

INT. BARN - NIGHT

On a rainy summer night in early 1960s Kansas, a tall and muscular CLYDE is with his 7-year-old son, BOOKER, in the family's barn. Booker is holding his father's rifle and the pair sit in a tense silence.

CLYDE  
Get on with it.

Booker reluctantly raises his rifle and aims. In the corner of the room, Booker's beloved dog REX lies chained to a beam. The dog is foaming at the mouth and moving slowly, painfully.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
You're doing him a favor, Booker. Go on.

Booker looks down the sight, pauses, and loses his nerve.

BOOKER  
You sure we can't do anything, pa?  
Can't we get him some medicine?

A furious Clyde grabs Booker by the back of his neck and holds him close to the ghastly Rex.

CLYDE  
Does that look like something you can fix, boy?! Are you stupid?! Use your head!

He shoves him backwards.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
(scarily) Now pick up the goddamn rifle.

Booker picks himself up and the rifle, then snuffles and wipes his eyes while looking at the ground.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
Hold on.

Clyde grabs his son's chin and looks him in the eyes.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
You crying?

Booker wipes his eyes and clears his throat.

BOOKER  
No, sir!

CLYDE  
 Do you know what your grandfather  
 would do if he was still around? Huh?  
 You know how he felt about crybabies?

Clyde stares down the solemn Booker for a second.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
 (viciously) Go to your room, you  
 don't have what it takes.

[Orchestra music swells]

Booker tearfully leaves the barn, is bombarded by rain, and  
 hears a single gunshot.

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The storm is still raging outside as Clyde walks through the  
 dark farmhouse. He stops and looks at a photograph of his  
 late father.

CLYDE  
 You happy, you miserable son of a  
 bitch?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm has died down to a strong wind that blows  
 intermittently. A conflicted Clyde is lying in bed, trying  
 to read but unable to focus. He sets the book down and  
 thinks. He looks over to a photograph of himself, his late  
 wife REGINA, and his son.

CLYDE  
 I'm sorry, Regina. It's--well hell,  
 it's been really tough without you--

Clyde chokes back tears.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
 But don't worry darlin'.

He sits on the edge of the bed and puts his slippers on.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
 I'm gonna make things right.

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

The storm has picked up again and there's occasional thunder. While walking down stairs, the electricity dies. He rummages through a drawer until he finds a flashlight.

Outside Booker's bedroom, Clyde hesitates then knocks lightly.

CLYDE  
Booker? Son?

No response.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
Umm, that's--that's fine. I understand you're pretty upset with me. I just want you to know, son... that I'm sorry. I've been frustrated lately and I took that out on you. There's nothing wrong with crying and I (awkwardly) encourage you to express yourself and uh--let it out, if you know what I mean.

He listens for a second. Again, no response.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
Son? Can I talk to you?

Clyde opens the door slowly and what he sees knocks him back in horror. A MONSTER is sitting in Booker's bed and it resembles a tall emaciated man. In the monster's arms, a bloody and semi-conscious Booker struggles weakly to fight off the Monster as it takes big meaty bites out of Booker's stomach. It looks up curiously at Clyde as it chews.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
(struggles to form words) Get off--  
get off--(roars) GET THE FUCK OFF  
HIM!

Clyde lunges at the monster and takes it in one arm while using his other arm to set Booker down. Using his massive strength, Clyde swings the monster over his head and crashes it headfirst into the ground.

The Monster digs its claws into Clyde's arm and draws blood. Powered by sheer rage, Clyde takes the the Monster's wrists in each hand and crushes them with his insane grip strength as the Monster shrieks in terror. The shrieks eventually give way to maniacal laughter as The Monster taunts Clyde in a long forgotten dark tongue.

Clyde then puts his thumbs over the Monster's eyes and begins to squeeze until the skull gives way with a satisfying crunch.

Clyde sits for a second, dazed by rage and sheer disbelief before realizing that Booker needs help.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Bundled in his bed sheets, Clyde takes his son into the truck and speeds off into the night.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Flying through the dark and stormy countryside, Clyde looks over at his son. He's pale, foaming at the mouth, and bleeding profusely.

CLYDE

What the fuck? What the fuck?!

Clyde drives even faster but he can barely make out what's in front of him until he sees a light in the distance.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S PROPERTY - NIGHT

The rain has gone down to a drizzle. Getting closer, he realizes that it's neighbor's home and it's on fire. He drives up to the house and gets out, rifle in hand.

CLYDE

Bob? Cleo? Kids? Anyone?!

Clyde looks behind him at the truck and sees Booker is standing.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Booker?

Booker looks at his hands and environment with a cold and studious expression before making direct eye contact with Clyde.

BOOKER

(taunts Clyde in a dark language)

CLYDE

No, son. No...

THE STRANGER (O.S.)  
That's not your son anymore.

Clyde looks over to the side and sees THE STRANGER, a grizzled, bearded, and armed 50 year old man. He has a purple amulet around his neck.

CLYDE  
Who are you?! What the fuck is going on?!

THE STRANGER  
It's well--a very long story. What's your name, son?

The Stranger approaches Clyde.

CLYDE  
Clyde.

THE STRANGER  
Clyde, I need you to listen to me very carefully, okay? Your son is dead. He died from his injuries.

Clyde's shoulders slump, his face darkens.

THE STRANGER (cont'd)  
That "thing" you see before you, it's an abomination. Only thing you can do now is stand aside. I'll take care of it so you don't have to.

Clyde thinks then steps aside and looks away. The Stranger raises his rifle and aims.

CLYDE  
Wait. (clears his throat) I'll do it.

Clyde raises his own rifle, aims, and pauses. Booker looks at him coldly.

CLYDE (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, Regina.

A single gunshot is followed by a cacophony of thunder. Looking into the distance, we can see that there are other fires burning in the hillside.

THE STRANGER  
This could be the last night that either of us see on this earth.  
(MORE)

THE STRANGER (cont'd)  
You should be with the rest of your family, Clyde.

CLYDE  
I don't have anyone else. Everyone else is dead.

The Stranger walks to his truck. Clyde follows.

THE STRANGER  
Then go home. There's nothing for you here.

CLYDE  
What are you going to do?

THE STRANGER  
Believe it or not, I'm going to try and fix this mess.

CLYDE  
Are there more of those things?

The Stranger looks Clyde up and down.

THE STRANGER  
You don't know what you're getting yourself into, son.

CLYDE  
I don't care.

The Stranger looks at Clyde, nods, then gets into the driver's side.

THE STRANGER  
Let me clean up a bit.

Clyde opens his door and sees that the car is decked out with advanced communications equipment and after-market modifications. On the passenger's seat: maps, hieroglyphics, stones, notebooks, guns and ammo are piled up into a mess. Clyde looks around the car while The Stranger straightens up.

THE STRANGER (cont'd)  
I'll explain everything on the way.

CLYDE  
I don't give a fuck who they are or where they came from. Just wake me up when you need me to kill something.

THE STRANGER

(smiles) Fair enough.

Clyde leans the chair back, pulls his baseball cap down, and closes his eyes. The truck starts with a roar and flies into the night.