

CHAD BRIGGS, MONSTER HUNTER

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Crunching footsteps disturb the dark stillness of the forest.

A BLOODCURDLING HOWL rings out.

A large, ape-like CREATURE walks into the clearing. Dark hair covers the beast, which looks to stand just over six feet tall. Protruding mammary glands indicate a female.

It strides to the center of the clearing, raises its head and lets out another horrifying bellow.

Then, it waits.

More footsteps approach. Another figure looms at the treeline. It's massive. At least two feet taller than the female. It GRUNTS.

The smaller female turns her back to him, walks to a tree stump. She bends over the stump, lifts her rear end.

The huge male SASQUATCH walks into the clearing. He approaches the presenting female.

One more step and a net hidden below dead leaves scoops up the monstrous male. It SCREAMS and HOWLS in fury.

The female turns around, reaches to her neck.

CHAD BRIGGS, (35), takes off the sasquatch mask. His dark eyes focus on the raging but captive beast. He squeezes his fake boobs.

CHAD

I'll tell ya, nice set o' tits and
guys'll lose their minds. I don't
care what the species.

EXT. TRUCK - FOREST - NIGHT

A large truck sits parked on a forest trail.

INT. TRUCK HOLD - NIGHT

Chad rides the hydraulic lift at the back of the truck.

He walks in, where a variety of monsters snarl in their cages. He grabs a clipboard and pencil.

Chad walks to the newly-captured Sasquatch, makes a notation on the clipboard.

CHAD
Sasquatch, male.

He moves on to the next caged monster, a snarling WEREWOLF.

CHAD
Werewolf, male.

He writes something down on the clipboard, moves to the next monster. A HALF HUMAN/HALF SALAMANDER wallows in a Plexiglas tank holding about six inches of water.

Chad taps the eraser of the pencil thoughtfully on his chin as he studies the grotesque thing.

CHAD
Ah, just gonna call you fish
creature for now. I'll think of
something better. Sex
indeterminate.

He moves on to the last cage, where a heavily bearded MAN clad in filthy clothes sits.

Chad scribbles on his clipboard.

CHAD
Sewer beast, male.

MAN
I keep tellin' you, buddy. I'm
just homeless.

CHAD
Sure.

Chad sets down his clipboard, walks out of the truck.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Chad closes and locks the rear doors.

CHAD
That's what I call a fruitful
weekend.

He stretches, yawns.

TANEK (O.S.)
(Romanian accent)
What collection would be complete
without the ultimate prize?

Chad spins around, reaches to a holster at his side, pulls
out a 9mm pistol.

He steps into the clearing, peers into the dark trees to
locate the source of the deep voice.

CHAD
Who's there?

TANEK (O.S.)
You're a fool.

Chad spins toward the voice, struggles to aim his gun.

CHAD
You don't know who you're messing
with here.

A TWIG SNAPS at the opposite side of the clearing. Chad
twirls around.

TANEK (O.S.)
Chad Briggs.
(beat)
Monster hunter. Notice how those
last two words were dripping with
sarcasm.

CHAD
Mister, you're about to be dripping
with something in a minute.

TANEK (O.S.)
Allow me to illuminate you. The
vampire.

Tanek's voice seems to move around the clearing at will.

CHAD
I'm not convinced they exist.

TANEK (O.S.)
Oh, yes. They do.

CHAD
Don't tell me...you happen to be
one?

TANEK (O.S.)
I could kill you in a moment.

CHAD
Then why don't you?

TANEK (O.S.)
Your fear. It has a very pleasant
aroma.

CHAD
That's not fear, chump. That's
Stetson cologne. Now come on out
and face me, Mr. Vampire.

TANEK (O.S.)
Very well.

TANEK, a handsome, smartly-dressed, dark-haired man who
appears to be in his thirties, emerges from the trees.

CHAD
So that's what a vampire looks
like. Not impressed.

TANEK
Try me.

Chad raises his gun and fires three shots into Tanek's chest.
Tanek doesn't blink. Chad lowers his gun.

CHAD
I'll be damned.

TANEK
Soon enough.

CHAD
How'd you find me?

Tanek smiles, slowly approaches.

TANEK
Not important. However, what is of
the utmost importance, Chad Briggs,
is that you pay for your crimes.

CHAD
Crimes?

Tanek gestures to the truck.

TANEK

I consider creatures such as those
to be my brethren, if you will.
Let them go.

CHAD

Never.

TANEK

You force my hand.

In the blink of an eye, Tanek moves across the clearing and
grabs Chad by the throat. He bares his fangs.

TANEK

Last words?

CHAD

I lied. I believe in vampires. In
fact, I was kinda hoping one of you
might show up.

Chad presses a button on his jacket. A yellow mist bursts
out. Tanek staggers back, drops to one knee, gags.

CHAD

Garlic mist. Never leave home
without it.

INT. TRUCK HOLD - NIGHT

Tanek sits in a cage, dejected as the truck rumbles along.
The vampire looks at the filthy Man who occupies the cage
across from him.

TANEK

How did you get here?

MAN

Just stupid, I guess. Like you.

TANEK

Watch your tongue, human.

MAN

Watch who you call human.

Slimy brown tendrils extend from all ten of his fingertips.
Raw sewage flows from his grinning maw. Tanek backs away,
covers his mouth, groans in disgust.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Chad drives the truck along a lonely stretch of highway.

His eyes scan all that lies before him, like a predator.

CHAD (V.O.)

And so goes the life of a monster
hunter. Solitary. Dangerous.
More than a little illegal. But, I
was born for this. Any monsters
out there...here I come.

FADE OUT.