

MONSTERS DON'T KILL

Written by
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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

TEASER

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plumped toes and rigid nails pokes it's head out from beneath softly woolen baby blue sheets.

HEFTY SNORES takes the room.

JAMES, 12, short with flabby sides falling over his patchy briefs and a white shirt that rose just above his belly button.

Around him were inanimate objects. All with a spooky & daunting stare.

A One eyed teddy bear & disembodied figures scattered across the floor.

But scariest of them all,

A large 15 x 15 southern pride flag stapled over his bed.

With the SOUND OF A HURRIED WIND James jumps out of his sleep.

Fluxed - both his slobber & sweat graces his face.

He takes a glance at his closet door. It's slightly cracked open.

James rushes to the closet, he closes it and hurries back to bed.

The closet door softly pried open again.

This time with a EAR WRENCHING CREEK.~

James pokes his head out once more.

Out of the door - From the emptiness came out a single hand.

James shakes beneath his sheets and pokes his head out only to duck it in again.

The boy takes one more glance from out beneath the sheets and there in that shadowy emptiness came a man.

TON TON MA, Haitian Bogeyman, looks to be in his late 40's, lavishly black suit and a long tipped hat.

He fiercely pronounces his sharpened teeth, predator like nails extruding from his finger tips - and golden ringed eyes prepped to melt the soul.

James screams.

Ton Ton Ma leans closer, his face takes an inhumane shape. His eyes ranging in color.

James jumps back his body against his headboard, shaking.

James suddenly stops and reach for a fully loaded shotgun tucked beneath his pillows.

BAM -- came the SOUND OF THE GUN.

Ton Ton Ma instantly ducks barely dodges it and turns to see several rounds making a hole through the boys wall.

DALE, 52, trucker hat white tank top and red briefs, barges through the door with a Shotgun.

DALE

What the --

EXT. OUTSIDE FARMERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Ton Ton Ma leaps out the nearest window; the sound of CRASHING GLASS follows as he successfully lands on his feet.

Ton Ton Ma blindly charges through the field, merely dodging the sounds of bullets.

Dale rushes to a parked cop car, James closely follows and jumps into passenger seat, he quickly places his fathers MAGA hat under the seat.

DALE

Buckle up son. Its time I teach you
the perks of the good ole southern -
Stand your ground law

Jake cocks his shot gun.

The cop car races into the field, burying all the crops that stood in its path leaving a series of debris in it's departure.

Ton Ton Ma continues to frantically run through the field, he takes a sharp turn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ton Ton Ma recollecting his thoughts remains stranded on a desolate highway.

BEEP BEEP!

Came the sound of a HORN, accompanied by the intimidating ROAR OF AN ENGINE.

TonTon Ma turns to two beaming flares from the headlights, and instantly begins to run.

DALE
RUN BOY RUN!

Dale shoots his shot gun into the air.

James follows the example of his father and shoots as well.

However, his gun wasn't aimed at the air, James shoots his gun again.

The shells exits the gun and connects with Ton Ton Ma's calf.

Ton Ton Ma - Blood, tendons and ligaments imploded, gracing the gravel.

Ton Ton Ma falls.

DALE (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be dammed. Nice shot

JAMES
Learned from the best

DALE
That's my boy. Now, what I tell you about road kill?

JAMES
Check twice.

DALE
And if they're not dead?

James cocks his gun.

JAMES
DEAD EM

Ton Ton Ma frantically looks between the desolate road ahead & the monster like Patrol car hurling towards him.

His eyes grows heavy at the loss of blood.

The car comes in fast, Ton Ton Ma attempts to crawl, but no amount of crawling could stop the inevitable.

A bone crushing impact is followed by an empty silence.

The vehicles ENGINE SOFTLY PURRS.

A trail of blood leads to an disembodied corpse.

The Boogey Man is dead.