

GATORBABY

(NIGHTCRAWLER)

by

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**Every family has secrets...
This one has teeth.**

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GATORBABY

EXT. SAILBOAT -- DAY

The sun is just beginning to set, everything has a red glow.

A 24 foot sailboat cuts through the water; the Florida coastline in its wake, a small island on the horizon.

LAWRENCE MEIGHAN is at the wheel, his girlfriend STELLA VENABLE holds on to him. Young and in love, their whole future in front of them. Stella kisses Lawrence's neck.

STELLA

Red sky at night: Sailor's delight.

LAWRENCE

You're my delight.

STELLA

Where are we going?

LAWRENCE

It's a surprise.

STELLA

Never the same old thing with you.

LAWRENCE

Gotta keep it fresh.

STELLA

Just a hint?

LAWRENCE

You know what they say about curiosity.

STELLA

Something about pussies, isn't it?

They get closer to the island. A mansion on one side, guest cottage, servants quarters, a forest of mangroves, and on the far side where they're headed: a beautiful sand beach.

STELLA

It's amazing.

LAWRENCE

Our own private island. We'll picnic on the beach, drink some champagne, make love in the moonlight...

STELLA

Whose is it really?

LAWRENCE

Some old millionaire named Archie Wingfield. He's about a hundred years old. Made a fortune in patent medicines in the 1920s.

STELLA

He lives here?

LAWRENCE

All alone. Freddy at the docks told me he's a hermit. Been working there twenty years and never seen the guy come to town once.

When they get close to the beach, Lawrence drops anchor.

LAWRENCE

We'll run aground if we get any closer.

STELLA

How do we get to the beach?

LAWRENCE

Follow me.

He tosses a plastic cooler into the water, it floats near the boat, then dives into the water.

STELLA

What about the old guy?

LAWRENCE

It's probably already past his bedtime.

Stella dives into the water.

EXT. BEACH -- EVENING

They swim to the beach, Lawrence dragging the cooler onto the sand. Both are soaking wet.

STELLA

Does he have any security?

LAWRENCE

No. Even his servants go home at night.

Stella kisses him.

STELLA

My clothes are all wet.

LAWRENCE

Take them off.

Stella begins taking off her clothes.

STELLA

Come and get me.

She runs across the sand toward the mangrove forest, stripping off one piece of clothing at a time. Wet blouse goes flying.

Lawrence takes off after her, stripping off his wet shirt.

EXT. MANGROVES -- EVENING

Lawrence passes Stella's pants, draped over a mangrove tree. He slows to pull off his shoes, hopping on one foot.

LAWRENCE

Stella!

STELLA (O.S.)

What's taking you so long?

LAWRENCE

I'm coming! I'm coming!

Lawrence struggles with his shoes.

LAWRENCE

Damned shoes.

STELLA runs through the mangrove forest, unhooking her bra and tossing it aside.

EXT. CLEARING -- EVENING

She slows down, deep in the creepy forest, waits in a clearing for Lawrence to catch up.

STELLA

If you don't hurry up I'm starting without you!

She puts her hand down the front of her panties... She's wet.

A noise from the forest.

STELLA

It's finger lickin' good.

She licks her fingers, putting on a show - Lawrence is probably watching her.

More rustling in the forest.

STELLA
You playing with yourself?

She returns her hand to her panties.

STELLA
Play with me instead.

She sensually pulls her panties off, putting on a show.

Louder rustling from the forest.

Coming closer.

Stella puts on more of a show as the rustling gets closer and closer...

But it isn't Lawrence who comes out of the forest.

It's a strange half-man half-gator.

It springs at her, jaws open wide.

EXT. MANGROVES -- EVENING

LAWRENCE wriggles out of his pants, jogs past Stella's bra...

Hears her scream in agony.

LAWRENCE
Stella? Stella?

He pours on the speed, ends up in the clearing.

EXT. CLEARING -- EVENING

He looks around the clearing - no sign of her.

LAWRENCE
Stella?

Spots her discarded panties. Picks them up.

LAWRENCE
Is this a joke? Come out, come out,
where ever you are!

Nothing.

LAWRENCE
Stella! Stella!

Nothing.

Creepy silence.

He looks around the clearing, no sign of her.

LAWRENCE
Stella?

Hears a noise in the mangroves.

Moves deeper into the shadows.
Spots Stella's arm behind the bushes.

LAWRENCE
Hiding from me? Gotcha!

He grabs her arm, pulls her from her hiding place...
But all he gets is the arm!

LAWRENCE
No! No!

Lawrence screams...

Then the half-man half-gator pounces from the darkness and
tears his throat out... ending his scream, and his life.

Just beyond the mangroves a gate is barely visible. On the
gate, an ornate family crest built around the letter "W".

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

An envelope in the mailbox with an ornate family crest built
around the letter "W". A typical suburban street.

SUPERED: Los Gatos, California.

MAGGIE SHANNER steps out of the house and grabs the mail,
flips through it. About to graduate college, but still lives
at home, still holds onto her childhood.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

Maggie enters with the mail, still flipping through it.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Anything good?

CATHERINE SHANNER is Maggie's mom. A strict single parent,
trying to protect her daughter from making all of the mistakes
she did. The main reason why Maggie hasn't grown up is that
Catherine still treats her like a kid.

MAGGIE
Some bills, a few occupants.

Maggie hands Catherine the mail she's already looked at,
ends up with only the "W" family crest envelope in her hand.

CATHERINE
What've you got there?

Maggie opens it.

MAGGIE
An invitation.

CATHERINE

One of your school friends having another party?

MAGGIE

Great grandpa Wingfield's hundred fourth birthday. Hundred and four? That's older than old.

Catherine snatches the invitation from her.

CATHERINE

You're not to have anything to do with that man. Big Daddy Wingfield is... Unbalanced.

MAGGIE

Maybe he's just set in his ways... That seems to run in the family.

CATHERINE

Hush your mouth, young lady.

MAGGIE

I'm not a kid, mom, quit treating me like one. I can make my own decisions.

Catherine looks at the old 1930s sepia photo of BIG DADDY WINGFIELD on the mantle - taken when he was in his 40s.

CATHERINE

He had me out to his place when I was your age. Likes to look over his spawn.

Maggie takes the invitation back.

MAGGIE

I wonder who else will be there.

CATHERINE

All your cousins. Blanche, Brick.

MAGGIE

So Aunt Bessie and Uncle Lawrence are letting Brick go.

CATHERINE

I thought I could take care of myself, when he invited me. But I was too young to know my own limitations.

MAGGIE

I don't have your limitations, mom.

CATHERINE

You're too young to know that.

MAGGIE

I'm old enough.

CATHERINE

Old enough to get yourself into trouble.

MAGGIE

Maybe he's writing up his will.
He's a millionaire isn't he?

CATHERINE

Big Daddy isn't planning on dying
any time soon.

MAGGIE

He's turning a hundred and four,
mom.

Catherine snatches the invitation out of her hands again.

CATHERINE

You aren't going, Maggie, that's
final.

MAGGIE

When will I be old enough?

CATHERINE

To go to Big Daddy's? Never.

MAGGIE

Old enough to run my own life? To
make my own decisions? To make my
own mistakes? When will you stop
smothering me? I'm twenty two.

CATHERINE

Once upon a time I was twenty two
years old. All I want to do is
protect you from making the same
mistakes I made.

MAGGIE

I don't see your name on the
invitation. This doesn't involve
you.

CATHERINE

You're my daughter, of course it
involves me.

MAGGIE

Don't worry, Stanley will be there.

CATHERINE

That's supposed to put my mind at ease?

MAGGIE

Just because he's a little older than I am...

CATHERINE

And is a pathological liar.

MAGGIE

He didn't know the necklace was stolen when he gave it to me.

CATHERINE

Why is Stanley going out with you?

MAGGIE

He loves me.

CATHERINE

He's using you.

MAGGIE

Well maybe I'm using him.

CATHERINE

Maybe you are.

MAGGIE

I'm going, mother, you can't stop me.

Maggie storms out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Professional freeloader STANLEY POLLITT snaps open his cigarette lighter, fires up a butt. At least a decade older than Maggie, he's half man / half weasel. Takes a long drag as he examines the invitation.

STANLEY

Millionaire, huh? How big's his house?

MAGGIE

I've never been there.

STANLEY

Not much of a family guy, huh?

MAGGIE

I guess he's kind of a recluse.

STANLEY

How the hell do you get to be a hundred and four? Is he a vegan or something?

MAGGIE

Maybe he just takes care of himself.

STANLEY

You mean: no smokes, no booze, no smut? I couldn't live like that.

MAGGIE

We're going to be there for a week. You going to be able to handle it?

Kisses her.

STANLEY

Long as I can sneak a smoke and bring my emergency flask. You say your mother didn't make the invite list?

MAGGIE

She won't be there.

STANLEY

Then I might even be able to survive without the flask.

Stanley closes the invitation, exposing the ornate "W".

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- DAY

Trendy, Bohemian, artsie-fatsie. A sidewalk cafe in a neighborhood of poets and painters.

SUPERED: Silverlake, California.

BLANCHE WINGFIELD sips her latte while reading the invitation. She might be beautiful, if she didn't do everything in her power to avoid being attractive (that's how men control women). Dressed entirely in black, no make up has ever touched her.

BLANCHE

Seems I have a great grandfather. Probably some conservative old creep.

The person sitting opposite Blanche doesn't respond.

BLANCHE

He expects me to drop everything and fly to Florida for a birthday party? I mean, where was he when I did the LA Poetry Slam last year?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Don't go.

BLANCHE

And have him think I'm some sort of useless slacker? Plus, you know, he's rich.

CHRIS (O.S.)

He is?

BLANCHE

Money is their way of controlling us, but maybe he's interested in becoming a patron of the arts. Helping me with expenses so that I can concentrate on my art. Live poetry, you know?

CHRIS (O.S.)

I can quit my job?

BLANCHE

If he wants to control my work or tell me what to write or how to live my life, I don't want his fucking money.

CHRIS (O.S.)

So we're going?

Blanche takes Chris's hand from the table and kisses it. Pulls CHRISTINE towards her and gives her a big sloppy kiss.

Christine is beautiful, a few years younger than Blanche and very feminine. The pair have been lovers for almost a year.

BLANCHE

Honey, I don't think our relationship has progressed to the meet-the-relatives stage, yet.

CHRIS

You haven't even met him. What difference does it make?

BLANCHE

He may not be, you know, sympathetic.

CHRIS

I work double shifts at the restaurant so that you can immerse yourself in words, and I don't rate a week in Florida?

BLANCHE

Honey, I appreciate all that you do for us, but this is my family.

CHRIS

What happens if he decides to pay the bills for you?

BLANCHE

I can finally work on my epic on tribal female genital mutilation and sexual stereotypes in --

CHRIS

What happens to us? If great grandpa is paying for everything?

BLANCHE

Honey, I told you from the very beginning I wasn't looking for a life partner. It lasts as long as it lasts.

CHRIS

Right.

Chris pulls away, finishes her coffee, gets up to leave.

BLANCHE

Don't forget the check, honey.

Chris tosses a ten on the table, storms out.

Blanche looks at the invitation again, then smiles at a HOT GIRL (a couple of years younger than Chris) at another table. Maybe it's time to trade up?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

An invitation with an ornate "W" sticks out of a mailbox on a country road. A few patches of snow, lots of trees.

SUPERED: Cripple Creek, Colorado.

A broken in Jeep Cherokee zips down the road, pulls up to the mailbox. Star high school quarterback turned Ace Hardware clerk BRICK WINGFIELD rolls down the window and grabs the mail, then zooms down the driveway to his rented house.

INT. BRICK'S HOUSE -- DAY

Furnished by Goodwill and Ikea. Brick flips through mail.

BRICK

Babe, I'm home.

Brick's wife, CHARLOTTE, enters the living room, drying her hands on a dish towel.

CHARLOTTE
Anything good? Something from Ed
McMahon?

BRICK
Power bill's gone red.

CHARLOTTE
What do we have? Thirty days?

BRICK
MasterCard wants us to cut our cards
in half. Hey, these guys'll give
"current resident" a half million in
term life insurance for pennies a
day.

CHARLOTTE
We could be worth more dead than
alive.

BRICK
Gee, babe, maybe you should sign up?

She laughs. They kiss.

CHARLOTTE
I was about to give up on you.

BRICK
Hockstader had me stay an extra hour.
Time and a half, could use the money.

CHARLOTTE
Long as you weren't at the casino.

BRICK
Why would I go there?

CHARLOTTE
Super Bowl's this weekend.

BRICK
I don't have enough money to bet.

CHARLOTTE
Never stopped you before.

Brick opens the last letter - the invitation.

BRICK
Wow. My great grandfather's turning
a hundred and four.

CHARLOTTE

Gotta be one hell of a big cake to hold all of those candles.

BRICK

And we get a piece of it. He's inviting us to his party. Or his nurse or keeper or whoever really sent the invitations, is. At one-oh-four it's probably hard to work up the spit to lick the stamps.

CHARLOTTE

When is it?

BRICK

He wants us there for a week.

CHARLOTTE

Where?

BRICK

He lives on an island somewhere in Florida. Private island.

CHARLOTTE

Hockstader isn't going to give you a whole week off.

BRICK

Six years ago he was kissing my ass.

Brick looks at his wall of football trophies, photos, and an autographed game ball from his championship season.

BRICK

It's all been downhill after winning the state championship. Who'd have think that high school was going to be the best years of my life?

CHARLOTTE

Thing's will turn around.

BRICK

Babe, I don't ever see myself making the front page of the Boulder Gazette again... even if I robbed a bank.

She takes the invitation from him, puts it with the junk mail.

CHARLOTTE

I guess we're not going to the party.

BRICK

Beeep! You guessed wrong.

He pulls the invitation from the pile, flicks the junk mail with his foot, knocking it into a trash can.

BRICK

We're going to spend a week in Florida at my great grandfather's mansion, sipping cocktails and living the high life. One week of heaven...

Brick looks at the bills.

BRICK

Then we'll come home, declare bankruptcy and eat mac and cheese for the rest of our lives.

He swoops Charlotte into his arms, kisses her and dips her. She giggles. They may not have money, but they've got love.

EXT. GULF COAST -- DAY

The Florida Gulf Coast. Hot pink motels. Palm trees. Fishing boats. Small towns. Mangrove forests. Gator farms.

SUPERED: Gulf Coast, Florida.

On a commercial pier, an old fishing boat launches... zooming out into the Gulf.

EXT. FISHING BOAT -- DAY

A gnarled FISHERMAN pilots a beat up old fishing boat through a maze of sand bars and buoys to the island. Behind him, Brick, Charlotte, Blanche, Maggie and Stanley.

Stanley lights a cigarette and looks over the others.

STANLEY

So this is the competition?

CHARLOTTE

I thought we were going to a party.

BRICK

We are, babe. Maggie's boyfriend, here, seems to have been misinformed.

Stanley steps into Brick's space, forcing him to take a step back (or stand his ground... but he retreats).

STANLEY

Really? We've got a rich guy, turning a hundred and four, having a little party, but he's not inviting anybody who's not his lineage.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

(to Fisherman)

You take any dancing girls out to
the island, chief?

The Fisherman turns around, piloting the boat without looking
where he's going.

FISHERMAN

Dancing girls? Don't remember taking
no dancing girls out there.

The Fisherman turns back in time to avoid a sandbar. The
boat barely misses running aground.

STANLEY

Anyone else think he's checking us
out before he writes up his will?

BLANCHE

That's why you're here? I thought
you were just Maggie's boyfriend.

Maggie tries to settle things down, keep the rest of the
family from completely hating her boyfriend.

MAGGIE

If he's worth millions, there's enough
money for all of us.

BLANCHE

I can live with an even split.

STANLEY

You think that's how the world works?
People can't help but judge others.
They look at you and they decide,
this guy's a winner, and this guy's
a loser.

Points to Brick on the word "loser".

BLANCHE

It's that simple?

Stanley gives her a weasel grin.

STANLEY

That complicated. See, everything
in life's an IQ test.

BLANCHE

Everything?

STANLEY

You don't know how to do something, somebody else does, they get the job. You aren't smart enough to figure out someone's screwing you, you just got screwed. It's survival of the fittest.

BLANCHE

So everything's an angle with you?

STANLEY

Unless it has curves.

He pulls Maggie close, kisses her. Ignores the group, talking to the Fisherman.

STANLEY

So, Chief, how much you think the old guy's worth?

The Fisherman turns around again, piloting the boat by wote.

FISHERMAN

Don't rightly know. Millions.

MAGGIE

What's he like?

FISHERMAN

All the years I been going out there, never seen him up close. Seen him at the house, but he never come down to the dock. Never.

The boat is headed into a sandbar, but the Fisherman turns the rudder at the last minute... without looking.

BRICK

You're saying he doesn't leave the island? Ever?

FISHERMAN

Why'd he want to? He gots everything he needs right there.

CHARLOTTE

He has, like, a home care nurse, right?

The boat is headed into another sandbar.

FISHERMAN

No nurse. That old man still takes care of himself. Gots a woman who cooks and cleans for him, though. Maybe he's not much of a chef.

The Fisherman turns the rudder just in the nick of time again. He doesn't have to look where he's going, he's done it so many times.

BRICK

She live on the island?

FISHERMAN

No, sir. Just him out there. I takes her out and brings her back before dark falls.

STANLEY

So he's alone out there?

Thinking: Maybe he could have an accident and die right after making out his will?

FISHERMAN

For the next week, it be just you and him out there. You have to make your own beds and everythings.

Blanche doesn't seem thrilled by making her own bed.

BLANCHE

I'm not much of a chef, either.

FISHERMAN

Don't haves to worry none about that. She been cooking up a storm the past week. I been taking all kinds of good foods out there fors you. Big roasts and hams and a turkey and all kinds of vegetables and things.

STANLEY

Take any booze?

FISHERMAN

I thinks I took out a couple cases of wine and some things from the liquor store. Plus a big old birthday cake.

Stanley gives his weasel grin again.

STANLEY

That's a relief.

They all look at THE ISLAND (except the Fisherman). Palm trees, a huge mansion sits between a mangrove forest and a hilly section with some out buildings.

FISHERMAN

You just gots to slap the food in the microwave and eats it. The building be old, but he's got all of the modern appliances. Old man used to be a scientist, you know. Gots a microwave you can cook a whole turkey in. Took it out there myself five years ago. Old one busted on him.

EXT. DOCK -- EVENING

The Fisherman pulls the boat up to the newer of the two docks without ever turning around, cuts the engine, ties them off.

MAGGIE

What happens if we need something during the week?

STANLEY

We run out of booze?

FISHERMAN

You lives without it. I be back in seven days, picks you up, take you back.

He starts tossing their suitcases on the dock.

STANLEY

That how you unloaded the booze?

The Fisherman just laughs.

Everyone gets out of the boat, except the Fisherman.

FISHERMAN

I gots to get back. It be getting dark pretty soon, now. Don't wants to be here when it gets dark.

He starts up the engine, casts off, zooms out of there.

Leaving the five on the dock.

They all look at the Mansion.

STANLEY

Smaller than I imagined it.

Maggie grabs her bags, Stanley hefts his duffel, Brick and Charlotte grab their bags... Blanche just looks at her luggage. She has twice as many bags as everyone else.

BLANCHE

No one takes these to the house?

CHARLOTTE
I'll give you a hand.

BLANCHE
Thanks, honey.

Charlotte takes one of the bags, Brick takes another... still leaving Blanche with bags to carry.

She reluctantly grabs the two bags left and drags them down the pier to the house.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

The door opens, the group enters, with Blanche dragging behind. Stanley looks around, unimpressed.

STANLEY
You sure this guy's a millionaire?

Maggie shushes him. What if great grandpa is there?

Everyone else is impressed - it's the biggest house they've ever been in. They wander around, looking at things.

MAGGIE
Great grandfather? Big Daddy?

No answer.
But there's a giant painting of Big Daddy, about 40 years old, in front of the mansion surrounded by alligators.

STANLEY
Probably already past his bedtime.

In the table in the center of the room Brick finds a tape recorder with a note that reads "Play Me".

BRICK
He left a message.

Everyone gathers around the tape recorder. With a flourish, Brick presses the "play" button, and Big Daddy Wingfield's 103 year old voice comes from the speaker.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)
This is Big Daddy Wingfield. Welcome to my home... your ancestral home. You three are the last of the Wingfield family line, though, hopefully, you'll make me a great great grandfather in the near future. I'd enjoy that immensely.

Brick raises an eyebrow at Charlotte, she pushes him away with a smile.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

I've retired for the evening, and will join you tomorrow afternoon or the day after for the birthday festivities.

Stanley's turn to smile - he called it.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

If any of you are hungry, there are prepared meals and a microwave oven. Help yourselves.

Blanche checks the doors until she finds the one that leads into the kitchen.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

But keep your hands off my birthday cake. No fingers in the frosting.

Blanche lets the kitchen door close, as if tasting the frosting was her plan.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

There are are bedrooms upstairs, all made up for you. I took the liberty of putting your names on the doors.

Everyone looks at each other, rolls eyes.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

While you're here, consider this your home. Of course, my quarters and my laboratory at the back of the house are off limits. There's a map of the island on the wall behind the divan.

Stanley strolls over to take a look.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

I know some of you may want to explore, but you're better off sticking around the house and grounds, as the rest of the island is still pretty wild. It'd be easy to get lost in that mangrove forest or even break a leg out there. We wouldn't want that to happen.

Stanley traces a finger over the map.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

You probably noticed there's a nice little beach in front of the house, feel free to take in the sun if you
(MORE)

WINGFIELD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 want. We're a half mile from the
 mainland, so you've got some privacy.

Charlotte mouths the word "pervert" to Brick.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)
 Just about anything you could ever
 want is right here. My little piece
 of paradise for you to enjoy.
 (beat)
 One small word of warning, though,
 it's best if you don't go out of the
 house after dark. The wildlife in
 these parts can be dangerous.

The tape ends with a hiss, Brick clicks off the tape player.

BRICK
 My casa is tu casa, just don't poke
 around too much...

CHARLOTTE
 And feel free to sunbathe nude on
 that little strip of sand in front
 of the house. Promise I won't peek.

STANLEY
 Maybe he's watching us now.

BLANCHE
 What do you mean?

STANLEY
 Peepholes and secret passages.

BRICK
 Hell, if he's got a microwave that'll
 cook a whole turkey, he's probably
 got surveillance cameras.

Everyone starts looking at the walls, nick-knacks, paintings.
 Any hidden cameras?

BLANCHE
 Why would he be watching?

CHARLOTTE
 He likes to watch.

STANLEY
 See how we act when he's not around.
 He's writing up his will, isn't he?

Everyone is suddenly self-conscious. They try to look for
 the hidden cameras without looking like they're looking.

Blanche is admiring a shelf of medical awards... and looking for cameras.

BLANCHE

Look at all of these awards.

BRICK

If there really are hidden cameras, we probably aren't going to find them. They're hidden.

STANLEY

I found the booze.

An ornate case filled with liquor. Stanley tries the door - locked. He wiggles the knobs a few times. Still locked. Pulls out his pocket knife and jimmys open the lock.

STANLEY

Who wants a drink?

Pulls out bottles, admiring them.

STANLEY

Nothing here but the good stuff.

Pulls out a bottle of Martell Cordon Blue cognac.

STANLEY

Well, well, my old friend.

MAGGIE

You sure it's okay?

STANLEY

Hell, the boatman said he had booze sent over from the mainland, right? This stuff's for us. Hospitality.

Stanley empties his flask into a glass, pours the expensive cognac into the flask. Then he downs the glass and refills it with expensive cognac.

STANLEY

What'll it be, folks?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

They take a sip of their drinks - Maggie abstains.

MAGGIE

...Stanley insisted we go out on my twenty first birthday. Insisted I have a strawberry daiquiri. Two. Three. Was never so sick in my life.

Maggie's the only one without a drink - an outsider. She watches the others, wishes she could fit in.

BRICK

I remember my first drink. When you're a kid, your whole life is waiting. Can't wait until I'm old enough to stay up late. Can't wait until I'm old enough to drive.

BLANCHE

Until I'm eighteen and move out.

CHARLOTTE

Can't wait until I turn twenty one.

BRICK

My dad bought me first drink. Mom died when I was a kid, pops raised me. Called me out of the blue on my birthday, told me to put on a tie, he was gonna buy me my first drink.

CHARLOTTE

I remember that.

BRICK

Figured we were going someplace fancy.
(smiles)
Bowling alley cocktail lounge.

Everybody laughs; except Stanley, who mouths "loser".

CHARLOTTE

(points to Brick)
He took me to a bar where they gave you a free shot on your twenty first.

BRICK

Best things in life are free.

CHARLOTTE

Cheapskate!

BLANCHE

I was twelve.

STANLEY

Talk about starting young.

BLANCHE

I needed it. Mom was in the loony bin, dad was a drunk. I was counting the days until I could split. At seventeen I met this woman, and when I turned eighteen I was gone. Couldn't wait to get out.

BRICK

Stanley?

STANLEY

First drink or first legal drink?

(grins)

Couldn't wait until I was old enough, so I got a fake ID. Had a moustache in high school, made me look older, but the ID I bought was some clean shaven guy. So I drew on the 'stache. Magic marker. Presto, I'm twenty one.

(pours another)

Go into this bar on Telegraph with my pals and the bartender wants to see my ID. I whip it out, hand it to him. He looks it over, hands it back... and I see my moustache on his thumb! Damned ink came off.

(drinks, pours another)

I was scared he'd notice, but he just poured me a drink. They been pouring for me ever since.

Everyone laughs, finishes their drinks.

Maggie stands.

MAGGIE

Don't know about the rest of you, but I'm tired. Five hours on a plane to get here, two hours in a taxi.

She grabs her bags, heads for the stairs. Stanley takes a last drink, grabs his bags, follows her.

BRICK

Hey, baby, want to check out the beds?

CHARLOTTE

Why, Mr. Wingfield, I never!

BRICK

A virgin? That's even better.

They laugh as they grab their bags...

Leaving Blanche with her huge pile of luggage. She grabs a couple of her bags, making noises of exertion... hoping someone will help her.

Everyone ignores her.

Louder noises.

Still ignored.

Tries dragging her luggage.

Everyone goes up stairs.

BLANCHE
Can't even depend on the kindness of
family. Assholes.

Then realizes Big Daddy may have heard that.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Charlotte and Brick find the door with his name on it (large post-it note), open it and look inside.

BRICK
Wow a canopy...

CHARLOTTE
And mosquito netting!

BRICK
Kinky.

Brick takes his name off the door, and they disappear inside.

Maggie finds the door with her name, pulls off the post-it... and Stanley grabs it from her.

STANLEY
Not so fast.

Stanley looks into the bedroom - it's kind of small.

Stanley goes down the hall to the door with Blanche's name on it, opens it and looks inside - much nicer... and larger.

Stanley puts Maggie's post-it on the door and moves Blanche's post-it to the smaller bedroom door...

Seconds before Blanche lumbers up the stairs.

STANLEY
Here it is.

Stanley lets Maggie enter the larger room, follows her in.

Blanche lumbers to the door with her name on it, opens in, sees that it's small.

BLANCHE
Welcome to the life of luxury.

She drags her bags inside...

Then goes back for the rest of her luggage.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Maggie looks at the single bed as she and Stanley unpack bags.

MAGGIE

What if this was supposed to be just a family thing?

STANLEY

Miss your mom already?

MAGGIE

Not likely. I mean, what if Big Daddy wasn't expecting you?

STANLEY

I'm your "plus one". We're a team.

MAGGIE

We are?

Stanley puts his arms around her, pulls her close.

STANLEY

Sure we are.

He kisses her, guiding her to the bed, undressing her.

MAGGIE

I don't think we should. We don't know what the house rules are.

STANLEY

It's not your mother's house.

MAGGIE

It's her grandfather's. Older, more set in his ways.

She pushes him back a few inches.

INT. BRICK'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlotte pulls Brick closer, kisses him. Then she does a sexy strip down to her bra and panties.

CHARLOTTE

Shall we test the facilities?

BRICK

What do you think I am? A man of easy virtue?

CHARLOTTE

Word gets around.

Charlotte unbuttons his shirt, then unbuckles his pants.

BRICK

No! No! A thousand times no!

His pants drop, and so does Charlotte.

BRICK

Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!

CHARLOTTE

Be lucky to get two times out of you.

They laugh, bounce onto the big bed, start making love.

INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Next door, Blanche can hear the sounds through the walls as she tries to sleep. Charlotte is very vocal.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Oh! Right there! Yes! Oh! Oh!

Blanche pulls back the sheets - too hot.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Lick me! Yes! Oh, yes!

Blanche snakes a hand down to her panties, closes her eyes.

Soon, she is making sounds in rhythm with Charlotte.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Stanley lays in bed, wide awake.

Maggie sleeps next to him.

He can hear Charlotte moaning on one side of the room and Blanche moaning on the other side.

STANLEY

Shit.

Stanley gets out of bed, throws on a pair of pants, leaves.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

Stanley pokes around the great room of the mansion, using his cigarette lighter for illumination. He pulls the painting of Big Daddy away from the wall, looks behind it.

STANLEY

Not a safe place.

He looks behind the map of the island.
Nothing.

STANLEY

Where is his safe?

Looks at the nick-knacks, decides to pocket one.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The forbidden area - Big Daddy's quarters and laboratory.

Stanley pokes around the hallway, looking for the safe or something to steal.

Opens doorways and looks inside.
Nothing.

Opens another door and looks inside.
Nothing.

Comes to another door and... it's locked.

STANLEY

Hello, hello.

He pulls his pocketknife, works on the door for a minute, pops it open.

STANLEY

Open says me.

Enters one of the off limits rooms, looking for treasure.

INT. LABORATORY -- NIGHT

Creepy.

Dark.

Filled with lab equipment.

A red light over some specimen cages provides the only light.

Stanley creeps around, searching.

There's an examination table, complete with overhead light and weird medical instruments. Complete transfusion set up - adult table and child sized table. Microscopes, beakers, test tubes, and a bunch of jars with pickled creatures inside.

STANLEY

Weird.

A baby alligator with wings.

A puppy with an alligator tail.

A spider-alligator combo.

A human baby with alligator parts.

One of them wiggles - alive in the jar!

Wham!

The door slams open.

Stanley dives behind the table.

WINGFIELD

Hello? Anybody in there? Alex?

"Big Daddy" WINGFIELD is silhouetted in the doorway. Stanley tries to remain perfectly still. Wingfield enters the laboratory, looks around. Stanley holds his breath as Wingfield walks up to the table.

WINGFIELD

Alex, is that you?

Silence.

WINGFIELD

Thought I heard something.

Wingfield shrugs, leaves the laboratory... Giving Stanley a chance to breath.

He takes another look at the weird specimens. Not moving, now.

STANLEY

What the hell are you into, Big Daddy?

Then he sneaks out before he gets caught.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Stanley slides into bed next to sleeping Maggie.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

The sun rises behind the mansion - it's paradise.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Charlotte and Brick drink coffee and prepare a breakfast from the contents of the well-stocked refrigerator.

Blanche drags herself into the room.

BLANCHE

Is that coffee?

CHARLOTTE

It's got chicory in it.

BLANCHE

Great. Cream and two sugars, honey.

Charlotte gives Brick a look before reluctantly filling a cup with coffee and condiments, handing it to Blanche.

BLANCHE

(sips it)

Little more cream.

Hands the cup back to Charlotte...

Stanley and Maggie enter, grab cups and get their own coffee.

STANLEY
What do you know about him?

MAGGIE
Nothing. He's my great grandfather.

STANLEY
He's in to some really freaky stuff.

BRICK
Figure that out from the painting?

STANLEY
Ought to see the shit in his lab.

MAGGIE
You searched the house?

STANLEY
Don't know anything about the guy,
thought I'd see what I could see.

BRICK
Thought the lab was off limits?

STANLEY
You do everything you're told?

MAGGIE
What if he's watching?

STANLEY
He almost caught me last night.
Came into the lab while I was poking
around.

Brick sets down his cup, steps towards Stanley.

BRICK
I can't believe you'd do that.

STANLEY
Just cause you don't got the balls...

BRICK
I got the brains instead.

Males fighting for dominance - just like on Discovery Channel.

STANLEY
Think you got brains? What are you
doing kissing ass to get into the
will?

Stanley pokes his finger into Brick's chest again and again.

STANLEY

Some people are born losers. You
stink of it. "What if he's watching?"
"I thought we were here for a birthday
party." Whining damned nothing loser.

He backs Brick into the wall... and Brick explodes.
Slams his fist into Stanley's weasel face.
Knocking him to the floor.

BRICK

Now who's the loser?

Stanley rubs his jaw, smiles at Brick.

STANLEY

You think that changes anything?
You're even more of a loser, now.

Stanley scrambles to his feet and storms out. Maggie tries
to follow him, but Charlotte stops her.

CHARLOTTE

Let him cool off.

Maggie watches Stanley leave the house, takes a sip of coffee.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Stanley storms away from the mansion, pulls out his smokes
and his lighter.

STANLEY

Fucking asshole loser. Thinks he
knows what's going on. Nothing but
a suck ass loser.

Stanley keeps smoking and swearing and storming away.

EXT. FIELD OF TALL GRASS -- DAY

Stanley storms across a field of tall grass, rubs his jaw.

STANLEY

Shit. Loser can throw a punch, give
him that much.

At the edge of the field, the mangrove forest begins.

Stanley stops, looks at the mansion, far far away.

STANLEY

Shit.

Puffs on his cigarette, faces a tree, unzips his fly. Starts pissing.

Hears a noise from the field behind him.

STANLEY

Little privacy, okay? I'm draining the lizard.

Rustling from the field.

Stanley looks over his shoulder. The grass on the other side of the field is moving.

STANLEY

Who's there?

Someone short. The swaying grass moves closer, as if an animal is moving across the field toward him.

Stanley tries to stop peeing.
Can't. Steady stream.

STANLEY

Shit.

The swaying grass is closer.
Closer.
Closer.

STANLEY

Hey, man, give me a break, okay?

The swaying grass starts moving faster.
Closer.
Closer.
Closer.

Stanley tries to stop peeing, but his bladder won't cooperate.

STANLEY

Come on, come on, come on.

Finally, the stream stops. He zips his pants quickly, spins around.

In time to see the creature spring out of the grass at him!

The strange half-man half-gator springs at him. Jaws open.

STANLEY

No! No!

The beast tears off his arm, then lands in the tall grass... disappearing.

Stanley grabs his stump and tries to run through the tall grass, run back to the mansion, run to get help...

STANLEY

Help. Help.

But the grass erupts and the beast pounces on his, teeth tearing into his neck. Stanley pushes it off of him...

But now his neck has turned into a geyser of blood. He presses a hand into the warm stream to stop the flow. Staggeres further into the tall grass.

STANLEY

Help. Help.

Weaker, you can barely hear him.

A sound from the left.
A sound from behind him.
Rustling.

Then the beast erupts from the grass again, jaws clamping onto his head and pulling him down into the grass.

Screams from the tall grass.
Growls.
Sounds of flesh being torn from bone.
Sounds of blood gurgling.
The grass sways like a hula skirt.

Then the grass bends down as the beast drags whatever's left of Stanley into the mangroves. All we see is grass bending.

Silence for a minute...

Then the loud bellowing of the beast. A blood curdling scream of the half-man half-gator.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Maggie looks out the window in the direction of the grass.

MAGGIE

Did you hear that?

BLANCHE

Some animal's mating call.

CHARLOTTE

He'll come back. Where's he going to go? It's an island.

The others take their breakfast into the dining room.

Maggie stay at the window, looking out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Day turns to dusk.

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

Maggie looks out the window, as Brick and Charlotte enter the kitchen. They stop for a moment, looking at her. Worried.

Then Blanche enters.

BLANCHE
What's for dinner?

Charlotte ignores her, touches Maggie's shoulder.

CHARLOTTE
Are you okay?

MAGGIE
Why hasn't he come back?

BRICK
His flask isn't empty?

MAGGIE
(glares at Brick)
I'm serious. He's been gone all day. What can he be doing out there?

BLANCHE
So, we aren't having dinner?

BRICK
He's out there licking his wounds and feeling sorry for himself. Hoping we're worried about him. Making sure he's the center of attention.

CHARLOTTE
Bad boys... Danger men...

BRICK
Rebelling against authority to get attention. Thinks everyone's out to get him 'cause he's out to get everyone.

Blanche digs through the refrigerator, looking for food.

CHARLOTTE
You'll grow out of that type.

MAGGIE
We're about the same age, aren't we?

CHARLOTTE

It's not about years, Maggie. It's about experience. You get to that "been there, done that" stage where you keep meeting the same mistakes over and over again... except this time you don't sleep with them.

MAGGIE

You think Stanley's a mistake?

BLANCHE

(licks frosting from
her finger)

Was there any doubt?

CHARLOTTE

Your needs change as you get older. You aren't looking for that danger and excitement, you aren't trying to get back at your parents, you just want someone you're comfortable with.

BRICK

Someone that's fun. Someone you can spend the rest of your life with.

CHARLOTTE

If you're lucky.

BRICK

Is that a threat?

CHARLOTTE

There are a million other guys out there. Go out and find the right one. That's what I did.

Brick puts his arm around her and smiles - a perfect picture of love. Charlotte pokes him in the ribs.

CHARLOTTE

What makes you think I was talking about you?

MAGGIE

I love him.

BLANCHE

(licking fingers)

He's brainwashed you into thinking that ritual impalement on his phallus has some sort of emotional component. That his stabbing you again and again proves that he cares for you.

(MORE)

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

It only proves he's a typical violent male. He secretly wants to kill you.

BRICK

I think Blanche's experiences may be different than mine.

CHARLOTTE

You've had experiences with men?

BRICK

I'd rather not talk about them.

MAGGIE

You guys can stay here and joke, I'm going to look for him.

Brick grabs her before she can leave.

BRICK

He'll be back.

MAGGIE

It's getting dark. What if he's hurt?

BRICK

I know he can't take a punch.

BLANCHE

What if Big Daddy really is watching, and this is all part of his plan? He's set this whole thing up to see how we'll react?

Everyone starts looking around at the walls - is this a Big Daddy test? Is this all about who gets into the will?

Brick slowly nods to Maggie.

BRICK

Okay. We'll all go out and look for him. But if he expects me to apologize for hitting him, he's gonna be spending the night out there.

Blanche closes the refrigerator door, follows the others.

EXT. MANSION -- NIGHT

A pool of light from the porch lamp. Each of the four has flashlight. Brick has the framed map of the island.

MAGGIE

Where do we start? It's a big island.

BRICK

He won't be far, his flask only holds
couple of shots.

BLANCHE

Do we split up?

BRICK

In pairs --

CHARLOTTE

You go with Maggie.

BRICK

Okay. We'll probably be able to
smell him - guy smokes like a chimney.

Maggie glares at him. Brick gives Charlotte a kiss, and the
framed map.

CHARLOTTE

What do I do with this?

BRICK

Don't get lost.

They four walk away from the mansion.
Away from the light.
Into the darkness.
Charlotte and Blanche to the right, Maggie and Brick go left.

BRICK

Holler if you find anything.

CHARLOTTE

You, too.

Then they disappear into the night. All we can see are four
flashbeams.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

No light from the mansion is visible in the dense mangrove
forest. Just the beams from Charlotte and Blanche's flashes.

BLANCHE

Where did all the light go?

CHARLOTTE

Not the same as the city at night,
is it? No streetlights no spill
from buildings, no light reflection.

They keep their flashlights aimed at the ground in front of
them, trying not to trip over anything.

There's plenty to trip over: gnarled roots reach from the earth like fingers, branches create hurdles to step over, sink holes filled with brackish black water.

CHARLOTTE

Watch your step.

BLANCHE

What's that smell.

CHARLOTTE

Stagnant water. Place is probably crawling with mosquitoes.

Charlotte gets the map caught in a branch.

CHARLOTTE

Shit.

No way to easily carry the framed map. Charlotte leans it up against a tree trunk. It falls over. She finds a better way to lean it so that it won't fall.

CHARLOTTE

Stay.

BLANCHE

How are we going to know where we are?

CHARLOTTE

Do we know where we are now?

BLANCHE

Right.

They continue through the mangrove forest, leaving the map behind. Surrounded by darkness and more darkness.

Only the two small beams from the flashlight.

A rustling noise from the darkness that surrounds them. The wind? Or the beast?

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

Another part of the forest.

Maggie and Brick walk carefully through the mangroves, flashlights aimed at the ground immediately in front of them. Maggie is walking slightly head of Brick.

MAGGIE

Why don't you like Stanley?

BRICK

You can do better than him, okay?

MAGGIE

My mother hates him, too.

A gasp from Brick, then a loud rustling from the mangroves right behind Maggie. Brick cries out... then is silent.

MAGGIE

Brick? Brick?

She turns her flashlight around, aimed at where Brick once stood. Nobody there.

MAGGIE

Brick?

Rustling from the mangroves... something crawling closer!

MAGGIE

Go away! Whatever you are, go away!

She shines her flashlight down - beam picks up a hideous face!

BRICK

Great, now I'm blind, too.

MAGGIE

Brick?

Brick staggers to his feet.

BRICK

Tripped over a damned root. Shit.
Can't see a thing.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

BRICK

Lead for a while, okay? Just 'till
I get my vision back.

Maggie leads, Brick staggering behind her, hand on her back.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

Charlotte and Blanche move deeper into the shadows, deeper into the mangrove forest.

BLANCHE

Did you hear that?

CHARLOTTE

Maggie freaking out. That girl needs
to grow up. Take control of her
life.

A rustling in the darkness. Blanche and Charlotte both point their flashlights at the noise... but see nothing.

BLANCHE

This doesn't make any sense. Why would he be out here? Why wouldn't he come back to the house? Doesn't he get hungry? I mean, I'm hungry.

CHARLOTTE

Maybe he got lost.

BLANCHE

Maybe we'll all get lost.

CHARLOTTE

We may even be lost now.

Blanche starts to panic.

BLANCHE

What'll we do? How can we find our --

CHARLOTTE

I was kidding.

Just as Charlotte says that, a claw reaches from the darkness and grabs her shoulder, pulling her off her feet. She screams.

BLANCHE

Charlotte?

Charlotte hits the ground, another gnarled hand grabs her. She searches for her fallen flashlight as she skitters away. Something with fingers touches her back. She skitters in the other direction, finding her flashlight.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck you! Get away from me!

Leaning against the trunk of a tree, Charlotte clicks on her flashlight, aims it at the fingers...

Just tree branches. She's surrounded by hand-like branches.

Then a real hand grabs at her! A human hand!

BLANCHE

I'm not gonna bite, honey.

Charlotte takes Blanche's hand, gets pulled to her feet.

CHARLOTTE

He probably broke his damned leg. He's dragging himself back to the house...

BLANCHE
Looking for dinner.

They continue searching the darkness. Noises all round them.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

Another part of the forest. Maggie leads Brick.

Her flashlight picks up something glittering in the grass.

MAGGIE
What is that?

BRICK
Where?

Maggie carefully bends down, fingers reaching into the grass. She touches the object. It doesn't move. She cautiously grabs the object, pulling it from the grass. Holding it up.

Brick blinks, trying to make out what it is.

MAGGIE
Stanley's flask.

BRICK
Well, he can't be far.

Maggie leads Brick deeper into the mangroves. Rustling around them - branches blowing in the wind or the beast?

Maggie spots something else in her flash beam.
A package of cigarettes.
She carefully reaches down to pick them up.
A rustling from the brush nearby.

She snags the cigarette pack...

BRICK
He left his smokes?

Brick sees something in the shadows. Aims his flash beam.

Maggie looks from the cigarettes to Brick's flash beam...
And what's left of Stanley!
A head attached to a shoulder and arm... but nothing else!

Maggie screams.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

Maggie's scream can be heard all the way across the island, where Blanche and Charlotte are searching.

It startles Blanche, and she drops her flashlight.
It breaks open, spilling batteries.

BLANCHE

Shit.

Blanche squats down, searching the darkness for the batteries and the flashlight.

Finds the flashlight, still searching the darkness for the batteries.

Fingers touching... something.

BLANCHE

Honey, could you shine that thing over here for a sec?

Charlotte turns her flashlight away from Maggie's screams, aiming down at Blanche's hand, what her fingers are touching...

Batteries.

BLANCHE

Thanks.

Blanche sticks the batteries back in the flashlight, clicks it on. It works.

The beam shines past Charlotte's legs at...

The half-man, half-gator charging!

BLANCHE

Charlotte! Behind you!

Charlotte spins, flashlight picking up the beast as it pounces. Both Charlotte and Blanche scream in unison.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

Brick hears the screams over Maggie's scream, grabs hold of her shoulder, pulls her behind as he races to help his wife.

BRICK

Come on!

They race through the dense forest, following the screams.

EXT. MANGROVES -- NIGHT

The beast pounces on Charlotte, knocking her to the ground. Blanche skitters backwards - flashlight beam on the attack.

Charlotte escapes, tearing off her blouse in the process.

The beast gets the blouse, wants Charlotte.

Spits out the blouse, snags her pants leg.

Yanks her into its jaws.

CHARLOTTE

Bastard!

Kicks the beast, unsnaps her pants and crawls away as the beast rips her pants to shreds. She crawls to Blanche.

CHARLOTTE

Help... Help...

Blanche backs away... the beast pounces on Charlotte's back. It's reptile penis unsheaths... tears at her panties!

Brick tackles the beast, flipping it off his wife.

BRICK

Get out of here!

Charlotte staggers to her feet as Brick fights the beast. Blanche drops her flashlight, pulls Charlotte away. Maggie runs up, can't believe her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

Brick?

BRICK

Go! Now! Run! Run!

The flashlight rolls back and forth - strobes over the battle. The beast's face: human with the jaws of a giant gator.

Charlotte sees flashes of the fight in the strobing light.

Brick pushes the massive jaws away from his neck.

Darkness.

The beast tears off his hand, blood sprays.

Darkness.

Brick punches the beast with the hand he has left.

Darkness.

Brick tries to crawl away.

Darkness.

The beast bites him in half.

Darkness.

Brick keeps crawling.

Darkness.

The beast pounces on what's left of him.

Darkness.

Something hits Charlotte's feet...

Brick's severed head!

BRICK

I... love... you... baby...

Then blood flows from his mouth.

Charlotte screams.

MAGGIE

We've got to get out of here. Now.

Blanche and Maggie drag her away... away from the sounds of the beast feeding.

BLANCHE

Come on, honey! Come on!

They run through the dark forest...
Maggie trips over a mangrove root and goes down hard.
Blanche and Charlotte keep running.

MAGGIE

Help! Help me!

Blanche and Charlotte keep running - disappearing in the dark.

The sounds of the beast feeding stop...
Replaced by sounds of the beast charging!

MAGGIE

Help! Help!

No one's going to help her.
The beast is getting closer.
Closer.
Closer.

MAGGIE

Shit.

Maggie scrambles to her feet and takes off running!
Helps herself.

She catches up with Blanche and Charlotte.

MAGGIE

It's behind us!

BLANCHE

Where's the house?

They race through the dark forest, lost until Maggie sees light from the mansion.

MAGGIE

There!

They drag Charlotte to the mansion.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

Maggie closes, locks, bolts, barricades the front door.
Blanche wraps a blanket around Charlotte and sits with her on the sofa, stroking her hair. Charlotte's raspy breathing is inches away from a scream.

BLANCHE

Hush. Hush, sweet Charlotte.

Maggie realizes she has something in her hand, looks at it:
Stanley's flask.

MAGGIE

No. No.

Feels herself going over the edge.
Panicking.
Tries to suppress it.
She throws the flask away...

MAGGIE

We've got to call the police. Get
an ambulance. Stop this.

BLANCHE

Someone will come to help.

MAGGIE

We're alone on an island.

BLANCHE

Big Daddy will help us.

MAGGIE

He's a hundred and four years old.

BLANCHE

He'll know what to do.

Maggie starts searching the room.

MAGGIE

Phone. There's got to be a phone.

Blanche continues stroking Charlotte's hair.

MAGGIE

Help me. She'll be okay. We need
help. A way out of here.

BLANCHE

No reason to freak. Someone always
comes. Take it easy.

MAGGIE

Are you crazy? There's a phone here
someplace - help me find it.

Blanche gives Charlotte's hair a final stroke, then
reluctantly helps Maggie look for a phone.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Blanche searches for a phone, stopping to raid the fridge of
a chicken leg. Eats the chicken and continues her search.

BLANCHE
Nothing in here, honey.

Tosses the bone, splashes water on her face and wipes her hands and mouth before leaving.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

Blanche wanders back in, looks at Maggie.

BLANCHE
What about my cell?

Maggie pulls out her cell.
Blanche pulls out her cell.
Even Charlotte pulls out her cell.
Three cells flip open.

Three cells held up for the others to see...

IN UNISON
No signal.

Two cells with no signal bars... one with a single bar.

CHARLOTTE
Wait, you have something.

Maggie looks at her phone - in turning it she loses her bar.

MAGGIE
Nothing... wait...

Maggie moves around the room with the phone until she gets a single bar again, tries speed dialing her Mother...

Nothing at all.
A ring. Another ring.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Hello?

Mostly static, but Maggie recognizes her mother's voice.

MAGGIE
Mom? This is Maggie. We're in trouble --

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Hello?

Then the static replaces her voice and Maggie loses the connection. She looks at the phone - no bars at all. No communication with the outside world.

Flips the phone closed and pockets it.

MAGGIE

No phone, no cells... radio?

BLANCHE

Someone will come.

MAGGIE

There's a phone or a radio someplace
in this house. Upstairs, down here,
or back there somewhere.

They begin searching for a radio - even Charlotte. Blanche heads up the stairs, Charlotte continues looking downstairs.

Maggie looks at the door leading to Big Daddy's quarters - the off limits section of the house. Opens it...

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Maggie enters the forbidden zone.
The hall is dark - turning on the light might wake Big Daddy.
Opens the first door.

INT. LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Maggie searches the dark room using only moonlight.
Walls and walls of books.
Chairs, a table, desk.
No sign of a phone, nothing that looks like a radio...

A noise behind her.
She spins.
Just a branch hitting the window.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Maggie leaves the first room, moves to the next door and cautiously pushes it open.... moves inside.

INT. STUDY -- NIGHT

More darkness.
A clock ticks loudly.
Maggie searches for a phone, a radio, some way to communicate with the mainland.

When she turns to leave, someone's standing in the corner.
Watching her.
When she takes a step forward, so does the other person.
When she moves to her left, so does the other person.

It's a mirror.

Maggie relaxes, heads to the door...

It swings closed, creaking.
She grabs the door, opens it... no one on the other side.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Goes to the next door.

It's locked.

Jiggles the knob. A light clicks on inside, but the door doesn't open.

A sliver of light from under the door touches Maggie's face.

WINGFIELD (O.S.)

What you want?

MAGGIE

There's been an emergency. We need to call the mainland for help.

WINGFIELD (O.S.)

No phones on the island. Why don't you go to bed, we'll sort this out in the morning?

Maggie pounds the door with her fist.

MAGGIE

Stanley is dead. Brick is dead.

WINGFIELD (O.S.)

Dead?

MAGGIE

Something attacked them in the woods. Some... creature.

WINGFIELD (O.S.)

Look, I appreciate your unease right now, but there's nothing to be gained by carrying on at this unGodly hour.

MAGGIE

Do you have a radio?

WINGFIELD (O.S.)

There's nothing we can do for those poor souls now, so why don't y'all try to get some sleep and we'll sort this out tomorrow morning?

The light clicks off, leaving her in darkness.

MAGGIE

We need help, damn it!

She pounds the door a few more times, gets no response. Walks back down the hallway to the main room.

A noise from behind the laboratory door at the far end of the hall.

Something scurrying. Something with raspy breathing.
The beast?

When the door closes behind Maggie, it growls.

INT. MANSION -- NIGHT

The door shuts behind Maggie, at the same time as Charlotte comes from the back of the house (still in a daze) and Blanche climbs down the stairs.

BLANCHE
No phone, no radio.

CHARLOTTE
Nothing.

MAGGIE
Big Daddy says there's no phones, no
radios, no way to get help.

BLANCHE
Someone will come.

MAGGIE
Tomorrow we search the island. There
has to be a way out of here.

CHARLOTTE
So what do we do now?

MAGGIE
Wait until morning.

Charlotte seems on the edge of panic. Blanche puts an arm around her.

BLANCHE
You shouldn't be alone tonight.

Blanche leads Charlotte upstairs. Maggie grabs a fire poker for protection and lays down on the sofa... eyes drift closed.

INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Blanche leads Charlotte to the bed, sits her down. Goes into the bathroom, returns with a wet washcloth and first aid kit.

CHARLOTTE
Brick?

BLANCHE
He's gone, honey.

Blanche gently removes the blanket, turns Charlotte around examines the beast's claw marks on her back.

BLANCHE

He really got you.

She cleans the wound, has to unclasp Charlotte's bra to get all of it. Then she applies antiseptic and band aids.

Blanche uses the washcloth to clean the dirt and grass stains off Charlotte's skin. Turns her around and cleans her face.

Charlotte suddenly grabs Blanche, holding her close. Shaking. Whimpering.

BLANCHE

Hush. Hush, sweet Charlotte.

Blanche holds her close.
Comforting her.
Kisses her forehead.

Charlotte looks into Blanche's eyes... and they kiss.

Blanche goes for it. Pulling Charlotte down on the bed and showering her with kisses. Pausing long enough to pull off her shirt and shake off her pants. Now, both are only in panties. They kiss again, Blanche's hands all over her.

BLANCHE

Everything's gonna be okay, honey.

Two pairs of panties end up on the floor.

BLANCHE

You're gonna be okay, honey.

Blanche begins making love with her. Hands, tongues, fingers, lips - all over each other.

BLANCHE

Someone will help us. We've just got to hold on. Someone will come.

They continue licking, sucking, kissing.

BLANCHE

Someone always comes.

As if on cue, Charlotte's back begins to arch.

AFTERWARDS:

Charlotte lays on her back, looking up at the ceiling - eyes vacant - as Blanche strokes her hair.

BLANCHE

We've just got to hold on.

They hold on to each other.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

The sun rises over the mansion - erasing the darkness.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

The sound of a scream.

Maggie's eyes open, she sits bolt upright on the couch.

The room is empty.

Quiet.

Just a nightmare.

INT. MANSION -- LATER

Maggie, Blanche and Charlotte drink coffee in the living room. Charlotte looks blank-eyed and out of it.

MAGGIE

There's got to be a boat, a radio,
something...

BLANCHE

Big Daddy will know --

MAGGIE

I'm not sure...

A figure stands in the doorway - Big Daddy Wingfield.

WINGFIELD

How are my angels this morning?
Better, I hope. Found a few hours
of sleep?

BIG DADDY WINGFIELD steps into the light... he can't be a day over fifty! Handsome, charismatic, and compassionate. He approaches Charlotte, taking her hand in his.

WINGFIELD

You must be Charlotte. Brick was my
grandson. I'm sorry for your loss.
I hope you'll feel up to telling me
about him later in the week.

He moves on to Blanche, focusing his charm and compassion.

WINGFIELD

You'll be my great granddaughter,
Blanche. I'd hoped we would meet
under better circumstances.

Moves over to Maggie, who almost melts under his charm.

WINGFIELD
You must be Margaret.

MAGGIE
Maggie.

WINGFIELD
I remember when you mother came to
visit. She was a strong willed woman,
as you are.

He continues holding Maggie's hand. How can he look so young?

WINGFIELD
I'm sorry if I was rude last night.
You woke me out of a sound sleep. I
don't think I fully understood the
gravity of the situation...

MAGGIE
Brick and Stanley are dead.

WINGFIELD
Yes. That's a tragedy. I had hoped
today could be a day of celebration.

MAGGIE
They were attacked by...

WINGFIELD
On my recording, I warned you about
leaving the house after dark.

She pulls her hand from his.

MAGGIE
Brick was eaten alive.

WINGFIELD
The wild life in these parts can be
dangerous. 'Gators are unpredictable
beasts. They feed at night.

CHARLOTTE
That wasn't an alligator.

WINGFIELD
Really? What was it then?

CHARLOTTE
It was part man. Arms. Head.

WINGFIELD
A man did this?

CHARLOTTE
Not a man. Something else.

WINGFIELD
(humoring her)
Of course.

MAGGIE
Whatever it was, we need to get off
this island.

WINGFIELD
Panic won't solve anything. That
coffee's not helping you... I have
some herbal tea that's quite calming.

Big Daddy disappears into the kitchen. Maggie follows him.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Big Daddy outs the tea kettle on the stove, pulls a tin of
tea from the very back of the cupboard and a tea ball from a
drawer. Maggie stops at the doorway, watching.

WINGFIELD
How is your mother? I've fond
memories of her visit those many
years ago.

MAGGIE
She forbid me to come here. Why do
you think that is?

WINGFIELD
Sometimes a parent, a single parent,
tries too hard to protect their child
from the ravages of the real world.
They squeeze 'em so hard their kids
slip right through their fingers.

MAGGIE
Let's say she was right: it was
dangerous for me to come here. How
do I get back home?

Big Daddy smiles as he takes the kettle off the stove, pours
water into the teapot.

WINGFIELD
As I may have mentioned last night,
there's no phone, no radio, no boat.
We're here until Freddy comes back
to take ya'll away.

MAGGIE
What if there was an emergency? I
think this qualifies, don't you?

WINGFIELD

Never planned on anything like this.
Who could?

MAGGIE

What if you needed medical attention?

WINGFIELD

I'd still need medical attention
when the boat arrived from the
mainland.

Puts the teapot and cups on a tray.

WINGFIELD

We'll have to let this steep a few.

He carries the tray into the living room, Maggie follows.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

Big Daddy sets the tray on the table in front of Blanche,
who strokes Charlotte's hair, comforting her.

WINGFIELD

Tea for three.

MAGGIE

Do you have any weapons? Guns?

WINGFIELD

Guns? What would I want with guns?

MAGGIE

We need to defend ourselves.

WINGFIELD

Just need to stay indoors and calm
down.

(smiles)

I think that's steeped enough.

Wingfield pours three cups of tea, hands one to each of them.
Maggie sips her tea. It is calming.

WINGFIELD

If you feel up to it, maybe later we
can have some of my cake.

Blanche beats Maggie to the punch:

BLANCHE

You're a hundred and four? That's
impossible.

Big Daddy laughs.

WINGFIELD

I came down to Florida and found the fountain of youth... and it's gators! A gator loses its tail, it grows a new one. Loses a leg, grows a new one.

MAGGIE

They regenerate.

WINGFIELD

Exactly! Imagine if a human could do the same? Regenerate new body parts? Regenerate new vital organs? Imagine being able to regenerate a new heart! You'd never grow old.

MAGGIE

You've done this?

WINGFIELD

The experiments are my fortune. Money is worthless - just paper with pictures of presidents. I have the one thing people with money always want - youth.

BLANCHE

You're really a hundred and four?

WINGFIELD

I feel like a thirty year old! Others want to make millions and amass fortunes, I'd rather stay forever young. Maybe even see the next century.

BLANCHE

You could make a fortune...

WINGFIELD

This is a breakthrough. Why would I want it commercialized - then everyone would be young? This fountain of youth is mine and mine alone. Let the others shrivel up with age. Let the others die at sixty, seventy years old.

Maggie finishes her tea, feels light headed. Everything's a little hazy. Big Daddy refills her cup.

WINGFIELD

See how relaxing this tea is? My own private blend. Shipped in from India.

Big Daddy refills all of the other cups. Maggie sits back, almost falls asleep, completely relaxed.

CHARLOTTE

(giggles)

India? Are there alligators in India?

WINGFIELD

As a matter of fact there are - the Gharial species. The females lay forty eggs at a time. Too many for my purposes. The local gators lay about ten at a time - easier to manage.

MAGGIE

You're raising alligators?

WINGFIELD

Part of my work. But this isn't the day to talk about my work, it's my birthday. Anyone want some cake?

CHARLOTTE

(giggles)

Cake sounds good.

Big Daddy fills the tea cups once again...
Maggie is transfixed by the stream of tea.
When the tea stops pouring, she looks at her full cup...
There's a plate with cake crumbs next to it.

MAGGIE

Cake?

CHARLOTTE

It was yummy.

BLANCHE

You're yummy.

They giggle.
Maggie keeps looking at the empty plate.
Confused.
Groggy.
Sleepy.

WINGFIELD

You ladies must be tired. Up at all hours last night. Stressful situations.

MAGGIE

I am sleepy.

Maggie reaches down to the sofa arm...
Grabs the stairway banister.

She's halfway up the staircase to her bedroom.

When she looks up, she's at her bedroom door.

BLANCHE (O.S.)
Good night, Maggie.

Maggie turns, looks down the hall, sees Blanche and Charlotte enter their room, closing the door behind them.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Maggie realizes she's looking at the closed door to her room.

The bed seems to zoom up to her, she falls into the mattress. Dressed in her bra and panties, the covers envelop her. Her eyes drift closed.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. STAIRCASE -- EVENING

Big Daddy Wingfield carries a tea tray up the stairs. Heat ripples from the teapot.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- EVENING

The door knob begins to twist. Maggie wakes up, sees the doorknob moving, sits up in bed.

Big Daddy enters with the tea tray, smiling.

WINGFIELD
I thought you might like another cup.

MAGGIE
Thank you.

He pours her a cup of tea, hands it to her. Maggie sips the tea.

She finishes, looking at the white bottom of the empty cup. The white sheets cover her as she drifts back to sleep.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE) -- NIGHT

The door knob begins to twist. Maggie's eyes open. Something crawls under the covers with her.

MAGGIE
Stanley?

The covers rustle.
 Her legs spread.
 Something licks her.
 Maggie giggles.

Her panties tear off and hit the floor.
 More licking.
 Maggie giggles again.

MAGGIE

Come up here, Stanley.

She reaches under the covers...
 Her hand touches something scaly.

MAGGIE

Stanley?

It's not Stanley... it's the half-gator / half-man. The
 beast raises up, jaws open, tongue slithers out and licks
 her face.

Maggie screams.

The sheets tear away, as the beast mounts her.
 The alligator's penis slides out of it's armored sheath.

MAGGIE

No! No! No!

The beast enters her, lizard tongue slithering into her mouth.
 Silencing her.

Behind the beast, Big Daddy watches, leering. He takes a
 sip of his tea as he watches.

Behind Big Daddy, Maggie's mom covers her eyes.

CATHERINE

Maggie, how could you?

Behind Maggie's mom, Stanley puffs on a cigarette, laughing.

A group of SIDE SHOW FREAKS crowds past Stanley and Catherine,
 standing next to Big Daddy, watches the beast mate with
 Maggie.

FREAKS

One of us. One of us. One of us.
 One of us. One of us. One of us.

The beast tears off Maggie's bra, licking her breast's.

MAGGIE

No! No! No! Yes!

Maggie begins to enjoy the beast...
That's the worst nightmare imaginable!

MAGGIE

Oh, no... no... yes, oh, no! Yes!

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Maggie wakes up screaming.

The room is empty.

No sign of the beast, or Big Daddy, or her mom.

She pulls the covers back - she's wearing a bra and panties.
It was just a nightmare.

A steaming cup of tea on the nightstand. Maggie reaches for
the cup, accidentally knocks it onto the floor.

MAGGIE

Shit.

She rights the cup, rolls out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Maggie splashes water on her face, looks in the mirror.

MAGGIE

A nightmare.

She steps into the shower.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

In a towel, Maggie looks at the tea cup on the night stand.
Empty.
White.

A few tea leaves scattered in the bottom of the cup.

MAGGIE

My future... I wonder what it says?

Maggie walks to the window.

FROM THE WINDOW:

A beautiful day in paradise.

INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

MAGGIE

There has to be a way out of here.
Boat, radio, phone, something.

Maggie crosses to the closet, exposing her back for the first
time... there are claw marks on her shoulders.

Under the bed - the torn panties and ripped bra.

Maggie pulls out clothes and dresses.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

Big Daddy sits on the sofa, Charlotte and Blanche on either side. A steaming pot of tea in front of them, cups in the girl's hands. When Maggie enters all three are laughing.

WINGFIELD

Good morning! Sleep well?

MAGGIE

Not really.

Big Daddy pours her a cup of tea.

WINGFIELD

Tea will make you feel better.

MAGGIE

I'd rather have coffee.

He scoots the cup toward her.

WINGFIELD

Coffee'll make you all jittery. You want to be jittery?

She ignores the tea - it sits there, steaming.

Big Daddy locks eyes with Maggie - ready to rumble.

MAGGIE

I need to wake up.

WINGFIELD

Girls - are you awake?

BLANCHE

Wide awake, Big Daddy.

CHARLOTTE

I'm awake.

But they sound stoned. Maggie suspects the tea is drugged.

WINGFIELD

See? The tea will perk you right up.

Scoots the tea cup a little closer.

Blanche grabs her cup to take a sip. Maggie makes a move to stop her, then pulls back. What if she's just paranoid?

MAGGIE

I'll have coffee. Anybody else?

WINGFIELD

I think they're happy with their tea.

MAGGIE

Blanche?

BLANCHE

The tea makes me free to be me.
(giggles)
See - I am a poet!

Charlotte lifts her cup to take a sip.

MAGGIE

Charlotte? How you doing?

CHARLOTTE

I feel like a feather - floating.

MAGGIE

I think we could all use some coffee.

WINGFIELD

What's the problem? Didn't sleep well?

MAGGIE

I had strange dreams... Blanche, did you have any nightmares last night?

BLANCHE

I didn't dream at all.

MAGGIE

Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

I slept like a baby.

Maggie nods - both sound stoned out of their minds.

WINGFIELD

Hard to sleep sometimes when you have all of that caffeine in your blood.

Scoots the cup to the edge of the table.

WINGFIELD

Tea is calming.

Maggie snaps.

MAGGIE

I'm not really sure I want to be calm. My boyfriend was torn to pieces. Her husband was eaten alive.

Her ferocity pushes Blanche and Charlotte away.

MAGGIE

Why the hell should I be calm? There's something out there. Something that eats people. You want me to just sit here, sipping tea?

WINGFIELD

There's not much else we can do.

Maggie focuses on Charlotte.

MAGGIE

Do you just want to forget about Brick? Pretend he never existed?

CHARLOTTE

No.

Charlotte lowers her tea cup. So does Blanche.

MAGGIE

I know it hurts right now, baby. You want to close yourself off. I do, too. But that's not going to get us out of this.

Maggie locks eyes with Big Daddy.

MAGGIE

Tea is not the answer.

WINGFIELD

What do you propose?

MAGGIE

Coffee. Black.

She goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Maggie brews coffee.

Searches the cupboards and finds two thermoses. Rinses them out with hot water.

When the coffee is done, she pours three cups.

The rest goes into one of the thermoses. She starts the coffee maker again to fill the second thermoses.

Maggie puts the three cups on a tray, goes into living room.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie enters with the coffee.

WINGFIELD

I don't see the sense in spending
our day here all jittery and such.

Maggie hands Charlotte a cup... will she take it?

MAGGIE

I'm not spending the day here.

Charlotte sets down her cup of tea and takes the coffee.
Maggie tries to repress her smile.

WINGFIELD

Where else is there?

Maggie hands a cup to Blanche, who takes it in her left hand -
holding the tea cup in her right hand. Confused.

MAGGIE

Outside. It's a beautiful day.

WINGFIELD

You yourself brought up that beast
or whatever that's out there.
Wouldn't all of you be safer staying
in doors?

BLANCHE

Big Daddy'll take care of us.

Big Daddy smiles and pats Blanche's leg.

MAGGIE

We'll be back before dark.

WINGFIELD

Why'd you even want to leave at all?

MAGGIE

They deserve to be buried, don't
they? You'd leave them out for the
animals?

Charlotte gasps at the thought - emotions breaking through.
Big Daddy forces a smile - she's checkmated him.

WINGFIELD

You need to see to your friend's remains, I understand that. One of them is my great grandson, after all. Just be careful out there.

Blanche sets down her tea and drinks her coffee.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie (with both thermoses of coffee), Blanche and Charlotte wave goodbye to Big Daddy (in the doorway).

WINGFIELD

Be careful out there. You're going the very place that thing hunts.

MAGGIE

We'll be back before dark.

They walk away from the mansion... into the mangrove forest.

INT. MANGROVES -- DAY

When the mansion is out of sight, Maggie turns to Blanche.

MAGGIE

You guys had the map when we split up. Where'd you leave it?

Charlotte points to the right.

CHARLOTTE

Got caught in a tree over there.

MAGGIE

Show me.

Charlotte leads them deeper into the mangroves, trying to retrace her steps from two nights ago.

BLANCHE

I don't think Big Daddy noticed it missing. He's not mad.

Charlotte leads them over gnarled roots that reach like fingers, branches that create hurdles to step over, and sink holes filled with brackish black water.

BLANCHE

We kind of messed up his house, too, but I don't think he's going to sue us. We're his great grand kids. You're the one he's mad at, anyway, Maggie. You're probably out of the will, honey. More for me.

Charlotte stops, points at a tree.

CHARLOTTE

There.

The framed map is propped up against a tree trunk.

Maggie grabs the map, studies it while pouring coffee for the gals. Blanche and Charlotte gulp coffee, waking up.

Maggie screws the cups onto the thermoses, grabs the map and takes off to the right. Charlotte and Blanche catch up.

CHARLOTTE

Brick was killed back there.

MAGGIE

We aren't looking for Brick. We're looking for a way off this island.

BLANCHE

Big Daddy says --

MAGGIE

There's a phone or a radio or a john boat somewhere.

Maggie points to the map.

MAGGIE

See all of these buildings? Another beach at the far end of the island... maybe another dock or a boathouse.

She leads them deeper into the mangroves.

EXT. FISH HOUSE -- DAY

They come out of the mangrove forest across from a beat up old fish house. Air buzzing with flies, paint peeling, covered with bird crap, abandoned decades ago.

Maggie moves forward, Blanche covers her nose and steps back. Charlotte stops.

BLANCHE

Place needs to douche more often.

MAGGIE

You coming?

BLANCHE

Think there's a phone in there?

MAGGIE

Maybe something we can use as a weapon.

BLANCHE

You guys find anything good, grab one for me - I'll be waiting here.

CHARLOTTE

What if it's in there?

Charlotte takes a step back, joining Blanche.

Maggie is rapidly losing control of the situation.

BLANCHE

Even better reason for me to wait here.

MAGGIE

You here for the reward but not the risk? Grow up. It doesn't work that way. There's no reward without risk... and that may sound bad, but look at it from the other side - every risk has some possibility for reward.

BLANCHE

We could find a pointed stick!

MAGGIE

We could survive. Big Daddy's not going to save us, the Coast Guard's not going to save us, our parents aren't going to save us. We've got to save ourselves. Take control of our own lives and do something.

BLANCHE

We aren't alone, Maggie. Someone will help us. Police, Coast Guard, someone.

MAGGIE

Who knows we're here? Being independent is no good unless we're interdependent. We have to take care of ourselves.

(hard smile)

Now, you want to be a smart-alec bitch and die complaining, or you want to do something to get off this island?

Maggie turns, marches to the Fish House doors.

INT. FISH HOUSE -- DAY

The door kicks open, spilling light into the shadows. Maggie enters, followed by Blanche and Charlotte - all have scarves over their noses. Blanche sprays perfume on her scarf.

BLANCHE

Better be something good in here.

Mostly darkness. Mostly shadows.

Tables crusted with decade-old fish guts.

Knife racks - empty.

Not much here but the smell... and the flies.

MAGGIE

Nothing.

CHARLOTTE

How could there be nothing?

MAGGIE

Someone looted the place long ago.

The door blows closed - banging shut. All three jump.

Darkness.

A rustling noise from the far corner of the room.

Charlotte takes a step back.

More rustling.

The beast?

More rustling.

The beast?

CHARLOTTE

No. No. Not again.

Maggie gestures for Charlotte to shut up.

Cautiously moves closer to the rustling sound.

It's coming from under a table against the far wall.

Maggie lowers her head to get a better look.

Bam! The door blows open.

Light splashes into the room....

.....Illuminating what's under the table...

.....An old newspaper fluttering in the wind.

MAGGIE

Nothing.

Maggie turns around.

Someone right behind her!

Blanche with her perfume spray aimed like a weapon.

EXT. MANGROVES -- DAY

The three tramp through the mangrove forest, drinking the last of the coffee. Maggie tosses the thermoses away.

CHARLOTTE

What's next?

Blanche points to the big framed map.

BLANCHE

Storage shed.

MAGGIE

Let's hope it smells better.

BLANCHE

We should have packed a lunch. I'm hungry as hell.

They continue through the forest to...

EXT. STORAGE SHED -- DAY

In much better shape than the fish house. Currently used. Not as frightening.

CHARLOTTE

Maybe there'll be a radio inside?

INT. STORAGE SHED -- DAY

Equipment and tools neatly stored. Blanche spots some pitchforks hanging on the wall and smiles.

BLANCHE

That's more like it!

They scatter in the dark shed like kids in a candy store.

Blanche looks at the farm tools: pitchforks, rakes, and a machete. Hefts the machete - she's found her weapon.

MAGGIE

No phone. No radio.

Charlotte discovers a frog-gig with three sharp spears. Can't figure out the bungee part.

BLANCHE

Here, like this.

Blanche shows her how to use the gig.

Maggie strikes pay dirt - a spear gun with four barbed spears. She loads a spear.

MAGGIE

Ready to roll?

Charlotte and Blanche nod - smiling.

EXT. MANGROVES -- DAY

The three girls stop at the crest of a hillock.
Charlotte with her frog-gig.
Blanche with her machete.
Maggie with her spear gun.
Ready for action.

Maggie surveys the terrain.

MAGGIE

What's that?

BLANCHE

Not on the map.

EXT. GOAT PEN -- DAY

A lone goat wanders around the pen, bleating. It wanders over as they get closer.

BLANCHE

Maybe he's starting a petting zoo?

MAGGIE

Strange.

CHARLOTTE

No. That's strange.

Charlotte points to the doll house two dozen yards away.

EXT. DOLL HOUSE -- DAY

A kid's play house with miniature furnishings... and a miniature bed that looks recently used by animals.

CHARLOTTE

You think a dog lives in there?

BLANCHE

Maybe it's the goat's summer place.

MAGGIE

That thing lives here.

Charlotte panics.

CHARLOTTE

Where is it?

Blanche grabs her, holds her.

BLANCHE

Gone, honey. But it might come back.
We should get out of here.

Maggie nods. Blanche points to the map.

BLANCHE

West beach... maybe a boat?

The three continue through the mangroves.

EXT. MANGROVES -- DAY

Deep in the jungle.
Shadows surround them.
Branches, like skeletal fingers, reach out to grab them.

A rustling noise behind them.

Blanche and Charlotte shrink back, Maggie aims her spear gun.

CHARLOTTE

No. No. No.

MAGGIE

Shhh. Your weapon.

Charlotte quiets, aims her frog-gig, converts her terror.

No sounds - only the wind.

Maggie aims the spear gun at the sky, turns, goes deeper into the mangroves. Blanche lowers her machete, follows. Charlotte reluctantly lowers her frog-gig, turns way from the rustling...

Suddenly something flies out of the forest behind her.

All three spin, aiming their weapons.
Just a bird.
They lower their weapons.

Deeper into the mangroves.

Jungle noises surround them.
Maggie leads, spear gun ready.
A noise from the right startles Blanche and Charlotte.
They spin, weapons ready...

That's when something pulls Maggie's feet out from under her! Now you see her, now you don't. She just vanishes.

BLANCHE

Maggie?

No answer. Blanche and Charlotte get ready for action.

BLANCHE

Maggie?

MAGGIE

Down here. Tripped over a damned root.

Maggie has tripped over a root, lays face down in the dirt. Blanche and Charlotte lower their weapons. Then Maggie screams.

In front of her - a human foot! And a maggoty human head! All that's left of Lawrence (from the opening scene).

Maggie staggers to her feet and looks around the clearing - bones, skeletons, a maggoty human arm... and Stella and Lawrence's clothes strewn everywhere.

Blanche and Charlotte aim their weapons at the remains, scared.

CHARLOTTE

No. No.

BLANCHE

It's okay, honey. They're long dead.

MAGGIE

How'd they get here?

Maggie starts jogging to the sound of crashing waves...

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Maggie runs up to the beach... stops. Blanche and Charlotte run up behind her. All three look at...

The sailboat. Smashed and run aground on the beach.

CHARLOTTE

We're trapped here with that thing, aren't we? It's going to eat us the same way it ate Brick and Stanley. There's nothing we can do.

MAGGIE

We're getting off this island.

BLANCHE

How?

Maggie doesn't have an answer. She looks at the sky - the sun is setting.

MAGGIE

We better get back. It'll be dark,
soon. That thing usually feeds at
night.

BLANCHE

Usually.

Dejected, the three head back into the mangroves.

INT. MANGROVES - FOGGY -- EVENING

Ground fog rises - creating three feet of thick billowy
cotton.

The three have to step carefully - they can't see their feet.

MAGGIE

Take it slow. Don't want to trip.

They carefully move through the thick fog.
Can't see anything in front of them.
Can't even see their feet.
The beast could be only inches away, hidden in the fog.

BLANCHE

Is this the way we came?

MAGGIE

Hard to tell with this fog.

They step carefully, moving single file. Maggie trail
blazing, Blanche behind her, then Charlotte.

A rustling, muffled by the thick ground fog.

Maggie stops, puts a finger to her lips.
All three listen.
Nothing...

Then the rustling.
From their left.
All weapons aim to the left.

The sounds stop.
Maggie gestures for them to continue forward.

Then the beast jumps at them from the right.

BLANCHE

Attack! We're under attack!

The beast knocks her down, teeth going for her throat.

Maggie swings her spear gun around, looking for Blanche.
She's just disappeared in the fog.

MAGGIE
Blanche? Blanche?

Charlotte thinks he sees something moving in the fog...
A gator tail swings at her face!

She fires her frog-gig at the tail, moves aside, fires into
the fog where the beast's body should be. Hits nothing.

Something moving in the fog.
Maggie fires her spear gun.
Hears a yelp.
Keeps firing into the fog.

MAGGIE
Blanche?

Hears something moving in the fog only inches way from her!
Maggie aims her spear gun, gets ready to fire as the thing
breaks the surface of the fog.

BLANCHE
We're on the same side.

MAGGIE
You okay?

BLANCHE
That thing tried to...

Maggie lowers her spear gun... then is sucked into the fog!

CHARLOTTE
Maggie?

Charlotte sees a something in the fog, gets ready to fire
her frog-gig. Blanche raises her machete.

BLANCHE
Shout out, honey.

Just fog.
Then a muffled scream.
Then Maggie pops out of the fog, firing her spear gun.
A yelp.

MAGGIE
Gotcha sucker.

Charlotte, Maggie and Blanche aim their rifles into the fog,
but the attacks have stopped.

Is the beast still there? Out of sight? Waiting?

MAGGIE
Everyone okay?

BLANCHE

Let's get out of here.

CHARLOTTE

Is it gone? Is it safe?

Maggie doesn't answer, leads them through the foggy forest.
Walking carefully.

Listening.

The beast could be only inches away, hidden in the fog.

BLANCHE

Starting to break up.

A hundred feet ahead, the end of the forest, end of the fog.
Blanche smiles at Maggie, turns to smile at Charlotte.
Charlotte screams as she's sucked into the fog!

Blanche and Maggie aim their weapons at the fog.

BLANCHE

Charlotte? Honey?

A blood curdling scream from the fog.
Maggie aims her spear gun at the sound, moves toward it.
Blanche follows, machete ready.

Silence. Fog.

A dozen feet behind them, Charlotte breaks surface, screaming.
Her body is whipped around by something in the fog.

BLANCHE

Hold on.

Blanche races to help her, machete raised over head.

Charlotte is sucked into the fog again.
A gusher of blood sprays out of the fog onto Blanche's face.
The screaming stops.

Silence. Fog.

Maggie and Blanche move back-to-back, weapons ready.
Surrounded by fog.
Blanche wipes her face with her sleeve.

BLANCHE

Charlotte. Talk to me, honey.

Another muffled scream... from a dozen feet away.

Charlotte's arm breaks the surface, flailing.

Blanche races over, grabs Charlotte's hand.

BLANCHE

I've got you honey. Just hang on!

Machete ready, in case the beasts surfaces, Blanche pulls on Charlotte's arm, trying to drag her out of the fog, away from the beast, dragging her to safety...

But all she gets in the arm.
And a spray of blood from the fog.

BLANCHE

No! No! No!

Growling from the fog.
Maggie grabs Blanche and drags her out of the mangroves.
The beast chases them - galloping at high speed.

EXT. DOLL HOUSE -- EVENING

Maggie drags Blanche behind her as they race back.
Blanche realizes's she still holding onto the arm, drops it.

BLANCHE

Charlotte?

MAGGIE

Later, now we have to run.

The beast gallops behind them - moving fast!

Maggie drags Blanche past the goat pen, into another forest.

EXT. MANGROVES -- EVENING

They race through the mangroves, branches scraping them,
roots threatening to send them crashing to the ground.

The beast scurries only a few feet behind them... gaining!

Maggie runs like hell, dragging Blanche behind her...
Then trips over a root and goes sprawling!
Yanking Blanche around, and sending her to the ground, too!

The beast charges.

MAGGIE

Get up. Go! Go!

Blanche staggers to her feet, starts staggering away.
Maggie scurries to her feet... but not fast enough.
The beast pounces - chomping on her left foot!

Maggie screams.
Tries to kick the beast off her.
Then remembers the spear gun.
One spear left.
She aims at the beast's eye.

Fires.
The spear misses.

MAGGIE

Shit.

Kicks at the beast's face again.

MAGGIE

Get off me, sucker.

Plants a solid kick to the beast's snout.
It growls, lets go of her foot.
Maggie uses both feet to kick again: Bullseye!
Then scrambles to her feet and runs like hell.

Limping, running, beast whimpering and growling behind her.

Maggie catches up with Blanche, grabs her and drags her.
They hear the beast growling fifty feet behind them.

Blanche sees the mansion on the horizon.

BLANCHE

Almost there.

The beast galloping behind them.

MAGGIE

We aren't going to make it.

The beast is catching up! Now only thirty feet behind them.
No matter how fast they run, the thing runs faster.

MAGGIE

The fish house!

Maggie drags Blanche to the Fish House.

EXT. FISH HOUSE -- EVENING

Maggie and Blanche dive through the doorway, the beast right behind them. They slam the door shut behind them.

The beast butts his head against the door.

INT. FISH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Maggie and Blanche try to keep the door shut as the beast continues slamming against it.

MAGGIE

Get the bolt. The bolt.

Blanche finds the door bolt, tries to slide it in...
But the beast slams the door open an inch.
Maggie presses the door with all of her strength.

Blanche rams the bolt home.

The beast continues slamming against the door.

BLANCHE

The door's not going to hold --

MAGGIE

Those tables!

Maggie and Blanche drag the fish-gut strewn tables to barricade the front door.

BLANCHE

Yech!

Blanche doesn't even want to touch the table, but the beast keeps slamming against the door. They jamb two tables against the front door, then back to the center of the shadowed room.

The beast stops slamming against the door...

Silence.

Wham!

The beast slams against the left wall, shaking it!

The half-rotted wall begins to bow as the beast rams it. It's snout - with teeth - breach the wood. Growling.

MAGGIE

Get the fuck away from here! You aren't getting in!

Blanche looks at a fish-gut strewn table, grabs one end.

BLANCHE

Mags?

Maggie grabs the other end, and they shove it against the left wall. They keep dragging tables to walls, until the center of the room is empty and the walls are reinforced.

The beast stops ramming the left wall.

Silence.

Then it starts ramming the right wall.

Maggie and Blanche cower in the center of the room, holding each other, as the beast relentlessly slams against walls. They never know where it will ram next.

BLANCHE

What if it gets in?

MAGGIE

We kill it.

BLANCHE

It got Charlotte. Just pulled her into the fog. She was...

MAGGIE

It's not getting in here.

BLANCHE

I wish... I wish I hadn't fucked it up. She was a sweet girl, and I... I've used everybody. Used them up. Now, there's nobody left. Nobody.

MAGGIE

You're left.

Wham! The beast slams with increased vigor. Growling.

Maggie and Blanche hold on to each other in the darkness.

INT. FISH HOUSE -- MORNING

Maggie and Blanche still hold each other - neither have slept. Fingers of light stream through the torn up walls.

The beast stops slamming the walls...
Silence.
More silence.
It's gone.

MAGGIE

You sleep?

BLANCHE

No.

They move to their feet. Maggie notices a stream of light touch the old newspaper from first time they were here. She grabs it, looks at it.

A photo of Jake The Alligator Man.
Headline: Local Sideshow Freak's Body Displayed In Washington.

Maggie hands the paper to Blanche.

BLANCHE

There's more than one?

MAGGIE

It's time we got the truth from Big Daddy. What this thing is. What we're doing here.

Maggie and Blanche pull tables away from the door and leave.

EXT. FISH HOUSE -- DAY

The cautiously leave the fish house...
Hear a strange noise...
An airplane!

MAGGIE

You see it?

BLANCHE

There!

Blanche points through the mangroves at a SEAPLANE circling.

MAGGIE & BLANCHE

Here! Here!

The plane seems to hear them, landing on the water and motoring to the dock.

EXT. MANGROVES -- DAY

Maggie and Blanche run through the mangroves to the mansion... and the dock... and the seaplane.

Not thinking about what may be lurking in the forest.

They run, smiling, happy, knowing they're rescued.

Branches reach out to grab them, shadows lay in wait.
They don't notice - focused on the plane.
But they break out of the woods and come face-to-face with:

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Safety.
The front door is open.
Maggie and Blanche climb the steps and cautiously enter.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie and Blanche look around the living room. No sign of Big Daddy... or anybody else.

BLANCHE

Maybe --

Maggie puts a finger top her lips. Points to the kitchen & dining room. Blanche nods, goes to search that area. Maggie goes to search the forbidden area.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Maggie looks down the hallway of Big Daddy's quarters.
Empty.
But maybe Big Daddy and the Plane Pilot are in a room?

Maggie sneaks to the Study door, carefully pushes it open.

INT. STUDY -- DAY

Someone is in the study!
Bent over the desk.
Not the same size or shape as Big Daddy.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

The person turns around, and it's..

CATHERINE

Maggie, I'm so glad...

Maggie and her mother rush into each other's arms, hold each other close. A moment.

MAGGIE

Mom, everything's wrong. People are dead. There's this beast...

Catherine holds her close, comforts her.

CATHERINE

I know. I know. Stanley?

MAGGIE

Dead. It was horrible. We went out to look for him. Charlotte, Brick, Blanche and me. It was after dark.

(beat)

Big Daddy had warned us not to go out, because that thing feeds at night, but we had to find Stanley. And then that thing attacked and tore Brick to pieces. His head...

Catherine keeps holding her, but turns her around and guides her to the Study door.. and the world outside.

CATHERINE

Honey, we can talk about this later. I've only got the plane for another half hour, then the pilot's leaving with or without me. I'd have been here sooner, but I couldn't find a single boat that would come out this way. Big Daddy controls --

WINGFIELD

You positively make me sound like a one man conspiracy, Catherine!

Big Daddy advances into the room...
Catherine and Maggie back up... Trapped.

WINGFIELD

Survivors, both of you. Like mother,
like daughter. I thought for sure
it'd be Blanche this time around.

Maggie sees Blanche enter the hallway behind Big Daddy.
She stops when she heads her name.
Maggie locks eyes with Blanche, gestures for her to get away.
Blanche nods, sneaks back down the hall and away.

MAGGIE

Was this a game to you?

Big Daddy turns his head - no one's in the hall.

WINGFIELD

On the contrary: it was science.
Survival of the fittest. I have no
use for the weak in my experiments.

CATHERINE

Experiments?

WINGFIELD

Just as your mother was the strongest
of her generation, you proved yourself
the strongest of yours.

MAGGIE

You knew that thing was out there.

WINGFIELD

Thing? You didn't tell her Catherine?

CATHERINE

She doesn't need to know --

MAGGIE

Tell me what?

WINGFIELD

Maggie is your daughter. Surely she
has a right it know about her family.
Her own blood. Our blood.

MAGGIE

What? Mom?

WINGFIELD

Tell her. Tell her about the "thing".
Tell her about Alex.

CATHERINE

He's your grandfather... and your
brother. Get it? Or do I have to
draw you a diagram.

MAGGIE

My brother?

WINGFIELD

Your mother was part of my second grand experiment in human longevity. She was inseminated with gator --

MAGGIE

You gave birth to that thing?

CATHERINE

And had to breast feed it for eight months. That's why I had you so late in life - that... thing... scared me for life. I was a twenty year old girl, and you did that to me.

WINGFIELD

You liked it. Made you feel all grown up. Pissed off your mamma something awful, though.

Catherine slaps him. Slaps again, but he catches her hand.

INT. MANSION -- DAY

Blanche starts for the front door and the plane...
Hears a scream from the study.
Stops.
Can she leave then behind?
Nope.

Blanche turns and heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Blanche yanks open drawers, looking for weapons. A great selection of knives. This one or that one?

INT. STUDY -- DAY

Maggie is in shock - looks at her mother, crying at the desk.

MAGGIE

That thing is my brother?

WINGFIELD

Lifetime supply of compatible organs. But Alex is getting on in years. Time to create a new regenerator before he's too old to breed. Even now, the poor thing needs Viagra to --

MAGGIE

Keep that thing away from me.

WINGFIELD

You don't have to love it, Maggie.
Just give birth and suckle it until
it's old enough to hunt on its own.

MAGGIE

You are fucking out of your mind.

WINGFIELD

Everyone wants to be young or stay
young. It's only natural.

CATHERINE

No it's not. What's wrong with acting
your age? Looking your age? What's
wrong with wisdom and maturity?

WINGFIELD

You tell me.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Blanche has selected a large bread knife when she opens a
drawer and finds a HUGE carving knife - the one Big Daddy
probably uses on those turkeys he microwaves.

BLANCHE

Just right.

She drops the bread knife and grabs the carving knife.
Hurries out of the kitchen.

INT. STUDY -- DAY

Maggie and Catherine take a step back when they see the BEAST
scamper up next to Big Daddy. He smiles, pets the beast.

WINGFIELD

Alex, you remember your mother.
This is your sister, Maggie.

The Beast growls a greeting.

CATHERINE

I should've killed him when he took
that thing out of me.

The beast growls again.
Catherine steps back, bumps into the desk...
Notices a sharp letter opener on the far side of the desk.

Maggie pulls out the newspaper, shows it to Big Daddy.

MAGGIE

You rent him out to side shows for
spare change?

Big Daddy grabs the newspaper from her.

WINGFIELD

My first son, Jake. Ran away when he turned eighteen. Kids. They get to a certain age and think they know it all. Think they're better off on their own.

Catherine takes a step toward the letter opener.

MAGGIE

Maybe he just didn't want to be used for spare parts.

WINGFIELD

You think that's all he meant to me? All Alex means to me? They're my own flesh and blood, just as you are --

MAGGIE

Just as Brick was.

Catherine takes another step, lays her hand on the desk near the letter opener. Can she grab it without Big Daddy noticing?

WINGFIELD

I heard Jake got himself a job as a warehouse doorman in N'Orleans. He did have a taste for women. After that I heard he took up with a traveling freak show... Now that he's passed on, I hear his body's on display somewhere up in Washington. Poor Jake. Looking for something he never could find.

MAGGIE

The love of a dried up old man?

Big Daddy steps closer, puts a hand on her shoulder. Beyond Big Daddy's shoulder, she sees Blanche in the doorway.

WINGFIELD

You have what I desire most.

MAGGIE

Pervert.

WINGFIELD

Youth.

Catherine palms the letter opener, steps toward Big Daddy.

CATHERINE

I won't let you have my daughter.

WINGFIELD

I'm gonna be young forever.

Blanche pounces on Big Daddy.

BLANCHE

Grow up!

She stabs him with her steely knife.
Again and again.

BLANCHE

Run! Go!

Maggie and Catherine start out the door...
But Maggie stops at the doorway, turns back to help Blanche.

Too late.
The beast pounces on Blanche.
Ripping her arm off before she can stab Big Daddy again.

BLANCHE

Go...

Maggie runs.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie and Catherine run to the plane.

INT. STUDY -- DAY

The beast kills Blanche, pulls her body off Big Daddy.

For a moment, nothing but silence... and the ticking clock.

Big Daddy has been stabbed a dozen times.
Bleeding.
Tries to get to his feet, can't.
Falls to the floor.

WINGFIELD

No. I can't...

The beast nuzzles up, licking his face with its lizard tongue.
Big Daddy looks at the beast.

WINGFIELD

They did this to your daddy. They
have no respect. No...
(coughs blood)
Avenge me, Alex. Avenge me!

The beast roars, scampers away... chasing Maggie and
Catherine.

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

Maggie hears a roar, turns her head to see the beast blasting out of the mansion's front doors, galloping after them.

MAGGIE

Run, mom! Run!

They pick up their speed, but the beast is faster.

INT. STUDY -- DAY

The clock ticks loudly.

Big Daddy looks down at his bloody hands - they look old and wrinkled under the crimson.

WINGFIELD

No.

He spits on them, tries to wipe off the blood...
The wrinkles show even more!

WINGFIELD

No.

He drags himself across the room to the mirror in the corner.
Leaving a trail of blood behind.
A river of blood.
The clock ticks loudly.

Big Daddy props himself up and looks in the mirror. The reflection of an old man - a 104 year old man!

WINGFIELD

This can't be.

He touches his face, the clock ticking louder...
His time running out.
His face is wrinkled.
He dies a wrinkled, used up old man.

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

Maggie and Catherine make it to the dock...

Just as the plane engine starts, it pulls away from the dock.

CATHERINE

Stop! We're right here!

Catherine and Maggie wave their arms.

The plane does a slow turn, taxiing.

Maggie and Catherine continue waving their arms...
Then the beast breaks through, only a few feet away!

MAGGIE

Run!

Maggie and Catherine run down the dock...
The beast closing the gap...
The plane taxiing...

Maybe they can jump off the end of the dock and catch the plane before it takes off? They run like hell.

Catherine trips.
Goes sprawling on the dock.
The beast gallops onto the dock, racing at her!

Maggie turns, sees the beast about to pounce on her mom.
Does a 180 turn and jumps.
Tears the beast off her mother before it digs in.

CATHERINE

Don't Maggie!

MAGGIE

Catch that plane! I'll be right behind you.

Catherine tosses Maggie the letter opener, turns to stop the plane from taking off. Waves her arms and screams.

CATHERINE

Come back! Don't leave us here!

The beast tries to roll Maggie onto her back and bite her.
Maggie takes the letter opener and stabs the beast.

The beast gets her flipped over, jaws opening wide.

MAGGIE

Get off me, motherfucker!

The jaws begin to close on Maggie's face.

She jams the letter opener into its mouth. When the jaws close, the letter opener rips through the beast's snout.

It roars in pain, rolling off of Maggie.

Maggie scrambles to her feet...
But the beast whips its tail around her - like a snake.
Maggie can't move!
The beast uses its tail to pull her closer.

CATHERINE runs down to the end of the dock, waving her arms.

CATHERINE

Stop! Come back!

The plane is ready to take off, engine revving! The engine is so loud, the pilot can't hear her screaming.

CATHERINE

We're here! Come on! Come on!

INT. PLANE -- DAY

Moments before he takes off, the PILOT glances back at the dock. Sees Catherine waving her arms.

PILOT

You're late. Better be tipping big.

He adjusts his controls, turns the plane back to the dock.

Sees Catherine stop waving her arms - they've been saved.

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

The beast pulls Maggie right up to it's mouth...
Maggie grabs the letter opener.
Yanks it out of the beast's snout.
Sinks it into the beast's side!

MAGGIE

Fuck you.

The beast howls in pain, and whips Maggie off the side of the dock with its tail... then dives in after her!

EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

Maggie and the Beast struggle in the water. The Beast wraps its tail around her.

Maggie stabs the Beast in the side - a flower of blood erupts in the water.

The Beast pulls Maggie deeper.
Deeper.
Deeper.
The dock overhead fades away.

Big Daddy's voice seems to echo in her head:

WINGFIELD (V.O.)

You're dying. You're dying.

Maggie stabs the Beast again and again - more flowers of blood erupt in the water. Murky red water, now.

Maggie is running out of air... soon she'll drown.

The Beast tries to bite her - jaws snapping shut.

Maggie pulls away just in time.
 Looking the Beast in the eyes.
 Takes the letter opener, PLUNGES it into the Beast's eye!

The Beast roars in pain - bloody water spilling out of its mouth. Tail still tight around Maggie's waist.

The Beast pulls Maggie deeper.
 Deeper.
 Maggie has no more air - she'll be dead in a second.

WINGFIELD (V.O.)
 You're dead. You're dead.

Maggie stabs the Beast's OTHER eye. The Beast ROARS again, blood spraying into the water.

The Beast goes limp, releasing Maggie.

The Beast slowly sinks away...

Maggie rockets to the surface.

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

Maggie's head breaks the surface and she sucks in air.

She hoists herself up on the dock - soaking in blood and water - and raises her arms overhead - screaming to the Gods:

MAGGIE
 Maggie from Los Gatos is alive!
 Alive!

She tosses the letter opener into the bloody water. Jogs down the dock to where Catherine waits by the plane.

Maggie and Catherine hug for a moment, a mother and child reunion. Then get into the plane and zoom off.

INT. PLANE -- DAY

Maggie looks out the window as the plane zooms away from the island - back to civilization. She's safe.

EXT. PLANE -- DAY

The plane zooms away, back to the city.

FADE OUT.

Closing titles. Post title sequence (Easter Egg):

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Maggie in a bathrobe. A Home Pregnancy Test box on the counter.

She looks at the stick.
The indicator reads: Positive.
Pregnant.

MAGGIE

Shit.

She tosses the stick into a wastebasket FILLED with other sticks. All read pregnant.

Guess she'll be having herself a Gatorbaby.

FADE OUT