

CHUPACABRA

By

Chris Bodily

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.

LAMAR is black, bald and muscular. Fun, fun loving. Gets on Sarah's nerves. He wears a Ninja Turtles (1987) T-shirt.

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  
Chupacabra. Goat eater. Man eater.

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!

TOM

What can you tell us about the chupacabra?

Abner looks up to the ceiling as he answers.

ABNER

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.

ABNER

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.

TOM

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

Sarah's eyes widen. Lamar snickers.

TOM

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

ABNER

No, it was the chupacabra.

Tom clears his throat.

TOM

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

ETHEL

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

ABNER

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.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "DAY THREE"

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.

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 gaaaaaahhhh!

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

Okay, okay. Bye, honey. Goodnight.

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.  
<http://www.chupacabrasurvivor.com>.

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.

SARAH

"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.

SARAH

I think I have everything I need.

Sarah prints the web page.

SARAH

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

Lamar stacks the papers and jogs them into alignment.

Trent staples them together.

KITCHEN

Sarah, Lamar, and Trent sit at the table.

LAMAR

We gonna eat anything?

SARAH

We've got your favorite Lucky Charms.

LAMAR

I haven't had a decent meal since...

Lamar clears his throat and nods.

SARAH

We're not spending a week here to eat.

LAMAR

Then Rip Van Stiltskin better wake up!

SARAH

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.

SARAH  
It's alright.

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

LAMAR  
Hurry up, kid.

Trent grabs one and hands it to Lamar.

TRENT  
Here.

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

July 20, 2012. It ends tonight.

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."

SARAH  
MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND  
UNDER THE SILVERY MOON  
MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND  
WHERE LOVE'S SWEET ROSES BLOOM  
COME WITH THE LOVE-LIGHT GLEAMING  
IN YOUR DEAR EYES SO TRUE  
MEET ME IN DREAMLAND  
SWEET, DREAMY DREAMLAND  
THERE, LET MY DREAMS COME--

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.

Screaming. Snarling. Gnawing. Purring. Four gunshots.

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