

Gertie and the Mold Monsters

By

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1 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD - TRENCH - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

A WWI trench. It thunders and rain pours. The trench turns into a roaring creek.

SPLASH SPLASH SPLASH!

GERTIE (around 9) hard charges and skids to a stop as she hunches down against an earthen wall. She clutches a bolt-action Springfield 1903 and holds her Brodie helmet to her head.

BAM! A bomb goes off above her and debris showers her.

She gets up at once, unshaken, and determined to keep moving toward a heavy duty military truck.

SPLASH!

GERMAN SOLDIER #1, its monster-human face shadowed by a spiked helmet, drops into the trench in front of her.

Gertie goes to affix her bayonet. She's interrupted-

SPLASH!

Gertie gasps and turns to see GERMAN SOLDIER #2, who displays a wide grin of rotten pointy teeth.

Gertie's jaw firms and she takes the initiative to attack!

They fight, Gertie dual-wielding her rifle and bayonet, and the German Soldiers using their bayonet-fixed rifles as spears.

She stabs German Soldier #1 in the thigh. It roars in pain. She takes off to run but German Soldier #1 snatches her ankle.

Gertie falls and loses her weapons.

German Soldier #2 stands over her and chortles.

Gertie turns, knowing what's coming.

German Soldier #2 raises its spear to skewer Gertie.

SMACK!

A baseball-sized rock hits German Soldier #2 square in the face. It stumbles back in surprise and feels its face.

DANNY (around 9), a cool cucumber and in uniform like Gertie, winks at Gertie as he shoulders off his rifle.

GERTIE

Danny!

DANNY

What're you waiting for? Let's go!

German Soldier #1 uses the trench wall to get to its feet and groans out:

GERMAN SOLDIER #1

(in German)

Get them!

German Soldier #2 clears the cobwebs to see Danny and Gertie turning a corner and disappearing.

German Soldier #2 hurdles down the trenches and rounds the corner into--

The business-end of Gertie and Danny's Springfields.

OVER BLACK

BAM! BAM! Two gunshots.

BACK TO SCENE

Gertie runs to the truck, climbs onto the step and pauses to survey the battlefield.

The enemy army overruns the trenches.

GERTIE

It ain't over till it's over.

She slides her Springfield onto the dash, hops in and looks for the keys as Danny hops into the passenger seat.

DAD (O.S.)

Gertie! Get out of that truck!

Gertie gasps and looks in the sideview mirror as DAD (late 30s), covered in sweat from a run, approaches the cab in a modern day, sunny world.

2 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - MOVING TRUCK - DAY**

Dad walks by the side of a modern moving truck and takes a

drink from his water bottle.

3 INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Gertie slumps in modern oversized military clothing and stares at the water gun rifle on the dash. The guillotine is nigh for the only one in the cab.

Dad hangs over the open window and catches his breath.

DAD

What did I say about the truck?

GERTIE

It's not ours. We couldn't afford the insurance. Don't break it.

DAD

Did you win? Are you hurt?

GERTIE

We'll get 'em in the end and I ain't got time to bleed.

Dad opens the driver door.

DAD

I believe it. Outta the truck, c'mon.

Gertie glances at the empty side beside her.

GERTIE

(to herself)
Good work, Danny.

She drags her rifle off the dash and slides out.

4 EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

Dad puts his arm around his little girl as they navigate around moving boxes and furniture to the front door.

A busy MOVER with a dolly jettisons out the front door.

DAD

Split up!

Dad and Gertie dramatically split to make way.

The Mover passes between, amused.

GERTIE
That was close!

DAD
Dude, I know! But we made it.

Dad pauses.

DAD
(to Gertie)
Did I mention I've got a surprise for
you?

GERTIE
Dad, no more experimental recipes...
please. I threw up last time.

Dad laughs.

DAD
Not this time my little guinea pig.

A military base. Near cookie cutter houses probably built
around WWII.

5 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - DAY**

Dad and Gertie sit on the front porch with fishing poles.
Crickets CHIRP in the early morning.

They looks as if they've been waiting for a while.

Dad checks his phone.

DAD
I'm sorry, she must've gotten held up.

GERTIE
Next time just don't tell me anything.

Gertie mopes off toward a station wagon. Dad follows.

DAD
Maybe she'll meet us for lunch.

Dad opens the back hatch as Gertie waits, listless.

A big blue bus RAMBLES toward them and at the driveway.

Dad takes Gertie's fishing pole. Gertie, entranced with
anticipation, doesn't notice.

Brakes SQUEAL.

MOM (mid-30s), military jacket slung over her shoulder, steps off the truck. She's built like a Mack truck and just as intimidating.

DAD
(to Gertie)
Go get her.

Gertie launches before Dad can finish the sentence.

Gertie and Mom embrace.

6 **EXT. POND - DAY**

A fishing bobber bobs about on the surface of a pond.

Gertie skirts the pond and investigates the dark, murky shallows. Her fishing pole sits in a rod holder.

Dad and Mom sit side by side in camping chairs, but only Dad fishes. They're in the middle of a hushed argument.

MOM
I said I'm fine, I slept on the bus.

DAD
Just checking.

MOM
Gertie, not too close!

Gertie acknowledges with only a thumbs up.

DAD
We didn't get to finish before-

MOM
I said I'm not going. Everything is fine.

DAD
No one is fine.

Dad realizes he's loud and adjusts his voice.

DAD
After a few adult beverages it comes out. Every time you meet new people you make sure it comes up. You want to

talk about it, just not with someone
that can help you, someone that can
help... us.

Mom stares off, angry.

DAD
We all need it and we'll go together,
as a family.

MOM
He wasn't your son.

Mom regrets her blurt.

Dad looks skewered.

MOM
We're not doing this right now.

Dad, a hole in his chest, allows defeat and reels his line.

A WATER MONSTER's unfriendly eyes emerge above dark water.

Gertie, a Native American warrior, grips a spear and prepares
to do battle at the water's edge.

Danny stands behind her, same garb, with a bow at the ready.

7 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Gertie waits on the front steps with a school backpack and
lunch bag.

Danny sits down beside her and checks his lunch bag.
Disappointment crosses his face.

DANNY
Mom made lunch.

8 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY**

Dad sits amongst towers of moving boxes and unpacks a box as
Mom stands against the interior door. They're in the midst of
an argument.

MOM
Then where is it?

DAD
Look around- we still have a million

boxes to go through. I'm sure it's just packed away in a mislabeled box or whatever.

MOM

I know what box I put it in.

Dad picks up a box from the middle of the garage and sets it atop another to unbox. A large metal grate is uncovered.

DAD

If you're insinuating that I did something with it- are you?

MOM

No, that's not what I'm saying.

9 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE TUNNEL - DAY**

A roughly hewn tunnel big enough for a young child with a small, crude ladder attached to the wall. Cobwebs.

Voices echo down toward a metal hatch.

The wheel handle turns.

DAD (O.S.)

Then what are you saying?

MOM (O.S.)

Forget it. Gertie needs to get to school.

Cobwebs dance through the tunnel as a draft blows upwards.

DAD (O.S.)

Gertie is spending more and more time with-

MOM (O.S.)

Don't.

DAD (O.S.)

It's getting worse.

MOM (O.S.)

I heard you. I thought you were going to talk to her?

10 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Cobweb fingers reach from the grate as the draft escapes.

Dad and Mom look at one another, tired of fighting.

DAD

Trying to talk to her about it just makes it worse. We need someone to help, we all-

MOM

I'll handle it. I'm on leave for the next month anyways.

DAD

You didn't tell me you were on leave.

Mom turns to leave.

MOM

I forgot.

Dad pauses as he's about to hit nerve, and Mom knows it.

MOM

What?

DAD

How much longer can we do this?

MOM

Then figure out what you want to do.

The interior door slams.

Dad stands alone, contemplating what has gone wrong.

11 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mom stands outside the interior garage door and wipes a tear. She shrugs off the near cry and marches down the hallway.

12 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Dad rummages around a box and tries to shrug off being upset, but can't, and shoves the box. He kicks it. And again. Again.

13 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE TUNNEL - DAY

THUD THUD THUD! Dad kicking the box repeatedly echoes off the

walls of the tunnel down to--

The metal hatch lifts and long claws, covered in black and green mold, appears!

14 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Gertie lays on the landing, hands behind her head, eyes closed.

A door OPENS and Mom hovers over her.

MOM

You didn't fold your clothes last night. Has Dad been going easy on you?

Gertie tries not to look guilty and give Dad up.

MOM

You ready?

GERTIE

Yeah.

MOM

School might be different than what you're used to. That's the reality of it.

GERTIE

Why?

MOM

Dad told you the DODDs school was full, and this is a public school, right?

GERTIE

Yeah.

MOM

It just might be a little different than what you're used to. Just face it head on, face what's in front of you and everything will be all right.

Gertie gulps, having really not considered a difference.

15 **INT. CAR (PARKED) - DAY**

Gertie looks at a drab, gulag-style prison in the middle of

winter through the car window.

Mom checks through Gertie's lunch box and pulls out a packaged brownie.

MOM

I thought we agreed on healthier lunches.

Gertie tries not to give away the culprit. Through the window SCHOOL KIDS flood into the main entrance of a normal school on a sunny day.

GERTIE

I didn't put that there.

MOM

Then who did?

GERTIE

I don't know.

MOM

Gertrude.

Gertie opens the car door.

MOM

Dad...

Mom zips up the lunch bag and holds it out for Gertie.

MOM

I love you. And remember what I said.

16 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

TICK. TOCK. TICK TOCK. A German cuckoo clock sits a cluttered coffee table.

Dad sleeps on a couch in a half put-together living room, his hand on his chest over a closed box-cutter.

MONSTER'S POV - LIVING ROOM

Peers from behind a moving box, eye-level, at Dad.

Runs, GRUMBLING, and slides beneath the coffee table.

Climbs up the couch to the armrest and looks down on Dad.

Focuses on the rising and falling knife.

BACK TO SCENE

Dad wakes up, surprised to have nodded off. A small amount of greenish black goo covers his mouth and drips down his chin.

He scratches his chest, sans box-cutter, and finds the goo on his mouth.

DAD

What the...?

He looks up at the ceiling to find the goo's source, but doesn't see anything, then discreetly checks his nose and sniffs.

He announces to the house as he changes into running gear:

DAD

I think I'm coming down with a cold.
The green snot kind. Gonna head out
for a run. Kick the ole immune system
into gear.

17 **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY**

Dad jogs down a street with ease and passes similar houses to his own. He enjoys the jog and scenery.

He jogs in place as he waits on a car to pass, but the car slows down and the DRIVER waves him on.

Dad waves thanks and jogs into the road.

In the middle of the road a coughing fit takes hold of Dad.

The Driver rolls down their window and sticks their head out.

DRIVER

You OK?

Dad waves in response, walks to the curb and gives a good cough.

The car passes.

Dad, back to normal, shakes it off and returns to his routine.

18 INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Gertie sits in the front of the class, non-existent, as School Kids huddle and CHATTER in their close-knit cliques.

Danny stands in the back of the class and plays with plastic, green army soldiers on a window sill. He smiles at Gertie and waves.

Gertie smiles back and lifts her hand to wave.

A SCHOOL KID catches Gertie's smile and finds it weird.

Gertie looks away and drops her hand, dejected.

19 INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Gertie's lunch bag dangles from her hand.

She looks for a place to sit but every table has a group of kids seated together and no one pays her mind.

A SCHOOL GIRL smiles at her but one of the other School Kids notices and taps her shoulder.

School Girl turns away from Gertie.

Gertie frowns.

Danny throws a ball in the hallway. KABOP. KABOP.

Gertie makes for the hallway, away from everyone else.

20 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - CLOSET - DAY

Mom hangs up her clothes in a lit closet. She pauses at a button up shirt.

She listens for anyone near, hears nothing, and unbuttons the shirt to reveal a toddler's t-shirt: MOMMA'S BOY 4 LIFE.

She shudders with sadness, holds it close, and faces the doorway.

MONSTER'S POV

From behind the clothes, looks at Mom's bare calves and feet as they turn away.

Focuses in on the Achille's tendon.

BACK TO SCENE

Mom wipes her eyes.

ACHOO! Dad sneezes O.S.

Mom hurries to button the shirt.

MONSTER'S POV

The box-cutter appears, blade out, and gripped in sloth-like long-clawed, mold-covered humanoid hands. This is the MOLD MONSTER.

BACK TO SCENE

Mom abruptly turns, puts up the shirt, and leaves.

In the shadows beneath the clothes, Mold Monster's clawed-hands hang at the floor with the box-cutter near small, grungy humanoid feet.

21 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - NIGHT**

A half-way assembled kitchen and breakfast nook. A pan of hot dogs and pot of macaroni and cheese sit on the stove.

Gertie and family sit on the ground and eat off paper plates.

Dad blows his nose into a paper towel.

DAD

New place. New allergies. I swear.

MOM

Did you take anything?

DAD

Haven't found that box yet.

MOM

Must've been mislabeled. Or whatever.

They retreat from the argument with Gertie in the room.

MOM

(to Gertie)
How was your first day?

Gertie shrugs, but Mom and Dad wait for an answer. She musters one.

GERTIE

New school. New people. I swear.

DAD

That bad, huh?

GERTIE

Everyone knows each other since they pooped in diapers.

DAD

I would've thought there would be other military kids there what with the school on base full up.

MOM

I agree.

GERTIE

I don't know.

DAD

I know it's tough to be alone at school.

Gertie pushes a hot dog around with her fork.

GERTIE

I'm never alone.

Dad and Mom glance at each other.

Gertie doesn't look up as she stabs macaroni with a fork.

22 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Open moving boxes with action figures and military style toys lay about.

Gertie, in sleepwear, tapes up a poster of a female MMA fighter alongside another poster of an old Cynthia Rothrock movie.

She steps back and admires her work.

Mom steps into the doorway, something on her mind.

MOM

Hey kiddo.

Gertie immediately looks at a pile of clothes on her bed.

MOM
Get 'em tomorrow.

Mom sits on the bed. Gertie takes a seat beside her and tries to remember the last thing she did bad.

GERTIE
What's up?

MOM
Do you still see Danny?

Gertie shrugs.

Mom picks up a family photo from a box near the bed: Mom, Dad, YOUNG GERTIE (toddler), a medium-sized DOG and Danny. Danny gives a thumbs up to the camera.

MOM
Sometimes the only way I can see him
anymore is when I look at these
pictures.

Mom realizes she opened up to her too young daughter.

MOM
I'm just worried about you. The new
school. Non-military kids might be
hard to relate to.

GERTIE
Can you try to get me into school on
base?

Mom looks unsure, but relents. Gertie reads her face.

GERTIE
Thank you, thank you, thank you!

MOM
Hold on. I'll try is all I can
promise.

Gertie deflates.

MOM
You have to promise me you're going to
try, too.

Gertie nods, a lie.

MOM
All right, soldier.

On 'soldier' Gertie sits up, shoulders back, chin up.

MOM
You know when I call you soldier, it doesn't mean you have to be one when you grow up. Just because I am, your grandfather, it doesn't mean you have to. I'll be proud of whatever you decide to become... as long as it's what you really want.

Gertie seems confused for a moment.

GERTIE
I know.

They hug.

MOM
Good. Get some rest. But, seriously, those clothes. Before school. OK?

Gertie falls over like a felling tree.

GERTIE
Someday I'll have a house and I'll call the shots.

MOM
Someday you will. But to get there, or anywhere, remember...

Mom heads to the door.

Gertie mouths Mom's usual line as she says it:

MOM
Motivation is what gets you going.
Habit is what keeps you going.

23 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Mom and Dad unpack boxes. They haven't been talking.

Mom sips on whiskey.

Dad sneezes and coughs.

DAD

Just can't shake this. Maybe it's a cold? I'm so tired.

He turns to find Mom leaning against the kitchen counter, in thought.

DAD

What?

MOM

She'll grow up thinking she can deal with things by escaping into her mind and really the problems haven't gone anywhere. In fact, they've probably multiplied. She needs to learn how to accept reality.

Dad looks confused.

DAD

Thanks for including me late into the conversation. We're talking about Gertie?

MOM

Yeah. Who else?

DAD

Just making sure.

Mom looks at Dad as if he was up to something.

DAD

I'm going to finish up this box and head to bed.

Dad turns to continue unpacking.

MOM

Reality will chew you up and spit you out if you let it.

Mom takes a drink.

Dad glances over his shoulder at her, concerned. He starts coughing--

24 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - DAY

Gertie wakes up and realizes something is wrong.

25 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Gertie walks down the hall and prepares to knock on her parent's door.

A GROAN from the living room.

GERTIE

Mom? Dad?

Gertie investigates.

26 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dad sits at a hastily put together desk and computer and wretches in a mop bucket. He wears a wireless headset.

DAD

Ugh, God.

He presses a button to unmute his mic.

DAD

No, sir, I'm still here. I understand your concern and we're going to fix this.

Gertie appears in the hallway entrance.

27 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Gertie heads back to her parent's bedroom.

GERTIE

Mooooom. Dad's really sick and I'm way late for school.

Gertie knocks on the door and enters.

Mom lays in bed, covered in sweat. She looks awful. Goo crusts on her mouth's corner.

GERTIE

Mom?

Mom wakes up, startled.

MOM

Hey baby. I didn't hear you come in. How was school?

Mom pretends like nothing is wrong, but she's clearly groggy.

GERTIE

I haven't gone yet.

MOM

What?

Mom looks at a clock on the floor. It reads: 9:03AM.

MOM

Oh no!

Mom swings her legs out of bed and immediately regrets moving so fast.

MOM

Oh...no.

GERTIE

Maybe you should lay down.

Mom shakes her head, no, but it turns into a nod.

MOM

Good idea.

Mom lays down and Gertie tucks her in.

Dad drags himself in with his headset still on and a bucket.

DAD

Sick day. It's not a cold. Not allergies. It's gotta be the flu.

MOM

You, too?

GERTIE

Don't worry, I'll take care of both of you.

Dad drops into bed, his face planted in the pillow.

DAD

Aren't you supposed to be in school?

MOM

We'll call Grandpa. He's only an hour away.

GERTIE

No! I mean, Doctor Gertrude, at your service. You'll be right as rain come morn. Trust me.

Mom doesn't have the strength to argue.

MOM

Just for today...

Dad snores.

28 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - DAY**

Gertie stands in the middle of her room in contemplation. She spots the large pile of unfolded clothes.

Her hands grab two wads of clothes and throw them in the air! She giggles with excitement as the clothing confetti falls around her.

29 **INT. DARK TUNNEL - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

An underground bunker tunnel lit by dim ceiling lamps.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS fade up.

Gertie and Danny, in dark spy clothing, dashes around a corner. Gertie carries a metal suitcase.

Gertie and Danny skid to a stop at different doors and tries them, frantically. They're locked!

ANGRY VOICES echo from down the tunnel. Shadows play against the corner walls.

Gertie and Danny share a look.

Gertie spots a door she missed.

GERTIE

This one!

She tries it - success!

30 **INT. DARK ROOM - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

Gertie presses the door closed and joins Danny, backs against the tunnel-side wall.

She opens the suitcase and takes a peek at vials of green

liquid. She shows the contents to Danny.

Danny smiles and gives a thumbs up.

GERTIE

Don't worry Mom. Don't worry Dad. We got you.

ANGRY VOICES and BOOTS near and begin to pass.

DANNY

Check the coast.

31 **INT. DARK TUNNEL - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

Gertie peeks out of the Dark Room. The tunnel to the right is empty.

GERTIE

Whew.

Something at the opposite end of the tunnel catches her attention. She can't make it out and it shouldn't be there.

A short, egg-shaped humanoid form shrouded in near darkness. It emits a low GROWL.

She shrinks away and closes the door.

32 **INT. DARK ROOM - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

She looks at Danny with confusion and concern.

GERTIE

Danny. Something is weird.

DANNY

Shh! Here they come!

BOOTS fade up.

Her stomach RUMBLES. The BOOTS and ANGRY VOICES stop.

They both look down at her stomach.

GERTIE/DANNY

Oh, no...

33 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Gertie skips down the hall and stops at her parent's room.

The door is cracked. Odd.

SNORING.

She pulls the door closed and skips onward.

34 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Gertie, dressed like a queen with a crown, opens a packaged brownie snack. Multiple wrappers lay around her in a circle along with a jeweled scepter.

She holds the unwrapped brownie at eye-level. She's full, but they're so good.

The SQUEAL of tires.

Gertie looks out a window and sees a school bus. DODDS SCHOOL KIDS exit a bus.

GERTIE

Let them eat brownies.

She takes a huge bite out of the brownie.

35 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Gertie makes tomato soup from a can and fills two bowls.

She finds she can't physically bring both bowls and takes just one.

36 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Gertie pushes open the already cracked door and shuffles in, quiet, eyes locked on the soup.

She pauses, and finds it odd the door was again open, but shrugs it off and circles around to toward Dad's beside.

SUCKING noises.

Gertie, at the footboard, looks up and gasps!

MOLD MONSTER straddles Dad and sucks on his mouth, goo everywhere. It's a short humanoid thing, egg-shaped body, short legs, and floor-dragging arms.

Gertie drops the bowl and backs away. She fails to scream.

The Mold Monster's head whirls around. Its large, far-spaced

eyes search out the noise source as a long stringy tongue circles a cherub mouth where two pointy, long top front teeth hang over a bottom lip. Mold crusts around its eyes, mouth, and claws.

It sneers at Gertie and turns around fully to brandish its claws. It wears a stretched toddler's t-shirt: MOMMA'S BOY 4 LIFE.

Mom begins to stir.

The Mold Monster notices and jumps down. SPLASH, right into the soup.

Gertie circles around to Dad's bedside as the Mold Monster waddle-runs out of the room.

GERTIE

WAKE UP!

Mom and Dad pop up at the waist, unsure where they are or what's going on. Dad wipes his mouth.

GERTIE

Monster! There was a monster. I swear.
Dad, it was on you. It was kissing
you!

Mom and Dad, mouths agape, look at one another and drop back into bed.

MOM

Gertie, please. No games.

Mom fishes for something in her mouth.

GERTIE

I swear!

DAD

Gertie, sweetheart, listen to your
Mom.

GERTIE

Look! It jumped off the bed, right
into the soup, and ran off. It's
what's making you both sick! I know
it!

Gertie points at the soup but no one pays attention.

DAD
Did you spill soup on the floor?

Mom studies the shard of a tooth from her mouth.

GERTIE
And I think it had one of Danny's
shirts!

MOM
Gertrude! That's enough!

Gertie stomps out of the room and slams the door.

Dad puts the pillow over his face and groans into it.

Mom sighs, knowing she was harsh.

MOM
(to Gertie)
Gertie, I'm sorry!
(to self)
How can I expect you to when...

Mom shakes her head.

DAD
What, honey?

Mom pulls the pillow off Dad's face and shows him her tooth.

MOM
My tooth broke. Mm... I think there's
another piece.

Mom fishes in her mouth.

DAD
Grinding your teeth in your sleep
again?

MOM
I guess.

DAD
This is the only time I'm ever going
to say this-

Mom pulls another piece of the same tooth out.

MOM
I'll text dad.

DAD
Great. I'm sure he can fix your tooth
while he's here. You know how he can
fix anything.

MOM
Don't start.

Dad dry heaves.

DAD
The bucket!

Dad turns, snatches up the bucket from the floor, and pukes.

Mom side eyes him, grossed out, as she texts. Suddenly, she
feels it, too! She covers her mouth.

MOM
Bucket!

37 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - DAY**

Gertie lies on her bed and buries her head in a pillow.

She gets up, angry that she's crying, and swipes away her
tears.

GERTIE
Danny?

Danny is nowhere to be found.

Gertie closes her door and puts a box against it.

She sits on her bed with a Tupperware bin and gathers the
courage to open it.

She does, and it holds a pair Danny's red sneakers and stacks
of photos- the topmost of Danny and Young Gertie blowing out
birthday candles together.

DANNY (O.S.)
You OK?

Gertie looks up. Danny sits on top of the box by the door.

GERTIE
Yeah. Fine.

DANNY
Feel like playing?

GERTIE
I dunno.

DANNY
Have you ever heard of... the Mummy!?

Gertie closes the bin. A smile creeps over her face, irresistibly.

38 **INT. EGYPTIAN BURIAL CHAMBER - DAY**

Gertie, in standard archaeologist gear, studies hieroglyphs on a wall lit by firelight.

Danny studies a large sarcophagi surrounded by stone pillars.

GERTIE
I know it was real. No one believes me.

DANNY
I believe you.

Gertie looks at him, "as if that'll help."

DANNY
I guess you're calling the shots now.

GERTIE
Yup. Mom and Dad are sick. I'm steppin' up.

DANNY
That's cool. I never got to. We're the same age now you know...

Gertie pauses and frowns.

Danny detours the conversation.

DANNY
You think Mom is a drill sergeant with you, whew, you have no idea.

GERTIE

It's not all that great. Hey! It says here... what lies beneath is an... eater of souls.

Gertie slow turns to Danny, who is already staring back with wide eyes.

GERTIE

What does that mean?

DANNY

Can't be good. Maybe we should leave it alone.

GERTIE

Nonsense. We are scientists. We don't believe in the superstitions of ancient civilizations. We explain things with fact, not fiction.

DANNY

Yeah, until something we thought was crazy is super science fact-u-al.

A MOAN from within the sarcophagi.

DANNY

Did you hear that?

Gertie, back to studying the walls, isn't sure she's reading something right.

GERTIE

This line here says those who disturb the demon of the night shall unleash its curse upon themselves.

DANNY

I think we ought to-

Danny backs into the sarcophagi and the lid shifts. He freezes and stares straight ahead at Gertie.

Gertie turns to see what the noise was.

They both look at the corner of the disturbed lid.

MOANS erupt and the lid shakes something pounds on it from within.

Gertie pushes on a wall.

GERTIE

The hidden door is stuck. It won't move! Danny, what do we do?

Danny, frantic, purses his lips and slows his breathing. An idea strikes him. He falls over dramatically.

GERTIE

Danny!

He opens one eye.

GERTIE

What are you...

He whispers, barely moving his lips.

DANNY

Playing possum. It'll think we're dead, too.

Gertie doesn't believe him. The sarcophagi lid shifts and falls off the other side. MOAAAAANNNN!

Gertie dramatically falls dead beside Danny.

A MUMMY (ancient, duh) climbs out and looks around for someone to throttle. It spots Gertie and Danny and hovers over them.

It becomes confused, uninterested, and finally moves on through the hidden wall-door.

Danny turns his head to Gertie, unopened eyes.

DANNY

We have to stop it from wreaking havoc on the world. It's our responsibility. We unleashed it.

Gertie isn't sure why his eyes are still closed.

GERTIE

Why're you talking with your eyes closed?

DANNY

I was deep into the role.

Danny's eyes roll, "duh."

They help each other up.

Gertie remembers something.

GERTIE
We need the torch.

Danny peers out the hidden wall-door.

DANNY
Hurry up.

Gertie face plants and everything goes black.

39 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY**

Gertie lays on her elbow and is surrounded by stacked boxes representing the sarcophagi and pillars.

Gertie gets up and brushes herself off. She checks her throbbing elbow and finds a scratch.

GERTIE
Ow.

She finds what tripped her: the metal grate. She hadn't seen it before.

GERTIE
Woah.

She kneels and investigates.

TUNNEL POV

Gertie's face appears over the grate clearly through the cobweb-less tunnel.

BACK TO SCENE

Gertie notices some red goop on the grate. She pushes it with her finger.

She looks around as if someone might be watching, and tastes it.

GERTIE
Tomato soup?

She looks up - a trail of little tomato splotches leads into the garage and stops at the grate.

Gertie backs away.

GERTIE

It is real!

BRNNGG! Light floods from beneath a slow opening garage door.

Gertie jumps and hides behind a 'pillar.'

GRANDPA (70s), retired Colonel, stands outside the garage door and is revealed from toe to head.

GRANDPA

Gertie. Is that you? Front and center.

Gertie jogs to the commanded spot and stands at attention.

Grandpa looks her up and down a like a soldier.

GRANDPA

Sit rep.

GERTIE

Colonel, sir, the situation is that Mom and Dad are sick, screwed up real good. I'm taking of them, so they will be unscrewed come dawn. Sir.

Grandpa walks past her into the garage.

GRANDPA

If that were the case I wouldn't be here to rectify this soup sandwich, now would I?

Gertie looks ashamed. She wheels around.

GERTIE

There's something in the house.

Grandpa looks over his shoulder at her but finds his attention drawn to something on the floor.

GRANDPA

Probably mold in the A/C. I bet that's why everyone is sick. You're young - better immune system.

GERTIE

No. A monster. A real monster.

Gertie snaps her mouth shut, not meaning to blurt.

Grandpa turns and points at the floor.

GRANDPA

Is this food on the floor? Mold, and now rats and roaches? This is out of control. Quit moving like pond water and let's get this cleaned up.

GERTIE

Yes, sir.

GRANDPA

And keep that imagination in check. It's useless. A distraction in the real world that can devour you in two seconds flat is dangerous. Got it?

GERTIE

Yes, sir.

Grandpa leaves.

Gertie bursts into action and pushes a box over the crate. No, that's not enough. She stacks another on top.

She holds down the garage door button.

BRNNGG! The garage door closes and the darkness overcomes.

KERCHUNK. KERCHUNK. The interior garage door locks at the handle and the deadbolt.

The topmost box on the grate reads: MOM'S MILITARY STUFF - DON'T TOUCH, GERTRUDE!

40 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Grandpa fills two bowls with a fresh batch of tomato soup.

GRANDPA

I'm going to check the attic. You can take the soup to your parents.

GERTIE

What's in the attic?

Grandpa turns with a bowl in each hand.

GRANDPA
Mold. Can you take both of these?

GERTIE
No, sir.

Grandpa sets the bowls on the table in front of her.

GRANDPA
Improvise, soldier.

Grandpa walks off, leaving Gertie to stare at the bowls.

41 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Gertie pulls out a baking pan and puts the bowls on top.
She nods in self-satisfaction.

42 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Gertie shuffles down the hall with the pan.

Grandpa carries a flashlight in one hand and pulls down the attic stairs and takes a step up but pauses to watch Gertie.

Gertie sets the tray down opens the door, picks it up again, and goes inside the Parent's bedroom.

Grandpa nods in approval.

He turns to take another step but his hip threatens to give. He drops the flashlight, lays against the ladder and holds tight.

GRANDPA
Ruck up, old man.

He punches his hip and grimaces.

Gertie stands in the bedroom doorway holding the pan.

GERTIE
Colonel, what're you doing?

GRANDPA
Nothing.

Grandpa improvises, reluctantly.

GRANDPA

Get up on these stairs, take a sniff around, and tell me what you find.

GERTIE

I- OK, Colonel.

Grandpa looks like he won't take no for an answer.

43 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY**

A dark, dusty attic. Empty but for an ancient air-handling unit.

Gertie's head pops up through the hatch.

GERTIE

Smells fine.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

You gotta get up in there, Gertie.

Gertie pulls herself into the attic and looks around.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

And be careful where you step. You could fall through the ceiling.

Gertie sees what Grandpa means - where the plywood stops.

GERTIE

So... if my parents, and I'm not, does that still mean we have mold, or...?

GRANDPA (O.S.)

You're young. Have you found anything yet?

Gertie walks around and sniffs at the air.

GERTIE

Dusty.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Is anything wet and moldy?

Gertie shines the light around.

GERTIE

Nope.

Gertie's light stops on a dust-covered notebook hidden behind the machine.

She opens it to the first page: THE MOLD MONSTER, accompanied by a children's drawing of the Mold Monster.

She flips the page and reads a passage.

GERTIE

Mold Monsters feed on mold. The longer they stay the more dangerous they become. Follow my guide and you shall find victory and save your family. Please sign and return when done.

Gertie's face screws up as she looks at all of the signatures around the page: ETHAN TALL, MAEVE WILLIAMS, EMMY DOUGLAS, etc.

She flips to a page showing a sunrise and a lonely kid, standing over three graves and crying. Writing on the page reads: BY SUNRISE...OR ELSE!

GERTIE

By sunrise...

Her eyes go wide.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Gertie?

GERTIE

Coming!

Gertie fits the notebook into her rear waistband and covers it with her shirt.

AS Gertie disappears down the ladder she doesn't notice the green and black mold partially covering the attic ceiling.

44 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Grandpa looks up at the hatch, impatient.

Gertie's head pops in view.

GRANDPA

Well?

GERTIE

Nothing.

GRANDPA
You checked every corner?

GERTIE
Yes, sir.

GRANDPA
All right. Come on.

Grandpa reaches up to help Gertie down.

Between Grandpa's lower legs and the lower rungs of the ladder the garage door down the dark end of the hall opens.

Mold Monster hangs on the door handle and pulls its claw from the lock.

It lets go and drops, eyeshine reflecting green and yellow as it spies Grandpa helping Gertie down from the ladder.

It licks its lips at seeing Grandpa.

45 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A tipped over cardboard box with a cornucopia of books spilled out.

Gertie sits on the floor and flips through the books, anxious to find an answer.

Danny practices fencing with an imaginary sword.

DANNY
Find anything yet?

GERTIE
Nope.

DANNY
There's got to be something, right?

She finds a book, **MONSTERS GROWING WITHIN: A SELF-HELP GUIDE.**

GERTIE
Cool. I think this is it.

Gertie flips through the book and looks increasingly disappointed. She comes across a pamphlet: **GRIEF COUNSELING.**

GERTIE
This isn't about monsters at all.

Weird and not it.

She shoves the pamphlet back into the book and tosses them to the side to continue on with her search.

Danny continues to fence, but glances at the book and Gertie, as if knowing something she doesn't.

Gertie's stomach RUMBLES.

46 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Grandpa slips into the bedroom.

Mom snoozes hard.

Dad blows his nose. A mound of tissues sits on the box next to him. He doesn't see Grandpa until-

Grandpa stands at the footboard, assessing Dad.

DAD
I didn't see you there.

GRANDPA
How long?

DAD
Maybe a day. Maybe two.

GRANDPA
Could be mold.

DAD
More like the flu.

Grandpa grips the footboard and leans forward.

Dad looks a unnerved, but tries to hide it.

GRANDPA
Someday I'm going to stop sucking air,
and she won't have me to back her up
anymore. Keep her safe, keep my
granddaughter safe.

Dad starts to say something, loud, but stops.

DAD
Guess who's gonna be changing your

diapers when she's away.

Grandpa's eyes narrow.

GRANDPA

I'll be sure you don't have the
privilege to change my diapers.

Mom mumbles in her sleep. Grandpa and Dad pause.

DAD

Stop, just stop.

GRANDPA

You called me here.

They glare at one another.

47 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Gertie sits on the floor and opens a Meal, Ready to Eat
(MRE).

48 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mold Monster's feet, wearing Danny's red shoes, scoots around
the door frame.

It covertly watches the standoff between Dad and Grandpa and
salivates at the tension, staining Danny's old shirt.

DAD

And now I regret agreeing to it. We'll
be better tomorrow and you can leave.
But this, this right here, isn't
helping.

GRANDPA

I can't for the life of me understand
why she trusts you with anything
anymore.

Dad looks gutted, but anger quickly consumes.

Mold Monster's cherub lips peel back and expose its only two
long teeth in full as goo drips off their points.

49 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Gertie arranges the individual food stuffs and thinks she
hears something.

She grabs the packaged brownie and heads toward the hallway.

50 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dad looks at Grandpa who's crossed a line.

DAD

Get out of this bedroom.

Grandpa pushes off the bed and leaves at his own pace.

51 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Gertie rounds the corner into an empty hallway, unwrapping the brownie.

Grandpa walks out of parent's bedroom and barely remembers not to slam the door.

He power walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

Gertie pauses, unsure of what happened but knows it wasn't good.

52 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The Mold Monster peeks out from behind a moving box where previously hidden.

Dad SOBS, quietly.

DAD

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Mom, turned away from Dad and barely awake, hears Dad but doesn't react.

Air BLOWS through an air vent. A tiny drip of thick goo hangs on before dripping onto the floor.

53 **EXT. CABIN - COVERED PORCH - NIGHT (PRETEND WORLD)**

An 1800's cabin on a desolate plain in a mid-west state. Storms clouds gather and thunder rumbles.

Grandpa, era appropriate clothes, sips whiskey from whiskey glass and watches the storm's approach.

Gertie, clothes of the era - but slacks, stands behind him and watches the storm, too, none too happy with the storm or the circle of opened, old books surrounding her.

GRANDPA
You still back there?

GERTIE
Yes, sir.

Grandpa pats beside him.

Gertie obliges. She looks at him - old, but solid as a rock, and yet an inconceivable softness on his face.

GRANDPA
Your momma ever tell you where your name came from?

GERTIE
My Grandma.

GRANDPA
That's right. It's a strong name, made so by the strength of the woman. Your Grandma.

GERTIE
I don't remember her.

GRANDPA
You wouldn't, I guess. Too young. Your brother would, if he were here, if-

Grandpa stops himself short and takes a drink.

GRANDPA
Your Grandmother's strength was infectious. It made others want to be strong. I have no doubt that woman would've outranked me if things were switched, her a Tank Commander and me an Okinawan watching my whole life get trampled under tank treads.

GERTIE
Mom says I'm a lot like her.

GRANDPA
You know what made her strong?

Gertie shakes her head, but Grandpa doesn't wait for a response.

GRANDPA

She was confident she would always figure out a way. A solution for anything. Just born that way. Hardheaded or determined, call it what you will. I remember looking down from my tank- and there she was. Arms crossed, pissed as a wet hen, and unshakeable.

Grandpa's mind goes elsewhere for a beat.

GRANDPA

Danny was a lot like her.

Grandpa downs the rest of his drink and goes inside, leaving Gertie alone and demolished.

The rain comes. She watches it for a moment and turns, feeling something rub against her back.

Her eyes go big as she plucks the notebook out of her waistband.

GERTIE

There's got to be more.

She takes a seat in a rocking chair.

54 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The parent's bedroom door opens. Claws grip the door to open it.

55 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Mom and Dad lay in bed, freezing yet covered in sweat. They're gaunt, somehow losing a lot of weight within the day.

56 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Grandpa drops into a recliner and pushes back, trying to hold steady a new whiskey pour.

FAST THUDs from a short-legged, shoe worn scurry.

Grandpa stays focused on his mission: draining the new pour, and finding a military documentary on TV.

57 EXT. CABIN - COVERED PORCH - NIGHT (PRETEND WORLD)

Rain steadily pours as Gertie rocks in a CREAKY rocking chair.

She reads it as another rocking chair CREAKS with hers, and looks up.

Danny smiles at her from another rocking chair. She doesn't reciprocate.

DANNY

What's wrong?

GERTIE

I trapped it, but I don't think it's gonna hold.

DANNY

I've got a few ideas.

Gertie doesn't respond, flipping through the notebook to a drawing of the Mold Monster in the middle of a large room and scared.

GERTIE

It doesn't like being out in the open.

She flips a page: Mold Monster shields its eyes from the sun.

GERTIE

Or bright light.

Gertie flips the page and becomes curious at the rendering of Mold Monster covering its ears to some kind of yelling from multiple, face-less people.

DANNY

Your birthday is next month. What're you gonna ask for?

GERTIE

I don't know.

DANNY

I wanted a bike. A new bike. One with all those gears, brakes on the handles- not those stupid brakes on the pedals. So stupid.

GERTIE

Uh-huh.

DANNY

You're going to be older than me.

Gertie doesn't look up, but he has her attention.

GERTIE

Uh-huh.

DANNY

Gertie, are you listening to me?

GERTIE

I have to stay on mission, Danny.
You're distracting me.

DANNY

Sorry. How can I help? I have a few
ideas on how to stop the Mold Monster,
remember?

GERTIE

I don't know, Danny, I don't know!

Gertie slaps the notebook closed, pops out of the chair and enters the cabin.

Danny looks discouraged and confused.

His rocking chair comes to a stop.

No one is on the porch.

58 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Gertie passes by Grandpa sleeping in the recliner on her way to the hallway, notebook under her arm.

59 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Gertie stands in front of the garage door and stares in surprise at the door being unlocked. She opens the door.

The grate is uncovered and dislodged!

GERTIE

It's all up to me.

60 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Mold Monster searches opens the sink cabinet and finds a roll of duct tape.

A military documentary PLAYS in the background.

It tapes the boxcutter on its back, a la Die Hard, and gets an idea.

It turns toward the Living Room where the light from the TV flickers and the back of Grandpa's head is visible over the recliner.

61 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

An on-suite bathroom. A package of opened toilet paper sits on an unopened box. Lights off.

Mom sits on the toilet, barely unable to stay awake.

She stands on a scale and looks concerned. It can't be right.

62 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mom navigates like a drunk back to the bed and drops in, never mind the covers.

MOM

We need to... call the... doctor... in the morning. OK, babe?

She doesn't notice the trickle of blood travelling from Dad's nostril down his cheek.

MOM

OK...

63 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gertie stares up at a PREDATOR (1987) movie poster.

She tosses on an oversized military uniform.

As she puts on camouflage face paint she studies her large DVD collection of action movies.

64 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gertie sneaks out of her room and into the garage.

65 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Gertie looks around for the Mold Monster.

Satisfied, she looks across the garage- her battlefield.

GERTIE

There's a storm coming. And I am the
storm!

66 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Mold Monster swaggers down the middle of the dark hallway, triumphant.

Its claws grasp at the parent's door but it doesn't break stride, "I'll get back to you."

67 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Light escapes around the edges of the interior garage door as the Mold Monster enters. It strides in and flings the door closed behind it.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

It looks down at a cargo net spread across the floor, curiously.

SCHLOOP!

The cargo net shoots up in mid-air and hangs as the Mold Monster screams.

The line reaches from the cargo net to an eye-bolt screwed into the wall above the interior garage door to--

Gertie emerges from within a wall of moving boxes, holding the line to the net.

The Mold Monster eyes her from within the net.

GERTIE

Got you. All. By. Myself.

The Mold Monster's claw draws down the net, cutting it into shreds.

Mold Monster falls from the net and hits the ground running at Gertie.

Gertie gasps.

Mold Monster snarls as it speeds up.

POP!

Mold Monster drops on its butt, hard, and rubs its forehead.

A golf ball settles to a stop.

Mold Monster launches itself forward and avoids the onslaught of golf balls that ricochet off the ground in all directions.

Mold Monster prepares to jump as Gertie turns on a shop light sitting on another box. It shields its eyes and screams, until--

It slips and slides on a slicked floor toward the moving box wall! It passes a few used cans of WD40.

Gertie takes cover.

The Mold Monster prepares to hit a box, but suddenly the box lifts and it slides right into a dog kennel.

BAM!

The door shuts.

Mold Monster shakes it off and looks up to Gertie standing over it, triumphant.

GERTIE

All. By. Myself.

Gertie gets a good look at the monster for the first time, and finds her confidence overshadowed by fear even though it's caged.

GERTIE

You're one ugly mother beeeeeeeeeeep.

Gertie gives the caged monster a wide berth as she heads toward the exit.

GERTIE

Mom, Dad, Grandpa! I got it!

68 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gertie runs down the hallway, knocks on the Parent's Bedroom

door, and continues into the Living Room where she finds--

69 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa is duct-taped to the recliner, including his whiskey glass to his hand.

GERTIE

Grandpa...?

Grandpa stirs, but tries to go back to bed.

GRANDPA

Go to bed, child.

Grandpa tries to turn to one side, away from Gertie, and realizes he can't. His eyes pop open.

GRANDPA

What the hell is going on? Gertie?
What is this?

GERTIE

It immobilized you, sir.

Gertie thinks deeply as Grandpa struggles, still drunk, to get out of his binds.

GERTIE

(to self)
You still don't understand what you're
dealing with do you? Perfect organism.
Its structural perfection is matched
only by its hostility.

Gertie clutches the notebook in her hand, looking at it intensely.

GRANDPA

Quit quoting lines from mouth-breather
movies and cut me loose, Gertie! Now!

Gertie snaps back reality.

GERTIE

Yes, sir, sorry, Colonel, sir.

Gertie runs into the kitchen and searches for something sharp.

Grandpa sees his whiskey glass and tries unsuccessfully to

have it meet his lips. He gives up just as Gertie returns with scissors.

GRANDPA

This has got to stop, Gertie. I've told your Mother a thousand times-

GERTIE

I got to show you something, Colonel. Please.

Gertie holds the solution to his escape hostage.

GRANDPA

Cut.

GERTIE

Only if you promise.

GRANDPA

I don't negotiate with terrorists.

Gertie isn't budging.

GRANDPA

I'll consider it.

70 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

The moving box lifts up and away, flooding the kennel with light, and exposing a very surprised Gertie and Grandpa.

GRANDPA

What the hell is that?

Gertie shakes her head, absolutely doesn't know.

Grandpa leans closer for a closer look at--

An egg-shaped thing resembling scotch eggs with bits of hair and goo.

GRANDPA

I know what it is.

GERTIE

You do?

GRANDPA

This is where the mold is coming from.

Grandpa looks around the garage at the warzone as he heads to the interior garage door.

GRANDPA

This house is beyond out of control.
We should be walking around with
hazmat suits with the way this
operation is run. Like a bunch of
monkeys tryin' to screw a football.

He reaches up for the garage door opening.

GERTIE

That IS the monster!

GRANDPA

While your Mother is out serving this
country it's apparent what your Father
isn't doing. You, Gertie, are out of
control!

Gertie manages to control her face, her tears.

The garage door starts to open.

GRANDPA

Take that kennel outside of this house
and get this garage cleaned up. After
that, you're confined to quarters
indefinitely. Do you understand?

Gertie nods.

GRANDPA

I said do you understand?

GERTIE

Sir, yes, sir.

GRANDPA

I need a drink.

Gertie looks down. BAM! The interior door shuts and she jumps.

She sits on a moving box. Danny sits beside her, back-to-back.

Crickets CHIRP from outside.

DANNY

What do you think it is?

GERTIE

Can't be good. Maybe it's inside there.

DANNY

You should put a lock on it. Like you said, it's smart. We got to be smarter. Oh, you could call Animal Control - tell them it's a wild animal. What's it gonna do, locked up and locked outside the house?

GERTIE

While I'm locked up in here where everyone hates me.

DANNY

Don't say that.

GERTIE

It's true. They put up with me. I bet they wish they could lock me up in a kennel and put me outside.

DANNY

Gertie...

GERTIE

No! You caused all this. Grandpa says it was all Dad's fault, but it wasn't. It wasn't his fault.

DANNY

It wasn't Dad's fault. Don't say that.

GERTIE

I know. It was your fault, Danny. And now all of this, this is all your fault!

Gertie stomps off toward the kennel and drags it outside.

DANNY

I need to tell you something.

GERTIE

Don't care.

Gertie roots around in a toolbox to find a padlock.

DANNY
I'm leaving soon.

Gertie stops in her tracks and turns, padlock in her hand.

DANNY
Can we go to my room?

Gertie looks sad. They never to go to his room for good news.

The garage door starts to close with the padlocked kennel outside.

71 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT**

The garage door shuts. Cricket CHIRPS.

The egg emits a strange, low hum.

A cricket comes too close to the egg. The goo reaches out like a sticky hand toy, grabs it, and pulls it into the egg.

Crickets cover the driveway and herd toward the egg as the hum grows louder.

72 **EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Danny, dressed like a warrior in Genghis Khan's army, stands atop a steep hill of tall grass and looks into a valley like a warrior surveying the battlefield.

A cabin sits in the valley.

Wind GUSTS.

Dad walks by him and pats his shoulder.

Danny turns, wearing a plastic shield on his back and sword in his hand.

DAD
Come on buddy. Two more miles.

DANNY
Are we going to the general store?

DAD
We can have a look around before we leave, sure.

Danny runs ahead in a full charge down the path.

DANNY
Yeeeeeeaaaahh!

DAD
I know you're anxious to engage in
glorious combat, but no more running
ahead, OK?

Danny stops and swings his sword at grass as he waits.

73 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - FRONT - DAY**

Danny and Dad walk through a parking lot toward a cabin
turned General Store.

A few other HIKER CUSTOMERS prepare to start their hike or
end their hike customarily by entering the store.

Danny spots a DOG in the distance, laying in the grass at a
tree line, panting.

DANNY
Dad, look, a dog.

Dad checks his mobile phone, half paying attention.

DAD
Looks like Grandma is about ready to
give Gertie back.

Dad laughs.

DANNY
Dad!

DAD
What's up?

Danny points toward the Dog but all Dad sees is--

A HIKER carries an INJURED HIKER, lower leg area mangled and
bloody, to the General Store porch.

HIKER
Help! Someone help!

DAD
Danny - can you go into the store
without me? I'm going to help these

folks.

DANNY

Is she going to be OK?

DAD

Yeah. She's gonna be fine. Looks like either an animal bite or maybe a poacher's trap got her. Okay, we're cool, right? Stay in the store - don't leave till I get you. Right?

Danny nods and gives a half-hearted salute.

DAD

Great.

Dad runs over to the Hiker as they lower Injured Hiker, with the help of Hiking Customers, onto a bench.

DAD

Hey - retired Army Combat Medic here. Ambulance on the way?

HIKER

Yeah, we were right down there when it happened. Just BAM!

Injured Hiker moans in pain, or possibly from listening to Hiker, or both.

DAD

I always carry my kit...

Dad pulls off his pack to get out his med kit and glances over his shoulder to see Danny entering the General Store.

DAD

OK, mind if I take a look?

74 **INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

Danny looks around at all the usual stuff: cheap toys, trail food, home-made beef jerky, trail maps, etc.

He spots the Dog from the window.

The Dog limps along a tree line not far off from Danny.

DANNY

Oh no...

75 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - REAR FIELD - DAY**

Danny bursts out of the back door in a WWI Army Medic uniform and crosses a field toward the Dog.

DOG #2 emerges from the tree line, too far off for Danny to notice.

76 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - FRONT - DAY**

Dad wraps the Injured Hiker's lower leg in sterile bandaging.

DAD
Nice and clean.

HIKER
What if it had rabies?

Injured Hiker gasps at Hiker. They didn't think of that.

DAD
This wasn't a poacher's trap?

HIKER
Last week there was a guy that got bit and got rabies. People drop unwanted dogs out here all the time. They may look like people, but they ain't, they're monsters.

Dad processes as he finishes wrapping.

DAD
But the wound didn't look like...

HIKER
There was a bunch of them. Hit one with a stick real good. The others got my bear mace.

Dad looks down the road where the Hiker indicated, then to the General Store.

DAD
Tell the ambulance it was wild dogs. They'll know what to do.

Dad pushes through the Hiking Customers and into the General Store.

77 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Dad searches for Danny in the store. Every aisle. Concerned at first, then frantic.

He passes by the window Danny looked out of earlier and hears a BARK. He stops and looks out the window. More BARKS, angry, aggressive.

78 EXT. GENERAL STORE - REAR FIELD - DAY

Dad runs out of the General Store at top speed across the field.

Dog #2 looks up with a bloodied maw, then runs.

Dad's face contorts as he slows and nears the tree line.

His foot stops at edge of a torn, bloody plastic shield laying in the grass.

Gertie screams, O.S., muffled.

79 INT. DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRETEND WORLD)

Gertie's screams fade up as she lays on Danny's bed and holds a pillow to her face.

The room is similar to Gertie's but with "The NeverEnding Story" movie poster and "Conan the Barbarian." More fantasy than action related paraphernalia.

Danny sits at the end of the bed and waits.

Gertie's scream turns into uncontrollable into sobs.

DANNY

You've heard it before, remember?
Grandpa got drunk at your birthday party, the one right after my funeral? Oh, and Mom and Dad had that big fight in the kitchen. That's when they said the D-word...

Gertie doesn't answer.

DANNY

Divorce.

Gertie flings off the pillow.

GERTIE

I don't want to talk about this. I don't want to talk about it!

DANNY

Nobody does. Gertie- I'm leaving soon, I mean it.

GERTIE

Why?

DANNY

You're getting older and I don't-

GERTIE

No, you're my brother and you're staying.

DANNY

Listen to me.

Gertie dismisses him.

DANNY

Listen to me! You have to accept that I'm dead, Gertie. You have to. Mom, Dad, Grandpa- they do, too, before it's too late!

GERTIE

No!

KNOCK KNOCK.

The door opens.

80 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GERTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa steps in and looks suspicious.

GRANDPA

Who're you yelling at?

GERTIE

I was singing.

GRANDPA

Huh. Rack out. You're going to school tomorrow.

GERTIE

But-

GRANDPA

Haven't you caused enough trouble tonight?

GERTIE

Yes, sir.

Gertie doesn't see the moment of guilt flash across Grandpa's face for the way he treats her.

He closes the door.

Gertie throws the pillow and lays down on the notebook.

She flops over the notebook to it's back. The backing catches her attention.

Titled THE DOWN BELOW, it depicts tunnels leading down from within the Earth's surface to huts in an underground cavern with Mold Monsters running around.

Inside one hut is an "egg." Inside another is an open "egg" and multiple Mold Monsters jumping out. Behind the Earth are tens of Mold Monsters, ready to take over the world.

Gertie shoots up.

GERTIE

We won the war, but- they're here to take over!

81 **EXT. MILITARY FAMILY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

The "egg" has grown to fill the kennel. A mound of dead crickets surround the kennel.

The egg pulsates.

A claw, smaller than the Mold Monster's, protrudes out of the egg. Then another.

It finds and works the padlock.

Suddenly three other sets of claws stick out in all directions and grab onto the kennel's bars!

82 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa rummages around a moving box for a photo album with one hand as the other holds a glass of whiskey.

He drops into the recliner with the photo book and flips through a few pages. He stops and pulls out a picture of GRANDMA (50s), Okinawan, and smiling.

Grandpa smiles back.

GRANDPA

You made me a better man. And now that you're gone... I'm not sure what kind of man I really am.

He drinks, but is interrupted by--

SMASH! Glass breaks down the hallway.

GRANDPA

Gertie!

83 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grandpa storms down the hall, whiskey sloshing.

CRUNCH.

Grandpa pauses at the dark bathroom. He pushes the door open and flips on the light.

A broken window and glass on the floor.

GRANDPA

Gertie.

No one answers.

Grandpa investigates the scene and looks out the window. He slurs:

GRANDPA

Go ahead Gertie, run away. Run away from your problems. See how fast they catch you.

The toilet seat lifts an inch. Two MOLD MONSTERS eyeballs shine.

GRANDPA

You deal with your problems. Head on.
Got it? Head on, soldier!

BAM! The toilet seat slams against the tank. Grandpa looks down as a Mold Monsters launches from the watery bowl at him.

Grandpa screams and falls backward into the tub, cocooned by the shower curtain.

Two more Mold Monsters peer in over the broken window, malicious intent on their faces.

Grandpa fights the shower curtain and pops his head out.

GRANDPA

Where are you! Where...

The room is empty.

84 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Grandpa stares at himself in the mirror, in ridicule. His whiskey glass, chipped, sits on sink.

TINY FOOTSTEPS run by the door.

Grandpa looks curious, but unwilling to embarrass himself again. He ignores it and takes stock of the bathroom mess.

85 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Gertie super glues the grate to the floor.

86 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Grandpa cracks the Parent's Room door to check up. He watches the humps of their forms take breaths.

87 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Grandpa stands in front of Gertie's room as if he's about to give a dress down to a soldier. He wobbles, drunker.

He holds the refilled, chipped whiskey glass, and decides to put it down on the floor.

GRANDPA

Gertie.

No answer. He deliberates leaving, but stays, tone softening.

GRANDPA

Gertie, I'm sorry. I am sorry. You're my only granddaughter. And I take things out on you, on- on a lot of people that don't deserve it. I've lost too much over the years. Soldiers. Your Grandma. Danny. I don't want to lose you, too. So I'm sorry. I'm just a lonely, pissed old grunt, and when I stop sucking air... Gertie, can you forgive me?

Grandpa cracks the door.

GRANDPA

Gertie, I'm trying here.

Grandpa sees the bed is empty, closes the door, and turns to see Gertie with her back pressed against the garage door.

Tears stream down Gertie's face.

Grandpa straightens, a proud man, as his eyes tear up.

TINY FOOTSTEPS. A blur runs across the living room.

Gertie sees it, and Grandpa turns just as the Mold Monster peeks around the corner, eyes glinting, snarling.

It disappears just as fast.

GRANDPA

You little-

Grandpa looks back at Gertie as if to confirm what he's seeing.

GRANDPA

Okay, Gertie. Get weaponized.

Gertie nods, firmly.

88 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Gertie holds a crowbar and Grandpa holds a golf club as they march down the hallway for war.

Grandpa looks like Marion Cobretti from the movie "Cobra" and Gertie like Ellen Ripley from "Alien."

89 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gertie and Grandpa skulk into the Living Room.

Gertie turns on all of the lights.

GRANDPA
What're you doing?

GERTIE
It doesn't like light.

GRANDPA
It ain't gonna like this club shoved
up its-

GERTIE
Over there!

Gertie points at the recliner.

Gertie and Grandpa close in on the recliner, weapons at the ready.

GRANDPA
HAH!

Gertie and Grandpa both look at an empty space behind the recliner, weapons raised.

GERTIE
I saw it.

Grandpa looks toward the kitchen and nods.

GERTIE
Roger that.

90 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grandpa and Gertie enter the kitchen. Above them, unnoticed, one of the Mold Monsters grips onto the ceiling, looking down on them.

GERTIE
It could be anywhere, Colonel.

Grandpa points to Gertie and then to the cabinets. He holds up a finger.

Gertie nods and prepares to open a cabinet. Grandpa prepares

to swing.

He nods.

She yanks open the cabinet!

Nothing. They relax.

They prepare for the next one.

Pieces of ceiling plaster drop onto Grandpa's shoulder. He looks at it, curious, and then up-

A Mold Monsters drops onto Grandpa's face and "kisses" him. Grandpa struggles to get it off as his screams are muffled.

GERTIE

Grandpa!

Grandpa slams into walls and overturns furniture, as Gertie looks for an opening.

Grandpa strikes at the Mold Monsters. His strikes weaken, quickly.

BAM! Gertie hits it with the crowbar and SCHLOOP, its suction on Grandpa lets loose as it flies into the corner.

It lies in a heap, motionless.

GERTIE

Grandpa, are you OK?

GRANDPA

What the hell are these things?

GERTIE

Sure isn't mold.

Grandpa gives her a look as Gertie studies the Mold Monsters.

GERTIE

It's smaller somehow.

GRANDPA

What do you mean?

GERTIE

The other one was like twice this size.

Gertie references a size with her hands.

GERTIE

What do we do now? Maybe setup a
defense?

Gertie surveys the kitchen, turning away from Grandpa.

THUD.

Gertie turns and finds Grandpa slumped against the wall, on
the floor, with another Mold Monsters sucking on his face.

A third monster watches her as it ties Grandpa's with his own
shoe's shoestring. It grins at her.

GERTIE

No...

The Mold Monsters sucking on Grandpa lets go, a look of
satisfaction.

MOLD MONSTERS

Ahhhh.

Grandpa's head tilts toward Gertie. He manages:

GRANDPA

Run.

Gertie runs on command out of the Kitchen.

One of the Mold Monsters points at the escaping Gertie and
squeals!

91 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Gertie runs into her Parent's Room just as the Mold Monsters
round the corner.

92 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Gertie slams the door, locks it, and puts her back against
it.

She looks around for something to further fortify: a night
stand, boxes, and a vacuum cleaner.

She steps back and hopes it's enough.

GROAN.

She whirls around.

GERTIE

Mom! Dad!

She drops the crowbar, runs up to the bed and is greeted by two sleeping, near dead, corpse like people barely resembling Mom and Dad.

Blood seeps from nearly every orifice, crusted, and staining everything.

GERTIE

No, Mom! Dad!

Gertie crawls into the bed and puts her head on their chests. They breathe, but barely.

She cries in desperation.

GERTIE

I don't know what to do. Please wake up.

Gertie spots Mom's cell phone. She dials 911 and the line picks up.

GERTIE

Hello! Hello! Please, we need help!

SCRATCHING on the line.

GERTIE

Hello?

SNICKERS from Mold Monsters.

GERTIE

How...

Gertie drops to the floor, defeated. The phone falls to the floor.

GERTIE

Danny. I need you.

Gertie looks around desperately but doesn't see him. Instead, she notices the shadows underneath the door. Then scratching on a window in the bathroom.

She reaches over and slams the bathroom door shut, and puts

herself against it. She clenches her eyes shut and screams:

GERTIE

Danny! Danny! Danny please!

Gertie opens her eyes and sees Danny sitting in front of her. Relieved, she scrambles to hug him but he holds up a hand. He's serious.

She sits back, confused, but still relieved.

GERTIE

I need your help. They got Grandpa. Mom and Dad. It's not good. And they're trying to get in. We gotta do something!

DANNY

Gertie. It's time.

GERTIE

What do you mean?

DANNY

You know what I mean.

GERTIE

Right now? Why right now? We're all going to die - I need you!

DANNY

I don't have a choice.

GERTIE

You don't have a choice?

Something deep down inside in Gertie boils.

GERTIE

You don't have a choice? How about when you chose to get killed? You're an idiot! You know what. I'm glad you're dead. I'm glad I don't have to watch over my older brother who is so stupid.

Danny looks hurt, but understanding of her anger.

GERTIE

Go. Go ahead. Leave.

Danny stands and holds out his arms for a hug.

GERTIE

No way. See what you did to my family?
You're not my brother. You're just
some kid that got himself killed.

Danny sighs and walks toward the door. Pauses.

DANNY

Remember I told you I had some ideas?

GERTIE

Go!

DANNY

Go to the Down Below. Go to where it
comes from - defeat them where they
come from and they'll never return.
It's your only hope. Now or never.

Gertie covers up and sobs.

DANNY

Love you, Gertie.

She looks up, wanting to tell him she loves him, too.

GERTIE

Danny?

The dark room. The window scratching. Her parent's ragged
breaths. The door handle jiggles, rapidly. It all closes in
on her.

Gertie huddles and cries.

93 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

A Mold Monsters hangs from the door knob, pulling hard.

A hand reaches to grab the left whiskey glass.

The Mold Monster pauses, feeling something near and looks
behind.

SPLASH! Whiskey flies into its face.

It screams and falls off the door knob, rubbing its eyes.

Grandpa stands over it, unstable, but able to rear back for a

punting soccer kick toward the Living Room.

94 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Gertie looks up, afraid, as she hears the screams.

THUD! The screams fade and things break in the Living Room.

The door knob jiggles.

BAM BAM. Someone large rams the door with their shoulder.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Gertie!

Gertie runs to the door, pushes away the barricades, and unlocks the door.

GERTIE

Grandpa!

Grandpa slides into the room, closes the door and locks it.

The two survivors embrace in a hug.

GRANDPA

You're OK?

GERTIE

I'm OK. But Mom and Dad...

Grandpa looks up at the bed. He can barely stand. He thinks about how he'll make it over there.

Gertie runs over and supports him.

He smiles at her, and lets her help him to the bed where he sits heavily.

GRANDPA

My baby.

Grandpa looks at Dad.

GRANDPA

My son.

He notices Mom's cell phone and grabs it.

GERTIE

Won't work.

Grandpa tries the number anyways, waits, and looks at the phone. Disbelief forms.

GRANDPA

I don't understand. We need to get help. We need to get help right now.

He tries another number - nothing.

SCRATCHING from the windows.

GRANDPA

Surrounded. These miscreants!

GERTIE

Grandpa.

GRANDPA

What?

GERTIE

I know what I need to do.

GRANDPA

This is the Alamo, sweetheart. We make our last stand as a family.

GERTIE

You keep Mom and Dad safe. I'm going to end this.

Gertie picks up the crowbar.

GRANDPA

Don't get me wrong, Gertie, but you're just a kid.

GERTIE

I know. And I'm the only one who can fit.

Grandpa looks confused on "fit."

95 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Parent's Door unlocks.

Gertie steps out, looks both ways, and sneaks toward the garage.

96 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Gertie flips on the light and readies to strike, but it's clear. Then she notices--

The entire garage is covered in mold.

GERTIE

Woah.

97 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Gertie works to try and pry the grate up, but it's not giving. She keeps trying.

98 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa slides off the bed and puts his hands together, awkwardly. It's been a while. He prays.

MOM (O.S.)

Hey, Dad.

Grandpa looks up, surprised.

Mom tilts her head toward Grandpa and smiles, weakly.

GRANDPA

Hey baby. It's gonna be all right.

MOM

I saw Danny.

GRANDPA

You've been asleep all day. I think you were dreaming.

MOM

He was talking to Gertie. He was saying goodbye. I miss him so much.

Mom starts to cry.

Grandpa comforts her, again awkward, but meaningful. He wipes her face of the blood and tears with the blanket.

GRANDPA

It's OK. Everything's gonna be OK.

MOM

It's not, Dad. It's not. We're not OK.

GRANDPA

When your Mother died, I felt this decay. Inside. These things eating me. Growing. Multiplying as I became... less. I was waiting, waiting to die, until Danny came along. And then Gertie. They put me back together. But, then we lost him and I fell right back apart.

Mom's hand covers his. She knows.

GRANDPA

It's not his fault.

MOM

Whose?

Grandpa looks at Dad.

MOM

Sometimes I have to remind myself, that. It's not fair. Those thoughts.

GRANDPA

It ain't. I want him to know that in case these things get in and finish us off.

Mom looks confused.

MOM

Dad, it's past time we let these things out.

GRANDPA

You don't understand.

The door knob jiggles, wildly.

GRANDPA

They're coming.

Mom pushes on Dad to wake him up.

MOM

Who's coming? You're scaring me.

Mom realizes something.

MOM
Where's Gertie?

Grandpa struggles to his feet.

A window BREAKS in the bathroom.

Mom shakes Dad.

GRANDPA
Those nasty little mold monsters.

MOM
Dad- where's Gertie?

She rocks Dad harder.

MOM
Wake up, wake up! Please wake up!
Don't leave me!

Grandpa faces off toward the bathroom door.

Mom realizes he's not waking up, then notices finally the blood. It's everywhere. On her, on him. Everywhere.

MOM
Dad! He won't wake up, I don't want
him to leave me! Please, do something!

Grandpa retreats to Dad's beside.

99 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Gertie strains. She and the crowbar tremble as she tries to dislodge the grate.

CHANG!

The grate flips off.

Gertie drops, exhausted.

She crawls to the hole, grabs the crowbar and peers down the hole.

She retreats.

GERTIE
Danny, I can't do this. I'm just a
kid.

Danny's hand lays on her shoulder.

DANNY

You have to.

GERTIE

Danny! You didn't leave!

Danny stands beside her in the same clothing, shield and sword as Danny when he was attacked.

She hugs Danny, and this time he hugs back.

DANNY

I have one last thing to give you.

GERTIE

This isn't one of our games, Danny! I could die like...

DANNY

Like me. You're wasting time. This doesn't get better with time. The monsters- they're trying to get to Mom, Dad and Grandpa.

GERTIE

You sound like Grandpa.

Danny takes off his sword and shield.

GERTIE

Those are just toys. I have this.

Gertie raises the crowbar.

DANNY

Believe.

GERTIE

This isn't make believe anymore!

Danny doesn't relent.

GERTIE

Fine. But I'm taking this, too.

Gertie stops in front of the hole, still unsure. She turns to ask a question, but Danny's head is already shaking.

DANNY

I can't go with you. I'll always be
with you.

Danny touches his own chest.

Gertie shakes her head, not wanting to believe him.

GERTIE

What am I supposed to do when I'm
there, in the Down Below?

DANNY

Face it. You only have until morning,
remember?

Gertie gulps and looks at the hole. Turning back, Gertie
finds herself alone.

Gertie looks like she wants to run, but she touches her own
chest.

GERTIE

I don't want to do this alone, Danny,
don't make me!

100 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - GARAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Gertie climbs down the claustrophobic tunnel, crying, afraid.

She nears the hatch and opens it with her foot to reveal
absolute darkness.

She leans to get a better look-

The ladder breaks!

Gertie ricochets off the walls and falls into the open hatch.

OVER BLACK

101 **INT. MOLD MONSTER HOUSE - DAY**

A one-room, windowless cabin scaled at an eight year old's
height. Everything is covered in some kind of mold. It's the
den of the Mold Monster!

Gertie wakes up on the mold-covered floor.

GERTIE

Ew! Ugh.

She looks around to see she's alone, then takes in her surroundings.

She finds photos of Young Gertie and Danny pinned to a wall.

GERTIE

What the...

She reaches out to touch a picture and a glop of mold from the ceiling drips on her hand.

GERTIE

No freaking way!

Gertie looks for a way to get back up the hole, but it's too high.

She finds a tool and tries to turn the hatch's handle. It doesn't budge.

GERTIE

Come on! It was a trap. It was all a trap. Danny! You led me into a trap!

Gertie kicks and pushes things over. A glop of mold drops in her hair.

GERTIE

You gotta be kidding me! Thanks a lot!

She tries to get it out and notices a door. She looks around, not sure how she missed it.

Hesitantly, Gertie uses her shirt to try the door handle. It doesn't give.

GERTIE

Argh!

102 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa holds onto the bathroom door as Mold Monsters claw at the other side.

Mom pats Dad's face.

MOM

Come on, babe, wake up! Please!

Dad gulps for air.

MOM
Oh thank God. Dad, he's back.

Grandpa looks thankful.

MOM
I thought I lost you.

DAD
I've been here all along.

MOM
Me, too.

DAD
And I want it to stay that way.

MOM
Me, too.

Mom and Dad embrace.

The lock on the bedroom door POPS open.

Mom's eyes go wide and she slides out of bed but falls.

GRANDPA
The door!

Mom gathers herself and crawls across the floor.

The door pops open an inch.

Mom slams herself against it, re-locks it, and leans against it.

MOM
We can't keep this up.

Grandpa looks away, not wanting to admit.

Dad leans up out of bed, using all of his strength.

DAD
What's going on?

SCRATCHING.

Plaster dust falls from the ceiling.

Grandpa and Mom look up to find the makings of a small hole.

A claw sticks through it to widen it.

103 **INT. MOLD MONSTER HOUSE - DAY**

Gertie paces.

GERTIE
Think. Think!

She stops to look at her shoe and goes to use the crowbar to remove the mold caking on the soles.

She pauses and studies the crowbar.

GERTIE
Improvise.

Gertie uses the crowbar on the door.

GERTIE
Open!

The door pops open and she falls on her rear-end.

Bright white light floods the room.

Gertie shields her eyes, gets up and walks into the light.

OVER WHITE

104 **EXT. GENERAL STORE - REAR FIELD - DAY**

Wind blows through grass and trees.

Gertie steps outside, eyes adjusting to the light, and crowbar at the ready.

She looks around at an unfamiliar place.

She realizes the door behind her is closed. She tries it.
Locked.

GERTIE
Hello?

Nothing.

Danny's red shoes step from behind a bush at the tree line.

Gertie pounds on the door with the crowbar and tries to pry it open.

GERTIE

Open up!

Gertie gives up and catches her breath. She feels something watching her and turns.

The Mold Monster stands in the shadow of the tree line. Hulking. Hungry.

GERTIE

You.

She points at it with the crowbar.

GERTIE

I got you once already. Leave my family alone!

Gertie charges at it.

Mold Monster charges at her.

They meet and do battle. It's back and forth.

The Mold Monster misses a strike but shreds the lower part of her shirt.

Gertie knocks the Mold Monster down with the crowbar.

GERTIE

You're finished!

Gertie raises the crowbar for the final strike, but hears a door OPEN.

She looks behind her to find the Mold Monsters rushing her from behind.

She feels something clasp the crowbar.

The Mold Monster holds the crowbar and rises, seething. It rips the crowbar out of her hands.

Gertie backs away, surrounded by all of the Mold Monsters.

GERTIE

Danny I need you!

Goo drips from the hungry mouths of the Mold Monsters.

Gertie looks around for Danny, but she's alone.

She shrinks and trembles. Her hand brushes the plastic sword, and she looks around. They're out in the open. It's bright.

She gets an idea.

The Mold Monsters close ranks on Gertie, their claws CLACKING.

Gertie, painted black and white like Conan from "Conan and the Barbarian," roars!

The Mold Monsters take pause and look confused.

They chatter, sloppy clicks and barks. Goo spittle flies.

Gertie waits, eyeing them.

Mold Monster points at her and gives a roar of its own.

The Mold Monsters close in and they fight.

Mold Monster hangs on the outside and watches, waiting for its time to strike. It seems to grow bigger.

Gertie and the Mold Monsters fight that wounds and bruises both alike.

Gertie takes the upper hand and the three Mold Monsters are defeated, until-

Mold Monster, much larger in size now, turns her and grabs her by the throat.

Gertie drops her weapons and grabs onto its wrists. She struggles kicking and punching.

She realizes the futility, but then knows what she must do. She looks into its eyes.

GERTIE

I see you, monster. I see you.

Mold Monster doesn't understand, but becomes nervous.

GERTIE

I said I see you, Mold Monster! I see you!

Mold Monster becomes afraid, but holds onto her. It starts to shrink.

It tries not to look at her intense stare but Gertie grabs a hold of its face and forces it.

It shrinks enough so that Gertie's feet gain traction on the ground.

GERTIE

Face me!

The Mold Monster lets go of Gertie and tries to push away, but Gertie keeps with it and holds tight.

GERTIE

I see you. And. I. Face. You!

The Mold Monster begins to shrink even smaller, and decays.

Gertie roars!

All of the Mold Monsters shrink into a dissipating pile of mold.

Gertie stands alone, wavering, exhausted.

A wind blows and their remnants vanish.

GERTIE

I faced you. I faced you...

105 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The ceiling hole, larger, is empty.

Dad sits up in the bed, grasping a lamp as a weapon.

Mom, Dad and Grandpa watch the hole, stunned.

MOM

Where did it go?

Grandpa puts his ear against the bathroom door, then opens it, carefully.

He looks surprised.

GRANDPA

They're gone.

MOM

Are you sure?

DAD

Someone want to tell me what's going
on now?

Mom uses the door knob to get up, shakily, and shuffles
toward the bed.

GRANDPA

Careful.

MOM

We need to try the phone again.

The bedroom door jiggles.

Mom stop in her tracks.

Dad grips the lamp.

KNOCK KNOCK.

GERTIE (O.S.)

Guys?

MOM

Gertie!

Mom shuffles quickly to the door and opens it, embracing with
Gertie.

Grandpa watches, realizing Gertie must have defeated the
monsters.

Gertie leans back Mom and addresses the room.

GERTIE

I faced it.

DAD

Faced what?

Gertie smiles and looks around. She realizes she wasn't the
only one 'facing it.'

Grandpa lays a hand on Dad's shoulder.

Dad, taken off guard, looks up questioningly to Grandpa.

Grandpa wears an apologetic, loving face.

Mom hugs Gertie again.

106 **EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (PRETEND WORLD)**

Gertie, a Zulu tribal warrior, dashes through thick underbrush carrying a banana leaf wrapped package.

She skids to a stop and hides behind a large tree.

CRUNCH CRUNCH.

The silhouette of a JAGUAR passes by. GROWLS.

Gertie, confident, stands and strides into a clearing towards a hut under a tree.

The Jaguar appears at the edge of the clear, shadowed. GROWLS.

It launches after her!

Gertie stops and waits just outside the hut, unwavering. Bored, even.

The Jaguar readies for a pounce.

SNAP! A net surrounds Jaguar and lifts it into the air.

Gertie whirls around.

GERTIE

Hah!

Gertie turns on a heel and enters the hut.

107 **INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Gertie strides into the cafeteria carrying a lunch box.

School Kids, in their usual groups, eat lunch and CHATTER.

Gertie unzips her lunch box to reveal a stash of MRE brownies.

School Girl notices Gertie and smiles.

Gertie smiles back and walks toward her with the brownies.

108 **INT. CAR (PARKED) - SCHOOL - DAY**

Grandpa puts the car in park and looks out the window.

Gertie sits on a wall talking to School Girl. They're all

smiles.

Gertie sees Grandpa and hops to, waving at School Girl.

Gertie drops into the passenger seat.

GRANDPA
Did it work?

GERTIE
Maybe I'm glad you moved closer.

GRANDPA
Jury's still out, huh?

Grandpa and Gertie wear matching grins.

GERTIE
Drive on, Colonel.

109 INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mom pulls out a cake from the fridge. The room is decorated for Thanksgiving. Covered dishes wait to be devoured.

Dad strolls in.

DAD
Turkey is about ready. Is that... No.
Couldn't be.

Mom shrugs as she pops the plastic case.

MOM
Could be.

Dad comes up behind Mom and wraps his arms around her as she fixes some of the icing.

Dad looks at his watch.

DAD
They're late. Your dad is off his
mark.

MOM
Don't do it.

Mom wipes a dab of frosting on her finger and offers it to Dad.

Dad sucks it off.

DAD
Buttercream. My favorite.

The front door OPENS.

GERTIE
We're home!

Dad lays out plates and looks up as Gertie and Grandpa enter, looking sly.

110 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Grandpa, Mom, Dad and Gertie sit around the table and hold hands. Candles are lit. Food is laid out.

Grandpa finishes up his speech.

GRANDPA
And for that, we'll always give
thanks. Lastly, to the ones we've
lost. We will remember. We will love.
And, we will live.

The family looks at one another in a solemn, but happy peace.

GRANDPA
Chow down.

111 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Mom cuts the turkey. Silverware CLINKS against plates. They joke and laugh with each other.

DAD
So, Colonel, how's your watch working?

Mom shakes her at Dad.

Grandpa checks out his watch.

GRANDPA
It's fine. Did you do something to it?
Did you touch my watch?

Dad can barely contain his laughter as he works his cell phone. He shows it to Grandpa.

It shows Grandpa and Gertie entering the house earlier.

GRANDPA

So what?

DAD

Check the time.

Grandpa does, and he's not impressed at first.

GRANDPA

Well. I guess, you sly bastard, you got me.

Dad, Mom and Gertie looks shocked.

DAD

What?

Dad laughs.

GRANDPA

You got me!

They all laugh.

Danny leans against the kitchen doorway, smiling, as he plays with a Rubik's cube.

Gertie senses something and looks over to an empty doorway.

112 **INT. MILITARY HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY**

Gertie signs her name to the notebook and replaces it where she found it.

113 **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY**

A YOUNG BOY (around 9) sits on the sidewalk, over top a street gutter. He looks unhappy.

Mold Monster's eyes reflect in the darkness of the drain. It moves forward into the light as it licks its lips and teeth hungrily.

GERTIE (O.S.)

Hey!

Mold Monster gasps and retreats, watching from the safety of the darkness.

Gertie stops in front of the Young Boy.

YOUNG BOY

Hey.

GERTIE

I heard there was bunker around here
and it was haunted. Is that true?

YOUNG BOY

Yeah.

GERTIE

So cool. Do you know where it is?

YOUNG BOY

Yeah...

GERTIE

I bet I can stay in there for ten
seconds.

Young Boy suddenly becomes interested.

YOUNG BOY

No way.

Gertie stands her ground, "yes, way."

Young Boy stands.

YOUNG BOY

You're on.

They walk off together.

GERTIE

Lead the way. I'm Gertie by the way.

YOUNG BOY

Lucas. Do you go to the school?

GERTIE

Not on base.

YOUNG BOY

Oh.

Gertie glances over her shoulder at the drain, threatening.