

MONSTERS AMONG US

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. VAN - DAY

A shiny silver bullet swings lazily on a chain from the rearview mirror. Beyond the windshield, late afternoon sunlight bathes the passing greenery in gold.

CLAY (O.S.)
She walks here every day. Same
time. Same route.

Behind the wheel, JACK, 30s, blue-collar, ball cap pulled low, dark stubble on his jaw, glances at Clay.

JACK
Just stick to the plan and we'll be
fine.

CLAY, 40s, weathered, wiry, with eyes sharp beneath the brim of his cap focuses on the path next to the wooded area along the road.

They ride in silence for a beat until Clay sits up straight, adjusts his hat.

CLAY
There she is.

Jack eases off the gas. The van slows to a crawl.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SADIE, 13, strolls along the sidewalk that edges the wooded area. Her long hair bounces with each step. A backpack slung over one shoulder. Headphones clamped over her ears.

An old black cargo van follows at a distance.

JACK (V.O.)
We'll get her on the bridge just
like we planned.

INT. VAN - DAY

Jack and Clay are laser-focused on the girl as the van creeps forward.

Up ahead, an old bridge spans a boggy creek.

CLAY
Kid has no idea what's coming.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

The sun dips behind the trees. Golden hour light casts everything in a warm, magical glow.

Oblivious to her surroundings, Sadie walks onto the bridge.

Behind her, Clay quietly exits the van, strides after her.

Jack drives the van forward, passes Sadie, then pulls across the far end of the bridge, blocking both lanes.

Sadie stops, confused.

She turns – sees Clay.

Panic flashes across her face. She looks around. No way out.

Clay marches toward her.

Jack jumps out, throws open the cargo doors–

The inside is stripped bare except for a stained tarp covering the floor, heavy rolls of duct tape, thick zip ties, and a coil of rope tossed in the corner.

Sadie's eyes dart from Clay to Jack.

She bolts – away from the van, straight toward Clay.

He's quick. Strong. She doesn't stand a chance.

Clay grabs her, lifts her into a tight bear grip. Sadie thrashes and screams as he hauls her to the van.

At the doors, Jack slaps duct tape over her mouth.

Her muffled cries fade beneath the hum of the engine.

Together, they hogtie Sadie with zip ties. Quick. Practiced.

They glance around. The woods are still. No one in sight.

Jack slams the doors shut. They rush back into the cab.

INT. VAN - DUSK

Jack throws the van into gear, stomps on the gas.

CLAY

Easy. We don't want to get pulled over.

Jack eases off the gas, breathes hard.

From the back - Sadie's muffled screams.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The last of the daylight fades. Stars blink awake one by one.

Moonlight glows across the treetops lining the horizon.

The van rattles down a dirt road toward an old farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The van rolls to a stop in front of the house.

Jack and Clay jump out, swing open the cargo doors.

Sadie's wide, terrified eyes meet theirs. She kicks harder, muffled screams rise in panic.

Jack scoops her up, hurries toward the porch steps.

Clay slams the doors shut, glances around the dark countryside. Nothing. They're alone.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is unfinished - cracked concrete walls, exposed pipes, a bare bulb hangs from the ceiling.

In one corner, a thin mattress beside an old bucket.

Rusted chains are bolted into the concrete wall nearby.

Near the ceiling, a small, grimy window offers a narrow view of the night sky. Moonlight filters in - faint, but growing.

At the top of rickety stairs, the door bursts open. Jack carries Sadie down. She thrashes in his grip.

Clay watches Jack dump her on the mattress.

Sadie scrambles back, eyes dart between them.

CLAY

We should use the chains.

JACK
Why? She's not going anywhere.

Clay checks his watch, then glances at the window.

CLAY
C'mon. We should get ready.

They head up the stairs, lock the door behind them.

Sadie is left alone. She tugs at the zip ties on her wrists. They're tight.

Her eyes scan the basement. The staircase. She wriggles toward it, inch by inch. At the bottom, a nailhead juts out – just barely. She twists her back to it.

Sawing. Picking.

Slow. Steady. Determined.

Little by little, the tough plastic gives away. She rubs her raw wrists, sits up, then starts on the ankle ties, while glancing nervously at the door above.

Her feet break free.

She scrambles up, hurries to the window. She stands on her tiptoes, peers out at the night sky. It twinkles with stars. The moon halfway above the treeline.

SADIE
(whispers to herself)
Please. Somebody... please help me.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clay rounds the corner, stops when he sees Jack hauling camera gear toward the basement door.

CLAY
Hey! What are you doing?

JACK
Getting the camera ready.

Clay steps in front of him, blocking the way.

CLAY
No. I told you – I'm not killing anyone on camera.

Jack stares him down, annoyed.

JACK
Clay, they're paying us a lot of
money. They want to see the kill.

He reaches into an equipment bag, pulls out two ski masks.

JACK
Here. Put this on.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sadie kneels on the floor, gazes up at the window. Moonlight spills across her face. She shudders.

SADIE
Please...

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clay glares at Jack.

CLAY
Once shit goes online, it'll never
go away. You know th--

THUNK. A heavy sound from the basement.

They both freeze, turn to the basement door.

JACK
Shit! Be quick about it.

He pulls the ski mask on. Reluctant, Clay does the same.

JACK
Ready?

Clay digs into one of the bags, pulls out a revolver.

He checks the cylinder - six shiny bullets. He snaps it shut.

CLAY
Yeah. Go.

Jack powers on the camera, unlocks the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open.

Jack holds the camera in front of him, starts down the steps. Clay follows close behind.

Sadie crouches on the floor, her back to them. Shoulders twitching. Low, guttural sounds escape her throat. Not quite words. Not quite human...

She rises. Her body contorts – too fast. Too wrong.

Bones crack. Skin ripples. Coarse black fur sprouts across her spine.

Fingers stretch. Nails twist into claws.

Her head jerks toward them, lips peeled back over jagged canine teeth. Yellow eyes lock on.

Jack's hands tremble around the camera.

Clay fumbles with the revolver. Too late.

Sadie ROARS. She leaps across the room, slams into Jack.

Vicious jaws snap at his face.

Clay grips the revolver with both hands. Fires – one. Two. Three shots.

Smoke rises from each bullet wound. Sadie's body jerks, but doesn't stop.

Clay fires again. Three more.

With a SCREECH, she collapses. Her body convulses. Bones snapping in reverse. She transforms – Back into a bleeding, terrified thirteen-year-old.

Clay stares down at her. Lowers the gun.

CLAY

That was close.

Jack, pale and shaking, tries to play it cool.

JACK

How many more of them are there?

CLAY

Enough to keep us busy for a long time.

FADE OUT: