Isidro

by
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FADE IN:

Black and white snapshot pictures of an abandoned motel. Palm trees and wild grass all around. Dead snake in a dirty pool.

NARRATOR
What you are about to see is part of an amateur video filmed during Hurricane Isidro in Shaddock, Florida...

INSERT MAP: An arrow points to a location near the Everglades... “CITRUS MOTEL”

EXT. CITRUS MOTEL - DAY

Shaky footage.

Fast reflections of two people late 20s, through a series of broken, dirty and cracked glass windows - one man, one woman. The woman has the camera in her hand.

Static sounds.

INT. MOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Strong wind and rain pulverize the exterior of the building.

From a corner, a single flood light turns on. The VIDEO IMAGE an odd low angle. White linens, dead mice and scrap litter the floor. One wall streaked in mildew and chipped paint. Spiderwebs swing from the ceiling.

A different kind of thunder bams against the door.

TED (30s) slams his shoulder into the wood. The door flies open. The light blinds him.

Ellen (late 20s) rustles by. She has a key chain flashlight in one hand, bible in the other.

A door swooshes back and forth. Whacks Ted in the left shoulder. He strains, pushes the door shut. Out of breath. A quick glance to Ellen, back to the source of the CAMERA and FLOOD LIGHT.

TED
Thanks for all your help.
KRYS (20s) gives an A-O-K sign in front of her lens. Her nails painted black and pointed.

ELLEN
Over here.

Camera swerves -- a bright UV light greets the view. JOE (20s) staggers into the view of the camera.

JOE
There’s no need for that -

Ellen slaps her bible down on a washing machine.

TED
Who are you guys, anyway?

JOE
Right back at you.

Ellen aims her light around the room.

TED
I’m Ted, my wife Ellen. Our car broke down, accident. Rushed over here -

JOE
What’s your last name? Ted what?

Krys stands up. Moves around, steps over a broken whiskey bottle. Ted gives her a sarcastic smile.

TED
Your turn.

Krys (playful)
Krys Castle. Documentary filmmaker.

JOE
Joe. That’s all you need to know.

Krys
Accident. You see what caused it?

TED
The hurricane.

Krys
Try again.
KRYS
Bad luck?

JOE
The Garou.

TED
I’m sorry?

JOE
It’s a giant swamp wolf. Like a werewolf.

ELLEN
He for real?

JOE
Hundreds of sightings around this area. It’s why this motel closed down.

TED
And that’s why you didn’t open the door for us, you thought I was the big bad wolf?

Ellen laughs. Ted joins in.

TED
I’m all out of silver bullets. Sorry about that.

KRYS
UV light blinds it.

Joe waves a handgun in the air. Ellen backs away. Ted raises his arms in surrender.

TED
Now hold on a minute -

JOE
Relax..."Ted". We got it under control.

Blood drips from Ted’s left wrist.

JOE
Mother -

An audio bleep covers Joe’s protest. Ted looks around, reaches -
Krys

No wait -

Ted scoops up a linen, a dead rat rolls out on the floor. Ellen screams. She jumps up on one of the washing machines.

Joe puts the gun back in his waistband. Takes off his shirt, tosses it over. Ted rolls it up, ties it around his wrist.

Joe

It’s dead, alright?

Ellen shakes her head no.

Joe

Hundreds of them, most of them dead. Some not so much. The Garou feeds on both.

Ted goes to his wife. Kisses her right hand.

Ted

It’ll be alright...

(to Joe)

Talk like you seen it yourself. This wolf.

Joe

We both have. At a safe distance and all, of course.

Ted

Owners of this place know you brought a gun on your trip?

Joe

If we kill the beast, we’ll be doing him a favor.

Ted

I’ll take that as a no.

Joe

If that thing comes in here, you’ll believe.
KRYS
That’s one powerful little light you got, Ellen. That’s got flashers, right? Emergency lights?

Ellen, not pleased with the tone, clicks her flashlight. Red lights flicker on and off.

KRYS
Perfect. Looks cool.

TED
You want to repeat that? I didn’t quite hear that.

KRYS
I said... “It looks cool”.

Ted takes his wife’s flashlight, turns it off.

KRYS
Come on. Be a good sport.

TED
You want to know what caused the accident? It wasn’t a wolf.

The flashlight fades on, under Ted’s chin.

TED
It wasn’t the hurricane itself. It was shadow spirits who travel with it, demons of the wind.

ELLEN
They been following us for miles!

TED
Isidro is not an ordinary hurricane. Once they catch up to us...

JOE
Werewolves and ghosts in a hurricane. What are the chances?

TED
You don’t believe us?

JOE
I seen a werewolf. Haven’t seen a ghost.
ELLEN
It is a demon!

J O E
Whatever. Look, this screws us up a bit. Could you change your story a little, say it was a wolf -

T E D
Listen you
(BLEEP!)
I am not changing my story! There is no werewolf chasing us! You want something on film?

K R Y S
It’s not like -

T E D
You want some crazy, messed up stuff, you just wait sister they are going to come, bash through that door and pick your bones dry!

Rats squeak in a corner of the room. Ellen freaks out, turns on her light again. Her beam dances around the floor.

T E D
Is that what you want? Go right ahead, ask them for a close up!

J O E
What you saw was the werewolf!

T E D
You got any crosses around? You believe in Jesus Christ?

J o e looks over to Krys. Shrugs.

T E D
Either you do or you don’t.

J o e turns to the couple.

J O E
This is what I believe...you think you saw a shadow spirit or something out there. But it wasn’t.

T E D
A werewolf....?
JOE
That’s what you really saw. It’s out there...is your wife still freaking about the rats?

ELLEN
Thought you said they were dead!

Wood floor squeaks.

JOE
I said some of them.

Wind howls. Door bams.

TED
They’re here!

JOE
That’s just the wind.

KRYS
Think we got a wolf out there.

The entire room vibrates. Rats nowhere to be seen, cry out from all four corners of the room like an acappella from hell.

TED
So it’s just the wind now. That’s it, right? No werewolf, no spirits, just the wind.

KRYS
You’re wrong. It’s out there.

TED
I need your cross!

Krys puts the camera aside. Her age looks to be mid 20s, long dark hair. She reaches around her neck, snaps off a silver crucifix. Ted grabs it, yells varied Latin around the door.

The noise outside increases in volume with each cross motion.


JOE
Hey-!

TED
This isn’t going to help you!
Ted opens up the chamber. Checks. Six silver bullets.

KRYST
Are you crazy! We’re defenseless!

Ted goes over to his wife, makes out. Joe approaches. Tim snaps to attention, aims the gun directly at him.

JOE
Okay. I get it. I’m sorry. I know we freaked you guys out. But it’s cool now.

TED
You two shacked in here, sleeping with the rats? How do I know you’re not a pair of wolves?

JOE
We’re not. We are documentary filmmakers -

TED
How do I know you’re not some shadow demon, eager to tear out my Christian soul?

KRYST
Can I at least have my cross back?

ELLEN
(mocks)
Can I have my cross back?

JOE
Look, we agree that there’s something out there -

TED
Something out there. There’s nothing out there. Nothing. Nothing but the hurricane. In here, one less psycho with a gun.

Lowers the gun, puts it next to the bible.

TED
That’s hot stuff, isn’t it? Had my heart pounding. And don’t you even think of coming over here to get that piece back.
JOE
You...you made it up?

TED
I think you can say that. No, I stand corrected. You can say that. But I had you going -

ELLEN
But there really was a wolf.

Ellen clicks on her flashlight to the hazard lights.

KRYS
There was?

TED
Of course there was. Ran that that son of a
(bleep)
Right over. Road kill all over, body parts north, south east and west.

Kisses Ellen. Feels her up.

TED
So you kids step back, relax. Who knows, you can salvage your video, make a nice little sex tape out of this. It’s...“cool”.

Joe eyeballs the gun.

TED
Let it go, Joe, let it go.

KRYS
You can keep the gun. Can I have my cross?

Ted tosses her crucifix necklace to her. The storm roars.

Joe stands next to Krys, shakes his head.

JOE
Maybe we can save some of it. We did get some good storm footage...

Krys shoves him away.
KRYS
Hey, did you two really hit a wolf out there?

ELLEN
Yes we did. Why worry about it? It’s dead.

Ellen gets her husband’s shirt off.

KRYS
So why not just say so?

Ted parts his embrace with Ellen. Snatches the gun. Unloads it. Opens up the washing machine and dumps the gun inside.

Scratch sounds at the door.

A deep growl echoes. Joe rushes up to the washing machine, his hand dives in. He screams. He pulls out the gun and a RAT around his hand. Blood pumps from the wound.


Blood runs down a wolf’s snout that pops into frame. The camera falls over next to Krys’ driver’s license. Red stuff spits out over the lens.

Werewolf shadow stands up on two legs, a severed head drops...A paw kicks the camera, which spirals away.

FADE OUT.