

"HOUSE OF 1000 CORPSES"

Written by

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**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 (V.O.)**

(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 (V.O.)**

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 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.)**

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...

(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**

Hmmmmmm.

**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**

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 (O.S.)**

All clear. Let's go shopping.

**RICH (O.S.)**

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 SHOTS 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.)**

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**

Squeaky! 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 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 a 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**

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**

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 remains 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**

Sadist, masochist, child killer and  
most of all importantly cannibal.  
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**

...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**

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**

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**

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**

Murderer, torturer and 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**

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**

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... 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... 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. 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... 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**

Fuck! We are fucked!

**DENISE**

Turn that fucking radio off!

Bill shuts off the radio.

**DENISE**

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**

(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**

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. 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 in 1930 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**

The door's locked. I'll 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**

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 everbody?

**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)

Aaaahoooooh, the Doctor is in! Don't move, don't scream. Stay tuned for more creature craziness from channel 68's 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. Aaaaaahooooooh!

**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**

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, sweetie?

**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'  
automobile.

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

**MOTHER**

In the meanwhile please make  
yourselves 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. 99 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 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 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 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**

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 (O.S.)**

Ma, Tiny's in.

**MOTHER (O.S.)**

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**

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**

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)

...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**

(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**

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**

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. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The recorded crowd chuckles.

**GRAMPA**

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**

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 stage on 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**

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**

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**

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**

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.

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**

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**

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**

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**

(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**

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**

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**

(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**

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)  
Nooooooooooooo!

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**

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**

Hmmmmmmmmmm?

**WYDELL**

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

**CAPT. SPAULDING**

Aw, she was with some nose, smartass high-rise kids. 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 8mm 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 butthole 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**

(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**

(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**



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**

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**

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 kneels 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**

Turn around, real slow... piggy-pie.

Naish turns around.

**OTIS**

Interlock your fingers behind your head...

(Naish hesitates)

...do it!

Naish obeys.

**OTIS**

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**

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**

(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...  
(slaps Mary across  
the face)

Slowly turns the chain to face Jerry.

**OTIS**

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**

(lifts his skin mask)  
You see it's all true, the boogiem  
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**

(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**

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**

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**

(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 (O.S.)**

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 (O.S.)**

...along came a rabbit and ate up  
all the cabbages. The woman said...

Mary turns 360 degrees, but finds nothing.

**BABY (O.S.)**

..."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**

"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**

..."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**

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**

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 camouflage 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**

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, hair-less 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**