

CITY BUS

by

BEN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sidewalk is lit up by one street light. The street itself is dirt; dingy.

ANNA BELLIS, 30's, waits by the streetlight. Behind her, barely illuminated, is a sign saying "BUS STOP."

GARY

(VO)

She was our last one.

A CITY BUS pulls up and the door opens. Anna steps in.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

GARY, 40's, old and bald, built like lizard, sits in the drivers seat. He smiles with his thin lips at Anna.

ANNA

Worthington, please.

GARY

Sure.

Anna turns to the rest of the bus. About ten WOMAN sit in the seats, all of which have the same straight, neatly cut blond hair, and slithery lizard-like builds. They all smile at Anna, who sits carefully in a front row seat.

GARY

Where you from, lady?

ANNA

Uhhh...Jacksonville.

GARY

Nice place.

ANNA

Sure.

The bus starts up with rumble and drives off.

GARY

(VO)

I remember...she was the only one who knew what was coming. Subconsciously, of course. Always subconsciously.

Anna looks behind her, terrified. The identical women lick their lips.

Instantly, the light on the bus go out. The bus is plunged into darkness.

DARKNESS

Nothing is visible. Anna is heard breathing loudly, gasping. The bus noises have stopped, instead replaced with a distant whirring.

HISSING. Like snake. Anna screams. A CRUNCHING noise.

More screams, then a THUD.

GARY

(VO)

Then we left.

The light FLICKER ON.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Anna lays in a pool of her own blood in the aisle of the bus. All the woman and Gary are gone.

A trail of BLOODY FOOTPRINTS lead from Anna's body to the back of the bus.

The footprints progressively change into the shape of the feet of something inhuman.

There is a hole at the back of the bus, ripped out of the metal, where the footprints stop.

Through the back window, a in the distance, a silhouette in the street is visible. The silhouette is in the shape of man.

Except with a tail.

CUT TO BLACK