

NEANDERTHAL SMILE

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Two tween girls dressed as slutty princesses promenade up their neighborhood sidewalk, the heirs of a mean girl kingdom.

The gossiping girls stroll up to a towering oak tree just begging for toilet paper rolls to be arched high.

RARWWW!! RARWWW!!!

Suddenly two zombie apocalypses monsters arms flailing high jump out from behind the tree.

The girls SCREAM and SHREIK!, scampering and crouching into the yard.

The zombie monsters roll onto the grass laughing hysterical belly laughs.

One of the princesses recognizing the laughs flips the bird high at the cackling zombies.

PRINCESS ONE

Damnit, we spent a whole day fixing up these fits.

ZOMBIE ONE

Admit it, we got you good and how.

PRINCESS TWO

Oh you're so, so funny, clown hall of fame.

ZOMBIE TWO

You all going to the party later?

PRINCESS TWO

Not with you ever.

ZOMBIE TWO

You know ya wanna.

PRINCESS ONE

You mean that one in the woods behind Costco? Pa lease.

Reee aauhhgggg!

Suddenly a little boy in a caveman outfit swinging a Halloween candy bag, jumps out from behind the tree.

Reee aauhhgg!!

PRINCESS TWO
Oh what a little cuttie.

ZOMBIE ONE
You're not scaring anyone loser.

Ree auuhhgg!

The girls start laughing.

ZOMBIE TWO
We have to take my little brother
home first.

Zombie two picks his brother up and flings him WWE style to
the ground spilling his candy.

The boy starts sobbing and gives a roundhouse swing back as
he scrambles, grabbing up his candy.

PRINCESS ONE
That was a bit much.

ZOMBIE TWO
This is the last house Jimmy we got
plans big plans.

JIMMY
(crying voice)
There's a whole other half a block?

Princess two curtseys down and helps Jimmy pick up his candy.

PRINCESS TWO
I'm eating this KitKat for helping
you kid.

Jimmy swats the candy bar out of her hand into the street.

JIMMY
Pretty princess...

Zombie two yanks his brother up by the arm.

ZOMBIE TWO
Get up to the house now.

PRINCESS TWO
Got a little serial killer there I
think.

ZOMBIE ONE
He's a lover not a fighter.

Zombie one gives Jimmy a little kick to the butt.

ZOMBIE ONE (CONT'D)
We have fair maidens to attend to.

PRINCESS TWO
Not behind a Costco you don't.

Jimmy jerks up his candy bag, turns to the two story brick house with wide green shutters and scampers up the walk whimpering and stomping as he goes.

ZOMBIE TWO
And if you tell Mom you're dead.
Dead you here!

Jimmy, head hung low sulks towards the door, his Keds kicking up the dark red maple leaves rustling on the walk. With a hesitant finger he rings the doorbell. The porchlight illuminating the shadows of his bare smooth shoulders.

Two pumpkins on each side of Jimmy glow with candlelight. One a carved apes face and the other a pumpkin butterfly.

ZOMBIE TWO (CONT'D)
Look at the baby caveman getting
his candy! The mighty, mighty
caveman.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ding Dong!, Ding Dong!

MR. EVENS a man in his forties dressed as Indiana Jones swings the door open wide.

MR. EVENS
Well what do we have hear a mighty
cave man?

Jimmy starts crying hard as he holds out his bag.

MR. EVENS (CONT'D)
Finley we got a crier, I've got to
get going. I'm going to be late for
the party. You know how Ms. Lowden
gets.

Mr. Evens pats Jimmy on the head passing out the door.

MR. EVENS (CONT'D)
Give her a good old fashioned ROAR
kiddo.

Jimmy glances up at him like Mr. Even's is crazy.

Two high school junior girls run up to the door.

FINLEY barefoot dressed in a yellow skirt and a light blue crop top, pulls on the arm of the other girl KELLA, sock footed dressed in white shorts and a smiley face T-Shirt.

FINLEY

We'll wait up for you Dad.

MR. EVENS

Don't get to scared handing out
candy all alone on all hallows eve,
ah ha, ha, ha, haaaa.

FINLEY

Kids are almost done Dad, and we
are to old to get scared.

KELLA

And I haven't been afraid of the
dark for a whole year now.

MR. EVENS

(deep maniacal voice)

You can't escape man's fear of the
deep dark cave. Lost in the
labyrinth of the creatures of the
night. Ah ha, ha, ha, haaaa!!

Jimmy looks back wide-eyed at Mr. Evens.

FINLEY

(monotone)

Goodbye Dad.

KELLA

Bye Mr. Evens.

MR. EVENS

I'll be home in a couple hours.

FINLEY

You and Ms. Lowden should fly to
Vegas and get married.

MR. EVENS

If I stay late I'll call and check
in.

FINLEY

Oh I'll take that call.

Both the girls look down at Jimmy as he wipes away some leftover tears.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
You know little man I don't think you should be crying, it's your lucky day.

JIMMY
Huh?

FINLEY
Is that doof your brother?

JIMMY
Huh?

FINLEY
(yelling to the sidewalk)
You have to be a Sconi with that mullet. And these girls here have to be your dates no doubt. Sorry looks like you girls have peeked. And the other dude there, I had your Dad for 8th grade history, he sure loved to rub my shoulders.

KELLA
You never told me that.

Finley grabs the candy bowl from Kella who is stirring her finger through the bowl sampling the goods.

FINLEY
(reaching down into Jimmy's bag)
I tell you what. You give me some of these candy corns and I'll give you extra, deal.

Finley dumps the whole candy bowl into Jimmy's bag as the boy stares up saucer-eyed in disbelief.

KELLA
Hey you don't even like candy corn?

FINLEY
You have a nice night little caveman.

Finley kisses the end of her finger and boops Jimmy's nose with it.

JIMMY
Oh no doubt Mam.

KELLA
(laughing)
Mam!

Finley begins to close the door but suddenly stops.

FINLEY
(yelling to the sidewalk)
And ladies, if your going to a party behind Costco with these winners, you're gonna be the only girls there, hope you brought the beer.

Finley slams the door shaking her head.

KELLA
Scary movie time Mam?

FINLEY
(in a creepy voice)
Mam's have been known to kill.

Finley tosses Kella the packet of candy corn. Kella smiles and shoves it in her pocket.

The girls turn and saunter through the living room with floor to ceiling windows and open curtains. A grand red leather couch begs the attention of the other furniture, a collection of brown leather overstuffed country club chairs and with tiffany lamps on the end tables.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
I ordered a pizza, should be here any minute.

KELLA
Oh I get it, is Steve delivering it? You do like the meat lovers.

FINLEY
I wish. His Granny died. He's at her wake. And we're not far enough along for me to be at a death thing.

KELLA
So when's the big weekend, you've been talking about it for months. Saving it for prom?

FINLEY

Sneaking up to his parents cabin
next weekend for a night. I'll be
at your house.

KELLA

I have a feeling you're gonna be at
my house a lot. Practically live
there. Cooking and eating all my
food. Don't burn a bun in the oven.

FINLEY

Oh no, low carb diet all the way,
going for one high in protein.

The girls giggle and stroll into a long hallway leading to
the kitchen.

A laundry room, stairs up to the bedrooms and a one person
downstairs type bathroom break up it's length.

The walls of one side are covered with loving father-daughter
pictures down through the years with one of a couple and a
days old baby.

The other side hung with framed Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon
artifacts and African fertility masks.

Kella pauses looking at all of the family photos.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

We've gotten so close so many
times. I've kept myself waiting
long enough.

KELLA

I wonder how it will be he's so, so
nice.

FINLEY

He'll prolly say please and thank
you Mam as he takes off my bra.

KELLA

I'd already undo it if I were you.
Or download a Ted talk for him.

FINLEY

I just hope he has the courage to
buy the condoms.

KELLA

No cream pies in this economy.

Finley socks Kella in the arm.

FINLEY

Kella!

KELLA

I would love being an Auntie.

FINLEY

I'm sticking with tradition on this one. I mean I already bought two fistfuls, but I just wanna know he can do it.

KELLA

Bet you have to put it on for him.

FINLEY

Been practicing. My Dad actually likes bruised bananas.

Kella socks Finely in the arm.

KELLA

It's good you're so well adjusted and will never need therapy.

Kella pauses at the picture of the couple holding the baby together.

KELLA (CONT'D)

That your Mom?

FINLEY

That picture is all I remember of her.

KELLA

She was so pretty. Cancer like every other person? You never talk about her.

FINLEY

It's more than anyone should ever know. Ready for a scary movie I got all the classics.

KELLA

What do you mean should every know.

FINLEY

Hot people always love the horror genre, it's a scientific fact.

KELLA

OK well you'd better have "The Thing" then.

FINLEY

Her name was Bronte.

KELLA

Very English class.

FINLEY

Both her name and mine are ancient Gaelic Scottish names.

KELLA

That's a nice connection. I think my name is Irish to.

FINLEY

She went on an overnight solo hiking trip--

KELLA

I'm so sorry, just trip and hit your head hard and that's it lights out.

Finley looks at Kella side-eyed.

FINLEY

No.

KELLA

Off a cliff? I couldn't die like that the yelling all the way down.

FINLEY

She was attacked and eaten by a grizzly bear, so they say.

KELLA

Wow. So they say?

FINLEY

Dad says she hiked all the time, and knew the woods well, a total pro. So I don't know how she could have let it happen.

KELLA

Just must have snuck up on her.

FINLEY

They stink. You can smell a bear
half a mile away.

Kella touches Finley's Dad's face in the picture, knocking it
off kilter.

KELLA

And he never remarried after all
these years.

Finley straightens the picture with OCD perfection.

FINLEY

You know archeologist, always
living in the past.

Kella starts further down the hall turning to the artifacts
living on the other wall.

KELLA

These masks are super charming, a
horror movie all there own, fangs
and wild eyes.

FINLEY

Fertility mask.

KELLA

Maybe you should take one next
weekend.

FINLEY

Maybe you should sleep with one
under your bed.

Kella turns sharply and takes a few steps down the hall.

Finley grabs a African fertility mask and hold it to her
face.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Ah ha, ha!

Kella turns around jumps and SCREAMS!

FINLEY (CONT'D)

(evil voice laughing)

Steve you must fuck me now, stick
it in all the holes. Kella need to
be an Auntie.

KELLA

(laughing)

He's still trying to get your bra off. Prolly gets his arm twisted in the strap and loses circulation and you have to amputate.

FINLEY

I don't need his arm.

Kella leans in to a printers box on the wall. A stone age artifact necklace rests sparkling in the center in a custom glass display case. Set crude inside a decorated clam shell, two bright blue opal like stones almost glow catching the darkened hallway light. Faded red carved marks that could almost be hieroglyphic lettering encircle jewels.

KELLA.

This looks neat.

FINLEY

My Dad gave it to my Mom on there first anniversary.

KELLA

Is it better than a diamond necklace though?.

FINLEY

Why go to the jewelry store when you can just dig something up.

KELLA

That lettering looks like my little brothers Klingon crap.

FINLEY

Well Dad told me it was from the Neanderthal age.

KELLA

Those stupid, clumsy brutish apes?

FINLEY

You slept right through science class didn't you. No ape made that.

KELLA

That Koko ape could talk sign language and I think played the bass guitar.

FINLEY

My Mom was wearing it when she died.

Kella reaches up and lifts the glass box out of the printers box.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Careful don't you dare brake it, my Dad would roast me on a cave man firepit.

Lightning suddenly flashes, the reflections bouncing off of the pictures down the hall.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Been sealed in there for years.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!! A deep thunder roll rumbles the whole house.

KELLA

Shit!

Kella jumps, caught off guard by the thunder and flips and fumbles the glass case into the air catching it on the edge of her fingertips.

FINLEY

Just put it back, now.

Kella squints trying to make out the writing on the pendant.

KELLA

Uke Tok, Lum Zie, Ah Sho, Lum Zi.
Uke Tok Lum Zie Ah Sho Zi.

FINLEY

(laughing)

Sound like Klingon to me. Now put that back, lets pic a movie before the pizza gets here.

Kella sits the pendant box as quick as she can back in the printers box.

The box teeters on the edge before settling.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

How 'bout the Conjuring two?

KELLA

Haven't seen the first one yet.

A blinding flash OF lightning rockets down the hall, the girls wince into their shadows stepping down the hall.

FINLEY
That's a rocker.

KELLA
Beats snow.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A violent thunder roll rattles the pictures on the wall.

FINLEY
I'll bet Steve would shovel snow
for me.

CRASH!!!

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Oh My God! Oh My God! I'm so dead.

Kella waves embarrassed jazz hands at the smashed glass case.

KELLA
Don't worry it looks pretty fine
just the box broke.

FINLEY
I told you to put it back.

KELLA
I did, I did, sorry you're dead. Am
I dead too?

FINLEY
(shaking her head)
We just need a broom.

Kella lifts up the pendant from the shattered glass on the floor.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Careful.

KELLA
Dammit!

FINLEY
(panicked)
Is it broken?

KELLA
(sucking her bloody
fingertip)
Cut myself.

FINLEY
Don't bleed on the floor.

KELLA
It's just a little prick.

FINLEY
I'm sure it fits fine.

Kella side-eyes Finley who side-eyes her back.

KELLA
Pendant looks great. Feels hot
though.

Kella puts the shell up to her ear.

FINLEY
What are you doing.

KELLA
You can hear the ocean in it.

FINLEY
It's the genius echoing in your
brain.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The girls enter a standard appliance kitchen with floor to ceiling wood paned windows, a breakfast island with Halloween decorations and an antique mixing bowl full of oranges.

The fridge, collaged with school reminders and years of fridge art has become an art gallery. In the center, a picture of Finley and Steve at a school dance.

KELLA
Where should I hide it?

FINLEY
He prolly already knows it broke
out. Felt it as a spooky spirit
vibe.

Kella slides the pendant down next to a pumpkin decoration that reads BOO!

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Just leave it there and don't touch
it.

KELLA
Sweet you got all the boomer
classics out.

Kella starts flipping DVD's off the neat OCD stack.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Omen, Exorcist, Texas Chainsaw
Massacre, Jason or Freddy Oh my!

FINLEY
We're watching Slither first and
that's that.

KELLA
I hate snakes.

FINLEY
Thought you were afraid of the
dark?

KELLA
You need a snake, named Steve.

FINLEY
At a cabin in the woods.

Kella suddenly whips an envelope barely poking out the back
of Finley's skirt.

Finley slaps her butt trying to stop her.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Hey, give me that back you menace.

KELLA
Twenty Three and Me? Seeing if you
and Steve are related to rule out
having Slither babies?

Finley grabs wild for the envelope as Kella waves it back and
above her own head.

FINLEY
No, just give it back.

KELLA
Are you related to someone famous?
TMZ famous? TikTok famous?

FINLEY

How I wish, no my Mom was adopted
I've been thinking a lot about her
lately and I was just wondering if
I had any long lost cousins.

KELLA

Oh that's cool. Just ask your Dad.

FINLEY

Don't you dare tell my Dad, he'll
have me in therapy.

KELLA

So are you getting a lot more
Christmas presents this year?

FINLEY

Oh better than that much better.

KELLA

Aunties always send the good money
in Christmas cards. My Aunt Pat
irons her hundo's, crisp and
snappy.

FINLEY

Drumroll please.

Kella smacks her hands out of rhythm on the breakfast island.

I'm just related to John Armfield,
that's all.

KELLA

Well that's somethin' an old timey
President? Is he on any money?

FINLEY

Americas biggest slave trader he
was.

Kella opens the paper and starts perusing it over with her
finger.

KELLA

The biggest?

FINLEY

Joked in his letters to friends
about the enslaved women he was
raping. Over and over.

KELLA

I've never heard of him but hey you could have been Finley Hitler.

FINLEY

My Dad's never even said anything.

KELLA

No Aunt Pat to fund your reparations.

WHAP. Kella flicks the letter with her finger.

KELLA (CONT'D)

Says here you're five percent Neandertal Man. You knuckle draggin' chick.

FINLEY

A cavewomen slaver, every girls dream life.

KELLA

You'll marry a man with one of those hairy, hairy backs now. You can shave a heart into it for valentines day, true love.

FINLEY

Steve has a kinda hairy butt.

KELLA

No...

FINLEY

We were making out and my hand went to far in his jeans.

KELLA

Eww, lets circle back to Hitler.

FINLEY

Well all I know is that my Dad can never find out that I'm part Neandertal or he's gonna start howling for authenticity.

Finley pops open the Slither DVD.

KELLA

Now we know why you ordered the meat lovers pizza.

FLINLEY

Damn Slither isn't even in here.

Kella leans over looking at the disc that's in the box.

KELLA

Hannah Montana?

FINLEY

Sold that last year at the garage sale.

KELLA

Cave woman, slaver, and destroyer of childhoods.

FINLEY

Hey it could have been Centipede.

A sudden blinding flash of lightning burns through the kitchen.

The girls flinch sharp and hard almost into each other.

Behind the girls we see through the rain streamed windows glass the shadowy figure of a brutish rough toned, almost naked man. A deep brow bridge tunneling his bright blue eyes.

Rain pelts his leathery tanned hairy skin that's covered in random angular strange dark etched indigo tattoos. Chest heaving up and down.

KELLA

Geez I thought the weather stuff was over.

FINLEY

Lets just watch Halloween again with our mean girls commentary like we always do.

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM!

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM!

The girls instinctive, crouch to the counter.

KELLA

Did that hit?

Another bright streak of lightning shoots into the kitchen.

The bulky creature in the windows has vanished.

FINLEY
The odds of that are--

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM!

The lights suddenly go out. It's pitch black. We hear the rain start to thrash against the glass.

KELLA
Oh HELL no. I just can't be in the dark I can't. No way huh uh!

FINLEY
Calm down Ronda Rousey I got ya.

KELLA
I'm just gonna close my eyes.

FINLEY
Your lights are out.

Finley jabs her hand in her pocket and pulls out her phone.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Dammit, fuckin' dead.

KELLA
We'll just live in our own horror movie. Mine's still grounded on my Moms dresser.

FINLEY
We'll just have to feel our way to candle land.

KELLA
Oh I have a lot of feelings now. Being blind is my biggest fear. My Grandma went blind.

FINLEY
Ah the fearless Hellen Keller.

Streaky lightning flashes and distant booms of thunder creep into the kitchen.

Finley reaches underneath the breakfast island and pulls out a bulky box, accidentally SLAMMING it down on the counter.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Candles, lots of candles.

KELLA
We are saved!

Kella yanks up a glass votive candle and twist a stove knob hard, the flame roars off the burner.

FINLEY

Hey this isn't arsonist school of hot.

The first candle begins to flicker and glow.

KELLA

Picture on here is that KFC dude.

Kella sets the candle down and Finley hands her another one to flame up.

FINLEY

Some friend of my Dads gave him a case of these as a joke or something.

KELLA

Wow they sure smell like chicken, that's no joke.

FINLEY

You are not the foodie you think, they are Micheline star Kella. They smell like the colonels gravy.

KELLA

Never trust anyone who doesn't like the gravy.

FINLEY

No gravy at Thanksgiving, just get up and leave with the cornucopia tucked under your arm.

KELLA

Unplug the football TV on your way out the door.

FINLEY

America would collapse.

The girls laugh out loud.

POOCHIE (O.S.)

(from outside in the yard)

WOOF, WOOF, WOOF WOOF WOOF!

KELLA

Sounds like we can trust Pochie.

FINLEY

A basset hound can smell one bacon
bit from twenty miles a way, but
that lazy dog never comes out of
his house in the rain, not for
nothin'

POOCHIE

WOOF, WOOF, WOOF HOWL!

Kella, flaming her thirteens candle waves her hand in front
of her face, turning away coughing a bit.

KELLA

They are pretty strong.

FINLEY

Making me starve the Marvin. That
pizza better get here soon.

POOCHIE

WOOF, WOOF, WOOF HOWL!

Kella strolls over to the windows and peers out.

Heavy rains whip the panes of glass, lightning flashes behind
the tree line.

FINLEY

SHUT UP YOU STUPID DOG!

Arrf, Eech, Rarer!

We only hear the sound of the whipping rain from the
backyard.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

THANK YOU POOCHIE! He always
complains back. He's my very own
preteen.

KELLA

You'd make a great Mom. Mom of the
year, no doubt.

FINLEY

(laughing)
Stop!

KELLA

You've had the Poochie since I've
known you.

(MORE)

KELLA (CONT'D)
 He's been brought up by the best. A perfect angel just like you. I wonder if he has a cabin in the woods for his bitches?

FINLEY
 Stop, Stop. You're gonna be sleeping in the doghouse.

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM! Thunder shakes the house.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
 Eighty three in dog years this valentines day. He was my first love.

KELLA
 Should we let him in?

FINLEY
 Love him but I'm not cleaning up muddy soaked dog. And neither are you.

The girls stare out through the rain streaked glass looking for him.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
 Oh My God.

Kella jumps startled.

KELLA
 What the?

FINLEY
 I forgot to order extra cheese.

KELLA
 You're the worst best friend pizza can buy.

Kella grabs three oranges and starts to juggle them.

Through the rain soaked windows and the lightning flashes we see a deep browed thick bodied man. His muscular tattooed arms that seem to all be made of twisted tendons, reach into the backyard firepit.

He studies and collects a stick with a burnt charcoal end and then gazes unnoticed at the girls frames in the kitchen windows with his intense blue piercing eyes.

FINLEY

You can't even juggle getting two homework assignments done in the same day when did you learn to do that?

KELLA

(singing to melody "if I only had a brain")
If I only had a Steve.

FINLEY

Maybe the cabin has a lonely old caretaker.

KELLA

My limit is three missing teeth or fingers.

FINLEY

Just keep his shoes on while having sex.

KELLA

Oh I hate feet. Yours are cute though. You should OnlyFans those puppers.

With another lightning flash, we see the man haunches down in the yard his bright blue eyes blinking out in the rain.

Suddenly pea size hail starts to tap the window in awkward patterns.

KELLA (CONT'D)

What's that? I hear something upstairs.

FINLEY

It's my Dad, he always leaves the windows open up there, I'm sure it's weathering on his nightstand. Be right back.

Finley grabs a flickering candle and gravy comets out of the kitchen.

Lightning flashes in through the windows reflecting Kella's face.

KELLA

Ahhhhh NO!, NO, NO, NO!

The oranges drop and scatter with an evil quick gravity.

FINLEY (O.S.)
I'll be right back.

KELLA
I saw a man, I saw a man! I think
it was a man.

Finley races back into the kitchen cupping the smoking candle.

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM! Thunder rattles the windows as lightning flashes again.

FINLEY
What do you mean you saw a man?

KELLA
What I could see of him. Like a
brooding Heathcliff head with an
MMA fighters upper body. And these
weird tattoos.

FINLEY
Ladies and gentlemen we have our
first ever gravy fumes overdose.
You saw a swinging tree branch.

KELLA
Defiantly not a silly tree branch.

FINLEY
If only we could put some popcorn
in the microwave and watch your
imagination. Extra butter.

KELLA
Could have been a tree branch...

BOOM!, BOOM!, BOOM! Thunder shakes the house.

Golf ball size hail chunks start missiling down, thundering the roof two stories above and pounding poochies doghouse in the yard.

CRASH! A window pane smashes open shattering glass across the kitchen floor.

Finley and Kella flinch down.

Kella bumps her head on the island.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Gust blast and suck through the broken pane with each whip of the wind.

Finley yanks Kella's arm pulling her towards the hallway.

The candle is blown out into instant blackness.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Darkness, I don't like darkness.

FINLEY
Auhhh this is gonna be my fault
somehow.

KELLA
Dammit, my shoes are in your room
upstairs.

FINLEY
Mine too.

Finley rushes back over to the counter grabbing a new candle.

She suddenly leans forward into the breakfast island.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

KELLA
Burn yourself?

FINLEY
Sliver of glass in my foot... feels
great.

Finley with a quick ginger limp shuffles into the hallway.

Kella looks behind her as she follows Finley into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KELLA
Should I grab a candle?

FINLEY
We'll be right back.

KELLA
GODDAMMIT!

FINLEY
Careful glass in here too. We
forgot the broom.

KELLA
I think it's bad, it's stuck
through my sock.

Kella lifts her foot and with a gentle touch peels off the
bottom of her sock, ripping out the shard of glass.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Damn.

Finley lowers the candle, gravy smell swirling around the
hall. The candle flickers just bright enough to see beads of
blood pulsing through the cut.

FINLEY
Band-Aids are upstairs to.

KELLA
If we don't bleed out by then.

FINLEY
In three days you'll bleed out.

THUMP, THUMP.

Both girl shoot their eyes straight to the ceiling.

KELLA
What the fuck was that?

FINLEY
Tree branch.

WAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! WAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

The unmistakable sound of a screaming tornado siren as it
dopplers through the neighborhood.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

KELLA
I wish.

A blinding flash of lightning ricochets down the hall.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Wish you had a basement.

FINLEY
Defiantly over Jesus.

CRACK! BOOM, BOOM BOOM BOOM! Thunder rolls rattling the pictures on the wall off kilter.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
That was way, way to close.

KELLA
Place your bets on how we're gonna die, plenty to pick from.

FINLEY
I think you can still pick old age.

KELLA
Florida here I come. Should I play pickle ball or shuffleboard?

Thump... THUMP... Thump, thump, thump.

There wide eyes again shoot to the ceiling then they stare at each other.

KELLA (CONT'D)
It prolly is just a tree branch.

FINLEY
A raccoon or something must have crawled in the window to get out of the hail.

KELLA
I am Groot.

Wicked slow creaks start at the top of the stairs.

FINLEY
Laundry room!

The girls tear out down the hall stumbling and dash into the laundry room.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Finley slams the sliding plastic door shut bumbling the candle.

KELLA
I think it stopped.

FINLEY
Raccoons prolly peeing in your shoes.

Thump...

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Maybe we can trap it with a laundry basket.

KELLA
Go ahead you're the host.

Thump...

FINLEY
How hard could it be?

KELLA
Well unless it has rabies.

FINLEY
You always go dark.

KELLA
We're in the dark.

Thump, thump...

KELLA (CONT'D)
Here is comes, what are you gonna name it?

FINLEY
Nike.

WAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! WAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

KELLA
There's no window in here, that's good.

FINLEY
I feel better already.

Kella grabs Finley's hand and arm tight tilting the candle spilling hot wax on Finley's barefoot.

She doesn't flinch.

The girls stare at each other and then side-eye the four corners of the laundry room.

Thump, thump, thump, Thump, thump, thump.

KELLA

Here it comes get ready.

Kella slides open the door.

Finley sets the gravy candle on the washer and yanks the laundry basket off of the dryer.

From the hallway we hear, Thump, thump, thump.

KELLA (CONT'D)

It's down go, go!

FINLEY

God the smell maybe it's a skunk?

Thump, thump.

KELLA

Go!

Finley launches quick into the hallway, basket over her head.

Kella stumbles out after tugging Finley's shirt.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KELLA

Auuuhhhhhh!!!

FINLEY

Rabies!

Faint candlelight from the laundry room illuminates a tattooed, naked except for a leather loincloth, thick gargyle figure of a man. His bright blue piercing eyes darting with every vicious heavy breath it's chest heaves.

Finley chucks the laundry basket at the man.

He swats it away without losing his icy stare on the girls.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Bathroom!

Finley darts in the laundry room snatching the votive.

She spins out, clutches Kella arm dragging and throwing her into the bathroom, piling on top of her as she slams the door.

Kella reaches up determined locking it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Finley's hands are shaking.

The candle goes out except for a faint glow at the top of the wick.

Kella desperately huffs at the candle hyperventilating it back to life as Finley sets it gently on the washer.

KELLA
(whispering heavily)
What the fuck was that?

FINLEY
(whispering)
Not a Fighting Tree from OZ.

Finley crouches down by the door. Kella kneels in right behind her.

KELLA
Shit, shit, shit. This is real
we're gonna die.

FINLEY
(whispering)
Shut up... Prolly some homeless
guy.

KELLA
(whispering)
It knows we're in here.

FINLEY
(whispering)
I just want to hear...

Finley puts her ear up to the door and squints.

KELLA
Did you see it's blue eyes? Those
are bluer than Steve's even.

FINLEY
Shut up...

Finley presses her ear harder against the door.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
It's making scratching noises on
the walls. It's tapping to.

KELLA

You think that was a costume. Maybe a friend of Steve's trying to scare us?

FINLEY

Never saw that fit at Spirit Halloween.

KELLA

That smell, it's like walking into the monkey house at the zoo.

FINLEY

Does have a bite to it.

KELLA

I wish we had something to put in front of the door.

FINLEY

I think it's a pretty good lock. My Dad couldn't get in when I locked myself in with my first period.

KELLA

I did that to, so much blood.

Finley reaches out and squeezes Kella's hand.

Kella reaches into her shorts pocket and pulls out a packet of candy corn handing it to Finley.

Finley smiles and shakes her head no. Kella shoves the candy corn back into her pocket.

KELLA (CONT'D)

Do you think your Dad will really stay out late?

FINLEY

He'll at least let us watch a movie first.

KELLA

Ms. Lowden might have a sexy nurse costume.

FINLEY

She's already a nurse and hasn't made a move yet.
(silence)

FINLEY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Hey homeless man take some oranges
and go to the garage.

KELLA
We don't hate you honest.

FINLEY
No one like a creeper.
(silence)

KELLA
Maybe he's Spanish?

FINLEY
Yeah that's got to be it.

KELLA
Wish we had a wood chipper.

FINLEY
We've seen too many horror movies.

Boom, Boom, Boom! The thunder shakes the toiletries on the sink.

A basket of tampons tips and scatters to the floor.

Heavy hail starts to pound again rumbling the side of the house.

Kella jumps to her feet and pushes up on the fresh air sized bathroom window.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Dad painted it shut seven years ago. And it's way to small for you to fit through.

KELLA
Well thank you Miss Babyfat.

FINLEY
Quiet...

KELLA
Lets ask him is he knows Steve. That has to be it, 'Cause this is starting to not be fun anymore. His friend Allan would do something like this.

FINLEY

Shhhhhh...

FINLEY (CONT'D)

(whispering quieter)

It's right on the other side of the door.

(silence)

Lightning flashes in through the casement window.

Slow circular scraping.

Round and round, the grating sound trails of up to the top of the door.

Over and over again the scraping starts at the bottom and patterns its way to the top.

A quick scrape drifts up into silence.

Suddenly dirty soot covered fingers jut from underneath the door. Wiggling and reaching in a frantic motion like demon tentacles.

The girls SHRIEK! Jumping, slamming back into the sink cabinet.

BOOM! BOOM, BOOM! Thunder claps.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

He fucking touched my leg. It scratched my leg.

KELLA

It's bleeding, it's bleeding.

Finley slaps her shin hard smearing the blood down her leg.

FINLEY

Quiet.

KELLA

The taste in my mouth, I'm gonna hurl. That smell is on your leg now.

FINLEY

Just think KFC gravy. Let that be your happy place.

KELLA

One Halloween when I was a little girl we went early to KFC before trick-or-treating, a guy came in dressed as that Colonel dude. He bought everyone in line chicken.

The door knob suddenly shakes violent and sharp.

BAM, BAM, BAM. BAM, BAM, BAM!

The girls flinch wild, banging hard against the sink cabinet.

A half-dollar sized chunk of hail crashes through the bathroom window spraying the girl with shards of glass as they duck.

KELLA (CONT'D)

Windows open.

The girls snatch there hair at the ends trying to shake out the jagged particles.

Finley jerks a bath towel off of the rack and lays it over the glass and shoves it out of the way across the floor.

Lightning flashes in violent streaks as rain spray blows into the room.

BAM, BAM, BAM. BAM, BAM, BAM.

The breathing behind the door grows louder and more hoarse into determined grunts.

CRACK! BOOM, BOOM BOOM BOOM! Thunder shakes the house in a savage rumble.

KELLA (CONT'D)

We're gonna die, we're gonna die!

FINLEY

Quiet.

KELLA

I'm going to break the mirror for a knife.

FINLEY

Wait we've got enough bad luck.

KELLA

I'm breaking it.

DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!

FINLEY
The pizza.

KELLA
In this weather?

FINLEY
Dad's credit card, I pre-tipped
very well on the app to get it hot.

DING DONG! DING DONG!

KELLA
Maybe he'll scare it off.

Thump, thump, thump. Footsteps quick roil down the hall.

FINLEY
It might be Steve's brother. He'll
want to say high to try and get
your number again.

KELLA
Todd's kinda cute in a I have no
one sorta way.

FINLEY
You told me to never give your
number out.

KELLA
I can sneak into my own cabin in
the woods.

We hear the sound of a squeaky door opening.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)
Hello?
(pause)

PIZZA GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh hey man cool costume. You need
this pizza, whatever you're cookin'
in the kitchen stench.
(pause)

PIZZA GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey it's just a joke...
(pause)
Hey man what are you...

Kella hugs Finley tight, digging her nails into her arms.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you fuckin' crazy that hurts.
 (pause)

Finley and Kella stand up and stand bent over near the door.

KELLA
 It that Steve's brother?

FINLEY
 Doesn't sound like him.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)
 Let go fucker. FINLEY! FINLEY YOU
 HERE?!

FINLEY
 (not whispering anymore)
 Hey what's going on?

KELLA
 (not whispering anymore)
 Fuck, fuck, we're gonna die, we're
 gonna die.

We hear a hard thud and rusting and thrashing around.

We hear a lamp crash.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)
 Finley RUN!, AUUUUUHHHHHHHHH!
 (pause)

Lightning flashes into the bathroom bouncing bright off of
 the mirror.

Finley yanks a hand towel off of the rack and wraps it tight
 around her fist and smashes the mirror.

KELLA
 How can the next seven years be any
 worse than this.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Thunder rattles the broken pieces of mirror
 on the sink counter.

Finley wraps the towel around the mirror knife holding it
 strong in her fist.

Deep red blood starts to spot from the edge of the towel.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)
 My... OH GOD NO!! AUUUUUHHHGGGGG!!

Both girls press there ears hard against the bathroom door.

We hear more rustling, then a sharp thud.

Kella's fingers twist, crossed behind her back.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why? No PLEASE! Oh GOD! My eyes
don't--

We hear a sharp crack.
(silence)

FINLEY
HEY! Hello?!

KELLA
SHHHHH.

We hear a dull frump thud.

Snarls and heavy breathing grunts echo in under the door from
down the hall.

(silence)
Ah OOOOOOOOOOOO!, AH OOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Thump thump, thump thump thump. Footsteps then silence.

FINLEY
Hello?!

KELLA
I don't hear it anymore.

FINLEY
HELLO?!

KELLA
Quiet...

FINLEY
You be quiet.

KELLA
Nothing hearing it anymore. Do we
go out?

FINLEY
I think we go out 'cause I don't
smell it anymore.

KELLA
(sniffing)
You're right. How do we go out?

Kella snatches the KFC candle off of the sink.

FINLEY

You open the door and I'll stab out
with the mirror.

Kella catches Finley's reflection at the top of the mirror
knife squeezed in her bloody hand.

KELLA

You're a mess.

Finley jerks the shard up to Kella's face.

Kella refuses to look and just smiles at Finley batting her
eyelashes.

KELLA (CONT'D)

We're gonna be one those true crime
shows.

FINLEY

Quiet...

KELLA

"Finley came out stabbing as her
friends all laughed, pulling off
the biggest practical jokes ever
because sometimes evil is funny."

FINLEY

You had better fucking not have.

KELLA

I'm not in on it.

FINLEY

Well then after you.

KELLA

You're the one holding the bad
luck.

FINLEY

Alright guys very funny, you punked
me.

KELLA

Was not my idea.

FINLEY

Just watch out for the glass.

Finley suddenly whips open the bathroom door and steps out into a confident attack stance.

The KFC candle and the gravy scent jut out next followed by Kella.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Down the hall lightning flashes in through the open front door as the rain blows and howls in.

FINLEY

Alright guys come on out this isn't funny anymore.

KELLA

Yeah you will all be legends with this prank.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Artifacts and pictures rattle and tilt on the wall.

KELLA (CONT'D)

What the heck is this all over the wall? It's like those caveman painting in those caverns in France.

FINLEY

Not cool guys drawing on the wall my Dad's already gonna kill me.

The side of the hall with the family pictures is covered in bizarre angular charcoal drawings of buffalo, elk, mastodons and primitively drawn people.

The stick figure people and animals dance and gallop with each flicker of the gravy scent.

Finley abruptly starts stomping into the living room.

Kella stumbles after her hand cupping the candle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FINLEY

Commitment to the bit is one thing guys but my Dad is gonna--

Kella SCREAMS!

Finley whips around towards her.

KELLA
OH MY GODD, OH MY GOD!

WAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! WAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! The tornado
siren SCREAMS.

FINLEY
Jesus Fuck NO!

Finley sprints to the front door, slamming and locking it.

KELLA
So much blood, so much blood, what
could do this? What would do this?

FINLEY
Is it real?

KELLA
It's real!

Finley and Kella both just stand frozen eyes darting panicked
all around the living room.

FINLEY
Don't touch anything.

KELLA
But we have to help. Is that Todd?

The pizza man is slumped up against the couch. His neck
broken with his eyeless head twisted off to his shoulder.

Fingers ripped and chewed off past the fist knuckles.
Tributaries of deep red flowing from them form a murder delta
onto the hardwood floor.

FINLEY
No it's not Todd, just get away.

Kella backs off, her arms shaking, candle sputtering.

Finley leans over hugging her tight.

We hear the wind howling and a driving rain beating the front
windows.

KELLA
We're dead, we're fucking dead.

FINLEY
No we're not.

KELLA

How aren't we? I hate the dark, I just hate the dark, I hate the murder. You have to agree the murder's worse than the dark.

Finley grabs and twist into an eye of Kella's smiley face shirt.

FINLEY

Get a grip.

KELLA

THERE'S MURDER!

FINLEY

We'll light all the candles, the whole fucking case.

KELLA

(hyperventilating and
whispering)

I don't want to die, I don't want to die, I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

Kella SCREAMS!

Finley steps back from Kella grabbing her face rigid with both hands.

FINLEY

Stop! It!

Pulling her hand away the blood soaked towel holding the mirror leaves a smear of red on Kella's face.

KELLA

This is so unreal.

FINLEY

We have candles to light.

KELLA

What if it likes gravy?

FINLEY

Nothing nice will like this much gravy, but If we can see it, we can kill it.

In the flickering light Finley's eyes catch a garden sized black spider scurrying across the floor.

She stops on it hard with her wounded foot, smearing it into oblivion as she tears out to the kitchen.

Kella chases right behind her down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KELLA

These drawings are crazy weird.

FINLEY

Whatever that thing is, it's the Van Gogh-Dahmer of it's kind. Evil and artistic is the worst kind of thing.

KELLA

Anything pretty is anything crazy.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The girls dash straight to the island.

Finley starts flinging KFC candles up for Kella to light.

KELLA

I hope we don't start a fire.

FINLEY

Just like the end of that Thing movie we watched last year.

KELLA

You never knew what happened.

Kella starts lighting and arranging the glowing candles in the form of a pentagram star.

FINLEY

Shouldn't you be making a cross?

KELLA

Just being evil and artistic.

FINLEY

Making you crazy.

Lightning flashes, streaking light through the kitchen with the candles putting up a fight.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
These are getting hot. I'm starting
to sweat.

KELLA
(coughing on the fumes)
I'm never eating gravy again.

FINLEY
Or pizza.

Through the rain splattered windows we see the shadow of the man, his piercing bright blue eyes almost glowing.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

One sudden magnificent bright burning lightning flash!

We see the man for a second, a smirk on its face, wearing a strange loin cloth. Brutish, full barrel chested with strong bulky thighs making up most of his legs.

Longish hair looking greased in the pouring rain. His tattoos revealed in an ancient intelligent pattern.

BOOM!!!!!!

KELLA
(hysterical)
Goddamnitt! I can't get the pizza
guy out of my--

FINLEY
Forget that, grab every sharp knife
you can find and put them on the
counter.

KELLA
Next year we're watching Hallmark
movies.

FINLEY
All Lacey Chabert, all night long,
you got it.

Finley moves in giving kella a tender hug.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
We're safe here now. We'll just
wait it out. It will be OK.

KELLA
Best friends can do anything.

FINLEY

Animals don't like bright light and fire. Steve told me that and he went hunting last year.

KELLA

Well if I were you I would pick a hotel downtown instead of a cabin in the woods for the deed.

FINLEY

The penthouse.

Kella squeezes Finley tight and they pull back a little, face to face still hugging.

KELLA

All those little tiny flames and so much heat.

FINLEY

(catching her breath)
Gravy as evil.

KELLA

It's a poutine gut punch.

FINLEY

You know what I'm thinking?

KELLA

That silly time we kissed at that party?

Finley side-eyes and smiles at her.

FINLEY

It's knives time.

KELLA

Do you have a Ginsu?

CRASH!!!! Neanderthal man SHATTERS through the sliding glass door.

The startled girls fall over on their side entangled together onto the floor SCREAMING.

The Neanderthal man stomps on the shards of glass beneath him, his thick calloused feet uncut as his broad nostrils flare with every deep grunting breath.

KELLA (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD!!!

The girls scramble to get up.

FINLEY

Ginsu is in the knives drawer next
to the dishwasher.

KELLA

I'm gonna fucking hurl.

The putrid smelling beast with a quizzical expression stares at the pictures on the fridge in a coiled stance from behind the island. His nose flares and sniffs the air.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! FIRE, FIRE!

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! FIRE, FIRE!

Lightning flashes blinding bolts into the kitchen.

Neanderthal mans eyes dart all around the room studying his surroundings.

Finley gets to her feet and lunges toward the Ginsu drawer.

Kella crawls up the other side of breakfast island eyeing the beast.

Kella SCREAMS a piercing murderous screech!

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

The beasts thick head pivots with each clap of the thunder.

Finley's hand yanks open the drawer to hard sending the drawer and the knives crashing and bouncing to the floor.

KELLA (CONT'D)

FINLEY!!!

Kella blows out short strong huffs a breath as she white knuckle grips the island.

Finley flips a knife up, trying to catch it in mid-air.

The beast lunges towards the breakfast island inferno.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! FIRE, FIRE!

The beasts raises his long arm up in a massive swing behind him crushing and shattering the smoke alarm blaring on the wall

The beast stomps to the end of the island.

Neanderthal man smiling proud steps into full illuminated view, his hands on its hips revealing a fur loincloth with a deep red crusty residue around the edges of the leg holes.

Long rounded brown and white ears hang down onto the beast muscular thighs.

Eyeholes open and dark.

Snout in front dripping with blood.

Dangling from the bulge in front, a collar tag reading Poochie.

Finley SCREAMS!

Kella SCREAMS!

The beast has a look of satisfaction on his face.

KELLA (CONT'D)
(voice shaking)
I'm so sorry Finley...

FINLEY
(crazy mad)
AAAAUUUUHHHHHHHHH!

KELLA
The fingers, the nametag... You dated him.

The beasts eyes dance as his huge hairy chest heaves up and down the pizza kids fingers strung on a necklace bounce and dance off his belly. A nametag stabbed into his pec reads Lauren.

Finley scrambles down grabbing at the floor reaching for any knife.

Kella stands up straight and SCREAMS waving her arms in a frantic motion.

FINLEY
Tomorrows his adoption day...

The beast takes a quick deliberate lunge towards the girls.

Kella flinches back forceful into the dishwasher.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
(determined)
Kill me, I dare you.

Finley shoots up with a paring knife in her hand and flings it hard at the beast.

The paring blade stabs right into Neanderthals cheek.

Everyone freezes.

The beast doesn't even flinch.

The rain even quiets down for a moment.

A stream of blood trickles down to the corner of the beasts mouth.

Lightning flashes and blazes all through the kitchen.

It's tongue flicks out quick lapping up the blood with a smirking.

He pulls the blade out and mic drops it to the floor.

KELLA

Feels no pain, that's the best part
of the night.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Deep thunder rattles deep through the whole house.

The Neanderthal man sniffs down at the inferno of KFC candles.

He grabs down quick sniffing and snarling a bite of waxy gravy taste from the top of the candle.

The beast growls spitting it out at Finley.

Kella starts to run towards the hallway but the beast sprints around the island to cut her off.

FINLEY

Just grab a knife and throw.

They both scramble to the floor grabbing knives.

The beastly thing rushes around to the other side of the island and Kella SCREAMS out racing down the hall.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Kella no!

The grunting, snorting beast chases after her with agile quickness.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kella starts to run up the stairs but the beast snatches her by the hair yanking her down in front of him.

Kella SCREAMS.

FINLEY
(yelling down the hall
from the kitchen)
Kella drop!

Neanderthal man spins towards the sound of Finley's voice.

Suddenly a boning knife slices the beast right next to Poochie's vaccination tags then bounces off a family picture to the floor.

The Neanderthal man grins as he starts to yank Kella back up.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Kella! Bite him hard NOW!

Kella inhales a quick breath and chomps and chews on the beast like a piece of grizzled steak, deep into its thigh.

He rips and shoves her away, sliding her down the hall crashing into Finley's legs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kella on her back spits out a chunk of flesh up at Finley, blood drooling from her mouth.

KELLA
(spitting)
Hard enough?

FINLEY
You'll have to finally find your
retainer now.

Kella coughs a bit from the KFC gravy smoke while spitling out leg hair.

KELLA
I'm beginning to doubt it's afraid
of fire.

Finley lifts Kella up to her feet.

FINLEY
Lets kill it now.

KELLA
Got a plan? You always have a plan.

FINLEY
We have to hurry.

KELLA
So no plan.

FINLEY
Knives.

The girls rush back to the pile of blades scattered on the floor.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Last resort knock the candles off
the island and burn this nightmare
out.

KELLA
So now?

Finley lugs up a heavy meat cleaver.

FINLEY
I'm gonna draw him in close with
this behind my back and cut off its
fucking head.

Kella clutches up a chefs knife flipping it in her hand.

KELLA
And I'll give him a Gordon Ramsey.

WAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! WAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! The tornado
siren wails.

KELLA (CONT'D)
Is that the all clear?

FINLEY
How many should that be?

KELLA
I'm still haven't figured out the
whole watch and warning thing.

FINLEY
Quiet, I don't even hear it
breathing.

KELLA
Maybe it had to poop.

FINLEY
Had to poop?

KELLA
I don't know, I get a funny tummy
when I get excited.

FINLEY
Well I hope he has the curtesy to
wipe.

KELLA
By the smell of him I'd say no.

FINLEY
Hush...
(silence)

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck could it be?

KELLA
Maybe it will leave again.

FINLEY
No unfortunately it's thinking...
Just thinking away.

KELLA
I still smell it.

FINLEY
That's your breath.

Kella shudders.

Suddenly they hear a HOWL from the hallway.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
I think your tinder date is here.

KELLA
And you told me never to lie about
my age.

Both girls assume a fighting stance, muscles tensed as the quickening slap of bare feet on the hardwood floor races towards the kitchen door opening.

FINLEY
We got this.

Kella, pupils wide, peers into the darkened doorway.

NEANDERTHAL MAN

HOWL!!!

Suddenly the Neanderthal beast explodes into the kitchen, an artifact African spear cocked and ready for launch over his head.

KELLA

Got him.

Kella flings her knife at the coiled intense beast.

The beast swings up his free arm knocking the knife away as he cocks further back aiming for Kella.

FINLEY

Kella!

The beast launches the spear hard with a forceful GRUNT.

Kella swings towards Finley just as the spear stabs deep into her shoulder.

With a bewildered look on her face Kella doesn't make a sound as she is launched with the long spearhead poking out behind her to the floor.

Finley SCREAMS!

Squirming on her back Kella pounds the floor with her fist splashing the deep red blood spreading under her.

The beast HOWLS.

Finley starts towards Kella, but the beast flinches hard stopping her.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

(eyes on the beast)

Kella? Stay with me.

Kella writhes as the spearpoint scrapes and digs into the kitchen floor. Her legs kicking out and slipping on the blood.

The beast glares down annoyed at the gravy smoke from the candle flames, his wide nostrils flaring. It grabs the poochie loincloth ears, waiving them trying to fan away the reek.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Kella just stay still.

KELLA

I think I pissed myself. Oh my god
I pissed myself, I pissed myself.

FINLEY

I'm right behind you.

KELLA

Run out when you can please...

FINLEY

I am not leaving you, you hear.

KELLA

I feel oogie and eerie, I'm scared.
I think this is what it feels like
to die.

The Neanderthal man stretches his arms to the ceiling rocking his body back and forth.

Finley swings the cleaver around fiercely in front of her face.

FINLEY

Remember the time at Woman Lake you
fell off the water ski's and broke
your collar bone?

KELLA

(gritting her teeth)

I think we're gonna need a bigger
band-aid.

FINLEY

You didn't panic then and swam all
the way to shore.

A sudden quizzical look comes across the Beasts face.

It stares down at the eons old artifact glowing blue on the counter.

The beast GRUNTS as he snatches up the ancient pendant.

Its eyes dart all around studying the jewels and strange cuneiform writing as a devilish smile grows wide across his face.

Finley brings her cleaver up into a lunge position holding it while stepping away slow from Kella.

Lightning flashes white hot into the kitchen.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Stay with my Kella.

KELLA
I was going to be a Michelin star chef.

FINLEY
Stop it, you only like to eat Kraft mac and cheese.

KELLA
(weak)
Love...

FINLEY
You'll be sneaking plenty of boys and alcohol to the cabin don't worry.

KELLA
(eye wide and circling)
I... I love You...

FINLEY
(singing)
"Never gonna give you up".

KELLA
(panting strained laugh)
Now you Rick Roll me.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Deep thunder shakes the breakfast island dancing the candle flames in wicked angular scattered motions.

The Beast glances up at Finley with an almost laughing smirk.

She waves and slashes a wishful panic room around her with the cleaver knife.

The beast starts humming a weird guttural throat melody, gentle and melancholic.

FINLEY
(glancing over at Kella)
These kids today and there new music.

Kella suddenly yanks her head up off the scarlet viscous floor and spits up and sprays a mouthful of blood, fountaining it into the air.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
 (waiving the knife)
 I'm so sorry Kel. I...

Kella thrashes and kicks the island hard knocking a couple candles to the floor startling the beast.

A candle lands at the corner of the island below and start to flame up the distressed paint on a corner.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
 Don't try to pull it out whatever
 you do.

Kella starts to hyperventilate, still kicking one leg as the spearpoint digs deep, gashing into the floor.

The beast blows on the pendant and HOWLS.

KELLA
 (quickenened breaths)
 Well that's not annoying more than
 twice.

FINLEY
 Good, staying with me.

KELLA
 (with faint sarcastic
 smile)
 Just thinking of going out and
 catching a double feature. The
 Croods and Wolverine.

FINLEY
 And miss The Thing?

Finley jerks the cleaver high over her head.

Lightning flashes blinding flashes all around the kitchen.

The caveman beast raises the pendant to the ceiling cupped in both of his huge brutish hands.

His hairy chest heaves in one swelled inhale.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
 (deep but nasal voice)
 Uke Tok, Lum Zie, Ah Sho, Lum Zi.
 Uke Tok Lum Zie Ah Sho Zi. Uke Tok,
 Lum Zie, Ah Sho, Lum Zi. Uke Tok
 Lum Zie Ah Sho Zi.

The beast bright blue eyes almost seem to glow in the flickering smoky light of the candle flames.

KELLA
(weak voiced)
My little brothers Klingon WAS
better...

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Deep thunder rattles the whole house.

Finley SCREAMS, swinging the cleaver in front of her.

FINLEY
I'm gonna hang your head in the
hall ape man freak.

Finley swings the cleaver frantically.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Bronte!

In mid wild swing, Finley suddenly aghast, loses her grip on the cleaver sending it flying and crashing through a kitchen window pane.

The beast grins, flexing his chest bouncing the pizza boys blood crusted fingers.

The Beast HOWLS!

Finley snaps shaking out of her stupor.

FINLEY
Shit, shit, shit.

Finley twists and leans over towards Kella and the knives.

KELLA
(weak)
Fin...

The beast suddenly dashes around the island towards Finley.

She turns her head away SHREIKING, bending down towards Kella and the sharp blades.

Finley slips gashing her foot on the Ginsu, the crimson wound opening deep.

The beast ROARING, clutches Finley tight by the shoulder with a hefty thick hand.

Finley SCREAMS! Trying to desperately to break free.

He crooks down into her, his face brushing gently on hers.

Finley's eyes darting, notices the Neanderthals' mans perfectly straight and model white teeth with wide canines.

Finley holding a long breath abruptly blows out.

FINLEY

(blowing short breathes)
Is that a new cologne you're
wearing dear? Just for me?

NEANDERTHAL MAN

(soft and smooth)
Bronte, Bronte, Bronte.

Finley SCREAMS! How do you know my Moms--

The Neanderthal man snatches her up with one hand and pushes her back against the sink.

Kella lifts her head up with all her strength looking up at Finley, soft tears in her eyes.

NEANDERTHAL MAN (CONT'D)

Uke Tok, Uke Tok.

Finley glances over at kella with a longing look.

FINLEY

Kel, it's prolly gonna kill me.
Just play dead OK. Just play dead.

The beast presses Finley firm against the sink with one knee.

He takes off the pizza boy finger neckless and ties it around Finley's neck snug as she tries to resist, violent sneers undulating on her face.

The beast leans in, his lips tight right next to her ear.

NEANDERTHAL MAN

(whispering)
Uke Tok, Uke Tok.

Finley tries to knee the beast in the groin, scratching down its hairy chest catching and popping the pizza boys nametag to the floor.

The beast just smiles, canines sparkling in the candlelight, its chest heaving.

NEANDERTHAL MAN (CONT'D)

Uke Tok, Bronte.

Finley SCREAMS, then a pleading look over to Kella to turn away.

The beast quizzically gazes into Finley's eyes.

KELLA
(straining her head up)
It doesn't want to hurt you...

FINLEY
Sure about that?

KELLA
It... it loves you, It loves you.

FINLEY
Well marriage changes everything.
You'll be my maid of honor of
course.

KELLA
All he needs is a mint, deodorant
and some evolution.

Kella smiles, then her head falls back bonking hard on the floor.

Suddenly the beast yanks Finley around and up onto an island breakfast stool.

Finley squirms, shrieking with each kicking buck of her hips up off of the seat.

The beast knocks its deep brow into her forehead eyelashes to eyelashes.

Finley bends her head back as she violently flails her arms and shakes her head side to side. A bit of her hair catches on fire mixing with the beasts B.O., and the gravy smell causing Finley to choke and spit.

The beast with its quick reflexes, reaches around smacking the back of her head, putting out the flaming split ends.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Bronte.

FINLEY
What the fuck do you want? How are
you saying my Moms name.

She horks hard into the Neanderthals face.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Uke Tok, Uke Tok, Bronte.

FINLEY
Finley not Bronte! Finley, Finley,
Finley!

The beast with a tender grin brushes his hairy knuckles against her smooth young cheek.

With his index finger taut on the bottom of her chin he pulls Finley's lips in almost touching his.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
(soft and seductive,
eyebrows up)
Finley. Finley, Uke Tok.

Finley SCREAMS and bucks ferociously, trying to kick him in the groin.

FINLEY
You're fucking insane dude.

The beast glances down at his poochie loin cloth then stares back up into Finley's panicked defiant eyes.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
(nodding his head)
Finley, Finley, Uke Tok!

FINLEY
Fuck you, fuck you, TikTok.

She kicks again trying to push him away.

The beast leans in and licks her cheek as she shudders trying to yank her head down.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
DAD!!? DAD!!!!

The beast pulling away, peeks down her crop top smirking.

Finley spits furious gobs in the beasts face then glances over at a lifeless Kella.

The beast licks the warm saliva off of his lips and yanks her head up hard by the hair.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
(strained in pain)
Kella keep playing dead.

The Neanderthal man opens up his clasped fist revealing the pendant.

The beast kisses the ancient shell, its blue stones glowing in the candlelight.

Finley stares away, her face freezing into heartache.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Bronte...

The beast kisses the shell and shoves it into Finley's hand hard and closes her fist tight around it.

NEANDERTHAL MAN

Uke Tok, Lum Zie, Ah Sho, Lum Zi.
Uke Tok Lum Zie Ah Sho Zi.

Finley tries to shake the pendant from her hand but the beast holds her fist firm.

White hot lightning streaks into the kitchen.

FINLEY

Mom I love you! I love you so much!
I'm so sorry...

The beast waves his large hairy middle finger in front of Finley's face, then juts it deep into her mouth twisting it around and around.

BOOM BOOM BOOM, CRACK!!!

Finley gags thrashing her head, biting down violent and hard while SCREAMING.

The beast laughs as he slides the thick digit out.

With a rise of his eyebrows the beast jabs the wiggling wet finger underneath Finley's skirt leaning on and into her.

Finley jerks and twists trying to push the beast away.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Mom I miss you so much...

The Neanderthal man flexing his chest, thrusts and presses his lips onto hers, silencing her.

Finley scratches, kicks and pushes, straining every muscle to its limit.

Suddenly the beast in one violent move rips her top down leaving her A cup bra.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Ya missed Casanova.

The beast staring into Finley's defiant eyes, it's hairy chest heavy, yanks off his poochie loin cloth ripping open the bloody snout.

He spin tosses Poochie onto Kella's still and colorless face. The dogs ears covering her ears.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Kella?

With the beasts evolution fully exposed, it gyrates its hips and we hear a slapping against Finley's smooth thighs.

WAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! WAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! The tornado siren wails.

Finley pushes and thrashes to break free, spitting over and over into the beasts face, with a maniacal gnashing of her teeth.

She SCREAMS!

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Uke Tok, Lum Zie, Ah Sho, Lum Zi.
Uke Tok Lum Zie Ah Sho Zi.

FINLEY
FUCK! YOU!!!

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Uke Tok, Finley, Finley.

Finley SCREAMS!

Smiling as he blows out a long breath of air, the beast gazes into Finley's eyes.

Suddenly it thrust quick, GRUNTING, pushing Finley's back hard into the breakfast island, then long and slow strokes as she squirms and twist in pain.

Fat tongue hanging out of it's mouth, the beast smirks as Finley pants with her eyes closed.

The beasts putrid breath hot and wet exhaling into her mouth, her stomach begins to undulate.

Finley chokes then abruptly she heaves and vomits into the beasts mouth and down its thick hairy matted chest.

The beast HOWLING, blows and spits the chunks of gag off of his mouth.

NEANDERTHAL MAN (CONT'D)
AAAAUUUHHHHH Uke Tok, Uke Tok!

FINLEY
FUCK YOU!!!!

The beast starts to thrust and grind harder with each stroke, ramming Finley's spine into the island.

Finley arcs her vacant face hard to the side, gazing at the picture on the fridge of her and Steve dancing.

As the beasts huffs and grunts intensify, oily beads of sweat drip off his thick brow onto Finley's lips.

She clenches the pendant tighter and tenser, her fist a diamond making grip.

Turning back glaring at the beast she notices his eyes are glowing bluer, then blink into a deep vantablack in and out, in and out.

The beast begins a moaning guttural hum from deep down in its's diaphragm.

Finley suddenly realizes her quickened breathing and each squirm and writhe matches the rooted rhythm of the beast.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Mom? Oh God. I feel something.

NEANDERTHAL MAN
Uke Tok, Finley, Bronte, God.

Finley's body begins shaking uncontrollably. Her stomach muscles convulse and grind, her hips bucking back faster and faster into each of the beasts thrust of evolution.

FINLEY
Mom, I'm so sorry I can't help it.
It feels so, so... I can't--

NEANDERTHAL MAN
AAAAUUUHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGG!!!!

Suddenly the beast jerks up hard and goes stone stiff on his tip toes and deep into Finley.

Finley's body shakes, bucks and jolts as the beast arcs back from her.

Finley SCREAMS!

(silence)

Her control coming back into the kitchen, Finley glances down around the beast.

Kella, collapsed behind the Neanderthal, smiles up at Finley.

Kella's hand is still gripping the spear that has been rammed up the beast's anus.

Crimson blood pulses from Kella's wound.

KELLA

I couldn't listen to it anymore,
like overhearing my parents.

FINLEY

Oh my God Kella you took it out no.

KELLA

(weak breathed)
You really should take yours out to
you know.

Finley with a grunt, shoves the dead stiff beast out and off to the side as she backs up on the stool. He lands with a fleshy thud on the floor.

Finley jumps down off of the stool and steps on the open Pizza boys nametag pin without even flinching.

FINLEY

Kella don't move.

She drops down, grabs her torn top and applies deep pressure to Kella's spear wound.

Finley turns her head around to the beast, it's empty eyes wide open, no pupils, glowing bright blue.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

We got a problem.

KELLA

Just keep pressing I'll be alright.

With a sad gaze Finley looks into Kella's Eyes.

KELLA (CONT'D)

I love you.

Lightning flashes and streaks bright into the kitchen.

Finley glances back over at the Beast and he has vanished.

MR. EVENS (O.S.)
 (from the living room)
 Finley! Kella! Oh my God!

FINLEY
 It's gone, the beast is gone!

KELLA
 What?

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Thunder rattles the windows.

Kella twist her head around.

KELLA (CONT'D)
 How the hell?

FINLEY
 DAD!

MR. EVENS
 Oh thank God. Kella? What the heck
 happened.

Finley bends down quickly and whispers into Kella's ear.

FINLEY
 We can't tell a soul. No matter
 what we just can't remember,
 understand.

KELLA
 What happened?

FINLEY
 I love you.

Suddenly a LOUD ROAR BOOMS into there ears like a freight
 train barreling down on the kitchen.

Mr. Evens drops immedeatly down covering Finley and Kella.

Blasting gust blow out every pane of window glass, shattering
 all around in the whipping wet wind.

INT. SCHOOL DANCE - NIGHT

We see a high school gymnasium decorated in balloons and
 banners with the dancefloor full of kids dressed in tuxes and
 prom dresses.

A slow dance song sways the teens.

Kella is hanging with some girlfriends at the punchbowl laughing.

In the middle of the crowd we see Finley, her arms around a boys neck with her head leaning gently on his shoulder as they lilt to the music.

Her dress white with floral lace. She is carrying a very obvious baby bump.

A somber blank stare on her face.

STEVE

Oh wow, I felt it kick. That was strong. Like Father like Son. He's gonna be a brute.

Finley's eye come alive and the corners of her mouth turn up slowly, into a wicked, wicked smirk.

THE END