

MASTERS OF HORROR 2

"The V Word"

Written by
Mick Garris

Revisions by Charles Murray

GOLDENROD REVISIONS, 06/13/06

Pages: 58, 59

GREEN REVISIONS, 06/01/06

Pages:

1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 9A, 10, 11, 13,

14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 26, 35, 36,

37, 38, 39, 40, 44, 46, 54, 57

YELLOW REVISIONS, 05/25/06

Pages: 21

FULL PINK, 05/24/06

FULL BLUE, 05/17/06

FULL WHITE, 05/16/06

THE V WORD

1 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

1

The film abruptly starts in the middle of a horrific WAR: ZOMBIES are being blown to smithereens by giant WEAPONRY. The hungry, ravening, flesh-chomping LIVING DEAD are SPLATTERED into DEAD DEAD in WET RED BURST after WET RED BURST of HEAVY ARTILLERY.

But it is ANIMATED; the SCREEN is filled with a high-resolution COMPUTER SCREEN, where a battle to the death is being played on a horrific COMPUTER GAME, like HOUSE OF THE DEAD, or some such zombie-slaughtering digital abattoir.

2 INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

Blonde and freckled 15-year-old Justin and his African American 16-year-old best friend, Kerry, gentle, harmless social misfits, sit at opposite sides of the darkened bedroom, Kerry with a PSP game, Justin at his iMac.

The boys are skinny and T-SHIRTED, their hair going long and unkempt. The room is filled with the usual electronics and piles of GAMES and DVDs, despite it being a fairly downscale home. No posters on the walls: just stacks of software.

Justin has his cell phone tucked in his shoulder; ear to the phone. The look on his face is one of modern teenage angst --

JUSTIN

No, Dad I'm nothing like you.

(listens)

You even care that this'll hurt mom?

(listens; frowns)

Mom never has to worry about me screwing over her or Lisa.

(listens)

My battery's dying, Dad.

He claps his cell phone closed. It's the first time he's taken his eyes off of the iMac. He tries to shake it off and get back to slaughtering electronic ghouls. Kerry is so engrossed he hasn't heard a word of the phone call --

Silence. Nothing but electronic SCREAMS and EXPLOSIONS. Their GAME SCREENS glow, bright spots in the gloomy room, their faces lit by the screens. Otherwise, it's pretty dark.

(CONTINUED)

After a nearly interminable, numbing silence, Justin can't take it any longer. He holds both THUMBS down on the control buttons, stands up and lets out a SCREAM.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Aaarrrrrgggghhhh!

That jolts Kerry from his digital mind-numb and wrecks his game. His character is eaten by DIGITAL ZOMBIES.

KERRY

Shit, man, I was over 50,000, and had infinite blood supply!

Justin pauses the game. The Zombies freeze --

JUSTIN

(to the screen)

Find my old man and rip his throat out.

KERRY

If they listen to you and jump off the screen, I'm outta here

JUSTIN

It won't happen. I want it too much.

Kerry sees Justin's anger eating at him, tries to make him smile.

KERRY

You know what my moms says.

JUSTIN

Usually something stupid.

KERRY

(ignoring him)

You can't pick blood, but you can always pick friends.

Justin fully appreciating his friend. Kerry puts the PSP down, focuses --

KERRY (CONT'D)

To hell with your old man. Thought we were doing something "special?"

JUSTIN

We were. But now...

(CONTINUED)

KERRY

Don't let your old man make you
bitch up.

Justin shakes off his funk, feeling challenged, knows just
how to respond --

JUSTIN

We'll see who the bitch is.
(smiles)
Have you ever seen a dead guy?

KERRY

You mean, a real, live dead guy?
(off Justin's nod)
No.

JUSTIN

You want to?

Kerry considers it for a beat or two. Seems to be intrigued.

KERRY

Yeah. That'd be some creepy shit.
(beat)
Where are we gonna see a dead guy?

3 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

3

The MAIN DRAG in this Mid-Western town is rolled up and
quiet. CLOUDS cover the MOON, and LEAVES blow across the
ASPHALT.

At the end of the STREET stands the COLLINSWOOD FUNERAL HOME,
a fine old enormous HOUSE a hundred years or so ago.

Now, it is weathered and lonely, with a peeling old SIGN
swinging in the breeze with a rusty, rhythmic CREEEEAAAK. An
old NEON SIGN in the door buzzes as it flutters "CLOSED".
The "D" is BURNED OUT.

Justin and Kerry ride up into the foreground on their
SKATEBOARDS. The MORTUARY towers like a HAUNTED HOUSE.

KERRY

Damn. You were serious.

(CONTINUED)

A 1980s-era CADILLAC HEARSE sits in the covered DRIVE.

JUSTIN

Yeah. My dumb ass cousin works here at night. Alone.

(with emphasis)

Billy Redford's in there.

KERRY

Billy 'killed in a car accident' John?

JUSTIN

Yeah. Billy who used to always give us shit.

KERRY

Damn. Billy Redford.

(shakes his head)

Nah. Dead people ain't my thing.

JUSTIN

They're in all the games we play.

KERRY

(points to the funeral home)

Really dead...

Pulls out his PSP and shows it to him.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Images created by geeks.

Justin comes back and grabs him by the arm pulling him toward the building. And you can bet your ass Kerry resists.

JUSTIN

You know why we should do this? So every time your stupid brothers pick on you, call you a "white geek dipped in chocolate" or my old man tells me "I'm not worth the shit on his shoe," we can both say "At least we're not Billy Redford."

Sold. Kerry defiantly yanks away --

KERRY

Had to remember what my dumb ass brother said, huh?

(CONTINUED)

We MOVE with the boys as they WALK up to the imposing front door of the MORTUARY, their BOARDS under their arms.

They stand there looking at the silent old building, OAK LEAVES rustling about their feet in the wind.

KERRY (CONT'D)

The only thing missing is a black cat and shit that creaks...

They set down their skateboards and slowly head up the FOUR OLD WOODEN STEPS. As they gingerly take the first STEP, it CREAKS mightily: a HOWL in the NIGHT.

They FREEZE, and then they LAUGH, whistling in the graveyard.

They make their way up the last three creaking steps to the door. They PAUSE at the door, looking up at the dark building that towers over them.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Knocking works.

Justin's bravado lessens as he KNOCKS timidly on the door.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I think you might have a little pussy leaking out of you. Nobody's gonna hear that.

Justin glares at Kerry; Kerry grabs Justin's HAND and KNOCKS LOUDER with it. Justin quickly pulls his hand away.

They look down the street and see LIGHTS going OUT in the distance. Getting kind of late.

Justin KNOCKS again, harder still. Nothing. In fact, the WIND suddenly DIES DOWN, and the LEAVES drift down, settling at their feet. No answer.

There's a SOUND from within: a low THUMP. They look at one another: *what was that?*

Recovering, Kerry points at a BELL and CHAIN mounted next to the door. It is silent and still. Justin reaches slowly up and takes the CHAIN PULL in his adolescent HAND. He takes a deep BREATH and PULLS.

The entire BELL UNIT pulls out of the WOOD WALL and CRASHES noisily to the PORCH, making the boys JUMP a mile and SHOUT.

(CONTINUED)

Silence follows again, and the boys, after letting their HEARTS climb back into their chests, laugh again. Justin calls out behind the door.

JUSTIN

James!

Still no answer. Kerry reaches in front of Justin, wraps his fingers around the DOORKNOB, and... *It TURNS!*

He gives it a little SHOVE, and it slowly-- and noisily-- CREAKS OPEN. The front door opens onto DARKNESS. Justin looks at Kerry, then LEANS IN and calls out.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

James?

KERRY

Call him.

JUSTIN

I left my cell at home. James?

No reply. Justin ENTERS, and Kerry follows him inside.

4 INT. FUNERAL HOME - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

4

They ENTER, silhouetted by moonlight through the open door.

KERRY

Damn it's dark?

JUSTIN

Dead people don't need light.

They start FORWARD. Before they enter the heart of the place, Kerry backs up, pushes the door open wider than it is.

KERRY

In case we need to bounce. Fast.

JUSTIN

Fast? Why?

It's a moot question, as: *The DOOR is suddenly SLAMMED SHUT by a GUST of FALL WIND!* The guys practically jump out of their skins. Their hearts are pounding.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

This shit's kinda cool. Right?

(CONTINUED)

KERRY

(doesn't agree)

If you set this up and your cousin jumps out, trying to scare me, he's getting knocked out. Flat on his ass.

The place is REALLY DARK; the only light is MOONLIGHT through the WINDOWS. There is a soft GLOW of distant LIGHTS upstairs down the HALLWAY.

JUSTIN

There's nothing to be scared...

Justin looks over Kerry's shoulder. Jumps back, petrified.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

Kerry turns. Fists tightening. Rictus setting in his ass. When he spins back, Justin laughs his ass off --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Who's leaking now?

KERRY

Ass.

Kerry crosses the room, and finds the LIGHT SWITCH.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna find a light switch.

Click! But it doesn't go on.

KERRY (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake.

Justin leans over the DESK at the back of the reception area, and switches on the DESK LAMP, which illuminates a corner of the room. The light bounced from the paperwork on the desk.

On the desk Justin sees a pile of books and papers and a well-worn iBOOK. The PAPERS have James's name on them.

JUSTIN

This is James's stuff. He's here somewhere.

KERRY

Is he even gonna let us look at the body?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Good question.

KERRY

We should find the body first.
That way if he kicks us out...

JUSTIN

Mission accomplished.

Justin nods. They push on into the building --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Too bad we're not here to see my
dad.

KERRY

What did he say to you to piss you
off so much?

The thought of answering that pushes Justin into the parlor.
Justin goes from the DOOR to an INTERIOR DOOR and OPENS it.

5 INT. DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

5

A DOZEN CASKETS are laid out on display in the serious
moonlight. Justin FLIPS a SWITCH, and small SPOTLIGHTS
illuminate each of the COFFINS in the otherwise DARK ROOM.

It's very CREEPY. We TRACK the boys through the OPEN CASKETS
as they make their way deeper into the MORTUARY, peering into
the death boxes as they make their way through.

KERRY

(nervously)

Straight out of 'Vengeance of
Doom.'

JUSTIN

More like 'The Rising Ankh.'

The STAIRWAY to the second floor is at the other end of the
room. They reach the last at the end, and it is CLOSED.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Want to see if someone's inside?

Justin enjoys Kerry's fear. Reaches for the casket's LATCH.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(Night of the living Dead)
"They're coming to get you,
Barbara."

Kerry pulls Justin's hand back.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Thought you weren't scared.

KERRY
I'm not. I just don't want the two
for one special. We came to see
Billy Redford. Let's see him.

They move on --

KERRY (CONT'D)
So, you're not gonna talk about
your old man?

JUSTIN
(relenting)
He wanted me and Lisa to get to
know his fiancée. His ex-fuckin'-
secretary he left my mother for.

KERRY
Damn. That's foul.

JUSTIN
He thinks we could be a family
unit.
(shakes his head)
What the hell does he think me, my
mom, and the brat are?

KERRY
(laughs)
Three very ugly people.

JUSTIN
Yeah, well your family looks like
rejects from that show "Good
Times."

KERRY
Kiss my ass.

Justin tries to find a switch for the stairwell, but there
doesn't seem to be one. He leads Kerry into the dark
STAIRWELL. There's a faint glow from the display room below.

6

INT. FUNERAL HOME - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

6

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

They seem tiny in the darkness.

As they take a step up the stairs, the ancient wood CREAKS and MOANS as if in pain. Justin takes a few steps more up the stairs, and Kerry FOLLOWS close behind.

JUSTIN

You hear that?

And then, we can just barely hear it: very distant, very tinny, the sound of MUSIC.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Music.

KERRY

Right. That's why he can't hear us.

It looks really dark and scary and foreboding up there. We HEAR a THUMP and they REACT, then more SILENCE.

KERRY (CONT'D)

(getting more frightened)

You know they say some dudes who work in places like this...do things to the bodies...

Justin thinks about his cousin. Thinks how well he knows him. Realizes he doesn't know him well.

JUSTIN

Maybe we should come back later.

They turn and head back toward the stairs, heading down --

KERRY

(fighting fear)

Know what's funny?

(off Justin's look)

In a video game, this is the boring part.

They enter the display room. They start to make their way back through the corridor of caskets, when Justin stops them.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Whoa!

(shaken)

That coffin. Wasn't it closed?

That last casket sits wide open now, an open maw of death, imitated all the way down the line.

KERRY

(growing panic)

I knew you and your cousin were trying to pull some shit!

Kerry observes the panic in Justin's eyes. Realizes --

KERRY (CONT'D)

This wasn't planned, was it?

JUSTIN

(frantic whisper)

We're outta here! Now!

They rush the rest of the way through the display room...

8 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

8

... and back into the RECEPTION ROOM. They rush through the dark room up to the massive FRONT DOOR, Justin in the lead. He GRABS the DOORKNOB...*But it won't turn!*

KERRY

(frantic whisper)

Open it!

JUSTIN

(another frantic whisper)

Good idea!

They struggle with the door, but they are locked in.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

James, if you're fucking with us, cut it out!

KERRY

Let's try the back...

They rush through the room...

9 INT. DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT 9

... through the open CASKETS, toward the back of the building...But it DEAD-ENDS at the base of the STAIRS.

10 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 10

We look down on them from the landing above. This is the only way out.

KERRY

(yells)

I don't want to have to fuck somebody up!

JUSTIN

Shut up...

Silence except for the distant tinny SOUND of MUSIC.

KERRY

(in a harsh whisper)

Where the fuck is that music coming from?

They look behind, see the row of silent open coffins. One of the COFFIN LIDS suddenly comes CRASHING noisily down.

The boys run up the STAIRS. Halfway up, they stop. They look up above them. They look down below them. The MUSIC above, as well as an EXIT; the COFFINS below.

JUSTIN

Up, right?

Kerry NODS. And slowly, terrified, they go UP.

11 INT. LANDING AND CORRIDOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT 11

They reach the top of the LANDING: to the left, the CORRIDOR is swallowed by DARKNESS. Same to the right, except...

JUSTIN

Which way?

There is a DOOR open to the ROOM at the far end of the corridor on the right, and soft, warm LIGHT leaks out of it. And that's where the faint, trebly music is coming from.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

KERRY

Bad shit doesn't happen in the
light.

They creep stealthily down the dark corridor toward the LIGHT
behind the door way down the end of the hall to the right...

Once they reach the door, they look at each other to see
who's going to bravely venture forward and open the door.

KERRY (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

This was your idea.

Justin nods, gathers courage. He nudges the door open a tad,
takes a deep breath, then pushes it wide enough for both
Justin and Kerry to SCREAM at the top of their lungs...

12 INT. MAKEUP ROOM - NIGHT

12

The boys peer around the door, then slowly ease it OPEN and
make their way inside what will be revealed as the MAKEUP
ROOM.

The first thing they notice is the source of the distant
MUSIC: sitting on a GURNEY is James's IPOD, blasting music
through the tiny, abandoned EARBUDS.

JUSTIN

Look...

They approach the iPod, and its sleek white surface and
earbuds are corrupted by a splash of RED.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Blood?

KERRY

Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Kerry turns, starting to hyperventilate. He FREEZES, his
EYES like saucers.

He can't speak. Justin is fixated on the horrible iPod.
Kerry taps him on the SHOULDER with a SHAKING HAND.

KERRY (CONT'D)

J-J-J-Justin!

Justin looks at Kerry, then where Kerry's looking, and we
reveal the source of their HORROR:

(CONTINUED)

There is a Hollywood-style MAKEUP MIRROR, surrounded by bright MAKEUP LIGHTS. Sitting on a BARBER'S CHAIR in front of the mirror is the CORPSE of a VERY OLD WOMAN.

Her EYES and MOUTH are wide in a rictus of death. But worst of all, we reveal that HALF of her ancient, weathered FACE is MADE UP in horrible, overdone rosy MAKEUP, and the other half is barren of cosmetics.

She isn't finished... They stand back, keeping their distance.

KERRY (CONT'D)

She's dead.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Dude, swear you're not trying to make me piss myself.

JUSTIN

This is way beyond what I'd do.

Justin tries to calm himself and his friend.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Look, maybe...James cut himself, working on...her.

KERRY

And we're making a lot out of nothing.

JUSTIN

He probably went to the store for Band-Aids or some shit like that.

KERRY

A place like this wouldn't have that kind of shit?

Justin stares at the dead woman, slightly fascinated --

JUSTIN

Why is she only half-made-up?

KERRY

Why don't you ask her?

Justin looks at Kerry, no come-back ready.

(CONTINUED)

For the moment, their fears are slightly abated. Fascinated by the corpse laid out in front of them, Justin approaches it, really takes a good look at it. Kerry is right behind him.

JUSTIN

She looks fake. Like bad CGI. She just doesn't even look real...

KERRY

She'd look great in a game though.

The makeup lights exaggerate every crevice, every line in the road-map of the old woman's face. They take it in, fascinated and haunted.

JUSTIN

I thought it'd be, you know, like, scarier.

Kerry, bends down to examine her closely. First her chest, her arm. He knocks a make-up brush off the table to the floor. He reaches down to pick it up --

KERRY

Oh Shit.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

There are drops and splashes of BLOOD.

RESUME BOYS

KERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Kerry looks frantically around.

JUSTIN

Look, let's just find the back door and go home.

KERRY

There's no back door here...

He's right. They came through the only door in the room. No windows, either.

(CONTINUED)

KERRY (CONT'D)

What if James is in here? Hurt, or something...

JUSTIN

Would you shut up?

Kerry is near tears, whispering frantically.

KERRY

*We should've thrown some shit
through the window downstairs
...We'd be gone by now.*

Justin SLUGS his shoulder.

JUSTIN

Quit whining like a bitch!

He's scared, too, but he's got to do something. He looks around the room, for something he can use as a weapon. He finds nothing even remotely close. Justin creeps back to the open door, Kerry right on his heels.

He PEERS from behind the door out into the upstairs corridor.

THE CORRIDOR - HIS P.O.V.

The LIGHT from the MAKEUP ROOM falls off quickly into DARKNESS. But it's the only way to go.

Way at the far end of the corridor, they see the word "EXIT" glowing GREEN in the blackness above a distant doorway.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

We're gonna find a way out. And I'm not gonna let anything happen to you.

KERRY

What if something happens to you?

Justin chooses not to think about that. He begins moving, hugging the wall. Kerry does the same as they make their way silently into the HALLWAY.

They seek, but do not find, a light-switch along the wall as they make their way.

(CONTINUED)

They creep up the corridor into the SHADOW, until they reach the landing at the top of the stairs. They look down:

ANGLE - THEIR P.O.V. - THE STAIRWELL

It seems incredibly long and dangerous.

RESUME BOYS

They look into the impenetrably black corridor ahead, and the distant GREEN EXIT SIGN glowing deep in the PITCH BLACKNESS.

They look, they consider, they look, they consider.

JUSTIN
(nodding to the exit sign)
*That one's closer...Keep feeling
for a light-switch.*

As they creep along, Justin's HAND touches something WET on the WALL. He looks at his FINGERS in the dim light: *BLOOD!*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(quiet, horrified)
Oh, shit!

They make their way down the dark, dark hallway, feeling the wall for a light-switch as they inch their way along.

They can't see a thing as they creep deeper. Deeper. Their eyes wide. Their progress is slow and suspenseful.

KERRY
I can't see shit!

After a moment, a THUMP.

KERRY (CONT'D)
Ow!

We HEAR something move with a SQUEAK, as if on WHEELS. Then:

KERRY (CONT'D)
Aaaagggghhh!

JUSTIN
What? What!

KERRY
I think I touched...oh God...

(CONTINUED)

Justin finally finds a LIGHT-SWITCH, and FLICKS it ON.

DIM LIGHT erupts in a fluorescent stutter in the darkness, revealing a GURNEY in their path, and Kerry is standing over it. On the gurney, a BODY: a LITTLE GIRL, no more than 6 or 7 years old, her GOLDEN HAIR dangling over the gurney.

Kerry is horrified and disgusted.

KERRY (CONT'D)

I touched her! I touched her face!

JUSTIN

Kerry....

KERRY

Don't tell me to shut up!

JUSTIN

(plainly)

Look...

In the DIM LIGHT, we see that beyond them there are perhaps a HALF-DOZEN DEAD BODIES lying on the traffic-jam mess of GURNEYS, only partly COVERED with a SHEET.

The other CORPSES are all ELDERLY, and the boys-- and we-- are getting completely creeped out.

KERRY

Justin, I want to go home...

So does Justin.

JUSTIN

Where the hell are you, James?

The gurneys block the corridor leading to the exit. They can make it, but it won't be fun squeezing through DEAD BODIES.

The reality of death surrounding them is sapping the entertainment value of their journey.

KERRY

Look, something's happened to James, okay? All the rest of these ...dead bodies...they don't have blood. If he's the only person working, that's his blood...

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

(terrified)

Let's get through that door and get
the hell out of here.

And he swallows, girds his loins and starts to make his way
around the first cadaver-topped, stainless steel gurney.

The OLD DEAD MAN'S FACE glares up at them, motionless,
through cataract-clouded EYES.

Scary shit for anybody, but especially for teenagers.

Just past the first gurney, an OPEN DOOR off the hallway to
the left leads into another ROOM, a room from which there is
no other EXIT. It is the EMBALMING ROOM, and marked as such.

There are TWO STEEL EMBALMING TABLES, side by side, in the
room, with X's running the length of the metal beds, to allow
blood to drain. Gleaming TOOLS of the TRADE stand in the
corners, on the STAINLESS STEEL SHELVES.

Under a SHEET on one, the massive BULK of a very heavy WOMAN.

On the other: The naked BODY of BILLY REDFORD. The Y-CUT
fresh, the body newly drained of its blood.

Kerry starts to fight back BILE rising in his stomach.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's him...

Kerry is confused for a second, then realizes Justin is
referring to the dead body.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Redford.

KERRY

I could give two fucks.

Justin is mesmerized. Redford is normal looking except for
the Y-Cut from his chest to his stomach --

JUSTIN

He's...our age.

KERRY

(edgy)

Okay, we've seen him. Now let's
go.

(CONTINUED)

Justin SWALLOWS and pulls away from the embalming room, back to the ice-floe of GURNEYS.

JUSTIN

Oh, Jesus.

KERRY

What?

On the gurney they have just PASSED, there is something about the SHEET-COVERED BODY. *It is SOAKED IN BLOOD!*

KERRY (CONT'D)

Oh God oh God oh God oh God...

Justin forces himself to move closer and closer to the body.

KERRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JUSTIN

(resolute)

They're only dead bodies.

Justin can't speak. The BLOOD is SEEPING out into the SHEET. Cowering, but slowly moving closer, Justin finally reaches gingerly for the edge of the SHEET.

KERRY

Justin, *don't!*

Closer. Finally, with his fingertips, Justin gently, slowly lifts the edge of the sheet. Kerry CLENCHES his EYES SHUT.

Finally, he YANKS the SHEET aside, and SHOUTS. He starts to SHAKE, and Kerry is completely losing it.

Justin's cousin is laid bare on the gurney, and it's a horrible sight. His THROAT has been TORN OUT, and there is BLOOD everywhere. Everywhere but in his body.

Kerry's eyes are filled with TEARS; he starts to SOB.

JUSTIN

It's James...

But then we see something they don't:

Behind them, between the gurneys mounted with CORPSES and the EXIT DOOR behind them, there is one last GURNEY with a body on it. The body is completely covered with a sheet.

(CONTINUED)

It seems to MOVE a bit, just a SHIVER. Or is that our imagination? The air conditioning rippling the sheet? No...

The BODY under the SHEET behind them is slowly-- agonizingly slowly-- *starting to SIT UP!*

Justin sees the MOVEMENT of a SHADOW on the WALL, and slowly turns. He GRABS Kerry by the SHIRT, they both turn to face:

A MAN, slowly SITTING UP, the SHEET lazily DROPPING from his face. He is close to 60, paunchy and balding. His EYES are all PUPIL, solid BLACK, and SHINY as CHROME, his FACE crinkled as CREPE PAPER, his MOUTH dripping with fresh BLOOD.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

That's not make-up...

And with that simple statement, Kerry pisses himself.

The boys are FROZEN in FEAR, working their mouths, unable to even SCREAM as the monstrous man with the blood all over his chin starts to rise to his feet.

As if in slow motion, the MAN eases himself off the gurney, his EYES, unblinking, fixed upon the boys...

With *HUNGER?*

SCREAMS work their way out of the boys' throats, and they finally break free of the shackles of their terror, and turn to run through the GURNEYS and CORPSES.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Run, Kerry!

They crash through the gurneys, and CORPSES fall into their path, slowing their escape. With a SCREAM, Kerry TRIPS over a body, falling face-to-face with the CORPSE.

He leaps to his feet, and the boys climb over and around the DEAD, terrified, unable to hold back their screams.

The BLOOD-FACED CREEP is in no hurry. He STANDS and follows them back toward the stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - WITH THE BOYS

They RUN and STUMBLE down the corridor toward the stairs, driven by sheer, abject TERROR.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

Led by his LONG SHADOW, the Man follows relentlessly.

They reach the landing, and flail down the stairs.

The Man's SHADOW TOUCHES Kerry, seeming to give him a little PAIN, which causes him to miss a step and SLIP, falling horribly on the stairs, and tumbling halfway down. We HEAR the terrible SOUND of a SNAPPING BONE, and Kerry SCREAMS!

At the top of the stairs, the Man appears in silhouette, EYES reflecting a hateful, animal RED, looking down on them.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Kerry, get up!

He tries, but falls again with another agonized SCREAM. A SHARD of BROKEN TIBIA sticks out the RIP in his JEANS.

KERRY

My leg...

He looks up and SEES the Man take a STEP onto the stairs.

Imagine being fifteen and seeing this Man peering down on you with harm in mind. You'd understand Justin's first step back. Away from his friend. Toward freedom.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Justin, please...don't leave me!

The words snap Justin out of his thought of flight. Barely. Kerry's forehead is breaking out in perspiration, and his face is PALE with nausea.

Justin firmly grabs his friend's hand.

JUSTIN

Get up! Now!

He does, and Justin pulls him down the stairs. But every step is agony as Kerry bounces down each step on his shattered leg. He screams with each THUMP.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (7)

13

The Man follows, step by step, a bloodthirsty tortoise after the terrified hares.

In his horrified haste, Justin, too, loses his footing, but rights himself after tumbling just a couple of steps. He reaffirms his hold on Kerry, and keeps the momentum going.

By the time they reach the foot of the stairs, Justin, too, is covered in sweat and out of breath. But he won't abandon his friend.

Justin looks up to see that the Hideous Man is closing in, his BLACK EYES gleaming in the meager light. The Man's LIPS crinkle into a GRIN, then open up to a wet, RED-MOUTH LAUGH that echoes through the room.

Justin pulls Kerry out of the stairwell and into:

14 INT. DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

14

Huffing, Justin drags Kerry into the casket room, pulling him along the slick, newly polished LINOLEUM FLOOR.

He looks in horror at the open CASKET that greets them as they enter the room. There is BLOOD in it; the Man had been lying in wait there.

ANGLE - C.U. JUSTIN'S FEET

They slip and slide, losing purchase on the shiny, waxed floor, through dribbles of BLOOD.

RESUME SCENE

Justin keeps going, pulling Kerry behind him through the row of COFFINS. Kerry tries to help, PULLING himself across the floor with his hands and PUSHING with his GOOD LEG, but it's not helping much.

As they EXIT the room, the Monstrous Man ENTERS it. Closing in...

15 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

15

Justin DRAGS Kerry through the doorway and into the DARK reception room. Only MOONLIGHT illuminates the room.

(CONTINUED)

Justin is practically in tears as he drags his friend, but the pace is slowing, the load getting heavier.

Justin looks behind:

ANGLE - DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

The Old Man with the shining black eyes is still coming, moonlight gleaming off his wet, red TEETH. Horribly, he LICKS his BLOODY LIPS...

RESUME RECEPTION ROOM

Justin redoubles his efforts.

JUSTIN
Come on, Kerry, help me!

Kerry's eyes roll back in his head once, then he comes back to focus. He struggles to push himself to the door. Justin keeps pulling on him, almost pulling Kerry's arm out of its socket.

Kerry tries to push himself frantically along the floor on his one good leg, pulling himself with his long, skinny arms. He looks over his shoulder, terrified, as they both try to move across the room to the front door.

ANGLE - DISPLAY ROOM DOORWAY

The Man emerges from the display room into the reception room. The boys are at best halfway across the room, and he just keeps on coming, his hungry smile coupled with a horrific, evil SNEER. He's enjoying this pursuit, feeding off of their terror.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Help me!

They're pulling away, closer to the door, closer, closer!

The Man is REACHING for them as he gets closer, closer, closer! His FINGERS are long and knotted, with long, chipped NAILS that look as if they've dug out of a fresh grave. And oh, yes: the nails are covered in fresh BLOOD.

Finally, Justin THROWS himself at the FRONT DOOR, but yes, it's STILL LOCKED!

(CONTINUED)

He struggles with it, POUNDING on it, PUSHING, PULLING, and all the while, the hungry Man is coming closer and closer!

KERRY
Come on, Justin!

Kerry is trying to scramble away as the Man looms up over him, grinning and working that horrible wet mouth!

JUSTIN
I can't...

KERRY
Please! Please!

He looks back, and the Man is right over Kerry, reaching for him with his talon-like hands.

JUSTIN
Nooooooooo!!!

Yes.

As Kerry scrambles frantically, incapacitated on the floor, the Man bends down over him and runs his hideous, ragged, bloody FINGERS through Kerry's hair. Kerry POUNDS at his attacker with his fists, screaming, but to no avail.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Leave him alone!

He just looks up at Justin, then returns his attention to Kerry. Justin struggles with the door, but it won't budge.

KERRY
Keep your fucking hands off...

The Man viciously SLAMS his HEAD against the FLOOR.

JUSTIN
(heart in his throat)
Stop it, you son of a bitch...

Kerry is broken, barely conscious, as the Man's talon-fingers digs them into the soft FLESH of Kerry's NECK.

Kerry SCREAMS as BLOOD BURBLES and SPURTS. The Man's silver-black EYES roll back in his head in ecstasy as he lowers his face to the BLOOD GEYSER and FEEDS.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Jesus! Oh Jesus

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

Justin fights wildly with the door. The Man DROPS Kerry's body and looks at Justin, BLOOD drooling from his mouth.

He STANDS and GRINS and REACHES for Justin.

Justin DIVES out of his reach and runs for the WINDOW!

The Man takes another step closer.

Justin grabs a nearby URN and throws it against the window. The glass SHATTERS. The boy JUMPS through the jagged opening.

The Man watches for a beat, then returns to see blood pump slowly from Kerry's ripped-open NECK.

He returns to clean his plate.

16 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

16

Justin, CUT and BLEEDING from the window glass, STARES back, knowing Kerry is back there, dying, alone.

JUSTIN

Kerry!

(nothing)

Goddammit! Kerry!

Only the whisper of the wind answers his cry. He RUNS from the mortuary in mortal terror.

Two SKATEBOARDS sit outside the now-silent building.

The WIND is kicking up again, and ELM and MAPLE LEAVES swirl. The building itself seems to grin in the dark.

TEARS run down Justin's face; all he can do is RUN...

17 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

17

Justin is RUNNING for all he's worth, putting the horror of the Collinswood Funeral Home behind him. As if he could.

18 INT. JUSTIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

Hold a couple of still, silent BEATS in the DARK ROOM. Then, the DOOR CRASHES OPEN as Justin charges inside, slamming it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He's home, and maybe he's safe. But he's all alone here, and still a boy. His breath is ragged, his chest heaving, tears making tracks through the dirt on his face.

Justin tries to catch his breath, his hands on his knees, fighting the urge to VOMIT.

As he gets his breath back, he notices the BLINKING GLOW of RED LIGHT in the corner: the ANSWERING MACHINE.

He TURNS ON the LIGHTS, flooding the room in brilliant safety, and crosses to the PHONE. He picks it up and starts to call 911, then PAUSES.

JUMP CUT TO:

19 JUSTIN'S FANTASY:

19

He's on the PHONE, punched up 911.

JUSTIN

My best friend was just killed by a
freak who drank his blood...

911 VOICE (V.O.)

Halloween was last month, you
little shit.

911 hangs up on him.

JUMP CUT TO:

20 ANOTHER TRY

20

He calls again.

JUSTIN

There's been a murder at the
Collinswood Funeral Home.

911 VOICE (V.O.)

Murders usually happen before the
bodies get to the funeral home.

JUMP CUT TO:

21 THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM, RIGHT?

21

JUSTIN

You've got to help me! My best
friend just got his throat torn out
at the Collinswood Funeral Home!

911 VOICE (V.O.)

It's illegal to crank-call 911...

RESUME JUSTIN

Still breathing hard, he looks at the phone. Not a good
idea. Nobody trusts a kid. Nobody except...

He picks up the HEADSET and dials.

JUSTIN

(into phone)

Dad? It's Justin. I need help.
Something happened to...

(listens)

Please, just listen! I need you!

And from the look on his face we can tell his father has hung
up on him. Lost, he focuses on:

The ANSWERING MACHINE as it keeps blinking: TWO MESSAGES.

Hesitant, Justin reaches over and pushes the BUTTON.

KERRY'S MOM

(voice on answering
machine)

Uhh, hey, it's Kerry's mom, Sally.
Justin, have my little knucklehead
give me a call if he's not spending
the night so I'll know to pick him
up. God knows what's on these
streets these days.

(beat)

Tell him to call me sooner than
later, if he's there too late,
he'll just have to spend the night.
'Bye!

Justin stares at the machine in a wash of GUILT. He
swallows, his eyes filling again.

BEEP! The next message plays:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

JUSTIN'S MOM

Honey, are you home? Did you guys go out to a movie or something? Listen, Lisa and I will be back from Nana's late tomorrow evening, so if you need to get something for dinner, just take some money from my black purse on the dresser in my bedroom. Hope you're having fun... but not *too* much fun. Okay, hon, I love you. Don't call me on my cell the battery's dead.

Click. Buzz. And that's it. He heads into his room.

21A INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

21A

He stares at the iMac. Frozen zombies stare at him. Heartless, dying to feed. A feeling of emptiness settles in. The surreal meets the real. He pushes the power button, killing the machine.

TIME CUT TO:

22 INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

Justin, dirty and sweaty, lies ASLEEP on top of his bed, still in his CLOTHES. The room is dark, save for THREE sources: the MOONLIGHT through the window, his iMac's SCREENSAVER, and the GLOW of a little TV in the corner.

On the screen: NOSFERATU, a creaky old silent vampire movie that looks silly after tonight's confrontation with the real thing. The SOUND is OFF, and the room is eerily SILENT.

The WIND kicks up, and we HEAR the LEAVES scrape against the WINDOWS. The stripped, gnarled FINGERS of the TREE BRANCHES outside scratch against the GLASS.

A SHADOW floats across the ROOM as SOMETHING passes outside. It LINGERS on Justin's face, then slides away.

We MOVE DOWN and IN on Justin from above; he is DEEP in a TROUBLED SLEEP, his EYES REMMING frantically, his breathing fitful, broken.

In the distance, a SOUND:

Tap, tap, tap.

(CONTINUED)

Justin still sleeps, as Max Schreck rises from his coffin on the television. The CLOCK tells us it's just past 4 a.m. The CURTAINS start to FLAP in the building BREEZE.

Tap, tap, tap.

Justin's startled by the noise as it interrupts his dream. He jerks AWAKE. His FISTS ready to swing at air. He gulps air, scanning the room, seeing nothing.

JUSTIN

Mom?

(silent beat)

Lisa?

Then he remembers: they're at Nana's. He's all alone.

Justin stands up. It's coming from the living room.

23 INT. JUSTIN'S HALLWAY - INTO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 23

Justin steps into the hall, just as the POUNDING happens again.

Somebody's knocking on the front door.

Keeping his distance, Justin calls out:

JUSTIN

(dying in his throat)

Who's there?

Silence. Then: *knock, knock, knock...*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Who is it?

A long, silent beat, then more SOLID KNOCKING on the DOOR.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Go away! Or I'll call the police!

Very soft, very distant. A WHISPER from outside.

VOICE

Justin...

Or...it could just be the wind.

Justin makes his way up the hall and into the open, lonely LIVING ROOM. Carefully, he approaches the front door.

(CONTINUED)

Knock, knock, knock. He CHAINS the DOOR, then PEERS through the PEEPHOLE.

JUSTIN
(with disbelief)
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

VOICE
(pained)
My leg hurts like hell.

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V. THROUGH PEEPHOLE

Out on the front porch, Kerry stands there, staggering, reeling on his BROKEN LEG, a BLOODY TOWEL wrapped around his neck. He is barely alive, pale and weak, his EYES sunken.

KERRY
Justin...don't leave me out here...

INCLUDE JUSTIN

Terrified. The door between them.

JUSTIN
How'd you get out of there?

Kerry weaves in front of the door, barely able to stand.

No response. The wounded, embattled Kerry reaches for the door, his FINGERNAILS scratching pitifully.

Justin's EYES well up. He OPENS the DOOR a crack, but leaves the chain latched.

KERRY
(whisper)
I... I got away...through the window...my leg wasn't...bad as I thought it was...

He can barely speak through his ripped-out THROAT. The TOWEL is SOAKED THROUGH with BLOOD.

JUSTIN
(panicking)
Oh, shit, dude! What did he do?

Justin doesn't know what to do. His friend is standing before him, nearly dead. He's got to help him.

(CONTINUED)

Justin SLIDES the BOLT free and opens the door, looking briskly around for... well, for *anything*.

Kerry FALLS against Justin, and Justin drags his friend inside the house, and lies him on the FLOOR.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I left. I...I didn't know what else to do...

Kerry's EYES are filled with tears, the WHITES of them almost entirely RED. His BREATHING is shallow, labored and BLOOD covers his clothing, and is SOAKED into the TOWEL around his NECK. Justin kneels over him, choking back tears and terror.

Justin slowly reaches for the bloody towel, and PEELS it gently away from Kerry's NECK, revealing a RAVAGED, RAW WOUND, jagged and hideous, wet with spent blood.

He quickly wraps the towel back around the wound and presses it into place with his hand. Kerry's wide, pitiful, unblinking EYES never leave Justin's face.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call 911.

And he rushes across the room to the phone.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(to Kerry)

We're gonna get this freak. After we get you to a hospital, I'm gonna go back with the police...

He turns back to Kerry, but:

Only a PUDDLE of BLOOD lies on the hardwood where Kerry was.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Where'd you...go...

He HEARS the SINK in the kitchen, crosses the LIVING ROOM.

As Justin enters the kitchen, Kerry has his face under the faucet in the kitchen sink, gulping down the water. Some of it is pouring from the wounds in his NECK.

JUSTIN

What did he do to you?

(CONTINUED)

Kerry turns to him, then he suddenly VOMITS up the water, now pinked with blood.

He starts to heave with wracked breaths, struggling for air-- for life-- then COLLAPSES onto the linoleum.

Justin rushes to his friend's side, but stops short of touching him. It's too grotesque.

Kerry is trying to breathe, but he can't. His EYES are fixed on Justin, looking up from the floor, choking, struggling, as life drifts away.

Justin is horrified, unable to move as his friend dies.

Finally, no more movement. A last wash of bloody water dribbles out in the death rattle.

Kerry's EYES CLOUD OVER, then turn a SHINY BLACK, as Justin starts to SHAKE. Soon his whole BODY is shivering as he breaks down, fighting tears.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I didn't... mean for this to happen. I swear...

He's afraid to touch the corpse of his best friend; all he can do is stare at it.

ANGLE - WALL PHONE IN FOREGROUND

Justin looks up from his friend, sees the phone. He STANDS, makes his way across the kitchen, throwing a look back at Kerry's corpse on the kitchen floor.

He reaches the phone and picks it up. The dial tone is like a mosquito. He tries hard to calm himself, get his breathing down, clears his throat, steels himself to call 911.

Behind the oblivious Justin, *Kerry slowly and silently RISES.*

Justin punches in the first number. Kerry comes silently closer. The second. Closer still. Kerry's SHADOW climbs over Justin from behind.

Just as Justin punches the last number, Kerry's BLOODY HAND falls onto the kill button, hanging up.

(CONTINUED)

RESUME SCENE

Slowly, filled with fear, Justin turns to Kerry, whose eyes are black and shiny and familiar.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You just...died...

KERRY
I'm sorry, Justin. I'm so hungry.

In a FLASH, Kerry YANKS Justin's HEAD to the side, and PLUNGES his FINGERS into the soft, white flesh of his NECK. Justin tries to struggle, but, well, resistance is futile.

Justin drops screaming as Kerry feeds upon the fount of BLOOD. In a ROAR of POUNDING BLOOD rushing through our ears, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

25 IN BLACK

25

Silence. Then, distant, MUFFLED as if through COTTON, SOUNDS: a DOOR OPENING, slamming shut, things being trundled about, and finally, a VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Justin? Jesus, what happened here?

The sounds are coming forward, as if from the bottom of a well. Finally, another OPENING DOOR, and:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sweetheart, are you okay?

26 INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

His EYES open, and it's searingly painful. The LIGHT is BRIGHT, too bright, agonizing.

He CLOSES his EYES, throwing us back into BLACK.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Justin? What is this mess in the
living room?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Did you and Kerry throw a party?
If you spill a Coke or whatever
that is, don't wait for me to come
to clean it up! You can't have
friends over and...

He OPENS his EYES to another painful burst of BRIGHT LIGHT.
It eases down a bit, and we're able to make out images in the
brightness. He has slept through the entire day, and it's
the next night.

CAROLYN

Are you okay?

Justin's MOTHER, CAROLYN, stands over him. She is a harried,
attractive 40, coping with the whole Single Mom thing pretty
effectively, but has no life of her own. Work and kids. She
doesn't pay attention to the blankets that are pulled all the
way to his chin.

CAROL

Young man...

He covers his eyes --

JUSTIN

(forcing it out)
Ma...please...

CAROLYN

I'm just...shocked you left the
house like this. I can usually
count on you. But that...
(points outside)
That's more like something your
father'd do when he was drunk...
(sighs)
Dinner's on the table. Clean up
what you can, but you look like you
could use some food.

She kisses him on the head then leaves the room.

ANGLE - INCLUDE JUSTIN

He's in his BED, the covers pulled up around his neck. He
SQUINTS against the bright light, letting his eyes adjust.

He SITS UP, and the blankets fall away. His NECK has been
TORN APART. He reaches up and TOUCHES the WOUND with his
fingers, feels the ragged, torn flesh.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over to a MIRROR and assesses the damage.

It's a horrible wound. Half of his THROAT seems to be torn out. He gingerly touches it, and it doesn't hurt. He lifts a FLAP of SKIN and inspects it. It is painless. Yet, still:

JUSTIN
(in a whisper)
Gross.

27 INT. JUSTIN'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

27

Carol and Justin's 10-year-old sister, LISA, are setting the table around PIZZA BOXES. The family LABRADOR RETRIEVER, PHILO, is trying to get his share.

CAROLYN
Feed Philo dog food, will you?

LISA
He doesn't like dog food; he wants to eat with us.

CAROLYN
We've gone over this. He eats with us. He doesn't eat what we eat.
(calling out)
Come on, Justin!

Justin slowly emerges from the HALLWAY. He has on FRESH CLOTHES, including a TURTLENECK that covers his NECK WOUNDS.

There is no trace of the BLOOD that covered him earlier.

Carol peers around the doorway to see Justin standing in the living room.

CAROL
Don't act like you just stepped into Oz. That's your mess, buddy.

She THROWS a SPONGE and a BOTTLE of CLEANING STUFF to him. He doesn't even try to catch them. They bounce off of his chest and onto the floor.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Nice catch, Consec.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

And she heads back into the kitchen. Muzzy-headed and as slow-moving as a zombie, Justin bends down to his knees, picks up the sponge and cleaner, and starts working on Kerry's BLOODSTAIN on the floor.

28 INT. JUSTIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

28

Carol is laying out the pizza as Justin walks in and stands in the doorway.

CAROLYN

Did it come up, or am I gonna have to call in a cleaner?

Philo starts BARKING at Justin from across the kitchen.

LISA

Philo, you get Mom upset you're not getting any pizza.

CAROLYN

He's not getting any if he runs me a hot bath and tells me he's the man of my dreams.

(more barks)

You hush, Philo. I mean it!

She throws an OLIVE at him, and that shuts him up. He curls up on a rug by his food bowls, sulky. A very quiet GROWL, just to have the last word. GLARING at Justin.

LISA

How's an olive different from a piece of pizza when it's on the pizza?

CAROL

You're not allowed to use logic until your fifteen.

(to Justin)

Come on, sit down and eat. We got pepperoni and vegetarian, if you're still not eating meat.

Justin stares dumbly for a second, then sits. Lisa digs into a slice of the veggie.

LISA

(her mouth full)

Did you miss me?

(CONTINUED)

Justin turns to her, stares at the pizza in her mouth, sees the tomato paste staining her teeth, turning them red. After a BEAT, slowly shakes his head. Lisa FLIPS HIM OFF.

Carol SEES her, and gives her a quick little BACKHAND.

CAROLYN

Lisa!

LISA

Sorry.

(to Justin)

I didn't miss you, either.

CAROLYN

Knock it off and eat, you two.

(to Justin)

So, wanna tell me about your little party you and Kerry had?

He looks at her. In the corner on his DOG BED, Philo starts to GROWL again...still GLARING at Justin.

CAROL

What is the matter with you? Cut it out! You're not getting any pizza.

Philo, repentant, puts his paws over his nose, just a little more last-word grumble before he goes quiet.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Your Dad call while we were gone?

Justin shakes his head, and Carol tries to keep her anger contained. Better to just be quiet.

Justin reaches over and takes a slice of the veggie pizza.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Am I the only one eating pepperoni?
I should have gotten a small.

Justin looks at the slice of pizza in his hand, can't eat it. It revolts him. He drops it to the plate and STANDS.

JUSTIN

(hoarse, labored)

Not... hungry...

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN
(concerned)
Honey. Come over here.

He steps closer to her, and she feels his forehead.

CAROL
You're ice cold! Go get in bed.

He NODS and trudges out of the kitchen.

TIME CUT TO:

29 INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

It's late. Justin, on his bed, staring forward, clutches his STOMACH. His CURTAINS are all pulled tight, and the LIGHTS are off. He is in darkness, and in AGONY. His face is twisted in pain, and he starts to slowly ROCK back and forth.

He (and we) can HEAR Carolyn's VOICE in the distance, but we can't make out the words. We can tell that she's upset.

Justin slowly STANDS and goes to the door.

30 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

30

At one end of the dark hall, Justin eases around the doorway. At the other, Carol stands in dim light in the KITCHEN DOORWAY on the phone. She seems upset, exasperated.

CAROLYN
He said you didn't call...What do you think that does to him when you break your promises, over and over and over?
(beat)
You told him what? You and that... whore? You're such an asshole!
(listens)
He's your fifteen year old son, not one of your drinking buddies...Oh, just go to hell...

She slams the phone down. Even from a distance, we can see the TEARS of anger, hurt, and frustration.

After a BEAT, she TURNS OFF the LIGHT, and makes her way back to her bedroom at the end of the hall. Justin pulls back into the darkness of his bedroom as she passes.

(CONTINUED)

She never realizes how close he is to her as she goes into her room and closes the door behind her.

ANGLE - CU JUSTIN

We push in on his face. It is filled with PAIN because of what his mother is going through, but there's something else going on. Whether real or imagined, it seems he can hear her pulse; her heartbeat; her blood.

That's when he understands that this new sensation flooding through him is HUNGER. He watches his mother pass and go into her room. He steps out into the hallway, walks up to her door, and listens as she gets ready for bed.

There is MOONLIGHT filtering out of the partly open DOOR next to his mother's room. The hunger sickens him, but leads him quietly over to the door, and PEERS IN.

Lisa is sound asleep in her bed, and Philo is sprawled next to her, taking up most of the room on the mattress.

PHOTOS are scattered about her VANITY and MIRROR: Lisa with her friends, with her FAMILY. There are several with Carol and Justin, and a couple with just their FATHER.

Justin looks in from the doorway, and stops when he sees Philo. Luckily, Philo is in a deep sleep.

He moves in, standing directly over her (much like Nosferatu stood over his victim in the old movie on the TV). He works his mouth, swallows drily.

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

The detail is extremely heightened, the SOUND amplified. He looks deep into her EYES, as we HEAR her BREATHING through her nose, exaggerated.

The view moves down and in on her NECK, where we can SEE her PULSE POUNDING in the CAROTID, just below the thin layer of SKIN. Through his heightened senses, we can even see THROUGH the skin, and watch the BLOOD rushing through her veins.

We HEAR the BEATING of her little HEART, pounding LOUDER and LOUDER and LOUDER. We can even SEE it beneath her skin and RIBCAGE, pumping the BLOOD through her body.

31 CONTINUED:

31

RESUME JUSTIN

His HUNGER is growing, undeniable. Just when we feel he's going to rip her throat out and sup on her blood, Lisa reflexively rubs her face and inhales deeply...

LISA
(in her dreams)
You suck too...

It's simple, child-like, the venom she exhales. And it reminds him that he's looking at "the brat" like she's food. The thought chills him. He pulls away, down the hall and into his own room, slamming the door shut behind him.

The SLAMMED DOOR wakes little Lisa, as well as Philo, who both look up groggily, then settle back into Slumberland with Nemo.

32 EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

The MOON is HIGH, the CLOUDS drifting, the LEAVES blowing.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS, and Justin comes out into the night, where he belongs. His EYES are BLOODSHOT, and he's in the thrall of pain and uncontrollable HUNGER.

He wraps his long, black COAT around himself, and heads out into the night. We watch him make his way down the working-class neighborhood street.

33 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

33

It's a nice, upscale neighborhood, where all the two-storey homes are identical and new. Clean and homogenized.

Justin, gaunt, emaciated, *hungry*, makes his way up the street. He knows exactly where he's going, and approaches a particular HOUSE. There's a red PORSCHE BOXSTER in the DRIVEWAY.

This is his FATHER'S HOUSE.

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. LANDING - NIGHT 35

A slice of MOONLIGHT invades the dark landing. Outside the door, in the corner of the landing, a GOLF BAG, filled with CLUBS.

35A INT. DAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35A

Justin steps into his father's bedroom doorway. His father, DAVID, whom we recognize from the PHOTOS in Lisa's bedroom, is in his 40s and good-looking, in a slick, money-grubbing investment-counsellor kind of way.

Justin stares at his father, grim. Again, he sees him almost TOO closely: the BEATING of the BLOOD under the skin, the irresistible, deafening PULSE POUNDING in our ears.

The painful, agonizing HUNGER that must be slaked.

David SNORES, oblivious, as his UNDEAD SON closes in for the kill.

Ultimately, Justin pulls back. He can't do this.

36 INT. DAD'S LANDING - NIGHT 36

Fighting his primal urges, he BACKS out of the bedroom and onto the landing, and, in a sudden JOLT, DEAD KERRY is right behind him, making ALL of us JUMP.

JUSTIN

Where the hell did you come from?

Their voices are quiet whispers.

KERRY

Do him.

Kerry looks somehow HEALTHIER: PALE, yes, but his WOUNDS are HEALING, and his LEG is no longer shattered.

JUSTIN

What are you doing? Following me?
How the hell are you walking?

Justin clutches his STOMACH. It hurts so badly. It took all of his strength to pull away from feeding on his father.

(CONTINUED)

KERRY

It hurts, doesn't it?

Justin sags to his knees, looking up into Kerry's chrome black EYES. He nods agreement.

JUSTIN

What's wrong with me?

KERRY

We've got plenty of time to talk.
You need to go back in there.

JUSTIN

No!

Kerry grabs him by the coat lapels and pulls him close.

KERRY

You have to!

JUSTIN

He's...my Dad.

KERRY

He's the same bastard that treats
you, your mom, and Lisa like crap!
(tortured)
I'd rather see him go down if it
means you get to live.

Justin's body is wracked with PAIN. He clutches his guts, throwing his head back and revealing the dry, raw WOUNDS on his THROAT.

KERRY (CONT'D)

The way you feel is never going
away.

JUSTIN

You did this to me! I thought you
were my friend...

Justin looks up at him, weak, but still unable. He came so close, but just can't take that last step. He cannot kill. Not even a prick like his father.

Kerry holds onto his friend, pulls him close, face-to-obsidian-eyed-face. They stare at one another silently.

KERRY

I am...

(CONTINUED)

37 INT. JUSTIN'S FATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

Kerry stands over the sleeping David for a moment, Justin watches from the doorway in horror --

KERRY

(to Justin)

Back at your house, I heard you
call him for help. Whose old man
hangs up when their son needs help?

Kerry slams his hand into a nearby mirror shattering it into many pieces. He snatches the largest shard off of the ground. David WAKES in baffled TERROR. Sees Kerry over him.

DAVID

What the fuck --

KERRY

You know when Doctor's say "this
won't hurt?" Well, this will...

He *DRAGS* the SHARD across David's throat. *Every protest dying before he can utter it. You can hear him suck in breath through the gaping wound in his throat.*

David tries to SCREAM, but what escapes is hyper, guttural, grunting. David reaches for his throat as he starts to lose consciousness.

His eyes fall on Justin who helplessly stands by, watching him.

Kerry drops the SHARD to the floor, and turns to Justin.

KERRY (CONT'D)

There you go. Now feed.

Sickened by the sight, and by the raging new hunger, Justin can only watch in horror.

JUSTIN

Kerry, what did you do?

KERRY

If he dies, it'll be too late. And
he wants you alive.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN

Who?

KERRY

(simply)

Him.

Justin looks at Kerry, looks at his blood-drenched, dying father, grips his screaming belly.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Know how you feel when you're playing 'Pure Destruction III' and you've got a million points, pure power, and you think the game won't ever beat you? That's how you'll feel after you feed.

Kerry moves up behind him, nudging him closer to his dying father. David's BREATHS are wet, ragged, *diminishing*.

Kerry puts his hand on Justin's shoulder, eases him down, face to horrific face with David.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Drink. For me.

The dying HEARTBEAT gets louder, sound and vision are greatly EXAGGERATED, and the pain and hunger within Justin are overwhelming.

Just when we think he is about to nestle his face in his father's BLOOD, he BREAKS AWAY, charging out of the bedroom.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Justin!

38 INT. DAD'S LANDING - NIGHT 38

We TRACK with Justin as he RUNS down the stairs, Kerry right after him.

39 EXT. NEARBY PARK - NIGHT (FORMERLY JUSTIN'S FATHER'S HOUSE)39

Justin SPRINTS around the corner, confused and scared. Kerry is in pursuit.

Just as Justin is about to clear a FENCE, he is suddenly and shockingly GRABBED by the Man who killed Kerry.

(CONTINUED)

The Man grips Justin by the arms, as Kerry slows to a stop. His CHROMIUM BLACK EYES never leave Justin's. His face and body are as doughy as Karl Rove's, but his voice is DEEP and sonorous.

MR. CHANEY

(to Kerry)

He's dying...Why hasn't he fed?

JUSTIN

(sudden fury)

Because I don't need to feed! I'm not a...

The word freezes in Justin's mouth.

MR. CHANEY

(a red smile)

Yes. You are.

That sends a CHILL up Justin's spine. He tries to yank away, but Chaney's so strong. Mr. CHANEY is repulsive, leering. We really don't like the look in those mirrored eyes.

Recognition settles over Justin.

JUSTIN

Holy shit... Let go of me!

(to Kerry)

This is Mr. Chaney!

(off Kerry's confusion)

He was the math teacher over at Kennedy the one who got fired! Remember?

Kerry looks confused, and a SHADOW falls across Chaney.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

He's the guy who got busted for luring kids to his house ...

(tries to pull away again)

...and doing shit to them! They found pictures on his laptop. Dudes like us. Our age...

The SMILE diminishes somewhat on Chaney's face, and he LEANS IN uncomfortably close to Justin. He takes one HAND and runs it through Justin's HAIR, and Justin PULLS BACK.

MR. CHANEY

It's good to see you're up on your recent history. I'm impressed, young man. A-plus for you.

JUSTIN

They should've killed you.

Chaney licks his livery, blood-stained LIPS.

MR. CHANEY

They did. And I killed Kerry. And he's killed you.

JUSTIN

(struggling)

Eat me.

That makes Chaney LAUGH.

MR. CHANEY

You're fifteen and that's all you come up with? What happened to the piss and vinegar that comes with youth?

(sincerely)

Luckily, we have so much time to balance things out.

The HUNGRY PAIN wracks Justin's body again, and he can barely stand. Chaney drops his smile, and YANKS Justin right up into his face, totally, deadly SERIOUS.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

Accept what you're becoming.

Kerry is unable to look at his friend. He tosses a look of bottled up resentment at Chaney; there is a part of him that knows that he has been killed, viciously and selfishly. But he keeps it close to the vest.

KERRY

His Dad's dead. But there are plenty of houses around...

Even though there are plenty of houses around, plenty of people to feed from, Chaney has his own ideas about who Justin should feed from.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CHANEY
(more to himself)
We must find you fresh nourishment
before the sun comes up.

Justin looks up at him, his eyes filled with hate.

JUSTIN
How'd you get like this? Bite the
wrong dick or something?

Chaney GLARES at him.

MR. CHANEY
"Or something."

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

Everything starts to REEL, SOUNDS gather and disperse in
intense explosions; COLORS flare up and whirl away. He's on
the verge of losing consciousness.

RESUME SCENE

Justin COLLAPSES onto the sidewalk. There's no moon in the
sky. Everything has grown dark and still.

KERRY
(hoping Chaney'll listen)
Let him die.

MR. CHANEY
I have already. Now bring him.

WIDE ANGLE

A huge canvas, lots of sky, the PARK in full view. Tiny in a
corner of the frame, Mr. Chaney and Kerry head away from us,
dragging Justin's inert body in the middle of the night.

FADE TO BLACK:

EYE-OPENING WIPE TO:

JUSTIN'S P.O.V

The CADAVERS that were under the sheets on the two EMBALMING TABLES have been moved away. Justin sees he is BOUND to one of the tables with thick LEATHER STRAPS and STEEL BOLTS.

The room is outfitted with all the TOOLS of the TRADE: BONE-CUTTING SHEARS, HACKSAWS, and all kinds of gleaming, horrific, CHROME INSTRUMENTS: a Cronenbergian fever dream.

MOONLIGHT spills through the HIGH WINDOWS in a BLUE BLANKET.

His vision is RED with fiery pain and hunger. It FLARES a RAINBOW of HOT COLORS, SHIFTING in and out of FOCUS.

Mr. Chaney is standing over him. Trying to shrink into the corner behind him is Kerry, his chromium black eyes shining in the darkness. Kerry's look to Chaney is less than loving.

MR. CHANEY

(into camera)

Kerry and I were having a very nice conversation about you. I feel I know you so much better now.

TIGHT ANGLE - JUSTIN

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

He was told me how all of this started because of your father.

Justin eyes Kerry. With hate.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

Oh, don't blame him for talking to me. He's mine. You know: "He must do my bidding..." Blah blah blah... so he's going to do whatever I say.

He lays his HAND on Justin's FACE (right against the LENS), leans down into camera, and gives a blood-stained SMILE.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

He told me your father was a mean and evil bastard. A...

(to Kerry)

What did you call him? "A Dickface."

(beat)

I thought how wonderful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

They say the apple never falls far
from the tree...

Without looking away from Justin, he holds out his HAND
behind him. Kerry approaches, handing him a HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE. He lifts the HYPO high over Justin's head --

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

(off Justin's look)

If you are your father's son, after
you feed, once you turn, you're
going to be a lot like your dad.
Mean, angry, and very, very
dangerous.

His smile says more than any words could. He turns to Kerry.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

Hold her down.

The CAMERA TURNS to reveal that there is a BODY on the
EMBALMING TABLE next to Justin, struggling against its
leather and steel bonds, with a GAG around the mouth.

It's Justin's little sister, Lisa!

INCLUDE JUSTIN

He's horrified!

JUSTIN

No!!!

Kerry comes in and grabs the struggling Lisa, who is
SCREAMING behind her GAG.

MR. CHANEY

Yes...

JUSTIN

(with the little strength
he has left)

Leave her alone!

Chaney leans down over the terrified Lisa, who is overpowered
by Kerry. He lifts the HYPO, then PLUNGES it into the little
girl's ARM, and fills the CHAMBER with her BLOOD.

Justin fights against his confining bonds as Chaney withdraws
the NEEDLE from the struggling girl and brings it to Justin.

(CONTINUED)

He JAMS the NEEDLE into what's left of Justin's THROAT, and lowers the PLUNGER. Justin REACTS to the sudden influx of LIVE BLOOD as if it's the best drug in the world suddenly coursing through his veins.

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

The wavering room is settling, running through a KALEIDOSCOPE of COLORS, warping and shifting Mr. Chaney's smiling FACE as it LOOMS IN CLOSE. It's a soothing feeling, warm and nice and psychedelic.

MR. CHANEY
(smiles)
Mmmm. Nice...

INCLUDE JUSTIN

COLOR rises on his face. A rush of CALM spreads through him.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)
Nice and warm isn't it? Can you
feel it spreading through your
body? Mmmm. Be honest... Nice...

Justin feels something coursing through him that he's never felt before. Power. A dark, destructive power. Chaney recognizes the change. Waits with great expectation.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)
Once you feel it seep through your
body, reinventing it, you won't
understand why you ever resisted.

Justin's body is WRACKED with NEED. He GRIMACES in pain.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)
You want more, don't you?

Kerry watches from the corner, his senses heightened, also desiring to feed. Lisa struggles against her bonds and gag.

Justin looks over at Lisa; through his eyes, she is a FLARING HOT SPOT of RED LIFE: *he must have her BLOOD!*

JUSTIN
(barely audible)
Hungry...

(CONTINUED)

Building up to the moment of truth. Lisa panic-stricken. Justin ravenous. Chaney filled with delight. Kerry keeping his distance.

MR. CHANEY

Then feed. It's right here next to you. Feed...

Justin stares at his sister. The hunger and desire is overwhelming. MUSIC and SOUND build to a CRESCENDO. Finally, in a weak voice:

JUSTIN

I can't...

Justin lifts his hands to show he's restrained. The only reason he "can't." Chaney's wicked grin is victorious.

MR. CHANEY

Of course.

Chaney unbuckles one of Justin's arms. The boy just lies there, weak. Chaney unbuckles the legs. Justin lies there, unable to pull his eyes from his sister, who can't stop kicking and bucking.

Finally, he releases that last heavy STRAP, and Justin lies there on the table, inert, his HEAD rolling back. *Is it too late?* He is free of his bonds.

MR. CHANEY (CONT'D)

(re: Lisa)

Go on, boy. You won't miss her once it's all said and done.

That freezes Justin. Those words stick him some place deep.

FLASHBACK

Lisa, in the kitchen, digs into a slice of the veggie pizza.

LISA

(her mouth full)

Did you miss me?

Lisa FLIPS HIM OFF.

BACK TO:

Justin. Remembering. Deciding. Long, silent BEAT. Then:

(CONTINUED)

In a LIGHTNING MOVE, Justin GRABS the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE from an unsuspecting Mr. Chaney's HAND, and JAMS it first into one EYE, and then the NEXT!

Chaney releases an UNGODLY SCREAM, of PAIN and FURY, his SOCKETS leak BLACK MUCK from the BURST EYEBALLS.

As quick as his weakened body will allow, Justin jumps from the embalming table, and unbuckles Lisa's bonds. He pulls the gag from her mouth, and she starts SCREAMING.

JUSTIN

Kerry, where's my mother?!

KERRY

At home! Asleep!

JUSTIN

Go home, Lisa! Now!

She leaps off the table, but is still frozen in fear --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Go!!! Go to Mom!

She hauls ass as the blinded Chaney reels, crashing into walls, equipment, and glassware as he screams his rage.

Lisa is down the STAIRWELL and away as Justin turns to Kerry, ducking from the grasping arms of a blinded Mr. Chaney.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You've got to help me!

Dead Kerry stares back at him, frozen like a deer in the headlights. Chaney, following Justin's voice, LEAPS at the boy, but Justin merely dodges the sightless monster.

KERRY

You can't kill him; he's already dead!

As Chaney STANDS, Kerry GRABS a METAL STAND, and SWINGS with all of his might, knocking Chaney to the floor. He slams it again against the monster's skull, but Chaney won't quit thrashing.

CHANEY

I'm going to find you...

JUSTIN

You sound like a retard.

(CONTINUED)

Kerry bashes Chaney again with the METAL STAND, then IMPALES him with it. BLACK BLOOD GUSHES and BURBLES as Chaney WRITHES in agony. But it doesn't kill him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Get on top of him!

Kerry STRADDLE Chaney, and Justin looks for a lethal weapon and finds it. He GRABS the nasty-looking POWER BONE SAW from the tray of EMBALMING INSTRUMENTS.

They look at one another with the immediate understanding between good friends, an unspoken agreement. Chaney struggles wildly, bucking them, but they hold fast.

KERRY

We can't...he'll keep coming back!

JUSTIN

This ain't a video game!

Kerry remembers saying the same thing at the funeral home. It clears his mind.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

If we don't stop this asshole, he's gonna kill more people. Hold him!

Girding his courage, Justin takes the hacksaw and puts it against Chaney's neck. Chaney FIGHTS hard, screeching in ungodly wails that reverberate throughout the funeral home.

He turns it on. The electric motor screams as he puts the spinning blade against Chaney's neck.

ANGLE ON JUSTIN AND KERRY

SPATTERS of BLACK BLOOD fly up and onto their faces. Justin saws mightily with all of his diminishing strength.

Soon, we HEAR the SAW make its way through, and the THUMP of the detached HEAD falling against the floor.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm nothing like my old man.
Cocksucker...

(CONTINUED)

RESUME SCENE

Everything goes QUIET as the EYELESS CORPSE rolls into the corner. The fight against Chaney is over.

The boys, spattered with GRUE, look at the mess around them: the HEADLESS CADAVER, the HEAD leaking thick, black FLUID in the corner. Kerry looks GUILTY... as well he should.

KERRY

We did it...

A small attempt at humor, but Justin's mind is focused on something more important --

JUSTIN

(angry)

You helped him bring Lisa here.

KERRY

Justin...

JUSTIN

My friend wouldn't do that.

Justin takes a step forward. And like a perfectly practiced dance, Kerry takes a step back. Justin raises the hacksaw, all of the hate, anger and power Chaney knew he would feel rising in him. Kerry readies himself for an attack --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You're going to need to feed. And if you think about going after my family again...

He wants to attack but Justin's mind is working within the famished, agonized, diminished body. Fighting to keep the hacksaw up, he loses, wondering if Kerry will use his weakness against him.

Kerry steps forward, takes the hacksaw, and helps Justin to a nearby chair. He kneels, looking Justin straight in the eye.

KERRY

I was scared of him. I wouldn't have gone anywhere near your family on my own. Except for your Dad. That's a different story.

(CONTINUED)

Simple. True. Justin looks at Chaney's remains... at Kerry... up at the lowering MOON through the high WINDOWS. He barely has the strength to shake his head.

KERRY (CONT'D)

You have to feed sometime.

JUSTIN

I'm not gonna kill anybody.

KERRY

I went to that fuckin' funeral home because you wanted to go! That's what friends do! Stick together.

Justin offers a weak nod. If here still alive, he might even feel the sting of hot tears.

JUSTIN

You're my best friend, man...You didn't deserve this. It's my fault, but I'm not going to be like this.

(getting still weaker)

I need you to help me.

KERRY

What do you want me to do?

A long, agonized beat.

JUSTIN

I want you to promise you'll leave my family alone. I want you to promise you'll leave Collinswood tonight, and get as far away from here as you can.

KERRY

(after a nod)

What are you gonna do?

Justin fights the ache and need, sits against the wall. His eyes roll back in his head, and we think we've lost the dead boy again.

He comes back to face Kerry, barely existing.

JUSTIN

(in a whisper)

I'm gonna win the game.

41 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - VERY WIDE 41

The MOON is low in the sky; night nearing an end. At the end of the street, the Collinswood Funeral Home is silent, its PICTURE WINDOW shattered. SHADOWS are packing it up for the night.

42 EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - BEFORE DAWN 42

LOW and WIDE. The SUN is just starting to make its way up over the horizon, just piercing the darkness.

Young Lisa is walking up the FRONT WALK, exhausted. She ENTERS the HOUSE, and we HEAR her mother's distant voice, filled with fear and anger and relief.

CAROL (O.S.)

Lisa, where were you? Is Justin with you? Lisa, where's Justin?

43 INT. FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - DAWN 43

Out through the high windows, we can see the HORIZON brightening with the RISING SUN.

Move to REVEAL:

Justin is strapped tightly to the EMBALMING TABLE. A WINDOW of new SUNLIGHT reaches THROUGH the WINDOWS, onto the FLOOR, and slowly making its way to Justin's BODY.

Justin looks on with a mixture of resignation and terror.

JUSTIN

(in a whisper)

Please God, make it quick.

ANGLE - JUSTIN'S P.O.V.

He watches the SUNLIGHT reach up and onto his feet. The VISION is starting to FLARE OUT into over-irised BRIGHTNESS as it reaches his FEET, and SMOKE and FLAME start to fill the frame. He SCREAMS in ungodly agony.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaarrghhh!

44 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAWN - WIDE ANGLE 44

The SUN is starting to come up over the town of Collinswood, as the PAPERBOY comes gliding down Main Street on his BICYCLE tossing papers in his wake. You can barely hear the DYING SCREAMS from within the mortuary, they are so faint.

It's going to be a beautiful day...

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. LONELY HIGHWAY - NIGHT 45

A bus, headlights shining, rises up over the crest of a hill. Silhouettes against the dying daytime, it speeds toward us, and passes us. *

46 INT. BUS - NIGHT 46 *

Through the toilet door we hear a muted flush. The door opens and THE PASSENGER steps out. We follow him to his seat where he sits next to Kerry! Kerry's eyes are hidden behind wraparound shades and he is quietly playing a video game on his PSP. *

Curious, the passenger sneaks a peek at what he is playing. *

PASSENGER *

Excuse me, isn't that *Vengeance of Doom*? *

KERRY *

Yeah. You play? *

PASSENGER *

Naw, my kids. I buy all that stuff for them. They love all that horror stuff. *

The passenger pulls out a bottle of wine wrapped up in a paper bag and takes a swig. *

PASSENGER (CONT'D) *

I'd offer you some but you don't look old enough. *

(CONTINUED)

KERRY
(shakes his head, eyes on
his game)
I never drink... wine.

PASSENGER
If you don't mind my asking, where
are you headed?

KERRY
All the way to New York City.

PASSENGER
New York? Ever been there?

KERRY
No.

PASSENGER
Scary place, New York.

Kerry smiles to himself.

KERRY
Oh, I think I can handle it.

PASSENGER
(sighs)
I sure hope we stop someplace soon.
I'm gettin' kina hungry.

Kerry puts down his PSP and looks at the passenger for the first time. We can feel his eyes burning from behind the dark glasses.

KERRY
Yeah, me too.

The passenger takes another swig of his wine. Kerry just watches him. Sizing him up...

The bus drives on into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END