

GOOD THINGS COME...

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

A dollar bill lies at the base of a tree.

A FEMALE JOGGER (20s) makes her way down the trail. The bill catches her eye. She stops by the tree, stuffs the bill in her pocket, and returns to her jog.

Leaves whip into the air at the base of the tree. More follow along the trail's edge toward the jogger.

An unseen force jerks her backward. She yelps and falls to the ground.

She sits up with a moan and glances at her leg. Blood soaks the area around her pocket.

Leaves crackle behind her. A force whips her around and drags her through the dirt. She screams.

INT. GIDEON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Empty boxes of Chinese food cover the kitchen table.

FELIX (20s), pale, bespectacled with a Skrillex haircut, types away at a laptop.

GIDEON, rotund with a scruffy beard and pierced septum, sits across the table. He passes Felix a fortune cookie.

Felix retrieves the fortune and eats the cookie. The fortune reads: "Good things come to those who wait."

Gideon reads his own: "Shit happens."

He laughs and tosses the fortune into his mouth. Felix notices. Gideon chews up the paper and swallows it.

FELIX

Gideon, did you just eat your fortune?

GIDEON

You eat the fortune, you absorb its wisdom. That's why they put it in a cookie, dude.

INT. GIDEON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Felix lies on a couch, blanket draped over him, laptop on his chest. Moving boxes sit on the floor around him.

Gideon, very high, leans against a nearby doorframe in boxers and a t-shirt. He eats Chef Boyardee out of the can.

Felix sets a bowl of weed on a coffee table, expels a mouthful of smoke.

FELIX

They don't have to be Cajun. If they fry any of their food, I'm applying.

GIDEON

I know you're good for the rent, dude. Worst comes to worst, you can take it out of your savings.

Felix makes a face.

GIDEON

Look, I know you wanna pull your weight around here. I get it. All I can ask is you make an effort and you're doing that. I think you've earned a breather.

FELIX

Dude. I'm competing with every other chef that's out of a job since Baron Samedi's shut down. I can't afford to let any opportunities pass by right now.

GIDEON

Well, the lake's an opportunity that's gonna pass by. October's on its way out. Gonna be cold soon.

FELIX

We can't do it later this week? I mean, I could plow through this shit tonight but then tomorrow, I'll be burnt. If we're gonna go, I wanna be fully up to it.

GIDEON

Felix. Who the fuck are you kidding? You're gonna get the job at Dirty Blues. Your boys from the Baron's got nothing on you.

Felix laughs, surprised.

GIDEON

Seriously. You got this. You talk to the servers after work. What do the customers usually say about your food?

Felix shrugs, stifles a smile.

FELIX

It depends.

GIDEON

Sure. But usually what do they say?

FELIX

I got a good shot at Dirty Blues, okay? Let's leave it at that.

GIDEON

So come to the lake tomorrow. It's supposed to be in the seventies.

Felix scoffs, shakes his head.

FELIX

I'm back on this job search tomorrow night. ASAP.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

A missing person's poster of the female jogger hangs from a tree trunk. A pair of hooked twigs slip underneath it and tear it away.

An SUV speeds by with an aluminum boat on its roof.

EXT. LAKE - SHORE - DAY

The SUV sits parked by a nearby dock. A pristine lake shimmers in the sunlight beyond.

Felix and Gideon undo straps on the boat and remove it from the SUV roof. Felix sniffs the air.

FELIX

Dude, did you fart?

GIDEON

No, man. Boat's full of crusty shit from the lake.

FELIX

That's not it. Smells gassy.

GIDEON

Definitely a dead animal.

FURTHER DOWN THE SHORE

Flies buzz around a severed foot in a running shoe. Green sludge encrusts the fabric.

In the distance, Felix and Gideon slide the boat into the water and hop inside.

EXT. LAKE - BOAT - DAY

Felix and Gideon sit in the boat and prepare fishing rods. Fishing supplies and a case of beer sit amongst them.

Felix struggles to attach a nightcrawler to his hook. Gideon fixes a flashy lure on his line and casts off.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A dollar bill lands on the ground in unison with the sound of Gideon's reel. It flips over to reveal bloody matted hair stuck to the other side.

EXT. LAKE - BOAT - DAY

Felix and Gideon sit with their hooks in the water and pass a blunt back and forth.

Felix kills a beer, deposits the bottle in a garbage bag. Two plump catfish sit on ice in an adjacent cooler.

Gideon's phone buzzes. He takes it out, reads a text.

GIDEON

Jerome and Gabby are down to come out tomorrow so long as you make your jalapeño mac n' cheese.

FELIX

How long are they willing to wait for their food? The catfish is already gonna take some time.

GIDEON

That's what I said. But they seem to think you can cook in your sleep. I'll tell them the dude's only human.

Gideon starts a new text. Felix throws up his hand.

FELIX

Hold up. I didn't say no. If I cook it tonight and bake it tomorrow, it'll save some time. We can grab the ingredients when we get the shit for the tempura.

GIDEON

I thought you had to get back to your job search.

Gideon takes a drag off the blunt with a sly look.

FELIX

I can do both.

Gideon receives a sudden sharp tug at his line. He laughs and adjusts his stance to reel the fish in.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

PRESENCE P.O.V.

Something watches the boat from the shore. Leaves rustle. Branches creak and groan. Guttural voices croak and jabber.

EXT. LAKE - BOAT - DAY

Gideon places a gutted catfish inside the cooler and cracks a beer. He catches Felix's enamored gaze.

FELIX

Three fish in two hours? I swear,
you got some freakish good luck.

GIDEON

Nah, man. I just put good energy
into the world and don't take more
than I need. It always comes back.

FELIX

Seriously?

Gideon laughs.

GIDEON

Fuck no! I just use the right
lures. Anytime I come out here, I
average three or four fish.

Gideon picks up a box of bright neon-colored lures.

GIDEON

I like to catch fish. I mean, I
like quality time too, but sitting
around waiting for hours is bullshit.

FELIX

Let me try one. It's only right I
catch something today, seeing as
I'm providing this feast tomorrow.

Gideon hands Felix the lure box. Out of nowhere, Felix's
stoned eyes bug out. He yelps and drops the box.

Felix stares at a spot of trees beyond the shore. Gideon
follows his friend's gaze.

GIDEON

Dude?

FELIX

I thought I saw something over
there. Like a pair of eyes. Big
yellow eyes.

Gideon tilts his head in a quizzical look. Felix blinks.

FELIX

But it was just the trees.

Felix shakes his head and picks up the lure box.

FELIX

Just the trees, man.

LATER

Felix battles a fish at the end of his line. Gideon cheers.

MOMENTS LATER

In the distance, a pair of big yellow eyes lurk in camouflage within the tree leaves.

Felix places a gutted catfish in the cooler and shoots Gideon a stoked nod. Gideon pats his shoulder in congrats.

GIDEON

Wanna burn one for the road?

FELIX

For the road? You wanna go?

GIDEON

Well, you got all this shit you wanna do before tomorrow.

FELIX

Dude. You've been catching fish all day. Now it's my turn.

GIDEON

What about your work?

FELIX

I can still do it tonight... or tomorrow night... I got this.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Felix and Gideon drag the boat beside the SUV.

They open the trunk and proceed to unload the boat's contents into it.

GIDEON

I gotta pee.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Gideon stumbles up to a nearby tree and relieves himself.

A faint hiss from above. A branch creaks. Gideon looks up with inebriated eyes.

Said eyes wander and fall upon the dollar bill from earlier several feet away.

Gideon zips up and approaches the bill. He reaches for it. It lifts up and tumbles across the leaves.

Gideon runs and grabs for it again. It flies out of reach.

Gideon makes for the bill a third time. He pins it down with his foot and goes for it. It tears off at the corner and flutters away.

Gideon growls and chases after the bill. It rolls across the leaves and catches itself under a jagged twig.

Gideon snatches it up. He cackles in victory but quickly trails off.

He turns the bill over. Blood and hair smears the other side. A rusty hook attached to fishing line protrudes from the bill's loose end.

Gideon gasps. The hook whips up and catches the flesh of his throat. The fishing line jerks upward. The sound of a reel follows.

Gideon claws at his throat. The hook tears across it. Blood spurts from his jugular.

The hook catches Gideon's septum ring as he falls backward. The fishing line hoists him upward. He tries to scream but can only choke and sputter.

The fishing line pulls taught. Gideon's ring tears out. He falls to the knees. Blood gushes from his nose.

A whoosh of leaves from above. Gideon's knees lift off the ground and disappear O.S.

An inhuman voice snarls. A sickening crunch follows. Blood and guts cascade down a nearby tree.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Felix leans against the SUV and looks toward the forest.

FELIX
Oi, Gideon!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Gideon's phone lies on the ground. A streak of green sludge glistens on top of it.

A text appears on the screen: "Where u at?"

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Felix stares at his phone and sighs.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Felix proceeds through the forest. He calls out to Gideon.

The bloody bill tumbles by. Felix watches it float away.

A distant splat catches his attention. He looks ahead. The sound repeats. He makes his way toward its origin.

MOMENTS LATER

A pool of blood fills the center of a clearing. Flesh lies scattered. Felix gapes in horror at the clearing's edge.

The rhythmic grind of teeth prompts him to look upward. An unseen presence utters a guttural belch.

Half a mangled ribcage falls from the canopy and smashes on the ground.

UP AHEAD

Felix runs for his life. A monstrous roar bellows behind him. He looks behind him and screams.

A branch lifts off the ground like an outstretched foot. Felix trips over it. He sails through the air and slams into a massive tree trunk. He crumples to the ground.

After a series of twitches and moans, Felix sits up. A chunk of bone protrudes from his chin.

He lifts up his arm. His wrist hangs limp and broken. His hand vibrates uncontrollably from damaged nerves.

A colossal tree-shaped shadow falls over him. A cavernous breath blows rhythmically through his hair.

A hooked branch appears behind him. A patch of moss at the end of it resembles a fingernail. The "finger" taps Felix's shoulder.

Felix stiffens. He turns around and screams. A deafening roar answers back. Green sludge splatters Felix's face.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A rusty hook drags the box of beer through the leaves.

CUT TO BLACK

Bottles crack and fizz. Guzzling follows.

THE END