

SERIES BIBLE

***MILLY FOSTER,
MACABRE INVESTIGATOR***

By Mike Murphy

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WGAE Registered

THE STORY

Milly Foster, Macabre Investigator is a half-hour horror-fantasy series. The title character, a single, 40-ish English literature teacher, is convinced by a friend over drinks to open a paranormal investigating office in her Massachusetts hometown after the principal of her school fires her due to budget cuts. Milly has always been fascinated by the supernatural and is convinced to become a “macabre investigator” once she learns how many people need such a service – even in her sleepy, little town. Along with her teaching assistant, Woodrow (“Woody”), who was also fired that day, she opens a small office in a barn behind her home and hangs out her supernatural shingle. “Do I get scared sometimes?” she asks. “Sure, but a girl’s got to make a living somehow.”

WHERE THE SHOW IS GOING

The show has been produced as an *audio* series by Misfits Audio Productions. I have written six scripts.

As the series progresses, we will learn more about the characters through their interactions with each other and their clients. Milly and Woody are generally fond of each other, having worked together at the high school for many years.

MAIN CHARACTERS

- *Milly Foster*: Self described as “40-ish,” Milly was a high school literature teacher before being laid off because of what the principal called “budget cuts.” Over drinks that night, an old friend brings up Milly’s fascination with the supernatural and wonders if she might somehow make a living dealing with that. After learning that there is a demand, she opens a small office along with her teaching assistant, Woody, who was also fired that day. Milly does get frightened sometimes, due to the weirdness of her cases, but she tends to rush into things to cover her feelings. She has some girlfriends, who appear from time to time.
- *Woodrow (a/k/a “Woody”)*: Woody, a computer-literate, single man in his mid-20s, works as Milly’s assistant in her barn office. Woody was Milly’s teaching assistant and was fired on the same day she was. He has no relevant experience for his new job, but, having been friends with Milly for so long, he knows how to read what she needs. He has asked his boss to be called “Woody,” which sounds more hep and manly to him than “Woodrow.” He worries about Milly’s headlong rushes into dangerous cases, but is never able to convince her to sit any of them out. He has to accept the fact that his boss, as she

tells him, has knowledge and preparation on her side against the odd things and people she encounters.

SOME EPISODES

These scripts have already been written for the *audio* series:

1. “Games People Play”: A murderer decapitates his victims, leaving board games at the crime scenes.
2. “The Timeless Machine”: Milly investigates a professor’s unusual variation on a time machine – a device which brings the dead to the present.
3. “A Small Problem”: When valuables go missing, Milly suspects an unseen (or unnoticed) suspect.
4. “Brain Wash”: Ladies, including a friend of Milly’s, suddenly exert tremendous strength – a trait which covers a plot of world domination.
5. “Now You See Them”: Milly is called upon when all the animals in the local zoo vanish.

POTENTIAL SPONSORS/PRODUCT PLACEMENTS

In this first episode, cars figure prominently. Automobile companies should be approached about sponsorship. Since the series will have a strong female lead, ladies’ products could offer sponsorship and/or product placement. Milly and Woody are definitely middle class, though, so no very expensive or luxury products should be featured as they would be out of place. The different plots of subsequent episodes will afford unique advertising and product placement opportunities.

DEMOGRAPHICS

I believe the series will appeal to all ages because of its odd characters and novel, imaginative plots. Social media could be used to appeal firstly to its main users – the younger generation. Word of mouth, postings, and texts would spread interest in the show to other young people, and, eventually, to their older family members. A robust Web presence should be maintained across all platforms (Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, etc.) for publicity, saturation, and teasers of upcoming episodes.

**MILLY FOSTER,
MACABRE INVESTIGATOR**

"Pilot (Oh Where, Oh Where Can She Be?)"

Written by
Mike Murphy

Episode #1

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Episode #1

REGULAR CAST

MILLY FOSTER.....

WOODY.....

GUEST CAST

REBECCA ("BECKY") HOUSTON.....

EMILY HOUSTON.....

TIM HOUSTON.....

DR. MALLORY.....

***MILLY FOSTER,
MACABRE INVESTIGATOR***

"Pilot (Oh Where, Oh Where Can She Be?)"

SETS

INT. HOUSTON MASTER BATHROOM

EXT. MILLY'S OFFICE

INT. MILLY'S OFFICE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA

EXT. HOUSTON HOME

INT. HOUSTON HOME

INT. DR. MALLORY'S OFFICE

INT. BECKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

EXT. HOUSTON BACKYARD

COLD OPEN1 INT. HOUSTON MASTER BATHROOM - EVENING

1

We fade in on an upscale master bathroom. EMILY HOUSTON is kneeling beside the tub, bathing her daughter, REBECCA (a/k/a BECKY), age 4 3/4.

"January 11, 7:03 p.m." appears on screen for a few seconds.

Rebecca is having a grand time in the tub, splashing in the water and giggling. Her mother looks on happily.

EMILY

(chuckles)

You like your tub. Don't you, sweetie?

REBECCA

(happily)

I do! I *do*!

EMILY

I'm glad, but it's time to get out now, dry off, and put your PJs on.

Becky stops her splashing. The water in the tub slowly settles.

REBECCA

Do I *have* to?

EMILY

Yes. The water's getting cold, and I don't want you to catch a chill.

REBECCA

Will Daddy be home soon?

EMILY

Not for another hour or so. He had to work late at the office. You'll be asleep when he gets home.

REBECCA

Will he come into my room and kiss me goodnight?

EMILY

Doesn't he *always*?

She reaches for the plug. Rebecca shrinks back, frightened.

REBECCA

Don't!

EMILY

But, honey -

REBECCA

I'm afraid.

EMILY

Of what?

REBECCA

Going down the drain.

EMILY

(chuckles)

That's not possible! Who gave you such a *silly* idea?

REBECCA

Patty Costa at day care.

EMILY

Did she?

(sotto voce)

I'll have to have a little "chat" with her mother.

REBECCA

You mean. . . I *won't* go down the drain?

EMILY

Of course not! You've taken lots of baths. Have you *ever* gone down the drain?

REBECCA

No, but Patty said there's a first time for everything.

EMILY

It *won't* happen.

(beat)

I'll show you.

She plucks Rebecca's rubber ducky from the water.

EMILY

To prove that Patty doesn't know
what she's talking about, I need
to pull the plug.

REBECCA

But I'll -

EMILY

You'll be *fine*. Would your daddy
or I ever do anything to harm you?

REBECCA

No.

EMILY

You'll be safe. I *promise*.

Holding the ducky in one hand, she hovers the other one
over the plug.

EMILY

OK?

Rebecca looks unsure, but finally nods yes. Her mom pulls
the plug, and the water begins to drain. The little girl
shrinks back even more.

REBECCA

(nervously)

Mommy. . .

EMILY

You're *fine*. Watch.

She presses the ducky hard against the plug hole a few
times.

EMILY

See? He won't go down the drain.
Will he?

REBECCA

(tentatively)

No.

EMILY

And why is that?

REBECCA

He's too big.

EMILY

Right! And you're bigger than
rubber ducky - aren't you?

REBECCA

Uh huh.

EMILY

So you won't go down the drain
either.

(beat)

C'mon. Let's get you ready for
bed.

Emily reaches in to lift her daughter out of the tub, but stops when she hears an odd gurgling, bubbling sound. She peers at the drain.

A new sound - wet, sickening, and slurping - as a long gray thing like a tentacle pops out of the drain and through the remaining dirty water. Pointing, Becky screams repeatedly. With a sudden, whip-like snap, the thing grabs Emily tightly about the neck.

Unable to speak from the strong hold of the creature, she tries with all her might to rip the tentacle from her throat. The beast pulls her into the tub and to the drain. Rebecca, very frightened, finds herself unable to run.

The creature takes a final pull on Emily, collapsing her skull and breaking her bones apart like match sticks as she is brought below. The last of the water goes down the drain after her.

Gathering her courage, Becky scoots cautiously toward the drain. The tentacle bolts out again. She screams and backs up against the tub wall, drawing her legs in as tight as possible to the rest of her body. The thing tries unsuccessfully to reach her, but does manage to grab her rubber ducky and pull it down.

Glassy eyed, Rebecca sits shivering - from fear and chill - against the tub wall.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

2

EXT. MILLY'S OFFICE - LATE EVENING

2

A small wooden sign attached to an in-need-of-paint barn flutters in the night breeze. It reads "MILLY FOSTER, MACABRE INVESTIGATOR." MILLY pulls up in her used car, gets out, and enters her office.

She is surprised to see that WOODROW, her assistant, is still at work, typing away on the computer. She approaches him.

MILLY

Woodrow, you're still here? It's late.

He stops typing and looks up.

WOODROW

I wanted to catch up on some paperwork.

MILLY

Couldn't it have waited until tomorrow?

WOODROW

I didn't think so.

(beat)

I'm nearly done.

MILLY

Thanks for staying.

WOODROW

You're welcome, Ms. Foster.

MILLY

(sighs)

How many times have we gone over this?

(beat)

You don't have to call me "Ms. Foster."

WOODROW

But I always have.

MILLY

That may have been the rule back
at Franklin Pierce High, when you
were my teaching assistant. You're
not that now.

WOODROW

(sarcastically)
Thanks to Principal Conklin.

MILLY

Let's not get into *that* again.
He's not worth the effort.

WOODROW

What *should* I call you?

MILLY

How about "Milly?"

WOODROW

I don't know. . . You're still my
boss.

MILLY

I *insist*.

WOODROW

(tentatively)
Alright. . . Milly.

MILLY

See. Was that so tough?

WOODROW

No.

(beat)
On the topic of names. . .

MILLY

Yes?

WOODROW

I've never really liked mine.

MILLY

No? I always thought it sounded
very distinguished.

WOODROW

Maybe, but it's not. . . hep.

MILLY
(chuckles)
Hep?

WOODROW
It's not. . . *manly*.

MILLY
What do you want me to call you?

WOODROW
How about "Woody?"

MILLY
Works for me. Starting now, we're
Milly and Woody.

WOODROW
Great!
(beat)
So how am I doing?

MILLY
Just fine.

WOODROW
I've never done this kind of thing
before.

MILLY
Me neither, but, when we lost our
jobs -

WOODROW
"Budget cuts." Ha!

MILLY
How long are you going to hold a
grudge?

WOODROW
Christmas.

MILLY
We're doing OK here.

WOODROW
So far.

MILLY
When Magda suggested I try to make
a living at this -

WOODROW

Over drinks.

MILLY

Lots of them. I've gotten some of my best ideas from scorpion bowls.

(beat)

Well, when she said that, I thought she was a fool. This kind of thing has always fascinated me - but a living?

WOODROW

Who knew there was such a market? Ghosts, vampires, a banshee - all in this little town.

(beat)

By the way, did you tie up the Stewart case?

MILLY

Yes. I dropped their check in the ATM on the way home. It should cover this month's bills.

WOODROW

I don't know how you do it.

MILLY

"It?"

WOODROW

This job.

MILLY

It's a living.

WOODROW

Aren't you scared?

MILLY

Sometimes. But I have *one* big advantage over the things I deal with.

WOODROW

(anxiously)

What's that?

MILLY

Knowledge.

WOODROW

I don't follow you.

MILLY

Well, for example, I know that you need a wooden stake and a mallet to kill a vampire. I know that a silver bullet gets rid of a werewolf. I know that to kill a zombie, you have to. . . to. . . How do you kill a zombie again?

WOODROW

You're asking *me*?

MILLY

It'll come to me.

(chuckles)

Senior moment in progress.

The telephone on Woody's desk rings.

WOODROW

I hope that's not a zombie.

MILLY

Google that for me please, huh?

It's something I should know.

She answers the phone.

MILLY

Hello. Milly Foster, Macabre

Investigator. How may we help you?

3

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATE EVENING

3

Milly hurriedly walks down a sterile hospital corridor. To the right, she spies a distraught-looking man in a rumpled suit sitting anxiously in a waiting area. This is TIM HOUSTON, the man who called the office. She slowly approaches him.

MILLY

Mr. Houston?

He leaps to his feet.

HOUSTON

(eagerly)

Yes?

MILLY

I'm Milly Foster. You called.

HOUSTON
(distracted)
Yes, yes I did. Please sit.

They sit down across from each other.

HOUSTON
Thanks for coming so quickly.

MILLY
You're welcome.
(beat)
How's your daughter?

HOUSTON
The doctors are examining her now.
They "suggested" that I step out
here and get some air for a few
minutes. They should be done soon.

He points over his shoulder at a closed room door.

HOUSTON
She's in there.

MILLY
How can I help you?

HOUSTON
I heard from somebody - I can't
remember who - that you deal with
odd and unusual cases. Is that
right?

MILLY
It is.

HOUSTON
I have something like that on my
hands.

Milly leans forward.

MILLY
(gently)
Tell me what happened.

Houston slowly pulls his car into the driveway. It is
dark. He parks facing his garage.

On screen: "January 11, 8:27 p.m."

HOUSTON (V.O.)

It all started about two hours ago.

(beat)

I called Emily, my wife, around 4:30 to tell her I'd be stuck at the office until about 7:00. She said she'd get Rebecca, our daughter, into bed and wait up for me.

He gets out of his car, closes the driver's-side door, and activates the alarm with the key fob. He heads up the walk. He pulls open the screen door, unlocks the interior one, and enters his kitchen. With a heavy sigh, he closes and locks the door, tossing his keys onto the counter.

Tim pauses and listens to the silence. He is confused.

He walks into the living room and calls upstairs.

HOUSTON

Emily?

(beat)

Honey?

Everything still silent, he walks upstairs. He stops at Rebecca's pink room. She is not in her bed. The covers aren't turned down, but a pair of frilly panda pajamas lay ready for wearing on the mattress.

He hears something from the bathroom. He notices that the light is on and walks in. Rebecca is huddled naked against the tub's far wall, shivering. Her eyes are glassy and large, her teeth chattering.

HOUSTON

(alarmed, tenderly)

Honey? Where's your mother?

His daughter does not respond. She stares straight ahead, not seeing him.

Houston runs to the linen closet and grabs several beach towels, which he rushes back to the bathroom. He wraps them around Becky, lifts her out of the tub, and holds her close. We see into the tub. There is no sign - not a fragment - of Emily's remains. Not a single speck of blood.

We hear the creature's low grumbling from the drain, but Houston - having left the room - does not notice this.

Tim carries his daughter into her room and quickly dresses her in the pajamas. His hand shaking, he takes his phone from his suitcoat pocket and dials.

HOUSTON

I need an ambulance.

5

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

5

MILLY

Did you find your wife?

HOUSTON

No. The cops had all kinds of theories: Maybe she went to visit a neighbor, maybe she went for a walk, or took a quick ride to the store. . .

MILLY

(incredulously)

And leave your little girl in the tub?

HOUSTON

Exactly. She would *never* have done that.

MILLY

You explained that to them?

HOUSTON

I did. I showed them her car - still in the garage. Her coat and purse - still on their hooks. There was no sign of any struggle. It's like she. . . vanished.

MILLY

That's why you called me?

HOUSTON

(growing emotional)

Yes. Something's happened to her . . . Something *strange*.

(beat)

Can you help me?

MILLY

I'll do everything I can.

HOUSTON
(relieved)
Thank you!

DR. MALLORY, a gray-haired woman in a white lab coat,
slowly approaches.

DR. MALLORY
Mr. Houston?

Tim stands hurriedly.

HOUSTON
(anxiously)
Yes, Doctor? How's. . . How's
Becky?

DR. MALLORY
Your daughter's in a state of
shock.

Milly stands up.

HOUSTON
(confused)
From. . . From what?

DR. MALLORY
We're not sure.

She looks at Milly.

DR. MALLORY
Is this woman a family member?

HOUSTON
She's a friend. You can talk in
front of her.

DR. MALLORY
If you say so.

MILLY
Doctor, could the girl be in shock
from witnessing whatever happened
to her mother?

DR. MALLORY
Very likely.

HOUSTON
Has she said anything?

DR. MALLORY

Not a peep.

(beat)

We've brought her body temperature back up to normal. She's resting comfortably.

HOUSTON

How long does shock last?

DR. MALLORY

That's very difficult to say. It varies widely depending on the person and what he or she witnessed that caused the shock.

MILLY

Is there any way to. . . speed it along?

HOUSTON

What are you thinking of?

MILLY

If Becky *did* witness what happened to your wife, we need to get that information out of her.

Houston looks at Mallory.

HOUSTON

(longish beat)

What can we *safely* do?

6

INT. DR. MALLORY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

6

The doctor is seated behind her desk in her book-lined office. Tim and Milly sit in two matching chairs facing her.

MILLY

Hypnosis?

DR. MALLORY

Yes.

MILLY

Will it work in her current condition?

DR. MALLORY

I believe so. Some drugs should make her more open to it.

HOUSTON

Could it harm her? She's not even five years old!

DR. MALLORY

I don't see how, but we'll monitor her closely. The hypnosis might even have a cathartic effect.

HOUSTON

What do you mean?

DR. MALLORY

If Rebecca does, in fact, know what happened to her mother, regressing her through hypnosis could *possibly* bring her out of her shock.

HOUSTON

It *must* revolve around her bath time.

(beat)

Could you regress her to that moment?

DR. MALLORY

Certainly. I'll need to know her nightly schedule so I can do it properly.

HOUSTON

No problem.

(beat)

You're *sure* the hypnosis and drugs can't harm her?

DR. MALLORY

We'll take every precaution.

HOUSTON

Milly, what do you think?

MILLY

I don't see that you have any choice. *Something* put your girl in shock. We need to find out what.

DR. MALLORY

Mr. Houston, do I have your permission for the procedure?

HOUSTON
 (longish beat;
 emotionally)
 Yes. . . Yes you do.

7 INT. BECKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

7

Rebecca, a petite little girl, lays in a big hospital bed. She looks all the smaller from its size and the large hospital gown she is wearing. Several beeping and flashing pieces of medical equipment surround her. An IV is dripping into her right arm. She stares straight ahead, not speaking, her eyes still round and glassy.

A few doctors and nurses mill about her, checking that the equipment is working properly. When they are satisfied that all is in order, Dr. Mallory approaches and gives Becky a shot. She doesn't even flinch. He pulls up a metal chair and sits beside her.

The little girl's eyes begin to flutter. Her mouth opens slowly, but she says nothing.

DR. MALLORY
 Rebecca, I want you to listen to me.
 (longish beat)
 We're going to play a game, you and I.
 (beat)
 There's no need to worry. It's a very safe game.

8 INT. BECKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

8

Under Dr. Mallory's hypnosis, Rebecca speaks slowly. We do not hear either of them. Tim and Milly look on anxiously. We see quick flashes of the events that occurred in the bathroom mere hours ago and the effects relating them has on the little girl's face and body.

There is a particular focus on Emily being splintered and pulled down the plug hole. We see this repeatedly as Becky's facial muscles begin to quiver and her eyes well up with tears.

Lastly, we see rubber ducky being snatched away by the thing's tentacle and taken over and over and over.

9

INT. BECKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

9

Becky, still under hypnosis, is sobbing loudly, her little body heaving. Some of the monitors around her bed are racing, indicating - for instance - her too-rapid heartbeat. The nurses by the machines look on with some concern.

Houston urgently approaches Mallory.

HOUSTON

Doc, do *something*!

Mallory grabs one of Rebecca's little hands.

DR. MALLORY

Becky, I'm going to count to three. When I reach three, you will wake up. Your daddy is here, and you are *safe*.

(beat)

Do you understand?

REBECCA

(longish beat)

Y-Y-Yes.

DR. MALLORY

One. . . two. . . . *three*.

Becky comes out of her trance, looks around quickly, and sees her father. She lunges at him and holds him tight. Her crying grows louder.

REBECCA

Oh, Daddy! *Da-a-addy!*

Houston bear hugs her in return, rubbing one hand over her back and stroking her blonde locks.

HOUSTON

(misting up)

It's OK. I'm here, honey. I'm *here*.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO10 INT. BECKY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

10

Milly and Tim are talking in a corner of the room. Over Tim's shoulder, we see nurses tending to Becky, who is now asleep - the covers up tight under her chin. The monitors are registering normally.

Houston rubs his eyes.

HOUSTON

Mallory. . . uh. . . gave her something. She'll be asleep for a while. She needs it.

MILLY

Good, because we have to go to your house.

Houston turns to look at his daughter and then back at Milly.

HOUSTON

I'm not comfortable leaving her alone.

MILLY

She'll be *fine* with all these doctors and nurses around. You and I need to go see what we're dealing with down that tub drain or it won't be safe for you and her to return to that house *ever again*.

11 INT. HOUSTON MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

11

Milly and Tim walk cautiously into the bathroom. She peers into the tub.

Tim is carrying a fishing rod. Milly removes a plastic sandwich bag full of raw hamburger from her coat pocket. She pulls off a chunk of the meat and places it on the rod's hook.

HOUSTON

It's never been baited with *that* before.

MILLY

No one's ever tried to catch what
we're fishing for.

She motions for him to hand her the fishing rod, which he
does.

MILLY

(sighs)
Here goes.

She slowly plays out the line until the hook is just
above the plug hole. After a moment, she lowers the bait
inside the pipe - out of their sight.

In short order, the loud sounds of the creature are heard
again.

HOUSTON

What the *hell*!?

The fishing rod is ripped from Milly's hands as the thing
yanks on the hamburger bait.

MILLY

Whoa!

It crashes into the tub and breaks into splinters. The
thing's tentacle emerges, pulls the rod's remains down
the plug hole, and vanishes. The monster sounds slowly
fade to nothing. Milly and Tim look at the drain, amazed.

MILLY

(longish beat)
Mr. Houston?

HOUSTON

Y-Yes?

MILLY

We have a problem.

12

INT. HOUSTON MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

A sweating Tim, his sleeves rolled up, places a heavy,
red patio brick on top of the tub drain.

HOUSTON

(windes)
There! That's *six*. Those should
keep that thing out of here.

MILLY

We'll have to block *all* the drains
in the house. There's no reason it
couldn't use *any* of them.

HOUSTON

I have more bricks in the shed.

(beat)

How did that thing not get Becky
too?

MILLY

You said you found her at the very
back of the tub?

HOUSTON

That's right.

MILLY

She was probably out of its reach.

HOUSTON

Thank God for that!

(beat)

What *is* it, Milly? Where could it
have come from?

MILLY

I don't know *what* it is, but it
must live in the sewers.

HOUSTON

But the house isn't connected to
the sewers.

MILLY

No?

HOUSTON

They're not available out here. We
have a septic tank.

MILLY

So all the drains in the house
empty into that one tank?

HOUSTON

Right. Whenever we flush the
toilet, take a shower, use the
water in *any* way, everything goes
into the tank.

MILLY

And you get it pumped out every -
what? - year?

HOUSTON

Every *other*. It was done a year
ago May.

(beat)

That's a job you couldn't pay me
enough to do. What a *smell* when
they pop that lid off! Even *with*
all the bacteria in there.

MILLY

What happens to the tank's
contents when it's pumped?

HOUSTON

The guys syphon everything into
their truck with a long hose.

(beat)

I'm not sure what happens to it
after that. I've never given it
much thought.

MILLY

This thing must have gotten into
your septic tank when the lid was
off.

HOUSTON

(incredulously)

That thing?

MILLY

I'm sure it didn't look like that
back then. It must have mutated
into what it is *now* to survive in
its new environment.

(longish beat)

I don't see a choice. We have to
kill it.

HOUSTON

Agreed, but how?

MILLY

We'll need to pop the tank's lid
off and coax the thing out. We can
put down some bait - it likes
hamburger - so it leaves the tank
to eat.

HOUSTON
(incredulously)
Are you serious? It already killed
my wife. This thing is *deadly*!

MILLY
Exactly why we need to do this as
soon as possible.

HOUSTON
We should call the police.

MILLY
They wouldn't believe you.

HOUSTON
But if they -

MILLY
There's no time.

HOUSTON
(beat)
Your plan sounds. . . dangerous.

MILLY
That's why *I'll* be near the bait,
and you won't.

HOUSTON
Milly, you *can't*!

MILLY
I'll need to be close to get a
good shot at it.
(beat)
The meat may not be enough to
tempt it out of the tank. It may
want. . . *more*.

HOUSTON
You *can't* put yourself in that
situation for my family!

MILLY
Don't you worry about me.

HOUSTON
You saw how quick this thing is!
It could be on you before you know
it.

MILLY

I'm trying not to think about that.

(beat)

Ever do any shooting?

HOUSTON

No. I don't believe in guns.

MILLY

I've got two pistols in my car - one for each of us.

HOUSTON

But I've never fired a gun!

MILLY

Then it's time for a crash course. We need to get this thing quickly - right after sunrise would be good - before it has a chance to do any more harm.

HOUSTON

(overwhelmed)

I can't. . .

MILLY

It's our *only* choice. Call the hospital and make sure your girl is OK. I need you here. I can't do this on my own.

13

EXT. HOUSTON BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

13

The sun is rising.

Milly and Tim stand on the deck. They both are holding a pistol. Tim looks nervously at the gun and nods yes. Milly descends the stairs into the yard. In her free hand, she has a large plastic bag full of raw hamburger.

After a dozen or so steps, she reaches down, grabs the handle of the stone tank cover, and - with some difficulty - opens it. She pulls the lid along the grass, out of the way, so the tank's hole is fully open. She rubs her nose as the smell wafts into it.

She shakes the meat out of the bag and onto the lid. She then backs up a few feet and readies her gun.

With an ear-shattering roar, the creature slurps out of the tank and onto the grass.

It is nearly seven feet tall and shaped somewhat like a person. What was once its fur hangs off of its body like filthy seaweed and sways with its every move. The tank's contents, which have bathed it for more than a year since it entered its new home, drip slowly onto the grass.

It takes a few quick steps on unseen feet. A tentacle reaches out from its chest, scoops up the meat, and deposits the hamburger into its mouth.

It then turns to Milly.

Houston fires two shots from the deck, but misses the thing entirely.

The creature moves quickly in front of Milly. She raises her gun, but it roars and knocks the pistol from her hand with the tentacle, opening a bloody gash on her palm.

Milly runs to Becky's trampoline. The thing tries to reach her, but she counters its every move, keeping a safe distance. It roars in anger at not being able to reach its second course - Milly - and pounds its arms on the trampoline's metal frame, bending it severely.

Houston quickly descends the deck stairs, gun at the ready.

MILLY

No! Get back!

The thing turns slowly, confused why Milly screamed. She runs to the shed and rips open the door. The creature approaching her, she jumps inside. Seconds later, she leaps out. . . brandishing a pitchfork.

Houston stands back, unsure of how or if to help.

Milly lunges at the thing and stabs the pitchfork into its chest. It screams in agony and anger. With a slurping sound, she withdraws the tool and takes another, tougher stab, which goes *through* the creature. Purple blood spurts from the wound, some of it getting on Milly's jacket.

Run through, the thing roars in tremendous pain, all the while trying unsuccessfully to yank the pitchfork out with its tentacle.

The creature finally goes quiet. Its tentacle lets go of the tool that has pierced its body. It falls forward by Milly's feet, landing on the pitchfork's wooden handle, which shatters under its weight.

It quivers a few times, exhales softly, and dies.

Houston approaches Milly. Together, they look down sadly at the dead thing.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG14 INT. MILLY'S OFFICE - LATER

14

Across the screen: "Later that day."

Milly is dictating into a recorder.

MILLY

The authorities came and took the creature's carcass away. The boss of the group said he had never seen anything like it. I wish I could tell you what the thing was, but the results of the necropsy aren't in yet. Whatever it was, it was *deadly*.

Rebecca has been released from the hospital, but will sadly require extensive therapy for what she witnessed. The services for her mom are being planned. I'll be certain to stop by and pay my respects.

Tim Houston promised me that the next time he has the septic tank pumped, he'll be out there to make certain that *nothing* finds its way inside.

"I'll have a clothespin on my nose," he said, "but I'll be out there."

END OF TAG