CHUPACABRA

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MAZZIO’S RESTAURANT – DAY

TOM JONES (late forties) stares into his 35mm film camera. Tom is somewhat scruffy and has a mustache. He wears a Criterion T-shirt.

Tom tries to get the camera in focus.

TOM
That’s better.

He turns the camera around to face the girl at the counter, ASHLEY. Ashley is pretty and in her twenties.

ASHLEY
Hey, Mr. Jones. I thought you weren’t working today?

TOM
I’m not. Came for lunch. And call me Tom.

ASHLEY
Tom. Right. Are Sarah and Lamar coming?

Tom sits down at a table.

TOM
They should be here any minute now.

He pulls out an old picture of himself, his wife Jill, and son Trent. In the picture, Tom is clean shaven and tidy.

He sighs.

TOM
How much longer do I have to put up with you?

He gazes at the picture.

TOM
Cold-blooded bitch.

LAMAR JACKSON (early thirties) and SARAH RIPLEY (early thirties) enter the restaurant.

SARAH is extremely no-nonsense and obstinate. She’s pushy. Tom quickly puts the photograph away.

LAMAR
What’s new, pussycat?

Sarah glares at him and elbows him in the stomach.

LAMAR
Damn, girl!

SARAH
Let’s get down to business. What’s with the camera?

TOM
I’ll explain later.

LATER

Tom, Sarah, and Lamar sit and eat their buffet pizza.

Tom opens up a briefcase and pulls out a file.

TOM
On June thirtieth, this guy, Jim Beard, was killed by a chupacabra. Thirty-eight years old.

Tom shows them a black and white photograph of a man with bloody wounds on his stomach, arms, and legs.

Tom shows them a photograph of brother Jerry Beard talking to news reporters.

TOM
Twenty-five grand bounty. This is what we’re looking for.

Tom gives them the file.

TOM

Lamar stifles a laugh.

LAMAR
Ooh, scary.

Lamar snickers. Sarah glares at him.

She turns toward Tom.
SARAH
How do we catch it?

No response. Tom takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

SARAH
Are you gonna tell me what the camera’s for?

Tom opens his eyes and takes another breath.

TOM
I’m filming this. 35mm. And I’m using this sound recorder.

Tom pulls out a Zoom H2N sound recorder.

SARAH
Suit yourself.

TOM
I’ve got two spare cameras, two spare H2Ns. I’ve only got one Steadicam rig.

SARAH
If you’re going to film all this, why not just use a camcorder?

Tom shivers for a brief second. He lightly touches the right side of his chest. He winces.

TOM
You’d never understand...

Tom looks around.

TOM
Where the hell’s Jerry?

JERRY (O.S.)
Speak of the devil!

JERRY BEARD sits down at the table. He’s roughly Tom’s age. He is a bit pushy, but Sarah is more so.

JERRY
Sorry I’m late, Tomboy. What’s with the camera?
LATER

Tom, Sarah, Lamar, and Jerry enjoy their pizza.

JERRY
That’s the most preposterous thing I’ve ever heard in my life!

TOM
I have my reasons, Jerry.

JERRY
This is my brother, Tom. My brother. If you wanna play Kubrick, do it on your own time.

Jerry takes a bite of his pizza.

JERRY
I’m giving you guys a week to pull this off, or you can kiss that twenty-five grand goodbye.

Jerry points one of his cinnamon sticks at Tom.

JERRY
I’m warning you guys, if you fuck this up, there will be hell to pay.

Jerry takes a bite of it.

INT. JIM BEARD’S HOUSE

Tom and Sarah question ERIN BEARD (early thirties), Jim Beard’s widow.

Lamar looks around.

SARAH
Did you ever notice anything... unusual in the neighborhood at the time of Jim’s death?

Erin shakes her head.

ERIN
Can’t say I have.

SARAH
What were you and Jim doing that night?
ERIN
We invited friends over for pizza
and a movie.

A subtle shadow appears on the wall by the stairs.

Tom perks up.

TOM
What kind of movie?

SARAH
I don’t think that’s relevant, Tom.

TOM
Erin...?

ERIN
Horror.

TOM
Could your mind have played tricks
on you?

ERIN
Jerry and I know what killed my
husband.

Tom leans into Erin’s face.

TOM
Then what did it look like?

Erin backs away. She starts to tremble.

ERIN
I heard Jim screaming outside, but
I didn’t see anything.

TOM
You "didn’t see anything?"

Tom puts his hand over the right side of his chest. He
mouths the words, "It’s him," repeatedly.

SARAH
Tom? Tom, what’s wrong?

LAMAR
You okay, man?

Tom moves back and stands up straighter.

The shadow disappears up the stairs.
Tom sweats, hyperventilates.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom, Sarah, Lamar, JILL, and TRENT sit together in silence.

Jill is in her early forties. Judging by her T-shirt, she and Tom are divorced: a wedding cake cut in half, both halves one foot apart.

She’s very cold and distant toward Tom. She’s insufferable.

TRENT is in his late teens. A bit of a slacker. Glasses.

JILL
So... How was your day?

TOM
It was, it was good.

Silence.

JILL
Okay.

Tom and Sarah fidget. Trent coughs.

A shadow appears on the wall by the stairs. Purring. The shadow lingers, and then ascends up the stairs.

Lamar takes a chill.

LAMAR
Damn, is anyone else cold in here?

Tom and Trent cringe. They worriedly mouth "no."

Jill barks at Lamar:

JILL
Would you rather roast to death?

Lamar gets up off the couch.

LAMAR
You know what, I can’t...

Lamar swings the front door open and slams it behind him. The shadow descends the stairs.

Tom gets up off the couch. He jitters.
TOM
You know what, why don’t the three of us just take a little recess?

Trent jumps up.

TRENT
I’m coming with you!

TOM
Over my dead body, you are!

TRENT
Please!

TOM
No.

Tom heads out the door. Trent follows suit.

SARAH
What the hell are you doing?

Jill lashes at Sarah.

JILL
You’re not his mother, Sarah!

Sarah slaps Jill.

SARAH
Neither are you.

Trent heads toward the door. Sarah turns toward him.

SARAH
You know, on second thought, you can come with us. For now.

Trent takes a deep breath.

TRENT
Halle-fucking-lujah!

Trent opens the door and closes it behind him.

JILL
Come back here!

Sarah picks up the camera.
EXT. 7-ELEVEN

Tom beholds the building.

    TRENT
    Dad! It’s just a camera.

    TOM
    This, this is quality. You can’t get this from shooting digital.

Tom clears his throat and shakes his head. He turns toward Sarah, Lamar, and Trent.

Sarah and Lamar enter the store. Trent follows.

    TOM
    Trent, I’d like a word with you.

Trent stops and shrugs his shoulders.

He gulps.

    TOM
    Trent, I don’t feel comfortable with you joining us. This isn’t some video game; this is dangerous. Someone could get killed.

    TRENT
    But, Dad--

    TOM
    I’m sorry, son.

    TRENT
    I’d rather be ripped apart than go back to that bitch!

    TOM
    You don’t have to. You have friends.

Trent slumps.

    TRENT
    Fine.
INT/EXT. 7-ELEVEN

Tom walks out of the store with a bag of candy bars and bottled soft drinks. Other customers are present.

Tom, Sarah, Lamar and Trent exit.

Tom stops; he looks at Lamar, Sarah, and then Trent.

TOM
Where the hell is the van?

Lamar shrugs his shoulders.

LAMAR
Probably got towed.

TOM
Now, what do we--

Loud, unusual, banging, rumbling, tumbling, clanging sounds come from the ice box, accompanied by creature sounds.

Tom, Sarah, Lamar, and Trent jump. Tom turns around to find the source of the commotion. Nothing is there.

The bell on the door dings.

Tom sighs.

Silence.

A scream inside the 7-Eleven.

A MAN (RUNNING MAN) runs out of the store holding his cell phone; Tom tries to catch up.

TOM
Sir? Sir! What’s going on?

RUNNING MAN
Help us!

TOM
Sir, I don’t understand.

RUNNING MAN
Do something!

The running man takes off.
TOM
Sir! Dammit.

LAMAR
The hell was that all about?

Five other customers rush out of the store, screaming. Tom, Sarah, Lamar and Trent are startled.

TOM
What the hell?

They try to catch up with the customers.

They approach a WOMAN with a bloody bite on her neck (WOMAN WITH NECK BITE).

TOM
What’s going on?

WOMAN WITH NECK BITE
Something’s in there!

TOM
Where’d you get that bite?

WOMAN WITH NECK BITE
Do something!

Sarah approaches a LIMPING MAN with a bloody bite on his ankle.

SARAH
Sir!

LIMPING MAN
Help!

SARAH
We’re here to help you. What did it look--

The limping man screams and walks away.

All of the customers are gone.

A man screams inside the store. Sarah trembles and quivers.

LAMAR
Must be the cashier?

Something shatters inside.

Tom, Lamar, Sarah, and Trent race into the store.
BACKROOM

Tom, Lamar, and Sarah sit in front of the manager, STEVE, who is in his early thirties.

TOM
What can you tell us about what just happened?

STEVE
Can’t tell you anything, really.

Steve laughs nervously.

TOM
Did you see how many people ran outta here? Where did they get those horrible, bloody bites from?

Steve shrugs his shoulders.

STEVE
It, it... It was the strangest thing!

TOM
What "thing?"

STEVE
This, this... "Je ne sais quoi." Bit me, too.

Steve props his left leg on the table and reveals a poorly-bandaged shark-like bite.

Lamar looks in awe.

LAMAR
Damn!

SARAH
Do you need any medical attention?

Steve holds up his hand and shakes his head.

STEVE
I’ve suffered worse.

SARAH
Really?
TOM
Can you describe this thing at all, even a little bit?

STEVE
I don’t know how to describe it to you. Jesus.

TOM
Do you think it could have been...

Steve stares at Tom.

STEVE
What?

Tom sighs.

TOM
How do I explain this...?

SARAH
Was it a chupacabra?

STEVE
A what?

Tom pulls out some notes on the chupacabra.

Steve examines the notes.

STEVE
Mm-hm. I don’t know about that one.

SARAH
Did surveillance capture the incident?

Steve nods; his eyes are wide in terror.

STEVE
Yes, yes it did.

Steve stands up.

He fast-forwards the tape and plays.

The sound of the store doors opening.

TOM
Wait, wait, go back!

Steve rewinds to the same spot.
Tom observes with wide eyes and astonishment.

TOM
   How can it be?

A WOMAN speaks. Presumably in her twenties or thirties.

WOMAN (V.O.)
   (on TV)
   How about that humidity?

She laughs. The CASHIER laughs, as well. He sounds young, perhaps in his teens or twenties.

CASHIER (V.O.)
   (on TV)
   Yeah, tell me about it. Hold on for just a minute, please.

Silence.

The woman screams in terror.

WOMAN (V.O.)
   Help! Somebody! Help!

The other customers react in horror.

The woman is pulled down to the ground.

The sound of the doors opening and closing.

The woman continues screaming and crying for help.

Creature sounds cover up her pleas; growls; snarls; gnawing.

The woman lets out one last scream.

The sound of other customers fleeing.

Silence.

Lamar snickers.

LAMAR
   SyFy Channel rubbish.

Tom clutches the right side of his chest. Lamar turns toward him.

LAMAR
   Your heart’s on the other side, man.
CASHIER (V.O.)
Where did everybody go?

The creature makes vocal noises. The creature bites the man’s ankle. More snarls; gnawing; growling.

TOM
Oh my God!

The cashier screams and cries for help. The sound of the cashier being dragged down to the floor.

The creature keeps gnawing and snarling.

Lamar scoffs, chuckles.

Unsettling silence.

Creature vocal noises.

The lens breaks, followed by static. The tape ends.

Lamar is the only one smiling and laughing.

LAMAR
Come on now! That shit ain’t real.

TOM
What makes you say that, Lamar?

Lamar shrugs his shoulders and lowers his head.

LAMAR
It’s too Hollywood for me.

He scoffs and shakes his head.

LAMAR
It’s not unusual.

Tom glares at him.

LAMAR
What?

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom, Sarah, and Lamar brief Jerry.

TOM
You should’ve been that tape, Jerry.
SARAH
Never mind the tape...

Jill goes upstairs.

TOM
Goodnight, Jill.

No reply.

JERRY
Quite a lady you picked out, Tomboy.

Tom lowers his head. Lamar cringes.

JERRY
Whatever you do, don’t let the press see this tape. Not yet.

TOM
Why not?

JERRY
Because... I wanna make sure it’s actually him. Tell your men--

Sarah clears her throat. Jerry turns to face her.

JERRY
...And women, to keep their mouths shut and start hunting.

BLACK SCREEN
SUPER: "DAY TWO"

Tom’s cell phone rings.

TOM (V.O.)
Shit!

He sighs. The phone rings again.

TOM (V.O.)
Hello?

JERRY (V.O.)
Hey, Tomboy. Listen, some elderly couple claims they saw it.
TOM (V.O.)
What’s the address?

INT. WINTERBOTTOM HOUSE - DAY

Tom, Sarah, Lamar, and Trent sit in the living room with ABNER WINTERBOTTOM (eighties).

Tom wears a Nosferatu T-shirt.

Abner smiles and perks.

ABNER
Oh yes, the chupacabra. That’s an old, old story.

TOM
Now, you said the chupacabra was an old story?

ABNER
Older than dirt.

TOM
"Older than dirt." Funny: The earliest report of a chupacabra dates back to nineteen ninety-fi--

ETHEL WINTERBOTTOM (eighties) walks out of the kitchen with a plate full of cookies. Tom, Lamar, Sarah, Trent, and Abner take handfuls.

LAMAR
Thanks, Mrs. Winterbottom.

SARAH
Thank you.

Tom and Trent nod.

Lamar turns toward Sarah.

LAMAR
Too bad that Steve guy didn’t offer us cookies.

Sarah glares at Lamar.

SARAH
Behave!
What can you tell us about the chupacabra?

Abner looks up to the ceiling as he answers.

Pa used to say that if I didn’t brush my teeth, say my prayers before bed, eat my vegetables, all that moral shit... that the chupacabra was gonna get us.

Abner takes a bite of one of his cookies.

Told me if I ever saw one, to keep it quarantined and try to kill it. If you even so much as open the door or a window, even one inch... the chupacabra might get out.

Tom’s eyes widen.

And you’d never know... until it’s too late.

Sarah’s eyes widen. Lamar snickers.

Now, are you sure it was the chupacabra, and not, say, the Boogeyman?

No, it was the chupacabra.

Tom clears his throat.

What can you tell me about your Nine-One-One call?

I was making the cookies, and all of a sudden, Baxter -- our dog -- started yapping and barking.

I saw this creature that looked exactly like the chupacabra my pa told me about, except he had smooth black skin.
Tom perks up.

    TOM
    Like rubber?

    ABNER
    He looked to be about six feet;
    black as night.

Tom starts to shake.

    TOM
    That’s him.

    ABNER
    He turned his head and looked
    straight at me with those hideous
    eyes. The kind of eyes that burn a
    hole in your heart!

    TOM
    Glowing red eyes?

    ABNER
    As I ran to the door to quarantine
    him, he took off! Like a cheetah!
    Fastest damn thing I’ve ever seen!

Tom, Lamar, and Sarah flinch. Trent lightly shakes.

    TOM
    That’s him!

Tom stares at Abner with wide, wild eyes. He doesn’t blink. He shakes and breathes raggedly.

    TOM
    Where’s Baxter now?

Ethel waves her hand dismissively.

    ETHEL
    Oh, don’t worry about him. He’s at
    the neighbor’s.

He looks up toward her with the same expression.

    TOM
    If I were you, ma’am, I’d drop him
    off in another town.

Tom nods.

His facial expression doesn’t change. He begins to sweat.
EXT/INT. JONES HOUSE

Tom grabs the doorknob.

    TOM
    It not like her to leave the door unlocked.

Tom opens the front door and enters.
Sarah, Lamar, and Trent follow.

    TOM
    Jill, I’m home!

Some pictures on the wall are crooked; others are inverted.

    TOM
    Jill?

Everything else appears normal.

    TOM
    Hmm...

He shrugs his shoulders. He starts to tremble.

    TOM
    If she’s not back in forty-eight hours, we call it in.

INT. JONES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, Lamar, Sarah, and Trent sit around the room.
Tense silence.
Tom trembles and sweats.

    TOM
    Before I met you guys...

Tom clears his throat.

    TOM
    I, um...

Everybody stares at Tom.
He struggles to finish his sentence. He sighs.
TOM
I used to be a filmmaker, a documentary filmmaker.

SARAH
Really?

TOM
Really. I made a few that were regional hits, so I had a bit of a reputation.

SARAH
Anything I’ve heard of?

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

TOM
I decide to do some thrill-seeking like this and do this one documentary.

He clears his throat.

TOM
I had heard these stories about this creature, this chupacabra.

Sarah nods her head. She starts to shiver.

Tom smiles.

TOM
I’m fascinated by this legend. I had always been fascinated by Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster. But this is something new, something fresh, something foreign. I don’t know what it is.

Lamar coughs.

TOM
I couldn’t get my hands on any Panavision cameras, or any film cameras for that matter.

SARAH
What did you do?

TOM
So I reluctantly decide to go the digital route. I bought a JVC Everio GZ-MS120.
Lamar shakes his head in disgust.

LAMAR
Oh, God!

TOM
Exactly! Three hundred dollars; standard definition; Sixteen-nine; total piece of shit.

LAMAR
I hate that fucking camera.

TOM
Tell me about it! The picture quality sucked; the white balance sucked; saturation...

Tom waves his hand dismissively.

TOM
Everything about it sucked. Damn thing didn’t even have a cinematic shutter speed like one-forty-eighth or anything close!

SARAH
What does that mean in English?

TOM
Worst... camera... ever. I spend about six months recording, in search of this monster... including right here in Oklahoma.

SARAH
Did you catch it on camera?

She nods her head and yawns.

Her shivering turns into trembling.

TOM
I battle rain, snow, sleet, hail, heat, humidity, subfreezing temperatures... All to capture this creature on camera.

Tom stares at Sarah with intense eyes.

TOM
I’m running out of time and money, and then one night... July 10, (MORE)
TOM (cont’d)
2010... there he is. Right behind Wal-Mart on the West Side.

Sarah gulps.

TOM
I grab my camera and turn it on...

Sarah leans in.

TOM
...But the LCD screen -- the viewfinder -- turns white.

SARAH
No.

TOM
Then fades to black. My camera’s dead!

SARAH
Bummer.

TOM
I have no way to prove to anybody that this happened, that I saw this creature. Except for this.

Tom takes off his shirt.

He points the flashlight towards him, to reveal a scar on the right side of his chest, covering his nipple. His chest and stomach are covered in sweat.

SARAH
Oh my God...

Lamar scoffs.

LAMAR
Looks more like a dog bite.

TOM
That’s what everybody tells me. They write me off as a phony seeking attention. I’m ruined! I never quite recover from it.

Tom puts his shirt back on.
TOM
My fellow filmmakers laugh in my face. I feel like Geraldo opening Al Capone’s vault. But now, all of that is gonna change.

Sarah and Lamar sit in silence.

Sarah is in awe, but Lamar seems uninterested.

TOM
I will be forever known... as "the Man who Captured the Chupacabra."

SARAH
And so now, you’re using a more permanent image-capture medium? A more reliable one? Higher resolution?

TOM
I use 35mm for a reason.

Silence.

TOM
You wanna shoot digital, be my guest. But will the camera still work in three years?

Silence.

TOM
Will your digital videos be viewable in three years?

Silence.

TOM
Fifty?

Silence.

TOM
One hundred?

Silence.
TOM’S BEDROOM

Tom sleeps in his bed.
The lights are off, except for the flashlight.
Someone or something makes strange purring noises.
The Steadicam rig sits on the dresser.
The unseen creeps toward Tom’s side of the bed.
The unseen lingers.
The unseen removes the blanket and sheets.
The unseen backs away and waits.
Tom is covered in sweat. He doesn’t wake. More strange reptilian noises from the unseen.
The unseen inches closer.
Tom wakes up; his eyes widen and he cries in terror.

GUEST ROOM / HALL

Trent, Lamar and Sarah rush to Tom’s bedroom.
Tom is dragged into the shadows farther down the hall.
He continues crying for help.

SARAH
Tom!

TRENT
Dad!

LAMAR
What the...?

Tom disappears into the deep black.
Growling, snarling, gnawing, and cries of terror.
The creature stares at Trent with its glowing red eyes; the rest of its body is hidden in the shadows.
Everybody waits for the creature to make its next move.
Tom’s camera skateboards out of the shadows onto the floor; attached is Tom’s right arm with minimal blood.
Sarah screams and cries in horror. She quivers. She runs to pick up the camera. She turns toward Lamar:

SARAH
Call Nine-One-One! Home phone! Now!

Lamar shines a large flashlight at the creature, but it disappears before it can be exposed.

LAMAR
How in the...?

He waits for the creature to show up again. Sarah growls at him. Lamar turns to Sarah. She scolds him.

SARAH
Now!

TOM’S BEDROOM
Lamar talks to 911 on speakerphone. Trent sits on the bed.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Nine-One-One is for real emergencies, sir.

LAMAR
Look, this is an emergency!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Goodbye, sir.

Lamar grumbles.

LAMAR
You know what?! Go to hell!

Lamar slams the phone onto the charger.
HALL
Sarah trembles and cries.
Sweat graces her forehead and palms.

SARAH
He’s, he’s... Oh my God, oh my God!

She sobs.

LAMAR
Sarah?!

Lamar and Trent rush out of the bedroom.

LAMAR
Is that thing on?

Sarah nods and continues to cry.

LAMAR
Brothers think I’m joking.

Sarah’s eyes widen in fury.

SARAH
I’ll handle this.

Sarah marches into

TOM’S BEDROOM
She grabs the phone. Her hands shake uncontrollably.
She pounds on the dial.
She huffs and puffs.
She fidgets.

SARAH
(into phone)
You listen, and you listen very well, bitch! This is not a joke.

She huffs.

SARAH
No, I’m not gonna calm down! Get someone over here, stat! The address is -- Hello? Hello?!
She grumbles. She slams the phone back onto the charger.

She grabs the camera.

SARAH
Looks like we’re gonna have to do this shit ourselves.

Sarah sighs. She looks out the door and shouts.

SARAH
Lamar! Trent!

LAMAR
Coming!

She looks both ways.

Lamar and Trent run toward the doorway.

LAMAR
What do you need?

SARAH
A buddy system. I need all three of us to stick together. Don’t let me lose you.

Lamar and Trent nod their heads.

SARAH
We can’t leave the house. Nobody in or out of this house. Keep all the doors and windows shut and locked. We cannot let that thing out, you got that?

Lamar nods his head.

SARAH
You eat, we eat. You use the bathroom, we wait in front of the door.

Lamar nods and rubs his stomach.

LAMAR
Anyone else hungry? I’m getting munchies like crazy, man!

SARAH
What are you gonna eat at three-thirty?
KITCHEN

Lamar eats a bowl of Lucky Charms. His breathing is ragged. Sarah wipes the sweat off her forehead. She’s still shaking. Her palms are still sweaty.

LAMAR
Aren’t you gonna call Jerry and --

SARAH
It’s not a priority right now. Our only priority is to stay alive.

LAMAR
Why the hell are we still filming?

SARAH
We’re doing this for Tom. He would have wanted us to finish this.

LAMAR
Don’t you think we’re ill-equipped? How are we supposed to kill it?

Trent sneezes. Sarah jumps and yelps. Simultaneously, Lamar jumps and places his hand over his heart.

LAMAR
Jesus, don’t scare me like that, kid!

TRENT
Sorry.

Sarah catches her breath.

SARAH
We need to think of a game plan.

Sarah looks over to the knife holder.

SARAH
We will each wield a knife and keep it with us at all times.

LAMAR
Knives? What do I look like, Michael Myers or some shit?

SARAH
It’s the best we have.
LAMAR
You really think we’re gonna get by with knives?

No reply.

Lamar pounds his fist on the table.

LAMAR
Are you insane? No way, Sarah.

SARAH
Dammit, Lamar! If you’re so chicken, I’ll grab mine first.

She moves toward the knife holder and grabs one.

SARAH
See? I still have a pulse.

Lamar grumbles.

LAMAR
If you insist...

Lamar finishes his milk and puts the bowl in the sink.

He then grabs a knife.

He mockingly checks his own pulse.

LAMAR
I think I’m still alive.

Trent stays at the table.

SARAH
Trent...

Trent squirms.

TRENT
Um, I have to... use the--

SARAH
Hold it!

Trent gets up.

TRENT
Whatever.

He goes over to the knife holder and grabs one.
He runs out of the room.
Sarah and Lamar try to catch up with him.

    SARAH
    Wait, Trent!
    LAMAR
    Trent!
    SARAH
    (mutters under breath)
    "Buddy system!"

Sarah resumes running.

    SARAH
    Come with me!

Lamar follows.

LIVING ROOM
Sarah darts her eyes around the room.

    SARAH
    You don’t see anything, do you?
    LAMAR
    Nope.

Sarah and Lamar head

UPSTAIRS
Sarah keeps looking around for the chupacabra. They ascend
the stairs into the

HALLWAY
Sarah darts toward a dark corner, and takes a deep breath.

    LAMAR
    Damn good hider.

Sarah keeps looking.

    SARAH
    Trent, are you okay? Trent?

A knock on the bathroom door.
Sarah jumps. She and Lamar race toward the bathroom door.

Another knock.

    SARAH
    Trent, is that you?

    TRENT (O.S.)
    Yeah!

Trent flushes the toilet.

    SARAH
    Remember that "buddy system" I was talking about?

    TRENT
    But we’ve got knives now.

    SARAH
    What if knives alone don’t cut it?

Trent opens the door and smirks.

    TRENT
    Clever choice of words.

Sarah grumbles.

    SARAH
    You haven’t seen it, have you?

    TRENT
    Not since.

Sarah trembles and sheds tears.

She grabs Trent with shaky, sweaty hands.

    SARAH
    From now on, please stick to the buddy system.

KITCHEN

Sarah yawns and stretches. Trent marches in place with folded arms. He huffs and yawns. He struggles to stay awake.

Lamar sighs.
LAMAR
What time is it?

SARAH
Three-fifty.

LAMAR
We should just call it a night.

SARAH
No!

Lamar shakes his head and yawns. He begins to storm out.

LAMAR
You know what, I’m done. I don’t need this shit.

Sarah follows him.

SARAH
Lamar, wait!

LAMAR
Good night!

SARAH
Dammit, Lamar!

She stops and he leaves the room.

She catches her breath and yawns.

Trent follows Lamar and turns toward Sarah.

Trent imitates Lamar.

TRENT
"Goodnight!"

Sarah grumbles. She sighs.

SARAH
Fine. Let’s call it a night. We can make a game plan first thing in the morning.

LAMAR
Why didn’t we do that before?
BATHROOM / HALLWAY

Trent dries his hands. He looks at himself in the mirror.

TRENT
I’m sorry, Mom... I’m sorry, Dad.

He sheds a tear.

TRENT
We’re gonna get him, I promise.

Three knocks on the door. Trent jumps.

TRENT
Jesus.

Trent slowly grabs his knife. Three more knocks.

Silence.

Trent opens his mouth and pauses.

TRENT
Who’s there?

The door slowly opens.

TRENT
Oh, shit.

It’s Lamar.

LAMAR
Hey, you finished?

Trent yawns.

TRENT
It’s all yours.

Trent walks out. He turns around and points his knife at Lamar. Trent walks backwards.

LAMAR
What?

Lamar’s eyes widen.

LAMAR
Don’t tell me--

Lamar turns around and sees the chupacabra’s eyes; the rest of its body cannot be seen. It growls and snarls.
Lamar trembles.
Trent swings his knife violently.
Lamar runs to his side and follows suit.

```
LAMAR
I’ve had just about enough of you,
Chupe.
```

The creature cocks its head. Lamar breathes raggedly.

```
LAMAR
Yeah, you heard me.
```

The creature turns around and quickly disappears into the shadows. Lamar searches for it with his flashlight.

It’s gone.
Trent huffs.

```
TRENT
Is Sarah in bed?
```

Lamar starts to sweat. He’s still shaky. He exhales deeply.

```
LAMAR
Yup.
```

Trent stares at Lamar.
They run toward the guest room door.
Sarah sleeps raggedly. She tosses and turns.
She shakes uncontrollably.
Lamar and Trent catch their breath.
They whisper to each other.

```
LAMAR
Do you see it?
```

```
TRENT
No.
```

```
LAMAR
Good.
```
INT. JONES HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
Sarah, Lamar, and Trent sit at the table.
Lamar and Trent eat Lucky Charms.
Lamar wears a Rugrats T-shirt.
Sarah jitters. As if she’s seen a ghost or she’s had too much caffeine.
Lamar yawns.

LAMAR
So, how’s Jake doing?

Sarah nods.

SARAH
He loves those kids.

LAMAR
Is he still teaching second grade next year, or did he accept that big offer?

SARAH
He’s considering it.

LAMAR
What subjects does he teach?

Sarah shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH
Oh, just about everything. Math, science...

She yawns.

SARAH
History, English...

She nods.

SARAH
How’s Alice?

Lamar smiles.
LAMAR
It’s been tough, but she’s getting through it.

SARAH
When’s she due?

LAMAR
Maybe a week. Maybe tomorrow.

Lamar sighs.

SARAH
What are you gonna name her?

He shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

LAMAR
I wanted to name her Delilah to piss Tom off, but... Yeah. I’ll think of something.

He sighs again and buries his face in his hands.

SARAH
Missing Tom?

LAMAR
It’s not that.

SARAH
Then what?

He folds his hands on the table. He sighs.

LAMAR
I’m just not ready.

SARAH
"Ready...?"

LAMAR
This is my first real... venture into fatherhood.

SARAH
But what about--

LAMAR
I was a young, naive fuck who thought with his "other head." I had him when I was eighteen.

He sighs.
LAMAR
Anyways, I’m not ready to...

SARAH
...Let go of your youth?

LAMAR
Exactly.

SARAH
Well, Peter Pan has to grow up sometime.

Sarah observes Lamar’s T-shirt.

SARAH
You can’t be a "rugrat" forever.

Trent coughs.

LAMAR
So, what’s our agenda today?

Sarah becomes shakier. She tries to compose herself.

SARAH
We have to keep this thing quarantined.

Lamar and Trent nod.

SARAH
We’re not sleeping here tonight. We need to find a motel close by so that we can keep tabs. We can race back here if anything happens.

Trent nods.

TRENT
Right.

SARAH
But we have to do so with stealth. We have to find a way to get out and back in without it getting out. But it’s a catch-twenty-two.

LAMAR
Like the novel?
SARAH
Exactly. We’re putting ourselves in danger by staying here. But suppose we head to a motel and the creature gets out? Not only would we still put ourselves in danger, but everyone in Norman could become its next victim.

LAMAR
How is this gonna work?

SARAH
We haven’t seen it since last night. Let’s assume that it only comes out at night. We’ll come back here tonight and see if it’s awake.

Trent and Lamar nod.

TRENT
Why can’t we just kill it while it’s asleep?

SARAH
It could be anywhere. We don’t even know if it’s still in the house.

Trent scoffs.

SARAH
Great plan, Sarah. Let’s wait till this dangerous chupacabra wakes up, and see which one of us is still alive when it’s all over.

Sarah glares at Trent for a long beat.
She then looks down at the table.
Lamar takes a bite of his cereal.

LAMAR
Aren’t you hungry?

Sarah squints and stares off.

SARAH
I’m hungry for something else...

Lamar grabs his spoon.
LAMAR
You’ll need something to hold you over.

Sarah sighs.

SARAH
If you insist...

Sarah gets out of her seat. Lamar turns to her.

LAMAR
We’ve still got some of this.

Sarah sighs and makes herself some cereal.

She sits back down and eats.

LAMAR
You’re serious about this, aren’t you?

No response. He takes a bite of his cereal.

LAMAR
So am I.

SARAH
Then prove it!

Silence.

Lamar shakes his head.

LAMAR
Tom didn’t deserve this.

SARAH
I know he didn’t.

LAMAR
What the fuck are we gonna do?

A loud thud sound from upstairs. Sarah yelps.

LAMAR
What was that?

SARAH
Let’s investigate.
LAMAR
We’re not finished yet.

SARAH
Eat later! Move it!
Sarah and Lamar grab their knives.
They head into the

LIVING ROOM
Sarah looks in every corner.

SARAH
Trent! Get over here!

TRENT (O.S.)
Coming!
Trent catches up. The three ascend the

STAIRS
Sarah, Lamar, and Trent look both ways.
Sarah sighs.

HALLWAY
Sarah, Lamar, and Trent turn the corner.
They slowly approach Trent’s bedroom.
The door is closed.
Sarah turns toward Trent and lingers.

TRENT
Uhhh... No. No I didn’t.
Sarah goes to open the door.
Trent coughs.

TRENT
Whoa. Sorry ’bout that.
SARAH
Are you okay?

Trent shrugs his shoulders.

TRENT
Think I’m coming down with something.

The toilet flushes. Lamar and Trent jump. Sarah gasps.

LAMAR
What the...?

Sarah grabs her knife. She trembles.

Trent coughs again.

Sarah faces Lamar and Trent.

SARAH
I’ll be right back, guys; I just have to "use the ladies’ room."

She creeps toward the bathroom.

SARAH
Jill? Jill, was that you?

No answer.

SARAH
J-- Tom, is this one of your cheap tricks?!

No answer.

She reaches the bathroom and searches for the creature.

It’s nowhere.

SARAH
Tom? Jill?

No answer.

Sarah walks back toward Lamar and Trent. She notices that Trent’s bedroom door is ajar.

SARAH
Did you guys...?

Trent and Lamar shake their heads.
TRENT
We never touched it.

The door creeps open. Sarah quivers.

SARAH
I can’t watch.

Nothing is there.
Sarah sighs.

Tom’s bedroom door slams shut. Sarah jumps and yelps.

SARAH
Follow me.

Sarah inches toward Tom’s bedroom door.
Closer.

Closer.

Her trembling hand grabs the doorknob.
She slowly turns it.
She slowly opens the door, lets go.
She quivers.

The door creeps open to reveal...

Tom and Jill’s bodies lay lifeless, spread across the bed. Tom’s right arm appears re-attached, except twisted. The separation between upper arm and forearm is bloody.

Tom and Jill’s mouths are open. Tom and Jill have terrified looks frozen on their faces.

Sarah trembles. She goes ballistic. She sweats.

LIVING ROOM

Sarah talks on the phone. A large shadow, resembling either Tom or the chupacabra, appears and casts over her.

Lamar and Trent stand close by.

Sarah’s eyes are wide with fear and panic.
SARAH
Hello? OU Motel?

LATER
Sarah talks to another motel on the phone.
The shadow remains.

SARAH
Motel 6?

LATER
Sarah calls another motel.
The shadow continues to cast over her. She trembles.

SARAH
Do you have any vacancies? None at all?

LATER
Sarah calls yet another motel. The shadow is still there.

SARAH
No vacancy?

LATER
Sarah huffs. She’s covered in sweat. She talks to another motel. The shadow remains.

SARAH
Are you sure about that?

LATER
Sarah dials yet another motel. The shadow lingers.

SARAH
Hello?
LATER
Sarah talks to another one. The shadow persists.

SARAH
Hello?

LATER
Sarah talks to one last motel. The shadow stands there threateningly; it hasn’t moved since it appeared.

SARAH
Thanks anyway.
Sarah hangs up the phone in frustration.
The shadow finally disappears. Sarah turns toward Lamar and Trent, trembling and covered in sweat.

SARAH
I’m afraid we’re stuck here.

LAMAR
So, uh, what do we do now?
Sarah sighs.

SARAH
Dammit.
She slams her fist in the air. She takes a deep breath.

SARAH
We stick with our original plans.
And we stick to the "buddy system" like glue! Is that clear?

Lamar and Trent nod.

LIVING ROOM
Sarah, Lamar, and Trent sit on the couch. Sarah is asleep. Lamar wiggles a "rubber pencil."

LAMAR
How much longer can we keep doing this, man?
Lamar yawns and coughs.
LAMAR
Know what? I’m gonna wake it up.

Trent jumps off the couch.

TRENT
Are you fucking crazy?

Lamar pulls himself off the couch.

LAMAR
Let’s get this over with.

Lamar limps toward the stairs. He breathes heavily. He’s covered in sweat. Lamar grabs the back of his neck. He cries in pain. He pants.

Trent darts his eyes around the room.

TRENT
What?

Lamar cries in pain again. He clenches his heart.

LAMAR
Oh my gaaaaaaaahhhh!

Lamar collapses to the floor.

He gets back up.

TRENT
Are you okay?

Lamar collapses again. He continues crying out.

Trent runs to Lamar’s side.

A shadow inches down the stairs. Creature sounds.

Lamar thrusts his stomach repeatedly.

TRENT
Sarah! Sarah wake up!

Sarah blinks herself awake.

SARAH
Huh?

She yawns.

Lamar thrusts his stomach once more. He cries in pain.
TRENT
Help!

Sarah yelps and jumps off the couch.

SARAH
Oh my God, what happened?

She rushes to Lamar’s side.

TRENT
I don’t know.

Lamar thrusts his stomach.

SARAH
What’s he doing?

Lamar bites Sarah on the arm. She cries in pain.

Sarah slaps Lamar.

Lamar thrusts again.

The shadow disappears up the stairs.

Lamar passes out.

Sarah and Trent fan him and shake him awake.

Lamar wakes up. He acts normal. He breathes heavily.

SARAH
Are you okay?

LAMAR
Yeah, what happened?

SARAH
I don’t know, but I’m gonna find out.

COMPUTER ROOM

Sarah types "chupacabra heart attack" into the search bar. Lamar and Trent stand behind her.

No relevant results.

Sarah grumbles. She types "chupacabra illness" into the bar. Most of the results pertain to mange. Nothing relevant.

Sarah takes a deep breath.
SARAH
Think.

"Chupacabra stroke." Nothing.

"Chupacabra paralysis." Results are somewhat relevant.

SARAH
"Sleep paralysis," "Texas man captures..." no.

TRENT
Lamar acted like he was in some kind of trance or something.

Sarah thinks.

She types "chupacabra hypnosis" into the bar, and goes to the first result.

Sarah scrolls down to the "Powers" section of the Wiki. She reads the prose aloud.

SARAH
"Hypnosis: Some reports claim the chupacabra’s red eyes have the ability to hypnotize and paralyze their prey."

She reads further.

SARAH
"Vemonous Bite: The effect is similar to the bite of the vampire bat, or of certain snakes or spiders that stun their prey with venom."

LAMAR
What’s that say at the bottom?

SARAH
Just some nonsense about, "If a human came in contact with its claws, the victim would also be transformed into a chupacabra."

LAMAR
Say what? Are we talking chupacabras or werewolves?
SARAH
I said it was nonsense. Plus, it’s a Wiki of an urban legend. I’d take it with a grain of salt.

LAMAR
I’m not taking the chance. We gotta kill this fucker now!

SARAH
Read this last bit.

She stands up. Lamar sits in the chair.

The page reads: "Enhanced Strength: A chupacabra’s strength is greater than a human’s. They can rip flesh and bones with amazing force."

Lamar goes back to Google. He types in "what are my chances."

The only search suggestion is "does not compute."

LIVING ROOM

Lamar talks on the phone with his wife.

LAMAR
Hey, baby. How’re you doing?

He nods.

LAMAR
Good, good.

He sighs.

LAMAR
I wish I could be there, too. Miss you, baby.

Lamar makes kissing noises. He sighs.

Sarah folds her arms and taps her foot.

SARAH
Lamar, I’d suggest you wrap it up and stay on guard.

LAMAR
But I’m talkin’ to--
SARAH
At this point, I don’t care if you’re talking to the Pope of Rome, the President of the United States, or even Man of the Year.

Lamar doesn’t budge.

TRENT
Let him talk to her, bitch!

SARAH
This doesn’t concern you, Trent. Zip it.

Sarah grumbles and inches toward Lamar.

SARAH
Lamar... Now.

LAMAR

Lamar hangs up and grumbles.

LAMAR
What’s with you?

SARAH
"What’s with me?!" Let’s see... Tom’s dead. The chupacabra’s in the house. ...

LAMAR
As far as we know, it’s still sleeping.

SARAH
How do you know? Are you looking at it right now?

Lamar glares at her. He clenches his fist. He raises it.

SARAH
Don’t you dare.

Lamar lingers.

He drops his fist and relaxes his hand.

LAMAR
As a matter of fact, I am.

Trent takes a whistling deep breath. He coughs.
INT. JONES HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Lamar is sleeping. Sarah sits on the bed and taps her cheek with her fingers. She exhales.

She looks around the room, shivering.

She picks up her cell phone and dials a number.

SARAH
Hey, honey. I didn’t wake you, did I?

Sarah yawns.

SARAH
"How am I doing?" How am I doing? I can’t do it anymore. If I spend one more night in this house, I’ll lose my fucking mind.

Sarah runs her fingers through her hair.

SARAH
You don’t wanna know. Trust me. Tell them Mommy’s coming home, and that I miss them.

TRENT’S BEDROOM

The unseen creature snarls and growls.

The creature takes a look at sleeping Trent.

Trent rolls over onto his left side. The creature backs away. Trent opens his eyes and coughs. The creature ducks.

The creature stands up as Trent goes back to sleep. The creature turns to its left and inches toward the door.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer.

Clo--

A knock on the door.
SARAH (O.S.)
Trent? You okay in there?
The creature ducks in front of the door.

TRENT
Yeah, I’m fine!

SARAH (O.S.)
Just checking up on you! Good night, again.

TRENT
Good night.

HALLWAY
Sarah walks away from Trent’s bedroom and back to the

GUEST ROOM
She inches toward the bed. She yawns.
Lamar is missing.

SARAH
Oh, shit. Lamar! Lamar?
She races out of the guest room and down the

STAIRS
She huffs and puffs.

SARAH
Lamar?

LIVING ROOM
Sarah looks around the room.

SARAH
Lamar?
A cupboard slams shut. Sarah jumps and yelps.

SARAH
Oh, God!
She races into the
KITCHEN

Seems empty. The fridge door is open.
Sarah reaches her hand out.

    SARAH
    La--

Lamar closes the door with a grin on his face.

    SARAH
    Oh my God, don’t scare me like that again!

    LAMAR
    Whoa, I didn’t know you were standing there!

    SARAH
    What are you doing?

    LAMAR
    Couldn’t sleep. Getting a late-night snack.

Sarah catches her breath.

    LAMAR
    You look disheveled. You should get some sleep. You need it more than I do.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "DAY FOUR"

INT. JONES HOUSE - HALL/TRENT’S BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah and Lamar stand in front of the door. Lamar wears a Pinky & the Brain T-shirt.
Sarah coughs. She sounds weak and groggy.

    SARAH
    Trent? Are you decent?

No response.
LAMAR
He ain’t gonna answer.

Lamar sounds slightly less groggy. He sneezes.

Sarah slowly opens the door and walks toward Trent.

SARAH
Trent, it’s four o’clock.

Sarah coughs.

Trent wakes up.

TRENT
You’ve got it, too?

Sarah nods her head.

A large shadow appears on the wall, moving right to left.

LAMAR (O.S.)
Could this day get any worse?

SARAH
Don’t jinx it.

She coughs.

TRENT
Lamar, too?

Lamar enters the room.

Lamar coughs, then sneezes.

TRENT
Have you taken your temps yet?

SARAH
Not a bad idea.

Trent pushes the sheets off him and jumps out of bed. He yawns and coughs. Sarah gives him his glasses.

TRENT
You haven’t seen it yet, have you?

He puts his glasses on.

Lamar shakes his head.
LAMAR
Negative.

Lamar coughs and touches his forehead.

LAMAR
Where’s the thermometer?

SARAH
Dammit, hold on!

TRENT’S BEDROOM – LATER

Sarah walks back toward Lamar and Trent. She has the thermometer and Witch Hazel in hand.

SARAH
I want everybody in the shot.

Lamar, Sarah and Trent move closer toward each other.

SARAH
Listen up... We are gonna do this one at a time. Who wants to go first?

Trent raises his hand.

Sarah dips the thermometer in the Witch Hazel.

She shakes it off.

She hands the thermometer to Trent.

and shakes it off. She puts the thermometer in her mouth.

LATER

Sarah takes the thermometer out.

SARAH
Ninety-nine.

LATER

Lamar takes the thermometer out.

LAMAR
Ninety-eight point three. We all gonna go back to bed or anything?
SARAH
Why don’t you take over for me while Trent and I lie down for a while?

She yawns.

SARAH
Then you can nap later.

LAMAR
Why not.

Sarah and Trent nod.

HALLWAY
Lamar watches Sarah as she naps in the guest room bed. She’s less shaky than she’s been. She has sweat on her forehead.

Lamar lumbers toward Trent’s bedroom door to see him napping as well. He, too, is shaking a bit. No sweat.

Trent’s closet door is ajar. The chupacabra’s glowing red eyes appear briefly, then fade into the shadows.

Lamar doesn’t notice. He sighs.

LAMAR
Finally, some peace and quiet.

Silence.
He strides toward the guest room.

Closer.

Closer.

Clo--
Lamar’s cell phone vibrates. He jumps and screams.
He moves away from the bedrooms and grabs his phone.
He catches his breath and answers.
He puts it on speakerphone.

LAMAR
Hello?

Jerry is on the phone.
JERRY (V.O.)
What the hell’s going on? I couldn’t reach Tom. Where’s Sarah?

LAMAR
She’s lying down.

JERRY (V.O.)
And Tom? Is he lying down, too?

LAMAR
I... guess you could say that.

JERRY (V.O.)
How are you guys coming?

LAMAR
Unglued.

Sarah coughs.

SARAH (O.S.)
Lamar, who is that?

LAMAR
Jerry.

SARAH (O.S.)
Give me the phone now!

Lamar races to the GUEST ROOM
and gives Sarah the phone. Lamar inches away from her. He starts to tremble and breathe raggedly.

SARAH
Hello, Jerry?

JERRY (V.O.)
Sarah, where the hell have you guys been? I’ve been trying to call Tom--

SARAH
Tom’s dead, Jerry. It’s in the house.

JERRY (V.O.)
Where are you guys right now?
SARAH
Tom’s house.

JERRY (V.O.)
Get out while you still can.

SARAH
All the motels are booked.

JERRY (V.O.)
What’s wrong with your house, or Lamar’s?

SARAH
That’s clear on the other side of town. We can’t risk that.

JERRY (V.O.)
Why not?

SARAH
You have no idea what we’re dealing with.

JERRY (V.O.)
But I’ve read all the books.

SARAH
It’s gonna take more than books to stop this thing.

HALLWAY
Sarah hangs up the phone and glares at Lamar.

LAMAR
What?

No response.

Sarah clenches her fists.

SARAH
You know what.

LAMAR
Geez, what is it with you, bitch?

SARAH
I put you in charge during my nap. I trusted you! I specifically told you... to direct all calls to me.
LAMAR
You didn’t say shit, Sleeping Beauty!

Sarah raises her fist.

SARAH
I’m warning you...

LAMAR
Can you keep it down and let the kid sleep?

Sarah lowers her fist.

SARAH
I trusted that you could go two seconds without clowning around. Is that too much to ask?

LAMAR
I handled it just fine.

SARAH
Oh yeah? Tom’s "lying down." How are you coming? "Unglued."

Sarah glares at Lamar.

Trent yawns, coughs, and enters.

TRENT
What’s all the commotion?

Sarah relaxes her fists.

SARAH
Oh, uh, nothing, nothing.

Lamar heads toward the guest room.

LAMAR
Kid’s up. Gonna sleep like Rumpelstiltskin.

SARAH
Don’t you mean Rip Van Winkle?

Lamar swings the door shut.
COMPUTER ROOM

Sarah sits at the computer. Trent stands behind her.

SARAH
There’s gotta be something more credible than a Wiki.

Sarah types a search term.
She clicks on a link.
She skims through the web page.

SARAH
No.
She goes back and tries another search.
She clicks on a link and skims.
She scoffs and shakes her head.

SARAH
What? No.

She clicks on another link.
The chupacabra’s eyes appear in the dark closet behind them. It holds onto the door frame with its hand.
Sarah sighs and shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH
This’ll do, I guess.

She prints the web page.
Sarah grabs the back of her neck and cries in pain.

TRENT
What?
She grabs her stomach and moans.

SARAH
I don’t know. I felt somethi--
Sarah yelps and sobs. She grabs her neck.

SARAH
Oh, God, make it stop! Make it stop! Ow! Oh. Oh.
TRENT
What?
Sarah falls to her knees and clenches her heart. She grabs her stomach and starts panting.

SARAH
Oh, God!

Sarah trembles.

TRENT
Are you alright?
Sarah shakes her head. She drops to the ground. She appears to be having a heart attack or seizure. Sarah thrusts her stomach upwards. She grunts and pants. Again.
Again.

TRENT
What are you doing?
Again.
Again.

TRENT
Shit, where's Lamar?
Again.
Trent trembles.

TRENT
Lamar! Lamar, wake up!
She stops thrusting and lays on the ground, panting.

TRENT
Lamar!
Sarah jumps up and bites Trent on the neck. Trent cries in pain.
Sarah thrusts her stomach again. She screams. Trent kicks Sarah in the shin, and punches her in the shoulder repeatedly. Sarah bares her teeth.
Sarah "bites" at the air and growls.

TRENT
What’s wrong with you?

Sarah roars and snarls.

The chupacabra disappears into the shadows.

Trent turns around to the closet. Nothing is there.

Sarah acts normal. She breathes heavy. She sobs.

She’s covered in sweat.

SARAH
What the fuck just happened?

TRENT
We need to find more websites.

SARAH
It can wait!

Trent grabs Sarah with both arms.

TRENT
Can it?

INT. JONES HOUSE – COMPUTER ROOM – NIGHT

Sarah sits at the computer.

Lamar and Trent stand behind her.

Sarah buries her face in her hands.

SARAH
What are we supposed to do?

She exhales deeply.

SARAH
If we can’t find a helpful site, then it’s over.

Sarah closes her eyes and meditates.

She sings brokenly to herself.
SARAH
CASEY WOULD WALTZ WITH A STRAWBERRY
BLONDE
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON
HE’D GLIDE ‘CROSS THE FLOOR WITH
THE GIRL HE ADORED
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

LAMAR
Well the "band’s" "instruments" are
"out of tune." It’s time for them
to stop playing.

Sarah opens her eyes and types "how to kill chupacabra" into
the search box.

There’s only one result.

SARAH
Shit. I hope this works.

Sarah clicks on the link. It’s broken.

SARAH
Shit.

LAMAR
There goes that.

TRENT
Wait! Call me crazy, but... Let’s
try one of those Wayback Machines.

LAMAR
What-back?

SARAH
You mean one of those internet
archives?

TRENT
Bingo.

SARAH
Here goes nothing.

Sarah copies the URL of the broken page.

She goes to Google and types "wayback machine" into the
search bar.

She clicks on the first link.
She pastes the URL into the search bar.
She clicks on the most recent version, July 12, 1998.
She is taken to an archive of ChupacabraSurvivor.com.
A picture of a man appears on the page.
The site reads: "My name is Dan Shusett. I’m from Ft. Worth, TX.

About 20 years ago, one of the most terrifying things happened to me, something beyond all imagination, something I hope you NEVER have to go through. I encountered a creature called the chupacabra."

Below this text is a blurry picture of a chupacabra.
The text continues: "By now, you may know the legend.

You don’t know shit.

A chupacabra is not a dog or coyote with mange. A chupacabra is not a lizard or a reptile, at least one I’ve ever seen. It’s not a bug or insect.

It may or may not be an alien. What I do know is that anyone who encounters one of these creatures without viewing this website will surely die at its hands.

This is what it’s capable of, and that’s if you survive..."

This text is followed by five closeup images of wounds.

Sarah shudders.

SARAH
Oh, my God.

Trent and Lamar shiver.

Sarah reads the final text aloud.

SARAH
"Heed this advice: If you ever come into contact with a chupacabra, first things first -- quarantine it." Yeah, we know that.

Sarah scrolls down.
"Find a weapon, any weapon. Knives, guns, anything that isn’t your bare hands. You’ll thank me later."

She skims through the text. She reads the words silently.

I think I have everything I need.

Sarah prints the web page.

Mind if I thank you in advance, Mr. Shusett?

Lamar stacks the papers and jogs them into alignment.
Trent staples them together.

Sarah, Lamar, and Trent sit at the table.

We gonna eat anything?

We’ve got your favorite Lucky Charms.

I haven’t had a decent meal since...

Lamar clears his throat and nods.

We’re not spending a week here to eat.

Then Rip Van Stiltskin better wake up!

Oh, he’s awake. Trust me!

Trent shudders.
LAMAR
Are there any eggs in the fridge?

SARAH
Hold on.

Sarah goes to the fridge.

SARAH
What the...?

LAMAR
What?

SARAH
Come here.

Lamar grabs the camera. He and Trent walk toward the fridge.

It’s completely empty. The shelves are crooked.

LAMAR
What happened?

Footsteps.

Sarah, Lamar, and Trent turn around toward the dark corridor leading to the living room.

In the blackness, the chupacabra stares at them. Only its eyes can be seen.

The creature breathes heavily. Creature sounds.

SARAH
What do you want!

The creature cocks its head.

SARAH
Show yourself.

The creature’s left foot appears out of the darkness.

Sarah grabs her knife. Her hand trembles.

They inch closer toward the chupacabra. It doesn’t move.

Closer. The creature lingers.

Closer.

Sarah raises her knife.
She stabs repeatedly, but the creature is gone. She grunts with each stab.

She stops.

    SARAH
    Where...?

She searches the shadows. No creature in sight.

Sarah turns around.

The chupacabra bites the back of her right hand. The creature cannot be seen, not even its eyes.

Sarah yelps and moans.

Lamar and Trent repeatedly stab the air.

Sarah sits on her knees and cries.

    SARAH
    I give up! I fucking give up!

She sobs.

    SARAH
    Make it stop.

Lamar and Trent stop stabbing the air.

Lamar comforts Sarah.

BATHROOM

Sarah holds her hand out. The back is bloody. She moans.

Lamar grabs a cotton ball and dips it in rubbing alcohol.

He carefully applies it onto her hand.

Sarah screams.

    SARAH
    Ow! Oh. Oh.

    LAMAR
    Sorry.

Sarah nods.
Lamar turns to Trent, who fumbles for a band aid.

Trent grabs one and hands it to Lamar.

Lamar carefully applies the band aid.

Sarah winces.

Lamar
That better?
Sarah nods, still stinging.

Lamar
I hope that wasn’t all the food.

Sarah
You’re thinking of food at a time like this?

Lamar
I can’t do this on an empty stomach.

Sarah rolls her eyes.

Lamar
If all we have is cereal, so be it.

Sarah
Can you eat it without milk?

Trent raises his hand.

Trent
If it’s alright with you, Sarah, I’ll go to the store and get a few things.

Sarah grabs Trent and takes a deep breath.

Sarah
I want you to be extra careful. Once you reach the front door... every second counts.
Trent nods his head.

SARAH
How much do you have?

TRENT
About thirty bucks.

SARAH
My wallet is in the guest room.

TRENT
Mind if I borrow your car, Lamar?

LAMAR
If nobody’s eaten it.

LIVING ROOM
Trent holds up a notepad and pen.
He goes over his grocery list.

TRENT
Anything else?

SARAH
I think that’s all we need.

TRENT
How’s your hand?

Sarah half-smiles and nods her head.
Trent walks toward the front door.

TRENT
Smell you later.

He opens the door and races out. He closes it just as quickly as he opened it.

TRENT (O.S.)
How’d I do?

Sarah starts shaking. She searches around the room.

SARAH
Pretty good.

She mouths "Where is it?"

She looks over her notes.
LAMAR
Anything I can snack on?

SARAH
Only took what was in the fridge.

Lamar coughs.

SARAH
Your cough’s back?

Lamar nods.

SARAH
How much longer can you wait?

LAMAR
For the food?

SARAH
For the Theraflu.

LAMAR
You know, I’m not really that hungry anymore.

SARAH
Then let’s get down to business.

LAMAR
Shouldn’t we wait for Trent?

SARAH
Should he come back to find us both dead?

LAMAR
Don’t you think you’re overreacting? I’ve been bitten more times by a cat than this Chupe!

Sarah puts out her left hand.

SARAH
Show me the bite marks.

LAMAR
What bite marks?

SARAH
Show. Me. The bite marks.

Lamar huffs.
LAMAR
You win.

Sarah looks at her notes.

LAMAR
Where was the last place we saw him?

SARAH
Hold that thought.

Sarah puts her notes down on the coffee table. She goes into Tom’s backpack and grabs another reel of film.

LAMAR
How do you know it’s ready?

Sarah turns toward Lamar and stabs her arm in the air.

SARAH
Didn’t you pay attention to Tom at all?

Lamar takes a step back.

Sarah clenches her fist.

SARAH
You son of a bitch!

She punches Lamar on the shoulder.

Lamar has a look of shock on his face.

He grabs Sarah’s hand.

LAMAR
I don’t care who you think you are.

Sarah glares at him.

LAMAR
But don’t you ever lay a hand on me. Ever.

Lamar throws her hand off him.

He continues to glare at her, and she him.

Sarah walks up to the camera, reel in hand. She fumes.
LIVING ROOM

Lamar, Sarah and Trent sit on the couch.

Sarah looks at the notes she printed out. She shivers. She turns around quickly and gasps. She sighs in relief.

Lamar fidgets. He looks around the room and shivers.

LAMAR
You remember Are You Afraid of the Dark?

Sarah and Trent nod.

SARAH
Yeah, why?

She darts her eyes around the room and shudders.

LAMAR
What were your favorite episodes?

Lamar rubs himself.

He shifts his eyes toward every corner of the room.

Sarah shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH
Where are you going with this?

LAMAR
Do you remember an episode where these neighbors moved in... and they--

Lamar shudders.

SARAH
...They were vampires? Yeah, I remember. Why?

Lamar shudders again.

LAMAR
This chupacabra -- You think it only comes out at night?

Lamar searches the room with his eyes. He breathes heavily.
SARAH
It doesn’t say anything in here. But how do you explain what’s been happening to us?

Sarah trembles.

Silence.

LAMAR
Are You Afraid of the Dark?

He lowers his head and smiles. He chuckles. He and Sarah stop shaking. Silence.

The chupacabra’s eyes appear in the shadows next to the stairs behind Sarah, Lamar, and Trent.

Lamar turns to Sarah.

The creature takes three steps back.

LAMAR
Well, are you?

Sarah raises her head.

SARAH
Am I what?

LAMAR
Are you afraid of the dark? I am.

SARAH
I’m terrified of the dark.

LAMAR
Yeah, everyone is.

The creature disappears into the shadows.

Lamar turns around quickly and sighs in relief.

LAMAR
How long can we keep doing this?

He looks around. He shivers.
LAMAR
Yo, guys. I’ve gotta use the loo.

He jumps off the couch. Sarah jumps up after him.

SARAH
Don’t forget our little--

Lamar races upstairs before Sarah can catch up.

SARAH
...Buddy system!

She trembles and quivers. She coughs.
The chupacabra’s eyes emerge from the shadows.
The creature inches toward the stairs.
The creature is gone.
Sarah turns her head around, searching for it.
She walks toward the living room, shaking uncontrollably.
She starts to sweat.

SARAH
Come with me.

Trent jumps off the couch and follows her.

LIVING ROOM
Sarah looks in every corner. Trent follows.

Sarah sighs.

TRENT
Feeling any better?

SARAH
Not too bad. You?

TRENT
That Theraflu tasted like shit.

They head
UPSTAIRS

Sarah sweats and quivers. Trent stretches.
Sarah coughs.
Brief silence.

SARAH
I hope Lamar remembered his knife.

Lamar screams. Sarah and Trent jump.
Sarah clutches her heart.

SARAH
Shit.

Sarah and Trent grip their knives.
Sarah and Trent stop and search every corner for the chupacabra. The creature is nowhere.

They race into

TRENT’S BEDROOM

to find Lamar with headphones on and a smile on his face.

LAMAR
Woo! That’s what I’m talkin’ about!

SARAH
What the hell is going on here?!

Lamar takes off his headphones.

LAMAR
What?

SARAH
I thought you said you were going to the bathroom.

LAMAR
Only took a second.

SARAH
I didn’t hear you flush.
LAMAR
So sue me!

SARAH
We thought you were screaming at--

LAMAR
The fucker’s probably still sleeping. Relax.

Sarah glares at Lamar.

Trent inches toward the door.

Sarah turns around to face him.

SARAH
Where the hell are you going?

Trent huffs.

TRENT
Bathroom!

SARAH
Why?

LAMAR
Leave the damn kid alone!

Sarah turns back and forth between Trent and Lamar.

SARAH
You know what, just go. Both of you. Just get the fuck out of here.

Lamar smacks himself on the forehead.

LAMAR
What good will that do? What about the bud--

SARAH
Just do it!

Lamar points his finger at her.

LAMAR
You know what? If it weren’t for you...

He grunts in frustration.

He slaps Sarah.
LAMAR
"Jill!"
He pants.

SARAH
Don’t you ever compare me to that bitch.

Trent sighs. He leaves the room, walking backwards.
Sarah takes a deep breath and sobs.

BATHROOM
Trent walks toward the toilet.
He takes a deep breath.
The sound of Trent unzipping his fly.

TRENT
Ay-ay-ay.

Trent whistles.
The sound of Trent tearing off a piece of toilet paper.
Trent flushes the toilet.
The sound of Trent putting the seat down.
The shower curtain rips open. Creature sounds.
Trent screams.

TRENT
No! No, no! Not me! Please, God, no! No!

He pants in terror. Chewing sounds.
Silence.
Creature sounds resume.
TRENT’S BEDROOM / HALLWAY

Lamar races toward the bathroom.

He barely catches a glimpse of the shadowy chupacabra. The creature stares at him with its glowing red eyes.

The creature cocks its head.

    LAMAR
    Holy shit!

The creature stands there silently.

    LAMAR
    Hey, motherfucker! Pick on somebody your own size.

The creature takes two steps forward, still obscured by shadows.

    LAMAR
    You heard me.

The creature takes two more steps forward, still shadowy.

    LAMAR
    Sarah!

Sarah races to the hallway. She trembles.

    SARAH
    No way.

Lamar shakes. He nods his head.

Sarah’s eyes widen; she shakes uncontrollably.

    SARAH
    Oh my God, where’s Trent?

Lamar takes a deep breath and lowers his head.

Sarah starts to sob and quiver. She sits on the ground. Lamar hugs her; he’s shaking, too.

    LAMAR
    It’s all right. It’s all right.

Lamar gets up.
LAMAR
Don’t you move a mus--

He turns toward the chupacabra. The creature is missing.

LAMAR
Shit, where’d he go?

Lamar turns back around to Sarah.

Sarah continues sobbing and shaking.

LAMAR
Shit, how the hell does he do that?

SARAH
I don’t know!

LAMAR
We need to think of a plan.

SARAH
Fuck plans! We had a plan and look what happened!

GUEST ROOM

Sarah and Lamar stand silently.

SARAH
What do we do now?

LAMAR
What we should have done last night.

SARAH
We promised Tom that, come whatever may, we’d never give up.

LAMAR
Where is he now, Sarah? Where is he now?

Sarah slaps Lamar.

SARAH
Fuck you.

LAMAR
Tom ain’t here. Jerry don’t give a shit what we do. Let’s turn the (MORE)
LAMAR (cont’d)
camera off and forget the whole thing. Probably running out of film, anyway.

SARAH
You’ve got a point. But we made a promise. Never make a promise you can’t keep.

LAMAR
Aren’t you sick and tired of all this?

SARAH
Yes, but--

LAMAR
Case closed.

SARAH
Case closed, my ass. We need time to sort this out.

LAMAR
I’ve made up my mind.

SARAH
We need to sleep on it, take it all in.

LAMAR
No. We don’t.

Lamar puts his hand over the camera lens.

SARAH
What the hell are you doing?

LAMAR
This is Lamar Jackson and Sarah Ripley, signing off!

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "DAY FIVE"
INT. JONES HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah and Lamar sit at the table.

Lamar wears a blank, black T-shirt.

SARAH
It wasn’t an easy decision to make.

Sarah huffs.

LAMAR
We had to sleep on it.

SARAH
We have decided... to surrender.

Sarah begins to cry.

SARAH
Lamar has a beautiful wife and a beautiful son, with a beautiful daughter on the way, and I think he should be with them now.

She sobs.

SARAH
I can’t take anymore. I can’t.

She clears her throat.

SARAH
As for me...

She sobs.

SARAH
I’m sorry. I’m sorry I was so pushy. So stubborn. So bitchy.

Lamar gets out of his seat and hugs her.

LAMAR
There, there. It’s all right, dear. It’s gonna get better.

She nods. He sits back down.

LAMAR
If anybody’s gonna get this Chupe, it’s gonna be a professional.

Lamar sighs.
LAMAR
The only way to end a battle... is
to never start one.

He turns to Sarah.

LAMAR
You know, in the last five days and
nights, I’ve learned a lot.

Lamar faces forward.

LAMAR
The real monster... is us.

He sighs.

SARAH
Truer words have never been said.

LAMAR
This is Lamar Jackson...

SARAH
...And Sarah Ripley.

LAMAR
...Signing off.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "After filming concluded, Sarah and Lamar called in
their resignation to Jerry Beard."

SUPER: "Jerry immediately called a team of paranormal
professionals in Oklahoma City, which had just gone into
business. Unfortunately, they were unable to deal with the
creature. They have since gone out of business."

INT. MAZZIO’S RESTAURANT - DAY

Sarah and Jerry sit at a table.

Jerry picks up his pizza.

JERRY
You gonna eat anything?

SARAH
I’m not hungry.

She sighs.
Jerry lowers his head and takes a deep breath.

JERRY
Look... Sarah...

He takes a swallow of his drink.

JERRY
I’m sorry.

SARAH
It’s not your fault.

JERRY
I underestimated. I didn’t realize what we’re dealing with.

Jerry starts to weep.

JERRY
I’m sorry about Tom. I’m sorry about Jill, and the kid.

SARAH
Trent.

JERRY
Right, Trent. If it’s alright wi--

Ashley walks up to them with tears in her eyes.

ASHLEY
My condolences. I really don’t know what to say. If you need someone to talk to, I’m here for you.

Ashley puts her hand out. She and Sarah hand-hug.

Sarah nods and weeps.

Ashley nods and walks away.

JERRY
If it’s alright with you, Sarah, I was wondering...

Sarah perks up.

Jerry takes a deep breath.

JERRY
I’ll give you tonight to get this guy. Just tonight. Five hundred grand.
Mixed emotions appear on Sarah’s face: Excitement, fatigue, anger, intrigue, hurt/offense, fear.

JERRY
It’s the least I could do for you.
Do you want a partner or--

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH
Look where that got me.

JERRY
You still got farther than I thought you would.

SARAH
Me, too.

Sarah looks down at Jerry’s plate.

SARAH
Is that pizza any good?

BLACK SCREEN
SUPER: "DAY SIX"

EXT/INT. JONES HOUSE - NIGHT
Sarah looks into the camera.

SARAH

A muffled burp is heard from inside the house. Sarah winces and shivers.

She takes a deep breath and slowly enters the house, opening the door ever-so-slightly.

SARAH
Here goes nothing.

She quickly slams the door behind her. She sighs in relief and clears her throat.

She turns the light on and takes a look around the room. The light burns out.
SARAH

Dammit.

Something whooshes across, from the right-hand side to the left. It can be heard, but not seen.

SARAH

Shit.

Sarah races to where the creature ran:

SARAH

A-ha!

She looks around. No sign of the chupacabra.

SARAH

Show yourself!

The chupacabra takes two steps forward behind her. The creature’s glowing red eyes and sharp teeth are gradually exposed with midnight-blue light, but the rest of it is hidden in the deep shadows.

The creature bites Sarah on her left shoulder. She screams and cries.

Sarah turns around, backs away and grabs her knife.

SARAH

Don’t... move.

Sarah looks up and grabs her flashlight.

She backs away further and looks around. She turns the flashlight on.

SARAH (O.S.)

Where are you?

The creature just stands there, barely visible.

Sarah inches closer with a firm grip on the knife.

SARAH

(whispering)

It’s now... or never...

She raises her knife and prepares to strike...

She sneezes.

The creature paces around frantically. Sarah backs away.
SARAH
Stay... right... there.

The creature stops and cocks its head.
She reluctantly moves forward.
She raises her knife. Her cell phone rings.

SARAH
Dammit!

She lowers her knife and answers her phone:

SARAH
Hello?

She puts it on speakerphone. Lamar answers.

LAMAR (V.O.)
Hey, Sarah, it’s Lamar. How are you doing?

Sarah backs away.

SARAH
Uh, Lamar, this really isn’t the best time.

LAMAR (V.O.)
Why, are you eating?

Sarah stutters.

SARAH
Uh, yeah, I’m "eating."

LAMAR (V.O.)
At least you’ve got something to eat other than Lucky Charms.

Sarah laughs nervously.

SARAH
Yeah. Listen, can I call you back later when I’m finished "eating?"

The shadowy chupacabra swings the door open, dashes out of the house and slams the door.

SARAH
Shit!
LAMAR (V.O.)
What was that?! Sarah? Sarah?

SARAH
I’ll call you back.

She hangs up. She puts her phone away and runs her fingers through her hair. She sighs.

SARAH
Shit, what am I gonna do now? Fuck!

Three loud knocks on the door. Sarah jumps and gasps. She raises and grips her knife. She starts to sweat.

She edges toward the door, taking deep breaths with each step. She reaches her hand out for the doorknob.

She opens the door and backs away. She quivers.

It’s Jerry.

SARAH
Jerry, what are you doing here?

JERRY
I’m scared, Sarah; I can’t let you go it alone.

Sarah’s eyes widen. Her voice breaks.

SARAH
You mean you’re alive?

JERRY
What do you mean I’m alive? Of course, I’m alive.

Jerry’s eyes widen.

JERRY
You mean...?

He shakes.

Sarah nods and takes a deep breath.

She sits on the couch and dials a number.

Jerry sits down as well.
JERRY
Who ya gonna call?

Sarah glares at Jerry.

SARAH
Care to rephrase that, Jerry?

JERRY
Who. Are. You. Calling?

SARAH
(into phone)
Come on, please pick up. Hey, Lamar...? I have some bad news...

INT. JONES HOUSE - LATER

Lamar paces around the room.

Sarah and Jerry just stand there.

LAMAR
Dammit, Sarah! How could you do this?

SARAH
I’m sorry --

LAMAR
What the fuck are we gonna do now?

The two take deep breaths. Sarah shrugs her shoulders.

LAMAR
If you had left the son of a bitch alone like you said--

Lamar chokes on his words.

LAMAR
Damn!

JERRY
It’s not her fault, Lamar.

Jerry lowers his head. Lamar turns toward him.

LAMAR
Fine, if you had left the son of a bitch alone--

Sarah points her finger at Lamar.
She opens her mouth to say something.

LAMAR
What?

Sarah sighs.

SARAH
Never mind. What do you want us to do?

LAMAR
Fuck what Jerry said. We’ve gotta take this to the press. Put out an all-points bulletin--

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH
Don’t even bother, Lamar!

JERRY
We need to do this as discreetly as possible. Even if you have to put that damn camera down.

LAMAR
What’s it gonna take to stop this guy? What are the odds that we’ll find him again?

Sarah stares at him sternly.

SARAH
Fuck the odds.

Lamar shrugs his shoulders.

LAMAR
Frankly, I’m sick of chasing him. Aren’t you?

Sarah hesitates.

SARAH
We’ve got some unfinished business to take care of first...
LATER

Sarah holds a match. She lights a candle that sits near a black and white photograph of Tom, Jill, and Trent.

Sarah, Lamar and Jerry bow their heads and take a moment of silence. Sarah wipes a tear with her finger.

Lamar coughs. Sarah turns to glare at him.

He looks up. He mouths the word, "What?"

He and Sarah resume bowing their heads.

Sarah sheds more tears.

Tense silence.

Sarah starts singing slowly and brokenly.

The song is "When the Levee Breaks," as performed by Kansas Joe McCoy and Memphis Minnie.

SARAH
(sings)
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
SAID, IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
WHEN THE WATER COMES IN, I’LL HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY

The tempo gradually increases.

SARAH
WELL, ALL LAST NIGHT, I SAT ON THE LEVEE AND MOANED
YOU KNOW, ALL LAST NIGHT, I SAT ON THE LEVEE AND MOANED
BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BABY AND MY HAPPY HOME

Lamar and Jerry join in, overcome with emotion.

ALL
(singing)
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
OH, IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
AND ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY
SARAH
NOW, LOOK HERE, MAMA, WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
OH, MAMA, MAMA, WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
THERE’S NO ONE AROUND TO TELL MY TROUBLES TO

ALL
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
SAID, IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
WHEN THE LEVEE BREAKS, MY HEART IS GOING TO ACHE

SARAH
BUT CRYING WON’T HELP, PRAYING WON’T DO ME GOOD
NO, CRYING WON’T HELP ME, PRAYING WON’T DO ME GOOD
WHEN THE LEVEE BREAKS, WHEN THE LEVEE BREAKS...

ALL
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK
THAT MEAN OLD LEVEE, I GOT NO PLACE TO STAY

SARAH
IT’S A MEAN OLD LEVEE, MAKES ME WEEP AND MOAN
YEAH, IT’S A MEAN OLD LEVEE, IT MAKES ME WEEP AND MOAN
AIN’T GONNA LEAVE MY BABY, WON’T LEAVE MY HAPPY HOME

ALL
IF IT KEEPS ON RAINING, THE LEVEE’S GOING TO BREAK--

Sarah nods somberly.

SARAH
That’s enough. Thank you.

Sarah raises her glass of wine. Her hand shakes subtly.

SARAH
A toast... to three lovely people, gone too soon.
Sarah, Lamar, and Jerry clink their glasses together. They each take a swallow of their wine.

Sarah sheds a tear and wipes it with her finger.

SARAH
Does anyone have something to share?

LAMAR
You go first.

SARAH
Tom wasn’t perfect. Filming all this wasn’t the wisest choice he ever made. But we humored him. We loved him.

Sarah takes a swallow of her drink.

SARAH
He didn’t have a good marriage, but that doesn’t matter. None of that matters. I’m not perfect, either.

Sarah clears her throat.

SARAH
But I mean well. I can totally imagine what Tom was going through behind closed doors, the camera off.

She takes another swallow.

SARAH
Tom was a very loving friend, husband, and father. Trent was a good young man. Jill...

Sarah shakes her head and takes a deep breath.

SARAH
I’ll miss them all dearly.

She nods.

SARAH
Anyone else?

Lamar and Jerry nod.

Sarah takes a deep, ragged, breath.
BLACK SCREEN

A pounding heartbeat.

SUPER: "Lamar returned home to his wife and completely withdrew from the chupacabra hunt. Everybody feels replenished and finally at peace with one another."

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Sarah turns toward Jerry. She takes a deep breath.

SARAH
Full circle...

The streets are empty. She looks around.

She turns toward Jerry.

She resumes looking around the area.

Sarah hears a sudden rustling noise.

She jumps and starts to shake.

She and Jerry stop. She catches her breath.

She approaches the store and stops. She takes a deep breath.

She turns toward Jerry. He nods in agreement.

SARAH
Here we go.

She walks in.

INT. 7-ELEVEN

A CLERK -- CHIP (late teens) -- looks up and tries to stop Sarah. She ignores him.

CHIP
Hey, turn the camera off! You can’t record in here!

SARAH
I’m on official business.

Chip points his finger at her.
CHIP
Under whose jurisdiction?

She stops.

SARAH
Mighty big words for a boy your age.

Chip sprints over to Sarah and puts his hand over the lens.

CHIP
I said turn it off.

Sarah slaps Chip’s hand. He drops his hand.

SARAH
And I say I’m keeping it on.

Steve marches out of his office.

STEVE
What the hell is going on here?

SARAH
Important business, that’s what.

Steve glances at Sarah.

STEVE
Aren’t you the girl who’s doing that documentary?

SARAH
Yes, I am.

He smiles.

STEVE
How’s that coming along?

SARAH
Uhh... Not so good.

The manager gives a quizzical look.

JERRY
You don’t wanna know, pal.

Sarah turns toward Chip.
SARAH
Can we talk about this in private, please?

The clerk backs away and nods.

CHIP
Yeah. Sure, sure.

Sarah turns toward Steve.

SARAH
What did you say your name was again?

The manager nods.

STEVE
Steve.

He motions to the backroom.

STEVE
Why don’t you two step into my office?

JERRY
(to Sarah)
You know this guy?

INT. 7-ELEVEN - BACK ROOM

Sarah, Jerry and Steve sit at the table.

STEVE
Wow. I don’t know what to say. I’m... sorry to hear that.

Sarah nods and sheds a tear.

SARAH
Thank you. Have you seen this thing around since I saw you last?

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE
No, ma’am.

SARAH
You haven’t had any strange occurrences since the last incident?
Steve shakes his head.

SARAH
Do you have any idea, for sure, where it might be?

Steve pauses before he answers.

Sarah raises her head in anticipation.

STEVE
I think your best bet is to go back to where it all began... not here, but back to the home of the first guy he killed. You know, retrace your steps.

JERRY
Oh, for the love of--

Sarah nods and gets up; Jerry follows suit.

SARAH
Thank you, Steve.

STEVE
Hey!

She stops.

STEVE
What did you say this creature was called again?

SARAH
Oh, um... It’s called a chupa... cabra.

Steve nods.

STEVE
Right. I saw something about that on TV last night. Creepy shit.

Sarah picks up the camera.

SARAH
You don’t know the half of it.
INT. JERRY’S CAR (DRIVING)
Sarah and Jerry race toward Jim Beard’s house.
Sarah yawns. She shakes uncontrollably.

SARAH
God, I’m tired.

She shakes her head. Her eyes close rapidly.

JERRY
Sarah...

SARAH
I can’t do it anymore.

JERRY
Sarah!

Sarah lets out a long yawn.

SARAH
The bastard can...

Sarah yawns and mumbles. She falls asleep.

JERRY
Dammit.

Jerry stops the car and grabs the camera. He sighs.

JERRY
Tom, look at what you’ve gotten us into.

He shakes his head and sighs again.

INT/EXT. JERRY’S CAR / JIM BEARD’S HOUSE
Sarah blinks rapidly and yawns. She looks at Jerry, awkward.

SARAH
Sorry about that.

Sarah clears her throat. She resumes shaking.

She grabs a gun from the glove compartment. She checks the revolver and then snaps it back in.

She gets out of the car.
SARAH
I used to know Jim. He was a good cook. Loved sports, big Sooners fan. Such a huge loss.

JERRY
Best brother I ever had. Only brother I ever had.

A loud firework startles Sarah. She sighs in relief.

SARAH
Shit. Haven’t we had enough fireworks for one year?

JERRY
At least we’re not in Utah.

They continue walking in silence. The neighborhood is quiet, empty. The most you can hear are crickets.

Sarah takes a sudden chill.

SARAH
Must be hibernating?

JERRY
You know he’s not.

Sarah stops walking and turns toward Jerry.

SARAH
Hey, how much film is left?

Jerry takes off his backpack and looks inside.

JERRY
Two more cans.

SARAH
Shit. What about H2N batteries?

JERRY
We’ve got a shitload of ’em.

SARAH
Flashlight batteries?

JERRY
Two extra.
SARAH
And what about bulbs?

JERRY
One more. We should be fine.

Sarah nods.

SARAH
Yeah, you’re right.

She turns forward and resumes walking until she sees a suburban house, Jim and Erin Beard’s house.

She takes a deep, ragged breath.

SARAH
Bingo.

She walks toward the front porch.

She knocks on the door with her trembling hand.

SARAH
Hello? Erin?

No answer.

SARAH
Anybody home?

No answer.

She opens the door and enters.

INT. BEARD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sarah turns on the light. Jerry follows behind her.

Sarah closes the door behind him.

She sets the camera down on a table.

Jerry hands her another reel of film.

SARAH
There’s probably some crap on here from Lamar just fucking around.

Jerry darts his eyes around the room.
JERRY
I’ve never loaded film before. How do you do it without overexposing the film?

SARAH
Tom taught me everything you need to know...

LATER
Sarah turns the H2N back on and hits record. She tremors.
Jerry puts the used film reel in the backpack.

SARAH
Since we don’t have a clapper board, we can do it this way...

Sarah pounds on the desk loudly. She laughs madly and with a wide, crazed grin on her face.

JERRY
Sarah?

She catches her breath and composes herself.

JERRY
Are you feeling okay?

SARAH
We’ve got two reels left. Let’s use ’em wisely.

Jerry nods.

JERRY
If you need me, I’ll be in the bathroom.

Sarah nods.

Jerry goes upstairs.

Sarah sighs and runs her fingers through her hair. She grabs the camera and sits down on the floor.

SARAH
I did not sign up for this.

She takes a deep, slow breath and begins singing brokenly to herself, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."
A loud roar upstairs.

A loud scream.

Sarah jumps and races

UPSTAIRS

Sarah huffs and puffs.

She hears snarling and gnawing in one of the bedrooms.

She stops for a long beat.

She inches toward the bedroom.

She enters the

BEDROOM

and stops.

The room is pitch dark.

Silence.

Sarah looks around for a light switch.

She turns the light on.

Sarah’s reflection appears in the dresser mirror.

Sarah quivers.

The chupacabra is now in full view. Its spiky, hunched back faces Sarah. It has a possum-like tail.

It slowly turns around to face her.
It has glowing red eyes; solid black, rubbery skin; sharp teeth; claws on its hands and feet; abs; and reptilian nostrils. It stands about six feet tall.

It opens its mouth and Erin’s head pops out.

Sarah trembles.

    SARAH
    Oh, God...

The head rolls onto the ground.

Sarah screams.

    SARAH
    Erin! Mrs. Beard!

The creature licks the blood off its teeth and growls.

It gets down on all fours in a catlike manner.

It purrs menacingly.

Sarah backs away and turns around.

    SARAH
    Jerry! Oh my God, Jerry!

She races down the stairs.

    SARAH
    Jerry!

LIVING ROOM

Sarah looks around the room.

She turns around quickly, then faces forward.

She turns around and runs into the

KITCHEN

and scrambles for a knife.

There are no knives on the counter, nor in the drawer.

Sarah groans in frustration.

She runs to the dishwasher and grabs one.
She’s terrified and panting.
She washes the knife in the sink.
She turns around.
No chupacabra in sight.
Sarah sighs in relief.

SARAH
Jerry?

She carefully moves forward into the

LIVING ROOM

and scans the area.
No chupacabra. No Jerry.

SARAH
It ends tonight.

She slowly ascends the

STAIRS
She looks every which way as she climbs up.

SARAH
Jerry?

She hears a loud and startling noise. It sounds like a
bathroom mat being ripped from the tub. She stops and gasps.
She catches her breath.

SARAH
What the hell was that?

She continues up the stairs, into the

HALLWAY

and toward the bathroom. Nothing. She grips her knife.

SARAH
Show yourself!

No response. She walks toward the bedroom. The door slowly
opens.
She moves in closer.
Closer.
Closer.

SARAH (O.S.)
What the--

BEDROOM

The chupacabra jumps up in front of Sarah.
It makes canine noises.
She stabs it in the shoulder and kicks it.
She stabs it repeatedly in the heart.
Jerry’s voice is heard.

JERRY (O.S.)
Sarah!

She quickly turns around and sees Jerry.

SARAH
Where the hell were you?

Jerry runs into the bedroom.

JERRY
Sarah, I’ve been looking all over for you.

SARAH
I thought you were dead...

JERRY
Not quite.

Sarah motions toward the unmoving creature on the floor.
Jerry walks toward it and gives a puzzled look.

JERRY
Is it...?

A medium-sized egg sits in the corner by the bed.
SARAH
What’s that?

Sarah bursts into tears and backs away from the egg.

Jerry comforts her and takes over the camera.

JERRY
We’re gonna get out of here. We’re gonna just end the whole thing. Fuck it all. I wish I’d never started this shit.

SARAH
I know exactly what to do.

She grips the knife and raises it above her head. She walks toward the creature and stabs it repeatedly.

The creature sits up. It bites her arm and draws blood.

She kicks it. The creature gets up off the ground. Sarah stomps on its front left leg.

She stabs the creature in the back behind the heart. It falls to the ground.

Sarah turns around and exits the room.

SARAH
Justice is done.

Jerry follows.

HALLWAY

Sarah takes a deep breath and looks down at the floor. Jerry follows her. Sarah grabs her arm and moans.

JERRY
Hold on, I’ll get you a band-aid.

LATER

Sarah reinforces the band-aid’s grip.

JERRY
Is that better?

Sarah nods:
SARAH
Thank you, Jerry.

Jerry reaches his hand out.

JERRY
Do you need an ambulance or anything?

Sarah shakes her head:

SARAH
No, I’m fine. Just get me out of here.

Sarah and Jerry descend the stairs.

INT. BEARD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / EXT. BEARD HOUSE

Sarah and Jerry move sluggishly and tiredly toward the door. Sarah holds onto the couch. She pants.

JERRY
Hey, aren’t you coming?

Sarah takes a deep breath.

SARAH
Yeah.

Sarah catches her breath. A shadow descends the stairs.

JERRY
But we’ve got to--

Sarah lets go and stands up straight.

SARAH
I know.

Sarah slouches and limps toward the door. She trips and falls.

The creature is on the fourth step.

She gets back up and tries again. She gets down on her knees.

She thrusts her stomach and moans in pain.
JERRY

Sarah?

Again.

JERRY

Sarah, are you alright? What’s going--

Again.

She passes out.

JERRY

Sarah!

The creature comes down the stairs and turns toward Sarah and Jerry.

Jerry shakes Sarah to wake her up.

JERRY

Sarah? Sarah!

Sarah wakes up.

The chupacabra gains on them.

SARAH

Is it gone?

The creature growls and it moves closer.

Sarah sprints toward the door.

Jerry beats her out the door. He turns back to face Sarah.

The chupacabra gains on Sarah and grabs her.

She struggles to break free.

Jerry gets out a gun and shoots the creature five times. Sarah covers her ears and closes her eyes.

The creature doesn’t flinch. Instead, it slams the door.

Sarah screams in horror. Creature noises are heard. Two gunshots are heard. Sarah cries in pain.

Jerry races toward the door, tripping in the process.
JERRY

Sarah!

He opens the door slowly.

The chupacabra stands in front of him. It doesn’t move.

Jerry backs away.

The creature takes four steps forward, and then suddenly appears closer than that.

Jerry backs away further.

The creature takes four more steps forward, and then suddenly appears closer than that.

Jerry backs away further.

The creature takes two more steps forward and pauses.

It breathes heavily.

Jerry backs away further.

The creature jumps out and knocks Jerry down.


Then, silence.

The camera is picked up.

The chupacabra looks into it. Its right eye is seen. Heavy breathing.

Sarah opens the door and pants heavily.

Her clothes are moderately ripped.

She gets out the gun she took from Jerry’s car.

She shakes uncontrollably.

She fires a shot at the creature.

The creature doesn’t move.

Sarah’s hands shake. She fires again.

The creature cries in mild pain.

The gun clicks.
The creature doesn’t flinch.

Sarah tries to control her trembling hands. She closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath.

She fires one last shot.

The creature falls to the ground.

Sarah picks up the camera and looks into it. Her nose is bloody. She has a bruise on her forehead and a right black eye. Her forehead is sweaty.

She kicks the chupacabra once. It’s dead.

She sighs in relief.

SARAH (V.O.)
(echoes)
I’m hungry for something else...

SARAH
I’m full.

OVER BLACK

Tense, pounding heartbeat.

SUPER: "Tom’s van was never found."

SUPER: "Sarah Ripley now lives in Kansas. She still has nightmares about the chupacabra, and wakes up in sweat every night. For the past year, she has had to sleep with the lights on."

SUPER: "Lamar Jackson and his family currently live in San Francisco."

FADE OUT:

THE END