

MOTEL HELL

"MOTEL HELL"

EXT. HIGHWAY - SMOKEY HILLS, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

In the distance, an unidentified object with flashing colored lights zooms across the countryside. An amplified, raspy MALE VOICE REVERBERATES.

VOICE

Hi, bay-bays! This is Bo, "The
Rollin' Pole", comin' to you
LIVE...

THE OBJECT - is a custom Harley Davidson with sidecar set up as a mobile radio station; 25' antenna, loudspeakers, tapedecks, turntables, etc.

BO TULINSKI, the driver, is a beefy-looking guy in his mid-fifties with long, grey hair.

BO

From the "SOUND MACHINE"... the
world's only MOBILE rock 'n roll
show!

In the sidecar is TERRY TIMBER, a slim, pretty girl of about 21.

TERRY

Hi, everybody, this is Terry, "The
Teenangel" and you're tuned into
K-HOG radio! Get ready for a big
helpin' of "The Spatula's" latest:
"Headcheese, Pumpkin Pie and your
Momma on Rye."

As the motorcycle roars past, flames belch out of the twin exhausts.

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION/"MOTEL HELLO" - (FARTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY)

This mansion is dimly SEEN through the woods.
We can also SEE a row of cabins. A neon
sign by the driveway, identifies this establishment as: MOTEL
HELLO - NO VACANCY.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF "MOTEL HELLO" - NEW ANGLE

As the motorcycle roars past the motel, we SEE a billboard mounted above the roadway: a sizzling griddle replete with fried eggs, sausages and a stack of hotcakes. The text says: FARMER VINCENT'S
SMOKED MEATS - OH MAN...! THE FLAVOR!

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING WITH THE MOTORCYCLE

BO

Any of you boys and girls out there
thinkin' about makin' this your
last night -- on the planet...
Hold on! Cause we're ready to open
up our famous "Suicide Hotline".
Ready, Terry?

She has three phones lined up on top of her sidecar shell.

TERRY

Ready, Bo.

BO

Okay, the lines are open! We'll
take the fourteenth caller!

Instantly all three phones are RINGING and Terry answers them.

EXT. HIGHWAY (NEAR A MARSH) - NIGHT

A black pickup drives through the bushes lining the highway.

VINCENT SMITH gets out of the truck. He looks up at the full
moon and sniffs the night air. A DUCK QUACKS.

Settling down among the cattails, he loads the shotgun.

EXT. REST AREA JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bo and Terry walk out of the restrooms toward the Harley:

HOTLINE VOICE

Can you imagine? I'm doin' my
thing and these big, green scaly
leezards with horns come crawling
out between my legs, smiling at
me! I know they wanna rub their
slimy bellies against my flesh!
So help me if I see one more leezard
I'm gonna blow my... Oh no... You
little dragon! Not while I'm alive,
anyway!

We HEAR a pistol being cocked. Terry and Bo race for the phone.

TERRY

Wait a minute man! Don't...

The GUNSHOT is heard.

TERRY

(to Bo)

Oh, no... we lost another one.

Bo hugs her.

BO

These things happen, baby.
Sometimes there's no way you
can stop 'em.

The AMPLIFIER CRACKLES, startling them.

HOTLINE VOICE

Hey, man... Terry, are you still
there?

TERRY

Yeah! Are you all right?

HOTLINE VOICE

Yeah! I missed and the bullet
ricocheted off the wall and killed
the leezard!

TERRY

That's great, man!

HOTLINE VOICE

Yeah! I'm never gonna forget this!
You two are the greatest!

BO

Hey, you take care of your booty
now, ya hear?

HOTLINE VOICE

I sure will. And this is for you,
Terry...

We HEAR a smooching kissing noise.

HOTLINE VOICE

Take care, baby.

TERRY

Glad you're still with us.

She gets in the sidecar while Bo starts up the bike.

BO

Well, that's all the suicides we
have time for tonight.

TERRY

And now, back to more music with
Ivan and the Terribles and their
smash hit, "Shotgun Wedding".

The song should end each refrain with loud 12-gauge blasts.

She cues up the RECORD and Bo drives back toward the highway. He notices a strange expression on Terry's face and turns the volume down on the speakers.

BO

What's wrong, Angel?

TERRY

Something about these hills... I don't know what it is but they give me the creeps. You really think I'm gonna like it here?

BO

Bay-bay, these hills are your friends. You're still hooked up to that L.A. wire... but when you see that li'l old farmhouse... you're gonna fall in love.

TERRY

I hope so... You really think we'll get enough advertisers to keep the "Sound Machine" goin'?

BO

Hey, I thought you trusted Bo.

She sees his feelings have been hurt and she puts her arms around him.

TERRY

I'm sorry, Daddy, I do trust you... I guess... it's just gonna take me a while to get un-wired.

BO

Lighten up, li'l girl, we got all the time in the world.

He kisses her and she smiles.

TERRY

Okay... I don't know what's wrong with me. Must be the full moon... F.I.! Let's rock and roll!

BO

You got it, bay-bay!

He turns the VOLUME all the way up on "Shotgun Wedding" and they blast off onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING WITH THE "SOUND MACHINE" - NIGHT

Terry leans back, taking a deep breath of early morning air. "Shotgun Wedding" is on its final verse.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

Vincent takes out a duckcall and blows on it, producing an unusual, flatulent sounding QUACK. Thousands of ducks suddenly fly overhead and he raises his gun.

CLOSE ON VINCENT - He squints as he takes aim, then swivels at the SOUND of the approaching motorcycle.

As it roars past, he blasts out the front tire. The sidecar breaks free, doing cartwheels across the highway. The bike slams into a tree, sending Bo sailing before it explodes into a huge fireball. The sidecar continues bouncing from one tree to the next, sending Terry flying back toward the highway. The sidecar explodes into an even bigger fireball.

Vincent shakes his head and hurries across the highway carrying a body bag. He examines the smouldering remains of the motorcycle seat.

INSERT: A label on it reads: MADE FROM 100% POLYURETHANE FOAM
- THIS MATERIAL IS GUARANTEED TO RESIST COMBUSTION.

Vincent walks through the wreckage over to Bo who is lying in a contorted heap. Suddenly a SHOTGUN BLAST scares him. Vincent turns around to find only the turntable still PLAYING, "Shotgun Wedding".

Vincent walks over and smashes it on a rock. He hears a MOAN from the other side of the rock. He finds Terry lying there.

She is a bit bruised and crying softly.

Disturbed, he walks back to Bo, dumps him into the body bag. He carries him over to the pickup and dumps him in. He hurries back to Terry.

She moans as Vincent gently lifts her into his arms.

Gazing down at her, a strange look comes into his eyes... Love at first sight? He carries Terry over to the pickup and drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF MOTEL HELLO - EARLY MORNING

An extremely obese figure approaches, carrying a kerosene lantern, a step ladder and a toolbox. IDA SMITH, Vincent's sister, unfolds the ladder beside the flickering "MOTEL HELLO" sign. She climbs up to inspect the letters.

Sweating, she tries pulling the flickering "L" out. She pulls harder. It comes out suddenly and she nearly falls. She takes a fresh "L" out and inserts it into the socket. It glows brightly and she leans back to admire the effect.

The top rung of the ladder gives way and she slips, grabbing onto the sign, but knocking the ladder out of the way. Her hands slip and she rips out a letter, causing a huge spray of sparks.

Ida's body jerks spasmodically as she tries to free herself from the current.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

Vincent's pickup pulls into the driveway without noticing Ida. It parks behind the office.

Ida's globular form gyrates violently until she falls to the ground, landing with an awesome thud. Her eyes open abruptly.

The red neon sign surrounded by smoke reads: MOTEL HELL - VACANCY.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Ida, get over here!

INT. PICKUP - BEHIND THE OFFICE

Ida catches up with Vincent as he gets out of the pickup.

IDA

Whatcha got, Vince?

VINCENT

Unlock Granny's room.

He lifts Terry and Ida raises a hand to her mouth.

IDA

Granny's room?? What you go and do, Vincent?

VINCENT

Get the key, woman!

Ida mutters something and runs inside ahead of Vincent.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWAY - MORNING

The stairway shudders under the combined weight of Ida, Vincent and Terry. Ida unlocks the door and several bats fly out.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

A nightmare vision, the cobwebs are so thick over the bed, they create a canopy. Huge spiders happily chatter their mandibles. Vincent starts to brush the webs away, but Ida stops him.

IDA

Spiderwebs make the best poultices.

A clump drops on her face.

IDA
(wiping it off)
Maybe it is a little musty in
here...

Vincent sets Terry down on the bed and she practically disappears under the webwork.

Ida regards Vincent belligerently.

VINCENT
The good Lord has chosen to pluck
this flower here away from the
grim reaper, and I want to be good
and sure that he keeps his hands
off her. I need your help.

IDA
Why?

VINCENT
Because if you don't, I might
become irrational and... violent.

IDA
(smiles)
I see. Alright -- I'll fix up
your little flower here, but
you'll have to go out and pick
some goldenseal, comfrey, plaintain
and valerian.

Ida smiles, then begins to remove Terry's clothes with an unwhole-
some delectation.

FADE TO:

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Terry's face is covered by a large herbal poultice. She wakes up and screams, shaking it off. At the sight of the cobweb-covered bed, she screams again. She struggles, unable to move because of Ida's arm resting across her shoulders.

TERRY
Who are you? What is all this?

She stares at Ida who is wearing a gleaming white nurse's pantsuit outfit.

IDA
Just relax now, dearie. Auntie Ida
is taking good care of you.

TERRY

Ohh... My head... Where's Bo?

Ida responds by wiping her face with the poultice.

TERRY

Where is he? Is he alright?

IDA

(smiling)

Vincent will be with you shortly.

Ida looks up at the musty portrait of Granny hanging behind the bed (she looks just like Ida) and notices the eyes are moving.

TERRY

Vincent?? Where's Bo?

She tries to rise but Ida restrains her.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWAY

Vincent climbs the stairs carrying a large breakfast tray. Its silver cover glows, as if radioactive.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Ida is rearranging the cobwebs as Vincent enters. He sets the tray down on the night table.

VINCENT

Thank you, Ida.

She leaves the room and we SEE her eyes appear in Granny's portrait behind the bed. Vincent gives the painting a hard look and the eyes suddenly look straight ahead.

VINCENT

How are you feeling this morning, Terry?

TERRY

How did you know my name? What's going on here?

VINCENT

All will be known in good time...

TERRY

Please just tell me is Bo alright?

VINCENT

If you mean Boris Tulinski, the man who was driving the motorcycle you were on, I'm afraid... that he's no longer with us.

TERRY

Where is he?

VINCENT

(shakes his head)

He passed away this morning.

TERRY

Oh God -- I don't believe it! I want to see him.

Ida reenters.

VINCENT

I'm sorry, but it's too late. I buried him at sunrise.

TERRY

You buried him??

Terry is going into a state of shock. Vincent lifts the cover from the tray, revealing a napkin, a glass of milk and an enormous syringe.

Terry struggles with all her strength to get away.

Ida hurries over to hold down Terry. She stuffs the napkin into her mouth.

VINCENT

Now, now, honey. This is just something to calm you down a bit.

He lifts the syringe and squeezes it to void the air bubble, squirting some of the orange liquid into Ida's face.

Terry thrashes wildly.

VINCENT

Hold her still, dammit.

IDA

Okie-dokie.

She sits on Terry.

Vincent zeros in on a vein. The hypo is thicker than her arm. Vincent struggles to insert the needle. We hear loud SQUEAKING noises, like someone squeezing a balloon.

VINCENT

Hold the syringe!

Ida holds it while Vincent stands up on the bed to push on the plunger with all his weight.

IDA
I've got a better idea. You hold
it and I'll push.

She and Vincent exchange places. He holds the cylinder directly
beneath her fanny.

VINCENT
HEAVE...

Ida gathers her weight and sits down hard on the plunger.

IDA
HO!

A loud POP is heard and the plunger descends. Terry faints.

IDA
(glances at needle)
Oops. No wonder!
(shaking her head)
Next time I'll remember to sharpen
that needle...

Vincent drinks the glass of milk.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Vincent stands at the reception desk talking with a stuffy
middle-aged COUPLE and their obnoxious, six-year-old TWIN GIRLS.

MRS. OWENS
I must confess I was skeptical
but everything I've heard is
true. Your smoked meats are
superior to any I've tasted before.

MR. OWENS
(tamping down his pipe)
We'd like to continue to enjoy them.
Where can we purchase some, Mr.
Smith?

The twins look incredibly bored. They slip out of the office.

VINCENT
Look no further, folks...

He bends down to open a small refrigerator and removes a box with
his logo on it.

VINCENT
My souvenir sampler box. No
preservatives or chemicals of
any sort. Just 100% honest to
goodness, hickory smoked meat.
All this for \$2.95.

MRS. OWENS

We'll take it. It certainly is reassuring to find someone who's not out to steal his fellow man blind.

VINCENT

Not me, Ma'am. I may have a few kinks in my horn, but stealin' from the blind ain't one of 'em.

Laughing at his own joke, he bites into a fresh stick of Farmer Vincent's beef jerky and holds the gnawed end out to them. They politely decline.

EXT. SMOKEHOUSE

Playing hide and seek, one of the twins ducks into the smokehouse. The other follows.

INT. SMOKEHOUSE

It is an "L" shaped wooden shed. Huge stainless steel vats, a large table saw and a band saw, and a butcherblock table. Knives and chain saws hang on the wall. Carcasses of cows and pigs are suspended by meathooks from overhead.

The little girls tiptoe back toward the actual smoker room. One of them wants to leave, but the other is curious about what is behind the door.

Suddenly, the slides open. The twins stand, stare in horror.

Ida is sitting on the smoker, wearing a long, black apron, rubber gloves and a frightening-looking mask made from the head of a pig. She growls as she gnaws on one of the smoked pigs hanging from the ceiling. Upon seeing the girls, she begins howling like a wolf.

The girls run screaming from the room and Ida chases them through the smokehouse.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Vincent walks Mr. and Mrs. Owens to their new Cadillac.

VINCENT

Here's a little souvenir for your R.V.

He slaps a Farmer Vincent decal on the bumper.

MR. OWENS

Thank you, sir.

At that moment, the girls come running back with tears streaming down their faces.

MRS. OWENS

What is it, children?

Without answering, they jump into the car and lock the doors.

MRS. OWENS

How peculiar...

VINCENT

I'll calm 'em down for ya.

He walks over, makes a funny face, but from the girls' point of view it looks horrifying. They begin to cry again.

Oblivious, Mr. and Mrs. Owens get into their car. Vincent shakes hands with him and slaps Mrs. Owens on the back.

VINCENT

You folks come back and visit us again real soon.

As the car drives away, Vincent takes a small container of "HEXALL" out of his pocket. He sprays the disinfectant into a handkerchief and then wipes his hands.

EXT. MOTEL HELLO COURTYARD - DAY

Ida enters a cabin pushing a linen cart.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Changing the sheets, Ida finds a whiskey bottle under the bed, smells it, and drinks the last swallow. She takes a chocolate bar and is about to bite into it when she hears a CAR drive up outside. She looks out the window and sees a police car parked in front of the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

The OFFICER gets out of the car and snags his uniform without realizing it. He removes a stick of beef jerky. As he bites open the cellophane, his pants rip all the way down the seam. He looks around, embarrassed, as he tries to cover up his "Cowboys and Indians" underpants.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

The officer rings the bell and peeks through the window.

OFFICER

Anybody home?

When there is no reply, he enters the office, holding his pants together.

OFFICER

Hello?

He begins snooping around and goes into Ida's room.

INT. IDA'S ROOM - DAY

The contours of an enormous person are visible beneath the comforter on a waterbed. Dirty dishes and silverware are scattered everywhere.

The officer walks to the bed and pulls down the covers. Ida's pet pig, BUTCH, wearing a pink, babydoll nightie, wakes up with a start, blinking her eyes at him.

BRUCE shakes his head incredulously. At that moment, a huge arm comes around his neck, while another pulls the gun out of his holster...

IDA

Guess who?

The policeman tries to get loose but Ida throws him on the bed and starts to tickle-torture him.

BRUCE

Put me loose!

Vincent enters.

VINCENT

Ida, let go of Bruce!

She laughs and releases him.

BRUCE

Vincent, how many times do I have to tell you to keep the office locked. There's crazy people out there!

VINCENT

(staring at his "cowboys and Indians" underwear)
Bruce, with you keepin' the law and order, I don't worry about a thing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We HEAR the stairs creaking o.s. Bruce looks up and sees Terry climbing down, wearing Granny's nightgown. She is still groggy and there are some spiderwebs on her.

TERRY

Oh... hello.

Bruce stares at her. He tries to cover his torn pants.

VINCENT

Ida, have you no sense of decency?
Go get your bathrobe.

Ida goes into her room.

VINCENT

I hope you're feeling a little
better now, Terry.

TERRY

Mr. Smith, where did you bury Bo?

BRUCE

Bury who?

TERRY

Will you take me to his grave?

Vincent nods, as Ida enters with her enormous robe. She drapes it over Bruce's shoulders.

BRUCE

What's going on here, Vincent?

VINCENT

Terry, this is my kid brother,
Sheriff Smith, from Grainville.

(to Bruce)

This poor child was in an accident
that claimed the life of her
companion.

BRUCE

I'm sorry to hear that, Ma'am.
When did this happen?

VINCENT

Very early this mornin'. I was
out hunting when I heard the crash.

(hands Bruce Bo's wallet)

Seems his motorcycle went out of
control. He passed away before I
got to him.

BRUCE

Boris Tulinski...? Were you his
next of kin?

TERRY

He didn't have anyone but me.

(MORE)

TERRY (cont'd)

We were gonna buy a farm and settle down around here...

Ida walks over and puts a comforting arm around her.

BRUCE

I'm sorry to hear that, Ma'am. Vincent, why didn't you call me about this?

VINCENT

Not much you could do at that point, the Reaper had already claimed him.

BRUCE

Where'd you bury him?

VINCENT

At the edge of the woods.

BRUCE

Let's go take a look.

EXT. FOREST - OVERLOOKING MOTEL - DAY

A mound of earth, surrounded by pine needles, is identified by a wooden cross with the words: "BORIS TULINSKI 3-5-23 .. 6-7-80" inscribed on it.

Terry kneels down in front of the grave. Bruce and Vincent stand a short distance behind her.

BRUCE

What's she gonna do now?

VINCENT

Rest awhile, I expect.

BRUCE

If she's any trouble for you, I can put her up in Grainville... That is, with one of the county agencies.

VINCENT

Trouble? We're not exactly hurtin' for accommodations. 'Sides, I could use some help around here... A smart girl like that could come in handy.

BRUCE

(eyeing Terry)

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Vincent nods.

EXT. MANSION - IN FRONT OF OFFICE - DAY

Ida runs over carrying a crate of smoked ham. Terry follows after her, joining Bruce and Vincent.

IDA

Brucie, Foster at the Grainville Grocery just called. Would you be an angel...

She puckers her lips to kiss him. He dodges it.

BRUCE

Yeah, I'll take it.

He puts it in the trunk and slams it, catching his shirt this time.

VINCENT

Much obliged.

Bruce turns and rips half of his shirt off.

VINCENT

Get a receipt, will you?

Terry stares at him in disbelief.

BRUCE

Okay. See ya now. Take care of this young lady... Bye.

VINCENT

Don't worry. She's in good hands.

IDA

Bye, Brucie!

Bruce peels out doing a couple of 360 degree "doughnuts" for Terry's benefit, then speeds down the driveway.

VINCENT

Poor Bruce... Guess he's still frustrated.

TERRY

About what?

VINCENT

He never got picked by our local demolition derby team.

At that moment, Bruce slams into a scarred up oak tree.

VINCENT

And he had such potential...

Bruce waves that he's okay. Vincent and Ida wave back as he drives away.

INT. BARN - DAY

A portion of the barn has been set up as an artist's studio. Vincent is completing a full-scale, photorealistic painting of a mother cow and her calf. The live models "moo" as he paints.

EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - DAY

A truck is parked in front of the smokehouse. The driver, BOB, opens the back door of the truck. He pulls out a hand truck as Vincent walks up to him.

VINCENT

Howdy, Bob. I'll take that for ya. Here ya go...

He takes the hand truck and gives him a stick of beef jerky.

BOB

Thanks, Vince...
(biting into the
jerky)
Oh, man!

Vincent winks, and he goes into the smokehouse.

INT. SMOKEHOUSE

Vincent loads up a dozen cases of packaged meat. Ida is preparing carcasses that have inflated to grotesque proportions from natural gas.

A 7' long pig is restrained by metal wires. Wearing a mask, Ida pierces the carcass and bleeds the gas into a tank.

Bob approaches the open door of the smokehouse with a cigarette in his mouth, about to light it.

Ida notices and her eyes go wild behind the mask.

BOB

Phew! What's that smell?

Vincent dives, tackling Bob, knocking him out of the room. The lit cigarette rolls back into the smokehouse.

EXT. SMOKEHOUSE

Vincent and Bob are on the ground just outside the door.

VINCENT

Sorry, Bob. See, these animals get filled up with natural gas and it's highly...

From inside the smokeroom there is a small EXPLOSION. Ida emerges, her face blackened with link sausages dangling all over her.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Vincent, Terry, Ida, and Butch are watching TV. Ida is sharing a huge ice cream sundae with Butch. Vincent is in his rocker, smoking a pipe and Terry is curled up by herself.

VINCENT

How are you feelin', child?

Terry responds with an unexpected outburst of pent up emotion.

TERRY

How am I feeling? I feel ripped apart... Like half of me is gone! I don't even know what I'm doin' here, whether I should head back to L.A. or try to find...

She starts to sob. Vincent walks over to her and pets her hair.

VINCENT

There, there...

IDA

(whispers)

Where, where?

He glares at Ida then resumes comforting Terry.

VINCENT

You need to get well before rushin' off anywhere.

TERRY

I guess so but...

She starts to blubber again.

VINCENT

What is it, child?

TERRY

Oh, it's just... Bo was gonna take me to this farm he was thinking of buying if I liked it... But he never told me where it was!

IDA

There must be a hundred old farms for sale in this county alone. You'll never find it!

Terry sobs even louder than before.

VINCENT

(to Ida)

You're a big help.

IDA

(smiling)

I do what I can.

VINCENT

Child, the ways of the Lord are mysterious...

IDA

That's for sure.

Vincent sees that he isn't getting through. He goes to the bookshelf and grabs a paperback entitled: DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY "HIP" JARGON, 1963 ED.

He looks up a number of phrases and quickly commits them to memory. He goes back to Terry.

VINCENT

(taking her hands)

Cool it... There's a time to be born... a time to die. When ya got nothin', ya got nothin' to lose. What happened was really boss, man. All is groovy.

Terry thinks about what Vincent just said. So does Ida.

TERRY

You may be right...

(smiles; dries her tears)

Vincent... Ida... I don't know how to thank you both for being so kind to me.

Ida comes over and pets her hair.

IDA

You just get better child. That's all we care about.

They help Terry up and she walks toward the stairs.

TERRY

Good night, Vincent. Night, Ida.

VINCENT

Sweet dreams.

IDA
Nightie-night.

The moment she leaves, their expressions simultaneously harden.

VINCENT
Let's get to work.

They go out the front door.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Terry is looking out the window in the moonlight. She is startled by the SOUND of the screen door slamming. She sees Ida and Vincent walk toward a yellow tractor. They drive away on it.

Terry looks puzzled as she gets into bed.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - MORNING

Terry is sleeping when we HEAR a knock on the door.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Terry?

TERRY
Um?... Come in.

Vincent enters carrying the silver breakfast tray. Terry immediately comes alive with fear.

TERRY
No, please, -- Vincent!

He gives her a strange look and lifts the cover, revealing a brand new, complete "cowgirl" outfit: boots, jeans, denim skirt, red and white gingham blouse and a colorful assortment of panties.

VINCENT
I was in town this morning so I...

TERRY
Vincent, you didn't have to!

VINCENT
No trouble.

TERRY
Great jeans! And this blouse is beautiful.
(picks up panties)
How did you know what size?

VINCENT
Just guessed -- If they don't fit, we'll exchange 'em.

TERRY

You'd make such a good father.

Vincent seems hurt by this, but pretends to be pleased.

TERRY

Did you work late last night?

VINCENT

Had to rotate my crops by the dark of the moon.

(pause)

How did you know we were workin' late?

TERRY

I was looking out the window before I went to sleep. And I saw you and Ida...

VINCENT

Ah... Well, back to the salt mines...

He leaves quickly.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Terry comes down the stairs wearing her new outfit. She looks around the office.

TERRY

Vincent?... Ida?...

There's no one there, so she goes outside.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - DAY

Terry sees the yellow tractor driving across a field. She walks through the courtyard.

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

Terry picks an apple, polishes it and takes a bite. She kneels down and picks some daisies, weaving them into a chain.

EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - DAY

Terry is walking toward the smokehouse when Vincent emerges.

TERRY

What's in there?

VINCENT

(startled)

I thought you were Ida... She's always sneakin' up on people.

TERRY
Do I look like Ida?

She does a slow turn for him. The shirttails are tied together exposing a nice hunk of skin and her jeans fit like a glove. Vincent has to swallow before speaking.

VINCENT
Unh-uh, Ida's a "husky", you look more like a "petite".

TERRY
Do you like my clothes?

VINCENT
Fits you real good. Guess we won't have to exchange 'em, huh?

TERRY
Guess not. How do you feel about me, Vincent?

VINCENT
(loosening his collar)
Warm... real warm.

TERRY
(moving closer)
Is that all?

VINCENT
(almost a whisper)
No...

She leans forward to kiss him when Ida rides INTO VIEW atop the tractor.

IDA
Whew! I've done my twenty acres.
(slaps the tractor)
She's all yours, Vince.

Ida looks oddly at Vincent and Terry, who are strangely silent.

IDA
Cat got your tongues?

Vincent removes his can of Hexall disinfectant. He sprays the seat and climbs on, driving away without saying a word.

IDA
Is he constipated again?

TERRY
That's not very nice.

IDA
 (imitating Mae West)
 Sorry, little girl. I didn't
 realize you were the sensitive
 type.

She notices Terry's outfit and moves closer.

IDA
 Say, I like your new duds. They
 bring out your best qualities.

Terry ducks out of the way before Ida can corner her.

TERRY
 I think I better go back and lie
 down. I'm still feeling weak.

IDA
 Good idea, sweetie.

Ida watches lecherously as Terry retreats to the mansion.

EXT. MANSION - SUNSET

The neon sign and the billboard light up.

INT. DINING AREA - EARLY EVENING

Vincent, Terry and Ida are at the table with their heads bowed.

VINCENT
 Dead Lord, we thankith Thee for
 allowing us to breathith Thine
 air. For giving us courage to
 faceith Thine hardships that Ye
 throwith down, and for the rich
 foods that we are about to eat.

Ida bites her hand out of hunger.

VINCENT
 And tonight, dear Lord, we throw
 up special thanks for sparing
 the life of our Terry, who joins
 us out of Thy...

IDA
 "Thine..."

VINCENT
 ... Thine Holy Mercy. We thankith
 Thee for all Thine...

IDA
 "Thy..."

VINCENT
... Thy divine gifts and pray that
Thee...

Ida smiles.

VINCENT
... will continue to forgive us
when we go wrong. Amen.

IDA
Amen!

She starts hurling the food onto her plate: sausages, mountains of mashed potatoes, sauerkraut, chicken 'n dumplings. She pours so much gravy over everything that it overflows onto the table.

IDA
Don't wait for me, go right ahead...

She shovels the food down at an increasing rate of speed. Vincent frowns and serves Terry.

VINCENT
Sausages?

Terry nods, staring at Ida, who is stuffing the food into her mouth at 60 m.p.h.

VINCENT
Chicken 'n dumplings?

IDA
Owim -- oo -- goo -- folt!

VINCENT
How many times must I tell you
not to talk with your mouth full!
Disgusting.

Vincent reaches behind him, and picks up two clear plastic shields. He sets one up in front of his plate and the other in front of Terry

VINCENT
Please, forgive her. Ida never
learnt no table manners.

TERRY
Mmmm. It's really good.

Ida daintily dabs at her mouth with her napkin. She replies to Terry, enunciating carefully:

IDA
I am so pleased you enjoyed it.

She resumes shoveling, building up speed faster and faster until the food starts to really fly. Terry understands the purpose of the plastic shields as a huge glob of mashed potatoes hits hers. As Vincent's shield becomes covered with slop, he activates the built-in wiper blade. Terry follows his example. Ida licks her plate clean before Vincent has touched a bite. He removes his napkin and gets up.

VINCENT

I'm going to bed.

TERRY

But it's only six-thirty and you haven't eaten anything.

VINCENT

I guess I lost my appetite.

Terry doesn't want to be left alone with Ida.

TERRY

Couldn't you just keep us company?

VINCENT

Afraid not, Terry. I'm a firm believer in early to bed, early to rise. Night, now.

TERRY

Good night, Vincent.

IDA

Night, night, Vincent.

He leaves and Ida leers at Terry.

IDA

You weren't just being polite about my cookin', were you?

TERRY

Oh, no. It's delicious, really.

She takes a large mouthful to prove it. Ida smiles and ladles on another huge serving.

IDA

I'm glad you like it.

Terry stares at it, and reluctantly continues eating.

IDA

I bet all the guys go ga-ga over you, huh?

TERRY

Ga-ga??

IDA

You know, like this...

Ida makes the crude gestures of a construction worker ogling a sexy woman.

TERRY

Oh... no -- people hardly even notice me. 'Cept when I'm with Bo... When I was with Bo...

IDA

That's right, child. It's high time you forgot about the past and began to live again.

TERRY

I guess...

IDA

Say, I've been meanin' to ask you... You're experienced, ain't you?

TERRY

What does that mean?

IDA

It just means that you're the kinda woman who enjoys the company of other experienced women... such as me.

TERRY

I'm really not into that kinda thing. Whew, I'm full...
(rises)

IDA

I bet you get high, though, huh?

TERRY

(suspiciously)
Once in a while.

IDA

(slaps the table)
Shit, I just ran into some of the best "boo" you'd ever want to blow.
(rising)
Let's go to my room and I'll turn you onto my bong.

TERRY
(backing away)
Thanks, Ida, really, but I'm not
in the mood. Think I'll turn in
early, too.

IDA
Good idea. Nigh-night.

TERRY
Good night.

She leaves. Ida shovels up the remaining food and digs in.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Terry is sound asleep. We HEAR the sound of Vincent's pickup
starting outside.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR MARSH - NIGHT

Vincent is setting two bear traps in the middle of the road.
He slips back through the bushes.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An old VW camper WHINES alone with an assortment of musical instru-
ments strapped to the roof. The words: "IVAN AND THE TERRIBLES"
are painted across the side.

INT. VW CAMPER - NIGHT

"Shotgun Wedding" is BLASTING away on the stereo. THE TERRIBLES
are singing along, passing a jug of wine. In the back, the
lead SINGER and bass GUITARIST are making it under a blanket.
In the front, the DRUMMER passes a cigar-size joint to IVAN who
is driving.

IVAN
Man, this "red" is too heavy. We
better find a place to crash.

The drummer passes out in agreement.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR MARSH - NIGHT

The tires run over both of Vincent's bear traps causing double
blowouts. The camper goes flying off the road, rolling END
OVER END. The instruments sail in every direction. Finally,
all is quiet except for, "Shotgun Wedding".

Vincent hurries over with his tank of chloroform, when suddenly
there are two SHOTGUN BLASTS from within! He dives to the
ground and then realizes it is the song.

VINCENT

Deja vu?

Vincent yanks out the battery cables, killing the music. He inserts the hose and the gas HISSES into the van.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ida lights the stove and fries some hamburger patties. She opens a 16 oz. can of beer and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. MANSION - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ida begins her laborious climb, burping rhythmically. She pauses to catch her breath, then tiptoes over to Terry's room and opens the door.

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the moonlight, we can SEE Terry sleeping in the nude, partially covered by bedclothes.

Ida's massive form is silhouetted in the doorway. Terry stirs in the bed, moaning in her sleep. Ida's face is tense with desire. She takes a step forward then stops as the FLOOR CREAKS. She freezes in a dance-like position.

Behind her, we SEE smoke pouring into the room. Ida sniffs the air and remembers her burgers.

IDA

Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - MORE SMOKE

Ida grimaces at the charred remains and then gets an idea. She scrapes the charred burgers into a blender, adds a jar of sweet relish, a pint of milk and sets the blender to "frappe". She eagerly pours the "smoothie" down her throat.

IDA

Ahh...

A BUZZER goes off above her and she looks up. The smoke detector dumps a bucketfull of water on her.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The pickup stops in front of the office. Vincent flashes the high beams once and Ida emerges with Butch on a leash.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Looking through the windshield, the headlights illuminate the dirt road as it winds through the woods.

IDA
Traps work out okay?

VINCENT
Yep, real good.

They drive in silence for a moment. They come to the ivy-covered fence and park.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FENCED-IN AREA - NIGHT

They get out of the truck and the night SOUNDS become ominously silent. Ida unlocks the gate and enters. Vincent walks over to the yellow tractor.

EXT. INSIDE FENCED-IN AREA - NIGHT

Ida shines her flashlight, revealing what appears to be a miniature jungle. We HEAR a strange hissing, wheezing cry.

Ida redirects the beam of light to a row of burlap bags, covering what looks like melons. One of the bags begins to move slowly back and forth. Ida removes it, revealing Bo's head. He is buried up to his neck. With an insane look in his eyes, he makes the wheezing-hissing noise heard earlier.

Ida leans closer and puts her hand to her ear.

IDA
What's that? Eh? You gotta hiss clearly if ya expect anyone to understand ya. Like this.

She blows on a little pitch pipe then sings "Mary Had A Little Lamb" in proper hiss language. Bo hisses back incoherently.

IDA
No, you just don't have the hang of it yet.

Bo seems like he's going to explode.

IDA
There there, I understand. You're just tryin' to say you're in the mood for a snacky.

She tosses some peanuts to him.

IDA
There ya go.

She pulls Butch away to keep him from eating them. Bo hisses and spits at her.

IDA

Well that's gratitude. Forget it.

She picks up the nuts and eats them, tossing a few to Butch.

IDA

Tch... Didn't anyone ever teach
you it ain't polite to watch
someone while they eat?

As she puts the bag back over Bo's head, Vincent drives up with the tractor.

VINCENT

Give me a hand, will ya.

He and Ida remove "The Terribles" from the tractor. They lower them into a long, deep trough. Ida steps back as Vincent drives the tractor closer. Ivan and The Terribles regain consciousness as the tractor pushes a mound of dirt toward them. They are quickly trapped. Vincent shoves another mound up to their necks, then backs the tractor out of the garden. Ida jumps up and down all around their necks, then she also leaves.

Vincent returns wearing a doctor's coat, with a stethoscope around his neck and carrying a black bag. Ida follows, wearing her nurse pantsuit outfit and carrying the chloroform cylinder. Ida examines their new patients.

IDA

Let's see what we got here.
Funny lookin' critters, ain't
they, Vince? They're gonna be
hard to break in.

VINCENT

Not more so than most.

The Terribles appear to be in a state of shock.

IVAN

Hey, man, I don't know what your
gig is but do you know who we are?

VINCENT

Nope.

IVAN

I'm Ivan and...
(twisting his head
to indicate)
those are the Terribles.

VINCENT

They don't look that bad to me.

IDA

Pleased to make your acquaintance.
 (holding out her hand
 for him to shake)
 Stuck up, eh?

IVAN

(ignoring her)
 You probably heard of us cause of
 "Shotgun", huh?

VINCENT

"Shotgun-huh?" That one of those
 new Chinese pump models?

IVAN

No, man... I mean our new hit
 single, "Shotgun Wedding".

VINCENT

The name rings a bell... Hum a
 few bars, will ya?

IVAN

Oh, sure... You'll probably
 remember this part...

He sings the refrain and Vincent surprises him by chiming in
 with an imitation of the blasts.

IVAN

(beaming)
 Awwright! Pretty good song, huh?

VINCENT

You guys cut that?

IVAN

Yeah!

VINCENT

Too bad.

IVAN

What? How come?

Vincent ignores him, opening his doctor's bag and taking out a
 thick, black book entitled "Bovine Surgery For Fun And Profit".
 Vincent studies it for a moment. He snaps the book closed,
 then removes some frightening-looking surgical tools: scalpels,
 huge forceps, chisels, hammers, a hack saw, and a crowbar.

IVAN

Hey, what're you gonna do to to us?

Vincent adopts the "folksy" manner of a country doctor.

VINCENT
(sharpening scalpel)
Don't you worry, young man. It's
a very simple procedure...
practically "band-aid" surgery.

IVAN
(getting very frightened)
What kind of surgery?

IDA
It's called a "voice-sectomy".

IVAN
What's that?

Vincent twirls the scalpel under the flame of a match. He smiles his warmest bedside smile. His voice is reassuring as he moves toward Ivan.

VINCENT
You'll find out. Spray him.

Before Ivan can scream Ida sprays a big green cloud of chloroform and the Terribles pass out one at a time.

IDA
Pretty neat, huh?

She turns to find Vincent and Butch lying unconscious near Ivan.

IDA
Oops. Oh, well. I guess I gotta
learn this procedure sooner or
later.

She browses through the surgical tools and picks up the hack saw. She considers its heft then tosses it aside, finally opting for a good old-fashioned hammer and chisel. She inadvertently drops the chisel in the dirt.

IDA
Tsk, tsk...

She retrieves it, and wipes it on her overalls. She moves in front of Ivan, raises the hammer and as she strikes the chisel, we hear a CHURCH BELL RINGING.

EXT. GRAINVILLE - TOWN CHURCH - MORNING

We are CLOSE ON a large bell ringing in the old steeple. The REVEREND opens the doors to the church, greeting his parishioners as they enter.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sparsely furnished in an "Eastern" motif, the only visible furniture is a small mahogany cabinet.

Vincent is in the center of the room, performing the yoga assana, "Salutation to the Sun". Completing it, he bows to a portrait of Granny. He removes a sword from a suit of KENDO armor, performing some impressive thrusts and parries, ending with a loud:

VINCENT

KEEEEEAI!

He tosses the sword from the center of the room, neatly hooking it back on the single nail from which it hangs. Nonchalantly, he dusts off his hands and goes into the bathroom.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ON ROUTE TO MOTEL - DAY

The Grainville Sheriff's car tears past us at 80 m.p.h.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

Bruce is combing his hair while he drives. He checks himself out in the rearview mirror, nearly losing control as the car does a four-wheel skid around the turn.

BRUCE

Whoa!

He hits the glove compartment with his billy club and it flies open spilling out a bottle of whiskey, after-shave and mouthwash. He takes a big swig of the mouthwash, gargles and spits it out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AN APPROACHING CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The occupants, resembling a Norman Rockwell family in their white, Sunday best, continue to smile as the stream of lurid, red mouthwash splashes across their faces. They don't even blink as the red liquid dries in the wind.

INT. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - DAY

Dressed in his best brown suit, Vincent is giving his hair a Vitalis treatment. He sings:

VINCENT

"On top of old smokey,
All covered with snow..."

EXT. MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

Vincent emerges holding the door open for Terry. She looks very beautiful in an old-fashioned dress.

VINCENT

Ida, come on!

IDA

Okie-dokie.

She hurries out carrying a large wicker picnic basket.

VINCENT

Where the hell is he?

Just at that moment, Bruce skids into the driveway causing the car to roll over completely and back onto its tires. He gets out and brushes himself off as if nothing had happened. Vincent and Ida react the same way. Terry walks over to him.

TERRY

Are you alright?

BRUCE

(checks his breath)

I just gargled...

Terry looks puzzled.

BRUCE

(points to the car)

Oh, that little trick. I've been teaching it to roll over.

(pats the car's hood)

Good boy! Get it?

She shakes her head. Bruce opens the front door for Terry but Ida hops in.

IDA

Thanks Brucie -- Oh, boy, shotgun.

He opens one of the back doors for Terry.

BRUCE

How are you feeling today, young lady?

TERRY

Much better now, Sheriff, thank you for asking.

BRUCE

(smiles)

I'm not here on business today, you can call me Bruce.

Vincent is about to slide in next to her, but sprays the seat with Hexall first. Terry lifts her rear and Vincent sprays under her ass. She sits down.

TERRY

Thanks.

They drive off.

INT. CAR - HIGHWAY TO GRAINVILLE - DAY

Bruce is speeding along, looking at Terry in the rearview mirror. She avoids his eyes.

BRUCE

That sure is a pretty dress you have on, Terry. Ain't it, Vince?

VINCENT

(grunts)
Yep, sure is.

IDA

It's Granny's dress, Brucie. Don't you recognize it?

BRUCE

Well, I'll be damned. It sure looks nice on her...

TERRY

Thank you...

She smiles at Vincent who holds her hand and winks at her. Bruce stares incredulously in the rearview mirror.

IDA

Look out!

He swerves, narrowly avoiding another car.

IDA

Hey, Bruce, can I drive?

BRUCE

Not now, Ida, we're late.

He turns the SIREN on and takes it up to 95 m.p.h.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

We HEAR Bruce's car screeching to a stop but all we SEE is the Church's sign: GRAINVILLE FIRST (AND ONLY) EUREKAISTIC CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH

Terry looks amazed as we MOVE BACK to REVEAL the congregation of 50 on their hands and knees on the floor of the church. She looks around at the stained-glass windows which depict animal and pagan dieties and the pulpit, in the form of a huge rooster.

A powerful CHORD is heard and everyone stands as Reverend Billy appears at the pulpit. A formidably handsome black man, he smiles charismatically at his flock and crows like a rooster.

REV. BILLY

Cock -- a doodle doo!

He raises his arms and the congregation responds in kind:

CONGREGATION

Cock -- a -- doodle doo!

REV. BILLY

Guten morgan, brethren!

He sets an electric bingo machine on top of the pulpit.

REV. BILLY

Let's see who vill be the lucky schnitzel...

(reaches in for one
of the balls)

Henry... Pissmire! Kommensie to
the pulpit!

A murmur of animal noises spreads through the congregation as a tall, adolescent rises and walks timidly forward.

Terry looks over at Vincent as if wondering if this is all for real. The reverential look on his face assures her that it is.

At the pulpit, Reverend Billy shakes hands with HENRY.

REV. BILLY

Congratulations, Henry. Vat seems
to be your affliction?

Henry unwinds an enormous scarf, wrapped around his face. Reverend Billy's mouth drops open. Henry has a glowing, pulsating pimple, the size of a football, jutting out from his chin. Reverend Billy shakes his head and whispers to Henry:

REV. BILLY

That's vat you get for doing
you-know-vat...

HENRY

It's not a wart! It's a zit!

He winces as if even speaking is very painful. Reverend Billy takes a closer look at the boil.

REV. BILLY

Ach du Lieber! Und so it ist!
Das ist the grossest pimple this
schwartzta hast ever seen! Ve
vill lay on de hand.

He wets his finger and gingerly touches the zit. His saliva "SIZZLES" and he jerks his hand away from the intense heat.

REV. BILLY

Ach! No vonder it's so big. Das ist no ordinary zit. Das ist a zit out of Hell! Your pimple is possessed by the devil!

The congregation roars with growling animal noises.

Terry looks frightened. Bruce smiles at her reassuringly.

At the pulpit, Reverend Billy helps Henry to a kneeling position.

REV. BILLY

Now, vat ve must do ist to crow the devil out of your pimple. Go ahead... Crowenzie!

Henry clears his throat and makes a pathetic clucking noise. The Reverend shakes his head dismally.

REV. BILLY

Nein, nein. He is too veak. Ve must all help our brother. Let us crow the devil out of Henry's carbuncle!

He raises his hands and the congregation crows en masse.

Ida throws her arms skyward and crows ecstatically. She jerks to her feet and hurls herself up to the pulpit. The church becomes silent as she writhes beside Henry, crowing all the while. Her body takes on the movements of a chicken and then suddenly, Henry screams with joy. His pimple has disappeared from his chin.

Reverend Billy's eyes open wide.

Ida faints, rolling over onto her side, having laid a yellow egg the size of a football.

The congregation breaks into a standing ovation.

INT. CHURCH - ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

The congregation files out past Reverend Billy, shaking hands as they leave. Vincent approaches with Terry.

VINCENT

Wonderful sermon, Reverend...
Struck close to home... I'd like
you to meet Terry Timber...
Reverend Billy.

Terry can't help from staring at him as though something is very strange about his body.

TERRY
Pleased... to meet you.

REV. BILLY
The pleasure ist mine.

He shakes hands with Bruce and kisses Ida on the cheek.

REV. BILLY
Until next Sunday...

They all walk down the steps and as the last members of the congregation leave, Terry looks back once more.

We understand the look on her face when we SEE that Reverend Billy is actually a CENTAUR; human down to his waist but with the legs of a horse protruding from his robe. He closes the church doors and waves goodbye.

Terry weakly returns his wave.

EXT. AN OLD CEMETARY IN THE WOODS - DAY

A crudely carved headstone reads: GRANNY SMITH - 1878 - ? -
"MAY I REST IN PEACE?" We MOVE BACK to SEE Vincent, Terry, Bruce and Ida sitting on a blanket at the foot of the grave. They're all drinking beer and from the number of empties near Ida, it appears she's had more than her share. She pours a little beer onto the grave.

IDA
There ya go, old girl... just tell me if ya want some more.

VINCENT
Don't you have any respect for the dead? Can't you see she's still thirsty?

He pours the entire contents of his bottle onto the grave. Bruce empties his bottle also. He and Vincent look pointedly at Terry. She lifts her bottle, hesitantly and they nod as she follows their example.

A big puddle of beer has formed and as it sinks into the earth, a bubble comes to the surface. It POPS and we HEAR a satisfied burp.

Bruce and Vincent look quite pleased.

VINCENT
God bless you, Granny.

He opens the picnic basket and removes a small chain saw and a large hunk of ham. He fires up the saw and is engulfed in smoke as he savagely carves up the meat. When the smoke clears, he proudly holds out a heart-shaped platter.

It contains ragged hunks of badly mauled ham, artistically arranged with parsley and radish garnishes.

BRUCE

Vince sure knows how to whip up a meal.

Terry looks revolted.

TERRY

Yeah...

Ida grabs the platter, a loaf of bread and a jar of mayonnaise. Her hands become a blur as she shuffles the ingredients like a deck of cards. When she sets the platter down it holds a dozen perfect sandwiches. She offers it to Terry.

IDA

Ladies first.

Terry reluctantly selects one.

VINCENT

Don't wait for us.

The others stare at her, making no move to pick up their own sandwiches. Terry, hesitantly takes a tiny bite, chewing it cautiously.

TERRY

It's like... I've never really tasted ham before.

Vincent smiles broadly as she takes another bite and Ida lets out a silly giggle. He silences her with a hard look.

BRUCE

It ain't possible to go back to regular smoked meats after you've tried Vincent's -- You just can't beat the flavor.

TERRY

No wonder you're famous.

(pause)

How come I never heard of you before?

VINCENT

Farmer Vincent meats are only distributed within a hundred mile radius. That way, I keep the quality high and the costs... reasonable.

TERRY

How did you get started?

VINCENT

Well, in the old days there weren't any refrigerators, so Granny used to smoke everything; chicken, rabbit, squirrel, eel, even frogs. If it didn't move fast enough, she'd smoke it.

(pause)

We had an old dog that always bothered Granny during her naps, and one day she asked me to take care of it for her.

(chuckles)

I took care of it, alright.

IDA

(roars with laughter)

He sure did! He smoked that poor ol' dog just like a ham.

Bruce laughs with Ida.

BRUCE

That night, Vincent served it for dinner and Granny nearly ate the whole thing herself. She was so grateful she taught him all her smoking secrets...

TERRY

She knew she was eating a dog?

VINCENT

Granny never put any distinctions on God's creatures. She used to say...

VINCENT/IDA/BRUCE

(all together)

"Meat's meat and man's gotta eat!"

VINCENT

Yep, she sure loved that ol' doggie.

IDA

After it was smoked, that is...

TERRY

Eugh!

BRUCE

It wasn't so bad.

TERRY

You tried it?

BRUCE

Sure, kinda like goat meat, wasn't it, Vince?

VINCENT

Ummm-hmmm... but a little more stringy.

Ida leans over to Terry and whispers.

IDA

Want to know why Vincent's bacon tastes so good?

TERRY

Why?

VINCENT

What're you whisperin'?

TERRY

She's telling me why the bacon tastes so...

IDA

It's because he mixes the pork with...

Vincent cuts her short by slugging her in the stomach. She gags.

VINCENT

It's because I mix the pork with secret spices and Ida knows how important that recipe is to me.

Terry is a little afraid of this.

TERRY

I see.

IDA

You shouldn't a done that, Vincent.

VINCENT

Why not?

BRUCE

Let's take a walk.

TERRY

Okay.

Bruce brings a canvas bag with them.

IDA (O.S.)

I wouldn't a said anything, you old fool!

VINCENT (O.S.)
You're drunk, you know that?

IDA (O.S.)
I am not!
(belches)

VINCENT (O.S.)
Oh, shut up.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

They come upon a big boulder and sit down on it.

TERRY
Why did he hit her?

BRUCE
Oh, they like to tease each other.
They're both a little crazy but they
don't mean any harm... Hey, wanna
see something?

She looks at him suspiciously. He looks at her eagerly.

TERRY
What is it?

BRUCE
(jumping up)
You'll see! Close your eyes.

He runs behind a bush with the bag. Terry peeks and sees the bush rustling in a perverted looking fashion. She is about to leave, when Bruce springs out dressed in full kendo regalia.

BRUCE
Okay -- open your beautiful blue eyes!

He performs an elaborate series of stylized thrusts and parries -- all very impressive till the end when he trips and nearly disem-bowles himself. Nevertheless, Terry is impressed.

TERRY
Where did you learn that?

BRUCE
Vincent taught me -- He's a pro.
Learned it the hard way -- Okinawa,
summer of '41. So...

He sits down next to her and casually flips up his face mask.

TERRY
So... what?

BRUCE

So, you must be goin' a little stir
crazy out there at the motel with
nothin' to do.

TERRY

Oh, not at all! It's been wonderful
for me. I've never lived in the
country before and I really appreciate
it.

BRUCE

Oh...

TERRY

You sound disappointed.

BRUCE

No, I'm real glad. I was just hoping
you'd want to see the new movie at the
drive-in.

TERRY

Hmmm... that sounds like fun.

BRUCE

You mean, you want to go?

TERRY

Well, I'll have to ask Vincent.

BRUCE

Ask Vincent! What is he, your father?

TERRY

No, he's not my father, but when you
consider everything he's done for me...

BRUCE

Oh, sure, sure. I get it. Sorry.

TERRY

(she gets off rock)

Call me later. I'll talk to Vincent
after he and Ida aren't so uptight.

BRUCE

Okay...

He follows her down the path, making a few suggestive thrusts
with his sword at her ass. She turns back, catching him in the
act. He immediately flips down his visor and resumes his kendo
exercises.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruce is sitting on the lounge pretending to read a Farmer's Almanac. Vincent is pretending to be busy with his ledger. They look up and their eyes meet. Bruce smiles.

VINCENT

What's a matter -- you got gas?

BRUCE

What do you mean?

Vincent shakes his head and goes back to his ledger. Ida's TV is blaring away in the background. Terry comes down the stairs and both men rise.

BRUCE

Well, it certainly was worth the wait.

TERRY

Am I late?

BRUCE

Oh, no. I just got here a little early, I guess.

Terry turns all the way around so Vincent can see her outfit.

TERRY

You like it?

VINCENT

It looks real pretty on you.

BRUCE

Sure does. Is that Granny's too?

TERRY

The blouse is Granny's, but Vincent bought me the skirt.

Bruce and Vincent exchange looks concerning this information.

BRUCE

Guess we oughtta hit the concrete... as we say on the force. Ready?

TERRY

Sure. Goodnight, Vincent.

She kisses him on the cheek and he strokes her hair.

VINCENT

Night, honey. Have a good time.

Bruce is having difficulty dealing with these displays of affection.

Vincent watches them leave. He sits down at his desk and goes back to work on his ledger. We HEAR the car start outside and peel out on the gravel. Vincent covers his ears in anticipation of the crash, but there is none.

Puzzled, he uncovers his ears. Finally, we HEAR it loud and strong. Reassured, he nods his head and returns to his ledger.

Vincent closes the ledger and stands up, yelling for Ida like a train conductor's "All-aboard!":

VINCENT

I---DA!

EXT. SECRET GARDEN - FENCED-IN AREA - NIGHT

Vincent is removing the burlap bag from all twelve of the buried people, while Ida stirs a large bucket of hot creamed corn. She ladles the corn into bowls and sets them down in front of each person. The hissing and wheezing sounds stop while they eat.

VINCENT

Listen to them eat. Ain't that a good sound, Ida?

Ida's doing her own share of eating directly out of the bucket.

IDA

Anything's better than that damn hissing and wheezing.

VINCENT

That ain't much to complain about. They're good animals -- it's not like takin' care of chickens or hogs!

Butch GRUNTS loudly.

VINCENT

Present company excepted.

Ivan finishes his corn and starts hissing again.

Vincent takes the bucket from Ida and ladles out more corn. The hissing stops. He tousles Ivan's hair like a dog. Ivan jerks his head up and hisses until Vincent stops. Meanwhile, Ida has been going around to each of them, squeezing their cheeks.

IDA

Vincent! I think this one's ready!

Vincent bends down and checks.

VINCENT

Almost, but not quite. Tomorrow he'll be ready... to become famous.

He becomes introspective.

IDA

Vincent, do you think, years from now, people will appreciate us for what we're doin' here?

VINCENT

You do understand!

IDA

'Course I do, you dummy! You think I'm doing this just for the fun? Someone's got to take a little responsibility for the planet.

Vincent hugs her.

VINCENT

Ida, you sweetheart. I'm sorry I underestimated you.

IDA

You better be.

He puts his arm around her and they walk out of the fenced-in area, locking the gate. The pickup drives away. As the SOUND dies down, the HISSING and WHEEZING noises become louder and louder.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Bruce's patrol car pulls into a secluded grove of trees at the edge of a cliff. There are about a dozen other cars parked in the same vicinity. Clearly, this is a lovers' lane and there is no drive-in in sight.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry is disturbed by the setup.

TERRY

Is this the drive-in?

BRUCE

Yep.

He's peering through the trees for something which we can't see.

TERRY

Not very funny, Bruce. I think we'd better...

BRUCE

Where the hell? No wonder! That's the wrong tree. Hold on.

He turns on his flashing red lights, hits the SIREN, and flashes the parked cars with the spotlight. He exposes an assortment of naked bodies frantically trying to get dressed. Bruce speaks through the loudspeaker but the volume is so high it is difficult to understand him.

BRUCE

This is the Sheriff. You are violating the law and have exactly two minutes to clear out before I make arrests!

All at once the cars start to leave in a BUMPER-CAR FASHION. One NAKED COUPLE try to escape without their car. Bruce shines the spotlight on them.

BRUCE

(through loudspeakers)

You two... halt! Get back in your vehicle and remove it from this area!

They run back and FISH-TAIL away in the process bumping into another car and knocking it over the cliff! Finally, the dust settles and all is quiet. Bruce drives his car over to the spot where the other cars were.

BRUCE

Alone at last.

TERRY

What was all that about?

BRUCE

You'll see.

He reaches into his glove compartment and pulls out a pair of binocular. He hands them to Terry and she holds them looking puzzled.

BRUCE

Look over there.

He points off in the distance. Terry raises the binoculars to her eyes.

BINOCULAR MATTE - TERRY'S POV - NIGHT

We SEE the screen of a drive-in theatre playing a "B" horror movie.

TERRY

It's terrific but there's no sound.

Bruce reaches down and picks up the mike to his radio. It CRACKLES to life as he switches it on.

BRUCE

This is mobile unit 43109.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Go ahead, 43109.

BRUCE

Peggy, would you connect me with
359-6700?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sure thing, Sheriff.

A moment later we HEAR a phone ring and a voice answers.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Good evening, Moonlight Drive-In,
can I help you?

BRUCE

Dixie, this is Sheriff Smith.

DIXIE (V.O.)

(becomes sexy)

Hi, Bruce -- whatcha up to tonight?

BRUCE

I'm up on Outpost Road. Will you
feed the sound onto channel 22?

DIXIE (V.O.)

Got company?

BRUCE

(clears his throat)

Yep.

DIXIE (V.O.)

Oh, well... Have fun.

She hangs up and Bruce switches to channel 22 and we HEAR the
soundtrack. Terry picks up the binoculars.

BINOCULAR MATTE - TERRY'S POV - NIGHT

The "Vampire from Outer Space" has trapped the GIRL in a corner.
He has an oversized bald skull with fangs and wears a black cape.
He attacks the girl and she screams in perfect lip synch.

GIRL

Help! Somebody, help me!

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - CLOSE ON TERRY

She turns to Bruce, really loving it.

TERRY

It's great! But how are you gonna
see it?

He pulls out another pair of binoculars and smiles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

A Cadillac Seville with skis strapped to the roof, zooms past at 70 MPH.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Two sexy hookers, SUZI and DEBBIE are returning from a ski weekend still wearing their nylon jumpsuits. They have an expensive CB radio built into the dashboard.

SUZI

Fifteen hundred bucks in two days,
that's what I call a good weekend!
I wish ski season lasted all year.

DEBBIE

It was okay.

SUZI

What's with you?

DEBBIE

You know that instructor I balled
for the lessons?

SUZI

The blond?

DEBBIE

Yeah. I think he had the clap.

SUZI

That's a drag.

DEBBIE

You're telling me.

SUZI

Yeah. Well, next time... What the...?
(she slams on the brakes)

Through the windshield we SEE two cows standing in the middle of the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CADILLAC AND COWS - NIGHT

The car skids to a stop a few feet from the cows.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

SUZI

Will you look at those stupid cows.
I don't believe this!

DEBBIE

Why don't they move?

Suzi HONKS the horn several times.

SUZI

I think you better go out and swat 'em.

DEBBIE

Wait a minute... something's weird.
They look fake!

SUZI

Fake cows? Is this some kind a joke?

DEBBIE

I don't dig the vibes here. Drive
around 'em.

SUZI

I can't Look at the mud! We'd get
stuck. Will you move 'em?

DEBBIE

Just knock 'em over with the car!

SUZI

You gonna pay for the body work?

DEBBIE

Aw... shit. Alright, but you owe me
a big one.

She opens the door.

SUZI

Take the gun.

DEBBIE

What for?

SUZI

It's your ass.

Debbie looks out at the steaming marsh. We HEAR the cry of an
animal. She gets back in and locks the door.

DEBBIE

Forget it. You do it!

SUZI

You chicken shit!

She takes a .45 out of the glove compartment; gets out and slams
the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Suzi stalks over to the cows. She tilts the mother forward so that Debbie can see that it's only plywood.

EXT. CADILLAC - SUZI'S POV

Debbie nods in a blase fashion. She checks her makeup in the visor mirror and does a quick touchup..

EXT. HIGHWAY

Suzi glares at Debbie as she pulls over the mother cow, revealing Vincent squatting behind it. He wears a WWI gas mask and holds the chloroform cylinder as he sneaks behind the little calf.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Getting impatient, Debbie rolls down the window and yells:

DEBBIE
Come on! Let's get out of here!

She takes a final look in the mirror then flips up the visor to see Vincent suddenly stand up behind the little calf. She screams.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Suzi smiles thinking Debbie is trying to scare her.

SUZI
Very funny.

Her expression changes as Vincent forces the chloroform mask over her face. She struggles but in a matter of seconds her body goes limp. Vincent grabs the .45.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Debbie is going berserk as she watches Vincent drag Suzi into the bushes. He reappears and runs toward the Cadillac. Debbie frantically tries to start the car. Vincent reaches the door, when the car screeches away from him.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - HILLTOP - NIGHT

Bruce lowers his binoculars and looks at Terry. He slides closer and casually puts his arm around her.

She looks at Bruce but decides to ignore him. Bruce interprets this as a signal to continue. He slides his hand under her breast.

TERRY
Bruce, please don't.

BRUCE
Oh, sorry.

He coughs and reaches into the glove compartment for the bottle of whiskey he keeps there.

BRUCE

Care for a drink?

TERRY

No, thanks.

BRUCE

(taking a shot)

Ah... that's good whiskey.

TERRY

Okay, I'll have a little sip.

Bruce wipes the bottle on his sleeve and hands it to her.

BRUCE

Here you go.

Terry takes a little taste, then looks at the label.

TERRY

"Old Penguin"? Mmmmm. It is good.

She takes a big mouthful then hands it back to Bruce.

BRUCE

Hey -- You sure can put it down!
Better get it while you can --
Vincent ain't exactly what you call
a social drinker.

TERRY

Thanks.

She takes another drink and Bruce kisses her on the neck. She spills some whiskey on him and pulls away.

BRUCE

What's the matter?

TERRY

Let's just be friends, okay?

BRUCE

I was just being friendly.

TERRY

Bruce, I appreciate you taking me
out and all but I don't want to play
those kinda games.

She resumes looking through the binoculars. Bruce however wants to play those kinda games. He runs his hand up her thigh.

She slaps his face. At that moment, DEBBIE'S VOICE comes over the radio:

DEBBIE (V.O.)

Help me, please!! Somebody help me!

BRUCE

Alright, alright. Take it easy.
I'm sorry.

TERRY

I didn't say that.

BRUCE

You didn't?

TERRY

No, and the movie just ended.

BRUCE

(talking into his
microphone)

Dixie, this is Bruce -- are you
alright?

DIXIE (V.O.)

Yeah -- but somebody's in trouble.

BRUCE

Ten-thirty-three, this is Sheriff
Smith. What's your twenty?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR MARSH - NIGHT

Vincent's pickup is only inches away from the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Debbie is trying to drive and work the CB at the same time with considerable difficulty.

BRUCE (V.O.)

Ten-thirty-three, what's your twenty?
Do you copy?

DEBBIE

What are you saying? Talk in English!

BRUCE (V.O.)

Where are you? What's wrong?

DEBBIE

Somebody's trying to kill me!

The pickup smashes into the bumper. She drops the microphone.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Suzi lies on the seat next to Vincent. He floors it, ramming into the Cadillac. Suzi slides to the floor, groaning.

INT. CADILLAC

Debbie is losing control of the car.

DEBBIE

I'm on Highway fifty-two... about
ten miles from Grainville...

Vincent SMASHES HARD into the Cadillac. Debbie screams as it goes off the road.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - HILLTOP - NIGHT

Bruce buckles up and starts the car.

BRUCE

Better put on you shoulder harness.

Terry does. He switched on the SIREN and flashing lights.

EXT. BRUCE'S CAR - HILLTOP AND ROAD - NIGHT

They take off at high speed down the dirt road.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

Vincent is using the pickup's winch to tow the Cadillac into the water. We HEAR a siren in the distance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ABOUT FIVE MILES AWAY - NIGHT

Bruce's car is tearing down the road at 100 MPH.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry is enjoying the speed. Bruce flashes a suave smile.

BRUCE

Terry, check on that woman?

TERRY

How do I do it?

BRUCE

Press the button on the mike and ask her where she is now.

TERRY

Hello, this is the Sheriff. Where are you...?
(silence)

I guess she can't hear me.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

The Cadillac disappears under the water. Vincent gets into the pickup. The SIREN is getting louder.

INT. PICKUP

On the seat next to him are two body bags containing Debbie and Suzi. He drives down the dirt road which runs parallel with the highway.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Bruce notices something ahead and slams on the brakes.

INT. VINCENT'S PICKUP - NIGHT

He hears the TIRES SCREECH and immediately cuts his engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY AND EMBANKMENT - OVERHEAD PERSPECTIVE - NIGHT

We SEE that the car and the pickup have come to a stop almost parallel with each other. Vincent quietly gets out and climbs up through the brush.

Bruce aims the searchlight on the debris scattered across the highway. He walks over and sifts through it, until he finds something. He examines it under a magnifying glass. He walks back to the car.

Vincent considers the implications of Bruce's discovery.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bruce gets in.

TERRY

What'd you find?

BRUCE

A wooden cow's ear.

TERRY

A wooden cow's ear? Let's see.

(he hands it to her)

Weird.

BRUCE

Looks like it was part of a whole cow... scattered all over the highway. What would anybody be doin' with a wooden cow out here?

TERRY

Maybe it didn't have anything to do with this...

She hands the ear back and he regards it philosophically.

BRUCE

Maybe... And then again maybe not!
(raises index finger)
'Rule six-A: Never disregard any
piece of evidence! The detective
may lack the physical, intellectual,
and emotional distance to see how
it fits into the T.P.

TERRY

Toilet paper?

BRUCE

No -- Total picture!

TERRY

Where'd you learn that, Bruce?

BRUCE

The uh... Academy.

TERRY

The Academy?

BRUCE

Yeah, the... Academy Correspondence
Detective Course.

TERRY

Oh.

BRUCE

Hey, I know what you think that
I'm some kinda low-life, red-neck,
illiterate, shit kickin' country
bumpkin who never got past the third
grade! Well, guess what, miss smarty-
pants disc jockey? I happen to have
been president of my class and
graduated summa cum laude from Robert
E. Lee Elementary School. So you can
take your high and mighty ways and do
you-know-what with 'em!

TERRY

Bruce! I don't think of you that way.

BRUCE

You don't?

TERRY

Of course not. I respect you.

BRUCE

You do? Honest?

(she nods)

Oh... I'm sorry. I respect you too,
Terry.

(shyly)

You're the first big-time jock I ever
met... and you're quite a lady.

Terry smiles. A "ga-ga" expression comes over Bruce's face.

BRUCE

You sure are pretty.

(he moves closer)

Anybody ever tell you that?

TERRY

Yes, you did. Bruce -- Sheriff.
What about that woman?

BRUCE

Right!

(checks the odometer)

Let's see... We're about ten miles
east of Grainville.

TERRY

I think I've been here before. Is
this where Bo and I had our accident?

BRUCE

Yeah. We're not too far from there...
If I ain't wrong, there's a service
road that runs below the highway.
Someone could've bushwacked her from
there.

TERRY

Sounds possible.

BRUCE

Let's go.

(he starts the car)

EXT. BUSHES BY SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Vincent runs down to the pickup and starts it up.

EXT. BRUCE'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The patrol car drives down the embankment.

INT. VINCENT'S PICKUP

Vincent SEES the headlights of the patrol car in his rearview
mirror.

He immediately cuts off his own headlights and steps on the gas. We HEAR the tires spinning in place.

Vincent activates the "4-Wheel Drive" and accelerates.

INT. BRUCE'S CAR

The dips and potholes are playing great havoc on the police car. Bruce and Terry are bouncing up and down as if they were in an amusement park ride. And with every large bump, the bottom of the car SMASHES AGAINST THE GROUND sending sparks shooting into the air. Bruce stops and aims the searchlight around the marsh. He turns to Terry.

BRUCE

If I wasn't in the line of duty,
Lord knows what I might try to
do to you out here.

Terry notices a glint of light off of Vincent's pickup.

TERRY

Look! I saw a car or something.

BRUCE

Where?

TERRY

Up ahead! Come on, let's go!

BRUCE

Aw, come on, Terry. I wasn't goin'
to do anything.

TERRY

I mean it! I saw something!

BRUCE

Okay, okay!

He steps on it but the wheels spin in the mud. They're stuck.

BRUCE

Nuts. I'll get out and push.
You know how to rock it?

TERRY

You're askin' me do I know how to
rock it? Hey, man, I'll rock 'n
roll this crate outta here faster 'n
you can say Blue Suede Shoes.

BRUCE

Okay, start slow, then when I yell,
stand on it.

He walks around to the back. As Terry begins to rock it, Bruce braces himself for the big push.

BRUCE

Go ahead, stand on it!

Unfortunately, just as he yells, Terry has shifted into reverse. The car knocks Bruce into a deep mud puddle. Terry opens the door.

TERRY

Bruce... Bruce?

Bubbles appear on the surface of the puddle and Bruce finally springs up, spitting mud.

TERRY

I'm sorry, Bruce, but you told me to stand on it. Are you okay?

— Bruce nods. A duck lands on his head.

107. EXT. SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT

107.

Vincent's pickup is parked outside the fence. We hear Suzi scream and then silence.

108. EXT. INSIDE THE GARDEN GATES - NIGHT

108.

Debbie and Suzi are buried up to their necks in Ida and Vincent, wearing their white lab coats, are finishing up on Suzi. *

IDA

Suture!

Vincent hands them to her and Ida sews the wound closed.

IDA

That oughta hold it.

Vincent peeks at her handiwork. He whistles and quickly looks away. *

VINCENT

Nice work.

IDA

Thanks, Vince. Poultice!

He hands her a sterile dressing which she applies to the wound. Debbie is already beginning to hiss softly. Vincent and Ida are startled by the sound of a car horn in the distance.

109. (OMITTED)

109. *

110. EXT. SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT

110.

VINCENT

Who's that?

IDA

Brucie?

VINCENT

That ain't his car! Did you turn on the "No Vacancy" sign?

IDA

Oops.

VINCENT

Damn! Let's get a move on.

110. (CONTINUED)

They quickly cover Debbie and Suzi with burlap bags and leave.

111. EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

111.

The pickup drives around the back route so as not to be seen by the people in the car. They park and run into the rear entrance of the office.

112. EXT. FRONT OF OFFICE - NIGHT

112.

GUY ROBERE exits the office chewing on a stick of beef jerky. He's about forty-five, greasy and sports an obvious toupee. He walks to the car. The person in the passenger seat rolls down her window. This is EDITH OLSON, a sleazy, sexy-looking woman. Guy thrusts the stump of jerky towards her.

GUY

Take a bite.

EDITH

What is it?

GUY

Beef jerky. The best. Guess who owns this place.

EDITH

Roy Rogers?

Vincent casually walks out of the office door wearing a bathrobe, smoking a pipe.

112. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Evenin' folks. We turned in a little early tonight.

GUY

I can dig it. Early to bed, early to rise.

(he winks)

If you get my meaning.

Vincent stares at him very seriously.

VINCENT

What can I do for you?

GUY

We need a room for the night.

VINCENT

Come on in. We'll fix you up.

GUY

Outasight.

113. (OMITTED)

113.

*

114. EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

114.

Bruce's patrol pulls up and parks.

115. INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

115.

Seeing Bruce approaching, Guy looks nervously at Vincent.

GUY

Hey this place is cool, isn't it, Pops?

*

VINCENT

We can turn up the heat if you want.

GUY

Hey, I like that. "We can turn up the heat..."

EDITH

Are you sure this is the right place?

Bruce and Terry walk up the steps and into the

115. (CONTINUED)

office. he is still covered with mud, which is falling off of him in cakes. Bruce carefully wipes his feet off on the mat and nods a greeting to Guy and Edith. He seems to be impressed by her figure.

BRUCE

Howdy... Ma'am...

GUY

You look like a man who knows how to get down.

Bruce stares at him like he's some sort of strange insect.

116. (OMITTED)

116. *

117. INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

117.

Vincent turns to Terry.

VINCENT

Are you alright, honey?

TERRY

I'm fine. We were trying to find some poor woman who was screaming that someone was trying to kill her. It was awful.

Bruce comes back in.

BRUCE

Hey, Vince, you catch a 10-33 on your scanner about a half hour ago?

117. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Can't say I did. But then I wasn't listenin'.

Ida enters wearing her bathrobe.

*

IDA

Hi everybody. When'd the party start?

VINCENT

Ain't no party. Bruce was just askin' if we heard any 10-33's on the CB. Did you hear anything?

IDA

As a matter of fact, I did.

Vincent looks like he might kill her.

IDA

Some kids've been makin' prank calls, screamin' murder and all kinds of things so the truckers and smokey go on wild goose chases.

Vincent suppresses a smile.

BRUCE

Damn! I'll report it to the Federal Communication Commission.... Well, I guess I'll be headin' home. If you hear those kids again, you give me a call.

VINCENT

We'll do that.

117. (CONTINUED)

Bruce hesitates trying to think of some way of
getting Terry outside for a goodnight kiss. Sensing
this, she shakes his hand and walks him to the
door. *

TERRY

Goodnight, Bruce. I had a real good
time. Thanks a lot. *

Looking wistfully at her, he lets go of her hand
and goes out the front door. *

BRUCE

Oh, sure. Hey any time you want a
little... excitement. You know where
to find it. Night now. *

We hear him get in his car and drive away. *

118.	(OMITTED)	118.	*
119.	(OMITTED)	119.	*
120.	(OMITTED)	120.	*

121. INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 121.

Terry kisses Vincent on the cheek and goes
upstairs. *

GUY

Now that smokey's gone, you mind
filing us in on the scene?

VINCENT

The what?

EDITH

Come on... the action...

Guy hands Vincent a little booklet with a near-
pornographic illustration on the cover: RED, WHITE
& BLUE HOT SPOTS: A SWINGERS GUIDE TO MIDDLE
AMERICA.

Ida steps next to Vincent and examines it.

*

*121. (CONTINUED)

Vincent looks through the booklet, and suddenly realizes what it is. He seems enraged. Ida grabs it from him.

VINCENT

There seems to be some mis...

IDA

Vincent, look, here we are!

She hands it back to him.

122. INSERT; BOOKLET - ****" VINCENT'S MOTEL, 122.
GRAINVILLE, CA. - THESE FOLKS GO ALL OUT! A
SWINGERS PARADISE."

123. (BACK TO SCENE)

123.

Ida elbows Vincent and gives him a wink.

EDITH

Is something wrong?

IDA

We just didn't expect to get into this issue. Ain't that great, Vincent?

VINCENT

Sure is...

He hands a key to Ida.

VINCENT

Cabin #1. Ida will show you the way.

GUY

Should we register first?

VINCENT

(smiling magnanimously)
That won't be necessary.

GUY

Dig it. You want to meet us there in say, ten minutes?

123. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT
That'll be fine.

EDITH
Why don't you invite your daughter?

VINCENT
She's not my daughter?

EDITH
Whatever...

IDA
This way folks. Vincent, you start
your stretching exercises.

She winks to them then leads them to their cabin.

GUY (O.S.)
Stretching exercises! Wow-wee! I
told ya, Edy.

EDITH (O.S.)
Easy Guy.

Vincent makes a distasteful face.

124. INT. CABIN #1. - NIGHT

124.

Edith is wearing a black leather outfit with
spiked-heel boots. She turns on a cassette of
"HUNGARIAN RAPSODY".

Moving casually with the beat, she opens a suitcase
and spills out an assortment of vibrators of
unusual-looking shapes and sizes, Chinese magic
balls, rubber masks, scented oils, joy-jells, an
extensive selection of "water sport" appliances and
an impresssive collection of whips and restraints.

She removes a bullwhip and tests the heft with an
expert hand. Suddenly the music takes her and she
flies into a spirited high-kicking dance, all the
while, violently cracking the whip and sending
lamps, ashtrays, and decorative accessories
smashing to the floor..

Almost on cue, Guy emerges from the bathroom. He's
wearing a black lace bra and matching panties
covered by a clear vinyl skirt. He doesn't seem to
notice the disarray. Guy checks his beard and
decides he needs a shave. He takes off his bra and
begins shaving his chest with an electric razor.

124. (CONTINUED)

GUY

You think they're into animals?

EDITH

Let's hope so.

She flicks her tongue at him like a snake.

GUY

Ooooooh. I can't take it when you wiggle that weapon.

His whole body shivers.

EDITH

If you can't take it... then I'll take you.

She twirls the bullwhip, wrapping it around Guy's legs. She drags him across the floor over to her.

GUY

Oil me up, Edy. Let's get greasy!

She pours the entire bottle over his head. There is a knock on the door.

EDITH

Damn! We didn't even have a chance to warm up. Come in!

The door swings open revealing Vincent and Ida wearing stone-cold expressions. He holds a length of rope in his hand.

GUY

Great... you're into bondage!

Vincent studies the two creatures on the floor. The oil drips down Guy's legs and onto the floor in loud spats.

GUY

Come on in and let's all get down.

VINCENT

Thank you.

Ida locks the door. She gets a good look at Guy's outfit.

IDA

You look good enough to eat.

124. (CONTINUED)

GUY

I hope so.

Edith stretches out spread-eagled on the bed in front of Vincent. He looks at her nervously.

EDITH

Tie me up, old man.

VINCENT

Yes'm.

To her surprise, he ropes her up with the speed and style of a rodeo champion.

EDITH

You do that pretty good. Dog-style, huh?

VINCENT

No, Ma'am. Hog.

GUY

(gazing up at Ida)
Hey, do you want to tie me up, or should I tie you?

IDA

(smiles)
I'll tie you.

124. (CONTINUED)

GUY

(Gets on hands and knees)

Okay, I'm ready. Rope me up, girl.
Yee-haa!

She does.

EDITH

You got any pigs around?

GUY

Has he got pigs - Why do you think
they call him Farmer Vincent? He's
got the best damn pigs in the world.
Don't you, Vince?

VINCENT

Yep. Right here. Spray'em!

IDA

Okie-dokie.

She approaches Guy with the chloroform cylinder.

GUY

Who-a! Nitrous oxide. Sookie-sookie!
Me first!

He strains against the ropes to get the first
whiff.

IDA

Take it easy now. There's enough for
everybody.

She holds the mask over his face and twists the
valve.

IDA

Okay... go for it!

Guy sucks it in for all he's worth and instantly
goes limp. On the bed, Edith smells the chloroform.

EDITH

Hey, wait a minute. Laughing gas
doesn't smell like that.

Ida approaches Edith with the cylinder.

124. (CONTINUED)

EDITH
What is that shit?

VINCENT
This is special laughing gas.

Ida puts the mask over her face and twists the valve. Edith struggles but Vincent holds her.

VINCENT
With this stuff, you breathe it and we do the laughing.

Neither of them crack a smile as Edith goes limp.

124A. EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - SUNRISE

124A.

All is quiet as the sun's first rays hit the office window. There is no trace of Guy and Edith's sports car.

125. (OMITTED)

125.

126. INT. MOTEL: OFFICE - MORNING

126.

Vincent checks a calendar on the wall and frowns. He is about to leave when Terry walks down the hall into the office.

*
*

VINCENT
What're you doin' up so early?

TERRY
I'm getting used to life on the farm, I guess. You?

VINCENT
Got to plant my alfalfa today.

He pauses, deliberating about broaching something. Taking a deep breath, he comes out with it:

VINCENT
How'd you like it if some time... I taught you the ancient art of meat smokin'?

*

TERRY
I'd be honored.

126. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Don't be too sure. Some people don't have the stomach for it.

TERRY

Don't worry about me. Mine's cast iron.

VINCENT

That's a good start.

127. EXT. MOTEL CABINS - MORNING

127.

Vincent and Terry walk past cabin #1 and she notices that Guy Robere's car is gone.

TERRY

What time did those people leave?

VINCENT

Wish I knew. They left without payin'.

TERRY

Let's call Bruce. Maybe he can catch them.

VINCENT

Too late now. You got to expect that now and again in the motel business. That's why I like the meat business. Ain't too many hams gonna get up and run after I've smoked em!

Terry and Vincent both laugh.

TERRY

I didn't know you had such a good sense of humor, Vincent.

VINCENT

Terry, a sense of humor has saved many a man's sanity - including my own.

128. EXT. SMOKE HOUSE - DAY

128.

Terry and Vincent reach the tractor parked behind the smokehouse. Vincent hooks up the seed attachment. He gets on and fires it up.

128. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

See you later, honey.

Terry reaches up and gives him a kiss on the cheek. She watches him drive off then turns to look at the smokehouse door. The padlock is off the hasp. With a childlike curiosity, she pushes it open.

129. INT. SMOKEHOUSE- DAY

129.

It is an "L" shaped shed containing huge stainless steel vats, a large table saw, band saw and a butcher block table.

Terry's eyes are drawn to the gleaming knives and then up to the meat hooks on the ceiling. She walks toward the actual smoking room.

The door is slightly ajar and she pulls it open. She gasps.

The smokeroom is packed - wall to wall with smoked pigs; their hollow-eyed faces staring at her.

Ida suddenly grabs Terry and slams her against the wall.

IDA

What're you doin in here, girl? Do you know what Vincent would do if he caught you? I shudder to think of it.

TERRY

I was just curious... The door was open and Vincent said he was going to teach me how to smoke meat.

IDA

He did?

TERRY

Yes. This morning.

Ida glances down into the large garbage can beneath the band saw. It is filled with a wide assortment of human feet. She glances from the can to Terry.

IDA

I see. Well that's different then.

129. (CONTINUED)

She puts a friendly arm around Terry's shoulder as they walk away from the smokeroom towards the open door.

TERRY

I want to be helpful to you, Ida.

IDA

Of course you'll be able to help out. That'll be nice.

Ida keeps her big arm around Terry's shoulder as they walk out of the smokehouse into the bright daylight.

130. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - DAY

130.

IDA

What a day for tubin'!

TERRY

Tubin'?

IDA

(enunciating)

Tubing, my precious one. Haven't you ever tubed? *

TERRY

I don't know what you're talking about.

IDA

Oh, you'll love it.

131. EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

131. *

Terry's reflection is rippling in the water by the bank of the farm's large, round reservoir. She is wearing a pair of cutoffs and a T-shirt. Behind her, Ida, wearing an old-fashioned one-piece bathing suit is pumping up the inner-tube of a truck tire.

She hands one to Terry which she's already inflated and they walk to the river's edge. Ida pulls hers over her head and Terry does the same.

TERRY

I'm not a strong swimmer.

131. (CONTINUED)

IDA

You don't have to, to go tubin'.
That's the beauty of it. I don't
know how to swim at all! Ready?

Terry nods. Ida takes her hand and they flow with
the current.

TERRY

This is great!

IDA

What did I tell ya?

They giggle as they flow downstream.

132. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RIVER - DAY 132.

It is much calmer here. Ida looks over at her and
smiles. Surreptitiously, she removes a razor blade
and cuts a hole in her own tube.

TERRY

What's that noise, Ida?

IDA

What noise?

Her tube is shrinking noticably. Ida pretends to
panic.

IDA

My tube! It's leaking! Help! Help!

She flails her arms wildly. Terry paddles closer to
her.

TERRY

Grab onto mine.

Ida goes under. She surfaces and gasps for breath.
she dogpaddles a little closer to Terry then goes
down a second time.

133. EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

133.

Ida locks her arms around Terry's legs and pulls
her down. Ida kicks her in the stomach. Air bubbles
explode from Terry's mouth as she sinks to the
bottom.

134. (OMITTED)

134. *

135. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

135. *

Vincent sits by the side of the bed holding Terry's hand. Her lips start to tremble. Her eyelids flutter and roll open.

TERRY

Vincent... You saved me.

He stares into her face, then cradles her in his arms.

TERRY

Oh, Vincent! You can't imagine what a horrible feeling it is... being pulled down by someone.

VINCENT

You poor thing.

135. (CONTINUED)

TERRY

Let's not talk about it anymore.
It's over.

VINCENT

Are you feelin' any better?

TERRY

Yes, thanks to you.

She brings Vincent's hand to her mouth and kisses it. She slides it down her neck and under the covers to her breasts. Vincent's eyes widen. He withdraws his hand.

TERRY

Vincent...
(she closes her eyes)
Kiss me.

Vincent looks extremely uncomfortable. he leans forward and kisses her on the forehead. Terry opens her eyes.

TERRY

Not like that!

She throws the covers off, revealing her naked body and throws her arms around him, kissing him passionately on the mouth. She looks into his eyes then lies back on the bed.

TERRY

Take me, Vincent.

VINCENT

It's not decent - cover yourself.

He tries to cover her up with the blankets.

TERRY

What's the matter?

Vincent takes a long time before answering:

VINCENT

We should be married first.

TERRY

Are you proposing to me?

*

135. (CONTINUED)

Vincent just sits there staring at her breasts. He manages to nod his head. His resolve about waiting for marriage seems to be fading. Terry pulls the blanket up to her neck. *

TERRY

Vincent, I'd like to be alone for a while.

VINCENT

(clearing his throat)
I'll leave you be.

He gets up and leaves.

136. EXT. BO'S GRAVE - DAY

136.

A strong wind is blowing away the dirt revealing the grass where Bo's grave should have been. Terry sitting beside the headstone oblivious to what is happening.

TERRY

He saved my life twice... He's a gentle, kind man. He's not like you - I mean, he's not a biker. He's a farmer and he's asked me to be his wife. What I want to know is... should I marry him, Bo?

137. EXT. HILL ABOVE MOTEL; BO'S GRAVE - DAY 137.

TERRY

Please... Just give me some sign...

She looks up as Vincent approaches her from above, holding out a bouquet of flowers. Owing to the sunlight streaming down from behind him, his appearance is almost angelic. He kneels beside her.

VINCENT

I thought you might want to lay these on his grave.

TERRY

Yes! I'll be your wife. Darling Vincent!

She throws her arms around him.

138. EXT GRAINVILLE: CHURCH - DAY

138.

Reverend Billy walks down the steps with his arm around Vincent's shoulder. They shake hands. Vincent gets into his pickup and drives off.

139. EXT. GRAINVILLE: MAIN STREET - DAY 139.

Vincent's pickup is parked in front of the jewelry shop. Bruce's patrol car drives past and screeches to a stop. He backs up and parks a few cars behind the pickup.

140. INT. THE PATROL CAR - DAY

140.

While waiting Bruce takes out a "Hustler" type magazine from the glove compartment.

Although Bruce doesn't notice him, Reverend Billy is walking toward the patrol car. He sticks his head in Bruce's window, scaring the life out of him.

REV. BILLY

Congratulations, Sheriff!

Bruce tries to hide the magazine - badly.

BRUCE

What for?

REV. BILLY

Surely you must know.

BRUCE

Unh-uh.

REV. BILLY

Vincent's getting married!

BRUCE

What?

REV. BILLY

Yes. He told me to get a service ready for tomorrow.

BRUCE

I don't believe it. Who's he getting married to?

REV. BILLY

(noticing the magazine)

Sheriff, what is that lewd magazine doing in your car?

140. (CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Oh, that...

(he kicks it)

I confiscated it from one of the kids.

REV. BILLY

(shaking his head)

When will those boys learn not to lust after the flesh and impure ways of whoredom?

BRUCE

Probably after they're married.

REV. BILLY

You better give it to me so that it can be properly destroyed.

BRUCE

Oh sure, here ya go.

He hands it to the Reverend who takes it with his fingertips as if it were a used kleenex. Bruce looks sorry to see it go.

BRUCE

Say, who's gonna be Vincent's bride, anyway?

REV. BILLY

The poor thing he rescued from the motorcycle accident.

BRUCE

That's impossible.

REV. BILLY

The Lord's ways are sometimes mysterious...

BRUCE

I'll say! See you later.

He starts the car up and peels out of the parking space. Reverend Billy glances about to be sure no one watching then quickly slips the magazine into his briefcase.

141. (OMITTED)

*

142. EXT MOTEL DRIVEWAY - DAY

142.

Bruce's car does a four-wheel slide into the driveway and skids to a stop in front of the office. He runs inside, leaving the read lights flashing.

143. (OMITTED)

143. *

143A. INT HALLWAY - DAY

143A. *

Ida is leaning against the wall studying the same magazine which Reverand Billy confiscated. Bruce charges past her.

BRUCE

You're sick! Both of you,
you know that? Terry!
Terry! Where are you?

IDA

She's takin' a bath,
Bruce.

BRUCE

We'll see about that.
I don't have a warrant
but you try and stop me.

He takes a breath, preparing to break open the door to Granny's room.

BRUCE

Don't worry, Terry! I'll
be right in.

He hurls his body at the door with all his strength.

144. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

144.

It was unlocked, and Bruce comes hurtling all the way through the room, crashing into the bathroom door, which swings open, shattering the medicine cabinet mirror.

145. INT. BATHROOM - DAY

145.

Terry, in the tub, having a bubble bath, screams. Bruce screams. He stares incredulously up at her from the floor. Terry covers her breasts.

TERRY

What are you doing, Bruce?

BRUCE

You're alright?

TERRY

Of course I'm alright. Are you alright?

Bruce can't take his eyes away from her body.

BRUCE

Is it... are you and Vincent..?

TERRY

Yes, we're getting married tomorrow afternoon.

BRUCE

I don't believe it. You mean he's not forcing you?

TERRY

Forcing me? I love Vincent.

BRUCE

You're sick.

He reaches up and feels her forehead.

TERRY

I'm not sick.

Bruce gets up and sits on the toilet.

BRUCE

What about us? I'm madly in love with you. You can't marry Vincent. He's old enough to be your grandfather. Listen, we'll go for a

145. (CONTINUED)

BRUCE (Cont')

fast drive - like the other night.
Remember how much you liked that?
Come on, get dressed, I'll turn on
the siren and we'll do a hundred and
sixty down that old road!

TERRY

Get a hold of yourself, Bruce.

BRUCE

I'm okay. I'm okay.
(his eyes are wild)

TERRY

Listen to me, will you?

BRUCE

Yeah, sure...

TERRY

I really like you, and you've been
very nice to me, but I think you
should know that I really prefer
older men.

BRUCE

I don't believe it. I don't believe
it!

TERRY

Bruce, I love Vincent. He's gonna be
my old man!

BRUCE

You can't marry him. The law won't
allow it. He's insane.

TERRY

He is not.

BRUCE

Didn't he tell you? He's got
syphilis of the brain - that's
right! He's not normal at all - unh-
uh. And he's dumb! Hey - his pecker
don't work either. Boy are you gonna
be disappointed when he gets out of
those overalls and there's this
shriveled up prune. You need someone
young and strong like me.

He rips open his shirt and flexes his muscles.

145. (CONTINUED)

Terry looks at him with pity.

TERRY

I think you'd better leave before
Vincent comes back.

BRUCE

Let him come back. Think I'm scared
of him? Ha!

Vincent enters the bathroom - shotgun barrel first.
Terry screams.

BRUCE

What's the matter?

He notices Vincent's reflection in the broken
mirror.

BRUCE

Oh... Hi, Vince, pretty good joke,
huh.

(pretends to laugh)

Vincent presses the gun barrel into his ribs and
forces him back against the sink.

BRUCE

Vince, you better put that down. You
know accidents do happen.

VINCENT

If there wasn't a lady present, you
might not be alive now.

BRUCE

Aw, come on, Vincent. Don't be such
a...

Vincent jams the gun into his stomach, doubling him
over.

VINCENT

I think you've said enough for one
day.

Bruce pushes the barrel out of the way with his
fingertips.

BRUCE

Well, I'm sorry to see you're takin'
it so...

145. (CONTINUED)

Vincent kicks him in the ass, sending him flying into the bedroom.

146. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

146.

Bruce gets up rubbing his ass.

BRUCE

You're gonna regret this, Vincent.
Don't forget, I'm the law around here.

Vincent aims the shotgun at him. Bruce dives out of the room as the twin blasts rip into the wall.

147. EXT. MOTEL DRIVEWAY - DAY

147.

Bruce is driving away slowly, seething with anger. He turns back to the highway when something catches his eye.

A little calf rests against the tower that supports the Farmer Vincent billboard.

148. EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR MOTEL - DAY

148.

Bruce drives onto the highway and parks his car. He gets out and sneaks over to the billboard. Bruce examines the wooden calf with his magnifying glass. He compares it with the segment he found on the highway. They're nearly identical.

BRUCE

Goddamn...

He runs back to his car and drives away.

149. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - DAY

149.

Terry is crying on the bed with a towel wrapped around her. Vincent is trying to comfort her.

*

149. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

I got a little something for you,
honey.

TERRY

What is it?

Vincent takes out a small, gift-wrapped package.

VINCENT

It's just a little something.

She tears off the wrapping, revealing a purple,
felt jewelry box. Inside is a beautiful diamond
ring.

TERRY

Oh, Vincent, it's so... You
shouldn't have...

VINCENT

What do you mean I shouldn't have?
You're gonna be my wife, right?

She shakes her head. He puts the ring on her
finger.

VINCENT

Here. Only the best for my little
girl.

Ida enters carrying a magnum of champagne and party
favors on a tray. She pops the cork and Vincent
pours the gushing liquid into Terry's glass. She is
overcome with emotion. Vincent raises his glass to
toast.

VINCENT

To Terry, my bride to be and the sweetest creature
since sugar-cured ham.

TERRY

To Vincent... The nicest, most kind
man I ever met.

They raise their glasses.

IDA

Wait a minute... and to me?

VINCENT

What for?

149. (CONTINUED)

IDA

Ummm... For the hell of it?

VINCENT

Okay. And to my little sister, Ida -
for the hell of it.

They clink glasses and drink.

TERRY

Ummmm, that's real good.

VINCENT

Kinda tickles your stomach, don't
it?

Terry, getting a little tipsy, smiles, looking into his eyes. Vincent surreptitiously signals to Ida then gives Terry a lingering kiss on the cheek. While she is distracted by this rare display of affection, Ida produces an eyedropper and squeezes two drops of an ominous-looking green concoction into Terry's glass.

149. (CONTINUED)

*

Ida refills Terry's glass.

TERRY

Thanks, Ida.

IDA

(taking Terry's hand)

Are you nervous?

TERRY

A little...

IDA

Well, drink up, girl! That's what it's there for.

TERRY

(she does)

You're right. Mmmmm. I like champagne.

She smiles at Vincent and drops the glass, shattering it on the floor. Terry puts her arms around Vincent's neck. She kisses him and then passes out. Vincent slaps her face lightly then lifts her eyelids.

VINCENT

She's out. Let's get to work.

He gently drapes her back on the bed and they leave the room.

150. (OMITTED)

150. *

151. EXT. HIGHWAY: NEAR MARSH - NIGHT

151.

Bruce's car pulls off the road near where Terry and Bo had their "accident". Bruce gets out and shines a flashlight on the remains of the motorcycle. Examining the wreckage, he kneels down and spins the front wheel abstractedly. He notices the holes in the tire and looks closer. Taking out a pocket knife, he digs out several pieces of buckshot.

BRUCE

Holy shit.

He thinks for a moment then walks across the road.

152. EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

152.

Bruce shines the flashlight on the ground until he finds a shotgun shell. As he picks it up, he hears a duck quack in the marsh. He shines his light towards it and the beam catches a glint in the water.

153. INT. SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT

153.

Vincent and Ida are carrying a strange-looking object over to where Ivan and the Terribles are buried.

IDA

You think they deserve it?

VINCENT

Ida what does the Good Book say?

IDA

I know... "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto ye... Right?

VINCENT

Right. No animal should ever suffer any unnecessary pain.

He and Ida remove the bags from three of the Terribles heads and they hiss horribly.

VINCENT

Hey, none of that. I got a treat for you boys.

He sets the device down in front of them and switches it on. It is a large, illuminated hypno-disc. As it begins to spin faster and faster, it

153. (CONTINUED)

creates an irresistible, fluorescent orange vortex accompanied by an eerie wailing.

One by one, the members of the band are captured by the disc. Vincent sits down beside the device.

VINCENT

I had a feeling you boys would be able to get behind this.

Ida glances momentarily at the disc and starts to get hypnotized. She shakes her head and quickly looks away.

VINCENT

As you guys check out the swirling colors, notice how your heads are gettin' more and more mellow. Each word I say will take you farther and farther out into a radical hypno high...

The hypno disc is beginning to send off irridescant sparkles as it spins.

154. CLOSE ON THE BAND - They're going with it. 154.

VINCENT (CONT')

... heavier but smoother than any trip you've ever had. You guys know about astral projection?

The band slowly shakes their heads in unison.

VINCENT

I figured. Well, by the time I count to ten, we're gonna project you guys beyond Mars. We're gonna send you to a place where everyone is so far out... they have wings. Can you get behind that?

They slowly shake their heads.

Vincent indicates for Ida to take something from the tractor.

VINCENT

Okay. Here we go. Ten, nine, eight... Co-pilot Ida, put the space belts on our passsengers.

154. (CONTINUED)

IDA
(saluting)
Aye-aye, Captain Vincent.

She removes three nooses and places them around the necks of Ivan and the two Terribles. They extend their necks so that it's easier for her to put them on. Ida attaches the nooses to the tractor then salutes Vincent again.

IDA
the Space belts secure, Captain.

VINCENT
Good. Seven, six, five... Co-pilot
Ida, secure hatches and prepare for
take off.

IDA
Aye-aye.

She hops onto the tractor seat and starts up the engine.

IDA
Ready for take off.

VINCENT
Four, three, two...

The band smiles in anticipation as the disc spins like a swirling, Milky Way.

Vincent's expression is solemn, befitting the Captain of a great space cruiser.

VINCENT
One.

He nods and Ida revs the tractor engine.

VINCENT
Take off!

Ida pops the clutch. The Tractor lurches forward and rears up into the air as if actually straining to take off. We hear what sounds like three tree branches cracking loudly.

Ida cuts off the engine and all is quiet. Ida gets down from the tractor and removes the nooses.

154. (CONTINUED)

Ida puts the burlap bag back on his head, and they leave. As the sound of the tractor fades we hear a dripping sound.

The hose lying on the ground is leaking, slowly making a puddle.

155. EXT. THE MARSH - NIGHT

155.

Bruce paddles an inflated raft over where he saw the gleam of light. He retrieves a ski floating on the surface. Bruce is puzzled by this. He shines the light across the water. Something is gleaming below the surface.

BRUCE'S POV - The roof of the hooker's Cadillac is visible with the other skis still on the rack. Bruce moves the light and we see Guy Robere's sports car. He moves it in an ever widening circle revealing more and more cars until we see that the marsh has become one vast auto graveyard.

156. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

156.

The tractor approaches from across the foggy field. Ida hops out and unlock the smokehouse door. They carry the bodies inside and lock the door.

157. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

157.

Vincent and Ida strip the clothes off of the new corpses and load them into the big stainless steel vat. Ida fills it up with hot water and begins to scrub them clean.

Meanwhile, Vincent walks back to the actual smoking chamber. He opens the door. Inside are four already-smoked human carcasss. Vincent takes out his pocket knife and slices off a thin strip of meat from one of the rumps. He samples it and nods approvingly. He slides all four carcasses out along the ceiling rack and pushes them into the main room. Then he opens a wooden box containing hickory chips and starts shoveling them into the smoker.

158. EXT. HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF MOTEL - NIGHT

158.

Bruce drives up to the entrance and stops in front of a hedge where he can't be seen from the motel. He gets out and runs through the woods to the rear entrance to the motel office.

154. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Well done.

(sighs contentedly)

Sometimes I wonder about the karmic implications of these acts... but I can no more take credit for the good we've done tonight, than if...

(looking up at the sky)

... the Great Pilot above had blessed each of them with a bolt of lightning through their hearts.

IDA

Of course.

(gestures to tractor)

Your space ship awaits you, Captain.

VINCENT

Yes.

He climbs onto the tractor and quickly unearths Ivan and the two Terribles. Ida sprays the dirt off of them with a hose. Then she and Vincent load them into the wagon behind the tractor.

Moving around the garden, Ida removes another burlap sack revealing Bo underneath. Ida pinches his cheek and Bo bites her hand.

IDA

Ow! You're gonna regret that!

She starts to put a noose around his neck but Vincent stops her.

VINCENT

Not him.

IDA

Why not?

VINCENT

We've got enough for now.

IDA

(removing the noose)

Sorry. But if you behave yourself, you could still end up on the wedding table.

VINCENT

Come on, let's get goin'.

159. EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

159.

Bruce puts his ear to the door and listen for a moment. He looks through the window then enters the office.

160. INT. THE SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

160.

Ida has finished washing the corpses. She and Vincent lift Ivan out and carry him over to the work table. Ida moves so that his head is hanging over the edge of the table. Then she brings the large waskebasket over and places it directly beneath Ivan's head. Vincent strops the meat cleaver with a whetstone. He takes two practice strokes and is about to chop when Ida winces.

VINCENT

What the hell's wrong with you?

IDA

I'm hungry that's all... Can I slice off a piece of this?

She points to an already smoked torso hanging nearby.

VINCENT

No, damn it. You know we're short and I ain't gonna smoke any more than these three tonight.

IDA

Oh, alright.

Vincent raises the meat cleaver again and Ida's stomach growls noticably. He scowls at her.

IDA

I can't help it!

VINCENT

Well, go and get something to eat and make it snappy.

IDA

Okie-dokie. I'll be right back.

She exits the smokehouse. Vincent raises the meat cleaver and we hear a loud "whop", followed by a gushing noise.

161. INT. HALL OUTSIDE GRANNY'S DOOR - NIGHT 161.

Bruce is tiptoeing down the hall as quietly as he can. He gets to Terry's room and opens Terry's door.

BRUCE
(whispers)
Terry.

*

162. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

162.

He switches on the light and sees Terry sprawled across the bed, her head hanging over the edge. Bruce thinks for a moment that she's dead and closes his eyes. His grief is terrible. Then Terry groans, opening her eyes. Bruce opens his, ecstatically happy. He kneels beside her.

TERRY
Bruce, what are you doing here?

BRUCE
Don't worry about me. You're the one who's in danger.

TERRY
What are you talking about?

BRUCE
I think Vincent may be planning to kill you.

TERRY
How can you try and pull that number again..?

BRUCE
No, please! I did some detective work and you won't believe some of the things I found. You gotta listen to me!

TERRY
Alright, but I'm warning you, if this isn't on the level, I'm gonna yell for Vincent.

163. INT. MOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

163.

Ida sits at the table with a large snacky in front of her.

163. (CONTINUED)

IDA

Grace.

She is about to bite into a drumstick when she hears voices from Granny's room. Her eyes go to the hallway.

164. (OMITTED)

164. *

165. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

165.

Ida down the hall and sees the light coming out from under Terry's door. She hears whispered conversation. Ida takes another bite of chicken and quietly tiptoes down the hall.

166. INT. GRANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

166.

Bruce is showing Terry the shotgun shell.

TERRY

So what? He always goes hunting for ducks around there.

BRUCE

Hold out your hand.

She does. He turns the shell over and the buckshot falls into her palm.

BRUCE

I dug it out of the front tire of your motorcycle.

166. (CONTINUED)

She's starting to get scared.

BRUCE

That's not all. Wait'll you hear
what I found in the marsh... *

167. CLOSE ON THE BEDROOM DOOR -

167.

Ida opens it a crack and peers in.

TERRY

If what you're saying is true,
what's he done with them all? Do you
think Bo might still be alive?

167A. INT. THE BEDROOM (IDA'S POV) - NIGHT

167A.

Bruce just shakes his head.

TERRY

Oh, God.

BRUCE

Come on, let's go!

TERRY

Just a minute.

She goes over to the bureau. With tears in her eyes, she takes off her ring and replaces it into the little purple box, leaving it on the bureau.

BRUCE

Ready?

Terry nods and they walk out.

168. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

168.

Ida has "flattened" herself against the wall. She waits until Terry walks past then grabs Bruce, slamming his head against the wall. He slumps to the floor unconscious.

Terry screams but before she can run, Ida gets her in a half-Nelson.

IDA

Time for your lesson, honey. We're
gonna teach you - all the finer
points of meat smokin'...

She pushes Terry down the hall.

169. EXT. SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT

169.

CLOSE ON BO'S BAG - Bo is gyrating in an ever-widening circle until his arms come free. He rips the bag off of his head and with a loud hiss, pushes himself up out of the dirt. Hearing a door slam shut in the distance, he walks to the fence and looks in that direction.

170. THE MOTEL: (BO'S POV) - NIGHT

170.

Through the ivy, he can barely make out Ida pushing Terry across the courtyard towards the smokehouse.

171. EXT THE SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT

171.

Bo goes back to the other buried people and takes the burlap bags off their heads. With a combination of hissing, wheezing and pantomime, he tries to convey the situation. He searches around and finds a shovel which he uses to start digging everyone out.

172. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

172.

Vincent is leaning back against the work table holding the meat cleaver. He is wearing long rubber gloves and is covered with blood up to his forearms. The Terribles are hanging from meat hooks in the shadows.

Ida is holding Terry who is still gagged with her hands tied behind her back. She is staring at the floor, shivering.

IDA

I guess we better explain everything so she can give us a hand. Sooner we get this all packed up, the sooner we'll all get to bed. Right?

She smiles sardonically and Vincent gives her a scathing look. He puts down his meat cleaver, takes off his gloves and walks over to Terry.

VINCENT

Let go of her.

Ida moves out of the way. Vincent touches Terry's shoulder and she shrinks from him in horror. He unties her hands and takes off the gag.

VINCENT

Look at me... Look at me, I said!

173. EXT. WOODS ABOVE THE MOTEL - NIGHT 173.

Bo and all the people he's dug up; Bob, Guy and Edith, Debbie, Suzi and the surviving members of the band are watching the smokehouse.

174. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT 174.

Bo points to Ida who's walking towards the office.

175. EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 175.

The surviving "hissing people" turn back to Bo and nod their heads.

176. EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT 176.

Ida is about to open the door when she hears a hissing behind her. She turns slowly to find Suzi crawling along the dirt towards her. Ida looks puzzled. She looks all around and seeing no one else goes over and kneels down by her. She pets Suzi's head soothingly.

IDA

Well, how did you get loose? You don't look too good. Do you need some water?

While she is petting her, the others sneak out of the bushes and surround Ida. She hears them hissing and looks up. Ida slowly rolls up her sleeves. They build up their courage and suddenly rush her. Ida puts up a terrific fight and her attackers are thrown all over the place but when it looks as though she's beaten them, Bo sneaks up from behind and hits her on the head with a shovel, knocking her out.

Bo watches as the others pick up Ida and carry her back up the hill from where they came. He walks towards the smokehouse.

177. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT 177.

Terry is watching Vincent while he works. Vincent glances back at Terry, noticing her nauseated expression.

VINCENT

Oh, come on now, girl. Haven't you ever cleaned a fish? There's nothing cruel in what I do. In fact, I'm

172. (CONTINUED)

She doesn't and he grabs her chin, forcing her to look.

VINCENT

What do you see?

She retches. Ida breaks into hysterical laughter.

VINCENT

Get the hell out! Get Bruce and bring him back here. Now!

IDA

Okie-dokie.

Vincent and Terry stares at each other.

177. (CONTINUED)

VINCENT (Cont')

kinder to my stock than most farmers are with their animals. I don't use any hormones or chemicals. When you consider what the world's like today, there's no question I'm doin a lot of 'em a favor.

TERRY

What right do you have to play God?

VINCENT

I'm not playin' God. Wouldn't even know how to begin... I'm just helpin' out. There's too many people in the world and not enough food. This takes care of both problems at the same time.

TERRY

But humans... human flesh... How could you do it?

VINCENT

What are you talkin' about? Least half the people in this county have been eatin' - human flesh - that I've smoked - for the past thirty years - and lovin' it! Hell, you told me you thought my ham was like nothin' you'd ever tasted before.

*

Terry covers her face.

178. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

178.

Bo has climbed up to the smokehouse roof. He quietly walks over to the skylight and looks down. Vincent and Terry are directly below. We can hear them speaking:

VINCENT (O.S.)

I wish I could have introduced you to my private world in my own way, but little brother had to interfere. What a fool. He's the biggest cannibal in the county.

Bo notices the smoke coming out of the chimney. He covers it with a piece of tar paper from the roofing.

179. INT. SMOKEHOUSE: WORK AREA - NIGHT

179.

VINCENT

Where is she, dammit? Probably stuffin' her face again. Well, I gotta finish these, otherwise I'll be up all night.

He walks over to the new carcasses and slides them along the track to the smoke room. The second he's out of sight, Terry makes for the door.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You got to look at this scientifically. With this alternative, you could set up a livestock system tha could feed the whole country...

Terry twists the handle but the door won't open. She heaves against it with all her strength but it won't budge.

Vincent hears Terry banging against the door. he comes back and stares at her with a look of betrayal.

VINCENT

It's locked from the outside. I guess Ida was right. She told me you wouldn't fit in. I'm very sorry Terry....

Vincent reaches for his chloroform cylinder and comes towards her with it. Terry back away from him, all the while searching for some means of escape. Finally Vincent has her cornered. Behind him, smoke is already overflowing from the smokeroom into the work area.

TERRY

Vincent, the smoke!

Instead of looking, he grabs her and carries her screaming and struggling over to the large table saw. He ties her to the power feed mechanism.

180. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE ROOF: SKYLIGHT - NIGHT

180.

Bo looks down and realizes there's only one way to save Terry in time.

181. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

181.

At that instant, the glass explodes in the skylight above them and Bo comes sailing through the air. He lands on Vincent and knocks him to the ground. Vincent scrambles away as the smoke thickens.

182. INT. MOTEL: HALLWAY - NIGHT

182.

Bruce regains consciousness. Reorienting himself, he springs up and runs down the hall.

183. INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

183.

Bruce rushes over to the cabinet and takes out Vincent's shotgun.

184. EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

184.

Bruce sprints to the smokehouse.

185. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

185.

Through the thick smoke we can barely see Bo and Vincent wrestling on the floor. Vincent and Bo lock their hands around each other's throat. Bo is weak from being buried for so long. He loses his grip and succumbs with a final loud hiss.

186. EXT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

186.

Bruce puts his ear to the door.

BRUCE

Vincent, open up!

There is no response and he shoots the lock off. He pushes the door open and thick smoke billows past him.

BRUCE

Terry!

187. INT. SMOKEHOUSE - NIGHT

187.

Peering through the smoke, he can barely discern her form on top of the table saw. Holding his breath, he rushes over to her. She seems to be in a state of shock. He sets the shotgun down and starts to untie her when he hears a high-pitched revving noise.

188. INT. SMOKEHOUSE: CLOSE ON VINCENT - NIGHT 188.

Vincent, looking quite mad, is leaning against the work bench adjusting the idle on his chain saw. He reaches up to wall for Ida's pig mask and pulls it over his head. He moves out into the room.

Suddenly Vincent appears through the smoke, coming towards Bruce - chain saw first. Bruce quickly raises the gun to shoot and Vincent swings, smashing into it. The gun goes off with a loud blast.

Bruce quickly pumps the gun, but it's jammed. Vincent laughs a dreadful, maniacal laugh. He swings the saw at Bruce, who uses the shotgun to block the blade. He shoves Vincent with the gun, knocking him out of the way.

Bruce slips past him and over to the work bench where he grabs one of the other chain saws hanging on the wall. He starts it up.

Infuriated, Vincent races at him and attacks. Bruce parries his swing. The saws whine hideously, sending off showers of sparks as the blades come in contact.

Bruce jumps back from Vincent, falling against the table saw.

189. CLOSE ON THE TABLE SAW -

189.

Bruce dives out of the way and Vincent switches on the power feed mechanism.

As Terry returns to consciousness, she realizes that she is being transported progressively closer toward the blade. She screams.

Vincent swings at Bruce's legs and he jumps over the blade. Vincent charges, taking an enormous swing and misses, slicing out a large chunk of the work table. But his attack is inexorable and he forces Bruce back towards the actual smokeroom. It takes all of Bruce's strength to parry his blows. Bruce scans the smokehouse and notices the network of track on the ceiling.

TERRY

Bruce... Help me!

Suddenly, he throws his chain saw at Vincent. Bruce jumps up, grabbing hold of the nearest meathook. He

189. (CONTINUED)

kicks Vincent in the stomach, knocking him right on top of the discarded chain saw. Vincent screams, mortally wounded.

VINCENT

Oh, Lord!

But Bruce is already sailing across the room, holding onto the meathook. He reaches the table saw and jumps off, shutting the saw freeing Terry.

Behind them, Vincent moans in pain.

Vincent is struggling to remove the chain saw from his back. It is still going.

TERRY

Oh, my God...

Bruce rushes over and with a tremendous tug, frees the saw. Vincent screams. His eyes go wide with pain. He whispers to Bruce.

VINCENT

You can have the motel... and the garden.

BRUCE

What garden?

VINCENT

My secret garden... at the end of the dirt road... and my animals... take care of them for me.

TERRY

What's he talking about?

BRUCE

I'll take care of them, Vince.

Vincent emits an awful, wrenching cry of mortal pain.

VINCENT

Everything I've done is a lie. I'm the biggest hypocrite of them all!

BRUCE

What do you mean?

VINCENT

(barely a whisper)
My meats... I used... preservatives.

189. (CONTINUED)

He dies. Bruce closes his eyes. He and Terry look at each other.

TERRY

He was a sick man. Did you see what he was doing?

BRUCE

I saw.

Terry kneels down beside Bo. She starts to cry. Bruce comes over to her.

BRUCE

I'm real sorry for you, Terry.

He hugs her. They turn at the sound of a hideous scream coming from the direction of the secret garden. It sounded like Ida.

190. EXT. INSIDE THE SECRET GARDEN - NIGHT 190.

The garden is deserted; the holes all empty - save for one remaining bag. Bruce bends down to untie it.

190A. CLOSE ON BRUCE - He back away in horror. 190A.

Ida's fat legs are sticking out of the ground. They suddenly kick in the air with a series of frantic thrusts. Terry screams. The legs become still.

Bruce slumps to the ground and covers his eyes.

191. EXT. MOTEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 191.

Bruce and Terry walk slowly past the front of the motel, towards his car.

BRUCE

I grew up here, you know... Now, I'm kinda glad I ran away from home when I was eleven... Guess they'll have to be some kinda investigation...

TERRY

Couldn't you just burn the place?

BRUCE

Burn it? You mean... arson?

191. (CONTINUED)

TERRY

I don't know... that's what I'd do.
It's an evil motel.

BRUCE

I don't think it's evil. It was the
people in it. They thought
differently than you and me, but
they never meant any harm.

(he sighs deeply)

What're you gonna do now?

TERRY

I don't know yet.

BRUCE

Why don't you stay with me for a
while... in Grainville, ... til you
figure out what you want to do,
anyway?

TERRY

Okay. Thanks.

BRUCE

I'm real glad.

He kisses her tentatively, tenderly on the lips. She
kisses him back. Then they look at each other as if
for the first time and smile. Bruce and Terry glances
back one last time at the motel. She shivers and he
puts a comforting arm around her.

Bruce opens the car door for her and they get in. He
revs the engine and but for once, drives slowly and
smoothly out of the driveway. They cruise off into the
night towards Grainville.

As the sound of his engine recedes, we move in close
to the neon sign above the office until the red
glowing letters fill the screen. The buzzing letter
"O" begins to get louder until it burns out and the
whole sign explodes. The letters turn bright white and
then gradually FADES TO BLACK: