

STORM'S EYE

by

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"Earlier on today, apparently, a woman rang the BBC and said she heard there was a hurricane on the way. Well, if you're watching, don't worry, there isn't!"

- Michael Fish, shortly before the Great Storm of 1987.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - ONE YEAR AGO

A crackling log fireplace roars in the draw of a chimney, the flickering glow casting wrapped gifts in a golden light.

A Christmas tree stands proudly over them. Cookies lie on a plate. A snow globe sits in the window, a miniature Seattle Space Needle inside, snow swirling around it fast.

CRASH! The window shatters, the curtains whip back, and snow blusters in. A furious gale howls in the darkness.

NINA, a young girl barely out of her teens, dashes through the living room searching.

NINA
(screaming)
Holly! Holly!

She hurries into the kitchen.

NINA (CONT'D)
Holly, come here!

Her DAD clatters through the room, squeaks off the vent to the fire, and unplugs power cords.

DAD
Nina!

Nina dashes out of the kitchen carrying a small white dog, her face terrified. She hurries up the stairs.

BATHROOM

Nina crashes through the door while her MOM cowers in the bathtub. Nina gets in with her and holds the dog tight. The door bursts open and her Dad tosses in blankets.

He perches on the toilet and fumbles with a tiny radio.

DAD
They should have seen this coming!
We should have been evacuated!

MOM
(opening arms)
Nina, come here.

Nina squirms into her Mom's arms. Hissing crackles from the radio. The wind roars outside. The walls creak.

DAD
 (adjusting dial)
 For crying out loud, come on!

A deep groaning echoes. He pauses and stares ahead.

DAD (CONT'D)
 The roof.

The ceiling tears away, revealing the sky. Plasterboard crashes down. Nina and her Mom cower and scream. Her Dad runs to the door and holds it open.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Downstairs! Quick!

The medicine cabinet crashes onto the basin. The dog wriggles out of Nina's arms and runs out of the room.

NINA
 Holly!

Nina and her Mom struggle up, duck under her Dad's arm, and run out the door.

STAIRCASE

They shield themselves as they descend. Crashing shudders through the house. Pictures fall from the walls. Nina looks back up the staircase, stunned.

The upper floor gone, snow whipping across the black sky.

NINA
 (screaming)
 Dad!

Nina goes to ascend the stairs, but her Mom grabs her arm and pulls her back down.

MOM
 Nina no!

NINA
 Dad! Dad!

LIVING ROOM

Nina spots the Dog cowering under the TV.

NINA
 Holly!

She tries to cross to the Dog but her Mom tugs her to the kitchen. Nina fights back, screaming.

KITCHEN

Her Mom pulls her through the kitchen, throws open the pantry door, and shoves Nina inside.

NINA
(desperate)
Mom, get Holly! Please!

Her Mom stands at the door, looking back and forth between Nina and the Living Room, and--

CRASH! Her Mom whips away. Wind roars into the kitchen. Utensils swirl around. The door clatters open and shut.

Nina watches, horrified, at the flashes of destruction in front of her. Smashing. Thudding. Screaming.

Snow blows in. She winces and runs through the door. The kitchen walls gone. Counters standing in the open.

NINA (CONT'D)
Mom?

She looks down. The fridge toppled over with her Mom's arm reaching from under it. Nina covers her face screaming. A cabinet crashes down and plates cascade to the floor.

She glances around helplessly. The whole house groans, the walls giving in. She flees to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Nina searches under the TV for the Dog.

NINA
Holly! Where are you?

A wall crashes down. Wind rushes in. The ceiling collapses on one side. The Christmas tree topples into glowing logs in the fireplace, fire spreads up it, and--

The house lights trip out. Nina stands frozen in the glow of the flames. Fire spreads across the room.

CRASH! More of the ceiling collapses. She shrieks and runs for the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME

Nina bursts out onto the porch way. She slips on the snow and falls on her back. The house starts to crunch down. She rolls over. The porch collapses and pins her on her back.

The wind whistles around her, whipping up her hair. Snowflakes scatter. She winces, struggles, and gasps.

She catches her breath, her glistening eyes perilous in the moonlight. She braces herself, grits her teeth, and pushes with everything she has left.

She screams, unable to free herself. Her head flops back, and she pants, staring into the darkness, snowflakes clinging to her hair within the gale of pure white noise.

Nina gradually stops panting, and her eyes slowly close.

She lies motionless as the wind dies down to a serene silence, and snow lightly falls onto her peaceful face.

She gasps, and her eyes bulge. She wipes her face and looks around. Snow glistens in the moonlight, blanketing destroyed houses, a pristine carpet of pure white.

She exhales calmly, condensation blowing from her lips. She peers down the street, confused.

COREY, an achingly handsome young guy, walks slowly along the road, his lonely figure a shadow against the snow.

NINA

Hey! Help! I'm trapped!

He turns and stares solemnly, his beautiful face accented by the moonlight, his haunted eyes piercing.

NINA (CONT'D)

Please! Please help me!

He crosses toward her as a fire in the house wreckage flares up and grows fast. She looks back, terrified.

NINA (CONT'D)

Please! Quickly!

He hurries, but the crackling flames spread, run across the shredded timber, and flicker up around her.

NINA (CONT'D)

(shrieking)

Please!

He nearly reaches her, but a wall of flames roars between them. He stares down, shielding himself from the heat, his face glowing in the light. She reaches out.

NINA (CONT'D)

Help me!

The fire roars. She screams and writhes as she stretches out her arm, her face hopeless behind licking flames.

Wind rushes in, and snow whips across her. The gale howls louder and louder, eventually drowning out her desperate screams into the night.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Fire quietly crackles. Nina's body lies covered in snow, her face barely exposed, eyes shut, and arm still reaching out. The Dog lies beside her, whimpering.

The Dog gets up and barks. BRENT, a young, dependable-looking guy wearing a Firefighter uniform, runs over, axe in hand. He drops to his knees beside her and carefully brushes snow from her face.

Her eyes creep open and dart around scared. He looks her in the eye and clutches her arm with his bulky hand.

BRENT

Don't worry! We're going to get you out of here.

He runs to the street. She stares blankly as she shivers.

BRENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(calling)

Guys, I got someone!

He runs back and frantically chops at the wreckage. The axe slices hard into the frozen, splintered wood.

EXT. SUMMIT LAKE FOREST - DAY - PRESENT

An axe blade thuds deep into a thick chunk of tree branch.

BRENT (O.S.)

Right, now, lift it up.

Nina brings her arms up, the axe in her hands with the wood chunk hanging from the blade, a nervous smile on her face.

Brent walks around her, his feet crunching through twigs by a fallen tree. He inspects her posture. She sniggers.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Ah, ah! Concentrate. Back straight.

NINA

You better only be checking out my back.

She wobbles as her arms tire. He pokes her in the ribs. She squeals and flinches but manages to stay posed.

BRENT

Okay, now swing down, but... Put your body into it.

She takes a breath and swings. The wood chops into two. She beams up at him, delighted, and they high-five. He smiles down at her proudly. She tweaks back her hair shy.

NINA

You think I'm cute. Admit it.

BRENT

Sure, I admit it. But then I'll admit anything you want. You have an axe in your hands.

EXT. FOREST PATH

The Dog scampers. Brent jogs after it, Nina riding piggy back. He ducks and swerves, making her squeal. They stop at a clearing and stare into the distance.

The glistening Summit Lake, adorned with tall green pine trees below the snow capped Mt Rainier dominating the sky. He pants, exhausted, drops her down, and catches his breath.

BRENT

How can someone so tiny be so heavy?

She fakes offense and flexes her muscles.

NINA

More like, how can someone so tiny be so strong!

(crouching ready)

Come on! Get on!

BRENT

Are you kidding me?

NINA

Come on! We're doing this!

He climbs on her. She takes his weight, winces defiantly, and buckles to the ground. He staggers around laughing. She lies forlorn with her eyes closed.

BRENT

(playing along)

Nina? Are you okay?

She peeks up and acts injured, trying not to smirk.

NINA

I'm very badly injured, Brent.

He leans over her, and she pulls him onto her, laughing. They kiss and run their hands over each other. The Dog barks at them. They stop and look at it.

EXT. FOREST

Nina lashes the dog's lead to a branch, dumps their rucksacks, and leads Brent into the trees.

They move swiftly into the seclusion of the forest, their feet stirring through bracken, the scattered shadows of the leafy canopy trickling over them.

Nina throws her head back against a trunk, and they kiss passionately. Brent nuzzles at her neck. She runs her hands through his hair and closes her eyes.

A gust whips up twigs and leaves. She glances out the corner of her eye, conflicted, and goes back to kissing.

A chorus of shimmering leaves rustles through the trees. She looks around worried, pushes him back, and stares up at the towering trunks creaking back and forth.

Brent tries to embrace her again, but Nina pushes him away and shakes her head dourly before quickly trudging back through the undergrowth.

He sighs, frustrated, and runs his hands through his hair.

EXT. CAMP THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

A campfire illuminates a small clearing, two tents pitched around it, and four people silhouetted in the flames.

Nina and Brent sip beers, the dog asleep between them.

RAY, a young, awkward guy, carefully slides meat chunks onto a skewer. He drops a piece on the ground, quickly snatches it up, and puts it back on a plate with the other pieces.

LEX, a superficial-looking young woman, snaps up, shocked, and gags on her beer.

LEX
Ray, I saw that!

RAY
(carrying on)
Five-second rule, Lex.

LEX
No! No way! That's inside only!
Something could have crapped right
on the spot you dropped that.
You're disgusting.

RAY
I'm disgusting? Let me tell you a
little secret about the
countryside. Everything out here
has been crapped on at some point.
Everywhere you sit, everything you
touch.

Lex winces and adjusts her position.

LEX
I wish something would crap on your
big fat smug head right now.

She narrows her eyes at Ray.

RAY
What are you doing?

She strains determined.

RAY (CONT'D)
Oh, you're going to use your
special powers? Is that what you're
going to do?

She nods briefly, concentrates, and grimaces.

RAY (CONT'D)
How's that going for you there?
How's that magic working out for
you?

She grits her teeth.

RAY (CONT'D)

What the hell? Are you crapping yourself? That's how you're going to get back at me? What's wrong with you?

She exhales, laughing, and playfully shoves him.

LEX

You're disgusting.

RAY

You're the one trying to crap yourself.

Lex picks at the meat chunks and finds the tainted piece.

LEX

Make sure I don't get this piece.

RAY

Don't worry, nobody's getting that piece.

NINA

I'll eat it.

Lex and Ray look at Nina, surprised.

NINA (CONT'D)

What? It's food, why waste it?

Brent puts an arm around Nina and rubs her shoulder proudly.

RAY

See, you should be more like Nina.

Ray shoves a skewer into the campfire. The searing flames roar as the wood pops. Nina sits slouched as she gazes at the flames, drifting away.

She looks up, and her eyes bulge.

Corey stands over the campfire, staring down at her, his face solemn in the fiery glow.

She jolts to her senses and gasps. The others snap around.

LEX

Neen, you okay?

Nina gazes around, confused and disorientated

BRENT
Another flashback?

Nina nods, scared, clutching her beer bottle tightly.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Hey, it's okay.

Her eyes well up, pained.

RAY
Shit, are you crying?

Nina covers her face and quickly crosses to a tent before unzipping the flap and crawling in.

EXT. CAMP THUNDERBIRD - MORNING

A kitted-out pickup truck sits parked in the morning sun. Nina stands on the back bumper, sorting camping equipment.

Brent crosses over and heaves a bag up to her. He grabs her legs, and she screams as he tips her into the bed and walks away. Nina lies upturned in the bags, giggling to herself.

EXT. HIGHWAY 8 - LATER

The pickup drones down a highway, the sky bright blue.

It passes a road sign for McCleary and turns off the highway onto the suburban streets.

INT. PICKUP

The tires hum on the road as Brent drives, Ray slumped beside him. Lex and Nina sit slouched in the back. Lex winces.

LEX
I swear I still somehow got that
crappy piece of kebab last night.

NINA
You want us to pull over?

Lex shakes her head. Brent peers ahead, concerned.

BRENT
Guys, check this out.

A firetruck and cop car parked at the crest of a hill, blue strobes flickering as they block off the road.

A whole street of suburban homes torn to shreds, with FIRE-FIGHTERS milling around the destruction.

COP
Roads closed, buddy. Take Main Street.

BRENT
(thumbing to Ray)
We're volunteer crew out of Shelton. You need help?

The Cop waves them through the roadblock.

EXT. MCCLEARY SUBURB

The pickup eases around the debris littering the road. They all get out. Brent and Ray pull out fireman's jackets.

BRENT
Looks like it hit bad?

FIREFIGHTER
Like a goddamn freight train.

Exhausted PARAMEDICS stand slouched against an ambulance.

RAY
Many survivors?

The Firefighter shakes his head dour.

FIREFIGHTER
Didn't see it coming.

BRENT
No weather warning again?

FIREFIGHTER
Another one of those.
(air quotes)
Freak storms.

They gaze around at the homes, their smashed windows gaping, search markings sprayed onto doors, trees toppled into roofs, and belongings thrown into yards.

Brent looks at Nina, concerned.

BRENT

You okay?

She nods back bleakly.

INT. WRECKED SUBURBAN HOME

The front door thuds, bangs, and jolts. An axe chops through, and a boot kicks it open.

Brent and Ray scan around and wince at a snapped piece of timber smeared with blood, a dead hand still clutching it.

EXT. MCCLEARY SUBURB

A camping kettle boils. Nina and Lex pour out drinks for appreciative EMERGENCY WORKERS. Nina checks everyone has a drink and peers down the street.

Corey, at the bottom, idly smoking, too far to recognize, sitting on the kerb beside a red sports bike.

NINA

Hey, anyone know that guy?

The Emergency Workers exchange knowing glances.

PARAMEDIC

I spotted him at Elma a few weeks back. Same thing. Just picking around the wreckage, waiting.

FIREFIGHTER

One of our guys says he was loitering around Oakville. Thought he was a survivor at first, walking around all spaced out. What's his name? Corey?

COP

Corentin something. We picked him up in Hillgrove the other month. Got a call from someone worried he was a looter. Poor kid.

NINA

So, what? He comes out after the storms? Why would he do that?

COP

We've tried talking to him a few times.

(MORE)

COP (CONT'D)

All we know is he's looking for a girl. Never managed to get much more out of him.

PARAMEDIC

Post-traumatic stress, I'd say.
Just looking for answers.

Nina grabs a drink and walks down the road toward him. He casually looks up at her.

She recognizes him and stops in her tracks, shocked. Her hair blows back in a gust. She drops the cup. He looks away and continues smoking.

She gathers the cup up, her hand trembling, and continues toward him, staring tentatively, struggling to believe it.

NINA

Hi.

He shoots her a brief smile and turns back away.

NINA (CONT'D)

Can I... Can I get you a drink?

He glances back, shakes his head smirking and turns away.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm Nina.

COREY

Corey.

NINA

You come out to the storms, right?

He nods surely as he taps ash on the ground.

NINA (CONT'D)

Were you in the Christmas Eve storm? Last year?

He stares at her and takes a long draw. She watches the orange embers of his cigarette sizzle. He stares back at the floor and exhales with a haunted look in his eyes.

NINA (CONT'D)

Do you remember seeing a girl?
Trapped in wreckage?

COREY

I'm looking for a girl.

Her eyes bulge, amazed.

COREY (CONT'D)

She has long, thick brown hair and
the greenest eyes you've ever seen.

NINA

Was she in a storm?

He smirks, tosses his cigarette town, and stubs it out.

COREY

I dream about her.

A fire flares up in the wreckage of a house near them.

COREY (CONT'D)

Crazy, right?

She shakes her head trance-like. The flames roar, the wind
fueling them. Their faces shimmer in the heat.

COREY (CONT'D)

Her name is Tora.

Nina continues to stare mesmerized. The rush of a fire
extinguisher jolts her to reality, and she snaps around to
find Brent tackling the flames.

LEX (O.S.)

(concerned)

Neen?

Lex crosses over, carrying the Dog.

LEX (CONT'D)

I think Holly ate something bad.
She just barfed, like, everywhere.

An engine fires up. Nina looks back. Corey blips the throttle
of the red sports bike, looks back at them, and puts on his
helmet. Lex stares, impressed.

LEX (CONT'D)

Woah!

He kicks up the stand and blasts away, engine screaming. They
watch him disappear. Nina continues to stare fixed as Brent
and Ray cross over.

LEX (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm just going to say it. He
was seriously hot.

RAY
Hey! I'm right here, you know?

LEX
Did you see him? He looked like a Roman sculpture, Ray. And here's me covered in dog sick, of course.

RAY
Am I missing something?
(waving across her face)
Hello? I'm your boyfriend. We're in something called a "relationship".

BRENT
(to Nina)
Who is he?

Nina draws a content smile, still staring down the road.

NINA
It's him.

EXT. MCCLEARY SUBURB - LATER

Brent flips up the pickup tailgate as Ray tosses his gloves into the storage box. They both climb into the cab.

INT. PICKUP

Ray looks back at Lex slumped in the back, nursing her gut.

RAY
You okay?

LEX
I'm tired, I'm dirty, I've eaten meat that's been dropped in crap, and a dog's been sick on me. Oh, I'm just great! Best weekend camping ever!

BRENT
(to Nina)
You okay?

Nina sits stroking the dog on her lap. She smiles and nods, surely. Brent forces a smile back and fires up the truck.

INT. VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL KENNELS - DAY

The Dog lies in the cage. Nina screws up her face, makes kissing noises, and waggles her finger through a gap. Brent and a VET stare down sympathetically.

VET

We'll monitor her for a few days
and keep you updated.

NINA

Oh, she'll love the attention.

INT. VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL RECEPTION

Brent and the Vet cross to the counter while Nina stares up at a poster for a missing cat.

BRENT (O.S.)

You think she ate something
poisonous?

VET (O.S.)

Most likely. But don't worry. She's
a dog. She'll shake it off.

Nina gazes at the missing pet posters.

EXT. VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL

Traffic bustles by as Brent and Nina walk hand in hand.

NINA

Right, at the fire department, they
can access, like, a database of
missing people, yeah?

BRENT

Yeah, why?

She looks up at him, hopeful as he gradually works out what she wants.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. This Corey has nothing
to do with us. Just drop it.

NINA

Don't be mean! Somebody needs to
step in and try to help him.

She holds his hands and flutters her eyelashes.

NINA (CONT'D)
 Something tells me he needs to find
 this girl, Brent.

BRENT
 Fine. I'll drop by the station
 tomorrow and see what I can do. No
 promises.

She smiles, delighted, and nuzzles up against his shoulder.

BRENT (CONT'D)
 What's her name again?

NINA
 Tora.

BRENT
 Tora.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight casts over the cluttered bedroom as Nina and Brent lie sleeping, Nina clutching the covers.

Her eyes creep open as snow cascades softly past her face and settles on the blanket.

Nina's pupils dart upward. The ceiling gone, and a star-filled black sky above her.

She blinks, confused, and tries to roll over but clutches an icy piece of timber on top of her.

Condensation blows from her lips as she glances around at a light covering of snow, blanketing everything in the room.

A shadow casts over Nina. She snaps around and stares, stunned. Corey stands at the bottom of the bed, staring down at her. She grimaces and tries to move.

Crackling light flickers in his stone-cold eyes. Flames roar up around him and trickle up the bed. Nina writhes desperately and--

Snaps awake, gasping. She throws away the covers, fumbles out, and pats herself up and down.

BRENT
 Nina?

She stands frozen and shivering.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Nina. It's okay. It's just another nightmare.

She composes herself and stares at silhouettes of trees rustling in the wind outside the window.

EXT. APARTMENT

A chrome motorbike exhaust pulses. The bike clunks into gear. Corey slowly rides away down the empty street.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Nina sits on an old sofa covered with blankets, idly flicking through a magazine. Brent enters, cradling a paper bag.

BRENT

Guess who bought Chinese?

She sits up delighted. He spirals around, kisses her, and nudges a piece of paper wedged in the bag with his nose.

BRENT (CONT'D)

And another surprise.

Nina takes it and unfolds it to find it's a missing person report on a Tora Viggoson, a young woman with cascading brown hair, bright green eyes, and a shy smile.

NINA

No way!

BRENT

She's been found. Dig this, she's from Brooklyn. I think your Corey friend has been walking round in a few too many storms.

She smiles, disappointed.

NINA

This was the only result?

BRENT

Nationwide. Don't look so disappointed. That's really good news. You should be pleased.

He walks to the kitchen and rustles out take-out tubs. Nina studies the print-out and grabs her laptop as he walks back in and places plates of food down.

BRENT (CONT'D)
What you up to?

NINA
(defensive)
Nothing.

She taps on the keyboard as Brent clinks down drinks, settles down, and sighs. Nina prods at the trackpad while he scoffs his meal. He pauses and looks at her. She looks back.

BRENT
(chewing)
You're kinda being rude.

She pushes him away, cringing, and focuses on her computer.

NINA
Ew, no! Talking with your mouth open is rude.

BRENT
Seriously, what are you doing?

He leans in, and she playfully nudges him away.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Facebook? You got another guy on there?
(pinching at her waist)
Hey? Hey?

NINA
(arching out of reach)
I wish.

Nina studies the print-out and types. Brent leans in to see Tora's name entered into the search box. He's not impressed

NINA (CONT'D)
Well, there can only be so many Tora Viggosons in the world. I mean, what is that? European?

BRENT
She's been found. She's on the other side of the country. It's none of our business.

NINA
I just want closure. I'm sure a lovely picture of her will pop up, and she'll be all sweet and happy, and then I'll move on.

Nina hits enter, and a Facebook profile pops up with a photo of Tora firmly giving both middle fingers, her green eyes glaring as she stands in front of a biker bar.

She reels and rechecks the printout.

BRENT
Oh yeah, lovely.

He sits back, amused, and carries on eating. She watches him shoveling up food, hits the message button, and taps out a message mentioning Corey fast and asking Tora to get back.

He spots the message box open. She finishes, slams the laptop shut, grabs her plate, and eats while ignoring him.

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - DAY

Nina and Brent ascend the apartment staircase carrying grocery bags. She pulls out her phone and thumbs at the screen.

He unlocks the apartment door and she walks through consumed.

INT. APARTMENT

Nina sighs, shoves the phone back in her pocket, and dumps the bags down. Brent puts down his bags and stares at her.

NINA
(defensively)
What?

BRENT
What's the matter?

NINA
Nothing.

She sighs and starts unpacking.

NINA (CONT'D)
It's just... That Tora still hasn't got back to me.

BRENT
She's probably living it up in New York. Good for her.

NINA
That's the thing. She isn't.

He stares back, confused.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brent and Nina sit on the sofa, peering at her laptop. She points at Tora's Facebook picture of the Biker Bar.

NINA
So, this bar, Ignition.

Nina taps away. The page refreshes with bar listings, including the address for Ignition in Forks, Washington.

NINA (CONT'D)
Forks is what? Three hours away?

BRENT
Yeah, but there's probably more than one bar in the country called Ignition.

She brings up a map, centers on Forks, and zooms in.

NINA
There.

The Ignition Biker Bar, clearly the same place shown on Tora's Facebook profile.

NINA (CONT'D)
She's actually not that far from where he's been looking.

Brent stares at the screen, brooding.

NINA (CONT'D)
We can go find her for him.

BRENT
Dammit!

He explodes up. She reels shocked.

BRENT (CONT'D)
I knew I shouldn't have encouraged this! I knew it!

NINA
What?

BRENT
This... This nonsense, Nina!

She stares back, upset.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Don't you see you're being delusional? You're trying to solve a puzzle that doesn't exist! This is all in your head!

NINA

But I've seen this guy! I dream about this guy! That must mean something!

BRENT

You haven't, Okay? You think you have, but your mind's just filling in the blanks.

She gets up, fuming, and storms across the room.

NINA

I know what I saw.

She crosses to the bags and continues unpacking.

BRENT

Why do you care so much about this guy finding this girl? And in a storm? A disaster zone? How does that even make sense?

NINA

That's how you found me, didn't you? Or have you already forgotten that?

Brent's face sinks horrified. She sniffs and wipes her eyes. He walks up behind her and puts his arms around her waist. Nina tries to wriggle free, but he clutches her tight and rests his head on her shoulder. She strains out tears.

BRENT

Hey, it's okay, I'm sorry.

NINA

What if something's going to happen to her? What if he needs to be with her?

He turns her around and hugs her tight.

BRENT

Don't think about that, okay? Don't even think about it.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Lights hum above a tatty hospital corridor as Brent flicks through a magazine. He looks up at a Therapy Session Room sign, Nina and a THERAPIST behind the window saying muffled goodbyes. The door opens, and Nina walks out smiling.

BRENT
(to Therapist)
You said you needed to talk to me?

The Therapist looks back, confused.

BRENT (CONT'D)
(hinting)
In private?

THERAPIST
(getting it)
Yes... Yes, of course, come in.

NINA
Are you crazy now too?

BRENT
You're not crazy, okay?

He enters the room and ducks his head out.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Well, maybe just a little.

She smiles back, faking offense.

INT. THERAPY SESSION ROOM

Brent hides from the window as the Therapist perches on a chair arm.

BRENT
Did Nina tell you about a guy she met. A guy called Corey? Or a girl called Tora?

THERAPIST
You know I can't discuss what's said in here.

BRENT
She wants to go find a girl she's never even met. You know that, right? And there's this guy she spoke with the other day.

(MORE)

BRENT (CONT'D)

This nut-job who hangs around disaster zones. She now thinks this is the guy she's been having flashbacks about, and it can't be.

The Therapist stares back, silent and conflicted.

BRENT (CONT'D)

I just don't know what to do. I'm not sure I can stop her going through with it.

THERAPIST

Then don't. Let her find her own dead ends. The more evidence she discovers proving herself wrong, the more rational she'll become.

BRENT

And if I don't?

THERAPIST

Then she sits around stewing over it, inventing answers in her head.

BRENT

So, we just let her carry on inventing this BS?

The Therapist watches Nina using the candy machine outside.

THERAPIST

Look, to you and me Nina's a miracle, but all she feels is guilt. That BS is her trying to turn her fears into something positive, and who can blame her after what she's gone through?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The Therapist walks away as Nina bounds up to Brent and hands him candy. He puts an arm around her as they walk.

NINA

Well?

BRENT

You actually are crazy. Totally wired. They're having you sectioned.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK

Nina and Brent cross toward the pickup, arm in arm, stretching their legs out and carefully placing their feet.

NINA

I saw that! You stood on one! You broke the devil's dishes! That's three to me now.

BRENT

I don't want to play this game anymore. My feet are too big.

NINA

No. you don't want to play, because,
(hopping)
I'm, better, at, this, than... you, and you hate losing.

He smiles over the hood of the pickup. She grins back.

NINA (CONT'D)

What?

BRENT

I was thinking, this weekend, let's do it. Let's go to Forks, see if we can find this Tora.

NINA

(beaming)
Really?

BRENT

We can invite Ray and Lex too. Make a road trip out of it.

She claps her hands in approval, goes to get in, and pauses.

BRENT (CONT'D)

What?

NINA

This better not be a secret plan to get me to a mental hospital.

They both burst into laughter.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Rain sheets down onto the rundown house, the yard bare dirt. Ray and Lex sprint out of the door toward the pickup, their feet splashing and slipping through muddy puddles. Ray leaps in the front with Brent as Lex climbs into the back with Nina.

INT. PICKUP

Rain drums against the roof as Lex winces at her muddy boots.

LEX

Is it too much to ask for a paved driveway? Am I too high maintenance expecting that?

RAY

Don't give me that bullshit, Lex!
It's a fixer-upper!

LEX

The point of a fixer-upper is you're supposed to fix it up!

RAY

It's the weekend. I'm not in the mood!

LEX

Yeah, well, try that excuse at my funeral, after I slip over, break my neck and die face down in a pool of mud!

RAY

Well, I won't need to! Because, if that happens, I'll just use the life insurance to pave over you. Two birds with one stone, boom!

Lex sits back, fuming, as Ray shakes his head.

RAY (CONT'D)

Jeeze! Three hours of this! Just to get to the most boring town on Earth.

LEX

Some of us quite like Forks, actually. Some of us are more open-minded than you.

RAY
 Nobody is ever going to lose their
 head in Forks, Lex.

They sigh and shake their heads. Brent raises his hand.

BRENT
 (awkwardly)
 Hey, you guys.

NINA
 (sarcastically)
 Yay, road trip.

MONTAGE

- The pickup pulls away and drives down the wet street.
- Ray messes with the radio. Lex glares, bats his shoulder and gestures to change the track.
- Lex and Nina bob from side to side in the back, singing along to the tune. Brent and Ray wince.
- The pickup drives along Highway 101, the huge pine trees towering overhead, the sun out, the sky clear.
- Brent and Ray mime to a rap tune and gesture to each other while eating. The girls shake their heads, amused.
- The pickup cruises past the welcome sign into Forks.

END MONTAGE

EXT. IGNITION BAR - LATER

The biker bar within a row of run-down stores, Harley's and choppers lined up with KIDS admiring them, graffiti on the walls, and posters blocking out the windows.

The pickup pulls up to a halt opposite. Nina, Brent, Lex, and Ray climb out, yawn, stretch, and cringe at the bar.

RAY
 Oh, now this is classy! This was
 totally worth the ride out! Before
 we go in, has anybody not had a
 tetanus jab, seriously?

Brent shoots him a stern look and nods at Nina.

RAY (CONT'D)

I'm... sure it's a lot more
pleasant on the inside.

Nina looks at the bar anxiously.

LEX

You okay, Neen?

NINA

I'm scared.

LEX

She'll be nice, okay?

The bar door bursts open and TORA, a petite girl full of piss and vinegar with a strong Brooklyn accent, storms out and glares venomously at the Kids.

TORA

Get the fuck away from the bikes,
you little shits!

The Kids scamper away, amused.

KID

I'll tell my dad you swore at us!

TORA

Yeah? You go tell him, Tora's got
her apology right here.

Tora grabs her crotch and trudges back inside before slamming the door

INT. IGNITION BAR

Classic rock music. A few tatty tables lie scattered around with BIKERS sitting vacantly sipping beers under a wall plastered in license plates. Tora snaps over pages of a newspaper idly.

Nina, Brent, Lex, and Ray stand in the doorway as the door shuts behind them.

RAY

Nope, somehow actually worse
inside.

LEX

(rolling eyes)

Well, maybe it's a fixer-upper.

Tora glances up, sneering.

TORA
Can I help you?

They cross over tentatively.

NINA
Hey, you probably don't know me,
but I sent you a message on
Facebook? I just wanted to ask you
something.

TORA
You guys drinking or what?

BRENT
She just wants to chat with you.

TORA
You want to sit someplace chatting
for free, go find a Starbucks, you
cheap snobs. This bar is for paying
customers only.
(sarcastic)
How else do you think we keep the
place looking so classy?

Brent stands shocked as Ray cuts in.

RAY
Umm, we'll take four buds, thanks.

Tora rolls her eyes and fishes bottles out of the fridge.

TORA
Great. Five buds, Mr Big Spender.

RAY
Umm, Four. I said four.

Tora pops a cap off one, chugs on it, and gasps.

TORA,
You want to talk, right?

NINA
Did you read the message I sent
you?

Ray offers a bill across, and Tora snatches it away.

TORA
I don't really go on Facebook
because of, you know.
(MORE)

TORA (CONT'D)
 (glancing at them)
 All the weirdoes.

NINA
 Look, do you know a guy called
 Corey or umm... Corentin?

Tora shakes her head dismissively and drops the change in the
 tips jar. Ray frowns, unimpressed.

NINA (CONT'D)
 There's this guy I met not too far
 from here. He's looking for a girl
 with bright green eyes and long
 brown hair.
 (hopefully)
 Called Tora.

Tora shrugs nonchalantly.

BRENT
 He rides a red sports bike... a
 Ducati.

TORA
 Some squid on a pasta rocket? Oh
 please! Get outta here!

LEX
 Look, a hot guy, okay? A seriously
 hot guy.

TORA
 (interest perking)
 Yeah?

NINA
 Yeah, and he's looking for her in
 the storms.

Tora tilts her head, intrigued, and thinks. A light bulb
 pops, the lights go out, and the music cuts.

TORA
 For Christ's sake!

BIKER
 (matter of fact)
 Powers gone again, Tora.

The Bikers chuckle.

TORA
Go screw yourself, Tommy. I'm
dealing with it! Okay, asshole?

Tora clumps round the bar to a back room door.

TORA (CONT'D)
Shithole!

INT. BAR BACK ROOM

Tora throws open the door and grabs a flashlight as Nina, Brent, Lex, and Ray gather at the doorway, peering in.

Tora kicks a chair under the circuit breaker, climbs up, and wobbles as she inspects it. She flicks a switch. The lights come on, the music booms, and the bikers sarcastically cheer.

She holds the switch up and fumbles for a roll of duct tape with her free hand, the flashlight making it difficult. Ray squeezes through the others and reaches out for the torch.

RAY
Here.

She hands him the flashlight. POP! The bulb blows. He flinches and drops it, shaking his hand.

RAY (CONT'D)
Argh! Ow!

Lex goes to comfort him, but He reels away panicked.

RAY (CONT'D)
Woah! Stay back! I'm electrocuted!

They watch him pace around, clutching himself.

RAY (CONT'D)
Jeeze, man! That was fucking
intense.

TORA
You okay?

RAY
(looking up scornfully)
You give a shit?

TORA
Sure, I give a shit. We've got no
liability insurance.

Lex eases up to Ray and comforts him.

BRENT

You pussy, man. She didn't even
flinch.

Tora smiles smugly, tears off a piece of duct tape, and presses it onto the breaker switch, holding it on.

NINA

Is that safe?

TORA

You see anything catching fire,
sweetheart?

Tora hops down and shoos them out.

INT. IGNITION BAR

Nina follows Tora around the bar, full of hope.

NINA

So this Corey. You're sure you
don't know him?

TORA

Where'd you say you'd seen him?

NINA

Up at McClearly. They had a big
storm up there and-

Tora turns around and stares at Nina, eyes narrow.

TORA

Listen, I don't know who or what
the hell you're talking about,
okay? You done? Now go see where
you gotta go.

Nina frowns, hurt, as Lex scowls and folds her arms.

TORA (CONT'D)

(to Lex)

What's the matter, Barbie? Your
bikini wax chaffing?

LEX

You know what? You don't deserve
some hot guy searching around after
you! You don't deserve anybody
searching after you at all!

TORA
Okay, you gavoons are outta here.

LEX
Oh, don't worry! We're leaving!

Lex leads Nina away while Brent and Ray follow, disappointed.

EXT. IGNITION BAR - DAY

Brent, Nina, Ray, and Lex cross the street to the pickup, their faces glum.

BRENT
Look, I know what'll cheer
everybody up. Nina's favorite. Hot
dogs!

Nina bats his arm lazily, a little amused.

NINA
That's your favorite, silly.

INT. FORKS COFFEE SHOP

Country music croons. Busy STAFF serve CUSTOMERS at a bar. A mounted elk's head towers over Brent, Nina, Lex, and Ray as they eat in silence.

Brent tucks into a hotdog as he watches Nina staring solemnly at the table. She glances up and catches him looking at her. She smiles sheepishly back, trying to mask her disappointment.

EXT. FORKS COFFEE SHOP

Full of food but empty of motivation, Brent, Nina, Lex, and Ray stroll out into the car park.

BRENT
You guys want to check out anything
else?

Nina shakes her head despondently as Ray and Lex shrug. They pass a beat-up old Suburban, the engine running.

RAY
What is there to even do around
here?

PETE (O.S.)

Hey!

They all turn to find PETE, and middle aged man, glaring at them from the Suburban.

PETE (CONT'D)

Were you kids at Ignition earlier?

They nod hesitantly. He points at Nina.

PETE (CONT'D)

You keep away from Tora, okay? Stay out of her business.

Brent goes to speak, but the Suburban screeches away and roars down the street. He turns back to find Nina biting her lip angrily and shaking her head.

NINA

What was I thinking?

She crosses toward the pickup with her head down.

RAY

(calling out)

Everyone here is so nice!

BRENT

I swear I recognize that guy.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

A fuel nozzle clunks into a filler. A hand clutches the lever, and a pump whirs. Brent leans against the pickup as the evening draws in.

Ray crosses over from the convenience store and rustles a candy bar out of a bag

RAY

Sorry how the day's worked out, man.

BRENT

Why?

RAY

You know,

(leaning in)

Nina. She going to be alright?

BRENT

This is the best way it could have worked out. It's over now.

A back window whirrs down. Lex looks out disgusted.

LEX

How can you be eating already? You just ate a ton of food?

RAY

Our brain consumes twenty-five percent of our energy, okay? I need sustenance to maintain all this deep thinking I do.

LEX

More like you need sustenance to maintain all the bullshit you come out with.

RAY

Do I get any sympathy for being electrocuted? My heart's still racing here, you know?

Brent smirks, but then he spots Nina reflected in a side mirror, her face staring into the middle distance disappointed. He frowns sympathetically.

The wind picks up. A metal promo board clangs to the ground. Brent, Ray, and Lex gaze up at the sky warily, a storm drawing in.

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The pickup drones down a highway, the headlights illuminating rustling bushes as it disappears into the darkness of tall, swaying pine trees.

INT. PICKUP

Nina's eyes dart around anxiously as she watches the towering trees whip back and forth. Her hand clutches her seat as Brent fights the wheel against the wind.

BRENT

Don't worry, okay?

Nina struggles a smile back as he rubs her shoulder.

LEX

Watch out!

A pine tree buckles in the wind. Brent hits the brakes.

The pickup's tires screech. The huge tree crackles, rips through branches, drops and--

They all wince. The tree fills the windshield and--

The pickup stops just in time as the tree crashes onto the asphalt, blocking the road. They stare, shocked, as the sprawling limbs of the tree wave back in the heavy wind.

RAY

I know I'm stating the obvious here, but that was close.

LEX

Are we safe here?

Brent checks around. He thinks for a moment and selects reverse.

BRENT

Let's go back to town.

He looks out the rear window, starts to back up. and--

Another massive pine tree creaks over and smashes to the ground, blocking the road back.

They gasp and stare up the moonlit road, eyes bulging.

RAY

No, no, no, no, no! Not good, man!
Not good!

LEX

We're trapped!

BRENT

Just calm down. Let's take a look.

Brent and Ray get out into the howling wind and Nina and Lex watch them inspecting the fallen tree ahead.

LEX

You okay, Neen?

Nina tries to hide her fear. The door opens, and Brent leans in.

BRENT

We're going to winch it out the way, but I don't want you in the truck while we do it.

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY

The wind roars, and leaves scatter across the road as Nina and Lex climb out and stand hunched over, their hair whipping around.

Ray grits his teeth, his foot against the tree as he lashes a strap tightly around the trunk. Brent clips on the winch hook and ushers the girls further away.

BRENT

(shouting over wind)

Keep back. If the line snaps, it can cut you in two!

The girls back away and brace themselves against the gust.

Brent presses the winch remote, the motor whines, and the pickup tightens on its suspension as the strap pulls against the tree.

Nina glances back up the road and narrows her eyes as she spots a single headlamp approaching.

NINA

Look!

They all look around as the wind drops to a gust. A high-rpm engine growls to a halt. A red sports bike in the distance. Corey lifts off his helmet, his face pale in the moonlight.

LEX

Is that who I think it is?

Nina draws a slight smile and nods as she stares.

RAY

He's crazy riding that in this storm! He'll kill himself!

Corey dismounts his bike, studies the fallen tree in the road, and looks up at another with a sinister smile. He reaches out, his hands trembling and face straining.

BRENT

What the hell?

RAY

Okay, I think Corey might be stoned.

The wind builds and surges and the tree whips around violently until branches tear off. Nina and Lex clutch each other.

Corey smiles meanly. The trunk cracks. The tree falls through the air and crashes onto the road.

Corey then sweeps an arm out and Nina and Lex are blown over screaming while Brent and Ray are thrown against the pickup. Corey sweeps his arm the other way. Nina and Lex roll in the gale.

Nina stares up at Corey. He grins back menacingly as a headlamp pierces through the darkness behind him. He snaps his head around, and the wind drops.

Nina and Lex get up and cross into Brent and Ray's arms.

RAY (CONT'D)

Did he just? Was he making that happen?

BRENT

This is crazy!

They all look bewildered as a deep glugging engine throbs down the highway.

A silver Harley rolls up beside Corey, and a heeled boot kicks the stand down.

Their eyes bulge as Tora slips off her helmet, whips back her hair, and stares back with a cocky smile.

She sweeps her leg over the seat and strolls over to Corey before they check each other out flirtatiously.

Tora winks. The sky flashes, and thunder cracks before a deep rumbling boom echoes slowly through the forest.

RAY

(voice trembling)

Whoah! Are you shitting me?

Corey raises his eyebrows, impressed, and leans in to Tora.

COREY

Hey, you wanna see a cool way to make smoothies?

She smiles coyly. He looks down the road to Nina, Lex, Brent and Ray, and holds out his hands while glowering.

The wind picks up as Brent and Ray shield Nina and Lex from objects flying past through the air.

Lex flinches and screams as an apple smacks her and splatters her with juice.

More and more reign in, pummeling them hard. Brent opens a pickup door.

BRENT

Get in!

Nina and Lex clamber into the pickup and dive behind the front seats as fruit thuds against the windows until pulp runs down the glass. Brent struggles over to Ray.

BRENT (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here!

Ray nods as Brent grabs the winch remote and hits the button. The winch whines, and they wince in the wind as the tree creeps slowly back.

Tora narrows her eyes, clenches her fists, and--

BOOM! The whole area flashes. The pickup headlamps go out, the winch stops, and the engine splutters to a halt.

Tora smiles, panting. While Corey nods approvingly.

COREY

Pretty flash.

Brent and Ray pound on the pickup's hood.

BRENT

Start the truck! Nina! Start the truck!

Nina clambers between the seats and tries the key. Nothing. She looks through the windshield hopelessly and shakes her head.

Tora narrows her eyes, reaches her hand out like a pistol, and aims at Ray.

He looks back, confused. She smiles, flicks down her thumb, and--

BANG! A lightning bolt strikes the tree right by him.

Nina and Lex scream. Boiling hot sap sprays over the windshield and sizzles on the glass. Ray screams in agony as it fries on his skin, a piece of bark impaled into his cheek.

Tora draws her finger to her mouth, looks at Corey, and blows on it seductively. Corey's eyes widen. The wind howls. The pickup creaks on its suspension.

Nina and Lex scream as they're jostled around.

Brent watches the pickup's tires skid on the asphalt. He looks at the winch cable, tethering it to the tree, the metal wire shaking in the gust as the tension increases.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Ray, we gotta get in the car!

RAY

I can't see, man!

Brent tries to grab him, but Ray crawls the wrong way back toward the front of the pickup.

BRENT

Ray, this way!

Brent drags himself alongside the doors and reaches for the handle.

Corey's eyes widen menacingly. The wind shrieks harder. The tires of the pickup leave the ground, and the whole thing lifts into the air, anchored down by the winch cable.

Brent spots Ray crawling around the front of the pickup.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Ray!

Ray fumbles blindly and feels the front bumper.

RAY

Brent! Where are you?

He pats along the bumper, the winch housing, and the winch cable, then struggles an eye open to see the creaking metal wire splaying slowly apart right in front of him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

BANG! The cable snaps. Blood sprays over the hood of the pickup. Brent cowers as the pickup soars over him and crashes back to the ground.

The wind dies down as Corey pants, exhausted, and Tora grins, impressed.

Brent glances around, and spots Ray slumped against the tree, most of his head missing, bar the jaw. He runs to the pickup, throws the door open, and climbs in.

LEX
Where's Ray!

BRENT
(shaking head)
He's gone.

LEX
(shrieking)
What do you mean, gone?

He looks at Nina and Lex haunted. They stare back, terrified.

BANG! BANG! Forks of lighting above send sparks showering onto the sunroof. Nina and Lex scream.

Tora wags her fingers like pistols and looks back at Corey, smug. A severed power-line pole hangs precariously above the pickup, the lines whipping around and sparking.

Corey grins and concentrates. The gust roars. The pole kicks around, and the powerlines flail closer and closer to the pickup's roof.

Light sparks washes of blue across Brent, Lex, and Nina's terrified faces.

BRENT
Stay down!

Corey focuses as Tora watches, captivated. The power lines snare the fallen tree, and sparks crackle off it.

Tora looks at Corey, disappointed. He narrows his eyes.

COREY
Wait for it.

Corey glowers at the pickup. The wind shrieks against it, and the body leans. It skids sideways toward the sparking tree, the tires scraping on the asphalt. Tora grins.

The gust soars against the power line wrapped around the tree. Flames flare up and quickly grow as the pickup jolts toward them.

Fire looms at the windows as sparks shower against the glass. Nina, Lex and Brent look around perilously.

Branches smash through the windows. Nina and Lex duck and scream. Roaring flames engulf all around the pickup.

Corey relaxes, gasps, and staggers around. Tora smiles back and raises her palm. Corey smacks in a high-five, and thunder claps through the sky.

Flames fill the windows. Brent tries to open a door, but the wind pushes back. He heaves, feet braced against it. No good.

Nina grabs a window hammer.

NINA

Here!

BRENT

No wait!

Nina strikes a window. It smashes, but glass chips catch the wind and scratch their faces. Lex screams and covers her eyes.

Nina pulls herself out the window.

NINA

Come on!

Corey and Tora stare at each other, smiling.

COREY

Tora, I take it?

Tora nods back.

COREY (CONT'D)

You been dreaming about me?

TORA

All my life.

They spot Nina, Lex, and Brent running into the forest and take chase.

EXT. FOREST

Tora jabs her finger around. BANG! BANG! BANG! Lightning hits trees. Nina winces as sparks shower behind her. Lex cowers as bark fires over her. Brent ducks as sap sprays by him.

Tora frowns, frustrated, and dashes after them with Corey.

Nina points ahead at a glimmering yellow light.

NINA
Look! There!

They dash out the bushes as a breeze gathers around them, a large hardware store ahead. They sprint toward it.

Wind rushes through the bushes and blows open a gap. Corey and Tora race out in pursuit.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

Nina bursts through the door. Lex and Brent crash through right behind her.

They stand clutching their knees, regaining their breath, and look up, faces scratched.

WORKMEN stare back, confused, sheltering in the store.

WORKMAN
You kids okay?

NINA
Hide!

Nina, Lex, and Brent dive behind shelves while the workmen look at each other perplexed.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE

Corey and Tora stroll up to the entrance and stare through the window, studying the workmen. Tora smugly raises her hand like a pistol, flicks her thumb down, and--

Just a feint rumble. She looks at Corey, confused.

COREY
You're weak. You need to learn to
pace yourself.

He stares into the store and raises his hands. Wind rushes in behind him and rattles the window.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

The workmen backup, concerned. Nina, Lex, and Brent cower, worried.

The glass shatters. The workmen flee. Hammers strike faces. Screwdrivers impale eyes. Nails tear through faces. Saw blades slice off limbs.

A row of shelves crash over and hit another like dominos as Nina, Lex, and Brent crawl through the isles.

They peer out, exposed. Knives rush, impale, slice, tear, and embed nearby. They run for a back room.

INT. HARDWARE STORE BACK ROOM

They burst in and glance around. A Workman tries to rattle open a locked door.

WORKMAN

It's locked!

LEX

What about that!

They look up. A skylight. Brent searches around.

BRENT

Help me move this!

Brent and the Workman heave a cabinet under the skylight. Nina and Lex drag over a table.

WORKMAN

What the hell's going on?

NINA

We don't know!

Brent climbs up the cabinet, takes off his jacket, wraps it around his fist, and punches through the skylight. Glass shatters down as he climbs through. Lex clambers up. Nina follows.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE ROOF

Nina, Lex, and Brent help the Workman through the skylight. They run for it, feet pounding against the steel.

Nina glances back to see Corey pulling himself onto the roof and Tora following.

NINA

They're right behind us!

Corey and Tora watch them fleeing. Corey composes himself. A breeze gathers, and the roof shakes.

The workman slips, slides down the roof, and clings onto the edge. Nina stops and reaches for his arm.

NINA (CONT'D)

Grab my hand!

He clutches on, refusing to let go. A section of roof near him rips from its fixings and folds up.

NINA (CONT'D)

Come on!

She stares at the workman. He winces back. Metal creaks.

Nina looks up to see a section of roof flying through the air and freezes.

BRENT (O.S.)

Nina!

Brent throws her down. The sheet whips over them and clatters past Lex.

The exposed part of the roof the workman is clinging to catches the wind and slowly coils around him, getting tighter and tighter and crushing him as he screams.

Brent drags Nina away. They flee across the roof toward Lex who stares down, terrified, braced against a pole at the edge. Nina and Brent grab the pole and look down to find a huge drop to the storage area below.

They look back to see Corey and Tora marching across the roof toward them.

Headlights suddenly race out of the woodland, and an engine roars. The old Suburban from outside the coffee shop skids to a halt below them. They wince and look around for another way off.

Out gets Pete. He sweeps a sheet off a water tank below them.

PETE

Here! Jump!

They stare down, scared.

PETE (CONT'D)

Look! You gotta trust me!

Brent looks at Nina and Lex, then jumps and crashes into the tank before Pete helps him out. They wave down the girls.

Nina takes a deep breath, jumps, and crashes into the water. She gasps for air as Pete and Brent quickly pull her out.

Lex clutches the pole, shaking her head and shivering.

BRENT

Jump! Lex, Jump!

Lex cries, terrified, and looks back at Corey and Tora. They pause, smiling. Lex peers up and realizes the pole she's clutching is actually a lightning rod!

Pete shakes his head and marches to the Suburban.

PETE

If you won't come down, I'll damn
well get you down!

He pulls out a shotgun, pumps in a shell, and aims up carefully at Lex. Nina and Brent go wide-eyed, and--

BOOM! Lex's eyes bulge, and she clutches the pole tight as the part hit by the shotgun blast folds below her and creases right over. She screams, slides, releases, and drops into the tank.

Nina and Brent look back at Pete, shocked as Lex surfaces gasping, her eyes bulging.

PETE (CONT'D)

Now, get in!

Brent and Nina pull Lex out and run to the Suburban.

Corey and Tora peer over the edge of the roof as Pete pumps in a shell. They duck. He fires. BOOM! Buckshot sparks off the roof around them.

Pete gets in the Suburban, and it scrabbles away down a dirt track.

Tora aims her finger. BANG! Lightning hits a tree. It falls, but the Suburban just makes it under. She winces, frustrated, and stamps her foot angrily.

Pete fights the wheel as he focuses on the road. Brent and Lex stare ahead eyes bulging, while Nina gazes out the back window.

Tora glares back, seething, and flops into Corey's arms, exhausted. He holds her and stares darkly back at Nina.

The Suburban screeches onto the highway and roars away into the darkness.

EXT. BUNKER ROAD CABIN - NIGHT

The Suburban parked outside a wood cabin, the air still, the forest silhouetted against the blue star-filled sky.

INT. BUNKER ROAD CABIN

A log fire crackles. Lex sits on an armchair sobbing while Brent and Nina lay a blanket over her and kneel by the fire, towelling themselves dry.

Pete crosses over and tosses more towels over to them.

PETE

Well, I guess I don't have to explain why I wanted you to stay away from Tora.

BRENT

I knew I recognized you. You used to be on TV. Pete Milan the weatherman. What happened to you?

Pete frowns uncomfortably.

LEX

You were the guy who laughed off that caller. The woman who could see the Christmas Eve Storm heading for Shelton. You told her she was being ridiculous. You said there was nothing to worry about.

(accusingly)

Everybody believed you.

PETE

(shamed)

Well, I couldn't have been more wrong, could I?

NINA

I was in that storm. I was the only survivor.

PETE

It honestly came out of nowhere. We had no idea.

NINA

I understand now.

PETE

That storm took a lot with it, including my career. I've been bumming around searching for an explanation ever since. That's how I ran into these guys.

NINA

So? Well, what do you think? What's going on?

PETE

Let me show you guys something.

Pete slides out a tablet PC as Brent and Nina gather around.

PETE (CONT'D)

I've been watching these guys for a while now. They're flying under the radar. You see, forecasting is all about the big picture, satellites, computer models calculating stuff weeks, evens months in advance. But you go old school, look down at your own feet, and--

He taps the tablet. The screen refreshes, and a data map renders, with three red hot spots.

PETE (CONT'D)

Good old localized barometric pressure. Been making cows, cats and dogs weathermen for centuries.

NINA

So, what are the red areas? Storms?

PETE

This was twenty-four hours ago. Watch this.

Pete clicks a button repeatedly, and the map animates, the hotspot following the road they were traveling along and another hotspot pulsing as it closes in.

PETE (CONT'D)

You ever seen a storm follow a highway before?

NINA

So this is them, right?

PETE

It's like a signature they're giving off. It's drawing them together. It's not easy to spot. Well, not until.

Pete clicks the button. The hotspots join and balloon in size dramatically, miles in diameter.

BRENT

No way!

PETE

That was an hour ago. But what's got my attention is here.

He points at the third hot spot, a hundred miles southeast. It pulses as he clicks back and forth.

NINA

That a third?

PETE

It's been getting stronger for a while now.

Brent paces away, stressed, as Nina watches Pete clicking back and forth, studying the map, a fourth tiny hot spot moving around them.

NINA

Look, there's another. A small one.

PETE

That could just be an artifact, an anomaly, a bi-product, a-

NINA

-fourth person?

PETE

I hope to god it isn't.

NINA

So how long do we have before they start again?

PETE

You busy tomorrow?

BRENT

Woah, woah, woah! Look, we appreciate your help, but we're not involved in this, okay?

Nina glares up at him petulantly.

BRENT (CONT'D)

No! Don't give me that look! This is where you walk away, Nina.

NINA

Maybe I can't walk away. Maybe there's something we can do.

BRENT

(under breath)

Ray's dead, Nina.

NINA

And that's exactly why we have to do something. To help save others.

NINA (CONT'D)

I'm not backing down this time. I'm right, and you damn well know it.

Brent storms out the cabin.

EXT. BUNKER ROAD CABIN - NIGHT

Brent sits on the deck, staring into the darkness as the door creeps open, and Nina walks out uneasily.

NINA

I'm sorry, but we have to do something.

BRENT

I know.

NINA

Then why be so mad at me?

He smirks to himself and shakes his head.

BRENT

I'm mad at myself.

NINA

Why?

BRENT

Because I didn't believe in you when I should have.

She smiles back lovingly, eases down beside him, and holds his hand.

NINA
 Didn't you?

He stares back, not understanding.

NINA (CONT'D)
 You brought me here, remember?

INT. SUBURBAN

Birds tweet in the trees as the sun rises over the forest.

Pete tosses equipment into the back of the Suburban and gets in with Brent, Nina, and Lex.

PETE
 You guys still up for this?

They all nod, surely.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Well, I hope you like classic eighties rock, because that's the only CD I got.

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY - LATER

The Suburban drives along the road and passes a set of emergency vehicles parked by a fallen tree, their flashing lights strobing and EMERGENCY WORKERS out cutting.

INT. SUBURBAN

Nina gazes out the window at a crushed car. She spots a covered body being rolled out of a burnt down house to an ambulance.

PETE
 They're getting stronger.

NINA
 How do you mean?

PETE
 When I first came out here, it was just a few minor occurrences; Lightning striking where it doesn't normal strike, irregular electrical disturbances, nothing too big.
 (MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Then I zoned in on this Tora and, well, kept my distance, because let's just say...

NINA

She's not really a people person?

PETE

That's sugarcoating it. I've been watching her get more extreme over the past few months. It's as if she's been learning.

BRENT

Like she's training?

PETE

Exactly. And it's the same with Corey. Those cyclones we've been having. Each one's been more destructive than the last.

NINA

So what are you saying?

PETE

I'm saying, I think this is only going to get worse. Especially now they're working together. And I get the impression this Corey is recruiting. Recruiting for something big.

Brent, Nina, and Lex exchange concerned glances.

PETE (CONT'D)

Soon it will be real fire and brimstone, kiss your ass goodbye stuff. Maybe this is it, you know, the revelation, right at the hands of our mother. It's not like we've been treating her well lately

EXT. BURGER BAR - DAY

The Suburban parked outside a burger bar. Lex and Nina cross toward the restrooms while Pete and Brent head inside.

INT. BURGER BAR

Pete and Brent join the queue of CUSTOMERS waiting.

BRENT

Pete, can I ask you a question?

PETE

If it's wether or not I'm super-sizing, just go for it, buddy. You bet I am.

BRENT

No, I wanted to ask you, did you have dreams that led you to find out about these guys? Or like, visions? Flashbacks?

Pete shakes his head.

PETE

You?

BRENT

No, Nina.

Pete ponders, intrigued.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Last night, you said animals could pick up on storms that are coming. You think she can do the same?

PETE

All I can say is, I went into this a man of science, a follower of cold hard facts. But now, I'm willing to believe anything.

EXT. BURGER BAR

Lex and Nina exit the restroom.

NINA

Lex?

They pause. Lex looks back at Nina solemnly, her eyes red from crying.

NINA (CONT'D)

You know you don't have to do this?

LEX

And what? Sit around at home grieving?

NINA
If you have to, yes.

LEX
Is that what you did?

Nina looks back, confused.

LEX (CONT'D)
You're so much stronger than you
think you are.

Nina smiles back, touched.

LEX (CONT'D)
Besides.
(vengefully)
That Tora bitch. She needs to get
what's coming to her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Suburban drones along with traffic down a country road while cattle graze in grassy open fields.

INT. SUBURBAN

Lex and Nina sit slouched on the back seat. They jolt as a digital alarm beeps from the trunk.

PETE
The sensors have picked up
something. We must be getting
close.

Lex pulls out the tablet and taps the screen. The alarm stops. She studies the data map.

BRENT
Well what does it show?

Lex shows Nina the screen. They both looked shocked.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Well?

NINA
It's showing two hotspots.

PETE
Where?

LEX
One just up ahead and...

She squints at two pulsing hot spots.

LEX (CONT'D)
One right behind us.

PETE
Well, I don't need three goes to
guess who that is.

Pete peers into his side mirror at a red object approaching fast.

Corey's sports bike screams along the road, ducking and weaving around traffic.

Pete holds out his hand to Brent.

PETE (CONT'D)
Hand me the shotgun.

BRENT
What? Are you kidding me?

NINA
You're going to shoot him?

PETE
What do you think I'm chasing these
guys for? An exclusive?

Brent takes out the shotgun and looks at Pete conflicted.

BRENT
Are you sure about this, Pete?

LEX
You'll go to jail!

PETE
That's a small price to pay, don't
you think?

Lex glances back at the tablet, the hotspots growing bigger, pulsing faster, and getting closer.

LEX
He's right on top of us!

Corey's bike howls at the redline. It darts past a car transporter, blasts by cars, shoots past a truck, and closes in on the Suburban.

Pete checks his mirror and winces.

PETE

Look! Somebody needs to take these guys out. It doesn't matter what happens to me anymore. You'll be able to pick things up.

NINA

We can't do this! We're not weathermen!

Pete looks Brent in the eye, looks down at the shotgun, and checks his mirror.

Corey's bike moves out to pass the Suburban. Pete grips the wheel tightly.

PETE

You've got everything you need. And I'm not a weatherman, I'm a meteorologist.

Pete cuts the wheel hard.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Suburban clips Corey's bike as it passes. It flicks over, and Corey flies off, his helmet smacking into the asphalt.

Traffic swerves out of the way as Corey and the bike scrape to a halt.

Pete leaps out of the Suburban with the shotgun and marches toward Corey.

Corey gets up. BOOM! Pete fires. Corey takes a hit in his shoulder.

Pete pumps in another shell as Corey clutches his arm, glaring back through his visor.

Pete aims, and a gust suddenly rushes in. BOOM! He fires, and--

The buckshot freezes in the air just ahead of Corey's glaring eyes, the wind whipping around him, holding it in place.

Pete's jaw drops.

Corey grabs the shot out of the air, and--

BOOM! He bowls it back toward Pete at Mach speed.

Pete crashes to the ground and holds his gut, blood weeping between his fingers.

Corey drops while clutching his injured shoulder. Drivers get out and run to his aid. He takes off his helmet and winces in pain.

Nina leaps out of the Suburban.

NINA

Pete!

Brent chases after her worried.

BRENT

Nina, be careful!

Lex climbs out after them.

LEX

Nina!

Nina runs to Pete and pulls his hands from his gut to reveal a gaping, bloody wound that's pouring out blood.

PETE

(gasping in pain)

Well, that wasn't the plan.

Nina glares at Corey. He stares back, recognizes her, and glowers darkly. He tries to stagger to his feet but stumbles.

Brent grabs the shotgun and Pete's arms.

BRENT

Lift his legs! We'll get him to a hospital!

Nina and Lex grab Pete's legs, and they heave him back to the Suburban as he groans in pain.

Corey fights off drivers tending to him and stares meanly.

The wind picks up as Brent opens a back door and drags Pete inside. Lex gets behind the wheel. Nina tends to Pete's wound and tries to stem the bleeding.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Drive!

LEX

Where?

Lex looks around. Corey glares back. A gust shrieks. Trees rip from their roots and crash down. Drivers flee.

BRENT

Anywhere!

Lex slams the Suburban into reverse and floors it. The tires smoke. They race backward, leaving Corey glowering.

Lex cuts the wheel hard, and the Suburban screeches around. She slams it into drive, and they race down the line of queuing traffic.

The engine roars through the gears. Queuing cars and trucks whip by. Pete grimaces and howls in pain.

Lex screams. Nina and Brent look up to see a box truck trailer lean over in the gale and crash into the road. Lex swerves. BANG! A side mirror clips the trailer.

Lex shakes her head and concentrates. A flatbed truck ahead, loaded with bags of sand. The trailer tips slowly, with no room to swerve around it. She winces, guns it, and the trailer keels over, causing the huge bags of sand to topple into the road.

The Suburban smashes through them, and sand explodes over the windshield. Lex grimaces. A car hauler ahead. The trailer crashes to the ground, and cars tumble across the road, blocking it.

Lex cuts the wheel. The Suburban leans. They hang on, and it dives onto a dirt track, passing MASKIA, a mean-faced girl sitting on a black dirtbike wearing a motocross helmet.

She glares through her goggles and guns it after them, spraying up a rooster tail of dirt.

Lex fights the wheel as the Suburban bumps and jostles over rough ground.

LEX

I don't know where I'm going!
Where's the hospital?

BRENT

Call nine one one!

Nina searches for her phone, her hands bloody. A pattering on the roof. She looks up, confused, and looks out the rear window to see Masika following behind.

She looks at Brent, worried, as water streaks down the windows.

Lex checks her mirror and spots Masika. She fumbles with the steering column sticks and engages the wipers.

LEX

Is she another one?

Brent and Nina look at each other, concerned.

Heavy rain sheets over the Suburban as it bucks over bumps, mud splattering from the tires. Masika races behind, staring determined.

Lex squints ahead as the wipers flap back and forth frantically, the windshield awash. Barely any visibility.

The Suburban slithers from side to side and fishtails, the wet, muddy track now like ice. Lex desperately paddles the wheel back and forth. Nina and Brent sway from side to side, clutching onto Pete as he screams.

THUD! The Suburban suddenly stops dead, and Lex smacks her head against the wheel.

They all sit confused for a moment as rain washes down the windows.

Lex guns it. The engine races. No movement. She slams it into reverse and floors it. The tires whine, and mud flicks over the windshield.

Lex stares at the mud smearing across the glass as the wipers try to clear it.

LEX (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no!

She floors the gas pedal. The engine roars, and tires whine. Nina and Brent watch her worried as she pounds the wheel.

LEX (CONT'D)

Come on!

Nina glances out the rear window to see a distorted black figure behind them in the streaming water.

Masika lifts off her helmet, shakes out her hair, and pulls off her goggles. She stands grinning darkly as rain trickles down her face.

She tilts her head forward and narrows her eyes.

The rain suddenly stops, causing a moment of serenity then--

Drumming on the roof as hail hammers against it.

Nina and Brent cower. Lex screams, continuing to gun the engine. The windshield shatters. She winces. Windows smash. She looks around hopelessly.

LEX (CONT'D)
We've got to get out of here!

BRENT
No!

LEX
(opening door)
Come on!

NINA
Lex no!

Lex jumps out of the Suburban, everywhere dull, golf ball hail rattling against the bodywork. She runs into the field.

LEX
Come on!

Nina lunges to the smashed window.

NINA
Lex no! Come back!

Masika smiles deviously as she watches Lex flee.

Lex's feet splash through puddles and slither around. She winces in pain, slips, and crashes down into the mud.

Hail pummels against her head, almost knocking her unconscious before it suddenly stops, and a breeze whispers through the air.

Sunlight creeps through the clouds, dust blows across the track as it rapidly dries, and Corey's sports bike races up to a halt.

Nina and Brent stare back through the smashed rear window. Pete gasps. Nina looks him in the eye. He's nearly gone.

Corey takes off his helmet, face pained. He struggles off his bike, nursing his arm, and staggers over to Masika.

COREY
Masika, right?

MASIKA
Yeah.

Corey looks at his shoulder and winces.

COREY

I could use a little ice.

Lex struggles to her feet and gazes back, face muddy and bruised, her nose bleeding. Nina and Brent wave her over.

She staggers across the field, her feet plopping through the dried crust of mud, her arms covered in bruises. She stares ahead determined.

Corey and Masika watch, amused, and look at each other. They glower back at Lex, concentrating as the wind builds.

Wind howls through the Suburban and then a crackling sound. Nina watches the shattered window glass ice over.

NINA

Lex hurry!

Lex hobbles along against the wind, black clouds gathering above her. A shrieking screams through the air. She peers up to see the sky glistening and twinkling, then--

Long daggers of ice thud into the ground.

Nina screams and cowers. Ice shatters into the Suburban. A dagger spears through the roof. She glances out the window.

Corey concentrates and looks at Masika, impressed. Masika narrows her eyes.

Lex stumbles, looks up hopelessly at Nina, and a dagger of ice punches through her chest. Her eyes widen, shocked, as blood explodes from her torso.

She falls, her eyes close, and she collapses to the muddy ground, lifelessly.

Nina screams and goes for the door, but Brent pulls her back and holds her tight.

BRENT

No, she's gone! She's gone! She's gone!

The hail stops, and Corey grins at Masika.

COREY

You've been practicing.

MASIKA

Oh, I've been waiting.

Corey looks around at the Suburban. Brent and Nina stare back, worried. He glowers furiously.

WHOOP! WHOOP! A police car skids to a halt behind him and cops hurry out.

COP

You in the leathers! Put your hands
up now!

Corey ignores them and stares at Brent and Nina. Pete groans as Nina strokes his head.

NINA

It's okay. The police are here.

PETE

(coughing)

I hope they brought the goddamn
army with them.

Nina looks back up at Corey, worried. Corey's face twitches, furious, as he continues to glower.

COP

Hands up now, buddy! Or you're in a
world of trouble!

Corey holds his fist up into the air, coils vengefully, and screams. Clouds swirl above him, the air howls, and the clouds form a dark funnel.

The cops freeze and gaze up. The funnel suddenly slams down and a churning tornado swirls. It sweeps up the cops along with their car and spits them across the field.

The tornado thunders toward the Suburban, tearing up fences, poles, bushes, and trees.

Brent and Nina cower over Pete. They stare at each other, assuming this is the end.

Corey glares, teeth gritted. The Suburban jostles around as the tornado works up to it.

The swirling black wind envelops it and Brent and Nina are thrown around, the Suburban spinning fast. The wind howls. Their bodies rattle around inside, smacking the roof and seats.

Corey creases over, exhausted, and clutches his shoulder, completely spent, as Masika stares, amazed.

The tornado fizzles out and the Suburban smashes to the ground upside down. Nina and Brent lie coughing in a heap. They roll over and scan around, wincing.

BRENT

Nina?

NINA

Where's Pete?

They scan around, confused to find Pete's body in the field.

Pete lies grimacing. He looks over at the wrecked Suburban and back at Corey and Masika.

PETE

(calling)

That the best you two got?

Corey glowers back, spits blood, and composes himself.

Nina crawls through the Suburban and scrabbles out the smashed rear window. Brent tries to grab her.

BRENT

Nina no!

Nina sprints into the field and pours over Lex. She rolls her over to find her dead. Nina gasps and howls, pained.

She runs to Pete. He stares back, eyes bulging. She tries to tend to his wound, but he shakes his head.

PETE

Save yourself.

Nina looks up to see Corey smirking back, barely able to stand. The wind builds.

BRENT (O.S.)

Hey!

Corey and Masika snap around. Brent struggles out the Suburban, staggers up, and whips around the shotgun.

BOOM! Brent fires but misses in the crosswind. Corey and Masika flinch and run to their bikes.

Corey pauses and points at Nina, glaring.

COREY

See you there!

They put on their helmets and race away as Brent pumps in a shell and fires into their dust.

As the engines race into the distance, Brent staggers over to Nina and Pete and falls to his knees.

PETE

At least I managed to actually hit that asshole.

Brent and Nina smirk, amused.

PETE (CONT'D)

(coughing badly)

She's a lot more developed than I thought. Way more powerful. Listen, I don't have long.

NINA

You're going to be okay.

Brent stares at her frankly and shakes his head.

BRENT

What do we need to do, Pete?

PETE

I'm guessing my truck ain't looking too good?

Brent shakes his head.

PETE (CONT'D)

I should have gone for one of those brand new Escalades, you know? Live it up a little, all on finance. Who'd be laughing now?.

Pete laughs, coughs up blood, and wheezes.

BRENT

Pete. What do we do?

PETE

Look for something big. Something outdoors. Somewhere they can hit a lot of people at once. That's where they'll strike next..

Pete groans and stares into the sky.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, and another thing.

BRENT

Yes?

A content smile draws across Pete's face.

PETE

(smiling)

Make sure everybody knows I saw it
coming this time, okay?

Pete slips away as Nina collapses against Brent and sobs into her hands. He puts his arm around her and stares down proudly at Pete.

The tablet lies in the dirt, a huge hotspot pulsing.

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

A taxi pulls away from the apartment block as Nina and Brent slowly ascend the outdoor staircase exhausted, arm-in-arm, their faces cut and filthy.

INT. APARTMENT

The door lock clunks, and they enter their home. Brent picks up a calling card.

NINA

What is it?

BRENT

The police visited. They want us to
call in at the station.

She flops down onto the sofa, barely able to keep her eyes open. He sits down and puts his arm around her.

BRENT (CONT'D)

You had any ideas where they'll
strike next?

She shakes her head. He smiles and strokes her hair.

BRENT (CONT'D)

I thought you were our little
detective?

She smirks as he rubs her back, and cuddles up to him.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Nina and Brent sit slumped asleep on the couch, the lights in the apartment left on.

A bright white light suddenly flashes across Nina's peaceful face, and her eyes creep open.

The curtains flicker. A deep rumble echoes through the room. Everything vibrates, then the lights flick off, relays click, red standby lights fade out, and electronic items beep.

Her eyes dart around, concerned. A crackling sound causes her to stare at the TV.

Ice forms across the screen and builds in thickness then everything in the room freezes over. Her breath clouds in the air as she panics.

Nina goes to get up off the sofa, but a huge tree crashes through the apartment wall, pinning her down. She winces and struggles, trying to push it off. She glances up, and her eyes bulge.

Corey stands over her, smirking and smoking a cigarette. CRASH! A huge, long icicle spears into the floor right by her.

She flinches and glances around to see Masika standing alongside Corey, laughing to herself.

BANG! Nina's laptop sparks right by her head. She grimaces and looks up to find Tora smiling back down at her smugly.

Corey points right at Nina, cigarette in hand.

COREY

See you there.

Nina stares at the smoldering embers. He taps the cigarette. Glowing ash tumbles to the floor, and flames lick from the carpet.

She looks back up. Corey now gone. Masika laughs. The room crackles. Nina glances around. The ice melting and water trickling down the walls.

She glances back. Masika gone too. Tora cackles to herself. She shakes her head, feigning sympathy. Nina flicks her head around to see the water running into all the electrical sockets, and--

WHOOOMPH! The whole apartment goes up in flames.

Nina snaps awake and frantically writhes and flails against Brent, who's lying over her. He jolts awake. She scrambles out from under him and stands in the room eyes bulging.

BRENT

It's okay, Nina! It's okay!

She stands shivering as her panting calms as she regains composure. She thinks to herself. He looks up at her curiously

BRENT (CONT'D)

What did you see this time?

She stares at him, deadly serious.

NINA

I think I know where it's going to happen.

He narrows his eyes, confused. She slowly looks down at the Seattle Mariners hoody she's wearing.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nina slams two baseball game tickets against the table.

NINA

The big game!

BRENT

Tomorrow's big game?

She nods seriously.

NINA

I mean, what's that? Nearly fifty thousand people? All out in the open? All distracted?

BRENT

They'll just close the stadium roof.

She thinks to herself

NINA

No you're probably right. It's a crazy idea.

BRENT

Don't say that. You're not crazy, okay?

NINA
Aren't I?

BRENT
No, you're not.

NINA
So what if I am right? What do we do? Call the police? Have them laugh at us? Watch the whole disaster unfold in high definition?

BRENT
We do whatever you think we should do?

She spins around, furious.

NINA
I don't know what to do!

BRENT
Yes, you do. Look, I believe in you, okay? Even if you've stopped believing in yourself.

She frowns, upset, and he hugs her tight.

NINA
My heart says we should go, but my head says that's just madness.

They release, and he holds her by the arms as she stares at him, conflicted.

BRENT
Then we go with your instinct.
(drawing a smile)
And we get a little crazy.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The sky a brilliant blue, birds singing in the trees, the bright sun casting long shadows across the apartments.

A fire dept SUV roars up to the apartments and screeches to a stop. Brent hops out.

INT. APARTMENT

Nina gathers up the tablet and the tickets as Brent rushes in and crosses straight to the bedroom.

BRENT (O.S.)
I got a truck.

She winces, confused, as objects clatter in the bedroom.

NINA
Did they ask any questions?

BRENT (O.S.)
They asked about Ray.

He emerges from the room, and she looks down at a rifle bag in his hand.

NINA
There's no way they'll let you take that in. Even if we are playing the Angels.

BRENT
I just figured it would be a good idea to take it. We can just leave it in the truck.

She looks back, unconvinced.

BRENT (CONT'D)
They're still just human, Nina.
That evens out the odds a little.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Brent and Nina exit the apartments, cross to the fire dept SUV, and get in. He tosses in the rifle and gets in behind the wheel.

The SUV fires up and roars down the road into the distance.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM - DAY

The stadium stands above a swarm of bustling fans converging at the entrance, the enormous mechanical roof retracted back, exposing the pitch.

The fire dept SUV moves slowly in a line of traffic.

INT. FIRE DEPT SUV

Brent and Nina gaze around at fans cheering and chanting, holding up placards, while kids hold their parent's hands excited.

NINA
There's thousands here.

INT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

The Fire Dept SUV pulls into a space in the parking garage and cars file in after.

Brent makes sure the rifle is well hidden under coats on the back seat while Nina checks the tablet.

NINA
Look!

Three red hot spots converging from the south.

NINA (CONT'D)
You think they'll listen to us?

BRENT
They've got to.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5

Corey's red sports bike flickers through highway traffic, racing hell for leather. He leans and swerves around cars.

Thick white clouds boil above, and a blackness inks through them, catching up with him.

Raindrops gather on his visor and sweep back in the buffeting air. He glances right, and--

Masika's black motocross bike bursts out of the trees, leaps down the embankment, and dives onto the road behind. Wind buffets her from behind, speeding her up to catch him as she races through the gears.

She pulls into his slipstream, and they race together, weaving through traffic with a strong gust bellowing behind and a wash of rain sweeping in after it.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM ENTRANCE

Excited fans pool into the tall cylindrical glass entrance to the stadium and ascend the staircase.

Brent and Nina filter in, cross to a SECURITY GUARD, and get his attention.

They talk to the guard, their voices masked by the din of fans, and show him the tablet. He calls on his radio.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM CONTROL CENTER

Brent and Nina walk into the stadium control center, where OPERATORS sit busy. Out of the window, they can see fans gathering in the stands.

The STADIUM MANAGER crosses over, concerned.

STADIUM MANAGER

What's the problem?

SECURITY GUARD

These guys insisted they talk to you. Something about the weather?

BRENT

Look, we think there's a storm coming. A big one. We think you should close the roof.

STADIUM MANAGER

You seriously expect me to piss off all those people on the basis you THINK a storm is coming?

He stares at them for a moment. They look back, concerned.

STADIUM MANAGER (CONT'D)

(over shoulder)

What's the latest on the forecast?

An OPERATOR checks a weather map on her screen.

OPERATOR

All clear for the day.

NINA

No, you can't look at the forecast. That wont show it.

Nina sighs, frustrated, and shows the manager the tablet with the weather map on the screen and a large red hotspot right over them.

NINA (CONT'D)

We don't know exactly how this works but that red spot, that's a storm about to happen, honestly.

The operator shakes their head, but the manager looks Nina in the eye for a moment, picking up on her sincerity and desperation.

STADIUM MANAGER
(into radio)
Hank, you copy? This is control.

RADIO
Yeah, I got you.

STADIUM MANAGER
(into radio)
You got a visual on weather situation up there?

RADIO
What? Am I the weather guy now?

STADIUM MANAGER
(into radio)
Just do me a favor, buddy.

The radio hisses as Brent and Nina look hopeful.

RADIO
Looks pretty clear to me.

Brent and Nina sigh glumly.

RADIO (CONT'D)
No wait! Woah! We got a real mess of clouds moving in from the south. Where'd they sneak in from?

Brent and Nina go wide-eyed. The Manager thinks.

STADIUM MANAGER
(to Operators)
Okay, close it up.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

Clouds churn above the parking garage as Corey and Masika race up and swoop inside, their roaring engines echoing off the walls.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM

Loud music pumps within the stadium as the huge video screen sweeps with vibrant images, and the crowd cheers.

SOLDIERS march out onto the field and unveil the American flag. The crowd whoop.

Nina and Brent emerge out of a tunnel into the seating areas and scan around, worried.

The massive movable roof shifts slowly forward, its black expanse creeping across the sky.

NINA

You think they might be inside?

BRENT

All we can do is look. Come on.

She checks the tablet to see the red hotspot growing, with another heading in from the south.

They climb the terraces to get a better vantage point.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

On the top floor of the parking garage, Corey and Masika stand by their bikes, waiting.

She checks her watch, looks at him, and shakes her head, pissed off.

A faint crackling in the distance. They glance around and peer toward the horizon to see dark clouds in the distance flickering with lightning.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5

Tora sits casually on her silver Harley, throbbing down the highway well over the limit, one hand on the bars.

Sirens wail. She casually looks behind at cop cars in pursuit.

She smiles, raises her hand, flicks up her middle finger, and--

BOOM! Lightning blows up a fuel tanker truck. A huge yellow fireball boils as silhouetted cop cars roll through the air and slam back onto the road in flames.

Tora smirks, gestures devil horns to herself, and looks up at thick black clouds swelling in the distance.

She grabs the bars, kicks down a gear, and roars toward the city as lightning forks across the sky above her.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM

Nina flinches as the sky flickers in the distance, the crackles of thunder barely audible over the music blasting while the stadium roof slowly continues to close.

Brent leads her to the top deck, where they stare down at the tens of thousands of cheering fans.

A CHOIR files neatly onto the field, and the music goes silent.

Nina and Brent scan around desperately.

BRENT

We'll never find them.

Nina stares at the tablet. One single huge red hot spot, right on top of them. She shakes her head, confused.

NINA

But they're here. They have to be.

The crowd falls silent, and the choir begins to sing the national anthem.

Nina glances over her shoulder and spots something. She crosses to a barrier and stares down.

NINA (CONT'D)

Brent.

BRENT

Maybe they're waiting in the tunnels? Who knows.

NINA

Brent.

He crosses over and they stare down at Corey and Masika on the top of the parking structure by their bikes.

The clouds above darken, and a faint rumbling echoes. The sound of the choir singing hums through the air.

Tora's Harley glugs up a ramp onto the top floor. She cruises over to Corey and Masika and pulls up before casually sweeping off the bike and strolling over.

COREY

You're late.

Tora sneers back nonchalantly and looks Masika up and down, unimpressed. Masika looks back down her nose indignantly.

TORA

The doughnut patrol were chasing me. So I flashed them.

Corey shakes his head, unamused, pops a cigarette in his mouth, and pats his pockets, searching for his lighter.

BANG! A lightning bolt strikes right by him.

The crowd gasp, and the choir stutter a little. Nina and Brent gaze up at the roof, worried.

NINA

Come-on, come-on.

The ground steams by Corey's feet, the cigarette in his mouth now lit. Tora smiles coyly.

TORA

Allow me.

Corey raises his eyebrows, impressed, and exhales smoke.

COREY

You've been practicing.

Tora smiles meanly as Masika huffs.

TORA

Who's she?

COREY

She's my other woman. Don't let her dampen your spirits.

TORA

What can she do?

Masika looks back frankly, her head tilted forward. She clicks her fingers. Rain pours. She sweeps her hand across her face and clicks again. The rain stops.

MASIKA

Oh, I bring the rain, bitch.

Tora looks back ahead, unimpressed.

TORA

Oh right.

(childishly to self)

Lame.

Fans shake water droplets from their hair as they gaze up at the roof, urging it on. The choir softly finishes as fireworks shriek from the roof and crackle in the air.

Corey, Masika, and Tora gaze up at the sparkling fireworks.

COREY

We need to get a move on.

Tora narrows her eyes, raises her hand like a pistol, aims at the stadium, and right on the last note of the song--

BANG! A lightning bolt strikes a roof motor. The crowd gasp. Nina and Brent stare at the roof stopped part way open.

Players on the field look at each other worried.

Goofy music suddenly blasts from the speakers, and the MARINERS MOOSE MASCOT wheelies onto the pitch on an ATV.

TANOY

And here comes Moose, folks!

The mascot performs a wheelie and waves to the crowd who applaud delighted.

Tora smiles smugly at Masika and raises her eyebrows.

MASIKA

Is that it?

Tora glares back, jabs her finger at the stadium, and--

BANG! The mascot takes a bolt directly to his furry antlers. He falls from the ATV as the crowd screams. Children's eyes bulge.

Tora turns to Masika and dances victoriously.

TORA

Strrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrike!

Corey smirks as Masika shakes her head unimpressed.

The crowd watches silent and worried as medics sprint onto the field, tend to the mascot, and wave over a stretcher.

TANOY

Now, don't worry, folks. I'm sure
Moose will be just fine.

The mascot gives a feeble wave as the crowd applauds.

BRENT

The roof's not closing! This will
be like shooting fish in a barrel!

As Tora's victory dance continues, Corey watches her, amused.

MASIKA

Enough of this bullshit.

Masika smiles deviously at the stadium.

Rain pours onto the crowd under the open section of the roof,
sheeting down in front of the stadium lights. Fans wince.

FAN

Oh, come on!

The rain gets heavier and heavier, becoming a deluge. Players
jog to their dugouts for cover.

Thousands of soaked fans get up and try to make their way to
cover, causing a surging mass to develop.

TANOY

For safety reasons, can we ask all
spectators please remain seated
while we work on getting the roof
closed.

SOAKED FAN

Are you freaking kidding me!

Brent and Nina watch the writhing crowd as a glistening wall
of water sheets down from the edge of the open roof.

NINA

They're toying with them!

Tora sighs, underwhelmed, as Masika glowers darkly.

Hail stones drum against the roof. Exposed fans flee,
screaming in agony, blood smeared down their wet faces.

NINA (CONT'D)

We've got to do something!

BRENT

The rifle!
(deadly serious)
It's our only chance!

They dash down the tunnel as chaos breaks out in the stands, the
surging infecting others with panic.

Brent and Nina run along in the crowd. The elevator doors open, and she pulls him toward them.

BRENT (CONT'D)
No, it's not safe!

He pulls her away as fans cram into the elevator and the doors struggle shut.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM STAIRS

Brent and Nina splash down the stairs with water rushing down the steps like a waterfall.

Metal groans, and they glance up.

The staircase roof gives way, water cascades down, and fans are swept off their feet before getting washed down the staircase. Brent clutches Nina. He grabs the railing and tries to hold them.

She drops the tablet, and it washes away. He grits his teeth, and his hand loses grip.

They tumble down the stairs, rolling in and out the water, catching what air when they can.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM BASEMENT

Bret and Nina are washed into the basement level and splash down into a couple of feet of water.

A crowd tries to shove their way back up against the strong current, treading over people to save themselves.

Brent and Nina stand panting, knee-deep in the water.

BRENT
This is the basement!

NINA
The tablet! It's gone!

They search around for another route out, but then--

Drains explode, and water fountains up from them.

The water rises fast, and the crowd becomes more frantic.

BRENT
This way!

They wade through the deep water to the elevator. He tries to prize open the door as screams howl inside, the water level already up to their chests.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM

STADIUM WORKERS emerge out of the player's ramp, backing away from the rising water as fans watch concerned.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM BASEMENT

Brent can't open the doors, and they completely submerge.

NINA

Look, here!

wims across to a fire axe and yanks it from the wall. She hands it to him. He thrusts the axe into the water, jams it into the doors, and prizes them open.

BRENT

Follow me!

He takes a deep breath and dives. She follows. Drowned bodies float out of the elevator as they swim into it.

Brent pounds at the service hatch and smashes it open. They swim through and surface, gasping.

Brent heaves open the doors to the next floor, and water rushes in. They scrabble out into--

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM ENTRANCE

Water cascades down the stairs like rapids, fleeing fans tumbling down them.

Brent and Nina run to the doors and join the jostling crowd who are trying to get out.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

Corey tosses his cigarette and stubs it out.

COREY

Let me show you girls how this is done.

He turns his attention to the port and narrows his eyes.

Waves pummel the harbor and get larger until sea water surges over the wall and swamps across the pier, knocking over stacked-up shipping containers and sweeping up trucks.

Corey glowers darkly, teeth gritted as the wind howls. Masika's hair blows back as she watches, impressed.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM ENTRANCE

The fleeing crowd freeze in the entrance and gaze up. A whistling gets louder.

EXT. PIER 46

Green and red lights flicker within the clouds. An airliner plummets nose first, jet engines roaring, and smashes into the water.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM ENTRANCE

Green and red lights pulse within the clouds as an airliner plummets nose first, jet engines roaring, and smashes into the water.

A wall of water thunders down the street. Trucks, containers, and pieces of airliner tumble inside the churning darkness. Pools of aviation fuel burn orange.

The crowd reverse their struggle and desperately try to get back up the stairs.

Brent pulls Nina behind a corner as the wave of water crashes into the tall glass entrance.

Cars smash through into the foyer. Shipping containers pound the wall. Fire and people are washed in.

Brent and Nina brace themselves and ride it out.

INT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM

Dirty water washes across the playing field, sweeping up players, causing complete panic as fans flee up the stalls.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

Corey and Masika grin, delighted at the destruction below them, while Tora checks her nails bored.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD STADIUM ENTRANCE

The wave at the stadium entrance eventually settles and Brent and Nina swim out into the flooded street.

People scream for help. Rain hammers down. Brent and Nina paddle toward the parking garage as cars bob around them.

Tora squints, spots them, and jabs her finger.

BANG! Lightning hits the water. Brent and Nina wince in pain but carry on swimming. BANG! They carry on defiantly.

Tora marches to the parking garage edge, stares down at Brent and Nina, and jabs her finger. BANG! BANG! BANG! She misses over and over and they disappear into the garage.

INT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

Brent and Nina ease their way around floating cars in the darkness and squirm through gaps.

BRENT

There it is!

They paddle to the fire dept SUV. Brent smashes the rear window with the axe and climbs into the trunk. Nina climbs in with him, exhausted.

He hands her the axe and takes out the rifle.

She pats the axe in her palm and looks at him vengefully.

NINA

Batter up, slugger.

He smiles back, panting, and cocks the rifle.

BRENT

Play ball.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD PARKING GARAGE

Corey, Masika, and Tora smile down at the carnage below them as murky water swamps the street and people desperately flail their arms for help.

Brent and Nina sprint up the stairs, their clothes sodden. They ascend as fast as they can manage, reach the top floor, and peer through the door.

BRENT

Okay, let's finish this.

Brent aims the rifle, raises his foot, and--

BANG! He kicks open the door, fires, and misses. Masika snaps around, waves out her hands, and they disappear in a thick fog. Brent and Nina fumble, disoriented.

Engines fire up and race away. Brent and Nina pause.

NINA

Quick, downstairs!

They feel their way back to the stairs.

Corey, Masika, and Tora cruise out of the parking garage onto an overpass above the flooding.

Brent and Nina burst out. Brent fires but misses.

BRENT

Shit! We've lost them!

Nina looks back into the parking garage and spots a surfer's pickup truck up to the windshield in water.

NINA

Wait, I've got an idea.

EXT. SODO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

An engine roars into life and Brent and Nina burst out a lower floor on a jet ski. Brent drives, rifle slung over his shoulder as Nina clutches him, holding the axe.

Corey, Tora, and Masika race down onto the flooded streets, a strong wind parting a channel for them.

Brent and Nina chase. The jet ski roars and crashes over the waves. They dodge floating cars and lamp posts.

A deafening horn. They glance around to see a freight train thundering down the line. It hits the flood and plows through it, kicking up a huge bow wave.

Brent guns the jet ski, and they just make it. They ride the wave, leap through the air, and crash back down.

Corey stares back at the stadium and concentrates. A gale howls. The sheltering fans gaze up, scared, as the shaking roof lets out a deafening groan.

Masika narrows her eyes at the stadium. The roof super-structure creaks as ice creeps over it. Metal turns white as fans shiver, confused.

Tora casually looks back and points at the stadium. BANG! Lightning hits the mounts.

The crowd screams and stares up in horror.

FAN

Oh my god!

The huge roof peels back in the wind and tears from the stadium. It whips through the air and flies toward an interstate overpass.

A group of ANGELS FANS in a car scream. The roof looms over them, WELCOME TO SEATTLE filling their windshield.

The roof crashes onto the overpass like a huge metal blanket, crushing cars under its enormous bulk.

Brent and Nina skim across the flood on the jet ski, the level getting lower as the water drains back out to sea.

They cut ahead of Corey, Masika, and Tora and race toward a bus depo.

Masika spots the jet ski ahead and sweeps her hand out. Ice sweeps across behind it and catches up. The jet ski crashes over, throwing Brent and Nina off and--

They slide across the sheet ice fast, holding onto one another, heading toward a fleeing bus racing out of the depo. It brakes and goes into a slide. Nina and Brent head right for it, and--

Nina slams the axe into the ice, and they come to a halt. The back of the bus sweeps right by them before hitting the dry tarmac, causing it to fishtail out of control and head toward Corey, Tora, and Masika.

Corey and Tora swerve out of the way, but the bus clips Masika. She falls from her bike and slides on her back into the gutter. Corey and Tora stop.

Masika stares up. A twisted section of the Stadium roof hanging from the overpass above her, the frozen metal creaking, failing, and--

A section shatters and falls. Masika rolls over to get up, but the metal crashes onto her, pinning her face down in the gutter. She writhes and struggles.

Corey runs over to her as Tora stands watching.

Brent and Nina run into the bus depo and dash into the seclusion of the buses.

Masika panics as she struggles, the thick ice around her melting and running into the gutter, filling it fast.

She strains her head back, gushing water just inches from her face. Corey runs to her and pulls her legs, but she's trapped. He looks to Tora. Tora shrugs.

Masika gargles, her face under the water. Corey grabs the steel structure and heaves. The wind rushes up from under him, and the steel creeks up a couple of inches.

Masika gasps for air and screams as rain pours from the sky. Corey shakes his head, his energy running out.

The gutter overflows, and Masika's scream turns to gargling. She turns her head to one side, a bulging eye above the water, and--

The water freezes solid around her face, her eye frozen wide open.

Her body goes limp, and Corey gives up.

Tora stares at Masika's dead body and rolls her eyes.

TORA
Cold bitch.

Corey glowers back into the bus depo and points at Tora.

COREY
Let's finish this.

They get onto their bikes and ride into the depo.

EXT. ATLANTIC BASE BUS DEPO

Brent and Nina dart through the buses and brace themselves against one, watching Corey and Tora through the windows.

Corey cruises along on his bike, searching. Tora follows. He stops and scans around, eyes wild. They dismount their bikes and stare at the buses.

COREY

Come out little piggies. Or I'll
huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow
your house down!

The wind whistles around lamp posts. The metal fences shimmer. Tora watches Corey, intrigued. He gets more furious and his face turns red. She licks her lips.

The black clouds swirl fast, and a churning black funnel descends and punches into the asphalt, chewing it up and spitting out chunks.

Corey strolls along the line of buses, the thundering tornado following parallel. It mows into the buses, picking them up and throwing them across the depo like toys.

BRENT

The maintenance shed, come on!

They flee down the line toward shelter as the tornado closes in. Buses smash to the ground ahead. The Tornado looms over them, towering into the clouds.

Nina pulls at Brent and starts to crawl under a bus.

NINA

Come on! Under here!

Corey strolls along grinning, watching the destruction. Brent and Nina scabble under a bus as the rumbling gets louder until it's deafening. The front half of the bus lifts.

Brent and Nina scabble under the rear section as the front hangs in the air, the bendy center at its extent.

Brent rolls to his side, aims the rifle at Corey, and fires. Corey flinches, and the bullet whips around him in the wind.

BOOM! Tora's Harley explodes in a fireball, and the tornado stops moving.

BRENT

Quick! Run!

NINA

No wait!

They pause. SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! Three buses crash to the ground at once.

NINA (CONT'D)

Typical.

They scabble out and dart around the bus wrecks. Brent glances up to see a bus dropping from the sky.

BRENT

Watch out!

He leaps onto Nina and covers her. The bus drops over them and--

It smashes around them. They stay cowered, crouched in the aperture of a window, smashed glass everywhere.

A blood-curdling scream tears across the depo. Nina and Brent peer out the partially missing windshield.

Tora glares at her smoldering Harley, furious. She snaps around and marches down the depo, teeth gritted. Huge lightning bolts crackle across the clouds and--

A dozen news choppers fall from the sky, hit the ground, and explode. She seethes on a war path.

Brent and Nina stare back, terrified.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Corey goes to move the tornado, but Tora lashes a finger at him venomously. BANG! Lightning strikes right by him. He reels back, and she stares at him adamantly.

TORA

No! These skeeves are mine now!

The tornado dies out, and Tora glowers at the overturned bus.

Brent and Nina look at each other worried.

NINA

She can't get us while we're under cover, right?

Tora smiles deviously at Brent and Nina. She closes her eyes, composes herself, and concentrates. The clouds above her pulse and rumble until a yellow light glows within them.

Tora opens her eyes, and a rotating yellow ball of plasma slowly descends and hovers by her side.

Corey watches, surprised. Tora shrieks, and the sphere races across the depo toward the overturned bus.

Nina grabs Brent and pulls him away behind the do not cross safety line, and--

BOOM! The sphere explodes inside the bus. Brent and Nina cower as balls of plasma scatter everywhere, sparking off metal objects. Nina screams.

Tora's chest heaves as she regains her breath. She looks at Corey. He stares back, shocked.

TORA

At least one of us has some balls!

She stares back at the overturned bus, concentrates, and--

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Lightning strikes through the windows, sparking either side of Brent and Nina.

Tora pants, exhausted. Five glowing spheres descend around her and fire at the overturned bus, pummeling it like cannonballs, denting and scorching the body.

Corey looks at Tora, concerned, as she drops to her knees.

COREY

Pace yourself!

Tora shakes her head, amused, and struggles to her feet. She stares up into the black swirling clouds where a huge pulsing purple glow grows.

Nina and Brent gaze up, eyes wide.

Tora grits her teeth and raises her arms. A huge throbbing sphere descends above her, glowing purple and blue. She strains, barely able to stand. Corey backs away.

Brent and Nina sit terrified, the inside of the bus lit up with the purple light. Nina shakes her head hopelessly.

NINA

This is it.

Brent cocks the rifle, kicks open the roof hatch in front of them, aims carefully at Tora, and--

BANG! Tora freezes, stunned, her eyes bulge. She looks down. An entry wound right through her chest. She collapses to the ground and stares up at the huge ball of plasma above her.

The ball drops slowly as Tora winces and holds her hands up, trying to shield herself from it. It continues to slowly fall as Corey stares, shocked.

Tora winces desperately, screams, and BOOM! The ball explodes in a bright flash.

Corey stares, mouth gaping. Brent and Nina wince, horrified.

Tora grimaces, her shivering head against the perimeter fence, her breaths short. Her pupils dart around. She cringes and stares, shocked, at--

Her outstretched arms clinging to the fence, charred completely black. She leans forward to get up, but her arms snap off. She screams in agony.

Corey stares down at her, disappointed. She glares back.

Brent cocks in the next round and aims vengeful.

BRENT

You're out, sparky.

BANG! Tora jolts. Blood trickles slowly down her nose, a gunshot right between the eyes.

She flops down dead.

Corey stands frozen, staring at Tora's dead body. BANG! A shot whistles past him. He flinches and glares back at Brent.

BANG! Corey snatches the next round out the air and smiles.

Brent and Nina stare, amazed. He cocks, aims, and fires. Corey snatches the round again and laughs.

Brent cocks the rifle. Nothing.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Shit! I'm out!

NINA

Get down!

They cower on the floor as Corey bowls the bullets back at the bus, and--

BANG! BANG! The rounds punch clean through the roof and floor. Brent and Nina creep back up and peer out the service hatch.

Corey scans around the area, thinking. He casually walks over to his bike as a tornado forms around him.

Brent and Nina listen to the roaring wind fading out. They cross to the front of the bus, creep out through the windshield, and stare ahead, shocked, overturned busses scattered all around them.

The thundering tornado crashes into the interstate overpass, causing the supports to give way and collapse. Dozens of cars and trucks crash to the ground in flames.

The funnel turns thick black as it sucks up dirt and debris until it grows and grows in a huge, roaring, churning cyclone.

Brent loads ammo into the rifle.

NINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He pauses, looks at the fire axe in her hands, and at her.

BRENT

We've got to stop him.

NINA

You saw how strong he is!

BRENT

We can hit him while he's distracted. Just like we hit her.

She looks at the storm and looks back at him, worried.

BRENT (CONT'D)

We've got to go into the eye.

She sweeps back her hair, panicking and shaking her head.

NINA

No!

He holds her by the shoulders and looks into her eyes.

BRENT

Then I'm sure you understand I have to do this.

He kisses her head and tries to leave, but She holds him back.

NINA

No! I'm coming with you. I love you.

He smiles and hugs her, stroking her hair.

BRENT

I love you too.

They release, exhale deeply, and accept their fate.

They glance around to find only one lone bus left standing.

EXT. SODO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The bus crashes out of the depo and screeches onto the street, swerving around wrecked cars.

The engine races, Brent behind the wheel concentrating, Nina stood by him, clutching a pole.

BRENT
Hold on tight!

He cuts the wheel.

The bus swerves, bumps over the kerb, crashes onto a fallen section of the overpass, and races up it.

Brent and Nina peer ahead to see the black churning cyclone towering into the sky, silhouetted debris swirling around it.

Brent cuts the wheel back and forth. The bus swerves around abandoned cars, the tires squealing.

Brent and Nina sway from side to side, clutching on. Nothing but furious black winds ahead.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Here we go!

Nina winces. The bus rattles as debris crashes against it. It goes dark. She grits her teeth and clutches the pole tightly. The whole bus shakes. She clenches her eyes.

BRENT (CONT'D)
No!

She opens her eyes to see a section of overpass missing ahead. The tires screech and--

The bus flies off the overpass and glides through the air.

Brent and Nina hang on for their lives. Nothing but the woodland of a park ahead in the darkness.

EXT. RIZAL PARK

The bus punches through the trees, tears off branches, and crashes to a halt in the undergrowth.

Nina struggles back up while Brent sits back upright. They both stare ahead, panting. Corey's red sports bike parked up, right in front of them. They glance to one side.

Corey standing in a clearing, glaring at them. Nina narrows her eyes and picks up her axe. Brent gets out of the driver's seat and grabs his rifle.

The bus door hisses. Brent and Nina climb out and look around. The cyclone thunders around them, a dark wall of debris churning, ripping branches from trees.

NINA

This is the eye.

They turn to Corey and narrow their eyes as they walk side by side toward him, pure defiance on their dirty faces.

Corey stands waiting for them, a confident smile on his face. Brent and Nina stand opposite him, staring determinedly as the huge thundering cyclone sweeps around them all.

Corey waves his hand out, and Nina screams as she's lifted into the air, swirls around the cyclone, and drops down behind him.

Brent aims the rifle. Corey cackles and sweeps his hand. A bench smacks Brent to the ground. He tries to get up, but more branches tumble over him.

Corey snaps around and smiles at Nina. She staggers up and gazes at the pile of debris over Brent's body.

She screams, upset, and fire crackles below her. She stares down, confused, a flickering golden glow across her face.

A circle of flames slowly forms around her. She looks up at Corey. He smiles back. She reaches her hand out and flames race across the ground in front of her.

She stares at the fire, confused, and waves her hand. Fire follows across the grass. She stares back at Corey for a moment, glares, lashes out her arm, and--

A carpet of fire roars across the ground. He casually extinguishes it with a burst of air.

She lashes again, screaming. A searing wall of flames rushes at him, and he bats it away laughing.

They circle each other. She glowers, whips around her arm, and--

A wash of fire sweeps through the air. He lets it fall toward him. BOOM! A sonic wave blows her over and punches the flames back into the cyclone, igniting the trees.

A swirling vortex of roaring flames surround them, the burning trees silhouetted, their limbs outstretched in the pull of the cyclone.

He grins down at her, eyes filled with evil.

COREY

Do you get it now? You were the final part of the jigsaw.

She shakes her head, not wanting to believe it.

COREY (CONT'D)

Either you come to the storm, or the storm finds you!

She sweeps out fire, but he bats it away easily.

COREY (CONT'D)

You can't beat me. You're not strong enough!

He reaches out to her.

COREY (CONT'D)

Embrace your fury! Join me!

She shakes her head, upset.

NINA

No!

COREY

We'll be like gods! The world can be ours!

She thinks and reaches out her hand, teeth gritted and fire in her defiant eyes. He smiles deviously.

COREY (CONT'D)

That's it! Harness your anger and use it to your advantage!

She lowers her hand toward his feet and concentrates. The ground shudders. He stumbles and looks at Nina, confused. She stares back, and--

Boiling magma bubbles from the ground, popping and spitting at his feet.

He tries to stagger away, but his foot punches into a pool of glowing lava, and flames engulf his leg.

He screams in agony and glares at her. The cyclone of fire constricts inward around the two of them. She winces perilously, focuses on him, and concentrates.

NINA

I won't give you anger! But I will
give you somewhere to find it!

The rumbling becomes deafening. He drops to his waist in hissing molten magma, his whole torso searing with flames. He howls as his skin blisters.

The ring of fire draws in. She screams at him and--

The earth tears open, the Seattle Fault rupturing between her feet, and lava spewing in fountains.

He drops, screaming, his arms flailing as he disappears in flames.

The cyclone dies, the air calms, and the rumbling fades out.

She pants as she watches the fault close and collapses to her knees, exhausted. The trees around her burn, and a circle of black smoke towers into the sky.

The magma turns a solid grey, and she looks up vacantly at the crackling trees as branches snap and fall to the ground.

She holds her palm out, and the burning stops ahead of her. She sweeps slowly around, and the fire extinguishes. She pauses and stares at the charred fallen branches over Brent.

A tear runs down her cheek. She crosses over and stares down at the remains hopelessly. Brent's blackened hand hangs out, fixed and motionless.

Her foot knocks something. She looks down. The fire axe.

She looks at the hand, and tears flow from her eyes. She sobs, howls, crouches down, and grabs the fire axe.

Nina lunges up and swings into the burnt tree limbs.

She pulls the axe back and swings again, putting her whole body into it. She chokes on tears and raises the axe right back. She screams in pain. The axe handle bursts into flames. She swings harder and harder.

Fire races up the trees around her each time. She sniffs, gags, and chops furiously until she sees--

Brent's face, his eyes closed peacefully.

The flames around her die out. She drags the chopped-up limbs away and reaches for the upturned park bench that lies over him.

She grits her teeth, turns it over, and stares down, sobbing.

BRENT (O.S.)
(softly)
Hey hey?

She snaps up shocked to see Brent creep his eyes open as he smiles back.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Chill out. Where's the fire?

She beams delighted and hugs him tightly. He holds her, rubs her back, and glances around at the destruction.

BRENT (CONT'D)
What the hell did you do?

She sniffs, tweaks back her hair, and smiles down at him.

NINA
I warned you I was really strong
for a tiny person.

EXT. RIZAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Brent and Nina stroll down the park, arm in arm.

BRENT
So what happened to Corey?

NINA
Let's just say he kinda stood on a
crack he shouldn't have.

He looks at her, confused.

NINA (CONT'D)
I'll explain later.

They pause and stare at the wrecked bus in the trees.

BRENT
I'm pretty sure that's out of
service, right?

They look at a pile of charred branches. Brent pulls them away to reveal Corey's red sports bike completely undamaged. Sirens wail in the distance.

They stare at the bike and at each other.

BRENT (CONT'D)

You really fancy trying to explain
everything to the police right now?

Nina winces and thinks for a moment.

NINA

Well, we do need to go pick up
Holly from the vets.

BRENT

Yeah, and I hear the weather's
going to suck in the morning.

Brent sweeps his leg over the bike. Nina perches on the back,
he fires it up and blips the throttle.

NINA

Brent?

BRENT

Yeah?

NINA

Next time, can you perhaps not
shoot the Harley, okay? That's way
more our style.

BRENT

(nodding amused)

Deal.

They cruise slowly away as Brent laughs, ducking and swerving
the bike side to side while Nina squeals and beams a bright
smile as she clutches onto his waist.

THE END