

Willie

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

1954

MERCURY, 30, with fishing pole, bag of bottled beer, walks down small path through thick woods into an open clearing, whistling.

From the other end of the path WILL SR., 30, with pole, enters clearing, waves.

The two meet in the middle, laughing, happy to see the other.

MERCURY

Ready to do some serious fishing  
Will?

Will Sr. raises his rod in salute.

Mercury points back down the path where Will Sr. had exited the woods seconds before.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Got company. Looks like your boy!

Will Sr. hands his pole to Mercury, runs back down the path to WILL Jr., 7, standing at the edge of the clearing, a shiny new guitar in his hand.

Will Sr. drops to a knee, gently lifts Will Jr.'s head up to face his.

WILL SR.

Willie, you can't go fishing with us today. Man talk. Maybe tomorrow I'll take you fishing. You head back to the cabin, keep mommy company, she hates to be left alone up here with no one to talk to.

Will Jr. nods sadly.

WILL SR. (CONT'D)

Don't you go wandering in these woods. There are hungry bears and wolves. Go play your guitar for mommy, she loves hearing you.

Will Jr. walks grudgingly back down the path towards the cabin. Will Sr. watches till his son is out of sight. Will stands, walks back to join Mercury.

MERCURY

See you bought him a new guitar?  
How's he doing with it?

Will Sr. nods as the two men exit into the woods on the other end of the path.

WILL SR.  
Like a fish to water.

A few seconds later, Will Jr. sneaks out of the woods following the path, his guitar tight in his hands.

Will Jr. looking down, concentrating on being quiet, does not see several beautiful, ageless WOMEN IN WHITE, flowing gowns, materialize in the woods around him. Their skin, long white hair sparkle in the sunlight.

As Will Jr. looks down at his feet, one WOMAN IN WHITE materializes on the path before him. As her shadow covers him, he looks up surprised, then fearful. She places her hand gently on the side of his face. Will Jr. relaxes at her touch. She kisses his forehead.

WOMAN IN WHITE  
You must go back to your cabin  
for these woods are not for you.  
Play your guitar little one. Be  
the best you can be. For one day,  
you will have to play for us.

Women In White vanish with a flash. Will Jr. scared, turns around, running back down the path.

INT. CONCERT HALL -- EVENING

1969

Packed auditorium, people move from side to side with the rhythm of the music, captivated. Young WILLIE, 22, a handsome, long-haired, musician finishes a song with a flourish.

Sweat drips from his brow to the flat top of an acoustic guitar.

Willie stands, the crowd awakes as if from a dream with loud applause, many rising to their feet, lighting cigarette lighters, holding them above their heads.

Willie bends down to microphone.

WILLIE  
Thank you so very much.

Willie walks off stage as the crowd chants "more".

INT. CONCERT HALL BACK STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Willie walks past reporters, musicians, fans with a steady stream of high fives thrown his way.

A PROMOTER, a YOUNG GRETCHEN of 19, SEVERAL BYSTANDERS meet Willie, Gretchen hands Willie a flask.

Willie opens flask with a big smile, tips in salute.

Willie takes a long drink with a wink.

GRETCHEN  
Come up for air.

PROMOTER  
One hell of a set. Hell of a set!

Promoter looks past Willie at the chanting crowd.

GRETCHEN  
Listen to them!

PROMOTER  
Want to do another number?

Willie comes up for air, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

WILLIE  
Totally burnt out. Fried!

PROMOTER  
Leave 'em wanting more?

WILLIE  
Got nothing left.

Promoter yells out to distant stage crew.

PROMOTER  
Lights up! We're out of here!

As Willie, Gretchen, Promoter walk off to a side hall, a crowd of fans appear chanting "Willie", demanding attention. Willie smiles, waves, continues walking.

INT. CONCERT HALL DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Willie walks into a Spartan dressing room, Gretchen follows, quickly closes the door behind her, places her body against the door.

Gretchen lets loose a long sigh as Willie falls into an overstuffed armchair, his legs hang over the arm.

GRETCHEN  
That was one hell of a performance.

Willie tries to dislodge a boot with the toe of the other.

WILLIE  
Tired.

Gretchen walks over to remove Willie's boots.

GRETCHEN  
You hit every note right on the  
money. Timing was perfect.

Gretchen turns love filled eyes to Willie.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Touched a lot of hearts out  
there.

WILLIE  
(perks up)  
Talking about a hit?

GRETCHEN  
Best concert on this road trip.

Gretchen drops Willie's boots, reaches into her handbag,  
pulls out a joint.

WILLIE  
Last is always the best.  
Understand there were a couple of  
record big wigs out there?

Gretchen lights the joint, hands it to Willie.

GRETCHEN  
(exhales)  
At least a hundred.

Willie exhales a long plume of smoke.

WILLIE  
Things are finally coming  
together!

Gretchen walks behind the chair, massaging Willie's  
shoulders while leaning on the back of the chair with a  
glowing smile.

GRETCHEN  
I have more good news.

WILLIE  
Lay it on me, Gretchen, my love.

Gretchen moves her face close to Willie's, while his lungs  
are full of smoke. Gretchen kisses his forehead tenderly.

Gretchen looks down into Willie's eyes, her's water.

GRETCHEN  
I'm 3 months. You're going to be  
a daddy!

Coughing, Willie prematurely exhales a lung full of smoke,  
blowing it away from Gretchen, holds up the joint, stares  
at it for several seconds then stands.

Willie puts his arms around Gretchen, holds her tight, lips to neck.

WILLIE  
(tender)  
This is the greatest day of my  
life.

Willie finds Gretchen's lips. Gretchen breaks away for air.

GRETCHEN  
I have to breath for two people!

Willie takes another drag off the joint, drops the roach into an ashtray.

WILLIE  
It don't get any better than  
this!

He pulls the flask out of his back pocket, unscrews it.

GRETCHEN  
Don't you think you've had  
enough?

WILLIE  
Time to celebrate!

Willie finishes off the entire flask.

GRETCHEN  
Let's go home. Make love.

WILLIE  
Won't it hurt.

GRETCHEN  
No, silly.

INT. WILLIE/GRETCHEN BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Alarm clock goes off, digital lights blinking 6:27 A.M.  
News is on the radio.

NEWSMAN (V.O.)  
It is seven o'clock. Police are  
still investigating the strange  
disappearance of Greg Maturin,  
chief executive officer for the  
Maturin Banking Group. A two  
hundred thousand dollar reward is  
now being offered to anyone who  
can help locate.

An old, wrinkled hand slams down hard on the clock/radio  
off button, dust motes fly in the early morning light.

WILLIE, 62, wrinkled face with grey stubble, looking used,  
rubs his swollen eyes.

WILLIE

Gretchen, got to go. I'll make coffee before I leave for work.

There is a grunt beside him under several layers of faded sheets, worn blankets.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Talked to Sarah last night. Be rolling in around early Friday. Don't forget.

Willie sits on the bed looking down at his wiggling toes above a thread bare rug. Another grunt from beside him.

The bedroom is filled with an old dresser, broken rocking chair, a night stand scarred with cigarette burns. Several piles of dirty clothing litter the floor lighted by a streaked window, the room has an unclean flavor.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Got to go up to the cabin right after work on Friday. Rented it for the weekend.

Under the covers a raspy voice.

GRETCHEN

You going to miss Sarah?

WILLIE

Need to clean the cabin.

The sheets are thrown back with force.

GRETCHEN

Don't you stay the Goddamn weekend up there!

WILLIE

(defensive)

We need the money.

GRETCHEN

You should spend time cleaning this place.

An old, sour Gretchen rolls over with difficulty. She stares at Willie with anger.

WILLIE

I rent the cabin. Money.

GRETCHEN

Get my Goddamn wheelchair.

Willie lets out a long sigh as he stands. From a corner he pushes a worn wheel chair to Gretchen's side of the bed.

WILLIE

Yes dear.

GRETCHEN

We wouldn't need the damn money  
if they paid you a decent wage.

Willie helps Gretchen into the wheelchair.

WILLIE

Lucky to have a job.

GRETCHEN

Been there forever. Don't pay you  
squat.

WILLIE

Going to try to do some music.

GRETCHEN

There you go again. They're going  
to laugh you off the stage.

WILLIE

Want to see if I still have it.

GRETCHEN

After forty years? No fool like  
an old fool.

WILLIE

Just one night. Been practicing  
the past few...

Gretchen in her wheel chair pushes Willie away with  
disgust.

GRETCHEN

(interrupting)

Get out of my face. Take a  
shower, you stink.

Gretchen wheels herself out of the room, slams the door  
behind her.

GRETCHEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where's my damn cigarettes?

Willie looks at a fading picture on the dresser of an  
embracing young Willie, Gretchen, bends down to pick up  
several pieces of clothing, walks off.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CUSTODIAN - STORAGE ROOM -- MORNING

Willie, dressed in a light grey janitor uniform, walks to a  
closet, unlocks a door with a key from a large key ring  
filled with keys. In the background a school bell rings,  
running children can be seen through double doors.

Several children pass by the door, look in with a wave or  
smiles. A few "Hello Mr. Willie!" call outs, Willie waves  
back to them, the children giggle.



Willie puts a worn lunch box into the closet.

The PRINCIPAL, mid 30's, with an embarrassed, uncomfortable expression, walks in through the double door, clears his throat.

PRINCIPAL  
Willie? Have a minute?

Willie turns to the Principal with a large, warm smile.

WILLIE  
Always have time for you  
Principal Edwards.

PRINCIPAL  
Glad to have caught you before  
you started.

MELISSA, 8, runs in, handing Willie a piece of paper.

MELISSA  
Mr. Willie, my locker don't shut  
right.

WILLIE  
Melissa, isn't it?

Melissa nods while Willie looks down at the sheet of paper, a locker number with two words, "thank you" in a childish scrawl surrounded by large red, hearts.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Tell you what, I'll give it a  
look before lunch. Okay?

MELISSA  
You're the best Mr. Willie! Thank  
you.

She runs out the door as the school bell rings.

The Principal looks down at his feet, hesitating.

WILLIE  
What can I do for you? Bathroom  
flooded? Did I forget a trash  
can?

PRINCIPAL  
You never forget any duty.

WILLIE  
What's up?

The Principal with sad words.

PRINCIPAL  
This is really hard for me,  
you're the best employee I've  
ever had.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Remember when we discussed that  
there might be a need for layoffs  
due to budget cuts?

WILLIE  
I've been laid off?

PRINCIPAL  
Its so unfair. I've been making  
phone calls. Trying to find you  
another position.

WILLIE  
We knew this might happen.

PRINCIPAL  
Don't give up hope.

WILLIE  
I'm not a spring chicken, the  
economy is pretty bad.

PRINCIPAL  
Board has decided the teacher's  
will do cleaning, minor repair.  
Those budget cuts.

WILLIE  
It's alright.

PRINCIPAL  
You don't have to be such a nice  
guy about it.

INT. WILLIE/GRETCHEN LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Willie opens the front door, Gretchen in a wheel chair,  
stubs out her cigarette. Her eyes follow him through a room  
full of cigarette smoke, angry as he hangs up his jacket on  
a coat tree without speaking.

Gretchen grinds her teeth, picking up the television  
remote.

Willie sits down on a faded, worn coach facing the  
television. Gretchen lowers the volume of a religious  
program.

Gretchen breaks the silence with contempt.

GRETCHEN  
Goddamn bums fired you!

WILLIE  
Laid me off.

GRETCHEN

After forty years of cleaning their smelly little shit rooms, keeping them warm in the winter, dry when it rains. They canned your scraggy ass.

WILLIE

The economy is bad.

GRETCHEN

So much for seniority. Screw the fact, you showed up everyday. On time.

WILLIE

They gave me a couple months of severance pay.

Gretchen lights up a cigarette, starts hacking. She throws the remote down in disgust. She folds her arms, looks away from Willie with disgust.

GRETCHEN

Stop defending them. Should have found another job. But no! You're loyal. See what that got you? I married a moron. Should have married a banker or a man of Jesus.

On the television a handsome, well dressed, fashionably grey at the temples EVANGELICAL JOHN looks up from his book into the eyes of Gretchen.

Willie avoids watching the television or Gretchen.

WILLIE

I can find another job.

Gretchen turns to Willie with contempt.

GRETCHEN

What are you going to do? Bag groceries? Take orders for greasy burgers?

WILLIE

Not that bad, we'll get by. Social Security. Medicare...

Gretchen faces the television, turns up the volume on the television.

EVANGELICAL JOHN (V.O.)

And Jesus takes care of those that believe in Jesus. Praise the Lord.

The volume gets turned down. Gretchen faces Willie with venom, hot spit flying from her mouth.

GRETCHEN

Fool, we barely make ends meet now! Government handouts only go so far! We can't live on half our current income!

WILLIE

Sarah's finished college.

GRETCHEN

Sarah has a degree, but she can't find work. She needs our help now more than ever. She needs time to find the right kind of job!

WILLIE

Sarah's almost forty.

GRETCHEN

Jealous of your own daughter? You never got a degree. I would have, if I hadn't met you!

Willie's eyes drop to his worn shoes.

WILLIE

I'm proud of Sarah. Sorry you...

GRETCHEN

I could of been a lawyer!

Anger pours out of Gretchen's eyes like an avalanche.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Or a Doctor!

Gretchen's eyes soften.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

I would be able to walk!

WILLIE

Will you ever forgive me?

Gretchen points at Willie with a pencil-sharpener finger.

GRETCHEN

You were driving!

WILLIE

She ran through a stop sign.

Gretchen's pointed finger is accented with every word.

GRETCHEN

You smoked the Devil's weed! You drank Satan's liquor! The cops busted you for a pound of dope!

Willie's eyes lock onto Gretchen's, his palms go up defensively. His eyes soften.

WILLIE  
I served my time.

GRETCHEN  
Mr. big rock star.

Willie lets loose a long sigh, pause a few beats.

WILLIE  
I'm going to play tonight.

GRETCHEN  
Stupid fool. No one wants to hear  
a has been, you have as much  
appeal as my ugly, flat ass.

WILLIE  
Should be about the music.

GRETCHEN  
You couldn't get applause in an  
old folks home.

WILLIE  
I signed on at a coffee house.

GRETCHEN  
Leaving me alone at home tonight?  
It's always about you. They're  
going to laugh you off the stage,  
mister-rock-and-roll-star.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- EVENING

Willie stands with his old guitar case in hand, inside the entrance of a medium-sized coffee house. A chalk board on an easel next to Willie has handwritten in chalk "FOLK MUSIC NIGHT -- OPEN MICROPHONE".

Willie is listening to SONDRÁ, off key, singing out of rhythm on a small impromptu stage in the distance.

Willie looks hesitant to perform as people walk past him without a second glance.

Willie shakes his head as if to clear lingering doubts, stumbles to the coffee bar.

GAINS, 37, the owner, TRUMBO, 26, the coffee maker, are gauging the customers, the place is full. Sondra is as attractive as her music is bad; her music is very bad.

WILLIE  
Mr. Gains?

Gains is elbowed by Trumbo who nods in Willie's direction. Gains looks Willie over for a few seconds chewing on a toothpick.

GAINS  
What can I do for you Gramps?

WILLIE  
I'd like to play an original song  
or two.

GAINS  
The old folks home not enough  
action for you? Bingo parlor all  
filled up?

Trumbo laughs.

WILLIE  
I called you last week about...

GAINS  
(interrupts)  
I talk to hundreds of wannabes.

Trumbo whispers into Gain's ear.

TRUMBO  
Easy crowd tonight. Let him go on  
after Sondra.

A sadistic grin cracks Gain's face.

GAINS  
That'll be good.

WILLIE  
Thank you, Mr. Gaines.

GAINS  
Knock them dead, Gramps.

Willie walks away, Gains whispers to Trumbo. Trumbo starts  
laughing uncontrollably.

Sondra's guitar playing, vocals, lyrics go from bad to  
worse. But the crowd applauds as her legs spread under her  
guitar.

TRUMBO  
Everyone wants to be a star, even  
the geriatric crowd.

GAINS  
My good deed for the day.

Willie walks over to the side of the stage hiding behind a  
plastic tree, studies the crowd. Males predominate the  
front rows, paying very close attention to the loose blouse  
of the scantily clad Sondra, as she finishes her erratic,  
out-of-tune, poorly timed guitar strumming.

She abruptly finishes, stands, shakes her breasts to a  
standing ovation.

Willie looks back to Gains.

Gains with his smile widening gives Willie an exaggerated thumbs up.

Sondra exits into the audience as Willie shuffles onto the stage. Audience gives little to Willie, eyes still on Sondra.

There are a few laughs as Willie stumbles, clumsily resets the microphone stand, performer's stool, embarrassed.

The audience volume drops a decibel as Willie strums his guitar, Sondra pauses in her table hopping.

WILLIE

(nervous)

A song I wrote a while back.

For a beat the room is quiet. Every eye gives Willie the one-two glance.

As Willie continues playing, the audience goes back to their many conversations, within several chords; totally ignored, the music is drowned out by audience chatter.

INT. WILLIE/GRETCHEN LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Willie walks in dejected, Gretchen is snoring loudly in front of the television with the remote in her death grasp.

Photographs of MATURIN, 40's, grey at the temples 'playboy', shown with young, beautiful women beside expensive sports cars in front of exquisite mansions.

NEWSCASTER

Police are still investigating the disappearance of Greg Maturin. Police are not ruling out kidnapping or foul play, even though no ransom note has been received. A one million dollar reward is now being offered to anyone who can lead police to the whereabouts of.

Willie turns off the television set. He walks over to Gretchen, gently nudges her.

WILLIE

Gretchen.

(Gently.)

Let me help you get into bed.

Gretchen jumps alert, eyes wide, glowering.

GRETCHEN

They laughed at you. Don't deny it. I knew it. I was right!

As Willie's eyes sadden, Gretchen's fill with triumphant, sadistic glee.

WILLIE  
They ignored me.

Willie gently pushes Gretchen into the bedroom while she continues to ridicule.

INT. WILLIE/GRETCHEN LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

The front door opens. SARAH, LIZ, late 30's, looking a little old for Goth black, walk into the house.

SARAH  
Mom must still be asleep.

LIZ  
Your dad?

SARAH  
Work.

LIZ  
Folks are weird!

SARAH  
Don't know the half of it.  
Amazing that I'm as sane as I am.  
You sure you want to stay the weekend?

LIZ  
Said I'd help you take care of  
your mom this weekend.

Liz hugs Sarah, kiss.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
I meant it.

SARAH  
Dad just *has* to go to the cabin  
*this* weekend.

They break away from each other but continue to hold hands.

LIZ  
What's he do there?

Dressed in plaid cotton, boots for the woods, Willie walks in surprised to see his daughter. He holds an old baby audio monitor/microphone system in his hands.

Sarah, Liz drop their hands.

Willie walks over to Sarah. She offers her cheek for Willie to kiss. Willie kisses her, winks to Liz.



WILLIE  
You're early.

SARAH  
No school today?

WILLIE  
Laid off.

SARAH  
You're still going to the cabin?

WILLIE  
Finished packing the cleaning  
gear, leaving.

SARAH  
Why are you taking my old baby  
monitor with you?

Willie is at a loss for words. Looks down at the equipment  
in hand, as if caught stealing.

WILLIE  
Uh. Oh? Just moving it.

SARAH  
Dad, wish we could spend more  
time. Together.

WILLIE  
I do too.

Willie exits, Gretchen yells out from the bedroom door in a  
shrill, saccharine voice.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
That you Sarah?

LIZ  
One of these days I'd love to see  
your family's cabin.

SARAH  
No you don't. In the middle of  
nowhere and I mean nowhere!

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
Sarah! Come on in here, help me  
get out of bed.

From the outside there is a sound of a heavy truck door  
slamming, then engine starting.

Over her shoulder, Sarah pauses to see through the living  
room window, Willie in an old truck, driving off. She  
sighs.

SARAH  
Coming Momma.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH WOODS -- DAY

Willie singing at the top of his voice to an old, worn cassette tape, drives an old two-seat truck. The curving road winds through thick hilly forests, no cars pass.

The voice on the tape is his own, but younger. The cassette tape case lying on the seat beside him, offers a photo of the younger Willie. Underneath the cassette, hidden by a battered guitar case are several glossy 'swinger' magazines.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE FRONT -- DAY

Willie walks out of a country store, his arms full, two filled-to-the-brim, paper grocery bags.

Watching Willie from behind the wheel of a 1950's Mercury, looking like it might have just pulled off of the assembly line, Mercury, 30, sips from a can of beer.

Mercury, a throw back from the late 1960's, wears a worn buckskin jacket with some fringe missing, tee, faded jeans.

Mercury jumps out of his car, runs towards Willie with two cans in a six pack ring. Willie fumbling with his truck's passenger door, tries not to drop the grocery bags.

Mercury opens the door for him.

MERCURY

Let me give you a hand, Junior.

Willie sets the bags down on the truck passenger seat next to his guitar case, several pornographic Swingers magazines fall onto the parking lot pavement.

Willie doesn't notice as the magazines open on the ground to reveal folded, yellow, legal pad sheets with received posted envelopes taped between the pages.

Willie turns to Mercury with pleasant surprise.

WILLIE

Thanks, Mercury!

Mercury offers Willie a beer holding up the six pack ring.

MERCURY

Got time for a beer? Got more cold ones in my car.

Mercury points his thumb back to his parked car.

WILLIE

Still driving that ?

MERCURY

She drives like she did when I drove her off the lot. Well?

WILLIE  
Too early for me.

Mercury looks down at the magazines on the pavement, the headline 'Swinger's Getaways' in bold print.

Willie follows Mercury's gaze, becomes embarrassed, scoops up the magazines, tosses them into the truck's passenger floor.

He slams the door closed.

Mercury pops open one of the beer cans, pours it down.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Got so much to do with little time.

Willie walks to the truck bed, Mercury follows. Willie organizes mop, broom, buckets, cleaning equipment.

MERCURY  
Another week of heavy-duty cleaning?

WILLIE  
As always.

MERCURY  
Gosh, all you do is clean that cabin. Bet you could eat off the floor.

WILLIE  
Nothing wrong with clean.

MERCURY  
Maybe later, we can get some fishing in, like we used to?

WILLIE  
Got to head back home when I finish.

Mercury opens another beer can.

MERCURY  
Too bad. They're biting.

Willie studies Mercury as if seeing him for the first time.

WILLIE  
Amazing. Haven't seen you in a while.

MERCURY  
What's that?

WILLIE  
You look the same today, as you did when I was a kid.

MERCURY

It's the woods. Clean air.

Mercury holds the beer can up over his head as he walks backwards to his car.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Lots of beer!

WILLIE

How old are you?

MERCURY

Beer offer still there. If you got time for the fish, you know where I'm at.

Willie walks to the driver's door watching Mercury drive off, being saluted with a beer can. The car shines in the late morning sun like it was freshly waxed.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- AFTERNOON

Willie exits the front door in a lacy apron carrying a large garbage bag full of garbage. He seals it with a tie, tosses it into the back of his truck.

Willie wipes a thin layer of sweat from his brow, staring off at the afternoon sun.

Willie walks to the side of the cabin, gathers several wood logs, walks back inside. The screen door slams behind him.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Willie drops the wood logs by the fire place.

The cabin fixtures are old, used but very clean.

Willie walks into the kitchen, opens the oven door. He pulls out a huge pot filled with a beef roast, stirs it several times; mixing the meat, potatoes, carrots. He sniffs the aroma with a smile.

The clock on the wall shows four.

WILLIE

Got to move a little faster.

Willie picks up a freshly baked cherry pie from the living room coffee table, sniffs it approvingly as he carries it to the table in the kitchen.

Willie starts singing one of his songs.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Love the way you move in the golden light...

From a doctors bag at his feet he pulls out a syringe with a small pharmaceutical bottle filled with a dark liquid. Willie fills the syringe, then the cherry pie, evenly at several 'sliced-openings'.

Willie wipes the syringe needle of cherry filling, placing the syringe with bottle back into his doctor's bag.

The sound of a car breaking on gravel from outside filters in through the open door. A car door opens, slams shut.

JOHN  
Hello? Anyone here?

WILLIE  
Yes sir, your early!

The cabin front door opens, 'Evangelical' JOHN enters, grey hair, religious persona replaced by a gaudy 'player'. John stands gauging the inside of the cabin, his 'bling' glitters.

JOHN  
You Willie?

John points at Willie with a faux laugh.

WILLIE  
Yes sir, you must be John?

Willie nods, wipes his hand on the apron, offers it to John.

JOHN  
In the flesh!

John ignores Willie's hand, smiles at the pot roast, pie.

WILLIE  
Made you a cherry pie.

JOHN  
Extra charge?

WILLIE  
My treat.

John looks up at a large, noisy clock on the kitchen wall.

JOHN  
Ladies here?

WILLIE  
Not yet, sir.

John pulls in a suitcase from outside the front door.

JOHN  
Cart my toys to the boudoir.

WILLIE  
Put this back in the oven for  
later?

John nods, carries the suitcase into the bedroom.

JOHN  
Sex is better on an empty  
stomach.

Willie takes off the apron, folds it, drops it on to the top of the MD's bag, turns as John walks back into the kitchen.

John hands Willie an envelope. He opens, inspects the small stack of twenty dollar bills.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Four hundred.

WILLIE  
There are fresh sheets on the  
bed. Clean towels by the outdoor  
shower.

JOHN  
Rustic. Indoor potty?

WILLIE  
No sir. Outhouse.

John goes back into the bedroom.

JOHN  
Kinky!

WILLIE  
Ad said 'isolated cabin'.

JOHN  
Outdoor nudity, not a problem?

WILLIE  
Nearest neighbor is several miles  
down that road.

JOHN  
Fantastic!

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

John bounces on the king-sized bed, the springs reward him with creaks, moans. John laughs as he opens his suitcase, starts setting out sex toys, bondage implements.

Willie starts whistling from the kitchen.

INT, WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Willie pulls a kitchen table chair out, moves it to the side of the refrigerator. Willie whistles louder, stands on top of the chair, keeping an eye out for John, obvious that Willie doesn't want John to hear or see what he is doing.

Willie turns on a baby monitor microphone hidden on top. Willie is startled by a loud knock on the cabin door, leaps off the chair, almost falling.

SWEETPEA  
Hello? Hey! John?

SWEETPEA 30, walks in, a bounce in her step, aggressive.

Sweetpea gives Willie a long disappointed stare.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
You're John?

WILLIE  
Startled me.

Sweetpea's disappointment gives way to anger.

SWEETPEA  
I drove up here, fucking liar!  
You aren't handsome! Or young!

Willie's hands go up defensively.

WILLIE  
No ma'am. I'm the caretaker...

John glides into the kitchen, puffing his shirt collar, fluffing up his hair.

JOHN  
Me John. You Jane?

SWEETPEA  
Thank God. Call me Sweetpea.

John walks over to Sweetpea, giving her a dazzling smile, starts kissing her on the neck.

JOHN  
I'm going to do all those things  
you always wanted a man to do to  
you. Sweetpea, all your  
fantasies.

SWEETPEA  
Keep talking dirty, baby, going  
to wear you out, all night long.

JOHN  
Tonight. Tomorrow morning,  
afternoon, night...

Sweetpea becomes immersed with John's attentions, forgets Willie. Outside a car on gravel, pulls up to the cabin.

John comes up for air as HOTLIPS, 45 trying to appear 30, knocks on the door.

HOTLIPS  
Someone please get my suitcases?

JOHN  
You must be Hotlips?

HOTLIPS  
(With a wink)  
Young stud 16?

Hotlips holds out her car keys to Willie.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)  
Two suit cases. The trunk. Put them in the bedroom. Do be careful, I have shit in them that cost more then you make in a year.

John bends over, hands Willie a folded twenty dollar bill, whispers into Willie's ear.

JOHN  
Another twenty if you get all the lady's suitcases in the bedroom, then disappear!

Willie stuffs the cash in his pocket, Hotlips's keys in his other hand, Sweetpea tosses her keys to Willie.

Willie drops the keys, falls to his knees, searching, while John, Sweetpea, Hotlips get better acquainted.

Willie on the floor looks up through the legs of the threesome with raised eyebrows.

HOTLIPS  
I brought uniforms!

SWEETPEA  
I do a mean nun!

JOHN  
Praise the Lord!

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Willie walks around several new, expensive sports cars. He opens the first trunk, pulls out two suitcases.

A 1996, black, expensive Mercedes-Benz RENN tech E7.4RS parks with a squeal of breaks, a cloud of dust.



LILY, 24, stunning, flawless, athletic in a loose white dress leaps from the car, barefoot, the rocks don't hurt her feet.

She stares at Willie, gives him a wide smile as Willie raises the two suitcases in hand for her to see.

WILLIE  
I'm the caretaker. John's inside.

She opens her car passenger door, easily picks up two medium sized suitcases.

LILY  
I know.

She starts past Willie, stops, looks down at the suitcases in his hands.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Would you get my suitcases as well?

WILLIE  
Yes, ma'am.

Lily kisses Willie on the cheek, he blushes.

Lily lightly sets her suitcases down by his feet, floats to the cabin screen door.

Willie drops the suitcases in hand with a thud; leans back against the car, watching Lily as the sun starts to set.

Lily yells into the cabin, opening the screen door.

LILY  
Hope I am not late.

JOHN  
Three beautiful women? I thought there was only going to be two?

LILY  
Hoey baby, you're lucky weekend!

Willie reaches down to pick up Lily's suitcases. They hardly budge, grunting he tries to lift just one suitcase.

WILLIE  
(under his breath)  
Got rocks in here?

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- LATER

Willie exits, closing the front door, then the screen door. He laughs while counting a stack of bills.

WILLIE  
(under his breath)  
Put a smile on Gretchen's face.

Willie walks to the truck bed, organizes the cleaning supplies, pulls out a guitar, sets it in the passenger seat.

A bright light can be seen going on through the bedroom window.

Hotlips looks out the window, sees Willie at his truck. He turns to see her give him the finger before pulling down an aged yellow shade. Her shadow joins two stripping shadows.

Willie shrugs in his truck, driving away from the shadow show, the four squeals of sexual excitement.

EXT. TREE -- EARLY EVENING

A picturesque postcard panorama of the cabin as the sun sets. Sound of soft strumming on a guitar drifts through the trees.

Willie is sitting on a large tree limb twenty feet above the ground, his well-used guitar resting on his lap.

Sexual activities can be heard on a baby monitor speaker duct taped to a tree limb above Willie's head.

Willie picks up a pair of cheap binoculars, looks at the active shadows on the cabin bedroom window shade.

Willie sets the binoculars down, strums on his guitar.

Willie's music drifts through the trees, mixing with the sounds of the night.

Willie sips on a bottle of water as a full moon rises. The last light gives way to night with voices on a baby monitor.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Ladies, I am famished.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
Come on, ten more minutes.

HOTLIPS (O.S.)  
Haven't had our fill.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
You're not done till we say  
you're done!

JOHN (O.S.)  
(Defensive)  
Not finished, just hungry.

HOTLIPS (O.S.)  
Thought you said you could go for  
hours!

SWEETPEA (O.S.)  
Some sex machine you are!

Willie listens as several bodies get up off the creaking bed, a squeaky bedroom door opens wider. Voices become louder as the four get closer to the baby monitor microphone.

JOHN (O.S.)  
I need food.

HOTLIPS (O.S.)  
Then?

JOHN (O.S.)  
I'm a sex slave till the sun  
shines on that beautiful, perfect  
butt of yours!

Sounds of bare feet on the floor blend with laughter, kitchen clatter.

LILY (O.S.)  
Look at this.

HOTLIPS (O.S.)  
Cherry pie!

JOHN (O.S.)  
Thought you might like that.

The sounds of dropped silverware, plates placed randomly on the table. A wine bottle being opened.

LILY (O.S.)  
You thought of everything!

JOHN (O.S.)  
For you, anything, my dear.

A smile covers Willie's face.

Close but hidden from Willie's view, Mercury stands silent, watching Willie, listening while sipping from a can of beer.

Deeper in the forest, quick flashes of white can be seen moving between the trees. One such flash of white pauses in mid-flight. Floating. An extremely beautiful woman's face framed in silver-white hair, comes into sharp focus. Ageless, could be the face of a Goddess.

The full moon highlights Mercury's outline in a close-up of her very 'solid-black' eye. She too smiles as her flawless body comes into sharp focus then dissolves into a blur of white.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- NIGHT

The four are scantily clad, hair in disarray, wet with sweat.

Sweetpea, a Nazi SS cap tilted on her head, is sitting in a chair at the table, a plate of pot roast steaming under her nose. She is dressed in a black leather lace up with Swastikas, a short black whip rests on her leg.

Lily next to her with head in hand, elbow on the table, stares at John, hungrily. She is dressed in a white angelic teddy.

SWEETPEA

Looks good.

Lily stands, slinks over to Sweetpea, rubbing her body against Sweetpea's arm.

LILY

Can I have a piece of that pie?

SWEETPEA

You're such a nymphomaniac.

John, with a handcuff dangling from one wrist, moves to stand next to Lily, ladling pot roast.

Lily takes his hand, rubs it up then down her leg.

Hotlips sits, picks up a fork inspecting it for cleanliness.

JOHN

(to Lily)

Not til you eat some roast.

HOTLIPS

She hasn't eaten enough meat?

Laughter.

SWEETPEA

So who made all this?

JOHN

Who cares, lets eat!

SWEETPEA

Hey, if I'm going to put some thing in my fucking mouth, I want to know where it came from.

Sweetpea brings her whip down on the table with a loud smack.

More laughter, the three women watch John stuff a fork full of pot roast into his mouth.

JOHN  
(with mouthful)  
Hell of a cook.

SWEETPEA  
Sure hope you paid him enough.

HOTLIPS  
After what I saw in that bedroom,  
you worried about a little spit  
in your food?

More giggles as Sweetpea places her hand on John's bare arm.

SWEETPEA  
How many times you been up to  
this cabin?

JOHN  
First on the swinger resort  
lists. Sounded exotic!

SWEETPEA  
How long you been swinging?

John pauses in mid chew, swallows as his head turns to face Sweetpea. Scratches his hair, trying to look innocent.

JOHN  
Just started.

Sweetpea takes a bite of the pot roast. A smile fills her face.

SWEETPEA  
Liar. John your real name?

JOHN  
No personal questions, get you no  
lies.

HOTLIPS  
(between mouthfuls)  
We don't talk about our real  
lives. This is a getaway.

LILY  
I do love being dirty Lily.

SWEETPEA  
You are such a Nymph oh!

LILY  
Absolutely!

Nervous laughter. John jumps back in his chair.

JOHN  
What the...

John reaches down between his legs and lifts up a foot for the women to see. Lily is forced to slide down in her seat.

LILY  
Guilty!

JOHN  
Almost choked to death.

Sweetpea finishes her plate, holds it up for examination.

SWEETPEA  
Give me a piece of that fucking  
pie!

HOTLIPS  
Greedy bitch, wait till the rest  
of us are done eating.

LILY  
Just because you're such a  
glutton!

John pushes his empty plate away. Slides the cherry pie towards him, shows a clean knife, divides the pie evenly.

JOHN  
Looks like a fair share?

LILY  
I want that piece.

Lily leaps up, stands behind John.

JOHN  
I had my eye on that slice.

Lily bends down and puts her hand on John's crotch, squeezes. John jumps.

LILY  
I want.

HOTLIPS  
Give her what she wants. She  
didn't eat a bite of that roast.

LILY  
I just want to gorge on John.

Sweetpea sets a stack of clean small plates beside the pie.

SWEETPEA  
Better do as dirty Lily says, she  
plans to cuff you to the bedpost.

They all laugh as John places the slices on the plates, Sweetpea serves. Lily sticks a fork full of her pie into John's mouth.

LILY  
Want another piece of my pie?

Very quickly the entire pie is consumed, Sweetpea licks off the crumbs on the pie plate.

Lily motions to John with her finger, the bright red ring around his mouth.

SWEETPEA  
You look like a fucking clown!

John bends down, places his mouth on her exposed breast. They laugh at the red ring he leaves there.

HOTLIPS  
Wow.

John takes his finger, wipes some cherry red from the pie plate. He gives the breast with the circle stain two eyes and a smiley mouth. More laughter.

Hotlips shakes her head trying to clear it.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)  
Feelin' kind of foggy.

SWEETPEA  
Yeah. Me too.

JOHN  
Tired. All. Of a. Sudden.

Lily watches as Sweetpea's head slowly descends to the table. John looks on with confusion giving away to shock. One by one, everyone but Lily passes out.

SWEETPEA  
(Mumbles with anger.)  
Been fucking drugged!

HOTLIPS  
So sleepy.

The SS cap falls off Sweetpea's head, rolls across the floor.

JOHN  
Hell's. Going on?

HOTLIPS  
Can't keep my eyes open!

SWEETPEA  
Been drugged, knew I shouldn't trust. That. Cocksucker.

John falls off his chair. Hotlips falls back in her chair. Her head turns to watch John try to rise, the clock ticking on the wall is the only sound. Hotlip's eyes close.

The sound of a truck on gravel pulling into the cabin drive. Truck slows, stops, engine turned off.

Lily falls carefully to the floor.

A truck door slams. Willie walks in. The sound of his shoes on the floor echo loudly.

WILLIE  
Now, the real entertainment  
begins!

Willie picks up a large butcher knife from the silverware drawer. He holds the knife up to the light to make sure it is clean.

A loud snore erupts from Hotlips. A long fart from John.

Willie slices off a chunk of the pot roast, fills a plate full of food. Willie starts singing. He looks at the chair John has vacated. Moving some of the plates aside, Willie sits in John's chair.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Gosh. I am hungry.

He salutes Lily's with a fork full of pot roast.

Willie doesn't notice her opened eye watching him.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Worked all day cleaning this  
place. Never stopped to eat.

Willie finishes a few bites then looks down to John on the floor.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
You don't mind if I eat a little  
first, do you? Before I play?

Willie examines a half full wine glass in front of Sweetpea. Avoiding a lipstick ring, he drinks. Willie looks back down to John.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Didn't think so.

The kitchen clock shows the passing of time. Willie's empty plate is on the table. He bends over the unconscious John, starts to drag him into the bedroom.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
You're an awful big boy.

From the floor, Lily watches Willie move the kitchen chairs into the bedroom.



There are flashes of Willie's shadow on the wall, moving clothing around, tossing sex toys from the bed to open suitcase by the doorway, tying up the four in the kitchen chairs.

Willie sings as he works. Lights are being moved around in the bed room, turned on, then turned off.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Entertainment starts soon.

Shadows of the tied up swingers, Willie at work, can be seen from the kitchen.

WILLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Creepy old guy is going to thrill  
you like you've never been  
thrilled before. Ha!

Willie walks out of the bedroom. He pours himself a glass of water then walks back into the bedroom.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The lights are on in the bedroom. Willie has created a small stage, assortment of small spotlights, cheap workman's lights, old stool, a duct taped microphone stand.

Willie sits on the stool, strums as he tunes his guitar.

JOHN (O.S.)  
(Stoned)  
What the hell is going on here?

On the floor at Sweetpea's feet, a travel clock on it's side reads 1:32.

Sweetpea is dressed in open, Nazi SS uniform coat with a slightly revealing V. The SS commander's cap cocked at slant above her eyes.

Lily is wearing a high school cheerleader skirt, with sweater over her white teddy, a pom-pom at her tennis shoed feet.

Hotlips is dressed as a french maid. Her apron adequately covering her hitched up short skirt.

John is dressed in loose fitting boxers covered with red hearts, a large oversized authentic football jersey, knee length, thick white socks and untied hiking boots.

The four swingers are dressed; hair brushed, all traces of cherry pie wiped clean. They are all tied securely to the kitchen chairs.

WILLIE  
Show time!

The swingers continue to wake.

JOHN  
Grandpa, paid you good money!

Willie strums the guitar as Sweetpea, Hotlips become conscious. Their eyes narrow as they bring Willie into focus.

WILLIE  
Sorry bout the clothes.  
(To Sweetpea)  
Thought what you weren't wearing  
was a bit over the edge.

JOHN  
You drugged us!

Lily sighs.

SWEETPEA  
You're going to rape me?

LILY  
(with a slight twinge of  
humor)  
Going to kill us, are you?

SWEETPEA  
I'll do anything, please don't  
hurt me.

WILLIE  
I'm not going to hurt you.

HOTLIPS  
Oh my God. A serial killer. Make  
us watch as he dismembers us, one  
by one.

JOHN  
Grandpa, don't kill me.

SWEETPEA  
Don't hurt me...

HOTLIPS  
(tears stream down her  
face)  
Saw this in a movie once.

SWEETPEA  
Torture. No please. Can't take  
pain.

JOHN  
Do what you want to the women. I  
got money. I'm rich, I'll pay you  
anything.

Sweetpea turns to John, starts yelling.

SWEETPEA  
You're a fucking creep, coward  
bastard.

Willie puts his hands up with palms out in surrender.

WILLIE  
Stop.

JOHN  
(Turns to Sweetpea)  
Could you stop with the word  
'fucking'.

WILLIE  
Not going to hurt anyone.

SWEETPEA  
(to John)  
Kiss my fucking asshole.

WILLIE  
Not a killer.

JOHN  
Grandpa, kill her first. Hell,  
I'll help you.

WILLIE  
I am not your grandpa.

LILY  
(questioning smile)  
Are you going to rape us?

WILLIE  
Not a rapist.

JOHN  
Untie me.

WILLIE  
I am a musician.

Willie holds his guitar up for them to see. Hotlips  
suddenly jerks at her bindings.

HOTLIPS  
Oh. What have I gotten myself  
into?

WILLIE  
(Counting on his  
fingers)  
A musician needs an audience with  
no distractions. You've eaten.  
Had sex. Slept. You will be my  
captivated audience.

HOTLIPS  
Are you crazy?

Willie gives pause to think about the question.

WILLIE  
Hope not.

SWEETPEA  
(To Hotlips.)  
Shut the fuck up, damn bimbo.

WILLIE  
I need for you to hear me play.  
Tell me what you think. Then.  
I'll set you free.

HOTLIPS  
You're not going to kill us?

WILLIE  
Kill? No. Just want some honesty.

Willie's words take hold. The four look at each other in silent confusion.

HOTLIPS  
Why tie us up to make us listen  
to your music?

WILLIE  
Would you listen if you weren't?

HOTLIPS  
Maybe.  
(Pause a beat.)  
Probably not.

SWEETPEA  
You cleaned us up? Dressed us?

Lily turns her head away to smile knowingly.

WILLIE  
(with sincere passion)  
No one gives me the time of day.  
I just want someone to listen,  
really listen. Hear my songs.

SWEETPEA  
You're fucking with us? Right?

Willie starts playing a song. Stops, looks at the four.

The four resigned to their fate, relax as their fingers test the ropes that bind.

Willie re-ignites, shines as a talented musician, vocalist, albeit an old one.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The music drifts through the cabin, out into the night.

Mercury gives birth to a slow smile, stands listening in the trees closest to the cabin. There is the continuing white flashes of movement behind him.

A full moon separates from clouds beyond the silhouette of forest trees. A sad howl of a lone wolf off in the distance.

Mercury has vanished.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- LATER

The travel clock reads 3:21.

SWEETPEA

Beautiful. Now will you fucking untie us?

WILLIE

Which song did you like the best?

JOHN

They're all excellent. Cut us loose?

WILLIE

Which song?

HOTLIPS

Please?

WILLIE

The one about the dog? Jake?

JOHN

We've been tied up for an hour.

LILY

I loved them all, but Danielle? Wow!

WILLIE

Song about Danielle?

LILY

I felt, like, you really loved her. Sad, as you sang, you were really remembering back to that time in your life. And I was there with you.

Willie looks at Lily for the first time with a sense of hope.

HOTLIPS

Let us go. You promised!

SWEETPEA

I have to pee really bad.

JOHN

So do I.

Sweetpea turns to John.

SWEETPEA

Fucking liar.

She turns back to Willie.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Really have to go. Can't hold it  
much longer.

Willie stands, sets his guitar down on the stool, walks  
towards Sweetpea.

WILLIE

If I untie you, promise not to  
run away?

SWEETPEA

Yes. Please. I really have to go.

Willie unties her from the chair. Leads her out of the bed  
room, her wrists remain tied together in front of her.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea is checking her pockets.

SWEETPEA

You know where my car keys are?

WILLIE

Yes.

SWEETPEA

Can I have them?

WILLIE

No.

They walk past the four parked cars, Willie's old truck.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN OUT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Willie points towards the outhouse in the shadows.

SWEETPEA

So are you up here every weekend?

WILLIE

Only to cook, clean, usually back  
home by now.

Sweetpea opens the outhouse door.

SWEETPEA

You have this cabin, you don't use it?

WILLIE

Not since I started renting it out to swingers on the weekends.

Sweetpea enters, closes the door behind her, latch clicks.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)

How long?

WILLIE

Been close to fifteen years, now.

SWEETPEA

Always watch those that rent?

WILLIE

Course not! Keys are left in an envelope behind the stoop. I'm gone hours before anyone arrives.

There is the sound of Sweetpea pulling down her zipper, pants. Willie turns his head away slightly embarrassed.

SWEETPEA

I thought outhouses were supposed to smell worse then this.

Sweetpea closes the outhouse door.

WILLIE

(laughing)

Only gets used on the weekends. I try to keep everything as clean as possible for top dollar.

Willie notices a flash of white off in the distance between several trees. Willie wipes his eyes, concentrates wide-eyed.

SWEETPEA

How do you get your swingers?

WILLIE

Advertise in the swinger's magazines. Even the little ads cost a small fortune.

The sound of Sweetpea putting down the toilet seat and sitting.

SWEETPEA

Ohhhh, that feels good. Been playing guitar long?

WILLIE

I was once pretty good.

SWEETPEA  
(interrupting)  
You're fucking with me. Right?

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

John and Hotlips are trying desperately to get free.

JOHN  
You got to try.

HOTLIPS  
Damn it, don't want to break my  
nails.

Hotlips, John try to get their chairs closer together while  
amused Lily watches them.

JOHN  
We don't have a lot of time.

HOTLIPS  
Depends on how bad Sweetpea had  
to pee.

LILY  
I believe him.

JOHN  
Don't be stupid.

LILY  
I think he told us the truth.

HOTLIPS  
Wishful thinking.

LILY  
If he wanted to kill us he would  
have separated us. He wouldn't  
have given us a concert.

HOTLIPS  
He's nuts.

LILY  
If he was into torture or rape,  
one of us would not be here now.

HOTLIPS  
One of us is not here now.

Hotlip's bindings are now close to John's hands, while  
working on loosening the ropes, John looks to Lily.

JOHN  
Hotlips has a point, see if  
Sweetpea makes it back.



HOTLIPS  
Even if she does. We need to over  
power him if he frees us.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN OUT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Willie is knocking on the outhouse door.

WILLIE  
Hello? You okay in there?

Willie tries to open the door, the door is still latched  
from the inside.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Please, answer me. You okay? You  
fall in?

From a corner of his eye, Willie sees movement. He turns  
his face away from the outhouse door, focusing into the  
dark.

The door suddenly swings open as Willie turns away from the  
door. The door squarely catches Willie on the back of his  
head with great force. Willie falls down into the dirt. His  
head hits a rock with a muffled thud.

Willie doesn't move.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JOHN  
Feel loose yet?

HOTLIPS  
Keep working.

JOHN  
So tight. Work up some sweat, to  
lubricate the ropes.

LILY  
I think he is going to let us  
free.

HOTLIPS  
Never been so scared as when I  
woke up an hour ago.

JOHN  
Work up a sweat!

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN OUT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Willie wakes, sits up very groggy. He doesn't notice blood  
dripping out of his nose, down his shirt.

He leaps up hoping to see Sweetpea in the darkness of the forest. Willie wipes dirt off his face, smearing the blood from his nose onto his shirt. He brushes off the dirt from his shirt spreading, creating new blood stains.

WILLIE  
(calling out)  
Sweetpea. Come back. You'll get  
lost out there.

Willie runs a short distance into the woods. Sweetpea has vanished, the sounds of her progress in the brush turning to silence.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
Please! I'm not a killer!

Willie stands for several seconds, then shaking his head walks back to the cabin.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea is running through the woods with her Nazi SS cap in hand. Tree branches occasionally slap at her, she doesn't slow down. Willie's voice becomes weaker with the distance.

WILLIE (O.S.)  
Sweetpea. Have to believe me. Get  
lost out there. No one lives in  
the deep woods. I never been out  
there!

Sweetpea stops to catch her breath, leans against a tree listening. Willie's yells cease.

SWEETPEA  
(under her breath)  
Keep talking. Fucking cock  
sucker.

Sweetpea pushes herself off from the tree, renews running into the darkness of the deep forest away from Willie's voice.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- LATER

Willie runs into the bedroom out of breath, scared. The three look at Willie, the blood stains on his shirt. Hotlips, John with wide, fearful eyes. Lily lowers her face to the floor to hide a smile.

WILLIE  
You have to believe me, I'm not a  
killer.

JOHN  
Where's Sweetpea?

WILLIE  
She ran off into the woods.

LILY  
There's blood on your shirt.

HOTLIPS  
You killed her! You're going to  
take us out one by one...

WILLIE  
She'll get lost.

JOHN  
Oh my God! He killed Sweetpea!

WILLIE  
There are bears out there.

HOTLIPS  
Now he's going to kill us!

WILLIE  
Wolves!

Willie walks out of the bedroom, the sound of a kitchen  
silver ware drawer being rummaged through.

JOHN  
(yells out)  
What did you do to her?

WILLIE (O.S.)  
I need your help!

JOHN  
Why did you kill her?

WILLIE (O.S.)  
I didn't kill any.

JOHN  
(Interrupting)  
What about the blood?

Willie walks in with a large butcher knife in hand, pause a  
beat.

WILLIE  
I am going to cut you loose.

HOTLIPS  
He's going to kill us!

Willie goes behind Hotlips's chair. She closes her eyes  
waiting for the plunging knife.

WILLIE  
You have to help me find her.

HOTLIPS  
Please don't kill me. Please.

JOHN  
Monster!

Willie cuts Hotlips loose to the swinger's amazement. She rubs her wrists and looks at Willie as if for the first time.

LILY  
Is that blood from your nose?

Lily looks at the crusted blood around Willie's nostrils.

JOHN  
Cut me loose next!

Willie cuts Lily loose.

LILY  
Thank you.

WILLIE  
She slammed the door on me. Might  
have broke my nose.

Willie turns from Lily to John.

WILLIE (CONT'D)  
It's a wilderness out there.  
Thought I saw white wolves.

JOHN  
Cut me loose! Now!

Willie cuts John's bindings. John quickly stands to face Willie. Catching Willie completely by surprise, John punches him in the face with all his strength.

Willie goes down on the floor, hard, his nose starts to bleed again.

John holds his fist in the air for the women to see.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
One punch! Knocked the old fart  
out! One punch was all it took!

Lily, Hotlips see Willie's blood on John's knuckles.

LILY  
(With disgust.)  
He's only forty years older than  
you!

JOHN  
Hey, he's a serial killer!

LILY  
Then why did he cut us loose?

JOHN  
Hey, without me, we might still.

HOTLIPS  
Shouldn't we tie him up?

JOHN  
Where's my pants?

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- NIGHT

Sweetpea is running through the woods. She stops, looks back to the direction she just came from, listening for footsteps.

She scratches her head then puts on her Nazi SS cap. She turns, salutes the direction she just came from. Silence.

SWEETPEA  
Fuck you!

She starts looking around herself.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Great, now I'm fucking lost.

There is the sound of a snapping branch close by, Sweetpea turns toward the sound, trying to control her breathing while dropping to a low profile.

Sweetpea backs away from the direction of the sound of the broken branch.

Early morning light is starting to filter through the trees. Sweetpea takes larger steps backward, swatting at flies and mosquitos.

She stumbles, starts to tumble into a large open pit of shadows. Flailing her arms trying to stop her continuing fall deeper into the hole. Her Nazi uniform jacket looses a button, opens, separates and tangles up around her arms.

Her descent into the pit slows, comes to a stop. Sweetpea stops breathing, listening for any sound louder then the humming of flying insects. Light through the trees above the rim becomes brighter. Silence except for several clods of dirt rolling down past her head.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Morning, thank God.

After several long seconds of silence, Sweetpea rolls onto her back staring up at the lightening sky. She swats at more flies and mosquitos.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Damn. What is that fucking, horrible smell?

Sweetpea turns her head slowly to her right. Less than one foot from her face is the decomposed head of Maturin. Flies and maggots cover the side of the head. One of the eyeballs is missing. Sweetpea is horrified and gags violently.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Greg Maturin. Oh my, fucking God.  
Just look at you now!

A large slime coated worm tumbles from the empty eye socket to the ground inches from her face. Things looking like moving rice in Maturin's open mouth, on the ground under the head are moving. Her eyes focus on the ground.

The ground is inches thick with maggots. She sees maggots on her hair, clothing and hands. She sits, pulls off the Nazi jacket covered in maggots.

Sweetpea leaps up to her feet violently brushing at her hair and clothing.

Daylight starts to shine on portions of the exposed skull.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Her eyes focus beyond the head to piles of naked decomposing bodies in the distance. The bodies are all male, in various stages of decomposition.

Sweetpea shoves her dirty hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

Mesmerized by the horror, Sweetpea walks slowly down into the pit, walking between piles of male corpses, body parts.

Her Commander's SS cap is forgotten.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Willie is tied up in a kitchen chair the same way as the swingers had been previously in the bedroom. Lily is sitting on the table looking down at Willie, her tennis shoe firm planted on the chair between Willie's legs.

She reaches down turning Willie's face to examine his bloody nose.

LILY  
(gently)  
Stopped bleeding. Doesn't look broken.

WILLIE  
You still don't believe me?

Lily stands picking up a clean towel, wetting it under the kitchen sink faucet.

LILY

I have to say sweetheart, you  
sure freaked them out big time.

WILLIE

Will you believe me if I tell you  
I'm sorry?

Lily washes Willie's face gently, removing blood and dirt.

LILY

You really do have a nice voice.  
Guitar playing is a little slow,  
would improve if you had a better  
guitar, practiced more. You sing  
from the heart. I like that. You  
have a good heart.

WILLIE

That's the nicest thing anyone  
has said to me in the last forty  
years.

LILY

You need to get out more.

John, Hotlips walk into the room turning off flashlights.

HOTLIPS

Morning, don't need these now.

JOHN

Giving you a hard time?

LILY

Think you're wrong. He's  
harmless.

HOTLIPS

You really believe that he just  
wanted us to listen to his music?

WILLIE

We need to find her. She'll get  
lost in those woods. Direction  
she ran in, a hundred miles from  
nowhere.

Willie's words come to an abrupt end as John pulls his fist  
back threatening Willie with another punch.

JOHN

Shut up.

Lily puts her hands on John's arm holding him back.

LILY

You wouldn't hit a tied up, old  
man, would you?

JOHN  
Of course I would.

LILY  
Give him break?

JOHN  
I'd like to break his arms and  
legs...

LILY  
(to Willie)  
How well do you know these woods?

HOTLIPS  
You can't be serious?

John shows Willie a hand gun tucked in his pants under his  
shirt.

JOHN  
Do you know the woods she was  
running in?

WILLIE  
No, Daddy Will and Mercury never  
let me wander in that direction.

JOHN  
Who the hell is Daddy, Mercury?

WILLIE  
Daddy Will was my Dad. Mercury is  
a neighbor, real name is, don't  
know his real name. Lives down  
the road.

JOHN  
Hillbilly heaven. Great!

WILLIE  
Mercury is a lot of things, but I  
would never call him a hillbilly.

HOTLIPS  
Did he know you were a pervert?

WILLIE  
You mean, my renting this place  
out to swingers?

JOHN  
Shut up before I really hurt you.

WILLIE  
Mercury likes his privacy, space.

HOTLIPS  
(to John)  
Your call.



JOHN  
If, and its a big if. If I cut  
you loose, you going to help us  
find Sweetpea?

WILLIE  
Yes.

JOHN  
Remember, I have a gun. It is  
loaded. I also know how to use  
it.  
(To Hotlips)  
Cut him loose.

Hotlips walks over to Willie, shows him the kitchen knife,  
then places the knife under his chin.

HOTLIPS  
You make just one wrong move,  
I'll cut you. You dig, rock star?

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea is running through the woods, in muddled disarray.  
She falls, lies there crying.

SWEETPEA  
(whispering between  
sobs)  
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

MERCURY (O.S.)  
Lost are we?

Sweetpea raises her head, searches for the source of the  
voice. She appears alone.

SWEETPEA  
(silently)  
Where? Are?

Suddenly there is movement from between two trees. Mercury  
separates from the background holding out a windbreaker.

MERCURY  
I'll bet you could use this?

Sweetpea's hand reaches up, grabs the jacket. She covers  
herself quickly.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
I'll bet you'd like something  
cold to drink, a hot bath. Maybe  
even breakfast?

SWEETPEA  
Are you for real?

Mercury walks over to Sweetpea, offers her his hand. She takes it struggling to stand.

MERCURY  
Been out fishing. Early morning's  
the best time of day. Bugs are  
out. Fish are hungry.

Mercury hands her the Nazi SS Commander's cap as Sweetpea tries to straighten her clothing, she fails. He frowns.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
Dropped this. Mighty strange way  
to dress for the woods.

Sweetpea puts her hands on Mercury's shoulders to steady herself, studies Mercury's face.

SWEETPEA  
Back there. Hundreds of.

MERCURY  
You look like you could use a  
drink.

SWEETPEA  
You have to help me. Us. Serial  
killer. Man chasing me. Get  
police.

MERCURY  
Whoa. Breathe.

SWEETPEA  
My friends are tied up. He's  
going to kill them.

MERCURY  
He?

SWEETPEA  
Old creep with a guitar.

MERCURY  
(Starts laughing.)  
Willie? Yeah right...

Mercury walks back to where he had been standing and reaches down behind a tree. Sweetpea takes several steps backward. Her face suspicious that the man she is talking to could be a mass murderer, she goes into a self-defensive stance.

Sweetpea looks off to her right for a possible avenue of escape.

Mercury pulls out a cooler, opens the top and extracts two cold beer cans.

Mercury holds them up for Sweetpea to see, then hands one to the extremely relieved Sweetpea.

SWEETPEA

Don't understand, he's a killer!

Sweetpea pops the beer can tab, gulping it down.

MERCURY

Willie?

Sweetpea answers between gulps.

SWEETPEA

The guy who lives in the cabin.

MERCURY

Lives, like two miles, over there?

Mercury points off into the distance as Sweetpea finishes chugging the beer.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Don't buy it. Doesn't have a mean bone in his body. Wouldn't hurt a fly, even if he was twenty years younger.

Sweetpea belches.

SWEETPEA

I saw the bodies!

MERCURY

I've known Willie all his. Bodies? You say bodies? What bodies?

Sweetpea wipes her mouth with her dirty hand.

SWEETPEA

Got to call the police.

MERCURY

What?

Mercury backs away from Sweetpea. Sweetpea looks carefully at the beer can, becoming suspicious.

SWEETPEA

Maybe you. Willie. Work together?

MERCURY

Not me, lady. I'm a lover not a fighter. Wouldn't hurt a fly.

Mercury pulls out a hand-rolled cigarette, lights it taking a lung full. He offers the joint to Sweetpea.

She declines.

SWEETPEA

Stay away from me...

MERCURY

Want a hit? Good stuff, grow it myself. But don't tell anyone, hey?

SWEETPEA

Warning you, I know how to fight.

Mercury puts his hands up defensively.

MERCURY

Whoa. Enough is enough. Want another beer? You still look thirsty.

SWEETPEA

I need to call the cops. You have a cell phone?

MERCURY

They don't work up here.

SWEETPEA

Is there a land line close by?

MERCURY

You stand there. I'll stand here.

SWEETPEA

Is there a fucking phone?

MERCURY

What has you so freaked out?

Sweetpea points back to the direction she just ran from.

SWEETPEA

Told you. Back there. Hundreds of bodies.

MERCURY

Bodies of?

SWEETPEA

Men.

MERCURY

You're going to have to show me.

Sweetpea starts screaming at the top of her lungs.

SWEETPEA

Not going back there. Need to call the cops. F.B.I. Some fucking person.

Sweetpea starts jumping up and down.

MERCURY

Let's not go crazy. Go back to my place. Talk this out.

Sweetpea stops, points at Mercury accusatory.

SWEETPEA  
How do I know you're not a  
fucking killer?

MERCURY  
Never killed anyone before, don't  
plan on it now or next year.

SWEETPEA  
Then why can't we get the cops up  
here?

MERCURY  
Lady, I have several acres of the  
best dope grown in North America  
close by. It's how I make a  
living.

From behind his back, Mercury pulls out a long, razor sharp hunting knife. He holds it up for Sweetpea to see, glittering in the morning sunlight. Sweetpea gets nervous as she goes back into a Tae Kwon Do stance; her hands becoming fists.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
Take my knife. Make you feel  
safer.

Mercury flips it in his hand, catching it neatly, cleanly, he holds it out to Sweetpea hilt first. She hesitantly reaches forward, then grabs it in a quick, fluid motion.

Sweetpea brings the knife down to her side, partially hiding it while holding it as a street fighter would.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
You seem to know how to handle a  
knife.

SWEETPEA  
I had five brothers.

Mercury turns, walks off, after a few seconds Sweetpea follows through the woods. They come upon a small animal trail.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
You make any quick moves...

MERCURY  
(laughing)  
You'll cut me, I know.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- LATER

Willie with his hands tied behind his back, stumbles in the lead.

Following ten feet behind are Lily, Hotlips, armed with kitchen knives while John keeps his revolver in a tight grip at his side.

Hotlips yells out.

HOTLIPS  
Sweetpea! Hey!

Hotlips turns, gives John a dirty look.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)  
John, you got a big mouth, why  
don't you make yourself useful?

JOHN  
Got to take care of my voice.  
It's my livelihood. Don't want to  
go hoarse before Sunday.

LILY  
Ever notice that there are more  
horses asses then there are  
horses?

JOHN  
Shove it!

Willie comes to a sudden stop.

HOTLIPS  
What are you stopping for?

WILLIE  
Hear that?

HOTLIPS  
What?

Willie starts to back-up on the trail, then turns to face the other three. Hotlips holds up the knife threateningly.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)  
Don't come any closer.

WILLIE  
What do you hear?

Everyone freezes. Listening. Lily shakes her head.

LILY  
Nothing.

Hotlips turns to look at John. He shakes his head.

JOHN  
Hearing's not what it used to be.

WILLIE  
Sorry.

HOTLIPS  
What did you hear?

They continue walking along the trail.

WILLIE  
Nothing. Kind of strange.

LILY  
You? Notice something strange?  
How could that be?

WILLIE  
Okay listen. What do you hear?

HOTLIPS  
Nothing.

WILLIE  
My point. There should be birds.  
It's early morning. In the woods.

HOTLIPS  
Yeah. Now that you mention it.

Willie comes to a sudden stop as the trail forks.

JOHN  
Keep moving.

WILLIE  
Which way?

JOHN  
Maybe we should split up?

LILY  
You mean two and two?

JOHN  
Yeah.

HOTLIPS  
I don't like that idea.

JOHN  
We could cover more ground.

LILY  
Who gets who?

HOTLIPS  
Can't stand another minute with  
you. Ready to barf.  
(Looks at John)  
Killer, here, with me, will take  
the left, you two take the right.

JOHN  
Hotlips, you have balls.

HOTLIPS  
(to Willie)  
Give me an excuse, I'll cut  
yours.

LILY  
When do we meet up?

Hotlips looks at her watch.

HOTLIPS  
Cabin around noon?

John looks at Willie with renewed suspicion.

JOHN  
If we don't find her by then, we  
probably aren't going to.

LILY  
Then what?

WILLIE  
Call the police!

JOHN  
Are you nuts?

WILLIE  
I did wrong. But I can't let a  
woman die in the wilds.

HOTLIPS  
I have kids! Married! Like hell  
I'm going to talk to the cops.

WILLIE  
She's lost.

JOHN  
I have a career to protect.

WILLIE  
We have to call the police.

JOHN  
No, we don't.

HOTLIPS  
What are we gonna say, well  
officer, we're having group sex.

WILLIE  
I wasn't.

HOTLIPS  
No. You just fucking tied us up.

WILLIE  
Made you listen to my music.



HOTLIPS

Put you in the loony bin!

JOHN

Let's worry about all this later.  
We find Sweetpea. Everything's  
peachy. Unless.

(Looks at Willie)

She's dead.

The pairs split up, walking their separate directions.

INT. MERCURY'S CABIN - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

The cabin is extremely large. Room after room filled to the rafters with a wide variety of shelving, tables and hutches packed with antiques covered in varying degrees of dust. Sunlight pours through the curtain-less windows.

Sweetpea examines a old antique phone.

SWEETPEA

Thought you didn't have a phone?

MERCURY

Not hooked up. Phone company had no interest in running line up this side of the mountain. That phone belonged to Nellie T. Ross.

SWEETPEA

Who the fuck was she?

MERCURY

The first woman elected governor of Wyoming. Almost a hundred years ago. 1925 to be exact.

SWEETPEA

Really? And this?

Sweetpea holds up a gaudy clock, the hands still moving.

MERCURY

That's a French pendules. 1784.

SWEETPEA

And this?

Sweetpea holds up a small pear-shaped covered ceramic dish.

MERCURY

Loosdrecht peach-shaped box from the 1792. What artists call trompe l'oeil. Fool the eye.

SWEETPEA

You some kind of a an antique collector?

MERCURY

Not really. Just pretty stuff  
that caught my eye at one time.

SWEETPEA

Never had time for art.

MERCURY

You want to take a hot bath? I  
can get the water heater cooking  
up some water...

SWEETPEA

A bath sounds good, but I best  
take a rain check. People tied  
up, maybe tortured, Probably  
dead. All those dead bodies. Have  
to do some thing.

MERCURY

(Sniffs the air)  
You really need to take a bath.

SWEETPEA

You have any guns? Living out  
here in the woods?

MERCURY

Stretch out. Get some sleep. I'll  
hike to Willie's, see what is  
going on.

SWEETPEA

Do you have any guns?

MERCURY

Course I do. Any preferences?

SWEETPEA

40 caliber, S & W, MP issue would  
be nice.

Mercury reaches into a closet, hands Sweetpea a hand gun  
with several clips. Sweetpea checks the clip, breach,  
handling the hand gun with knowledge, authority.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Lets go. I'm not staying here.

MERCURY

You look like you know what your  
doing with that.

SWEETPEA

I do.

MERCURY

Oh yeah, five older brothers.

Sweetpea looks at Mercury with a clinical stare.

SWEETPEA

Hope Willie has a land line, need  
to call someone important.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Lily, John are walking, pausing, listening.

JOHN

Willie was really observant.

LILY

About what?

JOHN

The birds. Lack of birds. Where  
you from? City girl?

LILY

Rather not say.

JOHN

You married? Noticed no stretch  
marks or scars. No pale colored  
skin where the ring would be on a  
finger. Have to say, you have the  
skin of a new born baby!

LILY

What's this?

Lily lifts a piece of cloth from a bush branch off the  
trail. She points off to the distance where several limbs  
have been broken back.

JOHN

That cloth is green. Wasn't  
Sweetpea wearing Nazi grey?

LILY

Let's check it out. Those are  
freshly broken branches.

JOHN

You a pioneer woman? Indian  
tracker?

They walk to the broken branches. Lily shows the greenish  
moist end of the broken branch.

LILY

Broken, not too long ago.

JOHN

Don't think we should get off the  
trail.

Lily starts into the deep woods.

LILY  
Sweetpea came this way.

John looks back to the small animal trail they were just on. Unsure, he races after Lily before she totally disappears in the thick woods.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- LATER

Sweetpea and Mercury are walking down a wide graveled trail.

MERCURY  
Keep my cars in a garage back there. Collect them.

SWEETPEA  
There anything you don't collect?

Mercury motions to Sweetpea's cap.

MERCURY  
So why?

SWEETPEA  
So why what? Oh.

Sweetpea removes her SS cap, shines the bill with her borrowed windbreaker sleeve, puts it back on the top of her head, cocked at an angle.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)  
You don't approve?

MERCURY  
Cheating on your husband? Not for me to judge. Just wondered why?

SWEETPEA  
Suppose I could give you many reasons... Boring life. Husband ignores me. I just want to be accepted. But the truth is, I'm not married. Don't have a boring life.

Willie, Hotlips suddenly come into view at a bend in the trail between trees. All but Mercury stop in their tracks, stare at each other.

Hotlips points with intake of air, a small gleeful shriek. Willie leaps up, down, all smiles.

Sweetpea drops into a crouch, aiming the hand gun at Willie with professional accuracy, menace. Willie, Hotlips start laughing in relief. Hotlips even hugs Willie, stops, backs off from Willie with disgust.

Mercury walks over to Willie, starts to remove the rope binding his wrists.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Don't release him. He's a killer.

HOTLIPS

We thought so too. But he didn't kill anyone. You are alive!

SWEETPEA

I saw the bodies. I fucking saw the dead bodies.

HOTLIPS

Hey, chill. He hasn't killed anyone.

SWEETPEA

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. He killed a whole shit load of.

Hotlips walks around Mercury, Willie, she puts her arms around Sweetpea.

HOTLIPS

Is that thing loaded?

MERCURY

Willie, what have you done to make this young girl so upset?

WILLIE

Did something really dumb.

MERCURY

(studies Willie's nose)  
Blood on your face? Shirt? Tied?

HOTLIPS

Chill! You deserved that.

Sweetpea tries to keep the gun aimed at Willie.

SWEETPEA

Listen to me. There's hundreds of bodies piled in a big ditch in the woods. He killed them.

Hotlips gives Mercury a wink.

HOTLIPS

(To Sweetpea)  
Whose your new friend?

WILLIE

He's my neighbor, Mercury.

HOTLIPS

The hillbilly?

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Lily, John are walking through the woods, both come to a sudden stop. He turns to face Lily. His face contorts in horror.

JOHN  
Smell that?

LILY  
What?

John lifts his shirt tail to cover his nose.

JOHN  
Smells like something rotting.

LILY  
From what?

JOHN  
How can you not smell that?

Lily throws her arms around John, bringing his head down, forcing her hungry mouth over his, he stumbles surprised at her sudden passion, strength.

LILY  
Making me hot.

The revolver drops out of his hand, falling into the tall grass, John starts opening his shirt, unzipping his pants.

Lily pulls John's shirt back off his shoulders as John's pants fall down to his ankles. Lily shreds her cheerleader's top, flinging it off behind her, the short skirt drops to her tennis shoes. She kicks her clothing away.

Their bodies partially hidden in the shadows of trees.

JOHN  
Right here? Now?

LILY  
Oh yes! Right now!

Lily pushes John further into the deep woods, thick brush.

JOHN  
(with a passionate  
laugh)  
You're an animal!

LILY  
You got that right!

Lily's head makes her way down John's bare chest, her tongue active.

John's head goes up towards heaven with anticipation.

JOHN  
Thank you Lord. Yes!

One of Lily's hand circles around John's back, forcing him forward, towards her hungry mouth. Lily's other hand is stretched fully extended behind her back. She looks up into John's face with a snarl of lust, her head drops.

Her blackening pupils expand covering the white in her eyeballs as she licks at his exposed stomach. Her tongue takes on a green tint.

LILY  
So hot!

JOHN  
That smell is getting worse.  
Can't we go up wind? First?

Lily's nostrils flare, teeth start growing, fingernails extend into huge razor sharp talons. Quickly Lily's razor sharp talons rip through John's stomach.

Lily guts him in a flash of geyser red, blood fountaining over her transforming body, the green grass they stand on.

John's mouth opens in silent horror, eyes go wide.

John's stomach opens completely, covering Lily with his intestines, internal organs. She starts consuming with unquenchable hunger.

From the tall grass all around her stand silver-white women with black eyes, knee length silver hair, blowing in the wind, sharp teeth, talons.

The women surround, cover John before his body can fall to the ground, lowering him to the ground as they consume in total silence.

John's red blood coat their hairless, silver bodies.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- DAY

Willie is standing with his hands in front of him defensively. Sweetpea is held back by Hotlips, Mercury.

SWEETPEA  
I'm telling you what I saw!

WILLIE  
I didn't do anything. I swear.

SWEETPEA  
(to Hotlips and Mercury)  
Let me show you. I can show you.

HOTLIPS  
(to Mercury)  
She saw something!

SWEETPEA

Don't be condescending, fucking bitch!

HOTLIPS

I'm on your side.

MERCURY

So what do you want us to do?

SWEETPEA

Since we don't have a working phone, let me show you the bodies.

HOTLIPS

Not me, I'm out of here. Got a husband, children. Certainly don't want my picture in the paper.

SWEETPEA

Don't you get it? There were several hundred bodies.

Mercury puts his arm around Sweetpea, leads her to the door while Willie with Hotlips follow.

MERCURY

Okay. Lead on.

SWEETPEA

You believe me?

MERCURY

I believe you saw something.

SWEETPEA

(to Hotlips)

Please don't leave me here with them. Alone.

HOTLIPS

You have the gun! Two hours. Also need to find Lily. Screw John!

Mercury follows Sweetpea out the door.

SWEETPEA

(to Willie)

Don't get close to me. Even if they let you off the hook. I hate you.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN OUT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sweetpea leads Mercury towards the outhouse, pointing in different directions. Hotlips with Willie follow.



SWEETPEA

We came this way. My hands were tied. I asked if he had my car keys.

Willie removes Sweetpea, Hotlip's car keys from his pocket. Sweetpea grabs hers. Hotlips drops hers beside Lily's car.

As Hotlips bends over, she studies Lily's license plates.

HOTLIPS

Hey, someone better tell Lily that her license plates have expired.

WILLIE

(also examines the plates)  
You're right. Wow, 1996!

They continue retracing steps from earlier. Sweetpea glances back at Willie with a dirty look.

SWEETPEA

I was here. Slammed the door open.

Willie rubs his nose, remembering.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Then took off in that direction.

MERCURY

Everyone stay close.

HOTLIPS

Don't have to ask me twice.

Mercury with Sweetpea in the lead, head in the direction taken hours before, with Hotlips, Willie in the rear.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)

We should keep our ears open for Lily? John?

(Starts yelling)  
Lily. John!

SWEETPEA

Don't start fucking yelling!

HOTLIPS

Why not?

SWEETPEA

What if Willie isn't the killer? Want to give up our location?

HOTLIPS

Now that's paranoid.

SWEETPEA

Wait. See for yourself, then call me fucking names.

As the four sink into the forest, Lily dressed in the cheerleader outfit, clean of blood silently slides out from behind a tree.

She walks into the cabin, steps out seconds later with her two medium sized suitcases, tosses them into the passenger seat of her Mercedes-Benz RENN tech E7.4RS.

She leans against the driver's door looking in the direction the four just went. After several seconds, she gets into the car, quietly drives off.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- DAY

Sweetpea in the lead, Mercury, Hotlips with Willie follow.

HOTLIPS

Sure wish we had brought something to drink.

MERCURY

An ice cold beer would sure taste good about now.

WILLIE

So, how's the fishing been?

MERCURY

Pretty good. Caught this three footer last week. Put up one hell of a fight.

SWEETPEA

How can you talk about fish!

MERCURY

Okay. We're following you.

SWEETPEA

You still don't fucking believe!

MERCURY

Are we getting closer?

HOTLIPS

Been walking for half an hour, thought we'd see bodies by now.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- DAY

Lily walks out of the cabin carrying John's suitcase, keys. She open's John's car door, tossing his suitcase inside the back seat. She gets in the car, drives off in the direction she had driven moments before.

EXT. DEEP WOODS -- DAY

Hotlips, Mercury, Willie are in the lead heading back towards Willie's cabin. Sweetpea is screaming in anger.

SWEETPEA

I know what I saw.

MERCURY

Look. You were tired. You fell, maybe hit your head. Dreamed it.

SWEETPEA

Fuck you!

WILLIE

Maybe she did see something.

SWEETPEA

Fuck you too.

HOTLIPS

I gave you two hours.

MERCURY

Can I have my gun back, now?

She hands Mercury his hand gun.

SWEETPEA

I know what I saw.

HOTLIPS

I am tired. Thirsty. I want to go home.

SWEETPEA

Please don't give up on me now.

HOTLIPS

I have a long drive ahead of me. I am out of here.

SWEETPEA

I know what I saw.

HOTLIPS

A broken record. You have been a pain in the ass for the last six hours. Scratch that, a pain since you ran off in the middle of the night.

SWEETPEA

Fuck you, bitch.

The four exit the woods and find themselves on Willie's drive way.

HOTLIPS

I have had it! Where's John's car?

MERCURY

Lily's? Must have left.

SWEETPEA

Without saying good bye?

Sweetpea races into the cabin. Hotlips, Mercury and Willie follow.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVING-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Hotlips, Mercury, Willie enter the cabin. Sweetpea is reading a note. She looks up at Hotlips with a shocked expression.

SWEETPEA

(starts reading)

We got tired of looking for Sweetpea. Came back, packed up. Decided to go home. Fun while it lasted. Talk to you soon on the Internet. Love yah, young stud 16. Lily.

HOTLIPS

There you go.

SWEETPEA

I can't believe this.

Sweetpea hands Hotlips the note. Hotlips ignores it. The note falls to the table.

HOTLIPS

Guess I'll pack up, head home too. So much for a wild, wacky weekend away from hubby and the kids!

Suddenly Hotlips looks tired, ten years older.

SWEETPEA

What about those bodies?

HOTLIPS

You going to start that again?

SWEETPEA

Got to make a phone call!

Mercury reaches into his shirt pocket, pulls out a joint. He sticks it in Willie's mouth, lights it.

Hotlips goes into the bedroom. The sound of her gathering up her clothing, toys. Sweetpea with a clean blouse on, throws Mercury his folded jacket.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

Here's your windbreaker!

MERCURY

Please. Let's not bring the cops into this. I got a cash crop to consider.

SWEETPEA

You could be next! They were male bodies.

MERCURY

I've lived here for many years.

SWEETPEA

I know what I saw.

Hotlips exits the bedroom with suitcases in hand. She looks over at Mercury, Willie, Sweetpea.

HOTLIPS

Well, it was an interesting.

SWEETPEA

You're leaving? Now?

HOTLIPS

No reason to stay. Think I'll stop, get a motel room later. Grab a hot shower. Catch up on sleep.

Mercury walks over to Willie's refrigerator, opens the door examining the contents. He pulls out several beers. Handing one to Willie, Sweetpea, Hotlips shakes her head.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)

Going to try to get some road behind me. If I drink that, I'll pass out behind the wheel.

SWEETPEA

You're going to leave me here?

HOTLIPS

I got a long drive.

SWEETPEA

Will you wait til I get my stuff?

HOTLIPS

Sure.

Sweetpea runs into the bedroom and the sound of her gathering her clothing can be heard.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)

So what do you think she really saw?

WILLIE

Never allowed into that area of the woods when I was young. Now, I'm too old with no time.

MERCURY

Might have fallen, hit her head. Dreamed it all. Who knows.

Sweetpea sticks her head out the door, looks at Willie, Mercury with disgust.

SWEETPEA

I heard that.

HOTLIPS

Get your stuff. I'm in a hurry to get out of here.

Sweetpea goes back into the bedroom, the sound of suitcases being closed, locked.

SWEETPEA (O.S.)

Where's my fucking car keys?

Sweetpea walks out of the bedroom giving everyone a dirty look. She stops at Willie.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

When I get home, I am going to get on the Internet and tell everyone what a fuck you are.

Sweetpea pokes Willie with her finger on his chest.

SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

No one is going to want to rent this mother-fucking cabin again. You're done. Motherfucker.

Sweetpea grabs her two suitcases, storms out the cabin screen door. It slams.

HOTLIPS

She does have a point.

MERCURY

That lady sure can cuss.

With the sound of Sweetpea's engine, Hotlips exits. Both cars grind gravel, Mercury clinks his beer to Willie's.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Feel like some serious fishing?

WILLIE

I'm pretty tired. Was a long night. Might crash for a few hours.

Willie stands, starts gathering the dirty dishes on the kitchen table, reaches up on top of the refrigerator, pulls down a baby monitor, turns it off, sets it on the table.

MERCURY

Well, thanks for an interesting morning. Think I'll head back, get my fishing rod. Got a date with a big old bass.

WILLIE

Thanks for saving my ass.

Willie takes a stack of dishes, places them in the sink.

MERCURY

Loved the morning hike. And the company. By the by, did they like you're music?

Willie freezes at the sink and slowly turns to face Mercury.

WILLIE

How did you know that I played last night?

MERCURY

That babe with the dirty mouth, told me everything this morning.

WILLIE

Guess it was a pretty stupid thing to do.

Willie looks down at his feet, embarrassed.

MERCURY

Hey, we all do stupid things from time to time. Come fishing with me later, I'll tell you a couple whoppers I stepped into.

Willie looks up to Mercury with a slow smile.

WILLIE

Thanks.

Finishes his beer, leaves the can on the kitchen table.

MERCURY

Seriously, let's do some fishing?

Mercury walks to the cabin screen door, stops, turns to face Willie.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

You don't think those babes will bring the cops back here do you?

WILLIE

Hope not.

MERCURY

Yeah, me too.

EXT. MOTEL FRONT -- DAY

Hotlips exits motel room, showered, fresh clothing, she crosses street. Bank sign offering the time reads 2:12 P.M.

INT. DONUT SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

She enters a donut shop, while going through her purse looking for coins. Finding two, she walks to old pay phone on the wall. Slips the coins in, dials.

Hotlips doesn't pay any attention to any of the shop's patrons. MORT and MITT, two police officers just behind the phone watch her smirking with curiosity.

HOTLIPS

Police department? I'd like to report some dead bodies and possibly several fields of Marijuana being grown at a cabin located... No, I will not give you my name!

Mort, Mitt, no longer smiling, stand, walk to Hotlips. They let her continue to give directions over the phone.

HOTLIPS (CONT'D)

This is an anonymous tip... No I cannot give you my name...

MORT

Miss? Maybe you will be happy to tell us? At the police station?

Hotlips turns to see the two police officers in horror.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Willie wakes, his eyes slowly focus on a clock by the side of the bed. Six-fifteen. Willie buries his head into the pillow and rolls over to look out the window. The blind is up, sun light is streaming through the window.

MURPH (V.O.)

You plan to sleep the day away?

Willie sits up in a flash. Three large men, MURPH, STEVENS, HAROLD, in dark suits stand around the bed. Each has a hand gun pointed at Willie. From behind his cigar, Murph coughs.



MURPH (CONT'D)

Hope you got caught up on your beauty sleep. Don't think you will be getting any more for quite some time.

WILLIE

You police officers?

STEVENS

Do we look like police officers?

WILLIE

Maybe... No.

STEVENS

There you go, smart ass!

WILLIE

Can I ask what you are doing in my cabin?

MURPH

We're your worst nightmare.

WILLIE

And?

MURPH

Where are the bodies?

WILLIE

Bodies? Sweetpea sent you?

MURPH

Sweetpea?

(Yells out)

Hey Jennifer. Killer woke up!

Sweetpea, now JENNIFER looks into room to smile sadistically at Willie. She points her finger at him as if it were a gun being fired from around the door frame.

WILLIE

Jennifer?

STEVENS

One of us, private investigator.

Jennifer moves back into Willie's kitchen.

WILLIE

Investigators?

Stevens pulls out his I.D., letting Willie read, stare.

STEVENS

We're a big league private firm out of New York City. We track down whatever we are looking for. Nothing can stop us... nothing!

WILLIE  
In my cabin, no search warrant?

STEVENS  
Fuck laws. We're a PRIVATE firm.

WILLIE  
Why are you here?

MURPH  
You think we're dumb fucks?

WILLIE  
What are you talking about?

STEVENS  
Enough. Where is Maturin's body?

WILLIE  
Who?

Murph reaches over, pistol whips Willie on the side of the head. Blood starts flowing down the side of Willie's head, dripping onto the bed sheet.

MURPH  
Next time, a bullet in the leg.

Harold turns on workman's light aimed at Willie's eyes.

STEVENS  
Too much light? One of yours. So.  
Pretend you're performing for us.

MURPH  
Going to bring you up to date.

STEVENS  
Greg Maturin is CEO for the  
Maturin group, a major American,  
red, white and blue, banking  
institution.

MURPH  
Pay close attention, unlike you,  
he's worth a zillion dollars.

STEVENS  
Greggie disappeared two weeks  
ago. We traced him here to sex  
games with strange women.  
Swingers club, rustic getaway,  
you.

MURPH  
Investigator, Jennifer, AKA, also  
known as Sweetpea, says she found  
Greggie's head.

STEVENS  
In ditch close by.

MURPH

We believe her. Though it is  
creepy, ain't it?

STEVENS

Piles of naked, dead males  
decomposing in a huge ditch.

MURPH

Where?

The three men wait for Willie to respond, Stevens motions  
for Willie to speak.

STEVENS

It's your turn. Sing!

As the three men stare, the sound of a clock on the wall in  
the kitchen gets louder.

MURPH

We're waiting. Pardner. We know  
you can sing! We're listening!

WILLIE

I don't know what to say! I tried  
to tell Sweetpea. Jennifer, I  
don't know anything about piles  
of bodies. I swear.

Murph looks to Stevens, shrugs.

MURPH

What can we do?

Harold pulls the trigger. A bullet hole appears on the  
lower half of Willie's pant leg. Blood starts to blossom.  
Willie screams out in pain, holding his leg tight.

WILLIE

Not lying, I know nothing.

Jennifer, dressed in expensive three piece woman's suit,  
walks into the room. She gives Willie a quick glance as she  
finishes talking into a walkie-talkie.

JENNIFER

(all business)  
Fine. Bring him here.

She hands Harold the walkie-talkie.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

For you, Boss.

Harold flips the switch, his eyes glued to Willie.

HAROLD

Update.

Harold listens for a few seconds studying Willie, motions for Jennifer to come closer.

She does.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
(whisper to Jennifer)  
Get the first aid kit.  
(To the walkie-talkie)  
Bring him here. Now.

Harold turns off the walkie-talkie, nods to Stevens.

STEVENS  
Okay. Willie. Lets try this one more time. Where is the ditch with all those bodies?

WILLIE  
I don't know what you are talking about. I swear to you. I have no idea.

Murph puts a bullet in Willie's other leg. Willie screams out in pain, grabbing his other leg.

STEVENS  
Next the arms.

WILLIE  
I don't know! I don't know!

Harold walks out of the bedroom doorway into the kitchen.

MURPH  
We can do this slowly. Be painful, pardner.

STEVENS  
Our patience is shot. Your going to run out of things for us to aim at.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Harold walks into the room, watching Jennifer supervising MOORE, PLEASANT, two thuggish investigators methodically taking apart Willie's cabin.

Moore looks up to Harold, then to Jennifer shaking his head, negatively.

The screen door opens, Mercury is escorted in by CARMEN, MALLY, two heavy-set thugs with hand guns aimed at Mercury.

MERCURY  
What the hell are you doing?

He recognizes Jennifer.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
Sweetpea? These goons don't look  
like the police to me?

Jennifer ignores Mercury.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
You're not talking to me? Now?  
After all we have been through?

Mercury studies the faces of all in the room.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
What is going on here?

Harold motions for Mercury to sit down, he doesn't.

HAROLD  
I understand that you go by the  
name of Mercury. Who are you?  
Really?

Mercury stares at Harold, his face becomes blank.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
There are no records of you. No  
record of birth. Property.  
Nothing.

Harold reaches down to the floor beside him, lifts up a  
small square case, opens, holds up the computer for  
Mercury.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Wireless to a satellite  
connection, isn't computer  
technology amazing?

Harold walks around the room, Mercury's eyes follow,  
missing nothing.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
You look like a very smart man to  
me. So let me be brief. As I  
speak, I have pro's going through  
your cabin with a fine tooth  
comb. Nice treasure chest.

Harold whispers into the walkie-talkie, then listens and  
his eyes go wide.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Gold. Diamonds. Rare coins.  
Antiques that a New York Dealer  
dreams about. But no paper trail.  
The mystery gets bigger. Who  
exactly are you?

There is a series of yelling excited squawks on the walkie-  
talkie. Harold listens, his smile gets larger.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

They just found a garage beyond your cabin. Filled with thirty-plus very expensive cars. Funny, according to the license plates, each car was once owned by someone very rich and famous. Men of wealth and influence.

(Pause a beat)

That suddenly vanished with out a trace.

Harold sits down on a kitchen chair backwards, resting his head on the back of the chair facing Mercury.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Two of the cars that really caught our attention, belong to a big name television evangelical, Mr. John Heffle. Funny, his office can't locate him, the other to a Mr. Greg Maturin. Ring any bells?

The sound of another gun shot from the bedroom causes Mercury to jump. His eyes dart to the bedroom door.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

That would be your neighbor, Willie. Understand, I don't enjoy torture or prolonging pain. But I need some answers. Time is money. If my counting is correct. He has now been shot once in each leg, once in his right arm.

STEVENS (O.S.)

(Yells from bedroom)

Left arm, boss.

HAROLD

I stand corrected. Left arm. You probably know that empathy is learned. You either have it or you don't.

(Pause a beat)

We don't.

Mercury starts for Harold. Carman, Mally, Moore, Pleasant move within arms reach to cut off any forward progress.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Would you like to see your friend for a few minutes? Before we continue our little discussion?

Harold motions for Mercury to go into the bedroom. Mercury walks slowly towards the door.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Be my guest. You need to see we are serious.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Willie is lying on the bed, semi-conscious, in great pain. The white bed sheets are covered in blood.

Mercury races to Willie's side.

MERCURY  
Willie Junior!

Mercury gently slaps Willie's face.

MERCURY (CONT'D)  
You have to wake up. Can't sleep.  
Stay with me.

Harold in the doorway, motions for Stevens and Murph to exit. Harold puts his hand on the door knob after his thugs have exited.

HAROLD  
I will give you two lovers a few  
minutes to get re-acquainted.  
Don't even think about escape.

Harold closes the squeaking door as Mercury sits on the bed, explores Willie's gun shot wounds.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Harold smiles as Jennifer lifts from the floor, placing on the kitchen table a small receiver with speakers. She turns it on. From the speakers come the voices of Willie, Mercury.

MERCURY (V.O.)  
I am so sorry.

WILLIE (V.O.)  
(Weakly)  
What is going on? I haven't done  
anything to deserve this?

The group close in on the speakers, not wanting to miss a single word, all wear smiles.

MERCURY (V.O.)  
You need to apply pressure here  
and here.

WILLIE  
Can't stand the sight of blood.

MERCURY  
You're not bleeding to death,  
looks worse then it is.

WILLIE  
Who are these people?

MERCURY

I have seen they're ilk before,  
they're professional mercenaries.

Harold grabs Jennifer's hand, gives it a small squeeze, he nods affirmation.

HAROLD

(lips say)  
Good work...

Suddenly, Harold's walkie-talkie starts buzzing. Harold turns up the volume switch, everyone gathered around the table listens in.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Boss, you aren't going to believe  
this! There's all these.

Harold's eyes show concern. There is the sound of confusion giving way to screams of fear, pain, rapid gunfire.

HAROLD

What? Repeat that? Hello?

Screams pour out of the walkie-talkie, complete silence. Everyone around the table stares at each other in disbelief.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Haley! Come in! Haley, Jacobs.  
Anyone there?

Moore, Pleasant stand, Pleasant walks to the front door. They pull out from concealed holsters under their long coats, large automatic weapons. Moore walks to the front window.

Jennifer, Carman, Mally, Stevens, Murph look at the walkie-talkie in shock. No one sees Mercury standing at the bedroom doorway until he speaks. He leans against the closed door, anger adding a Scottish accent to his voice.

MERCURY

It's not nice to mess with Mother  
Nature.

Every eye on the room stares into the dark, angry eyes of Mercury. Jennifer, Harold stand slowly.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Cause, she'll always bite you on  
your ass. Then consume till there  
is nothing left.

Jennifer, Harold like everyone else in the room, withdraw backwards, aim hand weapons at Mercury.

HAROLD

Who the hell are you?



MERCURY  
I'm a care giver!

HAROLD  
You don't scare us with your  
cheap riddles.

MERCURY  
Understand this, Willie never  
harmed a soul in his entire life.

Pleasant gets sarcastic.

PLEASANT  
Our hearts bleed peanut butter.

HAROLD  
What happened to my men at your  
cabin?

MERCURY  
No longer your men, they're dead.

HAROLD  
All six?

MERCURY  
You'll pay for the pain you have  
brought down on that lad.

HAROLD  
Grandpa? A lad?

JENNIFER  
What about all those bodies I  
saw?

MERCURY  
It was time for them to pay the  
piper.

JENNIFER  
You don't deny? Now?

Pleasant continues with the sarcasms.

PLEASANT  
Let me guess where this bullshit  
goes next. Werewolves? Vampires?

MERCURY  
Stranger than that.

JENNIFER  
Pretty freaky already.

MERCURY  
Just wait, gets better.

Mercury leans back against the doorway, slowly raises his  
finger pointing out the doorway.

MERCURY (CONT'D)

Them.

Everyone in the room turns to the cabin's screen door.

Harold and Jennifer walk around the table to get a better look. Pleasant gives them room at the doorway.

Carman, Mally, Moore, Stevens, Murph stand at the window looking out. Jennifer looks back at the closed door to the bedroom. Mercury has quietly vanished.

MURPH

I see movement. One o'clock.

MALLY

Am I dreaming?

MOORE

Looks like women.

MALLY

Beautiful women.

STEVENS

Bitches aren't human.

MALLY

(turns to Harold)

Boss, what do you want us to do?  
They're unarmed.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

From behind the van, several SUVs, the trees that ring the gravel driveway, appear a small crowd of beautiful women in diffused, glowing white robes, floating inches above the ground, their waist-length, silver hair haloed with flower garlands, glimmer and flow in the soft breeze.

As one, their black pupil-less eyes look into the eyes of those watching them from inside the cabin.

Sunset.

One steps forward, walks towards the cabin unafraid. Her hands fully extended to show them to be empty.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Every one in the room has their eyes glued on the advancing woman.

JENNIFER

Oh. My. God. That's Lily.

HAROLD

The one you briefed us, Nympho.

JENNIFER  
The one and only!

MURPH  
She's a looker.

JENNIFER  
Her hair was darker, skin was  
tanned, eyes blue. But that's  
her.

STEVENS  
We let the bitch in?

HAROLD  
Get real. Of course we let her  
in. She's unarmed.

STEVENS  
Boss, I have no problem putting a  
bullet into the bitch. She's not  
human.

JENNIFER  
Let her in.

Everyone moves back from the door. The screen door opens on  
it's own. All hand guns are aimed at Lily as she enters.

LILY  
Put down your weapons.

JENNIFER  
Lily?

LILY  
I'll not tell you again.

HAROLD  
We don't negotiate. Where are my  
other investigators?

LILY  
They didn't put down their  
weapons.

HAROLD  
Dead?

LILY  
You're alone.

The click of safeties going off, Harold's hand gun goes to  
Lily's head.

HAROLD  
I won't hesitate.

LILY  
You too shall join them.

JENNIFER  
Can we talk this out?

LILY  
We don't negotiate.

JENNIFER  
You remember me? It's me,  
Sweetpea!

Lily ignores Jennifer.

LILY  
Put your weapons down.

HAROLD  
Kiss my ass, whore.

Lily dissolves into thin air. The door slams shut.

STEVENS  
What the? Ghosts?

HAROLD  
Shoot to kill.

STEVENS  
Can't kill a ghost.

HAROLD  
Don't believe in ghosts.

STEVENS  
Explain that bitch!

Harold turns to Murph, Mally and Moore.

HAROLD  
Get that bastard back in here. He  
knows something.

The bedroom door is opened in a SWAT attack formation.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Murph, Mally, Moore advance into the room. As Murph, Mally  
move to cover Mercury, sitting at the foot of the bed.  
Moore moves to place his hand gun at Willie's head.

MALLY  
We have more questions.

MURPH  
Advise you to answer them,  
Pardner.

MOORE  
I will not hesitate pulling this  
trigger, he's a serial killer  
anyway.

Mercury stands with his hands up, is led into the kitchen.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Harold and Jennifer stand waiting, Harold offers his chair.

HAROLD  
We have questions.

Mercury remains standing.

MERCURY  
They are called Dryads, Pokka or  
Huldra. Take your pick.

HAROLD  
Speak English.

MERCURY  
Wood Nymphs, most cultures have  
legends about them in one form or  
another.

HAROLD  
How do we kill them?

MERCURY  
You don't.

HAROLD  
Anything alive can be killed.

MERCURY  
I've never seen one die.

HAROLD  
You're what, forty, thirty?

MERCURY  
Born in Duntulm Castle, the year  
1683. Area known as Skye  
Highlands, North Uist, Clan  
Donald.

MURPH  
Oh great, a wacko.

STEVENS  
You're not buying this crap,  
Boss?

HAROLD  
Let him talk, eventually he'll  
stumble. You brought your lady  
friends with you?

STEVENS  
Boss, we don't have a lot of  
time.

HAROLD  
(to Stevens)  
Keep your eyes glued?  
(To Mercury)  
Continue.

MERCURY  
I came to America, became a  
trapper, never left.

HAROLD  
Explains your treasure chest, but  
I don't believe you're over  
forty. Ha, three hundred plus  
bullshit.

JENNIFER  
Is it possible?

HAROLD  
Well?

JENNIFER  
Boss, a fountain of youth would  
be a gold mine!

HAROLD  
Explains the, what you call them?  
Dryads?

MERCURY  
Spirit Gods to several tribes of  
Native Americans, some copied the  
Dryad eating of the beating heart  
as a way to honor those they  
killed. I became their care giver  
when the tribes died out, small  
pox. In exchange for service,  
they gave me eternal youth...

HAROLD  
You gave them...

JENNIFER  
Victims?

MERCURY  
Food.

JENNIFER  
They eat human flesh?

MERCURY  
Black Widow, Praying Mantis.

HAROLD  
Those are insects not mammals.

MERCURY  
You assume their mammals?

HAROLD  
These Dryads, they're not human?

MERCURY  
Don't know, definitely female.  
For some biological reason, they  
need to feed on a human male they  
have had sex with in order to  
have children. Helps the  
fertilization.

HAROLD  
You screw em, you die?

MERCURY  
They need to propagate.

HAROLD  
You ever dip your wick?

MERCURY  
I don't.

JENNIFER  
Women having sex with them?

MALLY  
Now that's a pleasant thought.

MERCURY  
Only male's die after sex.

HAROLD  
So it's dinner after sex?

MERCURY  
I pushed the basic idea on Willie  
of a Swinger's getaway in the  
late eighties. He really needed  
the money. They needed a new  
source, mine was running out.

JENNIFER  
Before that?

MERCURY  
I had dope dealers up here for  
the pot in the sixties through  
the eighties. Before them,  
bootleggers buying moonshine.

HAROLD  
To hell with the history lesson.  
Can we reason with them?

MERCURY  
I'd say they're pretty pissed  
off.

HAROLD  
How do we kill them?

MERCURY

Told you, never seen one die.

HAROLD

Ask you one more time, how do we  
kill them?

MERCURY

And one more time I'll tell you,  
never seen one die.

Harold pulls the trigger on Mercury until his revolver  
chambers are empty. Mercury falls to the ground.

HAROLD

Traitor to the human race.

STEVENS

Nice, Boss.

Jennifer races to Mercury's crumpled body and checks his  
pulse. She looks up to Harold all color draining from her  
face.

JENNIFER

Boss!

Harold reloads his revolver, looking out the window.

STEVENS

Guess he wasn't immortal.

JENNIFER

That was stupid!

PLEASANT

If he was their home boy, could  
be in real shit.

HAROLD

(to Murph at the door)  
What are they doing now?

MURPH

Just standing there. Watching.

HAROLD

You and Stevens. Get that body  
out to the front of the cabin.  
See what they do when we show  
them their dead boy toy.

MURPH

You really want to do that?

HAROLD

When they get close to him, we'll  
see what bullets can do at close  
range.



MURPH  
They aren't gonna be happy about.

HAROLD  
(interrupting)  
Screw their happiness. They live,  
I want to see how they die.  
(Pause a beat)  
How's the ammo supply?

STEVENS  
(smiling)  
We're stocked, boss.

Harold yells out to Moore in the bedroom.

HAROLD  
Moore? That old man giving you  
any trouble?

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Moore lets Willie's head fall to the pillow as he stands.

MOORE  
Unconscious.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Check the window.

Moore walks over to the window, looking out into the growing darkness. Quick blurs of white speed across the window, faster, faster.

MOORE  
Looks deserted, Boss. Wait a  
minute, I see.

A white blur comes to stop directly in front of Moore. Floating. The face in front of Moore is mesmerizing.

He moves closer to the window glass, her eyes promising pleasures unimaginable.

Moore's hands go up to touch the glass.

Hands of the Dryad opposite match his. Moore is hypnotized.

MOORE (CONT'D)  
She is so beautiful.

Two pairs of hands come through the window as if the window were water. Delicate hands weaving in a silent rhythm grasp Moore by the hair, neck in a steel vise.

Moore's body is lifted as if he were as light as a feather, forced through the shattering outward glass, frame of the window.

Moore's screams are cut off suddenly in mid-scream as his feet disappear below the window sill. Blood drips from shards of glass that has cut through his body.

Jennifer, Mally race into the bedroom guns extended.

Moore tries to escape from whatever has him in it's grasp. His shredded hand tries to grasp, slips on the broken glass, window sill covered in blood.

His wrist artery shooting out blood like a garden hose.

Jennifer, Mally dance away from the blood.

Moore's mouth opens into unnatural 'oh'. A delicate hand slides up through Moore's neck, out between the upper, lower teeth, fingers puncturing the eyes, firmly grasping the eye sockets of the skull. The head is jerked back below the window sill in a flash.

Jennifer, Mally fire their weapons hitting only what remains of the shattered window, sill.

JENNIFER

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Jennifer backing out slowly while reloading from the bedroom.

With great pain, Willie tries to sit up.

Mally cautiously moves toward the shattered window slamming another clip into his weapon. He avoids sliding on the bloody floor aiming his weapon at the window. At the window he aims downward with steady hands. He fires his weapon.

Willie turns to see the door slam shut by itself.

Mally turns with his gun aimed first at the door then turns towards Willie. He freezes.

Mally looks down at his stomach. A delicate, feminine hand rips through his stomach, shirt in the front, the index finger motioning him back. Blood starts to pour out from the exit hole around an extended arm protruding from his stomach.

Behind Mally stands a bloodless, beautiful woman in white. She withdraws her hand leaving a hole in Mally's stomach. Mally's internal organs start sliding out the front, back of the hole.

Mally collapses on to the floor.

The woman in white slowly turns to face Willie. She smiles at him.

WILLIE

There is no blood on you?

Willie passes out before an answer can be given.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Pleasant, Harold are moving the kitchen table on its side to block off the bedroom door.

HAROLD

Get that corpse out of here!

Stevens, Murph continue to drag Mercury's body to the screen door. They both leap out with one hand on Mercury's leg, the other holding their weapon searching for a target.

Stevens, Murph race back in. The cabins door is slammed closed, latched.

Pleasant, Murph join Jennifer with Harold at the window. Stevens leans against the kitchen table at the bedroom door.

STEVENS

What's going on out side?

HAROLD

They just stare at the body.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

As the darkness of night approaches, the Dryads stare at Mercury's body, silver tears roll down their cheeks, the wind blows gently at their hair.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

PLEASANT

Think a bullet gets their attention?

JENNIFER

Wait them out, see what they do next.

HAROLD

Maybe they've had enough.

PLEASANT

They just stand there.

STEVENS

Makes me nervous.

JENNIFER

Patience.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In horrible pain, Willie sits up in the bed.

Several DRYADS have joined Lily sitting on the bed facing Willie. Even though the bed sheets are soaked with Willie's blood, the flowing gowns of the Dryads remain spotless, glowing brighter in the advancing darkness.

Lily puts her hand on one of Willie's wounds. Her hands gently massage around the bullet hole. The bullet rises up out of the wound expelled by Willie's body and Lily's gentle massage. Lily places the bullet in Willie's hand, closes his fingers over it.

Willie's eyes are locked onto Lily's as the other Dryads start massaging his other wounds.

LILY

The man you know as Mercury is dead.

Willie's head drops to his chest.

WILLIE

I'm sorry.

LILY

You have nothing to be sorry for. He has waited a long time to have the right to die.

WILLIE

Am I to die?

LILY

You are to replace Mercury and continue his duties. It was his wish. But he wanted you to have a full life first.

WILLIE

I have a choice?

LILY

We all have choices. I hope that you will accept, I look forward to hearing you make music for many years.

WOMAN IN WHITE

We all do.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Harold looks at everyone else in the room, then back to the receiver on the stove.

HAROLD

You all heard that?

LILY (V.O.)

We need to move you.

WILLIE (V.O.)  
Will it hurt?

WOMAN IN WHITE (V.O.)  
Trust, we will ease the pain.

WILLIE (V.O.)  
I trust.

WOMAN IN WHITE (V.O.)  
Then sleep.

WILLIE (V.O.)  
You! When I was eight years old!

LILY (V.O.)  
When you wake, you'll have the  
audience you've always dreamed  
of.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The three Dryads are hovering over Willie. Floating inches above him. Their hands massaging his body. Willie falls back into the bed. His eyes grow heavy, close.

Lily kisses his forehead. The Dryads cover Willie with their bodies. Several more Dryads appear at the open window, watching. Willie, the Dryads become transparent then fade in the moon beams entering through the window.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN KITCHEN/LIVINGROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Pleasant, Murph with automatic weapons stand at either side of the bedroom door.

HAROLD  
Move quickly. They're trying to  
escape.

MURPH  
There are three of 'em.

PLEASANT  
Go low, I'll cut them high at the  
window.

Harold grasps the kitchen table firmly.

HAROLD  
On the count of three? One. Two.

INT. WILLIE'S CABIN BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door is kicked in. Pleasant, Murph, Harold aim their weapons first at empty bed then towards the window.

A lone Dryad stands before the window highlighted by moonlight, turns from looking out the window to face the three men with her arms extended.

LILY

Not a good choice.

They unload their weapons. Bullets splinter the walls, bedroom furniture, turning solid objects into toothpicks.

The bullets enter, exit Lily's body with no damage other than leaving holes on her clothing. The material shreds away from the Dryad's perfect, flawless body like dust motes trapped in a moon beam, scraps of the sparkling material fall to the ground only to be replaced.

The bedroom is quickly reduced to kindle. Chunks of wood, blood splattered sheets flying in all directions.

Lily is joined by other Dryads, a slow transform into banshees of pure fury. Their fingers extend into razor shaped talons, they are upon the three men shredding them in seconds.

Sudden silence except for the kitchen clock ticking.

Lily transforms back into the beautiful wood nymph. She turns to look back at the room behind her. Shredded walls and furniture. Bullet casings at her feet.

The other Dryads revert as well.

LILY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry.

Jennifer walks in with her revolver extended. She sees the Dryads standing before her. They stare at Jennifer, waiting for her to do something.

Jennifer looks down at her feet at the remains of Pleasant, Harold and Murph.

Jennifer's hand holding the revolver drops to her side. She looks up at the wood nymphs letting the gun fall from her fingers to the floor.

JENNIFER

I'm done for?

LILY

You had a choice.

JENNIFER

You're letting me walk out of here?

Lily looks at Jennifer with a saddened nod.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Am I to die?

LILY  
You never should have ran.

JENNIFER  
I don't want to die, now.

LILY  
I know.

Lily extends her hand to Jennifer. Jennifer looks down at the flawed hand.

JENNIFER  
After everything.

LILY  
After everything.

The Dryads surround her, they start to exit through the open window. Clouds part, Moon beams give the room an ethereal dream-like quality.

STEVENS (O.S.)  
(Bitter)  
Cutting out on us? Are we Jennifer?

Jennifer turns slowly back to face the doorway leading to the kitchen/living room.

Stevens stands macho at the doorway with gun stocks jammed into each of his armpits. He slides his back along the wall, reinforced by the doorway frame.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Where's the loyalty to Harold. To the rest of us?

JENNIFER  
Time changes things.

STEVENS  
Bitches stick together?

JENNIFER  
Fuck you.

STEVENS  
Not while I have these.

Stevens pulls the triggers on both weapons. Jennifer is shredded while the wood nymphs look on helpless.

The weapons run dry, dropped with a loud clatter to the floor.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Well, aren't you evil bitches going to rip my body apart?

The Dryads stare at Stevens, emotion drain from their faces.

As one they turn their backs on him. Walk into the beams of moonlight, dissolving into nothingness.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Don't you want revenge? Fuck.

The sounds of police car sirens grow louder in the distance.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Police.

Stevens turns and walks out of the bedroom doorway.

EXT. WILLIE'S CABIN -- NIGHT

Behind the van and cars in Willie's drive way, men wearing jackets with 'F.B.I.', 'A.T.F.' printed in large yellow block letters, 'S.W.A.T.', Police Officers, men in dark suits wait with their firearms extended.

STEVENS  
(Screaming like a  
madman)  
Fucking bitches! I'll kill all of  
you!

Unaware, with a handgun waving in front of him, Stevens runs out of the cabin into a hail of gunfire.

The gunfire stops. Silence for a few beats.

MORT (O.S.)  
Come out with your hands up. Drop  
your weapons. No one will get  
hurt. Drop your weapons. Now.

EXT. WOODS - MOUNTAINS IN BACKGROUND -- DAY

A bubbling brook, birds, faint female laughter. The sound of a guitar floats in the wind like a feather through a pristine panorama of forests with mountains.

A young WILLIE, 16, sitting on a bank by a bubbling stream starts playing his guitar, singing.

FADE TO BLACK.