

LIGHT MIST FORMING

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

The waters of the Atlantic are dark and brooding. A lighthouse flickers in the distance.

A hideous boat rocks back and forth, five hundred yards out: The Troubadour.

INT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Two windows on either side of an unkempt interior. A young girl, MISTY, 16, cowers in the corner, below deck. She clutches a pillow, crying. Her right cheek is hot red.

MISTY

No... Get away from me!

Before her are three depraved men, late 30s. CARNY, with a gut that can't seem to find a home under his A-shirt; ELWIN, a scraggily chain-smoker under a baseball cap; and STAKE, do-rag, 3-day beard, dismal IQ. He smirks at Misty.

STAKE

I told you it'd be fun.

Carny unbuckles his pants.

ELWIN

Her titties are a little small.

CARNY

Yeah but she's got two holes below deck.

(scratches his stomach)

C'mere, Sweetie.

Misty, seething, springs to her feet, shrieking. She scratches Stake's cheek... LEAPS through a hole in the roof.

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Misty tries to squirm her way out of the hatch. Wrenching. The Men tug at her from down below.

Misty loses.

INT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

She collapses in a heap. Laughter fills the air.

ELWIN

I'll take her ass. I called it.

Misty slowly turns. She holds her right arm awkwardly. Stake now holds a rope. Misty spits at him.

STAKE

Feistier than my ex.

CARNY

Skinnier, too.

STAKE

Fuck you.

Misty sees her chance. She dives head first. Through the window. Glass SHATTERS across the floor.

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

The Men climb through the hatch as Misty thrashes about in the dark water.

Stake peers down at her from the roof deck. Shakes his head.

STAKE

Cold?

Misty shouts at the top of her lungs. Again. Agonizing.

She bobs up and down. Attacked from down below.

A shark fin weaves circles around her.

MISTY'S WATERY EYES

Blinking. She sees Stake hold out his hand, mocking an attempt to rescue her. Ugly laughter, muffled...

Darkness.

INT. RITCHIE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The decor is shit on a budget. Flea market couches and chairs. Dust bunnies that have since had families.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Center cushion is DEAN. He sits with his second-in-command, VIN. They smoke pot and howl at some debauchery on the TV. Sitting on a torn chair is third wheel, LOY. All are 17.

DEAN

Saw this one guy do a backflip.

(MORE)

DEAN
Broke his fuckin' neck. Never walk
again.

He and Vin share a laugh.

LOY
When's Jana coming?

DEAN
I dunno. Probably douchin' or
somethin'.

VIN
She swallows, right?

DEAN
Whadda you think?

He bobs his hand over his penis, simulating a blowjob.
Stake enters in a leather jacket and cap. Dean stops.

STAKE
The fuck are you doin'? You two
shits better not've finished it.

DEAN
There's plenty left, Dad.

A scar streaks across Stake's left cheek.

STAKE
Goin' to that convention.

DEAN
What?

STAKE
Keep your cock in, it's a bike
convention. Be back tomorrow.

Vin wiggles his eyebrows at Dean. A pickup truck HONKS.

STAKE
(to Vin and Loy)
Anything's missing when I get back
I'm gonna string you two up by your
peanuts.

He slams the screen door on his way out. Vin blows a smoke
ring at Dean, replicates Dean's fellatio gesture.

VIN
All night long...

Loy hoots. The sound of the pickup rumbling away.

VIN
Got any pornos?

DEAN
He keeps 'em locked up now.

VIN
That's lame.
(long drag)
Thought I noticed less jism on the
rug.

A knock on the screen door.

DEAN
What's she knockin' for? Come in!

JANA enters, 17 with long, straight hair.

JANA
Hey...

Dean holds out his joint.

DEAN
Kept it warm for ya.

Jana takes it, flips her hair and drops into a chair.

VIN
Whatcha got in your pocket?

Jana removes a banana from her hoodie, stuffs it back in.

JANA
For later.

VIN
(peeks over at Dean)
You ain't hungry now?

JANA
Fuck you, Vin.

DEAN
Come on. Just a little bite.

JANA
I'm not doin' it.

VIN
Do it for Loy. He ain't even come
close to it.

DEAN
Probably cream his pants.

Jana rolls her eyes, takes out the banana and places the tip of it in her mouth.

JANA

Happy?

Vin sniggers and snaps a picture with his cell.

DEAN

You show that to anyone, I'll cut you up.

VIN

Where's yours, loser?

LOY

Mine doesn't take pictures.

VIN

Dipshit.

DEAN

Anyone feel like a boat ride?
McGillicuttys are gone 'til next week.

VIN

You mean that piece o' shit they got in the backyard?

DEAN

Never used it since Misty died.
Gets us outta here though.

JANA

I don't think we should.

She peeks over at Loy, wanting him to back her up.

DEAN

We put it back, they'll never know.

He turns to Vin. Vin blows a smoke ring at Jana.

VIN

They'll never know.

EXT. RITCHIE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dean at the wheel of his dad's '89 black Jeep Wrangler. Vin rides shotgun, Jana and Loy in back. They peel away...

INT. JEEP WRANGLER -- CONTINUOUS

Death metal music plays. Vin rocks his head back and forth. Punches the dashboard. Dean shakes his head and laughs.

EXT. MCGILLICUTTY HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Two-story cottage on a dead end. The lights are out. Oversized tires rumble to a stop over a gravel driveway.

Dean kills the headlights. Curtains flutter in an upstairs window.

INT. JEEP WRANGLER -- CONTINUOUS

LOY

You sure they're not home?

Dean turns the Jeep around. Jana smirks at Loy...

Dean slams it into reverse.

DEAN

Must've forgot to shut it.

He pulls up tight to the covered boat in the backyard.

DEAN

Come on.

He and Vin hop out.

JANA

Think we should do this?

LOY

(uncertain)

Might be fun.

EXT. MCGILLICUTTY BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Vin whips the tarp off The Troubadour. It sits on a slipshod trailer, soiled and abandoned.

VIN

Why they even bother to cover this
shit up...

He helps Dean fasten the trailer to the hitch.

DEAN

Too bad Misty ain't around. You
might've got some.

Vin grimaces. Reaches into the Jeep and takes out recovery straps. He pets the metal hook, glances up at the window.

VIN
Think they got beer?

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A full moon shines down. The distant sound of teenagers partying. The Troubadour floats three hundred yards out.

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Dean and Vin guzzle beer on the roof deck.

Jana bites into her banana. Loy peeks over. Jana catches him, throws her peel at him.

JANA
Freak.

Vin finishes first, tosses his bottle in the ocean.

VIN
(burps)
No contest.

DEAN
Fuck you, white bread.

VIN
Never ate white bread in my life.
Redneck.

Jana stands up, dusts herself off.

JANA
(to Dean)
Can I talk to you? Downstairs.

VIN
That didn't take long.

He shows Loy the fellatio gesture. Loy blushes.

JANA
Fuck you guys...

Dean kicks Loy. Climbs below deck with Jana.

Vin pops open another beer.

VIN
Here. Make yourself useful.

He flings the bottle opener over to Loy.

VIN

Wanna get myself good 'n drunk before
I hear them start to fuck.

LOY

Yeah.

He pops open the bottle, sips.

INT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Jana stands with her hands on her hips.

JANA

I'm sick of hanging around with those
losers.

DEAN

Keep your voice down.

JANA

We never get to do anything. Vin's
always there. And - what - now Loy's
all of a sudden back?

DEAN

You're makin' somethin' outta nothin'.

JANA

No, I'm not. Don't you even wanna
hang around with me? Just me?

Dean shrugs, grabs at his crotch.

JANA

Real nice. If you keep hangin' out
with them, what does that make you?
Huh?

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Vin sparks up a joint. He leans back on his elbows, blows a
smoke ring at the moon.

VIN

So you got a boyfriend yet?

LOY

No, I like girls. Thanks.

VIN

Heard your brother's gettin' married.

LOY

Next month. She's real sweet.

VIN

(snorts)

Sweet. Lemme tell ya somethin'.
Girls ain't sweet, Loy. Ya ever
even seen a porno before?

LOY

Yeah. I have.

VIN

Goblin' dicks left 'n right. That's
not sweet.

A buoy clangs. Loy looks out at the ocean. A light mist
forms.

LOY

Think I might know why Stake keeps
his porn locked up.

Vin sits up, looks keenly at Loy.

LOY

Some people think he might have
something to do with Misty being
gone.

Vin peeks back at the roof hatch.

VIN

Which people?

LOY

It's just a rumor. But that's why I
haven't come around.

(off Vin's look)

You can't be sure sometimes.

VIN

Well that's why rumors hurt people,
Loy.

Dean climbs aboard the roof deck, looking flushed.

VIN

There he is... WonderCock. So how
was she?

Dean turns to the ocean, frustrated.

VIN

Well?

DEAN
She was the best.

VIN
Swallow it all down?

DEAN
I already told you that.

VIN
Hey. Show Loy the burns on your
dick. He might learn something.

He reaches across and pinches Loy's cheek.

Dean cracks open a beer, guzzles it down.

VIN
What's she doing now?

DEAN
Gettin' cleaned up.

He rubs at his genitals like scrubbing away filth.

VIN
Oh now you're just rubbing it in.

JANA (O.S.)
(calling)
Dean, get back here. I'm not done
with you...

Vin erupts in maniacal laughter, slaps away at the roof deck.

VIN
She wants more, Dean...

DEAN
(to himself)
I'll be done with you.

JANA (O.S.)
(calling)
Dean?

Dean shakes his head, getting angrier by the second.

VIN
Where's mine? I'm ready to turn Loy
here into my bitch.

LOY
No you're not.

DEAN
You wanna share?

Vin freezes. Stares up at Dean.

VIN
What'd you just say?

DEAN
You heard me, Redneck. You wanna share her?

INT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Jana splashes bottled water on her face.

She wipes her eyes, fixes her hair. Turns around...

Vin and Dean gape at her. Loy drops through the roof hatch.

JANA
No way we're all hangin' out down here.

DEAN
You sure?

He SMASHES an empty beer bottle over her head. Jana screams.

JANA
What're you doing?!

Vin shoves her to the floor.

VIN
What's it look like?

He pounces on her. Slugs away at her face.

JANA
Dean? Stop...! What're you...?!

She flails her arms at Vin... shrieking...

DEAN
(mutters)
You go girl.

Jana swipes at Vin... tries to cover up as he pounds away.

Dean turns to Loy whose mouth is open, eyes wide.

DEAN
Think you're cut out for this?

LOY
I...

DEAN

Why don't you go wait up top?

Loy hesitates. Makes eye contact with Jana.

JANA

Loy!

DEAN

You deaf?

He puffs out his chest. Loy escapes through the hatch.

Dean turns to Jana. Smirks.

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

Loy climbs out. Paces about the roof deck. Screams emanate from down below.

Loy's eyes hone in on the banana peel.

He ambles to the edge of the boat. Pulls down his zipper.

Shuts his eyes. And masturbates.

LOY

(mutters)

Freak...

Loy groans, breathes a sigh of relief.

He goes to pull up his zipper. It's stuck.

Loy looks up. At fine mist. Sixty yards out. It turns from white to baby blue.

The distant howl of a young girl... singing.

Loy's eyes bug out as the blue mist drifts toward the boat. Slow... but steady... Loy glances down at the roof hatch.

The mist condenses. Begins to take shape. Human shape.

The shape of an adolescent girl. MISTY. Ethereal and blue.

She floats atop the roof. Looks sadly at Loy. She wears rags, remnants of the things she wore that dreadful night.

LOY

Misty?

Misty raises a silencing finger. Gazes at him as she nears.

Loy backs away, falls on his butt. He wiggles to the edge of the boat...

LOY

What happened to you?

Misty stops. Gestures for Loy to stand up.

He does. Misty points to the roof hatch.

And steps INSIDE of Loy. Turning him to vapor.

The wails below deck grow louder. Misty spins around.

And spins. And spins... into a swirling gust of wind.

She circles the boat. Again and again. It rocks and sways.

Dean pops out of the roof. Along with Vin. Both shirtless. They glance about confused, the blue mist continues to circle.

INT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

A frenzied Jana - shirt torn - searches for a weapon.

JANA

God, help me... Please help me...

She shuts the roof hatch. Peeps out the window... Misty's face appears in the mist. Jana shrieks, jumps back.

EXT. TROUBADOUR -- CONTINUOUS

The mist forms itself into a funnel around the boat. As high up as Vin and Dean could imagine. Twirling, simmering.

It separates from the water. Rising up...

In a blink, the funnel is gone. Misty appears alone on the water. Twenty yards out. She holds out her arms, beckoning.

DEAN

Holy fuckin' shit.

The singing returns. Only louder. Dean turns to Vin. They spy the closed roof hatch. Try for it. It won't budge.

Misty walks across the water... toward them.

DEAN

What the fuck do we do?

Vin snags a life preserver, jumps into the ocean. Misty climbs aboard.

She turns to Dean. Covers her privates. Shakes her head.

With the wave of her hand, Misty morphs into an ethereal STAKE. Dean's jaw drops.

Stake laughs. Belly laughs.... and disappears.

Vin flails about in the water. He puts on the life preserver.

VIN
Where'd she go?!

The singing returns. Deeper sounding. Vin spins about, unable to see where it's coming from.

From beneath.

Below the brooding surface - fifty yards below - MISTY rises and rises. Growing larger and larger.

Vin screams as loud as he can. Powerless to stop it. He peers down, kicking his feet.

Misty opens her MOUTH. Wider and wider. And swallows Vin whole.

Jana springs from the roof hatch, races past Dean and dives into the ocean.

DEAN
Wait!

He stares down at Jana, thrashing in the water...

Dean turns, finds Misty standing right in front of him. He jumps back.

Misty lowers the rags from her neck, brandishing what appear to be shark bites.

She wipes away a mock tear. Holds up her arms, summoning the heavens to open.

They do.

Dean looks up. A deluge pours down. Misty leaps from the boat, dispersing into mist.

Dean tumbles. He squirms for the roof hatch. The boat begins to spin. Rise. And spin...

Dean peers out. It is not only the boat that turns.

Hundred of yards. In every direction. Swirling. Raging. A perfect storm. Of vengeance.

Waves crash down hard upon Jana. There is no chance to swim.

The Troubadour rips... tears... shreds. Piece by piece, it succumbs to the Atlantic.

Dean clutches to the roof. It twirls just the same.

And separates from the boat.

The waves ride higher and higher. Jana floats aimlessly amidst them, her screams lost in the rain.

Dean holds tight to the roof.

DEAN

Help me!

A splintery flash of lightning. A deafening roll of thunder. Dean goes under.

Jana cries. Thrashing helplessly. The waves surround her.

JANA'S WATERY EYES

Through her tears, the flickers of lightning... the shore appears in the distance.

Behind Jana, an unbelievable wave. Flanked on all sides by a fine blue mist.

Jana spits up salt water. Swims as best as she can. As fast as she can.

The wave overrides her... overcomes her... carries her to shore.

The wave crashes down hard on the beach.

The tide finally pulls back. Revealing a motionless Jana.

She coughs, quivers... Cries.

Struggles to catch her breath.

Jana peers up. The blue mist glides away. The faint echo of a young girl's voice.

Jana turns. Crawls along the beach. Away from the water.

She stumbles. Falls.

Jana lifts her head. Opens her eyes. By her feet, a broken beer bottle.

Slowly, it drifts back into the ocean.

FADE OUT

THE END