



**HORRIFIC TALES
OF THE WICKEDLY MACABRE
PRESENTS:**

Roach Motel

By

PH Cook

Wraparound Story Written by Sean Chipman

FADE IN:

INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT

The Passenger screams out in pain, but the bubbling and sizzling on his cheek has stopped.

He relaxes and feels the side of his cheek, then checks his hand. The seared flesh is fixed.

The Driver glances over at the Passenger, as he lights up a cigarette.

DIRECTOR
You all right?

The Passenger flips down his mirror and turns on the light. He checks his skin, but everything is fine.

He tries to catch his breath.

DIRECTOR
Stop the car.

DIRECTOR
Sure.

The Driver pulls the car over to the side of the road.

The Passenger gets out.

EXT. RURAL/DESERT ROAD - THEN

The Passenger walks over to a bush and vomits.

The Driver gets out of the car and waits by the hood.

DIRECTOR
Are you all right?

The Passenger spins around and points, angrily, in the Driver's direction.

DIRECTOR
No, you stay the fuck away from me!

DIRECTOR
All right. I'll stay over here.

The Passenger wipes the sweat off his face.

PASSENGER
What the hell was that?

DRIVER
Look, I don't know. You fell asleep
and you started --

PASSENGER
Oh, don't you fuckin' do that! I
wasn't -- I wasn't asleep! What did
you do to me?!

DRIVER
Nothing. I swear. Look, last thing
I knew, everything was fine. You
started to doze, so I let you
sleep, then you started screaming.

Finally, the Passenger starts to relax.

PASSENGER
Where are we?

DRIVER
We're about 25 miles outside San
Antonio.

The Passenger instinctively checks his wrist, but sees he's
not wearing a watch.

PASSENGER
What time is it?

The Driver checks his watch.

DRIVER
2:14.

The Passenger looks out at the pitch-black desert.

DRIVER
Look, um... I'll be honest, man. I
don't think you're up for this. You
want me to just drop you at your
girl's place?

The Passenger lets out a deep exhale.

PASSENGER
I'm fine. Let's go.

DRIVER
You sure? You really don't --

PASSENGER
I'm fine. Let's go.

The Driver heads back for the car.

INT. IROC-Z - MOMENTS LATER

The Passenger gets in the car, then checks the glove compartment: papers and assorted, small items.

The Driver gets in the car and looks over.

DRIVER
What is it?

PASSENGER
Nothin'.

The Driver puts the car in Drive and pulls back on the road.

The Passenger looks over to the Driver.

PASSENGER
What is...

The Passenger sighs as he looks away.

DRIVER
What?

PASSENGER
Forget it. I'd rather not know.

The Passenger stares out the window. Still, you can tell something's not sitting right with him.

CUT TO:

SUPER: 1988

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

In our face, plump butt cheeks peek out from the bottom of short shorts. They move from side to side as SUSAN, 20s, leans over the backseat, digs around in the rear compartment.

A pair of eyes in the rearview mirror, glued to those cheeks.

Susan turns around. Sexy smile, big blonde hair, short cropped lacy top, a cassette tape in hand.

SUSAN
Is this what you want?

JAMES 20s, the owner of the eyes in the mirror, smiles.

JAMES
Yes! That's exactly what I want.

In the passenger seat, DONNA 20s, long brown hair permed into tiny curls, similar outfit as Susan, just not quite as hot, grabs the tape, inserts it into the cassette player.

Guns & Roses blasts from the speakers.

Susan sinks down onto her seat between CHRIS 20s, movie star looks with bleached teeth and TONY 20s, tall and rail thin with a forgettable face.

Chris adjusts his perfect hair. Tony turns a chip bag upside-down, dumps half the bag into his mouth.

Disgusted, Susan makes a face.

SUSAN
Do you have to eat all the time?

TONY
Yes. It's one of life's few pleasures. Eat, sleep and procreate.

With a grin and a wink, he turns to Susan.

CHRIS
And since no one wants to fuck him, he fills that hole in his life with food and booze.

Donna peers out the window, forward and back. It's sunny up ahead, but behind them, the sky is lead grey, moody, ominous.

DONNA
Better step on it, James. I don't want that hurricane catching up and biting us in the ass.

James checks the gas gauge. Almost empty.

JAMES
Gotta fill up first, then we're out of here. I promise.

He squeezes her knee.

CHRIS
Fucking Florida, man. One minute
your frying like a piece of bacon
on the beach and the next, you're
getting zapped by lightning --

TONY
-- and if you're still alive you'll
drown like a rat in a flash flood.

JAMES
Don't forget the alligators.

Susan shivers.

CHRIS
And snakes.

TONY
And bugs. Goddam those fuckers are
big down here.

Susan shivers again.

SUSAN
I hate creepy crawlies!

Donna turns to Susan with a smile.

DONNA
They got to live somewhere. This
planet belongs to them too.

Susan cringes. Chris puts a protective arm around her.

TONY
Some day when all the humans are
extinct, those fuckers will rule
the earth. Mark my word.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

The Plymouth Voyager woodie with Indiana plates, zips by on
the divided highway flanked by weed infested fields and moss
covered oaks.

A good sized gas station is up ahead.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The minivan pulls in, parks by one of the pumps. The five
passengers climb out, stretch.

A gurgle from Tony's stomach. He rubs it.

TONY

I gotta get something to eat.

He heads towards the store.

Donna pulls on Susan.

DONNA

Restrooms are in the back.

They walk off to the rear of the building.

James grabs the nozzle at the pump.

JAMES

Hey Hollywood, put twenty on number two, will you.

Chris pulls out his wallet.

CHRIS

It's just an audition. I haven't got the part yet.

James pulls the trigger on the pump nozzle. Nothing happens.

BUD 60s, opens the door to the store. His face gaunt, body even more so. His shitty uniform hangs loose.

BUD

(hollers)

We ain't got no gas.

James and Chris stare at him.

BUD

Ran out this mornin'. Everyone's headin' north on account of that hurrican'.

CHRIS

What the fuck...

JAMES

Sure you don't have just a few drops left? We're running on fumes.

Bud shakes his head.

BUD

Nope. Tank's as dry as a rehab doll.

Chris and James share a look of concern.

CHRIS
Know any other stations around
here?

BUD
Nah. They're all out. All the way
up to Georgia, I hear.

They both turn to gaze at the sky to the south. Not looking
good. Scary in fact.

BUD
There's a motel three miles up the
road you can ride out the storm at.
Old Victor always got vacancies.

Bud heads back inside the store. Donna and Susan come back
from the restroom. Utter disgust on their faces.

CHRIS
Great...

Donna and Susan hurry to the car.

SUSAN
Oh my God! Oh my God! That was so
disgusting! Oh my God!

DONNA
Humans are scum.

The girls get in, shut their doors. Chris and James share a
look of despair.

Tony exits the store balancing bags full of snacks, sodas and
a couple of cases of beer.

JAMES
Well, looks like we'll at least be
set for a hurricane party.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

The minivan makes its way slowly down the road.

Ominous clouds circle above like a giant evil disk.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

They all sit quiet. Concern on their faces. Eyes on the weather above.

James checks the gas gauge. The needle's past empty.

DONNA

How much farther to that motel? I don't see anything up ahead.

JAMES

A mile and a half. But, I'm not so sure we'll --

COUGH. COUGH. COUGH.

The engine sputters, then dies.

JAMES

-- make it that far.

CHRIS

Oh for fucks sake...

James puts the car in park, turns to face everyone.

JAMES

We have to push it to the motel.

Donna tries to be positive.

DONNA

At least we won't pollute the air that way.

SUSAN

I'm not getting out. There's a freaking hurricane out there!

JAMES

Guys?

Chris glances at Susan -- fucking princess -- then gets out. Tony puts down his snacks, opens his door.

TONY

Sure, anything for the ladies...

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Getting darker outside. Wind is picking up.

The three guys push the car from the back while Donna steers.

CHRIS

Yesterday, I was lying on a white-powder beach perfecting my tan.
Today -- sucks donkey balls.

JAMES

If you could control yourself better, we'd still have some of that other white powder left. We could push this fucking thing all the way to Georgia with some of that in our systems.

TONY

Whine, whine, whine. That's all both of you do. You know you'll both get some for pushing this fucking piece of shit. What do I get? Nothing.

Chris slaps him on the back.

CHRIS

Maybe you and Old Victor can get something going?

The clouds let go of the rain. It pours down like an open water main.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Donna in the drivers seat. Susan next to her.

DONNA

I can't wait til we get to that motel. A hot shower. Some food. Wine coolers...

Susan peers outside.

SUSAN

What if it's a total dump? Maybe there's a reason why they always have vacancies.

DONNA

Look! I think I see it.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - LATER

Totally drenched, the three guys push the minivan in front of a low set rundown motel in puke green and red. They stop under a lit sign. The Royal Coach Motel. Oyal and C are dark.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Donna and Susan peer at the empty parking lot.

SUSAN

No other cars...

DONNA

No negative waves, Susan. It's a good sign. Means they have rooms available.

She steers the car towards the entrance.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Donna and Susan, scamper out of the car hiding under jackets. The guys run for the front door.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A tiny space with a small counter. Behind it, a rack with room keys attached to large pieces of wood with room numbers. A display filled with travel brochures fills one wall.

James hits the bell on the counter.

From a back room, OLD VICTOR 70, appears. Tall, scrawny. Wild gray hair that have not seen scissors or a comb in ages. Cut-off jean shorts. A well worn Academy of Sciences of the Soviet Union T-shirt.

Victor studies the five college students.

VICTOR

(slight Russian accent)

Desperate for a room?

SUSAN

Yes!

JAMES

This hurricane caught us by surprise.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

All the gas stations seem to be out of gas, so yes, we're desperate for rooms.

VICTOR

You're in luck then. I've got one room available.

Confused, they stare at Victor.

CHRIS

I thought I saw ten.

VICTOR

Nine of them belong to me. This is my home.

They share a disappointed look.

VICTOR

It has two queen beds and a sofa. Take it or leave it.

JAMES

I guess we'll have to take it.

Tony shrugs.

TONY

I guess the sofa has my name on it.

Victor grabs a room key.

VICTOR

It's the one at the end.

James and Chris pull out their wallets, look to Tony.

TONY

Don't look at me. I bought the food and drinks.

JAMES

(to Victor)

How much?

VICTOR

How much do you have?

James flips through a few twenty dollar bills.

Victor, reaches over, snatches all of them.

JAMES

Hey! That's like a hundred bucks.

VICTOR

Here's a tip, my friend. Don't say you are desperate if you're looking for a deal.

Victor sticks the money in his pocket.

Donna takes out her drivers license, holds it out.

VICTOR

I won't need that.

DONNA

Shouldn't we sign-in in some kind of register?

JAMES

I want a receipt!

VICTOR

I don't keep records. If you find that unreasonable, You can sleep in your car. But, not on my property or I will have you towed...

The five friends share frustrated looks, then --

Susan SCREAMS!

A big palmetto roach skitters across the counter. Victor calmly cups his hand over it, trapping it, then squeezes his hand into a fist. A crispy sound, like a dry leaf being crushed, is heard from his grip.

The friends stare at Victor in disgust. He stares back.

VICTOR

Periplaneta americana. Also known as the American cockroach.

TONY

I've never seen one that big before. It's huge!

VICTOR

It's a hybrid.

Victor grins. Like he knows something they don't.

He opens up his hand. Inside are brown roach crumbs, some beige mush and a trickle of blood...

VICTOR

These have crossbred with mutant German roaches that came across the Atlantic in someone's luggage from the Soviet Union. Just five days after that Chernobyl incident...

Susan faints, sags to the floor.

Victor laughs.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - 110 - DAY

A gross looking room. Wood paneled walls. Mustard colored shag carpet. Hideous wallpaper that clashes with the bedspreads. A stained, brown velvet sofa against one wall.

The door swings open. Chris carries Susan into the room, puts her on the queen sized bed closest to the bathroom.

Donna, James and Tony step inside. They stop to glance around. They're not impressed.

Donna turns on the lamp by the bed closest to the door.

Unseen to them, a few roaches scurry into the shadows. Under the beds. Behind the curtains...

JAMES

Did we just step back into the sixties?

DONNA

Not the Ritz, that's for sure, but we'll be safer here than riding out that hurricane in the car.

Tony walks up to the sofa, stares at the stains, about to say something when --

JAMES

C'mon, man. I've seen you sleep in a hazardous waste dumpster outside a hospital.

Tony deflates.

TONY

I was drunk. Very drunk.

Donna smiles at him, nudges him with her elbow.

DONNA

So, let's get drunk again. Nothing
else to do during a hurricane,
right?

James walks over to a door opposite the beds, tries it. It
opens to another door. He locks it again.

JAMES

Adjoining rooms.

DONNA

Better keep that locked. I wouldn't
want creepy old Victor come barging
in at night.

Susan crinkles her face.

SUSAN

This bed smells like urine.

She sits up in a hurry, stares at the bed, then stands up.
She rubs her arms in disgust.

SUSAN

Feels like something's crawling on
me.

Chris gives her a tight hug.

CHRIS

You're just imagining. Nothing's
crawling on you. You're fine.

James plops down on the other bed, sinks down deep. He
bounces up and down.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Donna leans over to James.

DONNA

Would you please bring our bags
inside?

She leans in closer. Speaks into his ear. Breathy voice.

DONNA

I'm all wet and I need to take a
shower.

She kisses him.

DONNA

Please...

James lingers for a moment, then gets up.

JAMES

C'mon guys. Let's get our shit inside.

Tony looks up at nothing, ponders, finger on his chin.

TONY

You are so -- hm -- what's that word I'm thinking of. Trained seal? No, that's not it. Hm. Starts with a p...

James tightens his fist, pretends he will punch him. Chris puts his hand on James' shoulder.

CHRIS

Let's get the beer flowing. All right?

The guys brace themselves, open the door, then hurry out.

Donna walks towards the bathroom. Susan joins her.

BATHROOM

Donna reaches for the light switch, flips it.

A low watt light bulb over the sink comes on.

Unseen to the girls, a roach runs behind the toilet to hide.

The girls faces cringe in disgust.

SUSAN

Wow. Wonder when this was last cleaned.

DONNA

Probably back when Mr. Clean was still young and hot.

Her eyes move over to the tub where the shower curtain blocks the view.

BATH TUB

Several roaches run down into the drain. The last one disappears just as Donna pulls the curtain aside.

The girls look at the rust stained tub.

SUSAN

I'm not getting naked in there.

DONNA

It's just rust. Not dirt. As long as the water is warm and clean, it's fine.

She reaches over, turns on the water. The faucet sputters with some air, but the water soon runs clear. She turns the water off.

DONNA

The water is fine.

They turn around, leave the bathroom.

As soon as they're gone, roaches flee the wet drain. They shake off the water, just like dogs. A barely audible chittering is heard...

ROOM 110

The girls enter the room just as the wind blows the door wide open with a bang.

The guys, dripping wet, drag all their belongings inside.

James forces the door shut, locks it.

TONY

Man, that wind is unreal. I feel like I've been bead-blasted. I don't even think I need to shower.

Susan crinkles her nose.

James turns on an old tube TV, adjusts the antennas. An emergency alert system scrolls the latest on the storm.

JAMES

It's only fifty miles away, but it's a category four.

CHRIS

Bring it on. If we're going to be
in a hurricane, I want it to be one
to remember. Not just some
inconvenient rain and wind event.

Donna digs around in one of the bags, grabs some items.

DONNA

I got first dibs on the shower.

With a stern look at the others --

DONNA

Leave at least ten wine coolers for
me.

EVERYONE

Ten?

DONNA

That gives me plenty left in case
of accidental spillage and puking.

She sashays to the bathroom. Susan cringes. Again.

SUSAN

Everything's turned so gross in
just a matter of hours.

Tony pops a beer open.

PHFSSSS!

TONY

When she's finished with the
shower, I need to take a shit.

BATHROOM

Donna flips on the light, steps in, closes the door.

A few roaches scurry for cover.

Donna stands in front of the mirror, inspects her wet rat
appearance. She pulls her clothes off. All of them...
Inspects again. Oooh, hot! She shoots herself a kiss in the
mirror, then turns to the --

BATH TUB

She turns the water on, adjusts the temp and flow. When satisfied, she gets in, pulls the shower curtain close.

Enjoying the warm water, she closes her eyes, reaches for the shampoo, lathers up.

The water starts to puddle around the drain. Not going down.

Donna feels the water rise. She peers down through the suds, closes her eyes again, hurries up to finish.

DONNA

Shit!

GLUG! GLUG!

The water is sucked down the drain as hundreds of roaches flee in a panic.

Some head for the bathtub walls. Others climb up Donna's legs. Up the calves, onto her thighs and higher still...

Several of them bite her skin.

Donna squeals, stomps her feet. She opens her eyes, but the shampoo burn makes her shut them again. Frantic, she rinses off the suds.

The roaches fall off. Float in the water, clamber up the bathtub sides, then disappear over the edge.

Donna hits the faucet, stops the water. She rubs her eyes, stares down into the tub. All the roaches are gone.

Disgusted, she gets out of the tub, dries off with a towel.

A drop of blood hits the linoleum floor by her feet. She stares at it, then searches for the source of the blood.

Horror in her eyes when she discovers the numerous bite marks all over her legs. Some oozing blood.

She wraps herself in the towel, grabs her belongings, then runs out of the bathroom into --

ROOM 110

Everyone turns to look at Donna.

DONNA

Something's wrong with the water.
It made my skin bleed.

She puts her foot on the bed to show the marks on her leg.

Confused, Susan and James inspect her leg.

SUSAN

I don't think the water could've
done that.

Chris comes over, takes a very close look up her leg...

JAMES

Those look like bite marks.

DONNA

Bite marks?!

Tony kills a cigarette in an ashtray on the table next to the sofa. A pack of cigarettes and a lighter next to it.

TONY

While you guys drool over Donna's
leg, I'm gonna take a dump.

He heads to the bathroom, shuts the door and locks it.

DONNA

I could feel something stinging me,
but I thought it was the water.
Like acid or something.

BATHROOM

Tony pulls his pants down, sits down on the toilet, lets out a long loud fart. He closes his eyes, sighs.

Several roaches escape out of the bowl in a hurry between the toilet bowl and the seat.

ROOM 110

With a queasy look, Susan slinks into Chris' arms.

James digs around in one of the bags, pulls out antiseptic, cotton and bandaids.

JAMES

We'll leave this shit hole
tomorrow. We can go without showers
until then.

James cleans up her bite marks.

One bite mark looks especially bad. A small pea-sized bulge
underneath the skin. James dabs it with the antiseptic.

A thunderous FART, followed by a GROAN from the bathroom.

They look at the bathroom, chuckle.

SUSAN

Oh my God...

CHRIS

You okay in there, Tony?

Chris grabs drinks from a paper bag, hands wine coolers to
the girls, beer for himself and James.

Susan sits down on the bed, drinks half her bottle, watches
James tend to Donna's leg.

A THUMP from the bathroom.

Chris spots a roach crawling on the bedspread. Not to cause
panic, he covertly takes off his shoe, then whacks the roach.

Susan and Donna jump. See the smashed bug. Susan shrieks,
backs away from the bed.

SUSAN

There is no fucking way I'm
sleeping in that bed.

DONNA

That is gross, but you didn't have
to kill it. You could've let it
outside.

In disbelief, Susan and James stare at Donna.

JAMES

We still have some bug spray left
in the car.

DONNA

Sure. Let's poison us to death...

CHRIS

I'll get it.

Chris opens the door, braces against the wind, heads out.

Loud THUMPS from the bathroom.

James looks at the bathroom door.

JAMES

What the fuck is he doing in there?

James walks over to the bathroom, knocks on the door.

Donna gets dressed in a hurry, then joins James.

JAMES

Tony, what's up man? You okay?

Strange sounds from the bathroom, but no answer.

DONNA

Maybe all that junk he ate finally
got to him.

Soaked, Chris comes back with a can of insecticide.

CHRIS

Can't go outside anymore. I just
saw a big tree blow over.

Susan's clearly upset.

SUSAN

This is just getting worse and
worse. I want to go home.

Chris gives her a reassuring kiss.

CHRIS

As soon as the storm is over, we're
gone. Trust me.

He shakes the can, starts to spray along the baseboards,
behind the beds, under the beds.

He puts the can on the bedside table, walks to the bathroom.

CHRIS

What's he doing?

JAMES

I don't know.

James knocks on the door again.

JAMES
Hey, Tony, we're --

Susan SCREAMS!

They rush over. Find her absolutely terrified, backed up in the corner. Eyes wide as saucers.

Hundreds of roaches emerge from under the beds, behind curtains. They crawl up the walls. Spread across the floor.

Susan keeps SCREAMING!

Chris and James jump into action. Chris sprints for the can of spray, grabs it along with the lighter. Together, he uses them as a flame thrower.

James tries to squash them by stepping on them.

Donna grabs an old newspaper by the TV, goes after the bugs. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

DONNA
(to the bugs)
I'm so sorry. I'm against killing
of any kind, but...

Susan is too terrified to do anything.

Tiny SQUEALS from the roaches as they die.

Utterly disgusted, they take in the scene when all are dead.

JAMES
Jeezus fucking christ...

CHRIS
Fucking unreal.

They all turn to Susan who is traumatized.

Donna gives her a hug.

DONNA
Don't be afraid. I know they're
yucky, but they're really harmless.

Susan quivers. Starts to cry.

Chris comes over, wraps his arms around her. Tries to sooth.

James stomps over to the phone on the bedside table, rips the receiver out of its cradle.

JAMES

We paid a lot of money for this room. He better give us a better one or else.

He dials the number zero. Nothing happens. Tries again.

JAMES

There's no number for the front desk. What the fuck?

Susan cries.

SUSAN

I want to go home.

DONNA

Call 911.

CHRIS

And tell them what?

DONNA

I don't know. Maybe they'll let us spend the night at a fire station? Better than this shit hole. Right?

James dials 911. Busy signal.

JAMES

The line is busy.

CHRIS

Probably a lot of emergencies with this hurricane.

Another LOUD THUMP from the bathroom.

James bangs on the door.

JAMES

Tony, what the hell are you doing in there? Are you okay?

He bangs on it again. No answer. He grabs the door handle, but it's locked. He pushes hard with his shoulder, about to kick it.

CHRIS

We have to get it opened. He could be really sick in there.

DONNA
I'll go to the office. I bet old
Victor has a key.

CHRIS
Too dangerous to go outside.

Donna gives him the stink eye.

DONNA
I promise I won't blow away.
She stomps off to the door, braces herself, then opens it.

JAMES
Donna, come back here!

James hurries after her.

Chris takes a step back, stares the door.

SUSAN
What are we going to do, Chris?

CHRIS
We have to get the door open.
Something's very wrong in there.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The thick dark clouds blocks the sunlight. The wind howls,
keeps a constant hard pressure. Raindrops pelt everything.

Donna and James, stay close to the motel wall, crouched
forward against the weather, moving slowly to the lobby.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Donna and James enter. Donna marches up to the counter. RINGS
the bell hard numerous times.

DONNA
Hello! Hello!

James walks past the counter, peers through a doorway.

JAMES
Hello?

He walks in. Donna follows.

ROOM 110

Chris sends a hard kick at the door. The lock breaks, the door swings open.

They stare inside the bathroom in utter horror.

Hysterical, Susan SCREAMS!

On the floor in front of the toilet is Tony's bloody corpse covered by thousands of roaches feasting on his flesh.

CHRIS

Holy fuck...

Chris staggers back.

CHRIS

We have to get out of here.

He grabs Susan by the hand, pulls her along.

Grossed out, they rush for the door. Step on the dead bugs. CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

James grabs the door knob.

The wind has stopped. Replaced by silence.

He opens the door. It's sunny outside.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Susan and James, step out, peer up at the blue sky.

SUSAN

Is it over? Tell me it's over, Chris.

CHRIS

No. It's the eye. It will start up again soon. Let's get in the car. I'd rather ride this out in the car, than in there. And, if that old fucker tries to tow us, I'll punch his fucking lights out.

They hurry to the car.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Susan and Chris get in the front of the car, slam the doors shut. Susan locks her door. Traumatized, she stares at Chris.

SUSAN

They were eating him! Why would
they be eating him?

Chris puts his arm around her, pulls her in.

CHRIS

Shhhh. You're okay now. Just a few
more hours and this will be over.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - BACK ROOM - DAY

Donna and James enter. Their eyes grow wide as they take in the room.

Soviet propaganda posters and other paraphernalia everywhere along with numerous diplomas from various Soviet schools of science and biology.

Donna spots some medals by an entomology diploma.

James sees photos of Viktor together with what appears to be politburo higher ups.

JAMES

What the hell...

They continue towards another adjoining door.

James puts his ear to it, listens. Careful, he opens it.

ROOM 101

Doesn't look much like a motel room or someones home. More like a scary lab.

Microscopes, beakers, scales, specimen jars...

Wary and on high alert, James and Donna enter.

James peers at one of the specimen jars. A huge five inch roach submerged in a liquid inside.

They continue further into the lab, inspect the items.

JAMES

What the hell is all this?

He looks inside a big glass cage. Dozens of roaches crawl over each other inside.

JAMES
Looks like --

Donna joins him, studies the insects inside the cage.

DONNA
-- he's breeding them.

Confused, they share a look.

JAMES
Why the hell would anyone breed roaches. Isn't that one thing they are good at on their own?

He studies a small glass box with egg pods inside.

DONNA
Didn't he say they were some kind of hybrid?

James taps on another glass container with roaches inside. They turn in unison, stare at him, antennas waving.

High pitched chittering.

JAMES
Yeah, crossbred with mutant German ones. From nearby Chernobyl...

He waves his hand in front of the roaches. They follow his movement with their heads.

DONNA
What, like they were nuked?

JAMES
It's a possibility. I've never seen or heard of any this size before.

James keeps his eyes on the roaches that are watching him. He takes one step to the left, they follow his move.

He takes a step to the right, they watch him while they CHITTER.

JAMES
And they seem to be communicating.

Donna notices another adjoining door, nudges James with her elbow, gestures at the door. They head over. James tries the door. It's unlocked.

ROOM 102

James and Donna pad inside. It's dark in here.

Intense CHITTERING is heard.

James feels the wall for a light switch, finds one. Flips it.

A purple light turns on.

With eyes peeled, they stare at the room around them.

Glass cages everywhere. Stacked on shelves upon shelves. Each one full of roaches, crawling over each other.

Stains lit up by the light cover every surface.

JAMES

This is fucked up.

Donna notices something. Points to a shelf with glass cages marked by radiation symbols.

DONNA

Look.

They approach the shelf, peer inside the cages.

DONNA

Those must be the German ones.

Inside are faint glowing roaches.

JAMES

They're glowing.

DONNA

You think they're radioactive?

JAMES

If they are, this can't be legal.

Donna leans in. Her nose almost touches the glass.

The roaches freeze, turn their heads towards her, then they lunge themselves at her face like a pack of rabid dogs.

Donna jumps back, then composes herself, leans back in. Speaks with a soothing voice.

DONNA

Don't be afraid. I'm not here to hurt you.

With a cocked brow, James stares at her.

JAMES

You're talking to them?

DONNA

Why not? You said they were communicating. Besides, every living being can feel love.

JAMES

When we get back to Indiana, we need to have a talk. A very serious talk.

At the end of the room is another adjoining door.

Uncertain, James looks at it.

JAMES

Do we even want to try it?

Donna walks over, puts her ear to the door.

EXT. MINIVAN - DAY

Blue sky and sunny right over the parking lot, but the back-edge of the eye with its ominous clouds is inching closer.

Steam rises from the wet pavement.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Even with the windows down, Susan and Chris are sticky with sweat. They look miserable.

Susan fans herself with a magazine. Chris wipes his face with a shirt.

CHRIS

It's like a sauna in here.

SUSAN

I don't care. I'm not going back in there. I don't ever want to see another bug in my life.

Chris peers up at the sky just as the clouds move in front of the sun again, casting a dark shadow over the motel.

CHRIS

Here it comes.

It gets darker fast. The wind picks up, increases in strength. The rain starts right back up where it left off, with a torrent.

Susan and James hurry to roll up their windows.

Sweat drips off their faces. The windows steam up.

Susan sniffles, begins to cry.

SUSAN

I wish we were home.

CHRIS

Me too, but we're safe in here.

He pulls her in, holds her tight. With his head over her shoulder, he notices something in the air vent behind her.

Something tiny sticks out. A hair? There are two. And they are moving. Antennas!

Chris leans over, covertly shuts the vent.

Faint chitter is heard. More antennas stick out from the center dash vents.

Chris slaps them shut.

Susan jerks loose, looks at the shut vent.

SUSAN

What are you doing?

Horror spreads across her face when she sees roaches crawling out of the vent behind Chris.

Horror turns to absolute terror when she sees roaches streaming out into the footwell by the pedals.

Susan SCREAMS!

Chris lets go of her, stares at the roaches flowing into the car. They come from every opening. Vents, footwells, center console, underneath the seats.

They both freak out. Stomp their feet. Swat with their hands.

There are thousands of them.

Susan fumbles with the door lock, but roaches bite her hand, crawl up her arm.

They SCREAM as a sea of insects fill the inside of the car.

An undulating mass of CHITTERING roaches rising up their legs, their torsos.

Susan SCREAMS as the mass moves up her chest, her neck and finally into her screaming mouth...

Chris, fights to keeps his mouth shut, but the large brown insects find other openings into his body. His ears. Nose. A few roaches lift his eyelids, squeeze in next to his eyeballs and disappear into his skull.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 102

Donna listens with her ear to the door.

DONNA
(whispers)
I can hear something moving around.

They share a glance, then Donna opens the door.

ROOM 103

Viktor, clad in a dirty hazmat suit, stands with his back to Donna and James.

A hundred empty cardboard boxes litter the floor. Rogue roaches scurry here and there.

Viktor holds a hose attached to a tank, attaches it to a large container in the middle of the room, then turns the valve to the tank.

A gas hisses as it flows into the container.

Donna and James share a WTF look, then enter.

James accidentally kicks one of the boxes.

Viktor spins around, stares at them through a plastic hood. A big breathing tube supplies air into his suit.

Donna and James approach. They peer into the large container.

Some type of thin film covers it, but inside is a lot of movement. Thousands and thousands of roaches...

JAMES

What are you doing?

With pride, Viktor sweeps his hand across the room.

VICTOR

This is my life's work.

DONNA

What for?

Viktor looks down into the container as it fills with gas.

VICTOR

You American fools think a nuclear bomb is your biggest threat.

With an evil grin, he smoothes out creases in the thin film. It fills with the gas, like a balloon.

VICTOR

Roaches have roamed this earth since a hundred million years before the dinosaurs.

He looks at his hand. A huge roach sits on it. He pets it with his gloved finger.

VICTOR

There has been three mass extinctions since the roach first appeared and they survived them all.

Confused where this is going, Donna and James stare at Victor.

VICTOR

You can kill a roach. Even thousands of them, but you can never get rid of them. They will always keep coming back.

With a hint of insanity, Victor lovingly gazes at the other roaches inside the container.

VICTOR

While the super powers of this world build up their nuclear arms, I quietly toiled away on my own. I have finally achieved my goal.

The balloon-like bag in the container fills with gas. Roaches inside flutter around.

DONNA

I don't get it. What do these have to do with nuclear bombs?

Viktor laughs. Gestures with his hands.

VICTOR

I will release my creation today in this helium balloon. This storm will carry them far away, spread them over a large area and they will breed with other roaches. Multiply. And, take over this country...

Donna and James stare at him confused.

JAMES

Don't know if you know this, but we actually have insecticides and these little traps called roach motels.

VICTOR

I'm afraid that will not help you. You see, these beauties of mine eat humans.

He laughs heartily, picks up an unopened box from a shelf, then cuts it open with a box cutter.

Donna and James take a step back. Not sure what to think.

Viktor locks his crazy eyes with Donna and James.

VICTOR

You doubt me?

He opens the box, shakes it. Huge roaches fly out, head straight for Donna and James who grossed out, start to swat and stomp on them.

Viktor laughs like a lunatic.

JAMES

Donna, kill them. Kill all of them!

James lunges at Viktor, tackles him to the ground. They roll around on the floor. A fight for life and death.

Donna has most of the insects squashed. She watches the men fight, tries to think of ideas.

She spots the box cutter on the floor, snaps it up, then cuts the air-hose on Viktor's suit.

With another cut, she disconnects the helium tube into the balloon. With a quick move, she attaches the air-hose to the balloon.

Viktor has both his hands around James' neck. James' eyes bulging. Skin, a shade of purple.

The air-hose into Viktor's suit turns dark. Roaches crawl up towards the hood, then pour inside.

Panicked, Viktor lets go of James.

Viktor screams as his suit fills with hungry insects.

Donna grabs James, pulls him up on his feet. With his arm over her shoulder, they backtrack out of there. Leaving behind the sounds of a dying man's screams and thousands of chittering roaches.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Donna and James enter. She helps James down on a sofa, shuts the door behind them, then locks it.

She notices a phone on a small table, picks up the receiver, dials 911.

OPERATOR
(on the phone)
Nine one one. What's your
emergency?

Donna breaks down. Starts to cry.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Only a slight breeze and drizzle left of the hurricane.

Yard debris covers the ground.

Police cars' blue lights flash. Orange and red from firetrucks, ambulances.

Men in white hazmat suits move in and out of the motel.

Four black body bags on stretchers.

A FEMALE REPORTER in her 20s, unhappy her big moment on TV is in the rain, speaks into a mic.

FEMALE REPORTER

Authorities say, a Soviet scientist has been working on some sort of bio-weapon right here in the peaceful countryside of North central Florida. Neighbors say --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

James lies in a bed asleep. Horrible bruises on his neck. An IV line feeds him meds.

Donna sits in a chair next to the bed. Exhausted, she watches James. Her eyelids grow heavy. Soon she's asleep.

On her leg, the bump underneath her skin from earlier, moves.

Donna shifts her leg in her sleep.

The bump splits open. Tiny antenna's stick out.

After a moment, a baby roach emerges. After it, another one and another, and another...

CUT TO:

INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT

The Passenger turns back towards the Driver.

PASSENGER

No, I do wanna know.

DRIVER

Know what?

PASSENGER

This bitch we're drivin' to, tell me about her.

DRIVER

I... already did.

PASSENGER

Right, right, right. Haitian, immortal, got it. I mean, like --

DRIVER

Not immortal. She's dead.

PASSENGER

Look, there has to be some kind a' record that she existed. Something, a story, pictures, whatever. There has to be proof that she was real.

DRIVER

Look, everyone's heard stories. It's all secondhand --

PASSENGER

I haven't heard 'em.

DRIVER

Nothin'? Even just in passing?

PASSENGER

Uh-uh.

DRIVER

Well, I mean, I could tell you dozens and dozens of thing I've heard over the years, but it's conjecture, you know? Hell, I heard a story once that she was a shape-shifter. People are fuckin' crazy.

PASSENGER

Don't editorialize. Just tell me something -- anything -- that I can believe.

DRIVER

Fine. So, there was a guy who moved in with her a few years ago. Some college kid who was lookin' for some money to score beer.

PASSENGER

He ripped her off?

DRIVER

No. No, no, not that. Her husband had passed a few years prior and, apparently, she got kinda lonely. So, she put an ad in the paper that she was lookin' for a roommate. Just someone to hang around, clean, spend some time with her.

The Passenger glances over at the Driver.

PASSENGER

She got lonely?

DRIVER

Wouldn't you, if you lived as long
as she has?

PASSENGER

Says you. There's no way she's over
200-years old.

DRIVER

Obviously. You want me to keep
going or not?

PASSENGER

Sure.

DRIVER

So... they both seemed to get what
they wanted out of the deal. He got
his money and she got somebody to
share her house with.

PASSENGER

Right. So, why do I have this
feeling it wasn't all sunshine and
roses?