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"NIGHT OF THE DEMONS"

~~HALLOWEEN PARTY~~

by

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PLEASE NOTE: The following scene numbers in this script are split and/or out of order, this IS NOT a mistake. Listed below are the scenes and corresponding page numbers.

<u>SCENE</u>	<u>PAGE FOUND</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>
# 15	# 5,6,7,8	<u>INT. JUDY'S BDRM.</u> JUDY ON PHONE
# 77	# 53,54	<u>INT. BATH RM.</u> SUZANNE DRAWS ON BREAST
# 82,83	# 58,59	<u>INT. MAX & FRANNIE'S RM.</u> MAX & FRANNIE IN COFFIN
# 90	# 57	<u>INT. BATH RM.</u> SUZANNE ATOP JAY

"HALLOWEEN PARTY"

OPEN ON: ANIMATED TITLE SEQUENCE

Simple paper cut-outs underscored by OMINOUS MUSIC. We move in toward a creepy old HAUNTED HOUSE through a creaky door, which swings open of its own accord to let us enter the foreboding mansion.

INSIDE - EXPLORING THE EERIE INTERIOR - the HEAD CREDITS materialize in weird threatening patches of shadow... amidst eerie groans and the suffering cries of the damned.

FINAL TITLE SEQUENCE: SIMULATED STEADICAM (ANIMATED)

Rushing dreamlike through a series of dark narrow hallways. Shadows loom menacingly toward us... madly we rush about, with doors opening to receive us... trying to escape...

And then the very walls of the house bend threateningly over us like clutching claws - until finally we race out through the front door - and the whole house is like a giant demonic face glowering over our shoulder.

ROTO/DISSOLVE - FROM THE DEMONIC FACE - TO:

A GRINNING JACK-O-LANTERN

subtitles: "HALLOWEEN NIGHT ...just a few miles from here."

the camera pulls back to reveal the jagged-toothed pumpkin lashed to the roof of a '63 DODGE DART, a wild-looking old car with a mind-blowing homemade paintjob and a furiously smoking tailpipe.

LOUD THRASH METAL blares from its open windows.

It is NIGHT - on a windblown SUBURBAN STREET.

IN THE MOVING CAR

Three teenagers are squabbling good-naturedly.

AT THE WHEEL

A huge hulk of a seventeen-year-old is driving. He is STOOGIE, an overgrown brat of a punker dressed in ice-washed jeans and a razor-slashed sweatshirt featuring two hogs "makin' bacon".

On his nose is a rubber PIG SNOUT. His idea of a Halloween costume.

He takes a final swig from the bottle in his hand... then tosses it out the window - where it explodes IN THE STREET.

STOUGE
Trick-or-treat!

He gets a murderous look from HELEN, a wispy blonde seated next to him, whose costume is a bit more imaginative: a pretty GREEK TOGA, with flowers in her hair.

HELEN
Stooge, you're disgusting!
And turn that noise down!
Are you deaf or something?

She reaches for the radio dial but he swats her hand away.

STOUGE
Don't you dare touch that dial,
bitch!

Suddenly our third youngster pops up over the back seat, grinning enthusiastically. He is RODGER, a likable black kid dressed as a PIRATE.

RODGER
Hey, Stooge! ...check out the old fart!

STOUGE
(peers through windshield)
All right, dude! Here, Helen, make
yourself useful. Take the wheel.

He starts climbing over her towards her window. She yelps in terror - but grabs the wheel as the car swerves wildly.

OUTSIDE - AN OLD MAN SHUFFLES DOWN THE SIDEWALK
Slogging along under the burden of two heavy grocery bags, he keeps his eyes to the ground, a permanent bitter scowl etched in the weary wrinkles of his face. 4

RODGER (OS)
Hey, granpa! Look in the mirror!

The old man looks over - and sees:

STOUGE MOONING HIM - FROM THE DODGE'S FRONT PASSENGER WINDOW
Wearing dyed-orange jockey shorts with a grinning jack-o-lantern face magic-markered on them. Rodger's arm is out the back window, holding an empty PICTURE FRAME - framing Stooge's butt. 4A

The old man trembles with rage at their disrespect.

OLD MAN
You filthy bastards! Damn you all
to hell!

THE DODGE ZOOMS OFF INTO THE NIGHT

STOOGES (VO)
Happy Halloween, asshole!

OLD MAN
Damn kids!

NEW ANGLE - MOVING POV: SOMEONE SNEAKING UP ON HIM

5

REACTION - THE OLD MAN HEARS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM
He pauses, expecting the worst... but when he turns to see
who's there he finds himself alone.

Until he turns back again - and finds a FAKE RAT dangling in
front of his face.

CRASH! - HIS GROCERY BAG EXPLODES AT HIS FEET.

INTRO - SAL, HOLDING THE RUBBER RODENT
He cracks up laughing, waving the ersatz rat in the
frightened old man's face.

Sal is a greasy-haired young hood in full denims and a
muscle tee. His dark hair is swept up a la The Stray Cats.
On the back of his denim jacket is a stencilled red devil's
head with a smoking ciggie dangling from its sneering lips.

SAL
Ha, ha! There's no fool like an
old fool.

OLD MAN
You sonovabitch!

SAL
Cool it, Pops! Y'wanna blow your
pacemaker or somethin'?

With that he bounds away, laughing like loon.

The old man is hotter than ever. He kneels down and starts
gathering up his spilled groceries.

6

NEW ANGLE - SOMEBODY ELSE APPROACHING FROM BEHIND
Then a gentle hand reaches into frame and taps him on the
shoulder.

HE JUMPS - AND THERE GO HIS GROCERIES AGAIN.

JUDY
Gee, mister...I'm sorry.

JUDY CASSIDY is a pretty teenaged girl, hip and fashionable
in a nice All-American sort of way.

JUDY (cont)
I didn't mean to scare you.

He freaks out on her.

OLD MAN
Keep your hands to yourself!

JUDY
Hey, calm down already.

OLD MAN
Get away from me.

JUDY
I was jusy trying to help.

OLD MAN
I don't need your help, you
little whore.

JUDY
Fine. I wouldn't want to help
an old creep like you anyway.

She storms away, heading home right up the street.

The old man resumes gathering up his spilled groceries...
starting with a big red APPLE - which he holds up in his
trembling, palsied grip, inspecting it for damage - then
tosses into one of his bags. 7

OLD MAN
Damn those rotten kids! They'll
get just what they deserve.

He smiles knowingly as he lifts something else into frame - a packet of DOUBLE-EDGED RAZOR BLADES.

Still smiling, he holds the RAZORS up in one hand and picks up another APPLE with the other.

OLD MAN

Yes, they'll all get theirs... tonight.

cut to:

8

INT. JUDY'S HOUSE - IN THE LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME
Judy breezes in like an angry wind, slamming the door behind her. Her MOM comes in from the kitchen, wearing an apron and pot-holder gloves, in response to the slamming door.

MOM

Judy!?

JUDY

Sorry, mom. I'm in a hurry.
Has Jay Hardy called ?

MOM

Jay? No...but that boy Sal stopped over to see if you were home.

JUDY

(surprised)

Sal...?

THE PHONE RINGS - and Judy's face lights up hopefully.

JUDY

I'll get it!

She races up the STAIRCASE...

INTO HER BEDROOM - and literally leaps onto the bed, snatching the phone from its cradle on the bedside table.

15

JUDY

(breathy with anticipation)

Hello...? Jay!

INTERCUT - JAY, IN HIS OWN BEDROOM

He balances the phone receiver on his shoulder while looping his belt through his trousers. He's very cute. And just a tad conceited.

15A

JAY

Hey, doll. You almost ready?

JUDY 15

Not quite. I got stuck after school helping Mrs. Evans with the drive for the homeless.

JAY 15A

Jeez! I told you that's a scam.

JUDY 15

Someone has to do it.

She glances at her watch... and hurriedly unbuckles her pants.

JAY 15A

Yeah... right. Well... listen... There's been a slight change in our plans for tonight.

Judy kicks off her pants, down to a bulky sweater and panties. Her face registers concern at the tone of his voice. 15

JUDY

What do you mean?

JAY 15A

I've got a better party to go to.

Judy pauses, slightly distraught, afraid that he might be cancelling their date.

JUDY 15

Does this mean I should find another date for the dance?

JAY 15A

Are you crazy? I thought you'd be thrilled to go to a real party. That school dance is for the nerds.

JUDY 15

(breathing easier)
Sure... why not?

She slips her sweater off quickly, and picks up the conversation without missing a beat.

JUDY

Who's giving it?

JAY
I don't think you know her.
Her name's Angela.

15

JUDY
Angela? No, the only Angela
I know is that weird girl in
history class.

She strikes a pose like a junior sexpot, admiring herself
innocently in the mirror, sweeping her hair up like a high
fashion model, clad only in her underpants.

JAY
Yeah... well... uh... as a matter
of fact...

15A

JUDY
(realizes: it is that Angela)
Oh, Jay! You've got to be kidding!
Angela's such a weirdo! Frannie says
she's into witchcraft and all sorts of
creepy stuff!

JAY
Calm down! You don't believe all
that crap, do you? She's just a
lonely misfit trying to get some
attention by acting strange.

15A

JUDY
So why in the world would you want
to go to her party then?

15

JAY
Because it's Halloween! Who do you
know who'll give a better party?
It's like Christmas to her!

15A

JUDY
Do we have to...?

15

JAY
Max and Frannie are going. Come
on, babe. Don't be a party poop.

15A

JUDY
(considers...and relents)
Oh, alright... I can't wait to
meet her family. She probably
lives in a belfry.

15

JAY 15A
 It's not at her house. It's at
 Hull House.

JUDY 15
 (stung)
 Hull House!? Jay!

JAY (VO)
 Pick you up in twenty.

CLICK! - Judy holds the phone uncertainly after he hangs up, tempted to phone back and cancel. But it takes her just a moment to realize she wants to go, if just to be with her dream date.

She hangs it up and crosses to her CLOSET, slipping into a bra.

As she pulls the door open her brother BILLY pops out, with a grotesque HALLOWEEN MASK pulled over his head. 9

BILLY
Boo!!

Judy shrieks - and tries to smack him - but he deftly ducks away and scoots toward the door.

He pauses there as he pulls the mask from his face.

BILLY
 Wow! Bodacious boobies, sis!
 If they keep growing you'll
 have to hire somebody just
 to tie your shoes!

JUDY
 Ooh! ...out!

She grabs a soft bedroom slipper from the floor and flings it at his head.

THUNK! - It bounces off the CLOSING DOOR as he makes a clean getaway.

cut to:

ON THE STAIRCASE - SAME TIME - BILLY
is clomping down the steps two at a time when he hears the
DOORBELL.

BILLY
I'll get it!

AT THE FRONT DOOR
He pauses just long enough to slip the scary mask back over
his head... then he yanks the DOOR OPEN.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR - NO ONE IS THERE

Billy is puzzled. He leans out to look around - and SAL
POPS UP with a hearty "BOO!!", scaring the living daylights
out of him - then he yanks the ugly rubber mask off Billy's
face. //

SAL
Ha! I wish I had a camera!
You look like you dropped a
load, junior.

Billy takes an angry swing at him, but the streetwise punk
catches his fist in mid-air, easily restraining it.

SAL
Cool it, squirt. Who do you
think you are - Rocky Balboa?

BILLY
Lemme go, creep.

SAL
Sure.
(he shoves him away)
Now go tell that pretty piece you
call your sister that handsome hunk
Sal is here. And tell her I brung
my pet snake for her to play with.

BILLY
She's getting ready for a date,
shmuckface! And if I were you I'd
get outta here before he shows up
and turns your ugly face into a
punching bag.

SAL
Don't give me that jive, sonnyboy.
Go get Judy before I lose my cool.

He flips the rubber mask around on his hand and takes a good
look at it... then gets pissed because Billy isn't moving.

Losing his patience, Sal grabs Billy by the collar.

SAL

Didn't you hear what I said, bozo?

BILLY

Lemme go, creep, or I'll yell
for my mom.

SAL

(shoves him away)

Ah, g'wan, y'baby. Can't you
take a joke? Now go get your
sister.

BILLY

Judy's getting dressed. She's
going to a party.

SAL

Party? What party?

BILLY

Wouldn't you like to know.

Sal grabs Billy again, rougher this time.

SAL

You little asshole!

BILLY

(sing-songy)

Oh, mother...!

Sal lets him go - then deftly flicks a shiny QUARTER into
view.

SAL

Come on, ace... spill the beans.
Here's a nice chunk of change
to loosen your lips a little.

BILLY

You've got to be kidding. Betray
my dear beloved sister for a measly
quarter? What do you think this is,
some kind of Depression or something?

Sal grabs him again.

SAL

That does it!

MOM
(OS, calling from the kitchen)
Billy, did you call me...?

Thoroughly frustrated now, Sal lets him go - and whips out a crisp DOLLAR BILL.

SAL
This is my final offer, kid.
Take it and sing. Or else.
Now where's the friggin' party?

Billy snatches the dollar and shoves it deep into his pocket.

BILLY
Sure. You'll be too chicken
to crash it anyway.

SAL
Try me.

BILLY
It's at Hull House.

SAL
Hull House?! What're you tryin'
to pull, shorty? Your sister
wouldn't be caught dead in a
dump like that. You think I'm
some kind of idiot or what?

BILLY
What I think is beside the point.
Hull House. Tonight.

Sal points a threatening finger at him.

SAL
You better be straight, Billyboy...
or I swear I'll be layin' for ya.

He turns and heads for the door.

BILLY
Hey! ...my mask.

Sal looks at the mask in his hand and smiles cockily.

SAL
Yeah. Thanks a lot.

He pulls it on as he slips outside, leaving Billy grimacing.

INT. GROCERY STORE - TIGHT ANGLE - POV - OF A GIRL'S BEHIND 12
Her frilly underpants are exposed to view as she bends over to fiddle with her shoe-buckle.

She is SUZANNE, a stunning blonde nymphet dressed like a little girl in a frilly PINK PARTY DRESS.

REVERSE - to reveal TWO GAWKING MALE CLERKS STARING AT HER 13

MOVE TO - THE NEXT AISLE OVER 14
and here we see Suzanne's best friend ANGELA, shoplifting goodies for her party while Suzanne keeps the clerks pre-occupied.

Angela is a "gloom rocker", dressed in a BLACK WEDDING DRESS. Her hair is dyed with beet-colored henna. Her neck, ears, fingers and wrists are loaded with a wild assortment of gloom jewelry: skull and vampire bat necklaces and rings, crucifix earrings, etc. etc.

She is nonchalantly grabbing junk food from the shelves and tossing it into a large trick-or-treat bag.

Finally satisfied when her bag is full, she calmly turns into the main aisle and sashays right past the two unwitting clerks, who stare dumbly at her outfit.

Peeking out from between her legs, Suzanne sees her leaving and straightens up - then smiles sassily at the clerks as she strides coolly toward them on her way out. 16

SUZANNE

Do you guys have sourballs?

Dumbfounded, they both nod affirmatively.

SUZANNE

Too bad. I'll bet you don't get many blowjobs.

And with that she struts outside.

OUTSIDE - IN THE PARKING LOT 17

Angela is waiting by her car, an old VOLVO plastered with Cure, Bauhaus and Siouxsie stickers. Suzanne chuckles as she notices the overstuffed bag.

SUZANNE

Jeez... Do you think we have enough?

ANGELA

Come on. We don't want to be late to our own party.

SUZANNE

Hang on a second. I just want to check my face over here in the light.

She whips out a COMPACT MIRROR and flicks it open, a smooth move born from years of practice. Angela is annoyed at the delay - as well as Suzanne's vanity.

ANGELA

Come on! Your face looks fine. Jeez! I never knew anyone who spent more time in the mirror.

SUZANNE

Fuck off. I just want to look good for the boys. You did remember to invite some cute boys to the party, didn't you?

ANGELA

Of course I did. And we're going to scare the shit out of them!

cut to:

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM

Judy is at her dressing table, fully dressed in an "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" costume, just putting on her lipstick.

BILLY

(VO, from downstairs)

Ju-dy! Prince Charming's here!

She frowns angrily.

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE LIVING ROOM

Billy plops back down on the sofa in front of the TEEVEE SET and starts chugging soda right from a 64 oz bottle.

ON THE TUBE - A CARTOON IS PLAYING

Jay saunters over and glances at the TEEVEE.

JAY

So your Judy's brother, huh?
She's really a nice girl.

BILLY

Yeah? Are you dating her for
her personality? Or because she
has big cha-chas?

Judy's MOM enters, carrying a tray of homemade HALLOWEEN
TREATS to set out for the trick-or-treaters. She is
pleasantly surprised to see how handsome Jay is.

20

MOM

Well, hello there! You must
be Jay. Would you care for a
cocoa coil?

Jay smiles and reaches for one - but freezes when he sees
what they look like: unappealing chocolate squiggles.

JAY

Oh... gee... I'd love to. But
I have to watch my weight.

He pats his flat stomach - but she's not convinced.

MOM

Your weight? Don't be silly.
You're skinny as a rail.

Judy enters the room, looking radiant in her fancy Halloween
costume, but we catch a glimmer of disappointment in her
eyes as she notices Jay in his street clothes.

21

MOM

Oh, go ahead, Jay. Don't be shy.
They're fresh from the oven.

JAY

No thanks, Mrs. Cassidy. Really.

Now Judy is even more upset to find her Mom badgering her
date.

MOM

Are you sure?

BILLY

Of course he's sure, ma! Why
would he want to eat one? They
look like sun-dried monkey turds!

21

Judy and Mom almost die of embarrassment.

MOM

Billy!

JUDY

Why me?

Mom storms off toward the kitchen, totally humiliated.
Jay smiles nervously at Judy, anxious to gloss over the situation.

22

JAY

Wow! You look great.

BILLY

Yeah... that's the best Bride of Frankenstein I ever saw.

JUDY

Jay, I thought you were going to wear a costume.

BILLY

He is. He's the Boogeyman. Can't you tell? He's the pick of the litter.

JUDY

Billy, please!

JAY

Happy Halloween, doll.

He kisses Judy, a peck on the lips. She ducks away, terrified that Mom might walk in on them.

JUDY

We'd better hurry.

JAY

Yeah. Max and Frannie are waiting.

They head for the door, Jay devouring Judy with his eyes along the way.

BILLY

Good night, girls. Have a nice time.

MOMENTS LATER - OUTSIDE JUDY'S HOUSE

23

JUDY

God, I'm so embarrassed! My
mom and her cereal box recipes!

JAY

Forget it. C'mere!

He grabs her and kisses her furiously, his juvenile lust
uncontainable.

JUDY

Whoa, Jay! Slow down.

JAY

Yeah, you're right. We've
got all night.

He smiles at her and leads the way to his car. Judy pauses
for just a moment, having second thoughts... then follows.

INT. STOOGES DODGE - STILL CRUISING

24

Helen is at the wheel. The MUSIC is turned down but Stooze
is beating time on the dashboard. Rodger, leaning forward
over the back of the front seat, studies a HAND-DRAWN MAP.

RODGER

I give up. Whoever drew up this
map must've been half blind and
half retarded.

STOOGES

Sounds like Angela all right.
Shit, when will you ladies ever
get your act together?

Helen bristles at the sexist remark.

HELEN

Stooze, did you become an asshole
of your own free will? Or were
you born that way?

Rodger cracks up laughing... but shuts up when Stooze shoots
him a reprimanding look.

STOUGE

I don't know why I waste my time
with you two knuckleheads. Here,
gimme that damn map!

He snatches it gruffly from Rodger's hands, tearing it in
two.

RODGER

Great, Stouge. Now look what
you've done.

HELEN

Typical.

STOUGE

(mock whine)

Typical. Shut up and
drive, bitch!

He glances at the map... then looks through the windshield.

STOUGE

Here! Turn here!

He grabs the wheel and gives it a wicked yank.

HELEN

Stouge! No!

EXT. AT A RURAL INTERSECTION 25

The DODGE does several 360 DEGREE SPINS through the intersection.
VO: HELEN and RODGER SHRIEKING in terror as STOUGE lets
loose a wild REBEL YELL.

cut to: 26

INT. JAY'S TOYOTA SUPRA - OUTSIDE MAX'S HOUSE

The car is idling by the curb. Jay gives the HORN a few
blasts.

JUDY

Here they come.

HER POV: MAX & FRANNIE APPROACHING 27

MAX is an All-American boy about the same age as Jay,
wearing simple SURGICAL SCRUBS and a stethoscope and
carrying a BLACK MEDICAL BAG. FRANNIE is a pretty girl
dressed like an ELF with pointy rubber ears.

27

MAX/FRANNIE
Happy Halloween, Judy!

JUDY
Well thank God you two have the
Halloween spirit. At least I
won't be the only one wearing
a costume tonight.

MAX
You didn't really expect to see
Jay in a costume, did you?
He's too cool for that.

He and Frannie laugh as they pile into the back seat.
Judy isn't laughing though.

cut to:

28

EXT. A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT
Rodger, Stooge and Helen are standing near the open trunk of
the Dodge, which is parked by the side of the road - with a
FLAT TIRE.

RODGER
Great! Just great!

HELEN
(I always wondered why they
called you "Stooge"...

STOOGE
Hey, look... I said I always carry
a spare. I never promised you a
tire iron.

Helen shivers in the cold night air and glances around at
the desolate scenery. The WIND HOWLS lightly over the
sound of CRICKETS CHIRPING all around them.

HELEN
We definitely must've taken a
wrong turn somewhere. Nobody
would give a party way out here.

STOOGE
We definitely did not take any
wrong turns. I know where Hull
House is and it ain't far from
here. So shut up and start walkin'.

RODGER
What!? Are you crazy?

HELEN
Hey! Here comes a car!

HEADLIGHTS swing into view, bouncing along a little too fast down the bumpy old road.

STOOGES
Must be my good karma.

(JAY'S SUPRA crunches to a halt nearby. Stooge's face lights up with relief as he recognizes the driver.

STOOGES
All right, Jay buddy! You got here just in time, dude!

Max leans out the window.

MAX
You guys need a hand?

RODGER
We sure do!

Max reaches out the window and starts CLAPPING... then he and Jay crack up laughing as the SUPRA ZOOM PAST them... - and disappears down the dark lonely road.

Stooge and Rodger watch in dumb amazement as Jay's tail-lights recede into the night.

HELEN
I'm so glad I let you guys talk me into this.

IN JAY'S CAR - MOVING DOWN THE ROAD
Judy is beginning to think that her dream date is a creep.

JUDY
Shouldn't we at least help them change their tire?

JAY
Fr'cripesake, Judy... it's only a goddamned flat. I'm sure even Stooge can figure that out.

MAX
There it is! Stop the car!

29

30

31

JAY HITS THE BRAKES. They sit quietly for a moment, staring in awe at the foreboding structure looming ahead in the distance - HULL HOUSE.

It is a creepy Victorian mansion, surrounded by a tall brick wall and set in the middle of a wooded wilderness.

FRANNIE

This place was once a funeral parlor, wasn't it?

MAX

The biggest one in four counties.

JUDY

A funeral parlor? Way out here?

MAX

Sure. Nice and cozy... and close to the old cemetery too. Rumor has it that old man Hull really loved his clientele - in the carnal sense.

JAY

That doesn't surprise me. I once saw a portrait of Mrs. Hull.

FRANNIE

(excited)

I've heard stories about this place ever since I was a kid. The Hull family met a pretty gruesome end, didn't they?

MAX

They sure did. On Halloween night back in 1936... one of them went insane and slaughtered the entire family... then committed suicide. They could never figure out which one did it. Too much blood and guts.

FRANNIE

(excited)

I can't believe we're gonna party here!

JUDY

(not so thrilled)

Neither can I.

Jay shifts into gear and off they go.

cut to:

32

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE FULL MOON

then to:

33

JAY'S CAR pulling up outside of HULL HOUSE. He parks INSIDE THE GROUNDS - NEAR THE BRICK WALL - and they all pile out.

JAY

Hell, that was easy enough.
The gate wasn't even locked.

MAX

The county used to keep it
locked up all the time - but
the locks kept disappearing.
They finally gave up on it.

Judy shivers and rubs her arms as she stares up at the Victorian monstrosity - and its unlit windows seem to stare right back at her.

FRANNIE

It doesn't look like much of
a party happening here.

JUDY

Maybe we can still make the dance?

Frannie reacts, slightly perplexed, as she notices Max kneeling on the ground near the brick wall, pressing his STETHOSCOPE to the ground.

FRANNIE

Max, what are you doing?

MAX

Just checking out one of the
legends about this place.
Here... listen...

She looks at him skeptically... but doesn't budge.

MAX

Judy... come here. Come on.

Reluctantly Judy approaches. Max takes off the stethoscope and offers it to her.

MAX

Listen...

Max beckons Judy closer... then places the cup of the stethoscope onto the ground near the wall. Judy kneels down and listens through the earphones. AUDIO: FLOWING WATER.

JUDY

Water!

MAX

An underground stream. According to legend it completely encircles the property. The wall is built right on top of it.

JAY

A brick wall built on top of an underground stream? That doesn't sound too bright to me.

MAX

There's a reason for it. The wall was added to mark the grounds. But the stream has always been here. Running water... Supposedly it can't be crossed by the evil spirits which haunt this land.

FRANNIE

(shivering)

Can we go in now? It's really getting chilly out here?

JUDY

Hey, listen...

JAY

What now? I don't hear anything.

JUDY

That's what I mean. It's so quiet.

MAX

(smiling ghoulishly)

Not even the crickets will come on this property.

JAY

(sniffing the air)

I don't blame them. It smells like a cesspool. C'mon... let's check out the house.

ENTERING THE MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

It's even creepier inside than out. BEAMS OF MOONLIGHT steal in through the cracks in the BOARDED-UP WINDOWS, weaving weird expressionistic patterns of light on the floor.

Judy and Frannie huddle close to their dates. Jay leads the way with a powerful FLASHLIGHT. Max brings up the rear with an electric lantern and a sixpack of beer.

Jay shines his light around. Long strands of black cobweb dangle like ghosts from the ceiling... rotted dust-caked sheets cover the few sticks of furniture in evidence.

FRANNIE

Phew! Somebody fire the maid.

MAX

Somebody did. Back in '36. The Hull family's maid was killed with the rest of 'em. Somebody managed to roast her.

JAY

Mmm... barbecued maid. No wonder she doesn't keep the place up.

JUDY

Can we go home now?

Jay ignores her, continuing on straight ahead THROUGH A DOORWAY into the next room.

JUDY

I guess not.

JAY (OS)

Hey, check this out!

Max and the girls hurry INTO THE NEXT ROOM - and stop cold in their tracks.

JUDY

Oh my God...

REVERSE - THEIR POV

Jay is standing next to a dusty old COFFIN.

JAY

This must have been left here by the previous tenants.

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35

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From outside comes the sound of a CAR APPROACHING.

JAY
Quick! Everybody hide!
Douse your lights!

JUDY
Jay...!?

JAY
Come on! This is gonna be a
great scare!

He grabs the lid of the coffin and pries it open a crack
- then nearly has a heart attack as it pops open and SAL
shoots up like a jack-in-the-box, wearing Billy's mask.

SAL
Booga-booga!

CRASH! - Max's sixpack explodes at his feet.

JAY
You dirtbag!

He hauls off, about to land a haymaker as Sal pulls the mask
off, grinning mischievously.

JUDY
Jay! No!

She is on him in a flash, grabbing his arm before he can
strike.

JAY
Hey! Whose side are you on?

Sal watches coolly, not afraid of Jay - and very interested
in Judy's concern.

JUDY
Whose side am I on? You're
acting like an idiot. You
were about to climb in there
and scare somebody else...
and now you want to punch out
Sal because he beat you to it?

SAL
(climbing out)
Yeah... lighten up, Jaybo. It's
Halloween.

Sal steps forward and bows gallantly to the girls.

SAL
(a Bela Lugosi accent)
Good evening, ladies. Allow
me to introduce myself...

MAX
Count Dingleberry... the flaming
asshole of Transylvania.

SAL
Aw, whatsamatter, Maxie baby?
You pissed because I made
you lose your brewski?

JAY
Angela didn't tell me that this
asshole was invited.

ANGELA
He wasn't.

37

They all turn around to find Angela and Suzanne standing in
the doorway, bags of party treats in hand.

And a second later Stooze, Helen and Rodger pop up out of
the darkness behind them.

STOOGE
All right, dudes and 'dudesses!
Let's party!

smashcut:

38

TOOOOOTT!! CLOSE ON - SUZANNE BLOWING A PARTY HORN
as loud DANCE MUSIC BLARES from Stooze's GHETTO BLASTER.

THE PARTY BEGINS....

IN THE SEANCE ROOM

It's fairly spacious room with a wide doorway through which
they all entered, a FIREPLACE opposite the doorway, a bay
window casement on one wall.

Two smaller doorways flank the fireplace, gaping black holes
covered with wispy tattered curtains.

The room has been decorated with ORANGE AND BLACK STREAMERS, which hang from the ceiling side by side with huge black cobwebs. Several BLACK CANDLES have been set up and lit. Judy and Frannie are setting up the last half-dozen or so.

At the fireplace, Max is tending the cheery FIRE he's built.

Angela is setting out food with Helen.

Stooge and Rodger come in from outside, lugging a huge beer cooler. They stop and focus on what Jay, Max and Sal are leering at:

In the center of the room Suzanne is dancing - a sultry exhibition that all the boys are enjoying.

Just then the first DANCE SONG ENDS... and Suzanne grinds to a halt, eliciting a round of applause from her audience.

STOOGES

Hey, where should we put this thing? It weighs a fucking ton.

ANGELA

Put it down there where it won't be in the way.

Judy starts to light the last candelabra - but her BIC LIGHTER just clicks and clicks and won't light. As she futilely clicks away, a hand reaches past her with a lit match and finishes the job. It is Angela.

JUDY

Thanks.

She drops her dead lighter on the pedestal next to the candelabra. Angela smiles a taunting smile.

ANGELA

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

JUDY

Huh?

ANGELA

I wouldn't leave that lighter lying around. It has your fingerprints on it. Who knows what the spirits will make of that?

38

Judy shoots her an uncertain, skeptical look.

JUDY
I'm sure they'll make a
Federal case out of it.

ANGELA
Have it your way.

She smiles cryptically and turns away. Judy stares after her distastefully - then subtly palms the lighter and drops it into her apron pocket.

Frannie pops up over shoulder.

FRANNIE
What did old boogey-girl want?
She tryin' to scare ya?

JUDY
Of course.

FRANNIE
Did she do it?

JUDY
Are you kidding? I'm not a
baby.

Frannie smiles and pats her arm.

FRANNIE
That's the spirit.

Judy smiles back... but her hand slips into her apron pocket, as if checking on something important.

(cont.)

38

MEANWHILE - ACROSS THE ROOM
Suzanne slinks over to where Max is poking at the fire.

SUZANNE
Mmmm... that's just what the
doctor ordered, isn't it?

She turns her back to it and bends down, warming her tush -
shaking it a little to make sure Max doesn't miss the view.

In a flash Frannie is there, stepping directly into Max's
line of vision as she catches him checking out the design
of Suzanne's underpants.

FRANNIE
Here, Max... this oughta
cool you down a little.

She hands him a cold beer.

MAX
Thanks, babe.

SUZANNE
(sarcastic)
Oh, how sweet.

(cont.)

Suddenly there is a BRIGHT FLICKERING LIGHT across the room. Everyone looks over to see Helen holding a STROBE LIGHT.

SUZANNE

Far fuckin' out!

HELEN

I found it in my mother's closet!
She used to be an acid head!

STOUGE

All right!

RODGER

Now we're cooking!

He pushes the play button on the tape player and ANOTHER DANCE SONG BEGINS PLAYING.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - EVERYBODY STARTS DANCING

Judy starts to dance with Jay... but a moment later Suzanne starts dancing right next to him - and her wild sexy moves captivate him.

Then Jay starts dancing with Suzanne... and Judy's heart sinks.

But suddenly the RADIO DIES.

Everybody groans in disappointment. And then the STROBE FLUTTERS and it DIES too.

SAL

Holy shit! Haven't you idiots ever heard of Duracell?

STOUGE

Don't blame me, man. I just put new batteries in my bad box this morning. I can't live without my music.

ANGELA

Forget it. There's plenty of time for dancing later. Now it's time for party games.

STOUGE

Yeah! Post orifice!

He licks his lips demonstratively.

38

FRANNIE

Oh please... don't make me ill.

ANGELA

I was thinking of something a bit more in tune with the holiday.

SAL

Like what? Bobbing for apples with razors in them?

ANGELA

No... I was thinking more along the lines of a seance.

JUDY

(creeped out)

A seance?

HELEN

Isn't that a little chancy?
I mean... this is Halloween...
the night when all things evil
are supposed to stalk the earth.
There's no telling what we might
dredge up... especially in this
old place.

FRANNIE

Hey! How about a past life seance?

SUZANNE

A what?

FRANNIE

A past life seance. We all sit
around and look in a mirror and
see our past lives.

STOOGIE

What kind of drugs do we need
for that?

SUZANNE

Cool! Will this do?

She offers them her COMPACT.

ANGELA

I'm afraid not, Suzanne. We need
one we can all look into at once.

Suddenly there is a STRANGE NOISE from one of the dark doorways which flank the fireplace. It's just a soft sound - but every one of them hears it.

RODGER

What the hell was that?

Stooge sees how frightened his friend is - and can't resist.

STOUGE

C'mon, buddy... let's go check it out.

He grabs Rodger by the shoulders and starts shoving him toward the open blackness of the doorway, its passage only blocked by the ragged strips of curtain dangling like a banner of hell.

RODGER

Hey! Stooge! Cut it out!

STOUGE

Don't be afraid, Rodge. I'm right behind you.

The others look on, amused.

RODGER

Hey Stooge, what're you doin', man? You're supposed to be my friend!

THE DOORWAY LOOMS CLOSER

Rodger twists and ducks and tries to break free, but his massive pal drags him right to the doorway.

STOUGE

Come on, Rodge! Be a man!

RODGER

No! Stooge!!

And right through it - INTO THE LURKING DARKNESS.

RODGER

(OS, from the next room)

No...!!

He screams a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. Judy and the others look frightened... even more so when STOUGE SCREAMS too.

356

And then they hear STOOGE LAUGHING - and Rodger comes flying out of the room, thoroughly shaken up.

SAL

What's wrong, Rodge? You're white as a ghost.

Helen hurries over to soothe him, but he shrugs her off and goes to skulk by the fireplace. A moment later Stooze peeks his smiling face out through the doorway.

STOOGE

Hey, kids... you're not gonna believe what I found in here.

cut to:

39

AN ORNATE FREE-STANDING ANTIQUE MIRROR - IN THE SEANCE ROOM
Stooze and Sal are setting it in place for the seance.

ANGELA

It's perfect. I can't believe our luck.

Even as she wipes the dust off its surface with a cloth, Suzanne is peering over her shoulder checking out her make-up.

HELEN

Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all.

STOOGE

Don't tell me you're afraid, too?

He runs his fingers up her arm like a spider. She swats them away sharply, obviously fed up with him.

FRANNIE

Oh come on. It's just a mirror. What harm can it do?

dissolve to:

40

A FLICKERING CANDLE... then pull away to reveal the SEANCE in progress. ANGELA is up first, seated directly in front of the mirror on the floor. The candle is placed between her and the mirror, just a few inches below eye level. The others are seated around her, gazing into the mirror.

Frannie and Helen are seated on the floor on either side of Angela - CLOSEST TO THE MIRROR.

Behind them sit Judy and Jay holding hands - with a slightly skeptical Max nearby. Sal and Suzanne are sprawled on the floor behind them, more interested in each other than anything else - starting to play "FOOTSIES".

Stooge stands behind them all, a cynical smile curling his lips... then he steals a glance down at Suzanne.

Their eyes meet for a brief moment - and she doesn't need women's intuition to read his deepest thoughts. Relishing his lustful stare, she shifts her body into a position calculated to drive him up the wall.

AT THE FIREPLACE

Rodger is huddled all by himself, feeding a stick to the fire - mesmerized by the flickering flames.

BACK AT THE MIRROR

ANGELA

It's really very simple. Just keep staring at my reflection in the mirror until the glass clouds up all black... and when it clears we'll see what I looked like in my past life.

JAY

That sounds easy enough.

STOOGES

Right. And if you believe that I've got a great bridge to sell ya.

ANGELA

Ssshh! ...everyone shut up! Concentrate on my reflection in the mirror... Concentrate...

SAL

I'm tryin' to, Ange... but I can't get past that zit on your chin.

ANGELA

Shut the fuck up, asshole! If you aren't going to help us along, then get lost for an hour or two.

IN THE MIRROR

We see Angela's reflection - staring into her own glassy eyes... moments later the mirror surface starts FADING BLACK - and soon Angela's face is totally obscured in darkness.

MAX

Holy shit!

Instantly the blackness clears - replaced by Angela's angry countenance.

ANGELA

You idiot! It was just starting to work!

FRANNIE

It was! I swear I saw the mirror turning black!

JAY

Me too!

While they chat excitedly, Helen glances over at the MIRROR - and sees a hideous DEMON FACE reflected in it.

SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY she scrambles away from it, but in her haste she accidentally knocks the mirror over and it SMASHES INTO A MILLION SHARDS on the floor.

JAY

What the -- !?

ANGELA

Why the hell did you do that!?

SUZANNE

What's wrong with her?

STOOGIE

Festering fuckwads! Can't take that bitch anywhere.

Helen is totally rattled, sobbing and rocking herself, the awful visage of the demon still fresh in her mind.

Judy tries to comfort her... while Rodger stares wide-eyed, suspecting the absolute worst.

JUDY

What happened, Helen? What's the matter?

HELEN
(through heavy sobs)
I saw it in the mirror!

JUDY
Saw what in the mirror?

STOOGES
Oh jeez... the dizzy bitch has
flipped on us.

JUDY
Shut up, Stooze! You're not
helping matters!

HELEN
(barely audible)
A face.

JUDY
What?

HELEN
(shrieking, letting loose)
A face! I saw a face!

JAY
She must have seen Sal in that
stupid mask.

SAL
I wasn't wearing my mask.

STOOGES
That's even worse.

SUZANNE
It doesn't really matter what
she saw, does it? Or if she
even saw anything. It looks
like our little game is over.

MAX
I just hope Helen hasn't pissed
off the owner of that mirror.

Frannie nudges him sharply in the ribs.

MAX
Ow! I was only kidding.

Suddenly they hear a loud METALLIC BANG! - from somewhere deep in the bowels of the house.

STOOGES

Oh no... here we go again.

Helen snuggles tightly in Judy's arms..

JAY

Maybe it's just a late arrival.
You must have invited some other
kids to this party, Angela?

SUZANNE

Some cute boys, I hope.

ANOTHER BANG resounds.

JUDY

It sounds like it's coming from
the basement.

They all gaze downward as we TILT DOWN TO THE FLOOR, covered with reflective shards of the broken mirror, and...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CREMATORIUM CEILING

41

We continue to TILT DOWN to a large structure against the wall. And as we move closer toward THE SMALL METAL DOOR it BANGS VIOLENTLY OPEN to reveal PITCH DARKNESS INSIDE.

AN OVEN. And then we see a tiny ball of RED LIGHT glowing deep inside - and it pulses and flares and moves toward us.

REVERSE - THE DEMON'S RED-TINTED POV:
as it emerges from the oven...

42

TRAVELS THROUGH THE CREMATORIUM - AND OUT THE DOOR...

INTO A HALLWAY...

THEN IT SNAKES AROUND A CORNER - INTO ANOTHER HALLWAY... zigzags smoothly through the creepy dark passages of the basement...and ASCENDS A SEEDY OLD STAIRCASE...

TO THE FIRST FLOOR...

streaming through the hallways - INTO THE SEANCE ROOM - where it searches the faces of the kids in the room, and they react to the sudden CHILL and STENCH which accompany the unseen demon's arrival.

JUDY
My God, it's freezing in here.

MAX
Never mind the draft!
Who cut the cheese?

FRANNIE
Pee-yooh! That is rank!

SAL
Stooge must be wearing his mom's
dirty panties again.

STOOGES
At least my mom wears panties,
Sal. Yours just wears a
coin changer for the sailors.

Suddenly the DEMON POV focusses its attention on Suzanne as she
adjusts her make-up in a shard of the broken mirror. WE (the demon)
ZOOM TOWARD HER - AND SHOOT RIGHT INTO HER OPEN MOUTH.

She blinks a few times... and looks DAZED - but the others
are too distracted to notice.

ANGELA
I don't like what's happening
here.

JUDY
What do you mean?

STOOGES
I know what she means. This
ain't exactly the most happenin'
party I've ever been to.

SUZANNE
What do you mean, Ange?

Angela pauses... wondering if there's any point in trying to
warn them of her suspicion... knowing they'll just scoff.

ANGELA
Those noises we heard... there
were three of them. And that
awful stench. And the chill!

FRANNIE
It's not cold now. Must've
been a draft.

43

43

MAX

Maybe somebody did come in.

JUDY

And the odor's gone, too!

ANGELA

But we all experienced them!
The noise and the cold and the
stink. They're all signs of
demonic infestation!

FRANNIE

Demonic what?

STOOG

(chuckles skeptically)

Demonic whatchamacallit! Ole
Ange is puttin' the old ooga-booga
on us. Yeah, Ange... I'm sure
you're right. ...Or it could just
be that ole Rodge had too much
cold beer and blew us a cool
stiff breeze out his butthole.

(cracks a raspberry)

The boys crack up laughing. Rodger leaps to his feet and studies their faces: Helen is still a shambles in Judy's arms - Angela is as frightened as any of them - but Suzanne and the guys are nothing but smiles.

RODGER

I don't care what you all think.
My daddy was a preacher. I know
better than to be in here foolin'
with this stuff. This is a house
of the dead. I'm getting out now...
- before it's too late!

FRANNIE

Wow! Hey...
(sniffing about)
Take a whiff of that!

JUDY

It smells like roses.

MAX

I'll bet we're smelling multiple
ghosts here. I've read about
things like this.

CONT.

ANGELA

(serious, worried)
There are no ghosts, Max.
I'm telling you,...this house
is not haunted.---It's possessed.

MAX

What's the difference?

ANGELA

Demons are alot more powerful
and alot more evil than any ghost.

Suzanne notices that everyone is beginning to get a bit edgy,
and she quickly forces a laugh.

SUZANNE

C'mon guys! Angela's just yanking
your chains. You don't really be-
lieve this place is possessed, do
you?

SAL

Nah,...just re-possessed.

Everyone laughs except Rodger, Helen, and Judy. Angela stares
at Suzanne, hurt by the way her friend is mocking her.

SUZANNE

For tonight anyway...

CONT.

43

They all look over to find a weird smile on her face.

JUDY
Maybe Rodger's right. Maybe we
should leave.

JAY
Oh come on! No way, babe!

STOOGES
Yeah. Fuck that! I came to party!

SUZANNE
Me too. Get real, girl. Just
'cause one lame wuss wants to
bail doesn't mean we ace the party!

HELEN
I want to go too.

She smiles weakly at Judy and leaves the protective custody
of her arms to go stand by Rodger.

RODGER
We'll need a ride.

STOOGES
Well don't look at me, pal.
My cruiser's sittin' in a
ditch two miles from here.
But you're welcome to spend
the night in it if you want.

SUZANNE
Here, Rodge. Take Angie's car.

Angela is horrified to see Suzanne steal her CAR KEYS out of
her handbag and toss them to the frightened boy.

ANGELA
Hey!

SUZANNE
Chill out, honey! It's your
party. You ain't goin' anywhere.

RODGER
Thanks, Suzanne.

43

SUZANNE

Don't mention it. I don't care if you're a chickenshit. Just remember to open the gate before you drive through it.

The boys all laugh - especially Sal, who's really hot for Suzanne and hopes to catch her eye.

Rodger and Helen slink toward the entry hall, moving slowly, huddled together, frightened and humiliated.

JUDY

Drive carefully.

They turn and smile back at her. She gives them a last wan smile - wishing she were going with them. And then they are gone, heading for the front door.

SUZANNE

All right! Let's party!!

44

SAL/STOOGES

Yeah!!

JAY

Count us out. Judy and I have some exploring to do.

He smiles suggestively at her - but she is horrified - and before she can object the motion is seconded.

MAX

Great idea. Let's see what kind of action we can dig up in this glorious old dump.

He winks at Frannie. She smiles and hugs him.

JUDY

Jay... I don't know...

JAY

Come on, Judy. Don't be such a drag. Maybe we'll find a little privacy.

Max and Frannie come over, lugging a sixpack and some flashlights.

JAY
Goodnight, kids. Don't do
anything foolish.

STOOGES
Right. Y'all say hi to Casper
for me.

Judy follows Jay out into the hall ...with Max and Frannie
right behind.

SAL
Well, this party's gettin' down
to the cream now.

He smiles at Suzanne, a blatant come on.

SUZANNE
I think I'm gonna go find
the bathroom.

SAL
Good idea. I'll go too!
To protect you.

He smiles confidently.

SUZANNE
No thanks. I'd rather take Stooze.

SAL
Stooze?!

STOOGES
You heard the lady. She wants
a real man guarding her jewels.

SAL
But Stooze is a fat slob!

SUZANNE
Maybe that's what I'm into tonight.

Angela just stares at Suzanne, trying to figure out exactly
what's gotten into her.

Suzanne notices... and steps over to her, face to face.

They stare into each other's eyes for a pregnant moment...
then Suzanne lifts Angela's veil away from her ear and leans
closer as if to whisper something to her.

45

TIGHT ANGLE - SUZANNE KISSES ANGELA FULL ON THE MOUTH, shocking Sal and Stooze both -- and from the startled look on Angela's face and the shudder which rocks her body we realize that something evil has been transmitted to her.

SUZANNE

I'm into all sorts of things tonight.

She heads toward the doorway where Stooze and Sal exchange a look. Stooze turns lustfully to Suzanne.

STOOZE

Tell you what, babe... I'll hold yours if you'll hold mine.

Sal looks shell-shocked with disbelief as they head out into the hallway.

SAL

I don't believe it.

46

He turns toward Angela, and she smiles at him hungrily. Something about her has changed - SHE'S POSSESSED.

MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE IN THE COURTYARD

Rodger and Helen are at THE BRICK WALL - but they can't find the gate. Rodger moves down the wall, patting it as if expecting it to break apart. He is totally distraught. Helen waits nearby, practically paralyzed with fear.

47

RODGER

Where the fuck's the goddamned gate? We came in through a gate, didn't we? This just doesn't make sense!

HELEN

Give up already.

RODGER

Give up? What kind of talk is that? There was a gate here and if we keep following the damned wall we're bound to find it.

HELEN

We've already gone all around it twice. Don't you understand, Rodge? We're dead. We've all died ...and gone to hell.

RODGER

What're you talking about...?
Are you crazy, girl? If that's
all you got on your mind you'd
better just shut that mouth of
yours. Shit! Hell, my ass.

He turns back toward the wall.

RODGER

There is a gate. There is.

He half expects an answer. When there is none he turns back
to Helen - and finds her gone.

RODGER

Oh sweet mother. Helen...?
(no answer)

Helen! This isn't funny, girl.

Still NO ANSWER. He shines his FLASHLIGHT around the
courtyard. No sign of her.

RODGER

Helen? How did she do that?

Suddenly there is a STRANGE NOISE from somewhere in the
darkness nearby - almost a laugh - but NOT QUITE HUMAN.

RODGER

Oh!! Heaven help me!

Again there is the HIDEOUS NOISE.

RODGER

Helen!?

This time he doesn't wait for an answer. He takes off
running back toward the house.

cut to:

INT. THE EMBALMING ROOM

Jay, Judy, Max and Frannie have just arrived and are shining
their lights around, exploring the leftover hardware: a
couple of old-fashioned morgue tables and not much else.

Max jumps up and takes a seat on one of the gurneys...and
pops the top off a beer.

48

49

MAX

This reminds me of a good story.

Jay tries to stop him.

JAY

I think I've heard enough stories for one night.

But Judy likes the idea.

JUDY

Let's hear it.

Max smiles and tips his beer to her.

MAX

Okay. As long as you asked.

Jay shoots Judy a frustrated look. She ignores him.

MEANWHILE - IN A DARK HALLWAY

Stooge and Suzanne creep along, passing through great patches of MOONLIGHT filtering in through windows which have BARS instead of boards on the outside.

50

STOOGES

This better be it... cause I'm about to water the hallway if it ain't.

He reaches for a doorknob.

SUZANNE

No. Try this one.

STOOGES

What?

Suzanne smiles mysteriously as she grabs the next doorknob down the hall and gives it a twist. The door opens.

INSIDE - A BATHROOM

STOOGES

All right, Suzie Q!
(then it hits him)
Hey... how'd you know that?

Suzanne just smiles sweetly - and steps past him into the bathroom.

SUZANNE
Ladies before germs.

STOOGES
Hey wait!

But she closes the door in his face.

STOOGES
I thought we might go in together? 51

He turns slowly away - and nearly has a coronary as a wispy white rag floats up in his face.

With a horrified shriek he grabs it and rips it apart...then sees that it's just a raggedy curtain blowing over a broken windowpane.

STOOGES
Shit.

MEANWHILE - BACK OUTSIDE 52

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Rodger is trying to get back inside - but the door seems to be LOCKED.

RODGER
Oh no. Give me a break.
Hey! Hey in there!
(he knocks)
Open the damned door!
(he knocks harder)
Hey! Somebody open the door!
C'mon! Quit foolin' around
and open the door! It's
cold out here! ...and scary.

A LOUD SINISTER NOISE from behind him sends shivers up his spine. He jumps around and flashes his light about.

NOTHING IS THERE.

52

RODGER

Shit. I give up. I'm spending
the night in the Volvo motel.

He runs over to ANGELA'S VOLVO and gets in... then locks all
the doors and scrunches down low in the front seat.

53

MEANWHILE - BACK IN THE EMBALMING ROOM

Judy, Jay, Max and Frannie are trading spooky stories.

54

MAX

But even before the first white
settlers colonized the area, this
strip of land already had a bad rep.

JAY

I'm sure.

MAX

For centuries the Indian tribes that
lived around here would never set foot
on this side of the underground creek.
Even way back then they claimed this
land was unclean.

JAY

Sure, Max. And I suppose the ghost
of an ancient Indian told you that.

MAX

Uh uh. Mrs. Porter at the library
showed me a book written by one of
the early settlers. You wouldn't
believe all the cool shit that used
to go down back then.

JAY

Yeah... Especially since they
didn't have indoor plumbing.

MAX

No, really. A young brave got lost
once and brought his family here by
mistake. They found him a few weeks
later - sitting under a teepee made
from his squaw's intestines... chewing
on the leg of their papoose.

FRANNIE

Oh gross!

54

JUDY

I've never heard so many disgusting stories in my life.

Max glances over to Jay for a reaction - and finds him looking a little pissed. Jay gives him an adamant nod - a signal to split - and Max picks up on the hint.

MAX

Well, I think Frannie and I need to do a little more exploring... on our own.

Jay smiles. At last: alone with Judy.

Frannie gives Judy a friendly peck on the cheek.

FRANNIE

Happy Halloween.

JAY

Happy hunting.

MAX

This is a pretty big place. I'm sure we'll find something exciting.

He gooses Frannie. She squeals in delight and out they go.

Judy watches them split, having her final regrets. Jay steps up behind her and slides his arms around her waist, cupping his hands under her breasts.

55

JAY

Well, Alice. It looks like we're all alone in Wonderland.

She places her hands over his... hesitates a moment... then peels them away from her breasts.

JAY

What gives?

She turns to face him.

JUDY

Not here, Jay.

JAY

Not here?

JUDY

This place. It's too creepy.

JAY

That's the idea. You're supposed to be jumping right into my arms.

JUDY

Just hold me.

She slips her arms around his waist and lays her head on his shoulder.

From the sour look on his face, we can see that this is not how he'd planned to spend the evening.

cut to:

56

THE BATHROOM

Suzanne is draped over the sink, ill. She looks a little haggard - so weak she is barely able to hold her head up.

Stooge pounds on the door.

STOOGES

(OS, through the door)

Come on, Suzanne! I'm ready to pis my pants out here!

Suzanne raises her face to the mirror and stares at her reflection. She looks the same: sick but normal - and then right before our eyes she starts to TRANSFORM. Her skin sags and drops into wrinkled folds - and in a moment she has the face of an OLD HAG.

She stares solemnly at her new face for a moment... then bows her head over the sink and starts to retch... while Stooge starts pounding on the door again.

BACK TO - THE EMBALMING ROOM

57

Lying on an embalming table, Jay and Judy are locked in a feverish clinch. He holds her firmly, determined to keep her in his arms until her passion is fired. His fingertips massage and probe and stroke her furiously, as if through sheer bombast he might kickstart her engine.

But finally she breaks free.

JUDY
Jay... no... Stop!

JAY
Judy, cut the shit already!
I know you're no virgin.

JUDY
What?

JAY
I saw the way you jumped to
Sal's aid.

Judy bolts up into a sitting position, appalled as she sees where the discussion is heading.

JUDY
Jay, what are you getting at?

JAY
I know all about you two.

JUDY
Oh really? What do you know?

Jay sees how upset she's getting and pulls back a little, hoping he hasn't already blown it.

JAY
Nothing. I just know you used
to date Sal... that's all.

JUDY
Date him? I went out with
him once.

JAY
Once is all it takes.

Now it's clear what he's getting at.

JAY
I don't know why you're playing
so hard to get. Half the school
knows about you and Sal. So
what's the big deal?

JUDY
So you think I slept with Sal
just because I went out with him?

JAY
Didn't you?

JUDY
That's none of your business.

Jay smiles cockily, certain now that the rumors must be true.

JUDY
So that's why you wanted to go out with me?

JAY
Let's cut the small talk. You want it as much as I do.

He kisses her again, tenderly this time.

JAY
That's better.

She slaps him across the face.

JAY
Fine. Have it your way.

Angry and insulted, he hops off the table and grabs his flashlight. Judy watches him, almost sorry, and is alarmed when he heads for the door.

She jumps to her feet and runs after him.

JUDY
Jay, wait!

But he storms out, slamming the door in her face.

Judy rattles the door - but it's LOCKED TIGHT.

58

JUDY
Oh no! Jay!!

She pounds on it... over and over... then finally gives up. She hears a soft CREAK behind her and turns back to check it out. She's alone - in the dark creepy embalming room lit only by great jagged slabs of moonlight slashing in through the bare, barred windows.

cut to:

STOOGES - IN THE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM
At his wit's - and bladder's - end.

59

STOOGES
Dammit bitch! Open the damned
door already!!

He kicks and pounds the door... then waits for her response.
There is none. Then suddenly he hears GLASS SHATTER.

STOOGES
Suzanne!

He draws back and slams his weight into the door. It flies
open, and he tumbles INTO THE BATHROOM.

IN THE BATHROOM
He finds the mirror has been broken, and SUZANNE IS GONE.

60

STOOGES
What the fuck?

SLAM!! - He spins on his heels to find the door closed.
He stares at it, puzzled for a moment... then relaxes a
little when he hears GIRLISH LAUGHTER from the hallway.

STOOGES
Suzanne!

He hurries over and yanks the door open. The hall is EMPTY.
It's a bit disconcerting, but he has more pressing matters
to deal with.

60A

STOOGES
Dizzy bitch.

He shuts the door and goes about his business.

MEANWHILE - BACK IN THE SEANCE ROOM
Sal is sitting by the fire, warming his hands. Suddenly he
hears something SWISHING nearby and turns to see Angela, in
a semi-trance state, standing in a corner of the room. Her
arms are stretched high over her head - reaching for a big
black COBWEB hanging from the ceiling.

61

Sal is disgusted when he sees her take the gossamer filth
and gently drape it over her bridal veil.

SAL

Angie, what the fuck are
you doing?

She turns and smiles at him - a cold unearthly smile.

ANGELA

I'm just fixing my veil. Do
you like it?

She giggles. Sal's sensors go up. Angela lifts her heavy
skirt and waltzes toward the center of the room.

ANGELA

Blessed be the sinners... for
the day of atonement is at hand.

SAL

What...?!

But Angie doesn't hear him. She is in her own world,
swaying to a delicate rhythm in her head... then she
starts waving her hands in the air before her, weaving
her outstretched fingers up and down like a slow moving
voodoo priestess.

Sal relaxes a little, imagining that she's trying to seduce
him in her offbeat way - especially when she starts to pump
her hips like a sultry harem girl.

The only sound in the room is the crackle of the FIRE.

Angela drops to her knees in front of the GHETTO BLASTER,
blocking Sal's view of it with her body. All he sees is
her undulating body...and her arms moving up and down.

But we see that her hands don't ever touch the blaster -
and it starts to play again as she weaves her spell over it.

Sal is slightly startled by the sudden onset of MUSIC.
Angela keeps perfect time with it... slowly rising to her
feet... moving like a slinky feline.

Swirling like a dervish she passes near the STROBE LIGHT.
She pauses for a beat and shoots her hand toward it, fingers
outstretched as if she were casting a spell.

Sal can't believe his eyes when the STROBE FLASHES ON.

And then Angela really cuts loose - hips pumping - arms
flailing - spinning and jerking across the room.

61

Getting a little jumpy again, Sal stands up and presses his back to the wall, not taking his eyes off Angela.

There seem to be weird things happening as she dances, but they're all so subliminal and the glimpses provided by the flash of the strobe are so brief that he can't be sure of his eyes -- a strange shadow behind her -- a weird glow in her eyes -- a sudden dramatic displacement of her entire body between blips of the strobe which just doesn't seem possible.

Eyes fixed on her he edges toward the door, illuminated by the eerie white light of the strobe.

NEAR THE DOORWAY

Sal keeps backing along the wall toward it. The doorway is empty. He backs into it - and a blip of the strobe shows a HULKING SHADOW appear behind him. 62

Sal backs into it and lets out a hearty shriek.

It's Stoooge.

STOOGE

Whoa, Sal! Jumpy, aren't we?

He smiles brightly as he sees Angela doing her thing on the dancefloor.

STOOGE

All right! The party's back!
And so is Stooogie! 62 A

He starts shimmying and dancing toward her. Sal grabs his arm, trying to warn him.

SAL

Careful, man! She's acting really weird.

STOOGE

Don't worry, Sal. It's not the weird ones you have to watch out for. Didn't your mama teach you anything about women?

And off he goes to dance with Angela.

STOOGE

So Angie baby... do you come here often?

She smiles at his little joke and keeps dancing... more and more sexily... pulling her skirt up to expose her legs like a flamenco dancer... then shimmying up to Stooze and rubbing her body against his.

Sal watches for a beat or two... then splits.

ON THE DANCEFLOOR

Angela starts to dance slower - and magically the MUSIC SLOWS down too, almost as if it were following her lead. 63

She pulls Stooze closer, wrapping her arms around him, and smiles up into his eyes.

ANGELA

I never realized how handsome you are.

Stooze practically blushes. He's in hog heaven.

ANGELA

Kiss me.

He does, pulling her tightly against him. Her fingers dance up his back like sharp-jointed spiderlegs - and lock behind his head.

Suddenly the MUSIC BLARES - and the STROBE FLICKERS WILDLY.

Stooze writhes - but Angela holds him close, lips locked. A MUFFLED CRY vibrates from his throat and his eyes go wide with horror - then scrunch closed in agony.

Finally Angela releases her hold and Stooze goes reeling away - and the strobe reveals a spurt of blood squirting through his fingers as he clamps his hands over his mouth.

CLOSE ON - ANGELA - A STROBE FLASH REVEALS:

Her eyes are feline, demonic as dark trickles of blood drip from the corners of her mouth.

CLOSER - ANOTHER BRIEF FLASH:

She draws her lips open over her clenched teeth - and we see a chunk of Stooze's bloody tongue hanging out.

CLOSER STILL - THE STROBE FLICKERING FASTER THAN EVER:

She starts to chew on it.

THE STROBE FLASHES BRIGHTLY

then TO BLACK

smashcut:

(A LIGHT FLICKERS ON IN A ROOM OFF THE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY
- surprising Sal, who is heading down the hall toward it. 64

Cautiously he approaches THE OPEN DOORWAY and peeks inside:

INTO THE ROOM:

The light comes from ELECTRICAL WALL SCONCES, with ornate, 65
old-fashioned lightbulbs that ~~have~~ somehow have come alive -
surging with electricity through a layer of dust. And there
sitting in the middle of the floor FACING AWAY is SUZANNE.

SAL

Suzanne. The lights...?!

(She turns...slowly...to look at him. In her hands she holds
her compact and lipstick. Her face is covered with weird
psychedelic swirls of lipstick, starting from her lips.

SUZANNE

I'm fixing my face...

SAL

(Oh Jeez... not you too! What
is everybody here on drugs or
something?! You know, you're
a sweet-lookin' babe, Suzanne...
but you and your friend Angie are
just a little too weirdoid for me.

SUZANNE

(I can't seem to get it right...

She holds it up, offering him the chance to help.

SAL

No thanks, honey. I'm not
that kind of a guy. Goodnight
now. I'm going home.

Suzanne gazes up at him blankly.

SUZANNE

But you are home, Sal.

SAL

(Uh uh. This dirty dive don't spell
home to me. I live in a nice house...
with nice plastic slipcovers on all
the furniture. Enjoy your lipstick,
dollface.

Sal splits, back to the hallway. | Suzanne sits there for a
second in a daze... then looks down at her bosom.

65

77

She opens her hand, letting her compact drop limply to the floor... then she grabs her blouse near the collar and yanks down on it, popping all the buttons - exposing her naked breast.

cut to:

66

A FUNERAL DISPLAY ROOM

Remnants of tacky velvet wallpaper hang in shreds from the walls. On a sturdy pedestal rests A CLOSED CASKET. From across the room a FLASHLIGHT BEAM plays on the scene.

REVERSE - TO REVEAL MAX & FRANNIE ENTERING
And they don't fail to notice the display.

MAX

Wow! I can't believe this stuff
is still here.

He leads the way toward it, with Frannie clinging to his arm - but she holds him back.

FRANNIE

It's creepy in here.

MAX

Don't worry. I'll protect you.

FRANNIE

And who's gonna protect you?

MAX

I've never made it in a coffin
before.

Now she smiles.

FRANNIE

Me neither.

MAX

So let's not waste time talking.

They begin to tear frantically at their costumes as we...

cut:

back to:

77 CONT.

SUZANNE - RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT HER

With eyes as blank as a rag doll's, she watches herself lift the lipstick to her naked breast and starts drawing a spiral toward the nipple.

She circles the aureola once... then pauses.

And then she pushes the lipstick right into - and THROUGH - her nipple - and IT DISAPPEARS INTO HER BREAST.

WIDER - She stares down at her breast, then opens her hand and stares blankly at it, as if confused - searching for her lost lipstick.

JAY (os)

Suzanne?

She turns - to find Jay watching her from the doorway. He hasn't seen what just went down - and is slightly shocked when he notices her bare lipstick-smearred breast.

67

JAY

Jeez! What are you doing?

She follows his line of vision to her breasts... and smiles, as if just noticing the swirling pattern for the first time.

Jay can see that she's out of it... and decides to make the most of the situation.

JAY

That's not a bad paintjob, baby. But it needs a little touch-up.

With a horny smirk on his face he steps into the room and closes the door behind him.

And then he notices that the wall sconces are lit - and shouldn't be.

JAY

Hey! When did the lights go on?

But Suzanne just rises up on her knees in front of him and un-zips his fly with a dramatic tug. Jay immediately forgets about the sconces.

JAY

Fuck the lights.

He drops to his knees and OUT OF FRAME as we...

CUT TO:

IN THE HALLWAY

SAL is trying to find his way out, shining his pocketlight around, studying the decor - NERVOUS & CONFUSED. 68

SAL

This place is fucked...
I thought I just came past here.

There is a NOISE from the dark end of the hall ahead.
Sal aims his light that way.

SAL

Who's there?

A lumbering shadow stumbles into view - STOOGES, in a state of shock, one hand over his injured mouth, the other stretched out for balance.

SAL

Stooge.

Stooge's outstretched hand reaches toward him... almost catches him - but Sal ducks against the wall and Stooge blunders past him. Stooge staggers around and makes another grab, murmuring incomprehensibly, GURGLING BLOOD.

He catches Sal by the shoulder - but is shrugged off before he can get a firm grip.

SAL

Fuck off, Stooge. I'm sick of these stupid games. I'm gone.

He turns and continues down the hall... stopping just long enough to glance back - and sees Stooge blundering along, groping the air, still GURGLING.

SAL

What a bunch of fruits.

IN THE SEANCE ROOM 69

Sal enters to find Angela squatting in front of the FIREPLACE, blocking his view of it with her torso.

SAL

Angie, I'm splitting.

She turns - just her face at first...

ANGELA

Oh, there you are. I was just warming my hands in the fire.

- then turns completely around, revealing that she was literally warming them - they're still BURNING.

SAL

Oh my God!

She SNARLS like a puma... and SAL RUNS...

- TO THE FRONT DOOR -

But it's LOCKED. He rattles and pounds but finally gives up when he sees ANGELA'S SHADOW flickering in the FIRELIGHT spilling in THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY from the seance room. 70

ANGELA (VO)

Leaving so soon?

Sal mutters a curse and takes off down the hallway.

MEANWHILE - OUT IN THE VOLVO 71

Rodger is dozing off when he is jolted awake by a sudden LOUD THUMP on the roof which rocks the whole car.

He sits up, groggy and disoriented... then realizes he wasn't just dreaming when the THUMPING resumes - as if someone were dancing on the car roof.

RODGER

Oh jeez! What an asshole.

(then, shouting)

Stooge, I know that's you, man.

Only a fat slob like you could shake this car so much!

He leans his face up close to the windshield and tries to peek up - and just then HELEN'S FACE drops down right in front of his, face-to-face through the windshield glass. A bloated black tongue swells out of her mouth and large dark circles ring her unseeing eyes. Her flowered wreath is black and withered. She's DEAD.

RODGER

Oh... my... God.

He scrambles across the seat and out the passenger door.

Off he goes - racing back toward the house. This time the door opens on his first try and IN HE GOES.

CUT TO:

90

THE SCONCE ROOM - SUZANNE

raises her skirt, revealing her bare thighs as she lowers herself down to straddle Jay on the floor. He closes his eyes and moans with pleasure as she bounces spastically, her head lolling, her eyes rolling, and her tongue lashing the air like a serpent's. Jay glances up at her - and their eyes lock for a moment. Suddenly Suzanne tenses - and stops moving.

SUZANNE

What are you looking at? Is my make-up alright?

JAY

What? Are you crazy? Don't stop now!

SUZANNE

(turning away from him)
Stop staring at me!

JAY

Dammit, Suzanne! Your make-up's fine. Just cut the crap and...

GROWL!!! Suzanne turns to him with demonic eyes and animalistic teeth.

SUZANNE

I told you to stop staring at me!

Jay is wide-eyed with terror as the pattern of lipstick on her face rises up into a series of GREEN, PUFFY BLISTERS. He tries to push her away, but she's too strong. She grabs him by the ears and slams his head to the floor.

JAY

Ow! No! Please!

SUZANNE

You're still staring!!!

JAY

No no no no no!!

Her thumbs find his EYEBALLS...

JAY

Nooooooooooooooooo!!!!

- and SHE GOUGES THEM INTO HIS HEAD. The WALL SCONCES FLARE BRIGHTLY ...then DIE.

CUT TO:

JUDY - IN THE EMBALMING ROOM

She is slumped against the door, waiting for someone to rescue her... but she sits up when she hears JAY'S SCREAM echoing through the halls... and clenches her hands in prayer.

72

JUDY

Oh dear God please help me through this night.

MEANWHILE - IN MAX & FRANNIE'S ROOM

They are in the coffin making love when they too hear the SCREAM. They pause...

82

FRANNIE

What was that?

MAX

Just more party games.

He tries to resume their love-making, but it ain't easy.

FRANNIE

Ow, Max! I don't bend that way.

MAX

Sorry... Shit, this is worse than my brother's VW.

Suddenly there is the ominous CREEEAAAK! of a floorboard and a SHADOW LOOMS over them.

83

They look up to find Stooge leering down at them, a bloody mess with demonic eyes and animalistic fangs.

FRANNIE

Hey!

MAX

Hey man, get the fuck out of here!

But Stooge reaches up and grabs the coffin lid, obviously intent on closing it.

MAX

No, Stooge!!

He reaches up to stop him - but HIS ARM GETS TRAPPED between the slamming lid and the edge of the casket.

Stooge slams it once - but it doesn't quite close all the way, blocked by Max's arm... then again - and it comes up bloody, but still doesn't fully close... until he slams it a third time - and it closes with a sickening CRUNCH.

And MAX'S ARM drops to the floor, its fingers clutching spastically.

FROM INSIDE THE CLOSED COFFIN COME MAX & FRANNIE'S UNGODLY SCREAMS.

IN THE HALLWAY

Rodger is creeping along, a bundle of nerves, dried tears staining his cheeks. He freezes as he hears the SCREAMS. 73

Finally they stop. But then he hears DEMONIC LAUGHTER right behind him. Summoning all his courage with a deep drawn breath, he slowly turns around...

- and there stands ANGELA, in a state of FULL POSSESSION, with her face all gross and puffy, her teeth caked with putrid scum, her eyes gleaming evilly. 74

ANGELA

(demon VO)

Do you smell something burning?

She holds her charred hands up in his face. They're still SMOKING.

With a haircurling shriek Rodger takes to his feet, racing away down the dark hallway.

TRACKING HIM - HE BOLTS AROUND A CORNER and crashes into somebody. A DOUBLE SHRIEK. It is Sal. 75

RODGER

Sal! Move!

SAL

I'm movin'! I'm movin'!

They take off DOWN THE HALL - and hide in a shadowy ALCOVE.

RODGER

It was Angela, man. She's... she's...

SAL

I know. Something spooky is happenin' here.

RODGER
 (choking on tears)
 Something happened to Helen.

SAL
 What do you mean?

RODGER
 I don't...know...

He breaks down in tears. Sal lets him cry on his shoulder.

SAL
 That's okay, man. It's gonna
 be alright.

cut to:

76

JUDY - HALF ASLEEP IN THE EMBALMING ROOM
 Still slumped against the door, curled up like a frightened
 child.

Suddenly someone tries to push the door open, waking her.

JUDY
 Huh... Who's there? Jay...?

No answer... but whoever it is tries the doorknob.
 Judy grabs it and tries to help pull it open. No luck.

JUDY
 Jay! ...is that you?

She is answered by a telltale GURGLING.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - IT IS STOOGIE
 There is a bubble of blood on his lips. He pounds on the
 door.

78

INSIDE
 Judy pulls it with all her might, trying to get it open.
 Still no luck.

79

There is final THUD on the door ...then SILENCE.

JUDY
 Jay!? Please! Let me out!
 Don't leave me in here!
Please.

No answer. Sobbing pathetically, she slumps to the floor.

MEANWHILE - BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Sal and Rodger sneak along, hoping to find an exit or a friendly face.

80

RODGER

We're never gonna get out of here. We never should've come.

SAL

Shut up, Rodge... or I swear I'm gonna slug you.

They are startled by a SUDDEN LOUD BANGING... then relax when they hear Judy shouting:

JUDY (vo)

Help me! Let me out of here!

Her voice - and the pounding - are coming from behind a door right across the hall.

SAL

Judy!

He starts for the door, but Rodger grabs his arm.

RODGER

Hold it! How do we know it's really her?

Sal pauses for just a beat... considers the possibilities... then shrugs free and runs to the door.

SAL

Judy...?

JUDY(o.s.)

Yes! Sal! Please get me out of here!

SAL

Sure thing. Stand back.

RODGER

What if it's not her?

SAL

C'mon, Rodge. Who else could it be?

He steps back and kicks the door open. Rodger looks nervous

as Sal peers into the room. WHOOSH! Sal and Rodger are both startled as Judy races out and embraces Sal.

JUDY

Thank God! I was so scared.

They look DOWN THE HALL - and see ANGELA FLOATING EERILY TOWARD THEM, her arms outstretched before her. As she passes through a patch of MOONLIGHT streaming in through a barred window, they catch a glimpse of her horribly POSSESSED FACE. 85

JUDY

Oh my God!

SAL

Come on!

(Hand in hand, they take off running after Rodger, who is already turning the next corner.

ROUNDING THE CORNER - JUDY STUMBLES - and lands flat on her face. 86

SAL

Get up, Judy!

JUDY

I can't!

SAL

Yes you can!

He jerks her to her feet - and steals a glance DOWN THE HALL. There is an OPEN DOOR.

SAL

Come on.

They dart THROUGH THE DARKENED DOORWAY... and Sal quietly shuts the door.

Judy looks around. It's VERY DARK. A single CURTAINED WINDOW dots the far wall. 87

Sal listens at the door for a second, signals Judy with a finger to his lips and glances around. Spotting the window, he gives Judy his maglight, then crosses toward it.

He yanks the curtain down. Not much light comes in, but...

SAL

Hey! There's no bars on it.

Judy looks hopeful. Sal tries to open the window. No go.

And then there is an ELECTRICAL SIZZLING sound - and the WALL SCONCES FLASH ON - to reveal SUZANNE, seated on the floor near the wall.

Her hair is a wild mess. The ribbons in it are wilted and black, sticking out like a spikey crown of thorns. The LIPSTICK PATTERNS on her face and body have changed into BLACK TRACKS like a Hell-spawned tattoo.

And JAY is sprawled out before her, his bloody head cradled in her lap.

Judy SCREAMS as she sees his bloody eyesockets.

Suzanne turns and smiles up at Sal, still standing near the window.

SUZANNE

Hey! How about an orgy?

Then she turns and smiles at Judy, who's still rivetted in horror on Jay's face.

SUZANNE

I'm sure if we really try
we can get Jay hard again.

SAL

Run, Judy, run!

Judy glances up at him indecisively... hesitating. And then she hears an UNGODLY SOUND from Suzanne, who rises from the floor and lunges for her. Sal rushes Suzanne from behind in an attempt to rescue Judy, but Suzanne backhands him as if she were swatting a fly. Again, she now has demonic eyes and fangs.

Sal is hurled across the room and CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW. Judy is shocked into action, and she bolts through the door before Suzanne can re-focus her attention on her.

IN THE HALLWAY

She runs like the devil is on her tail. Behind her Suzanne steps out into the hallway also... but she just leans in the doorway, posed like a French whore - watching Judy flee - thoroughly AMUSED with her demonic eyes and fangs.

88

SUZANNE

Run, Judy, run... See Judy run.

Judy runs for the FIRST DOOR she sees - but it SLAMS IN HER FACE... then she runs for the NEXT ...SLAM! ...and the NEXT. All down the row the doors keep slamming in her face.

TRACKING JUDY - TURNING THE NEXT CORNER

She runs until she hits a DEAD END in the hallway... then she turns and heads back the other way - but stops in her tracks as she sees ANGELA'S DISTINCTIVE SHADOW about to turn the corner up ahead. 89

Glancing around she notices another OPEN DOOR... and races for it with tears of desperation in her eyes. It stays open - and in she goes.

INSIDE 91

She slams the door... then turns to check her back. There's a familiar CASKET resting on a pedestal. THE DISPLAY ROOM.

Judy backs away from the door... and stumbles over something in the dark.

She shines her flashlight down - and sees MAX'S SEVERED ARM lying at her feet. She shrieks. Then it grabs her ankle. Now she SCREAMS - loud enough to wake the dead - and kicks the arm clear across the room.

The COFFIN LID FLIES OPEN - AND FRANNIE SITS BOLT UPRIGHT IN IT - drenched with blood and SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. She is still alive, but totally unhinged after an hour in the coffin with her dead boyfriend - who pops up right behind her, his severed arm socket clotted with blood - and pulls her back down into the coffin.

JUDY RUNS SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM.

BACK OUT IN THE HALLWAY 92

She sees a STAIRCASE - LEADING UP - and RUNS UP...

TO THE SECOND FLOOR 93

At the top of the stairs she finds herself IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY.

Carefully she starts down the hall.

cut to:

SAL - LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND OUTSIDE

94

Slowly he comes to...
and takes a look around:

HIS POV - PIVOTTING 360 degrees

He is outside, all right - in a small AIRSHAFT about ten feet wide, with four walls surrounding him. Before he can get up, the ground starts to shake, and a large granite block shoots up in front of his face.

It's a TOMBSTONE, old and weathered, jutting from a single unkempt GRAVE in the center of the tiny space, its face covered with dried clotted soil - which suddenly blows off right before Sal's eyes - revealing HIS OWN NAME on it.

SAL

Shit! Don't bet on it, Jack.

He backs away from it... and studies the walls around him. There's a WATER PIPE leading up toward the roof. He grabs hold and starts climbing.

SAL

Thank heaven for water pipes.

back to:

JUDY - IN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

She is walking slowly toward a TURN up ahead, her flashlight lit but shaded discreetly by the palm of her hand, shielding its glow.

95

She takes a step... and a FLOORBOARD CREAKS underfoot.

She stops... and listens. From around the corner ahead comes the identical sound of a CREAKING FLOORBOARD - a veritable echo of her footstep.

Then all is quiet again.

She takes another step. Another CREAK under her foot.

Again she pauses... and again hears a corresponding CREAK from around the corner - a step closer. Then silence.

With a quickening pulse she takes another CREAKING step... and once more there is a CREAK around the corner - just a few steps away.

Judy's heart is racing as she takes the final step, which she does quickly, unleashing her light and aiming it dead ahead as she steps AROUND THE CORNER...

And finds herself FACING - a DOOR WITH A WINDOW
at the END OF A HALLWAY... and THROUGH THE WINDOW - past the
IRON BARS outside she sees Rodger peering in at her. 96

JUDY
(relieved to see
him alive)
Rodger!

She hurries toward him - and crashes into STOOGE, who steps
out suddenly from a DARK DOORWAY. Startled, she gazes up at
him until his face becomes clearer in the darkness. Then
she SCREAMS. 97

Stooge lunges clumsily, but Judy's fear-sharpened reflexes
carry her instantly out of his range... and she runs.

BACK THE WAY SHE CAME - TO THE STAIRCASE
She starts DOWN - but spots SUZANNE down below, starting
up - so she reverses direction, running BACK UP TO THE
SECOND STORY... Again, the doors all slam in her face. She runs... 98

TO ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS - UP... 99

TO THE THIRD FLOOR

And in a moment she is there, pushing open a SQUEALING DOOR
- entering a dark spacious ATTIC with a high peaked ceiling. 100

She pauses before going too far... and searches the interior
with her FLASHLIGHT BEAM, making sure nothing is lurking
within. 101

SQUEAKY FOOTSTEPS start up the staircase behind her.
Judy runs to the center of the room and scans desperately
for a way out or a place to hide. She spots a DOOR along
one wall - in an ALCOVE.

She races over and shoves it open. It leads outside.
She steps out. No exit: it's a ROOFTOP - THREE STORIES
HIGH. 102

She ducks back INSIDE ...and carefully peeks out from around
the corner of the ALCOVE. 103

IN THE ATTIC - Stooge comes plodding through the door.
Judy winces... and edges back out THROUGH THE DOORWAY... 104

OUTSIDE... ONTO THE ROOF... 105
Judy backs out, carefully pulling the door closed after
her... pausing as it SQUEAKS on its rusty hinges... then
miraculously gets it shut without another sound.

RODGER (VO)

Judy!!

Judy almost dies as she hears Rodger yelling to her.
She turns toward the sound of his voice... and sees him:

BELOW - ON A SECOND STORY EXTERIOR WALKWAY
He's looking right up at her.

106

RODGER

Judy!!

ON THE THIRD FLOOR ROOFTOP - Judy tries to hush him, waving
one hand frantically while putting the other over her mouth.

RODGER (VO)

Judy, look out!!

And then she sees what he's getting at - as ANGELA steps out
from the shadow of the alcove.

107

ANGELA

Enjoying the view?

She grabs Judy by the collar of her dress. Judy screams -
and just then SAL POPS UP OVERHEAD - ON THE ALCOVE ROOF.

SAL

Judy, look out!!

He leaps heroically from his perch - and TACKLES ANGELA
RIGHT OFF THE ROOF.

DOWN THEY GO - BUT JUDY GOES WITH THEM
Sal and Angela drop the distance, falling past Rodger on
their way down - but Judy manages to catch hold of the
roof - and dangles precariously by both arms, her feet
scraping the side of the building, trying to get a toe hold.

JUDY

Oh God please don't let
me fall!

RODGER

Judy! Work your way over!
This way!

He runs over to the end of the SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY as close
to her as he can get. She's just a yard away from a safe
drop into his arms.

RODGER
Judy! Come on.

She edges over a few inches... then freezes up.

RODGER
Come on. Just a little farther!

JUDY
I can't do it.

RODGER
Yes, you can! Come on, woman!
Do it!

She tries... and makes some progress. Then, unable to resist a glance downward, she sees:

TILT DOWN - HER POV - THE COURTYARD BELOW
Sal and Angela are flopped limply on the ground. She is totally still... but Sal is trying to drag himself away, still alive, if just barely. Angela's face is blood-covered from the fall.

JUDY
Sal!!!

The shout upsets her balance. She nearly falls... dangles by one hand... then rights herself again.

RODGER
Don't look down, girl!
Come on! You're almost home!

She sidles over another few inches.

NEW ANGLE - DOWN AT JUDY'S TERRIFIED FACE
then we hear an ominous CREAK...

RODGER (os)
My God! Judy, hurry up!!

Judy half-heartedly raises her eyes - and wishes she hadn't.

REVERSE - UP AT STOOGIE - BLUNDERING TOWARD HER
As his beefy hands reach for her, Judy lets out a final scream and gives up. 108

Her fingers slip off the edge of the rooftop - and she FALLS.

TIGHT ON - JUDY FALLING

She lands safely in Rodger's arms, knocking him flat ON THE SECOND STORY WALKWAY.

RODGER

Gotcha!

109

JUDY is out - in a dead FAINT.

RODGER

Come on, Judy. Wake up!

ABOVE THEM - STOOGE STARES DOWN AT THEM

110

And Rodger notices.

RODGER

Oh shit... Come on, Judy!
Wake up.

He slaps her hard... and she finally comes to.

JUDY

Ohh... Rodger...

RODGER

Come on... We gotta move.

JUDY

I can't.

THUMP! - STOOGE LANDS FEETFIRST JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY.

RODGER

Oh yes you can!

He leaps up and yanks her roughly to her feet. They race across the walkway and skid around the corner toward an EXTERIOR STAIRCASE leading DOWN to the courtyard.

But screech to a halt.

LOOKING DOWN: THEY SEE ANGELA - AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS !!!
Waiting with an evil grin on her face, holding Sal's battered body up by the scruff of his neck.

ANGELA

Watch that first step...
it's a doozy! Sal wants to leave,
but I think he should stick around!

And then SHE WHIPS SAL AROUND like a rag doll and slings him violently across the yard - slamming him against the wall - IMPALING HIM ON A PROTRUDING METAL WATERPIPE.

They scream in horror... then turn back TO FIND - STOUGE, CHARGING TOWARD THEM... and HALFWAY TOWARD HIM lies their only hope: a DOOR leading into the building. 112

A FLASH OF DOUBT gleams in their eyes. And then the doubt gives way to determination.

RODGER

Go for it!

And they do, as fast as their feet will carry them, as Stouge lunges forward, arms outstretched - and Angela rises behind them over the edge of the landing.

Judy reaches it first. She grabs the doorknob...

JUDY

Dear God please -- !

And it OPENS. In they go, slamming the door behind - and find themselves at the head of a STAIRCASE - LEADING DOWN. They hesitate - but only for a second before STOUGE CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR behind them like an evil juggernaut. 113

DOWN THEY GO - INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST
Jumping down the last few steps... then they swing AROUND A SHARP CORNER and find ANOTHER STAIRCASE LEADING DOWN.

DOWN THEY GO - INTO THE BASEMENT HALLWAY - with Stouge and Angela bearing down hot on their heels. 114

They jog around a crook in the hall - and the CREMATORIUM DOOR awaits. 115

Although the door is only ten feet away, the HALL SEEMS TO GROW LONGER - TELESCOPING MORE WITH EVERY STEP they take. Judy and Rodger seem to be running in place - with their unholy assailants about to grab them - trapped in a helpless SLOW MOTION NIGHTMARE.

And then they are banging THROUGH THE CREMATORIUM DOOR - and as they slam it closed a HEAVY LATCH drops securely into place, locking them safely inside. 116

Soaked with sweat and lungs burning with exhaustion, they sink weakly to the floor against the door - and hear the first LOUD THUD as Stouge slams it with his meaty fist.

116 (cont'd)

They look at each other as they realize they are safe -- at least for the moment - and start to laugh, a hysterical snickering which builds to a cackle... and ends with them both in tears.

Rodger cuts loose his pent-up terror, burying his face on Judy's shoulder, weeping his eyes out.

JUDY

Shh... sshh... It'll be alright.
Come on, Rodge. Please don't cry.

He makes an effort to stop. Judy sees him struggling to pull himself together and is encouraged.

JUDY

We're gonna make it. I know
we are.

RODGER

(hopefully)
Do you really think so?

Judy nods.

JUDY

You already saved my life once
tonight, didn't you? That had
to be for something. Right?

Rodger manages a weak smile.

RODGER

That's right.

Then he glances back over his shoulder at the DOOR and sees the same horrible DEMON FACE that Helen saw - pressing right through the surface of the door. He breaks down again.

THROUGH THE DOOR - LOUD CRYING DEMON VOICES MOCK HIM...

ANGELA (o.s.)

I warned you this place is pos-
sessed, didn't I?

Judy tries her best to comfort him, hugging his head to her breast while she scans the room with her flashlight.

It is pretty dusty, but otherwise the only thing of note is the little METAL DOOR across from where they sit.

JUDY

There's a door! Rodge, look.
Maybe we can get out.

RODGER

A door?

JUDY

Yes. Look.

She shines her light on the OVEN DOOR.. then advances cautiously toward it, keeping her flashlight trained on it.

Rodger's heart is thumping as fast as hers is. The tension mounts as she draws ever closer to it.

RODGER

Judy... wait... don't.

She pauses.

JUDY

We can't wait, Rodge. We have to try it. There's no other way out.

RODGER

First let's pray. My daddy taught me how to pray real good. Come on...

JUDY

Rodger, I've been praying all night. Now we have to act.

She places her hand on the oven door handle.

Rodger watches nervously... then scrambles onto his knees and clasps his hands, whispering a fervent prayer.

Judy focusses her light on the oven door - and pulls it open. It's stiff... on rusted hinges... and it GROANS evocatively as she slowly draws it open.

Shining her light INSIDE she carefully inspects it.

JUDY

My God... what is it...?

She runs her beam of light across the interior to see a dust-smothered grating on its floor... an exhaust vent in its ceiling... and a RUSTY OLD GAS PIPE hanging in angular sections from a broken clamp which barely holds it against the oven wall.

JUDY

This is weird...

She can't quite figure it out - until her flashlight picks out a CHARRED SKULL half-buried in a pile of ash.

JUDY
Oh my God.

She slams it shut.

RODGER
What?! What's wrong? 118

JUDY
It's an oven.

RODGER
A what?

JUDY
It's an oven, Rodge. This
is... a crematorium.

The realization is punctuated by sudden LOUD BANGING on the crematorium door... followed by FRANTIC SCRATCHING.

Rodger instinctively jumps away from it, scrambling clumsily towards Judy.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR - IN THE HALLWAY
We see ANGELA & STOUGE, both horribly possessed, scraping the door with their fingernails. Then Angela opens her mouth and unleashes a BLOODCHILLING DEMON WAIL. 119

Stooge makes GARBLED PIG GRUNTS.

Then they both throw back their heads and out spills a WRETCHED CACAPHONY of DEMONIC YOWLING and a thousand VOICES talking backwards in a million forgotten tongues.

REACTION - JUDY & RODGER CRINGING IN FEAR
And then there is SILENCE... followed once more by the awful SCRATCHING. 120

DEMON VOICE
(through the door)
Open the door, Rodge. We don't
want you. We want the bitch.
You know we wouldn't hurt a
nice boy like you.

RODGER

Go to hell, you dirty bastards!

DEMONIC LAUGHTER rolls through the heavy door.

DEMON VOICE (OS)

Not tonight! Oh no! Not tonight, my boy. And rest assured... we've got something wonderful planned for you. So much pain... so much sorrow.

TORTURED DEMONIC HOWLING punctuates the threat. Judy and Rodger back away from the door as far as they can get.

JUDY

Rodge, did you hear what they said? Not tonight. Because tonight is Halloween. That's why they won't go to hell tonight. Because it's the one night of the year they don't have to!

Rodger stares at her uncomprehendingly... not sure what she's getting at - and not sure that it even matters.

JUDY

Remember what Helen said? Tonight is a special night of evil... when all things unclean are free to roam among us. If we can just hold out in here til dawn... then I think we'll be alright.

She smiles hopefully, and Rodger nods with enthusiasm.

RODGER

Yeah! Yeah! We'll just stay in here 'till morning. Then we can just walk out of here like a Sunday stroll.

They both begin to laugh hysterically.

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PING! - The sound draws their attention back to the door...

RODGER
(swallowing hard)
Oh dear God no...!

The COTTER PIN from a door hinge lies on the floor near the bottom of the door, still rolling... and even before it stops a second pin starts rising out of its hinge.

THROUGH THE DOOR - HUNGRY DEMONIC SOUNDS ERUPT
Scratching claws and snapping jaws... Growling... Hissing...
The works.

Rodger is paralyzed with fear. Judy cringes by his side.

JUDY
We can't let them get us.

But Rodger just looks at her with defeated eyes. He's had it.

JUDY
Rodge! We can't give up!

PING! - The second pin drops and rolls across the floor. The demons rattle the door. It bulges threateningly at the top, but the last hinge and the sturdy latch still hold.

Rodger slumps to the floor, weeping hopelessly. Judy glances around, searching for some kind of weapon.

JUDY
Rodger, please! Help me!

But he's gone - curled up in a ball, covering his ears and burying his eyes on his knees, resigned to whatever's coming through that door.

Judy shines her light around frantically... and it finds the OVEN DOOR.

JUDY

The pipe.

Rodger stares up at her mutely. It's hard to tell if he even comprehends what is happening.

SQUEAK SQUEAK! - The last cotter pin starts working its way loose.

Judy grabs the oven door handle. THE OVEN DOOR GROANS painfully as Judy forces it open.

SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK! - THE COTTER PIN IS HALFWAY OUT.

JUDY GRABS THE GAS PIPE which runs an angular course along the entire perimeter of the oven's interior and tugs sharply on it, trying to break a piece off to use as a weapon.

SQUEAK SQUEAK! - BARELY AN INCH LEFT ON THE PIN.

Rodger just stares up from the floor, his face a mask of hopelessness and fear.

SQUEAK! - THE PIN HAS BOTTOMED OUT.

Judy plants a foot up on the lip of the oven for support and grabs the end of the pipe - A KNOBBY METAL CAP - and yanks it for all she's worth.

The metal cap unexpectedly comes off in her hands - and she's BLASTED IN THE FACE BY A SUDDEN WHOOSH OF GAS, so strong it whips through her hair like a hurricane.

JUDY

Gas!!

Judy wrestles it down and points it at the floor, coughing and gagging from the dose. The whole jointed pipe swings freely in her grip, giving her some freedom in aiming its invisible jetstream.

PING! ...THE PIN IS DOWN...

Rodger scuttles backwards into a corner on all fours, his eyes stretched wide and soldered to the door - which suddenly starts JIGGLING WILDLY - literally OFF ITS HINGES.

Judy looks down at the jetflow hitting the floor - so strong it kicks up dust clear over by the door.

She swings the heavy pipe up and takes aim at the door, bracing it against her hip - and jams her other hand into her apron pocket.

CRASH!!! The door buckles in and crashes heavily on the floor, kicking up a THICK CLOUD OF DUST.

Judy's hand comes sliding up in front of her gas cannon, her thumb cocked over the tiny red nub of the BIC LIGHTER which Angela scared her into keeping.

CLICK! - NOT EVEN A SPARK.

With a BLOODCHILLING HISS the possessed STOUGE & ANGELA COME LEAPING IN THROUGH THE DUST-CLOUDED DOORWAY. 121

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! - Desperately Judy keeps flicking the lame lighter - BUT STILL NOTHING.

STOUGE & ANGELA RUSH HER - HALFWAY THERE.

BOOM! - THE LIGHTER FINALLY SPARKS - AND A FLAMING JETBLAST OF BURNING GAS LASHES THE UNHOLY INVADERS.

Reeling from the impact and writhing in pain, the burning banshees beat a hasty retreat, WAILING their anguished agony.

Judy wrestles the makeshift flamethrower down, but can't let it go because it's STILL BURNING STRONG. 122

Rodger recoils in horror as he watches her fight her losing battle, her strength just about depleted - then he leaps to his feet and races to help her.

JUDY
The valve! Find the valve!

He quickly scans the area... sees the VALVE jutting out beneath the oven door... and gives it a mighty twist. THE FLAME SPUTTERS AND DIES.

Gasping with exhaustion and gagging on the SMOKE and DUST, they rest for a moment - until a SKELETAL HAND drops out of the oven and grabs Rodger's wrist.

With a shriek he is off and running - leaving Judy alone in the charred rubble of the crematorium.

JUDY
Rodger! Wait!

123

Out she goes after him.

IN THE BASEMENT CORRIDOR
The floor is littered with smoldering ashes and imprinted with SMOKING FOOTPRINTS as far as the eye can see.

124

Rodger is nowhere in sight - but neither are the demons.

Carefully Judy steps through the hallway, side-stepping the burning debris... until finally she reaches the STAIRCASE.

She looks up. No burning debris. No smoking footsteps. The staircase looks clear. Cautiously she creeps, taking each CREAKING STEP slowly, glancing down occasionally to check her back. It's a tense climb... but finally she's at the top.

125

ON THE FIRST FLOOR - THE HALLWAY IS EMPTY
Judy's heart in his her throat as she sneaks along... then she hears a CREAKING FLOORBOARD BEHIND HER and starts running - all the way to THE FRONT DOOR - where she finds Rodger collapsed on the floor, hands clutching the doorknob, racked with grief because he can't get out.

126

JUDY
Rodger!

RODGER
(sobbing pathetically)
We can't get out! We can't get out!

127

She bends down to help Rodger, revealing...

Jay stands behind her, his eye-sockets horribly bruised, swollen, and bloody.

128

JAY
Judith... Judith... Why hast thou forsaken me?

JUDY SCREAMS.

Wide-eyed with fear Rodger races past her - INTO THE COFFIN ROOM. Judy backs away from the monster which once was Jay.

129

ANGELA(o.s.)

What's wrong, Judy? Don't you like your blind date?

Judy looks PAST JAY - DOWN THE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY: ANGELA - or rather what's left of her - comes FLOATING like a phantom toward them. CHARRED BLACK from head to toe, the remnants of her wedding dress fluttering behind her, with SMOKE still wisping out of every pore of her body.

JAY

Judy! Don't desert me.

JUDY

Oh Jay... no...

He plods toward her - and Angela is fast closing in. Judy darts INTO THE COFFIN ROOM - and bumps into RODGER, paralyzed with fright in the center of the room.

130

Judy glances around...

THE OTHER DOORWAY in the room is blocked by SUZANNE. She still has demonic eyes and fangs and the tattoo-like markings.

ALL THE WINDOWS are covered with bars. They are TRAPPED.

HISS!!! - Angela signals her entrance with a sickening DEMONIC SNARL.

131

RODGER

No! You won't get me!

Judy watches horrified as Rodger makes a mad dash for the nearest WINDOW - and does a KAMIKAZE CANNONBALL RIGHT INTO IT - CRASHING RIGHT THROUGH THE GLASS and KNOCKING THE RUSTY OLD IRON BARS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR MOORING PINS.

OUTSIDE - IN THE COURTYARD

It's a rough landing, but he's still in one piece. Bruised but alert, he raises himself off the ground - and finds the IRON BARS under his body.

132

RODGER

I'm alive.

BEHIND HIM - JUDY SCREAMS.

Rodger turns - and sees her HALFWAY OUT THE WINDOW - with ANGELA CLUTCHING HER BY THE SKIRT.

RODGER

Judy!

Judy stretches her arms imploringly toward him - but he's too scared to act. But suddenly her SKIRT RIPS FREE - and she TUMBLES FORWARD - OUT ONTO THE GROUND.

And then Angela leaps forward toward Rodger, snarling like a cougar, her fire-blackened claws poised for the kill - about to pounce, but Rodger snatches one of the IRON BARS and lunges with all his might. The iron spear catches Angela in her open mouth, knocking her backwards - and pins her to the side of the house below the windowsill. She HOWLS and claws frantically at the bar in an attempt to unpin herself.

Rodger rushes to Judy and helps her up.

Angela continues to struggle, desperately trying to free herself from the wall.

RODGER

We made it! We're out!

JUDY

No, Rodge! We have to get past the wall!

Off they go - TO THE WALL.

133

JUDY

Where's the gate?!

RODGER

There is no gate!

JUDY

We have to find the gate!

RODGER

There is no gate! Come on!

He hurries over to a section of the wall where a loose strand of BARBED WIRE dangles down - their only hope.

RODGER

Go!

She tries to grab the wire - but it cuts her instantly - and she recoils in pain, a thick bead of blood forming on her hand. It's obvious she won't make it.

And Rodger reacts - noticing SOMETHING HORRIBLE - STOOGES CLIMBING OUT THE WINDOW, just as gross and burned as Angela had been. 134

RODGER

Oh shit!

UP HE GOES - hand over hand, without a thought for Judy - and before he is halfway up his blood is flowing steadily down his arm. His face is twisted with grief and pain but soon he is straddling the top of the wall.

Then he swings his body around and reaches down for Judy.

RODGER

Judy! Come on!

With renewed hope she leaps up toward his outstretched hand. Once... twice - her fingertips slap his - and then they make a solid connection. THEIR HANDS LOCK.

Rodger groans with the effort - and the BARBED WIRE cuts into his chest where he lies on it atop the wall.

Judy's feet scrape desperately up the wall. They're both trembling with the effort - but she's halfway up and it looks as if she's home free.

And then Rodger's eyes go wide with horror.

RODGER

Climb, girl, climb!!

NEW ANGLE - STOOGES IS RIGHT BEHIND HER
And he's even uglier up close.

Rodger gives her a mighty tug. Up she goes.

But then Stooze's smoking hand clamps down around her ankle - and her SKIN SIZZLES with the heat of his touch.

Rodger tightens his grip, not ready to let her go - but then he sees something even more disturbing than Stooze: JAY & HELEN & SUZANNE & SAL & MAX & FRANNIE - ALL HEADING THEIR WAY, and the now free ANGELA IS LEADING THEM. 135

With a CHOKED CRY of terror Rodger releases his grip and tumbles over the wall - TO SAFETY.

136

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Stooge grabs her other ankle too - and it too SIZZLES.

137

Judy cries out... the pain almost too much to endure. Her fingers tighten on the BARBED WIRE atop the wall - the only thing holding her up.

JUDY

Oh God no!

IN THE COURTYARD

Stooge opens his mouth and prepares to bite a chunk from her leg. But Judy kicks free and hoists herself up so her belly flops onto the barbed wire - TEETER-TOTTERING ATOP THE WALL.

138

BEHIND HER - The POSSESSED KIDS reach the wall and begin clawing up at her, trying to grab her kicking feet.

IN FRONT OF HER - RODGER stares up vacantly at her as she cries for help.

JUDY

Rodger! ...please!!

JAY GRABS HER ANKLE.

JAY

Judy!

BUT THEN RODGER LEAPS UP AND GRABS HER WRIST!

- AND PULLS HER OVER THE WALL TO SAFETY - JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

139

She sinks into his arms - and they hug each other for dear life, tears of hysterical relief pouring down their faces.

BEHIND THE WALL

Stooge and the others sink to their knees in agony... and WISPS OF GREEN SMOKE begin to waft up from their bodies as they WEEP and WAIL in utter unholy despair.

140

ON THE SAFE SIDE OF THE WALL

JUDY & RODGER hear an UNGODLY ROAR - and look up OVER THE TOP OF THE WALL to see the GREEN SMOKE BILLOW UP INTO A HUGE ROLLING GREEN CLOUD - which takes on the form of the DEMON FACE seen earlier in the mirror. 141

And then THE DEMON CLOUD DISSOLVES into thin air.

cut to:

JUDY'S STREET - MORNING 142

ANGLE ON - A CRACKED DISCARDED HALLOWEEN MASK LYING ON THE SIDEWALK...

and then TWO RAGGEDY SHADOWS totter into view and we come up on JUDY & RODGER - HEADING HOME

They've had a rough night and it shows. Their costumes are in tatters. Dark circles ring their blank-staring eyes. They shuffle spastically, drowning in hellish memories.

A DOOR OPENS - AT A HOUSE NEARBY 143

And out steps the OLD MAN who had such a hard time the night before. Clad in robe and slippers, he bends down to fetch his NEWSPAPER - and shoots the disshevelled kids a sternly disapproving look.

OLD MAN

Rotten pigtrash. Out all night.
They'll rot in hell. Kids. Feh!

He grabs his paper and ducks back in.

INSIDE - HE HEADS TO THE KITCHEN 144

Where his gentle little white-haired OLD LADY of a wife is setting his place at the table - with a cup of STEAMING JAVA and a hearty chunk of fresh-baked APPLE PIE.

OLD LADY

(ever so sweet)
Good morning, dear.

OLD MAN

(grumpy as ever)
What's so good about it?

He plops down in his chair and snaps his newspaper open.

OLD LADY

Better drink your coffee before
it gets cold, dear.

He rustles his paper noisily - but an involuntary smile glimmers for just an instant on his face as he notices the appetizing slice of pie set before him.

He shovels a huge forkful into his mouth... and grunts what might be construed a favorable judgment.

OLD LADY

Is it good, dear?

OLD MAN

It's okay.

OLD LADY

Just okay? You used to love
my homemade pies.

OLD MAN

Homemade? When did you make this?

He swallows a generous mouthful of coffee, GULPING LOUDLY, and chases it down with another big chunk of pie.

OLD LADY

I've been up for hours, sleepyhead.
I made it while you were getting
your beauty rest.

A note of SUDDEN CONCERN creases his brow.

OLD MAN

Last night?

OLD LADY

There weren't many trick-or-
treaters last night. Not like
the good ole days.

(sigh)

I had to do something with all
those leftover apples. I still
don't understand why you always
buy so many.

The old man sprays out a mouthful of coffee... and begins CHOKING. He stumbles to his feet, clutching his throat - where a BUBBLE OF BLOOD is forming like a drop of fresh dew.

CLOSER - A RAZOR BLADE BURROWS OUT NEAR HIS JUGULAR
He sputters frantically for a moment or two - then DROPS DEAD on the table, face-down in the remaining pie.

His wife checks him out with a sidelong glance as she calmly finishes her coffee... then she carefully sets her empty cup on its dainty saucer... and finally leans over and kisses him gently on the back of his head.

OLD LADY
Happy Halloween, dear.

FADE TO BLACK.