

SCRIPT

EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

A man, late 50s, works alone on the deck of a small fishing ship. He hauls a net onto the deck. He takes a few fish out and examines them.

We see the ship from the perspective of the water.

Back on deck, the man hears something in the water and looks around. He stops and stares into the darkness as though entranced by something unheard.

From the perspective of the water, the man is pulled overboard with a scream and disappears under the waves.

EXT. ROADS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - MORNING

A SILVER AND LAVENDER CAMARO speeds down the highway and pulls up at a gas station just outside of a small harbor town, SEAPOINT. Warren Holt, 27, a long haired and unusual looking man in a grey suit, takes off his sunglasses and compares the town to a map on his phone.

He steps out and passes a gas station attendant. Heads for the trunk of the car.

STATION EMPLOYEE

Fill it up?

HOLT

(as he passes)

Yes, please.

He speaks with a southern accent.

Holt opens the trunk of the car. Inside is a duffel bag and a few boxes. He opens a secret compartment, revealing a small but gleaming array of WEAPONS. Out of the sight of the attendant, he removes a gun and a silver dagger and puts them in holsters at his hips. He adds another knife to his suitcase, and a container of bullets with sigils engraved on the sides.

STATION EMPLOYEE

(from the front)

Beautiful car you've got here.

HOLT

Thanks.

STATION EMPLOYEE
What brings you to Seapoint?

Holt closes the trunk of the car.

HOLT
I'm on a hunting trip.

EXT. THE CRAB SHACK - DAY

The bell of the CRAB SHACK, a classic rickety beach-side eatery, jingles. VIOLETA CREAKWOOD, a chubby 24 year old woman with cute features and badly-dyed purple hair, enters, walks to the hallway with lockers, gets her uniform. She tugs a blue crab shack employee shirt on over her 'BOO!' t-shirt and puts her hair in a ponytail.

From the small office, the lights flick on. HEIDI TYLER, a serious woman in her 50s, looks blankly at Violeta.

VIOLETA
(surprised)
Christ!

HEIDI
Violeta.

VIOLETA
I'm not late!

The older woman stares at her.

HEIDI
You're on the register today. Try
not to scare off the customers.

Heidi ducks back into the office. Violeta puts a 'crab shack' visor on over her hair and a large novelty crab claw on one hand. She goes to clock in.

As Violeta approaches the punch clock, her vision begins to blur and the colors shift. She takes out her punch card and raises it. She tries to punch in, but instead a vision of the future overtakes her.

VISION BEGINS, VIOLETA'S POV

Colors, detail, and sound are muted. They fade in and out.

We see a quick collection of snapshots. BRAD WATERS, a disheveled 22 year old, in a police office. Shots of the bay, the sound of running hooves, the flash of a sword, and blood in the water of the bay.

VISION ENDS

The visions fade out of view. Only seconds have passed. Sight blurry with the lingering vision, for a moment Violeta sees 'BRAD WATERS' rather than her own name on her punch card.

Violeta stumbles trying to punch in and instead slams her face into the punch clock. She reels back and moans, and her nose starts to bleed.

VIOLETA

OW!

HEIDI

Violeta! Register!

Violeta puts her head against the wall next to the punch clock.

VIOLETA

Ughhh.

She heads out front. On the way, she grabs a bag of frozen french fries and puts them to her nose.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Nothing to do with me. That's
nothing to do with me.

JOSH, a blonde surfer-type, 25, comes in and waves at her on his way to the fryers in the back. At the register, Violeta passes out food to sparse customers. The small eating area has large windows that look out at the bay, and metal stools with red plastic tops line the counter. A TV SET plays in the corner. The menu behind her lists ocean-themed foods. A sign is up that they are out of crab.

The door jingles twice. JENNIFER, 22, enters first and comes up to order.

HOLT enters after her, now looking affable instead of dangerous. As Jennifer steps away to wait for her food, he steps up to the register. Violeta stares at him with wide eyes. He looks over the menu. When he speaks, his accent is gone.

HOLT

Anything you recommend?

Violeta stares. She abruptly reaches out with her crab claw, grabs his tie, and pulls him down so they're overly close, face to face. Her manner of interacting is odd and off-putting.

VIOLETA
(intense)
The number 6 is our Crabless Crab
Burger.

Holt meets her eyes and stares back. He is unfazed despite the awkward situation.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)
Are you aware that your pocket
square brings out your eyes in a
way that has recently gone out of
style?

HOLT
(monotone)
The number six would be excellent.

Violeta reaches out with her free hand, types the order. She takes the printed receipt, passes it over, and releases his tie. Holt takes the ticket and steps back. Violeta attempts a charming smile.

VIOLETA
Have a smiley day.

He takes out a silver money-clip and drops a five-dollar bill into the tap jar.

HOLT
Thanks.

Violeta ducks back to where Josh is at the fryer.

VIOLETA
Extra fries for order 16! Please!

Violeta returns with two meals. She puts them out on the counter. Jen gets hers and brings it to a table. Holt takes a seat on one of the counter bar-stools. He sets a large LEATHER BRIEFCASE down by his feet. Violeta peers at the monogrammed 'Γ9' on the side.

The TV set in the corner is now audible. It shows a static-y view of the rocky beach, cordoned off by police tape. Officers walk around, and townspeople cluster off to the sides.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
After the second shark attack in as
many months, authorities now
recommend that all Seapoint
residents stay off the beach and
out of the water.

The broadcast catches Violeta's attention. She turns up the volume.

VIOLETA
(muttered over the sounds
of the television)
That's so stupid. Sharks aren't
even violent-- this is turning
public opinion against them!

Holt looks over at her, then at the TV.

HOLT
Are you a local?

VIOLETA
Yeah.

HOLT
It's unfortunate, people not being
able to get in the water this time
of year. I imagine the beaches are
big here.

VIOLETA
Well, if they get in the water they
might try to punch sharks, so
better that they can't!

HOLT
You get a lot of sharks around
here?

VIOLETA
Not as much as I'd like. Where is
everyone else seeing all these
sharks, huh?

Holt's tone becomes more interrogatory.

HOLT
Spend a lot of time near the water?
Any other large predators?

Violeta squints at him.

VIOLETA
Asking a lot of questions here,
aren't you?

HOLT
(purposefully relaxed)
Just curious. I'm considering a
family vacation.

VIOLETA

Let me guess, two and a half
perfect kids and a wife who presses
your tie for you?

HOLT

(lying smoothly)
Yep, a nice girl back home and a
baby on the way.

Violeta looks at him intensely. Her visions of Brad and the
riot and blood from earlier replay very briefly, overlaid on
the scene. She clenches her fist in her skirt.

VIOLETA

Are you interested in large
predators?

HOLT

Ha, guilty. I don't get out into
the field much anymore, but I
actually majored in marine biology
in college. So I guess I've got an
interest in the local ocean life.

VIOLETA

What do you do now?

HOLT

I'm mostly a stay-at-home type.

VIOLETA

Modern. That's so modern. Hey, can
I ask you something?

HOLT

Shoot.

VIOLETA

Holt stops eating.

HOLT

What makes you say that?

VIOLETA

Do you know someone who happens to
go by the name of Brad Water's?

In the corner, Jennifer knocks over her drink and curses.
Violeta gives her a suspicious look.

HOLT

I can't say I do. Why do you ask?

VIOLETA

What, can't I be curious too
questions-McGee?

HOLT

It's Holt, actually. Warren Holt. I
just want to make sure everything's
going to be safe here, for the
trip. What sort of danger are you
worried about?

VIOLETA

If your name is Warren, why is
there an F on your briefcase?

HOLT

It's an old briefcase, and it's not
an F.

VIOLETA

(clearly lying)

Okay, I guess. Sorry, sorry. I'm
just- I guess I'm just such a
people person. So excited to see a
new face in town!

Violeta clacks her crab claw.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

And I'm Violeta. Creakwood. Not
that you asked.

HOLT

Much appreciated, Miss Creakwood.

Holt stands and throws away most of his meal. He slides a
business card onto the counter and starts to head out. He
runs into Jennifer as he exits, who stumbles into him.
Jennifer looks worried, Holt watches her leave.

Violeta looks back at the TV.

INT. HOLT'S CAR - DAY

Holt sits in the driver's seat of his car. He props open his
briefcase on the seat and pulls out several files. CHRISTY
HARRINGTON and the FISHERMAN from the first shot are visible
in photos on the pages. In the privacy of the car, the image
of the affable family-man is gone again.

Holt's phone buzzes. He picks it up, and the screen shows a secure call coming from an unknown number.

HOLT
(southern once more)
Yes?

The voice on the other side is cheerful and male.

FOUR
Hey, Nine! How's the new case
coming along?

HOLT
No leads yet. I've been by the
college campus, library, even a few
restaurants. No one knows anything
that's not on the news: first
Donald Bell, two months ago. Small
time commercial fisherman, in his
50s, no family. Ruled a sailing
accident. Then, a month later,
Christy Harrington, a lifeguard at
the closest beach. 19, lots of
friends, family that misses her. No
connection but the water.
Everyone's saying shark, but I've
been tracking deaths up the coast.
Once a month like clockwork-- no
shark eats like that.

FOUR
Have you talked to the coroner yet?

HOLT
Not yet, I want to talk to a few
more people as a civilian before
pulling out the badge. I'm going to
drop by the harbor and try to make
a connection with anyone who sails
around the area.

Holt reaches over and opens the camaro's glove compartment.
He reveals a secret compartment under the main one, which
contains a bag stuffed with different fake IDs. He pulls out
one for the FBI and inspects it.

HOLT (CONT'D)
Maybe try a bar, see if anyone will
talk there.

FOUR
Chatting up some ladies over drinks
for some juicy info?

HOLT
You're hilarious, Four.

FOUR
Lighten up! Why can't you ever have some fun on your cases? Reading your reports is like being assigned chapters of Crime and Punishment.

HOLT
Uh-huh.

FOUR
The punishment is for me, and the crime is how you can make the job 'secret monster hunter' sound that boring.

HOLT
There's more to this job than killing monsters.

FOUR
Is that 'more' what you were up to on that case with the Rakshasa? Because *that* was an actually interesting report, especially when Ten was trying to use it as more evidence to get you fired-

HOLT
And that's exactly why I have to be thorough on this case. Ten's been giving me the hardest targets to pin down. He wants me to slip up.

FOUR
So find the big bad monster *while* making some time to relax. You're gonna be the youngest person I know to give yourself an aneurysm.

Outside the car, motion catches Holt's eye. Violet leaves the Crab Shack and goes out back. He watches her light up a cigarette and start talking to herself.

HOLT
Could you look something up for me?

FOUR
Obviously.

HOLT

I want to see any records you can get on a 'Violeta Creakwood'. Early 20s, works at a fry-up by the water called the 'Crab Shack'. Probably local to Seapoint.

FOUR

Sure, sure. What's got you curious?

HOLT

I don't know. She's one of the civilians I interviewed, but when we talked she was... odd. Asked a lot of personal questions about my cover, and seemed invested in the local deaths.

FOUR

Surely there's no other reason a young woman might be asking you personal questions?

HOLT

Just let me know what you find, Four.

INT. CREAKWOOD MANOR - EVENING

Violeta closes her front door. She stands in the foyer framed by the empty and rotting house. It is dark and silent.

VIOLETA

I'm home!

Lights flicker on. An old-timey radio begins to play softly.

Violeta heads to the kitchen. As she does, she passes a photo of a cute, younger Violeta and an older, brown haired woman sitting on the mantle in the foyer.

INT. CREAKWOOD KITCHEN - EVENING

From one perspective, pots and pans float and move on their own in the motions of cooking. Knives chop produce and water boils on the stove. The view changes and reveals MARY ANDERSON cooking. She is a ghost of a woman in her late thirties, dressed like a housewife straight from the 1950's. Her form is slightly de-saturated, and the tiniest bit see-through.

MARY
Welcome home Violeta!

She comes and kisses Violeta on the cheek.

VIOLETA
Hi mom.

MARY
I'll put on some coffee for you.

VIOLETA
Where are the others?

MARY
George is upstairs, working on his models. And Phinny—

CRASH.

MARY (CONT'D)
—Is in the drawing room, playing.

VIOLETA
Sounds like someone's having fun. I didn't realize hoop and stick could cause so much damage.

MARY
You know how he is.

PHINEAS GABLE, an eight year old ghost boy in 1800s child's clothing, runs in through the wall.

PHINNY
Violeta!

VIOLETA
Hey, bud! You get in to any trouble today?

PHINNY
Mom and I played hide and seek. I'm super good.

He turns invisible. Child's laughter echos, moving away from the kitchen.

PHINNY (CONT'D)
(shouted)
Come find me Vi!

VIOLETA
(shouted back)
Later Phinny!

Mary kisses Violeta on the head, leaving a bit of ectoplasmic glow.

MARY
My daughter has a lot of patience.

VIOLETA
Yep, I'm a regular saint.

MARY
That's just what every mother wants to hear. Here's your coffee, baby.

Violeta takes a seat at the counter.

VIOLETA
I met somebody at work today.

MARY
Oh?

VIOLETA
A guy. A cute guy. He gave me his card.

MARY
His card! Vi that means you have to call!

VIOLETA
Do you think so? He's married.

MARY
Well, marriage doesn't last forever.

VIOLETA
Mom!

MARY
I'll get the landline! Call him now so he knows you're interested. Here, take my totem.

Mary passes Violeta a pearl compact and the landline. Violeta dials.

HOLT
Hello?

VIOLETA

Hi, um. This is Violeta Creakwood.
We met at the Crab Shack, have a
smiley day? I'm giving you a call
because you gave me your number to
call on, I wanted to see um..

She looks to Mary for help. Mary mouths at her.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

How your evening is?

HOLT

My evening is going well. I'm
getting acquainted with the town.
And yourself?

VIOLETA

O-oh, I'm just at home. I'm--

She hesitates. She reaches down and touches the compact.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

I'm cooking! I love to cook. I'm
sorry, one second.

She muffles the phone speaker.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

What is it mom!

Mary now hovers right in front of her.

MARY

Tell him you were just about to
meet a friend at a bar for drinks!
Meet him there.

VIOLETA

Actually, I was just about to go to
the bar for drinks. Do you want to
meet me there and then- you can
meet me and my girlfriend?

There is a noticeably awkward pause. Mary puts her hand on
the phone cord, and it glows for a second.

HOLT

(slowly)

That's a very kind offer. I'd love
to. What time would you like to
meet?

Mary pulls over the speaker. When she speaks, she perfectly mimics Violeta's voice.

MARY
(in Violeta's voice)
How's 7 o'clock?

VIOLETA
(hissed)
Mom!

HOLT
Alright. This'll be that bar on
Main Street?

VIOLETA
Yes! With the, uh, mermaid on top.

HOLT
I'll see you there.

VIOLETA
Yeah! Yes, I'll see you there. Bye
now.

She hangs up. She and Mary make eye contact, then both squeal.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh, I have to get ready!

MARY
Go change! And go tell your Uncle
George, I don't want you going out
at night alone.

VIOLETA
M-o-m.

MARY
Violeta.

VIOLETA
Fiiine.

MARY
If you don't get him now, we won't
have the time to get you ready!

VIOLETA
Oh shit!

She knocks over her chair and thunders out of the room. Calls back over her shoulder.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)
Sorry for cussing!

INT. CREAKWOOD ATTIC - EVENING

GEORGE MARSHALL, a late 60s ghost in WWII navy uniform, sits with battle minis all around him. He peers at one at the same time he paints another two with telekinesis; the brush and paints float themselves.

GEORGE
Mmm, no.

He floats over a high school history book and licks his finger with ectoplasm to thumb through it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Gonna have to have to start all over.

Footsteps outside the room thunder. George doesn't look up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Would it have killed this guy to include a picture? What tar for brains shut-in wrote this outdated book?

He flips to the back cover. A picture of him in a 1980s High School classroom glares back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Asked and answered.

Five rhythmic knocks, shave and a haircut, echo from the door.

George grunts. The door opens to a frantic looking Violeta

VIOLETA
Uncle George, I need your help!

GEORGE
If you and that poltergeist are having a scrabble I'm not getting in the middle of it.

VIOLETA
I have a date!

GEORGE
(disgruntled)
Oh.

He looks back at his miniatures and waves a hand. A butterfly knife lifts off of a table and floats over to Violeta.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Take your mothers knife with you.
Don't do anything Mary wouldn't do.

VIOLETA

Won't you come with?

GEORGE

And watch you make cow eyes at some college boy? No thank you, I'll be fine right here.

VIOLETA

Pleeeasse? What if he's weird! What if we decide to take a boat ride and get stranded at sea! Two people have died in the bay, you know.

GEORGE

Don't go in the bay then.

VIOLETA

Not the point!

GEORGE

(sighs)

Fine! Take my totem with you. But don't expect me to hang over your shoulder, and if any hanky-panky goes on I demand to be left in a different room.

VIOLETA

First of all, gross. Second of all, thank you Uncle George!!

She hugs him and he stiffly waves her off. She grabs one of the toy soldiers: unpainted and older than the others. She pockets it where she put the compact. As she passes another upstairs window, she spots Jennifer walking along the street outside. She looks out for a moment, then her eyes widen and she leans forward to peer more closely. She pulls back and quickly makes a break for the street.

EXT. VIOLETA'S STREET - EVENING

Violeta, out of breath, bursts out of her house and onto the street. Jennifer walks quickly just up the street. She clutches at her bag.

VIOLETA
(calling)
Hey, Jennifer, wait up.

Jennifer turns and slows. Violeta jogs to catch up and they fall into step.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)
Hey! It's, um, me-- Violeta Creakwood? I don't know if you remember me, we were in the same anthropology class in sophomore year. You made that group chat and shared some notes with me when I was out because I got a nose bleed all over my desk? Uh.

JENNIFER
Yeah, I remember you Violeta. It's nice to see you again, how are you doing? I stopped seeing you around campus.

VIOLETA
Oh, yeah, well I actually, um, dropped out. But that's not important right now. I saw you at the Crab Shack earlier, you looked kind of freaked out. And it seems like you're in a rush.

JENNIFER
(shakes her head)
It's nothing.

VIOLETA
Does this have something to do with Brad Water's?

JENNIFER
(nervously)
Do you know Brad?

VIOLETA
Nope, not at all. I just heard his name somewhere earlier. It seemed like a weird coincidence.

JENNIFER
He's my ex-boyfriend. We broke up a month ago, but he's been following me around. Calling my phone all the time, showing up at my job. I guess it's just starting to freak me out.

VIOLETA

Ugh, that's the worst Jennifer!
Can't somebody do something about
it?

JENNIFER

I don't want to report him to the
police. He means well, it's just...
he's taking the breakup hard I
guess. He's been saying some freaky
stuff.

VIOLETA

Freaky how?

JENNIFER

Saying there are monsters in the
bay that are gonna kill everyone. I
know it doesn't mean anything, but
with the shark attacks I guess it's
just got me a little on edge.

VIOLETA

No kidding.

They get to Jennifer's house, a nice one story. Jennifer
waves at the house.

JENNIFER

This is me. It was nice catching up
with you Violeta.

VIOLETA

Yeah, yeah, you too. Hey, I'll keep
an eye out if I see Brad around,
okay? Be careful.

JENNIFER

You, too.

Jennifer goes inside.

EXT. THE HARBOR - EVENING

Holt stands at a dock in the harbor, looking over the water
and the small sailing and fishing ships there. A family hangs
out on the deck of their boat, and a few crab fisherman bring
in their cages.

His phone buzzes and he picks it up.

HOLT

Gamma Nine speaking.

FOUR

Hey-o. So, good news and bad news.
I looked into that civilian you
asked me about.

HOLT

Mm?

FOUR

Bad news, there is no one in
Seapoint with that name. No real
estate, no insurance or phone
plans, school records, anything.
The only thing I found were some
poorly filled out employment forms
at the 'Crab Shack' you mentioned,
which seems like it mostly pays
under the table and doesn't have an
I9 or anything. Which, first of
all, yeesh, audit waiting to
happen.

HOLT

Four.

FOUR

B-u-t, I did some more digging, and
I did find a Violeta Caruso with
birth records at about the right
time and place.

HOLT

And?

FOUR

And it's weird, you were right.
Violeta Caruso, born July 18th 1993
to a Laura Caruso at St. Luke
Hospital. No other parent named.
Barely any records from Laura
Caruso either-- she's not from
Seapoint, and as far as I can tell,
she was working as a maid for a
local family and living in an RV
with her kid until Violeta was ten.
Then Laura dies suddenly at the
house, the family moves away, and
there are some notes from social
workers about finding Laura's
family or seeing if the family she
worked for would take the kid. And
nothing after that. I would assume
they found someone who'd take her
and she moved away, but...

HOLT
But she's here in Seapoint, where
something is eating people.

FOUR
Yeah, that.

Holt looks contemplatively over the water, then down at his watch.

HOLT
Thanks for the info, Four.

FOUR
I'll see what else I can dig up for
you.

HOLT
No need. I'm meeting with her in an
hour. I'll get her alone, see what
she does.

FOUR
Oh great, just go into a dark alley
with the thing that might have a
death count in the dozens. How good
a swimmer are you?

HOLT
Thanks Four.

He hangs up.

EXT. THE LEAKY RUDDER - NIGHT

Violeta brushes a hand over that same pocket as she approaches a bar lit with green and blue, under-water-like lights. A fluorescent mermaid tops the door, and music echoes from within. A sign declares it the 'LEAKY RUDDER'.

Holt stands by the door, his suit jacket draped over his arm. Violeta approaches; she has picked out a dress that matches the purple of his tie.

Violeta approaches Holt. As she looks at him, it triggers a vision.

VISION BEGINS, OUTSIDE POV

Holt and Violeta sit awkwardly during their date. Violeta silently holds a soda while Holt drinks and stares at the bar.

VISION ENDS

Violeta hesitates, then forcefully smiles and waves.

HOLT
Miss Creakwood, was it?

VIOLETA
Yes! Agent Holt, right?

Holt pauses.

HOLT
Agent?

VIOLETA
What? Oh, sorry, like of marine
life I guess.

She looks unsure. She isn't sure where she got this information, either. For the first time, Holt looks discomfited.

HOLT
Right. Will your partner be making
it tonight? Should we wait out
here?

VIOLETA
What?

They stare at each other.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)
OH! No, I don't think so. Um, I-
Yeah, nope.

HOLT
Hope everything's all right.

VIOLETA
Probably it is.

HOLT
(more slowly)
Right. Let me buy you a drink.

INT. THE LEAKY RUDDER - NIGHT

Holt and Violeta sit at the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

Violeta pulls out the pearl compact and holds it. It glows softly.

VIOLETA

Just a club soda for me please. I'm not a big drinker.

She pockets the compact again.

HOLT

Rum and coke.

He passes the bartender a few bills from the silver clip. They get their drinks, and now look just like they did in Violeta's vision.

Holt smiles tensely and doesn't drink. They sit awkwardly.

HOLT (CONT'D)

(stifly)

So, you mentioned you knew a lot about the town. Did you grow up here? I'm curious to learn more about the area.

VIOLETA

Yeah, um, I've been here awhile. Raised, not born. Born somewhere else, but then raised here. It's super cool. Um, the college has a really sweet history program. In terms of the bay, though, there's been some efforts to preserve marine life. I went for a weekend and hammered in the signs about how, like, there aren't any crabs anymore. I'm sure you saw the Crab Shack has, like, no crabs. Which is- why would the sharks um... As I'm sure we both know, sharks are not natural predators of crabs. So clearly, that's nothing to do with each other.

Violeta cuts herself off and looks deeply embarrassed.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

Um, what specifically would you like to know? I wouldn't want to presume what a gentleman's interest would be.

HOLT

I'm no gentleman. But I want to make sure if I'm bringing my family to stay here, with the little one, that the waters are safe. Have you heard of anything dangerous going on in the water before now? Any drownings or shipwrecks?

VIOLETA

Uh... nope. Not really. Nooo unexplained deaths or anything weird here. Nope.

Holt stares at her. Silence stretched a moment. Violeta, panicked, leans across the bar towards the bartender.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

Actually, could I get a rum and coke too?

She gets her drink and takes several large gulps.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

Great, great, thanks. Sorry.

HOLT

It's fine.

VIOLETA

No, no, I know I can be super weird. It's sort of my whole thing. Like, oh, that's Violeta, the creepy orphan who dropped out of school and lives in the old house where everyone died.

HOLT

No, really, it's fine. I don't mind.

VIOLETA

Well, what do you know, you're just some guy.

She takes another sip of her drink.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

Some guy who's really into the bay here. Hey, why is that?

HOLT

I guess I'm curious what's causing the attacks, if you don't think its sharks. To make sure it's safe, like I said.

VIOLETA

I get that. I would do anything to keep my family safe.

Holt looks uncomfortable. Violeta, increasingly tipsy, doesn't notice.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

Not that I can really do anything like that, since they're dead.

HOLT

I'm sorry for your loss.

VIOLETA

(now slightly slurred)

Do you know any dead people, Holt?

HOLT

(more gently)

I do. Some.

Violeta chugs the rest of her drink and reaches over to take Holt's untouched one.

VIOLETA

That's sad. You're pretty nice, you know that?

HOLT

I don't get that a lot.

VIOLETA

Well, that's dumb. You're being nice to me. You probably didn't even want to come on this date. I know I freak people out.

Holt sighs. He clearly gives up on getting more information.

HOLT

It takes a lot more than that to freak me out.

VIOLETA

Oh yeah? Cuz it get's weirder.

HOLT

Try me.

Violeta leans in.

VIOLETA

I can see the future.

HOLT

(humoring her)

Oh yeah? What do you see in my future?

Violeta stares at him, hard.

VISION BEGINS, VIOLETA'S POV

Shaky, faded visuals. The colors are even more muted than usual, and there is no sound. Outside the leaky rudder, there is a note tucked under the windshield wiper of Holt's car. She sees a pale man's hands putting it there.

VISION ENDS

VIOLETA

When you go outside, there's gonna be a note on your car. You should prolly read it.

HOLT

I'll keep that in mind. Maybe you should have some water.

VIOLETA

Yeah, water.

Violeta goes to stand up. She falters.

VISION BEGINS, VIOLETA'S POV

We see the following shots:

1. Firelight reflects off of water in the BAY. Under the red of reflected fire, blood floats to the surface and stains the water further.

The lighting becomes brighter, but hazier.

2. Violeta, slightly older, works in the garden at her home. A cute young man stops by the manor fence and smiles at her. They chat soundlessly.

3. The same young man proposes to Violeta at a fancy dinner.

4. Violeta, her new husband, and her ghostly family fix up the house. Violeta shows off a baby to Phinny.

5. Violeta walks with her husband, her mom and uncle, Phinny, and a now older child. Violeta and her husband stop to buy ice cream. The child holds a spinning top. They play with it, then fumble and drop it. The child picks it back up quickly. They look nervous. Behind them, Phinny's face goes dark. Violeta and her husband remain distracted in the background. Phinney pushes the child off the pier.

The vision sharpeners and darkens again.

6. In a small OFFICE ROOM, two people argue. A police officer sits behind a desk with his arms crossed, incredulous. BRAD WATERS, stands across from the officer with his chair pushed back. He shouts, his words inaudible, and slams his hands on the desk. Another officer comes and drags a struggling Brad out.

7. Brad leads a scraggly mob of frightened citizens down the STREETS OF SEAPOINT. The group with him shouts, wave flashlights and baseball bats, and carry signs. One visible sign reads 'THERE ARE MONSTERS IN OUR WATER'. Another reads 'MAKE SEAPOINT SAFE.'

8. Firelight reflects off of water in the bay. Under the red of reflected fire, blood floats to the surface and stains the water. A repeat of the earlier vision.

VISION ENDS

Violeta comes out of the vision. For just a moment, her eyes are grey-white and pupil-less. She stumbles, knocks her head into the counter, and falls to the floor.

HOLT

Violeta!

Now from Violeta's perspective, the view is fuzzy and sound comes as though from underwater.

HOLT (CONT'D)

(distorted)

Miss Creakwood. Miss Creakwood!

She looks up and sees a half-dozen people crowded around, Holt not among them. The lights have been turned on, and the music stopped.

The camera backs off, back to third person. Violeta sits with her head in Holt's lap. He dabs at a small cut on her forehead with his pocket square.

A young woman in a mermaid outfit clutches a phone.

WAITRESS

Yes, she's coming around. There's a little blood. Oh, she's sitting up-

Violeta looks up at Holt.

VIOLETA

I want to go home.

Holt nods, expressionless. He rises and pulls Violeta up after him.

WAITRESS

Hang on, I'm calling an ambulance.

VIOLETA

No! This happens all the time. This happened the last time I was here during college. Actually my picture's probably still on the 'do not let in' list. Different hair now, you know?

She reaches for her dyed hair, but touches the cut on her face instead and winces.

WAITRESS

A-are you sure you shouldn't get that checked out?

VIOLETA

It's okay. I have dead parents at home to get back to.

The waitress looks horrified and confused.

VIOLETA (CONT'D)

What! That's not a weird thing for me to say! Lots of people have dead parents, and at least mine still worry about me.

HOLT

Let's go. I'll drive you home.

He pushes past the waitress and tugs Violeta out. They stumble into the street together.

As Holt approaches the car, a small note tucked under the windshield becomes visible. Violeta leans against him as he picks up the note. He looks between it and her.

Holt catches sight of a hoodie-ed figure disappearing around a corner under the lamp light down the street, but isn't able to follow with Violeta still half-conscious.

END.