

HATCHET III

Written by
Adam Green

Shooting Draft
May 2012

Adam Green

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CROWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

BLAM! VICTOR CROWLEY's hatchet-smashed head is blown to a pulpy mess.

With psychotic fury in her eyes, MARYBETH stares down at the gory mess by her feet. She clutches Reverend Zombie's shotgun in her trembling hands.

After a beat, another wave of anger comes over her. She points the weapon at Crowley's body and squeezes the trigger again.

CLICK. Empty.

She tosses the now useless weapon away.

Slowly the sounds of the swamp begin to come back to life around us, filling in the space around Marybeth's deep breathing.

She is stoic. A tough but empty shell.

Certain that she has finished the job, she finally steps away from Victor Crowley's mutilated body and kicks his hatchet away from his dead body and into the surrounding brush.

She only makes it a few steps before her legs buckle beneath her and she goes down on one knee. All of the tears and crying now dried up from her soul.

As she catches her breath, an emotionless and vacant look gently creeps over her previously passionate and tortured demeanor.

Staring straight ahead she takes a few more deep breaths, preparing for her long journey back to civilization and her exit from the two-day nightmare she has been living through.

Out of focus behind her, Victor Crowley's nearly headless body slowly sits up straight.

The camera raises up with Marybeth as she stands up, leaving the image of Victor Crowley below our field of vision and now out of the shot.

She begins her walk away from the area in front of the Crowley house and makes her way into the woods before her.

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

As Marybeth walks she passes the giant six foot-long chain saw on the ground covered in a pool of blood and viscera (as well as the various halves of JOHN and VERNON next to it).

She stops momentarily to look down at it when she hears a branch **CRACK** in the brush behind her.

She spins around to look behind her. Nothing.

More movement in the trees around her kicks her back into survival mode. She leans down to pick up John's gun from next to his pieces. Without hesitation she points it at the trees and fires.

CLICK. Empty.

Frantically looking around her for another weapon, she eyes the giant chain saw.

She grabs hold of it but can't even budge it.

SNAP. A closer footstep triggers full on panic.

She sits down on the ground behind the chain saw and puts her feet up on it while she grabs hold of the rip cord and yanks.

A brief **SPUTTER** but the chain saw remains dead.

Quick cuts of her from all angles as she repeatedly yanks on the cord, trying to get the giant machine to come to life.

Something is getting closer.

Finally... **WHIRRRRRR!!!!** The chain saw sputters to life just as... **WHAM!** Victor Crowley grabs Marybeth from behind and yanks her backwards off of the ground.

MARYBETH

Wh-uRRRRRRRRRGH!

Lifting her up high in the air by her throat, Victor Crowley holds Marybeth up with one arm in front of his virtually "missing" mess of a head.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!!!!!

With nothing else to fight back with... **THRAP!** Marybeth plunges her fist deep through the mush of Victor Crowley's head and down into his throat.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Rrrrugh!

With her arm now down inside Victor Crowley's chest, he begins struggling and spinning his body around in circles trying to get Marybeth off of him.

Placing her feet against his chest, she kicks back with all of her might sending her reeling onto her back against the forest floor. Victor Crowley's body is shoved down to the ground in the opposite direction.

Marybeth lands with a **THUD** and looks back up just in time to see Victor Crowley's body land with a SPLOCK on top of the spinning six-foot chain saw blade.

Instantly she is sprayed down in Victor Crowley's blood and carnage. Shredded entrails and bodily fluids hose her down in a shower of gore.

Victor Crowley's body twitches and convulses as it dances and thrashes about on the giant blade.

Marybeth looks on from the ground, only the whites of her eyes not covered in blood.

Finally, Victor Crowley's body comes apart in several different places as the blade cuts through him and "quarters" him into nothing.

WHIRRRRR the chain saw keeps spinning on the ground, surrounded by the pieces that were a body mere seconds before.

Slowly, Marybeth gets back to her feet. Staring blankly at the most gruesome mess conceivable.

She vacantly looks past the tooth back at the horrific splatter and the spinning chain saw on the ground.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT, DAWN, MORNING, AFTERNOON

Enormous sweeping wide angles of Marybeth making her way through the wilderness are conversely intercut with extremely tight stylized shots of her eyes, her bloody boots, and her hand... still gripping the top of Victor Crowley's scalp. She holds John's empty shotgun in her other hand.

Opening title graphics are interspersed throughout.

Finally, from behind Marybeth the camera rises up to reveal a small Louisiana town far off in the distance. Jefferson Parish, Louisiana. She keeps trudging along, making her way towards civilization.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A sleepy small Southern town police station. A POLICE DEPUTY walks a DRUNK (Buddy # 1 - Adam Green last seen throwing up on the sidewalk in HATCHET 2) through the main office and back to a cell to sleep it off.

BUDDY #1

I should have gone on the swamp tour.

Angle on DEPUTY WINSLOW (40's) as he refills his coffee and speaks into a radio.

WINSLOW

I don't know what else to tell you, Hamilton. Just get the neighbor to quiet down. We've got every drunk from Mardi Gras that they couldn't fit downtown, there's no room.

He crosses back to his desk.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

The guy is clearly high though. I swear he's got a meth lab on his farm the way he's been going for

WINSLOW

That's why I'm here.

Winslow looks up as SHERIFF FOWLER (50's, large presence) walks past his desk towards his office.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Morning, Sheriff.

FOWLER

What do we got, Winslow?

Winslow stands and follows Fowler into his office.

WINSLOW

New Orleans PD brought in another handful for us to hold over night and Hamilton's out at Sable Ranch.

FOWLER

Again?

WINSLOW

Again.

Reveal a family photo on Fowler's desk. Two boys in their early 20's stand with the Sheriff. A woman stands with them, however a post-it note with an evil face scribbled on it covers her face. Only her distinct red hair is visible. Obviously an ex-wife. Obviously not an amicable divorce.

FOWLER

How are we doing on space?

WINSLOW

We're pretty damn full. But Mardi Gras is almost over and we're turning around and releasing as fast as we can.

Fowler looks at a calender on his wall

SECRETARY (O.S.)
SHE'S GOT A GUN!!!!

Winslow and Fowler leap to alert and look out of the office window to reveal the station lobby in panic.

Bodies separate to reveal Marybeth standing in the doorway of the police station. Covered in blood and holding a shotgun she is a frightening sight to behold.

Marybeth stares at the wall. She is a carcass.

MARYBETH
I killed him.

Winslow joins the two deputies that have their guns pointed at Marybeth. Angle on DEPUTY ELBERT (female, tough).

ELBERT
Drop the gun now!

WINSLOW
GET ON THE FLOOR NOW!

Slowly, Marybeth lets the shotgun slip from her bloody hand.

It **CLANGS** off of the cold tile floor.

Instantly, an officer recovers the weapon.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
I said lay down on the floor!

Marybeth slowly gets down on the floor.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Spread your arms and legs! Slowly!

Marybeth does as she is ordered as a deputy pulls latex gloves on and carefully approaches her with handcuffs.

DEPUTY #2
She's holding something in her hand.

FOWLER
What is it?

DEPUTY #2
It's... oh my God, it's a scalp!

Tight shot of Marybeth's hand as she releases her grip on the piece of Crowley's head. Quickly, gloved hands scoop up the piece of carnage into a plastic evidence bag.

Tight shot of Marybeth's face against the cold floor.

Sheriff Fowler takes a knee next to her.

FOWLER

Who? Who did you kill?

Marybeth just stares ahead.

MARYBETH

They're all dead.

FOWLER

Who's dead?

MARYBETH

Honey island Swamp.

Fowler looks at Winslow who begins speaking frantically into his radio as the other deputies jump into action.

WINSLOW

I need an available boat unit out
to Honey Island now! Hamilton, you
still out that way?

The sound of Winslow's voice echoes away in Marybeth's head as the camera pushes even tighter in to her vacant eyes.

Even the sound of her own voice is muffled in her head.

MARYBETH

I killed him. I killed him.

FOWLER
Any injuries?

ELBERT
Nothing visible, Sir.

FOWLER
You mean to tell me none of that
blood was hers?

Deputy Elbert just shoots Sheriff Fowler a nervous glance.

Angle on Marybeth's feet. The camera follows the bloody
water to the drainage hole. The nasty water disappears into
the drain with a sickening GURGLE.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Marybeth, now dressed in prisoner scrubs, sits on an empty
mattress in an otherwise stark and empty cell. There are
other cells in the giant concrete room, but they are all
filled with drunks that are sobering up from disorderly
conduct on Bourbon Street that they probably don't even
remember taking part in.

Sheriff Fowler and Deputy Winslow stand inside of Marybeth's
cell staring down at her.

FOWLER
How many bodies did you say there
were?

MARYBETH
Twenty.
(then)
Thirty.

FOWLER
And you're the only one who
escaped. With just a few scratches
and no other injuries.

MARYBETH
Yes.

FOWLER
You see how this looks just a tony
bit suspicious, don't you?

Deputy Elbert steps in to the holding room.

ELBERT

Sheriff Fowler, no answer at the Dunstan's house.

FOWLER

Then try again.

ELBERT

I've tried five times-

FOWLER

Then get in your car and DRIVE to the house!

ELBERT

Yes, Sir.

MARYBETH

Nobody is home. Crowley killed them all.

FOWLER

Enough with Victor Crowley.

MARYBETH

He slaughtered-

FOWLER

-We know who Victor Crowley is. And we know what reality is.

Marybeth leans her head back against the wall.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

FOWLER (CONT'D)

But then you went *back* into the swamp to chase after this ghost the very next night and brought even more people with you?! Why would you do that? That's the stupidest story and some of the most contrived and idiotic decision making I've ever heard.

Rack focus past Marybeth's cell to Buddy #1 (Adam Green) leaning against his own cell wall. He gives an offended look before we quickly rack focus back to Marybeth's cell.

MARYBETH

I'm telling you the truth.

FOWLER

I don't think you realize the kind of deep shit you're in, little girl. You walk into a God damn police station covered head to toe in somebody else's blood. You're holding a weapon and a piece of somebody's head... and the best you've got is an urban legend as your defense?

Marybeth closes her eyes, going deeper into her own head. She can barely stay awake after the past two days of hell.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm talking to you.

He bangs on the cell but even the loud **CLANG** can't startle her enough to make her look.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

When you go before the judge you had better come up with something better than-

His radio chirps and interrupts him.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

Sheriff, come in.

FOWLER

FOWLER

It's what, Hamilton. Speak up!

HAMILTON (O.S.)

It's a fucking massacre, Sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY HAMILTON and DEPUTY HEYD stand in the woods over CHAD's dead body. CLEATUS' body is washed up along the shore a short distance away.

HAMILTON

(into his radio)

We've only covered about forty yards and we've already recovered four bodies. They're... Jesus, they don't even have faces, Louis.

Deputy Heyd, knees shaking, leans into the bushes to vomit.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marybeth stares back at Sheriff Fowler coldly.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

We're gonna need every paramedic in the state... and a full recovery team right away.

Sheriff Fowler holds his radio up to his mouth and clicks it but can't think of the words to say just yet.

HAMILTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Heyd wipes his mouth off and peers around a group of trees.

Off in the distance is another decomposing dead body.

His eyes go wide at the horror.

Behind him, Deputy Hamilton continues.

OFFICER HAMILTON
(into his radio)
We need to call in the State,
Sheriff. Who knows how many bodies
are out here. There's just pieces-

FOWLER (O.S.)
-I said I'm on my way.

Deputy Hamilton looks over to Deputy Heyd. Heyd shakes his head "no" and points a shaking finger towards Shapiro's dead body.

OFFICER HAMILTON
(into his radio)
Copy.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Fowler stands up and stares down at Marybeth.

She looks away, back at the wall.

WINSLOW
Sir. Do you want me to go?

FOWLER
I'll call for you if I need you.
Get the county paramedics and fire
out there right away.

WINSLOW
I'm on it.

Sheriff Fowler exits, flustered and fumbling with the door on his way out.

Winslow

MARYBETH

Fuck off.

Winslow exits the jail cell area, speaking into his radio.

WINSLOW

(into radio)

This is Deputy Winslow from
Jefferson Parish. I need all
available paramedics and fire-

The door slams closed behind him.

Marybeth closes her eyes and leans against the cold cell wall.

After a beat she looks up to see that the prisoners in the other cells are all lined up staring and trying to get a look at her through their own cell bars. They heard the whole conversation. They're now... wicked sober.

Marybeth turns away and rests her head against the cell wall again. Within seconds she is in a deep sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - LATER

An OFFICE ASSISTANT scrubs blood off of the floor.

Sheriff Fowler grabs his coat and his utility belt. He addresses the Secretary as he walks.

SHERIFF FOWLER

We have no comment until we have a
full investigation of the crime
scene. I'll be out there for the
rest of the-

The Secretary points behind him, sheepishly.

FOWLER

Not today, Amanda.

He tries to pass her but she steps in front of him.

AMANDA

I need this, Louis. You know I need this.

FOWLER

I don't know what you're talking about.

Amanda holds up a radio.

AMANDA

Multiple bodies in Honey Island Swamp? Girl in custody?

FOWLER

That's police business. It's not what you think it is.

Amanda looks at the office assistant scrubbing the floor. The assistant can barely take it. She stifles getting sick.

AMANDA

This has Victor Crowley written all over it and you know it, Louis.

Sheriff Fowler makes a B-line past her but she falls into step with him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You have to let me on the scene. I need this story.

FOWLER

Get in line.

AMANDA

AMANDA

Now you listen to me. I am
wounded. Let me break this story.
Give me access.

Sheriff Fowler turns on his standard "generic answer" face.

FOWLER

"As of this time we only know that
there was a possible murder in an
area outside of Jefferson Parish.
No further comment."

AMANDA

I heard "massacre". I heard
unidentifiable bodies in pieces.
Faces missing-

FOWLER

-Jesus, Amanda. That's a police
frequency. Stay off of it.

AMANDA

I have first amendment rights,
Louis. I need this. Come on, give
me a chance here. It's me.

Sheriff Fowler stops before the front door and faces her.

After a beat.

FOWLER

How's Arwen?

AMANDA

She's good. No more worms or fleas
since she started living with me.

After a beat.

FOWLER

(coldly)

REPORTERS (O.S.)
Sheriff Fowler, how many bodies
have been recovered? / Is it true
that you already have a suspect in
custody? / Could these murders be a
Victor Crowley fanatic or copycat?

The Sheriff is cornered.

SHERIFF FOWLER
(to himself)
Blood suckers.

He makes his way to his vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Amanda desperately looks around the now tense area for a
friendly face.

Finally she spots... Deputy Winslow. He sees that he's been
zeroed in on and tries to step into an office, but the door
is locked and he can't get in. It's too late.

AMANDA
Hey, Elliot! How ya doing?

They have a history.

WINSLOW
Not today, Mrs. Fowler.

AMANDA
It's Ms. Pearlman now.

WINSLOW
You'll always be Mrs. Fowler to me.
And it's Deputy.

AMANDA
How's Adrienne?

WINSLOW
We broke up.
(then)
In 2005.

Amanda sighs.

AMANDA
So where is the

JIM
Which one of you is Hamilton?

HAMILTON
That's me.

JIM
Jim Duffy. Are you in charge.

HAMILTON
For the moment. Sheriff Fowler
from Jefferson Parish is on his
way. He's tied up with the press.

JIM
Maggots.

HAMILTON
Tell me about it.

JIM
Alright, so how many bodies are we
talking about? Three? Six?

HAMILTON
Try twenty or thirty. It's hard to
tell. They're kind of... all over
the place.

Jim swallows his bite of twinkie.

JIM
What happened?

HAMILTON
That's all under investigation but
we have a girl in custody.

JIM
A girl? You guys think a girl did
this?

HAMILTON
We've got good reason.

JIM
Hey, you don't tell us how to do
our jobs and we won't tell you how
much you suck at yours.
(back to his crew)
Alright, let's get started. Let's
gather the bodies here by the boat.
Andrew, come with me. Bob and
Randy, you tag and bag.

Andrew begins walking with Jim.

ANDREW
What happened?

JIM
Some people died and made a mess.
Black Barney Fife back there said
they have a girl in custody.

ANDREW
A girl?

JIM
(mouth full)
Yup.

They take a few more steps.

ANDREW
We're not gonna be out here all
night are we?

JIM
How the fuck do I know? What's the
matter, Andrew? Scared of
something?

Andrew looks around nervously.

ANDREW
You know where we are, right?

JIM
Be a man. Have a twinkie.

Jim hands Andrew his second twinkie from the package.

A DEPUTY walks out of the brush in front of them holding the top half of TRENT's head in his gloved hands. He looks green as he stares back at Jim and Andrew, terrified.

They all stop and look at each other briefly. The deputy continues towards the Paramedic Boat with the gruesome find in his hands.

ANDREW
What girl did that?

CUT TO:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

My enthusiasm and passion for
Crowley sort of... made me a joke
in the journalism world, I guess
you could say. It's funny how one
minute you're on national
television and then the next you're-

MARYBETH

What the fuck do you want from me?

AMANDA

Look, I don't want to waste your
time. I'm sure you're... busy or
whatever.

Amanda leans closer to the cell. Small talk and charm over,
she means business.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I need to know what you saw. I
need to know what happened.
Please. I want to help you. If
there's a chance at proving that
the ghost of Victor Crowley exists
that could help me a lot.

MARYBETH

So you want *me* to help *you*.

AMANDA

Yes, that's right. But right now
you're facing the rest of your life
in prison if they send you away for
this and I'm guessing I'm just
about the only friend and the only
chance you've got.

MARYBETH

No offense, but fuck you.

AMANDA

Let's try this again. Your name is Marybeth Dunstan. Your father is Sampson Dunstan. A washed up drunk who can't afford the ink to sign your death sentence acceptance with even if he was sober enough to sit up. Your brother Ainsley is on probation for multiple DUI's and served three months of community service for publicly defacing a church. You're going to go down for this not because you actually did it but because you're poor white trash and they can put you away for it. So you can sit there in that cell and curse at and bark like a big dog in a cage but at the end of the day you either help me prove that Victor Crowley exists or they give you the lethal injection that ends your miserable existence.

MARYBETH

Do it.

Marybeth closes her eyes again, ignoring Amanda.

AMANDA

I couldn't help but notice that your father hasn't showed up yet. Is it happy hour already? Maybe he'll come help you after 7pm when he can't afford the price of a full Pabst?

MARYBETH

My father's dead. Victor Crowley killed him.

AMANDA

Tell me what happened.

Marybeth looks back at her. She is starting to realize her options.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Please. I can help you.

Marybeth says nothing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Fine.

