

The Walking Stick

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FADE IN:

INT. PAUL'S CABIN – NIGHT

In a corner... a six foot tall wooden puppet that resembles a praying mantis.

The arms of the creation are large sickles.
It has a human skull for a head.
Shiny black onyx doll eyes.
Positioned to watch...

PAUL (late 20's) puts duct tape over the mouth DEBBIE (late teens) who is on the floor. Debbie's arms flail.

Unsatisfied, he looks around.
Grabs a small piece of rope.
He ties a noose.
Shows it to her.

PAUL
Look! You see this!

He puts the noose around her neck, and gives a light tug.

PAUL
You want to fight me now, or do you
want to be a good little girl?

Debbie resists, he tugs again.

PAUL
Which is it?

She nods.

Paul takes off the noose.

PAUL
Look what you did to my creation.

Points to the thing in the corner.

PAUL
Now I have to make things right! I
should give you the job, but you
can't get your shit together.

DEBBIE
(muffled)
You bastard just let me go!

Doll eyes reflect-- Paul drags Debbie up to her feet, leads her forward.

PAUL
Bad girls need to be locked up for the night!

DEBBIE
(muffled)
No!

PAUL
Oh yes they do! You want to put me in shit you're gonna sleep with shit!

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - BATHROOM - DAY

Debbie's cut-off tee shirt drenched in blood and sweat. Debbie tears off duct tape wrapped around her bare feet.

She opens the door a crack.
Looks to a window.
Takes the toilet tank cover and throws it.
SMASHES the small window.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Moments after getting through the window, Debbie lands on the ground next to the tank cover, nearly hitting her head.

She turns to look back. She sees a small HORNET'S NEST under the windowsill.

PAUL (O.S. INSIDE)
Where are you!

WOODED AREA - DAY

Debbie runs as fast as she can.

Some distance away, PAUL grips his axe tighter as he closes in.

PAUL
Come here, come to me.

STATE TROOPERS hurry down a hill.

Paul catches up to his intended victim. He raises his axe over her head-

HILLSIDE

AGENT DEREK WAGNER (30'S) aims his .45 at Paul. He fires his gun. The shot misses.

Debbie runs away as Paul laughs at the Troopers and Wagner.

WOODED AREA

Quick in his pace, Paul pursues his prey, as the Troopers and Wagner run down the hill.

PAUL
Getting warmed up.

Wagner directs the Troopers to go in one direction. He takes another.

Wagner rushes through dead trees due to visible insect infestation and dry area.

PAUL (V.O.)
Coming for you.

Wagner heads to the source of the taunt. He quickly finds Paul over Debbie...

The TROOPERS close in. Paul raises the axe.
Wagner fires.
Paul falls dead.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - DAY

TROOPER PIMENTO (30's) inspects the property and sees a tarp over a stretch of grass. He lifts it up to reveal a TRAP DOOR.

INT. UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOM

Pimento turns on his flashlight; the beam dances around the walls at first, then rests on the skeletal remains of unknown victims.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Wagner looks around the cabin.

Sees a BOOKCASE which has one row of video tapes with gargoyles for bookends. They have handwritten identification of various NAMES OF WOMEN and DATES.

His attention goes to a row of paperback books on the second shelf.

Wagner's finger glides down the books on *DREAM INTERPRETATION*, *DRUIDISM*, *HOW TO MIX VODOO WITH KABBALAH* and *ASTRAL PROJECTION*. All by the same author: Paul Eris.

BEDROOM

Wagner enters a small room that has a old typewriter and an open manuscript on a table, and a broken down bed with thin dirty sheets.

He frowns, as other AGENTS around him and Pimento also get long, sick looks.

PIMENTO

The stench.

Wagner looks above the bedpost and sees strange writing carved in the wall.

Wagner pushes the bed aside, and discovers a plate of ROTTEN FRUIT, maggots and a ton of dried up vomit. Three CHAINS with HANDCUFFS are nailed into the floor.

PIMENTO

Love of God.

Wagner squats down and inspects the floor. He points out to the others in the room that there is a crease in the floor.

He puts on a pair of latex gloves. Shoves aside the bad fruit. Wagner pulls on the two chains and opens the secret floor panel.

Wagner carefully steps into the small pit. Once in, he is waist deep.

WAGNER
Need a flashlight.

UNDER THE FLOOR

Crouched low, Wagner shines the flashlight around a small space.

PIMENTO
See anything?

WAGNER
Not yet.

His flashlight beam dances on rough dirt surfaces, a few earthworms, a shiny curved surface and more molded fruit.

WAGNER
Wait.

He looks back to the curved surface. He reaches for it and brushes away dirt and worms, only to reveal a WHISKEY BOTTLE.

WAGNER
Nothing.

Wagner turns, a clay skull with glued on doll eyes stares back at him. Next to it is a bound leather case.

BEDROOM

Wagner lays the skull and the leather case on the floor. Opens the case.

WAGNER
Some sort of manuscript and drawings.

Wagner feels the clay skull and applies a bit of pressure to an area around the right eye.

PIMENTO
What are you-

A small CRACK. A clay bit chips off.

Reveals part of the exposed HUMAN SKULL underneath.

PIMENTO

Shit.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - LATER

PARAMEDICS check over a shaken up DEBBIE seated just outside of the ambulance. Her eyes glance over to her dead stalker as another set of PARAMEDICS zips up Paul in a plastic bag.

She watches them in a cold stare as they pick up the deceased killer and load him in the back of a corner's van not too far away.

Pimento comes up beside her. She slowly looks up to him.

PIMENTO

It's going to be alright.

DEBBIE

No it isn't.

PIMENTO

You're lucky to be alive.

DEBBIE

No I'm not.

Mentally drifting, She reaches out and touches his badge lightly.

DEBBIE

Pimento. Easy name to remember.
Like spice.

PIMENTO

Yes. Miss Wilson.

DEBBIE

Were you down there?

PIMENTO

I was.

Debbie pulls him close.

DEBBIE

The puppets. Burn the puppets.

Debbie loosens her grip, lets go.

Wagner comes forward. Debbie stares at him.

DEBBIE

You the one who shot him?

WAGNER

That was me. Paul Eris won't bother you or anyone else again.

DEBBIE

Should have shot him twice.

I/E. POLICE TRUCK - LATER

Pimento watches the ambulance drive off from inside his police truck. Wagner leans in the passenger side but does not get in the truck.

PIMENTO

Girl's so twisted up inside she wouldn't know yesterday from tomorrow.

WAGNER

What did she say to you?

PIMENTO

As soon as your friends from the FBI get out of here the better. You may be used to that sort of thing. I'm not.

WAGNER

Who said I was?

(pause)

You did alright.

Pimento locks eyes with Wagner.

Wagner nods, closes the truck door.

PIMENTO

I got to see my kids.

WAGNER

Talk to you soon.

Wagner watches the Pimento leave.

Wagner directs what few FBI AGENTS there are around the area.

WAGNER (V.O.)

Paul Eris, twenty eight years old,
a less than moderate successful
author in various new age books,
occult and the paranormal.

INT. WAGNER'S CAR - LATER

Wagner drives down a stretch of highway as the sunlight fades. A TAPE RECORDER is in the play/record position as Wagner speaks.

WAGNER

Eris began research on ancient
myths and folklore, when he started
to kidnap and kill young women
between the ages of seventeen and
twenty-five.

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: **QUANTICO**

Wagner addresses several FBI TRAINEES in a room. His lecture features not only his winning personality but also a slide-show which features still pictures of the CABIN, Eris, the faces of some of the VICTIMS and Debbie.

WAGNER

Eris liked to taunt the
authorities, which ultimately led
us to him.

Another images flash on the slide-show: a part of a manuscript and a bizarre ancient wood carved drawing.

WAGNER

We know of his mental breakdown
which he confesses in his
manuscripts on his research into a
creature in early Jewish folklore,
The Golem. Eris believed that such
things existed, and that they could
explain away things such as haunted
houses.

INT. VALIANT HOTEL. BALL ROOM. - NIGHT

SUPER: **EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER**

Wagner, now in a different suit and tie, stands before a podium and gives out another presentation.

The hotel lights are much more bright than the stuffy lecture rooms at Quantico, and there are more of a demographic of PEOPLE.

WAGNER

The killer's actions fed his fantasy of what he thought would set off the Golem, made of wood, clay and human remains, which he thought he could one day possess with his spirit and haunt his own cabin-

Some laughter. Wagner shares the joke. He eyeballs someone in the crowd.

WAGNER

Well, you asked.

Laughter.

WAGNER

I don't mean to plug, but I'll tell you all about it in my book sometime after my retirement party as an FBI profiler.

BALLROOM - LATER

Wagner sits down at a table and signs his John Hancock on various copies of "FINDING JOHN DOE: AN INSIDE LOOK AT FBI PROFILING" with Wagner's name and black and white photo all over them.

HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Wagner, seated in one of many of the chairs, hears out LARRY JACOBS (40's) and ALEX BRADY (30's). Both Jacobs and Brady, business like, both smile.

JACOBS

Did I hear that right? Another book?

WAGNER

Well, something has to pay for the Rogaine.

JACOBS

A book about the case that made your career. With all the books out there in the local grocery stores, what would make this book stand out?

WAGNER

If you didn't think it wouldn't, you wouldn't be sitting there.

BRADY

Perhaps. But is it in response to Eris's posthumous success over the years? Some publishers have even sought out that so called manuscript.

WAGNER

I know. But that's for sensationalism. Nothing more. Many have tried to get a hold of it, for years it was locked up under lock and key, and rarely photocopied.

BRADY

You do have access to it, though.

WAGNER

Look, if that's what this is about, my own publisher worked miracle miles for me, I don't need you guys.

BRADY

Unless we were talking hard cover rights.

WAGNER

I'm not interested in sensationalism.

BRADY

Neither are we. All we want is the true story, parts of the manuscript, crime photos, an interview with Debbie-

WAGNER

No. If she comes forward, that's her business. She has a new life. I respect that, so should you.

JACOBS

If you can get it. There are many other people willing to tell all in any knock off, we want the authority. We need your name, your background.

WAGNER

Rachel Impulletti's still my editor. Conrad Press still gets paperback rights.

JACOBS

No problem. How soon can you get started?

INT. FERRIS COUNTY REAL ESTATE - DAY

The clean windows of the office interior gives a crystal clear view of the small outside parking lot and the highway not too far from it.

MILES DAVISON, always dressed for success even in his late fifties, is seated across from his twenty-ish prospective clients, LANCE CORINI and ALISON PEREZ.

MILES

Is there room to change your mind?

Lance shakes his head in disagreement.

MILES

I'm willing to sell you any of the cabins for sale in this upscale area here.

Miles shows the couple an area on a map named FERRIS, just to the southeast of CRESCENT MOON LAKE.

MILES

Cheaper, better water. Better people.

LANCE

There's nothing but bad people in the Crescent Moon area?

ALISON

We understand your problems and we are here to help. We are well aware of the Crescent property the history and the surrounding area.

MILES

Then may I ask your intentions?

ALISON

We intend to remodel the place. Specifically this cabin-

She points to CRESCENT MOON LAKE on the map as Miles' face goes pale.

MILES

You are aware we had the lake drained years ago.

LANCE

Why?

MILES

Like I said, bad water.

EXT. CRESCENT MOON LAKE - DIRT ROAD - LATER

Alison drives her car down a dirt road as Lance rides shotgun.

The TREES on both sides of the road are full of leaves and color but as the car continues on more TREES reveal to be DEAD and DRY.

I/E. ALISON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The further they go more DEAD TREES appear to have twisted branches that look like bird's talons that reach out to the sky and hands that point away from the road.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Alison and Lance walk up to the CABIN. Lance looks at a CAMERA with a digital image of the cabin. The image does not match the sight before them, as the cabin in the picture looks like another angle.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - DAY

Surrounded by a treeline with a separate garage looks pretty as a postcard.

Some renovation and repainting of the house has been done since it has two different shades of color. Nobody outside at this time other than Wagner.

FRONT PORCH

Wagner, surrounded by various wind chimes and a rocking bench, knocks on the front screen door, which rattles at his touch.

SARA SCOTT (30's) comes to the door on the other side.

WAGNER

Hello, Misses Scott. I don't know
if you remember me, I'm -

A light smile comes to her face as fast as it fades.

SARA

Yes, Agent Wagner. I was expecting
you.

WAGNER

You were?

SARA

Debbie told me. She's glad you're
here.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Debbie, hair pulled back in a ponytail and no makeup, sits alone on a long couch, near a lamp and two paperback books on a end table. She watches Sara and Wagner in a blank stare from her position.

SARA (O.S.)

She likes the lamp. She does a lot of reading.

WAGNER (O.S.)

Misses Scott, I'm no longer with the FBI. I'm retired.

SARA (O.S.)

She read your book.

LIVING ROOM- OPPOSITE WALL

Sunlight shines through the GLASS PATIO DOOR from the far end of the living room.

Seated in burgundy fabric recliner chairs, another end table and lamp separating them. Wagner and Sara observe Debbie.

SARA

How's your herbal tea, Agent Wagner?

WAGNER

Fine. Hot.

Sara doesn't return his smile.

WAGNER

Reason I'm here, is that I'm going to be doing a follow up book, on the monster who did this to her. My publishers believe, as I do, that there may be some trying to exploit the murders, and want to counter them with my own.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner looks to the emotionless Debbie.

WAGNER

My intention is not to focus on Eris, and his crimes, but to put a face on the victims, and on Debbie, the survivor.

SARA

Have you spoken with Robert Pimento yet?

WAGNER

No.

SARA

Maybe if you stay in the area, you can talk to him too. He comes by here all the time, once a week.

DEBBIE

On Sundays, three o clock.

Sara smiles.

SARA

This isn't her best time. Do you have a computer?

WAGNER

Laptop. Why?

SARA

Instant messages, E mail. She is really good with a computer.

WAGNER

She works at home, then?

SARA

Yes.

Sara's smile fades.

SARA

You knew that, didn't you, Agent Wagner?

WAGNER

Yes. Just making conversation.

DEBBIE

You shot him. But he didn't die. He waits to be resurrected.

WAGNER
Beg your pardon?

DEBBIE
Are the puppets destroyed, Agent
Wagner?

WAGNER
Both of them. Ages ago.

DEBBIE
There were three.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MINUTES LATER

Wagner catches his breath as he loosens his tie. Sara watches him from inside through the screen door.

SARA
Are you alright, Agent Wagner?

Wagner waves her off.

She looks to Debbie, then steps outside as the screen door echoes behind her.

She speaks softly, as if she were standing in the center of a library.

SARA
Step to your left, Agent Wagner. I
don't want her to see you like
this.

Her comment makes his hairs stand up on his back.

SARA
The only people my sister trusts
are me and family.

Sara lets her words sink in to him.

SARA
You and Robert Pimento are family.
She calls you Agent Wagner. In
front of her, I do the same.

WAGNER
You said I was expected.

SARA
You'd stop by, sooner or later. She
has faith. I lost it five years
ago.

Wagner struggles to find his words.

WAGNER
That's too bad.

He reaches in his breast pocket and hands her a business card
which she takes.

WAGNER
(rushed)
Look here's my card. Cell phone, E
mail things like that.

He steps off the porch and heads to his car.

SARA
Agent Wagner?

Wagner waves without looking back.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner throws the gear in reverse and speeds out of the
driveway.

Tears down the road.

INT. FERRIS COUNTY ATHLETIC APPAREL - DAY

Wagner walks down the store's aisles of shoes, elbow pads,
shin and knee guards etc. He makes a beeline right to the
checkout counter.

Pimento stands there, engaged in conversation with a woman
half his age, whose nametag reads ANGELA.

Pimento glances to Wagner once from a distance, then goes
back to his discussion with the cashier.

When Wagner gets to the counter, Pimento's attention goes
back to him. Wagner notices Pimento also has a nametag on his
shirt like the woman's- only his also says MANAGER.

PIMENTO
Agent Wagner, like you to meet my
daughter, Angela.

ANGELA
Hello.

PIMENTO
Been up to the house?

WAGNER
I have.

PIMENTO
You don't look so good. Come on
back.

BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Pimento pours coffee into a mug and proceeds to load in a
packet of Irish Creme.

PIMENTO
I'm still pretty much on call, but
aside from kid getting himself
drunk up in a jam or a fender
bender, not much to do but warm a
seat.

Pimento gets a paper cup and fills it with coffee.

PIMENTO
I got two deputies to do that, both
are younger, better shape than me.
Not as bright though. Neither of
them know about much less seen the
things we have.

Pimento heads to a refrigerator. Presses the cup to an
automatic ice dispenser.

He comes to the table where Wagner is seated, and hands him
the coffee with the ice in it.

WAGNER
Thanks.

PIMENTO
Anyway, I opened up this place, on
this side few years back, made my
daughter an assistant manager.

(MORE)

PIMENTO (cont'd)
She's going through a rough time
right now, separated from her
husband.

WAGNER
I'm sorry to hear that.

PIMENTO
Don't be. She's better off without
the jerk. Got any kids Wagner?
Can't recall if you told me or not.

WAGNER
No, no kids.

PIMENTO
So much for that conversation.

Reads Wagner's body language.

PIMENTO
Haven't really dealt with it, have
you?

WAGNER
Not sure I follow you.

PIMENTO
Cop to cop. I can see this is
eating you.

WAGNER
That obvious, is it?

PIMENTO
The only kinds of people we read
more than the bad guys is each
other. I been to a thousand
therapists in two years after that
stuff, all of them with their out
of state and out of date
P H D's. Thank God above my own
marriage is still intact, to this
day I'm still surprised that it is.

WAGNER
That's where you and me differ, I
suppose. Family, children, faith. I
just had the job.

PIMENTO
Not that different. Just seems that
way.

WAGNER

I saw that kid years ago, and you can say God spared her life if you want to, but we both seen her the way she is now, and if that's God's work well-

PIMENTO

What makes this case different from all the others you worked on? You seen more than enough of this sort of thing.

WAGNER

Just keeps coming back, I guess.

PIMENTO

Read your first book.

WAGNER

What did you think?

PIMENTO

Need to do a second one.

WAGNER

Funny you should mention it.

PIMENTO

You tell yourself, it isn't going to be about the monster, it's going to be about the victims and the survivors. It will get you nowhere.

WAGNER

No, it's not about me.

PIMENTO

The true monster isn't the one who kills and destroys when he's alive. It is what he destroys after the fact.

Wagner stares into his coffee, the ice cubes only specks of what they used to be.

PIMENTO

I can't stop you from going up to the place, but just so you know. Word is a young couple's up there looking at the property.

Wagner looks back to Pimento.

WAGNER

Why?

PIMENTO

Didn't get a chance to ask. Think they want to remodel it or something.

WAGNER

Good.

PIMENTO

Want me to come along?

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - NIGHT

The interior of the cabin is different than it was many years before; the bookcase, and all of the furniture is gone, save for a few chairs.

Varied snacks and documents lie on a folding playing card table as Alison and Lance sleep next to each other in sleeping bags, two flashlights by their side.

The table VIBRATES lightly and moves slowly counter clock wise to the right.

Alison's SHOES slide a few inches forward as if on an angle.

Four PAINT BUCKETS vibrate on the floor, one of them TIPS OVER. The bucket rolls slowly towards Alison.

Lance, awake, stops it with his hand.

ALISON

Some sort of earthquake?

LANCE

I guess.

ALISON

Didn't feel too bad. Barely a two on the Richter scale.

LANCE

Right.

He puts the paint bucket right side up. He gets to his feet.

ALISON

Where are you going?

LANCE
I'll be right back.

ALISON
Where?

He grabs one of the flashlights, turns it on.

LANCE
Only be gone a minute.
Buries her face in her pillow.

ALISON
Sure.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Lance looks around the car, and sees that there is no damage to it. Satisfied, he heads back to the cabin and stops.

He listens. No grasshoppers, birds or other wildlife of any kind are heard. He sees Alison come out of the cabin, as her flashlight beam dances in his direction.

ALISON
Everything okay?

Lance motions for her to be quiet...

Lance breaks the silence as he heads back to her. He goes to the side of the cabin.

Alison follows.

BACK OF CABIN

They find the cellar door locked up, but that is not what gets their attention.

Raised at an angle a full twelve inches by clumps of stone and dirt, the cabin has been rooted out of the ground.

They inspect it in curious amazement.

Lance's flashlight shines on a bone colored object sandwiched in the dirt but clearly not connected to the cabin.

Lance puts down the flashlight and clears away dirt.

As he clears dirt away, the mystery reveals a long piece of hardened clay that was at one time painted bone white.

ALISON
Part of the foundation?

LANCE
Doesn't look it. It's loose though.

He reaches deep in the dirt and gives it a tug.

The four by seven clay box comes out and Lance falls backward with it.

On close inspection, the clay box has a ridged pattern like a tree bark.

ALISON
That's it?

She shines her light under the cabin and around the mess. There is nothing more.

Lance gives her a look and laughs to himself.

ALISON
That could have been a dead body.

He glances at the unearthed clay box and then back at her. His laugh fades away.

ALISON
That's using sense.

LANCE
It could be the lost manuscript.

SERIES OF SHOTS - INT. PAUL'S CABIN.

-- Alison lights an oil lamp.

-- Lance clears off the folding table.

-- Lance puts the clay box on the folding table.

PAUL'S CABIN - HALF HOUR LATER

Alison and Lance stare at the clay box before them.

ALISON
They recovered all the bodies.

LANCE
So we see the one they missed.

ALISON
After all that, you are going to
not see what's in there?

LANCE
Not what you said earlier.

ALISON
Out there. In here, it's okay.

She approaches the box. Lance blocks her path.

ALISON
You don't want to open it, I'll
open it.

LANCE
What if I give you something else
to open instead?

ALISON
Like what?

He puts his arms around her and kisses her full on the mouth.

ALISON
Yeah, like that.

LANCE
Do me a favor.

ALISON
Yeah?

LANCE
I think we should sleep in the car.

ALISON
What's wrong with here?

She gets around him and she gets her hand on the box.

LANCE
It can wait until morning.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE - DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - HOUR LATER

Her face and tee shirt full with sweat, Debbie sits up in bed, and slowly looks to the window.

A HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHADOW falls on the outside of the window. She cannot see the man outside.

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
Come to me.

Debbie gets up out of bed and goes to the window. The SHADOW belongs not to a man, but a bird on a tree.

The bird moves and the shadow goes away.

She backs away, looks to her open closet.

PAUL (V.O.)
(distorted)
In here.

She steps to her light switch.

PAUL (V.O.)
I can do things. I can do
(whisper)
Many things.

Two small reflections, like cat's eyes glare back at her.

PAUL (V.O.)
The things I can do.

Debbie turns on the light. The light reveals nothing hiding in her closet, and the night eyes are nothing more than two buttons on sleeves.

Her eyes look to the top of the closet rack where STYROFOAM HEADS with wigs on them sit.

She jumps as the light burns out.

MINUTES LATER

Debbie screws in a new light bulb as another SHADOW casts over the window outside. It is not the bird's shadow, as it is not only from the opposite direction, but also turns to reveal to be more man-like.

The LIGHT comes on and the SHADOW disappears.

She turns to the window, and looks outside. She pulls down the shade.

INT. STARBRITE MOTEL - ROOM 122 - NIGHT

With the sound off, the blueish white hue from the TV fills the interior of the motel room as Wagner, fully clothed, rests on top of the covers of a single size bed.

BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Wagner gets a paper cup and fills it with hot tap water. He puts two aspirins in his mouth and washes them down.

EXT. CRESCENT MOON LAKE - DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Wagner drives his car down the dirt road past dead trees. He slows the car down and stops.

He parks the car.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner digs in a manila file. He thumbs by documents and forms, until he gets to a series of PICTURES.

He stops at a black and white photo of the same dirt road he is on.

He steps outside and holds the picture up to where, geographically, it is the same as the view around him, the only major difference is that in the picture, the trees are alive.

DIRT ROAD - HALF HOUR LATER

With his camera, Wagner focuses on the dead trees around him. He snaps a few pictures.

WOODED AREA - MINUTES LATER

Wagner takes pictures of a muddy open field past the trees.

Wagner hears someone walk behind him. He turns... Nobody.

Wagner walks to the direction of the sound and his eyes fall on a dead tree with a wood carving in its bark. He passes by a stump, steps back, looks down to it.

He steps on top of it.

Wagner turns east. Sees a another dead tree with another symbol carving. The carving repeats in a dead tree in a west direction.

Takes a picture, advances the film.

INT. WAGNER'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Wagner gets back in his car, and puts his camera beside the open manila folder where two black and white PHOTOS lay:

-the photo of the road and trees

-A PHOTO of a lake which is the same location of the muddy field.

I/E. ALISON'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Wagner walks out to Alison's car, and sees Lance asleep inside. He taps on the hood, wakes up sleepy-head.

LANCE (MUFFLED)

Yeah- Yeah.

Lance gets himself situated, sits up in the backseat.

LANCE

You look familiar.

WAGNER

How's that?

LANCE

Read your book. You're the FBI guy.

WAGNER

Small world. As soon as you land back on the planet, I need to talk to you.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - HALF HOUR LATER

Wagner stares at the clay box on the table as Lance and Alison look on.

WAGNER

You haven't opened it.

LANCE

I swear.

WAGNER

Not even a peek?

LANCE

Since you're here now, do the honors.

WAGNER

I can tell what it isn't. It isn't the lost manuscript of Paul Eris.

LANCE

How do you know that?

WAGNER

It's at a field office in Birmingham.

LANCE

What's it doing there?

Wagner ignores him and opens the box.

LANCE

What's in there?

WAGNER

Al Capone's whiskey.

Wagner takes out the contents of the box and it is A TWO BY THREE HARDENED CLAY BEAM. On inspection, he notices locks on both ends.

LANCE

That's it?

WAGNER

You were expecting a dead cat?

ALISON

What were you expecting?

Wagner takes the beam and connects it to the box, the lock snaps into place.

WAGNER

Can't say for sure but I'd say that's one arm.

ALISON

Arm?

WAGNER

And somewhere in the woods or in this house you'll find the other body parts. See look-

He points to locks all around the box.

WAGNER

Seven locks. You probably could not see them in the dark too clearly, but in the light, if you look close-

Wagner gets the same silent treatment.

WAGNER

Hey, class. I suffer from insomnia, so lighten up, alright?

LANCE

You know how to put it together?

WAGNER

Put what together?

Lance points to the half made puppet.

WAGNER

You two aren't here to remodel the place are you?

LANCE

Yeah, we are.

WAGNER

Alright. Most you have out here is a few chairs and this table. Three cans of paint, one of them empty.

(MORE)

WAGNER (cont'd)
Whole ton of junk food. Sleeping
bags, backpacks.

ALISON
So who you think we are?

WAGNER
You two are the other writers.

ALISON
Other writers of what?

WAGNER
Don't shine me.

Lance steps back and goes to a backpack on the floor.

LANCE
Okay. You win.

Lance gives Alison a quick glance.

ALISON
Our spin is the unpublished
manuscript, and Paul Eris's past.

Lance digs around in the backpack. He ignores the .45 in the
backpack and takes out a book instead. He zips the backpack
up before Wagner can notice the gun.

WAGNER
Past?

ALISON
His research into the paranormal.

Wagner nods to the box on the table.

WAGNER
You wanted to find this.

Lance tosses the book to Wagner who catches it. He looks at
the cover: HAUNTED HOUSES by Paul Eris.

LANCE
And you know how to put it
together.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - HALF HOUR LATER

Alison takes a gulp of bottled water as she watches Lance and Wagner open the underground trap door. White and green mold cover half of the other side of the trap door.

ALISON

So you think this place is haunted?

WAGNER

I don't believe in that hocus pocus.

LANCE

Paul Eris's ghost is in the walls of this cabin. His cabin.

WAGNER

Watch your step.

INT. TUNNEL- MOMENTS LATER

Lance, Wagner and Alison descend into the darkness. Lance and Alison turn on their flashlights. Wagner digs in his jacket pocket and gets out a mini-flashlight, turns it on.

LANCE

You seen the dead trees, the dried up lake and the cabin coming out of the foundation and you don't think that's weird?

WAGNER

It's interesting, but it's my understanding the lake was drained. Some of the trees needed the lake for a water supply.

LANCE

You can't just explain that away.

WAGNER

The other trees died out from a spread of termites and other plant and tree eating insects.

LANCE

Insects?

WAGNER

When Eris killed his victims, the surrounding area was rich with those things. You should know that.

Lance glances back to Wagner's smirk.

WAGNER

Unless, of course, you think the place is haunted. If it makes you feel better, I don't think you are the only one.

ALISON

You heard it before, then.

WAGNER

Eris has his fans, divided in three camps: you have your true crime buffs, who are generally harmless but watch too much Court TV; you got those handful who make killers into celebrities- "groupies" those types.

ALISON

And the third group?

WAGNER

Kind where you two seem to fall in, although you mix it up with both camps.

LANCE

You mean those who are into the paranormal. We aren't kooks, Agent Wagner.

WAGNER

Never said you were.

LANCE

Why are you helping us then?

WAGNER

If we find all of the puzzle pieces, it should satisfy both our curiosities. It strengthens the argument that Eris was a nut but it is a fascinating if not morbid discovery. For you, well, if it is put together, and gets up and plays hopscotch I'll be impressed.

INT. UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is empty and spacious. Wagner looks around the corners of the room.

WAGNER

Look for any weird writing on the walls. North, south, east and west. If you don't see them, a clue isn't here.

Lance gets a slight rush.

LANCE

Like his bedroom- under the bed near the center of the room. That's where he chained up some of his victims.

Wagner gives him a glance and Lance calms down.

WAGNER

One phone call. You guys are gone.

ALISON

We got permission, paid for the property. We could do what we want with it.

WAGNER

Doing a lot, are you?

Alison shuts up.

WAGNER

Listen up. I'm not going to put up with your morbid junk. I'm not your private tour guide.

LANCE

Whatever.

WAGNER

Don't jerk me around.

LANCE

Fine.

WAGNER

And stay away from Debbie Wilson.

Lance takes a step back, as if anticipating Wagner to knock him around. Alison steps forward.

ALISON
(quickly)
We aren't going anywhere near the woman.

LANCE
She thinks this place is haunted. Why do you think she talks about Eris in the present tense?

ALISON
He didn't mean anything by it.

WAGNER
Then he better knock it off.

Wagner finds a druidic symbol on the east wall.

WAGNER
Here we go.

Lance and Alison huddle together, watch Wagner. Lance looks like he wants to stomp Wagner's guts out, but Alison holds him back and calms him down with the touch of her hand.

WAGNER
Watch your step.

ALISON
Why? What's down here?

WAGNER
A sinkhole.

Snaps fingers.

WAGNER
Silly me. It's the cursed ground.

LANCE
Explaining everything away, aren't you?

UNDERGROUND SECRET ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lance reaches in a small pool of mud and digs around.

ALISON
But wasn't the lake drained?

WAGNER
Still a lot of moisture down here.

ALISON
Whatever.

Lance pulls out a mud caked small CLAY LOG with RIDGES. He puts it where Wagner and Alison can see it. He brushes away the mess and the log reveals to be another container.

Lance looks to Wagner. Wagner motions for him to go on and open it. Lance looks for a latch, finds it.

He opens it, and sees an EGG shaped clay piece about the size of a adult human head. Unlike the other parts, the head is smooth.

He takes it out, and looks at it like Hamlet.

LANCE
Feels like stone.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Wagner talks to Alison as Lance comes out of the trap door with the wood pieces.

ALISON
Leaving?

LANCE
What's going on?

ALISON
Agent Wagner is going away for awhile. Into town.

LANCE
What for?

WAGNER
Talk to Robert Pimento again, among other things. Talk to- what's it to you?

LANCE
I thought we were doing this.

WAGNER

We? This plays up your screwball fantasy, not mine.

LANCE

You're not the least bit curious?

WAGNER

About what?

ALISON

Can't it wait?

Wagner looks her in the eye.

WAGNER

My work or yours?

ALISON

Thought we were working together.

WAGNER

Thought wrong. I'll be back later.

ALISON

Okay. We'll wait.

WAGNER

"You'll wait?"

Wagner puts on a pair of sunglasses and looks to Lance.

WAGNER

Good.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - SAME

Paintbrush in her back pocket, Debbie climbs up a LADDER propped against the side of the house as Sara hands her a bucket of primer.

Debbie sets the can on the stand attached to the ladder.

She dips in the brush, takes it out and spreads the primer on the surface.

Debbie sees a hornet's nest under the eaves. She stares at it for a few moments, gets lost in thought.

SARA

Debbie?

Debbie snaps out of her trance.

DEBBIE
Need the spray.

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HALF HOUR LATER

Seated across from Pimento and DEPUTY GREEN (30's), Wagner waits by a FAX machine.

DEPUTY PENMAN (late 20's) shuffles papers as he eavesdrops in on the conversation.

PIMENTO
Did a background check on them,
came clean.

He reads Wagner's face.

PIMENTO
Don't like them, do you?

WAGNER
You been shrinking me ever since I
got here.

PIMENTO
I asked if you wanted me to tag
along.

WAGNER
What would you have done, finding
they are there on false pretenses,
doing an art project?

Pimento laughs a little.

PIMENTO
Not much different than you I
suppose.

WAGNER
How about you?

GREEN
Seriously? Kick 'em in the butt and
tell 'em to go home.

WAGNER
Tempting.

GREEN
Crossed your mind?

WAGNER
They are a happy pair, I'll say
that.

GREEN
I bet.

The fax machine buzzes and paper comes through.

WAGNER
Here we go.

GREEN
Don't know what that will tell you.
We already checked them out.

WAGNER
No, it's something else. From the
Birmingham office.

MINUTES LATER

Pimento holds up a FAX copy of a crude drawing of a man made of sticks and another like it that shows a diagram of how to put the "stick man" together.

PIMENTO
The Eris Golem. But I thought these
parts were made out of clay.

WAGNER
They are, the diagram is made to
look like a Walking Stick, only
with a human shaped head. Aside
from that, Ridges are made to look
like the bark of a tree.

Green and Penman read over some of the faxes.

PENMAN
Parts of this so called manuscript?

WAGNER
You can call it that but he
actually never finished.

PIMENTO
How far did he get?

WAGNER

Twenty five pages. We found it,
kept it.

PENMAN

Lot of conspiracy theories over
this. I even heard there was more.

WAGNER

What some of the devoted fans want
people to think.

GREEN

Didn't he have any relatives?

WAGNER

A few claim to be past lovers,
friends, daughters. He had no
immediate family we knew of.

PENMAN

Heard there was a daughter.

WAGNER

About a hundred and one.

Penman laughs a bit with interest in what he reads.

PENMAN

Says here that he thought a spirit
could escape from an inhabited
house through a self made Golem.

WAGNER

According to folklore, A Golem was
made from mud and clay. There were
rare variations through the ages,
up to present day science fiction.

GREEN

Really?

WAGNER

Precursor to the hollow robot.

PENMAN

So these clay parts you found. How
did they survive this long?

WAGNER

Brazed. Most of the parts are hard
as stone, the head in fact is
smooth.

Some laughter.

GREEN

Here's something. Says in his notes that the 'person who kills his present shell' must remain alive until the final transformation. What does that mean?

WAGNER

Means I'm touched.

GREEN

He didn't get to you did he?

PIMENTO

Got to everybody.

GREEN

Not mind me asking, but why did you need the faxes? And just these pages?

WAGNER

I'd thought I'd share some info with Lance Corini and Alison Perez. Just enough to get them off my back.

PIMENTO

Helping them with their book?

WAGNER

Paul Eris is dead and he ain't coming back. Once they see that he was much of a crackpot as he was a killer, they'll leave.

GREEN

Can make stuff up.

PIMENTO

You going to see Debbie?

WAGNER

No. I thought about it, but she's not ready yet.

PIMENTO

You mean you're not ready yet.

WAGNER

Maybe tomorrow.

PIMENTO

Why not now?

WAGNER

Want to handle this other angle
first, Lance and Alison.

PIMENTO

I'll come with you this time.

WAGNER

No, I'm fine. I can handle them.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - HALF HOUR LATER

Wagner snaps the head on to the top of the clay box.

MOMENTS LATER

The log shaped container snaps on to the end of the box.

Lance has a chuckle. It takes a moment for Wagner to get the
joke.

WAGNER

Don't say it.

ALISON

I don't get it.

LANCE

Where was his head?

Alison gets the joke.

WAGNER

Let's finish the rest of him.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Lance finds another clay box in the kitchen area;

--Wagner snaps together a "leg" and snaps it to the Golem's
torso;

--Alison discovers an "arm" near the fireplace.

PAUL'S CABIN - LATER

Almost complete, the GOLEM, lies on the table, although the construction has no hands.

WAGNER
There it is.

LANCE
Four arms.

ALISON
Nice. Now for step two.

WAGNER
There's more?

Lance goes over to his backpack. He gets out a small box of nails.

INSERT

He takes the gun and tucks it under his jacket, out of view of Wagner.

BACK TO SCENE

Lance comes up to the table, opens the "chest" of the Golem and dumps the nails inside the hollow body.

WAGNER
What's that all about?

ALISON
You shot and killed Eris right?

WAGNER
Right. But what does that have to do with-

Lance takes out the gun and pistol whips Wagner in the back of the head. Wagner goes down to the floor.

Lance kicks him to make sure Wagner's out cold.

LANCE
Has a lot to do with everything.

ALISON

Very man who shot and killed Eris -
right in front of us. That's a
sign. A sign.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Alison paints one of the Golem legs white.

--Lance ties up Wagner

--Lance puts duct tape over Wagner's mouth

PAUL'S CABIN - HOURS LATER

Wagner, awake, watches Alison paint the other Golem leg.

Lance stands behind Wagner. In a taunt, Lance holds his gun
to where Wagner can see it. When Wagner does not, Lance taps
his shoulder with the gun and waves it teasingly.

Wagner glances to the gun.

ALISON

Tonight, Debbie Wilson dies.

Alison lays a necklace around the neck of the Golem.

Alison smiles.

Lance points the gun to Wagner's head.

He sees a bead of sweat drip down Wagner's forehead, down the
right cheek and over the duct tape.

Lance pulls the trigger and a big CLICK echoes around the
room.

ALISON

Knock it off.

They leave Wagner alone with the Golem.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Lance laughs as he and Alison exit.

ALISON

Paul told me to make an example of
him, make Wagner believe. Not
monkey around.

LANCE

I had to get it on. What was I
supposed to do?

ALISON

What you are told.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - EVENING

Lance and Alison rest on top of their car with a bottle of
wine between them.

They watch the cabin.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner tips the chair over in the dark, and crashes to the
floor with it.

He struggles to move around, and he inches his way forward.

Wagner rolls with the chair.
Few moments of trial and error...
Knocks the table over.
The GOLEM smacks to the floor.

Wagner goes to the Golem.
Rolls the man size clay puppet over.
With his chin, Wagner opens the chest of the thing...
Turn it on its side.
Nails rush down when Lance closes it up.

Lance and Alison pick up the Golem and carry it outside.

ALISON

Plan B. Take Paul to the car.

Alison re-enters.

ALISON

You son of a bitch.

She looks around, picks up an empty paint can. She steps up to Wagner, swings and brings it down on his shoulder.

ALISON

You son of a bitch!

She grabs Wagner's hair and gives it a tug. She spits as she shouts in his ear.

ALISON

You held back something, didn't you!

Lance enters and restrains her. She drops the bucket.

She points an accusing finger at Wagner.

ALISON

You bastard, what didn't you tell us!

LANCE

Okay. Okay.

He embraces her. She fights him a little, and within moments she calms down. The two kiss gently at first, then as the lip-lock continues it becomes more passionate.

ALISON

He was supposed to come back! He promised!

Perplexed, Wagner gives a "what the hell" look over his face.

LANCE

Look at me.

She looks him in the eyes.

LANCE

Listen.

Whispers in her ear. Shows him his hands. A smile comes over her; they embrace and kiss again.

Lance glances back to Wagner.

He walks over to him. Wagner looks to him in defiance. Lance bends down and with some effort gets Wagner and the chair upright again.

LANCE
That's better.

Lance slaps Wagner across the face with a right backhand.

LANCE
Did you hold out on us?

Lance is met with silence and no reaction from Wagner other than a cold stare.

LANCE
It's gonna get real hard.

Wagner motions for Lance to come closer. Lance does so and clearly hears Wagner's mumbles under the duct tape.

Lance loosens the duct tape. Wagner takes a breath.

WAGNER
You're right. I held something
back.

LANCE
We're listening.

WAGNER
The bedroom. You need to chain the
wood Golem to the floor.

LANCE
Chains?

WAGNER
Wasn't for the victims. It was for
the Golem. It was alive. You're
right. Debbie Wilson knew it was
alive, he does things.

Lance looks to Alison, who nods. Lances shrugs his shoulders, and puts the duct tape back on Wagner.

LANCE
We will consider it after we made
our rounds.

Turns back to Alison.

ALISON
Paul gave strict orders not to kill
him.

LANCE
He always talks to you.

The pair walk off. Lance turns his neck to Wagner.

LANCE
See you soon.

I/E. ALISON'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

With a porcupine like covering of nails, the Golem lays across the backseat of the car.

Alison drives as Lance fumbles for a cigarette.

Lance finds one from a pack in the glove box. He takes the car cigarette lighter and puffs up.

ALISON
What are you doing?

LANCE
Having me some nicotine.

ALISON
Not smart.

LANCE
What's Paul going to do? Cough?

ALISON
No fires.

Lance answers her like Steve Martin's Wild And Crazy Guy.

LANCE
Well, excuse me.

He takes another hit.

INT. CRESENT MOON LUMBER - HALF HOUR LATER

Lance carries the Golem to the GLASS DOORS. He throws the clay puppet through the GLASS.

Lance and Alison enter through the broken doors.

ALISON
He didn't like that.

LANCE

He would have done the same. He won't cough, he certainly won't bleed.

ALISON

Should show a little more respect.

LANCE

Didn't have to put him together. He should think about who's doing who a favor.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Lance grabs a small hand held AXE.

--Alison takes a WOODMAN'S PAL knife.

--Lance looks to a FIREPLACE POKER.

--a GARDEN SCRATCHER

I/E. PIMENTO'S TRUCK. - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Pimento drives his truck and spots the break in at CRESENT MOON LUMBER. He pulls in the lot, and parks his truck.

He talks on his POLICE BAND RADIO.

PIMENTO

Got me a two-eleven.

CRESENT MOON LUMBER. - MINUTES LATER

Lance, with axe and poker, walks to the entrance. With the knife tucked in her belt loop, Alison joins him with a soda and the scratcher.

ALISON

I'm thirsty.

Lance shrugs.

Pimento approaches the entrance. Red and white lights FLASH behind him.

PIMENTO
Hold it right there.

LANCE
You aren't a cop. Those lights-

PIMENTO
Belong to my truck. I'm still a
police officer, and you two are
under arrest.

ALISON
Don't see a gun.

Pimento shows off a .357 Colt Python and releases the safety.

PIMENTO
See it now?

Pimento steps forward.

PIMENTO
Called this in, my boys are behind
me, give them a minute. Now why
don't you put down that stuff?

LANCE
And if we don't?

PIMENTO
Don't play with me, boy. Put down
the axe.

LANCE
Not your "boy".

Pimento points the gun to Lance.

PIMENTO
I'm not going to tell you again.

Lance slowly bends down and puts the axe and the poker on the floor. Alison gives him a dirty look for his act of submission.

Pimento aims his gun to Alison.

PIMENTO
Now you.

LANCE
Want her put down the pop too?

PIMENTO

You have a smart mouth.

LANCE

You're Pimento. Seen your picture. You were one of the lawmen that took down that killer some years back.

PIMENTO

What of it?

LANCE

How's Debbie Wilson? She alright? I bet she's real fine.

Pimento, angered, takes a step forward as he TRIPS over one of the arms of the Golem, and Pimento falls forward to the floor.

Lance promptly picks up the poker and runs to Pimento.

Alison watches him as Lance brings his weapon down on Pimento's head.

LANCE

What of it. I'll show you "what of it"! It's payback!

Alison rushes over to Lance and restrains him. She gives him the knife and pop.

ALISON

We got to go. Get in the car.

Lance exits.

Alison walks quickly back and picks up the axe.

She turns and heads to Pimento and the Golem. With one arm she picks up the Golem. The Golem's arm won't let go of Pimento's right ankle.

She looks closer...

PIMENTO'S ANKLE, caked in his blood, with the nail spiked arm of the Golem embedded through the pants and in the flesh.

I/E. ALISON'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

The Golem sits upright in the backseat among the poker, axe the scratcher and the Woodman's Pal.

Lance fools around with Pimento's .357.

LANCE

Boom.

ALISON

How can you just ignore something like that?

LANCE

Like what?

With a big smirk on his face he glances back to the Golem.

LANCE

Oh. "Him". Thanks for your help, good buddy.

He turns to Alison.

LANCE

And the fact that Pimento was blind as a bat.

Laughs away.

ALISON

Saying he tripped?

LANCE

I got a bigger question.

ALISON

What?

LANCE

Other than just seeing the look on Debbie Wilson's face, do we really need our friend back there?

ALISON

How do you mean?

LANCE

You kidding? Knife, axe, my new friend here.

Meaning the gun.

LANCE

Break in, do our business. That's that.

ALISON

I was given strict instructions-

LANCE

Yeah, yeah. He only talks to you. Could you ask and see if it's okay? He wants vengeance so bad I don't think he'd mind.

ALISON

Strict instructions.

LANCE

I don't even think you're his illegitimate daughter.

ALISON

Don't start.

LANCE

He only talks to you. Never to me. Know why?

ALISON

Because you're stupid.

LANCE

Because he can't freaking talk. Now you listen. We will finish what he started. We got a loaded gun. We go over-

She hits a POTHOLE in the road. The bump causes The Golem's body to sandwich between the seats as the poker scratches Lance's shoulder.

Lance buckles forward; the gun goes off. The windshield spiderwebs with a big bullet hole.

Bits of glass cover his lap as he comes to.

ALISON

You ticked him off.

LANCE

You hit a pothole.

He sits upright, brushes himself off. He turns to see the head of the Golem as if it were looking in his direction.

The car hits another BUMP and the poker raises up, the hooked edge right in front of Lance's face.

ALISON

Put that thing away before you kill yourself.

Lance pushes the poker away from him.

LANCE

Watch the road.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - SAME

With the chair tied to his back, Wagner walks around slowly like a hunchback, and goes to the

BATHROOM

Wagner looks around. He sees his own reflection in a dirty mirror. His eyes look to the sink.

Wagner leans down as close to the sink as he can get. He uses his chin and pulls the HOT WATER HANDLE forward.

He puts his face in the sink and lets the water run over his cheeks.

With his nose, he pushes the turn handle OFF and brushes his face against the FAUCET.

On the fifth try, the edge of the faucet hits the tape. Wagner goes slow, as the faucet spout peels off the duct tape.

Wagner looks around. With his mouth, he takes the electric cord of a CURLING IRON and swings it, aiming the curling iron to the mirror.

He taps the mirror with the iron three times. The mirror doesn't even crack.

Wagner's eyes settle on an ELECTRIC OUTLET.

He moves his mouth, and gets to the end of the cord.

He positions himself.

Carefully, he lines the socket up with the outlet. He slowly pushes it in, and lets go from a brief electric shock.

The curling iron falls to the floor.

The red light indicator of the curling iron is on.

Wagner takes a few steps and topples himself.

FLOOR LEVEL

He scoots over to the curling iron and rolls, chair and all, ON TOP of it.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Free of his bonds, Wagner rushes out of the cabin and to his car.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner sees that TWO TIRES on the right driver and passenger side are FLAT.

He gets in the car anyway.

Wagner puts his keys in the ignition and turns.

Nothing but a TICKING SOUND.

He pops the hood, gets out.

He lifts up the hood, car hood light comes on.

Hoses are off and car parts disconnected, a sabotage.

Wagner takes out his cell phone and puts in a number, his only response is LOW BATTERY. He turns off his cell and rolls up his sleeves.

Quickly, he examines the problems before him.

He connects hoses and tightens clamps.

MOMENTS LATER

Wagner opens the trunk of his car and takes out a laptop computer, which is next to a spare tire.

INSERT

Wagner takes out a .45 out of the glove box.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - SAME

With the headlights turned off, Alison's car pulls up the driveway of the Scott house.

Inside the car, Alison finishes off the rest of her drink.

Gun tucked in his belt, Lance gets out of the car, and opens the back passenger door. He takes out the axe and sets it aside.

Alison comes up behind him as he hands her the poker.

He hands her the Woodman's Pal with the sheath. She tucks it in her pants.

Lance takes out the Golem, and it collapses like a house of cards to the ground when it is out of the car.

Lance looks around the backseat of the car.

ALISON

What is it?

LANCE

Garden scratcher. Didn't you pick up a scratcher?

ALISON

Not that we need it, right?

LANCE

Where is it?

Lance's left foot brushes against the right leg of the Golem. He looks down, his eyes widen.

He squats down and looks the Golem's right leg.

The Golem now has a FOOT - the garden scratcher is turned like a bird's talons, and two nails, flattened on the ends, hold it in place.

Lance looks to the Golem's head.

INSERT --CLOSE ON GOLEM'S FACE

Embedded in the head and close to eye level but crooked, two small jagged bits of glass reflect light back to Lance like sparkling diamonds.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The CHIMES ring outside as all the lights in the house are off.

A GUNSHOT sounds off as the door knob and lock explode out into the room. Someone on the other end rams the door with their body weight but the door does not open due to a dead bolt.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - SAME

Laptop computer on, Wagner writes an E-Mail. He waits a moment, and an Instant messenger comes on.

DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

On her computer, Debbie turns to the direction of the sound. She gets up from her chair and listens.

SARA'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sara wakes up and turns on a small lamp.

LIVING ROOM - SAME

The person on the other side of the door rams the door again, with little results.

GUN CLICKS, followed by a few moments of silence.

Sara enters the living room, sees the knob and splinters of wood on the floor. She goes to the phone, presses buttons.

He attention goes to the DOOR as the intruder on the other side HACKS it away with an AXE.

Sara backs up, and runs out of the room.

Lance breaks the door open enough, and with little struggle, reaches in, undoes the dead bolt, and ENTERS, axe in his hands.

DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Terrified, Sara opens the door, and looks to Debbie, who already has her jacket on.

Alison SMASHES the bedroom window with the poker. Debbie screams.

Lance charges down the hallway and pushes Sara out of Debbie's view.

Debbie runs out of her room into the

HALLWAY

And glances at Sara, who wrestles with Lance.

SARA

Run!

Lance raises the axe above Sara. Debbie runs into the

LIVING ROOM

Where she turns to the door.
Sees the Golem right in front of her.
Like a sleeping dog at knee level.
Terrified, she looks for a new exit.
She heads to the PATIO DOOR and DECK.

Outside, Alison jumps onto the deck.
Swings the poker.
SHATTERS the glass patio door.

Debbie turns to see Lance and his axe.
Debbie gets out of the way.

Lance swings his blade.

Destroys a table lamp.
Lance regains his balance.
Goes after Debbie.

LANCE
Where you going!

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie trips over the Golem in her escape and falls.

She glances back to the Golem as it's head looks in her direction. One of the glass eyes sparkle with light.

She crawls quickly away.

Scrambles up as Lance steps over the Golem and comes after her.

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
Come to me.

LANCE
Getting warmed up!

Lance walks down the porch steps as Debbie runs off.

Alison comes around the side of the house.

Sirens wail and flash as TWO POLICE CARS come down the driveway. Lance stops his pursuit as he sees them.

He looks to Alison, and runs to her car.

Lance opens the passenger back door and tosses the axe inside. He does not bother to close the door.

He gets in the front driver's seat and gets the keys in, starts the car.

I/E ALISON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

He drives up right to Alison. She looks back to the porch where the Golem lays on the porch, no longer blocking the doorway.

ALISON
Paul!

LANCE
Leave him!

ALISON
No! We can't!

LANCE
I'm sure he'll understand!

Alison looks back to the POLICE CARS, and poker in hand, gets in the car.

One POLICE CAR gives a mild pursuit as the other stops to aid Debbie.

INT. ALISON'S CAR.

As Alison shuts her door, something hits the roof of the car.

Lance drives around the front yard and heads for a TREELINE

As SIRENS WAIL in an echo, and drown out the SCRATCHING noises from the roof of the car, they enter the TREELINE.

Lance dodges around trees both big and small.

The car SHAKES as it rolls over rough terrain.

A BRANCH of a TREE hits the passenger door and SLAMS it shut.

As Lance drives the car up a hill, the car's thermostat toys near the red H area.

Steam rises from the car hood.

Lance slams the brakes and makes a sharp turn as the car dips and lands in a ditch.

Lance puts the gear in reverse, but the car refuses to go anywhere.

He turns off the headlights.

He hits the steering wheel with his fist.

ALISON
How did they get there so fast?

LANCE
I don't know.

ALISON
You didn't kill him, did you?

LANCE
Pimento?

ALISON
Who else?

LANCE
Wagner, maybe? Maybe we should have
killed him too!

ALISON
Paul said not to! And you left him
back there!

Lance raises a hand to her, lowers his hand.

LANCE
Doesn't matter who called them.
They were there.

ALISON
And you left Paul.

Lance gets out of the car and opens the backseat door.

ALISON
Where the hell are you going?

Lance grabs the axe.

LANCE
Kidding? We got fifteen minutes
before they catch up to us. Maybe
ten.

WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Lance shuts the passenger door as Alison gets out with the
poker. Lance sees a BODY on the ground some distance away.

ALISON
What?

LANCE
Got the flashlight?

Alison goes in the backseat, looks around and grabs a flashlight. Lance points, and she aims the beam in that direction.

ALISON
What is that?

From their viewpoint, the pale white body twitches and moves around slowly. It is hard to see who it is.

LANCE
We hit someone.

ALISON
We hit a ditch.

LANCE
All we need- some nature lover
screaming his damn head off,
telling them where we are.

As Alison watches, Lance walks quickly to the body in the woods. He hesitates.

ALISON
Wimp.

Alison comes up to him.

ALISON
Every time I think you have the
guts to come through, you piss me
off.

She sees what Lance sees. She turns and shines the flashlight beam to the roof of her car to reveal:

NAIL SCRATCHES all over, as if a tiger had jumped on the car and hung on for the ride.

She looks back to their discovery-

The Golem.

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
Come.

ALISON
Paul says, Let them come.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - SAME

Wagner changes his rear right passenger tire with a doughnut.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With a bandages on his head and ankle, Pimento comforts Debbie in his police truck.

PIMENTO

Gonna be okay.

DEBBIE

Agent Wagner warned me in time. It was this couple who are after me-

PIMENTO

When did you speak to him?

DEBBIE

Where are they going?

On foot, Green and Penman, with shotguns, approach the tree line.

PIMENTO

Gonna find them.

DEBBIE

He's out there.

PIMENTO

You mean Wagner?

DEBBIE

The couple. They brung him with them.

PIMENTO

Who?

DEBBIE

He's using them.

PIMENTO

Who's using them?

WOODED AREA - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

With his dark boots, Penman walks quickly around the trees, and as Green follows, they come to the abandoned car.

Green gets out his radio.

GREEN
They're on foot.

PIMENTO (FILTERED STATIC)
Couldn't have gone far. I already called for a roadblock- they make it to the highway, we'll find them.

GREEN
We should head back, your leg-

PIMENTO (FILTERED STATIC)
Hell with my leg. You find those two or flush them to the road.

Penman sees a DARK SHADOW FIGURE race with an AXE some distance away.

PENMAN
I see them. Two yards up.

He runs to where he spotted the SHADOW.

GREEN
Hold up!
(back on radio)
I think we got them.

Green puts the radio on his hip and rushes to back Penman up.

Axe in hand, Lance zig zags through the trees. He passes by an X carved crudely into the side of a tree, and slows down.

He lets Penman catch up to him.

Penman aims his shotgun to Lance.

LANCE
Got me officer.

PENMAN
Where's your friend?

LANCE
Close.

PENMAN

Where is she?

LANCE

Near.

PENMAN

Have a smart mouth, don't you?

Without his shotgun, Green comes forward as he holds his stomach. He collapses to the ground. Penman glances back and sees the SILHOUETTE OF ALISON AND HER POKER.

Lance charges, axe to shotgun. He forces Penman to the nearest tree.

Penman hits his back against the tree; leaves fall.

Penman glances to see Alison's silhouette CLOSER. He side steps and gets Lance off balance.

Penman drives the butt of the shotgun home as he rams it into Lance's gut, then in Lance's face.

Lance goes down. Penman whirls to face Alison, now only twelve feet away from him.

PENMAN

Put it down.

Without the Woodman's friend in her belt, Alison lowers the poker to the ground with a smile.

The Golem falls out of the tree above Penman and in a loving embrace, forces him to the ground.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With his police radio echoes nothing but static, Pimento looks out to the treeline some distance away.

There is no sound, not so much as a cricket chirping.

He looks to Debbie.

PIMENTO

Stay here. Lock the doors.

I/E. PIMENTO'S TRUCK.

Pimento closes the door to his truck, and steps away.

Debbie locks the doors as she watches Pimento walk farther away. Her eyes dart to a shiny .38 Special on the dashboard.

Debbie reaches for it. The moment she touches it-she hears a loud gunshot, but not from this gun. She jumps, jerks her head where she last saw Pimento.

Another blast.

From her viewpoint, she sees him on his knees, and fall like a lifeless doll to the ground.

WOODED AREA

The shotgun SMOKES as Lance lowers it. He spits on the ground.

LANCE
Better stay down you bastard.

NEARBY

Alison unties one of Penman's boots and takes it off the Deputy's foot.

Green MOANS.

Lance hears him and walks past Alison.

LANCE (O.S.)
Shut up.

--BAM!

As Alison puts the boot on The GOLEM'S LEFT LEG and ties it up, Lance walks up next to her.

LANCE
Never make the same mistake twice.

ALISON
Just her left?

LANCE
Seems that way.

Alison backs away to reveal that the Golem's right hand is the blood tipped Woodman's Friend, attached just like the garden scratcher for the right foot.

ALISON

She was ready to go. Agent Wagner warned her.

LANCE

Have to be ready for him.

ALISON

Can't kill him. Rules are specific.

Alison picks up the axe and shows it to him. She drops the axe in front of the Golem.

ALISON

They are, aren't they?

EXT. PIMENTO'S TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

From her viewpoint, Debbie sees SILHOUETTES OF ALISON, LANCE and what appears to be a SILHOUETTE OF A DOG because it walks on four legs.

The SILHOUETTE of the "dog" STANDS UP like a TALL MAN but hunches over.

Nervously, Debbie checks the gun and sees the .38 Has all six bullets. She closes the barrel.

She looks back to the treeline. The SILHOUETTES are gone.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - SAME

Wagner floors it as he tears down the highway.

I/E. PIMENTO'S TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Alison taps the poker in her hands as she approaches Pimento's truck. Still with the shotgun, Lance peers inside the truck.

There is no sign of Debbie, but the front side passenger door is OPEN.

Lance looks back to the house.

GRAVEL- GROUND LEVEL

Under the truck, Debbie remains silent as she sees the feet of Alison move around her.

LANCE
She went back in the house.

ALISON
Would have seen her.

LANCE
Maybe we didn't.

Debbie hears someone else behind the truck. Her eyes dart to the source. Her eyes go wide.

The BOOT steps forward followed by another foot- a GARDEN SCRAPER. The 'feet' walk up behind Alison's.

The BOOT makes a light SQUISH while the SCRAPER sounds like someone writing with a piece of chalk on a board.

Lance's FEET are behind the bizarre Golem's.

ALISON
She's got a truck, police cars.

LANCE
One of us should stay out here,
then, in case she shows up for a
peek.

ALISON
What do you think?

LANCE
Well?

ALISON
He'll stay.

The GOLEM falls like a rag doll to the ground, its face turned away from Debbie, but it is RIGHT NEXT TO HER.

Debbie averts her eyes away from the Golem and watches Alison and Lance walk off towards the house.

Her gaze shifts back to the Golem. The Golem's head is turned, as if watching Alison and Lance.

Debbie sees that one of the Golem's "arms" is the AXE.

With little sound as possible, Debbie slowly moves out from under the truck, while she keeps one eye on the Golem and the other on Lance and Alison.

Debbie sees Lance and Alison ENTER the house. She looks to the Golem which hasn't moved.

She grimaces at every small sound she does make.

LANCE (O.S.- MUFFLED)
Come out come out wherever you are.

Debbie is almost out from under the truck.

ALISON (O.S. - MUFFLED)
She isn't here.

LANCE (O.S. - MUFFLED)
Making us work! When I get my hands
on you, girlfriend-

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
I can show you such great things.

Debbie stops.

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
Where are you?

The Golem moves its head towards her.

PAUL (V.O.)
Coming for you.

LANCE (O.S. - MUFFLED)
Just getting started UP!

The Golem's glass eyes reflect to Debbie.

PAUL (V.O.)
(whisper)
There you are.

Debbie aims the .38 And fires at the Golem, and the bullet hits the passenger side tire instead. She gets out from under the truck as it sinks from lack of balance.

I/E. PIMENTO'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Debbie turns to run to the police car next to the truck, only to see an AXE come down and eat into the hood. The AXE, connected to the arm of the Golem, stays in the hood.

The rest of the Golem sags like a rag doll.

Alison steps forward from behind the truck, and raises the poker.

She scrambles on the hood and over the Golem's axe arm. She comes after Debbie, who aims the .38 in Alison's direction.

ALISON

Won't do you any good. What are you gonna do with that?

Debbie hesitates.

ALISON

Take your best shot.

Debbie fires the .38, hits the Golem's axe arm and frees it accidentally. It slumps to the ground.

ALISON

You witch!

BOOM!

The CAR'S WINDSHIELD EXPLODES in a fury of glass as Lance, on the porch, pumps another round in the shotgun.

Alison swings her poker, and SMASHES the front passenger side window.

WAGNER'S CAR drives up and blinds Alison.

I/E. WAGNER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Debbie FIRES the .38 again, but misses Alison, as the police car in front of her receives a hole in the door.

Debbie gets in Wagner's car.

DEBBIE

Go!

Alison throws the poker and it SMASHES through the windshield of Wagner's car. The poker separates Wagner and Debbie as the car interior litters with glass bits.

From the porch, Lance pumps another round in.

As Wagner backs up his car, the Golem rips off the side view mirror with the axe arm when it lands on the hood of Wagner's car.

The Golem also pushes the poker further in the car.

Its garden scraper foot sounds like fingernails on an emery board as Wagner swerves and throws it off the car.

--BOOM!

Wagner's doughnut tire POPS. The car falls partially to the ground.

Wagner hits the gas pedal, but the car will not move.

WAGNER

Plan B.

Wagner shifts gears to DRIVE. The car speeds forward, and the left side of Wagner's car hits The Golem as it seems to get in front of Alison.

Wagner misses Alison altogether as he turns the car right to the GARAGE.

Behind his car, the Golem lands on the ground, fully intact.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

In a rush, Wagner and Debbie enter.

Debbie locks the side door as Wagner gets her away from the door's window.

Debbie reaches for a string and turns on a light. The garage light is dim and casts a shade of a pale banana yellow that reveals the interior.

The garage is filled with automotive and garden tools; oil and anti-freeze stains spot the floor.

Parked on the right side of the garage floor, A small car awaits.

Wagner points to the car.

WAGNER
Keys?

DEBBIE
In the house.

Wagner checks his gun.

WAGNER
How many you got left in-

She hands him the .38.

DEBBIE
I'm a lousy shot!

WAGNER
You did fine.

DEBBIE
They almost killed me!

WAGNER
You did fine.

DEBBIE
Take it!

She slaps it in his other hand.

DEBBIE
Four bullets left. Where's your
cell?

WAGNER
Dead battery.

DEBBIE
Laptop?

WAGNER
Backseat of my car.

Debbie looks around and takes a tire iron.

DEBBIE
What are they waiting for?

WAGNER
Knowing those two, having another
lovers spat.

DEBBIE
That's not funny, Agent Wagner.

WAGNER
See me laughing?

DEBBIE
Those two are the least of our
concern. It's Paul we should watch
out for.

WAGNER
The puppet they been carrying
around? They think it's alive, with
the spirit of Paul Eris.

DEBBIE
It is alive with the spirit of Paul
Eris. We got to get out of here.
You know how to hot-wire a car?

WAGNER
I do.

The sound of two cars SMASH!!

DEBBIE
What did they do?

Wagner peers out of the window. Frowns.

WAGNER
Smashed one of the police cars into
mine.

DEBBIE
So we don't get out?

WAGNER
Seems to be the idea.

From Wagner's point of view, he sees the Golem lie on the
ground where it fell moments before.

DEBBIE
And Paul Eris?

WAGNER
He isn't alive. In that thing much
less anything else.

He looks to her as she paces around.

WAGNER

They think it's alive. But every step of the way, they build it, carry it with them, throw it on things. They also use it to do what they are doing to you.

DEBBIE

What do you mean?

WAGNER

By using it they open it up to your fears and psyche. You believe it's real, and at the least it is a part of Paul Eris. It is a representation of his own madness.

DEBBIE

What's wrong with you?

WAGNER

Hard to think about hocus pocus when all you see is a sideshow.

Wagner looks back outside through the window. He sees that the Golem is gone.

He smiles.

WAGNER

Figures.

DEBBIE

It's gone, isn't it?

WAGNER

They just moved it, that's all.

DEBBIE

They didn't "just move it"!

WAGNER

Right now they are trying to figure out what to do. They will take this act as far as it will go.

DEBBIE

Then what?

Wagner shrugs.

WAGNER

They give up or they don't.

DEBBIE

Not as long as they have Paul
around.

Wagner goes to the car and puts the .38 on the roof, and
holsters his .45.

WAGNER

For the last time, that thing is
not alive, alright!

Wagner reaches inside his pocket and unfolds a sheet of
paper.

DEBBIE

Prove it!

WAGNER

I put it together!

Wagner shows her the paper.

DEBBIE

What's this?

WAGNER

Part of their fantasy.

She looks it over.

DEBBIE

You can't be killed until the Golem
is finished? That's insane.

WAGNER

They bought into it, hook, line and
sinker.

DEBBIE

So it's a fake.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)

(echoes loud)

Anyone alive in there?

WAGNER

No, but you're still right. It's
insane.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)

(echoes loud)

You'll be dead soon!

DEBBIE

What do you mean you put it together?

WAGNER

It can't be alive because I left out a few details in putting it together!

DEBBIE

So you are saying it was alive before?

WAGNER

No!

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)

(echoes loud)

Dead!

DEBBIE

Look, Agent Wagner, you may not believe me, or maybe you do and you're in denial.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)

(echoes loud)

Dead!

DEBBIE

Either way, if you kill it, it's dead.

WAGNER

What do you mean?

DEBBIE

I believe and they believe. You don't. But what is undisputed is that only you can stop it.

WAGNER

What?

INT. SCOTT HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alison takes a CARVING KNIFE out of a wooden knife holder. As she admires the knife, moonlight reflects off it.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wagner takes the .45 off the roof of the car.

DEBBIE

You put it together, you can take it apart.

WAGNER

Okay.

DEBBIE

Now, if I'm right and it is alive, and it is, then if only you can kill it, then that's that. If you are right and I am wrong-

WAGNER

So are they. But I kill it, erasing the fantasy or enforcing it.

DEBBIE

They must feel it is complete, otherwise they wouldn't try to kill you now.

WAGNER

Or maybe they didn't know it was me.

--WHAP!

The loud noise originates from outside. Debbie and Wagner look to the garage wall.

The WHAPS continue as well as SCRAPING noises that follow.

They sound as if they are going up the outside wall.

One WHAP causes fiberglass insulation to sprinkle down into the garage and on the floor. The TIP of the AXE shows up and a moment later disappears.

As the NOISES from outside the faint light FLICKERS inside the garage.

Bits of fiberglass insulation fall down like snowflakes.

Wagner tracks the WHAPS with his .45.

He FIRES.

Wood chips and more hard yellow foam RAINS down.

He FIRES again, and they hear a ladder crash to the ground outside.

Someone walks on the garage roof. One foot sounds like a light SQUEAK and the other like a MOUSE IN A WALL.

A moment of silence then once again the WHAPS resume with more intense fury.

Bits of wood and insulation flicker down as the garage light goes out.

Debbie goes around Wagner, opens the front side car door, and the interior car light comes on. She lays down, reaches, and turns on the BRIGHTS which reflect off the metal garage door.

She closes the door and locks the car.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)
Got something for you!

As he hears Lance right next to the garage door, Wagner takes the .38 off the car roof and aims the .45 to the ceiling and the .38 to Lance's voice.

From outside, Lance makes a light metal BOOM sound as he taps the shotgun on the garage door.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)
Oh yes. We got something for you.

Wagner looks up as a small HOLE forms in the ceiling. More moonlight spits in with each WHAP.

--BOOM!

The side door to the garage explodes out and splits in two as it rips off the hinges.

Mad laughter.

LANCE (O.S.- OUTSIDE)
Got it going on.

INSERT

The AXE tip comes down and with a WHAP widens the hole. It comes out, and a DARK SILHOUETTE OF A BALD MAN'S HEAD PEERS IN.

BACK TO SCENE

Wagner aims the .38 to Lance's shadow which travels past the open door space.

He FIRES, misses Lance.

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
(whisper)
Agent Wagner.

The WHAP sound of the axe on the roof of the garage halts.

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
(whisper)
You hear me, don't you?

Above Wagner near the small opening, there is a muffled TAP. Wagner glances up.

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
Up here. That's right.

WAGNER
You two can stop this anytime. You and Lance!

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
(mumbles)
And what about Alison?

WAGNER
I didn't hear you.

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
Hear me? You don't even want to see me.

The TAPS go louder.

PAUL (O.S.-ABOVE)
(like a sore throat)
WHAT ABOUT ALISON!

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE/GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A fallen ladder with splintered wood on a step lays on a sidewalk near the garage. Lance walks around it, looks up.

GARAGE ROOF

Seated next to the lifeless Golem, Alison taps the carving knife on the roof.

ALISON

What about Alison! It's just us,
Agent Wagner! Me, Alison and Lance.
I had to work to convince him that
I was alive!

WAGNER (O.S. BELOW)

Then all three of you give up!

ALISON

You know our names. You know the
faces. Yes, they can give up, but I
won't!

WAGNER

Prove it!

ALISON

What!

WAGNER

You're big enough, aren't you Paul?
Big enough to slide down that hole!

INT. GARAGE. - CONTINUOUS

Wagner taps on the car window. Debbie unlocks the door.
Wagner pulls her out.

DEBBIE

What are you-

WAGNER

Quiet.

Wagner looks up to the ceiling.

WAGNER

(loud)
Are you afraid?

As soon as Wagner says that, the GOLEM pushes through the
small opening above. The axe arm dangles out.

Wagner aims the .38 up to the Golem and FIRES TWICE.

The Golem falls to the garage floor.

He looks to the thing on the garage floor in front of him, then back up to Alison, who peeks through the hole above.

Wagner aims the .38 To the Golem and FIRES. The axe arm tears off from the shot.

A look of shock washes over Alison's face.

Debbie steps up to the Golem and hits it with her tire iron.

WAGNER

Paul's down.

ALISON (O.S.-ABOVE)

No.

WAGNER

Dead and buried!

ALISON (O.S.-ABOVE)

No!

Wagner gets Debbie out of the way, aims his .45 and BLOWS OFF THE HEAD OF THE GOLEM with one shot. The clay head spins across the floor.

The head stops, the glass bit eyes reflect light back to Debbie.

Debbie steps up to it and uses the iron like a golf club and WHACKS the clay head with all of her might.

The clay head flies into the corner shadows of the garage.

Wagner gets Debbie's attention, points to a can that reads GASOLINE. Debbie beelines for it.

Wagner watches the open garage side door. Lance does not come through.

ALISON

What are you doing?

Debbie pours the gas over the Golem's headless body.

INSERT

Gasoline splashes all over the chest of toothpicks and nails.

BACK TO SCENE

Debbie puts aside the gas can, goes to the car.

INSERT

Debbie presses in the CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

BACK TO SCENE- MOMENTS LATER

Debbie takes out the lighter.

Wagner and Debbie hear Lance prop up the LADDER against the outside garage wall.

Wagner looks up and they hear Alison's footsteps go towards the previous sound.

As Debbie drops the lighter, Wagner takes her hand and they run for the open doorway.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Debbie runs ahead as Wagner rushes the ladder with Lance on top of hit, in the middle of handing the shotgun to Alison.

Alison grabs the shotgun the moment Lance falls with the ladder.

GARAGE ROOF

Alison turns the shotgun around and pumps a round in. She aims to Wagner, fires.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Debbie and Wagner rush inside as the wall near Wagner explodes from the shotgun blast.

Wagner falls to the floor.

DEBBIE
Agent Wagner!

She goes to him, turns him over.

Wagner's right arm bleeds as a result from the blast. Wagner covers it with his left hand.

WAGNER
Help me on the couch.

She drags him up and helps him to the couch. He sits up with his .45 in his right hand.

DEBBIE
Hang on.

HALLWAY

Debbie runs, ignores Sara's body in the darkness

BEDROOM

She turns on the light switch but it does not work. She passes by her OPEN CLOSET and the shadows of darkness therein; she goes right to her drawer.

Scattered about on the floor near the closet are The STYROFOAM HEADS.

She goes to her computer, which is as she left it.

Debbie opens up the top drawer and grabs a pair of SOCKS.

She passes by her OPEN CLOSET and exits the room.

LIVING ROOM

Debbie ties the socks tight around Wagner's wound.

WAGNER
You washed them, right?

DEBBIE
No, I didn't. Not that you can tell. We both smell like gas.

Wagner laughs a little. He looks to his feet. They both see Sara's cell phone, smashed to bits.

DEBBIE

They are still out there. Why aren't they coming in?

WAGNER

Lance may be knocked out. Alison has no way down. Pimento has people on the highway, just a matter of time before the calvary arrives.

DEBBIE

You are the calvary.

WAGNER

Yeah, right. Go on your computer, get online, just to be sure.

DEBBIE

No power.

WAGNER

They probably played with the power box. Don't worry. They come through the front or the side-

Waves his gun. She gets the point. She exits the room.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Take a minute.

Alone, Wagner shifts his position so he can have a view of the front door and part of the broken glass patio door.

He hears a light BAM, like something metal. He hears loose glass break outside.

ALISON (O.S.- OUTSIDE)

You're a better shot than I am.

Wagner gets up and goes to the front door as a SHADOW OF A MAN walks near the patio door. Wagner doesn't see it.

His attention is the outside view:

He sees his total wreck of a car and the poker from within missing. Although there is light SMOKE from the garage, there is no fire.

INSERT-- EXTREME CLOSE

From outside the patio door, a man's BLACK BOOT slowly and quietly touches down on the carpet.

BACK TO SCENE

Wagner sees Lance outside, as he checks Pimento's truck for other weapons. He has the shotgun.

INSERT

The POKER TIP raises as it slips through the outside patio door.

BACK TO SCENE

Wagner looks to the patio door. Nobody is there. Wagner watches.

Nothing.

Wagner looks back to the cars and Pimento's truck outside.

No sign of Alison or Lance. Wagner listens. Behind the couch there is some movement as if someone, crouched on all fours, hides from Wagner. Wagner does not see this.

Whoever it is stays low, and moves forward down the hallway, silent like a giant spider closing in on prey.

DEBBIE (O.S.- ANOTHER ROOM)
Power's back on.

WAGNER
Don't turn on any lights. Got any more cell phones in the house?

DEBBIE (O.S.-ANOTHER ROOM)
No. Won't they see if my computer's on?

WAGNER
I'll watch them.

He turns fast and aims the .45 as Alison holds the poker in her hands, ready to swing.

HALLWAY

Debbie enters as she hears a SHOT ring out. She rushes out to the

LIVING ROOM

Where she sees Alison face down next to the poker on the floor. Wagner looks to Debbie.

WAGNER
Go now, Debbie.

Wagner turns and exits.

WAGNER
Be right back.

Debbie nods and heads back down the hallway.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner aims his gun in front of him as he calmly walks to the end of the porch.

There is no sign of Lance.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE - DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the door open, Debbie enters her room.

As she goes to the small desk and her computer, her gaze shifts to the broken window.

She lets her attention fall back to her computer.

She looks to her closet, and the two shiny buttons that reflect back at her. Next to the buttons is ONE OF THE STYROFOAM HEADS.

Debbie turns the computer monitor to face the closet. The light from the monitor reveals that the buttons are just buttons.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wagner goes around the cars and Pimento's truck.

He steps closer.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Debbie looks back to the closet.

All she sees is the two button reflections and the Styrofoam head which points in her direction. She ignores the buttons and looks to the Styrofoam head.

It looks back to her in an unbreakable stare.

She turns to the monitor and gets up an E-mail message to the STATE POLICE. She types, but her concentration breaks as the paranoia gets to her.

She gets up from her chair. Without further hesitation, she closes the closet doors.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lance loads the shotgun as quickly as he can, from additional ammunition from Pimento's truck. He pumps one into action.

Wagner closes in.

WAGNER

It's over Lance.

LANCE

She's gone isn't she?

WAGNER

Have a choice, man.

LANCE

If you're here, that means me and Alison succeeded in what we wanted to do.

WAGNER

Let go of the shotgun, put your hands over your head.

LANCE

I didn't really believe either. But in the end, I'm glad I did.

WAGNER

Don't do it.

LANCE

Liked your book.

Quickly, Lance turns and aims the shotgun in Wagner's direction.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BAM!

Debbie jumps, leaves.

LIVING ROOM

Debbie picks up the tire iron. Cocks her head. Outside on the porch she sees the .357 just under the bench.

She exits and quickly picks up the gun.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wagner stands over a laughing Lance, who is wounded in the shoulder. Wagner covers him with his gun as he reaches in Pimento's truck and gets out a pair of handcuffs.

WAGNER

He had a family, you know.

Lance spits on the ground as Wagner cuffs him.

DEBBIE

(on porch)

You get him?

WAGNER

You can turn the lights on now.

Lance laughs harder.

WAGNER

What's so damn funny?

LANCE

I'll be in your next book.

WAGNER

Who says?

LANCE

I would not turn on the lights if I were her.

Wagner kicks him in the face. Knocks him out.

Debbie goes back inside the house. Wagner reaches in Pimento's truck and tunes in on the police band radio.

WAGNER

This is Federal Agent Derek Wagner.
Officers down, need assistance.
Sara Scott residence.

STATE TROOPER#1

Read you, Agent Wagner. On our way.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE. HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

Debbie turns on the hallway light. She sees the sight of Sara on the floor a few feet away, and tears up. She does her best to avoid it.

She opens a closet door and takes out a bright blanket. She lays it over the body.

DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

She enters her room. She flicks on the light switch. Behind her, the bedroom closet doors SLOWLY OPEN.

She slow burns, and backs up a few feet.

Out of the closet, the STYROFOAM HEAD TURNS TO LOOK HER IN THE FACE.

Debbie's eyes go wide.

Frozen in fear, she witnesses one of the Golem's arms reach out from beyond the clothes and the metal of the Woodman's Pal shines in the light.

The next arm comes out of the closet- and in place of the axe is now a small SICKLE.

The Golem steps out of the closet, black boot first.

PAUL (V.O.)

Where are you going?

Debbie heads for the door but the sickle arm of the Golem lashes out above Debbie's head and cuts into the door.

The Golem slams the door shut in front of Debbie.

PAUL (V.O.)
Just you and me now.

DEBBIE
(screams)
Get out of my head!

The Styrofoam head slowly splits at the jaw as toothpicks and nails form TEETH.

Debbie backs up and goes to the window.

The sickle SMASHES the lamp off the wall, and the lamp flies into the COMPUTER MONITOR. Only the moonlight follows inside through the window.

Debbie takes the .357 and aims it at the mantis-like Golem.

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't like guns.

Debbie pulls the trigger. It's jammed.

The Golem comes closer, and in a display of intimidation, tears up her bed with the knife arm.

PAUL (V.O.)
Window is too small for you now.
But you can try.

Debbie swings the tire iron. With the sickle arm, The Golem knocks it out of her hands as if it were nothing. It clatters off on the floor somewhere in the room.

PAUL (V.O.)
Remember what I taught you?

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I do.

PAUL (V.O.)
Good. You read my thoughts, I read yours. You do as I wish.

DEBBIE
Agent Wagner!

PAUL (V.O.)
Nowhere to run. Nowhere to go. Run,
I catch up. Hide, I find.

His "jaw" finally moves as he gets in her face.

PAUL

So much of me to go around.

Debbie balls a fist.
Hits the Styrofoam skull.
It flies off, only to reveal wooden neck branches, and nails
for a neck.

Debbie avoids the sickle arm and the Woodman Pal arm as both
slash the air around her. The Woodman Pal arm aims low for
the floor and picks up the Styrofoam head that was knocked
off.

Blindly, the Golem puts his head on- backwards. The "neck"
supports the head as the Golem turns around to see his prey.

As Wagner enters, the Golem again slams the door shut- right
in his face.

The Golem winds up his arms clockwise, so that they face
front. His right leg turns to face Debbie, then his left.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie squeezes out of the open window and falls to the
ground.

The Golem's sickle arm reaches out for her through the
window.

Debbie gets up and runs along the side of the house.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE - DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wagner bursts through the door to see two clay legs, with one
black boot over one "foot" and a garden scraper for the other
foot, slide out of the window.

He runs to the window.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie runs to the front yard and head to Pimento, who lays
on the ground dead.

Wagner comes out of the house through the front door and sees the Golem casually walk like a puppet without strings towards Debbie.

Wagner runs off the porch, and fires his gun. The Golem's slim clay body is hard to hit in the dark.

Wagner wings the Woodman's Pal arm.

The Golem turns to Wagner.

PAUL (V.O.)
Agent Wagner.

Wagner's eyes go wide.

PAUL (V.O.)
Put me together, now you want to
take me apart.

Wagner slows down.

DEBBIE
Don't listen to him! Don't let him
in your head!

WAGNER
Put him together, take him apart.

Debbie searches Pimento for a weapon. She sees a SHOTGUN a few feet away. She reaches for it.

The Golem raises the sickle arm to come down on her.

She FIRES. The sickle arm rips off.

The Golem kicks out with the black boot, knocks Debbie down. The Golem swings the Woodman's Pal arm, only Wagner gets in the way and stops it.

The Golem's head turns to Wagner, who wrestles the thing to the ground.

The Golem raises the scratcher leg and presses it on Wagner's face.

Wagner grabs the scratcher foot away from his face.

WAGNER
Smash the chest!

DEBBIE
What!

She uses the shotgun butt and slams it down on the Golem's chest.

WAGNER
Again! Harder!

Debbie does so. The compartment of the chest opens. Nails spill out.

As they do, the porcupine like armor of the Golem recedes.

Wagner unhooks the arm. He rolls with it.

The Golem hops up like a pogo stick. Debbie FIRES and the black boot leg severs. The Golem falls.

Wagner stands up.

PAUL
Warming up. Plenty of me to go around.

Wagner squats next to the Golem and aims his .45 at point blank range. He pulls the trigger.

The VOICE of PAUL laughs as if tickled.

Paul yanks off the necklace Alison put around the thing's neck. The laughter becomes a scream that fades into the wind.

STATE POLICE CARS pull up in the driveway as Wagner and Debbie walk off.

A STATE TROOPER greets them.

STATE TROOPER#1
What happened?

WAGNER
The end of nightmares.

FADE OUT

