

RETURN TO THE BLACK LAGOON

Written by

Gary J. Rose

Based on the novel by the author

Groser@pacbell.net
(530) 613-9232

INT. CANVAS TENT NEAR AN ENCAMPMENT - DAY

DR. SARAH BLAKE, thirty-something, attractive, long blond hair, awakens, sweating from the humidity and heat of the Amazon. She stretches and realizes that her t-shirt is sopping wet, as well as her underwear.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Ugh! What I do for science.

She grabs a towel and wipes herself off, replacing her panties before putting on a pair of cargo pants.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)
(To self) No reason to replace my t-shirt. In a few minutes, it will be drenched in sweat.

She grabs her straw hat and unzips her tent. The jungle noises surround her. She takes a deep breath, filling her lungs with the scent of the rainforest.

EXT. JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

MIGUEL, twenty-something, Amazonian, slender, deckhand, greets her.

MIGUEL
Good morning, Doctor. I have breakfast almost ready.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Thank you, Miguel. How about some coffee? Is that ready?

MIGUEL
Sí, Señorita—I mean, Doctor. The coffee is ready.

Sarah chuckles.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
It's okay, Miguel. You can call me Sarah when it's just us. Dr. Blake sounds too formal out here.

Miguel nods.

MIGUEL
As you wish, Sarah. But you know, respect is important, even here in the jungle.

Sarah smiles.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

I do know, and I appreciate it, but
a little informality won't hurt.
Now, let's see about that coffee.

Miguel hands her a steaming cup of coffee. Sarah takes a sip,
savoring the flavor.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

Perfect. Just what I need to start
the day.

MIGUEL

Anything for you, Doct...I mean
Sarah.

He returns to making breakfast. Sarah sees the rest of the
group around a picnic table and approaches. At the head of
the table is the Captain of the River Queen, JOSE DELGADO,
sixty-something, overweight, chewing on an unlit cigar.

To his right is DOCTOR EMILY CARTER, a geologist, forty-
something, thin, swatting at mosquitos while spraying bug
repellent on her arms and legs.

DOCTOR ALAN RICHARDS, an ichthyologist, egotist, fifty-
something, research head, wipes his brow and waves flies
away.

Rounding out the group is DOCTOR BRAD FREEMAN, mid-thirties,
handsome.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

How did you sleep, Sarah?

He scoots over to allow her to sit next to him.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Actually, not bad once I got used
to the sounds of the jungle at
night.

She sits.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

A couple of times, though, I shot
up in fright and grabbed my
flashlight.

Captain Delgado laughs.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Yes, Señorita. The jungle has many new noises that come out at night. But it is the things that you cannot hear that you should be worried about.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Nervous) What kind of thing?

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Oh, there are many venomous snakes out at night, as well as foot-long centipedes.

His tone both serious and teasing.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

Probably the worst, however, would be the jaguars. They are very quick and silent, but normally they stay away from humans.

Emily's eyes open wide.

DR. EMILY CARTER

Jaguars? Really?

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Yes, really. But do not worry, Dr. Carter. Jaguars are elusive creatures. They prefer to avoid humans unless provoked or very hungry.

Brad places a comforting hand on Emily's arm.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

We'll be fine, Emily. We're taking all the necessary precautions.

Sarah nods in agreement.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

And we have Captain Delgado. He knows these parts better than anyone.

Delgado puffs out his chest with modest pride.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Indeed, I have been navigating these waters for over forty years. Trust me, you are in good hands.

Emily takes a deep breath, trying to relax.

DR. EMILY CARTER

Thanks, Captain. I guess it just takes some getting used to.

Sarah leans closer to Brad.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering) I think we'll all be a bit jumpy until we get our jungle legs.

Brad chuckles softly while squeezing her hand.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

We're scientists, right? Adaptation is part of the job.

The group shares a light laugh as Miguel brings breakfast to the table.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

So, Doctor Richards, you're paying good money for me to navigate the River Queen into rarely visited parts of the Amazon. What exactly are you looking for?

Richards leans back in his chair, gazing out at the horizon. The sun climbs towards its zenith, casting long shadows over the gently rolling waves. The rest of the team, still buzzing with the thrill of their discovery, falls silent as he begins to speak.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Dr. Blake wasn't always the cautious woman you see today. There was a time, years ago, when her curiosity led her into the heart of untamed wilderness, far from the safety of our modern world.

He pauses, letting the weight of his words settle over the group.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It was in those early days, during one of her first expeditions to South America, that Blake stumbled upon something truly extraordinary. In a remote jungle, where the trees grew so thick they blotted out the sky, she found a cave.

(MORE)

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D (CONT'D))

And in that cave, she discovered fossils that defied everything we thought we knew about prehistory.

Richards' eyes sparkle with the memory.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

These fossils were unlike any she had ever seen. They were of creatures that seemed to belong to a time long before the dinosaurs we know today. Massive, serpentine skeletons with features that suggested a lineage stretching back hundreds of millions of years, to a time when the world was a very different place.

The team leans in closer, captivated.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Blake spent weeks in that cave, meticulously cataloging every bone, every fragment. But it wasn't just the fossils that were remarkable. The cave walls were covered in ancient carvings, depicting scenes of these creatures in their prime. It was as if she had stumbled upon a lost history, a window into a world that had been forgotten by time.

Richards takes a deep breath, his voice growing softer.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

But as she delved deeper, Blake realized something else. The cave wasn't just a tomb for these ancient beasts; it was a gateway. A gateway to understanding how life on this planet had evolved, how creatures had adapted and survived through cataclysmic changes.

He looks around at the team, their faces reflecting a mixture of awe and curiosity.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Blake's discovery rewrote the history books, and it changed her. She became more cautious, more aware of the fragile balance of life.

(MORE)

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

And it was that awareness that led her to our current expedition, to find the source of these mysteries and uncover the truths hidden beneath the waves.

Dr. Richards stands.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

It's time we reboard the boat and continue our journey. We've got a lot of ground—or rather, water—to cover before we reach our next destination.

Sarah turns to Captain Delgado.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Captain Delgado, you've been on the river most of your life. Have you heard stories about an ancient civilization living in the area we are heading to?

Everyone turns and focuses on the captain.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Your Hollywood sometimes exaggerates about the dangers here in the Amazon, like that movie about the giant Anaconda. It made for a good story, no? But there are no snakes out here that big or smart enough to take on a boat full of people. This river will sting you, bite you, and yes, if given the chance, eat you.

Emily shakes, trying to escape what Captain Delgado is saying. They walk back to the boat as Delgado continues to speak.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

This river has its fair share of stories and myths. The locals believe it to be a place of magic and danger, filled with creatures and spirits that protect the jungle.

He points to the dense foliage along the riverbank.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

Take the legend of the Yacuruna, for example. They're said to be powerful water spirits that can transform into human form. They live in underwater cities and lure unsuspecting people into their domain, never to be seen again.

(Pause)

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

Then there's the tale of El Tunche, a vengeful spirit that roams the forest at night. It's said that if you hear its eerie whistle, you should run the other way, for it means death is near.

They reach the boat and begin to board, but the captain wasn't finished.

EXT. RIVER QUEEN'S DECK - DAY

Captain Delgado continues his tales as the boat sets off, cutting through the darkening waters of the Amazon. The dense jungle seems to close in on them, with towering trees casting long shadows that dance across the water.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

And of course, there's the story of the Mapinguari, a giant, ape-like creature with a single eye and a mouth on its belly. It's rumored to be a guardian of the forest, attacking anyone who dares to harm the jungle.

He lowers his voice as the boat glides deeper into the jungle.

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

But the most chilling legend of all is that of the Gillman. According to local lore, it's a half-human, half-fish creature that lives in the darkest depths of the Amazon. It's said to be incredibly intelligent and fiercely territorial, attacking anyone who ventures too close to its lair.

The team exchanges uneasy glances, the weight of the stories settling over them. The boat cuts through the still waters as the dense jungle envelops them.

Towering trees with sprawling canopies block out much of the sky, creating a world of green shadows and dappled sunlight. Birds of every imaginable color dart through the trees, their calls a cacophony of life.

Just beneath the surface, unseen eyes watch their every move. Caimans, part of the alligator family, lay in wait along the riverbanks. Richards points out a particularly large caiman basking in the sun on a fallen log.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

They can remain motionless for hours. But the moment prey gets within reach, they strike with incredible speed and force.

The team watches in awe as a capybara, the world's largest rodent, cautiously approaches the water's edge. Unaware of the danger lurking nearby, it lowers its head to drink. Suddenly, the caiman explodes from the water, its powerful jaws closing around the capybara with a bone-crushing snap. The struggle is brief, and the caiman drags its prey back into the murky depths.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

There you have it. Nature can be brutal. But it's also incredibly fascinating. Everything here has adapted perfectly to its environment.

Emily whispers to Sarah.

DR. EMILY CARTER

He is such an egotistical prick.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Well, when you come from old money and a silver spoon in your mouth, I guess people skills are overlooked.

Both laugh. Emily turns away from Sarah and continues to look at the fauna. The boat passes under a large canopy of trees with several monkeys watching cautiously. Suddenly, Emily screams and everyone turns to her. A snake hanging from the roof of the boat hisses menacingly at her. Before anyone could react, Captain Delgado, still chomping on his cigar, grabs the snake by the throat and flings it overboard, where it swiftly swims away.

Sarah rushes over and hugs Emily, who is still in shock.

DR. EMILY CARTER

What if it had bitten me? It could have killed me with its poison.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

No, Senorita. That snake was not a poisonous one. It was a boa constrictor. It probably fell onto the roof from a tree where it was hunting birds or monkeys.

DR. EMILY CARTER

A boa constrictor? But it was so big.

Captain Delgado nods.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

They can grow quite large, but they are not venomous. They kill by constriction, wrapping around their prey and squeezing tightly. You were never in real danger from its bite, although it would hurt.

Sarah gently strokes Emily's hair, trying to comfort her.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

It's okay, Emily. We're safe now.

Captain Delgado chuckles and moves his unlit cigar from one side of his mouth to the other.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Welcome to the jungle, ladies. Always expect the unexpected out here.

The boat resumes its journey through the dense, vibrant landscape of the Amazon, the incident with the snake a stark reminder of the wild, untamed world they are venturing into.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Impatiently) How much longer, Delgado? It looks like this river is getting narrower and narrower.

Before the captain can answer, Sarah points to a bend in the river.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

I think it's just beyond this twist in the river.

Captain Delgado slows down the River Queen, allowing the boat to gently glide around the point.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

Yes, there's the camp. Wait!
Something is wrong. The main hut
looks like it is destroyed.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

It could have been a bad storm.

Brad chimes in, walking over to Sarah and placing his arm around her waist.

Captain Delgado skillfully docks the River Queen as close to the shore as possible, but the dense undergrowth and tangle of underwater roots require the team to take two rowboats to transport themselves and their gear to the camp.

As they paddle towards the shore, the closer they get, the more the damage becomes apparent. The main hut's roof is partially caved in, and several smaller structures lay in shambles.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Concerned) What could have caused this?

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Could be anything. Storms, wild
animals, or even human
interference. We won't know until
we take a closer look.

EXT. DESTROYED FORMER ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Once they reach the shore, the team disembarks and begins unloading their equipment. The camp, which had once been a bustling hub of activity, looks abandoned and forlorn. Richards, Sarah, Brad, Emily, and Captain Delgado, along with the two deckhands, move cautiously toward the damaged huts, scanning their surroundings for any signs of recent activity.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Spread out and check the area. Look
for any clues as to what happened
here.

Sarah and Brad move toward the main hut, stepping over fallen beams and debris. Inside, they find overturned furniture, scattered supplies, and signs of a hasty departure. It is clear that whatever happened caused the inhabitants to leave in a hurry.

One of the deckhands calls out to Captain Delgado, very agitated. Delgado quickly examines his find and calls out to the rest.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
Richards, over here!

He points to a set of muddy footprints leading away from the camp and into the jungle. Richards kneels down to inspect the prints.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
These are fresh. Whoever left them
can't be far.

Emily, Sarah, and Brad examine the other huts, finding similar scenes of chaos and abandonment.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Looks like everyone left in a
hurry.

Richards looks on, his expression determined.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
We'll set up our camp here and then
follow these tracks as far as they
take us. If there are survivors out
there, we need to find them.

The team begins to organize their gear and set up camp.

DR. EMILY CARTER
If it's alright with everyone, I'd
like to stay here in camp instead
of following those footprints. The
heat and humidity are really
getting to me.

Richards looks at both Sarah and Brad, and they both nod.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
I think that would be a good idea,
Emily. We should return shortly
after nightfall.

EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING

Sarah, Brad, and Richards, using the light from a full moon, cautiously follow the footprints that lead away from the destroyed camp. The moonlight filters through the dense canopy above, casting eerie shadows on the ground.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
Stay close and keep your eyes open.
We don't know what we're dealing
with here.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Look!

Using the beam of his flashlight, he points it towards
several impressions in the ground.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN (CONT'D)
These footprints are huge, and look
at the claws.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
And look in-between the claws. It
looks like webbing, like you see on
duck feet.

Suddenly, a loud splash echoes from the nearby lagoon,
causing all three to stop in their tracks. Sarah grips her
flashlight tighter.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Whispering) What was that?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
Probably just a fish or maybe one
of those legends Captain Delgado
mentioned. You know, the ones about
creatures lurking in these waters.

Another splash sounds, closer this time, followed by a faint
ripple on the water's surface. The creature is toying with
them, its presence a constant, unseen menace.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
I think we need to turn back. It's
getting too dark.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Look at this.

He points to a peculiar plant with broad, spiked leaves.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN (CONT'D)
This doesn't belong here. It looks
prehistoric.

Richards nods, his expression grim.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

We're definitely not in Kansas anymore. Keep moving, but stay alert. The landscape is changing, and I don't like it either, Sarah. Just a few more minutes.

Sarah exchanges a worried glance with Brad, who offers a reassuring nod. They reach a clearing where the ground is littered with ancient, fossilized rocks. The air is thick with the scent of something primordial, something untouched by time. Richards crouches to examine one of the footprints, his brow furrowed in concentration.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Let's pick up as many rocks as we can and take them back to Emily to analyze.

Richards returns to examine the footprints among the rocks.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

These tracks... they're leading us somewhere. Somewhere important.

Sarah kneels down to examine a particularly large fossil using her flashlight. Her fingers trace the ancient patterns etched into the stone. Suddenly, a movement above catches her eye. She looks up just in time to see a giant snake slithering down from a tree branch, its scales glistening in the dappled moonlight. Sarah, who had been standing nearby, lets out a piercing scream as the snake hisses, its tongue flicking in and out menacingly.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

That's it. It's time to get out of here.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Move! Get back!

He draws his knife and steps between the snake and the team. The snake coils, ready to strike, its eyes fixed on the intruders.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

Alan... enough. We need to get out of here and come back tomorrow. This place is too dangerous.

Richards hesitates, his eyes still on the snake. Then, with a reluctant nod, he backs away, signaling the others to follow. The group retreats cautiously, their nerves frayed and hearts pounding.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Alright. Gather as many more rocks as you can and let's head back. Watch out. There may be more snakes out here. Old Delgado wasn't fooling about snakes coming out at night.

Pulling itself out of the water, the creature moves stealthily, using the thick foliage as cover to watch the three humans retrace their path back to their camp.

Among the trio, the creature is particularly fascinated with Sarah, her fearful demeanor captivating its primal instincts.

The giant snake that had threatened Sarah earlier slithers down from a nearby tree, its eyes locked on the creature. With a sudden, swift strike, the snake lunges at the creature. The creature reacts with lightning speed, its powerful claws swiping through the air. In a single, decisive motion, it decapitates the snake, the severed head falling to the ground with a dull thud.

The creature reaches down and grabs the still-twisting body of the snake. It lifts the carcass to its mouth, tearing into the flesh with sharp teeth. Blood drips from its jaws as it devours the snake, savoring the taste of its fresh kill. It silently returns to the river.

EXT. JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Sarah, not finding Emily, calls out to Captain Delgado.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Captain Delgado. Is Emily with you?

Before he could respond, Emily calls back.

DR. EMILY CARTER

Yes, I'm here. I will row over now.

INT. SARAH'S TENT - NIGHT

Sarah and Emily lay in their sleeping bags, the faint sounds of the jungle filtering through the thin walls of the tent. Sarah's eyes are closed, but Emily is wide awake, staring up at the dark ceiling.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(whispering)

Sarah, you awake?

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(eyes still closed)
Hmm? What's wrong, Emily?

DR. EMILY CARTER
(softly)
I can't stop thinking about what's
out there... in the jungle. It's
like something's watching us.

Sarah opens her eyes and turns to face Emily.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(sighing)
It's just the jungle, Emily. It's
full of life, sounds... everything
feels closer at night. Try to get
some sleep.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(still uneasy)
What if it's not just the jungle?
What if there's something...
something more?

Sarah shifts in her sleeping bag, trying to find a more
comfortable position.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(comforting)
Even if there is, we're safe here.
We have Delgado, Brad, and Alan.
We'll be fine.

Emily nods, though the reassurance seems to do little to ease
her nerves.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(quietly)
Thanks, Sarah. I'm sorry, I'm
just... I guess I'm not as brave as
I thought I was.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(smiling gently)
You're braver than you know, Emily.
Get some rest. Tomorrow's another
big day.

Emily nods again, closing her eyes, though sleep remains
elusive.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - MORNING

The early morning sun filters through the trees, casting long shadows over the encampment. Delgado's deckhands are already at work, brewing coffee and preparing breakfast. The smell of fresh coffee draws Brad and Richards out of their tents.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(stretching)
Morning, Delgado. Smells good.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(grinning)
Only the best for my crew.

Richards rubs his eyes, still groggy from sleep.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(sighing)
You know, Brad, I've been thinking... What if there's more down there? Fossils, artifacts, something older than anything we've found so far?

Brad nods, intrigued.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Could be. This place is like a time capsule. Who knows what we'll find if we dig a little deeper?

Sarah and Emily emerge from their tent, joining the others by the fire.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(still waking up)
What's this about digging?

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Alan thinks there might be more to this place than we've seen. Maybe even something that predates the fossils we've already found.

Sarah looks thoughtful, considering the possibilities.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
If that's the case, we could be sitting on one of the most significant discoveries of our careers.

DR. EMILY CARTER
 (quietly)
 But what about the dangers? We
 still don't know what's out there.

Richards waves off her concerns, his enthusiasm growing.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
 Danger's part of the job, Emily. If
 we let fear stop us, we'll never
 make any real progress. We have to
 push forward.

Delgado, listening in, looks thoughtful but says nothing.

EXT. RIVER QUEEN - LATER THAT DAY

The team gathers near the shore, preparing their equipment for another day of exploration. Captain Delgado supervises the deckhands as they load supplies onto the boat.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
 (to the team)
 We'll split up into two groups.
 Brad, you and Emily will head
 upstream and check out that area
 where we found those strange
 plants. Sarah and I will follow the
 footprints from yesterday and see
 where they lead.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
 (nodding)
 Got it. We'll radio if we find
 anything unusual.

DR. EMILY CARTER
 (a bit hesitant)
 And if we run into... whatever it
 was from yesterday?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
 (sternly)
 You keep your distance and call for
 backup. We're here to study, not to
 take unnecessary risks.

Sarah and Richards finish packing their gear, while Emily and Brad load up the smaller boat.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
 (to Richards)
 Keep an eye on the river, Doctor.
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

The currents can be tricky in these parts.

Richards nods, appreciating the advice.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Will do, Captain. We'll be back by sundown.

The team splits up, with Brad and Emily taking the smaller boat upriver, while Sarah and Richards venture into the jungle on foot.

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

Sarah and Richards carefully navigate through the dense jungle, following the faint trail of footprints they discovered the day before. The sounds of the jungle surround them—chirping insects, distant bird calls, and the occasional rustle of leaves.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(whispering)

These prints are getting fresher. Whatever made them isn't far ahead.

Richards nods, his eyes scanning the ground intently.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(serious)

Stay alert. If we do encounter it, we need to be ready to document everything.

They continue forward, the tension in the air growing thicker with each step.

EXT. RIVER - SAME TIME

Brad and Emily navigate the small boat through the winding river. The trees overhead form a dense canopy, casting dappled shadows on the water's surface. Emily's eyes dart nervously, scanning the surroundings.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(uneasy)

I can't shake the feeling that something's watching us.

Brad remains focused on steering the boat but glances at Emily.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(trying to reassure)
We're probably just spooking
ourselves. The jungle plays tricks
on your mind.

Emily nods, though she remains on edge.

As they round a bend in the river, they spot something in the distance—an unusual formation of rocks jutting out from the water.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(excited)
Brad, look! That could be part of
the structure Alan was talking
about.

Brad steers the boat toward the rocks, their curiosity piqued.

EXT. JUNGLE - DEEPER INTO THE WILDERNESS

Sarah and Richards reach a small clearing, the footprints leading them to what appears to be an old, overgrown trail. The air here is thick, almost oppressive, and the sounds of the jungle seem distant, as if muffled by some unseen force.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(quietly)
This place feels... different. Like
we've stepped back in time.

Sarah kneels down, examining the ground closely.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(curious)
Look at this—these plants, they're
not like anything we've seen
before. It's like they belong to
another era.

Richards crouches beside her, studying the strange vegetation.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(amazed)
It's possible we've stumbled upon a
micro-ecosystem that's remained
untouched for millennia.

As they examine the plants, a low growl rumbles through the air. Both Sarah and Richards freeze, their eyes darting in the direction of the sound.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(whispering)
Did you hear that?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(nods)
Yeah... we need to move, slowly.

They carefully back away, their senses heightened, the growling growing fainter as they retreat.

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on your mind.

Emily nods, though she remains on edge.

As they round a bend in the river, they spot something in the distance—an unusual formation of rocks jutting out from the water.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(excited)
Brad, look! That could be part of
the structure Alan was talking
about.

Brad steers the boat toward the rocks, their curiosity piqued.

EXT. JUNGLE - DEEPER INTO THE WILDERNESS

Sarah and Richards reach a small clearing, the footprints leading them to what appears to be an old, overgrown trail. The air here is thick, almost oppressive, and the sounds of the jungle seem distant, as if muffled by some unseen force.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(quietly)
This place feels... different. Like
we've stepped back in time.

Sarah kneels down, examining the ground closely.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(curious)
Look at this—these plants, they're
not like anything we've seen
before. It's like they belong to
another era.

Richards crouches beside her, studying the strange vegetation.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(amazed)
It's possible we've stumbled upon a
micro-ecosystem that's remained
untouched for millennia.

As they examine the plants, a low growl rumbles through the air. Both Sarah and Richards freeze, their eyes darting in the direction of the sound.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(whispering)
Did you hear that?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(nods)
Yeah... we need to move, slowly.

They carefully back away, their senses heightened, the growling growing fainter as they retreat.

Shall I continue with more?

You said: stop for now so I can catch up

ChatGPT said:

ChatGPT

No problem! Take your time to catch up. Let me know when you're ready for more or if you need anything else.

You said:

Okay..ready for some more

ChatGPT said:

ChatGPT

Great! Here's the continuation of the script:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sarah, Brad, and Richards move cautiously through the dense jungle. The thick canopy above allows only slivers of sunlight to penetrate, casting eerie shadows on the ground.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(whispering)
Keep your eyes peeled. We don't
know what else might be out here.

Brad scans the surroundings with his flashlight, its beam cutting through the shadows.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

Look at these trees. They're massive. This place hasn't been touched by civilization in ages.

Sarah kneels to examine the ground, her fingers brushing over ancient roots and strange, unidentifiable markings.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
These markings... They don't look natural.

Richards leans in, studying the ground closely.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

It's almost like something's been dragged here. But what?

A sudden rustling in the bushes makes them all freeze. They exchange tense glances, every nerve on edge.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(quietly)
We're not alone.

The rustling grows louder, closer. The team grips their gear, ready to defend themselves. The noise stops abruptly. There's an eerie silence.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Maybe it's just an animal.

Richards slowly stands up, keeping his eyes fixed on the bushes.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
Or maybe something else.

Without warning, a small creature darts out of the bushes and scurries past them. It's a harmless monkey, chattering as it disappears into the trees. The team exhales in relief, but the tension remains.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
We need to keep moving. Whatever left those footprints might still be close by.

The team resumes their cautious trek through the jungle, the atmosphere thick with unease.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

They arrive at a clearing where the jungle seems to part, revealing an area untouched by time. The ground is littered with ancient fossils and strange, prehistoric plants.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

This is it. This is what we've been searching for.

Sarah bends down, carefully lifting a large fossil from the ground. It's unlike anything she's ever seen.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

These fossils... they're millions of years old. We're standing on a piece of history.

Brad examines the plants, noting their unusual structure.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

These plants don't belong here. They're from another era, another time.

Richards is lost in thought, piecing together the significance of their discovery.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

This isn't just a find. This is a gateway. A connection between our world and something much older, much more dangerous.

Suddenly, they hear a low growl coming from the edge of the clearing. The team spins around, their hearts pounding in their chests.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Did you hear that?

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

It's coming from over there.

The growling grows louder, more menacing. The team slowly backs away, realizing that they've stumbled upon something they weren't prepared for.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

We need to get out of here. Now.

As they start to retreat, the ground beneath them begins to tremble. The growling intensifies, and the jungle around them seems to come alive with movement.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Move! Go, go!

They sprint back through the jungle, the growling following them, getting closer with each passing second. Their fear drives them forward, desperation fueling their every step.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVERBANK - DAY

The team bursts out of the jungle and onto the riverbank. Captain Delgado and the deckhands are waiting with the rowboats, their faces filled with concern.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
What happened? Where's the rest of the team?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
No time to explain. We need to get back to the River Queen. Now!

They scramble into the rowboats, paddling frantically back to the safety of the River Queen. The jungle, once a place of mystery and discovery, is now a place of terror.

EXT. JUNGLE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Dr. Alan Richards emerges from his tent, stretching as the morning sun filters through the dense jungle canopy. Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Brad Freeman are already awake, going over notes from the previous day's discoveries. The atmosphere is charged with excitement and curiosity.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Excitedly) Morning, everyone. I couldn't sleep much. Too many ideas spinning in my head.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Smiling) We were just discussing some of the strange plants we found. They don't fit in with the current ecosystem.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Yeah, it's almost like they're relics from another time. We need to document them thoroughly.

Captain Delgado approaches the group, holding a map of the river and surrounding areas.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

I've been thinking. If you want to get a better sense of what's out here, we should head upriver. There's an area locals avoid - say it's cursed. Might be exactly what you're looking for.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Curiously) Cursed? How?

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Shrugging) Different stories. But if there's something strange out there, that's where you'll find it.

The group exchanges glances, their curiosity piqued.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Looking at the map) I'm in. What do you think, Sarah? Brad?

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Nodding) Sounds like it could lead to something big.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Determined) Let's do it. We need to find out what's really out here.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Serious)
Just remember, this isn't like anywhere else you've been. We need to be careful.

The group agrees, the sense of adventure and danger looming over them as they prepare to delve deeper into the unknown jungle.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The River Queen moves steadily upriver, the jungle closing in on both sides. The water is dark, almost black, reflecting the dense foliage above. The boat's engine hums softly as Captain Delgado steers, his eyes scanning the surroundings with practiced caution.

Dr. Sarah Blake stands at the bow, gazing ahead, her mind racing with the possibilities of what they might find. Dr. Brad Freeman joins her, holding a camera, ready to document anything unusual.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Excitedly) This place is incredible. It feels like we're stepping back in time.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Nodding) I know. There's something ancient about this area, something untouched.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Calling out) We're getting close to that cursed area I mentioned. Keep your eyes open.

The boat slows as they approach a narrowing of the river. The trees seem to grow even denser here, their branches reaching out like fingers, almost touching the water. The air is thick with humidity, and the sounds of the jungle are louder, more intense.

Dr. Alan Richards steps out of the cabin, joining the others. He carries a notebook, jotting down observations as they move deeper into the unknown.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Pointing) Look at that! The trees are different here, almost prehistoric.

Dr. Brad Freeman raises his camera, zooming in on the strange vegetation. The leaves are larger, the colors more vibrant, almost unnatural.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Fascinated) This is amazing. We need to take samples, document everything.

Captain Delgado suddenly cuts the engine, the boat gliding silently on the water. The sudden quiet is almost eerie, the jungle sounds now the only thing breaking the silence.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Low voice) We're here. This is as far as I can take you.

The boat drifts to a stop near a small clearing, the water shallow enough to wade through. The group prepares to disembark, their excitement tempered by the unknown dangers that may lie ahead.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Stepping onto the shore)
Alright, let's move out. Stay close
and keep your eyes peeled.

The group cautiously steps into the jungle, the dense foliage quickly swallowing them as they move away from the safety of the boat. The air is thick with tension, every rustle and snap of a twig heightening their awareness of just how isolated they are.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The team navigates through the dense jungle, pushing aside thick vines and stepping over exposed roots. The atmosphere is tense, every sound amplified in the oppressive heat. Dr. Sarah Blake leads the way, her eyes scanning the ground for any signs of movement.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Whispering) Stay close. We don't
know what's out here.

Dr. Alan Richards stops suddenly, kneeling down to examine something on the ground. He brushes away some leaves, revealing a large, fossilized footprint embedded in the soil.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Astonished) Look at this! It's
enormous... and it looks fresh.

The others gather around, their expressions a mix of awe and concern.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Looking around nervously) Whatever
made that is still out here.

Dr. Emily Carter pulls out a small device, scanning the footprint. The device beeps and whirs, processing the data.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Reading the display) It's
definitely not human... and the
structure is unlike anything I've
seen before.

Captain Delgado, standing a bit apart from the group, keeps his eyes on the surrounding jungle. His expression is grim.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly) We should move. We're not
alone.

The group exchanges uneasy glances but nods in agreement. They continue their trek, the discovery of the footprint weighing heavily on their minds. The jungle seems to close in around them, the air growing thicker, the sounds more oppressive.

As they move deeper, the light filtering through the trees becomes dimmer, casting everything in a greenish hue. The ground beneath them becomes softer, almost marshy.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Struggling with his footing) This ground... it's like it's alive.

Suddenly, a low growl rumbles through the jungle, causing the group to freeze in place. The sound is deep, resonating through the trees and vibrating in their chests.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Hushed) Did you hear that?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Nervously) We need to keep moving. Whatever it is, we don't want to be standing still when it finds us.

They quicken their pace, pushing forward with a renewed sense of urgency. The growl echoes again, this time closer, making it clear that something is indeed stalking them.

Dr. Emily Carter stumbles, her foot sinking into the soft ground. Dr. Brad Freeman quickly helps her up, but the delay has cost them. The growling is now almost on top of them, the sound reverberating through the dense foliage.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Urgent) Go! Go!

The group breaks into a run, their fear fueling their speed. They crash through the underbrush, branches whipping at their faces, the growling now a constant, terrifying presence.

Suddenly, they burst into a small clearing, the sunlight almost blinding after the darkness of the jungle. They stop, gasping for breath, and turn to see what has been chasing them.

But the jungle is silent. Whatever was following them has stopped just at the edge of the clearing, hidden in the shadows.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Breathless) What... what was that?

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Shaking his head) I don't know...
but it's intelligent. It knew not
to reveal itself.

Captain Delgado scans the tree line, his hand instinctively
resting on the machete at his side.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Sternly) We're not safe here. We
need to keep moving.

Reluctantly, the group regathers their composure and
continues on, leaving the clearing behind. As they re-enter
the jungle, the shadows seem even darker, the sounds even
more threatening.

EXT. ANCIENT RUINS - DAY

The team stumbles upon the ruins of an ancient civilization,
half-buried in the jungle. The stone structures are
weathered, covered in moss and vines, but the intricate
carvings and designs are still visible, hinting at a once-
great society.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Amazed) This... this is
incredible. These ruins must be
thousands of years old.

Dr. Alan Richards steps forward, running his hand over one of
the carvings, his eyes wide with wonder.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Low voice) We've just made the
discovery of a lifetime.

Dr. Emily Carter takes out her camera, snapping pictures of
the ruins, while Dr. Brad Freeman examines a stone tablet
lying on the ground.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Pointing to the tablet) These
symbols... they're unlike anything
I've seen before. They don't match
any known language.

Captain Delgado stays on the outskirts, his expression wary
as he surveys the area.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Skeptical) This place gives me the creeps. We shouldn't stay here too long.

Dr. Sarah Blake kneels down to inspect a carving on one of the walls. The carving depicts a creature, half-human, half-fish, with sharp claws and glowing eyes.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Looking up) This... this looks like the creature we've been tracking.

Dr. Alan Richards joins her, his face alight with excitement.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Looking at the carving) This could be a depiction of the creature's origin. Maybe this civilization worshipped it... or feared it.

Dr. Emily Carter snaps more photos, capturing every detail of the ruins.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Concerned) If that's true, then why did they disappear? What happened to them?

The group exchanges uneasy glances, the weight of their discovery settling in. The ruins, though fascinating, carry a sense of foreboding, as if the secrets they hold should remain buried.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Impatient) We need to move. We don't know what else is out here.

Dr. Sarah Blake stands up, brushing the dirt from her knees.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Agreeing) He's right. We've seen enough for now. Let's head back to camp and regroup.

Reluctantly, Dr. Alan Richards nods, though it's clear he wants to stay and explore more. The group begins to make their way back through the jungle, leaving the ancient ruins behind.

As they walk, Dr. Brad Freeman looks back over his shoulder, his expression thoughtful.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Quietly to Sarah) Do you think
we're in over our heads? This
place... it's like something out of
a nightmare.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances at him, her eyes filled with
determination.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Softly) We've come this far. We
can't turn back now.

The jungle closes in around them as they move deeper into the
unknown, the ruins fading into the distance, the sense of
dread growing stronger with each step.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

As the group navigates through the dense jungle, the air
grows heavy with humidity. The sounds of the jungle seem
louder, more ominous, as if the very environment is watching
them.

Captain Delgado leads the way, his machete slashing through
the thick undergrowth. Dr. Emily Carter walks close behind,
her eyes darting nervously at every sound.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Whispering to Sarah) I can't shake
the feeling that something is
following us.

Dr. Sarah Blake tightens her grip on her backpack, glancing
around the jungle with a mix of caution and curiosity.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Comforting) It's just the jungle,
Emily. The sounds, the shadows...
they play tricks on your mind.

Dr. Brad Freeman, at the rear, suddenly stops. He bends down
to inspect something on the ground—a set of fresh footprints,
larger than any human's.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Calling out) Guys, take a look at
this.

The group gathers around the footprints, their expressions
turning serious. Dr. Alan Richards kneels down, measuring the
prints with a look of fascination.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Low voice) These are fresh... and they're heading in the same direction we are.

Captain Delgado straightens up, his eyes narrowing as he looks ahead into the jungle.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Firmly) We keep moving, but stay alert. Whatever made those prints is close.

The group continues on, their pace quickening slightly, the atmosphere thick with tension. The jungle around them feels more oppressive, the canopy above blocking out much of the sunlight, casting long shadows on the path.

As they press forward, the sounds of the jungle seem to grow quieter, as if the animals themselves are holding their breath.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances at Dr. Alan Richards, her expression one of concern.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Quietly) Do you think it's the creature?

Dr. Alan Richards nods, his eyes fixed on the path ahead.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Steadily) It's possible. We need to be prepared for anything.

Suddenly, there's a rustling in the bushes to their right. The group freezes, eyes wide, hearts pounding.

Captain Delgado raises his machete, ready to strike. The rustling grows louder, closer, and then—a small, harmless monkey leaps out, chattering noisily.

The group lets out a collective sigh of relief, though their nerves remain on edge.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Laughing nervously) I swear, this jungle is going to give me a heart attack.

Captain Delgado lowers his machete, but his expression remains tense.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
 (Grimly) Let's keep moving. We're
 not out of the woods yet.

The group presses on, the encounter with the monkey a brief but unsettling reminder of the dangers that lurk in the shadows.

As they walk, Dr. Brad Freeman falls into step beside Dr. Sarah Blake.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
 (Low voice) Do you think we should
 turn back? We've already found so
 much... maybe it's time to head
 home.

Dr. Sarah Blake shakes her head, her determination unwavering.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
 (Firmly) We can't stop now. We're
 so close to understanding what's
 out here. We need to see this
 through.

Dr. Brad Freeman nods, though his expression remains uncertain. The group continues on, the tension between caution and curiosity driving them deeper into the unknown.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The group emerges into a small clearing, where the dense canopy overhead parts slightly, allowing beams of sunlight to break through. The air is thick with humidity, and the ground is soft and uneven.

Dr. Alan Richards kneels down, examining the ground closely. He brushes away some leaves, revealing what appears to be a series of ancient carvings etched into the exposed rock.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
 (Excitedly) Look at this... these
 carvings are incredible. They could
 be hundreds, maybe thousands of
 years old.

Dr. Sarah Blake joins him, her eyes widening as she takes in the intricate designs.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
 (Amazed) This could be a major
 discovery. These carvings...
 (MORE)

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

they might tell us more about the people who lived here, their connection to the creatures.

Dr. Brad Freeman scans the perimeter of the clearing, his expression wary.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Low voice) Let's not lose sight of where we are. We need to stay alert.

Captain Delgado nods, keeping his machete at the ready as he watches the surrounding jungle.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Firmly) He's right. This place could be sacred... or it could be dangerous. We should document what we can and move on.

Dr. Emily Carter steps forward, her eyes on the carvings. She reaches out to touch them but hesitates, a flicker of doubt crossing her face.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Cautiously) Do you think it's safe to touch them? I mean, we don't know what kind of reaction we could trigger.

Dr. Alan Richards smiles reassuringly, though there's a glint of excitement in his eyes.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Confidently) We'll be careful. But we can't pass up the opportunity to study these up close. This could be the key to understanding everything.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods in agreement, though her gaze remains fixed on the jungle around them.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Resolutely) Let's work quickly. We don't want to linger here longer than necessary.

The group begins to document the carvings, taking photographs and making sketches. As they work, the jungle around them seems to grow quieter, the usual cacophony of sounds fading into an eerie silence.

Captain Delgado moves to the edge of the clearing, his eyes scanning the trees. There's a tension in the air, a sense that they're being watched.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly) We need to finish up. I
don't like how quiet it's gotten.

Dr. Emily Carter glances up, her nerves on edge. She shivers slightly, despite the oppressive heat.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Worried) I feel it too...
something's not right.

Dr. Alan Richards, oblivious to the growing unease of the others, continues to study the carvings with intense focus.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Excited) These symbols... they're
unlike anything I've ever seen.
This could rewrite everything we
know about this region's history.

Dr. Sarah Blake steps closer to Dr. Alan Richards, her voice low and firm.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Seriously) Alan, we need to move.
We can come back later, but we
can't stay here much longer.

Dr. Alan Richards looks up, finally noticing the tension in the group. He nods, though reluctantly, and begins packing up his equipment.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Sighing) Alright, let's get out of
here. But we're coming back as soon
as we can.

As they finish gathering their things, a low, guttural growl echoes from the jungle, freezing everyone in their tracks.

Captain Delgado tightens his grip on his machete, his eyes narrowing as he searches for the source of the sound.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Sharply) Everyone, stay close and
stay quiet. We're not alone.

The group huddles together, their senses on high alert. The growling grows louder, more menacing, as the undergrowth rustles nearby.

Dr. Emily Carter clutches her equipment, her heart pounding in her chest.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Whispering) What do we do?

Dr. Sarah Blake looks to Captain Delgado, trusting his experience in the jungle.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Low voice) We back away slowly, no sudden movements. Whatever it is, we don't want to provoke it.

The group begins to move, inching backward toward the edge of the clearing. The growling intensifies, and suddenly, a massive figure bursts from the trees—a creature, unlike anything they've ever seen, stands before them.

The creature is towering, muscular, with scales that shimmer in the dappled sunlight. It snarls, revealing rows of sharp teeth, its eyes locked on the group.

Dr. Brad Freeman instinctively raises his hands, trying to calm the situation.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Slowly) Easy... we're not here to hurt you.

But the creature seems unimpressed by the attempt at peace. It takes a step forward, its massive claws digging into the earth.

Dr. Sarah Blake feels a surge of adrenaline, her mind racing as she tries to think of a way out.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Urgently) Alan, do you have any tranquilizers?

Dr. Alan Richards, still in shock, fumbles with his bag.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Stammering) I... I might have something, but it's not strong enough for something this size.

The creature roars, a deafening sound that sends birds scattering from the trees. The group recoils, the reality of their situation crashing down on them.

Captain Delgado raises his machete, ready to defend the group, but he knows it's a last resort.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Grimly) We can't fight this thing.
We need to find a way to escape.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances around, searching for anything that could give them an advantage. Then she notices something—a narrow path leading away from the clearing, partially hidden by the undergrowth.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Pointing) There! We can make a run
for it, but we have to move fast.

The creature seems to sense their intention, its eyes narrowing as it prepares to charge.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Shouting) Go! Now!

The group bolts for the path, hearts pounding, adrenaline coursing through their veins. The creature roars again, giving chase as they sprint into the jungle, the sound of its massive footsteps thundering behind them.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

The group races down the narrow path, the dense foliage whipping past them as they run. The creature crashes through the undergrowth behind them, its roars echoing through the jungle.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances over her shoulder, her breath ragged, but she doesn't slow down.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Breathless) Keep going! We can't
let it catch up!

Dr. Alan Richards, lagging slightly behind, stumbles over a root, nearly falling. Dr. Brad Freeman quickly grabs his arm, pulling him upright.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Supportive) Come on, Alan! We're
almost there!

Captain Delgado leads the way, machete in hand, slashing through the thick vines that block their path.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Urgently) This way! Stay close!

The path begins to slope downward, leading them deeper into the jungle. The sound of rushing water grows louder, and Dr. Sarah Blake realizes they're approaching a river.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Determined) We need to cross the
river! It might slow it down!

As they reach the riverbank, they don't hesitate. Captain Delgado leaps into the water first, followed by the others. The current is strong, but they push forward, the icy water a sharp contrast to the humid jungle air.

Dr. Emily Carter struggles to keep her footing, her fear rising as the creature's roars grow closer.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Panicked) It's getting closer!
What if it follows us?

Dr. Sarah Blake grabs her arm, helping her stay upright as they wade through the river.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Reassuringly) We'll make it,
Emily! Just keep moving!

The creature reaches the riverbank, hesitating for a moment before stepping into the water. The river's current pulls at its massive form, slowing its progress, but it continues to advance.

Dr. Alan Richards looks back, his face pale.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Desperate) We need to find cover!
It's not going to stop!

Captain Delgado spots a series of large boulders on the other side of the river, partially obscured by thick foliage.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Pointing) Over there! We can hide
behind those rocks!

The group pushes forward, finally reaching the opposite bank. They scramble up the rocky terrain, taking cover behind the boulders just as the creature reaches the middle of the river.

Dr. Brad Freeman catches his breath, his heart pounding in his chest.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Breathless) Did we lose it?

Dr. Sarah Blake peeks out from behind the boulder, watching as the creature struggles against the current.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Anxiously) Not yet... but it's
having trouble. Maybe the water's
too strong for it.

The creature roars in frustration, its massive claws digging into the riverbed as it fights to stay upright. The current pulls at it relentlessly, and finally, with a deafening roar, it's swept downstream, disappearing into the churning waters.

The group lets out a collective sigh of relief, but their relief is short-lived as they realize they're still deep in the jungle, far from safety.

Dr. Alan Richards slumps against the boulder, his hands trembling.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Shaken) That was too close... too
close.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, her mind racing as she tries to formulate a plan.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Calming) We need to keep moving.
There's no telling if that thing
will come back... or if there are
more of them out there.

Captain Delgado stands, adjusting his machete.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Steadfast) She's right. We need to
find higher ground, somewhere we
can see what's coming and figure
out where we are.

Dr. Emily Carter takes a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves.

DR. EMILY CARTER
Okay... let's go.

The group sets off again, moving cautiously through the dense jungle. Every rustle of leaves and snap of a twig puts them on edge, but they press on, determined to find a way out.

The group emerges from the thick foliage into a small clearing. The sunlight filters through the canopy, casting a warm glow over the area. The ground is littered with old, weathered bones, some partially buried in the dirt.

Dr. Alan Richards kneels down, inspecting the bones with a grim expression.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Grimly) These bones... they're not just animal remains. Some of these are human.

Dr. Sarah Blake looks around, her unease growing.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Wary) What could have done this? The creature we saw... or something else?

Captain Delgado scans the perimeter, his hand on the hilt of his machete.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Concerned) This place feels wrong. We shouldn't stay here any longer than we have to.

Dr. Emily Carter hesitates, her gaze fixed on the bones.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Anxiously) What if this is where it takes its prey? What if it comes back?

Dr. Brad Freeman places a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Reassuringly) We'll be out of here before that happens. Let's keep moving.

As they prepare to leave the clearing, Dr. Sarah Blake notices something partially buried in the dirt. She kneels down and brushes the dirt away, revealing a small, intricately carved stone.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Curiously) What's this? It looks like some kind of artifact.

Dr. Alan Richards examines the stone, his eyes narrowing.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
It's definitely ancient. Could be
from a lost civilization... or
something even older.

Captain Delgado shifts uneasily.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Urgently) We don't have time to
study it now. We need to keep
moving before that creature finds
us.

Dr. Sarah Blake pockets the stone, nodding in agreement.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Let's go.

The group continues through the jungle, the clearing and its
ominous atmosphere left behind. The dense foliage closes in
around them once again, the path ahead uncertain.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

The group trudges through the undergrowth, their pace slowing
as exhaustion sets in. The jungle seems to grow denser with
every step, the air thick with humidity and the sounds of
distant wildlife.

Dr. Emily Carter wipes the sweat from her brow, her voice
tired.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Weary) How much further? I don't
know how much longer I can keep
this up.

Dr. Brad Freeman glances at Captain Delgado.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
Any idea where we are, Captain?

Captain Delgado studies the surroundings, his expression
unreadable.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Cautiously) We're heading in the
right direction. But we need to
find water soon. Without it, we
won't last much longer in this
heat.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, determination in her eyes.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
We'll find it. We just have to
keep going.

The group pushes forward, their steps heavy and labored. The sounds of the jungle grow louder, the rustling of leaves and distant calls creating an eerie backdrop to their journey.

Suddenly, Captain Delgado holds up a hand, signaling the group to stop.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Whispering) Listen... do you hear
that?

The group falls silent, straining to hear. Faintly, the sound of running water reaches their ears.

Dr. Alan Richards looks relieved.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Relieved) Water... we're close.

They quicken their pace, following the sound. As they push through the last bit of undergrowth, they come upon a small stream, its clear water flowing over smooth stones.

Dr. Sarah Blake kneels by the stream, scooping up water with her hands and drinking deeply.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Thank God...

The others follow suit, drinking and refilling their canteens. The cool water revives them, giving them a brief moment of respite.

Dr. Brad Freeman stands up, looking around.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
We should rest here for a bit. We
need to conserve our strength for
whatever's ahead.

Captain Delgado nods, keeping watch as the others settle down by the stream.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly) I'll keep an eye out.
Rest while you can.

The group takes a much-needed break, the tension in the air easing slightly as they regain their strength.

But the jungle remains ever-present, its dangers lurking just beyond the treeline.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - LATER

The group, now somewhat rested, resumes their trek through the jungle. The sun is beginning to set, casting long shadows through the trees. The atmosphere grows increasingly tense as the darkness encroaches.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances at the sky, her voice tinged with concern.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Worried)

It's getting dark. We need to find a place to camp for the night.

Captain Delgado nods, his eyes scanning the surroundings.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Serious)

We'll need to find higher ground, somewhere defensible.

Dr. Alan Richards points ahead, where the terrain begins to slope upward.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Resolute)

There's a ridge up there. It might give us a better vantage point and some protection.

The group ascends the ridge, their progress slow but steady. As they reach the top, they find a small, flat area surrounded by trees. It's not much, but it will have to do.

Dr. Brad Freeman drops his pack, looking around.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Exhausted)

This will have to work. Let's set up camp before it gets too dark.

They quickly set to work, pitching their tents and gathering what little firewood they can find. The light is fading fast, and the jungle seems to close in around them as night falls.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The group sits around a small fire, the flickering flames casting dancing shadows on their faces. The night is filled with the sounds of the jungle—chirping insects, rustling leaves, and distant animal calls. The darkness beyond the firelight feels oppressive, as if the jungle itself is watching them.

Dr. Emily Carter stares into the fire, her voice quiet.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Anxiously)

Do you think it's out there...
watching us?

Dr. Alan Richards glances into the darkness, his expression unreadable.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Calmly)

If it is, we'll be ready for it.
We've come this far, and we're not
turning back now.

Dr. Brad Freeman looks at Captain Delgado, who is sharpening his machete.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Wary)

Captain, what do you think our
chances are if it decides to
attack?

Captain Delgado pauses, his gaze steady.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Honestly)

The jungle is its home. We're the
intruders here. But we have our
wits, and we have each other. That
counts for something.

Dr. Sarah Blake looks at the others, her resolve strengthening.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Firmly)

We'll make it through this. We've
faced danger before, and we'll do
it again. We just need to stay
focused and stick together.

The group nods in agreement, drawing strength from each other. The fire crackles as they settle in for the night, their thoughts heavy with the unknown dangers that lie ahead.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

The fire has burned down to embers, and the group is asleep in their tents. The night is still, the jungle eerily quiet. Suddenly, a rustling sound breaks the silence, followed by a low growl. Captain Delgado is the first to wake, his instincts on high alert.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Whispering)

Everyone, wake up. Something's out there.

The others stir, quickly grabbing their weapons as they emerge from their tents. The growling grows louder, and the sound of heavy footsteps can be heard approaching from the darkness.

Dr. Alan Richards holds up his flashlight, its beam cutting through the night. The light falls on a pair of glowing eyes, and the creature steps into view. It's massive, its scales glistening in the dim light, its teeth bared in a menacing snarl.

Dr. Sarah Blake gasps, her heart racing.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Terrified)

It's the creature... it's found us.

Captain Delgado raises his machete, his voice steady despite the fear.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Determined)

We stand our ground. Don't let it get past us.

The creature roars, its powerful jaws snapping as it charges toward them. The group braces themselves, weapons ready, as the creature closes in.

Dr. Brad Freeman steps forward, swinging his machete at the creature's head. The blade connects, but the creature barely flinches, its thick scales absorbing the impact.

Dr. Alan Richards fires a flare gun, the bright light momentarily blinding the creature. It recoils, snarling in fury, but quickly recovers and lunges at Dr. Sarah Blake.

Dr. Sarah Blake dives to the side, narrowly avoiding the creature's jaws. Captain Delgado rushes forward, slashing at the creature's legs with his machete. The creature roars in pain, but it's relentless, its eyes fixed on its prey.

The group fights desperately, their movements frantic as they try to fend off the creature. The night is filled with the sounds of battle—the clashing of metal against scales, the creature's roars, and the shouts of the group as they struggle to survive.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The creature's attacks are relentless. Dr. Emily Carter grabs a makeshift spear, jabbing it at the creature's side. The tip barely pierces its hide, but it distracts the creature long enough for Captain Delgado to get another strike in.

Dr. Alan Richards reloads the flare gun, his hands trembling with adrenaline. He fires again, aiming for the creature's face. The flare explodes in a bright flash, causing the creature to recoil in pain, its eyes blinking furiously against the sudden light.

Dr. Sarah Blake crawls to a nearby fallen log, grabbing a large rock. She throws it at the creature's head, hitting it squarely on the snout. The creature roars in frustration, shaking its massive head as if to clear its vision.

Captain Delgado sees an opening and charges at the creature, his machete raised. He swings with all his might, the blade slicing into the creature's leg. This time, the blow is deep enough to draw blood. The creature howls in pain, staggering backward.

Dr. Brad Freeman joins Delgado, attacking the creature from the other side. Together, they manage to push the creature back, forcing it away from the camp. The creature, now bleeding and enraged, snaps its jaws at them, but it's clear it's beginning to weaken.

Dr. Alan Richards fires one last flare, aiming straight at the creature's eyes. The flare strikes true, and the creature lets out a deafening roar, blinded by the light. It thrashes wildly, knocking over trees and sending debris flying.

Dr. Sarah Blake rushes to Dr. Emily Carter, helping her to her feet.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Breathless)
We need to get out of here. Now!

The group begins to retreat, moving quickly but cautiously, not taking their eyes off the creature. Captain Delgado and Dr. Brad Freeman continue to cover their escape, using their machetes to fend off the creature's erratic attacks.

The creature, disoriented and in pain, finally stumbles and collapses to the ground. It lets out a final, mournful growl before falling silent, its massive body lying still among the trees.

Dr. Alan Richards lowers the flare gun, his chest heaving with exertion.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Grimly)

Let's not stick around to see if it gets back up.

The group, bruised and exhausted, quickly gathers their gear and begins to move away from the campsite. The jungle around them is eerily silent, as if holding its breath in the aftermath of the battle.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - NIGHT

The group makes their way through the jungle, moving as fast as they can while still keeping an eye on their surroundings. The moonlight filters through the canopy, casting long, eerie shadows that seem to stretch and move with them.

Dr. Emily Carter stumbles, her leg catching on a root. Dr. Sarah Blake quickly catches her, helping her regain her footing.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Weakly)

Thank you, Sarah. I don't know how much more of this I can take.

Dr. Sarah Blake gives her a reassuring smile, though her own nerves are frayed.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

We're almost there, Emily. Just a little further.

Captain Delgado takes the lead, his machete at the ready. Dr. Brad Freeman stays close to Dr. Alan Richards, who is still clutching the flare gun like a lifeline.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Softly)

Do you think it's really dead?

Dr. Alan Richards doesn't answer right away, his eyes scanning the jungle around them.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Unsure)

I don't know. But I'm not taking any chances. Keep moving.

As they press on, the jungle seems to grow darker, the air thicker with tension. Every snap of a twig or rustle of leaves makes them jump, their nerves on edge.

Finally, they see it—a faint light in the distance. It's the River Queen, anchored just where they left it. Relief washes over them, but it's short-lived.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

They reach the riverbank, but something is wrong. The River Queen is not as they left it. The boat is listing to one side, and the deckhands are nowhere to be seen.

Captain Delgado's heart sinks as he approaches the boat, the unease in his chest growing.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Alarmed)

Something's happened here. Stay alert.

The group cautiously approaches the boat, their weapons at the ready. The silence is deafening, the only sound the gentle lapping of the water against the hull.

Dr. Alan Richards steps onto the deck first, his flashlight cutting through the darkness. The sight that greets him makes his blood run cold.

The deck is smeared with blood, and the remains of one of the deckhands lie sprawled across the floor, his body mangled beyond recognition.

Dr. Sarah Blake gasps, covering her mouth in horror.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)

What could have done this?

Dr. Brad Freeman steps forward, his face pale.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Terrified)
It's the creature... it must have
followed us here.

EXT. RIVER QUEEN - NIGHT

Captain Delgado steadies himself, the sight of his fallen crewman fueling his determination rather than deterring him.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Grimly)
We need to secure the boat and get
out of here. Whatever it is, we
can't let it corner us.

Dr. Alan Richards nods, moving towards the helm of the boat.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
I'll get the engine started. We'll
head downriver as fast as we can.

Dr. Brad Freeman stays close to Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Emily Carter, keeping a watchful eye on their surroundings.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
What about the others? The ones who
were left back at the camp?

Captain Delgado pauses, the weight of the question hanging heavily in the air.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Somber)
We'll send a rescue team once we're
safe. But right now, our priority
is to survive.

Dr. Emily Carter looks back at the jungle, her face a mix of fear and guilt.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Whispering)
I hope they're okay...

As Dr. Alan Richards starts the engine, the boat rumbles to life. The sound seems to echo across the river, a beacon in the stillness of the night.

Captain Delgado takes his place at the helm, steering the boat away from the shore. The river, once a symbol of serenity, now feels like a path to safety, and away from the horrors lurking in the jungle.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The River Queen moves swiftly down the river, the darkness of the jungle closing in around them. The only light comes from the boat's lanterns, casting an eerie glow on the water.

Dr. Brad Freeman stands at the bow, his eyes scanning the riverbanks. Every shadow seems to hide a potential threat, every ripple in the water a sign of something lurking beneath.

Dr. Alan Richards paces the deck, his mind racing. He can't shake the feeling that they're being watched, that the creature isn't far behind.

Dr. Sarah Blake stays close to Dr. Emily Carter, who is visibly shaken. Sarah tries to offer comfort, but her own fear is evident.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Softly)

We're going to be okay, Emily.

We're going to get through this.

Dr. Emily Carter nods, though she doesn't seem convinced.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Trembling)

I just... I never imagined anything like this. What are we even dealing with?

Dr. Sarah Blake looks out at the dark water, her thoughts heavy.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Somber)

Something ancient... something that's been here long before us. And now it's awake.

Captain Delgado keeps his focus on the river ahead, his hands steady on the wheel. But his mind is racing. He knows these waters, knows the jungle—but this... this is something beyond his experience.

Suddenly, the boat jolts, the engine sputtering as if it's caught on something.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Alarmed)

What the hell...

Dr. Alan Richards rushes to the side, looking down at the water.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
Something's under us!

Before they can react, the boat lurches violently, nearly throwing them off their feet. The engine groans, straining against whatever has ensnared it.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Shouting)
It's got us! The creature—it's
pulling us under!

Captain Delgado struggles with the wheel, trying to keep the boat steady.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Panicked)
Cut the engine! We're sitting ducks
like this!

Dr. Alan Richards fumbles with the controls, managing to kill the engine just as the boat begins to tip dangerously to one side.

Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Emily Carter grab onto the railing, holding on for dear life as the boat rocks violently.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Screaming)
We need to get off this boat!

The creature's massive form looms beneath the water, its outline barely visible in the murky depths. It circles the boat, its eyes glowing faintly as it sizes up its prey.

Captain Delgado knows they're running out of options. He turns to the others, his voice firm despite the fear in his eyes.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Determined)
We're getting to shore. Now.

Dr. Alan Richards grabs the emergency flares, handing them out.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
We'll use these to keep it at bay.
Everyone stay close!

They begin to abandon ship, scrambling into the small lifeboat tethered to the side. The creature makes its move, the water churning as it prepares to strike.

Captain Delgado slashes at the ropes holding the lifeboat, sending it crashing into the water.

Dr. Brad Freeman fires a flare into the air, the bright light momentarily blinding the creature. It roars in frustration, giving them precious seconds to push off from the River Queen.

Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Emily Carter row frantically, their breath coming in panicked gasps as the lifeboat moves toward the shore.

Captain Delgado and Dr. Alan Richards use the remaining flares to keep the creature at bay, the light flickering ominously in the dark.

The lifeboat reaches the shore, and they scramble out, pulling it onto the land just as the creature lunges at the boat, tearing it apart in a frenzy.

EXT. JUNGLE SHORE - NIGHT

The group stumbles onto the shore, breathless and soaked with sweat and river water. The jungle looms around them, dark and foreboding, but it's the only refuge they have from the creature in the water.

Dr. Brad Freeman looks back at the river, the wreckage of the River Queen barely visible in the dim light.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Grimly)

We're not going to last long out here without supplies. We need to find shelter.

Captain Delgado nods, his eyes scanning the dense foliage for any sign of a safe place to regroup.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

There's an old hunting lodge a few miles inland. It's not much, but it'll give us some cover until we can figure out our next move.

Dr. Sarah Blake helps Dr. Emily Carter to her feet, both of them shaken but determined to keep moving.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

We have to stay together. Whatever that thing is, it's not going to stop until it gets what it wants.

Dr. Alan Richards gathers what little they have left—flares, a first-aid kit, and a few emergency rations. It's not much, but it'll have to do.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

Let's go. We can't afford to stay out in the open.

The group moves quickly into the jungle, the thick undergrowth slowing their progress. Every rustle of leaves, every distant animal cry, sets them on edge, their nerves frayed by the constant fear of being hunted.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - NIGHT

They push forward, following Captain Delgado as he leads them through the dense jungle. The sounds of the river fade into the distance, replaced by the eerie quiet of the jungle at night.

Dr. Emily Carter stumbles over a root, nearly falling, but Dr. Sarah Blake catches her arm, steadying her.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

You okay?

Dr. Emily Carter nods, though she's clearly exhausted.

DR. EMILY CARTER

Yeah... just need to keep going.

Captain Delgado stops suddenly, holding up a hand to signal the group to halt.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Whispering)
Quiet... something's up ahead.

The group freezes, their hearts pounding as they listen. For a moment, all they can hear is the sound of their own breathing. Then, faintly, the rustling of leaves reaches their ears.

Dr. Brad Freeman grips his flare gun tightly, ready to fire at the slightest sign of danger.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
What is it?

Captain Delgado peers through the darkness, his eyes narrowing.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Quietly)
I'm not sure... but it's close.

They stand in tense silence, waiting for whatever is out there to reveal itself. The jungle seems to hold its breath, the air thick with anticipation.

Suddenly, a shadow moves among the trees, a low growl rumbling through the underbrush. The group tenses, ready to defend themselves.

Dr. Sarah Blake tightens her grip on Dr. Emily Carter's arm, her eyes wide with fear.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Stay close...

The shadow moves closer, the growl growing louder. Captain Delgado raises his machete, ready to strike.

Then, out of the darkness, a large jaguar emerges, its eyes glowing in the dim light. It pauses, watching them with a mix of curiosity and caution.

Dr. Brad Freeman slowly lowers his flare gun, relieved but still wary.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
It's just a jaguar...

Captain Delgado slowly lowers his machete, his eyes never leaving the animal.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Quietly)
Just... a jaguar. Let's keep moving. Slowly.

The group begins to move again, careful not to make any sudden movements that might provoke the big cat. The jaguar watches them for a moment longer before turning and disappearing back into the jungle.

They continue down the trail, the encounter leaving them even more on edge. The jungle is alive with dangers, and the creature in the river isn't the only threat they face.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

After what feels like hours, they finally arrive at the old hunting lodge. It's a small, weathered building, barely visible in the darkness, but it offers shelter and a chance to regroup.

Captain Delgado leads the way inside, the group following close behind. The interior is dusty and dim, but it's dry and secure.

Dr. Alan Richards sets down their supplies, already thinking of their next steps.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

We'll need to fortify this place.
We don't know if that thing can
follow us this far inland, but we
can't take any chances.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, looking around the lodge for anything they can use.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Let's find anything we can to
barricade the doors and windows.
We'll take turns keeping watch.

The group moves quickly, gathering whatever they can find to secure the lodge. Dr. Brad Freeman and Captain Delgado reinforce the doors, while Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Emily Carter work on the windows.

As they work, the reality of their situation begins to sink in. They're deep in the jungle, cut off from the outside world, with a deadly creature hunting them. But despite the fear and uncertainty, they refuse to give up.

Dr. Emily Carter finds an old radio in the corner of the lodge and tries to get it working. She fiddles with the knobs, but all she gets is static.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Frustrated)
Nothing... we're completely cut
off.

Dr. Sarah Blake places a hand on her shoulder, offering a reassuring smile.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
We'll figure it out. We've come
this far, and we're not going to
let this beat us.

Captain Delgado looks out one of the windows, his eyes
scanning the dark jungle.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly)
We'll make it through the night. We
have to.

The group finishes fortifying the lodge, and they gather in
the center of the room, their faces lit by the dim glow of a
lantern.

Dr. Alan Richards looks around at the others, his expression
serious.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
We'll take shifts. Two people on
watch at all times. The rest can
try to get some rest.

Dr. Brad Freeman volunteers for the first watch, and Dr.
Sarah Blake offers to join him.

The others settle in as best they can, exhaustion beginning
to take its toll. Dr. Emily Carter leans against the wall,
her eyes heavy with sleep, but she can't shake the feeling of
dread that hangs over them.

As Dr. Brad Freeman and Dr. Sarah Blake take their positions
by the windows, they exchange a look, both of them aware of
the weight of responsibility that comes with keeping watch.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
We'll keep them safe.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, her eyes scanning the dark jungle
outside.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Quietly)
We have to.

The jungle is silent, the only sound the faint rustling of
leaves in the wind. But they know that the danger is out
there, lurking in the shadows, waiting for the right moment
to strike.

As the night wears on, the group remains vigilant, their resolve unwavering. They've survived this far, and they're determined to make it through the night—no matter what.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The jungle is eerily quiet as the group keeps their vigil. Dr. Sarah Blake peers out the window, her eyes darting between the shadows. Dr. Brad Freeman stands beside her, his body tense with anticipation.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)

You think that thing's still out there?

Dr. Sarah Blake doesn't take her eyes off the darkness.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Quietly)

I don't know. But I'd rather not find out the hard way.

They fall into silence again, the weight of their situation heavy on their minds. Time seems to drag as they wait, every rustle of leaves or creak of the old lodge setting their nerves on edge.

Suddenly, a faint noise breaks the silence—a distant splash, like something large moving in the water. Dr. Brad Freeman tenses, his hand instinctively reaching for the flare gun.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)

Did you hear that?

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, her grip tightening on the makeshift weapon she's holding.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Yeah... stay alert.

The noise comes again, closer this time. It's a low, rumbling sound, like something big and heavy moving through the underbrush.

Dr. Brad Freeman raises the flare gun, his heart pounding in his chest.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)

Get ready...

They wait, the tension in the room thick enough to cut with a knife. The sound grows louder, closer, until it seems to be right outside the lodge.

Then, abruptly, it stops.

Dr. Sarah Blake holds her breath, her eyes wide as she listens intently. For a moment, there's nothing—just the eerie silence of the jungle.

Then, a low growl echoes from the darkness, sending a chill down their spines. It's close, too close.

Dr. Brad Freeman steadies his aim, his finger hovering over the trigger.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Here we go...

Just as he's about to fire, the growl fades into the distance, the sound growing fainter and fainter until it's gone.

Dr. Sarah Blake lowers her weapon, her body trembling with adrenaline.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Did it leave?

Dr. Brad Freeman hesitates, unsure.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Whispering)
I don't know... but we can't let
our guard down.

They stay on high alert, their eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of movement. But the jungle remains quiet, as if whatever was out there has decided to retreat—for now.

INT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

The hours tick by slowly, the group alternating between tense silence and whispered conversations. Despite their exhaustion, no one dares to sleep, their fear keeping them wide awake.

Dr. Alan Richards sits by the lantern, going over the fossils they managed to bring with them. Dr. Emily Carter watches him, her face pale and drawn.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Softly)

Do you really think we'll make it
out of here?

Dr. Alan Richards looks up from his work, his expression unreadable.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

We have to. There's too much at
stake.

Dr. Emily Carter nods, though she doesn't seem convinced.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Softly)

I just wish we knew what we're
dealing with...

Dr. Alan Richards doesn't respond, his mind clearly elsewhere. Dr. Emily Carter sighs and leans back against the wall, her eyes drifting shut as exhaustion finally begins to take over.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Back at the window, Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Brad Freeman continue their watch. The night is still, the jungle eerily silent.

Dr. Brad Freeman glances at Dr. Sarah Blake, his voice barely above a whisper.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

Sarah... if we don't make it out of
this...

Dr. Sarah Blake cuts him off, her voice firm.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

Don't think like that. We're going
to make it. We have to.

Dr. Brad Freeman hesitates, then nods.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

Yeah... yeah, you're right.

They fall into silence again, the weight of their situation hanging heavy in the air.

Suddenly, a loud crash echoes through the jungle, the sound shattering the stillness.

The group jumps to their feet, their hearts racing as they listen intently.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
What was that?

Before anyone can answer, another crash follows, closer this time. The sound of snapping branches and heavy footsteps fills the air, growing louder by the second.

Dr. Sarah Blake grips her weapon, her eyes wide with fear.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
It's coming...

The group braces themselves, their hearts pounding as the noise draws nearer.

Then, just as suddenly as it began, the noise stops. The jungle falls silent once more, the only sound the rapid breathing of the group.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

Did it leave again?

Before anyone can answer, a low growl rumbles through the air, sending a chill down their spines.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
No... it's still here.

The growl grows louder, closer, until it seems to be right outside the lodge. The group tenses, their weapons ready as they prepare for the worst.

Then, with a deafening roar, the creature crashes through the underbrush, its massive form barely visible in the dim light.

Dr. Brad Freeman fires the flare gun, the bright light illuminating the creature for a brief moment. It's huge, its body covered in scales, its eyes glowing with an eerie intelligence.

The creature roars again, its massive jaws snapping as it lunges toward the lodge.

Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Brad Freeman fire their weapons, the shots echoing through the jungle. But the creature doesn't slow down, its massive form crashing against the side of the lodge, shaking the walls.

Dr. Alan Richards grabs Dr. Emily Carter, pulling her away from the windows as the creature continues its assault.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Shouting)
We need to get out of here!

The group scrambles for the door, their hearts pounding as the creature roars outside, its powerful blows shaking the lodge.

Dr. Sarah Blake grabs the lantern, holding it high as they make their way out of the lodge and into the jungle.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Shouting)
Move, move, move!

They run into the jungle, the creature's roars echoing behind them. The dense underbrush slows their progress, but they push forward, desperate to put as much distance between themselves and the creature as possible.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The group stumbles through the jungle, their hearts pounding as they run from the creature. The darkness is disorienting, the trees and underbrush closing in around them.

Dr. Emily Carter trips over a root, nearly falling, but Dr. Alan Richards catches her arm, pulling her back to her feet.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Shouting)
Keep moving!

They continue to run, the creature's roars growing fainter behind them. But the danger is far from over. The jungle is alive with threats, and they're running blind through the darkness.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances back, her heart pounding as she tries to spot the creature in the darkness. But all she can see are shadows, the jungle closing in around them.

Suddenly, a loud splash echoes from up ahead, the sound coming from a nearby river.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Shouting)
This way! To the river!

They change direction, running toward the sound of the river. The jungle thins out as they approach the water, the moonlight reflecting off the surface.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The group reaches the riverbank, their breaths coming in ragged gasps as they stare at the water. The river is wide and fast-moving, the current strong enough to sweep them away if they're not careful.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Shouting)

We need to cross! It might slow
that thing down!

Dr. Alan Richards nods, his eyes scanning the river for a safe crossing point.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Shouting)

There! Looks like a shallow spot!

They move quickly, wading into the river and making their way across. The water is cold and fast, the current tugging at their legs, but they push forward, desperate to reach the other side.

Suddenly, a roar echoes from the jungle, the creature emerging from the trees and charging toward them.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Shouting)

It's right behind us! Move!

The group scrambles to cross the river, their hearts pounding as the creature closes in. They reach the other side just as the creature lunges at the riverbank, its massive body crashing into the water.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Shouting)

Go, go, go!

They continue running, not daring to look back as the creature struggles to follow them across the river. The jungle is dark and disorienting, but they keep moving, their fear driving

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DR. ALAN RICHARDS

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There! I was right. It's a shallow
spot!

They move quickly, wading into the river and making their way across. The water is cold and fast, the current tugging at their legs, but they push forward, desperate to reach the other side.

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They continue running, not daring to look back as the creature struggles to follow them across the river. The jungle is dark and disorienting, but they keep moving, their fear driving them forward.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

After what feels like an eternity, the group finally slows down, their breaths coming in ragged gasps as they collapse against a tree. The creature's roars are distant now, the sound growing fainter as they put more distance between themselves and the river.

Dr. Sarah Blake leans against the tree, her body trembling with exhaustion and fear.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
Did... did we lose it?

Captain Delgado nods, though he doesn't look convinced.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly)
For now... but it won't stop
hunting us.

Dr. Brad Freeman looks around, his eyes scanning the dark jungle.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Whispering)
We need to find somewhere safe...
somewhere it can't follow.

Dr. Alan Richards nods, his mind already racing with possibilities.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Quietly)
There's an old cave system a few
miles from here. It's deep and
narrow... that thing might not be
able to follow us in there.

Dr. Emily Carter looks at him, her face pale and drawn.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Whispering)
Do we have another choice?

Dr. Alan Richards shakes his head.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Quietly)
Not really.

They exchange a look, knowing that their options are limited. The jungle is dangerous, but the creature is relentless. If they're going to survive, they need to take the risk.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Quietly)
Then let's move. We don't have much
time.

The group gets to their feet, their bodies aching from the exertion, but their resolve unbroken. They've survived this long, and they're not about to give up now.

They begin their trek through the jungle once more, their eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of danger. The creature may have been left behind, but the jungle is far from safe.

They move quickly, their footsteps barely making a sound on the soft earth. The moonlight filters through the trees, casting eerie shadows that dance along the ground.

The jungle is alive with the sounds of the night, the distant calls of animals echoing through the trees. But the group is focused, their minds set on the goal ahead.

After what feels like hours, they finally arrive at the entrance to the cave system. It's dark and foreboding, the entrance barely visible in the dim light.

Dr. Alan Richards steps forward, his eyes scanning the entrance.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Quietly)

This is it... everyone stay close.

The group nods, their hearts pounding as they enter the cave, leaving the dangers of the jungle behind—only to face whatever horrors lie within.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - NIGHT

The group enters the cave cautiously, their flashlights cutting through the darkness. The air inside is cool and damp, a stark contrast to the oppressive heat of the jungle. The walls are rough and uneven, the ground littered with loose rocks and debris.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Whispering)

Everyone stay together. These caves can be tricky to navigate.

Dr. Sarah Blake leads the way, her flashlight sweeping over the rocky walls. The cave is narrow, the ceiling low enough that they have to duck in places. The sound of their footsteps echoes through the passage, the only noise in the otherwise silent space.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
Keep an eye out for any signs of
the creature. We don't know how far
it's willing to go to get to us.

The group moves deeper into the cave, the walls closing in around them. The narrow passage twists and turns, the darkness seeming to press in from all sides.

Dr. Emily Carter stumbles over a loose rock, her breath coming in short gasps as her anxiety mounts.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Whispering)
I don't like this... I don't like
this at all.

Dr. Brad Freeman reaches out, steadying her with a reassuring hand.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
We're almost there. Just a little
further.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances back at them, her expression calm but determined.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Stay focused, everyone. We need to
find a safe spot to rest and figure
out our next move.

They continue on, the passage gradually widening as they go. The air grows cooler, the dampness seeping into their clothes. The sound of dripping water echoes through the cave, the rhythmic plinks adding to the eerie atmosphere.

Finally, they reach a larger chamber, the ceiling rising above them. The walls are lined with strange formations, the stalactites and stalagmites casting long shadows in the dim light.

Captain Delgado shines his flashlight around the chamber, his eyes narrowing as he takes in their surroundings.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Whispering)
This should be good enough for now.
Let's set up camp and get some
rest.

The group nods, their relief palpable as they begin to settle in. They drop their packs and start unpacking their gear, their movements slow and deliberate after the long trek.

Dr. Alan Richards sets up a small portable stove, the soft hiss of the burner breaking the silence.

Dr. Sarah Blake unrolls her sleeping bag, her eyes scanning the chamber for any signs of danger.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Whispering)
I'll take first watch. We can't
afford to let our guard down.

Dr. Brad Freeman nods, though his exhaustion is evident.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Whispering)
Wake me up in a few hours. I'll
take over.

Dr. Emily Carter curls up in her sleeping bag, her body trembling with residual fear.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Softly)
I just want this to be over...

Dr. Alan Richards glances at her, his expression softening.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Whispering)
We'll get through this. We just
need to stay strong.

Dr. Sarah Blake takes a position near the entrance of the chamber, her flashlight in hand as she keeps watch. The others settle down, the tension slowly easing as exhaustion takes over.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - LATER

The hours pass slowly, the cave remaining silent and still. Dr. Sarah Blake keeps her vigil, her eyes scanning the darkness for any signs of movement.

Suddenly, a faint noise catches her attention—a soft rustling, like something moving through the narrow passage they came from.

Dr. Sarah Blake tenses, her grip tightening on her flashlight. She listens intently, her heart pounding in her chest.

The noise comes again, closer this time. It's a low, scraping sound, like something being dragged along the ground.

Dr. Sarah Blake shines her flashlight toward the passage, her body tense with anticipation.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Whispering)
Brad... wake up.

Dr. Brad Freeman stirs, his eyes blinking open as he registers the urgency in her voice.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN
(Whispering)
What is it?

Dr. Sarah Blake doesn't take her eyes off the passage.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Whispering)
I heard something. I think it's
coming this way.

Dr. Brad Freeman quickly sits up, grabbing his flashlight as he joins her at the entrance of the chamber. They both peer into the darkness, their flashlights casting long beams of light into the narrow passage.

The noise grows louder, the scraping sound now accompanied by a low growl. Dr. Sarah Blake feels her heart skip a beat as the realization hits her—the creature has followed them into the cave.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
It's here...

Dr. Brad Freeman raises his flashlight, his jaw clenched as he prepares for whatever is about to come.

The growling grows louder, echoing off the cave walls. The sound is deep and guttural, filled with a malevolent intent that sends chills down their spines.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure appears at the far end of the passage, its massive form barely visible in the dim light.

Dr. Sarah Blake takes a step back, her breath catching in her throat.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

(Whispering)
Oh God...

The creature steps into the light, its body towering over them as it emerges from the passage. Its scales glisten in the light, its eyes glowing with an eerie intelligence.

Dr. Brad Freeman grips his flashlight, his voice steady despite the fear coursing through him.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
We need to lead it away from the others... we can't let it get to them.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, her resolve hardening.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Agreed. Let's do this.

They exchange a look, their silent communication reflecting their determination. They know what they have to do, even if it means risking their own lives.

Dr. Brad Freeman takes a deep breath, then steps forward, shining his flashlight directly at the creature.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Shouting)
Hey! Over here, you ugly bastard!

The creature roars, its eyes locking onto Dr. Brad Freeman as it lunges forward, its massive body crashing toward him.

Dr. Brad Freeman turns and runs, leading the creature away from the chamber and deeper into the cave. Dr. Sarah Blake follows, her heart pounding as she races after him.

They run through the winding passages, the creature hot on their heels. The cave walls blur past them, the darkness closing in as they push forward, desperate to outrun the relentless predator.

Dr. Sarah Blake glances back, her breath catching as she sees the creature gaining on them.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Shouting)
Brad, it's getting closer!

Dr. Brad Freeman grits his teeth, pushing himself to run faster.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Shouting)

Keep going! We're almost there!

They reach another chamber, this one smaller and more confined. Dr. Brad Freeman skids to a stop, his chest heaving as he turns to face the creature.

Dr. Sarah Blake stops beside him, her eyes wide with fear as the creature barrels toward them.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Now, Sarah! Do it!

Dr. Sarah Blake doesn't hesitate. She raises her flashlight and shines it directly into the creature's eyes, the bright light momentarily blinding it.

The creature roars, its massive claws swiping through the air as it tries to regain its bearings. Dr. Brad Freeman seizes the opportunity, grabbing a large rock from the ground and hurling it at the creature.

The rock strikes the creature in the side, causing it to stumble backward with a roar of pain.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Now, run!

They turn and sprint toward a narrow tunnel at the far end of the chamber, their hearts pounding as they squeeze through the tight space.

The creature roars in frustration, its massive body too large to follow them through the narrow tunnel.

Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Brad Freeman emerge on the other side, their bodies trembling with exhaustion and fear.

They don't stop running until they're certain the creature can't follow them, the sound of its roars fading into the distance as they make their way back to the main chamber.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

Dr. Sarah Blake and Dr. Brad Freeman burst back into the main chamber, their breaths ragged and their clothes soaked with sweat. The others are immediately alert, sensing the urgency in their return.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Alarmed)
What happened? Is it here?

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, struggling to catch her breath.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Panting)
It's... it's in the cave. We led it
away, but it's still down here
somewhere.

Captain Delgado immediately springs into action, grabbing his gear.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

We can't stay here. We need to get
out of this cave before it finds
us.

Dr. Emily Carter looks around, fear gripping her.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Trembling)
How do we get out? It's blocking
the way we came in!

Dr. Brad Freeman steps forward, his mind racing for a solution.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

There might be another exit. These
cave systems are usually
interconnected. We just need to
find the right passage.

Dr. Sarah Blake takes charge, pointing toward one of the darker tunnels leading out of the chamber.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

This way. Let's move quickly and
quietly.

The group gathers their belongings and quickly heads into the tunnel, their flashlights barely piercing the thick darkness. Every sound echoes ominously off the cave walls, heightening their fear.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

They move as swiftly as they can through the twisting passageways, the sound of their footsteps barely audible over the pounding of their hearts. The air grows colder and more oppressive, the walls of the cave seeming to close in around them.

Dr. Alan Richards keeps glancing back over his shoulder, half-expecting the creature to appear at any moment.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
Are we sure this is the right way?
What if we're just getting deeper
into the cave?

Captain Delgado grits his teeth, frustration evident in his tone.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

We don't have any other options,
Richards. We have to keep moving.

Dr. Sarah Blake pauses for a moment, shining her flashlight on the ground ahead. She kneels down, examining something closely.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Wait... look at this.

The group gathers around her, peering at what she's found. There are faint marks on the ground—tracks, leading further into the tunnel.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
Those are fresh... but they're not
ours.

Dr. Emily Carter stares at the tracks, her voice trembling.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Whispering)
Do you think there's someone else
down here?

Captain Delgado shakes his head, his expression grim.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

Those don't belong to a human.
They're too large, and the spacing
is all wrong.

Dr. Sarah Blake stands up, her jaw set with determination.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
We follow these tracks. If the
creature came this way, it might
lead us to another exit.

The group moves forward, their pace quickening as they follow the tracks deeper into the tunnel.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - LARGER CAVERN - NIGHT

The tunnel suddenly opens up into a vast cavern, the ceiling high above them and the walls lined with strange, ancient carvings. Their flashlights reveal eerie, shadowy figures depicted in the carvings—creatures that look disturbingly similar to the one hunting them.

Dr. Alan Richards approaches the carvings, running his hand over the rough stone.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS
(Whispering)
These carvings... they're ancient.
This must be some kind of burial
site or temple.

Dr. Sarah Blake scans the cavern, her instincts on high alert.

DR. SARAH BLAKE
(Whispering)
We need to be careful. We don't
know what else might be down here.

Dr. Emily Carter stands near the center of the cavern, her eyes wide as she stares at something in the darkness.

DR. EMILY CARTER
(Whispering)
Guys... over here.

The group gathers around her, their flashlights illuminating a large, gaping hole in the ground. It's wide enough for a person to fit through, and there's a faint draft coming from below.

Captain Delgado kneels beside the hole, feeling the air.

CAPTAIN DELGADO
(Whispering)
This could be our way out.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN DELGADO (CONT'D)

If there's air coming through, it means it leads to the surface.

Dr. Brad Freeman shines his flashlight down into the hole, his face tense.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
It's a long drop... but it's our best shot.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, taking a deep breath.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Alright. We climb down, one at a time. Stay close, and be ready for anything.

Dr. Alan Richards takes out a length of rope from his pack, securing it to a sturdy rock formation.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
I'll go first. I'll let you know if it's safe.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Whispering)
Be careful, Richards. We don't know what's waiting for us down there.

Dr. Alan Richards gives a determined nod before lowering himself into the hole. The rope creaks under his weight, the sound echoing ominously in the cavern. The others watch in tense silence as he descends, the beam of his flashlight gradually disappearing into the darkness below.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dr. Alan Richards reaches the bottom, his feet touching solid ground. He shines his flashlight around, revealing a narrow tunnel leading away from the cavern.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Whispering)
It's safe. There's a tunnel down here. I think it leads out.

One by one, the others follow, each of them descending carefully into the tunnel below.

INT. CAVE SYSTEM - FINAL TUNNEL - NIGHT

The group moves cautiously through the tunnel, the air growing fresher with each step. The tension eases slightly as they realize they're getting closer to the surface.

Dr. Brad Freeman stays close to Dr. Sarah Blake, his eyes scanning the darkness ahead.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Whispering)
We're almost there... I can feel
it.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods, her heart lifting with a glimmer of hope.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)
Just a little further...

Suddenly, the tunnel begins to widen, the ceiling rising above them. A faint light filters through from up ahead—a sign that they're nearing the exit.

But just as relief begins to settle in, a loud, echoing roar reverberates through the tunnel, freezing them in their tracks.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Panicked)
It's coming! It's right behind us!

Dr. Alan Richards turns, his face pale with fear.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Shouting)
Run! Get to the exit!

The group breaks into a sprint, racing toward the light at the end of the tunnel. The creature's roars grow louder, its footsteps pounding the ground as it gives chase.

EXT. JUNGLE - CAVE EXIT - NIGHT

They burst out of the tunnel and into the open air, the cool night breeze hitting them like a wave of relief. They don't stop running, their adrenaline pushing them forward as they race through the jungle.

Dr. Sarah Blake looks back, her heart hammering in her chest as she sees the creature emerge from the cave, its massive form illuminated by the moonlight.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Shouting)
Keep moving! Don't stop!

The group dashes through the thick underbrush, their bodies fueled by fear and determination. The creature is relentless, crashing through the trees and undergrowth as it pursues them.

Dr. Brad Freeman stumbles, his foot catching on a root. Dr. Sarah Blake grabs his arm, pulling him back to his feet.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Shouting)
Come on, Brad! We're almost there!

They push forward, the sound of rushing water growing louder as they near the riverbank.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The group reaches the riverbank, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. Captain Delgado spots the River Queen anchored a short distance away, its silhouette barely visible in the moonlight.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Shouting)
There's the boat! We have to get across!

Dr. Emily Carter looks at the wide river, her eyes wide with fear.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Panicked)
But how? We can't swim across with that thing chasing us!

Dr. Brad Freeman spots a small rowboat tethered to a tree near the water's edge.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Shouting)
Over here! We can use this!

The group rushes to the rowboat, quickly untying it from the tree. Captain Delgado and Dr. Brad Freeman jump in first, grabbing the oars.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Shouting)
Get in, quickly!

Dr. Sarah Blake helps Dr. Emily Carter into the boat before climbing in herself. Dr. Alan Richards is the last to board, shoving the boat off the bank as he jumps in.

They begin rowing frantically, the boat lurching forward as they pull away from the shore. The creature reaches the riverbank just as they push off, its eyes glowing with fury.

It lets out a deafening roar, the sound echoing across the water.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Shouting)

Row faster! It's going to try to swim after us!

Captain Delgado and Dr. Brad Freeman row with all their strength, the boat cutting through the water as fast as they can manage. The creature paces along the bank, its frustration evident as it watches them escape.

Dr. Sarah Blake keeps her eyes fixed on the creature, her heart pounding as she prays it doesn't decide to plunge into the water after them.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Whispering)

Come on, come on...

Just as the boat reaches the middle of the river, the creature lets out another roar, this one filled with a mix of rage and defeat. It turns away from the water's edge, disappearing back into the jungle.

The group lets out a collective sigh of relief, their muscles burning from the effort of rowing. They continue across the river, their breaths slowly calming as they put more distance between themselves and the creature.

EXT. RIVER QUEEN - NIGHT

The boat finally reaches the River Queen, and they quickly tie it to the side. One by one, they climb aboard, their bodies exhausted and their minds reeling from the ordeal.

Dr. Sarah Blake takes a deep breath, leaning against the railing as she stares back at the jungle. The creature is nowhere to be seen, but its presence lingers in the darkness.

Dr. Brad Freeman collapses onto the deck, his chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath.

DR. BRAD FREEMAN

(Panting)
That was too close... way too
close.

Captain Delgado nods, wiping the sweat from his brow.

CAPTAIN DELGADO

(Grimly)
We're not out of the woods yet. We
need to get this boat moving and
put as much distance between us and
that thing as possible.

Dr. Emily Carter looks around at the others, her voice
trembling.

DR. EMILY CARTER

(Shaken)
What was that? What kind of
creature could do all of that?

Dr. Alan Richards shakes his head, his face pale.

DR. ALAN RICHARDS

(Gravely)
I don't know... but whatever it is,
it's not something we were ever
meant to find.

Dr. Sarah Blake nods in agreement, her expression resolute.

DR. SARAH BLAKE

(Determined)
We're going to make it out of this.
We'll get back to civilization, and
we'll make sure the world knows
what we've found here.

Captain Delgado moves to the helm, starting the engine. The
River Queen rumbles to life, its lights casting a warm glow
over the water.

As the boat begins to move, Dr. Sarah Blake takes one last
look at the jungle, her mind racing with everything they've
experienced.

DR. SARAH BLAKE (CONT'D)

(Whispering)
We survived... but for how long?

The River Queen glides down the river, leaving the dark, foreboding jungle behind as it heads toward the safety of the open waters.

FADE OUT.

THE END