels down the side of the tower like a mountaineer, gaining momentum as she nears the ground.

237. EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TOWER — NIGHT

237.

SEGRUE gazes down at the undead creatures clustered below him, beginning to enjoy himself as he swings over their heads.

(continued)

237. CONTINUED

237.

SEGRUE

You're probably wondering why I called you here. . .

(laughs)

Don't worry! You'll find out soon enough!

Some of the frustrated flesheaters let out hungry moaning sounds.

SEGRUE

(imitating Bela Lugosi)

Ah, the children of the night! What beautiful music they make. . .

More hisses and groans from the undead mob.

SEGRUE

Speaking of music. . .

(sings)

Oh, I am a happy coastguardsman,
I fuck the dog all day, and
Drink all night, get into fights,
And hardly ever get laid, yes,
I am a happy coastguardsman. . .

238. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT

238.

LARSEN drops to the ground. Crouching, she glances around cautiously. The coast is clear. She gets to her feet and sprints across the yard towards the house.

239. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT

239.

LARSEN runs to the side of the house. Gasping for breath, she leans against the wall, hidden in the shadows as she checks to make sure she hasn't been spotted. She reaches up and swings the heavy wooden storm shutters closed over the nearest window and bolts them, then quickly moves to the next window and closes and locks its shutters. Then she runs out of sight around the corner of the house.

240. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

240.

SEGRUE hands safely above the outstretched arms of the undead.

(continued)

240. CONTINUED

240.

SEGRUE

(singing)

... that's why I am a happy coastguardsman!
(takes a bow)

Thank you, thank you. Now for my next
number...

But realizing that he is out of reach, some of the undead are becoming bored with SEGRUE's "performance".

SEGRUE

Hey, don't go...

(shouting)

Hurry Skipper! I can't hold them
too much longer...

(to undead)

You guys are one tough audience...

Desperate to keep their attention, he suddenly starts screaming at the top of his lungs, waving his arms and legs and beating his chest. A renewed chorus of snarls comes from the creatures below.

SEGRUE

Ha ha! Gotcha!

241. EXT. REAR OF HOUSE — NIGHT

241.

There is a small shed on the porch by the back door. LARSEN runs into view. She quickly closes and bolts the shutters on the kitchen window, then goes to the shed and pulls open the door. She reaches in, grabs a five-gallon can of naptha, then turns and goes inside the house, locking the door behind her.

242. INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

242.

It is almost pitch dark. The kitchen has been ransacked, chairs and tables tipped over, the shelves stripped, shredded packages of cereal, empty bags of flour, cans and bottles scattered everywhere. LARSEN sets down the can of naptha, then blows out the pilot lights on the range and in the over. Then, she turns on all the gas jets. As gas hisses out into the kitchen, she grabs the naptha can, unscrews the lid, and backs out through the doorway into the lounge, pouring out a trail of naptha on the floor behind her.

243. INT. LOUNGE AREA — NIGHT

243.

LARSEN walks across the lounge, spilling gas as she goes. Then, she climbs up the staircase, pouring naptha on the treads.

244. INT. MEZZANINE GALLERY — NIGHT

244.

LARSEN steps onto the gallery, splashing gas from the can, then turns into the closest bedroom, still pouring out a trail of naphtha. She shuts the door behind her.

245. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

245.

SEGRUE watches desperately as the undead CREWMEN shuffle around restlessly, starting to wander away.

SEGRUE

Hey, come on fans! Come back!
The show's not over. . .

He quickly releases the rope on the cleat and lowers himself towards the ground.

SEGRUE

Hey look! I'm coming down!
It's your big chance to meet the star!

The CREATURES turn back. One leaps at SEGRUE and just barely falls short.

SEGRUE

That's it! Try again! You can do it!

Another leaps at him.

SEGRUE

Nice try. Come on you guys, show some muscle here!

He lowers himself even closer to the mob.

246. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

246.

LARSEN pulls a small table to the center of the room. Then she takes SEGRUE'S condom from her pocket and tears away the wrapping. She fits the condom over the nozzle of the naphtha can. Holding it tight, she inverts the can. The naphtha flows into the condom, making it swell up like a balloon. When the can is empty, she pulls the gas-filled condom away, twists the end and ties it off with twine from her pocket.

Then, she stands up on a chair and ties the other end of the twine to the ceiling light fixture, so that the swollen condom hangs about a foot above the table.

(continued)

246. CONTINUED

246.

She jumps off the chair, gives the condom a little push so that it swings back and forth over the table, then steps back and gives everything a final check. Satisfied, she heads out of the room.

247. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

247.

Laughing, SEGRUE continues to tease the undead. He lets out some more rope, swinging even lower, just out of reach of their outstretched hands. The ones closest to him leap in the air, trying to grab his feet.

SEGRUE

Aw c'mon you guys! What are you, a bunch of pussies? Even if I was dead I could do better than that!

Suddenly, one of the creatures scrambles up the wall of the tower, leaps at SEGRUE from behind, and manages to grab onto the swinging bosun's chair. Terrified, SEGRUE tries to knock it off. The rope slips from his hand and whistles through the pulleys as the chair starts to fall. SEGRUE grabs it just in time, jerking the chair to halt. The creature is thrown free. But he is well within the reach of the others, and suddenly a dozen hands are on him. With a frantic burst of energy, SEGRUE just manages to haul himself up and out of their grasp before he is pulled from the chair. Breathing hard, he gazes down at the enraged crewmen.

SEGRUE

I was just testing you. . .

248. INT. LOUNGE AREA OF HOUSE — NIGHT

248.

LARSEN runs down the stairs and goes to the computer in the lounge. Working as fast as she can, she detaches the computer from an adaptor hooked up to its emergency power supply, then quickly connects the stereo to the batteries. Then, with a silent prayer, she hits the "ON" button on the stereo. The LED lights come on. She breathes a sigh of relief.

LARSEN

Thank god. . .

She grabs a tape cassette at random, jams it in the player, turns all the tone and volume knobs up to ten, then hits the play button. For a second, nothing happens. And then suddenly, the loudest rock music anyone has ever heard blasts out from the speakers. LARSEN covers her ears.

249. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE – NIGHT 249.
- Shaken by his close encounter with the undead, SEGRUE grins with relief as he hears the music. The creatures hear it too. Grunting uneasily, they turn towards the sound. SEGRUE quickly blows out the kerosene lanterns. Below him, one of the creatures lets out a shriek and starts running towards the house. As SEGRUE pulls himself a dozen feet above their heads, the rest take off after it.
250. EXT. FRONT PORCH OF HOUSE – NIGHT 250.
- LARSEN steps out onto the front porch of the house, facing the lighthouse tower.
- LARSEN
(shouting over the music)
Come and get it! Come and. . .
- Her voice trails off and her cupped hands drop from her mouth.
251. LARSEN'S POV 251.
- Dozens of undead crewmen appear from behind the tower, racing towards the house, howling and snarling like a pack of wolves.
252. CUT TO 252.
- LARSEN stares at the creatures for a moment, then turns and runs into the house, leaving the door open behind her. A few seconds later, the FIRST CREWMAN leaps up onto the porch and dives for the door, followed closely by the others.
253. INT. MEZZANINE GALLERY – NIGHT 253.
- LARSEN runs up the stairs, onto the gallery, and into the bedroom. She slams the door just as. . .
254. INT. LOUNGE AREA – NIGHT 254.
- The creatures burst into the lounge. The noise from the stereo speakers is incredible. Raising their hands, the crewmen paw at the speakers as more and more undead crowd in to the lounge.

255. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BALCONY — NIGHT 255.
SEGRUE hauls himself up out of the bosun's chair and over the railing, then runs to the other side of the balcony and looks down into the yard.
256. SEGRUE'S POV: 256.
The last of the undead race across the yard and into the house. Rock music blares from inside.
257. CUT TO: 257.
SEGRUE turns and runs into the lamp room, heading for the ladder.
258. INT. STORE ROOM LANDING — NIGHT 258.
SEGRUE scrambles down the ladder, pulls open the hatch on the floor of the landing and runs down the spiral staircase.
259. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT 259.
As the house reverberate with the sound of rock music, LARSEN gives the condom balloon a push so that it swings back and forth over the table. Then, she pulls a candle from her pocket, lights it with her lighter, drips some wax onto the center of the table, then sets the candle in place. She steps back to examine the results — the flame flickers slightly as the balloon swings over it. She gives the balloon another push.
260. EXT. LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT 260.
SEGRUE leans out the door of the lighthouse and looks around. There are no creatures in sight. He sprints across the yard towards the house.
261. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT 261.
SEGRUE climbs over the railing at the side of the porch, then sneaks along the wall of the house, past a shuttered window towards the open front door. He flattens himself against the wall, then leans forward to look inside.

262. SEGRUE'S POV: 262.

Like true rock fans, many of the undead are clustered around the blaring speakers. Others mill about in confusion. Then, one of them spots SEGRUE. It lets out a menacing hiss and lurches for the door.

263. CUT TO: 263.

SEGRUE leaps forward, grabs the doorknob, then steps back and pulls it shut — but it jams on a can. He kicks the can out of the way, and slams the door. The lock clicks into place. He heaves a sigh of relief, then backs away into the yard as creatures pound on the door from inside.

264. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT 264.

The curtains flutter in the wind as LARSEN heaves open the window and swings her leg over the sill. The candle flame sputters, then goes out. Aghast, LARSEN glances back over her shoulder as the room darkens.

LARSEN

Shit !

LARSEN climbs back inside and shuts the window. She gives the swinging condom another push, then re-lights the candle. She goes back to the window and starts to pull it open. The candle blows out again.

265. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT 265.

SEGRUE glances up just in time to see LARSEN shut the window and step out of view.

SEGRUE

Jesus ! What the hell is she doing ?

266. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT 266.

LARSEN quickly lights the candle again, then steps to the door. She pulls it open a couple of inches and peers out through the crack.

267. LARSEN'S POV: 267.

There are four undead things on the mezzanine, and two more climbing the stairs.

268. EXT. MEZZANINE GALLERY — NIGHT

268.

LARSEN takes a deep breath, then edges out the door and shuts it behind her. One of the creatures spots her and lets out a shriek. She tries to run, but another one grabs her. Screaming in terror, she breaks away, leaps for the nearest door, yanks it open and dives inside, slamming it shut behind her. The creatures in the hallway converge on the door as more of them come thundering up the staircase.

269. INT. BATHROOM — NIGHT

269.

LARSEN leans against the door, eyes shut, breathing heavily. Then, as the things begin pounding on the door, she opens her eyes and sees that she is trapped — the bathroom window is much too small to climb through. And then, the door begins to splinter apart. A hand reaches through the shattered panel, clutching at LARSEN. She pulls herself free and backs away, looking around frantically, then spots a small hatch set in the ceiling. She climbs up onto the toilet, reaches up and gives it a shove. It's stuck, and won't open. She hits it with her fists. Finally, the hatch gives way.

270. INT. MEZZANINE GALLERY — NIGHT

270.

A dozen creatures are gathered outside the bathroom, pounding and clawing at the door.

271. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

271.

The balloon's arc decreases as it swings slowly over the candle.

272. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT

272.

SEGRUE backs away from the house, staring up at the bedroom window, which is lit from within by the candle.

SEGRUE

Come on Skipper! Get out! Get out!

273. INT. BATHROOM — NIGHT

273.

With a crash, the door bursts from its hinges. The CREWMEN stumble into the bathroom, then look around in confusion — LARSEN has disappeared. They don't see her hands in the opening in the ceiling as she carefully replaces the wooden hatch-cover.

274. INT. ATTIC CRAWLSPACE — NIGHT 274.

LARSEN turns away from the hatch in the narrow crawlspace under the eaves. She starts to crawl, stumbling over the exposed joists, heading as fast as she can for a dim light at the end of the passageway.

275. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT 275.

The condom swings very slowly over the candle, its arc less than a foot.

276. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT 276.

SEGRUE is becoming frantic. He turns and runs a few steps towards the boathouse, then stops and turns back.

SEGRUE

Come on, goddamn you, get out of there.
Skipper!

He backs away, staring at the house, knowing that LARSEN is in there with the undead.

SEGRUE

Oh god. Get out! Get the fuck
out of there. . .

277. INT. CRAWLSPACE — NIGHT 277.

Her face beaded with sweat, LARSEN crawls around a corner, squeezing under the rafters, grasping the joists in her hands to pull herself forward. Ahead, pale moonlight shines through a louvered aluminum vent set in the wall of the house. Reaching it, she tries to pull off the grill with her fingers, but it won't give.

278. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT 278.

The balloon is barely moving. The candle flame is almost touching its lowermost point. The thin rubber starts to bubble.

279. EXT. STATION YARD — NIGHT 279.

SEGRUE starts to run towards the boathouse, then turns back — he can't bring himself to desert LARSEN. The tension is driving him crazy. Tears stream down his cheeks.

SEGRUE
(screaming)
Get out of there! Get the fuck out,
goddammit!

280. INT. CRAWLSPACE — NIGHT 280.

Squeezed in the narrow space, LARSEN kicks frantically at the ventilation grill with her foot.

281. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT 281.

The grill bursts away from the wall of the house ten feet above the roof of the porch. LARSEN starts to struggle out through the opening.

282. CUT TO: 282.

Seeing her, SEGRUE runs towards the house.

SEGRUE
Over here! Jump! Hurry!

283. CUT TO: 283.

LARSEN squeezes out through the hole, grasping onto its sides with her hands. She gives one final push, then tumbles down onto the roof of the porch. There is a crash as she lands. Her foot smashes through the shingles. She sprawls onto the sloping roof.

SEGRUE
(standing below porch)
Come on, Skipper, hurry!

LARSEN tries to pull her foot free, but it's stuck.

(continued)

283. CONTINUED

283.

LARSEN

(pained)

I'm stuck. . . my foot's caught. . .

SEGRUE

Oh Jesus. . .

284. INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

284.

The balloon sizzles, hanging right over the flame. Then suddenly — WHOOMP! — it explodes, showering burning fuel over the table. The naptha on the floor bursts into flame.

285. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT

285.

LARSEN is struggling to get her foot free.

LARSEN

Run for it, Segrue. Get the hell out of here. . .

SEGRUE

No way, Lieutenant. . .

He leaps up onto the railing of the porch, then pulls himself up onto the roof.

LARSEN

No! Get going! Get out of here while you can. . .

SEGRUE crawls across the roof towards her, then grabs her leg in both hands and starts to pull.

286. INT. MESSANINE GALLERY — NIGHT

286.

A tongue of flame shoots out under the bedroom door, then races along the mezzanine, following the trail of naptha. The undead in the hallway stare incomprehendingly at the fire.

287. INT. STAIRCASE — NIGHT

287.

The flames spill down the staircase like a river of molten lava.

288. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT 288.

LARSEN gasps in pain as, with one tremendous heave, SEGRUE pulls her foot free. He loses his balance and falls onto the roof. Tangled together, LARSEN and SEGRUE slide over the shingles, just managing to stop at the eaves.

LARSEN
(breathless)
Quick! Jump!

They jump to the ground.

289. INT. LOUNGE AREA — NIGHT 289.

The creatures clustered around the booming stereo speakers hardly notice the river of fire as it zig-zags across the lounge, heading for the kitchen. One of the undead stands in the path of the fire, and goes up in flames. The burning crewman flails his arms and lurches around the room — he looks like he's dancing to the music.

290. EXT. HOUSE — 290.

LARSEN lies sprawled on the ground, clutching her ankle.

LARSEN
Oh Jesus. My ankle. . .

SEGRUE helps her to her feet, then takes her hand in his and starts pull her away from the house.

291. INT. LOUNGE AREA — NIGHT 291.

The flames reach the kitchen door.

292. INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT 292.

Gas hisses from the stove. Flames spurt under the door into the room. Then suddenly — KABOOM — the gas-filled room explodes.

293. EXT. HOUSE — NIGHT 293.

The explosion rips through the house, completely demolishing it in a churning ball of smoke and fire.

294. CUT TO:

294.

LARSEN and SEGRUE are hurled to the ground by the force of the blast. They shield their heads with their arms as debris rains down on them. Then, silence. LARSEN raises her head slowly and looks back towards the house.

295. LARSEN'S POV:

295.

The house is engulfed in fire, its roof caved in, the walls blown apart, the chimney toppled over. Thick black smoke boils up into the night sky above the roaring flames. The undead crew has been destroyed. Not a single one of them survived the blast.

296. CUT TO:

296.

Gazing at the burning remains of the house, LARSEN staggers to her feet. SEGRUE lies motionless nearby, his body partially hidden beneath debris from the explosion.

LARSEN
(seeing him)

Segrue !

She quickly kneels down and shoves the debris aside. Blood oozes from a cut on SEGRUE'S forehead.

LARSEN
Segrue. . . ? Are you okay ?

SEGRUE groans and opens his eyes.

SEGRUE
(dazed)
Are we dead, Skipper ?

LARSEN
(relieved smile)
No sailor, we did it.

SEGRUE sits up, rubbing his head. He glances back towards the ruins of the house.

SEGRUE
(grinning)
We sure as hell did, didn't we ?

(continued)

296. CONTINUED

296.

LARSEN

Think you can make it to the boathouse ?

SEGRUE

Yeah. . . I'm okay.

He gets to his feet. They stare at the house for a moment, then turn and start to walk down towards the boathouse, LARSEN limping badly. Behind them, the house continues to burn, the timbers crackling in the flames, bright sparks drifting up into the dark sky.

297. EXT. BOATHOUSE — NIGHT

297.

SEGRUE staggers slightly as they near the boathouse. He raises his hand and wipes the blood away from his face. A big, rusty anchor leans against the boathouse beside the wooden door.

LARSEN

There's a first aid kit in the launch,
so we can stop your bleeding. . .

She reaches out and pulls open the boathouse door, then gasps in shock.

298. LARSEN'S POV

298.

A man stands in the shadows just inside the door. His clothing is torn and bloodstained, his face and arms bear innumerable cuts and bruises — but it is unmistakably DISALVO.

299. CUT TO:

299.

LARSEN's shock turns to relief. A grin spreads across SEGRUE's face.

SEGRUE

Chief, you made it. . .

But before he's finished his sentence, DISALVO lurches out through the doorway. His eyes have the same dead look as all the others. He has become one of them.

LARSEN

Oh god, no. . .!

(continued)

299. CONTINUED

299.

With one swipe of his arm, DISALVO knocks SEGRUE to the ground, then turns to face LARSEN. Before LARSEN can react, he leaps on her.

As SEGRUE lies sprawled unconscious nearby, LARSEN and the DISALVO roll over the ground, locked in a life and death struggle. Straining to keep his teeth from her neck, LARSEN manages to dig her fingers into one of his eyes, then scrambles away.

LARSEN staggers to her feet. With blood streaming down his face, DISALVO squares off, then slowly moves in for the kill. She backs away toward the boathouse. DISALVO edges forward, his dead eyes gleaming.

LARSEN looks around desperately. SEGRUE is still out on the ground. Backed against the boathouse wall, she crouches, ready to defend herself.

And then, her fingers close around the rusty shaft of the big anchor leaning against the boathouse. DISALVO lunges forward. With superhuman strength, she heaves the anchor into the air and swings it at DISALVO. There is a sickening crunch as one of the spikes buries itself deep in his chest. He staggers back, then falls to the ground, pinned beneath the heavy anchor.

300. CUT TO

300.

LARSEN stands over him breathlessly, waiting for the next assault. But it doesn't happen. As blood oozes from his chest, a pitiable look of truly human suffering appears on DISALVO's face.

LARSEN
(stunned by the transformation)
Disalvo. . .

His body gives a final shudder, his legs kick weakly, and then he dies.

301. CUT TO:

301.

Completely drained, LARSEN staggers to SEGRUE'S side. He groans as she hoists him to his feet.

LARSEN
Come on, Segrue. Let's get the hell
out of here. . .

She pulls his arm around her shoulder and half-carries, half drags him into the boathouse. A few moments later, the sound of the launch's engine shatters the quiet.

302. CUT TO:

302.

LARSEN backs the launch out of the boathouse. SEGRUE is slumped in the seat beside her. She turns the boat sharply and heads out to sea, advancing the throttle.

303. EXT. JEKYLL ISLAND — DAWN

303.

As dawn breaks, the launch rounds the end of the island, the sound of its engine fading as it leaves the burning house, empty light tower and derelict freighter far behind. Lifted on the big Atlantic swells, it heads towards the mainland.

304. EXT. THE BOATHOUSE — DAWN

304.

Suddenly, DISALVO's eyes blink open. There is a terrible sound of ripping flesh as he wrenches the anchor from his chest, then staggers to his feet. Staring at the departing launch with his dead eyes, he rears back his head and lets out a blood-curdling scream of defiance.

CREDITS ROLL.