

EXT. THE SWAMPLANDS OF FLORIDA - NIGHT

Still water. Murky, dirty swamp water.

The ominous eye of an ALLIGATOR surfaces. It stares blankly, dangerously.

Around it, insects buzz, frogs croak, birds call. You can feel the sticky humidity just by looking at it.

It's the type of swampland that goes on forever -- anything could be hidden in the brush.

Leaves shudder. Birds fly off ominously. The croc descends under the water.

And off in the distance, just at the edge of the swamp...

The lights of a A SMALL, OLD MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL STADIUM.

EXT. STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An old dot-matrix scoreboard with most of the bulbs burnt out or missing reads "THE SWAMP GATORS THANK YOU FOR COMING. DRIVE HOME SAF."

A logo of a CARTOON GATOR with a BASEBALL BAT stares out at the parking lot. A banner reads "1987 is The Year Of The Gator!"

The last cars pull out of the stadium, except for one dingy old pick-up truck with cleaning gear in the hatchback.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - NIGHT

PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-scratch-PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-scratch. The sprinklers spray the field with water.

It's an old-time minor league stadium: the bleachers surround the worn-down field with a single section of plastic seats -- there's no upper deck here.

Behind the seats are a few concession and souvenir stands; behind home plate are an owner's box and an elevated PA box.

The outfield fence is plastered with ads ("Hit one over the Gator and win a free seafood dinner!"); beyond the outfield is just the groundskeeper's quarters.

## BLEACHERS

Groundskeeper TONY LOSCANO, 50s, worn out and crabby, sweeps the bleachers. Paper cups drip remnants of overpriced Budweiser Light... peanut shells everywhere... a crow picks at the last half of a disgusting hot dog.

TONY

Shoo!

He waves his broom at the bird. It flies off.

## INT. STADIUM - PROMOTIONS CLOSET - NIGHT

Tony is in an oversized closet filled with PROMOTIONAL GIVEAWAYS: hats, rolled-up T-shirts (for the T-shirt gun), foam fingers, the like.

He finishes sweeping and switches the lights off as he exits.

## EXT. STADIUM - BEYOND THE OUTFIELD FENCE - NIGHT

Tony stands by a standard electric POWER BOX, as well as a gas-powered backup generator.

On the wall is the rusty old POWER BOX for the stadium. He twists a small key in, opens it, and flicks a switch.

One by one, the big LIGHTS in the outfield shutter off. Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

And DARKNESS.

Surrounded by parking lot and swamp, little is visible besides EXIT signs and the stars.

PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-PHT-scratch-STOP. The sprinklers die down.

Tony grabs his trusty MAGLITE and flicks it on. He turns the closet light off -- pitch black darkness.

## EXT. STADIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

With just his flashlight's single BEAM OF LIGHT, Tony walks towards the gate. He's not more than 20 yards from the glowing EXIT sign, when he hears --

-- SOMETHING. He's not sure what. He turns back.

TONY

Hello?

No response. His voice echoes in the corridor. He waves the flashlight around, and realizes: it's coming from the field.

EXT. STADIUM - BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Tony walks out through the bleachers, one small man and one weak flashlight engulfed by the darkness.

TONY  
Somebody out here?

He reaches the front row, and steps on the field.

EXT. STADIUM - FIELD - NIGHT

The unsettling sound of unfamiliar distant wildlife glides through the silence and darkness.

Tony looks around, waves the light around. Approaches the PITCHER'S MOUND. He stands on the rubber and circles.

TONY  
Game's over, kid! Park's closed!

He looks - a SMEARED BROWN TRAIL... like something slid across the MUDDY GRASS... toward the bullpen on the first base foul line.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I got ya now.

He walks over, excited.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Hey, kid --

He stops dead in his tracks. Drops the flashlight in the muddy grass. PLOP.

In the complete darkness, somewhere in the shadows of the bullpen... SOMETHING INHUMAN STARES BACK.

And GROWLS.

TONY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck...

A ROAR! And a POUNCE! And Tony SCREAMS.

All we can see in the murky night is the off-skewed maglite beam, lighting a streak across the infield -- and a splash of bright red BLOOD.