

JEEPERS CREEPERS III:

HERE COMES THE BOGEYMAN

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Based on

JEEPERS CREEPERS

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DAY 1

FADE IN:

EXT. TAGGART FARM - DAWN

The sun rises over a sea of golden cornfields.

Birds chirp.

A scarecrow sits on its post, dressed in an all-too-familiar black hat and duster.

Beyond the cornfield sits Taggart's barn.

INT. TAGGART'S BARN - DAWN

JACK TAGGART, (76), old and weathered as much as the barn itself, sits in a chair.

He holds a makeshift metal spear in his hands.

Before him, crucified to the barn wall high up in the rafters, wings spread out, its face hidden behind its clawed, webbed crown, is...

THE CREEPER.

It remains motionless on the wall.

Silent, in all its glory.

PUSH IN on its face, the webbed crown ready to split apart at any moment.

Taggart stares intensely at the Creeper.

Closer.

The silence is deafening.

CLOSER.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAGGART FARM - MORNING

An ambulance SCREAMS by the scarecrow, now naked of its hat and duster.

The vehicle drives up toward Taggart's barn, which is engulfed in FLAMES.

Firetrucks spray water onto the barn as they desperately attempt to extinguish the fire.

Two bodies lie on the ground, both covered in blood-stained white sheets.

A police SUV sits nearby.

SHERIFF TEAGUE, (52), rough and gruff, stands next to his vehicle and stares at the inferno.

DEPUTY GUERRA (28), clean-shaven and well-groomed, steps up to him. He looks nervous. Scared.

GUERRA

The hell happened here, Sheriff?

Teague remains quiet.

GUERRA

Taggart and his son... They're both... Fuck, they're missing pieces! And the dog... Jesus! Sheriff, I have to be honest! I've never seen anything like --

Teague holds his hand up to shush Guerra, which it does. At least, for a moment.

GUERRA

I mean, what in God's name coulda done somethin' like this?

TEAGUE

Not God...

He continues to watch the flames eat the barn, as they rise up into the morning sky.

TITLE CARD -- JEEPERS CREEPERS III: HERE COMES THE BOGEYMAN

FADE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A neighborhood development sits snug, just off an ever-stretching country road.

A large sign sits in front of the neighborhood, advertising:

SHADY ACRES
AFFORDABLE MULTI-FAMILY HOMES

A few of the houses are completely built, while others are merely skeletal structures.

INT. METCALF HOME - HUNTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Your typical teenage boy's room, half unpacked with boxes scattered about, objects randomly placed, and décor lazily slapped on the walls.

HUNTER METCALF, (16), lies in bed and stares at his phone, dressed for the day but obviously being lazy.

The door opens and RON METCALF, (40), walks in. He frowns.

RON
Seriously, Hunter? You haven't
unpacked yet?

HUNTER
Seriously, Dad? You're just gonna
walk in here without knocking
first?

RON
Watch that smart mouth of yours.
Get off your ass, now.

HUNTER
It's spring break.

Ron scoffs.

RON
So spring into action, or I'm gonna
break my foot off in your ass. You
got me?

HUNTER
This is so unfair.

RON
Nope. This is life, bud. Get up!

Ron leaves the bedroom.

Hunter sighs, plops back on the bed and covers his face with a pillow to stifle his groan.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Hunter steps out of his house, exhales a deep breath, and pops his AirPods into his ears.

He listens to "Every Day Is Exactly The Same" by Nine Inch Nails as he trudges through the neighborhood, passes THE CROWLEY HOME.

In the front yard is MALERY CROWLEY (34), black and butch. Dirtied from yard work, she pulls gloves off and wipes her sweaty forehead.

Hunter makes eye contact with her. She nods at him. He gives an enthusiastic nod back, continues down the street.

Next, he passes by THE JARVIS HOME.

SCOTT JARVIS (45), in a tank top and swim trunks as he washes his fancy BMW, doesn't even notice Hunter.

He polishes his car with the soap and water, a little too focused on cleaning his "baby".

Hunter rolls his eyes, meanders onward.

At the end of the street, he veers into the yard of THE WALTERS HOME.

He continues onward, makes his way into a small field before a patch of woods.

EXT. WALTERS HOME - DAY

Up above, on the lavish 2nd-floor patio, is JIM WALTERS, (53), shirtless and with the face of an angry wasp.

He watches Hunter walk toward the woods.

JIM
(to himself)
What's that punk up to?

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Babe!

Jim looks over his shoulder, through the patio door, at BRITNEY WALTERS, (23), blonde and bimbo to a T.

She dances to aerobics from a TV, naked. Her large (and fake) tits bounce beyond physics.

BRITNEY
Break time's over!

Jim rolls his eyes, looks back out at the field. Hunter has disappeared into the woods.

He scopes the area leisurely, until his eyes stop on the skeletal structure of an unfinished house across the street. An eyesore, for him at least, and his face clearly shows it.

BRITNEY (O.S.)
Jim!

Jim sighs, frustrated.

He turns to walk back into the house, revealing a large skin graft on his back, and clearly from someone of another race: the skin pigments are near black and white in difference.

JIM
Alright, alright! Christ on a candlestick! Can't a guy take a breather? Damn!

Jim stomps into the house.

BRITNEY
Dr. Andrews said you need to do your exercises.

JIM
Oh yeah!? Well Dr. Andrews can suck my asshole!

He slams the patio door shut.

INT. METCALF HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

The walls are adorned with guns. Military paraphernalia is neatly organized throughout the space.

Ron sits at his desk and polishes one of his rifles.

LISA METCALF, (38), as suburban of a mom as it can get, walks down the basement stairs.

LISA
Where's Hunter?

RON
Off to the military if he doesn't get his act together.

LISA
He's just a teenager. Cut him a
little slack.

RON
Last time we did that, he almost
got himself killed.

LISA
Ronald.

RON
Sorry.

LISA
Don't you think you're being a bit
hard on him?

RON
Have you met my father?

LISA
Good point. Still.

She steps up behind Ron, starts to rub his shoulders.

LISA
It's spring break. Let him enjoy
it.

RON
Please don't rub my shoulders while
I'm handling this.

He holds up the rifle.

Lisa takes her hands off his shoulders.

LISA
You're tense.

RON
I'm stressed.

LISA
Is it the move?

Ron doesn't answer.

LISA
Just keep doing what you're doing.
Don't worry about Hunter, or the
move, or anything.

Ron sighs, sets his rifle down. He looks at Lisa, smiles.
She smiles back and pecks a kiss on his lips.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Hunter meanders through the woods. He whacks a stick against the trees and brush.

He slows to a stop, looks ahead.

Further among the trees is something made of rusted metal.

He walks forward, approaches the structure.

It's a rusted metal sewer pipe, lodged into the ground at an angle. It seems to tunnel its way deep into the earth.

Hunter grabs the edge, looks inside --

A crow flies out, CAWS as it flutters away!

Startled, Hunter falls back on his ass.

After a shaky breath, he stands back up and pokes his head into the pipe.

Darkness fills the cramped space.

Hunter pulls out his phone, turns on the flashlight, shines it inside.

He holds onto the pipe, more carefully this time, and sticks his head inside to get a closer look.

About fifteen feet deep, the pipe is blocked with concrete.

Uninterested, he turns off the light and steps back.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Is it deep?

Hunter spins around, only to find nobody.

A female CHUCKLE has him look up in the trees.

CHLOE TAYLOR (16), small-town punk, smiles as she looks down at him.

She jumps from branch to branch until she reaches the ground.

CHLOE

The cut on your hand. Is it deep?

Hunter looks at his palm, brushes it against his pants.

HUNTER
Nothing a tetanus shot won't fix.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE
Or maybe a penicillin shot. That
pipe isn't red from just the rust,
you know.

Hunter flashes a grin.

HUNTER
Oh yeah? Is that where you hide
your victims?

Chloe's smile fades away.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Malery walks down the narrow hall, to a bedroom door. She cracks it open, peeks inside.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - BEDROOM

AMBER CROWLEY, (29), sleeps in the bed.

Malery smiles, shuts the door.

Amber turns over in her sleep.

The sun that shines through the window slowly begins to fade.

The room becomes crushed in darkness, except for Amber, who continues to sleep.

PUSH IN on Amber as she turns onto her back.

Closer...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MORNING (DAWN)

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

Amber wakes up in the woods.

Fog engulfs the area.

She looks around the desaturated surroundings, when a pop of color catches her attention.

It's DARRY JENNER, (23), his yellow shirt torn, exposing his dirtied skin and rose belly button tattoo.

He stares at her, unmoving. Silent.

Then, he lifts his arm up and points in a direction.

Amber looks in the direction he points. She follows his motion and begins to move through the woods.

EXT. LAKE

Amber comes up to a lake. The fog creeps along the surface of the still waters.

Darry stands waist-deep in the water. His eyes are now missing, carved out.

Amber stares out into the infinite fog that seems to swallow the lake.

An unnerving silence. Then --

A truck horn suddenly BLASTS, startles her.

The horn lasts for a moment, deep and heavy, like an eighteen wheeler's cry.

Amber watches the water with bated breath.

IN SLOW MOTION:

The CREEPER rises from the surface.

It stomps heavy as It trudges through the water.

The Creeper holds onto a metal chain, wrapped over its shoulder, as it pulls something behind it.

In all its glory, rusted with browns and reds, tangled in lake weed, is the Creeper's TRUCK.

The Creeper pulls the truck behind it, the BEATNGU license plate still crudely bolted to its fender.

Amber attempts to catch her breath, which escapes her at the sight of the Creeper.

Its eyes stare deep into hers.

And it sneers.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CROWLEY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Amber shoots upward from her slumber, sucks in a breath of air as if it were her first.

She attempts to calm herself down.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Teague's police SUV drives down the road.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (TRAVELING)

Teague drives, while Guerra rides in the passenger seat.

Guerra looks at Teague like he's crazy.

GUERRA

You're bullshittin' me, Teague. You gotta' be.

TEAGUE

Can't say I blame ya. If I hadn't seen the devil with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it either. I'm shootin' straight here, kid.

Guerra scoffs.

GUERRA

And you think this woman's gonna help us!?

Teague smirks.

TEAGUE

If anyone can... It's her.

Guerra shakes his head, unconvinced.

GUERRA

Why?

TEAGUE

The kid it took that night... That was her brother.

An awkward silence fills the space.

GUERRA

Shouldn't we be gathering the entire department for this? I mean, strength in numbers, right!?

TEAGUE

No. None of them believe the story is real. To be honest, I still don't like you tagging along...

Guerra frowns.

GUERRA

Tough shit. If what you've said is true, then you're gonna need my help with this.

Teague smirks and nods, then he turns onto a dirt road.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Hunter and Chloe sit on the ground against the pipe.

Chloe examines the cut on his palm.

CHLOE

You barely broke the skin. No tetanus for you.

Hunter fakes a frown.

HUNTER

Damn. Lockjaw sounded fun.

Chloe smiles.

CHLOE

You're funny. I've never seen you around before.

HUNTER

Yeah, I just moved into the new development over there.

CHLOE

Must suck moving in the middle of high school.

Hunter shrugs.

HUNTER

I'm used to it. Dad was in the military, so we've moved a lot. I have a feeling we'll be here for a while though.

CHLOE

I wouldn't be so sure...

HUNTER

What do you mean?

Chloe looks down at her feet.

CHLOE

(under her breath)
Every twenty-three years...

HUNTER

Huh?

She turns to him.

CHLOE

You know what used to be here?
Before your neighborhood?
(beat)
An old church.

HUNTER

(sarcastic)
Spooky.

CHLOE

With nearly five hundred bodies
buried beneath it. In this very
pipe.

Hunter gulps, now afraid. He turns and looks at the pipe that they lean against.

HUNTER

Was it a cult or something?

CHLOE

Nope.

HUNTER

Jesus. Did they at least find out
who was behind it?

Chloe smirks.

CHLOE
Nah. People around here have theories though... Crazy theories...

Hunter looks at her, concerned.

CHLOE
Every twenty-three years...

HUNTER
What about it?

CHLOE
Every twenty-three years. For twenty-three days...
(beat)
It gets to eat.

HUNTER
It?

CHLOE
Just, don't be afraid.

Hunter looks at Chloe, concerned.

Chloe looks at Hunter, smirks.

CHLOE
Relax. It's all bullshit. Just another bogeyman story.

HUNTER
Ah! So that's the local urban legend, huh?

CHLOE
You could call it that.

HUNTER
Yeah, I'll bet. That's the most interesting thing I've heard about this place since moving here.

Chloe giggles.

Hunter smiles, then looks away bashfully.

HUNTER
Nah, nothing really scares me much these days. Not since I died that one time.

CHLOE
Seems we're kindred spirits.

Hunter smirks with Chloe.

CHLOE
So, how'd you die?

HUNTER
I was being stupid. A dare. I
jumped off a cliff into water. Er,
was supposed to.
(beat)
I got scared. Pussied out, and
rolled down the cliff instead. Heh.
Got knocked out and almost drowned.

Chloe waits for more as he reminisces the memory.

HUNTER
People do stupid things when
they're scared. I learned not to be
afraid after that.

CHLOE
That's good.
(beat)
It won't want you.

Hunter looks at her, concerned.

EXT. JARVIS HOME - DAY

Jim, still shirtless, knocks on Scott's front door.

Scott opens it, still in his tank top and swim trunks. He
smacks gum.

SCOTT
Oh, hey buddy --

JIM
Don't you "hey buddy" me, ass
clown! We had a fuckin' deal!

SCOTT
Woah, woah, calm down buddy --

Jim gets in Scott's face.

JIM
Don't call me buddy! There's a
goddamned house in my view!

SCOTT
Look, it was just a
misunderstanding --

JIM
I paid three times more than any of
these fuckers for a private view.
You fucked me over, Jarvis!

SCOTT
Hey, the people who want that house
built paid twice as much as you did
for the entire land.

JIM
Oh yeah? Well how about I just kick
your fuckin' teeth in? How does
that sound, hotshot.

Scott scoffs.

SCOTT
Really, Jim?
(beat)
Not with witnesses.

Jim looks over at the Crowley Home. Malery continues to tend
to her yard and garden.

She looks at the two men, then continues her work.

Jim backs away from Scott.

JIM
You're gonna get it one day,
Jarvis. Whether it's from me or
someone else. You'll get what's
comin' to you.

He walks away.

Scott puffs a smug chuckle, shuts his door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Malery watches as Jim storms away.

MALERY
(calls out)
Nice back tan, Jim.

JIM
Fuck you, rug-munch.

Malery smirks and shakes her head. She continues to tend to her garden.

Jim continues to stomp down the street, to his house.

Hunter walks through Jim's yard as he heads home.

Jim grabs Hunter by the shoulder.

JIM

You cut through my yard one more time, you little punk, and I'll take your head off.

He pushes Hunter away and continues walking.

Hunter, offended, watches Jim leave. He flips him off.

Jim continues to his front door, opens it.

BRITNEY (O.S.)

Hey baby!

JIM

Don't "hey baby" me!

He slams the door shut.

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER - DAY

Teague's police SUV drives up to the trailer, which has a satellite dish on top of it.

Beer bottles sit atop an old wooden fence.

The place is decorated with animal skulls, yard junk, windmills, etc.

About a dozen scarecrows sit all over the property, each one with weathered targets stapled to them, riddled with countless bullet holes.

Teague's police SUV pulls to a stop. He and Guerra step out.

TEAGUE

Let me do the talking.

INT. TRISH'S TRAILER - DAY

A calendar hangs on the wall. The First Day of Spring has been circled. All the prior days have been crossed off.

A woman sits at the end of the trailer, headphones on and a microphone at her mouth.

This is TRISH JENNER, (44), older, and more badass than ever.

TRISH

... And some say that, to this day,
she still roams that dusty,
desolate road, looking for her
head...

(beat)

That's another tale from the
scariest podcast in Florida. I'm
Trish Jenner, and you're listening
to Creep Show. Stay safe out there,
and remember... Don't be afraid.

Trish stops recording just as there's a KNOCK at her door.
She stands and opens it.

Teague and Guerra stand at the door.

TRISH

Teague.

TEAGUE

Trish.

TRISH

Come on in.

They step inside.

Trish pours herself a cup of coffee, sits back down at her
podcast station.

TRISH

You haven't returned my calls.

TEAGUE

Yeah, I've been busy.

Trish smirks.

TRISH

Oldest excuse in the book.

Teague smiles.

TRISH

You here to arrest me again?

TEAGUE

We need your help.

Her smirk fades.

TRISH

It woke up. Didn't it?

Teague looks down, remains silent.

Guerra steps forward.

GUERRA

Taggert's dead. Him and his son.

Trish shakes her head, both disappointed and angry.

TRISH

I told you... I fucking told you...

Teague looks at Trish.

TEAGUE

No, you were trespassin' on
Taggert's property! He woulda
killed ya!

TRISH

Bullshit. I was trying to destroy
it. That thing killed my brother,
and he turned it into a fucking
freak show to make a quick buck!

TEAGUE

You were trespassin' either way,
Trish.

Trish twists her lips.

TRISH

Whatever. Doesn't matter anyways.
It can't be killed.

Teague smirks.

TEAGUE

Bullshit. What's your plan?

Trish ignores him, sips on her coffee.

TEAGUE

I know you, Trish. You've been
waiting for this day for a very
long time.

Trish stands up, smirks. She walks past Teague and Guerra.

TRISH

This way.

They step out of the trailer.

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Trish leads Teague and Guerra away from the trailer and into the backyard.

They pass by a small garage.

Parked next to it is a 1960 Chevy Impala, partially covered with a tarp. The busted trunk hangs halfway opened, only held shut by a fresh pair of whitey-tighties.

TEAGUE

You still have that hunk o' junk?

TRISH

That hunk o' junk saved my life
more times than you ever have.

They continue walking through the property.

Trish stops in front of a blue tarp tied down to stakes in the ground. Maybe fifty yards from the garage.

She unties the tarp and partially pulls it away, reveals a large, deep hole.

In the hole, open door facing up to the sky, is a massive steel safe. It's a big fucking trap, about half the size of Trish's trailer.

GUERRA

The hell is this?

Trish hops down inside the safe. She turns, looks up at Teague and Guerra.

TRISH

We can't kill it. But I'm gonna
lure that... Creep... Here. Tear it
limb by limb, and bury the fucker
in this safe. Then, I'm gonna let
it starve, every twenty-three
years, for twenty-three days. I'll
make sure it never sees the light
of day again.

TEAGUE

You think it'll work?

TRISH

I'll make it work, or die trying.

Guerra shoots Teague an optimistic look.

GUERRA

Sounds like a solid plan to me.

Teague doesn't respond, continues to look over the safe.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Amber showers. She looks stressed, but lets the hot water rain down on her, wash away her anxieties.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Freshened up, Amber drinks iced tea.

Malery walks in.

MALERY

Hey babe.

AMBER

Hey.

MALERY

You slept in. That's not like you.

AMBER

Yeah, I... I was just dreaming a lot.

MALERY

Oh yeah? Anything interesting this time?

Amber keeps quiet.

Malery walks up behind her, wraps her arms around Amber.

MALERY

Anything about me?

She plants a kiss on Amber's cheek, making her smile. They then kiss on the lips.

Malery steps away, pours herself a glass of tea.

MALERY

It's getting warm out there
already. Summer will be here before
we know it.

She notices Amber is uncomfortable.

MALERY

Everything okay?

AMBER

Yeah... Yeah, I'm just...

MALERY

What was the dream? Tell me.

Amber hesitates for a moment, then turns to Malery.

AMBER

I was... At a lake... And there was
a man... No... A monster.

(beat)

And it came out of the water... And
behind it was an old, rusty
truck...

(beat)

And the monster, it smiled at me...

Concern slowly spreads across Malery's face.

Amber shakes the thought away.

AMBER

It was just a dream. Freaked me
out, though.

Malery smiles to comfort Amber.

MALERY

You wanna see something freaky?
Wait 'til you see Jim shirtless.

This makes Amber chuckle.

Malery gives her another quick kiss, then walks away.

MALERY

I'm gonna shower. You can join me
if you want.

AMBER

I already...

Amber stops, smirks. She follows after Malery.

INT. METCALF HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Ron, Lisa, and Hunter sit at the table with plates of food in front of them.

Hunter smiles as he picks at his food.

Lisa notices.

LISA
Everything alright, sweetie?

HUNTER
Yeah, yeah... Just thinking...

LISA
Oh yeah? About what?

Hunter sets his fork down.

HUNTER
I met a girl today.

Lisa smiles, glances at Ron, who looks impressed.

RON
Wow. What's her name?

HUNTER
Chloe.

LISA
Yeah? Will we meet her soon?

Hunter sighs.

HUNTER
Please, Mom. I just met her.

RON
Good for you, Hunter.

LISA
Is she pretty?

HUNTER
Mom!

LISA
It's okay to ask!

RON
You're embarrassing him, Lisa.

Lisa shrugs.

LISA
Well. I'll bet she's very pretty.

Hunter rolls his eyes, continues to pick at his food.

HUNTER
She told me about this area. You know, the history behind it?

Ron looks up, stops chewing.

LISA
Smart, too? She's a keeper.

HUNTER
I mean, it's worse than you think, Mom.

RON
I'm sure it's nothing.

HUNTER
Nothing? They found, like, five hundred dead bodies nearby --

LISA
Oh God! Hunter!

RON
(stern)
Hunter.

HUNTER
What?

RON
You're upsetting your mother. I don't want this kind of talk at the table, you hear me?

HUNTER
I mean, it's just an urban legend, Dad. No need to freak out, yourself.

Ron continues to eat.

RON
Steak's delicious, honey.

LISA
Thank you. You know, there's a
local butcher shop in town...

Hunter watches his father curiously as they continue eating.

INT. TRISH'S TRAILER - EVENING

Trish loads a shotgun.

She packs more guns and bullets into a bag.

Trish catches a glimpse of an old photo of she and Darry,
stops packing.

She stares at the photo for a moment, admires Darry.

TRISH
(to herself)
You always were a little shit,
Darry.

The door to the trailer opens, and Teague steps in. He shuts
the door.

Trish sets the photo down.

TEAGUE
Almost ready?

TRISH
Getting there.

She puts a gun in the bag.

TRISH
I was serious when I said you
hadn't returned my calls.

TEAGUE
And so was I when I said that I've
been busy.

Trish pauses, looks at Teague.

TRISH
You know you're the only other
person who I can talk to about
this.

TEAGUE
C'mon, Trish...

TRISH

I'm serious, Teague. Do you know how alone I've felt since that night? I mean, Christ... I made it a fucking urban legend on my podcast, just as a means to tell the story and get it off my chest!

TEAGUE

How do you think I feel? All the guys at the station, they weren't there that night. They think the story is just a big joke. They think I'm a joke.

TRISH

What about the other police? The ones who where there --

TEAGUE

They're all gone. Retired and moved far away from here. Have been for years now.

Trish looks away.

TEAGUE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think I should have done the same... Then I remember that night. I remember it's face. And I remember you.

A KNOCK at the door alerts them. Guerra steps in.

GUERRA

We movin' out soon?

TRISH

We'll wait until after sundown. That's when it's most active.

GUERRA

And how exactly are we supposed to find this thing?

TRISH

We're gonna drive up and down these roads until we find it or it finds us. It's been twenty-three years since it's eaten. It's hungry.

Trish loads another shotgun.

EXT. METCALF HOME - BACK PATIO - EVENING

Ron sits on the patio steps with a cigar in his mouth. He puffs out a cloud of smoke.

Behind him, Hunter walks up and sits down next to him.

HUNTER
Hey, Dad.

RON
What's goin' on, Hunter?

They look out at the yard.

HUNTER
How long are we gonna be here for?

RON
A while.

HUNTER
Will I at least finish a year in school before the next move?

Ron puffs out another breath of smoke.

HUNTER
What about this place? Ya know, the history behind it?

RON
Hunter.

HUNTER
Mom's not around. What aren't you telling us?

Ron hesitates to speak.

He looks at Hunter, then hands the cigar to him.

Hunter looks at the cigar, smiles and takes it. He takes a small puff.

RON
Don't inhale it. Taste it.

Hunter coughs, hands the cigar back to Ron, who chuckles.

They become quiet again.

RON

This is a good place, Hunter. We'll be here for a while. Don't listen to the stories around here.

Ron takes another puff of the cigar.

Hunter watches him, concerned.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The sun sets. The full moon shines. Stars twinkle in the night sky.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - NIGHT

Amber and Malery, dressed in pajamas, get ready for bed. Amber brushes her teeth in the bathroom, while Malery pulls the blankets away on the bed.

INT. JARVIS HOME - NIGHT

Scott, still in his tank top and swimsuit, snorts up a line of cocaine. He sniffs, rubs his nose, as he looks in a full-body mirror.

He hypes himself up, flexes, pumps up the energy. Dude's a total tool. And he fuckin' loves it.

INT. WALTERS HOME - NIGHT

Britney blows Jim on the back patio as he looks out into the field and forest before his property.

INT. TRISH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Guerra slides a few loaded handgun clips into his tactical police vest. He exhales a nervous breath.

Teague packs a shotgun into a bag. He looks over at Trish, who sheathes a serrated knife in her boot.

END MONTAGE

INT. METCALF HOME - HUNTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hunter lies in bed, stares at his phone.

He attempts to watch YouTube on his phone, but he barely has any signal.

HUNTER
Shit location for a neighborhood.

CLACK!

Hunter sits up to the sound.

Another CLACK, at his window.

He stands, walks to the window to see Chloe in the shadows of the yard. She smiles, waves.

Hunter waves back.

She motions for him to follow her, then runs off into the darkness.

Hunter looks back at his bedroom door.

He turns the lights off, then sneaks out the window.

EXT. WALTER'S HOME - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Juicy steaks sizzle on a grill.

"Hot Stuff" by Donna Summers BLASTS from a stereo nearby.

Jim and Britney sit in a jacuzzi.

Britney's boobies bounce in the bubbling bath, while Jim relaxes across from her.

BRITNEY
Don't get too relaxed, or you'll
forget about the steaks.

Jim doesn't respond. He just stares up at the vast starry night sky, totally relaxed.

His phone RINGS. He gets out of the jacuzzi.

BRITNEY
Aw, babe, don't get out yet!

JIM
 (offhanded)
 Shaddup.

Britney smacks her lips in shock.

Jim, butt-ass naked, grabs his pants off the table. His phone falls to the floor, as well as a pack of cigarettes. He quickly snatches them both up.

The caller ID says "Lawyer".

JIM
 I gotta take this, Brit.

BRITNEY
 You want another drink, babe?

JIM
 Of course I want another one.

He steps away and out into the backyard, while Britney steps out of the jacuzzi, also naked. She walks inside the house through the sliding glass door.

Donna Summers ends, and "I'm Your Boogie Man" by KC and the Sunshine Band STARTS UP on the stereo.

Nearby, Jim answers his phone.

JIM
 (into phone)
 The hell do you want?

WOMAN (V.O.)
 You're married?! What the fuck!?
 WHAT THE FUCK!?

Jim holds the phone away from his ear, obviously annoyed.

He paces back and forth.

JIM
 (into phone)
 What did you think we had?

Jim walks one way, the skeletal structure of the house he hates off in the distance.

The Creeper stands on top of the roof, casual as fuck.

JIM
(into phone)
Since fuckin' when? We never
discussed this!

Jim walks another way to reveal the Creeper is now gone.

JIM
(into phone)
Oh yeah? You're gonna tell her
about us? Go on, I dare ya! Do you
have any idea how many men she
fucks when I'm not around!?

He turns around and nearly bumps into THE CREEPER!

Jim looks up.

Lips split into a smile and reveal jagged teeth.

Jim's jaw drops. He stutters as the woman on the other line muffles SCREAMS of anger at him.

Arms suddenly wrap around Jim. Crippled wings quickly split open. With one swift WHOOSH, the Creeper skyrockets into the darkness above, with Jim in a bear hug.

STAY ON THE CREEPER AND JIM --

As they grow higher and higher.

The stereo music FADES AWAY below them.

The neighborhood development grows smaller and smaller as the Creeper soars into the sky.

Jim screams in fear, and soon, agony as --

The Creeper digs its claws into his skin graft at his waist.

The skin PEELS AWAY in STRINGS OF FLESH --

Jim squeals as he's peeled like a banana. He falls from the Creeper's hug.

His body falls back toward earth as he continues to SCREAM.

EXT. WALTER'S HOME - NIGHT

"I'm Your Boogie Man" continues to BLAST from the stereo.

The pack of cigarettes falls on the patio, just before --

Britney, still naked, walks out of the back door with two drinks in hand.

She stops, GASPS at the sight of the pack of cigarettes on the ground.

She sets the drinks on the table beside the stereo, then picks up the cigarettes. She angrily crushes the pack with both hands.

BRITNEY

Jim James Walters! I know you
haven't been smoking! Do you want
another graft?! Ooh, wait until I
tell Dr. Andrews --

SMASH!

Jim's phone shatters on the grill in a puff of fire.

Britney YELPS.

She fearfully looks out into the backyard.

BRITNEY

J-Jim?

Britney steps toward the edge of the patio.

Behind her, Jim's body CRUSHES the patio table, as well as the stereo, killing the music.

Britney spins around with a SCREAM, then SHRIEKS even louder at the sight of Jim's mutilated and twisted pulp of a body.

The Creeper lands in the yard near Britney with a THUD, faced away from her.

She looks over at it, just as it SLAPS the sheet of skin over its shoulder like a wet towel.

Blood flings and spatters all over her.

The Creeper turns around to face her. It grins, and winks.

Horrified, Britney turns and runs for the back door.

The Creeper stalks after her. It moves with long strides, quick, with purpose.

INT. WALTER'S HOME - NIGHT

Britney runs through the house toward the front door.

She unlocks the deadbolt, opens the door --

CLANK. The chain lock is still in place.

The Creeper walks through the sliding glass door, shatters the glass window.

Britney screams as she yanks on the chain, but at the same time attempts to open the door.

She shuts the door, pulls on the chain, but in her haste pulls the door open again.

The Creeper grows closer. Closer. CLOSER!

BRITNEY
No! NO! OH MY GOD! HELP ME!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hunter walks through the neighborhood, sees Chloe disappear into the patch of woods up ahead. He stops at the sound of Britney's SCREAMS.

He rushes toward the Walter's Home, just in time to catch a glimpse of Britney as she struggles with the door.

INT. WALTER'S HOME - NIGHT

The Creeper grabs Britney and yanks her away hard.

Her grasp on the door pulls it open. The chain lock BREAKS.

The Creeper tosses Britney backward.

She slides along the floor.

The Creeper stomps toward her, POUNCES onto her.

Britney SCREAMS --

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hunter turns and hurries toward the woods, after Chloe.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Hunter dodges trees and branches and brush. He runs toward the area where the pipe is.

HUNTER
Chloe! Chloe, where are you?

Chloe steps into the area as she shushes Hunter.

CHLOE
Quiet! You'll wake the devil.

HUNTER
Chloe, we gotta go! We gotta get help!

CHLOE
What's wrong?

HUNTER
I saw someone get attacked! One of my neighbors! We gotta get help!

CHLOE
Hold up!

HUNTER
Come on!

Hunter goes to leave, but stops when he sees that Chloe remains by the pipe.

HUNTER
What are you doing? We gotta move!

CHLOE
I'm sorry, Hunter. I don't want to get involved... I shouldn't get involved.

Hunter gulps, looks her dead in the eyes. She does the same.

He nods.

HUNTER
Okay. I'm gonna get help. You wait here. I'll be back for you.

Hunter runs off into the darkness.

Chloe stands alone by the metal pipe, a sad look on her face.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hunter runs past the Walter's Home. He slows as he observes the open door, then continues on.

INT. WALTER'S HOME

A trail of blood leads deeper into the home.

The Creeper GULPS (O.S.).

Then, the SOUND of skin stretching.

A turn of a corner reveals --

The Creeper, hunched over Britney's dead body. Its wings have been rebuilt, most likely by Jim's skin graft.

The wings fold under its duster.

The SOUND of skin tearing, blood squirting, organs splitting, as the Creeper tears apart Britney's dead body.

The Creeper holds up a breast implant, jiggles it. It sniffs the implant, growls and tosses it to the side.

It hovers over her mutilated body, sniffs over her, until it picks up her legs. The Creeper admires the smooth skin, the lean muscle, the perfect shape.

INT. METCALF HOME - HUNTER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter scrambles back through the window, when the lights suddenly turn on.

Ron sits by a lamp.

RON
Just what the hell do you think
you're doing.

HUNTER
Oh Dad, thank God! I saw --

RON
I don't want to hear it, Hunter.

Lisa walks to the doorway.

LISA
Ron, please --

RON
Don't baby him, Lisa.
(to Hunter)
You thought I wouldn't notice?

HUNTER
 No, Dad, you don't understand.
 Something weird is --

RON
 I said I don't want to hear it!
 You're done!

HUNTER
 Dad! Please --

RON
 No phone, no computer, nothing! You
 go to school, you come home, and
 that's it.

HUNTER
 Fuck, will you just listen to me!?

A truck horn BLASTS!

Lisa YELPS as the three of them hurry over to the window.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - BEDROOM

Malery and Amber both shoot awake with a SHRIEK.

The horn is EVERLASTING --

INT. JARVIS HOME - BEDROOM

Scott snaps up from the sofa with a GASP.

DEAFENING --

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

The horn stops suddenly.

At the entrance of the neighborhood is the Creeper's truck.

Headlights glow. The engine rumbles.

The lights in all three houses turn on.

Scott looks out his bedroom window, which overlooks the neighborhood. He sees the truck, doesn't like the look of it.

Ron steps outside of his house and looks down the street at the truck. Hunter lags behind, while Lisa remains at the front door.

INT. CROWLEY HOME - BEDROOM

Malery and Amber look out the window. Amber, shocked, backs away, to the other side of the bedroom. She freaks out.

AMBER

That's the truck! That's the truck
I saw in my dream!

Malery hurries over to her.

MALERY

Amber! Calm down!

Amber's wide eyes remain on the bedroom window.

AMBER

I've seen that exact truck, dammit!
With that... That thing!

MALERY

Amber, babe, you need to relax!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

Ron stands in the street while Hunter remains in the front yard. Lisa stays at the front door.

Scott walks out of his front door, toward the street.

The Creeper's truck remains at the entrance.

Suddenly, it reverses, out of the entrance, and drives off. The ROAR of the engine FADES AWAY.

Ron notices Scott, stomps over to him, anger plastered across his face.

RON

You want to tell me what the hell
that was?

SCOTT

I, uh... I...

RON

We just move in, and we're already
being harassed? I thought you said
this was a safe area!

SCOTT

Look, it's probably just rednecks
playing pranks. They left, okay?

Ron looks back at Hunter and Lisa, then he leans closer toward Scott.

RON
(low)
You gave us a deal.

SCOTT
I'll talk to the police about it first thing tomorrow morning. Did you catch the license plate?

Ron scoffs with an eyeroll.

RON
Go to the station.

SCOTT
I'll call them. Right now.

RON
Bad reviews spread fast, Scott. And I've got a lot on you. Take care of this. Now.

Ron walks back toward his house.

Scott grimaces at Ron, turns and walks inside his house.

Ron walks up to Hunter.

HUNTER
Dad, something really weird is going on. Earlier I heard screaming from that house around the corner, like someone was getting hurt.

RON
What?

HUNTER
That asshole and his wife, they've been attacked.

Ron looks past Hunter, at the Walter's home.

HUNTER
I think they need help.

RON
I'll go check on them. Stay with your mother.

Ron gently pushes Hunter toward the house while he walks toward the Walter's home.

Malery and Amber step outside of their home, venture into the front yard. They see Hunter and Lisa.

MALERY
(to Hunter and Lisa)
Hey, what the hell's going on?

INT. WALTER'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Ron walks up to the house, peeks inside the open doorway.

He sees the shattered back patio door, and the trail of blood that leads deeper into house.

RON
(under his breath)
Jesus Christ.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

VROOM! Scott's BMW revs to life.

He pulls out of his driveway and onto the street.

Malery waves him down. He stops, rolls his window down.

MALERY
Scott! What's happening?

SCOTT
Some assholes are harassing the neighborhood. I'm not getting a signal, so I'm just gonna run up the station to report this.

MALERY
You picked a winning location.

SCOTT
I'm telling ya, this place is a goldmine. The area's development in the next ten years will be incredible. The tower will be up soon and we'll have strong signal. Just wait. You'll see!

Malery rolls her eyes.

Scott holds up his hand.

SCOTT
Scout's honor.

Malery steps away from Scott's BMW as he veers off toward the neighborhood entrance.

He pulls onto the road to leave the neighborhood when --

THE CREEPER'S TRUCK T-BONES SCOTT'S BMW!

A massive fireball ERUPTS into the night sky as the truck PUMMELS through the flames.

Hunter, Lisa, Malery, and Amber all look on in shock.

Covered in flames, the truck from hell suddenly veers off the road, cuts through the grass, then ROARS into the neighborhood toward them.

HUNTER
(to Malery/Amber)
Run!

Without thinking twice, Malery and Amber run toward the Metcalf Home.

The truck barrels toward them.

Malery and Amber split.

The truck follows Amber. She dives out of the way at the last moment, lands on the street asphalt and rolls to a stop.

Malery runs up to Hunter and Lisa.

The truck roars to the end of the street.

Ron steps away from the Walter's Home, witnesses the fiery truck zoom past. It flips a quick U-turn.

Malery sees Amber on the ground, motionless.

MALERY
Amber!

The truck doesn't pause as it begins to zoom back down the street, straight for Amber's body.

Malery notices. She runs for Amber, as does Hunter.

LISA
Hunter! No!

The truck VROOMS closer.

Malery and Hunter reach Amber's unconscious body.

MALERY

Get her up! Get her up!

She grabs Amber's torso, while Hunter grabs her legs, and together they carry her toward the Metcalf Home.

The truck grows nearer.

Lisa SCREAMS for her son.

The truck careens through the front yard!

Hunter and Malery get Amber to the front porch, inches from being flattened by the truck as it tears through the yard.

MALERY

Get her inside!

Lisa helps with Amber, as Hunter moves back out to the front yard and looks around.

HUNTER

Where's Dad!?

(yells)

Dad!?

Ron, still by the Walter's Home, watches the truck as it flips another U-turn.

He tears off running toward his house.

The truck's engine ROARS as it barrels down the street, toward the Metcalf Home once more.

No, toward Ron, who sprints as fast as he can!

It's a race to the front porch.

The truck horn BLASTS!

Hunter backs in through the open front door.

HUNTER

Run, Dad! Keep running! Come on!

The truck RUMBLES closer.

Ron runs with all his might.

HUNTER

Hurry! You're almost here!

Ron is a stone's throw from the porch, as is the truck!

Hunter cries out.

The truck ROARS!

Ron leaps in through the open front door just as --

The truck SMASHES THROUGH and continues past the Metcalf Home front porch.

Hunter hurries over his dad.

HUNTER

Dad!

They watch as the truck RUMBLES to a stop at the end of the street. It turns back around to face them, then, remains in its place. As if it's taunting them.

Hunter helps Ron up.

HUNTER

What are we gonna do!?

Ron doesn't take his eyes off of the truck. He's pissed.

HUNTER

Dad!?

RON

Get my gun, Hunter.

HUNTER

What?

RON

The Mossberg. You know which one that is?

HUNTER

The one above the Remington on your rack? But Dad --

RON

Grab it. Now. Keep your mother and the neighbors inside.

HUNTER

Dad --

RON

Do it!

Hunter does what he's told.

Ron continues to stare down the idling truck.

INT. METCALF HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter grabs the Mossberg 590A1 off the gun rack.

INT. METCALF HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malery and Lisa lay the unconscious Amber down on the sofa.

Hunter walks past with the shotgun in hand.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hunter hands Ron the Mossberg.

Ron turns toward the truck.

HUNTER

Dad...

Ron looks back.

HUNTER

Be careful.

RON

I'll take care of this son of a
bitch. Get inside.

Hunter backs away into the house as Ron looks back at the truck, which remains in its spot.

Ron stomps toward the truck. He pumps the shotgun.

As he moves closer to the truck, he unloads the gun.

BOOM!

Sparks fly from the grill of the truck.

BOOM!

A headlight shatters.

BOOM!

The windshield puffs out shards as the bullets pierce it.

BOOM!

More sparks, smoke, and a lingering ringing sound.

Ron stops short of the truck.

He cocks the shotgun once more, then slowly makes his way toward the driver side of the truck.

Ron steps up to the door, reaches for the rusty handle.

He yanks the door open!

Nobody's inside.

Ron spins around toward the empty neighborhood.

INT. METCALF HOME - NIGHT

Hunter stands in the entryway, stares at the front door.

The front porch light shines through the door windows.

He listens for any other sound.

There's only silence.

Lisa and Malery tend to Amber.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

Everyone turns their attention to the sound.

Hunter stares at the door, watches as --

Ron's head slowly peeks through the window, at a rather peculiar angle.

Hunter frowns.

HUNTER

Dad?

Ron slowly shakes his head, remains silent.

Hunter gulps.

Loud BANGS at the front door makes everyone jump.

Lisa stands, hurries over to a front window.

Hunter slowly steps toward the front door to get a closer look at his dad.

Lisa looks out the window. Her eyes grow wide.

Ron's headless body lies in the front yard before the window.

Hunter gets closer to the door, just as --

The Creeper's head sneaks into the window view. It holds up Ron's DECAPITATED HEAD!

Hunter's face drops.

The Creeper grins.

It shoves Ron's head through the door window, which rolls across the floor and stops at Hunter's feet.

Lisa SHRIEKS.

Hunter is speechless.

He looks from Ron's decapitated head, to the front door.

The Creeper sticks its arm through and feels for the lock.

Lisa continues to SCREAM.

The creeper unlocks the door as --

Malery runs over and stabs the Creeper's arm to the door with a fireplace poker!

She and Hunter back away.

The Creeper yanks on its arm, but it's pinned to the door.

It looks at the fireplace poker through the window, then up at Malery. It bears his teeth, clearly upset.

The Creeper sniffs the air, in her direction. The slit on its nose breathes with it.

Malery watches in horror.

It sniffs once more, then licks its lips, eyes still on her.

The Creeper YANKS its arm out the window. The fireplace poker rips down its arm, THROUGH ITS HAND!

Lisa watches the Creeper through the window.

It grabs Ron's headless body by his leg and drags him through the front yard.

LISA
What... W-what's it doing?!

Hunter and Malery run up to the window and look through with Lisa. Their eyes wide with shock.

The Creeper stops in the middle of the front yard and stands over Ron's body, its back facing them.

It pulls its injured arm from the duster sleeve. Its arm flops in two separate halves from the elbow down.

The Creeper slowly RIPS IT OFF ITS BODY.

The three watch in fear.

Malery slaps her hands over her mouth as --

The Creeper takes its injured arm and throws it to the side.

It crouches over Ron's body, begins to EAT.

Pure horror spreads across Lisa and Hunter's faces.

LISA
No...

The Creeper continues to eat.

LISA
(cries)
Oh God!

Lisa covers her face, looks away.

The Creeper lifts its head up, and GULPS.

Malery looks disgusted.

The Creeper GULPS again.

Hunter watches in awe.

One more GULP, and the Creeper stands. It pulls the duster over its shoulder. Then, a new arm GROWS through the sleeve.

A perfectly formed Creeper hand slides out of the sleeve opening, clawed and ready to tear.

Hunter's jaw hangs open as he looks on in awe.

The Creeper looks over its shoulder at the three, then walks away, back to its truck down the street.

Hunter pulls his mother away as Malery shuts the curtains.

MALERY
It... Was eating him?!
(beat)
What the fuck is that thing?!

HUNTER
We gotta get help! We gotta get the
police out here!

Malery shakes her head.

MALERY
Scott said there's no signal!

HUNTER
Fuck, I know!
(beat)
The radio. My dad's radio! In the
basement!

MALERY
What!?

HUNTER
My dad has a CB radio in his
basement! We gotta call for help!

Hunter sprints for the basement door.

MALERY
I gotta stay here with Amber.

HUNTER
Okay. I'll be right back.

He runs into the basement.

Amber lies on the sofa, still unconscious.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

UNKNOWN VEHICLE'S P.O.V.

We silently ZOOM down the road at an incredible speed.

The countryside glows in the rising sunlight.

The road is nothing more than a blur.

A dot appears up ahead, on the road in the distance.

It's a car. Trish's old Chevy Impala.

We speed up faster.

Closer to the Impala on the road.

CLOSER, and still so, so silent.

We ZOOM up behind the Impala and --

A truck horn BLASTS!

Amber GASPS awake! She stands in the middle of the desolate country road, covered in cuts and bruises. Her arm is badly broken, the bone juts out the skin.

"The Lights Go Down" by Electric Light Orchestra plays from a distant radio, slowed down and distorted.

She limps down the road, surrounded by thick fog that glows red and orange.

No, not fog. Smoke.

Metal shrapnel and debris litters the asphalt.

She continues through the smoke. The music GROWS LOUDER. She follows the music to --

The car, twisted like a tin can and engulfed in flames. The music plays from the car's radio.

Inside the car, behind the wheel, is Hunter.

He sits calmly as the flames eat away at his flesh.

Horrified, Amber can't look away.

Hunter slowly turns his head, looks at Amber, and SCREAMS!

Amber looks down at her chest. There's a hole where her heart should be.

The Creeper suddenly emerges from the smoke behind Amber, quickly throws a burlap sack over her head!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. METCALF HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amber GASPS awake! For real this time.

Lisa jumps, startled.

Malery grabs Amber up in a tight hug.

INT. METCALF HOME - BASEMENT

Hunter flips on the CB radio, turns a couple knobs to find a working station.

HUNTER
(into radio)
Hello!? Hey? Is this thing working?
Can anyone hear me!? Hello!?

He flips through more stations, desperate to find a signal.

INT. TRISH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A radio sits on a nearby table in Trish's trailer. It sparks to life as a signal broadcasts through.

Trish, bag of guns and ammo in tow, stops just as she's about to exit the trailer.

HUNTER (V.O.)
(from radio)
Hello!? Is anyone there!? Hello!?

Trish drops the bag, hurries over to the radio.

The door opens, and Teague pokes his head inside.

TEAGUE
We should leave --

Trish holds her hand up to shush him.

The radio CRACKLES again.

HUNTER (V.O.)
(from radio)
Hello? Anyone!? We need help,
dammit! Anyone!?

Trish pulls the receiver off of her radio.

TRISH
(into radio)
Who is this?

INTERCUT - HUNTER/TRISH

Hunter sighs in relief.

HUNTER

Oh thank God! Listen... We need help! Send the police, send the fucking army if you can! We're being attacked by... I don't even fucking know!

TRISH

Attacked!? Attacked by what!? What is it!?

HUNTER

It looks like a man, but it's definitely not one! Whatever the fuck it is, it's killing us! And it's fucking eating us!

Trish looks to Teague, who gulps.

TRISH

Where are you, kid?

HUNTER

Shady Acres!

TRISH

(to Teague)

Where the hell is that?

HUNTER

Hello?

A look of concern spreads across Teague's face.

TEAGUE

It's where that old church was.

Trish's face drops.

HUNTER

Hello!?

The trailer door SLAMS shut as the radio receiver dangles from its cord off the edge of the table.

Tires SQUEAL and a police siren BLARES.

INT. METCALF HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hunter returns from the basement.

Malery still has Amber held in a hug.

Lisa is a mess of snot and tears.

HUNTER
I think I got help.

Malery finally loosens her hug on Amber.

MALERY
Christ... What is that thing?

HUNTER
I might know, but...

All three women stare at him, wait for him to continue.

HUNTER
Chloe. The girl I met, she told
me...
(realizes)
Chloe!... Oh my God! Chloe!?

MALERY
Chloe?

Hunter runs to the window, peeks through the curtains.

HUNTER
She's still out there! With that...
That thing! I have to go find her!

LISA
Hunter, no!

HUNTER
Mom, she's in danger!

LISA
You want to get yourself killed
over some girl? Like you haven't
almost killed yourself doing
something stupid before!?

Amber shoots Hunter a curious glance.

HUNTER
Don't bring this up now, Mom!

LISA

It already got your father! I can't
lose you! I can't!

She buries her face into her hands as she cries.

Hunter, sad, turns away from the sight of his mother crying.
He sits next to Amber and Malery.

MALERY

What are we gonna do?

HUNTER

We wait for that help to come
along.

MALERY

Who'd you talk to?

HUNTER

I don't know. Some woman.

MALERY

Christ... You're relying on some
woman to come and help us? We need
to get some real help! We need to
get out of here!

HUNTER

I know! But we can't call for help!
There's no fucking signal!

Malery sighs, frustrated.

She pulls her cell phone out and dials 9-1-1. She stands.

MALERY

I'm gonna try anyway.

Malery steps away.

Lisa stands, shuffles toward the kitchen.

HUNTER

Mom? Where are you going?

LISA

I need water.

She leaves.

Amber and Hunter remain on the sofa. He looks at her.

HUNTER
How are you feeling?

AMBER
You just lost your father, and
you're asking me how I'm feeling?

Hunter looks down, hesitates to respond, searches for the right words.

HUNTER
I can't... I... I have to stay
strong. That's what he'd want. For
me to stay strong...

He looks back up, at her.

AMBER
You almost died? Before?

Hunter frowns.

HUNTER
Yeah, I did. It was an accident.
Something stupid.

Amber looks at him curiously.

AMBER
Do you remember seeing anything?
You know, while you were...

Hunter shakes his head.

HUNTER
What do you mean? You mean did I
see Heaven? Nah. Not much of a
believer, if I'm being honest.

AMBER
What about after the accident? Have
you seen anything you can't
explain? Ever thought you heard
something strange at night? And
weird dreams that seem real?

Hunter hesitates again, bites his lip, looks down.

HUNTER
No. Besides... I don't believe in
ghosts either.

Amber stares at him for a long, uncomfortable moment. She knows he's lying.

AMBER
You opened a door.

HUNTER
What?

AMBER
I... See things too. Have for as long as I can remember. Ghosts and spirits. Dreams and visions...
(beat)
That thing out there... I've dreamt about it. I don't know what it is... Maybe it's pure evil, in the flesh.... But, I knew it was coming...
(beat)
We're all going to die.

Hunter looks at Amber, concerned.

INT. KITCHEN

Lisa slowly drinks a glass of water in the dark kitchen.

In the window behind her, the shadowy figure of the Creeper dips in upside down from the top of the window frame.

It hangs upside down like a bat.

Lisa turns around and YELPS. She drops her glass of water, which shatters on the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa backs away into the living room as Hunter and Amber stand up.

Malery runs into the living room, her phone in hand.

MALERY
What's happening?

The sound of something RUNNING ALONG THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE grabs everyone's attention.

Again, the shadowy figure of the Creeper hangs downward from the top of another window.

Amber notices. She SCREAMS.

Everyone backs away from the window.

The Creeper holds its index finger to its mouth as it looks at them, before slipping upward out of sight.

The sound of the Creeper CRAWLING ALONG THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE makes everyone twist and turn in multiple directions.

From another window, the Creeper peeks in at an odd angle.

They jump back and huddle together.

The Creeper waves at them playfully.

It presses its claws against the window, scrapes down the pane of glass and creates a nails-on-a-chalkboard-like PAINFUL SCREECH.

The Creeper taps once on the glass as it focuses on Malery.

Its lips stretch into a wide, creepy smile.

Then, the Creeper moves its gaze to Hunter. It taps once on the glass, then huffs a gruff GROWL, disgusted.

Hunter's shoulders drop a bit as he sighs in relief.

The Creeper looks at Lisa, who looks as if she's about to shit her pants.

The Creeper frowns, taps once on the glass and then gives a thumbs down.

Lisa gulps.

Lastly, the Creeper looks at Amber. Its eyes grow wide.

It taps on the glass, TWICE.

Amber's face drops.

The Creeper sneers, then sneaks out of sight from the window.

Hunter and Lisa hug.

Amber sits down, suddenly exhausted from fear.

Malery stands still, petrified.

MALERY

What the fuck does it want?

Hunter squeezes his mom tight as he looks over her shoulder.

His eyes light up when he sees Chloe standing in one of the skeletal structures of an unfinished house.

She sees him, motions for him to come to her.

HUNTER
Oh my God, it's her! It's Chloe!

He runs to the front door.

Lisa stands, grows as brave of a face as she can muster, and chases after him.

LISA
Hunter... Hunter!? Get back here,
right now!

Malery and Amber hurry to the window.

Amber scopes the area, sees Chloe in the skeletal structure.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hunter runs out into the front yard.

Lisa stops at the doorway.

LISA
(shouts)
Hunter!? Please!?

Hunter runs across the yard, across the street.

The truck is nowhere in sight.

He reaches the skeletal structure across the way, stops and sucks in air.

Chloe runs up to him. She looks scared and confused.

CHLOE
What's happening!?

HUNTER
Come on! We're hiding in my house
until help comes!

CHLOE
Wait! What's going on!?

Hunter looks deep into her eyes.

HUNTER
Your bogeyman... It's real!

Suddenly, a dim headlight flashes on and glows onto Hunter and Chloe.

The Creeper's truck horn BLASTS its deafening cry as it barrels toward the structure.

Hunter and Chloe turn and run through the structure as the truck CRASHES THROUGH!

Wooden planks splinter and explode as the truck dismantles the structure.

Shoes slap against the ground as Hunter and Chloe run as fast as they can.

The truck ROARS after Hunter and Chloe, grows closer, threatens to flatten them at any moment!

They reach the edge of the skeletal structure, split apart and dive for their lives as the truck careens past them. Hunter pushes himself to his feet, looks for Chloe.

HUNTER

Chloe!?

The truck destroys a yard as it flips a U-turn.

Chloe runs up to Hunter, holds on to him.

The truck shuts off and the driver door pops open.

Out steps the Creeper, with heavy boots, its duster, and black hat.

In its hand, A MASSIVE AXE, carved from human bones and decorated with demonic imagery.

Hunter gulps.

Lisa watches in horror from her open front door.

LISA

Hunter!? No!

Chloe and Hunter stand their ground as the Creeper stalks toward them.

Hunter looks brave, angry even. Chloe is horrified.

The Creeper smirks, whistles the tune of "Jeepers Creepers," swings its axe playfully as it walks up to them.

Lisa suddenly steps in between the Creeper and the two teens.

LISA
 (to the Creeper)
 Get away! You can't have him!

She attempts to appear brave, but the poor woman is clearly shitting herself.

The Creeper stops, cocks its head.

HUNTER
 Mom?!

LISA
 (to Hunter)
 Go! Run!
 (to the Creeper)
 I will not let you hurt my son!

The Creeper rolls its eyes, releases an annoyed sigh.

It swiftly swoops its axe upward, through Lisa, and casually lets it fall back behind it in a full-arm swing.

From crotch to cranium, Lisa's body SPLITS APART and falls to the ground.

Hunter gawks in horror at the sight.

Chloe SCREAMS.

HUNTER
 MOM!?

The Creeper step up to Hunter, grabs him by the neck, lifts him off his feet.

Chloe scrambles away and disappears behind the destroyed skeletal structure.

The Creeper pulls Hunter's face next to its own, and it begins to SNIFF him.

Deep, heavy sniffs, from his hair, to his clothes.

Hunter cringes, but doesn't show one bit of fear. Only anger.

The Creeper gives one more deep smell, just as --

Headlights shine onto them!

The Creeper snaps its attention to --

Teague's police SUV, and Trish's pickup truck, screeching to a halt. The bed of Trish's pickup is covered with a tarp.

The Creeper's eyes glow in the bright lights.

INSIDE THE VEHICLES --

Teague stares on intensely, a dreadful memory he's never been able to forget.

Guerra looks on at the creature before him, a terrible rumor come to life.

And Trish, feeling a combination of so many emotions, from the fear she'd felt when she first met the Creeper, to the anger of the vengeance she wants to commit on it.

The Creeper turns to the vehicles, tosses Hunter aside.

He rolls to the ground.

The Creeper looks specifically at Trish.

She stares back, a fire in her eyes.

The Creeper gives the slightest smirk, before its wings whip out, and it flies up into the night sky.

Hunter stands as Trish steps out of her truck.

TRISH
(to Hunter)
Run! Get to cover!

From high up above, wings WHOOSH through the air.

Hunter looks up to the sky.

TRISH
Go! Now!

She hurries to the back of her truck, unties the tarp.

Teague steps out of his vehicle, as does Guerra.

Hunter backs toward his house, while Malery and Amber watch from the window.

Teague holds up a shotgun and takes aim at the Creeper, who swoops down toward the neighborhood.

Trish jumps onto the pickup truck bed and yanks the tarp off, revealing a MAKESHIFT FLAMETHROWER. It's connected to a big propane tank.

The Creeper slows its descent until it lands on a roof of a house, then LEAPS to another house, closer to the group. It then LEAPS even closer, onto another roof.

Trish prepares the flamethrower, sparks it to life.

Teague BLASTS his shotgun as the Creeper leaps into the air and swoops in toward them!

Trish squeezes the trigger.

Flames SPRAY from the flamethrower nozzle. The Creeper flies through the fireball and darts up into the night sky, disappears into the stars.

Hunter rushes over to Trish's Truck.

HUNTER

Is it gone!?

Trish jumps down from the truck bed, keeps her eyes on the stars above.

TRISH

It'll be back! You're the kid I talked to on the radio, right?

Hunter gives a quick nod.

HUNTER

What is that thing?

TRISH

You have any weapons?

HUNTER

Yeah. I mean...

TRISH

Go get them!

HUNTER

There are two more people in my house. And another girl is --

TRISH

HURRY!

Hunter nods again, turns and sprints back to his home.

Teague and Guerra step beside Trish, keep their weapons trained on the sky.

TEAGUE

Really? A flamethrower?

TRISH

I want it to feel fear before I
lock it away. Thought it might not
like the idea of burning too much.
(a slight smirk)
Looks like I was right.

TEAGUE

Where in the hell did you even get
that thing?

TRISH

I fuckin' built it. You gonna
arrest me for that too?

TEAGUE

You're never gonna let that go, are
you?

Trish stares intensely at the sky, searching for any sign of
the Creeper.

TRISH

Nope. I hold grudges.

INT. METCALF HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malery drops a towel on Ron's decapitated head, covers it up.

Hunter runs past her, toward the basement, when --

MALERY

Hunter!

He stops, looks at her.

MALERY

Your mom. I... I'm so --

HUNTER

Do you know how to shoot a gun?

MALERY

What!?

HUNTER

We're leaving! They're here to
help! Do you know how to shoot a
gun!?

MALERY

Wait, what's going on with you!?
Why'd you run out of the house!?
Why'd you leave --

HUNTER

I had to warn Chloe!

Malery frowns.

MALERY

Chloe?... What are you talking
about!? I didn't see anyone else
out there with you, Hunter.

Hunter looks at Malery, confused.

HUNTER

What!? What are you --

AMBER (O.S.)

I saw her.

Malery glances over at Amber, who still stands by the window,
eyes on the night sky.

MALERY

Amber, please.

Amber turns from the window, looks at Malery.

AMBER

Please what, Malery?

MALERY

You probably have a concussion.
It's dark outside. You're seeing
things --

AMBER

Excuse me?

Hunter shakes his head, leaves for the basement while the two
begin to argue.

MALERY

I mean...

AMBER

What? What do you mean? I saw her
too, Malery! I saw her.

MALERY
(in a hushed voice)
Stop it! His mother is dead because
he ran out of the house!

AMBER
And he was trying to save that
girl! That monster out there,
that's what I dreamed about!

Tears fall down Amber's cheeks. Her bottom lip trembles.

MALERY
Amber. You know I --

AMBER
It was a warning. My dream was a
warning! You understand that,
right!?

MALERY
Amber... You are seriously freaking
me out right now.

Amber turns back to the window, lets out a frustrated sigh.

Hunter returns with three handguns and bag full of ammo.

HUNTER
Crash course time. These are semi-
auto. Their loaded, with a round in
the chamber. Flip the safety off
and your ready to rock. Oh, and
don't aim at anything you don't
want to kill.

Malery scoffs.

MALERY
Welcome to America.

Amber sighs, grabs a pistol, examines the weapon.

Hunter holds a pistol out for Malery. She denies it.

MALERY
I'm not comfortable.

HUNTER
Get comfortable, fast.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Trish steps away from her truck, toward the Metcalf Home.

Teague moves forward with her, lags behind a step or two.

TRISH

What's taking them so long?

Guerra looks around the silent, empty neighborhood. Nothing.

Then, he glances up at the sky.

A shadow darts across the full moon. The Creeper!

Wide eyed, Guerra points to sky.

GUERRA

There! I see you!

Trish and Teague look back at Guerra, then up at the sky, at the rapidly descending Creeper.

TRISH

Shit.

Teague turns back to the Metcalf Home.

TEAGUE

(to Hunter)

Hey, kid!

INT. METCALF HOME - LIVING ROOM

Hunter, Amber, and Malery look to the open front door.

TEAGUE (O.S.)

Time to go! Move it!

HUNTER

(to Malery and Amber)

Come on!

He runs for the front door. Amber follows.

Malery pauses, stares at her gun, conflicted.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

The Creeper flies down toward the neighborhood.

TEAGUE
(to Trish)
Here! Lead your shots!

Teague throws his shotgun to Trish.

She catches it, aims up to the sky.

TRISH
I know how to fuckin' shoot!

Teague pulls out a pistol, points at the oncoming Creeper.

They both unload their rounds into it.

Hunter and Amber run out of the house.

TEAGUE
Get in the vehicles!

Amber gets in the back of the police SUV, while Hunter jumps in passenger seat of Trish's truck.

Guerra jumps into the back of Trish's truck, takes control of the flamethrower.

The starter flame SPARKS to life.

TRISH
(to Guerra)
Hey, what the hell do you think
you're doing!?

Guerra fumbles with the flamethrower, squeezes the trigger.

A massive ball of fire shoots out from the nozzle, momentarily brightens the entire neighborhood.

The Creeper WHOOSHES to a stop, hovers in the air away from the fire. It GROWLS.

Guerra releases the trigger. He flashes a confident grin.

GUERRA
Fuck yeah! How do you like that!?

Trish looks back at the Creeper, who is stationary in the sky, wings flapping to keep it up. She takes advantage of the opportunity, aims her shotgun at the Creeper.

BOOM!

The rounds puncture the Creepers wings. It snaps its evil gaze at Trish.

The Creeper reaches into a small skin-sewn bag, pulls out a four-pointed throwing star made from bone.

It pulls back, about to throw the bizarre weapon at Trish when --

Guerra squeezes the trigger again, shoots a stream of fire at the Creeper.

It GROWLS at Guerra, instead throws the star at him!

The star ZIPS through the air, buries itself in Guerra's right eye. Bullseye!

Blood runs down Guerra's face as he convulses, stiffens up. His grip tightens on the flamethrower trigger.

He slumps over, and pulls the flamethrower with him.

The stream of fire veers downward and around.

Malery sprints out of the Metcalf Home, just as the fire rips across the yard.

Trish drops down on her stomach as the fire blows just inches above her!

MALERY'S ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

Amber SCREAMS from the back of the police SUV. The lock prevents her from being able to jump out to save Malery, as if she even could.

Guerra's body falls over the truck bed edge and he releases the trigger.

The fire dissipates.

Malery's SCREAMING, flaming body trudges away, until she falls on her knees and burns to death.

The Creeper lands on the ground near Trish's truck and police SUV. It stomps toward them.

Teague looks to Trish as he backs toward his police SUV.

TEAGUE

Trish, move!

Trish jumps to her feet and climbs into the truck bed. She screams at Hunter through the back window.

TRISH
(to Hunter)
DRIVE!

INT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (PARKED)

Hunter scrambles over behind the wheel.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (PARKED/TRAVELING)

Teague hops behind the wheel of his police SUV.

Amber hyperventilates behind him.

AMBER
We can't leave Malery! We can't --

TEAGUE
She's gone!

AMBER
Oh my God! Oh my God!

Teague punches the gas, makes a U-turn. He drives toward the Creeper, speeds up.

The Creeper steps out of the way as it swings its axe.

It SPARKS against the police SUV's frame.

Teague speeds away.

INT/EXT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (TRAVELING)

Hunter follows behind. He hits the gas pedal, drives straight for the Creeper.

HUNTER
Eat this!

The Creeper suddenly leaps up into the air, flies high into the sky, again disappears into the stars.

Trish watches, kisses her teeth.

Hunter looks in the rearview mirror.

Chloe runs to the middle of the street, disappears into darkness as the red tail lights fade away.

HUNTER
(to himself)
I'm sorry...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

Teague's police SUV zooms out of the neighborhood.

Trish's truck follows shortly after.

Chloe watches as both vehicles disappear into the distance.

The Creeper lands with a THUD back on the ground.

Chloe spins around, terrified.

The Creeper gives her a curious look, SNIFFS.

She backs away in fear, then turns and runs away.

The Creeper watches, then, turns and steps over to Malery's steaming, charred body.

It SNIFFS her, GROWLS in frustration. It snaps its fingers, as if she got away from it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Teague's police SUV drives down the road. Trish's truck follows, a few car lengths back.

INT/EXT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (TRAVELING)

Trish crawls through the back window, makes her way into the passenger seat.

Hunter keeps his eyes locked on the road before him.

HUNTER
Where are we going?

TRISH
My place. It's not far from here.

Trish pulls out her handgun, makes sure that a round is chambered, then puts the weapon back in its holster.

HUNTER
Your place? What's at your place!?

TRISH
A trap.

Hunter frowns.

HUNTER
A trap!? You want to fuckin' trap
it!? Are you serious!?

Frustrated, Trish rubs her temples.

TRISH
Look, kid, you're just gonna have
to trust me here... We can't kill
it. I don't even think it can die.

HUNTER
But you don't know, right!?

TRISH
I know this is the best chance we
have to stop this fucker!

Hunter opens his mouth to respond, hesitates. Tears well up
in his eyes.

An awkward silence.

HUNTER
(chokes on the words)
It k-killed my parents...

Trish gives him a sad look.

TRISH
It took my brother.

Hunter doesn't say anything. He can't say anything.

TRISH
It... "Wakes up" every twenty-third
spring, for twenty three days...
And it eats, whatever it needs.
Whatever it wants. If it wants
you... Well...

Trish glances out her window, searches the sky for any sign
of the Creeper. All clear.

Hunter takes a deep breath, squeezes the wheel, exhales.

HUNTER
So. What do we do?

Trish shoots a smirk at him.

TRISH
Don't be afraid.

Hunter looks at her cautiously, then turns on the radio.

HUNTER
Fuck this. I need tunes. To relax
my nerves, you know?

Trish turns back to her window, continues her search for the Creeper. Still nothing.

TRISH
Just keep your eyes peeled.

Hunter flips through the radio stations.

Religious babble.

Commercials.

Music. "Total Eclipse of the Heart" by Bonnie Tyler. The song's just about half way through.

Hunter grabs the volume knob, CRANKS it up.

The music BUILDS.

Hunter seems to relax a bit.

Behind them, something appears far off in the distance. The Creeper. It swoops in from the sky.

Then, the VOCALS kick in.

VOCALS (V.O.)
*Turn around, bright eyes! Every now
and then I fall apart!*

Trish frowns looks at the radio.

VOCALS (V.O.)
*Turn around, bright eyes! Every now
and then I fall apart!*

Her eyes light up!

TRISH
FUCK!

Trish spins around, sees --

The Creeper, axe gripped in its hands, flying after them. Its maybe a hundred feet back, but closing ground fast!

TRISH
(to Hunter)
Punch it!

HUNTER
What!?

Hunter looks in the rearview mirror and sees the Creeper. His eyes grow wide.

HUNTER
Oh, shit!

He stomps on the gas pedal.

The truck speeds forward, passes Teague's police SUV.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (TRAVELING)

Teague and Amber watch as Trish's truck speeds ahead.

TEAGUE
What the hell?

INT/EXT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (TRAVELING)

Trish crawls out of the back window and into the truck bed.

She sparks the flamethrower up, watches as --

The Creeper hovers over Teague's police SUV. It looks down at the vehicle, swings its axe down on the windshield.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (TRAVELING)

The blade spider-webs the glass, comes only inches from Teague's face!

He slams on the brakes. His vehicle swerves to a stop in the middle of the road.

The Creeper flies forward, after Trish's truck.

INT/EXT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (TRAVELING)

Trish prepares the flamethrower, aims. "Total Eclipse of the Heart" still BLASTS from inside the truck as --

The Creeper flaps its wings harder and zooms closer!

Trish pulls the trigger. A trail of fire sprays from behind the vehicle.

The Creeper dodges the fire, swoops downward, then upward.

Trish follows with the fire, which dissipates into the night.

The Creeper swoops down again, flies right at Trish!

She blasts fire into its face.

It halts in midair, disappears suddenly into the dark night.

Hunter continues driving. He turns off the radio and KILLS the music.

Trish falls backward with heavy breaths.

It's gone. For now.

HUNTER

(calls back to Trish)

Where the fuck am I going?

TRISH

Just keep driving.

She lets out another breath of relief.

The truck continues down the road.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (PARKED)

The vehicle still sits in the middle of the road.

Teague opens the back door, lets Amber out.

He pulls out a flashlight. They both examine the axe lodged in the windshield.

A lock of long hair is braided around the axe handle, with strands of it blowing in the night breeze.

AMBER

Oh my God... Is that a tooth?

A tooth-charm hangs from the axe handle.

Teague grabs the axe and yanks it free from the windshield, tosses it to the side of the road.

Amber moves to the passenger side of the vehicle.

AMBER

Let's just get out of here!

She gets in the passenger seat.

Teague hops in the behind the wheel.

He grabs the radio receiver.

TEAGUE

(into radio)

Trish? Come in. Trish?

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Trish's truck drives along.

INT/EXT. TRISH'S TRUCK - (TRAVELING)

Trish, in the passenger seat again, grabs her radio receiver.

TRISH

Teague.

TEAGUE (V.O.)

Trish! Y'all good?

TRISH

Yeah. We're almost to my place.
Where are you?

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (TRAVELING)

Teague drives with one hand on the wheel and the other hand gripping the radio receiver.

TEAGUE

Not far behind you.

TRISH (V.O.)

We lost it on the road, so keep an
eye out!

THUNK!

Teague and Amber look up at the roof of the SUV.

TEAGUE
 (under his breath)
 You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

The Creeper PUNCHES through the roof of the car, in between Amber and Teague!

Amber SCREAMS, while Teague swerves as he dodges the Creeper's grasp.

TRISH (V.O.)
 Teague? You there? Teague!?

The vehicle zigzags along the country road.

The Creeper swipes for Amber, grabs her by her collar.

She SCREAMS.

TEAGUE
 Shit!
 (to Amber)
 Hold on!

He slams on his brakes.

The Creeper flies forward from the top of the vehicle.

It lands on a BARBED WIRE FENCE, rolls through it!

The fence posts dislodge, and the Creeper gets tangled in the barbed wire. A wing shoots out from underneath its duster, begins to flap!

AMBER
 It's getting away!

TEAGUE
 Like hell it is.

He stomps on the gas pedal, zooms toward the Creeper's body.

THUMP! THUMP!

The police SUV rolls over the Creeper. It groans in pain.

The barbed wire becomes tangled in the underside of the police SUV.

It drags the fence, and the Creeper, onto the road.

The police SUV speeds away, Creeper in tow.

Teague grabs the radio receiver.

TEAGUE

Trish!?

TRISH (V.O.)

Teague! Are you alright!?

TEAGUE

We're bringing this bastard right
to you! Get ready!

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Trish's pickup truck pulls up to the trailer.

Hunter and Trish jump out of the truck.

Trish pulls a shotgun from the truck bed, while Hunter pulls
out his handgun from its holster.

TRISH

Get in the trailer!

HUNTER

What!?

TRISH

Here, take this.

She offers her shotgun to him.

TRISH

Packs a much bigger punch than what
you've got.

Hunter holsters his handgun, accepts her weapon.

HUNTER

Alright. So what's the plan?

Trish smiles, admires his motivation.

TRISH

You take cover in the trailer. I've
got a nasty surprise for that
fucker waiting out back. You just
make sure it follows me.

Hunter frowns.

HUNTER

What if it doesn't follow you!?

Trish grabs another shotgun from the back of the truck. She cocks it.

TRISH

Then blow it the fuck apart.

Hunter nods, runs for the trailer.

Trish hurries over to a fuse box mounted to a wooden post. She opens it, flips some switches.

Large stadium lights BLAST on and shine down onto the scarecrow-riddled property.

They illuminate the hole with the safe in the backyard.

INT. TRISH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Hunter shuts the door, glances around the dimly lit space.

He examines Trish's belongings, décor, podcast station, the photo of she and Darry.

Hunter looks at a wall, covered with photos of people.

Dozens upon dozens of photos, from actual photographs, to newspaper clippings, to Internet printouts.

News article titles pop out to Hunter.

"... WITHOUT A TRACE..."

"... HUMAN REMAINS FOUND..."

"... PRESERVED BODIES RECOVERED..."

He scans the photographs, stops at one. His jaw drops.

A photo of Chloe hangs on the wall.

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Trish stands in the backyard, at the hole. She stares down at the safe. The door is wide open.

The RUMBLE of a distant vehicle GROWS LOUDER, grabs Trish's attention. She steps away from the hole and sees Teague's police SUV speeding down the dirt road.

TRISH
(yells to Hunter)
This is it, kid! Remember what I
told you! Don't be afraid!

Her face drops at what drags behind the vehicle. The Creeper.
Its wings break free of the barbed wire, begin to flap.
The Creeper floats up into the air.

INT/EXT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (TRAVELING)

Amber looks back, sees the Creeper shoot up into the air.

AMBER
Oh shit.

Teague looks in the sideview mirror. The Creeper disappears
out of sight in the reflection.

TEAGUE
Oh shit.

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER

Trish watches the Creeper fly up with the barbed wire fence
in tow.

TRISH
Oh shit.

Hunter opens the door of the trailer, sees the rapidly
approaching vehicle.

HUNTER
Oh shit!

The Creeper suddenly YANKS the barbed wire fence away.

The wire catches beneath Teague's police SUV. It flips
upward, end-over-end, toward the trailer.

Hunter's face drops. He dives out the front door just as --

Teague's police SUV CRASHES THROUGH THE TRAILER, completely
destroying it. Debris flies everywhere.

The barbed wire breaks free from the wrecked SUV.

The SUV crushes Trish's trailer, upside down.

The Creeper flies away, disappears from view.

Trish runs back to her trailer.

A fire ignites from the engine of the police SUV.

INT. TEAGUE'S POLICE SUV - (CRASHED)

Teague and Amber hang upside down, cut and bloodied.

Hunter runs up, kicks in the passenger side window. He reaches in and helps Amber out.

Teague unbuckles himself. He falls to the roof of the SUV, spits with anger.

EXT. TRISH'S TRAILER

Hunter helps Amber away from the burning wreckage.

Trish hurries past them, reaches the destroyed structure just as Teague crawls out of his flipped police SUV.

Gas leaks from the SUV, trails toward Trish's nearby truck.

Teague grabs his shotgun, pumps it.

TRISH

You good?

TEAGUE

I'm fine. Let's do this!

Hunter points up at the sky, calls to Trish and Teague.

HUNTER

It's coming back!

Trish turns just in time to see the Creeper swoop in at them!

Hunter and Amber dive to the ground, as does Trish.

Teague ducks.

The Creeper flies away.

Teague stands upright, watches the Creeper fly away.

TEAGUE

Missed us, you son of a bitch!

The barbed wire, now formed into a lasso, swoops in from the darkness, pulled by the Creeper!

The barbed wire lasso whips around Teague's head, yanks him off his feet as he's pulled by the Creeper!

He lands on the ground, gets dragged away. Then, lifted up into darkness. His SCREAMS are heard from up above.

Hunter, Trish, and Amber all look up in horror.

Teague's SCREAMS turn to agony, and the sound of FLESH RIPPING and CLOTHES TEARING fill the air.

TRISH
TEAGUE!?

His SCREAMS turn to GURGLES before dying off. Then --

It begins to rain...

Amber looks down at her arms and hands.

Dark red droplets sprinkle on her skin. BLOOD.

A lung splats onto the ground.

A stomach lands nearby.

More organs spatter on the ground as they, too, rain down from above.

An arm.

A foot.

Teague's head.

Amber SCREAMS in horror.

The burning SUV ignites the gas leak. Flames quickly spread to Trish's pickup truck.

TRISH
Shit! The truck!

Trish looks from the truck, then back to the sky as --

The Creeper swoops downward toward her.

Hunter leaves Amber for Trish's truck as the flames grow beneath it.

Trish holds up the shotgun and BLASTS it at the Creeper.

It dodges the blast as it pulls the barbed wire behind it.

Trish dodges the barbed wire as it swings in past her.

Hunter jumps in Trish's truck, throws it into DRIVE and stomps on the gas.

The Creeper swoops over Trish's truck. The barbed wire SCRAPES along the vehicle, PUNCTURES the gas line from propane tank to the makeshift flamethrower.

The flames on the truck ignite the gas leak, which releases a giant fireball.

Hunter's eyes grow wide as he sees the fireball in the sideview mirror.

HUNTER

Oh fuck!

He jumps out of the truck as it continues to drive; a runaway fireball out of control.

TRISH'S TRUCK EXPLODES!

The flaming wreckage rolls along the ground. It smashes into the hole with the safe, crushing it!

TRISH

No, no, NO!

Trish hurries toward the hole as a fireball erupts from it.

She stares down at the flaming wreckage that now sits on top of the safe. Her face drops.

TRISH

Fuck! God dammit!

Hunter stands to his feet, bruised and scraped.

Fueled with anger, Trish scans the sky, spots the Creeper as it prepares to descend on her.

TRISH

(to Hunter and Amber)

Plan A just went out the fuckin' window! Time for plan B!

She aims her shotgun as the flames rise up from the hole behind her.

TRISH

Let's blow this Motherfucker apart!

The Creeper flaps its wings, swoops down at Trish.

She aims her weapon at the incoming Creeper.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Creeper eats all the gunfire, flies right into Trish, tackles her to the ground!

They roll to a stop on the ground, only a few feet from the pit of fire.

Trish attempts to fend it off, but the Creeper is far too strong. It rips the shotgun from her hands, tosses it into the fire.

It pins her arms down, leans in only inches from her, LICKS HER FACE. She squeezes her eyes shut and SCREAMS.

Hunter rushes up behind the Creeper, aims his handgun at the back of it, but hesitates to shoot.

HUNTER
(to the Creeper)
Get off her!

Without looking away from Trish, the Creeper POPS both of its wings out as wide as it can. The rapid expansion knocks Hunter away, off his feet.

He falls hard on his ass.

Trish struggles beneath the strength of the Creeper. She looks down at the serrated blade sheathed at her waist.

The spike crown on the Creeper's head splits apart and opens up as it SCREECHES at Trish.

She SCREAMS back.

The Creeper jumps to its feet, lifts Trish up by her throat, holds her closer to the flames.

Trish struggles with the Creeper's grasp, chokes for air.

The Creeper grins. Then --

Trish unsheathes the serrated blade and stabs it in its shoulder and back. Again and again!

The Creeper howls in pain, drops Trish, who lands on her feet and manages to roll away from the fire.

She turns, lunges back for the Creeper and continues her brutal assault with the blade. Stabbing and slashing!

The Creeper stumbles back, HISSES in anger as a shredded wing falls to the ground.

TRISH

FUCK YOU!

Trish presses forward, blade raised high.

Hunter pushes himself up, grimaces in pain.

Trish attacks the Creeper once more, stabs her blade deep into its chest, again and again. She winds back once more, stabs down hard --

The Creeper grabs her wrist, stops her attack.

Trish's eyes go wide as the Creeper lunges forward. The spike crown wraps around Trish's head. Her SCREAMS are muffled from within the crown.

Hunter watches in horror as --

The Creeper rips away, pulls one of Trish's EYES out!

Hunter watches as Trish slumps to the ground beside the Creeper, her hands held tight against what little is left of her eye.

He pulls out his handgun, unloads it into the Creeper.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Each shot blasts the Creeper in the chest, knocks it back towards the flaming pit.

HUNTER

JUST!

BOOM! BOOM! The Creeper stumbles back more.

HUNTER

FUCKING!

BOOM! BOOM! The Creeper drops to a knee, right about to fall into the fire!

HUNTER

DIE!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Hunter looks at his handgun in disbelief. Empty! He looks back to the Creeper, who glares back at him as it rises to its feet. It SNARLS.

HUNTER
(under his breath)
Fuck me.

The Creeper takes a step towards Hunter when suddenly --

TRISH GRABS THE MONSTER FROM BEHIND! She holds tight and falls backwards, DRAGS THE STUNNED CREEPER INTO THE FIRE!

And just like that, they are both gone.

Hunter drops his handgun to the ground, stares in awe at the CRACKLING flames. He watches, waits for the Creeper to emerge from the fire, but it doesn't happen.

The fire just keeps burning.

An eerie silence fills the space as the flames rise high and lick the night sky.

Satisfied that the Creeper is finally dead, Hunter turns and slowly limps over to the Amber, who sits against the wreckage of the trailer.

Hunter kneels beside her, places his hand on her shoulder.

HUNTER
I think... It's finally over.

He exhales a breath of relief, looks over at the old Chevy Impala parked beside the small garage.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

The morning sun casts an orange glow over the area.

The Creeper's truck remains parked in a front yard.

The Metcalf Home's front patio has been completely torn away from the rest of the building.

Broken lumber and shattered glass covers the street.

Malery's charred corpse lays face down on a lawn.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The old rusty Impala PUTTERS along the road as it drives by the neighborhood.

INT/EXT. IMPALA - (TRAVELING)

Hunter sits behind the wheel. Next to him sits Amber, stoic, emotionless, stunned.

He slows the car as they pass the smoldering wreckage of Scott's BMW.

They slow past the entrance of the neighborhood.

AMBER

Malery...

Hunter cringes, sighs. He accelerates forward.

Amber doesn't take her eyes off of the neighborhood as they drive away.

Hunter glances out his window, spots Chloe standing by the Shady Acres sign at front of the neighborhood development.

She gives a sad smile and waves.

Hunter loses sight of Chloe behind the sign.

When he passes by it, she's gone. Just like that.

He faces forward, takes a deep breath, exhales.

The Impala cruises off into the distance.

Hunter faces forward, swallows the lump in his throat.

They keep driving.

And driving.

And driving.

Behind them, through the rearview windshield, a blurred vehicle slowly drives into focus.

With one hand on the wheel, Hunter reaches over and turns on the radio.

Static comes through the speakers.

The vehicle behind them grows closer...

Oblivious, Hunter flips through the stations.

More static.

Commercials.

Religious babble.

"The Lights Go Down" by Electric Lights Orchestra.

Amber's eyes shoot wide open.

She jumps up, grabs Hunters shoulder, stops him from changing the station.

HUNTER
Hey, what are -- !?

AMBER
Shh!

HUNTER
What's the matter with --

AMBER
SHUT UP!

She TURNS UP the volume. The music BLASTS.

AMBER
(under her breath)
This is the song...

HUNTER
What are you talking about?

Frustrated, Amber shakes her head and points at the stereo.

AMBER
No, you don't understand! This is
the song! FROM MY DREAM!

Hunter's face twists with fear and confusion.

HUNTER
What the hell are you --

The Creeper's truck ZOOMS right up behind them!

The horn BLASTS!

SMASH TO:

BLACK

The MUSIC continues over the END CREDITS.

BEGIN MID-CREDITS SEQUENCE**FADE IN:****EXT. OLD MONASTERY - NIGHT**

A sea of stars blankets the large complex of stone buildings, built into the side of a massive snow-capped mountain, high above the rest of the world.

Each of the buildings are decorated with the Cross of Saint Peter, an upside down crucifix. This is not a holy place.

1150 YEARS AGO...

Wind WHIPS through the satanic structures.

A YOUNG WOMAN, (18), dressed in dirty rags and carrying a basket of food, hurries up to the entrance.

INT. OLD MONASTERY - NIGHT

Besides the dim candle light, the large space is mostly filled with shadows.

There's a knock from the entrance.

An OLD PRIEST, (79), dressed in red robes and equipped with an intimidating stare, opens the door.

The young woman holds up a piece of paper.

YOUNG WOMAN
(foreign accent)
I've brought the requested
offering.

Quietly, he motions for the Young Woman to follow him, before slipping back into the darkness.

The Young Woman nervously glances around. No one else is around. She slowly follows after him.

They pass by the CATHEDRAL.

Draped across the wall behind the altar is a DEMONIC TAPESTRY, crudely displaying what appears to be a group of Knights Templar being preyed upon by the Creeper.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Afraid, the Young Woman hesitantly follows the Old Priest, who uses a torch to light the way.

The two silently descend the stone steps. Down, and down they go, seemingly forever.

Still, they continue down, deeper into the darkness.

INT. HIDDEN CORRIDOR

The Old Priest silently shuffles forward, leads the frightened Young Woman to a set of large doors, both decorated with the Cross of Saint Peter.

The Young Woman looks up at the doors, both afraid and a little curious.

The Old Priest steps aside, motions for the Young Woman to step inside.

She looks at him, hesitates for a moment, then opens one of the doors and slips inside.

The Old Priest's lips curl into a wicked grin.

INT. OLD MONASTERY - CHURCH - THE VAULT

The Young Woman steps into the large, dimly lit room.

Moonlight trickles in through a hole in the ceiling, illuminates a brutal looking IRON MAIDEN set against the far wall. Creepy as fuck.

The Young Woman slowly steps into the room, towards the bizarre device. She can't take her eyes from it.

The metal face has slits in its eyes, which seem to stare back at her. There's also a slit across its mouth.

The Young Woman continues her nervous trek forward when --

A RASPY BREATH spills out of the iron maiden.

Horrified, the Young Woman freezes in place. She watches with wide eyes and listens as INTENSE SNIFFING comes from the iron maiden, followed soon after by a HUNGRY GROWL.

DECAYED EYES fade in from the eye slits. They stare out, wide and hungry.

A mouth emerges from the darkness of the mouth slit, splits apart into a sneer. A ROTTING TONGUE licks the dry and cracked lips.

The Young Woman turns to run, only for three YOUNG PRIESTS to emerge from the shadows and grab her up. She kicks and SCREAMS as the Young Priests drag her toward the iron maiden.

CLOSE ON the metal face of the cruel Iron Maiden. It releases another HUNGRY GROWL.

SMASH TO:

BLACK

END MID-CREDITS SEQUENCE

"Jeepers Creepers" by Paul Whiteman's Swing Wing PLAYS over the remainder of the END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.