

**SCAVENGER**  
By Phil Saunders

-00:00:47... :46... :45... -- Time code counting down.

**INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM -- HAND-HELD POV -- DAY**

A YOUNG WOMAN wakes up. Stretches like a cat. 23, bed-head and bleary eyes. Smiles at us as we get closer.

...-00:00:39... :38...

The mirror behind her catches her BOYFRIEND's reflection--

BOYFRIEND  
Happy Birthday, lazybones.

--capturing the moment on his PHONE. It's his footage we're watching, corrupted like a bad copy.

His hand reaches out with a wrapped gift. The size and shape scream jewelry. "Lazybones'" tired smile wakes up.

YOUNG WOMAN  
There better be a cup of coffee in  
this box.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)  
Just open it.

And she tears off the wrapping, opens the box. She puts the bracelet on, beautiful, turns her wrist, shows the camera--

...:01 ...00:00:00. The room SHAKES so hard we HIT THE FLOOR.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D) YOUNG WOMAN  
-BLEEP- this one's Oh -BLEEP- what do we--  
really--

...+00:00:03 -- BLACK. The THUNDER of the room COLLAPSING --

**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER AMUSEMENT PARK -- HAND-HELD POV**

Shaky video ...+00:00:06... running with the panicked mob -- Tourists SCREAMING -- fleeing up the pier -- one WOMAN fighting the tide -- pushing TOWARD the collapsing rides --

PANICKED WOMAN  
Mikey! Mikeeeey!!

Following her as she passes to see -- the Ferris wheel FALL ON TOP OF US--

**INT. WEST L.A. OFFICE TOWER -- HAND-HELD POV**

...+00:00:15... a MAN weeps into camera -- stumbles -- the office swaying hard -- voice QUAVERING with emotion--

## DOOMED VICTIM

--I just want you to know that I  
love you. I, I don't know if I'm  
going to be okay here --

A glimpse out the window behind him -- a TOWER COLLAPSING --  
The SCREAM of tortured metal -- his floor tilts --

And interrupting the worst disaster in history --

REDRICK (V.O.)

You had them pull me out for this?

CORMAN (V.O.)

Skip ahead. You'll know it when you  
see it.

The footage FAST-FORWARDS. We PULL BACK to reveal--

## INT. AIRCRAFT - CABIN -- DAY

TEN YEARS LATER: THE QUAKE THROUGH THE EYES OF ITS VICTIMS!

--A TABLOID WEBSITE streaming on a screen in the hands of--

EDGAR CORMAN (50's,) the jet's only passenger. Craggy face.  
Crew cut. Not quite comfortable in casual civvies. World-  
weary eyes watching the last seconds of countless lives  
play out at keystone-cops speed.

He checks the inset VIDEO CHAT WINDOW for THANIA REDRICK's  
(50's) reaction as--

--A chopper hovers over a twisted rooftop -- at +00:05:41  
two men rush a woman into it --

REDRICK (filtered)

Wait! Son of a bitch...

The video FREEZES, resumes real-time as --

-- The roof collapses -- one man falls -- the other clings  
to the chopper -- the woman pulls him up -- FREEZE-FRAME.

REDRICK (filtered) (CONT'D)

Somebody made it in. How far?

CORMAN

Far enough to recover that footage.

REDRICK (filtered)

Christ, this could save us. Who?

Corman calls up a mug shot of a YOUNG WOMAN WITH A SCARRED  
CHEEK. He looks out the window as his aircraft banks. The  
ocean stretches to the horizon, punctuated by craggy shoals.

CORMAN  
Just a scavenger.

The shoals aren't rocks. They're the ruins of office towers.

S C A V E N G E R

**INT. UNDERWATER RUINS -- DAY**

A woman's eyes blink underwater. Piercing and sad. A nasty SCAR traces her right cheek like a falling tear.

ALETA "FIN" LORCA, 20, streamlined in a wetsuit, her hair a halo around her. She hovers on a held breath over mounds of rubble. Ground Zero underwater.

She pulls a driver's license from a rotted wallet. Compares the faded image of a woman to--

--A skeleton. As if trying to imagine it in life.

It's one of many littering the ruins.

Aleta traces a cross over the corpse and begins to rob it.

Beside her, a liquid electric fence known as THE BARRIER stretches sea floor to surface between high-tech pylons, emitting a deep bass THRUM you feel in your gut.

It sparks and flashes warnings: *RESTRICTED. KEEP OUT.*

Beyond it, the ruins shift and melt. Or is it distortion? As she watches, a fish swims through from the other side--

--and BLACKENS with a sizzle of sparks. Aleta shudders as it floats belly-up, and backs off the Barrier even further.

But something glitters under sediment just inside: gold leaf and paint flaking from wood, in the shape of an EYE.

Aleta's own eyes widen. She reaches her knife through the Barrier to uncover the treasure. Can't quite reach! Short of breath now, she cringes and -- puts her arm through.

Racing to brush it clean, she reveals a CAROUSEL HORSE.

Aleta stares at her discovery, paralyzed by emotion.

Sparks flash where her arm crosses the Barrier, snapping her out of it. She grits her teeth -- pulls her arm out --

The ring of sparks peppers her arm with burns on the way out.

She sees the area in a new light now, eroded shapes revealed as the wreckage of a merry-go-round: *She's found it!* Blowing out her last breath, she kicks for the surface.