

JUNIOR'S FARM

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A modest house near an open field. A rusty yellow light on in the window as a steady stream of smoke rises from its chimney.

A moon half-obscurd by clouds sits watch.

From inside, the SHATTER of glass interrupts the silence. Something falls with a THUD. Then --

-- labored breaths and the sound of a dialing phone.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

More like an over-sized out house. All that's missing is the half-moon above the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Awards and citations on the walls. Manilla folders and papers clutter the only desk.

A phone RINGS.

MARJORIE TAYLOR (44), plump with a purple streak in her hair, stifles a yawn and searches through the mess.

MARJORIE

Kendrick Police station. What's your emergency?

A voice BELLOWS on the other end. She yanks the receiver away from her ear.

MARJORIE

Junior? That you? Okay, calm down.
Calm down. I can't understand you.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Looks like a bomb went off. A toppled cabinet, broken dishes strewn across the floor, overturned table and chairs.

JUNIOR (77), dirty overalls and work boots, backed into a corner. One hand presses a yellow land line receiver to his ear, the other holds a long pitch fork at the ready.

JUNIOR

It's here... Yeah... That thing that's been killin' off my chickens... Yeah. No, I didn't get new one's yet... Listen, it's here. It's inside the house.

His eyes dart wildly, ready for anything.

JUNIOR

No, Miguel ain't here. I think that thing got him. Poor bastard's prob'ly torn to shreds by now. I--

A THUD! like a footstep. Then another. Something big. Junior looks to an --

ADJOINING DOOR

-- from the kitchen into a darkened hallway.

He steels himself.

JUNIOR

Gotta go, Marge. It's time. Get Charlie and Murphy down here pronto. I'm about to make me a werewolf fricasee...

He drops the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marjorie at her desk, pleading --

MARJORIE

Junior, don't hang up! Junior!

An eerie silence as she listens in.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
I'm ready for ya. Chicken killin'
sonuvabitch. Show yourself.

Marjorie waits... Waits.

A deafening ROAR on the other end. Junior SCREAMS.

In one motion, Marjorie drops the phone -- wheels her chair against a wall -- falls out of the chair -- a shelf comes down and topples on top of her.

She scrambles through the mess and locks the door to the station. She crawls to her desk, straightens her glasses, and POUNDS a button on the console.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Nobody inside. The radio crackles to life.

MARJORIE (O.S.)
Murphy! Charlie!
(pause)
Fuck a duck!

Through the cruiser's window is a

DINER

Neon piping all around, an OPEN sign flickers on and off.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A genuine throwback -- stainless steel panels, terrazzo floors. A few lonely patrons scattered throughout. A bored WAITRESS rests her chin in her hand while at the

COUNTER

CHARLIE (46), rail thin, dunks a doughnut in his coffee. Next to him, MURPHY (36), serious and quiet, picks at a plate of fries as he reads a newspaper.

Marjorie blasts through on the radio.

MARJORIE (V.O.)
Where the hell are you two?

Charlie grips the radio on his vest, nudges Murphy.

CHARLIE
We're right here, sugar tits. What
seems to be the problem?

Murphy snickers, covers his mouth.

MARJORIE (V.O.)
Lookit, asshole. Get over to Junior's
now. Something's going on. Some kind
of animal or...

CHARLIE
Or..?

They rise from the counter, head for the exit.

MARJORIE (V.O.)
Just get there! I'm callin' Stanley
for back-up.

MURPHY
(to waitress)
Tab this.

The waitress twirls an apathetic finger in the air.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

Crunching gravel as the cruiser pulls up. The men get out.

CHARLIE
Look. The light's on.

They draw their guns and proceed cautiously.

MURPHY
Whaddya suppose is in there? Some kind
of Jersey Devil?

Charlie snorts.

CHARLIE

This ain't New Jersey. So, no.

Ten feet from the house. Quiet and still.

MURPHY

Supposin' we go knock at the door?

CHARLIE

No. Take a look in the window first.

I'll give you a boost.

MURPHY

Jesus, Charlie.

Something RUSTLES to their left, past the back yard, out in the thicket.

MURPHY

The fuck!

Charlie holsters his gun, laces his fingers.

CHARLIE

It's nothing. Come on.

Murphy carefully steps into Charlie's hands. He raises him with a grunt.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Murphy's arm rests on the ledge, gun in hand. His head slowly pops up in the window.

MURPHY

Charlie, Jesus Christ! Charlie.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Charlie starts to lose his balance as Murphy tries frantically to get down.

CHARLIE

Murph, wait-- Don't!

MURPHY

It's a fuckin' slaughter hou--

BLAM!

The report of Murphy's gun penetrates the silence. Brain, bone and blood splatter a fine red mist into the air as both men collapse to the ground.

Charlie rolls Murphy's corpse off of him. He scrambles away, panting like a dog with a face full of blood.

CHARLIE

Fuck!

Steam rises from the top of Murphy's blasted off head. A nauseating tangle of brain and gristle glisten in the moonlight.

Charlie looks up. A RUSTLE in the

WOODS

A GROWL. A beady pair of eyes appear in the distance, moving side-to-side. Whatever it is, it's pacing. Watching. Sizing him up.

He makes a move for his vest radio when the THING takes off running in his direction.

Charlie's frozen. He can see it now. He SCREAMS.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Drives on a dark, deserted road. Thick brush on either side.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The cruiser parks alongside the other.

STANLEY EVERS (36), square-jawed, college boy good looks, steps out. He adjusts his hat and exhales.

He sees the light on in the window. He contemplates it. The area where Murphy and Charlie once were is clear.

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

A screen door RATTLES in the wind. The rusty SQUEAL of a neglected porch swing.

Stanley opens the door, heads in. He trips over something, briefly loses his balance. He approaches the front door and knocks.

STANLEY

Junior? You in there?

No answer. He puts his ear to the door. Beat. Nothing.

Twists the knob and the door opens. He pulls out his gun and goes in.

INT. FARMHOUSE

The living room is dark. Quiet. Ahead and to the back is the light he'd seen. That's where he heads, floor boards CREAKING under his boots.

A dark smear on the hall floor leads into the

KITCHEN

where blood drenches the floor, splattered on the walls. Junior's pitch fork rests in the corner.

Stanley backs against the wall. He gasps for air.

DING!

He jumps, aims his pistol everywhere, but...

The stove. The timer on the stove.

Stanley moves towards it. He can feel the heat. He grasps for the handle, misses. Again...

The stove door falls open. A charred human HEAD falls out. It comes to a stop at his feet, skin sizzling.

Stanley punts it across the room, turns, runs into a wall. A reprint of "American Gothic" comes crashing to the floor. He exits into the darkened

HALL

He grapples his two-way.

STANLEY

Marge! Marge, come in!

MARJORIE (V.O.)

Stanley?

STANLEY

Yeah. Who else is there?

MARJORIE (V.O.)

Jesus, Stanley. Are you all right?

What's happ--

He looks at a door down the hall, a blood trail from the kitchen leading to it.

STANLEY

Get someone down here, Marge. Anyone.

(beat)

I'm going down.

He clicks off the radio, heads down the hall and opens the door. His hand fumbles the wall. A switch. He turns it on. A dim light illuminates the steps heading into the basement.

Stanley descends slowly, each step feeling like he's going to break through. He arrives at the bottom, looks back up and waits.

INT. BASEMENT

Furniture covered with dusty tarp. Newspapers. Crap. The only light is a single bulb hanging from the studs.

More blood smeared on the floor. Another door.

He reaches out, pulls it open. CLICK. A water heater rumbles to life. Stanley exhales as something blindsides him, knocks him to the ground.

It's a body. A headless one. Shredded overalls and a huge chunk ripped from its torso.

Something else falls on him. Another body. This one with its head blown off.

Stanley tries to get up. He can't. He's soaked in blood, both legs pinned as if the corpses are holding him down.

A MOAN. Human.

Stanley climbs through the mess and finds MIGUEL (24), clothes torn and bleeding. But alive.

STANLEY

Miguel.

Stanley laces his arm under Miguel's and leads him out.

MIGUEL

(Hispanic)

W-where's Mister Junior..?

STANLEY

He... He's dead. I think.

A pained expression on Miguel's face.

MIGUEL

Oh no. Mister Junior, he so good to me. I work for him. I work for him.

STANLEY

I know, Miguel. I know. Try not to talk. We gotta get you out of here.

They go up the stairs.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Stanley slides Miguel into the back seat and slams the door.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER

Through the windshield, that same deserted road.

STANLEY

Miguel...did you see anything? Anyone?

MIGUEL

I don't know. I hurt. I hurt so bad.

STANLEY

We're gonna get you to a hospital,
okay Miguel? We're...

Up ahead -- a man, limping, in a tattered police uniform.

Stanley slows. He sees it's Charlie. He's white as a sheet,
three red scratch marks dug deep across his face.

He stops the car. Charlie collapses into the window, grabs him
by the collar.

CHARLIE

Stanley... It's me. It's me...

STANLEY

I know it's you, Charlie. I know it's
you.

CHARLIE

No. Him.

Charlie falls to the ground. Stanley turns.

STANLEY

Miguel, wait--

A long black snout opens and sinks its fangs into Stanley's
throat.

CUT TO BLACK