

THE DEVIL'S REJECTS

by
By Rob Zombie

Lions Gate Films

BLACKNESS

Opening scroll:

On May 18, 1978 State Police along with local authorities in Ruggsville County led a predawn raid on a decaying farmhouse at the end of Craig Creek Road. What they uncovered to this day is still considered the most hideous crime in American history - The Dr. Satan Cult Murders. The family of maniacs that lived inside this murder factory were nicknamed The Devil's Rejects and the house was forever to be known as The House of 1000 Corpses.

FADE IN:

A tight shot of a girl's face. She is dirty and bruised. The sound of heavy shuffling and forced breathing can be heard. The girl's face is pulled out of frame.

EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST- NIGHT

TINY, a hunched seven foot giant wearing a child's plastic Halloween mask, drags the girl's body through the woods like a doll.

TITLE CARD: May 18, 1978

Tiny brings the girl's body to a clearing by the edge of the road. He stops abruptly and looks around. Through his mask we see his watering blood shot eyes and burn scarred skin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Dead silence. A thick mist hovers over the empty road.

Tiny begins dragging the girl's body across the road. Halfway across a single set of headlights breaks through the gloom.

He stops and retreats back into the brush.

A dusty VAN cuts through the fog. Strapped to the van's roof rack are guitar cases and other luggage. Painted on the side of the van is - BANJO & SULLIVAN.

INT. VAN

JIMMY CRACKER (33), hums along to a song on the radio while steering with one hand. Jimmy is the roadie/driver for BANJO & SULLIVAN. Asleep in the seat next to him is ADAM BANJO

RRR

Jimmy reaches over and shakes Adam awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Come on dude, wake up.

ADAM
(half asleep)
What?

JIMMY
(yawning)
It's your turn to drive.

ADAM
(sits up and looks around)
How much longer is it to the motel?

JIMMY
I don't know. I figure about another hour
or so.

ADAM
(wiping his eyes)
What the fuck are you listening to?

JIMMY
The Monkees.

ADAM
(yawns and rolls over)
I ain't switching.

JIMMY
What? Why?

ADAM
That your punishment for listening to
that shit.

Asleep in the backseats we see: Adam's wife WENDY BANJO (36)
along with ROY (61) and GLORIA SULLIVAN (50). They are a
small time country western group.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Sullivan's van passes by. Tiny resumes dragging the
girl's body across the road. Once again he gets halfway
across when a set of headlights breaks the fog.

Tiny turns and retreats back into the woods.

RRR
Behind the headlights are another set and then another and
then another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pulling back we see a line of ten police cruisers moving silently down the road.

Tiny watches the ominous procession passes by and turn up a smaller dirt road known as Craig Creek Road.

EXT. CRAIG CREEK ROAD

Their destination: A dilapidated two story farmhouse known as THE FIREFLY HOUSE.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

The police cruisers fan out forming a huge semi-circle surrounding the house.

Officers jump from their vehicles and take up position, their guns trained on the house.

Mounted to each vehicle is a flood light. All lights are focused on the house.

- The lead police cruiser pulls up dead center and stops. The car door swings open.

CLOSE UP - a black boot steps out of the car.

From behind we see a large man with greased back black hair step out. He is wearing a cowboy hat and a bullet proof vest. In his hands is a shotgun.

He turns towards camera, it is SHERIFF JOHN WYDELL (48). He is a strong jawed man with a black eye patch. The skin around the eye patch is disfigured.

He scans the scene unfolding around him with a proud hawk-like stare.

A second man, Officer RAY DOBSON (28) steps out of the passengers side.

WYDELL

Mr. Dobson, I do believe it is time to do what the good Lord would refer to as a cleansing of the wicked and what my brother George...God rest his soul

(crosses himself)

Use'ta call a 100% Alabama ass kicking.

RRR

DOBSON

Yes, sir...

(pauses)

... Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYDELL

Yes, Mr. Dobson.

DOBSON

Do you think we are gonna die here today?

WYDELL

(chuckles)

Mr. Dobson, let me give you a little ass saving piece of advice that many years ago I ripped from the book of life. Are you listening?

DOBSON

I'm listening.

WYDELL

Dying ain't an option. You stick that deep into that gray matter of yours and make sure it sticks. Any other thought is gonna get you cold slabbed, toe tagged and mailed home to your mamma in a plastic bag.

DOBSON

Yes, sir.

WYDELL

Are we crystal?

DOBSON

Crystal, sir.

WYDELL

Good, 'cause not only do I intend to "not die" today, but I also intend to blow the fucking brains out of the mother-fuckers that murdered my brother...

(cocks his gun)

... and still have time get home and fuck my wife while watching "Hell in the Pacific" on the Million Dollar Movie...

(looking down the barrel)... you see it's Lee Marvin week on Channel 68. Lee Marvin is the man with the plan.

DOBSON

You're the man, Sir.

RRR

WYDELL

Tell it to my wife... Mr. Dobson. Give the command.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOBSON
(quietly into his walkie-
talkie)
Hit the lights.

One by one each vehicle's flood light explodes with a white hot beam. An echo of "hit the lights" can be heard bouncing from car to car. A huge semi-circle of light begins to surround the house.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE - OTIS'S ROOM

Close up - B&W television. "Plan 9 From Outer Space" is playing on the screen.

Bathed in the television's glow is OTIS DRIFTWOOD (48), a stringy white haired albino. He is asleep with his arms wrapped around a NUDE GIRL.

The girl is bloody and her mouth is taped shut. Next to the bed sleeps another GIRL in a cage. She is wearing a muzzle.

FLASH. White flood light BLASTS through the dirty windows ILLUMINATING the room.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

More lights focus on the house.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE - BABY'S ROOM

Close up - corpse face

We pull back from this face to see the decaying form of the half man/half fish creation known as FISH-BOY.

Continuing back further we see a large brass bed. Human bones, animal skulls and antlers form the head board. A girl with blonde curly hair is sleeping peacefully. This is BABY (28). She is dressed in a white t-shirt and bikini underwear.

FLASH. Blinding light fills the room.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

The Officers stand ready with their guns drawn.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE- MOTHER'S ROOM

REFR
Lying flat on her back in bed is, MOTHER FIREFLY (60). As the white light floods into her room she SPRINGS to a sitting position, eyes wide.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Sheriff Wydell calmly raises a megaphone to his mouth.

WYDELL
(through megaphone)
Attention this is Sheriff John Quincy
Wydell from the Bain County Sheriff's
Department...

INT. OTIS'S ROOM

Otis's pink eyes pop open at the sound of Wydell's voice. He
ROLLS out of bed onto the floor, knocking the girl to the
floor with a THUD.

He quickly moves to the window and peaks through the ragged
curtains. The girl in the cage tries to scream.

WYDELL (O.C.)
... I am here to inform you that you are
completely surrounded.

Otis's P.O.V. - we see the farmhouse grounds swarming with
police.

OTIS
Fuck.

INT. BABY'S ROOM

Mother THROWS open the door, BURSTING into Baby's room.

MOTHER
(quiet and frantic)
Baby get up!

Baby jumps up.

BABY
(confused)
What? What? What's going on?

WYDELL (O.C.)
There is no possible chance of escape.

MOTHER
There's a million fucking cops! The house
is surrounded... they're everywhere.

RRR

BABY
Shit, what? Where's Otis?

INT. OTIS'S ROOM

Otis, M-16 in hand, is now standing against the wall to the side of his window.

WYDELL (O.C.)

Now would be the time to vacate the premises peacefully or we will be forced to use whatever means necessary to remove you! I repeat we will use whatever means necessary!

INT. HALLWAY

Mother and Baby frantically run down the hall towards Otis's room. Baby struggles to pull her boots on.

BABY

Mamma wait!

MOTHER

Otis... Otis!

INT. OTIS'S ROOM

Mother and Baby rush into the room.

MOTHER

What's happening? What are we gonna do?

BABY

They're fucking everywhere.

OTIS

(whispering)

Quiet! I know... I know... grab a fucking piece...

(motioning to the bed)

... and stay away from the fucking windows.

Baby and Mother each grab a gun off the bed.

WYDELL (O.C.)

Again I repeat, vacate the premises peacefully and nobody has to die today...

BABY

RRR

Now what? Otis, now what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Downstairs! We gotta get downstairs. If they get their hooks in our bellies while we're up here... we're done!

Mother and Baby follow Otis out of the room. We move off the empty doorway down to the caged girl. Tears of joy stream down her dirty face.

INT. STAIRS

The trio BARRELS down the stairs towards the front entry. An enormous man with long dark hair holding a huge assault rifle and wearing a rusted homemade armor-plated vest and helmet is waiting. This is RUFUS (31)

RUFUS

I count ten cars... about twenty five pigs!

OTIS

I know! Shit! Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

BABY

Where do we go?

BABY (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Where's Tiny?

RUFUS

I ain't seen Tiny.

MOTHER

Tiny? He went out last night. Oh my God.

RUFUS

I came right down here as soon as I saw the lights.

OTIS

Everybody shut up! Shut up! Take up a position and be ready to dog ear the first squealer that cries "Geronimo"!

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Wydell, chewing tobacco, stands patiently by his car. Dobson is getting edgy.

RRR

DOBSON

Are you sure they're in there, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYDELL

Oh yeah, they're in there...
(he spits, wipes his lip)
... but they ain't coming out. I'd say
they're strapping on their dancing shoes
getting ready for a grave digger hoedown,
but that's alright... I'm in a dancing
mood. In fact I'm ready to Fred Astaire
those fucking devils back into Hell.

DOBSON

(clicks open his rifle's scope
and begins whistling The
Hustle)
Do the hustle.

WYDELL

(returning to the megaphone)
I'm going to give you until the count of
three to remove yourselves peacefully or
we are coming in! One...

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Otis, Baby, Mother and Rufus are each hunched down by a
window, guns at the ready.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

WYDELL

... two...

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Various CLOSE UPS:

Otis' finger twitches on the trigger.

Baby wipes the sweat from her eyes.

Rufus lowers the face mask of his helmet.

Mother kisses her gun hand.

OTIS

On three.

WYDELL (V.O.)

RRR ... three!

The family lets out a BARRAGE OF GUN FIRE. The PINGing of the
bullets bouncing off the squad cars can be heard echoing
everywhere.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

The police return FIRE, pummeling the house from every direction with a sickening display of force. The noise is deafening. Glass, wood and metal is heard CRASHING throughout the house.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

A tear gas bomb CRASHES into the house, immediately filling the rooms with gas.

BOOM! A battering ram SMASHES through the front door. The first police through are met with BLASTS from the family's guns. The men fall to the floor, others quickly take their place.

Policemen equipped with gas masks RAMPAGE through the house. Beams from powerful mag lights pierce through the dense gas filled house.

The family exchanges fire, but quickly realizes they are outnumbered and fall back to the basement.

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR

RUFUS

Go, go, go, I'll cover.

Mother, Baby and Otis hurry inside, Rufus lays down a blanket of bullets, then follows. The door slams shut.

INT. BASEMENT

Rufus bolts the door. The sound of the police battering at the door echoes through the basement.

BABY

What are we gonna do?

OTIS

We got no choice! We gotta open the door.

MOTHER

No! We can't do that. Otis, no... you know we can't...

OTIS

RRR Shut up, woman!

BABY

Mamma, it's our only chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Rufus, over here. Help me move this shit.

Otis and Rufus slide a huge wall size work bench to the side. Hidden behind is an iron door. The door is chained shut.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Break it open, motherfucker! Come on!

Rufus grabs hold of the huge chain and pulls with all his might.

BOOM... BOOM...

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR

... BOOM! The police continue slamming against the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT

The POUNDING from the door above gets LOUDER.

BABY

That door ain't gonna hold ! They're almost through!

OTIS

Come on, Rufus break that fucker open.
God damn it, come on!

Rufus PULLS the massive door off its hinges revealing a stonewalled corridor.

RUFUS

Go, I'll stay here.

Otis and Baby bolt past Rufus into the corridor. Mother pauses for a second and kisses Rufus.

MOTHER

Bye-bye, baby.

RUFUS

Go, Mamma, go!

CRASH! The police are in. The first officer through is taken down by a round from Rufus's gun. The officer FALLS violently down the stairs.

The next officer gets off a round, HITTING Rufus in the vest. Rufus is unaffected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bullets bounce off his vest and mask with loud pinging sounds. He returns fire killing the officer.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Otis, Mother and Baby run through a twisting underground tunnel system.

Suddenly, SWOOSH! A FILTHY MAN IN RAGS LUNGES OUT of the darkness and GRABS onto Baby's shirt whipping her around.

Baby screams, then quickly jabs the butt of her rifle into the man's gut, knocking him back. She spins and SHOTS the man point blank.

BABY

Die, die, die!

The man falls back dead.

INT. BASEMENT

Rufus, now bleeding severely, stumbles back into the corridor as the police flood into the room.

RUFUS

Come on! Come on! Is that all you got?

Rufus continues firing before he is finally shot dead. His huge body FALLS to the basement floor. The officers JUMP over his body and storm into the corridor.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Otis, Baby and Mother have come upon a pad-locked door.

OTIS

Fuck! Get behind me.

Baby and Mother stand behind Otis. Otis fires , BLASTING off the lock. He KICKS the door open.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

The police have now fanned out through the maze of corridors. Two members of the unit, OFFICER JANSON and OFFICER HUMPHREY have broken off and are moving through a tangled mess of spider webs and roots.

~~Jan~~ Janson, twenty feet ahead of Humphrey, scans his light across the decomposed bodies hanging from the walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANSON

(lifting his gas mask)
Jesus Christ, Humphrey are you seeing
this?

HUMPHREY

(lifting his gas mask)
Yep, same thing over here.

JANSON

Man, it's all true. I don't fucking
believe this.

HUMPHREY

Jesus Christ.

Humphrey's light beam passes across a huge misshapen man, THE PROFESSOR aka EARL FIREFLY, standing motionless amongst the dead bodies.

Unaware Humphrey passes by The Professor, The Professor steps out from the wall and stands silent in the corridor RAISING a HUGE AXE over his head.

Janson turns to see the BIZARRE sight behind Humphrey.

JANSON

Humphrey behind you!

Humphrey turns as The Professor brings his axe CRASHING down decapitating him.

Janson raises his gun and fires... it jams. The Professor runs towards Janson, DRIVES the axe deep into chest and LIFTS him off his feet.

Janson dangles convulsing on the end of the weapon.

WYDELL (O.C.)

Devil! I'm over here Devil!

The Professor drops Janson and turns to see Wydell standing in the corridor with his gun raised.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Come and get me!

The Professor screams a guttural war cry and makes a bee line for Wydell. Wydell raises his gun and fires, The Professor keeps on coming. Wydell fires several more rounds, The Professor is unaffected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly, The Professor stops short, raises his axe and begins to waver. Blood pours from his multiple bullets wounds. Wydell fires one more blast, exploding The Professor's head like a melon.

INT. RECREATION ROOM

Otis, Mother and Baby run through a dark concrete room towards a sliding metal door. Loud grinding ceiling fans send fragmented light beams dancing throughout the room.

Otis tries to slide the door open. It is rusted shut.

OTIS
(pulling on the door)
Motherfucker won't move.

Mother and Baby grab hold to help. In the background the silhouettes of SEVERAL FIGURES slowly advance.

OTIS (CONT'D)
I feel it giving way... come on push harder.

The figures move in and out of the light beams. They are naked, but for scraps of filthy hospital pajamas draped over their pale and crusty skin. Their white eyes glow in the darkness.

The door metal slides open.

OTIS (CONT'D)
That's it.

Simultaneously the patients LUNGE at Otis, Baby and Mother GRABBING on and PULLING them back into the room.

MOTHER
Otis, help me!

BABY
Mamma!

CHAOS

BOOM! The door on the opposite side of the room KICKS open. Wydell, Dobson and other police officers enter with their guns raised.

RRR

WYDELL
Freeze!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWOOSH! More patients jump from the darkness and grab onto Wydell and his men.

The patients are in a MAD FRENZY. Otis fires, Wydell and his men return fire.

The patients grab onto Baby's clothes and TEAR at them. Their ragged finger nails scratch her skin.

BABY

Mamma! Mamma!

Mother is pulled screaming into the MASS OF SWARMING BODIES.

Otis has a SCREAMING WOMAN on his back clawing at his face.

Wydell and his men are covered. They open fire, killing several patients.

Otis tosses off his attacker and moves to help Baby.

A BALD MAN with a patchwork face has his arms around Baby. Otis smashes the butt of his gun into the man's face, knocking him to the floor. Otis grabs Baby and pulls her free.

OTIS

Come on!

BABY

Where's Mamma?

From Otis's P.O.V. we quickly scan the room, it is total confusion. Mother is nowhere to be seen.

OTIS

Shit... Mamma's gone.

Wydell watches as Otis pulls Baby into the next room and slides the door shut.

WYDELL

Damn it!

INT. MEAT LOCKER

Otis searches the room and spies a three foot metal grate set into the far wall. Dead bodies wrapped in plastic body bags hang from the walls. Some are still moving.

BABY

We gotta get Mamma!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Shut up and help me with this.

Otis and Baby break the rusted grate off its frame, exposing a drainage tunnel.

A LOUD POUNDING echoes through the room, as the police crash against the door.

OTIS (CONT'D)

That's it. Come on, get in!

Otis helps Baby into the dark tunnel.

EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST- MORNING

A calm river flows. The soothing drone of the water spilling from a drainage pipe into the river is heard.

SPLASH! From out of the drain pipe Otis and Baby fall violently into the water. They struggle across the waist deep water, climbing onto the river's banks.

In the distance the sound of the barking dogs can now be heard.

CLOSE UP - barking dog

A posse of FIVE STATE TROOPERS with large hound dogs charge through the woods in hot pursuit.

Otis and Baby make their way across a large open field to the road ahead.

The Troopers and their dogs jump into the river and begin to cross.

INT. CAR

WANDA (25), dressed in a waitress uniform is on her way to work. She is fumbling around trying to light a cigarette. Elvin Bishop's "Fooled Around and Fell In Love" plays on the radio.

Through the windshield she see something lying in the road. It is Baby.

WANDA

RRR What the hell is that?

EXT. CAR.

Wanda stops her car, steps out and runs over to help Baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WANDA

Are you OK? Miss are you OK?

BABY

Help me.

WANDA

Oh my God, oh my God. What happened?

Wanda looks around for help.

BABY

Help me. Please. I can't move my legs.

WANDA

Okay, okay what's your name? I'll get you to a hospital.

Wanda cradles Baby's head. Otis silently steps out from the bushes.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Can you stand? My car is right there. Can you make it?

He slowly walks up behind Wanda.

BABY

(quietly)

I have to tell you a secret... come closer.

Wanda leans in closer to Baby. Otis, holding a huge hunting knife, now stands looming over Wanda.

WANDA

Tell me, honey... what? What is it?

BABY

(smiling weakly)

You're gonna...

WANDA

What? Tell me. I'm gonna what?

BABY

You're gonna die.

Baby grabs Wanda's head, pulls her forward and bites into her neck like a Vampire. SLAM! Otis brings the knife down into Wanda's back repeatedly. Wanda falls on top of Baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BABY (CONT'D)

Get her off me.

Otis pulls Wanda off. Baby jumps up, her face is covered in Wanda's blood.

BABY (CONT'D)

Come on!

Baby climbs into the passenger's seat of the car, slamming the door.

The sound of the dogs has returned. Otis looks towards the field and sees the troopers.

INT. CAR

Otis slides in behind the wheel and speeds off past Wanda. We hold on Wanda lying dead in the road.

FADE TO BLACK

Broken pieces of garbled reports can be heard.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

A house of horrors is how one officer described the scene this morning... nude bodies were found dumped into a mass grave.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Dozens of victims were kept alive in a subterranean dungeon... deviant sexual abuse against the teenage victims.

NEWS REPORTER

This is without a doubt the most grisly crime this country has ever witnessed... a shocking series of events... a thousand corpses... unidentified killers... Dr. Satan... The Devil's Rejects.

Heavy breathing is heard.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM

We are looking up at a girl wearing smeared clown make-up, from the P.O.V of her sex partner. This is FANNY, she is on top and gyrating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FANNY

Oh baby, ooooh, yeah... deeper, daddy,
deeper.

We revers P.O.V.'s to see CAPTAIN SPAULDING, also wearing
clown make-up, underneath the girl.

SPAULDING

Shit, you getting it so God damn good.
You should pay me next time.

We move out to see Fanny sitting on Spaulding.

FANNY

Hey, are you calling me a fucking whore?

SPAULDING

(chuckling)
I call'em like I see'em.

FANNY

Oh really, you think I'm a whore, huh?

SPAULDING

I don't think you are, I know you are.

Fanny pulls out a gun and point it at Spaulding's face.

FANNY

Whore this fucker.

Fanny's P.O.V. down on Spaulding.

SPAULDING

Whoa, hold up. I was just messing with
ya. You know us clowns are a joking
bunch. We like to laugh.

Spaulding's P.O.V on Fanny.

FANNY

Laugh, Clown, laugh.

The gun fires. Boom!

INT. SPAULDING'S HOUSE- BEDROOM - MORNING

Spaulding JUMPS AWAKE. It was all a DREAM.

BBB
BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ. The alarm clock is buzzing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spaulding fumbles for the mute button on the clock. He sighs deeply, sits up and swings his legs out of bed. A lava lamp sits on the bedside table.

INT. BATHROOM

Spaulding stumbles into the bathroom and turns on the light. We now see he is no longer made up as a clown. The bathroom is dirty, depressing and covered in pornography. He lifts the toilet seat and begins to urinate.

CLOSE UP - COFFEE CUP

Hot coffee is being poured into a large cup.

Spaulding, now wearing clown make-up, leans back in his chair and sips his coffee.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

CRIME SCENE tape surrounds the perimeter of the house. Police are spread out around the grounds.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Wydeall and Dobson along with SEVERAL OTHER COPS search through the dimly lit cluttered house with flashlights.

Dobson discovers homemade books crammed onto a bookshelf. He pulls down a book and opens it.

Close up- book

The pages are crammed with mementos and pictures of various family members committing acts of torture. Locks of hair, teeth, driver licenses and other souvenirs are glued to the thick pages. Scribbled in tiny print are detailed accounts of each murder.

DOBSON

Jesus Christ. Chief you better take a look at this.

WYDELL

What is it?

DOBSON

It's like a scrap book. They documented everything.

RRR

WYDELL

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wydell grabs a similar book off the shelf and opens it.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Same thing.

(flipping through the book)

Motherfucker! That fucking piece of shit.

DOBSON

What?

Wydell holds open a page with various photos of Spaulding and the family members covered in blood posing with a young dead girl.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

You recognize that guy?

WYDELL

Spaulding.

INT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Spaulding sits at his kitchen table looking at his watch and flicking channels on a small TV.

SPAULDING

God damn it, Where is it?

CLOSE UP - TV

Spaulding comes on screen in his full clown outfit. It is a commercial for Captain Spaulding's Museum of Monsters and Madmen.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

(on screen)

Howdy, murder lovers! It's your old pal Captain Spaulding again and I'm here to tell you about our exciting new attraction! Mary the monkey Girl!

(switches to a shot of a stuffed monkey)

That's right, this little honey is an actual half human, half monkey girl I brought back from the wilds of Borneo. So, come on in and bring little Johnny and Susie on down to meet her... she'll scare the holy guacamole out of them! Oh, and while you're here don't forget to pick up your Captain Spaulding for President T-shirts they come in all...

RRR

Suddenly the ACTION NEWS logo appears on screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring up this breaking news.

SPAULDING

Jesus Christ, this is fucking bullshit. I paid good money for that commercial!

The phone rings.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Jesus, what the hell is going on here this morning?

Spaulding gets up and answers it.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

What?

EXT. GAS STATION

Baby hunched down in a phone booth outside a local gas station.

BABY

Daddy, you gotta get out of there. The pigs hit us this morning real bad. You gotta get out! They'll be coming for you too! Daddy you gotta go now!

INT. KITCHEN

SPAULDING

What? Fuck, alright Baby don't panic. Just meet me at the Astro-Land, like we always said. I'll get there as fast as I can.

Spaulding hangs up the phone and quickly tears through his kitchen grabbing his jacket and hat. He opens a kitchen drawer, grabs his gun, a box of bullets and shoves it in his pocket. He runs out of the room.

We move down onto the TV to see a reporter, TURK MURPHY.

MURPHY

RRR With me now is the man responsible for the raid Sheriff John Wydell.

The shot widens to reveal Wydell standing next to the reporter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Sheriff, what's the situation right now?

WYDELL

The situation?

MURPHY

Yes, what is the situation?

WYDELL

The situation is this. We have two, possibly three suspects on the run...

(Wydeall grabs the microphone and looks directly into the camera)

.. and if they're watching this I want them to know... I'm coming to get you. You can't run forever... you're gonna have to stop sometime, somewhere and when you do... I'll be waiting.

Wydeall drops the microphone and walks off camera. Murphy quickly picks up the microphone.

MURPHY

(trying to regain his composure)

Ah, thank you Sheriff. As you can see emotions are running a bit high... back to you Nancy.

INT. TRUCK

Spaulding tries to start the engine. Down the road we see the distance flash of police lights approaching.

SPAULDING

Come on, come on!

The engine kicks in.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Yes.

The engine dies again. The police lights are closer. We now hear the sirens.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

RRR Fuck, fuck, fuck! Come on!

The engine starts. Spaulding speeds off and turns a corner just as the police cars pull onto his street.

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER -LATER

A large black man, CHARLIE ALTAMONT, sits at a card table counting money. CHA-CHA, a disheveled looking girl in cheap cowgirl outfit, waits patiently for her share.

CHA-CHA
Slow night, boss.

CHARLIE
You ain't fucking kidding. This is pathetic. You have got to find a new angle, kid.

CHA-CHA
I was thinking about something spacey... ya know, like that Star Wars shit. I mean everybody wants to fuck Princess Leia, right?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I don't know. You start messing with that spacey shit and you'll really bring out the sick bitch wanting to pretend they're robots and shit.

CHA-CHA
Droids.

CHARLIE
Huh?

The phone rings.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(answering in an Asian voice)
Wong's Hong Kong Gardens. Mr. Wong speaking.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - PHONE BOOTH

Spaulding looks around nervously as he speaks into the phone.

RRR
SPAULDING
Cut the shit Charlie, it's me Cutter. I got a big meltdown going on down here and I need a place to cool out. I'm coming down... what? Do you own a TV? Then turn on the fucking news and you'll get my fucking situation.

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER

CHARLIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold on.

(Charlie flips on a small portable TV set. He flips through several channels. On every station is a report about the house raid.)

Fuck man, I don't know if that's such a great idea. This is some big shit.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

SPAULDING

Hey, hey don't tell me I'm in big shit! I fucking know big shit when I smell it! I don't give a fuck. I'm on my way.

Spaulding hangs up the phone.

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER

CHARLIE

Hold on... hold on. Fuck!

Charlie slams down the phone.

CHA-CHA

Who was that?

CHARLIE

That was "Mind your own fucking business bitch".

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Spaulding pauses, then starts smashing the receiver into the phone.

SPAULDING

(screaming)

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

INT. OTIS'S CAR

Otis and Baby are slumped down in their car listening to news radio as they roll by:

THE ASTRO-LAND MOTEL, a dumpy, rundown motel in the ass end of nowhere. A spaceship shaped neon sign sits atop the roof of the office. It reads : VACANCIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY

I don't see him. Shit, where the fuck is he?

OTIS

I don't know, but we can't fucking parade around out here much longer. We gotta get into a room and out of sight.

RADIO

We've just received a report that two of the suspects from this mornings raid were last seen driving a light blue Chevy Nova with the license plate number 768-432.

Otis smashes his hand against the dash board.

OTIS

Shit. Fuck.

BABY

Let me out of the car. I'll get us a room.

Baby steps out of the car.

EXT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL

Roy Sullivan, dressed in a cowboy hat and a T-shirt that reads Banjo & Sullivan, and Adam Banjo walk through the motel parking lot.

Gloria, Wendy and Jimmy Cracker are walking behind them. All of them are holding the remains of their fast food lunch.

WENDY

Roy, do you always have to wear that stupid shirt?

ROY

(chomping on fries)

Stupid? It's called advertising, my dear. Can't sell the people something they ain't heard of.

GLORIA

I agree honey, it's embarrassing.

RRR

ROY

That's not embarrassing, this is embarrassing.

(screaming)

Hey everybody, this is Banjo!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY (CONT'D)
(pointing to Adam)
And I'm Sullivan! We are Banjo &
Sullivan! Come and get it. Yeee-haaaaa!

WENDY
(sipping her Coke)
Whatever, scream all you want. I don't
care. We're the only people staying in
this shithole.

*Roy stops and throws the remainder of his lunch into a
spaceman shaped trash can.*

ADAM
Yo Jimmy, where we playing tomorrow?

JIMMY
Wet Willie's Golden Spur.

GLORIA
(rolling her eyes)
Oh fantastic.

WENDY
What? What's wrong with that place? I
don't remember it.

ADAM
Yeah, ya do.

WENDY
I totally can't picture this place.

Roy stops at ROOM #5 and starts unlocking the door.

ROY
Yeah, come on. How can you forget it?
Think... something very special happened
there.

JIMMY
Very special.

ROY
(hits Jimmy)
Hey, don't get too excited.

JIMMY
(embarrassed)
RRR Sorry. I... I'm gonna go gas up the van.

Jimmy exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLORIA

(annoyed)

Roy, don't remind her. It's not exactly something I'm proud of.

WENDY

I don't remember... just fucking tell me. What the fuck happened?

ADAM

It's the joint where Gloria tried riding that mechanical bull and her tube top fell down

Wendy bursts out laughing.

WENDY

Oh yeah and her titties were bouncing around and she kept on spinning around on the bull.

GLORIA

It's not funny. That awful man wouldn't shut the damn thing off. I was humiliated in front of the whole place.

Adam unlocks the door to the adjacent ROOM #4 and enters.

WENDY

(laughing)

I think we made some new fans that night.

Wendy follows Adam.

GLORIA

Ha, ha, ha. I'm sorry but I don't find that the least bit funny... at all.

Roy puts his arms around Gloria walking her into the room.

ROY

Hey honey, how about an encore performance tomorrow.

GLORIA

You wish.

The door shuts.

RRR

EXT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL - LATER

Roy walks along the line of empty motel rooms, turns a corner to the ice machine and begins filling his ice bucket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY (O.C.)

Hey, stud got a light?

Roy looks up from his bucket. Baby is leaning seductively on the ice machine. A cigarette dangles from her lips.

ROY

Ah, no... I don't smoke.

BABY

I thought all cowboys smoked.

ROY

Well, I did for twenty-five years, then I quit, but hey...

(touches his side)

... my lung feels fine.

BABY

(interrupting)

Oh, I get it. You want to live forever.

(Baby moves in closer)

So, you all on vacation by yourself or something?

ROY

Yeah... no... I mean me and the gang we're a singing group called Banjo and Sullivan. We just finished playing down at the Barn Door.

BABY

Cool, I love famous people, they're so much better than the real thing. Ya know?

(steps a little closer)

I bet all the girls wanna fuck you.

Roy is shocked, but enjoys Baby's attention and starts flirting.

ROY

Whoa, hey you kiss your mamma with that mouth?

BABY

(stepping in even closer)

That ain't the only thing I do.

~~Nervous~~, Roy starts filling his ice bucket.

BABY (CONT'D)

So Mr. Sexy what's your name, Banjo or Sullivan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY
Roy Sullivan.

Roy extends his hand, Baby ignores it.

BABY
Roy Sullivan. Wow, I'm gonna remember that name and tell everybody I met Roy Sullivan country superstar.

ROY
I don't think it's gonna mean much to anybody.

Ice starts overflowing out of Roy's ice bucket.

BABY
Your balls are dropping.

ROY
Huh?

BABY
Your ice balls.

Roy looks down to see ice falling everywhere.

ROY
Oh, thanks.

Baby reaches down and grabs a piece of ice from Roy's bucket. She seductively runs it over her neck and down her chest.

BABY
(sexy)
Well, Roy Sullivan I'm getting hot out here standing under Mr. Sun and I was wondering are you gonna take me back to your room and play with me...

Roy is speechless.

BABY (CONT'D)
... or is my brother gonna have to shoot your teeth out of your fucking head?

ROY
Huh?

BBB

Otis steps in, shoving a gun against Roy's head. Roy's face drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OTIS

Let's move it, Hoss.

INT. ROOM #5

Gloria sits on the bed painting her toe nails and watching TV.

CLOSE UP - TV : On screen is a THE MORRIS GREEN SHOW, a local talk show discussing the Dr. Satan Cult. Today's guest is DR. ROBERT BANKHEAD, a so-called expert on the occult.

DR. BANKHEAD

Members of these cults realize they have no chance of attacking God directly, so the next best thing is to pervert other humans... thus, turning them against God.

MORRIS GREEN

So, the Dr. Satan Cult isn't an isolated incident... is that what you're saying?

DR. BANKHEAD

Exactly, satanic cults such as The Devil's Rejects have been in the business of wholesale murder for some time now. It is very prevalent in our mainstream culture.

MORRIS GREEN

Really, how so?

DR. BANKHEAD

Take a look at this...

(he holds up a Blue Oyster Cult album)

... here is rock band that calls itself Blue Oyster Cult and they are making millions of dollars blatantly saying to the youth of America, "Hey kids, worship the Devil and kill your parents".

MORRIS GREEN

Shocking, absolutely shocking. Now is cannibalism always a factor in these cases?

DR. BANKHEAD

RRR

Yes. I believe it is. This is the only way the so called Satanists can truly dominate the soul of their victims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORRIS GREEN

(pointing to the album)

I'd say anyone playing music like that
already lost their soul.

DR. BANKHEAD

(chuckles)

Agreed.

Adam enters from the connecting door to room #4, holding four glasses.

NANCY

Adam, can you please switch this for me?
I can't stand to hear about this anymore.
It makes me sick to my stomach to think
that satanic cults are kidnapping and
eating people.

ADAM

Come on Gloria, you know it's a bunch of
crap. They exaggerate all that shit to
get ratings. They want people to be
scared, so they'll hide in their homes
and buy more TV dinners.

GLORIA

Can you change it anyway, please.

ADAM

Sure.

Adam switches the channel to "The Buck Owens Ranch Show". The door swings open. Roy walks in with a stunned look on his face.

GLORIA

Did you find the ice machine?

ADAM

(he sees Baby)

Whoa... hey Roy...who's your friend? We
send you for ice and ya start picking up
chicks.

ROY

Um, yeah.

~~Baby~~ points her gun at Adam.

BABY

You on the bed, now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM

Whoa, hold on girl.

Adam moves onto the bed with Gloria. Roy stumbles forward with a shove from Otis's boot.

OTIS

Get your fucking ass in there.

Baby and Otis step in. Otis shuts the door behind them. Roy sits down and puts his arm around Gloria.

GLORIA

What's going on here?

OTIS

(sticking the gun in Gloria's face)

Hey, cunt fuck shut it! Did I tell you you could speak? Did I tell you to open that fucking... that stupid fucking mouth!

GLORIA

(quietly)

No.

BABY

You're still fucking talking.

Baby slaps Gloria.

ADAM

Hey!

BABY

God, this bitch is pissing me off.

OTIS

(points the gun at Adam)

What?!

Baby glances at the TV. On screen Buck Owens, dressed in a sparkling rhinestone jacket, is playing "Cryin' Time."

BABY

(getting agitated)

Fuck! Otis man, I love Buck and his Buckaroos... God damn it, look at that jacket. God, I want a jacket like that... where do you get shit like that?

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OTIS

What?

BABY

Like on TV.

OTIS

Fuck the TV.

Gloria looks to Roy confused. Roy gives her a look that says, "stay calm".

Otis moves over to the open door of #4, looks in the room and hears the shower running.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Who's in the shower?

ADAM

That's my wife. If you hurt her I'll...

OTIS

(interrupting)

You'll what? Die?

Adam calms down.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Baby, if one of these fucking guys moves shoot their balls off.

BABY

(swaying to the music)

Fuck ya, I will.

INT. ROOM #4

Otis quickly moves to the bathroom, KICKS open the door, THROWS open the shower curtain and GRABS Wendy by the hair.

OTIS

Bitch keep your mouth shut before I rip your fucking head off.

WENDY

Adam... Adam!

OTIS

RRR Shut up, bitch! I'm your Adam now!

Otis drags her out of the shower and back into room #5.

INT. ROOM #5

He holds her by the hair with his gun to her head.

OTIS

OK, is that everybody?

No one answers. Otis cocks the gun.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Maybe if I clean this fucking twat's ears out with a fucking bullet you'll hear me!

WENDY

(crying)

Adam.

ADAM

Yes, yes that's everybody, that's all of us. Please take whatever you want, but please don't hurt anyone.

ROY

I've got money in my suitcase. It's not a lot, but please take it.

BABY

(calmly)

Roy, shut up.

A knock at the door.

OTIS

Who the fuck is that?

EXT. ROOM #5

Jimmy is holding a bag of beef jerky.

JIMMY

(chewing on jerky)

Hey Roy, I found some of that smoked jerky you like down at the station.

INT. ROOM #5

ROY

Shit that's Jimmy. He's our roadie. I forgot... I forgot he was out there.

RRR

Otis whacks Roy across the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Now I know I can't trust you.

BABY

I'll get him.

Baby opens the door.

EXT. ROOM #5

JIMMY

Oh, sorry I got the wrong room. I was looking for room five.

BABY

No, you got the right room come on in.

Baby grabs Jimmy's shirt and pulls him in the room.

INT. ROOM #5

OTIS

Get your hands up, boy.

Jimmy raises his hands.

Otis grabs Jimmy, puts a gun to his head and drags him in front of bed.

OTIS (CONT'D)

On your knees.

Otis pulls Jimmy down to his knees.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Here's what happens when you lie to me, Hoss.

POP! Otis puts a bullet into Jimmy's head, blood and brains splatters all over Roy and Gloria.

INT. SPAULDING'S TRUCK -DAY

Spaulding cruises around a small town listening to Dolly Parton's "Mule Skinner Blues" on the radio. His gas gauge reads empty.

SPAULDING

RRR Fucking empty... of course.

He spies a single car parked next to a small convenience store called BUCK'S KWICKY MART. He pulls into the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING (CONT'D)
Alright, let's find ourselves a nice
inconspicuous automobile.

EXT. BUCK'S KWICKY MART - DAY

Spaulding sits in his truck watching SUSAN (34), her son
JAMIE (7) exit the store. They walk to the only car in the
lot.

Spaulding steps out of his truck and quickly walks up to
Susan as she opens the passenger's side door for Jamie.

SPAULDING
(friendly)
Excuse me, did you see a circus go by
here?

JAMIE
Hey Mom, a clown... look!

SUSAN
What?

JAMIE
Behind you.

SUSAN
(turning)
Oh, hi.

Spaulding steps in close.

SPAULDING
(pleasant)
Hello, excuse me, but I'm gonna have to
be taking your car. Top secret clown
business.

SUSAN
What was that?

SPAULDING
(leaning in close)
Do I stutter, bitch? Because I just heard
what I said and I think I made myself
pretty fucking clear. I said, "top secret
clown business".

RRR

SUSAN
Jamie get in the car and lock the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Susan hustles Jamie in the car and starts to walk around to the driver's side. Spaulding grabs her by the hair.

SPAULDING

Whoa, don't you never and I mean ever
turn your back on a fucking clown when
he's talking to you.

SUSAN

(screaming)

Get your fucking hands off me... help!

POW! Spaulding smacks her in the face, she falls to the ground, out cold. Spaulding grabs the keys.

INT. CAR

Spaulding climbs in behind the wheel. Jamie is shaking paralyzed by fear.

SPAULDING

(laughing)

What's a matter, kid? You afraid of
clowns or something?

Jamie nods, "yes".

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Why?

JAMIE

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

SPAULDING

This really pisses me off. I mean don't
we make you laugh? We're fucking funny,
right?

JAMIE

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

SPAULDING

I'll tell you what kid. You get a fucking
answer, cause I'm gonna come back and
check on you and your mother and if you
ain't got a good reason to hate clowns...
then I'm gonna kill your whole fucking
family... got it!

RRR

JAMIE

Un-huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING

Now get your fucking ass out of the car!

Jamie opens the door and steps out. Spaulding speeds away.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A small local hospital. The normally calm setting is alive with excitement. Police cruisers, ambulances and news vans clog the entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Sheriff Wydell and Lt. Dobson walk through the busy hospital hallway. Several patients removed from the basement dungeon are strapped to gurneys screaming like wounded animals.

DOBSON

(high strung, but whispering)
What the fuck is this shit? I mean this is insane Twilight Zone fucking Night Gallery shit right? I mean am I missing something here? I mean have you seen anything like this before?

WYDELL

Son, ain't nobody ever seen anything like this before.

DOBSON

Jesus, what the hell were they doing to those people! Why would they keep them down there.

Wydell stops and grabs Dobson by the shoulders.

WYDELL

Son, you got to calm down. Look around you.

(Dobson looks around)
Hell just fucking cracked wide open. We are here to figure this shit out, but first you got to calm down, put your poker face on and learn to play the God damn game.

Dobson gathers himself.

RRR

DOBSON

Yes, sir.

They continue on to an ARMED GUARD stationed outside room 21B. The guard nods with recognition and opens the door.

INT. ROOM 21B

Wydell and Dobson quietly open the door and enter.

Lying motionless on a bed is an emaciated corpse with long matted hair. This is DR. SATAN. He is strapped to several machines and is breathing with the help of an oxygen mask.

A middle aged doctor, DR. MOORE (47), and a young pretty nurse, MARCIA (24), attend to one of the machines.

DR. MOORE

Ah Sheriff Wydell, come to visit our infamous patient?

DOBSON

Holy shit, who the fuck is that?

Wydell shoots Dobson a look. Dobson regathers himself again.

DR. MOORE

That my excitable friend is Dr. Satan.

DOBSON

What?

DR. MOORE

Or at least that's who we assume it is.

Dobson moves in for a closer look, leaning over the motionless figure.

DOBSON

Damn, this decrepid old man is Dr. Satan? This guy caused all that terror shit? Man he looks like he couldn't crumble a cracker in his oatmeal.

WYDELL

Doc, has he said anything since they wheeled him in?

DR. MOORE

Not really. A few unintelligible words at first. For the past few hours he's been pretty much in a coma like state.

WYDELL

RRR

Is he dying?

Dr. Moore turns on a light box illuminating Dr. Satan's x-rays. Wydell and Moore inspect the x-rays.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MOORE

I'm not really sure, his vital signs are so low he appears to be practically dead already. But one thing's for sure...

WYDELL

What's that?

DR. MOORE

He's 100 percent human, no doubt about that.

Dobson inspects Dr. Satan's face. Nurse Marcia checks the IV.

DOBSON

(quietly to the nurse)

So this is the boogie man. Fuck, I used to have nightmares about this guy when I was a kid.

MARCIA

He still gives me nightmares.

Dr. Satan lies motionless.

DOBSON

I was hoping maybe he'd have... Christ I don't know. He ain't nothing but a creepy old man. Shit, my grannie could kick his ass.

Marcia giggles.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

(looking up at Marcia)

So what's your name?

CLOSE UP - Dr. Satan's dead white eyes open, scan the room, then shut again. No one notices.

MARCIA

Marcia.

DOBSON

Like on the Brady Bunch?

MARCIA

Yeah.

RRR

DOBSON

(flirting)

Ah, Marcia was always my favorite. Especially...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOBSON (CONT'D)
around the time she started cheerleading
and getting hit in the face with
footballs.

MARCIA
(imitating Marcia Brady)
Oh, my nose!

DOBSON
She was a hottie. Yeah, you kind of
remind me of her. You ever think about
the possibility that her and Greg were
getting it on?

MARCIA
Maybe?

Wydell sees what's going on.

WYDELL
Dobson.

DOBSON
Yes, sir.
(to the nurse)
Excuse me a second.

Nurse Marcia hovers over Dr. Satan making notations on a clip board. Suddenly, Dr. Satan's hand SPRINGS UP and GRABS Marcia by the throat digging deep into her neck. She tries to scream but she can't as blood GUSHES from her neck.

Wydell, Dobson and Moore turn at the sound of the commotion and rush to her aid. Dobson grabs hold of Dr. Satan's arm but he can't break the death grip. Dr. Satan begins flailing, Wydell tries to hold him down.

DOBSON (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, He's strong as an ox! I
can't get him off!

Marcia is becoming weak from the blood loss.

WYDELL
Sedate him! Sedate him!

Dr. Moore pulls out a syringe from his coat pocket and fills the syringe from a small bottle.

RRR

DOBSON
Hurry!

DR. MOORE
I am!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Moore RAMS the syringe into Dr. Satan's neck, slowly he begins to loosen his grip. Marcia falls into Dobson's arms, convulsing violently.

DR. MOORE (CONT'D)
Keep pressure on the wound. I'll get help.

Dobson covers the hole in Marcia's neck with his hand but, the wound is too severe.

A huge pool of Marcia's blood spreads out across the bright white hospital floor.

INT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL -NIGHT

Jimmy's lifeless body sits slumped in a corner against the wall.

Baby is dancing and singing.

BABY
Chinese, Japanese... dirty knees...
(Baby lifts up her shirt)
... look at these!

Otis, smoking a cigar, sits in a chair staring at Roy, Adam and their wives. Roy has a black eye.

Otis scratches the side of his head with his revolver.

OTIS
Hey Hoss, are you staring at my sister thinking bad things?

ROY
No.

OTIS
Why not you a faggot?

ROY
No.

OTIS
You must be. You got a hot piece of ass shaking her shit right in front of you and you don't get any ideas? What do you call that?

RRR

ROY
I am a married man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

A married fucking man... that's just beautiful.

(starts clapping)

Ladies and gentleman let's hear it for the married man!

ROY

I don't expect you to understand.

OTIS

Well, why don't you explain it to me. Do you think I'm not smart enough to understand the complex inner workings of your cowboy mind?

ROY

No, it's not that... I just don't know what to say.

OTIS

I think I know what you're getting at. I have to experience true love for myself to understand.

ROY

Yeah, I guess so.

OTIS

(to Gloria)

Come on Mamma, front and center on your feet.

Gloria doesn't move.

ROY

Please, don't hurt her...

OTIS

(cocking his gun and pointing it at Gloria)

Shut it.

ADAM

Stop it... please. This is insane.

OTIS

(interrupting)

Boy, one more word out of you and it better be some brilliant fucking Mark Twain shit cause its definitely getting chiseled on your tombstone.

(to Gloria)

(MORE)

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OTIS (CONT'D)

Come on, stand up and take that shit off. Let's see what been holding Hoss's balls at attention all these years.

GLORIA

What?

OTIS

What? Take those fucking clothes off now or one of these assholes is gonna die!

Gloria stands and begins to undress.

BABY

Whoo-hoo, take it off!

Otis puts his cigar out in his hand and holds up his palm with a cigar size burn in the center.

OTIS

(smiling)

Funny, right?

Gloria stands in her underwear trying to cover herself. Baby flicks Gloria's hair.

BABY

Shit, she ain't too bad. Way to go Roy.

OTIS

Get them child rearing hips over here, Mamma.

Gloria moves closer to Otis. Otis grabs her waist and pulls her onto his lap.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(fondling Gloria)

Hoss, I think I'm beginning to understand.

(to Gloria)

Come on, Mamma give me some sugar and make it sweet so I don't tense up my trigger finger.

Gloria hesitates. Otis drags his gun down Gloria's chest.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Oh, my finger is starting to tighten.

RFR
Gloria starts kissing Otis passionately as tears stream down her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Otis stands with his hand around Gloria's neck continuing to kiss her. He whispers something into her ear, she looks horrified.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Go on tell me.

She doesn't speak.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Tell me.

GLORIA

(stuttering)

I... I...

Otis squeezes her neck and shakes her.

OTIS

Spit it out, bitch! Tell me what I told you!

GLORIA

You... you... you are the devil and I want you to... to... make me your whore.

ROY

(starts to jump up)

You motherfucker !

Otis quickly raises his gun.

GLORIA

Roy stop!

Roy stops. Otis burst out laughing.

OTIS

Get over there with the rest of 'em. You make me fucking sick.

Otis throws Gloria back on the bed.

BABY

Now ain't this fun. I feel like we're all getting to know one another.

OTIS

RRR

OK ladies, me and the boys here are gonna run a little errand.

(points his gun at Roy)

Let's move it, Hoss. You and shit stain are coming with me.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A small rural police station.

INT. POLICE STATION

LT. JANE CROMBERG, a young deputy looks through two way mirror at Mother Firefly. Mother sits at a table singing.

Wydell and Dobson enter. Wydell chews tobacco spitting into an empty coke bottle. Dobson holds several of the family's scrapbooks.

WYDELL

Who found her?

CROMBERG

Ryan, sir. He was running a print match on each of the patients we removed from the basement and she matched.

WYDELL

Has she said anything?

CROMBERG

Not really.

Wydell and Dobson enter the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Wydell sits down opposite Mother and opens a scrapbook. Dobson hangs in the back.

WYDELL

Mrs. Firefly... my name is Sheriff John Quincy Wydell and I think you might already recognize this book

Wydell opens the scrapbook to a series of pictures of Mother and Baby posing with a dead body. She looks at the photos and smiles.

MOTHER

(sweetly)

Yeah.

(points to baby)

Ain't she an angel.

RRR

WYDELL

You know what? Let's cut through the bullshit. You're fucked... you're whole family is fucked.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYDELL (CONT'D)

I'd say the only thing you can do now is cooperate and tell me where they are and maybe this little angel here...

(points to Baby)

... doesn't have to die like a dog when I catch her. Hell, for all I know she's dead already.

Mother smiles.

MOTHER

I know what you are trying to do, Mr. Lawman, but it ain't gonna work. I ain't telling you nothing! I know they ain't dead. You know how I know that... because I can feel them right here.

(she touches her heart)

A mother knows Sheriff. A mother knows. You can't catch them... Otis is too smart for you.

WYDELL

(chuckles)

Oh, I'm gonna catch 'em and when I do...

(chews and spits)

... I'm gonna take a few pictures of my own. I'll make a second set of prints just for you. You know, I might even string 'em up like prize bass and charge admission. Two bits to see The Scum Of The Earth. Got a ring to it, don't it?

MOTHER

Are you done?

WYDELL

No. I'm just getting started.

WydeLL stands up and turns to leave.

MOTHER

Oh, Sheriff...

WydeLL turns back.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Can I show you something?

WYDELL

RRR

Sure.

MOTHER

I need that book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wydell hands Mother the book. Mother opens the back and unstitches the lining. Inside are more Polaroids.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I didn't never get around to putting these in the book proper, but I thought you might enjoy them.

Wydell moves in closer.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(holding up the photos)

You know he was a real sweetie pie... tall, broad shoulders, big mustache, bald head. You know, I kind of feel bad about blowing his brains out. He seemed like such a nice man. I think he said his name was also Wydell. Was he kin to you?

Wydell grabs the photos.

Close up photos:

Family members stand around the dead body of Wydell's brother George. Flipping through the photos we see the various stages of the family's mutilation of George. The final photo is Mother holding George's severed head.

Wydell slaps Mother across the face HARD, knocking her to the floor. Blood trickles down from her lip. Mother tastes the blood and smiles.

WYDELL

You listen to me and you listen good. They're dead! You hear me... I'm gonna hunt down your family and skin'em alive...

(he pulls Mother up by the hair and slams her against the wall)

I'm gonna make them feel the pain of every last victim. Their gonna crawl on their hands and knees begging for mercy, but all I have for them is pain. You hear me pain!

Dobson pulls Wydell off Mother. Wydell drops her to the floor.

RRR

DOBSON

John! Come on, back off.... back off. You're gonna kill her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOTHER

(screaming and laughing)
Sheriff... you can't out run yourself...
you found your way into something you
ain't never gonna get out of...

Wydell and Dobson walk out. Mother keeps screaming.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We'll get you, we'll get you. You're dead
Sheriff... dead! I'll see you in fucking
Hell!

EXT. ROAD -NIGHT

A van and a car slowly follow each other down an isolated dirt road.

INT. OTIS' CAR

Otis drives while holding a gun on Roy. Glenn Campbell's "Southern Nights" spills out from the car's radio.

OTIS

(laughing)

Man, I loved that Porter Wagner Show.
What do ya think about Dolly? Come on,
you gotta love them fucking tits, man.

(Otis laughs)

Hey, Hoss.

ROY

What?

OTIS

Hey, you like this song?

Roy doesn't answer.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I repeat. Do...

(pokes him with his gun)

you...

(pokes him again)

like...

(and again)

this song?

RRR

ROY

Yeah, I don't know... yeah I guess so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Really? So you like that top 40 shit? I thought you were some true blue balls Ernest Tubb country fucker... shit, you ain't nothing but some city faggot in a cowboy hat. Well, you'll be happy to know your wife will be feeling the love of a real cowboy tonight... I'm cooking up some good time plans. What do ya think of that?

ROY

I think you're scum.

OTIS

(laughing)

Scum. Hmmm, you know Hoss... believe it or not, but I like you. I mean if I didn't you'd be dead by now... right?

ROY

I don't know.

OTIS

Trust me... yeah, you'd be dead. Don't worry after I dump my car and grab these guns I'll let you go. I'd hate to deprive the world of Banjo and Sullivan. In fact why don't you sing something?

INT. ADAM'S VAN

Adam cautiously follows Otis's car.

ADAM

Come on, think.. think... this asshole's not going to let you go... this guy's gonna kill you. This fucking psycho's going to rape your wife and fucking kill you... do something!

Adam reaches around in the backseat. His hand touches a sweatshirt, a baseball glove, a softball...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on.

~~and finally~~ a baseball bat.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Got ya.

EXT. JUNK YARD

Otis pulls his car over next to an old storage shed in a junk yard.

INT. OTIS'S CAR

OTIS

Get out.

Otis steps out of the car, as does Roy.

EXT. JUNK YARD

Adam pulls up to the right of Otis's car and steps out trying to conceal the bat.

OTIS

OK, ladies this is the end of the road.

ROY

What? You can't kill us. We did everything you said.

OTIS

(quietly)

First off I never said anything... and second off...

(goes crazy)

I can do anything I want. Consider me motherfuckin' Willie fucking Wonka! You are in my chocolate factory now... you got it my factory! You ain't nothing but a little purple piece of umbalumpa shit! I make the fucking chocolate, Charlie!

Adam CHARGES towards Otis with the bat raised above his head, catching Otis off guard.

ADAM

Nooooooooooooooooo!

Adam SWINGS THE BAT nailing Otis in the arm. Otis drops his gun and falls to the ground.

ROY

Get him, get him!

Adam swings again, Otis rolls out of the way. Adam swings again HITTING Otis in the side.

ADAM

Grab the gun!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Otis ROLLS to the left and KICKS Adam in the knee. Adam's knee buckles and he goes down.

Roy reaches for the gun. Otis jumps on Roy. They wrestle for the gun. Both men have their hands on the gun. Otis SMASHES Roy in the face repeatedly with the butt of the pistol. Roy holds on.

Adam stumbles towards Otis grabbing him from behind. Otis slams his head back into Adam's face, twists the gun behind him and shoots Adam in the neck. Adam clutches his neck and falls to his knees screaming.

Otis bites Roy's hand, Roy loses his grip on the gun. Otis smashes the gun into Roy's face. Roy is dazed.

Otis stands and KICKS Roy in the ribs repeatedly. Roy curls into a fetal position holding his broken ribs trying to breathe.

Otis picks up the baseball bat.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Stop! Please stop!

OTIS

Stop? Bitch, I'm just getting started.

(kneels down nose to nose with
Adam)

You brought this down on yourself boy. I was gonna make it easy, but you had to come all running big shot Walking Tall with your Louisville slugger like a fucking hero, but look at you now hero boy you're gonna bleed to death fucker.

Adam spits in Otis's face. A mix of saliva and blood.

ADAM

Fuck you.

OTIS

(smiling he wipes the spit off
his face)

You know that's what they all say. Fuck you! Like that's gonna save you, it don't scare me none and it don't suddenly make you some bad ass hero motherfucker either. I'll show you what happens to heroes, boy!

RRR

Otis pokes him in the ribs with the bat. A hot fire BURNS through Adam's insides. He keels over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OTIS (CONT'D)

(standing)

You wanna see bad ass? I'll show you
fucking bad ass.

Otis walks over to Roy, slamming the bat into the ground next
to Roy's head.

OTIS (CONT'D)

See with this all American piece of wood
here... I got everything.

ROY

Please... don't.

OTIS

(to Roy)

Look at me.

Roy looks up at Otis.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Hoss, I want you to pray. I want you to
summon your God to come save you. I want
lightning to come down and crash upon my
fucking head.

Roy starts to pray.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Louder! Pray to stop the man who is going
to kill you and then go fuck your wife
with this bat. Come on, I don't feel
anything.

Adam tries to stand. Otis hits him in the knee cap with the
bat, shattering his knee.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

You stay put.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(shaking)

Oh my God... I feel it... ...the Holy
spirit has taken control of my body... I
repent, praise God I repent. I feel the
sweet love of God Almighty.

RRR

Otis wavers like a man possessed of the Holy Ghost, then
stops and laughs. He looks down at Roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Roy looks up at Otis and for a split second Otis resembles The Devil, then returns to normal.

OTIS (CONT'D)

You see, Hoss...

(slow and sinister)

... I am the devil and I am here to do the devil's work.

Otis SMASHES the bat down on Roy's head, over and over. Adam watches helpless as Otis beats Roy beyond dead.

ADAM

No, stop it... please stop!!

A blood splattered Otis picks up Roy's hat, places it on his head and turns towards Adam. Otis smiles and drops the bat, pulling out a Hunting knife from his boot.

OTIS

I got other plans for you hero.

Otis moves towards Adam.

From a distance we see the silhouette of Otis sitting on Adam's as he cuts at his face. Adam screams.

INT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL -NIGHT

Close Up - TV

On screen is the evening news with anchor NELSON EMERSON.

EMERSON

There is now some speculation tonight by authorities that one of the members of the Devil's Rejects known only as Baby might actually be Katherine Jane Campbell, a four year girl that has been missing for over twenty five years. As you might remember Miss Campbell was kidnapped in 1951 during a bloody robbery attempt at a Campbell's Grocery Store. The owners Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were killed in the robbery attempt, while their daughter was kidnapped by the perpetrators.

RRR

BABY (O.C.)

Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baby leans backing in her chair watching TV. She carves her name into a table top with a hunting knife. Her gun is on the table.

On the bed huddled together are Gloria and Wendy, they watch Baby.

WENDY

Can I go to the bathroom?

Baby ignores her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, can I please go to the bathroom? I'm about to piss myself.

BABY

So piss yourself. What the fuck do I care?

WENDY

Please, I might have to do something else.

BABY

Go ahead, but make it fast bitch...

Wendy gets up, gives her Mother a glance and goes into the bathroom.

BABY (CONT'D)

... and don't try anything cute.

INT. BATHROOM

Wendy quickly scans the bathroom, removes the toilet base cover, smashes it against the wall and starts screaming for help.

INT. ROOM #5

Loud crashing sounds can be heard coming from the bathroom. Baby jumps up leaving her gun on the table.

BABY

God damn it! I fucking knew that cunt would do something stupid.

Baby tries to open the door, it is locked. Baby pounds on the bathroom door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY (CONT'D)

Hey, shut the fuck up in there... open
the God damn door!

Gloria jumps off the bed and grabs Baby's gun off the table.

GLORIA

(holding the gun on Baby)

OK, hold it.

*Baby turns towards Gloria, putting her hands behind her back
and gripping the knife in a throwing position.*

BABY

(moving in closer)

What are you gonna do shoot me? Aw, come
on you ain't gonna shoot me? Murder me?
What did I ever really do to you? Did I
hurt you? You really want my blood on
your hands? Huh, bitch?

GLORIA

(shaking)

Don't come any closer. I swear I will.

BABY

Now, why would you wanna shoot me. I'm
your only hope. My brother's crazy. He'll
kill ya just for fucking shits. I seen
him do it before. He'll gut ya from your
throat to your asshole and still fuck ya.
You need me if you want to live.

GLORIA

(to Wendy)

Wendy! It's alright come on out of ...

*THUD! Before Gloria can finish her sentence Baby THROWS the
knife directly into Gloria's heart. Gloria DROPS to her
knees, she lifts the gun.*

BABY

Go ahead... shoot me!

(spins around, pulls her jeans
down and slaps her ass)

Go ahead... shoot me right in the fucking
ass!

~~RRR~~ *She fires. Nothing happens.*

BABY (CONT'D)

Stupid cunt, ain't no bullets in that
thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BABY (CONT'D)
(tapping her temple)
It's all fucking mind power.

Gloria falls to her side. Wendy runs out of the bathroom, sees her lying on the floor, screams and runs for the door.

EXT. ROOM #5

Wendy opens the door and runs outside. Baby follows after her.

Wendy runs past the empty rooms screaming. She tries to open a door... locked. She continues running and tries another door, also locked.

She turns a corner and runs past a row of vending machines turns another corner and... *SLAM!* She runs directly into Spaulding.

WENDY
Help me, help me! She's crazy!

Spaulding smiles wide. Baby comes barreling around the corner.

BABY
Daddy! Grab that bitch!

Spaulding grabs Wendy.

WENDY
Nooooo!

He smiles, then cracks his skull down onto Wendy's face.

INT. ROOM #5

Baby opens the door, Spaulding carries Wendy inside and drops her on the floor. Wendy is semiconscious and bleeding from her nose.

BABY
You want to fuck with me bitch? Huh...
huh? Fuck it.

Baby gives Spaulding a hug.

BABY (CONT'D)
Shit Daddy, I was starting to think you weren't coming.
RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING

(looks around)

Naw, where the fuck is Otis? Please tell me Otis is here?

BABY

Otis ain't back from getting the guns yet.

SPAULDING

Shit.

INT. POLICE STATION- NIGHT

Close up - scrapbook pages

We scan across the loose pages of the Family's Scrapbooks. Each page contains a photograph more hideous and gruesome than the next.

Pulling back we see: Wydell and Dobson standing before a wall covered in pages from the scrapbooks.

DOBSON

Where does this end?

WYDELL

This ends here... I'm gonna nail their asses to the fucking wall,!

(pointing to a page)

Especially that motherfucker Spaulding. The thought of that fucking freak on TV flaunting it in my face for all these years.

A young officer, GLEASON, enters and sets a pot of coffee down on the table.

DOBSON

(pointing to a scrapbook page)

Speaking of Spaulding... there's something about that name.

Close up : page of Spaulding smiling with a BOUND AND GAGGED CHEERLEADER. The words "Hurrah for Captain Spaulding" are written around the photo.

WYDELL

RRR What?

DOBSON

I've been racking my brain about that name and finally I remembered...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOBSON (CONT'D)

Captain Spaulding is a character from a Marx Brothers movie. I can't remember for sure... maybe, fuck I don't know "Horse Crackers" or "Animal Crackers" or something like that.

WYDELL

What?

GLEASON

Yeah, you know the song...

WYDELL

No, I don't know.

GLEASON

(starts singing)

"Hurrah for Captain Spaulding the African explorer, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah".

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

DOBSON

Yeah, that's it. At first I didn't think much of it, but then some of these other names also sound like things. I can't really remember, but I think...

(slides Otis's file towards

WydeLL)

... Otis B. Driftwood is also a Groucho character and I think Firefly is also.

WYDELL

Jesus Christ, are sure about this? How fucking long were you gonna sit on this. Who could we contact in order to verify this?

DOBSON

Um, I don't know.

GLEASON

How about that newspaper guy. What's his name? Marty Walker.

WYDELL

Who?

RRR

DOBSON

Yeah, you know... The guy you always refer to as, "that little asshole who doesn't know shit about real movies"...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOBSON (CONT'D)
(no response)
... the guy who hated Rocky.

WYDELL
Oh, that fucking jackass.

Gleason hands Dobson a copy of THE RUGGSVILLE GAZETTE. He flips through it, folds open a page and hands it to Wydell.

DOBSON
Marty Walker. He's the film geek over at The Ruggsville Gazette. He would probably know. He even puts his home number in his articles so you can call and dispute his reviews.

Close up - paper

A small picture of a NERDY MAN WITH GLASSES is printed next to his review.

Wydell reaches over and grabs the phone and dials the number.

INT. MARTY WALKER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Every inch of the room contains some film related piece of memorabilia.

A small, bald man with a huge mustache enters and answers the phone: this is MARTY WALKER. He is dressed in a bathroom and a T-shirt that says: I CHOKED LINDA LOVELACE.

MARTY
Yellow.

WYDELL
Is this Mr. Walker?

MARTY
Maybe.

WYDELL
My name is Sheriff Wydell I need to ask you some questions.

MARTY
Sheriff, if this about the parking tickets, I swear to God I mailed that check.

RRR

INT. POLICE STATION

WYDELL

I don't give a shit about parking tickets... it's about some movie characters... Marx Brothers to be exact.

INT. MARTY WALKER'S HOUSE

MARTY

Yeah? Well, then you came to the right guy. Luckily for you I'm a bit of a Marx Brothers expert if I do say so myself. So what do you need?

WYDELL

I need a detailed list of all Marx Brothers characters, especially anything related to Groucho.

MARTY

(writing it down)

A list of all Marx Brothers characters and any related characters. When do you need this?

INT. POLICE STATION

WYDELL

I'm gonna be needing that about ten seconds after we end this conversation.

INT. ROOM #5 - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - Gloria's face. She is completely expressionless.

SPAULDING (O.C.)

(imitating Gloria)

Hey, what are you doing? Listen to me... I think there's something wrong here. I don't want you hanging out with the wrong type of people. It's a cult I tell ya... a cult!

Close up - Wendy's face stares straight ahead in shock. Gloria's face leans in and rubs noses.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

RRR How about a little Eskimo love.

We pull back to see Spaulding holding Gloria's severed head. Spaulding is covered in blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendy is tied to a chair with strips of bed sheets. She is also a bloody mess.

Baby sits on the bed looking at a photograph.

CLOSE UP - Picture

TWO MEN ON MOTORCYCLES, A younger Spaulding with long greasy hair, and a large black man with an afro. Under the photo in black ink are the words : Cutter and Wolf.

BABY

Wow, look at all that hair.

SPAULDING

(rubs his head)

Yeah, hair today gone tomorrow.

BABY

Why does it say Cutter and Wolf?

SPAULDING

Well, back in those days Charlie used go by the name Wolf Flywheel, but then he got a big kick outta that Hell's Angels shit that went down at that Stones gig in Altamont and suddenly he demanded we all call him Charlie Altamont. Fuck it, whatever.

BABY

Why does it say Cutter?

SPAULDING

Shit, I don't know. Charlie use to call me Cutter.

BABY

Why'd Charlie move away?

Spaulding puts Gloria's head in Wendy's lap.

SPAULDING

What is this twenty questions?

BABY

Maybe.

RRR

SPAULDING

Eh, me and him had a little freak out but, we're cool now. He owes me a big time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

(pulls down the neck of his
shirt to reveal a huge scar)
On one of our last scams together I took
a fucking bullet for that guy. We were
running a load moon juice to these
fucking rednecks when the shit went down
and I got popped saving his ass.

BABY

So it's cool between you guys?

SPAULDING

Yeah, I just said it was cool... he'll be
cool.

BABY

What's he doing now?

SPAULDING

His latest scam is running a low rent
fantasy whore-shack out way.... we can
fade out there until things cool out
some.

BABY

What's a fantasy whore shack?

SPAULDING

Eh, same as any other skank joint except
the broads dress up in dopey outfits like
cheerleaders or cowgirls if you're into
that shit.

*The door SWINGS open. Baby and Spaulding PULL THEIR GUNS. It
is Otis wearing Adam's skinned face.*

OTIS

Whoa! Booga-booga-booga!

BABY

Don't you fucking knock?

SPAULDING

What the fuck took so long?

BABY

Did you get everything?

RRR

OTIS

(to Baby)

Yeah, I got everything.

(to Spaulding)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OTIS (CONT'D)

Shit motherfucker, where the fuck were you?

SPAULDING

(coping an attitude)

Hey, I'm here ain't I. So if you got a problem with my time frame you best spit it out now, boy.

OTIS

Yeah, I got a fucking problem. A big fucking problem Bozo.

Otis points his gun at Spaulding, in turn Spaulding points his gun at Otis.

SPAULDING

Make your move, Whitey. I'll beat your ass like the good old days.

OTIS

Old man, you ain't beating nothing!

BABY

Come on, cut the shit. We've got to get the fuck out of here!

OTIS

I agree. What do you want to do with her?

SPAULDING

Leave her for the maid to clean up.

EXT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL - DAY

A maid, MARIA (29), pushes a cleaning cart. She stops and knocks on room #5.

MARIA

(knocking)

Housekeeping... housekeeping.

She opens up the door with her key, turns on the light, the light is burnt out.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Damn it, Julio I told you to check the lights.

RRR

INT. ROOM #5

Maria walks into the room, stumbles around in the dark for the desk lamp. Click! She turns on the lamp. The room is a mess.

MARIA

Fucking messy pigs.

Maria opens the door to the bathroom. It is a BLOOD BATH. Gloria's headless corpses is lying in the tub, the walls are splattered with blood. Maria screams.

SLAM! The wind blows the front door shut. Wendy hangs from the back of the door. The skin mask is tied to her face. Maria runs to the door and tries to open it.

Wendy falls KNOCKING Maria to the floor. Maria pushes Wendy off her. Maria is in shock as she stares at the lifeless body.

Suddenly, Wendy coughs up blood, opens her eyes and begins thrashing around grabbing at Maria.

WENDY

No! No! I'll kill you... I'll kill you!

MARIA

Help... help.

Maria breaks free of Wendy grip and runs out of the room. Wendy follows running outside.

EXT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL -CONTINUOUS

Wendy hysterically runs screaming through the motel's parking lot directly into the road. SMASH! Wendy is IMMEDIATELY HIT by a speeding truck.

EXT. ASTRO-LAND MOTEL -LATER

Police are now on the scene. Wydell and Dobson stand by a squad car in discussion with SHERIFF KEN DWYER (40).

WYDELL

What are we dealing with here, Kenny?

DWYER

RRR

A big fucking mess, John... that's what. I got a hundred yard stretch of fresh red asphalt and some assorted corpse chunks. That truck did a real pizza number on that girl.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWYER (CONT'D)

We're still looking for the noggin so we can check the dental.

(looks at his notes)

Inside is the real fucking hoot. We got a bathroom that someone decided to turn into a slaughter house complete with a decapitated corpse floating in the tub.

(looks at his notes)

Presumably a Mrs. Gloria Sullivan.

WYDELL

Who found her?

DWYER

The maid. A Miss Maria Gomez.

WYDELL

Has she said anything?

DWYER

Yeah, lots of things but I can't speak no spanish, it's all mumbo jumbo to me.

WYDELL

You're telling you don't have one officer who speaks Spanish?

DWYER

Shit, what is this fucking Tijuana? I got a guy, Clarkson over there, who can spit out a little Chinese for ya if that's any help?

WYDELL

(looking around)

That's fucking great, Ken. If we're looking to fire up some Kung Pow chicken I'll give your man Clarkson a call.

The door to the backseat of the car is open. Inside we see Maria. She is hunched over shaking.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Miss Gonzales... I'm Sheriff Wydell, I'd would like to show you some pictures.

Wydell pulls out mug shots of Otis, Baby and Spaulding.

RRR

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Can you identify either of these three subjects?

Maria glances at the photos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIA

No.

DWYER

What I tell ya? She's useless.

Dobson taps Wydell on the shoulder.

DOBSON

Chief, there's some shit kicker over there says he's suppose to meet you here. You recognize that guy?

BILLY RAY SNAPPER, a huge man with a scarred face wearing filthy hunting clothes nods to Wydell. He is a bounty hunter.

WYDELL

Yeah. I know him.

Wydell walks over to Snapper. Dobson and Dwyer watch as the two men shake hands.

DWYER

(to Dobson)

I know that old boy. His name's Billy Ray, but everybody calls him Snapper.

DOBSON

Who is he?

DWYER

Some bounty hunting piece of shit.

Wydell hands Snapper a piece of paper.

WYDELL

Here's the list of the names that I need for you to run down for me.

SNAPPER

(puts on his glasses, looks at the list and laughs)

Fucking weird ass names.

WYDELL

Yeah, call me if anything connects.

SNAPPER

RRR

I'm sure it will. The shit always floats my way don't it, chief.

WYDELL

Just do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SNAPPER

Will do, Sheriff. Have fun scrapping
brains of the road.

*Snapper sticks the paper in his pocket, then walks away.
Wydeell heads back towards Dobson.*

DOBSON

Who was that?

WYDELL

Nobody.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - SUNSET

The Banjo and Sullivan van drives down the road.

INT. VAN

*Otis drives, Spaulding rides shotgun and Baby is in the
backseat.*

OTIS

I trust that fucker Charlie about as much
as I trust you.

SPAULDING

Charlie's a good kid. Where do you get
off talking shit about Charlie? You
hardly know the guy.

OTIS

Exactly. I don't know fuck all about this
guy. Except what I hear all from you.

SPAULDING

Well, unless you got some better
suggestions... it's the only safe place I
can think of.

*Through windshield's P.O.V.: a sign that reads Mr. Snowman's
Ice Cream Shack, 21 Flavors and 21 toppings, ten miles.*

BABY

Hey man, I want ice cream.

OTIS

RRR

(imitating Baby)

I want ice cream! We ain't got time for
no fucking pit stops. What do you think
we are on fucking vacation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING

Two fucking seconds for the kid. Is that gonna kill you?

OTIS

No, but I might kill you?

SPAULDING

Yeah right. Dream on, buddy, dream on.

BABY

Come on, Otis! Don't be such a fucking drag. I'm starving.

SPAULDING

Whitey, pull the fucking car over.

OTIS

Jesus Christ, two fucking retards. Forget it, ain't no fucking ice cream in your future.

INT. BAIN COUNTY W.C.F.

Mother showers along side other PRISONERS. Hot steam fills the room. Armed guards supervise.

A large woman known as GREASER nods to the guards. The guards turn their backs.

Greaser makes a bee line for Mother. Mother has her back turned.

Greaser steps in close JABBING A SHIV into Mother's neck repeatedly.

GREASER

(whispering close)

This is from Wydell.

Greaser drops the shiv and quickly walks away.

Mother drops to the shower floor, blood gushes from her neck. She tries to stand, but slips and falls on the wet tiles. Her blood mixes into the shower spray and spins down the drain.

EXT. WYDELL HOUSE- NIGHT

A ~~small~~ house in a quiet neighborhood.

INT. WYDELL HOUSE - BATHROOM

Wydell stands over the sink looking at himself in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYDELL

You're getting old, buddy.

He bends down and splashes water on his face. He stands and sees the reflection of his brother GEORGE WYDELL in the mirror behind him.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

George!

GEORGE

What are you doing to me John? You know I can't sleep until this is over.

WYDELL

I know. I want to make it right. I'm digging my heels in, Georgie. I'm racking my brain trying to...

GEORGE

(interrupting)

Trying is for losers, doing is for winners. Remember who told me that?

WYDELL

Dad I suppose.

GEORGE

No. You did.

A trickle of blood begins to run down George's head. He wipes it away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know what you have to do. What are you waiting for?

WYDELL

I... I can't do it alone.

GEORGE

You have to. No one else understands what you do. You are working for God now.

More blood starts to pour out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

My fucking head won't stop bleeding.

RRR

(calmly wipes the blood away)

Come on John, make it stop.

George grabs his head as blood gushes from every pore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The pain gets so bad, John.

George screams, his scream turns into a phone ringing.

INT. WYDELL'S HOUSE- NIGHT

WydeLL jumps awake at his desk. He grabs the phone.

WYDELL

Yeah.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Snapper is standing in a phone booth outside of a liquor store. RONDO (42), Snapper's partner leans on the outside of the phone booth.

SNAPPER

I think I found your guy. A friend of mine about ten years ago used to buy hooch off this cat out way here that called himself Wolf J. Flywheel. His partner was some dude that called himself The Captain... sounds like the fuckers you're looking for.

INT. WYDELL'S HOUSE

WYDELL

(looking for his list)

Hold on a second.

(shuffles through some papers
and find his list)

Yeah, Wolf J. Flywheel. Another fucking Marx Brother's alias. What else?

INT. PHONE BOOTH

SNAPPER

He's strictly a small time chump change hustler. Apparently Wolf now goes by the alias of Charlie Altamont.

WYDELL

Where is he?

SNAPPER

RRR

Hold your shit, I'm getting to that...
(looks at his notes)

... he runs this small time prostitution gig out in the flats.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

I got word from one of his bitches that he's expecting some special guests.

WYDELL

Perfect. You know what to do?

SNAPPER

(interrupting)

We wouldn't be talking if I didn't. I know exactly what we need.

Snapper hangs up the phone and exits the phone booth.

RONDO

Well, is it on?

SNAPPER

Oh yes brother, it's on.

EXT. ALTAMONT'S FANTASY RANCH - NIGHT

A SMALL COMPOUND of TRAILERS surrounded by chain-linked fencing topped with razor wire. Each trailer is elaborately decorated. The entire compound is strung with Christmas lights giving the appearance of a carnival fair grounds.

Otis drives up to the front gate. A huge man with a shotgun, BUBBA, stands in beams of the headlights.

BUBBA

What you all doing here? State your business.

Bubba leans into the driver's side window.

SPAULDING

Tell Charlie, Cutter is here?

BUBBA

We ain't got no one goes by the name of Charlie. You best turn around and head out down the road. Ain't nothing going on here that concerns you.

SPAULDING

Look shit heel, tell that fucking dick his fucking brother is out here and if he makes me wait much longer I'm gonna whoop his ass!

RRR

BUBBA

Hold on, you all don't have go none crazy. I didn't get all crazy with you none. Did I get all crazy with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bubba calls Charlie on his walkie-talkie.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
(into walkie - talkie)
Bubba over.

CHARLIE
(over walkie-talkie)
What?

BUBBA
I got a guy out here making a claim that
he's your kin. But I don't see no
resemblance.

CHARLIE
Yeah?

BUBBA
Yeah, say he's your brother.

CHARLIE
What's he look like? .

BUBBA
(quietly)
A fucked up looker... un huh, bald with a
big asshole attitude. Looks like a pissed
off pirate.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Hmmm, ask him where the sun don't
shine.

BUBBA
He wants me to ask you, "where the sun
don't shine?"

SPAULDING
Tell him, in Sweet Molly Magee's big fat
marshmallow ass.

BUBBA
He says in Sweet Molly Magee's big
fat...
(to Spaulding)
what was that last part?

RRR SPAULDING
Marshmallow Ass!

BUBBA
Marshmallow ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Yeah, that's him. Let him in.

Bubba opens the gate.

BUBBA

Go on through.

Otis drives into the compound.

INT. ALTAMONT'S - RANCH

Spaulding, Baby and Otis step out of the van.

The door to one of the trailers swings open. Out steps a large bald man, CHARLIE ALTAMONT (60). He is holding a pistol.

CHARLIE

Well, I know that ain't Cutter walking towards me with that stupid grin...

... 'cause I know I swore if I ever saw that no good piece of shit motherfucking brother of mine...

... he'd soon be a dead piece of shit no good motherfucker brother of mine. OK, everybody in the peanut gallery... Simon says hands up!

Otis and Baby look confused.

SPAULDING

(raises his hands)

Come on, get'em up. Fucker ain't joking.

Baby and Otis follow Spaulding's lead.

OTIS

What the fuck is this shit? You drag us way the fuck out here to have some prick pull a gun on us. Nice fucking plan.

SPAULDING

Just do what he says, he's a crazy pig...

CHARLIE

(interrupting)

What'd you call me?

RRR

SPAULDING

Well, if you'd let me finish. I was gonna say you're a crazy pig fuckin' dumb ass pussy piece of shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie points the gun at Spaulding's face.

CHARLIE

Oh Boss, you're dead meat.

BABY

No!

Charlie pulls the trigger, a thin stream of water shoots Spaulding in the face. Spaulding burst out laughing, as does Charlie.

CHARLIE

Ain't that the most God damn realist water gun you ever seen.

SPAULDING

Come here, ya little fucker.

CHARLIE

I can't believe your here!

SPAULDING

Believe it.

Spaulding and Charlie hug.

CHARLIE

(to Otis and Baby)

Sorry about that. It's a little joke we used always play on folks.

(squirts the gun)

Still works.

SPAULDING

Charlie, this here's my daughter Baby.

CHARLIE

Shit, she's all growed up.

OTIS

And you know Otis.

Otis and Charlie exchange half-ass nods.

CHARLIE

Well, don't just stand there like a stone foot rooter in fuck farm. Come on in! We got to celebrate!

RRR

Everybody walks towards the main trailer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(quietly to Spaulding)
Seriously bro, what are the chances
someone followed you.

SPAULDING
Eh, we're cool. Can that fucker at the
gate keep his trap shut?

CHARLIE
Yeah, Bubba's a good kid. He won't cross
me. He's dumb as shit, but he's cool.

Spaulding looks back to see Bubba blowing snot out of one
nostril.

EXT. MAIN TRAILER - NIGHT

Party time. Loud music BLARES through the compound. Baby
DANCES on a table singing along with the stereo. A few girls
from the ranch dance with her.

Spaulding and Charlie are arm wrestling. Charlie slams
Spaulding's arm down on the table, the two brothers high
five, then each downs a shot of whiskey. They immediately
begin wrestling again.

A very drunk Otis is showing Bubba how to do a quick draw
maneuver with his pistol. Otis does the move, then Bubba
mimics him.

We now watch the party through the sight of binoculars.

CLOSE UP - Binoculars

We see the reflection of the party in the glass. The
binoculars lower to reveal the face of Wydell.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Charlie and Bubba stand at the check out counter buying a
large quantity of canned goods. RUTH, a chubby cashier totals
up the bill.

RUTH
You boys gonna come down to Fat Jack's
party tonight.

RRR

CHARLIE
Naw, we're gonna take it quiet tonight.

RUTH
It's gonna be fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUBBA
I wouldn't mind going to that.

RUTH
See Bubba wants to go.

CHARLIE
Well, Bubba ain't in charge of our social calender.

BUBBA
Why you gotta talk to me like that?

CHARLIE
Stop whining and grab the box.

Bubba rolls his eyes in disappointment.

EXT. GROCERY STORE

Charlie and Bubba load the boxes into a pick-up truck.

WYDELL (O.C.)
Wolf J. Flywheel?

CHARLIE
Huh?

Charlie instinctively turns. Wydell shoves a gun in his face.

WYDELL
Do anything stupid and I'll blow fucking your head off. You and me are gonna have a little powwow.

CHARLIE
Fuck you.

CRACK! Wydell smashes Charlie across the face with his gun. Blood starts gushing from his nose.

BUBBA
Hey.

WYDELL
(to Bubba)
Boy, you better get your fat ass into that front seat and shut your mouth.

RRR

CHARLIE
Do what he says.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bubba sets down the box and moves to the front seat. Wydell grabs Charlie's face.

WYDELL

Shut your fucking mouth and listen.

CHARLIE

You're fucking crazy, man.

WYDELL

What'd you fucking call me?

Silence.

CHARLIE

Nothing.

WYDELL

Your right, I am fucking crazy and you make damn sure you remember that when I ask you this next question. Where are they?

CHARLIE

Who?

INT. TRUCK

Bubba watches Wydell smack Charlie in the head.

EXT. CAR

WYDELL

Don't try and fuck with me. You know exactly who I'm talking about. Am I correct?

CHARLIE

Maybe?

WYDELL

Here's the deal. I'm gonna ignore you and your little slut business and walk away from the fact that you are harboring murderers.

CHARLIE

And?

RRR

WYDELL

And all you got to do is make sure everyone is present and accounted for tonight at midnight. You understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Yeah.

WYDELL

Good, this deal is between you and me,
tell anyone else and you're dead.

Charlie is silent, but slightly rolls his eyes. Wydell gets ready to hit him again. Charlie braces for the punch.

CHARLIE

What if I say no.

WYDELL

Then your life just turned to shit.

INT. TRUCK

Bubba watches Wydell exit. Charlie walks around to the driver's side, opens the door and gets in.

BUBBA

Who was that.

CHARLIE

That was big fucking trouble.

BOOM! Wydell slams his hand on the driver's window.

WYDELL

You remember what I told you, fucker.

EXT. MAIN TRAILER

The sound of creepy, yet cheesy horror movie music can be heard.

INT. MAIN TRAILER - DAY

Close up - TV : The New Dr. Wolfenstein Show"

On screen we see DR. WOLFENSTEIN, an old school horror movie host resembling a werewolf in a tuxedo. Next to him is his sidekick MAX, a tall skinny Frankenstein type creature. They are introducing today's film.

DR. WOLFENSTEIN

(English accent)

RRR

AAAWWWHHOOOO, the doctor is in! Well
cheers, boils and ghouls I've got a
bloody well scream classic for you today,
mates! Santa Claus Conquers The Martians!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WOLFENSTEIN (CONT'D)

This is without a doubt the finest bit of cinema featuring old Saint Nick knocking about with outer space creatures ever committed to celluloid!

MAX

Hey Boss, how come we only show bad movie? Can't we show something good like the Sound Of Music?

Spaulding, Otis and Baby are lying around the living area watching TV. Everyone seems very hung over.

BABY

I miss Mamma.

OTIS

Yeah.

Charlie enters carrying the food and walks into the kitchen. Charlie's face looks bruised and bloody.

SPAULDING

What the fuck happened to you?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

SPAULDING

Hey, you get more beer?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I got it.

SPAULDING

How'z about bringing one over here?

CHARLIE

How about you getting off your fat ass?

SPAULDING

What's up your fucking crack?

Charlie walks over and hands Spaulding a beer.

CHARLIE

Nothing. Here drink up.

OTIS

RRR

Hey boss, I'll take a scotch on the rocks.

CHARLIE

Go fuck yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Charlie walks outside.

OTIS
Moody son of a bitch.

SPAULDING
Yeah, he always was.

Spaulding lets out a huge burp.

EXT. PIG FUCKER CLUB -DAY

A rundown strip joint. A neon sign proclaims, "BOOZE AND BROADS".

INT. PIG FUCKER CLUB -MAIN ROOM

Various BIKERS, REDNECKS and other CRIMINAL TYPES populate this bar. World weary STRIPPERS gyrate on small wooden platforms.

We continue through the bar to:

THE RED DOOR

Behind this door we find Wydell sitting at a table with Snapper and Rondo.

SNAPPER
Hey, I got you this far. Without me you'd be swimming around with your head up your ass.

RONDO
Don't sweat it , chief. It's all gonna work out to your satisfaction.

SNAPPER
What's this fucking doubtful shit about all of a sudden?

WYDELL
I just want to make it clear to you that this is gonna be some shit you ain't never dealt with before. I don't want this thing blowing up in my face.

RRR
SNAPPER
Don't worry about me, Boss. I'm some shit they ain't never dealt with before. They're gonna think God damn King Kong came down from Skull Island and raped'em a new fucking asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONDO

Yeah, they're gonna feel like the Devil
fuck their momma.

WYDELL

Don't give me that shit. That routine
might work on some wetback bail jumper or
some redneck that pops a gas station
attendant over a pack of smokes, but it
ain't working here.

RONDO

Then pick up the fucking Bat Phone and
blow your fucking bugle.

WYDELL

That ain't the way I want to play it this
time.

SNAPPER

Then I suggest you cool your shit out.
Hey you called me, motherfucker. You
wanted Billy Ray Snapper because you
wanted the best.

(Snapper pours three drinks)

Now have a drink, take a deep breathe and
gives us the goods.

*WydeLL spreads out 8x10's of Spaulding, Otis and Baby's mug
shots on the table.*

WYDELL

So here's the deal. This is an alive
situation here... I want them alive, the
condition doesn't matter. All I need is
for their eyes to stay open long enough
to see me spit in their face before they
die.

SNAPPER

(laughing)

You're one sick fucking pirate.

(to Rondo)

I think I'm starting to dig this asshole.

Rondo picks up Baby's picture and licks it.

RONDO

RRR

~~MMMMMMMMMMMM~~, She's mine. I think I could
have some fun with this bitch.

(talking to the picture)

You wanna come play with me little
girl... I got what you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rondo licks the picture again.

WYDELL

That's the fucking bullshit I'm talking about.

SNAPPER

Cool out, he's only fucking around. Boss, you are too sensitive for this line of work.

RONDO

This job is easy sleazy, I don't see a big problem.

SNAPPER

When do you wanna go?

WYDELL

Tonight.

RONDO

Impatient. I like that.

EXT. ALAMONT RANCH - NIGHT

Bubba, holding a shotgun, strolls the perimeter of the ranch by the main gate. A pick-up truck rolls up and stops. Behind the wheel is Rondo.

BUBBA

You the exterminators?

RONDO

Yeah, we heard you got roaches. We're here to deal with your roaches.

Bubba looks around, unlocks the gate, Rondo drives through.

EXT. ALAMONT FANTASY RANCH - NIGHT

Loud music can be heard coming from the compound.

EXT. MAIN TRAILER

WydeLL moves quietly through a line of junked automobiles towards the main trailer. Through the window we see Spaulding and Charlie.

INT. MAIN TRAILER

Spaulding and Charlie drink beer and play cards. The sound of loud music bleeds in from outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING

Christ, does he have to play that God damn music so fucking loud. He must be fucking deaf.

CHARLIE

What?

SPAULDING

Huh?

CHARLIE

Hey, you remember that skinny, emaciated looking Mexican kid with the one ear? What's his name Sweet Boy, or um... Sweet Tooth or something?

SPAULDING

Black Tooth Rico.

CHARLIE

Yeah, that kid. I ran into him the other day over at Flat Head Fergie's buying a trailer hitch and he's all limping around and shit and I ask him you know... what happened and I swear to God.

(cross himself)

The fucker tells me he's missing his dick.

SPAULDING

What? You mean his dong dick? How the fuck do you know he's missing his dick... cause he's limping.

CHARLIE

No, I just said he told me.

SPAULDING

He told you. What the fuck are you talking about? He told you, "hey Charlie guess what my dong fell off".

CHARLIE

Yeah, he did. Fucker said he was parked down off of Route four and some lot lizard he picked up at the truck yard was sucking on his salami and he's all zoning out getting ready to shoot his load when... bam! A fucking car loses control and rear ends him... and chomp! The skank bites down and bites it off.

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPAULDING

(laughing)

Get the fuck out of here.

CHARLIE

What? Why the fuck would he make up that story? What would be the point of telling me he's got no wanger?

SPAULDING

God damn, that ain't something I run around advertising. Fuck, my shit's all knotted even thinking about it... let's change the subject.

CHARLIE

Fucking A right, let's change the subject.

Long pause.

SPAULDING

Shit man, I'd shoot myself if my dong fell off.

CHARLIE

Amen.

Long pause.

SPAULDING

That ain't my idea of a funny story.

Long pause.

CHARLIE

Who said it was a fucking funny story?

Long pause. They both burst out laughing.

INT. BATH TRAILER

The trailer is dimly lit by candle light.

Baby sits in a bath tub. A huge eagle tattoo cover Baby's back. CASEY an older woman sits behind Baby scrubbing her back.

RRR

CASEY

(running her hand across the tattoo)

Did this hurt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY

Fuck yeah it did. Why does everybody ask that? Isn't it pretty fucking common knowledge that tattoos fucking hurt like shit.

CASEY

Oooh Baby, you got some big scars under your tattoo. How'd that happen? Looks like you were attacked by a wild animal.

BABY

That's why I got the fucking thing to cover that mess on my back. Some cunt named Hop-a-long Steve did it. A couple months ago I got bagged trying to lift some sweet looking Dingo boots from Hop-a-long's boot emporium.

CASEY

Yeah.

BABY

Fucking guy grabs me and takes me in a back room and whips my ass with this fancy belt while his goon holds me down. Thing's got some big old spur thing on it... ripped my back wide open. I got like a couple hundred stitches from it.

CASEY

Jesus, did you call the cops and get that fucker's ass hauled away?

BABY

Na, shit I can't call the pigs... what are you thinking? I'm a wanted girl.

CASEY

You just let it go?

BABY

Fuck no... about a week later I went by Hop-a-long's house with my brother Tiny... Tiny held him down while I cut his eyes out and fed'em to his cat. I think he got the message. Kitties like eyeballs.

RRR
EXT. BATH TRAILER

Rondo inches his way along the side of Baby's trailer. He stops and checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE UP WATCH - time reads 11:57

INT. PSYCHEDELIC TRAILER

The wall are covered in black light posters lit with florescent lights. Otis drinks a bottle Jack Daniels and waves a sword over his head.

CANDY, a prostitute tripping on acid jumps up and down on the bed.

Music blares from the stereo.

CANDY

I'm on a cloud... I'm free... I'm flying by... there it goes look! Oh no... it exploded all over the birds! Look at the birds!

OTIS

(rocking out)

Girl you're acting fucking stupid. Here drink this. It'll put hair on your pussy.

Otis hands her the Jack Daniels.

EXT. PSYCHEDELIC TRAILER

Snapper climbs up the side of the trailer to the roof. The loud music masks his movements. He crosses the roof and peers into an open sky light. Snapper raises his gun watching Otis moving around the room, Otis disappears from sight.

SNAPPER

Shit, where the fuck you go?

Snapper sees Otis's reflection in a mirror, he is now on the bed with Candy. Snapper checks his watch.

CLOSE UP - Watch - time reads 12:00

INT. PSYCHEDELIC TRAILER

Candy rolls around on top of Otis.

CANDY

What's did you say your name was again?

RRR

OTIS

I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH! Snapper comes CRASHING into the room through the sky light. He raises his gun and SHOOTs. Otis pulls Candy in front of the bullets using her as a human shield.

Candy takes multiple shots in the back. Otis pulls his pistol from his holster and FIRES back hitting Snapper in the chest. Snapper FALLS BACK. Otis rolls off the bed and takes cover.

INT. BATH TRAILER- MAIN ROOM

Casey rinses off Baby's back.

BABY
(holding up her empty beer
bottle)
Empty. Can ya hook me up?

CASEY
Sure.

Casey heads for the fridge.

INT. BATH TRAILER - KITCHEN

Casey opens the refrigerator door and grabs a couple of beers. When she shuts the door we see Rondo standing next to the fridge.

Rondo grabs Casey and quickly slits her throat. As Casey falls to the ground Rondo grabs one of the beers.

INT. BATH TRAILER - MAIN ROOM

Baby relaxes in the tub. Rondo walks up behind her.

BABY
Ya know, I was thinking maybe I'd move to
Hollywood and change my name to Honey
James. Doesn't that sound like a fabulous
movie star name?

Rondo pours the beer over Baby's head.

RONDO
How about changing your name to Dead
Meat.

RRR BABY
Hey, what the fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONDO

I got a 44. pointed at your head. So I suggest you don't do anything too fabulous Miss Honey James.

BABY

Who the fuck are you?

RONDO

I'm your new boyfriend and I'm handing out tickets to an ass kicking... you want one? Now stand up.

Baby stands.

RONDO (CONT'D)

Hands up... now, turn around.

Baby raises her hands and turns around. Rondo checks Baby up and down.

RONDO (CONT'D)

Nice. I think you and me are gonna have some fun getting to know each other.

BABY

Fuck you.

RONDO

That's what I was thinking.

BABY

Gimme my shirt I'm fucking freezing.

Rondo grabs a flannel shirt, holds it for a second and then tosses it at Baby.

RONDO

Here ya go, honey.

INT. PSYCHEDELIC TRAILER

Otis is behind the bed, he checks his gun, empty.

OTIS

Fuck.

He peers under the bed to see Snapper lying on his back, blood streaming from his chest.

Otis grabs the sword from the side table and moves in closer on Snapper. Bending down Otis reaches for the gun in Snapper's holster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE UP - Otis's hand starts pulling the gun from Snapper's holster. Snapper's free hand REACHES OVER and GRABS onto Otis's wrist.

SNAPPER

You think you're gonna kill me with one shot, hillbilly. You one dumb, dead hillbilly.

Snapper PULLS Otis forward and head butts him. Blood GUSHES from Otis's nose. Otis falls back, Snapper stands and pulls his gun.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

Fuck the Sheriff! I'm gonna have some fun with you!

Snapper slides his gun back into his holster and pulls a huge hunting knife from his boot.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

Get up!

Otis stands ready to meet his challenge.

Snapper swings, Otis dodges to the side barely avoiding the blow. Snapper turns, Otis SWINGS THE SWORD catching Snapper in the arm. The sword cuts deep, but he is unaffected.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

Come on, Zorro!

Snapper swings at Otis slicing him across the chest. Otis falls back TRIPPING over Candy. Whoosh! Snapper brings his knife down towards Otis's face, Otis rolls out of the way.

The knife sticks into Candy. Otis quickly HITS Snapper across the head with the handle off the sword. Snapper is momentarily DAZED as blood drips down his face.

Otis jumps to his feet. Both men ready themselves to square off again.

OTIS

Motherfucker!

Snapper smiles and SWINGS the knife OVER and OVER at Otis. Otis blocks the shots with the sword.

RRR

SNAPPER

Come on, come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLING! The sword and the knife meet head on. The sword SNAPS IN HALF. Otis swings, Snapper grabs the broken blade. Otis holds on, Snapper THROWS Otis across the room against the wall.

Snapper slides his knife into its sheath and unbuckles his chain belt.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

Come on.

Snapper swings the chain towards Otis, the chain misses Otis and wraps around a bookcase filled with records. Snapper PULLS the case down to the floor. Otis spies a shotgun hanging on the wall.

SNAPPER (CONT'D)

You want that gun, eh? Make your move.

Otis goes for the gun, Snapper swings missing Otis, but crushes a table. Otis reaches for the gun trying to pull it off the wall. It is locked in place.

Swoosh! Snapper wraps the chain around Otis's neck and pulls him backwards. Snapper WHIPS and SPINS Otis around the room smashing him from wall to wall. Finally, Snapper throws Otis crashing through a window out into the yard.

INT. MAIN TRAILER

Spaulding and Charlie are still playing cards. They hear the window break.

CHARLIE

What the fuck is going on out there?

SPAULDING

I don't know?

CHARLIE

(standing)

I swear to God if Bubba is out fighting again I'm gonna kick his fat ass.

SPAULDING

This better not be some trick to get out of letting me win my money back.

BBB

CHARLIE

Why would I want to stop taking more of your money? You always were a pathetic card player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie steps out of the trailer.

EXT. MAIN TRAILER

Charlie looks around and runs off.

INT. MAIN TRAILER

Shuffling the cards.

SPAULDING

Hey, what's the fucking deal? Let's get this going.

Standing up.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

As soon as Spaulding moves the windows of the trailer begin SEXPLODING from gun shots. A bullet grazes his side, he hits the deck.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Aarrgh!

WYDELL (O.C.)

Spaulding! Come on out! It's over!

Spaulding crawls to the window and peeks out. He sees Baby on her knees with Wydell holding a gun to her head.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

It's over! Come on out now and this girl doesn't have to die!

EXT. MAIN TRAILER

Otis is on the ground, Snapper and Rondo are having a good old time kicking the crap out of him.

BABY

(shouting at Snapper)

Stop it! Leave him alone.

Otis rolls over, his face is a bloody mess, he smiles.

OTIS

RRR You can't hurt me.

SNAPPER

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Snapper grabs Otis by the neck, punches him in the face, then drops him. Otis is out cold.

Spaulding steps into the doorway of the trailer.

SPAULDING
Enough... enough.

WYDELL
Hands up!

Spaulding exits the trailer and raises his hands. He sees Charlie standing in the shadows.

SPAULDING
Thanks, brother.

CHARLIE
It ain't personal. Business is business.

SPAULDING
You're my fucking brother. It is personal.

WYDELL
(to Charlie)
He's right, you're scum.

WYDELL (CONT'D)
(to the bounty hunters)
Put them in the car. It's time to return these devils to Hell.

INT. WYDELL'S CAR - NIGHT

WydeLL drives. Spaulding, Baby and a barely conscious Otis are crammed into the backseat. A wired mesh panel separates the front seat from the back.

WYDELL
(laughing sadistically)
Well, well, well, The Devil's Rejects. That's quite the little catch phrase you've all acquired. But you know really we're all creations of the Devil when you think about it. I mean really we're all nothing but inanimate objects, formless creatures housing seduced angels inside our useless hides. Until, I laid eyes upon you all I really believed that. I really thought inside everyone of us was a captured spirit... a disgraced angel looking for a way back to Heaven.

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY
(slamming her head into the
wire mesh)
Fuck you pig.

WYDELL
But now I know, some of you are just
crude imitations of life... soulless
demons with no hope. But I am hope... I
am a lawman because that is God's plan. I
am here to round you all up for your trip
back to Hell.

Spaulding mutters something.

WYDELL (CONT'D)
What was that?

SPAULDING
(spits out blood)
You're fucking insane.

WYDELL
(laughing)
Devil you are now under my care and
supervision for basically the rest of
your miserable life. I will be your
savior.

BABY
You're fucking dead pig!

WYDELL
(laughing)
I suggest you save your strength. It's
gonna be a long night.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - NO TRESPASSING SIGN

" No Unauthorized personnel may be present on these premises
without written consent from the Ruggsville County Sheriff's
Department."

We pull back to see: THE FIREFLY HOUSE. Police tape and
barricades still surround the crime scene.

A full moon hangs over the house, flashes of lightning dance
in the cloudy sky. Distance thunder can be heard.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE - KITCHEN

A rusted old bucket is being filled with water from a filthy sink. Wydell's hand turns off the water. Wydell walks through the house. The only sound we hear is the creaking of the rusty handle and Wydell's footsteps on the wood floor.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

We turn a corner to we see Otis, Spaulding and Baby. All three are tied to separate chairs. Baby is awake, her eyes dart from side to side. Spaulding and Otis are unconscious.

Wydell lifts the bucket and throws it on all three. **SPLASH!** Spaulding jumps awake, Otis lifts his head semi-conscious.

WYDELL

Wake up, assholes.

BABY

Motherfucker!

WYDELL

Before we get started I do have to thank you. Thank you for making me understand my heritage. You see the Wydells are vigilante justice. My great grandfather worked for the Pinkerton Detective Agency riding side by side with Tom Horn... killing scum like you was his business. We've always been Devil slayers. I just didn't realize it until this moment.

(to Otis)

Wake up, boy.

Wydell slaps Otis across the face.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

I said wake up.

Otis lifts his head.

Wydell pulls up a chair and sits opposite them. On a small table next to him is tool box and a brown leather folder. He opens the folder and removes a thick stack of police files.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

RRR

I tried to walk the line, but now I understand there is no line. We here are playing on a level most don't ever see. My brother George didn't see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPAULDING

Maybe he had a divine moment when his brains hit the floor.

WYDELL

(light hearted)

Maybe... and maybe you will too. I have here in my possession files on every missing person within a hundred miles of this little acre of damnation.

SPAULDING

Well, if you ain't just Sargent Joe fucking Friday casting your fucking Dragnet.

WYDELL

(laughing)

Yeah right...

(he hums the Dragnet theme)

... good one, you're a funny guy, a real fucking clown. Is there something in your clown brain that makes you unable to comprehend the fact that you are fucking gonna be dead soon? Anyway, time to play a little truth or consequences.

(pulls out a photo of a girl in a cheerleader uniform from the top file)

Valerie Green... anyone wanna take credit for her. Boy, she was a cutey.

(holds up a second photo of the same girl dead)

Here's how she looked when we pulled her from your little slaughter shack out back.

OTIS

Yeah, I remember her. I cut her tongue out and kept her strapped to my bed for a month. I used to let Tiny lube her up with tractor grease and fuck her like a stump. Broke that bitch wide open.

Quick flashes of Otis and Tiny torturing the girl in the photo.

WYDELL

RRR

Alright. Then you get to have this as a souvenir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wydell opens the tool box and removes a hammer and a nail. He walks over to Otis, places the photo of the girl on Otis's hand and then hammers the nail through the photo, through Otis's hand and into the arm of the chair. Otis screams.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

(opens another file)

Bill Hudley... any fond memories?

OTIS

(screaming)

Yeah, yeah he's mine too! I cut him down the middle and turned him into a fucking fish! Fish-Boy! Fish-Boy!

Quick flashes of Bill Hudley screaming and Otis laughing.

BABY

Otis shut up!

Wydell repeats his action, driving another nail through Otis's other hand.

WYDELL

This is pointless. I know at least one of you is involved with each of these murders. If not... doesn't matter I am literally going to pin them on you.

Wydell grabs a huge staple gun from his box and begins stapling the missing persons photos onto Otis.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Randall Johnson...

With each staple that goes into Otis we see a quick flash of the victims last moment.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

...Denise Willis...

(staples)

... Dawn Murphy.

OTIS

(egging Wydell on)

Go on... give me more... come on.

Then he moves onto Baby, she screams as Wydell staples a picture of a missing girl to her chest.

BABY

(faking an orgasm)

That feels good do it again!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BABY (CONT'D)

Come on, ugh yeah... come motherfucker! I think I'm gonna cum!

And finally Spaulding, he says nothing.

WYDELL

(holding up a picture of his brother)

Now, this is why I am here. This is my brother George and this is why your all gonna die.

SPAULDING

I remember him. He was one stupid fuck just like you. Coming at me like some matinee fucking cowboy idol. All I had to do was point the way and he walked right in. Officer Wydell to the rescue.

Wydell places the photo on Spaulding's chest and drives staple after staple into his flesh. Spaulding is silent, he just stares into Wydell's eyes, as the blood run down his chest.

SPAULDING (CONT'D)

Coward. You couldn't catch us on your own and you can't handle us now.

(he spits)

Vigilante Devil slayer... bullshit!

WYDELL

Really? Well, I caught me a devil just the other day.

Wydell pulls out several 8x10 photos from his folder. He holds up the photos for all to see.

The photos show the crime scene in the shower room with mother.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

See anything you like?

BABY

Mamma! There's no way. Those photos ain't real. No way you killed mamma!

WYDELL

Oh, they're quite real. Seems she was stabbed in the shower. I heard they could have saved her, but the doctors just couldn't get there fast enough. What a pity.

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BABY

You motherfucker. I'm gonna kill you!

WYDELL

Scream all you want, girl. Scream,
scream, scream!

SPAULDING

I bet your little bitch boy deputies get
all excited listening to your Wyatt Earp
horse shit. How about you and me, Mr. Big
Fuck?

WYDELL

Really? You think I can't handle a broken
down fucking devil clown.

SPAULDING

Untie me and show us how important you
are. I got a fucking bullet in me and
I'll still kick the shit out of you.

BABY

Daddy he ain't gonna fight you! He ain't
no real man! I know a real man... he
ain't nothing!

Wydell grabs Baby's hair again and pulls her close.

WYDELL

You want some, eh? Is that what your
telling me slut? I'm gonna save you for
last.

BABY

(screaming)

I can't fucking wait. Come on... fucker!
Come on!

WYDELL

Spaulding, you know I'm gonna take you up
on your offer. There's only one thing
that would give me more satisfaction than
killing you and that is kicking your ass
first and watching you demonstrate how a
clown worm crawls.

*Wydell cuts one of Spaulding arms free and hands him the
knife to finish the job.*

Wydell waits holding a butcher's knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SPAULDING

Sheriff, you are one delusional son of a bitch.

WYDELL

From delusion lead me to Truth... From darkness lead me to Light... From death lead me to eternal life.

Spaulding cuts himself free and stands to meet Wydell.

SPAULDING

Nice little poem. I got one for ya.

(Spaulding tosses the knife from hand to hand)

One, two three I'm gonna rape your mother... one, two three I'm gonna kill your father... one, two, three I'm gonna eat a baby... one, two, three I'm gonna whoop your ass!

BABY

Come on, Daddy! Cut his heart out!

OTIS

(squealing like a pig)

Die, piggy, die! Die, piggy, die!

Spaulding and Wydell square off. Spaulding swings at Wydell cutting him across the ribs. Wydell dodges the next BARRAGE OF SWINGS and counters with a slash across Spaulding's face.

Spaulding STUMBLES back, touches his face and sees the blood on his hand and smiles. The two men stalk each other. Spaulding swings catching Wydell in the chest.

Both men move in close for a head-on clash. Wydell swings SLICING Spaulding across the forehead. Spaulding returns with a slice to Wydell's stomach.

Spaulding swings again, Wydell counters catching him in the hand. Spaulding drops the knife.

Wydell moves in swinging. Spaulding blocks the blows with his arm, receiving huge gashes. Spaulding falls to his knees, Wydell kicks him in the face. Spaulding falls to his side.

Wydell picks up Spaulding's knife and stabs him in the stomach.

WYDELL

Enough, fucking bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Wydell exits the room and returns with a container of gasoline. He starts splashing the gasoline on the walls and furniture.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Time to end this. In a minute you'll all be gone, the house... everything. This little acre of Hell will be cleansed.

Wydell empties the gasoline and throws it to the side.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

(to Baby)

You're coming with me.

Wydell cuts Baby loose from the chair and drags towards the front door. Her hands are still tied.

BABY

Fuck off!

Baby thrashes around. Wydell tries to control her, but Baby breaks free and runs out the door.

WYDELL

Don't worry I'll get her.

The sheep separated from the flock will soon be eaten by the wolf.

Wydell clicks open his Zippo and tosses in onto the gasoline soaked chair. The chair ignites.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Baby moves quietly through the cluttered grounds of the farmhouse. She stops and listens. The rumbling of thunder grows louder.

Wydell searches for Baby. He stops, pulls an axe from a tree stump and continues on.

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

The room is ablaze. Otis tries desperately to free himself. He BITES DOWN hard and pulls on the nails, but they are in too deep. Otis screams, slowly the nail starts to pull free.

Spaulding is motionless on the floor.

RRR

OTIS

Cutter! Can you hear me? Cutter get up!

INT. BARN

Baby runs into the barn and frantically searches through a tool bench for a knife. She finds one and runs for the safety of a wooden storage container.

EXT. BARN

Wydeell approaches.

WYDELL

Attention, little devil... I am here to release you from your suffering!

INT. BARN - STORAGE CONTAINER

Baby has the knife between her feet trying to cut the ropes from her hands. She vigorously grinds the ropes back and forth across the dull knife blade. Snap! The rope finally gives way.

A figure enters the barn. Baby sees the figure move pass the cracks in the storage container.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

Hey, it's me... Charlie. Baby are you in here? I fucked up... I'm sorry. I'm here to help. Come on out.

Baby crawls out from the container. Charlie helps her up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Baby. We got to get out of here.

BABY

Daddy and Otis are still in the house.

CHARLIE

I'll get them, but let's get you some place safe first.

EXT. BARN

Baby and Charlie move towards Charlie's truck. Charlie opens the passenger's side door.

In the background the house is fully ablaze.

RRR

CHARLIE

Wait in the truck. I'll go get'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY

But I wanna...

CHARLIE

No buts, just get in.

Baby climbs in the truck.

INT. TRUCK

Baby watches as Charlie moves around to the front of the truck.

CHARLIE

Just stay put.

Suddenly, Wydell jumps from the shadows and hits Charlie in the back with the axe.

BABY

No!

Charlie falls against the hood of the truck, then slides to the ground.

WYDELL

You can't hide from me girl. I'm gonna get you.

Wydell comes around to the passenger's side and SMASHES the window with his axe.

Baby ducks, frantically crawling across the front seat. She jumps out the driver's side door and runs across the yard.

BANG! Baby is hit in the leg by a gun shot, she falls to the ground.

A flash of lightning illuminates Wydell as he steps forward.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

You ain't going nowhere!

Baby stands and tries to run, but she can only hobble on her wounded leg.

EXT. SMALL GRAVEYARD

Baby stumbles to the family's graveyard. Several small homemade grave markers jut up from the ground.

Wydell catches up to Baby and knocks her to the ground with a kick to her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lightning flashes and thunder cracks. The skies rip open and rain begins to pour down.

WYDELL

I wish I had a bull whip, but this is gonna have to do.

WydeLL drops his axe and takes off his belt. Baby tries to crawl away.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Do you feel like there is no way out?

BABY

Fuck you, fuck you fuck you!

WydeLL whips the belt across Baby's back. Baby screams and continues crawling. WydeLL grabs her and pulls her back.

BABY (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaah!

WYDELL

Then you must repent and put your trust in the Lord.

Baby rolls to her side screaming.

BABY

(screaming in pain)

Aaaaarrgggh! Daddy! Help me!

He whips her again.

WYDELL

Much like the Israelites were blocked by the Red Sea you are trapped by a Hell of your own making.

He whips her again.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

Consider me the Egyptian army approaching from the rear, ready to kill you...

(he slaps the belt across her back)

... you have no way out, except to put your faith in the Lord. As Moses said to his people, "Fear not, stand firm and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will work for you today".

RRR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wydell reaches for the axe.

WYDELL (CONT'D)

You have left me no choice.
The Lord is my strength and my song, and
has become my salvation... this is my
God! Say it!

BABY

Fuck you!

WYDELL

Say it!

Wydell winds back, but suddenly he is unable to swing the axe. Tiny has appeared from the darkness and grabbed onto the axe handle. Tiny pulls the axe from Wydell hands and grabs him around the throat lifting him off the ground.

Tiny crushes Wydell's throat. Wydell struggles to break free, but Tiny's grip is too powerful.

Wydell head falls to the side limp, Tiny drops Wydell's lifeless body to the ground.

BABY

Otis and Daddy are still in the house!

Tiny walks towards the house. Baby is weak, but she finds the strength to begin kicking Wydell.

BABY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Motherfucker!

INT. FIREFLY HOUSE

The house is a raging inferno. Tiny stumbles through the fire and sees Otis still nailed to the chair.

OTIS

Tiny! Pull out the nails!

Tiny rips out the nails and frees Otis. Otis hobbles over to Spaulding.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Tiny, help me.

RRR

Tiny picks up Spaulding and carries him from the room.

EXT. FIREFLY HOUSE

Tiny, Otis and Spaulding emerge from the flaming house. Baby struggles to help them down the front stairs.

OTIS

We got to get out of here that BBQ is gonna attract every piggy in the state.

INT. POLICE CAR -NIGHT

Spaulding lies in a bloody heap in the backseat of the cruiser. Tiny places Baby next to him, she is semi-conscious. He shuts the door.

Tiny looks in the window at Baby. She lifts a weak hand to say goodbye.

Otis climbs into the front seat. He struggles to start the car, the bones in his hands are crushed from the nails.

OTIS

Are you sure about this?

TINY

Go. This is my home... I wanna stay.

OTIS

We'll come back for ya.

Otis starts the engine and speeds off..

Tiny walks over to Wydell and looks down at him. He is still alive. Tiny picks him up and begins walking towards the house, up the front steps and into the burning house.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A empty road. The rain has stopped. A single car is seen.

INT. POLICE CAR

Otis drives, his eyes burn red. His bloody hands are bandaged with shreds from his shirt as he tries to grip the steering wheel.

A boring talk radio show is playing on the radio.

Otis drives over a small incline and sees a line of police cars waiting. He stops the car.

EXT. POLICE CARS

The police wait with guns drawn. Standing dead center is Dobson.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Otis and the cops stand off. Neither makes a move.

INT. CAR

Otis grabs Wydell's shotgun from it's holder, cocks it. He reaches over to the backseat and wakes up Spaulding and Baby. They are both half dead. He hands each of them a gun.

EXT. POLICE CAR

The police wait.

COP
What are they doing?

DOBSON
Getting ready to die.
(shouting to the officers)
All right everybody in position!

The officers take up position behind their cars.

INT. CAR

OTIS
Ready.

SPAULDING
Yeah.

BABY
Me too... hey, Otis.

OTIS
Yeah?

BABY
(to the radio)
Change that. I don't wanna go out to that shit.

Otis turns the radio dial to Ram Jam's "Black Betty". Spaulding, Baby take aim out the window as Otis floors the gas pedal and drives directly towards the police.

Close Up on the spinning wheel of Otis's car.

EXT. POLICE CAR

The Police get into position as Otis's car moves in closer.

DOBSON

Fire!

The police let loose a barrage of bullets.

INT. CAR

Otis, Spaulding and Baby fire out the window, as they are riddled with bullets. The scene is total insanity. Otis, Spaulding and Baby scream in pain from multiple bullets wounds and then suddenly... it freezes.

We hold on a shot of Otis, Spaulding and Baby in their last moment.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

RRR