

NEXT STOP

By

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CUT FROM BLACK

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

A 70-foot LUXURY YACHT sails through the ocean. The sun is burning bright and there is no sight of land in any direction.

On the rear deck of the yacht, GRACE, a young white woman, and LAURA, a mid-30s black woman, are wearing swimsuits while lying on sun beds.

Across from them, FREDDY, a young blonde man, and JAMES, a young dark-haired man, sit on sun beds and talk while sipping beers. They are wearing swim trunks and Hawaiian shirts. Two fishing rods are clamped to the railing next to them with the lines hanging into the water.

On the other side of the deck, SUE, an older Latina woman, and DAVID, a mid-50s white man, serve themselves drinks from the bar while chatting. Sue is wearing a swimsuit with a long cardigan. David is shirtless with shorts and flip flops.

WENDY, a mid-40s woman with red hair, sits alone on the roof of the cockpit in a beach chair, sipping a beer. She's wearing sweatpants and a windbreaker.

CAPTAIN NOEL, a mid-30s tan man, steps out from the cockpit wearing a captain's hat and blazer with swim trunks.

CAPTAIN NOEL

*Alright, how we doin' this fine  
Thursday afternoon?*

Captain Noel strolls over to an ice chest and grabs a beer. He walks by Freddy and James while they're chatting on the sun beds.

CAPTAIN NOEL

*Freddy, James, what's goin' on boys?*

The two men nod at Captain Noel and the three of them CLANK their beers together. Captain Noel continues walking. He tips his hat to the women sunbathing.

CAPTAIN NOEL

*Afternoon, ladies.*

Grace and Laura casually wave at Noel without looking at him as he struts forward.

Captain Noel turns around to see Wendy on top of the cockpit. He raises his beer to her. She then turns her head towards him and repeats the gesture, saluting him with her beer bottle.

Noel turns back around and walks toward Sue and David. He points at David. David turns and nods his head toward Captain Noel.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Hey, Dave! You think you could help me...

Noel is cut off by a strange NOISE. The sound of an animal dying, or perhaps a leak in the ship. Everyone on the deck goes silent.

Captain Noel puts his hand up to keep the group silent, then walks slowly past Sue and David toward the noise. David and Sue turn and follow closely behind Noel.

Captain Noel steps cautiously down the deck towards the lifeboats. The noise gets slightly louder as Noel steps closer to the edge.

Once Captain Noel reaches the edge, he slowly peeks over into the lifeboat, Sue and David following close behind.

In the lifeboat is a soaking wet and shivering YOUNG MAN. He's wearing normal street clothes and is covered head to toe in dirt and grime. The man slowly looks up at Captain Noel.

David and Sue peer over the edge next to Captain Noel. In a moment, their looks of confusion turn to rage.

CUT TO

**EXT. YACHT DECK - LATER**

The STOWAWAY man is tied to a pole on the deck with a rag tied around his head to cover his mouth. The stowaway wrestles with the bindings on his hands.

Captain Noel, David, and Sue look down at the helpless man, their nice clothes slightly dirtied from the scuffle.

Behind them, Freddy, James, Grace and Laura stand together looking on in fear. Wendy stands next to them with her arms crossed, glaring at the Stowaway.

**INT. KITCHEN/DINING QUARTERS - DAY**

Gathered around the dining table, Grace, Laura, Freddy and James sit at a large booth. Sue and David sit next to each other on stools, whispering to each other. Wendy leans against the wall with her arms in her pockets while Captain Noel chews his nails and paces back and forth in front of the group.

Noel stops and puts his hands down on the dining table.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Alright, what are we doin' with this motherfucker?

FREDDY

What do you mean 'what are we doing?'  
You're the captain.

Captain Noel scoffs as Freddy looks toward James for approval.

DAVID

We need to decide on the best course of action. It's not just the captain's job.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Thank you, David.

DAVID

That being said, I think we should throw him off.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Okay, no, we're not just gonna throw him off.

Noel glares at David.

FREDDY

He's got a point, Captain. We don't know what this guy's up to.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Up to? He's barley alive.

James looks up at Captain Noel.

JAMES

Is he healthy?

CAPTAIN NOEL  
Yeah we checked him, he's fine. Just  
hungry and cold.

JAMES  
In that case... Should we eat him?

Captain Noel SLAMS his fist down on the table. Grace and  
Laura look at James with shock.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
No, we're not going to *fucking* eat  
him.

SUE  
Yeah James, that's your thing, don't  
bring us into that.

LAURA  
Yeah we're all fine with fish.

JAMES  
Oh, come on.

Sue looks disgustedly at James. James rolls his eyes.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
Listen, we need to figure out the  
safest way to relocate this guy...

Wendy steps sideways toward the door. She pushes open the  
door as Noel continues speaking in the background.

CUT TO

**EXT. YACHT DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Wendy exits the dining quarters back out onto the outside  
deck. The Stowaway turns his head toward Wendy. She glances  
at him then looks forward as she passes by him. The Stowaway  
watches the doors to the dining quarters.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)  
You really want to risk our safety  
over this random guy?

**INT. KITCHEN/DINING QUARTERS - DAY**

Back inside the dining area, a crate filled with several  
FIREARMS sits next to the table. Captain Noel SLAMS the lid  
to the crate shut forcefully as he turns toward the group.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
We're not just gonna kill him or leave  
him behind to drown!

DAVID  
Okay then what *are* we gonna do with  
him?

CAPTAIN NOEL  
We'll just drop him off at the next  
stop.

DAVID  
Oh yeah and you think he'll be better  
off that way?

Captain Noel puts his hand on his forehead in frustration.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
At least then, we don't have to kill  
him but we also don't have to deal  
with him.

DAVID  
Fine, whatever man.

David gets up from the table and walks out the door to the  
deck. Captain Noel looks down and sighs.

**EXT. YACHT DECK - CONTINUOUS**

David exits the door and walks out onto the deck, grabbing a  
pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket.

He walks over to the Stowaway and begins tapping the pack of  
cigarettes on his palm.

DAVID  
Well bud, you're in luck..

The Stowaway looks over at David standing next him. David  
takes a cigarette out from the pack and puts it in his mouth.

DAVID  
Looks like we'll be dropping you off  
at the next stop.

The Stowaway's eyes widen. David lights a match and puts it  
up to the cigarette in his mouth. The Stowaway looks down and  
notices a KNIFE in David's waistband.

Behind the Stowaway's back, he is slowly inching his way out of the ropes.

David puffs his cigarette and takes it out of his mouth. He looks back over at the Stowaway.

DAVID  
Ah, fuck it.

David reaches over and unties the rag from the Stowaway's mouth. The Stowaway grunts as the rag is removed but stays silent once his mouth is freed.

David leans back against the side of the boat, taking another puff off the cigarette.

DAVID  
So what, man, you speak English?

The Stowaway remains silent, his eyes pointed at the ground. Behind his back he continues to inch his hand out from the ropes.

DAVID  
It's okay man, we're not gonna hurt you. We just had to make sure you were all good. You understand, right?

The Stowaway looks up at David silently, glaring at him. David looks away, putting the cigarette back in his mouth.

DAVID  
Look man I'm sure you'll be fine. We just don't have anymore room in the party, ya know?

David notices a liquid slowly dripping from the stowaway's nose. It is not blood, but a thick, viscous liquid, pitch black in color.

DAVID  
Oh shit...

In a moment, the Stowaway breaks free from the ropes, grabs the KNIFE from David's waistband, and holds it up to David's neck. The cigarette falls from David's hand as the Stowaway grabs David and takes him hostage at knife point.

DAVID  
What the fuck!?! Hold on...

STOWAWAY

I am not going back there,  
motherfucker!

They continue to struggle as the rest of the crew comes out from the dining quarters.

Captain Noel pushes through the others to the front of the group and puts his hands out in front of him.

CAPTAIN NOEL

Woah woah, what the fuck is going on?

The Stowaway looks up at Captain Noel while he continues to struggle with David, holding the knife directly to his throat.

STOWAWAY

(to Captain Noel)

Don't you fuckin' move! I am not going  
back to-

CAPTAIN NOEL

(inturrupting)

Woah man, no one said anything about  
that.

Captain Noel takes a small step back, still holding his arms up.

CAPTAIN NOEL

I'm sorry we had to tie you up but we  
didn't know if you were-

STOWAWAY

Shut the fuck up!

The stowaway tightens his grip on David.

STOWAWAY

I know what you people are doing. You  
are *not* throwing me overboard and you  
are *not taking me-*

A bullet EXPLODES out the front of the Stowaway's head.

Blood sprays all over the deck, as well as all over David and Captain Noel. David and the body of the Stowaway collapse onto the ground.

Captain Noel looks down at the body of the Stowaway in shock.

Wendy is revealed standing on top of the cockpit with a rifle, still aiming where the Stowaway stood moments ago.

David groans as he slowly lifts the Stowaway's body off of him and crawls away from the corpse.

DAVID  
(whispered)  
What the fuck. What the fuck. What the  
fuck.

Captain Noel slowly approaches the body and leans down. The black liquid is still dripping from the Stowaway's nose.

The Stowaway's body then begins to rapidly decompose. His skin turns dark grey and his eyes are glazed over in white.

Captain Noel steps back quickly, as the rest of the crew look on behind him.

JAMES  
Well now we definitely can't eat him.

Captain Noel looks back at James for a moment, snarling at him.

Captain Noel turns back around and watches the rapidly decaying corpse.

CUT TO

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY**

The wrapped up corpse of the Stowaway falls 30 feet into the ocean below with a SPLASH.

CUT TO

**EXT. YACHT DECK - SAME TIME**

James, Freddy, and Sue look over the edge of the boat as the Stowaway's body sinks into the ocean.

David, freshly clean of the blood and fluid from the Stowaway's body, walks over to Captain Noel on the bow of the yacht.

Captain Noel stands at the front of the bow, his blazer and shorts now replaced with military cargo pants and a vest with a rifle strapped to his back. He is still wearing his bloodied captain's hat. He looks out at a blurry landmass in

the distance.

Captain Noel turns to acknowledge David then turns back around.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
You okay, David?

DAVID  
Yeah, I'll be fine. Not my first  
rodeo.

Captain Noel chuckles at this as he continues to look out into the distance.

CAPTAIN NOEL  
Well... there's our next stop.

In the distance, we see a beach town on the edge of the water.

**EXT. BEACH TOWN - DAY**

Zooming in closer, the beach is revealed to be crawling with ROTTING, INFECTED CORPSES. Some still walking, many crawling on their hands and knees, some lying motionless on the ground. They have the same grey skin and white eyes that the Stowaway had as he decomposed.

Behind the beach, several of the homes and buildings are engulfed in FLAMES, slowly falling apart as the fire creates a plume of smoke in the sky.

One of the living corpses falls to its knees in front of a dead body and begins to TEAR into the body and eat it.

**EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY**

The crew of the yacht look on toward their next destination.

FADE TO BLACK

END