

ADAM GREEN'S
HATCHET II

Written by
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Shooting Draft
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HARD CUT INTO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - NIGHT

Close-up of VICTOR CROWLEY'S screaming face.

VICTOR CROWLEY
Rrrraaaaaagh!

He holds MARYBETH by the hair as she screams in despair.

MARYBETH
Noooo!!!!

As the struggle ensues, Victor Crowley uses his free hand to grab her by the throat.

Her screaming is silenced as she gasps for air.

His grasp tightens, threatening to crush her tiny neck.

With all of her remaining strength, Marybeth plunges her thumb into Victor Crowley's eye socket. His eye **bursts** as blood and pus run down her hand.

Screaming in pain he lets go of her and covers his wounded eye.

Without hesitation, Marybeth begins to swim for her life.

Crowley falls back into the water and disappears beneath the surface.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Frantically, Marybeth swims as fast as she can. Making great headway out into the swamp, she is now in the middle of nowhere, struggling to stay above the freezing water.

QUICK JUMP CUTS of Marybeth's POV as she spins her head every which way trying to see where Victor Crowley has gone. Is he coming from the right? The left? From below?

The sounds of her splashing are drowned out by her own breathing. It pulses through the theater's speakers.

TIGHT on her face as she tries to make a decision which way to go. Her breathing slows creating an eerie silence.

JACK CRACKER
There you go.

MARYBETH
They're all dead. He killed them all.

JACK CRACKER
I can't figure you people out. Honey Island swamp has been closed for decades and with good reason. But every now and then some stupid son of a bitch thinks they know better.

MARYBETH
I knew.

JACK CRACKER
Let me guess. You don't believe in ghosts? You think Victor Crowley is a legend.

MARYBETH
I went in there to find my family. My brother and my father. He killed them all.

Jack Cracker pours Marybeth a drink of something that we don't see, we only hear.

JACK CRACKER
What the hell were they doing out there?

MARYBETH
Night fishing. My Daddy was a gator hunter. He and my brother started pulling in twice their load once they started hunting away from everybody else. We needed the money after my momma passed away.
(realizing)
Now I'm alone.

JACK CRACKER
Your Daddy shoulda known better. Hell, every hunter from around here knows not to go in that damned swamp. I always tell 'em. I say "stay the hell out". They all call me crazy. Think I'm sick in the head.

WHAM! A hand reaches in from off screen and grabs her by the shirt collar.

MARYBETH
NO! NO! NO!

She tries to fight, lashing out at the arm holding onto her.

JACK CRACKER (O.S.)
I've got you, I've got you!

Reveal JACK CRACKER in his tiny row boat.

Seeing that it is not Victor Crowley, Marybeth gives in and let's Jack Cracker help her to safety, hysterically crying.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
Now, now. Shhh. You're OK.
You're OK.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK CRACKER'S HUT - LATER - NIGHT

A rustic swamp hut stands on giant wooden poles. Fireflies gently dance in the blue moonlight. It looks as peaceful and serene as the first part of Disney Land's Pirates of the Caribbean ride. The windows have an orange flickering glow.

Jack Cracker's boat is docked outside.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK CRACKER'S HUT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth sits in an old wooden chair wrapped in a warm, but filthy blanket that has probably not been washed since it was first knit in 1951. A fire dances in the fireplace before her. She stares at the flames in a numb daze, radically shifting from tears to an empty shell and back again. At any moment full-on insanity could take over.

The hut is a collection of vintage mismatched furniture and dusty junk. Various pamphlets on "how to survive a nuclear fall-out" and survival items such as a gas mask and military rations fill the walls and shelves. An old teddy bear stares back at Marybeth from a dirty cot. Even though you can almost smell the filth, it's actually quite humble and comforting. If nothing else, it feels like momentary safety.

Jack Cracker covers Marybeth's shoulders with an old sweatshirt.

He offers her a plastic jug filled (the urinal he drank out of in HATCHET 1) with dark yellow liquid inside it.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
Here. Drink this. It's nice and warm.

Not looking at the jug, Marybeth takes it in her hand.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
First things first. We gotta find out wherever you live and get you there. We gotta get you a doctor.

Right before she can take a sip from the glass she speaks.

MARYBETH
I think I should go to the police.

JACK CRACKER
The police? What, fill out one of those "missing" reports? Like the hundreds of others filled out in this area? You'll never hear back from them.

Once again, she speaks before she can drink.

MARYBETH
But I know where their bodies are.

Jack Cracker laughs.

JACK CRACKER
Right. Those big city cops will high tail it down here and find all that evidence before the wildlife eats it?

MARYBETH
What am I supposed to do?

Jack Cracker turns around to go back to his kitchen counter.

JACK CRACKER
Never come back this way again. Hell, you're a lucky girl. You got out of there alive, and with all of your pieces. Look, Miss... what's your name?

MARYBETH
Marybeth. Marybeth Dunston.

Jack Cracker tenses up. Still facing away from her he slowly speaks.

JACK CRACKER
Holy Christ. You're Sampson's kid.

MARYBETH
Yes.

Jack Cracker's demeanor suddenly changes to fear. He spins around to face her.

JACK CRACKER
Get out!

MARYBETH
What?

JACK CRACKER
Get out of my house right now!
Get!

MARYBETH
You knew my Daddy?

JACK CRACKER
No. But I know what your Daddy did. And I want nothing to do with it. I keep myself to myself and that ghost leaves me be. But I can't have nothing to do with you. Get out!

MARYBETH
But how am I supposed to get home?

JACK CRACKER
Out that door is Kwaj Road. You take it a half a mile down you gonna find a gas station, you get a ride from there. But I can't have nothing to do with you! GET OUT!

MARYBETH
I don't understand.

Jack Cracker pulls a shotgun and points it at her.

JACK CRACKER
You get out of my house, Marybeth Dunston!

MARYBETH
What's going on?!

JACK CRACKER
 You want answers? You go see
 Reverend Zombie.

Jack Cracker cocks his weapon.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
 Now, Miss, you get far, far away
 from here or I swear to God I will
 shoot you dead.

Stunned Marybeth slowly shakes off the blankets and makes her way to the door. Crying, she EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK CRACKER'S HUT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth walks down the wooden ramp to the solid ground. Confused, she looks back at the house. Jack Cracker watches her through a window, the shotgun still aimed at her.

Quickly she walks away and disappears down the road into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK CRACKER'S HUT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jack Cracker puts the rifle down and mutters to himself as he rummages through a giant duffle bag of "loot" he has dragged in from his boat.

JACK CRACKER
 I didn't do nothing wrong. I
 didn't know who she was. That
 don't count. Alright, let's take a
 look at tonight's haul.

He removes Shapiro's camcorder (from HATCHET 1) and sniffs it.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
 Yeah. Ha ha!

He fumbles with the camera, eventually figuring out how to turn it on and play back the tape. He watches through the view screen as he fast forwards.

He presses play. On screen A DRUNK COLLEGE GIRL (BRITTANY) dances around with Mardi Gras beads around her neck.

SHAPIRO (O.C.)
 Alright, let's see something, huh?

BRITTANY
 Woooooo!!!

She flashes her breasts quickly and then stops.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
 Wait. Is this gonna be on Bayou
 Beavers?

JACK CRACKER
 Score.

SHAPIRO (O.S.)
 Yup. Let's see what you can do.

BRITTANY
 Good, cause I want my Daddy to see
 this!

She flashes her breasts again.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
 Wooo! Fuck you, Dad! I hope that
 you're watching this! You always
 loved Danielle more than me and I
 hope that Bill at the office--

Jack Cracker fast forwards and scans ahead. He presses play.
 On screen A SUSPICIOUSLY BARELY LEGAL GIRL (CINDY) is naked
 and laying on her stomach a hotel room bed.

SHAPIRO (O.C.)
 Relax, maybe roll back on the bed
 and let's see the other side of
 Cindy.

She sits up on her knees.

SHAPIRO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Oh, you look fantastic. Really
 nice. Really nice.

She looks at the camera.

CINDY
 Don't I know you from somewhere?

SHAPIRO (O.C.)
 No, you don't know me. Maybe put
 your head-

CINDY

No, no, I know you! You're my
history teacher! From fifth grade!
Mr. Barratt!

SHAPIRO (O.C.)

No, no I'm Doug. Doug Shapiro-

Jack Cracker fast-forwards the tape again.

SHAPIRO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hey, where you going?

On camera Shapiro is following a VERY YOUNG SCHOOL GIRL
(ANDREA) through a playground. She is annoyed and carrying
her school books in her arms.

ANDREA

Mister, leave me alone!

SHAPIRO (O.C.)

Come on, why don't you lift up that
shirt? Let's see what you've got
going on under there.

ANDREA

Dude, I'm fourteen!

Jack Cracker gets nervous.

JACK CRACKER

Oh, that ain't right.

He starts fast-forwarding again and stops on the next shot.
MISTY and JENNA stand in a shower stall wrapped in hotel room
towels. Misty holds a bar of soap in her hand.

SHAPIRO (O.C.)

OK, when I say action you girls
drop the towels and start, ah,
washing each other.

JENNA

Yeah, no.

SHAPIRO (O.C.)

OK, girls, drop the towels. Drop
the towels and-

JENNA

-Touch "walking hepatitis" over
here? I'll pass.

MISTY

Well at least I'm not a hermaphrodite.

JENNA

A "hermaphrodite"? Big word of the day for you! What is a hermaphrodite, darling?

MISTY

Why would I tell you if I just said it, of course I know what it is. You probably don't know what it is.

JENNA

Well, why don't you go ahead and explain it?

Jack Cracker sighs. Bored.

MISTY

Why should I need to explain it?

JENNA

Why don't we do it on the count of three together?

MISTY

Fine.

JENNA

One, two, three...

Misty watches Jenna for the explanation and says the words a beat after her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

A person who has a penis and a vagina.

MISTY

...A person who has a penis and a vagina.

Misty looks directly at the camera, horrified.

MISTY

Ew!

A **CREAK** on the floor brings Jack Cracker's eyes forward, alert. Scared, he slowly puts the camera down on the table behind him.

The bickering on the camera trails on as Jack Cracker speaks out loud, to no one in particular.

JACK CRACKER
I didn't do nothing. I didn't even
know who that girl was.

Jack Cracker picks up his shotgun and holds it defensively,
looking back and forth around his tiny house.

Another **CREAK** makes him swivel around behind him. Nothing.

As he turns back around again... **BOOM!** There stands VICTOR
CROWLEY. We only see him from the shoulders down.

Jack Cracker looks up at him in absolute terror.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)

No-

He tries to raise his shotgun but it's too late.

WHAM! Crowley's fist punches into Jack Cracker's stomach. He
removes his hand, holding on to Jack Cracker's intestine.

Jack Cracker tries to run for the door. His intestines
unravel in Victor Crowley's hand the whole way there.

He reaches the door way and stops short, his guts pulled
taught and at capacity.

With a mighty tug, Jack Cracker is lifted off his feet. He
CRASHES down face first on the floor.

Slowly, hand over hand, Victor Crowley begins pulling Jack
Cracker back in by his intestines.

Jack Cracker slides across the floor away from camera, one
pull at a time, the camera sliding with him. His fingernails
grasp at the wooden floor.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!!!! NOOOO!!!! PLEASE!!!!

Finally he reaches Crowley's feet. Quickly Crowley wraps Jack
Cracker's intestine around his neck and begins to pull tight
from each side.

JACK CRACKER (CONT'D)

ACCH! NNNN-

Jack Cracker's eyes bulge. His tongue protrudes from his
mouth gasping for air. The camera moves off of him and onto
his silhouette on the wall.

SPLAT! Jack Cracker's head pops clean off in shadow as his blood douses the wall completely.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIME PASSAGE SHOT OF THE SWAMP - NIGHT TO MORNING.

OPENING TITLES

Music Cue: MINISTRY's "Just One Fix 12" Remix"

The camera flies over the water and through the woods, stopping on carnage and significant objects from the first film with each title credit (bloody bodies, blood on trees, a bloody belt sander, Shawn's hat, severed heads, arms, Mr. Permatteo's hat, etc). Ultimately we...

HARD CUT TO

EXT. BOURBON STREET - MORNING

Buddy #1 (one of Ben and Marcus' friends who stayed behind from the swamp tour to continue drinking all night in HATCHET 1) sits on the street corner vomiting on the sidewalk.

Marybeth walks by him, still bloodied and filthy from the previous night. She doesn't even stop to look. She is on a mission.

Random morning pedestrians shoot her odd looks but she doesn't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. REVEREND ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Marybeth approaches the door. A CLOSED sign hangs sloppily on it.

She knocks.

After a beat, she pounds on it.

Slowly the door opens and REVEREND ZOMBIE leans his head out with a puff of smoke.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

What do you want?

MARYBETH

(nervous)
Hi. I need to talk to you. About something.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Come back some other time. I'm busy.

MARYBETH

When?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Next month-

As he tries to close the door she gets her foot in it.

MARYBETH

Now.

Reverend Zombie looks back and forth down the street and then reluctantly lets her inside.

He drops the "ultra low voice / Cajun charade" and speaks as his true self. Just another shyster.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Alright, alright. Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. REVEREND ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth ENTERS the store as Reverend Zombie locks the door behind her.

The shop is dark and dirty. Random "voodoo" touristy paraphernalia rot on the shelves. Random bird cages hang from the ceiling. An occasional exotic squawk is heard. A display for the JACK CHOP PUMPKIN CARVING KIT is displayed on the front counter next to a TV that plays the morning news.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

This better be important. I'm a busy guy.

MARYBETH

Jack Cracker sent me here.

Reverend Zombie laughs.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

What?

On the television, a young girl (PARKER from FROZEN) speaks to a news crew about her lawsuit settlement. The graphics on screen say: LIVE. Parker O'Neal settles lawsuit with Mount Holliston. Holliston, MA.

PARKER (ON T.V.)
We were so scared. It was terrifying. I'm never going skiing again.

Reverend Zombie shuts off the television and goes back about his business, setting up his store for the day.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
That old whack job? So what do you need from me?

MARYBETH
Everybody's dead.

This causes Reverend Zombie to turn in his tracks.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Last night, in Honey Island Swamp-

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Honey Island Swamp? Were you on that tour?

MARYBETH
Yeah? How do you-?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
What happened?

MARYBETH
The boat driver was an idiot. We got us stuck. Crowley massacred everyone, but I got away.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Shawn. The boat driver. Is he dead?

MARYBETH
You knew him?

Reverend Zombie is visibly shaken.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
He worked for me. That was one of my boats.

MARYBETH
I don't understand?

One of the birds in the shop begins squawking but Reverend Zombie silences it with a wave of his hand.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
No one has been able to run tours in that swamp for years. Not since I've had my shop. Never. Not me, not anybody. So I was forced to run tours out the back door of one of my other shops. Times are tough and money is money.

MARYBETH
You sound just like my Daddy.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Who's your Father?

MARYBETH
Sampson Dunston.

Reverend Zombie smiles.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Sampson Dunston? Sampson Dunston's kid?

MARYBETH
Yes.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Well how is Old Sampson doing?

MARYBETH
He's dead.

Reverend Zombie's smile instantly goes away again.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Christ.

MARYBETH
Crowley got him. And my brother, too. And then Jack Cracker freaked out on me. Practically shot me when he found out who I was. He said you would be able to tell me... what my Daddy did?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
 (contemplating)
 Sampson Dunston. Sampson Dunston's
 gone.

MARYBETH
 Please. What do you know?

Reverend Zombie sits in a chair. He picks up a cloth and begins to wipe away his stage make-up.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
 Same thing that everybody else
 whispers about these backwoods, I
 suppose. Only, I was around when
 it actually happened.

MARYBETH
 When what happened?

Reverend Zombie sighs.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
 Long time ago, before you were
 born, when I was just a boy...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - DAY

MR. THOMAS CROWLEY drops a pile of wood into a pile. Sweaty and tired, he takes off his work gloves and makes his way up to the porch.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 There was a man named Thomas
 Crowley. He lived out there in
 Honey Island Swamp with his wife,
 Shyann.

Thomas enters the house.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 They lived alone. No kids. Just
 the two of them.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO - LATER

Shyann lays on the couch clutching her stomach as Thomas tenderly dabs at the sweat on her head with a washcloth.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 Shyann was sick. Some sort of
 stomach cancer eating her up slowly
 and gradually taking it's time.

A door opens off screen. Thomas and Shyann look up and smile
 at LENA (light black skin, Cajun, beautiful), Shyann's nurse.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 Now the way I always heard it,
 Shyann had a nurse named Lena. A
 beautiful Cajun woman who would
 come by to tend to her.

Thomas steps away to let Lena work. He watches. Looking
 back and forth between Shyann and Lena.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 And over the long months of
 Shyann's passing, Thomas and Lena
 got closer.

Lena smiles and turns away from Thomas. A hint of shyness.
 He puts his hand on her back as they both look upon Shyann.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 Too close.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Shyann sleeps on the couch as the camera passes through the
 door into the next room (the kitchen) to reveal Lena in the
 arms of Thomas. They passionately make love on the counter.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
 Call Thomas Crowley a cheat. Call
 him an infidel. But given the
 circumstances, the entire situation
 was nothing but sad and tragic.
 With his wife as good as dead for
 so many years, it was only a matter
 of time until the pain and
 suffering of his own emotions
 needed to be addressed.

Thomas Crowley reaches climax, but instead of smiling, he
 guiltily collapses into Lena's arms. She tries to stroke his
 head and coddle him, but the guilt is driving him to tears.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO - DAY

Shyann, now looking like a living corpse, lays unconscious on the couch. An IV bag is by her side. Thomas and Lena watch over her.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

Took almost a year of Thomas and Lena carrying on in secret before the day came that Shyann finally found peace from her suffering.

The camera finds Thomas and Lena's hands as they embrace.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

But the moment was not so much a release... as it was a nightmare.

Thomas and Lena move into each other's arms and kiss. Remorseful and sad, Mr. Crowley is able to muster a smile as finally Shyann's suffering is over. Lena caresses his face and gives him a smile back.

As they separate... **BOOM!** Shyann now stands before them.

Thomas steps back in shock. Lena begins crying and kneels down in front of Shyann in forgiveness and explanation.

But Shyann has an evil and hateful look in her betrayed eyes.

She holds her arms out and begins to chant in an old Voodoo tongue.

SHYANN

Lecrooom tak-ata ey-yoo-neesus favalle. Una-dolama ree-culla ey-yoo-neesus!

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

She put a curse on Thomas Crowley and his mistress Lena. A curse that would not only damn them, but the bastard child that was already growing in Lena's belly.

Shyann reaches out and touches Lena's stomach.

SHYANN

UNA-DOLAMA REE-CULLA EY-YOO-NEESUS!!!!

Shyann collapses back on the couch. She is dead.

Thomas and Lena stare down at her in abject horror.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - DAY

The sky is unnaturally dark and the color is "tragic" and "off".

The trees weep in the wind. The swamp water bubbles in fear. The air is thick with pain.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
They say that on the day Victor Crowley was born, the swamp mourned. The trees wept. The wildlife became sickly and died. His presence was like a pestilence that turned the area into... *death*.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - YEARS AGO - DAY

Lena is in the final stages of labor on the kitchen table.

She pushes as blood and "birth" seep across the table.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Victor Crowley was born ridden with grotesque tumors, disease, and pain. A living monster.

Thomas holds INFANT VICTOR CROWLEY in his hands. He is disgustingly deformed, his cries sounding more like something out of a tortured nightmare than a newborn baby's cries.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
And Lena...

Thomas looks up at his lover. She is dead. Eyes and mouth wide open in horror.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Some say she died the moment she laid eyes upon her child.

Thomas covers his "son" in a blanket and holds him to his chest. Crying in despair.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - DAY

Thomas chops wood outside of the house as YOUNG VICTOR CROWLEY sits on the front steps playing with a broken doll.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Now the legend would have you believe that Mr. Crowley kept his son hidden away to protect him.

Thomas senses someone looking on from the bushes. He snaps his fingers ordering Young Victor Crowley inside the house.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
But what he was really hiding was his mistake. His infidelity and his curse.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - NIGHT

FOOTAGE FROM HATCHET 1: Thomas feeds Victor.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Over the years, Thomas Crowley learned to love his monster of a son. With just the two of them being hidden away... he made his peace with God and on that fateful Halloween night...

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

FOOTAGE FROM HATCHET 1: A Jack-o'-lantern burns. THREE CHILDREN rise from the bushes with firecrackers in hand. A montage of the events as the house catches fire and Thomas begins chopping down the door with a hatchet.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
...Thomas tried to save his son by chopping down the door with a hatchet. And by accident...

FOOTAGE FROM HATCHET 1: Thomas **WHACKS** Victor Crowley in the face with the hatchet.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Killed his only son.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD LOUISIANA HOUSE - YEARS AGO - DAY

Thomas approaches the house and stands on the front lawn with a shotgun in his hands, hysterically crying.

The curtains close in the front window. Someone is hiding inside.

THOMAS CROWLEY
GET OUT HERE! GET OUT HERE AND GET
WHAT'S COMING TO YOU! YOU CAN'T
HIDE FOREVER! You killed my son.
You killed my son. You killed my
son...

He breaks down on one knee. Crying and ashamed for himself.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
The children responsible, hid
behind their parents. Denied
everything. And left Thomas
Crowley to live out the rest of his
days in anguish.

Thomas looks up in an evil daze. Nothing but hatred in his swollen eyes as tears streak down his face.

THOMAS CROWLEY
You killed my son.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)
Years later... he finally passed
and the torture of this life was
over. But Victor Crowley would
become one of most tragic and
heartbreaking tales of Louisiana.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA SWAMP - YEARS AGO - NIGHT

Swamp water laps against the shore. Trees and Spanish moss sway in the breeze as a horrible scream/cry is heard from somewhere in the trees.

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
Daaaaddy....

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

A man trapped in the night he was killed. Still out there wandering the swamp each night... trying to find his daddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - YEARS AGO - NIGHT

MONTAGE OF DEATHS...

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

No one knows the body count. But for years after he died, fisherman...

NICK and BJ (lost fisherman) run for their lives from something. Nick is tackled quickly by a blur from off screen. Looking behind him to see where his pursuer is coming from, BJ runs right into Victor Crowley's hatchet. From behind we see Crowley swing his hatchet down, splitting BJ's head in half right down the middle with a CRACK!

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

Gator hunters...

LYNCH (a hunter) steadies his rifle at something. He hears a branch snap and looks next to him. Suddenly, Victor Crowley's hand reaches in and grabs him by the lower jaw... slowly RIPPING it off of his screaming face as the skin stretches and tears.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (V.O.)

...and those who were just too foolish to heed the tales... all disappeared in that swamp. Mutilated... murdered... massacred... and torn to pieces by the ghost of Victor Crowley.

HANK and DEAN fish by the side of the swamp. Hank turns to look at a sound behind him. **WHOOSH!** He turns back to look at his brother as his face slides off of his head. Dean opens his mouth in horror, looks up to see the killer, and is met with a hunting spear through his open mouth. The spear exits through the back of his head with a stomach churning POP!

INT. REVEREND ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP - PRESENT, CONTINUOUS

Reverend Zombie has now finished removing his make-up.
Marybeth has heard enough.

MARYBETH

But what does it have to do with me
or my father?

Reverend Zombie chooses his words carefully.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Your father. Sampson. Was one of
the three kids who murdered Victor
Crowley.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - YEARS AGO - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

BOOM - BOOM - BOOM! Rapid succession cuts show YOUNG SAMPSON
DUNSTON (eerie resemblance to a Young Robert Englund) pull
down his pig mask and throw the first firecracker at the
door.

SMASH CUT BACK:

INT. REVEREND ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP - PRESENT, CONTINUOUS

Marybeth let's this sink in.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

An accident, yes. But a tragedy
that has left Honey Island Swamp
cursed with the ghost of Victor
Crowley forever.

MARYBETH

I... I never...

Reverend Zombie takes a seat across from her.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Of course. How could you know?

MARYBETH

How do you know that my Dad was
involved?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Because had I been brave enough, I
would have been out there, too.

(MORE)

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
I'm an old acquaintance of
Sampson's.

MARYBETH
When Crowley came after us, last
night-

REVEREND ZOMBIE
You saw him?

MARYBETH
Yes. He... looked at me. Like he
knew me.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Perhaps he could sense who you
really were. ...Perhaps it was all
in your mind. Victor Crowley is
what is known in the paranormal
world as a "repeater". His tragic
and untimely death has left him
forced to relive that same moment
every night. Over and over. All
he knows is fear and revenge
against anybody who steps foot in
that swamp.

MARYBETH
You knew all of this was real. Yet
you still sent a tour boat full of
innocent tourists in there? For
what? For money?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Shawn wasn't supposed to get that
close. He wasn't supposed to stop
for nothing. I've had boats in
that swamp for months! For two
months now without worries.

(then)
Besides... you knew the legend.
You went in there knowing the
story. As did your father... who,
more than anybody, should have
known better.

MARYBETH
I went in there to find them.
...And I did.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Not many people have seen the ghost
of Victor Crowley and lived to tell
about it. Consider yourself lucky.

MARYBETH
Lucky?! My family is gone.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I'm sorry for your loss.

MARYBETH
Take me back there.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
What?

MARYBETH
I can't leave them there. I just
want to take them home.

Reverend Zombie leans in, too close, and studies her face.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
What you want is revenge. That's a
bad idea, Marybeth Dunston. Bad
idea.

MARYBETH
Please. I just want to bury my
family.
(then)
And if I can take that monster out
with me even better.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
You can't kill him. He'll just be
reborn. He is forced to return to
the same state that he was when he
was killed. You can't kill a
ghost.

MARYBETH
Maybe I can't. Maybe I can. But
I'm gonna bury that hatchet deep
into his fucking face.

Reverend Zombie stands and moves back behind his counter.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Or would you rather I go to the
police and tell them about your
swamp tour business? Maybe tell
them where to find the bodies of a
boat full of tourists you sent in
there illegally?

Reverend Zombie smiles deviously as a plan comes over his
face.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Alright.

MARYBETH
Yes?

Reverend Zombie turns back to face her.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
You want revenge on Victor Crowley?
I want you to find it.

Marybeth is doubtful of his sincerity and tries to read him.

MARYBETH
So you'll take me back in there?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
BUT. I have some conditions.
We're not going in there alone. We
need help. We need guns. And
there's a few specific people I'd
feel... safer... having along.

MARYBETH
Fine. If you take me back in there
tonight.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Meet me here at two o'clock. I
have some phone calls to make. I'm
gonna gather a little *hunting*
expedition of sorts. With that
ghost gone I can claim that swamp-

MARYBETH
-I don't care about your swamp tour
business. I don't care about your
money. I just want to bring my
family home. If you think-

REVEREND ZOMBIE
-I said yes.
(then)
But I don't it would be better if
you to go in there alone. Do you
have somebody you can bring? A
boyfriend or... an *Uncle* perhaps?

Marybeth is suspicious, but getting the answer she wants.

MARYBETH
I'm not bringing anyone else I know
into this.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I'd feel better if you brought
somebody. If you brought another
family member with you.

MARYBETH
...No.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Then no deal.

MARYBETH
So if I bring my Uncle back you'll
take us?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
That's what I said.

Marybeth moves to the door.

MARYBETH
I'll be back at two.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I'll be here.

She gives him one more careful look and EXITS.

Reverend Zombie rubs his hands, thinking. Then...

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
JUSTIN! Justin! Get your butt
down here.

The door to the upstairs room opens with a squawk of various
caged birds audible from behind it and JUSTIN (Asian-
American, looks a lot like Shawn from HATCHET 1... only with
a different hair style and facial stubble) ENTERS and makes
his way down the stairs.

JUSTIN
Yeah boss?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
When were you gonna tell me that
your brother didn't bring the boat
back?

JUSTIN
He didn't?

Reverend Zombie stares back at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Shawn didn't bring the boat back last night. But look, he's just new at this. I'm sure everything's fine. He's probably got the boat back by now.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

That was your shift. He was covering for you. He didn't bring the boat back and everything's not alright.

JUSTIN

Why, what's wrong?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

We're gotta go out there and recover my boat.

JUSTIN

Shawn's *still* in the swamp?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Apparently.

JUSTIN

Is he alright?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

I'm sure he'll be alright.

(then)

I need you to go out and organize a group of hunters and fisherman. People who know they're way around the swamp. I've got a proposition to make them.

Reverend Zombie writes down a specific name. He hands it to Justin.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

And make sure that this name is on the list. We're going on a little... expedition.

JUSTIN

Is this like... a publicity thing for the shop?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Something like that.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DUNSTON'S HOUSE - DAY

A lower-middle class house. Old cars and other "junk" litter the driveway and garage.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUNSTON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Marybeth stands in the shower, washing the grime, blood, and filth of the previous night off of her. (NOTE: THE CAMERA DOES NOT SEE ANY NUDITY AT ALL. ONLY HER SILHOUETTE THROUGH THE CURTAIN WHEN IN A WIDER ANGLE.)

She stands still under the running water, breathing deeply. Her anger and fear vying for position in her mind.

A screen door opens and closes somewhere in the house.

She tenses up and stops the water. Listening.

MARYBETH

Hello?

Nothing.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Footsteps move down the hallway. She reaches for a gun on the sink.

UNCLE BOB (O.S.)

Hello? Marybeth? Sampson?

Marybeth is relieved. She puts the gun down.

MARYBETH

Uncle Bob? I'll be right down.

She closes the curtain.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNSTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Marybeth sits across from UNCLE BOB (60's, kind face) having just delivered the news of last night's events.

Uncle Bob wipes his hand across his eyes.

UNCLE BOB

Your father was a good man. You know that. He's always been my best friend. Even all of those years I lived up North, we'd talk all of the time.

MARYBETH

Reverend Zombie said that Dad was one of the people responsible for Victor Crowley's death. Is that true?

UNCLE BOB

Reverend Zombie? Why are you talking to that low life? He's a thief and a crook with his bogus voodoo shops and fake souvenirs.

MARYBETH

But he said he knew the people involved.

UNCLE BOB

He's full of horse shit.

MARYBETH

No, Reverend Zombie said-

UNCLE BOB

"-Reverend Zombie said." Why do you call him that? The guy's name is Clive Washington for Christ Sakes! The only thing he's a "Reverend" of is being an asshole.

Uncle Bob minds his tongue.

MARYBETH

Did you know Victor Crowley was real?

UNCLE BOB

He's not real.

MARYBETH

I saw him! He murdered everyone in front of me!

UNCLE BOB

Let the police handle this. First things first let's-

MARYBETH
You think I'm lying?!

UNCLE BOB
Let's... take a ride. We can go to the hospital and you can tell the cops all about it.

MARYBETH
I'm going back to the swamp. With Reverend Zombie.

UNCLE BOB
Over my dead body are you going back to that God damn swamp! Listen to me, young lady! With your father gone, I'm responsible for you now and I absolutely FORBID to have anything to do with him or that swamp!

MARYBETH
He suggested that I bring you along.

This hits hard with Uncle Bob. Catches him off guard.

UNCLE BOB
He... did, did he.

MARYBETH
Come with me. You'll see. Victor Crowley is real.

UNCLE BOB
Let's take a ride.

He stands.

MARYBETH
Can we wait?
(then)
Please. I will go to the police, I'll do whatever you think we should do. I just really need to be alone for a bit.

UNCLE BOB
Come on.

Tears stream her face. She looks back at him, pleading.

MARYBETH
Please. Please, Uncle Bob. Just a few hours?

He hesitates. Then...

UNCLE BOB
Alright. I'll be back in an hour. I'll call the police myself. Get to the bottom of this.

MARYBETH
OK.

He moves to the door.

UNCLE BOB
Marybeth. Please promise me you'll stay away from Reverend Zombie.

MARYBETH
I promise.

He EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. REVEREND ZOMBIE'S VOODOO SHOP BACK ROOM - LATER - DAY

Marybeth sits stoically in a room full of folding chairs. Some twenty men and women (local hunters and fisherman) sit in the chairs around her, laughing and conversing.

Justin greets the last few hunters as they ENTER the doorway to the back room and take their seats. He holds a plate of cookies.

JUSTIN
(fake French accent)
Welcome to Reverend Zombie's House of Voodoo! Grab a complimentary Chips Ahoy and take a seat.
(to the next hunter)
Hurry please, the meeting is about to start.

A huge burly bald and bearded hunter, TRENT enters the shop and removes his sunglasses.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ah, hello sir! Welcome to the House of Voodoo.
(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Take a seat and don't forget we
 have a sale on all charms and
 potions today only.

Trent looks down at Justin.

TRENT
 Drop the phoney accent, Asshole. I
 ain't no God damn tourist.

Justin offers Trent a cookie.

JUSTIN
 (in his real voice)
 Chips Ahoy?

TRENT
 Fuck off.

Trent knocks the beret off of Justin and finds a seat next to
 LAYTON (late 20's, good looking younger guy).

LAYTON
 Hey.

Trent says nothing back to him.

AVERY (beautiful, sultry, 20's) ENTERS the shop.

JUSTIN
 Hey. Did you want to um, get on
 the mailing list? You could just
 give me your number. I mean, you
 don't have to give me-

Avery is focused, looking for someone in the crowd. She
 doesn't even acknowledge Justin. She finds whomever she was
 searching for and moves to a seat.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Slut.

Avery finds an empty seat next to Layton.

AVERY
 (feigning surprise)
 Layton? Oh my God, I didn't expect
 to see you here!

Layton's not buying it. By his reaction these two clearly
 have a past.

LAYTON
 Come on, Avery.

AVERY
 (hurt)
What?

 LAYTON
What are you doing here?

 AVERY
They said five hundred bucks, why
not?

Layton shakes his head.

 AVERY (CONT'D)
OK, so this is how we say hello
now?

 LAYTON
Please.

 AVERY
Your phone not getting messages any
more either?

Layton turns to face her.

 LAYTON
You know why I'm here? Because I
need the five hundred dollars to
help pay for my wedding. My
wedding, Avery. I'm not getting
into this with you.

He turns away and faces forward again. Avery is heart
broken.

Trent leans forward and smiles at her.

 TRENT
I'm single.

She faces forward again, bitter.

At the front of the room, Justin gets the meeting started.

 JUSTIN
 (French accent)
Alright, thanks for coming down
here on such short notice everyone,
I know you're all busy people and
we-

A hand raises from the crowd. VERNON (30's, black,
charismatic).

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Uh, yes?

VERNON
Hey man, what's the deal with the cookies? Is it like one each or can we get some more or... ?

JUSTIN
I have more cookies. But first-

VERNON
OK so we get them now, or like after the meeting? What's the time stamp on those cookies, man?

JUSTIN
Fine.

Justin walks over to his tray of cookies, brings it to Vernon's row and passes it down to him.

Each tough looking, weathered, hillbilly looking hunter takes a cookie and passes it down. The camera follows past a row of bad-asses eating Chips Ahoy cookies.

Meanwhile at the front of the room, Reverend Zombie takes center stage. He presses play on a boom box and does a dramatic entrance tossing off his cape. After a beat the music awkwardly stops. No one is impressed.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Good afternoon everyone. Nice to see so many friends and familiar faces here today. John, Cleatus... Trent...

Angle on JOHN (older, big tall silent type). Angle on CLEATUS (20's stocky) who gives the middle finger back sarcastically. Angle on TRENT who just stares back. These guys clearly aren't fans of Reverend Zombie.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
I brought you here today to make you an offer. To offer you a job. It's a quick gig. We do it tonight and for those of you who join me, there's five hundred dollars in it for you.

Cleatus interrupts him.

CLEATUS

And I assume the money will be in cash? Not that any of us here don't trust a check from you. It's just that, we really want to get the money.

The crowd laughs.

Marybeth shuffles in her seat impatiently.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

In cash. When the job is done.
(then)

Last night I lost one of my tour boats out there in that swamp. So I'm putting together a group of sorts to go in there, retrieve my boat, and in addition... go on a little night hunt.

CHAD (20's little guy, meek) speaks up.

CHAD

Why do you need this many people to find a boat?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

If you'll stop interrupting me, I'll tell you.

(to the crowd)

Now of course I'm not offering you all five hundred bucks just to retrieve a boat. I'm going to be honest with all of you. There's more to it...and it could be dangerous.

Vernon speaks out, his mouth full.

VERNON

You all got any milk?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

What?

VERNON

Milk. Milk, man. For the cookies.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

(to Justin)

Milk?

Justin signals back "no milk".

Vernon is disappointed.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
We're going to Honey Island Swamp.

A hush comes over the crowd. Chad adjusts nervously in his chair.

CHAD
Honey Island is closed. We can't even go in there.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
-I know. Which is why I'm offering you each five hundred dollars. And in addition, I'm willing to take on full legal responsibility in case there should be any trouble with the authorities. There is no risk for any of you.

TRENT
What exactly are we hunting?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I'm getting to that. As you know that swamp has been closed and condemned for too many years. And it's been crippling my tourism business. And it's been stopping those of you who make your living hunting an entire area rich with wildlife. What I'm proposing we do a little hunt, go in there, and prove once and for all that there is nothing to fear.

Trent is angry now.

TRENT
What are we hunting?

Reverend Zombie pauses.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Victor Crowley.

Instantly half of the room gets up and heads for the door. The rest murmurs, laughs, and whispers.

Reverend Zombie does his best to stop the mass exodus.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Hold on now! Listen to me! If there really is some maniac living up there, we take him down and make the area safe for all of us again. But come on, you all must know it's just a story. So we go in there and put an end to all of this swamp water stupidity.

Trent joins the group heading for the door.

Reverend Zombie snaps to Justin to take over as he heads after Trent. He is on a mission.

JUSTIN

Now, now. It's just a little ghost story everyone. Come on now there's nothing to fear...

Meanwhile, Reverend Zombie catches up with Trent.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Where are you going, Trent? Scared of something?

TRENT

I ain't scared of nothing. But I'm not about to go messing around in that swamp with a crew of stump jumping pecker-woods for no five hundred bucks.

Reverend Zombie pulls him aside.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

I need you Trent. You're a better shot than anyone else here and you know it. That's why I called you.

TRENT

I'm not risking my hide for five hundred stinking dollars.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Five hundred in cash. Up front just for you.

This puts a wrench in Trent's determination.

TRENT

Clive, you know my history. I don't want no more trouble.

Reverend Zombie waves his hands across his face putting on a magic show for Trent who is not buying it.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

I also know that after your last DUI, Joan left you, took the house and half of everything you had hanging on the hook.

TRENT

That ain't the history I'm talking about.

Trent and Reverend Zombie silently acknowledge an "elephant in the room" between them.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

One thousand dollars. Cash. Five hundred up front, five hundred in the morning.

Trent sighs.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

One night. Just a few hours. We'll all be together. If anything bad goes down. We leave.

Trent eyes Reverend Zombie's face. Reluctantly he moves back to his seat, revealing Uncle Bob standing behind him.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

May I help you?

Uncle Bob looks at Marybeth. She matches his gaze and looks down guiltily.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Ah! You must be Marybeth's Uncle. I'm Reverend Zombie. I was a friend of Sampson's but you and I have never officially met.

Reverend Zombie extends his hand and smiles.

UNCLE BOB

Don't care to know you. I'm here to look out for the young lady.

Uncle Bob gives him a look and moves to Marybeth.

As he sits she tries to apologize.

MARYBETH

I'm sorry. I just need-

Uncle Bob takes her hand in his. He puts his arm around her.

UNCLE BOB

I'll do this with you. If it's what you need to do right now I'll do it with you. But then we gather up your brother and your father- and we come back here. No more of this Victor Crowley shit. You gotta listen to me. You can't leave my side, you can't leave my sight, and when I say it's time to go... we leave.

MARYBETH

Thank you.

As Reverend Zombie takes his place again at the front of the nearly empty room, Chad leans forward between Layton and Avery.

CHAD

Hey man, who's "Victor Crowley"?

LAYTON

He's nothing. Local bogeyman story about a retarded maniac who haunts Honey Island. People just use it to keep kids away from the swamp.

CHAD

(chuckles)

You mean like Jason Voorhees or something?

Layton looks back at him.

LAYTON

Something like that.

CHAD

When I was eight I lived in this town called Glen Echo. Our ghost story was about this man named Leslie Vernon-

AVERY

-Shhhh.

Chad leans back in his chair again as Reverend Zombie begins.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Well now that we've weeded out the gullible and the cowards, I can finish my offer. Five hundred dollars just for joining us for the night and bringing back my boat. *Five thousand dollars* for the head of Victor Crowley.

VERNON

But how are we even supposed to know we found him if he's not even a real dude?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

If you find him... you'll know.

Reverend Zombie makes eye contact with Marybeth who stares back at him with focused resolution. The music swells and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAMP - LATER THAT DAY

Two large swamp skiffs make their way through the beautiful Louisiana swamp land.

On the first boat stands Justin at the wheel. Reverend Zombie, Marybeth, Uncle Bob, Vernon, Trent, and John stand behind him.

On the second boat, trailing just fifty yards behind them, Cleatus drives as Chad, Layton, and Avery converse behind them. Trent is silent and focused, in his own world.

Everyone is armed with hunting rifles and other artillery.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT # 2 - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Cleatus points out the surrounding wildlife to Chad.

CLEATUS

God damn, would you look at all the gators around here? It's like a fuckin' farm.

CHAD

I guess that's what Reverend Zombie's talking about.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

Look at all of this. And nobody here to take it.

CLEATUS

Well I ain't leaving here empty handed, that's for sure. What's your name?

CHAD

Chad.

CLEATUS

Cleatus.

CHAD

Really?

CLEATUS

Yeah, I know. My parents were true rednecks. I got a brother named Cash.

CHAD

That's cooler than Cleatus. No offense.

CLEATUS

None taken. But Chad is a real douchebag name, you know that, right?

CHAD

Better than Skip. That's my little brother.

CLEATUS

Chad and Skip? God damn you two must have had your asses handed to you in school.

CHAD

Yes we did. So how come we didn't ride in the big boat with them boys up there?

CLEATUS

I always take my own boat wherever I go.

CHAD

What the hell for?

CLEATUS

In case I hook up.

CHAD
Who are you gonna hook up with out here?

Cleatus looks at Avery, sitting three feet away.

CLEATUS
Her.

Avery gets up and moves to sit with Layton.

CLEATUS (CONT'D)
Whatever, fuck her.

The camera finds Avery as she slides over to Layton.

AVERY
Hey.

LAYTON
Hey.

AVERY
Look, I didn't mean to make you feel like I was like stalking you or something. But I thought we had something going and then for the past month you just stopped talking to me.

LAYTON
Avery, I'm getting married now.

AVERY
OK, and I get it. But don't you think you could have at least told me that? I'm not an idiot. I knew the deal. But I've got a heart, too. All I'm saying is that a five minute phone call would have been nice.

LAYTON
You're right and I'm sorry. But I'm trying to get my shit together now. I want to be a good man and do what's right.

AVERY
But there's a nicer way to kick me to the curb if that's what you mean by being a good man.

LAYTON

I love her, Avery. And I know you and I were sneaking around behind her back and all. But I was confused. Lindsay and I straightened things out. We're happy.

AVERY

And I'm happy for you. But I loved you, Layton. And I can totally accept it's over, but I don't think it's exactly fair that you leave my house one morning and then just ignore me forever.

LAYTON

I've just never been in this situation before and I'm trying to do what's right. Wish we brought beer.

As he looks at her it is evident that his avoiding her may be more because he still has feelings for her, too.

AVERY

Remember at the Jazz festival? When we got so drunk we went behind that restaurant and then that old couple saw us?

Layton gives a smile.

LAYTON

Yeah. That was funny.

AVERY

Just... don't treat me like I was some whore. I won't get in the way of anything. But I'm a person, too.

LAYTON

I know. I'm sorry.
(then)
I'm really sorry.

She gives him a closed lipped smile.

AVERY

Friends?

LAYTON

Friends.

AVERY
With benefits?

Layton laughs.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Kidding. I'm kidding.

Cleatus interrupts them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT # 1 - CONTINUOUS

Vernon sings as the boat moves through the swamp.

VERNON
Chicken and biscuits and biscuits
and chicken and gravy and chickens
with the biscuits on the gravy with
the chicken and chicken wants a
biscuit for the biscuit is me.

As he sings the camera finds John. He cleans and loads a big, big gun.

The camera moves to Uncle Bob as he studies the landscape around them, thinking.

Finally the camera finds Reverend Zombie and Marybeth.

MARYBETH
So why the whole lynch mob?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Safety in numbers. I know most of these folks think this whole story is a joke, but if something bad goes down I'd rather be surrounded by the big guns, wouldn't you?

MARYBETH
I thought you said you couldn't kill him?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
If the legend is true and he really is a ghost, maybe not.

MARYBETH
I hurt him last night. I shot him, I stabbed him, I burned him... he kept coming.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
But you hurt him?

MARYBETH
He went down every time. He felt pain.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Then maybe the thing is to hurt him even worse. Take his head off so he can't get back up again.

MARYBETH
What did you call him? A repeater? Doesn't that mean that he'd just come back again the next night?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I don't have answers. Only theories. But I have to assume if we take off his head, then he can't come back at all.

MARYBETH
All these people are in danger. And they don't even realize it.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Your Uncle isn't very talkative.

MARYBETH
Bob? He's not a fan of yours.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Most people aren't. And I'm OK with that. I don't need friends. Just to make a living. Look, best case scenario we rid the swamp of this maniac and we're heroes. Worst case scenario we go home with your family's remains and I have my boat.

MARYBETH
I think there's worse case scenarios than that.

From the front of the boat...

JUSTIN
Boss! HEY, BOSS!

The boat slows down.

Off to the side is a floating piece from HATCHET 1's "Scare Boat".

The group all looks down at it from the boat.

Justin looks at Marybeth.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Did Shawn get off the boat?

Reverend Zombie gives her a stern look: "Mind what you say."

REVEREND ZOMBIE
(to Justin)
I'm sure they're OK. That's why
we're here.

Marybeth steps away in guilt... right into Vernon.

Vernon pops his gum.

VERNON
What's up?

MARYBETH
Hi.

VERNON
Vernon.

MARYBETH
Marybeth.

VERNON
What are you doing out here in this
bullshit?

MARYBETH
Not looking for a date, I can tell
you that much.

VERNON
Woah. No disrespect. I'm just
trying to be friendly.

MARYBETH
Sorry. I'm just having... a really
bad day.

VERNON
What you need to do is turn that
frown upside down.

He puts his hand on her face and turns her mouth into a smile.

She just stares back at him. He moves her lip with his finger and in a female voice says...

VERNON (CONT'D)

Oh, thanks, Vernon. Make out with me.

(in his own voice)

What? On this boat? In front of all of these people?

(in the female voice)

Yeah. I-

Uncle Bob's hand reaches in from off screen and grabs Vernon's hand sternly.

UNCLE BOB

Don't.

VERNON

OK, OK, OK...

Uncle Bob let's go of Vernon's hand. Vernon moves up the boat to Reverend Zombie.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Bunch of freaks on this boat. What's with the Blair Witch over there? I'd tap that if I could get through the cobwebs sealing her up.

Reverend Zombie eyes him.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Even if I did hit that, a bunch of bats would probably come flying out if it.

Reverend Zombie looks at Vernon sternly.

VERNON (CONT'D)

(mocking Reverend Zombie's voice)

Voodoo. Magic.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Just keep your eyes open.

VERNON

Open.

(sighs)

This is gonna be a long night.

As the boats press on, the camera reveals the wooden plank in the water.

It reads: IF YOU WAS ON HERE YOU'D BE SCARED BY NOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The boats have docked on the side of the swamp. One by one the hunters all dismount and assemble in the dead brush.

As the hunters lock and load...

VERNON

Man, it is dead in here.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Where we're going it gets much thicker. It's almost night fall. Let's move!

Reverend Zombie starts walking as the group follows him reluctantly into the swamp.

Trent is the last one to follow. He looks back to the swamp one last time before walking in to the brush.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP WOODS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Reverend Zombie walks with Marybeth and Uncle Bob. Justin follows behind them.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

(to Marybeth)

How much further to the house?

JUSTIN

What house?

MARYBETH

I'm not sure. This all looks the same to me. But we didn't walk far. I'm just not exactly sure where we got off.

JUSTIN

Why did you guys get off the boat?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

I don't want to linger. Let's get to the house.

JUSTIN

What house?

MARYBETH

My daddy and my brother are in the shed.

JUSTIN

Why were they in the shed? WHAT HOUSE?

The camera finds Layton and Avery.

AVERY

It's scary out here.

LAYTON

That's just because people want you to think it's scary. It's no different than any other swamp.

AVERY

Have you noticed that there's hardly even any birds?

LAYTON

Doesn't matter. Look, don't let that clown spook you. All we gotta do is hang out here for a few hours, collect our money and go home.

AVERY

Screw that. I'm taking out that Crowley monster guy. Five thousand bucks, I could be out of debt.

LAYTON

Ha! And out of all of these guys, you think you'll get him?

AVERY

I'm a better shot than you.

LAYTON

Not true.

AVERY

OK, Garden District Fair two years ago-

LAYTON

I was drunk and I let you win.

AVERY

Right. Kind of like how you *let me* win at Air Hockey and at pool?

LAYTON

I was sick.

AVERY

You're adorable.

The camera finds Vernon, John, and Chad.

VERNON

Fucking mosquitos.

CHAD

I got spray if you want it.

He hands Vernon some spray.

VERNON

Thanks, man.

CHAD

So you don't believe that whole ghost story about this place?

VERNON

I believe there's a story. But I don't believe there's a ghost that can actually hurt someone.

CHAD

Right, but if a ghost could manifest itself and take on a physical presence then what's to stop it from going after someone?

VERNON

Daaaamn. You need to stop watching the SyFy channel. If that ghost does manifest himself I'll shoot his head off!

He hands back the spray to Chad. Chad offers it to John.

CHAD

Bug spray?

John just shakes his head no.

CHAD (CONT'D)
He doesn't talk much, huh?

VERNON
Are you kidding? John here's a riot. He used to do stand-up down at Fezziwigs, man. Hilarious.

CHAD
Seriously?

VERNON
No.

They keep walking. Chad stops for a beat as Cleatus catches up with him. Cleatus is smoking.

CHAD
Those things will kill you, you know.

CLEATUS
Shut-up, Chad.

Cleatus keeps walking. Trent walks past Chad, bumping him.

CHAD
Dicks.

Up ahead Reverend Zombie stops Marybeth.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Where the hell are we going?

MARYBETH
I don't know. We came in a different way.

TRENT
Just how much further do you expect us to go, little girl?

AVERY
Yeah, I'd like to stay closer to the boats.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
We walked straight in from there. The boats are a straight shot back that way.

CLEATUS
So now what?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Let's surround the area. If Victor Crowley really does exist, this is where we'll find him.

VERNON

So is there like some kind of "Victor Crowley call" or something?

A few chuckles from the group. Marybeth cocks her gun and they all stop laughing.

CLEATUS

So what, we break into groups?

MARYBETH

No, that's a bad idea.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

No, he's right. We'll cover more ground that way. If you see that monster out there, shoot.

UNCLE BOB

Now wait just a damn minute. We don't want a bunch of spooked people walking around this swamp shooting at everything.

VERNON

Who you calling spook?

Chad moves near Trent.

CHAD

I'm going with the big guy.

TRENT

The fuck you are, boy. I'm fixing to keep an eye on my money.

Trent moves towards Reverend Zombie.

Uncle Bob grabs Marybeth's hand.

UNCLE BOB

Come on. Let's find that shed and get out of here.

LAYTON

What's the plan?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

The plan? We meet back at the boat at sun-up. And if you do find that monster, bring back his head. Five K. Trent, you come with us.

Reverend Zombie follows after Marybeth and Uncle Bob. Justin, scared, walks quickly to keep up with him.

Trent is not happy about this. He follows their group.

Vernon and John take a seat and light up a pipe.

Avery whispers to Layton.

AVERY

What do you want to do?

LAYTON

Let's stick with these guys tonight. Wait here til tomorrow and get out of here.

Cleatus holds a nostril and snorts out snot on the ground.

CLEATUS

Well all-right! Let's hunt us down a Yeti!

Avery turns back to Layton.

AVERY

I don't want to hang with these idiots all night.

LAYTON

Alright, come on.

Layton and Avery's start to leave.

VERNON

Woah, hey man. What, you gonna take the only pretty thing in the swamp with you?

Layton takes Avery's hand.

LAYTON

Yeah man, we're cool, thanks.

They EXIT into the brush.

VERNON

Oh, I get it. Ya'll a couple or something. My bad.

(to John)

Hey, I got an idea. Why don't we all just split up? Better yet let's just go skinny dipping.

Cleatus taps Chad.

CLEATUS

I don't know about you but I'm gonna go catch me a gator. Hang out by the boats.

CHAD

Yeah, I like the idea of sticking near them boats. I don't want anyone leaving without me.

Cleatus shows him the keys.

CLEATUS

Stick with me, pal.

(then)

Make it worth our while.

They EXIT.

VERNON

And then there was just us. You scared man?

John frowns "no".

VERNON (CONT'D)

BOO!

John twitches.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Ah-ha!

Vernon points at John: "Gotcha."

John punches Vernon hard in the arm.

Vernon punches him back.

Angry, John punches Vernon even harder (ala A CHRISTMAS STORY).

VERNON (CONT'D)
Owww! Man...

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAMP WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

BLAM! Cleatus shoots at something in the water.

CLEATUS
Damn it. A swamp overflowing with
gators and I can't hit one.

CHAD
You gotta lead it more.

CLEATUS
Dude, I know how to hunt.

CHAD
Yeah. That's why you keep missing.

Cleatus lights up another smoke.

CHAD (CONT'D)
So we're just supposed to stand
around here all night?

CLEATUS
Unless you want to go sniffing
around in there with them assholes.

CHAD
Nah, I'm good here.
(then)
But five thousand bucks...

CLEATUS
To hunt down a children's story?
Good luck. And the only reason
Zombie's even offering that reward
is because there ain't no Victor
Crowley. We're gonna end up
staying up all night just so that
he can go back, declare the swamp
safe, and appeal to start up his
tours or some bullshit.

CHAD
How do you know the story ain't
real?

CLEATUS

Please. If that story was real- if I even THOUGHT that story was real? My ass wouldn't be here right now.

He takes aim. Chad watches on.

CHAD

Alright now, see how he's moving to the right?

CLEATUS

Shut-up.

CHAD

Two feet to the right.

CLEATUS

Shut-up.

Cleatus shoots. Victory.

CLEATUS (CONT'D)

HA! You see that?

From the surrounds...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

Daaaaaa....dy.

CHAD

Wait, shut-up. Did you hear something?

CLEATUS

I heard that gator decide to come home with me, that's what I heard.

CHAD

Nah, shhhh. Listen.

Through the night...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

Daaaaaa....dy.

Chad turns white.

CLEATUS

Oh, come on.

(then)

Alright, we hear you Vernon. That's funny.

CHAD
That was Vernon?

CLEATUS
Of course it was.

Something growls in the trees.

Chad stares at the bushes in front of them.

CHAD
I see him.

CLEATUS
Shut the fuck up.

More animal-like sounds from the brush in front of them.

CHAD
(whispering)
He's right in front of us.
(then)
Vernon, cut it out or you're gonna
get hurt!

As Chad inches forward, Cleatus steps away, scared.

CLEATUS
Yeah.

CHAD
Knock it off right now or you're
gonna get shot. I'm serious now.

Suddenly Victor Crowley storms out of the bushes like a
freight train and tackles Chad.

Cleatus runs to save his own life.

CLEATUS
OH FUCK! OH FUCK!

Victor Crowley sits up on top of Chad.

CHAD
No! Please!! NO!

Victor Crowley raises his hatchet in the air to strike... but
then spins the blade around and grabs the handle with both
hands. He brings the top/flat edge of the weapon pummeling
down at Chad's face, striking him in the mouth.

Over and over again, Victor Crowley brings the weapon down, bludgeoning Chad's mouth until it is caved in and almost inside out. Chad tries to scream but his voice is a gargled mess of broken teeth, blood, and gums from the thirty strikes to the face.

With one final strike, Chad's head completely caves in on itself.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Reverend Zombie, Uncle Bob, Justin, and Trent follow Marybeth. She is on a mission.

As she, Uncle Bob, and Trent make their way, Justin stops Reverend Zombie.

JUSTIN

Boss, hold up. What are we really doing here?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

We're gonna go through there, get the people that were on that boat, and we're gonna get them back home.

JUSTIN

Come on. I'm not an idiot. Why do you need all of these people? Why all of the guns?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Alright, listen to me, Justin. Listen. If what the girl is saying is correct and Victor Crowley is still out here. I know how to get rid of him. I know how to end the curse.

JUSTIN

And how is that?

Reverend Zombie points ahead at Trent and Uncle Bob.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

See those two right there?

JUSTIN

Yeah?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
They were out here the night that
Crowley got murdered.

JUSTIN
(sarcastically)
The night the house got lit on
fire?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Yes! There were three of them.
Sampson, the girl's father, was the
other one. So that means there's
only two more to go before his
revenge is satisfied, the curse is
lifted, and the swamp is mine.

JUSTIN
Wait- but that's... that's like
murder.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Am I hurting anybody? Did I twist
anybody's arm to come out here?
They came here on their own free
will.

JUSTIN
Yeah, because you bribed them.

Reverend Zombie grabs Justin by the shoulders and gets right
in his face.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Do you have a problem with this,
Justin? Do you have a problem with
me?

JUSTIN
...No. I just want to find Shawn
and get the hell out of here. Is
Shawn alright?

Reverend Zombie holds his hand up to his head and
concentrates once again being the master showman of voodoo.
Shawn isn't buying it at all.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I don't know.

JUSTIN
But you wouldn't tell me the truth
if you did know, would you?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Look at me. The girl doesn't know what happened to Shawn either. The group split up. I'm sure he's out here somewhere. He'll be fine. Trust me. Now we all have to stick together. Everything's going to be fine. He's a tough kid.

JUSTIN

He ain't that tough.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAMP SHORE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Cleatus races up onto his boat and puts the key in the ignition. He runs to the back of the boat and pulls on the motor cord. Nothing.

He looks back across the boat to the shore, there is nothing there.

Once again he pulls the motor. It sputters, but nothing.

He looks back at the shore. Nothing.

Quickly he turns back and pulls the motor again. Nothing.

CLEATUS

Come on!

He pulls the cord again and the motor springs to life, the blade churning the water at a high speed.

As Cleatus leans back up- **BOOM**- Victor Crowley is standing right behind him in the water. He grabs Cleatus and hurls him over the back of the boat and into the water.

As Cleatus struggles, Victor Crowley grabs his head in his giant hands and slowly brings his face down towards the churning water behind the motor blades.

CLEATUS (CONT'D)

No! Please! Nnnnnno!

Cleatus struggles but no matter how hard he tries, Victor Crowley keeps slowly pushing him down into the spinning motor.

With a final push, Victor Crowley shoves Cleatus' screaming face under the water and holds it against the propeller.

From the surface all we see is blood, hair, skin, teeth, and carnage fill the water around the bubbling motor blades.

Below the surface Cleatus' face is completely shredded by the blades.

Finally, Victor Crowley lifts Cleatus' body back up into the air. His face is literally chewed off, leaving a hollowed out skull full of gore.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Layton and Avery find a clearing and take a seat on a log.

 AVERY

You're not the least bit creeped out here?

 LAYTON

You're really freaked out, huh?

 AVERY

Well, yeah!

 LAYTON

You don't need to be scared. Besides, if a monster comes to get you, we've got guns, right?

 AVERY

I guess.

A pregnant pause. The tension between them is strong.

 LAYTON

Remember in high school, when I told you that I couldn't get my driver's license because I was sick and couldn't make it to the DMV?

 AVERY

Yeah.

 LAYTON

I lied. I failed. The guy told me to parallel park and I totally nailed the other car.

AVERY
Where did that come from?

LAYTON
I dunno. Guess I just felt like saying it.

She laughs.

AVERY
Want to know something?

LAYTON
What?

AVERY
I knew.

LAYTON
How?

AVERY
Remember my Aunt May? She worked at the DMV. She told me the whole thing.

LAYTON
Really?

She smiles.

LAYTON (CONT'D)
So why didn't you ever call me on it?

AVERY
Cause I had a crush on you. And I felt bad, I guess.

They look at each other.

Layton looks away.

LAYTON
Stop.

She turns his head towards hers.

AVERY
(whispers)
No.

She kisses him. He tries to pull away, but it is futile. In an instant they are passionately kissing.

LAYTON

You know I still care about you. I just... I don't know what's going on.

she opens her shirt and pulls it down off of her shoulders. It's over trying to resist.

LAYTON (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He is all over her, pulling her to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWAMP WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth leads the group through a thick patch of trees. As the branches separate they reveal the Crowley shed.

Marybeth turns back to them.

MARYBETH

Here! It's here!

She moves inside the shed.

Uncle Bob follows her inside with Reverend Zombie at his heels.

Justin and Trent remain outside. They hold their weapons at the ready as they look upon the haunting sight of the Crowley house.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY SHED - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth, Uncle Bob, and Reverend Zombie enter the shed. It looks as we last saw it in HATCHET 1.

But the bodies of Sampson and Ainsley are gone.

MARYBETH

They were here! Both of them!
Their bodies were right here!

She is now crying.

Uncle Bob takes her in his arms.

UNCLE BOB
OK, OK, shhh.

He looks at Reverend Zombie.

UNCLE BOB (CONT'D)
Are you happy now?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Hey, I'm just trying to help.

Uncle Bob holds Marybeth by the shoulders.

UNCLE BOB
I'm sure you saw something. But
look. Look. There's nothing here
now.

MARYBETH
(pointing)
They were right there.

UNCLE BOB
Maybe it was a different shed.
Maybe you were just scared.

MARYBETH
No, I know what I saw! I saw them
with my own eyes.
(then)
Crowley. Maybe, he took them
inside the house?

She dashes past them and outside.

UNCLE BOB
Marybeth!

REVEREND ZOMBIE
The girls' had quite the scare.

Uncle Bob shoves Reverend Zombie out of his way and EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth runs past Trent and Justin and up the steps to the
house.

TRENT
Brave little girl.

Uncle Bob chases after her.

UNCLE BOB
Marybeth! Wait!

She is pushing through the rotted doorway and inside before he can stop her.

Reverend Zombie stands with Justin and Trent.

JUSTIN
Hey! You can't just run in there!

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Let them go.

JUSTIN
Boss, if you don't mind. I'd really just like to find my brother and get the fuck out of here.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
No, it's safer to stay together.

Reverend Zombie moves up to the house, following Marybeth and Uncle Bob.

Justin calls out for his brother.

JUSTIN
SHAWN! SHAWN! HELLO!!

Trent looms down at Justin.

TRENT
Son, I'm gonna give you about one more second to knock that shit off.

Justin, confused and scared, follows Trent towards the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Avery and Layton go at it hard with Avery on her knees bent over in front of him, her jeans pushed down around her ankles and Layton thrusting behind her.

The two moan and breathe heavily.

AVERY
Is that good?

LAYTON
Yes- yes. Fuck.

AVERY
Did you miss that?

LAYTON
Yeah, yeah, I really did.

AVERY
Uh, how much? How much did you miss it?

LAYTON
The most. The most amount.

AVERY
You like this better than ice cream?

LAYTON
Yup.

AVERY
Better than chocolate ice cream?

LAYTON
Yup. Fuck chocolate ice cream.

AVERY
Yeah. You like this better than Jesus?

Layton is confused.

LAYTON
That's... that's not appropriate.

AVERY
Uhhh, you like this better than baby Jesus?

LAYTON
Uh...uh... about an equal amount.

AVERY
Do you love me?

Layton tenses up.

LAYTON
What?

AVERY
Do you love me?

Layton is uncomfortable but can't stop now.

LAYTON
(barely audible)
Yup.

AVERY
What? I can't hear you? Tell me
you love me.

LAYTON
(to himself)
Oh, fuck.
(coughing to hide it)
I love you.

AVERY
Say it! Say you love me!

Layton can't say it.

AVERY (CONT'D)
SAY IT! SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME!

LAYTON
I love you. I love you, I love
you.

Avery beams as she thrusts against him harder.

AVERY
Huh. Yeah you do.

Silently, Victor Crowley rises up behind Layton.

WHOOSH! With one sweep of the hatchet, Victor Crowley decapitates Layton. The arteries from his exposed neck douse Victor Crowley's body with blood.

Layton's headless body spasms in shock and seizure.

Angle on Avery's face as she feels the shudder.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Woah- easy! Easy.

Layton's body stops moving.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Come on!

Layton's body is still.

Avery gives a few playful pushes back at his body behind her.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Come on, baby. Come on.

She thrusts her body back at him over and over again.

AVERY (CONT'D)
You didn't fall asleep on me again
did you?

She turns her head to see Layton's headless body spraying blood up at Victor Crowley.

AVERY (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!!! OH MY GOD!!!!

Victor Crowley glares down at her and raises his hatchet up.

AVERY (CONT'D)
No! No! HELP! PLEASE!

She scuffles away on her hands and knees, unable to stand or run because of her pants wrapped around her ankles.

Victor Crowley walks after her, his hatchet still poised to strike. Finally as he catches up to her, he swings the weapon underneath her and hits her right between her legs.

Angle on Avery's face as her pained expression tells us everything we can't see.

AVERY (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!!!..... Uuuughhhh...

She leans backwards towards Crowley, her shirt wide open.

With one swoop, Crowley swings his hatchet back around again and down into the center of Avery's chest, silencing her.

Blood pours from her chest. Her heart pumping her life blood down the skin of her stomach.

The camera holds on Avery as Crowley begins to pull at the hatchet, trying to free it from her body. Tug. Tug. Tug.

Angle on a nearby tree.

Wait for it. Wait for it. Wait for it...

SPLASH! A bucket of blood sprays down the foliage as Crowley frees his hatchet from Avery's body.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth frantically moves through the house, searching for the bodies of her family with Uncle Bob close behind.

The house is the epitome of a haunted house times ten. Everything is corroded, run down, and covered in cobwebs, overgrowth, and dust. It is a sad disgrace for the home we saw in the flashback years ago. Holes in the roof have left the interior water damaged and rotted.

UNCLE BOB

Enough. This insanity has carried on long enough.

MARYBETH

They're here. They have to be in here somewhere.

Uncle Bob is clearly freaked out and uncomfortable being in the house.

UNCLE BOB

Come on. We're leaving. Right now!

MARYBETH

Please, you have to believe me!

UNCLE BOB

Then let's come back tomorrow, during the day. We'll bring the Sheriff with us.

Angle on Reverend Zombie, Trent, and Justin.

JUSTIN

Boss. I really want to get out of here. Now!

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Not yet.

JUSTIN

Please! I'm fucking scared!

Reverend Zombie turns on him.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Then get back to the boat.

JUSTIN
Can I have the keys back?

Reverend Zombie holds up the keys in front of Shawn.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
And leave me here?

JUSTIN
No, I won't leave. I'll wait!

He thrusts the keys back into his pocket again.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
The hell you will.

TRENT
I'm with your boy. We're looking
for serious trouble being in here.

From somewhere outside in the woods....

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
Daaaaa....dy!

REVEREND ZOMBIE
It's too late.

Marybeth runs back to them.

MARYBETH
Shut the door! Shut the fucking
door!

Justin closes the door as Trent shoves an old bookcase up
against it.

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
Daaaaa....dy!

Uncle Bob gets in Reverend Zombie's face.

UNCLE BOB
What the hell have you done?

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Back off of me old man.

UNCLE BOB
You're gonna get us all killed!

REVEREND ZOMBIE
You? You're blaming ME?

UNCLE BOB
What are you talking about?

TRENT
You all better shut the fuck up!

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
Daaaaaa....day!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vernon and John sit up alert, listening to the mournful wailing voice coming from the trees.

VERNON
You hear that?

John listens. Cocks his gun.

They both stand up and point their guns ahead of them.

VERNON (CONT'D)
ALRIGHT. IF SOMEONE IS JOKING
AROUND OUT THERE THIS SHIT AIN'T
FUNNY! WE WILL SHOOT YOU!

Something moves in the brush behind them. They spin around, guns pointed.

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
Rrruuuuugh.....

VERNON
SHOW YOURSELF OR WE WILL SHOOT YOUR
HEAD OFF!

Something moves behind them and they spin again.

From the bushes straight ahead a quick WHIRR is heard.

VERNON (CONT'D)
LAST WARNING ASSHOLE.

BLAM! John fires into the brush ahead of them and the growling stops.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The group hears the gunfire outside somewhere.

TRENT
Shots fired.

JUSTIN
Maybe they got him?

Marybeth grabs Justin's arm.

MARYBETH
(whispered)
Stay with me.

JUSTIN
I can't. I can't be in here. I
need to get back to the boat!

Justin is losing his shit.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I just want to find Shawn and go
home.

Marybeth shakes her head "no" at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Shawn...?

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Is he dead?!

MARYBETH
They're all dead.

JUSTIN
And you lied!?

MARYBETH
I told *him* the truth.

She looks at Reverend Zombie.

Justin stomps over to him.

JUSTIN
You knew my brother was dead?

REVEREND ZOMBIE

QUIET, KID!

(then)

All I know is what that crazy girl said. For all I know he could still be out there somewhere.

Tears roll down Marybeth's cheeks.

MARYBETH

He's not.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vernon and John still eye the spot that they fired at.

Nothing.

VERNON

What if you shot one of the other guys, man?

(then)

HELLO?

WHIRR. The quick sound is heard again.

The men aim their weapons and listen.

WHIRR. What is that sound?

John looks at Vernon.

JOHN

(mouths, ala "PHANTASM")

What...the...fuck?

RRRRR-WHIP-BUZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!! Victor Crowley comes charging out of the woods ahead of them with a giant 6-foot long Red Wood chain-saw (as seen in the shed in HATCHET 1).

Vernon and John open fire.

BOOM! BANG! WHAP! BOOM!

Their bullets explode into Victor Crowley and spark off of the metal blade of the chain-saw, but he keeps his charge towards them at full speed.

Vernon cowardly moves behind John but keeps firing from behind him.

BOOM! BANG!

In one swoop and without losing his pace, Victor Crowley lifts the blade of his chain-saw between the legs of both Vernon and John at the same time.

Ahhhh!! JOHN (CONT'D)

Uuuugh!!! VERNON

Slowly, Victor Crowley moves the weapon up through their bodies, castrating both men and ripping up into their bellies.

With the strength of a Goliath, Victor Crowley lifts the chain-saw up into the air, with both men on it.

Five feet off of the ground, both men spasm and shudder as their bodies are slowly cut in half lengthwise.

Wide angle as we see the two men suspended mid-air on Victor Crowley's chain-saw.

In one final slash, Victor Crowley thrusts the chain-saw upwards, quickly slicing both men completely in half. Their bodies fall to each side.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The group listens to the sound of the chain-saw as it sputters to a stop.

Justin is now cowering in the corner. A puddle of urine soaks the ground by his pant leg.

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)
RRAAAAAAUUGH!!!!!!

JUSTIN
Oh we're fucked! We're so FUCKED!

Reverend Zombie grabs him by his shirt and speaks into his ear.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Listen to me, you little shit. You stay with me and you don't do anything stupid!

He motions to Uncle Bob and Trent, who both peer out of the windows.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Now if I'm right and Crowley gets his revenge on the people that killed him... he'll gonna have his peace and this will all be over. We'll be rich.

JUSTIN

But-

REVEREND ZOMBIE

-Don't be a fool. Just stay with me.

Reverend Zombie moves back to the windows, passing Marybeth who overheard bits and pieces of what he said. She looks back and forth from Reverend Zombie to Justin.

She approaches Justin.

MARYBETH

Give me your gun.

JUSTIN

No.

She snatches it from him. Easily.

Angle on Trent, Uncle Bob, and Reverend Zombie at the windows.

UNCLE BOB

You see anything out there?

TRENT

Nah. But I find it hard to believe that this door is the only way in here.

UNCLE BOB

I'll scope it out.

He walks back to Marybeth.

UNCLE BOB (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me. I want you to hide.

MARYBETH

I don't want to hide. I want to kill him!

He screams at her.

UNCLE BOB
That's enough! Now you HIDE!

JUSTIN
Come on.

Justin EXITS into a back room. Reluctantly, Marybeth follows with one final heartbroken look to Uncle Bob.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth and Justin ENTER the room.

A child's twin bed is in the corner. The rest of the room looks like a time capsule covered in dust.

Angle on Crowley's broken doll as the camera passes through shelves of corroded books and other useless items and toys.

Marybeth and Justin duck down and hide behind a broken desk.

JUSTIN
I've never been so fucking scared
in my life.

MARYBETH
I'm sorry about your brother.

JUSTIN
You could have told me earlier.

MARYBETH
I thought Zombie would have told
you.

JUSTIN
Are you positive? Are you sure
he's dead?

Marybeth nods.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Then why the hell would you come
back here? I don't understand.

MARYBETH
My family is gone. I have nothing.
I want to see Crowley die.

JUSTIN
But if he's a ghost-

MARYBETH
-I hurt him. Last night. And if
he can feel pain, he can die.

Footsteps run through the house as the other men call to each other, indistinguishable.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
What did he say to you? I heard
him say something about "those
two".

JUSTIN
He seems to think that Trent and
the guy with you... your Uncle?

MARYBETH
Bob?

JUSTIN
He says that they were with your
father when they killed Victor
Crowley years ago.

MARYBETH
What?

JUSTIN
He thinks that, if Victor Crowley
has his revenge on them, that the
curse will be lifted and he'll
just... go away. And we'll be
safe.

MARYBETH
That's why he brought us here?!

JUSTIN
Look, I don't know shit. All I-

Marybeth runs out of the room, leaving Justin alone.

MARYBETH (O.S.)
Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!

Somewhere on the wall outside of the house there is a loud
BANG on the bedroom wall.

Justin panics. He closes the door from which Marybeth just
exited and slides a chair up against the handle.

A low **GROWL** is heard outside of the bedroom window.

Justin ducks and watches the windows. Branches sway in the moonlight, casting shadows across the floor and his face. Did a person just walk by the window?

slowly he backs up to a closet door.

Quietly he puts his hand on the knob and opens it behind him.

Tension. Music swell. ...But nothing in there behind him.

It is empty. Just blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Justin backs up inside into the blackness and closes the door with a slight **CREAK**.

As he stands silently in the darkness he hears another loud **BANG** on the wall outside of the bedroom.

Suddenly he jerks, feeling a spider or just a spiderweb in his face. He brushes it off.

JUSTIN
(to himself)
Spiders.

He brushes more off of his face.

Another **BANG** outside of the bedroom wall startles him.

He frantically brushes more webs off of himself, panicking now.

Finally he holds up his flashlight, trying to see what it is that's crawling all over him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Please...not spiders...not spiders...

He shines the light at his arm... a giant spider is there!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
FUCK!

He wipes it away. Quickly he turns the flashlight to his other arm to check for more spiders.

BOOM! Victor Crowley glares back at him from the flashlight in the darkness of the closet. For the first time we really see his face full screen. He howls back at Justin.

VICTOR CROWLEY
RRAAAAAARRRR!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

CRASH! Justin is thrown through the closet door onto the floor of the bedroom.

He scrambles to his feet and runs for the locked bedroom door.

WHOOSH! Victor Crowley throws his hatchet, plunging it into Justin's spine.

Justin smacks face first into the wall and slides down on his knees with the front of his body pressed up against the wooden bedroom wall. He twitches but is otherwise paralyzed from the weapon in his spinal cord.

JUSTIN
Nnnnoo! Help! Help me!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob watches with his rifle trained outside of the window. Marybeth rushes in.

MARYBETH
Uncle Bob! It's a trap!

UNCLE BOB
What?

MARYBETH
Reverend Zombie- he - he is trying to get-

JUSTIN (O.S.)
HELP! OH GOD HELP ME!

Uncle Bob and Marybeth turn towards Justin's screaming.

UNCLE BOB
He's in the house!

He runs out of the room, towards the screaming.

MARYBETH
NO, WAIT!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Justin twitches against the wall, his body incapacitated.
Blood seeps through his teeth.

JUSTIN
HE'S GONNA KILL ME! HE'S GONNA
KILL ME!

Victor Crowley reaches back into the dark closet and pulls
out his belt sander from HATCHET 1.

He pulls the cord and it sputters to life.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
HELP ME PLEASE!!!

Victor Crowley slowly walks towards him, the camera following
over the sander as the grinder whirls.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob kicks and smashes his body against the door.

UNCLE BOB
It's locked!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Victor Crowley approaches Justin and buries the belt sander
into the back of his head.

Hair, skin, and blood begin to spatter the wall around him.

JUSTIN
Ahhhhh!!!!

With a further push we hear the sander hit bone and begin
grinding through Justin's skull.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Nn-nnn-nnn-nnn...

Justin's eyes roll back in his head. Pain taking over any ability to scream that he has left.

Victor Crowley pulls back the sander, revealing that Justin's brain is now exposed. The back of his skull has been sanded away.

Justin has now stopped screaming, but his face and body thrash in seizure.

With one final shove, Victor Crowley pushes the belt sander into Justin's brain cavity... EXPLODING it all over the wall in a flurry of brain matter and blood.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The sounds of the belt sander can be heard through the walls.

Uncle Bob shoves himself against the door trying to get in. Marybeth grabs him by the arm.

MARYBETH

Uncle Bob, no!

Reverend Zombie and Trent rush into the hallway.

TRENT

Where is he?!

Uncle Bob pushes Marybeth away and lifts his gun at the door.

UNCLE BOB

Stand back!

BLAM! He fires at the door. On the moment the gunfire shoots through the wood- **CRASH!** Victor Crowley smashes through the door frame at Uncle Bob, knocking him against the wall and hitting his head violently against the wood.

Victor Crowley now separates Marybeth from Reverend Zombie and Trent who are on the other side of the hallway.

He glares down at Uncle Bob's body.

VICTOR CROWLEY

RROOOOAAAAGH!!!!

Uncle Bob holds his bleeding head, conscious but dazed.

MARYBETH

Rr - ahhh!

Marybeth whacks Victor Crowley in the face with the butt of her gun, knocking him a few steps down the hall.

VICTOR CROWLEY

RRRAAAAAGH!!!!

With one hand, Victor Crowley grabs Marybeth and bounces her sideways off of the top of the hallway wall. She lands in a heap on the floor.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! More bullets explode off of Victor Crowley as Trent unloads his weapon into his chest.

SPLAT! A bullet explodes in Victor Crowley's head, sending him into a furious charge at Trent.

The two giants grapple and shove each other through the hallway and into the kitchen.

Marybeth leans down to try and help Uncle Bob to his feet as Reverend Zombie joins them.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Come on!

MARYBETH

He needs help!

He grabs Marybeth by the arm and lifts her to her feet. He carries her towards the front of the house and the now boarded up door.

Marybeth holds her arms out to her dazed Uncle, screaming.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! DON'T LEAVE HIM!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Trent and Victor Crowley, now weaponless, grapple and fight, throwing each other through an old wooden table. Two behemoths in a test of strength as they punch and pummel each other in a violent wrestling match.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob tries to get to his feet, but the blow to his head still has him dizzy.

Reverend Zombie holds Marybeth back as she kicks and punches at his arms.

MARYBETH

Let me go! Let me go!

REVEREND ZOMBIE

STOP! I'm trying to save you!
He'll kill you, too!

MARYBETH

Let me go!!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Victor Crowley has Trent by the throat, slowly crushing his neck. But Trent still has more fight in him.

He brings his arms up quickly, shoving Victor Crowley's hands away.

BOOM! BOOM! He gives Victor Crowley two body blows to the gut that push him away.

Trent turns to run but Victor Crowley tackles him into a spiderweb-ridden rack of pots and pans.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Reverend Zombie holds Marybeth in one arm while shoving aside the furniture blocking their way out.

MARYBETH

NO! UNCLE BOB!

Down the hallway, Uncle Bob pulls himself to his feet. He sees Marybeth in the grasp of Reverend Zombie.

UNCLE BOB

PUT HER DOWN!

Reverend Zombie begins shoving the bookcase away more frantically. Only being able to use one arm and having half of Trent's strength, it is no easy task.

Uncle Bob slowly begins to make his way down the hallway to them.

He takes his hand away from the back of his head and sees the blood on it.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

CRACK! Trent smashes a chair across Victor Crowley, sending him flying to the ground.

Trent reaches for a rusted butcher block on the counter and pulls out the largest knife in the set.

But as he turns back to face Victor Crowley, Victor Crowley kicks him in the right leg, just above the knee.

SNAP! Trent's leg inverts and buckles beneath him, sending him down on one knee.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob is now almost to Reverend Zombie and Marybeth. She screams and fights back, but her efforts are useless against Reverend Zombie's size.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
I'm trying to save you!

MARYBETH
Nooo!!!

Finally, Reverend Zombie gets the door open. He pulls Marybeth outside with him.

As Uncle Bob reaches for her...

UNCLE BOB
MARYBETH!

Reverend Zombie kicks the door closed again, cutting Uncle Bob off from them and leaving him inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Quickly and violently, Victor Crowley grabs Trent and shoves his face up against the edge of the kitchen table, pressing his open mouth against the edge of it.

TRENT

Ahhh- ggggaaahhhh!

Crippled and exhausted with pain, Trent can't fight back as Victor Crowley holds his face against the edge.

Finally, Victor Crowley winds up and kicks the back of Trent's head, "curbing" him against the counter and splitting his head in half.

Trent's lower body falls away to the floor as the top half of his head (from the top jaw up) slides across the table surface.

Trent's eyes blink twice and then remain open. Dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Reverend Zombie holds Marybeth at his side.

MARYBETH

You're gonna kill him! NO!

BLAM! Reverend Zombie shoots the door handle, destroying and bending it so that it can not be opened.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob sees the broken door handle. Weakly he begins pounding and kicking at the door.

UNCLE BOB

NO! PLEASE! LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!!

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth hits and kicks at Reverend Zombie as he backs her away from the house but it is useless.

MARYBETH
Uncle Bob... Uncle Bob!

Reverend Zombie covers her mouth.

REVEREND ZOMBIE
Shhhh! I'm trying to save you. Do
you want him to get you, too?
Listen to me! Listen to me!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Uncle Bob pounds on the door, but he hasn't the strength to make a difference.

UNCLE BOB
Please! Don't leave me in here!
ZOMBIE!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Marybeth tries to call back to her Uncle, but Reverend Zombie covers her mouth.

Her tears stream down over his giant hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As Uncle Bob beats uselessly on the door, Victor Crowley steps out of the kitchen and into the hallway behind him.

Uncle Bob slowly turns to face Victor Crowley, who just stares back at him, almost daring him to try and run or make a move.

Manning up and not going out without a fight, Uncle Bob slowly positions himself in an old-time boxer's stance. He wipes his mouth with one hand and raises his right hand up high, ready to fight.

UNCLE BOB
Come on you hatchet-face fuck!

Victor Crowley stampedes at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

BOOM! SMASH! BAM! Marybeth's eyes are wide with horror as she watches the door and the entire front of the house shake and shudder with violence and an explosion of dust.

She sobs, collapsing into Reverend Zombie's clutches.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Shhh. It's almost over.

It's unsure exactly what is taking place behind the door, but the sounds are enough to know that uncle Bob is being torn to shreds.

Fountains of blood and gore spray out of every hole and crack in the front of the house as Uncle Bob meets his violent end.

Reverend Zombie cracks an eerie smile across his lips.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Now, now. It's over, little girl.
It's all over.

The house stops shaking. The struggle is over. It is silent except for Marybeth's tortured breathing and sobs.

Reverend Zombie keeps his hand over her mouth as he gently speaks to her.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Three children lit that house on fire decades ago. Three children murdered Victor Crowley. Trent, your father... and your father's brother. *Your uncle!*

Marybeth sobs, trying to speak.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

There was only one way to rid the swamp of that Ghost's curse forever. And that was to let him have avenge on the men that did this to him.

(then)

You see? You see? We're safe now. It's over. Victor Crowley is gone. Gone!

(MORE)

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

(then)

And now... the swamp is mine.

He loosens his grip around Marybeth as she collapses to the ground in tears.

MARYBETH

You're a *murderer*. You never wanted to help me. You killed all of these innocent people.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

Now, now, now. *Victor Crowley* killed all of those people. I just *happened* to survive.

MARYBETH

I'll tell the police what you did.
I'll tell everyone!

Reverend Zombie points his gun down at Marybeth.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

I'm afraid that's where you're wrong... Marybeth Dunston.

MARYBETH

Well there's something that you got wrong.

Reverend Zombie cocks his weapon. Ready to execute her point-blank.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

What?

She stares back up at him.

MARYBETH

That wasn't my real Uncle. Bob was my Daddy's best friend. My Daddy's brother died of leukemia when I was twelve.

Off screen we hear... **SMASH** as the front door falls down flat.

Reverend Zombie looks away at the sound.

Victor Crowley stands in the front door way. The door now at his feet.

QUICK PUSH-IN/ZOOM-OUT to Reverend Zombie's face as he stares back at Victor Crowley in fear.

REVEREND ZOMBIE

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Victor Crowley charges down the front steps at Reverend Zombie.

Reverend Zombie, with no way out except to fight, charges back at him, bringing his rifle up to his side to fire.

From a wide angle, we see the two giants charge at each other.

BOOM! Reverend Zombie shoots Victor Crowley point blank but Victor Crowley keeps coming.

The two grapple with each other, Reverend Zombie using his size and strong hands to grasp Victor Crowley by the throat.

WHOOSH! Victor Crowley raises his hatchet up and...

CHOP! SPLAT! CHOP! SPLAT! Over and over again, Victor Crowley brings his hatchet down at Reverend Zombie's side. Slowly chopping him in half at the waist as if he were a tree.

REVEREND ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!!!

Reverend Zombie keeps holding on trying to crush Victor Crowley's throat, but his eyes bulge in pain and blood drips from his mouth.

Finally... **THWOCK!** Victor Crowley hacks Reverend Zombie in half. His lower portion falls away, spilling blood and guts as his upper half slams to the ground, spilling entrails and digestive organs all over the dirt.

In shock, Reverend Zombie begins to pull himself across the lawn in front of the old Crowley house.

He gasps for air as he pulls himself away from the towering monster.

Victor Crowley walks up to him and steps on the back of his neck, pinning Reverend Zombie in place with his bloody boot.

He reaches down and grabs on to the base of Reverend Zombie's spinal cord... and tugs.

Angle on Reverend Zombie's face as he gasps in pain and horror at what is happening to him.

Victor Crowley pulls again as a tearing sound, something like jeans ripping, is heard.

With one final tug...

Angle on Reverend Zombie's face as his body is pulled out of its skin. His face crumples like a deflated balloon.

Victor Crowley holds Reverend Zombie's upper torso upside down in the air.

Reverend Zombie (now skinned alive everywhere except for his arms) turns his head back and forth, his mouth opening and closing but his eyes unable to blink without their eyelids.

VICTOR CROWLEY

RRRAAAGH!

Victor Crowley swings Reverend Zombie's useless body away into the swamp.

MARYBETH (O.S.)

RraaaaaAAAAAAAAA-!

Victor Crowley turns to be met square in the face with his own hatchet.

SPLAT! Marybeth has taken a running charge at him and hit him in the face as hard as she could.

Victor Crowley goes down... the hatchet sticking out of his skull.

VICTOR CROWLEY

AHHHH! ARRRGHH!

Marybeth, now teetering on insanity, leaps on top of him and pulls the hatchet out of his face.

THWOCK! WHAP! SPLAT!

She repeatedly strikes Victor Crowley in the face and head over and over again.

MARYBETH

DIE! DIE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!
FUCKING DIE!

With each beating, Victor Crowley's face and head turn to mush.

He screams in pain, but very quickly his screams become more like gargled cries.

CRACK! SPLOOSH!

Victor Crowley's head comes apart under the force of the weapon and Marybeth's hands.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
GO TO HELL!

With one final SPLAAAAAT Victor Crowley's skull bleeds out. Brain, pus, and unidentifiable gore spill out on the ground.

Sobbing/laughing hysterically... Marybeth stops her attack. Victor Crowley is still.

Slowly she stands up and throws the hatchet down at him.

Angle on the hatchet by Victor Crowley's hand.

Wide angle as Marybeth slowly walks away from his body and EXITS the frame.

After a beat, Victor Crowley's finger twitches.

Marybeth RE-ENTERS again, this time with Reverend Zombie's shotgun.

She aims straight down at Victor Crowley's face, point blank.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Fuck! You!

KA-BOOM-SPLAT!

As Victor Crowley's head explodes all over the place we...

HARD CUT TO
BLACK: