

CREEPSHOW 2

screenplay
by
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from stories
by Stephen King

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CREEPSHOW 2

FADE IN:

1 EXT ELMVILLE PRE-DAWN

1

A high crane shot establishing the wonderful, mythic "Ray Bradbury" country of summer vacation. Surrounded by rural farmlands, "Downtown" ELMVILLE is small, picturesque, mellow. The town we all would have grown up in if we'd been given the chance to pick. Pre title presentation logo over this shot.

2 EXT ELMVILLE (EST.) DAWN (LIVE-ACTION)

2

Lap-dissolve from Sc. 1 (above) as we hear and see the approach of a "Classic" '50 Chevy Delivery Van ("Comet News Company") winding its way through the city. The lettering is surrounded by a colorful array of detailed body paintings. There are circus gingerbreads. Astrological signs. Talismans, There are pictures of wizards and trolls. Fire-breathing dragons. A few superheroes flex their comic-drawn muscles. There are lightning bolts and signs-of-nine and mystic runes and pyramids that have eyes. Every available inch of metal is inhabited by some illustration. The van looks like a tattoo parlor's catalog on wheels. Its windows are smoked. Black. We can't see the driver. The streets are empty, but for a roaming dog or two.

As camera descends from its craned position, from out of an alley we note a young boy pumping furiously, urgently, the pedals of his "two-wheeler" (Schwinn single speed) paralleling the truck for a short distance.

Camera settles at street level and the van arrives and "screeches" to a stop at the newsstand. (Closed now, but perhaps some bundles of earlier news deliveries are in evidence: its green panels are latched and locked.) We see the YOUNG BOY arriving moments later at the vegetable crates and then to a position behind the newsstand.

CUT TO:

3 EXT ELMVILLE REAR OF CREEP TRUCK DAWN

3

The mysterious van stands at the curb, its idle sounding like Godzilla's snore. Suddenly the dark colored tarp at the back of its cargo bay separates, revealing in its darkened interior a DELIVERY MAN in full workaday "greens" with his back to camera, sorting bundles.

4 EXT/INT REAR OF CREEP TRUCK DAWN

4

The DELIVERY MAN turns to reveal a spectral face. It's hideous! Long dead! It has materialized out of the miasma, a mangled mummy made of maggots and mould and mucous and mud! (This is our horror-host! Our maven of misdeed! Our macabre-mascot-of-make-believe! THE CREEPSHOW CREEP!)

CREEP

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.....
I never seen anyone so impatient.
As if yer life depended on getting'
the first copy off the presses.

The specter tosses a bundle of twine-bound magazines out of the van.

5 EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN

5

PLOP! The bundle hits the sidewalk not six feet from where the YOUNG BOY stands. A lighting "aura" surrounds the bundle on the sidewalk.

6 EXT/INT CREEP TRUCK DAWN

6

The CREEP lifts one boney hand and points what's left of a rotting forefinger at the bundle of mags.

7 EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN

7

The twine that holds the bundle together suddenly begins to rise. For a moment it looks alive. It magically begins to untie itself....!

KERRRRRAAAAAAASH! A LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER! A LIGHTNING FLASH!

8 EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN ANIMATION

8

The live action dissolves into matching animation. Each end of twine resembling ghostly goblins continues to untie until free and then exit screen in flight. (Thunder and lightning continue over.) The brown paper covering falls loosely to the pavement, revealing our "Creepshow" comic books.

8A EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN ANIMATION

8A

The YOUNG BOY moves from behind the newsstand. He spots the bundle and looks to the CREEP. He's not afraid. No. In fact, he meets the MONSTER'S gaze with a relaxed, comfortable smile of recognition.

The BOY seems connected in spirit to this denizen of the demon-reaches. This is boy BILLY! (In the original CREEPSHOW he was the kid who mail-ordered a voodoo doll and conjured it into the image of his mean bastard father. He stabbed it repeatedly through the neck with a hatpin. His dad had to be rushed to the hospital. All-night surgery saved his life but he still can't talk right.)

8B EXT/INT CREEP TRUCK DAWN ANIMATION

8B

As the lightning continues the CREEP'S workaday "greens" transform into the traditional hooded garb of CREEPSHOW 1:

CREEP
Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh....

8C EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN ANIMATION

8C

(Lightning continues.) BILLY acknowledges the CREEP'S smile with his own.

BILLY
Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh....

Camera tilts as BILLY reaches down for the topmost copy of the Creepshow magazine. BILLY pulls the first copy off the bundle and out of frame.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the next cover. We can now read the dripping red logoface....

CREEPSHOT
JOLTING TALES OF HORROR!

The word CREEPSHOW lifts off the page. THEME MUSIC crescendos as the number "2" appears beneath the word completing the film's title.

8D EXT NEWSSTAND DAWN ANIMATION

8D

BILLY excitedly rifles the pages of the latest edition.

8E EXT NEWSSTAND OVER BILLY'S SHOULDER DAWN ANIMATION

8E

COMIC-BOOK GRAPHICS assault our eyes, greatly blown-up so we can see the litho-dots. There are cringing, screaming, terrified faces. There are monsters, tombstones, word-balloons that say things like: "NO! IT CAN'T BE! AIYEEEEEEE! EEEEEEEEEEEEEK" and the ever-popular "AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!"

These are images from the horror comics we all know and love. (Well, we-all know them...some of us love them.) Over the images, CREDITS ARE SUPERIMPOSED in bright, comic book colors of their own.

As THE CREDITS END we move in to a drawing in the upper-left corner of a page. It's a drawing of the CREEP. There's a word-balloon coming from, its rotting mouth. The words from the balloon are SPOKEN ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

CREEP (o.s.)
Welcome, kiddies...heh, heh,
heh, heh. . . . to another
edition of Creepshow.

At this point the animated CREEP comes to life and moves across the pages over the following dialogue.

CREEP
It's amazing that you bores and
ghouls keep coming back for more.
You must be gluttons for pun-
ishment. Heh, heh, heh. I guess
you blood-suckers out there enjoy
being repulsed. Heh, heh, heh.
You're loyal to the gore. True-
grue, through and through. That's
good. We don't want any dead
wood in our fraternity of fright
fails. Dead wood. Heh. That just
happens to be the subject of our
first nauseating novella. A nasty
little bone-cracker titled. . .

Toward the end Of the CREEP'S speech, it holds its own issue of "Creepshow" up in one boney hand. The mag is open to the splash-page of the first story. Across the top of a large lead-panel there is logo-lettering which spells out the title. . . .

CREEP(o.s.)
. OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD.

9L EFX ANIMATION

9L

ANIMATION takes over and the title drawing fills the screen. After a moment, the letters forming "OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD" disappear and only the drawing remains. It shows an old, stern-faced INDIAN CHIEF in full ceremonial garb, including war paint and a high, feathered headdress. He wears a long-and a quiver full of arrows, the bowstring and the quiver strap forming an "X" across his proudly puffed out chest. Tucked into his jeweled belt is a fringed scabbard which holds an enormous hunting knife. In his upraised right hand he brandishes a tomahawk. He's an imposing, even a threatening figure.....ageless, impervious.

Impervious to the feather-duster which is tickling his chin.

10 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE LATE AFTERNOON

10

The comic drawing DISSOLVES TO LIVE ACTION. The feather-duster flicks over the old CHIEF's face, neck and shoulders. Desert dust flies out of his deep wrinkles, out of the feathers in his elaborate headdress. We can see now that he's made of wood. Beautifully carved and painted with lifelike colors, OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD is one of the last of the real cigar-store Indians.

As THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see that the CHIEF is standing on a low platform which has an iron bar that runs up behind the figure and supports a sign over its heads CHEW RED MAN TOBACCO.

The duster is in the hand of RAY SPRUCE, a saintly-looking old codger, the owner and proprietor of SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE ever since it first opened for business back in nine-teen-nineteen. OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD's had his place on the porch, just outside the front door, ever since then, too, and the statue is the OLD STOREKEEPER'S pride and joy.

RAY flips the feather-duster into one of the huge pockets on his storekeeper's apron, then he pulls a cotton rag and an aerosol can out of the other pocket. He sprays a spot on the CHIEF'S face with a shot of liquid cleanser, then he reverently goes to work with the cotton cloth tightly wrapped around his forefinger, gently rubbing all the dust from the war-paint on WOOD'NHEAD's right cheek. RAY has to stand on a potato crate to reach. The CHIEF is six-foot-eight, maybe seven-foot tall.

SPRUCE

Time for a touch-up, my old
friend. Sun's bleachin' out yer
colors again.

Setting down the cloth and the can, RAY picks up a half-pint tin of outdoor paint. With a fine-tipped brush he begins to touch-up the symbolic stripes on the CHIEF'S face.

SPRUCE

I'll try ta keep m'hand steady,
Chief, but I ain't what I used
ta be.

(He paints a bright red
stroke)

There. Not too bad. Not bad at all.
We gotta keep yer war-paint
fresh. Why, a big Chief without
his war-paint is like a....like
a....

MARTHA

Like a storekeeper without a
town to sell his goods to.

MARTHA SPRUCE elbows the screen door and toddles out onto the porch with a pitcher and a glass full of lemonade on a tray. There's no bitterness in her voice, she's just being realistic. Nonetheless, her remark has made her HUSBAND'S evergreen smile fade away. He stops what he's doing and, wiping his sleeve over his sweating brow, he steps off his potato crate and gratefully takes the icy glass from MARTHA'S tray.

SPRUCE

Martha, me and the Chief, here,
have been standin' on this porch
together fer sixty-six years.
We're not likely ta move now.

MARTHA

I'm not askin' you to move, Ray.
I wouldn't want to move, myself.

SPRUCE

Then what are y'askin', Martha?
What d'ya want me ta do?

MARTHA

I want you to quit, Ray.
Just....quit.

SPRUCE

Quit? You mean close up the store?

MARTHA

Yes. While you still have a little time left to take something out of life instead of always puttin'-in.

The OLD MAN moves closer to his WIFE. His wrinkled hand reaches out to straighten a wisp of white hair that the wind has blown loose over one of her ears.

SPRUCE

This store made it possible for us ta get married. This store sent the girls off ta school. This store's given us the savings we're gonna leave fer the grandchildren...

MARTHA

This store, Ray, once sat right in the middle of a thrivin' young town that seemed to have a future. Look at it now. The town of Dead River has finally lived up to its name. It's dead, Ray.

The OLD MAN looks out into the deep orange of late day, out toward the town he grew up in.

11 EXT DEAD RIVER THEIR P.O.V. AFTERNOON

11

Dead River is one of those incongruous-looking towns that seems to have been air-lifted in from someplace else. Its randomly clustered buildings might have been dropped from supply-planes by careless pilots right in the middle of wide-open desert flatlands (New Mexico, Arizona, Utah). There's no river in sight but the place does seem perfectly suited to the other half of its name. A parched old Pontiac sits near the pumps in Curly's Fill-up across the way, and down-street we can see a FEW PEDESTRIANS, but three-quarters of the buildings are boarded-up and abandoned. Tumbleweeds roll past and there are sidewinder tracks, in the thick dust of Main Street where the snakes have lately been able to cross without getting crushed by traffic.

MARTHA (o.s.)

The jobs have moved away. The money has moved away.

12 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE AFTERNOON

12

RAY looks anything but defeated. There's even a slight smile on his face as he stares into the deserted swirl of sand that was once the territory's biggest city.

MARTHA

Ray, it's been four days since you had a cash-paying customer. It's been four weeks since anyone's made a payment on a credit account. You keep supporting these people and we won't be leavin' the grandchildren anything but good intentions.

SPRUCE

There's worse things to inherit than good intentions, Martha. Good intentions built this country.

MARTHA

Good intentions tore this country down! They're tearin' you down, Ray, and I can't stand seein' it happen to you. You think these people dare about you? They'll take your charity 'til it dries up. Then they'll leave you and your wooden Indian, there.

SPRUCE

I won't run us dry, Martha. I promise you that. But....well, we've took some healthy profits out of the labors of this town, and I feel that we oughta give some o' them profits back in this time o' need.

The two are distracted by THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING CAR.

13 EXT DEAD RIVER THEIR P.O.V. AFTERNOON

13

That Pontiac that we noticed earlier has pulled out of Curly's gas station and is chugging toward RAY SPRUCE's store. There's a bit of steam curling out from under its hood. We can almost hear the sand in the old car's moving parts. The wipers are scraping some of the desert brown off the windshield and we can see FOUR PEOPLE aboard.

SPRUCE (o.s.)

Benjamin Whitemoon.

MARTHA (o.s.)
In his chauffeur driven limousine.

14 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STOKE AFTERNOON

14

SPRUCE
Now, Martha. Be nice to 'im. He's
got a tough enough life as it is
with the silver mine shut down.

MARTHA
I'll be nice to him because it's
what you want. Just don't let him
take too much advantage. You're
too good to these people, Ray.

By now the Pontiac has coughed to a stop just in front of the porch. RAY takes a last sip of lemonade and MARTHA disappears into the store with the tray. The car has caused a great cloud of desert powder to rise in the air. As it envelops the porch, RAY pulls a railman's handkerchief from his hip pocket. He waves the big flower-patterned cloth around old CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD's face in an attempt to keep the powder from settling on the fresh red color.

SPRUCE
Dust all over yer war-paint,
Chief. I shoulda larned by now
never ta paint on a dry day.

The ever-staring eyes of the wooden CHIEF seem to soften slightly as they stare through the powder cloud. (Impossible. It must be the veil of dust that's making those eyes less piercing.) The STATUE seems to be looking down at the Pontiac....at the OLD MAN who is climbing out of the back seat. A YOUNG INDIAN, the driver of the car, has come to the OLD MAN's side and is holding the door open. (Whatd'ya know? This over-cooked Pontiac really is a chauffeur-driven limo of sorts.)

The old passenger is BENJAMIN WHITEMOON, a venerable elder of the Navajo nation and the local spokesman for the tribe. We are struck by the resemblance of this OLD MAN to the STATUE on RAY SPRUCE'S porch. The TWO "CHIEFS" appear to be well....carved from the same block of wood, as the saying goes.

BENJAMIN
Ya'at'eeh, Ray Spruce.

SPRUCE
Howdy, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN
Ya'at'eeh, Chief Wood'nhead.

SPRUCE
The Chief says "ya'at'eeh." What
can we do fer ya this evenin'?

BENJAMIN
May we go inside?

SPRUCE
Why sure.

ONE TRIBESMAN has gotten out of the Pontiac without the
CHAUFFEUR'S assistance, and he follows the ELDER BENJAMIN
up the porch steps, pausing outside the entrance.

OLD WOOD'NHEAD stoically watches the dust settle in the
street as the red evening sun drops down behind Curly's
Fill-up.

15 INT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE AFTERNOON

15

No 7-11 this. The place is everything one might expect a
General Store in Dead River to be. RAY SPRUCE sells
fabrics, potatoes, cure-alls, hardware, penny candies,
grains, canned goods, mining supplies, scraps of small
lumber.... you name it, RAY's got it. And if not, he'll
order it for you out of the catalogs he keeps prominently
on display....Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, L.L. Bean.

The STOREKEEPER slaps the dust from his apron as he
moves spryly to his usual spot behind the sales counter.
The CHIEF stops at the customer side of the counter.

SPRUCE
What can I get for ya, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN
I am ashamed to stand inside this
place while my people are so much
in your debt, Ray Spruce.

SPRUCE
There's no shame for an honest
man, Benjamin. Times is tough fer
all of us. What do ya need?

MARTHA SPRUCE enters from the rear through a curtain of rawhide strips. The INDIANS who are wearing hats remove them in the WOMAN's presence.

BENJAMIN
Good evening, Martha Spruce.

MARTHA
Good evening, Benjamin.
Gentlemen.

A look passes between MARTHA and her HUSBAND. She's treating the VISITOR nicely, as she promised, and as RAY SPRUCE knew she would. A loving smile brightens the STOREKEEPER'S face as he captures his WIFE's eye.

BENJAMIN
I have brought you this.

BENJAMIN pulls a small leather pouch from under his suit-coat. When RAY takes the thing in his hand he HEARS THE CLINK-CLINKING of what sound like coins. Instinctively the STOREKEEPER opens the mouth of the pouch and inside he sees jewelry. Lots of it. Bracelets, rings, necklaces, combs, buckles, pins....all made of silver, carved and inlaid with turquoise and sapphire and coral. RAY's mouth falls open. He closes the bag quickly, as though afraid to look at the treasure.

SPRUCE
What in the world's this?

BENJAMIN
It is the iliinii. Dajichj bah.
They are the things my people hold precious. Each family has offered one of its most cherished treasures. You will keep them until our debts are paid. If we cannot pay in two autumns, the iliinii are yours forever.

SPRUCE
No no no, I can't accept thi....

BENJAMIN
Adeehadahideesdziiee'! Aa dahwiinit!

And with that, Benjamin turns away and starts to move out of the store. RAY, the treasure pouch in hand, scrambles out from behind the counter and catches BENJAMIN by the shoulder.

SPRUCE

Hold it, Benjamin. Wait, wait, wait. There's no way in hell I'm gonna take these things away from your people.

RAY is trying to push the pouch back into BENJAMIN'S arms. The INDIAN turns to face the STOREKEEPER, staring with piercing eyes that again recall the eyes of OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD.

BENJAMIN

It is a bad thing to borrow. It is a worse thing to beg. While you hold the iliinii, we are borrowers. We can still have pride. If you give the treasure back to us, you make us beggars again. Such insult could never be forgiven. A adoat ehigii. Koljih!

This stops RAY. He fumbles for words but can't think of any that will argue down BENJAMIN'S pride. BENJAMIN stops in the open doorway and turns his head back inside.

MARTHA

Evening, Benjamin.

MARTHA'S caught with her mouth agape, flabbergasted at the events that have just taken place. BENJAMIN turns to RAY SPRUCE.

BENJAMIN

Keep them safe.

SPRUCE

I'll guard 'em with m'life. Times'll take an up-turn, Benjamin. I can smell prosperity in the air.

BENJAMIN

Dooleetee. I wish that it would be. Ya'at'eeh, friend.

SPRUCE

Ya'at'eeh,

The INDIAN is about to exit when MARTHA comes toddling across the floor.

MARTHA

Benjamin.... I was just scolding Ray. Telling him that he shouldn't put so much trust in folks, that they never earned it and they didn't deserve it. Well, you and your people have surely proven me wrong.

BENJAMIN smiles slightly, nods his head, then slips out into the shadows of the porch.

16 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE LATE AFTERNOON 16

Arm in arm, RAY and MARTHA follow the INDIAN out into the evening breeze. Before he turns down the steps, BENJAMIN shoots off a salute to his WOODEN COUNTERPART.

BENJAMIN

Ya'at'eeh, Chief Wood'nhead.

The CHIEF'S carved eyes seem to have softened again as he watches the ELDER NAVAJO descend to his waiting car. The OLD MAN lowers himself into the back seat and his YOUNG 16 cont BRAVE, the CHAUFFEUR, shuts the door behind him. The DRIVER jumps behind the wheel and, surprisingly, the old Pontiac starts right up. Another cloud of desert powder rises as the tribal limousine goes rattling off into the darkness of Dead River.

The OLD STOREKEEPER and his WIFE cuddle into each other's arms as they stand next to their silent WOODEN FRIEND, the way they have done so very often over the years, looking out over the porch rail at day's end.

17 EXT DEAD RIVER THEIR P.O.V. LATE AFTERNOON 17

The sun itself has disappeared. A narrow red strip outlines the horizon. The rest of the sky above is deep purple and in it the stars are beginning to appear. Across the way, the lights blink out in Curly's Fill-up. The other buildings in town are already dark.

18 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE LATE AFTERNOON

18

SPRUCE

This is good country, Martha. It'll
come back ta life one day. It'll come
back ta life.

OLD WOOD'NHEAD seems to stand taller in the half-light, his shadow on the front wall of the store adds mass to his already massive frame. RAY SPRUCE turns, MARTHA still under one of his arms, and uses his free hand to gently pat the CHIEF'S wooden face where one fresh line of war-paint stands out brightly beside its faded red brothers.

SPRUCE (cont.)

I'll finish yer war paint
tomorrow, Chief, that's a
promise.

RAY lets his hand slide gently off the STATUE.

19 INT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE DUSK

19

MARTHA drops her head onto RAY's shoulder as the TWO move through the open doorway. The overheads haven't been turned on and, now that night has fallen, the inside of the store is quite dark.

RAY stops suddenly in his tracks. Feeling his body tense against her, MARTHA looks up at her HUSBAND'S face. He is staring toward the dimly-lit sales counter.

There's SOMEBODY standing there, barely visible in the shadows.

WA-BAAMMM! Behind RAY's back there's a sudden startling movement. The door slams shut. RAY and MARTHA spin around to see an enormously fat and horribly acned nineteen year-old punk who they recognize as STEVE "FATSO" GRIBBENS. His imbecilic grin shows chocolate-covered teeth. He's jawing a large-sized Tootsie Roll, which he snatched off RAY SPRUCE'S candy rack.

FATSO

Yo ho ho, it's time for our show.

ANDY CAVENAUGH (o.s.)

Yo ho ho.

The mysterious FIGURE behind the sales counter now steps out into more light. At first we might think this is a female because of the gorgeous mane of shiny, raven-black

hair, pulled back tightly and pony-tailed, with the tail, long and flowing, draped around to the front side of the left shoulder. The face, however, though fine-featured, is definitely not feminine. It's the sculpted, aquiline face of a handsome young Navajo brave. This is SAM WHITEMOON, the leader of the pack.

RAY turns toward the counter again. ANOTHER YOUNG PUNK, this one fully costumed to fit the nineteen-eighty-five meaning of the word/ steps through the rawhide strips that curtain the doorway leading from the rear rooms. This is ANDY CAVENAUGH. He's obviously spent a lot of time and money achieving his "look" which includes streaked hair and lots of studded leather.

WHITEMOON

Go 'head, boys. Take what you want.

"FATSO" GRIBBENS and ANDY CAVENAUGH go to work quickly, bagging-up several items off the surrounding shelves. "FATSO" goes after food, paying particular attention to the candy rack from which he gathers all the Tootsie Rolls he can find. The punk CAVENAUGH ransacks the hardware shelves, no doubt looking for something to wear.

SPRUCE

Wait a minute, you can't just walk in here and....

WHITEMOON

Shut up, white-eyes. Just shut the fuck up or else I'll hafta shove something into your mouth to keep you quiet.

CAVENAUGH

Shove this in his mouth, how 'bout it!

The PUNK holds up a large hand-drill mounted with a lethal-looking half-inch bit. He spins the mechanism a few turns.

FATSO

Naw, shove this in his mouth. This.
 (He thrusts his pelvis forward and pulls on his cock)
 Yo ho ho, it's time for our show.
 Hee hee hee hee heeeeeee.

SPRUCE

You're disgusting. Sam Whitemoon,
you're a disgrace to your people.

WHITEMOON

I said shut up, old man.

SPRUCE

Your Uncle Benjamin was just in
here. He's one of the best men *I*
know. Hard ta b'lieve that the
same blood flows through your
veins.

WHITEMOON

I GUESS YOU DON'T HEAR SO GOOD,
SHITFACE, I SAID SHUUUTTT
UUUUPP!!!

We suddenly see just how dangerously crazy SAM WHITEMOON is. His eyes go so wide when he screams, it seems as though they might roll out of his head. His body is twitching visibly. He's been running an oversized comb through his long ponytail the whole time he's been standing there. Now the strokes of the comb are getting more rapid, more violent. He seems to be hurting himself without noticing.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

We're just here to do a little
shopping, that's all. We didn't
get everything we needed last time
we were in. You asked us to leave.
Remember, old man?

SPRUCE

You were stealing things

WHITEMOON

We're stealing things now. Why
don't you ask us to leave, prune
face?

FATSO AND CAVENAUGH

Hey. Go 'head, old man. Ask us to
leave. Yeah, ain't ya gonna ask us to
leave. Ask us nice. Say please. Pretty
please with sugar on it.

19 KER-TCHING! SAM WHITEMOON has stopped combing his hair 19
long enough to ring open the cash-register drawer. He pulls
out two fives, a ten and a few singles.

WHITEMOON
Is this all the cash you
got?

SPRUCE
That's all.

WHITEMOON
Empty your pockets.

SPRUCE
Look, I don't have....

WHITEMOON
EMPTY YOUR FUCKIN' POCKETS, ASS
HOLE, OR I'M GONNA ASK MY BUDDY TO
BRING ME SOMETHIN' OFF THE
HARDWARE SHELF THAT I CAN USE TO
SLICE OFF YOUR FINGERS!

RAY suddenly realizes that he is still holding the tribal
treasure which BENJAMIN WHITEMOON entrusted him with.
Trying to keep the contents from rattling, the OLD
STOREKEEPER shifts the pouch from one hand to the other
while he digs down into the pockets of his biballs. He
pulls out a set of keys, a little bit of change and some
folding money.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
Fatso.

"FATSO" is closest to the SPRUCES. He waddles over from
the candy rack and grabs the money out of the OLD MAN's
hand. RAY holds the treasure pouch out of "FATSO's"
sight, trying not to be too obvious. The OLD MAN
breathes a sigh of relief when the chocolate-covered SLOB
moves away, his eye caught by a display of Hostess Cakes.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
When we came in through the back
there I saw a purse. Go get it,
lady.

MARTHA hesitates, looking to her HUSBAND for guidance.
Suddenly the YOUNG INDIAN pulls something from behind the
counter....a double-barreled shotgun. He levels the
thing off on OLD RAY.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
Move, lady, or I'm gonna blow off
your old man's 'acho bizeezhiis.

RAY gently pushes MARTHA away, wanting to get her out of the line of fire. She goes rushing off toward the back of the store.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
Any cute stuff back there and I
pull this trigger.

MARTHA disappears through the rawhide strips and SAM WHITEMOON strolls out from behind the counter. He has grabbed a handful of quarters from the cash drawer and he's heading for one of those four-for-a-quarter foto booths that RAY keeps in the back corner behind the fabric bolts.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
This thing work?

SPRUCE
What?

WHITEMOON
This foto machine. Does it work?

RAY nods his head and SAM WHITEMOON drops onto the seat inside the booth. He wiggles a quarter into the slot then, propping his shotgun against one knee, he pulls his comb from where it's been dangling in his pony-tail. Using the booth mirror, he goes to work on his hair.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
Look at this. Look at this
sweetheart. Tell me this ain't a
movie star. What're you, kiddin'?
They gotta make me a movie star.
Hey. As soon as they see this hair
they gonna say, Sam, get over
here. Get in front of these
cameras. There's a hundred million
women out there just waitin' to
run that hair between their legs.

He hits the "start" button and there's A BUZZING SOUND. After a moment, there's a bright flash as the machine shoots picture number one. SAM keeps talking as the machine shoots the next three.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

Nine years it took me to grow this hair. I'm not just fuckin' around here. I'm goin' to Hollywood, man, and this hair is gonna get me paid and laid.

MARTHA comes out of the back room with her purse. She starts toward her HUSBAND but SAM WHITEMOON calls her.

WHITEMOON

Over here, lady. Gimme.

He steps out of the booth slinging his shotgun into the crook of his arm. When MARTHA moves in close he snatches her purse away. Again she tries to move toward RAY.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

Stand right here. Don't move.

The INDIAN ravages the contents of the purse, dumping things onto the floor, until he finds a lady's wallet. He pulls another thirty dollars out of the bill compartment. Tossing the purse and wallet aside, he pockets the cash.

Just then the Foto Booth makes ANOTHER BUZZING SOUND and a strip of four pictures plops down into a little chute on the outside wall of the machine. SAM picks up the strip and smiles as he looks at the pictures.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

Look at this. Look at this. Hey, you know that movie about the guy that's got these like super powers and shit because of his hair. Then this bitch cuts his hair off and he gets weak, he gets like an ordinary guy, you know that movie? I'm better lookin' than the guy in that movie, don't you think?

He thrusts the strip of pictures out toward MARTHA SPRUCE. She doesn't know quite how to react.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

Here. Take a look.

MARTHA hesitantly takes the picture strip from his outstretched hand. When she is off-guard, the INDIAN grabs her, spinning her around so she is facing toward her HUSBAND. He rams the barrel of his shotgun into her

side, his arm stretched way out toward the stock. He has his thumb on the trigger.

Instinctively, RAY lunges forward but he stops short when SAM shouts.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, OLD MAN,
UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR LADY
COME APART INTO TWO PIECES!

"FATSO" and ANDY CAVENAUGH are surprised by SAM's action. They're more than a little nervous seeing the shotgun used so aggressively.

CAVENAUGH
Hey, Sam. Let's get outta here.
There's no more cash around here.
We got enough shit. Let's go.

WHITEMOON
Not yet, rich boy.
(he speaks right into
Martha's ear)
Did you know my buddy here was
rich? Well, his old man's rich.
His old man bought my buddy here a
Firebird, man. A fuckin' Firebird
that's gonna fly us all to
Hollywood, U.S.A.

Seeing MARTHA in such jeopardy is too much for RAY to take. He moves another step toward WHITEMOON.

WHITEMOON (cont.)
One more step and BLOOOOOOM!!!

SAM screams so loudly, and the gun jerks so violently, that for a moment it seems as though an actual shot has been fired. RAY freezes.

CAVENAUGH
Come on, Sam. There's nothin' else
fer us ta take. There's nothin'
else we need.

WHITEMOON
Maybe there's nothin' else you need,
rich boy, but there's somethin' else
I need. Ain't that right, old man.
There's one more little item that
you'll have to turn over if you want
this woman to live.

SPRUCE

What is it?

WHITEMOON

That bag full of rock-candy that
my uncle brought over here today.
That's it in your hand, ain't it?
Toss it over here and I'll let the
lady go.

FATSO

Hey, what's...er...what you
talkin' 'bout, Sam? What you mean,
"rock-candy"?

WHITEMOON

There's ten thousand dollars worth of silver and stone in that bag, man. The keys to the city of Los Angeles.

FATSO

Is that true, old man? Lemme see...

"FATSO" lunges for the pouch but RAY puts it behind his back, out of reach. The OLD STOREKEEPER tries to appeal to the INDIAN GUNMAN.

SPRUCE

Sam....Sam, you can't take this. This b'longs to your people, to the tribe. These are treasures they've had fer years. These things date back.....

"FATSO" dodges around behind RAY, trying to snatch the bag out of his hand. The OLD MAN spins around, off balance, almost falling. The chocolate-faced GOON bumps his huge stomach into RAY, knocking him backward. RAY staggers into the sales counter and "FATSO" follows.

FATSO

Yo ho ho, it's time for our show.
Hee hee hee hee heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee....

MARTHA

Don't! Stop it! Stop this, you....

The OLD WOMAN tries to push the gun barrel away. KER-BLAAAAAAAM!!! The center of her dress turns red. She flies across the room. Her body slams flat against a wall, then it folds lifelessly over onto itself and balls up on the floor.

SAM WHITEMOON is surprised. He didn't mean for this to happen, although he's not very upset over the fact that it did. He's feeling no guilt. His BUDDIES, on the other hand, are bat-shit. We can see the terror on their faces. "FATSO" pulls away from RAY SPRUCE.

FATSO

Holy God! Holy Jeeeeezussss!

Those Tootsie Rolls come up from his bloated stomach all at once. His hands fly up to his mouth. He flops over the sales counter and vomits his brains out in a jet stream.

SPRUCE

Martha....MARTHAAAA!!!

RAY lunges toward his WIFE's body. SAM WHITEMOON aims his shotgun and KER-BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOY!!!! The whole top half of poor old RAY SPRUCE turns into wet red pulp. He flies back into the food racks. He's dead before he hits. The pouch full of tribal treasures clatters to the linoleum and one or two jeweled pieces of silver slip out.

SAM cracks open his smoking gun and the spent shells fly. He pulls two new loads from his pocket and pops them into the weapon.

WHITEMOON

Go get your car, Cavanaugh.

ANDY's face has turned purple and green to match his crazy hair. He's shivering, holding his shopping bag full of pilfered hardware against his chest.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

GET YOUR FUCKIN' CAR, RICH BOY,
WE'RE LEAVIN' FOR L.A. A LITTLE
SOONER THAN WE FIGURED.

CAVANAUGH snaps out of his trance. He moves toward the back doorway.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

Hey, Cavanaugh. You run out on me
and I'll find you.

CAVENAUGH

(turning to face the Indian)
Hey... I ain't runnin' nowhere,
Sam. I ain't runnin' out on ya.

WHITEMOON

We're all in this together.

CAVENAUGH

Yeah. I know that, Sam. I know.

The PURPLE PUNK exits. SAM glides over toward the fallen treasure. He opens the neck of the pouch and one-hands the stray pieces back inside. Then he lifts the pouch by its drawstrings, closing the opening. He ties those strings onto his belt, juggling the shotgun in the crook of his arm, as he moves to where "FATSO" is still leaning over the counter.

WHITEMOON

Let's go, fat stuff. We got some
money that needs spendin'.

"FATSO" lifts his head. He's one sorry lookin' lump of blubber. His stomach is still churning, his mouth is drooling brown.

FATSO

Holy shit. Holy Jesus. I never
seen nothin' like that b'fore.

WHITEMOON

Yeah, well now you seen it. And
now.... you're gonna forget it.

FATSO

Forget it?

WHITEMOON

That's right. Forget it. We're
goin' to Hollywood, Fats.

FATSO

Hollywood? You mean all of us? Me
too?

WHITEMOON

I wouldn't leave you behind, fat
stuff. Shit, man, I got to have my
slave with me wherever I go.

FATSO

Hollywood! Yo ho ho, it's time for
our show!

SAM moves gracefully toward the front of the store and fat STEVIE GRIBBENS follows dutifully. There's a window shade pulled down over the glass panel in the door. SAM lifts one corner to look outside before swinging the door open.

20 EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE NIGHT

20

SAM sticks his head out first. He looks up and down the porch. Nobody out there but OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD. SAM opens the door wider and strolls out into the cooling darkness. "FATSO" follows with his big bag full of Tootsie Rolls, Twinkies and Ho Hos.

WHITEMOON

It's ok. There's nobody around.
We're outta here, fat stuff. We're
outa here.

We hear THE SOUND OF A SPEEDING CAR. From around the corner ANDY CAVENAUGH's bright red Firebird comes screaming through the night sending up a mushroom cloud of desert dust.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

WE'RE OUTA HERE, MAN! WE'RE OUTA
HERE FOR GOOOOOOD!!!

The car screeches to a stop at the bottom of the porch steps. "FATSO" bounces down and scrambles into the back seat. SAM WHITEMOON vaults easily over the porch rail. Before he climbs into the Firebird, he turns to face the WOODEN INDIAN.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

No more of this bullshit, man. No
more eatin' dust for a living.
There ain't no dust in Hollywood,
man. And there ain't no fuckin'
tribe of Tommin', wimpy-assed red
men, neither!

SAM raises that shotgun of his and KER-BLRAM-KER-BULLLAAAAAAM! Both barrels spit fire and lead. Part of the porch rail disintegrates and great wads of buckshot chop into OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD. Large smoking holes appear all over his stern mahogany face. He teeters back, hits the front wall of the store, then wobbles forward on his heavy base. He stays standing. His wooden eyes have their piercing ferocity back again. He seems to be staring angrily down at his loathsome BLOOD BROTHER.

SAM WHITEMOON lets out a piercing battle cry that sounds right out of a John Ford wagon-train movie, then he dives into the Firebird and the souped-up dream-machine goes screaming away from the little store that once belonged to RAY SPRUCE and his WIFE.

21 INT THE FIREBIRD NIGHT

21

SAM's eyes are wild. He's gasping in great excited breaths through his teeth. His passions, made hot by the violence, are boiling over.

WHITEMOON

We leave tonight.

CAVENAUGH

What...whatever you say, Sam.

WHITEMOON

We all go home. We round up
whatever shit we wanna take. Rich
boy, you pick me up at eleven.
Then we'll go get fat stuff. How
'bout it, fat stuff?

FATSO

Yo ho ho.

22 EXT RAY SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

22

All is quiet but for THE SOUND OF CRICKETS.

On the top of the shattered porch rail we see a dripping puddle of red enamel paint where RAY's half-pint was spilled by the buckshot. A hand reaches slowly into frame, a hand that's made of mahogany wood. The hand is straining. It's been still for so long that it's almost forgotten how to animate itself. When the fingers move there's AN ODD CREAKING SOUND that reminds us of the groan of a tall ship.

The rigid fingers dip into the puddle of red enamel.

OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD brings those dripping fingers up to his face and makes two new war-paint stripes on his cheek....just below the one already bright red stripe that his old friend RAY had brushed on earlier.

23 INT "FATSO" GRIBBENS' APARTMENT NIGHT

23

PLOP! A suitcase, stuffed and overflowing, hits the floor beside the refrigerator. "FATSO" is all packed and ready to go. He's changed into his traveling threads, a loud Hawaiian shirt and a Greek fisherman's hat that sits on top of his huge round head looking like a knot on a balloon. He opens the fridge and looks inside.

What's that? He hears something. A SOUND. He lifts his head out of the refrigerator and he looks over his shoulder.

Nothing there. The cheap Murphy's Hart curtains are billowing at the little window over the sink, but there's no other movement.

"FATSO's" kitchen is a pigsty. Every square inch is covered with dirty dishes and old bits of food. Girly magazines are scattered everywhere along with dirty socks and stained jockey shorts with size 58 waists. It's hard to imagine anybody having an appetite for food in such a scurvy environment, but "FATSO" GRIBBENS' appetite is a constant in his life. He pulls a box of Chicken McNuggets out of the fridge along with a big sixteen-ounce can of Iron City Beer.

There's that SOUND again. He looks around. He goes to the window this time and peeks out. Nobody there.

24 INT "FATSO" GRIBBENS' APARTMENT NIGHT

24

He moves into the living room, which is just as unappetizing as the kitchen. He walks to the center of the room where an old black-and-white console TV (which he bought over at Jordy Verril's junkyard) sits in its place of reverence. Juggling the Chicken McNuggets and the can of sloshing beer he manages to click on the set.

By the time he kicks away some of the rubble that blocks the path to his one wing-back chair, the SOUND and PICTURE have faded in on the old el-tubo. There's a movie playing, RIO GRANDE. The volume is up loud. The sound of Indians on the warpath fills the little apartment. Victor McLaglen, Ben Johnson, Ward Bond

and the Duke are spittin¹ lead at an army of Apaches
and those red men are biting the dust left and right.

"FATSO" pops a whole McNugget in his big mouth and he
splashes some Iron City down after the thing.

FATSO
Yo ho ho, it's time for our shot.
Yo ho HOOOOOOLY SHIIIIITTTTH!!!

An arrow has come through the back of the chair and clean
through "FATSO's" shoulder. It's lodged there now with
bits of flesh dangling from its dripping red tip.

"FATSO's" eyes go crossed. Pieces of chicken spill out of
his mouth.

Another arrow comes through the center of his chest
and a third comes through his forehead with great
force.

The third one is the one that kills him.

25 INT THE CAVENAUGH HOUSE NIGHT

25

RIO GRANDE is playing loudly here as well. A huge five-
foot Mitsubishi is on in the den. We can see cigarette
smoke rising over the chair-backs where MR. and MRS.
CAVENAUGH are sitting.

ANDY sneaks past the open den doorway carrying a
duffel bag and a rumpled black jacket. He hasn't
changed his clothes. He's still the same punk purple
and green.

26 INT THE CAVENAUGH HOUSE NIGHT

26

ANDY hustles down the hallway and across the vast,
empty living room that the CAVENAUGHS only use for
entertaining. On the other side of the house he
moves quickly through a library and a billiard room,
into another small hallway.

27 INT THE CAVENAUGH HOUSE NIGHT

27

ANDY starts toward the door that leads to the garage. He
can still hear the television. The Apaches are screeching
the same sort of war cries that SAM WHITEMOON hooted out
in front of SPRUCE'S store. There's a lot of loud
gunfire, too, and there's something else.....

....A SOUND that doesn't seem to be coming from the television at all. Something metal is being pounded and pounded and pounded relentlessly.

The hallway is quite dark. ANDY is terrified. He moves closer to the garage and he leans his ear toward the door. Yep. The SOUND is comin' from behind that door alright.

CUT TO:

28 INT THE CAVENAUGH GARAGE NIGHT 28

Inside the garage, ANDY's hot-shit Firebird is parked in the shadows. Suddenly.....swinging out of the darkness.....a tomahawk.

CRASH! CRUNCH! TINKLE! CLANG! CRANG! CLATTERRANG!

ANDY's car is being demolished, folksmassacred (heh, heh, heh).

29 INT THE CAVENAUGH HOUSE NIGHT 29

ANDY slowly reaches a trembling hand out toward the doorknob. The latch clicks and he pushes the door into the dark space beyond. The door CREAKS on its old hinges and suddenly that horrible pounding stops. ANDY freezes again.

He waits, listening. There's only silence now. He pushes the door open a little wider so that he can see into the garage.

30 INT THE CAVENAUGH GARAGE NIGHT 30

ANDY can see one corner of the Firebird. My God! Its metal surface has been slashed and sliced and slivered as though it wasn't metal at all but some kind of soft cardboard.

ANDY's mouth falls open. He can't believe his eyes. Suddenly the door is snatched out of his grasp. ANDY looks up. The last thing he sees is a shadow on the wall the silhouette of a tall FIGURE in a feathered headdress swinging a tomahawk.

The shadow of the tomahawk slams down onto the shadow of ANDY CAVENAUGH's screaming profile, connecting at the top of the skull.

Blood splatters the wall and ANDY's scream is cut off abruptly.

From the distant television room, the Apache war cries can still be heard penetrating the night.

31 INT SAM WHITEMOON'S SHACK NIGHT

31

I'll be damned! SAM is watching RIO GRANDE also. Well, he's not really watching. He's combing out his pony-tail in front of a wall mirror while the TV blares in the background.

WHITEMOON

Tell me that this is not a movie
star. Look at this. How can he
miss? How can the kid miss? A
hundred million women....

KERRR-AAAAAAAAAAAAASH!!!! Suddenly SAM's sixteen-inch Panasonic comes wailing past his shoulder and slams into the wall next to his mirror. The casing shatters. Knobs, transistors and resistors fly all over the place. A lamp is knocked over and the room goes black. The RIO GRANDE sound track is cut off in mid war-cry.

OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD appears in the mirror, advancing stiffly out of the darkness, a splintered, blood-spattered Golem, an avenger with one final task to accomplish. His mahogany joints groan as he lurches toward SAM WHITEMOON.

WHITEMOON (cont.)

NO....NOOOOOOOOOO! IT CAN'T BE!
YOU'REYOU'RE NOT ALIVE!
YOU....YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE. YOU
CAN'T BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

SAM runs into the bathroom and slams the door behind him.

32 INT SAM WHITEMOON'S BATHROOM NIGHT

32

SAM rattles a throw-bolt into place locking the door. He backs away with his heart pounding. He's in a state of it'hooyee. That's Navajo for shit-faced panic.

It's a tiny room that he's in. To his right there's a small window up above a commode. He moves over, stands up on the seat and tries to open the painted-shut frame.

He glances back over his shoulder at the door. Any second now he expects the demon to come bursting through the flimsy boards.

He looks back at the window. Pushing, straining, he can't get it to budge. He knocks out a pane of glass with his elbow.

He looks over his shoulder again. Still no action at the door.

He punches out another window pane and he elbows the wooden framework out into the night.

He's about to pull himself up when suddenly....
KERRRRRAAASH!!!! A giant hand reaches right through the wall to his left. The hand grabs onto his pony-tail and pulls. SAM screams and kicks and throws his body wildly around the little space but that hand, that horrible, avenging hand is so incredibly strong that it's able to pull its terrified VICTIM right through the hole that it punched in the wall.

33 INT SAM WHITEMOON'S SHACK NIGHT

33

On the living room side of the wall, OLD CHIEF WOOD'NHEAD draws his two-foot-long knife from its fringed scabbard. He raises the blade high in his right hand while his left, groaning loudly, pulls on SAM's long black mane.

The top of SAM's head comes through the hole in the wall, then his eyes, nose, screaming mouth follow. The CHIEF gives a final tug and the hole gets suddenly larger as SAM WHITEMOON's shoulder's punch through.

SAM's mind seems to snap just before his neck does. His body is wedged in the wall. His eyes stare upward toward the ceiling but it's not clear whether he actually sees the big knife descend from above.

34 EXT NAVAJO RESERVATION DAWN

34

Roosters crow as the sun rises over the adobe structures.

35 INT BENJAMIN WHITEMOON'S BEDROOM DAWN

35

The first rays of sun bathe the OLD MAN's wrinkle face and gently wake him from sleep. He brings a hand, trembling with age, up to his temple, and he massages the eternal aching that he.....

What's this? There's blood on his hand. He startles, sitting up. When he moves, he hears a familiar CLINK-CLINKING SOUND. He looks down at the bed.

There, sitting in a bloody pool on his hand-woven blanket, is the leather treasure pouch he gave to RAY SPRUCE.

The OLD INDIAN picks the thing up. Bewildered, he stands and wanders out of the room.

36L EXT SPRUCE'S GENERAL STORE DAWN

36L

The tribal Studebaker bucks around a corner and stops, kicking up a cloud of dust and steam, right in front of RAY SPRUCE'S broken porch railing. BENJAMIN WHITEMOON, not waiting for his CHAUFFEUR, opens the passenger door himself and stumbles out into the sunlight.

His mouth falls open slightly at what he sees but his wise old eyes stay calm as always.

BENJAMIN
Adigash. Adigash.

Standing on the porch, in his usual place is old CHIEF WOOD' NHEAD, facing the morning sun, petrified again, a lifeless wooden statue. Part of his tomahawk is splintered away, showing bright wood under the dark stain. His body is similarly gouged and splintered. Instead of his normally ferocious gaze, there is a grim grin on his face.

In his free hand, a scalp dangles...long, glossy, black hair, tied with a hank of rawhide... SAM WHITEMOON's hair.

The picture freezes and

DISSOLVES TO:

37 ANIMATION
37

....A DRAWING OF THE WOODEN CHIEF, the closing panel of the story as seen on another page in Billy's "Creepshow" comic book.

THE CAMERA PANS over to A DRAWING OF THE CREEP. THE SHOT HOLDS long enough for us to read the word balloon coming from between the GHOUL's grinning, decomposed teeth. ON THE SOUND TRACK, THE CREEP'S GURGLING VOICE recites the words as written in that balloon.

CREEP (o.s.)

Well, kiddies.....that was quite a price for young Sam Whitemoon....
toupe. Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh....

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that the comic book is in BILLY'S hands.

38 ANIMATION
38

CUT WIDER to see that BILLY is standing at the Parcel Post counter inside Elmville's old-fashioned Post Office building. BILLY turns the page of his comic book, eager to start the next story, but he is interrupted by A MAN'S VOICE.

HAIG (o.s.)

Here's your package Billy.

The Postman, MR. HAIG, appears across the counter. He's a stereotypical country clerk, rigid, strict. A sourpuss. Especially when it comes to mischief-making young boys.

HAIG (cont.)

C.O.D. Nine dollars and ninety-nine cents.

38 HAIG plops a brown-wrapped package onto the countertop. It's a mail-order goodie from THE CREEPSHOW COMPANY.

HAIG (cont.)

Mighty expensive for a toy ordered out of a funny-paper.

BILLY

Creepshow is not a " funny-paper!"
And this is no toy!

HAIG

Well, what is it then?

BILLY

It's a Venus Flytrap bulb.

HAIG
A Venus what bulb?

BILLY
Venus Flytrap. It's a plant that
eats meat!

BILLY opens and closes his hands like jaws to
demonstrate. He makes a realistic GURGLING, CHOKING
SOUND from deep inside his throat.

BILLY (cont.)
GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHGGGGG!

HAIG
(FROWNING; UNIMPRESSED)
All that stuff's a gyp! Those
are prob'ly just petunia bulbs!

BILLY
I don't think so, Mr. Haig.

BILLY smiles. He knows his ova truth (and so do we,
right, kiddies?)

HAIG
You don't get nothin' good sendin'
away ta places like that! All they do
is gyp kids like you who are too dumb
ta know any better!

38 BILLY ignores the insult. He shells out the cash. 38
cont Exact change, pre-counted. He grabs his parcel and
cont
walks away from the counter, reading his new issue of
Creepshow as he goes.

NOTE: Scene numbers 40-82 inclusive DELETED. "PINFALL"
segment excluded from final screenplay.

39 ANIMATION 39
38L
L 38

BILLY struts past a cracked marble column. As he leaves
frame, the CREEP glides out of the shadows. It stares
directly into the lens and speaks (through drool) to
those of us who haven't yet run retching from the
theater.

CREEP

Still here, kiddies? Well, if Old Chief Wood'nhead didn't drive you away, you might enjoy this next splintering tale whittled from the same worm-wood. Heh, heh, heh. It's a splashy little ditty about some people who are left stranded, without a paddle, on a sea of blood.

Toward the end of the CREEP'S speech, it holds its own issue of "Creepshow" high in the frame. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the (heh, heh) splash-page for the next story.

CREEP (cont.)

This bubbly bon-bon is titled...THE RAFT.

The splash-page fills the screen. The lettered title, THE RAFT, disappears so that only a drawing remains. It shows a bright yellow Camaro zooming down a country road. The trees are colored bright yellow as well. It's autumn somewhere in the northeast. There are word-balloons coming from the car. VOICES FADE IN ON THE SOUND TRACK speaking the words from those balloons.

LAVERNE (o.S.)

It's almost Halloween, Randy. Cascade Beach has been closed since Labor Day.

RANDY (o.S.)

The raft is still out there, though. I just saw it last week.

The word-balloons disappear and the comic-book drawing DISSOLVES INTO A MATCHING LIVE-ACTION SCENE.

84 EXT COUNTRY ROAD AFTERNOON
84

The yellow Camaro blows past us down the road and a small twister of autumn leaves spirals around in its wake. The sun is shining brightly. It's a gorgeous, red-orange day. The VOICES continue.

RANDY

We were on a geology field trip.

DEKE

Just 'cause it was there last week
don't mean it's there now.

DEKE glances back to RACHEL and jokingly offers:

DEKE (cont.)

Rachel, you talk too much.

85 INT THE CAMARO AFTERNOON

85

Inside the car, we see FOUR YOUNG PEOPLE, Sophs and Juniors from nearby Horlicks U. (one of em' is wearing a Horlicks tee-shirt, one of the girls, and it's my-tee tight fitting.)

We soon match the voices we've been hearing with the people on screen. The girl in the tee-shirt is LAVERNE, a knockout straight from the pages of Playboy's "The Girls of Horlicks" spread. Beneath the tee-shirt there's a bathing suit, but the way LAVERNE is sitting, with her legs tucked up into her chest, she could be naked under there for all we can see.

She's in the front seat beside DEKE, the driver and proud owner of the canary Camaro. DEKE's thick neck tells us he's Varsity Football. His perpetually wrinkled forehead and his downturned eyebrow imitation of Matt Dillon tell us he's kind of an asshole.

In the back seat, there's RACHEL, softer-looking and quieter than LAVERNE. She's also prettier than her friend, though she doesn't think so. (Neither do the guys think so.) RACHEL doesn't advertise. She wears no makeup and her hair is wind-dried, not "done." She's comfortable in an old pair of cut-offs and floppy sweatshirt.

Beside RACHEL sits RANDY, a Pre-Med student. One look at this guy and we know he's better at book-learnin' than at butt-bustin'. We also know from one look that he's horny as hell. Only he's not as hot for RACHEL, his date, as he is for six-kitten LAVERNE, who's curled up on the front seat beside DEKE. (Football players get all the luck with ladies.)

LAVERNE passes a joint back over the seat after she has taken a long, languorous pull and left some of her lip-gloss on its tip. RANDY takes the thing, very aware of the lip-gloss. We can tell he's fantasizing as he stares longingly into the back of LAVERNE's hair.

His hands lingers on hers a bit too long. She turns, catching him in mid-fantasy. He pulls away, taking the joint with him. As he tokes, he glances somewhat guiltily, at his own date. RACHEL is absorbed by the passing autumn scenery. She hasn't noticed any of the above.

RANDY speaks through his tightly shut mouth, trying to keep a smoke cloud in his lungs.

RANDY

It'll be there. The raft'll be there. A little bit of. . .

He can't hold it. He blows out. More relaxed, he gazes out the car window at the blurring October orange.

RANDY (cont.)

A little bit of summer that somebody forgot to clean up and put away. The guys who own the beach never take the raft in until the lake's almost ready to freeze.

RANDY offers the joint o RACHEL, who looks at it and shakes her head no. he reaches forward hoping for another "contact" with LAVERNE but DEKE's big hand intercepts the pass. He grabs the joint and takes a long pull, which almost sets the hot tip aflame.

DEKE

Well it better be there, Pancho. This is a long fifty miles.

LAVERNE

I don't believe we're going swimming
when they're forecasting snow for
tomorrow.

DEKE

Hey. Tomorrow's tomorrow. Today is.
. . now, now, now.

DEKE passes the "J" to LAVERNE then he lets his hand
drop. He palms one of her breasts the way he might palm a
football before throwing a spiral. LAVERNE tokes, paying
him no mind.

LAVERNE

Snow. What a bummer.

86 EXT CASCADE BEACH AFTERNOON
86

The Camaro roars out of a narrow wooded lane and
fishtails on the sandy surface of a tiny parking lot. It
pulls up to a pole fence, which separates the parking lot
from a small, crescent-shaped, white-sand beach, which
faces on a lovely wooded lake.

The Camaro has hardly stopped before DEKE is out from
behind the wheel and pulling off his shirt. As the others
climb out of the car, DEKE slaps the roof hard with his
open right hand. (BOOOOOOOOOOM!)

DEKE

Hah! It's there! Just like you said,
Pancho!

Out there on the lake, there is a small square of bright
white wood out in the middle of all that deep blue autumn
water. The raft. There's a SOUND drifting in on the
breeze, a soft, buoyant CLUNK-CLUNK sound made by the
barrels that keep the raft afloat.

LAVERNE

God. It's beautiful.

RACHEL

It looks so quiet.

RANDY

Only a few summer homes on the lake.
Everyone's gone by mid September.

DEKE has tied a small plastic kitchen bag to the side of his bikini bathing suit. (DEKE is more than satisfied with his rock-hard bod, always happy for a chance to show it off.) he tosses his shirt into the car and kicks off his Nikes.

LAVERNE

We're actually gonna do it, huh?
We're gonna swim out to the raft?

DEKE flaps his lips with BRRRRRRRR sound and he starts to wave his arms around in an exaggerated "gotta-keep-warm" gesture. This turns into butterfly-kicks and jumping-jacks. Pre-game warm-ups.

RANDY kicks off his own loafers (J.C. Penney's) and starts to wriggle out of his Levis. LAVERNE runs to join DEKE at waters edge. RANDY is watching LAVERNE'S wiggling ass from behind DEKE's back when suddenly the big muscle-bundle shouts and claps his hands, as through breaking huddle.

DEKE

LET'S GO!

DEKE takes off for the water. Randy hurries, kicking off his jeans and charging after his buddy. Just as he runs past the GIRLS he whips his shirt off and pulls his arm forward through the air in a "come-on" gesture urging the GIRLS to follow his lead.

87 EXT CASCADE BEACH AFTERNOON

87

SPU-LAAAAAAAAAAAAASH! DEKE hits the water and bellows.

DEKE

COLD! MOTHER OF JESUS!

As RANDY runs the last few yards across the sand, he hollers. . .

RANDY
 EASY CISCO, THAT WATER'S FORTY-FIVE
 DEGREES. . . FIFTY TOPS. . .YOUR
 HEART COULD STOP. . . I'm pre-med. .
 . I know about these things. . .

RANDY enters the water

RANDY (cont.)
 SHEEEEEEEEEIIIIIIIIIIIT!

His schooling tells him that what he shouted was the truth, but his horny young body hardly hesitates. Wanting to impress the GIRLS, wanting to impress LAVERNE, he leaps into the lake.

For a moment his heart does stop, or it seems to. His breath clogs in his throat and he has to force a gasp of air into his lungs. His skin goes numb and he thrashes in the water. He's in trouble. We see it but, mercifully, the others don't.

The GIRLS are still a distance from the waterline. They're both holding their tight fists and forearms against their chests, as though they were already in a freezing environment.

RANDY recovers enough to act the macho-man again.

RANDY
 Come on. It's not so bad once
 you're in. cont
 (then to himself, his lips half
 underwater)
 That's bullshit, Randy. Bull shit.
 You're just playin' Deke's game
 'cause you hope to get laid out
 here. Too damn cold to get
 laid...balls are gonna turn into ice
 cubes....JeeeeZUUSSS!

From out on the lake, DEKE shouts, breaking his swim stroke.

DEKE
 Lessgo, Pancho. Less went.

RANDY
 Oooooohhh, Cisco.

DEKE

Oooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhh, Pancho.

RANDY puts his head in the water and swims off after his Varsity pal. Every once in a while, on breath-takes, they both shout out the kind of high-pitched wild whoops that team guys belt out in a cold shower room.

88 EXT CASCADE BEACH AFTERNOON

88

The GIRLS are at the waterline. LAVERNE dips a toe and pulls it back out with a screech.

LAVERNE

This is crazy. Totally crazy.

RACHEL takes in a deep breath, exhales, takes in another. She closes her eyes and charges into the water, still wearing her sweatshirt and cut-offs. She runs a few steps, 'till she's up to her knees, then she leans forward and dives.

The cold catches her as it did RANDY. She surfaces with a stunned expression on her face, panting and thrashing in the already deep water. LAVERNE summons her courage and she runs in after RACHEL. The freezing cold stops her when she's waist-deep.

LAVERNE

Oh my God! OH MY GOOOOOOODDDDD!!!!

RACHEL is breathing more normally now. She looks around at the sunlit sky. Brushing wet hair away from her eyes, she smiles, enraptured, exhilarated. She starts to swim after the BOYS.

88 LAVERNE has no choice. She ducks down. With a scream, 88
cont she stands back up again, but her clinging wet tee-shirt cont
feels colder in the October breeze than it does in the
water. She ducks again, up to her shoulders, then she
submerges her head. She comes up shivering and cursing
under her breath. Out of desperation she starts to swim.

89 EXT CASCADE LAKE OUT IN DEEP WATER AFTERNOON

89

DEKE, hooting more often now as he sprints, is almost at the raft.

RANDY is about halfway there when he spots something....

Beyond the raft, out toward the middle of the lake, there's a black patch on the water. Two mallard ducks pass near the patch. One duck suddenly submerges...or was it pulled down?

"Quack, quack"..... The second duck flees in a squawking panic.

RANDY keeps pulling hard for the raft, but something about the black patch has captured his attention. It looked like an oil slick but oddly circular.

90 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT AFTERNOON

90

DEKE is climbing the ladder on the side of the raft, shaking off water the way a dog does.

DEKE

How ya doin', Pancho?

RANDY

Okay.

RANDY pulls harder, ducking his head down again, forgetting about the oil slick. Behind him, still not at the halfway point, the GIRLS are paddling and splashing and screaming.

The barrels under the raft are really CLUNCKING now as DEKE's weight makes the raft bob and tilt, bob and tilt.

DEKE

BRRRRRRR! You think it's bad now,
Pancho, wait 'til you get OUT!

RANDY reaches the side of the raft. He grabs onto the rough wood of the ladder and pulls himself up. The cold air bites him hard.

RANDY

Ohhhhhh, SHIT!

DEKE

Pancho, you asshole. Cold enough
for ya? You sober yet?

RANDY

I'm sober! I'm SO-BRRRRRR!

RANDY moves across the planked surface of the raft, clapping his arms across his chest and stomach. DEKE laughs and starts doing jumping-jacks again.

DEKE

(shouting)

YOU LADIES OKAY?

From out on the water comes a squeaky reply.

LAVERNE

Go ta hell.

While this is going on, RANDY faces out toward the center of the lake.

When he had first seen the oil slick it was about forty yards from the raft. Now it's only half that distance... and moving closer every second, floating on the water, round and regular, like the top of a steel drum, but the limber way it's riding the swells makes it clear that the object is not solid.

A sudden fear seizes RANDY. He controls it, but when he turns back toward the shore, toward the GIRLS, he can't help but call out. . . .

RANDY

LAVERNE, RACHEL. Swim. COME ON!

RACHEL has almost reached the ladder but LAVERNE is still paddling about thirty yards out. RANDY looks over his shoulder again.

The black patch is even-closer now. Fifteen yards. . . . ten. . . .

The CLUNK, CLUNK of the barrels seems suddenly louder, pounding urgently, making tension build.

The raft is rising and falling from the BOYS' movement. RACHEL has a hard time grabbing onto the ladder. RANDY bends over to grab her wrist. The action makes the raft bob more violently and the GIRL slides away in the water.

RANDY lunges again. He catches her wrist this time but she's so wet that his hand slips off. She looks up, wondering why the sudden urgency.

RANDY reaches out a third time, getting a solid grip on both her wrists. Adrenalized, he yanks her up onto the deck. THUD! Her knee bangs hard against the wood.

RACHEL

Ow! Hey! What. . . .

But RANDY pays no attention. He's looking across the water at LAVERNE. She is still twenty yards out, doing something that looks like a dog-paddle performed by a dog with bad instincts.

RANDY

Swim, LAVERNE! Swim faster!

The round black thing is nuzzling the offside of the raft now. It's covered the distance in the water just as fast as a swimmer could have done. . . . faster.

RANDY glances over his shoulder again. The thing looks like oil, but he's sure it isn't oil. . .it's too dark, too thick, too. . . even.

RACHEL

Randy, that hurt! What is it with you?

RANDY

Laverne, SWIM!

RANDY's fear is growing. LAVERNE doesn't notice. She keeps on doing the lazy-dog-paddle. She's ten yards out now.

DEKE

Hey, Randy, what's the problem, man?

The black thing is folding itself around the raft's square corner. For a moment it looks like a Pac-Man with its mouth open to eat an electronic cookie, then it slips all the way around the corner and begins to slide along the raft, one of it's edges now straight.

RANDY

Help me get her up. Come on.

RANDY's urgency is infectious. DEKE follows orders. He leans out over the landside edge of the raft just as his buddy is doing. LAVERNE is still six or seven feet out.

The thing is getting closer along the side.

LAVERNE is three feet out, almost within reach of the BOY's hands.

RANDY's foot slips on the edge of the wood and he nearly falls into the water. His frantic moves to save himself cause the raft to bob quite violently. The CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK of the barrels gets even louder than it was before.

The thing is getting very close to the front corner now.

The BOYS grab onto LAVERNE's wrists.

The thing rounds the corner, forming another Pac-Man. The BOYS lift and LAVERNE comes out of the water with a little irritated shriek prompted by the jerking motion on her arms and by the coldness that swallows her instantly.

In the next second, the black thing glides by the ladder, its sides dimpling as it slips past the uprights.

91 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT AFTERNOON

91

LAVERNE is out of breath. Her nipples are clearly visible through her wet Horlicks tee shirt, cold hard points. Maybe she doesn't have a bathing suit on under there after all. Oh yes, she's got a bikini bottom. We can see it, black, when she lifts the hem of her tee shirt to wring it out.

LAVERNE

Randy, have you gone crazy!

RANDY

This thing. I don't know what the hell it is.

The others look at the black blob. It has reached the left hand corner of the raft and is drifting off to one side, reassuming its round shape.

DEKE

Oil slick, I guess.

RANDY

It's not an oil slick. D'you ever see a perfectly round oil slick?

DEKE

I never seen a oil slick at all.

LAVERNE

God, I'm cold!

DEKE moves toward LAVERNE, pulling that plastic kitchen bag from where it's tied to his swimsuit.

DEKE

I don't believe in oil slicks. I'm from Missouri.

The big mach puts his muscular arms around LAVERNE from behind, pressing his body into her back ostensibly to warm her up. She accepts the gesture with a few pouting whimpers.

DEKE

I only believe in what I can smell, taste and touch....here, baby....
(He rips the top of the plastic bag and carefully takes out a pill bottle)
This'll make us all feel better.

RANDY

It looked like it was going after the girls.

DEKE

Come on, Pancho. I thought you said you got sober.

RANDY

It looked like it was going after the girls.

LAVERNE has popped open the pill bottle's child-proof cap and extracted two of the six fat joints that are inside. She also pulls out a Bic lighter, canary yellow, like DEKE's car.

RANDY (cont.)

No one knows we're here. No one at all.

RANDY is looking toward the shore, toward the deserted beach. The canary Camaro is the only sign of life anywhere on the horizon. There's only THE SOUND OF CROWS, squabbling in the distance.

DEKE

Have you ever seen a oil slick,
Pancho?

The big oaf is fondling one of LAVERNE's breasts again, openly, the way he did in the car. LAVERNE is just letting it happen while she works on lighting the joints. The action makes her tee-shirt pull more tightly on the other breast and the wet, sensuous motion distracts RANDY away from his fears.

RACHEL notices, this time, how captivated RANDY is by the sight of LAVERNE. It doesn't bother her that much. She's been on a lot of dates with guys that paid more attention to others than to her. She pulls her sweatshirt off and starts to struggle out of her wet cut-offs, revealing a one-piece white colored bathing suit underneath. Her undressing is not a competitive act; she's simply going to dry her clothes in the sun.

DEKE

How 'bout it, Pancho. Ever see a oil
slick?

RACHEL

Randy and I saw one on the cape four
years ago.

RANDY

We pulled birds out of the surf and
tried to clean them off.

DEKE

Ecological, Pancho. Mucho ecological,
I theeeeeeenk.

DEKE's hands come off LAVERNE long enough for him to take one of the lit joints and the pill bottle. He pulls hard on the smoke as he drops the bottle in one of the inch-wide cracks between the wooden boards of the raft. The bottle is too thick to fall through,

RACHEL, having laid her clothes flat on the deck, pads over to LAVERNE taking the second joint from her hand. She pulls on it as she moves close to RANDY. She's not unattractive. In fact she's cute. Her body, while not as bountiful as LAVERNE's, is trim and well proportioned. Her short blond hair makes her look like Sandy Duncan.

RANDY notices her now, for the first time all afternoon. She stands beside him, holding a cloud from the "J" in her lungs. She is staring out at the mysterious black patch.

The thing is about eight feet away from the raft, just floating, "dead-in-the-water," as the sailors say....or in this case might it be more appropriate to say "alive-in-the-water"?

RANDY

That oil slick we saw was just this big, sticky mess all over the water. In streaks and big smutches. It looked like....an accident. This thing doesn't look like an accident. It looks like.... it's on purpose.

RACHEL

What is it then. Randy? What is it?

RANDY

I don't know.

DEKE

Hey, I can't get worried, man, NO matter how hard I try, I just CAN'T GET WORRIED. . . .know what I mean, Pancho?

DEKE slides his hands all over LAVERNE's wet front now. This time she gives a half-hearted whine that means "don't do that."

RACHEL moves away from RANDY and kneels on the corner of the raft, the corner closest to the black patch.

She is staring right into the center of the blob.

92 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT AFTERNOON

92

The thing is closer now, three feet or less....and moving in. RANDY sees the colors... swirling in rich, inward-turning spirals.

RACHEL is enraptured. In her eyes, a round blankness, queerly like the round blankness of the thing in the water.

Only the thing isn't blank now. Those colors.... beautiful, swirling colors.

RACHEL is mesmerized. It's more than the dope. The thing has her!

RANDY sees the colors, too. His eyes are glazing. The CLUNK- CLUNK-CLUNKING of the barrels under the raft seems to be echoing through his brain. The motion of the deck on the water is putting him to sleep.

LAVERNE laughs a floozy laugh. RANDY shakes off his daze. Alert again, he sees that....

The thing is at the raft's edge. RACHEL is reaching her hand down to it.

RANDY
Get away from there, Rachel! DON'T!

93 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT AFTERNOON

93

Things happen fast, with the rapidity of fireworks going off. The raft tilts in the water. RACHEL's forefinger, the forefinger of the hand that's holding the joint, gracefully pointed down, breaks the water's surface and submerges just up to the top of its fingernail.

GOOOOOOP! A black, viscous substance runs up her arm like up-side-down mud. Under it, her skin starts to dissolve.

RACHEL screams. At the same moment, she begins to tilt outward. She waves her other hand blindly at RANDY. He grabs for it. Their fingers brush. Their eyes meet for an instant, then....

RACHEL splashes clumsily into the water. The black thing flows over the spot where she landed.

LAVERNE
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAPPENED? DID
SHE FALL IN? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

DEKE charges over to the edge. He and RANDY stare into the water for a few long seconds.

RACHEL suddenly surfaces, her left arm waving. Her right side is covered with a grotesque black membrane that hangs in flaps and folds from something red and knitted with tendons, something that looks like a roll of roast beef. . . .that's what's left of her left arm.

RACHEL

Help it hurts please help it hurts IT
HURTS IT HURRRRRRRRRRRRR...

RANDY makes a move to jump into the water but DEKE grabs him with a wrestler's lock. RANDY struggles but can't break out of DEKE's tree-sized arms.

DEKE

She's dead. Christ, can't you see
that? She's dead, Pancho.

RACHEL's face is floating just below the surface now. She sho-nuff is dead, kiddies. Mercifully, we can't see the rest of her body clearly. There's blood swirling around down there, but not very much of it. Suddenly a thick blackness pours over the girl's head. It sinks into her like acid. Her jugular vein gives way and there's a dark pumping underwater. The thing sends out a pseudo pod after the escaping blood.

RANDY

It's bigger. The thing has gotten
bigger ...oh my God!

The blob is bigger now, no question about it, bigger by the size of RACHEL. There's still a sense of her form, not in the water but in the black thing, not turning but being turned, turned and bent and stretched like taffy, becoming less recognizable each second.

94 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT AFTERNOON

94

RANDY breaks out of DEKE's hold. He rushes to the lakeside of the raft and leans over the edge, wrenching.

DEKE

It....ate her. Did you see that? It
fuckin' ate her up! What is it?
What the fuck is it?

RANDY

(turning back to DEKE)
I.... I dunno...I....

DEKE

(moving to RANDY)
Come on, man. You're the brain-
ball. You take all the science
courses!

RANDY

There's nothin' like this in any
science book I ever read.

The thing glides away from the raft and it settles again
about ten feet away. It just floats out
there....waiting. It's regained its round shape.
Earlier it had a five-foot diameter, now it seems at
least eight or ten feet across.

LAVERNE

It IS bigger! Oh God! It's bigger
because it ate Rachel!

LAVERNE begins to scream. DEKE grabs her, (DEKE is
really wound tight, on the edge. He's afraid, is what he
is.)

DEKE

Stop screaming!

She stops, not all at once, but winding down the way a
record does when the power goes out, DEKE lets go of her
and turns toward RANDY.

DEKE (cont.)

You think we can swim past it?

LAVERNE

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

She shrieks this so loudly that those distant crows stop
cawing for the moment. The raft bobbles when DEKE spins
to level his coconut-size fist at the girl's eyes.

DEKE

Stop it or I'm gonna smoke you,
Laverne, now I'm not kiddin! What
d'ya think, Pancho? Can we swim it?

RANDY

You saw how fast it took Rachel.

DEKE

Maybe...maybe it was hungry then.
Maybe....maybe now it's full.

RANDY

Why don't you try it, Deke?

DEKE

Oh, ho ho.... Ohhh, Pancho. Okay.
Okay, so we wait. We wait for
....for it to go away. It came.
It'll go away.

RANDY

It came when we came. I saw it
come. Like it smelled us.
Maybe....if it's full, like you say,
it'll go. But if it still wants
chow....
(He shrugs)

95 EXT CASCADE BEACH AT THE RAFT TWILIGHT

95

Time has passed. The Camaro sits temptingly on the beach. Overhead the sky has turned purplish and the first stars are appearing.

The THREE STUDENTS are standing on the raft, facing the blob, which lies ten feet to starboard. They are shivering, their teeth chattering. LAVERNE pulls RACHEL'S sweatshirt on over her still wet tee shirt.

RANDY

It's moving!

It moves slowly at first, then with oily, frightening speed it halves the distance to the raft.

DEKE reflexively moves back. The raft tips with his weight and the motion startles LAVERNE who shrieks loudly again.

RANDY steps closer to the edge, closer to the THING. The raft tilts. He can feel himself tilting out...

LAVERNE screams.

DEKE

Hey! Hey, it's tryin' ta get under
the raft! What's this shit, Pancho?

RANDY looks down at the black patch. The thing is nuzzling the side of the raft. It's the shape of half a pizza. For a moment it seems to pile up there, thickening, then it squeezes under. There's a NOISE, like a roll of canvas being pulled through a narrow window, then there's only the now terrible SOUND of the barrels below the boards. . . CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK.

LAVERNE

Did it go under? Did it go under
the raft? Is it under us?

DEKE

Yes. I'm gonna swim for it. Right
now.

The MUSCLE MAN takes two steps toward the landed side of
the raft, huffing, puffing, getting ready to hit the icy
water.

LAVERNE

NO! DON'T LEAVE US HERE! DON'T!

DEKE

I'm fast. I can make it. Gotta go
while it's under. . . .hey. . . .hey,
Pancho?

RANDY looks at his buddy. He sees the cords stand out in
his neck. Then DEKE screams with amazing force.

DEKE

MY FOOT! MY FOOT! MY FOOT! MY
FOOT!

96 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT TWILIGHT

96

DEKE's right foot has taken on an odd, sunken look.
It's being pulled down between two of the boards that
make up the surface of the raft. The dark shine of the
black thing appears behind DEKE's heel and around his
toes.

RANDY butts and elbows his way out of LAVERNE's frenzied
grasp. He lunges toward DEKE and grabs onto his arm. He
pulls, but it's like trying to pull a tree out of the
ground.

Amazingly, DEKE's foot has now disappeared between the
boards. Blood runs across the white wood. Black stuff,
like heated plastic, pulses up and down in the crack, like
a great black heart beating.

DEKE leans hard against RANDY, arms groping stupidly. He
stops screaming suddenly. His body is moving, twitching,
flailing, but his face looks dead. Wide-eyed and open-
mouthed he looks like a marionette run amok.

Blood gushes from his shin now. The black stuff is surging in the crack, sucking, eating. RANDY pulls with all his might. DEKE just lurches around, dead meat, no help.

RANDY
PULL, DEKE! COME ON, DEKE, PULL!
GOD! IT'S SO STRONG! IT'S SO
STRONG!!!

Suddenly, there's a loud, cracking SOUND. The boards give way, folding down into the water. DEKE's right leg disappears as (THUD) he sits on the hole. His left leg bends grotesquely out in an odd direction.

The raft lurches and RANDY is thrown off balance. He lets go of DEKE, stumbling over that twisted left leg. He steps on a crack near the pulsing black stuff. He jumps back, losing his balance again.

KE-RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAACK!!! More of the boards cave under and
DEKE is sucked in deeper. His ass disappears and his free left leg shoots up as though he's doing a can-can kick.

Just as RANDY stabilizes himself, LAVERNE grabs him, latching on the way the blob has latched onto DEKE.

Suddenly, DEKE turns his head. He looks right at RANDY and life comes back into his face. His expression makes it seem as though a good idea has just occurred to him....then that expression turns into one of agonizing, hellish pain. A last high-pitched scream comes out and....KE-RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAACK!!!!!! He's pulled completely through.

The hole in the deck is much smaller than DEKE's muscular chest. DEKE is crushed. The black thing below is strong enough to yank him through as though he's a Kleenex being pulled through the small opening of an econo-pack. Wait, what's that? At the edge of the hole, stuck between two of the boards that are still intact....DEKE's fingers. The fingers of his left hand, sticking straight up. The knuckles are wedged there.

RANDY
PULL, DEKE! GODDAMMIT, PULL!

LAVERNE
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

LAVERNE attacks RANDY from behind, sinking her spade-shaped fingernails into his shoulders. For a moment, RANDY can't shake free.

DEKE is screaming incoherently now, great baritone bellows that splinter up toward wild soprano and echo back from the shore.

More sucking, eating SOUNDS from underneath, then the SOUND of crunching bone as DEKE's knuckles squeeze between the boards. The fingers move, seeming to wave goodbye, as they are pulled through. DEKE's football ring (All-Conference, 1982) slides up the third finger as the hand disappears completely.

The ring sits there, starlight rimming the gold. It was a little too big to fit through the crack and, of course, it wouldn't squeeze the way DEKE did.

97 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT TWILIGHT

97

RANDY and LAVERNE just stared, wide-eyed and incredulous

The hollow CLUNK, CLUNK of the barrels is suddenly interrupted by a strange SOUND that we've heard before....like a roll of canvas being pulled through a slit-open window.

RANDY looks down. He makes sure his feet are squarely on boards, not on cracks. It's black down in those cracks.... wait. . . . suddenly it's even blacker down there, much blacker. The thing is directly under RANDY.

With a shriek, LAVERNE backs away. She can't go far (the raft is only about ten by fifteen), but she gets out of the immediate danger zone. That canvassy SOUND stops as the deep black settles right there below RANDY's feet.

The black stuff seems to be coming up....up through the cracks. RANDY can see its thickness now. He stands on his tiptoes, not realizing he's doing it. He's trying to levitate.

The black shininess humps up almost to the edges of the top-boards then it goes back down. That canvassy slithering resumes and soon RANDY can see the thing out on the water again.

It's three shades blacker than the waters of Cascade Lake, its outline unmistakable. It's swirling,

RANDY rushes over to LAVERNE, who by now has gone catatonic. He begins to slap her, lightly, like a trainer trying to revive a fighter. LAVERNE doesn't want to come around. She screams and automatically strikes out at RANDY, but he catches her arms.

RANDY
It's alright. It's alright. Now
listen, we'll find a way to....

But he's interrupted by that SOUND....rasping canvas.
He looks over his shoulder.

RANDY (cont.)
OH, SHIT!

Only the back side of the thing is showing. The rest of it is already under the raft. It's moving with horrible, silent speed.

RANDY jerks LAVERNE up into his arms, his muscles screaming protest. He fights to keep his balance, to keep his feet on boards, to keep them off cracks.

RANDY (cont.)
QUIT IT! QUIT IT! IT'S UNDER US
AGAIN! QUIT IT OR I'LL DROP YOU. I
SWEAR I WILL. I'LL DROP YOU!

LAVERNE
Where is it?

RANDY
Right there. Right under us.

LAVERNE
Randy, please....

RANDY
Shhhhhhhh. Be still.

It's quiet for a time. The tossing of the raft gets gentler, gentler. . .

Suddenly, a big, heaving motion. That canvas SOUND comes again and the black thing glides out on the lakeside of the raft.

It draws about ten yards off, then stops as it did before.

98

EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT NIGHT

98

It's later and the moon is high, reflecting off DEKE's yellow Camaro. There are the SOUNDS of night critters coming from shore.

The thing is still floating out there, waiting.

LAVERNE is lying down on the side of the raft furthest from the blob. RANDY is standing watch, being careful not to stare at the thing so that its mesmerizing colors can't capture him.

RANDY's wobbling on his feet. He's exhausted. He moves over and nudges LAVERNE. She hasn't been sleeping, she's just been lying there, her hands clenched into tight fists against her chest, like a frightened baby's hands.

RANDY

I'm tired. I'm going to sit down
you're going to watch for a while.

LAVERNE

No. I can't.

RANDY

You've got to, Laverne. You're going
to watch for a while. Then I'll watch
again. We'll take turns.

She finally stands up. She stares out across the water. RANDY sits down. He grabs her feet with his hands and plants them squarely in the centers of two boards.

RANDY (cont.)

Keep your feet on the boards. Watch
the shore for lights... for anything
that might....

LAVERNE

It ate Deke.

RANDY

Yes.

LAVERNE

I'm cold.

RANDY

Me too.

LAVERNE

What are we going to do, Randy?

RANDY

Wait.

99 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT NIGHT

99

It's later still. The moon is lowering toward the horizon now. Suddenly, a SHRILL, LONELY CRY rises, echoing across the water.

LAVERNE shrieks, startled, spinning toward the SOUND, making the raft bob. (She is sitting again and RANDY's on guard.)

RANDY

It's only a loon.

Quiet for a time, but for the SOFT LAPPING SOUNDS of the water against the sides of the raft. The thing is still about ten yards out. RANDY shoots it a glance every few seconds.

LAVERNE

I'm freezing, Randy. I'm numb all over.

RANDY

I can't do anything about it.

LAVERNE

Hold me. You've got to. We'll hold each other. We can both sit down and watch the thing together.

RANDY debates for a moment. The cold sinking into his own flesh is now bone deep.

RANDY

Okay.

Their arms wrap around each other. The SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT CRITTERS drift over the water.

100 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT DAWN

100

The very beginnings of dawn. The Camaro looks like a strange kind of tombstone. It and the white crescent of sand are the only things visible on the otherwise dark shoreline. There's an ever so faint band of red in the sky causing some of the low stars to fade away.

RANDY holds the deeply-sleeping LAVERNE tightly against his chest. He is staring out over the top of her shoulder, staring in rapture.

The colors are swirling, reds, yellows and blues, swirling in inward- turning spirals.

RANDY's face relaxes, then his shoulders, then his arms. He looks down at LAVERNE. He starts to run his hand through her hair. He lowers her gently onto the deck of the raft.

He's touching her with both hands now, running his fingers down her neck and onto her sweat-shirt. . . . RACHEL's sweat-shirt. His hands lift the edge of the gray cotton and he pushes up the tee-shirt below, exposing LAVERNE'S stomach, then her breasts. He looks at her for a moment. . . . then he drives into her.

101 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT DAWN

101

LAVERNE

Oh, my God. No!

Slowly, RANDY recovers, coming out of his euphoria. The thing moves with oily speed and tangles itself in LAVERNE's hair like a webbing of thick black glue.

LAVERNE

Randy....RANDY....RANDEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

The thing is climbing higher in LAVERNE's hair now, searching for a good grip.

LAVERNE (cont.)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO !!!!!

RANDY shakes off the last of his stupor. He gets up on his knees and starts to pull at LAVERNE. She's heavy, heavy with....it. It comes out of the water in a twisting, gruesome membrane that roils with flaring colors. It flows up, obliterating LAVERNE's face and blocking out her final shriek.

RANDY jumps back. LAVERNE's feet kick, drumming on the deck for a moment, then they stop. The thing is making those horrible SUCKING, EATING SOUNDS. It's climbing up, using LAVERNE as a ladder, climbing up onto the raft.

RANDY screams. He looks at LAVERNE's body disappearing into the thick, black shininess. He spins his head, looks over his shoulder.

There's the shore. The Camaro, its yellow warming in the dawn light. How far is it? A hundred yards? A hundred and fifty?

The thing is slurping, gurgling. LAVERNE's body is bleeding and running other fluids as her flesh dissolves. Her bones are snapping. The thing is slithering over the top of the raft now, using the cracks as grip holds. It's bigger than it used to be, and therefore hungrier. Much hungrier.

RANDY screams again, not hearing himself. He faces off toward the shore and leaps into the water.

The thing pulls back slightly, its second victim gone. It slowly starts dragging LAVERNE down into the water, down into itself, sucking, eating, sending out tendrils to catch spouting blood.

102 EXT CASCADE LAKE DEEP WATER DAWN 102

RANDY is swimming wildly, doing the crawl, pulling, pulling, pulling for his life.

103 EXT CASCADE LAKE AT THE RAFT DAWN 103

LAVERNE's beautifully shaped legs slip over the edge into the mass of black. The thing folds itself over what's left of the girl. Her form can be seen vaguely inside the mass.

103A DEEP WATER 103A

RANDY is huffing and puffing now. His arms feel like lead paddles, his legs like concrete pilings. He's pulling himself through the water on pure instinct. His exhaustion is overwhelming. ...but so is his fear.

103B AT THE RAFT

103B

Inside the blob's shiny mass, LAVERNE's once foxy shape is being twisted, distorted and stretched like taffy. With an odd sort of spastic lurch, the blob seems to swallow. A nodule bobs up in its center, looking like an Adam's apple, then the thing relaxes.

It glides away from the edge of the raft and it spreads out again into a perfect circle. It's bigger than ever, eighteen, maybe twenty feet across. It's bigger than the raft.

103C DEEP WATER

103C

RANDY pulls madly. His feet kick at the frothing water. He's maybe fifty yards out from the beach.

103D AT THE RAFT

103D

The round, black patch suddenly shoots across the water. It moves frighteningly fast....certainly faster than a swimmerat about the speed of a slow motor boat. It keeps its shape. It looks like a saucer jetting through space.

103E DEEP WATER

103E

RANDY senses that the thing is chasing him that it's finished with LAVERNE and now it's after him for dessert. He intensifies his efforts, kicking, stroking. He's gasping, swallowing water, choking.

The blob, streaking, smooth as a seal, just under the surface of the water, is closing the distance quickly.

104 EXT CASCADE BEACH DAWN

104

RANDY is twenty yards out....ten, but the thing is getting very close now. It seems as though it will surely catch him.

RANDY puts on a last-ditch burst of speed, splashing, kicking.

He can feel the bottom. He starts to scramble on all fours, clawing at the sand beneath the water, flopping like a spawning salmon.

The thing is only a few yards away...now feet...now inches.

RANDY somehow manages to literally fling his body up onto dry sand. He rolls onto his back, then his stomach, then his back again, trying to get further away from the lake water.

The thing comes up against the sand and compresses, forming an enormous black semi-circle at the edge of the beach.

RANDY's body is wracked with spasms. We can almost see his heart pounding inside his chest. He tries to gulp in the clean morning air, he tries to eat it.

The thing seems to nuzzle in closer against the sand, swirling more dazzlingly than ever.

RANDY

NO! NO!

He scrambles back in the sand.

RANDY (cont.)

WHATEVER YOU ARE...I BEAT YOU! I
BEAT YOU AND I'M GONNA

He turns his back on the monster. He's facing up toward, the pole-fence, up toward safety, up toward the canary colored Camaro.

105L EXT CASCADE BEACH DAWN

105L

A thick black shininess comes up out of the water in a full wave. It grabs RANDY.

It takes him a second or two, but eventually he starts to scream.

We just begin to HEAR THE MORNING CROWS as RANDY's agonized image FREEZES.

106 ANIMATION

106

The FROZEN FRAME MATCH-DISSOLVES into a drawing of the scene, the closing panel of THE RAFT on a comic-book page.

THE CAMERA PANS OVER to an adjoining panel, which shows a picture of the "Creepshow" CREEP with a word-balloon coming from its rotting mouth. Just as in earlier scenes, the CREEP'S VOICE speaks the balloon-words ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

CREEP (o.s.)
Well, swimmers, that was, er. . .
slick. Heh, heh, heh, heh,
heh,heh...

THE FRAME WIDENS until we can see that the comic-book is being held in boy-BILLY's animated hands.

106A ANIMATION

106A

CUT BACK to reveal that BILLY is cycling down Elm Street, reading as he goes. The brown wrapped package from the Creepshow Company is stowed in the basket on the front of BILLY's bike.

106B ANIMATION

106B

FOUR ANIMATED HOODS are hanging out on a corner in time-honored hood fashion. BILLY rides past them, leaving frame. THE CAMERA HOLDS on the four slime balls. We can tell from their shit-eating grins, and from the way they're elbowing each other, that they intend to have some sport.

One guy, the leader, RHINO, is wearing chinas and slam-dance bracelets. He's got a pair of western riding spurs on the heels of his dusty, black engineer boots. Those spurs JINGLE-JANGLE-JINGLE as RHINO and the other GOONS get on their bikes to follow BILLY down the summer street.

106C ANIMATION

106C

BILLY turns into a quiet, residential neighborhood. The GREASERS are right behind him now. When BILLY realizes they're there, it's too late.

RHINO cuts him off, grabbing BILLY'S brown-wrapped parcel from the basket.

BILLY confronts the enemy.

BILLY
HEY! GIMME THAT BACK!

BILLY DISMOUNTS and lunges, trying to retrieve the parcel, but RHINO lifts the thing high out of reach. BILLY stops short, his face mere inches from RHINO's acne-damaged grin.

That grin suddenly fades. RHINO's mouth turns down, down, down. His brow follows until it has shaped the ugliest, meanest scowl ever scowled by a town-bully anywhere.

The other THREE GREASERS arrive to encircle BILLY, playing "Do-as-I-do." Their own grins disappear and they draw in close behind BILLY's back.

BILLY realizes he's in trouble. Deep trouble.

With both powerful, hairy, grizzly-bear paws, RHINO splits the parcel in two, right down the middle.

RHINO
Ohhhh. lookit what I did!
Jeeeeez! I'm sorry!

The OTHER GREASERS join in a-cappella.

HOODS
Ohhhh, jeeeeeeeeeeeeeeez!

Seeing his prized possession desecrated, BILLY gets pissed. We detect a noticeable change of expression in his eyes as they focus in on RHINO'S pock-marked face. Those eyes speak vengefulness.

RHINO
Oh, oh! He's gettin' mad!

HOODS
Better look out! He's gettin' mad!
Watch it, he might cry on ya! He
might tell his mom on ya!

RHINO reaches into one half of the torn-open package and pulls out a strange looking plant bulb. It's the Audrey II reincarnate. Deep green, with a lethal -looking, purplish belly that resembles a spider's venom sack.

RHINO
Whatcha gonna do wid dis? Plant it
and grow more pansies like yerself?

The HOODS all laugh.

HOODS
 (laughing)
 Whoop. . . .whooop Yeah! More
 pansies! Maybe he tink's dat's where
 little babies come from! The pansy-
 patch! One pansy's enough around
 here!

BILLY
 Gimme it! Gimme it. . . .or else!

RHINO
 Or else what. . . .shithead?

BILLY
 You' ll find out. . . . pimple face!

RHINO's grin returns as he dismounts. Defiantly he opens his fingers. The Venus Flytrap bulb falls to the pave. He lifts his leg and STRUNCH !!!!! The dusty, black heel of his engineer boot stomps squarely on the thing, crushing it flat.

The cowboy spur JINGLE-JANGLES as a Rorschach of purplish, venom-like goop squirts out from underneath.

BILLY's reaction is automatic. He kicks the leader-of-the pack square in the "acho bizzezhiis." It's the last thing this major-league J.D. expects from a dipshit little kid. He crumbles to his knees, an amazed expression showing beneath the pain that's distorting his face.

BILLY turns, mounts his bike and, clutching his rolled-up issue of "Creepshow," quickly exits.

The other THREE GREASERS are momentarily stunned into silence. RHINO struggles to his feet. He manages to hiss a few words through his tightly clenched teeth.

RHINO
 Catch him! I want his ass!

The HOODS take off, en-masse, in hot pursuit.

106D ANIMATION

106D

The "Creepshow" CREEP (clutching its own issue of the comic book) lurches out from behind a tree. The worm-eaten flesh around its mouth forms a nasty, tooth-filled grin,

CREEP

Young Billy knows his way around town. They won't catch him in a hurry. I think we've got time for one more creepy concoction, our last morbid masterpiece....

The SPECTRE holds up the "Creepshow" comic. It's open to the splash-page for the final story.

107 ANIMATION

107

CUT IN TO A CLOSE UP of a drawing that shows the face of a digital clock. Its red LED reads "12:00." Above it, in letters that drip blood, is the logotype title: THE HITCH-HIKER.

CREEP (cont. - o.s.)

....which I call...THE HITCH-HIKER!

The TITLE FADES and THE DRAWING

MATCH-DISSOLVES TO:

108L INT A BACHELOR APARTMENT BEDROOM NIGHT

108L

....A LIVE ACTION counterpart of the same digital clock.

The "12:00" starts to blink on-and-off, on-and-off, on-and-off. We HEAR THE RUSTLE OF BEDCLOTHES and we

CUT TO:

109 INT BACHELOR APARTMENT BEDROOM NIGHT

109

The face of a digital clock is filling the screen. 12:00 is blinking on-and-off, on-and-off, on and-off. We HEAR THE RUSTLE OF BEDCLOTHES, then we see...

A CLOSE-UP of a WOMAN'S face. She is staring at the blinking digits, not comprehending, not caring because she is not fully awake yet. She is just starting to come out of a deep, satisfied two hours of sleep.

This is ANNIE, attractive at forty-one, her face has the well cared-for look of someone who has money. It's only her spirit that's been used-up, as they say, by her husband, by her kids, not to mention the middle East, Grenada and the Bomb.

Suddenly she realizes the implication of the constantly blinking 12:00. Her eyes pop with alarm and she sits up like a jumping jack, the sheets falling away from breasts (equally as well cared-for as her face). She grabs for her four-thousand-dollar wristwatch, which has been sitting on the night table beside the pulsing clock.

A CLOSE-UP on the watch reveals that it is now 11:15 P.M.

ANNIE

Oh, Jesus! It's 11:15. I gotta go.
Something must be wrong with your
alarm clock.

ANNIE reaches beneath the sheets for her panty hose and slip. The man rolls over in the bed. We get the picture quickly. The two have been sleeping after an evening's liaison in the linens, bachelor linens, all silk-screened with tiger-stripes. The rest of the room reads out "playboy" as well. Everything is high-tech in dark tones. There is a remote-control handset beneath the pillow on ANNIE's side. He uses it to elevate the head of the bed.

MAN

Hmmmmmmmm.

(He looks at the clock)
Must have been a power outage. Clock
always goes to twelve like that when
the power goes off.

The GUY is terrific looking, lean with muscles, not overly developed, rippling just under his tan skin, no fat in-between. He seems like a real charmer. Some would call him an aesthete, others would call him effeminate. He's the kind of guy rich women find suitably sophisticated and un-threatening enough to use in place of a vibrator.

ANNIE stands as she pulls up her slip and moves to a nearby-upholstered chair to gather her clothing and continue dressing. There's very little light in the room but we can tell that ANNIE is as tight and in-shape as money can buy.

ANNIE

That damn piece of digital junk could land me in divorce court. Why don't you use a wind-up alarm clock?

MAN

Because I don't have a wind-up alarm clock.

ANNIE

Get one. I'll pay for it.

MAN

I hate the way they sound. They sound like...school bells between classes. This electronic alarm sounds like early morning birdsong. It makes me think I'm waking up outdoors.

ANNIE

I didn't know you were the outdoor type.

ANNIE moves to the bedside table and her calfskin purse. She pulls a hundred dollar bill out of her handbag and tosses it onto the sheet right between his still covered legs.

MAN

Anneeeee, pu-leeeeeeeeeeeeeez! You've got your Mercedes. I'll never get mine at these prices.

ANNIE

That's what you quoted me. It's what I've been paying you.

All the while the WOMAN continues to put herself together. She tosses some long strands of solid gold around her neck carelessly and starts to button up her front. She's in one big hurry.

MAN

Special introductory rate. That's what thissss...

(He holds up the hundred
between his first two fingers)
...was.

ANNIE

I see. Hook 'em then up the price.
Is that it?

MAN

Are you hooked?

ANNIE

Maybe.

MAN

I do my job well. I expect to be
paid well. Come on. I counted six
orgasmsand you probably had
others... silently so I wouldn't get
a swelled head.

ANNIE

You charge by the orgasm?

MAN

Maybe I should. At least then I'd
have something to work for. Piece
work, heh heh.

ANNIE

You have no shame.

She's dressed now. As ANNIE moves to exit, she fishes in
the giant bag and from its depths pulls another fifty
dollar bill. Pausing at the foot of the bed she tosses
the now wadded fifty at the man. He makes a perfect
catch.

ANNIE

Next week?

MAN

Unless I get a better paying job.

She walks to the MAN'S side. She slaps him. He laughs.
She laughs. Pausing, she lets her darkly painted
fingernails fall to his chest where they lower the bed
sheet and begin writing little white circles in his
hairless tan. She leans forward and kisses his forehead,
cheek, lips.

ANNIE moves from the bed and begins to exit.

MAN (cont.)
 Bye, love. Hope you're not in
 dutch. I can get you a good attorney
 if it comes to that.

ANNIE pauses briefly in the doorway of the bedroom. She
 shoots back:

ANNIE
 I've got a good attorney. My
 husband. And I don't wanna lose him.
 Without him....you'd never get your
 Mercedes.

She spins away and scampers into the darkness of the
 apartment, pulling her car keys from that big leather
 satchel.

110 EXT STREET IN FRONT OF HIGH RISE CONDO NIGHT

110

ANNIE runs out of the MAN's building, a spanking new
 high-rise typical of the downtown in so many cities
 these days, a desirable address in middle-American
 terms.

When some PEOPLE walk past, she pulls back to a trot so as
 not to attract as much attention. When they round a corner
 she accelerates again.

We DOLLY along. Half a block away ANNIE sinks her key into
 the door of a silver Mercedes sedan. Flinging the door
 wide, she dives behind the wheel. VAROOOOOOOOOOOOOM goes
 the ignition and the big machine leaps away from the curb,
 almost hitting the car in front of it.

SCREEEE! An abrupt little rubber squeal SOUNDS very loud in
 the night. There was four feet between the cars. ANNIE
 thought she could clear it if she cut the wheel hard. No
 dice.

ANNIE
 Ah-h-h.

She slams the car into reverse. Another short
 squeal...EEE! Her back tire jumps up onto the curb when she
 backs up and... GROOOOONK! The SOUND of a very expensive
 FENDER SCRAPING against something hard....the SOUND OF
 DAMAGE.

ANNIE (cont.)
 Oh,!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She spins her head to look back over her shoulder. Through the rear window she can see the bright green street-lamp pole that she's just hit.

She shoots a quick look at her wristwatch, then she puts the big car into drive and eases her foot onto the accelerator. As the machine inches forward, there's more SCRAPING, the fender un-folding from around the bottom corner of the sharp square pole. Finally, she's disengaged. Without getting out to look at the damage, ANNIE floors it and the Mercedes darts out onto Bligh Street.

111 EXT BLIGH STREET NIGHT

111

The silver colored car makes the light at the corner of Houseman and picks up speed as it moves past a fancy department store, closed for the night. An ornate clock on the corner of the store reads 11:18, just three minutes since ANNIE noticed what time it was.

112 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

112

ANNIE lights a cigarette, then hits a button which opens the sun roof (BZZZZZZZZZZZZ)....not all the way, just six or seven inches, enough to suction out the smoke.

ANNIE

I don't believe it. I wonder how bad it is. Sounded pretty bad. That'll be five hundred dollars, Mrs. Lansing....oh, oh the light is damaged? Make that seven hundred, Mrs. Lansing....Mrs. Lansing, the money factory.

Another quick glance at her watch and she plants the cigarette in her mouth and, both hands on the wheel, hits the gas harder.

113 EXT FORBES AVENUE NIGHT

113

This time the Mercedes goes through a red light, then another. A little maroon K-car and light green Dodge Pickup, approaching the intersection from opposite directions, must brake hard to avoid a collision with ANNIE. As the K-car and Pickup fishtail to a STOP, we can hear their honking and the outraged VOICE of the pickup

driver shouting at the "rich bitch" in the big silver sedan.

114 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

114

ANNIE

Sorry, guys. I'd love to stay and chat but I really must dash.

(ANNIE lowers her electrically powered, driver's side window and tosses her cigarette.)

Mrs. Annie Lansing, winner of the hundred yard dash, will now attempt the impossible.

(Window up)

Twenty miles in...

(looks at her watch again)

Hah....seven minutes. Jesus. That really is impossible. Maybe he'll be late.... no, not Mr. George Lansing, Esquire. Unthinkable. Eleven thirty means eleven thirty, not eleven twenty, nine, not eleven thirty one, but eleven thirty. What do I say? I was....out with Trudy. No. We'll see Trudy and Jim Saturday. I er... I went to Nautilus....I went to see a movie....I went....I went to get laid, George.

(ANNIE begins playing these lines to the back seat, as if George was actually seated there.)

There's this wonderful guy. He charges a hundred and fifty dollars but that's for six, count 'em, six orgasms.

(ANNIE lights another cigarette.)

That's only twenty-five dollars a pop. Not bad. What d'ya think, George?

115 EXT PRODUCE YARDS NIGHT

115

The big car zooms past a series of loading docks, then it bounces across several sets of railroad tracks. The lights of the city are behind it now as it turns onto a macadam roadway.

116 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT

116

VAROOOOOOOOM! Up the road a hundred yards or so is the ramp that leads up onto 1-79. The Mercedes rockets onto the uphill ramp at downhill speed and starts to swing into the wide arcing curve that will cloverleaf onto the highway.

117 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

117

ANNIE snatches the cigarette out of her mouth but as she brings her hand back onto the steering wheel, the burning tip of the thing knocks against the horn. Red-hot ashes fly everywhere, down onto the carpet, down onto ANNIE's lap.

ANNIE

Oh, shit. That's real leather, Mrs. Lansing...cigarette burns...that will be seventeen hundred...and forty-two dollars...and...ninety-eight...cents...

She is laughing at herself as she frantically brushes her right hand on the seat between her legs. She lifts her butt up off the leather and tries to reach under.

118 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT

118

One of the front tires runs off onto the burn.

119 INT MERCEDES NIGHT

119

Annie feels the car starting to spin. She grabs for the wheel.

ANNIE

JEEEEEEEEZZZZZZZ.

120 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT

120

The car swings back onto the pave. Its headlights swing around onto the curving ramp again....

There in the bright beam....is a HITCH-HIKER.

121 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT THRU WINDSHIELD, ANNIE'S 121
 P.O.V.

It's a YOUNG MAN, with a pack on his back, a Navy watch cap on his head and a sign reading HARRISBURG. He's only in view for a few seconds as he tries to back away, terrified. Of course, it's too late. The right front fender hits him hard, sixty-miles-an-hour worth of hard. There's a sickening BONE-CRUNCHING SOUND and he flies back into the dark night. A spattering of red hits the windshield directly in front of ANNIE'S eyes. It doesn't impair vision. It's quite a small spattering really, as though a painter flicked a bit of red off the end of his wet brush....but this isn't paint, it's blood. Something about the suddenness with which the splatter appears.... combined with the horrible SOUND OF METAL ON BONE....makes us know that the HITCH-HIKER is a dead man.

122 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 122

ANNIE knows it, too. She knows instantly that she's killed him with her silver colored luxury model money-mobile. Her eyes are wide as she slams on the brakes.

123 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT 123

The big sedan screeeeeeeeeeeches, spinning around almost a full 180. It seems to take forty-five minutes for the car to stop but finally it does, and when it does, we can HEAR CRICKETS. There are no other cars, no traffic at all on the cloverleaf at the moment.

124 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 124

ANNIE stares at the spot where her tire marks began.

125 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT 125

There, barely visible in the very periphery of the Mercedes' wide headlight beam, something is lying in the ditch beside the road, lying in a heap.

Wait. What's that? Movement.

126 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 126

ANNIE bites her lip.

127 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT

127

The headlight beam pans over and falls squarely on the thing in the ditch. The thing that used to be a man. Mercifully, there's not much showing.

A WIND comes up suddenly – an eerie, howling wind, blowing over the bald topography of the cloverleaf, no trees to break it up. There's that movement again....

It's the sign, the HITCH-HIKER's Harrisburg sign. It flips up out of the ditch and starts to tumble toward the Mercedes.

128 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

128

ANNIE is petrified for a moment. She stares through the windshield holding her breath.

129 EXT INTERSTATE RAMP NIGHT

129

That sign tumbles forward like a staggering gunfighter after he's been plugged. Finally it stands up on one corner, the wind holding it there with HARRISBURG running diagonally uphill. Then, just as the gunfighter might, it spins around, back to ANNIE, and falls toward her onto its blank side, the letters facing upward toward the man in the moon, the only witness.

130 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

130

ANNIE starts to get out of the car. When she opens her door the SOUND OF THAT HOWLING WIND rushes in. ANNIE sits there frozen for a moment....then she slams the door shut again. Clutching the steering wheel, she looks right, looks left, turns and looks out through the rear window.

131 EXT CLOVERLEAF AND SURROUNDS NIGHT

131

MONTAGE: ANNIE'S P.O.V. Up on 79, the tail lights of a truck, The DISTANT GROWL of its engine comes in faintly on the wind. It keeps moving away. Its driver couldn't have seen the accident. In the other direction, headlights, several sets, but as distant as the truck. On the road leading up to the ramp, there's a car coming. It's still too far away for its driver to see anything, but soon it won't be.

132 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 132

ANNIE is chewing on her lip now. She already knows what she's going to do but some part of her is hesitating. She looks toward the thing in the ditch. Then she looks toward the approaching car.

133 EXT THE ROAD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 133

It's getting closer. Soon it will be too late for ANNIE to run.

134 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 134

She turns her steering wheel hard to the left and slams her foot down on the gas.

135 EXT THE RAMP NIGHT 135

The Mercedes' tires screech as the big machine moves in a tight circle. It swings a little wide, its right-side wheels catching the burn. It weaves, then gets traction. It goes zooming up the ramp to 1-79, full-power, leaving four pounds of rubber on the soundtrack.

136 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 136

ANNIE looks to the rear-view mirror. That other car approaches and stops. There's a MAN behind the wheel of a 700 Series, gold B.M.W.

137 INT THE B.M.W. NIGHT 137

He's a clean-cut, middle-aged, middle-American, wearing a dress shirt open at the neck, his tie knot pulled down to around the third button. A suit jacket hangs from the little hook beside the rear window on his side of the car. Obviously a conservative, precise....boring kind of GUY, his eyes are always on the road ahead.

He sees something.

138 EXT THE CLOVERLEAF THRU WINDSHIELD MAN'S P.O.V. 138
NIGHT

A few other cars blow past on the ramp. Their headlights catch the walking MAN from behind. He pays no attention. One car stops near the B.M.W. Then another pulls off onto the burn. RUBBERNECKERS sensing, hoping for, tragedy.

The MAN reaches the heaped-up thing in the ditch. His mouth falls open slightly as he looks down.

What's left of the HITCH-HIKER is all bent in the wrong places and bleeding a whole bunch. His eyes are open but he's dead, fer shurr, fer shurr, all his worldly goods scattered in the ditch nearby.

The MAN turns on the heels of his Florsheims and strides, rather calmly, back toward his B.M.W.

The door opens on the driver's side of one of the cars that stopped and a VOICE comes from ANOTHER MAN who can't be seen in the darkness.

MAN 2

What's up, buddy? Need some help?

MAN 1

There's a body in the ditch over there. Looks like a hit and run. I saw the car. Couldn't tell what it was though. Too far away. Too dark.

MAN 2

Hit and run. I'll go call the cops.

MAN 1

I've got a phone in my car here. I'll call 'em.

By now the MAN has reached the open door of the B.M.W. He leans inside and grabs up the receiver of a mobile telephone. The long cord enables him to stand up in the night wind, leaning on the open door as he speaks.

MAN 1

Yeah, operator, this is mobile two, four, nine, G, S.....

The other MAN gets out of his car and starts to move toward the ditch. A THIRD DRIVER and his WIFE do the same. We can just see their silhouettes moving, as though drawn by a magnetic force, toward the sight of their first corpse outside a funeral home.

MAN 1 (cont.)

Yes, I want nine-one-one. I want to report a hit and run. The victim is dead.

147 EXT INTERSTATE HIGHWAY NIGHT

147

VAROOOOOOOOM! ANNIE's Mercedes rockets along I-79. The rear fender is crumpled where it hit the lamp post earlier, and now there are some dents on the front end where the car smacked into the HITCH-HIKER. The "propeller" on the hood, the Mercedes trademark, is leaning off center. It's the spring-release kind but it hasn't "sprung" back into its normal position. We may or may not notice, as the sedan zooms past us, that the windshield wipers are working.

148 EXT INTERSTATE HIGHWAY THRU MOVING WINDSHIELD ANNIE P.O.V NIGHT

148

Now we notice the wipers for sure. Washer fluid is being squirted and the blades are whipping back and forth at top speed. The HITCH-HIKER's blood is almost all gone. There's still a little patch of it at about ten o'clock, just out of the wiper blade's reach.

149 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

149

ANNIE

Alright, Annie, calm down. Think. Think rationally. Can you live with this? That's the question. The guy's dead. . . . no, actually you don't know that. You don't know it for certain. Whatever he is....whatever he is, it's over. You can't turn back the clock. It's done. It was an accident. A legitimate accident. So why should I fuck up my life, right? God. Oh, God. I can always turn myself in. If I find that I can't live with it, I can turn myself in later.

150 EXT OFF-RAMP OF INTERSTATE NIGHT

150

The sedan glides onto an off-ramp. The sign overhead reads EVERYVILLE (the director can use any actual sign he likes to avoid building a prop), it doesn't slow nearly to the 25 mph suggested for the curve. It squeals, seeming as though it might tip up onto two tires only.

Traffic roars past on the Interstate but nothing pulls off onto the ramp/ nothing is following the Mercedes.

151 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

151

ANNIE is watching over her shoulder, watching the highway she's just exited.

ANNIE

Nothing coming. Nobody following me. I don't think anybody saw me. Guy in the car was too far away to identify me. I'm sure of it.

She leans forward and we HEAR THE O.S. CLICK of the on-off knob. The radio scans automatically, picking up local stations, ANNIE lets it scan until she HEARS A NEWSCASTER'S VOICE, then she leans forward again to push a button making the scan stop. The VOICE talks about Grenada, the middle East, the Bomb.

ANNIE

Oh, shit. It's not gonna be on the radio. Not yet.

She leans down again, to click the receiver off.

Through the windshield....just a glimpse....but it's another HITCH-HIKER. He catches the headlight beam for less than a second as he jumps backward to avoid the hurtling Mercedes.

152 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

152

ANNIE looks into the rear-view mirror to spot what she has just passed.

153 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

153

ANNIE follows with her eyes as the HITCH-HIKER recedes into the darkness. She slams on her brakes.

160 EXT THE OFF-RAMP ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 160

The MAN is gone. There's nothing at all in the light from that mercury-vapor fixture.

161 INT MERCEDES NIGHT 161

ANNIE looks around, left, right. Nothing there. She's pretty freaked out.

ANNIE
You're seeing things, bitch. You
can't live with it. Can't live with
the idea that.....

The HITCH-HIKER is at her window. He appears so suddenly that this time the whole movie audience jumps six inches into the air....(we hope).

ANNIE screams, cringing away from the image. She can see him up-close, now, standing there clutching his sign. She can see that his watchcap has mud smeared on it. The backpack is torn and the Harrisburg sign is bent out of shape. There's blood on his forehead and splashed all over his Army duffle-coat. He's grinning, obviously dead.

HITCH-HIKER
How ya doin', lady? Thanks for the
ride.

The HITCH-HIKER reaches for ANNIE. His blackened and bloody hands thud against the window glass. Somehow he manages to keep hold of that broken sign. The cardboard flaps around limply and the dangling wooden handle CLONK-CLONGS against the car.

ANNIE reaches over instinctively and pushes down the lock button on her door. The thing outside starts to pound more vigorously at the glass, ANNIE grabs for the steering wheel, slams the gearshift into drive and...SCREEEEEEEE!

162 EXT THE INTERSECTION NIGHT 162

The Mercedes leaps out and onto the intersecting road. Annie steers the Mercedes sharply to avoid the guardrail and large directional sign at the other side. The car slides to a stop.

163 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

163

BZZZZZZZZZZZ. ANNIE drops her side window about a third of the way down and looks out onto the highway off-ramp. He's gone, disappeared.

ANNIE returns the window to its "up" position as she turns to relax her head on the steering wheel.

ANNIE

(Almost beneath her breath)

You, bastard.

She feels something in her hair. Slowly she lifts her head to look up. It's a hand, one of those black and blue and bloody hands. The HITCH-HIKER drops from the roof to her side window. His hand continues to reach into the through the open sunroof.

ANNIE shrieks and bats wildly at the thing, the way one might bat at a bat. Through the window glass she can see the grinning, horrible face peering in from behind that battered sign, which is again CLONK-CLONKING the car.

HITCH-HIKER

Say, lady, thanks for the ride.

The grisly hand suddenly strikes like a cobra. Its fingers wrap around ANNIE'S right wrist in a strong, superhumanly strong death grip. ANNIE tries to pull away but the HITCHHIKER has her. He's starting to pull her up through the open hatch. She screams, she fights, she kicks.

Her eyes fall onto the sun-roof control button. Somehow she manages to twist herself around so that her left hand can reach the thing. She pushes the button toward "CLOSE" and BZZZZZZZZZZZ! The roof panel starts to slide shut.

It catches the HITCH-HIKER's arm just above the wrist. The mechanism complains with a series of KA-TLAK, KA-TLAK, KA-TLAK SOUNDS. ANNIE manages to wrench her right arm free from the HITCH-HIKER's grasp.

She scrunches down in the seat, whimpering, her lips trembling. Her eyes fall on the window again. That grinning face is right against the glass now.

HITCH-HIKER (cont.)

Thanks for the ride, lady. Thanks
for the ride.

The sun roof has the grotesque arm pinched at the wrist, trapped, but the hand is still opening and closing its fingers, clawing at the air inside the car just above the cringing woman. Several drops of blood fall from the blackened fingertips onto ANNIE'S blouse. She recoils as though from deadly acid.

ANNIE
NO! NOOOOOOOO!

She reaches for the gearshift. Somehow she manages to stay down out of reach of the clutching hand while she puts the car in drive. She stomps on the gas and the big machine leaps ahead.

She turns to the right, fighting the pull of the loose soil beneath the car.

The monstrous hand still claws at her from above, and beside her that hideous face never stops grinning....and the sign, that flipping, flapping, flopping sign....HARRISBURG CLONK-CLONKING all the while.

SCENES 164 & 165 DELETED 8/7/86

166 EXT THE ROAD NIGHT 166

The Mercedes fishtails up onto the blacktop and roars eastward toward Everyville. The HITCH-HIKER's feet bounce crazily off the blacktop.

167 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 167

ANNIE steers with one hand while she reaches up for the sun-roof control with her other hand. BZZZZZZZZ!

The roof slides back, freeing the HITCH-HIKER's wrist. The bloody arm pulls out of the opening but the hand grabs onto the lip of the hatch. The other hand comes up suddenly and it, too, grabs on. The sign is flapping over ANNIE's head. Loose filament tape is tangled around the HITCH-HIKER's arm so even as he uses both hands the sign clings there, dancing in the wind as the big car speeds along, CLONK-CLONK-CLONKING louder now.

168 EXT COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT 168

The Mercedes turns onto a narrower road with farmlands and open fields on both sides, we¹re really in the sticks now, folks, total nowhere-ness, the absolute country.

The big car picks up speed on this straightaway....and still the battered HITCH-HIKER clings to the open sun roof.

169 - INT THE MERCEDES NTGHT 169

ANNIE
NOOOOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

She starts to pound at the HITCH-HIKER'S hands but their grip seems even stronger now. He swings himself up onto the roof of the car. ANNIE looks up. She sees his face, his grinning face, peering down through the sunroof opening.

HITCH-HIKER
Thanks, lady. Thanks for the ride.

ANNIE's eyes are popping out of her head. She looks out through the windshield, scanning the surroundings.

170 EXT FIELD WITH TREES THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. 170
NIGHT

It's dark, very dark, but against the black sky, the blacker shapes of trees can be seen rushing by.

171 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 171

ANNIE makes a quick decision. She hits the brake.

172 EXT FIELD WITH TREES NIGHT 172

The Mercedes squeals to a stop, its rear end swinging around 90 degrees until its snout is facing directly into the field at the side of the road. There are trees in the field, alright, trees with low-hanging limbs.

173 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 173

In the brief moment when the car is stopped, the HITCH-HIKER reaches in through the roof again. ANNIE ducks down and stomps on the gas pedal.

174 EXT FIELD WITH TREES NIGHT 174

EEEEEE! The big sedan screams off the blacktop and bounces into the field KA-BOOM-UDDA-BOOM-UDDA-BOOOOOM! The terrain is rough under the tires and the car lurches wildly, bucking like a bronco.

175 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 175

The HITCH-HIKER's hand pulls out of the car but still he clings to the sun-roof lip. ANNIE picks out a tree with limbs hanging down at about the height of her car's roof.

176 EXT FIELD WITH TREES NIGHT 176

The big sedan rumbles under the tree. The limbs smack against the windshield. They wipe over the top of the roof like car-wash brushes but the HITCH-HIKER hangs on.

177 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 177

ANNIE
YOU bastard! YOU
BAAAAASTAAAAAARD!!!!

She spins the steering wheel around and the Mercedes lurches into a wildly bouncing turn.

178 EXT FIELD WITH TREES NIGHT 178

The big car heads toward the same tree. It picks up speed. It cuts in really close and its fender clips the tree trunk. GROOOOOOOOONK! A piece of chrome stripping flies. The low-hanging limbs slap the windshield. They scrape across the roof. They seem to swallow the HITCH-HIKER this time.

179 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

179

His hands let go of the sunroof and he disappears. Bits of twig and a fluttering of leaves drop down into the car, all over ANNIE. She brushes the stuff away frantically.

180 EXT FIELD WITH TREES NIGHT

180

The sedan bucks over the field and roars back onto the country road.

181 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

181

ANNIE hits the brakes. The car stops. She's panting, her heart is pounding at panic-speed. Instinctively she reaches over and pushes the sunroof control button. The roof slides shut BZZZZZ. ANNIE falls back against her seat.

ANNIE

Dear God.

182 EXT FIELD WITH TREES ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT

182

It's hard to see anything. Too dark. The hulking trees are doing a slow hula in the night wind. In the silence we can HEAR that wind now, howling the way it was back at the cloverleaf, and we can HEAR CRICKETS and MOON FROGS.

183 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

183

ANNIE's eyes look over at the glove compartment. She moves to open it. It won't open. It's locked.

ANNIE

Dammit.

She straightens up and reaches for the keys. She pulls them out of the ignition, finds the one that works the trunk and the glove. CLICK! The compartment door plops open and ANNIE reaches inside. She pulls out....a pistol! A neat little .38, the suburban-home-protector model, chrome with a pearl handle.

KER-TCHUNK! The passenger-side door is opening. The HITCHHIKER is climbing into the car.

ANNIE screams madly. She tries to straighten up onto the seat but gets tangled for a moment, off balance.

The DEAD MAN is reaching for her. His broken sign is still clinging to his bloody wrist. His grin seems wider and more sardonic than it did earlier, if that's possible.

HITCH-HIKER

How ya doin, lady? Thanks for the ride.

ANNIE fumbles with the safety catch on her pistol. The HITCHHIKER swings one of his torn legs onto the front seat. He reaches over and grabs ANNIE's arm. CLICK! goes the safety catch, just in time. She plants the gun barrel right against the HITCH-HIKER'S chest and BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

The little .38 sounds like a cannon in the confined space of the sedan's cabin. A big hole, gushing black-red, appears ,in the HITCH-HIKER¹s clothing. He flies back. His pack jams against the top of the open doorway. His face looks really hideous in the light from the dome fixture. His mouth is grinning still but his eyes are wide with a kind of dumb shock.

ANNIE takes confidence from the way he looks. She's driven him back, she's been able to hurt him. It's the first sign he's shown of any kind of mortality. Her face molds into an angry lip-jutting frown. She lifts the pistol and fires again, BLAM! And again, BLAAAAAAM!!!

Two more holes, one through his shoulder, the other through his neck. He slumps down onto the seat, his leg sliding back out of the car. He's still now, kneeling on the ground outside, his oozing chest draped onto the passenger seat. The tattered Harrisburg sign is half in, half out of the open door.

ANNIE's chest is heaving. She looks at the open glove compartment. The car keys are dangling there from the lock on the little door. She reaches over the HITCHHIKER'S body and grabs the big, 14 karat gold, letter "A" of her key ring.

The HITCH-HIKER lifts his head.

HITCH-HIKER

Thanks, lady.

ANNIE screams in harmony with the people who are screaming in the audience. She manages to hang on to the keys as she flings herself back onto her side of the seat.

The HITCH-HIKER is coming back to some sluggish form of life. His hands are waving spastically and his eyes are looking this way and that, trying to find ANNIE, trying to focus.

HITCH-HIKER
Thanks for the ride.

ANNIE aims right at the grinning face. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The BODY lurches, slumps again. : That face...it's still grinning.

ANNIE aims again and CLICK! Out of ammo. She's starting to come unraveled. This nightmare is reaching nightmare proportions. The HITCH-HIKER is twitching. It's hard for him to speak with his face so torn, but he tries just the same. We can barely recognize the words. We wouldn't recognize them probably if we hadn't heard them so often before.

HITCH-HIKER
Thanks, lady, thanks for the ride.

ANNIE is grunting like a woman in labor. She curls her legs up onto the seat. She plants her feet on the HITCH-HIKER's head, on his shoulder. She pushes with all her might. He slides out into the night. His hands grasp the open door frame and the WOMAN starts to kick, wildly, insanely, repeatedly. She keeps on kicking even after the CORPSE is gone.

Finally she straightens herself behind the steering wheel. She fumbles to find the ignition with her starter key.

The HITCH-HIKER's hands are reaching up from the ground, one clawing at the floor carpeting on the passenger side, the other slapping the leather seat, trying to find something to grab onto.

ANNIE
NOOOOOOOOOOO!

She ducks her head so she can see the keyhole in the ignition assembly. The key stutters around, sliding on the chrome, finally it does go in. ANNIE straightens up again and turns the ignition on. The big Mercedes doesn't fail. VAROOOOOOOOM! It roars into life and ANNIE hits the gas.

As the sedan jumps forward the HITCH-HIKER's arms slip out into the night.

184 EXT COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT 184

The car pulls about twenty yards away from the HITCH-HIKER's BODY which rolls over on itself limply.

185 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 185

ANNIE brakes and looks over her shoulder, out of the back window. She has the anger of a madwoman in her eyes now.

186 EXT COUNTRY ROAD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 186

Back there lies the crumpled HITCH-HIKER. He didn't disappear this time. He's moving, but weakly.

187 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 187

ANNIE

I got you. I got you. I GOT YOU' I
GOT YOOOOOOOOOOOU!

She's pretty flippso. She slams the gear shift into reverse and with an insane half-frown, half-grin, she hits the gas.

The car leaps backwards with ANNIE steering one-handed as she looks out through the rear window.

188 EXT COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT 188

The big sedan rolls right over the HITCH-HIKER. His twisted BODY tumbledy-umbledy-umps out from under the front wheels and it flops into a heap, looking the way it did in the ditch beside the cloverleaf. The car stops fifteen yards back.

Through the windshield ANNIE looks like one of those Japanese pilots in a World War II dogfight movie. Over the steering wheel her mouth turns up, showing teeth. She throws the gears into drive, grabs the wheel with both hands and.... VAROOOOOOOOOOOM!

The big Mercedes charges toward the heaped-up BODY, nose first this time. WUDDA-BUDDA-BUMP!

189 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

189

The car bucks and heaves at its tires roll over the
CORPSE.

ANNIE

There! THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERE!!!!
BASTAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARD!!!!

She stands on the gas pedal.

190 EXT COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

190

WHOOOOOOOOOOSH! The cream-colored money-mobile blows
past THE CAMERA doing what looks like 90 mph. It's all
over the road, swerving, it's tired complaining with
sharp little shrieks.

191 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

191

CLOSE on the speedometer. 90 MPH, we were right.

ANNIE's hysterical, out on the very edge of sanity and
clinging by her fingernails. She still has that maniacal
kamikaze grin on her face and a collection of abrupt
laughs, deranged laughs, escape between her words.

ANNIE

Who is he? Who the hell is he?
Christ. Look at this car. Hah! Three
thousandmaybe four. Four
thousand, Mrs. Lansing, and the car
will look like you just drove it
out of the showroom. What
happened, Mrs. Lansing? Oh, I ran
over some guy....and over, and over,
and over, and over, and over him.
Who is he? Beats me. Check the
papers

192 EXT COUNTRY ROAD THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT

192

That Mercedes "propeller," spring-loaded for safety, is
still off center.

What's that? Movement. Over the hood of the car we
see..... a hand! A blackened, bloodstained hand,
clutching, grabbing for that off-centered hood ornament.

193 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 193

ANNIE's face freezes. That crazy grin lingers as she stares at the action through her windshield.

194 EXT COUNTRY ROAD THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 194

Another hand appears. It seizes the propeller. It comes away from its mounting. The spring attaching it to the hood stretches to its limit, but it holds. The HITCHHIKER starts to pull himself up onto the hood.

195 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 195

ANNIE
No. No, that's impossible. That's....
that's impossible.

196 EXT COUNTRY ROAD THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 196

Up comes the tousled hair, the forehead, the eyes....the dead eyes. The wind is blowing back the HITCH-HIKER's hair. His face is bleeding where ANNIE's bullets tore it open. The sign is flapping from that stubborn strand of tangled filament tape. The HITCH-HIKER grasps the sign now, burning it, holding it up to face the windshield and although it is bloodstained, we can read: YOU KILLED ME!

197 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 197

ANNIE goes totally nuts. (Wouldn't you?) She starts to scream incoherently. She brakes and swings the steering wheel hard left.

198 EXT COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT 198

The big sedan swerves off the road. Miraculously, it doesn't roll over, it stands up on its right-side tires for one straining moment, then it flops back down on all fours and roars off into another field.

199 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT 199

The silver-machine, with the DEAD MAN clinging to the hood, speeds toward a giant oak tree.

200 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 200

ANNIE is still screaming, all sanity flown.

201 INT. SECOND FIELD THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. 201

Behind the HITCH-HIKER, the tree trunk comes up fast....
KERRRUNCH! The grinning CROPESE jerks up from the hood,
its arms flying back around the tree.

202 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT 202

The Mercedes reverses and pulls away. The HITCH-HIKER sits on the ground at the base of the tree, still grinning.

VAROOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The car comes back like a rocket. Its grill is just at the HITCH-HIKER's head height.

CRUNCHO!

203 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 203

ANNIE is babbling again.

ANNIE

Oh, the grill.....the front end...
Oh, my, Mrs. Lansing....that's gonna
cost you....five thousand....six
thousand.... seven....Mrs. Lansing
....the money machine...wind her up
and she pays you money.....eight
thousand....nine thousand...

All the while ANNIE is reversing and driving forward, reversing and driving forward. We can HEAR the terrible SOUND Of the car's front end slamming into the tree and we can only imagine what's happening to the BODY that's trapped between the two objects.

She throws it into reverse for one final run. She backs up farther this time, a lot farther. Then she slams the gear shift into drive and tromps on the gas, mad vengeance all over her face.

204 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT

204

The sedan roars over the grass, picking up speed....too much speed, it looks like.

The bloody CORPSE of the HITCH-HIKER is still sitting up, crushed and almost totally covered with blood. We get just a second or two to glimpse it in the headlights before....

KERRRRRAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNGG!!!!

205 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

205

ANNIE flies forward from the impact. Her chest hits the steering wheel, her head flies against the sloping windshield. ...BONK! A spot of blood appears just in the center of her forehead, where she impacts the glass. She bounces back like a nerf-ball and she flops limply onto the seat.

206 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT

206

CLOSE on the full moon as seen through the black silhouettes of tree limbs. THE CAMERA tilts down, down, past more of the branches. We can HEAR those NIGHT FROGS again, and the CRICKETS. We can HEAR something else, as well, the sigh-like SOUND of the Mercedes¹ engine.

At the base of the tree the car sits with its grill wrapped halfway around the trunk. The motor is still purring smoothly.

207 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

207

ANNIE is lying on the front seat.

She awakens and realizes where she is. Quickly, she sits up behind the steering wheel. She stares stupidly around her for a moment, then she feels the pain in her head. She leans over and tries to see in the rear-view mirror but it's too dark. She hits a button on the dash and the dome light comes on. That spot on her forehead has turned black and blue now.

There's an almost-dry line of blood tracing a line down to the side of her nose. Unconsciously she starts to rub the line of blood clean with her fingers....

Then, all at once, terror comes into her expression. She freezes, listening to the night sounds, remembering the HITCH-HIKER. Her hand shoots to the dash again and she clicks off the dome light. She looks to the front of the car.

She realizes that the car is still running. She reaches down and throws the gear shift into reverse. She eases her foot onto the gas pedal and the car moves....these Mercedes are tough.

208 EXT SECOND FIELD THRU WINDSHIELD ANNIE'S P.O.V. NIGHT 208

As the Mercedes backs away from the tree, its headlight (there's only one still functioning) illuminates the tree trunk and the grass surrounding it. Nothing there. No blood, no back-pack, no Harrisburg sign, no HITCH-HIKER.

209 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

209

ANNIE

I hit a tree. I hit a tree, that's all. The whole thing was a....a hallucination. There was no hitch-hiker. There was nobody at all....Jesus.

The pain in her head stabs her. She blinks her eyes, recovers.

ANNIE (cont.)

Jesus, where the hell am I? Gotta get back on the road.

210 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT

210

Slowly the big sedan moves off into the forest.

211 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

211

ANNIE moves through the forest as the Mercedes is continuously whisked by forest flora.

ANNIE

You are one screwed-up broad, Mrs. Lansing.

She reaches down and starts groping for a cigarette in her bag. Her hand is shaking as she lifts the cigarette pack up to her mouth. She pulls one out with her teeth. The pack is in one of those leather cases which has a side compartment for a lighter. She notices how badly she's trembling when she attempts to put flame to tobacco.

ANNIE (cont)
 God. Maybe I've had a
 concussion.... Concussion. What are
 you supposed to do for a concussion.

212 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT 212

The Mercedes begins to labor up a slight forest grade. Wheels spin until it finally settles on level terrain. ANNIE's cigarette begins to cloud the interior compartment of the auto.

213 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 213

ANNIE
 Oh, concussion, Mrs. Lansing.
 That'll cost ya. Twenty-seven
 thousand dollars I know it sounds
 like a lot but you're gonna look
 like you just drove yourself outa
 the showroom. Mrs. Lansing, the
 money machine....Hah! Ooooooooooh!

214 EXT SECOND FIELD NIGHT 214

ANNIE lowers her window and tosses the cigarette.

ANNIE
 (As Mercedes pushes off into
 the forest)
 Well....at least this'll explain why
 I'm getting home so late. Had an
 accident, dear. It was terrifying.
 It was really... a
 terrifying...frightening....
 experience.

Nothing's moving. We may notice that the howling wind is no more. The night is very still.

215 SCENE DELETED 215

216 EXT THE LANSING HOUSE NIGHT 216

The big Mercedes approaches a big-money spread nestled, all by itself, in among rolling country hills. There are miles of white fences all around and there's a stable off to the side of the main house.

The two-car garage door opens automatically as the sedan approaches, and a light comes on inside.

217 SCENE DELETED 217

218 INT LANSING GARAGE NIGHT 218

Just as the door is halfway up we see ANNIE anxiously moving the Mercedes into the garage. We can note, as does ANNIE, that "HUBBY'S" car is not there. ANNIE brakes, throws open the car door, and shouts:

ANNIE
I don't believe it!

219 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT 219

ANNIE laughs as she pulls her glance from the open bay and "plops" her head back against the headrest.

ANNIE
He's not home. For the first time
in recorded history, he's late. My
car gets smashed, my brain gets bent
and he's late!

She moves to exit the car while reaching for the ignition key, when something catches her eye and ear below the open car door.

HITCH-HIKER
(The words gurgle up past the
blood inside his throat)
How ya do'in, lady? Thanks for the
ride.

It's the HITCH-HIKER in all his pulpy glory. He looks horrible. He's using the car door and door sill to lift himself toward ANNIE.

ANNIE starts to scream, wildly, at first, insanely.

220 INT THE MERCEDES NIGHT

220

ANNIE slams the car door. WHAM! The creature grabs her through the window. She's pinned against the seat, now. The creature's arm presses firmly against her throat. The MONSTER has her pulled back tightly against the seat. His head enters near to ANNIE'S.

HITCH-HIKER
Thanks for the ride.

ANNIE'S foot stomps reflexively on the gas pedal. Clouds of CO2 begin to billow as she runs the big engine hot.... VAROOOOOM.

After a moment ANNIE'S terrified screams turn into odd, insane laughs. With difficulty we can just make out her words.

ANNIE
How much? How much do you want? I'm
the money machine. I'll pay you.
I'll pay you fifty....a hundred
thousand.... a hundred and fifty....

221 EXT LANSING HOUSE NIGHT

221

The garage doors rumble shut sealing the smoke-filled interior.

222 EXT LANSING HOUSE NIGHT

222

CLOSE on the moon again, lower in the sky. It's quite a while later as THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal the Lansing house below. A car approaches....a big navy-blue B.M.W. It stops in the driveway and we CUT IN to look through the 'windshield at the DRIVER. It's the same precise and boring GUY who discovered the HITCH-HIKER'S CORPSE, that's what made him late. GEORGE LANSING, Esquire, flicks his automatic garage door control and as the door rumbles open before him, his eyes go wide with concern.

The garage is filled with a grayish fog. As the door rolls up into the ceiling the cloud escapes eagerly into

the night air. ANNIE's Mercedes is inside. The gray fog makes its silver color nearly disappears from view.

GEORGE climbs quickly out of his car and starts to walk toward the garage. When he gets close he has to pull his handkerchief and jam it against his nose and mouth. The fumes are making him cough. The fog is dissipating and he can see.....

223L INT LANSING GARAGE NIGHT

223L

....he can see that there's a FIGURE sitting at the wheel of the battered Mercedes.

GEORGE

My God. Annie? What have you done?

We CUT IN to see ANNIE, her face a bloated rictus of terror, sitting up, though dead, staring with bugged-out eyes through the windshield. Hung around her neck is the HITCH-HIKER's sign: HARRISBURG. PICTURE FREEZES.

224 ANIMATION

224

...a comic-book drawing of the scene, the closing panel of the HITCH-HIKER story in a "Creepshow" horror mag.

CREEP (o.s.)

There's a lesson for you,
kiddies....

CUT BACK to see that the comic book is being held in the bony hands of our graveside host, the "Creepshow" CREEP, seated in the cab of this truck.

CREEP (cont.)

Never pick up hitch-hikers...on the
hood of your car. Heh, heh, heh...

The CREEP turns over the engine.

CREEP (cont.)

Well, it's time for this boogey-man
to boogie. I'll be slayin' ya,
bores and ghouls. 'Til next
issue...try to stay scared. Heh,
heh....

The CREEP notices something (which we see) in the rear view mirror.

CREEP (cont.)

Oh, I almost forgot about young
Billy, I think I hear him coming
this way... with his friends.

In the mirror we see BILLY pedaling frantically with the
hot pursuit.

225 ANIMATION

225

BILLY, still clutching his rolled up comic book, is
cycling for his life and passes the Creep Truck. RHINO
and the OTHER GREASERS are hot on his ass and gaining.

BILLY races past a sign, which reads: "PRIVATE PROPERTY
-KEEP OUT!" He darts into thick, almost jungly
undergrowth. There's a path but it's spotty and ill-
defined.

RHINO and the GREASERS follow, shouting in unison about
how they mean to tear BILLY's ass into a million, bite-
sized pieces.

226 ANIMATION

226

BILLY reaches the edge of a clearing, dismounts and moves
to its center. A look of pleasure, relief, safety, comes
into his face. He actually cracks a smile. (More like a
disquieting, evil grin. Those who saw the original
CREEPSHOW have seen this grin before.)

RHINO and the OTHERS arrive, snorting.

RHINO

Kid, I'm gonna put you in traction!
Get ready for some serious pain!

RHINO leads his TROOPS on foot into the clearing...which
we now see is dotted with a great many giant plants that
don't seem indigenous to Elmsville.

The GREASERS don't notice the plants until it's too late.
The alien things loom up all around them... green
....with purplish bellies that look like venom sacks.
BILLY opens his issue of Creepshow to a page, which
carries an ad for Venus Flytraps.

A CLOSE UP on the ad shows a drawing of a doctor (who looks suspiciously like E.G. Marshall as Upson Pratt). He's pointing a very scholarly pointer at a giant, green plant with a purplish belly. The word balloon coming from his mouth says, "THEY'RE THE BIGGEST ONES I'VE EVER SEEN!"

BILLY
They're Venus Flytraps. Giant
Venus Flytraps. They eat meat.

BILLY opens and closes his hands like jaws, making the same realistic GURGLING, CHOKING SOUND that he made for the postman, MR. HAIG.

BILLY (cont.)
GRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHGGGGGGG!!!!!!!

The plants reach out (making SIMILAR SOUNDS). One by one they open their enormous jaws. They CHOMP down hungrily on the GREASERS who begin to scream....and bleed.

RHINO panics. He tries to run for safety....but the biggest Flytrap of all leans suddenly forward in his path, its jaws wide and drooling. RHINO can't stop. He runs smack into the thing. The jaws close on his screams.

BILLY (cont.)
GRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHGGGGGGG!!!!!!!

The giant Flytrap that's chewing on RHINO BELCHES LOUDLY. A single engineer boot (the one that tromped on BILLY's plant bulb earlier) is sticking out of the thing's jaws. One western riding spur JINGLE-JANGLES weakly....then it gets sucked in.

227 ANIMATION

227

BILLY is still wearing that nasty grin. (In the background are the SOUNDS OF THE PLANTS....finishing their breakfast.... but, of course, we don't see anything.)

228 EXT LOT MORNING ANIMATION

228

BILLY hears THE ROAR OF A CHEVY ENGINE. He looks up. CAMERA PANS FROM BILLY to the street and:

DISSOLVE TO:

229 EXT STREET MORNING

229

The live-action mysterious van from the Comet News Company is idling at the edge of the overgrown lot. Standing in the cargo bay, holding the dark colored tarp open with one decomposed hand, is the "Creepshow" CREEP (live-action). The rotting flesh around the SPECTRE'S mouth pulls back into a grin that matches BILLY's.

230 EXT STREET MORNING

230

CREEP

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

The CREEP tosses a final copy of CREEPSHOW into center frame which freezes showing the front cover.

The van pulls away, moving off into the countryside.
CREDITS begin to roll.

THE END