

Isidro

by

Apothecary P. Romeo

FADE IN:

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

NARRATOR

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

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

EXT. CITRUS MOTEL -DAY

Shaky footage.

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

Static sounds.

INT. MOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Strong wind and rain pulverize the exterior of the building.

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

A different kind of thunder bams against the door.

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

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

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

TED

Thanks for all your help.

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

ELLEN

Over here.

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

JOE

There's no need for that -

Ellen slaps her bible down on a washing machine.

TED

Who are you guys, anyway?

JOE

Right back at you.

Ellen aims her light around the room.

TED

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

JOE

What's your last name? Ted what?

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

TED

Your turn.

KRYS

(playful)

Krys Castle. Documentary filmmaker.

JOE

Joe. That's all you need to know.

KRYS

Accident. You see what caused it?

TED

The hurricane.

KRYS

Try again.

KRYS  
Bad luck?

JOE  
The Garou.

TED  
I'm sorry?

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

ELLEN  
He for real?

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

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

Ellen laughs. Ted joins in.

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

KRYS  
UV light blinds it.

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

TED  
Now hold on a minute -

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

Blood drips from Ted's left wrist.

JOE  
Mother -

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

KRYS

No wait -

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

JOE

It's dead, alright?

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

JOE

We screwed up. We should have  
opened the door for you.

(to Ellen)

Going to be alright?

Ellen shakes her head no.

JOE

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

Ted goes to his wife. Kisses her right hand.

TED

It'll be alright...

(to Joe)

Talk like you seen it yourself.  
This wolf.

JOE

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

TED

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

JOE

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

TED

I'll take that as a no.

JOE

If that thing comes in here, you'll  
believe.

KRYS  
That's one powerful little light  
you got, Ellen. That's got  
flashers, right? Emergency lights?

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

KRYS  
Perfect. Looks cool.

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

KRYS  
I said... "It looks cool".

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

KRYS  
Come on. Be a good sport.

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

The flashlight fades on, under Ted's chin.

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

ELLEN  
They been following us for miles!

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

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

TED  
You don't believe us?

JOE  
I seen a werewolf. Haven't seen a  
ghost.

ELLEN  
It is a demon!

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

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

KRYS  
It's not like -

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

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

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

JOE  
What you saw was the werewolf!

TED  
You got any crosses around? You believe in Jesus Christ?

Joe looks over to Krys. Shrugs.

TED  
Either you do or you don't.

Joe turns to the couple.

JOE  
This is what I believe...you think you saw a shadow spirit or something out there. But it wasn't.

TED  
A werewolf....?

JOE

That's what you really saw. It's out there...is your wife still freaking about the rats?

ELLEN

Thought you said they were dead!

Wood floor squeaks.

JOE

I said some of them.

Wind howls. Door bams.

TED

They're here!

JOE

That's just the wind.

KRYS

Think we got a wolf out there.

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

TED

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

KRYS

You're wrong. It's out there.

TED

I need your cross!

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

The noise outside increases in volume with each cross motion.

Ted backs away. Bumps into Joe. Takes his gun.

JOE

Hey-!

TED

This isn't going to help you!

Ted opens up the chamber. Checks. Six silver bullets.

KRYS

Are you crazy! We're defenseless!

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

JOE

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

TED

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

JOE

We're not. We are documentary filmmakers -

TED

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

KRYS

Can I at least have my cross back?

ELLEN

(mocks)

Can I have my cross back?

JOE

Look, we agree that there's something out there -

TED

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

Lowers the gun, puts it next to the bible.

TED

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

JOE  
You...you made it up?

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

ELLEN  
But there really was a wolf.

Ellen clicks on her flashlight to the hazard lights.

KRYS  
There was?

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

Kisses Ellen. Feels her up.

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

Joe eyeballs the gun.

TED  
Let it go, Joe, let it go.

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

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

Joe stands next to Krys, shakes his head.

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

Krys shoves him away.

KRYS

Hey, did you two really hit a wolf  
out there?

ELLEN

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

Ellen gets her husband's shirt off.

KRYS

So why not just say so?

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

Scratch sounds at the door.

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

Ellen jumps on him, bites the rat. Ted pounces on Krys. Both  
go out of frame, screams. A severed hand, flies in the air.  
Blood geysers all around.

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

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

FADE OUT.