

MONSTERS

by

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The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear. And the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown.

H.P. Lovecraft

FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

A warm stormy night. HOWLING WINDS. Sheets of water cascade down from the dark clouds above and the heavens rumble with the sounds of THUNDER.

SUPER: **Central Texas.**

A metal sign on a chain link fence is whipped by the tempest:

"ELDRITCH INSTALLATION - MILITARY PERSONNEL ONLY."

Behind the fence is a sea of dancing loblolly pine trees camouflaging a brightly lit complex. It's an imposing cement three-story black basalt and glass building. A long range search radar dish rotated atop its roof.

ARMED MARINES make the rounds.

VARIOUS MARINES

A PAIR walk and talk.

ONE takes a piss in a private area.

ONE has a smoke near a non-smoking area.

INT. MILITARY BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT

On the asphalt is a UH-1N Twin Huey.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

A MARINE sits in the pilot's seat, feet on the console. He's watching porn on his smart-phone. He grins.

MARINE

Nice.

INT. MILITARY BASE - PROJECT LAB - NIGHT

State of the art equipment encircles a massive, pressurized chamber. Massively thick glass window, ribbed and riveted steel, like an old-fashioned diving helmet reinterpreted as a large room. It's dark inside, fathomless.

LAB PERSONNEL are everywhere, some are seated at work stations, computer screens streaming data. The others attach thick black cables to the pressurized chamber then run the other ends to a muon solenoid coil chamber, like gas station attendants filling a car.

A pair of tense middle-aged scientists, TYSON and REED, hover at the shoulder of a seated tech named PHILLIPS.

REED

We should pull the plug for tonight. At least until the storm-

TYSON

The Department of Energy's gonna pull the plug on our funding if we don't show them results. Our power sources are shielded.

(off Reed's look)

We'll be fine.

Activity mounts. A rising TURBINE WHINES up. Banks of video and wave spectrum cameras are trained at the darkness within the chamber.

Everybody's intensely focused, eyeing their data streams, murmuring to one another, the whole vibe very "Mission Control." Phillips glances up.

PHILLIPS

Sir, alignments are set.

TYSON

Engage.

Switches are thrown, commands keyed in. Scientists peer into the chamber, eyes straining into the darkness, and:

Inside the chamber, a faint pinpoint of light appears, blooming like a flower into existence from darkness, growing ever brighter like a spotlight being shined through a keyhole...

A hush falls upon the room. Faces are slack, stunned. A UNIFORMED COLONEL moves to Tyson's side, gazing in wonder as:

Inside the chamber, the "keyhole" widens to become a portal of dancing, swirling light. It shimmers like a heat wave, growing larger and brighter...

People are struck with awe inspiring wonder, mesmerizing light rippling their faces, reluctantly tearing their eyes away to check their boards as:

TYSON

Check your data streams. I want constant updates, flag any anomalies...

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Lightning slams from the sky, blasting along the fence, the power lines, anything metal or electrical. A SOLDIER is blown out of the guard booth as the surge EXPLODES every circuit and panel, sending up showers of sparks as it courses along.

The surge goes blazing into the turbines powering the lab, sending them into smoking overdrive...

INT. MILITARY BASE - PROJECT LAB - NIGHT

Panic spreads throughout the lab.

PHILLIPS

Sir, we have one hell of a surge!
Needles above the red line and raising!

REED

(reading a monitor)

The chamber's starting to become
unstable!

TYSON

Disengage! Disengage!

A mad flurry as the scientists try to shut the system
down, but the WHINE continues to build, the "portal of
light" within the chamber growing larger and brighter
still...

COLONEL

Kill the fuckin power!

PHILLIPS

I can't!

TYSON

Trip the breakers!

Tyson darts over, frantically punching buttons.
Phillips' screen is flashing data almost too fast to make
sense of, while the light inside the chamber swirls
faster than the speed of light...

REED

The system's overloading! It's the
lightning, we're pulling it from the sky!

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

He's right, overlapping bolts of lightning are blazing
down, coursing through the array of power turbines...

INT. MILITARY BASE - PROJECT LAB - NIGHT

The light within the chamber builds into a whirlwind of
unworldly power. People shield their eyes from the
glare, helpless to do anything but watch. A few techs
break and run...

TYSON

Remain at your stations!

COLONEL

How thick is that glass?

REED

Pressurized to forty-five atmospheres.
Unbreakable.

But even Reed sounds uncertain. The Colonel moves closer, peering deeper into the blinding light:

COLONEL

Am I seein something in there?

A petrified video tech tries to darken and adjust the image enough to see.

VIDEO TECH #1

There is... something...

TYSON

What?

VIDEO TECH #1

Something... moving.

And there is something inside. Something in the light. Something... slithery. And that's when the first CRACK appears in the glass. The SOUND OF SNAP makes everybody freeze, staring in horror, praying the glass holds, but:

CRACK, SNAP! Another crack. The glass gradually begins to spiderweb. People turn and run, but it's too late, because:

TYSON

Oh fuck me.

WHAM!!!

The first window explodes out, lacerating a tech with flying glass, blowing him back in his seat as a huge eruption of otherworldly mist blows through and engulfs him...

And the windows explode in sequence as the mist freight-trains into the room, blowing techs back in their chairs, engulfing people on the run.

The Colonel draws his sidearm as the mist muffles the screams and whimpers, and everything else.

Then nothing but mist.

Until...

A DEAFENING, UNGODLY ROAR, sharp and terrifying, unlike anything anyone has ever heard, drowns out everything.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - MORNING (MOVING)

The roar is replaced by a Lynyrd Skynyrd song. Driving the car is DEPUTY RUSTON WHYTE, early-thirties, clean-cut sandy hair, charismatic; a good-old-boy. He taps his fingers on the wheel.

Ruston drives through an endless vista of checkered woods and Johnson grass and scattered farmhouses.

EXT. THE LONE STORE - MORNING

Wooden sides and metal tin roof that has rusted over the years. The cruiser pulls into the gravel parking lot.

INT. THE LONE STORE - MORNING

MR. WILKINS, sixties, sits behind the cash register, working on a crossword puzzle. He's been at since the break of day and only has two words done.

Ruston walks in, goes through the aisles.

RUSTON

Mornin, Mr. Wilkins.

MR. WILKINS

Mornin, Ruston. What's the weather like out there?

RUSTON

Same as yesterday: hot.

MR. WILKINS

Figure that storm we had last night would've cooled it down.

Ruston stands at the coolers, grabs an apple juice and an orange juice. He heads to the register, spots the crossword puzzle.

RUSTON

Is that the same crossword puzzle you started yesterday?

MRS. WILKINS, sixties, thick curly grey hair, thicker eye glasses than her hubby. She comes out from the back.

MRS. WILKINS

Hell yeah it is.

Mr. Wilkins rolls his eyes.

RUSTON

Hey, Mrs. Wilkins.

MRS. WILKINS

Hello, Ruston. How's your brother doin'?

RUSTON

Oh you know, bein a little brother. Actin out more than I did when I was his age.

MRS. WILKINS

Well he's goin through a tough time.

RUSTON

So did I. But if I know mom, should
wouldn't want us grievin forever.

Mrs. Wilkins nods. She leans in over Mr. Wilkins'
shoulder.

MR. WILKINS

Hell's bells, Dot, get off my back.

Ruston lays down some money.

MRS. WILKINS

Look, look, that there, ten down, that's
helicopter.

MR. WILKINS

I know woman, let me do this! God
Almighty.

RUSTON

Is this what marriage's like, Mr.
Wilkins?

MR. WILKINS

No. This is what hell is like.

Mrs. Wilkins gives Mr. Wilkins a look.

RUSTON

Y'all have a good one.

MRS. WILKINS

You too, Ruston, be safe.

EXT. CLEARWATER - MORNING (LATER)

Main Street is old, but still booming and teeming with
shops and LOCALS. The people are out and about, starting
their day off right.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

It's a strange, shiny amalgam of Sheriff's department and a museum. There's a seven foot long wooden case displaying the town's lawmen from the eighteen-hundreds. The stairs lead down to the cells.

Walking up from the stairs is EARL HICKS, early-forties, balding, pot-bellied. He goes over some files.

Ruston walks in, passes the receptionist desk, behind it ADDIE MOSS, late-thirties, the daytime dispatcher. She says her good-byes to BOB STURGESS, the night-watch dispatcher, late-forties, bald-pate.

ADDIE

So how was it?

BOB

Just another quiet night.

ADDIE

I'm hopin the same for today.

Ruston then proceeds into the pit of desks, each one occupied by a deputy.

ROY WILCOX, mid-thirties, scrawny, picks his teeth with a paper clip. His partner DALE BALLARD, late-thirties, husky, thin-haired, cleans his Glock 17 at his desk.

DALE

I walk one mile south, one mile west, and one mile north. I am exactly where I started. Where am I?

ROY

Just south of "I don't give a shit".

Ruston sits at his desk. In front of him is his partner, JONAH HATCH, early-thirties, dark-haired, mild-looks.

JONAH

Hey, man.

RUSTON

How's it goin, Hatch?

JONAH

Can't complain. You?

RUSTON

I feel like complainin.

JONAH

Uh-oh. What's today's topic, little brother actin up again?

RUSTON

That. You remember Estella Sharp, the one I met online?

JONAH

Yeah, you showed me a pic of her. Huge tits. She stopped talkin to you, right?

RUSTON

Yeah, no reason why. Just found out, she's gone back to her ex-husband.

JONAH

The one that pushed her down the stairs.

RUSTON

Yup.

JONAH

Well good riddance to her. Any chick that goes back to an abusive husband deserves to get pushed down the stairs again.

RUSTON

Maybe I should just give up on the datin site.

(MORE)

I mean every chick I met on there is either in another state or just gives up on me. Just like, uh, Ashley Grubb.

JONAH

HA! Grubb, sounds like a fat chick name, man. And I thought you said you'd never go out with a girl named Ashley because of Ashlee Jones.

RUSTON

I figure I'd make an expectation. This one looked... more trustworthy than Jones.

JONAH

Trust is hard to find in a woman.

Sluggishly walking in is SHERIFF ALTON CLARKE, late-fifties, African-American, bald with a French cut facial hair. He carries a large brown paper bag with grease soaking the bottom. He's greeted by his deputies with "mornin Sheriff".

He stops in the middle, sighing.

ALTON

God, help me. I can't do this shit no more.

ROY

What's wrong, Sheriff?

ALTON

A whole damn week of this juicin fast bullshit that Loretta's got us on. I swear to God Almighty, I never pissed so much in my damn life.

EARL

Just tell her you're done doin, Sheriff.

ALTON

I can't. Loretta's deadset on gettin us on the health track.

RUSTON

So what's in the bag, Sheriff?

ALTON

Heart Attack Special from Leland's: three sausage patties, three strips of bacon, cheesy scramble eggs, and two biscuits. And anybody here tells Loretta about this. I. Will. End. You.

Alton heads to his office.

ADDIE

(calls out)

Just got a call form Jim Southard, another beef with the Clinton brothers!

RUSTON

We'll take it!

JONAH

We will?

RUSTON

It's just Jim and Dana.

JONAH

Feel like I need to put on another vest.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

A calm flowing river cuts through the thick, aging woods.

EXT. SHORE - MORNING

Standing under the shade of a blanket of leaves is MR. FISHER, mid-fifties, silver hair under a Texas Longhorn hat. His fishing gear is at his feet. He casts his line into the river.

Mr. Fisher sighs, at one with nature.

Suddenly his solitude is broken by the sound of a STICK SNAPPING. He whips his head around, but only sees a trail and more woods.

He hears it again.

MR. FISHER

Hello?

Just more stick SNAPPING.

MR. FISHER

Who's there?

Mr. Fisher feels something is about to come at him...

Until...

His line catches something. The pole almost comes out of his hands until he gets a firm grip on it and starts reeling back his prize.

MR. FISHER

Son of a bitch!

His prize is fighting, splashing in the water, but it's hard to make out what it is.

Suddenly an eight foot, sticky, slithery tendril shots out from the water. Mr. Fisher instantly freaks the fuck out as it hits him. Then it quickly tries to grab him but he falls back.

And that's when it happens: a long, pale fleshy pink thing that looks like a huge obscene worm comes slithering up from the water, probing the air.

Mr. Fisher is breathless, speechless, backpedaling...

MR. FISHER

What the fuck-

And then THWACK! The membrane lashes forward and wraps around his ankle - it's a tentacle. The tip has a flat pad like a giant squid's.

Mr. Fisher lets out an inarticulate SCREAM of sheer horror as he squirms, trying to shake it off. He starts kicking it with his other foot.

MR. FISHER
HELP!!!!!! HEEEELLLLLLPPPPPP!

The tentacle suddenly flexes and pulls, jerking Mr. Fisher's foot.

The tentacle flexes again, wrapping further up Fisher's leg to get a better grip. The tentacle starts dragging Mr. Fisher across the ground toward the river - Fisher flops onto his stomach, dazed, fingers clawing the earth.

MR. FISHER
PLEASEEEEE! SOMEBODY HELP!

Mr. Fisher starts blubbering with fear. He hears something gurgling, then growling. He turns his head to the river and sees something horrifying, something that turns him ghost-white.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

He SCREAMS like a mad man.

EXT. SOUTHARD FARM - MORNING

Ruston's cruiser pulls up to the house.

The clapboards on the house are in good shape. The paint is still white. The windows are without screens. There's a large barn and a raised Ford F-150 truck.

Ruston and Jonah climb out. Suddenly they hear a GUNSHOT. They know where the Southard's are. They head around back.

EXT. SOUTHARD FARM - MORNING

A .338 Lapua magnum bullet hits a thick used steel target.

Looking through the scope of a McMillan TAC-338A sniper rifle is DANA SOUTHARD, early-thirties; blonde, a beautiful, sizeable woman. She's bent over with her rifle resting on a picnic table.

DANA

God I love this rifle.

She ejects the spent shell and jacks home a fresh one.

Behind Dana is JIM SOUTHARD, mid-thirties, stocky with strong arms and an impressive beard. He cradles a custom .408 Cheyenne Tactical sniper rifle. A S&W .45 hangs from his hip.

He stares at her big, round derrière.

JIM

And I love this view.

DANA

I bet you do.

Jim starts massaging her ass with his free hand.

DANA

You tryin to get me to lose my focus?

JIM

Maybe. Is it workin?

DANA

Maybe.

Dana giggles.

RUSTON (O.S.)

Jim! Dana!

JIM

Well look who it is, the moment killers.

Ruston and Jonah walk up to Jim and Dana, shaking their hands.

JONAH

So, the Clinton brothers.

JIM

Damn right the Clinton brothers.

RUSTON

So what is it this time, Jim?

JIM

My cattle.

Jim wants toward his dozen cattle, wandering around in the paddock, grazing.

JIM

One's missin.

JONAH

And you think Bill and Rod did it?

DANA

Hell yeah.

RUSTON

You sure it didn't just wander off?

JIM

I saw part of my fence destroyed. I seriously doubt it did it on its own.

RUSTON

Please tell us you didn't go over there and started something like last time?

DANA

If he did, y'all be callin a hearse.

JONAH

Is your cow branded?

DANA

Every single one of them.

RUSTON

Okay. We'll go over there and talk to them. If they give us permission we'll look around and see what's what. If they don't have it, there's nothin we can do.

JIM

I'm tellin you, they got it, and if they don't-

JONAH

We'll handle it, Jim. The last thing we need is you furtherin this feud your family's been havin for decades

JIM

They started the feud. My granddaddy said so.

RUSTON

I'm sure their granddaddy said y'all started it.

RUSTON

Honestly, Dana, you gotta control your hubby.

DANA

Hell no, I like it when he gets his blood boiling.

They start kissing.

RUSTON

(walking away)

I can't believe you guys are our deputy reserves.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - MORNING

Dale and Roy stand with TWO FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS on bikes.

DALE

If a chicken says that all chickens are liars, is the chicken tellin the truth?

The boys just stare at Dale.

The Sheriff's cruiser pulls to the shoulder, right behind Roy and Dale's cruiser. Alton gets out and walks over to Dale and Roy and the boys.

ALTON

Men, what do you got for me?

ROY

Well, Sheriff-

ALTON

(points to boys on bikes)

I was talkin to them. What do y'all got for me?

BOY ON BIKE

That, sir.

Alton looks to where the boys are pointing at. Alton's jaw slowly drops. He removes his sunglasses to get a better look. He starts walking toward the woods, his deputies follow.

ALTON

Sweet God Almighty.

A path of destruction has been made through the woods. Something big had knocked down all these trees, something really fucking big.

ALTON

Did anybody see what made this?

DALE

No, sir. No one.

ROY

Must've happened last night.

The Sheriff and his deputies walk into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Alton glides his hand across a downed tree, spotting the four massive claw marks, five inches deep five inches wide. He sees there's more claw marks embedded in the trees.

Alton looks down at the giant four-toed primordial footprints. Each one a foot deep. They lead out of the woods and out onto the road.

ALTON

This is... not good.

DALE

No, sir, it's not.

Alton weighs his options.

ALTON

Tape off the entrance to this. I'm gonna track it. Notify the station.

(calls out)

Boys! Over here!

ROY

You want one of us to come with you, Sheriff?

ALTON

I'll be fine on my own.

The two boys run up to Alton.

ALTON

Alright, listen up the four of you. This stays between us, got it. Last thing we need is the town panickin over this. If anyone asks, the storm did this. Got it?

They all nod their heads.

EXT. CLINTON FARM - MORNING

A two story farm house with an adjacent barn. Chipped paint. Some open windows with holes in the screens. Rusty lawn equipment about. Two beat-up pickup trucks.

Ruston's cruiser pulls up to the house. He and Jonah climb out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

They walk up to the porch. Jonah KNOCKS hard on the Ruston-laced screen door.

JONAH

Sheriff's department!

A beat. So far nothing. He KNOCKS on it again.

JONAH

Sheriff's department!

Still nothing.

RUSTON

I'll check the back.

JONAH

I'll check the barn.

Ruston and Jonah walk off the porch and split up. Ruston heads to the back of the house.

INT. BARN - MORNING

Jonah opens the large barn door and enters. Lots of dark shadows.

JONAH

Bill? Rodney?

Jonah steps further in, walking alongside the John Deere combine.

As he walks further in, a tin can falls. Jonah freezes, palming his sidearm.

JONAH

Rodney? I swear if you plan on jumpin
out...

He hears the NOISE again. He tenses as the noise was closer than before. He hears something coming his way.

Jonah slowly pulls out his sidearm, ready-

A CAT saunters out from the shadows, gazes at Jonah. Jonah relaxes, releases his sidearm. He walks out. He closes the door barn door, taking away some light just as the cat is snatched by SOMETHING with three, thing long claws and reeled into the shadows.

EXT. CLINTON FARM - MORNING

Ruston wanders toward a healthy green cornfield. He notices drag marks that lead into the corn, most of the cornstalks are bent or lying on the ground.

Ruston walks up to the cornfield. Looks up and down, thinks about going in.

He brushes back the cornstalks and steps in when-

ADDIE (O.S.)

Come in, Whyte. Over.

Ruston talks into his shoulder-mic.

RUSTON

Go ahead, Addie. Over.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Principle Greer called. It's your brother. Over.

Ruston rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

RUSTON

Alright, I'm on my way. Over.

Ruston turns and heads back to the cruiser.

EXT. CORNFIELD - MORNING

SOMETHING watches Ruston walk away, something animalistic.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING (LATER)

Ruston's cruiser pulls up and parks.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ruston walks in, his solemn seventeen year old brother, SCOTT, sits in a chair. He looks up to Ruston.

PRINCIPLE GREER stands up.

PRINCIPLE GREER

Thanks for comin, Ruston.

Ruston closes the door.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING (LATER)

Ruston and Scott exit the school. Ruston's fuming.

RUSTON

Just because you're suspended for a week don't mean you can sit at home. I puttin you to work.

SCOTT

Tryin to be like dad?

RUSTON

Dad would've whipped your ass.

They make it to the car. Ruston opens the back door and puts his little brother in the car.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - MORNING (LATER) (MOVING)

SCOTT

I don't know why you're jumpin down my throat. It's just a fight. And he started it.

RUSTON

It's not just because of the fight, Scott. You've been comin home late, or sometimes not all. Is this because of mom?

SCOTT

Oh God. Just let it go, Ruston.

A beat.

RUSTON

I don't know what you're goin through, but you need to get over it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING (LATER)

Ruston, Jonah, and Scott walk.

SCOTT

Why can't you just take me home?

RUSTON

And let you kick back and relax? No, sir. You're sittin right there.

(to Addie)

Addie, can you make sure he stays put while I'm out.

ADDIE

Can I use my stun-gun on him?

RUSTON

Sure.

Addie takes out her stun-gun and places it on the counter.

ADDIE

I'll watch him.

Earl Hicks walks into the station with a cuffed perp: *MARISSA ORTIZ*, late-twenties, Spanish-American, café-au-lait skin, ripped physique. Tats adorn her toned arms and tailbone. Oh, and she's gorgeous.

Ruston is instantly hooked by her beauty. Breathless. An angel.

MARISSA

This is fucking bullshit! That's my car. I didn't steal shit!

EARL

Shut up.

(to Addie)

Addie, call Homer, tell him to tow a red Chevy Corvette out on route 64.

Addie gets cracking.

MARISSA

Esa es mi puto coche, perro adjunto!

EARL

If you're gonna swear at me I'd appreciate it if you did it in English.

MARISSA

Fuck. You.

JONAH

Lovely young lady, Earl. What's the charge?

EARL

Grand theft auto. Reckless drivin. And resistin arrest.

MARISSA

Bull-fuckin-shit.

Earl hauls Marissa toward the stairs down to the cells.

Jonah sees Ruston, looks him over.

JONAH

Hey? You okay?

RUSTON

(snaps back to reality)

Yeah. Peachy.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Hey, Rust!

RUSTON

Yeah?

ADDIE

Bobby Weber called, said Joe Paxton's dog is shitting in his front yard again and is threatenin shoot it.

RUSTON

Why can't those two just shoot each other?

Ruston and Jonah head out.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The sun is low in the pale blue sky, just an orange ball above the western hills, but the day's heat still covers everything like a thick blanket on a warm night.

Alton, with his Mossberg 590, continues his hunt through the path of downed trees, like a hunter tracking a buck. He checks his surroundings: nothing.

He presses on.

INT. ROY AND DALE'S CRUISER - DAY (MOVING)

Roy's behind the wheel. They cruise through wooded area.

DALE

Okay. I have keys but no locks. I have a space but no rooms. You can enter, but can't go outside.

ROY

I don't know, Dale.

DALE

A keyboard.

ROY

What?

DALE

A keyboard. Get it?

ROY

I think.

Roy sees a green Jeep Wrangler up ahead on a gravel parking lot.

ROY

Huh. I know that jeep. That's Todd
Fisher's jeep. Must be fishin.

Roy pulls off to the side.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The cruiser parks next to it. Roy and Dale get out and
head to the trail into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

They walk down the hilly trail.

DALE

What's your plan here?

ROY

I'm gonna buy a fish off him.

DALE

I'm not gonna ride in the car with a damn
fish.

ROY

Well I gotta ride in the car listenin to
your damn riddles.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

In the brush, insects drone, crackle, and scurry for
shade. Ballard and Wilcox head down the trail to the
shore where Mr. Fisher was.

Dale and Roy approach the scene.

ROY

Todd! Where you at?!

Roy and Dale look around.

DALE
You sure he's here?

ROY
That's his tackle box.

DALE
(calls out)
TODD!

They walk towards the river. Roy squats down, seeing the drag marks that lead into the water.

Dale scans the river. He looks to his right and sees something wedged in a tree root dipping into the water. He goes over to inspect it.

ROY
You found something?

DALE
Not sure.

As Dale gets closer and closer, he can make out what it is: a human arm. Bugs crawl over it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Ruston's cruiser pulls up to the curb. Ruston and Jonah get out and walk up to Bobby Weber's house. BOBBY WEBER, late-thirties, exits through the front door.

EXT. WEBER'S HOUSE - DAY

They converse in the front yard.

BOBBY
About time, guys.

JONAH
Paxton's dog shittin in your yard isn't exactly urgent, Bobby.

BOBBY

I'm tired of that fuckin dog. My yard is not his bathroom. Hope you're gonna over there do something about it.

JOE (O.S.)

Why don't you come over here and do something about it?!

JOE PAXTON stands in his doorway, on the verge of coming out. His dog, BRUTUS, a German Shepard, is by his leg.

RUSTON

Joe, stay on your property!

BOBBY

Yeah you better stay over there!

JONAH

Bobby, cool it now.

JOE

Brutus didn't do shit in his yard!

Jonah gets in front of Bobby.

BOBBY

I saw that damn dog pop a squat with my own two eyes. Look it's right fuckin there!

Ruston sees the pile of shit that's cooked under the sun.

RUSTON

Oh, God.

JONAH

Did your dog do this, Joe?

JOE

No he didn't. He's been in the backyard since this morning.

(MORE)

Did y'all maybe think that he's the one that took a shit and placed in his own yard?

RUSTON

That's very, very disgustin; but, Bobby is this true?

BOBBY

Are you serious?

JONAH

You've always hated his dog.

BOBBY

Not enough to put my own shit in my own yard!

Rust sighs as both Bobby and Joe bicker at one another. This is gonna be a long day.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Acres of trees provide shade over the single strip of road. A big rig truck hauling a stock trailer loaded with pigs ROARS on by.

INT. CAB - DAY (MOVING)

A FORTY-SOMETHING TRUCK DRIVER texts while driving. More texting than driving. He steals a few glances at the road then goes back to his phone.

Then.... BUMP-CRAAAAACK!

The truck driver reacts fast, dropping his fast to grab the wheel and slam on the breaks.

INT. STOCK TRAILER - DAY (MOVING)

The pigs SQUEAL evening louder as the big comes to a screeching halt and the pigs are knocked off their feet.

INT. CAB - DAY

The truck driver puts in park and kills the engine.

TRUCK DRIVER

Oh Christ. Not again.

The truck driver gets out.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck driver goes to the front of the truck and finds the grill dented, smeared with bright blue blood.

TRUCK DRIVER

What the fuck?

The truck driver sees the blue blood trail goes from the grill to under the truck. He bends down to follow the trail that leads all the way to the end of the stock trailer.

He gets to the end and sees the blood trail curving towards the woods. He debates whether he should investigate further or get the fuck out of Dodge.

A beat.

TRUCK DRIVER

Fuckkkkkk.

The truck driver follows the blood trail into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The truck driver follows the trail blood trail along with deep claw prints in the ground. The truck driver moves through a series of thick bushes.

He moves aside a low hanging tree branch to find a half dead UNWORLDLY ANIMAL. The truck driver recoils in shock.

TRUCK DRIVER

Fuck me.

The truck driver hesitates to move in closer, but, he can't help himself. He moves in slowly. The creature is about the size of a horse with a thick hide, gnarly horns, and four tusks. It breathes fasts and bleeds profusely from a large gash on its side.

The truck driver looks around, then back at the creature. As he takes another step forward, the sound of pigs squealing reaches a BLOOD CURDLING CRESCENDO. The truck driver races back to the road.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

As the truck driver gets closer and closer to the road, the squealing dies out... then finally stops.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck stumbles out of the woods then gets back to his feet to find the back of the stock trailer ripped open, the doors lie on the road.

The truck driver goes to the back and sees his livestock dead; shredded to pieces, blood smeared on the walls and floor and dripping from the ceiling.

Sunlight cuts through the trailer's slits, slightly revealing a bulky, GORILLA-LIKE CREATURE with a shovel-like snout, gnawing on a dead pig. The creature senses the truck driver's presence. It turns its attention toward him.

The truck driver bolts back into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The truck driver runs, falls, clamor up, and runs on with no destination, only an instinctive need to flee.

Every chance he gets he looks back and sees the gorilla-like creature gaining up on him. It moves faster and faster, belching a GARGLING ROAR.

It makes a few small leaps, then one giant one. It lands on the truck driver, crushing him. It bangs on him with its six-fingered fists until there's nothing left of the truck driver.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Alton is still on the hunt. Suddenly his radio GOES OFF.

ROY (O.S.)
(frantic)
Sheriff! Sheriff! Come in, Sheriff!

Alton speaks into his shoulder-mic.

ALTON
What's up, Roy? Over.

ROY (O.S.)
Sir, we got a situation over at Pike's River. I think it belongs to Todd Fisher. Over.

ALTON
Describe the situation and calm down. Over.

ROY (O.S.)
Yes, sir. Dale and I found an arm by the river. We think it's Todd Fisher's. His jeep's here, but he's not. Over.

ALTON
Alright, tape off the area and walk the grid. I'll radio Addie to call the State Police to send over forensics and detectives. Over.

ROY (O.S.)

Yes, sir. Over.

Alton looks around, feels the search is going nowhere.
He turns back.

ALTON

(into shoulder-mic)

Come in, Addie.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CELLS - DAY

Marissa sits in her cell. Ruston walks in with a bottle
of water. He stops by her cell.

RUSTON

Thirsty?

MARISSA

I didn't know you guys offer beverages.

RUSTON

We do. You just can't keep the bottle.

Marissa gets up from her bed and grabs the bottle. She
drinks from it.

RUSTON

So what kind of Corvette was it?

Marissa looks at him, considers him for a moment.

MARISSA

2014 Corvette Stingray. Boosted it from
Vegas. Came to Texas to see some
friends. Then I was gonna make a bee
line to El Rey in Mexico.

RUSTON

Why?

MARISSA

Why what?

RUSTON

Why steal the car? Why go on a cross country joyride?

MARISSA

Are you that cop that tries to be encouraging; to put me back on the right path?

RUSTON

Please, I can't even get my little brother to stay out of trouble. I'm just curious is all.

MARISSA

Well, I had to get off the path. It was taking me nowhere.

RUSTON

Where was it supposed to take you?

Marissa pauses. Humors him.

MARISSA

I worked in Vegas as a bartender, burlesque dancer, fitness instructor. Scrapping and saving for years so I could please the bank with a ten-thousand dollar deposit so they could give me a loan so I can start my own helicopter tour ride.

RUSTON

Really?

MARISSA

Yeah, I even got my pilot's license. I was gonna call it Vegas Cloud 9. I would take people over Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, Grand Wash Cliffs, Grapevine Mesa, you name it.

RUSTON

So what happened?

MARISSA

Life happened. The economy went to shit. Bills, debts. Everything was drying up. I tried convincing the bank manager into waiving the deposit fee. But he was being a prick, citing my shitty credit score. So, I said "fuck it". Stole his car. A whole month on the road without a care in the world.

RUSTON

A month on the run you mean.

MARISSA

If I was running from anything it was the bullshit dream that faded away when I realized it was never gonna happen.

RUSTON

When you hear stories about someone buildin a company from scratch, you don't hear them talk about the easy stuff. Because there are none. Because achievin a goal is never easy or without hardship. You can't let that stuff stop you.

MARISSA

That's nice. Did you get that from some trailer park fortune cookie?

RUSTON

I think Donald Trump said that.

Marissa busts out laughing. Ruston joins in.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Roy and Dale continue searching the grid. Roy trails behind. Dale wipes sweat from his forehead.

DALE

Hell's bells.

ROY

What're the chances of us findin the rest of Fisher?

DALE

I don't know. What're the chances of you tellin another fuckin riddle?

Roy thinks for a moment.

ROY

I got one.

DALE

Oh come on!

ROY

A young girl comes across a lion and a rhino. The lion lies every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and the other days he speaks the truth. The rhino lies on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and the other days of the week he speaks the truth. The lion says "I was lyin". The rhino says "so was I". Which day did they say that?

DALE

Oh God I don't fuckin care, man.

ROY

Just solve it, man.

Dale sighs. Fuck it.

DALE

Well the lion lies on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. But he said he was lying about the days he lied.

(MORE)

So the days that he lies are really the days he's tellin the truth, right?

Roy doesn't respond.

DALE

Roy?

Still nothing. Dale stops walking, turns, and sees Roy dangling six or seven feet off the ground. He stumbles backwards to the ground in horror.

A SILHOUETTED FOUR LEGGED CREATURE, about the size a tiger, is perched on a tree branch. Its python length tongue is pulling a twitching Roy into its mouth.

Dale draws his sidearm, prepares to fire when a SIX-LEGGED THERAPSID with four short to long tusks and four eyes charges Dale. The creature impales Dale, spewing blood.

Dale SCREAMS as the creature claws at him and starts gnawing his arm.

Suddenly a QUADRUPEDAL CREATURE, about the size of a pony with multiple quills running down its spines, joins in on the feast. Both creatures rip Dale apart, spilling blood and guts.

Eventually his screams die with him.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A calm before the storm.

Moments later, a sedan that looks like it's been through Benghazi pulls up to the station.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott doodles in his notebook. Addie reads from her novel.

A beat.

Stumbling in is Dr. Reed. Now if the car looks like it came out of Benghazi, Reed looks like he came out of Hell. His lab coat is torn and coated with grime and blood. Sweat trickles down on his head.

Scott is speechless, transfixed like Addie.

ADDIE

How can I help you, sir?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Ruston reads a report on Marissa as he heads down the hall. He hears a COMMOTION out in the pit. He walks in.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Reed is babbling to Hatch and Hicks who try to calm him down. Scott keeps his distance while looking on.

REED

Listen to me! You need to contact Fort Lucas! Call them!

JONAH

Sir, you need to calm down and start from the beginnin.

RUSTON

Hell's goin on here?

EARL

Hop head here is goin on and on about some science project.

REED

LISTEN! These- these things are everywhere, they're coming this way! You gotta get the people of this town somewhere safe! Now! Please, hurry!

EARL

Alright, the hell with this. Hatch,
let's go.

Earl and Jonah grab hold of Reed who struggles.

REED

What're you doing?! Where you taking
me?!

EARL

Puttin you in a holdin cell until you
come down from whatever drug you're on.
Then we'll talk.

REED

NO, PLEASE! YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME!

They brush past Ruston and head down to the cells.
Ruston just lets it go.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CLEARWATER - EVENING

The evening redness is heartwarming, and yet ominous.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - EVENING (MOVING)

Alton cruises. The police scanner crackles.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Come in, Sheriff. Over.

ALTON

(into mic)

Go head, Addie. Over.

ADDIE (O.S.)

Sir, Roy and Dale haven't checked in.

ALTON

Awe hell.

(to Addie)

(MORE)

Alright. I'll swing by Pike's River.
Over and out.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

Scott stands by the door. Bob and Addie begin to switch places. Ruston passes by.

SCOTT
Can we go now?

RUSTON
I'm almost done.

Ruston heads toward the cells.

The phone RINGS. Addie answers it.

ADDIE
Sheriff's office?

INT. CLARKE RESIDENCE - EVENING

LORETTA CLARKE, mid-fifties, a picture of health. She nurses a green smoothie.

LORETTA
Hey, Addie.

ADDIE (O.S.)
Hey, Mrs. Clarke. How can I help?

LORETTA
Is my husband there, cause I can't reach
him?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

ADDIE
No, sorry, he isn't here. He was goin to
check on Ballard and Wilcox.

LORETTA (O.S.)

Awe, hell, Roy's probably borin poor Dale with those damn riddles of his. Alright, well just let Alton know that I called. Take care, sweetie.

ADDIE

You too, ma'am.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CELLS - EVENING

Ruston walks past the cells, passes Reed who sits nervously. He stops at Marissa's cell.

MARISSA

Come to spring me?

RUSTON

Fraid not.

MARISSA

Damn.

RUSTON

It was great talkin to you. Hope you get back on your feet after this.

MARISSA

Gonna be a long time before that happens.

He agrees. Just as he's about to walk away-

MARISSA

Sometimes the thing you think is bothering your brother turns out to be something else.

Ruston turns back.

MARISSA

Talk to him.

Ruston takes in her words. Then walks away.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Sheriff's cruiser pulls in and parks next to Dale and Roy's cruiser. Alton gets out and scans the area.

He heads down the trail, ducking under the "do not cross" tap, disappearing into the shadows.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Alton saunters down the trail, calling out.

ALTON

Roy! Dale! You two better not be jerkin
off out here!

He makes it to the site.

EXT. SHORE - EVENING

Alton sees the turned over tackle box and fishing pool and the drag marks that lead into the water. He walks further toward the water.

He stares at the calm, peaceful water. He picks up a rock and chucks it. PLOP!

As the water calms, bubbles emerge.

Alton turns his back on the river.

Something in the water begins its way to the shore.

ALTON

(into shoulder mic)

Roy, this Sheriff Clarke. Do you copy?
Over.

Nothing. The water-bulge is racing towards the shore.

ALTON

Dale, come back. This is Sheriff Clarke.
Over.

Alton is getting annoyed and the thing in the water is getting closer.

ALTON

God-d-

A huge splash EXPLODES in the water near the Alton, an eruption of foam and spray that startles him.

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana walks into the room. Jim is already in bed, flipping through "Survivor's Edge" magazine. Dana slides into bed.

DANA

You really think the Clinton's did it?

JIM

Without a doubt, sweetie. I'm just wonderin what they did with it? Degenerate, hillbilly white trash shit kickers. They're probably fuckin it right now!

DANA

Oh God, Jim. I don't wanna think about that shit.

JIM

Alright.

Jim tosses the magazine and rolls on top of her, kissing her wildly. Dana giggles and kisses him back, pawing him. Things are about to get hot. Hot diggity damn!

Suddenly Jim stops, hears the faint sound of COWS MOOING in distress.

JIM

That's it, that's it! I've fuckin had it with those assholes!

Jim quickly gets out of bed. Dana tries to stop him.

DANA

Jim, don't do it.

He races to the closet.

DANA

Let me call the Sheriff's office.

JIM (O.S.)

Call the hospital!

Jim comes out with a loaded Remington 1100 Tactical shotgun and a flashlight.

JIM

Tell them I'm sendin them two cow fuckers to the fuckin morgue.

Jim walks out the room.

EXT. SOUTHARD FARM - NIGHT

Jim steam rolls through the back door, muttering to himself. He enters the paddock.

EXT. PADDOCK - NIGHT

With the flashlight he's guided by ill-sounding mooing, like they're in pain.

Jim soon comes across drag marks, lots of them.

Then splotches of blood.

Then more blood.

Jim starts getting worried. Then comes across a slaughtered cow. Like, ripped to shreds, blood and gets everywhere. Its head is barely attached to its tendons.

Jim is frozen stiff. He continues on, scanning the area, finds more and more cows, butchered like, well, cattle. But their insides are eaten out, something big had done this.

Jim is drawn to a sound, an EATING SOUND. It gets louder and louder the closer he gets to the sound. He then suddenly shines the light on something he really wasn't expecting.

The flashlight shines on a CREATURE seven feet long and eight feet high with gnarly tusks, smooth skin on its belly and sides, and an armored dorsal surface. Its four beady black eyes are fixed on Jim. Its mouth is wet with blood and full of cow.

There's only one thing Jim can do: drop the light and run.

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana sits in bed, reading one of her magazines. Suddenly she hears her husband SCREAMING.

DANA

Jim?!

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jim stumbles in through the door, locks it, and proceeds into the living room.

JIM

Dana!

DANA (O.S.)

What?!

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim shouts toward the stairs.

JIM
Call animal control!

CRASH-BOOM!!!!!!

The tusk-creature EXPLODES through kitchen like a bucking bronco, destroying most of the kitchenette, the whole fucking house shakes.

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana scrambles off the bed to retrieve her CSMC DP-12 double barrel pump-action shotgun. She loads it. BOOM! BOOM! She hears her hubby shooting.

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The gunfire is DEAFENING as Jim blasts away. Some shots ricochet off the creature's bony forehead or the kitchen, but others do damage, gloppy neon green blood spurting from a half dozen wounds. But's still alive and furious.

Jim's shotgun clicks empty. The tusk-creature charges after him, destroying the entryway to the kitchen/living room. Jim SCREAMS as it chases him around the living room and through the foyer and into-

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The carpet under Jim moves causing him to slip just as the tusk-creature was about to gore him.

It crashes into the dining room table, it fights to get back to his feet as Jim makes his escape into the kitchen.

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Water shoots from the plumbing. Jim climbs over destruction. The tusk-creature makes it into the kitchen just as Jim makes it back to the living room-

INT. SOUTHARD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

And comes face to face with Dana and her fucking double-barrel boom-stick. Jim quickly ducks as she fires. BOOM-BOOM! KA-CHACK! BOOM-BOOM!

The creature lunges forward, HOWLING, gravelly drool foams out of its mouth. Suddenly it shoots out three prehensile tongues with rows of suckers, moving and writhing like hundreds of small, puckering mouths.

The tongues go after Dana until Jim SHOOTs at them with his S&W 500 revolver. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! It severs one and mortally injures the rest. The tongues retreat back into the creature's mouth. It advances forward.

Dana drops her spent shotgun and snatches up a pair of Glocks and FIRES as the creature enters the living room.

Jim grabs a grabs an AK-47, slams in two magazines, bottoms taped end to end, and opens FIRE!

Dana's Glocks goes dry. She grabs an H&K 416 assault rifle, peppering the creature. Green blood begins to paint the interior. The tusk-creature HOWLS as it's racked with bullets.

Jim expertly flops his double magazine over, loading the full one taped upside-down to it, and opens fire again. Dana grabs a Colt M4 and joins him. They lay down massive fire, virtually disappearing in muzzle flash and smoke. Ejected shell cases clatter and clang all around the room.

The guns are empty. The tusk-creature is still alive, and even more pissed. They desperately grab weapons from every corner of the house, one after another: a lever-action, a magnum handgun, a shotgun, an assault rifle.

Dana chambers a .50 Barrett, flicks to full-auto and opens fire like a madwoman. Big gas-ejected shells pop from the breach like bowling pins.

They rip through the tusk-creature's forehead and sides. The concussion literally shakes the house. The recoil slams Dana back against the wall.

Great gouts of curdled blood spew from it. Dana hit an artery or something. The beast convulses grotesquely, then collapses, deflating like a beached whale, GASPING noisily for a while before it finally dies.

Jim and Dana stagger together and hug each other fervently. They stare dumbfounded at the massive dead horror.

A beat.

JIM

I bet it came from the Clinton's.

DANA

WHAT?!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bob is on the phone and its lighting up like the Fourth of July.

BOB

Yes, I understand, and I like said as soon as a deputy comes in I'll send him over.

(goes to next line)

Sheriff's office, what's the problem?

Oh, really?

Earl walks in with Ruston, both in uniform and are still waking up.

EARL

What the hell, Bob?

Bob holds up his index finger.

RUSTON

Probably another state assist.

EARL

Which means we sit on the sidelines or
just get them coffee.

Jonah walks in just Earl says "coffee".

JONAH

Where? Where's the coffee?

RUSTON

Starbucks, Jonah.

Bob hangs up the phone, the lines are blinking.

BOB

Fuckin hell. They won't stop callin.

EARL

What's the problem?

BOB

I'm gettin multiple calls about strange
wildlife attacks. I can't reach, Roy,
Dale, or the Sheriff.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Speak of the devil. The Sheriff's cruiser SCREECHES to a
stop. The trunk POPS open.

Sheriff Alton Clarke, battered, bruised, but not broken,
steps out of his cruiser, wide-eyed and sweating buckets.
His uniform is soaking wet.

He goes to the trunk and grabs a tentacle and pulls out
what was in Pike River: an octopus-like creature the size
of a pony, purple blood oozes out of multiple bullet
holes.

The deputies watch as their Sheriff walks in with his kill.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The men are at awe as Alton drops the dead creature in the center of the Sheriff's office.

JONAH

The fuck is that?!

EARL

Sheriff?

Alton doesn't respond. He strolls to his office and flops down in his chair and opens his desk drawer.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - ALTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alton takes out a bottle of Jack Daniel's and takes a massive pull. The deputies and Bob gather around his door.

RUSTON

Sir?

ALTON

I saw shit in Nam that made more since than what happened to me today. I've seen a man crawl into a rat-hole and come without his lower half. I've seen charred bodies that reminded me of burnt hotdogs on the Fourth of July. I've seen children runnin in the fields with grenades tryin to blow me up... that shit made since. But that out there...

EARL

Sir, we've got-

ALTON

(re: to the dead creature,
springs up from his chair)
(MORE)

THAT MOTHERFUCKER TRIED TO KILL ME!
Tried and failed!
(a beat)
It is dead, right?

The men look at the dead creature on the floor, blood pooling around its corpse.

Jonah pulls out his Glock and SHOTS it.

JONAH
Yeah it's dead.

Alton takes another pull.

ALTON
I've never seen anything like that before
in my life.

EARL
Sir, we gotta situation brewin.

ALTON
You think?!

BOB
What the hell is goin on, Sheriff?

ALTON
I wish I knew, Bob. But something tells
me that whatever that fuckin devil
creature came from it probably got Dale
and Roy.

RUSTON
(to Earl)
You don't think this has to do with that
guy that came in today?

ALTON
What guy?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CELLS - NIGHT

The lawmen walk down the cell, awakening Marissa and Reed.

Earl unlocks Reed's cell and opens it for Alton.

ALTON

I'm Sheriff Clarke.

REED

Emmett Reed, astrophysicist at the Eldritch Installation.

ALTON

You know what's goin on?

REED

Yes.

Marissa listens in.

ALTON

Time's paramount, buddy. So I need you to be brief and to the point.

REED

For six years we've been working with NASA and the Department of Energy to see if it there were other dimensions, habitable worlds to populate. Much faster than sending people into space. Well we found one, and now, it's spilling out things you could not imagine.

ALTON

Oh I can imagine, motherfucker.

REED

Right now, the portal is still open, so anything on the other side waltzing into our world, doing God knows what.

(MORE)

And if it's not closed soon, it could expand, allowing larger things to come through.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Ha!

Everyone looks to her, giving her the "what" look.

MARISSA

Well you know how atheist say that religion will be the thing that destroys the world. Well...

They all turn their gaze back to Reed.

RUSTON

Why hasn't the military done anything to stop this?

ALTON

The closest military base is an hour from here.

REED

And I needed to warn this town first.

JONAH

So what's the plan, Sheriff?

Sheriff Clarke takes a moment to come up with a plan.

ALTON

We do our job. We need get everyone to the high school.

REED

The high school?

EARL

Doubles as an emergency shelter.

ALTON

We'll use the air-raid to get people goin. Jonah, you and Reed head for Fort Winston. Take that fuckin thing up there as proof of what's goin on. Maybe they can send an air strike and bomb the hell outta that base. The rest of are gonna comb through town to make sure everyone gets to the school.

BOB

We're down two deputies, Sheriff. Three if you count Jonah leavin with the doc here.

He's right. Alton looks at Marissa.

ALTON

What's your name?

MARISSA

Marissa Ortiz.

ALTON

(to the deputies)

What she in for?

MARISSA

Jaywalking.

EARL

Grand theft auto.

MARISSA

You have no proof.

ALTON

Well at this point it doesn't matter. I hereby deputize you.

MARISSA AND DEPUTIES

What?

ALTON

I need all the help I can get.

(to Marissa)

But make no mistake about it, soon as this is over, you're goin back in that cell. Clear?

MARISSA

If you say so.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

At the entrance: Alton unlocks a box on the wall and hits a switch.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The air raid siren BLARES for miles.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At the gun closet: the deputies and Bob load up, arming themselves with shotguns and extra ammo.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - ALTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alton sits behind his desk with a loaded M16A2 assault rifle. He's on the phone.

ALTON

I know, baby. I know. Just head to the high school, Addie's gonna meet you there.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marissa watches the men load shells and bullets into the weapons.

MARISSA

So am I gonna get one?

EARL

I don't think so.

MARISSA

Oh that's bullshit! There's monsters out there and you're not gonna allow me to defend myself?

JONAH

Here, use this.

Jonah hands Marissa a collapsible nightstick. She looks at it. Lame. Ruston hands her a walkie-talkie.

RUSTON

You're gonna need this, too.

MARISSA

Sweet. A nightstick and a walkie-talkie. Everything a girl ever wanted.

Marissa clips the walkie-talkie to her belt.

Alton exits his office, carrying his rifle.

ALTON

Let's go.

Alton leads the way to the door.

ALTON

Let's go everyone. Ruston, you're takin the car thief with you.

RUSTON

Sheriff, if you don't mind, I'm gonna get my brother.

ALTON

Fine. Get him and comb through the town. Jonah, you and the doc don't stop until you get to Fort Winston.

JONAH

Yes, sir.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As they exit, Jim and Dana Southard pull up in their Ford F-150 truck and climb out, armed, of course.

JIM

Sheriff, you won't believe the shit-

ALTON

Some bizarre fuckin animal attacked y'all, right?

DANA

Well, yeah. How'd you-

ALTON

I'll explain later. Hope you two are ready to be deputy reserves. You bring any more guns?

Jim and Dana open the tailgate to reveal a copious amount of guns: assault rifles, hunting rifles, shotguns, machine-guns, and a shit ton of ammo.

ALTON

Head to the high school. Loretta and Addie will meet you there.

Everyone gets in their vehicles and head on out.

EXT. CLEARWATER - NIGHT

Alton leads the way into the town, maneuvering past destroyed vehicles. Creatures of all shapes and sizes, menacing and not, are scattered about, wandering like wayward animals. Some are dead, from either being slaughtered by gunfire or larger creatures.

INT. JIM AND DANA'S FORD - NIGHT (MOVING)

Dana pulls out a handgun, prepares to fire:

ALTON (O.S.)

(through speaker)

Do not attack unless attacked first, no
need to waste ammo.

Dana holds back.

EXT. CLEARWATER - NIGHT

The group breaks up. Ruston and Marissa take a left.
Jonah and Reed take a right. And the rest continue up
Main Street.

INT. JONAH'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jonah tries to keep his eyes on the road, but he and Reed
are watching TWO CREATURES, one that looks like ten foot
mutant mole and an eleven foot gorilla/bear/porcupine
fighting each other, crashing into storefronts and cars.

Jonah and Reed look at each other.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Marissa sees the mayhem of Clearwater.

MARISSA

Some town y'all have.

RUSTON

Oh yeah, you should see it durin St.
Patty's Day.

MARISSA

Yeah if I make it through the night, I'll
be long gone before St. Patty ever shows
up.

RUSTON

Sheriff's keen on puttin you back in the cell.

MARISSA

Well a lot can happen between now and the cell.

Suddenly a SIX FOOT TALL THEROPODA CREATURE attacks the cruiser. It startles the shit out of Ruston and Marissa.

EXT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The theropoda runs alongside the cruiser, matching its speed. It claws at the door and window, leaving deep incisions. The creature latches on with its talons and claws and makes its way onto the roof of the car.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ruston and Marissa get low as the creature's claws tear into the roof. Ruston tries to keep his eyes on the road, avoiding crashed cars and various creatures.

MARISSA

Give me your gun!

RUSTON

What?!

MARISSA

You want that fucking thing off the car or not?!

Ruston doesn't have time to think. He hands over his Glock. Marissa gets the window down.

RUSTON

You know how to use it?!

She leans out.

EXT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Marissa aims the pistol at the creature that SHRIEKS at her. BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! She practically drains the clip into the creature until it's off the cruiser. She slides back in.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

MARISSA

Did you say something, I couldn't hear you.

RUSTON

No.

EXT. WEBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby Weber cautiously steps out of his house with a duffle bag of clothes. He races to his car, fumbling with his keys to get in.

He suddenly freezes at the sound of a LOW GUTTURAL. He looks around, sees nothing, drops to the ground. He looks under the car and sees a pair of inverted hind legs. SOMETHING that isn't dog or buck.

Bobby GASPS, turns his back. He thinks. Looks back and sees the legs moving toward the front of his car. Bobby keeps low and moves quietly to the end of the car, still keeping an eye on the creature's legs.

Bobby makes it to the back. He sees the creature has stopped. He stops to. It makes another LOW GUTTURAL SOUND. Then an unusual HIGH PITCH SQUEAL. It frightens Bobby, putting him on pins and needles. It starts moving in the other direction.

Bobby goes back toward the driver side, still eyeing the creature's legs. As Bobby makes to the driver side door, the creature stops, so does Bobby. The creature produces WHIMPERING SOUNDS, like it's spooked.

Suddenly the creature takes off running. Bobby loses sight of the fleeing creature. He sighs. He gets up and finds the right key and inserts it when he sees a REFLECTION in the driver side window. He turns around and goes wide-eyed.

Before Bobby is a large ARACHNID-LIKE CREATURE with four legs and two upper forelegs. Its head has no facial features. Its upper body rises up like a snake, preparing to strike. Its face opens like a flower to reveal nothing but teeth and a rolled-up tongue.

Bobby quickly turns back to the door and gets it open just as the creature launches its tongue at Bobby's arm, pulling him to the creature's mouth. He pulls back as hard as he can.

BOBBY

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!!!!

INT. PAXTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brutus rushes to the door and starts pawing at, BARKING. Wanting to get outside.

EXT. WEBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby continues to struggle to pull away from the bucking creature.

INT. PAXTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brutus BARKS more and more, scratching at the door until Joe finally shows up, holding a 12-gauge shotgun.

JOE

Brutus?! What is it?!

Joe walks up to his dog. Brutus is literally trying to tell his owner to let him the fuck out. He opens the door and Brutus dashes outside.

EXT. WEBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The creature nearly has Bobby in its mouth. That is until Brutus comes to the rescue and takes bite out of the creature's leg, gnawing and pulling at it.

The creature lets out mild-painful HOWL. Brutus tears into the creature's leg until it lets go of Bobby then turns it attention on Brutus.

Then BOOM! KA-CHAK! BOOM!. The creature gets BLASTED by Joe. Two more SHOTGUN SHOTS puts it down. Joe SHOOTS one more time, just to be sure.

Bobby and Joe look at each other. Then Bobby looks at Brutus. Joe extends his hand, Bobby accepts it.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A THRONG of PEOPLE are outside the gymnasium waiting to get in. Earl stands on top of his cruiser, shotgun at the ready. Bob and Dana are ushering people inside the best they can. Jim is up on the roof.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

It's getting cramped, but everyone makes do. Addie, Bob, and Loretta pass out bottles of water.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The Sheriff's cruiser pulls in with a three civilian cars. They park. Alton makes his way through the crowd to get to Earl.

ALTON

How we doing, Earl?

EARL

Not that good, Sheriff. They're movin slower than a snail crawlin on molasses. And the gym is gettin packed.

ALTON

You gotta step it up, Earl. Lead people to another entrance. Fill up the classrooms, cafeteria, the hallways, evenin the fuckin bathrooms.

EARL

You got it.

Earl hops down and SHOUTS out to the crowd as Alton makes his way through.

EARL

I NEED A LINE, FOLKS! FOLLOW ME! COME ON, LET'S MOVE IT!

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Alton squeezes past the people to get through. He snakes through bodies to get to Loretta.

ALTON

Hey, honey. Any problems?

LORETTA

We're runnin outta water, the temp's gettin higher with more people comin in, and they're comin in with bruises or worse; we're tryin to make do with what we got.

ALTON

I know, sweetie. I got Earl bringin them in through another entrance. Go check on them, get them situated.

LORETTA

Alright.

They kiss and Loretta heads off. Moments later, Addie comes up to Alton.

ADDIE

Sheriff, I have an idea. We need to put something big to block the doors, just to be on the safe side.

ALTON

Well what's big and close by that we can use?

ADDIE

School bus. There's a bunch at the school board office. Let me go and get one.

ALTON

That's like fifteen minutes from here and what's goin on out there it'll be like an hour.

ADDIE

I know.

Addie doesn't have time to argue. Alton knows she's right. He hands her his pistol. Addie goes off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The SOUNDS of creatures can be heard from miles away, or closer.

Ruston's cruiser pulls into the driveway of his single-story home. He and Marissa get out and race to the door.

INT. RUSTON'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

They burst through the door, Ruston is at the ready with his shotgun.

RUSTON

Scott!

SCOTT (O.S.)

Rust!

Scott emerges around the corner with a baseball bat.

SCOTT

What the fuck is goin on, man?

RUSTON

I told you what was goin on.

SCOTT

Yeah and it's not just happening here.
It's on the internet, saying that it's
happening in Le Grange, Flat, Fort Worth.

MARISSA

Yeah and they're out there right now so
can we please get the fuck going?

SCOTT

Aren't you that car thief they brought in
today?

Marissa rolls her eyes.

EXT. RUSTON'S HOME - NIGHT

The three exit only to find a large, brutish FOUR LEGGED
CREATURE with twin blunt horns on its pudgy snout and
hardened hide wandering in the street.

They quickly rush back inside just as it cocks its head.

INT. RUSTON'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Ruston carefully closes the door. A beat.

MARISSA

Do you think it saw us?

RUSTON

I don't know.

POW! The creature hits the door hard from the outside, they SCREAM, Ruston hurls his back against it, loses his shotgun. Marissa and Scott put their backs into it as the creature SNARLS and SNAPS, RAMMING itself against the door, trying to force its way into the house.

RUSTON

Go out the back door, and keep it open!
Go!

Marissa and Scott sprint through the hall to the kitchen. The creature RAMS the door again, pieces of the door take flight. It claws deep into the door, nearly hitting Ruston.

INT. RUSTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marissa and Scott race through the back door, leaving it open.

INT. RUSTON'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Ruston takes three deep breaths. Then pushes himself from the door and races to the back, snatching up his shotgun just as the creature BURSTS through the door, GROWLING.

It follows Ruston down the hall, destroying the walls and hanging pictures.

EXT. RUSTON'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ruston makes it to the yard, does a quick turn, and FIRES: BOOM! KA-CHACK! BOOM! KA-CHACK! BOOM! The creature's still coming.

Ruston DIVES out of the way as the creature LEAPS out into the yard. Marissa and Scott get clear of the creature as it crashes into the dirt. Ruston pumps more rounds into the creature until the shotgun clicks empty.

The creature slumps to the ground, dead.

Suddenly, SOMETHING from above SHRIEKS, frightening the shit out of Ruston, Marissa, and Scott.

MARISSA

The fuck was that?

SCOTT

I'm not waitin to find out.

They bolt to the front.

EXT. SCHOOL BOARD OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Addie gets out of her car. She pauses, looks around and listens. So far nothing, but that doesn't mean it's completely safe.

She cautiously walks past the seven buses, carefully peeking her head around the corner. Again, nothing.

Addie makes it past the buses and heads toward the front entrance. The doors are gone, glass shards are scattered about, and there's a small trail blood leading into the building.

ADDIE

Of course.

Addie sacks up and walks inside.

INT. SCHOOL BOARD OFFICE - NIGHT

Addie sees that the blood trail goes straight ahead, but she looks right where the front desk is. She looks at the blood trail again.

ADDIE

Nope.

Addie hops over the front desk.

She searches the desk for the keys. She looks around and finds a box mounted on the wall. She opens it and finds the keys.

Addie grabs one and hops over the desk and suddenly lands on a CREATURE. She hits the floor, scrambles to grab her gun, but the creature scampers off, leaving a trail of orange blood.

She finds the whole thing odd. But then wonders... a LOW GROWL interrupts her thinking. She turns right and finds a larger creature with a long oblong head and a Lamprey-like mouth. It ROARS while launching its tongue.

Addie SCREAMS.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ruston cruises the through the neighborhood. Scott rides in the backseat.

SCOTT

Why aren't we at the school yet?

RUSTON

I'm makin sure no one's left behind.

SCOTT

Look around, Rust. There's no one here.

RUSTON

I have to be sure. It's my job.

Scott rolls his eyes, sits back.

Marissa clears her throat twice. Looks at Ruston to get his attention. He finally looks at her. He knows what she's telling him with her eyes.

RUSTON

Why have you been actin like this, Scott?

SCOTT

What?

RUSTON

Just... just tell me what's been buggin
you. Look you can tell me anything.
Whatever it is I promise I won't get mad.

SCOTT

You wouldn't understand.

RUSTON

Is it about mom? Look I miss her too. I
loved her just as much as you did-

SCOTT

It's not about mom.

RUSTON

Well then what is it?

SCOTT

(hesitates)

It's... I'm goin through a break up.

RUSTON

Alright, alright a break. I've gone
through one of those before.

SCOTT

Yeah but not like this.

RUSTON

Try me, man. Who is she?

A beat.

SCOTT

Josh Talley.

Ruston's eyes quickly widen.

MARISSA

(laughs)

Holy shit.

Ruston turns around to Scott whose eyes go wide as saucers.

SCOTT

LOOK OUT!

The cruiser COLLIDES with a CREATURE'S tail. The massive tail cracks the safety glass and hailstorms in two different directions at once. The cruiser careens down the street then CRASHES into a parked car.

They're violently jarred forward by the brutal impact. Metal roars as it's ripped asunder.

Beat. Silence. Moments later, they come to.

RUSTON

Scott!

SCOTT

I'm alive.

RUSTON

Marissa?

MARISSA

I hate this fucking town.

The cruiser vibrates. Rhythmically. Like from footsteps. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The creature is like an upright T-Rex with a bony crest arising from the snout. Flint "shell" coverings dot the creature's back and extremities. Flammable gas wafts from its mouth. It makes its way toward the cruiser.

A car ALARM goes off. The towering-creature stomps toward it. It then sprays a trail of mucus, from the road to the car. It swings its tail against the trail of mucus, creating a spark and birthing a flame that races toward the car, and engulfing it in blue fire.

INT. RUSTON'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Ruston sees it coming from his busted side mirror.

RUSTON

We gotta move!

Ruston grabs his shotgun and wrenches his door open as does Marissa.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ruston has trouble getting Scott's door open.

RUSTON

Marissa help.

But she's gone. Ruston quickly scans the area, she's long gone.

The towering-creature's getting closer. It ROARS. The windows of the other cars RATTLE.

Ruston uses both hands and pulls the door open. Scott and Ruston haul ass as the towering-creature picks up speed.

Ruston and Scott race across to house. Ruston BLOWS the door knob to shit and the two crash inside.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott move further into the house, entering the kitchen.

SCOTT

Where is she?

RUSTON

She fuckin bailed.

The towering-creature CRASHES right through the house with wrecking ball bravado. Debris rains down. It ROARS.

SCOTT

We should too!

Ruston and Scott go out the back door as the towering-creature wades through the mess it made.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The towering-creature sees the Whyte Brothers sprinting across the yard, on the verge of clearing a chain fence. It moves with great haste to get to its prey while leveling the house.

Ruston and Scott clear the fence. Ruston takes aim and fires his shotgun at the towering-creature. The buckshots have little effect on the creature's tough hide.

Ruston and Scott run along the house as the creature gets closer.

SCOTT

You're never gonna kill that thing with just a shotgun.

RUSTON

Well we can't let it live and find its way to the school.

SCOTT

Then how do we kill it?

RUSTON

(a beat)

The Thompson house. They have a grill.

SCOTT

A grill?

They run into the street and head up. The towering-creature eviscerates the house before it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott run as fast as they can.

RUSTON

Did mom know about you?

SCOTT

You really wanna talk about this now?!

RUSTON

Yes.

SCOTT

Yeah, she knew. She was the only one I could go to about this. And when she died there was no else I could turn to about my break up.

RUSTON

How come y'all didn't tell me?

SCOTT

We thought you might react differently.

The towering-creature's ROAR interrupts their discussion. They bank right toward a two story house. Ruston breaks down the door.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

SCOTT

Why are we here? Why do we need their grill?

RUSTON

We need their propane tank. And an open flame.

SCOTT

Is that some sort of pun?

RUSTON

I told Jorge to keep a first aid kit in his kitchen for safety. Look for it while I get the propane, and some duct tape.

They head into the kitchen. Ruston goes out the back door. Scott searches the cabinets, cupboards, and drawers.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The towering-creature nears the Thompson house, gasses streams from its mouth.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scott finds the first aid kit in a cabinet. Searches for the duct tape.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Ruston disconnects the hose from the propane tank and hurries back inside.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scott finds the duct tape. Ruston is speeds by.

RUSTON

Upstairs!

Scott follows.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The towering-creature tramples on the lawn. It starts spraying the yard and parts of the house with its flammable mucus.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The view overlooks the front yard, and the giant fucking monster.

Ruston and Scott get on the floor.

RUSTON

Get me some tape.

While Scott is busy with that, Ruston opens the first kit and grabs a flare. Scott hands Ruston a strip of tape.

RUSTON

(tapes the flare to the tank)

You're gonna have to help. I'm gonna throw this at its mouth, hopefully it takes it, then you're gonna shoot the tank.

SCOTT

Sounds like a shit plan, Rust.

RUSTON

It's gonna work. Just get ready to shoot.

Ruston sparks the flare. The two stand up. Scott uses the butt of the shotgun to destroy the window and frame. The towering-creature pulls its head up, SNARLS at them, then opens its mouth.

RUSTON

Smile you sonuvabitch!

Ruston chucks the propane tank at the creature's mouth with such strength and bravery....

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

But the propane tank barely hits the creature's mouth before falling to the ground. What a letdown.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their high hopes have sunk.

RUSTON

Shit.

The towering-creature LUNGES forward with its mouth wide open. Out of instinct, Scott FIRES the shotgun. The buckshot ricochets off the creature's flint teeth, producing spark - KA-BOOOOOOM!!!!

Ruston and Scott duck fast as the creature's head explodes. It's a volcano of gory creature brains and skull. They splatter all over! The hulking body flops to the ground.

Ruston and Scott get their feet, transfixed on the mess down below.

RUSTON

Lucky shot.

Ruston grabs his shotgun and leaves.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jim sees the lines are getting shorter and shorter. But something catches his eyes, something in the distance. He looks into his scope and sees a CREATURE sprinting toward the school, toward the people.

JIM

Oh fuck me.

(calls out)

GET INSIDE NOW! GET INSIDE!

Jim looks through the scope again, adjusting to bring the cross-hairs back down to the hungry creature. He takes his shot - BANG! Bulls-eye.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The townspeople rush to get inside, pushing and shoving, panicking at the site of the CREATURES running at full stride toward the bewildered townspeople.

ONE PERSON sees another CREATURE coming their way from another direction. She SCREAMS.....

BRRRAATTT! Dana peppers it with her assault rifle.

MORE and MORE CREATURES, big and small, flock to the school. Bob and Earl take shots at the approaching creatures. Some take more than three shots to put down. But the creatures keep coming.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jim makes accurate shots.

JIM
(calls out)
DANA! GET INSIDE NOW!

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Bob, Dana, and Earl make their way toward the doors as the creatures get closer and closer. They gun down as many as they can before high-tailing it inside.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Alton and Bob lock the doors just as BANG, the creatures head-butt the doors. The townspeople keep away from the doors. Alton, Bob, and Earl put their backs into it.

BOB
Those doors aren't gonna hold.

EARL

What's the plan, Sheriff?

ALTON

We hold these until Addie gets here!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott jog up the street.

RUSTON

(into walkie-talkie)

Marissa! Marissa where are you?!

MARISSA (O.S.)

I told you, Rust, a lot can happen between now and the cell. Is your brother okay?

SCOTT

Still here!

RUSTON

You're playing the selfish part pretty well.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Sorry, Rust, but the shit's hitting the fan and I don't wanna be anywhere near it. I'm finding my own way outta town.

RUSTON

Running's not gonna get you anywhere, Marissa, you know that.

Ruston only hears static. He sees Scott's look.

RUSTON

Let's keep movin.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Somewhere far from Ruston and Scott, Marissa searches an empty street for a vehicle. She runs up the street and turns at the corner.

She sees a truck at the curb. Hallelujah.

Marissa races to it. She grabs a nearby trash can.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (LATER) (MOVING)

Marissa is behind the wheel, speeding like a bat out of hell.

She accidently sees herself in the rearview mirror; goes back to driving. She can't shake what Ruston said. She looks at herself again. It's getting annoying.

Marissa grabs a hold of the rearview mirror, wrenches it until it's free, and chucks it out the window.

A beat.

Marissa stomps on the brakes, coming to a stop. She SCREAMS and BANGS her fist on the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott jog. A beat.

RUSTON

You can do better than Josh.

SCOTT

What?

RUSTON

Josh Talley. The guy's half a fuckin moron. What do you see in him?

SCOTT

We just clicked.

RUSTON

And then you two just stopped clicking,
right?

SCOTT

Yeah.

RUSTON

Relationships are difficult, Scott. You
learn who the real person is the longer
you're with them, and sometimes it's not
what you expect. There is one good thing
about breakin up.

SCOTT

What's that?

RUSTON

You learn from your mistake.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

More MEN help hold the door, but it doesn't seem enough.
A thing tentacle slithers under the door. Alton STOMPS
on it repeatedly. He brings up his shoulder-mic.

ALTON

What the hell's takin so long?

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jim, Dana, and Earl SHOOT through the large awning
structure. Earl brings up his walkie-talkie.

EARL

We can't get a clear shot through the
awning!

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Alton and the others muster up every bit of strength in
holding back the doors. He's close to losing hope.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dana stops firing, sees something coming, something with headlights.

DANA

Look!

INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT (MOVING)

Addie steadies the school bus as best as she can. She's bleeding from her forehead, arms, and God knows where else. She's haggard, but strong.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The group stops firing as Addie jumps the curb and RUNS down the creatures, destroying the awning in the process.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT (MOVING)

A rainbow of gore takes flight, splashing the windshield with a myriad of colors. The creatures let out YELPS and SQUEALS. The creatures are flattened in a beautiful, bloody fashion.

The bus stops in front of the doors, blocking the remaining creatures from getting near it. Instead, they surround the bus, clawing and gnawing at its tires and sides.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Alton and the others stand back at awe. His radio CRACKLES.

EARL (O.S.)

Addie blocked the door!

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dana, Jim, and Earl pick their shoots as best as they can.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Addie sees that creatures are at the door, hungry to get in. She limps her way toward emergency exit, wincing in pain with every move she makes.

More creatures appear at the back door.

She looks up and sees the roof hatch.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The three look worried until they see the roof hatch pop open and Addie struggling to get out.

DANA

Rope. We need rope, or something to reach her.

JIM

That's six or eight feet from here to the school bus roof.

Earl has an idea.

EARL

Be right back.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Alton's radio CRACKLES.

EARL (O.S.)

Sheriff, is there a rope, or so something we can use to pull Addie up?

Alton looks around, looking past the thick crowds. Spots a rolled up volleyball net in the corner of the gym.

ALTON

(into shoulder mic)
I got you.

Alton pushes past the people.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Addie tries to steady herself as the bus rocks like a boat at sea.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

JIM

(calls out)

SIT TIGHT, ADDIE! WE'RE GONNA GET YOU
OUTTA THERE!

She is sitting tight, but not for long.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alton rounds the corner at high speed, dragging the volleyball net. Moments later, he comes across Earl, out of breath.

ALTON

Take it, take it, go, go!

Earl runs as fast as he can. Alton bends over, close to collapsing.

ALTON

I should've taken that juicin thing more
seriously...

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

The creatures are in the bus, HOWLING, GROWLING, doing whatever they can to get to Addie.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Earl makes it back on the roof. Him, Dana, and Jim make a rope out of it as best as they can.

They fling it over the side, giving Addie enough slack for to grab onto.

Addie grabs onto it, eyes welling up, close to being safe. Jim, Dana, and Earl haul her up as fast as they can.

Addie dangles like a tea bag as she is pulled up to the roof. Jim and Earl help up and over the side.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott are still jogging, beyond exhausted.

Suddenly they stop, hearing faint SCREAMS.

RUSTON

Did you hear that?

SCOTT

(he did hear it)

Nope.

RUSTON

Come on.

SCOTT

Oh man.

Scott follows Ruston.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ruston and Scott sprint toward a nearby house. They look down the driveway at the house's detached garage to find a four-legged SQUID LIKE CREATURE. It's trying to get into the garage where a FAMILY is trapped inside, CRYING out for help.

Ruston takes aim with his shotgun. CLICK. Empty. He frisk his body for shells, but has nothing. He drops the shotgun and draws his Glock and POPS off shots.

He hits his mark, but the creature still stands, but this time, turning its gaze to Ruston and Scott.

SCOTT

Great!

The creature WAILS and charges at them. The Whyte Brothers run like hell.

SCOTT

Now you got it chasin us! Was that your plan?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The brothers run out into the street as the creature catches up to them. It LEAPS.

Suddenly a truck SMACKS right into the creature in mid-air. Hitting the asphalt hard and rolling and skidding.

Ruston and Scott look to see Marissa behind the wheel.

MARISSA

Hey.

RUSTON

Hey.

The three hear the creature stirring.

MARISSA

Oh shit.

Marissa slams the pedal to the metal. Corrects the position of the truck and rockets forward with as much speed as she can build. The creature's face caught in the glare of the headlights as WHAM! Marissa slams into it hard.

The truck's wheels pummel it savagely. Both brothers grimacing with the TERRIBLE SOUNDS of CRACKING and CRUNCHING beneath the truck's tires.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Marissa stops now. Looks back at her handiwork. Blood and guts exploded out of the creature's side, complete with tire tracks, lays a little flatter on the two-lane.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marissa throws the car in reverse and speeds back at the lifeless shape. KER-POP! A sickeningly distinct sound as the tires roll over its legs this time.

Marissa comes to a halt behind it. Staring ahead into the high beams: there can be no mistaking this thing is flattened!

SCOTT

I think its dead, girl.

Ruston points and SHOOTS a round into it.

RUSTON

Now its dead.

He holsters and heads back to the garage. Marissa gets out and goes over to Scott.

SCOTT

Couldn't stay away could you?

MARISSA

Shut up.

SCOTT

So what brought you back? Was it Rust?

Marissa and Scott watch Ruston help the family out of the garage.

SCOTT

He has that effect on people.

Ruston walks the family up the driveway.

Marissa and Scott hear something in the sky, something winged.

SCOTT

Now what?

Marissa looks up and quickly pushes Scott out of the way as a LARGE WINGED CREATURE swoops down from the sky and snatches Marissa by the shoulders with its clawed feet. It belches a high pitch HOWL as it flies off with Marissa.

Ruston runs out into the street, but it's too late. She and the creature have disappeared into the night.

RUSTON

FUCK!!!!

Scott gets to his feet, turns to his brother.

SCOTT

What do we do, Rust?

Ruston makes a hard decision.

RUSTON

We get to the school.

(to the family)

Get in the truck, let's go.

They all hop in and burn rubber.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT (LATER)

Addie is rested on a table, bandaged up. Loretta is with her. So many of the townspeople are there. Alton walks up to his wife.

ALTON

How is she?

LORETTA

Still with us. How long is this going to last, Alton?

ALTON

I don't know, baby. I sure hope Jonah and the doc made it.

Alton's radio sounds off.

RUSTON (O.S.)

Sheriff, this is Ruston. Come back.

ALTON

(into shoulder mic)

Holy shit, boy. Where the hell have you been? Over.

RUSTON (O.S.)

I got my brother and the Miller family with me. Heading to the school now. Over.

ALTON

Alright listen up, kid. Those things are nowhere in sight, but that doesn't mean they're not there. Head to the west side of the building. Bob and I'll be there. Over.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Not from the school.

RUSTON

Over and out.

(to Scott and the family)

We're gonna have to do this fast. When I say go, we go.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hall ends at a side entrance/exit. Bob and Alton race to the door. Alton looks out the window. It's all clear. Alton's radio CRACKLES.

EARL (O.S.)

I seem the, Sheriff. We're ready.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The truck barrels down the parking lot, aiming for the door. Suddenly out of the shadows a BULL-LIKE CREATURE chases after the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (MOVING)

Scott sees it in the rearview.

SCOTT

We got company.

Ruston sees it coming. BANG! They can't tell where the shot came from. Then more SHOTS.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Earl, Jim, and Dana take SHOTS at the creature.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The bull-creature RAMS the truck with its giant horns. It gets ready for a second ram.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dana looks through the scope of her rifle, takes aim, and-

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BLAM! The bullet rips through the creature's head. Its dead body hits the ground and slides to a stop.

The truck comes to a complete stop. The school door flings open.

Everyone in the truck piles out and sprint inside.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alton closes the door and locks it fast. He notices one person missing.

ALTON

Where's the car thief chick?

RUSTON

She uh... one of those things got her.

They start walking.

RUSTON

She saved us, Sheriff. Me and my brother.

ALTON

Shit, kid. I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I think we got everyone here.

RUSTON

Anything from Jonah?

ALTON

No nothin. I hope to God him and the doc made it. All we can do now is wait, and we got plenty of people here to keep us busy.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Marissa slowly opens her eyes, vision blurry. After gradually gathering her bearings, she realizes she's hanging upside down.

She freaks the fuck out, wondering where the fuck she is: she's in some sort of cavern, but not natural, more like it was made by something. There's a large hole in the ceiling revealing the twinkling stars in the night sky.

She looks up at her feet, wrapped in some kind of shellac that forms into a web-rope that leads up to the cavern's ceiling. She dangles eight feet from the ground.

Marissa looks around again, there's FIVE PEOPLE in the same situation as her, but dead...

Except one of the hangers shows signs of life, twitching, MOANING.

Marissa sighs in relief. Just as she is about to say something to him, the flying creature swoops in from above. Marissa pauses in fear. The creature shift its long neck around and finds the moving hanger. It makes its way to the moving hanger.

Marissa watches as deep within the creature's throat, a venous, muscular stinger strikes at the hanger's neck. The hanger's arm veins shrivel and collapse like an emptied Capri Sun juice pouch. Blood accumulates around the stinger, which filters it, engorged and pulsating.

Marissa can't believe what she's seeing, but then again, she's seen a lot of fucked up shit tonight.

The flying creature pulls back, the stinger slithers back into the creature's throat, and then takes flight.

MARISSA

Fuck this shit.

She takes a moment to figure out how to get out of this. She looks down and sees the walkie-talkie is on the ground. She remembers the collapsible nightstick.

Marissa attempts a sit-up, fails at the first time, but succeeds at the second, grabbing a hold of the webbing-rope. She takes out the nightstick from her pocket and extends it.

She WHACKS at the shellac, over and over. Slowly it begins to crack; it spider-webs, and then finally it shatters, releasing Marissa who drops like a sack of potatoes and hits the ground hard, knocking the wind out of her.

Marissa gathers her moxie.

MARISSA

I hate Texas.

Marissa rolls over and crawls to the walkie-talkie. She grabs it and stands it, spotting a tunnel, very much made by the creature. She follows it.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel is dark and tight. Marissa uses the wall as a guide. The tunnel begins to go vertically up.

She eventually sees a flickering light above the hole, it's a corridor. She clips the walkie-talkie to her belt and climbs up.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #1 - NIGHT

Dirt and floor tiles piled high along the sides of the corridor. Marissa manages to pull herself out.

Marissa looks around, the corridor looks like it's been through, the whole base actually. She gets to her feet and tries the walkie-talkie.

MARISSA

Hello. Rust?

She gets static.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Everyone seems content. Joe and Bobby sit on a cot together. Bobby pets Brutus. Loretta nurses Addie who lies on a table.

Ruston leans against the wall, cradling his shotgun, dismal.

His walkie-talkie begins to CRACKLE.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Ruston...

Ruston quickly answers the call.

RUSTON

Hello? Marissa?

MARISSA (O.S.)

Rust! You gotta help me.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT

Marissa cautiously walks down the corridor.

RUSTON (O.S.)

Where are you...

She comes up on a T-section. She looks left then right, finding a body on the floor, dead. She walks up to it and carefully rolls it over. She spots a badge clipped to the breast pocket.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

Ruston waits nervously.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Eldritch...Installation...

RUSTON

Oh shit.

(into walkie-talkie)

Sit tight. I'm on my way.

Ruston squeezes past the townspeople.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT

Marissa clips the walkie to her belt. She sees a Beretta on the floor. She picks it up and continues onward.

INT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ruston finds Alton in the hall.

RUSTON

Sheriff! Marissa, the car thief, she's alive. She's at the Eldritch Installation. I have to get her.

ALTON

You know that place is on the verge of bein bombed, right?

RUSTON

Non-the-less.

ALTON

Then get goin, son.

Ruston slings his shotgun.

RUSTON

I'm gonna stop by the impound first.

ALTON

Why?

RUSTON

I need a fast car.

EXT. CLEARWATER IMPOUND - NIGHT (LATER)

The truck pulls up to a violent stop. Ruston climbs out and heads to the guard shack.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Ruston BUTT-WHACKS the door window with his shotgun, sticks his arm in, and unlocks the door.

He quickly scans the key rack for the right key. He grabs it.

EXT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE STINGRAY - NIGHT

Ruston sits behind the wheel as he REEVES up the engine.

EXT. 2014 CHEVY CORVETTE STINGRAY - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ruston speeds on the highway, going one-hundred and climbing.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #3 - NIGHT

Marissa wonders about, the sounds of VARIOUS CREATURES SOUNDS echo. A few emergency lights are still on. Evidence of a fire fight. Blood of all color is smeared on the walls and floors. She's terrified, but presses on.

She takes a right down another corridor.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Corvette flies by like Superman. Not far from the base.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #4 - NIGHT

Marissa feels lost, but still keeps walking. She rounds a corner and sees a TWO LEGGED CREATURE gnawing on a corpse, its back facing her. She quickly retreats behind the corner.

She peeks around the corner and sees the creature still there, still eating. The creature is more than four feet high.

Marissa also sees a door marked "cafeteria". The distance between her and the door is no more than ten feet but it might as well be ten thousand feet.

Marissa takes a few deep breaths and quietly sneaks around the corner. She hugs the wall as she treads softly toward the cafeteria door, while watching the creature devour the body.

Her heart races with every step she makes, getting closer to the door, but also getting closer to the creature.

The creature stops tearing and chomping, its stomach is full. It GROWLS then turns to find an empty corridor, it waddles down past the cafeteria door.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Marissa looks out the door window to see the creature gone. She sighs, feeling thankful. She turns around to find FOUR LEGGED CREATURES wandering about, gradually they all turn toward her.

Her eyes widen in fear. The creatures SQUEAL, prompting Marissa to haul ass. The creatures sprint to their next meal. Marissa runs toward the tables, an idea is in her head.

Marissa leaps onto the table seconds before a creature tries to take a snap at her leg. She uses the tables as stepping stones, the creatures keep up with her. She sees the exit door and picks up the pace.

She leaps to the last table and jumps off, hitting the ground rolling, then back to running. The creatures follow her out the door.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Corvette speeds into the parking, zigzagging past wreckage. Ruston hops out and races toward the door. He brings up his walkie-talkie.

RUSTON

Marissa? Talk to me! Where are you?

Ruston enters the building.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #5 - NIGHT

The four creatures are giving Marissa a wicked chase.

Suddenly appearing from around the other end of the corridor is an ENORMOUS AND RAVENOUS LAND CREATURE.

Marissa quickly stops, takes refuge in a doorway just as the octopus opens its massive maw, flexing its teeth at the pack of the two legged creatures. Three of them turn tails and flee, but the fourth is not as lucky as it is eaten.

Marissa squeezes past the octopus creature and gets out of the corridor.

INT. MILITARY BASE - ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Ruston stops in the center of the anteroom. Scans the devastated area. He brings up his walkie-talkie.

RUSTON

Marissa, where are you?

He sprints down the dark hall.

A CREATURE WITH A HUNDRED EYES appears out of the shadows.

INT. MILITARY BASE - CORRIDOR #6 - NIGHT

Ruston moves fast but cautiously, keeping his shotgun at the ready. He brings up his walkie-talkie.

RUSTON

Marissa.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Where are you?

RUSTON

I was gonna ask you that.

MARISSA (O.S.)

I think I'm lost.

RUSTON

Look around you, tell me what you see?

MARISSA (O.S.)

Uh... I see you.

RUSTON

What?

MARISSA (O.S.)

On your left, Ray Charles.

Ruston looks left and sees her. They walk up to each other.

MARISSA

This place is like a fucking maze.

RUSTON

And I found the way out. Come on.

Ruston takes the lead, but in front of them is the creature with a hundred eyes, its mouth is open, revealing a thousand tiny teeth.

MARISSA

Oh come on!

The creature launches its tongue at them but Ruston quickly deflects it, yellowish fluid escapes the tip of the tongue, it sizzle against the wall and floor and begins to eat away.

Ruston FIRES TWICE; the slugs rip into the creature, pissing it off. It charges at Ruston and Marissa who flee in the other direction.

Ruston and Marissa round the corner. Ruston quickly approaches a door on his left, unlocked.

RUSTON

This way, we'll hide out in here.

Marissa and Ruston enter.

INT. MILITARY BASE - PROJECT LAB - NIGHT

The room is engulfed in mist.

RUSTON

Maybe there's a way out through here.

MARISSA

Good luck finding one.

Ruston and Marissa move through the mist. They begin to see a faint light, getting brighter and brighter as they get closer to it.

MARISSA

Maybe that's the way out.

RUSTON

It wasn't daylight when I arrived.

They continue onward. The ominous light gets brighter and brighter. The mist gets thinner and thinner, they begin to see something, like the sky.

The mist begins to clear up and before Rust and Marissa is not Texas, but a different planet. They realize they are a five feet from the portal. There's a jungle valley that stretches out for miles in every direction. Beyond it, visible in the great colorful sky, are massive, angular chunks of an alien planet, floating in space. A dying, shattered world.

MARISSA

This is....

RUSTON

Fuckin hell.

All of a sudden, a CTHULHU-LIKE MONSTER comes into their view, a few miles away. It sees the portal, maybe even Rust and Marissa.

RUSTON

I think it's time to go.

Ruston and Marissa slowly walk backwards. Ruston's walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

ALTON (O.S.)

Rust! Answer me, damnit. Rust...

Ruston answers it.

RUSTON

Sheriff! Come back.

ALTON (O.S.)

Jonah radioed me, there's an A-10 on its way to the facility. You got less than eight minutes to get out.

RUSTON

Copy that.

MARISSA

How the hell are we supposed to get out of here? We can't even see where we're going.

The mist begins to clear up, revealing humongous hole in the wall that leads out to the tarmac.

RUSTON

Explains how they got out.

Ruston and Marissa climb out.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT

They race out onto the tarmac.

MARISSA

Fuck, man! It's gonna take us forever to get around this place.

RUSTON

Can you still fly?

MARISSA

What?

Ruston points to the UH-1N Twin Huey. They run to it.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An A-10 warthog SCREAMS by.

INT. A-10 COCKPIT - NIGHT (MOVING)

PILOT

Whiskey-One-Nine, this is Whiplash-One. I have the target in sight. Permission to engage.

RADIO (O.S.)

Whiplash-One, this is Whiskey-One-Nine. Permission granted.

The pilot begins to flip a series of switches.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT

Marissa and Ruston quickly climb into the Huey.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

Marissa straps herself in, hitting switches and gauges with quicker-than-light speed. The engine begins to WHINE and build.

EXT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

The rotor starts to pick up speed.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

A huge portion of the project lab is PUNCHED outward.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

Ruston sees a clawed hand tear away at the structure.

RUSTON

We need to go now!

The project lab begins to fall apart, revealing sections of the Cthulhu-like-monster.

EXT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

The helicopter begins to levitate off the pavement and slowly rise.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT

Ruston watches, as the helicopter rises higher and higher, the Cthulhu-like-monster tearing away at the structure, trying to free itself. It quickly spots them. It tears away the building, rising, higher and higher...

Ruston works the door-mounted minigun. He squeezes the trigger, unleashing four thousand 7.62mm rounds, peppering the rising monster. It lets loose a frightening ROAR.

Up in the cockpit, Marissa handles the stick like a pro. She pilots the helicopter out of the area just before the Cthulhu-like-monster can grab the helicopter.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The helicopter veers off from the facility just as the A-10 flies by, launching a cruise missile. It flies past the helicopter.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT (MOVING)

MARISSA

Holy shit!

RUSTON

That was close.

Ruston watches as the missile overshooting facility, but is now making a wide arc upwards. It's going to loop around and come straight down into the center of the building.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The missile's wide arc reaches its apex, and it now plummets straight down toward the facility. It soars down at an accelerated speed, right into ground zero-

A MONSTROUS EXPLOSION.

Devastation of wicked intensity. The earth actually bubbles up, causing trees, vehicles, and even the highway to lift and ripple outward. The Cthulhu-like-monster disappears in the awesome explosion.

INT. UH-1N TWIN HUEY - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ruston SHOUTS in victory. He climbs into the copilot's seat. Marissa signals him to put on the headset. He slips it on and speaks to her.

RUSTON

It's over.

Marissa cracks a smile. But gradually fades away. Ruston catches it. He knows what she's thinking.

RUSTON

You can land me just outside of town and take off. I'll just say you didn't make it.

MARISSA

No. I need to go back.

Ruston accepts her decision.

RUSTON

I drove that car you stole.

MARISSA

And?

RUSTON

Let's just say I was two seconds away from cryin.

MARISSA

Why would you-

(she thinks for a moment)

Oh yeah... ka-boom. You asshole.

Ruston laughs. Marissa follows.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The sun begins to peek over the horizon.

EXT. CLEARWATER HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Ruston and Marissa walk into the parking lot dotted with makeshift medical tents. A COMPANY of U.S. SOLDERS are spread out, providing security and assistance. They come across Jim and Dana.

JIM

Well holy shit, son.

RUSTON

You thought I wasn't gonna make it?

JIM

Yeah.

RUSTON

Right. So what's goin on?

DANA

There's about twenty-six dead, rest are injured. We're all to stay here until the Army's done monster huntin.

RUSTON

Where's the Sheriff?

Dana and Ruston point them to Alton's direction.

INT. MED TENT - MORNING

Alton sits on a cot, munching on a plate of doughnuts, he MOANS after each bite. Ruston and Marissa enter the tent.

RUSTON

Sheriff.

ALTON

(mouthful)

Welcome back you two.

Marissa sighs. She holds her hands.

MARISSA

Alright, I'm ready.

Alton looks at her. A beat.

ALTON

Arrest her deputy.

RUSTON

What?!

MARISSA

Really?!

ALTON

You heard me.

Ruston doesn't feel good about it, but doesn't it.

MARISSA

I saved your deputy's life, and his brother's. I came back, I could've flown away but I didn't.

ALTON

I'll be sure to put that in my report.

MARISSA

Well shit. In the movies the good hearted Sheriff of a small podunk town usually lets the criminal walk free.

ALTON

Well this ain't the movies, sweetie. This is Texas. Deputy Whyte, take her to jail.

RUSTON

Yes sir, Sheriff.

Ruston takes Marissa away.

RUSTON

You know I really thought he was gonna let you go.

MARISSA

Yeah so did I. I can't believe I'm going to jail.

RUSTON

Was this your first offense?

MARISSA

Yeah.

RUSTON

Six months tops.

FADE TO:

EXT. FLORENCE MCCLURE WOMEN'S CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

SUPER: **Nevada - One Year and Six months later**

Marissa exits through the front door, carrying a trash bag of her belongings. She looks forward, no one's there to greet her.

As she reaches the parking lot, she sees Ruston leaning against the prison wall his second-hand pickup truck.

MARISSA

I actually thought you weren't gonna show up.

RUSTON

Said I'd be here.

Marissa and Ruston embrace each other.

MARISSA

I know I said it before, but, are you sure you wanna do this?

RUSTON

Scott's in college now. Bob's retirin,
so the night shift dispatchin job is
yours if you want it. It's a chance to
start new.

MARISSA

Well let's start with this first.

She leans in and kisses him. More and more passionately.

EXT. THE LONE STORE - DAY

Alton's cruiser pulls up. He gets out and goes in.

INT. THE LONE STORE - DAY

Mr. Wilkins sits behind the counter, doing a crossword
puzzle. He looks up at Alton.

MR. WILKINS

Mornin, Sheriff.

ALTON

Mornin, Wilkins.

Alton makes his way to the coolers.

MR. WILKINS

How's the one year anniversary thing
goin?

ALTON

Goin good. There's gonna be lots of
barbecue, music, games. We hope to see
you there. It's gonna be a lotta fun.

Alton goes to the counter with a bottle of apple juice.
He hands over some money.

MR. WILKINS

Dot would've love to go to this shindig.
I sure do miss her.

ALTON

We all do, Wilkins. See you there.

Wilkins watches Alton leave. He folds his crosswords puzzle and heads to the back room.

INT. THE LONE STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Wilkins kicks the rug away, revealing a door hatch. He opens it and walks down.

INT. THE LONE STORE - CELLAR - DAY

He pulls the chain, turning on the light. He takes a seat on the stairs.

MR. WILKINS

Come here girl.

Mr. Wilkins WHISTLES, makes KISSY SOUNDS.

MR. WILKINS

Come on sweetie.

Creeping out of the shadows is a FOUR LEGGED CREATURE with four black beady eyes. It's about the size of a German Shepard. It starts its way up the stairs.

MR. WILKINS

Hello sweetie.

The creature makes soft, PURRING-LIKE SOUNDS. Wilkins pets it.

MR. WILKINS

How's my sweetie doin'?

The creature heads back down the stairs. It wanders around until it finds its area which has a pile of bones. Next to the skull is a pair of thick eyeglasses, just like Dot's. The light cuts off.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END