

# DELIRIUM

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"The ocean is more ancient than the mountains,  
and freighted with the memories and dreams of Time"

-H.P. Lovecraft

**OVER BLACK**

Hushed whispers. Chains rattle. Flesh RIPS. Something drips.  
Crashing waves.

**EXT. MORGAN'S BOAT - DAY**

A wrathful storm. A dense fog grows on the horizon.

Hundreds of crashed SATELLITES float on the ocean's surface.

Some dip below the waves. Some sink to the bottom. Some roll and toss with the churning waves. A ruined space station stretches to the sky, charred black.

A desert of tall onyx obelisks from the stars.

Among them, a small sailing boat drifts along surface.

MORGAN sits on the side. African-American. 40s. Eyes closed. Deep eye bags. Sickly complexion. Dirty fishing overalls.

Thin tendrils of BLOOD are SPLATTERED across the wooden deck.

The sails are TORN, RIPPED by something.

An ANCHOR lies beside her.

She holds her SHOES in her hands. A deep breath.

She opens her eyes and looks at a small, handmade, old WIRE RING around her index finger.

On the other hand, a WEDDING BAND.

She looks at the wire ring, then DROPS her shoes into the churning waves.

They sink into nothingness.

Her blank expression remains still.

Somewhere, a whale SINGS a mournful song.

BANG BANG BANG--

She looks over her shoulder to--

A small trapdoor in the middle of the deck, PADLOCKED shut.

LIAM HITS it as HARD AS HE CAN from the other side.

LIAM (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
I'm not sick!

Morgan's eyes lift to the horizon.

Endless dark ocean. Closer to black than blue.

The satellites loom over her.

She reaches down to deck and puts a NOOSE around her neck.

LIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
LET ME OUT!

The rope snakes up the mast, through a loop--

And back down again, tied around the anchor.

She exhales, puts a hand on the anchor--

LIAM (CONT'D)  
MORGAN!

She stops herself.

Her breathing is shaky, on the verge of breaking down.

She takes the noose off and follows the blood trails to the trap door.

MORGAN  
You're the only one down there. I'm  
sorry Liam, we can't do anything  
else.

She closes her eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Please don't make this harder.

Her voice is coarse, like she hasn't used it in months.

A hazel EYE presses up against a narrow keyhole, SWIVELING--

LIAM  
(feverish)  
Morgan, listen to me. There is  
something down here you've gotta  
believe me--

The eye FREEZES in place.

MORGAN

Liam?

A long, quiet beat.

The eye disappears, fading into the darkness, never blinking.

A GUTTURAL, PRIMAL SCREAM--

BANG BANG BANG--

Liam PUNCHES the trapdoor again and again, HOWLING--

His bloody fists SPLINTER the wood--

He GRABS MORGAN by the THROAT--

She GAGS as Liam PULLS her down--

On his finger, a matching WEDDING BAND to Morgan's.

The screaming turns to SOBBING--

LIAM (O.S.)

PLEA--

The air catches in his lungs.

The grip loosens--

Morgan BREAKS free of his grip, stumbling back--

She feels her throat. Deep bruises forming.

Slow, Morgan crawls towards the trapdoor and peers through the splintered wood.

Liam, emaciated, bloodied, and haggard, lies face-down, still except--

His hand spasms.

Morgan's breath shakes as her face contorts, trying to keep back tears.

She shakes her head, covering her mouth in shock.

She gathers her breath for a moment and sees the noose on the deck.

She stands, puts it around her neck--

And pushes the ANCHOR into the ocean.

PULLING the rope with it--

Morgan's WRENCHED up the mast--

A large knot in the rope hits a small loop--

The rope SLAMS to a halt.

Morgan CHOKES as she dangles from the mast. Eyes bulging.

Her hand spasms--

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

One hand holds another.

Frenzied muttering.

**INT. LAB - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Morgan's wire ring lies on a counter.

Somewhere, a siren WAILS.

Morgan PACES by, snatching up it up.

**EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Morgan lies on the ocean floor.

Her hair floats around her like black seaweed.

Vast emptiness as far as the eye can see, which, in the near total darkness, isn't very far.

Except--

In front of her, a wide PIT in the aquamarine sand.

Something crimson GLOWS from within--

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*come*

Morgan OPENS her eyes--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - DAY**

Morgan JOLTS awake--

In a flimsy bed. A dark room. A gas lantern flickers on a nearby table.

She glances to a window.

The endless ocean. Crashed satellites all around.

She feels her neck. Rope burn.

The room ROCKS from side-to-side.

Outside, the dull thud of waves against hull.

She looks at her sleeves. Fresh clothes. A dark sweater. Worn jeans. A pair of beat-up shoes at the end of the bed.

She gets up, curling her toes as she puts her feet on the cold beat-up steel floor.

By the door, a dim light grows brighter as uneven heavy FOOTSTEPS approach.

She freezes.

Morgan looks around, scared--

And sees a small metal cart carrying medical TOOLS.

She scrambles over--

The footsteps draw closer.

She grabs a SCALPEL--

The footsteps stop.

Morgan stands stock still.

Someone slides a tray underneath the door.

A plate of rice, beans, and a fresh boiled egg, still steaming. A clean knife and fork beside them.

Morgan does nothing.

The light starts to dim again, as the footsteps move away.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Wearing the new shoes, Morgan leaves the room.

A dark steel hallway. Rust and rot gather in the darkest corners escaping the dim light of GAS LANTERNS swinging from crooked hooks hammered into the walls.

Opposite her room, a FIRE AXE lies in a glass case.

**IN EMERGENCY, BREAK GLASS**

Each time a wave hits, the lights dim and the ship MOANS like a living thing.

Morgan takes a careful step forward, listening close.

She clutches the scalpel behind her back. White knuckles.

Several shut doors along the corridor.

A faint light bleeds below the farthest.

Low voices.

Morgan treads forward, silent.

She stops by a large schematic on the wall.

A bisection of a 100 foot fishing trawler: **THE GALLOWAY**

A mast stretches far above.

Within the ship, three distinct levels.

**DECK****CREW****PROCESSING**

A wheelhouse towers over the vast deck.

The crew level holds a kitchen, infirmary, and bedrooms.

Processing features a massive freezer for caught fish.

Morgan takes it in, then sneaks along.

A rickety set of stairs hides at the end of the hallway.

A FLASH of LIGHTNING--

A shadowy FIGURE behind the stairwell **WATCHES** her.



Sunken, pitch black eyes.

She stop in her tracks, eyes wide.

In the darkness, it's hard to tell if they're still there.

Another FLASH of LIGHTNING--

No-one's there.

She screws up her eyes, shaking it off, moving towards the final door.

It's open a crack. She peers in.

Inside, several figures gather round a kitchen table.

She listens close.

Their voices are too quiet to hear anything.

She grips the scalpel tight, takes a breath--

And moves in--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Morgan brandishes her blade at the figures--

MORGAN

Are you sick?

They turn to her. Two men and a woman.

Her hand doesn't waver.

The figures stay still.

HAWKINS, 60s, Latino, long salt and pepper beard, rises from the table. Worn skin like rough leather. A ragged jacket covered in buttoned-up pockets. His left leg limps. A gentle Texan drawl.

Morgan aims the blade at him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Don't fuck with me.

He raises his hands, taking a step back and meeting her eyes.

HAWKINS

If we were sick you wouldn't have been able to make the walk here.

He motions to an empty chair by the table.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Please, let's talk.

Morgan doesn't move.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
How 'bout your name?

She ignores him.

MORGAN  
Weapons?

Hawkins ignores her in return.

HAWKINS  
I'm Hawkins.  
(motioning to each)  
That's the good Reverend Song and  
Tafari, our resident quartermaster.

TAFARI, 30s, West-African, small, but muscular, a thick black beard and unkempt hair, a small UTILITY KNIFE on his belt, glances at Hawkins.

TAFARI  
We talked about this Hawkins--

HAWKINS  
It's ok. We're ok. Nothin's gonna  
happen...  
(to Morgan)  
Right?

Morgan stares him in dead in the eyes.

She puts the pieces together in her head.

Eyes widening--

MORGAN  
Who else did you find?

SONG tilts her head, analyzing. She's in her 40s, East-Asian, looks malnourished and emaciated, long dark hair, wearing a simple crucifix around her neck.

SONG  
Don't worry, we found your husband  
too.

Morgan's stares at her wide-eyed, HORRIFIED.

MORGAN

No no no no no--

Morgan backs away from the crew.

Hawkins takes a few steps closer.

HAWKINS

What's wrong?

MORGAN

Idiots. Fucking IDIOTS! He was  
SICK!

The crew stay still for a moment.

HAWKINS

No he ain't.

Morgan stares.

The crew take in a small breath, realizing what's going on.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

A clear night.

The Galloway is impressive. An elevated wheelhouse points to the bow (front). Behind, a steel crane attached to the mast scrapes the sky. A colossal net's attached to the top, stretching down into a central gully sloping into a lowerable ramp at the stern (back) of the ship.

By a complex rig of pipes running all the way up the mast, LIAM, 40s, white, blotchy face, gaunt eyes, messy hair, crouches in front of CHARLIE, 6, hair shaved close to the skull, thin, but bright-eyed.

Charlie hits a switch on the piping rig.

Water flows down and out of a small spout.

Liam holds Charlie's finger in the stream, cleaning a small cut on his finger.

Then, he bandages the finger up. Good as new.

Charlie beams.

LIAM

Told you I was magic.

Charlie dances excitedly.

He turns around just as Tafari climbs up from beneath the deck.

CHARLIE

Daddy!

Charlie bounds towards Tafari, hugging his waist.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Liam fixed it!

Tafari picks him up, smiling.

TAFARI

Huh, did he now?

Morgan makes her way onto the deck. Charlie looks at her, uneasy.

Morgan doesn't acknowledge him, staring at Liam.

Hawkins and Song make their way up behind her.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

(quiet to Charlie)

C'mon.

He takes him around the side of the ship to the bow.

Morgan's stone-faced, processing 20 different emotions.

Liam spots the rope-burn on Morgan's neck. He deflates a little, his eyes growing sad.

LIAM

I--

MORGAN

You were sick.

Liam shakes his head.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You were sick. You saw things. You attacked me. You **were** sick.

LIAM

Then how am I still here?

Morgan shakes her head, keeping her emotions under control.

She turns to Hawkins.

MORGAN  
Take me back to my boat.

HAWKINS  
We have more than enough supplies--

MORGAN  
I don't care.

SONG  
He's too polite to tell you that we  
can't bring you back. We've been  
out of fuel for months. We've  
drifted quite a ways from where we  
picked you up.

Liam moves towards Morgan with open arms--

Morgan takes a few steps back, AIMING the scalpel at him.

MORGAN  
Stay the fuck back.

Liam stops, takes a breath, then descends below deck.

Song looks to Hawkins.

*What the fuck do we do?*

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - OUTSIDE THE WHEELHOUSE - DAY**

Morgan climbs the stairs to the wheelhouse, still carrying the scalpel.

She can hear a muffled argument within.

SONG (O.S.)  
This was a bad idea from the start.

HAWKINS (O.S.)  
Give them time.

SONG (O.S.)  
We should never have come out this  
far, we had something good at  
Hawaii--

HAWKINS (O.S.)  
I'm in charge of this ship, not  
you!

Morgan enters the wheelhouse.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - DAY**

Hawkins and Song face off against each other.

They don't look at her.

MORGAN

You wanted to see me.

Song walks away from Hawkins to the main table where she searches through rolls of maps.

Hawkins exhales as his expression changes to a gentle Southern civility. He motions to a chair by the main table.

HAWKINS

(to Morgan)

Please, take a seat.

MORGAN

I'd rather not.

He looks to Song who silently searches through the maps then sits in the captain's chair with a sigh.

HAWKINS

(to Morgan)

How'd you find your way out here in the first place?

MORGAN

Sailed as far from land as we could. Wind died, we got lost and started floating west.

She motions out to the transient satellites on the ocean.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

'Till we ended up here and Liam got sick.

SONG

God works in mysterious ways.

MORGAN

What?

Song finds the map she was looking for. She lays it out on a long table. The entirety of the South Pacific Ocean. She circles a small area in the middle, a couple thousand miles west of Chile.

## SONG

You've drifted into Point Nemo the  
most isolated place on Earth. We  
haven't saved you from anything,  
just postponed the inevitable.

She draws a large swirling pattern from the circle she drew.

## SONG (CONT'D)

Due to some *regrettable* navigation  
decisions we're being dragged  
around by a thousand mile whirlpool  
with no fuel in the tank to sail  
our way out of it.

## HAWKINS

But, there's a plan. Buddy of mine  
told me about deep-sea oil rigs  
west of here. Now, normally that'd  
leave us up shit creek without a  
paddle on account of our fuel  
situation. However, Liam activated  
your boat's distress beacon. Led us  
right here.

Morgan's face says everything: *goddamit*.

## HAWKINS (CONT'D)

He told us that these satellites  
are pre-programmed to crash out  
here once they're low on fuel.

(beat)

Low, not empty.

## MORGAN

Meaning you can use their fuel to  
get to one of those oil rigs.

## HAWKINS

Damn right. Past few days we've  
been working on cracking them open  
and topping up our supply. Only a  
matter of time 'till we have enough  
to get to the rig.

Outside, a siren WAILS. Hawkins peers outside.

Tafari presses a large RED BUTTON by the mast. A system of  
steel rusting ropes HEAVE a massive net into the gully.

## HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Tafari's made a catch.

(to Song)

Care to help them out?

Song's already halfway to the door.

SONG

Sure.

She leaves, closing the door behind her, leaving a heavy silence in the wheelhouse.

Hawkins rubs his hands together, thinking something through.

He looks up at her, earnest.

The care-free uncle facade drops.

HAWKINS

Liam told me that you was a biologist or some such.

MORGAN

That's right.

He nods, thinking a little, looking at her like he's trying to see the inside of her skull.

HAWKINS

I know you didn't choose to be here, but folk are gonna expect you to help out if you plan to... *stay*.

His eyes flick down to the rope-burn on her neck.

MORGAN

What do you want Hawkins?

He bites his lip... *Fuck it*.

HAWKINS

There is no oil rig.

Morgan gives him a sideways look.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I have to give these folk some reason to keep going. Tafari's gotta think there's a future for his son. Song's gotta believe God's still up there. Charlie's gotta believe his Daddy's ok. As long as they think they're helping us get to the rig, there ain't no harm in it.

Morgan's shocked face begs to differ.



She moves to leave--

Hawkins holds his hands out.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Wait!

She stops.

He moves to the control panel and brings out--

A FLARE GUN, strapped to the bottom.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

You wanted to know what weapons we had? There. That's it. Lemme say my piece. If you don't like what I've got to say, well, you go on out that door and say whatever you want to whomever you want.

(beat)

But I *need* you to hear me out.

Morgan takes a seat, skeptical and on-edge.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Ok then.

He comes close to her, looking her dead in the eyes.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

It's you. You're a goddamn miracle and you don't even know it.

He points to a series of islands a thousands of miles east of New Zealand.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Those are called the Pitcairns. Closest landmass for a long ways.

(beat)

I ain't religious like Song but hell, life has a way of making it hard to sit on the fence.

He motions to a radio by the control panel.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Once the shit was hitting the fan back on land...

He wipes his hand down his sweaty face.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I was scared. I had no idea what to do. Ended up scrambling through as many channels as I could before I had to do something.

(beat)

Honestly I considered just laying down and not getting back up. Folk said plague was a quick death.

Morgan makes a concerted effort not to express anything.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

But I swear to God, at the last minute, I picked something up.

He leans inwards.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

The UN are lending sanctuary to any medical folk willing to find a cure on the Pitcairns. Now, I don't know if you noticed, but I'm a fisherman, not a scientist. I know as much about biology as you do about sailing a transcontinental industrial trawler. I thought I might try showing up anyway but whaddya know...

He motions to her.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Here you are.

(beat)

I reckon that if we bring you to them, then, they might just let us in too. No one else knows. Just me and... well you too now.

The information hits Morgan in the gut.

Somewhere, deep in Morgan's head--

A heart rate monitor BEEPS, a siren WAILS, voices WHISPER--

Morgan looks up at him.

MORGAN

That's the word they used? A *cure*?

Hawkins nods.

Morgan takes a deep breath in--

And is purified by it.

Energy in her limbs. A hunched neck straightens out. Life returns to her sullen eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I want to go.

Hawkins grins. He extends a hand to her.

HAWKINS

Welcome to The Galloway.

She shakes it.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Morgan holds someone's hand.

Sterile white lights. White floor. White walls.

Then--

The other hand starts to twitch--

Slow at first--

Before they WRITHE--

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

A siren WAILS--

Morgan gets out of her HAZMAT suit.

She looks very, very scared.

Panting--

Gasping--

**EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Morgan rises to her feet, in a trance.

She moves towards the pit.

And stares in.

Gaping darkness, as far as the eye can see, an all consuming void of nothingness.

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*come*

She steps forwards--

And PLUNGES in--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Morgan treads down the corridor.

Quiet.

She walks by a door where inside--

Liam sits on the bed, hunched over, not noticing her.

Morgan walks past.

Stops.

Feels the wire ring around her finger.

And turns back.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - LIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT**

It's bare and small, only enough room for a single bed.

As she enters, he looks up at her. His eyes are raw.

LIAM

I'm not sick Morgan.

Morgan sits on the bed.

She struggles to find the right words, head hung low.

Liam tries to look at her rope-burn, but can't.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It was a mistake. That's all. And look, it worked out, we've got food, shelter--

He puts a hand on hers.

LIAM (CONT'D)

A future.

She recoils as his hand touches hers--

LIAM (CONT'D)

Don't you see how lucky we are?

MORGAN

We're far from lucky Liam, we're *damned*.

LIAM

That's not true.

MORGAN

Being stranded at sea is not what I'd consider 'lucky'.

LIAM

Compared to where we were I'd say it's pretty damn preferable. For Christ's sake Morgan you almost killed me.

MORGAN

You think that was a choice I wanted to make?

LIAM

You wouldn't have had to if you trusted me.

She shakes her head, not really listening.

MORGAN

Plague brings hallucinations. If you're not sick, how come you saw something in the hull of our boat?

It's Liam's turn to be speechless.

Before he can think of something--

A SCREAM nearby--

Morgan flinches, rising to her feet--

It's coming from the room beside them--

Song RUSHES down the hallway and looks in on them.

SONG

(hurried, to Morgan)

Come on, quick!

Stunned for a moment, Morgan follows her out of the room--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Morgan follows Song down the corridor--

Song DASHES into a nearby room.

A FLASH of LIGHTNING--

The tall SHADOWY figure STARES at Morgan from the stairwell.

Morgan stands stock still. But not in fear. Closer to shock.

MORGAN

Mike?

No response. She takes a step forward--

Song GRABS her by the arm--

SONG

C'mon!

Morgan looks up again. The figure's gone.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - TAFARI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Song opens the door to Tafari's room, Morgan close behind.

Inside, two beds crammed beside each other. Nothing in here's Tafari's. All toys. Most handmade.

Charlie lies on the floor, convulsing, eyes rolled back. He froths at the mouth, SCREECHING nonsensical words--

CHARLIE

PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL  
F'TAGN S'UHN SGN'WAHL CH'EBUMNA  
ATHG VULGTLAGLN--

Tafari cradles him, filled with fear, whispering to Charlie--

TAFARI

Shush shush shush shush shush it's  
ok it's ok calm down--

Morgan and Song get down beside him.

All unhelpful emotions leave Morgan, turning professional, diagnosing on the go, holding Charlie's hand.

MORGAN

Is this the first time?

TAFARI

I-- Yeah.

Song takes Charlie's hand, clutching a crucifix. She whispers a quiet prayer.

SONG

(feverish)

Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde  
spiritus, omni satanica potestas,  
omnis incurso infernalis  
adversarii...

Morgan examines Charlie's eyes--

Rolled all the way back--

She puts the back of her hand to his sweating forehead--

MORGAN

Help me roll him over.

Charlie GRABS Tafari's torso--

And PULLS THE KNIFE OF HIS BELT--

SLASHING WILDLY--

He SLICES Tafari's arm before both he and Morgan PIN him to the ground.

Tafari and Morgan roll him to the side. Silent tears slide down Tafari's face.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - DAY**

The obscured sun sets. A dense fog grows on the horizon.

Morgan peers out from the stern. An ominous atmosphere. The waves sound like whispers.

She leans over the side looking into the dark waves.

She takes the wire ring off, holding it between two fingers over the side of the ship.

And freezes.

A HAND touches her shoulder--

She WHIPS around--

Liam stands before her, eyes wide.

LIAM

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--

Morgan puts the ring back on.

MORGAN

It's fine.

He's holding a crowbar.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That for me?

He nods. She takes it, feeling the heft. Liam keeps his eyes low. Morgan moves past him.

LIAM

Wait.

She does, not turning around.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's ok to throw the ring away if that's what you want. It doesn't mean you've forgotten.

MORGAN

Noted.

Beat.

LIAM

I wasn't sick. I'm not sick. I know I'm not.

Movement, deep in the ocean, catches her eye.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Losing Mike was more than anyone should have to go through, you're **not** gonna lose me too.

Morgan stays quiet.

A gargantuan shadow darkens the **VISIBLE** ocean as it passes **UNDER THE GALLOWAY**.

But Liam doesn't notice.

LIAM (CONT'D)

But I did see something inside our hull. I see things here. And something sees me.

(MORE)



LIAM (CONT'D)

I feel like something's watching  
me, boring into the back of my  
skull.

He looks down at her shaking hand.

Incoherent WHISPERS in her head--

LIAM (CONT'D)

You've seen it too, haven't you?

MORGAN

No.

LIAM

You're not sick Morgan.

(beat)

I don't think they're  
hallucinations.

He points to the looming onyx obelisks all around.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's this place. Something's wrong  
with it.

Silence.

The whispers leave.

The ocean takes its normal color, whatever lurked below  
dissipating into thin air.

Morgan drops down into the gully.

MORGAN

C'mon.

Liam looks at her, crestfallen.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - DAY**

Morgan and Liam wait in the gully, a deep crevice carved  
through the middle of the stern.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - DAY**

Song hits a large RED BUTTON by the mast.

The winches CHURN--

CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - DAY**

Taut steel wires haul salvage into the gully. Tangled inside, a charred black satellite.

Liam untangles the net. Morgan JAMS the crowbar into a hatch.

She PUSHES--

CLANG--

The hatch lid pops off, dented. Inside, a host of wires, motherboards, and pipes.

Morgan searches inside, grabbing something.

She fiddles with it for a moment, then pulls out a small container.

Hawkins descends into the gully.

HAWKINS

Bingo.

Liam grabs a bucket as Morgan opens the container.

She pours the dark innards into the bucket. Barely a few cups worth.

Hawkins looks disappointed for a split-second--

Then resolved.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's keep going.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - DAY**

Charlie sits on the windowsill, watching the crew work.

The lights are off. He gazes at the sky.

A few stars break through the twilight clouds.

Long dark shadows.

Behind him.

The faintest outline of--

A figure. Haggard. Hunched. Watching.

Charlie doesn't see a thing. His eyes droop. We hear him breathe.

And even quieter...

The figure's tortured panting--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

Morgan sits with her notepad. She's covered in grime and sweat. A hard day's work.

The pitch-black wheelhouse overlooks her. Impossible to see through the windows.

A chicken coop is tucked against the wheelhouse under a tarpaulin roof. A few chickens walk around inside, clucking.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

Charlie, still sleeping, takes a deep breath--

But never exhales.

Darkness engulfs the room.

The figure could be anywhere or nowhere.

His body holds the breath for a prolonged beat.

Then...

His fingers fidget. Jerking, like each bone is being yanked by strings. The spasms work up his body--

His arms CONVULSE--

Then his HEAD--

His eyes ROLL BACK--

They SNAP OPEN, mouth open wide, a silent SCREAM OF TERROR--

TEARS in his eyes--

His body falls limp.

Exhaling.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

Morgan's notebook is filled with CHEMICAL STRUCTURE sketches. She sighs, lolling her head back. A brief moment to relax. She closes her eyes. Her face relaxes.

A quiet footstep.

Something draws close--

A creak.

WHISPER

Look.

Morgan JUMPS, SCRAMBLING away from the voice--

She's alone.

She scans the dark deck. Nothing. A full 360 degree scan. Nothing unusual, except...

She looks at the sky.

The clouds have cleared. A faint beam of moonlight. There, in the cosmic dark between dying stars, a speck of BURNING light.

She squints her eyes. Curiosity turns to realization.

She raises her hand and makes a ring larger than the speck using her fingers, and watches for a few moments.

The speck of light soon OUTGROWS the shape she made.

It's coming CLOSER.

No, not just closer...

Straight for The Galloway.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The crew kick their feet up after a hard day's work.

Morgan BURSTS into the room, breathless, wild-eyed--

LIAM

Morgan?

She points to the window.

MORGAN  
We've gotta go--

Hawkins doesn't miss a beat.

He rises quick, looks out the window, and stares at the sky.

HAWKINS  
(slow)  
Holy shit.

Song looks down at her hands. They're shaking, but she seems surprised by it.

Morgan looks around the crew--

MORGAN  
Where's Charlie?

Tafari DASHES for the door--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

He SPRINTS into the wheelhouse, Morgan and Hawkins hot on his heels--

Charlie's cowering in a corner. Eyes wide--

CHARLIE  
*he's coming he's coming--*

Tafari HAULS him into his arms--

Morgan stares out the window at the sky.

A **COLOSSAL FIREBALL** BLAZES TOWARDS THEM--

Hawkins FLICKS on the control panel--

RAMS forward a lever--

The Galloway lurches into action--

HAWKINS  
Get below deck!

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

Tafari bounds down the stairs below deck, Morgan close behind--

The sky SCREAMS a chaotic cacophony of BLAZING METAL--

Her skin SIZZLES--

**BOOOOOOM--**

The meteor SLAMS into the ocean--

A 100 foot **TIDAL WAVE LOOMS OVER** THE GALLOWAY--

Morgan inhales--

GRABS the NETS by the mast, ENTANGLES herself in them--

DEAFENING CRASHING, SCREAMING, SCREECHING. Metal BENDS and SNAPS--

The wave SLAMS on to the ship--

Morgan's WRENCHED to and fro, THROWING her around like a doll--

Her grip LOOSENS. She SCREWS her eyes up tight--

An ear-splitting SCREECH as the mast SNAPS in two--

The nets FLY toward the back of the ship--

Morgan in them--

Her hands fumble for anything to hold--

She's FLUNG OVERBOARD--

But her hands CATCH something--

The very back edge of the stern--

She holds on for as HARD AS SHE CAN, SCREAMING underwater, total MADDENING FEAR--

Then--

A strange serenity takes her face. Her grip loosens--

The ship TILTS backwards, HAULING HER up--

She opens her eyes and sees where she is--

Counter-balancing, The Galloway's tipped far to the bow, lopsided, almost capsized, leaving Morgan clinging to the stern nearly 100 feet in the air--

Her legs dangle, the HUNGRY SEA beneath CLAMORING for her to fall--

As the ship TIPS again--  
 She uses ALL HER STRENGTH to CLAMBER back onto the deck--  
 She SPRINTS across--  
 The deck forms a steep hill as the bow RISES--  
 She GRIPS the door leading below deck--  
 And THROWS herself in--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She SLAMS it shut, hyperventilating--  
 Gravity PINS her to the door--  
 Water leaks through--  
 The Galloway HOWLS like a wounded animal--

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

Darkness.  
 A faint CRIMSON glow, far below.  
 Whispers.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

Morgan rests her head on her hand, eyes closed, exhausted.  
 Frayed whispers--  
 Male, female, deep, high, layered over each other--

WHISPERS  
*plague end  
 purpose fault  
 pain your mind  
 slow heart weak  
 find nothing--*

WHISPERS  
*meaningless  
 prophet heart  
 die fault he  
 lost rises  
 hopeless your  
 redeem--*

She furrows her eyebrows, her fists clench--  
 She opens her eyes.

Hawkins, Tafari, Liam, and Song murmur nearby. Liam's arguing with Tafari.

The waves are choppiier. The deck's a mess. Rigging, crates, and ropes scattered.

Hawkins approaches the chicken coop. He opens it, slow.

The inside is swamped with water.

Most of the chickens died. Drowned. Bodies torn up, save a single speckled chicken in the corner.

It cowers, making itself as small as possible.

Hawkins looks at it, pained. He reaches into to pick it up.

HAWKINS  
C'mere little guy.

He picks the chicken up with no resistance, letting it nuzzle in his armpit. He strokes its bedraggled feathers, then looks to Morgan, unsure what to say.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Come over when you're ready.

He joins the group.

She stays for a moment. Then, with a grunt, stands.

The crew stare out at the "meteor".

It's actually a charred black SPACE STATION. Once golden solar panels arching upwards burnt black. The central core tube bobs with the waves.

She takes one long look. Something's *wrong* about it.

She LURCHES to the side of the boat--

VOMITING over the side.

She pants.

In the ocean below, hundreds of **BODIES**, inky tendrils wrap their ankles, tethering them to the abyss below. Each one LOOKS at Morgan, SCREAMING in SILENT AGONY--

She flinches--

LIAM  
Morgan?

The bodies are gone.

She wipes her mouth, and pulls back her hair.



She hobbles over to them.

Tafari's crouched down in front of Charlie, talking low.

Liam points to one of the lower windows on the station where a dull crimson light beams into the ocean.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You see that? Light. Light means power, power means fuel.

Morgan looks closer. The dark water pulses crimson.

Tafari stands, keeping a hand on Charlie's head.

TAFARI

It's sinking Liam, it's crazy.

LIAM

It could have more fuel than all the satellites out here combined! A full station's worth!

TAFARI

At what cost?

LIAM

Don't you want to get out of here?

The crew stay silent.

LIAM (CONT'D)

There's something *sinister* about this place. You all know it, even if you won't admit it.

He points to the space station.

LIAM (CONT'D)

And that's our ticket out of here.

He looks around them all, then to Morgan.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Morgan?

A long beat while she thinks. Then she nods.

MORGAN

I just want to get to the fucking rig.

Hawkins gives her a meaningful, thankful look.

HAWKINS

Is it some sort of satellite?

LIAM

It's Vor. An international space station to replace the ISS. Probably pre-programmed to crash at Point Nemo once it ran low on fuel.

He points the curved, burnt solar panels.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Those were meant to make it look like a valkyrie.

Everyone but Morgan looks at him like he has two heads.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I was a *little* more than an engineer before.

Hawkins thinks for a long moment, then to Song, who's watching the ocean.

HAWKINS

Song?

SONG

*"If a man gets drunk and kills his family, it was the will of God that he should do it. If we are monsters, we are monsters, if we are saints, we are saints."*

HAWKINS

What are you saying?

SONG

We're in the middle of nowhere, scavenging for fuel, when an entire space station crashes on top of us carrying all the fuel we need to leave.

(beat)

We are on a path. Our only option is to follow it.

Hawkins nods, looking over to Tafari.

HAWKINS

I vote we go too. I don't wanna spend a second more here than we need to. That's 4 to 1.

Tafari nods, no outward emotions.

Hawkins stops petting the chicken.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Tafari, I want you to bring me and  
someone else over on the ROV.  
(to the crew)  
Any volunteers?

Morgan feels the wire ring on her finger.

MORGAN  
I'll go.

LIAM  
Morgan you don't need to--

MORGAN  
I'm going.

Hawkins nods.

**INT. ROV - NIGHT**

Morgan helps Hawkins into the ROV.

A small submarine. Three seats facing a large window.  
Tafari's at the controls. Hawkins takes a seat beside him.

HAWKINS  
Ready?

He nods.

Morgan squeezes into her seat behind them.

Hawkins BANGS the side of the submarine three times. Then, he  
grabs a small remote and hits a button on it.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

Liam, Song, and Charlie stand close by.

Underneath the ROV, a small conveyor belt sparks to life. It  
carries the ROV down the gully. Charlie runs alongside.

**INT. ROV - NIGHT**

The ROV TREMBLES as it slides towards--

The ocean's surface.

Morgan holds her breath as--

They CRASH INTO THE OCEAN...

And beneath the waves.

They float in total DARKNESS for a few moments. It would make no difference if they closed their eyes.

Tafari fiddles with a few switches--

THUM THUM--

One-by-one, the lights FLICKER on. Two piercing cones stretch into the watery void. Everything outside the immediate beam remains dark.

Morgan's eyes are fixed on the darkness.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT**

Far away.

The ROV's a speck of light in a vast, gaping void.

Ahead, the pulsing crimson light.

A low, THUNDERING RUMBLE--

**INT. ROV - NIGHT**

They freeze as they hear it.

The submarine SHAKES--

The steel SCREECHES--

TAFARI

It's just pressurizing--

MORGAN

No.

She points out the window.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Look.

They do.

Outside, illuminated by the headlights, a magnificent, large, WHALE, swims by.

It sings a high pitched, warped song. It must have bumped them. No one says a word.

**EXT. VOR - NIGHT**

Morgan and Hawkins jump from the ROV to the surface of Vor. Tafari gives them a thumbs up from inside, closing the top.

The station bobs in the waves, making it hard to stand.

Hawkins points out an access hatch.

HAWKINS

There.

Morgan follows.

He wedges his crowbar into the side, GRITS his teeth--

POP--

The airlock SNAPS open--

A faint red dust scatters into the night sky above.

They peek in. Total darkness.

**INT. VOR - NIGHT**

Morgan slides in.

A long, circular corridor. Her flashlight casts long, menacing shadows.

Hawkins follows her in.

They stand still. Hawkins motions forward.

They move slow.

The corridor stretches for over 100 feet. Only six feet tall or wide. The waves outside rotate the column, thin streams of water GUSHING through the chassis.

Hawkins stumbles, trying to readjust his footing as the nearest wall becomes the new floor.

They reach a branching path.

They look down it. Pipes. Hatches. Signs. It's hard to tell what it is.

HAWKINS  
Want to come with?

Morgan looks down the central corridor.

The dim, pulsing, crimson light beckons from afar.

MORGAN  
I'll meet up with you.

Hawkins nods, heading down the side-corridor.

She continues on, re-adjusting her footing. Halogen lights flicker above.

Her flashlight finds--

A long STREAK of a BLACK LIQUID on the walls.

Morgan traces it down to a cabinet.

She stands before it. Looks through the slats.

Darkness.

She opens it.

Inside, a repulsive **ABOMINATION**. What once was a body is now flayed skin covered in pus and blood, intermingling with a viscous black liquid clinging to every pore. Eight, swiveling, demented, mutilated eyes sunken back into their sockets.

A deep pit in the belly. Inside, antenna, and HEAVING sacs of luminescent red and black sludge.

Morgan stumbles backwards, dumb-struck.

She wants to run, but can't tear her eyes away.

The station rotates--

The body comes loose--

Morgan ROLLS out of the way--

As the abomination SLAMS into a wall with a SICKENING CRUNCH.

She stares.

*What the fuck happened here?*

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Hawkins?!?

No answer.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
HAWKINS!!!

Nothing.

*Shit.*

She gets back to her feet.

She stares at the pulsing red light at the end of the hall.

She feels her wire ring and proceeds towards the light.

The corridor ends, branching left and right.

To the left, an airlock with a glass window. A halogen light flickers behind it.

To the right--

A figure.

A tall, wide, man, in a hospital gown.

We can't see his face, but he's holding the pulsing light.

Morgan drops her flashlight, wide-eyed. Tears gather in her eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Mike?

The figure remains still. Morgan steps forward.

Behind her, the halogen light flickers faster.

The red light pulses.

She stops.

*It's not possible.*

Behind her--

A **MUTILATED, ELONGATED CLAW SLIDES** up the glass.

Somewhere, a machine BEEPS--

Morgan's relief turns to dread.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Mike?

Drawing closer...

The figure's quivering...

It looks identical to Charlie's seizure.

A siren WAILS--

The claw shakes, SCRATCHING the glass.

Morgan doesn't hear a thing. She reaches out to the figure.

A voice MUMBLES--

Her hand's inches away--

The claw BANGS the glass--

The beeping grows louder, becoming **EAR-SPLITTING**--

Her fingers touch his back--

**FLASH**--

A severed leg--

An empty ocean---

A wire ring sinks into darkness--

A child in front of a TV--

A hospital bed--

A knife **GUTTING** someone's belly like a fish--

A ball of **FLESH** and **BLOOD**--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. ROV - NIGHT**

Morgan gasps--

She's in the ROV. Hawkins and Tafari sit up front. They're trundling back to The Galloway.

She looks like she's just woken up.

Behind her, several large steel cylinders marked FUEL.



Hawkins clocks her distress.

HAWKINS  
You ok?

MORGAN  
I... Did you see anything in there?

HAWKINS  
Yeah, but Tafari reckoned bringing too much fuel would weigh down the ROV. We might be alright with what we got though.

Morgan stares at him, not sure if he's joking.

Hawkins's casual expression grows grim as he watches her.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Why? Did you see something?

Morgan takes a deep breath.

*Keep it down.*

She looks at him.

He looks at her like someone expecting a terminal diagnosis.

MORGAN  
Did you?

Beat.

HAWKINS  
No.

They're both lying, both speaking slow, careful, unnerved.

MORGAN  
Neither did I.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT**

A labyrinthine amalgamation of pipes, steel and pistons suffocate a central, weary, and worn engine.

Hawkins and Song pour thick dark fuel into the engine from the canisters.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Hawkins watches Liam, Tafari, Song, and Charlie gathered around the main kitchen table. They all look weary, distant, wrapped in their own thoughts. Save Charlie, who's quite happy to be with the adults.

Hawkins looks nervous too. He glances at the dark corridor like he's expecting to see something.

Instead, all he sees is Morgan, head down, leaning against the door frame.

HAWKINS

Fuck it.

He leans down, reaches deep into a cupboard, and pulls out a cardboard box.

He hauls the box onto the counter and opens it.

Inside, six bottles of beer.

He picks one up, admiring the brown bottle, and motions towards the crew.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I've been saving these for a while.  
Now's a good a time as any. Relax  
tonight, we leave tomorrow.  
Y'all've earned it.

The crew gather round. Morgan's disappeared.

Tafari grabs a beer, beaming.

TAFARI

Never thought I'd see one of these  
again.

CHARLIE

Can I have some?!?

Tafari grins.

TAFARI

Maybe.

Hawkins passes them out to the crew, POPPING the caps off with a silver BAND around his finger.

The crew take them, chatting amongst themselves, the oppressive doom lifted for a few moments.

Hawkins grabs one, opens it, and heads out to the hallway to find Morgan.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Morgan sits on the floor, enveloped in darkness.

Her head's between her knees.

We can't see her face, but it's clear she was crying.

Hawkins stands in the doorway for a long moment, open beer in hand.

HAWKINS

What happened in there?

(long beat)

You don't have to--

MORGAN

I saw my son.

A long beat.

HAWKINS

That doesn't mean you're sick.

MORGAN

Then what does it mean?

Hawkins doesn't have a response.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I know I didn't really see him--

Hawkins sits beside her.

Morgan regains her composure, leaning her head on the wall.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Every single moment after he died,  
Liam was obsessed with keeping us  
moving, always into a brighter  
future.

(beat)

I don't have a future.

There's a tangible sadness in Hawkins eyes.

HAWKINS

Y'know, I was alone for a long time  
out here.

(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Took me a month to find Song stranded in a port near Hawaii. I... I had a lot of time Morgan, way too much. But you need to keep going, no matter what. Whatever needed done so that The Galloway would sail, that was my purpose, until something better came along. I have to believe that I wasn't just at the whims of the waves.

He motions towards the kitchen.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

But, one-by-one, I found them, I found you. Getting you to the Pitcairns, that is my meaning. You've just gotta find yours.

Morgan nods, not fully able to process what he said.

Hawkins gets to his feet with a grunt.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

The beer's waiting if you want it.

Morgan forces a thin smile before he leaves.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Morgan lies in bed, peaceful. A dim gas lantern struggles to light the room. She turns onto her back, still asleep.

We look at her from above.

Drip.

A single, black drop of black sludge lands on her face.

Her face twitches, but she doesn't wake.

Drip. Drip.

Two more, each landing on her face.

Her eyes flutter open. She looks at the roof above her.

Clinging to the ceiling, the horrific ABOMINATION from Vor. But it's not dead, the eyes are WIDE and BRIGHT, a BEAMING SMILE of BLOODY TEETH, LEGS and ARMS FLARE and FLAIL--

Morgan SCREAMS--

But no noise leaves her mouth.

The abomination **GRINS**.

She tries to move--

But can't.

She screams as LOUD AS SHE CAN--

Nothing.

Tears gather in her eyes.

The abomination lowers itself on top of her.

WHISPERS

*Heart his heart the heart his heart  
the heart his heart--*

It SQUELCHES, covered in a thin MUCUS-LIKE membrane--

A spindling, disgusting finger curves towards her mouth.

Her mouth starts to open--

She FIGHTS the involuntary action, her jaw QUIVERING--

But she can't stop it.

The abomination **GRINS**.

The finger SLIDES down her mouth--

Morgan RETCHES--

Still no sound.

Blood POOLS in her mouth--

The abomination SLIDES its face ONTO HERS--

Morgan whimpers in helpless fear--

The finger RETRACTS FROM HER GULLET--

Pulling out a PULSING ORB OF FLESH--

She WAILS SILENTLY--

The orb GROWS as the abomination RIPS it out of her THROAT--

Morgan's body comes free--

She **CONVULSES**, FIGHTING the abomination off--  
 The orb's FLUNG to the other side of the room--  
 Morgan SCRAMBLES off the bed--  
 She glances behind her.  
 Nothing.  
 No body. No black sludge. No blood.  
 But, there is a dim, pulsing, crimson light.  
 On the other side of the room, under a table...  
 An **ORB**.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

The crew stare at the orb. Charlie's absent.  
 Morgan's shaking, curled into a corner.  
 Liam drapes a blanket over her, keeping her warm.  
 Tafari gets down on his haunches, trying to make sense of what he's seeing.

TAFARI

What the fuck is it?

No one responds.

HAWKINS

(to Morgan)

It just... appeared?

MORGAN

I--

(beat)

It was just there.

Hawkins takes a cautious step forward, getting a good look at it.

A crimson orb made of flesh, no bigger than a football. Black sludge seeps down the sides. The crimson light pulses from deep within. It's misshapen, not round, cancerous lumps protruding through the surface.

HAWKINS

Get me some gloves.

Song throws him a pair of disposable plastic gloves from the surgical tools.

Hawkins leans down...

Stretches out a hand...

The pulsing light grows faster as he draws closer...

He touches it.

The orb's light BRIGHTENS as a lump GROWS towards his finger.

A wisp of crimson vapor climbs onto his arm.

He RECOILS back--

The pulsing returns to the normal rate.

Song rushes to help him up--

But he holds a hand up, waving him off.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

No, I...

He wiggles his right leg. His eyes widen. He gets to his feet with no strain, his limp HEALED.

He takes a few steps. No limp at all.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

They watch, amazed.

SONG

Is it...

Hawkins jumps up and down, no issues.

He beams--

HAWKINS

It healed me! This is incredible--

LIAM

Sure, but, you saw what just happened right? It *reached* out to you.

TAFARI

Is it alive?

MORGAN

Maybe. Definitely organic, looks like there are surface level blood vessels. The pulsing could be some sort of cardiovascular system. I...

(beat)

I think it might be a... heart.

The crew look at **THE HEART**. It does bear a vague resemblance.

A whisper REVERBERATES around Morgan's head--

WHISPER (V.O.)

*throw it in the ocean*

TAFARI

What do we do with it?

SONG

We throw it in the ocean--

Morgan snaps her head to Song, eyes wide.

*Did she just hear the same thing?*

Something about Song has *shifted*. Her face has stretched, eyes vacant, string-like hair. Paler than usual, dry skin. Lips moving less than they should. Just... *off*.

HAWKINS

No way. Did you see what it did to my leg?

(to Morgan, meaningful)

Imagine what could be done if we got this where we need to go.

Morgan looks at Hawkins whose eyes are little wider, a little brighter, pupils dilated a touch more than they should.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Morgan, c'mon, think about it!

Morgan backs against the wall. Tafari's a little different too, face glistening with sweat, the whites of his eyes reddening.

She's visibly scared.

LIAM

Morgan?

Even him. Veins on his forehead protruding too much, pulsing, RIPPLING--



Liam reaches out towards her--

She straightens up against the wall, batting his hand away.

MORGAN

I'm ok.

Hawkins grabs a pair of tongs and heads towards the Heart.

SONG

What're you doing?

HAWKINS

I'm just gonna keep it safe. We'll  
put it in the freezer down below.

He casts an eye over everyone.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

*Quarantine it.*

He lifts the Heart onto the tray. It SQUELCHES, an inky liquid with the consistency of blood LEAKING out the sides.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

It'll be ok.

He moves towards the door--

But Song's there before him, SLAMMING it shut.

SONG

No. It's not staying.

A long beat of silence. Liam stands, keeping a careful eye.

Hawkins meets Song's glare. They're of similar height. The crimson light of the Heart lights them both.

HAWKINS

Reverend. Move.

WHISPER (V.O.)

*it's dangerous*

SONG

It's dangerous.

Morgan flinches.

HAWKINS

Not if we keep our distance.

SONG

It doesn't matter. We have no idea  
where it came from.

Hawkins eyes flare--

HAWKINS

Goddamit Song, did you not see what  
I just saw? It fixed my leg! We  
can't just throw it away! Whatever  
happened to your deterministic  
bullshit, huh? This is the goddamn  
definition of divine providence.

Song stares him straight in the eye.

TAFARI

We need to keep it.

Song looks past Hawkins to Tafari--

TAFARI (CONT'D)

I...  
(beat)  
Charlie needs it.

Tafari stays on his knees.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

That wasn't Charlie's first stroke.  
They've been happening for months  
now. They're getting worse. More  
violent. I--  
(beat)  
It stays.

Tafari's plea snaps Song into lucidity.

Her eyes widen, as if she'd just woken up--

Then moves to the side with a sigh. Hawkins opens the door.

SONG

Lock it away.

Hawkins looks like he's about to object, but he falls back  
into the kindly persona with ease.

HAWKINS

Consider it done.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY**

A long rectangular room, even darker than upstairs. A waning gas lantern hangs from a hook in the ceiling fighting to light a series of conveyor belts, draining pools, buzz-saws, packing areas, and an immense steel freezer.

The crew follow Hawkins down a stairwell and into the processing room.

He opens the door, and places the tray with the Heart on it, before closing it, grabbing a padlock from a nearby shelf, barring the door shut, before displaying a small KEY to the crew.

HAWKINS

This is the only key.

He loops it around his belt.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

So it stays locked. If it doesn't, y'all will know it was me who opened it. Sound fair?

He looks to Song, who nods.

He exhales, the tension somewhat diffused.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Let's get some rest. Busy day tomorrow.

They all look very tired.

One by one, they make their way out.

The Heart PULSES behind the door, bathing the processing room in periodic crimson light.

Liam trails behind, something clearly on his mind.

As Morgan's about to leave--

LIAM

Morgan? Can we-- can we talk for a second?

Morgan stops, sighs very quietly, preparing herself for a conversation that she's been putting off.

MORGAN

I'm tired Liam--

LIAM  
I don't care.

Beat.

She turns to Liam as the crew make their way upstairs. She doesn't look him in the eyes.

Liam glances to the rope-burn on her neck.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
We've got to talk about it.

Morgan doesn't respond.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Morgan, this is serious shit. You were so lucky that these guys found us. You-- you could have been gone for good.

MORGAN  
Yeah.

LIAM  
Then why don't you care?

Morgan's eyes flare, her face freezing.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
There's something wrong here. You're telling me you just woke up with that *thing* in the room with you? You're telling me that everything's fine?  
(beat)  
I feel like you're, you're... I don't know, like you're just floating.

Morgan meets his eyes, confused, then furious, not listening to a word after he said she didn't care.

MORGAN  
I don't care?

She takes a few steps closer.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Buddy, you must be fucking confused if you think I don't care. I cared about my work, my family, my future, but they're all gone. I loved my son, and he's **gone**.  
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I care about being of sound mind  
but I'm pretty sure that's fading  
too.

(beat)

I thought you were gone too, and  
it's all my goddamn fault.

LIAM

What?

He moves closer to her.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Morgan, I'm right here, I haven't  
gone anywhere--

MORGAN

But you might. One bad roll of the  
dice and this is over, we're **done**.

Morgan SPITS out her words after bottling it up for so long.

Liam looks up at her, defiant at first, but shattered at her  
vitriol.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Show me the smallest iota of a  
chance that I can build up anything  
worth living for and maybe then  
I'll give the world another fucking  
chance.

Liam's stunned silent.

Realizing she won't get a response, Morgan turns, glances at  
the crimson glow of the Heart, and makes her way upstairs.

Liam stays quiet, mulling everything over.

A long beat.

WHISPER

*he can bring him back*

Liam glances up. No one's there with him.

Except the crimson light. It's no longer threatening.  
Instead, it appears warm. Welcoming. Homely.

He walks towards the freezer door and peers in the small  
glass window.

The Heart lies exactly where Hawkins put it.

Liam's eyes twitch.

WHISPER (CONT'D)  
*she can live again*

His fists BALL up--

He PUNCHES the PADLOCK as HARD AS HE CAN--

Blood DRIPS down his knuckles.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Morgan's hand holds--

MIKE'S. A tall, broad man in his late teens. He's curled into a fetal position in a hospital bed. No life in his eyes.

Liam talks quietly with a doctor in the hallway.

Mike's quivering.

His skin is riddled with large CANCEROUS LUMPS.

Each seem to PULSE as if they're alive.

He groans in dreadful pain.

Morgan tries to hold back tears.

Liam steps into the room, silent, unable to help.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bloody fists POUND the freezer door--

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Morgan pants.

Through a plastic window, a LAB.

Groups of scientists panic, SPRINTING away.

One SCREAMS at the rest--

SCIENTIST  
FIND THE GODDAMN CONTAMINATION!

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Liam's eyes glow crimson.

**EXT. VOID - NIGHT**

Morgan PLUMMETS through the dark abyss--

Spinning and spiraling until--

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*come*

She CRASHES through the darkness like a window pane--

**EXT. SUNKEN CITY - NIGHT**

And into a SUNKEN CITY, ANCIENT SKYSCRAPERS, ARCHES and, CATHEDRALS sprouting from every direction like a fractal M.C. Escher painting made of ONYX STONE.

150 foot whales GLIDE through the gaps of the buildings beside GIANT SQUID and strange GARGOYLE CREATURES, HISSING and SCREECHING.

Far below, in the GRANDEST CATHEDRAL where CORAL clings to STAINED GLASS WINDOWS depicting ANCIENT, DREADFUL GODS, a CRIMSON light BLASTS the city in a blood-red GLARE.

Morgan plunges deeper and deeper into the city--

Further and further--

Brighter and brighter--

Until it BLINDS HER--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - DAY**

Morgan helps Charlie feed the remaining chicken.

It's brilliant white feathers are dulled. A thin mucus-like membrane forming around the wings.

Feverish praying.

Charlie looks over to the front of the bow where--

Song is bent over, praying towards the remaining wings of Vor that protrude above the surface of the ocean.

Charlie's scared by her quivering. Morgan draws him close, bringing his attention back to the chicken.

TAFARI (O.S.)

CHARLIE!

Song freezes. Charlie recoils a little.

Tafari storms around the wheelhouse, fiery, eyes a little too wide. Kindliness vacant.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

What did you do?!?

Charlie looks like he's about to cry.

CHARLIE

I don't--

TAFARI

WHY?!?

Morgan steps between them.

MORGAN

What's wrong?

TAFARI

Oh, wait and see.

He GRABS Charlie roughly by the arm, PULLING him behind him.

Morgan follows quick.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - DAY**

Tafari HAULS Charlie to fresh water tank by the mast Morgan just behind, getting ready to calm Tafari down.

Tafari kneels down in front of Charlie.

TAFARI

One last chance to admit it.

Charlie's so scared he can't speak a word.

Tafari RIPS the lid off the fresh water tank--

Inside, DARK BROWN SLUDGE.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

Why the FUCK did you do that?!?



Charlie starts to cry--

MORGAN  
Hold on we don't know--

Tafari stands and faces Morgan.

TAFARI  
Who else? Who else would do  
something so **stupid?**

MORGAN  
It's fine, we've got bottled water.

TAFARI  
Not anymore. It's gone.

Morgan furrows her eyebrows.

MORGAN  
What?

TAFARI  
There's no water Morgan because of  
this little *shit*. He must have  
thrown it off the side.

He turns to Charlie, RAISING a hand to HIT him--

Morgan GRABS his hand by the wrist.

MORGAN  
Don't you fucking dare.

Tafari STARES at her.

A fleck of crimson in his eye.

His face RIPPLES with anger--

Then defuses. His arm relaxes. Morgan lets go of his wrist.

Charlie CRAWLS away as fast as he can.

Morgan and Tafari stand still, staring each other down.

One of Tafari's fists BALL up--

HAWKINS  
Morgan, can I have a word?

Hawkins climbs up from below deck. Charlie squeezes past him.

Tafari looks from Morgan to Hawkins, then storms off.

Morgan looks to Hawkins, a little shaken.

MORGAN  
What is it?

He motions for her to follow.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - ENGINE ROOM - DAY**

It's dark by the engine.

Hawkins hands her the gas lantern.

HAWKINS  
Just getting her started. Lift that  
up high so I can see what I'm  
doing.

Morgan holds it up.

Somehow, the engine's smothered by rust. It was good as new a few days ago.

Hawkins pops open the top and fiddles around inside.

He points to a large BLACK BUTTON.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Hit that for me.

She does.

Nothing.

The constant CLICKING of the combustion engine trying to start.

Hawkins's face turns stone-cold.

He tracks the fuel lines. They're dripping a thick, black liquid.

To the fuel tank.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
C'mere.

She does, bringing the light beside him.

He opens up the fuel tank.

The black liquid's inside's not fuel. It's a putrid onyx SLUDGE.

Trembling, Hawkins stumbles back a few steps.

He opens a fuel canister from Vor.

Inside, the darkness RIPPLES, SQUIRMS, and SQUELCHES. Like a living thing.

Hawkins breathes fast.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

Morgan doesn't respond.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Where's Liam? Maybe Vor used some  
different kind of fuel?

MORGAN  
I don't...

She thinks for a moment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Last place I saw him was  
downstairs.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY**

Morgan and Hawkins make their way down the stairwell.

THUMP.

Their canter slows as they draw close.

THUMP.

Morgan raises the lantern up high.

The light snakes forward revealing--

Liam, on his knees in front of the padlock, clothing ripped, GRINNING, eyes WIDE, PUNCHING the padlock, blood SPLATTERED over the floor. All that remains of his right fist is a bloody **STUMP**.

He rotates his head, grinning.

LIAM  
hi

Inside the freezer, unmoved, the heart pulses, waiting.

Morgan and Hawkins are struck dumb.

HAWKINS  
Holy shit.

Liam's gaze falls onto Morgan.

LIAM  
*he can bring him back*

Liam's eyes fall to the KEY hanging around Hawkins' belt.

He stands up, quick, precise, strong, like a puppet being picked up and grabs a BUZZ-SAW head from a nearby conveyor belt.

He walks towards them.

MORGAN  
Liam, wait--

He doesn't--

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
LIAM!

Liam SLASHES at HAWKINS--

A SPRAY of BLOOD--

Hawkins FALLS to the ground, CRAWLING away from him--

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
LIAM!!!

He doesn't listen to her, eyes only set on the key.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - ENGINE ROOM - DAY**

The engine clicks--

Click, click, click--

BOOM--

The engine EXPLODES to LIFE--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - DAY**

The ship JOLTS alive--

Liam STUMBLES forward--

Hitting the conveyor belt--

Hawkins CRAWLS towards a set of buttons--

Morgan DASHES over to LIAM, PRESSING him against the belt--

He WRITHES--

But Morgan keep's his head to the belt--

Hawkins reaches up for the button--

And hits GO--

The buzz-saws on the belt ROAR to life--

The conveyor belt TRUNDLES along--

Bringing Liam's head towards the STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE SAW--

The Heart BEATS faster--

Liam SLASHES at Morgan--

A few hit, but she manages to avoid most--

Tears start to fall down her face--

Liam tries to turn his face to her--

LIAM  
(strange)  
Mom?

Morgan freezes.

Liam's mouth opened and closed, but it wasn't his voice.

Liam WRENCHES free as she's paralyzed and REVERSES the hold, PRESSING DOWN on top of her on the belt--

The buzz-saw sends SPARKS flying--

Morgan's head barely 5 feet away--

Liam STRANGLES Morgan with his HAND--

HAWKINS  
MORGAN!

Hawkins hits the STOP BUTTON--

The conveyor belt JUTTERS to a halt--

Liam is knocked off balance--

Morgan grabs his head--

Hawkins hits the GO BUTTON--

Morgan SLAMS his head down onto the BUZZ-SAW--

It **OBLITERATES** LIAM'S FACE, blood SPRAYING ALL OVER, BONE SHATTERING--

SCREAMING--

LIAM

MORG--

His body CONVULSES--

Before lying still.

Morgan's COVERED in blood and gore. Her eyes are wide. Very slightly shaking her head. Not processing reality.

Hawkins hits the STOP BUTTON. Liam's body falls to the floor.

But his EVISCERATED face would make it hard to tell it was ever him.

Hawkins stares, something inside his head SNAPPING.

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*he can bring him back*

Morgan shakes, face quivering--

And SCREAMS--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - DAY**

It echoes down the dark corridor.

Charlie, standing on his own, listens.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

Vor casts a large shadow over The Galloway, an oversized moon beaming behind it in the dark sky.

Morgan looks into the pitch-black ocean. Her face and clothes are covered in dried blood. She's completely empty.

Behind her, Hawkins, Song, and Tafari carry Liam's body, covered in a tarpaulin sheet towards the side of the ship.

Morgan can't bear to look.

They perch the body on the side. Each crew member consumed by their own thoughts. Finally, Tafari looks up to Morgan.

TAFARI

Do you want to say anything?

A long silence.

MORGAN

No.

The crew push the body into the ocean.

It's consumed by the waves.

Hawkins watches it disappear. He's sweating.

He moves over to Morgan, staying a few feet away.

HAWKINS

You did what you had to.

Morgan doesn't respond.

He takes another step forward, angry now.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

You had no choice, ok?! It had to be done!

He's convincing himself. Morgan doesn't hear a word.

SONG

Throw the heart back in the ocean.

Song paces towards Hawkins.

Tafari reaches out to stop her--

SONG (CONT'D)

We don't have a choice.

Hawkins reaches into his jacket pocket--

And pulls out the FLARE GUN, aiming it at her head.

HAWKINS

Don't we?

Tafari backs away.

Song stays put.

SONG

Seriously? You're that blind? Liam was right, there's something wrong with this place. The heart's making it worse.

(to Morgan)

Morgan, you've got to be with me on this.

No response.

Song laughs, manic.

SONG (CONT'D)

Fine. What will be will be.

She walks away towards the stern. After a few beats, Tafari follows.

HAWKINS

I can fix this Morgan. I promise, I just need time.

Finally, Morgan responds by walking away.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - DAY**

Morgan stumbles down the corridor in a daze.

She clenches her fists, balling it in.

She leans against a wall trying to compose herself.

She looks up--

Charlie stands at the bottom of the dark corridor. He's staring into the darkness, almost engulfed by it.

He's whispering something. His hair is ruffled, like an invisible hand is holding it.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

What... Ok... I guess... Why are you crying?

A long pause.



MORGAN

Charlie?

He doesn't turn around.

He's **WRENCHED** into the darkness by an unseen force--

MORGAN (CONT'D)

CHARLIE!

She dashes into the darkness--

The gas lantern flickers on--

Charlie stands before her, unharmed. He's smiling, but crying. Morgan leans down in front of him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Who were you talking to?

He wipes his eyes. It's hard to tell if they're tears of joy or horror.

CHARLIE

I'm ok!

Morgan doesn't get time to ask any more questions before--

Tafari opens his door next to them.

TAFARI

(stern)

I told you not to run off!

Charlie dashes back into the room, no further explanation.

Tafari starts to close the door, then stops, seeing Morgan.

He looks at her with furrowed eyes, a bent neck, a constant sweat covering his skin. He looks like he's got a fever.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

Stay safe Morgan.

He closes the door, leaving her in the darkness.

She stands, slow, staggering towards her room.

Eyes glazed over. As she leaves, we remain.

A flickering light seeps underneath Song's door.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - SONG'S ROOM - DAY**

No windows.

A single flickering candle.

Song lies prostrate, naked, before a bible. She clutches her crucifix with white knuckles. Blood seeps down her fingers from long cuts on her arms. Her long, dark, sweaty hair covers her face.

She rocks back and forth, muttering to herself.

SONG

*where are you where are you where  
are you where are you where are you*

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*below*

SONG

*below*

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*return the heart*

SONG

*return the heart*

WHISPERS (V.O.)

*below*

SONG

*below*

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Morgan sleeps in pitch darkness.

A faint strip of moonlight slashes her face.

We listen to her slow breathing.

The breathing falls out of sync with her rising and falling chest.

We're not listening to her breathe.

Someone else is in the room with her.

Long, slow, haggard breaths.

A five second long inhale--

Morgan's eyes flutter open.

POV: Her room, sideways. Darkness. Impossible to see.

She holds her breath.

She looks around her room, worried, without knowing why--

SMASH--

THUMP--

Morgan's eyes snap to her door.

Footsteps THUMP from outside.

She gets out of bed, grabs her lantern, lights the wick--

Stops.

She grabs a SCALPEL from the nearby surgeon's tools.

Then heads out.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

She leans her head out into the pitch black corridor.

MORGAN

Hello?

The weak lantern-light barely dispels the closest darkness.

She raises her lantern to try and see ahead. Something catches her eye.

She lowers the lantern.

A thin trail of the black sludge.

She follows the trail until--

The light reveals Hawkins, unconscious on the floor.

Glass LACERATES his head and face. The remains of a smashed lantern lie by his head.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Jesus.

She grips the scalpel tight.

With her other hand, she shakes his shoulder.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Hawkins? You with me?

No response.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Hawkins!

She checks his pulse. A small sigh of relief.  
She stands, then re-treads her steps, following the trail.  
It leads to the stairs diving into the belly of The Galloway.  
She raises the scalpel.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Each step creaks as she moves downwards.  
A quiet, rhythmic banging swells as she descends.  
Lower and lower.  
Darker and darker.  
Until the stairs stop.  
The banging stops too.  
She peeks around the corner into--  
The dark Processing Room.  
The pulsing crimson glow of The Heart from the freezer bathes  
the room in a blood red glow.  
Morgan stays still, listening.  
She dims her lantern until it dies, then sets it to the side.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

She steps in.  
The pulse of The Heart lights the room for a couple of  
seconds, before dying out, plunging the room into darkness  
for a similar length of time.  
When lit, Morgan moves slow, clutching her scalpel.  
She watches the room like a hawk.

She creeps closer to the freezer door.

Massive DENTS in the middle.

We look behind her.

As The Heart glows--

A spider-like, slender, warped, mutilated figure CLINGS to the roof above her, long dark hair HANGING down from the ceiling, fearsome, clutching a FIRE AXE--

The light dies.

Silence.

The light grows.

Morgan looks at the padlock.

A distorted reflection of the figure.

She processes the image for a millisecond before--

The figure DROPS with a gargling SCREAM--

Morgan SCRAMBLES out of the way--

The fire axe CLEAVES where Morgan's head was--

Moments ago--

Morgan regains her footing--

The light returns--

She looks up--

And sees SONG.

Naked, skin torn, glass shredding elongated arms and legs, crucifix planted into her neck, forcing her pale, mutilated face to snap SIDEWAYS--

Her whole body QUIVERS, and PULSATES.

The fire axe rests on the ground.

MORGAN

Reverend?

Song smiles as the light dies--

SONG  
*he draws this world to a close*

Her voice is warbled, dissonant, like three people saying the same thing at once.

The room lights--

Morgan crawls across the floor, low, sweating--

Mere inches away, on the other side of the conveyor belt--

Song staggers around, trailing the fire axe behind her--

The steel SCREECHES--

She stands still--

The light dies--

Silence.

The light rises--

Song's SLITHERED on top of the belt--

Axe raised above Morgan--

She SWINGS it down--

And **HACKS** Morgan's LEG OFF--

Morgan SCREAMS, HYPER-VENTILATING, TEARS GATHERING in her eyes--

Like a snake, Song grins as she crawls closer to Morgan.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*he dreams in the drowned city below*

The light dies.

SONG (CONT'D)  
*but his **heart** may raise him from  
 his old dream*

The light rises--

Song stands over Morgan, axe raised.

Morgan's leg GUSHES dark blood--

Her face pale--

Eyes wide--

SONG (CONT'D)  
*in strange aeons, even death may  
 die*

The light dies as she PLUNGES her axe into Morgan.

SMASH CUT TO  
 BLACK:

Frayed whispers.

A dull, distant yelling.

HAWKINS (V.O.)  
 Scalpel.

Clattering steel.

Small footsteps.

A HORRIFIC SCREAM--

GARGLING, BLOOD SPRAYING--

After a small gasp, someone runs away.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Morgan opens her eyes.

Two gas lanterns by her bed.

Standing over her, two FACELESS figures.

They bear the physicality of Hawkins and Tafari, but their faces have no features at all. Blank.

She looks down at her body. She's tied down by rough rope.

Her left leg is gone.

Her shirt is lifted, showing her bare belly.

A long, old, horizontal C-SECTION SCAR runs up the middle.

HAWKINS  
 I'm sorry Morgan.

He holds the a LONG SCALPEL over her bare belly.

MORGAN  
 (panicked)  
 No no no what are you doing?!?

The faceless Tafari takes her hand.

TAFARI  
 It's got to be done Morgan, just  
 try to relax.

She SQUIRMS, WRITHES and SCREAMS--

MORGAN  
 HELP!

The scalpel lowers towards her belly.

Hawkins waits for her to calm.

HAWKINS  
 I *really* need you to be still  
 Morgan.

She doesn't listen, KICKING and THRASHING--

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Morgan, late-pregnancy, 20 years younger, lies in a gurney  
 being RUSHED down a sterile white corridor--

She SCREAMS--

A DOCTOR and several NURSES run with her--

LIAM clutches her hand.

DOCTOR  
 Scan?

NURSE  
 Breech position.

DOCTOR  
 Any movement?

NURSE  
 None.

The Doctor takes Morgan's hand.

DOCTOR  
 We have to do a C-Section, ok?



Through gritted teeth, Morgan struggles to nod.  
 Morgan looks down at her belly--  
 The womb's lop-sided, warped--  
 The skin's coal-black, corrupted--  
 A heart-rate monitor BEEPS--

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Morgan clutches Mike's hand as--  
 His eyes ROLL BACK--  
 His body CONVULSES, having a seizure--  
 He foams at the mouth--  
 Morgan, stands trying to keep him down, SCREAMING--

MORGAN

NURSE!

She's crying--

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Out of her hazmat, Morgan makes for the exit.  
 She puts the wire ring on her finger.  
 Through the clear window, the scientists panic.  
 A siren wails, followed by a robotic announcement.

P.A.

Quarantine breached. Quarantine  
 breached.

Morgan fiddles with the wire ring, fleeing.

**INT. SURGERY THEATER - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Bright LIGHTS--  
 A BEEPING machine--  
 The gurney's rushed into position.

DOCTOR  
 No time for anesthesia, let's go.  
 (beat)  
 Scalpel.

A nurse hands him one. Two nurses hold Morgan down.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Breathe.

The Doctor cuts the skin--

Morgan HISSES in pain--

The scalpel glides through her skin like scissors through paper.

Her restraint weakens, as she HOWLS with pain--

She tries to THRASH her body around--

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Just a few more moments--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

**SONG**, a demented look in her eye--

She HACKS at Morgan's womb with a saw--

Blood sprays--

**INT. SURGERY THEATER - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Nurses clean the blood as it flows--

Tears gather in Morgan's eyes--

**EXT. SUNKEN CITY - NIGHT**

Morgan stands before the GRAND CATHEDRAL.

It stretches higher than her head can tilt, ONYX BLACK,  
 GLOWING CRIMSON. Gargantuan IRON DOORS carved with intricate  
 SPIRALS SHAKE as they CREAK OPEN.

And from within--

A TENTACLE the size of a SKYSCRAPER DRAWS TOWARDS HER--

WHISPER (V.O.)

*come*

Crimson vapor SEEPS TOWARDS HER.

She's the size of an ant compared to a mountain.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Faceless Tafari and Hawkins CARVE open her belly--

Tafari squeezes her hand--

TAFARI

Almost--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. SURGERY THEATER - DAY - FLASHBACK**

DOCTOR

Over.

He reaches into her womb--

And pulls out a baby.

Morgan's eyes widen--

No sound.

Doctor looks to nurse, a hint of sorrow in his eyes.

The Doctor puts a stethoscope to the baby's chest--

It CRIES out, EAR-SPLITTING--

Morgan deflates with joyous relief--

The Doctor brings the baby around.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Would you like to hold him?

Morgan nods, smiling.

She takes the baby in her arms.

Looks down at his face--

**THE HEART.** Pulsing. Blood pumping. WHISPERING--

Morgan's eyes widen in HORROR--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT**

Morgan SNAPS awake--

She PANTS--

Sweat pouring off her brow.

She's alone.

A dull BANGING in the corridor.

She takes a beat to gather her bearings.

*A dream?*

She looks down at her covered body.

With a shaking hand, she grabs the blanket--

And THROWS it off--

She's fine. Whole body in-tact. Belly untouched.

She drags a hand down her bloody face.

*What the fuck?*

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Even darker than normal.

The steel's rusting supernaturally fast. Turning blood red.

Morgan looks down the hallway.

A dim light coming from the kitchen at the far end.

But her attention is drawn to Tafari and Song's doors.

Each are BOUND by THICK CHAINS and PADLOCKS.

Behind them, DEMONIC BANGING and SCREAMING, INSANE and MANIC.

Blood seeps under Song's door.

Morgan steps forward, taking a wide berth of the blood.

She leans near Tafari's door--

BANG--

She jumps away as something SLAMS it from the other side.

She paces to the kitchen.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A single gas lantern on the central table.

Hawkins and Tafari sit silent.

In front of Hawkins, the FREEZER KEY and the bloody FIRE AXE.

Both are haggard. Hawkins's face is cut up. Tafari looks like he hasn't eaten in days.

No Song or Charlie.

Hawkins manages a weak smile seeing Morgan.

HAWKINS

Welcome.

Tafari doesn't acknowledge her.

Morgan moves to the table, wary, cautious of the men.

MORGAN

What did you do to me?

Tafari doesn't move.

HAWKINS

Tafari heard screaming down in  
Processing. We found Song and...

He motions to her leg.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

You too.

(beat)

We managed to lock her away, which  
left us with you. Looked pretty  
bad. So we tried our best.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Hawkins HAULS Morgan onto a bed--

Her leg SPURTS blood all over him--

The fire axe is RAMMED into her NAVEL, GUTS SPILLING OUT--  
Tafari grabs a bandage and wraps the leg best he can--  
Morgan's body CONVULSES--  
Hawkins grabs her face--

HAWKINS  
Stick with me--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Another step forward.

MORGAN  
What do you mean, "our best"?

Hawkins can't meet her gaze.

HAWKINS  
You... You died Morgan.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Morgan breathes her last.

Hawkins holds her face.

HAWKINS  
Morgan?

Tafari slows his bandaging, breathing fast.

TAFARI  
Is she...?

Hawkins nods.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Morgan freezes, unable to comprehend what he just said.

HAWKINS  
But, I had an idea.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT - EARLIER**

The room's drenched in blood.

Hawkins UNLOCKS the padlock.

The freezer door swings open.

The Heart HUMS.

HAWKINS (V.O.)  
I thought, if it worked on my leg  
then, maybe it could help you too.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Morgan shakes her head--

MORGAN  
No, you didn't--

HAWKINS  
I couldn't lose you too.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - INFIRMARY - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Hawkins sets the Heart by Morgan's head on a bedside table.

He stands back for a moment.

Nothing.

TAFARI  
Hawkins, she's--

Cancerous lumps ROLL across the surface of the Heart towards Morgan.

And REACH OUT TO HER FACE--

HAWKINS (V.O.)  
It, *reached* out to you.

Crimson vapor dances on Morgan's skin.

Tafari and Hawkins stand back as the Heart ENVELOPS Morgan's face--

They don't notice the vapor snaking across the ground--

TOWARDS THEM.

A long, tense silence.

The door to the infirmary creaks open--

CHARLIE peeking in--

TAFARI

CHARLIE!

The vapor floats towards Charlie--

He breathes it in--

His eyes turn BLOOD RED--

He SCREAMS--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Hawkins looks over to Tafari, who remains motionless.

HAWKINS

Something happened to Charlie. He  
wouldn't listen to us, tried to  
attack us.

Morgan gives Tafari a long look.

By the base of his neck, a large BITE MARK, deep into flesh.

Hawkins leans forward, a strange smile on his face.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I could hear it Morgan. I could  
hear *him* whispering in my ear.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Staggering down the stairs, Hawkins THROWS the Heart back  
into the freezer--

Swings the door shut--

Locks it--

His ears POUR BLOOD--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Morgan looks at the long trail of blood down his neck,  
starting from his ears.

HAWKINS

I can still hear *him*.



He taps his temples with his finger.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
Right here. Whispering. Always. *He*  
just wants his heart back Morgan.  
Then it'll be over.

Morgan takes a slow step back.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
He told me I'm his prophet.

MORGAN  
Hawkins, you need to stop--

HAWKINS  
*He* showed me things Morgan.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Hawkins STAGGERS towards the edge of the ship--

He VOMITS BLOOD--

And looks up--

Across the ocean, as far as the eye can see, HUNDREDS MORE  
GALLOWAY'S, each IDENTICAL in EVERY WAY except--

They're ABLAZE, an ocean of TOWERING INFERNOS.

He looks to the the Galloway opposite--

And another version of Hawkins stares right back--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

He's growing more manic, more irritable.

HAWKINS  
Over and over and over and over and  
over and over hundreds of  
Galloways, hundreds of Morgans  
***burning.***

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT - EARLIER**

He looks down to the RAVENOUS OCEAN BELOW--

It RADIATES the CRIMSON VAPOR, the water GLOWS BLOOD RED--

WHISPER (V.O.)  
*return the heart, end the suffering*

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Morgan stares at him, then glances to Tafari.

MORGAN  
 What's going on Tafari?

A long beat.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT - EARLIER**

Tafari STAGGERS into the hallway and looks up.

Lining the walls, HUNDREDS of bodies, FLAYED, GUTS STREWN  
 ACROSS THE FLOOR, MUTILATED and BURNT.

WHISPER (V.O.)  
*return the heart, end the suffering*

Each bearing Charlie's face.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Tafari slowly turns his head to Morgan.

TAFARI  
 It's true.

Morgan looks to both of them. They're insane.

*Are they?*

MORGAN  
 I don't understand.

HAWKINS  
 We just gotta give *him* his heart  
 back.

Morgan GRABS Hawkins's keys from the table--

Tafari and Hawkins rise from their chairs.

TAFARI  
 Don't.

HAWKINS  
 Let it end.

TAFARI  
Give us the keys.

HAWKINS  
We'll bring *his* heart below.

TAFARI  
And *he'll* awake from his dream.

HAWKINS  
And we'll return to dust.

Tafari lunges forward--

Morgan GRABS the remaining beer bottle from earlier--

And SMASHES it against his head--

Dodging out of the way--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Hawkins and Tafari pace after her. They're not mindless drones, they plead with her like their lives depend on it.

HAWKINS  
You can't fight a god Morgan!

TAFARI  
*He* will always win.

As Morgan passes the chained doors--

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Moorrrrgaaaaann.

He's in dreadful pain, gurgling.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
MORRRGAAAAAAAAAN.

TAFARI  
Let it end Morgan.

HAWKINS  
We won't feel anything. It'll just be over.

TAFARI  
You can forget you killed Liam.

She CLENCHES her fist--

MORGAN  
No.

HAWKINS  
Why?

MORGAN  
Because this has to mean something!

HAWKINS  
But it doesn't. It never has.

Hawkins stops Tafari a few feet away from Morgan.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
We're at the whims of the waves.  
Nothing can be done about it.

The strength in her legs weakens.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
You can't change what's already  
written.

Her grip on the keys loosens.

MORGAN  
(defeated)  
Goddamit.

She THROWS them to Hawkins and Tafari.

The BANGING on the doors reaches FEVER PITCH--

Frayed whispers grow in volume--

Morgan CLUTCHES her head--

WHISPERS (V.O.)  
*meaningless heart to the king take  
to the old dream*

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

Tafari prepares the ROV to leave.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

Hawkins watches Tafari.

The keys lie on the control panel.

His eyes are wide, but vacant, in a state of delirium.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

Morgan looks like she's aged five years in a moment.

She approaches the chicken coop, lifeless.

She opens it.

The final chicken's mutated. Melded to the coop by flesh, beaks, legs, eyes, talons, sprouting from a body covered in pustules and pulsing black veins.

She watches it for a long moment, then approaches the side of the ship.

She puts her hands on the railing.

Then climbs up.

She stands on the side, looking into the black sea.

Then sits, letting her legs dangle off the edge.

Her hands clench the sides, getting ready to PUSH.

Somewhere, a WHALE SINGS a SAD SONG.

She gets ready to push--

LIAM (O.S.)

Finally.

She stops.

Liam sits beside her.

LIAM (CONT'D)

So, this is still the plan, huh?

Morgan doesn't look at him.

But she does rest her head on his shoulder.

MORGAN

I tried. I tried so hard. I tried to keep him safe. I tried to keep you safe. I tried to keep these people safe.

(beat)

God I tried. But none of it meant anything.

She looks around at him.

He's smiling, welcoming, warm.

LIAM  
Does it have to?

A long beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Just think about it from the other  
side.

Close in on Morgan's face.

LIAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That's all.

She turns around to him.

And he's gone.

Morgan looks out at Vor. A sea of black monoliths.

At the vast cosmic dark.

And the infinite depths below.

As strength flows back into her body.

She takes off her wire ring.

And THROWS it into the ocean.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - SONG'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A dark room, covered in dark blood.

Like a dying spider, Song's body is curled into a corner,  
CONVULSING, VIBRATING--

She's grown more ARMS, each WARPED and CLAWED--

Footsteps outside.

Her black eyes lower to the floor.

Listening.

Only her wheezing breath.

Then--

KA-THUNK--

The chains holding the door shut fall to the floor.

KA-THUNK--

More chains fall off a different door.

Song crouches down, ready to attack.

Creeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaak.

Her door squeaks open, slow, open to the hallway.

She watches with wide eyes.

She walks into--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Where she stands well over 7 feet tall, hunched, wheezing.

Standing before Charlie's door.

Grinning.

She pushes the door open.

A long, excruciating CREAK of the hinges.

She stares in.

We don't see what she sees.

But we do see her smile.

As she steps in.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

Hawkins sits in his chair, waiting for Tafari.

He hears footsteps coming up to the wheelhouse.

He grabs the keys--

Morgan opens the door.

She looks different.

Tired, shabby, older, bloodied...

But *alive*.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

Tafari stares at the stars.

WHISPER

Look.

He snaps his head around.

The door leading below deck SWINGS open.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Tafari enters the hallway, cautious.

Both chained doors are open.

TAFARI

Charlie?

He takes a step forward.

Nothing.

He reaches the rooms.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

Determination fills Morgan's eyes.

HAWKINS

We're ending this.

(genuine confusion)

All *he* wants is *his* heart. Then  
we'll live in the stars.

He stands, advancing on her--

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Don't you see? From the start, it  
was us. It was always us. The only  
reason we survived the plague was  
to be here. The only reason we're  
here, is because of you.

Morgan rotates around him to the control panel--

Slides her hand under--



And GRABS the flare gun--

She AIMS it at him.

MORGAN  
Goddamit Hawkins.

Hawkins isn't phased by the threat.

HAWKINS  
We survived longer, just to die  
somewhere else, at a different  
time. To die for *him*. To die... for  
a world to die.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

He pushes open the door to his room.

We don't see what's inside.

Tafari freezes.

A thin stream of blood trickles into the hallway.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

HAWKINS  
(delirious)  
*He's* so far beyond our  
comprehension Morgan. We barely  
perceive a fraction of the reality  
*he* only dreams. Any action we take  
means nothing compared to *him*. It  
will just happen again, the same  
way, until it unfolds how *he*  
wishes.

Morgan's aim stays on his forehead.

Something CRAWLS up the window behind her, unseen.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
The most merciful thing in the  
world, I think, is the inability of  
the human mind to correlate all its  
contents--

SMASH--

SONG **CRASHES** through the window--

**TEETH BARED--**

GOING STRAIGHT FOR HAWKINS--

Morgan STUMBLES back--

AIMS--

**FIRES--**

**BOOM--**

The flare **BLASTS** Song SQUARE in the chest--

She WAILS--

CLIMBING out the window--

Morgan and Hawkins stare at each other.

MORGAN  
Are there more flares?

HAWKINS  
(fearful)  
No.

As Song's CLAWS CURVE around the smashed window again--

Morgan BOLTS--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

BARRELING down the stairs--

She glances up--

Song's head SNAPS to her--

Panting, Morgan DASHES to the stairs leading below deck--

Song SLITHERS down the wheelhouse, right on her tail--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Morgan GRABS a gas lantern off the wall--

SPRINTING down the hallway--

SONG  
*mooooooooooooorrggaan*

Song's MUTATED body BOLTS after her--  
 The walls look like they're falling apart--  
 Morgan SPRINTS past the two unlocked rooms--  
 Song BOUNDS down after her on all fours--  
 CRAWLING on the walls and ceiling--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

She DARTS to the table where--  
 The FIRE AXE lies waiting--  
 She picks it up--  
 Places the lantern on the table--  
 And waits.  
 The weak lantern's light doesn't reach the door.  
 Anything could be waiting in the void just beyond.  
 Morgan takes cover behind the kitchen unit.

WHISPERS (V.O.)  
*give in end to pain your fault your  
 fault*

She screws her eyes shut, trying not to listen.

SONG  
*mooooorrrrrggaaaaannnnnn*

Her voice reverberates off every surface.

TAFARI  
 Morgan?

Morgan looks around.

Nestled in the darkest corner, she struggles to make out the shape of Tafari, hunched in the corner, SCRATCHING his face.

She glances from him to the door, not letting her guard down.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

(manic)

*I thought I had time morgan I  
thought I had time I thought I'd  
win I thought he'd live I thought I  
thought I'm his dad I protect him  
I--*

Morgan doesn't respond.

TAFARI (CONT'D)

Morgan?

His face turns to hers.

He's smothered in darkness, but we see enough.

He's self-mutilated to such a degree it's hard to tell if it was ever Tafari. Deep scratches SCAR his face from one side to the other, skin FLAYED from the face, cheek GOUGED open, small fleshy tendons hanging on.

Morgan stares at him, frozen in fear.

As she does...

On the ceiling, waiting above her...

**SONG**, staring, arms tensed, ready to pounce--

Her bloody lips, salivating.

The moment Morgan's grip loosens on the axe--

She FALLS ONTO her, PINNING Morgan to the ground--

Morgan drops the axe--

Song SLASHES Morgan's face--

CUTTING--

SLASHING--

Morgan tries to raise her arm to defend--

But it gets TORN to pieces--

Covered in blood--

Morgan looks to her right--

The axe, just out of reach--

She STRETCHES--

GRABS it--

And **PLUNGES** it into SONG'S HEAD--

Song SCAMPERS back into the darkness, HOWLING--

SONG  
YOU FUCKING CUNT!

Morgan's face is torn to shit, only one eye working--

Wheezing, she tries to crawl away--

Out of the darkness, Song POUNCES on her--

Grabbing her head in a CLAW--

SQUEEZING--

DRAGGING her face across the STEEL FLOOR--

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Song **TRAWLS** Morgan's face through GLASS and METAL--

It SHREDS her face--

Song GIGGLES--

Somehow, Morgan still holds onto the axe.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

Song DRAGS Morgan up the stairs and onto deck--

Song raises Morgan far above the ground.

Morgan looks half-dead.

Song GRINS--

Then THROWS her into the gully--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

Morgan SLAMS into the ROV with a sickening CRACK.

Her face to the steel.

The ROV's still hooked up to the mast.

She grips onto the axe, tight.

Song SLAMS into the gully.

She advances on the dying Morgan--

HAWKINS  
(screaming)  
THERE WAS NO OIL RIG!

Song stops in her tracks.

She looks up to Hawkins, who stands by the mast, looking in.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)  
There was no rig.  
(to Morgan)  
There's nothing at the Pitcairns.  
(to both)  
I lied.

Song freezes, eyes wide.

While she's distracted, Morgan stumbles up to Song and SLAMS THE AXE into SONG'S LEG, **STAPLING** it to the ground--

Song HOWLS--

MORGAN  
(to Hawkins)  
GET READY!

Morgan grabs the hook off the ROV--

Stands over Song--

**SKEWERS** HER CHEST WITH THE HOOK--

Song LAUGHS--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

Hawkins dashes to the mast control panel--

And **SLAMS** the red button.

The winches SQUEAL as the cable tightens--

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

Which is attached to the hook in Song's chest.

Her grin never fades.

Her entire upper half is **RIPPED** from her lower, PINNED to the GULLY by the axe.

BISECTED, her grinning carcass is LIFTED high up the mast.

A flayed flag.

Morgan watches Song's blood drip down the mast.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - STERN DECK - NIGHT**

Hawkins helps Morgan out of the gully.

She crawls back onto the main deck. She doesn't have long left.

As they sit on the deck, Tafari rises from beneath deck.

He's carrying a pile of flesh. Maybe, once, it was Charlie.

Hawkins looks at him.

HAWKINS

Jesus...

Without a word, Tafari lowers himself into the gully, walking to the ROV.

MORGAN

Tafari!

He doesn't acknowledge her.

He climbs into the ROV.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

GODDAMIT TAFARI!

No response.

The submarine powers up. The conveyor belt churns to life.

Pushing the ROV into the waves.

It submerges.

Never to be seen again.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT**

Just Morgan and Hawkins. They sit on the floor.

Morgan's face is beat-to-shit, savagely mutilated. Only one eye working. Her left ear dangles off. Hair torn from a scalp that's shredded to pieces.

She still clutches the axe.

Hawkins opens up a small med-kit.

He rummages in a cupboard and finds a bottle of whiskey.

HAWKINS

Personal supply. Can you drink?

With her strong hand, she takes the bottle of him and drinks quarter of the bottle.

She puts it down, exhaling.

Hawkins sits in front of her with some disinfecting wipes.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

This'll hurt.

He dabs her prominent wounds. She doesn't wince.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

It's down to us Morgan. We've got to bring it to him.

(long beat)

End of the road. There's nothing more for us to do. What're we gonna do? Leave? No. Right here, on this ship, in this ocean, at this moment, it ends.

Morgan props herself up on the wall.

MORGAN

I wasn't just a biologist before. I mostly spent my time on pharmaceutical research.

She barely manages a smirk.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

15 years of flawless work. 15 years of curing and treating our worst diseases. Ruined, by one mistake.

(beat)

(MORE)



MORGAN (CONT'D)

My son made me a small wire ring once. Usually I took it off before going into the lab, but one unexceptional Tuesday I forgot. And... that was the day we had a contamination breach.

(beat)

An hour after I had left, I realized I was still wearing it.

Hawkins stares.

Tears gather in her eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

There's no grand plan. We're just... dust, riding winds of chaos.

She grips the axe, tight.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Liam, Tafari, and Song did nothing wrong but they're dead. Charlie never did anything wrong, but he's still dead.

She looks him in the eye.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

There's no plan, you're right, but...

(long beat)

The choices made in spite of the chaos have to be what means anything.

(beat)

So we survive. No matter the cost. Every moment we choose to live despite the chaos is another moment worth living, as long as we believe we can choose.

She lets go of the axe.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I can't fight you Hawkins. You're right. We need to end this.

(beat)

But I'm sure as shit not giving *him* his Heart after all this.

Hawkins shakes his head, wanting to agree with her.

HAWKINS

It won't work, *he'll* just try this again until it works.

MORGAN

(emphatic)

Then we may as well try.

Hawkins's face crumples as he cries.

HAWKINS

I'm sorry I lied I just--

MORGAN

I know.

(long beat)

It's ok.

Hawkins weeps.

Morgan holds out her hand.

He takes it.

Tears in their eyes, they sit for a while.

Then--

Hawkins takes the keys from his pocket.

HAWKINS

Let's finish it.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - PROCESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hawkins helps Morgan down the stairs. He carries a gas lantern, lighting the way. She holds the fire axe tight.

HAWKINS

Once you destroy *his* heart the dream will echo, not ending until it returns.

MORGAN

So be it.

The crimson glow pulses fast as they approach.

Every surface is covered in the black sludge.

They stop outside the freezer.

Hawkins reaches for his key--

But his hand stops. It quivers in mid-air.

Morgan watches his face, screwed up in exertion--

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Hawkins?

HAWKINS

No!

His arm **SNAPS** backwards--

BONE PIERCING the skin--

He SCREAMS--

His body convulses--

With his other hand he grabs the keys--

And THROWS them to Morgan--

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

GO!

His body TWITCHES and CONVULSES on the ground--

She grabs the keys--

Unlocks the padlock--

And SWINGS the door open--

A CRIMSON MIST FLOWS out--

Morgan holds the axe in both hands.

The HEART before her.

She advances--

WHISPERS

*meaningless pointless futile the  
old dream death may die*

She staggers a step forward--

Her leg **SNAPS** backwards, grabbed by an unseen force--

She SCREAMS--

Hawkins, GRITTED TEETH, reaches for his lantern--

Morgan's skin POPS, blood SPLATTERING the WALLS--

But she keeps--

CRAWLING--

FORWARD--

Hawkins GRABS the lantern--

Morgan's skin PEELS back--

The Heart PULSES--

Hawkins THROWS the lantern at the black sludge--

It SMASHES--

The flaming wick catches the black sludge--

And it **BLAZES**.

Morgan HEAVES the axe above her head--

And **SLAMS** it into the heart--

SMASH CUT TO  
BLACK:

Total darkness.

Fragmented whispers.

**DARKNESS**

Morgan wakes up.

She's in a void.

She gets to her feet.

Mike appears beside her.

MIKE

Hi Mom.

Morgan looks at him, wearing a sad smile.

MORGAN

Hi Mike.

Mike sighs.

He looks at the ground.

MIKE  
You sure about this?

She nods, holding back tears.

His face doesn't change, but his tone does.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
One different choice and the  
suffering ends.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - BOW DECK - NIGHT**

A night ago.

Morgan watches herself, in the past, flicking through her notebook.

Past Morgan puts it down.

A small smile.

Mike watches her, blank, waiting to see what happens.

Morgan walks to her past self.

She looks to the sky, a small sparkle foretelling Vor.

MIKE  
She doesn't have to know.

She draws close to her past self--

And whispers in her ear.

MORGAN  
Look.

**EXT. THE GALLOWAY - GULLY - NIGHT**

A few hours ago.

Tafari stares at the ocean of obelisks.

MIKE  
He doesn't have to see.

Unbeknownst to him, Song crawls up the wheelhouse.

Leaving the doors leading below deck open behind her.

Morgan draws close to Tafari.

MORGAN

Look.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Hours ago.

Song and Charlie bang on their doors SCREAMING and HOWLING.

Morgan's face drops.

She knows what she has to do.

MIKE

It's tantamount to murder.

She clenches her fist.

Then waves her hand at the chains binding both doors.

They fall to the floor.

Song's door creaks open.

**INT. THE GALLOWAY - CREW HALLWAY - DAY**

A few hours before Song and Charlie were locked up.

MIKE

You murderous bitch.

Charlie walks out of his room.

CHARLIE

Hello?

He looks up and sees Morgan.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hi Morgan!

Morgan takes a few deep breaths, wracked with emotion.

Charlie looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

She gets down on her haunches in front of him.

MORGAN  
You're a good kid, you know that  
right?

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE  
Uh-huh.

Morgan smiles back, pained.

MORGAN  
Did you know that I had a son?

CHARLIE  
No?

MORGAN  
It's true. He was a good kid too.  
He was actually a lot like you.  
Sometimes, he got really sick. But  
you want to know something?

Charlie draws closer.

CHARLIE  
What?

MORGAN  
I never loved him any less. No  
matter what. I actually thought I  
was lost without him but...  
(beat)  
I'll always be better because I  
knew him. Just like your Daddy will  
always love you, no matter what.

Charlie seems a little confused.

CHARLIE  
I guess.

MORGAN  
I--  
(beat)  
There's going to be some things  
happening soon that will be kinda  
hard to understand.

CHARLIE  
Ok.

MORGAN  
You've just...

Her breath catches in her throat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
No matter what happens, your Daddy  
loves you. You were a very good  
boy.

CHARLIE  
Why're you crying?

Morgan dabs at her tears, unaware she was.

MORGAN  
Because... Because, sometimes  
people have to do really sad  
things, not because they want to,  
but, because, they have to.

PAST MORGAN  
Charlie?

Morgan looks up.

By the far stairwell, her past self looks at Charlie,  
concerned.

MORGAN  
Will you keep this a secret for me?

Charlie nods.

She lays her hands on his head, putting her forehead against  
his.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I miss you so much.

**EXT. MORGAN'S BOAT - DAY**

Morgan watches her body being FLUNG up the mast.

She consults the control panel.

And flicks on a small switch.

DISTRESS CALL.

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

Morgan and Mike stand a mile away upon the waves, watching  
THOUSANDS of GALLOWAYS BURNING BRIGHT. Beacons in the  
darkness.



Beside them, THOUSANDS more versions of MORGAN and MIKE,  
side-by-side, watching the end.

Somewhere...

A choir of whales SING.

Mike reaches into a pocket and pulls out Morgan's wire ring.

MIKE  
You might need it.

Morgan takes it.

She puts it back on.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
The dream echoes again.  
(beat)  
Someday you'll fail. Someday you'll  
falter. Someday, he'll wake. And  
none of this will have ever  
mattered.

A contemplative beat.

MORGAN  
But not today.

**EXT. SUNKEN CITY - NIGHT**

The BEHEMOTH TENTACLE SNAKES TOWARDS HER--

She stares wide.

Then--

She CLOSES HER EYES.

**EXT. MORGAN'S BOAT - DAY**

A wrathful storm. A dense fog grows on the horizon.

Hundreds of crashed SATELLITES float on the ocean's surface.

Some dip below the waves. Some sink to the bottom. Some roll  
and toss with the churning waves. Even a ruined space station  
stretches to the sky, charred black.

A desert of tall onyx obelisks from the stars.

Among them, a small weathered sailing boat drifts along surface.

MORGAN sits on the side of the boat. African-American. 40s. Eyes closed. Deep eye bags. Sickly complexion. Dirty fishing overalls.

Thin tendrils of BLOOD are SPLATTERED across the wooden deck.

The sails are TORN, RIPPED by something.

An ANCHOR lies beside her.

She holds her SHOES in her hands. A deep breath.

She OPENS her eyes.

**END**