

BAD WATER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

A wet and haggard MAN (40s) trudges across a golf course driving range in the rain, his boots squeaking in the artificial grass.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE/SHORE - NIGHT

He stops at what appears to be a shoreline at the edge of the range. Waves gently lap golf balls onto the green.

In the distance, the tips of skyscrapers, abandoned high rise hotels, mountain peaks, and a distinct Stratosphere Tower poke from the water's surface under a gray sky.

About fifteen feet from the shore is a yellow pin flag. The man sees it and with a deep sigh, trods toward it.

He reaches the flag and carefully grabs it at the point where the flagpole meets the water. He removes it and examines the length that was submerged. About two feet. Another sigh.

As he turns toward the shore, he jolts and screams in pain. He lifts his leg from the water to find a small SHARK has dug its teeth into his calf, showing no signs of letting go as its tail slaps against the water.

The man winces as he uses the point of the flagpole to pry the jaws of the animal free. The shark scurries away into the deep, leaving a faint cloud of blood in its wake.

The man lets out a grunt, more annoyed than angry, and returns to shore, where he sticks the flag into the turf at the edge of the shoreline. As he begins walking back, a HULKING SHADOW moves below the water.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE/LAWN - NIGHT

He arrives at a small clubhouse nestled below a mountain peak at the opposite end of the driving range. A dead neon sign on the building's facade reads "Welcome to the Vegas Links! The Jewel of the Desert!"

On the front lawn, the word "HELP" is spelled with a meticulously arranged assortment of golf balls.

The man approaches the clubhouse door. At his feet is a cast iron teapot. The lid is open, collecting rainwater, and a LOBSTER is scratching at the base.

He kicks the lobster away, picks up the teapot, and enters the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The clubhouse is lit only by a single candle on a table. At the table, sitting in a leather armchair is GILLY, a girl young enough to be the man's daughter, although they do not look alike.

GILLY  
How much is there today?

The man walks to the clubhouse bar and fills a glass with rainwater from the teapot. He approaches the table and sets the glass and the teapot in front of Gilly.

MAN  
Enough.

He gestures to the glass, but Gilly only fidgets with it, nervously spinning it in a circle.

GILLY  
Is the bad water coming?

MAN  
Don't worry about the bad water, Gilly. You only need to worry about the good water. Drink.

She obediently drinks, with a disappointed frown.

GILLY  
It looks like it's getting closer.

MAN  
It's not getting closer. We're in one of the highest points in the city and help is on the way. You're not to go anywhere near it. Do you understand?

GILLY  
I understand.

They sit in silence.

GILLY (CONT'D)  
I met a new friend.

MAN  
(with a cold stare)  
What do you mean?

A sly smile and a look of excitement crosses Gilly's face as she rushes from her seat to another armchair.

She bends down to pick something from it and returns to the table with the object hidden in her hands. She giggles.

GILLY  
He's tickling me.

MAN  
Show me, Gilly.

Gilly lays a small CRAB on the table. The man's eyes widen with a look of anger, horror, and disgust as the crab scuttles across the table.

GILLY  
His name's Charlie. At least I  
think he's a boy. I can't tell-

Gilly is interrupted as the man lifts the teapot from the table and brings it down hard on top of Charlie with a wet, cracking thud.

Gilly's face contorts to an expression of sheer terror as she screams, only to be silenced by the man's raised finger.

MAN  
What did I tell you? What have I  
been telling you for months?  
Nothing good comes from the bad  
water.

Gilly begins to cry.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Eat your meal and go to bed.

Gilly sulks and slowly walks toward the clubhouse bar, where she retrieves a granola bar. She turns to the man.

GILLY  
I just wanted a friend.

The man says nothing.

INT. CLUBHOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The man is asleep on a sofa. Next to him is a love seat and a blanket on the floor. He awakens with a stir and sees the empty bed.

He rushes to his feet and sprints across the clubhouse to the front door, bursting through it into the pouring rain.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE/LAWN - NIGHT

The man races to the edge of the grass and stares out, but the sea at the far end of the driving range is only a gray blur in the rain.

MAN

GILLY!

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

He runs across the driving range, spraying water with every step. He slips and falls, but quickly pulls himself up and keeps running. As he passes, we see a dying FISH flopping in the grass.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE/SHORE - NIGHT

The man arrives at the shoreline, out of breath and wide-eyed. The pin flag is almost completely submerged and standing a few feet from it is Gilly, who is dipping the teapot into the water, trying to catch something.

MAN (CONT'D)

Gilly! What are you doing?

Gilly doesn't look up.

GILLY

You killed Charlie. I'm looking for a new friend. It's not so bad here.

MAN

Gilly! Get out now-

The man trails off as a single tentacle rises from the water behind Gilly. Followed by another. And another.

Slowly, the form of a massive OCTOPOD emerges from the surface, towering over her.

She turns to face it and her smile fades as its tentacles slowly wrap around her body and face. The man races into the water.

As the tentacles wrap tighter, the man lunges at Gilly, pulling her free and tossing her toward the shore. A

tentacle slaps against his face, submerging him below the water as Gilly wades toward dry land, the teapot in hand.

When the man emerges from the surface, the animal's tentacles are wrapped tightly around his torso, neck, and legs, lifting him into the air. His eyes bulge and his face turns red.

GILLY  
No! Stop! Stop!

Gilly hurls the teapot toward the beast and it bounces off its face, sinking into the darkness below the surface.

Gilly continues to scream from the shore as the man's body begins to twist under the vice grip of the octopod.

His eyes bulge blood-red in their sockets and veins jut from his neck and arms as we hear the respective cracking and tearing of bone and sinew.

He locks eyes with Gilly for a brief moment, then closes them as his body is ripped into three separate parts and pulled below the water's surface. Gilly screams and runs.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE/LAWN - DAY

Rain continues to fall on Gilly, who is lying in the fetal position at the foot of her golf ball "HELP" sign, her face pressed into the artificial grass. She is softly sobbing and entirely alone.

GILLY  
I just wanted a friend... I j-just  
wanted a friend...

As she repeats her lonely refrain, a visitor arrives from the driving range: a HORSESHOE CRAB, marching slowly toward her.

She looks up and unleashes one final scream as the crab crawls closer. Her scream fades into dark silence as we pull back to see the driving range from above, a tiny island of astroturf in an endless black sea.

FADE OUT.

THE END