

**REPTILE DYSFUNCTION**

Written by

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*Every year, the state of Florida sponsors snake hunts in an effort to exterminate the Burmese Python, an invasive specie introduced to the Everglades by the Exotic Pet Trade.*

*Although the low detectability of these snakes makes population estimates difficult, most researchers propose that at least 30,000 and upwards of 300,000 pythons likely occupy southern Florida and that this population will only continue to grow.*

*The following story is loosely based on this unique Florida phenomenon...*



Over black...

TRUMAN (V.O.)  
How we doing Florida?

Rapturous applause resounds. LIGHTS UP on GOVERNOR TUCKER TRUMAN (40s), camera ready and poised before a podium. His irresistible grin is wider than a wolf's.

TRUMAN  
Are we ready for a second term,  
Florida? Or are we ready for a  
second term!

Cheers crescendo to supernova as we CUT TO -

**INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

We're in the trenches of the opposition. The walls are covered by fan mail and Huntley's campaign slogans.

*"Pam Pam, Yes We Can!" "Pam for Governor!" "Pam's the Ma'am!"*

We find Pam's campaign team crowded around a television. And standing before them all is PAM HUNTLEY (50s) herself. She wears a pants suit and a bejeweled pendant that reads HUNTLEY 2020. A tasteful campaign expense, to say the least.

On TV, Truman raises his fist to more lecherous applause.

TRUMAN (O.S.)  
How do we feel about tax cuts  
Florida? How do we feel about more  
jobs, Florida?

We find Huntley's campaign manager CARLA (30s) amidst the campaign team, eyes glued to the TV. She's mid eye roll when the familiar BUZZ of an incoming call catches her attention. She removes her smart phone and steps away from the group.

CARLA  
Campaign headquarters, this is  
Carla.

As she listens, Carla's expression becomes serious. Very serious. Huntley connects with Carla, who nods gravely. Whatever it is, it's important.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
(hanging up)  
He, uh, he's willing to talk.

HUNTLEY

Polls open in ten days. What's his timeline?

CARLA

He says he can meet tonight.

**INT. TRUMAN'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

Truman's campaign team watches a recap of Truman's rally on the news. Channel Three News Anchor FRANK (50s) reports.

FRANK (O.S.)

The campaign trail is really heating up, as Governor Truman finishes what may be his most widely attended political rally yet...

ON SCREEN Truman glad hands outside the rally. He poses for a shot with a group of elderly fan girls. He even signs a baby's forehead.

BACK TO REALITY as Truman in the flesh bursts into the campaign office, followed by a flurry of eager campaign members. We focus on two specifically - Truman's assistant DICK (late 20's/early 30's), pen and pad at the ready. And TOM PENDERGRASS (50s), Truman's Communications Chief.

TRUMAN

It's not over 'til we win folks.

PENDERGRASS

(like a football coach)

You heard the man! I want coverage of tonight's rally on every social media outlet we've got.

**INT/EXT. CARLA'S CAR / FLORIDA COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

Carla squints through the windshield, headlights leading them into dense foliage and swamp.

CARLA

This is it.

HUNTLEY

What do you mean this is it? We're in the middle of nowhere.

CARLA  
He's being careful. I'd be too.  
He's putting his entire career on  
the line to help us.

Carla parks the car and turns it off, just as -

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Jesus! You see that?

In front of them, a large rat snake streaks across the road.

HUNTLEY  
This is Florida, Carla. If you  
don't like snakes, then you can  
move your ass to Wisconsin.

CARLA  
I heard they found a python  
recently, split in half from  
swallowing an alligator.

Huntley pulls a pack of cigarettes from her purse.

HUNTLEY  
I love a good revenge story.  
(lighting up)  
You mind?

CARLA  
Just roll the window down, will  
you?

Oncoming headlights illuminate the car from behind. It pulls  
over a ways in front of them.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
He's right on time.

HUNTLEY  
Go get 'em, lady. And uh, maybe  
watch out for more snakes.

CARLA  
Said like a true politician.

Carla steps outside and makes her way to the idling car.

Alone now, Huntley reaches for the radio, turning it on. "The  
Snakes Crawl at Night" by Charley Pride begins playing. The  
irony isn't lost on Huntley. She grunts amusement and leans  
back in her seat, inhaling a victory drag from her cigarette.  
She straightens her bejeweled campaign pendant, too, just for  
good measure.

A ways ahead, Carla arrives at the idling car as the window rolls down, revealing KANE (40s). Short hair and thick coke bottle glasses. He hands over a dossier.

KANE

I better not regret this Carla.

ANGLE ON Carla's heels as we move in close from under the car, as if we're in the POV of some legless creature...

BACK TO normal POV of Carla, flipping through the dossier.

CARLA

I - I can't believe it. It's here.  
Everything.

KANE

You're everything.

Carla closes her eyes and inhales deeply.

CARLA

We've talked about this Kane. Not  
right now. Not yet...

BACK WITH HUNTLEY - she blows smoke out the window and refocuses on Carla, watching as Kane's car takes off into the night, kicking up dust in its wake.

CLOSE ON CARLA - as she thumbs a tear away from her eye, watching him drive away. Until suddenly...Carla screams and is jerked out of frame!

Huntley shoots upright in her seat.

HUNTLEY

Carla? What's going on hon?

Worried, Huntley removes her seatbelt and steps out of the car, where we see Carla, sprawled out on the dirt road, somehow quieted. It's unsettling.

Huntley begins to run towards Carla, her high heels wobbly. She's almost to Carla's side when - something DRAGS Carla off the road and into the dark foliage of the swamp.

HUNTLEY (CONT'D)

Carla!!!!

Panicking, Huntley follows Carla into the brush, pushing aside bramble to reveal a body of water, rippling from whatever just submerged itself.

Huntley looks down to see the dossier lying at her feet.

HUNTLEY (CONT'D)  
 Carla! What's going on!? Carla talk  
 to me!

Something *HISSES* above Huntley, startling her! Desperate, Huntley grabs the dossier, turns on her high heels, and races back to -

THE CAR - Huntley jumps in the driver seat, but...

HUNTLEY (CONT'D)  
 Shit. The fucking keys! Carla!

Frantically, she begins to search the car. Glove box. Under the pull down mirror above her. *No dice...*

A THUD on top of the car startles her, as if something fell from the overhanging trees. Huntley breathes heavy.

HUNTLEY (CONT'D)  
 Shit shit shit shit shit!

The thud lands to her left, pulling Huntley's gaze to the driver's side window where she can see the end of a scaly tail sliding up the window and onto the roof. It's long too. Three feet. Two feet. One foot. Gone...

Hyperventilating, Huntley locks the door, horrified by what's outside. But what she fails to notice, is that the passenger window is still down. Something hisses.

Huntley slowly turns her head to face it, and panic fills her eyes. Her SCREAMS SMASHING US TO!

**TITLE CARD:** **REPTILE DYSFUNCTION!**

#### **OPENING TITLES OVER OLD HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE**

*In the lower right hand corner, videocamera digital numbers depict date and time. As the years progress, so does the quality of the home video footage.*

September 14, 1998: A wedding reception. CARLOS ESPERANZA (23) shoves cake into his wife VERA's (22) mouth.

July 4, 1999: Carlos holds up a coke can filled with an ignited bottle rocket as Vera laughs, one hand on her pregnant belly. They smile and wave to the camera as the firecracker takes flight.

October 31, 1999: Carlos, in a halloween costume, holds Vera's hand as her newborn baby SHARON is handed to her.

January 4, 2000: Carlos and Vera hold baby Sharon in front of a new house. They kiss. A sign in the front says "SOLD".

August 15, 2006: Carlos fastens Sharon's back pack. It's her first day of school. Carlos wears a Wildlife Ranger uniform.

November 24, 2007: Carlos, Vera, and eight year old Sharon walk out of the hospital with a new baby BOBBY. They're accompanied by Vera's parents MARTHA and RON.

Video footage now switches to vertical portrait mode, thanks to the introduction of the smart phone.

February 13, 2012: Wearing his ranger uniform, Carlos straddles an alligator on a golf course as a fellow wildlife ranger VIC fastens its jaws closed. (More on Vic later) Carlos turns to camera and waves enthusiastically. Another day on the job...

August 15, 2015: A teenaged Sharon stands next to her little brother. Another first day of school. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a garter snake, lifting it up to his sister. She screams and runs off screen.

December 1, 2015: Bobby and Sharon sit on the couch with their grandparents Martha and Ron. The camera turns and films the TV where Vera reports live from behind a news desk.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Everyone say congratulations Mom!

MARTHA/SHARON/BOBBY/RON

Congratulations Mom!

June 20, 2017: Carlos sits in a boat with Sharon and Bobby, fishing. Sharon hooks a fish and begins shouting with glee. Carlos looks back to the camera, pure joy playing on his face. We can hear Vera laughing and cheering Sharon on.

December 25, 2018: As Bobby lifts the top off a big present in front of the Christmas tree, a puppy terrier hops out and licks his face. Carlos kneels next to him, equally excited.

July 19, 2019: Vera, Sharon, and Bobby stand at a podium adorned with a Florida Fish and Wildlife emblem.

VERA

I know that Carlos would have been honored to be standing here before you all today, receiving this Wildlife Conservation award.

Vera puts her arms around her two children.



VERA (CONT'D)  
 His work as a Florida Wildlife  
 Ranger was his true passion.  
 (deep breath)  
 My children and I accept this award  
 on his behalf and will cherish it  
 in his memory. Thank you.

Suddenly, this montage of home video footage comes to an end,  
 and we pull out to see that we've been watching it all on an  
 iPhone.

**INT. GREEN ROOM - MIAMI SEAQUARIUM - DAY**

Reverse angle on SHARON ESPERANZA (early 20s), eyes moist  
 from watching this heartfelt video. Before her rests a  
 biology textbook, a severely neglected lunch, and her lap  
 top, open to a UC Davis Veterinary School application. CLOSE  
 UP ON: Application Status: Complete

An incoming face time request comes in from her grandmother,  
 MARTHA (60s). We'll meet more of her later, but for now, all  
 we see is an unflattering angle of Martha's face, captured  
 from below.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
 Did you get the video Sharon?  
 Pretty cool huh?

SHARON  
 Hey Grandma. Yeah. I just watched  
 it. I - I don't know what to say.  
 You put this together?

MARTHA (O.S.)  
 The guy at the apple store did most  
 of the heavy lifting. But isn't it  
 nice?

STEW (30s) enters, wearing a wet suit. His optimistic outlook  
 on life is far from infectious.

SHARON  
 Grandma, can I call you back later?  
 I'm at work...I love you too.

Sharon ends the face time and turns to Stew.

STEW  
 Heads up Sharon. It's a packed  
 house today. Oh yeah, and instead  
 of opening with *Under the Sea*,  
 we're going with *Baila Baila Baila*.

SHARON

I thought you wanted to start with  
the Sting Ray Charles shtick.

STEW

I changed my mind. I thought it  
would be too *unsightly*.

Stew laughs at his own joke.

STEW (CONT'D)

Plus, the choreography was too  
advanced for Trent, so I figured we  
would keep things shrimple, you  
know?

SHARON

Can we stop with the sea puns for a  
second please?

STEW

Don't be sealy.

Stew slaps his arms together like a seal. Sharon cringes.

**EXT. MIAMI SEAQUARIUM - RESCUE TANK - DAY**

GLORIOUS REGGAE-TON MUSIC blasts as Sharon sprints onto  
center stage, immediately flanked on both sides by Stew and  
another dolphin trainer TRENT, both wearing matching wet  
suits. Together, the three performers burst into a  
choreographed dance. Trent is struggling to keep up.

SHARON

How are we doing Miami!? Are we  
ready to hang with some sea animals  
or what?!

Reverse on a packed house of tourists, families, and a few  
Florida natives, shimmying and clapping to the music.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Did somebody say dolphins?!

Suddenly, in unison, two glorious dolphins erupt from the  
water. One of them high fives Sharon. The crowd eats it up.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Miami Seaquarium!  
Where we're committed to  
preserving, protecting, and most  
importantly -  
(winks)

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Partying! With the most loving and  
intelligent animals nature has to  
offer. Come on everybody, clap your  
hands!

The crowd begins to clap in unison as Sharon continues.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
I'm Sharon, and I'll be your  
oceanographer today, as we see what  
sort of shenanigans our aquatic  
friends have in store for us!

Sharon jumps in the water and within moments is THRUST up  
into the air by a bottle nose dolphin, and off this mind  
blowing stunt, we CUT TO -

**EXT. MIAMI SEAQUARIUM - EMPLOYEE PARKING - LATER**

Now in street clothes, Sharon hops into her beat up truck and  
starts the ignition.

**MUSIC CONTINUES** as Sharon steers the car out of the parking  
lot. Scenes of Miami fade to rural Florida. Sophisticated  
cityscapes and cultural tableaux giving way to fast food  
chains, swampy frontage roads, and finally, suburbia.

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ESPERANZA HOUSE - DAY**

Sharon cuts the engine, steps out of her truck, and makes her  
way inside. We recognize the house from the opening home  
video montage, only now it's less well-kept. Sun burnt grass  
and faded paint.

A postman MR. BAKER (50s) has just dropped off mail at the  
doorstep. Sharon pulls a thick envelope out of her backpack  
and hands it to him.

SHARON  
Hey Mr. Baker, mind adding this to  
your stack?

MR. BAKER  
University of California? That's so  
far away.

SHARON  
That's the idea...

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - DAY**

Two year old terrier SKIP runs up and jumps on Sharon. She kneels down and kisses his snout. We recognize him from the home video footage in the opener.

SHARON

Hey boy!

(Standing)

Mom? Bobby? Grandma? Anybody home?

We linger on a table with framed family photos. Remnants of a happier past. She heads towards the

KITCHEN - which is practically a green house. Potted plants adorning the windows and hanging from above. Sharon grabs some orange juice from the fridge and drinks it straight from the carton. She closes the door and-

**BAM!** Her little brother BOBBY (12) scares the shit out of her. He's wearing a dinosaur mask.

BOBBY

(removing the mask)

Your face!

SHARON

Dammit Bobby!

Bobby's a soon to be lady killer who's completely unaware of his charm. For now, video games and B horror movies are top of mind. Before Sharon can smack him, Bobby darts away to the

LIVING ROOM - and reclaims his seat on the couch as Sharon enters.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

BOBBY

Grandma's still at work.

SHARON

And Mom?

Bobby grabs the remote and clicks to Channel Four where the face of news reporter Vera Esperanza fills the frame. We recognize her as their mother from the home video montage.

VERA (O.S.)

I'm here live reporting on what locals are saying is yet another sighting of Florida's alleged "Snake Lady".

SHARON

Oh no. Not this again...

Bobby shushes Sharon, intrigued by the story. On screen, A shirtless man in knee high waders steps into frame.

VERA (O.S.)

Can you describe to me what you saw, sir?

SHIRTLESS MAN (O.S.)

Yes ma'am. I was tubbin' outside in the yard when I saw a lady appear in the mist. Must a' been bout' 8 foot tall with boa constrictors fer hair and a python tail.

SHARON

This is humiliating.

BOBBY

Ramón at school said he saw the snake lady once...

SHARON

Yeah, right before he cleared his browser history so his poor mother wouldn't find out.

Sharon grabs the remote and clicks to another channel, featuring a younger reporter LUCY WATERS (late 20s). Bobby and Sharon roll their eyes, clearly not Lucy's biggest fan.

LUCY (O.S.)

I'm Lucy Waters, reporting live from outside Florida Pharmaceutical's newest manufacturing plant, where Governor Truman has just addressed the state regarding Initiative 1501, what many are saying may be his most landmark accomplishment to date.

CUT TO an excerpt of Truman's address.

GOVERNOR TRUMAN

It's now been seven days since I instated Florida's new initiative, making sure our state's pharmaceutical companies have the resources and support *they* need to keep *all of us* healthy and safe.

BACK ON LUCY as a man walks past her in a hurry. We recognize him as Kane from the opener.

LUCY

Sir? Sir! We'd love to hear from a Flo Pharm employee. Would you mind giving a quick statement?

KANE

(cryptic)

I'm afraid I'm under an NDA, ma'am. All I can legally say is that, well, you get what you vote for...

LUCY

(slightly confused)

Hard to disagree with that, I guess!

(beat)

Back to you, Frank!

CUT TO THE NEWS DESK where two men HUNTER and FRANK continue reporting.

FRANK

Speaking of voting, we're just days away from the gubernatorial elections and Pam Huntley seems to be keeping a low profile. She hasn't made a public appearance in what's now been three days!

HUNTER

I can't say I'm surprised, Frank. The polls being where they are, I imagine she's trying to lay low and save face. Especially given what happened last time she ran for public office. Remember that, Frank?

FRANK

How can I forget!? She threw her debate podium clear off the stage!

#### **INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sharon sits at her desk, studying from a massive textbook that says "Organic Chemistry II". Skip watches her from on top of her bed. The doorbell rings.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Pizza's here!

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT**

Sharon turns from the front door, balancing an extra large pizza in both hands.

She makes her way back towards the kitchen when Skip sprints down the stairs, straight past her and out into the front yard!

SHARON

Shit! Skip! Come back! Bobbbyyyyyy!

Bobby appears and Sharon hands him the pizza, tearing off after their dog.

**EXT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - NIGHT**

Skip trots across the yard as Sharon pursues from the house.

SHARON

Come on Skip. Come on!

Skip and Sharon hold elongated eye contact before Skip slowly backs away towards a bit of shrubbery bordering the lawn.

Here, we switch POV, watching Skip back towards us from under the shrubbery. As Skip comes nearer, we *recoil* quickly.

Back to normal POV as Skip, with a few meager sniffs, lifts his back leg and pisses. Sharon sighs, waiting it out.

Upon finishing, he kicks up dirt with his legs as Sharon edges towards him.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Come *onnnnn* Skip. Let's go inside.

Skip's about to obey her when suddenly, something strikes him and drags him into the shrubbery!

Sharon screams bloody murder! Her cries blend in the sound mix with the cries of another woman -

**EXT. FLORIDA POND - DAY**

Screaming, a very large woman wearing sweat pants and a Sesame Street hoodie fills the frame.

LARGE WOMAN

Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!!! And my kids was like. Ahhh!!!! Cus there were dead fish floating belly up everywhere!

We *PULL OUT* to see that we're watching a TV monitor.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)  
But then we realized it may have  
just been from the explosives my  
husband had been fishing with.

On screen, a door slams open behind the large woman.

LARGE MAN  
Darlene! Don't you go ratting me  
out to the news! I didn't blow 'em  
up this time!

We pull away even further to see that we are in a -

**INT. NEWS STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT**

News director DANIEL CUMMINGS (60s) pauses the footage with a remote and turns to face Vera and BENITA (30s), Vera's camerawoman and sidekick extraordinaire.

VERA  
I didn't know she was going to be a  
crazy person, Dan.

CUMMINGS  
This is Florida, Vera. Everyone's  
crazy.

VERA  
Look, I can -

CUMMINGS  
Can what? Try harder? Find better  
stories?

VERA  
I shouldn't even be field  
reporting. I should be back on the  
desk, where I -

CUMMINGS  
We've discussed this Vera. Todd  
pulls better numbers. It's that  
simple.

VERA  
It sounds to me like he's pulling  
more than just numbers. Ever since  
Todd started, you've really had a  
special PEP in your step, haven't  
you?



CUMMINGS

You're out of line, Esperanza.

VERA

Yeah? We'll you're out of the closet.

BENITA

(sotto)

That's not how that works Vera...

VERA

(snapping back, under her breath)

You know what I mean.

BENITA

We can cut around it - extract a sound bite of the woman and keep the focus on Vera, and what the story was supposed to be about in the first place.

CUMMINGS

And what was that? Dead fish in the Everglades? We've got a state wide election in less than a week for crying out loud.

(beat)

People want to *feel* something when they watch the news. Fear, arousal, anger! But when I see this? I don't feel a god damn thing.

Cummings clicks off the TV.

CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

Recut this. And your next story better be good. Otherwise I can find a new field reporter. Don't forget Vera. You're replaceable.

**INT. NEWS STATION HALLWAY - LATER**

Vera moves at a clip, Benita in her wake.

BENITA

Vera, hey, slow down. Listen to me.

VERA

Listen to what? The writing's been on the wall for a few years now. I'm aging out of my career.

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

I might as well just quit and pass  
the baton to that horse faced  
Loosie Twatters from channel three.

BENITA

She's half the reporter you are,  
Vera. And you know it. Now will you  
please pull your head out of your  
freshly waxed white-lady ass hole  
and listen to me?

(beat)

Governor Truman's coming to South  
Florida this weekend. If Cummings  
wants a story, then you and I  
should be the first ones there.

Vera's cell phone rings, interrupting them. It's Sharon.

VERA

Sweetie? Is everything okay?

(beat)

What?!

**EXT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - NIGHT**

A truck screeches into frame, bold letters painted on its  
side read *LAW ENFORCEMENT - FISH AND WILDLIFE CONSERVATION  
COMMISSION*. Out of the truck steps VIC (40s), a committed and  
authoritarian wildlife ranger. He's met by conservation  
specialist BARB (40s).

VIC

Are Sharon and Bobby okay?

BARB

Yeah they're okay. Can't say the  
same about their pup though.

Barb lifts up a burlap sack with a dead Skip inside.

VIC

Did we find the snake?

BARB

She's bagged and tagged. It's the  
third pet attack in two days, Vic.

Vic weighs this, until suddenly, they're both interrupted by  
an arriving *NEWS VAN*.

VIC

Oh Christ not the press.

Vic slams his hand on the van's hood and gesticulates towards whoever is driving.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry ma'am but this is  
official Florida Wildlife business.

The van door opens and Vera steps out.

VERA  
I'm not here to report, Vic. I'm  
here for my kids.

VIC  
Vera. I thought y'all might've been  
that other reporter, Lucy Squatters  
or whatever her name is.

VERA  
It's fine, Vic.  
(beat)  
Hi Barb.

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - NIGHT**

Vera enters just as her mother Martha steps out of the kitchen, drying a freshly washed dish with a towel.

MARTHA  
The kids are upstairs.

**INT. SHARON'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Vera steps inside to see Sharon and Bobby lying in Sharon's bed. Bobby holds Skip's collar, running his thumb back and forth over the name tag.

VERA  
Oh kids...

Vera makes her way to the bed and sits, taking Sharon's hand in hers. Sharon looks at Vera, her eyes tired.

SHARON  
He was the last thing dad gave us  
Mom.

VERA  
I know sweetie. I know.

Vera kicks her heels off and climbs into bed next to Sharon, the three of them holding tightly to each other.

**EXT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - LATER**

Sharon steps onto the porch for a moment of solitude to see Vic packing his ranger jeep.

SHARON  
You're still here?

VIC  
Just making sure there weren't any  
male suitors lingering.

Vic takes Sharon in for a moment.

VIC (CONT'D)  
You know, if you wanted to strike  
back, the annual python hunts are  
this weekend. Your dad once tracked  
and caught eleven in a single day.  
Why not see if you can out do him?

SHARON  
You know me. I'm more of an ocean  
girl. Less man eating reptiles and  
swamp people.

Vic can't help but laugh.

VIC  
Well y'otta stop by the station  
sometime soon at least. We found  
some more of your dads things.  
Barb's got 'em all boxed up.

SHARON  
I can come by tomorrow, if that's  
alright.

VIC  
Of course it is, darlin'. Take care  
of your mom and Bobby, you hear?

Vic gives a final wave and steps in the car.

And as he pulls away, something is revealed across the street  
in the adjacent trees, cloaked in darkness. *A mysterious lady  
in knee high waders.*

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Sharon? Is that you out there?

SHARON  
(over her shoulder)  
Yeah Grandma. I was just saying bye  
to Vic.

Sharon turns back around, hoping to get a better look at whoever it was watching her, but when she does, the lady is gone. *Was it all in her head?*

**EXT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Vera finishes digging a hole in the garden and sets her shovel aside. The time has come. She grabs the burlap sack holding Skip, and places it in the hole.

Just then, Martha steps outside the back door carrying two glasses of wine.

MARTHA  
How bout a drink, sugar?

VERA  
Thanks, Mom.

Mother and daughter stand together, taking in the hole in front of them.

**EXT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

Sharon's truck pulls up outside the wildlife station, its stone facade resting under the shade of a few native trees. Doors open as Sharon and Bobby step out.

BOBBY  
Can we check out the captured  
animals room?

SHARON  
We don't have time Bobby. We still  
have to pick up Grandma from work  
later.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Sharon and Bobby enter, greeted by RANGER TRISH, a veteran Ranger now occupying the role of the station's receptionist.

RANGER TRISH  
Sharon? Bobby? Oh my Goodness!!

SHARON  
Hey Trish. Is Vic here?

RANGER TRISH  
Oh you just missed him. He stepped out to handle another removal request. But he left this box for you.

Ranger Pam reaches below the desk and returns with a small moving box.

SHARON  
Oh good. That's what we came for.

Bobby wanders to a bulletin board, aimless.

BOBBY  
Snake Removal Courses?

RANGER TRISH  
Oh yeah. Every Friday. They're about to start one here in ten minutes. Just next door at Homestead High School.

Bobby turns to Sharon, eyes wide with excitement.

BOBBY  
Come onnnnnnnnn...

SHARON  
(to Trish)  
How long's it last?

RANGER TRISH  
Oh not long at all. Just a quick demonstration and then a bit of time for Q and A's.

Bobby clenches his fists and feigns desperation, practically begging Sharon.

# **INT. HOMESTEAD HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM**

A meager assembly of Floridians listen to wildlife ranger WILLY (mid to late 20s) who commands the room. He's easy on the eyes. *Real easy...*

As Sharon and Bobby enter to find a seat, Bobby recognizes Willy instantly.

BOBBY  
Wait, is that...?

WILLY  
Alrighty folks. I'm Fish and Game  
Warden Willy McGruter. Ya'll ready  
to learn how to safely remove a  
Burmese Python, or what?!

BOBBY  
I thought he moved up to Tampa?

SHARON  
Guess he's back...

Meager claps from the assembly. Bobby sits up, excited, just  
as Sharon gives Willy a full body scan. She shakes her head  
at his ranger uniform, but her eyes, they're lingering.

WILLY  
To start us off, I thought I'd show  
you all a quick informational video  
to lay out the facts. And for those  
of you who might be wondering, yes.  
I made it myself.

Beaming with pride, Willy hits play. But what plays is...

WILLY (CONT'D)  
(on the TV)  
Hey everyone! Are you out of crazy  
ideas for your kids' next birthday  
party? Or how about a cool theme  
for your next backyard bash? Look  
no further than me, Willy! The  
Reptile Wrangler!

Willy dances around a kid's birthday party in a lizard  
costume as kid-bop plays from some janky speaker some drunk  
dad set up.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Come on kids. Who wants to learn  
about *reptiles*?!

BIRTHDAY KID  
Whoa! A paintball gun!!!

WILLY  
No no no no no!

On-camera Willy screams in pain as the real Willy finally  
hits fast forward. Sharon can't help but laugh.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry guys, er, just a second.

Willy finally hits play again, this time on the correct video. [*FOOTAGE below in italics*].

NARRATOR/WILLY  
*Florida is home to hundreds if not millions of beautiful, mystical creatures. But what most people don't know, is that not all of these animals are native to the area.*

*A Burmese python slithers into frame.*

NARRATOR/WILLY (CONT'D)  
*The Burmese Python is believed to have entered into Florida's ecosystem by way of the exotic pet trade when irresponsible pet owners, who couldn't quite keep up with their fast growing companions, decided to let them loose.*

*Footage of someone throwing their ginormous snake off a bridge into a lake. Another pet owner throws a box of baby pythons into the Everglades.*

NARRATOR/WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Now, forty years later, they have assimilated into our sunshine state. And they're everywhere!*

*INSERT: Shots of "Snakes Gone Wild". A python swims in a kiddie pool as kids splash! A golfer reaches into a hole to grab his ball and comes up with a fist full of snake! Traffic is at a stand still on the interstate as a thirty foot python stretches across four lanes of freeway.*

Off of Sharon, horror struck.

#### **INT. HOMESTEAD HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

Bobby is helping himself to snacks and refreshments. Willy's across the room, demonstrating to some Florida natives how to use snake removal tongs.

Willy sees Sharon and Bobby. His eyes light up.

WILLY  
 Sharon? Bobby? Holy crap! It's been ages!



He gives Bobby a high five and goes to hug Sharon. Something about his jovial squeeze makes her blush...

SHARON

Last time I saw you, we were  
catching lizards in your back yard.

Sharon gestures to his excellent ranger uniform. Emphasis on his tan shorts.

SHARON (CONT'D)

And now look at you. Catching  
lizards full time.

Her eyes linger again, but she catches herself. Did Willy notice?

WILLY

So what, uh, brings you to a python  
removal meet and greet?

SHARON

(nervous)

You know me. I just love a big  
snake.

Fuck fuck fuck. Sharon turns red. That came out wrong.

WILLY

(voice squeaky)

That's so cool.

SHARON

(panicky)

So how long have you been back in  
Miami?

WILLY

Just two months now. I came down  
when a spot opened up at the  
station after Carlos, I mean your  
dad...

Willy trails off.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Dammit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to-

SHARON

It's okay. Really.

WILLY

I assume you stopped by cus of the  
python hunts. Y'all coming?

BOBBY  
Python hunts?

SHARON  
We have plans.

\*  
\*

WILLY  
Aw man. Well I'll be there. If you  
guys change your mind and wanted to  
team up.

BOBBY  
And like, kill snakes?

WILLY  
More like catch them. There's a  
cash prize for every snake you get.  
The state's been doing it for a few  
years now. It's a blast!

SHARON  
Right. We can uh, talk about it  
Bobby.  
(beat)  
Anyhow. It was good seeing you.  
Tell everyone at the station hello  
for us, yeah?

**EXT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - DAY**

Sharon's truck pulls up outside the nursery, a cathedral like  
greenhouse expanding behind a ma' and pop facade.

SHARON  
(pre-lap)  
Bobby. Come on. Don't be like this.

**INT. SHARON'S TRUCK - DAY**

Bobby stares out the window, forlorn.

BOBBY  
The one chance I get to finally  
have some fun and you have to crush  
it.

SHARON  
I'm not crushing your fun Bobby.  
Python hunting? This is the kind of  
dumb Florida bullshit that got dad  
killed. We can literally do  
anything else you want tomorrow.  
I'll even take you to Disney World.  
Just please. Not this.

**INT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - DAY**

Sharon and Bobby enter into the labyrinthine flower nursery. Water misters hiss all around, hydrating rows upon rows of exotic plant life.

Staff members mill about with customers. One employee TANNER (20s), total stoner bro, pontificates about gardening to a group of unenthusiastic Floridians.

TANNER

It's not just about getting the light right, you guys. It's also about getting the love right, you know? These little guys are sensitive creatures, just like me.

A ways away, Martha stands, talking to another customer. She looks up and sees Sharon and Bobby.

MARTHA

Hey kiddos! Gimme ten, ok?

**INT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - LATER**

Sharon and Bobby are exploring the orchid section.

SHARON

Bobby, don't. You'll kill it! Remember? Grandma said the orchids are sensitive to touch.

MARTHA (O.S.)

That's what makes them beautiful though.

Sharon and Bobby turn to see Martha approaching. She removes her gardening gloves and places them in her apron.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

One tiny environmental shift and kablewy. You gotta plant them from scratch.

(beat)

Things one learns when they're forced to enter back into the workforce at sixty eight...

SHARON

They're looking sort of limp.

MARTHA

I know. They started losing color  
and wilting about a week ago, but I  
can't seem to put my finger on why.

(beat)

But that's enough botany for the  
day. Y'all ready?

Martha puts her arms around her grandkids as they head out.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot. You kids okay  
if we pay Connie a visit at the  
hospital on the way home? I thought  
maybe I'd bring her some flowers.

BOBBY

Can I wait in the car?

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

CONNIE (60s) lies in bed. Tasteful pearls stand out against  
her hospital gown. As Sharon and Martha enter -

CONNIE

Sharon! Look at you! Sex on a  
stick!

GERTY

To what do we owe the honor?!

GERTY (70s) races to Sharon and pulls her in for a squeeze.  
Gerty wears bright pastels and sports a deep, deep tan.

Martha sets some tulips in front of the window.

MARTHA

Settle down ladies. You're going to  
scare her off. Did you see what I  
brought you?

CONNIE

Oh my goodness. It's beautiful!  
Ugh, I've been dying for some  
greenery.

Gerty pulls out a bottle of schnapps from her purse.

GERTY

How bout a toast to beating cancer!

SHARON  
(sotto)  
Should she be drinking?

MARTHA  
Shhhh it's fine.

CONNIE  
That and finally not having to pay  
my damn hospital bill. My pain  
killers alone have just about  
doubled in price. Can you believe  
it?

SHARON  
You can thank Truman's new health  
initiative for that one...

GERTY  
Uh oh, looks like someone's leaning  
left!

The political jab going completely over her head, Connie cups  
her breasts, comparing them.

CONNIE  
Not again. I swear, I just got them  
re-done.  
(beat)  
Anyhow, Sharon, give us the skinny.  
Any boys in your life?

SHARON  
This is Florida. The last guy I  
interacted with invited me to go  
snake hunting.

GERTY  
So that's what they're calling it  
these days...

Off Sharon, who can't help but laugh at Martha and her  
friends...

**EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY**

Ranger Barb cuts across the water on a fan boat. She slows  
when something catches her eye--a Burmese Python, writhing  
belly up in the water. Barb grabs her radio and cuts the  
motor.

BARB  
Vic, do you copy?

Her radio crackles to life.

VIC (O.S.)  
This is Vic. Copy.

BARB  
You ever see a python swimming  
belly up?

VIC (O.S.)  
Can't say I have.

Barb grabs an oar and SMACKS the python in the head, stunning it momentarily. It's big, too. Twice as long as Barb is tall. She grabs it by the tail and lifts it onto the boat.

BARB  
An uptick in attacks and now this?  
One of our rangers got a call just  
this morning. Four Burmese found in  
an indoor pool. All female. Vic,  
something is up. This ain't normal.  
(beat)  
You think we should call off the  
hunts?

VIC (O.S.)  
Sounds like they're coming out to  
play. All the better...

Close on Barb, as she lowers the sickly python inside a burlap sack and ties a knot.

#### **INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

Open on the same burlap sack, now sitting on an examination table. Barb is sitting in front of her computer, mid lunch, when research analyst TRACE enters and hands her a folder.

TRACE  
Hey Barb. I'm taking lunch.

Trace sees the burlap sack on an examination table. It begins to move, but nobody notices.

TRACE (CONT'D)  
That what I think it is?

BARB  
Yep. Another Burmese. Hey listen,  
when you get back, would you mind  
running some tests on a few water  
samples I collected?

TRACE

You got it.

Trace exits, leaving a very curious Barb to comb through the lab results. She reaches for her sandwich, takes a bite and returns to her work.

In the background, we may notice that the burlap sack seems to be shrinking in size. *That's strange.*

Something crashes behind Barb. Startled, she turns to see her walkie on the ground.

She rolls over in her chair to grab it, when something grabs her attention. The burlap sack on the examination table is empty.

Paranoid, Barb's eyes dart around the room. And she sees it. A few feet of a snake tail, disappearing very fast behind a large, metallic sliding door that conceals the storage chamber below the examination table.

BARB

You little fucker.

Barb rolls her eyes. If anybody knows how to wrangle a feisty snake, it's her. Her lack of fear is commendable.

She rolls up her sleeves, opens the metal door, and *strikes!* And out she comes with a handful of python tail. Damn. It's no small snake either. Barb takes a deep breath and begins pulling the snake out, like a rope.

We exhale. Clearly, she knows what she's doing. But then something *HISSES* and the snake *pulls back*, hard. Pulling Barbs forearms inside. Barb blows her bangs out of her eyes, ready for battle. Until *POW!*

We can't see what's happened, but it's obvious. The snake must have struck Barb. She grits her teeth and sucks in air.

BARB (CONT'D)

Dammit.

Barb rips her arms out of the chamber, her left forearm covered in blood.

View from above the examination table, as a defeated Barb re-strategizes her snake removal plan.

BARB (CONT'D)

Can somebody help me out here? We got a grumpy snake on the loose!

Suddenly, in the flash of an eye, the python SHOOTs it's head out of the chamber, clamps onto Barb's neck, and rips her torso inside. We hardly even see it happen.

A few noisy bumps resound as Barb's body is twisted, over and under, and quickly dragged inside the chamber.

**EXT. EVERGLADES - DAWN**

The sun pierces the horizon, igniting water into copper veins across the Everglades. Morning has come.

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Sharon runs with ear pods in when something stops her in her tracks. A baby snake, writhing and rolling on the pavement. It's alarming, like watching a stranger fall into a seizure. Finally, it dies. *Weird...*

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING**

Vera makes pancakes for a sleepy Bobby who sits at the counter. Martha sits at the adjacent breakfast nook, poking and swiping at her iPad. Sharon enters.

SHARON  
Morning guys.

Vera hands Sharon a cup of coffee and kisses her on the forehead.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Gross Mom, I'm all sweaty.

Sharon sits at the countertop with Bobby as Vera sets plates down in front of them.

MARTHA  
(re: iPad)  
Oh look at this you guys. The Miami sea turtle festival is this weekend. Vera, sweetie, you should report on this for the news.

Vera almost trips on one of Martha's potted plants.

VERA  
Can we please relocate some of these to the backyard, Mom?



MARTHA  
 (still poking at her iPad)  
 Those are peace lillies. They have  
 to stay inside.

SHARON  
 (to Vera)  
 You're all dressed up.

VERA  
 Sorry. Governor Truman's speaking  
 at some community rally thing. I'm  
 covering it with Benita.

MARTHA  
 They're saying he's a shoe in for  
 governor if Pam Huntley doesn't  
 step it up.

SHARON  
 If he wins, I'm moving out of  
 state.

VERA  
 You guys, no politics at the  
 breakfast table!  
 (checks watch)  
 Shit, I mean shoot. I'm late! Can  
 you guys clean up? Mom, if we leave  
 now I can still drop you off at  
 work.

**EXT. LITTLE HAVANA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Establishing shot of a lively neighborhood in Miami, with a  
 focus on one house in particular.

Vera's news van pulls into frame just as Benita steps out,  
 skipping down the front steps. Her T-shirt reads "FLO-RIDA"  
 and has a picture of an alligator driving a tricked out "low-  
 rider".

Her partner SOPHIE waters the front lawn with a hose. Benita  
 kisses her goodbye.

BENITA  
*Chau guapa! Te veo más tarde, dale?*

SOPHIE  
 Be safe out there, okay?

**INT. NEWS VAN - DAY**

Benita jumps in the front seat.

BENITA

What's on the docket today, wonder woman? Meth heads and alligators?

VERA

Worse. Governor Truman and snakes.

BENITA

Straight to business. Now we're talking...

Laughing, Vera steers them into traffic.

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - DAY**

Sharon comes downstairs, freshly showered and running a brush through her hair. The TV is still on, playing in the B.G.

SHARON

Bobby?

A phone rings in the kitchen, grabbing Sharon's attention.

**INT. ESPERANZA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Sharon picks up. The TV can still be heard in the background.

SHARON

Hello?

(beat)

Oh hey Mr. Baker.

(beat)

You saw him riding a bike on highway one? What? No. Bobby's here.

(beat)

No I appreciate it. Thanks for the call.

Sharon hangs up, worried.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Bobby?

She makes her way to the living room where the TV has just switched from commercials back to the news, the familiar faces of Frank and Hunter reporting on Channel Three.

FRANK (O.S.)

And we're back! Today's the big day  
y'all. That's right. The Python  
Hunts are fixing to start, and boy,  
what a turn out this year it's  
been!

HUNTER (O.S.)

That's right! It's a zoo out there.  
Literally! For those of you  
interested in participating, it's  
not too late!

Sharon watches the report, the wheels turning in her head.

SHARON

Bobby?????

**INT/EXT. SHARON'S TRUCK / PYTHON HUNTS STARTING POINT - DAY**

Sharon's truck pulls into a field full of parked cars. She  
steps out, livid.

Hordes of Floridians pass by, heading towards a massive  
banner that reads "*ANNUAL FLORIDA PYTHON HUNTS! Sponsored by  
Save our Swamps!*"

Florida's finest cheerleaders can be seen in the distance,  
executing a flawless, choreographed dance to Nicki Manaj's  
*ANACONDA*. As Sharon gets closer to the fanfare, things become  
increasingly odd. There's a VENDOR selling -

VENDOR

Snake whips! Get your snake whips!

A food truck COOK is passing out samples of -

COOK

Python Pops! Come 'n try 'em while  
they're hot y'all!

Sharon swats at an incoming python pop, repulsed.

Nearby in a *Snake Petting Zoo*, irresponsible parents sip  
light beer while they're kids pet a massive boa constrictor.

Standing near the *Python Hunt Sign Up Table*, we recognize Vic  
talking to a group of Wildlife rangers next to a large stage.  
Amidst the group of rangers is none other than Willy and  
Bobby.

VIC  
Alright team. The hunts are  
starting in ten. Has anybody heard  
from Barb?

Bobby ! SHARON

Bobby whips around as Sharon bee lines towards him.

Sharon!                  WILLY                                  VIC  
Well lookey here.

SHARON  
Robert Gerald Esperanza, what the  
actual -  
    (an airhorn somewhere far  
    away bleeps out Fuck)  
do you think you're doing?!

A few rangers cup their mouths. Castigated and embarrassed, Bobby excuses himself from the ranger huddle.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Are you crazy?! I got a call from  
the *postman* saying he saw you  
riding your bike on the interstate!

BOBBY  
I was on the frontage road!

SHARON  
Do you know how much shit you'll be  
in if Mom finds out about this?  
Get in the car. We're leaving.

BOBBY  
Sharon please. Willy's here. And  
Vic! It's fine! I thought it all  
through!

Willy jogs over.

WILLY  
Everything okay?

SHARON  
Bobby here neglected to tell me he  
decided to come to the python hunts  
today.

Willy looks at Bobby, who shrugs it off.

WILLY

I understand if you guys need to jet, but you outta at least stay for the kick off. Look around. Florida's finest gathered in one location. What's not to love?

Sharon reviews her surroundings once more, only to see a woman in a snake skin robe lounging in a lawn chair amidst the action. She shaves her legs with one hand while fanning herself with the other.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Come ooonnnnnnnnn. It'll be fun!

**EXT. SNAKE HUNT STARTING POINT - SOMEWHERE ELSE**

Dick (Governor Truman's assistant from the opener) steps out of a black Tahoe and opens the back door, revealing Governor Truman and Pendergrass, Truman's Communications Chief.

TRUMAN

Remind me what the hell I'm doing here?

Dick nervously checks his clip board, but before he can answer -

PENDERGRASS

Every South Florida news outlet is covering the hunts today so we're capitalizing on the screen time. You're scheduled to give a speech on the environment in ten minutes.

DICK

(re: clipboard)  
And snakes, sir.

TRUMAN

I'm giving a speech on what now?

SOMEWHERE ELSE - The sliding doors of a news van open and Vera steps out to see Benita on the roof, jiggering with a set of cable chords.

VERA

I'm not getting a signal out to the station. Everything okay?

BENITA

Yeah yeah, just a second!

Vera's rival reporter LUCY WATERS passes, followed by her camera crew.

LUCY  
You might want to get out of our  
shot, Benita. We're about to roll.

BENITA  
Oh yeah? Don't miss these guys.

Benita gives Lucy the bird with both hands. Vera rolls her eyes and retreats back into her van.

LUCY  
(Live!)  
Good morning Florida! We're here  
live, covering the annual python  
hunts, but most importantly,  
Governor Truman is here y'all!

#### **EXT. PYTHON HUNTS MAIN STAGE - DAY**

Ranger Vic steps in front of the sprawling mess of Florida's weirdest hunting enthusiasts and taps the microphone.

VIC  
Excuse me, can y'all hear me?

Close by, Sharon, Bobby, and Willy find a spot and listen.

OFF TO THE SIDE - Vera and Benita find a clearing. Vera adjusts her hair and blouse as Benita gets the camera ready.

VIC (CONT'D)  
To kick us off, I wanted to bring  
out last years winners, Bud Riley  
and Jimbo Jenkins!

Two burly swamp men JIMBO and BUD jog out onto the stage. This moment is literally the apex of their existence. They look like they leapt straight from a Bass Pro magazine.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Jimbo? Bud? Can you give us some  
last minute pro tips?

Jimbo greedily reaches for the mic, but is beat to it by Bud.

BUD  
Jimbo and I spent all last summer  
in Sri Lanka, learning from the  
indigenous folk their ways when it  
comes to snake tracking.  
(MORE)

BUD (CONT'D)  
And let me tell you, we have every  
intention of beating our record  
from last year.

VIC  
Can you guys remind us how many  
pythons you bagged last year?

Jimbo can't help himself and leans into Bud's mic.

JIMBO  
Nineteen. We got nineteen.

VIC  
Unbelievable!

JIMBO  
We're partners. Always have been.  
Always will be.

BUD  
(uneasy)  
Hunting partners, that is.

VIC  
Thanks Jimbo and Bud. And good luck  
out there. And now, we have a  
little surprise for you all.  
Everyone, join me as I invite to  
the stage, South Florida's very own  
(beat)  
GOVERNOR TUCKER TRUMAN!!!!!!

BACKSTAGE - Pendergrass continues prepping Truman. Dick  
stands by, anxiously e-mailing from his phone.

PENDERGRASS  
Just make sure to thank the hunt  
sponsors, Save our Swamps,  
acknowledge that you're going to  
find a way to get rid of the  
pythons, and then give a plug about  
your campaign promises. It's cut  
and dry.

Truman pushes Dick out of the way and steps out onto the  
stage. Cheers erupt! Dick nearly drops his phone.

TRUMAN  
Good morning FLORIDA!!!!  
Are you guys ready to kill some  
snakes? Or are you ready to kill  
some snakes?!

Close on Sharon and Bobby in the crowd -

BOBBY

Wasn't Governor Truman supposed to  
be at that thing Mom was reporting  
on?

SHARON

(connecting the dots)  
This is the thing Mom's reporting  
on.

They both look around, panicked. Sure enough, there's Vera,  
reporting live under the light of Benita's camera. Vera is  
gesturing towards the stage mid-report when her eyes fall  
directly on Sharon and Bobby.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Shit! She saw us!

TRUMAN (ON STAGE)

When I decided to run for re-  
election, one thing I knew for sure  
was that the environment was at the  
top of my list of humanitarian  
causes.

The crowd unenthusiastically claps. IN THE WINGS - a RANGER  
crosses to Vic, who stands listening to Truman's speech.

RANGER

We found Barb, Vic.

VIC

Thank God. She here yet?

RANGER

She's...She's dead.

(beat)

They found her body at the station.

ON STAGE - Truman raises a pistol in the air.

TRUMAN

Let the hunts begin!

Truman **FIRES** his weapon towards the sky as several more  
celebratory shots CRACK from amongst the onlookers. Whooping  
and hollering resounds. It's ominous...

IN THE CROWD - Sharon and Bobby react to the live fire,  
nervous.



VERA (O.S.)  
 Sharon? Bobby!? What the hell are  
 you doing here?!

Sharon, Bobby, and Willy all turn to see a vehement Vera  
 marching towards them, Benita following.

SHARON  
 Mom. It's not what it looks like.

VERA  
 I want you both to go home. Right  
 now. Do you understand me? I don't  
 care what you all do today. But  
 you're not traipsing into the  
 Everglades with a bunch of trigger  
 happy lunatics.

SHARON  
 Mom, listen to me -

VERA  
 I'm working Sharon. Please. Just -

SHARON  
 Mom. Let me explain. I didn't -

VERA  
 Sharon Esperanza! I want you to  
 take your little brother and go  
 home right now, do you hear me?!

Sharon gives up. It's no use...

SHARON  
 Whatever. Do your thing. I'll just  
 continue parenting Bobby while you  
 report on Florida's latest mythical  
 swamp person.

Reporter Lucy Waters crosses, camera crew in tow as she  
 reports -

LUCY WATERS  
 Wow folks, today's Python Hunt  
 started with quite a bang. And I  
 don't mean that figuratively...

BENITA  
 I'm sorry Vera, but Cummings is  
 going to lose his shit if we don't  
 report this.

Vera remains, torn between duty and motherhood, as Sharon exhales her frustration and turns to leave with Bobby.

Willy backs up nervously, away from Vera.

WILLY

I'll uh, just make sure they, uh,  
get to where they need to...

**EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY**

It's silent. A Great Blue Heron wades peacefully in the green water. Unfortunately, the bird is BLASTED by a shotgun.

BUD

Ooh rah!

JIMBO

Bud, we ain't supposed t'kill the  
birds! Just the snakes.

Our esteemed snake hunters Bud and Jimbo wade into frame, knee deep in swamp water.

BUD

(grabbing the dead bird)  
How we gon' hunt a snake if we  
don't have something to bait it  
with, *Jimbo*? I swer t'god. You act  
like this is my first snake hunt.  
Come here and turn 'round.

Huh? Jimbo obliges as Bud reaches down in the water and comes up with two handfuls of mud. He begins lathering Jimbo.

BUD (CONT'D)

Just like they taught us back in  
Sri Lanka.

Jimbo sort of likes it but tries to keep cool.

BUD (CONT'D)

Alright my turn. You do me.

**EXT. SNAKE HUNT STARTING POINT - DAY**

Sharon is rushing back to her car, a downcast Bobby at her heels.

BOBBY

Sharon, chill out! I said I'm  
sorry.

SHARON  
Just get in the car ok?

BOBBY  
Why, so we can go home and do the  
exact same thing we always do?  
Pretend like we're happy, when in  
reality, we're all just miserable!

Sharon stops in her tracks, sideswiped by Bobby's piercing assessment. Bobby realizes he may have crossed a line, and softens.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Look, I just wanted to have some  
fun I guess. And see what it felt  
like to do what Dad did...

Bobby's admission softens Sharon just as Willy jogs towards them.

WILLY  
Sharon? Bobby? Everything alright?

Willy reacts to the raw familial moment he's just interrupted, toning down his enthusiasm and adorning a more attuned disposition.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Look, your Mom would murder me if  
she heard me say this, but, well -  
most of these snakes are no longer  
than five or six feet. Honest. And  
as long as we keep our distance  
from the crazier folks out there,  
we'd be totally fine.

SHARON  
Isn't this supposed to be a  
competition? I'm not so sure Bobby  
and I would be bringing too much to  
the table...

WILLY  
I disagree.

Something about this feels like Willy is asking her out.

BOBBY  
I'm in if Sharon's in.

Sharon weighs her choice, subconsciously checking Willy out again, before self correcting. (*God dammit Sharon get your shit together!*)

SHARON  
 (to Bobby)  
 I swear to God, if you say one word  
 to Mom...

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE EVERGLADES - SIMULTANEOUS**

Jimbo and Bud are now completely slathered in mud.

JIMBO  
 Hey Bud, do you ever think about  
 why two guys like us ain't settling  
 down, all normal style.

BUD  
 What do you mean Jimbo?

JIMBO  
 I don't know. I was just thinkin  
 bout that one time I hooked a  
 Tarpin up off the coast of Naples.  
 We were both so excited. And you  
 looked at me. And I looked back at  
 you. And we high fived. But for me,  
 it just felt like, maybe it was  
 more than a high five.

BUD  
 (vulnerable)  
 What are you getting at Jimbo?

POV from above, as we inch for a better vantage point of the  
 duo, weaving in and out of branches.

JIMBO  
 (breaking eye contact)  
 Nothing. Forget I said anything.

POV back below now with Jimbo and Bud. We can't make it out  
 clearly, perhaps because it's beyond our depth of field, but  
 it appears as if a rather long *snake* is slowly descending  
 from the trees. Bud's still facing Jimbo so he doesn't see  
 it. But Jimbo can see *everything*.

JIMBO (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God. Bud?

Bud's lower lips starts to tremble. His cheeks are flushed  
 too.

BUD  
 Say it Jimbo. Just say it. I'm  
 ready.

JIMBO

Don't move. But there's a python.  
Hangin' from the tree. Right behind  
you.

BUD

What? Oh shit. Ok. Listen to me  
Jimbo. On the count of three. I'm  
going to drop down under the water.  
K? And when I do, shoot it!

JIMBO

(raising his shotgun)  
Okay Bud. One, Two -

Bud dives under and Jimbo BLASTS the gun, blowing the snake  
out of the trees and into the water.

BUD

(re-emerging)  
You git him?

JIMBO

I sure did Bud! He's right behind  
you, floatin' belly up.

BUD

Great shot Jimbo!

We watch Bud wade forward towards the snake, his hands  
reaching for it like Aladdin for his lamp.

JIMBO

(nervous)  
Be careful Bud.

BUD

The snake's dead Jimbo. There's  
nothing to be careful for.

But Bud has spoken too soon. Because just when we think  
nothing could possibly go wrong, the snake *wriggles* back to  
life and STRIKES Bud directly in the face.

Bud grabs it around the throat with both hands, but the  
snake's jaws are clasped too strongly around his eyes and  
nose, its tail whipping to and fro like a lecherous worm.

Jimbo lifts his shotgun, trying to get a good aim on the  
snake.

JIMBO

(panicking)  
What do I do Bud?

Bud's incapable of speech, his screams muffled by the python's giant mouth. The reptile's body whips and wriggles in the air as Bud begins charging blindly towards Jimbo. He manages one final word...

BUD  
SHOOT!!!!!!

Jimbo, relying on his *instincts*, makes a split decision and SHOOTS! Blowing Bud's head clear off his body and back into the swamps. The snake is out of commission. And unfortunately, so is Bud...

JIMBO  
Oh my God. Bud! BUUDDDDDD!!!!

In shock, Jimbo wades forward towards his fallen friend. Reaching out, he grabs the front half of the severed python, it's jaw still clenched on Bud's face. He lifts it up, equal parts horrified and devastated.

JIMBO (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry Bud.

Suddenly, another python slowly lowers behind Jimbo and hisses. Terrified, Jimbo turns around, eyes wide.

JIMBO (CONT'D)  
No no no no no no no no no!!!!

KABAM! It strikes him, coils around his neck and torso, and *SUCKS HIM UP INTO THE TREES!* The sound of rustling branches leaves us suspended, until something falls back into the water from above.

It's Bud's decapitated head, floating right side up, eyes still wide in shock, staring directly at us.

#### **EXT. THE EVERGLADES - DAY**

Willy leads Sharon and Bobby through another patch of the Everglades.

SHARON  
So help me understand this. People decided to keep massive pythons as pets, and then just let them go?

WILLY  
It's sad, isn't it? I can't imagine letting one of my snakes go.

SHARON  
You still have snakes?

WILLY  
Just two. Charles Darwin and Karl  
Ernst von Baer.

SHARON  
Wait really? I once had a fish  
named after Ernst von Baer.

WILLY  
The founding father of embryology  
and the -

SHARON/WILLY  
World's greatest biologist...

Sharon and Willy catch eyes. Interesting.

SHARON  
I guess two snakes is better than  
the twenty you had as a kid.

WILLY  
If I recall, you weren't so normal  
back then either. You used to spend  
hours in the swimming pool speaking  
whale. By yourself.

SHARON  
Who told you *that*?

WILLY  
I watched it with my own eyes. I  
used to be able to see into your  
backyard from my bedroom window.

SHARON  
That's a *litttttttle* creepy.

WILLY  
Not as creepy as your night swims  
were. It was like living next door  
to a very sad and lonely mermaid.

Bobby snorts to himself. It's a fun moment, until -

SHARON  
OH MY GOD!

WILLY  
What?! What is it!?

Sharon points ahead of them, where we see a dead deer, covered in gooey muck.

SHARON

Is that a dead deer?! Ew, and it's all gooey! Why is it so gooey?!

Willy kneels down to investigate.

WILLY

It's been regurgitated.

(beat)

By a python.

(standing)

Their jaws can open up the size of a car tire. So yeah, I'd imagine taking down a deer isn't a problem.

SHARON

How big can they get exactly?

WILLY

The Burmese can get up to twenty feet. Sometimes more. There are some reticulated pythons in the glades too though. And *those* can get as long as forty eight feet.

Sharon stops in her tracks. The blood drains from her face.

SHARON

Excuse me. What?

WILLY

Hey, don't be afraid. They're more scared of us than we are of them.

Willy pulls out his hunting knife.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Here. Take this. Just in case you need it.

Sharon palms the knife, weighing it in her grasp. Something about it feels comforting. Empowering.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

CLOSE UP on the unblinking stare of a dead woman. It's Barb, and she's laid out flat on top of a steel table. Next to her lies the python that killed her, euthanized. It's nearly twice her length, too.



Vic stands above it all, stoic. Trace stands next to him.

TRACE

She was pregnant.

VIC

What?!

TRACE

Not Barb. The snake.

Trace reaches forward and inserts her fingers inside a fine incision that extends the length of the python's body. Slowly, she opens the python lengthwise and we see it. A grapevine of over eighty pink, fleshy eggs, spread through the pythons body.

Trace crosses to Barb's desk and grabs a file.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Barb had me run some tests on water samples she grabbed this morning.

VIC

Anything out of the ordinary?

TRACE

Yes, actually. Nitrogen and Carbon levels were off the charts. It's normal for a bit here and there. You know, from sewage and fertilizers. But at this level, something's off, Vic.

(beat)

I went ahead and sent the samples to a specialist to have them properly examined. They should be back this afternoon.

#### **EXT. EVERGLADES - LATER**

Sharon, Willy, and Bobby arrive at a ribbon of swamp water around fifty feet from shore to shore, intersecting their trajectory.

WILLY

You guys okay to swim it?

BOBBY

Ha. No way Sharon is about to get her hair wet.

SHARON

Bobby, I literally swim for a living...

BOBBY

Yeah. In a fish tank.

Sharon glares at Bobby. She's not about to let him make her out to be weak, especially not in front of Willy. She re-grips the knife and takes a deep breath.

SHARON

You guys coming or what?

Sharon wades into the water and begins to breast stroke.

WILLY

Wait. Sharon...

SHARON

Like you said, they're more afraid of us than we are of them. Right?

Willy and Bobby exchange glances. *This is not normal Sharon behavior.*

BOBBY

Watch out for the snake lady!

Sharon rolls her eyes and keeps swimming. And slowly, Bobby and Willy follow her into the water. Until suddenly, something slows them. A wriggling S, making its way upstream directly towards Sharon. It's about eight feet long.

WILLY

Hey Sharon, I need you to listen to me okay?

Sharon stops swimming and begins treading water.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Don't panic. But there's a python. Swimming towards you.

Sharon turns her head, connecting with the arriving snake. The blood drains from her face.

SHARON

Can I out swim it?

WILLY

Just stay still.

SHARON  
Is it going to attack me?

WILLY  
No. I don't think so. Python's  
don't normally attack people.

Sharon grips her knife tighter.

SHARON  
Willy, it's swimming right at me.  
(starting to panic)  
What do I do Willy?!

The python begins swimming faster. And faster.

WILLY  
Kill it Sharon!! Use the knife!!!!

The python LUNGES at Sharon, who in turn responds with just as much force and precision. She's screaming, but she's also stabbing at the splashing water furiously.

Willy and Bobby both swim towards her. But Sharon has disappeared below the surface. The sudden silence is unbearable and we've never seen Bobby's face like this. He expresses a deep love for his sister. And intense concern.

And then...Sharon bursts forth from the water with a dead python firmly in her grasp, her hand clutching it from just behind the head! Willy and Bobby exhale in relief.

She takes in the slain snake, the realization of her accomplishment washing over her.

SHARON  
Oh my God. It's dead. I killed it  
and it's dead...  
(excitement crescendo-ing)  
You guys, I just Nicki Minaj-ed a  
motherfucking ANACONDA!!!!

WILLY  
Yeah you fucking did!

BOBBY  
HELL YEAH SHARON!

\*  
\*  
\*

#### **EXT. EVERGLADES - DIRT ROAD - LATER**

Sharon, Willy, and Bobby emerge from the swamps and onto a dirt road, sopping wet but in high spirits. There's laughter.

BOBBY  
Uh, guys? You think they need help?

Sharon and Willy look up to see a luxury sedan, parked in the distance. The entire back windshield is cracked like a spider web. Sharon and Bobby look closer to see that the driver side window is smeared with dried blood.

SHARON  
We should call for help.

Sharon steps into action and opens the passenger door and sees a purse. She digs inside and finds a wallet.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

Sharon hands an ID to Willy, who reads it.

WILLY  
Pam Huntley...

Sharon sits in the front seat and opens the glove box to investigate further, when something else catches her attention, disgust playing on her face.

SHARON  
It smells like *shit*.

She turns around, trying to discern the source of the stench.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
Gross you guys! There's a giant  
turd in the backseat!

Bobby springs to action, opening the back door. Willy opens from the other side, eager to investigate. And there it is, the largest, steamiest, most visceral shit to ever be seen on screen. (That is, since the triceratops poo in Jurassic Park)

WILLY  
That's python feces...

Sharon steps out of the car, repulsed. Bobby dry heaves. Without warning, Willy sticks his hands deep into the shit.

SHARON  
Willy, ew! What are you doing?!

WILLY  
Sometimes you can find bone parts  
and piece together what the snake's  
last meal was.

Willy comes up for air, a few brown, hidden treasures in his palms. He wipes off one large clump of poop, revealing a bejeweled pendant. *Huntley 2020*.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...

**EXT. SNAKE HUNT STARTING POINT - DAY**

Benita and Vera are packing up the news van when suddenly, the sound of SCREAMING pulls their attention.

SNAKE HUNTER (O.S.)  
Help! HELP!!!!!!

Vera and Benita angle for a better view to see a SNAKE HUNTER sprinting out of the swamps, terrified.

BENITA  
I'll get the camera.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

Trace and Vic are walking down the hallways at a clip when Vic's radio crackles.

RADIO (V.O.)  
Vic. Do you copy?

VIC  
This is vic, copy.

WILLY (O.S.)  
I think we found Pam Huntley in her car, left out in the Everglades.

VIC  
Are we talking gubernatorial candidate Pam Huntley?

WILLY (O.S.)  
Yes. License plate matches up and her ID was in the front seat. And you know that fancy pendant she always wears? Well, we found that too. In a heaping pile of shit.  
(beat)  
I think she got eaten and crapped out Vic. By a python.

Vic and Trace stop, mouths agape.

VIC  
Send me your coordinates. I'll dispatch someone to come get you.

Off Vic and Trace, piecing this together. They're interrupted though by the arrival of another RANGER, DAN.

RANGER DAN

Uh, Vic? I think you're going to want to see this.

**CUT TO A LIVE NEWS REPORT** of Vera Esperanza, walking before the camera with a microphone.

VERA

Two entrants from today's python hunts have returned with shocking accounts of what appears to be an odd behavioral change for Florida's invasive specie, the Burmese Python.

**CUT TO** snake hunter JONEY on camera, reliving the nightmare.

JONEY

I was with my husband Earl. And we were not high on Krista Mef! We was just hunting snakes like everybody else, when Earl got sucked up into a tree by a python!

**INT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Connie lies in bed wearing a hospital gown. She watches the same news report. A NURSE pokes her head in.

NURSE

Doin' okay Connie?

CONNIE

Just need to potty. You watching this?

The nurse makes to help Connie, but she shoos her away.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I've got it. I've got it.

**INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY**

Having finished with her business, Connie reaches behind her to flush. But lo and behold, the flusher doesn't seem to be catching. She tries again, but nothing happens.

NURSE (O.S.)

Everything okay in their Connie?

CONNIE  
Everything's fine. I'm  
just...moisturizing!

Suddenly, something below her lurches again, causing the entire toilet bowl to rumble. Connie looks between her legs. *That was weird.*

She stands, pulls up her under garments and tries the flusher again, but her efforts are still futile.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
(leaning over the toilet)  
I don't remember eating *that*.

The toilet rumbles again, the entire fixture now rattling against the bathroom tile. That's strange...

Connie reaches for a plunger adjacent to the toilet and gets to work.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
If the doctor says you're lactose  
intolerant, Connie, you're lactose  
intolerant.

Connie keeps cranking away with the plunger, when finally, *it gives!* But not in the way one might expect, because out with the plunger comes...

*A JUVENILE PYTHON TO THE FACE!* And somehow, it crawls its way into her - MOUTH! Connie chokes out a muffled scream, not too dissimilar to a restaurant patron choking on a meatball. But the python, it *slithers its way into her mouth and straight down her ESOPHAGUS.*

NURSE (O.S.)  
Connie?!

The python finishes it's way into her body just as the nurse races into the bathroom.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Connie. What's wrong!?

Connie looks up, terror and agony in her eyes.

#### **INT. TRUMAN'S SOUTH FLORIDA CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Truman and a few other staff members stand in front of a flat screen, watching Truman's speech from earlier. An anxious Dick walks in.

DICK  
Governor Truman, er, I have Vic  
Thorne on the line for you. From  
Florida Fish and Wildlife Services.  
It's urgent.

**EXT. SNAKE HUNT STARTING POINT - DAY**

Benita and Vera are walking back to the van when a commotion  
grabs their attention. Lucy Waters and her camera crew are  
racing back to *their news* van across the way.

VERA  
Where do they think they're going?

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

Vic holds court for a room full of rangers.

VIC  
I've just alerted the governor that  
in the past forty eight hours,  
there have been three deaths at the  
hands of the Burmese Python, which  
is three times more than ever  
reported in Florida History.

RANGER DAN  
But do we have confirmation that it  
was actually the snakes?

VIC  
We found Barb in a python Dan. What  
else confirmation do you need?

Ranger Dan looks around, silenced. Suddenly, Willy storms in,  
followed by Sharon and Bobby.

WILLY  
Sorry I'm late.

VIC  
(sotto)  
Willy, they can't be here. This is  
confidential.

TRACE  
Come on Vic. They're Carlos's kids.

Trace heads over to Sharon and Bobby, greeting them warmly.



VIC

Everybody, listen up. Willy has information that is not to leave this room. Go ahead, son.

WILLY

We found what we think is likely to be the digested remains of Gubernatorial candidate Pam Huntley today, defecated by a python.

A hush fills the room. Ranger Trish cups her mouth with a hand.

VIC

Please, keep this internal for now. If the press reaches out, we should have a statement prepared.

The meeting is interrupted by a ringing phone. Ranger DONNA answers it, listening raptly. Until...

RANGER DONNA

(cupping the phone)

Another python attack you guys! At a Quizno's in Coconut Grove.

VIC

Alright everybody. Back to work!

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Rangers hustle around the station, handling what clearly is a quickly escalating situation. Willy and Sharon approach Vic's office, but stop short, listening to a hushed argument -

VIC (CONT'D)

She's got a sixth sense with these things. She might know what's wrong!

TRACE

She almost got imprisoned for shooting at kids who swam too close to her property. I heard she even fed one of them to her boa!

VIC

Don't buy into that nonsense. She was our friend, Trace!

Willy knocks on Vic's doorframe, interrupting Trace and Vic.

WILLY

Uh, Vic. You got a second?

(beat)

When we were out in the swamps today, another python attacked Sharon. But it was just a juvenile.

SHARON

Willy said it'd be okay, that python's don't attack people, but it swam straight towards me. It was trying to strangle me. To drown me.

VIC

That's mighty odd for a juvenile to attack a full grown human...

(beat)

Good work out there Sharon. Your dad would be proud.

**INT/EXT. NEWS VAN / EVERGLADES - DAY**

Vera and Benita slow the van to a crawl just as Lucy Waters races out of her own van with her camera crew towards what we recognize to be Huntley's sedan, now surrounded by police tape. An OFFICER waves Lucy and her camera crew through.

Vera steps out of the van, followed by Benita, who slides the door closed. They approach the same officer.

VERA

Vera Esperanza. Channel Four Evening News.

OFFICER

I'm sorry ma'am. But press clearance is limited here.

Vera stares daggers at Lucy Waters, who begins rolling.

LUCY WATERS

(reporting)

Authorities are still unable to disclose the identity of the victim, but it appears that Florida's invasive python epidemic has taken a turn for the worse.

VERA

I'm sorry, but what gives her press clearance and not me?

OFFICER  
Lucy and I go way back.

BENITA  
(disgusted)  
I'm sure you do.

Trudging away, Benita spots a burly forensic scientist MARK (60s) traipsing out of the swamps. He trips over a bush and almost face plants, barely recovering. Sensing an opportunity, Benita approaches.

VERA  
(following)  
Benita, what are you doing?

BENITA  
Excuse me, sir?  
(reaching out her hand)  
Detective Summers. May I ask who you are?

MARK  
(shaking)  
You're too pretty to be a detective.

Benita cringes.

BENITA  
Listen, I'll be working closely with Florida police units and overseeing this investigation. This is my partner Magdalena.

Before Vera can protest Benita's gumption -

BENITA (CONT'D)  
Now I'll ask you one more time. Who are you?

MARK  
I'm the smart guy that catches the bad guys, sweetheart. Using *science*.

BENITA  
Right. Well, may I ask what that is in your hand, Mark?

MARK  
It's a binder of evidence that's probably super important, is what it is.

BENITA

Magdalena and I will take it from here.

Benita grabs the binder, which we recognize to be the dossier from the opener. Mark pulls it back from her.

MARK

Hey, you can't do that. I haven't logged it yet.

BENITA

Log this, Mark. I don't mean to rattle you, but you're skating on thin ice here. I was just with Officer Wang over there, and I overheard him discussing some pretty extreme budget cuts to the department. Lots of jobs. Gone.

(beat)

Not to mention a whole lot of complaints about your attitude. Apparently people think you're a real asshole, Mark. So unless you want to start updating your resume, I'd go ahead and comply.

His tail between his legs, Mark hands Benita the dossier.

BENITA (CONT'D)

And stop calling women you don't know sweetheart. It's gross.

Rattled, Mark walks away. Once he's out of ear shot...

VERA

Benita, meddling in a crime scene is a felony!

BENITA

You don't break the glass ceiling without breaking a few rules.

(hair toss)

But seriously girl, start the van. We gotta get the fuck out of here!

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - LATER**

Bobby and Sharon sit alone, silo-ed from the action.

BOBBY

I gotta use the bathroom.

SHARON  
Please. No funny business. Ok?

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - HALLWAY**

Bobby moseys down the hallway, straight past the bathroom. There are framed pictures on the wall of past Wildlife Rangers. One of them in particular grabs his attention. CARLOS ESPERANZA - And under the plaque it reads, active service 2001 - 2018.

A loud BUMP echoes from down the hallway, monopolizing Bobby's attention. Curious, he follows the noise, towards -

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - BACKROOM**

On another exam table are four dead Burmese Pythons, coiled up like cinnamon rolls.

And they're large. Much, much larger than most we've seen. The width of a foam roller, and at least fifteen feet long.

Unable to resist, Bobby slowly approaches one of the snakes, and stretches his hand out to touch it. We hold on the snake's dead, lifeless face until -

*BUMP!* Another loud noise comes from the back of the room, startling him. Bobby zeroes in on the source of the noise to see a wall of plastic shelves, each with a label on it.

Another BUMP emanates from inside one of the plastic drawers. The labeling on the outside reads: *P. BIVITATTUS - Nov. 15*

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

In the front of the room, Ranger Dan approaches Vic, interrupting a conversation he's having with a few other rangers.

DAN  
Vic, you got a second? I didn't get a chance to tell you yet, but someone tagged what I think might be a record holder this morning. They said it took eight full grown men to hold her down.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - BACKROOM**

Another *BUMP* from the drawer, this time pushing it hard against its meager plastic restraint.

Bobby takes a step back, trepidatious. And then another BUMP! This time snapping the plastic restraint clear from the shelving unit. Slowly, the drawer begins to push itself out from the wall. Bobby takes another step back. Afraid.

We hold on the open drawer for a moment longer before - Like lightning! The longest python ever to be seen on screen BURSTS out of the drawer, mouth open wide in a manic strike! Bobby's SCREAM smashes us to -

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Everybody in the room reacts to the sound of Bobby's scream.

SHARON

Bobby!

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - BACKROOM - CONT.**

The enormous python collects itself on the floor. Bobby's fear has him rooted to the spot, until - BOOM! The snake lunges at him again. He turns and runs, but the python is unnaturally fast, moving as if it were possessed by the devil himself. Slithering, striking, and lunging.

Bobby races towards the door, and is about to open it, when BAM! The python strikes at him again, its mouth revealing layers of teeth against pink flesh.

Bobby ducks out of the way, rerouting himself for the back of the room and towards another door in the back.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - GARAGE**

Bobby enters into a massive garage, holding everything from fan boats to SUVs. He tries to close the door behind him, but the python is too quick, and juts its head through the door before he can close it.

Bobby turns on his heel and runs! But the Python is faster. It *LUNGES* again, striking Bobby in the heel and using it's entire weight to bring him to the ground, wrapping itself around Bobby from leg to torso.

Finally, Sharon shoots through the door and races to his side, followed by Willy, Vic, and a few other rangers.

Willy pulls out his firearm, but there's no way he can fire his weapon without also risking Bobby's life.

WILLY

I can't get a clean shot!

Vic lunges on top of the snake, and tries to out muscle it. But it's no use. Bobby's face is turning purple.

VIC

The fan boat. Turn the fan boat on!  
NOW!

Sharon falls to her knees, trying to pull the python away as Willy hops on the fan boat and ignites the engine. The boat's rotor blades begin spinning, noise and air exploding throughout the room. The boat stereo also fires up, playing *Take Me Home, Country Road* - by John Denver.

VIC (CONT'D)

Willy, Sharon, help me grab its tail!

Willy and Sharon look at each other, unsure what Vic's master plan is. But they grab the python by the tail anyway.

VIC (CONT'D)

Come on y'all! Pull as much of it off him as you can!

Willy and Sharon are catching on, and help man handle the smaller back half of the python off of Bobby, who is now bleeding profusely from his leg.

Vic races towards the equipment wall and grabs a pitch fork.

VIC (CONT'D)

Get out of the way!

Sharon and Willy drop the tail just as Vic brings the pitchfork down in one clean motion into the python's lower spinal cord.

VIC (CONT'D)

Okay! Now help me get 'em closer!

Pitchfork securely impaling the python, Vic drags as Willy and Sharon push Bobby and the snake closer to the fan boat.

VIC (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, don't let go of him!

Sharon and Willy kneel down, taking Bobby's arms in each of theirs and hunkering down next to him. And finally within proximity of the engine, Vic jams the python tail into the rotor blades of the fan boat, which in turn suck the python up like a piece of spaghetti.

And it works! They hold onto Bobby as the python is literally sucked inside, like a corpse into a wood chipper. But Sharon, Bobby, and Willy are now on the receiving end of what is quite literally a python blood bath. Snake guts, blood, flesh, and bones explode onto all of them. But that's the least of their worries. Because Bobby is alive. And the longest python in Florida history is now dead.

WE HOLD as the chorus of *Take Me Home, Country Road* drones on, taking us to -

**EXT. NEWS VAN / FOOD TRUCK - DAY**

CLOSE UP on greasy carne asada being spooned onto tortillas. Benita walks back to the news van, handing Vera her lunch.

VERA

Holy shit Benita. I think we just struck gold.

BENITA

You're telling me. The tacos here are like sex.

VERA

Not the tacos, Benita. This.

Vera scoots closer to Benita and shows her the dossier she's been combing through.

VERA (CONT'D)

Confidential documents from Florida Pharmaceutical Laboratories. Look at this page, scanned bank statements tracing wire transfers from FlorPharm to several of Governor Truman's real estate investments.

(beat)

I think Florida Pharmaceuticals is paying the governor off, Benita. And if that's true...then...

Vera trails off, flipping through the dossier.



**EXT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - DAY**

Martha loads a potted hydrangea into the back of an SUV.

MARTHA

Remember, just one inch of water a week, okay?

As the car takes off, Tanner, the stoner employee, steps out.

TANNER

Hey Martha, can I get your help with something?

**INT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - ORCHID SECTION**

Martha stands with Tanner. We can hear the sound of muffled rock music coming from the headphones around his neck.

TANNER

Yesterday the orchids were cool. And then today, it's like. Boom. They're dead. Not so cool...

MARTHA

Did you over water them?

TANNER

Definitely not. You know how I feel about my orkies. They're like my children to me.

**INT. Y'ORCHID-ING ME FLOWER NURSERY - FRONT ROOM**

Martha cradles a phone against her ear, explaining the situation to her manager. We can see Tanner behind her in the nursery, tending to a row of Tulips.

MARTHA

I know, but we still have four bulk hotel orders we need to fill by Monday. And I'm telling you, they're all dead.

Martha moseys to the store window and switches the open sign to say "closed".

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Can we buy some at cost from that other nursery down in Cutler Bay? Hot and Thorny. Yeah, that one.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Yes, it's just Tanner and I. We'll  
be out of here soon.

Martha hangs up. Here, we INTERCUT between Martha in the front room and Tanner in the nursery beyond, which can still be seen from where Martha is.

His headphones blaring, Tanner jives as he goes about his daily watering routine, not noticing another one of our scaly friends, creeping through the plants before him.

In the front room, Martha is back to reviewing the days inventory in a notebook. Remembering something, she reaches for the cash register, but it's locked.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hey Tanner!

Tanner looks up. Did he hear something?

MARTHA (CONT'D)

TANNER!

TANNER

Yeah?

Just then, a python head, the size of a baseball glove, emerges from the greenery.

MARTHA

Where's the key for the cash  
register again? I think someone  
keeps moving it.

TANNER

It should be in the coffee can  
above Michael's desk.

MARTHA

Thanks hon.

(beat)

You need anything else before I go?

TANNER

Nah. After these guys, I'll be done  
too. You get going.

Just as Martha turns her back towards Tanner, a python  
STRIKES him!

His hands shoot to his neck, trying to tear the snake away from his throat, but it's no use. And we watch as the length of the python is revealed, coiling around him slowly as it emerges from the plants.

In the front room, Martha is completely unaware as she prepares to leave. Suddenly, her phone rings. She picks up.

MARTHA

Gerty, don't tell me you're running behind. I needed a drink three hours ago!

(beat)

What do you mean Connie's dead?!

# **INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DAY**

Bobby sits atop an exam table under a light as Trace sutures a wound on his left leg from the python. Sharon, Vic, and Willy sit by him.

BOBBY

It chased me. I didn't know pythons could move that fast.

VIC

Typically, they don't.

SHARON

Vic, Trace, what's happening?

Trace wipes her brow with her elbow and looks at Vic for permission to disclose any findings. He nods, solemn.

TRACE

We found high levels of pollutants in the water. I got a more professional analysis done, because I'm obviously way out of my depth here. It turns out the water is filled with what's known as physostigmine.

(off everyone's confusion)

It's a toxic parasympathomimetic alkaloid.

WILLY

I'm sorry. In English?

TRACE

A nervous system stimulant...

The group weighs this as Trace gets back to stitching Bobby's leg when -

BOBBY

Ouch!

TRACE

Shoot. We need to numb the wound a bit more. Can someone get me some Xylocaine? There's some more in the storage room.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - HALLWAY - CONT**

Sharon and Willy are walking down the hallway when Sharon stops, her eyes landing on the same pic of her dad that Bobby recently passed. In it, he holds a large bird.

WILLY

Is that a red chested Everglade Snail Kite? I thought they were extinct.

SHARON

They are now. That's why my dad was out in the Everglades the day he died. He used to track them.

(beat)

Some idiot was hunting out of season and mistook my dad for a deer. Vic was there that day too.

(beat)

I honestly thought we lost Bobby there for a second. I'm not sure I can lose somebody else.

Willy puts an arm around Sharon and holds her close. Sharon looks up at him, comforted.

WILLY

We got him. It's all good.

**INT. TRUMAN'S SOUTH FLORIDA CAMPAIGN HUB - DAY**

Truman sits before a board room of his staff.

TRUMAN

Everyone, what I'm about to say *must* remain in this room. Ok?

(beat)

We've just received official state forensic reports confirming the remains of Pam Huntley. She's dead.

A dim-witted CAMPAIGNER perks up.

CAMPAIGNER

What? How?

TRUMAN

I didn't read the entire report,  
but what matters most -

(beat)

Is that we keep this strictly  
confidential. Are we clear?

CAMPAIGNER

Wait, so we won?

Off Truman, trying his best to contain his excitement.

**INT. NEWSROOM - CUMMINGS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Cummings sits as Vera passionately pitches. Benita stands by.  
Cummings flips through Vera's dossier.

VERA

This could be marquis news. I have  
evidence here proving that Florida  
Pharmaceuticals has been paying the  
Governor of Florida millions of  
dollars annually. Not only illegal  
campaign contributions, but  
straight up bribery.

CUMMINGS

I'm sorry Vera, but we can't report  
this. We don't have the time or the  
resources to deal with the sort of  
headache it would cause.

VERA

We're the news! If we don't report  
this, who will?

Cummings just shrugs, underscoring his stance on the matter.

VERA (CONT'D)

Wait, really? You're just going to  
sit back and not lift a finger  
here? What, let me guess, Truman's  
paying you off too?!

Cummings silence is anything but assuring.

VERA (CONT'D)

You know what? You can find someone  
else to field report. Because I  
quit. This entire news station is a  
sham!

**INT. HOMESTEAD HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY**

Martha sits next to Gerty, who holds Connie's limp hand.

GERTY

They found her mid-seizure in the  
bathroom. And then she just died.

They take in their dead friend until suddenly, Connie's lips  
move. And a raspy breath comes from her mouth.

MARTHA

Connie? You there?

Her mouth moves a bit more, and a faint whistle emanates from  
inside.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Hello? Can we get a doctor!

A nurse races into the room.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

She's...she's waking up I think!

The nurse races to Connie's side and begins checking her  
vitals. Another raspy whisper comes from Connie's mouth.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Connie. What is it? We're here  
Connie. We're here...

Connie slowly opens her mouth to speak, Gerty and Martha  
anxiously awaiting her reply. And then suddenly, a tongue,  
long and black, flicks from between her lips.

GERTY

Connie...?

Connie's mouth opens even wider, and the tongue stretches out  
of her mouth further, like a nightmare.

And we see it. The head of a python, slowly making it's way  
out of Connie's throat.

NURSE

Oh my GOOOODDDDDDD!!!!

Suddenly, another scream bellows from elsewhere in the  
hospital, monopolizing their attention.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A crowd has gathered, all rooted to the spot, their attention fixed on a Burmese python slithering along the tile, striking and hissing madly. Another SCREAM echoes from elsewhere in the hospital.

SCREAM (O.S.)  
YewwwwwwWW!!!!!!!!!! Snakes!!!!!!!!!!

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Vera slouches over a cup of coffee and pancakes. Benita rubs her back, doing her best to be a good friend.

VERA  
I'm a single mom and widow who just committed career suicide. What was I thinking? I can hardly afford my mortgage as is.

Vera grabs for some syrup and begins dousing her pancakes. Suddenly, Frank and Hunter report on an old TV.

FRANK  
This is Channel Three news with a breaking news report.

CUT TO Lucy Waters, reporting live from outside the Boca Raton county Medical Examiner's office.

LUCY WATERS  
Good evening, y'all. We've just received confirmation that the digested human remains found earlier today have been identified.

Lucy Waters bows her head, trying her best to remain stoic as she reports on what undoubtedly is the pinnacle of her career.

LUCY WATERS (CONT'D)  
The unidentified digested human remains have been traced to none other than gubernatorial candidate, Pam Huntley.  
(beat)  
That's correct. Pam Huntley, the Justice of the Peace from Boca Raton, is dead. I repeat. Gubernatorial candidate Pam Huntley is dead.

Vera and Benita both drop their forks, mouths agape.

**EXT. FLORIDA EVERGLADES - DUSK**

The sun sets over the Everglades.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - DUSK**

A phone rings. Ranger Donna picks it up.

RANGER DONNA  
Florida Fish and Wildlife, this is  
Donna.

Off Donna, as her eyes grow wide, listening. She places the phone against her chest, alarmed.

RANGER DONNA (CONT'D)  
Vic? VIC!!!!

Vic runs over as another phone rings. Ranger Dan picks it up and listens.

RANGER DONNA (CONT'D)  
We've got more snake attacks. At  
Homestead hospital. They're  
allegedly coming in through the  
plumbing...

RANGER DAN  
Attacks at Lakeside Mall, too!

**BEGIN MONTAGE OF TERRIFYING SNAKE ATTACKS**

**PARK** - Two lovers sit on a park bench, lips locked. One opens her eyes and sees a python sneaking up behind her boyfriend. She pulls back and screams as it STRIKES and constricts him.

**FAST FOOD CHAIN** - A line of customers wait at a register. There's not an employee in sight. A very annoyed customer leans over the counter, slamming his hand impatiently.

ANNOYED CUSTOMER  
Excuse me. Is anybody here? There's  
a line of hungry people that would  
like to ORDER SOME DINNER!!!  
Hello!!!!

Suddenly, a Burmese python lunges from the other side, striking him. Customers SCREAM and sprint out of the restaurant.



**OUTDOOR SHOPPING MALL** - Shoppers sprint away from an elaborate outdoor fountain crawling with Burmese pythons. One shopper screams as a python works its jaws up and around another python that has *its* jaws up and around his left leg.

**INT. FLORIDA FISH AND WILDLIFE STATION - GARAGE**

Phones ringing off the hook as rangers rush to their vehicles. Bobby tries his best to catch up to Sharon when Willy runs over, handing them his keys.

WILLY

Take my car and go home. Please.  
It's not safe anymore.

Willy turns and joins the other rangers just as Vic storms away from Trace.

TRACE

Vic, no. We need you. This is an  
all hands on deck situation!

VIC

Exactly. Which is exactly why we  
need *HER HELP*. You might think  
she's crazy, but I'll be damned if  
she's not ten steps ahead of the  
rest of us! If Carlos were here,  
he'd say the same!

Vic turns and races to his own cruiser, leaving a frustrated Trace behind.

BOBBY

Where does he think *he's* going?

SHARON

I'm not sure. But I say we find  
out.

**INT. TRUMAN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - SOUTH FLORIDA**

Pendergrass preps Truman.

PENDERGRASS

We're scheduled for a press junket  
in fifteen minutes at Coral Valley  
Middle School. I advise you remain  
stoic and respectful. Key words to  
avoid are triumphant, defeat, win,  
and opposition.

Dick races over, panicky.

DICK

Governor Truman. We've just received word of more snake attacks. Homestead Hospital. Naranja Medical Complex. And most recently Lakeside Mall.

TRUMAN

Fack! What is it with these snakes!?

PENDERGRASS

With all due respect, I think it might be a more respectful PR move if we address the immediate issue. We can use it as a backdrop for your confirmed re-election.

DICK

I can rearrange the junket for one of the attack sites.

#### **INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Benita watches the TV as Lucy Waters reports.

LUCY (O.S.)

This just in. It appears that several reports in and around Miami-Dade county are coming in of more horrifying python attacks.

#### **EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Benita walks outside.

BENITA

Oye Vera. There've been even more snake attacks. Don't you think we might want to cover this?

VERA

I quit, remember?

Suddenly screams emanate from inside the diner. They turn to see a line cook flailing away behind the bar top, smacking at a snake that's latched itself onto his arm. Off Vera and Benita, frozen in shock...

**EXT. GATED RANCH - LATER**

Sharon and Bobby pull up to see Vic's cruiser parked next to a rusty iron gate, wide enough to allow a car. They peer in silence, until...**Boom!** Vic appears in the window! Startling Sharon and Bobby.

VIC

Sharon? Bobby? What the Jeb Bush  
are you doing here?

SHARON

Why don't you tell us what you're  
doing here.

VIC

That's official state business,  
young ma'am.

SHARON

My dad dedicated his life to  
serving the state. Bobby and I want  
to do the same.

Vic softens. The girl's got a point. He takes a deep breath.

VIC

We need answers, Sharon. And the  
only person I trust to provide them  
lives here.

SHARON

Who?

Vic sighs. Has it really come to this?

VIC

The snake lady.

**EXT. SNAKE LADY RANCH - NIGHT**

Vic's cruiser pulls up in front of a one story ranch house occupying acres upon acres of land. As they all get out -

SHARON

I thought the Snake Lady was an  
urban legend. Like the Loch Ness  
monster or something.

VIC

She's a good person. She's just  
misunderstood, is all.

**INT. SNAKE LADY HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's dark and we can hear distant hisses from inside. Bobby and Sharon proceed with extreme caution.

VIC  
Sally? It's me.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Vickster? What are you doing here?  
Who is that with you?

The lights turn on revealing SALVADORA, late 40s, red cheeks like Santa Claus and wild, tangly hair to her waist. She wears an apron soiled and stained by god knows what.

VIC  
It's Sharon and Bobby, Sally.  
Carlos's kids.

Salvadora's demeanor completely transforms, from apprehension to gentle, loving kindness.

SHARON  
Wait, you knew my dad?

SALVADORA  
Of course I did.  
(very ominous beat)  
I'm your god mother, after all.

**EXT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - NIGHT**

A fleet of tinted Chevrolet Tahoes screeches into the parking lot as hoards of doctors, nurses, and patients evacuate the hospital. Martha and Gerty assist as a DOCTOR barks orders.

DOCTOR  
Everyone, clear the way! I need  
urgent care and life support  
patients to the front!

Gerty and Martha push a wheel chair towards the curb holding a nearly unconscious elderly woman wearing an oxygen mask.

From one of the Tahoes steps Governor Truman, followed by Pendergrass, Dick, and his security detail/driver MARCUS.

TRUMAN  
Jesus, all of this because of a few  
snakes?

Suddenly, a news van tears into the scene. Van doors slide open revealing Lucy Waters, prepped for action. Without skipping a beat, she reports.

LUCY WATERS

The living nightmare continues, as patients from Homestead Medical Plaza are being evacuated due to what appears to be another infestation of Burmese Pythons.

Lucy is cut off by the arrival of official Florida Fish and Wildlife vehicles, sirens blaring. Rangers pour forth, burlap sacks, weapons, and snake removal tongs at the ready.

CUT TO Willy's jeep, as he and Trace leap forth and race towards the action. Truman watches with interest but is interrupted by -

LUCY WATERS (CONT'D)

Governor Truman!

Truman turns to Pendergrass who solemnly nods. It's time. Dick jumps in and adjusts Truman's tie.

TRUMAN

Miss Waters...

LUCY WATERS

Can you give a statement to the people of Florida?

Truman dawns a stoicism reminiscent of FDR, and turns to face the camera.

GOVERNOR TRUMAN

My fellow Floridians. Nobody saw the events of today coming. Not even me. I want to first acknowledge my deep, profound respect for Justice of the Peace Pam Huntley. I - I can't even begin to imagine the shit she must have gone through.

Pendergrass and Dick step in, but er, he's still live, so...

#### **INT. SALVADORA'S SITTING ROOM - DAY**

Salvadora sits in front of her fire place, a docile boa constrictor resting on her shoulders and around her neck.

SALVADORA

Your father and I, we had very different philosophies on wildlife preservation.

VIC

I'll say...

SALVADORA

No animal is worth killing. Even if they're not meant to be here. Which is why I started this preserve and quit the force. While you all have been out hunting the invasive animals, I've been here, rescuing them, and giving them a home. Like they deserve.

SHARON

All these years, you've been here. And Bobby and I have never known about you...

SALVADORA

Your father and I stopped seeing eye to eye a long time ago. Call it differing lifestyle opinions.

VIC

You went on revenge bender and released a warehouse of exotic pets into the wild, Sally. Not seeing eye to eye is putting it lightly...

Sally's boa hisses at Vic, jolting Sharon and Bobby. Salvadora hushes it.

SALVADORA

I've toned it down since then. Keep my convictions and my animals, old and new, here on this reserve.

SHARON

You. I saw you. The other night in the trees by my house. It was you, wasn't it?

SALVADORA

I've been keeping tabs on you kids ever since your dad passed. Just to make sure you're okay. Might be best not to tell Vera though. Not sure she'd take too kindly to it.

Salvadora smiles with moist eyes and stands, grabbing a framed picture nearby. She hands it to the kids.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

That's your Dad and I. Way back when.

CLOSE UP on the picture. Carlos and Salvadora are torn up in laughter, holding a massive python in their arms. Salvadora is almost non-recognizable, not yet aged by her years of isolation and contempt.

The moment is cut short though by the crackle of Vic's walkie. He silences it, refocusing the conversation.

VIC

It's the snakes Salvadora. They're attacking people. Swallowing them whole. We need help.

SALVADORA

I've sensed a change in them. Not in my snakes, of course. Something has happened in the swamps, and the pythons are not like the other animals. They haven't had the time to adapt to our pollution like the rest.

The team listens. That all makes sense. Salvadora closes her eyes and shakes her head.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

If I was a betting woman, I'd say it all started when they built that damn factory.

VIC

What factory?

#### **INT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - NIGHT**

Willy races deeper into the hospital with a few fellow rangers but stops when he sees something that will likely scar him forever.

A python half way through a meal, scrubs and tennis shoes hanging out of its mouth.

There's no time for dilly dallying though, because a python drops down!

Hanging from an overhead light, hissing ferociously through vampire white fangs! Willy drops to the ground, removes his firearm, and shoots it straight through the brain!

Suddenly, a wheel chair flies past him, its occupant screaming and smacking at what looks like a python turban.

**INT. NEWSVAN / EXT. DINER - NIGHT**

Benita watches in horror from the front seat as an ambulance pushes a stretcher with a body bag out of the restaurant. Vera dials out on her cell phone. The call is answered by -

VERA

Sharon? Thank God. Where are you? I can hardly hear you!

INTERCUT WITH VIC'S CRUISER - Vic drives with Sharon riding shotgun. Bobby and Salvadora sit in the back. The top is down, so it's windy and loud.

Suddenly, a FACE TIME REQUEST comes through.

SHARON

Mom, sorry, I can't face time. I'm uh...in the bathroom.

VERA

Pick up Sharon, or else.

Nervous, Sharon picks up, holding the phone so close to her face that the only thing we can see are her eyes, cheeks, and mouth.

SHARON

What's wrong mom? Everything okay?

Suddenly, the car hits a gnarly BUMP and Sharon's phone goes flying, landing in Vic's lap.

VERA'S POV as Vic looks down.

VIC

Howdy Vera.

VERA

Vic?! Where the hell are you?

VIC

Vera, I apologize. It's not my fault. Really. They followed me!



VERA

Where are you taking them?!

Vic looks to Sharon, genuinely sorry.

VIC

We're driving to the Francis S. Taylor Pharmaceutical Plant. We uh, think it might have something to do with what's driving the snakes out of their god damned minds.

VERA

Do not let my kids out of your sight. Do you hear me?!

Sharon and Bobby look at each other. Busted...

IN THE NEWS VAN - Vera looks at her phone, aghast.

VERA (CONT'D)

The last time one of my family members traipsed into the wild with Vic, he was shot and killed!

BENITA

Did he say they're going to a pharmaceutical lab?

Benita grabs the dossier and begins flipping through it.

BENITA (CONT'D)

Wait a second, Vera. From what we've been able to figure out, Truman and Florida Pharmaceuticals are linked. And if Florida wildlife thinks that the snake attacks are being caused by pharmaceuticals...

(beat)

What if this is all Truman's fault?

**INT/EXT. DEEP FLORIDA SWAMPS/VIC'S CRUISER- NIGHT**

The headlights of Vic's cruiser cut into the brush. Vic's radio crackles.

VIC

This is Vic.

WILLY (O.S.)

(through walkie)

It's worse than we thought, Vic.

(MORE)

WILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
There are seven people dead, and  
that's just at Homestead Medical.  
Where are you?

VIC  
We're heading to the new Pharma  
Plant by the Francis S. Taylor  
reserve. We think it might explain  
what's going on with the snakes...

WILLY (O.S.)  
Who's we?

Vic looks around at his newfound company.

VIC  
I'm with Sharon, Bobby, and the  
Snake Lady.

**EXT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - CONTINUOUS**

INTERCUT BOTH VIC AND WILLY: Willy looks at his walkie,  
dumbfounded. He steps away from the chaos unfolding in front  
of the hospital.

WILLY  
WHAT?! I told them to go home!

VIC (O.S.)  
I guess they wanted in on the  
action too. Apple doesn't fall far  
from the tree if you ask me...

Vic winks at Sharon and Bobby.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I could use some back up, if you're  
up for it...

WILLY  
I'll be there ASAP.

As Willy takes off running into the night, we turn to see  
that Truman's assistant Dick has been standing near him the  
entire time, eavesdropping on every word.

**EXT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Martha and Gerty are walking away from the chaos in the  
parking lot.

GERTY

Jesus, it's like a damn Hitchcock movie in there. There's a Chili's down the road. Let's get loaded.

Martha rolls her eyes, but then something dawns on her.

GERTY (CONT'D)

What is it, Marty?

MARTHA

Gerty. I think I know what's wrong with the snakes.

GERTY

What's wrong with the snakes is that they're snakes! Haven't you read the bible?

MARTHA

At the nursery. All of our orchids have been on the decline. And I think I know why.

(eureka)

*There's something in the water.*

#### **INT. NEWSVAN - NIGHT**

Vera's at the wheel, another incoming call, this time from Martha.

VERA

Mom, sorry but I'm on my way to some pill mill in the swamps to pick up Sharon and Bobby. Can this please wait?

#### **EXT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Gerty and Martha hop in Gerty's car. INTERCUT MARTHA/VERA.

MARTHA

Listen to me Vera! My orchids at the nursery. They all died today.

VERA

(mouthing, to Benita)

Oh my God my mom is so crazy...

(into the phone)

Mom, I'm sorry. But I literally cannot with your orchids right now.

MARTHA

Dammit, Vera. I am a god damn botanist and I know when something is up with my orchids. It's not the fertilizer. I would know, we make it in house ourselves. And it's not a change in the weather. Trust me, if there's anything I've learned from menopause...

(beat)

I'm telling you. There's something in the water!

VERA

Mom. I'm sorry I ha-

MARTHA

No Vera, you're not listening to me! I think this might be what's making the snakes crazy! The water!!!! You have to report this on the news!

Benita sees a road sign and shouts out -

BENITA

There it is Vera. Florida Pharmaceuticals! Turn left!

VERA

Mom, listen. I'm sorry, but I have to go. We can talk about this at home, okay?

Vera hangs up, exasperated. BACK IN GERTY'S CAR.

MARTHA

You got maps on that phone of yours, Gerty?

GERTY

Does a bear shit in the woods?

MARTHA

Look up Florida Pharmaceuticals, will you? Call it my green thumb, but I - I know I'm right.

#### **EXT. GERTY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

They tear ass out of the parking lot, but what they fail to notice is that a python tail is hanging from below the car's undercarriage, slowly slithering its way inside...

**INT. TAHOE - NIGHT**

Truman is pouring some jack from a flask. Pendergrass sits next to him, e-mailing from his phone. Marcus sits behind the wheel.

Suddenly, Dick SWINGS Truman's car door open. Truman jumps, spilling whiskey all down his front.

TRUMAN

Jesus Dickwad!

DICK

Fish and Wildlife have a lead! They think whatever is happening is linked to Florida Pharmaceuticals. They're headed to a pill mill in the glades now.

Truman's eyes narrow, much like a snake's.

PENDERGRASS

(understanding, to Truman)

We need get in front of this. STAT.

**INT. HOMESTEAD MEDICAL PLAZA - NIGHT**

Lucy Waters continues reporting, now inside the hospital.

LUCY WATERS

I'm here inside the bloodiest scene of today's attacks, where allegedly twelve Floridians have now died at the hands of the Burmese python.

Suddenly, a python STRIKES at the camera from above, our POV dropping to the floor.

LUCY WATERS (CONT'D)

Jerry? Jerry! OH my GOD!

The camera askew, we watch as another python LURCHES out of an adjacent hospital room, DROPPING Lucy Waters to the floor. She screams bloody murder as she's DRAGGED into the darkness screaming. It's truly horrifying, in a Blair Witch sort of way.

**INT. GERTY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Gerty drives through the night as the radio plays.

RADIO

--over one hundred dead and an estimated three hundred injured in today's horrifying events, which seem to be shedding a terrifying new light on Florida's fateful python epidemic. All Miami-Dade county residents are advised to stay indoors and away from any sort of plumbing installations.

Gerty instinctively locks the doors as Martha changes the station, switching to happier radio tunes.

Suddenly, the wheel LURCHES LEFT and the car begins a trajectory for the swamps. Gerty barely manages to course correct.

MARTHA

Gerty what the hell!

GERTY

It wasn't me! The car, it just...!

It lurches again! This time to the right! Martha grabs onto her oh shit handle, screaming!

GERTY (CONT'D)

Something's turning the wheel!

Gerty fights the wheel with all her might, centering the car back in her lane.

The two women catch their breath...Shit! It's turning again! This time left. Now right! Now left again! And finally, the car veers a hard right, off the road and towards the swamps!

The car catches air and SLAMS into the ground with a final thud. The women look as if they've been electrocuted, hair askew and mouths agape. Steam is hissing out from under the hood of the car. Gerty takes off her seatbelt and opens her door.

MARTHA

Where are you going?

GERTY

To see what the fuck almost just killed us!

**EXT. GERTY'S CAR / FLORIDA SWAMPS - CONTINUOUS**

Martha steps next to Gerty who pops the hood.

GERTY

And I just got it detailed...

Suddenly the hissing sound stops. That's odd...Before Martha can express her concern, a face LEAPS out from the engine's smokey steam. Not a human face. But a scaled face. Slits for eyes. And ravenous teeth. And it Strikes Gerty right in the throat, yanking her forwards and into the steamy engine chamber!

Flesh sizzles against the hot engine like hamachi on a hot rock as Gerty breathes her last.

MARTHA

GERTY!

Suddenly two smaller pythons sliver out from elsewhere under the hood. Martha screams bloody murder and *SPRINTS* away.

**EXT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Vic's cruiser pulls up in front of the monolithic production plant, a cement fortress hidden in the swamps. Above it, an ominous sign reads, FLORIDA PHARMACEUTICALS.

Willy's already there, waiting by his jeep. He jogs towards the arrived vehicle just as Sharon and Bobby spill out.

Vera's news van is next on the scene, practically skidding to a stop. Vera is quick to jump out.

VERA

Sharon! Bobby! What the hell were you thinking?

WILLY

Oh God. Not this again.

Sharon and Bobby huddle close to one another. When it comes to Vera's castigation, there's strength in numbers.

Seeing that Bobby and Sharon are safe, Vera softens and wraps them in her arms. Vic and Salvadora step back, giving the Esperanza family some space.

VERA

Thank God you're okay.

(to Vic)

Can someone tell me why my kids are at a pill mill in the swamps?

SALVADORA

I can.

Her patience thinning, Vera turns to Salvadora, annoyance slowly shifting to recognition.

VERA

Sally?

(beat)

Is that you?

SALVADORA

Hello Vera.

VERA

I...It's been...All those years ago, you just disappeared. We *missed* you. And now...

BOBBY

She's the snake lady, Mom!

VERA

Wait, that actually makes perfect sense...

BENITA

I'm sorry, no. This cannot be a thing.

VIC

Sally, you want to fill them in?

SALVADORA

I've been keeping tabs on the Burmese for almost three decades now. And they've been just fine. Until now.

(beat)

Something is happening here that's behind all of this. I'd bet my life on it...

Benita laughs to herself as she pulls out a go pro and clips it onto her blouse. She hits record.

BENITA

We're probably going to want to document this...

VERA

What? No. We've all seen what's happened today. I am taking my kids, and I am going home.



BENITA

Vera, if she's right. If it all ends here, it's national news.

VERA

This is my family, Benita.

SHARON

Mom. This could be the big break we've always needed...

Benita tosses Vera another go-pro. Vera closes her eyes and inhales deeply.

VERA

(fastening the go pro)  
If I so much as *hear* a hiss, we're leaving. Am I clear?

Bobby clenches his fists, enthused.

We rise into an aerial view as they make their way into the production plant, allowing us an overhead view of the massive, sprawling complex. It's astoundingly big...

And we may also notice indentations in the grass all around, slithering and stretching towards them. Tens, no hundreds, of eerily long snakes, following our heroes into the plant.

*They've entered the belly of the beast. They just don't know it yet...*

#### **INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

In the entrance atrium, we see the enormity of the building. Ironically, there's a large statue in a shape we all recognize. A massive RX symbol with a serpent crawling into a chalice. Oh the irony...

At the back of the room is a massive glass wall, darkness shrouding whatever massive chamber is on the other side.

VIC

We'll cover more ground if we split up. If anything happens, we'll meet right back here.

WILLY

Great idea. I'll go with Sharon.

Everyone turns to Willy. Sharon blushes.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
 Or like. Wherever is best. You  
 know? I'm easy. Just trying to be a  
 team player. Going with the flow.

Awkward beat.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
 Vic you want to assign us to teams?  
 Boy girl boy girl sort of thing? Or  
 we can draw straws. I'm sure they  
 have straws here somewhere, right?

Willy reaches into his pockets, turning them inside out. And  
 while he digs his hole deeper and deeper...

VERA  
 Whatever y'all decide, I'm staying  
 with Sharon and Bobby.

SALVADORA  
 Me too.

VIC  
 Well, that leaves Benita and Willy.  
 Come on, let's get going.

#### **EXT. FLORIDA ROAD - NIGHT**

Martha walks along the side of the road, patches of water and  
 swamp on both sides. She palms her cell phone, attempting to  
 dial out, but there's no signal.

MARTHA  
 Come onnnnnnn. Come onnnnnnnn you  
 stupid phoneee!

Frustrated, she clenches her fist and puts her phone back in  
 her purse.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (to the heavens)  
 God, if you can hear me, now would  
 be a *really* good time to help me  
 out a little bit.

Suddenly, up ahead, something catches her eye. A dock, partly  
 dilapidated, just off the road. And tethered to it is a fan  
 boat, knocking listlessly against the wood.

AT THE DOCK - Martha gets a closer look at the air boat, its  
 name inscribed on its port, adorned with a painted orchid.  
*PETAL TO THE METAL.*

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Wait. Seriously?

**EXT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Another car arrives, this time a black tinted SUV.

**INT. TRUMAN'S TAHOE - NIGHT**

Marcus pulls a gun from under his jacket and Pendergrass opens the glovebox, removing his own firearm.

DICK  
Wait. What's happening?

Pendergrass hands another firearm to Truman.

PENDERGRASS  
This is politics Dick. You can't win if you're not willing to play dirty. Now are you coming with us or not?

Dick looks at his higher ups. Unfortunately for him, his act of good faith may have come a bit too late.

DICK  
I'm sorry. This...this feels wrong.

TRUMAN  
Yeah? Well so did my first threesome.

**EXT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

Dick reluctantly follows Truman and Marcus towards the entrance, guns in hand. Suddenly -

MARCUS  
Aaaaaarrrrrrggghhhh!

Illuminated by the moon, we see what looks like a massive worm strike at Marcus from the grass. He spirals into the air like an acrobat on a rope before falling back in the brush.

TRUMAN  
Aw fuck!

Dick and Truman race back to the car right as another python STRIKES Pendergrass through the open window. It wraps and rolls him onto the roof of the car, crushing his sternum.

DICK

Run!!!!

Truman and Dick make a mad dash towards the entrance of the plant just as more pythons begin to emerge all around.

The snakes are wicked in their pursuit, but the two miraculously make it to the door and through the threshold.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

Truman and Dick catch their breath. Behind them, through the glass, hordes of pythons have emerged from the swampy darkness, desperate to get inside.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Vic, Benita, and Willy are making their way into a distant corner of the plant when suddenly they hear -

VOICE

Help! Help! Is anybody there?!

Vic and Dick exchange a worried look.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Somewhere else, a nervous Vera follows her kids and Salvadora up a massive set of stairs, bringing them deeper into the plant.

BOBBY

This place never ends...

**INT. PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - COMMISSARY - NIGHT**

Now in a massive employee commissary, the voice is louder.

VOICE

I'm alive! Please! Let me out!

HELP!

Vic, Willy, and Benita step behind the food bar and into a kitchen where they see the source of the screams - coming from inside a walk-in refrigerator. They open the door, revealing KANE! The FloPharm employee from the opener!

KANE

Don't mind me, I'm just chilling.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Vera, Salvadora, Sharon, and Bobby enter into a long room filled with cubicle after cubicle. Bobby bee lines for the exit across the room and tries it. A LED panel lights up. *Access Denied. Identification Required.*

BOBBY

This door's locked, unless someone  
can find an access key or  
something.

Checking out the rest of the room, something catches Sharon's eye, stopping her in her tracks.

SHARON

Um. Guys? There's a - a - a -

Salvadora races to Sharon's side and the two women stand above a RETICULATED PYTHON with a human size lump in it's belly.

SALVADORA

Oh my God. It's a retic.

VERA

A what?!

SALVADORA

Reticulated Python. They're even  
longer than the Burmese.

SHARON

What the hell is inside of it!

SALVADORA

It's digesting. We're okay. They're  
not mobile when they're digesting.  
Just leave it be. Come on now.

BOBBY

Uh, you guys? There's another over  
here...

Bobby races towards them, but a dismal discovery stops him in his tracks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

There's more. Lots more. And  
they're all...digesting...

Bobby's words are cut short because the python nearest Sharon, eyes laser focused on her and Salvadora, slowly begins to open it's mouth. Like an evil yawn.

The python starts to gag.

SALVADORA

I think we might want to get out of here.

BOBBY

They're spitting their food out!  
All of them!

SALVADORA

Listen to me. We need to get out of here. Now!

Salvadora barrels towards the entry door but is stopped in her tracks by another massive python blocking the way. It unhinges its jaws and spits out a recently digested FLO PHARM EMPLOYEE covered in gook.

#### **INT. PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - COMMISSARY - NIGHT**

Vic, Willy and Benita sit at a table with Kane, who is shivering from the cold and drinking a mug of hot tea.

KANE

It was just another day at the office, when suddenly there were screams. People running to their cars. Running for their *lives*. But the snakes were everywhere. Hundreds. Thousands. Coming from the swamps.

BENITA

We found information today connecting Governor Truman to Florida Pharmaceuticals. Illegal bribes. Millions of dollars. Could it be linked to what's happening?

KANE

It's true. All of it. I tried to tip off Huntley's campaign team. If anybody has the balls to blow the whistle, it's them.

VIC

Pam Huntley's dead, Kane. She was found digested by a python.

(before Kane can process)

Her and hundreds more. We think that whatever is happening here is the cause.

KANE

Florida Pharmaceuticals has had Governor Truman in their pocket since he was elected. Hell, they're the ones that got him elected in the first place. And they've lobbied him to minimize, if not completely eradicate, oversight over their pharmaceutical production. I would have spoken up sooner if the money wasn't so damn good. They're making drugs for a tenth of the production cost, and selling them at double the price!

VIC

How's that making the snakes crazy though?

KANE

Part of Truman's new Initiative allows for the importation of foreign chemical processors used for manufacturing. At a fraction of the cost, the meds are just as effective. *So we thought...*

VIC

My colleague Trace tested water samples and found - shit - what was it called. It sounded something like...fizzy-exhaust-amine...

KANE

Physostigmine. She's exactly right. The drugs might be cheaper to make now, but the waste product we've been seeing, somehow, it has high amounts of physostigmine, and we haven't been able to explain why.

(beat)

Of course, treating the waste can sometimes cost more than making the drugs themselves! But get this. Physostigmine? It's no longer recognized by the state of Florida as hazardous material. Thanks to initiative 1501.

BENITA

Wait, so somehow, this new initiative changed the status of a dangerous chemical? But why?

KANE

So they could just get rid of it  
for free. Straight into the  
Everglades.

VIC

So your saying that Florida  
Pharmaceuticals is dumping  
hazardous waste into our water  
supply?!

KANE

This is Florida. My poodle got  
fisted by the pool boy. *Expect the  
unexpected.*

# **INT. PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT OFFICES - CONTINUOUS**

Vera, Salvadora, Sharon and Bobby slowly back away from the  
python blocking their entrance.

SHARON

We need to find another way out.

BOBBY

Not without a key card.

To their left, another python has regurgitated its latest  
meal and has hungry eyes on the trio.

SHARON

I hate to say this, but we may need  
to frisk some of these corpses. One  
of them is bound to have some sort  
of access card.

Salvadora steps forward, raising a hand above the python.

VERA

Salvadora, what are you doing?

SALVADORA

I'm buying you all time. Quick,  
check his body for a card!

Vera groans in worry as Sharon and Bobby crawl carefully  
towards the gooey corpse. The snake re-angles on them but not  
before Salvadora regains its attention with her palms raised.  
She mutters what sounds like snake speak.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

Hurry y'all. I'm not sure how long  
this is going to work.



Suddenly the snake strikes at Salvadora, and her snake lady instincts kick into overdrive. She grabs it by the throat, flips herself onto it's back, and pins it to the ground.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

I got it! Just get out!

Vera, Sharon and Bobby race past her back into the hallway from which they arrived, but stop in their tracks when they see even more snakes crawling in their direction. Vera instinctively throws her arms up to protect Sharon and Bobby.

They race back into the room past Salvadora, who is still wrestling the reticulated python.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! I said get out of here!

VERA

They're everywhere now! We can't go back!

Sharon jumps back to plan A, sticking her hands into goopy pockets, when suddenly she pulls out -

SHARON

A key card! I got one!

Salvadora rolls like a champion off the snake and darts to her feet. Every snake in the room whips its head in their direction and takes off after them.

SALVADORA

Run y'all! Run!!!!

They race to the other exit door and slam the goopy card on the LED screen, and low and behold, it works! *Access Granted!* They spill through the door into another -

HALLWAY - Automatic lights turn on, illuminating the corridor one overhead at a time, revealing just how long the hallway is. To the left, the coast is clear. They turn right, waiting for the hallway to finish its "illumination process", when finally the end is bathed in light. It's not good, either.

More pythons, slithering towards them like reptilian zombies.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)

Keep moving everybody!!!!

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

Vic and company make their way through the plant, following Kane.

WILLY

We need to find the others and get out. Immediately.

VIC

They're with Salvadora. Trust me.  
They're in good hands.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - HALLWAY**

Sharon and team sprint towards the other end of the hallway as motion activated lights illuminate more pythons in the adjacent rooms. It's a hellish sight.

Arriving at another door at the end of the hallway, Sharon tries the key card. *ACCESS DENIED*.

SHARON

It's not working!!!!

Bobby races to a nearby wall and lifts a miniature garage door, above which is written *EFFLUENT TREATMENT*.

BOBBY

Guys! In here!

VERA

What?! We don't know where that goes!

SHARON

Mom, it's either this or *THAT*. Come on. We have to go!

Sharon ushers Bobby into the chute and he slides into the darkness.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Hurry Mom!

VERA

No honey. You first. *GO!*

Sharon obeys and jumps in, just as a python *LUNGES* at Vera, but Salvadora, fast as a whip, grabs it around the neck and *CRACKS* its entire body.

SALVADORA  
Go Vera. GO!!

An act of sacrifice, Salvadora *THROWS* herself into the oncoming snakes.

SALVADORA (CONT'D)  
Sharon and Bobby. Tell them I love them. That I always have.

Salvadora is now completely submerged in a tangled mess of coils as Vera, with no alternative, leaps into the chute.

**INT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT - NIGHT**

Vic, Willy, Benita, and Kane walk at a clip back towards the entry atrium but stop in their tracks when they see -

VIC  
Governor Truman?

Truman and Dick turn around.

TRUMAN  
Listen. I get it. I have some serious explaining to do. But it's going to have to wait. I've just called for emergency evac and it should be here any minute.

BENITA  
Emergency Evac?

Truman gestures to the entry door where the same horde of pythons are slamming their heads at the glass, hankering to get inside.

WILLY  
We have to find the others!

Kane races over to a panel against the wall.

KANE  
We can try and get out through the loading docks. The coast might be clear over there!

Kane begins tapping away at a touch screen until suddenly, lights flicker on behind them, illuminating what's behind the darkened glass at the back of the atrium.

And it's a magnificent sight, one might argue. A giant, tomb-like warehouse seemingly a mile long, housing tons and tons of production equipment. But what's unsettling is what else we see.

More pythons. Crawling on the production plant floor. Above which stands a large conveyor belt, on top of which stand -

WILLY  
Sharon! Bobby!

BENITA  
VERA!

\*  
\*

Kane hits another button on the wall panel, and suddenly the production plant comes to life, equipment grinding into motion behind the glass.

VIC  
What are you doing?!

KANE  
I don't know! I'm not usually the person who does this!!

The downward sloping conveyor belt activates, moving Vera, Sharon and Bobby towards the pythons below.

#### INTERCUT ATRIUM AND PRODUCTION FLOOR

BOBBY  
We gotta go back!

They turn and run up the conveyor belt just as more pythons pour out from the chute.

VERA  
Oh this is shitty...

That's right. The entire Esperanza family is dinner on a plate, being hand fed, one way or another, to the snakes.

Hundreds of pythons ascend the production floor's pipe work, displaying their uncanny "tree climbing" skills.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Get behind me kids!

Everyone bangs on the glass wall and shouts as Vera shields Sharon and Bobby with her arms.

VIC AND COMPANY  
Climb! You need to climb UPPP!!!!

Vera takes off both heels and throws them into the snake pit, hitting one right in the face.

VERA

Climb kids. We gotta climb, ok?

Mother, brother and sister begin climbing as the others stand by, helpless.

KANE

There! I've opened up the loading dock doors! They may be able to get out that way!

Kane taps a few more times as large loading bays at the back of the production floor rise, revealing a watery lagoon for water transport.

It's no use though, and only serves to provide entry to more snakes, now arriving from the moonlit lagoon beyond.

VERA

(reacting)

Kids? We gotta climb a little bit faster, ok?

KANE

If they can climb high enough, we can let them into the crows nest where the floor managers work.

Truman lingers as the others race away. He slyly pulls out a hand gun and tosses it to Dick, who almost drops it.

DICK

What are you doing?

TRUMAN

You think I'm going to let them tank my entire political career?

Truman opens his jacket, revealing another gun.

BACK ON - Vera, Sharon and Bobby are now shimmying their way atop a large cylindrical pipe when suddenly, Bobby SLIPS and FALLS.

SHARON

Bobby!

Thankfully, his fall is broken fifteen feet below by a metal cat walk. Sharon is about to jump down, but....

VERA

Sharon, no! You stay there!

Desperate, Vera jumps down after Bobby.

Vera spots a large wheel on a steel vat and turns it, releasing heaps of pill powder that separate her and Bobby from the snakes - if only for a few seconds. But it's enough.

Suddenly, screams from above pulls their gaze upwards.

VIC

Up here! We're up here!

**INT. CROWS NEST - CONTINUOUS**

Vic and company watch through the massive glass window as Sharon, Bobby, and Vera out-climb the snakes and make it to the uninfested, final stretch of staircase that connects the crows nest to the production floor below.

Benita flings the door open as Vic pulls Vera and Bobby inside. Naturally, Willy assists Sharon.

WILLY

Sharon, thank God you're okay.

Eyes linger for a moment before -

VIC

(to Vera)

Where's Sally?

Vera shakes her head, somber. Vic swallows, understanding the gravity of what this means. Sharon pulls Bobby close.

Suddenly, the sound of rotor blades fills the room.

BOBBY

Is that a helicopter?

BENITA

Wait. Where's Governor Truman...?

TRUMAN

Right here, sweetheart.

The group turns to see Governor Truman coming up into the crows nest, his gun trained on them all.

VIC

This'll get out one way or another,  
Truman. Innocent blood is on your  
hands.

TRUMAN

Yeah, well it's made me a hell of a  
profit, hasn't it.

Willy slowly moves his hand to his firearm. Sharon notices too.

A tense moment plays out, until Willy quickly trains his gun back on Truman!

WILLY

You think I won't you shoot you,  
Governor? Think twice.

TRUMAN

Who the hell are you?

WILLY

I'm Willy McGruter, the baddest  
mother fucking wildlife ranger from  
Tallahassee to Key West.

SHARON

(sotto)

Willy, seriously?

WILLY

What? I've always wanted to say  
that...

The group is processing this strange show down between Willy and Truman when suddenly...A *SHOT IS FIRED!*

TRUMAN

ARrrrgghgghghhgh!!!!!!

Truman drops his weapon and we see it. Dick. His gun trained on TRUMAN! The barrel steaming...

Truman cradles his left hand, which is now completely void of a pinky finger.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Dick you fuck wad you shot me in  
the finger!

DICK

I'm sorry!!!

**EXT. FRANCIS S. TAYLOR PHARMACEUTICAL PLANT ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

The door to the roof flies open revealing the helicopter, the sound of its rotor blades roaring as it lowers towards the roof.

Reverse on our team, who stop in their tracks, because...

VIC

Uh oh...

TRUMAN

Stop pussy footing around, you losers. GET OUT OF MY WAY!

Truman pushes through the group and takes off at a sprint towards their getaway ride. Until he realizes...

Yep, you guessed it, more snakes are crawling up and over the lip of the roof, if they're not on the roof already. Truman runs even faster, barely making it to the chopper.

VIC

That son of a bitch...

# **INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

Truman collapses on the floor, exhausted. One of two pilots turns around.

PILOT

Are there any others?

TRUMAN

No. The others didn't make it unfortunately.

Both pilots nod, solemn, and get back to business, pulling Truman up and away from the snake infested complex below.

# **INT. CROWS NEST - NIGHT**

The team regroups.

BENITA

Now what? It's only a matter of time before those fuckers find a way in here and eat us alive.

VIC

Look you all. They're coming.

The team races to the window to see that the snakes have now almost made it to the crows nest.

BOBBY

There's hardly any on the floor now. What if we could make it down there and out the loading doors before they catch up?



VIC

Sure, but they'll follow us. And I'm not about to try and out swim them. No sir. Plus, the stairs are blocked off by them anyways.

WILLY

We can fight 'em off. At least the ones in the way. In order to make it back down.

BENITA

Wait, fuck that. What?! So we make it down by the grace of God. But what then?!

KANE

We make a bomb.

VERA

What?!

KANE

All that pill powder in all those vats? Its highly flammable. We just have to expose it to air.

Everyone is agape, shocked by this insane proposal.

KANE (CONT'D)

Wait, this could actually work. If we can make it to the floor quickly enough, we'll have a window of time to empty out all the vats, together, and try and make it out the loading dock doors before they catch up to us.

BENITA

But how will we ignite it all?

KANE

I'm a lab technician. Leave that to me.

VIC

So you're saying we're going to fight our way back down there while most of the snakes are up here. And we're going to make a bomb with all that medicine? And somehow escape through the back doors before it goes off?

VERA  
I'm sorry but this is crazy.

KANE  
You got a better idea?

Suddenly, an AC shaft above shudders from the weight of whatever is inside of it. A *HISSING* noise emanates from within.

KANE (CONT'D)  
It's now or never guys...

VERA  
Kids. Come here.

Vera grabs them and holds them tight.

VERA (CONT'D)  
I love you so so much. No matter  
what happens. I want you to know  
that. Okay?

The AC piping above them breaks open! Spitting out a tangled mess of hissing snakes.

KANE  
We gotta go you guys!!!!!!!!!!

Kane opens a nearby door revealing stairs to the plant floor. As predicted, it's definitely peppered with pythons, but with seven of them working together, they might have a fighting chance.

Seconds to spare, Willy, Vic, and Dick pull out their firearms as the rest grab whatever they can, from trash can lids to a dirty mop. And together...

They shoot down the harrowing stretch of stairs! Gunshots crack as Vic, Dick, and Willy fend off attacking pythons with their firearms. A python almost strikes Bobby, but Vera pulls him back just as Sharon swats it in the face with a trash can lid!

And completing their descent, they split up and crank open as many wheel-controlled doors as they can, the powdered drugs within spilling out into heaps upon the production plant floor.

Meanwhile, Kane bee lines for a massive tub on wheels holding more pill powder. Its label reads *SILDENAFIL*.

He rolls the tub towards Dick who stands by, eager to help. Kane grabs two large jugs.

SHARON

They're coming back, you guys!

Blood thirsty Pythons descend, slithering, and in some cases, free falling back to the floor.

Kane lifts the two huge jugs he's just grabbed.

KANE

Alright you guys! This is a very potent acid solution. And if I mix it with what Dick's got, it'll cause a reaction deadly enough to blow the skin clear off our bones.

Bobby sounds out the word on the side of Dick's big pill-tub.

BOBBY

Sildenafil?

KANE

It's viagra.

VIC

Wait, so you're telling me that we're about to blow up a vat of boner medicine?

BENITA

I'm sorry but death by viagra bomb is literally the *last* way I imagined dying...

KANE

A viagra bomb that should in turn ignite all the *other* drugs!

VIC

But where does that leave you?

KANE

Here! Saving your asses!

VIC

We didn't ask for a hero, Kane. We asked for a way out!

BOBBY

It's too late. We're not gonna make it.

Bobby's right. There's no way out. *The pythons have returned.*

Vera reaches for her kids, taking their hands. And the sight of it, it tears Vic apart. All of this, for nothing.

Snakes slither closer. Each passing second like an eternity.

This is it. The sudden reality of death sinking in. Benita marks the sign of the cross over her heart and joins Vera and her kids. Vic and Willy come closer too, followed by Kane.

Vera reaches out to her kids. Bobby, in turn, takes Vic's hand, who takes Benita's. And soon, they're all bound together, hand in hand.

Better to die together, than alone. Right?

Until...

**CAW!**

The sound of a hawk cries out in the night. Followed by the sound of...

John Denver? Yes. John Denver. Quiet, but growing louder.

JOHN DENVER (O.S.)  
*All my memories gather 'round her  
 Miner's lady, stranger to blue  
 water. Dark and dusty, painted on  
 the sky. Misty taste of moonshine,  
 teardrop in my eye.*

Suddenly, a large falcon-like bird flies into the production floor, circling above them!

SHARON  
 Oh my God. It's a red chested  
 Everglades snail kite. Just like  
 dad used to track.

BOBBY  
 But they're extinct. That's  
 impossible.

VIC  
 Some thing's never die...

The bird circles above them before flying back out into the night, as the sound of John Denver crescendos from the lagoon.

JOHN DENVER  
*Country roads, take me home. To the  
 place I belong.*  
 (MORE)

JOHN DENVER (CONT'D)  
*West Virginia, mountain mama. Take  
 me home, country roads.*

The sound of an engine approaches. Blades, even. And through the night comes roaring... **A FAN BOAT MANNED BY MARTHA!!!!**

She clears the loading dock, catches air and skids clear across the production plant floor, mutilating snakes along the way as she glides towards our heroes.

VERA  
 Mom!?

MARTHA  
 What did I tell you sweetie!? It's the water! There's something in the WATER!

VERA  
 (laugh/crying)  
 Dammit Mom we already know that!!!!

The boat comes to a halt as everybody climbs in, pythons still mere inches away from attack.

VIC  
 Alright medicine man. Let's light these mother fuckers up.

Kane smiles. It's the science project he's always dreamed of.

VIC (CONT'D)  
 You ready to tear ass out of here, Grandma?!

Martha slowly maneuvers the fan boat, directing it straight towards the exit.

MARTHA  
 You betchyerass I am!

WILLY  
 Sharon. I -  
 (beat)  
 In case we don't make it out of here. I just wanted to say, well...

SHARON  
 Come here, will you?

Sharon pulls Willy into her, kissing him deeply.

MARTHA  
 Hold on everybody!!!!

CLOSE UP ON KANE FOR OUR HIGH OCTANE CLOSING MOMENT!

KANE

Hold on to your hard ons, because  
we're about to blow this reptile  
dysfunction!!!

Kane unscrews both jugs of acid, throwing them straight into  
the vat of viagra, creating an *EXPLOSIVE REACTION!!!!*

Martha accelerates like a nascar racer as the flames set even  
greater fire to the other piles of pill powder all around.

VIC

FASTER GRANDMA!!!! WE GOTTA GO  
FASTER!!!!!!!!!!!!

And as Martha races back towards the loading bay doors....

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!**

A volcanic eruption of scientific proportions explodes,  
launching angry pythons at us, as if we were watching in 3D!

The fan boat is speeding across the floor when the  
explosion's energy field catches up to them, rocketing them  
out the loading dock doors and into the air! They soar above  
the moonlit lagoon like a missile!

**FREEZE FRAME** on our courageous crew of heroes, like an on-  
ride photograph from the world's most terrifying thrill ride.

Sharon holds onto Willy for dear life!

Vera holds Bobby back, both of them braced from behind by  
Benita!

Martha's sticks her tongue out in concentration, steering the  
boat into freedom!

Vic, Kane, and Dick are pinned to the fan boat's rear blade-  
cage like flies on a windshield, Kane's spectacles severely  
askew!

All the while, John Denver swells in the movie score!!! Our  
heroic ensemble may have survived the battle, but the war  
against the pythons, it rages on...

**THE END!** (FOR NOW...)

**POST CREDITS TEASER:**

A rhythmic beating - *Thump Thump. Thump Thump.*

Our post-credits black screen is suddenly interrupted by what appears to be a *broken light*, flickering on and off. On and off.

We come closer, realizing that we're in a hallway, the overhead fluorescent lights illuminating...the charred innards of Florida Pharmaceuticals Production Plant. And before us is a python, coiled up.

*Thump Thump. Thump Thump.* Could it be the snake's beating heart? *Thump Thump.* Suddenly, the snake opens its jaws, hissing wildly! It uncoils itself in an extreme reaction. *But to what?* *Thump Thump! Thump Thump!*

The snake stretches out, revealing a HUMAN SIZED LUMP inside of it.

PHHHHHHHSSSSSSSS!!!! Another sharp hiss as a *SHARP BLADE* pierces through the python's skin, coming from *inside its belly!* And like a box cutter, it slices an incision long ways.

*Thump Thump! Thump Thump! Silence...until...*

A GASP OF AIR! As Salvadora's goop covered hands tear the python's belly open even wider. And like Dracula sitting up in his coffin, Salvadora sits erect in her snake grave, inhaling and exhaling heavily!

And slowly, she stands.

Alive...