

Tropical Evil

INT. ISLAND SHACK - DUSK

A thin blue candle flame illuminates the sweaty face and furrowed brow of DR. HENRY BROWN, 65, renowned Paleontologist. He is sitting on a chair bent over a table, furiously writing in what appears to be a journal. A .357-magnum lays next to the book, within reach. He looks up nervously, his eyes darting back and forth, wipes a shaky hand across his forehead and then goes back to writing.

An unearthly silence engulfs the room. He abruptly stops writing and twists to face the door.

THE DOOR

A battered door with broken hinges is held in place with six hefty two-by-fours. The haphazardly arranged planks are riddled with circular grooves where the steel heads of the nails had been pounded in with such force that they have almost completely disappeared into the fibers of the wood.

Ghostly shadows dance on the walls as we see an encompassing view of the small room for the very first time.

The doors and windows are either boarded up or blocked by sturdy objects; a box filled with tools, a table, a propped-up chair, blocks of wood - anything that would slow or impede entry.

He extracts a small silver flask from his pocket and takes a swig from it, spilling a little down his chin. He sets it down on the table and again wipes his brow. He is sweating profusely. He suddenly cries out in pain, clutching at his side.

He pulls away a blood soaked bandage revealing five long, deep parallel cuts; claw marks from a large animal. He touches the wound and clear liquid seeps out. He hunches over in pain. He goes to scratch it, but pulls back and bites his lip in resolve. He again returns to the journal as:

A faint NOISE outside the door causes the doctor to grab his gun. He bolts from his chair and points it towards the

door. His hands shake uncontrollably and his pale, white face is taut.

Suddenly before his eyes the door transforms into sparking white FLASHES of light. The doctor, still aiming the gun with one hand, shields his eyes with the other hand. He sees quick FLASHES of horrific images;

His own lifeless body, mangled, twisted, and lying in a wide pool of blood. His arms and legs appearing to have been gnawed by the jaws of a feasting animal. His corpse as a mound of undigested flesh, only his face still intact.

The doctor stumbles backwards. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! He looks up to see:

The door has disappeared revealing the vast darkness of the jungle. FLASH! A swift-moving shadow speeds towards the doorway. The doctor closes his eyes and FIRES five rounds from the revolver. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The doctor looks up to see the door intact with five new bullet holes in the planks. Almost hyperventilating he twists about pointing the gun in all directions before lowering it to his side.

DOCTOR
(weakly)
I'm losing my mind...

He looks at the door with questioning eyes. The monster... he has to know if it is there. With each nervous step, he stops to listen for any sound of danger. Upon reaching the door, the doctor places his cold palm against its rigid wood.

Suddenly a force hits the door from the outside. BANG! The door cracks sending shards of wood in all directions.

Another BANG! The door buckles causing the doctor to jump back and clumsily lose his footing. The gun goes off accidentally sending his last bullet harmlessly into the ceiling. BANG!

An almost unceasing attack of the door continues. BANG! BANG! BANG! Sounds of crisp, cracking wood fill the air. With all his remaining strength he pulls himself up to the table, grabs a handful of bullets and frantically reloads

the gun. He raises it to the door and FIRES the rounds in rapid succession.

For a brief moment there SILENCE. Then BANG! BANG! BANG! He grabs another handful of bullets and reloads.

DOCTOR

Come on you son-of-a-bitch! You come through that door and I'll send you back to where you came from! Hell!

BANG! The door crashes in.

The CREATURE enters the room, hunching down to navigate the entrance. The beast's gleaming, pallid teeth and claws flash like highly polished knives. Its deep, elliptic eyes are the color of fire. It comes towards the doctor with calculating steps that shake the room.

He places the gun to his temple.

DOCTOR

Forgive me, Lord...

He flinches from the click of the empty gun and drops it to the floor. He helplessly watches as the creature descends upon him with devilish eyes peering past the doctor's tears and into his very soul. The beast leaps forward...

CUT TO BLACK