

BLOOD RELATIONS

THE SUN WARS

a screenplay by

Wes Craven

copyright 1976
by Wes Craven
Peter Locke

HARBOR SHOT OF MANHATTAN, HORRIBLY POLLUTED AIR HALF-VEILING THE STEEL AND CONCRETE TEETH OF THE ROCK ISLAND. A HELICOPTER WHIZZES OVERHEAD.

RADIO VOICE

... 96 degrees and climbing on the Central Park Parade Grounds -- the ol' Greenhouse Effect is humming today! Your Environmental Advisory Council sets the Discomfort Index at +9, the Risk Factor at 8.3, the highest it's been since August of 1978.

SHOT OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE JAMMED WITH STALLED TRAFFIC SLOW ZOOM IN TO A STATION WAGON TOWING A LARGE CAMPER/TRAILER.

RADIO VOICE

The National Guard reports that skirmish in Brooklyn Heights has been pacified, and traffic on the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges is moving once again. If you are among those unlucky enough to be caught in that particular mess, please remain patient, and have your passes ready for inspection by the time you reach the gate. Now back to Ronny Lasar and more Golden Hits of the Seventies.

SHOT OF THE CAR AND TRAILER DRIVING PAST A SIGN SAYING "WELCOME TO NEW JERSEY" AFTER LEAVING A POLICE CHECK-POINT. THE GRATEFUL DEAD POUR FROM THE CAR'S RADIO, HOVERING ABOVE IT AS IT TRACKS ALONG SMOKING SWAMPLAND AND INDUSTRIAL SMOKESTACKS.

MUSIC

Sometimes a bright light's shining on me
Other times I can barely see
Lately it's occurred to me
What a long strange trip it's been.

A GIRL'S VOICE FROM INSIDE THE CAR PIPES UP IN IRRITATION.

GIRL'S VOICE

God, will you please turn that cornball stuff off? I can't stand Seventies music

--

END OF TITLES. FADE TO BLACK. SOUND OF INTERSPACIAL WIND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAWL

In 1973, following the release of Last House on the Left, the writer/director of that film was committed for psychiatric observation.

He was treated extensively with drugs, group therapies, electroshock programs and a final lobotomy. Despite these efforts at reform, Craven killed his nurse, Maura Heaphy, and escaped to the Mohave Desert. At the end of 1000 days of meditation he was taken up by a jet-black saucer and trained in Secondary Media Infiltration and parametaphysical survival on the Planet Jupiter.

Upon his graduation he was returned to the planet Earth at Exeter. This Film is his first since his return, and is respectfully dedicated to the memory of Maura Heaphy.

AS THE CRAWL DEPARTS TOP SCREEN WE HEAR DISTANT THUNDER, OR ARTILLERY.

1 EXT. DESERT AND BADLANDS -- NOON

1

FADE UP ON EXTREME TELESCOPIC SHOT OF THE SUN, A BLOOD-RED HOLE IN THE FRYING ATMOSPHERE. A SUPERSONIC BOMBER BORES ACROSS THE FACE OF THE FIERY STAR, PULLING A RUMBLING CONTRAIL OF STEAM AFTER IT.

MACRO LENS SHOT. A HATCH OF SPITTLE-HARDENED SAND IS THROWN OPEN WITH A STARTLING RASP, AND A SOOTY TRAPDOOR SPIDER CLATTERS OUT AND FREEZES, ALLOWING THE SPORES IN THE HOT AIR TO PENETRATE THE MOIST SENSORS BEHIND ITS UNBLINKING EYES. IT PLUMMETS ABRUPTLY BACK INTO ITS HOLE, SLAMMING THE HATCH CLOSED BEHIND IT.

A WEDGE OF SAND SIMMERS IN THE HEAT. A PACK RAT HURRIES FROM A THICKET AND TUGS AT A GLEAMING OBJECT STUCK IN THE HARD CLAY.

CUT TO A SHOT OF A SIDEWINDER COILING, LINING UP ITS FANGS WITH THE HEAT SENSORS IN ITS TONGUE FOR THE STRIKE.

THE PACK RAT JERKS ITS PRIZE FREE. WE CAN SEE IT'S A 50 CALIBER SHELL CASING. THE FANGS STRIKE THE RODENT SO HARD IT FLIPS IN THE AIR, THEN CRASHES ONTO ITS BACK. INSTANTLY IT IS IN DEATH THROES. IT SHRIEKS WITH STARTLING LOUDNESS AND PAIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT SUDDENLY TO A VERY WIDE SHOT OF THE DESERT. NO SOUND BUT A SLIGHT FRYING OF HOT WIND OVER DRY SAND. THE SHOT IS HAND-HELD, A P.O.V. IT MOVES INTO A DEAD RUN, OVER THE JAGGED TERRAIN AT AN EXTREMELY FAST, AGILE PACE. IT VAULTS A WASHOUT AND QUICKLY MOUNTS AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK. THE VIEW IS EVEN BETTER NOW, AND BELOW WE CAN SEE A LINE IN THE DESERT. A ROAD.

ZOOM, ZOOM FAR OUT INTO THE HEAT WAVE EXTREMITIES OF THE LENS' POWER TO AN ANT-LIKE VEHICLE PULLING ITSELF OVER A WAVERING LUMP IN THE GRAVEL LINE. IT'S LABORING TOWARDS US.

THE P.O.V. SHAKES AND STRAINS TO SEE WHAT THE BUG IS, SNUFFING THE AIR FOR A SCENT. OVER THE WEIRD SUBLIMINAL ELECTRONIC MUSIC THAT HAS SLID BETWEEN THE RIBS OF THIS MOMENT, WE HEAR THE SUDDEN CRACKLE OF A TWO-WAY RADIO.

P.O.V. VOICE
(hoarse, feral)
Pa pa? Pa pa?

THE RADIO SNAPS AND A WOMAN'S VOICE REPLIES, ALSO COARSE, HARD, VERY ALERT.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Pa pa huntin'. What you wan'?

P.O.V. VOICE
Ma Ma, summin's cumin.

MA MA
Army?

P.O.V.
No. Ain't cops, neither. It's a car ana camper. I see it now.

AS THE VOICE IDENTIFIES IT SO DO WE. THE MODERN SEDAN FROM THE FIRST SCENES, BEAT UP AND RUSTED, LUGGING THE TRAILER.

MA MA
Pluto.

P.O.V.
Yuh.

MA MA
We're hungry.

2

EXT./INT. OF CAR

2

CUT TO INTERIOR OF CAR. THE SCALDING AIR ROARS IN THE OPEN WINDOWS, TEARING AT ANYTHING LOOSE. IN THE BACK AN INFANT WAILS ON ITS MOTHER'S LAP, ITS FACE DARK. THE MOTHER, LYNNE CARTER, A HANDSOME WOMAN OF 27, BRUSHES A MOIST STRAND OF HAIR FROM HER EYES AND LOOKS HUMOROUSLY AT HER COMPANION IN THE BACK SEAT: HER SISTER, BRENDA CARTER, 17. BRENDA ROLLS HER EYES IN DISGUST AT THEIR PARENTS, WHO SIT UP FRONT.

BRENDA

We're lost.

THE GIRLS' MOTHER, ETHEL CARTER, FIGHTING TO KEEP THE MAP SHE HOLDS FROM FLYING OUT THE WINDOW, SHAKES HER HEAD VEHEMENTLY.

ETHEL

Now we are not! We're right here, someplace, on this little blue road.

LYNNE

Ma, this road is definitely not a blue line. It's a dotted line if it's anything at all -- let me see that!

BRENDA SNATCHES THE MAP FROM HER MOTHER AND GIVES IT TO HER SISTER, MUCH TO HER MOTHER'S PROTEST. LYNNE SCANS IT QUICKLY.

BRENDA

(to her mother)

What's the last town we passed? That one yesterday.

ETHEL

Um, well, I think it was Corn Creek. Or that's what we were supposed to --

LYNNE

Oh, Jesus...

BRENDA

What...?

LYNNE POINTS AT THE MAP AND BRENDA LOOKS CLOSELY. AN INSERT SHOWS LYNNE'S FINGER IN C.U. POINTING TO WHERE THEY MIGHT BE.

BRENDA

(horrified)

"Nellis Air Force Range and Nuclear Testing Site. Closed to the Public." Good grief, Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA'S VOICE IS IMMEDIATELY HYSTERICAL, ACCUSATORY. AT THIS POINT THE DRIVER OF THE CAR, FATHER OF THE GIRLS, HUSBAND OF ETHEL -- BOB CARTER -- ASSERTS HIMSELF.

BOB

Alright, everybody settle down!

THE CAR FALLS SILENT. EVEN THE BABY IS STARTLED.

BOB

We are not on a bomb range, we are not goddamn lost, we are not --

SOME TERRIBLE RUSHING NOISE THAT HAS BEEN BUILDING UNDER HIS LAST DOZEN WORDS TAKES OVER. A SUPERSONIC ONSLAUGHT OF JET EXHAUST SHAKES THE CAR AND BLOTS OUT BOB'S WORDS. LOUDER, LOUDER STILL, THEN SOMETHING HUGE FLASHES OVERHEAD. JUST AS ABRUPTLY IT IS GONE.

BOB

Holy shit...

BOB FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR. THE CAR LURCHES MADLY AHEAD, WOMEN SCREAMING. LYNNE WHEELS ABOUT AND LOOKS FRANTICALLY OUT THE BACK WINDOW AT THE TRAILER. A FRIGHTENED FACE WOBBLER UP IN THE FRONT WINDOW OF THE TRAILER.

LYNNE

Daddy, for god's sakes slow down, you'll lose the trailer -- Doug and Bobby --

BOB CARTER LOOKS INTO HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR, THEN TURNS AND CRANES HIS NECK TO SEE THE TRAILER FISHTAILING BEHIND THEM. DESPITE THE TERRIFYING NATURE OF THIS, BOB'S ATTENTION IS SNAPPED AWAY BY ANOTHER AIRCRAFT ROCKETING OVER HIS AUTOMOBILE, ITS INCREDIBLE NOISE CRACKING THE WINDSHIELD. ETHEL DIVES DOWN TOWARDS THE FLOOR, AND THE MAP SHE WAS JUST REGAINING FLAPS AROUND THE INSIDE OF THE CAR LIKE A MADDENED BAT, THEN PLASTERS ITSELF ACROSS BOB'S FACE.

BOB TEARS THE MAP AWAY AND WRESTLES THE CAR AND TRAILER BACK OFF THE SHOULDER, ROARING BACK ONTO THE HIGHWAY. DUST AND ROCKS FLY UP ON ALL SIDES AND SMACK AGAINST THE UNDER-CARRIAGE OF THE CAR

ETHEL THROWS HER HANDS UP.

ETHEL

Bob! Watch!

THE BLUE OF THE ONCOMING ROAD. AN ANIMAL OF SOME SORT DARTS OUT IN FRONT OF THEM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB WRENCHES THE WHEEL AND THE CAR AND TRAILER SKID SICKENINGLY TOWARD THE SHOULDER, STRAIGHTEN ONCE, THEN PLUNGE DOWN A SLIGHT GRADE AND CLATTER TO A HALT AMONG ROCKS AND CACTUS.

THERE IS A WHITEOUT OF DUST, AND IT IS ABSOLUTELY QUIET FOR A LONG MOMENT.

BRENDA

You and your stupid shortcuts, Daddy.

3 EXT. NEAR THE WRECKED CARS AND TRAILER -- LATE AFTERNOON 3

BOB UNSCREWS THE CAP OF A THERMOS AND TAKES A LONG SWIG, THEN WIPES HIS MOUTH WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND. HE LOOKS SHAKEN, THOUGH HE WOULD NEVER ADMIT IT. LYNNE HANDS THE BABY TO ETHEL AND RUNS AROUND TO THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER, FOLLOWED BY BRENDA.

BOB

(to the desert)

Twenty-five years I'm a cop in the worst goddamn precinct in New York City. The niggers shot arrows at me, the Puerto Ricans tried to kill me by throwing dogs at me from the fucking roofs! I was even shot at on three separate occasions by my own men by mistake, of course, but none of those bastards ever came as close to killing me as my own goddamn wife with her goddamn road maps and wrong turns and goddamn hysterical screaming and --

ETHEL

(reserved)

You've soiled your pants.

BOB

(arrested)

I've what?

(He stares at the stain on his trousers)

That's coffee. I spilled my goddamn coffee -- Jesus, Ethel.

ETHEL

Watch your language.

BOB

(straightening)

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE CUT TO THE BACK OF THE TRAILER. LYNNE AND BRENDA STRUGGLE WITH THE DOOR. SOMEONE'S POUNDING FROM WITHIN.

BRENDA
Unlock it, stupid!

THERE'S A METALLIC CLICK, AND THE DOOR OPENS. BOBBY CARTER, BRENDA'S 20-YEAR-OLD BROTHER, STEPS OUT, SHAKILY, FOLLOWED BY DOUG WOOD.

BOBBY CARTER IS A TALL, GOOD-LOOKING ALL-AMERICAN KID, BRIGHT, RUGGED, A LITTLE AWKWARD WITH HIS MANHOOD.

DOUG WOOD IS BRENDA'S SISTER, LYNNE'S "OLD MAN," 35, A CASUALLY HANDSOME SCIENTIST. HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

DOUG
Now I know how Fearless Fosdick feels
when he gets put in an ash can and kicked
down the cellar stairs. What happened?

HE JUMPS DOWN, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS WHO ARE VERY EXCITED. THE FEMALE, "BEAUTY," RUSHES AROUND WAGGING HER TAIL IN APOLOGY, SURE THE CRASH WAS SOMETHING SHE DID. THE MALE, A HUGE OLD SONUVABITCH CALLED "THE BEAST," STALKS OVER TO THE NEAREST CACTUS, RAISES A BACK LEG AND STAKES HIS TERRITORY.

ALL OF THESE CHARACTERS FROM THE TRAILER SHOW THE SIGNS IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER OF A VERY ROUGH LANDING.

LYNNE
(hugging Doug)
I don't know. There was a couple of
planes, and then some poor animal in the
road -- You okay, boy?

DOUG
Nothing broken. How 'bout you -- and
Shanti?

LYNNE
We're both fine. She was crying before
we went off the road, but now she seems
quiet.

BOBBY SLIDES UP TO BRENDA.

BOBBY
Brenda, aren't you going to ask if your
darling brother is alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENDA

Na. Get out of here, Bobby.

BOBBY PRESENTS HIS HAND, WHICH HE'S BEEN KEEPING BEHIND HIS BACK. IT'S COVERED WITH RED GOO. BRENDA LETS OUT A HORRIFIED SCREAM. BOBBY BEAMS.

BOBBY

You see? She does care.

DOUG

(reassuringly)

It's catsup, folks. Got it on me, too.
The kitchen's all over the place in
there.

BOBBY SMEARS THE CATSUP ON BRENDA'S FACE. SHE LETS OUT AN EVEN LOUDER SHRIEK AND CHASES BOBBY OFF AROUND THE TRAILER.

4

EXT. UP ON THE ROAD -- SAME TIME

4

BRENDA CHASES BOBBY UP THE INCLINE AND ONTO THE ROAD, WHERE HE EASILY OUTDISTANCES HER. AFTER CHASING HIM SOME WAYS SHE GIVES UP AND STOPS, PANTING. IT SEEMS TO OCCUR TO HER FOR THE FIRST TIME JUST WHERE THEY ARE. SHE SEES THE ROAD SPINNING OFF LIKE A RIBBON OF GRAVEL AND DUST INTO THE WAVERING INFINITY OF HEAT. NOTHING AROUND HER LOOKS AT ALL LIKE ANYTHING HE'S EVER KNOWN IN HER LIFE. IT IS DEATHLY STILL. AND NOWHERE SAVE FOR THE ROAD AND THEIR VEHICLES IS THERE SIGN OF MAN'S HAND.

THE CAR AND TRAILER SEEM VERY VERY SMALL.

THE BADLANDS OF THE DESERT ARE IMMENSE. WEIRD STONE FORMATIONS. STRANGE CACTUSES, AND A STILL, ENDLESS VACUUM.

SOMETHING CROSSES SILENTLY ACROSS THE GROUND BEFORE HER. A SHADOW. BRENDA LOOKS UP. A SINGLE DARK BIRD, LARGE, VERY FAR UP, WHEELS SLOWLY ABOVE HER. IT MAKES NO SOUND, BUT SIMPLY KEEPS HER AT THE CENTER OF ITS CIRCLE.

BRENDA SHADES HER EYES AND WATCHES FOR A LONG MOMENT.

BOBBY COMES BACK, IN A SOMBER MOOD NOW.

BOBBY

Turkey buzzard. Janitor of the desert.

BRENDA

Does that mean there's a town nearby?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

(smiling)

You mean like when stranded sailors see
sea birds and know they're nearing land?

BRENDA

Yeah.

BOBBY

No.

5 EXT. ATOP THE OUTCROPPING -- AFTERNOON

5

BINOCULAR P.O.V. OF BRENDA AND BOBBY WALKING BACK TOWARD THE
CAR AND TRAILER. BOBBY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIS SISTER'S
SHOULDER AS THEY WALK. ESPECIALLY AT THIS DISTANCE AND
HEIGHT, INFINITE BADLANDS AROUND THEM, THEY ARE REVEALED AT
ONCE AS VULNERABLE AND CARING. HUMAN PREY.

A RADIO CRACKLES.

MA MA

(radio)

Pluto?

PLUTO

(P.O.V. Voice)

They off t'road. Stuck.

THE BINOCULAR P.O.V. IS REPLACED BY "NORMAL" P.O.V. AS A
FILTHY YOUNG MASCULINE HAND BRINGS THEM INTO FRAME AND PLACES
THEM NEXT TO THE WALKIE-TALKIE. THE RADIO WE SEE IS OLIVE
DRAB, "U.S. ARMY" STENCILED ON ITS SIDE. THE HAND AND ARM,
HOWEVER, ARE NOT ARMY. STRANGE RINGS, BRACELETS OF PLAITED
BONE AND HAIR, TORN AND DIRTY NAILS.

THE HAND BEGINS TRACING SOMETHING IN THE RED DIRT. A CRUDE
CIRCLE. ANOTHER. SOME MORE LINES, FASTER NOW. THE HAND
DRAWS THE OUTLINE AND WE SEE THE FIGURE IS OF A GIRL.

THE HAND WITHDRAWS TREMBLING, THEN MOVES BACK, CARESSING. OR
PERHAPS ERASING, FOR THE DRAWING IS DESTROYED.

6 EXT. ROAD NEAR THE CAR -- AFTERNOON

6

C.U. OF BRENDA, LEFT ALONE BY BOBBY, WHO JUMPS DOWN TO JOIN
THE REST OF HIS FAMILY. BRENDA STANDS WATCHING. SHE LOOKS
ABOUT HER, UNEASILY, NOT SURE WHAT SHE'S FEELING. SHE LOOKS
UP TOWARD THE OUTCROPPING, THEN AWAY.

7 EXT. DOWN AT THE CAR -- SAME TIME 7

THE TWO GERMAN SHEPHERDS LIE IN THE SHADE OF THE CAMPER.
BEAUTY, THE FEMALE, IS FREE: THE BEAST IS LEASHED.

BEAUTY STIRS, GETS UP, HER NOSE IN THE AIR. SHE LETS OUT A
"WHUFF" AND GOES ROUND THE TRAILER. THE BEAST TRIES TO
FOLLOW BUT IS PREVENTED BY HIS LEASH.

8 EXT. ON THE ROAD -- SAME TIME 8

BEAUTY JOINS BRENDA AND AGAIN SORTS THROUGH THE AIR, A
GROWLING BARK BEING THE RESULT. THEN SHE BEGINS BARKING IN
MORE CERTAINTY, SPACING THEM LIKE SONAR.

BRENDA WATCHES, AMBIVALENT.

THE WIND IS DYING. THE DOG'S BARKING IS SWALLOWED WITHOUT
ECHO IN THE VAST SILENCE.

BOBBY
(calling O.S.)
Beauty! C'mere, girl!

BEAUTY LEAVES FOR THE FAMILY.

9 EXT. BY THE CAR -- SAME TIME 9

BEAUTY COMES WAG-TAILING DOWN TO BOBBY, HEAD LOW, TONGUE OUT.
LYNNE AND DOUG ARE WATCHING BOB SENIOR CRAWL AROUND UNDER THE
CAR. ETHEL, NOTHING BETTER TO DO, WORRIES ABOUT THE DOG.

ETHEL
Maybe you should tie Beauty up, Bobby.
We don't want her running off after a
rabbit and disappearing, like she did in
Montana.

BOBBY
That was the Beast that did that, not
Beauty, and it was a bitch in South
Dakota, not a rabbit in Montana. Beauty
always comes when I call her.

CUT TO BRENDA MATTER-OF-FACTLY CRAWLING UNDER THE CAR TO SEE
WHAT HER FATHER'S UP TO.

BRENDA
What's the verdict?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

I don't wanna say it, but I think the axle's snapped.

BRENDA

Can't you fix it?

BOB

No.

BRENDA

What'll we do?

BOB

Punt.

10

EXT. DESERT -- AFTERNOON

10

C.U. OF A .38 POLICE SPECIAL. A MAN'S HAND REVOLVES THE CYLINDER TO VERIFY IT'S FULLY LOADED, THEN SNAPS IT SHUT.

M.S. BOB HANDS THE GUN TO HIS SON, BOBBY.

BOB

Don't shoot 'till you see the whites of their eyes.

ETHEL LOOKS UNEASY. DOUG'S B/G IN THE SHOT, UP ON THE ROAD, SMOKING. BRENDA AND LYNNE AREN'T IN SIGHT. BIG BOB HAS A GUN, ALSO.

ETHEL

Don't try to make me feel silly. Who knows what kind of animals live out here?

BOBBY

I do. I did a paper on desert ecology. Biggest thing out here is the coyote. He's too smart to bother with us.

ETHEL

What about snakes and bugs.

BOBBY

(granting her a point)

They won't bother us if we don't bother them.

ETHEL NODS, FEELING JUSTIFIED IN HER WORRIES, NOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHEL

If it's all the same to you, I'll put my faith in the Lord and that gun, rather than coyotes and rattlesnakes.

11 EXT. REAR OF THE TRAILER -- AFTERNOON 11

CUT TO REAR OF TRAILER. BRENDA IS OUTSIDE THE REAR DOOR, HIDDEN FROM VIEW, TAKING A FURTIVE DRAG ON A JOINT. LYNNE COMES OUT FROM THE DOOR UNEXPECTEDLY. BRENDA HIDES THE JOINT BEHIND HER BACK, CAUGHT ON THE INHALE.

LYNNE

Well, at least Shanti's taking all this calmly. They decide to go for help?
(she nods toward the family.)

BRENDA NODS "OH, SURE." LYNNE LIGHTS UP AND WATCHES HER LITTLE SISTER.

LYNNE

You'll blow up if you don't breathe, you know.

BRENDA EXPELS THE SMOKE WITH A GASP. LYNNE SMILES WRYLY AND NODS. DOUG CALLS FROM OFFSCREEN.

DOUG (O.S.)

Lynne?!

LYNNE EXITS WITHOUT A WORD TO BRENDA. BRENDA IS LEFT GASPING AND COUGHING.

BRENDA

Oh, man...

12 EXT. THE ROAD -- AFTERNOON 12

DOUG, BOB AND ETHEL CONFER ON THE ROAD JUST ABOVE THE CAR AND TRAILER. LYNNE COMES UP TO DOUG, TAKING HIS HAND.

DOUG

(a bit too casually)
Your Dad and I are going to take a walk, see if we can find some help.

ETHEL

(to Doug)
Aren't you taking a gun, Doug? Bob'll give you one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Thanks, Mom, but I've got my five fingers
of death, here.

(he mimes a comic strike)

BOB

(shrugging, adjusting his
own shoulder holster)

Doug'll go that way, me back the way we
came.

DOUG

(checking his watch)

It's 3:30. We've five hours of daylight
left.

ETHEL

Well, how far can you go in two hours?

BOB

Seven miles, maybe; it'll give us a
chance to find something.

LYNNE

What do you expect to find out here?
We're in the middle of nowhere.

BOB

Well, for one thing, we passed some sort
of station about five miles back...

NO ONE REMEMBERS. BOBBY COMES UP FROM THE TRAILER WITH A
CANTEEN OF WATER AND A THERMOS. BOB TAKES THE THERMOS, DOUG
THE CANTEEN. BRENDA COMES UP, TOO.

BOB

(to Bobby)

You're in charge here, now.

BRENDA

That's sexism. He's not in charge of me.

ETHEL

I'm in charge. Alright, get going, then!

THE MEN LAUGH AT THE WOMAN'S MIME OF MILITARY AUTHORITY.

BOBBY

Synchronize watches! It's 3:38. If
you're not back by 8:30 we'll send the
dogs out after you! Good hunting, men!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE THREE MEN THROW EACH OTHER COMIC SALUTES.

ETHEL

Can we just have a word of prayer?

EVERYONE FALLS SERIOUS.

BRENDA

Oh, Mother, for crying out loud...

ETHEL

Just to ask the Lord to watch over us
all. Is that too much to ask? Bob?

BOB NODS. EVERYONE STEPS A LITTLE CLOSER TOGETHER.

SWITCH TO A TELESCOPIC P.O.V. SHOT OF THEM FROM ABOVE, WITH A VERY SLOW ZOOM OUT. THE PRAYER IS QUITE SHORT. THEN THERE'S HUGS BETWEEN THE COUPLES, SOME WAVES, AND THE MEN STARTS OUT IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. AT FULL PULL BACK, THE LITTLE GROUP LOOKS VERY SMALL, VERY VULNERABLE. BEAUTY BARKS UP IN OUR DIRECTION UNTIL SHE'S CALLED BACK TO THE TRAILER WITH BOBBY.

12

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER. AFTERNOON.

12

DISSOLVE TO SEVERAL HOURS LATER. BOBBY IS LEVELING THE TRAILER AS BEST HE CAN WITH THE TRAILER'S JACKS AND ROCKS PROPPED UNDER.

LYNNE AND BRENDA ARE SPREADING A CLOTH OVER AN ALUMINUM PICNIC TABLE.

BEAUTY CONTINUES TO BARK UP AT THE OUTCROPPING.

BRENDA

Beauty, shut up, already!

BOBBY

Beauty!

THE DOG DROPS HER HEAD AND SKULKS OVER TO BOBBY. HE PUTS HER INTO THE BACK OF THE CAMPER AS ETHEL EMERGES WITH FOOD, HEADING FOR THE TABLE.

ETHEL

Bring some plates, would you?

BOBBY

Sure.

ETHEL BRINGS THE FOOD ROUND TO THE TABLE AND THE THREE WOMEN ARE TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME BY THEMSELVES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNNE

This is a fine way to spend the eve of your twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

ETHEL WIPES HER HANDS ON HER JEANS AND PUTS ON A LIGHT JACKET.

ETHEL

Well, it's kind of a pretty place. And there's certainly a lot of sunshine. I don't think I've seen so much sunshine since I was a girl.

BRENDA

Gives me the creeps.

LYNNE

Your system just doesn't know what to do with clean air and room to stretch.

ETHEL

(off on her own thoughts)
I suppose it's my fault we got lost...

LYNNE

Don't be ridiculous, Ma -- it was Daddy's stupid idea to try sneaking in the back way. We had enough to bribe the border guards.

BRENDA

We could've been in California by now if we'd staying on route 93. Showers... Fresh fruit...

BEAUTY CONTINUES TO BARK FROM INSIDE THE TRAILER.

LYNNE

What do you suppose is bugging her?

ETHEL

Rattlesnakes, I'll bet.

BOBBY RETURNS WITH PAPER PLATES AND PLASTIC SILVERWARE.

BOBBY

You guys kill me.

LYNNE

I wonder why the Beast isn't chiming in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

(helping self to food)
He knows better. He never barks, anyway,
he just goes for the kill whenever he
gets the chance.

ETHEL

He sure does!

WE CUT TO AN ANGLE NEARER THE TRAILER, WHERE WE CAN SEE "THE BEAST." HE IS GETTING UP, SNIFFING THE AIR, LEANING AGAINST THE LENGTH OF HIS CHAIN, STRAINING SILENTLY OFF TOWARD THE STONE BLUFF ACROSS THE ROAD. WE CAN HEAR ETHEL COMPLETE HER LINES O.S.

ETHEL

(continuing)
Remember that poodle he almost killed in
Miami. Oh, boy, was that lady fit to be
tied!

"BEAUTY" IS BARKING FRANTICALLY INSIDE THE TRAILER, HER NAILS SCRATCHING AGAINST THE ALUMINUM DOOR.

CUT BACK TO THE FAMILY AT THE TABLE.

BRENDA

Was Daddy ever mad! He had to pay the
vet bills!

THEY ALL LAUGH AT THE REMEMBRANCE. THERE'S A SHIFT.

BRENDA

So, Lynne, when are you and Doug going to
make it official?

THERE'S AN AWKWARD SILENCE. LYNNE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

LYNNE

Maybe when we reach our twenty-fifth
anniversary, like Mama and Daddy.

ETHEL

I won't comment...

LYNNE

(anticipating)
"But..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ETHEL

But it seems to me awfully backward the way you two are doing things. I mean, that sweet little baby of yours...

LYNNE

A bastard?

ETHEL

That's not what I was going to say. My granddaughter is... no bastard.

BRENDA

Can a girl be a bastard, anyway?
(to Bobby)
What's the female of Bastard?

BOBBY

Bassinet.

BRENDA BEANS BOBBY WITH AN APPLE FOR THAT ONE. BOBBY CHASES HER AROUND THE TABLE, BOTH KNOCKING THINGS OVER, THEN BRENDA RUNS FOR THE TRAILER. BEFORE BOBBY CAN STOP HER SHE'S OPENED THE DOOR. "BEAUTY" BOLTS OUT AND IS GONE LIKE A SHOT.

BOBBY

Beauty! Get back here!

BEAUTY SHOOTS ACROSS THE ROAD, THROUGH THE BRUSH AND UP INTO THE ROCKS. SHE'S ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT WHEN BOBBY GAINS THE ROAD, BUT NOT OUT OF HEARING. HER HYSTERICAL, ANGRY BARKING AND THE SOUNDS OF HER CRASHING THROUGH BRUSH, KICKING LOOSE STONES ON HER WAY UP -- ALL THIS IS UNMISTAKABLY CLEAR.

AND NOW "THE BEAST" IS BARKING TOO, LEAPING AGAINST THE RESTRICTION OF HIS CHAIN. BOBBY HESITATES A MOMENT, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO MAKE OF IT. BRENDA RUNS UP AND JOINS HIM. HE STARTS OFF AFTER "BEAUTY."

BRENDA

Bobby!?

SHE CATCHES UP WITH HIM AND TRIES TO HAND HIM THE GUN.

BRENDA

Humor me.

THE TWO EXCHANGE GLANCES. BOBBY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BOBBY

You're the one that's so scared. You keep it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HE RUNS UP THE STEEP INCLINE AND INTO THE ROCKS.

13 EXT. ROCKY ESCARPMENT 13

"BEAUTY" DIGS HER WAY UP, REALLY AFTER SOMETHING, PASSING SO CLOSE TO OUR CAMERA POSITION THAT WE CAN HEAR THE AIR WHISTLING IN HER THROAT AND OVER HER TEETH. FAR BELOW WE HEAR BOBBY CALLING.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Beauty! C'mon back, girl!

14 EXT. ROCK PROMONTORY 14

P.O.V. WATCHING "BEAUTY" COMING UP, MOVING TO MEET HER.

15 EXT. LOWER ON THE ESCARPMENT -- AFTERNOON 15

BOBBY STRUGGLES FROM ROCK TO ROCK, GASPING FOR AIR AS HE CLIMBS. HE STOPS TO CALL, HIS VOICE CRACKING WITH STRAIN AND AN UNNAMEABLE FEAR.

BOBBY
Beauty! Beauty!

HE STRUGGLES UPWARD AGAIN, TRYING TO GO FASTER.

16 EXT. NEAR THE TOP 16

"BEAUTY" BREAKS OVER THE UPPER REACHES AND ONTO FIRST LEVEL GROUND OF THE TOP. SHE CASTS ABOUT ANGRILY FOR THE SCENT, THEN STARTS TO GO OFF IN ONE DIRECTION, STILL NOT SURE.

VOICE
Hey, pig.

"BEAUTY" WHIRLS AROUND SO FAST SHE ALMOST FALLS, HER HACKLES UP, HER LIPS PULLED BACK OVER LETHAL TEETH, HER EYES FLASHING WITH THE LOW RED SUN THAT'S DIRECTLY IN THEM. SHE LAYS BACK HER EARS AND GATHERS HERSELF.

CUT TO A SHOT FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, GROUND LEVEL. A LEG STEPS INTO VIEW, FRAMING "BEAUTY" AS SHE SPRINGS INTO HER CHARGE, SOME TWENTY YARDS AWAY. WE MIGHT NOTICE THE FOOT SHOD IN A RATTY "P F FLYER," RUDE BRACELETS OF WIRE AT THE ANKLE, THE HAIRY BARE LEG STEPPING INTO A CROUCH AS THE BIG DOG LUNGES.

17 EXT. HALFWAY UP 17

BOBBY STOPS IN HIS CLIMB AT THE SOUND OF THE SCREAM. IT'S A LONG, TERRIFYING CRY, HALF-ANIMAL, HALF-HUMAN, PARALYZING IN ITS FEROCITY. IT'S FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY THE AWFUL OUTCRY OF A DOG IN RAGING PAIN. THEN SNARLS AND WHOOPS, CRASHING OF BRUSH. ROCKS RAIN BY AND BOBBY DIVES FOR COVER. AN AWFUL HOWL, A SOUND OF AN ANIMAL SHAKING SOMETHING MERCILESSLY IN ITS TEETH, THEN ITS OVER.

CLOSE ON BOBBY'S FACE. THE YOUNGSTER IS FROZEN WITH FEAR. SCRUB JAYS FLASH BY OVERHEAD, SCREECHING THEIR WARNINGS. THEN THERE'S AN OPPRESSIVE SILENCE. IT'S SO QUIET WE CAN HEAR BOBBY'S TEETH CHATTERING.

18 EXT. THE ROAD BY THE CAR -- SAME TIME 18

THE WOMEN GATHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROUGH ROAD, HUDDLED CLOSE TOGETHER, STRAINING THEIR EYES AND EARS TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT IN THE DEEPENING SHADOWS HIGH ABOVE THEM. THE LOW SUN IS TURNING THE ENTIRE PEAK OF THE STONE PINNACLE SCARLET.

ETHEL LOOKS UP THE HILL AND CALLS TO HER SON.

ETHEL
Bobby! Come down, now!

19 EXT. ON THE ESCARPMENT 19

BOBBY LOOKS BACK DOWN THE HILL AT THE DISTANT CALL OF HIS MOTHER. HE SHAKES HIMSELF AND LOOKS BACK UP.

BOBBY
Beauty?

THERE'S NO SIGN FROM UP THERE.

BOBBY STARTS CLIMBING UP, HIS FACE SET.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. AT THE TOP 20

BOBBY CLIMBS OVER THE LAST ROCK CAUTIOUSLY AND STANDS SHAKING AMONG THE LONG SHADOWS AND RED-RIMMED ROCKS. HE LOOKS AROUND HIMSELF. EVERYWHERE THE GROUND IS TORN, THE BRUSH TRAMPLED. AND THERE IS HAIR, IN BLOODY CLOTS, STICKING TO BROKEN BRANCHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
 (quietly)
 Beauty?

HE WAITS IN VAIN FOR SOME SORT OF ANSWER. A SULLEN WIND
 PRESSES AGAINST HIS BACK. HE SHIVERS, NERVES ON EDGE.

HE TAKES A STEP AND SLIPS ON BLOOD.

HE FOLLOWS A BLOOD TRAIL, THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK
 PRICKLING AS THEY RISE.

BOBBY FINDS "BEAUTY" ON HER BACK ATOP A YELLOW PLATE OF ROCK,
 HER LEGS FROZEN AND SPLAYED AGAINST THE RED SKY, HER PURPLE
 TONGUE SWOLLEN OVER HER TEETH.

SHE HAS BEEN DISEMBOWELED, HER INTESTINES TORN OUT AND LYING
 ABOUT HER.

CLOSE ON BOBBY'S FACE, HIS EYES GLAZED AND UNBELIEVING.
 SOMETHING MOVES IN THE BRUSH BEHIND HIM.

HE SPINS IN A PANIC AND RUNS.

WILDLY, BLINDLY, HE PITCHES HIMSELF INTO A HEADLONG RUN DOWN
 THE DARKENING WALL OF ROCK, FALLING, ROLLING, LURCHING UP AND
 RUNNING EVEN HARDER.

21 EXT. NEAR THE TRAILER -- SUNSET

21

SUDDEN SILENCE TO THIS CUT. THE SKY RUNS RED AS THE PLANET
 ROTATES THE DESERT TOWARDS DARKNESS. THE ARTERIAL LIGHT OF
 THE SUN WRITHES ON THE HORIZON, AND THE MOLTEN BALL BEGINS TO
 DISINTEGRATE INTO DUSK.

NEARER THE TRAILER LYNNE HEAPS DRY BRANCHES ON A BONFIRE.
 FLAMES SPIN UP LIKE DERVISHES, SHAPING AND HISSING TENDRILS
 OF SPARKS SCREW EVEN HIGHER. THE HEAT AND LIGHT PRESS LYNNE
 BACK.

BRENDA, HERSELF WEARING A GREEN DOWN JACKET, ARRIVES WITH A
 JACKET FOR LYNNE, WHO QUICKLY PUTS IT ON.

LYNNE
 Jesus, it must have dropped twenty
 degrees in the last hour.

SHE FINDS A PACK OF CIGARETTES IN THE JACKET POCKET AND
 LIGHTS UP. THE SISTERS AVOID EACH OTHER'S EYES. OFF SCREEN
 WE HEAR THE MOTHER SPEAKING SOME SORT OF GIBBERISH.

22 INT. THE TRAILER

22

INSIDE THE TRAILER THINGS ARE HALF TOPSY-TURVY, HALF STRAIGHTENED UP. SINCE THERE'S NO CAMPGROUND ELECTRICAL OUTLET TO PLUG INTO, THE ONLY LIGHT SOURCE IS A CANDLE. ETHEL IS STRUGGLING WITH THE FAMILY'S C/B UNIT, TRYING TO CALL FOR HELP. SHE HAS THE OWNER'S MANUAL SPREAD BEFORE HER, AND IS DOING HER BEST TO FEEL SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING.

ETHEL

Calling Smokey the Bear, calling Smokey the Bear, this is Moby Grape... hello?

THE RADIO HISSES EMPTILY. ETHEL POKES A FEW BUTTONS EXPERIMENTALLY AND TRIES AGAIN.

ETHEL

(improvising)

Maypole, maypole, this is Moby Grape calling. Hello there, um...

LYNNE ENTERS AND SITS BESIDE HER MOTHER, SMOOTHING THE OLDER WOMAN'S HAIR.

LYNNE

It's "Mayday," Mom, not "Maypole."

ETHEL

Oh.

ETHEL SHRUGS IN EXASPERATION.

ETHEL

Darn thing won't ever work for me. Guess I don't have the touch.

LYNNE

Let me have a try.

THE MOTHER SCOOTs OVER AND LYNNE TAKES THE MICROPHONE.

23 EXT. A HIGH PLACE -- DUSK

23

C.U. OF THE ARMY RADIO FOREGROUND. JUST B/G WE CAN SEE PART OF A HUNKERED-DOWN BODY, AND THE ARMS OF THE YOUNG SAVAGE AS HE TIES A DIRTY BANDAGE AROUND A BLOODY FOREARM. LYNNE'S VOICE CRACKLES FROM THE RADIO.

LYNNE

Mayday, Mayday, this is Mobile Unit 2345CB. We are stranded and in need of assistance. Does anybody read us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BANDAGE IS TIED. THERE'S A PAUSE, THEN THE ARMY RADIO IS PICKED UP.

24

INT. THE TRAILER

24

LYNNE IS JUST ABOUT TO SPEAK AGAIN WHEN A SHORT BURST OF HEAVY, RASPINGLY OBSCENE BREATHING COMES FROM HER RECEIVER. IT'S FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY THE STATIC SNAP OF SOMEONE RELEASING THE TALK BUTTON. THE RADIO IS ONCE AGAIN SILENT.

THE TWO WOMEN STARE AT THE SET AS IF IT WERE ALIVE.

LYNNE

(quietly)

What the hell was that?

ETHEL SITS BACK, STILL STARING AT THE RADIO.

ETHEL

It sounded like some sort of animal...

LYNNE

If the animals out here are smart enough to run a goddamn radio, we're in serious trouble.

ETHEL

Watch your language.

LYNNE

Where's Bobby and the men, anyway.

LYNNE TURNS AND LOOKS TOWARD THE DARK WINDOWS, THE ORANGE LIGHT OF THE BONFIRE LICKING HER FEATURES.

25

EXT. NEAR THE TRAILER -- DUSK

25

THE LIGHT AT THE HORIZON HAS GONE FROM SCARLET TO DEEP PURPLE THAT TATTERS OFF TO GRAY. THE REST OF THE SKY PRESSES DOWN BLACK AND COLD.

THE BONFIRE IS SMALLER NOW, UNABLE TO LIVE FOR LONG WITHOUT FRESH FUEL.

LYNNE STEPS FROM THE TRAILER AND LOOKS TOWARD THE FIRE. BRENDA IS GONE.

LYNNE

Brenda?

26

EXT. THE ROAD -- DUSK

26

BRENDA STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GRAVEL ROAD, THE BIG MALE GERMAN SHEPHERD "THE BEAST" WITH HER ON A CHAIN LEASH. IT'S DARK, AND TO BRENDA, VERY MUCH A CITY GIRL, EVERY SHADOW IS ALIVE. SHE STARES EACH WAY DOWN THE MURKY ROAD. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE MORE THAN FIFTY YARDS.

BRENDA
(calling)
Bobbeeee!

HER VOICE RETURNS AT INTERVALS FROM THE HIGH STONE BUTTRESSES. BUT THERE'S NO ANSWER FROM HER BROTHER. THE GIRL STARES AT THE DARK TREES AND THE SLOPE THAT RUNS UP BEHIND, AND TAKES A TENTATIVE STEP IN THEIR DIRECTION. THEN STOPS.

SHE THINKS SHE MIGHT HAVE HEARD SOMETHING.

"THE BEAST" LETS OUT A "WHUFF" AND POINTS HIS EARS. A MOMENT LATER HE CHARGES WITHOUT WARNING INTO THE DARK TREES, YANKING BRENDA OFF BALANCE.

BRENDA
Beast! Get back here!

THE DOG IS GONE.

BRENDA GETS UP AND BRUSHES HERSELF OFF. THE WOODS ARE SILENT.

LYNNE
(calling from back by the
trailer)
Brenda? You there?

BRENDA LOOKS BACK TOWARDS THE TRAILER FOR A MOMENT.

BRENDA
(calling)
In a minute, Lynne.

THE GIRL TURNS BACK TOWARD THE HILLSIDE AND STARTS TOWARD IT...

SHE MAKES HERSELF WALK INTO THE TREES UNTIL THE ROAD IS LOST BEHIND HER AND SHE IS IN DEEP SHADOW.

BRENDA
Bobby?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NO ANSWER. SHE MOVES DEEPER INTO THE DARK, PAUSES AGAIN.
NOT FAR OFF SOMETHING MOVES IN THE TREES.

BRENDA
(hushed)
Bobby?

CLOSE ON HER FACE, HER EYES LARGE AND LIQUID. HER SKIN
PALLID IN THE STARLIGHT. SHE DOESN'T BREATHE. THERE'S
ANOTHER SOUND, CLOSER. THE GIRL LOOKS BEHIND HER, AS IF TO
RUN, BUT HOLDS HER GROUND AND FACES THE SOUND.

BOBBY EMERGES FROM THE TREES, FOLLOWING "THE BEAST"

BRENDA
Oh, thank God.

CUT TO THE ROAD. BOBBY, BRENDA AND "THE BEAST" CLIMB ONTO
THE GRAVEL. BRENDA MUSES TO LISTEN.

BOBBY
(very quietly)
Dad and Doug back?

BRENDA
(still looking down the
road)
Not yet.
(she turns to her brother)
You didn't find Beauty?

BOBBY TURNS AND WALKS OFF.

BOBBY
She must have run off.

HE TUGS "THE BEAST" AFTER HIM. THE BIG DOG SEEMS TO WANT TO
HEAD BACK INTO THE WOODS.

CUT TO A SHOT THROUGH SOME BRUSH TO THE DISTANT TRAILER AND
BONFIRE, WHERE LYNNE AND ETHEL HEAP MORE FUEL ONTO THE
FLAMES. A SLIGHT MOVEMENT OF THE CAMERA PUTS MORE BRANCHES
BETWEEN US AND THE VIEW OF THE FIRE, ESTABLISHING THIS AS THE
POINT OF VIEW OF SOMEONE IN HIDING.

BRENDA, BOBBY AND "THE BEAST" ENTER THE CIRCLE OF FIRELIGHT.
THEY ARE GREETED BY THE TWO OLDER WOMEN, BOBBY WITH SPECIAL
WARMTH. ALL ARE TOO FAR AWAY TO BE HEARD. THEIR GESTURES
INDICATE THAT THEY ARE RELIEVED, PUZZLED ABOUT THE ABSENCE OF
THE MEN, BOBBY IS GIVEN A COAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AS THE GROUP MOVES TOWARDS THE TRAILER A DARK HAND RELEASES A BRANCH, AND OUR VIEW IS CUT OFF.

27

INT. THE TRAILER

27

ETHEL COOKS AT THE BUTANE BURNER. LYNNE FEEDS THE BABY, SHANTI, WHO FUSSES A LOT. BRENDA IS SLUMPED IN A CORNER DRINKING A COKE AND WATCHING BOBBY.

BOBBY SITS FOREGROUND, FACING AWAY FROM THE GROUP, PALE, LOST IN THOUGHT. ETHEL LOOKS AT HIM.

ETHEL

You want cheese on your hamburger?

BOBBY

I don't want anything.

ETHEL STUDIES HER SON.

ETHEL

You sick or something.

BOBBY

Yeah, a little. Nothing serious. Did anyone try the C/B?

LYNNE

We tried. Nothing.

ETHEL

Once it sounded like the thing was an obscene phone caller.

BOBBY

What do you mean?

ETHEL

Well, it sort of huffed and puffed, like, wouldn't you say so, Lynne?

LYNNE

It was static.

BOBBY LOOKS AT THE TWO WOMEN.

ETHEL

Wasn't.

THERE IS A SHARP THUMP AND A RASP FROM OUTSIDE THE TRAILER. BOBBY JUMPS DESPITE HIMSELF, THEN ENFORCES HIS AIR OF CALM. HE PICKS UP THE PISTOL AND OPENS THE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA MAKES TO FOLLOW, BUT BOBBY MOTIONS FOR HER TO STAY,
AND HE SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

BRENDA
He's such a Macho.

SHE PULLS BACK A CURTAIN AND STRAINS TO SEE SOMETHING IN THE
DARK OUTSIDE.

28

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT

28

THE FIRE IS DOWN TO EMBERS THAT OFFER SCANT LIGHT. BUT A
GREENISH EMBOLUS OF A MOON HOVERS IN THE SKY NOW, RISING
SLOWLY AS A GAS BUBBLE IN THICK ACID. THIS IS LIGHT ENOUGH
FOR BOBBY TO SEE THAT "THE BEAST" HAS BROKEN HIS CHAIN AND IS
GONE.

BOBBY LOOKS OFF INTO THE DARK, SHIVERING SUDDENLY. HE
SWALLOWS AND LOOKS UP AT THE SKY.

BOBBY
Oh, Jesus, what's going on?

CUT TO BOBBY THROWING MORE AND MORE DRY WOOD ON THE FIRE
UNTIL IT'S ROARING UP TO FULL HEIGHT AGAIN. IT'S BECOMING
DIFFICULT TO FIND MORE WOOD. BOBBY FINDS ONE LAST BRANCH,
THROWS IT ON, THEN STEPS BACK.

THE FIRE SEEMS TO ASSURE HIM. A LITTLE.

CUT TO THE MOON, NOW AT ITS APOGEE. A COYOTE CALLS DOWN A
CANYON.

BOBBY TURNS. SOMEONE IS CLAMBERING DOWN THE ROCKS BETWEEN
THE ROAD AND THE TRAILER. BOBBY COCKS THE PISTOL AND AIMS.
DOUGLAS WALKS FROM THE SHADOWS, A BIG GRIN ON HIS FACE.

DOUG
Hey, don't shoot. I surrender!

BOBBY TURNS TO THE FIRE

CUT TO DOUG WARMING HIS BODY AT THE FIRE, ROTATING TO THAW
ALL SIDES. HE WATCHES BOBBY CLOSELY. BOBBY AVOIDS LOOKING
AT HIM.

DOUG
Did I miss dinner?

NO ANSWER FROM BOBBY, WHO IS PITCHING STONES INTO THE FIRE.

DOUG
You and Brenda have another fight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY TURNS TO DOUG, STUFFING HIS HANDS IN HIS BACK POCKETS.

BOBBY

Dad's not back yet... and where were you?

DOUG

It's a lot slower going out there than we thought. Big Bob's surely on his way back. And he'll see the fire... If nothing else, we'll just send the Beast out after him. The Beast always gets his man.

BOBBY

The Beast broke free and took off half an hour ago. Beauty's dead.

DOUG

Beauty's what?

BOBBY

She chased off right after you and Dad left. She was after something. She caught up with whatever it was on top of that bluff. By the time I got up there she was dead.

DOUG

(sobered)

Must've been a cougar, something big like that.

BOBBY

She was gutted.

DOUG STUFFS TOBACCO INTO THE BOWL OF HIS PIPE.

DOUG

A cougar might do that. Nothing else around capable of taking on a German Shepherd, anyway. Beauty was no pussycat.

BOBBY DOESN'T ANSWER, BUT HE'S STUDYING DOUG'S FACE FOR SIGNS OF FEAR.

DOUG

You tell the others?

BOBBY

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
Just as well.

DOUG LOOKS AROUND. THE BRIGHT CIRCLE OF THE FIRE PITCHES EVERYTHING ELSE INTO DARK TWISTING SHADOW. THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER IS THROWN OPEN, DOUG IS VISIBLY STARTLED, AND BOBBY NOTICES.

BRENDA COMES RUNNING OUT WITH A SHOUT, THROWING HER ARMS AROUND DOUG. LYNNE COMES RIGHT AFTER, FOLLOWED BY ETHEL, HOLDING THE BABY. THERE IS GREAT RELIEF IN THE AIR, THE WOMEN CROWDING AROUND DOUG.

ETHEL
I knew when you smelled food you'd show up!

LYNNE
Find anything?

SHE KISSES HIM, GIVING BRENDA A PLAYFUL SHOVE AWAY.

DOUG
There's a sort of blockhouse, abandoned, about five miles out. Nothing in it. Looks like it used to be used by the Military.

BRENDA
You go any further?

DOUG
There isn't any further. The road ends there.
(avoiding further discussion)
I'm starving.

THEY ALL GO INTO THE TRAILER. ETHEL GOES LAST, LOOKING OFF IN THE DIRECTION BOB TOOK EARLIER THAT DAY. SHE THEN GOES INSIDE.

29

EXT. DAY/FOR/NIGHT

29

CUT TO "THE BEAST" FOLLOWING THE SCENTS OF BOBBY AND "BEAUTY" UP THE SLOPE AMONG THE TREES, THEN FARTHER, UP AMONG THE ROCKS; CUTS OF HIM CLIMBING, CLIMBING, UNTIL HE REACHES THE VERY TOP OF THE OUTCROPPING, HIGH ABOVE THE ROAD AND TRAILER, WHERE BEAUTY MET HER MATCH.

"THE BEAST" TRACES BACK AND FORTH AMONG THE STILL HOT SCENT MAPS OF THE STRUGGLE, GETTING MADDER AND MADDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE REACHES THE PLATE OF ROCK AND LEAPS UP ONTO IT, RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ENTRAILS OF BEAUTY.

THE HUGE DOGS SPINS AROUND IN TIGHT CIRCLES, SNIFFING AND SNORTING AND GROWLING MORE AND MORE, THEN SITS BACK ON HIS POWERFUL HAUNCHES AND LETS OUT A LONG, ANGRY HOWL, JUTTING HIS SNOUT RIGHT AT THE UNDERBELLY OF THE MOON.

THERE IS NO SIGN, HOWEVER, OF THE REST OF BEAUTY.

30

EXT. A ROCK OVERHANG -- NIGHT

30

THE HOWL OF "THE BEAST" IS NOW DISTANT, A FAINT TEAR IN THE FABRIC OF QUIET. PAN DOWN FROM A SHOT OF THE CRATERED MOON TO A SMALL COOKING FIRE. ON A CRUDE SPIT, THE CHARRED HAUNCH OF SOME SOFT OF ANIMAL CRACKLES. PAN RIGHT UNTIL, WITH A SUDDENNESS THAT IS ALMOST SURPRISING, THE FACE OF A YOUNG WOMAN, PERHAPS 19, FILLS THE FRAME. HER DARK TANGLE OF HAIR IS PLAITED WITH DRIED DESERT FLOWERS AND A THIN BRASS CHAIN, OF THE SORT FOUND IN INDUSTRIAL OR MILITARY USE.

HER FACE IS BURNED DARK BY THE SUN, HER EYES DARK, EVEN WITH THE MOON IN THEM, HER MOUTH WIDE YET WITH A REFINEMENT THAT IS IN NO WAY MIRRORED BY THE ROUGH CLOTHING SHE WEARS AGAINST THE COLD.

BUT SHE IS UNMISTAKABLY BEAUTIFUL.

AS THE HOWL IN THE DISTANCE DIES, THE GIRL TURNS THOUGHTFULLY BACK TO THE FIRE AND STUDIES THE HEAT BURNING THERE. SHE LOOKS BACK INTO THE DARKNESS BEHIND HER, LISTENING. NO SOUND BUT A LOW SCRAPING OF WIND.

SHE TAKES THE MEAT FROM THE FIRE AND BEGINS TO EAT. IT'S A LONG SHANK, TOUGH AND FIBROUS SHE TEARS AT IT WITH HER TEETH, CHEWS AND STARES INTO THE FIRE.

"THE BEAST" HOWLS AGAIN, A LONG, HAUNTING ULULATION. THE GIRL'S EYES COME UP. SHE DROPS THE MEAT INTO THE FIRE, SPITS OUT WHAT'S IN HER MOUTH, STANDS AND WIPES HER HANDS ON HER RAGGED SKIRT, LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER IN MOUNTING ALARM.

A RUDDY LIGHT FALLS OVER HER FROM BEHIND AND THE GIRL TURNS IN SOME RELIEF. CUT TO AN ENORMOUS FIGURE COMING THROUGH A FLAP OF ANIMAL SKIN FROM A FIRE-LIT INNER CHAMBER OF ROCK. AS THE FIGURE DRAWS CLOSER TO THE COOKING FIRE, WE CAN SEE IT IS A WOMAN. HUGE, SMOKEY, ROUGH SKIN, PERHAPS TWO HUNDRED POUNDS IN WEIGHT, A SNARL OF HAIR, BONE ORNAMENTS, CARTRIDGE SHELL EARRINGS, RUINED TEETH. SHE LUGS A HALF-GALLON JUG OF CHEVAS REGAL. THIS IS MA-MA. SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE FROM THIRTY-FIVE TO FIFTY.

SHE STUDIES THE GIRL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MA MA
Warm nuff, Ruby?

THE GIRLS NODS DEFERENTIALLY.

MA MA
Y'like yer dog?

RUBY
Yuh, Ma Ma.

MA MA
Ain't every day we get dog. Makes coyote
taste like shit.

RUBY
Dog's ghost is talking out there
tonight...

MA MA LOOKS MORE CLOSELY AT THE GIRL, SMELLING THE FEAR. HER
EYES NARROW.

MA MA
You just got the curse, is all. Makes
you haywire. By tomorrow morning you be
clean again, can come back in with us.
Ain't no such thing as dog ghost!

THE WOMAN LAUGHS MOUNTAINOUSLY, HER WHOLE BODY SEIZING THE
HUMOR AND SHAKING IT SENSELESS. SUDDENLY SHE STOPS, NOSTRILS
FLARING. ANOTHER CRY FROM "THE BEAST" LOOPS DOWN AROUND
THEM. THE MATRIARCH LISTENS THOUGHTFULLY.

MA MA
Big sonuvabitch. Ain't no fuckin' ghost,
neither.

RUBY
Nother dog?

MA MA
(nodding)
Nother dog. Big ol' stud.

SHE OFFERS THE JUG OF CHEVAS REGAL TO THE GIRL. RUBY SHAKES
HER HEAD "NO." MA MA TAKES A SWIG HERSELF AND STUDIES THE
NIGHT AIR.

MA MA
(thoughtfully)
Good he's 'round here. Means he ain't
'round there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUBY

'Round where?

MA MA

Never mind.

31 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 31

P.O.V. SHOT OF BOBBY TOSSING MORE WOOD ON THE FIRE, WHICH IS QUITE A BIT SMALLER NOW. THE BOY WATCHES THE SPARKS SPIRAL UP, LOOK AROUND HIM, THEN HEADS BACK INTO THE TRAILER. THE PISTOL JUST FROM HIS BACK POCKET. THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM.

32 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 32

BOBBY LOCKS THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE, TUGGING AT IT TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE IT'S SECURE.

LYNNE

Don't look that too secure, old boy,
we're going out in a sec.

LYNNE GIVES BOBBY A PECK ON THE CHEEK AND DUCKS INTO THE TINY BATHROOM OF THE TRAILER. DOUG APPEARS FROM THE BACK OF THE DARKENED TRAILER, HIS HAIR ASKEW, HIS SHIRT PULLED OUT, HIS FACE FLUSHED.

BOBBY

Where you guys going?

DOUG

Just out to the station wagon.

HE WINKS AT BOBBY. BOBBY SEES NO HUMOUR IN THIS.

BOBBY

Geez, Doug -- I mean, Dad's out there
lost or hurt, and you guys are acting
like you could care less -- you --

DOUG RAISES HIS HAND TO SILENCE BOBBY, INDICATING THE DARK END OF THE TRAILER, WHERE ETHEL AND BRENDA SLEEP.

DOUG

Number one, there's no way anything short
of a platoon of Huns is going to get to
Big Bob. He's tough as hell and armed.
Two --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

How about a snake or a fall -- this isn't the South Bronx -- he might not know where to look for danger here.

DOUG

Two, if he's not back in an hour, I personally will schlep out and find him -- remember, we have one dim flashlight, one pistol, and only two men to guard three women and an infant.

BOBBY

Guard them from what?

DOUG

What?

BOBBY

I thought you said it was just a cougar.

DOUG SEEMS CAUGHT OFF-GUARD AND UNABLE TO ANSWER. HE'S SAVED BY LYNNE COMING OUT OF THE BATHROOM.

LYNNE

All set?

DOUG BREAKS HIS CONTACT WITH BOBBY'S EYES AND PICKS UP SOME BLANKETS AND A PILLOW. LYNNE SENSES SOMETHING GOING ON, BUT SAYS NOTHING.

DOUG

All set.
(to Bobby)
Why don't you get some sleep?

LYNNE GOES OUT. AS DOUG IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW HER, BOBBY OFFERS THE PISTOL.

BOBBY

Why don't you take this along, just for insurance.

DOUG

Happiness is a warm gun. Relax. See you in a while, if you're still awake.

HE GOES OUT. BOBBY WAITS A MOMENT, THEN LOCKS THE DOOR ONCE MORE. HE SITS AT THE FORMICA TABLE, ANGRY AND ILL AT EASE. HE FINISHES A CUP OF COFFEE AND OPENS A CAN OF COKE. HE SIPES FROM IT AND TURNS ON A RADIO AT THE BACK OF THE TABLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHREDS OF DISTANT MUSIC, ELECTRONICS, PIECES OF SENTENCE FROM CITIES FAR AWAY, BEAMED DOWN IN FRAGMENTS FROM THE DISTURBED STRATOSPHERE. ONE VOICE IS AUDIBLE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS AT A TIME, A NEWSCAST.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

... Several hundred demonstrators still remain at the border, and police confirm now that there were fatalities among... static... busses burned, most of them from Northeastern cities. Meanwhile the Supreme Court still has not handed... static... on the Constitutionality of states in the Sunbelt imposing limitations on immigrants from the megalopolitan zone.

(pause)

We'll have more about that meltdown in Chicago, and weatherman Abby Hoffman reveals all about the Seattle quake and why it won't come here, after this word from the folks at Remington Firearms.

BOBBY STUFFS A TAPE CARTRIDGE INTO A SLOT OF THE RADIO AND A MOZART QUARTET REPLACES THE JINGLE. BOBBY LOOKS BACK TOWARDS THE DARK END OF THE TRAILER.

CUT TO BRENDA, SLEEPING. CLOSE ON HER FACE. CLOSER. WE HEAR THE WHIRRING OF WHEELS AT FULL RACE.

CUT TO P.O.V. SHOT FROM AN AUTOMOBILE, THE ROAD RACING AT US AT SUPERSONIC SPEED -- BRIDGES, TREES, GUARD RAILS FLASHING BY. THE CAR PLUNGES INTO A TUNNEL AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

THE BLOATED FACE OF BIG BOB FLOATS BY IN SLOW MOTION, MOUTHING WORDS WE CAN'T DECIPHER. THEY'RE GARBLED AND FLOAT IN AND OUT OF AUDIBILITY, BUT FROM THE MAN'S EXPRESSION WE CAN SEE WHAT HE'S TRYING TO SAY IS TERRIBLY IMPORTANT TO HIM. HIS FACE SINKS LIKE A SHIP.

DOUGLAS IS REVEALED MIDDLE BACKGROUND, LEGS SPREAD AND PLANTED, SHIRT OPEN, A STRONG LIGHT ON HIS FACE AN CHEST.

DOUG

I'll protect you, I'll protect you
I'll hold you, I'll warm you
I'll protect you, I'll need you...
(suddenly wary)
Don't touch me.

CLOSE ON LYNNE'S FACE, WHICH LOOMS UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LYNNE

Don't touch him, don't touch me.

CLOSE ON THE INFANT SHANTI.

SHANTI

Touch me.

A POWERFUL SUN-BLACKENED ARMS SHOOTS OUT, A STEEL-TRAP HAND CLOSES OVER THE INFANT'S BLANKET AND TEARS HER FROM HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

BRENDA PITCHES IN HER SLEEP, ROLLS OVER AND BURIES HERSELF DEEPER IN THE BLANKETS.

CUT TO THE FACE OF ETHEL IN HER BED. SHE LIES WITH HER EYES OPEN, STARING AT THE WALL BEFORE HER, LIPS MOVING WITHOUT SOUND.

ANGLE ON THE INFANT, SHANTI, SHE LIES IN HER CRIB STARING STRAIGHT UP INTO INFINITY.

33 INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

33

DOUG'S FACE, JUST ABOVE LYNNE'S, MOVES DOWN WITH HIS BODY AS HE ENTERS HER. LYNNE'S EYES CLOSE AND HER LIPS PULL BACK IN A BREATHLESS SMILE. HER FINGERS SNAKE DEEP INTO THE HAIR AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD AND DRAW HIM CLOSER. SHE GROANS DEEPLY AND KISSES HIM. HE DRIVES IN SO FAR THEIR BONES RUB. GLANDS AND VALVES DILATE, FLUIDS MOVE TOWARDS THE AIR, BLOOD COURSES, AND DEEP IN THE INNERMOST LOBES OF THEIR BRAINS, NEURONS FROM ANCESTRAL WET DREAMS STREAM DOWN INTO THEIR PASSION LIKE A METEOR SHOWER. THE OLD STATION WAGON STARTS TO SHAKE, AND THE WINDOWS STEAM.

34 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR -- NIGHT

34

A VERY LOW SHOT, BENEATH THE STATION WAGON. THE OLD CAR SQUEAKS ON ITS SPRINGS AND JUMPS IN SYMPATHETIC EXUBERANCE ON ITS AGING SHOCKS. OUR VIEW IN UNDER THE CAR, PAST THE REAR WHEELS TO THE FIRE B/G. BOBBY TOSSES SOME MORE FUEL ON THE FIRE, LOOKS AROUND, STARES A MOMENT AT THE THROBBING CAB, THEN LOOKS AWAY IN EMBARRASSMENT AS LYNNE'S VOICE BECOMES AUDIBLE IN HER ECSTASY. BOBBY GOES BACK INSIDE THE TRAILER. WE HEAR THE DOOR SHUT. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CAR, THE TATTERED P.F. FLYERS STEPS NOISELESSLY INTO FRAME.

35 INT. STATION WAGON -- NIGHT

35

DOUG LIES ON HIS BACK, HEAD THROWN TO THE SIDE AWAY FROM THE FAR WINDOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNNE IS MOUNTED ON HIM, HUNCHED OVER AND FACING AWAY, FITTING HERSELF TO HIM. HER HEAD IS AGAINST THE ROOF OF THE CAR, HER HAIR IN HER EYES. SHE'S LAUGHING.

LYNNE

Jesus, there's not enough room to swing a cat back here -- I can -- ooh. Oohmm -- got it.

SHE SQUATS LOWER ONTO HIM, PIVOTING HER HIPS AGAINST THE FIRE-RED CONDENSATION OF THE FAR WINDOWS, A LONGHAIRD SILHOUETTE MOVES IN A CROUCH THEN DUCKS FROM VIEW. NEITHER OF THE LOVERS SEES IT.

36

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR -- NIGHT

36

THE DARK HAND WITH THE BONE BRACELETS, THE SAME THAT EARLIER HELD THE BINOCULARS AND WALKIE-TALKIE, SILENTLY OPENS THE GAS CAP. WE STILL SEE NO FACE. EVER SO CAUTIOUSLY, A LENGTH OF TUBING IS EASED DOWN, INTO THE GAS TANK. ANOTHER CLOSE SHOT, ON THE HAND THAT FINDS THE FREE END OF THE RUBBER TUBE AND BRINGS IT TO THE MOUTH. AND NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME WE SEE THE FACE OF BEAUTY'S KILLER.

THE LIGHT IS NOT GOOD. IT RIMS HIS RATTED HAIR WITH FIRELIGHT, BUT THROWS HIS FACE INTO DEEP SHADOW. BUT WE CAN SEE HE IS CAUCASIAN, SUN-BLACKENED, EMACIATED BY HUNGER BUT WIRY AND QUICK. A HEADBAND OF BEER CAN TABS HOLDS HIS HAIR FROM HIS EYES, AND AROUND HIS NECK, AS TRIUMPHAL ORNAMENTATION, HE HAS BUCKLED THE STUDDED COLLAR OF THE SLAUGHTERED GERMAN SHEPHERD, BEAUTY, DOG TAGS AND ALL. HE'S ABOUT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

HE SUCKS THE TUBE PRIME, SPITS THE EXTRA GAS TO THE GROUND, AND PLACES THE FREE END OF THE TUBE INTO A LARGE GAS CAN AT HIS FEET. WE CAN BARELY HEAR THE FLUID TRANSFERRING, FOR DOUG AND LYNNE ARE ABSOLUTELY WILD INSIDE THE CAR.

THE YOUNG SAVAGE SQUINTS INTO THE DISTANCE AND MAKES A SIGNAL "1", AS IF ONE-MINUTE-TO-GO. FOR THE FIRST TIME WE GET THE IDEA HE MIGHT NOT BE ALONE.

37

INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

37

BOBBY SITS LISTENING TO MOZART AND MAKING ROWS OF .38 CALIBER ROUNDS, WHICH HE TAKES FROM A SMALL COLORFUL BOX. BRENDA PADS UP BEHIND HIM.

BRENDA

If you don't turn that crap down I'll kill you with my bare hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
You and whose army?

BRENDA
You want me to wake Mommie?

BOBBY
(mimicking)
"Want me to wake mom-meee?"

HE REACHES OVER AND PLUGS IN EARPHONES. THE MUSIC
DISAPPEARS, BRENDA TAKES A SIP OF BOBBY'S COKE.

BRENDA
No sign of Daddy?

BOBBY
You mean like a tingling at the back of
my neck, or something.

BRENDA
There's no need to get snotty. I'm
worried; I keep having scary dreams.

BOBBY
If he's not back in a few minutes I'll go
out with a flashlight and meet him.

BRENDA
Can I come?

BOBBY
No, you can't come.

BRENDA
Why not?

BOBBY
This is man's work.

BRENDA
You're a disgusting human being, you know
that?

BRENDA TURNS ON HER HEEL AND GOES BACK TO HER BUNK. BOBBY
LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. IT'S TEN MINUTES TO THE DEADLINE DOUG
SET BEFORE. BOBBY PUTS THE EARPHONES OVER HIS HEAD AND SWAYS
INTO MOZART.

38 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 38

SHOT OF THE CLEARING AND THE FIRE, NOW BURNING LOW. IT'S VERY QUIET.

SHOT OF THE REAR OF THE STATION WAGON FROM OUTSIDE. NO MOVEMENT FROM INSIDE. THE GAS HATCH IS ONCE AGAIN CLOSED, THE CAN AND YOUNG SAVAGE GONE.

SOMEWHERE NOT FAR INTO THE BUSH A LARGE DOGS BEGINS BARKING.

39 EXT. IN THE BUSHES -- NIGHT 39

A SHADOWY FIGURE, DEFINITELY HUMAN, DARTS FROM ONE HIDING PLACE TO ANOTHER, AND FROM THERE A SECOND SERIES OF BARKS AND HOWLS POURS OUT. IT'S AN EXCELLENT IMITATION OF "THE BEAST'S" VOICE.

40 INT. INSIDE THE STATION WAGON -- NIGHT 40

LYNNE AND DOUG LIE MOTIONLESS AMID A TANGLE OF BLANKETS, ARMS AND LEGS. THE BARKING COMES AGAIN, CLOSER. DOUG MOVES SUDDENLY UP ON ONE ELBOW, LISTENING.

LYNNE
(dreamily)
What's up, champ?

DOUG
Thought I heard the Beast.

LYNNE
So?

DOUG SCRATCHES HIS HEAD, CLEARS A HOLE IN THE FOGGED WINDOW AND TRIES TO SEE SOMETHING OUT THERE.

DOUG
He ran off before, now he's back...

LYNNE
(guessing his next words)
And it sounds like he's trying to tell us something?

DOUG
(grinning)
Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNNE

You've been watching too much Lassie.
He'll show up in the morning for
breakfast with a nose full of porcupine
quills, or smelling like a skunk.
C'mere.

SHE PULLS HIM DOWN NEXT TO HER.

DOUG

I promised Bobby I'd go out and look for
Big Bob.

LYNNE

Just stay with me a little. You know how
I hate jumping up as soon as we've
finished.

DOUG PULLS HER TO HIS CHEST. SHE PULLS THE COVER HIGHER OVER
THEM BOTH.

41 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

41

MOZART, THE JUPITER SYMPHONY, RISES TO ITS MAGNIFICENT CLIMAX
OVER A CLOSE UP OF THE DIGITAL DISPLAY COUNTING OFF THE FINAL
SECONDS ON BOBBY'S WRIST. WHEN THE READ-OUT REACHES 9:30,
CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF BOBBY'S HEAD. HE RIPS OFF THE HEADPHONES.
MOZART VANISHES MID-PHRASE. BOBBY STARES INTO SPACE, AND
THEN HEARS THE BARKING.

HE LISTENS VERY CAREFULLY TO IT. SOMETHING ABOUT IT ISN'T
QUITE RIGHT, BUT HE DOESN'T FIX ON THIS. HE LOOKS SOMEWHAT
RELIEVED. HE GETS UP, TUCKS THE PISTOL IN HIS BELT, UNLOCKS
THE DOOR AND GOES OUTSIDE. HE LEAVES THE DOOR PARTIALLY OPEN
BEHIND HIM.

42 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT

42

BOBBY GOES OUT INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT FROM THE FIRE. THE
DOG BARKS MORE FRANTICALLY, HALF GREETING, HALF BECKONING.
BOBBY HOVERS AT THE EDGE OF SHADOW, RELUCTANT TO GO INTO THE
DARKNESS.

BOBBY

Beast?

"BEAST" WHINES IMPLORINGLY, AS IF INJURED AND UNABLE TO COME.
BOBBY FEELS THE FEAR MOUNTING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Beast, c'mere, boy. C'mere!

HE STARES HARD INTO THE BLACK, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE MUCH. THE WHINE TWISTS INTO A PATHETIC YIP, AND HOARSE PANTING. THEN HEART-RENDING YOWLS AND SCREAMS -- THE SORT OF SOUNDS DOGS MAKE WHEN THEY'VE BEEN STRUCK BY CARS. BOBBY PLUNGES INTO THE DARKNESS.

BOBBY

Beast, here boy! Where are you?

HE RUNS IN THE DIRECTION THE CRIES CAME FROM, FALLS HARD OVER SOMETHING IN THE DARK, GETS UP AND STAGGERS ON. THEN HE STOPS.

BOBBY

Beast?

SILENCE.

BOBBY

Hey, boy!

HE'S ANSWERED BY THE BAAING OF A SHEEP. BOBBY STANDS DUMBFOUNDED. IT CAME FROM SOME DISTANCE BACK INTO THE STILL DEEPER DARK, BUT IT WAS UNMISTAKABLE. BOBBY STARTS BACKING UP, TALKING TO HIMSELF, GUN DRAWN.

BOBBY

You've got to get the flashlight, can't see a damn...

HE TURNS AND STARTS RUNNING, THEN FORCES HIMSELF TO WALK, HALF THE TIME BACKWARDS, AS IF SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS CLOSING IN ON HIM.

HE REACHES THE CLEARING SAFELY AND WALKS SHAKILY TO THE TRAILER. THE DOOR IS CLOSED. HE TRIES IT, BUT IT'S LOCKED.

BOBBY

(to himself)

You asshole! You locked yourself out!
Jesus!

HE GOES THROUGH HIS POCKETS TO BE SURE. NO KEYS. HE STEPS BACK AND LOOKS OVER AT THE STATION WAGON, THEN GOES TOWARD IT.

WHEN HE GETS CLOSE TO IT HE CAN HEAR LYNNE AND DOUG GOING AT IT AGAIN. THE CAR STARTS TO SHAKE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY
 (unbelieving)
Je-sus!

HE STANDS PERPLEXED, THEN HEADS BACK TO THE DOOR AND TRIES IT AGAIN, SHAKING IT HARDER IN FRUSTRATION.

43 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 43

TIGHT ON THE INSIDE DOOR HANDLE SHAKING. PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE THIRTEEN YEAR OLD SAVAGE PLASTERED AGAINST THE DOOR, HOLDING HIS BREATH.

44 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 44

BOBBY SITS ON THE STAIR OUTSIDE THE DOOR, THEN JUST AS QUICKLY GETS UP AND HEADS FOR THE STATION WAGON.

45 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 45

THE YOUNG SAVAGE MOVES FAST, EMPTYING THE REFRIGERATOR OF FOOD, WHICH HE PUTS ON THE KITCHEN TABLE ALONG WITH THE FLASH LIGHT, A COLEMAN LANTERN, BINOCULARS, AN AX, KNIVES, AND A BALL OF TWINE. THIS ALL HAPPENS VERY FAST, BUT NOT SO FAST THAT WE DON'T REALIZE HE'S INTENTIONALLY IGNORED WATCHES, A COMPASS, FORKS AND SPOONS, AND, IN ONE DRAWER, A SIZABLE AMOUNT OF MONEY. HE MOVES NOW TOWARDS THE DARKENED END OF THE TRAILER.

46 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 46

CUT TO BOBBY STANDING CROSS-ARMED OUTSIDE THE STATION WAGON, WAITING. THERE'S A SORT OF SCRAMBLING INSIDE, THEN LYNNE SPEAKS THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

LYNNE
 (crossly)
 Alright.

BOBBY CRANKS DOWN THE REAR WINDOW FROM THE OUTSIDE AND IS GREETED BY A DOUR-FACED BIG SISTER.

LYNNE
 This better be good.

BOBBY
 I need to borrow your keys.

LYNNE JUST STARES AT HIM. BOBBY RETURNS HER STARE, TRYING TO CONTROL HIS ANGER AND AWKWARDNESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
I locked myself out.

LYNNE
You couldn't wait?

BOBBY BLOWS UP IN RAGE.

BOBBY
Gimme your keys, for god'sakes! You expect me to wait all night -- The Beast is out there hurt or something, Dad's not back and you two can't find anything better --

LYNNE
All right, Bobby, just get off the podium.

DOUG IS INTO HIS PANTS AND OUT OF THE CAR, PULLING ON A SHIRT. HE HOLDS UP HIS HANDS IN A PEACE-MAKING GESTURE TO BOTH OF THEM.

DOUG
Alright, both of you; it's time we got organized, here.
(to Bobby)
Now, what's this about the Beast being hurt? We just heard him a while back and he sounded chipper as hell.

BOBBY
But didn't you hear him screaming? I've got to get the flashlight!

DOUG PRODUCES THE KEYS AND THE TWO HEAD FOR THE TRAILER. LYNNE, MEANWHILE, IS SCRAMBLING INTO HER CLOTHES.

47

EXT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

47

THE YOUNG SAVAGE HOVERS DIRECTLY OVER THE SLEEPING FORM OF BRENDA, HIS EYES SHOWING TOTAL CONCENTRATION, HIS MOUTH SLIGHTLY OPEN, HIS LONG WEATHERED FINGERS UNBUTTONING HER SLEEPING TUNIC WITH INCREDIBLE DELICACY. GENTLY HE SPREADS HER GARMENT OPEN, EXPOSING HER TO HIS EYE. BUT AS THE CHILL NIGHT AIR OF THE TRAILER MOVES UNTO HER MOIST, WARM SKIN, THE GIRL CURLS IN HER SLEEP, PULLING THE COVER BACK OVER HER BODY.

THE SAVAGE REACHES OVER HIS OWN SHOULDER, DOWN THE BACK OF HIS SHIRT, AND PRODUCES A LONG, GLEAMING BLADE SET IN A HORN HANDLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITH HIS FREE HAND HE PULLS THE MICROPHONE OF THE NEARBY C/B SET OVER TO HIM. AT THIS INSTANT HE HEARS DOUGLAS PUT THE KEY IN THE LOCK. HE PUSHES DOWN THE "TALK" BUTTON ON THE MICROPHONE.

PLUTO

Do it!

48 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER 48

THERE'S AN EXPLOSION, AND A BIG BALL OF FIRE ROARS UP FROM THE DARKNESS ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE TRAILER. THIS NOISE IS FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY TERRIBLE SCREAMS.

DOUG AND BOBBY FREEZE AT THE DOOR; LYNNE SPINS 'ROUND AND LISTENS IN HORROR TO AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR VOICE, SCREAMING OUT FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE FIRE.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ethelllll!!!

49 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 49

THE AGONIZED VOICE PENETRATES THE TRAILER WITH STARTLING CLARITY. BRENDA SITS STRAIGHT UP AS THE SECOND CRY FOLLOWS HARD ON THE FIRST.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ethel -- mother help meee!!!

BRENDA FINDS THE KNIFE BLADE INCHES FROM HER BLINKING EYES. A THIN, FILTHY HAND CLAMPS OVER HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE CAN CRY OUT. ABOVE HER IN THE TRAILER'S BUNK HER MOTHER LURCHES UP.

ETHEL

Bob

MORE TERRIBLE SCREAMS FROM OUTSIDE. ETHEL HALF FALLS DOWN THE LADDER, PULLING A ROBE AROUND HER, AND RUSHES FROM THE TRAILER, SEEING NOTHING OF HER DAUGHTER'S CIRCUMSTANCE. THE YOUNG SAVAGE IMMEDIATELY RIPS THE BLANKETS OFF THE GIRL AND FALLS UPON HER.

50 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER 50

JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR, DOUG ALMOST COLLIDES WITH ETHEL AS HE HEADS INTO THE TRAILER. HE SPINS ROUND AND CATCHES THE WOMAN'S ARM.

DOUG

Ethel, don't go out there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE HYSTERICAL WOMAN PULLS FREE AND RUNS OFF AFTER THE SCREAMS. LYNNE AND BOBBY ALREADY ARE FAR OFF. DOUG DUCKS INTO THE TRAILER.

51 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 51

DOUG VAULTS OVER TO THE KITCHEN TABLE, THE CENTER OF THE BRIGHTLY LIT FRONT PORTION OF THE TRAILER. HE WRESTLES A FIRE EXTINGUISHER OFF THE WALL, THEN SEES THE FIRST AID KIT ON THE TABLE, ALONG WITH FOOD, TOOLS, AND ALL THE OTHER LOOT GATHERED BY THE YOUNG SAVAGE.

A CLOSE SHOT ON BRENDA AND HER ASSAILANT. THE YOUNG SAVAGE HAS PULLED THE GIRL INTO THE DEEPEST SHADOW HE CAN, AND HOLDS THE KNIFE TO HER THROAT. DOUG HEARS THE BUNK SQUEAK, HOWEVER, AND SQUINTS INTO THE DARK AT THE BACK OF THE TRAILER.

DOUG
Brenda? Keep an eye on Shanti, okay?

DOUG SNATCHES UP THE FIRST AID KIT, GIVING A FAST QUIZZICAL GLANCE AT THE REST OF THE STUFF -- THERE'S NO TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT. HE RACES FROM THE TRAILER.

52 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 52

DOUG SPRINTS TOWARD THE FIRE OVER THE HILL. WE WATCH HIM OUT OF SIGHT, THEN PAN BACK TO THE TRAILER DOOR. IT'S WIDE OPEN, THE KEYS STILL IN THE LOCK. PAN RIGHT A LITTLE. A SECOND SAVAGE, AT LEAST SIX FEET TALL AND BURLY AS A SHARK, STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS.

53 EXT. OVER THE RIDGE -- NIGHT 53

CUT TO A SHOT OF AN ENTIRE LARGE TREE AFLAME. FIRE SNAKES UP THE THICK TRUNK, LEAPS AMONG THE BRANCHES AND DANCES UP INTO THE AIR FROM SNAPPING CLOTS OF INCANDESCENT LEAVES. THE ROAR IS DEAFENING. HUGE POPS AND CRACKS AS BRANCHES EXPLODE AND RAIN DOWN FIRE. AND A TERRIBLE BANSHEE OF SMOKE ROLLS AND COILS UP TOWARD THE MOON, ALIVE WITH HISSING CHOIRS OF SPARKS AND ASH. ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TREE, BOBBY ARRIVES AND STAGGERS BACK FROM THE HEAT, WHERE HE IS JOINED BY LYNNE, THEN ETHEL AND DOUG.

CUT TO A GROUP SHOT OF THEIR FACES STARING AT SOMETHING NAILED TO THE TREE.

LYNNE
(soundlessly)
Daddy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHEL RUNS AT THE TREE OF FIRE, CLUTCHING AT HER CRUCIFIED HUSBAND'S FEET.

FOR ONE INSTANT THE OTHERS ARE PETRIFIED BY HORROR AND CONFUSION, THEN THEY RACE IN, ARMS THROWN OVER THEIR FACES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HEAT, AND PULL THE WOMAN AWAY. DOUG AIMS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

DOUG

Good God, I'm sorry Bob, it's the only way.

DOUG UNLEASHES A WAVE OF FOAM OVER THE CHARRED MAN AND BURNING TREE TRUNK.

54

INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

54

THE SECOND SAVAGE, WHO WILL LATER BE IDENTIFIED AS MARS, LEAPS INTO THE TRAILER, PISTOL IN HAND, LONG ROPES OF MUSCLE TENSE. MEETING NO RESISTANCE, HE STEPS CAT-LIKE OVER PILES OF CLOTHES AND OTHER DOMESTIC ARTICLES THROWN OUT OF DRAWERS AND OFF SHELVES BY THE YOUNGER SAVAGE, PLUTO.

AS SOON AS HE SEES THE FOOD ON THE TABLE HE IS UPON IT, CRAMMING HUGE MOUTHFULS OF FRUIT, BREAD, AND RAW GROUND BEEF INTO HIS MOUTH, TOPPING IT OFF WITH A FULL QUART OF MILK DRUNK WITHOUT A BREATH, THE EXTRA SPILLING DOWN HIS CHIN AND FILTHY CHEST, OVER THE NECKLACES OF COYOTE TEETH AND CARTRIDGE SHELLS, OVER THE DECORATIVE SCARS ON HIS BELLY.

ABRUPTLY HIS EYE IS CAUGHT BY A MOVEMENT. THERE'S A FINCH CAGE IN THE CORNER OF THE KITCHENETTE. THE SAVAGE RIPS OFF THE NIGHT COVER, TEARS OPEN THE DOOR AND PULLS OUT THE STUNNED BIRDS, TEARING OFF THEIR HEADS LIKE ANOTHER MAN MIGHT UNCORK TWO BOTTLES. CRUSHING THE LITTLE BODIES IN HIS BIG FIST HE DRINKS THEIR WARM BLOOD THEN FLINGS THE BODIES INTO A CORNER OF THE FLOOR. WIPING HIS MOUTH WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND, HE'S STARING INTO THE DARK AT THE BACK OF THE TRAILER.

HE'S HEARD BRENDA MOAN. A HUGE BLOODY SMILE CRACKS HIS FACE. WE SEE HIS TEETH ARE FILED TO POINTS. HE MOVES INTO THE DARK.

CUT TO A TIGHT SHOT OF BRENDA'S FACE, CONTORTED IN PAIN, TURNED AWAY FROM WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER, FROM THE KNIFE AT HER NECK, THE RANK HAIR SPILLED OVER HER BREASTS. PLUTO IS SNARLING AND PUMPING AT HER IN CLIMAX. IN THE MIDST OF THIS HE IS JERKED AWAY AND FLUNG AGAINST A WALL BY MARS.

PLUTO LANDS ON HIS FEET AND BRINGS UP THE KNIFE. IN A FLASH IT'S KICKED FROM HIS HAND AND HE'S PICKED UP BODILY AND THROWN FIFTEEN FEET INTO THE KITCHENETTE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE GETS RIGHT UP AND SMASHES EVERYTHING IN SIGHT FOR AN EXPLOSIVE TEN SECONDS, THEN GLARES AT MARS. MARS WATCHES WITHOUT EXPRESSION. UNTIL SHANTI BEGINS CRYING FROM THE NOISE. THEN HE TURNS TO HER SOUND OF DELICATE, MORTAL NEED WITH A TERRIBLE SAW-TOOTHED LEER.

CUT TO BRENDA, HUNCHED IN THE CORNER OF THE WALLS AND BUNK LIKE A TERRIFIED ANIMAL. SHE'S LOOKING AT THE LONG SHINING KNIFE, NOW LYING BENEATH A NEARBY CHAIR. THEN SHE LOOKS AT MARS, WHO'S LOOMING AGAINST THE FAR WALL, HOLDING BACK THE CURTAIN AT THE DOOR TO SHANTI'S NICHE.

THE CHILD FALLS QUIET, SENSING THE PRESENCE OF THE PREDATOR.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE INFANT'S FACE, GAZING UP INNOCENT AS CAN BE.

CUT TO THE FACE OF MARS, LOOKING DOWN ON HER, HIS EYES BRIGHT AS TEETH.

BRENDA EDGES OUT OF HER CORNER, ELONGATING HER POSTURE TOWARDS PLUTO'S BLADE. WATCHING MARS. SHE'S TO THE EDGE OF THE BUNK WHEN SHE FREEZES. MARS TURNS AND FIXES HER ON HIS STARE, JERKING HIS HEAD AT THE INFANT.

MARS

Ba-bee fat. You all fat. 'juu - ceee!

HE RIPS THE ENTIRE MATTRESS OUT ONTO THE FLOOR, SPILLING BRENDA OUT OF IT, AND FALLS ON HER.

BACK AT THE KITCHENETTE PLUTO PICKS UP A HAND HATCHET. HE TURNS IT OVER IN HIS HANDS ONCE, THEN TOSSES IT ONTO THE PILE OF FOOD AND LOOT, GATHERS THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE TABLECLOTH AND LIFTS THE WHOLE MASS UP AND OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE LUGS IT OUT THE DOOR.

55 EXT. THE BURNING TREE -- NIGHT

55

THE TREE'S TRUNK AND THE BODY NAILED TO IT SEETHE BENEATH THE CRUSTED FOAM, BUT THE FLAMES ARE GONE, DRIVEN BACK UP INTO THE BRANCHES WHERE THEY STILL FEED WITH BRIGHT NOISE, SNAPPING AT EACH OTHER.

AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE THEY LIFT THE MAN-SHAPED CROSS OF FOAM OFF THE CHARRED TREE, GAGGING AT THE SWEET SMELL OF CHEMICALS AND ROASTED FLESH.

THEY LAY HIM DOWN SOME DISTANCE FROM THE FIRE, COVER HIM WITH COATS, AND SCRAPE THE FOAM FROM HIS BLACKENED FACE. HALF THE FLESH FALLS AWAY WITH IT. INCREDIBLY, LIFE STILL FLICKERS IN THE MAN. THE MOUTH, GAPPED OPEN, MAKES NOISES AND A BLACK TONGUE POKES OUT AS IF TO MOISTEN LIPS THAT NOW ARE ASH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Gheillgh.

HIS BREATH ENDS IN SMOKE. THE FAMILY STARES AT THE APPARITION OF LIFE WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT TO DO. DOUG STRAIGHTENS, LOOKS AT ETHEL.

BOB

Wagh-ergh... Wagh... Rrr.

DOUG PULLS ETHEL UP, SHAKING HER GENTLY.

DOUG

Ethel, we'll need water. He wants water. Would you get some?

LYNNE SEES HE'S TRYING TO SPARE THE WOMAN THE SIGHT OF HER HUSBAND DYING SO GRUESOMELY. SHE STARES AT DOUG BLANKLY.

ETHEL

That's not Bob, that's not my Bob, is it?

DOUG

Of course not, Mom, it's someone else. He needs water... please.

LYNNE

I'll go with you, Ma.

THE TWO WOMEN GET TO THEIR FEET, WEAVING IN THE SMOKE.

DOUG

Whiskey and blankets, too, Lynne.

LYNNE

Yes.

THE TWO WOMEN GO OFF. DOUG TURNS TO BOBBY, WHO HAS RETREATED INTO AN UNEARTHLY SILENCE.

DOUG

You all right, Bobby?

HE PUTS HIS HAND ON BOBBY'S SHOULDER. BOBBY POINTEDLY SHRUGS THE HAND OFF, HIS FACE FLAT BEHIND A SHEEN OF PERSPIRATION.

BOBBY STANDS WITH NO SIGN OF EMOTION, PULLS THE PISTOL FROM HIS BELT AND AIMS IT AT HIS FATHER'S HEAD.

DOUG

Give me your coat, would you? He's still cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY LOOKS AT DOUG AND LICKS HIS DRY LIPS. THE GUN WAVERS.

DOUG
Your coat.

BOBBY LOWERS THE GUN AND DROPS IT, TEARS OFF HIS COAT AND GIVES IT TO DOUG. DOUG TAKES THE COAT TO THE BODY. HE STOPS AND STUDIES IT A LONG MOMENT, THEN SINKS TO HIS KNEES AND LAYS THE JACKET GENTLY OVER BIG BOB'S FACE.

DOUG
So long, Bob.

BOBBY STOOPS AND PICKS UP THE PISTOL, STILL REFUSING TO SHOW EMOTION.

DOUG
That's not the answer.

BOBBY
You're not my father.

THE YOUNG MAN BACKS UP, LOOKING ONCE AT THE SMOKING CORPSE.

BOBBY
Neither is that. My father's still
alive.

HE TURNS AND WALKS INTO THE DARK, THE GUN HANGING AT THE END OF HIS ARM LIKE A NEW PROSTHETIC.

56 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 56

PLUTO STRAIGHTENS IN THE DOORWAY OF THE TRAILER WHERE HE'S BEEN POSTED.

REVERSING TO HIS P.O.V. WE SEE LYNNE AND ETHEL APPROACHING THROUGH THE BRUSH. THEY DON'T SEE HIM.

PLUTO DUCKS INSIDE.

57 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 57

PLUTO RACES TO THE BACK OF THE TRAILER WHERE MARS ROLLS OVER BRENDA.

PLUTO
Women's cuming!

MARS
(not looking up)
Send 'em in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLUTO TRIES TO PULL MARS AWAY. MARS SLASHES OUT WITH HIS FREE ARM AND PLUTO FALLS HURT. HE STRUGGLES UP AND STAGGERS FROM THE AREA, TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MARS REARS UP IN DISGUST, NOW DISTRACTED. HE WATCHES PLUTO, THEN TURNS. SHANTI ONCE AGAIN IS FUSSING, ABOUT TO CRY.

58 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 58

JUST AS LYNNE AND ETHEL REACH THE TRAILER, PLUTO REELS OUT THE DOOR, SOMETHING ALMOST LIKE A PLEASURE ON HIS FACE. THE WOMEN ARE SO STUNNED THEY DO NOTHING BUT STARE AT HIM. HE TURNS AND VANISHES INTO THE DARK.

LYNNE

Hey!

SHE TAKES A STEP AFTER HIM, THEN HEARS SHANTI BEGIN TO CRY IN EARNEST.

LYNNE

Shanti!

LYNNE RUSHES INTO THE TRAILER.

59 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 59

LYNNE TAKES IN THE MESS OF THE ROBBERY MID-STRIDE, THEN ALMOST RUNS SQUARELY INTO MARS, WHO HAS THE C/B RADIO UNDER ONE ARM, SHANTI UNDER THE OTHER. HE HAS A TERRIBLE SET, CALM, DEADLY LOOK ON HIS FACE.

MARS

Get out the way.

LYNNE

(livid with rage.)

Where the fucking hell you think you're going with my kid?

SHE KICKS HIM RIGHT IN THE GROIN. HE CRASHES DOWN, DROPPING THE RADIO TO GET TO THE GUN. BUT HE DOESN'T. LETS GO OF THE INFANT. THERE'S A DESPERATE MOMENT OF TUG-A-WAR BETWEEN THE MOTHER AND THE SAVAGE, THEN SHE RELEASES HER HOLD ON HER CHILD AND GOES FOR THE MAN'S EYES. HE IN TURN DROPS THE CHILD AND PINS THE SCREAMING MOTHER TO THE FLOOR WITH HIS FREE HAND.

CUT TO BRENDA, SAVAGED AND TORN, CRAWLING ACROSS THE LITTERED FLOOR TOWARDS THE FORGOTTEN KNIFE. NOW SHE HAS IT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO MARS, HOLDING LYNNE TO THE FLOOR, SHANTI SCREAMING IN TERROR, AS ETHEL STRUGGLES THROUGH THE DOOR AND TOWARDS THE SAVAGE, A BROOM IN HER HANDS.

ETHEL
Get out of here, you nigger!

THE SAVAGE SENDS THE WOMAN SLAMMING BACKWARDS WITH A DEAFENING SHOT.

BRENDA CATCHES LYNNE'S EYE. IT HAPPENS IN AN INSTANT, AND THE NEXT BRENDA GIVES THE KNIFE A SHOVE, IT SKIDS ALONG THE FORMICA FLOOR AND IS CAUGHT BY LYNNE. THE SAVAGE SEES THE MOVE AND TWISTS JUST AS THE STRIKE IS MADE. THE BLADE STRIKES HIS RIBS AT AN ANGLE AND GLANCES OFF, BLOODYING HIM WITHOUT DOING HIM ANY REAL HARM. HE DRIVES HIS PISTOL HARD AGAINST LYNNE'S BELLY AND FIRES. SHE IS SNAPPED BACKWARDS, BUT LURCHES AT HIM AGAIN, STRIKING HIM IN THE THIGH.

HE FALLS BACK AND BEGINS TO EMPTY HIS PISTOL INTO HER.

60 EXT. IN THE BRUSH -- NIGHT 60

CUT TO BOBBY SOMEWHERE OFF BY HIMSELF, SHAKEN FROM HIS REVELRY BY THE SOUND OF DISTANT SHOTS. HE STANDS UP, REALIZES THEY'RE COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE TRAILER, AND STARTS RUNNING.

61 EXT. THE BURNING TREE -- NIGHT 61

DOUG, RUNNING TOWARDS THE TRAILER.

62 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 62

THE SAVAGE MARS SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, SNATCHING UP THE BABY. BRENDA STRUGGLES PAINFULLY TO HER FEET AND MAKES FOR HIM. MARS SIDESTEPS HER AND SHE FALLS. HE GRABS HER BY THE HAIR AND BEGINS DRAGGING HER TOWARDS THE DOOR. SOMEONE SPRINGS THROUGH THE DOOR. IT'S PLUTO.

MARS LIFTS THE SCREAMING BABY AND THROWS HER ACROSS THE ROOM TO PLUTO. THE YOUNG SAVAGE FIELDS HER WITH A TERRIBLE LAUGH AND FLASHES OUT THE DOOR. MARS THROWS BRENDA OVER HIS SHOULDER AND RUNS OUT OF THE TRAILER.

63 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT 63

MARS SEES DOUG COMING AT HIM ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY ON THE DEAD RUN, AND BOBBY, FARTHER AWAY, BUT WITH A GUN. MARS UNCEREMONIOUSLY DUMPS THE GIRL AND RUNS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA ROLLS FACE UP AND HER HAND COMES UP CLAWING THE AIR. IN SEVERAL SECONDS DOUG IS WITH HER.

DOUG
Shh, don't try to talk, honey,
everything's okay now --

DOUG'S ALREADY BACK UP, PASSING BRENDA'S HAND TO BOBBY, WHO COMES RACING IN.

DOUG
Stay with her.

DOUG RUNS INTO THE TRAILER.

64 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 64

DOUG TAKES IT ALL IN WITH A SORT OF FIERCE CALM. ETHEL IS ALIVE, LYNNE DEAD. HE HOLDS HER HAND FOR A MOMENT, THEN JUMPS UP AND RUNS BACK TO SHANTI'S CRIB. EMPTY.

DOUG
(roaring)
You bastards!

HE RACES OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

65 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- AFTERNOON 65

DOUG STOPS ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO SHOUT AT BOBBY.

DOUG
See to your mother!

HE RUNS OFF INTO THE DARK IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION TAKEN BY MARS. BOBBY GOES TO THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER AND LOOKS IN.

66 EXT. IN THE BUSHES -- NIGHT 66

DOUG RACES ALONG IN THE DARK, CRASHING INTO CACTUS, FALLING GETTING BACK UP. AT LAST HE STOPS, THE BREATH RAGGED IN HIS THROAT. HE LISTENS. ALL AROUND HIM IS PITCH BLACK SILENCE.

DOUG
Shannn-tiiiiiii!!!

67 EXT. ON A DARK PLANE -- NIGHT 67

CUT TO PLUTO AND MARS RUNNING EFFORTLESSLY IN THE DARK, LAUGHING LIKE CHILDREN, TOSSING THE INFANT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM. THE INFANT IS WAILING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEY PASS INTO THE DARK ALONG A TRAIL. ONLY NOW CAN WE HEAR DOUG'S CALLING FROM A GREAT DISTANCE, AND FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

DOUG
(distant O.S.)
Shannn-tiiiiiii!!!

68 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

68

BOBBY WORKS FEVERISHLY OVER HIS BLOODY MOTHER, TRYING TO STOP THE FLOW OF HER WOUND. THE WOMAN IS DELIRIOUS.

ETHEL
Daddy? Where's my Daddy? Daddy?

BRENDA, DEEP IN SHOCK AND PAIN, DRAGS HERSELF PAST THE TWO AND SLUMPS BY HER SLAIN SISTER, TRYING TO SMOOTH THE WOMAN'S BLOODY HAIR.

BOBBY
(curtly)
Brenda, get me some clean towels, then
see if you can find the first aid kit.

Brenda!

THE GIRL RESPONDS TO THE LAST SHOUT AND ALMOST SULLENLY MOVES OFF ON THE ERRAND. BOBBY GOES BACK TO ATTENDING TO HIS MOTHER, STRANGELY ANGRY AT BRENDA.

FROM OUTSIDE, OFF IN THE BUSH, WE CAN HEAR DOUG CALL AGAIN.

DOUG
(distant O.S.)
Shannn-tiiiiiii!!!

69 EXT. IN THE BUSH -- NIGHT

69

DOUG
(hoarse whisper)
Shanti!

PULL BACK AND UP UNTIL HE'S QUITE SMALL, UNTIL WE CAN SEE THE LIGHTS OF THE TRAILER AND THE BONFIRE AND EVEN BEYOND, TO THE BURNING TREE. THEY ALL RECEDE INTO THE DISTANCE, UNTIL THEIR DISAPPEARANCE AGAINST THE BLACK ARC OF AN UNLIT PLANET MOVING AMONG THE STARS.

70 EXT. A HEIGHT -- NIGHT

70

PAN DOWN FROM A SWEEP ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY TO A SPINE OF STONE, HIGH ABOVE A GROVE OF PINE AND CEDAR. A POWERFUL, ORGANIC-ELECTRONIC TENDON OF MUSIC APPEARS AND SWELLS, AND THE HUGE GERMAN SHEPHERD "THE BEAST" CLAMBERS INTO VIEW. SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MILKY WAY, HE APPEARS IMMENSE, HIS GREAT CHEST PUMPING LIKE AN ENGINE FROM THE CLIMB. A TERRIBLE RED LIGHT BURNS IN HIS EYES AS HE TESTS THE AIR, THEN GLARES DOWN TOWARDS THE FOREST BELOW.

CLOSE SHOT ON HIS FACE. HIS LIPS PULL BACK OVER AWFUL TEETH, AND A GASPING SOUND OF UNQUENCHABLE RAGE RUMBLES FROM HIS VERY HEART.

CUTTING TO HIS P.O.V. WE SEE MARS AND PLUTO WITH THE INFANT SHANTI, PLUS THE TABLECLOTH SACK OF LOOT. THEY'RE MOVING THROUGH THE WOODS BELOW. "THE BEAST" MOVES OFF PARALLEL TO THEM.

71 EXT. A CLEARING ON A PLATEAU -- NIGHT

71

PLUTO AND MARS PAUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING. PLUTO EXTENDS THE AERIAL OF HIS C/B WALKIE-TALKIE.

PLUTO

(quietly)

Pluto 'n Mars, 'proachin' home twenty.
Don't pop us.

SILENCE.

PLUTO

You got yer ears on, Mer'cry?

MERCURY (VIA C/B)

Roger, Pluto. What's your 10-20?

PLUTO

We at the ballpark on Big Mac. And we got the goods, plus a bonus bacon, straight from the Dirty Side.

PLUTO HOLDS THE INFANT UPSIDE DOWN BY ITS LEGS AND THRUSTS THE MICROPHONE AGAINST ITS HEAD. SHANTI WAILS ANGRILY. PLUTO PULLS HER AWAY AND GRINS INTO THE MIC.

MERCURY (VIA C/B)

Haw! Ma Ma gonna be happy with that!
C'mon through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLUTO
10-4 on that, Merc'ry.

72 EXT. A HIGH ROCKY OVERLOOK -- NIGHT 72

MERCURY, A SILHOUETTED SAVAGE AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY, FINISHES HIS TRANSMISSION WITH THE TWO BELOW.

MERCURY
Ten-four, Pluto.

SLOW ZOOM IN TO THE MAN. HE PUTS THE RADIO DOWN CASUALLY, THEN STEPS TO THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE AND LOOKS DOWN.

P.O.V. OF PLUTO AND MARS FAR FAR BELOW, DISAPPEARING INTO THE TREES ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CLEARING.

CUT TO C.U. OF MERCURY, A YOUNG SAVAGE O PERHAPS FIFTEEN. HE SNIFFS THE AIR ROUTINELY, CLEARS HIS THROAT AND SPITS A GLOB FAR OUT INTO THE DROP BEFORE HIM, WATCHING IT FLOAT DOWN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

CUT TO "THE BEAST" STEPPING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE CLEAR, ABOUT TWENTY FEET BEHIND MERCURY.

MERCURY'S FACE CHANGES EVER SO SLIGHTLY. HE SENSES SOMETHING ODD, AND TURNS. NOT SOON ENOUGH. "THE BEAST" IS IN FULL CHARGE BY THE TIME THE SAVAGE HAS TURNED. THE DOG SIMPLY JUMPS UP AND JAMS HIS FRONT PAWS ONTO THE BOY'S CHEST. MERCURY SPILLS BACKWARDS OVER THE EDGE. WE HEAR A SHARP CRY CUT SHORT BY A CONCUSSION, THEN A LONG FALLING SILENCE, THEN ANOTHER HIT, AND STILL OTHER, BAR BELOW.

"THE BEAST" STANDS AT THE EDGE, HIS TAIL WAGGING SLOWLY, WATCHING.

73 EXT. A PINE WOODS -- NIGHT 73

CUT TO PLUTO AND MARS. PLUTO STOPS AND LOOKS BACK. MARS STOPS.

MARS
What?

PLUTO LISTENS MORE CAREFULLY. SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PLUTO
Thought I heard somethin'. Rocks fallin'.

MARS
Y'got rocks in yer head, asshole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLUTO TURNS TO MARS AND EXCHANGES AN UNFATHOMABLE LOOK WITH THE BIG MAN. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHETHER HE WOULD LIKE TO KILL HIM, OR WHETHER HE MIGHT BE CONSIDERING THE REMARK AT FACE VALUE. HE TURNS BACK TO THE TRAIL. THE TWO GO OFF TOWARDS THEIR HOME. PLUTO STILL HOLDS THE C/B AT THE READY.

74 EXT. MERCURY'S LOOKOUT POINT -- NIGHT 74

"THE BEAST" WALKS BACK FROM THE EDGE AND PISSES AGAINST A BUSH. THEN HE SEES THE WALKIE-TALKIE ON THE GROUND. ALMOST AS HE DOES, THE INSTRUMENT SQUAWKS INTO LIFE.

PLUTO (C/B)
Hello, home 20, you reading me?

75 EXT. RUBY'S ISOLATION POST -- NIGHT 75

NEAR THE COOLING ASHES OF THE DEAD COOKING FIRE, RUBY LIES BUNDLED AGAINST THE COLD. FROM SOME DISTANCE WE CAN HEAR PLUTO'S UNANSWERED TRANSMISSION.

RUBY STIRS AND OPENS HER EYES.

MARS CHIMES INTO THE MICROPHONE.

MARS (C/B)
(singing loudly)
Oh, don't tell the priest our plight
Or he would call it sin
But we've been out in the woods all night
conjurin' summer in!

RUBY WAKES AT THIS, A BIG SMILE COMING OVER HER FACE. SHE STUMBLES UP AND GOES TENTATIVELY TO THE HIDE FLAP THAT COVERS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE, REACHES GINGERLY INSIDE AND PICKS UP THE HEADSET OF THE FIELD TELEPHONE LOCATED THERE. SHE CRANKS THE GENERATOR.

RUBY
Pluto? You okay?

76 EXT. MERCURY'S LOOKOUT POINT -- NIGHT 76

"THE BEAST" GROWLS AT THE WALKIE-TALKIE, WATCHING IT INTENTLY. OVER A LOT OF STATIC, WE CAN HEAR PLUTO ANSWERING RUBY.

PLUTO (C/B)
Damn right! N' got a present for ya...
(static)
Baby...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLUTO (cont'd)
 (static)
 ... So heat up the pot!

THE REST DISAPPEARS IN STATIC, THEN, DISTANTLY, WE CAN JUST MAKE OUT RUBY ANSWERING, EXCITED. "THE BEAST" GINGERLY PICKS THE INSTRUMENT UP IN HIS TEETH AND TROTS OFF WITH IT. RUBY AND PLUTO'S VOICES FADE AS THE DOG DISAPPEARS.

77 EXT. SAVAGES' COMPOUND -- NIGHT

77

RUBY LISTENS HAPPILY AS PLUTO AND MARS CRACK OBSCENE AND UNINTELLIGIBLE JOKES OVER THE WALKIE-TALKIE, STRAINING HER EYES TO SEE THEM COME INTO SIGHT ON THE TRAIL INTO THE COMPOUND. THE GIRL DOESN'T SEE PA PA UNTIL HE IS ALMOST UPON HER FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

HE IS A HUGE, GIANT OF A MAN, LARGER BY A HEAD AND A HALF THAN MARS. HE'S PERHAPS IN HIS FIFTIES, SCAR-FACED, HAIRY, POWERFUL AS A GRIZZLY. HE HAS SOMETHING VERY LARGE AND DARK FLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER. WITHOUT A WORD HE DUMPS THIS THING ONTO THE GROUND AND KICKS RUBY, SO HARD THAT THE GIRL CRASHES INTO THE POLES OF A COOKING TRIPOD FIFTEEN FEET AWAY.

HE WITHDRAWS AN ENORMOUS KNIFE FROM A SHEATH AT HIS BELT.

JUST AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE GIRL MA MA TEARS FROM BEHIND THE LEATHER FLAP, AND WITH SURPRISING SPEED AND AGILITY FOR A WOMAN OF HER GREAT SIZE, PUTS HERSELF BETWEEN RUBY AND PA PA.

PA PA
 I cut yer head off, you don't move.

MA MA
 She clean.

PA PA
 (not hearing)
 She touched radidio. Fuck it up.

MA MA
 (insisting)
 She clean, Jupe, no more bleed. Past midnight.

RUBY PAINFULLY GETS UP, SHAKING.

RUBY
 True, Pa Pa.

SHE REACHES BENEATH HER SKIRT AND PULLS UP A HANDFUL OF DRY MOSS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUBY

Clean.

SHE CRUMBLES THE DRY SUBSTANCE AND ALLOWS IT TO FALL BETWEEN HER FINGERS, DEMONSTRATING IT'S FREE OF CONTAMINATION.

PA PA SNIFFS AND TURNS AWAY.

PA PA

Good thing.

HIS HEAD COMES UP AT SOMETHING NEW. NOSTRILS FLARING, HE TURNS TOWARD THE WOODS.

RUBY

(quietly)

'S Pluto n' Mars...

PA PA

(curtly)

I got a nose.

HE MOVES OFF TO JOIN HIS SONS, WHO NOW BREAK FROM THE DARK WOODS, DRAGGING THE SACK OF BOOTY, LIFTING THE WAILING INFANT SHANTI HIGH OVER THEIR HEADS LIKE CHILDREN BACK FROM THEIR FIRST HUNT MIGHT DISPLAY A RABBIT.

PA PA TURNS TO RUBY.

PA PA

Wake up 'Ranus, Sattern 'n Neptune.

RUBY DOESN'T HEAR. SHE'S STARRING AT SHANTI. PA PA SHOVES HER ROUGHLY.

PA PA

Hey, girl. Wake up 'Ranus, Sattern, 'n Neptune. 'S time t' start th' fires.

RUBY GOES INTO THE CAVE. PA PA TURNS TO HIS SONS WHO NOW ARE LAUGHING AND GIGGLING WITH THEIR SUCCESS AND EXCITEMENT. MA MA TAKES SHANTI AS ONE MIGHT TAKE THE BACON. MARS SNIFFS THE AIR MIGHTILY.

MARS

(appreciatively)

Somethin' smells goood!

THE THREE MEN WALK OVER TO THE DARK MOUND OF THE KILLED PREY PA PA ENTERED WITH. PA PA ROLLS IT FACE UP WITH HIS FOOT. WE SEE IT'S BIG BOB. HE'S NAKED, AND HE'S BEEN GUTTED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PA PA
Pa Pa bring home the bacon.

THE THREE LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY, SLAPPING EACH OTHER ON THE BACK AND STAMPING THE EARTH.

78 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- NIGHT

78

CARRY THE LAUGHTER OVER THIS CUT AND FADE IT GRADUALLY.

DOUG APPEARS, PALE AND GHOSTLY. HE GOES TO THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER AND FINDS IT CLOSED AND LOCKED. HE KNOCKS.

DOUG
Bobby?

HE SHAKES THE DOOR GENTLY. AFTER A MOMENT IT'S UNLOCKED GINGERLY FROM THE INSIDE. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN A LITTLE. DOUG PULLS IT BACK TO ENTER AND FINDS HIMSELF STARRING DOWN THE BARREL OF BOBBY'S PISTOL.

DOUG
You and that thing ought to get married.

BOBBY STILL DOESN'T COMPLETELY LOWER THE GUN, APPARENTLY AFRAID OF SOME SORT OF TRAP. DOUG MOVES HIS HEAD SO HE CAN LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE EYES OF THE DEEPLY FRIGHTENED YOUNG MAN.

DOUG
Hey. Bobby. It's alright.

BOBBY
(coldly)
You say that a lot. You find Shanti?

DOUG MOVES THE GUN TO ONE SIDE AND GOES INTO THE TRAILER. BOBBY STAYS AT THE DOOR A LONG MOMENT, SCANNING THE DARKNESS FOR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS. THEN HE PULLS THE DOOR CLOSED AND DOUBLE LOCKS IT.

79 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

79

THE TRAILER IS IN CHAOTIC SHAPE. LITTERED, TORN APART, BLOODY. OUR CAMERA WALKS THROUGH ALL THIS. BOBBY STAYS BY THE DOOR WITH THE GUN, LEANING AGAINST THE WALL AS IF HIS FURY IS TOO HEAVY TO SUPPORT.

DOUG IS BACK CHECKING THE WOMEN. HE MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH BRENDA FOR AN INSTANT, BUT SHE IMMEDIATELY BREAKS IT. DOUG CLIMBS TO THE UPPER BUNK TO CHECK ON ETHEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BLOODY CLOTH IS WOUND ROUND HER HEAD. HER EYES ARE OPEN. SHE LOOKS AT DOUG AND MAKES A FEEBLE MOTION OF RECOGNITION.

ETHEL
(barely audible)
Such a mess.

DOUG
Shh, Mom.

ETHEL
Such a small space, a trailer... When it's messy it's so messy. Daddy come home?

DOUG
Not yet, buddy.

ETHEL
Where're the kids -- they in bed yet?

DOUG
Brenda's right below. Bobby's over in the kitchen.

CUT TO BOBBY STARING BACK AT THE TWO, THEN AWAY.

ETHEL
Drinking Coke, I bet. Lynne asleep.

DOUG
Yeah. Can I get you anything.

ETHEL
Another blanket, if you can find one, please.

DOUG SPREADS ANOTHER BLANKET OVER THE WOMAN AND TAKES HER HAND. IT'S PALE AS CHINA. SHE MOVES HER HEAD PAINFULLY TO THE SIDE, SO SHE CAN LOOK AT HER SON-IN-LAW, AND SPEAKS IN A VOICE SO FAINT WE MORE READ HER LIPS THAN HEAR HER.

ETHEL
Thank you.

80

EXT. A ROCKY PROMONTORY -- NIGHT

80

ABOVE THE PLAIN OF THE DESERT RISES A ROW OF CLIFFS AND FORESTED PALISADES, AND ABOVE THESE, SPIRES OF ROCK WHERE NOTHING CAN ESTABLISH FOOTING TO GROW. ATOP THE VERY HIGHEST OF THESE WE CLEARLY SEE FIRE.

81 EXT. ANOTHER AERIA -- NIGHT

81

CLOSE UP ON TWO DARK, ROUGH HANDS. IN THE WEB OF ONE, BETWEEN THE THUMB AND FOREFINGER, IS A CROSS WITH THREE RAYS ABOVE IT, THE "PATCHUCO" TATTOO OF THE UNIVERSAL OUTLAW.

THE HANDS ARE WORKING AN OAK FIREBOW OF ANCIENT DESIGN. THE BOW STRING SPINS A SHAFT OF THE SAME WOOD. THIS SHAFT BUZZES IN A SLOTTED PIECE OF SOFTER WOOD, WILLOW. AFTER A MOMENT OF THIS INTENSE FRICTION, A FAT SPARK FALLS FROM THE SLOT INTO A WAD OF DRY MOSS.

COMBUSTION. THE HANDS CARRY THIS FLAME TO A SMALL HEAP OF BIRCH BARK PEELINGS. SOON HUNGRY FIRE CLIMBS INTO THE ASSEMBLED TWIGS, STICKS AND LOGS.

A WIDER SHOT. WE SEE SEVERAL YOUNG SAVAGES PASS 'ROUND THE PACK OF CIGARETTES THAT HOURS BEFORE WAS IN BIG BOB'S SHIRT POCKET. THEY LIGHT UP WITH HIS BUTANE LIGHTER AND WATCH IN SATISFACTION AS THEIR SIGNAL FIRE GROWS.

A VERY LONG SHOT. THE FIRE SHOWS FROM A GREAT HEIGHT. PAN TO OTHER FIRES, DOWN THE LINE OF CLIFFS. WE HEAR WHISTLES AND HOOTS OF CELEBRATION ECHOING DOWN INTO THE DARK CANYONS.

82 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

82

DOUG AND BOBBY FINISH A QUICK CHECK OF CABINETS, REFRIGERATOR, ETC. THE PLACE HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT STRAIGHTENED UP, SO THAT THERE'S MORE A SENSE OF CONTROL OVER THE SITUATION. BOBBY HAS FOUND PLUTO'S KNIFE AND PLACES IT ON THE TABLE BEFORE DOUG, WHO IS JUST FINISHING MAKE A CUP OF BULLION FOR BRENDA. WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING THE WEAPON, DOUG TAKES THE BREW BACK TO BRENDA.

TWO SHOT OF DOUG GENTLY URGING BRENDA TO DRINK, EASING HER OUT OF HER SHOCK. BACK IN THE KITCHEN, BOBBY RUNS DOWN THEIR SITUATION AS HE SEES IT.

BOBBY

They got most of our food, our C/B, extra cartridges, compass, knives, the hatchet... They cleaned us out.

DOUG SMILES ENCOURAGINGLY AS BRENDA TAKES A SIP. BRENDA STUDIES HIM OVER THE BRIM OF THE CUP WITH A LOOK OF CRYPTIC ATTENTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

(continuing)

They've killed two of us, maybe three,
plus our two dogs, run us into the ditch -
- they took your kid, for gosh sakes --

DOUG

(turning to him)

If you've something to say, why don't you
say it?

BOBBY STRAIGHTENS AS DOUG COMES OVER TO HIM AND LIGHTS A
CIGARETTE, KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE YOUNGER MAN.

BOBBY

I don't understand what you're waiting
for.

DOUG

Daylight.

BOBBY

I think you're afraid.

DOUG

You're goddamn right, I'm afraid. So are
you, schmuck!

BOBBY

I'm not afraid of a bunch of... whatever
they are.

DOUG

My ass. You're scared shitless. You
haven't had that canon out of your hand
since I got back this afternoon -- what
do you expect me to do, go out and find
Shanti by radar?

BOBBY

You could try.

DOUG IGNORES THIS. HE POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF INSTANT COFFEE.
BOBBY STARES OUT THE WINDOW AT NOTHING.

DOUG

Why don't you try to sleep?

BOBBY

I'm not sleepy.

DOUG DRINKS COFFEE AND SMOKES. BOBBY IS MORE AND MORE
IRRITATED BY DOUG'S APPARENT CALM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

Who were they, anyway?

DOUG

I don't know.

BOBBY

They looked like some sort of motorcycle gang, the glimpse I got. Hell's Angels, maybe.

DOUG

I don't think so.

BOBBY

Why not?

DOUG

No motorcycles.

BOBBY

Maybe Indians. Or escaped convicts. Or mental patients, or part of a Hippy killer clan, or mutants -- this is a test range, you know. They could be some sort of mutants.

DOUG SEEMS LOST IN THOUGHT, AND RESPONDS TO NONE OF THIS. BOTH MEN ARE ARRESTED SUDDENLY BY THE SOUND OF A WALKIE-TALKIE TRANSMISSION JUST OUTSIDE THE TRAILER.

BOBBY COCKS THE PISTOL, AND DOUG TURNS OUT THE LIGHT. SOMETHING SCRATCHES AGAINST THE DOOR. BOBBY FIRES TWO SHOTS THROUGH IT BEFORE DOUG CAN GRAB HIS HAND.

DOUG

Jesus, Bobby -- take it easy!

BRENDA IS SCREAMING FOR A MOMENT, THEN IS SILENT. ONCE AGAIN THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE RADIO, THIS TIME JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

C/B (O.S.)

Hey, Neptune, you get Ruby t'night? haw!
(static answer)

DOUG, DESPITE BOBBY'S PROTEST, EASES OPEN THE DOOR. A WALKIE-TALKIE LIES ON THE STAIR OF THE TRAILER, HISSING AND SPUTTERING. NO SIGN OF ANYTHING OR ANYONE ELSE.

DOUG GINGERLY PICKS UP THE WALKIE-TALKIE, NOTING ITS U.S. ARMY MARKINGS. HE LOOKS AROUND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG

Hello?

THERE'S A LONG MOMENT'S SILENCE, THEN A "WOOF" FROM THE DARKNESS. DOUG'S FACE LIGHTENS A GOOD DEAL, ALMOST TOWARDS A SMILE.

DOUG

Beast?

THE "BEAST" COMES WAG-TAILING INTO THE LIGHT FROM BEHIND SOME BUSHES. HE SEEMS AFRAID HE'S GOING TO BE SHOT, BUT DOUG'S OPEN HAPPINESS AT SEEING THE DOG REASSURES HIM, AND HE'S SOON HAPPILY BARKING AND PRANCING AROUND DOUG, JUMPING UP ON HIM AND BOBBY, LICKING FACES AND GENERALLY CELEBRATING THEIR REUNION.

DOUG HEFTS THE RADIO, SEEING THAT IT'S BEEN BROUGHT TO HIM BY "THE BEAST."

DOUG

(to "The Beast")

You bring this?

THE BEAST BARKS PROUDLY. DOUG TURNS TO BOBBY.

DOUG

Well, by God, we may not know who they are, but now we can know what they're saying to each other -- and I've got a feeling "The Beast" can take me to Shanti.

83 EXT. A PINE GROVE -- JUST BEFORE DAWN

83

CLOSE UP ON A THICK PINE TRUNK AS AN AX BITES OUT BIG CHIPS. THERE'S A SHARP CRACK AND THE TREE BEGINS TO FALL. CUT TO A WIDE SHOT OF THE TREE CRASHING DOWN, AND SEVERAL DARK SAVAGE FORMS RUNNING FOR COVER. THE TREE SMASHES INTO THE GROUND.

CUT TO THE TREE HAVING ITS BRANCHES AXED OFF BY SHOUTING AND LAUGHING YOUNG SAVAGES, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE. WE RECOGNIZE ONE OF THE AXES AS THE ONE STOLEN FROM THE TRAILER BY PLUTO.

84 EXT. A STONEY RIDGE -- JUST BEFORE DAWN

84

A LONG PROCESSION OF SAVAGES, THE LONG POLE OF THE STRIPPED TREE OVER THEIR SHOULDERS AS THEY CLIMB OUT OF THE FOREST AND UP TOWARDS THE HEIGHTS.

85 INT. A CAVE

85

RUBY SITS CURLED UP WITH SHANTI, STRANGELY CONTENT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE. THE BABY HAS AN ALMOST MAGIC EFFECT ON HER, RADIATING AT ONCE A KIND OF PEACE AND A PURE ENERGY THAT MAKES HER FEEL GOOD AND POWERFUL AND EXCITED.

SHANTI WATCHES THE GIRL INTENTLY AS THE GIRL WRAPS HER IN CLEAN SKINS AND ARRANGES VARIOUS DECORATIONS AND ADORNMENTS ON HER. PLATTED FLOWERS AND TINY NECKLACES.

SEVERAL PERSONS RUSH BY, DRAGGING LARGE MASKS, COSTUMES AND IMPLEMENTS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CRUDE DRUMS FASHIONED FROM STEEL DRUMS. THEY PASS OUT OF THE CAVE. PLUTO, AMONG THEM, PAUSES, ACUTELY AWARE OF THE FEELING AROUND HIS SISTER AND THE BABY. HE POKES A STICK AT THE BABY, APPRAISINGLY. RUBY PUSHES THE STICK AWAY.

RUBY

Don't.

PLUTO

You goin' soft.

RUBY

Ain't.

PLUTO MAKES TO STRIKE THE INFANT A BLOW WITH THE STAFF HE'S CARRYING. RUBY THROWS HERSELF PROTECTIVELY OVER SHANTI. WHEN NO BLOW FALLS SHE LOOKS UP AT PLUTO, ANGRY AT BEING CAUGHT SO EASILY.

PLUTO

Y'are.

RUBY

(sullenly)

Go away.

86 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVE -- PRE-DAWN

86

PLUTO PASSES OUT OF THE HIDE-FLAPPED CAVE, UNDER CAMOUFLAGE NETTING, AND RUNS TO HELP WITH THE TIPPING UP AND STEPPING OF THE TALL PINE MAST.

IN AN ASIDE, WE SEE MARS INSTRUCT ONE YOUNG SAVAGE TO "GO TAKE OVER FOR MERC'RY." THE SAVAGE DEPARTS. OUR ATTENTION GOES BACK TO THE TREE RAISING.

IT'S A VERY ARDUOUS, DIFFICULT TASK, BUT WITHIN MINUTES THE THING IS SET AND MADE SECURE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL UP ITS LENGTH ARE STRANGE AND COLORFUL DECORATIONS: COLORED BUNTING MADE FROM STAINED BANDAGING, BRANCHES OF FLOWERING WILDWOOD, AND AT THE VERY TOP, WE SEE AS WE ZOOM IN CLOSE, THE DARK, CHARRED HEAD OF BIG BOB, FACE FROZEN IN A TERRIBLE GRIMACE OF OUTRAGE.

THERE'S A GENERAL ROUND OF CHEERING AMONG THE SAVAGES, AND BOTTLE OF EXPENSIVE WHISKY ARE CIRCULATING FREELY, ALONG WITH EARTHEN VIALS OF STRANGE POWDERS, THAT ARE MIXED WITH THE DRINKS.

MANY SEEM ALREADY TO BE IN A SORT OF TRANCE, EYES GLAZED, NOSES STREAMING GREENISH STRINGS OF THICK MUCOUS.

87 EXT. MERCURY'S OUTPOST -- DAWN 87

HIGH ABOVE THE FOREST FLOOR THE SAVAGE DIRECTED BY MARS TO RELIEVE MERCURY ARRIVES AT THE LOOKOUT POINT. HE FINDS MERCURY GONE. HE CASTS ABOUT AND FINDS THE PRINTS OF BOTH MERCURY, THEN THE BIG PAW PRINTS OF "THE BEAST."

THE YOUNG SAVAGE SMELLS THE BUSH WHERE "THE BEAST" PISSED HIS SIGNATURE, CURSES, PULLS OUT HIS KNIFE AND CUTS THE BUSH AWAY FROM ITS ROOTS, SAVAGELY FLINGING IT OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

AS HE FOLLOWS IT DOWN, HE SEES THE BODY OF MERCURY, FAR BELOW, ON THE ROCKS. HIS FACE REGISTERS ACUTE PAIN, AND HE RACES FOR THE TRAIL DOWN.

88 EXT. THE ROCKS BELOW -- DAWN 88

THE SAVAGE RUNS UP TO MERCURY, FINDS HIM OBVIOUSLY DEAD. THE SAVAGE, WHOSE NAME IS NEPTUNE, LETS OUT A TERRIBLE HOWL OF RAGE AND PAIN, THEN CASTS ABOUT FOR THE RADIO. HE CAN'T FIND IT, OF COURSE. HE STRUGGLE WITH THE BODY OF MERCURY UNTIL HE HAS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER, THEN GOES OFF TOWARDS THE TRAIL BACK TO HIS CAMP, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

89 EXT. NEAR THE BURNED-OUT TREE -- EARLY MORNING 89

THE TREE STILL SMOLDERS, TRAILING A PLUME OF YELLOW-WHITE SMOKE UP INTO THE EARLY HAZE OF MORNING. BOBBY AND DOUG ARRIVE WITH A BLANKET AND POLES, A MAKESHIFT LITTER.

THEY PAUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE. FLIES SWARM UP FROM THE ENTRAILS OF BIG BOB. THE BODY OF COURSE IS GONE.

BOBBY
I don't believe this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

They must have come back and taken him in the night.

HE STARES AT THE GUTS FOR A MOMENT, THEN FORCES HIMSELF TO TAKE HIS EYES AWAY. HE SEES BOB'S CLOTHING IN A HEAP BEHIND THE TREE.

DOUG GOES OVER AND PICKS UP THE CLOTHES, THOUGHTFULLY DROPPING THEM BACK DOWN. SOMETHING MAKES A METALLIC CLINK. DOUG STOOPS AND MOVES THE CLOTHES UNTIL HE FINDS BOB'S TROUSERS. FROM THE POCKETS HE REMOVES A WALLET, SOME CHANGE, AND A SINGLE KEY.

DOUG GIVES THE EFFECTS OF BIG BOB TO BOBBY AND IMMEDIATELY HEADS BACK FOR THE TRAILER. BOBBY CATCHES UP WITH HIM. THE CONVERSATION TAKES PLACE "ON THE RUN."

BOBBY

Why would they want his body? This is crazy!

DOUG

Recognize the key?

BOBBY

(ignoring)

Do you think we might have gotten ourselves into the middle of some kind of Army maneuvers? I mean, maybe they're some kind of Special Forces gone nuts, maybe they don't realize who we are.

DOUG

(sardonically)

Oh? Who are we?

BOBBY

(with frightened logic)

Americans. Civilians, for gosh sakes! They aren't supposed to go around burning and raping and kidnapping us, just because we try to sneak into California without a pass!

DOUG HAS NO ANSWER FOR THAT. THEY HAVE REACHED THE TRAILER, WHICH IS GUARDED BY "THE BEAST." ONLY A FEW STEPS FROM THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER ARE TWO GRAVES SCOOPED OUT OF THE SAND. NEXT TO ONE, WRAPPED IN A SHEET, IS THE CORPSE OF LYNNE. DOUG GOES TO HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG
 (to Bobby)
 Give us some help, would you?

BOBBY HELPS DOUG LOWER LYNNE INTO THE GRAVE. DOUG OPENS THE SHEET TO TAKE HIS FINAL LOOK. LYNNE'S FACE IS DARK RED, AND TWISTED IN A SNARL OF PAIN. EVEN HER EYES, DULL AND WHITE, REMAIN OPEN. DOUG IS CLEARLY SHAKEN. WITH GREAT EFFORT HE STEADIES HIS HAND ENOUGH TO CLOSE HER EYES. THEN HE WRAPS HER FROM THE LIGHT IN THE SHEET. HIS FACE IS ASHEN.

HE CLIMBS FROM THE GRAVE. THERE'S NO SHOVEL, SO HE BEGINS FILLING THE GRAVE THE SAME WAY HE EMPTIED IT: WITH HIS HANDS.

CUT TO THE DOORWAY OF THE TRAILER. BRENDA LEANS FROM THE DOOR ENOUGH TO WATCH. HIS EXPRESSION IS ONE OF MUTED HORROR, BLANK YET VOLATILE.

BOBBY KNEELS AND BEGINS HELPING PUSH THE EARTH INTO THE HOLE.

CUT TO "THE BEAST." HE PLOPS DOWN, HIS EYES ON THE GRAVE, LOWERING HIS BIG HEAD UNTIL IT RESTS ON THE SAND BETWEEN HIS PAWS.

DOUG SITS UP. THE GRAVE IS FILLED. DOUG LOOKS AT THE "BEAST." "THE BEAST" RAISES HIS HEAD AND HIS FACE ANIMATES TO INTENT READINESS.

DOUG
 Ready, old boy?

"THE BEAST" WAGS HIS TAIL AND WHINES ONCE. DOUG STANDS UP AND BRUSHES OFF HIS TROUSERS. THE "BEAST" IS IMMEDIATELY ON HIS FEET, RUSHING AROUND, PANTING AND WHUFFING, EAGER TO GET GOING. HE SMELLS THE HUNT. DOUG TURNS TO BOBBY.

DOUG
 I'm going after Shanti. The Beast'll get me there, after that I'll send him back.

BOBBY
 Are you serious? Follow that clown?
 He'll lead you down every gopher hole in the state before he'll take you to Shanti. And what about me? You're leaving me with a dying woman, a freaked out kid sister -- what if they come back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THIS LINE OF QUESTIONS IS HURLED AT DOUG AS DOUG GOES ABOUT GATHERING THE ARMY C/B, A JAR OF WATER, A "SPACE JACKET" OF SUPERTHIN ALUMINIZED MYLAR, AND LAST, ALMOST RELUCTANTLY, PLUTO'S KNIFE. HE STOPS IN FRONT OF BOBBY.

DOUG

If they come back you'll have your hands full, no sense kidding ourselves. But you should have plenty of warning. The way they've been talking on the C/B through the night, it's clear they don't know we have one of their units.

I've set our C/B to the same channel, 38. Every half hour or so you should call for help on the military channels -- the ones they're not using.

BOBBY

What makes you think there's anybody except these guys around?

DOUG

Look, there's no way the people who hit us are Army, yet they have Army equipment. And it's battery operated, so they can't have had it too long.

BOBBY

So you're saying they stole it or something.

DOUG

Or found it, or something. I'll stay in touch with you every fifteen minutes on the quarter hour. The rest of the time I'll be monitoring their channel. If I find out anything you should know, I'll pass it right along. How many rounds do you have?

BOBBY

Nine. Six in the gun, three I found on the floor. I think they've got Dad's gun, and the extra ammunition. Plus most of the useful tools, almost all the food - - I think we have some bullion cubes, a can of shark fin soup that Lynne bought in Denver. Even they wouldn't eat that.

THE TWO MEN LAUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, THEN SHAKE HANDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG

If they come for the trailer, I'd suggest
you head up into the rocks; you're
sitting ducks in this damn thing.

DOUG WHISTLES TO "THE BEAST." THE DOG BARKS AND RACES
TOWARDS THE SCRUB, THEN BACK AGAIN.

BOBBY

And what if I contact the Army or Air
Force of whoever the heck it is owns this
corner of hell?

DOUG

(over his shoulder)

Tell them to get us the hell out of here,
what do you think?

BOBBY

That's not what I meant. I mean how do I
tell them where to find us?

DOUG STOPS AND SCRATCHES HIS HEAD.

DOUG

Burn a tire.

BOBBY

What?

DOUG

(half joking)

Set the spare tire on fire. It'll make a
lot of black smoke. They should be able
to see it from a plane or copter. And
tell them about the blue line on the map.

BOBBY

The map ain't the territory.

DOUG WAVES AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO THAT, TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.
"THE BEAST" RUNS AHEAD OF HIM, LOOPING BACK AND AROUND, THEN
AHEAD AGAIN, UNTIL THE TWO ARE LOST IN THE DISTANCE.

THE DAY IS BARELY BEGUN, YET ALREADY THE SUN'S HEAT IS
UNCOMFORTABLE. BOBBY FLICKS THE SWEAT OFF HIS FOREHEAD AND
WATCHES A SPINNING COLUMN OF DUST DANCE THROUGH THE SAGE
BETWEEN HIM AND DOUG. DOUG DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.

BOBBY TURNS BACK TO THE TRAILER. BRENDA STANDS NOT TEN FEET
AWAY, WATCHING HIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOBBY

I thought you were injured, or something.

BRENDA

Where are Doug and the Beast going?

BOBBY

(heading to car)

Doug thinks he can just go find those two guys and get them to give Shanti back.

BRENDA

(following Bobby.)

There's more than two. I heard all those voices on the radio.

BOBBY OPENS THE DRIVER'S DOOR OF THE STATION WAGON AND PULLS THE HOOD RELEASE, THEN GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR. HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS BRENDA IS COOL, ALOOF, ANGRY.

BOBBY

Thought you were faking all that 'being in shock' stuff.

HE YANKS OPEN THE HOOD AND REMOVES THE RADIATOR CAP, IGNORING HIS SISTER'S LOOK OF ICY FURY. HE PLACES A PAN BENEATH THE RADIATOR, UNDER THE CAR, AND OPENS THE PETCOCK. WATER BEGINS DRAINING INTO THE PAN. BOBBY COMES OUT FROM UNDER THE FRONT BUMPER AND LOOKS OFF, AWAY FROM BRENDA'S LOOK.

BRENDA

(growing hotter)

You really are a disgusting human being.

HE REFUSED TO LOOK AT HER, AND REFUSES TO RELENT.

BOBBY

I wouldn't talk, if I were you. Mother's waiting, incidentally.

BRENDA

(livid)

What do you think, I enjoyed it or something?

(grabbing him)

You think when it really got down to it, I...

(mockingly)

... found my pain turning to pleasure? You creep, you rotten son-of-a-bitch shit, you'd like it better if he'd killed me, too? Huh!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BOBBY
 (screaming)
Why didn't he!!!?
 (then, with regained
 control)
 Why didn't he?

BRENDA GLARES AT HIM IN WORDLESS RAGE, THEN TURNS AND GOES INTO THE TRAILER. BOBBY STANDS UP, STUFFS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, TAKES THEM BACK OUT, PICKS UP A LARGE ROCK AND HURLS IT AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE BEACHED STATION WAGON.

90

EXT. THE SAVAGES' COMPOUND -- MORNING

90

CUT ABRUPTLY TO THE SAVAGES WHIRLING MADLY ABOUT THE HUGE POLE, KEEPING NOTHING BUT THE RHYTHM OF THE SMASHING STEEL DRUMS, REED FLUTES AND HOMEMADE PERCUSSIVE INSTRUMENTS. THE EARLY LIGHT STREAMS OVER BODIES ALREADY COATED WITH DUST AND SWEAT, INTO EYES LONG GLAZED WITH MUSHROOM RAPTURE AND THE ECSTASY OF EXHAUSTION.

SOME OF THEM WEAR MASKS, OTHERS HEADDRESSES, AND A FEW ENTIRE COSTUMES OF FRIGHTENING MIEN. FIERCE BIRDS, FAT POLITICIANS, SAVAGE SNAKES, AND, FROM THE PELT OF "BEAUTY," A TERRIFYING SNARLING DOG-MAN -- PLUTO IN COSTUME.

THE WOMEN PLAY THE PERCUSSIVE INSTRUMENTS, CHANTING AND SWAYING AS THEY DO, THE MEN, IN THE COSTUMES, SWIRL ROUND THE POLE CROWNED BY THE BLEEDING HEAD OF BIG BOB, WHICH NOW HAS A SWARM OF BEES, FLIES AND GRACKLES SNATCHING AT ITS EYES.

ALL COSTUMES, INSTRUMENTS AND ADORNMENTS, ALL WEAPONS, PROPS AND FABRICS ARE TWENTIETH CENTURY, MOST OF THEM ARMY ISSUE, BUT ALL HAVE BEEN FASHIONED INTO THE MOST SAVAGELY BEAUTIFUL AND FRIGHTENINGLY PRIMITIVE DESIGNS.

THE MEN WHIRL AND WHIRL, PULLING OUT KNIVES AND SLASHING THEMSELVES ON THE ARMS AND LEGS, AND NOW WE BECOME AWARE OF THE TENT OF MA MA, A HUGE RED CANVAS AFFAIR ADORNED WITH CORN STALKS AND HUMAN SKULLS. OVER ITS ENTRANCE IS A SORT OF PSYCHOTIC'S SHRINE, WITH A WHICKERING BLOOD-RED ALTAR CANDLE LIGHTING A CRUDELY FRAMED ICON OF MA MA -- A WANTED POSTER FROM SOME BURNED OUT POST OFFICE. **WANTED FOR ARSON, INFANTICIDE, CONSPIRACY -- DIANA JONES** IN AN EARTHEN BOWL BEFORE THIS IS THE OFFERING, SOMETHING PINK AND HAIRY AND BLOODY, SWARMING WITH FLIES. THE MEN ARE BEGINNING THE PART OF THE CEREMONY WHERE THEY TAKE TURNS DANCING IN FRONT OF THIS, LETTING THEIR OWN BLOOD DRIP ONTO IT, THEN SPINNING OFF TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEXT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALL OF THIS TAKES PLACE UNDER A MUCH LARGER "TENT" OF CAMOUFLAGE NETTING, WHICH GIVES THE ENTIRE RITE A COVERT, GUERRILLA THEATRICITY, A SURREALISTIC CIRCUS/TRIBAL/THROWBACK TO A COLLECTIVE SUBCONSCIOUS ATAVISTIC WET DREAM NIGHTMARE.

SOMEONE PULLS A LEATHER THONG. A THIN FLAP AT THE PEAK OF THE CAMOUFLAGE TENT FALLS OPEN, ALLOWING IN A SHAFT OF MORNING LIGHT. THE LIGHT PROBES THE SMOKE AND DUST AND FALLS AT THE OPENING TO THE CAVE. THE HIDE COVERING THE ENTRANCE IS PULLED BACK AND RUBY, NAKED TO THE WAIST AND GLEAMING WITH ORNAMENTAL OIL, A NECKLACE OF SILVER COINS STEPS OUT, CARRYING SHANTI AT ARMS LENGTH.

THE GIRL MOVES UNTIL THE CHILD ENTERS THE COLUMN OF LIGHT. AMONG THIS SEA OF DARK ASH-SMEARED BODIES, DARK COSTUMES AND DARK SMOKE, THE NAKED BODY OF THE INFANT GIRL IS ASTONISHINGLY WHITE AND VULNERABLE.

91

EXT. THE DESERT -- MORNING

91

CUT TO DOUG JOGGING WITH GRIM DETERMINATION IN THE GROWING HEAT, A HANDKERCHIEF TIED AROUND HIS FOREHEAD TO KEEP THE SWEAT FROM HIS EYES. HE TAKES OFF HIS SOAKED SHIRT WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE AND TIES IT ABOUT HIS WAIST. THE "BEAST" RANGES JUST AHEAD. HE SUDDENLY HALTS AS THE RADIO BEGINS RECEIVING TRANSMISSIONS. HE LISTENS WHILE HIS BREATH RASPS OUT OF HIS HEAVING THROAT.

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

Hey, Home 40, I'm cumin' in.

THERE'S A CONSIDERABLE PAUSE, THEN PA PA RESPONDS. HE HAS TO SHOUT TO EVEN HEAR HIMSELF OVER THE DIN OF THE RITUAL THAT'S GOING ON ALL AROUND HIM. HE SOUNDS MEAN, CRAZED, DRUNK AND HIGH.

PA PA

(on C/B)

Who that?

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

Neptune. Pa Pa?

PA PA

(on C/B)

Yeah, this's Pa Pa. You s'posed t'be on lookout. I kick your ass if I see you here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

Pa Pa, Merc'ry's dead. I'm bringin' him in.

PA PA

(on C/B, disbelieving)

What you say? I couldn't hear you straight. Sounded like...

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

I say Merc'ry's dead. When I got to the look cut post he was gone. I found him at bottom of th' cliff. He got pushed.

PA PA

(on C/B)

Who pushed him?

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

A dog. A big dog. There's tracks.

THERE'S SILENCE ON THE C/B. DOUG LOOKS AT "THE BEAST" WHO SITS NEARBY LISTENING INTENTLY. DOUG HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO THE BIG DOG.

DOUG

(quietly)

Shake.

"THE BEAST" LIFTS HIS RIGHT FRONT PAW. THE MAN AND DOG SHAKE HANDS.

92

INT. THE CAVE

92

PA PA BITES A KNUCKLE, THE HANDSET OF THE ARMY FIELD SET HELD AWAY FROM HIS HEAD WHILE HE PONDERES. HE PUTS IT BACK TO HIS EAR AND MOUTH.

PA PA

To hell with Merc'ry. Get back on guard. An' call me the second you see anything funny.

NEPTUNE

(on C/B)

I ain't got no radidio, Pa Pa. I'm callin' from the inner picket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PA PA
Merc'ry's radidio broke?

NEPTUNE
(on C/B)
Couldn't find it no where...

PA PA LOOKS EVEN MORE UNEASY. IT'S CLEAR HE'S NO DUMMY. HE'S NOT JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND HE'S ACCURATELY SEEING POSSIBLE RAMIFICATIONS.

PA PA
I'm comin' out. Stay there, an' don't transmit no more unless it's bandits, you 10-four that, Neptune?

NEPTUNE
(on C/B)
Eighty-eights and ten, Roger an' out.

PA PA SLAMS THE HEADSET ONTO THE RECEIVER.

93 EXT. THE DESERT UPLANDS -- MORNING 93

DOUG LISTENS FOR ANYTHING MORE. NOTHING. HE LOWERS THE RADIO AND LOOKS AT "THE BEAST."

DOUG
Well, Beast, the fan is about to hit the shit.

HE BEGINS RUNNING IN THE ORIGINAL DIRECTION AGAIN, FOLLOWING THE EAGER DOG.

94 EXT. THE CEREMONIAL COMPOUND -- MORNING 94

THE CEREMONY IS IN FULL SWING. SHANTI HAS BEEN PLACED UPON A RAISED ALTAR. SHE IS FLANKED ON EACH SIDE BY A HUGE CARVING KNIFE AND FORK. WE MIGHT RECOGNIZE THEM FROM THE TRAILER.

A LARGE COOKING FIRE DOMINATED THE AREA AT THE CENTER OF THE RINGED SAVAGE, JUST BEFORE THE BIG POLE. EVERYONE IS BUSY EATING AND CHANTING ALTERNATELY, PASSING AROUND BIG CHARRED PIECES OF MEAT. ON CLOSER INSPECTION WE RECOGNIZE THE BARBECUED ARMS AND HAMS OF BIG BOB. A "PRIEST" OF SOME SORT IS SPRAYING SHANTI WITH CHICKEN BLOOD. THE FLAPPING STRUGGLES OF THE BEHEADED FOWL FRIGHTEN THE CHILD AND SHE BEGINS TO CRY.

PA PA CIRCLES THE SEATED GROUP IN SILENT RAGE UNTIL HE FINDS PLUTO. PLUTO IS JUST ABOUT TO EAT THE MEAT CLOSEST TO THE BONE WHEN PA PA YANKS HIM RIGHT UP INTO THE AIR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARS SEES THIS HAPPENING AND COMES OVER, FULL OF TREPIDATION, BUT SHOWING HE'S NEXT IN COMMAND. PA PA'S GESTURES INDICATE THE RELAYING OF NEPTUNE'S NEWS, THAT PLUTO IS TO COME WITH PA PA (ALONG WITH SEVERAL OTHERS), AND THAT MARS IS TO TAKE CHARGE. MARS' GESTURES INDICATE HE SUGGESTS TELLING MA MA. THIS IS IMMEDIATELY DISMISSED BY PA PA. WE SEE MA MA BEING RUBBED WITH WARM FAT BY SEVERAL YOUNG FEMALE ACOLYTES. OTHERS ARE BRINGING HER MORE CHEVAS REGAL. IT'S CLEAR SHE SHOULDN'T BE DISTURBED. PA PA AND PLUTO GATHER A SMALL STRIKE GROUP AND DISAPPEAR OUT OF THE TENT, BRISTLING WITH SPEARS AND SHIELDS.

95 EXT. IN THE GROVE NEAR THE SAVAGE HQ. -- DAY 95

A HIGH P.O.V. OF PLUTO AND PA PA & GROUP RUNNING ACROSS THE COMPOUND AND UP A HILL. THEY CLIMB UNTIL THEY REACH THE "INNER CIRCLE PICKET." THIS REVEALS IT TO US.

CUT TO DOUG, WATCHING THEM. HE PICKS UP HIS C/B, CHANGES THE CHANNEL, AND PUSHES THE TALK BUTTON.

DOUG
(quietly)
Bobby...? Bobby, you read me?

96 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 96

CUT DIRECTLY TO A CLOSE-UP OF ETHEL'S FACE. IT'S OBVIOUS THE WOMAN'S DEAD. A HAND COMES INTO FRAME AND CLOSES THE WOMAN'S EYES. PULL BACK TO REVEAL BRENDA, IN ATTENDANCE. SHE LOWERS HER HEAD ONTO HER MOTHER'S STILL BREAST AND WEEPS UNASHAMEDLY.

BACKGROUND WE CAN HEAR BOBBY, HIMSELF TRANSMITTING ON THE TRAILER'S C/B.

BOBBY
(B/G)
Mayday, Mayday, this is a breaker one-niner for KUY-9532 -- does anybody read this transmission? We need military or police aid -- Mayday, Mayday.

HE PUTS DOWN THE MIKE AS BRENDA'S CRYING BREAKS HIS CONCENTRATION.

BOBBY
Brenda, will you keep still?

BRENDA LEAPS UP IN FURY AND STARTS THROWING EVERYTHING SHE CAN GET HER HANDS ON AT BOBBY -- PILLOWS, LAMP SHADES, BOOKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY JUMPS UP AND COUNTERATTACKS, CHARGING THROUGH A HAIL OF PROJECTILES UNTIL HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON HER. HE PINS BRENDA, WHO IS STILL GASPING AND SOBBING, AGAINST A WALL.

BOBBY

What're you trying to do, anyway, creep.
Give Mom a heart attack?

BRENDA JUST FIXES HIM WITH AN AWFUL LOOK. BOBBY LOOKS AT HER IN CONFUSION, THEN AT THE BED WHERE THE UTTERLY STILL WOMAN LIES.

BOBBY LETS GO OF BRENDA. HE SLUMPS AT THE BACK, RAISES HIS SHOULDER INSTINCTIVELY.

BOBBY

Oh, no.

HE MOVES TOWARDS THE BED.

97 EXT. DOUG'S POINT OF VANTAGE -- DAY

97

DOUG PERSISTS IN TRYING TO REACH BOBBY.

DOUG

Bobby? Come in, dammit.

FROM DOUG'S P.O.V. WE SEE PA PA, PLUTO, AND THE FIVE OR SIX OTHER SAVAGES WITH THEM CLIMB DOWN FROM THE GUARD STATION, CONFER ONCE MORE, THEN HEAD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TRAILER, AND BOBBY, BRENDA AND ETHEL. DOUG DESPERATELY TRIES CALLING BOBBY AGAIN.

DOUG

Bobby, do you read me -- they're coming
your way, boy -- put your ears on!

98 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

98

CUT TO INTERIOR OF THE TRAILER, WHERE BOBBY IS AT THE C/B, BUT SWITCHED OVER TO THE MILITARY CHANNEL. HE DESPERATELY SWITCHES FROM ONE CHANNEL TO ANOTHER, CALLING AGAIN.

BOBBY

Hello, Police, Army -- this is KUY-9532
calling Mayday, Mayday, we have been
attacked by, well, damn, we've been
attacked and need help.

HE RELEASES THE TALK BUTTON AND LISTENS FOR ANY RESPONSE. THEN, JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO SWITCH CHANNELS AGAIN, A CRISP MILITARY VOICE BLARES INTO THE ROOM, LOUD AND CLEAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILITARY VOICE

Hello, KUY -- we have you loud and clear. This is Sgt. Alcort, U.S. Army intelligence. Please state your position and status of casualties. Over.

BOBBY'S FACE LIGHTS UP IN INCREDULOUS JOY. BRENDA, TOO, SHOWS IMMENSE RELIEF.

BOBBY

Thank God! Hello, listen, they've killed two -- three of us, kidnapped a baby -- we're in desperate need of protection -- uh, but I don't really know where we are. We were on Route 93, about a day past Corn Creek, but we got lost -- I think we're somewhere on one of your bomb ranges... I guess.

THERE'S A MOMENT'S PAUSE. ANOTHER MOMENT. THEN.

MILITARY VOICE

The Ellis Range?

BOBBY

Uh, yeah, I guess so. We really don't know...

MILITARY VOICE

Hold on.

THE AIR GOES TO STATIC, THEN DEAD. BOBBY LOOKS AT BRENDA. BRENDA LOOKS AT HIM.

BRENDA

Somehow, he didn't sound too happy when he heard where we were.

BEFORE BOBBY CAN RESPOND, THE MILITARY VOICE COMES BACK.

MILITARY VOICE

We are checking with Staff as to procedure. We recommend you make some sort of signal, meanwhile; do you have that capability?

BOBBY

Sure! We'll burn a tire -- make smoke, okay!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILITARY VOICE

Very good. We will put search aircraft into the air and be back to you. Stay on this channel.

BOBBY

Right! Ten four!

BOBBY PUTS DOWN THE MIC, TURNS TO BRENDA.

BOBBY

(cont'd)

Don't touch it!

HE RACES OUT OF THE TRAILER.

99 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- DAY

99

BOBBY RUNS TO THE STATION WAGON. HE RIPS OPEN THE COVER TO THE SPARE TIRE AND DISCOVERS THAT THERE IS NONE. HE IMMEDIATELY PULLS OUT THE JACK AND BEGINS JACKING UP THE REAR OF THE STATION WAGON.

JUMP CUT TO HIM PULLING OFF THE TIRE OF THE REAR LEFT. FROM THE CRASH IT IS NEARLY OFF THE RIM ALREADY, AND FLAT. THIS LEAVES THE REAR WHEEL RIM STILL ON THE CAR, BUT THE TIRE FREE. BOBBY ROLLS THE TIRE OFF A WAYS AND DROPS IT ON THE SAND. FROM THE BACK OF THE STATION WAGON HE TAKES A SPARE 5 GAL. CAN OF GAS AND POURS IT OVER THE TIRE.

100 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER

100

CUT BACK TO BRENDA. SHE'S LOOKING AT THE CLOCK STILL ON THE TABLE BY THE C/B. IT READS QUARTER PAST THE HOUR.

SOUND INSERT OF DOUG:

DOUG

(replay: O.S.)

I'll stay in touch with you every fifteen minutes on the quarter hour. If I find out anything you should know, I'll pass it right along.

BRENDA LOOKS TOWARD THE DOOR. NO SIGN OF BOBBY. SHE TURNS THE CHANNEL SELECTOR TO THE ONE THAT DOUG SPECIFIED FOR THEM -
- 38. INSTANTLY DOUG'S VOICE COMES IN, MID-SENTENCE.

DOUG

(on C/B)

Bobby, hello Bobby -- do you read me, over?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

Doug! It's me, Brenda! Doug, the Army,
we've got a hold of the Army!

DOUG

(on C/B)

What? Are they there!?

BRENDA

N-no, they don't know where to find us --
but they've told us to make a signal --
Bobby's out setting a tire on fire, like
you told him.

DOUG

(on C/B)

Listen, Brenda, they're coming.

BRENDA

They Army?

DOUG

(on C/B)

No. The savages. The ones who've taken
us on.

BRENDA

(instantly terrified.)

H-how many?

DOUG

(on C/B)

A lot. Nine or ten. You'll have to get
out of there and hide -- you've got time -
- can Mom travel?

BRENDA

She's dead.

DOUG

Do you want me to come back?

BRENDA

No. You get Shanti. We'll take care of
these turkeys.

ABRUPTLY, SOMEHOW IN THE WAY SHE SAYS THIS, BRENDA IMPRESSES
US AS SOMEONE WHO CAN HANDLE THOSE TURKEYS. MAYBE.

101 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 101

CUT TO PA PA, PLUTO AND SEVEN SAVAGES, TROTting GRIMLY, EASILY IN THE WAVERING HEAT. SEEN TELESCOPICALLY, THEY LOOK LIKE PHANTOMS OF DEATH, HARDLY CONNECTED TO THE SCALDING SAND.

102 EXT. DOUG'S POSITION -- DAY 102

DOUG GRABS "THE BEAST" BY THE SIDES OF THE HEAD AND LOOKS RIGHT INTO THE DOG'S EYES.

DOUG
Okay, killer, go get that bastard!

"THE BEAST" INSTANTLY TURNS AROUND AND TEARS OFF IN THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY PA PA AND HIS BAND. JUST AS DETERMINEDLY, DOUG HEADS DOWN TOWARDS THE PULSATING TENT.

103 EXT. BY THE TRAILER -- DAY 103

BOBBY TOSSES A MATCH AT THE TIRE. IT IGNITES WITH A BIG BLUE-ORANGE WHOOSH OF FLAME, THEN SETTLES DOWN TO BILLOWING BLACK SMOKE. HE TURNS TO BRENDA.

BOBBY
How long did he say it'd be before they got here?

BRENDA
Ten or fifteen minutes, he guesses. He's sending "the Beast" back...

SHE'S STARING AT SOMETHING ON THE CAR, HER MIND WANDERING. BOBBY RESPONDS TO "THE BEAST" BEING SENT BACK.

BOBBY
Big deal. A lot of good that clown'll do us -- hey, where you going?

BRENDA HAS RUSHED OFF, AND NOW RETURNS WITH THE ROLL OF TELEPHONE WIRE (NOTE: THIS WILL BE ESTABLISHED EARLY IN THE SCRIPT, ALTHOUGH NOW IT IS NOT. IT WILL BE PART OF A DUMP OF ARMY JUNK)

SHE TIES ONE END OF THE WIRE LOOSELY AROUND THE REAR BUMPER OF THE CAR AND QUICKLY GOES OFF, ROLLING OUT THE WIRE AS SHE GOES OFF INTO THE DESERT.

BOBBY LOOKS AFTER HER AS IF SHE'S GONE CRAZY.

104 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY

104

CUT TO THE "BEAST" WATCHING PA PA AND PLUTO AND THE OTHERS RUNNING ALONG AN ARROYO.

CUT TO A SHOT CLOSER, OF THEM RUNNING THROUGH THE CUT. FOR A MOMENT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE "THE BEAST" IS -- BUT SUDDENLY HE CHARGES FROM THE COVER OF THE BUSHES. HE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE ONE PERSON WEARING THE PELT OF THE MURDERED GERMAN SHEPHERD "BEAUTY" -- PLUTO -- AND SLASHES INTO THE BOY'S LEGS. IN A SINGLE POWERFUL ATTACK OF THE FLASHING TEETH AND POWERFUL JAWS AND NECK, PLUTO IS CRIPPLED IN ONE LEG. JUST AS SUDDENLY, "THE BEAST" IS GONE. THE ENTIRE INCIDENT TAKES LESS THAN FOUR SECONDS.

THERE IS A HURRIED CONSULTATION. PLUTO IS TOO PROUD TO BE MINISTERED TO. YET HE'S DEFINITELY SLOWED. NEVERTHELESS HE HOBBLER UP AND STRUGGLES AFTER THE REST OF THE MEN AS FAST AS HE CAN.

CUT TO A SHOT MINUTES LATER. PLUTO IS FLAGGING, UNABLE TO KEEP UP. HE'S COVERED WITH SWEAT, HIS LEG IS BLOODY, AND HE'S WINDED. PA PA LOOKS BACK ONCE AT HIM, THEN TURNS BACK TOWARDS THE DIRECTION OF THE TRAILER, NOT SLOWING.

CUT TO THE "BEAST," WATCHING. WAITING.

105 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY

105

IN MONTAGE, DOUG INFILTRATES DOWN THROUGH WATCH STATIONS INTO THE VERY HEAVING HEART OF THE SAVAGES' CAMP, WHERE THE CEREMONIES STILL ARE IN FULL HEAT.

DOUG FINDS ONE SAVAGE RELIEVING HIMSELF IN THE BUSHES. HE PICKS UP A STONE AND ATTACKS. IN ONE SIMPLE STRIKE, HE BRAINS THE MAN AND HAS AT HIS COSTUME, A FULL EAGLE OUTFIT, INCLUDING A FIERCE LOOKING FULL FACE MASK.

106 EXT./INT. THE CAMOUFLAGE TENT -- DAY

106

MARS PREPARES SHANTI FOR THE SACRIFICE. HE LAYS HER DOWN ON A STONE ALTAR AND PLACES A GLEAMING SLATE KNIFE NEXT TO HER TENDER LITTLE BODY. THE INFANT TRIES TO TOUCH THE SHINY KNIFE. MARS SLAPS HER HAND AWAY. HE GOES TO THE RED TENT.

A HUSH FALLS OVER THE THRONG WHEN HE DOES THIS. IT'S AS IF HE'S VIOLATING SOME TERRIBLE TABOO TO TOUCH THE FLAP OF THE RED TENT.

SAVAGE
That for Pa Pa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARS
 (wheeling)
I Pa Pa, now.

A LOYAL SAVAGE RUSHES MARS. MARS LAYS THE MAN DOWN WITH A TERRIBLE SWIPE OF HIS KNIFE. ALL THE OTHERS FALL BACK. MARS GOES INTO THE RED TENT. A TERRIBLE CRY FROM MA MA HURTLES OUT, THEN A BIG WHUFF, AND WE CUT INSIDE.

107 INT. INSIDE THE RED TENT -- RED LIGHT -- DAY 107

MARS ATTACKS MA MA WITH A TREMENDOUSLY AGGRESSIVE SEXUALITY, AND SHE STRUGGLES WITH DEMONIC FURY AGAINST HIM, AND YET, WE HAVE THE FEELING THAT THIS IS RITUAL, TOO, AND THAT MARS IS ALLOWED THE POSSIBILITY OF COMING OUT OF THIS WITH MUCH GREATER STATUS THAN HE'S HAD BEFORE, ALTHOUGH AT RISK OF HIS LIFE IF HE FAILS.

108 INT. UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE TENT -- DAY 108

DOUG MAKES HIS PLAY, SNATCHING SHANTI AND STUFFING HER UNDER HIS COSTUME. BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH.

A SAVAGE SEES HIM AND GIVES A SHOUT, IS ON HIM, GRABBING HIM ABOUT THE THROAT. ALMOST IN THE SAME SECOND, SOMEONE STRIKES THE SAVAGE A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND AND THE POWERFUL MAN ROLLS OFF DOUG. DOUG TURNS TO SEE THE GIRL RUBY, BEACONING HIM TO FOLLOW HER. BEFORE ANYONE CAN REACT FULLY OR COMPREHEND WHAT'S GOING ON, DOUG AND RUBY ARE OUT OF THE TENT AND RUNNING.

A TERRIFIC SHOUT GOES UP. MARS STUMBLES FROM THE TENT IN AN AWFUL FURY. HE HEARS WHAT'S HAPPENED, MAKES AN AWFUL MOTION WITH HIS KNIFE, AND THE ENTIRE TENT EMPTIES AFTER DOUG AND RUBY.

THE CHASE IS ON.

109 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 109

"THE BEAST" WATCHES PATIENTLY AS PLUTO WAVERS AND IS LEFT BEHIND. THE YOUNG MAN IS BLEEDING BADLY, BUT MORE, "THE BEAST" SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN HIM BY A HAMSTRING, FOR SOME SORT OF TENDON HANGS OUT FROM HIS HEEL, AND HIS FOOT SEEMS USELESS.

CUT TO PA PA, STOPPING, LOOKING BACK AT THE BOY. SUDDENLY THE WALKIE-TALKIE HE'S HOLDING SNAPS INTO LIFE.

BOBBY (C/B)
 Doug -- the Army says they see my signal -
 - they're on their way --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA (C/B)
 (interrupting B/G)
 That's the wrong channel -- get off it!

BOBBY (C/B)
 Wha -- oh
 (snap)

THE TRANSMISSION IS ABRUPTLY CUT

PA PA'S FACE TURNS INTO PRIMEVAL RAGE.

PA PA
 We get them first.

HE SIGNALS, TURNS FROM PLUTO, AND THEY ALL DISAPPEAR OFF INTO THE DESERT TOWARDS THE TRAILER.

PLUTO WATCHES THEM GO WITHOUT AN EXPRESSSIONAL CHANGE. HE TRIES TO BIND UP HIS FOOT, AND BEGINS TO STRUGGLE ALONG AGAIN.

PLUTO
 (under breath)
 Fuckin' devil dog.

HIS HAND COMES UP. HE SMELLS THE DOG'S SCENT. HE TURNS ROUND AND SEES "THE BEAST" STALKING OUT INTO THE OPEN NOT FIFTY FEET FROM HIM.

PLUTO
 (enraged)
 You sonuvabitch! You piece of shit! I killed you buddy, I kill you! I eat your heart, piss dog! Puke eater! I strangle you with you own guts!

"THE BEAST" LAYS DOWN, HEAD ON THE GROUND POINTED LIKE A TORPEDO AT PLUTO, AND GIVES HIS TAIL A WAG. IT'S AS IF HE'S GIVING PLUTO THE FINGER. PLUTO LURCHES AT THE BIG DOG. "THE BEAST" GETS UP LAZILY AND MOVES AWAY. PLUTO STUMBLES AND FALLS. THE DOG STOPS, TURNS BACK TO THE YOUNG MAN AND WATCHES.

PLUTO HOBBLER AWAY FROM THE DOG, NOW, LOOSING NERVE, OR PERHAPS IGNORING HIM, SETTING HIMSELF FOR THE TRAILER.

"THE BEAST" MOVES FORWARD AGAIN, PAUSING AT THE SPOT WHERE PLUTO HAD FALLEN. THERE'S A SMALL PUDDLE OF BLOOD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

"THE BEAST" SMELLS IT, LOWERS HIS MASSIVE HEAD AND LUXURIOUSLY LAPS UP THE BLOOD, TASTING, SMACKING HIS LIPS WITH HIS GREAT TONGUE. PLUTO HAS STOPPED AND TURNED, SEEN THIS.

CLOSE ON PLUTO'S FACE. HE SWALLOWS. HE THROWS OFF THE PELT OF "BEAUTY" AND HOBBLER OFF WITH EVEN MORE EXERTION AND SWEAT. HE STOPS AND LOOKS BACK. "THE BEAST" HAS DISAPPEARED.

110 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- DAY 110

BOBBY LUGS HIS MOTHER'S CORPSE OUT OF THE TRAILER AND STAGGERS WITH HER OUT INTO THE DESERT. HIS FACE IS ASHEN AND SET, HIS ACTIONS FAST AND DESPERATE.

111 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 111

CUT TO BRENDA IN THE DESERT. B/G PERHAPS A THOUSAND YARDS IS THE TRAILER.

BRENDA HAS PULLED THE TELEPHONE WIRE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE, AND NOW IS MAKING A HUGE LOOP OF IT, MUCH LIKE A LASSO, BUT VERY LARGE, PERHAPS TWENTY OR THIRTY FEET ACROSS. THIS LOOP IS PLACED IN THE SAND AT ITS FARTHER ARC, AND COVERED. BUT ALONG ITS SIDES ITS LOOPS LOW THROUGH THE LIGHT BRUSH, PERHAPS SIX INCHES OFF THE SAND. THE ENTIRE LOOP IS LOCATED AT A NATURAL FUNNEL FOR THE TRAIL WHERE ALL THE FOOTPRINTS, BOTH OF SAVAGES AND OF DOUG AND "THE BEAST" RUN OUT TOWARDS THE CAMP OF THE SAVAGES.

BOBBY ARRIVES OVER THE CREST WITH THE CORPSE OF THEIR MOTHER. HE LOWERS HER DOWN, COLLAPSING IN TEMPORARY EXHAUSTION. BRENDA TAKES THE CAMP CHAIR AND SETS IT UP IN THE CENTER OF THE LOOP. SHE TURNS TO BOBBY, HER FACE CONTORTED.

BRENDA

It's too awful. I can't.

BOBBY

It's the only way. Com'on.

TOGETHER THEY LIFT THEIR MOTHER TO THE CHAIR AND SIT HER IN IT, SO THAT THE WOMAN IS STARING BLANKLY TOWARDS THE TRAIL AHEAD OF HER.

BOBBY GRABS BRENDA.

BOBBY

Stay here until you see them. I'll fix the trailer.

112 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 112

BOBBY TURNS ON ALL THE GAS BURNERS ON THE CAMPER STOVE. THEN HE MOVES TO FIVE BUTANE TANKS HE HAS BROUGHT INTO THE TRAILER, THE SPARES FOR THE OVEN AND STOVE. THESE ALSO HE TURNS ON. HE BEGINS TO COUGH. HE QUICKLY CHECKS ALL THE WINDOWS. WE SEE HE HAS TAPED THEM ALL SHUT. ALSO THE VENT OVER THE STOVE. THE TRAILER IS AIR TIGHT. BOBBY STUMBLES TO THE REAR OF THE TRAILER, OPENS A WINDOW AND CRAWLS OUT, TAKING THE C/B WITH HIM, ALLOWING ONLY THE CORD TO GO THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BOBBY CLOSSES THE WINDOW, BANGING A NOTCH FOR THE CORD WITH A ROCK. THE WINDOW CLOSSES TIGHTLY.

113 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER WINDOW -- DAY 113

BOBBY TRIES THE C/B.

BOBBY

Doug, do you read me? Do you READ ME!

NO ANSWER. BOBBY CAREFULLY SWITCHES TO THE MILITARY CHANNEL.

BOBBY

Hello, Army. Where the hell are you guys?

SURPRISINGLY, BOBBY IS INSTANTLY ANSWERED.

ARMY OFFICER

We're on our way, son! Hold on!

BOBBY

(desperate)

Well how long, for God's sakes!

ARMY OFFICER

Just a little while.

BOBBY SWEARS AND LOOKS UP AT THE SKY. BRENDA COMES TEARING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE TRAILER.

BRENDA

They're coming!

114 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 114

PA PA AND ALL THE SAVAGES ROUND THE BEND OF THE TRAIL AND SEE ETHEL IN THE CHAIR. THEY STOP, SPOOKED. THEY SLOWLY ADVANCE TOWARD THE WOMAN, WHO IS PERHAPS A HUNDRED FEET AWAY.

115 EXT. BY THE CAR AND TRAILER -- DAY 115

THE C/B CRACKLES AND THE ARMY COMES ON, JUST AS BOBBY COMES ROUND TOWARDS THE CAR.

ARMY OFFICER
Hello KUY-9532. We are in your sector.
We are awaiting final instructions.

BOBBY
What kind of final orders -- listen,
these bastards are coming for us!

116 EXT. A HEIGHT -- DAY 116

CUT TO THE SHOCKING SIGHT OF AN ARMY UNIT, STANDING NEAR THEIR HELICOPTER, WATCHING BOBBY AND BRENDA THROUGH BINOCULARS. THEIR RADIO CRACKLES AND THE OFFICER RESPONDS.

OFFICER
Hello, Zeus, what are our orders?

H.Q. (RADIO)
Syncpak central computer says Red Light.
No interference allowed. Do you read
that? No interference.

OFFICER
Jesus. Roger, H.Q. Do we get out of
here?

H.Q. (RADIO)
You are to remain and observe for full
scenario report.

THE OFFICER SHRUGS.

OFFICER
Roger. Over and out.

HE TURNS BACK AND TRAINS HIS BINOCULARS ON THE TRAILER BELOW.

117 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 117

CUT TO DOUG AND RUBY RACING DOWN A HILL, DOUG CARRYING SHANTI. THE CHASE IS DESPERATELY UNBALANCED, AND SOON DOUG MAKES A DECISION. HE PASSES SHANTI TO RUBY AND BIDS HER GO AHEAD. DOUG TURNS BACK TOWARDS HIS PURSUERS.

WITHIN MOMENTS HE IS SURROUNDED BY MEN WITH KNIVES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TERRIFIC FIGHT ENSUES, FOR MARS SELECTS TO MAKE DOUG HIS PRIZE AND WARNS THE OTHERS AWAY.

TO THE SURPRISE OF ALL OF US, DOUG BEATS THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF MARS, IN THE COURSE OF A TWO OR THREE MINUTE BATTLE OF SHOCKING FEROCITY.

THE SAVAGES STARE IN DISBELIEF. DOUG REACHES DOWN, TAKES THE KNIVES FROM MAR'S BLOODY HAND AND CASTRATES THE MAN. HE LIFTS THE SEVERED GENITALS HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, THEN THROWS THEM AT THE CIRCLE OF MEN.

THE SAVAGES BACK OFF, TURN, AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE DESERT.

DOUG COLLAPSES.

RUBY RUNS TO HIM.

118 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 118

CUT TO PA PA AND HIS STRIKE GROUP. THE GIANT MAN REFUSES TO APPROACH THE WOMAN. HE SENDS ANOTHER IN. THE MAN CLEARLY DOESN'T WANT TO DO IT, BUT PA PA CLOUTS HIM ACROSS THE FACE AND SENDS HIM SPINNING IN.

THE MAN APPROACHES THE CHAIR IN TERROR.

NOTHING HAPPENS. THE MAN BEAMS IN PRIMITIVE RELIEF AND WAVES TO THE OTHERS. THEY BEGIN TO MOVE IN.

119 EXT. BY THE CAR AND TRAILER -- DAY 119

CUT TO BRENDA WORKING WITH DESPERATE SPEED. SHE UNTIES THE END OF THE TELEPHONE LINE FROM THE REAR BUMPER OF THE CAR AND GIVES IT THREE WRAPS INSTEAD AROUND THE RIM OF THE REAR WHEEL OF THE CAR, WHICH STILL REMAINS JACKED UP OFF THE GROUND. SHE LOOKS AT BOBBY, WHO'S LEANING INTO THE DRIVERS SEAT, HIS HANDS ON THE IGNITION KEY.

BRENDA
Start the bastard.

BOBBY STARTS CRANKING THE ENGINE AS BRENDA SCRAMBLES UP THE SIDE OF THE TRAILER BY THE LADDER THERE AND STANDS UP ON THE LITTLE OBSERVATION DECK UP THERE. SHE STRAINS HER EYES INTO THE DISTANCE.

120 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 120

CUT TO THE SAVAGES. THEY'RE GIVING THE CORPSE OF ETHEL A LITERAL HEAVE HO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEY THROW HER INTO THE BUSHES, THEN TAKE TURNS SITTING ON THE CHAIR. SOON THEY ALL ARE CROWDED AROUND. EXCEPT FOR PA PA.

121 EXT. THE CAR AND TRAILER -- DAY 121

BRENDA RAISES HER ARM AND DROPS IT SUDDENLY.

BRENDA

Now!

CUT TO BOBBY PUTTING THE CAR IN GEAR AND GUNNING IT. CUT TO THE REAR WHEEL OF THE CAR AS IT BLURS INTO FULL SPEED, REELING IN TELEPHONE WIRE AT A TREMENDOUS RATE.

122 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 122

CUT TO THE SAVAGES. THE LOOP CLOSES WITH BLINDING SPEED, CATCHING THEM ALL BY THE ANKLES AND LEGS AND JERKING THEM OFF THROUGH THE BRUSH IN ONE HUGE CLUMP. SPEARS AND KNIVES GO FLYING AS THE SCREAMING MEN PLOUGH THROUGH A HUGE PATCH OF CACTUS, OVER A HILL, SHOOTING UP A FLYING CLOUD OF DUST AND SPARE PARTS. PA PA IS LEFT IN STUNNED ISOLATION.

123 EXT. THE CAR AND TRAILER -- DAY 123

BOBBY GUNS THE MOTOR ONE LAST TIME THEN CUTS IT, JUST AS HIS CATCH ROCKETS INTO THE CLEARING IN A BLEEDING MESS. BOBBY METHODICALLY RUNS OVER AND BEGINS SHOOTING THEM IN THE HEAD, ONE SHOT PER MAN. HE DISPATCHES SIX IN THAT WAY, AND BRENDA GETS THREE OTHERS WITH A BASEBALL BAT, SWUNG WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH.

THEY FINISH JUST IN TIME TO SEE PA PA BEARING DOWN ON THEM ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY. BOBBY AND BRENDA MAKE FOR THE TRAILER.

WHEN THEY GET TO THE DOOR BOBBY OPENS IT VERY CAREFULLY AND GIVES BRENDA A LOOK THAT SAYS "THIS HAS TO BE DONE JUST RIGHT."

BOBBY

Hold your breath and don't breathe!

THEY GO IN.

SWERVE PAN TO SHOW PA PA ONE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY AND CLOSING.

124 INT. INSIDE THE TRAILER 124

CUT OF THE GAS BURNERS ALL GOING, PAN TO BOBBY AND BRENDA ENTERING. BOBBY IMMEDIATELY USHERS BRENDA TO THE REAR WINDOW AND SEES HER OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE MOTIONS FOR HER TO REMAIN HIDDEN BY THE TRAILER'S SIDE.
THEN HE TAKES A BIG BREATH OF FRESH AIR AND GOES BACK INSIDE.

HE RUNS TO THE FRONT DOOR OF THE TRAILER AND GETS DOWN ON HIS
HANDS AND KNEES. WE SEE HE HAS A STRIP OF THE ABRASIVE
MATERIAL USUALLY FOUND ON THE SIDE OF KITCHEN MATCH BOXES
ALREADY TAPED TO THE FLOOR RIGHT BY THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR.
IN TWO SECONDS BOBBY TAPES A MATCH, THE WOODEN KITCHEN KIND,
TO THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR, HEAD DOWN, RESTING AGAINST THE
ABRASIVE STRIP.

BOBBY RUNS BACK TO THE WINDOW. DIVES OUT.

125 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE TRAILER -- DAY 125

BRENDA SLAMS THE WINDOW. BOBBY WINCES AT THAT, BUT NOTHING
HAPPENS. THEY SNEAK AWAY FROM THE TRAILER, ON A DIRECT LINE
AWAY FROM PA PA'S APPROACH, KEEPING THE TRAILER BETWEEN THEM
AND HIM. WITHIN SECONDS THEY'RE OVER THE ROAD AND INTO THE
ROCKS ON THE OTHER SIDE, ALL HUNCHED OVER AND DUCKING.

126 EXT. OUTSIDE THE TRAILER -- DAY 126

PA PA RUNS UP TO THE TRAILER AND HALTS BY THE DOOR. THERE'S
A CRUDE QUICKLY-PENCILED NOTE SCOTCH TAPED TO THE DOOR.

NOTE

"Hold your ears, Turkey."

PA PA ISN'T ABOUT TO READ A NOTE. HE GRABS THE DOOR WITH
BOTH HANDS AND GIVES A TREMENDOUS YANK.

THE TRAILER BLOWS UP WITH A TREMENDOUS BOWL OF FLAME AND
DEBRIS, A HUGE CLOUD OF DUST AND FLAME ROLLING INTO THE AIR,
GROWLING AND SNAPPING.

127 EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD -- DAY 127

AS THE LAST PIECE OF THE TRAILER FALLS INTO THE WOODS AROUND
THEM, BRENDA AND BOBBY STAND UP FROM HIDING AND "GIVE EACH
OTHER FIVE."

128 EXT. THE DESERT -- DAY 128

AS THE SHOCK WAVE OF THE EXPLOSION ROLLS ACROSS THE DESERT IT
SMACKS INTO THE EARS OF PLUTO. HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE
BALL OF FIRE AND SMOKE ALREADY IN THE SKY. THEN LOOKS BACK
FOR "THE BEAST."

HE HEARS THE ANIMAL EVERYWHERE, AND KEEPS HIS KNIFE AT THE
READY. SOMETHING RUSTLES IN THE BUSH TO HIS LEFT. PLUTO
HOBBLES OVER IN RAGE, YOWLING IN ANGER AND PAIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE PARTS THE BUSH. A RABBIT SCRAMBLES OUT. THE NEXT SECOND "THE BEAST" SLAMS INTO PLUTO FROM BEHIND.

THE TWO ROLL INTO THE WASH. THERE'S A MOMENT WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE PLUTO MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE, BUT THE BEAST HAS HIM BY THE THROAT. TWO MIGHTY SHAKES, ANOTHER, AND THE SAVAGE IS DEAD.

"THE BEAST" SETTLES BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES AND LETS OUT A TREMENDOUS, PLEASED HOWL. THEN TROTS OFF FOR THE TRAILER.

129

EXT. THE HOLE WHERE THE TRAILER USED TO BE -- DAY

129

DOUG AND RUBY AND SHANTI WALK IN TO THE CLEARING, DOUG SUPPORTED BY RUBY. THERE'S JUST A SMOKING HOLE AND TWISTED STEEL WHERE THE TRAILER USED TO BE.

BRENDA AND BOBBY COME FROM ACROSS THE ROAD, AND "THE BEAST" BOUNDS YIPPING AND PRANCING FROM THE SCRUB, AND THEY ALL EMBRACE AND KISS AND LICK. THEN BOBBY SEES RUBY.

BOBBY

What's that?

DOUG

She saved Shanti. She's one of us. And we're one of her. Okay?

BOBBY

Okay.

THE ARMY HELICOPTER BEARS DOWN ON THEM FROM THE STEAMING SKY. IT LOWERS OVER THEM LIKE A GIANT INSECT. THE TREMENDOUS DOWNDRAFT FROM ITS ROTORS SENDS UP A DUST STORM THAT FORCES ALL OF OUR PROTAGONISTS TO COVER THEIR EYES AND LOOK AWAY.