



JEEPERS CREEPERS 3

CATHEDRAL

An AMERICAN ZOETROPE Production A VICTOR SALVA Film "JEEPERS CREEPERS III"
RAY WISE and JONATHAN BRECK as The Creeper Music by BENNETT SALVAY Editor ED MARX Director of Photography DON E. FAUNTLEROY, ASC
Executive Producers FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA BOBBY ROCK Based on Characters Created by VICTOR SALVA
Written and Directed by VICTOR SALVA

JEEPERS CREEPERS III
Cathedral

by
Victor Salva

Based on characters created by
Victor Salva

Draft
November 28, 2008

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I have taken special care to include in the story elements that the fans have repeatedly requested. If you run across returning characters but don't remember them from previous films, keep in mind the story has been crafted to work whether you have seen Jeepers Creepers I and II or not.

More importantly, "Jeepers Creepers III" continues the tradition that keeps it popular and a horror favorite. A serious monster movie that mixes chills, humor and drama with big scares. In JC Three I have created the biggest, scariest set pieces the series has ever had.

Victor Salva

Principal Cast

- Trisha Jenner** - 40, driven, powerful and haunted by a terrible recurring dream that her own son will soon suffer the same horrible fate as her brother Darry, 23 years ago in the original film.
- Darry Jenner** - 18, Trisha's son. Honest, good natured kid. Marked for death by the creature in his mother's dream. A dream she dares not share with him.
- Jack Taggart Jr.** 40, has found a way to save the family farm from bankruptcy by allowing Trisha Jenner to burn the Creeper's remains in a ritual she wants to witness.
- Taggart Sr.** - 60s, Jack Jr.'s Father, who avenged the death of his young son Billy by killing the Creeper. Now in his old age, he detests the idea of turning over the burning of the Creeper's remains to strangers.
- Edward Hellicum** 50, An intense Biblical scholar who has been hired to burn the Creeper in accordance with his belief that the creature is one of Armageddon.
- Edgar Tulley** 30s, The head of an elite group of soldiers called Dark Sky. Trisha has hired them to protect her son Darry from his fate with the Creeper.
- Sheriff Tubbs** 50, The County Sheriff. He has a history with the creature and is anxious to see it burn.

Bunny Lee Owner and cook of an old greasy spoon diner out on the East Nine Highway.

Jackson Lee Bunny's son. Living a lonely life obsessed by the local legend of the Creeper.

Gilly Lee Bunny's younger son. Like his brother, the Creeper is his world.

Jezelle Hartman 60s, our psychic woman from Jeepers Creepers I. Now blind and institutionalized, she has escaped to the Taggart farm to deliver a message from the dead.

Greg Brooks 30, has been excavating the Poho County Gold Mines for the past five years. Has found a grizzly discovery in an old shaft thought abandoned.

Docker Brooks 20, Greg's son. Hard worker. Knows the mines well. The nightmare they find underground will change his life forever.

Rowan Shephard 40, The site foreman and archeologist. Trapped in the nightmare below ground and forced to do battle in the most intense encounter with the Creeper we have ever seen.

The Creeper How could it be back and hungrier than ever after curling into a scaly husk 23 years ago? He is. And on a rampage, with more gruesome tools, the return of the much loved and requested Creeper truck and more dark cunning than we have ever seen.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN. NIGHT.

A THREE-QUARTER MOON shines down on this small, lonely WESTERN TOWN.

EXT. SALOON. NIGHT - SAME

The SOUND OF A PIANO draws us down the unpaved street toward TETHERED HORSES. Saloon doors swing open and young JASON TERWILLY (early teens) struggles out with TWO WOODEN BUCKETS OF SOAPY WATER.

He dumps the first into the muddy street as the horses make NERVOUS SOUNDS. Jason looks at them and then to the LARGE TOTEM POLE on the wooden walkway.

SPIRIT AND ANIMAL HEADS one atop the other. Crowning them is some INDIAN EVIL SPIRIT WITH WINGS AND FIRE - *or is it our Creeper rendered in Early Native American?*

As Jason stares at it, a NIGHT BREEZE dies and the WINDMILL behind him slowly comes to a halt. KUL-UNK ...KUH....LUNK... KUH.....LUNK.

He stares at it curiously. THE HORSES ARE EVEN MORE AGITATED NOW. Jason turns slowly and sees why.

A LONE RIDER has appeared down the shadowy street.

Silhouetted in moonlight. Still as well water. Sitting on a COAL BLACK HORSE. The figure lifts a shadowy hand to the brim of his old hat in a silent hello.

The boy does not return it. Stumbles as he takes a step to lift the full bucket. He dumps it. Never taking his eyes off the rider as his horse starts forward.

Jason halted when he sees the HORSE'S EYES. THEY ARE SOLID WHITE. The boy blasts inside as *the other horses start to STOMP THEIR HOOVES.*

INT. SALOON. NIGHT - SAME

The LARGE SALOON, FULL OF MUSIC AND LIFE. This is a time before electricity and in the warm glow of lamplight, young Jason charges in and collides with HOBBS McFARLAND. Large and formidable. Equal parts drunk and angry. Grabs the boy. Grins. He is missing a tooth.

HOBBS

What you tryin' to do there,
squirt, scuff my Sunday boots?

He pushes Jason away, watching him crash to the floor with his buckets. The BARTENDER scowls at the boy and bends to help with the mess.

JASON

Poppa!
(grabs the bartender's arm)
Can a man ride a blind horse?

BARTENDER

Can he what?

His son nods toward the doors. THE SOUNDS OF AGITATED HORSES are loud now as A PAIR OF BATTERED BLACK BOOTS move through the saloon doors. SPURS JANGLE as the boots move in a slow, deliberate gait and stop in a pool of shadow.

Throughout the hall VOICES AND MUSIC SEEM TO FALL off in layers. Leaving an uneasy silence as everyone regards the stranger.

He is tall. Dust blown. His face shadowed by his sagging hat and the large flanks of the upturned collar of his DUSTY COAT. The stranger does not answer.

BARTENDER

What's your pleasure, friend?

The entire saloon waits. Again only silence. Hobbs studies him and then moves forward.

BARTENDER

Mister?

HOBBS

Maybe that ain't no mister.
Maybe it's one of them
goddamned Arapaho or Poho.
(squints at him)
You a red skin? One of them
Ch-eye-nee or something
(Chinese) workin' down in the
mines?

Two small, short SNIFFS shut Hobbs's mouth. He's not sure what he heard. He looks over to the bartender.

HOBBS

'Cause we don't serve no red
or yellow skins in here -

Takes another step and the stranger sniffs again.

COWBOY ONE

I think he's trying to tell
you somethin' there, Hobbs.

HOBBS

You tryin' to tell me I stink
you sum-bitch-

Hobbs moves forward and raises his pistol when --**WHOO-TUNK!!!**
The Stranger moves so fast -- no one is sure what happened.
They just hear HOBBS SUCKING IN AIR as --

SLOW MOTION -- his whole body tenses and *the back of his
jacket billows out* as HIS PISTOL CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

END SLOW MOTION

Guns are suddenly leveled. The bartender nods for Jason to
take cover. The boy only takes a step. *Watching Hobbs
slumps forward and the stranger catch him.* With his head
bowed and the stranger bowing his, it's as if they are
sharing secrets.

But Hobbs is sharing more than that.

His legs start to bend. Slowly. The stranger bends with him
-- his tipped hat hiding his face. Hidden hands busy making
WET, REPUGNANT SOUNDS.

Until Hobbs crashes the rest of the way to the floor,
kneeling, revealing the Stranger's REDDISH BLACK TONGUE.
*Licking his BLOODY LIPS as HE SWALLOWS SOMETHING and those
eyes burn out of the dark.*

Leaving no doubt *there is an animal under that hat.* A hungry
animal whose intent was first to terrify -- and now to eat.
An animal taking a bead on the entire saloon.

--SLOW MOTION UNTIL OTHERWISE NOTED--

The bartender lurches up. Screaming at his son to run.
Pointing across the saloon. Jason watching as THE CREATURE
LEAPS UP AS HORRIFIED PATRONS OPEN UP WITH A BARRAGE OF
GUNFIRE.

Jason turns and runs. His boot coming down on a toppled
bottle that rolls under his foot. Sending him flailing into
the air.

Behind flying Jason -- the Creeper hurls over the hail of
bullets. HIS FACE OPEN, TALONS SPREAD AND MOUTH GAPING AS HE
WAILS.

Jason hits the ground and rolls. Looking back as he does. The Creeper comes down in the billowing smoke of what looks like a firing squad -- SWINGING A LARGE, ANCIENT BATTLE AXE AS HE DESCENDS.

Jason crawls under the stairs. Hits THE CLOSED DOOR OF A LARGE CUPBOARD. Turning to watch again as he fumbles to open it --

The Creeper is finishing the swing of his axe. TWO SEVERED HEADS SPIRAL INTO THE AIR, cutting through the smoke as they fly over the men - ONE HEAD STILL HAS A HAT ON IT.

END OF SLOW MOTION

Young Jason throws open the cupboard and scrambles inside -- THE SEVERED HEADS HITTING THE FLOOR AND ROLLING AT HIM.

WHAM!!! He throws the cupboard closed. Shutting out the tumbling gore, and bringing on sudden darkness.

INT. SALOON CUPBOARD. NIGHT - SAME

Jason breathless. THE SOUNDS OF CARNAGE RAGE OUTSIDE, as OUR FIRST TITLES APPEAR IN THIS DARKNESS.

THEN THE CUPBOARD ROCKS AND THE DOOR OPENS A SLIVER. A thread of light falling over one of Jason's frightened eyes.

--TITLES CONTINUE IN THE DARKNESS NEXT TO JASON'S EYE--

Mustering courage, Jason reaches out to close the door. But WHAM! Something hits it from outside and shuts it for him.

--THE REST OF OUR TITLES IN THIS NEW DARKNESS--

The last of which is interrupted by another slice of light, as Jason reaches up and opens the cupboard just an inch.

INT. SALOON. NIGHT - SAME

Jason's eye peering out of the cupboard. Lanterns mostly smashed. Moonlight slashes THE GRISLY DEAD, WHICH ARE EVERYWHERE.

Jason about to duck back when he catches a glimpse of his father. Alive and on the floor behind the bar. Clutching his shotgun. He nods to his son. Trying to reassure him. Jason too scared to nod back.

A SHADOW falls over him. The boy flattens against the cupboard wall as the Creeper's boots move toward him. SPURS JINGLING. Stopping just three feet away.

THE CREEPER CROUCHES SO FAST IT STARTLES HIM. It stares right at the boy. Held in its fierce, inhuman gaze. It reaches toward him. But stops. At THE BODY in front of him.

Jason watches the hand of the Creeper *feeling the fabric of THE DEAD MAN'S COAT.*

The Creeper stands again. And just as quickly the body is dragged out from under the stairs. Jason trades glances with his father. Man and boy confused and terrified.

The corpse drops to the floor as the creature pulls the coat off in a single move. Holds it up. Examines it. Throws it on. It looks familiar. *This is the Creeper's classic coat, and the moment in history where he found it.*

WHAM! The Creeper is again at eye level, staring at blanching Jason. The boy is sure he is about to die.

Until the Creeper nods at something next to him. Just at the edge of the shadows. Jason looks.

THE SEVERED HEAD. WITH THE HAT STILL ON IT.

The Creeper nods to the boy. And with shaking hands Jason reaches over and sets his fingers on the gruesome prize.

Repulsed, he takes it... and rolls it forward... Where the Creature's hand stops it abruptly.

The Creeper stands so fast -- Jason barely has time to blink. *But in that blink he notices the severed head is lolling without its hat.*

EXT. SALOON. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

THE SOUNDS OF NERVOUS HORSES AND THEIR CANTER bring Jason and his father peering out the saloon doors. The horses out front are gone. Leading A CART FILLED WITH THE DEAD down the moonlit street.

The Creeper leads them. In his NEW HAT AND COAT as he rides his coal black horse with the eerie blind eyes. Into the distant hills. Under the three-quarter moon.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Every 23rd Spring, for 23
days, it gets to eat.

A VERY SLOW DISSOLVE BEGINS:

INT - BEDROOM/DINER - NIGHT

The three quarter moon remains. Supered just above the sleeping eyes of DARRY JENNER. 18. Boy next door. Something compelling about him even in sleep.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
I heard those words first from my mother. The way another boy might hear a campfire tale or a bedtime story. Then one day, she saw the look on my face and she stopped. And she never said those words again. Except maybe in her sleep.

A winged figure streaks across the moon on Darry's forehead and his eyes open. Staring up as the moon fades away. Lying awake in a bed slashed by moonlight.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
My name is Darry Jenner. My mother named me after her brother who died when he was only twenty.

A LARGE SHADOW flashes across him. Darry comes up on his elbows with its SOFT WOOSHING SOUND. He turns to the HUGE BAY WINDOWS beside his bed. BOOTHS and RESTAURANT TABLES next to them.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
How he died, where he died...
...are questions that haunt my mother to this day.

FWOOMMPPP!!!! THE SHADOW SWOOPS again in the opposite direction. Darry leaps out of bed.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINER - NIGHT - SAME

Darry scrambles to the large window. Peers up at the moon. But his eye catches something only a few feet away. It's the Totem Pole from the saloon. Weathered now by ages.

THE SHADOW AGAIN -- SWEEPING OVER IT. THE SOUND SHARPER OUT HERE. Darry looks up. *Whatever crossed the moon was too fast for him to see.*

TRISHA JENNER

Darry?

INT - BEDROOM/DINER - NIGHT - SAME

Darry looks behind him. His mother stands in the doorway. TRISHA JENNER. Still striking and beautiful at 43. Hair short. Sleepy as she crosses her arms in her bathrobe.

TRISHA JENNER

Darry, look at me.

(off his look)

What are you doing?

He stares at her. Points back at the windows.

DARRY JENNER

I saw something.

I saw something out the window.

TRISHA JENNER

You're sleepwalking again.

DARRY JENNER

(stares at her)

I am?

TRISHA JENNER

Where do you think you are?

Darry looks puzzled.

TRISHA JENNER

Where do you think you are right now, Darry?

DARRY JENNER

(his eyes lift)

A restaurant ...somewhere?

TRISHA JENNER

You're in your bedroom. Standing at your window.

DARRY JENNER

I am?

Trisha reaches for THE SWITCH INSIDE THE DOORWAY and flips it.

INT - DARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Darry squints in the warm glow of the light. Turns to see his own reflection in his second-story bedroom window. No restaurant. Just his bedroom and his mother in the doorway.

TRISHA JENNER
Go back to sleep.

He looks at her, groggy and confused. He nods and moves from the window to his bed. Stops beside it.

TRISHA JENNER
What?

DARRY JENNER
(shakes his head)
I don't sleepwalk.

TRISHA JENNER
When you were little you did.

DARRY JENNER
(confused)
Then you're dreaming?

Trisha stares back at him.

DARRY JENNER
'Cause if I'm sleepwalking
then you're dreaming, right?

TRISHA
(she turns to leave)
I don't know the rules about
dreaming, Darry.

DARRY JENNER
'Course if I really was
sleepwalking then I'd be
dreaming-

TRISHA JENNER
Go to bed, brat.

She switches off the light as Darry's voice halts her.

DARRY JENNER
Mom? Can I ask you something?

TRISHA JENNER
What?

DARRY JENNER
(the quietest whisper)
...Is this the day that I die?

TRISHA JENNER
(without turning)
...Why would you say that?

DARRY JENNER
I always say that.

She turns to him -- *the room is again the diner at night. With the big bay windows.*

DARRY JENNER
Every time you have this
dream.

THE CREEPER COMES LURCHING OUT OF THE DARKNESS BEHIND DARRY
-- FACE TALONS WIDE -- THOSE HORRIBLE TEETH -- ITS WAIL
MATCHES TRISHA'S SCREAM AS SHE CHARGES TO SAVE HER SON --

INT - TRISHA JENNER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

An empty bed. Blankets hanging off the side. We move to see Trisha on the floor. Just fallen. Eyes wide. Breathless. Ready to pounce. HER EYES ROLLED BACK IN HER HEAD --A SOLID WHITE.

Her head drops and she breathes heavy. *When she dreams, she dreams bad.* The SOUND OF A DOOR down the hall lifts her head again. Her eyes are normal now. And in the next moment she rushes her to her feet.

INT - JENNER HOUSE UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME

Trisha's door opens at the same time Darry's closes. Mother and son stare at each other across the moonlit hallway.

DARRY JENNER
(half asleep)
You okay?

She stares back at him. Nods.

DARRY JENNER
(nods to her room)
What happened?

TRISHA JENNER
I'm fine, I... ...knocked
something off the nightstand.

DARRY JENNER
(lets out a long breath and
heads back to his room)
You're a shitty liar, Mom.

Trish stares after him. Guilty as charged.

DARRY JENNER
(not looking back)
You ever gonna tell me what
it's about?
(turns in the doorway,
waits for an answer)
I'm not naked or in my
underwear or anything, right?

TRISHA JENNER
I'll tell you what I keep
telling you: Everything's -

DARRY JENNER
...gonna be different when you
come back. You just can't
tell me where this farm is, or
what you're doing out there, I
know, I get it -

TRISHA JENNER
(moves toward him)
No, you don't.
(takes his face in her hands)
Honey, anything I've done and
anything I'm doing...

DARRY JENNER
You worry me, mom...

TRISHA JENNER
...is because I love you.

DARRY JENNER
Especially when you get all
mysterious and dramatic like
this.

Angry, he kisses her forehead and steps inside his room.

DARRY JENNER
And I get to pretend like I
don't know what any of this is
about.

TRISHA JENNER

You've never been out there,
have you?

(off his look)

Up the old highway?

(off his head shake 'no')

Ever seen an old diner with a
totem pole out front?

DARRY JENNER

A what?

TRISHA JENNER

Totem pole. You know, the
Indians carved them.

DARRY JENNER

You can't tell me about it,
but your dream's about a totem
pole out on the old highway?

TRISHA JENNER

'Night, brat.

DARRY JENNER

Must be some scary totem pole.

TRISHA JENNER

See you in the morning.

He closes the door. Trisha looks on. The picture of worry.

INT - DARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Darry staring over at the window and the windy night. His
mind is full of questions. He moves to the bed but stops
when he hears something. He moves instead to his closet. He
leans in. Puts his ear gently against the wall.

He can hear his mother SOBBING SOFTLY in her room. Darry's
eyes welling with the soft and troubling sound.

EXT - TAGGART FARM - EARLY MORNING

As the sun slowly rises over rolling hills, A LONE SILHOUETTE
(JACK TAGGART Jr.) moves from the farmhouse toward the large
barn.

INT - TAGGART BARN - EARLY MORNING - SAME

Jack Jr. opens the barn doors. At 43 he bears the SCAR on the bridge of his nose from a gash long healed. Behind him, the sun just coming up behind the encircling fields.

The SOUNDS OF THE RUSTY HINGES do not wake Jack's father. Old man TAGGART. Slumped in his chair next to a dusty looking HARPOON GUN labeled the POST PUNCHER 2000.

The dog next to it, BARNEY, WHINES a hello. Jack Jr. shushes him, patting his head and stepping quietly past his father to stare up at the far wall of the barn.

The OLD DRIED HUSK OF THE CREEPER NAILED TO HIS WOODEN CROSS. A SIGN OVER HIM READS : BAT OUT OF HELL.

The CROWS perched on it FLAP THEIR WINGS NOISILY. Old man Taggart jolts from his sleep as he takes a tighter grasp on the METAL HARPOON across his lap.

JACK JR.

It's okay, pop.

Taggart looks around. Gets his bearings. Stands and groans as he stretches.

JACK JR.

Birds are a little edgy this morning. Maybe they know their perch is going away.

Old Taggart stops in mid-stretch to give his son an unhappy stare. Jack Jr. ignores this. Picks up some NEWSPAPERS next to his dad's chair.

JACK JR.

I'm gonna take you over to Doc Wilson's tomorrow. See what he can do about your back now that you're all done spending so much time in that chair.

His son looks at him but Taggart turns away. Won't return his gaze. Jack Jr. takes the newspapers and adds them to a couple of stacks of OLDER NEWSPAPERS behind the Post Puncher.

JACK JR.

It's only gonna be her, pop.
(of his dad's angry look)
And a few farmers I told about it.

Taggart sits back in his chair. Jack Jr. crouches to him.

JACK JR.

She lost her brother, just like I did! She lost someone too, just like we did.

TAGGART

(cutting him off)

She the one that gave you the big check?

(off Jack Jr's cold look)

You're cashing in on it, Jackie.

JACK JR.

No!

TAGGART

You been doing it since you hung it in here! Cashing in the thing that killed your brother -

JACK JR.

You wanna keep the farm, pop? 'Cause this is more money than we've seen in ten years, and we really need it!

TAGGART

We should be doing this! It should be us, not strangers! It shouldn't matter how rich this woman is!

JACK JR.

She wants to put an end to that thing, just like we do! Before it can start up again, dad, just like we talked about doing!

(his father starts to object)

She wants to pay us to bring some priest out here to wave his Bible around while they do it? Then we get something back! For Billy, for us, and all the misery and shit that thing put us through!

Jack Jr. storms back toward the house. Leaving his father staring after him. The dog WHINES and turns the old man toward the Creeper again. THE OLD HAIRS on the withered cowl start to move gently in the tiniest breeze.

INT - TAGGART KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Jr. puts a coffee pot on the stove. Looks out the kitchen window. Out at the morning sky, then down to some pictures on the window sill.

One is of his brother BILLY. Twelve. Some of us may recognize him as the Creeper's victim at the start of JEEPERS CREEPERS II.

KER-RUNNKKK!!! JACK JR. IS THROWN BACK AS THE WINDOW SHATTERS AND THE WALL SPLINTERS. Even the breakfast table topples with Jack. Both showered by glass and wood.

Barney THE DOG IS BARKING MADLY out at the barn as Jack Jr. staggers to his feet. Glass falling off him as he realizes ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HARPOONS is sticking through the plaster of the ravaged kitchen wall.

EXT - SIDE OF TAGGART FARMHOUSE - EARLY MORNING - SAME

Jack Jr. races around the side of the house. Halting at the sight of The Creeper's husk -- hanging from a harpoon on the now concave wall. *Like someone played pin the tail on the donkey with it.*

An OLD ROPE tied to the harpoon trails back over the wooden cross on the ground and up to the barn. And the gaping, splintered hole in the wall where the Creeper used to hang.

Old Taggart hobbles toward Jack Jr., another harpoon in his hands and Barney BARKING like crazy at his side.

JACK JR.
What the Hell happened?!

Old Taggart breathless. Staring wide-eyed at the Creeper.

JACK JR.
Dad, what the fuck happened?

TAGGART
I saw it move!

Both men stare at the lifeless thing smashed against the wall. *It sure isn't alive now.*

JACK JR.
You saw it?

TAGGART
Crows felt it too! They came right at me!

JACK JR.

You saw it move or you think
it moved?!

Taggart looks back at his son. Doubt and fear in his eyes.

JACK JR.

'Cuz you've seen it move
before, pop, when it didn't -

TAGGART

The crows all flew away at
once!

JACK JR.

The crows fly around in there,
pop!

Father and son glare at each other in a sudden breeze. Jack Jr. takes a step closer to the Creeper husk. Studies it. His eyes narrow slowly and his voice is suddenly a whisper.

JACK JR.

You didn't see it move, pop.

TAGGART

Don't tell me what I saw -

JACK JR.

Look at it.

Taggart steps forward. Jack Jr. still in a hushed awe.

JACK JR.

It's empty.

The talons hang broken and limp all around the cowl. No longer holding it shut. It looks like it might be empty.

JACK JR.

There's nothing in there!

TAGGART

Bullshit!!!

He blasts forward. Takes a hunting knife from his belt and STABS IT DEEP INTO THE TORSO. SLIDES IT DOWN SAVAGELY. BRITTLE SKIN SLICING OPEN AND DUST POPPING OUT OF IT.

JACK JR.

Pop, come on!

TAGGART SINKS HIS HANDS INTO THE INCISION AND RIPS OPEN THE TORSO. More Dust. And nothing inside. Taggart livid.

Digs with his thumbs deep into the cowl. Separating the talons. He rips them apart as Jack Jr. comes forward, pulling his father off it.

JACK JR.

Pop, it's not in there!

Taggart staggers back. The ravaged torso is empty like the head. Gray dust blowing out of it. No creature inside. Withered or otherwise.

Old Taggart stunned. Can't accept this. Shakes his head over and over. Stops when Jack Jr. turns slowly to him. Their eyes each asking *where the hell is it then?*

EXT/INT - LARGE CAVE - DAWN

CROWS STREAK AGAINST THE EARLY MORNING SUN rising on a vast spread of rock dotted with HEAVY EQUIPMENT AND PORTABLE TRAILERS. The large, weathered billboard reads: **BROOKS ENTERPRISES - No One Beyond This Point Without A Hard Hat**

Three men move toward us in the early light. GREG BROOKS. Capable. Late 30s. His son, DOCKER BROOKS. Early 20s. And site foreman ROWAN SHEPHARD. Late 30s.

GREG

Who else is here today?

Rowan doesn't answer. Still half asleep and lagging behind.

GREG

Come on, man, you with us?

ROWAN

You do know I'm not working today, right?

GREG

Docker, who's on the schedule today?

ROWAN

And if I was, it wouldn't be before the sun is even up.

DOCKER

On a Saturday? Just Todd and some diggers over in the main shaft, but not 'til 9:00 am.

ROWAN

Lucky bastards.

They come to the mouth of a cave - the SIZEABLE ENTRANCE TO A MINING SHAFT. Sagging wood reinforces it.

GREG
(to Rowan)
Remember those Indian remains
back in July?

ROWAN
Yeah.

GREG
Well, take your hard hat off
and put your thinking cap on
again.

Docker turns on his helmet light and starts moving into darkness. Rowan sighs. Takes out his SMALL VOICE RECORDER. Speaks into it.

ROWAN
March Twenty-Nine, Poho County
West, Lost Hills-

But Greg reaches out and shuts it off. Hands it back to him.

GREG
Listen to me.
(off Rowan's look)
Nobody finds out about this
until I say they do, alright?

Rowan not liking this. Watches curiously as Greg switches on a handheld LIGHTBAR, following Docker down the rocky turns of this underground tunnel.

DOCKER
What do you know about the
south shaft?

ROWAN
There is no south shaft.

DOCKER
We couldn't find it on any map
but there was supposed to be
one.

ROWAN
What did you find?

Greg throws him a look but keeps moving.

ROWAN

'Cause I told you, there's gonna be a few bones in the walls, that's no reason to pull me out of bed. This mine's been here since before the state had a name -

Greg and Docker stop. Then Rowan sees why. Their lights ETCH THE SILHOUETTE OF A HUMAN ARM STICKING OUT FROM THE STONE WALL. Rowan's mouth drops open. He grabs Docker's light bar and steps forward.

DOCKER

A tremor took part of this wall down.

(off Rowan's look)

Opened up this little chamber of horrors.

THE ARM IS PART OF AN ENTIRE BODY. ONE OF MANY. MERGED WITH THE STONE WALLS --AS IF THEY WERE ALMOST STONE THEMSELVES. ALL SET RIGHT INTO THE WALLS OF THIS NARROW PASSAGEWAY.

ROWAN

These faces look early Native American.

DOCKER

They're hard. Like petrified wood.

Docker steps ahead to where the gruesome alcove ends with MORE BODIES in the stone. He holds up his hand.

DOCKER

You feel it?

ROWAN

(nods)

Air.

GREG

There's something bigger on the other side.

(moves ahead)

And I got a feeling it's our phantom shaft.

Greg steps past Rowan with a THREE-INCH BLUE CLAY CUBE in his hand.

ROWAN

That's not C4?

Greg doesn't answer. Moves to Docker, who is chipping out A SMALL NICHE between cadavers at the alcove's end.

ROWAN

Greg.
(he doesn't respond)
What are you doing with C4?

Greg regards him as Docker chips away.

GREG

This is barely half a charge.

ROWAN

"Excavation for historical purposes only", Greg! We have no rights or privileges when it comes to altering the geography of these mines!

Docker finishes his niche. Greg fits the blue cube into it.

ROWAN

Especially if this turns out to be some kind of Poho Indian burial ground!

Greg not listening. Rowan chases Docker back to a pile of AIR MASKS.

ROWAN

Docker, look at me.
(as Docker tosses him a mask)
Tell your dad, we could be breaking the law right now.
(to Greg)
Whatever this is, we need men down here, not explosives.

GREG

(slips on his mask)
Docker, tell Rowan we're not breaking anything.

Greg peels the plastic wrapper off a SMALL RED, SINGLE BUTTON DETONATOR that fits into the palm of his hand.

ROWAN

You're gonna blow these bodies apart -

GREG

We're just finding out where this alcove leads.

ROWAN
By blowing it apart!

GREG
By clearing away debris.

Greg crouches and they all follow suit as he presses the SINGLE WHITE BUTTON on the tiny red box.

GREG
Fire in the hole.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAWN - SAME

POOMMM!!! THE WALL BLOWS OUT INTO A MUCH LARGER DARKNESS.

INT - STONE PASSAGEWAY - LATE DAY

The dust in the alcove is sucked out quickly - by an OPENING IN THE WALL TEN BY EIGHT FEET.

DOCKER
That's a lot of air in there.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAWN - SAME

Their lights blare through the opening as they approach, taking off their masks. All of them halted at once.

GREG
(his whisper echoing)
...What the Hell is this?

From a great distance we see *THEY ARE TINY SPECKS OF WHITE LIGHT IN A VAST UNIVERSE OF DARKNESS. THE MASSIVE CAVERN THEY LOOK OUT ON IS AS BIG AS FOOTBALL FIELD.*

ROWAN
You gotta be kidding me...

Greg rushes back to ONE OF THE LARGE PORTABLE LIGHTS. HE FLARES IT. Swings it up and hits the highest point of the great hall of stone -- AND A MASSIVE CHANDELIER OF CORPSES. AT LEAST TWENTY PEOPLE WIDE AT THE CENTER.

DOCKER
Indian burial ground my ass...

Some of the bodies on the outside are wearing the *YELLOW VARSITY JACKETS OF THE BANNON COUNTY BANTAMS. Meticulously placed to add color highlights to the gruesome ornament.*

DOCKER

Those jackets are not ancient history.

INT - JENNER LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Still wet from a shower, Darry on the couch in his towel. Chomping a big bowl of cereal and talking on the phone in front of Saturday morning cartoons. *(The TV screen will not be seen)*

DARRY JENNER

(on the phone)

Yeah, I'm confirming a flight.

Darry lifts an AIRPLANE TICKET off the COFFEE TABLE. There is a POST-IT NOTE on it: "See you in four weeks. Love, Mom"

DARRY JENNER

(on the phone)

Hang on...

Darry slides the ticket out. Revealing another note that reads: "Be at airport one hour early."

DARRY JENNER

(on the phone)

Yeah, confirmation number is:
JC3-032958.

(takes a spoonful of cereal)

Nope. Well, I didn't cancel it, how does that happen?

Darry looks confused until another thought occurs to him. He lifts the remote and mutes the TV sound.

DARRY JENNER

...And when is the next available? Alright, thank you.

He hangs up. Thoughts racing.

EXT - SIDE OF TAGGART FARMHOUSE - DAY

The Creeper and the harpoon have been removed. Jack Jr. on a ladder repairing the damaged wall. He sees a VINTAGE STATION WAGON coming down the road through their fields.

EXT - TAGGART ROAD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Jr. waves the station wagon to a stop down the road. In the early morning light he sees a MAN OF FIFTY behind the wheel. BOB KINCAID.

BOB KINCAID
This the Taggart farm?

JACK JR.
Who wants to know?

BOB KINCAID
Name's Bob Kincaid. This the place where they're burning it?

Jack Jr. stares back at him.

JACK JR.
How do you know about that?

BOB KINCAID
A friend of ours over in Wheaton County.

JACK JR.
Listen, this is private property -

BOB KINCAID
We been driving all night.

NORA KINCAID
We're not too late, are we?

His wife NORA in the passenger seat looks over at him.

JACK JR.
Look, I'm sorry but it's not something open to the public.

BOB KINCAID
I heard you could get a look at it for five dollars? Take a picture for ten?

JACK JR.
Yeah, that's true, but that's over now. I'm sorry.

The woman in the passenger seat extends a PICTURE. Jack Jr. looks at it but doesn't take it.

NORA KINCAID
This is our son, Albert.

Jack Jr. stares at her. Takes the old picture of A YOUNG MAN
IN HIS TWENTIES.

NORA KINCAID
He's been dead twenty-three
years now.

Jack Jr. stares back at her. Knowing instantly that this is
another of the Creeper's victims.

NORA KINCAID
If you really are gonna burn
that thing today? We want to
see it.

Jack Jr. stares back at them.

BOB KINCAID
We can pay you, if that's what
you want.

JACK JR.
Look, its not till tonight.
(he studies their sad,
determined looks)
Late tonight.

BOB KINCAID
We'll wait.

Jack Jr. is about to protest when he notices another CAR
coming down the winding road through the cornfields. He
looks at the couple in the car and then back down the road.
Another CAR behind that now.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAY - SAME

FOUR BRIGHT WORK LIGHTS ON STANDS barely affect the darkness.
Greg and Rowan in different areas in this massive cavern AS
BIG AS A FOOTBALL FIELD.

Rowan's light rakes the vast ocean OF BODIES AND FACES that
cover every massive wall.

ROWAN
(into his tape recorder)
Northeast wall. Early Native
American. I'd guess a lot of
'em are the original Poho.

He finds Hobbs McFarland from our Western prologue with a COWBOY HAT STITCHED TO ITS HEAD. Mouth open in eternal agony with his missing tooth. INCISION where his liver was taken.

ROWAN

And the settlers who wiped them out.

(moves toward Greg in the center of the cavern)

I've got bodies here spanning centuries. All sewn together. But not at random. It's obvious aesthetic and even composition were taken into account.

Rowan puts his recorder to his lips in whispered awe.

ROWAN

The whole cavern, everything about it, this cave has been worked over, detail by detail ...to look like some kind of...

He looks up at the chandelier as he finishes his thought.

ROWAN

...cathedral.

AN OLD SAXOPHONE FROM THE JAZZ ERA starts playing in the distant darkness behind him. Greg and Rowan look to each other. Greg realizing his son is nowhere to be seen.

GREG

Docker!?

He starts moving toward the music. Rowan moving with him. Following what is now clearly *AN OLD SONG* playing somewhere at the end of *ANOTHER, SMALLER CAVE*.

SINGING VOICES

"I don't care what the weatherman says when the weatherman says its raining".

A cave with a light at its end.

GREG

Docker, where are you!?

SINGING VOICES

"You'll never hear me
complaining. I'm certain that
the sun will shine."

GREG

DOCKER!?

INT. CAVERN SEWING ROOM. DAY - SAME

Out of the tunnel they rush. Docker staring back at them.
Hand on the CRANK of an ANTIQUE PHONOGRAPH. The old NEEDLE
rides A spinning RECORD.

SINGING VOICES

"...I don't care how the
weather vane points when the
weather vane points to gloomy.
It's gotta be Summer to me,
when your eyes begin to
shine..."

Rowan and Greg realize they are surrounded by LARGE TABLES
WITH SPOOLS OF LEATHER. ROWS OF LARGE NEEDLES. Only two
words come out of Greg.

GREG

Sewing room?

His eyes meet Docker's and Rowan's. The insanity of THE
CHEERFUL MUSIC ECHOES off the grizzly walls.

SINGING VOICES

"Jeepers Creepers, where'd you
get those Peepers?"

DOCKER

Just the one song.
(holds up a yellowed, paper
record sleeve)
Got a one track mind whoever
they are.

ROWAN

Look at this stuff.
(off their looks)
There's no dust on it.
(Rowan nods grimly)
Someone's been down here. And
recently.

Rowan, Docker and Greg regard each other.

INT - DARK SKY GUNSHIP - DAY

A LARGE HELICOPTER GUNSHIP. CAPTAIN EDGAR TULLY. 30s.
Intense. Darkly handsome. Sits with TWELVE SOLDIERS stoic
under their dark helmets.

EDGAR
Look at this.

Shouts to the far end of the row of soldiers. Where we find
Trisha Jenner. She gets up and moves to Edgar as he points
down. FAR BELOW, A SMALL COUNTRY ROAD IS JAMMED WITH CARS.

EDGAR
That's the road to the Taggart
farm.

Trisha's eyes follow the congested road to the distant farm
below. She throws a look to EDWARD HELLICUM. 50s. Intense.
Snow white hair. Civilian clothes. He stares at the cars
and then at Trisha. If he's surprised, he doesn't show it.

EXT - DARK SKY GUNSHIP - DAY - SAME

The large gunship continues on high above the congested road
and toward to distant Taggart farm.

EXT - TAGGART ROAD - DAY

Bob Kincaid, the man in the station wagon from this morning
leans down to the driver in the car at the head of the long
line. Full of BOYS.

BOB KINCAID
What's your business here?

BOY ONE
Hey, man.

BOY TWO
(in the backseat)
They burning some kind of like
Bigfoot or something here
tonight?

BOB KINCAID
Nope.

BOY ONE
We heard they were.

BOY TWO

The Midwest Monster they call
it.

BOB KINCAID

You need to turn your car
around and go back.

BOY ONE

How come he went through?

He nods to the car in front of him who Jack Jr. is waving on
toward a distant field.

BOB KINCAID

I wouldn't know.

BOY ONE

Come on, man -

BOB KINCAID

Turn your car around and head
back.

BOY TWO

This is bullshit, man.

BOB KINCAID

Sorry fellahs, them's the
rules -

The car does an angry U-Turn and heads back down the dusty
road. Almost hitting the POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S CAR headed
toward him.

SHERIFF DAVIS TUBBS honks and goes around the angry boys.
Cutting in front of all the others and heading right up to
Jack Jr. The Sheriff gets out with his DEPUTY SAM.

SHERIFF TUBBS

What the hell, Jack?

JACK JR.

Sheriff?

SHERIFF TUBBS

How many people you got out
here?

JACK JR.

You tell me, they keep coming.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Then you're gonna have a problem. You got first aid here?

JACK JR.

Do I what?

SHERIFF TUBBS

How about toilets for all these people? How about a permit for a public fire?

JACK JR.

Woa-woa, slow down.

SHERIFF TUBBS

You did talk to the Fire Marshall about this?

JACK JR.

(regards him a moment)

Why are you hassling me, sheriff?

SHERIFF TUBBS

What's your old man think about all this?

JACK JR.

Why don't you go ask him? You wanna guess where he's sitting?

Sheriff Tubbs pulls Jack Jr. away from Deputy Sam and whispers to him.

SHERIFF TUBBS

You know I was the acting sergeant at the station twenty-three years ago.

(voice hushed)

When that thing, whatever it was, did its darkness. We had special weapons and tactical and still all we could do was watch it take what it wanted.

JACK JR.

(amazed)

I never heard you say anything.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Think I'd a'been elected to
wear this badge if I had? The
men who saw what I saw that
night? None of us talked.

A SHADOW swoops over all of them. High above, the gunship is circling and both men shield their eyes as they stare up into the sun at it.

SHERIFF TUBBS

And now you know why.

Jack Jr. is hardly listening, staring up at the distant copter as he realizes where it is heading. Jack starts to run back toward the farmhouse.

SHERIFF TUBBS

And why I'm not shutting you
down.

(off Jack's look back)
'Til after the fire tonight.
You better hope 'til then
these people stay civil.

BOB KINCAID

I got a problem here. I think
this woman's had a stroke or
something.

The Sheriff moves off with Bob and Deputy Sam down the line of cars, up to an OLD STATION WAGON and the woman who sits behind it. Clutching the wheel. It takes the sheriff a moment to realize he knows this woman. A soft whisper to himself.

SHERIFF TUBBS

...Holy Ghost on an artichoke.

Some of us might recognize psychic Jezelle Gay Hartman from JEEPERS CREEPERS I. She looks frail now. Weathered far beyond her sixty-five years. Eyes behind dark glasses.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Jezelle?

She doesn't even turn her head.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Jezelle Gay Hartman? Can you
hear me? It's Davis Tubbs.

When she doesn't respond, the sheriff throws a concerned look back to his deputy who comes around to the passenger window.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Jez, can you hear me?

He reaches up to her wrist. Tries to take her pulse. He can feel her clenching the wheel.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Jez, can you let go of this wheel?

(to Deputy Sam)

She's had a stroke or something alright, you better get some paramedics out here.

Deputy Sam takes out his walkie as he goes through her purse in the front seat.

DEPUTY SAM

This is Deputy Norris requesting medical assist.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Jez, if you can hear me I want you to blink your eyes.

DEPUTY SAM

This is gonna make one hell of a police report if we have to say she drove herself here.

The sheriff looks at his deputy. Reading a small CARD from Jezelle's purse.

DEPUTY SAM

This says she's blind. And has been for fifteen years.

The sheriff reaches out and takes her glasses. He stops cold. JEZELLE'S EYES ARE A SOLID WHITE. Eyes as blind as they are arresting.

The sheriff and Deputy stare at each other nonplussed. Tubbs looks back at the long line of cars that stretches back for a half mile.

EXT - NORTH FIELD - DAY

Jack sprints into the north field as the big black gunship sets down. THE LETTERS "D.S." on its side.

JACK JR.

Hey!

The door slides open and the soldiers pour out. Jack Jr. screaming over the ROAR OF THE ENGINES.

JACK JR.
Hey hold it! Hey, this is
private property -

Jack Jr. stops when he sees Trisha Jenner helped off the gunship. He can't believe it. Even as she makes an angry stride toward him.

JACK JR.
What the hell?!

TRISHA JENNER
What the hell what, Jack?

JACK JR.
What, are you invading a small
country?

TRISHA JENNER
Who are all these people?!!

She storms past him. Looking out on the LONG LINE OF CARS AND PICK-UPS surrounding the large field where A TALL WOODEN PLATFORM is being assembled. Trisha glares back at Jack Jr.

JACK JR.
Look, I told a few local
farmers, that's all it was
supposed to be!

TRISHA JENNER
Then why isn't it?

JACK JR.
Because this thing has done a
lot of damage to a lot more
people than just you or me!
You said no press - that's all
you said!

TRISHA JENNER
I didn't say I wanted Burning
Man either!

JACK JR.
And I didn't want some covert
military operation!
(points to the gunship's logo)
"D.S."? That's not what I
think it means?!

TRISHA JENNER

You told me this thing ripped
a pick-up truck right off the
ground!

JACK JR.

It did!

TRISHA JENNER

So what's your problem?
(before he can respond)
If something happens we're not
ready for, I've got people who
can handle it.
(nods to the cars and trucks)
All these others? They only
make their job harder.

JACK JR.

People need to see this thing
end. And they're coming from
all over for exactly that.

HELLICUM

And they deserve to be here as
much as we do.

Jack Jr. turns to see Hellicum approaching. He extends a
hand. Jack Jr. doesn't take it.

HELLICUM

Edward Hellicum.
(nods back to the gunship)
I'm not affiliated with Dark
Sky, Jack.
(extends his hand again)
And I can appreciate your
concerns.

Jack Jr. shakes Hellicum's hand tentatively.

TRISHA JENNER

Does your Dad know what we
need to do before tonight?

JACK JR.

Look something happened.
(off her look)
It may change everything.

INT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The barn doors open and old Taggart, his harpoon across his lap *is blasted by daylight*. He stares back at the SILHOUETTES in the open doorway. BARNEY BARKS WILDLY at all of them.

JACK JR.

Barney!

The dog stops barking. Taggart squints back at the soldiers and their rifles as everyone steps out of the light.

All moving past him toward the GUTTED HUSK of the Creeper laid out on a TARP in the middle of the barn floor.

Trisha stares stunned, paling and immobilized. Hellicum and Edgar approach it slowly. Mesmerized. *As if they were looking at some dark god.*

Hellicum looks over to frightened Trisha as Edgar crouches to it. Takes out A SMALL METAL WAND and moves the talons aside. Getting a look inside the empty head.

EDGAR

Not even a membrane.

HELLICUM

We always knew this would be a possible scenario.

TAGGART

What possible scenario?

HELLICUM

That this might be empty, Mr. Taggart. Just a husk.

Hellicum reaches into a pocket and takes out a SMALL CIRCULAR COMPACT. A CROSS OVER A SUN is on the lid he unscrews.

HELLICUM

Sadly, it probably never was in there.

TAGGART

Who the Hell are you?

JACK JR.

This is Trisha's priest, dad, Edward Hellicum. What is that?

Hellicum dips his fingers in the WATER inside the small compact. Starts flicking it onto the Creeper's remains.

HELLICUM

Water that's been consecrated.

TAGGART

Holy Water?

JACK JR.

What makes you so sure this thing is from the Bible?

HELLICUM

Because everything is.

The Taggarts stare back. Stunned at the sincerity of this belief.

HELLICUM

I'm not a priest. I've been a Biblical scholar since I was twelve, Jack. This is a winged creature that comes every twenty-three years for twenty-three days.

EDGAR

Twenty-three, Jack. Do you know when the number two is divided by the number three, what number it gives us?

JACK JR.

Enlighten me.

EDGAR

The number 666.

Jack Jr. looks back at Trisha.

JACK JR.

A math equation makes this thing some kind of Boogeyman from the Book of Revelations?

TRISHA JENNER

I don't know what it is, Jack-

JACK JR.

You think this thing is the Devil or something?

TRISHA JENNER

I don't know, Jack, I've
listened to a lot of different
people tell me what they
think! Father Hellicum made
the most sense!

Hellicum takes a thumb dipped in the water and reaches over
the husk. He makes a cross on its forehead.

JACK JR.

All this money you're paying
me? The reason we're burning
this thing only at midnight
tonight? It's all because of
some voo-doo from the Bible?

THE TALONS TWITCH ALL AT ONCE and Hellicum flails back. Guns
come up. RED LASER DOTS converge on the head.

TAGGART

(clutching his harpoon)
There's still something in
there.

Edgar looks back at Trisha. No one sure now what to do. The
talons fall limp again in the next second. They wait for it
to move again. Hellicum shakes his head.

HELLICUM

Just dead ligaments
twitching.

TRISHA JENNER

You don't know that.

EDGAR

Either way, it still needs to
be bound and burned. On
schedule. As planned.

But Trisha is listening to something else. The sound of
DISTANT CROWS. She takes a step toward the high, gaping hole
in the barn wall as a strange breeze filters through to meet
her.

INT - TAGGART FARMHOUSE - DAY - SAME

Jezelle. Eyes closed. Laying on the couch in the Taggart
living room as the same breeze blows in through the open
window. Sheriff Tubbs, on the phone in the kitchen doorway.
Deputy Sam with him.

SHERIFF TUBBS

We can't figure out how she even got out here! ...We're out at the Taggart place but traffic out this way is bad today and we don't know when medical assist will get here.

Tubbs can't see Jezelle's eyes slowly open. Those eerie whites staring out at us as she whispers a tune:

JEZELLE

"Jee....pers...."

The Sheriff and deputy turn slowly toward the soft sound. They move to Jez and stares down at her, as:

JEZELLE

"...Cree....pers...."

EXT - EAST NINE HIGHWAY/GAS STATION - DAY - SAME

The EAST NINE HIGHWAY sign on the endless two lane. Aging and bent. As QUICK MOVING SHADOWS start to darken it.

JEZELLE (V.O.)

"...where'd you get those peepers?"

Darry is darkened by the shadows too, staring up from a FILING STATION where he fuels his SMALL, CLASSIC SPORTS CAR.

A CLOUD OF CROWS streak across the cloudy sky above. So many, that even THE STATION ATTENDANT steps out of his garage and looks skyward too.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - DAY - SAME

JACKSON LEE, 19, sweeping the entrance of this ROADSIDE TRUCK STOP. Staring up at the dark migration of crows.

JACKSON

Gilly!

His younger brother by a year, GILLY, sticks his head out. Sees the crows and watches them. The brothers exchange a look as we notice *THE OLD TOTEM POLE OUT FRONT*.

It is severely weathered since its days out front of the western saloon. A SMALL FENCE is built around it and a RUSTED PLAQUE denotes its historical significance.

We study the winged demon head at the top as crows' shadows flutter across it...

INT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

Trish takes another step toward the gaping hole in the barn wall. Through it, the CLOUDS are starting to freckle with more large MURDERS OF CROWS heading west.

Everyone watches. Trish looks down to the empty husk and suddenly dashes out of barn, fishing for her cell phone. As the birds thin, Hellicum and Edgar exchange a strange look.

EDGAR
(the softest whisper)
That felt like an M.O.R. if
ever there was one.

HELLICUM
We don't know that.

EDGAR
We missed it by a day. We
should have burned it yester-

HELLICUM
We don't know that. Spring
Equinox starts tonight at
midnight.

JACK JR.
M.O.R.?

HELLICUM
Moment of Rebirth.

Jack Jr. and his father exchange their own look.

HELLICUM
We think at the start of a new
cycle it takes a kind of
inventory. We think the crows
may act as a kind of scout for
it.

JACK JR.
Scouting for what?

EDGAR
I think you know for what.

EDGAR

The crows don't just follow
it, they seem to want to
continually rendezvous with
it.

(nods out the door toward
Trish)

They were all over the place
she and her brother found.
Its house of pain.

TAGGART

Its house of what?

HELLICUM

The church it spent decades
under, committing its
sacrilege. Its lair. We're
certain there's more than one.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAY

Docker and his dad moving toward Rowan from out of the
greater darkness.

HELLICUM (V.O.)

At least one more nearby and
even more in other states or
even countries. Wherever it
decides to feed.

GREG

When you get up there, you
play it cool. You run into
anybody, don't let 'em know
what's going on.

DOCKER

Right.

GREG

Any trouble, call me. You got
your phone?

Docker slaps his pocket and nods.

GREG

Cameras, video, what else?

DOCKER

We could use some more lights.

GREG

Storage house two, you know
the one?

DOCKER

Back by the gas pumps.

GREG

It has to be you. Don't ask
for any help and don't get
caught dragging anything down
here.

(to Rowan)

We all signing off on this?

ROWAN

Greg, just have him notify the
police while he's up there.

(before Greg can open his mouth
to object)

We've been down here all day!
Look around you! We're gonna
have to talk to someone sooner
or later-

GREG

(sharply)

And then we're gone.

(off Rowan's look)

I can tell you right now,
that'll be last we see of any
of this.

ROWAN

You don't know that-

GREG

Yeah, I do, and it's gonna
happen the moment we go up
there and talk to anybody.
You want that to be right now?
Right this second?

DOCKER

(to Rowan)

Look, Ro', we just take some
pictures, we get some video
and then we get some people
down here.

Greg grabs his son by the back of the neck.

GREG

Look, he's gotta plan and its
a good one.

Docker nods. His dad starts to hoist him up to the hole they
blasted and Rowan reluctantly assists.

DOCKER

People are gonna pay to see
this, Dad. This is better
than anything you could have
found down here!

GREG

Okay, I'm sold.

DOCKER

You don't know people like I
do, I mean this is like
...nightmare Disneyland or
something. Those catacombs in
France?

GREG

Get back here fast and be
careful up there.

DOCKER

That's like one of the biggest
tourist attractions in the
world. And why?
(nods to the bodies)
It's wall to wall dead people!

Greg gets a strange look on his face. Nods as he says-

GREG

Don't get caught.

Docker moves down the winding tunnel. Dad staring after him
as he disappears. Rowan staring at Greg.

GREG

What?

ROWAN

You know what.

GREG

I'm not exactly sure what I've
taught him.

ROWAN

You mean like you find all these bodies, and ten minutes later you're both coming up with ideas to make money off 'em?

Greg's guilty look confirms this.

GREG

Public hangings, right? They used to be big entertainment. Maybe we haven't come as far as we think we have.

ROWAN

...either that or we've come full circle.

Rowan has spotted something. He moves and Greg with him. The edge of AN IMMENSE CIRCLE CUT INTO THE STONE FLOOR UNDER THE human chandelier. As their lights start to illuminate it, Rowan is awed as he whispers into his recorder.

ROWAN

We've got something here that, unless I'm crazy, I'd say looks like a kind of Mayan calendar.

(off Greg's puzzled look)
Except that it's definitely not Mayan. I don't know what the hell it is.

Each are carefully traversing the CONCENTRIC RINGS of the massive stone circle. BONES AND HUMAN SKULLS along them -- like pieces on a giant game board.

GREG

This looks like American Indian.

He is pointing to a face that looks suspiciously like THE CREEPER HEAD ON TOP OF THE TOTEM POLE.

ROWAN

Poho probably.
(clicks the recorder on)
Some kind of dark spirit from their Indian Lore or something.

He arrives at A FACE DEAD CENTER. Carved into the stone. It looks suspiciously like the CREEPER HEAD ON THE TOTEM POLE - ALL WINGS AND FIRE.

DOCKER

Looks like the Pohos gave it a run for its money.

In one, THE FLYING BEAST IS BEING ATTACKED BY AN ARMY OF POHOS AND A BARRAGE OF ARROWS.

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

Darry rips down the two lane as his dashboard PHONE RINGS. He pushes an unseen button and hears his mother's voice:

TRISHA JENNER

Darry, where are you?

DARRY JENNER

(nervous)

That's it? I don't even get a hello?

TRISHA JENNER

Darry, did you make your flight?

Darry watches a bent and rusting Highway Sign go by that reads POHO COUNTY LINE.

TRISHA JENNER

I asked you a question, Darry, are you with your Dad?

DARRY JENNER

Don't get your fuse lit, Mom, there was some kind of screw-up.

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

TRISHA JENNER

What screw-up?

DARRY JENNER

I don't know, they said my ticket had been cancelled -

TRISHA JENNER

Darry, if you cancelled your ticket, so help me -

DARRY JENNER
*I had nothing to do with it!
They said if it wasn't in
their database someone
cancelled it -*

TRISHA JENNER
Then you wait on standby -

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

DARRY JENNER
Come on, mom -

TRISHA JENNER
*I told you, this is me by
myself! That's the way it has
to be.*

Darry doesn't see THE TRUCK rising over the distant horizon behind him.

DARRY JENNER
What if I don't wanna spend a
whole month with Dad?!

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

TRISHA JENNER
I didn't even want you in the
country, Darry - your Dad was
our compromise! It's not a
whole month it's for a few
days -

DARRY JENNER
*Gee, let me guess? Twenty-
three, maybe?*

Trisha draws an exasperated breath. *He knows too much.*

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

DARRY JENNER
This thing you've talked about
my whole life you're gonna
make disappear tonight, but
you don't want me to see it.

TRISHA JENNER
That's right, I don't!

The truck is gaining. Darry catches a glimpse of it in his rearview mirror.

DARRY JENNER
That's bullshit, Mom -

TRISHA JENNER
This is not negotiable -

DARRY JENNER
This thing's in my head too!
And you know why - 'cause you
put it there!

TRISHA JENNER
*Well, that was a mistake that
I am regretting, Darry, but
that doesn't change a thing!*

Darry furrows his brow. *That truck is really coming up fast.*

TRISHA JENNER
*This is not something you get
to question!*

DARRY JENNER
Hold on, I got some guy on my
ass.

Darry can see it up close now in the rearview mirror. Its license plate reads "BEATNGU"

DARRY JENNER
What the Hell is that?

TRISHA JENNER
What is what?

THE CREEPER TRUCK BLASTS ITS UNMISTAKABLE, GUTTURAL HORN.

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

Trisha hears THIS HORRIBLE AND ALL TOO FAMILIAR SOUND.
A horn she hasn't heard in years but could never forget.

TRISHA JENNER
....Darry?!

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

THE TRUCK HORN BLASTS AWAY AGAIN.

TRISHA JENNER
Darry, what was that?!!!

DARRY JENNER
Some asshole's trying to fuck
with me.

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

TRISHA JENNER
***DARRY, ANSWER ME, WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!!?***

SHE CAN HEAR THE TRUCK BLASTS AWAY AGAIN. To say Trisha goes berserk would be an understatement.

TRISHA JENNER
***DARRY GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM
HIM RIGHT NOW!!!! DARRY
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!***

EXT. INTERSTATE. DAY - SAME

The truck lurches forward and around Darry's car. Charging forward down the two lane. Its license plate "BEATNGU"

INT. CREEPER TRUCK. DAY

TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN are driving the Creeper truck.

JOE
What the fuck are you doing?!

JOE KIRKLAND. Youngish. Mid-twenties. MANNY DILLMAN behind the wheel. Older. Heavier. Wrestling with it as they look back at the car they just passed.

MANNY
Son-of-a-bitch!

The truck's engine revs and it lurches forward again. Manny tries the brakes as he grunts angrily at partner Joe.

MANNY
Get Bob on the phone back at
impound. It's gunning again!

Joe digs out his cell phone as CRUNK! He turns to the back.

MANNY
Tell him it's gunning again!

CRUNK! Joe sees the dust on the floor jump with the sound this time. *Has something has come loose under the floorboards?*

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

Trish still on the phone. White as a sheet. Eyes are full of unshed tears. Just breathing.

DARRY JENNER
He's gone I said, mom, you're gonna have a coronary!

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

Darry watching the Creeper truck disappear into the distance.

DARRY JENNER
Are you there?

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

Trisha lets out a breath she had been holding.

DARRY JENNER
It was just some asshole in an old junker, okay?

TRISHA JENNER
Are you all right?

DARRY JENNER
(tries to laugh it off)
Are you alright?

She stands there, trying to compose.

DARRY JENNER
I know how to drive, okay, I know how to handle idiots on the highway!

TRISHA JENNER
(another deep breath)
What highway? Darry, tell me right now, where are you?
(when no answer comes)
Darry?

INT - DARRY'S SPORTS CAR - DAY - SAME

Darry isn't listening anymore. He has seen something up ahead that has him slowing.

TRISHA JENNER
Darry talk to me.

DARRY JENNER
(staring off)
I'm here, mom.

TRISHA JENNER
Where is here, Darry? Where are you?

DARRY JENNER
...I'm safe.

He slows to a halt in the middle of the two lane. Staring out his window.

TRISHA JENNER
Darry-

DARRY JENNER
(narrowing his eyes)
Mom, just say I love you, brat.

EXT - TAGGART BARN - DAY - SAME

TRISHA JENNER
(lets out another deep exhausted sigh)
Love you, brat, now tell me -

Darry hangs up. Trisha doesn't turn to face Jack, Hellicum, and Edgar assembled behind her. Witnesses to her meltdown.

TRISHA JENNER
Darry couldn't get on his plane. I want to know why, I want to know were he is, and I wanna know now.

EDGAR
Alright.

Edgar steps toward her but her whisper stops him.

TRISHA JENNER
I heard something that sounded
like the horn.

Edgar stares at her. She turns.

TRISHA JENNER
You think I'd forget that
sound? Where is that truck?
Find out why it isn't here
yet.

Edgar nods to his men and they move off with Hellicum as she looks on. Jack Jr. watching her with great compassion. He takes a step toward her and as if to stop him she explains:

TRISHA JENNER
Did you know my brother's
death was predicted? A woman
said she saw it in a dream.

JACK JR.
I heard the story. I think
she's here.

Trisha turns and looks at him with this information.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Darry has parked in the lot of the small greasy spoon. He walks ahead. Jaw dropped just a little. Staring at the OLD TOTEM POLE OUT FRONT. *Just like his mother talked about.* He tries reading the rusted plaque.

BUNNY
Used to be a big mining town
here.

A woman on a bench out front. Her head bows as she takes a long drag on her cigarette.

BUNNY
When this was all still the
wild, wild West.

Darry continues to study the totem.

BUNNY
There's postcards of it
inside. If we still got any.

DARRY JENNER

I think this is a place my
mom's been dreaming about.

She looks up and meets Darry's eyes. BUNNY LEE owner and
cook. Outside on a cigarette break.

BUNNY

(stubs out her butt)
She oughta' dream bigger.

EXT - EAST NINE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Creeper truck spits up grass and dirt as it launches into
a vast field as Manny wrestles with the steering wheel.

MANNY

Son-of-a-bitch!!!

It skids to a halt, Manny clutching the wheel. He and his
partner, Joe, exchange a breathless look before they leap out
and back away as if the old truck were on fire.

THE GUTTURAL ENGINE REVS AND THEN SPUTTERS AND THEN REVS
AGAIN. By the time it dies, Joe has his cell phone out but
Manny snatches it from him --dialing a number in great and
angry haste.

Joe looks back at the distant two-lane and the vast field
that surrounds them.

MANNY

(on the phone)
This is Manny, who am I
talking to?

CRUNK! That sound again. From inside the truck. Joe takes
a step toward it.

MANNY

...Find out if anyone drove
this thing before they rolled
it out of impound this
morning! ...Because it oughta
be farting dust, but instead
it rockets right out from
under me! We should be
driving it to a garage.

CRUNK! Again. Joe moves down the length of the old truck
and grabs the handles of the closed rear doors. They creak
open and he stares in the back of the truck.

MANNY

...Well you better find out what is so important about getting it there, cause it's sitting in a field right now and we're lucky it got here without killing somebody!

The floor is worn and covered with gray dust. CRUNK! Joe sees the dust jump in the center of the floor with the sound.

MANNY

...Yeah, well I don't care. We're gonna tow it to Poho County or it's not getting there at all.

Joe climbs in back. Crouches. Brushes some dust away. THERE IS AN OBLONG SQUARE THREE FEET LONG carved into the wooden floor. A WINGED BEAST WITH A MULTI-HORNED HEAD DECORATES IT.

Joe reaches down. Sets his fingertips on a wing. Slides them along the grooves of the carving - CRUNK - from below! Joe retracts his hand fast. *What the hell is that?*

MANNY

(leans in)
They want us to keep going.
You believe that? Somebody's got cash or got pull.
(tosses the phone back to Joe)
Find us a local tow truck.

JOE

You kidding me? I don't even know where the Hell we are.

MANNY

Somewhere between Poho and Kissel County -

CRUNK! Again from beneath the wooden floor. Whatever is hitting under there, it is *hitting harder*. CRUNK! Sawdust dances over that strange engraved square...

JOE

It's getting worse.
Something's cracking under here.

MANNY

Open it.

JOE

I don't think it does.

Manny ducks back out the passenger door and starts around toward the driver's side as a breeze comes up.

MANNY

Nothing works in this old piece of junk. 'Cept that stupid horn.

It turns into a healthy wind that bows the grass all around them. And somewhere DISTANT DOGS START TO HOWL.

Manny looks back at Joe and they both stare out over the distant hills. CRUNK! ...CRUNK! CRUNK! CRUNK!

Joe turns around as the sound speeds up. CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK-CLUNK!!! Manny approaches warily as well. Peering in his driverside window.

JOE

What in the--

KA--RASSSHHHH!!! THE TRUCK ROCKS VIOLENTLY AS SOMETHING HITS JOE SO HARD HE FLIES BACKWARD, SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD.

Manny on the ground suddenly. Covered in glass. Struggles to his feet as he sees through the gray dust in the air, JOE'S TORSO, HALF IN AND HALF OUT OF THE SHATTERED WINDSHIELD.

Manny stumbles back. Stops when he glimpses the back of the truck. *The engraved oblong with the winged creature on it -- lays to one side.* THE LID TO A LARGE COMPARTMENT IN THE TRUCK FLOOR.

A large empty compartment.

Manny turns. JOE'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS lay across the hood of the truck -- THE CREEPER'S CLASSIC BATTLE AXE STUCK DEEP INTO HIS SKULL.

It has struck Joe with such force -- it literally knocked him through the windshield!

Manny rushes toward him. But up close he can see Joe is no longer with him -- *the battle axe in deep -- his face barely visible, the blade is so big.*

MANNY

(fumbles with his walkie)
This is Dillman out on East
Nine, I have an officer down,
repeat: I have a 10-108, do
you copy?

CRUNK! *It's Joe. His head rises and then falls back to the hood -- the battle axe still in deep.*

MANNY

Joe?

KA-RUNK! Joe really rocks this time. His head jerking up high before falling back down.

Manny moves toward the horrible sight. *Halted when he sees THE TALL SILHOUETTE in the long coat out in the field. Staring at him in the bowing weeds.*

RADIO DISPATCHER

*10-92 Officer Dillman, your
quality is poor, please
repeat.*

MANNY

(calls to him)
Hey!

KA-RUNK! *Joe rises and falls again. Manny whirls back to his buddy. Not knowing what to do. Crazy with fear. The tall figure is moving toward him, its long coat flapping like a cape.*

KA-RUNK! KARUNK! KA-RUNK! *Joe rocking up and down faster now -- the closer the figure gets.*

Manny really freaking. He pulls his pistol out and raises it at the approaching figure.

MANNY

Hey!

The figure keeps coming.

MANNY

Hey!

KA-RUNK! KARUNK! KA-RUNK! *Joe starts rocking up and down as if his lifeless body were possessed. Manny lifts his pistol higher --ready to shoot.*

WHEN HIS BODY ROCKS WITH A LOUD, CRACKING SOUND. His mouth goes wide. His eyes bulging.

And Joe is SUDDENLY STILL. His head hits the hood hard. The battle axe no longer in it.

IT HAS LEFT HIS HEAD AND IS NOW SUNK DEEP IN MANNY'S BACK. Stunned, Manny twists around, reaching for it.

SHHUWOOOK!!! THE AXE FLIES OUT OF MANNY AND SLAPS INTO THE CREEPER'S HAND. *Like a dog returning to its master.*

Manny hits the dirt just as the Creeper passes and catches him. Dragging him toward his old truck. *The Creeper stops and regards it in the new breeze.*

INT - TAGGART FARMHOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Trisha, Jack Jr. and an unhappy Sheriff Tubbs step in. Deputy Sam steps up.

DEPUTY SAM

She's sitting up but she's not talking. I'm not sure she even knows where she is.

They all look to the couch where Jezelle sits. Staring off. Trisha clearly affected by the sight of her blind eyes and withered look. Tubbs pulls Trisha aside.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Look, this is not the same woman you talked to twenty-three years ago. I been on the horn all day with Pertwillla. She's a runaway from the medical facility out there.

TRISHA JENNER

I'm just asking if I can try.

SHERIFF TUBBS

She's been out there for fifteen years.

TRISHA JENNER

I'd like a moment with her, Sheriff. Is there a reason why you can't do that for me?

SHERIFF TUBBS

(a deep sigh)

Jez, there's someone here wants to talk to you.

(MORE)

SHERIFF TUBBS (con't)
I'm gonna be right in the next
room, you need anything.

Jezelle doesn't even turn her head. The sheriff, deputy and Jack Jr. move to the kitchen as Trisha steps toward her.

TRISHA JENNER
Jezelle, it's Trisha.

She waits for a response but there is none.

TRISHA JENNER
Trisha Jenner.
(she moves closer)
I don't know if you can hear
me. You probably thought I'd
never want to talk to you
again. I didn't. I guess I
blamed you. For what happened
to Darry. ...I still do. I
blame you for not telling us
more that night.

Jez hasn't moved. Suddenly Trisha's eyes well and her voice gets smaller.

TRISHA JENNER
But it's not like watching a
movie, is it? You don't dream
everything and there are parts
missing sometimes.
(even quieter)
I know that now.

Jez still as a statue. Trisha waits a moment longer. She looks to the kitchen doorway and sees the others watching. Finally Trish turns to go.

JEZELLE
(the softest whisper)
Tell me what you see.

Trisha stops and turns. The sheriff and Jack Jr. as surprised as she is to hear Jezelle speak.

JEZELLE
(as she rises to her feet)
You tell me what you dream.

Trisha steps toward her.

TRISHA JENNER
You already know.

JEZELLE

Tell me.

TRISHA JENNER

I see it coming out of the
dark. And I see it taking my
son. Just like it took Darry.
(tears in her eyes but her
whisper remains strong)
And as Spring gets closer? I
dream it over and over again.
Sometimes twice in one night.

Jezelle shaking her head at this mother's misery. She takes
a step and Jezelle's hands finds Trisha's. She holds one.

TRISHA JENNER

When you told Darry and I what
you dreamed, you said you
didn't know if you could
change it.

JEZELLE

I didn't.

TRISHA JENNER

But you tried. You drove all
night and you found us because
you thought you could.

JEZELLE

And I talked to you at the
station and I told you what I
saw was going to happen. That
it gets inside the building
and it finds you hiding in a
room!

(off Trisha's nod)

So why did you hide in a room?

Trisha pales. And then ...a horrible, broken whisper.

TRISHA JENNER

Are you saying it was my
fault?

JEZELLE

I'm saying you did exactly
what I dreamed. Even after I
told you. Either you didn't
believe me -- or what was
going to happen was going to
happen.

TRISHA JENNER
(a hushed whisper)
Then you don't know? Are your
dreams ever wrong?
(even softer)
Can I save him?

When no answer comes, Trisha backs away. Out the door.

INT - EXCAVATION STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

The door opens, cutting a square of light in the darkness. Docker, lugging a BULKY CANVAS SHOULDER BAG, steps in. Doesn't turn the light on.

He moves through the room, slashed in late day sun, past HARD HATS, PICKS, SHOVELS and other equipment.

At a cluster of PORTABLE WORK LIGHTS, he unwraps a CANDY BAR. Pops half into his mouth as he decides which lights to take. Then THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE. LOW AND GUTTURAL.

Docker races to one of the dustier windows. He can barely make out a truck out there, pulling up to the pumps out there. As the truck door swings open, the boy ducks down to avoid being seen.

In a moment, Docker creeps back up to sneak a peek out the window...

KAW-KAW-KAW!!! A large CROW lands on the sill. Docker is startled by it. He hits the floor and sits down hard. Stares out wide eyed and breathless. Afraid he has been heard.

INT - TAGGART BARN - LATE DAY - SAME

Soldiers in all corners of the barn, armed and ready. Old Taggart staring at what's left of the Creeper as Edgar bind it to its wooden cross.

HELLICUM
(suddenly in the doorway)
It has survived thousands of
years, Mr. Taggart. No
offense, but it didn't do that
by allowing itself to be
harpooned by a farmer at the
end of a feeding cycle.

TAGGART

I was there that night.
Believe me, it didn't go
anywhere.

HELLICUM

Your son takes a very dim view
of religion.

TAGGART

For good or bad, I always let
my boys make up their own
mind.

HELLICUM

What about you? You really
think the Bible is voo-doo,
Jack?

TAGGART

I think men make things up
when they get scared. And I
think they write them down to
make other men more scared
than they are.

HELLICUM

I'll take that to mean your
family isn't a religious one.

TAGGART

You don't know anything about
my family.

HELLICUM

(a step toward him)

I know it wants to see this
thing destroyed. And thanks
to that Holy Book that you and
more and more of the world
choose to discredit? We know
how.

TAGGART

You have to go find it first.

HELLICUM

(shakes his head 'no')

Twenty-three years ago, this
thing walked into a crowded
police station because it
couldn't stop itself. Because
it wanted something so bad it
couldn't stop until it had it.

(MORE)

HELLICUM (con't)
 (nods outside)
 It waited out in that
 cornfield for how long? And
 why?
 (Taggart's eyes heat up)
 Because whatever it is, it is
cursed, Jack. With an impulse
 it can't control. Its
 relentless obsession with
 anything that it breathes
 in...
 (inhales softly and exhales a
 more pointed whisper)
 ...and decides it cannot live
 without. Then nothing, not
 even a strong and loving
 father in all his righteous
 might -
 (he grabs the harpoon in a
 tight grip)
 - can stop it from feeding.

Taggart throws down his harpoon and is suddenly nose to nose.
 Looks like he wants to kill him. *Years of pain and rage in
 the old farmer's eyes.*

HELLICUM
 Its own curse will kill it,
 Jack. Because this time?
 Thanks to a dream? We know
exactly who it wants.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - DAY - SAME

Darry at the counter of the sparsely populated diner. He
 stares down at his ringing phone. The word "MOM" flashing on
 the ID SCREEN.

HELLICUM (V.O.)
 And when it finds him? It'll
 find us.

Darry doesn't answer his phone. Surveys the place instead.
 Looks at the long line of booths and the big bay windows. *We
 recognize them from Trisha's nightmare -he does not.*

Bunny carrying entrees, sees Darry and intercepts her younger
 son Gilly, headed across the diner.

BUNNY
 You want more to do around
 here? Then do it.
 (nods to Darry)
 (MORE)

BUNNY (con't)
Take his drink order. He's
been sitting there for five
minutes.

GILLY
Let Jackson do it, I'm taking
Burt his hot sauce.
(he holds up a small bottle of
Tobasco and heads for a table
of truckers)
You said this job is in the
details.

BUNNY
Then try not leaving the
padlock open on the dumpster.
Raccoons got in it again.

She narrows an eye at him. He narrows an eye at her.
Something playful in this relationship. Jackson steps to
Darry at the counter.

JACKSON
Something to drink?

DARRY JENNER
Coke'd be great.
(watches Jackson get his drink)
Hey, you know about a farm out
here that's got something
weird in it or somewhere?
(off Jackson's look)
What?

JACKSON
Let me guess, you wanna get
your picture taken with it?

Darry stares back at him.

DARRY JENNER
Then you know about it?

JACKSON
That's all anybody knows about
out around here. That old
thing's the local Bigfoot.
(nods to the parking lot)
Nice set of wheels. You rich
or something?

Jackson waits for an answer. But in Darry's look is
something else: *a sudden and complete familiarity. These are
two boys with the same obsession.*

INT - EXCAVATION STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

Docker still under the window as he listens to THE SOUND OF THE TRUCK'S ENGINE start again and drive away. He waits a moment longer in the silence.

EXT - EXCAVATION STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

Docker opens the door. He scans the woods on one side. The site on the other. And makes a calculated move down the windy, tree-lined trail along the back of the site.

A SHARP CRACKING SOUND *turns him* -- nothing but an empty trail and branches in the breeze meet his gaze.

He re-shoulders his bag and backs away -- *as the wind picks up and the trail becomes animated with dancing leaves.*

THERE IS A CUTTING WHISTLE IN THE WIND NOW -- and getting louder the faster he moves. ENDING WITH A SHARP **FE-WIPPPP!!**

Docker hits the ground hard. The lights hit, too. And he realizes two things -- *HIS HEAD SUDDENLY HURTS AND HIS BALLCAP IS PINNED TO A TREE A FEW YARDS IN FRONT OF HIM.*

He lurches around. Only wind in the empty tree branches -- as a *SMALL RIVULET OF BLOOD* runs down his head.

He touches his fingers to the crimson. Panics at the blood. Jumps to his feet. Instantly dizzy. Walking feels funny as he teeters toward his hat on the tree.

He drops to his knees in front of it. It is stuck to the bark at the POINT OF A STRANGE, CURVED STAR MADE FROM BONE AND SILVER.....

Without pulling it free, he examines it. *Confusion about the CLUMP OF HAIR AND SCALP pinned inside the cap.*

Docker stares at it, not seeing the bizarre sight behind him -- **THE MAN IN THE LONG COAT ON A HIGH TREE BRANCH.**

Docker whirls with the sound. Staring up in awe as ANOTHER RIVULET OF BLOOD STARTS TO RUN DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS FACE.

The Creeper watches. Leaves skittering past him as he stares down from under the brim of his ancient hat.

Docker starts to run but is instantly dizzy. He half-runs and half-crawls backward. His satchel abandoned.

THE CREEPER MAKES A LEAP TO THE NEIGHBORING BRANCH.

The boy stops and stares -- the move was so effortless. Then he struggles to his feet and is running. For his life. The last half of his candy bar falling to the ground.

The WRAPPER flutters in the breeze as the boy sprints ahead. Being pursued by something LEAPING FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH. ***Until it is literally running from TREE TO TREE -- stepping stones to its prey.***

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - DAY

Darry and Jackson at the counter in a very enthusiastic conversation. As if they had suddenly discovered each shared the same obsessive hobby.

DARRY JENNER

(his mouthful of cheeseburger)

Okay, you know what else never made sense to me? If we believed in him? It can fly but sometimes it has to drive a truck? Why drive a truck around if all it has to do is pick people up off the ground?

JACKSON

Because that's not all it has to do. It has to smell you, and then decide if you're the one.

DARRY JENNER

And so what? He just flies down!

JACKSON

He flies down to everyone he can see and sniffs them? He can't! It exposes him too many times to too many people!

Jackson turns Darry's plate around. He has done A VERSION OF THE OPEN FACED CREEPER BY ARRANGING HIS FRENCH FRIES. Jackson makes a minor adjustment and turns it back.

JACKSON

Think about it - he's only got twenty-three days, right? He needs to smell a lot of people and that means scaring a lot of people.

GILLY

So, he drives around, in something scary, where people can't see him but he can still see them and freak them out to get a good whiff.

Darry stares at the younger boy -amazed that the obsession is shared by both brothers.

JACKSON

Go bus tables, before mom goes ballistic again -

GILLY

I've been telling him that for years! That's why he does mostly drive-bys in isolated areas. A vehicle gives him minimal exposure and he can work in volume.

BUNNY

Jackson, would you come here, please?

JACKSON

(moving toward her)
Too late.

Bunny starts filling Jackson's arms with plates of food.

BUNNY

There are people complaining their food is either cold or that it's wrong.
(off his blank stare back at Darry and Gilly)
Are you listening to me?

JACKSON

You think I can get off early?

BUNNY

Can you what?

JACKSON

(nods to Darry)
He says his mom is out there at the Taggarts. Something's happening out there tonight.

BUNNY

You don't even know him.

JACKSON

I just wanna see what it is.

BUNNY

Look at me. He told me his mother has dreams about this place.

JACKSON

(sarcasm)

I do too. That I'll be stuck here forever.

He moves off with the plates in his hands.

BUNNY

Table seven and pay attention to what you're doing.

Bunny looks to Darry still talking with Gilly. She gives Gilly the evil eye and he moves away just as Darry's phone flashes again and he stares at it, troubled.

INT - SMALLER CAVERN TUNNEL - DAY

Greg and Rowan moving through a smaller TUNNEL OF STONE lined with BODIES. Greg with the phone to his ear.

ROWAN

Are you sure that phone even works down here?

GREG

They're S.A.P.s. They work anywhere. Something's wrong. He should've had the stuff by now and been back here.

ROWAN

Then let's get the hell up there and find out what happened! The sun is going down soon, Greg, what are we doing here?!

Both men stop and stare ahead. Halted at what the cave has delivered them to.

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - DAY - SAME

A makeshift AUTO SHOP. Greg flips his phone shut as Rowan's light climbs over TOOL BOXES. CAR PARTS AND SPARE TIRES.

GREG

...Looks like some kind of an old chop shop.

(moves forward)

You know? Some place where they chop up stolen cars?

ROWAN

(his light falls over A WELDING GUN)

And put them back together it looks like.

ROWAN

All without electricity?

GREG

Something used to drive around in here.

Greg's light rakes TIRE TRACKS in the earth - they climb into the darkness. Their lights swing to the top of the long incline. The light barely reaches. Flickering over a LARGE FALLEN OAK WITH SCRAPS OF DAYLIGHT leaking in around it.

ROWAN

You feel it? That's where all the air's coming from.

GREG

And that tree says this might be where the site butts up to the national park. Could we be back that far?

ROWAN

That would put us right under the church.

(off Greg's look)

That foundation we dug out we think was the old cathedral.

A FLUTTER OF WINGS up in the darkness at the tree. And the KAW OF CROWS. Greg starts up the incline.

ROWAN

Look, it's time to either call someone else, or get our asses up there and see where the hell Docker is.

(off Greg's look)

Come on, let's let people know what's down here.

Greg raises a hand to silence him. THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE.

GREG
What time is it? Could that
be Todd's crew?

They hear the ENGINE GROW LOUDER and the DAYLIGHT FLICKERS up the incline as something drives past the tree and keeps moving. Greg and Rowan following the sound. They dash into the tunnel again and -

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAY - SAME

- into the larger cavern again. THE SOUND OF THE ENGINE GROWS ABOVE THEM AND IDLES. The men move, trying to locate it. The phone again to Greg's ear.

GREG
Is that you up there, Doc?

The men don't see a the small "shaft" of light in the ceiling high above them - is flickering.

GREG
(on the phone)
Come on, Doc, talk to me.

KRASSSHH!!! SOMETHING SLAMS DOWN BEHIND THEM AND THEY WHIRL AROUND -- A BODY, WRAPPED AND ROPED IN A SHEET, has struck the cavern floor. **KRASSSHH!!!** ANOTHER ONE SLAMS DOWN.

The men stare up as ANOTHER BODY comes through the opening, flickering the shaft of light as it plummets. **KRASSSHH!!!**

KRASSSHH!!! KRASSSHH!!! KRASSSHH!!! KRASSSHH!!! Body after body falling all around them. Like a nightmare that won't end. Twelve bodies in all. Their DUST settling as -

THE ENGINE REVS AND IS MOVING AGAIN. Moving over them. Making the gruesome chandelier tremble and the walls reverberate as DUST trickle down from everywhere...

GREG
God!

Greg suddenly dashing across the cavern to the hole they blasted into the wall. IT IS FILLING WITH ROCK AND EARTH.

Rowan digs in. Greg too. Digging madly as it keeps coming. Rubble trickles down to their feet as they stand breathless.

Greg and Rowan look to each other. Then back at the grizzly pile of twelve bodies, wrapped and roped in sheets. Greg on the phone again.

GREG

Where the hell are you, Doc?

ROWAN

(whirls to him, angry)
Docker's not answering, Greg,
come on! Call somebody up
there and tell them there was
a cave in and that we are
trapped down here!

GREG

I said I will -

ROWAN

Now! While that phone still
has a charge!
(off Greg's heated look)
You didn't want anyone to know
we were down here and now
look!

GREG

You think I coulda' seen this
coming?!

ROWAN

No, but I think we're trapped
down here 'cuz of your
bullshit!

But Greg is staring back at the pile of bodies. A LIGHT IS BLINKING UNDER ONE OF THOSE SHEETS.

Greg rises, the phone still to his ear as he has a slow, horrible moment of realization. He shakes his head as he takes a step forward -- watching the blinking light coincide with the phone that rings in his ear.

Greg charging ahead now. Climbing over bodies and ripping viciously at the sheet with the blinking light. When the cloth tears away - **Greg's eyes fill with the sight of a father's worst nightmare.**

EXT - TAGGART NORTH FIELD - DUSK

The long line of people, trucks and cars surrounding the field. Trisha moving among them. Cell phone to her ear. Looking for Darry.

JACK JR.

You think he might be headed
out here?

She turns and regards Jack Jr.

TRISHA JENNER

That'd be my first guess. I
spent the first half of his
life telling him all about
that thing, and the last half
trying to make him believe I
made it all up.

JACK JR.

What changed your mind?

She looks like she might answer but Edgar steps up.

EDGAR

We're trying to trace him but
it'd be faster if he'd pick up
and talk to you.

JACK JR.

And here I thought you guys
didn't need that to track
someone.

EDGAR

You got a problem with Dark
Sky, Jack?

JACK JR.

Like that they're mercenaries?
(looks back to Trisha)
Or that they're owned by some
big Fundamentalist
corporation?

EDGAR

Christians can't make money?

JACK JR.

I have a problem with any
group of people who think the
end of the world is anyone who
doesn't think like they do.

EDGAR

You ever been outside this
county, Jack?

JACK JR.

Why?

EDGAR

'Cause I've been a soldier
since I was eighteen. I've
seen a lot of the real world.

JACK JR.

Then you probably noticed,
religion keeps destroying the
world, not saving it.

But Edgar has noticed Trisha has stepped away and is trying
the phone again. Her brave front clearly starting to
crumble. Jack starts toward her.

EDGAR

Jack.

(off his look)

We're all here for the same
reason. To take something
unholy out of the world.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT

Gilly moves through to the kitchen with a big tub of dirty
dishes. Darry catches Jackson coming back to the counter
with a pot of coffee.

DARRY JENNER

Hey, man, how much longer?

JACKSON

I'm working on it.

Darry surveys the near empty diner. TWO COUNTRY BOYS and
their GIRLS occupy a table and there is an ELDERLY COUPLE at
the register paying their bill.

DARRY JENNER

Sun's down and it looks like a
storm, how long does this
place stay open?

Jackson throws a look back to his mom ringing up the older
couple.

JACKSON

Hard to say. There's a
trucker she waits for on
Wednesdays.

(MORE)

JACKSON (con't)
Keeps the place open late
sometimes, just for him.

Darry nods and Jackson shrugs as he moves toward her.

JACKSON
Hey, it's lonely out here,
man.

DARRY JENNER
I gotta get out there.

JACKSON
(moving toward the kitchen)
Maybe I can bribe Gilly to
stay and man the grill.

DARRY JENNER
Hey Jackson?

Jackson stops and turns back to him.

DARRY JENNER
(an awkward confession)
Look man, I haven't told you,
but, I think she believes this
thing is real. It's not just
a local legend to her.
(he shrugs)
The truck, the thing, it's all
something she thinks really
happened. And happened to
her.

JACKSON
And what do you think?

Darry is confronted with this lifelong question and it leaves him without a simple answer.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - REAR - NIGHT

The DOUBLE DOORS for rear deliveries open and Gilly steps out with TWO BIG BAGS OF TRASH. THE DISTANT GRAY CLOUDS FLICKER WITH LIGHTNING, illuminating the woods and the LARGE DUMPSTER at the edge of the lot.

Gilly watches the clouds, hoping to see more fire in the sky. Sets his bags down and starts working the combination to THE DUMPSTER'S PADLOCK.

LIGHTNING FLICKERS AGAIN and he looks up.

If he had looked behind him, he would have seen it illuminating a TALL CLOAKED FIGURE WITH AN ANCIENT AXE back in the woods watching him.

The padlock opens. Gilly wrestles the trash into the dumpster. Slams the lid shut as LIGHTNING FLASHES AGAIN.

If he had looked back instead of up -- he would have seen ***the Creeper striding out of the woods toward him.***

The wind and lightning hurry Gilly back toward the diner. Halfway across ANOTHER FLASH reveals ***the Creeper leaping up onto the dumpster, perching there like a bird of prey.***

Gilly halts. Eyes wide. Has he seen it? No. He's just remembered something. He whirls around to the dumpster. No Creeper - ***BUT THE PADLOCK HE LEFT OPEN HANGS THERE.***

Gilly stares at it. Full of dilemma. A resigned breath and *he's moving back across the windy lot toward the padlock.*

Halfway there THE FLICKER COMES AGAIN -illuminating the Creeper truck to his right - parked back in the dark, night woods.

Gilly stares for only a second. Dashes back toward the diner now at full speed. Racing for those double doors as lightning etches his horrified expression and the CREATURE ALMOST UPON HIM --

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

Gilly bursts into the empty kitchen. Breathless. The IRON CLAMPS bolted to the doors. Built to hold a two-by-four across them. Gilly rushes to grab THE PIECE OF WOOD.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Bunny on the phone at the register. Gilly through the circular windows behind her -rushing to the back doors with the two by-four.

BUNNY

Well, you give me an ETA and I'll have a steak and a baked potato waiting for you.

Jackson rushes up to her, whispering.

JACKSON

Mom, come on, I wanna go with Darry!

BUNNY

I am on the phone, can you
wait one second?

WACCKKKK!!! GILLY IS PULLED THROUGH THE REAR DOORS INTO THE NIGHT IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE. THE STRANGE MUFFLED SOUND turns Bunny and Jackson's heads. They stare through the portals into the kitchen, the doors are starting to swing shut.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

Jackson and Bunny both rush in before they close completely.

BUNNY

Gilly?

Jackson pushes one of the back doors open on the windy night. Bunny moves outside and her son follows.

BUNNY

Honey?

KER-LUNNKK!! The two-by-four clatters noisily back down to the ground from high above. It startles both of them and they rear back toward the doors.

In their stunned silence they stare at it. And then up into the sky as LIGHTNING FLICKERS AGAIN. Jackson takes his mother by the arm, starts to pull her back toward the diner.

WHEN SOMETHING SOARS DOWN AND YANKS HER OUT OF HIS GRASP. SHE IS PLUCKED INTO THE DARK SKY SO FAST --Jackson can only stare as her screams fade into the night.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Darry and the country kids from the remaining table stand. Move toward the counter. JACKSON EXPLODES THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOORS. He vaults over the counter, crashing into Darry, both toppling a table as they hit the floor.

Darry confused and staring at breathless Jackson. *What the Hell did he just see?*

A SCREAM turns everyone to the windows. **THE CREEPER SWOOPS PAST THEM -- BUNNY IN ITS CLUTCHES AS IF SHE WERE A PUPPET AND IT -HER GRUESOME PUPPETEER.**

The Creeper takes a deep inhale as he passes --his eyes wide and burning out at Darry as IT FLAPS ITS MASSIVE WINGS AND HOLDS HER HEAD HIGH AS IF SHE WAS THE MASTHEAD OF THIS TERRIBLE AIRBORNE NIGHTMARE.

Darry pales. His eyes wide and open mouth --as he realizes finally --*that his mother's nightmare is a very real thing.*

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT

Trisha among the rows of cars and trucks facing the field as her phone chirps. She snatches it up.

TRISHA JENNER
Darry?! Where are you?

DARRY JENNER
Mom?

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

TRISHA JENNER
*I don't care where it is!
Tell me!*

Darry under a table in the dark diner. All lights have been turned out. He looks over to Jackson crouched next to him.

DARRY JENNER
What's the address out here?

Jackson doesn't even acknowledge him. Clearly in shock. Darry reaches out and grabs him.

DARRY JENNER
Come on, man, talk to me!

Jackson doesn't answer. Something angry and dark in his shock. Darry draws a breath and sneaks out to lift a MENU from the table. The other kids are under a table across from them.

DARRY JENNER
(reads off the menu)
I'm at Bunny's Good As Gold
Dinette. It's on Highway 9
just south of Norman Road.

TRISHA JENNER
The highway?!

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

Suddenly Edgar and Hellicum are racing toward her. Edgar, a special headset to his ear, nods at her. *They have their trace! They know where he is calling from.*

DARRY JENNER

Tell me about your dream.

TRISHA JENNER

Tell you what?!

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

DARRY JENNER

...I'm at a diner that's got a totem pole out front.

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

Trisha blanching as she listens.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT

Rowan sweating and dirty digging out the opening with a SMALL SHOVEL he has uncovered. The more he digs, the more earth pours down.

ROWAN

Goddammit!!!

Rowan stops for a moment. Stares breathless over at Greg sitting at the outskirts of the bodies. Cradling his lifeless son. Rowan stabs his shovel into the earth again. Stops at what he sees. ANOTHER BLUE BRICK OF EXPLOSIVE in the soil.

ROWAN

You know what woulda' happened if I'd a hit this with a shovel?

Greg doesn't look over. Rowan hops down off the table. Puts the C4 on the ground next to other things they have dug out -- the DETONATOR, DUCT TAPE, PICK AXE...

Greg staring at A ROW OF JAGGED BLOODY STITCHES down the back of his son's neck. Raises his eyes noticing THE INCISIONS AND STITCHES on almost every cadaver EVERYWHERE. He moves toward Greg as he looks.

ROWAN

Greg?
(extends his hand)
Enough with digging. Let me
use the phone.

Greg digs it out of his pocket. Rowan takes it. Tries to dial. Can't even get it to light up. *It is dead.*

ROWAN

Give me Docker's.

Greg doesn't move. Rowan reaches down and lifts Docker's phone. Dead too.

GREG

Sorry.

Rowan can't help his angry glare. He steps away. Tries the buttons again. He throws the phone down hard, smashing it. Jolting Docker -- HE LURCHES UP GASPING FOR AIR. Greg and Rowan scramble for him.

GREG

Doc'! Can you hear me?
(takes his head in his hands)
Look at me! Can you hear me?!
What happened?

ROWAN

I don't see how he can hear
us.

GREG

Doc, look at me.
(Docker's eyes find his dad's)
Can you tell us who did this?

Docker swallows hard and slowly nods his head.

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The gunship's blades start to turn as the sky flashes white with distant LIGHTNING.

EDGAR

Even the weather's turning -
there's no reason for you to
go!

TRISHA JENNER

Edgar, he is trapped at the place I've seen it happen every time I've dreamed it -

EDGAR

And we keep people back at command who would only get in the way of us getting to him, and making him safe.

(nods to Jack behind them)
Stay with Jack. Soon as we have Darry you'll know.

Trisha stares back. Full of purpose and fear.

EDGAR

Trisha, the government hires us to go into places their own armies can't handle. That's why you hired us!

TRISHA JENNER

I know someone cancelled his plane ticket.

Edgar stares back at her.

TRISHA JENNER

Somebody wanted him to come here. Somebody who knew he would if he had even the slightest excuse.

EDGAR

That is the most delusional thing you have ever said to me!

TRISHA JENNER

I hired you to protect him -

EDGAR

For Heaven's sake, Patricia!

TRISHA JENNER

No, not for Heaven's sake, Edgar -- for Darry's sake!
(before Edgar can reply)
You are here to see that my son lives! Anything else is secondary! Burning that thing is secondary!

(MORE)

TRISHA JENNER (con't)
Saving the fucking world,
Edgar, is secondary to saving
that boy's life!

Edgar glares back at her.

TRISHA JENNER
This is my party. I am the
reason you're here and I am
getting on that gunship.

There is no mistaking her resolve.

EDGAR
(a shout to his men)
Get Ms. Jenner a helmet and
some body armor on the double.

She moves past Edgar, who finds himself looking at Jack Jr.

INT - TAGGART FARM HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Sheriff Tubbs at the window. Staring out at the massive
lights of the gunship as it lifts into the night sky.
Jezelle suddenly sits up behind him on the couch. The
Sheriff doesn't see. He turns toward the kitchen and finds
her suddenly standing next to him.

SHERIFF TUBBS
Jeeze, Jez, you trying to
short out my pacemaker -

JEZELLE
I have someone here, Davis.

SHERIFF TUBBS
Someone I can't see?

JEZELLE
An old deputy of yours.

SHERIFF TUBBS
And which one is that?

JEZELLE
The one with the hole in his
chest.

The sheriff stares back. Not amused.

JEZELLE

The one with that hole where
his heart used to be.
Hazenhall.

He's heard enough. The sheriff turns to leave the room.

JEZELLE

(an emphatic whisper)
He says it left that thing
behind!

SHERIFF TUBBS

What thing?

JEZELLE

The thing they're gonna burn.
That skin that it shed.

SHERIFF TUBBS

(sarcasm)
And he told you that?
(off her nod)
He didn't say why it left it
behind, did he?

Jezelle stares back without an answer. The window behind her, silhouetting her except for *those white eyes*.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Oh, he forgot to mention that?
Don't you think he coulda been
a little more specific, him
being dead and all?

JEZELLE

Don't you make light, Davis!
Now they gave me eyes to drive
out here and now they are
telling me this is why!

SHERIFF TUBBS

(angry)
Hazenhall?!

JEZELLE

(just as angry)
All of 'em! Hazenhall,
Morrissey, Hawkins, Bloodgood,
Perkins, McClain -

SHERIFF TUBBS

Those men are gone, Jez! We both know those men are all long gone - they ain't coming or going - so if they got something so important to say, why don't they just come out and say it?

He walks away. Doesn't see that it is not Jezelle standing there anymore -- **it is DEPUTY HAZENHALL.** *Looking very dead with that hole in his chest where the Creeper ripped out his heart twenty-three years ago.*

HAZENHALL

We're a part of it now, sheriff. That's how we know.

Sheriff Tubbs doesn't turn around. Doesn't want to. He recognizes the voice.

HAZENHALL

We know it sheds its skin at the end of each feed...

MORE DEAD MEN, RISING UP LIKE SHADOWS BEHIND HIM. Whispered words rising with them. Informing. Warning. Hazenhall's words the most discernible:

HAZENHALL AND OTHERS

...with the hope someone will burn it. ...fire will rebirth it... burning it will make it stronger -

The sheriff whirls around -- *only Jezelle sitting there in silence.* Tubbs stares back in utter confusion about what just happened.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT

The gunship's POV of the dark diner and large, empty parking lot as the ships large searchlights rake it.

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

Trisha looking over at Edgar, her cell phone to her ear.

TRISHA JENNER
We're right above you and
looking for a place to land.

PILOT
Looks like it's gonna have to
be the highway.

The GUNNER at THE HELM OF A ROCKET LAUNCHER checks HIS
MONITOR.

GUNNER
I show five inside the
building. No heat signatures
outside.

Edgar leans over his shoulder. Looks at the RED MASSES on
the monitor *indicating heat maps of those in the diner.*

TRISHA JENNER
Darry we are just coming up on
you, get some place safe and
wait for me.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

DARRY JENNER
Mom, can I ask you something?

TRISHA JENNER
What?

DARRY JENNER
In your dream?

TRISHA JENNER
I can barely hear you, Darry.

DARRY JENNER
Is this the day that I die?

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

DARRY JENNER
Mom?

Trisha galvanized by the words Darry speaks in her horrible
dream.

INT - TAGGART BARN - NIGHT

Sheriff Tubbs steps into the empty barn. Stares down at the Creeper husk. Now wrapped and roped in a THICK TARP that is tied to the cross.

The Sheriff stares at it a moment longer and then notices the stacks of OLD NEWSPAPER by the Post Puncher. Turns and looks at his Deputy Sam and two others in the doorway.

INT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - FOYER - NIGHT - SAME

Darry, Jackson and the country boys and girls watch the soldiers pour from the gunship. To create two ROWS OF FIVE -
- A GAUNTLET from the gunship to the diner. Trisha and Edgar hit the tarmac and move through it.

JACKSON

(back among the living)

This is your mom? What is she, some kind of commando?

Darry stares out. Clearly confused about her himself. Soliders throw the doors open and Edgar and Trisha run in. She throws her arms around Darry.

DARRY JENNER

Now I think I'm dreaming!

Then Trisha realizes what is behind him. Those moonlight windows and booths from her horrible dream.

TRISHA JENNER

Let's get out of here.

She pulls him toward Edgar who intercepts them. Puts an arm around each one and whispers to them.

EDGAR

Once I signal the men are ready, you go and you don't stop! Move through the gauntlet, to the gunship and stay with the escort team.

(pats Darry's back)

Now hold on one second.

He steps outside and we notice Darry now has a SMALL ADHESIVE CIRCLE stuck just under the back of his COAT COLLAR.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Edgar out the door and immediately on his headset.

EDGAR
You reading it?

GUNNER
(on headset)
Affirmative.

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

Gunner watches the red heat signatures of everyone in the foyer. *Only now one is yellow.* DARRY.

GUNNER
Object has been tagged and
reads as yellow.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

EDGAR
(eyes on the sky)
Keep your eye on the yellow
and your finger on the
trigger. We may only get one
chance.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Greg drops the sheet over Dee's closed eyes. He stares down at him. Starts to strap on Dee's holster and gun.

ROWAN
I'm getting the C4. Let's
blow the shit out of that tree
and get out of here.

GREG
(points to the circle)
What do you know about that?

ROWAN
We can't believe him, Greg -

GREG
Okay, but if we did?

ROWAN

He was delusional and he was dying!

GREG

Something was cut out of him,
just like he said!
(points to another corpse he
has torn out of its sheet)
And there is something cut out
of this one too!

ROWAN

Something very human and very
sick killed Docker! That is
the only explanation -

GREG

Look at this!

He is pointing to A CREEPER FACE CARVED INTO THE CIRCLE.

GREG

Isn't that what he was talking
about? This thing we keep
seeing all over the place?

ROWAN

That's some kind of make
believe spirit from Poho
Indian lore! The last thing I
need is for you to start
losing your shit down here!

GREG

I wanna know what killed
Doc...

ROWAN

I do, too!

GREG

...and if this tells us -

ROWAN

This isn't gonna tell us shit!

GREG

(raging)
**Then explain it! Explain all
of this!**

Greg's angry voice echoes off the grisly walls. Rowan just as angry. He grabs Greg and drags him to the outer ring of the circle. To A LONG STRING OF WORDS MADE OUT OF BONES.

ROWAN

"Every twenty third spring,
for twenty three days. It gets
to eat." Okay?

(points to the rest of the
circle)

"And each becomes a part of
it." That's Greek. That's
the only thing I can read!

Rowan pulls Greg deeper into the circle. Pointing at the many CRUDE REPRESENTATIONS OF CROWS in every ring.

ROWAN

The crows? Egyptian.

(shrugs)

In ancient Egypt, crows were
considered vessels for spirits
of the dead.

He drags Greg to the center of the circle. At the large flaming Creeper head. Its wings bursting out of the flames.

ROWAN

That? Near as I can tell,
that is the Poho version of a
Phoenix!

(angry sarcasm)

Okay? A terrible winged demon
that flew off with people's
souls when they made the gods
angry! You want more?

He drags Greg to where THE CREEPER IS BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE BY POHO INDIANS. THE CREATURES WINGS BREAKING OUT OF THE FIRE.

ROWAN

It's called a bird of fire
because it waits for a comet
to drop out of the sky and
burn it! Getting this?
Because a Phoenix isn't
destroyed by fire.

Greg turns away. Rowan moves and looks him in the eye.

ROWAN

It's reborn and made stronger!
(off Greg's new look, full of
doubt)
Think that's what killed
Docker? 'Cause if you do, I'm
behind you a hundred percent,
man, let's get some garlic and
some silver bullets and let's
go kick its ass!

Greg lets out a long sigh. Sanity starting to creep back in.

ROWAN

I don't know anything about
this guy, Greg, except that I
don't wanna be down here when
he decides to come back!
(extends the C4)
So can we please just go up
there and blow the shit out of
that tree?

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Edgar throws the diner doors open. Darry grabs Jackson and
pushes him forward. He points back to the other kids.

DARRY JENNER

How about these guys, they can
come with us, right?

A *HIGH PITCHED SOUND* rises in the night. A *METALLIC WHINE*
that could almost be a scream...

DARK SKY ONE

What the hell is that?

SHEE-WOCCCK!! A SOLDIER FLIES OFF HIS FEET. HITS THE GROUND
HARD, DOING A GRISLY SOMERSAULT AS HIS HELMET SKIDS ACROSS
THE TARMAC IN TWO PIECES.

Everyone stops. Dark Sky One rushes over as a searchlight
finds him. The soldier has an *ENTRY AND EXIT WOULD THROUGH*
HIS HEAD.

DARK SKY ONE

Something went right through
him!
(the *SCREAMING SOUND* is back)
What the Hell is that?!

Edgar goes into in full crisis mode. Shouting.

EDGAR

LET'S GO!!

(rushing to Trisha and Darry)

LET'S GO, LET'S GO! MOVE!

Darry rushing back toward the diner.

TRISHA JENNER

NOOOO!!!!

(off Darry's look)

Not inside the diner!!!

The metallic SCREAM reaches full volume again - SHHWAMPPPP!!!
The soldier next to Dark Sky One CATCHES SOMETHING IN HIS CHEST AND DOES A BACK FLIP WITH THE IMPACT. His gun skids across the lot before he ever hits the ground.

A SMALL, BOOMERANG-SHAPED PIECE OF METAL IN HIM -- WITH A SPINNER THAT HAS JUST STOPPED TURNING, SILENCING THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM IT MAKES AS IT FLIES.

EDGAR

HE'S THINNING US!!

A HIDEOUS CRY RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT OVERHEAD. All heads turn into the night sky. Both searchlights from the gunship swing up and rake the clouds in all directions.

EDGAR

(on headset)

Gunner, talk to me.

GUNNER

(on headset)

No signatures. I show nothing above or behind us.

EDGAR

*LET'S GO!!! I WANT A HUMAN
CAGE AROUND THESE PEOPLE!*

The gauntlet converges on the entire group. Darry screaming at the others as he is being dragged away.

DARRY JENNER

COME ON!!!

Edgar shouting at his human cage of soldiers as they surround Darry and his mother and they all start forward.

EDGAR

*GUNS IN THE AIR AND FIRING!!
WE ARE HEADED TO THE GUNSHIP!*

Every rifle swings up shooting in all directions. A CACOPHONY OF FEAR -- terrified Darry and Trisha in the middle of it.

ANOTHER ANIMAL WAIL FROM THE NIGHT SKY -- THE WINGED CREATURE SWOOPS DOWN -- STRIKING THE CENTER OF THE GROUP LIKE A WRECKING BALL -- SCATTERING EVERYONE ACROSS THE TARMAC.

A SCREAM sends both spotlights swinging into the sky!

Catching just a flash of *THE CREEPER* -- *WINGS FLAPPING* -- *WITH A SOLDIER SCREAMING IN HIS CLUTCHES...* Chaos everywhere. Soldiers on the ground swing their guns up but the beam has already lost them.

EDGAR
(on headset)
*What the fuck's going on,
Gunner?!*

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

GUNNER
There was nothing! This thing
has no heat signature!
Repeat: target has no
signature!

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Edgar pulling Trish and Darry off the ground. Throwing them forward as the soldiers and frantic country kids struggle back to their feet.

EDGAR
COVER BURSTS ON FIVE!

The human cage - reassembled - firing rounds into the night at five second intervals as they move forward again.

From high above - the chaos below. Gunfire. Searchlights swinging. ANOTHER INHUMAN CREATURE WAIL RIPS ACROSS THE SKY.

A spotlight swings around to catch the Creeper diving down at them. Slicing through the beam of light. The men can barely open fire.

THE BULLETS SPRAY THE BEAST FOR AN INSTANT BEFORE IT TAKES ANOTHER SOLDIER OFF THE GROUND -- SO FAST HE IS STILL FIRING AS THE CREEPER SWINGS HIM HIGH INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

Everyone hits the asphalt as bullets rip the tarmac around them. Darry, Trisha and the others almost caught in the errant spray.

EDGAR
Gunner, talk to me!!!

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

GUNNER
The missile needs a heat signal!

EDGAR
He's too fast and these rounds are going right through him!

GUNNER
There's no way to get a missile to him unless he has a heat signal!

EDGAR
(on headset)
THE NEXT MAN HE TAKES!

GUNNER
What?!

EDGAR
THAT'S YOUR HEAT SIGNAL!!!

GUNNER
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!!

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Edgar staring at Darry as he scrambles to help him to his feet. *The boy more scared than he's ever been in his life.*

DARK SKY ONE
(rushing up)
We're hitting him but he's taking it!!!!

EDGAR
LET'S MOVE THIS TRAIN!!!
WHERE'S MY COVER FIRE?!!!

They are moving again. RIFLES FIRING into the night as the spotlights rake the sky back and forth. A HORRIBLE WAIL NOW.

GUNNER
JESUS!! TWO O'CLOCK -- IN THE
LIGHT!!!

But it isn't Jesus. The Creeper swings down from the right! WAILING again simply to terrify and disorient. Scattering bodies and -- RIPPING JACKSON RIGHT OFF THE GROUND. Whirling into the sky as the boy screams.

Darry sprinting toward him -- *LEAPS ONTO HIM - BOTH BOYS LIFTED INTO THE AIR AS THE CREEPER FLIES HIGHER.*

TRISHA JENNER
DARRY!!!!!!!

Edgar screams into his headset.

EDGAR
GUNNER!!!!!!

But no missile is fired from the gunship. Edgar races back toward it as Trisha and several soldiers take chase.

Darry loses his grip on Jackson and falls onto the soft earth at the tree line -- as THE COUNTRY BOY SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT in the clutches of the beast.

INT - GUNSHIP - NIGHT - SAME

A furious Edgar races up and vaults in. Shoving Gunner away from the missile launcher and taking the helm. ***Watching the screen and finding Darry's yellow heat signature among the scattered patrons and soldiers.***

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

Chaos on the ground. Darry staring up into the night as a hysterical Trisha runs toward him as she screams:

TRISHA JENNER
DARRY!!!

SLOW MOTION

Trisha vaulting off the tarmac onto her feet. Darry turns as we pan to see what she does: THE CREEPER ROCKETING DOWN AT HIM. EYES WIDE. FACE OPEN. WAILING. *It is the purest form of nightmare Darry has ever seen.*

Trisha turning toward it as it makes its voracious descent.

Edgar at the helm of the missile launcher. Takes a bead on the yellow heat signature and squeezes the trigger.

THE MISSILE ERUPTS FROM THE CANNON -- SCREAMING ACROSS THE TARMAC WITH AN ANGRY SMOKY PLUME AS ITS TAIL.

The Creeper upon the boy. The sharp talons of its feet and hands open -- the way a hawk readies to snatch up its prey.

Darry's eyes full of fear as A LIGHT STARTS TO GROW IN THEM. *It is the light of his own death rocketing toward him.*

The Creeper descends on Darry as Trisha hurls herself at their inevitable collision. SHE SLAMS HARD INTO HER SON. PITCHING HIM AWAY AS THE CREATURE COLLIDES WITH HER.

THE CREEPER WAILS ENRAGED. His face open and wild-eyed. We find Trisha's eyes below his as she falls against him. Turning into the light that becomes blistering.

Darry falls to the ground with an open mouthed scream. He falls so slowly it looks dream-like. And just as he hits the ground --

END OF SLOW MOTION

THE ROCKET BLASTS INTO THE CREEPER AND TRISHA. TAKING THE COUPLE IN A FIERY BLUR ACROSS THE TARMAC AND TOWARD THE DINER.

THE DINER EXPLODES LIKE A SUPERNOVA TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY AS LARGE PLUMES OF FLAMING PROJECTILES SHOOT INTO THE STARS.

SOMEWHERE IN THE BLAST -THE HIDEOUS WAIL OF THE BEAST CAUGHT IN IT AND THE SCREAM OF A SON WHO HAS LOST HIS MOTHER.

Darry is etched in the orange glow of the raging fire. Mute but open mouthed agony as he watches FIERY PIECES OF DEBRIS raining down everywhere.

Edgar remains in the gunship. Staring from the rocket launcher in the same firelight. We cannot read behind his eyes as he looks out on his deed.

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT

The Creeper husk - wrapped and roped in its thick tarp, swings up into the night air on its cross. And people in cars and trucks everywhere take notice.

They start HONKING, CLAPPING, MAKING SOUNDS as they flash their HEADLIGHTS. Hellicum and Jack Jr. up on ladders, look out at it. Exchange glances as Hellicum's phone rings.

HELLICUM
Go ahead.

EDGAR
We got it.

HELLICUM
Tell me.

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

LOCAL POLICE AND FIRE VEHICLES everywhere. BLACK VANS with the "DS" Logo as well. Edgar's soldiers comb through THE SMOKING DEBRIS.

EDGAR
It was a direct hit. And nothing on the playback indicates it got away before the blast.

Edgar watches surveillance footage of the missile hitting the diner on A SMALL MONITOR IN HIS PALM.

EXT - TAGGART FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

HELLICUM
You are the real deal, Edgar.

EDGAR
Body count five. Including Trisha.

Hellicum is still for a moment. Comes down his ladder.

HELLICUM
Really.
(a sigh as he nods his head, sadly)
Really....

EXT - GOOD AS GOLD DINETTE - NIGHT - SAME

EDGAR
She's the reason we got it. She took it off guard and it couldn't move fast enough.

HELLICUM
(softly)
Maybe called by a higher power.

Edgar looks up. Sees Darry walking toward him. Absently. Like a bloody zombie wrapped in a blanket.

EDGAR

There may be work to explain
what happened.

HELLICUM

*No one's gonna believe
anything anyone has to say
about tonight, don't worry.*

EDGAR

The local and state police are
getting into it with our guys
right now but there are
witnesses.

A shadow falls over Edgar. Darry stands before him. Devastated and silent. And a dead stare that burns into him.

EDGAR

I think I'd like to get out of
here.

HELLICUM

You sound troubled.

Watches Darry step away before answering.

EDGAR

She knew. She knew we
cancelled his plane ticket.

EXT - TAGGART FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

Hellicum's eyes lift with this.

HELLICUM

Then let's just be thankful we
weren't called upon to do more
than that.

EDGAR

(into the phone)
*We sacrificed her, Edward, and
we were about to do the same
to her son, so what would be
worse exactly?*

Hellicum stares up at the Creeper on the cross.

HELLICUM

Pull back, Edgar. Think
clearly. Think about where
she is now. God forgive us,
but she isn't the first woman
who was asked to give her life
or her only son to save the
world.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Father Hellicum?

Hellicum turns. Sheriff Tubbs climbs the wooden stairs to
the platform. His deputies below.

HELLICUM

Get back here and let's finish
this.

He flips his phone shut and tests the cross for stability.
The Sheriff is next to him now and extends a hand.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Sheriff Davis Tubbs.

HELLICUM

Sheriff.

They shake and the Sheriff stares up at the Creeper on the
cross.

SHERIFF TUBBS

I'm not a man of the cloth.
My father though, he was.
(looks to Hellicum, presses
out a smile)
He beat me black and blue more
than a few times in the name of
everything Holy, I can tell you.

Hellicum not exactly sure what is behind the Sheriff's words.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Just how are you all so sure,
that burning this is the thing
to do?

Jack Jr. slides THE IRON CLAMP shut on the bottom brace that
holds the cross in place and comes down his ladder.

SHERIFF TUBBS

'Cause I'll tell you what I
know from my own personal
experience -

HELLICUM

I'm well aware of your
experience with it, sheriff.
I've made this thing my life's
study.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Then you know this thing is
smart. And if it's been
around for as long as they say
it has? Then its seen us burn
all kinds of things. Books,
disbelievers in the faith of
the day, people who thought
the earth was round...

HELLICUM

Is this a history lesson,
sheriff?

SHERIFF TUBBS

This thing saw us burn
everything we were afraid of.

HELLICUM

Meaning what exactly?

SHERIFF TUBBS

What if, maybe, it was laying
a trap for us? Even picked
out churches and Holy places
to do its dirt - so we'd think
it was something it wasn't.

What if it was waiting all
this time, for us to get back
to the point where we're all
just running around so afraid
and so scared stupid that we'd
go back to burning things?

JACK JR.

Woa-woa-woa - you wanna tell
these people that we're not
gonna pull the tarp off this
thing and burn it?!

The Sheriff steps to the end of the platform. Looks out at
those gathered and waiting.

SHERIFF TUBBS

No I don't, Jack. But I just got, in my line of work, what I call "a very strong lead" - that burning this thing will only bring it back worse than it ever was.

HELLICUM

I don't know who put that idea in your head, Mr. Tubbs...

SHERIFF TUBBS

Sheriff Tubbs -

HELLICUM

...but I'm telling you, this is the way. This puts an end to it once and for all.

The sheriff looks away again. Out over the masses.

HELLICUM

"Believe those who seek the truth", sheriff.

SHERIFF TUBBS

"Doubt those who are certain they have found it."

Hellicum's eyes meet Tubbs. They regard each other coolly.

SHERIFF TUBBS

I've talked to the Fire Marshall.
(to Jack Jr.)
He's withdrawn your permit.

JACK JR.

He what?

SHERIFF TUBBS

I'm sorry, but I need you all to step down.
(nods to his deputies below)
You all come up here.

The deputies climb the stairs. Hellicum starts down. Stops.

HELLICUM

You know, even good men, can, in their fear and confusion, sheriff, end up doing the Devil's work.

SHERIFF TUBBS

Now how did you know what I
was thinking?

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

Rowan and Greg. At the top of the man-made road. Rowan holds a light while Greg carves A NOTCH IN THE TRUNK of the tree that blocks the way out.

ROWAN

What if this doesn't do it?

GREG

At the very least it may move
it around. We'll squeeze out
if we have to.

THE CROWS ARE SUDDENLY AGITATED on the branch of the tree. Greg and Rowan watch them fly away -- *REVEALING HEADLIGHTS RACING THROUGH THE WOODS TOWARD THEM. THE APPROACHING ENGINE GROWLS LIKE SOME GUTTURAL BEAST.*

Some ancient hulk of a truck is racing toward them. Its headlights starting to flare around the tree. The men start down the road. Looking back only once as the truck screeches to a halt. Rowan and Greg almost falling down onto the chop shop floor as -

KE-RUSSSHH!!! SOMETHING LIFTS THAT MASSIVE TREE AND CLEARS THE PASSAGEWAY.

They don't wait to see what or how. They charge out of the shop and into the tunnel - turning back to glimpse the large brown truck lurch through the opening.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Rowan and Greg sprint out of the small cave and into the larger cavern.

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

The truck swings to a halt in the chop shop. With its antique HEADLIGHTS, SHATTERED WINDSHIELD, COW-CATCHER FOR A GRILL, AND A LICENSE PLATE THAT READS "BEATNGU".

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Rowan and Greg arrive at their dig. Greg kneels and starts collecting items. Rowan staring back at the cave lit by the headlights of the truck in the shop.

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

Something large crashes out of the truck and onto the cavern floor. A *HULKING MASS OF SMOLDERING CLOTH AND LEATHERY FLESH*. Barely able to lift its head.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Rowan and Greg hear the distant crash and stare at the cave. Greg shuts off his light bar. Rowan wildly extinguishes every light he can find.

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

The hulking mass slowly rising onto all fours. Struggling to lift his head as it makes *the smallest sniff*.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

ROWAN
(turning off the last light)
Greg, what are we doing?

A step forward reveals Greg wrapping DUCT TAPE around his left hand -- SECURING THE BLUE BRICK OF C4 TO HIS PALM.

GREG
(without looking back)
You want the gun?

ROWAN
(stares at him disbelieving)
I've never fired a gun before
in my life.

Greg nods toward THE SMALL RED BOX WITH A SINGLE WHITE BUTTON.

GREG
The detonator.

ROWAN
What the hell do you think
you're gonna do?

Greg stands. Takes the detonator himself. Shoves it into his shirt pocket. Takes Dee's gun out of the holster.

GREG

If it's a man I'm gonna shoot
it. If it's not - I'm gonna
blow the shit out of it.

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

THE CREEPER LIFTS ITS HEAD AND WAILS -- *an ear splitting blast from an animal full of pain and rage...*

Its broken, razor sharp teeth line a gaping mouth open wider than usual -- *because HIS SMOLDERING LOWER JAW IS BROKEN AND HANGING.*

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Rowan and Greg whirl around to this horrible sound. *One they have never heard before.*

INT - CAVERN CHOP SHOP - NIGHT - SAME

The Creeper sucks in air as it heaves itself to its feet but crashes against a work table -- *WAILING AS ONE WING SPONTANEOUSLY RIPS FROM HIS BACK with the impact.*

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

Greg and Rowan backing up like small boys about to meet the Boogey Man as an ANGRY SHADOW starts charging along the cave wall from the chop shop.

ANOTHER BLAST from the creature's damaged lungs and it crashes against the wall into view. A nightmare silhouette. Low to the ground. Like some bull gorilla in tattered rags, dragging behind him an injured wing.

Greg and Rowan are so stunned they can't move.

It lurches out of the dark -- *ITS ERRANT WING CATCHING ON A LOW SECTION OF CAVE AND YANKING IT BACK WITH A VIOLENT JERK.*

The beast, in pure survival mode, reaches out *WITH POWERFUL ARMS AND TEARS OFF ITS OWN WING.*

Greg and Rowan moving forward. Straining to see. They can hear the *SINEWY MUSCLE SNAP AND TEAR.* The wing comes away and the Creeper crashes against the wall *WAILING IN PAIN.*

Greg pushes all panic and chaos out of his mind. Moving forward. Leading with the pistol. Vengeance possessed.

The Creeper looks out and sees him. Its eyes go wide and it bares those razor sharp teeth above that horrible, broken jaw -- swinging again with the force of its BATTLE CRY.

The Creature vaults forward. Finding his stride now in the face of the oncoming threat. Greg, his face the picture of fear, fires.

EMPTYING EVERY CHAMBER INTO THE ADVANCING BEAST. THE BULLETS EXIT IN PLUMES OF ASH -- barely slowing the creature's advance.

Rowan in disbelief. Scrambling for something. Anything.

Before the gun is empty the Creeper leaps at Greg. Smashing down hard on him. **THE CREEPER'S TEETH SINK INTO GREG'S LEFT SHOULDER AND HE SCREAMS.** Trying to push the creature off him.

Rowan races up with a PICK AXE and swings it. But the Creeper catches the axe and shoves Rowan back with it. **ROWAN REELING INTO THE AIR. COMING DOWN HARD SOME YARDS AWAY.**

Rowan stunned and trying to focus. He winces. Flips over and looks back at Greg and the Creeper.

The angry behemoth tosses what's left of Greg's body toward him. Rowan flails back as Greg flies over his head and crashes behind him in an ugly heap.

HIS DEAD EYES STARING BACK AT ROWAN -- NOW ALONE WITH THIS RAMPAGING DEMON WHO IS COMING TOWARD HIM.

Rowan starts crabbing backward. Stops when he realizes he has just passed Greg's left arm. Severed at the shoulder. The C4 still taped to the hand.

Rowan scrambles to it. Digs at the duct tape around the blue brick of explosive. The Creeper is moving faster. Slicing through the shadows with a powerful gait.

The C4 remains taped in Greg's palm. Rowan has no choice. **HE LURCHES TO HIS FEET SWINGING GREG'S ARM LIKE A CLUB.**

The beast wails as it makes contact. **GREG'S HAND WITH THE C4 SLAMMING INTO THE CREEPER'S BROKEN AND GAPING MOUTH. THE CREEPER'S FACE TALONS FLAIL OPEN AS IT STRIKES.**

WITH A SINGLE MOVE THE CREATURE PICKS UP ROWAN BY THE THROAT AND WITH HIS OTHER HAND YANKS GREG'S ARM OUT OF ITS MOUTH.

But Greg's hand has been pierced by teeth and sticks in its craw as ***the forearm is ripped away.***

Rowan, held up by the beast, stares down at death -- the open-faced Creeper, and its mouth full of Greg's hand and the C4 taped to it.

In a mad act, ROWAN SHOVES HIS FIST INTO THE CREEPER'S OPEN CRAW. PUSHING GREG'S HAND DOWN THE CREEPER'S THROAT -- AND THE EXPLOSIVE TAPED TO IT.

Rowan sinks into the beast up to his forearm before the talons and teeth come down.

The man screams as he is thrown back twenty feet. Crashing bloody to the ground. One of his legs bending under him as he hits. HIS RIGHT ARM GONE AT THE ELBOW.

The Creeper lumbers after him. His steps slowed as he shoves his hand into his own gaping mouth.

Rowan is crawling away. *Dragging himself by his single arm and pushing himself with his one good leg.*

The Creeper picks up speed. His hand and forearm sunk into his craw. The talons on his face seizing - unable to assist.

Rowan crawling like a desperate slug -- until he sees it: ***THE DETONATOR. Free of Greg's pocket. At the edge of the stone circle.***

Rowan goes insane. He leaps to his feet but crashes down again. Continues to crawl. Crawl like a madman. The Creeper closes in. PULLING THE FIRST HAND OUT OF HIS MOUTH. He looks at it as he walks.

It's Rowan's hand and forearm. He throws it aside and reaches in again. Rowan scrambling. Racked with pain but full of purpose. ***The Creeper is only a yard away.***

Savagely trying to pull out the remaining hand with the C4. It can't reach that far. Wailing in anger as IT PUNCHES A HAND INTO ITS OWN STOMACH just as it arrives at Rowan.

KEE-RACCKKK!!! The Creeper's boot comes down hard on Rowan's back. Rowan yelps as his head lurches up. Face wide with pain -- but something else comes up with Rowan. HIS REMAINING HAND WITH THE SMALL RED DETONATOR NOW IN HIS PALM.

His finger on the single white button.

The Creeper sees it and stops. His hand still buried in his abdomen. One of those frozen moments in time - when all madness ceases for a split second. **Before chaos.**

Rowan presses the button. THE CREEPER BLASTS INTO PIECES. RIPPING APART FROM THE INSIDE. **His flesh and ancient clothes disintegrating into a million airborne bits.**

INT - TAGGART LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

A sudden breath rushes out of Jezelle. *As if some great weight were taken from her.*

Jack Jr., on the phone in the kitchen, bolts to the doorway and watches her gasp for breath. He moves forward, the phone to his ear. Kneels in front of Jez. Her head bowed.

JACK JR.

You okay?

Her hands are shaking. Jack panicked. She puts a hand to her chest. Holds it there as her breathing normalizes.

JACK JR.

Are you okay?

She nods her bowed head. Jack moves back toward the kitchen.

JACK JR.

I'm gonna get you some water.

Jack gets a glass and moves to the sink. Still cradling the phone to his ear. The wind comes up and blows the curtains of the shattered kitchen window in the ravaged kitchen wall.

JACK JR.

Yeah, I'm holding for the Fire Marshall.

JEZELLE

Do you know someone called Billy? He says he's your brother.

Jack turns off the water. The glass barely wet. He steps slowly into the doorway. Jezelle slowly raises her head.

JEZELLE

And he says that it's gone.
(the quietest whisper)
The thing. It's dead.

Jack approaches. Sets the glass down on a shelf. Not realizing he has set them next to that old PICTURE of Billy. The glass in the frame cracked from this morning.

JEZELLE

(as those white eyes dampen)
He wants you to know, that one
good woman and two good men,
took it away from this world.
(nods to him)
And now it's ended.

Jack swallows. Outside he can hear the APPROACHING BLADES OF THE GUNSHIP. He stares at Jezelle a moment longer and rushes outside.

EXT - NORTH FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

The gunship. People moving out of it across the field. Bloodied soldiers home from battle. Jack Jr. steps up. Catches sight of bloodied Darry Jenner. That blanket around him and that dead stare.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)

Every twenty-third Spring, for
twenty-three days, it gets to
eat.

Jack knowing now something terrible has happened to Trisha.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)

I heard those words first from
my mother. The way another
boy might hear a campfire tale
or a bedtime story.

Jack watches him pass. Turns as the boy wanders like a lost soul toward the distant lights of the Taggart field.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)

Then one day, she saw the look
on my face and she stopped.
And she never said those words
again.

Edgar gets off the gunship now. Confusion in Jack's eyes.
Are these the brave men that Billy said killed the creature?

Edgar offers no words. Their eyes meet for a moment as he passes. His secrets well kept behind his cool countenance.

EXT - TAGGART FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

Darry moving toward the field. Jack Jr. behind him. Half-wandering, half-tailing him.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
My name is Darry Jenner. My
mother named me after her
brother who died when he was
only twenty. How he died,
where he died, is something
that haunted my mother until
this very day.

Sheriff Tubbs at the podium on the platform. Putting his
hands up to stop the chanting crowds.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
My life did not end at the
hands of the creature she had
feared would take it.

Jack Jr. notices the barn doors behind him slightly ajar.
The glow of a bare bulb burning inside.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
She had changed her dream.
And simply by believing she
could.

INT - TAGGART BARN - NIGHT - SAME

The door creaks open on men huddled in the dark. Around a
FIRE that burns at the Post Puncher.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
But she could not see the
greater darkness that
threatened us.

The men turn. Old Taggart, Hellicum and Edgar stare back at
Jack Jr. A torch in Hellicum's hands. Its flames growing.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
A darkness that has no wings.
No ancient appetite for human
flesh.

EXT - TAGGART FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

SLOW MOTION

The barn doors open - forcing Jack Jr. back. Revealing his
father at the helm of the Post Puncher.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
The darkness of men. Armed
with pain and fear instead of
love and truth.

The sheriff at the podium. Stops his speech. Stares ahead
as Hellicum swings his torch. Lighting the POST PUNCHER'S
HARPOON. WRAPPED IN A HEAVY, GAS-SOAKED CLOTH.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
The darkness that destroys in
the name of goodness.

THE HARPOON IGNITES IN THE SAME INSTANT IT FLIES.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Thinking it is the light and
not seeing that it is only
more of the dark.

Darry steps up to line of cars and trucks facing out with the
others as the harpoon sails...

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Many of us lived on to fight
the creatures of fear. You
may be one - and have heard
this story many times.

Darry turns and looks back at Edgar and Hellicum watching the
harpoon arch into the sky.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Of how we thought we were
powerless because they told us
we were. And how one day we
opened our eyes.

The harpoon sails over the rows of cars, trucks and people
assembled. Watching as the harpoon descends LIKE A COMET.
The sheriff and deputies running down the stairs as IT
SMASHES INTO THE CROSS.

INT - TAGGART FARM HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

Jezelle. In the window behind her THE PLATFORM EXPLODES IN
FLAMES.

INT - CATHEDRAL CAVERN - NIGHT - SAME

HIGH SHOT DESCENDING ON

Rowan bloodied and barely alive. Laying across the center of the great stone calendar. His fingers moving slowly against THE SYMBOL OF THE FLAMES WITH WINGS BURSTING OUT OF IT.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
And the winged one that lurked
beneath our Earth?

EXT - TAGGART FIELD - NIGHT - SAME

THE FLAMING HUSK DISINTEGRATES INTO A MILLION FIERY CINDERS that the wind blows away. PIECES twirling and sailing over the cheering, honking and celebrating spectators.

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
No one can say for certain
what it is or where it came
from. Or if it believes in a
god or is a god itself.

Darry looks down as one piece of flaming Creeper curls at his feet. *But there is something strange about it.* He squats to it and furrows his brow. The curling piece of ash is only ... *OLD NEWSPAPER* ...

INT - SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT - SAME

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Only if it truly is a creature
that can be reborn by fire and
feed itself through fear?

Sheriff Tubbs driving down the moonlit two lane. His only passenger -- something in the back seat. A TALON sticking out of the tarp it is wrapped in. **The REAL CREEPER HUSK.**

DARRY JENNER (V.O.)
Then we must learn not to be
afraid. For if we are, it
will be reborn. Into a world
where it will never go hungry.

CUT TO BLACK