

Dog-Raped Wife

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CREDITS SEQUENCE:

Credits roll over an EXTREME CLOSEUP of fur. As the words "A Red Cartel Film" appear on screen, we can see something red and slimy begin to emerge from the fur.

The title credit - DOG-RAPED WIFE - appears and we can now see that the red thing is a fully unsheathed and erect dog penis.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We open on a static shot of a large but decrepit-looking farm house. The windows are dark. Crickets CHIRP on the soundtrack. The farm house has a half acre field behind it and we can see a smaller, even more decrepit-looking barn beyond the field. The night is illuminated by the brilliant light of a summer moon.

A woman's sleepy voice is heard coming from inside the house.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mmm. Wha? Stop it. No, Clyde . . .
Clyde! I said to stop it!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Aw, c'mon, Starlene. You won't even notice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Goddammit, I said NO! I'm tired, Clyde!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Awww, honey buns. Come on.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Get that goddamned thing away from me, Clyde, or I swear to Christ I'll cut it right the fuck off, you hear me?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Well just let me touch you, then.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I been goddamned groped all night already, Clyde! Let me get some fucking sleep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe you shoulda' saved some a
that for your husband. You ever
think of that, Starlene?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I told you, Clyde. I'm tired. I
ain't slept in five days. Now leave
me be.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dammit, Starlene, maybe if ya laid
off that crank then you wouldn't be
so tired. Then you'd maybe have
some goddamned time for my needs.
You hear me? You best start showin
me the respect I deserve or so help
me god you're gonna-

A loud SNORE interrupts Clyde's rant.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Starlene?

Another SNORE. Then another.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Goddammit. Goddamn bitch.

We hear more SNORING, then the SQUEAK of bedsprings, the
RUSTLE of clothing, then a SHUFFLING.

FOOTSTEPS walking on hardwood floors, CREAKING stairs . . .
then the front door of the farm house opens and a man in
overalls steps out onto the porch. We can't really see much
of CLYDE ARBUCKLE from this distance as we watch him walk -
with the aid of a cane - around the side of the house and
through the field to the barn in the background. Clyde
mumbles to himself all the while.

CLYDE

Goddamned cunt. Never shoulda
married the bitch. Left her in the
goddamned parking lot with fucking
peter tracks down her chin, what I
shoulda done. Junkie whore. Fucking
lot lizard spunk drinkin cunt . . .

Clyde has made it to the barn in the background. He slides
the door open and walks inside. A light clicks on, briefly
showing Clyde's hulking form in silhouette in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sounds of DOGS WHINING and chains CLINKING and DRAGGING are heard.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Hello, boys. Daddy's here.

Clyde SLAMS the barn door shut, eclipsing the light from within.

The cricket CHIRPS are all we hear. The country night is peaceful and still.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

We see this entire sequence in quick shots and closeups, just giving us impressions of the barn's interior through sound and image. We never really get a good look at Clyde's face during this sequence. It's like the "Rambo getting ready to kick ass" sequence in action films.

- Clyde's limping feet and cane as he walks past the wheels of a parked vehicle inside the barn. The WHINE of a dog can be heard.

- A dog's eye looking intently at something.

- Clyde's hand hanging his cane on the edge of a workbench of some sort.

- Pacing dog paws on the hard-packed dirt floor of the barn.

- A homemade white tunic falling over Clyde's chest. A red cross, like a medieval Crusader, is painted on the tunic.

- Clyde's hands tying a rope belt around his tunic-ed waist.

- A dog's tongue lolling out of its mouth.

- A shot from behind Clyde as he lowers a black leather executioner's mask over his head (NOTE: this is kind of a half mask, keeping the mouth and nose holes clear as opposed to the full face drape hooded version)

- A chain bolted into the ground being pulled taut as whatever is on the end of the chain tires to pull free.

- Finally, a tiny silver whistle on a chain being lowered over Clyde's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We CUT OUT of the series to see a large, beautiful German Shepherd testing the boundaries of the chain fastened around its neck.

Clyde, who we see only as gloved hands coming into frame, strokes the dog's head.

CLYDE
That's my good boy. I can always
count on my good boy, can't I?
C'mon.

Clyde undoes the chain, but keeps a grip on the dog's collar as he leads him away.

The sound of other dogs WHIMPERING can be heard as we follow Clyde and the German Shepherd through the barn (always keeping the camera at dog level - Clyde has yet to be fully seen in the film).

CLYDE (cont'd)
Quit yer whinin! You'll get your
turns soon enough.

The other dogs WHINE some more in response.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I said KEEP YOUR GODDAMNED MUZZLES
SHUT!

The dogs fall silent at their master's angry voice.

Clyde leads the German Shepherd to a corner of the barn.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Sit.

The dog quickly and obediently sits.

CLYDE (cont'd)
Stay.

The dog continues to sit as Clyde steps out of frame. We hear a bunch of keys JINGLING together as we continue to watch the dog.

We hear the sound of a door SQUEAKING open followed by the muffled SCREAM of a gagged female who we don't see.

CLYDE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Shut up! Shut up or I'll bring out
the other two!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The muffled SCREAMING becomes quieter muffled SOBBING as we hear more chains CLINKING. After a few seconds of the sounds of struggle, chains, and muffled sobbing, Clyde's feet come back into frame.

One gloved hand strokes the German Shepherd's head as the other raises the tiny silver whistle.

We cut to a CLOSE UP of Clyde's mouth blowing into the whistle. We can barely hear the high-pitched SQUEAK, but the German Shepherd begins to YAP and GROWL as if it's a massive alarm. The whistle falls out of Clyde's mouth and we see his rotten peg teeth as he smiles.

CLYDE (cont'd)

Pussy!

We hear the dog GROWL and the muffled SCREAMS of the unseen female. Clyde's mouth laughs at the unseen atrocity taking place before him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SITGES OUTSKIRTS - DAY

We see a weathered sign that says: WELCOME TO SITGES, ALABAMA - POPULATION 1500. The sign is beside a two lane blacktop road. A sheriff's car drives past the sign and down the long road as a NEWSCASTER'S VOICE comes in on the soundtrack.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (V.O.)

. . . The search continues for the five cheerleaders who have been missing since last Wednesday. Foul play is suspected since the youths were part of the controversial "AIDS cheerleaders," a public awareness group led by Christina Jenkins, the University of Missouri's head cheerleader who contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion two years ago . . .

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE/FEED STORE - DAY

We cut to a shot of an old television on a grimy counter top. We're watching the newscast on the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

. . . The AIDS cheerleaders have met much resistance and protest during their tour of local high schools, but many residents were nevertheless shocked and horrified at the disappearance. Local law enforcement and civilian volunteers have been scouring the tri-county area where the group was last seen with a series of grid searches-

A VOICE comes from off screen.

VOICE (O.S.)

Why you watch this shit, Mabel?
Ain't got nothin to do with nothin.

We pan away from the television to see that it is sitting on the counter of a small, dusty hardware and feed store.

An old woman with a silver bouffant - MABEL TRITCH - sits behind the counter.

MABEL

Now Clyde, the world's a bigger place than Sitges. You of all people should know bout that. This here's my link to the world outside. Don't you begrudge me that.

We finally get a good look at CLYDE ARBUCKLE - Early 40's but looks older and more wrinkled than he should. He wears a pair of faded overalls over a yellow t-shirt that was probably white once. Clyde is overweight, sweaty, and surly. His greasy hair is streaked with silver.

Clyde unloads his shopping items - rope, a hammer, nails, a roll of duct tape, and a bag of dog food - on the counter as he shakes his head at Mabel.

CLYDE

It's all nonsense and properganda, I tell ya. Them girls probably just got sidetracked at a heroin shootin gallery or decided to head on down to Panama City to spread their filthy AIDS to the college kids down there or somethin.

Mabel screws her face up in consternation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL

Just you hush your mouth, Clyde Arbuckle. No sense in talking like that. Plain rude is what it is.

CLYDE

Just callin it as I see it, is all.

MABEL

Well . . . guess it's your God-given right as am American. But you could keep thoughts like that to yerself. I hope they're all right.

CLYDE

Whatever. How's about ringin me up 'stead a talkin bout the GD news, Mabel?

Mabel shakes her head again as she begins to tally up Clyde's purchases on an antique cash register.

Clyde stares, dead-eyed, at the TV screen. The sound of a car PULLING UP in the parking lot outside followed by a door slamming.

SHERIFF LEWIS - upper 50's, gaunt, leathery, and authoritative - enters the hardware store.

MABEL

Howdy, sheriff!

SHERIFF LEWIS

Mabel. Clyde.

Sheriff Lewis sidles up to the counter.

SHERIFF LEWIS (cont'd)

You got a case of D batteries in the back, Mabel?

MABEL

A case? I don't rightly know. Have to take a look.

SHERIFF LEWIS

It'd be much appreciated. Got to have extras for the search tonight. Folks volunteering their own time and flashlights, least we can do is provide the batteries, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL

You doin night searches now?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Well, the longer they go missin,
the less the chance we're gonna
find em alive.

MABEL

(to Clyde)

That'll be fifty three twenty
seven, Clyde. You gonna need a box
to carry this stuff in?

Clyde gestures to the cane in his hand.

CLYDE

I reckon so, Mabel, if you don't
mind.

MABEL

No problem at all. Let me go fetch
you a box and take a look for them
batteries.

Mabel slowly makes her way around the counter and disappears
in the rear of the store.

Sheriff Lewis and Clyde stand in silence for a BEAT. Lewis
stares at the items that Clyde has just purchased - is he
looking at them suspiciously?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Well that's a load of goodies you
got there, Clyde. What kinda work
you got going on?

CLYDE

Just . . . doing some work in the
barn.

SHERIFF LEWIS

On the barn?

CLYDE

No. In it. Working on a special
project, guess you could say.

An uncomfortable silence. The sheriff nods at the bag of dog
food.

SHERIFF LEWIS

See you still got them old hounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Yep.

SHERIFF LEWIS

What is it? A Shepherd and a Rott,
right?

CLYDE

Two Sheperds and a Rott.

The sheriff nods.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Goddamn waste of time, lookin for
them girls, you ask me.

CLYDE

Just what I was sayin to Mabel.
They'll show up somewheres.

SHERIFF LEWIS

More'n likely. More'n likely.
(beat)
Speaking of young splitttails,
how's that wife a yours treatin
you, Clyde?

Clyde smiles mischievously.

CLYDE

Well the accident ain't the ONLY
reason I gotta walk with a cane
these days, if'n you catch my
meanin.

Sheriff Lewis smiles at the suggestion. He idly picks up the
coil of rope that Clyde is purchasing and begins to re-roll
it.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Heh. Yep. Them girls down at Cooze-
a-palooza have really got the
skills. I ever tell you bout the
time me and Billy Watkins went down
there right after the big fire at
Anderson's grocery?

Clyde just stares at the sheriff, who chuckles at the memory
and begins to tell his story.

SHERIFF LEWIS (cont'd)

Well, this musta been, what,
fifteen years ago now? Damn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS (cont'd)
Time flies. Anyways, it was just after the fire and me and Billy were all riled up from the excitement so's we decided to go on down to Cooze-a-palooza. Course it was called the Crafty Beaver back then, you remember? Well, they just hired this gal, couldn't a been more'n eighteen and a day and it was her first night and she decided that she needed her a gimmick in order to stand out from the other girls, right? Solid thinkin, but goddamn if she doesn't come traipsin out on stage in nothing but a hard hat and a pair of work boots and she's carrying what looks like a chainsaw cept it's got one a them . . . whadda they call em? Marital aids? Whatever, it was the goddamned biggest dildo you ever seen in your life and it was all duct taped to this chainsaw and before anybody can stop her, she's crankin this sumbitch up right there on stage! You can just imagine the reaction . . .

We ANGLE ON Clyde, staring blankly at Sheriff Lewis. We slowly ZOOM IN on Clyde's face as he listens to the bawdy tale.

CUT TO Clyde's POV: We see Sheriff Lewis from Clyde's point of view as he continues to talk. Sheriff Lewis's entire head looks like the underside of a gigantic penis sticking up through the Sheriff's collar. His eyes, nose, and mouth are still visible . . . he has literally become a talking dickhead.

SHERIFF LEWIS (cont'd)
(as talking penis)
. . . Well the goddamned chainsaw's revvin all to hell and that there dildo's shaking so hard it looks like a bad tailpipe and 'fore you know it, she's got it right up there 'tween her legs and is riding it like the devil . . .

We ANGLE ON Clyde again and his stare is even more blank and dazed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO Clyde's POV: Sheriff Lewis isn't even talking, because his mouth is now a puckered anus. A giant turd drops out of the Sheriff's anus mouth . . . he has now literally become a shit-talking dickhead. Another turd drops from the anal lips of the Sheriff.

We CUT BACK TO Clyde, snapping out of his imagination. Sheriff Lewis is chuckling, finishing up his story.

SHERIFF LEWIS (cont'd)
. . . And by the time they dragged
her ass off stage, the whole front
row was covered in blood!!!

Sheriff Lewis LAUGHS uproariously at the conclusion of his tale. Clyde merely stares at him.

CLYDE
How's Jody doing, Marcus?

Sheriff Lewis's laughter dies immediately. He looks at Clyde, squints his eyes.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Fine. Jody's fine.

CLYDE
That's good to know.

A BEAT of uncomfortable silence between the two is interrupted by the appearance of Mabel.

MABEL
Looks like you're in luck, Sheriff.
Last batch of batteries in the
back. Here's your box, Clyde.

Clyde hurriedly tosses his purchases in the box and limps to the door.

CLYDE
Thanks, Mabel. Afternoon, Sheriff.

Clyde limps out of the store. Lewis and Mabel watch him go.

MABEL
He's an odd one, that Clyde.

SHERIFF LEWIS
True. Ain't no law 'gainst
strangeness, though. You mind
billing the office for these
batteries?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL

No problem, Sheriff. Hope you find them girls in one piece.

SHERIFF LEWIS

And one fella. Can't forget about that.

MABEL

A boy cheerleader? Thought they was only on TV.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Fraid not. Afternoon, Mabel.

MABEL

Sheriff.

Sheriff Lewis scoops up his box of batteries and leaves the store. We follow him . . .

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

. . . And into the parking lot, where he tosses the box of batteries into the back seat of an old police car. Sheriff Lewis watches Clyde's ancient Ford pickup, smoke spewing out of the exhaust, pull into the street and drive away.

Sheriff Lewis stares at Clyde's truck as it disappears around a bend. He gets into the cruiser and backs out of the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Sheriff Lewis is driving in his cruiser, passing quickly through the small downtown area of Sitges. A call comes in over the radio.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Sheriff, we've got another call from Agnes Warhead complaining about them Mexicans again.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Jesus Christ.

Lewis picks up his handset and speaks into it.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Call Lance at home and have him deal with it, Terry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
It's Lance's day off, Sheriff.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Goddammit I know that, Terry.
That's why I told you to call him
at home. I've got more important
things to deal with than phantom
Mexicans, all right?

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
You don't got to get all snippy,
Sheriff. Over and out.

Lewis replaces the handset and SIGHS. He's driving down a rural highway now and we can see that he's approaching a small truck stop consisting of some diesel pumps and a convenient store and restaurant.

Three semis are parked in the otherwise empty lot. The place looks pretty dead.

Sheriff Lewis pulls his car into the lot and parks it. He watches the semis from his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - DAY

A robust bleach-blonde in obscenely short cut-off jeans backs out of one of the semis in the parking lot. She's obviously pissed as she sasses an unseen person in the semi's cab.

LOT LIZARD
Goddamned fucking fucker! I said
twenty for a fucking blow, not an
ass fuck! Stupid fucking peckerwood
piece of trash.

The lot lizard's rant is cut short by the voice of Sheriff Lewis.

SHERIFF LEWIS
You oughtta consider yourself lucky
all's you got was a trunk full of
spunk, little missy.

LOT LIZARD
Aw shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

A lot of these truckers wouldn't think twice 'bout porking your ass, choking you with your cum-stained underwear, and tossing your raped corpse off an overpass. Yours is a high-risk occupation, honey.

LOT LIZARD

I-I didn't do nothing!

SHERIFF LEWIS

I'm sure. Why'nt you tell me all about it whilst we take a little ride.

Lewis gestures to his cruiser. The lot lizard, knowing she's nabbed, walks toward the cruiser.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

The cruiser pulls up outside of a small but well-maintained home. Sheriff Lewis gets out and opens the back door for the lot lizard. She looks around at the house, mildly confused but willing.

Lewis leads the lot lizard to the front door. He unlocks it and he and the lot lizard enter.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sheriff Lewis leads the lot lizard into his bedroom. It's sparsely furnished with a bed and dresser. Against the wall at the foot of the bed sits JODY LEWIS, the sheriff's wife. She's sleeping soundly in her wheelchair, her respirator SIGHING in a soothing repetitive pattern.

The lot lizard is shocked to see Jody's sleeping form.

LOT LIZARD

(whispering)

What are we doing here, Sheriff?

SHERIFF LEWIS

I think you get the idea, sweetie. And you don't gotta whisper. My wife sleeps like the dickens.

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CONTINUED:

Sheriff Lewis unbuckles his belt and sits on the edge of the bed.

LOT LIZARD

I don't know about this, Sheriff.

SHERIFF LEWIS

You don't wanna spend the night in one of my cells, now do you? Sides, this ain't any more strange than taking it in the ass from a nigger trucker, right? Now get down on your knees, sweetie.

The lot lizard SIGHS, takes the gum out of her mouth, and kneels down before the sheriff.

The lot lizard begins to administer to the sheriff. The room is silent except for the WET SUCKING from the lot lizard and the repetitive HISS-CHUNK of Jody's respirator.

The lot lizard's head is bobbing with renewed frenzy when a VOICE is heard - It's Jody Lewis.

JODY

Could you . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
move your head . . . <HISS-CHUNK> .
. . a little to the . . . <HISS-
CHUNK> . . . left?

The lot lizard removes the sheriff's penis from her mouth and turns to look at Jody. She's a little freaked out.

LOT LIZARD

What did she just . . . ?

Sheriff Lewis gently pushes the lot lizard's head back down.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Don't you worry none. She just . .
. talks in her sleep sometimes. Get
back to work.

The lot lizard continues. The HISS-CHUNK of the respirator drones on.

JODY

He likes it . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . .
. when you . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
suck on his balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lot lizard stands up and turns around, giving Jody a horrified look. Jody HISSES and CHUNKS and smiles as best as she can.

LOT LIZARD

Okay. This is officially fucked up.

(to Sheriff)

Listen, if you're gonna arrest me, arrest me. Otherwise I'm gettin the fuck out of here. I've done some fucked up freaky shit in my time, but this . . .

She shakes her head in disbelief. The sheriff SIGHS and pulls up his pants.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Fine. Go on. Get out of here.

The lot lizard leaves the room. We hear the front door SLAM a few seconds later.

JODY

I'm . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . sorry
. . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . darlin.

Sheriff Lewis looks lovingly into his wife's eyes and gives her a tender smile.

SHERIFF LEWIS

It's okay, sweetheart.

JODY

I just get . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
so upset when . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
. . . they don't . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
. . . do it right.

SHERIFF LEWIS

I know, Jody. You're the best I ever had. You can't expect every girl to do the things you used to do to me.

JODY

Maybe . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . you
could try it . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
. . . just a little . . . <HISS-CHUNK>
. . . Just let me . . . <HISS-CHUNK>
<HISS-CHUNK> . . . suck you off real . . .
. . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . nice.

Sheriff Lewis cups Jody's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

Aw, sweetie, you know that doing
that'd be tantamount to suicide
what with your breather and all.

Sheriff Lewis gently kisses her forehead. She smiles weakly.

JODY

You can . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
just jerk off . . . <HISS-CHUNK> .
. . on my face . . . <HISS-CHUNK> .
. . if you want.

The Sheriff is almost brought to tears by this romantic
gesture.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Oh, honey. I love you.
(beat)
But I've got to get back to work.
I'll be home in time to fix dinner,
allrightie?

She smiles.

HISS CHUNK.

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE KITCHEN - DAY

Clyde limps into his kitchen, struggling under the weight of
the box of hardware. He sets the box down on the table and
takes a deep breath before closing the door behind him. The
kitchen is a disgusting mess: yellow, grease-stained walls,
the sink is piled high with moldy plates and bowls. A cracked
flypaper strip hangs from the single-bulb light in the
ceiling. The filthy linoleum floor is broken and warped.

The sound of a TV is in the background.

CLYDE

Starlene? You up?

No response. Clyde canes his way into . . .

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

. . . the living room. Perhaps even more disgusting than the
kitchen, if that's at all possible.

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CONTINUED:

Piles of yellowed, brittle newspaper are stacked in the corners. Dust bunnies the size of footballs on the floor.

STARLENE sits on the threadbare couch, her feet propped up on a filthy table. She's painting her toenails and watching a tiny black and white television. On the television, a white trash couple argue in front of a studio audience. Every other word is BLEEPED out.

Starlene, 20, is blonde and petite. She's pretty in a southern sense, meaning that she's still got most of her teeth and can apply copious amounts of makeup. While young, the hard life of a southern stripper is already creating lines on her face. She's sexy, to be sure, but has an air of despair and violence that surrounds her.

Starlene SNAPS her chewing gum.

CLYDE

Starlene?

STARLENE

Hush, Clyde! I'm tryin to watch the TV. JoAnn and Rickie are on.

Clyde turns his attention to the television for a moment. The white trash couple are now trying to engage in fisticuffs as the show's security guys try and pull them off of one another.

CLYDE

Shit, Starlene, you wanna watch them two fight, you just gotta go down to the Empty Mug any Friday night.

STARLENE

I said shut the fuck up, Clyde.

CLYDE

Goddammit, woman. That ain't no way to talk to your goddamned husband.

Starlene ignores Clyde, her eyes glued to the television. Clyde angrily SNAPS off the TV.

CLYDE

Looky here, Starlene. I'm about at the end of my rope with you, you understand? You are going to show me the respect befitting a husband-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE

Respect? What about MY goddamned respect, Clyde?

CLYDE

I give you plenty of respect, darling. Provide you with your own car, a place to live . . .

STARLENE

This place is a goddamn shithole, Clyde, if you ain't noticed.

CLYDE

Well now, whose fault is that? What would it take to get you to clean up around here a little bit, huh?

STARLENE

Why the hell should I? I didn't make this fucking mess, Clyde. These ain't my piles of fucking newspapers all over the goddamned place-

CLYDE

Course they ain't. You got to know how to read.

STARLENE

See? That's what I'm talking about, Clyde. You ain't got no respect for me so why should I respect you? And I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna clean up the mess your goddamned nutcase Mother left laying around-

Without thinking, Clyde SLAPS the hell out of Starlene. The blow is so violent that the toenail polish applicator in Starlene's hand flies across the room.

Clyde's face is red with rage.

CLYDE

You leave my Mother out of this! Ain't you got ANY respect for anything, Starlene? Not even the DEAD?

Starlene sits, silently glaring at Clyde and rubbing her reddened cheek. She almost looks like she would cry, if not for the fact that her eyes burn with anger.

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CONTINUED:

Clyde's face softens a bit. He realizes what he's done.

CLYDE

Look, baby, I'm sorry I hit you-

STARLENE

Fuck you, Clyde Arbuckle.

Starlene gets up off of the couch, steps into her flip-flops, and tosses a purse over her shoulder.

CLYDE

Where the hell you think you're going, huh?

STARLENE

What do you care? You need me to stick around and be your fucking punching bag some more, big man?

CLYDE

Goddammit, Starlene, I said I was sorry.

STARLENE

Save it. I've got work tonight. Don't wait up for me.

CLYDE

Now hold on, Starlene. Starlene!

Starlene walks out of the living room. Clyde tries to catch up with her, but his bad leg won't cooperate. It gives out and Clyde barely stops himself from collapsing.

The kitchen door SLAMS.

CLYDE

STARLENE!!!

She's gone. Clyde, sweating, panting, and red with anger, knocks over a lamp with his cane. His eyes are burning with rage.

We hear a CAR ENGINE start up in the driveway and the SQUEAL of peeling tires outside.

CLYDE

Bitch. Goddamned fucking bitch whore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde's eyes lock on something - we see that he's looking out the window at the barn in the back yard. He takes a few deep, angry breaths before getting himself back on his feet.

Clyde's angry, bitter eyes stay locked on the barn in the back.

He limps out of the living room and we hear the kitchen door open and close.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

We're on the sagging front porch of a dilapidated, tiny house. The porch is covered with cigarette butts and empty beer cans. An old refrigerator, minus the door, leans precariously in one corner.

A SEVERELY RETARDED TEENAGER - ARCHIE CRIDER - sits on a swinging bench that hangs from the ceiling. He's large and powerful-looking with broad shoulders and gigantic hands. He's CHUCKLING to himself. A string of drool drips from his bottom lip. He's looking at something on the floor between his legs that we can't see. He LAUGHS harder then produces a can of beer. He opens the beer and drains it in about three giant gulps. When the can is empty, he crushes it into a tiny ball with one hand and not a thought - he's as strong as he looks.

Archie tosses the crushed can over his shoulder and continues to laugh at the unseen object on the ground in front of him.

The RUMBLE of a car engine causes Archie to look up. He smiles when he sees the primer-gray Camaro pull into the gravel driveway.

The car parks and Starlene gets out. Her mascara has run down her face, causing her to look like a cute redneck raccoon.

Archie smiles at Starlene and waves.

ARCHIE
H-h-hi, Starlene! Hi!

STARLENE
Hey there, Archie. Your brother
home?

Starlene walks up onto the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE

Yeh. You sure are pretty today,
Starlene.

STARLENE

You're sweet, Archie. I don't feel
all that pretty right now.

ARCHIE

Well, you are. You're the prettiest
girl in the whole wide world,
Starlene.

Starlene squints her eyes at Archie.

STARLENE

Archie Crider, are you drunk
ALREADY? It's only two o'clock in
the afternoon!

Archie turns red with embarrassment, but can't help but
chuckle in his inebriated state.

STARLENE

Griffin shouldn't be letting you
drink at all but if he's going to
he could at least -

Starlene is looking on the ground at Archie's feet.

STARLENE

- Archie, what's that?

Archie tries to kick the object under the swing.

ARCHIE

W-what's what, Starlene?

STARLENE

Don't try and play games with me,
Archie. What is it?

Archie sheepishly reaches down and picks up the item. We see
it for the first time: It's a dead cat impaled on a stick
that's buried deep in its rectum. The cat's obviously a fresh
kill because it's still dripping blood.

ARCHIE

C-c-cat. On a stick.

Starlene pinches her face in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE

Get rid of that thing right now,
Archie. Lord knows what kind of
diseases it's got. You throw it
away right now.

Archie tosses the cat on a stick off of the porch and into
the tall grass of the yard.

ARCHIE

S-s-sorry, Starlene.

Starlene just shakes her head.

STARLENE

Boys will be boys. See you around,
Archie.

Starlene steps through a battered screen door and into . . .

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

. . . Griffin and Archie's house is tiny and repulsive. One
main room and a kitchenette. A scratchy-looking brown couch.
A tiny color TV on a cable spool table. Yellowed beer and
alcohol advertisement posters on the wood paneled walls.

GRIFFIN CRIDER - 29, skinny but muscular, greasy shoulder-
length hair. He wears a pair of faded blue jeans and is
shirtless. His chest, back, and arms are covered with crappy
prison tattoos. He's a rangy, mean-looking son of a bitch
even though he's half the size and weight of his younger
brother.

Griffin is watching something on the TV disinterestedly. The
reception is crap anyway. He looks up to see Starlene enter.

GRIFFIN

Hey, baby. What you doing here?

Starlene's lip quivers and she dives into Griffin's arms.

STARLENE

Oh, Griffin, I can't hardly stand
it. The goddamned crippled
motherfucker HIT ME. How much
longer do I have to do this shit?

Griffin strokes Starlene's hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

C'mon, baby, we done gone over this shit a hundert times. Once you find out where the fucker keeps his stash, we get it and cut out of this garbage heap town.

STARLENE

I know it's gotta be in that goddamned barn of his, but he's so . . . He won't let anybody in there. And he keeps the key around his neck. And he keeps trying to . . . you know.

Griffin slips a hand into Starlene's shirt and fondles her nipple.

GRIFFIN

What? This?

STARLENE

Stop it, Griffin. He freaks me out.

GRIFFIN

Shit, baby, he's your husband.

STARLENE

Quit reminding me.

GRIFFIN

Why don't I do a little something to take your mind off of it, huh?

Griffin thrusts his other hand down the front of Starlene's cut-offs.

STARLENE

Griffin! Cut it out! I'm serious, baby.

GRIFFIN

So am I. I need it, girl.

Starlene begins to relent as Griffin rubs her the right way. Soon she's kissing Griffin ravenously. She is straddling him and pulls back to take off her top. Griffin begins to suckle her nipples.

STARLENE

Yeah, baby. God I wish you could just kill him. Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE (cont'd)
Chop off his fucking head with a
fucking hacksaw.

Starlene's getting hot thinking about mutilating Clyde's
corpse as she humps Griffin.

GRIFFIN
You're a sick, sick bitch, aren't
you?

STARLENE
Yeah. Yeah, I am . . . and after we
cut his head off, I'd put a
blowtorch to his cock and burn the
motherfucker until it turned black
as charcoal and fell off. Mmmmm.
Yeah. And cut open his chest and
take a fucking shit right in the
middle of his slimy guts . .
.YESSSS!

A VOICE from behind them startles Starlene.

VOICE (O.S.)
Sheew-doggie! Where'd you get this
one, Grif? She's a hellcat!

Starlene SQUEALS in shock and quickly hops from Griffin's
lap, her hands covering her breasts.

STARLENE
Jesus fucking Christ! Who the fuck
are you?

We see the owner of the voice: A bald and muscular guy with
even more shitty prison tattoos than Griffin. His skin is wet
and he's wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his
waist.

GRIFFIN
Shit, honey, that's just Punch. You
remember me talking about him,
right?

STARLENE
Punch? I thought he was your
cellmate at the Slab.

GRIFFIN
He was. Just got out yesterday.
He's gonna be stayin with me and
Archie for a bit til he gets back
on his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Starlene is off of Griffin and is searching the cracks of the couch for her t-shirt while trying to keep her breasts covered.

STARLENE

Well you could've goddamn told me there's somebody else in the house, Griffin.

GRIFFIN

Hell, baby. I forgot. Punch was in the shower for so damn long.

PUNCH

Come on, now. My first solo shower in twelve years. Had to enjoy it.

STARLENE

Goddammit, Griffin, get up, you're sitting on my shirt!

GRIFFIN

Aw, come on, sweetie. Not like folks can't see your titties any night at the 'palooza.

STARLENE

I said GET UP!

Griffin gets off of the t-shirt and Starlene angrily gets dressed.

GRIFFIN

Shit, poor Punch ain't seen a pair a tits in years, baby. Whyn't you give him just a little peek? Bet you'd like that, huh, Punch?

PUNCH

Wouldn't say no, that's for damn sure. Although truth be told I'd like a lot more than a quick peek, if you catch my meaning.

Punch and Griffin have a CHUCKLE at that, but it enrages Starlene further. Griffin inserts a gigantic wad of chewing tobacco between his cheek and gum.

STARLENE

Goddamn you, Griffin. I'm your girlfriend, not your fucking WHORE!

Griffin appears to be amused by Starlene's outburst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

Aw, hell, honey, I'm sorry. Maybe
Punch can just watch while we fuck,
then.

Starlene GROWLS in frustration, her fists clenched at her
sides.

STARLENE

You are a PIG, Griffin Crider!

Starlene begins to stomp out of the house. Griffin jumps up
and grabs her by the elbow to stop her.

STARLENE

What, Griffin?

GRIFFIN

Come on, girl. I just wanted to
give you a little something . . .

Griffin reaches into his pocket and produces a gram baggie of
meth. He holds it out to Starlene. She SIGHS and then
snatches up the baggie, stuffs it into her cut-offs.

GRIFFIN

See? I ain't a bad guy, am I?

Starlene begrudgingly shrugs.

STARLENE

I . . . I guess not.

GRIFFIN

So you'll let Punch see your tits,
then?

Starlene scowls.

STARLENE

Fuck you, Griffin!

Starlene storms out of the house, slamming the screen door
behind her. Griffin LAUGHS, amused.

GRIFFIN

Come on, Starlene! I was just
kidding! Me and the boys'll come by
and see your show later tonight,
all right, Baby?

Starlene's car starts in the driveway and peels away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Griffin shakes his head, bemused.

GRIFFIN

Women. Can't live with em, can't
cut off their arms and legs with an
axe and leave em for dead . . .
without spending the rest of your
life in The Slab.

Punch laughs mirthlessly.

PUNCH

Don't I know it.

The screen door opens and Archie walks in. He's smoking a
cigarette.

GRIFFIN

Goddammit, Archie, I told you not
to fucking smoke in the house! That
shit's a nasty habit!

As if punctuating the statement, Griffin spits a string of
black tobacco juice behind the couch.

Archie tosses the cigarette to the floor and grinds it out.

ARCHIE

S-s-sorry, Griffin. Why's Starlene
mad?

GRIFFIN

Cunts are just like that sometimes,
Arch. Nothing a man can do about it
but not back down and make sure to
keep em in their place.

ARCHIE

I don't like it when she's mad.
She's so pretty. I don't like to
see her cry.

Punch LAUGHS.

PUNCH

Aw, the retard's in love, Grif.
(to Archie)
Come on, Archie, don't be a faggot.

Archie doesn't know how to respond to that. His lip quivers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUNCH

Shit, now the faggot retard's gonna cry.

GRIFFIN

Goddammit, Punch. Why you calling him a fag? Retards can't be faggots. They're too goddamn retarded to even know what fucking is in the first place, much less fucking a man in his pooper.

Archie storms out of the house in anger and confusion.

GRIFFIN

Great. Look what you did, Punch. You upset him. Now he'll spend the next couple of hours killing cats in the tool shed.

PUNCH

I can't help it if the retard can't fucking take a little ribbing.

GRIFFIN

Fuck you, man. That's my brother you're talking about.

A MOMENT of tension between the two men.

PUNCH

Oh yeah? Why don't you fucking suck my dick, you peckerwood son of a bitch?

Griffin, scowling, gets right in Punch's face. They glare at one another for a beat, then . . .

GRIFFIN

It'd be my pleasure.

Griffin pulls the chaw out of his cheek and flings it against the wall. Punch rips off his towel and flings it over his shoulder.

The wet lump of chewing tobacco slides down the wall behind them. Griffin's head goes beneath frame at the same speed and pace as the lump of chaw as he goes down on his former cellmate.

CUT TO:

INT. COOZE-A-PALOOZA BACKSTAGE - DAY

A giant rail of crystal methamphetamine is on a counter top.
A rolled-up dollar bill sucks up the huge line of speed.

Starlene pulls the dollar out of her nose. The drug hits her
and she shivers with joy.

ANDREA, another stripper, walks into the backstage area.

ANDREA

Save some of that for me, girl.
Hey, what are you doing here so
early? Trying to make a career out
of this shit?

Andrea busies herself cutting a line of meth when she notices
Starlene's red cheeks and the smeared mascara.

ANDREA

Oh, honey. What happened to you?

STARLENE

What do you think, Andrea?

ANDREA

I'm sure it's got a penis, whatever
it is.

Starlene LAUGHS sadly.

ANDREA

I don't know how you even deal with
men in the first place after
working here. It's enough to put me
off dick for good. Men are dogs,
Starlene. Crotch-sniffing,
traitorous, back-stabbing, lying
dogs. You can't trust em to do
anything but eat, fight, and fuck.
And they don't even do a good job
at the last one of those.

STARLENE

Yeah, well . . . it's nothing that
won't take care of itself soon
enough.

Starlene snorts another line.

ANDREA

Hmmm . . . that sounds mysterious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Starlene says nothing. Andrea snorts a line.

ANDREA

Well since you're here, you want to take my last couple of dances? I've got to pick Jimmy up from my Mom's place before she gets too drunk and starts beating on him. The last time I took him to the hospital they asked too many goddamned questions.

STARLENE

Yeah, okay.

ANDREA

Thanks, sugar, I appreciate it and so does my baby. You'd better get into your outfit, though. I'm due up in two songs.

Starlene walks to a rack of stripper outfits at the back of the dressing room. Once her back is turned, Andrea expertly opens Starlene's purse and steals the rest of Starlene's bag of meth.

ANDREA

Thanks again, Starlene!

Andrea leaves the dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Clyde is wearing his torture outfit - executioner's mask and tunic. He's just lowering whistle on the chain over his head. His mouth is in a tight scowl.

CLYDE

(mumbling to himself)
Stupid goddamn bitch. Why'd the cunt marry me in the first fucking place? Won't fucking fuck me, no goddamned respect . . . I'll teach her fucking respect. Yeah. Respect at the end of a dog's dick.

Clyde limps his way around a battered old tow truck into the main area of the barn.

He approaches one of his dogs, which is chained to a stake driven into the dirt floor of the barn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE
You ready, Mouth?

The dog - a German Shepherd - sits quietly at attention.
Clyde's eyes squint.

CLYDE
What's the matter, boy? What is it?

At that moment, Clyde hears a NOISE behind him, approaching rapidly. Clyde rolls to one side just as a pitchfork stabs the ground where he once stood.

CLYDE
Goddammit!

The pitchfork is held by a thin and scared-looking YOUNG MAN. The Young Man is wearing a filthy and soiled cheerleading outfit that, until recently, was probably vibrantly-colored. Now it's filthy with mud, dirt, blood, sweat, and urine. The young man has red, extremely raw marks around both of his wrists. He has trouble pulling the pitchfork out of the ground because both of his thumbs appear to be severely broken.

Clyde uses the moment of struggle to strike the young man in the back of the knees with his cane. The young man falls with a GRUNT. Clyde beats him a few times in the face with the head of his cane.

With a strength born of desperation, the young man manages to grab Clyde by the tunic and pull him to the ground. The two men struggle for a moment, the young man getting the upper hand.

All the while, Mouth the dog BARKS and yanks his chain tight, trying to get at the two.

Clyde lands a solid punch on the jaw of the young man, dazing him. Clyde straddles the young man, holding him down.

CLYDE
Stop it, goddammit! STOP!

The young man breaks a hand free and claws at Clyde's face, raking three bloody furrows in Clyde's cheek.

CLYDE
Ahhhh!

Clyde punches the young man several times in the face, knocking him for a loop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde, his eyes bulging in fear, touches the bloody scratches on his cheek. His fingers are shaking as he pulls them away, seeing the blood.

CLYDE

Motherfucker. MOTHERFUCKER! I swear
to God, if you just gave me fucking
AIDS, I'll . . . I'll . . .

Clyde smashes the young man in the face with the head of his cane.

The young man defiantly spits a red blood loogie at Clyde, who reacts by SHRIEKING and trying to retreat from the offending projectile.

YOUNG MAN

F-f-fuck you, you redneck piece of
shit. I pray to God I just gave it
to you!

Clyde's face freezes in extreme hate. He lifts the silver whistle to his lips and blows on it. Mouth, the dog, goes insane, barking and whimpering.

CLYDE

Mouth! MOUTH!

Clyde grabs the nearly unconscious young man by the front of his sweatshirt and tosses him into the range of the delirious Mouth.

The dog descends on the young man immediately. We stay on Clyde as he breathes heavy and watches something that we can only hear: the young man SCREAMS once before his screams become muffled and Mouth's growling becomes more ferocious.

CLYDE

MOUTH! MOOOOOUTH!

The dog's GROWLS become louder as the young man's MUFFLED MOANS quiet, then die out completely.

Clyde smiles to himself as he watches. The dog's growling is the only thing that can be heard.

CLYDE

Kill, Mouth! KILL!

The dog's growling has been supplemented by the sound of TEARING CLOTH and RIPPING FLESH as Mouth goes to town on the obviously dead young man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Shit.

Clyde touches the fresh claw marks on his cheek and vibrates with rage and fear.

CLYDE

Goddammit. Goddamn son of a BITCH!

Clyde turns on his heels and begins to limp to the other end of the barn.

Mouth has reduced the young man to a bloody mess.

We CUT TO the other end of the barn, where a series of metal dog kennels sit side by side against one of the barn's walls.

Each of the three kennels holds a FEMALE CHEERLEADER. All of them are awake, shivering, and cowering against the backs of their prospective kennels. Their uniforms are all stained, torn, and bloody. One of the girls SOBS loudly and uncontrollably.

The still-hooded Clyde appears, walking around a bizarre weight bench and sawhorse construction that has shackles and chains dangling from it.

Clyde eyes the three cheerleaders in their cages.

One of the cheerleaders, Christina Jenkins, their founder and beacon of courage, speaks up.

CHRISTINA

W-what happened to Richard? Where is he?

Clyde eyes a section of the barn wall. We see from his POV that there's a set of empty metal shackles chained to the wall. Curled strips of red flesh dangle from the shackles.

CLYDE

I think you know all too goddamn well what happened to your faggot friend.

The sobbing cheerleader - AMY FERRIN - screams at Clyde.

AMY

He's not a FAGGOT! Richard is my boyfriend, you piece of shit! Where is he? What did you do to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Shut the FUCK UP! Richard ain't
anything but fucking dog food now.

The three girls WAIL and MOAN at the news.

CHRISTINA

You animal! You fucking animal!

Clyde beats on Christina's cage with his cane.

CLYDE

Shut up! SHUT UP! I'm not the
fucking animal around here! Look at
what that fucker did to my FACE,
goddammit! He might've given me
your goddamn filthy faggot disease!

CHRISTINA

Good! I hope you fucking die, you
son of a bitch.

CLYDE

Don't go getting pissed off at me,
you stupid bitch! You should've had
enough sense to tell him not to
escape. Now he's dead and it's all
YOUR fault! Shit, girl, now I'm
gonna have to kill all of you!

CHRISTINA

Fuck you! You were gonna kill us
anyway!

CLYDE

Oh yeah, smartass? If I wanted to
kill you, you think I'da done it
already! Shit, I give you food and
water-

CUTAWAY to filthy dog bowls in the corner of one of the
cages.

CLYDE

I let you keep all your goddamned
AIDS pills and shit! Goddamn it,
you stupid cunt, you think I wear
this stupid fucking mask because I
like it?

Clyde tears the mask off and throws it in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

No. I wore it so you wouldn't be able to ID me when I let you go. I figured the goddamn AIDS is gonna kill you soon enough, why should I have a bunch a murders on my hands?

Clyde shivers with the angry realization that he has now killed one of them and the rest are gonna have to go, too.

CLYDE

SHIT! You were just supposed to help me fucking train my goddamn dogs, that's all. You stupid bitches just signed your own death warrants.

The two other girls begin to SOB even louder. Christina stares at Clyde but keeps the tears from coming.

CLYDE

You've shown me that I can't trust you no more. So I guess from now on it's gonna be the hard way.

Clyde goes to a workbench, grabs something, and turns holding a wicked-looking cattle prod in his hands.

He limps over to the cage with Christina in it.

CLYDE

I'll make this easy. Stick out your arm, girl.

Christina crawls back to the rear of her cage, as far as she can get from Clyde.

CLYDE

You really are stupid, you know that?

Clyde touches the cattle prod to the cage bars and Christina goes stiff as the voltage burns through her. She pisses herself before passing out.

Clyde removes the cattle prod, produces a string of keys from the chain around his neck, and unlocks Christina's cage.

The other two cheerleaders begin to SCREAM.

CLYDE

You two SHUT THE FUCK UP or I'll do the same to you, you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two cheerleaders quiet down until their cries become whimpers and sniffing.

Clyde drags Christina's unconscious body out of the cage.

He drags her over to the strange contraption and straps her to it. The contraption looks like some sort of torture device but it's becomes clear that it's merely a binding device as Clyde straps Christina to it. The device holds Christina's body so that she's on her hands and knees with her rear end elevated and her legs spread.

Clyde reaches into Christina's cage and grabs her water bowl. He throws the water on her face, causing her to wake up.

CLYDE

You think you're gonna sleep
through this, uppity cunt?

Christina realizes her predicament and tries in vain to get free, but her bindings are too tight.

CLYDE

You should know better'n to even
try.

CHRISTINA

Please, mister. Please. Just let us
go. Like you said, we're going to
die anyway, right?

Clyde says nothing. He flips Christina's cheerleading skirt up, exposing her buttocks.

CHRISTINA

P-please. Please, mister.

Clyde's face has gone expressionless, a scientist performing an experiment on a single-celled protozoa. He grabs Christina's soiled panties and violently RIPS them off, tossing them in the corner.

Christina begins to cry as Clyde walks off to another part of the barn.

AMY

Don't cry, Christina. It's going to
be all right. Just don't let him
see you cry like that, it gives the
fucker a sense of power. You've got
to . . . Please. It's going to be
all right-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE (O.S.)
Guess that depends on what your
definition of "all right" is . . .

Amy looks over to where Clyde's voice came from.

AMY
Oh God.

We see Clyde holding the collar of a MASSIVE rottweiler. The dog strains against Clyde, WHIMPERING in anticipation.

CLYDE
Guess now's as good a time as any
to introduce you to one of my
friends who you haven't met yet . .
.

Christina can barely move her head but manages to crane it and swivel her eyes far enough to see the rottweiler. Her tears begin anew.

CLYDE
Ass, meet the girls.

CHRISTINA
Ass?

Clyde CHUCKLES and blows into the whistle.

CLYDE
ASS!

The rottweiler descends on Christina. We see Amy, in her cage, covering her eyes as Ass goes to work anally raping Christina (obviously off-screen).

Clyde's evil LAUGHTER melds with Christina's SCREAMING and Ass's GROWLS as we . . .

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is fading as the light streams through Griffin's bedroom window.

Punch lays on Griffin's bed, the sheets barely covering his prison-strong body. Punch is smoking a cigarette.

Griffin is sitting on the edge of the bed and pulling on his jeans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

Dammit, Punch, I wish you wouldn't do that in the house. Smells like shit.

Punch doesn't seem to care.

PUNCH

Not as much as my dick does. Damn, you've gotten nice and tight since you got out.

Griffin seems mildly disturbed by the conversation, as if disgusted with himself.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, well, I haven't been . . . I haven't done that since my last night in the Slab.

Punch picks up on Griffin's attitude.

PUNCH

Yeah, I suppose you ain't. Now that you got that cranked-up stripper whore, who needs a good ass-ramming, right?

GRIFFIN

It ain't like that.

PUNCH

Yeah? You in love or something?

GRIFFIN

Shit. You've seen her. The bitch is unlovable. She's our ticket out of here.

Punch puts out his cigarette and pats the sheet beside him for Griffin to sit down.

PUNCH

The plot thickens. Do tell.

Griffin sits on the edge of the bed. Punch rubs his hands up and down his own body.

GRIFFIN

Starlene's a dancer down at the Cooze-a-palooza. Been there for some time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Naturally it was the first place I went when I got out of the slab and she was the first cooze to approach me for a lap dance. Well one thing led to another and pretty soon we were behind the dumpsters in the back. I told her my story and asked for another date the next night and that's when she told me who her husband was.

PUNCH

And who's that?

GRIFFIN

Wouldn't mean anything to you, not coming from these parts. Clyde Arbuckle was a kinda celebrity round here when I was growing up. His Mamma was one of them crazy old bitches that kept everything she ever bought - a filthy pack rat. She'd walk everywhere even through she had a classic Packard that couldn't a had more than a hundred miles on it. She didn't really take care of herself, always walking around in the rain and talking to herself. When we were kids, we used to think she was some kind of witch. Then as we got older we realized she was just crazy as a loon and we'd fuck with her sometimes - knock her mailbox over with a pumpkin on Halloween or some shit. Kid's stuff. But the weird thing about old Ms. Arbuckle was that the old-timers around town would talk about how beautiful she used to be when she was young and that it was such a shame that she let herself go like that. Especially considering the fact that she was so goddamned rich. Apparently the Arbuckle fortune was built by Ms. Arbuckle's daddy back when they owned the mill. Well the old broad was a fucking nutbag, like I said, and didn't have a bank account according to all the old farts that hang out at Tibbs' barbershop . . .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Rumor had it that she had hundreds of thousands of dollars stashed somewhere in the shithole house she lived in. Now Clyde Arbuckle, her only son, like I said was kinda a legend in town. He had cut out of Sitges back when I was a kid. I didn't lay eyes on him until he came back to town and that was only a month before I went down. Clyde had left sitges for New Yourk City and was apparently doing well for himself working in TV and movies as an actor. I never saw anything he was in, but a lot of folks around town would talk about how they thought they saw him on some show or another. They'd talk about Clyde all the time, one of those "local boy makes good" stories to try and stop kids from huffing gasoline or getting knocked up at fourteen: "Why, Clyde Arbuckle rose up and left town and look at what he done made a himself." That kind of shit. Then, years later, Clyde comes back to town, wrapped in bandages and in a wheelchair, and moves back in with his crazy mother, who was just about half dead herself by that time. Nobody knows exactly what happened to Clyde, why he walks with the cane even now. Some say he was injured on a movie set. Some say he got mugged pretty bad in the city. Nobody knows for sure cause he ain't the most talkative of fellas. Shit, even Starlene doesn't know the whole story . . . not that I think she really cares. I asked her the first night I met her - hell, while my dick was in her - what the fuck she married the son of a bitch for. She says she's not even sure herself. He asked and she thought he was rich.

PUNCH

So to make a really, really long story short: there's a shitload of cash at Starlene's house?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

It's what I hear.

PUNCH

And you believe it?

GRIFFIN

What's there not to believe?

A BEAT

PUNCH

So why don't you just go in there
and hit him on the head with a pipe
and look for the money yourself?

GRIFFIN

What? And accidentally kill him?
The fucker's got a giant house full
of shit, a big barn in the back,
and a couple of acres of land.
Starlene's done checked everyplace
that'd be obvious. We'd never find
it. And look, I know that YOU don't
care if you go back to The Slab,
but I'll be goddamned if I ever
have to set foot in that place
again. If we kill him - even if we
DO find the money - then we spend
the rest of our lives running from
the law. We won't even be able to
enjoy the cash.

PUNCH

Okay. You tie him to a chair and
cut off his fingers one by one
until he tells you where the money
is.

GRIFFIN

What? Then leave him alive to
finger us?

PUNCH

Oh he won't be fingering nobody
with no fingers.

GRIFFIN

Not funny. Look, I've tried to
think out every angle here and my
thinking's sound: Starlene keeps at
him, keeps watching him, finds out
where the money's hidden.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

We go in and get it when he's out or asleep or whatever. You, me, Archie, and Starlene cut out of town with the dough. We split on Starlene and leave her holding the bag. Much easier to avoid arrest if your crime doesn't involve a corpse. And, hell, who knows if Clyde'd get the cops involved. How do you prove something's been stolen when there was never any evidence it existed in the first place?

Punch thinks on this for a minute.

PUNCH

That's pretty good, Grif, I gotta admit. And you've been working this angle for how long, exactly?

Griffin shrugs, slightly embarrassed.

PUNCH

Since you got out of the pokey? What's that? Eight months now?

GRIFFIN

Yeah, well, she ain't the brightest bulb in the lamp, that's for sure.

PUNCH

So how much longer you planning on waiting for little miss meth to come through?

Griffin says nothing.

PUNCH

Yeah, that's a pretty good plan, all right . . . but I can come up with something better.

Punch smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Clyde, his tunic bloody and stained, stares at the ground. He is frowning, in deep thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Shit.

The girls SOB and WHIMPER in the background, making the dogs WHINE and BARK.

Clyde screams at the top of his lungs.

CLYDE

SHUT UP! EVERYBODY JUST SHUT THE
FUCK UP!

The girls and the dogs stop their noise. Clyde SIGHS, his eyes damp with what look like tears, as he pulls on a pair of elbow-length industrial rubber gloves. He also puts on a paper face mask and a pair of goggles.

Another SIGH once Clyde's in uniform. Then he begins.

We see the cleanup in a series of shots. Clyde's emotional state gets worse and worse as the cleanup continues, as if his remorse mechanism is finally kicking in:

- Clyde slides a metal garbage can over to the spot where Richard the cheerleader was killed and eaten by Mouth.

- Clyde picking up Richard's remains with a pitchfork. Clyde is gagging even as he's careful not to get any of the AIDS-infected blood and guts on him.

- Clyde's forehead dripping sweat as he works.

- Clyde's rubber-gloved hands scraping up the wet, gooshy remnants of Richard and dropping them into the garbage can. Clyde GROANS and gags as he does so.

- Clyde drags the blood-smeared trash can past the girls in their cages. He stops to pick up Christina's torn off panties. He drops them in the garbage can and drags the garbage can away.

- Clyde with a hose. He sprays off the ground where Richard's corpse lay.

- Clyde dumping a bottle of bleach on the wet ground.

- Clyde hosing off Mouth.

- Clyde washing mouth's coat with soap and water. The soapy foam is pink with blood. Mouth tries to lick Clyde's face, but he pushes the dog's snout away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARN - NIGHT

- Clyde is outside the back of the barn, tossing his bloodstained goggle and mask into the garbage can. He begins to remove his long black gloves.

- Clyde, naked and sweaty, pouring an entire can of gasoline over the contents of the garbage can.

- Clyde stares into the roaring fire coming from the top of the garbage can. The contents of the can POP and CRACKLE. Clyde stares into the flames, his expression dead.

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

- Clyde is in the filthy, mildew-ridden shower. He is scrubbing his hands, arms, and chest. And scrubbing. And scrubbing. And scrubbing.

- Clyde wipes the steam off of his bathroom mirror. His flesh is raw and red from the cleansing. Clyde stares at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes are full of hate and self-loathing. He keeps staring.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A flashlight beam cuts through the air, illuminating the dense forests all around.

We hear the BRAYING of scent hounds and the crunch of twigs and leaves as a line of people with flashlights make their way through the woods.

Sheriff Lewis is in the center of the human search line. He has other individuals four feet to the left and right of him.

The person to his left, ALMA JEAN RICHTER - late 60s, but a sturdy-looking country woman, dressed in rugged clothes and thick galoshes - scans her flashlight from side to side.

Alma Jean smacks the back of her neck.

ALMA JEAN

They're really hungry tonight, I
tell ya. I practically took a bath
in Off! and they're still after me.
You doing all right, Sheriff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

I'll manage, Alma Jean. And, please, you can call me Lee. Sides, it's getting late. I figure we'll go as far as the lake's edge and then call it a night.

ALMA JEAN

Oh, those poor kids.

SHERIFF LEWIS

They're only missing right now, Alma Jean. And that means they could be missing of their own accord. They could be fine, far as we know.

ALMA JEAN

I don't know, Lee. I got a feeling they fell into trouble somehow. Can't really explain it, just a feeling.

Sheriff Lewis doesn't reply. The line of searchers CRUNCHES further into the woods.

ALMA JEAN

How's Jody doing, Lee?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Fine as could be expected. I told her I was gonna be late tonight and that we should have Tawanna come over to keep her company, but she's a stubborn one.

ALMA JEAN

She's a good woman, Lee. And you're a good man for staying by her side through all of your hardships. Ever since I heard about the accident, I always make sure to use the handrail when I'm going up or down the stairs, you know.

A BEAT as Sheriff Lewis digests this piece of information.

SHERIFF LEWIS

That's . . . that's good, Alma Jean.

A VOICE calls from somewhere off screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
I think I found something!

The line's progression stops and there's a general sense of hubbub as many of the searchers, led by Sheriff Lewis, make their way toward the voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - NIGHT

It's later on in the night. A tow wire is leading into the dark water of a lake. The tow wire pulls and the rear end of a van slowly comes out of the lake. Water rushes out of the van as it is pulled onto dry land. We can see that the van has Missouri license plates.

Sheriff Lewis stands next to one of his deputies, LANCE FROMMER.

LANCE
Missouri plates. It's theirs, all right.

Sheriff Lewis stares at the van with dread.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Well, goddammit, Lance, can't you try and get these folks out of here? First of all, this is a crime scene and they're trampling all over the place. Secondly, I know they're all curious, but believe me nobody wants to see a van load of corpses after they've been under water for more'n a week.

LANCE
Sure thing. You got it, boss.

SHERIFF LEWIS
And Lance? Be nice and polite about it, okay? These folks've been kind enough to volunteer their time.

LANCE
Right.

Lance walks off toward the gathered crowd. Sheriff Lewis stares at the still-dripping van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE (O.S.)

All right, folks, thanks for the help and all, but it's time for you to go back home. There's nothing to see here.

VOICE (O.S.)

What do you mean there's nothing to see here, Lance? Are you out of your mind?

LANCE (O.S.)

Come on, Ted. You all don't want to see what's in the van, believe me.

VOICE (O.S.)

No way, Lance. I'm staying.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Yeah, so am I! I helped you find this van, so now I wanna see what's inside it!

LANCE (O.S.)

Don't you start, too, Eileen. I'm telling you, not asking you, to go on home. This is police business now.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

So was the damned search, Lance. We all deserve to have a look!

Off screen MURMURED ASSENT.

LANCE (O.S.)

No! Go one home like I said! Unless you want to spend the night with us at the station-

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, that's bullshit, Lance!

Sheriff Lewis finally snaps out of his trance.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Goddammit, Lance, let em stay if they insist.

LANCE

But you said-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

I know what I said, dammit, but they're a bunch of full-grown adults. They can watch if they feel they have to. Just make sure they stay back.

Sheriff Lewis slowly walks up to the van's rear doors. He reaches out with one latex-gloved hand and grabs the handle. After taking one last deep breath, he opens the door.

Sheriff Lewis steps back to avoid the rush of water out of the back of the van.

Sheriff Lewis shines his flashlight into the back of the van.

It's empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - NIGHT

Sheriff Lewis and Lance watch as the taillights of the tow truck fade off. The rest of the search party has left.

LANCE

So whaddaya think, Sheriff?

SHERIFF LEWIS

I think we've got one of two scenarios on our hands. Kidnapping or kidnapping and murder. Doesn't look like there's any blood in the van or on at the scene. Course the van coulda just been dropped here. I don't know. We can do a more detailed search of the area once it gets light. I'll put a call in to Bill Carson up in Waynesboro and see if he can come by in the morning with some of his forensic gadgetry.

LANCE

I'll stay out here and keep any looky-lous away, Sheriff. You go on home and get some rest. Make sure Jody's all right.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Yeah. Suppose I should. You sure you'll be all right out here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE

Got a thermos in the cruiser. I'll be fine.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Good man, Lance.

Sheriff Lewis leaves Lance and begins to make his way along the access road back to his vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. COOZE-A-PALOOZA - DAY

Starlene is stripping to a metal tune. The Cooze-A-Palooza is a dingy, dirty place. More of a roadhouse with dancers than an actual strip club. It's dark inside. Like most any night, the place is hopping.

Starlene is dancing listlessly, her eyes dead. She doesn't even bother to cover up the fact that she has to keep wiping her nose even though she's up on stage.

Starlene perks up a bit when she sees Griffin enter the club. He's followed by Punch and Archie.

The three men make their way to a table in the back of the club as Starlene finishes her dance. A few CLAPS and WHISTLES. Starlene gathers up the few dollar bills off of the stage and ducks behind the curtain.

We CUT TO the other end of the club where Griffin and crew are seated. Griffin's ordering some drinks from a cocktail waitress.

GRIFFIN

Two beers and a shot of bourbon for my brother, here.

WAITRESS

You sure it's all right to give a . . . a special person a shot of bourbon?

GRIFFIN

Shit, sweetie, I don't know. But we're gonna find out, huh?

The waitress looks at him, uncertain as to whether he's joking or not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUNCH

Just get us our goddamned drinks,
okay?

The waitress goes away.

PUNCH

Stupid twat.

Punch is watching the girls up on stage dance and his demeanor is getting worse and worse. He's obviously angry and disgusted. The muscles at the side of his jaws clench and unclench.

Starlene, in a fuzzy bikini, appears.

STARLENE

What are you all doing here?

GRIFFIN

I told you we was gonna come by,
baby.

ARCHIE

Hi, Starlene.

STARLENE

Archie.

The waitress appears and Starlene puts on her sexy voice.

STARLENE

(to Griffin)

So, you wanna dance, big boy?

Griffin follows the act.

GRIFFIN

That sounds mighty tempting, little
lady. You sure are pretty and all .
. . but I tell you what, my buddy
here just got out of the slammer
and he needs it a lot worse than I
do.

The waitress is waiting for her money. Starlene stares daggers at Griffin behind the waitress's back.

STARLENE

Sure.

(to Punch)

What's your name, big boy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Punch plays along as well.

PUNCH

Name's Earl, but folks call me
Punch on account a I like to
fucking smash motherfuckers in the
face with my fist.

Starlene is half-heartedly gyrating over Punch's lap as Griffin pays the waitress. The waitress leaves and Starlene starts to get off of Punch. Punch grabs her by the waist and pulls her onto his lap. He stuffs a twenty dollar bill into her bikini string.

PUNCH

Whoa, now, girl. You ain't done
yet. My money's as good as anybody
else's in here. You feel what you
done to me? You can't just hop off
now.

Starlene gives Griffin a look. He just smiles back at her.

STARLENE

You gonna let your buddy do this to
me right in front of you, Griffin?

GRIFFIN

Shit, he's right, Starlene. He did
pay you.

Starlene dutifully continues to gyrate, but her face is tight and mean.

Archie is completely oblivious to what's going on next to him as he sips his bourbon and stares at the girls dancing on stage.

STARLENE

(to Griffin)

I think you know I'd rather
lapdance Archie than your goddamned
jailbird friend.

GRIFFIN

Now that's not only insulting to
Punch, that's downright . . .
disturbing, Starlene. Archie's
retarded.

STARLENE

Yeah. I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Punch is enjoying the frisson. He CHUCKLES as he grinds his hips into Starlene's.

STARLENE

I told you not to come here
anymore, Griffin.

GRIFFIN

Well we've got to talk. About the
thing with Clyde.

Starlene looks at Punch. She can see in his eyes that he knows all about the big plan. She looks back at Griffin, betrayed.

GRIFFIN

Punch had him a brainstorm, baby.
We're gonna get you away from that
old cripple and get the money.
Tomorrow.

Starlene stops dancing on Punch. She hops off of him.

STARLENE

You got your twenty's worth.

PUNCH

Aw, come on. You didn't even take
your top off!

GRIFFIN

Don't sweat it, Punch. We'll get
you a real dance later on.

(to Starlene)

In the meantime, I'll take one a
those dances . . . but I must
insist on some naked titties.

Starlene hesitantly begins to dance for Griffin.

GRIFFIN

Aw, baby, don't be like that. You
know it's all gonna come together,
right?

Starlene still is acting cold. She sniffles a little and wipes at her nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

Tell you what. Hop on up here and let's talk for a minute and I'll give you a little something to help you get rid of that nasty head cold you got there.

Insert shot of Griffin's hand palming a baggie of meth.

Despite her anger, Starlene can't help but to hop onto Griffin's lap and take the baggie.

STARLENE

You're an asshole. I love you.

GRIFFIN

I love you, too. Now listen up.

We CUT TO a shot from across the club. Starlene's giving Griffin a lap dance and they're whispering in each other's ears. Punch is listening in, staring hard at Starlene's naked breasts. Archie is staring at the girls in stage and smiling like an idiot.

After a long lap dance, Starlene gets up off of Griffin and makes her way behind the curtains and backstage.

We come back to the three men at their table.

PUNCH

She's for it?

GRIFFIN

What difference would it make if she wasn't?

Punch smiles. Archie looks over at the two men, his eyes glazed over with alcohol and lust.

ARCHIE

You know what, Grif?

GRIFFIN

What, buddy?

ARCHIE

I like boobies.

Griffin LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN

Join the club, my man. Join the club.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Lewis is younger-looking, his hair not quite as gray as we've seen it thus far.

He's wearing some sort of black leather bondage harness with studs in it. He's sweating profusely as he piledrives his wife from behind.

Jody Lewis, on her knees and with her hands tied to the bedposts, is wearing a black leather mask with zippers over the mouth and eyes.

JODY

GODDAMN IT! YEEEEES! Pound that shitbox with your fucking manmeat! Pound the fuck out of it, you dirty son of a bitch!

This seems to spur on Sheriff Lewis, who begins to pound with even more ferocity.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Oh you like that, don't you, whore? Don't you? You want me to fill up your shit with my dicksnot, don't you? DON'T YOU?

Jody MOANS with pleasure.

SHERIFF LEWIS

SAY IT!

Jody moans more. Sheriff Lewis continues to ram into her and he reaches down to place a hand on the back of Jody's neck.

SHERIFF LEWIS

I SAID SAY IT! SAY YOU WANT ME TO FILL YOUR ASSHOLE! SAY IIIIT!

Sheriff Lewis begins to come, bucking into jody, who's MOANING loudly.

Sheriff Lewis SCREAMS as he orgasms. At the exact same moment, a thick, wet SNAP comes from Jody's neck and she stops moaning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Lewis, breathing heavy, colllapses onto Jody's back.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Oh my god. Oh my god. That was
incredible. That was amazing. I
can't-

Jody's not moving or responding.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Jody? Are you okay?

Sheriff Lewis sees that something's terribly wrong here. He
hops off of Jody, his face going pale. Jody doesn't move.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Jody? Jody, say something! JODY!
JOOOODYY!

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Lewis bolts upright in his bed, his eyes bulging in
horror, his skin wet with sweat. He looks around, confused.

The room is dark and silent except for the steady <HISS-
CHUNK> of Jody Lewis's respirator. Sheriff Lewis takes a
deep, calming breath - it was only a nightmare.

Sheriff Lewis looks across the room at his peacefully
sleeping wife. <HISS-CHUNK>.

Sheriff Lewis slowly and quietly opens the drawer of his
night stand. He reaches in and produces his service revolver.

Lewis stares hard at the gun in his hand, deep in thought.
His eyes are distant and sad.

Lewis pops open the cylinder, drops the six bullets into his
palm. He takes one bullet and puts it back in the cylinder.
Then he spins the cylinder and snaps it back into place.

One bullet in the gun. Russian roulette style. Lewis, his
eyes damp with pained tears, stares at the gun. He cocks it.
Takes a deep breath . . .

. . . And levels the barrel at his sleeping wife before
squeezing the trigger.

CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Lewis stares at his sleeping wife, who is completely unaware of what's just happened.

Sheriff Lewis pops open the cylinder, replaces the remaining five bullets, and gently places the gun back in his night stand drawer.

He lays down, pulls the blankets up to his chin, and stares at the ceiling as Jody sleeps.

<HISS-CHUNK>.

CUT TO:

EXT. SITGES OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The sun rises over the horizon, illuminating the WELCOME TO SITGES sign from the beginning of the movie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Deputy Lance Frommer sits in his police cruiser, snoring. The sun's rays fall in his closed eyes, causing him to stir.

A hand KNOCKS at the car's window, startling him awake.

He rolls down the window to speak to the man who has appeared, a nerdy-looking type with a black satchel in his hand and a camera around his neck - he's BILL CARSON.

BILL CARSON
Sleeping on the job, huh Lance?

LANCE
Shit, Bill. Been out here all night. Can't blame me, can you?

BILL CARSON
Sheriff Lewis called me last night.
Said you might have something for me to look at.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis is already fully dressed and in uniform. He's in his bathroom, emptying a catheter bag into the toilet. He carries the empty catheter bag out of the bathroom and into his bedroom, where Jody sits, staring out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Lewis reconnects the catheter bag and hangs it on the side of the wheelchair.

SHERIFF LEWIS

You sure you'll be all right for a couple of hours until Tawanna comes?

JODY

Oh . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . Don't you worry . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . about me . . . <HISS-CHUNK>. I'll . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . be fine. I just . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . hope you find them . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . poor kids.

Sheriff Lewis gently runs his fingers through his wife's hair. He's staring at her with a look of love . . . and sadness.

JODY

You had . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . more nightmares last night . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . didn't you?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Yeah. Yeah, I did.

JODY

You know I don't . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . blame you . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . don't you?

Choked up, Sheriff Lewis just nods.

JODY

And that I . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . love you very much . . . <HISS-CHUNK>?

Sheriff Lewis is fighting back tears.

SHERIFF LEWIS

I know, honey. And I love you like no other.

Jody smiles.

JODY

I . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . know.
Now go and . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY (cont'd)
. do your job . . . <HISS-CHUNK> .
. . . and find them kids.

Sheriff Lewis gently kisses Jody on the lips, puts his hat on, and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE BEDROOM - DAY

Clyde is asleep in his bed. His brow is furrowed and he frowns in his sleep.

A pair of female lips comes into frame and gently kisses Clyde on the cheek. His eyes spring open, confused.

He looks up in surprise to see Starlene standing beside the bed.

CLYDE
S-Starlene?

STARLENE
Morning, Clyde.

CLYDE
What's going on? When'd you get in?

STARLENE
Just now. I went over to Andrea's
after work.

Clyde watches as Starlene goes to her dresser and pulls out a sexy nightie. She keeps her back turned to him as she strips down to her panties. This obviously simply doesn't happen, as evidenced by the astounded look on Clyde's face. The following exchange takes place as Starlene keeps her back turned to Clyde.

CLYDE
You . . . you all right, Starlene?

STARLENE
Yeah. I'm really tired.

CLYDE
Long night?

STARLENE
Of course. But it's not just that.
I'm tired of everything. Tired of
dancing down there. Tired of
staying up all night on the drugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

I told you that stuff ain't no good for you.

STARLENE

I know. Mostly, though, I'm tired of fighting with you. I thought a lot about what you said yesterday. About us respecting one another and how I've been . . . well, I ain't exactly been the best wife material. You're right. About everything.

CLYDE

Baby, about yesterday . . . I didn't mean to hit you like that-

STARLENE

You know what? I would've done the same thing if I were you. I disrespected your mother, Clyde. I disrespected you.

By this time, Starlene has her nightie on and she slinks over to the bed and climbs in next to Clyde. He's speechless.

Starlene runs her hand over Clyde's chest and YAWNS.

STARLENE

I guess what I'm saying is that I wanna . . . I wanna do what's right from now on. You understand?

Her hand lazily trails over Clyde's chest.

CLYDE

I don't . . . What happened to . . .
. ? Never mind. I don't want to know.

Clyde, smiling, gives Starlene a kiss on the lips. She gently runs her fingers along his cheek and smiles.

Clyde kisses her again, his hand rubbing her breast. Starlene kisses him again. Now Clyde is trying to get on top of her, but Starlene gently pushes him back.

CLYDE

What? I thought that . . .

Starlene smiles and shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE

Come on, we've got all kinds of
time for that. I'm tired and
haven't taken a shower since the
club and I still smell like . . .
all of those other men. Let me
rest, get my strength up. I'll be
up in a few hours, take a shower,
make us some nice lunch, and then .
. .

She smiles lustily.

Clyde just stares at her for a moment, unable to believe his
good luck.

CLYDE

O-okay. I've . . . um . . . got
some stuff to do in the barn for a
bit anyways.

Starlene turns her back to him, lying on her side, facing
camera. Clyde kisses her once on the cheek, rolls out of bed,
and leaves the bedroom, whistling gently to himself.

We see Starlene, staring at the wall in front of her, shiver
with repulsion.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis's cruiser pulls up alongside Lance's cruiser
and Bill Carson's SUV. Sheriff Lewis gets out and approaches
the two men, who are standing beside the van.

Bill Carson is taking photos of one of the door handles.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Anything of interest?

Bill looks up and Lance nods "good morning."

BILL CARSON

Just tried to lift some prints off
of this handle here. Got a few even
though the van was submerged.

Sheriff Lewis nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

That's all fine and dandy, but it's gonna take me a few days to run prints and odds are they're from the kids anyway. I was hoping for something more solid to go on right now before the trail went cold.

Carson nods.

BILL CARSON

Sure. I think I might just have something for you.

Carson points to the ground.

BILL CARSON

I can tell you that this van's probably been here for about a week. These tracks and prints here are nice and defined. Must've been laid while it was raining or very soon thereafter. Now it rained last Tuesday night. Today's Monday and it hasn't rained again, which means these deep tire prints here were made while the soil was wet.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Okay, but the kids were reported missing last Wednesday afternoon when they didn't show up at the school they was supposed to and the last time anyone saw em was when they checked out of their hotel on Tuesday morning, so we've already got that aspect all figured . . . and it doesn't really help.

BILL CARSON

Hold your horses, Sheriff. I ain't done yet. These prints and tracks tell me a lot more about what happened that night. Come here and take a look.

Sheriff Lewis follows Carson as Carson walks and points out what he's seeing.

BILL CARSON

This entire thing was done by one person.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL CARSON (cont'd)
Only one set of prints around here,
all the same size and tread
pattern. The van was obviously
towed here. There's a double set of
car tracks up to this point then
the van splits away right here -
you see?

Sheriff Lewis nods.

SHERIFF LEWIS
So the perp owns a tow truck or had
access to one.

BILL CARSON
Definitely what I'm seeing here.
And here's something else. See
these?

SHERIFF LEWIS
Look like dog prints. A big dog, at
that.

BILL CARSON
Three big dogs, if you want to get
specific. So you're looking for a
perp who is a male - as evidenced
by the print size and depth - has
access to a tow truck, and owns
three big-ass dogs. You got anybody
around here fits that description?

Sheriff Lewis stares at the prints, his eyes can be seen
putting two and two together . . .

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

KATRINA SANTOS - the only cheerleader we haven't heard speak -
is in her cage, her body is covered in sweat. She COUGHS
wetly, her body convulsing with each hack. Her skin is pale
and her eyes are dull and unfocused.

Amy Ferrin, in the cage next to her, tries to console her
friend.

AMY
It's gonna be okay, Trina. Jsut try
and take it easy, okay?

Trina COUGHS again by way of response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy turns to the cage in the other side of her, where Christina sits.

AMY

She's getting worse. It's pneumonia, I know it. What are we gonna do, Christina?

CHRISTINA

I don't know. He's not going to let us go. He's gonna kill us.

AMY

No. You can't say that. We've got to escape. We've got to kill him first.

CHRISTINA

Are you going to do it? Because I can't. I can barely do anything, I'm so weak and tired and hungry. I just hope he does it soon . . .

AMY

Shut up! My god, Christina! You can't give up like this! You just CAN'T!

CHRISTINA

I already have. You might as well do it, too. Look, he's already killed Richard. He'll have to kill us now.

Amy starts to quietly cry in her cage. Now that Christina's spirit has been broken . . . what hope is there?

AMY

If only the tire hadn't blown out.
If only . . . if only we hadn't
flagged down his truck for help . .
. if only Richard hadn't tried to
escape-

Christina angrily interrupts Amy's babbling.

CHRISTINA

- If only we had never met! If only
we hadn't tried to educate kids and
save lives! If only we didn't have
AIDS! Goddammit, Amy!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

Can't you see that there's a million ways we could've avoided being here and yet here we ARE? And that sick, perverted son of a bitch is going to kill us all and there's NOT A GODDAMNED THING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT? So quit fucking crying and prepare yourself for the worst and let's just hope to god that he makes it quick and painless, okay?

CLYDE (O.S.)

That's about the most sensible thing I've heard coming from any of you cunts.

We WHIP PAN over to see Clyde standing next to his tow truck. He's wearing a yellow rain suit and smiling brightly.

AMY

Oh, god, mister, please. You've got to let us go.

CLYDE

Yeah? You think that's a good idea for a man in my particular position?

AMY

P-please. At least let our friend out of her cage and let her get cleaned up and give her some blankets or something. She's really, really sick. Please. Just do that. I'll . . . I'll let your dogs fuck me any way they want. Just please help her.

CLYDE

You'll LET my hounds fuck you? Hell, sweetie, my dogs been fucking all of you nine ways to Sunday so far . . . whether you LET them do it or not. But you're in luck. I'm feeling pretty good right about now. Better than I've felt in months, truth be told. I'll help out your friend. Then I'm gonna let all three of my dogs fill every hole you've got. Whaddaya think of that?

Amy silently cries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde goes over to Katrina's cage and unlocks the door with a key from around his neck.

CLYDE

You're right. She ain't looking too hot. Must be the filthy faggot disease eating her from the inside, huh?

Clyde reaches into the cage and gently lifts Katrina out. He lays her on the ground in front of the other two cages. He smooths Katrina's sweaty hair.

CLYDE

Poor damn cooze. I'll take care of you.

Clyde whips out a nine pound hammer and smashes it down on Katrina's head.

Katrina's body immediately starts to go into convulsions and her head swells like a giant blood blister.

Amy SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER. Christina merely watches the carnage dispassionately.

Clyde smashes Katrina in the head again. And again.

Amy continues to SCREAM.

CLYDE

Shut the FUCK UP!

Nothing's going to stop Amy from SCREAMING her lungs out.

Clyde gets up off of Katrina's dead body, his rubber jacket slick with blood, and dashes over to the workbench. He snaps up the cattle prod and waves it at Amy.

CLYDE

I said SHUT UP!

Amy's still not listening.

Clyde presses the cattle prod to the bars of the cage and Amy shuts up, all right. She crumples to the bottom of the cage, unconscious.

Clyde, sweating with exertion, kicks the cage once. He begins to rant and rave at both Christina and to himself. Christina sits, catatonic, in her cage. She watches everything with dead eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Goddammit, I told you to SHUT UP!
What's so hard about that, huh?
Stupid bitch doesn't get it like
you do, huh? She doesn't get that I
just did your goddamn friend here-

He kicks Katrina's corpse with the toe of his boot.

CLYDE

- I just did her the biggest
goddamn favor of her miserable,
diseased life right now by ending
it as swiftly and painlessly as I
could? Shit.

Clyde grabs Katrina's corpse under the arm pits and drags it
over to the workbench. He pulls out a wicked-looking band saw
- one that's used to trim tree limbs.

He angrily whips open a big black garbage bag and places it
beside the corpse.

CLYDE

I just don't get it. I picked you
and your goddamned friends, waited
for you, shot out your goddamned
tire on purpose, you know that? I
figured "what the fuck?" you know?
I needed someone to train my
goddamned hounds and you're all
halfway dead from AIDS anyway,
right? What good are you gonna do
travelling around, talking to kids
about how there's nothing wrong
with your disease? Shit, I figured
I was doing the world a favor and
what the fuck would you care anyway
since you're all about as good as
dead in the first place?

Clyde has begun to use the saw to dismantle Katrina's corpse.
We hear the disgusting sounds of SHREDDING MEAT and BONE as
he rambles on.

CLYDE

You see, back in the day I left
town and went to the city. I was
gonna be famous. Be in the movies.
Got me some work, too. I was what
they called an "extra."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WET RIP and Katrina's head comes off. Clyde throws it in the garbage bag.

CLYDE

An extra's job is to sit in the background and pretend they're doing something while the camera listens in on what Burt Reynolds or whoever's got to say. You can't even really talk when you're being an extra - you just gotta pretend. Because your character ain't really important. You're just there to make it all seem real. You're gone as soon as your scene's done. And nobody who's watching could care less.

Another WET RIP and Clyde stuffs a leg in the bag.

CLYDE

Some folks call extras "atmosphere." Whatever. Point is, I always knew my place when I was being an extra. And what your little friend doesn't seem to realize is that YOU girls are MY extras. And your scene's done. You did what I brung you here to do: you trained my dog's to enjoy the earthly pleasures a human woman's got to offer. So that I could get some goddamn pleasure watching them rape the fucking life out of my cunt of a wife. But it looks like she might just be saving herself from a danger she didn't even know she was in.

Clyde has disassembled Katrina's corpse and bagged it. He is sweating.

CLYDE

Goddamn. That's some hard work.
(back to Christine)
Now that's not to say that you all weren't SOME use to me. You never know when a man might need three women-raping dogs. So for that I, and my hounds, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde goes over to the two cages. Amy's still unconscious on the floor of her cage. Christina's staring at Clyde with catatonic eyes.

Clyde kneels down in front of Christina's cage. He has the cattle prod in his hands.

CLYDE

I know what you all think of me, but I swear I ain't as sick of a fuck as you all think I am. This was a necessity. You've got to understand. Now, look, I'm not a sadist. I got me a gun and would be happy to shoot you in the head and make it as quick and painless as possible, but my wife's asleep in the house and I don't want to have to explain the noise. But this here puppy'll jolt the holy hell out of you until you're out cold. Then I can decapitate you with an axe real quick-like and you won't even know it's coming. Sorry, but it's the best I can do. All you gotta do is grab it and your pain'll all be over, sweetheart.

Clyde pokes the cattle prod through the bars of the cage.

A moment as Christina and Clyde look at one another. She knows that everything he's said is true. She realizes that she's just an extra in Clyde's life. She reaches out to grasp the cattle prod.

Clyde smiles at her and shrugs - hey, it's the way the cookie crumbles.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD FROM CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

A beat-to-shit primer-gray sedan pulls to the side of a dirt road. The Arbuckle residence can be seen just a few dozen yards further down the road.

The car parks, its engine shuts off.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFIN'S CAR - DAY

Griffin is behind the steering wheel, Punch in the back seat. Archie sits in the back seat, alone.

Griffin and Punch produce black ski masks from a bag on the floor of the car.

Punch hands Griffin a butcher knife and arms himself with a pistol.

GRIFFIN

Why can't I have the gun?

PUNCH

She's your girlfriend. You hold her hostage. I do the talking and hold the gun on him.

GRIFFIN

I could just as easily do it with the gun.

PUNCH

Yeah, well, I couldn't. And what the fuck difference does it make, anyway? It's a fucking pellet gun.

GRIFFIN

I know. Still . . .

PUNCH

Jesus Christ. Let's just get going, okay?

ARCHIE

Whaddaya want me to do, Grif?

Griffin hands Archie a porno magazine and a bag of Chee-tos.

GRIFFIN

Stay here. Eat these. Read this. We'll be back, okay?

Archie's already tearing into the Chee-tos.

ARCHIE

Okay, Grif.

Punch frowns as he and Griffin step out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUNCH

I don't know why you had to bring him along, goddammit.

GRIFFIN

Last time I left him at home alone he almost burned the house down. Better to make him wait in the car, believe me.

Punch and Griffin begin to walk toward the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis, Bill Carson, and Deputy Lance are all at the scene of the van's discovery. The area's been all taped off and there are puddles of drying plaster for print-taking all over the ground.

Bill Carson is going over the van's door surface with a fine-tooth comb (figuratively).

SHERIFF LEWIS

You about done here, Bill?

BILL CARSON

Well, I've got to let these plaster prints dry up before I can lift em, but for all intents and purposes, yes. I'm gonna go over the van for more latents while I'm waiting but I've got pretty much anything that's going to be catalogued and photographed.

SHERIFF LEWIS

I figure you don't need me for any of that. Lance can stay with you until you're done.

(to Lance)

And when Bill's finished you can call Carl down at the Sunoco and have him haul the van to the station.

LANCE

Okay, Lee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF LEWIS

In the meantime, I'm gonna do some follow-up on the information Bill gave me.

LANCE

You sure you don't want to wait for me to assist? Just in case?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Naw. I'm sure it's nothing. Just gotta cross the I's and dot the T's, is all. Call me on the horn when you're on the way back to town.

LANCE

Copy that.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Afternoon, Bill. Thanks for the lending of your expertise.

Sheriff Lewis meanders over to his cruiser and gets in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Clyde stands outside the door to the barn. He is back in his usual uniform of overalls and a t-shirt. His skin is pink and clean. He runs a comb through his wet hair. He's whistling a happy tune.

Clyde locks the door to the barn with the key around his neck and ambles across the yard to the house.

We follow him. He's got a spring in his step and continues to whistle.

We follow Clyde into . . .

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE KITCHEN - DAY

. . . The kitchen, which is still a filthy mess. Clyde stops whistling.

CLYDE

Starlene? You up yet, sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde walks into the . . .

CUT TO:

INT. ARBUCKLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

And stops dead in his tracks when he sees Starlene, still in her bedclothes, being held hostage by a man in a black ski-mask (Griffin). Griffin's got the butcher knife to Starlene's neck.

Before Clyde can react, the pistol is pressed to his temple by Punch, also in his ski-mask.

PUNCH

Hands up, fucker. And lay down the cane. Gently.

Clyde does so.

CLYDE

What the fuck's going on here?

PUNCH

Shut up. I'm the one asking the questions around here, got it? You cooperate, your lovely wife here doesn't gotta paint the walls with her blood.

CLYDE

You all right, Starlene?

Starlene's not a bad actress. She's convincingly afraid.

STARLENE

Yeah, I think so. Just give em what they want, Clyde, so they'll leave us alone.

PUNCH

Good-looking and smart, too.
(to Clyde)
You done good, son.

CLYDE

Look, I don't know what you could possible want, but just let the girl go, all right? I'm just a . . .
. I'm just a helpless cripple, all right? I won't give you no problems. Just tell me what you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUNCH

Whaddaya think we want, asshole? We know you've got a stash of cash somewhere on the property. Tell us where it is and we're out of here.

CLYDE

What are you talking about? I'm just an unemployed-

Punch jabs the gun into Clyde's temple and Griffin holds the butcher knife tightly against Starlene's neck.

Starlene SCREAMS.

PUNCH

We can do this easy or we can do it hard, old man. You can take us to the money or we can slit your wife's throat in front of you and then we'll torture you until you give it up. Either way, we ain't leaving empty handed, you hear me?

CLYDE

Please. I don't have any-

Griffin pinches Starlene on the fatty part of her back and she SQUEALS in pain.

STARLENE

P-p-please, Clyde. Please don't let them hurt me.

Clyde and Starlene's eyes meet for a beat and then Clyde's shoulders sink in defeat.

CLYDE

It's in the barn! Fifty grand!
Just, please, don't hurt my wife .
. . you can have it, just don't hurt her!

Griffin throws Starlene in Clyde's direction. They crash into one another and fall to the ground. Clyde cushions Starlene's fall.

CLYDE

You all right, Starlene?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE

I . . . I think so. I'm scared,
Clyde. Let's just give them what
they want.

PUNCH

Wise words, bitch. Tell us where
the money's stashed, old man.

CLYDE

It's . . . it's in the barn, like I
said.

PUNCH

Where in the barn?

CLYDE

You'll never . . . I've got to go
with you. You'll never find it even
if I try and explain.

A BEAT as Punch thinks about it.

PUNCH

All right. But we're all going
together and if you try and pull
anything your little whore's gonna
be the first to pay for it, you got
me?

CLYDE

O-okay.

PUNCH

I'd tell you not to think about
trying to run, but . . . I don't
think we gotta worry bout that, do
we?

Punch chuckles at his cripple joke. He hands Clyde his cane.

Griffin, who still hasn't spoken, grabs Starlene and forces
her out the door.

PUNCH

Let's go, old man, I ain't got all
day.

Punch follows Clyde out of the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Sheriff Lewis is driving on a country road. His radio CRACKLES.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sheriff? You copy?

Lewis snaps up the handset.

SHERIFF LEWIS
I'm here, Terry.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
I know you're busy on the cheerleader case, Sheriff, and i wouldn't bother you, but Agnes Warhead's called here about fifteen times in the last half hour and she's tying up the phone lines with her complaints and I don't know what to do about it . . .

SHERIFF LEWIS
(under his breath)
Oh for god's sake.
(into radio)
It's all right, Terry. I'm only about a half mile from Agnes's place. I'll pop by there and take care of it real quick-like.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Copy that, Sheriff. Oh, guess who's calling right now?

SHERIFF LEWIS
Tell her I'll be there in a minute.

RADIO DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Thanks, Lee.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Don't mention it.

Lewis slows the cruiser and makes a turn.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Clyde stands beside the door to the barn. He's getting the key into the lock. Punch trains the pistol on Clyde and Griffin is back to holding the knife to Starlene's throat.

The dogs inside the barn are BARKING like crazy.

PUNCH

Them hounds of yours better be locked up. Otherwise they're getting a bullet apiece.

CLYDE

Don't worry. They ain't going anywhere.

Clyde opens the barn door. The dogs continue to BARK.

PUNCH

Lead the way and don't think about trying to pull any shit.

Clyde enters the barn. The other three follow.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Clyde slowly limps through the barn, behind the tow truck, into an area that looks like a stable.

He turns into one of the stables and approaches one of the German Shepherds, who is GROWLING and BARKING and snapping his chain.

CLYDE

Shut up! Hush, boy! SIT!

The dog quickly shuts up, sits, and begins to lightly WHIMPER. Clyde starts to walk toward it

PUNCH

Hold it, fucker. Whaddaya think you're doing?

CLYDE

Getting you what you want.

PUNCH

You touch that dog's leash and your wife's a goner, you got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Yeah, I got it. You think I'd just hide the fucking money? That's what I've got these dogs for, to protect what's hidden.

Clyde walks past the German Shepherd. He kneels down with a grunt, and uses his hand to swipe away a patch of straw on the floor. A brass ring in the ground is revealed.

Starlene's eyes, unseen by Clyde, widen at the reveal. We can see Punch and Griffin reacting with excitement, as well - the stories really are true! They're gonna be rich!

Clyde swings open the trap door in the ground. He reaches in.

PUNCH

Nice and easy, you hear me?

Clyde's arm disappears into the hole in the ground and it comes back out grasping a filthy canvas knapsack that bulges with something.

PUNCH

Toss the bag over here right now.

Clyde does so. The other three all look at teh bag as Punch kneels down to open it. He does so. Reaches inside the bag . . . And pulls out a weathered porno magazine called PUSSY HOUND which features a naked girl cuddling with a large dog.

PUNCH

The fuck?

Punch upends the canvas bag and an avalanche of bestiality porn falls out.

PUNCH

Where the fuck's the money, fucker?

Punch looks up at Clyde, who is now holding a pistol himself.

CLYDE

There ain't no money. That's bullshit story's been going around since I was a kid. Your pellets versus my bullets - let's see who wins.

Clyde fires once and it blows the top of Punch's head right off. His corpse hits the ground with a THUD and the German Shepherd immediately begins to lap at the brains that have spilled out of Punch's dead skull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Griffin tightens his grip on Starlene, pushing the knife blade against the skin of her neck. He uses her as a shield. Starlene actually begins to fight back for real.

GRIFFIN

Drop the gun, fucker. Drop the gun
or I swear to god I'll fucking cut
her wide open!

CLYDE

Yeah.

Clyde fires off a round. Griffin's head, which was peeking over Starlene's shoulder, virtually disappears in a red mist.

Starlene SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIFFIN'S CAR - DAY

Archie is still alone in the back of Griffin's car. His hair is plastered to his scalp with sweat. He is dumping the last of the Chee-to dust into his mouth straight from the bag. His fingers and lips are covered in orange salt dust.

Archie SIGHS to himself.

He gets out of the car and looks down the road at the Arbuckle residence.

He's obviously antsy and bored.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Starlene, Griffin's blood and brains dripping from her hair, is stunned. But she's no idiot. She quickly goes into actress mode, her lip quivering, her eyes becoming damp.

STARLENE

Oh my god, Clyde. Oh my god.

Starlene runs the few steps it takes her to get into Clyde's arms. She hugs him tight and we see her face as she nuzzles him: horror, disbelief, shock. But she keeps up the charade.

STARLENE

Oh my god. They were gonna kill us.
You . . . you saved me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE
It's okay, darling. It's all over.

Now we're on Clyde, who is looking at Griffin's dead body.

Clyde's POV: A closeup of Griffin's dead hand, still clutching the butcher knife. A crappy, faded tattoo of a spider's web is on the webbing between his thumb and index finger.

CUT TO:

INT. COOZE-A-PALOOZA (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

We go to a very brief flashback from the night before at the Cooze-A-Palooza. Starlene is giving Griffin his lapdance and the two of them are whispering to each other.

Griffin's hand runs itself over Starlene's ass and we see the very same tattoo.

Now we cut to the opposite end of the club, where Clyde sits silently in a dark corner, watching. His eye twitches with barely controlled rage.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Back to Clyde after staring at the incriminating tatoo.

He strokes Starlene's hair.

CLYDE
It's okay, honey. I'd never let
them hurt you.

Clyde pushes Starlene away from him so that he can look in her eyes.

CLYDE
That's my job.

Starlene has just a fraction of a second to react accordingly before Clyde clubs her on the head with the butt of the pistol.

Starlene drops like a sack of bricks.

CUT TO:

EXT. AGNES WARHEAD'S HOUSE - DAY

We're seeing Sheriff Lewis's face peeking in at us from a square hole. His flashlight beam plays past us.

Lewis is looking into the crawlspace beneath a house.

SHERIFF LEWIS

There's nobody down here, Agnes.
See for yourself.

The sheriff's head is joined by AGNES WARHEAD's. Agnes, 75 at the very least, peers into the crawlspace.

AGNES WARHEAD

I just don't get it. Maybe they
heard me calling the station and
run off 'fore you got here.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Maybe.

AGNES WARHEAD

I heard em, for sure. They was
speaking the Mexican and I heard
em.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Well they ain't here anymore. You
can see that, can't you?

AGNES WARHEAD

I may be old, Sheriff, but my
eyesight's fine. Goddamn sneaky
Mexicans.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Listen, Agnes, you've got to stop
calling the station every time you
hear something.

AGNES WARHEAD

They're using my crawlspace as part
of their Mexican underground
railroad, I tell you. And that's
illegal!

SHERIFF LEWIS

It is, Agnes. And the first time I
actually catch one of em, I'll
arrest him, you can count on that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGNES WARHEAD

Deport 'em, what you should do.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Yeah.

Sheriff Lewis pushes the grating back into place, covering the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Starlene wakes up, GROANING. A thin stream of blood is dripping down her face from her scalp.

Her eyes take a moment to get clear and then she tries to move, but can't.

STARLENE

What the . . . ?

We hear wet RASPING and are treated to Starlene's POV: Clyde is in his bloody yellow rain gear again and is busily dismantling Punch's corpse. The straw-covered floor is soaked in blood and there are several bloody trash bags around with the remains of the three dead cheerleaders poking out of them. It's a charnel house.

STARLENE

Oh my god oh my god oh my GOD.

Clyde stops his sawing and looks up at Starlene.

CLYDE

Bout goddamn time. I didn't hit you
THAT hard.

We pull out to finally see Starlene. She's completely naked and chained, hands and feet, to the sawhorse contraption.

Clyde approaches her as Starlene tries to get out of her bindings.

STARLENE

Oh god . . . what are you doing,
Clyde?

Clyde ignores her question.

CLYDE

You know, you almost had me there
for a minute.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE (cont'd)

Shit, you're a hell of an actress. Missed your calling. I came out here and killed the cheerleaders thinking I wasn't gonna need to use the dogs on you because you finally came to your senses and decided to be a wife. I shoulda known better.

STARLENE

Clyde, please. You're not making any sense. I don't know what you're talking about. Please just let me go.

CLYDE

Enough with the sweet and innocent shit, you fucking whore. Your boyfriend's fucking dead and he ain't gonna come and save you. I can't believe you went through all that shit just for a bullshit town rumor. You think I ain't heard talk that Momma was a cash pack rat? Look at this fucking place. You think if I had access to tons of cash I'd still be living here? Shit. Ah, well.

Clyde stands back up and brushes his hands together.

CLYDE

In a way, I'm kinda glad that all my work wasn't wasted.

Clyde begins to walk away, toward the stables.

STARLENE

Clyde! I'm sorry! I-I-I'll do whatever you want, okay? You want to fuck me good and hard it's okay! I deserve it! I know that's why you got me tied up to this thing, right? Well come on, then and let's do it!

CLYDE

Oh you're gonna get it, all right. You're gonna get it good. You're finally gonna be the wife I always wanted. A dog-raped wife.

Starlene's eyes bulge at that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARLENE
Wh-wh-what?

CLYDE
Don't you go anywhere. You'll see.

Clyde walks off. Starlene screams after him.

STARLENE
No! Wait! Clyde! CLYDE COME BACK
HERE!

Clyde's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD FROM CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Griffin's car sits on the side of the road, empty. The driver's side door has been left open and the front seat pushed forward.

Archie's nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Starlene's unable to move.

She looks up when Clyde enters the main part of the barn. He is holding the leashes of all three of his large dogs.

The dogs all strain at their leashes, WHINING.

CLYDE
Hold on, boys. Hold on.

STARLENE
Oh my god. No.

Clyde ignores Starlene and strokes the dogs heads.

CLYDE
I know, boys, you smell that pussy,
don't you? Good boys.

STARLENE
Oh god, Clyde. What are you doing?

CLYDE
This is the moment I've been
waiting for.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE (cont'd)

The moment the boys've been training for. I'm gonna enjoy the hell out of this, cunt.

STARLENE

Please, Clyde, don't do this. Look at me, Clyde. I can't stop you from having your way with me. You can do whatever you want to.

CLYDE

I know, baby. And that's exactly what I'm gonna do. All these months of ignoring my advances, of fucking scumbags behind my back, of showing every motherfucker in this shitbag town what you got while you close the door when you take a shower. I AM gonna do whatever I want to. I'm gonna watch while these three dogs fill every goddamn hole in your body until I tell em to go ahead and kill you. Which reminds me, I've gotta help protect Mouth, here.

Clyde gently strokes one of the Shepherd's heads. He approaches Starlene and removes a pair of pliers.

Starlene struggles and SCREAMS, but Clyde holds her head steady and clamps the pliers down on her front teeth.

CLYDE

Hold still or it's gonna hurt even worse, girl.

Clyde begins to remove Starlene's teeth one by one.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAST-E-FREEZ - DAY

Sheriff Lewis is at the window of an ice cream shop. The GIRL behind the counter hands him a cup with a straw.

COUNTER GIRL

One vanilla shake, Sheriff.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Why thank you kindly. It's a hot one today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUNTER GIRL

Yep. I heard you found the van
belonged to them missing kids.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Word travels fast.

COUNTER GIRL

You find em yet?

SHERIFF LEWIS

Nope, but I'm following up on some
leads. See you later, Sarah.

Sheriff Lewis walks toward his cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Clyde steps back to admire his handiwork. Starlene, toothless
and drooling copious amounts of blood, GROANS.

CLYDE

Damn. That wasn't easy.

Clyde smiles and steps back to the dogs.

CLYDE

I guess you're ready. And, let me
tell you, so am I. Seeing you
suffer like the cunt you are . . .
makes me hard . . .

Clyde pulls down his yellow rain slicker pants. We see
Starlene through Clyde's legs as he reveals himself to her.

Starlene's eyes bulge and she gags.

CLYDE

. . . Although sometimes it's hard
to tell if I'm hard or not, huh?

Starlene vomits at the sight of Clyde's genitals.

Clyde looks down and back up at Starlene.

CLYDE

Yeah. I know. Not much to look at,
is it? But it works. It just . . .
flares out like that now. Ever
since the accident. Shit, I can't
even walk right since that night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE (cont'd)
Folks think I got injured on a film set. But that's just another goddamn town rumor like the money. Shit, I never been in no movies. Never even made it as far as New York. My car broke down in Scranton, Pennsylvania and I spent the next ten years there working at a food processing plant. One Friday night I went out and got drunk in a bar on the wrong side of town . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLYDE'S CAR (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Clyde's sitting in the driver's side of a car. It's night.

We hear wet SMACKING and SUCKING noises.

Clyde looks down in his lap.

CLYDE
Yeah, that's it, whore. Suck it good.

We see a huge head of red hair bobbing in Clyde's lap. Clyde runs his hands along a stockinged leg.

CLYDE
Yeah. Let's see what you've got here.

Clyde reaches beneath the skirt and rubs a crotch. His eyes screw up in shock.

CLYDE
What the fuck? What THE FUCK IS THAT??

The head rises up and we can see that the prostitute is a transvestite - and not a really good one at that.

PROSTITUTE
Oh, come on, honey. You knew I was packing. You like it like that, don't you?

Clyde freaks out, pushing the prostitute off of his lap.

CLYDE
Fuck you! I ain't no fucking FAGGOT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clyde grabs the prostitute by the neck and begins to choke him/her.

CLYDE

You fucking deceived me, you son of a bitch!

The prostitute is really choking. Clyde's gonna kill him/her.

Suddenly the prostitute's hand appears holding a sharp stiletto. It flicks open and the prostitute stabs Clyde in the crotch about ten times in just a few seconds - it's quick and violent like a prison shanking.

Clyde SQUEALS and lets the prostitute's throat go. He/she throws the car door open and bolts into the night.

Clyde's face is pale and his hands dive down to his crotch. They come back smothered in blood.

Clyde SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

We SMASH back from the flashback. Starlene's still staring at Clyde's ravaged crotch.

CLYDE

After that I had to come home.
Goddamn hospital bills damn near
broke us. And I've had to live with
what you see here between my legs
ever since.

A BEAT as Starlene GROANS and Clyde shrugs to himself.

CLYDE

Ah, but enough of my intimate
confessions, huh? Time to get down
to the business at hand, you
fucking filthy cunt. I've been
waiting for this for months. I
don't think you're gonna enjoy this
as much as I am . . .

Clyde lifts the whistle around his neck to his mouth - in nice slow motion. We hear the high-pitched SQUEAK and the dogs go apeshit.

A CLOSEUP of Clyde's mouth:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE
MOUTH! PUSSY! ASS!

The dogs GROWL and pounce. Starlene SCREAMS as the ultimate animal rape begins.

Clyde watches the abomination with growing lust in his eyes. He is stroking himself, approaching orgasm as the dogs go about their insidious business.

CLYDE
Yes . . . yes . . . get her, boys!
GET HER!

More disgusting animal rape sounds obscuring all other sound
. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD FROM CLYDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis's cruiser drives by Griffin's empty car. The cruiser stops, backs up, parks in the road next to Griffin's car.

Sheriff Lewis gets out of the cruiser, walks up to Griffin's car, makes a slow cycle around it.

Lewis takes a cursory look inside the vehicle. He leans in and opens the glove box, which is empty.

Lewis closes the open door, walks to the rear of the car, and pulls out a small notepad and pen to take down the car's license and VIN numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Clyde is sweating, stroking, LAUGHING maniacally as the horrible sounds of the dogs and Starlene's muffled SCREAMS can be heard.

CLYDE
Oh yeah . . . yeah . . . uh . . .
kill, boys . . . KILL! KILL!

Starlene's muffled SCREAMS increase tenfold as the dogs begin to GROWL loudly. The sounds become louder and more disturbing as Clyde watches the horror in front of him with undisguised lust and pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLYDE

Yeah, that's it . . . KILL, Pussy!
KILL, Mouth! KILL, Ass!!

The SCREAMING dies out and turns into a GURGLING as the dog GROWLS are joined by the sound of WET RIPPING.

Clyde orgasms.

A BEAT as Clyde leans back, eyes closed. He is breathing heavily. It was probably the most intense orgasm of his life. The sounds of DOGS CHEWING MEAT can still be heard.

Clyde is still leaning his head back, eyes closed, when a VOICE comes from offscreen.

VOICE (O.S.)

S-Starlene?

Clyde's eyes jerk open and he turns to see Archie standing there, having just entered the barn.

Archie's eyes stay on Starlene's corpse and the dogs eating it. He doesn't even seem to notice Clyde.

ARCHIE

S-Starlene?

Archie's bottom lip quivers and tears begin to form in his eyes. He turns to look at Clyde, who has hastily pulled his pants up.

CLYDE

Who the fuck are you?

ARCHIE

You killed her. You killed my
Starlene.

CLYDE

I don't know what the fuck you're
talking about, buddy. She was my
wife.

Clyde is reaching for his pistol, which lays a few feet away on the floor.

Archie, his eyes full of tears but focused on Clyde with growing rage, begins to walk toward Clyde. Slowly. Inexorably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE

You killed her. She was so p-
pretty.

Clyde grabs the pistol and aims it at Archie.

CLYDE

Come on, now, son. I don't want to
have to kill no retard. Just stay
right where you are.

Archie keeps coming. Slowly.

ARCHIE

S-Starlene was my only friend. She
. . . She used to suck my wee-wee
so good.

CLYDE

Ah, shit, you gotta be kidding me.

ARCHIE

We were gonna leave Griffin and
Punch and me and Starlene were
gonna live happ'ly ever after. And
you killed her.

Archie runs at Clyde, who fires once right dead square into
Archie's barrel chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis is standing at the front door of the Arbuckle
residence when the muffled GUNSHOT is heard.

Sheriff Lewis responds by drawing his revolver. He cocks his
ear, waiting for another shot so that he can discern its
location.

Nothing immediately follows. Sheriff Lewis pounds on the
front door.

SHERIFF LEWIS

CLYDE! STARLENE!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

There hasn't been another shot because Archie has picked up
Clyde in a bear-hug and the gun drops from Clyde's hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archie is definitely mortally wounded as a grapefruit-sized holed in his back spills rib shards, blood, and kidney fragments. But with a strength born of adrenaline and pure retarded rage, Archie manages to squeeze Clyde even harder.

ARCHIE

You killed Starlene, you poopy-pants doo-doo head!

Another hard squeeze and Clyde's breath goes out of him with an OOPH!

Clyde is about to black out. With his last bit of consciousness, Clyde digs his fingers deep into the bullet exit hole in Archie's back.

Archie SCREAMS once before giving one, last, brutal squeeze.

Archie's eyes go completely dead right at the same moment that Clyde's spine SNAPS wetly.

Archie drops Clyde's body to the ground. He's so mentally challenged that his body doesn't realize he's already dead. Archie takes two steps toward Starlene's ravaged corpse before he falls to the ground, dead.

Clyde GROANS.

We whip back to Clyde. He has fallen face-down on the straw-covered floor, his ass in the air.

We see Clyde's eyes rolling around. He's trying to move, but is paralyzed. His eyes widen in horror as he MOANS in pain and horror.

One of the German Shepherds, his muzzle caked with Starlene's blood, looks up from the meat to see Clyde lying there, immobile.

With his ass in the air.

The German Shepherd steps away from the gored corpse of Starlene. He walks off of camera, GROWLING.

The other two dogs look in the direction the German Shepherd walked off to. They leave the dead Starlene and follow.

CLYDE (O.S.)

W-what are you doing, boy? N-no!
NO! Down, boy! DOWN!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of ripping cloth joins the dog's growling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Sheriff Lewis, pistol still in hand, walks out the back door of the Arbuckle house. He sees the barn in back.

We follow Sheriff Lewis as he walks through the overgrown back yard, toward the open barn door. He reaches it, enters.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Sheriff Lewis rounds the corner and freezes. The sounds of the dogs eating Clyde's body is loud on the soundtrack.

Sheriff Lewis's eyes go wide in shock and disgust.

We see quick cuts of what he sees:

- Trash bags with cheerleader parts spilling out
- Punch's half-dismembered corpse lying next to Griffin's virtually headless body.
- The dripping mess that was once Starlene dangling wetly from the sawhorse contraption.
- Archie's body face-down in the straw.

Finally, Sheriff Lewis turns to look at the dogs and what they're doing to Clyde (which we can only hear and that's bad enough).

Lewis is stunned, his eyes uncomprehending.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Good Lord in Heaven.

One of the dogs looks up at Lewis, GROWLS, its muzzle drenched in gore.

Lewis raises his pistol with a shaking hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBUCKLE RESIDENCE - DAY

Same as the opening shot, but in the daylight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three GUNSHOTS ring out in rapid succession.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF LEWIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jody Lewis is sitting in her wheelchair, the room silent save for the <HISS-CHUNK> of her artificial respirator.

Sheriff Lewis shuffles into the room, his eyes red and moist.

JODY

W-What's . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
wrong, darling?

Lewis sits at the foot of the bed, dazed. He stares into Jody's eyes.

SHERIFF LEWIS

What I just saw . . . you don't
want to . . . no one should ever
have to . . .

Sheriff Lewis breaks down into tears.

SHERIFF LEWIS

It's a goddamned horrible, horrible
world out there, Jody. Nothing's
right. Ain't never going to be
right, no matter what anybody does
or says . . . I could've done
something. And I was too late. For
anybody.

JODY

Oh, honey . . . <HISS-CHUNK>

Lewis looks deep into Jody's eyes.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Our love is the only thing that is
pure and good in this world and I
destroyed that, too.

Jody's eyes tear up as well.

JODY

Don't . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . say
things . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
like that. I . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
. can still . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
. love you like before. If you . . .
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JODY (cont'd)
 . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . just let me .
 . .

A MOMENT between Jody and Lewis. An unspoken understanding passes between them.

Sheriff Lewis stands up. Jody smiles.

JODY
 Come here . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . .
 lover boy.

Lewis unbuckles his pants and drops them. He steps toward Jody's willing lips.

JODY
 I . . . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . love . .
 . <HISS-CHUNK> . . . you.

Sheriff Lewis inserts himself gently into Jody's mouth. He shudders with ecstasy.

SHERIFF LEWIS
 I love you, too, Jody.

Lewis starts to thrust his hips and the <HISS-CHUNK> of the respirator starts to become slightly erratic.

Lewis thrusts and GRUNTS on pleasure as the <HISS-CHUNK> turns into a long, protracted <HISSSSSSSSSSSSSS> and then stops dead.

Sheriff Lewis, his eyes streaming tears, MOANS as his release nears.

As his breath begins to hitch and orgasm becomes imminent, he raises his service revolver to his temple and cocks the hammer.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

We hear the single pistol report.

THE END.

A Red Cartel Script for a Red Cartel Film . . .