

THE BORING THING

Written by

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EXT. ROAD - MORNING

A RABBIT sits in middle of empty road, minding its own business.

The BORING THING, a tiny creature that looks like a caterpillar, except it's made of segmented bands of crystalline stone, pops up through a hole it's just made in the road surface. From its tapered front end extrude several sensor stalks that bury themselves in the startled rabbit.

SFX: A TINNY CLICK-CLIC

issues from the segmented bands as they rotate in opposite directions. The little nubbins on the outside of the bands are capable of grinding through rock. Suddenly, the diamond-hard head of the Boring Thing plunges into the rabbit's belly, sending out a spurt of blood. The head withdraws and opens into an O, revealing the tiny teeth spinning around on the inside. The Boring Thing tears into the

SFX: SCREECHING BUNNY

EXT. SID BROWN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Pieces of Sid Brown's body are scattered around the garden he was tending before meeting his messy demise. A hole in the ground near the head goes unnoticed.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, SHERIFF JUB BUTTACRE, and DEPUTIES NORA VERDALL and JIM LATIMER look down at the crime scene in disgust. The ME is a cynical old guy; Buttacre is 50, indolent and fat; Verdall is a statuesque redhead of 30; and Latimer is a muscle-bound 25-year-old.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Sorta looks like those anal-probing gray aliens got carried away.

VERDALL

I'm loading my Benelli with triple-ought buck.

LATIMER

I'm thinking of changing jobs.

BUTTACRE

We'll need every gun in town to track down the thing that did that.

In far b.g. the Boring Thing, now two-feet long, slithers out of a hole in the ground and heads for the trees.

EXT. LONG VIEW OF MAIN STREET - NOON

Men and women are streaming toward a meeting hall. They're armed with a wide assortment of firearms.

CAPTION: "MANY REPORTS OF CATTLE AND PET MUTILATIONS HAVE STIRRED THE RIGHTEOUS IRE OF THE GOOD CITIZENS OF BANEFUL"

INT. MEETING HALL - SAME

People are streaming in at the rear of the large hall, passing Verdall and Latimer, who're standing guard outside.

On the raised platform at the other end of the room stands Buttacre and the stern-looking mayor, BRENDA KINSLER. Buttacre has his hands raised, trying to draw the gathering to attention. But it's too late...

THE BORING THING

crashes through the ceiling and swallows the Mayor whole, which it can do because it is now ten feet long and half as wide. It sports numerous more contra-rotating bands composed of human and animal flesh and bone, along with other bands made of the metal from the vehicles it ate.

SFX: A HORRIBLE SCREECHING FROM THE BORING THING, FOLLOWED BY SCREAMS, CURSES, AND GUNSHOTS

as the armed citizenry open fire in a blind panic, just as often hitting their fellow Banefulians as the Boring Thing.

A HALF-HOUR LATER

The bodies -- or pieces of bodies -- are too numerous to count. Paramedics and ordinary citizens are tending to those who only suffered gunshot wounds. There's no help for those who fell victim to the creature.

VERDALL AND LATIMER

apply first aid to one of the victims.

LATIMER

You just watch, the leftwing media is going to have a field day with what happened here.

VERDALL

This guy's a goner. Let's go find that thing. I'm sure help is on the way.

LATIMER

"Help is on the way." Weren't those Custer's last words?

EXT. ONLY BRIDGE OUT OF TOWN - AFTERNOON

The bridge is listing to one side and cars are sliding off. Those lucky cars not yet on it, are trying to turn around, but succeed only in ramming other cars.

SFX: SCREAMS AND CURSES, AND THE WHINNING, GRINDING

from the Boring Thing as it climbs over the edge of the torn bridge, still chomping on a concrete piling. It hauls up its massive 20-foot-long body and

SFX: THE BORING THING BELCHES

and sends a couple of cars flying end-over-end.

VERDALL AND LATIMER

have taken cover behind an abandoned SUV and empty their shotguns at the tubular terror.

THE BORING THING

opens its huge maw, revealing the tens of thousands of contra-rotating teeth, and swallows the swarm of steel shot.

VERDALL

Crap!

LATIMER

Son of a witch!

VERDALL AND LATIMER

run for their lives, but the monster's attention is drawn to a MEDICAL HELICOPTER flying by overhead.

## THE BORING THING

sensing a rival, swerves in its direction, and crushes the cars and people in its path.

## EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

Some gurneys bearing patients are lined up on the parking lot, waiting for rescue. Nurses and orderlies offer comfort to the frightened patients.

## THE HELICOPTER

has landed on the grass verge separating the parking lot from the cliff that plummets down to the sea. Out on the water, a flotilla of boats and yachts is making its way out of the Baneful marina.

A CREWMAN is shutting the door to the chopper -

CREWMAN

That's the last one we can take!

- but Sheriff Buttacre, who was helping load a patient, leaps for the door.

BUTTACRE

There's always room for one more!

## THE TREES BORDERING THE PARKING LOT

have been crushed by the Boring Thing. The hospital attendants abandon their charges in their mad dash for safety.

Its attention, however, is fixed on the helicopter as it rises from the ground, Buttacre's sorry butt hanging out the half-open door.

## VERDALL AND LATIMER

exit the trees, brandishing their pistols.

LATIMER

Why are we still following that thing?

VERDALL

Because we get paid the big bucks!

## THE BORING THING

has applied the brakes and sent up a cloud of asphalt and dirt as it's attention turns to the two deputies who are shooting at it from behind the cover of an ambulance.

## VERDALL AND LATIMER

flee their cover, because the Boring Thing shoots a storm of slugs out of its mouth that pulverizes the ambulance.

## THE BORING THING

in its pursuit of the chopper, that's already out over the sea, flies off the cliff -

- but suddenly its rear end slimes open and it ejects a long blood-red exhaust plume that sends it rocketing after the chopper!

## THE FIERY EXPLOSION

obliterates the chopper and maybe the Boring Thing, as well.

## CAPTION: "THREE WEEKS LATER"

## EXT. UNDER THE SEA - DAY

A giant whale has been sundered and its bloody parts drift away. Beyond it, the 40-foot-long Boring Thing propells itself toward an

## OCEAN LINER

it's thousand-foot-long bottom silhouetted by the bright waters it's powering through.

THE END