



MANDY

screenplay by
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White Draft

THIS MOTION PICTURE IS PRESENTED IN 16MM ANAMORPHIC
CINEMASCOPE.

1 BLACK SCREEN.

1

SILENCE.

A cold and desolate wind begins to blow through the darkness.

A MENACING RHYTHMIC PULSING BEGINS TO RISE ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

Ancient. Primal. Barbaric. From no recognizable time or
place. A PAGAN sound of darkness and oblivion from a time
long since forgotten. *'Sunday Afternoon In the Park' by Van
Halen.*

A shadowy call to spill blood and take heads.

WORDS appears in the darkness. Red against the black
nothingness of the screen. The spartan blood red of a Cannon
films production.

WHEN I DIE
BURY ME DEEP
LAY TWO SPEAKERS AT MY FEET
WRAP SOME HEADPHONES AROUND MY HEAD
AND ROCK AND ROLL ME
WHEN I'M DEAD

The words appear and disappear into the darkness

The PULSATING reaches a fever pitch and climaxes as we

SLAM CUT TO:

2 EXT. FOREST VALLEY - TITLE SEQUENCE - DUSK

2

WE SPEED LOW AND FAST OVER THE VAST UNTAMED RAIN FORESTS OF
THE NORTH WESTERN WILDERNESS.

'Starless' by King Crimson rises gently on the soundtrack.

UNDER THE RED SUN THE JAGGED DARK FOREST OF PINE COVERS THE
LANDSCAPE LIKE A CLOAK OF NAILS.

We tilt down to see the TREE TOPS speeding by BELOW us in an almost abstract blur.

We look back up see --

WE ARE APPROACHING

3

EXT. HELILOGGING SITE, MOUNTAIN - DUSK

3

A Heli-bundle Harvesting operation.

A CREW of men work on the verge of a RIDGE.

Pulling RAW TIMBER with a TRACTOR and hacking into the old growth trees with CHAIN SAWS.

The sound of the song is consumed by the ROAR of FORESTRY TOOLS. *

We watch them work -- getting a sense of the danger of the job as well as their harsh but intimate relationship with the landscape they are carving away at.

Here we find RED MILLER.

A wiry but tough as nails man. His well worn work clothes look like they have been forged in the heat of battle. His bearded face is rough and weathered. His eyes hard, but not unkind.

RED and his SPOTTER prepare to take down an old growth TREE.

RED fires up his intimidating STIHL CHAIN SAW RIG.

His Chain Saw lashes through the bark and in one steady motion he cuts all the way through the 4 foot thick trunk.

He cuts a WEDGE into the TRUNK.

Red steps back and kills the motor.

He SLAMS his boot into the tree.

With a loud GROAN the tree topples and CRASHES into the landscape with a THUNDERING ROAR sending a cloud of dust billowing all around them.

The VALLEY is DARKENING.

*

4 EXT. LOGGING SITE, MOUNTAIN - DUSK

4

A JET RANGER copter descends towards the CREW kicking up a swarm of dust and debris.

*

RED and the CREW run for the copter, throw their gear in the back of the dirt caked JET RANGER and climb onboard.

It takes off as quickly as it landed.

The crew hees and haws as the chopper takes off speeding over the valley below.

A CREWMAN busts out a cooler of beer and starts handing out cans. The men crack their beers and drink heartily.

RED declines. He is clearly an outsider. Lights up a smoke.

The others shoot the shit but we can barely make them out over the DIN of the ENGINE.

RED looks out the cargo door as

We TILT DOWN to gaze at the DARK FOREST whipping by below.

The credits come to a close as we

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

5

Beams of light cut through trees casting matchstick shadows as RED drives his battered 1978 BRONCO home through the wilderness.

It's a warm late summer night.

WE DISSOLVE TO

A WOMAN'S HAND puts FLAME to an evil looking hand carved PIPE and draws a hit.

Her mouth exhales a shroud of tendrinous smoke...

THE WOMAN'S HAND DRAWING --

Her pencil patiently works a detailed rendering of --

A ravaged electrical box by the side of a forest road. It's hatch torn asunder. Inside - thick frayed wires. The image fills with color and comes alive as flickering Ralph Bakshi style CELL ANIMATION.

The frayed wires hiss and ooze juicy sparks into the night. As the eyes of strange creatures watch from the shadows behind the tree-line.

As the Bronco slides by we pan and dissolve back to LIVE ACTION.

Red rolls the radio dial. We hear a staticy voice.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

(on the radio)

...There's a great spiritual awakening in America, a renewal of the traditional values that have been the bedrock of America's goodness and greatness...

He gives the dial a turn. Static hums.

VOICES

(on the radio)

Here's Cal Worthington and his dog spot.

(singing)

If you need a car or truck go see Cal.

VOICES (cont'd)

If you want your payments low, if
 you want to save some dough. Go see
 Cal. Go see Cal. Go see Ca -

Red kills the deck as it hisses out with an electric click.

He drives on -

WE DISSOLVE TO

THE WOMAN'S EYES GAZING DOWN AS SHE DRAWS --

CELL ANIMATION OF

*Headlights pulsing over a giant industrial engine block
 abandoned in a clearing. Overgrown and rusted in the
 moonlight it looms like an ANCIENT TEMPLE.*

Super Title:

The Shadow Mountains, 1983 A.D.

6 EXT. FOREST ROAD / RED & MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 6

*Up ahead he can see his HOME in the forest. Glowing warm and
 yellow through the windows.*

As the Bronco pulls down the drive way we

WE DISSOLVE BACK TO LIVE ACTION

Red pulls up out front, tires crunch softly on the gravel
 driveway.

It's a WOODEN HOUSE nestled amongst the trees at the end of a
 long, winding dirt road.

The porch light is on. Moths flutter around it.

RED gets out of the truck toting and grabs his duffel bag.
 Heads towards the house.

7 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 7

Red and Mandy built this house together over the course of a
 couple of years out of the ruins of an old cabin.

It's a cozy two story wooden structure with lots of windows and they love it. It's theirs.

One of her best works hangs framed above the couch. An incredibly detailed and beautiful drawing of a fantastical landscape dominated by a Hydra.

Red comes in. Drops his gear on the floor.

He looks into the living room and sees Mandy hunched over the kitchen table drawing. She's wearing a big pair of headphones and her glasses. Lost in another world. A record spins silently on the stereo.

RED MILLER

Yo. I'm home.

Mandy is startled she pulls off her headphones and spins around.

Mandy. Small town girl to the core. Hard upbringing. She exudes a bruised charm. A long thin scar runs down her left cheekbone. She's been through hell but her eyes are open and exude warmth and intelligence. We can tell right away she's the kind of woman we'd want to hang out with.

MANDY

Red! You scared the hell out of me!

Red apologizes with a look.

RED MILLER

Knock knock.

MANDY

Who's there?

RED MILLER

Eric Estrada.

MANDY

Eric Estrada who?

RED MILLER

Eric Estrada from Chips.

She smiles and shakes her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

8

INT. RED & MANDY'S HOME, BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

8

A warm, soft light flows in ILLUMINATING the scene.

We are looking down at RED AND MANDY lying in bed naked under a knitted blanket. The light in the room is dim and warm.

We slowly glide down towards them as they talk. Quietly, intimately and softly. Red lights a smoke with his Zippo passes it to Mandy. Lights another for himself.

RED MILLER

How was your day?

MANDY

Pretty good. I was reading that book about the galaxy.

RED MILLER

That big thick one?

MANDY

Yeah... it's pretty awesome.

RED MILLER

What's your favorite planet?

MANDY

Jupiter. No doubt.

RED MILLER

How come?

MANDY

The surface of its atmosphere is a storm that's been raging for thousands of years... and the eye of that hurricane is so huge it could easily swallow up the whole Earth. I think that's my favorite planet.

RED MILLER

Wild...

MANDY

What's your favorite?

Red thinks for a moment.

RED MILLER
Saturn probably.

MANDY
Yeah... I like Saturn. It was one
of the first planets we humans
discovered... so there's lots of
ancient myths about it.

Red thinks for a moment.

RED MILLER
I changed my mind...

MANDY
What?!

RED MILLER
I like GALACTUS... cause he eats
planets!

She smiles. He kisses her.

She snuggle closer in the warm dim light.

9 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT

9

Slowly we leave the warm little house tracking up INTO THE
NIGHT SKY.

It's alive with STARS. Soft puffy clouds move by slowly . We
pass by them into the blanket of stars. Lush with colors
shifting as the galaxy seems to sigh.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT/EXT. BRONCO/FOREST ROAD - SUNNY DAY - CONTINUOUS

10

RED and MANDY speed down a forest road in the BRONCO. Red at
the wheel.

MANDY leans out the open window. She's wearing a t-shirt,
cutoff jeans and flip flops. She smiles softly, hair whipping
in the wind.

They zoom down the wide forest road towards the lake. The
ROAR of wind and engine fills the soundtrack.

The sunlight passes through the trees on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 OMITTED 11 *

12 EXT. LAKE - SUNNY DAY 12

A LITTLE LATER

RED AND MANDY are on a ROW BOAT out on the lake. They relax, drying off in the warm sunlight.

RED has his fishing pole rigged up and jutting over the side waiting for a catch.

They look happy. Drifting.

We zoom slowly out until we are at a

Wide high angle.

The little boat floats there with them in it, far away.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

13 EXT. LAKE SHORE - CAMPSITE - NIGHT 13

FLAMES.

Red sits by the fire of their camp site by the lake, stoking it with a stick.

He looks over. Just at the edges of the fire light Mandy is swimming in the dark glassy water.

Red goes back to tending the fire. Smoke dangling from his mouth. A moment passes.

Red looks up again. Mandy's Theme begins to shimmer on the soundtrack.

Mandy is emerging from the lake. Her body glistening in the light of the fire. Her long hair falling about her bare shoulders. Here and now she looks like a goddess of pure sensuality.

Their eyes meet. The smoke drops from his mouth.

She moves towards him.

FADE TO:

14 EXT. LAKE SHORE - CAMPSITE - DAWN 14

RED is asleep. Mandy is lying there wide awake. The ashes of the fire smolder.

Tree branches sway in a gentle breeze.

She closes her eyes. A faint eerie SOUND in the breeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. LAKE, FOREST - DAWN 15

MANDY walks under the shifting dark shadows of the pine trees.

She sees a pool of bright light and moves toward it. Emerges into a clearing.

The air is thick with pollen and insects and dandelion seeds float in the wind. No trees here, only waist high grass.

The world and MANDY seem to be one. The sunlight on her face, this bloom of light soaked green, the calls of birds.

She spies bent grass, folded over, a trail in the clearing.

A faint BUZZING can be heard.

She walks forward.

The warmness of the scene begins to FADE gradually replaced a BUZZING SOUND.

On the edge of the clearing, in the musty shade there is a LARGE HOLLOW LOG.

THE BUZZING IS OVERWHELMING

And there, the CARCASS OF A STILLBORN DEER

ROTTING at the base of the log. Its BLOODY GUTS hang out of its distended gut. Pulsating with MAGGOTS.

Flies SWARM everywhere.

The sound of buzzing CONSUMES the soundtrack getting louder and LOUDER

SLAM CUT TO:

16 INT/EXT. BRONCO/ROAD - DAY 16

As they DRIVE Mandy gazes out the window still haunted by what she saw in the forest.

FADE TO:

17 EXT. GAS STATION / GENERAL STORE - DAY 17 *

Red and Mandy pull up in the BLAZER in front of the one story cinder block gas station just off the side of a forested main road. *

They get out.

Mandy heads into the store to grab some stuff and Red starts filling up the Bronco with fuel.

Silently behind Red a POLICE CAR pulls up.

ANGLE on the passenger seat: A PORN MAG with the three cans left of a SIX PACK straddling it. *

The door of the car opens. A man gets out.

SHERIFF BARREL a large brutal John Wayne wannabe. There's something off about him. A sadism in his eyes.

He notices Red and starts coming over.

SHERIFF BARREL
Well, well, well, if it isn't Red
Miller.

Red recognizes the voice and his eyes immediately colden.

Barrel kicks the tires on the Bronco.

SHERIFF BARREL (cont'd)
This thing insured?

Red stays put.

RED MILLER
Just filling up that's all.

SHERIFF BARREL
I could cite you for that... but
you're lucky I'm in a good mood
today.

Red bites his tongue.

RED MILLER
Thanks Sheriff.

SHERIFF BARREL
Say, I hear you're shackled up...

Barrel looms closer.

SHERIFF BARREL (cont'd)
...with that little slut Mandy
Bloom.

Red slowly TURNS AROUND TO FACE HIM. Barrel is enjoying this.

SHERIFF BARREL (cont'd)
Seems to me she fucked pretty much
anything with a heartbeat in this
town at one time or another. Kinda
hard to believe she's all married
like to just one man. What with all
the... fucking... and sucking...
she likes to do... so much.

Mandy watches from inside as she pays, concerned

Red is staring at Barrel. His eyes are cold. He is keeping it in check. But inside he is boiling with rage.

SHERIFF BARREL (cont'd)
But when you think about it you
make a perfect couple. A whore and
loser drunk... why you were
practically made for each other.

Red's hand has unconsciously closed into A FIST.

Red looks down.

Barrel has his hand resting casually on his REVOLVER.

SHERIFF BARREL (cont'd)
You may be keeping your shit
together... for now... but a loser
drunk like you is gonna fuck up
sooner or later... it's only a
matter of time. Isn't that right...
Red.

We hear the door jingle and Mandy comes out carrying a shopping bag.

She sees something's up and pauses.

MANDY
What's going on...

Barrel looks her up and down.

SHERIFF BARREL
I was just leaving. Have a nice day
now.

Barrel turns and trudges back towards his patrol car.

Mandy comes over to Red. She puts her hand on his arm.

MANDY
Hey....

Once Barrel is gone Red relaxes a bit...

MANDY (cont'd)
What was that all about?

RED MILLER

Nothing.

FADE TO:

18 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 18

The TV is filled with static. Sound low.

Red and Mandy lie asleep on the couch. Mandy's head rests on his chest.

One of Mandy's most beautiful pieces is framed and hanging on the wall above them.

Red shifts a bit restlessly. Dreaming. Bad dreams.

Mandy's eyes open. She's been thinking.

MANDY

Red... You awake?

Red stirs.

RED MILLER

Yeah baby... What is it...

MANDY

You okay?

RED MILLER

Yeah why...

MANDY

You were having a bad dream.

RED MILLER

Uh huh...

MANDY

What about?

Red thinks about it.

RED MILLER

I can't remember... Sometimes I wonder if we should move away from this place.

MANDY

Where?

RED MILLER

I don't know...

MANDY

I like it here Red... it's peaceful... our little home...

Red smiles a little.

Mandy's eyes drift, remembering something.

MANDY

Did I ever tell you about the Starlings... From when I was a girl?

RED MILLER

No... I don't think so...

Mandy's eyes are a little sad.

MANDY

In the neighborhood where I grew up there were Starlings everywhere. In all the trees. Chirping and playing and flying around. They were so cute. But our neighbor, he hated em. They were always eating the cherries from his cherry trees. One day me and a bunch of the other kids from the neighborhood were playing in this empty lot. He came walking over with a pillow case and a crow bar. There was something moving in the pillow case... like squirming. He made us all gather round, said he had something to show us. We all gathered round and he dumped what was in the pillow case onto the ground. It was a bunch of baby Starlings. Told us he was gonna show us how to kill em. He lifted up the crowbar and brought it down right on the little baby bird... so hard it pushed it right into the ground... it was deep in there... like a little grave...

MANDY (cont'd)
 he handed the crowbar to one of the
 kids and they all took turns...
 killing a starling each...

RED MILLER
 What'd you do...

MANDY
 I just watched... but when it came
 my turn to go... I ran away.

Red squeezed Mandy to comfort her.

RED MILLER
 Come here...

Mandy looks up at Red.

Mandy's eyes fill with tears and she smiles. Red is choking
 up a little too, and smiling.

They embrace each other.

FADE OUT.

19 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - DAY 19

CLOSE on a LOG being SPLIT with a hard crack.

RED is CHOPPING WOOD near the house. His shirt's off and we
 see that he has a few of what appear to be rough and faded
 prison tattoos.

He places one log after another on a stump and brings the AXE
 down splitting fire wood. This is therapy for him.

20 INT/EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - YARD - DAY 20

MANDY is cutting up an apple. She slices up her thumb.
 Flinches.

MANDY
 Godammnit.

She bats the slices into the sink.

She holds up her thumb and inspects it. A large droplet of blood forms at the cut.

Mandy puts her thumb to her mouth and licks it off.

Mandy grabs a fresh full apple from a bowl and karate kicks open the back door.

As she approaches Red senses her and wedges the axe into the chopping block. Wipes the sweat from his brow as he turns around.

RED MILLER

Hi there...

MANDY

Hi...

RED MILLER

That for me?

MANDY

Maybe.

Red smiles.

RED MILLER

Thanks.

She's hesitates.

MANDY

Red...

RED MILLER

Yeah?

MANDY

Why do you never talk about... you know... your life before we met?

Red gets distant. But he suddenly lights up.

RED MILLER

I'm an introvert.

He's deflecting but she lets it slide. She can't help but smile. He's lovable.

MANDY

Well that explains it.

He grins.

MANDY

Well... I'm gonna smoke a bowl...
then head over to work in a bit.

RED MILLER

That's how to do it.

Mandy tosses him the apple and heads back towards the house.

As he watches her go we can see Red regrets not opening up to her. He bites into the apple.

21 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Stoned, Mandy reclines on the couch reading her thick dog eared paperback. The name of the novel is 'Seeker of the Serpents Eye' by Lenora Tor.

Her sketchbook lays open on the coffee table. The pages LUSH with ideas. The evil looking pipe and a Zippo next to it.

Her eyes move dreamily over the pages of the novel...

Close on the printed words. The ink bleeding gently into the pulpy paper stock.

As Mandy reads...

WE DISSOLVE TO:

A DARK FOREST

THICK LIQUID FOG POURS THROUGH THE TREES

MANDY (V.O.)

"...Under the crimson, primordial sky, surrounded by the jagged black rocks of the ancient volcanic mountain, the wretched Warlock reached into the dark embrace of the fissure until his hand touched a smooth glassy surface. Cold as ice. His fist closed around the The Serpent's Eye. Slowly he withdrew it and held it before him in the fading light of the blood red suns. It glowed from within.

MANDY (V.O.) (cont'd)
A ghostly emerald light. Strange
and Eternal."

Mandy wanders out onto the deck...

She leans on the railing gazing out over the FOREST. *

She watches THE THICK BLANKET OF FOG spreads quickly through
 the forest like a SHROUD. *
 *

Dreaming...

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT/EXT. VAN/FORESTED FOGGY ROADWAY - DAY 22

SLOW MOTION. DENSE UNDULATING FOG FILLS THE SCREEN. *

MANDY is walking down the road through the FOG in a summer dress and flip flops. She looks luminous in the strange light of the summer MIST. A Blood Crystal hangs around her neck by a chain.

Out of its depths of the mist in eerie slow motion EMERGES --

A LONG CAB CAMPING VAN, 1977 FORD CHATEAU. CRUISING down a stretch of paved road surrounded by thick forest and tall cliffs. The sequence is cut to the song.

RIDING IN THE VAN ARE -- THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW DAWN. Led by the "Legendary" JEREMIAH SAND. *

They're dressed casually like "cool" camp counselors. Wolves in sheep's clothing.

Driving the VAN is BROTHER SWAN. 40. Sand's conniving and viper like right hand man.

We are introduced to the rest of the group -- sitting in the back are

SISTER RIVER -- 16. Face like a broken doll. She's the "daughter" of Sand and Mother Marlene -- and so much more. Her pretty wavy hair looks like it gets a brushing every day

BROTHER KLOPEK -- 35. A seven foot tall ghoul of a man with a bowl haircut. His eyes are dim but his capacity for cruelty is untold.

BROTHER HANKER -- 28. An aging juvenile delinquent who has finally found a family. He is deceptively unassuming and fiercely loyal to Sand.

SISTER LUCY -- 30. Scrawny blank eyed acid casualty with long stringy hair. The "crazy" one.

TWIN LEWIS AND TWIN LAWRENCE. Pudgy, sullen twins in their early 20s. They're very new to the "family" and still wide eyed tourists.

MOTHER MARLENE -- 44. Sand's "wife". She has the sad distant eyes of a woman who has been forgotten. But cruelty is in her blood.

She looks over at

JEREMIAH SAND. 59. Their leader. Riding in the passenger seat. He seems drugged. Decadent. His skin as tanned and leathery as George Hamilton. His bleach blond, almost white, hair permed into an absurd but sinister curls. He carries himself with vanity and arrogance but there is also a very old bitterness seething in his piercing blue toned eyes.

The VAN CREEPS SLOW down the dirt road.

SLOW MOTION -

Mandy walks lost in a daydream.

SAND lazily turns his head and something catches HIS EYE. THE BLOOD CRYSTAL hanging around her neck GLINTS in a stray sunbeam. The red gliting light flashes.

His sickly gaze slides up from the crystal along her body to her face. She wipes sweat from her brow with her forearm.

Sand becomes by her and WHEN HE DOES the soundtrack is CONSUMED by a nocturnal, rising ORCHESTRAL SWELL of CATAclysmic EMOTION.

The VAN passes her.

CLOSE on SAND. His eyes are LOCKED on MANDY as they move towards her, but she's oblivious to his presence.

We LINGER on Mandy through his eyes GLIDING up her body barely concealed beneath the light cotton dress. And up to her face, her hair moving gently in the breeze.

Mandy happens to look up and their eyes meet. Only for a moment. Locked together in an abysmal eternity. At first she seems fine but slowly her eyes become unsettled.

Sands tongue glides across his dry lips.

Then she's gone. He watches her in the rear view disappearing into the fog.

We HOLD CLOSE on SAND as they drive away, his eyes welling with a strange and horrible new NEED.

THE ORCHESTRAL WAVE continues to rise as we

FADE TO:

23 BLACK SCREEN.

23

Letters move across the screen overlapping and bisecting it like the title sequence of THE DEAD ZONE. Behind the colors of a KALEIDOSCOPE shifting and turning gently.

THE LETTERS FORM INTO A TITLE:

CHILDREN OF THE NEW DAWN

FADE TO:

24 INT. GAS STATION / GENERAL STORE - DAY

24 *

Silence. Mandy is behind the counter at the small general store where she works, reading her book. We hold on her for a moment. The soft sound of the AC and the turning pages of her book.

She's startled by a voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I really like your dress.

Mandy looks up. Across from her is MOTHER MARLENE carrying a basket with a couple of items in it. In this context Mother Marlene looks positively friendly and maternal.

Mandy smiles.

MANDY
Well, thanks.

MOTHER MARLENE
Whatcha reading?

MANDY
A novel.

MOTHER MARLENE
How do you like it?

MANDY
I love it! I think it's Lenora
Tor's best book.

Mother Marlene puts a couple of tomatoes on the counter and a couple of boxes of mac and cheese and a packet of hot dog buns.

Mandy starts ringing them through and bagging them.

MOTHER MARLENE
You have such lovely tomatoes
around here.

MANDY
That's the best thing about living
in the middle of nowhere.

MOTHER MARLENE
I used to grow my own... now I just
buy em at the store. It's not the
same.

MANDY
Me and Red are hoping to build a
green house soon.

MOTHER MARLENE
Who's Red, your Daddy?

MANDY
My boyfriend.

MOTHER MARLENE
Oh yeah... what's he do?

MANDY
He's a sawyerman.

Marlene gives her a quizzical look.

MANDY
Like a logger.

MOTHER MARLENE
Oh!

They laugh a little.

MOTHER MARLENE
Must be a pretty tough guy.

MANDY
Yeah sure... I guess.

*
*

MOTHER MARLENE
You grow up around here?

MANDY
I grew up just outside Beaver
Valley, but I came here when I was
about 16. Ran away to the "big
city".

Mandy laughs her eyes shining. Mother Marlene laughs too,
studying her.

MOTHER MARLENE
I guess you live around here?

MANDY
Yeah we live down near Crystal
Lake.

MOTHER MARLENE
That sounds lovely.

MANDY
Yeah it's pretty nice. I like it
anyway.

MANDY (cont'd)

*

Mandy is starting to get weirded out.

MOTHER MARLENE

It's good to have a strong man to look after you.

MANDY

I suppose...

MOTHER MARLENE

Well good luck with the green house.

MANDY

Thanks.

Mother Marlene collects her bag.

MANDY

Bye now. Have a nice day.

MOTHER MARLENE

See ya later.

MOTHER MARLENE exits, the door jingling. The friendly look on her face slowly fading as she walks away.

Mandy watches her go.

*

The VERY OLD LADY who owns the store pokes her head out from behind a shelf.

*

*

OLD LADY

Who was that?

*

*

MANDY

Nobody.

*

*

OLD LADY

Okay.

*

*

A little uneasy, Mandy gets back to reading her book.

*

FADE TO:

25 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

25

Sand and Marlene lie in bed in a dim seedy motel room. The door to the smoky adjoining room is ajar and we can see the rest of The Children hanging out in there watching TV and milling about.

Sand is moping into his pillow. Marlene puts her hand on his shoulder.

MOTHER MARLENE

What's the matter Jeremiah? Are you alright?

When Sand speaks - his voice is reedy and soft.

SAND

No. I'm not alright.

MOTHER MARLENE

But why? Did I do something wrong?

SAND

Wrong? Everything you do is wrong. The last time you did something right was so long ago I can't even remember what you doing something right looks like.

MOTHER MARLENE

I'm so sorry Jeremiah. Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?

SAND

There is nothing that you can do. It's her. I feel naked without her. Naked. Do you hear me?

MOTHER MARLENE

I...

SAND

I said... do you hear me?

MOTHER MARLENE

Yes, Jeremiah. I hear you.

SAND

(mimicking her)

Yes, Jeremiah. I hear you.

Mother Marlene winces.

SAND (CONT'D)

Really? Because sometimes I don't think you hear anything at all. I'm truly worried about that.

MOTHER MARLENE
Jeremiah... I...

Sand sighs deeply.

SAND
Please just be quiet and go fetch
me Brother Swan.

MOTHER MARLENE
Okay... I'll --

Sand's entire body tenses and constricts. Marlene pulls away instinctively.

SAND
I. Said. Go. Fetch. Me. Bruh-ther.
Swannnn.

Mother Marlene slides carefully off the bed and into the other room.

A moment later Brother Swan comes in. He walks quietly over to the bed and kneels down close to Sand.

Jeremiah's eyes are closed. He opens them and sees Swan. His body relaxes.

SAND (CONT'D)
Ahhhh. There you are.

Swan looks at Sand with total respect and admiration.

SWAN
What can I do for you Jeremiah?

SAND
I need you to get me that girl. I
need her. I need her now.

SWAN
I will.

SAND
Do whatever it takes. Leave nothing
to chance. I need this.

SWAN
Consider it done, Jeremiah.

SAND
Bring me the Horn of Abraxas.

Swan digs through a duffel bag and pulls out a gnarled wooden box. Inside swaddled in cloth is an OBJECT.

Swan hands the object to Sand who gently parts cloth REVEALING an eleven inch HORN. Twisted Ceylon Ebony. Intricately carved. It feels cursed to the glance.

Swan's eyes widen at the rare sight of it.

SAND
You know what to do.

SWAN
Yes...

Swan nods. He takes The Horn of Abraxas reverently. It's attached to a leather cord and he hangs it gently around his neck.

SAND (CONT'D)
I knew I could count on you.

Sand reaches out and caresses Swan's face tenderly.

SAND (CONT'D)
I can always count on you... buddy.

Swan reaches over and clasps Sand's hand.

SWAN
Thank you Jeremiah. Nothing gives me greater pleasure.

Swan gets up.

SAND (CONT'D)
Good. Before you go, send in Sister River. I need something pretty to play with.

SWAN
Yes Jeremiah. I will.

Swan goes into the other room. We hear talking. A moment later Sister River is ushered in. River shrinks towards the bureau trying not to be noticed.

SAND

River... Come over here... Let me see you.

River walks over and climbs on to the bed and Jeremiah wraps his arms around her. He pushes his face into her neck and hair, smelling her.

SAND

You smell so good.

SISTER RIVER

I...

Jeremiah cruelly clutches her hair and neck.

River tries to pull away but this only makes his grasp more violent.

SAND

You shut your filthy little mouth and do not speak unless you are spoken to. Do you understand?

River nods slowly her eyes filling with tears.

Sand twists her face towards his and forces her mouth open as he jams his yellowed tongue into her mouth and kisses her greedily. He whispers in her ear.

SAND

I'm gonna hump you raw.

Swan watches through a crack in the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

26

INT. VAN / EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - NIGHT

26

The Children's camper van is parked in a gnarled clearing surrounded by deep dark forest at the end of a long winding dirt road. The moon is almost full.

Swan, Brother Hanker and the hulking Brother Klopek get out and look around. Swan looks nervous.

BROTHER HANKER

You sure this is the right place?

SWAN

Yes of course I am.

Swan hesitantly raises The Horn of Abraxas to his lips.

He pauses then he begins to play. A strange, eerie series of notes.

Swan lowers the flute and glances into the dark, frightened.

He raises the horn and plays the notes two more times.

The sound echoes off into the darkness seeming to take on a life of its own within the lightless shadows.

BROTHER HANKER

What now?

SWAN

Now we wait.

We follow as Swan, Hanker and Klopek as they saunter back to the van and get in. Swan slowly closes the door and the metal whines and then clicks.

The night is deathly silent and we can hear every tiny sound.

Hanker adjusts his seat. It creaks.

Swan rolls down the drivers side window. Each turn of the hand crank grinding and whining. Klopek breaths audibly through his mouth like a dog.

Swan leans back. Caresses The Flute nervously.

A few moments pass as we sit here with them listening to Klopek breath. Swan staring into the darkness with anticipation.

Then -

BROTHER HANKER

How long do we -

SWAN

Shhh!

Swan looks out the window.

SWAN

Listen.

In the distance we hear the sound of faint - ROARING.

GUTTURAL ENGINES - and they are approaching. Slowly they grow louder and louder -

Swan nods to Hanker who grabs a knapsack. They get out of the van and stand waiting.

Within a breath A PACK OF FIVE MOTOR BIKES, MATTE BLACK BOBBERS, roar into the clearing kicking up dust and revving their engines at an infernal volume.

Then slow to a crawl and stop about twenty feet from the van.

They are driven by shadowy figures dressed entirely in black. Leather. Aberrant road armor. Long Stringy hair. Dark helmets.

These are THE BLACK SKULLS. Skin as pale as the surface of the moon. More like Harkonnen marauders than a biker gang. As much demons as men.

SKRATCH, the leader, his polished metal helmet has eyes painted on it's opaque face plate. He appears to be BLIND. SCABS, his rotting greasy haired lieutenant. SPIDER, a spindly rail thin demon. FUCK PIG a slovenly fat beast, but with the powerful build of a sumo wrestler. (He alone rides a modified QUAD WHEEL ATV). Scabs' bike has a sidecar. In it sits a strange female skull - SIS. Head hung. Face obscured by long greasy black hair. She clutches a shotgun. Their bodies glistening as if soaked in motor oil. But they appear shadowed and enshrouded and we never get a clear look at them. Ever.

THE BLACK SKULLS. Hell spawned super freaks playing out a ritual only they can understand.

They kill their engines and the clearing is suddenly eerily silent. Lit now only by the light of the moon.

SKRATCH dismounts and approaches. His boots crunching on the stoney earthen floor. The others lurk, watching from the dark.

He comes within spitting distance of Swan. Tilts his head expectantly at him.

His thin black lips part into a sickly smile revealing pointy rotting teeth.

Swan is about to speak when

SUDDENLY

The Skull's arm whips out and grabs Swan around the back of the head bringing him close.

Klopek begins to step up but Swan raises his hand telling him to back down.

SKRATCH leans in.

His other hand rises. The tips of his black gloves pointy and sharp. He runs the tip of his finger down Swan's cheek drawing a thin sliver of blood.

SKRATCH
Blood... for... blood.

His teeth part and a wet tongue extrudes from within the cavern of his mouth. He licks up an engorged droplet of blood from the surface of Swan's quivering face.

SKRATCH releases Swan. Cautiously Swan steps back and motions to Hanker who kneels down and unzips the backpack. From inside he extracts a sealed MASON JAR full of murky grey fluid.

He hands one to Swan. Swan unscrewed the lid and cautiously hands it to Skcratch.

Skratch takes the jar surprisingly delicately. Raises it to his face and smells the fluid deeply.

He licks his lips then GUZZLES it down. All of it, in two or three gulps.

A wave passes over him, his head falls, and he drops the empty jar to the ground.

Swan watches trying to stifle his growing terror.

Then the SKULL slowly raises his head. He stares into Swans eyes unfeelingly.

SKRATCH (CONT'D)
Mooorrrre...

The Skull takes an aggressive step towards him.

Swan grabs The Horn of Abraxas and raises it. It - GLINTS BRIGHTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT.

SKRATCH twitches at the "sight" of it. Surprisingly stepping back. Sickened.

Swan smiles smugly.

SWAN
First thing's first.

CUT TO:

27 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 27

Fat home made sausages fry in a pan.

Red and Mandy cook in the kitchen together. Making mashed potatoes.

RED MILLER
Why did the hobo sleep under the
tanker truck?

Mandy smiles, rolling her eyes.

MANDY
Why?

RED MILLER
Cause he wanted to wake up oily.

MANDY
That's so stupid.

But she can't help herself and bursts out laughing. Red smiles with satisfaction and breaks up too.

FADE TO:

28 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

Red and Mandy watch a re-run of Three's Company while they eat their dinner. The episode where Mister Firley eavesdrops on Jack and Chrissy putting up a shower curtain and thinks they're having sex.

MANDY
I love this show.

RED
Mister Firly...

They smile as they keep watching and eating.

FADE TO:

29 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, DECK - NIGHT 29

Red is smoking. Looking out over the dark valley. He feels uneasy but doesn't know why. Probably nothing.

He flicks his smoke over the balcony and goes inside.

FADE TO:

30 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 30

Red and Mandy lay asleep. It's a sweltering summer night.

31 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 31

The house sits cozily in the moonlight. The porchlight glowing warmly. The crickets chirp busily in the distance.

Slowly we begin to PAN towards the FOREST.

We STOP staring into the dark woods ahead.

Then

We begin to ZOOM IN. Past the treeline.

The ZOOM comes to an end like a gravestone being lodged into the soil. The DEEPEST WOOFER HIT known to man blasts us as we see standing in the shadows -- a sliver of moonlight across his face -- BROTHER SWAN. Hanker and Klopek at his heels.

DARK MUSIC REVERBERATES as SEVERAL MORE SHADOWY FIGURES step into view behind him. THE BLACK SKULLS. SKRATCH, SCABS and SPIDER. Dark silhouettes, wiry and demonic.

They walk forth.

Behind them in a sliver of moon are The Children. They are terrified.

FADE TO:

32 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT

32

SPIDER creeps, with eerie fluidity, through an open window entering the house like LARGE BLACK ARACHNID.

We PULSE in and out of DARKNESS like the beating of a demonic heart.

FADE TO

FUCK PIG moves silently through the dark house, running his bony fingers over their belongings.

FADE TO

RED and MANDY asleep, in a bedroom full of blue moonlight. Mandy sleeps restlessly. Having a nightmare. Soaked in sweat.

FADE TO

MANDY'S EYES slowly open.

*

FADE TO

The Skulls loom around over the exposed, vulnerable bodies of Red and Mandy. Unnaturally silent.

FADE TO

RED WAKES INTO TERROR.

FADE TO

Ghostly sharp nailed hands cover Mandy's face as she silently screams.

FADE TO

RED STRUGGLING WITH THE SKULLS BUT THEY OVERWHELM HIM AND BEAT HIM DOWN.

FADE TO

The Skulls drag them screaming through the house. They are fighting with all their might but it's no use.

FADE TO

RED and MANDY lie on the floor of the living room stomach down facing each other. Tied. This is the last time they will ever look into each others eyes.

Tears pour from Mandy's eyes. Full of terror.

Red watches as they gag her and tie her hands, close enough to feel her panicked breathing.

Swan and Hanker are in the house now. Swan moves to Mandy and runs his hands over her inspecting her like a piece of meat.

Fuck Pig is caressing his crotch and licking his greasy lips as he looks down at Mandy. He starts to move towards her.

Swan spots him, snaps at him as if commanding a dog.

SWAN

NO!

Fuck Pig grunts wetly, enraged but SCABS puts his hand on his chest, and he succumbs.

Red's eyes are pulsing with helpless rage. He looks at his hunting rifle mounted above the fire place. Racks his brain how to get to it.

SCABS sees him notice it. Takes it down off the wall and walks over to Red.

Mandy watches as he SLAMS the stock hard into RED's face, knocking him cold.

She hears shrill screaming and sobbing and looks up to the window and her eyes explode in fresh terror.

Outside SKRATCH stands looking in at her with his covered blind eyes. But she can feel that he sees her. His mouth is stretched in a sickening rictus of a smile.

Klopek is dragging one of the twins, TWIN LAWRENCE, towards Skcratch. Lawrence is shrieking and sobbing like a child.

TWIN LEWIS watches red faced with delight. He shrieks angrily at Lawrence.

TWIN LEWIS
I'm special now! I'm the special
one! You stupid goof!

Lawrence blubbers and weeps as Skatches arms fold around him in a sepulchral embrace. He smells his blond locks. And then they fade backwards into the darkness.

Suddenly Scabs is leaning close to Mandy. His face looms close. He whispers to her a secret...

SCABS
I am doomed...

Mandy's eyes roll back in her head and mercifully, unconsciousness takes her.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of Skull engines ROARING UNHOLY and fading into the distance as we

SLOW FADE IN.

33 INT. RED & MANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

33

CLOSE on Mandy as she comes to.

We see she's still gagged as she raises her head a bit and slowly looks around. Fighting the instinct to panic.

We hold CLOSE on her she tries to get her bearings. Only the strangely prosaic sounds of MARLENE and LUCY busy in the kitchen around her.

MOTHER MARLENE

(off screen)

No River - You've got to let them cool.

SISTER LUCY

Looks like she's awake.

Now we see the room. Mandy at the kitchen table, gagged. Hands and feet tightly bound.

She is still wearing her nightgown. Sister River sits down across the table from her and stares.

SISTER LUCY

Took ya long enough.

MOTHER MARLENE turns to Mandy.

MOTHER MARLENE

Sister Lucy made treats. D'ya like treats?

Sister Lucy smiles at Mandy hatefully.

MOTHER MARLENE

She is a really great cook.

Mandy says nothing. Eyes boiling with confusion and terror.

MOTHER MARLENE

Don't worry, those scary men are gone now. They got what they came for... And they're gone.

Mandy and Marlene look at each other. Marlene is nonplussed.

MOTHER MARLENE

I guess you're wondering where your hubby is. Don't you worry he's just fine... and he'll stay that way as long as you're a good girl and do as you're told.

Mandy stares at Marlene intensely.

Suddenly Marlene marches over and slaps her hard across the face.

MOTHER MARLENE

Do you understand me?

Mandy chokes back her rage and nods reluctantly.

MOTHER MARLENE

You know, he thinks you're so special, and I hope you realize what that means. The responsibility is on you, buster.

Marlene goes over and angrily digs through her bag.

MOTHER MARLENE

Well you're awake now so it's just about time.

34 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, YARD - NIGHT

34

RED -- Rusty BARBED WIRE has him tied to a CHAIN LINK FENCE by his wrists. He is on his knees. His ankles are bound by laundry wire, so tightly he can no longer feel his feet.

He can see the moonlit silhouette of the house.

Only a single warm GLOW comes from the KITCHEN WINDOW. The dark shape of the house looks like a gravestone.

He GASPS, desperate, through a dirty rag shoved in his mouth, held in place by barbed wire wrapped around his head.

The FENCE RATTLES once more with his twitches of pain and panic. Every time he moves the barbs dig in tighter.

He fights against the adrenaline in his body. His face is battered, caked in dried blood.

His immediate surroundings: the remnants of previous homeowners. A rusty and bent SWING SET, the seat swinging in the breeze. A section of CHAIN LINK fence that folds into the weeds, and a picnic table.

A cloud of hot breath exits Red's mouth.

35 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

35

Marlene finishes extracting some things from her bag and laying them out on the kitchen table.

She produces a MASON JAR wrapped in cloth. She unwraps it and places it on the table. A strange murky and cloudy jar bottomed with compacted dark soil and oily liquids.

She unscrews it ever so gently.

She inserts a DROPPER into the brim full fluid and extracts a portion.

Mandy's arms twist against the restraints. The knot is resolute. Mandy tries to push off the floor. Sister River watches doe eyes and stunned from across the table.

Mandy is truly terrified. Her breathing is shallow. She jostles against the chair.

MOTHER MARLENE

Hold her.

Lucy stands beside Mandy and holds the chair down. Marlene grabs Mandy by the hair and pulls her head back.

She gets nice and close with the filled dropper.

Mandy struggles, refusing to open her eyes.

MOTHER MARLENE

Open... Open...

Sister Lucy pries Mandy's terrified eye open.

Grey mucousy LIQUID gushes down the glass cylinder as the RUBBER STOPPER squeezes. The liquid POOLS into tense quivering blobs and falls -

Right INTO Mandy's eye.

It burns and Mandy gasps - blinking and clenching her eyes helplessly.

MOTHER MARLENE

Very good.

Marlene licks the dropper clean and lays it down.

Now - she produces a large pair of veterinary tweezers. Reaches into the jar. Fishes around until she finds what she's looking for.

SLOWLY the tweezers escape the lips of the jar, so very careful not to touch the sides, revealing a MONSTROUS BLACK WASP.

An exotic monster harvested from the most forbidden reaches of the darkest jungle, brewed in a psychoactive concoction of its own fluids and other chemicals.

Glistening Black, honeycomb eyes, quivering mandibles, and a twitching hooked and barbed stinger. As the air hits it begins to writhe in the clutch of the tweezers, its wings vibrations a low ghostly thrum.

Mandy really starts to panic and seize in the chair.

Lucy twists Mandy's hair around her fist and pulls her head back.

Mandy stops moving. Breathing shallow.

River puts her hands over her eyes.

MARLENE reaches forward with the tweezers.

MOTHER MARLENE
Now just hold still...

With the precision and attitude of an older sister piercing an ear she sets it just close enough just above the bulging artery on her neck

The WASP writhes. Marlene squeezes just a delicate touch. It twitches -

The STINGER jabs into MANDY'S jugular vein. The WASP twitches terrified and drives it in deeper, pumping it's venom.

River flinches at the sight.

The wasp sputters in a death spiral.

The sensation is SEARINGLY PAINFUL but she chokes back her scream in a guttural roar that barely comes out. Refusing to give them the satisfaction.

Her breathing SLOWS as something comes over her.

LUCY relaxes her grip. Gently lowers Mandy's head. It flops forward.

MANDY weakly raises her gaze, her pupils dilating as Lucy strokes her cheeks, her hair, tenderly.

MOTHER MARLENE

I like to call that... The Cherry
On Top.

Sister Lucy takes Mandy's lolling head into her hands. Marlene drops the dead wasp into the trash bin.

SISTER LUCY

We are but a beautiful dream. A
dream that HE is having right now.

Lucy leans forward into Mandy's face.

SISTER LUCY

Won't you join us in that dream?

A STRANGE DISTURBING TONE BEGINS TO FILL THE SOUNDTRACK AND CONTINUES OVER...

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. RED & MANDY'S HOME - HALLWAY

36

The SISTERS lead Mandy down the hallway. Her hands are still bound but now in front of her, clasped. As they walk the house FILLS with a STRANGE CRIMSON LIGHT. ACIDIC YELLOW streaming in through the once darkened windows.

Mandy stares, wide eyed, as the world around her changes.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - CHAIN LINK FENCE - NIGHT

37

RED struggles against his restraints violently. His wrists and ankles go bloody from the friction.

RED looks at the house. Realizes he MUST FREE HIMSELF. TWISTING AGAINST HIS BONDS - every movement agony.

DISSOLVE TO:

MANDY seated in a chair in the center of the room.

The CHILDREN lounge about the room as if they own the place. The girls join them.

It is clear from their ABNORMALLY DILATED PUPILS that all have partaken in a dose of ceremonial wasp sauce.

JEREMIAH SAND comes casually into the room. His hair looks freshly blow dried and he's wearing only a casual silken robe worn loosely exposing his chest - and the strange flute around his neck.

He is carrying a record LP. He places it by the record player.

SAND

I'm sorry for all this fuss and
muss but when I saw you on the road
the other day you called out
silently to me and I listened.

Mandy tries not to look at him.

SAND

Look at me.

She does not.

Sand's mask breaks momentarily.

SAND

LOOK AT ME!

She slowly looks up. Eyes filled with rage.

SAND

And tell me... what do you see?

Mandy is high as hell. She can barely control her breathing. Her eyes are wild and filled with tears. She stares right at him.

MANDY

I see... the reaper fast
approaching...

This fazes Sand. He ignores her and continues.

SAND (CONT'D)

You know, He wants His children to
love one another.

He crosses the room and sets something down by the stereo.

He turns the power knob on the HIFI and it HUMS into vacuum
tube powered life.

SAND

I find He allows me to express that
love in many ways... and one of
those ways is music.

He flips through Red and Mandy's record collection casually.

SAND

You sold your soul to rock n'
roll... Not so much music as mere
noise.

Sand pulls out one record and inspects the picture of the
band inside the gatefold.

SAND

Those are the ugliest chicks I've
ever seen.

MANDY

Those aren't chicks... That's
Motley Crue.

Sand makes a face and tosses it aside.

SAND

Do you like the Carpenters? I think
they're sensational. But this... is
even better.

He picks up the record he brought in and unsheaths it. Sets
the LP upon the turntable and gracefully preps the stylus.
Thick burr of SOUND as the needle lays onto the slowly
rotating grooves of the vinyl.

PAN PIPES AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR ooze from the speakers.

He stands in front of Mandy. He shows her the sleeve of the
LP.

It's his OWN RECORD. A younger, glamorized SAND with the same hairstyle but longer, backlit by star flares, sitting with an acoustic guitar on the COVER. His eyes smug. A smirk upon his not yet calcsified face. The title declares him - 'JEREMIAH'.

SAND

What do you think?

MANDY

I...

He puts his hand up cutting her off.

SAND

Wait! It's about to start.

His quivering soft voice emanates from the SPEAKERS -

SINGER'S VOICE

Jeremiah Sand
Was a righteous man
Whose heart was full of love ...
He travelled the land like the
drifting sands
Searching for a dove ...

It is AGONIZINGLY EMOTIONAL Folk Music.

SAND joins in the record, singing along with his younger self. Eyes rolling back in his head as he caresses his bare chest lovingly.

Then there's an instrumental lull in the song. Sand kneels before Mandy. He takes her bound hands in his. He gazes into her eyes unblinking.

SAND

I was ready to stand tall with the
great grand glittering ones but
those... scumbags... couldn't see a
radiant golden light even as it was
cast right down upon them.
Thankfully He showed me another
path. The path I had always truly
been destined for... something
greater than mere fame and fortune.

We are close on SAND. As he speaks we MATCH DISSOLVE back and forth to a close up of Mandy. She too, preternaturally, does not blink. Their eyes matched.

Slowly, hypnotically we pulse back and forth like the somnolenscent beating heart of the devil himself.

SAND (CONT'D)

When I was at the bottom of the pit screaming in the darkness, wracked with unspeakable pain, for having been denied all that was rightfully mine... He graced me with his light. His hot loving light. It flowed over me like the pulse of a timeless wave. A wave of pure heat. A mainline of pure and total acceptance. And he talked to me. Addressed me as a friend. He said... Jeremiah they were wrong... and you are right... So right. He blessed me with his holy kiss and gave me his warmest and deepest permission to go out into this world and TAKE what is very much mine... all of it mine. My wants. My needs. My pleasure. He showed me that those things... are the most holy sacraments that exist on the face of this wretched and cursed earth.... And those who are lucky enough to come in contact with my radiance... my children... can bathe in the satisfaction... and the ecstasy... of knowing that they are truly looked upon fondly by Him... And that their eternal souls are forever in His favor.

Sand slowly leans back. He looks her over.

SAND

You know, I've been blessed to know the comfort of many women but there are few that have had your radiance... You're a special one Mandy. That I can feel to the very core of all that is me. Not least because you have been noticed by and chosen by Jeremiah. Me. I too am a special one. Let us be so very special together.

Clutching her bound hands.

SAND (CONT'D)

Be gentle. Like me.

The song floods with pan pipes. He stands

Mandy stares in shock and horror at Sand --

He stands before her naked, proudly displaying his flaccid penis.

MANDY

You made... this song...

SAND

Yes... I did.

MANDY

And... it's about you...

Sand beams. He strokes his limp cock. It won't get hard.

SAND

Yes... It is.

Mandy looks incredulous.

SAND

It's my... masterpiece.

Then...

The RECORD STARTS SKIPPING -

'a dove... a dove... a dove...'

Sand yanks frantically on his limpid member. To no avail.

Gradually

Mandy laughs. Very quietly at first.

Her laughter grows. A natural, real laugh.

'a dove... a dove... a dove...'

SAND looks down at himself. For the first time in memory a wave of shame courses through his body. His bubble of illusion has been burst and he feels truly naked and exposed.

His shame quickly transforms into anger. Ugly rage.

He looks around at his flock.

SAND
Don't you fucking look at me!

They all keep looking. Stunned.

'a dove... a dove... a dove...'

MANDY LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY totally overwhelmed by the hilarity, the insanity, of it -

SAND (CONT'D)
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

THE CHILDREN look mortified. They're seeing themselves through her eyes and they don't like what they see.

Mandy's reached the end of her rope. She mutters incredulously UNDER HER BREATH -

MANDY
Fuck... this...

We surge into NIGHTMARISH SLOW MOTION as

Mandy looks up, eyes on fire.

Mandy bolts from the chair and runs for her life.

39 INT. MANDY AND RED'S HOME - HALLWAY - CRIMSON NIGHT 39

Mandy hits the hall as a wave of dizziness washes over her.

Mandy moves down the narrow hall steadying herself against the wall. She is groggy and rubber legged from the wasp venom but she manages to find the will to move. Anywhere but there.

The SAME LOOP OF SKIPPING FOLK SONG repeats over and OVER AND OVER - echoing into infinity.

40 EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - CHAINLINK FENCE - NIGHT 40

RED's head lolls, exhausted by pain and exertion.

A billowing cloud of cool breath hisses from the gag in his mouth flared by moonlight.

41 INT. RED & MANDY'S HOME - HALLWAY - CRIMSON NIGHT 41

MANDY flees down the length of a hallway - she barely moves in place.

The LOOPING GUITAR, stuck forever in this moment.

The CHILDREN looming towards her.

42 EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - CHAINLINK FENCE - NIGHT 42

RED STRAINS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT -

The chainlinks FLEX but do not break.

His muscles push to a point where it seems like they might tear themselves apart.

43 INT. RED & MANDY'S HOME - HALLWAY - CRIMSON NIGHT 43

Mandy moves down the corridor which becomes narrower and narrower bottle necking into one door. Her own home an unfamiliar nightmare maze.

She opens the door. A black void beyond. She fumbles for a light switch. Finds it but the bulb is dead.

She steps cautiously into the dark. Finds a step. But it bends under her.

We snap back into 24 FPS as -

She slips and slides brutally down the flight of stairs into the dark concrete basement.

She lands hard. Her ankle and wrist twisted. She manages to get up, moving on a wounded leg.

Behind her

We hear the stylus get loudly torn off the record. Shouting. Overlapping voices.

Turning back she sees shadows at the top of the stairs. They cannot see her yet.

Mandy moves into the dark.

SWAN
 (off screen)
 Yoooooooooooo Hoooooooooooooooooooo....

Mandy moves as quickly as she can deeper into the small seemingly labyrinthine chambers of the basement, trying to control her breathing.

The space is a nightmare cluster of pipes, insulation and strange discarded objects.

She hears the creaking wood as their feet descend the stairs.

Faintly, in the corner of a small storage room, she sees a FREEZER BOX.

A strange WHEEZING RATTLING coming from inside.

A FLASHLIGHT flares on and the ghoulish face of MOTHER MARLENE probes the darkness, other figures behind her.

Mandy opens the lid.

Luckily the lamp is burned out. In the faint light she can barely see clumps of rounded old ice. Bags of frozen vegetables. Vacuum sealed meats.

She slowly climbs in, trying not to make a sound. Silently closes the lid.

She hears her own BREATHING. Tries to subdue it.

Within the freezer, sounds outside are vague rumbles, echoes.

SWAN
 (off screen)
 Maaaaaannnnnddyyyyyyy.....

Slowly the lid creaks as it begins to OPEN. Light SPILLS in.

Here she is now, at the bottom of the world, frozen, bathed in harsh white light, on a bed of packaged peas and carrots and tater tots. She SHIVERS. Billowing foggy condensation rises like mist around her.

Huddled and shaking, eyes wild with horror and desolation.

They look down upon her.

Mandy begins to scream with pure ravenous terror.

44 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, BACKYARD - NIGHT 44

RED hears Mandy. His eyes flood with helpless rage.

He tries again to free himself. With nothing left. But the more he strains against his bonds the deeper they dig into his flesh.

Then, the screaming stops. Red listens for a sound. Hope draining from his eyes.

SLOW FADE OUT.

45 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT 45

Sand is alone in the bathroom. Sitting on the closed toilet lid. He's shaken and this disturbs him deeply.

Sand gets up. He runs some water and splashes it on his face. He looks up into his own reflection.

SAND

Tell me what to do.

He stares deeply into his own eyes.

SAND

Tell me... what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do. Tell me what to do...

He keeps going until gradually the fear and uncertainty in his eyes transforms into a dead eyed stare.

SAND

You fucking whore. You're finished. Whore.

He smiles a sickly smile, delighted at having found his answer.

46 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, YARD - NIGHT 46

Red looks up as -

Sand and Swan come out of the house and stride towards him purposefully. Sister Lucy following behind.

SAND

You and that ugly little whore
think you're so in love. I'll show
you love. Lucy.

*

The crazed girl approaches. Sand brushes her chin gently. He leans in and whispers in her ear.

She nods and smiles. Swan pulls a pearl handled .38 pistol from his waistband and dumps all but one of the bullets in the cylinder out. Snaps it shut. Hands it to Lucy.

SAND

Kneel.

She kneels in front of Red, level with him.

SAND (CONT'D)

Show him how much you love me,
Lucy.

Smiling, she puts the gun to her temple.

Sand leans in and whispers in her ear.

Lucy smiles looking deeply into Red's eyes.

CLICK.

The gun dry fires.

No bullet.

Red flinches. Lucy's eyes gleam. Tears pour down her face as she laughs joyfully. Swan snatches the gun from her, a little disappointed.

Red looks at Sand with pure hatred. Sand notes his reaction.

SAND

Another pearl wasted before swine.

Sand shakes his head.

Sand puts out his hand expectantly and Swan hands him a
creepy looking DAGGER

*
*

SWAN

Take a good look numbskull...
That's The Tainted Blade of the
Pale Night. Straight from The
Abyssal Layer.

*
*
*
*

SAND

You poor stupid pigs. Born without
souls.

Sand leans over and cups Red's face in his hands and squeezes the skin tight in frustration and rage.

SAND

Condemning you to hell will at
least make you eternal. You really
should thank me.

Sand whispers in Red's ear.

SAND
You know what Jesus' big mistake
was? He didn't offer up a sacrifice
in his stead.

Sand SUDDENLY without ceremony slides the DAGGER deep between *
Red's ribs. Withdraws the blade just as quickly.

Red groans through his gag as a stream of blood pours from
the wound.

Sand recoils, hands the dagger to Swan in exchange for a
cloth. He wipes his hands.

SAND
We wasted The Chemists finest on
your whore. But I think you both
shall see the cleansing power of
fire cannot be reasoned with. Bring
the slut.

Sand wipes his bloody hands off casually with a cloth.

SAND (CONT'D)
... and make him watch.

SWAN hollers towards the house -

SWAN
BRING HER!

A moment of horrible uncertainty.

And then

The back door slowly opens.

KLOPEK EMERGES. Dragging something over his shoulder by a
chain.

The remaining Children follow KLOPEK and dance around him
like they're following a haycart to the fair. He smiles
dully.

On the end of the chain something trails behind him, sliding
along the grass and dirt.

Panic surges anew through Red's nervous system like a wave of
poison.

The SOUNDTRACK EXPLODES INTO MUSIC. DARK THROBBING PULSES OF RELIGIOUS TERROR.

A SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE OF PRIMAL RAGE AND HORROR BEGINS

As they draw nearer his fears come true - ankles bound, it is MANDY, bound up in a SLEEPING BAG.

RED strains against his bonds -

The barbs dig into his flesh. Blood streams down from his arms, his torso, his wrists, his cheeks.

They reach the yard and Klopek throws the chain over the top of the SWING SET. Heaves her up until she dangles by her ankles.

Tears pour down Red's face.

She rocks gently in the breeze on the chain. Unconscious.

BROTHER HANKER opens a GAS CAN and starts to DOUSE Mandy in the pungent fluid, until she is soaked through.

RED bleeds. Strains. Eyes wide with TERROR and RAGE. Close to blacking out.

Sand studies Red as he watches Swan LIGHT A MATCH and IGNITE HER. The flames spread with LIQUID SPEED across her entire body.

The only sounds are the building ROAR of the FLAMES and a MUSIC of TOTAL APOCALYPTIC INTENSITY.

Red looks away to see

A TRACK IN ON

Each member of the CHILDREN as they watch ENTHRALLED as MANDY BURNS -- seeing their individual private reactions to this atrocity. They are *ENJOYING* it. The images of their faces burned into our minds and Red's rage filled heart.

Suddenly

As MANDY'S body burns she AWAKENS -- starts thrashing on the end of the chain.

The Children smile and laugh with delight.

The cloth dissolves MELTING into her skin. IMMOLATING her.

Tears and blood pour down RED'S face as HE SCREAMS.

MANDY SCREAMS.

But we cannot hear them.

CUT TO BLACK.

47 EXT. MANDY & RED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

47

SLOW FADE IN ON

The shadows of trees bend to a softly gathering wind. The sky howls for a moment like a crashing wave.

Red manages to lift his head to see The Children of the New Dawn milling outside the house.

Then he falls unconscious.

They load up into their passenger van in the middle of the night. They carry sleeping bags and snacks, some bits of loot from the house, like they're off on a camping trip.

SAND
(impatiently)
Let's gooo!

Sand clambers into the van, surveying the house and the smoldering ruins of the pyre nearby. He looks exhausted.

Swan takes the TWIN LEWIS aside.

SWAN
Jeremiah is very pleased with how you have conducted yourself this evening. You're a man now.

Lewis smile awkwardly.

TWIN LEWIS
Thank you sir.

SWAN
You watch over that animal now. Jeremiah wants him to bleed out slow. When he's done burn it all and find your way back home. Then you will truly be one of us.

TWIN LEWIS
Thank you sir. I will.

SWAN
It won't be an easy task, but it
will be a worthwhile one. I'm so
very proud of you. We all are.

Swan caresses is face then steps into the driver's seat and
slams the door.

SAND
Let's get going. I'm so tired.

Some folk music comes on the radio as the van rolls off down
the driveway.

Swan smirks with delight.

SWAN
That stupid porker will never find
us.

SAND
He couldn't find his nose in a
mirror.

Sand and Swan share a chuckle.

LEWIS watches sullenly as the van goes.

He looks over at Red and sighs. Mutters something and
shuffles off into the house.

We move in on RED.

He sits against the fence. Hunched like an animal. It's quiet
now. Almost peaceful.

His eyes open. He longs for Mandy. To hold her. To speak to
her.

He lifts his head and looks up at his bonded hands.

He begins to work his already ravaged left hand against the
wires.

The pain is excruciating. Fresh rivulets of blood pour down
his taught forearm. The wire tears at his flesh. His eyes
roll back. He clenches his teeth stifling a scream. He
musters all his will power, all his remaining strength -

And then suddenly - his hand is finally free. He exhales and slumps, exhausted.

48 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 48

TWIN LEWIS sits in front of the tv changing channels as distorted colors and blooms of static wash over his face. He gets bored quickly and changes channels more rapidly.

49 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT 49

Red sees a pair of RUSTY GARDEN SHEARS in the tall grass nearby. He reaches for them. *

50 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 50

Twin Lewis shovels potato chips into his mouth while watching a tractor pull television program.

Lewis hears something from outside.

He stands and moves towards the sliding glass doors of the tv room.

He opens the sliding glass door. We follow him as he walks out into the yard.

Looks around. Sees nothing. Silence. Lewis gives up. Wants to be inside. *

TWIN LEWIS

Goof -

Turns around quickly and walks back -

SLAMS into the NOW CLOSED sliding glass door.

He bounces back shell shocked. Hands going to his face.

TWIN LEWIS

Oweeeeeee!

RED suddenly moves out of the shadows behind him and plunges the garden shears into Lewis's collar -- severing his artery and shattering his clavicle.

We watch from behind the sliding glass door as it is coated in blood. Lewis's panicked, breathless shrieks muffled by the glass. *

He tries to run from Red and keeps running into the glass and bouncing off it till he collapses in a twitching dead heap on the deck.

Red looks down at him, bathed in red light. His eyes are dead with exhaustion.

51 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOUSE, YARD - NIGHT 51

Red staggers to the edge of the PYRE. He falls to his knees and digs through the HOT ASHES with his BARE HANDS. *

He grimaces but the pain is nothing now.

Gently he brushes away burning embers to reveal MANDY'S BLACKENED, WITHERED REMAINS.

His skin sears and smoke rises from his fingers. Ripples of heat rise up, shimmering around him.

He kneels in the circular pit of ash and slowly lifts her from the pyre - and as he does a wind begins to blow.

The ashes of her form BLOW AWAY leaving him grasping at nothing.

52 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - NIGHT 52

He opens the glass door tentatively and steps into the house. Everybody is gone. Everything is gone.

Red looks alien now, standing in his own home.

53 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT 53

RED comes in and lies on the bed. Trying to pretend nothing happened.

He closes his eyes.

54 EXT. FIELD - DUSK 54

ROTOSCOPE ANIMATION. *

MANDY. *

*Her back to us, is standing in a beautiful field of tall grass bathed in the light of the setting sun. **

*The sky is burning with orange and purple. **

*Her hair moves in a gentle breeze, the last rays of the sun shining through it. **

CLOSER *

*MANDY starts to turn around to face. We want to see her face one last time. **

*She turns backlit by the setting sun. **

*But as our eyes adjust to the light we see **

*That her face is sunken and deteriorated. Dead. Rotting. **

*Her eye sockets are sunken and empty. **

SLAM CUT TO:

55 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT 55

Red's eyes open.

Reality comes flooding back --

Hyperventilating Red clambers into the bathroom. For a moment in the dark he struggles to breathe. He flips on the switch burning the whole room white with light.

59A.

He opens the sink cabinet and digs frantically. Finds a loose board. Flips it open.

Digs in. Pulls out a hidden bottle of Vodka. Hands shaking he twists off the cap.

Tears pouring down his face he chugs. Coughs. Burns. His breathing slows. He pounds almost the whole bottle.

Calmer now.

He looks down at his hands freshly viscous blood pouring from his ravaged hands into the swirling water below.

Calmer.

Trancelike he pours the rest of the vodka over his head.

He looks at his bloody hands. Then over into his own twisted reflection.

FADE OUT.

56 BLACK SCREEN.

56

A BLACK METAL DIRGE BEGINS TO THROB AND PULSE ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

In the darkness FRESH BLOOD begins to FLOW.

Its tendrils reaching out through the darkness like the roots of a tree.

Gradually they form the TITLE CARD:

MANDY

The tendrils probe and grow making the word become abstract like a LIVING BLACK METAL LOGO made of blood.

57 INT. WORK SHED

57

The DIRGE continues as

WHITE HOT SPARKS rain through the dusty air.

OUTSIDE the sky is acid white as the sun rises gazing on the landscape like the unblinking eye of an unforgiving god. But time has no meaning here.

Hands and torso BANDAGED, RED is GRINDING METAL on a bench grinder. It's a well stocked work shed with BLACKSMITH TOOLS: small furnace, anvil, trough and vise. There's also machinist hardware and some motorcycle & car stuff.

RED makes his own shit.

He stops and lowers a WELDER'S SHIELD MASK.

He puts the COLD BLUE LIGHT of an arc welder to CALTROPS (tire spikes). *

He grinds the points to a gleaming shine. *

THE FURNACE IS READY, glowing like a noon day in Hell. *

RED pours MOLTEN METAL into SMITHING MOLD. *

His bandaged hands shake a little with the effort but he makes do. *

Rivulets of metal track along the mold like contained lava. Bursting into flame. *

FIRE is reflected like a vision of hell in his eyes.

He HAMMERS red hot steel with a large SMITHING HAMMER. *

With each blow glowing embers fly. *

He dips the BLADE into a drum of water. Steam jets out like a VOLCANIC ERUPTION. *

RED raises his newly forged weapon before him.

A demonic BATTLE AXE that looks birthed from hell itself. The handle curving down into a PIKE with edges of polished bloodthirsty silver. *

We will call it THE BEAST.

He inspects THE BEAST, turning it in his hands, feeling the weight and balance.

He tightens leather straps to his back and chest and sheathes his new weapon.

58 INT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME, BASEMENT - DAY 58

Red closes the lid of the floor freezer as we catch a brief glimpse of Lewis's body stuffed inside. He casually lights a smoke. *

59 EXT. RED AND MANDY'S HOME - DUSK 59

Sporting his favorite THREE QUARTER SLEEVE BASEBALL-T, RED loads his GEAR into the back of the BRONCO. The setting sun bathing the forest in blood red light. *

He starts the engine which murmurs like a fire. The tires rip on gravel as he starts out into the NIGHT - *

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 60

Red drives a gnarled cigarette dangling from his lips. The Bronco's headlights burn into the dark void ahead.

SLAM CUT TO:

61 EXT. CARUTHERS PLACE - DAY 61

Bright blue sky blinds us.

We tilt down to see

Red pulling up in the BRONCO in front of a dilapidated, sun baked house in the woods. Mirrored Aviators shielding his eyes.

All the curtains drawn. There are a few wrecked rusting car husks and empty rusted oil drums at the edges of the long dirt driveway.

Red gets out and looks around.

He walks up to the front door. He looks down at the door bell. Above it is a faded piece of grip tape with the words "FUCK" and "OFF" written on it.

Red rings the door bell -- miraculously triggering a very melodious doorbell sound from inside.

No response.

Red rings the melodious doorbell again.

A muffled voice emanates from deep inside.

MUFFLED VOICE
Can't you read?

Red cocks his head. Rings it again.

MUFFLED VOICE
What the...

He hears shuffling around. Something falls over and breaks.

A moment later the door opens a crack.

A big, bald headed face appears in the crack. Black. The face belongs to CARUTHERS. 60. Sweat stained wife beater. Dog tags hang around his large, weary neck. He's low, looking up. In a wheelchair.

*

CARUTHERS
Oh it's you... Been awhile...

RED MILLER
I've come for The Reaper.

Caruthers sizes up Red for a second.

CARUTHERS
Well... come on in...

Caruthers rolls back into the murky depths of the house leaving the door open behind him.

Red enters and closes the door behind him.

The inside of Caruthers place is in, to put it politely, a state of disrepair.

Sunlight tries to force it's way in through the thick faded curtains into the dim smoky air.

A large, very old BLOOD HOUND lies on the dingy sofa asleep. It glances up lazily at Red then drifts off again.

Red and Caruthers stare at each other in the living room. On TV The Price Is Right with Bob Barker is playing with the sound low.

Even though Caruthers has seen better days we get the distinct impression he could easily kill us with his bare hands.

CARUTHERS

You look like you fell down a long flight of stairs. In hell.

Red is silent. Caruthers sizes him up.

CARUTHERS

Nice to see you too, Mister sunshine.

Red glances over. On the coffee table next to Caruthers' side table are his WORKS. Hypodermic needle, bent spoon, and zippo lighter.

Caruthers sees Red notice it.

CARUTHERS

Diabetic.

Red says nothing.

Caruthers gives Red a look, remembering Red knows him, grunts and wheels into the kitchen.

CARUTHERS

(off screen)

Yeah, it's around here somewhere...
think it's in the kitchen...

We hear Caruthers crashing around in there, knocking stuff over. Red listens impassively.

CARUTHERS
 (off screen)
 Oh yeah... here it is...

63 INT. CARUTHERS PLACE - KITCHEN - DAY

63

Red comes in. Next to the refrigerator by a dried up old mop and a metal bucket full of stank water is --

A WEATHERED CROSSBOW.

THE REAPER. A matte black military spec assault crossbow, with a large crank lever on the right side for re-cocking the drawstring.

Red gives Caruthers a "thanks for taking good care of my shit so well" look.

CARUTHERS
 It's in perfect condition. Just like you left it.

RED MILLER
 Ever heard the expression "treat someone else's property like you'd treat your own"?

CARUTHERS
 Hey... look around you man.

Red picks up THE REAPER and tests the tension. It pulls nice and taut.

He winces as his left hand grips the handle shakily. Caruthers watches that.

Red slackens. Trying not to let it show.

These two strange beasts stand in the kitchen for an awkward moment.

RED MILLER
 Well, I'll get out of your hair.

CARUTHERS
 Ha ha. Real funny.

Caruthers looks at Red. He can tell something's up.

CARUTHERS
So whattya gonna do with that
thing?

RED MILLER
I'm going hunting.

This amuses Caruthers.

CARUTHERS
Oh, you're gonna go hunting huh...
well if you're gonna go...
hunting... I got some other shit
you might need.

RED MILLER
I was hoping you'd say that.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CARUTHERS PLACE - GARAGE - DAY

64

Caruthers leans over and digs through a pile of dirty laundry revealing beneath it a dented war torn WEAPONS FOOT LOCKER with a padlock on it.

Caruthers reaches down and efficiently enters the combo in the padlock with his thumb, unlocking it with a swift click.

CARUTHERS
Have a look...

Red crouches down next to Caruthers as he swings the lid open.

Inside are 2 black aluminium shafted ARROWS. The metallic tips seem custom made. Large, black, raw and lethal looking. Just like Caruthers himself. *

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)
I made em myself at Firebase
Bastogne. Hand sharpened steel
heads. Sharper than the gaze of
god.

Red looks at Caruthers. *

RED MILLER

Two arrows? What am I supposed to
do with two arrows?

*
*
*

CARUTHERS

Shove em up your ass for all I
care.

*
*
*

Red picks one up and inspects it. Touches the serrated edge.

*

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)
They cut through bone like a fat
kid through cake. *

Red turns the arrow in his hands. *

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)
They're yours, on one condition. *

RED MILLER
Oh yeah, what's that?

Caruthers stares at Red darkly....

CARUTHERS
You put 'em to good use.

RED MILLER
You can be certain of that. *

CARUTHERS
You sure you don't want
something... heavier?

RED MILLER
Different tools for different jobs.

Caruthers thinks Red's lost his marbles.

Red places the arrow back and sits on an old cooler. Suddenly
weighed down. Caruthers is realizing something heavy is up.

CARUTHERS
So what you hunting?

Red is consumed by horror for moment, envisioning his
spiteful quarry. Then he lets it out.

RED MILLER
Jesus freaks.

Caruthers chortles incredulously.

CARUTHERS
I didn't know they were in season.

RED MILLER
Yeah... well...

Red is suddenly overcome. He sits down on an old cooler. Head bowed. Caruthers is getting concerned.

RED MILLER (CONT'D)
(very quietly)
Mandy's... gone...

Caruthers is shell shocked. He liked her.

CARUTHERS
I... Hey man...

He can't find the words.

He wheels opposite Red. He gathers himself.

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)
Tell me.

Red doesn't look up. He takes off his shades.

RED MILLER
Weirdo hippy types. A whole bunch
of 'em.

CARUTHERS
This zone is lousy with em... Hard
to say.

RED MILLER
Yeah... but then there was the
muscle... Didn't make sense.
Bikers. But something different
about them...

Caruthers chews on his stogie.

CARUTHERS
Different how?

RED MILLER
Something like I have never seen.

CARUTHERS
You catch a patch or a cut?

RED MILLER

Nah man. There was nothing. Just...
crazy... evil.

Caruthers thinks it over. Takes a match to his chewed half
cigar. His countenance becomes grim.

CARUTHERS

Black Skulls.

As their name is intoned Red's eyes glisten with what can
only be described as a glimmer of fear.

CLOSE. Caruthers lights his stogie, puffs and smoke RISES and
FLAME BELLOWS before his mouth. He takes a deep drag and
exhales slowly. A dark sound of doom begins humming like a
bad omen on the soundtrack.

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)

Lookit man... for a while now words
been coming down from the big rigs,
something dark and fearsome out
there. No one knows where they came
from. First it was stories from the
Interstate, just rumors, that a
crew was boosting trailers off big
rigs with a ferocity never seen
before. Leaving the truckers for
dead. Prostitutes vanishing. Guttled
bodies left on doorsteps. And
always the same - a biker gang.
Black bikes. Only seen at night.
Weird shit. There's stories, that
there was a chapter that ran
courier for a manufacturer of LSD.
He took a disliking to them. Cooked
them a special batch... And they've
never been right in the head since.
Travel from place to place without
a trail. Nomads. Some say they're
searching for that guy. Shit's
getting spooky, people saying they
live in the trees, come and go with
the wind. That they commune with
some dark dimension.

Caruthers pauses. Freaked by his own words.

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)

I seen em once, man. From a
distance. I wish I never did.

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)

These are monsters lurking out there my man. Irrational, unable to see reality. At least as we see it. What you're hunting is rabid animals. You should go in knowing your odds ain't too good and you will probably die.

Red takes this all in.

RED MILLER

Don't be negative.

Caruthers chuckles wearily under his breath.

CARUTHERS

Last I heard on the CB, they were spotted near Spirit River.

This get's Red attention, he raises his eyes.

Caruthers nods knowingly. He looks down at amputated his legs.

CARUTHERS (CONT'D)

I wish there was more I could do...

RED MILLER

It's alright.

Caruthers is deep in thought. He glances up. Eyes filling with darkness.

CARUTHERS

When I saw em... Those things... Were in a world of pain. But you know what the freakiest part was?

RED MILLER

What's that?

CARUTHERS

They fuckin' loved it.

HOLD CLOSE on Caruthers -- his eyes gleaming --

A PRIMAL DRONE BEGINS TO RISE ON THE SOUNDTRACK AS WE

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

65 EXT. FOREST DEAD ZONE, CLIFF - NEAR DARK

65

THE SCREEN IS ENGULFED BY A LONG LENS SHOT OF A BLOOD RED SUN SETTING BEHIND THE JAGGED TOPS OF THE TREE LINE.

THE LAST LIGHT FADES.

DARKNESS FALLS QUICKLY ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE.

The SOUND of ROARING MOTORCYCLE ENGINES growing from the distance like an UNHOLY DEMON'S SCREAM.

In the CRIMSON LIGHT of the fading sun they emerge. The BLACK SKULLS speeding forth on their BOBBERS. SPIDER, SCABS and FUCK PIG.

POV THROUGH RED'S SCOPE

Distant, artifacted through glass.

From his snipers nest in the rocks Red tracks them as they speed through the pitted rocky mountain passes of Spirit River.

Red zeroes in on the straggler in the pack. Scabs.

Waits a heartbeat then

Squeezes the trigger on the Reaper.

CARUTHERS' BOLT cuts free from The Reaper, slicing through the hot night air at LIGHTNING SPEED.

Red watches as -

The arrow PENETRATES Scab's left cheek and lodges there, straight through his face, in one cheek and out the other.

Scabs goes to scream but his face won't open.

He loses control of the bobber and slams into a rock outcrop by the side of the road at full speed.

The bike instantly FLIPS - a twisted metal cyclone spinning Scabs off it like a ragdoll.

His body hits the pavement skidding and flipping along the blacktop.

The other Skulls don't see it happen.

Red tosses The Reaper into the Bronco, jumps in. Keys the ignition and peels out - burns down the hill at breakneck speed riding the shocks like a maniac.

Scabs rolls over slowly on the asphalt, leg TWISTED.

Red pulls onto the highway and GUNS IT right towards him.

Then -

Scabs pulls a MAGNUM 44 from his belt.

Before Red sees it - he raises it and lets go a massive CANNON BLAST.

The BULLET instantly SHREDS the Bronco's front left tire.

The wheel JERKS. Red loses control of the vehicle and it FLIPS AT FULL SPEED -

THE BRONCO BARREL ROLLS - RIGHT TOWARD SCABS - HIS JAW DROPS AS HE SEES IT COMING. *WHOOPS!*

IT ROLLS RIGHT OVER SCABS - CRUSHING HIM LIKE A BUG.

The BRONCO grinds to a halt on the asphalt. Wheels up.

Red is battered and twisted in the bottom of wreck. His leg is stuck. Boot caught on the shifter.

He tries to pull free.

Then -

He hears the ROAR of the other skulls doubling back and speeding towards him.

He struggles to get free as the headlights ENGULF him.

FADE TO BLACK.

66

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

66

ROSCOPED ANIMATION.

*

No sound.

*

The sun hasn't risen yet.

*

The light is a pale slate grey.

*

*A dark tree line on the far side of the lake silhouetted
against it.* *
*

The surface of the lake is perfectly still like black glass. *

We pan down to look at the black surface. *

A ghostly figure begins to rise from the depths. *

It is MANDY. *

She is bare and her skin is white and cold like porcelain. *

Her eyes are open. She is looking at us. *

SLAM CUT TO:

67 INT. RANCH HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT 67 *

BLACK SCREEN

SOUND OF DERANGED DOGS BARKING.

Slow fade in.

Red awakens in a murky room. He's down on the floor leaning
against a radiator.

He tries to move his arm but it's handcuffed to an exposed
rusty pipe in the wall.

He tries to lift his other hand. A lightning bolt of pain
shoots through his system.

He looks over and sees it's nailed right to the concrete
floor, palm up. *

Red's been stripped of his gear and is barefoot. Even though
he's in hell he seems strangely rejuvenated. This is where he
belongs now.

Muffled from upstairs is an infernal sound. Music? *

He looks around. *

He hears strained whimpering. *

Sitting by a misplaced vanity table in the corner is SPIDER. *
 Wiry, bald. He freebases a from metal pipe. Washes it down *
 with some wasp sauce. He is so beyond sanity he can barely
 communicate but he's making a special effort just for Red.

Head down Red keeps looking around the room for angles.

At 11 O'Clock is a deep CONCRETE PIT . From this angle he *
 can't really see what's down there but that's definitely *
 where the sound of the DOGS is coming from.

SPIDER turns around sliding on a pair of brass knuckles.

Red watches him come.

Spider punches Red HARD across the face with the brass
 knuckles splitting the skin on his cheek bone. A stream of
 blood pours down his jaw.

RED MILLER

Ow.

Spider takes off the brass knuckles and tosses them onto the
 table.

He picks up a SWITCHBLADE and opens it. Checking out the wavy *
 KRISS BLADE. *

Spider speaks. If you can call it that. His voice is hoarse *
 and raspy. Wet. Subhuman. *

SPIDER

You... killed.... my... brother....

In the dim light Spider's eyes are glassy with monstrous
 emotion.

RED MILLER

Your brother... was a pissant.

Spider kneels down grabbing Red by the scruff his neck. Eyes
 wild with rage he waves the blade in his face. Jabbing it
 into his cheek.

SPIDER

YOU HAVE... A... DEATH WISH?

Red is weary.

Spider menaces him with the blade, running it across his
 jugular.

RED MILLER
I don't wanna talk about it.

Spider slices open Red's shirt with his switchblade.

Red sighs - looks down at the ripped shirt and then up at Spider.

RED MILLER (CONT'D)
That was my favorite shirt, man. *

Spider looks at Red. A beat. He wants to laugh but he hates this guy. An involuntary smile quivers across his grotesque face.

Red smiles strangely back.

NOW we see Red has braced his arm against the rusty pipe applying pressure to it. Hand clasped firmly around it's length.

SUDDENLY he busts the pipe free and swings it at Spider.

It impacts HARD on his sickly skull. *

SPIDER is shell shocked. *

He staggers backwards right to THE EDGE OF THE PIT. His arms flailing for balance. *

He teeters on the brink. Red watching. They make eye contact. Red blows him a soft little kiss and -

Spider plummets BACKWARDS into the HOLE. His head smacking against the edge, flipping his body forward into the darkness.

We hear the DOGS go MAD WITH BLOODLUST. Spider screaming as they tear him apart.

Red looks over at his left hand. Nailed to the floor.

He reaches over. Grabs the head of the nail and begins to pull.

Agony surges through him as the rusty nail slides out of his hand. The friction of metal on wood creating a horrifying sound.

Finally it pulls free with a THUNK.

He tosses it to the floor and arduously gets to his feet.

He staggers to the edge of the pit. Looks in.

In the shadows below he can see the dogs feasting on Spider's body. Some of them leer up. Shadowy twisted forms, frothing at their mouths with rabid fury. Their eyes glinting in the light. *

RED MILLER (CONT'D)
Good doggies.

Red approaches the vanity. Among the costume jewelry and scattered perfume bottles is a BOX CUTTER. He grabs it. No handcuff key. Must be in the pit with Spider. He sees his TRUSTY ZIPPO amongst the clutter and pockets it. *

68 INT. RANCH HOUSE, VARIOUS - NIGHT

68

Red ascends a staircase up into the main house. A once quaint ranch house it's been turned into a crash pad, skulls style. *

Red looks out into the garbage strewn hallway. Empty. Dim. *

Clutching the box cutter RED crouches low. He stalks down the hallway silently. Fighting the pain.

Red hears a sound from behind a door slightly ajar. *

He peers into the room. *

Illuminated by the dim light spilling in from the hall he can see

An OLD MAN lying on the bed.

RED MILLER
(whispering)
Hey old man... you okay?

There's no response.

He open the door a little more. Light spills in.

The old man has his hands tied behind his back. His eyes are red from an eight ball hemorrhage. Dead.

Red looks over. The old man's AGED WIFE is bent over a chair. Dress pulled up to her waist. She is also dead. A blood chilling expression frozen on her face.

Red sees a family portrait on the wall and his eyes darken as we realize, with him, this used to be their home. Til the Skulls took it, along with their dignity and their lives.

Red slowly closes the door and moves on down the hall. The sounds growing louder.

A flickering light ahead coming from

THE FAMILY ROOM.

A dim ghostly light emanating from a tv: Rancid old porn blasts on a VHS tape. Also the STEREO is BLASTING at an ear splitting volume some kind of deafening noise. The speakers completely blown.

Silhouetted by the TV light is FUCK PIG, his back to Red, shoveling handfuls of cocaine into his face and snorting greedily.

FUCK PIG
AAAAAAHhhh!!

RED stalks in. He creeps closer and closer. RED reaches for his knife. He's inches from him.

The man jerks, coked to the gills, like he heard something.

RED tenses and holds his breath. His hands don't move.

FUCK PIG grunts and chops out another line.

He bows his head HOOVERING it up.

Red moves in silently across the room towards him.

As he comes up for air...

FUCK PIG (CONT'D)
WAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

He sees Red reflected in the TV but before he has a chance to react -

Red grabs him by a fistful of hair, yanks his head back leveraging him across the back of the sofa. He's about to cut when

FUCK PIG reaches back lightning fast and grabs Red by the arm and hair. He clamps down HARD and FLIPS Red OVER him and the couch and back down into the coffee table which SHATTERS into a million shards. A cloud of coke dust exploding into the air.

Red drops the Box Cutter. He scrambles around to face Fuck Pig. *

We now see Fuck Pig is wearing a strap on BLADE DIDO. *

Red's eyes widen. *

Fuck Pig lunges on top of Red -- who parts his legs. The KNIFE DILDO just misses his groin and LODGES into the wooden floor. *

Fuck Pig flails on top of Red trying to pull free. *

Red grasps for the box cutter. Just out of reach. *

Finally he grabbs it. *

Red swipes the BLADE across his neck. *

A moment of silence.

Then a GEYSER of blood explodes from his severed artery bathing Red's face in crimson. *

Fuck Pig flails, gurgling on top of him. *

Finally, his giant body twitches and goes limp. *

A moment of calm.

Red clambers heaves the massive body off of him and gets painfully to his feet. *

A moment of calm. *

Suddenly THE TV SCREEN IMPLODES with a blast. *

He looks over into the kitchen and sees

SIS. Shotgun at her shoulder.

*

Dust around her nose. Gnarled mouth black with The Chemist's special sauce.

Staring at him. Eyes wide with rage.

She goes to pump another round into the chamber but it JAMS.

Red CHARGES her.

She tosses the shotgun and snatches a CARVING KNIFE off the counter.

Before he knows it she is on him SLASHING WILDLY.

Red tries to grab her, the knife slashing at his arms. He grabs her by the head and she starts to buck against his grasp, arms flailing violently.

Suddenly there is the sickening CRUNCH of her neck breaking and she goes limp.

Red lets go horrified. Her body slumps onto the floor in a twitching twisted heap and then abruptly stops moving.

Red can't move.

He stares at the dead body of the woman. Lying there, hair splayed across the floor she looks a lot like

RED MILLER
(quietly)
Mandy...

His eyes fill with despair. He cannot look away.

He finds himself descending to the floor. He picks up the woman's dead body and cradles her near. Caressing her hair. Acid tears pouring down his face.

Red takes a breath. He lays her back down.

Leaden, he stands and heads into the kitchen.

He looks in the corner. There's a pair of BOLT CUTTERS.

Red CLIPS the handcuff chain.

It looks like the SKULLS have dumped a bunch of stuff in here. Wads of cash. Bags of drugs. Weapons. Garbage.

Tossed in the corner Red sees his duffel bag. The Reaper sits on the kitchen table and The Beast in the corner like a discarded mop.

He puts the duffel on the table and takes inventory.

Red's CALTROPS, THE REAPER and the FINAL ARROW Also his boots * and leather Beast harness.

On the table he notices the rare and coveted JARS the SKULLS acquired from The Children.

Red unscrews one of the jars and smells it. Recoils. He wets his index finger in the jar. Raises it gently to his tongue.

The INSTANT it makes contact -

The screen EXPLODES into a *GRIZZLY HALLUCINATION*.

A WRETCHED DEMON, ITS VISAGE A ROILING MASS OF WRITHING BLOOD DRENCHED BODIES - ITS EYES HOLLOW PITS - STARES INTO HIS MIND BEFORE A BOILING CRIMSON SKY. THE DEMON MELTS INTO THE ABYSSAL MAW ABOVE AS WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL -

A RUSTY DECAYING RADIO TOWER SILHOUETTED BY THE ROILING CLOUDS.

Red snaps out of the vision unable to draw a clean breath. Stunned. Tears pour down his face. But - he is not afraid.

He KNOWS now where THE CHEMIST is, and only The Chemist can lead him to The Children.

RED holsters THE BEAST to his back. Picks up THE REAPER. Still fazed by the vision.

69

INT. RANCH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

69

Red needs a second wind. He scoops some of the coke off the carpet and snorts a blast. He clenches his teeth in a psychotic rictus grin.

Red peers through the curtains and sees -

SKRATCH standing SOLITARY in front of a RAGING ENORMOUS BONFIRE.

It looks strangely, eerily peaceful.

70

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

70

Red exits out the back door of the kitchen and climbs up the wall onto the roof.

The night is pitch black, the only light coming from the nearby bonfire.

The forest surrounding the grounds is black and wet.

He creeps along the rooftop until he finds a good vantage point looking down upon SKRATCH, who stands dark and monolithic before the fire. A spectre of the insane.

ANGLE on SKRATCH: We can hear a strange pulsing drone echoing inside the metal chamber of his helmet. He is deep in a dark trance. Worshipping the flame.

Red wraps a rag around the head of the only remaining arrow. Soaks it in lighter fluid.

Cracks his neck.

NEEDLE DROP --

*

He ignites it with his zippo -- and as he does we flow into -

ULTRA SLOW MOTION.

*

He mounts the SECOND bolt on The Reaper.

*

He raises his weapon and carefully takes aim. His eyes gleaming in the light of the fire.

He pulls the trigger and -

The bolt slides steady and true through the hot night air.

Until -

The bolt PIERCES through the back of SKRATCH'S NECK and out through his larynx lodging there.

The flames spread onto his body igniting his right arm and back.

Red lowers The Reaper as he watches.

SKRATCH twitches.

Red's eyes widen as

Strangely SKRATCH does not turn around. He stands entranced. Eerily Still.

He reaches up with his right hand and pulls the bolt forward out through his neck. He drops it into the scalding dust.

Red can't believe his eyes. He FEARS this THING. Whatever it is.

He throws the reaper aside.

He jumps off the roof -

Unsheathing The Beast in mid air.

He hits the ground running kicking up clouds of dust.

SKRATCH slowly draws a brutal looking twelve inch HUNTING KNIFE from his belt. The flames spread from his arm onto THE BLADE.

Red continues toward him - Eyes never leaving the blind demon.

Now he is upon him.

Red swings the blade - but SKRATCH back hands him across the head sending him sprawling into the dirt.

Shell-shocked - Red scrambles to get to his feet.

SKRATCH's head twitches. He looks towards the house. UNNATURALLY he SEES through a NARROW CRACK in the curtains of the front room. He sees SIS lying there dead.

His mouth opens unnaturally wide in a monstrous silent cry.

Red sees his chance he scrambles forward and without thinking, without hesitating -

Body checks The Skull with as much speed and force as he can muster using The Beast as a BATTERING RAM.

SKRATCH STUMBLES BACKWARDS.

Red upper cuts him with The Beast and quickly hits him again with a kick to the chest.

This sends Red reeling backwards into the dirt and SKRATCH - PLUNGING INTO THE RAGING FIRE.

He is completely and instantly ENGULFED by the RAGING INFERNO.

Red clammers to get his bearings - rolling onto his side. A beat as he catches his breath and then -

A blood chilling SHRIEK emanates from within the pyre.

He looks up to see -

SKRATCH

Slowly crawling out of the fire on all fours like an animal. Completely consumed by flame. Even as his body is withered away by the flames he keeps crawling forward towards Red. A twitching living carcass. His movements strange.

Red gets to his feet and limps to him. He raises The Beast and brings it down clean. Taking off SKRATCH's head. Instant silence.

His flaming skull rolls across the dirt and his charred smoking body finally collapses.

Red kneels and pries THE BLACKENED HUNTING KNIFE from his desiccated claw. Sheaths it in his belt.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. RANCH COMPOUND - NIGHT

71

Red stands, staggers through the smoke.

He looks down, sees a bent smoke lying miraculously in the dust. He picks it up sticks it in his mouth.

With his DUFFLE strapped to the back -- Red mounts Fuck Pig's gnarly JET BLACK FOUR WHEEL ATV. He starts the engine and GUNS IT.

Peels out at high speed kicking up a shitstorm of dust as he BURNS away from this accursed place.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT 72

The blackness is cut away by headlights in the fog.

RED speeds through the darkest of nights on the QUAD.

He winds along an uphill road and a valley of darkness lies below. Flashes of low atmosphere NIGHT LIGHTNING STROBE -

He has entered a darker, more primeval forest. The trees are no longer green only glimpsed as full grey and black.

GOD'S EYE VIEW as RED winds through the strange landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. STRANGE TERRAIN, THE CHEMIST'S PLACE - NIGHT 73

Red turns off his headlights and kills the engine in STRANGE TERRAIN. ROLLS TO A STOP.

We PAN OVER to reveal THE RUSTY DECAYING RADIO TOWER HE SAW IN HIS VISION.

He dismounts and moves towards the small, low one story cinder block building in the distance on foot.

He clutches the HUNTING KNIFE.

There is a metal garage door open a few feet. Some light from inside, and... a 70s novelty song emanating softly from inside. *

He kneels down and peers under the door. *

Then ducks under. *

74 INT. THE CHEMIST'S PLACE - NIGHT 74

RED rises and looks around.

A large empty work space.

At the far end of the room stands a wiry man wearing nothing but a black vinyl apron. Slicked back hair.

THE CHEMIST

Florescent tubes cast a pall over the table where he stands before his unusual lab setup. He is dipping a large uncut sheet of card stock, bare handed, in a chemical tray filled with murky grey SLIME.

There are stacks of uncut sheets of Lysergic acid diethylamide on another table. Some hang from clothes pins on wires.

Sealed Jars with murky dark fluid on some shelves. Aquariums with strange insects.

To the right of the room is a VETERINARY CAGE with a MANDRILL in it. It appears very calm.

Red enters the room. His boots scraping on the linoleum floor.

The Chemist keeps working.

THE MANDRILL looks over at Red serenely.

RED watches as the CHEMIST'S HAND moves slowly out of the tray and across the counter.

His hand slides across the surface onto A LUGER with a lightning bolt inset in the handle.

RED grips the handle of his KNIFE and we hear the leather creaking.

THE CHEMIST registers this.

His hand slides off THE LUGER.

Slowly the CHEMIST reaches over and presses the stop button on a TAPE DECK. It clicks and echoes through the room loudly as the music stops.

THE CHEMIST
It's cool man... It's cool....

Slowly THE CHEMIST turns around to face RED. He has a gaunt, pale face. Sunken eyes. We see now that his pupils are EXTREMELY DILATED. His eyes like black holes into the infinite abyss of the universe.

He studies RED who looks like some primal beast barfed from the lungs of hell itself. Cut. Bruised. Caked in dry blood.

THE CHEMIST

A Jovian warrior brought forth from
the eye of the storm.

He LICKS the Lysergic acid diethylamide from his dripping
wet, bony fingers.

THE CHEMIST

This is my masterpiece... I call
it... Blue Unicorn... stripped away
now is the ragged bleeding flesh of
this dimension.

RED stands staring, saying nothing.

The CHEMIST gazes at RED, his eyes filling with emotion.

THE CHEMIST

You... move... me...

RED glances over at the MANDRILL.

THE CHEMIST

That's Lizzie... If she's calm... I
know it's good...

RED looks back at the CHEMIST.

Something comes over THE CHEMIST.

THE CHEMIST

You're right... you're right...

The CHEMIST crosses the room. He opens LIZZIE'S CAGE. She
looks around. We can see that Lizzie is high as a kite.

Lizzie crawls out of the cage and climbs down onto the floor.

She crosses the room towards RED. A savage wild animal, she
pauses for a moment to look at him then goes out under the
door disappearing into the night.

THE CHEMIST looks sadly as she goes.

THE CHEMIST

Bye, Lizzie. It's not right...
keeping a... living being... in a
cage...

THE CHEMIST is getting more emotional.

THE CHEMIST
You get... set in your ways...

THE CHEMIST seems almost ashamed. He smiles awkwardly and apologetically.

He looks back at RED. He is staring into his eyes.

RED stares at the CHEMIST.

The CHEMIST is overcome with emotion.

THE CHEMIST
Oh man... they... wronged you...
why they gotta be like that...

The CHEMIST looks down.

He seems suddenly tired like the whole weight of the world is bearing down on him.

His breathing seems labored.

THE CHEMIST
You exude... a cosmic darkness...

The floor is slick with a sea of blood. In the blood writhes a thousand black centipedes.

THE CHEMIST
You see that?

He looks to Red who nods his head slightly. He can see too.

THE CHEMIST
Okay then...

Then something changes.

THE CHEMIST
The Children....

The Chemist takes a deep holy breath.

Lighter. Eyes shining.

He looks at RED, calm.

They are together in this room. Now. Here. He knows what RED wants and what he has to do.

CLOSE ON THE CHEMIST.

A strange peace spreading across his face.

THE CHEMIST

North.

THE WORD RESONATES as

We hold on THE CHEMIST eyes shining in the shadows as we

DISSOLVE TO:

75 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

75

CLOSE UP. SLOW MOTION. THE MANDRILL -- bathed in the firey light of the moon. It bares it's FANGS at the world.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

76 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

76

RED rides his QUAD through the inky blackness of night. His headlights cutting through the darkness ahead.

Soon he is passing BURNED OUT REMAINS OF CARS.

Skeletal and grey, melted by heat and ash the moment the mountain erupted.

Into whirls of ash and fog the world goes entirely grey. RED steels himself and keeps going -

Eventually the clouds parting, here on top of the mountain. A faint orange glow pulsating against the moonlike greyness of the world.

Trees turned to cinder, a thick layer of grey snow, black bubbles breathing in the soil. Thin pillars of smoke seep from the ground.

The QUAD gets bogged down. Red looks down to see -

The tires of the QUAD are MELTING into the still hot ash.

RED gathers what he can and leaves the QUAD trudging onward.

He walks out of the grey into dark night back down the mountain pass...

DISSOLVE TO:

77	OMITTED	77	*
78	EXT. FOREST - NIGHT	78	
	<i>ROTOSCOPED ANIMATION.</i>		*
	<i>We track forward through a dark mystical forest.</i>		*
	<i>Mandy, naked, hair wild and moving preternaturally in a silent wind, stands over the carcass of a massive slain BEAST OF MYTH.</i>		* * *
	<i>Her eyes shimmer with a supernatural power.</i>		*
	<i>She shoves her hand into the body of the BEAST and pulls out its BLOODY STILL BEATING HEART.</i>		* *
	<i>She raises it above her head - Blood pouring down her arm onto her neck and chest.</i>		* *
	<i>The pulsing blood cascading from the heart into her mouth as if from a wine skin.</i>		* *

*Her eyes gleam in the red moon's light, demonic with
otherworldly lust.*

*
*

SLAM CUT TO:

79 EXT. DRY RIVER BED - DAWN 79

Red awakens suddenly. Eyes opening.

The light is pre-dawn grey and cold.

He lies on a dry riverbed.

*

His body looks decimated. Covered in dried blood, bruises,
dirt and ash. But his eyes are still alive. Still glinting
with purpose.

*
*

Red hears something.

*

His eyes drift over.

A strange RED LIZARD, a Blue Ridge Red Salamander, crawls
slowly across the black wet rocks nearby.

Red watches it. Eyes smiling slightly. Mandy would have liked
that.

Then he hears something else.

RED gets to his feet looking towards the FOREST.

A CHAINSAW. Distant but unmistakable it echoes through the
valley.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. FOREST - DAY 80

On foot RED crests a rocky cliff.

He looks down and sees

A small CHURCH in a clearing.

THE CHURCH appears to be INCOMPLETE and newly built from
fresh pine cuts.

There are two cars parked out front. The VAN and a BUICK Sedan.

He lies on his belly and watches.

BROTHER ELDRICH is cutting some lumber with the small CHAINSAW we heard.

BROTHER SWAN, SISTER RIVER and SISTER LUCY - EMERGE from the unfinished church. They get in the VAN. It drives off down a narrow dirt road into the forest.

RED watches them go, his eyes shining cold forged hate.

FADE TO:

81 EXT. FOREST ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON 81 *

The VAN with THE CHILDREN approaches. They are singing. SWAN is driving with SISTER LUCY upfront. SISTER RIVER sits in the back.

DOWN THE ROAD - Red tosses his CALTROPS scattering them on the asphalt. He walks toward the van right down the middle of the road. Covered in ASH BLOOD AND CHARCOAL axe in hand he looks like a monster.

SWAN spots him and panics - floors the gas. The VAN flies by RED who turns to watch.

The tires BLOW OUT on the CALTROPS. The van wobbles and veers IMPACTING WITH A TREE.

Within - SWAN flies forward and blows through the windshield -

Outside - his body slams through broken glass leaning over the hood of the van. SWAN moans and struggles to free himself.

RED walks over.

SISTER LUCY fumbles with the glove compartment.

Red pulls Swan out through the window slowly letting his body drag all over the broken glass.

He sets him up against a big tree. Pulls out The Beast. *

Red grins at Swan. *

POP!

BLOOD blooms on RED's shoulder and behind Swan the tree splinters.

POP! POP!

LUCY fires the SMALL REVOLVER.

RED turns from SWAN to face LUCY.

She fires again, delirious, cackling, grazing RED's ear.

Calmly Red raises the hunting knife and THROWS IT.

It PIERCES her eye. She freezes in shock. Lets out a soft sigh before dropping to the ground, dead. *

Swan watches as Red turns back to him. *

SWAN breathes terrified.

SWAN

No. No. No. No. No.

Red raises the The Beast. He brings down the HILT PIKE into Swan's gaping, screaming mouth with a hearty THUNK! *

A high pressure jet stream of plasma explodes from his mouth, then subsides pumping out of Swan with each pulse of his quickly fading heart. *

Swan gargles as hot blood pumps freely from his mouth. Sputtering as it fills his lungs.

Red stares into his eyes until he is gone.

He pulls The Beast free.

On the edge of the road he sees SISTER RIVER standing in the grass nearby. Terrified.

Her wavy hair and the wild grass ruffle in the soft wind. RED watches this for a moment. She looks at Red, fearful, expecting to die.

RED MILLER
Get outta here...

RIVER hesitates. Red motions.

RED MILLER
Go on.

She realizes she's free and begins to stagger off down the road. Hesitantly at first then faster.

She slows down, a quiet moment as she glances back -

Sees Red, the barbarian, caked in blood and ash walking away *
down the dark forest road. Blade in hand, every footfall
DOOM.

82 EXT. FOREST CHURCH, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 82

RED approaches the fledgling compound.

BROTHER HANKER polishes Sand's prize '74 BUICK LeSABRE with a rag. *

RED stalks low like a predator through the shadows. HANKER is completely unaware -

RED HURTLES THE BEAST - it whips silently - hilt over blade -
through the cold air - until - it meets HANKERS SKULL. *
WEDGING into it like a ripe melon and throwing his body to
the leafy ground with a soft thud.

83 EXT. FOREST CHURCH, LUMBER PILE - NIGHT 83

RED creeps intently toward the church.

Under construction, the area is full of raw timber and planks. A noise alerts him.

Brother KLOPEK sits calmly whittling on a pile of logs. His *
pocketknife looks ridiculously small in his enormous hands. *
He's a GIANT.

RED spots a chainsaw. He smiles. Pikes The Beast into the ground. He creeps to it keeping an eye on Klopek. Slowly slips his hand onto the grip. Switches it to on. *

RED hoists it up and sharply pulls the STARTER CORD once. Nothing. *

KLOPEK looks up to see him. Showing no fear. Eyes dull.

Red begins to back away trying to start his saw. *

KLOPEK stands and calmly backs up a few steps, keeping his eyes on RED. He looks down and Red sees another chainsaw handle JUTTING out from behind a stack of lumber. *

Klopek closes his massive hand around it.

Slowly withdraws the blade.

Klopek slides the blade out further - *

And FURTHER

And FURTHER

It's MASSIVE. A CHAINSAW as long as a GREATSWORD. The blade just keeps GOING AND GOING as it appears from behind the stack.

Klopek lifts the gargantuan chainsaw out in front of him like it's nothing.

Red gives a "maybe I'm fucked" look.

RED holds up the small wood chopper chainsaw, defensively.

KLOPEK calmly pulls the cord ONCE. It ROARS to life instantly. *

VRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMHHHH -

*

Red circles trying to start his saw. *

A few feints and jabs by RED and the BLADES touch, shooting sparking metal into the drenching air with a hellish grinding sound. *

KLOPEK smiles dumbly. *

Then

KLOPEK points the saw at Red and charges -

Red backs away fast frantically pulling the chord. *

KLOPEK is almost on him. *

The GIANT BLADE closing fast. *

At the last possible micro second RED'S SAW ROARS to life. He guffaws and swings it up *

Just in time to block Klopek's mega saw. *

Their blades cross shooting GLOWING RED SPARKS into the air. *

The force and weight of Klopek and his saw force Red backwards as they grind their blades together jostling for supremacy. *

KLOPEK again has the upper hand by size and his blade pressures RED'S blade back towards Red's face.

RED can feel the turbulent air of the blade a hair's width away.

RED SLAMS THE CHAIN BRAKE LEVER -

His blade shudders to a stop -

Catching teeth on KLOPEK'S chainsaw linkages. RED'S CHAIN SHATTERS - WHIPPING the teeth out -

*

Klopek's saw sputters. He yanks on the cord trying to restart it.

*

*

Red spots a COIL of CHAIN on the ground. He throws the saw to the ground. Quickly grabs up the CHAIN moving backward.

*

KLOPEK'S saw ROARS back to life.

*

Behind a veil of kicked up smoke, and his shrieking blade KLOPEK turns to face RED He SMILES once more.

*

*

Red UNSPOOLS the chain and begins to SWING it. When it's at speed he lets it FLY.

The chain flies toward Klopek but he swats it away with the spinning belt of the saw.

KLOPEK SMILES AND SWINGS HIS SAW FROM RIGHT TO LEFT. Moving faster toward him -- pushing Red to move faster too.

Red hoists the chain again swinging it.

Klopek has had enough. He grunts wildy and CHARGES at Red.

Moving backwards Red whips out THE CHAIN and it connects with Klopek WRAPPING AROUND HIS NECK.

Red falls back hard, leveraging the chain against his arms and pulls with all his might.

Klopek's speed pulls him forward with the chain and the weight of the saw. He begins to stumble.

Red's eyes widen in anticipation.

Klopek stumbles forward and BELLY FLOPS right onto the massive SPINNING BLADE -- splitting him open from neck to groin.

The saw sputters, and stops.

They make eye contact as KLOPEK'S bewildered eyes flicker into death.

RED releases the chain falls to his knees and collapses back into the mud.

He lies there. The rain beating down upon him.

His breathing is raw but it's kind of peaceful right now. He thinks he might stop. The droplets make a nice soft sound as he listens.

He draws in a deep clean breath. *

Ragged, he slowly gets to his feet and staggers forward towards the THE CHURCH. *

84 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

84

Red moves through the rough hewn skeleton of the church. Empty but for piles of raw lumber scattered around.

At the far end there's a lectern, covered in a sheet of clear plastic.

Red approaches it. He rips off the sheet. The lectern is ornate and finely detailed. Adorned with a wood carved of a strange visage on it's face.

Red notices behind the lectern the wood floor gives way revealing a concrete rimmed hole in the floor. A hazy red light emanating from within.

He moves towards it and sees there's a metal ladder plunging into the abyss.

85 INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

85

Red DESCENDS the ladder into a hellish crimson light.

He reaches the bottom where there's a CONCRETE CHAMBER. Tunnels branch off it, abandoned from some cold war dementia long forgotten.

RED hears distant footsteps echoing off the concrete.

He follows them deeper and down into darker parts of the cavern system.

The walls are slick with black ooze all through the catacombs. Red touches his finger to the wall and smells it, then tastes it. He spits. Poison.

He moves on.

The tunnels are getting narrower and darker and the walls give way to bare rock.

He peers into a CHAMBER. Inside is what looks like a suburban bedroom assembled in a subterranean tomb.

Mother Marlene sits there on a bed, sobbing.

She looks up at RED as he walks into the room.

She marvels at his physique and the visage of his avenging ruin. In a drugged trance she stands slowly and comes near.

She sniffs the air around RED. She wants to TOUCH him. To EMBRACE him. She places her hands against RED's skin and caresses him, watching his muscles twitch.

MARLENE

Jeremiah says I'm the most sensual lover he's ever experienced. Because of my sensitivity and my empathy I can anticipate my lovers every move... and meet them like warm waves... licking the... rocky... hard.... shore....

She looks up at Red expectantly.

CUT TO:

The most PRIMITIVE CHAMBER yet. Dripping STALACTITES protrude from the ceiling.

Wearing only a loin cloth, Sand stands by the cavern wall caressing the SLICK GNARLED STONE SURFACES. He seems drugged.

He senses a presence. Turns and peers into the dark passage.

SAND
God is in this room. Come no
closer.

From the shadowy entrance MOTHER MARLENE'S decapitated head rolls across the floor and slides to a rest at Sand's bare feet.

A look of terror shivers across his face and eyes like an electrical current but he suppresses it.

Marlene's lifeless head watches SAND.

He looks up to see Red emerging out of the shadows into the chamber.

SAND
Oh, Hi.

RED lumbers into the room certain of his purpose, on the verge of total collapse.

SAND
What are you going to do... I mean
I offered you salvation but you
chose to wallow in filth. You can't
harm me. Look at what he provides.
All mine.

Closer. Sand is impatient. This heathen is not worth his time.

SAND
You're just meat. Without a soul,
without a mind, without anything...
You're nothing but a damned animal.
With no spirit everlasting... no
radiant light.... No better than a
damned animal. I possess
elucidations you will never know.

Every single step RED takes requires the remains of his willpower. He's shambling, heavy, inching

Closer. Sand is becoming enraged.

SAND
You... unholy... abomination...You
aren't even worth my spit.

SAND (cont'd)
You're finished... All that hate in
your heart... That's to blame... It
follows you everywhere.

Closer. Sand's anger rupturing, eaten away by the barely
contained fear beneath.

SAND
You will roast in hell for this
transgression... but I can help
you. It's not just your life I can
save. It's your god damned soul...

Red grabs Sand by the sides of his head and pushes him to his
knees. Groveling now.

Red stares at Sand unmoved. He grips SAND's head in his
ravaged hands.

Sand is coming apart at the seams. His reedy voice breaking.

SAND
Please... please don't hurt me I'll
do anything... Can't you see this
was all part of your journey... a
journey that led you to me... to
claim your salvation... your
cleansing... by my hand...

Sand is weeping uncontrollable now. He claws at Red's hands
drawing blood but Red's vice like grip does not falter.

SAND
I'll blow you man! I'll suck your
fucking dick. Is that what you
want? Please! Please! Don't do
this!

Sand is overcome with a wave of crippling, desperate rage and
humiliation.

SAND
I don't kneel before you. You kneel
before ME. I carry God's gift in my
heart not you, so you kneel before
me MOTHER FUCKER!

Red BEGINS TO SQUEEZE Sand's SKULL with all of his power.

Sand begins to SHRIEK in agony and terror. Then mewling like
an animal as the pressure on his skull becomes unbearable.

RED MILLER
I'm your god now.

RED CRUSHES SAND'S HEAD like a ROTTING MELON. It is almost sexual in its satisfaction as SAND's FEATURES IMplode AND SPLIT OPEN. His ruptured brains and eyes gushing forth in a hot volcanic flow of pulsing blood and electric green slime.

As Sand's eyes slide out and down his pulverized cheeks his screams melt into a sputtering wheeze and then stop.

RED tilts his head back, eyes glaze over and roll back. His jaw slackens.

He drops Sand's body onto the floor like a limp doll. He looks down as he raises his shaking blood drenched hands and gazes at them with the eyes of an animal.

He looks around, dazed.

Red takes out his trusty Zippo. Flicks it to life and tosses it onto the oily black floor.

It ERUPTS into BLUE FLAMES. They engulf the floor and CASCADE fluidly up the walls of the cavern.

SAND's pulverized head with distended open eyes twitches and burns on the stone floor.

RED moves through the shadowy passages -

Flames following him -

LIQUID BLUE FLAMES engulfing the tunnels in FLUID SLOW MOTION as he moves through the dark.

87 EXT. CHURCH/FOREST - NIGHT

87

RED emerges from the church and staggers away as flames engorge it, thick black smoke blooming outwards into the night sky like an EXHALATION OF CROM.

Red looks up. Eyes illuminated by

THE NIGHT SKY. ALIVE with the light of all the ANCIENT STARS.

RED gets in the BUICK parked on the grounds. The keys are in the ignition.

He starts the engine. Sits there in silence. Only the motor rumbling.

Staring off into space. Remembering.

88

MEMORY - NIGHT

88

The Most Beautiful Song In The World plays as we see The First Night They Met.

We are in a packed ROAD SIDE BAR. Dark. Smoky. Red lights. A strange memory of heaven. Gliding softly at 38 frames per second.

Mandy stands against the wall smoking and drinking a beer. She has a black eye. Sad eyes.

She sees Red from across the room. He's alone. Smoking.

Her eyes stay on him.

He looks up and sees her. He looks away shyly then. Then back again.

She smiles.

They sit together. Talking. Looking at one another. Feeling lucky to have found each other.

They come together. Holding each other in the shadows. Blissfully unaware of all around them as unheard music plays.

They kiss softly.

They drive through the night together.

Red looks over at Mandy riding shotgun.

She looks back at him. In love.

89

FOREST ROAD / BUICK - NIGHT - NOW

89

Red driving the buick through the night. He glances towards the passenger seat.

Mandy is there.

In her summer dress from the night they met. Gazing towards him. Her eyes are black and shimmering with a strange demonic light.

He looks back to the road. Eyes dark and alive and flooded with emotion beyond time. They have been brutally reborn into a universe of sensual, unforgiving chaos and he can never turn back.

WIDE. The car burns down the dirt road.

The image transmogrifies into the SOFT FLICKERING ROTOSCOPE *
CELL ANIMATION of a DREAM.

WIDER. From HIGH ABOVE we see his headlights cutting through a winding forest. We pull back to reveal -

WIDEST. A RANGE OF DARK ANCIENT MOUNTAINS.

In the FORMATIONS of the rocks we can almost see the shape of a WOMAN'S FACE. Her face.

A thick bank of CLOUD and FOG rolls over the mountainscape like her hair blowing in the breeze one summer day.

THE END