

“LATE NIGHT BITE”

An Original Screenplay

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. City. Night.

An aerial view of a crumbling gothic church that sits on a hilltop above an urban city. The view sweeps across the city, gliding through the streets and into the heart of the shopping district.

At the shopping district:

We see an ordinary mall complex- Busy. Happy people are mulling in and out of it with shopping bags in their hands.

Outside the mall: Is a small vintage cinema with a flashing theatre sign that reads "Kung Fu Marathon' The exterior of the cinema is rundown but cool looking -it has missed out on the upgrades of renovation in the area.

The cinema is crammed next to an alleyway leading towards the taxi and bus depot on the other side.

Across the street from the cinema is a city park with a food truck parked with outdoor seating. Groups of people huddled together waiting in line for the cinema, their cold breath creates a fog. Snow covers the sidewalks.

Another group of people exit the cinema and cross the street to the park.

EXT. THE CITY PARK. FOOD TRUCK:

The park is well lit with several nice décor lampposts and park benches surrounding an outdoor fire pit.

The food truck has a soft hum of guitar music playing from its front speakers and the rock and roll décor of a red Donkey in a leather jacket playing a guitar plastered on its side. The label on the truck shows an album cover with the black cover and red title words-

*The Mars Donkeys. EP Out now. Enquire inside.*

Business is booming.

Through the open truck window, we see ALEC ROBERTSON, mid to late 20s, part artist, part heavy metal rocker. He wears black jeans, leather jacket and hipster scarf. He is standing over the kitchen prep bench.

Alec is feverishly styling a batch of tacos with different spices and toppings like they are a piece of art. He takes a large bottle from the kitchen counter with the label 'Special sauce' and generously coats the tacos.

RUBY, a chubby teen girl is staring at him through the truck serving window, impatiently stamping her foot.

Alec stands back and admires his handiwork, before placing each taco on the plastic trays. He walks over and proudly presents the two tacos to the customer.

ALEC

Hey we go, Ruby. Two grilled Mexican chicken tacos.

The chubby girl inspects the tacos with her eyes only, looking from each taco to the next.

RUBY

The special sauce on each one?

ALEC

Yes ma'am

RUBY

And the spices?

ALEC

All of them.

RUBY

Very nice.

ALEC

And tacos are half price today for food truck members.

RUBY eyes light up.

RUBY

Awesome! I'm going to tell the whole school about food truck club. Everyone will sign up!

Ruby places two dollars on the food truck counter with her V.I.P food truck club member card. Alec checks off one of the ticks on the card with a pen and hands over the tacos with a smile.

ALEC

Remember, the first rule of food truck club.

You don't talk about food truck club.

(he chuckles)

RUBY

I don't get it. (in a deadpan manner)

ALEC

Never mind. Bon appetite...

RUBY

See you next week!

RUBY starts eating one of the tacos and walks away holding the other in her hand.

EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT. OUTSIDE CINEMA COMPLEX. CITY.  
NIGHT.

Ruby spots the bus and taxi depots in the distance. She decides to cut through the narrow alley way between the cinema and the mall.

EXT. THE ALLEY WAY:

RUBY enters and walks a few steps, before she polishes off the second taco and wipes the special sauce off her mouth. She looks around and sees an industrial rubbish dumpster, and throws the taco holder into the large dumpster.

Ruby hums Alec's band song as she continues walking down the alley way.

New Angle on the Alleyway:

The camera pans back to the large dumpster bin (in which she discarded her taco holder.)

A tall CREATURE wearing a black cloak from head to toe crawls out from the rubbish dumpster.

We only see the shadow of it highlighted from the street lights and projecting onto the alley wall.

The shadow starts to stalk Ruby. She hears shuffling sounds behind her. She turns around with her hands positioned in a karate stance.

RUBY

Whoever you are, I know karate. Don't bother to take me on. I'm on a taco high.

She turns around and looks behind her, but all she can see is darkness. She gets out her phone and puts the torch app on. It lights up a small bin. Ruby looks closer at it.

TO REVEAL: A black cat pops out and surprises RUBY.

RUBY

Shit!

RUBY lights up the alleyway with the torch as she watches the black cat run off and into another smaller bin further down the alley way.

RUBY

Stupid cat!

RUBY turns back to exit the alley, when something blocks her. She gasps and drops her phone on the ground. The torch app goes off. The alley returns to its dim status.

We see the large shadow looming over Ruby on the alley wall.

P.O.V: Ruby's eyes fill up with fear and she lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

**Fade to black:**

**Start title credits:**

The same black alley cat crawls out from the other small bin. The cat moves over to RUBY (We only see the shadow of her shoes and the remains of her left on the ground) The cat picks up a piece of meat string in her mouth and exits the alley.

MONTAGE: The cat carries the meat in her mouth through the city streets and back to the church cemetery on the hill. The cat gives the meat to her resting kittens behind an overgrown headstone.

(The example music score for this opening credit scene- Tales of the Crypt or any other type of eerie music.)

**LATE NIGHT BITE:** Based on True Events.

**Credits End:**

FADE INTO-

TV SCREEN: fills up the screen:

Hard Copy/ News Tabloid type show:

Female reporter, professional, wearing a news blazer.

REPORTER

The horrific murders of five people in the east quarter of the city has terrified and spellbound the nation. Our in-depth investigation will uncover the truth.

A clip news package appears on screen with photos and news clips that match the information.

What we know so far: All East five victims - (the photos of Ruby and the others appear on screen) were last seen at the taco food truck *The Mars Donkeys* before their untimely deaths. Though we have been advised to say- at this time- the owner of

the food truck is not considered a suspect.

Despite this, the sales of tacos in the city has dropped substantially as people fear the two are connected.

The one substantial piece of evidence the police have is a large claw found at one of the crime scenes, which prompted the mayor to issue an urgent statement to warn the public of a possible rogue bear in the region.

CUT TO:

Second News Channel.

EXT. NEWS STUDIO.

Wolf Blitzer type/ journalist who is the host of a CNN news show with three experts sitting in on a panel of the situation.

JOURNALIST

The police fear we have a bear out on a murderous hunt and taste for human flesh. How likely is it for a bear to do have done this?

1<sup>st</sup> Panelist: Wildlife expert Steve, khaki shirt and shorts.

WILDLIFE STEVE

Highly unlikely. Bears only attack when threatened.

I would like to examine the claw found at the scene and I would also need to inspect a stool sample from the bear in question.

2<sup>nd</sup> panelist: Woman in suit interrupts wildlife Steve.

RIGHTS GROUP ADVOCATE

Look, whoever it is behind these horrible murders, is obviously anti Mexican and trying to provoke fear by stopping the public from the joys of eating traditional Mexican food.

It's a disgrace.

3<sup>rd</sup> Panelist: A man in a black suit, red tie. Trump Apologist.

TRUMP SPOKEPERSON

I must bring up the one point everyone on the panel is overlooking.

JOURNALIST

And that is?

TRUMP SPOKEPERSON

The police feel that it is likely to be a rogue bear attack. Now... who do we know who owns bears?

JOURNALIST

The zoo?

TRUMP SPOKESPERSON

No. Hilary Clinton. She has trained assassin bears that she keeps chained up in the backyard of the Clinton Hampton estate. I demand an immediate and full probe.

The journalist host rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

THIRD NEWS CHANNEL: General news show:

A female reporter interviews a homeless man on a bench in the city park where Alec's food truck is situated.

REPORTER

So, you witnessed one of the attacks?

The homeless man nods.



HOMELESS MAN

Yes. I was sleeping on the park bench when I woke to hear a young girl screaming.

I saw something running out from the alleyway and in one leap sprung towards the food truck. It wore a long black cloak and moved really fast. The police think it was a bear. But how many bears do you know that wear cloaks?

REPORTER

Not many. If any.

HOMELESS MAN

Damn right.

CUT TO:

FOURTH NEWS CHANNEL:

Breaking news flashes across the screen: Preppy blonde reporter waiting outside police station.

PREPPY REPORTER

I'm reporting live from outside police headquarters with the breaking news of an arrest in the East City five case.

CUT TO:

PAN OUT FROM THE TV SCREEN TO REVEAL:

One of our main characters.

LACEY MCNEIL is watching the TV behind the police station booking desk. She is in her late 20s with girl next door looks.

Lacey looks away and checks the police station security camera screens. She sees the incoming media storm outside the police station steps.

She moves her attention back to her desktop computer and in a couple of mouse clicks brings up the police system login. Lacey types in her ID number. The computer screen login screen reads 'Welcome back Detective McNeil.'

Lacey types in the case title 'EAST CITY 5'

The case files pop up on the screen. The victim's profiles appear on the screen. Lacey clicks another file.

The next pop up window reads 'Lead detective assigned to the case -Detective Michaelson' It shows photos of Detective Michaelson conducting an undercover operation on Alec and the taco truck. The photos show detective Michaelson in a disguise buying tacos suspiciously from Alec.

Lacey clicks on the main suspect file 'Alec Robertson'

Another window pops up. It shows Alec's mugshot from an arrest for driving too slow because he was under the influence of pot brownies. Followed by a newspaper article about Alec's local punk band.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION. CITY. NIGHT.

ALEC is disheveled with his hands handcuffed behind his back, is pulled from the first police car by DETECTIVE MICHAELSON (mid to late forties, big man, looks professional, wears a suit.) He is being lead up the police station entry stairs, enveloped by the waiting media scrum.

The media camera lights are flashing in Alec's eyes. Photographs are being taken continually as they try to get the best shot of Alec's face for the morning papers.

The journalists in the media scum are shouting out to Alec.

RANDOM JOURNALIST

Why did you do it?

Alec shakes his head and tries to shield himself from the glare of the camera lights.

RANDOM JOURNALIST 2

How many more bodies are there?

The preppy journalist manages to get herself side by side with Alec.

PREPPY JOURNALIST

Have you sold your book rights to anyone yet?

Alec doesn't respond and holds his head down as he is finally lead through the scrum and enters the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION. BOOKING. NIGHT.

Detective Michaelson pulls a struggling Alec into custody and pulls him up to the booking station. Alec leans against the desk.

Lacey looks up.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Who the hell alerted the media?

LACEY

The chief just put out an official statement of an arrest in the case.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Damnit!

ALEC

I thought I was ruled out as a suspect.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

We have new evidence.

ALEC

Whatever evidence you think you have on me-your wrong. I'm an innocent man.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Sure. That's what they all say.

Alec looks at the police booking desk and sees Lacey.

ALEC

Hey...

Do I know you?

Lacey snaps back.

LACEY

No.

Alec recognizes her.

ALEC

Yeah. Last Saturday night. You were the crowd surfing chick at my band's concert.

Detective Michaelson looks at Lacey. Lacey looks puzzled.

LACEY

I don't think so. You must have mistaken me for someone else.

Alec winks.

ALEC

Oh no. I remember. I saw you. Pink tank top. Black leather pants. Great dancer.

Lacey pretends not to remember her last Saturday night.

LACEY

Sir. You're in custody. You have the right to remain silent and I urge to use it.

Alec laughs.

ALEC

It was you.

Detective Michaelson has enough of the banter.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Come on. Let's get a move on. Hands on the desk. Legs apart.

ALEC

Give me a minute. I need to be eased into this.

Alec slowly puts his hands on the booking counter and places his legs apart.

Detective Michaelson pats down Alec top half first, he empties out Alec jacket pocket first. He puts the crumpled items from Alec's jacket on the counter. Michaelson looks down at the loot.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Ten dollars. Two green bell peppers.

Alec interrupts.

ALEC

Those are supposed to be going on my truck menu right now.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

A woman's silhouette guitar pick and a... library card.

Alec looks at Lacey.

ALEC

I read books in my spare time.

Detective Michaelson finishes the top half pat down with nothing else found. Suddenly Alec pipes up with a comment.

ALEC

I invoke my right to a female officer to conduct the rest of the pat down please.

Lacey rolls her eyes.

Detective Michaelson looks around the busy police station and spots a tall butch female cop walking into the lobby.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Sure. That can be arranged.

Detective Michaelson waves over the butch female cop.

Alec gives a suggestive look at Lacey.

ALEC

I'm waiting for my pat down lady officer.

Alec gets a sudden fright as the burly female officer starts patting down his lower body. Lacey chuckles.

ALEC

This is *not* what I expected.

The burly female officer finishes the awkward pat down and finds nothing of interest. She looks at Alec.

BURLY COP

Are you hiding anything in your cavities?

Alec's eyes go wide.

ALEC

Oh No...No ... ma'am. I'm cavity free since 2003.

Detective Michaelson grabs Alec by the arm.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Good to know.

Detective Michaelson looks back at Lacey.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

(Continued) We will be using interview room 2. Bring your computer note thingy with you.

LACEY

It's called a tablet.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

That's what I meant.

Detective Michaelson leads Alec down the hallway to the interview room. Lacey grabs her tablet and the case 49 files and follows them off down the hall.

Cut to:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

The interview room is blank with white walls. Detective Michaelson seats Alec at a steel desk and chair.

Detective Michaelson exits the room and grabs a water bottle from a vending machine and takes it back in the interview room and places it in front of Alec. He uncuffs him.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I'll be back in a minute.

ALEC

Can't wait.

Alec opens the water and takes a drink.

Detective Michaelson walks out and shuts the door behind him. It is an automated locked door, so Alec can't get out. Lacey is waiting outside the interview doors.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

This guy is going to be a hard nut to crack. I want you to run lead with me on this case.

Lacey is excited. This will be her first big case as a lead police investigator. She smiles at Michaelson.

LACEY

Are you sure?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Yes. You have outperformed the other junior detectives by miles.

I think it's time to get you out of the booking station for good.

LACEY

Thank god.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Normally I would have you sit in with me for the first interview.

But after seeing how Alec reacted to you, I think you could be too much of a distraction to him.

It will be better for you to watch from the other side of the interrogation room two-way glass.

Lacey shakes her head.

LACEY

I'm not a distraction.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

For Alec, you are.

Lacey reluctantly concedes.

LACEY

Fine.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

And on another note: Were you at his concert on Saturday night?

LACEY

Full disclosure. Yes, I was. My sister dragged me along. Alec must have seen me dancing but there was no interaction between us.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

As long as there are no further conflicts of interest or other bias...

Lacey looks in the small glass window panel in the interview room door. Alec looks up at the same time and pokes his tongue out at her.



Lacey looks back at Detective Michaelson.

LACEY

Absolutely no interest whatsoever.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN INTEROGATION/INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION:  
EARLY NIGHT

Detective Michaelson reenters the integration room.

INT. INTERROGATION- SIDE ROOM -WITH TWO WAY GLASS

Lacey is watching their interview through the two-way glass and taking notes on her tablet.

CUT BACK TO:

MAIN INTERVIEW ROOM-

Detective Michaelson carries a large folder of papers, puts them down on the table and sits opposite Alec.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Official Police interview: Time started at 7.30pm, 25 July.

Present in interrogation room 2 are- Myself, Detective John Michaelson and the arrested murder suspect Alec Robertson.

Please state for the record, your full name, occupation, and current address.

ALEC

Alec Pickles Robertson, Taco chef extraordinaire and amazing guitarist, 1101 River Lane Bank.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Pickles? Is that really your middle name?

ALEC

I swear, it's on my birth certificate.

My mother craved them when she was pregnant. She thought it would be a nice tribute.

Lacey snorts with laughter. The laughter is heard in the interview room.

Alec looks up at the mirror behind Detective Michaelson.

ALEC

Is there someone else watching this interview?

Detective Michaelson looks to the glass of where Alec is looking.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Nope. Just, decorative glass.

Nothing for you to be concerned with.

As I was saying....

How long have you worked in the food truck?

Alec reluctantly moves his attention, back to detective Michaelson.

ALEC

Four years. A buddy of mine, was going overseas and offered me his truck at a discount price.

Unfortunately, the local gigs don't pay the bills. So, I went into the taco making business.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

What hours do you work?

ALEC

Late nights. Four to five hours. Each day. I normally work up to midnight, but I sometimes have to close early because of the crazies.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

The crazies?

Alec shrugs

ALEC

Drunks. Weird customers. A few months back, I had a man who was buying up to 25 tacos a day. I think he was addicted. *Loony.*

Detective Michaelson looks up with a strange look.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

That's a bit harsh... Do you have to judge him? He's a paying customer...

Alec is surprised at his reaction.

ALEC

Oh *sure.* I didn't mean to judge.

Detective Michaelson nods.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

You should take it as a compliment.

Maybe the fantastic taste of the spices from your tacos relieve the daily stress in his life?

Alec is puzzled.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Nevertheless...

Detective Michaelson directs his attention to the stack of papers next to him and pulls out a paper from the stack of papers, he reads off it.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Alec, you said your alibi for one of the city 5 murders, is that you were playing guitar at your bands gig. Is this correct?

ALEC

Yes.

I play lead guitar in The Mars Donkeys. You *might* have heard of us. We have a single out 'Your hotter than Mars.' It has charted at number 25 on the rock 500 radio station.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON:

I haven't heard of your band's music. Hopefully I *never* will.

Alec smirks.

ALEC

Well, ok then.

Detective Michaelson pulls a stack of photos out of the first folder and places the first photo in front of Alec.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON:

Can you explain this?

Alec stares at the photo of himself, outside the taco truck with two large black rubbish bags in his hands.

ALEC

It's me. Emptying the rubbish bins from my food truck.

I do it every night, after closing.

Is this the evidence you have against me? emptying the bin!

Alec is obviously frustrated.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

This is CCTV captured photo of you bringing bags back to the food truck. Not emptying them.

Detective Michaelson throws another photo on the table. Alec picks it up.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

The second photo, shows the time stamp in order of sequence of you leaving the truck at 12.15 am and coming back to the truck at 2.15 am. You were not at your bands gig.

Alec is sobered with the reveal, of this new information.

ALEC

At the last minute, the gig was cancelled. I decided to open the taco truck. And the bags, it's something else. Not murder.

Detective Michaelson opens another file.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

The last time any of the five victims were seen alive, was at your food truck buying tacos. The bodies were found less than a mile away from your truck.

Every. Single. Time. It can't be all one magical coincidence. I know your hiding something...

ALEC

I didn't kill anyone!

Why would I murder my own paying customers?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Maybe they asked for one too many sauces on those goddamn tacos and you just snapped.

Alec shakes his head.

ALEC

That would be one hell of an overreaction  
don't you think?

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

So, what are you hiding then?

ALEC

I can't say.....

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Alec, you're in deep shit.

I could get a successful murder conviction  
on you with just the circumstantial  
evidence alone.

Alec is worried and rubs the side of his face anxiously.

ALEC

I'm afraid If I tell you the truth. You  
will lock me up in an insane asylum and  
throw away the key.

Alec hands start to tremble, jolting the table a little  
bit.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON:

I already think you're crazy. So, you may  
as well tell me.

Your facing jail either way.

ALEC

O.K. I'll tell you what happened. But this  
is probably the weirdest story you've ever  
heard.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

(laughs) I have been a homicide detective for twenty years. It takes a lot to shock me.

ALEC

Challenge accepted.

(Enter the flashback -the montage will match the words in the story)

ALEC (O.S. Voiceover-)

EXT. FOOD TRUCK. CITY. NIGHT.

**Six months ago**

I was closing after a long night of cooking over the fryer, when I noticed someone was hanging around the back of the truck. I looked out the window, but I couldn't quite see who it was. They kept ducking away from my view. I assumed it was either a kid from the skate park, or the homeless guy wanting some free food. I went outside and checked around the truck, but no one was there. I went home and never thought about it again, until two nights later.

It was another slow night and I went to shut up early. I put up the closed sign. I was just about to roll down the truck service window, when suddenly my food truck lights flickered and the street lamps went out.

I watched in awe as across the street the cars stopped in mid drive and became noiseless. Even the trees beside my truck stopped swaying in the night breeze. At first, I thought there had been an earthquake.

When out from the shadows of the night, a black cloaked figure approached my truck window.

Cut back to: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. POLICE STATION.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I am going to have to interrupt. If you are about to tell me some ghost story... don't bother.

ALEC

Do you want to hear the truth or not?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Fine. Carry on.

ALEC

As I was saying....

CUT BACK TO FLASHBACK-

ALEC (O.S voiceover-)

EXT. FOOD TRUCK. NIGHT. CITY.

The shadow stood at my truck serving window.

I moved closer and saw the creature more clearly underneath my truck overhead lights.

It was tall and loomed over my truck window, it had black rotten scales for skin with blood red eyes that peered out through a gap in the dark hooded cloak. It looked like an alligator crossed with the devil and a human.

It began to speak to me, in a deep gravelly voice with a hint of a Russian accent.

CREATURE

Good evening.

Alec eyes wide with horror, but recovers quickly.



ALEC

Good evening.

I'm sorry sir, but I'm closing early tonight.

From out of its cloak the creature raises one long black claw which he moves back and forth (No, No, No, finger wag.)

ALEC

What?

CREATURE

There is no going home early tonight for you. I need tacos. Now.

Seeing the size of the claws Alec is petrified.

ALEC

What type of tacos sir?

CREATURE

I am no sir. I am not of your kind.

ALEC

Sorry... I didn't mean to offend. What would you like me to call you?

CREATURE

You can call me- Roden Sushchestvo.

Alec does his best to listen and pronounce the words.

ALEC

Ok. Roden Sushcestvo... what kind of tacos would you like?

CREATURE

I want Mediterranean tacos, with human  
meat filling.

ALEC

Hell No! We don't serve that type here.  
You should try Giovanni's for that.

The creature takes one of his claws and runs it down the  
side of the taco truck, it makes a loud screeching sound.  
Alec starts to panic.

ALEC

Jesus!

CREATURE

I am no Jesus.

Alec calms himself down.

ALEC

O.K....

How about I make you a taco with non-human  
meat.

I promise, the spicy Mexican is a winner  
it even got a five-star review in the  
paper.

The dark clocked creature stares at the menu list plastered  
on the side of the food truck.

CREATURE

I normally only like humans. But lately I  
have found I like cats too.

ALEC

What do you mean?

CREATURE

You make me tacos with cat filling. Now.

Alec stumbles over his words.

ALEC

But...But...But... I don't have any cats...

CREATURE

Find them or else.

Alec looks frightened to death as the creature uses its long claws to hook Alec's t-shirt and pull him close to him. The creature's putrid breath emanates out into Alec's face and he flinches.

CREATURE

I like you.

I'm going to give you one chance.

From tomorrow onwards you will deliver me tacos every day at the old hill church cemetery...

The Creature smiles and bears his long razor-sharp teeth at Alec.

CREATURE

One more thing. You must, include the special sauce.

ALEC

You like the special sauce? How did you get it?

The creature looks seriously at Alec.

CREATURE

You don't want to know about the things I have done to get my claws on that sauce.

Alec gulps.

ALEC

Fair enough.

CREATURE

All you need to know, is that I must have it. Everyday. Mixed with flesh is irresistible.

ALEC

What if, I make you tacos with the sauce but with no meat- will that do?

CREATURE

No. No. Mixed with flesh. Only.

Alec scratches his head for ideas in a desperate attempt to find a way out of this situation.

ALEC

What if, I give you the recipe and you cook your own special sauce?

CREATURE

(holds up his long claws)

Do I look like I know how to cook?

You do what I say or else I come back and kill you!

The creature release Alec from his grip. Alec stops negotiating.

ALEC

Got it. Old hill cemetery, Deal.

I'll leave them in a bag by the gates. If that's ok with you.

The creature nods.

ALEC (VO)

And with that, the creature swept away into the night.

The trees started to breathe again, the street lights came back on and people were walking out in the city again.

I, on the other hand, needed to change my pants, asap.

Cut back to:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM.

Detective Michaelson has his head resting on an open palm of one of his hands. He looks bored and unconvinced.

INTERCUT- OTHER SIDE OF THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Lacey stands behind the glass and looks shocked by hearing his story. She writes down RODEN on her tablet.

CUT BACK TO MAIN INTERVIEW ROOM-

ALEC

The black bags in the photos, were of the cats I was bringing back to cook.

To protect people of the city from this creature, I feed it 'special sauce cat tacos'

Detective Michaelson is enraged and leans forward and grabs Alec by his jacket.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

What? You hurt precious fur babies! I'll kill you myself.

Alec freaks out.

ALEC

No! No! The cats were already dead.

I found them after sorting through the animal shelter dumpsters.

I only took ones that had died of natural causes.

Detective Michaelson calms himself down.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

How could you tell which cats died of natural causes?

ALEC

They had little paw tags on, with the cause of death.

CUT TO FLASHBACK SCENE-

EXT. ANIMAL SHELTER. CITY. NIGHT.

Alec is rummaging amongst the animal shelter dumpsters bags, he stops to read the paw tags.

The camera only sees the tags. Alec reads one tag it reads 'possible homicide' he puts that one back. He reads another, it reads 'Cat flu' he takes that bag and puts it into his black bag.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM:

Detective Michaelson stares at Alec for a second processing this information and scribbles something down on the police file.

ALEC

What did you write down?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Nothing.

Alec is clearly getting more agitated.

ALEC

I just saw you.

Do you think I'm crazy?

I did the best I could under the circumstances I was put in.

(continued)

I'm not crazy. *I Swear to god.* I'm not crazy.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Yes.... you seem to be the perfect picture of sanity.

If you were feeding this creature, why was it still preying on humans?

ALEC

I don't know, it doesn't exactly confide in me. After Ruby- I stopped feeding it right away. A few weeks went by and I thought I was safe. Until it stalked me at one of my gigs.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Would anyone be able to verify this?

ALEC

Probably not.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Why not? How many people were at this 'gig'?

ALEC

There were close to a hundred at gecko's Bar downtown.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Your telling me that in a bar filled with a hundred people that none one noticed a tall dark cloaked creature?

ALEC

Have you seen my band?

Alec pulls out a folded concert flyer from his jacket pocket and hands it to Detective Michaelson.

The flyer shows four young guys with all variety of face piercings, wearing long black cloaks and holding guitars.

ALEC

The fans were asking for his autograph.  
They thought he was our new bassist.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

How convenient, it seems like you're out of luck in the witness department.

It's getting late, and I have all the details I need for this case. A police sergeant will take you to the holding cells for the night.

ALEC

Please you must believe me, *it's the truth!*

Detective Michaelson walks out of the interview room with Alec's pleas of innocence falling on deaf ears.

Michaelson walks out and straight into the next-door interrogation room where Lacey is standing by the glass window.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

It's a closed case. An insanity plea is his best bet.

Lacey looks away from the glass and back at detective Michaelson.

LACEY

I agree. He sounds crazy.

But...

I recognized something that he said in one part of his story.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON:

What part?



LACEY

What he said about the creature.

My parents are Russian. I speak the language myself. My mother loves to tell stories from her Motherland, that's just how I grew up...

We ate bowls of Kasha and painted beautiful nesting dolls..

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Lacey, I'm not sure now is the best time to talk about our family histories...

LACEY

Just listen to me for a minute.

I was twelve years old and I was having a horror themed slumber party, and my mum started telling Russian stories again. This was the one I never forgot.

The story goes...

Many centuries ago, in a sleepy village hidden under the mountains. There was once a young man named Andrei Sushchestvo whose father died and left him to take over the job as the village blacksmith. All was going fine, until Andrei was accused of attacking a woman and leaving her to die. The blacksmith swore he didn't touch her but the bruises on his arms said otherwise. No one in the village believed him and he was sentenced to hang.

On route to the noose as the horse and cart carrying Andrei passed the village cemetery, the young blacksmith broke free of the lawmen and ran off. There was only one place for him to go.

Andrei ran into the graveyard and entered the underground tunnel beneath the cemetery that was used to store the diseased and unclaimed bodies.

The lawmen ran after him and searched every inch of the cemetery tunnel, but the blacksmith was never seen again.

It is said- that in the depths of the tunnel Andrei found the devil and made a pact with him to live forever. He was transformed into a demon creature who lived under the cemetery and hunted humans. The creature could use the underground tunnels to travel throughout the world and back home to Russia again.

Here's the kicker. The name of the ancient city was called Roden.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Beautiful story. Visual masterpiece.

What are you saying? One minute, you can't stand the guy, the next you believe him?

LACEY

I'm just saying it's weird, that's all. How would he know information like that?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Maybe he read it online or something, there's lots of information out there.

LACEY

I doubt it would be online, these types of folklore stories only travel down through the families.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

First thing tomorrow, we'll go to the coroner's office and I'll prove that Alec's urban legend alibi is a bunch of bull.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. (NEXT MORNING) POLICE HOLDING CELLS.

Alec is lying asleep next to a large biker guy who has his arms wrapped around him. A guard knocks on the cell bars with his baton.

GUARD

Wake up Lovers. Alec Robertson, the court  
physiatrist will see you now.

Alec wakes and freaks out and shrugs off the biker guys arms. He rushes to the cell doors and peers through the bars at the guard.

ALEC

My rights have been violated. I want to  
complain to my lawyer.

The guard laughs.

GUARD

Your appointed lawyer is scheduled for  
this afternoon. Complain then.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MORGUE. SAME DAY.

Detective Michaelson and Lacey walk into the morgue filled with dead bodies.

The medical examiner (Man, late forties, white coat and gloves) is standing over a body on a table.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Good morning Detectives.

LACEY

Good morning, is this the last victim of  
the city five case?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yes.

The detectives move closer to the body and stand by the medical examiner. The body is laid out on the medical table, with the face covered up. The stomach is open. Lacey looks like she could be sick.

Detective Michaelson holds his nose.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

No offense. But do they always smell like that?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yes. They do.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

O.K. Moving right along, I'm here to show my partner Detective McNeil your findings, that will prove my suspect Alec is indeed the culprit of these murders.

LACEY

What is this evidence?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I found an orange sticky substance inside the small intestines. It was very likely the special sauce from the suspect's food truck.

Lacey looks horrified, as the medical examiner pries with tweezers, the part of the small intestine, to reveal an orange goo oozing out.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

See. (He looks at Lacey) this proves that each victim, were at Alec's truck, before their murders. It's even got the special chives in it.

Lacey looks at sees little bits of green chives mixed in with the orange goo.

LACEY

How do you know the special sauce has chives in it?

Detective Michaelson suddenly looks suspicious.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I don't know. It was a guess. Anyone can see that's chives.

Lacey gives me a 'I don't believe you look'

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Don't give me that look.

When, Alec became my main suspect in the East 5 murders, I went deep undercover to inspect the authenticity of his food truck business.

This involved, eating a lot of tacos.

It was an unfortunate side effect.

CUT TO FLASHBACK SCENE:

EXT. DAY. FOOD TRUCK. CITY.

Detective Michaelson in full disguise as 'the crazy addicted man' (full fake beard, hat, sunglasses, etc.) that Alec talked about earlier in the interrogation.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I need three Mediterranean shrimps, two spicy chicken, and four chili Mexican, all with special sauce.

Alec looks at the strange man. Detective Michaelson is looking shifty.

ALEC

This is your fourth time today, you must really love them.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I really do. How long will it take?

ALEC

It will be ten minutes and I will have them ready for you.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Thanks. As fast as you can.

Time-lapse montage- of ten minutes floating by, as detective Michaelson waits impatiently by the truck. He is counting down the minutes on his watch.

Detective Michaelson rushes back over to Alec who hands over the tacos, he flings Alec the money and promptly runs back to his police car, hidden behind the park. He gets back into the car with the package of tacos, takes off his beard and sunglasses and chows down like a savage beast.

CUT BACK TO:

Back to present day

INT. CITY MORGUE:

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I was addicted. God Damn it! I *don't know* what he puts in those things.

(Continued)

My wife had to keep me locked in our basement for two weeks, until I detoxed them out of my system.

Lacey and the medical examiner look at him in amazement at his hilarious breakdown.

LACEY

Was that your spontaneous two-week holiday in Tahiti?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Yes.

This information astounds Lacey.

LACEY

But you gave me the souvenir t-shirt from Tahiti!

The one with the two parrots sitting on the beach under an umbrella with the logo of Tahiti Holiday Inn.

I even wore it to work on casual Friday, and got laughed at by the rest of the crew, but I did it out of loyalty to you!

Detective Michaelson looks sheepish.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I brought it online.

LACEY

Well, that's *just* fantastic.

I hope you feel better, getting that lurid confession off your chest.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Yes. Miss McNeil. (likes he's a child being told off by his teacher)

Lacey shakes her head and moves on.

LACEY

Well, we must find out what's in that sauce.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Could we take a sample from the body?

Medical examiner looks at the intestine.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It's possible, but I don't know about the reliability of the results.

The body's stomach enzymes would have mixed with the sauce.

(continued)

You wouldn't be able to identify the special sauce exact ingredients.

Lacey turns her attention to the body and she notices something black poking out from deep within the stomach flesh.

LACEY

(looks at medical instrument tray next to body)

Can you please hand me the those?

The medical examiner hands over the tweezers to Lacey.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

What is it?

Detective Michaelson moves closer to where Lacey is looking. The three stare into the open stomach.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Hello? What, are we looking at?

LACEY

This.

Lacey points the medical tweezers at a black spot in the stomach tissue.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I saw it. All the city five victims had one. It's not abnormal. The average human stomach can have many varieties of small cysts, all benign.

LACEY

I want to have a closer look.

Lacey puts the tweezers over the black spot and pulls it.



Its stuck. She captures the spot and pulls again.

It moves a little bit. She pulls it further.

Its stuck again.

She pulls one more time, and something oozes out of the spot.

Detective Michaelson pulls a face.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Stop it. I'll tell you, what I tell my teenage son picking his acne.

No good can come from picking at it.

Leave it alone!

The medical examiner chuckles.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I agree with the detective. It's a cyst, nothing else.

Lacey looks closer, convinced of something sinister.

LACEY

One more try.

Lacey tries to pull it out, once more.

This time, the tweezers connect and she slowly pulls back something embedded in the black spot, a claw.

The medical examiner and Detective Michaelson look on in horror as they watch Lacey put the claw on the table next to the body.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

What the hell is that thing?

The medical examiner and Lacey inspect it.

LACEY

It's a claw.

The medical examiner looks closer. He puts the claw on a petri dish and moves to the table over and examines it under the microscope.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

This matches the claw found at the crime scene. It's likely to have been transferred from clawing the victim's stomach open.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Lacey is intrigued, while Detective Michaelson is in shock.

LACEY

What does this mean for our case?

The medical examiner looks up.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It means that the East 5 cases were the unfortunate victims of a bear attack.

Detective Michaelson gets his cellphone out of his jacket.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

*Damnit.* Hopefully Alec hasn't been transferred for his court psych tests yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHRINK OFFICE. CITY. DAY

Alec biting his nails as he lays on a couch in the shrink's office. His hair is bedraggled after his night in jail.

The shrink (early forties, wears black glasses, nerdy looking) sits opposite him in a plush chair.

SHRINK

Good morning Alec. I know this is a far from ideal situation for you, but I want you to know. I feel your pain.

Alec is confused.

ALEC

You do? Are you blamed for murders you didn't commit?

Did you spend last night wrapped up in the arms of a huge biker, who wouldn't take no for an answer?

Shrink is a little taken aback.

SHRINK

Your right. I don't know. Because I have never spent a night with a biker and if anyone has told you that I have- then they are a goddamn liar!

(suddenly defensive at the end of his statement)

Alec looks awkward, like he's inadvertently hit upon some hidden home truths for the shrink.

ALEC

Thankfully, no one has told me that about you.

SHRINK

Are you sure? The guards didn't mention big Eric? Or little Jimmy?

Was it my secretary? Did she bring it up?  
(He Mumbles) *Bitch*

Alec is perplexed.

ALEC

Nope. No one has told me anything.

About yourself or either a 'big Eric' or a 'little Jimmy.'

The shrink is visibly relieved. He repositions his eye glasses and recovers himself. He starts looking over the case files.

SHRINK

Good. Because today is about you.

Alec says under his breath.

ALEC

Doesn't seem like it.

Shrink ignores or doesn't hear Alec's comment.

SHRINK

My job is to evaluate *your* mental health,  
and find out if you are fit for a criminal  
trial. I want to start with a short test.  
Are you ready?

Alec shrugs.

ALEC

As ready as I'll ever be.

The shrink holds the stack of cards in his hands.

SHRINK

When I hold the first card up, please say  
the first thing that comes into your head  
without filtering yourself.

ALEC

Got it, doc.

The shrink holds up the first card. It shows a pattern of  
Black and white inkblots.

ALEC

I see tacos. A lot of them. Arranged in  
order from smallest to biggest.

SHRINK

Ok. Next one.

The shrink holds up another inkblot set.

ALEC

Cats holding tacos like they're guitars.

SHRINK

Ok, very interesting.

The shrink holds up the next set. This inkblot set looks like the creature's hooded face. Alec sits up.

ALEC

That's it! the creature. The one who did the murders!

The shrink looks on in awe.

SHRINK

What a powerful observation.

It is very common to deflect our bad behavior from ourselves to fantasy characters. Young children blame their invisible friends, so they don't get in trouble with their parents.

And you... (dramatic pause) blame your inner creature.

Maybe that's something you need to come to terms with.

Confronting the creature inside of you.

Alec has a revelation. He glances to the left of the shrink's chair and notices a side window is open to the office is half open.

ALEC

You know what? Your absolutely, right.

I need to confront the creature, who is ruining my life.

Later doc.

Alec springs off the couch, lightly pushes the shrink to the floor and makes a dash for the window. Alec pushes the window open fully and squeezes himself out. The shrink starts screaming to the police guards outside the door.

SHRINK

He's escaping! He's escaping! (followed by a high pitch squeal)

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY MORGUE. CITY. DAY.

Detective Michaelson is on his cellphone.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

Yes. We're on our way.

LACEY

What is it?

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

Alec. He's escaped from the shrink's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. SHRINKS OFFICE. CITY

Detective Michaelson and Lacey stand in the middle of the shrink's office. The shrink is now lying on the couch in the room.

SHRINK

Do we have to do this now? Can't you see I'm traumatized.

Lacey and detective Michaelson exchange a look.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

We need to know the details, so we can find out where Alec might be going to.

The shrink's secretary enters with a damp towel and puts it on his forehead and exits.

SHRINK

As you can see Detectives, I'm burning up with anxiety.

Sensing his dramatics, Lacey gets annoyed.

LACEY

If you can tell us, what you know and quickly, we can go.

The shrink sits up.

SHRINK

Fine. We talked about a few things, namely cats, tacos, and bikers.

The last thing Alec said, was he was going to confront his creature.

We were being symbolic, about our inner demons. It was a metaphor.

The detectives exchange another look.

LACEY

Thank you, that will be all the questions we have for today.

SHRINK

Before you leave, will I be compensated by the police department for my emotional distress?

Detective Michaelson checks his jacket pocket and finds a piece of paper. He looks at it and hands to the shrink.

DETECITVE MICHEALSON

Here's a free dinner coupon. Consider yourself compensated.

Lacey smiles at the shrink and the detectives both walk out.

CUT TO:

TIME-LAPSE MONTAGE:  
Transiting from Day fading  
into Night

AFTER ESCAPING THE SHRINK'S OFFICE:

Alec runs through the city streets narrowly avoiding every cop car in sight.

Alec arrives back to the city park and locates his spare key under a stone nearby and opens the food truck. He searches around the kitchen draws and finds several full bottles labelled 'special sauce'

He puts them in a plastic bag and exits the truck.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT. CITY STREETS.

The moon is out and hangs high in the sky as Lacey drives the police car towards the cemetery. Detective Michaelson is sitting in the passenger's seat.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

If it this creature does in fact exist,  
how does Alec think he is going to take it  
on? You saw how big those claw marks were!

LACEY

I don't know... I'll call my mother. She  
must know more about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CEMETERY. NIGHT.

Alec is seen entering breaking a padlock and entering the cemetery gates. He walks up the cemetery path, holding a bottle of special sauce.

INERCUT BACK TO:



EXT. POLICE CAR- CITY. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

Lacey finds her phone and pushes a preprogrammed number, she hands it to Detective Michaelson.

LACEY

Please holds this and put it on speaker.

Detective Michaelson looks at the phone likes he's a caveman looking at a book for the first time.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Which button is that?

Lacey looks over, whilst keeping your eyes on the road.

LACEY

The middle one.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Which one?

Detective Michaelson huffs and puffs like he's working up a sweat, just figuring out the technology. He shakes the phone and holds it to his ear. He doesn't realize he's already pushed the button and the phone is on speaker.

A voice enters the car.

LACEYS MUM

Who is this? I hear heavy breathing.

Lacey laughs in Detective Michaelson's direction, he looks unamused.

LACEY

Mum, it's me.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT. LOUNGE ROOM.

Lacey's mum (mid to late 50's, average woman, her hair in curling rollers) sitting on her couch with her feet on a foot rest in front of her, watching a soap opera on her

television.

LACEYS MUM

Oh, how lovely, I was wanting to speak with you. I had to go to the doctors again today for another fungi infection.

LACEY

Mum! I'm on speakerphone!

Detective Michaelson puts the phone on the dashboard and puts his fingers in his ears. Lacey looks horrified.

LACEYS MUM

It was in my right big toe!

Don't worry. I got some more ointment.

We cut back to Lacey's mom looking at her propped up feet, with one of her big toes in a bandage. She is still watching her soap operas.

LACEY

Anyway..... I have something to ask you.

Do you remember telling me about the Roden creature?

Lacey's mom looks up from watching her soap operas.

LACEYS MOM

Oh *him*. Yes. I told you that years ago, he's a very ancient creature. Bit of a bad boy of the underworld.

Lacey processes this information with a puzzled look.

LACEY

That's one way to put it.

Lacey motions at Detective Michaelson to remove his fingers from his ears. He does so.

LACEY

Do you know if it has any weakness?

LACEYS MUM

I think it does have one weakness. But I forgot what it was. Hang on, I will check now.

CUT TO:

Lacey's mom carefully minding her banded toe, leans over and grabs her phone from her coffee table. She swipes a few times and logs into a mythology app.

CUT TO:

ON SCREEN: We see the app that Lacey's mom is looking at. She swipes left on a few mythology profiles, before she finally hits the page of Roden.

LACEYS MOM

Here it is.

ON SCREEN: The page shows the image of the cloaked creature posing in a chair, smoking a cigar. Underneath his photo is a type of tinder profile.

RODEN: 1041 years young

22 MILES AWAY. ACTIVE. TEN MINUTES AGO.

ABOUT RODEN: Just a cold-blooded demon looking for a good time and a meaningless fling. Love Tacos. Hates water. It can kill me if I spend more than two hours in it. So, don't bother asking me out for a beach date. I'm not looking for a water baby.

If I sound like your type of demon- Hit me up- At Old Hill Cemetery after 2am.

LACEYS MOM

It will die after two hours in the water.

LACEY

Oh really? Good, thanks mum, I'll call you back later.

LACEYS MUM

Wait! You haven't seen this creature, have you? Lacey... Don't go near him. Please...

(continued)

You haven't given me any grandbabies yet!  
(fades off)

LACEY

I can't hear you. Your cracking up. Bye.

Lacey looks back at Michaelson.

LACEY

She's always talking about the  
grandbabies.....

How am I supposed to have a kid, while I  
work full time as a detective?

I can hardly find the time to go on a  
date, let alone find a soul mate..

Lacey continues to ramble on about her mother pressuring  
her, while Detective Michaelson leans forward and looks  
through the glovebox and pulls out a map of the city. He  
looks through it for a few moments.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Sorry to interrupt you, but if Alec is  
going to confront it at the cemetery. The  
map shows there is an underground tunnel  
under one of the mausoleums- which is  
connected to the main drain that leads out  
to sea.

LACEY

Sounds like a plan. Let's hope, were not  
too late to save Alec.

Detective Michaelson smirks.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Oh. *Let's hope.* Someone's got a crush.

Lacey looks uncomfortable.

LACEY

I do not.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

You look at him like my daughter looks at the posters of that boy Barber, on her bedroom wall.

LACEY

Its Bieber and for the last time-  
I don't.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

All right. All right.

I'll take your word for it.

Detective Michaelson looks out the window and sees the sign for the cemetery.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Slow down. It's up here on the right.

Lacey slows the car to a stop and parks outside the old hill cemetery gates.

Detective Michaelson and Lacey exit the car. They open the trunk of their police car. (Tarantino style car trunk shot) Lacey equips her police gun to her hip holster and Taser.

Detective Michaelson equips two guns to one on his jacket holster and one to his hip.

Lacey goes to the front of the car, opens the glovebox, and grabs a pocket torch.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Are you ready?

LACEY

As I can be.

Lacey turns on the torch, which lightens up the darkness surrounding the cemetery, to reveal large gothic cemetery gates. The gates are worn and rusty, and there is a broken chain padlock on the gates.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

It looks like where not the only ones here.

Detective Michaelson pushes open the gates and lets Lacey go enter first.

EXT. ABANDONED CEMETERY. OUTER HILLS OF THE CITY. NIGHT.

The cemetery is derelict and frightening.

Lacey shines her torch. The light finds a winding concrete path hidden in the overgrown grass. She starts walking on the path. Detective Michaelson follows her.

Broken and cracked headstones are on both sides of the pathway. The overgrown moss wraps around the tops of the headstones, giving the impression that moss is trying to drag the headstones back into the earth.

The detectives are both looking cautiously around the cemetery grounds as they walk up the path.

LACEY

See anything suspicious?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Nope. Nothing yet.

Detective Michaelson sees a shadow move by one of the headstones in the distance.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Police. Don't move!

Detective Michaelson runs towards the headstone. Lacey runs in tow.

Detective Michaelson grabs the shadow and tackles it. He rolls over, and sits back up pointing his gun in its face.

Lacey shines the torch light on it.

To reveal-

A hapless dog, an unkempt stray. Cute and docile.

He licks detective Michaelson's hand.

LACEY

(sarcastically) Good work boss.

You've found the monster.

Lacey pats the dog and coos.

LACEY

What are you doing out here sweetie?

Detective Michaelson looks down at the dog who gives him sad dogs eyes.

LACEY

Come on. We will come back later and find him a forever home.

Lacey makes her way back onto the path. Detective Michaelson looks back at the dog.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Do you hear that young pup?

Detective McNeil is going to find you a forever home. But first, she has to find and kill an ancient creature who kill humans... And eats tacos..

So, your kind of a second priority for us right now.

Detective Michaelson stands and walks back on to the path. The dog follows him. He turns around.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

No, No, you stay here.

Detective Michaelson walks four more steps. The dog waits until his back is turned and starts following him again. Detective Michaelson turns around.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

No. Stay. Stay there. Stop moving.

Detective Michaelson points to a nearby tree and points the dog towards it.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Be a good boy and stay, otherwise I won't come back for you.

The dog understands, moves towards the tree, and sits.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Good boy.

Lacey has walked on further by herself to find the path ends outside a creepy Mausoleum. She calls out.

LACEY

Michaelson. Hurry up! I found something.

Detective Michaelson runs up the path and catches up with Lacey.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Woah... Someone needs to call the flip or flop crew-Mausoleum Edition.

Do we *have* to go in there?

LACEY

Yes. Follow me. Scaredy cat.

The detectives walk up to the mausoleum door.

Lacey turns the handle. Its open. But she doesn't fully open it, she leaves it ajar.

Detective Michaelson takes his gun out from his jacket holster and aims at the door.

Lacey steps back and kicks open the door.



EXT. MAUSOLEUM. CEMERTERY. CITY. NIGHT.

Alec is crouched on his knees in front of a trapdoor in the middle of the mausoleum floor, holding a bottle of special sauce in front of him, poised to attack. He looks up.

ALEC

Don't shoot me!

I am going to trap this creature and prove my innocence!

Lacey and Detective Michaelson point their guns down.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

It's over Alec. A new autopsy has cleared you of the charges.

Alec is astonished, leaps up and stands over the trapdoor.

ALEC

Are you serious?

Lacey nods.

LACEY

You're a free man.

Alec is deliriously happy and jumps for joy.

ALEC

Yes!

Alec pulls Lacey in close for an awkward hug.

ALEC

Thankyou! I'm going to celebrate my freedom with a keytar and a bottle of rum..

An amused Lacey pulls herself out of the hug and stands next to Michaelson.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

A keytar? Really?

ALEC

That's how I create my musical rock masterpieces. Only *true* artists know how to craft songs with it.

Detective Michaelson smiles.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

You should make a new taco after it.

The Keytar.

ALEC

You wish. Taco addict.

Detective Michaelson looks shocked.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

What? You remember me?

ALEC

It took me a while, before I finally recognized your face.

Lacey laughs and turns to Michaelson.

LACEY

I told you, that you needed more than a beanie and a fake goatee to disguise yourself.

SUDDENLY:

The trapdoor starts to shake, underneath Alec's feet.

Everyone turns to look at the trapdoor.

In a split second: The creature explodes out and drags Alec down into the underground tunnel with it.

The trapdoor slams shut.

Lacey looks at Michaelson in shock.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Holy shit. Its real!

Lacey rushes to the trapdoor and struggles to pry it back open. Its wedged shut.

LACEY

Shoot the hinges.

Lacey moves back. Detective Michaelson aims and shoots the hinges. He rushes over and helps Lacey remove moves the trapdoor lid off.

Detective Michaelson enters the underground tunnel first and helps Lacey down into the tunnel next.

The underground tunnel is filled up with water, that reaches up to their waists.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Damnit. The drain has flooded both tunnels.

Lacey turns her attention to further in the tunnel. She takes out the torch from her jacket and shines the light in the tunnel.

LACEY

Alec!

About three feet in front of her, she sees Alec's jacket bobbing in the water.

Lacey wades out to the middle of the tunnel and picks it up.

LACEY

(Turns to Michaelson) Do you remember how where the tunnels connected from the map?

Detective Michaelson closes his eyes in thought. Trying to remember the map details.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I think it was about half a mile in. There should be a turn coming up, on the right side.

LACEY

Good memory.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Not too bad, for an old man.

Lacey looks forward, and carefully starts treading her way forward, shining the light in front of her.

Detective Michaelson follows Lacey, holding his gun towards the light.

The duo wade further into the underground tunnel, it is growing darker and darker.

The torch batteries start to fade. Lacey notices this and taps the pocket torch on the back.

LACEY

*Shit.* The batteries are fading.

I should have been more prepared for this.

Detective Michaelson wades up to beside her.

DETECTIVE MICHEALSON

Prepared? I don't think anything could have prepared us for a taco human eating creature.

But fear not, my cellphone is waterproof and my daughter helped me install a torch app.

Detective Michaelson holds his phone up to Lacey, with the light pouring out of the camera socket. He smiles with pride like this torch app is a great achievement to him.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

It lights up just like a proper torch.

Lacey looks at Detective Michaelson.

LACEY

You've always got a solution, haven't you?

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I'm wise as an owl. Between you and me, I think that I have a sixth sense.

It comes with being on the beat for 20 years.

I just can feel when something bad is going to happen.

At the same time as Detective Michaelson is talking- Lacey looks on in horror as a disgusting orange substance is dripping down from the ceiling of the tunnel.

It is dripping down upon a completely unaware Detective Michaelson's head.

Lacey looks at Detective Michaelson and points up.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Yes, I get it. The only way is up.

I applaud your positive thinking in this frightening situation we find ourselves in.

The substance drips down on detective Michaelson's head.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

(screams) Ahhhhhhhhh!

Don't let it get me!

Lacey moves forward and manages to grab the gooey orange substance from off detective Michaelson's head and throw it into the water.

The orange goo lands in the water and starts to bubble.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

What the hell was that?

LACEY

Nothing good.

Lacey stares at the bubbly water and can smell something in the air.

LACEY

Oh yuck. It reeks. Like old feet and mushrooms.

Detective Michaelson moves closer to the bubbly water and smells it and gags.

SUDDENLY:

Alec's screams echo through the tunnels.

The detectives wade as fast as they can towards the screams. They splash their way through the maze of interweaving tunnels, after the fifth turn they spot Alec at the end of the tunnel being held by the creature over the drain that goes out to the sea.

The creature swipes at Alec, with his claws scrapping the side of his face, blood oozes out.

LACEY

Get away from him!

The creature turns and glares at Lacey.

CREATURE

Make me.

Lacey runs towards the creature.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Lacey wait!

Lacey stops a few feet from the creature and fires a shot at the creature. It misses. Alec uses the distraction to break free of the creature and punches him in the face.

The creature briefly loses concentration. But not for long. He grabs Alec again and holds him perilously over the edge of the drain.

CREATURE

Don't come any closer. Or I'll drop him.

ALEC

Kill it!

Lacey points her gun at the creature, but is conflicted as she knows if she shoots him, Alec will go over the edge.

Suddenly:

From behind Lacey- Detective Michaelson runs at the creature and tackles it.

The creature drops Alec to the side who slumps and clings to the side of the tunnel.

Detective Michaelson and the creature both disappear under the water.

Suddenly the creature pops back up with detective Michaelson still holding it back, as the creature struggles to break free.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Shoot it! Shoot it!

LACEY

I haven't got a clean shot. I'll hit you.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Do it!

Lacey holds her gun firm in her hands and fires. It hits the target. Black slime explodes out from where the gun hit. The creature stumbles back.

Detective Michaelson escapes unhurt and moves to the side of the tunnel where Alec is.

Lacey moves closer to the creature.

The creature looks at Lacey with a menacing stare.

CREATURE

Stupid girl. You can't kill me.

The creature lunges with all his strength towards Lacey.

LACEY

No more special sauce for you.

Lacey fires the gun again. More black slime explodes out again, splashing Michaelson and Alec.

Lacey fires one more time, slim explodes out again.

The creature slowly slips under the water. The cloak comes away from his head and reveals his ghastly face, before he falls off the edge of the tunnel.

Everyone watches the lifeless creature float off into the city drain and out to sea.

EXT. CEMETERY. CITY. DAWN.

The morning sun rises as the trio walk out and detective Michaelson shuts the door on the mausoleum. They look quite a sight, all three covered in black slime.

ALEC

That was an interesting night. My thanks to both of you for saving my skin.

Lacey looks at the wound on Alec's face.

LACEY

Well, we didn't quite save all of your skin.

Alec takes a hold of Lacey's hand.

ALEC

I'll live.

Lacey and Alec walk hand and hand down the cemetery path towards the gates.

Detective Michaelson trails behind them.



DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

(watching them walk)

*Oh, young love.* (sarcastically)

Detective Michaelson walks past the tree near the mausoleum and sees the stray dog still waiting for him.

The dog starts wagging his tail, happy to see him.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Come on then, (he gestures to his side)

I'll be your daddy.

Detective Michaelson walks back to the police car, with the stray dog in tow.

Lacey and Alec are already sitting in the car.

Detective Michaelson opens the car door and lets the stray dog in the backseat.

The stray dog promptly sits on Alec's lap.

ALEC

Excuse me? Who is this?

Detective Michaelson puts the car in drive.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Say hello, to my little friend.

Alec tries to push the large dog off his lap.

It won't move.

Detective Michaelson looks back in the car mirror.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Stay. Good boy.

ALEC

Who are you talking to? Me or the dog.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

The dog!

Lacey leans forward and turns on the radio station.

ALEC

Hey! That's my bands song.

A crazy rock song blares out from the radio.

The dog starts howling.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

I echo that sentiment.

Lacey looks to Alec.

LACEY

I like it. It's kind of catchy.

Alec smiles at Lacey.

The big Labrador licks Alec on the non-wounded side of his face.

ALEC

(staring at the dog)

Why do I attract all weird creatures?

Is it my aura? do I have an aroma?

Lacey laughs. There is a strange smell in the police car.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

My guess, is it's an aroma.

ALEC

Ha-Ha. That smell isn't me, It's the black  
slime.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

Sure.

ALEC

It is! I'm innocent.

DETECTIVE MICHAELSON

That's what you *always* say.

Lacey turns the radio up, as the light-hearted bickering continues between Detective Michaelson and Alec in the background.

The camera pulls back up, until it is an aerial view of their police car driving back into the city with the rock music blaring in the background.

**Credits: Late Night Bite:**

SCENE AFTER CREDITS:

EXT. SEA. FISHING BOAT. NIGHT.

A boat captain (gruff man with beard) sits in his chair at the ship's wheel. He picks up his radio.

CAPTAIN

Hey, someone pick up on deck. The line is dragging. Fix it.

We see a young fisherman on the ships deck, pick up his radio.

DAN

Copy that. I'm on it.

The young fisherman walks to the side of the ship and pulls up on one the nets. There is something caught in it.

A large black heap.

The fisherman tries to untangle it from the net. He moves in closer to the black heap. He pokes at it.

An eye pops open.

The creature launches out of the net and lands on top of the fisherman. We hear his screams.

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END.**

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