

# **CornStalkers**

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2nd Draft

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

1

Looking down from above, moving along the tall stalks. At the end of a long row, an odd, shiny object protrudes from the side of the crop.

Closer, discernible. The object is the top of a man's head, resting in his hand; he is fast asleep. This is migrant farm worker, FELIPE, slight and in his 40s - seated at the edge of the crop on a folding chair.

Just around the corner we reveal a dozen or so other MIGRANT FARM WORKERS with sun-beaten faces, on a break. One of the stronger ones, JOSE, 30s, stands and grabs his burlap sack.

JOSE  
(in Spanish)  
Back to work, my friends.

They rise and wrap up lunches as they follow José off to begin work again. Felipe snoozes.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

2

In the pale-blue moonlight, we find Felipe still asleep. A loud, fluttering SOUND awakens him with a start.

He rises. Looks to see the others have gone. Shit.

The fluttering sound again.

Curious, he moves into the cornfield. Creepy.

Following the sound, he moves further in.

He stops. Silence.

He turns to go, but then freezes, sensing something moving. Out of focus, just behind him, the cornstalks begin to part by themselves.

He looks back. Something is there, within this black void. Something moving towards him. A look of pure horror consumes Felipe before his bloodcurdling SCREAM.

SMASH CUT TO:

3

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

3

A screaming man's face, grainy - in close-up. Pull back to reveal the projected image at a drive-in movie theatre.

The end credits of the movie roll.

Title: "30 Years Earlier"

The drive-in theater is full of 60s-era cars.

The cars begin filing out.

Shot of each wheel and quarter-panel reflecting a different color, make and model.

Admiring the cars is VINCENT VON PARK, 15, riding a bicycle and wearing a three-quarter-length white jacket. He waves his flashlight, directing the drive-in traffic while he car-gazes.

A young woman's voice is heard.

JESS (V.O.)  
Murphy, California. 1966. My  
grandfather was fifteen and a drive-  
in movie parking attendant. It was  
the perfect gig for him, since he  
loved cars. All he wanted to do was  
be around them. He knew all the  
makes and models. Could draw 'em  
too. He was this amazing artist.

INSERT - DRAWINGS

Several signed color drawings slide into frame:

A blown '57 Chevy.

A lowered Chrysler.

A soft-top Roadster with racing slicks.

BACK TO SCENE

Pedaling fast on his bicycle, Von Park maneuvers adeptly between the poles that hold the speakers.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. VON PARK PAINT-SHOP - DAY

4

An air-compressor pumps away loudly. Spray-painting a perfect color gradation on a masked-off hot-rod fender, is FOURTY-FIVE YEAR OLD VINCENT VON PARK.

JESS (V.O.)

By the age of 45, Vincent Von Park was a well-known hot rod painter. Reinvented the custom car craze with his amazing paint jobs and signature pinstriping.

Other CLASSIC CARS reflecting Von Park's artistry are parked in the background.

JESS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was a single dad raising my father, Grady Von Park.

A handsome GRADY VON PARK, 17, enters the shop with a socket-wrench.

JESS (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Neither of whom I knew about - until I was twenty. But we'll get to that.

Grady's tall with a shock of blond hair. His sinewy physique is exposed by the greasy, white wife-beater he has on. A tattoo on his left shoulder reads "MOM".

GRADY

(yelling over the compressor)  
Looks cool, Dad!

Von Park switches off the compressor.

GRADY (CONT'D)

With black pinstriping that'll be bitchin'. Hey, where's yer metric socket set, can I borrow it?

Von Park motions to his toolbox.

VINCENT VON PARK

It's in the bottom drawer.

Grady looks inside - then takes the entire toolbox with him and leaves.

GRADY

Thanks Dad.

Von Park smiles, shaking his head. Starts the compressor again.

5 EXT. VON PARK PAINT SHOP - DAY 5

We follow Grady out of the paint-shop, through a wooden side gate and into the front yard. He moves to an open garage door where we meet CARLOS, 18 - head bobbing up and down to a rock song, his large 'fro bouncing as he fine-tunes the radio.

6 INT. VON PARK GARAGE - DAY 6

Grady hands Carlos the toolbox. They're working on a racing engine in an old Ford under shop lights.

CARLOS

Man, you're lucky you can use your dad's tools. I ain't got shit at my place.

GRADY

After Linda has the baby, we're gonna get married and rent a house with a garage. My dad says I can have all his old tools. I be stylin'.

A rumbling sound. The boys' heads turn.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Shit.

7 EXT. VON PARK GARAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 7

Several flashy hot rods pull up, leaving room in the middle for a black, sleek-looking, chopped '32 Deuce Coupe with a dropped front axle. The exposed engine: a shiny, tunnel-ram with chrome dual carburetors sits atop a full race engine. It's a monster.

Driving the car is TARA REVELL, A.K.A. TARANTULA, a tatted, bad ass brunette in her 30s. She's the leader of the Black Knights car club, and infatuated with all things arachnid.

Grady sniffs the air.

GRADY

(sotto)

Hmm, nitro. Nice.

The Deuce rumbles to a stop. The engine diesels, then shuts off. Grady chuckles, shooting Carlos a look; Carlos gets it.

Tarantula gets out. Grady sobers.

Her painted-on leathers creak as she strides up to Grady. Black spider tats run up both her arms.

TARANTULA  
(motioning to her posse)  
Sorry about dropping in like this.

She sees a rare model A front end, hanging on the wall.

TARANTULA (CONT'D)  
Wow, those are pretty hard to find.

Carlos notices LUG, 30s, one of Tara's goons, exiting his chopped and channeled '49 Merc. Lug steps into the street. Shirtless and overly-ripped, he stands guard.

Carlos is watching him. On Lug's death-eyes. Carlos awkwardly looks away.

TARANTULA (CONT'D)  
Great space you got here.

GRADY  
My dad's house.

From behind her head, a large black TARANTULA crawls down and stops on her ample chest.

Carlos jumps back, dropping his five-sixteenths ratchet.

CARLOS  
Hijo de la chingada!

TARANTULA  
Oh, ha. My little Pal.

GRADY  
Little?

TARANTULA  
(fondly, at the spider)  
I breed them, you know.

She carefully pets it. Grady and Carlos gulp.

TARANTULA (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Listen, I was hoping to recruit you  
to work on my Coupe.  
(MORE)

TARANTULA (CONT'D)

We race the Nipomo chapter of the Pharaohs next month. Unsanctioned - for cruising territory rights.

(motioning to her car)

You're the best mechanic around, Grady. Bet you could squeeze a few more horses out of her. I'd pay you.

Grady shakes his head as he wipes his hands with a shop rag.

TARANTULA (CONT'D)

We represent Sisquoc Valley, man.

GRADY

There's no we.

Her smile fades - eyes narrow. She motions with her hand and the tarantula retreats into her hair.

GRADY (CONT'D)

'Sides, I'd be shooting myself in the foot - say good-bye to all my legit clients, when they find out I've been wrenching for the Black Knights car club. No way.

TARANTULA

Well, we'll see how you feel after we make this our favorite street to race on. Oh, your neighbors are gonna love you.

VINCENT VON PARK (O.C.)

No they won't.

They all look over to Von Park, who stands by the open wooden gate. Lug begins to approach but Tara waves him back.

TARANTULA

The famous painter, Vincent Von Park.

VINCENT VON PARK

Let's make a deal, Tara: I paint your Coupe and you leave Grady and me alone - you know what my paint jobs are worth.

Tara gives him a long look as we cut to:

8

INT. PAINT-SHOP - NIGHT

8

Grady comes in. Von Park is masking off the windows on Tara's roadster, prepping it for paint.

GRADY

This is my fault, Dad. I'm really sorry. I'm an asshole.

VINCENT VON PARK

You made the right decision - I'm proud of you, son.

GRADY

But this is so much work for you.

VINCENT VON PARK

Truth is, my pal from Murphy PD told me Tara and her merry band of parolees were somehow connected to those hot rod murders along Highway 67 back in Arkansas. The way I see it, if painting her Coupe gets her outta here, good riddance.

GRADY

Holy shit.

VINCENT VON PARK

Hopefully she loses the race and their cruising territory.

GRADY

You heard that?

VINCENT VON PARK

Yeah, I was standing behind the gate.

GRADY

I don't know. Thing's pretty fast as is I bet. Well, 'night Dad. And thanks.

VINCENT VON PARK

Night, Son. Love you.

Grady leaves. Von Park goes to begin painting again, but then stops.

He pulls back the newspaper covering the huge engine -

Von Park, thinking.



Transition off Tara's engine to:

9

EXT. STREET RACE - NIGHT

9

The same engine, on and revving.

Pull out to reveal Von Park's masterful paint job: A French-curve feast of pinstriping and cobwebs over lacquered gradations of black to a crimson-red. Also painted on the driver's side-door is an awesome, black spider - a real showpiece.

Tarantula adjusts her helmet then grips the wheel tight.

Another hot-rod pulls up alongside her.

Between the cars walks MANGO, 30s. A female James Dean - takes no prisoners. Strides between the cars holding up her arms.

A group of toughed-out ONLOOKERS stand nearby - members of opposing clubs standing on opposite sides: The Pharaohs Car Club on one side, Black Knights on the other.

Mango's arms drop. Both clutches pop and tires break rubber, screeching away.

As Tarantula powers through all four gears, she pulls ahead. Suddenly, a loud tapping sound comes from her engine. Then BOOM!

THE DEUCE COUPE THROWS A ROD! The BLOWER EXPLODES off the top of her engine, sending a torrent of FLAMING NITROMETHANE whooshing backwards into her face.

The small crowd gasps in horror as the Knights run to her aid.

DISSOLVE TO:

10

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - TARA'S P.O.V. BEHIND GAUZE

10

Mango and Lug, at her bedside. Their faces tell the story - pure horror.

Reverse on Tarantula is the same. Horrible burns on most of her face, gauze over one eye. Missing spots of hair.

Her burnt hands flip through pictures of the accident. Out of focus, in the background of one of the stills, are Von Park and Grady.

## TARANTULA

You son-of-a-bitch. You sabotaged  
my car.

Hatred fills her eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. VON PARK GARAGE - NIGHT 11

Grady is working on a car by himself. The song playing on the radio ends.

## DISC JOCKEY (V.O.)

You're up late on a Saturday night  
with The Jaybird on KRMW-93. Twelve  
midnight. Next up is Wilson Pickett  
with "Midnight Hour".

Grady hears a big-block engine take off outside. He hits a button on the wall which automatically opens the large garage-door overhead. Investigates. Nothing. Hmm?

Reenters. Hits button again, closing the garage door.

Before the door closes, we see several jumbo size black widows scurry in. Grady doesn't notice them.

12 INT. VON PARK GARAGE - NIGHT - LATER 12

Grady continues working on the engine. One of the spiders slowly emerges. It begins crawling up Grady's back.

He feels it. Turns. Just as it bites him, he bats it away with his wrench.

Grady immediately begins to get dizzy, losing his footing and falling to the floor, the paralysis almost instant.

Dozens more spiders come from all over, crawling on him and biting him. He can't even scream. Conscious but paralyzed, Grady watches in utter horror as they inject him with their poison.

13 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 13

Von Park grieves by a gravesite with a dozen or so friends.

A young girl is there, holding a baby. This is LINDA, Grady's would-be wife. Homely and looking lost, she pats the baby to keep it from fussing.

The PASTOR finishes a prayer.

PASTOR  
 May Grady always be remembered, and  
 may he forever rest in peace. Amen.

Closes his bible. He slowly approaches Von Park.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
 I'm so sorry for your loss.

VINCENT VON PARK  
 Thank you, Pastor.

Von Park notices Tarantula in the distance with some of her goons. If looks could kill.

VINCENT VON PARK (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Spiderous bitch.

Tara and her Knights begin to leave. As she passes Von Park, their eyes connect for a brief moment of suppressed rage.

Slowly the mourners begin leaving too. Von Park goes to Linda. No words.

He touches the baby's cheek, then turns and leaves.

Push on the baby's eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

14 INT. USC EDIT BAY - DAY

14

The same EYES, but now twenty-years-old. Eyes that bare the same creative spark as her father's .

TITLE: "TWENTY YEARS LATER"

Meet JESSICA "JESS" DUFFY, a first-year film student. Her plain looks mask her real wit and savvy. A bit of a fashion risk, and obviously not big on hair or make-up. Her shirt reads "Reality is for people who can't handle film."

She expertly edits an action sequence on her computer.

ON SCREEN:

We follow Jess's workflow. She samples from a bank of different sounding gunshot sound effects. Picks one and pulls it into the edit.

She plays a cheesy clip of an amateur actor doing a so-so death scene - falling back in his chair against a wall and reacting to an imaginary gunshot blast. Terrible.

Within seconds, she adds the blood splatter on the wall, the sound effect of the gunshot, a scream synced to the actor's mouth opening, and a muzzle flash visual effect on the gun.

Plays it. The death scene has come to life!

JESS  
(to herself)  
Devil's in the details.

NICOLE, a tomboy type in her 20's, watches. She's bold, blond and confident. She picks up a storyboard Jess created. Several hand-drawn panels smartly depict the action of the scene. It's great.

NICOLE  
Good save, Jess.

JESS  
Thanks, Nicole.

Nicole walks off. As she's leaving -

NICOLE  
You should post your storyboards,  
too. Get a buzz going.

An email notification PINGS with Jess's name on it.

Subject heading: *COUNTY REGISTRAR*. She opens it.

The first line reads; *"Jessica, we regret to inform you that we cannot furnish you with your birth certificate. It has been SEALED."*

Jess grabs her cell. She opens a text message to "MOM".

JESS (TEXT)  
Do you know why my birth  
certificate is sealed?

Her cell DINGS.

MOM (TEXT)

Why do you want your birth certificate? -- When you come home we can talk about it.

JESS (TEXT)

Ok see you later. (heart emoji)

15 INT. CAR - DAY

15

Jess sits in the passenger seat, traveling in Martina's Ford Focus.

Driving is MARTINA, who is 20, and damaged like her car's front-end. A flair for dramatics. Psychically plugged in, or so she says.

MARTINA

Sealed? Maybe 'cuz it's the original? All you need is a copy we can alter for the DMV, and cheers, we be clubbin' girl.

JESS

I'm sure it's not a problem - I don't think. My mom will know what's up.

16 EXT. JESS'S HOUSE - DAY

16

Martina pulls up and parks.

17 INT. GARAGE OF JESS'S HOUSE - DAY

17

JACK, Jess's father, a man in his 50s, is organizing the messy garage. It's full of props and amateur movie-making equipment. He sees Jess and Martina pull up.

JACK

(sotto)  
Oh shit.

18 INT. MARTINA'S CAR - DAY

18

Martina looks at her phone.

MARTINA

I'm gonna wait here and check out your rough cut. Can't wait to see what you did with the kill scene.

JESS

Cool. I won't be long.

She exits the car. Their Dachshund, DOC, is excited to see Jess. She picks him up.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hi Doc! Oh, how's my buddy?

She sets him down and heads for the open garage door, where Jack is working.

Jack is looking for a spot to place a miniature, foam-core haunted house. He places it next to a moss-covered cage with a fake, rotted zombie inside.

Jess's little brother, THOMAS, is 12. He's in the garage as well, playing in a full-body foam raptor suit with an astronaut riding it. His upper body is the astronaut rider, and his lower body is the raptor's legs.

JESS (CONT'D)

(to Thomas)

Take that off you little klepto. I may need it for a reshoot.

THOMAS

No you don't. Come on. It's so cool.

JESS

Cooler than you'll ever be. Take it off. You're getting your boy-smell all over it.

JACK

You're just in time to help me. I have this dream about actually parking my car in here, someday.

JESS

I can't, Dad. Mom wants to see me, and Martina and I are scouting locations today.

Jack sees Martina in her car. Waves. She waves back. Jess opens the inside garage door to the house and goes inside.

JACK

(yelling to her)

Hey, how 'bout we at least put a moratorium on adding any more stuff - it's like the Indiana Jones warehouse scene in here.

JESS (O.S.)

I'll try.

Thomas follows her in.

19 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

19

Jess walks down the hallway, Thomas shuffling behind her.

JESS

Mom?

MOM (O.S.)

Back here.

THOMAS

(to Jess)

What did you think of my sketches  
for the zombie pit?

JESS

I thought they were very childish  
yet amateurish.

THOMAS

As always, you inspire me to  
greatness.

JESS

But the last one you sent did kinda  
nail it.

Thomas brightens.

THOMAS

Really?!

Keeping her smile to herself, Jess knows she's just made his  
millennium. Excited, he bolts back down the hall to his  
bedroom.

JESS

(yelling to Thomas)

Can you at least use a photo  
reference? Looks like you drew it  
with your foot.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Yes!

20

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

20

Moving into the dining room is Jess's Mom, LINDA, a tired housewife in her late 30s. She removes an apron and folds it.

LINDA

Hi, honey. Come on in.

She ushers Jess into their dining room and closes the doors behind her.

JESS

What's going on?

Linda sits at the dining table, across from Jess. Jack enters too and sits. Jess is really puzzled now.

JESS (CONT'D)

Can somebody please tell me what's going on?

LINDA

Why do you want your birth certificate?

JESS

Am I in trouble?

JACK

No, sweetie.

JESS

Um, well, Martina and I are planning a trip to Mexico when we turn 21. Her parents have a time-share down there. So, I wanted to get a passport.

LINDA

(relieved)

Oh, I see. Um, that's good, how - fun.

Beat. Linda takes a breath.

LINDA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ho boy.

She looks to Jack - no help.

JESS

What is it, Mom? Why is my birth certificate sealed?



LINDA

I need to share something with you that I probably should have shared a long time ago. I'll be right back.

Linda gets up and leaves the room.

JESS

Daddy, what's going on?

JACK

(stalling)

I -

Linda returns with a photo album.

LINDA

Jessica, honey - I don't know any other way to say it - I'm your real mother, Dad, Dad - he's your adoptive father.

JESS

What?!

JACK

I'm sorry we didn't tell you.

JESS

Wait. Adopted. I'm adopted?! But, who's my real father, then?

LINDA

He died before you were born.

JESS

How?

LINDA

(painfully hesitating)

He - he was poisoned. I was heart-broken. But, in time - I met Jack and we got married. You were about three. Jack just fell in love with you.

This is all too much for Jess to take in.

Jack reaches out to hold Jess's hand - she pulls it away. She's obviously hurt.

JACK

I just couldn't stand the idea of being your stepfather. I wanted to be your father.

LINDA

So, see, he adopted you.

Linda and Jack smile, simultaneously - hoping for the best.

Jess has no words.

Linda slides the photo album over to her and opens it.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(indicating the album)

This is your birth father. He was only seventeen when he died. His name was Grady. Grady Von Park.

INSERT - PHOTO

A faded Polaroid of GRADY VON PARK, 17, next to a hot rod.

BACK TO SCENE

JESS

(emotional, floored)

Mom!

Jess stands.

LINDA

That's why your birth certificate was sealed. I'm - I'm sorry.

Jess's eyes well up. She begins slowly turning the pages of the photo album.

JESS

Why have you never told me this??

LINDA

I don't know. Maybe I wanted Jack to feel like your primary father - I had already lost your dad. It was selfish, I admit. But ...

Linda's words become muffled. We hear her voice over the faded photographs of Grady and their brief life together. Jess's reality is spiraling. Stills of her grandfather, Vincent Von Park are there too.

LINDA (V.O.)  
 That's your grandfather, Vincent Von Park. He was an artist, like you. He loved cars like your father did. He up and disappeared after your father's funeral.

Jess snaps, crying. Jess takes the album and puts it in her purse.

JESS  
 You knew how disconnected I've felt. You knew! And yet you said nothing.

Jess opens the door and storms out.

JACK  
 Jess -

LINDA  
 Please, honey -

Linda touches Jack's arm; he looks hurt.

21 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 21

As Jess storms into her room, Thomas pokes his head in and sees how upset she is.

THOMAS  
 What's wrong, Jess?

Jess doesn't answer. Sobbing, she grabs a duffel bag and begins filling it with clothes from her dresser. Linda enters.

LINDA  
 Honey -

JESS  
NO! No, this is on you! You have to own this one.

Jess picks up her duffel bag and heads to the door.

She stops, picks up Doc. Gives him a big hug and she's gone.

Linda stands, bewildered.

22 EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS 22

Jess heads for Martina's car, throwing her duffel bag in the back. Martina can see how upset she is and shoves the Focus in gear. The door slams shut and Martina punches it.

23 INT. MARTINA'S CAR - DAY 23

Martina cranks the song on the radio. "Dizz-Knee-Land" by Dada blares.

DADA (ON RADIO)  
 "I just ran away from home  
 Now I'm going to dizz-knee-land."

Jess is sobbing. Martina pulls a fifth of gin out from under the seat and removes the cap. Hands it to Jess who tosses back a huge swig.

DADA (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
 "I just tossed a fifth of gin  
 Now I'm going to dizz-knee-land."

Martina knocks one back, as well.

JESS  
 (to Martina)  
 Mixing Gin and depression meds? Is  
 that a good idea?

MARTINA  
 That's a rhetorical question,  
 right?

24 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 24

A creepy, low-to-the-ground angle, moving down the corridor of an ominous cornfield, bathed in moonlight.

25 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25

Martina and Jess are a little buzzed. The bottle, almost empty.

They both sit, taking everything out of the photo album. Martina holds up a picture of Grady.

MARTINA

Well, we can finally see where you got your dark hair and blue eyes from. What did your dad - I mean, what did Jack say?

JESS

He just said he didn't want to be my stepdad - he wanted to be my real dad.

MARTINA

That is kinda sweet, don't you think?

JESS

(upset)

Shouldn't I get a say? I think my real grandfather's still out there somewhere.

Martina puts her hands on Jess's shoulders. Her understanding look brings Jess back.

Martina turns and grabs her laptop. Jess holds another photo up.

JESS (CONT'D)

This must have been his friend, Carlos Yeggy. His name is written on the back. I've seen him in several shots.

MARTINA

(looking at her screen)

I got nothing on a Grady Von Park.

Jess holds up a picture of Vincent Von Park - his name is written on the back.

JESS

How 'bout a Vincent Von Park?

Martina types it in.

MARTINA

Found him.

(reading)

Whereabouts unknown... Considered the number one artist of the custom car craze... A very successful custom car painter.

Martina shows her a picture online of Von Park next to one of his masterful custom paint jobs on an expensive hot rod. Jess smiles.

JESS

Wonder where he is?

Martina picks up a photo.

MARTINA

Hey, Chrome Craft Auto. It's in the background of this photo of Carlos. The same logo is on his shirt. Maybe he and your dad worked together?

She types some more.

MARTINA CONT'D)

You're in luck. Looks like it's still in business. Murphy, California's about an hour from here.

Off Jess's reaction we DISSOLVE to:

26 EXT. CHROME CRAFT AUTO - DAY 26

Establishing shot. Martina and Jess enter the work garage.

They pass a line of SWEATY GUYS wrenching on cars. Grease monkeys' eyes follow them to an office.

27 INT. CHROME CRAFT OFFICE - DAY - LATER 27

CARLOS YEGGY, 40s, the owner, talks with Jess and Martina. Framed pictures are hung over his desk. Jess notices one of Grady and Carlos when they were young. Jess also notices Grady wearing a Saint Christopher Medal on a chain around his neck.

CARLOS

I'm glad you came. Sorry you just found out. This must be difficult for you.

They share understanding smiles.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Your dad was my first friend, growing up here in Murphy.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

After he died, I never heard from your mom again. Sad. I still miss him.

JESS

What was he like?

CARLOS

He was funny. Cracked me up. I'll tell ya, he was quite the mechanic, and he knew it - cocky son-of-a-bitch. Guy was going places too. His dad was so proud of him. You know your grandfather?

JESS

Only of him. Vincent Von Park. A famous artist.

CARLOS

(jotting down a name)

I know this collector who has several of his cars.

Hands her the paper.

JESS

Thanks. Yeah, I read he was well known.

CARLOS

Around here he was more well known for the murder of an entire car club. Got away with it too.

JESS

Holy shit. What happened?

CARLOS

Tell ya what, let's take a little drive together. Follow me. I need to show you the cornfield. And you need to know about Tarantula.

JESS AND MARTINA

Tarantula?

Off their looks we cut to:

28 EXT. MURPHY, CALIFORINA - ROAD - MARTINA'S CAR - DAY 28

The sun sets on Jess & Martina as they follow Carlos who drives his 1940s Willys Coupe Deluxe.

They travel through farmlands and vineyards.

29 EXT. MURPHY TOWN - NIGHT 29

They slowly drive through the dilapidated old town of Murphy.

They pull up and park alongside a large, gated, dead cornfield. They get out.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT 30

The three of them walk along.

JESS

So my grandfather was convinced  
Tarantula had something to do with  
my dad's death.

CARLOS

Yes. And on Halloween night - he  
led her and the rest of her club to  
their deaths, right here. Seven  
people in all died. Including  
Tarantula. Check it out.

Near the chain-link gate at the entrance of the cornfield,  
Carlos pulls out a pocket flashlight and shows them a plaque  
etched in the sidewalk cement. They all gather around.

It reads, *"Rest In Peace - The Black Knights. Seven souls  
lost. Tara, Lug, Mango, Gensen, Sugar, Teddy, and Diver -  
10/31/96"*

Martina shoots a picture of it.

JESS

How did he murder them?

CARLOS

No one knows. Police couldn't pin  
it on him. All the details of their  
deaths were covered up. Total  
mystery.



31 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - LATER

31

Carlos is just getting in his car. Waves. Jess waves back.

JESS

Thank you, Carlos. Take care.

MARTINA

(looking through the chain-link gate)

I feel a definite presence here. I've always had a sense about these things.

JESS

I know.

JESS (CONT'D)

Your mother was a psychic.

MARTINA

My mother was a psychic.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

No, seriously, this place is haunted. Ugh, the energy here is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Jess turns and heads for the car.

JESS

Yeah, well, I'm freezing.

Jess glances back. Martina is squeezing through the gate.

JESS (CONT'D)

Martina! What are you doing?!

32 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

32

It's an unkempt CORN MAZE. Jess catches up with Martina.

MARTINA

Oh, it's a corn maze - how cool.

She runs off around a corner.

JESS

Martina, c'mon!

Jess follows after her, rounds the corner - and she's gone.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Martina? This isn't funny. It's  
cold.

It's creepy looking down the dark corridors of the maze.

Tracking with Jess, through the cornstalks, she can barely make out a teenage male figure wearing a white wife-beater undershirt. HIS SKIN IS COVERED IN HIDEOUS BITES. We see glimpses of a Saint Christopher Medal around the figure's neck.

Jess is suddenly breathless and terrified. Hands clasped to her face, eyes welling, she shudders as chills reverberate down her spine. IS THIS AN APPARITION OF HER DAD?!

She slowly rounds the corner to get a better look - but there is nothing there.

Freezes, sensing something behind her. She slowly turns.

Jess can hear something is coming, creeping up through the corn. Something large. The cornstalks slowly part like a curtain, revealing only blackness within. Whatever is holding back the cornstalks is there, looking out - at her!

It begins to emit a low, guttural chirping sound, causing Jess to scream.

She turns to run but slams into Martina.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!!! Go. Go!! GO!

They bolt.

The cornstalks slowly close.

33 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

33

Sitting with Martina and Jess are their film group buddies:

DILLON is 21. Thankfully, his ego hasn't caught up with his good looks yet. He has a taste for anything techie and is the group's director of photography.

Looking through Martina's DVD collection on the floor is DANNY, 19. He's tall and slender and the resident skeptic of the group. He's also the group's sound guy.

Jess dabs her eyes with a tissue. Dillon dotes over her, which clearly makes her uneasy.

Martina sets a shot down in front of Jess.

DILLON

Jess, are you sure you're ok?

JESS

(obviously not)  
I'm fine, Dillon. Really.

MARTINA

Nicole's on her way.  
(to Dillon)  
We went inside the cornfield.

Danny holds up a DVD.

DANNY

The Dirty Dozen! Martina, this is  
like one of my dad's movies.  
(finds another)  
Billy Jack! What? Really?

MARTINA

Those are actually Jess's. I  
borrowed them.

JESS

(shrugs)  
You wanna swim in the water you  
gotta get wet. You gotta know the  
classics or you'll be lost during  
the Q&As at film festivals.

DILLON

(to Jess, concerned)  
You went inside the cornfield?

JESS

Yeah. Just to see. I don't know. It  
was stupid.

MARTINA

No, it wasn't. It was cool. Tell  
them what happened.  
(off her silence)  
She thinks she saw her real dad.  
The ghost of her real dad.

DANNY

Whaaat?

JESS

For real.

DANNY  
As if...

MARTINA  
Tell 'em 'bout the other thing.

JESS  
No.

Jess takes her shot glass and goes to the couch. Following, Dillon hovers.

DANNY  
Isn't Murphy out by Santa Ynez?  
It's like farmland and shit, right?

Dillon pulls his laptop from his backpack.

DILLON  
What other thing happened, Jess?  
Tell me.

Jess shoots Martina a look.

JESS  
It was nothing. Really.

DILLON  
(annoyed)  
Forget it. I'm just concerned,  
Jess.

Dillon joins Danny on the floor.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Maybe I shouldn't be.

Jess sighs. An awkward beat.

Suddenly, Nicole bursts in the door. They all jump.

JESS  
Goddamit!

NICOLE  
Sorry.

Danny gets up and gives Nicole a hug and kiss.

DANNY  
Hey, Babe.

JESS  
Hi Nikki.

NICOLE

Hi Danny. Hi Guys. Jess, are you ok? Oh my god, you poor thing. I got the 411 on your dad. I'm so sorry.

JESS

I'm ok, I swear. It's just a lot to take in.

NICOLE

Gives new meaning to the phrase, "you don't know Jack".

MARTINA

Nicole, really.

NICOLE

Eh, sorry - too soon?

MARTINA

And she saw her real dad's ghost in the cornfield.

NICOLE

Shut the front door!

DILLON

(on his laptop)

Murphy, California. Can't find anything about a corn maze, but here's something. "Twelve Missing Teens over Ten Years in Murphy." That's an interesting headline.

(to Martina)

What year did all those people die in Murphy?

MARTINA

1996. Why?

DILLON

Because, these twelve kids are all unsolved cases starting from 1996 to a couple years ago. All started the year Tarantula's crew died. Coincidence, or kids gone missing in a haunted corn maze?

They all begin to take this in.

NICOLE  
 (on her cell)  
 Amber should be hearing this. This  
 is what writers feed on.

DANNY  
 (announcer voice)  
 Next on Paranormal.

MARTINA  
 (to Dillon)  
 Be so dope for our next film.

DILLON  
 Screenplay competition deadline for  
 submissions is next Friday. First  
 place is fifteen-hundred bucks!

JESS  
 Guys, this is about my dad and a  
 bunch of other people who died! And  
 my grandfather might have been  
 responsible. Or is that not close  
 enough to home for you to qualify  
 as insensitive?

NICOLE  
 Don't worry, we'll switch things  
 around - change the names.

JESS  
 We are not making a fucking movie  
 about this!!

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

Close on Dillon.

DILLON  
 How 'bout we call it "The Haunted  
 Corn Maze"?

Nicole, Danny, Dillon, Martina, and Jess are setting up to  
 shoot a scene for one of their small-potatoes films. Dillon  
 adjusts a camera on a tripod and Danny has a boom mic with  
 headphones on.

DANNY  
 That blows.

Jess hears Dillon and Danny talking. Jess rolls her eyes.

JESS  
Guys, give it a rest.

NICOLE  
It's just that, rarely do we all agree on any one thing.

MARTINA  
(to Jess)  
She has a point, Jess. I'm into it. I mean, I think we all are. That is, except, you.

JESS  
Martina, this is my real life.

MARTINA  
I know it is. But it's not about you or your dad. (beat) Ok, the movie's about you and your dad.

JESS  
See.

MARTINA  
Let's just scout the location tonight. Together. See where the story goes. It'll be fun for us. C'mon, we'll get cannoli on the way home.

JESS  
I'll go but only to protect you idiots from doing something stupid. Place gives me the creeps.

35 INT. DANNY'S VAN - NIGHT

35

Inside are: Nicole, Danny, Dillon, Martina, and Jess. Danny drives. Jess is obviously bugged. Danny looks back at Dillon.

DANNY  
Dude, what are you doing?

Dillon is getting out his camcorder.

DILLON  
Relax. Just shooting some B-roll.  
(to Martina)  
I think, for a title, I like simply *Cornstalkers*. One word. Boom.

NICOLE  
Mister marketing. Nice!

Secret handshake.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Amber is already writing something.

DILLON  
For the competition? Really? What?

DANNY  
You can ask her yourself.

Danny pulls to the curb. AMBER, a young Korean woman in her 20's, gets in and tosses a few hugs about. She takes off her backpack and finds a seat.

NICOLE  
Bastard Amber! What up, girl?

AMBER  
Cinema baby.

They all laugh except for Jess. Amber touches Jess's shoulder.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry about yer - your  
dads.

Jess gives her a brief smile.

MARTINA  
(to Amber)  
What's the tagline?

Amber pulls a paper from her bag.

AMBER  
(reading)  
"They're trapped in a deadly maze.  
And tonight, they'll learn a new  
meaning of the term 'dead end'."  
And I thought we could call it that  
too. Dead End.

DILLON  
Been used.

MARTINA  
Probably. But it pulls me in - I  
like it.



AMBER

I started a synopsis. I love the basic story but I'm still discovering what it's about.

Jess finally pipes up.

JESS

I know what it's about.

All eyes on Jessica.

JESS (CONT'D)

It's about a daughter looking for the ghost of her deceased father in a corn maze.

A silence falls over them as they ride along.

36

EXT. CORN MAZE - LATER

36

Nicole, Danny, Dillon, Martina, Amber and Jess walk slowly along inside the maze. Dillon shoots B-roll. It's eerily quiet.

DILLON

(whispering)

Great location. I'm in.

MARTINA

(playing voiceover)

It's a playground for the dead.

Martina makes eye contact with Amber. Mimics writing. Amber pulls out a note pad and begins jotting down Martina's words.

Martina notices Danny is trying to keep Nicole warm, rubbing her arms.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

(playing voiceover)

And don't be surprised if the hairs on your arms stand up.

Amber, smiling, writing it down - getting it all.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

It's the negative energy here. I can feel - eyes watching - from all directions.

Jess is looking for the spot where she saw her dad.

Danny picks up a wadded-up paper on the ground.

INSERT - FLYER FOR CORN MAZE

A faded parchment paper flyer reads, "Murphy Halloween Corn Maze. Find the center if you dare."

BACK TO SCENE

DANNY

Wow, it's last year's flyer for the corn maze. Listen to this. Says, "The farmer worked with GPS technology to create this maze."

DILLON

Cool.

DANNY

Says it's a one-of-a-kind maze and few have gotten all the way to the center. It's almost impossible.

From under his coat, Dillon pulls out a small drone.

DILLON

Nothing's impossible.

They all smile and snicker.

Dillon syncs the drone with his iPhone and it takes off.

37

EXT. CORN MAZE - LATER

37

The DRONE'S P.O.V.: rising above the cornfield maze.

INSERT - ON DILLON'S IPHONE

The drone's P.O.V. shows the center of the maze and their proximity to it.

BACK TO SCENE

DILLON

Ok, make a left up here.

The group picks up the pace.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Now past the next two rights - That's right. Keep going straight.

AMBER  
This is so cool.

It's a series of twists and turns.

DILLON  
Alright. Left up here and we should  
see it.

As they round the corner, it reveals a dead end.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
(looking at his phone)  
That's so weird. This is supposed  
to be the corridor to the center.

They all look over Dillon's shoulder at his phone.

INSERT - IPHONE - DRONE CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The group sees the maze center and themselves. Then they notice SEVERAL SHADOWY FIGURES around a corner, behind them, closing in.

BACK TO SCENE

They all turn, anticipating whatever is about to round the corner and confront them. They begin backing up. Dillon brings the drone back. They turn and bolt, making random lefts and random rights, not knowing where they're going.

They finally stop to catch their breath. Nicole is with Danny and Martina.

NICOLE  
(to Danny)  
Does it say on the flyer how to get  
the fuck outta here?

The CLANK of heavy-gauge chain can be heard in the cornfield.

DILLON  
Shit!

It's coming from all directions now.

Danny, Martina and Nicole cut and run. Dillon and Jessica take off in the other direction, leaving Amber frozen in terror.

Amber hears the whirling sound of something cutting through the air. Turns.

From out of nowhere, a heavy chain catches her around the neck. The ends of the chain whip around with a pulverizing thud, that topples Amber out of frame.

Dillon and Jess run past another maze corridor. As they pass, Jess sees a flash of her dad at the end. She stops. Then, slowly goes back to look. Nothing. Dillon comes to get her but as they turn to go they come face to face with Danny and Nicole, letting out a scream.

ALL  
Ahhhhhhhh!

DANNY  
Jesus Christ!

NICOLE  
Don't do that!

JESS  
Where's Amber?

NICOLE  
I didn't see her.

Catching their breath. Dillon looks around.

DILLON  
Oh, shit. Must have dropped my  
drone.  
(to Jess)  
I'll catch up.

Dillon heads off.

JESS  
Dillon!

DILLON  
I'll be right back.

With Dillon, as he backtracks, looking for his drone.

Dillon begins to see blood on the ground. Now he sees fresh, unusually wide, tire tracks! Stops.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

His breathing has become labored. He turns and finds his drone on the ground. Happily, he picks it up.

The sudden SOUND of a TRAIN coming gets his attention.

White smoke begins to emerge from the cornstalks. He sees this and begins to freak out.

Lights coming from all directions.

It's getting louder. Panicking, Dillon trips on something under his feet. Looks. Beneath the hay on the ground, he's standing on railroad tracks! He looks up in horror.

At that moment, from the darkness, A FREIGHT TRAIN IS SUDDENLY ON HIM! He leaps out of the way at the last second.

Panting, he steps backwards away from the speeding train into an intersection of the corn maze.

But the deafening sound of the passing train has drowned out the sound of a driverless, PHANTOM SPEEDING HOT ROD that roars by and in a spray of blood, takes Dillon out.

38

EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

38

Unaware of what has just happened to Dillon and Amber, Jess, Martina, Nicole, and Danny slowly move through the maze. Jess grabs the flyer from Danny.

They stumble into a wide central corridor. The hay on the ground is red here. A back-lit scarecrow on a cross is at the darkened far end of the corridor.

Jess, reading the flyer, stops. She whispers firmly.

JESS

Shit! That's Tarantula!

MARTINA

What?!

JESS

I swear to God, it says it right here. That's what they refer to the scarecrow as: Tarantula. What happened here with my grandfather must not be such a secret after all.

DANNY

Meaning?

JESS

It's become an urban legend!

Danny takes several more steps towards the scarecrow, then stops. There's something not right about it. Still fifty feet away, Danny squints to see it. He removes a flashlight from his backpack. Switches it on.

On the back side of the cross, behind the scarecrow, the hairy legs of a HUGE SPIDER protrude, wrapping around the cross and bristling against the scarecrow.

As the four of them slowly begin to walk closer, the spider begins to move. They stop.

We see only the spider's legs, slowly moving down, behind the cross. This spider is huge - like, the circumference of an extra-large pizza box huge.

It moves to the ground, then directly into the cornfield, and is gone.

The gang backing up, clocking each other.

MARTINA

Yeah, kinda rethinkin' this.

DANNY

(moving forward)

No.

They all look back at Danny, stunned.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come on, that's gotta be like a Halloween gag or something.

He keeps going.

NICOLE

(whispering urgently)

Where are you going?! Come back with that light.

JESS

Oh, you are so, so, um, ah - Danny!  
Ughhh!! No movie idea is worth this.

Reluctantly, they catch up to Danny and all cautiously approach Tarantula.

Tarantula, up close.

Her makeshift body is in a half-twist. Her legs and wrists are lashed with ropes to a large, wooden cross, like a crucified Captain Ahab. She has burlap skin with black slit-bars for a mouth. Her expression is one of dread. Equally as sick are her razor-sharp, grizzly claws, fashioned to old canvas work-gloves.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(whispers to Martina)  
I think we should go. This really  
was a bad idea.

She can see the fear even in Martina's eyes. Martina hears something moving in the cornfield.

They all hear it now.

It's circling them. The whites of our heroes' eyes, piercing the night. Hearts pounding - pre panic mode.

Suddenly, the work lights overhead flicker off, plunging them into a blue, moonlit darkness.

DANNY  
Fuck!

JESS  
This is not good.

A loud rustling is heard in the field right next to them.

Danny turns his iPhone flashlight on - whip-pans it around the cornstalks. He turns and points it at the cross. Tarantula is gone.

DANNY  
Holy shit!

The others react in horror and back away from the cross.

Then more rustling comes from directly behind them. They turn and react.

The distant sound of a racing engine rumbles to life.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Listen!

They all turn towards the sound. The racing car engine gives a couple of revs.

Our crew, petrified.

Another high-RPM rev. This time, even longer.

Jess holds Martina and Danny holds Nicole while they all hold their breath.

We hear the monster engine drop into gear. Tires squeal.

Jess prepares to run.

The sound of shifting into second gear! It's getting much louder now.

Oncoming headlamps are now clearly visible through the cornstalks - sound getting louder.

Jess begins backing up in terror and screams.

JESS

Noooooo!

The others cut and run.

Jess turns to run and CRASHES HEAD-ON INTO TARANTULA - knocking the scarecrow down - one work glove lacerates Jess's leg in the process. Jess manages to get to her feet. Looks back at Tarantula. She's gone!

The roaring hot rod is on them, plowing over the cornstalks. Danny, sprinting, looks back briefly as the hot rod swerves, narrowly missing an old water tower.

39

EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

39

Wide on the darkened corn field as the headlamps from the speeding Deuce Coupe cut its deadly path.

Screams fill the night air, followed by a crash, then a constant sound of a CAR HORN blaring.

Beat.

We move slowly down the moonlit corn maze.

We see tire tracks and a hole ripped through the side of the maze corridor. Moving down the torn-open pathway we see the smashed DRIVERLESS DEUCE COUPE.

Its headlamps are still on. The front end is wrapped around a metal pole. The windshield was blown out and glass is everywhere. Steam rises from the smoldering wreckage.

Huddled together on the other side of the pole, on the ground, are Jess, Danny, Martina, and Nicole. Afraid, but safe and sound. Debris from the crash is all around them.

They slowly get up and dust themselves off. Shocked.



40 EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM - CORN MAZE - NIGHT

40

Nicole and Danny have found an observation platform. They climb the wood stairs to the top and look out over the corn maze.

DANNY  
(yelling)  
Amber!

NICOLE  
(yelling)  
Dillon!

Martina helps a limping Jess across some railroad tracks.

JESS  
Look.

She finds Dillon's camcorder and his drone and retrieves them. Looking around - no Dillon anywhere.

They join the others at the top of the platform. Nothing but stillness and the surrounding ghost town.

DANNY  
(yelling)  
Amber! Dillon! Amber!

NICOLE  
(yelling)  
Dillon! Amber! Where are you guys?!

41 EXT. - SIDEWALK - LATER THAT NIGHT

41

A police car is here. Danny and Nicole speak with DETECTIVE HENRY, 30s, while Jess and Martina talk with SERGEANT MERCER, 40s, who's a bit by-the-book and doesn't blink enough.

DANNY  
If they hadn't hit the pole, we'd  
all be dead. The car is demolished,  
I can show you.

The detective motions to the cornfield with his flashlight.

DETECTIVE HENRY  
Ok. Let's go.  
(to Mercer)  
Stay with these three while I check  
it out.

SERGEANT MERCER  
Will do.

Jess watches as Danny leads Detective Henry back into the cornfield.

42 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT

42

Danny and Detective Henry move toward the center of the corn maze.

Danny stops, floored.

DANNY  
Wait a second.

DETECTIVE HENRY  
You see something?

DANNY  
(dumbfounded)  
That's the problem - I don't see anything.

His P.O.V. shows the old water tower the hot rod narrowly missed just before impact. Yet the cornfield surrounding it is undisturbed, as if nothing happened.

Danny moves into the cornfield, mind blown. Finds the post the car hit, but no wrecked hot rod. No flattened cornfield, no tire tracks, not even a scratch on the post.

This is mind-bending for Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(unhinged)  
This can't be! It was right here! I swear! It almost hit that tower. He was trying to run us down!

DETECTIVE HENRY  
You saw the driver?

DANNY  
No, but -

DETECTIVE HENRY  
Yeah, right.

DANNY  
No! Really! I don't know what's happening here.

Off Detective Henry's look, we

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

43

The cops are wrapping it up. Detective Henry's on a walkie filling in headquarters.

DETECTIVE HENRY

We had a false alarm on an 11-82.  
Turned into a 602L trespass. We'll  
be 10-26 after this. Copy?

VOICE OVER WALKIE

10-4.

Mercer is writing a ticket.

SERGEANT MERCER

To act on missing persons they  
first have to be gone for 48 hours.  
You can file a report then.

Tearing off a ticket, he hands it to Jess.

SERGEANT MERCER (CONT'D)

Trespassing is a misdemeanor. I'd  
suggest you all find something to  
do that's not illegal.

JESS

Yes, sir.

SERGEANT MERCER

Or wait till next week when it  
opens for the season. Oh... and  
you'll still need to buy a ticket  
to get in.

Jess and the others hear this and react.

44 INT. DANNY'S VAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

44

Danny drives, as the others argue.

JESS

We should've never left them!  
Anybody get a text from either one  
of them? Check again.

ALL

(together, sotto)

No.

MARTINA

I'm worried, yet this is also textbook Amber... I don't know.

NICOLE

Dillon hooked up with Amber, I bet. Probably found a bale of hay somewhere.

DANNY

Right.

JESS

We shouldn't be leaving without them. They did not hook up.

MARTINA

Yeah, first of all, that wouldn't be on their mind - they'd be looking for us. And Amber and Dillon? What, are you blind, Nicole? Dillon's not into Amber - he's into Jess.

(sotto)

Just not the other way around.

This hits Jess like a ton of bricks.

JESS

(hurt)

Oh, nice!

MARTINA

I'm just sayin' - All I'm saying is that Amber and Dillon did NOT hook up.

45

INT. DINER - LATER THAT NIGHT

45

In a booth, Danny, Nicole and Martina share fries and have drinks. Jess is making a hot tea with cannoli.

MARTINA

We gotta go back. We have to go back there - to look for Amber and Dillon.

DANNY

Are you fucking outta your mind?

MARTINA

And before they open this weekend.

DANNY  
What's the plan? I mean how?

Jess is thinking.

JESS  
Did you notice when we got close to  
Tarantula, that's when the speeding  
car came?

NICOLE  
Yeah, like it was protecting her -  
just like that huge spider.

DANNY  
Hey, tonight can be explained - you  
guys need to come back to earth.

JESS  
No, Martina's right, we have to do  
something. Screw Spider Woman and  
her haunted henchmen. I think.

They all nod in agreement except Danny.

MARTINA  
(playing voiceover)  
"The vengeful spider queen and her  
haunted henchmen. Kill her and you  
kill the curse."

NICOLE  
That's sad. Amber would be writing  
that down, right now.

They all take in Nicole's comment. A solemn moment. Danny  
raises his coke.

DANNY  
To finding Dillon and Amber.

They all raise their drinks.

ALL  
To finding Dillon and Amber.

All drink. Beat.

NICOLE  
What about that fucking spider?

This gets a half-laugh from the group.

DANNY

Definitely a black flag. Hey, get  
it - like the pesticide?

This gets another chuckle. Nicole sees something odd on Jess.

NICOLE

What's this?

Nicole pulls a shredded piece of BURLAP out from under Jess's  
purse strap. Holds it up.

JESS

Oh, shit. That's from Tarantula!  
Must have torn off when I knocked  
it down.

Nicole holds it up and inspects it. It has stained blood on  
it. Everyone looks at the burlap. Off their looks to:

46 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - DAY 46

Jess is asleep on Martina's couch. Something about her body  
is not right. Head back, mouth open, she's in a deep sleep.

Closer on her - we see several shiny cob webs on her face,  
crossing over her eyes and open mouth. The web vibrates as  
she breathes in and out.

Many more webs are all over her hair. She bolts awake and  
sits up.

Immediately, she feels the webs on her face. They stick to  
her fingers as she pulls them away. She freaks and bolts from  
the couch to the bathroom.

47 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

Panicked, Jess frantically washes her face. She grabs a  
hairbrush, quickly brushing through her hair. Looks at the  
hairbrush - no spider!

She begins tearing off her clothes, can't get them off fast  
enough.

Standing in her bra and panties in front of the mirror -  
still no sign of the spider.

48 INT. SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER 48

Jess frantically washes herself off.

She gets out and dries off with a towel, catching her breath.

She continues to inspect herself for any signs of a spider. Nothing. It's gone. Just breathe.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror and shudders.

49

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

49

Tracking with Jess as she looks over the headstones.

She slows at one.

The reverse shows a tombstone. The engraving reads: *Here lies Grady William Von Park - 1979 - 1996 - Devoted son. And Father.*

Jess notices how the "And Father" looks as if it was added later. She touches it.

JESS

I'm going to find out what happened, Dad.

She lays flowers on his grave. She gets a text from her mom.

LINDA (TEXT)

Jack and I are worried about you.

JESS (TEXT)

I'm staying at Martina's. I'm fine.

LINDA (TEXT)

Thomas is very sick. Please come by for a visit.

BACK TO SCENE

MARTINA (V.O.)

Beautiful flowers.

Jess is startled. Turns to see Martina. Puts her cell away.

JESS

Yeah.

MARTINA

Followed you. Figured you'd get around to doing this.

JESS

Yeah, I kinda had to. I didn't sleep too well.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Strange dreams and I woke up with cobwebs on me. Seriously, it was fucked up.

MARTINA

Are you kidding? Holy shit! Are you ok?

JESS

Yeah, I'm fine, I guess. Thanks, Martina.

They hug. Over Martina's shoulder, Jess eyes Grady's tombstone. A look of fear turns to one of determination.

MARTINA

Hey, I contacted a source who can possibly help us - we have to pay her a visit. Still have that burlap thing from Tarantula?

JESS

Yeah, I have it. Can we stop by my house first?  
(motioning to her phone)  
My brother's sick.

50 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - DAY

50

Martina follows Jess in.

JESS

Hello? Mom?

Gets no reply. She moves to Thomas's bedroom.

JESS (CONT'D)

Guess no one's home.

She finds Thomas in bed. He's pale and sleeps with much difficulty. A washcloth is on his forehead and his right hand is wrapped in gauze.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Thomas. What the hell, Buddy?

Martina picks up a prescription bottle from his nightstand and reads it.

MARTINA

For a spider bite? Shit!



Jess and Martina share looks. Jess begins slowly unwrapping the gauze bandage from Thomas's hand.

The anticipation, building. The final reveal is a hideously large, infected spider bite.

Jess cringes at the sight, eyes welling.

She looks around his room. Looks through some of his zombie pit drawings. She finds several frantic drawings of a dark figure on a cross.

Jess, horrified - shows Martina.

JESS

Who's this source of yours?

51 INT. SKUTNIK HOME - SUN ROOM - DAY

51

ROSHANNA SKUTNIK, 60s, is wheelchair-bound and grey. She's also dying of cancer. The ample amount of medical supplies in her home indicates her dire condition.

She smokes a cigarette as she inspects the shredded burlap scrap in the ziploc bag.

ROSHANNA

That's quite a haunting story.

JESS

You probably think we're crazy.

ROSHANNA

No. I mean, we live these lives full of energy, love, purpose, hope, and joy. So when we die, does all that just disappear? Clearly you have tapped into something from the other. Sounds like this Tarantula has somehow escaped Hell's grip.

She reaches for the burlap.

ROSHANNA (CONT'D)

And this burlap is from the scarecrow at the cornfield?

JESS

Yes. Tarantula.

ROSHANNA

Let's see what's on her mind.

Roshanna rolls over to a round table under a chandelier and waves them over.

She takes a remote control and lowers the blinds.

ROSHANNA (CONT'D)

Come. Sit.

She presses something under the table edge, which dims the chandelier overhead.

Martina and Jess share an uneasy look and come over.

Roshanna takes the burlap skin out of the ziploc bag. Holds it between her palms. Closes her eyes.

Beat.

Her breathing becomes erratic and sweat is breaking out on her forehead.

Jess and Martina watch intently.

Roshanna puts the burlap to her nostrils, smelling it. Her eyes roll as she begins to vibrate a bit. She claws at her skin as if something were crawling all over it.

Roshanna's eyes pop open.

Enraged, Roshanna stands, wheelchair flinging backwards - smashing into a settee.

Her body seems uncontrollable. Roshanna lunges at Jessica.

Reeling backwards, with Roshanna on top of her, Jess falls to the floor. Martina pulls Jess up away from Roshanna who continues to convulse on the floor, channeling Tarantula.

Off the terrified faces of Jess and Martina, we CUT TO:

52

INT. SKUTNIK HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

52

Back in her wheelchair, Roshanna is shaken, drinking a glass of water. Roshanna sees Jess has the burlap rag in her purse.

ROSHANNA

Don't carry that - it would be best to burn it.

JESS

I will. So, what happened?

ROSHANNA

Tara can smell Von Park blood  
running through your veins. Her  
consciousness has formed a visceral  
connection with your grandfather  
and can sense him through you. I  
could feel her rage. She is  
powerful. Make no mistake about  
that. Don't go back there.

JESS

But two of our good friends never  
came out.

ROSHANNA

Sounds like it's in need of a  
clearing there.

53

INT. SKUTNIK HOME - BASEMENT

53

A platform lift door opens and Roshanna wheels out, meeting  
Martina and Jess as they descend the stairs. She leads  
Martina and Jess to a door. Unlocks it.

ROSHANNA

In my younger and more wild days, I  
too practiced the craft.  
(holding up a finger)  
Takes a witch to get a witch.

She opens the door.

It's a witches' archive - low-lit with several tiered layers  
of shelves and baskets containing arcane, cabalistic and  
ritualistic articles.

Roshanna wheels over to an unkempt, dusty workbench of vials  
and potions - pulls out a cloth bag with a pull-tie.

ROSHANNA (CONT'D)

You need some very specific things  
to clear a deceased witch's  
presence. You will have to burn  
them very close to the cross.

Jess gives Martina a look. Roshanna points to an upper shelf.

ROSHANNA (CONT'D)

Get me down that basket.

MARTINA

What's in it?

ROSHANNA  
You'll find out.

54 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

54

Martina is preoccupied, writing in a leather-bound book. Jess is on her laptop while Danny snoops through the Roshanna bag.

DANNY  
Hair? Whose hair is that? A horse  
hoof? Wow. And leaves?

JESS  
Nightshade.

DANNY  
Nightshade. I knew that. Orange  
rinds? Was that part of her lunch?  
This bag is like a perfect GrubHub  
delivery for Bigfoot.

They smirk. Danny laughs. Jess punches his shoulder.

MARTINA  
She also gave us a chant to protect  
us.

55 INT. SKUTNIK HOME - BASEMENT - (FLASHBACK)

55

Roshanna hands Jess a piece of folded, yellowed paper.

ROSHANNA  
Go to the Scarecrow at the cross.  
Breathe in and out slowly 3 times  
to clear your mind and center  
yourself. When you are calm and  
centered, chant this three times.  
This spell is very strong. It will  
protect you. For how long, I do not  
know.

56 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

56

DANNY  
A chant? Like a Hare Krishna thing?

MARTINA  
Oh my god, no. A chant to protect  
us. Which we'll obviously need,  
because you're so our weakest link.

DANNY  
So, a chant and a clearing?

JESS  
(not looking up)  
That's what she said.

DANNY  
Right.

JESS  
Look, I know you're not buying into this whole thing, I'm not blind. We are fucking powerless if this is a haunting. But, what if, what if, there was a sliver of a chance we might make a difference? Wouldn't you want that? I mean, if nothing else, for Dil and Amber.

DANNY  
Yes. I would.

MARTINA  
Danny, if we do this, our collective mindset will be a factor.

DANNY  
Ok, sorry. You're right. I'm in. No more skeptic.

JESS  
Someone said, "for the believer, proof is not necessary - and for the skeptic, no proof is possible."

DANNY  
What else did she say?

57 INT. SKUTNIK HOME - BASEMENT - (FLASHBACK)

57

ROSHANNA  
One last thing. A visualization will have to be done. They are very powerful. I do them to heal my cancer. Essentially, you would be visualizing this Tarantula and all the negative energy there - gone.

MARTINA  
Like a clearing?

ROSHANA  
Exactly. Clearing the energy.

MARTINA  
And visualizations are like making  
a little movie in your mind, right?

ROSHANNA  
You first have to abandon all ego.  
And there cannot be the slightest  
thought of doubt in your mind.

58 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

58

DANNY  
A what?

JESS  
A visualization. I have to  
visualize her descent - into hell.

DANNY  
Someone please tell me this doesn't  
sound ludicrous.

Jess looks at Martina.

JESS  
It's the meditation part that  
concerns me. I am so not the person  
for this.

MARTINA  
Visualize. Like your storyboards,  
right? You'll do fine. I'm going to  
work with you.

59 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

59

Jess is on the couch with her laptop and a blanket.

INSERT - JESS'S LAPTOP SCREEN

She Googles "corn maze Murphy, California" - this time it  
comes up.

JESS  
(to herself)  
It's opening this weekend. Shit.

She then Googles "Black Knights Hot Rod Car Club." Images of  
the vintage hot rod car club come up. Various racing shots.

Jess finds a Black Knights memorial website. Plays videos of Lug by a large engine on a hot rod, manually revving it, and another of him swinging chains around like nunchucks.

She scrolls by a still of Mango driving - all four wheels off the ground, mid street race - flames coming out of the header pipes.

Jess fills out a "contact us" page. Hits SEND.

BACK TO SCENE

Jess looks to Martina in the dining area - stops. Sees Martina concentrating on something she's writing again.

Back to her laptop.

Jess is about to leave the site when she sees a chilling picture of Tarantula, standing arms akimbo next to her blown Deuce Coupe, with her spider-tatted arms.

Jess can feel Tarantula staring at her through the laptop screen. Her eyes become locked on Tarantula's - she can't pull away. She yells to Martina.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Martina. Martina!

Martina runs over - sees Jess. WTF?

The laptop is pulling Jess's face closer to the screen.

Tarantula's eyes FILL JESS'S VISION. Jess sees horrible momentary flashes of DILLON AND AMBER DEAD. Terrified, she and Martina struggle with the laptop.

Suddenly, the laptop, like the jaws of a monster, snaps shut, falls to the floor and almost severs their fingers.

MARTINA  
Oh my god! What the fuck was that?

Jess is speechless.

60 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

60

Candles are lit and trickle-fountain music is on. It's a positive and relaxing atmosphere.

Alone, in the center of the living room floor, sit Jess and Martina, cross-legged in front of each other.

MARTINA

Ok, I'm all YouTubed up on this. How well it works is totally up to you - the person doing the visualization. Oh my god, I'm thinking you're gonna do great.

JESS

Devil's in the details.

MARTINA

Right. Exactly. Now, after I get you relaxed and in there, just begin imagining. You know, getting rid of the bad guys - any way you want. Make it up - you're the director.

Jess nods.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Now. Close your eyes, relax.

Jess closes her eyes. Relaxes. Martina turns on an OM soundtrack and speaks in a relaxed, calming voice.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Breathe in deeply and exhale slowly.

Jess complies.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Take it easy. Quiet your mind. Counting backwards, getting more relaxed. Ten. Focus your concentration. Nine. Becoming ever more comfortable. Eight.

The Jess's eyes under her eyelids show the beginning signs of rapid eye movement.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Calm. Quiet. With these instructions, all the pressure and heaviness will dissipate from your body. Seven.

Jess's hands opens, fingers relax.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

You are floating, becoming lighter and lighter. Six. Five. Four.

(MORE)



MARTINA (CONT'D)

As you float, you feel the inspired sparks of white god light, that travel down your ear canal and into your cells and molecules.

Jess's head slumps down.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

On a cellular level you are connected. There is an inner power being activated within you.

Martina watches Jess. Jess lifts her head. The expression on Jess's face changes. Jess squeezes Martina's hand, causing Martina pain.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

A strong wind in the living room blows all the candles out, plunging the room into darkness. Martina and Jess scream.

In the dark, we hear the front door open and slam shut. Footsteps can be heard, walking all around them on the hardwood floor. It's horrifying. They continue to scream.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, who's there?! Who is it?!

Suddenly, the commotion is over and all the lights pop on, with metal music blaring. Martina shuts off the speaker. They're left breathless.

Martina quickly goes to her front door and checks it. She looks at Jess.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

It's still deadbolted. Fuck!

61 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

61

The sound of rain falling outside. In a mostly darkened apartment, Jess and Martina are by the open window, having hot tea.

They're both shook up. A long beat goes by.

Jess's phone buzzes. They jump. She reads it.

JESS  
 (getting up)  
 I just got an email back from the  
 Black Knights website lady. Let's  
 go.

62 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 62

A rain-drenched dingy part of town. Water flows down a storm gutter.

Jess & crew arrive and park. They walk down a dark alleyway to an apartment building.

63 INT. GINA FLAHERTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 63

GINA FLAHERTY, 50s, single with a splash of bitters. Looks like she's been surviving on society's table-scrap.

The traffic below and the chatter of the neighborhood filter through to her apartment.

Danny, Nicole, Martina and Jess sit in her cramped living room.

MARTINA  
 Yeah, we've been friends since before high school. Kinda morphed into this movie production group. It's fun. And, since my dad's footing the budget for this one, he's calling the shots on the story.

GINA  
 I see. Well, feel free to ask any questions you might have. I keep the Knights' website going as a memorial to the deceased members, but I do know a lot about car clubs.

Jess sees the guy with the chain from the website in a framed picture on the wall.

JESS  
 Is that Lug?

GINA  
 Yes. He was my husband.

JESS  
 I'm so sorry for your loss.  
 (baiting)  
 That was a terrible racing  
 accident.

GINA  
 That was no racing accident - Lug  
 was murdered.

JESS  
 Really? By who?

Gina doesn't answer. Lights a cigarette. Danny stands and  
 looks at the wall of photos, breaking the awkward moment.

DANNY  
 Wow, amazing shots.

Nicole coughs, choking on the smoke.

NICOLE  
 Ugh, cigarette smoke.

JESS  
 Um, I was reading on the site - did  
 you know, um, Tara?

Gina puts out her cigarette, moves to a shrine of altars -  
 crosses herself. Turns.

GINA  
 (whispering)  
 She was a very powerful summoner of  
 dark things. She had a vineyard  
 outside of Santa Ynez. Very wealthy  
 - with her fast cars and morbid  
 spider infatuation. Had a stallion  
 named Satan there. Lug told me she  
 did animal sacrifices on an altar  
 in her basement.

64 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

64

A younger Lug. He notices a blackish liquid running down the  
 sides of a black, marble altar. He touches the liquid. It's  
 blood.

65 INT. GINA FLAHERTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

65

GINA

There was also a rumor of a human sacrifice as well - dying from venomous spider bites.

Jess looks at Danny.

66 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

66

Jess & the crew are leaving.

JESS

(to Danny)

Is that enough proof for you, Danny?

DANNY

Yeah, pretty crazy.

Jess sees Martina jotting something down in her leather book again.

Martina puts the book away, then notices something in Jess's purse. It's the ziploc bag containing the burlap scrap from Tarantula. Martina grabs it and stops.

MARTINA

Jesus Christ, Jessica!

JESS

What?

MARTINA

Jess, you were supposed to burn this - she said not to carry it with you. Roshanna said to burn it!

JESS

I thought she meant to burn it at the clearing.

Suddenly there is the rev of a very big engine nearby. Vaaarrrroooooommmmm!!!

They all look down the wet alleyway.

P.O.V. of the cross street - the same driverless hot rod that chased them in the cornfield idles slowly by. Stops short. Reverses.

It's pulling into the alley now.

The kids freak and take off running in the other direction.

The driverless hot rod - hell bent for leather - gives chase, shifting into second, then third.

Sprinting, breathless, we track the foursome's faces - filled with terror.

They're approaching a T-section with heavy cross-traffic.

At the last second, they dive into boxes and trash cans piled on the sidewalk.

The phantom hot rod roars by them, narrowly missing them and vanishing through the cross-traffic and into a building.

They get up and all look amazed at what they've just witnessed.

Nicole is limping and holds a hurt arm.

They look to Jess. She removes the burlap scrap out of her purse. Danny whips out his lighter and begins to burn it.

It bursts into flames, bigger than possible, momentarily resembling the laughing face of Tarantula.

They freak and jump back as Jess drops it into the drain-gutter.

67

INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Jess & crew are in mid conversation.

JESS

Nonetheless, her influence has somehow moved beyond the cornfield. I woke up covered in cobwebs the other morning. My brother has a bad spider bite -- I mean he's outta school, sick.

(to Martina)

Tell 'em about the little tornado from hell and the uninvited visitors we heard in your living room last night, Martina.

NICOLE

What. The. Fuck?

JESS

Yes! And the door was deadbolted shut!

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

This entity doesn't just know about me - it knows about all of us!

They clock each other - hearts pounding almost audibly. Martina grabs her notebook and pen.

DANNY

Jess ...

JESS

Danny, come on - we almost got run down tonight! Again!

Jess sees Martina writing something in the notebook.

JESS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you writing, anyway?

Jess grabs the notebook away from her and reads it.

Nicole and Danny slip outside to avoid being at ground zero.

MARTINA

Stop it!

INSERT - BOOK

At the top, it says: *OUTLINE: Short Film - CORNSTALKERS*.

Below that is the outline of the scenes, that fills several pages.

BACK TO SCENE

Jess is pissed.

JESS

So, that's what you've been doing - outlining the story.

Jess hands it back to her. Martina sees Jess is upset.

MARTINA

Just acting on inspiration.

JESS

Yeah, no, you gotta act on that shit, for sure. Without a doubt. Amber and Dillon, hey, they're gone. But maybe we'll get another audience award with this movie, ya know.

MARTINA

Oh, fuck you, Jess.

JESS

Sorry, doesn't that make you seem heartless after losing our fucking friends, Martina? Am I the only one who cares about finding out what happened to Dillon and Amber, not to mention my real family?

Danny runs in from outside.

DANNY

Hey, something's wrong with Nicole.

68

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARTINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

68

Jess, Martina, and Danny rush out.

Nicole is walking away from them down the sidewalk across the street. She's acting strange, twitching. The group descend the front stairs, studying her.

Nicole's posture is off. She pulls out a cigarette. Lights it.

DANNY

What? Nicole doesn't smoke.

MARTINA

What the fuck is up with her?

They all begin moving down the sidewalk, watching her. A look of dread falls over Jess. Nicole still twitching. The group's concerned looks.

Nicole crosses a side street now moving into a dark alleyway. She leans back against a wall, disappearing into the shadow. Only the red-hot-cherry of her cigarette can be seen in the dark when she takes a hit.

The puzzled group cross the street. As they enter the alley, they see Nicole, against the wall, dead.

Nicole is motionless, eyes fixed, cigarette dangling. Like frenzied ants, Tarantulas crawl all over her body - some breaking out of her skin.

The group gasps, backing off in horror.

69

EXT. FRONT STAIRS OUTSIDE MARTINA'S APARTMENT - LATER

69

Jess, Martina, and Danny are seated on the stairs, a mess. An AMBULANCE and SEVERAL COP CARS are there. POLICE and PARAMEDICS mill about a taped-off area where it happened.

A body bag is zipped up over Nicole's horrendous, swollen dead corpse, and placed on a gurney. The gurney is then loaded into the back of the ambulance, and the ambulance drives off.

DETECTIVE CURTIS, 50s, a by-the-book type, graying at the temples, hands them each a business card.

DETECTIVE CURTIS

You sure you don't have any more information why this might have happened to your friend Nicole?

They all shake their heads. He looks at his clipboard.

DETECTIVE CURTIS (CONT'D)

I see your names are all currently linked to an ongoing missing persons investigation in Murphy California - at a cornfield corn maze?

MARTINA

Yes, they interviewed all of us - even Nicole who was there too.

DETECTIVE CURTIS

So Dillon Aubry and Amber Trainer are your friends?

JESS

Did they find them?

DETECTIVE CURTIS

Actually we've broadened the search because members of our initial search team have gone missing as well. We'll get to the bottom of it. Just don't leave town and if you remember any other details about Nicole, I want to know about it - understood?

They nod. He moves back to the scene.

JESS

This can't be happening.



MARTINA

(dazed)

But it is.

She sees Danny sitting on the stairs, looking at a sweet picture of him and Nicole on his phone. He's really coming apart.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Danny.

JESS

Me too. She loved you.

Danny hangs his head, sobbing. They all hug. Jess shudders.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh my God, those tarantulas!

MARTINA

I know - I can't believe Nicole's dead. Dillon? Amber? What the fuck! Are we next? Shit!

Danny stands up, pissed.

DANNY

Let's do this fucking clearing! Do the visualization!

The girls react to his about-face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We'll sneak into the corn maze before they open this weekend.

The reality of it all hits Jess.

JESS

I don't know if I can do this. I'm too scared, Danny. Besides, Von Park should be doing the visualization according to Roshanna - not me.

(shaking her head)

I was actually holding out hope for Dillon and Amber, I think. But now this? Nicole?

DANNY

But knowing now what we all know, what if more kids turn up missing? What then, huh? Don't we have to try?

Jess looks to Martina.

Beat. Danny gets his keys out.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Ok, look, I have to make an  
 appearance at home. Let's meet at  
 the maze - on Wednesday. Midnight.  
 Do the clearing and visualization  
 thing, and bounce. In and out.

The girls nod.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Listen, keep an eye on each other,  
 ok?

MARTINA AND JESS  
 We will.

JESS  
 What about you?

DANNY  
 I'll be ok.

They all hug. Danny leaves. Martina looks at Jess.

MARTINA  
 (remembering)  
 You know, we haven't looked at  
 Dillon's camcorder footage from  
 that night at the corn maze.

Off Jess's look we CUT TO:

70 INT. MARTINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 70

Jess and Martina sit at Martina's desk. They review on her  
 computer the footage from the night Dillon and Amber went  
 missing at the cornfield.

71 ON PLAYBACK SCREEN: 71

Martina is in the cornfield, whispering.

MARTINA (FOOTAGE)  
 It's a playground for the dead. And  
 don't be surprised if the hairs on  
 your arms stand up.

The camera pans by Nicole to Amber who's writing down everything Martina says.

MARTINA (FOOTAGE) (CONT'D)  
It's the negative energy here. I  
can feel - eyes watching - from all  
directions.

BACK TO SCENE

JESS  
(to Martina)  
You're such a ham.

MARTINA  
I can't help it.

BACK TO FOOTAGE

DANNY (FOOTAGE)  
Listen to this. Says, "The farmer  
worked with GPS technology to  
create this maze."

DILLON (FOOTAGE)  
Cool.

DANNY (FOOTAGE)  
Says it's a one-of-a-kind maze, and  
few have gotten all the way to the  
center. It's almost impossible.

DILLON (FOOTAGE)  
Nothing's impossible.

The frame goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

MARTINA  
That's it. That's when he started  
the drone.

JESS  
Oh, right. Wait, go back. I wanna  
see something again.

Martina rewinds it. Plays it again.

MARTINA (FOOTAGE)  
(whispering)  
It's a playground for the dead. And  
don't be surprised if the hairs on  
your arms stand up.

Again, the camera pans by Nicole to Amber.

JESS  
Pause it. Right there. Look. Frame  
advance it.

As the camera momentarily pans by Nicole, the silhouette of a LARGE SPIDER can clearly be seen slowly crawling up Nicole's backpack and onto her hair.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

MARTINA  
That is so crazy - did it lay eggs?

JESS  
Ugh, this is creeping me out.  
Should we show this to Nicole's  
parents?

MARTINA  
No. Definitely not.

They review the footage again. Chills.

72

EXT. FOREST LAWN FUNERAL HOME - DAY

72

A funeral is in mid-process. The voice of calm is PASTOR RYAN, 60s, leading the eulogy. It's a somber occasion. All have gathered around a black casket next to an open grave site.

Danny, Martina, and Jess sit in the front row with Nicole's parents. Family and friends are there too.

The eulogy is coming to an end.

PASTOR RYAN  
Nicole's race ended earlier than we  
all anticipated. But we still have  
our races to run. Nicole would have  
wanted it that way.

Suddenly, Jess feels the front legs of her chair sinking slowly into the muddy lawn, tipping her forward towards the open grave.

No one else seems to notice this.

PASTOR RYAN (CONT'D)  
 We will deeply miss her, but I  
 rejoice that, this day, she is with  
 our Savior.

Jess struggles, trying not to disturb the proceedings, but her dress shoes can't get traction on the wet grass and she's slowly slipping off her seat.

Jess can see something moving up the dirt walls of Nicole's grave. Her eyes widen in terror - spiders!

PASTOR RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Ring out the welcome. Swing wide  
 the gates. Choirs of angels stand  
 and sing. There's one more child of  
 the King. Ring out the welcome loud  
 and clear. She's home at last.

The front of Jess's chair pitches forward, sending Jess slipping into the open grave of spiders. The insects envelop her, instantly silencing her scream.

BACK TO REALITY:

Jess is back in her chair as before. Her eyes pop open and she screams.

MARTINA  
 Jess, are you okay?

Everyone looks at her. Clueless, out of breath - Jess has no idea what's just happened.

73

EXT. FOREST LAWN - DAY - LATER

73

Danny and Martina are getting Jess a drink of water.

JESS  
 (crying)  
 It was so real. I was there. I felt  
 them crawling all over my body.  
 Ugh! Ahhhhgggg!

MARTINA  
 This is Tarantula. How can someone  
 dead be so powerful?

DANNY  
 Still no word from Dillon or Amber  
 either. Their parents are freaking  
 out.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to Jess)

How's your brother?

JESS

He's not outta the woods yet.

Jess dries her face with a tissue, then puts it in her pocket. Feels something. Pulls out a folded scrap of paper. Reads it.

MARTINA

Are you ready to do the clearing,  
now?

JESS

Yes - I think so. But first, I have  
something to do.

74

INT. CHASE ANTIQUE CAR MUSEUM - DAY

74

Martina and Jess are on tour of a classic, antique car collection, belonging to collector BERNARD CHASE, a distinguished English gentleman in his 60s.

He's leading them down a line of restored classic cars.

BERNARD

We were good friends. Haven't see  
him for years. Miss him. No one  
knows where he's hiding. I may have  
lost my best friend, but I do have  
a dandy keepsake of his.

Bernard opens a locked door. Inside is a private mechanic's garage. In its center is one covered vehicle. Bernard throws the canvas covering back, revealing a cherry '34 Roadster sporting a chrome monster of an engine.

The paint job and pinstriping is a masterful work of art.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Actually, it's your keepsake.  
Vincent gave it to me to hold on to  
for you. In case you ever showed  
up. And it seems - that has  
happened.

Jess looks puzzled. Bernard holds up the keys for her.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

It's yours.

Jess, in shock.

JESS

Oh my God, what?!

BERNARD

Congratulations, you own an original Von Park. And ... and the car he restored with your father.

Another whammy! Jess can't believe it. She touches the paint job, gently. She gives Bernard a hug.

75 EXT. OUTSIDE CHASE ANTIQUE CAR MUSEUM - DAY

75

Jess pulls up with Bernard, in the '34 Roadster, to a waiting Martina.

BERNARD

(to Martina)

She's a quick study. She took to it like a duck to water.

(to Jess)

I have a mechanic if you ever need one.

JESS

Oh my God, it's so much fun. I don't know what to say.

MARTINA

You look amazing in it.

Martina transfers Jess's purse to her from her Focus. Bernard gets out of the car.

JESS

Thank you so much, Bernard. Thanks for everything.

Martina gets back in her car. They both slowly pull out of the driveway.

BERNARD

It will need gas. Takes regular. Just baby it around - until you get the hang of it.

76 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - LATER

76

Martina is waiting in her Focus.

As Jess gasses up the Roadster, she admires the paint job. She notices something odd - inside the narrow width of the pinstriping are very subtle and easy to miss TINY PAINTED NUMBERS.

They read "101".

She follows the pinstriping a few yards down to the front fender - finds another set of numbers. "134"

JESS  
Lines and numbers. Hmm?

She begins taking close-up pictures with her cell of the tiny numbers all around the car.

77

INT. ROADSTER - DAY

77

Jess and Martina are are both sitting in the Roadster now, parked at the gas station.

JESS  
He must have hand-painted these numbers for a reason. I mean, right?

MARTINA  
Read them to me.

JESS  
Ok, starting from the pinstriping near the gas cap, it's 101. On the fender was 134. Then 210, 18, and finally on the trunk was 26105.

MARTINA  
That's Big Bear Lake. My nephew and I use to snowboard up there every winter. 101 to the 134. 134 to the 210. And yeah, 18 is the road up the hill.

JESS  
The 26105 must be an address.

Martina, Googling.

MARTINA  
That address does exists in Big Bear.



JESS  
 (blown away)  
 This is so crazy. I wonder.

MARTINA  
 You think it's really a road map to  
 your grandfather's house?

Jess shrugs.

JESS  
 Only one way to find out, and I do  
 have a full tank of gas.

78 EXT. ROAD - DAY - DRIVING MONTAGE 78

Music from Dada. Series of shots, as the Roadster girls  
 drive, occasionally referring to GPS.

Gaining elevation now. The snowy mountains passing by. They  
 put on jackets.

79 EXT. A CABIN - DAY - LATER 79

Jess and Martina pull up in the Roadster and park. Jess shuts  
 off the loud, idling beast.

Someone inside the cabin pulls a curtain aside.

The girls are getting out and stretching.

80 INT. CABIN - DAY 80

Over the shoulder of the man peeking out the window.

His P.O.V. of the parked Roadster.

Reverse on Von Park, now in his 60s, watching them walk up to  
 the door. Von Park now has longish grey hair, a Van Dyke  
 beard. He reminds us of a Western movie character.

The door opens on Martina and Jess. Von Park stands frozen.

JESS  
 Hi, we're looking for the Von Park  
 residence. Vincent Von Park?

VON PARK  
 I'm Vincent Von Park.

JESS

I'm your granddaughter. This is my friend, Martina.

Von Park is looking past her to his car.

VON PARK

Been a long time since I've seen her. I knew the sound when you pulled up. I knew it was you.

He stands aside.

VON PARK (CONT'D)

Please, come in.

They enter.

81 INT. VON PARK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

81

A cozy interior surrounds a large, rock fireplace with a roaring fire. Hot rod and Western memorabilia are framed and placed about.

The girls sit having a beer, listening to Von Park.

VON PARK

Your dad's death was in vain. I didn't sabotage Tarantula's engine. Hot rods throw rods occasionally. It was bad dumb luck. But not my fault. But, I admit, I did think about it.

He looks at a spot in the fire.

INSERT - IMAGE IN THE FIRE

Von Park is imagining Tarantula releasing the spiders outside Grady's garage.

BACK TO SCENE

VON PARK (CONT'D)

I just know those were her spiders - that killed your dad. After that - nothing was the same. I lost his mom when she gave birth to him, now Grady was gone too - I, I just saw red.

JESS

How did you kill them?

VON PARK

I knew things about Murphy that others didn't, because I stayed in the town where I'd grown up.

MARTINA

Like what?

VON PARK

Like in '67 about 10 acres - including the drive-in movie property where I worked as a kid - got sold off to a corn farmer.

82 EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT - TRANSITION SHOT (FLASHBACK) 82

A static, aerial shot of Von Park, 15, at his drive-in movie gig, riding his bicycle adeptly between the poles that hold the speakers.

VON PARK (V.O.)

Farmer planted most of it with corn. But left the drive-in property because he was too cheap to pull up the poles. Corn grows fast. Took over everything. Including the drive-in.

The shot morphs into aerial shot of ...

83 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK CONT'D) 83

...the cornfield - all the poles are now hidden by the cornstalks.

HOLD ON AREIAL SHOT - THEN TRACKING

A young couple moving through the corn.

19-year-old Von Park with a young girl.

They come to one of the metal poles, turn and begin kissing as they lean against it.

84 INT. VON PARK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 84

VON PARK

I used to sneak in there and make-out with Maryjane Richards.

(MORE)

## VON PARK (CONT'D)

I knew the poles were still there  
and more importantly, I knew where  
they all were. That's what I knew.

## JESS

So what did you do?

## VON PARK

A week after Grady's funeral, it  
was late on Halloween night. Spider-  
bitch and her posse of nomads were  
all parked downtown, drunk and  
feeling aggressive. I had your '34  
Roadster in my garage. So I took it  
out for a little spin.

85 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

85

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TITLE CARD - 1996

Trick-or-treaters mill about on the sidewalks. Some  
businesses are still open. Small-town Halloween decorations  
line the storefronts.

Von Park drives, quietly unhinged.

He turns on Main Street.

He's coming up on the car club now. They're partying and  
drunk.

Lug swings his heavy chain around as the others cheer him on.  
Mango polishes her vintage Corvette.

Von Park very slowly rumbles by them. Tarantula looks up  
through her disfiguring scars - so do the others.

He stops in the middle of the street, about thirty feet  
beyond them. The Roadster sits there, idling.

A long beat goes by.

All the Knights stop what they're doing and walk into the  
street, wondering what the hell he's up to.

## MANGO

(yelling)

Come on fuck-wad!

The Roadster revs, momentarily pegging the RPM.

RPM GAUGE - ALMOST IN THE RED ZONE.

Windows all along Main Street vibrate and rattle.

LUG  
(clocking Tarantula)  
Fucking show off. Ha-ha - he wants  
us.

TARANTULA  
(sotto)  
I want him!

86 INT. ROADSTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 86

Von Park places his left foot lightly on the brakes, then with his other foot, he simultaneously begins pressing on the gas.

87 EXT. - OUTSIDE VON PARK'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 87

The front brakes are keeping the car from moving forward. The back tires break rubber and begin spinning in place. A loud SCREECHING SOUND emanates as WHITE SMOKE begins billowing from the wheel-wells.

Tarantula and her goons are engulfed in the smoke, coughing and choking. Visibility: zero.

The friction from the spinning tires is melting the asphalt! Von Park, smiling, gives it more gas. His tires are beginning to catch fire.

He lets off the brakes and floors it, lurching forward - he bursts from the white cloud and roars down the street.

Tarantula and her Knights take to their cars in pursuit.

88 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 88

The group of high-powered hot rods race down Main Street.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

The speedometer shows 70 MPH.

89 EXT. STREET NEAR CORNFIELD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 89

Von Park and his pursuers approach a T intersection that abuts the cornfield.

Von Park holds the wheel tight, headed directly for the curb!

Hits it. Bottoms-out all-four shocks, sending the Roadster airborne into the cornfield.

The hot rods following, they explode into the cornstalks, mowing them down.

90 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 90

Von Park is weaving and serpentining - missing the lethal, hidden posts by mere inches.

Doing 50, Lug nails a pole, dead-center, folding his Merc in half. Lug, crashing through the windshield, body jettisoned. Nails another pole. No luck.

A '57 Chevy swerves to miss him and clips a pole, causing it to flip, losing its driver.

GENSEN, 30s, in a purple, lowered Pontiac, is keeping pace with Von Park - carefully staying behind, waiting for the right moment.

GENSEN

Come on!!!

Gensen punches it to pass him - cutting down the cornstalks, making his new lane.

Tracking with Von Park. Gensen is pulling past him and about to cut him off, when ...

WHAAAAM!! Another post rips Gensen's Pontiac, sending it backwards, out of frame.

On Von Park - noticing the exploding glass and twisted metal in his peripheral vision. Death.

EXT. DEEPER IN THE CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tarantula is gaining on him. They roar blindly through the dense crop.

Von Park, anticipating, cuts the wheel. A METAL POLE appears! Misses it.

With no time to react, Tarantula's car nails it - sending her body smashing through the windshield.

Von Park checks over his shoulder just as Tarantula's bloody body lands on his trunk. She's coming to and SEES HIM!

Von Park checks ahead. Shit! He narrowly dodges another pole, losing some blue pinstriping this time - that was close.

Thinking fast, he cuts the wheel.

From inside Von Park's hot rod, we see Tarantula's body roll off the trunk, and get impaled, head-on, onto another pole.

END FLASHBACK.

91 INT. VON PARK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

91

Von Park puts another log on the fire.

VON PARK

They came after me in court. I got a speeding ticket.

He pauses to knock back his cocktail.

VON PARK (CONT'D)

I knew they would chase me - even through a cornfield.

(smiles)

Thought messing up their cars on those poles would really get 'em where they lived. I was wrong. I was going way too fast and things went sideways.

MARTINA

Such violent deaths - no wonder that that's what's happening.

Von Park, puzzled.

JESS

We think there's an energy left there, still taking lives. Actually we know it.

MARTINA

The cornfield has become a corn maze for kids during Halloween.

JESS

We were almost run over by a driverless hot rod there. Two of our friends have disappeared there. And one just died from spiders, like Grady! We're doing a clearing there tomorrow at midnight. We have to. Before it opens for the season. Look, it could work. You could help us - your presence will help.

VON PARK

What? Is that why you came up here - to ask me this?

JESS

Of course not. I wanted to meet my grandfather. You.

VON PARK

Eh, I don't believe in that stuff.

Beat. He mixes another drink.

MARTINA

There's something else Jess saw at the cornfield.

JESS

It was the ghost of Dad - covered in bites.

Von Park almost drops his glass.

JESS (CONT'D)

I knew it was him from the photos and the Saint Christopher medal around his neck. It was horrible. He's not at rest.

Off Von Park's look we DISSOLVE TO:

92

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

92

Danny pulls up in his van. Gets out and grabs Dillon's drone and a metal trash can lid from the back.

He stealthily moves down the street where he can now see ...

Jess and Martina, in stride, coming from the other direction. Martina carries a duffel bag over her shoulder while Jess's expression is as serious as the baseball bat in her hand.



All together, they walk abreast down the dimly lit street - to the cornfield.

Suddenly, from behind them, the loud roar of an engine can be heard. That, and its blinding headlamps, cause them to all turn at once. A rumbling hot rod stops.

An ominous, silhouetted figure steps out. The figure wears a three-quarter-length duster with boots.

Moving into the streetlight, we can now see it's Vincent Von Park! The kids relax. He sees them too.

JESS  
(to Danny)  
That's my grandfather.

DANNY  
Oh. Cool.  
(sotto)  
Thought he wasn't comin'.

Von Park moves back to his car and shuts it off. He pulls bolt-cutters from the back and walks down the sidewalk to meet them.

Silently, they join forces. Jess, Martina, and Von Park all connect with half-smiles. Von Park pops the lock on the gate, then dumps the cutters. They slide inside and eye one another as they enter.

The groups stays together as they walk quietly and carefully in. Lightning flashes in the distance. They whisper.

JESS  
Danny, this is my grandfather,  
Vincent Von Park. He's gonna help  
us.

DANNY  
Nice to meet you. Jess told me how  
she found you. Pretty cool.

Tracking with them through the rows of corn as they approach the maze entrance.

JESS  
(to Von Park)  
I'll need your help.

Park looks around a bit uncomfortable.

VON PARK

(stressed)

I'll try. Definitely getting a dark  
vibe here.

MARTINA

Stay relaxed if you can - don't be  
stressed. I'm going to guide you in  
a kind of meditation. Once you are  
relaxed, we just need you to  
imagine Tarantula gone from this  
place. Okay? Imagining all the  
details you can to send her to hell  
- or wherever - just away. Got it?

Suddenly, Jess stops.

JESS

Oh, shit!

They all stop.

MARTINA

What's wrong?

JESS

I forgot about the spider.

VON PARK

What spider?

MARTINA

There's a big fucking spider.

JESS

It's this big fucking spider that  
protects Tarantula.

VON PARK

Whoa, hold the phone, yeah, you  
forgot to tell me about that part.  
How big is this fucking spider?

MARTINA

Like, the circumference of an extra-  
large pizza box, big.

VON PARK

That's a very big fucking spider.

JESS

We pretty much covered that.

They continue walking. Danny gets his iPhone out.

DANNY

Still getting the hang of Dil's  
drone.

Danny flips a switch on the drone and hands it to Martina. Blades begin to spin. Danny nods and she lets it go - it's off.

Danny watches where to go on his iPhone.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ok, keep going straight. Make  
the... one, two, third left.  
Yeah, that's it.

Blue blanket lightning is followed by rolling thunder.

VON PARK

(to Jess)

You know this is cheating, don't  
you?

JESS

Not if lives depend on it.

93

EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - LATER

93

They round the last corner.

Reveal Tarantula on the cross with the giant spider protecting her. They gasp and stop. Danny brings back the drone.

VON PARK

(reluctantly)

Ah, shit. Wait here.

He takes a few more steps. The spider begins to move.

Von Park pulls a pistol from his duster and fires.

The shot hits the giant spider, blowing it off the cross and into the cornstalks.

The group is amazed.

VON PARK (CONT'D)

(turning)

The GMOs must be making the insects  
crazy around here.

Jess puts her fingers to her lips.

They slowly and quietly move to Tarantula.

MARTINA  
(whispering to Jess)  
You got the chant?

JESS  
Copy that.

She pulls out the yellowed paper.

MARTINA  
We'll get the clearing going, you  
do the chant.

Jess nods.

JESS  
(to herself)  
Breathe in and out slowly 3 times.  
Clear your mind. Center yourself.  
Calm energy.

They've arrived at the scarecrow cross. Tarantula, like a macabre gargoyle, hard to ignore.

MARTINA  
(to Jess, whispering)  
Let it fly.

Jess closes her eyes and begins taking deep breaths.

MARTINA (CONT'D)  
Read it!

JESS  
(annoyed)  
She said I have to clear my mind  
first.

She does the three slow breaths. Martina is tense while opening her duffel bag and beginning to get out the contents for the burn.

Danny sets the lid down by the cross.

Jess opens her eyes and unfolds the chant.

INSERT - CHANT

The handwriting is faint and hard to read.

BACK TO SCENE

JESS

Ugh!

Von Park is looking at the scarecrow. Wind is picking up.

Tarantula in all her hideousness against turbulent thunderheads above. Another crack of thunder accompanied by a flash of lightning.

MARTINA

Read. Read! You have to read it three times.

JESS

I know, Martina. I'm trying to center myself, goddammit! If I can even read her fucking handwriting.

MARTINA

Read the chant! Christ!

JESS

Okay!

Martina sets the Nightshade, horse's hoof, hair, and the orange rinds down on the trash-can lid with some small wadded-up paper scraps.

JESS (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Elements of the sun" ... Um...

Von Park is making a windbreak with his duster for Martina, who's trying to light the fire.

JESS (CONT'D)

"Elements of the sun, elements of the day, please come this way. Powers of the night and day I -" What is that word?

Lightning is flashing about and the wind's getting worse.

MARTINA

Come on!

Martina is having trouble herself, getting the fire lit.

JESS

Oh, I see, "Summon!" Okay, "I summon thee, I call upon thee, to protect me! So may it be."

A distant hot rod engine starts. It revs and the SOUND begins heading their way.

DANNY

Hurry!

They all stop to listen.

MARTINA

(to Jess)

Again! Say it again!

VON PARK

(yelling)

Go!

The speeding car is getting closer, headlamps cutting through the stalks now.

JESS

"Elements of the sun, elements of the day, please come this way. Powers of the night and day I summon thee, I call upon thee, to protect me! So may it be!"

MARTINA

Again!!!

JESS

"Elements of the sun, elements of the day, please come this way."

The deafening roar of its engine! It's getting closer! Any second they'll all be roadkill. They all touch the cross as Jess finishes the chant.

JESS (CONT'D)

(yelling to be heard)

"Powers of the night and day I summon thee, I call upon thee, to protect me! So, may it be!!"

The hot rod, never manifesting - only the SOUND roars past them.

MARTINA

Oh my God!! The chant worked!

JESS

We have to hurry. She didn't know how long the chant will protect us.

They can't get the fire lit - the wind is too strong now.

Von Park cuts some splinters of kindling from the cross with his pocketknife. Adds them.

VON PARK  
Here, try this - it's dry.

The SOUND of something large crawling in the cornstalks.

DANNY  
Ya think the spider's still alive?

VON PARK  
Don't say that.

The crawling sound is now coming from all around them.

They stop.

MARTINA  
The spell: It's keeping whatever's  
out there at bay. Hurry, help block  
the wind.

Von Park grabs the trash can lid.

JESS  
Wait, what are you doing?

VON PARK  
This isn't going to work.

Von Park tosses all the clearing elements onto the base of the cross - pulls a flask out of his pocket - shakes out some fluid on to the cross.

Jess smiles - getting his drift.

JESS  
I like how you roll. You should  
start the visualization now.

Danny tosses a match and - WHOOSH - the cross with Tarantula and the elements begin burning.

They take a step back. Martina gets Von Park to sit in the familiar cross-legged, meditation pose.

MARTINA  
Okay, now close your eyes and do as  
I say. Breathe in deeply and exhale  
slowly.

VON PARK  
I feel ridiculous.

As Martina continues to take Von Park under, we watch Tarantula's burlap flesh as it swallows up the dark-green clearing smoke, which behaves like a thick death-silk.

Flames find their way up her torso. She's burning.

The rustling in the cornstalks is growing louder, distracting Von Park.

MARTINA

(to Von Park)

You have to stay focused and relax.  
Listen to my voice.

VON PARK

You sure about this?

Von Park goes back into concentration again. Tarantula's scarecrow head seems to tilt back in agony - her slit-mouth gaping wider.

MARTINA

Quiet your mind. Counting  
backwards, getting more relaxed  
now. Ten. Nine.

Burlap cinders spiral upwards. Von Park relaxing.

High winds are now circling. A crack of thunder is punctuated by another bolt of lightning.

A gust of wind picks up the trash can lid and smacks Von Park hard in the back of the head, knocking him out cold.

Jess goes to him, trying to bring him to. His head is bleeding.

Jess hears her name being called. It's Dillon's voice.

DILLON (O.S.)

Jess, help me. I'm lost in the  
cornfield.

JESS

(yelling)

Dillon!? Dillon!!

Jess jumps to her feet.

DANNY

Jess -

Jess bolts directly into the cornfield towards Dillon's voice.



Danny grabs Jess's bat as he and Martina chase her into the dark cornstalks.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Jessica!!! No!!!

94 EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

94

MARTINA  
Jess!

They catch up with Jessica and stop her.

DANNY  
It's not Dillon! It's Tara! It's a trap.

Jess is taking this in. They catch their breath.

They notice a body on the ground nearby. Up against a pole, the body looks cocooned in spider webs. They approach and circle it.

Dead against the pole is Dillon. Pulverized from the hot rod, his body is barely recognizable.

Jess and Martina cringe, backing up, screaming.

The three of them turn to bolt but are confronted by TWO HUGE, BLACK SPIDERS.

The girls freak, screaming, then bolt, splitting off. Danny nails one of the spiders with Jess's bat. Splat!

The two girls pop out of the cornfield at the center again. Danny pops out too, spattered in blood.

They see Von Park is missing.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, your grandfather's gone!

JESS  
But where?! What do we do?!

MARTINA  
She's going to kill him for sure if she hasn't already.

The answer's in Jess's eyes.

JESS  
 I have to do this.  
 (to Martina)  
 Help me.

95 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

95

Martina and Jess sit cross-legged in front of the burning cross. Martina is coaching Jess while holding her hand.

MARTINA  
 Breathe in deeply and exhale slowly.

JESS  
 Shit. I'm scared.

MARTINA  
Quiet your mind. Counting backwards, getting more relaxed now. Ten. Nine. You're becoming ever more comfortable. Eight. Seven.

Jess's hand falls beside her. Something is drawing closer in the field. Martina clocks it.

MARTINA (CONT'D)  
 (a bit rushed)  
 You are floating, becoming lighter and lighter. Six. Five. Four.

The wind is now mixed with white smoke.

Jess's head slumps down. Martina stops, realizing Jess is in.

96 JESS'S MIND'S EYE P.O.V. - JESS'S VISUALIZATION

96

In this otherworldly reality, Jess strides confidently down the corn maze corridor, wearing imaginary protective, tactical gear. Here, in her visualization, she is confident, brave, and her hair and make-up are dialed up.

Jess has a weapon in a back holster. It's poorly designed, but scary enough and a bit oversized. The large shells for it are slung on a leather gun belt across her chest. She's optimized for cool.

JESS (V.O.)  
 (to herself)  
 Got my special-recipe-shells  
 containing Nightshade, ground  
 horse's hooves, oxen hair, orange  
 rinds and gunpowder. Yep, we're  
 going to have us a fucking  
 clearing.

She sees something up ahead and stops.

Her grandfather is crucified on a wood cross with the heavy-gauge chain. He's still alive. The huge spider is right on top of him.

Von Park is terrified as the spider is cocooning him.

JESS  
 Ok, not part of my movie.

She pulls her weapon, cocks it.

Jess approaches the huge spider. It moves behind the cross for cover - its legs wrapped around the cross and Von Park's cob-webbed face.

VON PARK  
 (crying)  
 Please, kill me. Just kill me.

She stops. Unprepared for this, Jess' emotions are getting the best of her. She begins to glitch out of her visualization.

97 EXT. CORN MAZE - CROSS - NIGHT

97

Snapping-out of the visualization, emotional, Jess opens her bloodshot eyes while drawing a large breath. Her teeth are stained dark now, and she looks haggard. Martina is on bent knees before her, holding her shoulders. Danny is there, too.

MARTINA  
 What happened?!

DANNY  
 You ok?

JESS  
 (crying)  
 She has him on a cross - with the  
 spider!! He wants me to kill him!

MARTINA

No, that's Tarantula! She's  
manipulating you. Don't let her!  
Your grandfather's here somewhere.

JESS

How can this be happening? This is  
my visualization. How is this even  
possible?

MARTINA

Like Roshanna said, there's a lot  
we don't know. Jessica, you have to  
go back in there and find Tara.  
Hurry! Try to block out her  
interference. Just use your  
imagination. You got this!  
(Softly)  
Now, close your eyes and relax.

As Jess's eyes close we ...

CUT TO:

98 JESS'S MIND'S EYE P.O.V. - JESS'S VISUALIZATION

98

Back in her visualization by the cross.

JESS

(to herself)  
Concentrate.

She circles the cross to draw a bead on the spider. But as  
she does, so does the spider, managing to keep its body on  
the back side of the cross, away from her.

JESS (CONT'D)

(sotto)  
No. I brought the ball, we play by  
my rules.

Jess purposefully vanishes and reappears on the other side,  
catching the spider off guard.

She grabs her clearing weapon and blows the pizza-spider to  
smithereens. Jess smiles.

JESS (CONT'D)

Imagine that.

Jess pulls a ladder out of literally nowhere and puts it up  
against the cross. She's getting the hang of this.

## INSERT - JESS'S IMAGINARY STORYBOARD

Several hand-drawn panels appear on screen. The frames are as follows:

- A drawing of her scaling up the ladder with new confidence dissolves to live action as we follow her climb up.
- Another drawing of her peeling off the webs cocooning Von Park also dissolves to live action of her doing it.
- A drawing of her hands removing Von Park's chains dissolves to a drawing of her slinging Von Park over her shoulder.
- This dissolves to a final drawing of her descending with him down the ladder.

## BACK TO SCENE

Jess sets Von Park down safely on the ground. He'll live.

A shadow falls over her. She turns. It's Tarantula. Confrontation time.

Thick, white fog moves eerily with the silhouetted BLACK KNIGHTS. They are backlit by the headlamps of several hot rods.

The Knights approach.

The massive engines start - the roar is deafening.

Jess, backing up, clearly not in charge of her visualization anymore.

99 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

99

Back in reality, Martina is watching the distressed expression on Jess's face. Martina holds Jess's hand which begins to shake, nervously.

MARTINA

Easy, babe. Take it easy.

100 JESS'S MIND'S EYE P.O.V. - JESS'S VISUALIZATION

100

Right out of Dante's Inferno, the Black Knights emerge. Here, they are an unholy evil.

Jess, shaken, loads shells into the chamber.

As Tara moves forward into the light, she passes her idling Deuce Coupe. We finally see Von Park's paint job.

Tarantula's face is partially caved in from hitting the pole head-on. Blood drains down her front - yet, somehow, she speaks.

TARANTULA

Well, well, well, look at you. All  
grewed-up. The granddaughter. A  
Vincent Von Park, pure-blood.

(a new, terrible voice)

Look what he did to me.

JESS

You had it easy. My father wasn't  
so lucky, I looked up the coroner's  
report.

A voice from the dark corridor.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's right.

From the darkened corridor, enters Grady, Jess's dad. His flesh is a mass of swollen, red bites, oozing with pus. He's hideous to look at.

Jess is stunned to see him in her visualization.

101 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 101

Back in reality, Martina watches Jess. Jess's eyes are still closed but she's more distressed and is now panting.

MARTINA

Easy. Take it easy, Jess. It's ok.

102 JESS'S MIND'S P.O.V. - JESS'S VISUALIZATION 102

JESS

Grady?

Grady smiles at Jess. His face is momentarily back to normal. He winks at Jess - their personal moment.

He then focuses back on Tarantula and becomes deadly serious.

GRADY

(with disdain)

You can die very quickly from venomous spider bites if anaphylactic shock sets in. I wasn't so lucky. No, the first bites just paralyzed me - so I was still alive - only - I couldn't move a muscle.

He slowly begins moving towards her.

Tarantula, standing her ground.

GRADY (CONT'D)

I had to helplessly watch, as the hundreds of other spiders you sent swarmed me. Each one biting me. You saw to it that I had a front-row seat to my own death.

JESS

(to Grady)

I wanted to know you.

(motions to Tara)

She cheated me out of you.

GRADY

(to Jess)

I'll always be with you.

TARANTULA

Touching.

Jess thinks fast, throwing Grady her weapon.

JESS

This will mean more coming from you than me.

Grady catches the weapon and blasts Tarantula, sending her shrieking backwards, into the cornfield.

Enraged, the undead Black Knights unleash holy Hell. Grady is doing his best to fend them off. Dozens more are seen coming through the fog now.

Jess panics. This is too much. She falls to one knee, focuses on the ground in front of her. Closes her eyes as the frame goes BLACK.

JESS (V.O.)

(echoing)

Concentrate. Concentrate!

She opens her eyes. Laser focused, she's imagining something. She looks over her shoulder for her results.

An army of UNDEAD TEENS FROM THE CORN MAZE appears - still wearing their Corn Maze admittance bracelets. They all brandish makeshift weapons as they begin battling the undead Black Knights.

Jess pulls yet another weapon from her back holster.

Lug, Mango, and several more blood-covered Knights are coming for her and Grady. Lug is swinging his chain. Mango has razor long nails plotting for the kill.

Jess and Grady open up on them. But their loads have mysteriously become ineffective blanks. FUCK!

Jess tosses her weapon at them.

She bears down, closing her eyes, concentrating harder.

JESS  
(grimacing)  
We're gonna need some special help.

She opens her eyes and looks to her left.

WHIP PAN TO:

TOM LAUGHLIN, FROM BILLY JACK! Yep, you heard it right!

Bare-footed, in his classic, flat-brimmed hat, using his deadly martial arts skills, Laughlin begins handily dispatching the Black Knights, one by one.

JESS (CONT'D)  
This is so cool.

Emerging from the darkness, Jess sees UNDEAD AMBER AND DILLON. They are dragging something heavy.

It's the cross - with Tarantula strapped to it.

They see Jess and drop the cross.

They run to her. Jess grabs them both - the three of them hug it out.

Jess's eyes finally find Dillon's for the first time. She kisses him sweetly.

Both seeming to understand this bizarre, fleeting moment.



JESS (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
I'm so sorry.

UNDEAD DILLON  
It's not your fault.

UNDEAD AMBER  
No. It's hers.

They glance at the crucified Tarantula.

UNDEAD DILLON  
Your weapons are useless against  
her.

UNDEAD AMBER  
Yeah, but the cross makes her weak.

JESS  
(thinking)  
Ok, I got this. Get that thing  
vertical.

Behind them the battle has subsided. The Undead Knights,  
subdued. Our martial arts hero, gone. Grady is gone too.

Amber and Dillon sink the cross back into the hole. They look  
at Jess who has her eyes closed, concentrating again.

The SOUND of something large is rumbling from out of the  
darkness. Amber and Dillon watch intently.

A HUGE BLACK WATER TRUCK EMERGES. MARTINA IS DRIVING!

Jess sees her and smiles. Martina stops the water truck in  
front of the cross.

UNDEAD DILLON  
A water truck?

Amber sees the side of the truck.

UNDEAD AMBER  
That's not water.

A large BLACK FLAG LOGO is on the side of the truck. Undead  
Dillon smiles at Jess.

Beat.

FROM INSIDE THE TRUCK: Martina and Tarantula lock eyes.

MARTINA  
Sweet dreams, bitch.

She flips the toggle switch.

The giant valve-nozzle opens up and BEGINS TO BLAST DEADLY INSECTICIDE DIRECTLY AT TARANTULA'S BODY!

It's like holy water on a demon, as she hisses, writhing in pain, the steam rising off of her.

Her writhing slows. Finally, Tarantula is dead.

Silence. All that remain are the idling hot rods with their headlamps on. Martina gets out of the truck and moves to Jess.

Jess smiles at her, then turns to see Von Park still on the ground. Martina and Jess go and help Von Park up.

When they turn back, their undead friends are gone. The hot rods have vanished as well.

The blackened and burned closed eye of Tarantula, opens.

Jess, Martina and Von Park begin walking out.

But something behind them is lurking. They turn. In the darkness, a monstrosly large Tarantula spider, that fills the width of the corridor, is following them! It's massive. The cross is now bare, the poison having failed. Tarantula has now manifested into her ultimate potential!

Fear has Jess and Von Park caught up in terror. Jess is beginning to glitch out of the visualization. Martina sees this.

MARTINA (CONT'D)  
Stay connected, Jess! Don't let go!

But Jess is glitching badly.

Martina vanishes from the visualization.

Jess and Von Park are being chased by the humongous Tarantula.

103 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

103

Back in reality, Martina is trying to soothe Jess, but she's convulsing. Danny splashes more alcohol from Von Park's flask on to the fire.

104 BACK IN JESS'S VISUALIZATION - CONTINUOUS 104

Jess and Von Park approach one of the observation platforms. They scale it. The VW-beetle-sized Tarantula approaches the platform. Jess closes her eyes. Concentrates.

As this mega-Tarantula moves under the platform, Jess traps it in her visualization. Wood planks from the platform shackle two of the Tarantula's legs in place. The massive Tarantula is trying to get loose, rocking the entire structure.

Jess and Von Park hold on tight.

Jess is now manifesting an extra-large GUILLOTINE around the creature.

A wooden frame builds itself. It holds an angled blade that runs along grooves. The wide, heavy blade rises to the top. A rope counterweight system strains at the tension.

Jess is sweating. Tarantula is trying to work herself free from the planks.

105 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT 105

Back in reality, Martina watches Jess pantomime holding the rope. She releases it!

106 BACK IN JESS'S VISUALIZATION - CONTINUOUS 106

THE BLADE DROPS! Tarantula cranes her arachnid head upwards to see it coming.

IT SLICES TARANTULA IN HALF! A hissing scream echoes off.

107 EXT. CORN MAZE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 107

Jess opens her eyes. She's back to reality, and Martina and Danny help Jess up off the ground. She is weak and drained and her hair now has a faint streak of grey in it. They hear Von Park's voice in the distance.

VON PARK (V.O.)  
(yelling from distance)  
Help!

JESS  
That's him!

They rush to the sound of Von Park's voice.

Down the corridor they find him.

They help him up. He's limping and bleeding. They begin walking out. In the background, the cross still burns.

VON PARK  
Sorry about the visualization  
thing. What happened?

JESS  
I subbed for you. It worked. I  
think. I'm so relieved you're ok.

VON PARK  
You're something. You know that?

JESS  
Really?

VON PARK  
Yeah. And I'm a pretty good judge  
of character, too. In my opinion,  
your Mom and whoever subbed for  
Grady did a pretty damn good job.

JESS  
Thanks.

She smiles and lets that sink in.

Burning embers from the cross pop, catching the cornfield on  
fire. Danny hears a whoosh from behind.

DANNY  
(turning)  
Holy shit!

They others turn to see the flames whipping up from the  
cornfield now. It's a sight.

Static shot, as our quartet walks away, paying no more  
attention to the burning cornfield behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY - PRESENT DAY

108

Same shot of the smoldering cornfield, blackened and now  
fallen to ashes. WE NOW SEE THE REMAINING METAL POLES.

A U-HAUL TRUCK is parked on the street in front of Jess's Roadster. The garage door is open. Danny, Martina, and Jess load the truck with props and movie equipment, cleaning out the garage.

Jack comes outside.

JACK  
Hi Jess. Hi kids.

ALL  
Hi.

Jack approaches Jess. She sets down a box of wigs and goes over to Jack.

JESS  
I'm returning your garage to you.  
And you're getting special thanks  
in all my movies from now on.

Jack smiles.

JACK  
It's good to see you.

The lump in Jess's throat is obvious.

JESS  
It's good to see you too.

They hug.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
I'm so sorry I hurt you.

JACK  
It's ok, honey.

JESS  
I just had to find out who my real  
dad was.

She wipes the tears from her eyes and looks at him.

JESS (CONT'D)  
And I realized, it's you.

Jack embraces her again. Linda has come out on the front porch. She's beaming. Thomas comes running out past her.

THOMAS

(excited)

Hey, where are you taking that stuff?

JESS

We got a storage unit for it, so Dad could have his garage back. We shoulda done it a long time ago.

Jess sees Martina with the raptor body suit headed for the truck.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hey, Martina, that raptor suit belongs to Thomas.

Thomas stops and turns to Jess.

THOMAS

Best. Sister. Ever.

Jess smiles, as do Linda and Jack. Thomas runs over and gets it from Martina. It's like he was given the Holy Grail.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Jess)

You rule the universe.

JESS

(laughing)

I'm glad you like it.

110 EXT. JESS'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

110

Danny rolls down the back door of the U-Haul. They're finished.

JESS

I'll meet you guys at the storage.

MARTINA

Ok, see you over there.

DANNY

Bye, Jess.

JESS

Bye guys, drive safely.

DANNY

We will.

Danny and Martina are getting ready to leave in the U-Haul.

Jess's family have all gone inside now.

Jess goes to the garage. It's nice and clean. She sees a box left on the floor. She approaches it. She slowly opens it.

It's a fog machine. She picks up the box and turns.

JESS

Hey you guys, we forgot -

She sees the U-Haul truck take off. She runs with the box down the driveway after them. Too late, they're gone.

As she's about to go back with the box, she hears the thunderous rumble of a large horsepower engine.

Vaaaarrrrrroooooooooom!

She turns to see: the phantom, driverless hot rod!

The roaring sound, increasing. Closer on Jess. She relaxes herself - closes her eyes - exhales slowly.

Back on the hot rod. Second gear! CLOSER.

IT'S HEADED RIGHT FOR HER!

111 JESS'S MIND'S EYE P.O.V. OF HERSELF - JESS 2.0

111

Her empowered eyes pop open. The ghostly hot rod at top speed now. Third gear!

Closer now and more defiant, Jess bears down, concentrating. As the deafening sound reaches her ...

CUT TO BLACK.

Music up by Dada - "Dizz-Knee-Land."

**THE END**

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