

WATER

Written by

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SUPER: "83 PERCENT OF OUR BLOOD"

SUPER: "75 PERCENT OF OUR BRAIN"

SUPER: "90 PERCENT OF OUR LUNGS"

SUPER: "NEARLY 97 PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S WATER IS SALTY OR OTHERWISE UNDRINKABLE. ANOTHER 2 PERCENT IS LOCKED IN ICE CAPS AND GLACIERS. THAT LEAVES JUST 1 PERCENT FOR ALL OF HUMANITY'S NEEDS."

SUPER: "THIS IS THE DOCUMENTATION OF THAT 1 PERCENT"

TITLE: "WATER"

1 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY 1

WE CLOSE ON a WATER BLASTER clipped on MARK'S (20's) side as:

Mark grits his teeth as he sprints. His eyes, piercing straight ahead. Determined. Steady. The world blurring around him.

Cars speed down the street. REVEAL: Mark running after JAROD (20's) - a chaotic mess. This is a chase.

Jarod trucks ahead of him. Frantic. He looks behind at Mark, scared.

He turns a corner. Mark follows.

2 EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 2

Mark ducks under a service pipe - squeezes through a narrow set of brick walls.

A voice beams from the phone in Mark's back pocket.

LYNN (O.S.)

Mark.

(a beat)

Mark.

3 INT. RUSTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

LYNN (20's) stands in a large room. Table on one side, a fancy wooden dresser on the other. Sunlight peers through the window.

LYNN  
 (holding up phone)  
 Mark!

MARK (O.S.)  
 (his voice crackles in)  
 H- Hey...

2 EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 2

Jarod knocks down a stack of boxes behind him. Mark runs straight through. He climbs up a set of stairs.

MARK  
 (holding up phone)  
 Kind-of in the middle of something.

3 INT. RUSTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

A DEFEATED MAN (20's), lies unconscious on the wooden floor.

LYNN  
 He's out.

MARK (O.S.)  
 You got him?

Lynn leans over the Defeated Man. He picks up a phone, looks at the screen.

LYNN  
 Check your pockets.

4 EXT. LONG SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS 4

Mark pulls out an AirTag from his pocket - holds it up.

LYNN (O.S.)  
 Prick was tracking us.

He quickly throws it down, speeds up, furious.

3 INT. RUSTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

Lynn sets the phone, open to a live map of location data, down on the table. He walks around the room, before stopping at a wall.

MARK (O.S.)

This guy is fast, I don't know if I  
can keep up with him for much  
longer.

Lynn's face grows with intrigue, then a sudden realization.

LYNN

Don't worry. I think I know where  
he's headed.

Lynn runs off. We turn towards the wall, CLOSE ON:

A large map of the campus, with the Bell Tower circled  
several times.

5 EXT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 5

The Bell Tower stands in all it's glory, sky high, triumphing  
over all.

We turn away, towards bystanders in the distance, FOCUS ON:

6 EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS 6

Mark and Jarod, running into a group of BYSTANDERS (15-20).

They push through the people around them.

Panting, out of breath, Mark spots:

Jarod grabbing his water blaster from his side. He aims it  
behind him. Pulls the trigger.

SPEW! SPEW! SPEW! Several strands of water fly out in a  
frenzy towards Mark.

He twists his body, ducks, and moves to the side --

-- falling over, but managing to dodge the water coming his  
way.

7 EXT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 7

Jarod speeds ahead, looking back in glee. He laughs.

6 EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS 6

MARK

No...

Mark begins to scurry to his feet.

7

EXT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

7

Jarod weaves through a series of people as Mark falls behind.

He rushes up to the tower entrance. Turns around - eyes on Mark in the distance.

JAROD

What's wrong? You need a water  
break?!

Jarod begins to turn around as:

Lynn busts through from the other side. The swing of the door  
knocks Jarod to the ground. He drops his blaster across the  
pavement.

He crawls for the dropped blaster just as Mark's foot clamps  
it to the ground. Lynn walks up to Mark - now both standing  
over Jarod.

MARK

Nice one Lynn.

LYNN

Thanks Mark.

Mark takes out his water blaster, aims it at Jarod's head,  
pulls the trigger.

SPWISSK!! A single drop of water trickles out of the nozzle.

MARK

Shit.

Jarod punches Lynn in the groin, and runs off into the Bell  
Tower. Lynn falls over and groans in agony.

Mark quickly clips his blaster to his side and picks up the  
dropped blaster, follows Jarod into the tower.

LYNN

(in pain; to himself)  
Yeah... go on without me. I'll  
catch up.

8 INT. FOYER, BELL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER 8

Jarod dashes inside, runs past. Mark quickly follows. A beat, then Lynn makes his way inside and stops just past the entrance. He stares beyond him as the scurrying footsteps ahead grow fainter.

LYNN

Fuuuuuck!

He dashes ahead, entering a tall narrow --

9 INT. STAIRCASE, BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 9

-- with Mark and Jarod nearing the top.

Mark looks down, noticing a tired out Lynn resting on a lower level.

10 INT. TOP FLOOR, BELL TOWER - MOMENTS LATER 10

Jarod exits on the top floor, he runs into an offshoot room.

Mark slowly rises above the final staircase, treading carefully, he holds the blaster up high. It's quiet.

He creeps up to a room with an open door. He spots: WATER BALLOONS in a container on the floor.

Lynn enters the top floor.

LYNN

(out of breath, loudly)

God I hate stair--

Out from the end of the hallway, Jarod rises up, arm up high.

JAROD

Special delivery!!

He throws a water balloon their direction.

Mark runs to Lynn. He extends his arm and holds Lynn back as they both cling to the nearest wall as:

The balloon whizzes past them both. SPLASH! It hits the wall above the staircase.

Without a second thought, Mark aims his blaster at a now unarmed Jarod.

SPWIRRT!! A beam of water hits Jarod straight in the head. He falls back, hitting the ground. Eliminated.

Mark and Lynn glance at each other for a moment. Then they walk over to Jarod's body.

LYNN  
Nice one Mark.

MARK  
Thanks Lynn.

Mark pulls out his phone and holds it over Jarod's body.

LYNN  
What was up with your blaster?

Lynn walks into a nearby room. He finds the container of water balloons.

MARK  
Yeah, I know. The Super Soaker...  
The Super...

LYNN  
(quickly)  
Super Soaker 4000.

MARK  
That's the one.

Mark snaps a photo of Jarod's body.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I've just been having a whole lot  
of problems with it lately, ever  
since NERF reworked the nozzle  
structure.

He pulls out his blaster and throws it next to Jarod's body. He clips on his new blaster.

LYNN  
You really ought to get a refund.

MARK  
Didn't get a receipt!

11 LATER, Lynn steps out of the room and finds Mark in a bathroom at a sink. Faucet flowing. He stands in front of the doorway. 11

LYNN  
How do I look?

Lynn flexes his biceps, bigger than usual. Mark notices.

MARK

Didn't know you worked out...

Lynn opens up one side of his jacket, pulls out a water ballon and extends it out.

LYNN

Four teams left.

Mark accepts the water balloon.

MARK

Let's make this count then.

He refills his blaster in the sink.

12 INT. COMMON ROOM, COMMON BUILDING - DAY 12

ON TV SCREEN:

13 A news logo floats into center screen. A MALE NEWS ANCHOR 13  
sits at a desk.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

Where is all the ketchup?

B-ROLL. Stock footage of ketchup with a big red "X" over it. Empty store aisles. A CROWD of people angry. A HOMELESS MAN holding a sign that says: "Give us our ketchup!"

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

That is the question that people are asking today. We've got scientist Adrian Monroe with us here to help...

The screen flips to a different channel...

14 FEMALE HOST 14

...16 water-related victims in this past week alone.

A FEMALE HOST (30's) sits beside an ANALYST (30's) at a shiny wooden table in a brightly lit room.

FEMALE HOST (CONT'D)

Warning, to our viewers at home, these next few images may be disturbing.

B-ROLL. Stock footage of puddles, lots of puddles as:

*The Female Host and Analyst murmur in disgust.*

ANALYST  
(breathing in)  
Yes Sandra, and it's weapons like  
these...

*He holds up a small water blaster.*

ANALYST (CONT'D)  
...and these...

*He holds up a larger blaster.*

FEMALE HOST  
Wow!

*The Analyst slides her a blaster to inspect.*

ANALYST  
...that these savages...

FEMALE HOST  
(to herself)  
This is incredible!

ANALYST  
...are using to flood the streets  
with the toxic chemical compound  
known as H2O.

FEMALE HOST  
(a beat)  
It's a massacre out there folks.  
It's times like now... when you  
just don't know who to trust...

*The Female Host shifts her eyes to The Analyst. He slowly tilts his head, one eyebrow raised, noticing her hand on the blaster.*

*She raises the blaster up high. She shoots as:*

*The Analyst grabs an umbrella from his bag, extends it and blocks the stream of water coming his way.*

*The water drips off the edge of the umbrella, onto the floor.*

FEMALE HOST (CONT'D)  
You can't hold that umbrella up  
forever Dave.

## ANALYST

*Oh Sandra, you know I always come prepared.*

*The Analyst pushes the umbrella handle into the shaft as:*

*A stream of water jets out the top of the umbrella like a fountain, hitting the Female Host in the stomach.*

*She collapses onto the ground.*

*The Analyst holds his position for a moment, before closing his umbrella. He sits back down, taking a deep sigh.*

*His voice begins to quiver.*

## ANALYST (CONT'D)

*(turning to the camera)*

*Please. If you live in the area, go to your loved ones. Stay indoors - away from windows.*

*(leaning forward)*

*Trust in no one. We may not have much time l--*

12 The TV cuts to black. The reflection of the TV now revealing<sup>2</sup> two people sitting on a couch, AVA (20's) and JACK (20's), both in awe.

Ava tries to turn the TV on with the remote... nothing.

They turn towards each other. A long beat.

AVA  
Go //check it out.

JACK  
//Go check it out.

## JACK (CONT'D)

Damn!

He gets up, grabs his blaster, carefully checking his left and right as he exits into the hallway.

## JACK (CONT'D)

It's clear!

He pushes the button to an elevator. After a moment, the doors open to reveal:

SPEW!! Lynn standing in the elevator entrance, blaster up, walking over a now collapsed Jack. He snaps a picture of his body.

Ava turns to one side of the room. Panicked, she lifts a window seal as:

Mark aims his blaster at her from outside the room.

MARK

Hi!

SPWIRRT!! Ava clinches her shoulder, injured.

She turns around to flee as Lynn shoots a stream of water to her chest.

She falls backwards, landing beside Lynn. His phone camera perfectly in line with her eye-line as he snaps a picture.

15

EXT. EMPTY SIDEWALK - DAY

15

Lynn's arm is extended, pointing his phone camera towards us.

MARK/LYNN (O.S.)

CHEESE!!

Mark and Lynn hug an ELIMINATED MAN (20's) between them both as they take a selfie.

As the flash goes off, they drop the Eliminated Man on the ground.

MARK

(excited)

Lemme see!

ON LYNN'S PHONE SCREEN: A picture of the two of them, happy as can be.

Mark fist bumps Lynn's shoulder as:

A RUNNING MAN (20's) bursts out of a nearby building, bolting away from them both.

Mark begins to run after him, but Lynn extends his arm.

LYNN

Just wait... I got this.

He pulls out a water balloon. Closes one eye and pulls back his arm.

SWING!! He charges his arm forward releasing the balloon into the sky. The balloon makes an arc through the air until:

The balloon collides with the Running Man causing him to collapse.

Mark and Lynn both chuckle. They fist bump.

16 INT. NARROW HALLWAY - DAY 16

A FAST WOMAN (20's) bolts down the hallway ahead. Mark slows and stops at a corner, panting, sluggish.

Lynn slides next to Mark, appearing around the corner. Mark points down the hallway.

MARK  
She... my balloon.

Lynn looks up - rushes in the Fast Woman's direction.

As Lynn nears the Fast Woman, she turns around and raises Mark's stolen water balloon up high.

Lynn stops in his tracks, winces back... then: his face relaxes, realizing.

REVEAL: The Fast Woman holds a popped water balloon in her hand, her head drenching with water. She falls to the ground.

17 INT. LOUNGE AREA - DAY 17

A QUIVERING MAN (20's) sits in a chair as Mark and Lynn hover over his sides. He holds a full glass of water in his hand, his hand quivering, spilling tiny traces of water over the edge of the cup.

MARK  
Go on.

The Quivering Man brings the glass up slowly, nearing his lips - then he brings it back down.

The Quivering Man looks up at Mark, crying, terrified.

LYNN  
Okay, we're done here.

Lynn knocks over the glass, the water spilling onto the Quivering Man's crotch.

He screams loudly in agony as the water trickles off the table.

18 EXT. CLEARING, FOREST - AFTERNOON

18

ON A PHONE SCREEN: The messages of a group chat. The Quivering Man's body is the most recent photo. Sent by Mark, with the caption: "Who's next?".

ELI (O.S.)  
We're fucked man!

KYLE (O.S.)  
You have to chill- the fuck- out!

ELI (20's) puts his phone away. He helps KYLE (20's) tie a thin string around two trees, trapping a pathway.

ELI  
They've taken out four-- FIVE teams  
now!

KYLE  
Are you finished with your side?

ELI  
Y-yeah.  
(they both stand up)  
How much longer of this? This  
greenery?

19 EXT. PATCHY GROVE, FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

19

Trees and bushes surround them. A river flows nearby.

KYLE (O.S.)  
Listen, we gotta play things safe.  
Strategize like we've been doing.

They begin to walk down a path.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Lure them to us, not the other way  
around. We have a real chance of  
making this work. It just takes a  
little bit of time, is all.  
(a beat)  
Trust me. All of this, is so that  
when we confront them, we wont be  
caught off gau--

CRunncCCHH...SNAP!!

They both hold up their blasters. Standing back to back.  
Angling their sights towards the trees that surround them.

Kyle looks down at Eli's blaster, it's backwards. He gives a furious nod towards Eli.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 The other way!

Eli looks down, realizing.

ELI  
 (whispering)  
 Oh...  
 (flips the blaster around)  
 Right.

CRunnncHHH...SNAP!!

ELI (CONT'D)  
 (turning to Kyle)  
 What is that?!

KYLE  
 Eyes ahead!

Eli's head snaps forward. WE TRUCK OUT through the trees, still focused on them to reveal:

Mark and Lynn, stealthily leaning against the bark of two trees, masking their presence.

Lynn jumps out, aiming his blaster at them both. Kyle turns, noticing.

He fires a stream of water in Eli's direction, as Kyle jumps in front of an oblivious Eli.

SPLUSH!! Kyle is hit. A pool of water soaks into Kyle's clothes as he hits the ground.

Eli looks down at Kyle's body, finally piecing together what just happened. In a shock, he quickly runs off.

MARK  
 What is this guy doing?

Lynn bolts in Eli's direction.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 Lynn wait!

Lynn slows, turns around.

LYNN

He's the last one, lets just finish this!

He continues to rush ahead.

Mark steadily follows.

20 EXT. OPEN CANOPY, FOREST - CONTINUOUS 20

Eli dashes through the trees.

21 EXT. CLEARING, FOREST - CONTINUOUS 21

He comes to a stop, searching for any means of escape - out of breath.

Lynn runs towards him, only a few paces behind, he slows - blaster raised.

LYNN

Turn around!

Eli flinches. Back turned. His hands shoot up.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Slowly.

As Eli turns around: Mark jogs up behind Lynn.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Drop your blaster.

Eli drops his blaster in front of him.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Kick it here.

MARK

(to Lynn)

What are you doing? Just shoot him already.

Eli kicks the blaster a few feet in front of Lynn.

LYNN

(to Mark)

(What?) It's a nice blaster.

Lynn walks a step forward, just as:

His foot collides with a thin string traveling between the pathway ahead. The TRAP from earlier.

He looks up, surprised, noticing: A LARGE WATER BALLOON swinging towards his body from a string above.

The water balloon blasts against Lynn's body, launching him backwards into Mark behind them.

Both of them falling to the ground. Lynn is eliminated.

Mark, pinned to the ground, tries to jolt Lynn awake --

MARK  
Lynn... Lynn?

-- but it's no use.

Mark leans his head up, spots Eli still standing away. He reaches for his blaster, pulls it out as:

Eli pins Mark's blaster to the ground with his foot. He kicks it away, aiming his own blaster at Mark's head.

A beat, then: Eli relaxes. A smile creeps across his face.

ELI  
Haha! I won! I won!

He jumps up and down in glee.

ELI (CONT'D)  
I fuckin' won! Wooo!

Mark cringes. Eli stiffens, returns to a hard face. He clears his throat.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Strategize... that's what my partner, who YOU GUYS KILLED used to say.

Eli aims his blaster at Mark's head. Mark looks away.

ELI (CONT'D)  
I think I finally get what he meant now.

He pulls the trigger.

SPWISSK!!

Mark winces back. Eli pulls it again.

SPWISSK!!

Mark winces again.

The tiny droplets of water that seep out of Eli's blaster drip onto Lynn's puffy jacket. Mark realizes...

ELI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (banging on his blaster)  
 What the fuck is wrong with this  
 stupid sack of shit?

As Eli shoots another failed blast: Mark reaches into Lynn's jacket pocket and throws a water balloon at Eli's chest.

SPLASH!!

A beat, then: Eli falls to the ground.

Mark moves Lynn to the side and stands up. He takes a picture of Eli's body.

He sends the photo in a group chat.

BEGIN CREDITS

MARK  
 Dude, nice game man.

Mark extends a hand out to Eli.

Eli opens his eyes.

ELI  
 Thank's dude, this was fun!

Eli grabs his hand as Mark hoists him up.

MARK  
 (yelling)  
 HEY EVERYONE! GAME'S OVER!  
 Y'ALL CAN COME OUT NOW!  
 (to Eli)  
 Yeah I love doing these things-  
 really gets you amped up before  
 classes start. And hey, you weren't  
 bad for your first game!

LYNN (O.S.)  
 Not bad at all.

Lynn stands next to Mark, all fine and well.

ELI  
Thanks... but what was the deal  
with my blaster?

MARK  
It's the Sup...

LYNN  
Super Soaker 4000.

MARK  
Always save your receipts my  
friend.

ELI  
I'll keep that in mind.

MARK  
You just can't cheap out on  
equipment anymore.

They all walk away and continue bantering as the sounds of  
the nature around them grow louder.

A long beat, then Kyle appears in the distance.

KYLE  
ELI, HOW YOU THROW THE GAME THAT  
HARD?

END CREDITS

**THE END**