

SPOOKY HOLLER MASSACRAY

An Original Screenplay
by
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OVER BLACK:

THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE--explosions, gunfire, pinging metal.
Then quiet--a sense of detente.

An infant WAILS as we

FADE IN:

EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE STREET - DAY

The scene bursts into dusty, sun-baked daylight as Army Medic
JUAN DIAZ (30s) dashes up to the undercarriage of a tipped
Humvee and takes cover.

He takes a moment to catch his breath, then sidles to the end
of the undercarriage, peeks around it.

He sees a WOMAN in a black burka crumpled in the middle of
the street. A blood covered INFANT WAILS beside her.

Juan ducks his head back in, his face sweaty with fear.

He edges a look at the baby again; casts his eyes to a brick
building beyond, ducks back in. He closes his eyes, mustering
courage; makes the Sign of the Cross, then

dashes into the street as bullets splash the dirt around him.
He grabs up the child.

KABOOM! Dust, fire, blood fill the screen. Then BLACKNESS.

SUPER: Four Months Later

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY

A jet airliner lands.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - DAY

Disembarking passengers pour out of the passenger tunnel.

GLORIA (28), Juan's wife, frowns anxiously as she looks over
the crowd. She sees her man. Pushes through.

Juan, now in civilian garb, looks around, lost. He spots
Gloria, brightens.

They come together.

JUAN

Gloria.

GLORIA

Juan. I've missed you, baby.

JUAN

Me, too, sweetheart.

They embrace. Kiss passionately.

EMILIO
Welcome home, bro.

Juan's best friend and former comrade-in-arms, EMILIO (30s), stands with his arms open wide, grinning broadly.

JUAN
Emilio!

They man-hug. Juan holds Emilio out at arms length, gazes at him with affection.

JUAN
I never got the chance to say it,
but thank you for saving...

EMILIO
Forget it, bro. You would have done
the same for me. How you holding up?

JUAN
I'm still standing.

CORAL (28), a red-headed Latina stunner, comes up beside Emilio--her husband.

JUAN
Hi, Coral.

Coral kisses his cheek. They hug.

CORAL
Glad you're back safe and sound.

The SHRILL SCREAM of a baby. Juan flinches.

JUAN
Safe? Yeah. Sound? Not there yet.

GLORIA
You're home; that's what counts.
Come on, let's get outta here.

She leads him off. Emilio falls in beside Juan.

EMILIO
Looking forward to the camping trip?

JUAN
Can hardly wait.

GLORIA
I got us a hotel suite close by.

JUAN
Good. I'm ready to get drunk.

Emilio takes Juan's bag from him.

EMILIO
I'll carry that.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Gloria and Coral make snacks in the kitchenette. Juan and Emilio recline on the sofa, drink beer as they watch a CAGE FIGHT on the TV. Emilio into it; reacts to punches.

EMILIO
You and I coulda beat either one of these yayhoos in our prime.

JUAN
I must be getting old; can't see damaging myself for money.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Guys want another beer?

EMILIO
Yeah! Bring us two.
(to Juan)
Oh! I got something to show you.

He goes over to the closet. Brings back a stylish black visored helmet with an orange logo "SimulReality" repeated on it, fading to infinity. He hands it to Juan.

JUAN
(examining it)
This one of your gadgets? What's it for?

Coral enters, sets the beers on the coffee table, exits.

CORAL (O.S.)
I'll bet he talks you into it, Juan.

EMILIO
It's a Simulated Reality helmet. Takes you to a whole different level of virtual reality, bro. That's a beta copy you got there. I volunteered to test it.

JUAN
What's so different about it?

EMILIO
It's a program that works directly on your limbic system--the long term memory part of your brain, then acts on it by creating challenging scenarios you act out in real time.

JUAN
So, it's A.I. for the brain?

EMILIO

In a way. But the cool thing is that it can interact with others who are in the program at the same time so you all share the same experience.

JUAN

Sounds like group mind control.

EMILIO

Sorta, but it's temporary. It's timed. Might be therapeutic for you.

JUAN

I have PTSD. It could do the opposite and fuck up my brain more.

Juan hands it back to him.

EMILIO

I hear you, bro. Like I said, it's in the beta stage. Probably not ready for everybody, yet.

JUAN

It's hard enough getting my mind back into this reality.

EMILIO

I hear you, brother.

JUAN

I know. You're just trying to help. Cool design, though.

LATER - SAME EVENING

Juan, Gloria, Emilio, Coral sit around empty beer bottles at the kitchenette bar. They're drunk. Emilio makes a toast.

EMILIO

(imitating Foster

Brooks, comedian)

A t-t-(Hic!) toast! To our ro-ro-(Hic! Burp!)-road trip...(Hic!) and to Juan ge-ge-ge-(Hic!)-getting, getting his sh-sh-shhit back to-to-together. (Hic! Burp!)

(mimics Woody

Woodpecker)

AaHaUhAa! AaHaUhAa! AaHaUhAa!

They laugh.

JUAN

(to Emilio)

You should go on America's Got Talent.

They CLICK their bottles together.

GLORIA

To the peace and quiet of the woods.

JUAN

To no phones and no traffic.

CORAL

To lots of mosquito spray.

Juan stands up, weaving in place.

JUAN

Well...It's been a long day and I'm
ready to hit the hay.

(to Gloria)

Ready, mi corazon?

He clumsily scoops Gloria up from her stool. She throws her arms around his neck.

GLORIA

You sure?

JUAN

Good night, everybody.

Juan takes a wobbly step and crumbles to the floor. Gloria laughs. Juan grins sheepishly as Emilio and Coral join in. He tries to get up.

EMILIO

Need help, bro?

Gloria pulls him up. They stumble in tandem into the bedroom, slam the door behind them.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Night!

Emilio puts down his beer, teeters, stares lustily at Coral.

EMILIO

You're missing your beauty sleep.

Coral swoons into his arms, still holding her beer bottle.

CORAL

Screw the beauty sleep. We're on
vacation. Fuck my brains out. That's
an order, corporal!

Wildly excited, Emilio kisses her passionately as he drags her to the open bedroom door. He stumbles. They fall together into the dark room.

CORAL (O.S.)

(giggling)

I think I bruised my booty.

EMILIO (O.S.)

Let me take a good look at that.

INT. JUAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kissing, Juan and Gloria rip each other's clothes off. Naked, Gloria falls into bed, coyly slides the sheet to her chin. Juan drops his pants, plops down on the edge of the bed.

He pushes his PROSTHETIC LEGS off. They CLUNK to the floor revealing leg stubs below his knees. He stares at them.

GLORIA

(sits up)

What is it, Juan?

Juan twists around to her.

JUAN

You saw me out there. I couldn't get up. I was like a beetle on its back. You had to help me. I'm only half the man I used to be. You must see that, too...

GLORIA

Ssh! I love you however you are, Juan. Be grateful that you are alive. I am. How would you feel about me if I had no legs? Hmm?

Juan stares into her eyes as he contemplates that. He swings onto the bed, pulls her against him.

JUAN

Thank you.

GLORIA

I know one plus. Our legs won't get tangled up anymore.

They laugh, embrace, kiss passionately.

INSERT: TWO SECONDS OF ELECTRONIC STATIC AND WHITE SCRATCHY FILM FRAMES.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Juan shoves a bag into the back of the SUV. Gloria and Coral sit in the back seat within. Gloria's hair is pulled back with a RED RIBBON.

In the b.g., Emilio approaches with a Frisbee.

EMILIO

Hey, Juan! Stick your hand out.

Juan turns, holds out his hand. Emilio launches the Frisbee from between his legs. It sticks into Juan's stationary hand.

JUAN

You're still the master, Emilio.

He tosses the Frisbee into the back and drops the hatch.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

The SUV exits onto a busy street.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

SUV enters freeway. Road sign reads: "95 North."

SERIES OF TRAVELING SHOTS

--The SUV passes big box stores, smoky factories, pastel hotels, dead orange groves, etc.

--Emilio drives; Juan looks at a map, then out the window.

--Coral and Gloria look out the window at scenery, nodding to pop LATIN MUSIC ON THE CAR RADIO.

--Jacksonville suburbia.

--"I-75N" sign. Countryside scenery.

--The SUV glides by a sign that reads: "Welcome to Georgia."

--The SUV takes an exit ramp, stops at the stop sign. A placard reads: "Gas/Food, 6 miles." The SUV turns towards it.

EXT. CAFE GAS STATION - DAY

The SUV pulls up to the first of two gas pumps.

Emilio, Juan, Gloria, and Coral get out, stretch, look off towards the cafe.

The cafe looks deserted: Chipped siding, milky streaked picture window, faded signage.

A lone van is parked in front. The side panel reads: "Mortimer Bros. Funereal Services, LLC."

CORAL

Is it even open?

EMILIO

There's an "Open" sign on the screen door.

CORA

Sometimes people forget to turn those things around, you know.

EMILIO

You guys go in. Order me a hamburger and fries and coffee. I'll get this.

Emilio removes the gas cap. The others head for the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Faded fifties red and white decor: checkered tiled floor, fountain bar, chromed tables and chairs, duct-taped booths.

Gloria, Coral, Juan enter, stop in front of a whiteboard that reads: "Daily Special: Hot Beef and Gravy."

Sitting at the bar, morticians ZAK and ZED MORTIMER (60s), stare at Juan with long, gray, cow-like faces, as if seeing a ghost. Juan stares challengingly back at them.

CORAL

Hot beef. I haven't had that in ages.

GLORIA

Sounds good, for a change.
(to Juan)
Whataya think?...Juan?

JUAN

(still staring off)
Huh? Oh. A booth would be fine.

Zak and Zed finally break their stares and turn to their coffees and sip in tandem.

GLORIA

You okay?

JUAN

(turns to her)
Yeah, sure, I'm okay.
(off Gloria's look)
Really.

Coral spots a sign that reads "Toilets."

CORAL

I gotta pee first.

GLORIA

I'm on your heels, sister.

They head off. Juan walks stiffly over to a booth and slides in. He faces the picture window.

He removes a soiled menu card from the napkin and condiment container, peruses it for a minute.

He casually looks the place over. A big advertisement poster on the wall reads: "Spooky Holler Camp Grounds. Quiet, Peaceful. An Adventure In Primitive Camping. Fishing. Ten miles west."

A yellowed school clock displays "6:30."

Juan gazes out the window at Emilio washing the car windows with a squeegee.

He shifts his gaze over to the morticians staring at him. Juan glares back irritably. They turn away.

Gloria enters. Juan gets up, lets her in. Coral slips in across from them.

GLORIA
The toilet was filthy. Makes me wonder about the food.

CORAL
If I wasn't such a lady, I woulda gone outside and peed in the weeds.

GLORIA
(looking around)
Where's the service?

She looks off, SEES somebody peek through the kitchen door window, then vanish. She leans towards Juan, indicates Zak and Zed, heads turned around, staring at them.

GLORIA
Why are those creepy guys staring at us like that?

JUAN
I don't know, but they're getting on my nerves.

GLORIA
(to Zak and Zed)
Do you mind? Stop staring at us!

The swinging door to the kitchen bursts open. GRACIE (60s), a world-weary, scowl-faced, round woman, wearing a grease-stained apron, lumbers out, the last drag of a doused cigarette streaming from her nostrils.

GRACIE
(gravel voiced)
Stop harassin' my reglas.

GLORIA
They were staring at us.

She waddles up to the table.

GRACIE
They cain't hear ya. They deaf 'n dumb. Only kin see ya. So direct y'all's' complaints to me. Comprendy?

GLORIA
How were we to know that? It's our first time here.

GRACIE
What'll ya have?

JUAN
Could we order your special, please?

GRACIE
No.

Her bluntness stuns everybody.

GLORIA
Why not?

GRACIE
Done run out of the special.

JUAN
Oh...Well, then. Can we have four
hamburgers with fries?

GRACIE
Drink?

JUAN
A coffee and three ice teas.

She starts to leave. Juan glances at the morticians. They're staring at him.

JUAN
Oh, and, ah, could you please tell
your regulars not to stare at us.
We'd appreciate it.

She waddles away. As she passes Zed she slaps him hard on the back of the head, then reaches over, slaps Zak.

GRACIE
Turn 'round! Stop starin'!

She peeks back over her shoulder, then bends closer to them.

GRACIE
Be patient.

She disappears into the kitchen.

CORAL
That woman's got a bad case of
weird.

EXT. CAFE GAS STATION - DAY

Emilio opens the cafe screen door. He pauses, turns to a RUMBLING SOUND in the distance. SEES a swarm of motorcycles coming this way. He enters.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Juan, Emilio, Gloria, Coral eating their hamburgers. Through the picture window we see BIKERS gathering.

Gracie approaches.

GRACIE
That be all?

JUAN
(looks at the rest)
Yeah. I think that's it.

Coral gestures with her hamburger as she chews.

CORAL
This hamburger is pretty tasty. What do you put in it?

GLORIA
(her mouth full,
agrees)
Mm-mm.

GRACIE
That'll be twenny one dolla.

EMILIO
You want paid, now?

GRACIE
Get y'all on yo' way before that
(indicates window)
bunch stomps in here. They'll raise
a ruckus when they find out I'm
outta they favorite special.

Juan takes out his billfold, removes a five and a twenty, hands it to Gracie.

JUAN
Keep it.

She crams it into her cleavage and walks away. They resume eating. Juan watches the bikers through the window horsing around near the SUV.

EXT. CAFE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Harleys fill the lot. Skinheads pass liquor, smoke, push each other around, generally act as stupid as they look.

They are large, brutish neo-Nazis with a mean IQ of seventy. Their faces and skin blued with obscene tattoos.

The leader, MANKILL, who raises their average IQ with his own of eighty, CHUGS up to the SUV and shuts down.

His hair is tied back in a scraggily ponytail. His face, a permanent menacing scowl with a rainstorm of tattooed teardrops below his left eye. On his belt, a bayonet and a Colt .45 pistol.

He removes his goggles. Glares at the SUV ahead as he wags his head with exaggerated disapproval and gets off his bike.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Juan watches Mankill through the window.

JUAN
What's he up to?

Emilio and Coral glance back over their shoulders.

They SEE Mankill gesturing at BIG-DUMB to move up. Big-Dumb, a 350-lb tub of lard, CHUGS his Harley to the front of the SUV. A SKINHEAD throws a chain end over Big-Dumb's shoulder.

EMILIO
What the fuck?

Big-Dumb grips the end of the chain against his naked chest, leans forward, THROTTLES the gas. The rear wheel spits gravel over the SUV as it's dragged beyond the window frame.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Big-Dumb throws off the chain with a man-boy HOWL. A skinhead feeds a siphon hose in the SUV's gas tank.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Juan, Emilio, Gloria, and Coral hurry to the door.

EMILIO
I knew I shoulda moved it up.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Juan, Gloria, Emilio, and Coral pause on the stoop as the screen door SNAPS shut behind them. The skinheads stare at them with lust in their eyes.

EMILIO
I don't like the looks of this.

JUAN
Yeah. I don't either. Come on.

Juan leads the way; wends around a cluster of skinheads.

JUAN
Scuse us...scuse us...

Mankill leers at Gloria and Coral, then follows them.

They arrive at the front of the SUV. The skinhead furtively removes the siphon from the gas tank.

They stare aghast at the cracked windshield and chipped grill. Drunken skinheads WHISTLE, TRASH TALK at the girls.

EMILIO

(to Juan)

Holy crap. Look what those assholes did to our SUV.

Mankill walks up, gets in Emilio's face.

MANKILL

What did you call us, onion pecka?

EMILIO

Onion pecker?

JUAN

Hey. We don't want any trouble.

Mankill stiff-arms Juan in the face. Juan stumbles back into a skinhead who wraps his arms around him, pinning him.

JUAN

Hey! Let go of me. This is crazy.

Emilio, stunned, wants to react; hesitates.

MANKILL

(to Juan)

You gots trouble.

(turns to Emilio)

This little taco pecka called me asshole.

(into Emilio's face)

You parked yo' fuckin' car at ma pump? You disrespected me. Asshole!

He swings a backhand at Emilio. Emilio ducks, karate punches him in the nose. Skinheads grab, pin Emilio from behind.

Mankill wipes his nose, stares at the blood on his hand.

MANKILL

You rat ass motha fucka! I'm gonna cut you up.

Mankill reaches for his knife.

CORAL

Stop it! Stop it!

Gloria and Coral insert themselves in front of Mankill.

GLORIA

Leave him alone!

Mankill grabs them around their throats, lifts them off the ground and eyes them lustily up and down.

MANKILL

Looky what we gots here, boys. Two feisty little does.

The girls frantically grab at his hands, trying to pry them off. Gloria fires her knee into Mankill's groin.

He freezes, registers his pain with a widening, baleful glare as he lowers them to the ground.

He pushes Coral away and cups his nuts.

MANKILL

(octave higher pitch)

Take that bitch, Dolf! This one's all mine.

DOLF, a sex-crazed pile of shit, drags Coral aside, starts ravishing her with his hands.

CORAL

Aaah! Keep your fucking hands off me, you filthy creep!

She fights back clawing and scratching.

DOLF

Jesus! She a scrappa.

In hot rage, Emilio struggles against huge pinning arms.

Mankill bearhugs the struggling Gloria.

JUAN

Let go of her, you dumb fuck! I'll kill you! Hey! You! Asshole!...

Juan hammers on the shins of his restrainer with his prosthetic heels. The skinhead YOWLS, pushes him away.

Mankill chuckles manically, stroking Gloria's breast.

MANKILL

(octave higher)

Do that again and I'll have you for dessert.

THWACK! A leg prosthesis smashes into his face. Knocks him back, dazed. He lets go of Gloria. Juan hops on one leg, loses his balance, tumbles to the ground.

Mankill wipes the blood from his forehead and stares at it. He draws his gun. Takes aim at Juan's head.

ON GLORIA as she reacts.

GLORIA

NO!

BLAM!

The COUNTY SHERIFF (60s) enters scene pointing a smoking gun. A nameplate over his shirt pocket reads: "Sheriff Dobbs." He is a portly Southern redneck, used to this.

SHERIFF

Put it down, Mank! Now!

Mankill thinks about it.

SHERIFF

Now, dang-it-all!

Mankill slowly holsters the gun.

DEPUTY HENRY (40), a hillbilly in uniform, reaches for his arm. Mankill shrugs him off.

SHERIFF

(to Mankill)

Keep it there!

(to the others)

Alright, break it up, ya'll! Give us some blue sky! Let that boy go!

(motions with his gun at the skinheads holding Emilio)

Let's go! The rest of you back off!

They release Emilio.

SHERIFF

Dolf! Let her go!

Dolf slaps Coral on the butt as she pulls away.

DOLF

That some mighty fine tail.

Emilio charges at Dolf, karate-kicks him in the face. Dolf flips over backwards. The skinheads grab for Emilio.

BLAM!

SHERIFF

That's enough, ya hear? You're wastin' my bullets! Next one won't be moon bound.

EMILIO

(smoldering; to

Dolf)

I'll kill you if you touch her again.

The Deputy and Coral pull him away. The Deputy sneaks lusty stares at Coral throughout.

CORAL
Come on, honey. I'm okay.

SHERIFF
(motions with
pistol)
Move away! Back off, everybody!

The skinheads retreat, glare at Emilio.

Juan sits on the ground putting on his prosthesis. Gloria knots her blouse tails together.

SHERIFF
(to Juan, et al)
You folks okay?

They look at each other.

JUAN
Gloria?

GLORIA
I'll be all right.

JUAN
(to Emilio and
Coral)
You guys okay?

Emilio and Coral look at each other. Emilio still seething.

CORAL
Yeah, we're okay.

SHERIFF
All right now. What happened?

CORAL
They cracked our windshield and
attacked us, Sheriff.

MANKILL
They disrespected us, Willard.

GLORIA
(to Mankill)
You don't know what disrespect is,
you freak! You assaulted us!

SHERIFF
Alright. Alright! I get the picture.

He notes Mankill's and Dolf's bleeding faces.

SHERIFF

(to Juan)

Looks to me like you folks got the best of 'em, blood-wise.

Emilio pulls Juan up to his feet.

MANKILL

(to Sheriff)

Check 'em for they Green Cards. They got no business in our country.

GLORIA

Your country? We're U.S. citizens, born here, you racist prick!

The Sheriff turns to Juan.

SHERIFF

Well, whadaya say?

(gestures to all)

Let's see some I.D.

Frustrated, Juan and Emilio pull out their licenses, hand them to the Sheriff. Gloria and Coral do the same.

He matches faces to license photos, then hands them back.

SHERIFF

(to Mankill)

These folks are legit. Now, collect your boys and move it up the road before my spleen acts up again.

(gestures)

Let's go! Move it!...Henry.

The Deputy herds them away. Mankill points an shooting index finger at Emilio, then at Juan as he's pushed away.

MANKILL

I'll be seein' ya'll, onion peckas.

EMILIO

Go fuck yourself!

Mankill glares at Emilio. Harleys fire up--RUMBLING.

CORAL

(to Sheriff)

Hey! You're letting them go? They gotta pay for our windshield.

The Sheriff looks at her from under his stringy eyebrows.

SHERIFF

You really wanna press charges against them? You're passing through, ain'cha? Wanna stick around for court? It's he-said-she-said at this point.

Coral looks at the others.

JUAN

Forget it. Insurance will cover it.

The bikers RUMBLE away down the road. Last to leave, Mankill REVS his bike, exchanges words with the Deputy on the quiet.

SHERIFF

That's a bad bunch. Never set foot inside a church. They look fer any reason to bully and harass good, decent folk. When they're in my county, I keeps an eye on 'em.

GLORIA

They were going to shoot Juan here until you came along. With all due respect, Sheriff, that's intent to murder, don'cha think?

SHERIFF

Reckon you're right, Miss. But this is a "stand your ground" state. He coulda emptied his gun on y'all and called it self-defence. They's nothin' I can do about it.

CORAL

But you are the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

It's the written law here. All ya need is the threat of violence against your bein', including name callin'. It's easy to murder these days and get away with it.

GLORIA

What about molesting and their attempt to rape me and Gloris?

SHERIFF

Well...That's different. It's up to you if you want to stay and press charges and spend money on attorneys.

Gloria and Coral exchange frustrated looks.

CORAL

I just want to leave.

GLORIA

Guess not.

SHERIFF

Alright then.

Mankill RUMBLES off in the b.g.

The Sheriff cocks his leg onto the SUV fender. Writes in his ticket pad.

EMILIO
A ticket? For what?

SHERIFF
Broken windshield.

EMILIO
Oh, come on...

Emilio shares a look of frustration with the others.

SHERIFF
Don't worry. It's just a warning.
For your own safety. Try to get it
fixed within seventy-two hours.
(to Emilio)
Sign here.

Emilio signs. Sheriff tears off ticket, hands it to him.

SHERIFF
Where you folks headed?

GLORIA
Far away from this place.

SHERIFF
Got a ways to go then. Have a safe
trip.

The Sheriff and Deputy saunter away and get into the "County Sheriff" car. The car starter WIRRRS for a minute, then fires up. It turns onto the county road and drives away.

Juan, et al, watch them drive off, then turn their eyes to the sunset west and SEE a silhouette of a motorcycle and rider in the distance, waiting, then RUMBLES off.

EMILIO
He's trying to intimidate us.

CORAL
Well, it's working. I'm not going
back that way.

Everybody nods silently in agreement.

JUAN
Then we go the other way--the way
the Sheriff went. There's a camping
site ten miles away, according to an
advertisement in the restaurant.

CORAL
I'm for that.

GLORIA
Be nice to set up camp before dark.

EMILIO
Let's go.

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV turns onto county road and SQUEALS away.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - LATE EVENING

The SUV races around curves and bends, passes the Sheriff's car parked off the road, hidden behind bushes.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - SAME

The Sheriff sits up as the SUV speeds by in the b.g. He turns the key: WRRRRRRRRRRRR.

DEPUTY
I knew they was drug-runners.

SHERIFF
(frustrated; to car)
Come on! Start! Dangit!
(to Henry)
Get out and hit the starter.

INT. SUV - LATE EVENING

Gloria and Coral lean forward, search the road ahead.

GLORIA
There's a sign up ahead.

Emilio slows down, stops by the board sign. It reads, in dripping red letters: "Spooky Holler, Primitive Camping, Fishing. Private. Cheap Rates."

The sign points to a dirt road that disappears under a canopy of live oaks, resembling the mouth of a dark cavern. A sudden breeze stirs the Spanish mosses, like many beckoning fingers.

CORAL
It sure does look spooky.

EMILIO
I reckon that's why they call it
Spooky Holler, hon. Here we go.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The SUV turns into Spooky Holler. The Sheriff's car skids to a stop in the f.g., it's CHASE LIGHTS ON.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff watches the SUV disappear into Spooky Holler.

SHERIFF

Well, that's that.

He turns off the chase lights, drives off.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Two large silhouetted figures cradling long guns enter the near foreground from opposite sides of the screen, come together--shoulder to shoulder--like gates closing.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - LATE EVENING

The Deputy's face is pained.

DEPUTY

Willard, I really gotta go. Stop by that bush up yonder.

SHERIFF

For land's sake, Henry. You coulda done it at the speed trap.

HENRY

I din't have to go then.

SHERIFF

Alright, but no jerkin' on the turkey neck, ya hear. Misses got suppa on and you got night patrol.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff's car rolls to a stop off the side of the road. The Deputy hops out, hurries to the bush.

BEHIND THE BUSH

The Deputy, eyes closed, fast rubbing his crotch. He speed dials his cell phone and listens, still rubbing, MOANS.

DEPUTY

Ooo-oooh...Aaaah...Oh, hello, Dora...

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - LATE EVENING

The SUV rounds a bend. Flecks of setting sun move along it. It continues down a straightaway.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Coral looks over Emilio's shoulder at the road ahead.

CORAL

Does it have an end?

Emilio glances at the odometer.

EMILIO

One point eight miles, so far.

JUAN

LOOK OUT!

Emilio slams on the brakes. TWO DOGS streak across the road and disappear into the bush.

EMILIO

Damn. That was close.

EXT. FARMSTEAD - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

The SUV rolls up to a wide gravelled clearing that forms a large parking area in front of the porch of an old, four-square, clapboard house, then narrows near a MACHINE SHED and continues alongside a large pond into the distance.

A WOOD BARN with an attached LEAN-TO KITCHEN stands about fifty feet behind the house. A water pump and an OUTHOUSE are situated between the house and a machine shed.

A sign on the porch says: "Camp Registration Here."

The SUV rolls up to the front of the porch and parks.

Juan, Emilio, Gloria, Coral get out, look around curiously.

An old OLIVER TRACTOR is parked at the near side of the machine shed next to a 300-GALLON GAS BARREL on stilts.

On the other side of the machine shed, partially revealed, lies a rusty SPRING-TOOTH HARROW buried in the tall weeds.

The nose of a rusty '48 FORD PICKUP pokes out of the open garage door of the machine shed.

EMILIO

Like stepping back in time.

DISTANT THUNDER. A sudden cool breeze. Loose leaves fly by.

CORAL

It's going to storm.

They climb the porch steps, approach the front door. Juan knocks. A wood sign reads: "Aliens Welcome."

GLORIA

Aliens welcome?

EMILIO

Maybe little green men from Mars vacation here.

(mimics Star Trek theme)

Ooh-wee-oo-oo-oo.

CORAL

Stop it, Emilio. That sounds creepy. Something feels weird about this place.

JUAN

Maybe it's some sort of sanctuary farm, like cities that harbor foreign refugees.

GLORIA

I guess we're welcome, then. Everybody else thinks we're aliens.

Juan knocks again. No answer. He checks the doorknob. It turns. He CREAKS the door open a sliver. Glances back at the others' reactions, then CREAKS it open wider.

INT. THE GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A very long plank dining table, capable of seating twenty or more, occupies the middle of the room.

Deer, boar, and bear head-trophies stare down at us from the walls with dazzling colored marbles for eyes.

Over the candle-laden fireplace mantle hangs a 19th-century amateur painting of a stern, ashen-faced patriarch.

Small memorial plaques spot-fill empty spaces on the walls.

Juan enters cautiously, followed by Gloria, Coral, and Emilio. Their footsteps CREAK the floorboards. TICKTOCKS from a grandfather clock.

GLORIA

Hello? Anybody home?

They stare up at the trophy heads. Coral shivers.

CORAL

It feels like they're watching us.

They drift over to the mantle. Stare up at the patriarch's chilly, soulless gaze. Emilio reads the nameplate.

EMILIO

"Abraham Carney Drumph, 1780 to 1849. Founder. Forever with us."

GLORIA

Wonder what he was the founder of?

Juan approaches a wall plaque.

JUAN

(reads)

"In honor of the sacrifices they made to this household. Roxy, Maria, Carmen, Jose, Max and Tony Ayala, satisfied our dire needs during the lean winter. March 2011."

The others drift along the wall, reading the plaques:

GLORIA

"Jerome Jackson. Gave us strength.
November 2004."

EMILIO

"Beulah Grady. Provided the
sustenance we needed. April 2010."

GLORIA

"Carlo Pena. Fought bravely, but
lost. Tough. July 2019."
Strange. They read like epitaphs.

CORAL

Very weird.

EMILIO

I used to know a Carlo Pena. Owned a
sports store down in Homestead. It
closed down about that time. Never
saw him again. I wonder if it's the
same guy?

A door slams shut behind them. BANG! They start, wheel to it.

DORA HITCHCOCK (60s), cracker born and bred, wearing a bloody
apron and an overly sincere grin, stands by the door with a
shotgun in one hand and two dead rabbits in the other. She
looks exactly like the woman from the cafe.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Just in time, dumplin's. I be Dora
Hitchcock, proprietaire of this here
place. What kin I do fer y'all?

EMILIO

We would like to camp here tonight.
(stares at her)
Say, you look like that lady from
the cafe up the road. Related?

DORA HITCHCOCK

That's my twin, Gracie. You met her,
eh? She the grumpy one.

She chuckles. Lumbers to the fireplace. Leans the shotgun
against it as she talks:

DORA HITCHCOCK

It's fo' dolla per person per night
plus a dolla fer wood 'n a quarta
fer watta. There's a barrel showa in
the pump shed. So, let's see...

She stops to think. As she saunters back towards Emilio, she
SNAPS her fingers on her free hand in time with her mental
calculations, which she rattles off like an auctioneer:

DORA HITCHCOCK

(recites to herself)

Fo' plus fo', eight, plus fo',
 twelve, plus fo', eighteen, plus
 one, nineteen, plus one, twenny,
 plus one, twenny one, plus one,
 twenny two, then two bits, twenny
 two 'n a quarta, plus two bits,
 twenny two 'n a half, plus two bits,
 twenny two 'n three quartas, plus
 two bits, twenny two 'n fo' quartas.
 Fo' quartas in a dolla, twenny
 three!

She sucks in a desperate breath, then beams like a school girl. Juan, et al, look at each other dumbfounded.

DORA HITCHCOCK

My daddy was allays amazed how I
 could do 'rithmetic in ma head. I
 kin see it in yo' faces you do, too.
 That'll be twenny three dolla.

She waddles away, disappears through the kitchen door. Emilio stands stunned for a moment, then rattles his head.

EMILIO

Wow!...I'll get this. It was worth
 the extra two dollars she charged.

He removes his billfold. Pulls out a twenty and a five.

Dora comes back through the kitchen door, wiping her hands on her apron. Emilio hands her the money.

She looks at it, crams it into her cleavage.

DORA HITCHCOCK

So, y'all stayin' just the one
 night, eh? I'll give y'all a second
 night half price. Whataya say?

EMILIO

No. No, thanks. We'll be working our
 way north tomorrow.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Lookin' fer work in the onion
 fields, are ya?

Gloria flinches at the assumption. Emilio chuckles.

EMILIO

We're not working in that sense.
 We're traveling.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Oh. That's what y'all call it, eh.
 You coloreds is allays runnin' from
 somethin'. You lucky. This be the
 place to hide out.

GLORIA

I beg your pardon. We're not running from anything.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Don' get yer panties in a twist, sweetie. I wouldn't tell a soul anyhoo. I'm here fer everbody.

EMILIO

Where's the campsite?

DORA HITCHCOCK

(indicates)

Just foller the lane along the pond-- about a quarta mile. There's a path through the woods to the outhouse from there. You gots the whole campground to yo'selfs tonight.

She guides them to the door and opens it.

DORA HITCHCOCK

My damn fool boy musta put the campin' sign up agin. I wasn't expectin' guests tonight. No botha, mind ya. Enjoy havin' y'all. Now, better git. A storm's abrewin'.

She hustles them out, closes the door, leans against it. Her plastic grin melts away as her mind schemes.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

DISTANT ROLLING THUNDER. Flames dance and pop in a stone-ringed campfire set between two facing tents.

Juan, Gloria, Coral and Emilio lean forward on their stump seats, cupping their beers, fire illuminating their stark, pensive faces. Emilio pokes a log with a stick. SPARKS FLY.

EMILIO

I'm still pissed.

JUAN

So am I. But, we did do more damage to them than they did to us.

EMILIO

And, you can still high kick.

CORAL

We coulda been killed. What if the Sheriff hadn't come along when he did?

GLORIA

We'd all be dead.

Juan hears something. He turns to it.

JUAN

Ssh. We got company.

They all turn to where Juan is looking.

Two lean dogs stand at the edge of the firelight. One has an ear and eye missing. The other is missing a front leg.

EMILIO

Those are the dogs we almost hit in the hollow.

CORAL

They look like they're starving.

Juan opens the cooler, pulls out a package of hot dogs. He tosses a couple at them. They dart forward, gobble them up.

He tosses a couple more hot dogs, closer to himself. The dogs creep forward, grab the hot dogs, wolf them down.

CORAL

Eew. They're covered with scars.

JUAN

Somebody's been using them for dog fighting.

He tosses the rest of the hot dogs towards them. The dogs dash forward, gobble them down and stay put, tails wagging, pleading for more.

GLORIA

Give them the buns, too.

Juan splits and tosses the buns out. The dogs attack them.

RAIN suddenly pours down. The dogs flee with the buns.

EMILIO

Tent time.

He grabs the cooler. They dash into a tent.

INT. EMILIO'S TENT - NIGHT

POUNING RAIN. THUNDER. LIGHTENING FLUORESCES the tent cloth. Juan, Gloria, Emilio, Coral sit cross-legged around a kerosene lamp, their faces ghostly.

A close CRACK OF THUNDER. Juan STARTS, shivers.

GLORIA

You all right, honey?

JUAN

(takes deep breaths)
I'll be okay in a minute.

EMILIO

The first thunder storm is the worse.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

Moonlight softly illuminates the tent walls. Juan, Gloria, Emilio, Coral listen to a SYMPHONY OF FROGS AND INSECTS.

GLORIA

I love the sounds of nature.

CORAL

Yeah. It's so quiet--in a noisy way.

EMILIO

Now, that's an oxymoron, dear, if I ever heard one.

The distant sustained RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

JUAN

We might be in for another round.

Suddenly, they look at each other with alarm.

EMILIO

Harleys!

Juan douses the lantern as Emilio throws open the flap and scrambles out. Seconds later:

EMILIO (O.S.)

It's them!

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

A FULL MOON. Juan, Gloria, Coral join Emilio and peer off to the distant farmhouse. They watch as Harleys pour out of the hollow and park at the end of the lane in front of the porch.

CORAL

You sure they're the same ones?

EMILIO

It's them alright.

CORAL

We're fucked. How did they find us?

JUAN

They may not know we're here, yet.

CORAL

If they don't know, let's hope that Dora doesn't tell them we're here.

GLORIA

She will. We can't waste time.

They watch the bikers gradually swagger into the house.

EMILIO

Their bikes are blocking the lane.

Juan squints into the distance.

JUAN

We only need to move eight bikes or so to clear a path through. Once they are all inside, Emilio and I can move them.

(to Gloria)

In the meantime, you guys tear down the tents and load the car.

GLORIA

Your legs... Maybe I should...

JUAN

I got it, honey. Don't worry. We'll recon first; see what they're up to.

EMILIO

I'm with you, bro.

They bump fists, evoking their brotherhood as soldiers.

CORAL

I'm scared.

EMILIO

Try not to worry, honey. I won't let anybody hurt you.

Emilio gives her a hug. Coral forces a worried smile.

Gloria slips Juan her flashlight.

GLORIA

Take this. We got Coral's.

They kiss.

JUAN

(to Emilio)

Lead the way, Corporal.

EMILIO

Like old times, huh?

They take off on the path through the woods. The girls look after them.

EXT. FARMSTEAD WOODS PATH - NIGHT

Moonlight flickers the images of Emilio and Juan trotting through the tree shadows. Juan's gait, stiff, jerky.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Coral and Gloria quickly take down a tent.

EXT. FARMYARD - NIGHT

Emilio and Juan drop behind a honeysuckle bush. They WATCH Dora Hitchcock lumber from the lean-to to the house with a covered pot of trailing steam. She opens the screen door and enters; the door SNAPS behind her.

They dash over to the open great room window, flatten themselves against the wall. GUFFAWS and BRAGGADOCIO blare out from within.

Juan hand signals for Emilio to take a look as he scans the yard. Emilio peers in.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spread out on the table is a ghoulish feast of human body parts: leg roasts, ribs, boiled feet, rump roasts, etc.

Skinheads snatch meat and bones from one another, snarling like hyenas. Mankill, at the head of the table, faces us.

Emilio turns suddenly away, his face stricken pale. He staggers to the corner of the house, hand over mouth. GAGS.

Baffled by Emilio's reaction, Juan peers in for a look.

What he SEES: Dora Hitchcock sets the steaming pot on the table, leans over, whispers into Mankill's ear.

MANKILL
(to the gathering)
Y'all shut the fuck up!

He stabs his knife into the table. Everybody stops eating.

MANKILL
Mama's got sump'm to say.

Dora Hitchcock pulls out a scrap of paper from her cleavage. She fondly regards her boys.

DORA HITCHCOCK
In keepin' with the traditions set
forth by our great founda, Abraham
Carney Drumph,
(the skinheads nod
their heads)
tonight's menu--in his honor--
featured the sweet meats of...
(reads from paper)
Juanita Castro and Carmina Dias,
with a wild rabbit appetiza.

They HOOT like monkeys.

DORA HITCHCOCK

(to Big-Dumb)

Big-Dumb Leland here gots a little attached to that sweet Juanita, din'cha, Big-Dumb?

She pinches, wiggles his fat cheek.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Bet she tasted really special to ya, huh, Big-Dumb? Naturally flavored wit hot peppers and garlic...Yummy.

Raucous laughter. Big Dumb Leland blushes.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Don't worry, Big-Dumb, we'll find anotha one fer ya to play with, I promise ya...and soon.

(to all, resuming)

They was produced in El Salvado', which, as y'all know, our finest meats comes from. That, with a side of rabbit and a surprise dessert... Whadaya say, boys?

They HOOT approval, BANG their knives on the table.

Two hands grab for the same foot-half with the meatier big toe. The stronger arm yanks it away to a snarling face.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Tomorra night we'll feast on...

(refers to note)

the volupt'ous Brenda Mae... Now, I gots a rare treat fer y'all. Our founda's fav'r^{ite} dessert--suck-cherry fondue!

BIG-DUMB LELAND

Oh, goody! My fav'r^{ite}!

She lifts the lid off the pot revealing a fondue with breasts and nipples floating in it like brown cherries on islands of gray Jell-O. The skinheads "ooh" at the sight.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Been savin' 'em up fer ya. They's one fer each of ya. Gimme yo' bowls.

Juan turns from the window, dazed, horror spread across his face. Emilio approaches, whispers intensely.

EMILIO

Their fucking cannibals!

JUAN

Come on. Let's move those bikes.

Crouching low, they take off.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dora Hitchcock hands the ladle to Mankill, beckons LANCE over to the corner of the room.

LANCE
Yeah, Mama. What it is?

DORA HITCHCOCK
Take Walt 'n Donny 'n go to the
campground. There's two bucks 'n two
hotsy-totsy does waitin' fer ya.

Lance salivates.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Put the bucks in the cages. Nail 'em
down if ya have to. We need to hold
'em fer awhile 'til the inventory
runs down. I made arrangements with
Deputy Henry to hold the does.
(lights a pipe)
Bring 'em ova to him, and don't tell
the othas. I want it to be a
surprise for the boys.

LANCE
I kin keep a secret, Mama.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Live catches, ya hear? No dead or
mangled ones. Take Big-Dumb wit ya.
I promised him a redhead to stop his
whinin'. Now go.

LANCE
Don'cha worry, mama, we'll bring 'em
back breathin'.

EXT. FARMSTEAD YARD - NIGHT - INCLUDE PANEL TRUCK

The sound of a WHINING ENGINE. Juan and Emilio move a motorcycle off the lane and duck behind it to watch the Mortimer Bros. panel truck emerge from the hollow.

Their attention is focused on the panel truck, failing to see Lance, Big-Dumb, WALT, and DONNY slip out the back door of the house and run into the woods.

The truck goes around to the lean-to and parks.

Zed and Zak get out. They walk around to the back, open the rear cargo doors, reach in, lift out a corpse wrapped in a white sheet. They carry it to lean-to and enter.

JUAN
That's the two starers from the
cafe!...You don't suppose they get
their meat from cadavers?

EMILIO

That's plain sicko.

They hurry, push another motorcycle off the lane, then duck down as Zak and Zed exit the lean-to lugging a 64-gallon cooler, put it into the the panel truck, and close the door.

INCLUDE PORCH

Juan and Emilio go to another bike; drop down as RINGO and SHANE step out onto the porch.

EMILIO

Fuck! They're starting to come out.

Ringo turns to Shane with an unlit cigarette.

JUAN

Quick!

They move the motorcycle off the lane and duck out of sight.

Ringo catches something out of the corner of his eye as Shane lights his cigarette.

SHANE

What?

RINGO

Thought I seen sump'm.

He continues to peer off, curious.

Mortimer Bros panel truck glides by before them. Zak waves a lazy hand from the open passenger window. Ringo shouts out:

RINGO

Tell Gracie not to feed it all to the goddamn tourists this time!

SHANE

He cain't hear ya.

Juan and Emilio are suddenly nauseous. Emilio retches.

Ringo resumes peering off.

SHANE

See anythin'?

RINGO

I knowd I seen sump'm. Must be them bitch dawgs.

SHANE

They wily bitches. Got away from ya twice, I reckon.

RINGO

You sayin' they mo' smarta than me?

They start to argue.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The moonlight casts inky tree branch shadows over the forlorn SUV, like a spider's web, still and unperturbed as if painted on. The only sounds: night insects and frogs.

Suddenly, the inky shadows jiggle; night sounds are stilled.

Gloria and Coral stand peering off down the lane, their backs to us. Two human shadows climb their backs.

Reverse angle: Four heads in a row. Lance's enormous head appears to rest on Coral's shoulder, as Donny's does on Gloria's, leering at them with goofy, lecherous grins.

DONNY

Boo!

Gloria and Coral recoil in horror, screaming. Lance slaps his hand over Coral's face, suffocates her scream. Donny pins Gloria's shoulders and mouth with a hand-over-mouth bear hug.

DONNY

Don' get much easya than this.

Coral and Gloria struggle, eyes wide in terror.

LANCE

Like catchin' lightnin' bugs.

Lance twists Coral's head upwards.

LANCE

Whey's the bucks, little doe?

Coral chomps down on Lance's finger, kicks him in the shin.

LANCE

Ooooh! You fuckin' bitch!

He pummels her with his fist. She slumps against him, out.

Gloria wrenches her arm free, jabs her fingers back over her shoulder into Donny's face. He throws his head back, YOWLS. His right EYEBALL dangles by the optic nerve from a socket.

DONNY

Aaaah! You fuckin' cunt! Aaaaah!

He lets go. She spins around, fires her foot into his crotch. He drops to his knees, SCREAMING, whips out his Bowie knife, swings it blindly at Gloria.

Gloria jerks her head back as Walt's hand goes for her throat and Donny's blade whizzes by, slicing Walt's hand off.

SLO-MO: The severed hand spins slowly through the air, pinwheeling blood. The knife blade continues its blood-trailing arc across the moonlit sky. END SLOMO.

The hand flops to the ground palm up. The two middle fingers twitch against the palm.

Gloria freezes in horror. Big-Dumb Leland lunges at her.

She turns to run. Donny grabs her by the ankle. Big-Dumb tackles her, tries desperately to pin her to the ground with his weight. Gloria kicking, SCREAMING, clawing.

BIG-DUMB LELAND

Damn! This ain't no lightnin' bug!
Gots a real tige here! Grab her
legs!

Donny drops onto her legs, his eyeball swinging freely.

Gloria chomps down on Big-Dumb's arm.

BIG-DUMB LELAND

Aaaah! She bahts! Fuck it!

He slugs her across the jaw. She's out.

They rise panting, stare down at her unconscious body.

BIG-DUMB LELAND

Damn! The prettya they is, the harda
they tussle. She were a handful.
Tough, like a buck.

DONNY

Hey! Whey's the bucks, anyhoo?

Lance looks off to where Gloria and Coral were looking. He sees something. Squints. Decides he didn't.

LANCE

Forget about them. They be 'round.
We gots they bitches.

Donny approaches with his eyeball cupped in the palm of his hand against his cheek.

DONNY

That bitch plucked ma fuckin' eye
clean out like it was a plum or
sump'm. Cain't see to put it back.

LANCE

Here.

Lance impatiently crams the eyeball back into its socket.

LANCE

There. Good as new.

Donny's eye is now toed in towards his nose, staring slightly downwards, the pupil half buried in the corner.

DONNY

I kin see ma nose. Pretty blurry.

Walt stares at his bloody stump, sobbing.

WALT

How'm I gonna dip ma tabaccy?...
Gawddam! How'm I gonna wipe ma ass?

LANCE

Make Donny wipe it. He sliced yo'
butt wipa off.

Big-Dumb snickers with him, unsympathetically.

WALT

He cain't wipe his own ass.

LANCE

Stop sulkin', Walt. Now pick up yo'
hand 'n bring it along. Mama might
could use it in one of her recipes.
Let's get these does to Henry befo'
they come to.

Lance throws Gloria over his shoulder. Big-Dumb scoops up Coral, cradles her like a baby. They head into the woods.

EXT. FARMYARD - INCLUDE PORCH - NIGHT

Ringo and Shane argue as Juan and Emilio creep the last bike off the lane. Skinheads come out, gather on the porch.

Crouching low, Juan and Emilio escape into the tree shadows along the pond lane.

EXT. FARMSTEAD WOODS PATH - NIGHT

Lance, Big Dumb, Walt, Donny galumphing along. Gloria's limp head bumps against Lance's rocking back.

Suddenly, her eyes pop open, dart back and forth, disoriented. She SEES Coral's unconscious body in Big Dumb's arms, looks down, SEES Lance's knife inches from her hand.

She stares at it, tempted. She grabs the knife from his belt and plunges it into Lance's kidney.

Lance stiffens, ROARS, throws her off his shoulder.

Gloria rolls away, scrambles up terrified. Lance lurches for her. She reacts, buries the knife into his gut, pulls it out.

Lance stares in horror at blood gushing from the hole in his gut. He topples backwards against a tree, collapses, dead.

Big-Dumb lays Coral carefully on the ground. He charges at Gloria. Hysterical, Gloria spins wildly, slashing the knife blindly around her. Big Dumb SEES the knife, tries to dodge it, but gets sliced across his neck.

He grabs his BLOOD-SPURTING throat, stumbles backwards, sprawls against the tree next to Lance, dead.

Gloria races blindly into the woods, Donny and Walt lurching clumsily after her.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Emilio opens the SUV door, looks in. He steps back, looks off as Juan joins him.

EMILIO

They're not here. Coral!...

JUAN

Gloria!...

Juan waves the flashlight beam over a barren campsite. It stops on an oily pool of blood. Emilio squats, dips a finger in it, looks up bleakly.

EMILIO

Fresh blood.

Juan spotlights giant boot prints going into the woods.

JUAN

Come on.

They take off.

EXT. FARMSTEAD WOODS - NIGHT

Juan and Emilio stare aghast at the dead recumbent bodies of Lance and Dewey at the end of their light beam. The two maimed dogs they fed earlier hungrily lick up their blood.

They approach. The two dogs retreat, turn, wait.

Emilio wipes the blood off Dewey's pants.

EMILIO

Still warm.

He spots Lance's bloody Bowie knife on the ground. He wipes it off on Lance's shirt, takes the sheath off Lance's belt, inserts the knife in it, tucks it in his belt.

Juan sweeps the light beam over the bloody ground and SEES giant boot prints intermingling with smaller footprints.

JUAN

Emilio. Look at this.

Emilio comes over, looks down at the footprints.

EMILIO

They're alive, up to here...You don't suppose they killed these mother fuckers, do you?

JUAN

Knowing the girls, they wouldn't have given up easily.

EMILIO

So, where are they now?

Juan shines his beam into the trampled grass off the trail.

JUAN

(indicates)

That way.

Juan follows the dancing light beam through tramped-down grass and broken brambles. Emilio follows..

Juan approaches a low tree limb. Shines his light on it. A RED HAIR RIBBON is stuck to it. He plucks it off.

JUAN

Gloria's hair ribbon.

He drops the light beam to the matted grass below. Shines it over the undisturbed ground around it, turns to Emilio.

JUAN

This is as far as they got. They must have caught her and went back

Emilio looks back over his shoulder.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Juan peeks through the great room window. Inside, skinheads loll about with full stomachs.

Juan drops down, turns to Emilio, whispers.

JUAN

Let's check out the barn.

EXT. BARN LEAN-TO - NIGHT

Emilio cracks open the door, peeks in, then goes in. Juan looks about, then follows.

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Juan and Emilio enter the lit kitchen. Dirty pots and pans litter a cook stove, counters, sink. GREEN FLIES BUZZ over a bloody chopping block, a remainder bloody scalp on it.

EMILIO

Jesus.

They walk through, crack open the door to the main barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Juan and Emilio enter cautiously. Emilio makes a sour face.

EMILIO

Oh, gawd. Rotten meat.

He lifts his tank top over his nose and mouth as a mask. Juan does the same.

Juan guides his light beam down a row of iron cages.

JUAN/EMILIO

Gloria...Coral...

The light beam stops on the bloated, limbless body of an ORIENTAL MAN. The head is blistered with puss and maggots, green flies BUZZ, scribble crazily around it.

Emilio dry heaves into his tank top.

EMILIO

Holy fuck! That is the grossest thing I've ever seen.

Juan swings the light beam over to the hangings on the wall. It parades by WHIPS, nooses, pulleys, HANGING CHAINS, shackles, HAYFORKS, A MOOSE HEAD TROPHY.

The beam drops down, moves over a torture rack, PILLORY, a GUILLOTINE, and stops at a stout table, spotlights two apparent bodies covered with a bloody sheet.

Juan and Emilio share a look of sickening dread.

VOICE (O.S.)

White devil.

They whip around. The flashlight beam lands on a naked BLACK MAN (50s) in a cage, lying in a mat of clotted blood. An arm and two legs missing.

He raises his remaining arm in a defensive gesture, then drops it out of sheer exhaustion.

EMILIO

Gawd! I'm gonna be sick.

He drops his tank top from his mouth, PUKES.

BLACK MAN

White devil. Please, no mo' cuttin'.

Juan comes closer, stares with disgust.

BLACK MAN

White devil, kill me befo' y'all carve on me again. Pleeze!

JUAN
 (aside, to Emilio)
 He thinks we're the white devil.

Emilio, looking pale, wipes his mouth.

JUAN
 (to black man)
 We...we're friends...Ah...did you
 see the white devil bring in a
 couple of girls? One has red hair.

For a second, the man looks like he is mulling the question.

BLACK MAN
 White devil!

He rattles a cough, his eyes roll back, dies.

EMILIO
 Those sickos carved on him while he
 was still alive. We've stumbled into
 a loony bin of horror.

Juan swings the light beam back over to the covered bodies on the table. They walk over, dreading what they might find.

Emilio exchanges a bleak look with Juan, then yanks the sheet away revealing an immense BLACK FEMALE CORPSE split wide open from her collar to her mons pubis, the viscera gone.

Juan and Emilio turn away in disgust, gagging.

EMILIO
 Aah, gaawd.

They hear the lean-to entrance door open and voices approaching. They glance about desperately.

The lean-to barn door swings open. Dora Hitchcock flicks on the barn lights, looks around, enters, followed by Mankill, Dolf, BUCK, SONNY, LEON, and OTHERS.

They stroll up to the cage with the dead oriental man in it. Dora Hitchcock shakes her head.

DORA HITCHCOCK
 Bad luck fer Pow Wei. You boys sure
 done a job on him. Won't be any
 steaks outta him. I'll have to find
 me a Chiney soup recipe.

She looks up at Leon.

DORA HITCHCOCK
 You put up that sign again, din't
 cha? I told ya to wait 'til I was
 caught up processin' what we have
 layin' 'round here.
 (points to Pow Wei)
 Look at Pow Wei.

Shoulda been processed a week ago.
And Zak and Zed, they brought me
anotha stiff tonight. I gots no mo'
room.

LEON

Sorry, mama, I was hungry and
forgot.

DORA HITCHCOCK

I'm tryin' to catch a break from all
this butcherin'. Y'all gots the easy
part--slaughterin'. Any fool kin do
that. I need help with the carvin'.
Ya'll's wearin' me out.

LEON

I'll help ya, mama. I promise.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Good boy, Leon. In the meantime,
don't y'all go spoilin' the meat by
over-tenderizin' it, ya hear?
And leave that sign down 'til I tell
ya to put it up. Comprendy?

A chorus of "uh-huh."

She saunters over to the next cage, steps in something. She
looks down. SEES vomit.

DORA HITCHCOCK

What in the blazin' farts-'n-hell is
that?

Dora Hitchcock turns to her entourage.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Any y'all do this?

A chorus of "No, mama" and wagging heads. Dora Hitchcock
turns around, looks off.

UNDER TABLE - SAME

Juan and Emilio on their hands and knees, facing one another,
dreading discovery.

BLAAW...Emilio slaps his hand over his mouth.

BACK TO SCENE - SAME

Dora Hitchcock turns to the stifled retch.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Why dat come from? Mank, check
behind the cubicle.

Dora Hitchcock stares at the uncovered corpse on the table.
She motions to Buck and Leon to check under it.

UNDER TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Buck looks under and sees Emilio.

JUAN
(to Emilio)
Behind you!

Emilio fires his leg into Buck's face.

BUCK
Aaaah! You motha fucka!

Buck grabs his leg with his monster hand and yanks him out.

Two hands grab Juan's feet and yank his prostheses off.

BACK TO SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Leon holds forth the prostheses, disappointment on his face.

LEON
He don' got no drumsticks, ma
favorist part.

Buck hefts the corpse's hanging fat onto the table and pushes it over. Juan looks up, exposed like a termite.

Skinheads drag him up beside Emilio. Sonny notices Lance's knife sheath on Emilio's belt.

SONNY
Hey! That be Lance's knife.

He rips it from Emilio's belt.

MANKILL
Gimme that!

Mankill snatches it from him, then grabs Emilio by the hair.

MANKILL
How did a little fuck-dick like you
git this from big ol' Lance? Huh?

He slaps Emilio across the face with the sheathed knife.

JUAN
We took it off a dead man in the
woods.

Mankill lets go of Emilio, his attention now on Juan.

MANKILL
How do I know you din't kill 'im?

Mankill kicks Juan in the stomach. Juan folds.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Easy there, Mank. You don' never
wanna tenderize one area too much,
or you'll spoil the taste. Wanna eat
chiney soup the rest of yo' life?

Mankill glares down at Juan.

MANKILL

I'll cut out the bad parts, mama.

He pulls Lance's knife from its sheath.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Not now, Mank. Fer landsake, I ain't
done carvin' on Brenda Mae. And I'm
still workin' on the niggra. Plus, I
gots one still rapped in a sheet.
Don' slaughta 'em, yet. Comprendy?

Mankill hesitates, inserts the knife back in its sheath.

BUCK

Let's take 'em out back 'n play
piggy-pokey.

Mankill snatches the prostheses from Leon. He smashes them
against the table and hurls the pieces against the barn wall.
They CLATTER to the floor.

MANKILL

A pig don' need no long legs.

The skinheads haul up Juan and Emilio. Mankill notices their
wedding rings.

MANKILL

Take they rings off. I don't wanna
break a tooth when I munches on 'em.

They pull the rings off, give them to Mankill, then haul Juan
and Emilio off. Dora Hitchcock shouts after them:

DORA HITCHCOCK

Hey! Sumbody help me put Brenda Mae
back on the table!

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Muscular arms pin Juan and Emilio onto their hands and knees.
Mankill kneels behind Juan, bends over him.

MANKILL

Ya know what pigs is good fer, don'
cha?

JUAN

Fuck you!

MANKILL

You be half raht. Fuckin' 'n eatin'.

He makes motions of pulling Juan's pants down, moves closer.

LATER

Mankill's boot flattens Juan onto the ground.

MANKILL

I be thirsty fer a tottie.

They move away.

SONNY

Who's gonna watch 'em?

MANKILL

He ain't got no legs. They ain't goin' nowhere. If they wander off, we go huntin'. We be havin' them fer suppa, one way o' t'otha.

Mankill kicks Juan in the gut and leaves with the others.

Juan and Emilio slowly sit up, wincing in pain.

JUAN

You alright?

EMILIO

I think so. Feels like I've been cleaved by an axe.

They pull up their pants. Juan rolls up his pant legs.

EMILIO

I just wanna live long enough to kill these mother fuckers...Where the hell are Coral and Gloria? They have to be here somewhere. If these morons don't have them, then who?

JUAN

I don't know. Maybe they escaped somehow. But if we don't take this opportunity to get help, they'll certainly kill us all.

EMILIO

What's the plan?

Juan grimaces as he cranes his neck to look at the motorcycles in the front parking.

EXT. POND LANE - NIGHT

Juan waits in the f.g. as the SUV rolls towards him with the lights off, quietly crunching gravel.

The SUV stops. Juan grabs the door handle.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Juan opens the passenger door, jerk-lifts himself in.

JUAN

Okay. Go!

Emilio guns it, spins the steering wheel, CRASHES into three motorcycles, twists them together.

JUAN

What the fuck are you doing?

EMILIO

Making more room.

Juan starts to protest, sees Emilio in his element.

JUAN

Go for it, then.

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV races backwards, SMASHES into Harleys parked on a mound, pushes them over.

It shoots forward, SLAMS a Harley into a tree.

Reverses. Races at a group of Harleys by the pond, SMASHES them together, dozes them into the water.

Skinheads swarm out of the barn.

The SUV races around the perimeter, sideswipes four motorcycles, bowling them into others, then ROARS away in a cloud of dust into the hollow.

Skinheads gather in the f.g., blast away at the retreating SUV: BLAM! BLAM! B-BLAM!...

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER - NIGHT

The SUV races through the endless hollow.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emilio leans into the wheel, eyes focused ahead. The SUV SPUTTERS. Emilio stares at the gas gauge aghast.

ON GAS GAUGE: The needle is buried below the E.

EMILIO

What? We're outta fucking gas?

The SUV SPUTTERS and CHOKES as it rolls to a stop.

Emilio bangs his forehead against the steering wheel.

EMILIO

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I just filled the fucker.

Juan looks back at the road behind them.

JUAN

We gotta get to the main road.

EMILIO

It can't be much further.

JUAN

You go. I'll hide out in the swamp.

Emilio glances into the rear view mirror. A pair of headlights bounce through the trees, approaching fast.

EMILIO

Looks like we both gotta hide out.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Moonlight through the cypress trees scribes gnarly shadows on the moon-paled swamp.

Emilio sloshes through it with Juan on his back. He pauses behind a large cypress root. Juan slides off. They peer back.

The pickup [from the machine shed], loaded with skinheads, slides to a stop behind the SUV. Skinheads leap out, surround it. Mankill shines a bright light into it.

He turns, directs his flashlight beam further up the hollow road, holds, then sweeps it slowly over the swamp.

Juan and Emilio duck as the light beam fixes on their location for an edgy moment, then continues to sweep.

Mankill stomps to the pickup, pulls out a rifle, straps it over his shoulder.

He points up the road, gives an order. Skinheads jump in the pickup and take off, shining their lights over the swamp.

Mankill gestures for the remaining skinheads to split up as he wades into the swamp. Sonny and Buck join him.

They trudge toward us, sweeping flashlight beams. Juan and Emilio duck as the beam sweeps across the cypress root.

JUAN

Let's go.

They breaststroke quietly away.

Mankill sloshes through the water, his face grim, determined. He aims his flashlight beam down the gun barrel.

Sonny and Buck flank him.

Juan and Emilio glide on the black water.

A light beam sweeps and stops on Emilio's exposed head.

KABLAM! Emilio's head goes under water.

Mankill brings his rifle down, stares at the hit target.

MANKILL

Got 'im!

He sloshes hard towards it.

Juan and Emilio bob up behind a cypress. Lights bounce on each side of it.

JUAN

You okay?

EMILIO

Yeah. Now, where?

They desperately look around.

SECONDS LATER

Mankill wades around the tree to where Juan and Emilio were, sweeps his beam back and forth. Sonny and Buck enter.

MANKILL

I knows I shot the motha fucka. He went down raht chere.

SPLASH! Mankill swings his beam to a small EDDY in the water in the b.g. SPLASH! A foot breaks the water beyond the eddy.

MANKILL

(to the others)

They swimmin' unda watta.

SPLASH! A foot breaks the water again.

MANKILL

They he is!

Buck grabs the foot. Emilio breaks from the water gasping for air. A rifle butt crashes down on his head.

Thirty feet away, in b.g., Juan's head bobs up near a cypress tree, ducks under as Mankill's beam illuminates it's eddy.

MANKILL

They's the other one!

SECONDS LATER

Mankill and Sonny wade to the eddy, look around themselves.

MANKILL

Gots to be here sumwheres. Cain't
holt his breath fereva.

They sweep their beams slowly over the swamp surface.

Sonny turns around, shines his light into a tree cleft that
widens into the water, holds it there, then resumes scanning.

INT./EXT. TREE CLEFT - CONTINUOUS

Juan's head rises from the black water in the moonlit cleft
as he observes Mankill and Sonny in front of him.

Buck enters pulling the dazed Emilio by his hair.

MANKILL

Gimme that taco motha fucka.

He grabs Emilio up, wraps his massive arm around his neck.
Emilio struggles to breathe.

MANKILL

(to Sonny)

You 'n Buck keep lookin'. Find 'im
befo' the alligatas git 'im. He
cain't be far. He gots no damn legs,
fer fucksake.

He sloshes away, drags Emilio to the road.

JUAN'S POV: The pickup returns, stops by Mankill. The driver
gets out with a length of rope, trusses Emilio. They toss him
into the bed of the pickup.

Mankill assembles the skinheads, gives directions. He hands
one his rifle, gets in the pickup, drives away. The remaining
skinheads join Sonny and Buck as they resume the search away
from the cypress cleft. END POV.

EXT. SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

Juan breaststrokes silently away from the cleft. A light beam
sweeps across him. He ducks under water. The beam sweeps
back, pauses where Juan's head was. It stays for a minute,
then resumes sweeping.

MONTAGE

--Juan breast-strokes up to a half-submerged log in the
water, looks back at the skinheads receding into b.g.

--Juan swims through unobstructed water, thighs fluttering.

--Juan glides up to a cypress root. He looks off, sees the
faraway lights of the farmhouse. He swims towards it.

--Juan wades through floating lilies, wood debris.

--Juan freezes, his eyes saucers.

END MONTAGE

Twenty feet away, the glowering yellow eyes of a 300-POUND ALLIGATOR glint at him. Juan sidles a wider berth.

The alligator charges at him. Juan dives aside.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Juan's legs draw up as the alligator's jaws clap down on them, a tooth just grazing his stub.

EXT. SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

Juan grabs up a club-like piece of driftwood. The alligator twists around, charges. Juan repeatedly smashes the club onto the alligator's snout. It thrashes, wiggles off.

Juan observes it for a minute as he catches his breath, then turns and wades fast towards the road.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - NIGHT

Juan winces as he hobbles onto the road. He drops onto all fours and stares towards the lit farmhouse through the trees in the b.g. He crawls towards it.

EXT. HARROW - NIGHT

The machine shed casts a diagonal moon-shadow across the harrow. The house and barn in the b.g. The '48 pickup now parked by the barn lean-to.

Juan plods into the scene on all fours. He crawls under the harrow and collapses, exhausted. He closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK

EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - DAY

KABOOM! Corporal Juan crashes to the ground mere feet from the protective corner of a building, still clutching the infant in his arms. Dazed, he starts to get up, but falls back grimacing in pain. He stares down in horror to where his lower legs used to be.

GUNFIRE. Juan desperately drags himself towards the corner. BLAM! THUD! In the chest. He collapses.

JUAN'S POV: SURREAL DELIRIUM as Corporal Emilio looms over him, yells something at him. B-BLAM! THUD! Emilio falls away. Then, motion: The building's shadow moves over him.

Emilio looms over him again, face pained, blood seeping from the hole in his chest as he quickly tourniquets Juan's legs. He applies pressure to his own wound and falls away again.

Under Juan's arm, the bloody baby stares up at him.

EMILIO

(his words echoing)

Hang in there, bro. I'm going to get
us outta here...I'm going to get us
out of here...

END POV. The baby CRIES. The scene goes BLACK.

END FLASHBACK.

SEGUE TO PRESENT TIME

A dog's urgent WHINE awakens Juan with a start. He looks
around confused, then slowly realizes where he's at.

He casually guides his hand along the curved tine to the main
beam of the harrow. An idea forms in his mind.

The WHINING SOUND again. Juan starts, pivots his head to it.

The three-legged dog crawls from the weeds, WHINING. She
stops about three feet away, regards Juan with sad eyes. Juan
proffers his hand.

JUAN

Come here, girl. I won't hurt you.

The dog creeps closer, sniffs his hand. Juan strokes her.

JUAN

Where's your partner?

The dog WHINES with urgency, turns, limps back into the tall
grass, stops, looks back, waits.

JUAN

What is it, girl?

Juan follows her on his hands and knees into the weeds. He
approaches the one-eyed dog laying dead, a hole in its chest.

The three-legged dog sniffs the dead dog then peers up at
Juan as if trying to understand.

Juan moves beside her, strokes her. The dog drops her head
onto Juan's lap.

JUAN

It's okay. I gotcha.

At length, the sound of a screen door SNAPS shut in the
distance. Juan peers through the weeds.

He sees Dora Hitchcock lumber toward the barn lean-to. She
opens the door, goes in.

Juan kisses the dog on the head and gently slides away.

JUAN

Stay here, girl. Don't follow me.

He hobbles to the open machine shed garage door, goes in.

INT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Moonlight through a window illuminates an oily workbench with a VICE attached to it. On the pegboard wall behind it hang assorted tools, leather reins, A leather satchel, rotary saw blades, etc. A stand-alone grinder.

Juan hobbles over to the workbench, opens a drawer, looks in. He pulls out a couple of wrenches.

EXT. SPRING-TOOTH HARROW - NIGHT

The dog watches Juan torque the nut on the harrow beam. It snaps loose. Juan unscrews it. The tine falls free.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Juan cautiously opens the lower Dutch door, crawls in.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The lean-to kitchen door is cracked open. MURMURS within.

Juan crawls along the barn wall, stops by the shattered prostheses. He picks up the leg cups, examines them, exhales a sigh of relief.

Dora Hitchcock's voice suddenly clangs out.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Suntimes I think I raised starvin',
knuckle-headed nincompoops!

Juan hobbles over to the lean-to kitchen door, peeks in.

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emilio is unconscious, tied against a stanchion. TWO MICROCEPHALIC MORONS sit cross-legged before him, happily spanking their hands together in "Paddy Cake" cadence.

MICROEPHALIC TWINS
Hamburg' steak. Sirlon steak. Mista
butcha man. If Leon cain't do it,
Mama Hitchcock sure cain.
(SLAP Emilio's face)
Hamburg' steak. Sirlon steak. Mista
butcha man. If Mank cain't do it,...

A female body lays on the cutting table. Mankill and Dora Hitchcock impatiently stand over Dolf, watching him carve off a huge, flaccid breast that he's clamping with his hand.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Yer cuttin' it way too high, Dolf.
You gonna cut yo' fingas off. Carve
closa to the ribs. How many times I
gotta tell ya!

MANKILL

Hurri-ed up. I needs the table.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Juan turns away in horror. Bumps the wall. A HORSE COLLAR crashes to the floor beside him. He freezes.

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - SAME

Mankill looks up.

MANKILL

What was dat?

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mankill fills the door opening, his fierce head tracking back and forth.

He spots the horse collar on the floor. Picks it up. Twists the hanger nail back upright and rehangs it. A final look around. He steps back inside.

Juan hobbles away from the cubicle, his teeth clutching the prostheses cups.

INT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

--Juan wrenches off the leg cup from the broken prosthesis.

--Tightens the vice on a spring-tooth tine.

--Turns a nut now connecting the leg cup to the tine.

--Glances through the window as he works.

--Juan's hand snatches leather rein straps from the wall.

--He inserts his stub into the cup of his new prosthesis. The tine curves around forward like a scythe--tipped with the arrow-shaped cultivator spade head.

--Through window, Juan sees Mankill drive away in the pickup.

--Juan cross-hatches two leather thongs up his leg from the prosthesis cup to a leather girdle belt on his waist.

Juan stands, steps out gingerly, then bounds to the end of the shed and back. He bounces up and down in place, lands solid. He looks down at his handiwork.

JUAN

That'll work.

Juan starts at the distant SOUND OF HARLEYS returning. He springs to the window, looks out and sees a string of lights flickering through the trees.

He strides over to the bench, grabs a crowbar from the pegboard, lopes out of the shed.

EXT. SPRING-TOOTH HARROW - NIGHT

Juan slides under the harrow, peers through the tines. The dog snuggles in. Juan puts his arms around her.

The pickup, with the search party in the back, roars from the hollow and slides to a dusty halt in front of the porch followed by new batch of SKINHEADS on Harleys.

The skinheads tumble out of the pickup, begin to search the area with their flashlights. They Harleys spread out, their headlamp beams sword-playing in the darkness.

Mankill skips up the porch steps, goes in.

MOOSE and BARNEY bike up to the machine shed.

Barney breaks off, disappears behind the machine shed.

Moose stops in front of the machine shed, shines his head lamp in, then sweeps it slowly over to the harrow.

ON JUAN'S FACE as tine-filtered bars of light line his face like jail bars. Suddenly, a bike ROARS abruptly through the weeds behind him, brushing his arm holding the trembling dog. He tucks himself further under the harrow.

Barney CHUGS around the harrow and stops beside Moose, who's wiggling a loose manifold pipe on his bike.

MOOSE

Ma manifold pipe is loose agin. I'll
catch up wit' y'all lata.

Barney RUMBLES away. Moose CHUGS his bike into the shed.

INT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Moose stares down at arrow-like depressions in the dirt floor. He kills the motor, drops the kickstand, and gets off.

He picks up a prosthesis part. Recognizing it, he tosses it aside, draws his knife, follows the arrow-like depressions.

EXT. SPRING-TOOTH HARROW - CONTINUOUS

Moose follows the arrow prints out of the shed and around to the back of the harrow. He espies Juan under the harrow.

MOOSE

So, there you is, onion pecka. We be
lookin' all ova for ya. You come on
out now.

Moose grabs for him.

The dog shoots out, clamps her teeth onto Moose's ankle. Moose kicks out. The dog snarls, rips furiously into it.

MOOSE
Aaaah, you bitch!

Moose tries to shake her off, but the dog clings like a tick. He goes for his knife and raises it to strike.

THWACK! The knife flies from Moose's hand.

Moose looks down at his throbbing hand, then turns to Juan getting ready to strike again with the crowbar. Moose snatches Juan by the wrist, forces him to his knees.

MOOSE
Gotcha!
(eyes widen)
Aaaah!

He yowls in pain as the dog viciously tears at his bloody, exposed ankle tendon.

He wrenches the crowbar from Juan's hand and swings it at the dog, but misses.

He shoves Juan away.

MOOSE
(to dog)
You a dead dog!

Moose raises the crowbar for the kill.

THUK! An arrow-shaped harrow spade pops out of his chest. A glistening PANCREAS dangles from its tip.

Moose stands frozen in shock, stares incomprehensibly at the thing sticking out from his chest. He drops the crowbar and slowly caresses the spade, as if to feel if it's real.

He turns and stares incredulously at Juan, who stares incredulous back, hopping on one leg.

Moose plucks the pancreas off the blade and takes a bite. He chews on it, savors it.

MOOSE
Hmm. Not ba...

Moose's eyes roll up and he topples to the ground, forcing Juan to fall with him.

Juan pushes against Moose's body trying desperately to pull out his prosthesis' wide, arrowhead-shaped, blade tip.

The SOUND OF HARLEYS approaching.

Juan shoos the dog away.

JUAN

Go! You can't be here. Git!

The dog tilts his bloody head inquisitively, then turns, hops into the weeds and disappears.

Juan drags Moose's giant carcass behind him, inch by inch, clawing desperately at the ground for traction towards the shaded part of the harrow.

EXT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Buck, Sonny, and Leon RUMBLE up the path to the machine shed.

Leon stops by the elevated gas barrel, sticks the hose nozzle into the motorcycle's gas tank.

Sonny and Buck glide up to the open garage door and stop, headlights spotlighting Moose's Harley inside.

EXT. HARROW - CONTINUOUS

Juan strains to tug on Moose's carcass, inching him closer to the harrow. He falls back, out of breath, observes Sonny and Buck through the harrow tines.

SONNY

That's Moose's ride. Where d'Moose?
(shouts)
Moose!...Moose!

BUCK

I gotta piss.

Buck dismounts, shuffles up to the harrow.

Juan shoulders himself tight against the tines, then panics as he sees Moose's leg sticking out beyond the protective shade. He quickly pulls it towards him as

Buck walks up to the harrow, unzips and begins to pee.

Pee splashes through the tines onto Juan's face. He squeezes his eyes shut and angles his head away in disgust.

BUCK

When I catch that wetback bitch, I'm gonna rip his eyes out 'n piss in the sockets. Then I'm gonna have Mama pickle the eyeballs. I loves pickled eyeballs.

He snickers to himself.

SONNY

I want somemo' o' that brown ass.

Buck finishes, zips up, shuffles away. Leon RUMBLES up.

LEON

Moose must be searchin' on hoof.

The Harleys REV UP, RUMBLE away.

Juan scoots out from under the harrow beam, pushing Moose ahead of him. He looks off, sees the three Harleys join the others under the porch light in the b.g.

He quickly unties the leather straps from his prostheses.

He crawls into the shed.

He crawls out with a wrench clinched in his teeth.

He rolls Moose's cadaver over, wrenches on the nut connecting the end-spade. The nut breaks loose.

Juan taps the triangular spade off with the wrench, revealing a rounded tine end.

MINUTES LATER

He lopes to the machine shed with his spade-less blades on.

INT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Balancing on his left leg blade, Juan sharpens the tip on his right foot blade against the grinder wheel. SPARKS FLY.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Mankill turns to the GRINDING SOUND. SPARKS SCINTILLATE in the machine shed window.

MANKILL

Who's that up there?

BARNEY

(turns to look)

That be Moose workin' on his pipes.

SONNY

He weren't there when we was there.

MANKILL

Go tell 'im to get his fat ass down to the barn fer the hangin'.

Barney takes off.

INT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Barney enters. THUK! A blade pierces his chest, in and out. Barney collapses to the ground, dead.

Juan takes Barney's knife from him, drags his body into the corner, throws a nearby tarp over it.

He grabs the satchel from the pegboard, crams a handful of rotary ripsaw blades into it, looks out the window.

He sees skinheads entering the barn lean-to in the b.g.

EXT./INT. BARN LEAN-TO - NIGHT

Juan peers through a vertical crack in the board siding.

HIS POV: Emilio is stood on the butcher table, hands bound behind him, a noose around his neck.

Mankill cracks a stick across Emilio's shins. Emilio sinks, makes CHOKING SOUNDS, scrambles to stay on his toes.

He hits Emilio again. Emilio slumps. END POV

Juan thinks fast; takes off.

EXT. MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

Juan pulls the hose nozzle down from the gas barrel, opens the spigot, douses the shed, the tractor, the gas barrel, then throws the hose to the ground.

A flowing stream of fuel reaches a rock in a worn wheel rut. Juan SPARKS his blade against it, ignites the fuel.

A blue carpet of flame unfurls, rushes up the side of the shed, over the tractor, and up the gas barrel.

Juan sprints to the outhouse, gets behind it, looks back.

KABOOM! The gas barrel blows into a flaming mushroom.

INT. BARN - SAME

Mankill starts at the sound.

MANKILL

What in the blasted farts from hell
was that?

He runs off. The others follow.

Emilio struggles desperately to stay upright on his toes.

EXT. BARN LEAN-TO - CONTINUOUS

The door BANGS open. Mankill and skinheads charge out. They freeze, stare off, mouths agape in awe.

Flaming debris rains down from the sky. Tractor and motorcycle outlines stand defiant in a FURY OF FLAMES.

KABOOM! Motorcycle disappears. KABOOM! Tractor, flattened.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Juan waits behind it as skinheads run past, towards the conflagration. He dashes for the barn.

INT. BARN LEAN-TO - NIGHT

Emilio, hangs limp, unconscious. Juan springs onto the table, BLADES JANGLING. He slices the rope and sets Emilio down onto the table. He takes off the noose and slaps his face.

JUAN
Emilio! Emilio!

Emilio's head falls back limp. Juan hurriedly slices the ropes from Emilio's bound hands, lays him back, puts his ear to Emilio's chest, listens, pumps on it, stops, listens. Desperate, he pounds on the chest with both fists.

JUAN
Come on, Emilio! Breath!

He stops, listens, his face collapsing in grief. He grabs onto Emilio's lifeless body, sobs.

JUAN
Oh, Emilio.

At length, Emilio COUGHS, gasps for air. Juan backs away in joyous relief.

JUAN
Emilio! Look at me!

Emilio looks at him, dazed, confused.

JUAN
Who am I?

Emilio scrutinizes him for a minute, searching his memory.

EMILIO
(hoarse)
Ahem. Daffy Duck.

JUAN
Close enough. Hate to do this to you, brother, but we gotta get out of here, now! Can you walk?

EMILIO
Ahem. I think so.

Juan jumps down, helps Emilio off. Emilio stands, collapses against the table. Juan grabs him, hurries off with him.

EXT. HARROW/MACHINE SHED - NIGHT

The smoldering foundation of the machine shed remains. The yard is littered with flaming debris. The weeds, now burnt to the ground expose the harrow--minus two tines.

Mankill eyeballs the scorched scene. He spies a smoking mass by the harrow. He stomps over to it, shines his flashlight on it. It's the melted carcass of Moose, smoldering.

MANKILL`
Musta blowed hissself up.

Leon throws aside a smoldering tarp revealing the dead body of an uncooked Barney.

LEON`
Found Barney.

Mankill joins Leon and stares down at Barney. He notices a wicked red gash in his chest. He flips him over with his boot. Sees another bloody gash in his back.

He stomps back over to the harrow.

In the b.g. Juan and Emilio hobble in tandem out of the lean-to towards the house.

Mankill spotlights the hole in Moose's chest.

SONNY`
Look like they was kilt by a sword.

MANKILL
That spic motha fucka.
(puts it together)
The barn!

They stampede to the barn.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Juan and Emilio, hidden by the front porch, peer off.

JUAN
How are you feeling, now?

EMILIO
(hoarse)
I got a crushed larynx, my shinbones are cracked, and my asshole's on fire. Other than that...

JUAN
Think you can you operate a motorcycle?

EMILIO
No problem, I...
(just noticing)
You got legs! Where did...

INCLUDE BARN

The skinheads stuff themselves into the barn.

JUAN
Later. Let's go.

EXT. FARMSTEAD YARD - CONTINUOUS - INCLUDE BARN LEAN-TO

Emilio spies a motorcycle with a key in the ignition.

Skinheads pour out of the lean-to; one points at us.

SKINHEAD
There they is!

Emilio FIRES UP the Harley.

Juan stabs his leg blade into a nearby Harley gas tank, then leaps on behind Emilio.

They hunker low as Emilio does a wheelie into the hollow.

Mankill enters the foreground, empties his Colt .45 at them.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

CLOSE ON HARLEY GAS LINE: A bullet severs it.

Skinheads rush to their bikes. A FAT SKINHEAD drops his lard onto the kick starter of the Harley Juan stabbed. The motor erupts into flames. The skinhead's legs, crotch on fire.

He rolls off the bike SCREAMING, stomping; staggers frantically towards the pond as he is engulfed into a furious ball of fire, arms flailing within.

He waddles to the water's edge, wobbles, topples into it.
SIZZLING STEAM.

Skinheads watch, mouths agape.

KABOOM! The motorcycle explodes. Skinheads blown back. Bikes topple. The motorcycle, a fiery torch.

Skinheads get up charred and pissed, check their gas tanks, FIRE UP, ROAR away into the hollow.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER - NIGHT

Emilio races the Harley down the winding road, sliding expertly on every curve, blowing through Spanish moss.

They race down a straight stretch. The stranded SUV just ahead. They pass it. The Harley SPUTTERS, CHUNKS to a stop.

EMILIO

Fuck me!

Emilio pumps furiously on the kick starter. He looks down, sees the broken gas line.

EMILIO

(hoarse)

Can you believe it? We're outta fucking gas. There must be some mysterious force that doesn't want us to leave.

Juan looks back. Headlights blinking through the trees.

JUAN

Here they come.

Emilio switches off the lights. Juan gets off.

JUAN

Lets ditch it.

Emilio jumps off. They run the bike into the swamp, down it behind a marsh bush and hide themselves behind it.

THEIR POV: Skinheads on Harleys ROAR by, hellbent. After a while, the RUMBLING FADES AWAY into two distant directions. END POV.

EMILIO

They split off. They'll be looking for us for a while. Whadaya say we go back and syphon some gas from the motorcycles I wrecked. We can use the empty water bottles from the SUV for containers.

JUAN

Let's do it.

They slosh away.

EXT. MOUND BY THE POND - NIGHT

Juan and Emilio run around the darkened perimeter of the yard light. Juan totes a backpack in addition to the satchel.

They drop by a crippled motorcycle. Emilio stands it up, loosens the gas cap. Juan pulls away the rubber gas line, inserts it into an empty Coke bottle.

EXT. EDGE OF POND WOODS - SAME

Two silhouetted figures, stand shoulder to shoulder, cradle shotguns, watch Juan and Emilio harvest gas in the b.g.

EXT. MOUND BY THE POND - CONTINUOUS

Ringo and Shane approach, their shotguns pointed at Emilio.

RINGO
 (growling voice)
 Whatcha doin' to that there bike?

Emilio whirls around. Juan drops behind the motorcycle.

Shane walks up, looking down the barrel at Emilio.

Ringo arches his shotgun over the motorcycle, points it at Juan's upturned face.

RINGO
 You that jumpin' bean that be
 killin' ma bros? I'm gonna blow yo'
 fuckin' head off, raht now.

He cocks the shotgun. KLIKTIK! Takes aim at Juan.

The three-legged dog flies across the scene hitting the shotgun. BOOM! Juan grabs for the gun, wrestles it from Ringo. The dog viciously tears into Ringo's throat.

Shane glances at Ringo as Ringo's gun goes off. Emilio knocks the shotgun barrel aside. BOOM! He punches Shane in the throat, straight-kicks him in the chest. Shane stumbles backwards, choking.

Ringo frantically tries to wrench off the dog hanging from his blood-squirting throat.

KLIKTIK! Shane waves his gun erratically at Emilio.

Juan swings his shotgun over the motorcycle. KLIKTIK!

JUAN
 Duck!

Emilio drops. BOOM! A gaping red hole appears in Shane's thorax as his shotgun goes off involuntarily on impact: BOOM!--into Ringo's back. They drop lifeless to the ground.

JUAN
 (to Emilio)
 You alright?

EMILIO
 Yeah. You?

Juan pulls the dog off Ringo's throat, draws her close. He kneads the happy dog, its muzzle dripping with blood.

JUAN
 I'm okay, thanks to my ol' friend
 here. That's twice she saved me.
 She's my guardian angel.

Emilio approaches with Shane's shotgun. He looks off, then drops the ground, pulling Juan down with him.

EMILIO

Fuck! There's more of them.

INCLUDE PORCH/YARD

Half a dozen skinheads pour out onto the porch.

LEON`

Ringo! That you?

Leon draws his pistol, steps warily off the porch.

LEON`

Ringo?

Emilio rolls onto his back. He clears his throat, testing LOW HUSKY SOUNDS with his voice, then cups his mouth.

EMILIO

(mimicking Ringo's
growling voice)

Yeah! Kilt the dawg! Yee haw!

He waits with bated breath.

Leon LAUGHS, holsters his pistol, turns to the others.

LEON`

Ringo finally got his bitch. Haut dawgy! We gonna have some mutt stew fer a change. Calls fer a toddy.

They charge back into the house en masse.

Juan stares at Emilio.

JUAN

Of all the impersonations you've ever done, this one takes the cake. You really fooled the dumb fuckers.

EMILIO

(hoarse)

It's the crushed larynx.

They hear an ENGINE racing through the hollow. The Sheriff's car flies from it, lurches to a stop by the porch.

Juan and Emilio exchange curious looks.

The Deputy, Donny, and Walt get out and go around to the trunk. The Deputy opens it. Donny and Walt reach in, pull out Gloria and Coral, trussed in rope and gagged.

Emilio pumps the shotgun. KLIKTIK. Juan grabs his arm.

JUAN

Wait.

They carry the girls up the steps and into the house.

JUAN

Okay. Let's go.

They take off.

The dog, on its haunches, contentedly pulls meat from Ringo's hollowed-out throat.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Juan and Emilio, shotguns in hand, dash up to the open great room window, peek in.

Gloria and Coral on the table, bound, gagged, awake. The Deputy's face and neck are clotted with lacerations.

DEPUTY

(to Dora Hitchcock)

Y'all kin have 'em! They meana than
cahn'-ed wildcats.

He rips open his snap button shirt to reveal vicious lacerations all over his arms and chest.

DEPUTY

Look what they done to me. I cain't
hardly get close 'nough to 'em
without they leavin' a scar on me.
They kilt Lance and Big-Dumb.

(indicates)

Look what they done to Donny 'n
Walt.

Donny's one eye is still stuck staring at his nose. Walt's dismembered right hand is hooked by a finger from his belt.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Gimme yo' hand, Walt. I'll put it in
the gumbo I'm cookin' up fer y'all
tomorra.

(thinks on it a sec)

Better yet, how 'bout I featcha it
as an appetiza, in yo' hona. Whadaya
think o' that, Walt?

Walt blushes, hands his hand to her. She glares at the girls, gestures with Walt's hand.

DORA HITCHCOCK

I should slaughter y'all raht now.
But, I'm gonna let cha breathe a
little longa, only 'cause I have a
backlog o' meat to cut up, 'n I don'
wan'cha to spo'l. You gonna be real
special.

She turns to the Deputy and slaps Walt's hand on table for emphasis.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Dang, Henry! I be bustin' ma ass in front o' that hot stove all day gettin' hamburga ready fer the cafe an' entertainin' 'n feedin' ma boys all night.

ON CORAL, gagging.

DORA HITCHCOCK

I'm too tarred to deal with this crap raht now!

(to Leon)

Take 'em to the barn 'n nail 'em.

Leon reaches for the girls.

Emilio thrusts his shotgun barrel through the open window.

EMILIO

You touch them, I'll blow you demented fucks into the last century!

Leon freezes. Dora Hitchcock turns to them, scowling, more annoyed at the interruption than startled.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Well, looky what the cat drug to the winda. Don' they look ridiklus with them big guns? Hey! Whey d'y'all get them shotguns, anyhoo?

EMILIO

Took them off dead lunatics, like you. Untie them!

A lone SKINHEAD grabs Emilio from behind. Juan rams his gun barrel into the skinhead's liver: BOOM! Blows him away.

Emilio swings his shotgun back at the skinheads inside as they clamber towards the front door. He pulls the trigger, CLICK! KLIKTIK! CLICK!

EMILIO

What the fuck! Duds.

Juan aims his shotgun through the window. KLIKTIK! CLICK!

JUAN

Let's get outta here.

Skinheads clamber down the porch steps as Juan and Emilio leap into the dark shadows of the woods and disappear. FOUR SKINHEADS take off after them.

The Deputy runs to the Sheriff's car, jumps in. WIRRRRRRR! It fires up, spins around, and fishtails away into the hollow.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Juan and Emilio run up to a tree leaning over the edge of a deep ravine, out of breath. They look over. Its kudzu-covered cliff wall rises 50 feet from the rocky creek below. The tree's roots are exposed in the eroding cliff.

Juan takes the satchel from his shoulder, hands it to Emilio.

JUAN

Here. Almost forgot.

EMILIO

What's this?

JUAN

Throw one. See what you think.

Emilio pulls out a circular saw blade, balances it in his hand, then flicks it into the tree and sticks it.

EMILIO

Cool. That'll work.

He walks up to the tree and pulls the saw blade out. He turns to a commotion coming from the woods behind them.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Sonny presses Gloria's head against a corner edge of the stanchion, flattens her ear against it.

Buck sets the point of a 10-penny nail with a wide washer onto her flattened ear and hammers: CLINK!

Gloria SCREAMS through her gag, her face contorted in agony. CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

Leon and Dolf manhandle Coral's head and hands into an open pillory, drop the yoke over her and latch it. Dolf runs his fingers through her hair. Coral rattles against the yoke.

DOLF

I'm gonna nail ya in a different way, baby doe. Tee hee hee.

EXT. CLEARING/RAVINE - NIGHT

The four skinheads huff their way up to the edge of the ravine. They separate and search around as if lost.

SKINHEAD #1

See 'em? They cain't go no furtha.

SKINHEAD #2

They musta felled into the ravine.

Skinhead #2 leans over the edge of the ravine for a look.

A leg blade leaps from the ravine--THUK!--into #2's esophagus, pulls him over the edge into the abyss. We hear the 400-pound sack of manure WHUMP into the creek below.

Skinhead #1 glances back to where #2 was a second ago and sees he's not there. He looks around.

SKINHEAD #1
 What the hay, Bruno. This ain't no
 time to be playin' hide 'n seek.
 Where'dya go?

He drifts over to the edge of the ravine and bends over it for a look. THUK! Juan's blade pops up from the ravin like a trapdoor spider, hooks him in the ribs, and pulls him over.

Skinheads #3 and #4 turn to SEE #1's waving legs disappear into the ravine. They draw their pistols.

ON JUAN clinging desperately to an exposed tree root, #1 dangling from his blade by a rib bone. He looks up, sees #4 aiming his gun at him.

THOP! A circular saw blade buries itself into #4's temple. He teeters, then over the edge he goes.

Skinhead #4 hits #1 and they both plunge together. WHUMP!
 WHUMP!

Juan swings.

Skinhead #3 draws his gun on Emilio as Emilio dives aside and flings a saw blade--THOP!--into #3's neck. Over the edge he goes. WHUMP!

Emilio runs to edge of the ravine, looks over, reaches down.

EMILIO
 Grab on!

He pulls an exhausted Juan out of the ravine.

EMILIO
 You got a deadly foot there, bro.
 So, where did you get those feet?

JUAN
 Same place I got your Frisbees.

INT. BARN - TWILIGHT

The lower Dutch door cracks open. Emilio and Juan peek in.

The Microcephalic Twins cheerfully play patty-cake on Coral's naked butt as Dolf lustfully strokes Coral's body. Coral protests behind her gag, rattles the yoke.

Gloria stands frozen against the stanchion, cringes as Leon opens her blouse, slobbers on her neck and shoulders.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Juan holds back an enraged Emilio.

EMILIO
I'm going to kill the fuckers!

JUAN
Me, too, but wait. The girls might get hurt if we charge in without a plan. Go around to the lean-to. Make noise. Draw them out. I'll get the girls out.

Emilio races off.

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dora Hitchcock carves on the female cadaver. Donny and Walt drink blood from glasses. Emilio crashes in, kicks the knife out of her hands.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Aaaack! One o' them bucks is loose!
Forget what I said earlier, boys.
They too unpredictable. Slaughter
'em all. I'll just have to make do.

Emilio puts her in a choke hold and drags her backwards towards the lean-to exit door.

EMILIO
(to Donny and Walt)
Get your freaky brothers out here
and let's go outside and play hide
and seek.

WALT
You gonna hide Mama?

INT. BARN - SAME

Leon, Dolf, Sonny, Buck, and the Twins turn to Dora's pleas and stuff themselves through the lean-to door.

SKINHEADS
Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The boys squeeze through the barn door. Emilio drops Dora by the lean-to door and flees. The boys stumble after him, trampling their mama laying helpless as a turtle on its back.

DORA HITCHCOCK
Boys!...Oomph!...Dang it!...
Hey!...Aawk!...That hurt!...It's yo
mama you be tramplin'...

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Juan races up to Gloria

JUAN
Gloria! What have they done to you?

He pulls her gag down.

GLORIA
Juan! Thank gawd...Ooh, baby, be careful. Don't move me. You'll tear my ear off. Get Coral free, first. She can help you.

Juan moves over to Coral, unlatches, raises the yoke. Coral stands stiffly, hikes her shorts up and removes her gag.

CORAL
Where's Emilio?

JUAN
He's distracting them for now. We have to hurry.

He turns back to Gloria. Coral ties her blouse ends together.

She hurries over and unties the ropes around Gloria's legs as Juan examines the nail in Gloria's ear.

JUAN
Where's the hammer he nailed it with?

CORAL
Here.

She picks it up, hands it to Juan.

She hears Emilio's Woody Woodpecker trill in the distance:

EMILIO
AaHaUhAa! AaHaUhAa! AaHaUhAa!...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A pregnant pause.

Coral turns to the gun sounds with an anguished face.

CORAL
Emilio.

EMILIO
AaHaUhAa! AaHaUhAa!...

BLAM! BLAM!... Coral sighs with uncertain relief.

Juan carefully brings the hammer claw up to the washer, touches the smashed, purple ear underneath.

GLORIA

Ow! Ooo!

JUAN

(dreading it)

I can't get the claw in without mauling your ear.

GLORIA

(mustering courage)

Okay. Okay...Wait.

(a nervous chuckle)

Better my ear than my life.
Right?...Okay, do it!

Juan stares up at the post Gloria is nailed to.

JUAN

I've got a better idea.

He focuses on a spot above her head as he steps back.

GLORIA

(looks aslant)

What are you doing?

JUAN

Trust me on this, sweetheart.

Gloria squeezes her eyes shut as Juan whirls a round-house kick into the stanchion's corner edge, tearing away a three-foot splint just above Gloria's head to her waist.

CLOSE ON a crack splitting through the nail, releasing it.

Gloria is free.

She winces as she draws the nail from her ear with both hands, looks angrily at it, tosses it.

CLOSE ON nail as it lands on the washer, NAIL POINTED UP.

Gloria knots her blouse, then gingerly touches her ear.

JUAN

You all right?

GLORIA

Yeah...

(indicates ear)

How does it look?

He kisses her.

JUAN

I'd love you if you had no ears.

GLORIA

Ha. Hey! You're taller.
 (looking down)
 Where did you get those...?

JUAN

No time. Lets go.

He grabs the girls' hands, turns to go, and freezes. Buck and a Microcephalic Twin glare at them over the lower Dutch door.

BUCK

Whey ya goin' with them there does?

Buck kicks the half-door open, stomps in.

Juan and the girls spin around and freeze again.

Dora Hitchcock stands woozily in front of the lean-to doorway, glaring. Leon, Dolf, Sonny, Donny, Walt, and Microcephalic Twin #2 enter behind her.

DORA HITCHCOCK

You kilt ma boys, blowed up ma shed,
 'n made a motacicle junkyard of ma
 front yard. You crispies is outta
 control. So here's what we gonna do.

GLORIA

Crispies? How many names you got for
 us?

DORA HITCHCOCK

Tell me yo' sorry and I might could
 fergive y'all befo' I butcha y'all.
 Be mo' kosha that way.
 (shakes her head)
 I grant cha... Y'all's the most
 wildest crittas ma boys 'n yours
 truly ever tangled with.

GLORIA

Critters! We're human beings, you--
 you psychopathic sow.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Ooh. Big word. Gots a little feisty
 left in ya, don' cha? You don' make
 it easy, that's fer sure.
 (to the skinheads)
 Boys.

Leon, Dolf, Sonny, Donny, Walt, and Microcephalic Twin #2
 spread out around her.

DORA HITCHCOCK

Y'all's a once-'n-a-lifetime catch.
 It'll be a special hona to serve
 y'all up as a fi'-star en-tree.

THOP! A 5-inch circular saw blade instantly appears on Dora Hitchcock's forehead. She stumbles backwards, BANGS against the wall, collapses to the floor, out cold. The horse collar crashes over her head.

Leon, Sonny, Dolf, Donny, Walt, and Microcephalic Twin #2 turn to her, stare down uncomprehendingly.

SKINHEADS

Mama? Mama? Mama? Mama? Mama?

Coral whirls around, her face registering surprise and relief as Emilio steps through the Dutch door behind Buck and Microcephalic Twin #1.

CORAL

Emilio!

Buck and MT #1 turn to Emilio as he fires a saw blade between MT #1's teeth. THOP! Rips his cheeks back to his tonsils. His jaw drops into a "Scream"-like yawn. He ROARS LIKE A BASSOON as he pulls away the blade.

Buck draws his gun, jumps, freezes in saucer-eyed shock.

Juan pulls his foot blade out from Buck's ass.

JUAN

Piggy-pokey, mother fucker.

Buck drops to his knees; twists around to fire at Juan. THOP! A saw blade in his neck. Blood spurts. BLAM! The gun discharges aimlessly. He crashes to the floor.

Juan snatches up the gun, turns to the stunned skinheads.

JUAN

Stay right where you are!

Microcephalic #2 pulls out his knife, charges towards Emilio. Coral lunges at the back of his legs, clamps on. He crashes to the floor onto his face, then doesn't move anymore.

Emilio takes MT #2's knife, stands with Juan. Gloria and Coral dash over to the wall, grab hayforks.

Walt charges. Juan squeezes the trigger: CLICK! CLICK!

Juan jumps aside, spins a 180-degree aerial wheel into Walt's thorax. THUK! Walt crashes forward.

Emilio ZINGS a saw blade. Dolf ducks it. It sticks into the stanchion. THUD! He grabs for another.

EMILIO

(to Juan)

That was it! The last one!

They dash over to the wall, make a stand in front of Gloria and Coral. Skinheads move towards them, teasing their knives.

Sonny lunges at Juan. Juan spins, snags his blade on a log chain hanging from the rafter. He trips and falls forward, punches the knife out of Sonny's hand.

Sonny grabs him by the blades, wheels him around and around, slams him into the back of Leon, creeping towards Gloria. Gloria instantly anchors the end of the pitchfork handle to the floor with her foot as Leon lurches at her at full speed.

GLORIA
Eat this, you fuck!

Leon sinks into the fork tines with a momentum that causes the pitchfork and him to rise and crash into the mounted moose head. The hayfork stays vertical, perfectly balanced.

ON LEON: His nose smashed against the moose's snout. Their dead, startled eyes stare at one another.

Sonny wheels Juan around like a hammer thrower.

Juan drops his head to miss a stanchion.

Emilio dodges a knife as it swipes by. He flicks his fingers into Donny's eyes. Both eyes pop out, hang by the optic nerves, like paddle balls. Donny ROARS, swings his knife blindly at Emilio. Emilio backs away.

DONNY
I'm gonna kills ya. Whey is you?

EMILIO
Here I am, dumb fuck.

Donny charges low, like a bull. Emilio elegantly sidesteps as Donny runs headlong into the saw blade struck in the stanchion, cleaving his skull.

Donny slumps into a genuflecting pose, head morticed to the stanchion, eyeballs dangling.

Juan crashes into the hanging chain, grabs on. Sonny loses his balance, let's go of Juan's blades. He staggers up as Juan swings out and back, quick-steps against the barn wall, kicks off, snags Sonny in the gut as he swings by him.

Sonny stands in shock as he watches twenty feet of his small intestine unravel from his gut, then six feet of colon.

Juan kicks the taut intestine off his blade. It snaps lazily back, coils thickly around Sonny's neck. He topples backwards into a sitting position against the wall. Chokes to death.

Coral makes jabs at Dolf with her hayfork. He knocks it away, grabs her by the throat, snarls:

DOLF
I want some of that red....

SNAP-SLAP! A black snake-whip coils around his neck. He's yanked backwards.

Emilio pulls on the whip, forces Dolf to run backwards in a circle, off balance, over to the guillotine.

Emilio trips into a manure gutter, lets go of the whip.

Dolf tumbles onto the guillotine table, slides through the blade's tree frame, grabs onto the release lever.

ON GUILLOTINE BLADE as it swooshes down--

KARSZIT!

The top quarter of Dolf's body rolls off, lands upright on the floor--an armless bust on an expanding pad of blood.

A severed length of whip hangs from Dolf's neck like a thick Texas string-tie. His eyeballs flutter white.

DOLF'S BUST
(nods off dying)
Redheads...

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT

Mankill leads a stream of skinheads on Harleys off the blacktop, BLATS into the hollow.

INT. BARN - MORNING

Juan, Gloria, Coral join Emilio, who tries to get up.

EMILIO
I tore a ligament in my ankle.

Juan helps him up. Emilio hops, grimaces. Coral gets under his arm.

CORAL
My man.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

They pause to survey their work: A skinhead on the end of a pitchfork staring at a moose, an alabaster bust on a blood spread, a genuflecting man with his head stuck to a stanchion, a man strangled by his own intestines.

GLORIA
That's some serious ass-kicking.

JUAN
Ssh! Listen.

Harleys BLAT in the distance. They exchange looks of alarm.

JUAN
Let's get outta here.

EXT. FARMSTEAD YARD - DAY

They hurry out of the barn. Emilio, arms wrapped around the necks of Juan and Coral, takes giant hops to keep apace.

They hurry across the yard. Juan indicates the mound.

JUAN
Gloria. Grab that backpack over there. It's heavy.

Gloria grabs the backpack and runs to rejoin the others as they dive behind bushes next to the hollow road.

THEIR POV: Wheels and boots whiz by in RUMBLING succession. Finally, the last Harley RUMBLES by. END POV

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - DAY

Juan, Emilio, Gloria, Coral scramble from the bushes.

JUAN
(to Emilio)
Get on my back.

Emilio jumps on his back. They take off running. Juan is soon outpacing the girls with easy ten-foot strides. He's powering into it. He's found his legs.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The skinheads RUMBLE up to the porch and idle in park as Mankill swings off his Harley, stomps up the porch steps, goes in.

INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY

Mankill strides across the room.

MANKILL
Mama!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The backdoor SNAPS behind him as he strides to the lean-to.

INT. LEAN-TO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mankill flings the door open, stomps through.

MANKILL
Mama! Leon!

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mankill pauses in the doorway, stunned at the carnage before him. A MISERABLE GROANING gets his attention. He looks down.

MANKILL
Mama?

He lifts the horse collar off, tosses it aside; pulls out the saw disc from her forehead.

Dora Hitchcock's eyes pop open with a frozen, startled look-- a bleeding five-hole lobotomy stamped down the middle of her forehead. Mankill examines the saw disc.

MANKILL

Howd'ya get a damn saw blade stuck
in yo' head like that, Mama? Them
onion peckas do this?

DORA HITCHCOCK

Pick me up, son.

Mankill stands her up. She has a vertigo moment as she slaps the wall to catch herself; straightens up, still wobbly, but maintaining. She stares off with crossed, dazed eyes, blood menstruating down her nose.

DORA HITCHCOCK

One thing daddy allays said: "Ne'er
eat yo' own. It just ain't raght."
An' that's what founda Abraham said,
too, only in his propa gospel way,
mind ya: "Munch on t'othas, not on
yo'selfs." I be thinkin', maybe we
should bury Walt's hand.

MANKILL

I don't give a goddamn shit if you
bury it, eat it, or use it fer a
back scratcha, Mama. Raght now I
wanna decap some heads! Which way
they go?

DORA HITCHCOCK

Then again, I have a recipe from way
befo' Abraham's time...

MANKILL

Mama! Which way?

DORA HITCHCOCK

An' they wasn't any rules agin it
then...

(delayed reaction)

How n the blazin' farts 'n hell
would I know? One minute I be
honorin' them, sayin' real nice
things 'bout them, an' the next
minute I be wonderin' who I is.

(reverting)

I might could cremate it 'n use the
ashes fer seasonin' a recipe, in
hona o'...

Mankill goes over to the body of MT #2, turns him over. The nail with washer is impaled between his humped eyebrows.

He steps over to Microcephalic Twin #1, stares coldly at the bloody, yawning jaw resting on MT #1's collar bone, tongue lolling out beyond his ear.

He cuts the tongue off with his knife, bites off a piece and chews it as he follows the blade prints out the Dutch door.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - DAY

Juan, Emilio on his back; Gloria and Coral, sharing the weight of the backpack, race to the SUV ahead in the b.g.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Mankill CHUGS his Harley slowly along, eyes cast down at the BLADE PRINTS in the ground. He leans away from the bushes, glides into the hollow; sees blade prints in the road.

MANKILL

(calling back)

I got 'em!

He ROARS OFF; Harleys THUNDER after him.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - DAY

Coral keeps watch. Juan squeezes gas into the SUV's gas tank, tosses the bottle. Gloria hands him a full one.

Emilio slams the hood down, hobbles around with a remainder bottle of gas, gets in. Coral sounds the alarm.

CORAL

Here they come!

A swarm of Harleys RUMBLES around the distant curve.

Gloria and Coral jump in the SUV. It ROARS to life: VROOOM!

The Harleys now a hundred yards away.

JUAN

GO!

Gloria pushes open the back door. Juan grabs the door frame. Emilio smashes the petal with his broken foot.

EMILIO

Aaahhh!

POP! POP! SMASH! THUD! A bullet shatters a taillight. Another tears through Juan's backpack as he leaps into the back seat.

Emilio swerves the SUV back and forth, tires spitting a cloud of red dust into the faces of the skinheads. They lose control, slam into the bumper and each other.

A skinhead rides up to Emilio's window, points a gun at him.

INT. SUV - SAME

Coral sees it.

CORAL
Emilio! Look out!

Emilio swerves into him. The skinhead's gun CLANKS sideways against the window, followed by his face. The pistol goes off: POP! His nose flies off.

Two bloody sinus holes slide away in a streak of blood. The SUV jumps. The bike runs away, crashes into the woods.

Juan pulls out Gloria's red hair ribbon from his pocket. He plugs it into the wet bullet hole in the backpack.

POP! POP! CRASH! The back window blows out.

Juan lifts the backpack to the open side window.

JUAN
Lighter!

Gloria's hand enters with a lighter, ignites the ribbon. It bursts to flame. Juan hurls it through the window.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The backpack slams into a skinhead's lap. He looks down in horror. KABOOOOM! A PULSING NAPALM FIREBALL fills the frame.

The three-legged dog hops out of the ditch ahead of the fireball, gallops pathetically towards us.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Juan sees the dog.

JUAN
Stop, Emilio!

Emilio slams on the brakes.

GLORIA
What are you doing?

JUAN
Gotta do this!

Juan leaps out.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Juan runs back, scoops up the dog, turns, sprints back.

Mankill and bikers ROAR out of the collapsing fireball. Backs, heads, arms, legs afire--streaming fiery pennants.

Juan takes ten-foot strides. The Harleys closing fast. Juan signals Emilio to start moving.

Emilio picks up speed. Juan runs up to the blown-out tailgate window. Gloria grabs the dog, pulls her in. Juan springs headfirst through the window; bullets PING off the bottoms of his blades.

The SUV screams away.

EXT. SPOOKY HOLLER ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The SUV flies out of the hollow followed by a THUNDERHEAD OF FIREY DUST. It leaps onto the paved road, SQUEALS sideways, fishtails, ROARS off.

The enormous dust-cloud wake rushes back into the hollow entrance, as if inhaling.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

The SUV races along it.

INT. SUV - DAY

Juan snaps open the map, finds their location on it.

JUAN

There's a town ten miles ahead.

Gloria and Coral stare anxiously through the blown out back window. Coral glances at Gloria, does a double take.

CORAL

Gloria, your ear! It's normal.

Gloria feels her ear, leans forward, studies her face in the rear view mirror. She glances at Emilio, then to Juan, then back to Coral.

GLORIA

You guys. Our wounds. They're gone!

They check each other out, crowd the mirror.

CORAL

What's going on?

The SUV's engine skips a beat, SPUTTERS, then dies.

EMILIO

No! No! Not again! Fuck!

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

As it crunches to a stop on the road's shoulder.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emilio grabs the bottle of gas he used to prime the carburetor and leaps out of the car.

CORAL
Hurry, baby!

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emilio frantically squeezes gas into the gas tank. The sound of HARLEYS RUMBLING in the distance getting closer.

EMILIO
Fuck!

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Emilio jumps into the car, turns the key. WHIRRRRRR!

EMILIO
They're coming!

Gloria and Coral, blinded by the morning sun, stare in horror as silhouetted motorcyclists THUNDER UP, surround them.

EMILIO
(to the car)
Come on! Start!

WHIRRRRRRRR...

A Harley pulls up beside Emilio's window. Emilio cringes.

EMILIO
We're really fucked, now.

He turns slowly to the window, resigned to doom. Suddenly, he looks surprised and confused at the same time.

RICH, an urbane biker clad in black leather, wearing a U.S. flag headband, KNOCKS on the window.

Emilio glances at Juan, who is equally surprised, then glances at the other bikers, all of them wholesome, urbane-looking men in leather, wearing military insignia.

He rolls down his window. Rich's amiable face peers in.

RICH
You folks need some help?

EMILIO
Huh? Ah...Yeah...We ran outta gas.

RICH
Maybe we can help you with that.
(looks back)
Hey, Nick! You still got gas in that container of yours?

NICK (O.S.)

Yeah!

Emilio glances at Juan as if to say, *Is this really happening?*

RICH

(to Nick)

Put it in their gas tank.

EMILIO

I-I can't tell you how relieved we are...to see you.

RICH

Where you headed?

EMILIO

Atlanta.

RICH

Cruising the back roads, eh? Like us. No better way to experience this great country of ours.

EMILIO

It's been quite an experience, so far.

RICH

(noticing Juan's blades)

You a vet?

JUAN

Yeah. We both are. Hundred and Seventy Third Airborne, Medical Division.

RICH

Read about you guys. Tough outfit.

Rich pulls out a business card and a pen from his jacket pocket. He scribbles on the back of the card, then reaches over to Juan and gives it to him.

RICH

We ride for disabled vets.

Rich brings his left arm around, knocks on it. It makes a HOLLOW SOUND.

RICH

Know your pain, brother. How're you doing?

JUAN

Actually, I think I'm finally getting used to it.

RICH

Looks like you could use a new pair, friend. Give us a call and we'll fix you up. On us.

JUAN

Thanks. I'll consider that. I'm getting partial to these, though.

RICH

I hear ya.

NICK (O.S.)

Done!

RICH

That should get you to the next gas station, about five miles ahead.

EMILIO

What do we owe you?

RICH

We don't want your money. We're here to help. Pass it on.

Emilio offers his hand. Rich shakes it, reaches in, shakes Juan's hand, nods at the girls.

RICH

Ladies.

JUAN/EMILIO

Thanks.

RICH

Enjoy your trip.

As they RUMBLE away, the County Sheriff's car rolls up and parks on the shoulder in front of the SUV. Sheriff Dobbs gets out and stroll's along the SUV noting the car damage. He saunters back and stops at Emilio's open window, looks in.

SHERIFF

I see you're still here. What happened to your car?

EMILIO

Parked too close to a tree.

The Sheriff gives him a dubious look.

SHERIFF

Uh huh.

EMILIO

Where's your deputy?

SHERIFF

Why? You know something about it?

EMILIO

No. What?

SHERIFF

He's in the hospital. He was attacked by a black bear last night. The dangers of night patrol. Anythin' you want to tell me?

Emilio glances at the others.

EMILIO

No. Nothing I can think of.

The Sheriff pulls out his ticket book and starts to write up a ticket.

SHERIFF

You sure, now?

EMILIO

You giving us a ticket?

SHERIFF

Yup.

EMILIO

What for this time?

SHERIFF

Broken tail light.

He finishes writing and hands the ticket book and a pen to Emilio. Emilio signs, gives pen and ticket book back.

SHERIFF

Yer lucky. Folks who go into Spooky Holler just disappear and are neva seen again--like that Triangle in Bermuda.

(hands ticket to
Emilio)

My guess, they don't realize there's hungry alligators in there and alligators have in-dis-crimin-ate appetites. You go through their digestive track and you disappear without a trace. Glad to see you made it. You take care now.

EMILIO

Yeah. Thanks, Sheriff.

The Sheriff gets in his car. WHIRRRRR. The car backfires, roars to life and takes off.

Gloria, Coral, Juan, Emilio sit frozen in their own astonished thoughts. After a moment, Juan starts to chuckle. It catches on, soon they are laughing tears. Emilio starts the car.

EMILIO
 As Porky Pig would say:
 (mimicking)
 "Thadda-thadda-that's all, folks!"

He puts on his sunglasses.

We zero in on a sunglass lens to TOTAL DARKNESS.

INSERT: TWO SECONDS OF ELECTRONIC STATIC AND WHITE SCRATCHY FILM FRAMES.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Pulling back from the darkness of Emilio's visor reveals the above-the-waist shots of him, then Juan, Gloria, and Coral lying side by side in the sand, under palm trees, LAUGHING. They are wearing SimulReality helmets.

They gradually stop laughing. For a length of time, they are as still as bodies lying in state.

A beach radio plays contemporary MUSIC somewhere nearby throughout the following, to the end.

One by one, they slide back their visors, their eyes disorientated, like waking from a deep sleep.

Emilio turns his head to Juan.

EMILIO
 (hoarse)
 We're back. What do you think?...
 Ahem! That's strange. I'm hoarse.

JUAN
 That. Was. Intense, Emilio.

EMILIO
 I knew you would like it. Ahem!

Juan sits up, removes his helmet. The rest do the same.

JUAN
 Why did you program it for cannibal skinheads?

EMILIO
 I didn't. SimulReality did. Ahem!

GLORIA
 I've never been so terrified in my life. I'm still shaking. You could have given us some warning, Emilio.

CORAL
 That goes for me, too. That scared the b'jesus out of me.

EMILIO

There's no way to know. It's the program. It interprets our primal fears and uses them to create a story line. Take me: I fear strangulation, so I nearly got hanged.

(feels his neck)

And I really felt it. Ahem! I'm still hoarse. Goes to show you how physiologically real it can seem.

CORAL

Hmm. I fear rape.

GLORIA

I fear dangerous, ignorant assholes, and there were plenty of those.

EMILIO

Juan?

JUAN

My fear? Having no legs to protect myself. But SimulReality showed me I could.

(chuckles)

Ironically, if I had my real legs, they'd be in an alligator's stomach.

GLORIA

You tangled with an alligator?

JUAN

I clubbed it and it went away. I guess the program sensed I fear reptiles, too.

EMILIO

Not to worry. Even if you had your real legs, you wouldn't have lost them--in context. The program was testing your reaction to fear, like it did to all of us, in our own way.

JUAN

We each have a different fear, so how is it all connected in the same storyline?

EMILIO

According to the program notes, our individual fears merge into one common fear. In this case, my guess would be racism. Think about it.

JUAN

Racism, huh?

EMILIO

Everybody we encountered was a racist white asshole to some degree who liked to harass, strangle, rape, torture, even eat anybody not white. Namely, us. We were forced to face it, or die--metaphorically speaking.

(to Gloria/Coral)

You guys disappeared for a long time. What happened?

Gloria exchanges a look with Coral.

GLORIA

We were waiting for you to move the motorcycles and we were attacked and beaten. The next thing we knew we awoke with the deputy sheriff trying to get into our pants.

CORAL

He's lucky we didn't scratch his eyes out.

GLORIA

Oddly, I had a vivid, nightmarish dream that I killed a couple of skinheads with a knife. Does the program induce dreams while you're in the nightmare it creates for you?

Juan and Emilio look at each other.

JUAN

You did. We saw them.

GLORIA

You mean it wasn't a dream? Wait a minute; but it wasn't real. Now I'm getting my realities confused.

CORAL

All I remember is being mauled by the deputy. We fought him off, then a couple skinheads tied us up and put us in the trunk of his car. I thought we were going to be killed.

EMILIO

Can't happen. It's your story. If the program thinks you can't take a given stimulus, you will be awakened. However, it will lead you to the brink before it does that.

CORAL

So, death is a metaphor.

EMILIO

Right. Killing the skinheads, so to speak, was killing our fears. Notice how our wounds magically cleared up at the end.

Gloria feels her ear again. She winces.

GLORIA

How come my ear still hurts?

Juan looks himself over. Suddenly, his eyes goggle.

JUAN

Emilio! Ah...I'm a little confused. What reality are we in?

EMILIO

Whadaya mean? We're back in real time.

JUAN

Then why am I wearing the blades I made in SimulReality?

Everybody stares at Juan's bladed legs.

EMILIO

Whoa! That's not suppose to happen.

Juan reaches down, swipes his finger on the blade. Looks at it. A RED CLOT. He touches his tongue to it.

JUAN

Blood.
(anxious)
Maybe I'm stuck in both realities.
Maybe we're still dreaming.

They scan their surroundings.

EMILIO

We're in the real reality. No doubt about it...I think.

JUAN

Maybe you drew us out too soon.

EMILIO

I set the timer for two hours--movie length--with a happy ending...
But that doesn't explain this.

Coral holds her hand out.

CORAL

My wedding ring! It's gone!

Gloria looks at her own hand.

GLORIA
 Mine's gone, too!
 (to Coral)
 That Deputy took them, remember?

CORAL
 Yeah. He tried to bribe us with
 them. This is getting too weird.

JUAN
 (looks at his hand)
 They took ours, too, Emilio.

They turn to Emilio who's looking down at his empty ring
 finger, desperate for a rational explanation.

EMILIO
 Aah...A beach bum must have slipped
 them off while we were in
 SimulReality. I-I don't know. I
 can't explain it.

The three-legged dog, no longer sporting a wicked scar, hops
 into the scene, plops down beside Juan. Juan, utterly
 flabbergasted, turns to Emilio.

JUAN
 Th-The dog. How did she get here?

EMILIO
 I-I...Wow.

Juan strokes the dog. She licks him on the face.

JUAN
 Hello, girl. You saved me twice, as
 I recall. Was that real? Huh?
 (to the others)
 I would have been dead, or awakened,
 if it wasn't for this dog. She kept
 me in the program.

The dog eagerly licks his face. Juan scruffs her ears. He
 turns to Emilio.

JUAN
 How can she be here and in
 SimulReality?

EMILIO
 I-I just plain don't know. I'm
 completely blown away.

A pregnant pause. Puzzled faces.

JUAN
 We should go back.

The others look at him like he's crazy.

GLORIA

What? No way!

CORAL

Ditto here.

EMILIO

(to Juan)

Oh, yeah?...Really?

JUAN

Really. Maybe for an hour this time. Like you said, nobody's going to die. I just want our rings back. Gloria's ring was my great-grandma's wedding ring.

EMILIO

I just had a thought.

CORAL

Here we go.

EMILIO

No, really. Maybe things that are taken from us in SimulReality stay there, somehow, and the things we bring back, we have in our possession when we flick out of SimulReality. The rings. Juan's legs. The dog. That must be it. What I don't get is, How?

JUAN

Only one way to find out.

GLORIA

As long as it's safe and you can't get killed, I guess I'd be okay with it. The ring is precious to me, but not as precious as you.

Juan smiles at her, gives her a kiss.

EMILIO

You guys sure you don't want to come?

CORAL

I've seen enough horror for a lifetime. I'm ready for a drink. How about you, Gloria?

GLORIA

I'm with you, sister.

(to Emilio/Juan)

Besides, you guys already saved us. We'll just be in the way.

Gloria and Coral stand up.

CORAL

Be back for Happy Hour. We're getting drunk.

Emilio sets the timer on the remote computer.

EMILIO

One hour to Happy Hour.

GLORIA

Be careful what you bring back.

Coral and Gloria take off.

EMILIO

(to Juan)

Want me to lighten the fear setting?

JUAN

No. We might get different stimuli and not get back to the place we want to be--don't you think?

Emilio gives him a pleased, conspiratorial look.

EMILIO

You're into this, aren't you?

JUAN

Like you said: It's therapeutic.

EMILIO

Ready?

JUAN

Let's do it.

They put on their SimulReality helmets and lie back. Juan puts his arm around the dog.

JUAN'S POV. Blue sky. A gull flies over as the dark shield is drawn down, eclipsing the scene to TOTAL BLACKOUT.

INSERT: TWO SECONDS OF ELECTRONIC STATIC AND WHITE SCRATCHY FILM FRAMES, THEN RESUME BLACKOUT.

MUSIC from the beach radio is now all we hear, then the DJ breaks in with breaking news:

DJ

This just in: Sixteen people belonging to a white supremacist group were discovered massacred in rural Georgia today. It's believed to be the worst mass killing in Georgia State history.

INSERT: A BRIEF STATIC FROM THE RADIO.

DJ

Bufford County Sheriff, Willard Dobbs, reports that the deaths were unspeakably gruesome in their execution, and went on to say that it is the work of a sadistic hispanic drug gang. Dobbs states one of the killers is a hispanic man with prosthetic legs. He has three hispanic accomplices with him--one man and two women, all in their late twenties to mid-thirties. A deserted Jeep Cherokee S.U.V., believed to be the vehicle used to get away, was found abandoned five miles from the scene. An All Points Bulletin has been issued. If you have information on the whereabouts of these killers, please call...

A point of light appears in the center of the black screen, then EXPLODES outward to behold Mankill's burnt demonic face, waiting...

FADE OUT