

Something Is Out There

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FADE IN:

EXT. EAST SIDE CEMETARY - NIGHT

Industrial dark wave music plays over the speakers of a rusty car.

An Ouija board rests on a headstone, surrounded by roses and empty bottles of rum.

BRIAN, CATHERINE, VINCE and LILY, (all 17-18 years old) party around an area of the graveyard. Only Lily is into an emo-Goth look. Blue jeans, T-shirts and Salvation Army jackets are the norm for the others.

Vince puts in fake fanged teeth as he makes out with Lily.

He presses Lily against the side of the car door.

As Vince and Lily kiss and flirt, the other pair lie in laughter over two graves. They look upward to the heavens, and the headstones that tower over them.

Brian and Catherine reach out to another, hold hands. Brian glances over to Vince and Lily.

Vince sinks his plastic fangs into her neck. Lily laughs, slaps Vince on the right shoulder twice. It's a big joke to Vince, who ignores the playful defense.

Brian turns his head, meets Catherine's eyes.

CATHERINE

Don't even give it a thought.

BRIAN

Too late for that.

CATHERINE

Then think it, but don't do it.

BRIAN

You used to be fun.

CATHERINE

That was before my mom caught by younger sister with her boyfriend the other night.

BRIAN

What's that got to do with me?

CATHERINE

You're missing the point. I just don't want to hear any lectures.

BRIAN

What's your mom going to do to you?
Ground you?

CATHERINE

No. Threaten me with private school. Uniforms, bible studies. Crap like that.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN

Really?

CATHERINE

Really. Won't do my mom a lick of good though. They can try.

BRIAN

That sucks.

Catherine looks over Brian's shoulder; Vince and Lily fall down to the ground in front of the car, and mostly out of view.

CATHERINE

Sure does.

Brian sits up, reaches for the bottle. A look of disappointment.

CATHERINE

I think it's empty.

BRIAN

Near.

CATHERINE

Just as well. Stuff is so watered down it tastes like piss.

Brian takes a whiff. Laughs.

BRIAN

More like lemon juice.

CATHERINE

Right.

BRIAN
Wait a minute. Yeah, you're right!
(calls out)
Hey, Vince!

VINCE
(off)
What?

BRIAN
This isn't rum! We all been
drinking piss!

LILY
(off)
You two got something to do, go do
it.

CATHERINE
No need to be a bitch about it.

LILY
I am a bitch. Proud of it.

VINCE
Dude, we are kind of busy.
Seriously, get with the program.

LILY
Either shut up and drink or shut up
and--

Lily laughs as Vince's passion cuts her off.

Brian shrugs. Looks to Catherine. Offers the bottle to her.

CATHERINE
Stuff is nasty.

Brain takes the last few drops within. His gaze goes up to the clouds above and a streak of lightning that illuminates the sky.

VINCE
Oh, just wonderful. You all see
that?

LILY
Yeah, it's cool.

Thunder.

VINCE

Until we all get pissed on.

Shadow of outspread bat wings fall over Vince and Lily. Both look up. Lily screams as Vince tears away from her.

Vince windmills his arms as he flies backward in the air. Once on the ground, Vince slumps dead next to a tombstone. Blood pours from his mouth, which opens to reveal his fake vampire teeth.

BRIAN

What the hell!

Brian gets to his feet. He sees a giant bat's wing pop out in view behind the car.

Catherine shoots up to her feet. Both witness:

A brief glimpse of the monster's snapping turtle like mouth. It plunges down behind the car out of view. Lily screams. Blood shoots out randomly.

Bones snap, break; Lily's head drops off, rolls on the ground. Brian and Catherine: frozen in fear.

Catherine takes a step back. Brian notices.

BRIAN

Yeah...I think you're right.

The rain starts. Glass breaks.

Metal twists. The song cuts off in mid-tune.

Brian and Catherine run through the cemetery.

Catherine screams. Brian dares to look over his shoulder. The creature perches on the headstone above dead Vince.

As Brian sprints, he hears a loud shriek behind him. Branches of trees above pop and crackle.

CATHERINE

Over there!

BRIAN

It's right on me!

CATHERINE

There!

BRIAN
I can't hear you!

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - EAST SIDE CEMETARY

The building comes into focus. Brian follows Catherine right to it.

The huge, dark beast jumps down between them.

Brian runs right into the thing. He shakes his head, wipes the dirt from his eyes. The thing vomits a puddle of blood over him.

A flash of lightning blinds it. Brian scrambles through the blood puddle, gets past the monster by dumb luck. It turns, takes a swipe at him, misses.

Catherine slams her body against the mausoleum door. It won't budge. Brian joins her.

Together, they break it open.

INT. MAUSOLEUM

They zip past a small red light near their feet.

Brian slams the door behind him. Barricades it with his body.

CATHERINE
That's not going to stop it!

BRIAN
Find something that will!

CATHERINE
Is there a light switch in here?

BRIAN
Find something!

An interior light flickers on. Catherine looks around. Nothing in the place but marble floors, flowers in vases on a few random shelves.

A small open area to the right serves as a makeshift chapel, complete with crosses, unlit candles and a white sheet over an altar.

The half-painted wall behind the altar partially covers the graffiti made by vandals long gone. Two buckets of paint and a roller brush sit nearby.

Catherine gets a closer look at what remains visible on the wall. Part of an Aztec like symbol, crudely spray painted, along with part of a message:

"ancient one, please accept our gift to you in honor"

Catherine turns her attention back to Brian.

Brian digs in his pocket, yanks out his cell phone. Flips it open. It's fried.

BRIAN
Where's your cell!

CATHERINE
In the car! Where's yours?

Brian shows her a blank screen on his cell.

Brian and Catherine share a look of fear.

Brian gets away from the door, goes to Catherine. The wind howls outside, the beast shrieks. Brian embraces Catherine.

The door flutters open.

Both close their eyes. Lightning flashes, the bulb's electricity shorts out.

Catherine cries. Brian holds her tight.

CATHERINE
Brian...

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - EAST SIDE CEMETARY - NIGHT

Lightning flashes off an Angel's wings. Tears stream down her face.

A car, headlights on, comes up a muddy path, stops a short distance away from a run down Mausoleum.

MILLER (30s) grabs a flashlight, steps out of the car. Frowns at the sight before him. He puts his jacket hood up.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Miller opens the door, turns on the flashlight, stumbles in.

His beam shines on marble walls of the dead in drawers; flowers beside a few of them. Light exposes a candle on the floor, a wisp of smoke rises from the wick. Spots of white wax scatter around the floor.

MILLER

Shit on a rope.

Miller examines the mess. Looks to the altar, streaked with blood.

Miller stumbles into Brian and Catherine, jumps a mile high.

Brian puts his bloody hands up in surrender. An attempt to wipe them clean at some point in the night didn't quite work.

BRIAN

There's something out there.

MILLER

What is going on here? You two aren't supposed to be in here.

BRIAN

I know. Look...you got a car? We need to go.

MILLER

Sweet Jesus. Is that blood?

BRIAN

Yes.

MILLER

I'm going to call the cops.

BRIAN

Be my guest. I'd much rather get out of here. Got a car?

Miller points a finger right at him.

MILLER

I don't know what sick thing you two are doing, but it's done.

CATHERINE

No, it's not like that.

MILLER

Shut up. You see that wall over there?

Motions over to the wall behind the altar.

MILLER

Freaking vandals breaking in here on and off, smashing flower pots, spray painting 666 devil's child, pentagrams, all that junk all over the place.

BRIAN

We had nothing to do with that! Listen! There's something-

MILLER

I said close it. Don't make me say it a third time. I do, screw the cops, that's your ass. I installed a security system in here, just in case those idiots come back here. I haven't even got done painting the wall again and already some son of a bitch comes busting up in here, making my life hell.

CATHERINE

Where's your phone? Call the cops!

Miller holds up his cell proudly.

MILLER

Right here, I already made the call. Whether or not they get here soon, that's another thing.

CATHERINE

You have a car?

MILLER

Yes. No, you aren't getting in it.

BRIAN

Can't you see I'm covered in blood!

MILLER

Yes, I can. Is that your blood?

BRIAN

No. It's not the point-

MILLER

What is the point is that you broke in here. You say you aren't vandals. I don't believe you, but okay. You say something's after you, and you got blood all over you and the altar over there. I'm here now, I called the cops. Are we on the same page now and are you going to calm down?

Not a word from Brian or Catherine.

MILLER

Good. I'm the caretaker, call me Miller, nothing else and nothing more. When the cops get here, you are their problem and not mine. Some bear or something chasing you-

BRIAN

Ain't no damn bear!

MILLER

Whatever it is, they will handle it.

Outside: a crash.

Miller whirls around.

BRIAN

No, wait, don't go...

EXT. MAUSOLEUM

Miller stands there dumbfounded.

His car, smashed and trashed, lays on the side.

A deep hiss. The bottom driver's side tire deflates.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Get back inside.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

It's still out there!

Miller waves them off.

He runs up to the car, looks behind it. Nobody there.

As he gets closer, he spots tracks in the mud. Thirteen-inch bird feet.

Miller steps back.

As he does so, small thick gobs of clear goo drop down from above. Mixed with rain, the slime burns the ground.

Steam rises from the new soup.

Confused, Miller looks up. Moves around.

In a nearby tree, a bat like gargoyle looks down on him with large doll like eyes. A flash of lightning reveals it to be nothing more than a statue.

Beside it: another beast.

Unlike the statue, it moves a long slender neck, hisses with a mouth that is part snapping turtle and part ant mandibles.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - MINUTES LATER

Now with a nasty cut on his head, Miller bolts into the Mausoleum, closes the door behind him.

He stumbles around, falls to the floor.

A high pitched hiss from outside.

Miller stands up.

BRIAN

Told you.

MILLER

What is that thing?

BRIAN

I don't know.

Miller looks both teens up and down again. His eyes and flashlight zoom toward the candle on the floor.

BRIAN

That thing doesn't like it in here.

MILLER

Where it came from?

BRIAN

I don't know! It just came out of nowhere!

MILLER

Thing must have come from somewhere! You say it don't like to come in here. You sure about that?

BRIAN

Pretty sure. It would have gotten us by now.

MILLER

It could be playing with you.

BRIAN

No, it's waiting for us.

The thing makes noises outside. Miller goes to the door.

Opens it a crack. Looks out.

MILLER

What was your plan, if you had one?

BRIAN

If nobody came, wait until morning.

MILLER

And then what?

BRIAN

Take our chances. But not until we take some things from here.

CATHERINE

Crosses, flowers. Anything that might ward it off.

MILLER

How about right now then?

CATHERINE

Why? What's it doing?

Miller cringes.

BRIAN

What do you see?

EXT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

The thing's large claws dig up a random grave a short distance away. Makes a big mess.

Mud splatters all over a headstone.

Mixed with water and slime, the goo runs down between the dead woman's name and her date of life and death.

Like a bird bobs for a worm...it sticks its head in the hole it made, pounds on the casket beneath.

Continues to dig.

MILLER (O.S.)

What is that thing?

INT. MAUSOLEUM

Brian peers over Miller's shoulder. Touches his back shoulder.

MILLER

Hey, you mind?

BRIAN

Just trying to see.

MILLER

Do I need your bloody fingerprints all over my back for you to do that?

BRIAN

No.

CATHERINE

He didn't mean anything by it.

Catherine cringes.

CATHERINE

Oh my God.

BRIAN

What is it doing!

Gets a good look.

BRIAN
Holy shit!

MILLER
Get your crosses, get them now.

CATHERINE
Hold on a minute. We don't even know if crosses work. Could be anything.

BRIAN
Your car is trashed, same as ours. What are going to do, where are we going to go?

Grabs Miller's arm.

BRIAN
You said you called the cops, right? We can wait for them.

CATHERINE
They'll have guns, a car.

BRIAN
Right. Think about it, man.

Sounds of the monster outside. Wood snaps.

BRIAN
Well?

MILLER
I'm thinking, I'm thinking!

EXT. MAUSELEUM - CONTINUOUS

Talons of the beast rips away part of a casket in the ground.

INT. MAUSELEUM - CONTINUOUS

Miller backs away, closes the door.

MILLER
Could have gotten past it.

BRIAN
Wouldn't have made it. The damn
thing is fast.

CIRCUIT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Miller cranks up a generator.

MILLER
And God said, 'Let there be light'.

After a brief flicker, brightness kicks in.

MILLER
Got enough juice for least an hour.

BRIAN
That's good to hear.

MILLER
What's even better is what you told
me. Are you sure that's how that
thing out there reacted to light?

BRIAN
Yeah.

MILLER
Then it's like any other animal
crossing a road, transfixed by
headlights.

CATHERINE
I don't know...

MILLER
Well, it trashed both cars, didn't
it? There has to be a reason for
that, right?

SMALL HALLWAY

The two teens follow Miller as they head back to the chapel
area. An occasional boom of thunder mutes out the generator's
rattle.

CATHERINE
I understand what you're saying,
but if it were true, it would have
come after us in here before you
arrived - and after.

MILLER

I'm open to wild theories. Mine is that it either has a fear, or hatred for light sources. What's yours?

CATHERINE

Something in here.

BRIAN

Yeah. Religious objects.
(to Miller)
Even you agree with that.

CATHERINE

But is it the objects themselves, or the place?

Heavy feet stomp on the roof outside. The trio glances up.

EXT. MAUSELEUM - ROOF

A monster's talon scrapes the surface, leaves behind a mark. The talon goes down three lines before it reaches a partially decomposed human corpse in a two-piece suit.

The talons expand, grabs the skeleton man's head.

Lifts the body a few inches up.

Smashes the head down on gravel. Dust and worms shoot out in spades. The monster repeats the action, the second go-round shatters the man's skull and spinal cord.

The headless body slides down the roof. Falls like a rag doll to the ground, twists an ankle.

INT. MAUSELEUM - CHAPEL - MINUTES LATER

Catherine and Brian sit on the floor near the altar. Miller paces around them.

MILLER

You mean you and your friends were messing around with an Ouija board before all this happened?

BRIAN

No, we never got a chance to use it. We just put it aside-

MILLER

Bringing one of those things into a cemetery. People shouldn't be jerking around with that stuff, especially around here.

BRIAN

I said we didn't use it.

CATHERINE

And even if we did, those boards don't conjure up werewolves and dragons. But I swear it wasn't us.

MILLER

Just coincidence, then. You just happen to have it with you.

BRIAN

We didn't freaking use it, alright!

MILLER

But you were about to.

Brian stands up, defiant.

BRIAN

What about that behind me on the wall! How about that shit those wanna-be culheads left behind. Yeah, how about that?

Catherine covers her ears.

MILLER

Incantation to keep it out, curse to bring it to life? That the hell are you getting at!

BRIAN

What if they had something to do with that monster out there?

MILLER

That son of a bitch out there was after you two -

BRIAN

We don't even know if it is a demon!

MILLER

What the hell would you call that damn thing?

CATHERINE

Quetzal...Quetzalanderatch.

Miller and Brian eyeball her. Catherine points to a message carved into the wooden altar, that bears that name.

Flashes of blue and white filter in from outside.

MILLER

About time.

Miller finds a rosary next to a bouquet of roses. Throws the cross around his neck.

Heads for the door. Brian and Catherine follow. Swings the door wide open. The sirens greet the trio.

MILLER

Hey! There's something out there!
Bad wolf!

CATHERINE

That was no wolf.

MILLER

What am I supposed to say,
"Godzilla..."
(back out to cops)
We're coming out! Don't shoot!

Brian pushes Miller out of the way, grabs Catherine's hand.

EXT. MAUSELEUM

The couple runs out of the Mausoleum towards the police car.

As the couple run, they pass Miller's car.

Miller right behind them.

MILLER

Piss in a pot. Wait up, will you?

Brian and Catherine get to the police car. They are about to get in the back when they notice there is no policeman.

From a distance, the beast lifts up its head, a ripped in half corpse dressed in blue dangles from its mouth. Fresh blood sputters out.

It throws the meal away. The dead officer's headless body smashes against a tree, breaks bones and bark.

The thing spreads bat wings, lumbers fast, gains on the pair. It flanks them, jumps on the police car. Blood oozes from the thing's ugly mouth, paints the active siren red.

Miller halts in surprise. At his feet: a severed hand that holds a .38 Special.

Miller speeds over to his car, kicks the trunk a few times until it pops open. Things fall out: towels, jumper cables, and what he needs: a big shovel.

EXT. EAST SIDE CEMETARY - MOMENTS LATER

The beast: Claws forward.

Grabs at air. Hisses.

One of the wings hits a tombstone. Smashes it over like it wasn't even there.

It stops, steps around an angel statue, continues on the hunt.

Some distance behind the monster, Miller trots forward with the shovel.

Slows down at the sight of the broken headstones.

Looks down at his shovel. Quickens his run.

The dragon rises off the ground.

The claws catch up to Brian. The beast digs deep in his shoulders. Blood shoots out.

Lifts.

Tears Brian away from Catherine. Brian collides head first into a tombstone. Jacket rips off his back.

Catherine screams.

She comes up to Brian, turns him over.

She stares off into the distance.

Runs right... towards a treeline.

EXT. FOREST - MINUTES LATER

The rain lightens up into a sprinkle.

Miller sprints forward. Stops.

Raises the shovel, pivots.

Catherine in front of him, her dark mascara runs across her face in dark tears.

An evil hiss echoes out.

MILLER

Better get moving. Here take this.

He gives her the rosary.

They run in between the trees. She stays close to him.

Branches snap, break in a sinister cadence behind them.

Blood splashes over Catherine.

The shovel clangs against a tree.

Miller's howl fades. She looks around. He's gone.

On instinct, she picks up the shovel.

Catherine watches her back. She can hear the monster's howls.

She backs into a small clearing. Falls.

Slides downward into the -

OPEN GRAVE

Catherine, surrounded by mud, broken up wood and a decomposed ant-covered skeleton, whose dress has been shredded a dozen ways.

Catherine sits up.

Catherine can see the tips of the wings, half of the ugly alien head. Deep eyes gaze down back at her.

Catherine grabs the rosary around her neck.

She moves to the other side of the pit as the beast jumps in the grave and bites down on the corpse's head.

Catherine digs into the mud, pushes herself out of the pit. Her free hand finds the surface.

The beast's right claw lands on top of it.

Talons dig in, presses Catherine's hand into the soft dirt.

A stream of blood flows.

The beast eats the corpse, ignores Catherine for a moment, who squirms out. Body parts of the corpse fly out in fury every which way.

The monster looks up, loves the sight of the fresh meal before it. Hisses with delight. Ready to pounce.

A banged up Miller raises the .38 and unloads on the beast. Holes riddle its wings and back.

The thing swings its tail, rams into Miller. The impact hard, fast. Miller trips, shoots himself in the head.

Catherine gets to her feet. Picks up the shovel.

Swings away like a mental case until the shovel blade cuts into the monster's head.

The thing goes on defense, breaks the shovel in half. Catherine, out of breath, stumbles back.

One last thrust hits the creature in the left eye. It bellows, the cry rattles Catherine's ears.

After the shriek, her ears ring and everything goes quiet. She cannot hear her own scream of terror.

She can see Quetzalanderatch jump up out of the grave. More fury. More hungry.

Catherine sprints to the dead Miller, snatches up the gun.

Quetzalanderatch bites down on her right arm deep into bone.

She fires the gun once. The monster goes limp, pulls on her arm.

Deaf screams, with one good tug, her arm tears apart at the elbow. Blood shoots out every which way.

Her body wobbles to and fro. She walks to the side, falls on the plot of a nearby grave.

FADE OUT.