

"BRIMSTONE"

by

Aaron Ridenour

221 East 2950 North  
Provo, UT 84604  
801/373-0375  
cicafiu@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A massive group gathers, street lamps illuminating the cobblestone ground as the sun slowly fades over the nearby church.

Food-covered tables outline the packed square as people of all ages laugh and dance; folk music playing from a small band on a makeshift stage.

21-year-old FINN's massive frame casually moves through the celebrating crowd, a bright white smile permanently stamped on his handsome face.

Several people pat him on the back, congratulating him in thick Irish accents as he pushes toward the church. He is shaking someone's hand when he bumps into MAYOR BRADY; a portly, middle-aged man with a slight grin.

He rests his hand on Finn's shoulder.

MAYOR BRADY

How are you feeling, Finn?

FINN

I'm doing alright.

MAYOR BRADY

I can't tell you enough how proud we all are of you.

FINN

Thank you, Mayor Brady. That means a lot to me.

Finn scans the crowded square.

FINN

Have you seen Kian?

Mayor Brady glances to the old, stone church towering over the celebration.

MAYOR BRADY

(pointing)

I think I saw him headed for the church.

Finn nods.

FINN

Thank you.

He points to the crowd around them.

FINN

Take care of them.

MAYOR BRADY

(nodding)

I will.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

KIAN CASSIDY, 21, stands in the small foyer near the open front doors; his tan, muscular arms folded across his chest. His unkempt hair partially covers his eyes as he scans countless pictures hanging on the stone wall.

Finn enters, moving toward Kian.

FINN

Are you avoiding the party?

Kian shrugs, motioning to the celebration outside.

KIAN

Seems like everyone has a drink in their hands. Probably not the best place for me.

Finn pats him on the shoulder.

FINN

I hear you.

Both stand in silence peering at the pictures.

FINN

(pointing)

Do me a favor, will you? When I'm on this wall, please make sure they pick a decent picture of me.

Kian chuckles.

FINN

(pointing)

I mean, take this guy for instance. Look at that smile.

KIAN

That is too many teeth for one man.

They both laugh.

Kian's smile fades, his eyes falling to the floor.

KIAN

It should be me staying behind. Not  
you.

Finn shakes his head, looking directly at Kian.

FINN

No. You still have so much more to  
do.

Kian throws his hands in the air.

KIAN

The only reason I'm standing here  
is because of you. Without  
you...who knows what I'll become.

Finn plants his finger directly in Kian's chest.

FINN

You decide the kind of man you'll  
become, Kian.

He motions to the crowd outside.

FINN

Not them. Not me. You. Don't become  
the man they all expect you to be.  
Promise me.

KIAN

(hesitantly)

I promise.

They hug as laughter and folk music carry through the open  
doors. Two fingers are missing from Finn's hand.

KIAN

Are you scared?

FINN

I'm terrified.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Later, darkness hovers over the abandoned square; street lamps illuminating tables now covered in used plates and leftover food.

A light wind trickles through the open area; used napkins and other debris racing over the cobblestone street.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A statue of Christ's crucifixion stands at the front of the chapel, candlelight flickering against the protruding, old stones of the nearby wall.

Finn's massive frame kneels at the base of the statue, several candles surrounding him.

He takes a deep breath before glancing at his watch, reading "11:59 PM."

He stares at the hands as they slowly tick toward midnight.

Perspiration dots his forehead, closing his eyes as the tiny hands strike "12:00 AM."

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The street lamps go dark as the wind suddenly ceases. An eerie silence sweeps over the square as nothing moves.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Finn opens his eyes, glancing down at the worn Bible clenched in his trembling hands.

He slowly shuffles through the pages, eventually settling on one page as his finger scans the small text.

FINN

(reading quietly)

And they came to the place which  
God had told him of; And Abraham  
built an altar there, and laid the  
wood in order...

The church is completely quiet aside from his voice echoing gently across the rows of wooden pews.

FINN

(reading quietly)

...and bound Isaac his son, and  
laid him on the altar upon the  
wood...

Finn glances at his watch, the hands now ticking backward.

FINN  
(reading)  
And Abraham stretched forth his  
hand, and took the knife to slay  
his son.

Finn hesitates as strange noises collect in the distance.

FINN  
(reading loudly)  
And the angel of the Lord called  
unto him out of heaven, and said,  
Abraham, Abraham...

The strange sounds grow louder outside the church as several dark shadows pass by the windows outlining the chapel.

FINN  
(reading loudly)  
...and he said...

Finn's entire body trembles as the flames of the nearby candles flicker.

FINN  
...Here am I.

The main doors of the church suddenly swing open, a loud CRACK crashing through the room.

A dark figure stands in the doorway.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "BRIMSTONE."

EXT. ROAD - DAY

An economy SUV sits quietly, a soft breeze racing across the nearby field. The sun slowly sets on the horizon.

INT. CAR - DAY

A "History of Ireland" book sits on the dashboard.

ALAN BLAKE, 46, shifts his slightly overweight frame in the driver's seat, creases running across his forehead as he focuses through his glasses on a massive map draped across the steering wheel.

EMILY BLAKE, 40, sits motionless in the passenger seat, her slender frame hugging the door as she rests her head lazily against the window. She looks a lot younger than she actually is, her tan almost concealing her beautiful face. She rolls her wedding ring between her fingers.

JESSICA BLAKE, 18, athletic and beautiful, sits against one of the back doors, running her hand through her long hair, an annoyed expression etched on her face as she twirls her cell phone in her hand.

RONNIE BLAKE, 15, hunches in his seat against the other back door, the setting sun catching small acne dotting his slightly chubby face. He holds a portable gaming device in his hands.

ANNA BLAKE, 9, sits between Jessica and Ronnie rhythmically rocking back-and-forth. She looks small for her age, her extremely thin frame comfortably sitting in the middle seat as her long hair drapes over her tiny shoulders. She colors a picture resting in her lap.

JESSICA

Dad, what are we doing out here?

Alan glances into the rear view mirror at the backseat.

ALAN

We're on vacation.

Jessica rolls her eyes as she continues to twirl her cell phone.

JESSICA

We're in the middle of nowhere.

Alan shakes his head, glancing back at the map.

ALAN

We're spending time together as a family...like we used to.

JESSICA

(sarcastically)

And THAT always went well.

ALAN

(glancing to his side)

You having fun yet, Em?

Emily rubs her forehead.

EMILY  
No, Alan, I'm not. We should go  
back to...what was the name of that  
town?

ALAN  
(looking at the map)  
Mulranny.

EMILY  
Yeah, that place. It looked like  
they had some decent hotels. We  
should stop there for the night.

Emily suddenly whips her head toward the backseat.

EMILY  
Ronnie, please turn down the volume  
on that stupid thing!

Ronnie's shoulders sink.

RONNIE  
Alright. Sorry.

He decreases the volume on his game, pulling at his non age  
appropriate t-shirt as he shifts in his seat.

Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA  
(to self)  
Such a waste of time.

ALAN  
There should be a few other hotels  
on the way to Dugort.

Emily throws her hands in the air.

EMILY  
And what's in Digert?

ALAN  
Dugort.

EMILY  
(irritated)  
Whatever.

Alan glares at Emily over the rim of his glasses.



ALAN

My great, great grandfather grew up  
in Dugort. I thought it'd be fun to  
see the town while we're out here.

Emily shakes her head, glancing in the backseat.

EMILY

Anna, you doing alright, honey?

Anna colors a picture of her family standing on top of the  
world as she continues to rock in her seat. A slight speech  
impediment is present in her voice.

ANNA

(not looking at Emily)  
Are we going to eat soon? I'm  
getting hungry.

Emily annoyingly glances at Alan.

EMILY

I think we're ALL hungry, sweetie.  
Oh, that reminds me...

Her eyes dart to Ronnie.

EMILY

Ronnie, it's almost time for your  
insulin.

Ronnie nods as he continues to play his game.

RONNIE

I know. I'll do it before we eat.

ALAN

(still looking at map)  
How were your levels this morning?

Ronnie rolls his eyes.

RONNIE

They were fine.

EMILY

(looking at Alan)  
He needs to eat.

Alan holds his hand in the air.

ALAN  
Just give me a second while I  
figure out where we're going.

EMILY  
It's going to be dark soon, Alan.

Ronnie glances at Anna's picture.

RONNIE  
That's very good, Anna.

ANNA  
Thanks.

She pulls an xacto knife from her pocket, carefully trimming  
the edges of her picture.

Emily's eyes narrow as she glances into the backseat.

EMILY  
Anna, I told you not to carry that  
thing in your pocket.

ANNA  
It's fine, Mom. I'm careful.

Jessica suddenly opens her door and steps away from the car;  
vomiting into the nearby grass.

Anna continues working on her picture, not looking in  
Jessica's direction.

A quizzical look crosses Alan's face as he glances at  
Jessica, now standing with her head between her knees.

ALAN  
She's still carsick?

EMILY  
Apparently.

Jessica returns, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand  
as she climbs into the car. She rests her head against the  
seat, closing her eyes.

EMILY  
(to Jessica)  
Are you sure you don't...

JESSICA  
(interrupting)  
I'm fine. I've just been stuck in  
this car too long.

Alan quickly folds the map, shoving it between the seats.

ALAN  
(nodding)  
Alright, we'll get dinner in Keel  
before we head to Dugort for the  
night.

EMILY  
And how long will THAT take?

Alan shoves his glasses into his windbreaker.

ALAN  
It shouldn't take long to get  
there.

He throws the SUV into gear, pulling back onto the road.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Kian stands in front of a tombstone reading "FINN REILLY." A  
bottle of wine dangles at his side.

His eyes rest on a small paper cradled in his other hand  
that reads "KIAN CASSIDY." He crumples the paper, shoving it  
into his pocket.

KIAN  
Well you'll never believe what  
happened this year.

He takes a drink, peering at the wine bottle.

KIAN  
I know I promised you that I'd be a  
better person, but...

He glances toward the setting sun gently touching the ocean.

KIAN  
The truth is I failed. I failed  
you. I failed my mom. This is just  
who I am.

He shakes his head, peering at the ground.

KIAN  
I'm exactly who they said I was.

He lifts the wine bottle to his lips.

KIAN

I'm sorry, but it should've been me  
a year ago.

Someone clears their throat behind Kian. He turns to find Mayor Brady standing a few feet away, twirling a small set of keys on his chubby finger. He cradles a dark, wooden box under his other arm.

MAYOR BRADY

I'm sorry to interrupt, but as  
tradition goes, here are the keys  
to the town.

He hands the keys to Kian.

MAYOR BRADY

Just leave them someplace where we  
can find them.

Kian nods, staring at the wooden box in the mayor's hands.

Mayor Brady pats him on the shoulder, turning to leave. He pauses after a few feet, glancing over his shoulder.

MAYOR BRADY

You should come to the celebration.

A small smile pulls at the corner of Kian's mouth.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Several people converse while others dance to folk music playing from the nearby band.

Kian sits on a small stone wall running along the outside of the square, a bottle of wine swaying in his fingertips.

His MOM sits next to him, scanning the crowd as he drinks.

MOM

(not looking at Kian)  
How are you feeling?

KIAN

(sarcastically)  
How do you think I'm feeling?

He takes another drink.

KIAN

I'm just a man waiting to die.

His mother gives him a stern look.

MOM  
So that's it then? You're just  
giving up?

Kian shrugs.

KIAN  
What is there to fight for? It's  
not like I have any plans for  
tomorrow.

MOM  
You can't control the situation,  
but you can control how you react  
to it.

Kian smiles, raising the wine bottle in the air.

KIAN  
I am.

MOM  
You're drinking too much.

KIAN  
(smiling)  
I don't think it really matters at  
this point, do you? It's out of my  
hands.

He tilts his head back as he takes a drink.

MOM  
(shaking her head)  
You're just like him.

Kian suddenly launches the wine bottle across the square,  
shattering against a distant wall.

The band stops playing as everyone freezes, staring at Kian.

He stands, facing his mother.

KIAN  
I'm nothing like that man! The man  
you let beat you every night of the  
week after he stumbled home drunk!  
No, Mom. You did that to yourself!

His mother stands, slapping him hard across the face.

Kian's face burns red; clenching his fists.

A chubby hand quietly grips his arm. He turns, Mayor Brady standing behind him.

MAYOR BRADY  
That's enough, Kian.

Kian glances around the crowded square; eyes glaring at him.  
He chuckles, throwing his hands in the air.

KIAN  
Party's over people! What's that scripture in Revelations?! "But the fearful, and unbelieving... blah blah blah...shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!"

Everyone stares silently at Kian.

KIAN  
Ironic how it really does fit this town! Now if you don't mind, I'd kind of like to die in peace!

No one moves, several people glancing around the square.

KIAN  
What are you all staring at?! Go!  
All of you!

Everyone awkwardly shuffles in different directions, quiet mumbles echoing over the crowd.

Kian's mother gently rests her hand on his arm.

MOM  
Kian, I...

He pulls his arm away.

KIAN  
(interrupting)  
You, too. Go.

He looks directly at her.

KIAN  
Please leave.

His mother nods, wiping tears from her eyes. She slowly walks away, glancing over her shoulder.

MOM  
I love you.

Kian's shoulders drop. He slumps back onto the stone wall as the square is emptied; his eyes resting on the cobblestones at his feet.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Later, the town is quiet. Nothing seems to move.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kian walks quietly along a row of homes, his feet kicking at the broken pavement.

He glances toward a nearby home, the name "BRADY" etched on the side of the polished mailbox.

Kian retrieves the set of keys from his pocket. He smiles.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The small set of keys jingle in Kian's hand as he glances around the room.

KIAN  
(to self)  
I thought it'd be bigger.

He stops as he notices the wooden box resting on the long, dark table. He casually crosses the room.

He flips the box open; filled with small folded papers. Kian smiles as he retrieves one paper.

KIAN  
(to self)  
And tonight's lucky winner is...

He unfolds the paper, his eyes widening.

KIAN  
(reading)  
Kian Cassidy.

He quickly tosses the paper onto the table, snatching another folded paper from the box.

The paper reads "KIAN CASSIDY."

He snatches the wooden box, dumping the contents onto the table. His hands quickly rummage through the small papers; each one reading "KIAN CASSIDY."

His face burns red, crumpling the tiny papers in his hands.

KIAN  
(yelling)  
That son-of-a...

He shoves the box violently from the table, papers fluttering through the air.

Kian pounds his massive fists into the dark wood, a THUD echoing through the room as he takes a deep breath.

He quickly glances at his watch which reads "10:35 PM."

He shakes his head, tears quietly streaming down his face.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Later, Kian sits at a small, dilapidated table, a bottle of whiskey resting next to a shot glass as he anxiously writes on a sheet of paper.

He quickly folds the paper, stuffing it into an envelope.

He seals the envelope, tossing it onto the table before filling the shot glass with whiskey.

He lifts the glass to his lips as he glances at the clock on the wall, reading "11:05 PM."

Kian shakes his head, raising the glass.

KIAN  
(to self)  
For you, Finn.

ALAN (O.S.)  
Hello?!

Kian freezes, his eyes widening as he glances toward the door.

He slams the glass on the table, stumbling to the exit.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Alan knocks on the front door, Emily tapping her foot anxiously as she stands next to him.

Jessica and Ronnie stand behind them, luggage bags clenched in their arms. Anna skips in circles nearby, flapping her arms as she hums to herself.

Alan peers through one of the nearby windows.



ALAN  
Maybe the front desk closes at a  
certain...

EMILY  
(interrupting)  
Alan.

Alan glances over his shoulder.

ALAN  
What?

Emily points at Kian who quickly approaches, staggering on  
the road.

Alan turns, extending his hand.

ALAN  
Hi there. My name is Doctor...

KIAN  
(interrupting)  
I'm sorry folks, but you can't stay  
here tonight.

Jessica throws her hands in the air.

JESSICA  
Great.

ALAN  
Are you full?

Kian shakes his head, his eyes glazing over as he stares at  
the ground.

KIAN  
No, but...

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY  
This is a hotel, isn't it?

Kian staggers briefly as he thinks to himself.

KIAN  
Yes, but...

ALAN  
You see, I meant for us to actually  
spend the night in Dugort and...

Kian laughs.

KIAN  
You've definitely missed that road.

A puzzled look crosses Alan's face.

ALAN  
Where are we?

KIAN  
Brimstone. You drove straight  
through Keel and Dooagh to get  
here.

ALAN  
(nodding)  
Well, I guess we could...

Emily steps between Alan and Kian.

EMILY  
Are you drunk, sir?

Kian's eyes roll into the back of his head as he thinks to himself briefly.

KIAN  
No.

A smile stretches across his face.

KIAN  
Maybe a little bit. Hopefully.

EMILY  
Where's the night manager?

Kian points both thumbs at himself.

KIAN  
(smiling)  
You're looking at him.

EMILY  
(pointing at Alan)  
Wonderful. Look, my husband dragged  
us on this trip. We've been driving  
all day and we're tired, so we're  
staying here tonight.

Kian steps back, his tanned face becoming more red.

KIAN  
Ma'am, I would strongly suggest...

EMILY  
(interrupting)  
That we leave. Yes, I heard  
you...but we're not going anywhere.  
If it's a matter of money...

Kian shakes his head.

KIAN  
(interrupting)  
It's not about money. Trust me...

EMILY  
(interrupting)  
I don't trust you at all!

Kian's eyes widen as he glances to each family member.

EMILY  
(pointing at Kian)  
You're probably just the kid who  
didn't know what to do with his  
life and became the town drunk  
instead.

Kian's bottom lip curls, his hands clenching.

EMILY  
And there's nothing you can say  
that will make us leave.

A small smile pulls at the corner of Kian's mouth, his eyes  
narrowing.

KIAN  
You sure about that?

Emily points her nose in the air.

EMILY  
Yes.

Kian glances silently to each family member.

KIAN  
(smiling)  
Then let's get your room keys.

He turns, unlocking the front door of the hotel.

Emily shakes her head at Alan as she enters behind Kian. Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna awkwardly follow behind her.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Kian steps behind the front desk.

KIAN  
How many rooms do you need?

Emily drops her small bag to the floor.

EMILY  
What size beds do you have?

Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna wait near the staircase, all of them glancing around the small room.

JESSICA  
(to self)  
This is the smallest hotel I've ever seen.

Alan stands next to Emily as Kian opens a ledger.

KIAN  
It looks like we have a couple rooms available with two full-sized beds in each room. Does that work?

EMILY  
(nodding)  
That's perfect, thank you.

Kian turns to a nearby wall, inspecting a row of keys. He quickly grabs two and hands them to Emily.

KIAN  
(pointing to staircase)  
Up the stairs, last two rooms at the end of the hallway.

ALAN  
How much do we owe you?

Kian waves his hand nonchalantly, a smile on his face.

KIAN  
We'll work it out in the morning.

Alan retrieves his wallet and slides a 50 dollar bill across the counter.

ALAN  
For your trouble.

KIAN  
Thank you.

Emily snatches her bag from the floor and ascends the staircase. Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna follow.

ALAN  
What was your name?

KIAN  
Kian.

Alan nods, extending his hand.

ALAN  
Alan Blake.

Kian shakes his hand.

ALAN  
Look, my wife didn't really mean...

Kian waves his hand in the air.

KIAN  
(interrupting)  
Don't worry about it.

He smiles.

KIAN  
I'm sure she'll feel better in the morning. Would you like a drink before you turn in? You might need it.

ALAN  
(hesitantly)  
No, that's alright.

Alan moves toward the staircase, glancing over his shoulder.

ALAN  
See you tomorrow. And thanks again.

Alan turns to face Kian, still backing toward the stairs.

ALAN  
(smiling)  
You saved us tonight.

Kian nods as Alan climbs the stairs. He waits at the front desk until he hears the doors close.

He leaves the 50 dollar bill on the counter, walking to the exit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kian hunches over the tiny sink, splashing water in his face. He snatches a towel from a nearby hook, staring at himself in the mirror.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He quickly enters, retrieves a duffel bag from underneath a small twin bed, and shoves several clothes into it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He leaves the envelope containing the letter he wrote resting on the small table, the word "MOTHER" etched on the front.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

He retrieves some keys from a hook near the door, quickly moving to the corner.

He pulls back an old tarp, revealing a beat-up motorcycle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emily lays on the creaky, old bed, fumbling with her cell phone as she searches around the nearby bed stand.

EMILY

Great. No outlet.

She carefully lays her cell phone on the stand.

EMILY

Hopefully my phone doesn't die tomorrow.

Alan glances out the window.

ALAN

It's not so bad.

Emily nonchalantly removes her shoes, tossing them onto the hardwood floor.

EMILY  
What are we doing here, Alan?

ALAN  
(turning to Emily)  
We're on vacation.

Emily chuckles.

EMILY  
(shaking her head)  
This isn't a vacation. Cancun,  
Paris, Florida...those would be  
vacations. Not the middle of  
nowhere Ireland.

Alan crosses the room, sitting on the other side of the bed;  
his back turned toward Emily.

ALAN  
We needed to get out of Scottsdale  
for a while.

He turns, looking directly at Emily.

ALAN  
Just take a break together. You  
know...as a family.

EMILY  
No one asked for a break, Alan.  
Just you.

Alan slips his shoes from his feet, nudging them away.

ALAN  
How do you think our family is  
doing, Em? Honestly.

Emily sighs.

EMILY  
We're doing fine, Alan.

Alan shakes his head, turning away from Emily.

ALAN  
(under his breath)  
Fine.

EMILY  
(shrugging her shoulders)  
Is our family perfect? No, but it's  
not terrible.

Alan stands from the bed, running his hand through his dark, curly hair. He turns back to Emily.

ALAN

You've been...distant lately.

EMILY

That's just in your head, Alan.

Alan's fists clench briefly, his jaw tightening.

ALAN

Sure, Em. It's just in my head.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kian quietly guides the motorcycle along the road, glancing toward the hotel. Yelling can be heard from the street below.

He shakes his head as he passes, pointing his middle finger at the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica lays on one of the beds wedged against the wall, her cell phone twirling in her hand. Anna lays on the bed next to her, fast asleep; her drawing pencils clenched in her tiny hand.

Ronnie sits on the other bed against the opposite wall, his eyes focused on the small screen of his gaming device.

Alan and Emily continue to yell in the nearby room.

Jessica leans her head back against the wall.

JESSICA

This vacation sucks.

Ronnie stays focused on his gaming device.

RONNIE

They just need to work some things out.

Jessica glances at Ronnie.

JESSICA

(shaking her head)

It's been over for a while.

A quizzical look crosses Ronnie's face.



RONNIE  
(not looking at Jessica)  
What do you mean?

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA  
Wake-up, Ronnie. Pull your head out  
of the video games for two seconds.

Ronnie shakes his head, pausing his gaming device and  
tossing it onto the bed. He folds his arms across his chest,  
glancing across the room at Jessica.

RONNIE  
So what are we going to do?

JESSICA  
What do you mean?

A small chuckle escapes Jessica's lips.

JESSICA  
You don't understand, Ronnie. I'm  
headed to Stanford next year. I  
don't care what Mom and Dad do.

Ronnie glances to Anna, fast asleep in her bed.

RONNIE  
(motioning toward Anna)  
What about Anna? You don't care  
what happens to her?

Jessica's grin dissipates, her eyes darting to Anna.

JESSICA  
She's a tough kid. She'll get  
through it.

RONNIE  
(shaking his head)  
Not everyone is like you, Jess.

Jessica nods as she lifts herself from the old bed.

JESSICA  
(smiling)  
Not many people are. I don't need  
anyone else to succeed.

RONNIE

We all need each other, Jess. I can't do this on my own.

JESSICA

If you feel like you can't do something on your own, then you've already failed.

She walks toward the door.

A puzzled expression crosses Ronnie's face.

RONNIE

Where are you going?

Jessica pauses, her hand resting on the door handle. She glances back at Ronnie.

JESSICA

I'm going for a walk. Be back in 15.

She quietly exits the room, closing the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emily exits her room, startling slightly as Jessica stands a few feet away.

JESSICA

Great, Mom. Why don't you wake everyone in this dinky hotel.

EMILY

(shaking her head)

You don't understand, Jess. This is all...complicated.

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

I know a lot more than you realize.

Emily rubs her forehead.

EMILY

Jess, it's late. I'm tired. I don't have time to talk about this.

Jessica shakes her head.

JESSICA  
Someday, you'll need to start  
thinking about someone other than  
yourself.

Jessica walks away.

EMILY  
Don't talk to me like that, young  
lady! And where do you think you're  
going?

Jessica glances over her shoulder.

JESSICA  
For a walk.

EMILY  
Maybe you should stay in tonight.

JESSICA  
(in French)  
Maybe you should tell Dad the  
truth.

EMILY  
You know I hate it when I can't  
understand you, right?

JESSICA  
(in French)  
Yes.

Emily shakes her head, resting her back against the wall.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kian speeds away from town on his motorcycle, glancing over  
his shoulder.

A faint light can be seen on the beach along the ocean.

He glances at his watch, reading "11:57 PM."

He drives past the Brimstone sign, "PLEASE COME BACK  
SOMETIME" etched on the bottom.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jessica stands with her cell phone clenched in her hands, a lighthouse burning in the distance as she types "SORRY, I WAS GOING TO TEXT YOU EARLIER, BUT I COULDN'T GET AWAY."

She glances to the distant lighthouse briefly before typing "THIS VACATION SUCKS."

She pulls her jacket closed as a strong wind rolls off the nearby ocean. Her cell phone DINGS.

Her eyes dart to the small screen, reading "I'M SORRY. I MISS YOU."

Jessica smiles as her phone DINGS again.

She reads "HOW ARE YOU FEELING?"

Her smile fades as she types on the small screen "SICK, BUT IT'S NOT TOO BAD." After a few seconds, her phone DINGS.

She reads "WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS. TOGETHER."

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan and Emily lay in different beds as the clock on the wall strikes midnight; a soft chime echoing through the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie and Anna sleep as the chime of a nearby clock rings.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The clock in Alan's and Emily's room chimes a 12th time.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The lighthouse in the distance suddenly goes dark, seemingly disappearing into the sea. The waves stop rolling over the sand as the wind calms completely.

Jessica glances in all directions as a strange silence sweeps over the beach.

She peers at her cell phone, the screen dark as she attempts to type.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The clock hands in Alan's and Emily's room tick backward.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jessica shakes her head as she presses buttons on her cell phone.

PERSON #1 (O.S.)  
(almost inaudible)  
Help me.

Jessica startles, her head jerking toward the shore.

JESSICA  
Hello?

PERSON #1 (O.S.)  
Help me.

Jessica creeps slowly toward the voice, clenching her phone.

JESSICA  
Is someone there?

She can barely see the outline of PERSON #1 laying in the shallows of the water, their hand outstretched toward her.

PERSON #1  
Help me.

Jessica steps closer.

JESSICA  
Are you hurt?

She squints as she attempts to see Person #1 clearly.

A curious line runs down the middle of their body.

PERSON #1  
Help me.

Jessica steps closer, pointing over her shoulder.

JESSICA  
Let me find some help and...

The line running down Person #1's body suddenly opens, revealing a massive cavity; sharp, jagged teeth outlining a gaping mouth. A high-pitched SCREAM emanates from the creature.

Jessica screams as she stumbles backward, turning to run.

A long tongue suddenly protrudes from the monster, quickly wrapping around Jessica's ankle.

She tumbles into the sand, her fingers digging into the ground as she is dragged toward the creature. She screams.

She rolls onto her back, the creature dragging itself further onto the beach toward her. Jessica raises her hands in front of her face. She is only a few feet from the gaping mouth.

An ax suddenly bursts through the tongue; a black, tar-like substance spilling onto the hard sand.

The creature screams, quickly retreating into the sea.

Kian stands above the writhing tongue, an ax clenched in his massive hands.

KIAN  
(to Jessica)  
We need to move.

Kian reaches, grabbing Jessica's shaking hand. He hoists her from the ground as she kicks the tongue away from her ankle.

JESSICA  
(panicked)  
What the hell was that thing?!

Kian places his hand gently on her back as he guides her toward the stone steps leading up the hill toward the hotel, the ax swinging at his side.

KIAN  
We need to get away from the beach.

JESSICA  
(glancing over her shoulder)  
Why do we need...

Three different creatures quickly crawl across the sand.

Jessica screams again.

KIAN  
Move!

Kian does not look back as he follows Jessica up the steps.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan suddenly sits up, his head jerking toward Emily.

ALAN  
Did you hear that?!

Emily remains motionless, her head buried in her pillow.

EMILY  
(mumbling)  
What?

ALAN  
It sounded like a scream.

EMILY  
(not moving)  
I'm sure it was nothing, Alan. Go  
to bed.

Alan quickly moves to the window, pulling the curtains back.

He glances in all directions, his eyes narrowing.

ALAN  
Something's going on out there.

A loud BANG suddenly echoes through the room as something collides with the room door, Alan startling at the sound.

Emily immediately sits up in bed.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
(frantic)  
Mom...Dad...open the door!

Alan quickly moves across the room.

He unlocks the door, Jessica bursting in, attempting to catch her breath.

JESSICA  
(whispering)  
We have to leave! NOW!

Alan extends his hands in front of him.

ALAN  
Whoa, whoa, whoa...just slow down  
Jess and tell us what happened.

EMILY  
(confused)  
Why are you all dirty?

JESSICA  
There is something really wrong  
with this town.

She immediately turns, crosses the hallway, and enters the other hotel room.

A puzzled expression crosses Alan's face.

ALAN  
Jess...

Alan follows after her as Emily tosses the bed sheets off, snatching her jeans from a nearby chair.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica quickly shakes Ronnie.

JESSICA  
Ronnie...wake up!

Ronnie glances over his shoulder, squinting.

RONNIE  
(mumbling)  
What?

Jessica crosses the room to Anna.

JESSICA  
You both need to get up. NOW!

Alan enters the room.

ALAN  
Jess, slow down for a second and  
tell us what happened.

Jessica turns, looking directly at Alan.

JESSICA  
(frantic)  
There isn't time, Dad! Just trust  
me and get everyone downstairs as  
fast as possible!

Alan pauses, his eyes narrowing as he stares at Jessica as she shakes Anna.



JESSICA

Anna, I need you to get up.

Anna stirs slightly.

ANNA

What're you doing, Jess?

JESSICA

You need to get up and put some clothes on.

Alan shakes Ronnie.

ALAN

Ronnie, you need to get up.

Ronnie rolls his eyes.

RONNIE

You've got to be kidding me.

He tosses the sheets off, swinging his feet over the side of the bed.

Alan glances across the room.

Anna now sits on the edge of her bed, rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand as Jessica helps slip her jeans on.

Alan quickly turns and crosses the dark hallway.

INT. MAINTENANCE CLOSET - NIGHT

Kian rummages through several shelves, various supplies spilling to the floor. He grabs a bottle of bleach and exits the small closet.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Kian approaches the front entrance, unscrewing the bottle. He pours the liquid all over the doorway, bleach running in all directions.

He pauses as he briefly peers out the window.

His eyes widen, backing away. He ascends the staircase, pouring the remaining bleach on the stairs. He tosses the empty bottle to the floor, sprinting for the rooms.

He glances over his shoulder as a dark figure moves close to the window.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Anna sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the floor as Emily, Alan, Jessica, and Ronnie frantically shove their belongings into different bags.

Alan quickly glances around the room.

ALAN

Is that everything?

Kian suddenly enters, quickly locking the door behind him. He turns off the light before grabbing a chair and jamming it underneath the door handle.

EMILY

What do you think you're...

KIAN

(whispering)

All of you, be quiet!

Everyone goes silent, the soft ticking of the clock echoing against the walls.

KIAN

Is everyone here?

EMILY

(glancing around the room)

Yes.

Alan steps toward Kian.

ALAN

What is going on?

KIAN

I'll explain everything, but first we need to get out of here.

Kian glances around the room, quickly moving to a nearby lamp and pulling the cord from the wall.

He retrieves a small pocketknife from his jeans, flipping the blade open and detaching the cord from the lamp.

He moves to another lamp, doing the same thing.

EMILY

(whispering)

What are you doing?

KIAN  
(not looking at Emily)  
We need to leave, but we can't go  
downstairs.

RONNIE  
What's downstairs?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The handle to the front door wiggles slightly, the door slowly creaking open. A tall, skinny creature stands outside the door, hunching as it enters. A row of sharp teeth cuts across its head, a perpetual grin etched on its face.

Its head tilts in different directions, staring at the mysterious liquid spread all over the floor.

It slowly crouches, its body contorting in an odd direction as it sniffs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kian quickly ties both cords together, moving to the window.

He carefully opens it, slowly peering into the small alley running between the hotel and the pub.

KIAN  
It's not going to be long enough.

He moves to the bed, glancing at Alan and Ronnie.

KIAN  
Help me move this. Quietly.

Alan and Ronnie grab different sides of the bed, quickly lifting and moving it toward the window.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The creature slowly stands, stepping over the bleach as it moves down the hallway toward the maintenance closet; its head twitching in different directions.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kian ties the cord securely to the bedpost, glancing out the window before lowering the end of the cord. It hangs about six feet off the ground.

He turns to the rest of the group.

KIAN

I'll go down first, then I can help  
all of you reach the ground.

Alan nods as Kian carefully crawls through the window, his massive hands clenching the cord as he braces himself against the outside wall.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

He quickly descends, glancing in both directions as he lands. He motions for Jessica to follow.

Ronnie and Emily quickly follow as well, glancing in both directions as they reach the ground.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan steps to the window, quickly lifting Anna in the air.

ANNA

No, Daddy.

ALAN

You need to do this, Anna.

Anna's arms quickly tighten around Alan's neck.

ANNA

I don't want to.

ALAN

(into Anna's ear)

Anna, listen to me. We need to  
leave, so I need you to be brave.  
Can you do that for me, sweetie?

Anna nods hesitantly.

ALAN

I'm going to lower you down as far  
as I can and then that man is going  
to catch you. Do you understand?

Anna nods again.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Alan slowly lifts her over the windowsill, his face straining as he lowers her along the outside wall.

Kian stands underneath her, his arms outstretched.

ALAN  
(looking at Anna)  
Just don't scream.

Alan nods as he releases Anna, Kian easily catching her. He gently sets her down, glancing back at Alan.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alan awkwardly climbs through the window as he attempts to hold the cord.

He slips slightly, the bed shifting across the wooden floor as he quickly braces himself.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The shuffling of the bed upstairs echoes through the quiet room, the creature pausing in the hallway. Its head jerks toward the ceiling. It suddenly hunches down, quickly crawling to the staircase.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kian glances in both directions as Alan descends.

KIAN  
(to self)  
C'mon, c'mon.

Alan pauses as a loud THUD emanates from the room above him. His eyes widen, glancing below.

ALAN  
(whispering)  
Something's at the door.

KIAN  
(whispering)  
Move!

Alan quickly descends, dropping to the hard ground. Kian helps him to his feet, glancing at Emily, Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna.

KIAN  
Follow me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The creature bursts through the door, splinters spraying in different directions. Its slender frame rises in the air, its head almost touching the ceiling.

It slowly inspects the room, its head twitching. It focuses on the bed near the window, leaning close to the cord leading outside.

INT. REILLY HOME - NIGHT

Kian unlocks the back door, retrieving a small flashlight from his pocket as he peers into the dark kitchen. He quickly scans the room before entering; motioning the rest of the group to follow. He locks the door behind them.

ALAN

What is going on around here?

Jessica quickly checks several kitchen drawers, collecting several knives in her hands.

Kian moves to the small kitchen table, hoisting it into the air and moving it across the room.

KIAN

(not looking at Alan)

We're being hunted.

He pulls back the worn rug the table was sitting on, revealing a small, trap door embedded in the floor.

EMILY

Hunted by what?

Kian carefully lifts the door, shining his light into the darkness below.

KIAN

Everything.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Kian turns a light on in the darkness, the small bulb dangling from the old ceiling. The walls are lined with various firearms, many covered in dust.

RONNIE

What is this place?

Kian glances around, quickly moving to one side of the room. He retrieves a shotgun from the wall.

KIAN  
Old man Reilly always wanted to be  
prepared...in case he was chosen.

A quizzical look crosses Alan's face.

ALAN  
Chosen for what?

Kian retrieves a box of ammunition from one of the shelves,  
loading the shotgun.

KIAN  
We need to make it somewhere safe.

EMILY  
(pointing at Alan)  
Alan has the car keys. We just need  
to make it to the car and we can  
leave.

KIAN  
(shaking his head)  
It won't work. Trust me. No one can  
leave right now.

He hands the loaded shotgun to Alan.

KIAN  
Do you know how to use this?

Alan's face turns red.

ALAN  
It's...been a long time since I've  
used one of these.

EMILY  
When have you EVER used a gun,  
Alan?

Alan glares at Emily.

Kian retrieves other firearms from the wall and hands them  
to Emily, Jessica, and Ronnie.

He holds his own firearm in front of him.

KIAN  
Make sure you point it away from  
everyone else.

He points to different parts, turning the gun in his hands.

KIAN

Safety is here. Open the loading flap here. Push the shells in one at a time like this. Pull the slide backwards to load the chamber and you're good to go. You got it?

Everyone nods hesitantly.

KIAN

Before you fire, make sure you plant the stock into your shoulder.

He grabs a handful of shells from a nearby table.

KIAN

Here. Put these in your pockets.

Kian hands ammunition to Alan, Emily, Jessica, and Ronnie, all of them stuffing the shells into their pockets.

RONNIE

Anna doesn't have anything.

EMILY

Anna isn't carrying a gun.

ALAN

She needs something, Em.

ANNA

(looking at the floor)

I don't want anything. Those things are dangerous.

Kian quietly kneels in front of Anna, his pocket knife outstretched in front of him.

KIAN

Take this. Be careful, but keep it with you at all times.

ANNA

(shaking her head)

I don't want it.

JESSICA

Please, Anna. Just hold onto it for us.

ANNA

No!

Anna paces away, waving her arms as she walks.



A quizzical look crosses Kian's face.

KIAN  
Is she okay?

ALAN  
She's fine. Just give her a minute  
to calm down.

Kian finishes packing additional firearms and ammunition into a duffel bag, placing the strap over his shoulder. He turns to the family.

KIAN  
You ready?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kian immediately moves to the window, the gun drawn in front of him. He quietly pulls back the curtain with the nozzle, his eyes scanning the street.

Alan, Emily, Anna, Jessica, and Ronnie enter, quietly moving around the room.

KIAN  
I don't see anything.

Kian turns.

KIAN  
We need to get to the school. The  
basement is our best chance at  
waiting this thing out.

EMILY  
How far is the school?

KIAN  
(pointing)  
Other side of the convenient store.  
Across the park. That might be a  
problem.

Alan turns the shotgun over in his hands, his eyes carefully analyzing the firearm.

ALAN  
(not looking at Kian)  
How far is the convenient store?

Kian glances back out the window.

KIAN

It's just across the street, but  
we'll need to hurry.

Emily nods, moving across the room toward Ronnie. She quickly hands him her shotgun.

EMILY

Don't point that thing at any of  
us.

A quizzical look crosses Ronnie's face.

RONNIE

Why am I carrying yours?

EMILY

(picking up Anna)

I need to carry Anna. We're going  
to be running as fast as we can.

Emily glances across the room to Alan.

EMILY

Alan, you follow behind...what was  
your name again?

KIAN

Kian.

EMILY

(nodding)

Right...Kian. Jess, you follow  
behind Dad. Ronnie, you're behind  
Jess. I'll be right behind you with  
Anna.

Kian nods. He moves to the front door, quietly twisting the handle. He pauses, glancing over his shoulder.

KIAN

Are we ready?

Everyone nods hesitatingly.

Suddenly, the tall, slender creature crashes through another window, slamming into Kian.

It hunches on all fours, its eyes locked directly on Kian as he scrambles backward to the wall.

Anna screams, the creature's head jerking in her direction.

Emily crouches, covering Anna's ears.

EMILY  
Shoot, Ronnie!

Ronnie freezes, the shotguns clenched in his trembling hands.

The creature shifts as it slowly stands, stepping toward Emily and Anna; towering eight feet in the air.

EMILY  
Shoot that thing!

Jessica steps toward the creature, firing.

Ronnie raises both shotguns, firing simultaneously.

The kick dislodges them from his grip, crashing to the floor.

Several shots connect with the creature and the wall. It emanates a strange SCREAM, crouching down on all fours.

Ronnie reaches for the guns as the creature lunges at him.

Kian quickly retrieves his own firearm.

The creature lands on Ronnie, smacking his head on the floor.

JESSICA  
Ronnie!

Emily rushes toward the creature as Kian raises his gun.

EMILY  
(looking at Kian)  
No!

Ronnie winces, grabbing his head as the creature's sharp teeth clamp hard onto his leg. He screams.

Emily shoulders the creature. It tumbles to the floor with Emily next to it. It slashes at her arm, red scratches appearing.

Emily grimaces as the creature stands above her.

A shotgun blast rings through the room, catching the creature in the chest; knocking it against the wall.

Kian steps in, smoke rising from the barrel of the shotgun.

Jessica fires, the blast connecting with the creature's neck.

It attempts to stand as Kian pumps the shotgun.

Kian and Jessica fire again, the creature tumbling backward into the wall. Its head slumps onto the floor, its eyes wide.

Kian stands above it, the shotgun pointing directly at the creature as it wheezes.

A shotgun blast rings through the room.

Emily clenches her arm as she crawls to Ronnie.

KIAN

We have to leave. They'll be drawn  
to the sound.

Ronnie moans as he curls his entire body, reaching for his injured leg.

EMILY

Don't touch it!

Emily inspects Ronnie's leg.

Jessica runs to Ronnie's side, resting her hand on his forehead.

JESSICA

Is he going to to be okay?!

Emily's eyes dart to Alan standing frozen in the corner; a blank expression etched on his face.

EMILY

Alan, do something!

Alan's head jerks toward Emily, moving across the room.

EMILY

He's losing a lot of blood!

Alan kneels next to Ronnie, eyes narrowing as he analyzes the wound.

EMILY

What do we do?!

Alan's hands tremble as he grabs one of the nearby curtains, tearing it into long strips.

ALAN  
I can stitch him back together, but  
I'm going to need supplies.

Kian moves to the window, pulling back the curtain.

ALAN  
(to Kian)  
Where's the pharmacy?

Kian scans the street.

KIAN  
(not looking at Alan)  
Back of the convenient store.

Kian turns, looking at each family member.

KIAN  
We need to move now! More will be  
coming. More dangerous than this.

Alan nods, quickly wrapping Ronnie's leg as fast as he can. He fastens the bandage in place, hooking Ronnie's arm over his shoulder and hoisting him onto his feet.

ALAN  
On your feet, son.

Ronnie moans.

ALAN  
I'm going to get you patched up as  
soon as we get to the convenient  
store.

Alan glances across the room to Anna. Anna sits against the couch, her arms crossed over her legs. She is trembling.

ALAN  
Anna...

Jessica glances at Anna, quickly moving across the room, her hands resting on her shoulders.

EMILY  
Jess, you and Anna follow right  
behind Kian.

Emily retrieves the two firearms from the floor.

EMILY

Ronnie and Alan will follow Jess.  
I've got the back.

Emily's eyes dart to Kian.

EMILY

We're ready.

Kian nods. He glances out the window before moving to the front door, twisting the handle.

EXT. REILLY HOME - NIGHT

Kian slowly opens the door, gun raised. He glances in both directions.

A few dark figures cross the streets in different directions, the distant whine of farm animals in the distance.

He pulls his head back as a creature darts into one of the neighboring homes.

He glances over his shoulder, nodding.

He paces quickly across the street, the shotgun positioned hard against his shoulder.

Jessica peeks outside, Anna cradled in her arms.

ANNA

(whispering)

Don't let the monsters get me.

JESSICA

(whispering)

I won't let anything happen to you.

She glances in both directions before following behind Kian.

INT. REILLY HOME - NIGHT

Ronnie moans as he stands on one leg.

Alan pats him on the chest.

ALAN

We're almost there. Just stay with  
me, buddy.

Ronnie nods as Alan moves to the front door, Emily catching his arm. Alan glances over his shoulder.

EMILY  
 If something happens out  
 there...you can't freeze again.

Alan's bottom lip curls, turning to the door.

Emily rolls her eyes as she exits the house behind Alan and Ronnie, guns raised.

EXT. REILLY HOME - NIGHT

Alan and Ronnie quickly shuffle across the street. Emily points the firearms in different directions as she follows.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

Kian waits by the door as everyone files in behind him. He quietly shuts it as Emily enters, locking the padlock.

ALAN  
 (turning to Kian)  
 Where am I going?

KIAN  
 (pointing)  
 Pharmacy and medical supplies are  
 back there.

Alan nods as he turns with Ronnie, shuffling to the back.

JESSICA  
 Anything?

Kian peers through the window, scanning the street.

KIAN  
 No. I think we're good.

ALAN  
 (over his shoulder)  
 Jess, watch the window. Anna, stay  
 close to me.

Kian nods at Jessica before weaving through the small aisles.

KIAN  
 What do you need?

ALAN  
 Scissors. A clean cloth. Water.  
 Gauze. Needle and thread. Alcohol.

Kian sprints to a nearby aisle.

Alan carefully places Ronnie on the counter.

Emily lays her hand on Ronnie's forehead.

EMILY  
He's burning up.

ALAN  
Em, find any acetaminophen they  
have back there and an antibiotic.  
Amoxicillin if they have it.

She nods, darting to the medication shelves.

Alan rests his hand on Ronnie's shoulder.

RONNIE  
I'm not helping out much, am I?

ALAN  
You're doing fine. I just need to  
get this wound closed.

Ronnie glances to the ceiling.

RONNIE  
I'm just holding everyone back.

ALAN  
Hey. Look at me.

Ronnie turns back to Alan.

ALAN  
You're not holding anyone back.

Alan's gaze falls to the floor.

ALAN  
I'm sorry, Ronnie. I should've...  
done something. I didn't mean to...

Ronnie gently rests his hand on Alan's arm.

RONNIE  
Stop second-guessing yourself, Dad.  
You can do a lot more than Mom  
gives you credit for.

Alan smiles.

Kian returns, dumping an armful of supplies onto the counter.



KIAN

Here.

Alan grabs the pair of scissors, quickly cutting Ronnie's jeans; exposing the wound.

Several teeth marks cut across Ronnie's leg.

Alan douses the cloth with a water bottle, cleaning the wound.

He removes Ronnie's belt, holding it close to Ronnie's mouth.

ALAN

This is going to sting, Ronnie, so  
I need you to bite down on this,  
okay?

Ronnie nods, gripping the belt in his teeth.

Ronnie starts to breathe heavily as Alan removes the cap from a bottle of alcohol. He quickly pours it into the wound.

Ronnie winces, his body shifting in different directions.

Alan retrieves a needle and thread from the table.

ALAN

(over his shoulder)  
Em, I need that medication.

Emily returns, handing Alan a small bottle. He quickly unscrews the lid, dumping two pills into his hand.

He lifts Ronnie's head, removing the belt from his mouth.

ALAN

Here, I need you to take these.

Ronnie takes the pills, Alan holding the water bottle close to his lips as he drinks. He places the belt back in his mouth.

ALAN

(to Kian)  
Hold him down!

Kian stands behind Ronnie's head, his massive hands pinning Ronnie's shoulders to the table.

Emily moves to the bottom of the counter, gripping Ronnie's ankles. She glances at Kian.

EMILY

How many of those things are out there?

Kian shakes his head.

KIAN

I don't know. This is my first time.

Emily's eyes widen.

EMILY

First time?! How often does this happen?!

KIAN

Once a year.

Alan weaves the needle in and out of Ronnie's leg.

ALAN

(not looking at Kian)  
Do we have enough ammunition?

KIAN

(shaking his head)  
No. They're going to keep coming no matter what we do.

ALAN

We need to gather any supplies we might need before heading to the school.

Alan glances around the store.

ALAN

(pointing)  
Em, gather some food items...as many as you can fit in that backpack.

Emily nods, snatching a backpack from the wall. She glances at Anna.

EMILY

Anna, can you help me get some food?

Emily and Anna stuff several canned foods into the backpack.

KIAN

The school is across the park. The basement only has one main entrance and it's one of the strongest structures in town.

EMILY

What's the problem?

Kian shakes his head, pointing to the back of the store.

KIAN

We have to cross the park. We'll be in the open for about 70 meters.

Alan thinks to himself briefly.

ALAN

Does the sewer system run from here to the school?

KIAN

I don't know.

ALAN

Em, I'm almost done here. Look around the store and tell me if you see a drain anywhere.

Emily nods, handing the backpack to Anna as she moves to the back of the store.

Jessica carefully watches the road as different creatures weave in and out of homes.

Ronnie moans, tears streaming down his cheeks.

ALAN

Hang on, buddy, I'm almost done.

Emily returns from the back, pointing over her shoulder.

EMILY

There's a big drain in the storage room back there. Is that what you were asking about?

ALAN

(nodding)

Yes. Kian, can you see if the drain cover can be moved?

Kian nods, passing through a small door in the back.

Alan finishes stitching Ronnie's leg. He quickly wraps the area with gauze.

ALAN

There, buddy. Not my best work, but it'll do.

Alan removes the belt from Ronnie's mouth.

RONNIE

Please don't ever do that again.

Alan laughs.

ALAN

You got it.

Emily runs her hand through Ronnie's sweat-stained hair.

Kian returns from the back.

KIAN

I was able to remove the drain cover and it looks like there's a small tunnel running toward the school.

Alan nods, moving to one of the nearby shelves.

ALAN

(looking at medications)

Then that's the way we go. We stay out of sight as long as possible.

He snatches a handful of insulin syringes before pacing to Anna, stuffing them into the backpack. He tosses the backpack over his shoulders.

He glances to the front window, Jessica scanning the street.

ALAN

Jess, let's move.

Jessica freezes as a couple creatures pause in front of the convenient store, glancing in her direction.

She backs away from the window.

JESSICA

Here they come.

EMILY  
Anna, get behind me!

Alan pulls Ronnie from the counter, tossing his arm over his shoulder.

ALAN  
Everyone to the back! Now!

Jessica sprints toward the pharmacy as the two creatures burst through the window. She jumps the counter, everyone squeezing through the small door.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone plunges into the room, Kian waiting near the door. Both creatures leap over the counter in pursuit.

Kian slams the door shut, grabbing a nearby shelving unit, slamming it against the door.

KIAN  
That won't hold them for long!

Jessica starts to climb down into the uncovered drain.

ALAN  
Wait, Jess, let me check!

Jessica slides away as Alan sets Ronnie down near the drain.

He quickly shines a small flashlight on his key chain into the drain, glancing in both directions.

ALAN  
(looking at Jessica)  
It looks clear. Go!

Jessica nods, dropping into the tight opening. Alan carefully lowers Ronnie, Jessica pulling his arm over her shoulder.

ALAN  
Em, you and Anna next!

Anna stands above the hole, her nose wrinkling.

ANNA  
I'm not going down there! It smells!

ALAN

Just go!

Emily and Anna slide into the drain behind Jessica and Ronnie.

The creatures slam against the door, the wall cracking around the hinges. Kian plants his shoulder into the door.

ALAN

Kian, come on!

Kian nods as Alan positions himself next to the open drain, the cover clenched in his hands.

Kian sprints, sliding across the floor, dropping into the drain.

Alan drops in behind him, replacing the cover.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Jessica vomits, followed by Anna. Emily rubs Anna's back as Kian hooks his hands under Ronnie's arms.

ALAN

Everyone away from the light!

Kian quickly pulls Ronnie away from the drain. Emily cradles Anna, both pulling their feet away from the descending light as Jessica presses her back against the wall.

Alan hugs the opposite wall as the sound of the storage room door crashing to the floor echoes through the tight tunnel.

Everyone sits motionless as the creatures rummage through the storage room; their eyes focused on the grated drain cover.

Shadows pass over the drain multiple times.

After several seconds, the creatures exit the storage room, the sound of their movements fading.

Alan exhales, flicking on his flashlight.

ALAN

(to Kian)

Which way is the school?

Kian points with his chin over his shoulder.

KIAN

This way.

INT. SCHOOL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The grated drain cover in the middle of the floor slowly rises, sliding sideways across the concrete. Kian hesitantly shines his flashlight around the dark room before climbing.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kian quietly paces through the darkness, his shotgun raised. Emily follows close behind him, Anna at her side.

Alan shuffles as he assists Ronnie followed by Jessica, glancing over her shoulder into the darkness behind them.

She glances curiously at her feet as they turn a corner into a narrow corridor.

JESSICA

What's wrong with the floor?

ALAN

(not looking at Jessica)

Jess, be quiet.

Emily glances at the darkness around her feet.

EMILY

I can't see it, but it feels strange.

Kian slowly shines the flashlight at the floor. The entire corridor is covered in long, thick black strings.

A puzzled look crosses his face.

KIAN

(whispering)

I don't know what that is.

He slowly bends down, his hand retrieving a few black strings from the floor.

His eyebrows crease together, rolling the thick, black strings in his hand. His eyes suddenly widen.

KIAN

It's hair.

The black hair suddenly wraps itself around his hand, squeezing. He winces, dropping his flashlight and shotgun.

ALAN  
What did you...

The hair suddenly wraps around Alan's leg, pulling him down.

Ronnie loses his balance, tumbling into the wall, the hair snaking over his legs.

It pulls Anna and Emily to the floor.

Alan reaches for Kian's shotgun, the hair wrapping around his arm, squeezing his entire body. He wheezes as the hair wraps around his chest.

His eyes widen as he sees Kian's face turning blue, the hair wrapping around his neck.

Emily struggles against the blackness around her, clawing at the thick hair.

Jessica quickly points her firearm at the ground, the hair wrapping around her ankles as she fires.

A loud WHINE from nearby echoes down the hallway.

Emily kicks Kian's flashlight across the floor as she struggles.

The beam illuminates an alcove in the wall.

A mangled woman-like creature huddles against the wall, long black hair protruding from her head. She has no eyes, rotted teeth burning in the light.

Jessica screams, the hair twisting around her wrist, forcing the firearm from her hand.

The woman slowly drags Alan and Kian toward her, her massive mouth opening.

A deafening blast echoes down the hallway, the woman tumbling from her alcove. She screams, her head jerking toward the sound.

Ronnie sits against the wall clenching a gun in his hands.

Her hair twists over his legs, smoke rising from the firearm.

The woman hisses, crawling across the floor toward him as Alan and Kian are completely engulfed by the hair.

Emily screams as the creature climbs around her and Anna, moving toward Ronnie.



He pumps the gun after each shot, stalling the creature.

RONNIE

C'mon!

As she reaches his legs, Ronnie quickly fires again, the shot connecting with her face.

Her body slumps onto the ground, thick black liquid covering the hair-covered floor.

Ronnie lowers his firearm as the woman's body twitches on the ground; her hair quickly hardening.

Alan and Kian gasp as they squirm free, the brittle hair breaking away from their necks and faces. Alan attempts to catch his breath.

ALAN

Is everyone okay?!

Ronnie crawls to Emily and Anna, pulling at the crumbling hair.

Jessica breaks the hair away from her ankles, retrieving her gun from the floor.

Alan grabs the flashlight, looking at Kian as he coughs.

ALAN

Kian, are you okay?

Kian nods.

Several SCREAMS suddenly echo from elsewhere in the school.

Kian snatches his flashlight from Alan, stumbling to his feet.

KIAN

Keep moving!

Alan grabs Ronnie off the floor as Emily takes Anna in her arms, Jessica sprinting after them.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Kian quickly descends the stairs, glancing over his shoulder.

KIAN

We're almost there!

He unlocks the door at the bottom.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The group enters, Kian slamming the door behind them. He grabs nearby crates and other objects, blocking the door.

He flicks his flashlight off, the group waiting in darkness as they listen to creatures moving in the distant hallways.

Emily pulls Anna close; Anna shaking as the sounds fade.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Later, the flashlight illuminates Kian as he opens the small duffel bag, setting various guns and ammunition on the floor. Alan, Emily, Jessica, and Ronnie all watch as they sit around the small light.

Anna paces around the room, flapping her arms as she quietly hums.

ALAN

So we're safe down here?

Kian smiles to himself.

KIAN

Safer.

He pulls an unopened wine bottle from the bag, lifting it in the air.

KIAN

Drink anyone?

Emily quickly snatches it from his hands, backing away.

EMILY

There's no way you're drinking right now.

KIAN

Oh, c'mon, just...

Emily points the wine bottle at Alan.

EMILY

(interrupting)  
I've already dealt with this once in my life and...

ALAN

(interrupting)  
So are you going to explain what's going on around here?

Kian pauses, throwing his hands in the air.

KIAN

You chose the worst day to come here.

He runs his hand through his unkempt hair.

KIAN

Every year, a sacrifice must be made to keep the world in balance.

A puzzled look crosses Emily's face.

EMILY

What do you mean "in balance?"

KIAN

If one person isn't sacrificed, then these...things...would overrun the world. There would be no stopping it. Think of it as an agreement between God and the devil.

EMILY

(shaking her head)

I don't believe it.

A small smile pulls at the corner of Kian's mouth.

KIAN

Just because you don't believe it doesn't make it any less true. Do you believe in God at all, Mrs. Blake?

EMILY

No.

KIAN

(nodding)

You should.

He continues unloading the duffel bag.

KIAN

Especially when the devil is all around you.

ALAN

If only one person stays behind, how do you know about these things?

KIAN

Sometimes the person who stays behind leaves some kind of information, so we know what to expect.

ALAN

What else is out there?

KIAN

Just assume that everything out there is trying to kill you. And stay away from the woods just outside of town.

JESSICA

What's in the woods?

KIAN

(shrugging)

I don't know. That's all the message said six years ago.

ALAN

Why didn't you tell us this last night? Why wait?

Kian hesitates briefly.

KIAN

(looking at Alan)

Would you have believed me?

Jessica shakes her head, her eyes narrowing.

JESSICA

That's not the reason. You were going to leave us, weren't you? Make us the sacrifice.

Alan's eyes dart from Jessica to Kian.

ALAN

Is that true?

Kian's gaze drops to the floor.

KIAN

(hesitantly)

Yes.

JESSICA  
Why didn't you?

Kian shrugs.

KIAN  
I was tricked into being here. I  
don't deserve any of this.

He looks at each family member.

KIAN  
And neither do you.

Several THUDS can be heard against the ceiling. Kian shines  
the flashlight above them as something moves upstairs.

ALAN  
(looking at the ceiling)  
We can survive this.

Kian shakes his head, glancing at Alan.

KIAN  
It's not that easy. If one of us  
doesn't sacrifice our self tonight,  
all of this will spread to the rest  
of the world.

He zips the duffel bag closed.

KIAN  
And it will never end.

Alan's jaw clenches in the glow of the flashlight, his hands  
tightening into fists.

ALAN  
I don't believe that!

Kian angrily turns to Alan.

KIAN  
Do you really want to test it?!

ALAN  
(pointing at Kian)  
I'm not sacrificing my family,  
Kian!

Kian stands, throwing his hands in the air.

KIAN

So you expect me to sacrifice  
myself for all of you?! You'd be  
dead if it wasn't for me!

Emily stands, jabbing her finger into Kian's chest.

EMILY

This is your town! Your tradition!  
This is all on you!

Kian rolls his eyes.

KIAN

Go to Hell, lady!

Alan steps between Kian and Emily.

ALAN

How long does this last?

KIAN

Supposedly 12 hours.

ALAN

Fine. How do YOU suggest we decide  
who becomes the sacrifice?

Kian glances above him as more THUDS echo from the ceiling.

KIAN

I don't know if we should stay  
here.

He looks back at Alan.

KIAN

Once we make it somewhere else, all  
of us will draw straws. God will  
decide who makes the sacrifice.

Alan shakes his head, pointing to Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna.

ALAN

Not the kids. This is between you,  
me, and Emily.

Kian's eyes narrow as he picks at his bottom lip.

KIAN

Fine.

Ronnie winces as he holds his leg.

ALAN  
(looking at Ronnie)  
You can't have another antibiotic  
yet, but let me get you some  
Tylenol.

Alan retrieves his flashlight from his pocket, scanning the room. He walks to a small table resting against the far wall, tossing his backpack down.

He holds the flashlight in his mouth as he unzips the backpack; fumbling with various medical supplies.

Emily moves next to him, glancing over her shoulder. Kian speaks quietly with Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna.

EMILY  
(whispering)  
How do we know we can trust  
anything he's said?

ALAN  
(whispering)  
He's helped us so far. If he wanted  
us dead, he would've done it by  
now.

EMILY  
Would he?

Emily glances over her shoulder again?

EMILY  
We could give him to them. And then  
hide for the rest of the night.

A quizzical look crosses Alan's face.

ALAN  
Attack the man who saved us? Are  
you kidding me, Em?

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY  
You're a coward, Alan. You're not  
man enough to take care of your  
family... let alone protect them.

Alan rummages through the medical supplies.

ALAN  
(not looking at Emily)  
You're wrong, Em.

EMILY  
Face it, Alan. This is too much for  
you.

Emily sets the wine bottle on the table.

EMILY  
You might as well go back to your  
old habits. Maybe you'd be more  
useful.

She turns to walk away, but Alan catches her arm.

ALAN  
Don't do anything stupid, Em.

Emily smirks, returning to the group.

Alan shakes his head as he finds the bottle of Tylenol,  
shaking two pills into his palm.

He returns to the group, handing the pills to Ronnie along  
with a water bottle.

ALAN  
Here you go, kid.

RONNIE  
Thanks.

Ronnie shoves the pills in his mouth, swallowing hard.

JESSICA  
(to Kian)  
Have you ever lost anyone to this?

Kian's gaze falls to the floor.

KIAN  
Yeah. My best friend. A year ago.

JESSICA  
I'm sorry. What was his name?

KIAN  
Finn. He actually wasn't chosen.  
Someone else was picked and he  
volunteered to take their spot.

He turns an empty firearm over in his hands.



KIAN

That's just the kind of man he was,  
you know? I think it takes a  
special kind of person to volunteer  
for something like this.

More THUDS echo from the ceiling.

ALAN

(looking up)

We need to leave.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Kian removes the ventilation cover, shining his flashlight  
into the dark shaft.

JESSICA

You've got to be kidding me.

Alan shines his flashlight into the shaft.

ALAN

Where will this take us?

KIAN

I'm hoping the back of the school.

EMILY

And where do we go once we're  
outside?

Kian turns, looking at each family member.

KIAN

We're going left, toward the homes  
across the playground. My family's  
house is just a couple streets  
over. We can barricade ourselves in  
the cellar once we're there.

EMILY

Which number is your house?

A quizzical look crosses Kian's face.

EMILY

Just in case we get separated.

KIAN

Number 35.

ALAN  
(nodding)  
Let's move.

KIAN  
Start moving down the shaft. I'll  
finish packing the equipment and be  
right behind you.

Kian returns to the guns and ammunition spread on the floor.

Alan slides into the ventilation shaft, sliding his shotgun  
in front of him. He glances over his shoulder.

ALAN  
Jessica...Ronnie...behind me. Em,  
put Anna between you and Jessica.

Jessica helps Ronnie into the shaft. She carefully hunches  
in behind him.

Emily kneels beside Anna, resting her hand on her shoulder.

EMILY  
Go ahead, sweetie. I'll be along in  
just a second.

ANNA  
Okay, Mommy.

Emily helps Anna into the shaft. She waits a few seconds as  
Anna follows behind Jessica.

Emily glances over her shoulder at Kian, still packing  
various firearms and items into his duffel bag.

Emily slowly reaches for a small pipe piece resting against  
the wall.

She moves toward Kian.

EMILY  
Can I help you carry anything?

KIAN  
No, I think I can...

Emily suddenly strikes Kian in the back of the head. He  
tumbles over the equipment onto the floor.

He turns, gripping the back of his head. He attempts to  
stand.

KIAN  
What are you...

Emily strikes him again, his body crumpling to the floor.  
His eyes are closed, a trail of blood on the side of his head.

She kneels next to him.

EMILY  
I'm sorry, Kian, but I need to  
protect my family.

She quickly reaches under his arms, straining as she drags him across the floor.

EMILY  
I just wish you weren't so big.

INT. VENTILATION - NIGHT

Alan peers through the grated cover. Nothing moves across the school playground.

Ronnie, Jessica, and Anna sit motionless behind him.

RONNIE  
Anything?

ALAN  
(looking outside)  
Seems quiet.

He glances over his shoulder, a puzzled expression crossing his face.

ALAN  
Where's your mom?

EMILY  
I'm right here.

Emily emerges from the dark shaft, Kian's duffel bag draped over her shoulders.

ALAN  
Where's Kian?

EMILY  
He's coming. He said he'd meet us  
at the house.

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN  
We'll wait for him.

Emily raises Kian's keys in her hand.

EMILY  
He gave me the keys, Alan.

ALAN  
It's not right. We need to stay  
together.

Alan turns to move past the group toward the boiler room.

ALAN  
Let me talk to him.

Emily plants her hand squarely in Alan's chest.

EMILY  
He'll catch up. Leave him be.

Alan's eyes narrow before he shakes his head, turning to  
glance outside.

ALAN  
Fine. Stay together.

Everyone nods as Alan slowly pushes the ventilation cover.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Alan catches the cover, setting it against the building.

He slowly steps away from the school; his gun clenched in  
his hands as he glances in all directions.

Nothing moves.

He motions with his hand for the others to follow.

Jessica helps Ronnie to Alan, who hooks under Ronnie's arm.

Emily walks past them, gently guiding Anna across the  
playground; her hand on Anna's back.

Jessica turns in every direction, her gun raised as she  
follows behind the group.

EXT. KIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily quickly unlocks the back door, pulling Anna into the home. Alan and Ronnie follow behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emily closes the door behind Jessica, turning the padlock. Jessica glances through the window embedded in the door.

JESSICA  
Where's Kian?

RONNIE  
He's taking too long.

Alan sets Ronnie down against the wall.

ALAN  
All of you wait here. I'm going...

EMILY  
No need, Alan. I took care of him.

Alan immediately turns to Emily; his eyes narrowing.

ALAN  
What did you do, Em?

Emily gives Alan a sharp look, dropping the duffel bag.

EMILY  
I'm solving the problem, Alan,  
which is more than I can say about  
you.

ALAN  
By killing a man?!

EMILY  
He's not dead...yet.

Jessica grabs Emily by the shoulder, their eyes locked.

JESSICA  
Where is he?!

EMILY  
(pointing)  
Back at the school. They'll take  
care of him. We just need to hide  
out for the next...

Jessica immediately turns, opens the door, and sprints back toward the school.

EXT. KIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily chases after her, stopping after a few feet.

EMILY  
Jess, get back here!

Alan follows behind her, stepping outside.

ALAN  
Jess, no!

Ronnie props himself in the door frame, glancing outside.

Several child-sized, mouthless creatures with skinny, bone-colored limbs move along the house.

RONNIE  
Dad, look out!

Alan turns, his eyes widening. He quickly raises his gun, a loud BANG ringing through the nearby homes.

One creature is annihilated by the gunshot, more climbing over the body.

ALAN  
Em, get back in the house!

Emily sprints for the house as Alan shoots in all directions.

A creature grabs Emily from behind, dropping her shotgun.

EMILY  
Alan!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jessica sprints across the playground, a loud SNARL chasing after her from the nearby homes. She glances over her shoulder.

A dark, dog-sized shape emerges from between the homes, chasing after her.

She quickly grabs the ventilation cover as she reaches the shaft and climbs in. She attempts to secure the cover as the creature charges toward her.

JESSICA  
 (to self)  
 C'mon!

She retrieves a small knife tucked into the back of her jeans, using it to secure the cover in place.

Jessica recoils as the creature rams the cover; the metal denting from the impact.

The creature bites and claws at the grated screen as Jessica quickly backs down the shaft; the small knife barely keeping the cover secured.

EXT. KIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emily claws at the ground as the child-sized creatures drag her away.

Alan fires his gun as the monsters move toward him.

EMILY  
 Alan, help...!

The creature suddenly covers her face in a thick, black resin emanating from its hand.

RONNIE  
 Mom!

Emily claws at the resin covering her mouth.

Ronnie grabs Anna as she attempts to exit the house.

ANNA  
 Mommy!

The creatures turn, leaving Alan alone as they move to Emily.

ALAN  
 Em!

The monsters quickly cover her entire body in resin, dragging her around the corner of a nearby home.

Alan jerks his head toward the house.

ALAN  
 Ronnie, get Anna in the house and  
 lock the door!

Ronnie nods, pulling Anna in and closing the door.

Alan turns, running after Emily.

He turns the corner of the nearby house in time to see the child-sized creatures dragging Emily's covered body into the forest.

ALAN  
(to self)  
You've got to be kidding me.

Alan sprints after them.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Kian's unconscious body sits tied to a beam in the middle of the room. Mist starts to roll under the nearby door, washing across the floor. A soft light emanates from under the door.

Jessica enters through the open ventilation, quickly crossing the room.

JESSICA  
Kian, wake-up!

She sets her shotgun on the floor, tugging at the rope wrapped around Kian. A loud BANG echoes from the door.

Jessica freezes, her eyes wide as she looks at the door.

Another BANG, dust fluttering from the entrance.

She anxiously runs her hands along the rope, her delicate fingers prying at the knot.

The door starts to dent.

JESSICA  
C'mon, c'mon...

A louder BANG echoes, the door bending even more. Thick mist swirls around Jessica as she attempts to set Kian free.

JESSICA  
C'mon!

The knot begins to loosen.

Another BANG. The dent in the door grows.

The knot breaks free. Jessica rips the cords away from Kian, her knuckles white.



She sets her shotgun on Kian's lap before tilting his body and hooking her arms under his armpits. She glances over her shoulder, but she cannot see the ventilation shaft.

BANG, the entire door bends further.

Jessica glances into the surrounding mist, disoriented. She drags Kian's body across the floor.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

The door collapses, more mist spilling into the room.

Silence.

Jessica breathes slowly as she sits behind several boxes stacked against the corner. Kian lays on the concrete next to her, partially covered by a dirty tarp. She waits, the shotgun clenched in her hands.

Mist swirls around her as she gently rests her hand on Kian.

She glances in every direction.

Nothing.

A soft CLINK of a pipe echoes from the ceiling. Jessica glances above, eyes widening.

A legless creature with sharp claws hangs from the ceiling looking directly at Jessica. It quickly drops.

Jessica rolls away, boxes tumbling in different directions. The mist creature lands where she was crouched, claws digging into the cement floor. It crawls quickly toward Jessica.

Jessica scrambles backward, her back hitting the small table against the wall. She raises the shotgun.

The mist monster swats the shotgun from her hands as she fires; the gun disappearing in the mist.

Jessica breathes heavily as the creature slowly crawls up her body. She closes her eyes, turning her head; the monster's face just inches away.

Warm tears stream down her face as it SNARLS; sniffing her face. It methodically moves down her body, pausing as it reaches her stomach.

JESSICA  
(whispering)  
Please. Please don't hurt us.

The creature sniffs her abdomen briefly before its head quickly turns.

It abandons Jessica, crawling toward Kian.

She glances around, her eyes locking on the wine bottle resting on the table above her.

She pulls it from the table, smashing it on the floor.

Fire burns in her eyes as she lunges for the creature. She drives the broken glass deep into its back, a SHRIEK echoing through the room.

Jessica quickly follows the wall back to Kian.

She throws back the tarp, hooking her arms under him. She drags Kian along the wall as the creature continues to scream.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Alan posts against a tree, his gun raised.

ALAN  
(to self)  
This vacation sucks.

He wipes sweat away from his forehead. He listens, the forest eerily quiet.

His eyes dart to the side, barely glimpsing one of the monsters crawling deeper into the forest.

He sprints after it, the shotgun swinging in front of him.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

An old, burned barn sits in a quiet clearing.

Alan points his gun in all directions as he quickly moves to one of the open doors.

INT. VENTILATION - NIGHT

Jessica quickly backs into the shaft, tugging on Kian's unconscious body as the mist creature SCREAMS in the boiler room.

Kian's body slowly slides into the shaft.

Jessica pushes off the sides with her feet, glancing over her shoulder as she moves.

She is about halfway down the shaft when she hears a THUD against the ventilation near the boiler room.

Mist rolls toward her.

JESSICA  
(shaking Kian)  
Kian! C'mon!

She whips her head over her shoulder as another sound echoes through the ventilation from the outside entrance.

The mist grows closer as Kian starts to stir.

JESSICA  
(shaking Kian)  
Wake-up!

Kian slowly opens his eyes, the mist touching his feet.

KIAN  
What's going on?

JESSICA  
We're in trouble!

A puzzled expression crosses Kian's face.

KIAN  
Where are we?

The mist creature suddenly emerges from the mist, slashing Kian's leg.

Kian winces, kicking the creature back. He glances over his shoulder.

KIAN  
Move! Move!

Jessica turns, crawling down the shaft. She pulls a small flashlight from her jacket, shining the light in front of her.

Something moves toward them from the other end.

Kian quickly crawls behind her, glancing over his shoulder at the mist creature crawling toward them.

KIAN

I need you to crawl faster!

The mist creature gains on them.

KIAN

Much faster!

JESSICA

I'm crawling as fast as I can!

The dog-like creature turns in the ventilation ahead of her, Jessica's eyes widening.

JESSICA

Go back!

KIAN

Keep moving!

Jessica and Kian awkwardly push against each other, glancing in both directions as the creatures inch closer to them.

JESSICA

What do we do?!

Kian quickly removes his jacket, wrapping it around his arm.

KIAN

Get behind me!

JESSICA

(puzzled)

Why would I...

Kian pushes past her as the dog creature inches closer.

KIAN

(interrupting)

Just stay behind me!

The dog creature snaps forward, drool spilling onto the ventilation.

KIAN

Get ready!

Kian shoves his jacket-covered arm into the mouth of the dog, the creature clamping down hard. Kian winces, as he shoves the creature against the wall, pinning it with his feet.

KIAN

Move!

Jessica quickly crawls past him.

Kian turns to the mist monster, the dog-like creature still clamped on his arm.

JESSICA

Kian, c'mon!

He kicks the dog creature hard in the stomach, slamming it into the mist monster. The mist monster digs its sharp claws deep into the dog; SNARLING as it is dragged into the mist.

Jessica and Kian move away from the brawling creatures.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Emily squirms in the center of the barn amidst collapsed beams and other debris, covered in resin. Her arms and legs are stuck together, the majority of her face still covered.

Alan rushes to her side, resting the shotgun on the ground.

ALAN

Em, it's me!

His fingers pull at the resin as Emily squirms.

ALAN

Just stop moving for a second.

He finishes removing the black resin obstructing her vision and nose. Emily glances in all directions.

EMILY

Where are we?!

Alan pulls at the resin caked on her arms and legs.

ALAN

In the forest just outside of town.

EMILY

Kian said stay away from the woods.

ALAN  
(smiling)  
I didn't really have a choice.

He wraps his arms around her waist.

ALAN  
Grab onto me.

Emily wraps her arms over Alan's shoulders.

He pulls her from the resin. He retrieves his shotgun, turning back the way he came.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

As they exit, Alan pauses, raising his gun.

Several child-sized creatures glare from the surrounding trees.

EMILY  
What is it?

Emily turns, glancing in the same direction as Alan; her eyes scanning the treeline.

EMILY  
(whispering)  
How many bullets do you have?

ALAN  
Not enough.

None of the creatures move.

EMILY  
What are they waiting for?

CREAKING WOOD echoes from somewhere behind them.

Alan and Emily turn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A tall four-armed monster emerges from the shadows of the debris catching the moonlight descending from the broken roof; long fingers wrapping around fallen beams.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

ALAN

Run.

Emily and Alan sprint toward town, the tall creature chasing behind them.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kian kicks the back door open, the small flashlight illuminating the hallway. He glances into different rooms as Jessica closes the door behind them.

JESSICA

What are you doing? We need to get to your house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kian rummages through the drawers, collecting large knives. Jessica pauses in the doorway.

JESSICA

Kian, what's wrong?

He steps in close to Jessica, their eyes locked.

KIAN

Where is she?!

Jessica holds up her hand.

JESSICA

Kian, just wait a second...

Kian paces, running his hand through his unkempt hair.

KIAN

(interrupting)  
I'm going to kill her!

JESSICA

Just give me a second to explain!

Kian steps in close as Jessica takes a step back.

KIAN

She left me for dead, Jessica!  
Which is probably what I should've done with all of you last night!

Jessica clenches her fists.

JESSICA

Fine! Be a jerk for all I care, but  
you're not going to hurt my mom!

Kian shakes his head, glancing around the kitchen.

KIAN

I need a drink.

He opens the fridge, shuffling through its contents before  
retrieving a beer.

Jessica quickly snatches the alcohol from his hand.

JESSICA

You don't need this!

Kian's bottom lip curls, his eyes locked on Jessica.

KIAN

Yes I do.

JESSICA

Why do you go to this every time  
things get hard?

KIAN

It takes the pain away.

JESSICA

That's life, Kian. Sometimes things  
get difficult and you deal with it.

A small smile pulls at the corner of Kian's mouth as he  
shakes his head.

KIAN

What do you know about life being  
difficult? Look at you! All you've  
ever had to worry about are the  
clothes you're wearing or the guy  
you're dating.

Jessica's face turns a deep shade of red.

JESSICA

That's not true.

Kian chuckles as he glances from the small window above the  
sink.

A few creatures shuffle through the streets.



KIAN

(not looking at Jessica)  
Let me tell you about difficult. My  
best friend wasn't the only one  
I've lost.

He turns, slumping to the hard floor.

KIAN

My dad used to stumble home every  
night drunk and beat my mother. It  
lasted for years.

He rubs his forehead.

KIAN

I couldn't take it anymore. I had  
to do something.

Jessica slowly sits on the floor in front of Kian, the beer  
still cradled in her hands.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Kian. What happened when  
you stood up to him?

Kian smiles.

KIAN

I didn't. I prayed that he'd be  
chosen to stay behind. Year after  
year I prayed for that...and one  
year, he finally was. That was the  
happiest day of my life. What kind  
of kid prays for his own father to  
die?

JESSICA

The kind of kid who's just trying  
to protect his mom.

Kian throws his hands in the air.

KIAN

And now here I am. I've become the  
person I hated the most.

JESSICA

My dad used to drink a lot when I  
was a kid, I guess. My mom doesn't  
really talk about it, but I know it  
was a hard time for both of them.  
Luckily they got through it.

Her eyes fall to the floor.

JESSICA

I thought he might start drinking again after Anna was diagnosed a couple years ago, but he didn't.

She looks directly at Kian.

JESSICA

He's stronger than he looks.

Jessica and Kian sit in silence for several seconds before Jessica slowly rolls the beer can toward Kian.

It stops at his outstretched foot, Kian looking directly at Jessica.

JESSICA

It sucks what your father did to your mom, but that doesn't have to be you.

She stands, pointing at the beer can.

JESSICA

That's not you, Kian. You decide the kind of man you're going to be. And you can't blame it on anyone else. If that's what you choose...then that's on you.

Kian stares at the beer silently.

JESSICA

So what's it going to be?

Kian hesitates briefly before kicking the beer across the hard floor, quickly standing.

He glances through the window.

KIAN

(not looking at Jessica)  
Looks clear. Let's get to the house.

He hands her a large knife, walking away.

JESSICA

Just promise me you won't hurt my...

A GUNSHOT rings in the distance.

Jessica's and Kian's eyes dart to the window.

JESSICA

Mom?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The tall, four-armed creature weaves through the trees.

Alan turns, firing his shotgun at the pursuing monster.

It shrieks, weaving away from Alan and Emily.

ALAN

Keep running!

Alan glances in all directions.

The monster emerges from the trees in front of Emily.

Emily screams as Alan raises his gun.

ALAN

Get back, Em!

The creature slings its arm at Alan, slamming him across the hard ground.

Alan coughs, gripping his side.

Emily attempts to run to Alan, but the monster grabs her; hoisting her in the air.

EMILY

No!

Emily squirms, twisting in all directions as the head opens, revealing multiple rows of jagged teeth.

She screams.

Alan retrieves a stick from the ground, sprinting. He quickly breaks the stick over his knee, moving behind the creature.

He drives the sharp ends of the sticks deep into its back.

The monster SHRIEKS, dropping Emily to the ground. It turns, swiping Alan away. It quickly crawls toward him.

Emily rolls onto her stomach, glancing in all directions. The shotgun rests in the grass about 10 feet away.

Alan rolls onto his back, the creature hovering over him, jaws opening. It lunges toward him as he rolls to the side.

The creature's teeth jab into the ground.

Emily fires the shotgun repeatedly as she walks toward the monster, her teeth clenched.

EMILY

Get the hell away from him!

The creature covers its face with all four arms.

Emily's eyes widen as the shotgun CLICKS, the barrel empty.

The tall monster quickly moves toward her, Emily swinging the empty shotgun frantically as it attempts to grab her. The creature rips the shotgun from her hands, tossing it to the ground.

Emily feels the long fingers tighten around her body.

EMILY

Alan!

Alan quickly tosses his backpack to the ground, ripping it open. He retrieves one of the insulin syringes, sprinting for the creature.

The monster raises Emily toward its head. She closes her eyes as the mouth opens.

Alan leaps onto the creature's back, driving the needle deep into its neck. He injects the entire syringe.

The creature suddenly SHRIEKS, dropping Emily.

She rolls onto her stomach as it shakes Alan from its back; Alan tumbling to the ground.

The four-armed monster stumbles backwards; its long fingers clawing at its face and neck where the insulin was injected.

It suddenly falls to the ground, its body convulsing briefly before retreating into the woods. The forest grows quiet.

Alan quickly embraces Emily, tears streaming down her cheeks.

EMILY

I'm so sorry.

Alan runs his hand through her dirt-covered hair.

ALAN  
I thought I'd lost you.

He pulls away, looking Emily right in the eye.

ALAN  
I promise you I won't let them have  
you.

Jessica and Kian suddenly break through the nearby trees.  
Jessica breathes heavily as she moves to Alan and Emily.

JESSICA  
We heard the gunshots. Are you both  
alright?

ALAN  
(nodding)  
We're fine.

Kian slowly retrieves the empty shotgun from the ground,  
pulling shells from his pocket.

Jessica glances frantically around the woods.

JESSICA  
Where are Anna and Ronnie?

ALAN  
They're back at the house. We need  
to...

The PUMP of a shotgun echoes through the trees.

KIAN (O.S.)  
Out of the way, Alan.

Alan pulls away from Emily, glancing over his shoulder.

Kian stands a few feet behind him, the gun raised.

ALAN  
Kian, what are you doing?

Kian remains motionless.

KIAN  
I won't ask you again.

Alan slowly turns, his arms spread to cover Emily. Jessica  
steps in front of Emily as well.

JESSICA  
You don't have to do this, Kian.

Kian grips his firearm tighter, his lip curling.

KIAN  
Kind of like how she didn't have to  
leave me for dead?

ALAN  
That was a mistake.

KIAN  
(nodding)  
You're right. It was a mistake. Now  
please get out of the way.

Alan locks eyes with Kian.

ALAN  
No.

Kian's face turns a deep shade of red.

KIAN  
Fine! Then all of you can die  
together!

EMILY  
Wait!

Emily slowly pushes Alan's arm away, moving past him and  
Jessica.

ALAN  
Em, what are you doing?

EMILY  
It was my idea, Alan.

Alan shakes his head frantically, looking at Kian.

ALAN  
No, that's a lie. It was  
actually...

EMILY  
(interrupting)  
Kian, if you're going to kill  
someone, kill me.

Jessica remains motionless behind Emily, her hands shaking.

JESSICA

Kian, please don't do this. She made a mistake, but I saved you.

Kian keeps the firearm pointed directly at Emily's head. No one moves for several seconds.

JESSICA

You always have a choice, Kian. You decide what kind of man you'll be.

Kian's eyes dart to Alan briefly.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Kian. I'm sorry about everything.

Kian lowers the gun, stepping close to Emily.

KIAN

If you try anything like that again, Mrs. Blake...I won't hesitate to kill you.

He turns, walking away.

EMILY

Thank you.

Alan and Jessica embrace Emily.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna and Ronnie sit quietly on the small twin bed, Ronnie carefully rubbing his bandaged leg. He winces as Anna rocks back-and-forth, her eyes fixed on the floor.

ANNA

Where are they?

Ronnie shakes his head.

RONNIE

I don't know, Anna.

ANNA

Do you think they're alright?

RONNIE

(hesitantly)  
I don't know.

ANNA

Don't let the monsters get me,  
Ronnie.

Ronnie pulls Anna closer, resting his head on hers.

RONNIE

Don't worry. I'll protect...

Something moves downstairs.

Ronnie's eyes dart to the bedroom door.

RONNIE

Did you hear that?

A puzzled look crosses Anna's face.

ANNA

Hear what?

Ronnie quickly stands, gripping the shotgun with both hands.

He limps toward the door, glancing over his shoulder.

RONNIE

Stay here.

ANNA

No. No. I don't want to be alone.

RONNIE

Just wait here. I'll be right back.

His hand shakes as he grips the door handle.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronnie slowly limps toward the staircase, the firearm  
clenched in his trembling hands.

Something continues to move downstairs.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

He takes a deep breath before inching his way down the  
narrow stairs.

Kian suddenly turns the corner, aiming his gun directly at  
Ronnie.

Ronnie quickly raises his hands.



RONNIE

Whoa!

Kian lowers the gun.

KIAN

Sorry. It's been a long night.

Alan pushes past Kian.

ALAN

Where's Anna?

RONNIE

(pointing)

She's just sitting in one of the bedrooms. I hope that's okay.

KIAN

(nodding)

Yeah, that's fine.

EMILY

Why aren't the two of you in the cellar?

Ronnie shuffles down the stairs.

RONNIE

Anna was scared and started having a meltdown, so we came upstairs to wait for you all. Don't worry. She's safe.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna sits on the bed, her eyes locked on the door as she continues rocking; humming to herself.

A pale figure gently lands on the windowsill; glowing eyes staring at Anna through the glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A quizzical look crosses Kian's face as he enters. Several Molotov cocktails rest on the coffee table.

KIAN

(pointing)

What is all this?

Ronnie shuffles in followed by Alan, Emily, and Jessica.

RONNIE

I saw it in a movie once, so I  
thought I'd try it.

He grabs a Molotov cocktail from the table.

RONNIE

(pointing)

You just light the cloth here and  
throw it at your target.

KIAN

You used my wine from the cellar?

RONNIE

(hesitantly)

Yeah. Is that...okay?

KIAN

(smiling)

It's probably for the best. I  
shouldn't hang on to it.

Alan wipes sweat away from his forehead.

ALAN

How much time do we have left?

Kian glances at his watch, the hands running backward.

KIAN

One hour.

He glances over his shoulder toward the cellar door.

KIAN

(pointing)

They'll be safe down there until  
all of this is over.

He glances back and forth between Alan and Emily.

KIAN

Are you ready?

Alan and Emily nod hesitantly.

ALAN

Jess, why don't you move this stuff  
to the cellar and any other  
supplies.

Jessica nods, exiting the room.

ALAN  
Ronnie, bring Anna downstairs.

Ronnie nods, shuffling from the room. Alan turns to Kian.

ALAN  
Let's get this over with, Kian.

Kian nods, moving to a nearby plant.

Alan quietly takes Emily by the hand.

Kian returns, three small sticks protruding from his fist as he holds it in front of Alan and Emily.

KIAN  
Who's going first?

Emily slowly grabs a stick followed by Alan.

They analyze their sticks carefully, glancing to Kian.

Kian opens his fist, his shoulders sinking.

KIAN  
Looks like it was always meant to  
be me.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie slowly opens the door.

The pale creature stands near the window, turning. It clenches Anna in its muscled arms, covering her mouth; her eyes wide as she squirms.

The creature's eyes glow, a perfect smile stamped on its face.

Ronnie quickly raises his gun.

RONNIE  
Put her down!

The creature cocks its head to the side, glaring at Ronnie as Anna squirms.

RONNIE  
I said put her down!

The creature tosses Anna to the floor, leaping in the air. It crawls along the ceiling, maneuvering different directions as Ronnie fires.

RONNIE

Anna, get out of here!

Anna sits frozen against the wall.

The creature drops from the ceiling, slashing its sharp claws across Ronnie's chest. He falls to the floor, the gun sliding across the room.

ANNA

Ronnie!

Kian bursts through the doorway, gun raised.

Alan, Emily, and Jessica all follow, different weapons clenched in their hands.

The monster quickly grabs Anna from the floor.

Emily's eyes dart to Ronnie.

EMILY

Ronnie!

Emily and Alan rush to Ronnie as Kian paces across the room toward the creature.

KIAN

It's got nowhere to...

The creature suddenly flies backwards through the window, Anna clenched in its arms. She screams as they ascend into the sky.

Ronnie's body trembles, his shirt stained with red.

EMILY

No, no, no!

Kian and Jessica rush to the window, watching as Anna is carried away.

Alan rips Ronnie's shirt open. Several cuts run across his chest.

ALAN

Ronnie, stay with me!

Alan analyzes the wound briefly before grabbing a shirt from a nearby chair, pressing it hard into Ronnie's chest.

ALAN

I don't think it's that deep, but I need to stop the bleeding.

Emily kneels next to Ronnie, cradling his head in her lap. Ronnie looks directly at Alan.

RONNIE

I'm sorry, Dad. I tried.

ALAN

You did great. It's not your fault.

Jessica turns, dropping her gun to the floor as she crouches next to Ronnie.

Kian continues to watch the creature and Anna.

ALAN

You're going to be okay.

Ronnie quickly grabs Alan's arm, his eyes wide.

RONNIE

You need to get her back, Dad.  
Please get her back.

Alan gently rests his hand on Ronnie's forehead.

ALAN

(nodding)

We will, Ronnie. I promise.

Emily rests her head on Ronnie's, tears streaming down her cheeks.

EMILY

(to self)

My babies.

She looks directly at Alan.

EMILY

What are we going to do?

Kian turns from the window, his eyes resting on Ronnie.

Alan slowly places Ronnie's hand over the shirt pressed to his chest.

ALAN

Keep this in place. You're going to be alright.

He glances at Kian, quickly standing.

ALAN  
Where did it take her?

Kian stares at the floor in silence. Alan marches across the room, shaking Kian's massive arm.

ALAN  
Where did it take her?!

Kian slowly looks at Alan.

KIAN  
The church.

ALAN  
You're sure?!

Kian nods.

Alan moves back to Ronnie, resting his hand on his shoulder.

ALAN  
(whispering)  
I'm going to get her back.

He quickly exits the room.

KIAN  
You won't make it in time!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alan tosses Kian's duffel bag on the couch, quickly pulling firearms and ammunition from the bag.

Kian stands in the doorway.

KIAN  
It's suicide, Alan. She's gone.

ALAN  
(not looking at Kian)  
I don't care! I'm going after her!

Emily and Jessica push past Kian.

EMILY  
WE are going after her.

ALAN  
(looking at Emily)  
I'm going alone. Someone needs to  
stay with Ronnie.

Emily grabs a gun from the couch, loading it.

EMILY  
Like hell you're going alone!

ALAN  
Em...

EMILY  
I'm going to get my baby back!

Jessica loads her own firearm.

JESSICA  
Ronnie demanded we go with you.  
You'll need all of us.

ALAN  
No, Jess.

JESSICA  
You can't do this on your own, Dad!  
And trust me...you'll want me with  
you.

EMILY  
(pointing at Jessica)  
You're staying with Ronnie.

JESSICA  
I'm going with you!

Alan stops what he is doing, his eyes falling to the floor.  
Tears stream down his face.

ALAN  
This is all my fault.

He turns to Emily and Jessica.

ALAN  
I brought you all here hoping I  
could put our family back together.

EMILY  
(shaking her head)  
It's not your fault, Alan.

Alan remains silent for several seconds.

ALAN

I know about...the affair, Em.

Emily's shoulders sink.

EMILY

Alan, I...

ALAN

(interrupting)

You don't need to say anything. I should have come to you directly once I found out, but I was a coward.

Emily wipes tears away from her cheeks.

EMILY

This is all because of me. Everything out there may be trying to kill us, but I...did something that tore our family apart.

She looks directly at Alan.

EMILY

I'm the real monster, Alan.

Alan embraces Emily as she sobs.

ALAN

(whispering)

You're not a monster.

Jessica finishes loading her shotgun. She gently rests her hand on her stomach.

JESSICA

They can't kill me.

A quizzical look crosses everyone's face.

KIAN

What?

JESSICA

(looking at Kian)

That thing...the one that attacked us at the school when I went back for you...it could've killed me, but it didn't.



KIAN

Why?

Jessica's gaze falls to the floor.

JESSICA

(hesitantly)

I'm pregnant. That's the only  
reason I can think of.

She looks directly at Emily and Alan, tears gathering in her eyes.

JESSICA

I'm so sorry. I should've told you,  
but I was scared.

Emily crosses the room, throwing her arms around Jessica.

EMILY

You don't have to be sorry. I'm  
sorry I haven't been there for you.  
You don't have to do this alone.

Jessica embraces her, tears streaming down her face.

KIAN

(to self)

I thought my family was messed up.

ALAN

Point us to the church, Kian.

Kian shakes his head.

KIAN

(pointing)

It's just down this street to the  
right. It's not far, but you'll  
never make it.

Alan turns to Kian.

ALAN

How many entrances are there to the  
church?

Kian's eyes drop to the floor.

KIAN

Double doors on the front...one  
door on the southwest corner  
...another toward the back on the  
north side.

ALAN  
Those are the only entrances?

KIAN  
Yes.

Alan places the extra firearms and ammunition back in the duffel bag. He turns to the coffee table, carefully setting a few Molotov cocktails in the bag.

ALAN  
Anything else we should know about  
the church?

Alan closes the duffel bag, swinging it over his shoulder. He grips a firearm in his shaking hands.

Emily and Jessica turn to Kian, clenching firearms.

Kian runs his hands through his hair.

KIAN  
(to self)  
This is suicide.

Alan steps toward Kian.

ALAN  
I don't expect you to come with us,  
Kian.

A puzzled look crosses Kian's face.

KIAN  
(smiling)  
Of course I'm coming with you. Do  
you have a plan?

ALAN  
I have an idea.

EXT. KIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The headlights of an old truck turn on, pulling away from the house. Kian blares the horn as he speeds down the street.

Several creatures crash onto the pavement, chasing the truck.

Alan peeks through the back door, glancing both directions. He swings it open, peering over his shoulder at Jessica and Emily.

ALAN  
Hopefully that works.

Ronnie props himself against the wall, several bandages covering his chest; a firearm cradled in his hands.

RONNIE  
(to Alan)  
Please bring her back.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kian weaves the truck in different directions, several creatures chasing behind him. Some creatures ram the side of the vehicle. He fires a gun from the window.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

He tosses the gun on the seat next to him, shaking his head.

KIAN  
This was a terrible idea.

He blares the horn again.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alan enters the chapel, the shotgun raised as the beam from the flashlight scans the wooden pews. He glances over his shoulder as Emily and Jessica enter behind him, guns raised.

ALAN  
(whispering)  
Stay close.

Emily and Jessica nod as they pace behind Alan moving toward the open front doors.

They enter the small foyer. Alan carefully sets his shotgun on the floor, gently shutting the front doors.

Emily quietly watches the massive room behind them as Jessica's eyes narrow, moving close to the countless pictures lining the walls.

Alan pulls a small piece of rope from the duffel bag, tying it around the door handles. He retrieves his shotgun from the floor.

ALAN  
(whispering)  
Hopefully that buys us some time.

Emily points to a door in the far corner.

EMILY

Kian said that's where the  
staircase is at that leads to  
the bell tower.

Alan glances over his shoulder at Jessica still analyzing  
the wall of pictures.

ALAN

(whispering)

Jess, c'mon.

JESSICA

(not looking at Alan)

It's them.

EMILY

What?

JESSICA

(motioning with her hand)

Look.

Alan and Emily quickly move to her side, scanning the  
photographs.

Jessica points to a picture of a beautiful young woman with  
long, black hair standing in front of a school.

ALAN

I don't understand.

Emily quickly glances at other pictures, her eyes widening.

EMILY

Alan.

Alan moves to her side as she points at an old photograph of  
a tall, middle-aged woman standing with several small  
children.

EMILY

All these people...the ones who  
sacrificed themselves...

Jessica pauses as her eyes lock on a picture of a man who is  
missing both legs below the knee.

EMILY

They never left. They've been stuck  
here.

JESSICA  
(looking at Emily)  
This isn't salvation. It's a prison  
sentence.

ALAN  
So whichever one of us dies...

Emily locks eyes with Alan.

EMILY  
Will be stuck here.

ALAN  
We have to tell Ki...

Something suddenly stirs in the chapel, a brief echo  
bouncing from the walls.

All of them freeze, guns and flashlights turning in all  
directions.

Nothing.

Another sound echoes through the room.

EMILY  
I don't see anything.

Jessica's hands tremble as she turns in different  
directions.

All of them turn as another sound echoes to their side,  
flashlights resting on a small, toddler-sized creature  
standing near the edge of the pew; razor sharp teeth and  
black eyes reflecting the light.

Alan quickly shoulders his weapon, pulling a butcher knife  
from his belt.

He turns to Emily and Jessica, motioning with his hand for  
them to lower their weapons.

ALAN  
Don't fire unless you...

The toddler suddenly SHRIEKS, the room vibrating as Alan,  
Emily, and Jessica step back.

Something moves across the ceiling.

Jessica quickly raises her flashlight.

JESSICA

What was...

Her eyes widen.

Several creatures hang upside down, glowing eyes appearing sporadically. Alan grabs Emily and Jessica by their arms.

ALAN

Get to the door!

Creatures quickly drop from the ceiling as they sprint.

Alan turns to fire at the creatures as they land. The monsters crash against the wooden pews, SHRIEKING as bullets tear through their skinny bodies.

EMILY

Alan, move!

Alan glances over his shoulder.

Emily and Jessica stand in the open doorway, firing in different directions.

Alan sprints toward them, creatures swiping sharp claws at him as they barrel over the wooden pews behind him.

JESSICA

(to Emily)

Get Anna! I'll keep them busy!

Jessica steps away from the doorway.

EMILY

Jess, no!

Jessica fires past Alan at the creatures chasing him.

JESSICA

(not looking at Emily)

Trust me!

Emily quickly ducks into the stairwell, slamming the door behind Alan as he enters.

Jessica blocks the door, her firearm pressed hard into her shoulder as she fires in different directions.

JESSICA

C'mon!

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Alan gently rests his hand on the closed door as Jessica continues to fire on the other side.

ALAN  
(looking at Emily)  
I hope she's right.

Alan glances at the narrow staircase spiraling above them.

ALAN  
We need to hurry.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jessica shoots as monsters tumble over the nearby pews; SNARLING as they close in around her.

JESSICA  
C'mon!

Her firearm suddenly CLICKS. She tosses the empty gun to the floor, throwing her hands in the air.

JESSICA  
If you want me, I'm right here!

The creatures inch closer to her.

JESSICA  
What are you waiting for?! I'm  
right here!

The monsters surround her; their faces just inches from Jessica's, but they do not attack.

A small smile pulls at the corner of her mouth.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Several creatures crash into the truck from different sides, Kian swerving. He fires from the window, shoving a new clip into the gun after unloading several rounds.

A creature leaps onto the hood.

He fires through the windshield, the creature tumbling to the pavement.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Alan and Emily climb, guns drawn.

EMILY

Anna!

ALAN

We've got to be near the top.

Quiet sobs trickle down the staircase.

EMILY

Anna!

Alan and Emily sprint up the stairs.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Anna sits against the far wall, her knees cradled against her chest as she rocks back-and-forth; the massive bell hovering above her.

The pale creature that took her lays motionless a few feet away; an xacto knife protruding from its eye socket.

ALAN

Anna!

Alan and Emily quickly move to Anna, wrapping their arms around her. Tears stream down Anna's face, her eyes fixed on the creature's motionless body.

ANNA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Mommy. I did a bad thing, but I had to. It hurt Ronnie.

Emily cradles Anna's head close to her chest.

EMILY

It's okay, sweetie. We're here now.

ANNA

Is he okay?

ALAN

(nodding)

He's okay.

Emily glances at the creature's motionless body.

Two fingers are missing from one of the creature's hands.



EMILY

Who do you think he was?

ALAN

(shaking his head)

It doesn't matter now.

He stands.

ALAN

We need to go.

Alan extends his hand to Anna.

ALAN

Come here, little lady.

Alan hoists her from the hard stone, Anna wrapping her arms around him tightly. Emily stands.

ALAN

How much time do we have left?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Kian steers the old truck different directions, several creatures leaping into the bed. The windshield is completely spider-webbed, the sides of the truck severely dented.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

He reaches for another clip, but is out of ammunition.

A creature latches onto the side, swiping at Kian through the window. Its claws tear at his shirt. Kian winces, elbowing the creature in the face. It tumbles from the truck.

KIAN

(to self)

I hope they're ready.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jessica slowly moves across the chapel, the creatures following with every step.

They SNARL as she steps toward the front doors; their eyes locked with hers.

The door leading to the bell tower slowly opens on the other side of the room. Alan quietly moves against the far wall, Anna cradled in his arms as Emily follows behind them. He nods at Jessica.

One of the creatures slowly turns away from Jessica, SHRIEKING as it notices them moving along the wall.

JESSICA  
No, right here!

More monsters turn, their teeth gleaming in the moonlight breaking through the nearby window.

JESSICA  
(looking at Alan)  
Dad, move!

The creatures sprint toward Alan, Anna, and Emily; the wooden pews snapping under their feet.

Emily quickly lights a Molotov cocktail, tossing it at the oncoming monsters. They SHRIEK as they burst into flames, backing away.

Alan fires a small handgun as he holds Anna close.

ALAN  
Push them back!

Jessica sprints toward them, snatching a skinny piece of wood from the messy floor.

Emily's gun suddenly CLICKS.

EMILY  
I'm out!

A creature lunges toward her as she frantically reloads. Alan shoots it in the chest, kicking it back.

Alan's gun suddenly CLICKS as well. He tosses the empty gun behind him, shielding Anna as a monster barrels toward him.

Jessica smashes the wooden stick across the back of the creature's head; dropping it at her feet.

She frantically swings the stick at different creatures moving around the group.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The battered truck swerves in all directions; several monsters holding to the vehicle.

Kian is headed straight for the church.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

He quickly pulls his seat belt across his chest, a small smile etched on his face. He closes his eyes.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The old truck slams through the front doors.

Kian coughs as he glances through the broken windshield, dust sweeping into the chapel.

Several creatures turn, sharp teeth glinting in the headlights.

KIAN  
(to self)  
Great.

Some step toward the truck as Emily throws two Molotov cocktails at different monsters. They SHRIEK at the fire.

Kian quickly releases his seat belt, crawling through the broken windshield; shards of glass cutting at his arms. He rolls off the hood, punching a nearby creature as he sprints.

KIAN  
(pointing)  
Get to the study!

Alan nods, shoving Anna into Jessica's arms.

ALAN  
Keep her safe!

He quickly retrieves another gun from the duffel bag, firing at several monsters scampering toward him.

Jessica turns, sprinting for the study; Anna cradled in her arms.

Emily shoots as different creatures burst through the windows, wooden pews shattering.

Kian retrieves a wood stick from the ground, striking different monsters as they lunge for him. The SCRAPING OF METAL suddenly fills the room.

He turns as the old truck is yanked from the blocked doorway. A massive, overweight creature lumbers into the chapel, several creatures retreating.

The massive monster glares down at Kian. Nearby GUNSHOTS sail over his shoulder, connecting with the creature.

Emily grabs Kian by the arm.

EMILY

C'mon!

The giant creature stumbles backward, ROARING in the process.

Everyone covers their ears.

Jessica stumbles slightly with Anna.

ALAN

Kian! Em! Get out of there!

The massive monster staggers after Kian and Emily, tossing the remains of wooden pews aside.

It swipes at Kian with its giant hand; Kian rolling out of the way.

Emily turns, her shotgun CLICKING in her hands. Her eyes widen as the creature towers above her.

The monster's head and back suddenly burst into flames; covering its face as it stumbles.

RONNIE(O.S.)

Get away from her!

Ronnie staggers through the front doors behind the creature; another Molotov cocktail clenched in his hand. He tosses the flaming bottle at the overweight monster.

The creature ignites, stumbling into the nearby wall.

EMILY

(looking at Kian)

Kian! Get Ronnie to the study!

Kian stands, moving quickly toward Ronnie. He rips the firearm from Ronnie's other hand.

RONNIE

Hey!

Kian bends Ronnie over his shoulder. Ronnie winces, grasping at the bandages covering his chest.

KIAN  
Sorry. I don't have time to ask  
nicely.

Kian shoots a creature as it enters the church. He turns,  
sprinting for the study with Ronnie over his shoulder.

Alan continues firing at different creatures pouring into  
the chapel.

Jessica plows through the door of the study with Anna  
followed closely by Kian and Ronnie.

Emily pauses at the door, glancing over her shoulder.

EMILY  
Alan, move!

Alan tosses his empty gun to the floor, running for the  
study. More creatures pour into the chapel.

He sprints through the door; Emily suddenly slamming it  
closed behind him.

She quickly retrieves the keys from her pocket, locking the  
door.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Alan glances over his shoulder.

ALAN  
(looking at Kian)  
Where is she?!

KIAN  
She's still out there!

Kian rushes to the door, pulling on the handle.

KIAN  
She locked it from the other side!

ALAN  
No!

Alan rushes to the door, banging against the wood.

ALAN  
Em, don't do this!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Emily places her hand on the door, tears streaming down her cheeks.

EMILY  
(through the door)  
I have to do this, Alan.

She turns as several creatures leap over the broken pews toward her. She drops the keys to the stone floor.

EMILY  
I love you. All of you.

She is suddenly pulled away from the door as different creatures swarm around her.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Alan pounds against the door as Emily screams on the other side.

ALAN  
No!

Jessica and Ronnie huddle around Anna, tears running down their cheeks.

Kian retrieves a metal coat rack from the corner, banging it hard against the door as Alan kicks near the handle.

The wood begins to break as Emily continues to scream. Kian punches a hole through the door; Alan quickly peering through the hole. His eyes widen.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Emily screams as multiple creatures pounce on her; sharp claws slashing at her body.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The clock on the nearby wall strikes midnight; soft chimes echoing through the room as Kian and Alan continue breaking through the door.

The clock chimes a 12th time.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The broken door swings open, smashing against the wall.

Alan and Kian rush into the room, but the chapel is completely empty; dust swirling around them.

The room is silent as Alan slowly shuffles to the spot where Emily's body used to lay.

He kneels beside the blood-stained stones.

ALAN  
(to self)  
I'm sorry, Em. I'm so, so sorry.

He sobs uncontrollably as Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna gather around him. All of them embrace, tears streaming down their faces.

Kian glances at the nearby statue of Christ's crucifixion standing at the front of the chapel as soft sunlight breaks through the nearby window.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Alan shoves what is left of their luggage into the trunk, slamming it closed. He turns as Kian approaches, pushing his motorcycle.

ALAN  
Where will you go?

Kian squints into the rising sun over the ocean.

KIAN  
(not looking at Alan)  
As far away from here as possible.

Alan nods slowly.

ALAN  
Thanks. For everything.

KIAN  
You're welcome.

They shake hands.

He glances at Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna waiting in the car. A puzzled expression crosses his face.

KIAN

Why didn't it kill Anna when it had  
the chance?

Alan gazes at Anna in silence briefly.

ALAN

I don't know, but they couldn't  
hurt Jessica either. Maybe some  
people are just...too innocent.

His gaze falls to his feet.

ALAN

But the rest of us...we're the  
guilty ones. We're all just  
different monsters. And we chose to  
be that way.

KIAN

Making mistakes doesn't make us  
monsters. It just makes us human.

Kian throws his leg over the motorcycle seat, turning the  
ignition.

KIAN

And I'm sorry...about Emily.

Alan nods.

Kian waves at Jessica, Ronnie, and Anna waiting in the car  
before speeding down the road; the roar of the engine fading  
in the distance.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alan climbs in, closing the door behind him. He turns the  
ignition, silently staring through the windshield.

Jessica runs her hand through Anna's hair in the backseat,  
Ronnie resting his head on her shoulder.

Alan gazes at the empty passenger seat; a sad expression  
etched on his face.

JESSICA

Let's go home, Dad.

Alan nods, tossing the SUV into gear. They quietly pull onto  
the road.

Jessica glances at the sign for Brimstone as they pass, the  
bottom reading "PLEASE COME BACK SOMETIME."



Anna retrieves the drawing she made earlier, looking at the detailed family portrait.

She quickly lowers her window, tossing it into the cold, morning air.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The drawing lands in the mud as the car speeds away.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER."

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Mayor Brady suddenly jerks awake, glancing in all directions. He is surrounded by several tombstones; small papers scattered across the ground.

He attempts to move, but glances down to find that his legs have been chained together.

He follows the chain to a massive stake hammered deep into the ground.

He crawls toward the stake.

MAYOR BRADY

No, no, no!

He claws at the stake; fingers digging into the wet dirt.

Several sounds move around him in the darkness. He pulls on the chain.

MAYOR BRADY

C'mon, c'mon!

The stake does not move.

He stops tugging on the chain, snatching one of the small papers from the ground.

He fumbles with the paper in his hands, reading "DESMOND BRADY."

He tosses the paper aside, snatching another one from the ground as the sounds grow closer.

It reads "DESMOND BRADY."

He glances over his shoulder, his eyes widening.

Several creatures emerge from the surrounding darkness.

THE END