HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES

by
Rob Zombie

FADE IN:

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see a LITTLE GIRL dancing around in a grainy super 8 home movie. A LITTLE BOY wearing a monster MASK enters the frame. He struggles to lift a double barrel shotgun. He points it at the girl and pretends to SHOOT.

GIRL
(voice over, whispering slowly)
Once I had a cat, he was the sweetest little guy. Then one day he got sick and died. My heart was broken. My whole body hurt.

She continues dancing. The little boy imitates her.

GIRL (CONT'D)
After that, I saw things differently, everything could be summed up with three simple words... fuck the world.

The camera swings over to some ugly, toothless relations watching the show. They laugh.

EXT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

We open on a dark, lonely stretch of two lane blacktop. Off to the side of the road we see a rundown gas station.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Hey, welcome back to 93.5 WJRC's Halloween monster weekend. I'm Jimmy Ray and I'll be bringing you the oldies, the goldies and sometimes the moldies. The good, the bad and the uglies straight from the WJRC vaults.

A weathered wooden sign that proclaims CAPTAIN SPAULDING'S WORLD OF MONSTERS AND MADMEN sits atop the building. A smaller sign below reads FRIED CHICKEN AND GASOLINE.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey, kids still trying to decide on the right costume? Well why not head on down to Randall's Penny Save located on Kimball Rd. just off route 1 in Mackin County. Choose from a wide array of ghosts and ghouls, jeepers and creepers...
(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(scary sound effects)
...everything you need for your Halloween needs.

SHERIFF HUSTON, a tall southern good old boy, leans against his dusty cruiser smoking a cigarette, pumping gas into his tank.

INT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

Inside is a poorman's Ripley's Believe It or Not. Bizarre props and treasures of killers and monsters cover the dirty walls. Wax figures of JACK THE RIPPER stand guard before oil paintings by JOHN WAYNE GACY.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Alright let's get back to our monster music marathon with this classic called The Teddy Bear's Picnic.

Perched on a stool behind the counter sits CAPTAIN SPAULDING, a crusty looking old man in a filthy clown suit and smeared make-up. The word LOVE is tattooed across his right knuckles and HATE is tattooed across the left.

He is reading the newspaper, crunching on crackers from a paper bag and halfheartedly listening to a small, nerdy man wearing coke bottle glasses named STUCKY.

Stucky thumbs through a stack of autographed 8x10 photographs.

STUCKY
(speaking through voicebox in his throat)
I... I got back a stack today. Some nice shots.
(holds up a picture of June Wilkinson)
See, a good topless June Wilkinson... unfortunately she personalized it...
(looking at the photo)
to Stucky, love June.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Hmmmmm.

STUCKY
Shit, this ain't worth nothing now that my name gotten all over it. I was a fixin' on trading it to Jackie Cobb.

CAPT. SPAULDING
The retard over at Molly's fruit stand?

STUCKY
Yeah, he's all hot on her after he found some of his dad's old nudie books hidden in the basement. He keeps 'em taped inside his school workbook.

Spaulding brushes cracker crumbs off his paper and continues reading.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Fascinating.

STUCKY
That kid is one horny retard.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Christ, ain't they all. All them retards wanna do is fuck and eat.

STUCKY
Well, yeah... I think that if you knew him... I mean if you'd understand his urges, shit the guy's like forty or something.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Worse than a fucking rabid baboon.

STUCKY
Yeah, I guess, you know next to wacking his weasel his other favorite thing is twisting sharpened pencils in the corner of his eyes.

CAPT. SPAULDING
What?

STUCKY
Yeah, doesn't hurt himself, just spins it around next to his eyeball.

CAPT. SPAULDING
I'm sure that ain't the only place he's sticking those pencils.

STUCKY
Naw, he don't do anything else with 'em, but he did get caught once with a Planet of the Apes doll hanging out his asshole.

CAPT. SPAULDING
(laughing)
Goddamn.

STUCKY
Had to take him to the hospital. Kid had Dr. Zaius stuck half way up his butt, couldn't get it out.

CAPT. SPAULDING
I always loved that mute broad that Chuck Heston was shacking up with.

STUCKY
Nova, yeah she looked pretty sweet.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Yeah, now there's the perfect woman.

STUCKY
Can I get some stamps off ya?
(slapping down his money)
Did you fix the toilet yet?

Opens a drawer and tears off five stamps.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Yes, I did... so don't you go stuffin' any goddamn paper towels down that hole. I just snaked the shit out of that thing.

Spaulding SLIDES the KEY attached to a cow skull across the counter. Stucky grabs it. Spaulding hangs on.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Ya hear me? You bust that crapper and I'll beat your ass.

STUCKY
I hear ya.

He lets go of the key.

EXT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

From a STRANGER'S POV we watch through the window, Stucky EXIT for the restroom. Sheriff Huston finishes pumping his gas, gets in his cruiser and drives off.

KARL
(off screen)
All clear. Let's go shopping.

RICH
(off screen)
Right.

From this POV we RACE across the highway towards the front door of the MUSEUM. SLAM! We BURST through the door.

INT. SPAULDING'S - SAME

The moment of impact. BOOM. The door SMASHES open. Spaulding's head JERKS up to see: a masked gunman, KARL, wearing a LEATHER S+M MASK. Behind him stands a second gunman, RICH, wearing a rubber CAVEMAN MASK.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Mary fucking Moses. Get the fuck out of here.

KARL
Hold it, clowney. Keep your paws where I can see 'em.

RICH
Yeah, don't move or I'll blast a hole the size of a Kansas City melon through your ugly-ass Bozo face.

Spaulding obeys and raises his hands.

KARL
Go get that other asshole out of the shitter and drag his ass back in here.

RICH
Right.

Rich exits.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Miserable little cunts with guns. I ought to jump right over this counter and bash your fucking balls in.

Killer Karl steps up and puts his gun against Spaulding's face.

KARL
Alright Tippy, hand over the cash box and I might leave your brains inside your skull.

Spaulding smiles wide, his teeth are yellow and rotted.

CLOSE UP -

Spaulding's foot kicks a red switch, triggering a silent alarm.

CAPT. SPAULDING
That's what you bitches need. A reality check courtesy of my boot in your ass. That'll be a fucking cash box you can cry to mamma about.

INT. SPAULDING'S - BACKROOM - NIGHT

A silent RED LIGHT FLASHES. In the dim glow, we see RAVELLI, a large hunched figure, sitting on the edge of a bed. The figure is heavily bandaged.

Ravelli reacts to the flashing light, he RISES and puts a huge mask over his head. He EXITS the room.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Stucky sits on the toilet pasting stamps on large yellow envelopes. Killer Rich KICKS OPEN the stall, GRABS Stucky by the neck and PULLS him out.

RICH
Come on, fatboy!

EXT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

We move around the outside of the building watching the scene inside unfold. HEAVY BREATHING is heard. Rich DRAGS Stucky into the main room.

INT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

Karl grows increasingly HOSTILE, knocks a candy display over, raises his gun over his head and fires into the ceiling.

KARL
(screaming)
That's it. I'm gonna count to ten and you're gonna hand over the cash or I'm gonna splatter your grease paint mug across the stateline... one.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Fuck your mother.

KARL
Two.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Fuck your sister.

RICH
Come on, man. Just shoot him.

STUCKY
(recognizing Rich's voice)
Hey, I know you. We were in high school together. Wood shop, right? ... Richard Wick... right?

He looks nervously at Stucky.

RICH
Shut up, shut up, shut up!

KARL
Quiet down... three.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Fuck your grandmother.

STUCKY
Yeah, I remember Mr. Alacard the shop teacher use'ta call you Little Dick Wick. Hey, wasn't there a song we made up to go with that?

RICH
(temper rising)
Shut up!

STUCKY
(singing)
Little Dick Wick, play with his prick. Don't his smell, just make you sick.

EXT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

From Ravelli's POV we watch through the window, as everybody inside starts SHOUTING at each other.

Suddenly, Rich SHOOTS Stucky. Stucky FALLS BACKWARDS against the wall, screaming in pain.

We move QUICKLY towards the entrance.

INT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

Suddenly... CRASH! Ravelli SMASHES through the front door knocking Karl to the ground. In the light we see that Ravelli is wearing an OVERSIZED CLOWN HEAD. In his hand is a sledgehammer.

Rich TURNS toward the COMMOTION. The Captain quickly WHIPS OUT a GUN and FIRES. Rich falls dead.

Ravelli lunges at Karl, smashing him over the head with the hammer. Ravelli's clown head comes loose and falls to the floor. We now see that Ravelli is a bald pitbull of a man with badly scarred skin that is painted white and red.

Karl hits the floor and begins CONVULSING violently.

Spaulding STEPS DOWN from behind the counter, puts his foot on Karl's throat and points his pistol at Karl's head.

CAPT. SPAULDING
And most of all... fuck you!

BOOM! Spaulding SHOOTS Karl in the head. The screen EXPLODES RED, then TURNS BLACK.

CAPT. SPAULDING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
God damn it, that motherfucker got blood all over my best clown suit.

CREDITS ROLL

Strange paintings of demons, monsters and bizarre creatures fade up and move across the screen.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

We see a BILLBOARD painted on the side of an ABANDONED TRUCK. The sign reads GOD IS DEAD. We turn to face the road as a car drives by.

JERRY
Alright then, out of all of Charlie's chicks who do you think is the hottest?

INT. CAR - FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

Fast food wrappers and road maps clutter the car's dashboard, a swinging monkey head dangles from the rear-view mirror.

Behind the wheel, the driver, BILL HUDLEY, 29, downs the last sip of coffee before crumpling the paper cup and placing it among the other trash before him.

BILL
I guess if I had to choose I'd say... mmmmmm... Sandra Good. She seemed like a nice girl, I mean in a psycho kind of way.

Beside him rides, JERRY GILMORE, 30, slumped down in his seat, reading a magazine with a flashlight, feet hanging out the window.

JERRY
Really? Huh, I thought for sure you'd say Lynette Fromme. She's got that snooty vibe I know you dig.

BILL
Sqeaky! No way, she ain't that hot.

JERRY
She's pretty cute.

BILL
Yeah but, she reminds me of this chick that I remember from fourth grade... called a... shit, what did we call her?
(thinks for second)
Oh yeah, Patty Pee-pee Pants... when ever she got called on by Miss Chumski, this chick would piss in her pants and start bawling.

JERRY
(laughing)
There always one kid with no bodily controls. We had this dude, Jeff Baxter, he was a puker. The fucker would just sit there and puke all over himself.

BILL
Better than pissing... anyway so, what's your choice?

JERRY
If we're talking cute... like regular cute, I'd say Leslie Van Houton, but cute ain't hot.

BILL
Yeah, no shit.

JERRY
As far as hot goes I gotta go with... Ruth Ann Moorehouse.

BILL
Oh yeah, I forgot about her. She was pretty hot.

JERRY
Fuck yeah, she is. I'd join a cult to get some of that... and the best part is she didn't try to kill the President or nothing, so that baggage ain't hanging around.

BILL
I thought she tried to murder a witness for the prosecution.

JERRY
I'll let it slide, she was only seventeen.

BILL
Dude, talk about baggage, that ain't no carry-on shit, that's some heavy duty Samsonite shit.

JERRY
Yeah, I guess... hot chicks are always nuts.

BILL
Hot has got nothing to do with it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A LONE FIGURE in a cheap skull mask and white robe stands hidden behind a billboard off to the side of the road. Bill's car drives past.

BILL
(yawning)
Hold on, I've heard this before... but I can't remember the end.

JERRY
So, the guy goes to Hell and the devil says, "do you smoke?" The guy say, "yeah"... the devil say, "great cause Tuesday is cigar night, sweetest Cuban cigars you ever had."

BILL
Shit, we really need to find some gas.

JERRY
(not listening)
Then the devil asks, "do you drink?" Guy says, "yeah"... devil say, "wonderful, Wednesday is free drinks night, best booze you ever had... all made from the finest stuff."

BILL
Yeah.

JERRY
Then the devil says, "are you gay?" Guy says, "fuck no"... Devil says, "Well then, I guess you're gonna hate Thursdays."

BILL
Oh yeah, I remember now.

JERRY
Yeah, no shit I just told ya.
(looking at magazine)
Hey, you think this place called Alien Ed's UFO Welcoming Center is still around? It says, "Where the Fact is separated from the Fantasy."

BILL
I dunno... we'll ask around as we get closer. Man, I really don't want to run out of gas out here in the middle of Petticoat Junction, man.

JERRY
(sitting up)
Don't panic yourself, way too much caffeine guy... I see a sign.
(reading the sign)
Captain Spaulding's Museum of Madmen and Monsters... cool. Also... fried chicken and... gasoline... next exit.

BILL
Perfect.

JERRY
I hope this place is cool. We could use something interesting to liven up chapter 12.

The car drives past. We turn and hold on the billboard. We see the happy smiling face of a young Captain Spaulding.

EXT. CAPTAIN SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

The car pulls up to one of the gas pumps. Bill and Jerry get out. Inside we see Spaulding, now in army pants and a hunting jacket, mopping the floor.

BILL
I'll pump the gas. Go inside and see if it's worth thinking about.

JERRY
(salutes)
OK, Boss.

Jerry walks inside and immediately comes back out.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Holy crap. You gotta see this place. It's awesome.

BILL
How awesome?

JERRY
Really fucking awesome.

BILL
Wake up the chicks and bust out the camera awesome?

JERRY
Hell yeah.

Jerry sticks his head back inside the car.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey.

INT. CAR - BACK SEAT - NIGHT

A dark haired girl, DENISE WILLIS, 27, sleeps curled up under a blanket.

JERRY
Come on, babe. Me and Bill found a kick ass place.

She opens her eyes.

DENISE
Huh?

JERRY
Grab Mary and come inside.

Denise shakes a lump of jackets and sweaters lying next to her. She removes a sweater from the top of the pile to REVEAL the face of MARY KNOWLES, 29.

DENISE
Come on sleeping beauty, time to go to work.

MARY
(half asleep)
Sleeping.

DENISE
Rise and shine.

MARY
(groggy)
No please, let me sit this one out.

DENISE
(removing the blanket)
Let's go. You're the one who wanted to be a photographer.

MARY
I resign.

DENISE
Too late. You're in for life, let's move it out Private Shutterbug.

MARY
(opening her eyes)
Christ, I hope this isn't more crappy folk art. It's so quaint... it's so primal... it's so crap.

DENISE
Aw, it ain't crap... it's... cute.
(sarcastic)
...and really who are we to judge the artistic merit of the tin-can Mona Lisa?

MARY
Aw, shit...
(exhales deeply)
I gotta pee anyway.

INTERLUDE

Grainy super 8 footage shows us an OLD MAN standing in front of a small shack. His name is Lewis Dover. The shack is painted white and covered with SIMPLISTIC RELIGIOUS WRITINGS.

LEWIS
I ain't no rich man, but I see the truth. You do not have to go to Hell. You are in Hell. This is Hell. All American Hell.
(holds up a gun)
...true heaven in my hands... I'm gonna blow Satan back through the door to Hell.

Surrounding the shack are strange sculptures of various half-human/half-animal creations.

INT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

Spaulding swabs up the last remain of blood from the floor, he drops the mop into a bucket filled with water and blood.

Bill pays no attention, he is distracted by a strange object in a glass case over the counter. In the case is a shriveled up looking half human and half fish figure. It is the size of a small child. A banner above reads: AQUALINA - THE MERMAID.

BILL
How long have you been running this place?

CAPT. SPAULDING
How long is a piece of string? Too God damn long, that's how long.

Spaulding slides the mop and bucket behind the counter.

BILL
No, really.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Shit, I don't remember exactly. I took over for my Pa just after the Duke nabbed the Oscar.

BILL
The Duke?

CAPT. SPAULDING
Yeah, my Pa wasn't right in the head after that.

BILL
You mean John Wayne?

CAPT. SPAULDING
Hell, boy there some other Duke you know about?
(rolls up his sleeve to reveal a John Wayne tattoo)
A great American.

BILL
Yeah, I was never that big of a western fan. I like science fiction.

CAPT. SPAULDING
I figured that much. Why the fuck you asking so many jackass questions for?

BILL
You see me and my friends are writing a book on offbeat roadside attractions. You know all the crazy shit you see when you drive cross country.

CAPT. SPAULDING
I don't drive cross country.

BILL
But if you did.

CAPT. SPAULDING
I don't.

BILL
But suppose for a second you did.

CAPT. SPAULDING
(fake hick accent)
Y'all find us country people real funny like don't ya... well, God damn pack up the mule and sling me some grits, I'ze a gotta get me some schooling.

BILL
No, no I think it's really interesting.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Well fuck me Side Sally, who want to read about all that horse shit anyway.

Jerry OVERHEARS Bill's and Spaulding's conversation and joins in to help.

JERRY
You'd be surprised. Would it be OK if we took some pictures and included this place in our book?

CAPT. SPAULDING
Hey, knock yourself silly.

JERRY
You got some really rare stuff here...
(pointing to Aqualina)
... dig your Feegee mermaid.

INT. SPAULDING'S - RESTROOM - NIGHT

The restroom is gray, dingy, a single exposed light bulb hangs from the ceiling. The peeling walls are plastered with newspaper clippings and faded photos.

Mary is in the stall, sitting on the toilet, staring straight ahead at a poster of RHONDO HATTON, a B-MOVIE ACTOR that suffered from acromegalia.

Denise standing at a tiny sink, splashes water on her face. She looks at herself in the mirror.

DENISE
(water running down her face)
I swear I've aged five years since this trip started.

MARY
Tell me about it.

DENISE
(takes a paper towel and wipes her face)
God, I hate falling asleep in the afternoon. Now I'll be up all night...
(stretches)
...ugh, my back is killing me.

MARY
Yeah, hey how far do you think we are from your Dad's?

Mary flushes the toilet and exits the stall.

DENISE
I don't know. Couple hours I think. I've got to call him.

Mary washes her hands. Denise ties up her hair.

MARY
It will be nice to have a few days off to regenerate. This trip is fun, but it's starting to get brutal.

DENISE
Yeah, I hit burn out mode back at that old stripper lady's place. Watching her dance around with those ratty-looking animals was ridiculous.

MARY
I know, that was some crazy shit. I never in a million years would have believed it if I hadn't seen it.

DENISE
A decent meal every once in a while wouldn't hurt either, this road food is crap.

MARY
If I never eat at another Waffle House again, I can die a happy girl.

DENISE
Scattered, smothered and covered.

MARY
Exactly... well, I guess a couple more photos won't kill me.

INT. SPAULDING'S - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry knees over a box of magazines labeled TRUE CRIME $1.00, he flips through an issue, tosses it back.

Bill leans against the wall next to him, sipping a hot cup of coffee.

The girls return from the bathroom. Jerry jumps up with excitement.

JERRY
Great, you're back. Let's go. We already paid for the tickets.

DENISE
Tickets for what?

JERRY
This isn't everything. Get ready for this... there's a Museum of Murder and Mayhem.

DENISE
I don't want to see that.

MARY
How about if we skip it and just hang out here. I can get some great shots of this stuff.

Jerry PULLS Denise over and puts his arm around her.

JERRY
Aw, come on. It will be fun.

DENISE
Oh yeah, murder museum... sounds fun.

Bill grabs Mary by the hand and kisses it.

BILL
(smiling)
We'll need pictures of the inside too.

MARY
Alright, alright. I know... I wanted to be the photographer.

Bill and Mary kiss.

Spaulding waits, unamused. He rolls his eyes.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Anytime this year, people. Alright line your asses up in front of the black door. The tour is about to begin.

Spaulding disappears through a curtain behind the counter. The kids wait.

The black metal door CREAKS open.

They enter the darkened room.

INT. SPAULDING'S - MUSEUM - NIGHT

Darkness. A blue light comes on. Spaulding is standing on a MOTORIZED PLATFORM. He begins the tour, speaking through a small megaphone.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to enter a world of darkness. A world where life and death are meaningless and pain is God.
(pointing with a cane)
To your left you see the infamous Albert Fish.

A lifeless wax figure POPS forward with a loud metal CLANG. Mary jumps back with fright.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Sadist, masochist, child killer and most of all importantly cannibal.
(MORE)

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Born in 1870, Mr. Fish enjoyed burning himself with hot pokers, spankings with nail-studded paddles and embedding needles in his groin. On the right, notice the X-ray...

CLOSE UP - X-RAY

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
...showing clearly 29 sewing needles inserted in to his groin. Mr. Fish was executed in 1936 at the age of 65.

Spaulding rolls backwards and continues the tour.

CLOSE UP ON: a dummy face of a grizzly looking old man in hunting attire.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
To your right. One of our most popular crazies, the psycho of Plainfield, Ed Gein.

Behind the figure of Gein hangs an inverted corpse of a slain woman. Mary recoils in disgust.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Murderer, cannibal and momma's little bitch boy. Mr. Gein found special pleasure in playing with the dead bodies of women, especially their sexual organs. He was quite a handy little dandy, fashioning lamp shades, jewelry and human skin suits from his victims. Mr. Gein was discovered when the decapitated body of Bernice Worden was found gutted like a deer, hanging in his barn.

DISSOLVE TO:

A wax figure of a young man in doctor's scrubs. He is covered in blood.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
And now I would like to introduce a local hero, S. Quentin Quale, a.k.a. The Butcher Boy, a.k.a. Nurse Nellie and most famously a.k.a. Dr. Satan.

Another wax figure, of a bloody corpse, JUMPS up.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Murderer, torturer amd most of all master surgeon. Mr. Quale an intern at Willows State Mental Hospital, nicknamed Weeping Willows for its neverending cries of pain, took great pleasure in control. Through primitive brain surgery. Mr. Quale believed he could create a race of superhumans from the mentally ill, or so the story goes. His terrifying experiments continued until 1952.

Jerry stares fascinated.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
At which time he was discovered and turned over to authorities for observation. Unfortunately, Mr. Quale was abducted from his cell by members of the victims' families. Vigilante justice prevailed and Dr. Satan was taken out and hanged. The next day his body was found to be missing. Some say he survived, rescued by his loyal slaves, others say they hung the wrong man... To this day no sign of Dr. Satan has ever been discovered. But who knows? Maybe he lives next door to you.

KLUNK: A big metal door opens to the outside world.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Please exit through the door.

The kids exit. SLAM! The door shuts.

EXT. SPAULDING'S - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Denise leans against the glass walls of the phone booth. Various flyers are taped to the inside: free kittens, phone sex ads and a missing poster for a girl named KAREN MURPHY. A light rain begins to fall.

Denise puts some change in the phone and dials a number.

EXT. WILLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera moves down a quaint quiet little street. We come to rest at a modest two-story house. The house is decorated for Halloween.

Parents and their children roam from house to house, trick or treating.

We hear the sound of a phone ringing.

INT. WILLIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A grey haired man sits at a small table eating a ham sandwich and drinking a beer. This is DONALD WILLIS, Denise's father.

He stands up and walks to the phone hanging on the wall.

MR. WILLIS
Hello...
(brightens up)
...hey Denise... what, what's wrong, did you break down?

EXT. SPAULDING'S - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

DENISE
No, nothing like that... yeah, we're gonna be a little late. We stopped for gas at this place called Capt. Spaulding's outside of Ruggsville and it turned into a whole thing, so we're kind of behind schedule.

INT. WILLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. WILLIS
Oh yeah, yeah I've driven by that place before. I seem to remember a crabby old bastard in a crummy clown suit running the place.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

DENISE
Yeah, well he's still here. I think him and Jerry are fast becoming buddies, you know Jerry... yeah, he's gotta see everything... yeah, I know... thinks there's some unsolved mystery around every corner.

INT. WILLIS HOUSE - NIGHT

MR. WILLIS
Well, don't take too long, the kids are already knocking down the door demanding their sugar fix...
(MORE)

MR. WILLIS (CONT'D)
I know, I know I forgot to mention that Halloween falls on a school night, so they're trick or treating tonight... I got the joint decked out this year, built a graveyard in the front yard like when you were a kid.

EXT. SPAULDING'S - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

DENISE
Hopefully I can move things along here and make up the lost time by speeding all the way home... yes, Dad I'm kidding.

INT. WILLIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MR. WILLIS
Well, just promise me you'll be careful... alright, alright see ya soon... good-bye.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bill, Jerry and Mary wait for Denise.

JERRY
I'm gonna go ask him.

MARY
Aw, come on Jerry. We've gotten all we're gonna get out of this place and its starting to rain.

JERRY
Shit, it is only sprinkling and it's worth the trouble. Hold on for two seconds.

Jerry goes back inside.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Jerry knocks on the glass as he passes. Denise waves as he walks by.

DENISE
Yeah so... OK, expect us more around eleven or so. OK yeah, I will... love you, too, bye.

She hangs up the phone, opens the doors and heads back to the car.

INT. SPAULDING'S - NIGHT

JERRY
I know it's hard to understand, but I really want to see this tree.

CAPT. SPAULDING
OK, alright I'll draw you a map, but I still say it is a waste of time.

JERRY
Great.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Through the window we see Jerry talking to Spaulding. Spaulding draws a map, explaining as he draws.

MARY
Geez, he never gets tired does he.

DENISE
Never. I swear to God he never sleeps, he goes to bed after me, wakes up before me. He's always working on 10.

MARY
Maybe he's a cyborg.

BILL
(wearily, sips his coffee)
I like sleep.

DENISE
Here he comes.

Jerry comes bouncing out towards the car and jumps in. He is holding a map and a box of chicken.

JERRY
We hit the jackpot! Let's roll, good buddy. We got ourselves a convoy.

MARY
Huh?

DENISE
Ugh, what's that smell?

JERRY
Fried chicken.
(holds up a drumstick)
Anybody want some?

No one responds.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

An OLD FARMER and his WIFE stare directly into the camera.

OLD MAN
I don't know where that skunk ape sleeps. Maybe in the trees and all... all I know is he eats squirrels to survive and he had impure relations with my wife.

WIFE
That's true. He performed lurid acts upon me and my person while my husband Russell was a fix'n to our hound Clarence.

OLD MAN
If I see that thing again... I'm a gonna kill that skunk ape.

BILL
(off screen)
What does it look like?

WIFE
It looked just like that chubby fella from McHale's Navy... Ernie Borgnine.

OLD MAN
Hold up the picture.

The wife holds up a pencil sketch of a Bigfoot like creature and a newspaper photo of Ernest Borgnine.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Bill's car moves past empty farmlands. A HEAVIER RAIN is now falling.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry directs Bill from Spaulding's hand-drawn map.

JERRY
Keep straight on this road here.

BILL
How much further?

JERRY
I'm not exactly sure... it looks close. Did we pass an abandoned school bus yet?

BILL
I don't know.

Mary and Denise sit bundled up in blankets.

MARY
Let's just skip it. It is probably nothing anyway.

DENISE
Aw Christ, Jerry. We can't see anything now, it's too dark. Let's forget it.

JERRY
Come on, we need something like this. It could be the real deal. It's too far out of the way to come back to.

BILL
What's that?

Through the windshield we see a LONE FIGURE hitch-hiking by the side of the road. It is a girl, BABY, 27, in a worn cowboy hat and long fur coat. She is soaked to the bone.

JERRY
It's a hitchhiker.

BILL
Way out here?

MARY
Well, don't even think about playing the good samaritan, there's way too many psychos wandering loose these days.

BILL
(looking closer)
It's a girl.

JERRY
Hey, maybe she knows where this is?

DENISE
(sarcastically)
That seems likely.

MARY
Should we stop?

BILL
We can't leave her out here in the rain... maybe we can just drop her at the next rest area.

MARY
She looks like a freak.

DENISE
Stick her in the front, if you want to pick her up so bad. She's soaked.

MARY
She looks like she stinks.

BILL
(imitating Mary)
She looks like she stinks.

JERRY
(makes cat noises)
Cat fight, cat fight.

DENISE
Hardy har, har.

The car pulls over and Baby jumps in. The car moves off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Once inside the car they see that the girl is a bit odd.

BABY
Whoa, thanks for stopping. I been standing out there in that toad strangling rain for like a hundred million years.

JERRY
Really, that's a long time.

BABY
Yeah, most people just whiz on by like I was invisible or something...
(MORE)

BABY (CONT'D)
or else they're creeps who wanna jam their slimy hands down my pants and twiddle my naughty-naughty.

JERRY
Yikes.

BABY
Yeah, icky. This one guy stops and I look in and he's got his thing out waving it around like a drunk monkey.

DENISE
Well, hitchhiking ain't the safest way for a girl to travel.

BABY
Yeah, but it's fun.

MARY
Sounds like a magical trip through the heartland.

BILL
Where ya headed?

BABY
Aw, I was going home to my Mamma's house... yeah, I was out doing this thing.

BILL
Where's that?

BABY
Couple more miles up this road.

JERRY
Hey, you might know...
(shows her the map)
...you know where this tree is at? It's an old hanging tree from...

The Baby PERKS UP at the mention of the tree.

BABY
Yeah, I know where that is, it's right by my house. It's Dr. Satan's tree. I can show ya.

JERRY
Really, wow, so it's really a real thing.

BABY
Yeah, it's a tree. I used to play there all the time. But, you can't find it without me. Outsider can't find no deadwood.

JERRY
Deadwood, is that what it's called? Cool, will you show us?

BABY
Maybe, maybe, maybe... hey, you know what word I hate?

JERRY
What?

BABY
Cone.

JERRY
Huh... what cone?

BABY
Any cone, yeah...
(looking out the window)
I hate that word... sounds ugly, I don't like crumple either.

JERRY
I always hate saying the word cheese, every time you get your picture taken... smile, say cheese.

BABY
I know I hate Swiss cheese, the holes make me nervous.

BILL
What about the tree?

BABY
Oh yeah, the tree.

MARY
This is crazy. She don't know nothing.

Baby turns her attention toward Mary.

BABY
Oh, I know. I'll show you where it's at, sweetie.
(MORE)

BABY (CONT'D)
Aren't you just so cute all bundled up like a cinnamon roll of Christmas love.

JERRY
Cool.

BILL
Which way?

BABY
Go straight up about another mile... til we hit Cherrypicker Road and turn right... it ain't far from there.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL

The camera FLOATS through the hallways of the Peabody Mental Institution. It is HALLOWEEN.

PATIENTS wander the stark halls dressed in hospital gowns and cheap plastic masks. Some are laughing, some are screaming.

We move into a private room. Where we see DOCTOR SATAN completely covered except for his eyes, hovering over a BOUND AND GAGGED PATIENT.

We move off the doctor to a crayon child's DRAWING of a JACK-O'-LANTERN. Tortured screams fill the room.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER RD. - WOODS - NIGHT

From a STRANGER'S POV we see the car STRUGGLING down a dirt road.

INT. CAR - SAME

Everyone rides in silence, music plays on the radio. The song ends and a NEWS REPORTER comes on.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
This is WJRC News at the top of the hour... Investigators in Clairemont County are no closer to identifying the body of a young woman found crucified to the doors of St. Mary's Church yesterday morning.

Baby lights up a cigarette and takes a drag.

MARY
Excuse me, could you not smoke in here?

Baby puts out the cigarette on the back of her hand.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Local police and State Officials have released this report...

JERRY
What's that?

BILL
I don't know. Looks like some kind of animal.

Bill stops the car.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER RD. - WOODS - NIGHT

Sitting dead center in the middle of the road is a HUMONGOUS DOG. The dog stares straight ahead. Long strands of drool hang from its mouth to the ground.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MARY
Why are we stopping?

BILL
There's a dog in the road.

DENISE
Honk at him. Scare him.

BILL
(honking horn)
He won't move.

MARY
Go around him.

BILL
There's not enough room.

MARY
Then run him over, he'll move.

BABY
No! He's one of God's creatures, he can't help it if he's dumb... I'm just crazy about animals.

MARY
(to Denise)
The animals have got nothing to do with it.

EXT. STRANGER'S POV - SAME

A gun barrel is raised and we are looking through the sight at the car. Pop! Pop! Pop! The GUN fires THREE SHOTS at the car's rear tire.

The stranger whistles and the dog moves to the side of the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The SOUND of the heavy rain MASKS the gunshots.

BILL
Hey, he moved.

MARY
Let's get going before that thing tries to eat the car or something.

As the car moves past, Denise stares at the dog sitting calmly to the side of the road. The dog blankly stares back at her.

JERRY
That reminds me of a film I saw once of a guy who got out of his car at Lion Country Safari to take a picture of a lion cub and got eaten by the lions.

BILL
Oh yeah, I heard about that. I always thought it was bullshit.

JERRY
No... yeah, they ripped him to pieces while his family watched from the car. The wife is screaming, the kids are crying. Some dude in another car filmed the whole thing.

BABY
I'd like to see that.

MARY
Nice.

JERRY
The lions were totally covered in this guy's blood...
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
I think they ate his face off, tore open his rib cage, pulled his legs off... it was a wild scene.

BABY
Things like that get a lot bloodier than ya think.

Without warning the car lunges to one side.

JERRY
What was that?

BILL
Fuck. I think we blew a tire.

MARY
Don't even say it.

DENISE
You got to be fucking joking.

MARY
God damn it, I knew this witch-hunt was fucking bullshit.

BILL
OK, let's relax. I'll check it, maybe I'm wrong. Don't everybody freak out just yet.

JERRY
I'll help ya.

BILL
(sarcastic)
Gee, ya think it wouldn't be too much trouble.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER ROAD - WOODS - NIGHT

Bill and Jerry stare down at the blown tire sunk in the mud.

BILL
I hope you fixed the spare like I asked ya.

JERRY
Yeah, I fixed it. Well, I ain't... um, I can't remember. I think I took it out to fit the bags and forgot to put it back.

BILL
Jesus Christ, Jerry.

JERRY
Well, technically I did what ya said.

BILL
You're a real fucking piece of work.

Bill stares at Jerry in disbelief.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Baby is leaning on her chin staring at Mary and Denise. The car radio plays in the background.

MARY
Can I help you with something?

BABY
I was just wondering.

MARY
Wondering what?

BABY
Are you two gals all funny with each other?

MARY
What?

BABY
You know... a couple of queers.

MARY
Do you believe this fucking girl?

BABY
(turning her attention to Mary)
I was just wondering, cause you got a pissy look about you... like a real pussy licking bitch.

Denise tries to QUICKLY defuse the situation.

DENISE
No. No pussy licking here, but thanks for your concern.

Bill and Jerry slide back into the car.

BILL
Well, I got some bad news and some bad news.

MARY
What?

JERRY
(fake Scottish accent)
Tire's fucking gone crap on us, man. There's no saving it now.

BILL
And the spare is safely sitting in Jerry's garage.

DENISE
For fucking sake Jerry, what the fuck are we gonna do?

Baby starts laughing.

MARY
What the hell are you laughing about?

BABY
I just pictured the tire sitting in a chair watching TV.

MARY
Oh, wonderful.
(muttering to herself)
Fucking psycho.

BILL
I guess I'll try to back it out on the rim... at least to the main road.

BABY
If you keep going straight you can get back on the interstate... it's easier.

MARY
Just back up.

JERRY
I think we should go straight. I mean we know for a fact there ain't nothing back that way, right?

BABY
Oh wait! I love this song!

Baby reaches over and TURNS UP the VOLUME. She loudly sings along with the song.

BILL
Fine. I'll go straight.

MARY
What!

BILL
(over the loud music)
Fine! I'll go straight!

The car moves forward. After about fifty yards the car HITS something hard and gets stuck in a deep mud bog.

BILL (CONT'D)
Fuck! We are fucked!

DENISE
Turn that fucking radio off!

Bill shuts off the radio.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Now what are we gonna do?

BABY
We can walk to my house from here. My brother's got a tow truck, he can come get your car.

A silence falls over the car.

MARY
I think I'm going fucking crazy.

DENISE
I can't believe...

BILL
OK, whatever. Let's go get your brother's truck. Faster we get the truck, faster we get out of here.

BABY
OK.

JERRY
I'll go. It's my fault.

MARY
You said it, not me.

BILL
Forget it. I'll just go.

MARY
Screw that, no way, I ain't letting you go by yourself.

BILL
Don't worry, I'll be quick. Just stay here, no sense everybody getting drenched.

JERRY
I agree.

BABY
Yeah, it won't take long and besides you sassy poodle girls will slow us down.

Baby jumps up and gets out of the car.

BILL
Don't worry, I'll be right back.

BABY
Come on.

JERRY
Don't forget the flashlight, it's pretty dark out there.

BILL
Thanks.

JERRY
No problem.

Bill kisses Mary good-bye and EXITS.

Mary watches Baby and Bill head off into the WOODS. Baby turns and makes a kissy face at Mary.

EXT. MISS BUNNY'S HOLLYWOOD REVUE - DAY

A hand painted tin sign surrounded by flashing lights which reads MISS BUNNY'S HOLLYWOOD REVUE hangs over the entrance to a small garage.

Movie star portraits of JEAN HARLOW, W.C. FIELDS and CLARK GABLE adorn the walls of the garage.

An over the hill ex-glamour girl, MISS BUNNY, 55, comes into frame. She's dressed in a sparkling red gown with feathers in her hair.

MISS BUNNY
(bad Marilyn Monroe imitation)
Hi, I'm Miss Bunny and welcome to my Hollywood Revue...
(she giggles)
...where the stars shine forever.

INT. MISS BUNNY'S HOLLYWOOD REVUE - DAY

Tinseltown lives. Tin foil is wrapped around everything, the walls, doors and ceiling. Fake cement handprints of movie greats cover the tiny floor. Badly sculpted statues of MARILYN MONROE, GROUCHO MARX and JOHN WAYNE stand in the corners. Dead center is a small puppet show stage.

MISS BUNNY
Hi, this is the place where the magic happens.

CLOSE UP - SQUIRREL

A stuffed squirrel dressed in a gray skirt and jacket, a tilted hat sits atop its head.

MISS BUNNY (CONT'D)
(holding up squirrel)
This is Jenny, she is our resident Ingrid Bergman.

Miss Bunny picks up a stuffed white cat wearing a brown trenchcoat.

MISS BUNNY (CONT'D)
This is Ronald J. Perrywinckle... our Humphrey Bogart... today we'll be doing a scene from Casablanca.

Miss Bunny begins to make the dead animal puppets interact. She provides their voices.

HUMPHREY CAT
If that plane leaves the ground and you're not with him you'll regret it... maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow but soon and for the rest of your life.

INGRID SQUIRREL
But what about us?

HUMPHREY CAT
We'll always have Paris. We didn't have, we lost it... until you came to Casablanca. We got it back last night.

INGRID SQUIRREL
When I said I would never leave you.

HUMPHREY CAT
And you never will.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A single flashlight beam cuts through the darkness of the dense woods. Bill stumbles behind Baby, she is clearly in her element.

BILL
How much further?

BABY
Almost there... are you in a hurry or something?

BILL
Well, yeah, kind of.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry is stretched out across the front seat, reading a book on Freak Shows. Denise and Mary sit in the back, curled up under layers of blankets and clothes.

DENISE
Fuck, it's freezing.

JERRY
Hey, listen to this... I think this is related to our Dr. Satan.

DENISE
Oh, yeah.

JERRY
Yeah, in this book there's a chapter called Self Made Freaks about how people would mutilate themselves in order to work in a freak show.
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
It mostly talks about tattooed people and wild men of Borneo and shit like that, but there is one mention of a single case where a woman was suspected of having her arms removed on purpose to become an arm-less wonder.

DENISE
Yeah, so how does that fit with the story of four morons with a flat tire looking for a dead tree?

JERRY
It says, "records show that Ellie Thompson was born in 1914 of normal physical stature and lived a life of normal bearings, until such time that she was placed in the care of the Willows State Mental Facility."

DENISE
So.

JERRY
Now she was put in the nuthouse at the age of 16.

DENISE
Why?

JERRY
(scanning the book)
Blah, blah, blah... it doesn't say, but she was released sometime in 1937, only to reappear as Ellie Bogdan, the arm-less wonder. Says she, "criss-crossed the United States constantly in carnivals and freak shows until her death in 1946."

DENISE
Yeah?

JERRY
These dates perfectly correspond with the time frame of our beloved Dr. Satan working at the looney bin. I'll bet he amputated her arms.

DENISE
So what?

JERRY
I don't know, I just thought it was interesting.

DENISE
You know what Jerry, who really cares at this point?

JERRY
I don't...
(to himself)
...I just thought it was weird.

MARY
(bursting in)
God damn it, I must be fucking crazy to let him go off with that crazy fucking bitch.

JERRY
Huh?

MARY
That stupid hillbilly slut.

JERRY
Oh, don't blow everything out of proportion.

MARY
You didn't see the look she threw me. She's up to something.

DENISE
Yeah, Jerry, she said some pretty fucked shit to us.

JERRY
When?

DENISE
When you were outside with Bill.

MARY
She said we look like pussy lickers or some shit like that.

DENISE
Yeah, she said we looked queer.

JERRY
Aw, get over it, she's just some dopey redneck, she ain't smart enough to be up to nothing... I mean anything... chicks.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

An old Gothic FARMHOUSE stands atop a hill at the end of a long sloping dirt road. SCARECROWS with pumpkin heads hang CRUCIFIED on crosses lining the drive. Everything is severely overgrown.

Bill and Baby enter the gates of the FARM, they walk up the main drive.

Baby runs forward and begins jumping around in the huge mud puddles, then runs up onto the front porch of the old house.

The front of the house is covered with strange junk art. Hundreds of dolls faces are nailed to the walls.

BABY
These are all my dolls. I use to like to chop their heads off.

Broken bottles and cans are cemented together in weird HUMAN FIGURES, ANIMAL SKINS stretched over bone armatures form a makeshift roof.

Glowing down from the upper windows are grinning JACK-O'-LANTERNS.

BABY (CONT'D)
The door's locked. I gotta go around... wait here.

BILL
OK.

Baby RUNS OFF around the side of the house.

Bill stands looking off into the distance at the desolate farm grounds. The rain continues to hammer down.

From BILL'S POV we see a silhouette of a LONE FIGURE walking in the distance. The shape of a large dog follows behind him.

Bill JUMPS, startled by the sound of the heavy front door opening.

BILL (CONT'D)
Christ, you scared the shit out of me.

BABY
Aw, you ain't seen nothing yet.

BILL
Is your brother ready to go?

BABY
Oh... yeah, he already left. We'll wait inside, come on.

BILL
He left!

BABY
Yeah, come on.

Baby GRABS Bill by the arm and pulls him into the house. The heavy iron door slams shut.

INT. CAR - SAME

Denise and Mary sit facing one another, playing cards. Mary deals from a deck.

Jerry naps in the front seat.

MARY
How long has it been?

DENISE
I don't know... about half an hour.

A metal KLANG is faintly heard.

MARY
What was that?

DENISE
What? I didn't hear anything.

MARY
Wait... quiet. Turn off the radio.

Mary reaches over the front seat and turns off the radio.

DENISE
Now... listen.

They sit in silence.

MARY
I don't hear anything.

DENISE
(whispering)
Shhhhhh, quiet.

MARY
I still don't.

DENISE
Turn on the headlights. See if anything is out there.

Mary turns on the headlights. Denise lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM. Jerry bolts up.

JERRY
What... what!

Standing dead center in the road is the GIANT SHAPE of a MAN holding a heavy chain with a huge hook on the end.

MARY
Lock the doors... quick, quick.

Everybody scrambles to lock the doors.

DENISE
Holy fuck, holy fuck, holy fuck.

On closer inspection, Jerry notices the chain is attached to the back of a TOW TRUCK.

JERRY
Hold on, hold on! Everybody calm down! It's the tow truck guy.

MARY
What!

DENISE
Jesus Christ.

MARY
I think I'm gonna have a fucking heart attack.

JERRY
(Scottish accent)
OK lassies, I think it's time you get to gripping reality.

MARY
Enough with the stupid voices.

The brute man attaches the chain to the car and begins raising it with his truck.

A SIGN on the side of the truck reads FIREFLY TOWING.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - TV SCREEN

We are watching a scene from THE OLD DARK HOUSE. GLORIA STUART, RAYMOND MASSEY and MELVYN DOUGLAS are standing in the rain pounding on a huge wooden door.

GLORIA STUART
Knock again louder.

MELVYN DOUGLAS
I should of thought that was loud enough to wake the dead... that's an idea.

RAYMOND MASSEY
What is?

MELVYN DOUGLAS
Wouldn't it be dramatic, supposing the people inside were dead. All stretched out with the lights quietly burning about them.

GLORIA STUART
I'm sure it would be very amusing.

We pull back from the TV to see Bill's clothes drying by the fireplace. Bill, now wearing overalls and a flannel shirt, is sitting on an old over stuffed sofa.

BILL
So, you live here alone... I mean with just your brother?

BABY
(speaking from the next room)
No. There's a bunch a us 'round somewhere... I think Mamma's sleepin'. She sleeps a lot, now... do you want marshmallows?

BILL
Um, yeah sure, I guess.

BABY
You sure do a lot of guessing.

Baby sets down the tray, making sure to bend over close to Bill. She hands him his drink and sits down next to him.

BILL
Thank you.

BABY
You're welcome.

Baby moves closer to Bill, he begins to get nervous.

BILL
Hey, um...
(pointing to the mounted animal head over the fireplace)
...what kind of animal is that?

BABY
A dead one.

BILL
(sipping his drink)
Mmmmm, this is tasty.

BABY
(scoops out some marshmallow with her finger)
Ain't the only thing tasty in this house.
(licks it off)

BILL
I wonder what time it is. Seems kind of late.

BABY
Don't worry, sugar. It ain't past my bedtime... are you flirting with me?

BILL
What? No, I'm was worried that... I was just wondering what's taking so long.

BABY
Oh. Maybe R.J. got into a crash and killed everybody?

BILL
That's not something to joke about.

BABY
(rolls her eyes)
OK, sorry... maybe the Great Pumpkin ate 'em up.

Finally, the SOUND OF A TRUCK pulling up can be HEARD.

Bill jumps up and goes to the window.

BILL
Hey, great they're back.

BABY
(sarcastically)
Whoopie fucking doo.

TV SCREEN - SAME

On the B+W screen we see DR. WOLFENSTEIN, a local horror movie host. He looks like a cross between the WOLFMAN and LON CHANEY in LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

DR. WOLFENSTEIN
(sounds like Wolfman Jack)
Aaaahooooh, the Doctor is in! Don't move, don't scream. Stay tuned for more creature craziness from channel Halloween eve movie marathon. I'm your host... your ghost host with the most, baby... Dr. Wolfenstein and will be with you until the end. Aaaaaaahooooooh!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Bill stands on the front porch watching as the truck roughly jerks the car to a stop.

Jerry jumps out, opens the back door and helps Denise.

JERRY
(looking at Bill)
Hey, nice outfit Billy Bob.

DENISE
Thanks for coming to get us. Little brother almost scared us to death.

JERRY
(quietly to Bill as he passes)
Dude, your chick's a little high strung.

Mary is the last one out of the car. She says nothing as she walks to join the others on the porch.

Her look says it all as she walks by Bill and into the house.

BILL
Mary, I'm sorry but he left without me. Mary... come on, you don't think I'd leave you stranded out there.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone stands around at the fireplace, trying to dry off.

DENISE
Look. I gotta call my Dad and tell him we're gonna be late. Can I use your phone?

Baby sits silently watching TV.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, may I please use your phone?

MARY
(sarcastically)
Bill, why don't you ask her... she's your special friend.

A VOICE from upstairs answers.

MOTHER
Ain't got one.

MOTHER comes into view from the darkness above. She is in her fifties, but looks younger. A sleazy white trash queen. She slowly descends the stairs.

DENISE
Huh? Oh, hi. You really don't have a phone?

MOTHER
No, none. I had one once, back in '57 maybe... I don't know. Really ain't nobody we wanna be jaw flapping at around here no more.

JERRY
Hey, maybe the guy with the tow truck could drive us to a phone.

MOTHER
His name is Rufus, Rufus Jr., but we all call him R.J.

JERRY
Oh, right.

MOTHER
What do they call you, sweety?

JERRY
Um, I'm Jerry... that's Bill... Denise and Mary.

BILL
Yeah, maybe R.J. could just tow us and our car to the nearest garage.

DENISE
I mean obviously we will compensate you for your troubles.

MOTHER
Oh, you ain't no troubles, no, no, no fuss.
(claps her hands)
Baby... go see what Rufus Jr. is doing with these nice folks' auto-mobile.

Baby slowly rises like a defiant child and walks out of the room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
In the meanwhile please make your-selves at home.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

Gruesome crime scene photos flash across the screen.

CHILDREN
(singing, off screen)
98 bodies in your bed,
Some are green, some are red.
Eat the flesh and pick the bones,
Drink the blood when you get home.
98 bodies in the ground,
Some are blue, some are brown.
Gather 'round the people said,
Where do you go when you are dead?

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mother, Jerry, Denise and Mary are all seated on the sofa. Bill sits in an easy chair.

MOTHER
So, what brings you kids way out here, ain't you got something better to do for Halloween than wander around out here in the sticks?

JERRY
Well, I thought I'd maybe take in a hoedown.

MOTHER
(flirting)
Oh, really...
(puts her hand on Jerry's knee and winks)
...well, I'm a pretty good dancer if you know what I mean... I bet I got a few moves you ain't never seen.

JERRY
I don't doubt that.

DENISE
No, he's just joking. We don't really have any plans other than spending the night at my Dad's house...
(glances at Jerry)
...which is where we were headed when our car broke down.

MOTHER
That's nice.

DENISE
Yeah, I guess I'll just help him hand out candy to the trick or treaters.

JERRY
And I'm gonna help put the razor blades in the candy apples.

MOTHER
I'll bet you are... you are a naughty little thing aren't ya.

JERRY
I was just kidding.

Bill and Mary snicker at Jerry's comments. Denise tries to keep a straight face.

MOTHER
Oh, I get it... I guess you think you're too good for the simple pleasures of Halloween.

MARY
No, just a little too old.

MOTHER
Oh really, well I hope something changes your mind some day.

Baby returns from the garage.

BABY
Tiny's home.

MOTHER
What about R.J.?

BABY
Oh, he was already gone before I seen him... but Tiny saw him and said he was going out to the yard to get a new wheel.

BILL
The yard, what's that?

MOTHER
It's an old auto junkyard out in Baldwin.

DENISE
How long is that gonna take?

MOTHER
He should be back in a couple hours.

MARY
A couple hours!

DENISE
Can't Tiny drive us to a phone?

Mother and Baby laugh.

MOTHER
(laughing)
Tiny ain't got no car, he ain't even got a bicycle.

DENISE
How's he get around out here?

BABY
He walks, duh.

MARY
Fucking great.

MOTHER
I know you're my guests and welcome but I'd please advise you to keep from cussing while in my house, thank you.

MARY
Sorry.

MOTHER
Well, even though I know it seems childish to you all. Tonight is Halloween eve and it is special to us so you are all invited to stay for dinner.

Under the circumstances they realize they have no choice. They grin and bear it.

DENISE
Thank you.

JERRY
(imitates Elvis)
Yes, thank you. Thank you very much.

MOTHER
(Mother touches Jerry's shoulder suggestively)
You're a strange one, aren't ya honey. I think you and me are gonna get on like...
(she thinks for a second)
...like something real good.

Camera moves over to the TV. THE END fades up on screen. Dr. Wolfenstein appears over the credits.

DR. WOLFENSTEIN
There well, who knew there was love to be found in The Old Dark House. Coming up next, do not move a muscle, an artery or a vein as we venture into another creepy classic... are you ready for THE WOLFMAN, baby?

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Bill, Jerry, Mary and Denise are now all seated around a large dining room table. A thick mountain of candles sits burning dead center on the table, giving off a warm glow. Dozens of Halloween decorations dangle from strings over the table, spiders, bats and black cats.

There is a hand-made PAPER MACHE MASK sitting on each plate.

MARY
(holding up the witch mask)
I hope to Christ she doesn't expect us to wear these things.

BILL
Whatever it is just do it. The more we play along the faster we'll get the hell out of here.

DENISE
Really, now is not the time to make waves.

JERRY
Hey, I'm just waiting for Cousin Itt to show up.

DENISE
Shhhhhh.

Mother walks in holding a covered serving tray.

DENISE (CONT'D)
You sure you don't need any help in there?

MOTHER
No dear, I'm fine. Now what kind of host would I be if I put my guests to this kind of work.

She sets the tray and goes back in the kitchen.

BOOM! The sound of the front door SLAMMING shut is heard, followed by the POUNDING of heavy footsteps.

Mother's and Baby's shouting is heard.

BABY
(off screen)
Ma, Tiny's in.

MOTHER
(off screen)
Go tell him to get your Grandpa.

INT. HOUSE - BABY'S ROOM

Baby is standing in front of her closet staring at her clothes. The walls of her room are covered with B+W photos of movie stars.

BABY
(whining)
Ma, I can't, I'm busy getting dressed.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM

TINY ENTERS and removes his coat.

Everyone is speechless.

Tiny is over SEVEN FEET TALL and weighs THREE HUNDRED POUNDS. He is wearing a black sweater with a big red skull stitched into it. A red knit ski mask covers his face. Black gloves cover his hands.

Tiny sits at the table, looks down at his plate and says nothing. Mother comes to fetch Tiny. She relays a message to him with strange hand gestures.

Tiny gets up and leaves the room.

MOTHER
You'll have to forgive Tiny, he can't hear so much.

DENISE
Oh.

MOTHER
Yeah, my poor baby. It's his Daddy's fault. I mean Earl was a good man... I mean he never hit me or nothing, but one day he just got up and went pure devil on us all.

DENISE
What happened? Oh, I'm sorry, it's none of my business.

MOTHER
He tried to burn the house down, said it was possessed by the spirits. Tiny was sleeping in the basement where the fire started. I don't think Earl ever meant to harm us... but Tiny was badly burnt, his ears were destroyed and most of his skin.

BILL
Is that why he wears the mask?

MOTHER
Yeah, my baby boy gets shy around new people, but he'll warm up to ya... especially the ladies.

JERRY
Great. I thought I felt a certain attraction between Mary and Tiny soon as he walked in.

MOTHER
Maybe. He's a real lady killer.

JERRY
Didn't ya think, Mary?

Mary just smiles, then gives Jerry a dirty look.

MOTHER
Well, we'll see... the night is young and so are you... oh well, couple more minutes.

Mother returns to the kitchen.

DENISE
(elbows Jerry)
Don't be such a fucking smart ass.

MARY
Yeah, it's really your fault that we're stuck in this shithole in the first place.

JERRY
Oh, don't worry she didn't get offended by what I said. You two got to lighten up... right, Bill?

BILL
Whatever, at this point all I care about is food. I'm starving and I got a fucking killer headache.

JERRY
Hey, I asked you if you wanted some chicken.

BILL
Didn't look like chicken to me, more like fried pussy cat.

JERRY
(shrugs)
Tasted pretty good.

INT. FARMHOUSE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In a cramped, darkened room we see the huge shape of Tiny hovering over a BED containing the hunched, fragile old body of GRAMPA.

Grampa struggles to sit, then slowly slides his legs over the edge of the bed. Tiny helps him to stand.

GRAMPA
God damn it, I can do it. I can do it myself, ya big monkey. I ain't dead yet... so don't you and your sister start counting out my money yet.

Grampa steadies himself against Tiny. They slowly walk out of the room.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
God damn, my dogs are barking.

As they move into the light of the hallway, it is clear that Grampa is in his late 80's.

Grampa quickly grows tired. Tiny picks him up in his arms and carries him down the stairs to the dining room.

As they move past, the camera comes to rest on a STRANGE OBJECT sitting on a shelf.

A LARGE GLASS JAR containing a DEFORMED BABY. The pickled punk looks to have a small second head growing from its temple. The label on the jar reads STUFFY 1973.

The sound from the TV fades up in the background. BELA LUGOSI'S VOICE can be heard.

BELA LUGOSI (V.O.)
Your hands, please. Your left hand shows your past...

DISSOLVE TO:

TV SCREEN

Bela is seen as a fortune teller holding a woman's hands. This is a scene from The Wolfman.

BELA LUGOSI
...and your right hand shows your future.

CLOSE UP

We see a tight shot of the woman's palm. A pentagram appears.

INT. DENISE'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We PULL BACK from the TV to find Donald Willis sitting in a old easy chair. The room is modest, but comfortable.

He reaches over and picks up a small alarm clock, notices the time, concerned look comes over his face.

The phone rings. He quickly answers it.

MR. WILLIS
Hello, Denise?

Disappointment. He mutes the TV.

MR. WILLIS (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah... no, Fred. I was hoping you were Denise, she's a little late.
(pausing)
Yeah, yeah I'm sure the rain just slowed 'em down... yeah... uh-huh, yeah... no, no you can keep it 'til Tuesday... alright, talk to ya tomorrow, bye.

Unmutes the sound on the TV.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The feast is on. Mother, Tiny, Grampa, Jerry, Bill, Mary and Denise are gathered around the table.

MOTHER
OK, everyone, put on your masks. We can't very well eat with our everyday faces exposed.

Mother puts on her mask, Tiny and Grampa follow. Jerry, Bill and Denise slowly raise up their masks, Mary hesitates.

GRAMPA
(to Mary)
Christ kid, put it on. She ain't letting any of us touch the grub 'til you're wearing the damn thing.

Mary rolls her eyes and complies.

JERRY
I've been meaning to ask you, Mrs... Ummmm.

MOTHER
(hesitates)
Firefly.

JERRY
Firefly... mmmmm odd name. Mrs. Firefly, do you know anything about the legend of Dr. Satan?

BILL
Here we go.

Grampa shifts his eyes onto Mother.

MOTHER
(nervously)
Well, I'm not much for local gossip an this and that, but I've heard it mentioned in passing over the years but... I mean folks is queer and they say things, crazy things you know what I mean?

GRAMPA
It's all talk, yakty yak, like a bunch of hungry chipmunks... Christ, Dr. Satan. That takes the bull's nuts alright...
(starts laughing)
(MORE)

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
...hey, I hear some genius up north got a hot line on the Easter Bunny for ya.

A voice from the shadows interrupts.

OTIS
(slowly)
I know all about what you want to know about.

A PALE FIGURE creeps forward like NOSFERATU from a dark corner of the room. This is OTIS.

He stands six foot, but is deathly slim. His skin is translucent, glowing in the dark. Long thin white hair covers his head. His eyes are grey. He is an ALBINO.

He is holding a GLASS JAR containing a SMALL FETUS. On closer inspection we see there are two small bodies joined to one head. The label reads WOLF.

MOTHER
(happy surprise)
Otis! I can't believe you decided to come down and join us... and you brought little Wolf. This really is a special night... all my babies together.

Otis sets the disturbing jar of Wolf on the table. He leans forward onto the jar, resting his chin.

OTIS
Now, I don't know where you heard all your little fairy fables about Dr. Satan but...

BILL
From a Captain Spaulding down at some museum.

OTIS
(laughing)
That old bitch hog don't know shit. He tells cute little tattle-tales to sell his junk, but he don't sell no Yankee boys no truth.

JERRY
But something happened, right? I mean the story is based on a real incident, right?

GRAMPA
(mouth full of food)
What are you, Jimmy Olsen cub reporter for the Daily Asshole?

MOTHER
Grampa... watch the language.

OTIS
I ain't sure that you really need to know. It's better you go home still dreaming about your kitty cats and puppy dogs.

JERRY
I really want to know.

GRAMPA
Hey, the kid wants to know. Enlighten him.

OTIS
Boy, I bet you'd stick your head in the fire if I told ya you'd see Hell... meanwhile you too stupid to realize you got a demon sticking out your ass singing, "Holy Miss Moly, I got a live one."

DENISE
Can we please change the subject?

The CLOCK on the wall strikes TEN.

GRAMPA
(shouting)
Dinner's over.
(pushes his plate back and stands up)
Ladies and Germs... it's showtime.

Grampa hobbles out of the room.

BILL
What's he so excited about?

DENISE
Yeah, showtime for what?

MOTHER
For the show. It's Halloween eve and time for our show.

JERRY
Oh, you mean on TV.

MOTHER
No, no, no it's so much more special than that... you'll see, you'll be the first to ever see. I think this is something you'll really love.

JERRY
Great.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BARN - NIGHT

Billy, Jerry, Mary and Denise stand waiting in front of an old barn. Tiny unlocks the huge doors of the barn and swings them open.

Standing inside waiting is Mother. She is all dressed up for the occasion.

MOTHER
Please, come in... how many in your party...
(she counts the heads)
...one, two, three and four... right this way.

Mother hands each of them a folded piece of paper, which serves as a program book. Hand drawn on each is an orange pumpkin.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BARN - NIGHT

We follow Mother inside.

Thousands of red Christmas lights hang down, strung through the rotting wood rafters. Crates, barrels and an odd assortment of chairs face a large quilted curtain. Filling these seats are LIFELESS DUMMIES.

MOTHER
Please be seated.

Mother motions toward four empty seats in the front row.

JERRY
(whispering)
This is way too fucked up for words.

MARY
(loud whisper)
I know the words... fucking psycho fucking bullshit, that's the words.

BILL
Just grin and bear it.

DENISE
That food...
(holding stomach)
ugh, I feel like I'm gonna puke.

Jerry, Bill, Mary and Denise take their seats.

Mary flips open the program. Inside, written in crayon, are the words: HALLOWEEN EXTRAVAGANZA - starring the Comedy Legend GRAMPA and the World Famous BABY.

MARY
(to Bill)
Check this out.

BILL
Well, ya can't complain I never take you anyplace.

The sound of a warped crackling record fills the room. Lounge music.

A small spotlight hits the quilted curtain covering the stage. Mother Firefly stands behind the controls. She is smiling proudly.

The curtain clumsily parts TO REVEAL:

A stage set pieced together from amusement park wreckage. A giant painted plywood devil looms over the stage, surrounded by dancing skeletons and demon girls.

A microphone stands center stage.

BILL (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I can't believe what I'm seeing.

JERRY
I know, this is fucking nuts.

MARY
This is starting to make me real uncomfortable.

BILL
Just sit back and enjoy the show.

The sound of CANNED APPLAUSE fills the room. Bill begins to applaud, Jerry and Denise join in. Mary does not.

GRAMPA (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, straight from his smash six week sold out run at Tiki-Ti Club... the Stardust lounge is proud to present Mr. Sexy himself... Grampa Hugo.

Grampa walks out to center stage, mic in hand and begins to speak.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
Hey, let me tell ya a story... so I'm hanging out with my buddy Hal Jackowictz and I'm like, hey Hal let's go get some booze and chase the chickens... fucking Hal says no, no the old battle axe at home will break my balls... I gotta get my ass home.

The kids stare in shock at Grampa. Jerry begins to laugh.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
So, I tell 'im... Hal, here's the secret. Go home tonight, crawl into bed, get under the covers and eat your wife's pussy... I mean jam your face right in the bush.

Jerry starts to giggle.

DENISE
(quietly)
What are you laughing at?

JERRY
I don't know, I think he's funny.

DENISE
This isn't funny, it's twisted.

GRAMPA
So, Hal goes home, jumps in, starts chomping and licking away at her pussy, she's screaming and howling... totally passes out from the experience.

MARY
Dear God, let this end.

GRAMPA
Now, Hal... He's feeling pretty good, so he goes into the bathroom for a quick shave...
(pauses)
...suddenly he lets out a horrible scream. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The recorded crowd chuckles.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
Sitting there on the toilet is Hal's wife Gloria... and she says, "Quiet down, you'll wake Grandma!"

The recorded crowd screams with laughter, as does Jerry. Bill, Denise and Mary look at him like he's crazy.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)
Thank you, you're too kind, too kind... stay in your seats, coming up next we got something special for you men out there.

The curtains close and the stage goes dark.

DENISE
Shit, I'm all for being a sport, but this is ridiculous.

BILL
(looking at his watch)
Man, it's already ten thirty.

MARY
I'm with Denise, can't we just walk to someplace, this is getting fucking stupid.

JERRY
Negative. Shit, we are so deep in the sticks we could walk for hours and find zero.

BILL
Yeah, I'd say at this point all we can do is just wait it out. There's nothing else.

DENISE
I suppose. I mean they're obviously all bonkers, but I guess they're harmless.

MARY
I fucking hope so.

The stage lights come up. The recorded applause and music begin.

Baby enters the stage. She is dressed in a home-made showgirl outfit. She begins to dance clumsily to the music. She appears to be somewhat intoxicated.

The vocals come on and Baby begins to lipsync to the song.

DENISE
You gotta be kidding me. This chick is wasted.

JERRY
Shhhhhh.

MARY
How much is a person supposed to stand?

BILL
(motioning for Mary to keep her voice down)
Quiet.

MARY
(sarcastically)
Oh, I'm sorry, bothering you? Was I disturbing your viewing pleasure?

Baby makes her way down from on stage to floor level. She gyrates and seductively TEASES one of the dummy audience members.

Baby moves over to Jerry. Stroking her hand down his face. Denise tries to look amused. Jerry smiles uncomfortably.

Baby strolls past Denise and stops in front of Mary. Baby pauses and pinches Mary's cheek and winks. Mary is FURIOUS.

Baby moves over to Bill. Mary watches like a mother hawk. Baby sings and dances with all of her attention focused on Bill.

Baby puts her arms around Bill's neck and sits on his lap. Mary BOLTS FORWARD and SHOVES Baby off of Bill. Baby crashes onto the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)
Take that, you fucking slut!
(Mary spits at Baby)
Fucking redneck whore!

BABY
You shouldn't a done that.

MARY
Why? You gonna do something about it?

BABY
(standing up)
Yeah, I'll do something.

Baby takes out a straight razor from behind her back.

BABY (CONT'D)
I'll cut your fucking tits off and shove 'em down your throat.

MOTHER
Baby! Stop!

Mrs. Firefly runs down from her position behind the spotlight and intercedes.

BABY
Come on, ma... this bitch's got it coming.

MOTHER
No, I told you...

SCREECH! The garage door slides open. Rufus has returned.

RUFUS JR.
(interrupting)
Car's done.

DENISE
Thank God.

MOTHER
I suggest you kids leave now.

MARY
Don't worry, I'm gone.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Bill, Jerry, Denise and Mary climb back into their car.

BILL
Don't look back, just get in the car.

DENISE
Lock the fucking doors.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bill begins to pull the car down the long dirt driveway towards the road. The heavy rain makes visibility difficult.

BILL
(straining to see through the darkness)
Almost there.

JERRY
Jesus, you think she was really gonna cut you?

MARY
(leaning her forehead on the window)
Of course she was gonna cut me, she's a fucking nut...
(closes her eyes and takes a breath)
I knew she was crazy from the second we picked her up.

SLAM! Suddenly, Baby pounds her fist against Mary's window. Mary jumps back in terror.

BABY
(screaming)
You're in Hell, bitch! You're gonna die like a dog!

Baby disappears into the darkness.

MARY
Go! Go! Go! Get us out of here!

Bill pulls the car up to the front gate. It is chained shut with a huge padlock.

LIGHTNING CRASHES, illuminating the crucified scarecrows.

FLASH CLOSE-UP CUTS -

of grinning jack-o-lantern faces peer down from above.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bill opens the car door, starts to get out.

MARY
(hysterical)
What are you doing!

BILL
I gotta open the gate.

MARY
Drive through it!

BILL
It won't work.

JERRY
Holy fuck, hurry up.

Jerry, Mary and Denise watch through the windshield as Bill struggles to unlatch the thick iron gates.

SUDDENLY, one of the SCARECROWS JUMPS down from his cross and SMASHES Bill over the head with a HEAVY CLUB. Bill drops to his knees.

MARY
Bill! Help him!

Jerry throws open his door to get out. He's SHOVED BACK into the car by another, larger scarecrow outside his door. This scarecrow begins smashing the car's windows with a METAL PIPE.

Bill lays motionless, face down in the mud. His attacker turns his attention on the car. He also begins smashing the car's windows.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

From a distance we see Jerry pulled from the car and beaten. The girls are helplessly trapped inside the destroyed vehicle. The scarecrows continue to pound on the car.

As we fade out, the sound of a BARKING DOG can be heard.

FADE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

From a long shot, we see the farmhouse in the early morning sunrise. All is still.

The sound of an engine starting breaks the early morning silence. Rufus's tow truck is seen pulling away from behind the house. The BEATEN REMAINS of Bill's car are towed behind it.

EXT. WILLIS HOUSE - SUNRISE

Darkness, except for the face of an alarm clock. The time is 7:00 AM. TICK, TICK, TICK... BUZZZZZZ. The alarm goes off.

A hand reaches over and turns off the alarm. We hear a deep groan. A light turns on.

INT. WILLIS'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Don Willis wakes up, having fallen asleep in his easy chair. He sits up and wipes the sleep from his eyes. He runs a hand across his head, smoothing out his thinning grey hair.

He picks up a phone next to his bed, dials a number, waits.

MR. WILLIS
Hi. Lieutenant Broekman please...
Donald Willis.

He holds.

MR. WILLIS (CONT'D)
Hey, Phil...
(listens)
Yeah, I'm alright... but I need you
to check on something for me.

Willis stands, walks to the window, opens the shades, morning sun fills the room. A shelf by the window is cluttered with framed photographs. B+W memories of Denise at the beach, RUDY the dog. High school graduations and Donald Willis in uniform with the other members of 56 Precinct. Donald is a FORMER POLICE OFFICER.

MR. WILLIS (CONT'D)
I'm a little worried about Denise.
She called me last night from the
road, out by Ruggsville at some
joint called Spaulding's or
something like that, said she'd be
here about eleven... but she never
showed up.

Paces.

MR. WILLIS (CONT'D)
Yeah, if you could run a check on up that way and see about any accidents or road closing or anything, I'd really appreciate it...
(listening)
...yeah, yeah, I know... I'm sure nothing happened but, you know me I like to worry... thanks... bye.

Hangs up the phone.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OTIS'S ROOM - DAY

Mary opens her eyes, squinting into the light. Sunlight peers through filth on the windows, fractured by the tattered remains of rotted curtains. Peeling yellowed newspaper serves as wallpaper surrounding the window.

Mary's eyes move across the walls to a painting of a BIG EYED KITTEN. She stares at it and smiles. A look of horror begins to appear on her face. She begins to scream uncontrollably.

OTIS
(off screen)
Shut your fucking mouth!

She is hysterical.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I said shut your mouth!

ZOOM BACK to see Mary wearing a dunce cap, tied to a chair, facing a corner in the farmhouse's attic. This is Otis's art studio.

Otis, standing before a large canvas, sets down his paint brush and calmly walks over to Mary. He spins her chair around, clamps her mouth shut with his hand and leans his nose against hers.

OTIS (CONT'D)
(slow and sinister)
Listen, you Malibu Barbie middle class piece of shit. I'm trying to work, you got me, work... you ever work?

Mary's eyes scream with terror, she nods yes.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'll bet you did. Scooping ice cream to your shitheel friends on summer break... well, I ain't talking about white socks with Mickey Mouse on one side and Donald Duck on the other... shit, you ain't reading no funny books, mamma.

Otis raises his paint covered hand.

OTIS (CONT'D)
This is blood and guts, Suzy Q. Our bodies come and go, but this blood is forever...
(pulls a small book from his breast pocket)
...let me read you something, listen and learn... you listening?

Otis pulls back his hand, ready to backhand her across the face with the book. She nods again. He lowers the book.

OTIS (CONT'D)
(gesturing dramatically)
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm
(pauses)
...you get that? Art is eternal, you get me, mamma?

Mary stares dumbfounded.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Now, I'm gonna remove my hand... you make a sound and I swear I'll slit you open and make you eat your own fucking intestines... you get me?

She nods again. He slowly removes his hand from her mouth. Mary tries to remain calm, but starts to hyperventilate. Tears roll down her face.

MARY
(whispering)
Why? Why are you doing this?

OTIS
Doing what? Messy up your day? Well, fuck lady there are some bigger issues at hand... than your fucking have a nice fucking day bumper sticker shit!

MARY
Where's Bill?

OTIS
(chuckling)
Well, Bill... he's a good guy, he's been great help to me... a real blessing... I couldn't have asked for a better specimen. I mean you don't know what a dry spell I've had, total block...
(slaps his forehead)
...total block... but Bill he's OK.

Mary looks confused, but relieved.

MARY
(softly)
Where is he?

OTIS
Let's go see.

Otis grabs the back of the chair and drags her across the room towards a curtained off area.

WHOOSH! He pulls her through the curtains. From behind the curtain we hear Mary SCREAMING and Otis LAUGHING.

MARY
(behind curtain)
Bill? No, no, no! What have you done? Bill!

INT. CURTAIN ROOM - OTIS'S ROOM - DAY

Ugliness. Decay. Pain. Carefully arranged on a model's platform is the severed torso of Bill sewn to a large homemade fish tail. He is lying on his ride side posing.

Bill's face is frozen in a death scream.

OTIS
Behold... The Fish-Boy!

MARY
(repeating to herself)
This can't be real, this can't be real, this can't be real.

OTIS
Oh, it's real... as real as I want it to be, mamma...
(grabs his canvas and holds it in her face)
...look, see the magic in my brush strokes.

Painted on the canvas is the gruesome scene of Bill as the Fish-Boy.

MARY
(crying)
Fuck you, you fucking freak!

OTIS
Oh, come now... we're all creatures of God and freaks in our own way...
(twitches and shakes)
...but if you'll notice...
(points to a blank spot in the painting)
right here, needs a little something, heh?

Otis slowly puts down the canvas, turns and picks up a huge hunting knife.

MARY
What are you doing?
(squirming)
...no, stop... please, please.

OTIS
You, my dear worm feeder, are about to become immortalized.

Otis draws back the knife.

MARY
(screaming)
Noooooooooooo!

Otis swings the knife forward, directly into the camera.

CLOSE UP - CLOWN FACE

Ravelli's clown head bobs back and forth.

PULL BACK TO:

Ravelli, wearing his clown head, stands by the road side waving to passing cars.

EXT. SPAULDING'S - DAY

A police car drives past Ravelli and comes to a stop. OFFICER GEORGE WYDELL, 42, a big, slightly paunchy man with a big mustache and mirrored sunglasses, steps from his car.

Following close behind, OFFICER STEVE NAISH, 29, tall athletic.

WYDELL
(pauses, looks around, pulls up his belt)
Well, let's go see if the nut that runs this place can help us.

NAISH
Right.

They walk to the door.

INT. SPAULDING'S - DAY

The door swings open. Wydell enters slowly, putting on his best cowboy attitude. Naish follows suit.

Wydell, hands on his belt, struts up to the counter. No one is around.

A rusted bell sits on the counter, taped to it is a handwritten note, "ring for service". Wydell rings it once, waits, no response. Rings it again, waits, no response.

NAISH
(looking around the room)
Get a load of all this crap... this is one sick place.

Wydell begins ringing the bell non-stop.

Spaulding shouts from the backroom.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Whoever's a jerking off on that bell better be gone when I get out there... 'cause I'm gonna rip your nuts off.

Spaulding enters from behind the curtain, angry. He sees the troopers and puts on a phony grin.

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Officers, officers what can I do for you today? I ain't fried up the birds yet... if that's what you're ring a ding dinging about.

WYDELL
(pulls a paper from his pocket)
What I need are some answers.
(unfolds the paper to reveal a picture of Denise)

CAPT. SPAULDING
Well, I'll try but I don't know nothing 'bout nobody. I'm a guy who likes to mind his own business, if ya get what I'm saying.

WYDELL
(holds up picture)
You seen this girl? Say... within the last 24 hours.

Spaulding reaches out and grabs the picture.

CAPT. SPAULDING
(studies the picture)
Yeah, yeah I seen her. Good looking kid, but not really my type...
(gesturing with his hands)
...I like meaty, eh?

NAISH
(losing patience)
Hey ass clown, how 'bout some answers. He ain't interested in your love life.

WYDELL
Come on, get with the facts.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Hmmmmmmmmm?

WYDELL
What'd you see, who was she with, where were they going?

CAPT. SPAULDING
Aw, she was with some nosey, smartass high-rise kids.
(MORE)

CAPT. SPAULDING (CONT'D)
They were poking around... asking stupid questions.

NAISH
Questions about what?

CAPT. SPAULDING
This and that, mostly some tired Dr. Satan bullshit... they got a gander at the display back there and thought they could solve the great Deadwoods mystery.

WYDELL
And...

CAPT. SPAULDING
And I gave 'em directions out there, up by the old farm row... I figured what's the harm. Stupid kids probably going out to piss up a rope and got themselves turned around backasswards and got lost as shit.

WYDELL
Is that all... think real hard.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Yeah, they weren't here but a few minutes, didn't really have time to get as up close and personal as I do with most of the assholes that wander through here.

WYDELL
How's about you give me those same directions.

CAPT. SPAULDING
Yeah, yeah, sure. You don't have to get all True Grit all over my ass... I'll give'm to ya... you can knock yourself silly for all I care.

WYDELL
(hands him a note pad)
Enough talk, write.

INT. TOW TRUCK - DAY

We are cruising down the road. A bobbing head skeleton toy glued to the dashboard wiggles with each bump in the road.

Behind the wheel is Rufus Jr., riding shotgun is Baby, dressed in her Sunday best. The radio is blasting.

BABY
(screaming over the music)
We're gonna have fun tonight, bro.

RUFUS JR.
Yeah, fun.

They speed off.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER RD. - WOODS - MIDDAY

The police cruiser maneuvers down the rough dirt road.

INT. POLICE CAR - MIDDAY

Wydell and Naish scan the surrounding woods for any sign of Denise and her friends.

NAISH
Boss, the way I see it is these kids probably stop off somewhere, bought a bunch of booze and are off getting shitfaced.

WYDELL
I hope you're right, but my guts are telling me different.

NAISH
Your Spidey senses tingling.

WYDELL
Yeah...
(realizes what he just said)
...huh, what the hell are you talking about?

NAISH
You know, your hyper sensitive Spidey senses... like Spider-man...
(pauses)
...you know, like in the comics.

WYDELL
How old do you think I am? I know who the fuck Spider-man is. Get to your point.

NAISH
You know, his senses start tingling... when he was approaching danger and shit.

WYDELL
I always favored the Hulk.

NAISH
Hulk was dumb as shit.

WYDELL
Aw, fuck.

NAISH
What.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER RD. - WOODS - MIDDAY

Bill's car is down in a ditch, run off the side of the road.

INT. POLICE CAR - MIDDAY

Naish checks the license plate number with his sheet.

NAISH
Plates match.

WYDELL
Call the chief... We found 'em.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT LIQUORS - MIDDAY

A small, crummy liquor store stands next to a sleazy motel. A filthy looking hooker leads her customer to a waiting room, a homeless bum stands screaming obscenities in the parking lot.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT LIQUORS - MIDDAY

The store is decorated for Halloween.

Off to one side is a curtained room. A sign reads "XXX loops", sex noises can be heard inside.

Baby and Rufus stand at the counter waiting for the CASHIER, a skinny geek with glasses, to total up their purchases. The counter is loaded with bottles.

The cashier is packing the bottles into cardboard boxes.

CASHIER
You all having a Halloween party tonight?

BABY
Now, what makes you think that?

CASHIER
You all sure are buying a lot of holy water for two people.

BABY
Yeah, well we like to get fucked up and do fucked up shit, you know what I mean?

CASHIER
Yeah, yeah...
(giggling)
...I like to fuck shit up.

BABY
I'll bet you do... how much we owe ya...
(looks at his name tag)
...Goober?

CASHIER
(looking down at his tag)
Actually it's G. Ober... Gerry Ober, but the guys drew in the other O, fucking assholes.

BABY
(uninterested)
Great story Goober, how much?

CASHIER
Ummmm... two hundred and eighty-five dollars.

Baby throws down three hundred dollars.

BABY
Keep the change and get yourself a new name.

CASHIER
Holy crap, thanks!

Rufus picks up the boxes from the counter. He and Baby start to walk away.

BABY
Come on, bro. Let's go.

CASHIER
(holding out a flyer)
Hey, wait take this.

Baby stops and grabs the flyer.

BABY
What's this?

CASHIER
A missing girl. I use'ta go to school with her, she just up and disappeared some day... real weird.

The flyer reads MISSING, KAREN MURPHY, 18. The picture on the flyer shows the smiling chubby face of a young girl.

BABY
Now isn't she a happy little cherub... oh well
(stuffs it in her pocket)
...nobody just up and disappears.

RUFUS JR.
(mutters)
Aliens.

BABY
Yeah, maybe it was fucking aliens.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT LIQUOR - MIDDAY

Baby and Rufus exit. Rufus loads the boxes into the back of the truck. Baby sits on the curb and lights a cigarette.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER ROAD - WOODS - MIDDAY

Bill's car is now sitting in the middle of the road. The back is attached to a police tow truck. An additional police cruiser arrives on the scene.

Sheriff Huston steps out from his cruiser.

HUSTON
What'd we here, Georgie?

WYDELL
A vehicle registered to a William S. Hudley.

HUSTON
Holy Jesus, somebody had themselves a field day beating the shit outta this thing.

WYDELL
Yeah, no mercy here.

HUSTON
Recover any bodies?

WYDELL
Not yet.

HUSTON
(inspecting the car)
Shit, I wonder what these kids did to bring this much hell down on 'em.

WYDELL
Just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

HUSTON
That's the understatement of the year.

WYDELL
Yep, I suppose it is.

INT. BILL'S CAR - WOODS - MIDDAY

Naish is digging around under the front seat.

NAISH
Hey, I found something.

Naish crawls out of the car.

EXT. CHERRYPICKER ROAD - WOODS - MIDDAY

HUSTON
What'd ya got there?

NAISH
Keys.

HUSTON
Well Christ boy, don't stand there like a prize dog dick with his butt-hole caught up a tree.

NAISH
Huh?

HUSTON
Open up the trunk.

NAISH
Yes, sir.

WYDELL
Toss 'em over here.

Naish tosses them over the car to Wydell. Wydell fishes through the keys, finds the trunk key and opens it.

WYDELL (CONT'D)
(winces)
God damn.

HUSTON
You find something, Georgie?

WYDELL
(disgusted)
Yep, I found something.

We move around the car to see the nude body of Karen Murphy laying in the trunk. Her arms and legs are hog tied. She is dead. The word TRICK is carved into her side.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - TINY'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Water drips down from the leaking pipes above. Scavenging rats scurry across the concrete floor.

In a far corner a single light burns, a child's Humpty Dumpty lamp, illuminating -

Denise is strapped to an old wooden bed. She has been stripped of her own clothes and is now wearing a blue checked little girl's dress. Her hair is tied in pigtails. She is cold and shivering.

BOOM. The basement door opens, heavy footsteps lumber down the creaking stairs. It is Tiny.

Tiny is wearing an orange T-shirt that reads, "This is my Halloween costume". For the first time we see the skin on his arms, it is severely deformed from burn scars.

He is holding a small tray. On the tray is a box of cereal, milk, a bowl and a spoon.

Tiny goes over to Denise, sets down the tray, and proudly displays his T-shirt.

DENISE
(hoarse and dry)
Please... Tiny, please. Let me go... help me.

Tiny sits down on a stool next to the bed, he stares down at Denise like a confused dog.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(crying)
Please, God please.

Tiny begins preparing her food, carefully pouring the cereal and milk into the bowl. He stirs it with the spoon.

Tiny gently lifts Denise's head and feeds her like a baby. Denise swallows the food, trying not to choke. After a few spoonfuls Tiny stands up and walks over to a dark corner of the room.

He pulls a string and turns on a swinging ceiling light. In the light we see a rusty cage, inside are three rail-thin female bodies.

Tiny throws the remainder of the cereal into the cage. One of the bodies moves to eat the scraps, the others do not. They are dead.

Tiny turns off the overhead light.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Wydell and Naish are pulling into a large truck stop parking lot.

NAISH
You sure this guy's supposed to ride with us? Seems kind of weird.

WYDELL
(scanning the parking lot)
Chief said pick him up and take him with us on our house to house. Guy's an ex-cop, thinks he can help.

NAISH
Sounds like a bad idea to me, probably just get in the way.

WYDELL
Yeah, well I guess it's tough to sit on the sidelines and wait when your own kid's missing... besides, ain't no such thing as an ex-cop.

NAISH
I guess not.

WYDELL
That must be him.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A rundown gas station sits off to the side of the road. A filthy mechanic works on one of the many junked cars. Two fat greasy men sit in the hot sun playing cards.

A Chevy Nova sits parked next to the station. Willis leans against the side of the car, drinking coffee from a styrofoam cup.

A police cruiser pulls up. Wydell and Naish step from the car.

WYDELL
Mr. Willis?

MR. WILLIS
Yes, sir.

WYDELL
I'm Wydell... this is Naish.

Wydell extends his hand, they shake hands.

NAISH
Hey.

MR. WILLIS
George Willis...
(to Wydell)
...any leads?

WYDELL
Well, we were on our way out to run a check on a couple farmhouses out on the edge of town... closest thing we got to a lead at this point.

MR. WILLIS
That's it?

WYDELL
Well, all we know is the kids were headed out to a spot the locals call Deadwood to play Nancy Drew with some local legend about this character everybody calls Dr. Satan.

MR. WILLIS
Dr. Satan?

NAISH
Yeah it's horseshit, just some boogieman crap that the kids like to scare each other with.

WYDELL
Anyway, there's not much else out that way... so, I figure maybe there's a chance the kids broke down and found their way over to one of the farms.

MR. WILLIS
What about the body you found?

WYDELL
(slightly surprised)
Oh, yeah, you know about that? Hmmm, that's a strange one.

NAISH
Local girl, Karen Murphy, been missing for a couple months, figured for a runaway.

MR. WILLIS
Fit the profile?

NAISH
No, not really. Good kid, never been in any trouble.

WYDELL
Her part in this I can't figure... but I will.

MR. WILLIS
(wipes his brow)
Christ, you know it's crazy...
(gets choked up)
I lived through so many other people's nightmares, you know. Always cool and calm, but... but I never thought I'd be the one needing help, ya know?

NAISH
Don't worry, we'll find her.

WYDELL
Let's hit the road, sooner we get a move on sooner we'll find her.

Willis dumps out the remaining coffee, tosses the cup into the trash and opens the back door of the police car. He gets inside. Wydell and Naish climb in. The car drives off.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OTIS'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

THUMP!

CLOSE UP on a bloody, bandaged face. THUMP!

As we pull back to see Jerry, completely bandaged like a mummy, strapped to a wall. His arms and legs are spread. THUMP! Knives stick in the wall next to the body.

GRAMPA
(off screen)
God damn bitch, what the fuck are you waiting for... Charles Nelson Reilly don't know shit...

We pull back further to see Otis pacing wildly back and forth in front of his TV, watching MATCH GAME. Grampa sits eating a TV dinner.

OTIS
(gesturing at the TV with a knife)
Watch that bitch, she's thinking about that Klugman bangin' Brett Sommers, pick motherfucking Richard Dawson.

Otis throws the large hunting knife at the wall next to Jerry.

OTIS (CONT'D)
He's the fucking slick jack Match Game man, mamma.

GRAMPA
Where do they find these people?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATE AFTERNOON

MR. WILLIS
Christ, four kids couldn't just disappear.

NAISH
No they couldn't, somebody had to see something.

MR. WILLIS
My Denise is a smart girl, she wouldn't do anything stupid, and her boyfriend, he always seemed like a good kid.

WYDELL
I'm sure there's a logical explanation.

MR. WILLIS
I pray to God there is.

NAISH
Turn up this road.

MR. WILLIS
Where we headed?

WYDELL
I seem to remember another farm set way back off the road where the car was found. I'm not sure if anyone lives there anymore, but it's worth a look.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Wydell's cruiser turns up the road to the Firefly farmhouse. It moves past the scarecrows and comes to a halt. The doors swing open and Wydell, Naish and Willis get out.

WYDELL
I'm gonna see if anybody's home. You and Mr. Willis take a look around the grounds for any sign of anything.

NAISH
Right...
(to Willis)
...come on.

Naish and Willis head off around the back of the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Dirty dishes overflow from the rusty metal sink onto the surrounding counters.

A large cat walks across piles of food left to rot on a table. Boxes of trash and old newspapers are stacked to the ceiling.

Music from a crackling radio is heard.

Mother stands stirring a large pot on the stove. A LOUD knocking interrupts her cooking. She sets down her spoon and walks to the front door.

Before opening the door she peeks through the curtains of a small side window. She sees Wydell and runs from the kitchen.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Wydell walks up the front steps.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Mother runs toward a door at the end of the hall. She swings open the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - OTIS'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mother bursts into the room.

MOTHER
Otis! Otis! Come quick, there's cops outside.

OTIS
What! God damn, how many?

GRAMPA
(watching TV)
What? How many?

OTIS
Don't worry about it.

Otis jumps up and goes over to an old dresser and opens a drawer and pulls out an automatic revolver.

MOTHER
I don't know. I only saw one.

OTIS
I'm sure there's more than that... fucking pigs always travel in packs...
(handing the gun to Mother)
...here, take this.

MOTHER
(takes the gun)
What should I do?

OTIS
Go down stairs and play nice... I'm a gonna go 'round back and handle things like I always fucking do.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Naish and Willis move through the cluttered back yard of garbage.

NAISH
Shit, don't these packrat hillbillies throw anything away?

MR. WILLIS
Shhhh... you hear that?

The soft sound of moaning can be heard.

NAISH
Yeah, I hear it... where's it coming from?

MR. WILLIS
Over here, inside the smokehouse.

Naish and Willis stand in front of a brick smokehouse. The thick door is chained shut.

NAISH
(knocking on door)
Anybody in there?

The moaning gets louder.

MR. WILLIS
We gotta break it open.

NAISH
I ain't got a warrant.

Willis picks up a broken axe handle and begins prying open the door.

MR. WILLIS
Tell it to my daughter.

NAISH
(grabbing hold to help)
Shit... fuck procedure.

Together they struggle to open the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Mother slowly opens the front door. The revolver is behind her back, tucked in her apron strings.

MOTHER
(trying to be sexy)
Well hello, officer.

WYDELL
(holding up his badge)
Excuse me, I'm sorry for disturbing you this fine afternoon.

MOTHER
Aw, you ain't disturbing me, but it kind of looks like rain, don't ya think?

WYDELL
My name is Lt. Wydell, I'd like to ask you a few questions.

MOTHER
Questions? Well, heck, I'll tell you anything you want to know.

WYDELL
I appreciate your cooperation. I'm looking for a missing girl...
(holds up picture)
...this girl here, Denise Willis... have you seen her?

MOTHER
Well, I... mmmmm... no, I ain't seen her, sorry.

She begins to close the door. Wydell stops her.

WYDELL
Please, could I please come in and talk to you for a minute? Maybe you could take a better look at the picture... might stir up something.

MOTHER
I um... no, I don't think so...

WYDELL
Please, just a minute.

MOTHER
Oh, alright... I guess I can trust you... being a man of the law and all.

She opens the door.

WYDELL
Thank you.

MOTHER
Oh, you are very welcome... Lord knows how I love a man in uniform.

She closes the door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Naish and Willis bust open the door to the smokehouse. Hanging upside down inside is Mary. She hangs from ropes strapped to the ceiling. Large hunks of meat hang around her in the cramped room.

NAISH
Jesus Christ.

MR. WILLIS
Call Wydell.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Wydell and Mother sit opposite each other at the kitchen table. Pictures of Denise and her companions are spread on the table. Wydell takes notes as Mother talks.

WYDELL
Think... do any of these kids look familiar in any way?

MOTHER
No, I can't say that I ever seen 'em before...
(points to the photo of Bill)
...he looks familiar, is he on TV?

Suddenly, Naish's voice comes over Wydell's walkie-talkie.

NAISH
Wydell.

WYDELL
Excuse me for a second.

Pulls walkie-talkie from his belt to respond.

WYDELL (CONT'D)
Over.

NAISH
We found one.

Click. Mother points the gun at Wydell's head and fires. He falls dead to the floor.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Naish hears the commotion over his walkie-talkie.

NAISH
(into walkie-talkie)
Wydell! Over! Wydell! Over! No response.

NAISH (CONT'D)
Fuck, go to the car... call for backup. Tell 'em officer down.

MR. WILLIS
Right.

Willis runs to the car, he gets about halfway there before he is hit in the back by a bullet. He stumbles and falls to his knees.

He knees silent, stunned. We hold on his face and watch as his life passes before him.

A quick MONTAGE, we see the following images flash by:

a. A father and daughter together in happier times.
b. A child's birthday party.
c. A baby crying.
d. Willis and his deceased wife.

Otis fires another shot.

Willis falls forward into the mud, dead.

Naish sees Willis fall. Before he can react a voice calls out from behind him.

OTIS
Hands up, bitch!

Naish raises his hands.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Turn around, real slow... piggy-pie. Naish turns around.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Interlock your fingers behind your head...
(Naish hesitates)
...do it!

Naish obeys.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Kneel.

Naish kneels down.

From a distance we see Otis standing over Naish, execution style. A white puff of smoke comes from Otis's gun and a distant popping sound is heard. Naish falls over on his side.

The scene fades to blood red.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house stands silent in the darkness. Lightning crashes, a heavy rain falls.

Burning JACK-O'-LANTERNS beam from every window. Smoke rises from the chimney.

It is Halloween night.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP TV

Dr. Wolfenstein is on screen smashing pumpkins with a giant hammer.

DR. WOLFENSTEIN
It is midnight my little boils and ghouls, the witching hour. Time for all monsters, murderers, maniacs and madmen to go to work... so lock your doors and bolt your windows, sit back and prepare for a fright night classic...
(lightning crashes)
...The House of Frankenstein.

The movie begins and we move off the TV to see:

Hundreds of CANDLES are lit, illuminating everything with a flickering light. Music blares from a cheap stereo. BLACK and ORANGE PAPER STREAMERS are draped from ceiling to floor.

Dead center is a LARGE OBJECT standing seven feet tall, it is completely covered in paper Halloween decorations. A long chain connects the object up into the rafters.

This is the Halloween party from Hell.

An intoxicated Grampa, dressed as FLASH GORDON, sits in his wheelchair watching the TV, drinking MOONSHINE from an unmarked bottle.

GRAMPA
(slurred drunken yelling at the screen)
Get those motherfucker... those high water bitches and rocketship daisies... kill 'em, kill 'em.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! Tiny stands in a corner tunelessly banging on a large oil drum. He is dressed like a low budget BATMAN, in grey long johns and a black bat mask and cape.

A drunk Rufus, wearing a bloody police uniform, stands on a table SHOUTING along to the music through a POLICE MEGAPHONE.

Mother and Baby, both dressed as SUPERHEROES, dance around the covered object. Both are swigging moonshine from jugs.

RUFUS JR.
(shouting through megaphone)
Show me, show me, show me, show me!

Mother and Baby start TEARING AWAY the paper covering from the object in the middle of the room. They RIP at the paper, spinning and dancing around in a wild pagan ritual.

As the shreds of colored paper fall to the floor we see: Denise, Jerry and Mary tied back to back hanging from the chain, each are dressed in a different animal costume. Denise is a pig, Jerry is a donkey and Mary is a rabbit. They are gagged.

Mother and Baby laugh at their helpless victims, splashing moonshine in their faces.

BABY
Drink up, it's party time.

MOTHER
Enjoy your last night...
(looking around)
...where's Otis?

BABY
Oh, he's coming, he got something real special this year.

Rufus jumps down, begins to spin the bound captives around and around.

RUFUS JR.
Otis, Otis, Otis, Otis!

MOTHER
Quiet, quiet, you know he won't come down with all this hoop-dee-doo bouncing off the walls. Now, calm down.

GRAMPA
I shot an elephant in my pajamas this morning... how he got in my pajamas I'll never know.

BABY
Grampa, shhhhhhhh.

GRAMPA
Then we tried to remove the tusks, but they were embedded in so firmly that we couldn't budge 'em.

MOTHER
(gesturing at Grampa)
Let him finish.

GRAMPA
Of course, in Alabama the Tuscaloosa, but that's entirely irrelephant.

The room goes silent. All eyes are focused on the stairs.

A robed figure, Otis, appears at the top of the stairs, he begins to descend.

Rufus waits at the bottom of the stairs. As Otis reaches the last step Rufus hands him the megaphone.

Denise, Mary and Jerry struggle to watch as they in turn rotate past the scene unfolding.

OTIS
(through the megaphone)
I'm the one who brings the Christmas candy... now tell me
(pauses and raises his arms)
... Who's your Daddy?

Otis walks closer to the rotating captives.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I'm the one who brings the devil's brandy...
(waits)

MOTHER
Who's your Daddy!

OTIS
Yes! I'm the one who beats you when you're bad...

BABY
Who's your Daddy!

MOTHER
Who's your Daddy!

Otis stops the spinning of his prisoners and stands directly before Denise.

He drops his robe, underneath he is wearing a SUIT OF SKIN sewn together from pieces of Denise's father.

Denise stares in horror, tears stream down her cheeks, barely able to comprehend the madness around her.

Otis moves in close and licks her across the face.

OTIS
I'm the one who loves you when you're fucking dead!

Everyone chants "Who's your Daddy?"

OTIS (CONT'D)
(imitating Willis)
Now, I say my little darlings...
(rotates the chain to Mary)
...maybe prancing around where you don't belong ain't such a winner of an idea...
(MORE)

OTIS (CONT'D)
(slaps Mary across the face)

Slowly turns the chain to face Jerry.

OTIS (CONT'D)
And you, the great rusher of fools, what were you after...
(slaps Jerry)
Huh, speak to me...
(slaps him again)
Oh, that's right, Dr. Satan... everybody got to know about Dr. Satan, Jesus Christ, let the old dog rest for fuck sake, he's already got one foot in the grave and the other's tap dancing around the edge...
(gets nose to nose with Jerry)
...well, I can see the disappointment on your sad little puppy face... so I'm gonna do you a favor, a big, big favor. You owe me, boy. I'm gonna let you meet the old bastard.

GRAMPA
That's a horse's ass alright, I told you.

Jerry's eyes widen in fear.

OTIS
Baby, roll that old love machine over here, so this boy can meet his hero.

Baby rolls Grampa over to Jerry.

OTIS (CONT'D)
(lifts his skin mask)
You see it's all true, the boogieman is real and you found him...
(Jerry stares in shock)
...why so sad? Isn't this what you begged for? There he is, the living legend himself, ta da Dr. Satan. Now, don't get shy on me... ask your hero some questions, don't blow this last in a lifetime opportunity.

GRAMPA
Zarkoff, I will conquer the sea,
the air, the earth... the universe.

Mother moves in close to Jerry.

MOTHER
Look at the way he lights up...
Grampa just loves meeting his fans.

Otis grabs Jerry's cheeks and makes his face move like a ventriloquist dummy, provides Jerry's voice.

OTIS
Aw gee whiz, I'm so excited... I
really think you're the coolest...
you're tops on the playground,
cooler than the Fonzie.

Baby grabs Mary and does the same ventriloquist routine.

BABY
Oh, oh pick me, pick me... I have a
question.

Baby rotates Mary around to where Gramps is seated.

BABY (CONT'D)
(squeezing Mary's face,
hard)
I was wondering Mr. Satan sir, do
you like to kiss on the first date
or is that considered slutty?

GRAMPA
What the fuck are you saying? Who
the hell is talking to me?

Tiny, growing restless, begins banging on his metal drum. KLANG - KLANG - KLANG. Rufus joins in, clapping his hands.

MOTHER
Come on, my babies are getting
restless.

RUFUS JR.
Dump in the pit, dump in the pit,
dump in the pit.

Mother, Baby, Grampa join in chanting with Rufus.

OTIS
Alright, alright. Cut 'em down, it's time they get what they came here for.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The rain pounds down. A heavy fog hovers over the dense growth of the field. In the distance, silhouetted by moonlight, a gruesome caravan slowly moves through the night.

Otis, lantern in hand, leads the way. Followed by Baby and Mother together under a large black umbrella. Next Rufus holds the leash connected to Jerry, Denise and Mary.

Bringing up the rear, Tiny, shotgun focused on the prisoners, and Grampa. Grampa is strapped to Tiny's back like a child. He waves a flashlight back and forth like a search beam.

The group comes to a halt at a huge wooden structure.

OTIS
(handing Baby the lantern)
Hold this. Point it over here.

Baby directs the light at Otis. We see that he is trying to unlock a huge padlock attached to an iron door embedded in the base of the wooden structure.

Otis unlocks the door and swings it open. He reaches down into the blackness and pulls up an iron hook and wench, attached to the hook is a chain.

Otis parts a section of the overgrown grass next to the pit to reveal a rusty metal crank. He begins to turn the crank. Slowly, from out of the pit, rises a coffin hanging from the end of the chain.

Otis pulls the coffin over and lays it flat on the ground. He flips open the lid.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Hey happy-boy, step your ass up here.

Rufus cuts loose Jerry, but holds him steady by the neck.

BABY
Take his gag out, it's more fun with the screaming.

MOTHER
Yeah, I like the screaming too... it's so much more exciting.

Rufus cuts loose the gag.

JERRY
Please don't kill us, please don't kill us.

BABY
(imitating Jerry)
Please don't kill us, please don't kill us.

OTIS
Bitch, shut your mouth and get your shit in the box.

JERRY
Let us go, please... let the girls go.

BABY
(imitating Jerry)
Let us go, please... let the girls go.

Otis pulls out a gun and points it at Jerry.

OTIS
Get in... now!

MOTHER
Wait, I want to say good-bye.

Mother grabs Jerry by the collar and gives him a big kiss.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Bye sweety, we could of been great together.

JERRY
Please, let us go, we won't tell anybody.

MOTHER
Aw, honey you know I can't do that.

BABY
We won't tell anybody.

Otis cocks the pistol. Jerry starts to slowly move towards the coffin.

OTIS
Christ, ain't this fucking a hoot... alright mamma, I ain't got all fucking night.

JERRY
Please, please this is insane. You can't do this.

Rufus pushes Jerry into the coffin.

OTIS
It is and I can... next.

Denise starts kicking and fighting with Rufus. Rufus tries to hold her steady, when suddenly Mary breaks free and starts to run.

OTIS (CONT'D)
(laughs and raises his pistol)
Where's she think she's a gonna get to? She's gonna run all the way home.

BABY
No! Let me get her...
(turns to Mother)
...Ma, Otis is having all the fun... can I get her?

MOTHER
That's true, Otis... not that we're having a bad time, but...

OTIS
(rolls his eyes)
Well, go get her.

Baby jumps with excitement and runs off across the field after Mary.

Mary trips and falls over a small gravestone. She gets up and stumbles back into a wooden cross. She tears the gag from her mouth and gasps for air.

BABY
(off screen)
There once was a woman who lived with her daughter in a cabbage garden.

Mary turns toward the voice but sees nothing but wooden crosses. She is in a homemade cemetery.

BABY (CONT'D)
...along came a rabbit and ate up all the cabbages. The woman said...

Mary turns 360 degrees, but finds nothing.

BABY (CONT'D)
..."Go into the garden and drive out the rabbit"...

THUD! Mary is hit from behind, she falls forward. Baby JUMPS on top of her and sits on her back. Baby is holding a large hunting knife.

BABY (CONT'D)
"Shoo! Shoo!" said the maiden...

Mary screams in pain, as Baby PLUNGES the knife into her. Baby STABS Mary again and again and again. Mary lets out a long gurgling scream, then goes silent.

BABY (CONT'D)
..."Come maiden," said the rabbit...
(leans down)
...sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit hutch.

Baby, covered in blood, licks the knife clean.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

Otis shoves Denise into the coffin with Jerry and locks the lid shut. Through a CROSS-SHAPED OPENING in the coffin we see them crushed together.

Rufus LOWERS the coffin into the pit. Once the coffin is inside Otis slams the door shut.

Otis opens a small window in the door and lowers in a lantern and a small tape recorder playing music.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Enter Hell. The dim light of the lantern shines off the slimy wet filth of the rotted wood walls. The stench of death and decay hangs heavy in the thin air.

Denise and Jerry, cold and shivering, hang half submerged in thick maggot infested sludge. Bits of animal and human skeletons float in the muck, broken bones lay in piles along the walls.

INT. COFFIN - NIGHT

Through the dim light, we see the tightly packed forms of Jerry and Denise.

DENISE
(hysterical)
We've got get out of here, we got get out of here.

JERRY
Think, think. Try to open the lid, try to kick a hole in the wood.

DENISE
(crying)
I can't... I can't move my arms. I hurt so much.

JERRY
I know, but we can make it out of here. We can do it.

Boom! A LOUD THUMP is heard against the side of the coffin.

JERRY (CONT'D)
That was good babe, just keep doing that.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

DENISE
That's not me. I didn't... I'm not doing that.

JERRY
Someone is out there...
(shouting)
...help, we're in here!

DENISE
Help, help us.

Suddenly, an arm breaks through the side of the coffin. Another smashes through the top of the lid. The coffin begins to violently shake. Denise screams.

Another reaches through, grabbing her feet. SMASH! The coffin is ripped apart and Jerry is pulled away from the destruction.

He lets out a quick scream before disappearing into the darkness.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The spastic light of TV static strobes across the sleeping face of Grampa. Beside him, Mother sleeps peacefully.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Tiny opens the doors to the barn. He goes inside. He exits a few moments later, dragging a huge wooden stake. He sets the stake down carefully and closes the barn doors. He then picks up the stake and drags it away.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Behind the farmhouse is a camoflage jungle, an intricate system of ropes and netting is strung together to hide the many automobiles beneath.

Rufus moves through the jungle. He stops and begins to remove the netting from a car, it is Wydell's police cruiser. He climbs inside the car, puts on Wydell's policeman's hat and starts the engine. He drives off.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Rufus is driving like a maniac through the open farmland. He turns on the overhead flashing lights.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

The police cruiser twists and turns in the barren fields.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Denise stands knee deep in the sludge. Broken bits of the coffin's remains are scattered around her.

DENISE
Jerry please answer me.

A soft moaning sound is heard coming from the other end of the pit.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Jerry...
(moving slowly forward)
...is that you?

Denise cautiously makes her way to the bend at the end of the tunnel. As she approaches, the moaning sound gets louder. She turns the corner to see:

TWO PALE FIGURES in filthy hospital gowns hunched over a shadowy object. Denise gasps. They turn towards Denise, revealing the partially devoured dead body of Jerry.

The two bone-white ghouls are dripping with Jerry's blood, they stare at Denise, then return to their prey.

Denise screams in horror and runs, turning down another twist in the underground maze. She turns the corner and runs straight into SEVERAL SLOW MOVING GHOULS. The ghouls are of the same deathly white complexion, hairless with flaked, cracking skin. Their yellow eyes shine in the darkness.

They reach for her, but she breaks free and continues to run into the endless stretch of tunnels before her.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Primitive wooden crosses form a circle around a burnt piece of land, approximately twenty feet in diameter.

Laying flat in the center is the large stake, Mary's body is draped across it. Tiny is securing her to the stake with rope.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Through the windshield, we see Baby jumping and dancing in the fields with several large dogs. She is firing a gun as she dances.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Baby sees the car and raises her gun. She aims it at the car driver. She waits, as the car gets closer she sees the face of Rufus behind the wheel. She lowers the gun and begins to laugh.

The car stops and Baby climbs into the passenger's seat. The car drives off.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Tiny lifts the stake with Mary firmly strapped in place. He implants it into the ground. Her body hangs like a doll. Tiny opens a gasoline can and begins splashing gas onto the stake.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Otis, face painted like a SKULL and wearing a priest's robe, walks solemnly through the tall grass.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Denise, waist high in sludge, wanders lost through the endless tunnels of the pit. In the distance she hears high pitched animal sounds.

A GHOUL rises up from the sludge behind Denise. It stands silent. It reaches out a BONEY HAND with long curled fingernails and grabs her hair. Denise screams and tries to pull away. The ghoul grabs her with his other hand and pulls her closer, CLAWING at her face.

Denise fights her way free, but loses her footing and falls backwards, slipping under the sludge. She quickly resurfaces and starts to run.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Otis stands in front of the bound Mary, holding a pumpkin. Otis places the pumpkin over Mary's head.

Tiny stands behind him holding a lit torch.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The police car drives wildly through the fields.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Baby motions to Rufus to steer the car towards the fire.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

A beaten Denise struggles down a long tunnel. She gets to the end to find that it is a dead-end. Behind her, FIVE GHOULS move silently towards her, blocking her only exit.

The ghouls slosh through the muck, moving in closer. Denise frantically looks for an escape, nailed into the wall next to her are planks of wood forming a ladder.

The ghouls are only a few yards away. Denise climbs up the ladder. They move in, clawing at her legs and feet, trying to pull her down. Denise digs at the wood and mud ceiling above her, trying to break free.

Denise is bleeding severely from the chunks of flesh being torn from her legs. She digs wildly at the ceiling, suddenly a board falls free and mud rains down to reveal:

STARS, the sky above shines through the hole. Denise smashes her fists at the rotted wood planks, pulling free another piece.

With all her might Denise grabs hold and pulls herself up through the opening.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

Denise fights her way through the earth and pulls her body up into the night air. The cool air rushes to her lungs. She crawls free of the hole, gasping for air.

She is safe. Suddenly... SMASH! A ghoul has broken through the surface. He grabs Denise by the leg and begins to pull her back into the hole.

Denise screams and begins kicking violently at the ghoul. She breaks and crawls from the ghoul's reach.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Rufus and Baby have pulled the police cruiser up by the stake. Rufus and Baby stand on the hood.

Otis finishes his sermon, he raises his arm. Tiny raises the torch. Otis drops his arm, signaling Tiny. Tiny throws the torch onto the stake. The stake ignites into a huge FIREBALL.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Denise pulls herself to her feet and begins to run. The flaming object burns in the distance behind her. Denise stumbles toward the road on two badly injured legs.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Rufus, Tiny and Baby jump up and down in celebration, smashing the police car. Otis stands transfixed by the flames before him.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Denise makes her way out onto the road. No cars are in sight. In the distance headlights break through the darkness. Denise stands in the middle of the road.

The TRUCK comes into view, it is a small cube truck. Denise stands in the headlights, waving her arms for it to stop. The truck comes to a halt. She runs toward the passenger's side door and climbs in.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Behind the wheel of the truck is Captain Spaulding. Denise is shaking from shock.

DENISE
Go, go! Drive... drive!

CAPT. SPAULDING
Hold on, girly, what's the problem?

DENISE
(becoming hysterical)
Murdering... blood and Jerry...
(starts to cry uncontrollably)
...monsters... I... I... I got away...

CAPT. SPAULDING
Well, I don't see what the fuck you're getting at, but I got some friends that live just up this road.

Starts to turn the truck up the road back towards the farmhouse.

DENISE
(screaming)
No! No, that's it... that house is...
(tries to open the truck door)
...I gotta get out, I gotta get out!

Boom! The metal door leading to the back of the truck slides open. Ravelli grabs Denise and pulls her back into the back of the truck.

SLAM! The metal door shuts.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The truck quietly turns onto the dirt road leading up to the farmhouse. The jack-o'-lanterns still burn in the windows, grinning their evil grin.

THE END