

RELATIVE SANITY

By

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Based on the

Novelette

"Relative Sanity"

by

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FADE IN:

A BLURRY GREY/WHITE FRAME slowly comes to focus.

ROLL PRE TITLE SEQUENCE

We are VERY CLOSE TO and PULLING AWAY from an object. This object is marked in long lines and deep, chiseled cuts. PULLING BACK FURTHER STILL these markings gradually turn into sharp teeth and deep eye sockets of *rage!*

DIFFERENT CU SHOTS of the object and its details giving us hints of its whole design over OMINOUS MUSIC...

Finally, as the CAMERA STILLs and has PULLED BACK WIDE we see that the object is in fact a massive, grey and white, stone statue of three wolves attacking a giant bear wrestling a mountain lion. A small fox hides nearby under a bush, fright in its eyes...

On the bottom of the slab is an inscription which reads:

"Though He may slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Job 13:15"

SLOW WHITE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A FULL WHITE MOON against a deep, purple night.

BLACK TREE BRANCHES scrape against each other in the light breeze causing brittle leaves to fall onto a lone, DIRT ROAD.

To the left of the road is a SHIMMERING POND of swamp and slime harboring an occasional CROAK from a toad. Blue smoke seeps up from it creating a foggy look. A line of great pine trees behind.

To the right is a clump of standing METAL MAILBOXES in front of a frail, wooden fence lined with tall weed flowers and high grass.

WE MOVE along the rickety, wooden fence to a lone, rusted out shack of a HOUSE with patina of ancient wood and flaking paint under a fragile tin roof. The property is protected with years of overgrown vegetation and old sycamore and blue oak, a few tall pine.

WE SLOWLY COME CLOSER to the broken house, onto an uneven porch with a single, old rocking chair and finally to a BUG SMEARED, YELLOW WINDOW.

A SMALL, DARK FORM moves across our dim view.

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BELLA/BABYLON, 13, stands in front of an incapacitated, grotesque HOBBS, 50's, who's lying on a slumped couch, face up, eyes closed.

She is clenching a MASSIVE, TATTERED OLD KING JAMES BIBLE like a mighty shield in front of her tiny chest.

Her FACE is bruised and bloodied, a cut lip. Her hair tangled with dirt and dried blood, some fresh along with some gluey vomit. One of her dirty, dress straps is torn. A bruised rose.

Babylon is intensely studying him.

Hobbs' face is mangled with sin and lost bar fights, semi hidden with patches of unshaven, inbred stubble. His too-small-for-him oily shirt drenched in warm beer and chunky vomit barely covers his rolling, hairy gut. His pants lay open exposing stained, once white now greyish-brown briefs. Gorilla feet of thick, yellow nail hang over the arm, worn out leather shoes below. A six pack of empty, crushed beer cans litter the filthy rug next to some open porno mags.

This one bedroom hovel of giant cockroaches and mangy rats feels smaller than it is do to the haphazard trash piles heaped in places meant for walking. A broken down half bath of mold and mildew rot shares one end adjacent to a forgotten bedroom while this hell hole's living quarters shares its sticky air with an abandoned kitchen dripping of grease and grime. The floors are dirty white tile covered with an occasional matted rug laid over it, worn down to the bare fibers.

There's a large stone and iron fireplace with its iron tools standing tall in the center of the main wall burning ash and coal. (This fireplace used to belong to a first house that burned down years ago and this homemade shack was built around it.) Inside we see what remains of old trash, crushed beer cans and a book. The flames on them are no larger than a candle's. A yellow lamp next to the couch with dried puke on its shade and the small glowing flames in the fireplace are the only two things illuminating this glorified, red-necked dungeon meant for dying.

The absence of a woman is evident. The absence of love. The absence of God.

(CONTINUED)

Babylon quietly opens up her Bible to a certain page and inside the divide is an empty CHOCOLATE BAR WRAPPER. She brings it to her nose, closes her eyes and breathes in the chocolate aroma and holds it as long as possible before exhaling.

She peaks at Hobbs who is motionless, still, like he could be dead.

She quietly puts it back in the divide and closes the pages then returns the "shield" to its original place.

(Babylon/Bella talk to each other in their minds)

BELLA

You know he's not sleeping, right
Babylon? Baby Babylon.

BABYLON

Don't call me that, Bella. And yes
he is. I've seen him like this
before.

(studying Hobbs)

He's asleep. Maybe even dead.

BELLA

And he's surely not dead.

Hobbs' chest moves up and down. Gut rolls.

Babylon lets out a sigh.

BABYLON

We're leaving. Tonight. I've been
thinking about it long and hard so
get your things. I already got
mine.

Her arms tighten around the Bible.

BELLA

No. We're not leaving. We can't
leave.

BABYLON

And why not?

BELLA

You know why.

Hobbs snores slightly. He's a *bear* to her. Just hibernating
but a beast if awakened.

Babylon looks down at her ANKLE as she remembers the chained iron shackle locked onto her leg. The chain is thick and heavy and runs about thirty feet to the far wall.

A single tear runs down her dirty face as her blue eyes resentfully crawl back onto Hobbs and onto the large, IRON KEY RING holding two medieval looking skeleton keys hooked onto his belt.

BELLA

Don't even think about it, Baby.

BABYLON

We're leaving. No more arguing.

BELLA

How?

Babylon sucks at the remaining blood on her lip and wipes her snot away as a long and deep thought finally emerges.

BABYLON

I'm going to kill'm.

BELLA

(snorts)

Oh, Baby, you couldn't hurt a fly, and you know it. You just need to stay quiet.

BABYLON

Yes, I could. I've killed lots of flies before. And I can kill daddy just as well if I wanted to.

BELLA

No you couldn't, Baby. You're a scaredy-cat.

BABYLON

No, I'm not.

BELLA

Scaredy-cat. Scardey-cat.

BABYLON

(louder)

Stop calling me that.

(as she wipes a tear away)

I am *not* a scaredy-cat.

Hobbs suddenly GRUFFS and moves. A wild animal outside his cage.

Babylon starts with instant panic.

BELLA

See.

BABYLON

Hush!

Babylon watches Hobbs for a long beat with increasing daring.

BABYLON

I know how we can do it, too,
Bella. I got a plan.

BELLA

Oh, Baby. You always have a plan,
don't you?

BABYLON

This one is different. A real plan
this time.

BELLA

Oh, Baby, just hush it.

Babylons bows her head and slightly touches the Bible to her bloodied lips and closes her eyes like she's praying.

BELLA

You've always been the dreamer
haven't you?

Babylon's lips start whispering something.

BELLA

And how you think we're going to do
this? Huh, Baby Dreamer? What's the
plan this time. Tie one of his
belts around his neck and squeeze?
The both of us real tight? No,
wait. We could suffocate him with
our pillow. I could go get it. Or
we could just poison his beer with
the rat poison he keeps under the
sink next to the traps.

Babylon whispers, "Amen" and opens her eyes.

BELLA

Oh, Babylon Baby. We
can't...okay...we're just too weak.
We're not like daddy and you know

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6.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELLA (cont'd)
this. He's not a little fly you can
just swat on a wall.

Something gurgles in Hobbs' round belly, threatening Babylon with more vomit rain. She picks something sticky out of her hair with hopeless disgust and flicks it towards a soiled puke bucket near her feet.

Under the couch is a RAT TRAP. We witness it moving.

Babylon shutters.

BABYLON
You don't know this, Bella. You
don't know anything.

Babylon glares at the iron keys again.

BABYLON
You see, I've been keeping a secret
from you.

BELLA
(unsure)
What secret? What do you mean? I
know all your secrets, Baby. I hear
them when you sleep.

BABYLON
Only the ones I dream about.

Hobbs seems to twitch from one of his own.

BABYLON
But there's one that I dream about
when I'm awake.
(beat)
I've been working on a plan for our
escape. And tonight we're leaving
for good.

Babylon turns the Bible around and gives it a compassionate look, runs her finger tips gently across its leather cover.

BELLA
You can't dream when you're awake,
Baby.

BABYLON
Yes you can.
(beat)
It's called praying.

Babylon tightens her lips in a crunch.

BABYLON
(determined)
I'm sorry, Bella, but, this is
going to hurt us. Just for a
second.

With all her bottled up pain of torture and torment Babylon SLOWLY raises the heavy, thick Bible over her head like a struggling weight lifter.

BELLA
Wait. What do you mean, Baby?

The giant Bible rises higher, exposing a filthy dress doused in putrid yellow vomit and stains of blood and dirt.

BELLA
Baby! What are you doing?

Babylon's skinny, frail arms somehow pushes the heavy Bible over her head, trembling.

BABYLON
All you need is a big enough fly
swatter...

Her arms straighten, the Bible hovers precariously over her head, still trembling with might and determination.

BABYLON
...and you can kill any fly.

Her little sky blue eyes darken over with BLACK.

BELLA
Babylon! Please. Don't make me stop
you. You're too weak. You can't
kill him.

BABYLON
I know, Bella...

The words "Holy Bible" are FACING US, ready to fall any second now.

BABYLON
But God can!

Hobbs starts to move again, but more this time, like barely coming out of his unconsciousness.

BABYLON

You'll see.

BELLA

Please, Babylon, please! You're going to get us in trouble again. Please stop. I was just teasing you.

BABYLON

You will see, Bella. Just trust in Him. That's all you have to do.

(grunting)

I've been praying secretly. And God gave me a plan in my spirit...

One of Hobbs' hands moves to his crotch and starts rubbing.

BABYLON

He hates evil, Bella.
(heavy breathing)
He won't be mocked!

BELLA

Babylon, please. What are you talking about?

Babylon's hair seems wet, falling over her deepened brow as Bella is trying to take over.

BABYLON

And He will smite thine enemies...

Little arms getting weaker. Hobbs almost out of his sleep...

BABYLON

He will cause the ground to open up and swallow thee...

BELLA

Babylon! You're not sounding like you. You don't know what you're talking about. You're confused.

Babylon's voice gets deeper.

BABYLON

...to where your soul will burneth forever in the eternal lake of fire.

BELLA

Babylon, please. You're scaring me.

HOBBS' EYES OPEN...to a little girl holding a huge book over her head...

HOBBS

(deep, monstrous tone)
What the hell...

BELLA

(in her mind)
Don't make me-

Hobbs finally comes to and starts a deep chuckle...

BABYLON

(out loud)
-And now prepareth thy soul you
Sodomite!

HOBBS

I dare you. I fu-

-The big book comes CRASHING down on Hobbs' head making a THUD.

Hobbs instantly sits up and grabs the big book. The words "Holy Bible" disgusts him. Then enrages him. He throws it in the fireplace, scattering ash, EXPLODING RED EMBERS.

HOBBS

You little witch! Salem's little
witch!

BABYLON

Where's my mommy!

In an instant Hobbs kicks her hard across the ten foot room. Her little chained up body of knees and elbows splashes into the smoldering fireplace causing a moderate explosion of bright, red sparks and thick ash to fly out in something awesome like a miniature firework.

The trailing heavy chain knocks about the iron fireplace tools in a CLANGING NOISE. The POKER lies by itself.

Babylon's body disappears behind black smoke...

QUIET BEAT...

Hobbs looks around and finds a can with some flat beer left in it and slugs it down.

(CONTINUED)

Then chuckles...

HOBBS

Just like your mother. Your whore
mother from which you came.

Hobbs crushes the empty can and slings it in the smoking
fireplace then belches like a demon.

A few tiny flames erupt, illuminating a shadowy form behind
the flaming, tar-ish smoke. It starts to move.

Hobbs stands up, still drunk and dumb while reaching down
his pants with a sick little smirk then looks around his
hell hole for something to eat.

A small SCREAM lets out from what could be that of pure rage
from a wild animal but could easily be mistaken for intense
pain from being burned alive.

Hobbs peers at the moving shadow in the fireplace with
bewilderment and chuckles again.

HOBBS

Devil child. From which you came.

Nothing to eat... More rubbing.

Hobbs reaches down for the chain and begins to slowly pull
her out.

The little SCREAMS turn into WILD HOWLS.

HOBBS

Alright! Alright. Hold on. Daddy's
here.

(chuckles)

Daddy will love you.

BABYLON suddenly bursts out of the fireplace in a rage,
clothed in fire, ash and black smoke, bum-rushing Hobbs
while holding the lit Bible over her head ready to smite
thee!

But a swift and simple BACK SLAP from Hobbs giant hand
easily knocks her to an unconscious heap of smoldering rubble
at his feet.

SILENCE!

It's evident this brute is too mighty for this little girl.

Hobbs takes her by the chain and carelessly drags her limp, smoldering body to a spot near an open CLOSET where more porno mags pile high in three stacks.

He unlatches a HIDDEN HOOK in the floor and raises a secret PANEL that leads to a DIRT BASEMENT no bigger than a tiny cellar dug right out of the earth.

The steep, dirt steps fall to a small space holding a little cot with a single blanket and a small, thin pillow on it. A small, girl doll with big, blue eyes like Babylon's is neatly sitting up in a corner. On both walls hang SHORTER, THICK CHAINS with shackles.

HOBBS

Wait and see what I got planned for
you when you wake up you dirty
little whore.

Hobbs takes the iron keys from his belt and unlocks the shackle to Babylon's bloody, black ankle.

Hobbs grabs Babylon by the hair and dress and picks her up as easily as picking up a kitten and then mercilessly tosses her into the void, letting her limp body violently crash, face down, onto her cot. Dust blows everywhere.

Babylon is motionless in the dirty air...

HOBBS

Witch...

CUT TO:

Hobbs is on the couch thumbing through a porno mag, sipping on another beer. He looks over at the hole in the floor for a beat, then back at his magazine. All we hear is a toad's CROAK and CRICKETS outside.

CUT TO:

Hobbs tosses another porno mag to the ground and walks over to the

BASEMENT.

The dust has settled and he notices her dress is high, exposing one of her light cheeks. Little white panties.

Hobbs waits a beat and shakes his groggy head. He looks behind him to where the BIBLE lies open next to the beer cans but quickly looks away from its heavy conviction. He turns back to the closet and stares at the stack of PORNO MAGS.

(CONTINUED)

Back at BABYLON.

HOBBS
Hey! I'm talking to you! You hear
me you little whore?

Nothing.

Hobbs pulls up his loose pants and takes a curious step down the dark basement.

HOBBS
Yeah. You can't hear me can you?
(beat)
Like that doll there. Empty.

Hobbs takes another look behind him at the open BIBLE as if he senses something watching him. He snorts up heavy phloem and hocks it to the side as he rebelliously turns back at the BASEMENT.

HOBBS
Empty little whore. Don't worry,
though, darling, daddy will fill
you up.
(chuckles)
Daddy will love you.

Hobbs licks his lips then drops his sagging pants and dirty briefs exposing a sunless buttocks and walks down the steps and straddles himself over Babylon.

HOBBS
Dirty little whore. My dirty Little
Babylon Whore.

Hobbs pulls up her dress.

HOBBS
(whispers)
Don't worry, sugar, daddy will lo-

Suddenly BABYLON'S HAND pulls out from under her cot a WOODEN RAT TRAP and quickly shoves it under Hobbs' CROTCH.

SNAP! Hobbs SCREAMS in shear pain and rage and helplessly falls to one side.

Babylon quickly takes a loosened stone from inside the wall and clanks him on the head, temporarily quieting his screams.

She quickly fastens both short shackles onto his thick wrists, takes the key ring from his belt, grabs her doll, climbs over the top of him and rushes out of the HOLE, then runs to the

KITCHEN,

collapses at the sink, rips open the door and reaches in for something.

HOBBS (OS)
(stammering)
you...little...whore!

We hear the chained up beast THUMP about drunkenly in his new cage.

CUT TO:

Babylon returns to the

DOOR OF THE BASEMENT,

breathing harder and faster from adrenaline as we see her dump a can of GASOLINE down the steps and onto an enraged, animalistic Hobbs.

Babylon disappears from HOBBS' POV.

HOBBS
Your little ass is mine! You hear
me? You hear me little whore?

Babylon appears again at the basement opening holding a single, little red smoldering piece of coal in the jaws of the fireplace grapple.

HOBBS
You're so dead, girl! You hear me?

Babylon is emotionless, eyes filled with a black void.

BABYLON
And the ground shall open up and
swallow thee where your evil soul
shall burneth forever in the
eternal lake of fire.

Hobbs suddenly notices he's kneeling in a little lake of gasoline. Panic sets in and he wildly thrashes about, loosing the chains evermore from the crumbly dirt wall.

(CONTINUED)

HOBBS

You little Babylon Whore! Wait
until I get out of here!

Babylon lets the coal loose and it hits the gasoline lake,
just SIZZLING. Hobbs holds his breath...

Nothing.

He grins at her, revealing his brown, clunky teeth-

-a BLAZE surprisingly erupts and the animal writhes wildly
about in screaming pain as the yellow/blue fire engulfs him.

The CHAINS rattle and loosen from the wall. Babylon slams
the panel down then wheels over a large t.v. set and dumps
it with a CRASH over the door panel. More heavy and violent
THUMPS inside with continuous screams! Then HOWLS!

INSIDE THE BASEMENT

We see Hobbs on fire. One of the chains give way from the
dirt wall taking large stones and gravel with it.

HOBBS

(deep growls)

Witch!

OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT

Babylon runs over to the couch and puts on Hobbs' huge
leather shoes. Grabs her doll and fallen Bible, slips in the
chocolate wrapper between the pages and runs to the front
door.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The DOOR opens and we see a battered, little girl rushing
out holding her doll and the big Bible in her skinny arms,
then stops in sudden grandeur.

The bright moonlight reveals a fresh new world for Babylon,
popping wide her bright, big, blue eyes with pure joy as she
gazes upon-

SERIES OF SHOTS

-A shimmering pond with breezy lilies.

-A vast forest of tall pines behind.

-A dirt road of endless freedom that lead to countless
dreams.

(CONTINUED)

-The bright, vast stars above of everlasting twinkle.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

BABYLON smiles then closes her eyes, letting the moon cast its healing light onto her battered face.

She listens...SOUNDS of crickets calling and frogs croaking.

A DOG BARKS in the far distance at something.

BABYLON reopens her big, blue eyes and takes in a deep breath of this beautiful new world.

BABYLON

It's so beautiful, Bella. The moon.
Do you see?

The MOON is bright and CLOSE TO US, showing impressive, deep craters.

BABYLON

(giggles)

I told you I had a plan.

We can still hear Hobbs' threats and screams as Bella turns them around to the smoking floor which is violently shaking. The T.V. set is bouncing off the panel.

BELLA

If you wanna go, Baby, we need to go, right now.

Babylon forces Bella back to the moon.

BABYLON

Everything's going to be okay now.
Mommy's going to take care of us.
That's what He told me in my dream.

Hobbs' rage fills the quiet.

Babylon clenches tight the Bible and her doll and steps off the porch. She disappears into the endless, distant darkness...

WE STAY, SLOWLY COMING CLOSER through the DOORWAY to the DOOR PANEL, watching the black smoke rise higher and thicker. The thumping slowly fades away like popcorn popping in the microwave. Hobbs' screams of insanity casually FADE AWAY...

FADE OUT:

INSERT TITLE: "**RELATIVE SANITY**"

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Small, cozy. Modern touch but still warm and sensual, lighted by a quiet, romantic fire to the side. A his and her chair adjacent to one another separated by a thin coffee table holding a tumbler glass of semi melted ice and twisted orange peel. A sophisticated looking bottle of Tuaca sets nearby. A leafed novel by Johnathan Carrol hangs on the ledge.

NICK and CASSIE, late 30's, occupy the chairs.

Behind Cassie's chair is an opened *pink box* with a white lace ribbon laid across it.

Nick, young Marlboro Man looking face marked with regret and an over dose of relentless internal suffering sips the last of his beer while gazing at the finely shaped woman across from him.

Cassie is every man's dream, wearing nothing but a diamond ring and a man's crisp, dress shirt held together with a single button half way down. A shimmering drop of liquid gingerly clings to the curvature of her right breast. Her toned, smooth thigh lazily drapes over the arm exposing white panties. She's reading a Sue Miller novel held daintily in her slender hand. She starts bouncing her leg.

CASSIE

You want another?

Nick puts the empty bottle down.

NICK

You trying to get me drunk?

Cassie wipes away the drop of liquid from her breast and slowly licks it off her finger with her pink, glistening tongue while looking at Nick with big, brown, lazy eyes.

CASSIE

I don't know. Do I?

Nick moves over to her chair as she opens her legs for him to kneel in front of, then drops her book on the floor. He opens her shirt and puts his head inside her breast to kiss them. Cassie holds his head close, enjoying this.

He stops and looks up.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
(regretful)
You know I love you, don't you,
Cass?
(beat) After
everything.

Cassie rolls her eyes and takes off her shirt, arches her back.

CASSIE
Nick, are you going to fuck me
tonight or not?

Nick pulls off her panties and goes down on her.

Cassie raises her arms crossed over her head as WE START TO COME CLOSE TO her eyes. They feel pleasure... They close... then they scowl with pain...

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

The heavy sun is high over the ridge, casting warm light on a sleek MOUNTAIN LION walking through an open field with its wet nose held high into the air, following a scent.

A dog is BARKING in the distance.

The mountain lion stops and looks down the valley towards a white and YELLOW DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER. Smoke rises from the chimney.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

-A spoonful of white lard is slapped into a glass pan.

-Flour is dumped into a large, glass bowl.

-The glass pan is taken out of a small oven with bright colored, homey oven mitts and the hot grease is poured into the bowl of flour.

-A wooden spoon mixes the flour and grease together.

-Milk is added and is mixed again into a sticky mass.

-A small ball of dough is placed in the hot, glass pan, sliding in the remaining grease.

(CONTINUED)

-The glass pan, holding about nine dough balls, goes into a little oven.

-A small, black pot is set on the stove.

-A couple mounds of BROWN POWDER is dumped in the pot.

-The lid to a carton of Hershey's chocolate cocoa powder is put back on.

-A spoonful of flour goes in the pot.

-Water is whisked in.

-Blue flame erupts under the pot.

-The chocolate liquid bubbles.

-A few spoonfuls of sugar are added.

-A spoonful of butter is whisked in.

-The pan of nine golden biscuits are taken from the oven.

-Bacon sizzles in a cast iron skillet.

-A brown shelled egg is cracked on the side and falls in the grease instantly turning white.

-Two fried eggs are flipped in a now bacon-less skillet.

-Two fried eggs are scooped onto an old blue china plate with the bacon already on it.

-Giant, black hands gently tear open a fluffy biscuit, releasing steam.

-Butter is smeared on two, torn biscuits.

-Warm chocolate sauce is poured over the semi melted buttered biscuits.

A GIANT, BLACK MAN in overalls and no shirt eases into a large wooden chair. The chair CREAKS under his weight. He places his straw hat on the table and presses his dried hands together and whispers a short prayer. He wipes away an invisible tear then picks up a fork and scoops up some runny eggs-

-A GENTLE KNOCK at the front door.

The fork of runny eggs stop at mouth level in front of a man-child's face. Skin a grey-ish black with bright, white eyes of light, brown pupils. Lips red and cheeks smooth with a button nose. Tiny ears sticking out. His name is PURDELL FALLON, 30, and he has never needed to shave.

Purdell waits a second, wondering if that gentle knock was real.

Nothing.

The fork moves towards his face again when-

-KNOCK! KNOCK!

It was louder but still from the fist of a mouse.

Purdell bends under the table then tilts right towards the living room, looking for something.

KNOCK, again. It came from the door!

PURDELL

Do little mice knock, mama?

Purdell rises from the chair and creeps over to the front door with the trepidation of a scared child, home alone.

His double wide trailer is an old woman's home with thick yarn blankets covering old couches and chairs. Little knickknacks decorate the space in curio cabinets and on shelves. Only a little white dog is missing.

A crude fireplace built in a slapdashing kind of way from thick river stone and red brick precariously leans against the far, thin wall.

On the wall next to the door is a PICTURE of a simple black woman looking like a modern day Quaker. She has no expression except for righteousness.

The trailer leans and creaks as big Purdell moves through it.

Purdell stops at the door and glances at the painting with concern.

PURDELL

I don't know mama. Do mice knock on doors?

Purdell quietly puts an ear to the door. He can barely make out a gentle, whimpering SOUND from the other side. He presses harder. The sound is from a small child.

PURDELL

No mama, I thinks it's a mouse. No one is going to hurt me.

Knock. Kno...

PURDELL

I have to open the door, mama. I have to.

Purdell quickly opens the door just as a LITTLE GIRL, clutching a big book and a dirty doll falls into him. He instinctively catches her and falls to one knee with a DEEP THUD, titling the whole trailer forward.

His big, brown eyes widen in terror as he witnesses this mangled up little girl of cuts, bruises and dried blood lay exhausted in his arms.

PURDELL

Mama was right. You're not a mouse at all.

He notices her wearing an oversize leather shoe on one foot while the other tiny foot is black and bloodied.

PURDELL

Poor little one.

Babylon lifts a swollen black eye and smiles something warm. Purdell is taken back.

BABYLON

Are you from the moon?

PURDELL

No little one. I'm from Kentucky.

Babylon raises her head around Purdell's thick arm and stares at the warm food on the table. She recognizes a familiar scent.

BABYLON

Is that...chocolate?

CUT TO:

Babylon is at the table, in Purdell's large wooden chair sitting on top of her thick Bible. His plates are to the side and a new, smaller one is placed in front of her with a single torn biscuit and butter melting all over it.

Warm chocolate sauce is slowly poured over her biscuit, dots of unmelted butter run free in this dark river.

(CONTINUED)

Babylon's eyes pop wide in ecstasy. More rewards. She looks up at Purdell as though he's her own personal angel with watery eyes...

BABYLON

No. Not from 'tucky. But from the moon. You're a Beautiful Giant Moon Man here to take care of me just like He said you would.

Purdell gives her a troubled look from this.

PURDELL

My name is Purdell Fallon. You can call me what mama calls me. Purdy.

BABYLON

Purdy? That's a purdy name.
(giggles)
Purdy Purdy. Like the moon. Purdy Moon.

Purdy shakes this comment off also with more confusion then kneels next to the table in front of his plates. His chest well above the table top.

PURDY

And I am so from Kentucky. I was born nine years ago on a river boat.

BABYLON

My name is Babylon. And I'm thirteen.

Purdy is confounded. Awkward beat.

Babylon gazes at her plate in awe.

PURDY

Aren't you going to eat Little One?

BABYLON

I've never tasted chocolate before
(beat)
Daddy wouldn't let me. I could smelled it and that's all.

Concern crosses Purdy's brow.

PURDY

It's okay with me. It's mama's recipe. She won't mind. Go on, now. Try it.

Babylon smiles then bows her head and puts her tiny bruised hands together just like Purdy did a moment ago and whispers her own silent prayer.

Purdy wonders at this in awe as he looks her over in fright. Babylon's tiny round shoulders yellow and black, her dress torn and soiled with things unrecognizable and her hair as messed up as a devil child's. But yet, her spirit is alive and well.

Babylon ends with an "Amen" and begins to eat her biscuits with taught fear and hesitation. A hidden tear falls down Purdy's smooth cheek as he whispers-

PURDY

Poor Little One. What ever happened
to you?

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - MORNING

WE SEE SEVERAL SHOTS of dry, dead landscape of lonely mountains and abandoned ridges.

The heavy sun rising to where the moon was the night before and bugs in the grass are making summer SOUNDS like from an everglade.

WE HEAR the LOW CHATTER of investigators, police and sheriffs speaking amongst themselves of the possibilities of this mystery. Getting a little heated. WE PAN OVER to them. They are standing near the house.

WE MOVE DOWN the dirt road, littered with their police cruisers and sheriff patrol cars, past the swampy pond where two CSI agents walk on a small bridge looking for something, pass the hot metal mailboxes with dried blood smeared on one as a young, female CSI agent gathers its evidence and finally stop at a corner of the house where all the investigators have gathered. Their CHATTER is a little clearer but still in the distance. Their heated arguments increase.

This corner is where the basement is. Its wall is burnt away, starting from the fireplace.

WE MOVE CLOSER to this smoldering rubble, to the basement hole...

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM DOOR - MORNING

Nick, dressed in a crisp, white, dress shirt and black tie, black pants, stands close, facing it, buttoning up a sleeve.

NICK

Honey, I have to go to work now,
okay? I got a call. Running late.

CASSIE (OS)

Don't you dare touch meee!

A furious CRASH behind the door.

CASSIE (OS)

Don't you fuckin' touch me you
sonofabitch cocksucker!

Nick shakes his head in comical frustration, but getting more worried lately.

NICK

(whispers to himself)

Last night was good for me, too.

His cell phone rings. Looks at the caller ID.

INSERT: ALEX TINKHAM.

NICK

(under his breath)

Shit.

(at Cassie)

We'll have to talk later.

Nick waits a second...then walks away.

CASSIE (OS)

You dumb mothafu-

-Phone to ear.

NICK

No, I'm coming. I'll be there in
twenty. Yeah. Black. Okay. Later.

Cassie's curses fade behind us as WE FOLLOW NICK DOWN the

HALL

and into the

DINING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

where he grabs a shiny, gold shield and a standard issue Beretta in holster off a china cabinet. Hooks them onto his belt then opens a drawer. INSIDE the drawer is about a dozen Hershey chocolate bars. Hesitates, sighs, then takes one.

Nick exits the house and we hear another CRASH and muffled curses...

NICK
(whispers to himself,
genuinely)
I'm so sorry for ever hurting you,
baby. I love you.
(beat)
I love you, Cassie.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Purdy reluctantly places the last biscuit on Babylon's plate and pours the last of the chocolate sauce on top then watches her devour it like a starving animal causing his paranoia to grow.

(Purdy has been growing more and more troubled with this little girl ever since the first biscuit. The more Babylon speaks to Purdy the more nervous he becomes and frightened by her story. Fear and brokenness are foreign to innocent, naive Purdy.)

PURDY
We don't have anymore Little One.
You ate 'em all.

Babylon makes little GRUNTING SOUNDS as she does.

Purdy puts the pot down with increasing dread.

PURDY
(quietly to himself)
I'm still hungry, mama.

BABYLON
Where's your mama Purdy Moon? She
makes good chocolate.

PURDY
She went to the store. She'll be
back real soon. I've been being a
good boy just like she said.

Babylon momentarily stops a fork full of chocolate covered biscuit inches from her mouth. Ponders.

BABYLON

I don't think I've been very good.

Purdy's bright and twilighted EYES move over Babylon's battered body of dried blood and hellish grime with daring curiosity, his soft soul shutters as its whites go bloodshot with horror.

PURDY

How...how bad are you..?

Babylon finishes that bite with pure joy.

BABYLON

Oh, Purdy Moon, you're funny.

PURDY

Oh no. I didn't mean it like that.
I mean...I was meaning how bad you hurt?

BABYLON

I'm not hurt so much. It hurts
Bella more.

PURDY

(to himself)
Bella?

Babylon, for the first time, in front of Purdy, holds her frame differently, slightly off from her normal nonchalant beauty and edges of graceful carry and more towards a knowing of uncomfortable self-consciousness and paranoia.

BABYLON

She thinks I always get us hurt.

Purdy dares more glances over her body. Some WOUNDS are deep.

PURDY

(hesitant)
Did your mama do... did she do that to..?

BABYLON

Oh, no. My mama loves me. She gave me that pretty doll with blue eyes. Her name is Babylon. She's in the Bible. My baby doll that is.

Babylon's doll lies on the floor in a random heap, forgotten and unloved.

(CONTINUED)

BABYLON

She's a whore. After breakfast we
can go outside and stone her...

Purdy's gloomy eyes water over. His two large hands slowly ascend to cover his tiny ears, shielding them from intruding evil.

BABYLON

...like daddy did to me.

Babylon eats the last of her food with rage, and makes unnecessary NOISES of GROSSNESS.

PURDY

(quietly)

I thought she was a mouse, mama.

Babylon gives a quick glance at Purdy. Her lowered brow shadows her blue eyes with something MENACING.

Purdy's pure heart now quickly shields his eyes with his hands.

Babylon's breathing seems to gargle some with DEEP TONES. Her back more rigid. Transforming.

BABYLON

But he's dead now. Died last night
in the fire. The everlasting fire.

Purdy's LARGE WHITE EYE peeks through some fingers and notices a different girl emerging right in front of him like a demon with darker eyes and heavier, oily hair.

His EYE shuts tight. No evil in!

Babylon licks her plate clean with more GRUNTING SOUNDS, puts the plate down carelessly then looks at Purdy...

...Purdy's EYE opens.

BABYLON

We killed him.

Purdy loses his balance and stands to his feet, has his slobbering face hidden from view but the sniffles are clear. He takes his plates to the sink, almost stumbling.

PURDY

(to himself)

Oh, mama. I'm sorry, I thought she
was a mouse. A hurt one.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy looks over his shoulder at the hurt girl. Bella is staring right at him! Hair fallen thin right in front of her face. She doesn't budge.

Purdy snaps back around and runs hot, steamy water over plates and hands for noise.

PURDY

I'm scared, mama. She ate my breakfast all up and now she's going to kill me. I'm sorry, mama. I was trying to be a good boy like you said. What do I do?

BELLA

Tell your mama, Purdell, that we liked the biscuits and chocolate gravy and that you keep looking at us like daddy did before we burned him up in the basement.

PURDY

Oh, mama! That's not her voice. She's going to hurt me.

Purdy cleans the plates quickly in the hot water...

...then turns back to Bella with a mustard seed of courage.

BELLA

What do you want now you dumb, pervert!

PURDY

Mama said to clean you up and send you for help in the morning.

BELLA

(enraged)

Don't you dare touch meee you sonofab...

EXT. PLACER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

A younger Nick, hair slicked back and a shiny tanned face with a cigarette lazily hanging from his lip, casually reclines in his raspberry-red '66 Mustang of white leather and chrome finish, and watches hundreds of high school kids scatter in the parking lot.

He turns up the volume to a Van Halen's version of *Pretty Woman*.

(CONTINUED)

Someone catches his eye. Out of the crowd of ordinary school kids, walking towards his car with the sophistication of a runway model is CASSIE, 17, in skin tight jeans, ripped in the knees and a short pink '80's t-shirt, artfully cut in ways to show off a black laced bra.

Nick turns up the volume and WE HEAR Diamond Dave growl out: Merc-ayy.

She stops at his door while popping pink bubble gum that mixes with her tongue.

Volume turned down.

CASSIE
Mr. Grimmer.

NICK
Ms. Fletcher.

Nick's eyes wonder all over her.

CASSIE
You trying to look at something,
Mr. Grimmer?

NICK
Not sure it's legal. You old
enough?

CASSIE
Not yet.

Cassie SLOWLY spreads out the gum with her tongue and blows a pink bubble until it pops then pulls off her shirt right in front of him. Nothing but two, perfect, black-laced breast with a hint of nipple showing through.

She dances around the front of his car and gets in on the other side while tossing the shirt in the back.

Some JOCK walks by with friends and lets out a "Holy Shit". Nick instantly flares and shows a KNIFE.

CASSIE
Come on, Sailor. Let's go. I'm
hungry.

Nick looks down at her bra. Puts the knife away.

NICK
Like that?

CASSIE
Drive thu, silly.

Nick smiles lecherously and starts the car as Cassie moves her hand to his crotch and kisses his ear.

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - DIRT ROAD - DAY

INSIDE NICK'S CAR

Nick is jarred "awake" with a sudden KNOCK on the window of his ugly, light-blue Volkswagen bug. It's ALEX, 40, cop face with buzzed blonde hair and square, city features. He's holding two cups of coffee.

Nick gets out, takes one of the white paper cups.

NICK
Black?

ALEX
And a good fuck you to you, too,
bro.

Nick fixes his hair and tie in the reflection of the window.

NICK
(whispers to himself) God,
forgive me and be with her
today.

ALEX
Hey! You working today or what?
Nick doesn't move.

ALEX
Nick. Where you've been? Been
standing here holding my dick for
you the last forty-five minutes and
I gotta call you?

Nick turns around and shows his worn face.

ALEX
Godda... What the hell's going on,
Nick?

Nick starts walking to the house.

NICK
Come, on. Time to work.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Yeah, now you want to work.

Nick notices the swamp to the left, blue smoke rises up from it...then he's distracted by the SOUND from the group of investigators, police and sheriffs talking amongst themselves. They're eating donuts and sipping coffee from white cups. More calmer. One them is taller and larger than the rest who seems to be controlling the group's efforts. Buzzed grey and black hair, military style.

He notices Nick. Hard scowl.

NICK

(under his breath)

Fuck me.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - LATER

Babylon sits in a porcelain tub soaking in bubble-less, dirty water, pink from blood. She turns on and off the faucet in curiosity then settles back and looks towards the door.

(Babylon/Bella speak out loud with one another.)

BELLA

He's still there, listening to us like a little pervert.

BABYLON

Bella, that wasn't nice what you said to him in the kitchen. He's our Purdy Moon.

BELLA

You see how he was looking at you?

BABYLON

He loves me.

BELLA

He's a sick perv who wants to stick his-

BABYLON

-You stop it Bella. Stop lying about my Purdy Moon. I love him.

Babylon's dirty dress lies in a corner like a heap of old rags.

(CONTINUED)

BELLA

He didn't give you any clothes to wear.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Purdy, holding a large chef's knife and wearing a feminine apron has his ear to the door, listening to this conversation with increasing concern and horror. He sniffles a bit. A cheek is wet.

PURDY

She needs something to wear, mama and I didn't give her anything. I'm a big dummy.

Purdy quickly leaves the door.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

BELLA

You hear that? He's talking to himself, again. He's not right, Baby.

BABYLON

No, he's not. I mean, yes, he is. He's just talking to his mama and I like her, too. Her chocolate is...what's that word we heard on Daddy's radio? Lush-see-is?

BELLA

Luscious.

Babylon pulls up the plug, blood and water flow, listens to its sucking, swooshing sound and smiles, then replaces it, turns the faucet back on and steamy water comes out.

BABYLON

I like it here, Bella. We could stay and be good girls for Purdy.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Purdy quickly arrives carrying a bright, white, clean dress shirt and a black belt and is about to knock when he stops and over hears more of the conversation. He puts his little protruding ear to the door.

BELLA (OS)

We can't, Baby. And you know why.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELLA(OS) (cont'd)

Daddy's not dead. And he's going to come after us and find us and then we'll never find mommy.

(beat)

We need help.

PURDY

No. Poor Little One. But I don't care too much about the other one, mama. She's bad rubbish.

BABYLON(OS)

Is that you Purdy Moon?

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

HEAVY KNOCKING!

BABYLON

You don't have to knock, Purdy, I already know you're there.

PURDY(OS)

How did you know?

BABYLON

You're too big to hide, silly.

PURDY(OS)

Oh. Is that you Little One? I got something for you to wear.

(beat)

You wanna it out here or...

BABYLON

NO! I mean, no. Please drop it by the door.

The door knob starts to twist-

BABYLON

Wait. No, Purdy Moon. I mean out side the door. Please.

The door opens slowly...

PURDY

I'm not looking. I'm being real good.

(CONTINUED)

BABYLON

No, Purdy. You're going to make
Bella mad.

A shiny, chef knife appears in the crack.

BELLA

Don't let him in here, Baby!

BABYLON

Please, Purdy. You have to do what
I say. I'm older than you,
remember?

The door stops about six inches.

PURDY

But mama...

BELLA

Don't you dare come near me you
perverted, dumb motherfu-

-The shirt drops at the door then a belt. The door quickly
closes.

PURDY (OS)

I'm being good.

SILENCE. BEAT.

PURDY (OS)

I'm making us a picnic.

HEAVY FOOT STEPS RUN AWAY...

Babylon giggles.

BELLA

Why are you giggling?

BABYLON

He called you rubbish.

(softer)

But, he loves me. My Purdy Moon
loves me.

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nick and Alex are rummaging through stuff with white latex gloves. Jeff tries to keep his nose covered. Nick is eating some chocolate.

NICK
You smell that?

ALEX
Dude, seriously.

NICK
That smell like fried chicken to you?

Something startles Alex-

ALEX
Whoa! What the heck was that? Was that a roach?

NICK
Was it carrying a Placer Badge?

They start laughing a bit like ol' buds.

ALEX
Thing was as big as a Chihuahua, man.

Nick jeers around this dump as they move on towards the burnt area, stepping over God-less filth, taking off his gloves.

NICK
Yeah, watch your step. Never know what you'll find in here.

A FEW OFFICERS of the primary team are taking crime photos and collecting samples in the

LIVING ROOM.

FLASH! A female CSI agent from Auburn's forensic lab, NANCY, 30's, gives the "boys" a knowing nod.

NANCY
'Late, boys. All the work's done. I'll have the photos in my office if you need.

She gives Nick a slight, flirty smile. Alex sees it.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
Your wife doing okay, Nick? You
know, with everything?

Nick keeps his anger in check. Alex gives her a hard look.

NICK
(agitated)
What's going on? I saw the Cap
poking around. Why is Frank here?

Nancy glances at Alex with something apologetic-

NANCY
Come over here. I want to show you
something.

WE MOVE CLOSE TO the scorched area, near the BASEMENT HOLE,
just on the edge. The T.V. set is dumped off to the side,
melted and shattered. The stacks of porno mags are all but
ASH.

Nick and Alex slowly peer over the BASEMENT OPENING as WE
DO. INSIDE, SLOWLY CREEPING OVER...is the charred remains of
a body, still chained to the wall by one of the two
shackles.

NICK
(to himself)
Only one shackle?

NANCY
Recognize him?

ALEX
Or her.

NANCY
A woman? What is she, Alex, a
Sasquatch? That's a three hundred
pounder down there. I've seen
enough of these to know that's a
man. Was a man. Burnt to a crisp.

ALEX
Well, there's your fried chicken,
Nick!

Nick gets a little queasy.

NANCY
Sheriff says this is Albert Hobbs'
place. Know'em?

Alex shakes "no".

NANCY

Long time local. Loner. Been here about thirty-five years.

ALEX

So what are they saying happened?

NANCY

Still trying to figure it out. This place is a dump but there's no sign of a violent struggle, yet there's blood everywhere. And I do mean everywhere. On the walls, on the floor, on the couch, it's outside on the porch...CSI's taking samples.

Alex peeks over at Nick. Nick is loosing color.

NANCY

And one more thing. They said some of it is menstrual.

(beat)

You got yourselves a rapist.

Nick suddenly turns away like he's going to vomit.

ALEX

(quietly to Nick)

Hey. You alright, man?

NICK

Yeah! Freakin' good! Who is he?

NANCY

We don't know yet. Nothing's left. We'll have to pull teeth.

ALEX

How long will that take?

Nick dumps out his coffee in the fireplace.

NANCY

Hey! Still collecting here.

NICK

Fuck you, Nancy. And your comments. How long!

She looks at Alex. ALEX sympathetically shakes his head asking her to let it go.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
(shaken, betrayed)
I'll get it done, Nick.

After a beat of Nick's silence, Nancy storms off...

NANCY
You welcome, asshole!

Nick turns back around and collects himself. Then looks through the burnt, collapsed opening of the house and out into the LUSH VALLEY of flowing weed flowers and high grasses blowing in the breeze. Nick attempts to inhale some of this freshness.

Alex waits.

NICK
She'll never get over it.

ALEX
Lila hates her.

NICK
No, not Nancy. Cassie.

Nick sees something out there.

NICK
Look. You see that?

They both walk

OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE.

Sitting on a little plateau overlooking the valley about half a mile away is a HOME of thick wood and dark glass with a large, red brick chimney. Its glass windows reflect a GLARE at them.

SOMEONE in the collective group of pink box-eating fat cats, holding a white paper cup, rings out "Hey, Nick, we got more coffee.". Another chuckles. Nancy sips from a cup, toasts him while looking at him with contempt, then walks away.

Alex shields Nick and looks in the same direction out over the canyon.

ALEX
That Luber's place?

NICK

No. That's Jeff Vincent's place.
Stunning view like none other.

ALEX

Vincent's the guy you help out last
year? The one with the hot wife?

NICK

Shelly? Yeah. Hot's a good word.
But Jeff's a good friend of Luber
though. Last Fall Jeff got stupid
and cheated on Shelly.

ALEX

Never understand that.

Nick gives him a strong look. Alex instantly shies in hard
regret.

NICK

Yeah... Anyway, Jeff was living in
Sacramento for about a year with
her and wouldn't you know it, the
little tramp died of an overdose
right on his watch.

ALEX

Don't tell me. He came crawling
back.

NICK

No. Not right away, but yeah,
eventually Shelly let him come back
home.

(beat)

And that's when things got hairy.

WE COME CLOSE TO NICK'S WROUGHT EYES...

NICK

You see, the tramp had a brother. A
true, Virginian, Wrong-Turn
hillbilly that makes the
Deliverance family seem like a
Sesame Street special. Thought Jeff
drugged her up on purpose just so
he could go back to Shelly without
telling the family he loved his
wife. So her brother followed him
home and started secretly raping
Shelly, telling her that if she
squealed she would be filleted like

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (cont'd)
a fish and her husband would be
skinned alive right in front of
her. Three months this went on,
almost every night, right under his
fuckin nose. Never knew his wife
was getting raped right in his own
home, drinking his beer, all
because of him.

ALEX
Fuck this bastard.

NICK
No kidding. But the rapes got too
much to bare. Imagine what that
does to your sanity, bro. Even for
her husband's sake. The things she
went through for him knowing he
cheated on her. It was mental
torture and she broke. So she told
someone she could trust.

ALEX
You.

NICK
No. Luber. She told Luber, man. And
Luber told Jeff, who went freakin
ballistic, if you can even imagine
that. So they hatched a plan. They
set that sick fuck up. And when he
snuck over for his nightly rape
they were all waiting. All three
of'em. They tortured him for hours,
then burned him alive two inches
from death until he was gone.
Nothing left.

ALEX
You have got to be kidding me. Why
didn't I hear about this?

NICK
You guys were away sucking up to
Lila's parents, remember?

ALEX
Visiting!

NICK
Same thing, man.

ALEX

Well, you still didn't tell me.

NICK

Tried to forget about it. Had to.

Alex glances back at the basement's opening just as TWO CORONERS walk down the steps carrying what looks like an extra thick Heavy trash bag.

ALEX

Don't tell me. They asked you to clean it up?

NICK

They're my friends. What was I suppose to do? Let'em fry. And don't tell me you wouldn't do the same.

ALEX

How'd you do it, Nick?

NICK

Nancy owed me a favor. A big one, so I cashed it in. A good deed for a bad deed. She had some bodies on ice and I took one. Switched them then buried that sick hillbilly in their own back yard.

ALEX

Bowdie? That ghost town where all those crazies live? Geez, Nick, that place is cursed. Freakin circus out there.

NICK

Told his family he got drunk and died in a car accident. Burned to a crisp. Don't think they bought it though.

ALEX

(looking over at the
dissipating donut eaters)
Dang it, Nick. City has you hand cuffed and they know it.

NICK

They don't know that much.

Nick turns towards Alex, with filled eyes.

NICK

You got to do whatever it takes,
right brother? To keep them? No
matter what you can't let them go.
You protect them no matter what.

Alex looks away without a rebuttal, knowing Nick is right,
feeling his secret struggle.

Nick turns towards the BASEMENT, giving it a hard stare now.
Lights a cigarette and gives the lighter and one to Alex.
The first drag is always the best and they enjoy it for a
second. They're working now.

The TWO CORONERS struggle to drag out a heavy, zipped black
bag from the basement.

CORONER #1

Fat bastard!

NICK

That's not Hobbs... He got another
body from somewhere else to fake
his own death.

ALEX

Nick, if he already had another
body on ice then this would be a
colossal coincidence.

NICK

Life's biggest trick.

ALEX

Come on, man. That's still a little
too far fetched. Either this guy
had a body on ice for a while for
some sick reason or he did kill
someone just at the same time he
got punked. No way.

NICK

Think about it. That body had one
shackle still attached. You telling
me that if you're getting burnt
alive the other wasn't coming out
either? This whole valley is
nothing but old lime and clay and
river stone, built up over time
with floods coming in, adding new
layers. It's brittle.

Alex knows this but it's still too coincidental for his
practical ways.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Then we'll have to find where he hid or got the extra body.

NICK

Maybe not a corpse but another prisoner. Somewhere he was keeping this one. I don't know how he did it yet. But he had someone else stashed away. Here in the house or somewhere close. I say we come back tonight and quietly look around. There's another little dungeon like this somewhere.

ALEX

(nervous grin)
Or freezer.

Alex takes the last nervous drag of his cancer stick and tosses it.

ALEX

Nick...I don't know about this one. This one seems a little heavy to me, you know. Something ain't right here.

NICK

It's never right, bra. You know this. It's not suppose to be right. That's why we're here, to make it right.

(beat)

And we will. We always have. I mean what else are we going to do with our lives? Cut timber in the Nevadas? Nope. Not for me.

(beat)

This is all we know, Alex. Thick or thin, right? We do this together?

Alex gives Nick a little smile in the affirmative.

Nick takes his last drag, too, and flicks it away. Looks back at the

HOLE. WE SLOWLY ZOOM DEEPER INTO IT.

NICK(OS)

Yeah. He's looking for her right now. He wants her back...

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - DAY

Babylon is still in the tub, lots of bubbles now. WE SLOWLY ZOOM CLOSER TO HER. Her hair seems cleaned. Her skin is white, free from dirt and from a sunless life. A precious prize.

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WE COME CLOSER TO NICK, TO HIS EYES, determined and vengeful.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

WE COME CLOSER TO PURDY'S EYES, righteous and kind but made for wrath.

IN THE BATHROOM

Babylon takes a pink soap bar to her nose and gives a hesitant little sniff. Broad smile. She closes her eyes and gives the pink soap a long and deep inhale, holds it, then lets it out.

IN SLOW MOTION

Babylon starts to clean herself.

NICK(VO)

...no, he needs her back. She belongs to him. She's a powerful trophy of his. A powerful bargaining chip in holding a threat.

Babylon freezes then looks towards the door like a cautious animal. She hears something.

NICK(VO)

She may have gotten the better of him for now but there's no way he's going to let her get away with it.

BACK TO FULL SPEED IN THE

KITCHEN.

WHACK! Purdy is butchering several whole chickens with his large, shiny, heavy chef's knife. CRACKING and RIPPING.

(CONTINUED)

NICK(VO)
It takes his power away. And when
he does find her...well...

The shiny knife comes down hard in another WHACK!

NICK(VO)
...let's just say, there's going to
be real hell to pay.

WE PAN OVER to the kitchen window, bright orange sunlight
shines through...

EXT. VALLEY - NOON

The heavy sun begins its slow descent towards the shimmering
horizon giving off deep colors of purples and pinks to long
shadows on the VALLEY FLOOR below. The same OMINOUS MUSIC as
before starts.

THREE WOLVES are chasing a small fox in and amongst giant
pines and fallen logs and granite rock. The race is
exhausting...

Finally, the fox is over taken and lets out a SHARP CRY as
the wolves mercilessly ends its life.

CUT TO:

A CU of the three wolves devouring the fox, tearing it in a
bloody mess, making frustrated, grunting noises. Sounds of
unnecessary grossness.

One of the wolves is distracted and nervously peers into the
distance. It starts to growl at something.

WE ZOOM into the distant ravine and among the trees but find
nothing...

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - NOON

Purdy is lurching over a cutting board in the apron of a
comical chicken print pattern and slices up an onion. The
heavy, chef knife cuts through a little too easy. Unusually
sharp.

Purdy stops. He looks down the hallway towards the bathroom
door...rising dread...

Back to his preparation.

SERIES OF SHOTS

(CONTINUED)

-A sliced onion is moved to more sliced onions which are then put in the sink that has been filled with ice water.

-The shiny, chef knife easily slices through large carrots.

-Fennel is sliced with professional skill.

-Purdy's large, chapped hands easily crush a bulb of garlic. It's tossed in the filled sink with the rest of the cut food stuff.

-Bundle of parsley tossed in then oregano, thyme and sage and some celery leaves and a bay leaf.

-Real buttermilk from a bowl of stirred butter is poured in.

-Heavy salt and fresh cracked pepper corns are added.

-Purdy smiles to himself then takes a handful of long, skinny red chilies and crushes them and throws them in.

-Chicken pieces are tossed in the sink of brine.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Purdy takes off the feminine apron and looks down the hall with increased nervousness then twists a timer as far as it goes and places it on the cutting board next to the large knife.

CUT TO:

The timer goes DING.

Purdy looks towards the closed bathroom door again in curiosity...then returns to his picnic preparations.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Purdy takes out the chicken pieces and sets them on some towels to air dry.

-Flour dumped into large tray with...salt...fresh cracked black pepper...cayenne...celery seed...dried herbs and yellow chicken powder.

-Buttermilk is poured into another large tray and is added some salt and fresh cracked black pepper.

-Purdy pats the chicken pieces dry.

-Seven pieces at a time goes from the flour to the buttermilk and back to the flour.

(CONTINUED)

-FLOURED PIECES on a rack with the REST.

-Floured pieces are slid into a large, deep vat of boiling oil. Steam escapes.

-Golden fried chicken pieces are set on a rack with the rest.

-A square pan with cornbread is taken out of the oven. A fork pierces the top all over, steam escapes. Heavy butter from the bowl of the churned butter of earlier is spread on the crispy, golden top.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Purdy puts two COKE BOTTLES in a picnic basket, then looks down the hall to the bathroom door again with hesitant curiosity...

Purdy tip toes down the hall as slowly as he can but with every step the trailer bends and creaks under this gentle giant.

He quietly puts a tiny ear to the door. WE HEAR SUBTLE SOBBING.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Babylon stands in front of the mirrored sink, wearing Purdy's giant, white shirt, black stringy hair held behind cute, little ears, silently cries to herself.

She slowly wraps the long belt around her tiny waist and fastens it tight then stands back away from the MIRROR letting us see the completed picture of her.

Her countless open WOUNDS have started to stain through the clean, white shirt causing little pink and red marks. She cries harder in her hands.

Another HEAVY CREEK.

BABYLON

I know you're there, Purdy Moon.

PURDY

How did'ya kno- Are you crying?

BABYLON

I ruined it, Purdy. I ruined your purdy shirt. I'm still leaking from the inside.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

(CONTINUED)

Purdy is perturbed a second...

PURDY

Leaking? Oh. Please, Little One,
don't cry.

He waits for her response but nothing. Just quiet. He puts his ear to the door again to listen when-

-the DOOR suddenly opens and there she stands, wrapped in a loving man's white dress shirt, tied with his belt, looking like a lovely, miniature bride.

She cries out and falls into his arms. Purdy instantly catches her and falls to one knee for the second time, shaking the trailer under his massive weight.

Babylon looks up in love at Purdy with her intense, sky blue eyes, heaven's shaded crystals of sapphire. WE COME IN CLOSER to her stare, into this moving storm of emotion for Purdy...

Purdy's FACE is a young, smooth match for Babylon's. His light, brown eyes softly catches her's in pure wonderment, instantly calming her fears with love's pure innocence.

They are simply, two child lovers.

Something catches Babylon's nose as she looks over his large arm towards the kitchen.

BABYLON

Is that fried chicken?

PURDY

Don't tell me, you only smelled one
and not tasted one.

EXT. VALLEY - NOON

WE ARE EXTREMELY CLOSE to the mangled, bloody mess that used to be the fox. This bloody mess could be human but we can't tell from this CU. This twisted, torn body lies forgotten and semi-buried in the fall leaves.

Suddenly, the mountain lion's nose enters frame. It sniffs the left overs.

CUT TO:

The cat has moved on to somewhere else now, heavier brush.

It looks up and sniffs again...then trots away in the thick ravine and among the trees and vanishes before our eyes in perfect camouflage.

INT. JUSTICE BUILDING - NOON

WE ARE WALKING THROUGH this building, LOBBY... ELEVATOR... FIFTH FLOOR... HALL...

It is somewhat large for the size of its town, meaning, they take protecting their citizens seriously and have spent the money to do so. Almost as if the town has a certain paranoia.

WE WALK THROUGH a door labeled "Private Investigators".

The

OFFICE

is simple. Not warm. Metal. Two desks, side by side in a white room.

A round clock and calendar are the only two things hanging on the wall. The CALENDAR SHOWS: OCTOBER 1998.

Nick is putting something away in a metal cabinet as Alex sits at his cold desk staring at his computer monitor forcing down a pink donut. White coffee cups at both desks.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-The metal clock on the wall reads: 10:41.

-Alex studies an open file, sips coffee.

-Nick closes a folder, and opens a new one underneath. Uninterested.

-A white coffee cup lands in a waste basket on top of a few others.

-An attractive secretary in a red dress drops off more folders.

-Sandwiches in yellow paper are half eaten.

-Alex makes a call on the black phone in front of him. Animated. Nick watches, shakes his head. Agitated

-A wad of yellow paper is thrown in the coffee cup filled waste basket.

(CONTINUED)

-Nick stares off in space. Alex watches. Worried.

-The metal clock on the wall reads: 3:41.

PHONE RINGS.

Big, black phone. Rings again.

Alex picks up, talks to someone he loves. Nick is curious but not obvious.

ALEX
Lila wants you guys over for steaks
and whiskey.

NICK
(nervous)
I don't think-

ALEX
-Yeah, Babe.
(at Nick)
They'll love it.

Nick hates it.

EXT. CANYON RIDGE - LATE NOON

Purdy and Babylon sit on a blanket eating fried chicken and drinking Coke from glass bottles. Their view from the large granite rock that they sit upon over looks the valley below. Behind them is thick brush and trailing ravine.

The picnic basket and some pound cake lay beside Babylon's baby doll to the side.

BABYLON
This sure is the best fried chicken
I ever had, Purdy Moon.

Purdy seems more relaxed with Babylon, but still has a watchful eye on her.

BABYLON
Did your mama make this too?

PURDY
My mama makes all kinds of things.
She has all kinds of recipes. Fried
okra with fresh tomatoes. Crawfish
chowder. Sawdust pie. She taught me
everything I know about the
kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Babylon eats the chicken piece like there's no tomorrow then reaches for another piece.

BABYLON

When did she teach you how to fry
chicken like this?

Purdy finishes a bone and tosses it onto a large stack of other bones that looks like they could have been from about three whole chickens.

PURDY

On my birthday.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PURDY'S TRAILER - DAY

INSERT CARD: 1978

In the front yard and on the sides of the trailer and into the dirt road are about a hundred people at a birthday party. Some are wearing birthday hats, some are holding drinks or plates of fried chicken.

PURDY (VO)

Mama invited the whole
neighborhood.

A table of wrapped gifts.

A giant, multi-colored cake with some candles in it.

A banner reading "Happy Birthday Purdy" runs across the yard.

PURDY (VO)

I had nine of'em.

BABYLON (VO)

Nine presents?

PURDY (VO)

No... Nine candles.

Someone lights the CANDLES with a match...

An EXCITED NINE YEAR OLD PURDY who's roughly the same size, eyes closer, head smaller, wearing a coned birthday hat, obviously a "special" child blows out the candles. EVERYBODY CHEERS.

IN THE KITCHEN - LATER

(CONTINUED)

Purdy's mom, BETTY, 50's, is frantically frying chicken in the same large vat Purdy used earlier. On the counter is the same two trays on buttermilk and flour.

There are two young women helping her but they look like little girls next to Purdy's large mama. She's about three hundred pounds and wearing the same chicken-patterned apron. She is drenched in sweat and chicken grease.

Purdy is at her side dipping the chicken pieces in the trays.

BETTY

You have got to pat'em dry before the flour, okay, Little One?

PURDY (VO)

She was cooking for all of'em. All day. She got so messy and o'ly all over her outfit.

One of the young women, wearing a cotton dress, comes back into the kitchen nervously explaining something to Betty.

BETTY

What do you mean? Glory to Jesus! I bought three hundred pieces, Annabella!

PURDY (VO)

There were so many people at my birthday party we ran out of chicken!

A DORKY LOOKING MAN, NORM, 40's, clumsily wearing a party hat, peeks his head through the side door of the kitchen.

NORM

(at Betty, little unsure)

Betty, there's a man out back. Says he knows you?

(concerned beat)

He's pretty big...Do you want me to-

BETTY

-No!

(nervous, embarrassed laughter)

Umm, no Norm. It's okay. Thank you though.

Betty does her best to give him a reassuring smile under her dreaded eyes.

Norm, unconvinced, slides away.

Betty nervously hands the tongs to one of the girls. Slowly hangs her chicken pattern apron on a hook and after a moment of hesitation walks away.

BABYLON (VO)

Is that when your mama went to the store?

PURDY (VO)

Yeah. She told me to be a good boy.

CUT TO:

Coming from outside, Betty stop at the side kitchen DOOR and calls for Purdy with controlled torment.

IN SLOW MOTION

Purdy runs over to her in full love and falls into her arms as she falls to one knee, shaking the trailer under her weight, catching him.

BACK TO FULL SPEED

Betty whispers something in his tiny ear then pulls back with dreadful tears...

Purdy looks up at her with pure naivete innocence, a happy birthday boy wearing his coned hat, string under his chin, naturally casting strength and courage into his mama's EYES.

WE PULL AWAY FROM HER EYES of fright and dread as she slowly pulls away from Purdy...

PURDY (VO)

You be a good boy, you hear me
Purdy? I'll be watching you. I'll
always be watching you. Is what she
said.

BACK TO PRESENT

Purdy flashes innocent, boyish charm, casting strength and courage unaware at Babylon.

PURDY

I've been a good boy just like she
said.

(CONTINUED)

Babylon gazes upon Purdy with joy and wonderment. She is finally safe. He is the complete opposite of anything violent or threatening. He is innocent and pure. His round, smooth, oily face seems to attract the warm, orange, setting sun like a mirror. And he has never, ever hurt a fly.

BABYLON

Purdy Moon, do angels know they're angels?

Purdy is almost shocked and caught with guilt in this question, like his identity has been exposed.

PURDY

How would I know that!

BABYLON

(giggling)

Is it against the rules to marry your guardian angel?

Purdy shies away and takes some pound cake. He nervously peeks at BABYLON'S DOLL as it is *ominously* staring at him...

START MONTAGE - VARIOUS

-INT. TINKHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and Alex wearing untucked, button down shirts and jeans are on the WOODEN DECK grilling steaks, holding tumbler glasses of whiskey on the rocks. They are smiling and enjoying some jokes while burning the steaks to a crisp.

Lila and Cassie, dressed in sexy, dinner wear, sit casually on a sofa in the LIVING ROOM seen through the patio glass door sipping on long glasses of champagne and strawberries.

Alex sneaks a peak at Lila's long, Brazilian leg. She catches him and playfully takes a bite of her strawberry.

Nick looks at Cassie, still a wonder of sight. She looks at him, pauses plainly, then back to Lila. Nick and Alex's jokes end, returning to their whiskey.

-INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Purdy and Babylon are doing dishes, smiling at each other in love. He is kneeling and she is standing on a chair. They are at eye level. Some how they fit.

-INT. TINKHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Nick, Cassie, Alex and Lila are sitting in the living room, joking and laughing hard. Plates are finished. Drinks refilled. Cassie always stops her laughter first before the others. Nick notices.

-INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Purdy sits in a large sofa chair polishing black shoes to a shine.

Babylon sits on the floor at his feet combing her doll's hair and cleaning up her dirty face. She points to the radio. Purdy smiles handsomely and turns it on.

-EXT. TINKHAM'S HOUSE - DECK - NIGHT

Nick and Alex recline, smoking cigars and drinking cherry brandy. They watch the blue smoke lazily hang in the cold air with pleasure. Nick is never at ease.

-INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Purdy and Babylon are excitedly dancing to the MUSIC from the radio. Both are happy like never before...

AS THE SCORE REACHES THE DEEPEST NOTES WE WATCH PURDY AND BABYLON'S DANCE COME TO A SLOW FREEZE AND THEN TO A WHITE AND GREY BLUR...

END MONTAGE

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - NIGHT

We notice BLUE BEAMS slashing inside and near the burnt area. A THUMP and then a CRASH!

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Alex gingerly walk towards the bedroom holding flashlights and guns. Alex carries a snub nose .38 while Nick carries a standard Beretta.

NICK

Quietly, remember?

Nick is leading the charge. In his element while Alex follows closely behind...

ALEX

(a little nervous and a little loose)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (cont'd)
We've searched all over, Nick. No
second dungeon. Nothing.

...peeking in the SHADOWS behind.

ALEX
I want to get out of here, okay?

NICK
You burnt my steak by the way.

ALEX
Yeah, well. Wouldn't be Tinkham
steak if I didn't.

CUT TO:

They reach the

CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR. There's yellow tape crossed over it.

NICK
Let's look behind door number one.

Nick slowly opens the door and their FLASHLIGHTS reveal the scene; wall to wall PORNO MAG PAGES taped up, covering every square inch. The ceiling is also covered in graphic detail.

Another long, thick, iron chain hangs from a wall.

A broken, sunken-in bed falls in the middle. No sheets or covers. Bare mattress is stained something horrible.

ALEX
Look at this guy.

NICK
Frustration. Pure frustration.

ALEX
You ever get that frustrated you
let me know. Lila knows how to take
care of that.

Nick studies the walls. CLOSE UP ON the FACES of the women. Their so called expressions of pleasure look more like expressions of intense pain.

NICK
This guy's really violent. A lot of
rage from somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What? Mommy didn't breast feed him?

NICK

No. Just rejection. Plain ol' fashion rejection.

(beat)

Sexual rejection.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nick starts down the dark steps, Alex behind, looking over his shoulder nervously still.

NICK

Why are you so nervous for? Huh, Mr. Tough Marine?

ALEX

Because, I feel like we're in somebody's house.

Nick shakes his head in friendly jest.

Alex puts a hand over his nose.

ALEX

You got anymore chocolate?

They reach the bottom. CRUNCHY gravel under feet.

NICK

You don't smell that? That's fried chicken in here.

ALEX

Are you kidding me? This place smells so bad that the odor of that chard body was like an air freshener.

Nick looks around with the flashlight. Just a dirt hole in the earth. Puts his gun away and looks at a sleepy Alex, nervously.

NICK

You can put that thing away now.

(beat)

You're making me nervous.

Alex has trouble holstering his weapon.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
Seriously, you're still drunk,
aren't you?
(beat, smirks)
Is that thing even real?

ALEX
No, I'm okay.

Nick shakes his head to himself.

NICK
You're going to shoot your balls
off, or worst.

ALEX
Oh, don't worry about that. I
didn't bring any...

Nick gives him a stupid look.

ALEX
(burbs)
...bullets, wise-ass.

Nick is still staring at him.

ALEX
What? Didn't buy any yet, Mr. Tom
Selleck. Just got it registered,
unlike you.

NICK
Yeah, you're still drunk.

Nick places the BLUE LIGHT on the last CHAIN attached to the
dirt wall. Alex looks behind again.

NICK
Here, hold this.

Alex takes Nick's flashlight and puts the beam on the IRON
PLATE where the chain is fastened to the wall.

WE COME IN CLOSE.

Nick starts to yank on it and instantly gravel and dirt come
loose.

NICK
Look at this! What did I tell you?

With one more hard pull Nick jerks the chain from the wall
pulling larger river stones and gravel to the floor.

NICK

You're telling me that fat bastard couldn't do that? No way, man. He's still out there. He's playing with us, Alex.

Alex is nervous and ponders something as Nick studies the brittle wall to find the hole left behind from a pulled stone.

ALEX

Nick? Why wouldn't he come back? I mean, this is his home right? No safer place. And look at us. Look where we're at right now. We're not even trained for this. We shouldn't have come-

-A heavy piece of plywood SLAMS over the basement's opening! WE HEAR NAILS BEING SHOT through by a nail gun securing the lid! Two rats caught in a cage.

ALEX

Nick!

A DEEP, GIANT CHUCKLE.

NICK

No way...

HEAVY FOOT STEPS RUN AWAY...

Alex shines the light on Nick who is checking his WEAPON. A SHINY COPPER JACKET ready to expend!

NICK

No fucking way.

...HEAVY FOOT STEPS RETURN. Nick JERKS his Beretta up at the lid and waits...

The POURING of SOMETHING. FLASHLIGHT on the "LID". Some LIQUID TRICKLES through, splashing the ground.

DEEP VOICE (OS)

You're right, Nick.

NICK

(perturbed)

Wh...

DEEP VOICE (OS)
No fuckin' way.

MORE DEEP CHUCKLING...

An AIR SWOOSH! Then the trickled liquid catches fire like a blue and yellow river leaking in.

DEEP VOICE (OS)
Goodbye, *Cowboy*.

NICK
FUCK YOU!

Nick QUICKLY FIRES six shots into the lid with *unnatural* speed! BAN-BAN-BAN-BAN-BAN-BANG!

Alex checks his weapon. No bullets!

QUIET BEAT.

Alex notices the danger of an aflamed gas puddle forming at their feet and kicks some dirt over it.

ALEX
(whispers)
Man, I told Lila we were out buying ice cream!

NICK
(hard whisper)
Fuck! How'd he know my name, huh?

Alex moves over to the steps and near the lid and listens while clenching his revolver with both hands.

ALEX
I think he's gone.

Alex moves to props himself on the dirt steps and starts to push the plywood slab up with his feet.

NICK
(hard whisper)
No! Wait!

Nails start to SHOOT through the wood! One finds Alex's shoe, impaling him through! Blood bursts out. He SCREAMS!

About ten more nails slam through, erasing that idea.

Alex, still drunk and now in pain wobbles, then topples down a few steps as Nick tries to catch him but fails. Alex lands hard in the dusty floor.

MORE CHUCKLING...

NICK

Damn it!

DEEP VOICE

Hey, Nick!

The plywood CREAKS under massive weight. CHUCKLING SOUNDS right on TOP OF US. Nick freezes from helping Alex up, hearing his own name coming from this evil voice.

SILENCE.

DEEP VOICE

I like fucking her!

Nick instantly FIRES about four more shots through the plywood slab.

Beat... A CHUCKLE.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS RUN AWAY.

NICK

Who the hell...

SILENCE, except for Alex MOANING.

Nick turns around to him. Alex is propped up on a wall nursing his bleeding foot.

NICK

You okay?

SOUND OF A CLASSIC CAR STARTING UP.

SMOKE starts to fill the space, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS LASER THROUGH.

ALEX

We need to get out of here.

Alex starts coughing.

WE HEAR THE PEELING OUT OF THICK TIRES RACING AWAY.

Alex and Nick both push up on the "lid" with their shoes in between the nails. It CRACKS and finally POPS up. SMOKE RUSHES in. They GASP and GAG.

From the

LIVING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

WE SEE the two "rats" escaping their trap, striving for air. STRUGGLING. They fall over and rest a second...

NICK

How'd he know my name? Huh? Who the fuck is this perv, Alex?

The house is starting to catch fire more rapidly.

Alex and Nick get up and stumble

OUTSIDE.

Alex can barely walk but the two reach a safe distance from this burning prison. They just escaped hell with their lives and finally reach the road in full emotion.

Alex collapses. Reaches for his foot.

ALEX

Fuck you man and your cowboy ego!
We're not even cops. We're investigators.
(peeking at the fire) We're not ready for this. I told you!

NICK

You went through the academy right?

ALEX

No! We never finished, remember?

NICK

Well, now we know.

ALEX

Yeah? What do we know?

NICK

He's still alive.

ALEX

(hysterics)

We know nothing. That could have been some freakin redneck relative coming back for vengeance just like you said earlier. A brother. We know nothing.

NICK

No, that was him. Said he liked fucking that girl.

ALEX

Doesn't prove anything. These hillbillies are all the same. They'll fuck a tree.

NICK

I pulled that chain out in two tugs!

ALEX

It was already loose for you, Nick! Wake up!

Alex struggles to his feet...alone.

ALEX

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I'm okay.

INT./EXT. ALEX'S JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Nick gets in the driver's side. Alex slams his door shut while grimacing. Nick starts it then looks at Alex holding his bleeding foot.

After an awkward pause...

NICK

I'm sorry about your foot-

ALEX

-Look, we didn't find the extra dungeon. Didn't find any freezer. I'm telling ya that piece of fried chicken shit is Hobbs. You never take me seriously...

(beat, unsure, almost comical as the Alex Nick's knows comes back)

The fat bastard probably had chicken grease all over him when he burned. End of story.

Alex takes another peek at the fully engulfed house blazing in the black night.

ALEX

(to himself) Freakin pigs. All of you.

Nick twists the steering wheel. Enraged from *something*. Agitated. Alex notices this.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

(more calm)

You don't got your head screwed on right, okay? You're mind's not in the right place right now.

NICK

And I guess you got your shit tied up tight, right, bra!

Nick puts it in drive and releases the brake. Alex takes the wheel and holds it solid with his thick, hairy arm...

Nick shakes his head in frustration. Looks away towards the BURNING HOUSE, bright flames in deep black. Nick slams the clutch back into park!

NICK

(fully frustrated)

Fuck! Fuck this shit!

Nick finally turns towards Alex, torn face, eyes reflecting fire. Alex lets go in understanding.

NICK

Something's not right, okay? She's getting worst. First I thought she was still pissed about the affair with Nancy but...

Turning away from Alex in dread, refusing to cry.

NICK

...this is different. She's getting more violent and paranoid. Cursing a lot. But not at me. It's like she's talking to someone else. And I don't even know how to fix her. It's really bummin my fry, bro.

(beat)

I know it's my fault-

ALEX

Fuck you. Don't you dare start saying that. You know it's not.

Nick hits the steering wheel hard, looking at the burning house, orange glow on his face.

NICK

(under his breath)

Fuck this job...

ALEX

This isn't her, man. Not Cassie.
Sounds like possible schizophrenia.
The paranoid type that makes you
imagine things.

(beat)

Has anything traumatic happened to
her...

NICK

Been with that beautiful girl for
almost twenty years and never seen
anything traumatic happen to her.

(beat)

I know it's the affair! She's not
over it yet.

Beat. Alex moans again in pain. Blood in the floor board.

NICK

We need to take you to the
hospital.

(beat)

That sick fuck is so dead.

ALEX

Don't forget we need to stop and
pick up some ice cream for Lila
later.

BEAT. They both start laughing insanely.

NICK

You're really sick you know that?
We almost get torched like a camp
fire marshmallow and you still
think about Lila.

Alex looks over at his partner.

ALEX

We got to keep them, right, bra. No
matter what. We got to keep them.

Nick slaps the wheel in an "Amen" style.

NICK

God forgive me.

Nick peels out away from Hobbs' place, kicking up dirt. The
RED TAILLIGHTS FADE into the NIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

NICK(OS)
We need to find that sick hillbilly
before he finds her.

ALEX(OS)
(reluctantly, unsure)
Then we better find her first.

WE PAN OVER TO the BURNING HOUSE. It's fully engulfed, all
the sin being burnt away out of existence.

BACK IN THE JEEP:

ALEX
(turning back from the burning
house)
So, I guess we're not telling
anyone about this.

They both laugh again when-

NICK
Shit! Forgot to pull my casings.

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie, sitting on the shower floor, water spraying over
her, clutches her knees to her chest. Her hair is long and
stringy over her face. She's shaking, maybe from cold water
or from something else. WE HEAR a little GROWL coming from
her as WE COME IN CLOSE.

SHATTERING GLASS! She jerks to listen...

CASSIE
Nick? Are you home now?

HEAVY FOOT STEPS getting CLOSER. STOPS.

CASSIE SHAKES HARDER. She stares through the frosted glass
shower door.

DOOR KNOB TWIST and the DOOR SLOWLY opens.

CASSIE
Nick?

A DARK FORM of a leg slides in.

CASSIE
No...

CHUCKLING...

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
NO! Get away from me you
sonofabitch cocksucker! Don't you
dare touch meee!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - LATE NIGHT

Alex's Jeep Grand Cherokee pulls up to the EMERGENCY
ENTRANCE.

Alex limps out, grimacing.

NICK
You gonna be okay?

ALEX
Yeah. Just go home to her. Your car
at my place, right? Have Lila come
and get me.

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

A hand SMASHES the mirror! Shards scatter.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - SAME

NICK
What do I tell her? To Lila?

Alex leans in the window slightly, looking off.

ALEX
The truth, man.

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Cassie's nude body is THROWN near the bed, KNOCKING over the
lamp. CRASH!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - SAME

Nick starts to pull away-

ALEX
-Wait! Nick, you're right. This
one's a little different. So be
careful, okay. I have a feeling
it's libel to get real messy around
here. Just...

NICK
(smirks)
Just what?

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Cassie frantically crawls to one of the night stands. Face beat and bloodied.

CASSIE
Oh, please please please...

She runs through the drawer and finds a SILVER COLT .45 REVOLVER and tries to load it with nervous hands.

WE HEAR HEAVY FOOT STEPS. She gets about four rounds in and QUICKLY POINTS it at someone!

CASSIE
Die motherfucker!

BANG!

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - SAME

ALEX
Just stay cool, alright, Sailor.
This one ain't right. We might need
a miracle.

NICK
You know how I feel about that
crap.

ALEX
(looking off)
Yeah. Yes I do.

Alex hits the door in a "goodbye". Nick pulls away while gazing at the usual hospital business going on around him.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

INSERT CARD: 1984

(CONTINUED)

Cassie, wearing a red halter top, nervously hold hands with Nick, sitting across from a DOCTOR who's holding a folder. He pulls out a piece of paper in front of him with a respectable and tender look. On his white jacket is stitched "Dr. Baker" in blue letters.

DR. BAKER

It's called Unruptured Follicle Syndrome. Mrs. Grimmer you are producing a normal follicle with a healthy egg inside, every month, but the follicle fails to rupture releasing the egg, causing an improper ovulation. This greatly decreases the chances of conceiving.

(beat)

Normally.

Cassie puts her head inside Nick's chest and cries...

CASSIE

(whispers)

I'm sorry, Nick.

Nick holds her tight.

NICK

So what do we do, doc? What are the chances of having a baby, normally?

The doctor solemnly takes out another sheet of paper.

DR. BAKER

Mr. Grimmer, we got the results back from your fertility test, also.

Nick sits up, a little concerned. Abrupt.

NICK

And?

DR. BAKER

You're producing less than five million sperm per ejaculation.

NICK

Is that good or what?

DR. BAKER

Normally, we should see over fifteen million per milliliter.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Thirty-nine million sperm per
ejaculation.

(beat)
You have a low sperm count.

Nick squeezes Cassie's hand.

NICK
Alright. So what do I do? Wear
boxers now or what?

DR. BAKER
To increase the sperm count I would
suggest decreasing the frequency of
intercourse...

Nick gives an agitated and harsh look.

DR. BAKER
...this helps to concentrate more
sperm into the ejaculate-

NICK
(short)
-What else?

DR. BAKER
You have high blood pressure so you
need to eliminate more stress in
your life. Stress effects your
hormonal chemistry...

Nick gets more impatient.

DR. BAKER
You can start taking dietary
supplements like zinc and folic
acid.

NICK
Come on, doc, there's got to be
something we can do.

NERVOUS BEAT.

DR. BAKER
We can attempt artificial
insemination-

NICK
-Normally!

Dr. Baker closes the folder.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BAKER
(controlled impatience)
I'm...I'm sorry. There is none.
With your wife's rare diseases...
There is no known cure for this
right now. No approved procedures
to correct this abnormalit...In our
recent studies we just discovered
this rare-

CASSIE
I'm so sorry, Nick. I'm broken for
you.

DR. BAKER
And with your low...very low sperm
count...

Cassie starts to cry.

DR. BAKER
Mr. Grimmer, we can still consider
other alternatives outside natural
intercourse. Would you want a
moment-

NICK
Get out doc. There isn't anything
alternative for us.

DR. BAKER
(more impatient) Maybe
surgery, Mr. Grimmer.

NICK
She's not getting any surgery done!

Cassie breaks down. Dr. Baker heads out then stops at the
door...

DR. BAKER
Not for her.

Nick looks at him with hidden rage.

DR. BAKER
For you. I would like to schedule
you for a Digital Rectal Exam to
check the prostate before we do.

NICK
What are you talking about?

DR. BAKER

Mr. Grimmer, one reason for a low sperm count is a birth defect or abnormality, or a blockage or in this case...

NICK

What?

DR. BAKER

Prostate damage.

Nick grimaces from a hellish memory.

DR. BAKER

I think your prostate has-

NICK

-Leave.

DR. BAKER

(authoritative)

Has been damaged from severe trauma-

NICK

-Get out! Leave us alone!

The doctor disappears.

CASSIE

(sobbing, desperate)

We can still try, Nick. There's always hope.

(looks up at him)

We can always pray for a miracle.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

CELL PHONE RING!

Nick JERKS back to present and is confused at finding he's standing outside next to his car. RING!

Phone to ear. Nick starts to walk to the front door, coming to reality.

ALEX(OS)

Hey! You there, space cowboy?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Yeah. Just got home.

ALEX(OS)

Just got home? It's like three in the morning. You left me about two hours ago.

NICK

Umm...yeah. I'm home now. Walking in.

Nick walks around the drive way corner towards the front and WE SEE the FRONT DOOR is open. A BLOOD TRAIL from inside leading outside to the street.

ALEX(OS)

Okay. Look, Nick. Lila and I have been talking. About you and Cassie.

NICK

Uh-huh...

Nick pulls out his Beretta and cautiously

ENTERS THE HOUSE.

A WINE GLASS is SHATTERED on the wooden floor in the ENTRY.

ALEX(OS)

She told me something I think...we think you ought to know. It's serious. Lila knows what's wrong with Cassie. She told her everything last night at dinner.

NICK

(mind wandering)

Alright. Sure...

Nick continues

UPSTAIRS

where the blood trail leads, splattered on the white carpet. Then on into the

BEDROOM

where a LAMP is broken on the floor, BLOOD on its shade.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX(OS)
Hey, man, you alright? You sound a little strange. I can hear you breathing.

NICK
(whispering)
Something's not right...

ALEX(OS)
What is it? Cassie?

Nick sneaks towards the
BATHROOM.

Nick slowly opens the door... BLOOD EVERYWHERE!

NICK
(whispering)
There's blood everywhere...

ALEX
Nick...

The mirror is shattered into a HUNDRED SILVER KNIVES.

We hear the GENTLE WATER FALLING EMPTY.

ALEX
Nick?

Nick PULLS OPEN the frosted glass shower door, smeared in red stains.

ON THE WALL IN BLOOD is WRITTEN: "I like FUCKING her".

Nick instantly drops the phone.

NICK
Oh God, no! Please...

One of the LARGE SHARDS next to the phone is BLOODY. Nick picks up the phone.

NICK
It's Cassie! She's been abducted!
Her blood is everywhere.

ALEX
Nick, we're coming! Stay there.
Don't move.

Nick stumbles a step backwards, out of the bathroom and into the

BEDROOM

and turns around-

-BANG! GUNSHOT! Nick violently jerks to one side, immediately clutching a shoulder and falls to the floor.

He grasps at his own gun in failing strength as shock and pain overwhelm him as WE HEAR...

CASSIE (OS)

You sonofabitch!

Nick looks up and sees Cassie, nude, partially wrapped in a bathrobe, pointing the gun at him in both hands, feet apart.

CASSIE

You shouldn't have fucked her you cocksucker!

NICK

Cassie! NO! Wait! I'm sorry! No, BABY! NO!

BANG!

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

LONG BEAT.

CELL PHONE RINGS.

ALEX (OS)

Hello?

NANCY (SO)

Nick?

ALEX (OS)

It's Alex. I got his cell phone.

NANCY (SO)

It's Nancy. I swear, you sound just like Nick. How is he?

ALEX (OS)

He's resting now. Operation went smoothly. Bullet went straight through. One grazed his head.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (SO)

Thank God. I was worried tha...They find Cassie yet?

ALEX (OS)

No. Still missing. He's taking it pretty hard, too.

(beat)

What do you want, Nancy?

BEAT.

NANCY (SO)

Something came up in the medical examiner's findings.

ALEX (OS)

What?

NANCY (SO)

We got a positive ID on the remains.

(beat)

It's Hobbs. Albert Hobbs. Seventy-two. Married once. One kid. No other family.

ALEX (OS)

I knew it.

NANCY (SO)

Case solved. I'm letting Frank's office know in the morning but wanted to tell you guys first.

(beat)

You were right about...Alex...I'm sorry, okay? Tell Nick that I'm-

-CLICK.

FADE IN SUNLIGHT:

EXT. PACER - EARLY MORNING

SUNLIGHT breaking over the distant Sacramento mountains, waking a sleepy town below.

EXT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

A few patrol cruisers dot a parking lot next to a building. Block letters on the wall read "Pacer Sheriff's Office".

INT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

From down the HALL WE HEAR CRYING and SNIFFLING like from a boy.

INSIDE one the cells is Purdy, crying to himself, sitting on a bed rack that has been crumpled like a broken wooden bow under his massive weight.

PURDY

I'm so sorry, mama. I thought she was a mouse. I'm so scared, mama.

DEACON(OS)

Why don't you shut the hell up about your mama, boy. That's enough, now!

Purdy wipes away snot. FAST FOOT STEPS.

DEACON, early 30's, more of a "paper" cop than a field cop, who prefers minding his cowardly time at the station while drinking coffee and combing his "look-mom-I-have-a-mustache", MUSTACHE!

He stops in front of Purdy's cell.

DEACON

You dumb, inbred retard! No more now. You hear?

Purdy SLOWLY gets up, CREAKING and CRACKLING the bent metal rack then approaches the bars. Light is overshadowed by his mass and the air moves with him. He looks like a clothed silver back gorilla at a zoo.

Deacon steps back, swallows something slimy.

Purdy comfortably places both hands on the bars in front of him, they stretch about eight feet apart.

Deacon seems to adjust his tone.

DEACON

You tied up that little girl, Purdell. There's blood everywhere. I think you're in a lot of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

Deacon walks away...

DEACON
Somebody wants to talk to you,
Purdell.

PURDY
She told me to do it, sir. She's
older than me.

DEACON
Dadgummit, boy! Shut the hell up!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Babylon sits on the edge of the bed dressed in a hospital gown clutching her doll. Hair stringy and thin over face.

A TEAM of doctors and nurses work around her. They whisper among themselves as if they've never seen a case this bad before. They try not to stare at her, almost as if they are nervous of what she might do.

A young nurse approaches her with a NEEDLE. Babylon starts to GROWL like a dog.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

WE HEAR SHATTERING and SCREAMING. A DOCTOR sounds off with a "Watch it!".

BELLA (OS)
Don't you dare touch meee!

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - DAY

A fire truck, two Auburn police cars and a green ranger truck sit off the road near the scene. A sheriff's patrol cruiser sits further up the road, minding its jurisdiction.

Hobbs' house is in total ruin. Burnt to the ground. Only the GIANT FIREPLACE stands intact, ready for another home to lean against.

The fire personnel finishes putting out the remaining embers. Poisonous smoke still rises.

(CONTINUED)

A VETERAN SHERIFF, old school type, named CHARLIE, late 50's, fighting to be a somebody before his time is up, writes something on a clip board. One of the RANGERS, 30's, comes over to him. Dumbly tries to light a tobacco pipe. Charlie notices him.

RANGER

Nothing left.

CHARLIE

(looking at the pipe
superciliously)

Took two fires to kill it.

RANGER

Actually, this place burned down years ago. Back in '78. Some guy came in and bought the property for beans and built around the fireplace.

The Ranger mercilessly torches the top.

Charlie looks away, annoyed. Back at the smoking rubble, a quiet cigar snuffing itself out.

CHARLIE

Who? Hobbs?

RANGER

Hobbs?

The Ranger takes a hard pull and jerks away, thick smoke exits his mouth. He spits.

CHARLIE

Hot smoke?

RANGER

Umm, yeah.

CHARLIE

You packed instead of tamped.

Charlie takes the pipe. The younger Ranger hands him the pouch and Charlie starts to properly prepare it.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Albert Hobbs. Old Miner from Bodie. This is his place.

RANGER

Oh... No. That was his house. The first one. He died in the first fire.

(beat)

They found him in the basement twenty years ago. Some of the old timers say he had a demon possessed wife he was taking care of. Guess she got the better of him in the end. They have her locked up at Sutter Faith.

Charlie is taken back. Tamps the edge of the pipe expertly with the side of his finger then holds the flame carefully over the top and runs a circle around it. CU of he tobacco falling.

RANGER

Buried him the next day. No one came to the funeral. Not even his own wife, poor bastard.

Charlie puts the pipe to his mouth and CU of the flame drawing in. A light smoke exits his lips.

RANGER

Somebody dug'em up that night.

(beat)

Personally, I think it was one of those hillbillies up in the hills who took it and buried it on family property like they used to do in the old country.

Ranger longingly looks at Charlie sucking on his pipe.

CHARLIE

(to himself)

Sonofabitch!

(beat)

How I missed that.

Charlie reluctantly hands the pipe back to the Ranger.

Ranger takes a pull and exhales. Smiles and nods in approval.

Charlie gazes at the smoldering rubble.

RANGER

They got a marker for him out there in Blue Oak's. But no body.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Well, they do now.

RANGER
How's that Sheriff?

CHARLIE
They found him a few days ago.

RANGER
After twenty years? You got to be kidding me. Where?

CHARLIE
Back in his own basement.

Charlie hurries off without saying bye. The Ranger watches him leave with curiosity.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

An AUBURN POLICE OFFICER bends down and SNAPS open a Zip-Lock evidence bag.

POLICE GOON #1
And what do we got here?
(beat)
Hey, boss!

FRANK PUCKETT, 50's, Auburn Police Captain, broad shoulders, thick neck, the one who noticed Nick with a scowl, looks over at him then heads his way with ANOTHER LARGE COP GOON, #2, a carbon copy of the one doing the bagging.

FRANK
What is it? What'd ya find?

WE CLOSE ON EIGHT or NINE BRASS 9MM CASINGS being placed in the plastic bag. Frank takes it.

POLICE GOON #1
Military issue Beretta. I guarantee it.

FRANK
(chuckles)
We finally got that, sonofabitch, psychotic cowboy. All these years. Let's go. I want to talk to Landon first.

INT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PURDY'S CELL - DAY

Purdy is huddled in a corner, either sleeping with hard dreams or trying to hide his sniveling.

The bars opens. Purdy instantly looks as WE DO.

THREE BURLY, HUSKY MEN enter. JEFF VINCENT, 38, LUBER 32, and LANDON, 40's.

Luber, a hot headed Irishman and not officially on the sheriff's payroll, notices the damaged rack. He has a sinister look hammered on his face.

LUBER

Lost your tempers, did yas?
 (cracks his knuckles with
 pleasure)
 Well, you gonna pay for that.

Purdy backs away in fear.

JEFF

Luber! He's not paying for *that*.

Luber glares at Jeff. Jeff ignores him, giving Purdy an evil stare while...

JEFF

He's gonna pay for something
 else...

...reaching for something behind his body.

Purdy THUMPS himself against the wall in complete terror. It shakes. Dust falls. Threatening the integrity of the building.

LANDON

That's enough! Close that door.

Luber closes it FIERCELY, sending an ECHO down the hall.

Purdy starts to shake violently like in a seizure then STOPS, looking at the three men in total embarrassment as yellow liquid appears under him. This increases his panic.

Luber sneers at him.

LANDON

Now calm down, son. We just want to
 know what happened that's all.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy finds Luber's dangerous eyes and instantly squints his own tight.

LANDON

You're just a big boy and we want
to feel safe around you.

Luber, who can hardly control himself with bloodlust, paces like a starving animal.

Jeff, who's wearing a golden shield on his belt, a navy blue shirt and suspenders and of course a black gun, puts down a voice recorder on the table.

Purdy sees this and calms some.

LANDON

Now, the best you can, son, tell us
what happened.

Luber moves in close, lurching over Purdy. Threatening close.

Purdy struggles to sniff up his snot and form words.

PURDY

I want my mama.

LUBER

Your mama's dead, boy!

Purdy almost stops crying instantly and looks at Luber square in the eyes with shock and confusion.

Luber wasn't ready for this. Under estimating this gorilla.

Purdy's EYES are a stirring storm, searching Luber's with near wrathful judgment just seconds away.

Luber, suddenly aware of his surroundings, realizes he's uncomfortably close.

Purdy SLOWLY stands up, filling space and time. His massive head touches the ceiling above.

PURDY

What did you say, sir?

The room instantly shrinks as this bear fills its space.

Luber glances at Jeff.

LANDON
(controlled panic)
Luber! Knock it off.
(nervous laughter)
We don't want to upset this fine
gentleman.

Luber retreats a step. Purdy finds righteousness again.

Landon pushes the record button.

LANDON
Just tell us what happened last
night Purdell. Why was she tied up
to that chair?
(beat)
You're not in any trouble.

PURDY
Is mama mad at me? She won't talk
to me anymore. I think I'm bad now.
A bad boy now.

Purdy's mass seems to grow again like a true hulk, without
his control.

LANDON
She's not mad at you, son. You're
not in any trouble. Now, calm
yourself.

Purdy stares at Jeff's gun.

LANDON
What happened?

WE COME IN CLOSE TO PURDY'S WET FACE.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Babylon is standing at Purdy's side, watching him sleep just
like she did with Hobbs. Next to her tiny chest she clutches
her doll.

BABYLON
(whispers)
Purdy Moon? Purdy?

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

She touches his massive shoulder and tries to shake it, only moving herself.

BABYLON

You awake.

Purdy suddenly wakes and stares at her with instant trepidation.

BABYLON

I want to tell you how I got my doll now.

Purdy calms some.

PURDY

Okay, Little One.

BABYLON

I want to tell you how I got my name. And where I was born.

PURDY

Umm, okay.

BABYLON

And how I was made.

PURDY

Made?

BABYLON

And I want to tell you why I killed my daddy and everything he ever did to me.

Purdy shutters and pulls the covers up close to his eyes.

BABYLON

But, Bella will get very angry when I do so you need to tie me up. She's sleeping right now.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PURDY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

PURDY

So that's why she was all tied up. She told me to.

Jeff, in a corner, is writing on a little note pad.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Who's Bella?

PURDY

She's her sister, I think. She lives inside Babylon like a demon and shares her mouth. She's the mean one. Bad rubbish.

Jeff is getting more impatient.

Landon studies Purdy and his words carefully.

Luber is sizing him up, cracking his neck, making Purdy more uncomfortable.

JEFF

Uh-huh... So who is this Babylon? You know her?

PURDY

No, sir. She just knocked on my door one morning like a little mouse and fell in my arms. And I caught her!

JEFF

Wake up, boy. I'm asking where did she come from?

PURDY

From the basement, sir.

Luber needs to scratch this itch! Purdy gets it.

PURDY

Her mama went to the store just like mine and her daddy is dead.

(beat)

She said she killed him in the fire.

Jeff perks up. Something gets his attention.

JEFF

What fire? Her daddy? She killed her daddy, Purdell? What are you talking about?

PURDY

In the everlasting fire, sir.

Luber violently lunges at Purdy and grabs his thick neck with his meaningless hand.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy shies away. Suddenly starts GIGGLING.

LUBER

What the fuck is wrong wit yous!

PURDY

You're tickling me, sir. I can't help it.

Luber stumbles back. Looks at Jeff who is trying to hid a cynical laugh.

LANDON

So, Purdell, this mystery girl of your's, she tell you anything about her mother? Her name or anything like that. Something we can use to help her find her mama?

PURDY

No, sir. Little One just told me how she was made.

LANDON

How she was made? Purdell...

Purdy starts to shutter like we haven't seen him before.

LANDON

Tell me what you mean, son. Tell us how she was made.

Purdy starts to violently shake his head "No".

LANDON

Purdell..!

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DAY

A waterfall gushes over some huge granite boulders and fills a running gorge thirty feet below. The SOUND is mighty and powerful. Beautiful to look at but dangerous to enter.

Slightly behind the fall is a large opening. WE COME CLOSER to it. It's dark but as we go inside we discover a sleeping BEAR. Its snores are deep, reverberating throughout the cave. Its fur is coarse. Its mass rolls with every breath.

INT. RECORDER OF DEEDS OFFICE - DAY

Charlie leans on the counter, waiting for something. Looks around. The office hasn't been redecorated since the sixties. A low, brownish fabric couch for visitors with a thick oak coffee table with dark yellow glass on the sides. Yellow curtains on the wall. No sun light in but illuminated by a single large lamp with a thick shade.

On the wall near him hangs a LICENSE that reads "Deeds Office".

A HOMEY WOMAN, Louise, 50's, once a looker, wearing a hand made shawl, comes through a back door carrying a folder.

LOUISE

Told you I'd find it.

She opens it on the counter in front of Charlie, leans over a bit letting him peek down her open blouse, freckled cleavage.

LOUISE

See, here it is. The property was abandoned to the county for auction in 1978. No family came to sign for it.

(beat, to herself)

Funny. He used to own the Grimmer's place before them, too. Guess he had to sell to buy this last one.

Charlie is taken back. Almost lets out a cuss word but sweet Louise catches him.

CHARLIE

Sorry. Who bought it?

LOUISE

Looks like a man by the name of Fallon. Deavee Fallon.

Charlie takes another peek. Louise smiles, turns slightly. Curvature this time.

LOUISE

I remember him. Dug ditches all day for the Rangers when ever those hills caught fire in the dry season.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Hobbs?

LOUISE

No. Fallon. A real gentleman. Nice little family. Betty and Purdell, that dim witted kid who lives out on Heather Springs Road. She invited the whole neighborhood one time for his ninth birthday. Made her famous Kentucky fried chicken. So sad, though. His mama ran off and left Purdy to fend for himself.

(beat)

His father died that year before, up there in one of those fires.

Louise places her arms under herself to lean on, raising her breast up for Charlie.

LOUISE

I think it was near that ghost town in Bowdie. A bad fire broke out that year in those mines. They made a little memorial for him. They just left his body.

(beat)

The whole town paraded up that steep canyon. Such a sight.

WHITE LACE BRA.

CHARLIE

Why not? Louise comes close. Smiles a bit.

LOUISE

Charlie, the guy was well over four hundred pounds. Biggest man in town.

(beat)

So they just hiked up there and buried him. Right in those abandoned mines. The kids go up every now and then near the waterfalls...you know...

(blushing at Charlie)

To make out...

CHARLIE

Wait. Then who in the world has been living in that house all this time?

(CONTINUED)

Louise gently slides her hands near his.

LOUISE

Nobody, Charlie. It's been
abandoned for nearly twenty years.

Charlie scratches his head. Louise retreats some in slight frustration. He can't put the pieces together.

CHARLIE

Well, somebody has. It was built
back up around the standing
fireplace. The place was still
being used. We found a body in the
basement for crying out loud.

LOUISE

Who, Charlie? Why?

CHARLIE

Don't know yet. A drifter maybe. A
loner. Should go and tell Jeff
Vincent about this. Detective over
in Auburn. He'll want to know. This
is his jurisdiction. This isn't
county's problem anymore.

Charlie hands Louise the records. Louise leans away some.

LOUISE

(looking down)

Thanks.

CHARLIE

(grins flirtatiously)

I'll mind the cursing, Louise.
Sometimes I just can't control
myself.

LOUISE

(smiles back)

You going to lunch?

CHARLIE

(sighs)

No. Not right now, girl. Have to
get over there with this. He's over
at the station talking to that boy
about some demon girl he tied up.
She was screaming bloody murder
when we came to his door. I swear,
this town is cursed.

He adjust his GUN on his belt for her and smiles again.

CHARLIE

Maybe next time. Starts off...

WE COME IN CLOSE to Louise. Desperately lonely.

LOUISE

The kids say that when the night is just right, when the moon is full and the breeze blows in, you can hear a woman's voice, screaming in those mines.

Charlie turns towards her with curiosity.

CHARLIE

(hot and bothered)

Is...is that true?

Louise playfully adjusts her bra strap.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

In one of the rooms is Babylon, on a bed tied down with three thick leather belts. Her hair is thin and stringy, eyes are deepened in their sockets, skin is almost blue-ish. SHE is absolutely MOTIONLESS...

PSYCHIATRIST (OS)

(very slowly and quietly)

Where do you live? Who are you?
Where did you come from? Who hurt
you?

On the wall hangs a grey and white PAINTING.

Babylon's POV: The painting is BLURRY but SLOWLY COMES TO FOCUS. It's of three wolves attacking a giant bear wrestling a mountain lion. A small fox hides nearby under a bush, fright in its eyes...

Under the painting is an inscription: "Though He may slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

PSYCHIATRIST (OS)

Where is your mother? What is her
name?

A single tear escapes from Babylons soul and cascades down her cheek leaving the only evidence of life.

INT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PURDY'S CELL - DAY

Charlie stops at the closed bars next to a nervous Deacon and finds a jolly Purdy easily thwarting off an enraged Luber, a concerned Jeff and a impatient Landon. It looks like they are trying to play a heated game of back yard football after thanksgiving dinner but without the fun.

LUBER

Does this tickle, boy! How 'bout *this!*

CHARLIE

Luber. You stop now. That's enough!

PURDY

I'm telling mama on you! You're a bad man, Mr. Luber. Bad rubbish!

CHARLIE

(at stupid Deacon)

Open this door right now!

DEACON

Lieutenant's got the keys, sir.

CHARLIE

Dang it the luck!

Purdy giggles some more.

LUBER

Stop it, you retard. We's not playing wit you.

CHARLIE

Luber!

Luber calms to a halt. Landon looks at Charlie then tosses the keys through the bars.

Charlie opens the door and walks through. He looks at Purdy who seemed to enjoy the horseplay.

CHARLIE

Your mama ever tell you how you were made, Purdy? About your father and what happened to him?

PURDY

I don't have a father. Mama said I came from heaven.

(CONTINUED)

LUBER
You see, Chuck!

Luber lunges at Purdy again.

PURDY
Bad rubbish!

CHARLIE
Luber! Go home.

Luber gets off Purdy. Purdy looks disappointed.

CHARLIE
For crying out loud. Find a hobby.

Luber collects himself then passes Jeff out the door.

LUBER
(under his breath)
This is my hobby.

JEFF
Go home, Lube. I'll call you.

Luber exits.

CHARLIE
Landon, if that kid ever hurts
anyone...

LANDON
Charles... I'm still your
Lieutenant.
(beat)
You're getting a little short
timers on me lately, aren't you?

JEFF
He's mine. My trouble, Landon.

Charlie shakes his head. Jeff sees this.

JEFF
(vis Charlie)
And don't worry why.
(beat)
You find something out there?

Charlie turns towards Purdy.

CHARLIE

Yes, you did have a father,
Purdell. Almost thirty years ago.
His name was Deavee and he died in
a fire.

PURDY

In the everlasting fire? Was he
evil like Little One's daddy?

Jeff grows more interested.

CHARLIE

It's time to grow up, son. Your
mother and father are dead.

PURDY

No, no, no! I come from heaven.

Landon shakes his head compassionately for Purdy.

LANDON

This boy hasn't done anything. We
need to take him home. That girl
was already messed up. Someone else
got to her first.

Jeff starts to think. Looks at Charlie.

CHARLIE

(at Jeff)

Yeah, I got something for you.

Jeff notices Charlie's urgency. They about to leave-

DEACON

He's here.

Charlie instantly recognizes him.

CHARLIE

(to himself)

Shit.

Purdy quickly covers his ears.

PURDY

(to himself)

Bad rubbish, bad rubbish...

FRANK PUCKETT. A military man not to mess with.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
(whispers to Jeff) He
was there this morning.

FRANK
(smiles devilishly)
Hello, Charlie.

Jeff scorns at the lion that just walked in.

Frank looks at poor Purdy.

FRANK
Who's this?

LANDON
Purdell Fallon. Got a call about
some devil girl that showed up at
his house who needed help.

FRANK
(at Purdy)
Well, you're all grown up now,
aren't you, boy?

The crystal brown EYES of Purdy flashes deep lightening at Frank. Whether Frank saw this or not he certainly sensed it.

Frank turns back to Landon and puts his hands on his hips waiting to hear the rest of the explanation.

LANDON
Lives outside of town, Frank. He's
clean. She's a runaway. Did the
best he could.
(vis Purdy)
He called us this morning like a
good boy. I'm taking him home where
he belongs.

Two, serious looking Auburn cops appear near the door.

Purdy looks at them like he's seen them before. Prophetic wrath in his brown EYES. They smirk at Purdy.

LANDON
Why you here, Frank?

Frank holds up a Zip-Lock evidence baggy with the 9MM casings in it.

FRANK

One of your boys got loose from the pen last night. Been snooping around our crime scene and pissing all over the walls. That place was taped off, Landon!

LANDON

That's crazy. None of mine went there.

FRANK

(hot headed)

We both know who, Landon! Don't insult me. That hot head you call Sailor.

(vis Jeff)

I know you two are tight. Don't think I don't know the history. You tell that circus freak piece of Navy trash he better mind his space!

JEFF

Whoa. Watch it, Frank.

(beat)

If I were you I wouldn't want him to know what I was saying behind his back. Okay? You don't know who you're dealing with, here. There's a side of him you don't want to see.

Frank devilishly grins.

FRANK

Oh, yes, I do. I know what he did in '84. And you know it, too. And so do you, Landon. We all know what he's capable of. I've seen it with my own eyes. And I haven't forgotten about it either. So... here's my warning to him. You tell him to keep clear of me and my boys and let us real cops and detectives handle this one. He's out of his league here and he knows it. We don't need some gun slingin schizo cowboy shooting anymore ghost in the middle of the night!

(beat)

He's already in one of my cuffs, Jeff. And if he as much as forgets

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
to wipe his own ass after taking a
shit he can better believe I'll be
right there to put the other one
on, too. That'll be enough to put
his stupid ass in the psych ward
for good.

JEFF
He's wounded, Frank! He's in the
hospital. He ain't going to hurt
nobody.

Landon tautly shakes his head.

FRANK
(grins sardonically)
Yeah, I heard about that over the
rover this morning. Too bad.

The two wolves chuckle.

If looks from Jeff could kill...

Landon calms the room.

LANDON
You know he's not ours, Frank. He
belong to Judge Matthias. Working
out of his office, now.

Jeff looks away. Retreats.

FRANK
Short leash, Landon. Just keep your
dogs tide up for now on.

JEFF
Let's go, Charles, before someone
gets their nose broken.

Frank glares at Jeff and Charlie exiting.

FRANK
(to Jeff)
You tell that Squid to lay low, you
hear me! Stay out of my business!

Jeff stops in the hall, starts taking off his shield and gun
and gleans at Frank's USMC TATTOO as Charlie firmly grabs
his arm.

JEFF

You still mad, Frank that Luber married your sister? Somebody had to, right? Somebody had to make Norma respectable in this town.

Frank takes a step at him... Charlie can't help but smirk.

CHARLIE

Come on, Jeff. Another time.

They exit.

FRANK

Yeah... Fuck him, too! All you faggots drinking the same dirty tea.

(beat)

Fuckin tea party.

PURDY

Bad rubbish. Bad rubbish.

Frank suddenly jeers at Purdy who shrieks from this man, but Landon is right there.

LANDON

Purdy..?

Purdy refocuses on Landon and calms.

LANDON

Let's go. I'm taking you home to get cleaned up.

PURDY

Do I really have a daddy?

Frank moves in but Landon moves to him first with a stone cold look.

LANDON

Not today, Puckett.

Landon leads Purdy pass Frank and his two goons and down the hall.

FRANK

You don't remember, do you, boy?

(hellish beat)

The mines, Purdell! The mines!

Frank's words ECHO down the hall to a fade...

EXT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Landon's cruiser exits the parking lot, leaning heavily to one side.

Jeff is sitting in his plain marked, all black cruiser.

Charlie at his door-

JEFF

Why you telling me this, Charlie?
You have two months to go.

CHARLIE

I think you know why. We take care
of our own.

Jeff lights a cigarette. Charlie gets impatient.

JEFF

You're gonna scare a lot folks
around here with that.

CHARLIE

If that lunatic is still out there,
Jeff, then we got a real problem on
our hands. CSI's saying Hobbs' the
guy. Case closed. But the locals
have a ghost story saying he died
twenty years ago. Has a wife locked
up at Sutter Faith.

(to himself)

Just can't figure out how the body
was preserved all this time.

(back to Jeff)

But I do know Hobbs isn't the
rapist. And I think you do too.

JEFF

Yeah, how's that, Sheriff?

Charlie notices Frank and his two goons walking out. They see them talking and start towards them.

CHARLIE

Went to pay Mrs. Puckett a visit,
you know, and saw with my own eyes
on the deed that someone else
bought his property.

JEFF

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

That boy's father. But he died, too, Louise says. Personally, I think he was murdered. A little too coincidental for me.

(beat, ponders)

Jeff, somebody's been squatin up there all these years. Raping little girls, holding them captive, murdering them right under our noses!

JEFF

Damn it, Charles! You're going to cause a panic.

(looking at Frank advancing closer)

This isn't our call. Frank should know about this. Let his DA handle this.

CHARLIE

And put him up for mayor next month?

(beat)

Blast you, Jeff. This is your town, too. No more shit, okay? No more red tape while that maniac is still running around raping our women.

JEFF

He's dead, Charlie! Case closed. We're looking for the victim now. And sounds like that retard's so called devil child is it. Going to check it out right now and have the Child Protective Services find her mother. End of story.

Jeff peeks at Frank coming closer.

JEFF

Nick can't do much anymore. Judge asked me to fill in before Frank pokes around, screwing things up.

CHARLIE

You're seriously shitting me? Aren't you? Then why is Nick in the hospital, huh? Who put him there? Hobbs is not the rapist. He didn't come back from the grave after twenty years to die again.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Twenty years, Charles. Think about it. It's impossible. There's another explanation.

(beat)

There's something you don't know. About Nick. And right now I don't have the time to explain it, okay. There's a victim out there who needs more attention than some phantom serial rapist.

Frank is getting closer. The two menacing cops look around for possible witnesses.

JEFF

I gotta go. But thanks.

Slings his cigarette away. Pulls away...

JEFF

You would have made a great detective, Charles. And I mean that.

Jeff drives away in a hurry as Frank and his two dogs arrive.

CHARLIE

Dang it the luck!

FRANK

What'd you tell him, *Chuck*? What do you know?

Charlie turns around in old, familiar anger. Frank smirks a sly one.

FRANK

That's what they called you in school, right, Charlie? Up-Chuck? Prom night? Stacy Cooper I think.

Frank and his cop goons heave a couple of chucks themselves. Charlie smiles back, re-adjusting his hat.

FRANK

Yeah. Well...you know, Frank. I saw Louise today. Again. Looking good, too. We're going out tonight. A little place the kids call, "Make Out Falls". Asked her to wear that ol' wedding ring of hers...

(CONTINUED)

Frank starts to boil...

FRANK
...those blue pills just aren't
working for us anymore.

Frank lunges at him but his two goons catch him.

CHARLIE
See ya, Cap. Be voting for you next
month. Louise, too.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff on cell phone, driving fast through Pacer.

JEFF
No, Cindy. Now. It's important.
Have Dr. Reaves call Pastor Logan
Cain and Suzi from United Methodist
to come get her. He knows them.
She'll be safe with them there. No.
You're going to start a panic
saying that. Nobody's after her...
What! She's been saying what? Then
it is her. My God. Just get her out
of there, quickly! Tell them I'll
be there later today.

Jeff hangs up and thinks to himself for a second. Makes
another call.

JEFF
Damn you, Charlie.

EXT. PACER SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Frank and his two goons wait for Charlie to leave.

FRANK
I want you two to baby sit that
retard for a while and make sure he
doesn't go anywhere. I'll be there
later on and we'll see if we can't
jar his memory a little about that
mystery girl of his. If she's who I
think she is then just imagine what
it'll look like on television with
my office reuniting a missing
little girl with her distraught
mother. This town needs this right

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
now. And we need the votes. And
bring Little Billy, too. He needs
the exercise.

Frank wryly looks down the road then at the bag of casings.

FRANK
(hauntingly)
I have to visit an old friend,
first.

INT. UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - DAY

It's fairly large holding about ten to fifteen picnic tables seating about forty hungry homeless children and runaways from the ages of 9-17. Society's unwanted bastard children rescued from slave prostitution, drug users and crime pushers. It is lunch time and their newly found joy and peace echoes throughout the thick stone walls.

EDDIE, a flamboyant, young ex-street rat saved from the evil arts of drug dealing and pimping rushes down from a spiraling staircase in a sincere but unnecessary panic.

EDDIE
Pastor Cain! Pastor Cain!

LOGAN CAIN, 50's, looks up from a table minding some little ones with care and patience. Soft hair and light skin with deep eye sockets of authority.

EDDIE
We got a call. They want you to
come to Sutter Faith...as soon as
you can, they said.

LOGAN
(to himself, concerned)
Sutter Faith?

EDDIE
It's a girl.

Logan hesitates with slight dread from a distant memory.

LOGAN
We don't have anymore room,
tonight. Some are already sleeping
on the floor as it is.

(CONTINUED)

EDIE

Her name is Babylon. Thirteen. Came
in last night. Beaten up pretty
bad. Maybe raped.

(beat, under his breath)

Maybe possessed.

A troubled look strikes Logan's face.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COMMUNION ROOM - DAY

A YOUNGER LOGAN is violently splashing Holy water at someone
across the small room. His face is terrorized with fright.

LOGAN

(desperate)

I say again to you demon witch of
vengeance, in the name of God be
gone from her at once!

MORE HOLY WATER!

CUT TO:

WE COME CLOSER to a POSSESSED TEENAGE GIRL tied to a chair
with rope, violently trying to escape. She's screaming!

Logan approaches her with a CRUCIFIX. The possessed girl
SPEWS out NEON YELLOW VOMIT!

POSSESSED GIRL

Don't you dare touch meee!

BACK TO PRESENT

LOGAN

No, Eddie. Tell them we can't. I'm
sorry.

Eddie takes a few steps forward as not to shout.

EDDIE

They also wanted me to tell you
that Detective Jeff Vincent
requested you. He thinks someone's
after her. He said he'll be here
later today. Just for a few hours.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

Logan looks over at his assistant, a YOUNG WOMAN named, SUZI, early 30's, a SCAR running over her eye. She's feeding a little girl at the table who's bruised and tired.

Compassion in Suzi's EYES moves him.

LOGAN

Alright. Just for a few hours. Tell them we're coming.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DAY

WE ARE FOLLOWING the mountain lion throughout the canyon in different QUICK SHOTS. With every SHOT the SOUND of rushing water gets louder and clearer.

The lion is now following a smooth river on a plateau. The SOUND of falling water is evident now.

It stops at the river's edge where the water is falling over great granite boulders in a shallow pool below. It looks at something below.

In the distance, moving stealthily between trees and boulders are the three wolves, unaware, trotting towards it. The cat quickly vanishes.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank's unmarked white cruiser SCREECHES to a stop in one of the parking lot stalls.

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

An ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS and Frank hurriedly comes out.

CUT TO:

Frank arrives at a FRONT DESK. He flashes his badge and the NURSE points down the hall then picks up the phone to call someone.

CUT TO:

Frank comes to a PATIENT'S ROOM DOOR with a STRANGE DOCTOR by his side wearing an extra long white coat.

An AUBURN POLICE OFFICER standing guard, reading a newspaper while sitting in a folded, metal chair quickly stands up. Frank gives him a "shooting" sign with his hand and the cop sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

Frank pushes the door open.

INSIDE THE ROOM

is Nick, wrapped in a straight jacket and strapped to his bed with three thick leather belts. He notices Frank and starts to struggle. Then stops after previously realizing it's no use.

Frank comes to his side. WE COME CLOSER TO Nick's EYES. They're *furious and raging*. Hopeless and lost.

A black, plastic ball is secured in his mouth by a tight strap that runs behind his head.

FRANK

Bet you're wondering why you're all tied up like a wild hog, don't you, Cowboy?

Nick jerks violently again. Frank looks at him with pity.

FRANK

(biliously)

Look at you. What a shame you've become.

(beat)

Beautiful wife. A respectable detective. Loyal partner.

(beat)

Now look. There's nothing left. What a waste.

(bending over close to Nick, whispering)

I told them to do it, you Navy fag. This morning.

(back up, false sympathy)

You're just not safe anymore, Nick. Not to anyone. You're dangerous. Unpredictable. And we both know what you can do when you're unpredictable. Don't we, Cowboy?

A tear streaks down Nick's hard face.

FRANK

The Judge told me to keep an eye on you after he heard what Cassie did. Too bad she missed. She would have made a fine little pussycat.

Nick violently tries to break free. Frank instantly grabs Nick's neck and squeezes hard!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

If you calm down, we can talk.

Nick calms. Breathing hard through flaring nostrils.

Frank slowly lets go then looks towards the door. The strange doctor walks in and stands at his side.

STRANGE DOCTOR

(unnaturally, patronizingly
kind)

Hi, Nick. How are you feeling?

Nick's furious EYES looks over the strange doctor. He looks like a henchmen in scrubs. A living corpse.

Nick violently shakes again.

FRANK

(mockingly)

Nick. Please cooperate.

STRANGE DOCTOR

Nick. You are what we call a classic paranoid schizophrenic. You believe things are happening when in fact they are not. You tend to invent characters in your mind, believing you are playing a crime fighting game with the FBI or other high level organizations whom you believe are out to get you. This makes you very dangerous to yourself and others. That's why your friend, Frank, here, suggested you be safely secured.

Frank nods with a facetious affirmative.

The doctor puts on LATEX GLOVES.

STRANGE DOCTOR

You really do have good friends,
Nick. Like Alex. And Lila. Right?

Nick shakes his head some more at their names.

STRANGE DOCTOR

But they're not real either, are they? Just more characters made up in a world of fantasy intended to carry and deal with the heavy load of intense trauma.

(CONTINUED)

The doctor puts on a MASK.

FRANK
(with enmity)
Please, Nick. You need to get
better. For Cassie.

Nick is violently shaking more than ever now.

The doctor taps at a huge NEEDLE. Squirts out some clear liquid.

STRANGE DOCTOR
Here. This will help you to relax.
To *remember*.

The doctor sticks his arm, no wipe down! Jerks it out and BLOOD flows from the dot.

Nick violent shakes again but the drug slows him down to a comatose state. WE COME CLOSE to his glazed over EYES.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TINKHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick is on the WOODEN DECK grilling steaks, holding a tumbler glass of whiskey. He is smiling and enjoying some jokes to himself while burning two steaks to a crisp.

Cassie sits casually on a sofa by herself in the LIVING ROOM seen through the patio glass door sipping on a long glass of champagne and eating strawberries.

Nick looks at Cassie. She looks at him, pauses plainly, then back to nothing. Nick's jokes end, returns to his whiskey.

CUT TO:

Nick and Cassie are sitting in the LIVING ROOM. Plates are finished. Drinks refilled. Nick is joking and laughing hard to himself. Cassie is staring off in space.

CUT TO:

Nick reclines back out on the DECK, smoking a cigar and drinking cherry Brandy. He watches the blue smoke lazily hang in the cold mountain air with pleasure.

Cassie slides onto the deck, dress slips off, black bra, black panties, sensually walks behind Nick, slender fingers trace his collar...she stops and whispers in his ear...

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
What's wrong with you?

BACK TO PRESENT

FRANK
Are you starting to remember now?

Nick shakes a little, muscles being controlled by the drug in him. BUT HIS EYES ARE ON FIRE!

Frank is nervous of this old *unpredictable animal*.

FRANK
(to the doctor)
Another!

The doctor sticks Nick again in the arm, carelessly. Jerks it out. More BLOOD from another dot.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nick pulls a rope attached to the heavy piece of plywood that was leaning against the near wall, NAILS already pierced through. It SLAMS over the basement's opening trapping himself inside!

NICK
Muthafucker!

Flashlight lasers through the dust.

FRANK (VO)
We found the nail gun in your Cherokee, Nick.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

The Cherokee pulls in. Nick hurriedly gets out and opens the back door of the tail bed. WE COME CLOSE TO A NAIL GUN on the floor. Nick takes it out.

FRANK (VO)
Your time lapses.

CUT TO:

Nick jerks "awake" standing in the DRIVEWAY.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (VO)
The blood already leading out of
the house before you came in.

CUT TO:

Nick rushes

IN THE HOUSE

following the blood trail and accidentally knocks over a
little table holding a wine glass. It SHATTERS.

CASSIE (OS)
Nick? Are you home, now?

CUT TO:

Nick slowly twist the knob to the

BATHROOM

door then cracks it open.

CASSIE (OS)
Nick?

Nick slides his dark pants leg in.

CHUCKLING...

CASSIE (OS)
No... No! Get away from me you
sonofabitch cocksucker! Don't you
dare touch meee!

BACK TO PRESENT

The strange doctor lets out a DEEP, GIANT CHUCKLE in Hobbs'
voice.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

A hand SMASHES the mirror! Shards scatter.

CUT TO:

Cassie stabs at Nick, cutting his hand. Nick stumbles back a
step as Cassie drops the bloody shard and runs out.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (VO)

The little love note on the wall.

Nick, using the blood pouring from his hand, writes the "I like FUCKING her" note.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick looks at his right hand. It's bandaged up!

FRANK

(gaining satisfaction)

That's right. Now you do.

The STRANGE DOCTOR CHUCKLES again. Yellow teeth.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie's body is thrown near the bed, knocking over the lamp.

CUT TO:

Cassie frantically crawls to one of the night stands. Face beat and bloodied.

CASSIE

Oh, please please please...

She runs through the drawer and finds a SILVER COLT .45 REVOLVER and tries to load it with nervous hands.

WE HEAR FOOT STEPS. She get about four rounds in and QUICKLY POINTS it away from her. At Nick!

FRANK (VO)

Your third and unnoticed wound.

CASSIE

Die motherfucker!

BANG!

CUT TO:

Nick stumbles down the

STAIRS,

dripping blood on the white carpet.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (VO)
You didn't notice the blood leading
out of the house, did you, Nick?

Nick makes it to the DRIVEWAY and stands there. Zones out.

WE PAN DOWN TO Nick's dark pants and notice that it's wet. A
little pool of blood forms.

BACK TO PRESENT

WE PAN DOWN to Nick's bandaged leg.

Nick starts to violently shake again.

FRANK
(to the doctor)
Another!

NEEDLE JAB. BLOOD DOT!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick bursts through the entry with panic, phone to ear and
gun drawn and runs into the

BATHROOM.

SILVER SHARDS. BLOOD. FUCKING LOVE NOTE!

CUT TO:

He stumbles out and turns around-

-BANG!

GUNSHOT! Nick violently jerks to one side, immediately
clutching a shoulder and falls to the floor. He grasps at
his own gun in failing strength as shock and pain overwhelm
him as WE HEAR...

CASSIE (OS)
You sonofabitch!

Nick looks up and sees Cassie pointing the gun at him in
both hands, feet apart.

CASSIE
You shouldn't have fucked her you
cocksucker!

(CONTINUED)

NICK
Cassie! NO! Wait! I'm sorry! No,
BABY! NO!

BANG!

BACK TO PRESENT

Frank stands over Nick.

FRANK
You remember now, don't you,
Cowboy?
(beat)
Alex isn't real, is he?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A blue light beam slashes in the dusty air.

Nick, holding his gun and his flashlight, looks at someone imaginary.

NICK
(voice of Alex)
Man, I told Lila we were out buying
ice cream!

Nick suddenly props himself on the dirt steps and starts pushing the plywood slab up with his feet.

NICK
(looking to the side)
No! Wait!

SOUNDS of NAILS SHOOTING in the wood. He screams!

BACK TO PRESENT

WE COME CLOSE TO Nick's bandaged foot. There's a blood spot where the nail went through.

FRANK
Your fourth wound! Probably an
accident when you were making that
plywood piece.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The plywood piece lays on a work bench, with a white rope attached to it already. A tumbler glass of whiskey sits on the corner.

A *long handle* axe hangs on the wall above it.

Nick peeks at the axe then drunkenly handles the nail gun.

NICK (VO)
You're going to shoot your balls
off of worst.

CUT TO:

Nick shoots nails into the plywood with the same SOUND, then accidentally fires a nail through the plywood and into his foot! He screams!

BACK TO PRESENT

FRANK
All those imaginary conversations.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE - NIGHT

Nick gets in the driver's side and slams his door shut while grimacing. He starts it up. Looks to no one in the passenger's seat.

BEAT.

CUT TO:

Nick is suddenly animated.

NICK
(voice of Alex)
I'm telling ya that piece of fried
chicken shit is Hobbs. The guy
probably had grease all over him.
End of story.
(CUT TO: more calm)
You don't got your head screwed on
right. You're mind's not in the
right place...

(CONTINUED)

NICK

And I guess you got your shit tied
up tight, right, bra!

CUT TO:

Nick has a firm hand on the steering wheel.

NICK

What kind of sick shit is this!

Nick turns to nobody in the passenger seat with a torn face.

NICK

Something's not right, okay? She's
getting worst. First I thought she
was still pissed about the affair
with Nancy but-

CUT TO:

Looking at us closer with bloodshot eyes, refusing to cry.

NICK

...this is different. She's getting
more violent...

(CUT TO:)

...more paranoid...

(CUT TO:)

...cursing a lot...

(CUT TO:)

...talking to someone else.

NICK

(voice of Alex)

This isn't her, man...

(CUT TO:)

...sounds like possible
schizophrenia...

(CUT TO:)

...the paranoid type...

(CUT TO:)

...maybe something traumatic has
happened to her.

BACK TO PRESENT

Frank hovers over Nick menacingly close.

FRANK

And what did happen, Nick? What was
that one traumatic event that
happened to your *perfect* Cassie?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

-Nick and Cassie laughing.

-Cotton candy.

-A hammer is slammed down.

-Nick hands Cassie a big, blue eyed doll.

-A USMC TATTOO.

-Nick and Cassie fiercely making out.

-A tent with a picture of a three eyed hillbilly on it.

-A hammer is violently slammed down, smashing the apparatus.

-A big, blue eyed doll is ripped from the hammer game's booth wall.

-A woman being violently thrust behind a small slit of tarp.

-Something is being violently pounded with bloodied fist!

-Nick and Cassie continue to fiercely make out, suddenly, Nick's bloodied hands come up, all over Cassie!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nick wakes with a start. Head bandaged. Shoulder wrapped up. Hooked up to a vital machine. It BEEPS. Looks down his leg and foot for wounds. Nothing. He relaxes.

Nick looks over on the table where his cafeteria style meal has been waiting for him. There's a note on it and a plastic bag. He pulls the tray over to him and takes the note.

INSERT NOTE: Don't fuck it up, Cowboy!

BACK TO SCENE

Nick takes the Zip-Lock bag with the nine copper casings in it and throws them across the room, making a hard SOUND against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

A NURSE walks in. Young. Sexy. Her nurse outfit seems one size too small.

NURSE

So, you are alive. Good. Eat.

She checks his vitals on the machine, her back towards Nick. White stocking top barely shows.

She unwraps something. Taps it.

Nick is nervous. WE BARELY SEE a little NEEDLE shooting clear liquid out.

NICK

What is that?

NURSE

Something to help you relax.

(beat, slower)

To *remember*.

The nurse sticks the needle in his IV tubes next to the machine.

NICK

Wait. What do you mean...remember?

NURSE

(beguiling)

You don't remember the sponge bath?

Nick has a stupid look on his face. Chagrined.

NURSE

I'm just kidding, Nick.

She smiles, impishly.

NURSE

Nancy and I were roommates in college. She told me to take good care of you.

(beat)

That was just a local anesthesia for the pain if that's okay?

She bends over low for Nick on purpose and puts the baggy back on the tray with the note.

NURSE

A detective came in earlier asking you questions. You were pretty out of it.

NICK
He's not a detective.
(under his breath)
Prick.

She walks out, smiles.

NURSE
Sponge bath at four, big boy.

Nick relaxes some more and exhales.

Finds his cell phone and scrolls through resent calls.

INSERT FROM SCREEN: "1 phone call. Nancy. 4:41 AM"

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

WE ARE AT the spot where the waterfall hits the pool at the gorge. Behind the falling water is the cave. WE MOVE IN the cave and see the three wolves, circling the sleeping bear. They sniff at it, pondering if they could possibly kill something this big.

One starts to GROWL.

The bear quietly opens its EYES. They are light brown.

EXT. CANYON RIDGE - TWILIGHT - FLASHBACK

About THREE HUNDRED MOURNERS carrying candles walk up the ridge that zig zags to a mining camp. Their flickering lights against the darkening blue hillside is solemn and moving.

PURDY, 9, walks next to his mother, Betty, holding her hand. She is crying.

YOUNG PURDY
Why are you cryin', mama?

BETTY
Somebody died, Little One. And I'm sad.

YOUNG PURDY
Why are you sad?

BETTY
Because, I loved him and I will miss him. He was your father. He
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)

didn't get to see you as much as he liked, Purdy, but he loved you like the dickens. He was a hard worker. He took care of us. He took care of a lot of people in this town.

(beat)

He gave you everything you have.

YOUNG PURDY

Who's going to be my father now, mama?

BETTY

Jesus will be, Purdy. He's in heaven watching over you. And one day you and I will do what your father did and we will be in heaven also. We'll all go home one day.

YOUNG PURDY

Home? Is that where we're from, mama? Did I come from heaven?

Betty smiles at Purdy.

BETTY

Yes, Purdy, you came from heaven.

CUT TO:

The three hundred are gathered around a large mound built from heavy stone. A cross is at the head. The flickering flames from the candles against the pitch black night is now creating a foreboding and ominous feel. An omen of doom. Betty is crying hard now. Purdy watches on in a disconnected curiosity.

Purdy's eyes wander over the crowd. Everybody is respectful and mournful, quietly humming a solemn song except for TWO YOUNG MINERS. They look uninterested and impatient. They are the two goon cops earlier, but twenty years younger. One of them notices Purdy and smirks at him like he's a freak. He jabs the other in his ribs to get his attention and they both tease Purdy mercilessly, laughing, rubbing their ears and crossing their eyes.

Purdy's two, light brown EYES of innocence suddenly darken over under a deep brow of shadow, reflecting tiny yellow flames from the candles, burning two faces in his precious mind.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - DUSK

Purdy is sitting in his large chair, eyes closed. The fireplace has a single log, burning half away, casting a certain melancholy glow on this mighty giant.

WE HEAR some familiar LAUGHING. Then, a few HEAVY FOOT STEPS COMING CLOSE.

Purdy's gentle EYES quietly open. They are light brown, flickering with a glow of yellow flame.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY

Jeff's on his cell phone with Nancy.

NANCY (OS)
 Yep, it's possible.

JEFF
 Sonofabitch. I still don't believe it.

INT. CRIME LAB - SAME

Nancy is walking through the lab on her cell phone wearing a white coat. WE WALK with her as she passes white interiors of different departments, PHOTO... FINGERPRINT... FORENSICS... DATA...

NANCY
 It's basically mummification. Like the Egyptians did thousands of years ago. But, unlike their dry methods, this is a wet preservation.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JEFF
 How is this possible?

NANCY
 You need the body to be completely submerged in water. But not just any water. Water helps, but it's more than that. The micro organisms that help matter decay lives and thrives in oxygen. So water helps slow it down, a lot. But there needs to be something else that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (cont'd)
helps slow down the decaying
process. Sort of like preserving
pickles.

JEFF
Acid.

NANCY
Yeah. But not just any ol' acid.
There's a plant that produces a
certain acid that help break down
and liquidfy calcium. Those
decaying making organisms love
calcium, like food. So if you can
starve them of oxygen and food
then, yeah, you can preserve a body
for a while.

JEFF
Like how much for a while.

NANCY
In the same environment, I'd say, a
few hundred years.

JEFF
You got to be kidding me.

NANCY
Trust me, it's possible.

JEFF
So, where would I find this acid
making plant?

Nancy arrives at her desk and opens a folder.

NANCY
It's called Sphagnum Peat Moss.
It's found in bags of potting soil
at garden shop. Great for flowers.

JEFF
So how would you preserve a body
with this? Fill your pool full of
this dirt and mix with water.

NANCY
Pretty much. But that potting soil
wouldn't have enough. You would
need to go to the source. Bury your
body there.

JEFF

And where's that?

NANCY

A bog, Jeff. But those are rare around here. Mostly up north around Oregon. Sometimes they smolder within because of the high carbon content burning up, making the area look fogging or smokey.

JEFF

But, there's still a few around, right?

NANCY

Yeah. Very few. They would look more like swamps than anything. You know any swamps around this county?

JEFF

(to himself)

Fuck me.

NANCY

What, Jeff?

JEFF

Yeah. I know of one. I'm sorry. I got to go, Nancy. Thanks.

NANCY

Sure.

Jeff hangs up.

JEFF

Freakin Charles. Sonofabitch was right.

Jeff get's out of his car and heads towards a building across the street. It's the United Methodist Church.

JEFF

Why can't you just quietly retire like everybody else?

EXT. MENTAL INSTITUTE - DAY

Charlie walks across a parking lot and into the building.
The sign on the lawn reads: Sutter Faith Mental Institute.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTE - A PATIENT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From INSIDE the padded room WE SEE the door slowly open. A kind, MALE NURSE comes in, quietly.

MALE NURSE

Mrs. Hobbs? There's a Sheriff who
would like to sit with you for a
few minutes.

Charlie respectfully enters, hat in hands. The nurse leaves and closes the door. Charlie sits in a chair and studies someone in front of him with apprehension.

MRS. HOBBS, 70's, is about two hundred pounds, all bone and farming muscle. Her skin is leathered by a cotton field sun and a face is that of a depression era hardness. She is not sitting but lying down on a bed with its restraints hanging to the sides as harsh reminders of her reality. She is facing the wall in the fetal position away from Charlie.

WE HEAR HER BREATHING something deep within. Almost gurgling and clicking.

CHARLIE

Mrs. Hobbs, I'm Deputy Sargent
Charles Brody of the Pacer County
Sheriff's Office and I was
wondering if I could ask you about
the fire that burned your house in
1978.

(beat)

Do you remember that, ma'am?

Mrs. Hobbs stares ahead to the light pink wall in front of her. Breathing hard.

CHARLIE

The one your husband died in.

(beat)

We found his body a few days ago,
Mrs. Hobbs.

(beat)

He was chained to the same cellar
wall, just like he was twenty years
ago.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

You know how he got like that?

Charlie sets his hat down, little impatient. Mrs. Hobbs breathes deeper, faster.

Charlie looks around the room. Thick pink padding, like wall to wall mattresses. Bed is simple. No tables or closets.

CHARLIE

Anything you can remember?

(beat)

Darling?

LONG BEAT.

CHARLIE gives up, taking his felt hat back...

Mrs. Hobbs slowly rolls over and looks at Charlie with her grey cataracts EYES and showing a long jagged scar around her neck. Not much of a darling.

Charlie slowly puts his hat down.

Her gurgling exhales deepen. Almost demonic.

Charlie is taken back. Overwhelmed some. Attention he now regrets.

CHARLIE

Umm...Mrs. Hobbs...is there anything you would like to say today-

MRS. HOBBS

(devilishly)

-I killed that sonofabitch cocksucker!

INT. UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - DAY

JEFF comes down the spiral staircase with Eddie and is led to Pastor Logan and Suzi who meet him with urgency.

LOGAN

This way, please.

Logan jeers at Eddie. All four rush to a side door.

LOGAN

Do you hear that? That's the same devil in there! Again.

(CONTINUED)

(to Eddie)
Again!

WE PAUSE and SLOWLY START TO HEAR a demonic growl with gurgling and clicking noises. SUZI is bewildered. Eddie has his hands folded and is quickly but quietly praying.

Jeff is unamused and unmoved.

JEFF
Just open the door.

Logan shakes his head with censure and unlocks the door with a long skinny key then quickly steps back.

Jeff looks at him with cynicism.

LOGAN
Here.

Logan tries to hand Jeff a CRUCIFIX and some HOLY WATER in a flask.

Jeff pushes in the door immediately.

BABYLON is tied to a chair in the center of a destroyed room. Wet, chunky liquid on the floor. Her hair is stringy and straight and hanging over her face.

LOGAN
It took all three of us to tie her
down!

Jeff stops in front of her, undeterred. Babylon growls deeper. Clicking.

BELLA
Don't you dare touch meee!

LOGAN
Watch it!

Jeff notices some old vomit on Logan's shirt

JEFF
(to Logan)
What's her name?

LOGAN
We don't know. All she does is
growl and bark if anyone comes
near.

JEFF
(to Babylon)
Honey?

Violent growls and then screaming like an animal out of control.

JEFF
I'm Detective Jeff Vincent. I'm
here to take you to your mother.

Babylon stops screaming but still jerks side to side. Head violently shaking. Slight growls.

JEFF
Do you want to see your mother?

LONG BEAT.

Gradually, as the four of them watch, the growls subside and a certain beauty returns. Shifting back to Babylon.

CUT TO:

Jeff and Babylon are leaving the room, ropes and chair and vomit behind. Babylon wipes her mouth. They pass Logan.

JEFF
(blasé)
She's schizophrenic, pastor, not
possessed.

Logan stares at his relics in disbelief. *Unconvinced.* AS ARE WE.

EXT. UNITED METHODIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff is walking Babylon to his car. She is wearing an oversized coat and carrying her big Bible and her doll.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR

Jeff shuts his car door and starts it.

Babylon looks at him with ease and trust.

BABYLON
Do you know my mommy, sir?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Nope.

BABYLON

But, you said you were taking me to
my mommy.

JEFF

You wanna go back in there?

Babylon thinks for a second.

JEFF

Or do you wanna help me find your
mother?

Babylon squeezes her doll and gives it a tender kiss.

JEFF

Good. We're going to someone who
can.

They drive away.

BABYLON

You're not like them.

JEFF

Don't got time to fuck around.
(beat)
Sorry.

BABYLON

It's okay. Daddy said worser
things.

Jeff looks in his rear view mirror, a little tense, uneasy.
Knowing what's coming.

JEFF

Yeah? Like what?

Babylon looks at her DOLL'S BLUE EYES and contemplates for a
second.

BABYLON

(nonchalantly)
He called me a whore and liked to
make my bottom hurt.

Jeff chokes to death the steering wheel. Veins pop!

BABYLON

My Baby Babylon knows all about it.

(beat)

She was watching...

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTE - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie has a dreadful look in his eyes as he's listening to Mrs. Hobbs' story. He's cringing, regretting he came.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

WE ZOOM CLOSE to Jeff's EYES, they water over with extreme rage. Something remembered.

START DUAL FLASHBACKS:

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bella stands very timidly and nervously in front of Hobbs showing him her new dress with two straps. A box and some plain, brown paper lie off to the side on the tiled floor.

HOBBS

(impiously, pervertedly)

That's nice. Yeah. Real nice. Turn around for daddy.

She hesitantly does a "360" for him in front of the burning fireplace, firelight clothing her.

HOBBS

(more to himself)

Yeah. I like that. My pretty girl.

(beat)

Come and sit on your daddy's lap.

BELLA

But, I got one more present.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A barely recognizable YOUNGER MRS. HOBBS, 50's, bleeding from the neck, is WHACKED across the face by a man's thick arm and hand.

She collapses in a violent heap to the dirt floor next to the iron, stone fireplace. The TOOLS scatter in a CLINK and CLANK. She looks at the poker in temptation as a single log blazes near her jagged cut, enveloping her in firelight.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

Further to the side of Bella is a pretty pink wrapped box with white lace ribbon. Bella goes over and sits next to it and opens it up. She pulls out a perfectly clean, brand new doll with big, blue eyes. She is very excited, hugging the doll.

BELLA

Thank you mommy, thank you mommy.

HOBBS

That's enough! Get over here like I said.

(beat)

You can bring that doll if you want.

Bella creeps over to him and slides on his lap. His monstrous hand settles on her skinny thigh, pushing her dress up a little.

Bella freezes.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shadow advances Mrs. Hobbs. Her plain, strapped dress is bloodied and dirtied to the core. Ripped in many places. One of the open tears runs across her chest, exposing a partial breast.

MRS. HOBBS

Please, Albert. Please, don't do-
No-

He grabs her by the dress collar.

MRS. HOBBS

Albert! PLEASE!

WE HEAR a CHUCKLE.

MRS. HOBBS

Please great God. Don't let him.

In one sudden jerk the giant hand rips off her dress, mercilessly exposing her bare body.

MRS. HOBBS

Get away from me! Get away from
mee!

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bella nervously combs her doll's clean, yellow, yarn hair with her fingers as if comforting the doll.

(CONTINUED)

HOBBS

What's her name?

She shrugs her shoulders.

HOBBS

Maybe you can give her your name.
Bella. Just like your own mother.
Anabella.

BELLA

Can I see my mommy, now?

HOBBS

(inveigling)
Sure, darling. Soon.

Babylon notices a name tag on the doll's dress. It reads:
"Baby Babylon".

BELLA

Her name is Baby Babylon. That's
her name. My Baby Babylon. Like in
the Bible.

She hugs her doll.

HOBBS

What Bible! We don't have one of
those.

BELLA

I found it in my room.

FLASHBACK TO:

IN THE BASEMENT

Bella, lying on her cot, chained to the wall, scratches the dirt floor with a stick and it catches on something. She uses her fingers and pulls up something square, buried in the earth, wrapped in cloth. She pulls off the cloth and WE SEE a large King James Bible.

Bella opens it to the first page. In the upper corner is written: "Though He may slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Job 13:15 -Daisy".

BACK TO SCENE

Hobbs' ugly claw swallows her leg whole. A demon hand on a young princess. She panics.

(CONTINUED)

HOBBS
(forked tongue)
Just be a good girl.

BELLA
(panicking)
Please, daddy. It's my birthday.

With both of Hobbs' ugly hands he slowly pulls up her little dress-.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)
Wait! Wait! Stop, Albert! In God's
mercy, stop!

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-Mrs. Hobbs, nude and bloodied is thrown to the floor next to the fireplace. A dark shadow falls over her as WE SEE two large hands land on either side of her, firelight clothes her.

MRS. HOBBS
(crying desperately)
You have no mercy, Albert! No
mercy! And you have none of God in
you! God damn you to death! God
will damn you to that fire below!

One of the hands violently takes her hair and yanks it in a dominant position. Then a single violent jerk! Her EYES open wide in shock. A tear escapes her soul and cascades down her face, leaving the only evidence of life to die on her cheek.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bella is being carried by Hobbs in one arm with her new doll in her own. She's kicking and screaming.

BELLA
I want my mommy! Where's my mommy!
Mommy!

HOBBS
Shut up! Your whore of a mother is
coming soon. I promise you that. I
got something special for her, too.

Hobbs opens the panel to the basement and takes her inside, vanishing down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

BELLA
No! No! Please! Mommy! Where are
you! Make him stop!

WE HEAR Hobbs CHUCKLE.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Hobbs lifeless body is being violently thrust on the dirt floor next to the fireplace. Her EYES are glossed over as though her consciousness has checked out.

BELLA (VO)
(screaming, gasping)
Daddy! That hurts! That's hurting
me! Why are you doing that to me!

WE PAN OVER TO the FAR WALL and watch this attack in shadow form, flickering light from the fireplace.

The thrusting becomes more intense, and faster, filled with hate. WE CAN hear him come near to anger. No satisfaction but just frustration. Angry, sexual frustration.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CU of Bella on cot and the evil shadow on top of her violently shaking her little body. Tears in her eyes of shock and complete horror as this imp destroys her in this hole in the ground. She can barely scream or breath. She is hopeless.

Her new and clean baby babylon doll is propped up, facing her with *big, bright, blue eyes*. WATCHING.

BELLA (OS)
(whispering)
Please, Baby Babylon. Please, save
me. Please save me, Baby Doll.

Angry grunts like he can't come.

BELLA
I will always love you if you do.
Please stop him.

WE ZOOM CLOSER to those big, blue eyes.

BABYLON (VO)
(whispers)
Read the Bible to him.

BELLA'S TEARY BLUE EYES.

BELLA
What, Baby? What did you say? Say
it again.

BABYLON (VO)
Read the Bible to him.

Bella finds the Bible under her cot and turns to the first
page. Finds the INSCRIPTION: Job 13:15 -Daisy.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)
(whispers)
Though He may slay me, yet will I
trust in Him.

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Hobbs is being quickly ravished by this demon.

BELLA (VO)
Though He may slay me, yet will I
trust in him.

Her hand comes into contact with the fireplace poker above
her head. Her fingers instinctively clenches it.

BELLA (VO)
Though He may slay me, yet
will I trust in him.

MRS. HOBBS
Though He may slay me, yet
will I trust in him.

Mrs. Hobbs' EYES slowly focus on her attacker, allowing his
selfish penetrations to preoccupy his mind. He begins
climaxing...

BELLA (VO)
Though He may slay me, yet
will I trust in him.

MRS. HOBBS
Though He may slay me, yet
will I trust in him.

HOBBS (OS)
Stop saying that!

...and just as he is about to-

-INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bella's body is being violently heaved upon by this heavy
shadow. He is climaxing...

BELLA
(voice getting deeper)
Though He may slay meeee...

MRS. HOBBS (VO)
(voice getting deeper)
Though He may slay meeee...

(CONTINUED)

Bella's pretty, curly hair quickly straightens in a demonic flash, black and stringy over her darkened eyes and deepened brow!

She turns her head at Hobbs who is still trying to out do his frustrations-

BELLA

-Get off meee you cocksucking
mothafucker!

HOBBS

What the hell?

Hobbs is instantly petrified and stops, finding a possessed girl right in front of him!

HOBBS

(horrified, shocked)
What the fu... Devil child.

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-WHACK! The poker is sunken into his head. BLOOD SQUIRTS all over the place, drenching Mrs. Hobbs as she watches him twitch and shake then finally falling to the ground.

She is dazed and confused. Perplexed with instant relief and freedom just seconds after experiencing Hell. She looks around...

END DUAL FLASHBACKS

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Babylon is combing her doll's dirty, yellow, yarn hair with her fingers as if comforting it.

Jeff is enraged and sweating around his collar. He swallows something hard.

BABYLON

I told Purdy that story. He didn't
like it so that's when he tied me
up and called the police officers.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PURDY'S TRAILER - MORNING

A Pacer sheriff patrol car slams to a stop in front, kicking up a dust and dirt storm.

Purdy comes rushing out in a panic and points to the front door.

Deacon jumps out and rushes to the trailer.

WE HEAR SCREAMING and GROWLING and NEAR WILD BARKING.

DEACON

My good Lord in heaven, boy, what did you do!

PURDY

She told me to, sir.

BELLA (OS)

You dumb cocksucker!

Deacon disappears inside. Purdy covers his ears.

DEACON (OS)

Oh my God, Purdy! What did you do!

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the middle of the room next to the fireplace is Bella, tied to a chair with a pillow case over her face. The wounds leaking through Purdy's white shirt have now reopened and have drenched her all in blood red.

Her head shakes rapidly as she screams Helter Skelter!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff notices some of those wounds have dotted the hospital gown with some fresh color.

He turns a corner.

BABYLON

Are you taking me to jail now, sir?

JEFF

You thinking I'm taking you to jail? I don't know. You do something bad?

(CONTINUED)

BABYLON

Yes. I think.

JEFF

And what's that?

BABYLON

I killed my daddy. In the fire,
sir. In the everlasting fire.

Jeff clenches the wheel again in rage.

JEFF

(to himself)

That makes two of us.

(beat)

No. There's someone who's been
looking for you, actually. A friend
of mine. He's a special
investigator. He'll know how to
find your mother.

Babylon smiles big. Hugs and kisses her doll.

BABYLON

You hear that, Baby. It's almost
over.

Jeff stretches out his sweaty collar.

JEFF

(to himself)

Not exactly.

WE COME CLOSER TO Jeff's rage. His GREEN EYES. They turn
yellow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

A *yellow* fire rages in the black night. The house is fully
engulfed.

WE PULL BACK and see Mrs. Hobbs watching the blaze.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)

The everlasting fire.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

CHARLIE

With your husband inside?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Betty, 30's, is frying an enormous pile of battered chicken, carelessly. Resentfully.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)

Not right away.

Betty peers at Hobbs over her shoulder with intense contempt as he watches t.v., slugging down a beer in the LIVING ROOM.

She *throws* another piece of chicken in the oil. The oil SPLATTERS the wall, adding to the existing dried oil and grime in the same spot.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)

He had her frying her famous Kentucky fried chicken. Always threatening her with something. I never knew with what.

CUT TO:

Mrs. Hobbs and Betty sit at a small table sipping on two coffee mugs. They are close and whispering. They look at HOBBS, asleep in his chair. Snoring like a bear. A beast of perversion.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)

I couldn't take it anymore. It was almost nightly. So I told someone I could trust.

Betty takes her hand in sympathy.

MRS. HOBBS (VO)

She was so sympathetic and understanding. Like she knew exactly what I was going through.

(beat)

So she hatched a plan.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

This is going to hurt, Daisy. But
just for a second, alright?

SERIES OF FLASH SHOTS

-Mighty hands hit her hard.

-Dress is ripped off.

-Daisy begging for mercy in SILENCE.

-Thrusting by the fire .

-Her hand reaching for the poker.

-WHACK! BLOOD SQUIRTS.

INT. HOBBS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Betty and Daisy drag the monster to the basement where the
panel is already lifted.

The lifeless body falls down the steps in a random heap,
forgotten and unloved.

Betty splashes gasoline from a can.

IN SLOW MOTION

Daisy lights a match, then throws it in.

BACK TO FULL SPEED

Instantly, the basement is engulfed. The panel is slammed
shut!

SMASH CUT TO:

The house is fully engulfed, wild fire set against the cold,
black night. In the foreground is Daisy, watching the blaze.
Betty ENTERS FRAME holding the gas can. She takes Daisy's
hand as they watch the raging infernal together. Healing.
Sin removed.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is leaning in closer to Daisy, interested.

Quiet beat.

DAISY

The chicken grease did the rest.

CHARLIE

Do you know why Betty helped you?
Why she did it?

(beat)

Just doesn't sound like her.

DAISY

I never knew. I never really cared,
either. I was just so desperate, if
you can imagine that.

(beat)

She just did and I'm forever
thankful God brought her into my
life when He did. I wouldn't be
here today if it weren't for her.

Charlie can't help but jeer at the restraints.

DAISY

Too, bad though. Her husband died
soon after that. And then she just
vanished, without a trace. I think
it was right after that shin-dig
for her baby. Some people in town
think she killed him, collected his
pension and ran away leaving that
poor boy to fend for himself. But I
don't think so. Not Betty.
Something happened to her.

LONG BEAT.

Daisy shies, seems caught in something. Said too much.

Charlie studies her disquietly. He leans in closer.

CHARLIE

They're connected, aren't they?

Daisy hesitates then looks away from his searching eyes.

CHARLIE

His death and her disappearance.
Right after Hobbs dies.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

It's the same person, isn't it?

Daisy shutters at this as the reason of her institution resurfaces. Fear. Fear of this one person.

CHARLIE

You know who killed her husband,
don't you Mrs. Hobbs?

(beat)

And you know what happened to
Betty, too.

(beat, to himself)

He took her...for pleasure...for
vengeance.

Daisy trembles.

CHARLIE

You've seen him, haven't you, Mrs.
Hobbs?

(beat, revelation, whispers)

You know him.

She rolls back over to the wall in the fetal position and starts to breathe heavy again.

CHARLIE

Mrs. Hobbs. Please.

(beat, impatient)

Ma'am.

Daisy's breathing seems to gurgle some. Transforming. Charlie doesn't want to play this game again.

CHARLIE

Mrs. Hobbs!

Her voice suddenly changes to something deeper and sinister.

DAISY

-Don't you ever call me that! My
name is Daisy!

Charlie is at once frozen. She seemed to have changed into a different person right in front of his eyes for a second.

CHARLIE

I'm...I'm sorry.

(kinder, more patient)

Daisy.

(beat)

Can you please remember who it was?

Daisy grazes a finger over the padded wall, reminiscing.

DAISY
He came down those hills with just
a shovel in his hand...

SERIES OF FLASHBACK SHOTS

-Silhouette of a grizzly bear size man walking down a steep hill in long strides, clearly with a purpose.

DAISY (VO)
...after he heard what Betty and I
had done.

-The massive silhouette chops a chain off a gate. He strides through and under a large sign that reads: "Blue Oaks Cemetery".

DAISY (VO)
He dug it back up that very
night...

-With monster size scoops the dirt is slung out of a hole and unto a large pile at the side.

DAISY (VO)
...and buried it at the house
somewhere.

BACK TO PRESENT

Charlie wonders about this.

Daisy has returned to her back.

DAISY
He killed that fine black gentleman
who worked those fires...

QUICK FLASHBACK SHOT

-In a LARGE OPENING of a coal mine shaft we see two, giant shadows fighting hand to hand in front a hellish fire, yellow/blueish flames blazing up the walls.

One of the giant silhouettes WHACK the other giant silhouette with a shovel, falling it to the ground.

BACK TO PRESENT

DAISY

...and more than likely he took that boy's mama. But nobody knows for sure. They never found her.

CHARLIE

Daisy...

DAISY

I tried to tell them. That big, mean police detective and his preacher friend. But he wouldn't believe me. Thought I was crazy. So he put me in here. I think it was just to shut me up.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Daisy is in a straight jacket, sitting in a wheel chair behind a table. She's animated and crying, desperately trying to tell her side of the story. Her hair has fallen thin and wet in front of her face. She is wild. A devil woman.

In front of her is a YOUNGER LOGAN and a YOUNGER FRANK. They shake their heads and an ORDERLY wheels her away.

BACK TO PRESENT

DAISY

I hope they're dead.

Charlie lets out a snicker in disgust.

DAISY

I don't blame'em, though. You're not going to find him running around those blasted hills with all the rest of those three-eyed monsters.

CHARLIE

Who, Daisy?

DAISY

Damn! Damn that boy!

CHARLIE

I need a name, darling. Who you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

DAISY
Just like his Pa...

CHARLIE
Daisy..? Who?

Daisy faces him suddenly and shoots him a disturbing glare with her grey, cataracts-ed EYES.

RUTH
Our son, damn you! *Virgil*. Our
bastard son.

INT. CAVE - DAY.

BEHIND the sparkling waterfall, the hulking bear has been backed into a corner and is swinging wildly at the three, growling wolves. Their snouts still carry the blood from the fox, running down their lips, staining their pointy fangs pink.

One of the wolves lunges at the bear, followed quickly by the other two. Instantly, these wild and unremorseful animals are in a fight for their lives. It is fierce and defining. God's tactful balance of life.

One of the wolves goes down and is crushed under the weight of the bear. It gives out a HALLOW HOWL of pain. Two to go.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nick is gingerly putting on his shirt while wincing from his shoulder wound.

The door opens and Jeff floods in. Looks at Nick with sudden concern.

Nick finds him and lets out another inconvenient wince then turns his back to him, hiding his face.

JEFF
You going somewhere?

NICK
You're damn right I'm going
somewhere. You think I'm gonna lay
around here all day and let Frank
take this over?
(beat)
Not this time.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Hold on, Nick. You can't be doing this, okay? I need you to-

NICK

-And why the hell not? This is mine and Alex's investigation until we find that girl.

JEFF

Nick... *we found her.*

NICK

Cassie?

Nick turns around and notices a bruised little girl, bundled inside a large coat. She's holding her doll and the giant Bible. Their eyes *collide*.

JEFF

Her name is Bella. After her mother, Anabella. I was hoping you could...lay low...and help her find her mother.

NICK

(to himself)
Anabella?

Babylon's *blue eyes* locking onto his.

NICK

(whispers)
My Anabella?

Nick studies this little girl, finding her WOUNDS. Instant rage. Instant connection.

Jeff goes over to the sliding tray and picks up the plastic bag of casings.

JEFF

By the way, Frank wants you ass in a sling.

(looking at the note)

Told me to tell you not to screw things up.

NICK

Yeah... Thanks for covering for me.

JEFF

What do you mean?

NICK

Alex came by this morning. Dropped those off. Figured he told you.

JEFF

No, Nick. Frank did. After he chewed me a new one on your behalf. Told me to keep you tied up. He had those with him this morning.

Nick's eyes roll over in rage.

Babylon goes over to Nick. Nick calms.

BABYLON

That's my mommy's name, too.

NICK

Anabella? I know an Anabella. Met her at a birthday party, once. She was sixteen.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Betty is frantically frying chicken in a large vat. On the counter are two trays on buttermilk and flour. There are two YOUNG WOMEN helping her. One of them turns her head slightly towards the door, looking for someone. WE NOTICE the young girl is *Cassie*, twenty years younger. Beautiful. Perfect. Undamaged. She smiles.

Through the door and out on the lawn wearing a silly birthday hat and eating a plate of chicken is a YOUNG NICK, making a jester of himself for her.

She shies away and continues helping Betty and the other young woman.

CUT TO:

Cassie, wearing her cotton dress, comes back into the kitchen nervously explaining something to Betty.

BETTY

What do you mean? Glory to Jesus! I bought three hundred pieces, Annabella!

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO PRESENT

NICK
Annabella was her first name. But I
called by her middle name,
Cassandra.

Nick freezes in shock as he notices Babylon's dirty doll.

NICK
It can't be!

JEFF
What? What is it, Nick?

NICK
Where did you get that?

BABYLON
My mommy gave it to me on my
birthday. Nick stumble backwards.

NICK
It can't be the same one.
(quieter)
That was fourteen years ago.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Nick and Cassie are having fun. Laughing and eating cotton
candy. She's wearing a red halter top and tight blue jeans.

NICK(VO)
After the doctor's appointment I
took us to the carnival to get our
mind off things.

CUT TO:

Nick and Cassie are at the sledge hammer game. Rows of BIG,
BLUE EYED DOLLS are hanging on the wall behind. Nick strikes
the apparatus to ring the bell but can only manage to pound
the weight about two thirds the way up.

A COUPLE of TOUGH GUYS, one in a low cut tank top showing
huge gym muscles, and the other sporting a USMC TATTOO on
his forearm, mockingly shake their heads at him, eyeballing
pure, innocent Cassie with lust. Muscle guy darts his tongue
between two fingers!

(CONTINUED)

Nick boils! EYES are fierce! The two dudes instantly stand tall, chests out. And with his last strike, Nick violently, with inhuman strength, brings the hammer down in a thunderous crash, smashing the apparatus to pieces! The weight barely jumps a foot.

The two tough guys look at him like he's a freak and walk away.

CUT TO:

Nick's FACE looks exhausted and sweaty like he's been in a boxing match. He's looking at someone with deep regret.

Cassie's EYES, falling deep and transforming. A dark color emerges. She slips off both straps and undoes the top button, letting her halter shirt hang from her breast, changing from modest to haughty. Nick is caught off guard but likes this different girl.

CUT TO:

Nick and Cassie are behind a tent with a CARTOONISH PICTURE of a three eyed, inbred freak on it, heavily making out with the prized, big, blue eyed doll at their feet.

Nick's hands come up, they are covered in blood.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick stares at the dirty doll for something familiar. WE COME CLOSER to those BLUE EYES. They are looking through his thoughts, right back at his soul of what once was. From new, to damaged.

Nick remembers something deep that suddenly enrages him then quickly collects his things. Puts on his badge and gun in a flash.

JEFF

Whoa, Nick! Where are you going?.
You're already skating on thin ice
with Frank right now.

Nick starts to leave. Grabs the note and bag of bullet casings with him.

NICK

I'm going to get Cassie. She needs
me. She's been alone for three
days.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

We already have everyone doing that for you, okay? Right now, I need you to stay calm and help find this girl's mother.

NICK

They don't know where she's at.

Nick looks back at this precious rose of a girl. His heart softens. Then looks at the doll.

NICK

(at Babylon)

Did she come in a pink box with a white bow.

BABYLON

Yes. How did you know?

Jeff looks at him curiously...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GRIMMERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Behind Cassie's chair is a box, wrapped in pink paper and tied with a white lace ribbon. A book drops to the ground.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick's bold eyes dart at Jeff who's waiting for an answer.

NICK

So... You want me to find her mother?

Jeff is nervous. Doesn't want to answer.

NICK

Good! Then that's what I'm going to do.

(to Babylon)

Your mother is my wife.

Nick defiantly slams the bag of casings in the trash can!

NICK

Let's go, honey. I think I know where she's at.

(to Jeff)

I want to go to the house first. I need to get something.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(under his breath)
Son of a bitch!

EXT. CANYON VALLEY - DUSK

The shimmering orange/red sun is starting to dip behind the blue ridges of tall pine and oak, allowing darkness to enter, *ushering in a foreboding night of terror.*

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - DUSK

Purdy has been backed into a corner. He is frightened. Righteousness is his desire and anything from it is out of his world. This threat is making him enter a world that's been shielded from him from birth. Innocence about to be stolen. His true purpose about to begin...

The two cop goons pace back and forth, holding weapons in their hands. One a club and the other a chain. Another menacing looking character stands behind them, LITTLE BILLY. He steps forward, firelight revealing features of this giant, godless, monstrous hillbilly, bred for killing. One of his ARMS is strangely and macabre-ishly wrapped in barbed wire. It drips with blood. Billy smiles in unremorseful lust, a full rejection to God.

Purdy stares at them and shivers, but not from fear. From transformation of his identity. Knowing what is growing inside him.

One of the goons wields his weapon in anticipation making Purdy stiffen, shoulders harden and risen. Eyes sink in, casting dark shadows in their sockets.

The giant hillbilly sees this, energizing his godless bloodlust. The two cops give a sarcastic smirk then-

-The inbred giant lunges at Purdy, quickly followed by the other two. Chain and club fly and land on Purdy's massive body with little effect.

The hillbilly strikes clean on Purdy's perfectly smooth face with his barbed arm, giving Purdy a life long scar. Purdy yells out!

Purdy's grip on one of the goons tightens and in one mighty blow from his hand, the goon goes down like a sack of rocks!

Purdy's light brown eyes flicker with wrath in the firelight, his innocence is at last stolen by these three demons.

(CONTINUED)

He looks down at this evil soul in righteous vengeance and violently stomps the goon's chest with his massive boot, crushing it like a balsa wood frame. CRUNCH! BLOOD and GUTS ERUPT from his mouth.

The other two step back and re-estimate this bear.

Purdy is now changing his identity. His baby features seem to have weathered away in his first real fight for survival. Blood drips from his face...

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlie is at a computer in a make shift office in a corner. He's researching something. CLICK.

ON THE SCREEN: Pictures of swamps and bogs in the U.S. He clicks some more.

LOUISE (OS)

You wanna eat first, babe?

Charlie doesn't hear her. He clicks again.

Louise comes out wearing a black slit skirt and black stockings and a pink lace bra. Charlie still doesn't seem to pay attention.

She sits in his lap, arms around his neck and looks at the screen.

LOUISE

What's so important, huh?

Louise moves her breasts inches from his face.

He smiles and casually kisses them slowly while concentrating on the screen.

LOUISE

I wanna go. I'm hungry.

Charlie still kisses. Eyes on screen. Another click.

She gets up and returns to the back of the house.

CHARLIE

I want to stop somewhere first.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - CAVE - NIGHT

The two remaining wolves step and dodge around the fighting-mad bear, looking for a way to attack regardless their mate is crushed in a heap at their feet. They are driven with primal fear and blood scents.

Suddenly, from behind the waterfall, the MOUNTAIN LION splashes through and into the cave and instantly lunges on the bear's back. The two wolves see this as their opportunity and jump in the fight as well. The bear stumbles and crashes into the side of the cave. Dirt and dust fall, rattling heavy stones and earth above a small precipice.

The bear tears off the littler wolf and throws it against the cracking wall holding the ledge up. More dirt and stone collapse.

The lion looses its grip and the strength of the bear forces it off to the side leaving the biggest wolf to fight for itself.

The lone wolf goes for the throat but its jaws are no match for the bear girth. In one action the bear tears the wolf from its throat with both paws and pins it to the ground. Its long claws easily opens its chest and the bear tears out the insides!

With a bloodied snout the bear walks over to the lion who is now cornered in the cave. In fear the lion SCREAMS. The bear attacks and the insuring struggle carries the animals to the precipice, violently knocking it loose, sending heavy rock and earth down upon the bear. The lion escapes.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick is in the passenger's seat putting copper jackets in his clip. Babylon is in the back seat combing her doll's yarn hair repeating her abusive story out loud, barely audible to us as her voice is in the BACKGROUND, all along making the boys' blood boil.

Jeff is on his phone.

INT. LOUISE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie is driving with one sweaty hand on the wheel and the other on Louise's black stocking-clad thigh. His smooth rubbing is turning Louise on.

Charlie's attention is split between her sexy nylons and the black, twisting road. His cell RINGS!

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Dang it the luck...Yeah?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JEFF

Charles? Where are you?

Charlie's eyes dart to black nylon. He puts the phone on speaker and sets it in the console then puts his hand back on Louise's thigh but higher this time. She responds in a satisfactory giggle of sensuality, raising her arms above her head and scooting lower into her seat, exposing the black laced top band of her stockings.

CHARLIE

What do you want, Jeff?

JEFF

You're right, Charles. Nancy called saying there is in fact a way to preserve a body all that time.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know. In a bog, right?

Charlie's hand squeezes soft thigh. Louise groans some.

JEFF

(confounded)

Umm. Right.

(beat)

It's possible he could have switch-

CHARLIE

-Jeff, I'm a little busy right now.

Louise moans a little and giggles again.

JEFF

(under his breath)

Yeah, I bet...

(urgently)

This is serious. You listening?

Charlie's hand moves inside her thigh. Louise opens her legs for him. Charlie obliges.

The car is ZOOMING dangerously fast through the dark corners.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I think it's possible this little girl's attacker is still on the loose. Who knows who else he's raped. We need to check all existing missing girl cases the last twenty years. Let the rest of the department know, okay? I'm coming down in the morning to debrief everyone. They need to start keeping an eye out for this guy.

CHARLIE

So... I guess it was *her* the boy was talking about.

Beat.

JEFF

Yeah. Sorry, Charles. I'm sorry, okay? I owe you.

(beat)

Nick thinks her mother may be hiding somewhere in the falls. We're heading there right now.

BLACK NYLONS! *Moaning!*

CHARLIE

(distracted)

Uh...is that near Bodie?

JEFF

Yeah. Over the canyon. Why?

CHARLIE

Alright. I got some more information.

Charlie focuses on the road.

CHARLIE

I went down and talked to the wife of the deceased, Mrs. Hobbs and she has quite the story to tell you real detectives.

JEFF

(under his breath)

Smart-ass.

Babylon giggles and Nick smirks. Jeff heaves a nervous sigh.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah...Fu-

Louise slaps his hand at her thigh. Charlie whispers to her a, "Sorry". She puts his hand back up her leg, under her skirt.

CHARLIE

I know who it is, Jeff. That old lady spilled her guts and crossed her kin.

JEFF

Who, Charles?

CHARLIE

It's their son. Virgil. He's hiding up there in Bodie right now. With all them demonic hillbilly squatters. Told Frank about it.

JEFF

Damn it, Charles! Why you do that? Who's side you're on anyways?

CHARLIE

What are you talkin about? You told me to, remember? Let his DA handle it?

Jeff looks over at Nick who's loading copper in another clip.

JEFF

To hell what I said, Charles, I changed my mind. Now him and his two pet dogs are gonna shit all over the place and make a mess of things with all those crazies runnin around. Freakin blood bath.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Jeff. Look, I still got something for you guys to call your own. I'm going up to Hobbs' place to look around and see if we can't find Purdy's mama before me and Louise meet you up at the falls. I bet my retirement she's in there with a bunch of other girls this family mutilated.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

No, Charles. I don't want you doing that, okay? Not by yourself. We'll do it in the morning.

Louise is getting impatient with talk of work. She raises the stakes by raising her skirt with both hands above her waist showing Charlie her stocking tops and her lace black panties.

She takes his hand and puts it inside her panties while sliding lower in her chair.

Louise let's out a pleasurable sound. Charlie smiles mischievously.

CHARLIE

It won't take long.

(beat)

Just some pokin around that's all.

Louise giggles some more then moans some more.

JEFF

Damn it, Charles. Listen to me! You let the big boys handle that, okay? You've done good on the surface, but you're getting in too deep. You let the experts find her.

CHARLIE

(quietly, in his lust)

I know what I'm doing.

(glancing at Louise's panties)

I've been doing this before you were born, son.

Louise is getting aroused.

JEFF

Charles! Don't! It's dangerous! You don't know what you're gonna find.

Charlie dangerously SWERVES the car back on the road, making a little screeching sound.

CHARLIE

(laughs to himself)

Oh, yes I do.

Louise giggles then shuts off Charlie's phone and helps him please her.

JEFF

Damn you, Charlie. Little horn dog.

Jeff dials another number.

JEFF

Luber. You better get over here.
Bowdie. Coal mines... I think you
know where... Norma's favorite
place...

Looks at Nick. Nick nods back.

JEFF

Make Out Falls. He hangs up.

BABYLON

What's make out falls?

Jeff smiles. Warming up to this girl.

NICK

A secret place I used to take your
mother. To get away from things. I
think she's there, waiting for me.

Nick finishes loading another clip with a maniacal scowl and
places it with two other clips on the dash.

NICK

(controlled rage)
You think that redneck raped
Cassie? Fourteen years ago?

Jeff hesitates to answer.

Nick cocks and loads his Beretta!

JEFF

Nick... Frank is serious, now. You
hear me? You're about to go down.

He looks at Jeff with a torn face. BLOODSHOT EYES.

Jeff HITS the steering wheel with his hand, knowing what
that look means.

JEFF

God...da...

NICK

All these years, Jeff. All these
fuckin years and she never told me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (cont'd)
Never told me what happened! No wonder, bro. Keeping it a secret has made her insane.
(beat)
I swear, if that sick fuck is up there tonight...

WE COME CLOSE TO BABYLON. She's nervously holding her doll tight next to her, protecting it.

INT. PURDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Purdy is waiting for the next wave of attacks, still hulking. A shadow seems to have fallen on him. His LIGHT BROWN EYES LOOK YELLOW TO US from the firelight.

Billy examines a space between the wall and the fireplace and takes the fireplace poker, jams it in and pries at it out of curiosity. The fireplace is loose and moves an inch or two outwardly. Billy smiles wryly at Purdy.

The smaller goon waves his chain threateningly at Purdy in a pendulum fashion. *Time running out.*

FOOT STEPS are heard at the front door then KNOCK! KNOCK!

Frank slides into FRAME, carrying a SHINY, SILVER COLT .45. He flashes a convincingly devilish grin.

FRANK
That's how it all started for you, right, Purdy?

Purdy glances at his mother's picture on the wall. Frank's fastly impatient.

FRANK
Where's the girl, Purdy? She ain't at the hospital anymore.
(beat)
Where they take her!

Purdy glances at the dead goon on the floor like he's in trouble. Out of his control. That he didn't mean it.

PURDY
He asked me the same thing, sir.

Frank notices the slaughter on the floor and shakes his head in utter disappointment and annoyance like his first plan hadn't worked as well as he hoped but as always Frank's got a back up plan. A plan B.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the revolver's cylinder and checks for copper then SLAMS it shut.

FRANK

Well, you're in real trouble now,
boy.

Purdy, terrorized, looks at his mama's picture on the wall for answers.

Frank instantly tears it off and slings it towards the fireplace! It SMASHES to pieces at Purdy's feet!

PURDY

MAMA!

Purdy falls to his knees, the trailer buckles! The last cop goon nervously notice this immediate threat. Billy notices the space has widened.

FRANK

You need to wake up, boy! You're mama isn't ever coming back! Twenty years at the grocery store? What are you thinking!

Purdy falls to one hand. Trailer gives some more. The fireplace falls an inch or two outward.

FRANK

And your daddy... Your daddy died in the mines, son! The fire burnt him!

PURDY

No! NO! I come from heaven! Mama told me-

FRANK

Wake up, Purdell! Time to be a man!

PURDY

(unsure)

I...I come from heaven...

FRANK

Look at yourself, boy! *Is that what heaven looks like!*

Purdy glances over next to him where the picture frame has landed and looks at himself in the SCATTERED GLASS SHARDS. His reflected FACE, lighted by the fire, is similar to that of something of an inbred experiment gone wrong. The tiny

protruding ears. The undersized button nose. The small cone head and smooth face.

Billy looks at Frank. Frank waves "no" with his head as though he wants the satisfaction of the kill for himself. Billy spits to the side!

The smaller goon tenses with impatient anticipation.

Purdy lets out a huge sigh of defeat, failed strength.

FRANK

You remember now, don't you? Going to the memorial with your mama...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BOWDIE - NIGHT

Purdy walks with his mama, holding her hand and a lit candle in the other. Ahead, hundreds of others march up the canyon in the deep, purple night.

BACK TO PRESENT

PURDY

(unsure)

No! No. I'm... I'm special. Mama told...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BOWDIE - NIGHT

Betty looks at Purdy and smiles.

BETTY

Yes, Purdy, you're special. You come from heaven.

Purdy smiles back.

BACK TO PRESENT

FRANK

-No, Purdell! No! You're not special! You don't come from heaven! You came from somewhere else.

(chuckles)

From *someone* else.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy falls to his last mighty hand. The trailer shakes again. The fireplace is about to fall completely.

FRANK

You're a bastard, boy! A bastard child that was forced into this world!

Purdy looks at himself in the shards again.

FRANK

That's right.
(chuckles)
That's why you're daddy never wanted to see you.

PURDY'S BROWN EYES STORM!

FRANK

You ugly freak. You were never his!

Purdy raise his giant head at Frank with FLARING EYES as he's on all fours like a mighty beast who's about to charge. The goon and Billy look at Frank with nervousness. Frank smiles cynically. Plan B is working.

FRANK

Yeah, boy. That's right. You're a bastard. Your mama was forced upon by something inhuman, ungodly... Something out there in those hills ravished her!

Purdy SLOWLY stands up, casting a massive shadow over the three, eclipsing their existence with near prophetic judgment.

The TWO DEMONS get more edgy, uncomfortable in Frank's manipulation, as their own sins shrink in front of Purdy's growing rectitude.

Purdy starts breathing hard, flaring his giant nostrils.

FRANK

And that's what you are, boy.
That's all you ever be! Inhuman!
Ungodly! A freak of nature.

The goon anxiously looks at Frank. Deadly impatience.

FRANK

A fuckin freak of fuckin nature!

Purdy, slowly, in shock, moves towards Frank one giant step at a time, rattling the trailer to its brink, a monster child learning to walk with first epiphanies of rage, staggering in his vengeful efforts out of his righteous innocence.

FRANK
(to himself)
That's right. Come on, come on,
boy. Rush me so I can claim self
defense.

Frank slowly raises the revolver up.

Purdy takes another step towards Frank in concentrated, irrelevant sanity.

FRANK
That's right. Come on! Come on you
you freak!

Frank's vicious excitement heightens. Purdy's mouth opens for air and a tear falls in rage. Frank pulls the hammer back to his revolver.

FRANK
(to himself)
I got you now you ugly, half breed,
son of a b-

-But the goon is overly charged and impatiently makes a move at him, slamming his chain down upon Purdy's neck and shoulder like an over hyper child! Over and over!

FRANK
NO! Wait!

Purdy, without taking his FIERY EYES off Frank instantly takes the goon miner at the throat and lifts him effortlessly off the ground. The goon shakes and squirms in Purdy's legendary grip as Frank watches helplessly, lowering his revolver in awe, witnessing the power of the monster he's helped create.

Purdy suddenly squeezes his mighty fingers through. BLOOD SQUIRTS his face from the aorta and the wolf stops twitching.

The lifeless body is simply dropped at his side, next to the other miner. One to go.

FRANK
(to himself)
Damn it.

Frank, in a cowboy flash, instantly raises his six shooter and, like a pro, quickly fires a single shot into Purdy's massive chest. BANG!

A quick smile escapes Frank with some momentary satisfaction as Purdy reacts, but, simply reacts like getting stung from a bee. Purdy only staggers back a step.

Billy anxiously glances at Frank as they both wait.

Blood barely leaks out from the hole. Purdy returns his possessed stare and continues his march of judgment towards Frank, barely moved from his purpose.

FRANK
(vis Billy)
And what are you doing!?

Billy finally lets out his hellish, hillbilly rage on Purdy and attacks with the poker.

The *two beast* wildly fight, SHAKING the trailer apart from the hinges making it look like they're in cardboard box.

The FIREPLACE is about to fall.

Frank fires again in this massive shuffle, BANG! And again Purdy feels the heavy sting giving Little Billy an opening.

Billy makes his move with the poker but misses and instantly fears. Purdy takes him in both, mighty hands and BODY SLAMS Billy to the floor, stunning this inbred giant momentarily.

Purdy raises his massive boot once again to crush a balsa chest but something under the trailer POPS and SNAPS and finally caves in the middle causing the teetering, stone fireplace to fall inward and unaware onto Purdy, BURYING him under a ton of stone rubble.

Frank waits. Purdy is motionless. Billy shakes his head.

BEAT.

Frank goes over to the pile of rubble laying over the top of Purdy and finds one of his EYES between a space of stone. It is closed. Frank whispers *something* to him...

CUT TO:

Frank is calling someone on his phone.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Get ready. He's coming. All of them. I want him dead.

EXT. HOBBS' HOUSE - NIGHT

LOUISE'S CAR eases to a stop on the dirt road next to the mailboxes. The HEADLIGHTS stay on.

INSIDE THE CAR

Charlie puts it in park.

Louise turns on the overhead light.

Charlie opens the door and gets out.

LOUISE

(worried, alone)
Don't go.

CHARLIE

Don't worry, darling. I'll only be a second.

Louise leans over.

LOUISE

You promise?

Charlie looks back and notices her pink lace bra inside her loose blouse.

CHARLIE

I'll leave the car running.

Charlie goes to the trunk.

Louise is unbuttoning her blouse. Pink lace bra against white freckled skin.

LOUISE

Hurry back, okay?

Trunk slams SHUT! Louise jumps.

Charlie at the door.

CHARLIE

Will you relax? I won't be long. I promise.

Charlie has a FLASHLIGHT in his hand and is about to turn around to leave when he catches Louise taking off her blouse and slipping her arms out of the skinny pink straps, letting her breast fall naturally. Her bra is barely hanging on.

Charlie hesitates...

CHARLIE

Yeah, just for a second.

Louise smiles. He closes the door.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

the moonlit night is still. BLACK in the distance. Charlie turns on his flashlight and its BLUE BEAM slashes the night's heavy haze as he walks ahead and finally disappears into the blue fog.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE

looks behind and is about a hundred feet from the car, headlights on.

LOUISE

is putting on lip stick. Smacks her lips in the mirror. She puts it away and looks down at her breasts.

CHARLIE

points the light to the right where the remains of the house once stood. Now burnt rubble, erased from the memories of earth.

CUT TO:

Charlie arrives at the SWAMP'S EDGE. Eerie. It's clothed in lazy blue smoke. A toad croaks. Crickets fill the silence with their mating songs. Cattails wave in the calm breeze.

He finds a SMALL WOODEN WALKWAY that runs the length of the water and takes it.

LOUISE

is picking her breast up and letting them bounce inside her loose bra.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
 (to herself)
 Who wouldn't like them? I like
 them.

She pushes them together, nipples show.

CHARLIE

stops in the middle of the pond, standing on the walkway and shines his light in the dense water. His light fails at the surface.

He finds a stick and dips it in to probe then pulls it out. Heavy, black mud thickly covers the stick like dirty oil. He stands up and stares at this earthly cemetery in a dreadful concern. BEAT. His conclusions are possible.

Panic. Quickly tosses the stick away.

A CREAKING SOUND BEHIND. FLASHLIGHT JERKS!

Nothing.

 CHARLIE
 Louise.

Charlie quickly walks back.

LOUISE

now, bra less, is stripping down and throwing her clothes in the back seat. She precariously moves herself in an uncompromising sexual position by placing her left leg over the seat and her right over the steering column. Black lace panties. Spread eagle for lucky Charlie.

HEAVY FOOT STEPS OUTSIDE the car. She smiles.

 LOUISE
 Come and get it, *big boy*.

Louise turns off the over head lamp, lacing her body in moonlight.

 LOUISE
 This is going to be one night
 you'll never forget.

CHARLIE

is breathing hard and sprinting along the narrow ramp when suddenly he SLIPS and falls at the edge. He grimaces in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

165.

pain.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Dang it the luck!

He's about to get up when he notices the flashlight's blue beam is pointing at something at the pond's edge. We can't make it out but something has Charlie's attention. He peers longer at it. It's just under the dark surface.

LOUISE

is looking around outside the car, impatient, struggling to hold her position.

LOUISE

Well, are you gonna come inside or not?

(smiles to herself)

You get it...

MORE FOOT STEPS. CLOSER. QUICKER. Then the car moves slightly. She starts to get upset, still in her spread eagle.

CHARLIE

brings his light closer to the water's surface. We still can't make it out.

LOUISE

is now upset, darting her head from window to window. The car jerks! Then, SLAPPING on the hood.

LOUISE

Charlie! This isn't funny!

SUDDEN SILENCE.

BEAT.

Louise realizes something's off and puts her legs down.

LOUISE

(quieter)

You're scaring me.

CHARLIE

takes his flashlight in his other hand and then reaches in the black thick water and grabs at something. His FACE lights up in revulsion.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Oh my God. Oh my God!

Charlie pulls his arm up and has grabbed unto another arm.

A WOMAN'S WHITE ARM!

LOUISE SCREAMS! He releases the arm. It slowly slips back into the "wet potting soil".

CHARLIE

No... Louise!

WE FOLLOW Charlie running back...

AT THE CAR

all the lights are out. The driver's side door is fully open. QUIET.

Charlie arrives, stops and shines his light on it and slowly moves over...

...and around to it.

Then comprehends what will make this a truly unforgettable night.

CHARLIE

NO!! LOUISE!!

IN THE CAR

is Louise's slashed and lifeless, naked body, clothed in black blood seen from the moonlight!

BLOOD STILL OZZES from her neck. She coughs. Charlie, in a flash, gets in and drives away. Away from a cursed place.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The precipice has completely given way and has released a ton of earth and stone, instantly burying this courageous beast in a natural monument.

WE COME IN CLOSER to this relic of nature, SLOWLY PANNING OVER heavy stone and rubble and finally STOP to an opening where we can see one of the bear's closed EYES. A thick drop of dark red blood trickles down its snout and next to its closed eye as though it were a tear. The blood tear continues...

...out of sight.

Suddenly, heavy rocks and stones and earth start to fall away. A DEEP BREATH OF LIFE! NOT DEAD. The EYE OPENS, and its fierceness returns.

EXT. PURDY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

PURDY STANDS UP! LETS OUT a FIERCE, PAIN FILLED, DEEP CRY. A cry from life's first experiences of betrayal, lost and murderous lust. All of this, new to innocent Purdy.

Stone and dirt and dust cascades off Purdy's massive back and shoulders.

He takes a moment to look around his mama's broken trailer. What was once a righteous dwelling is now somehow a shattered memory of it, filled with death and evil and pain. A memory of a lost morality the world once knew, now permanently damaged and broken. The answer to reconciliation hides in sovereignty.

Purdy finds his mama's shattered picture. He picks up the photo and stares at her. She's stoic and moral. Tender and warm. Expecting but forgiving.

A TEAR trickles down his newly scarred cheek, mixing with its blood. Purdy begins to cry...

PURDY

I'm sorry, mama. I thought she was a mouse.

Purdy lets out heavy sobs for the first time in his life.

PURDY

I miss you.

Sobs, deep from within his soul...

PURDY

Where are you, mama? Why didn't you come back to my party?

FRANK (VO)

(razor sharp tongue)
Your mama's dead, boy.

Purdy's sobs instantly turn into angry moans.

PURDY

No! No, she's not. She promised me she would come back.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy's back muscles tighten, and his bowling ball size shoulders rise.

FRANK (VO)

She was killed by that monster who made you. She was forced upon by something inhuman. Ungodly. Up in those hills.

Purdy's neck thickens and chest heaves, changing into a form of something made from rage, unforgiveness and vengeance.

PURDY

I don't want to. I don't want to be bad. I want to be a good boy. I want to be good for mama.

The TWO MINE BULLIES lie dead on the floor reminding him of his changing identity.

Purdy begins to comprehend what and who he's becoming. Something out of his control, buried deep since birth, inbred in him, escaping from the lowest depths of his *SANITY. Something monstrous and dangerous.*

It shakes him!

FRANK (VO)

He was raping her, Purdell! Over and over again! Tearing her body to pieces!

Purdy bawls out a horrific roar of rage!

FRANK (VO)

Like wolves tearing into a helpless fox! And when they had their fill and were finished with her body, they just left it there, to rot in that dirty, broken place. Forgotten and abandoned as you stayed home and made supper for a mama who would never come home!

PURDY

No, mama! I wasn't. I was being good like you said.

FRANK (VO)

You're a bastard, Purdell! An ungodly bastard! Forced into a world that didn't want you!

PURDY

No. No! I'm special, like mama said.

FRANK

No you're not! You were made by a rapist, boy! By a monster! Created by another world. Something evil.

(beat)

You were crated by a demon!

Purdy's EYES transform into dark possession, BLACK.

PURDY

NO! I COME FROM HEAVEN!

FRANK (VO)

NO, PURDELL! YOU COME FROM HELL!

Finally, in terror and turmoil Purdy gives in to that deep, hidden beast. His mounting wrath has come to fruition!

Purdy drops her picture and storms to the

KITCHEN

possessed by Frank's voice.

He stops at a drawer. BEAT. Opens it and SLOWLY pulls out his large, sharp, shiny, CHEF'S KNIFE.

FRANK (VO)

(echoing)

The mines, Purdell. The mines!

EXT. BOWDIE - NIGHT

JEFF'S CAR eases to a stop on the dirt road. HEADLIGHTS turn off.

INSIDE THE CAR

Nick opens his door with Beretta in hand and looks back at Jeff.

NICK

You got something, right?

Jeff is checking the chamber to his revolver. It's a snub nose .38 SPECIAL. He SLAMS it shut. This shakes Nick.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Yep. Just bought bullets for it yesterday. Let's go.

Jeff gets out as Babylon opens her door.

NICK

No, honey. You can't come. It's too dangerous.

Babylon slides back into her seat and nervously holds her doll tight to her chest.

BABYLON

Don't go.

NICK

We won't be gone but a second. We're going to get your mother.

BABYLON

You promise?

NICK

Yes, Bella, I promise you. Stay right here.

Nick closes her door and the two walk away, disappearing into the night.

Babylon looks around her, outside the car. Nothing but BLACK.

She looks to her side and on the seat she finds her BIBLE.

INT./EXT. LOUISE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie frantically drives, swerving all over the road, distracted by Louise's naked, bloodied body.

CHARLIE

Hold on, darling! We're almost there!

Louise coughs again.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a TALL SKINNY WHITE MAN, barefoot, wearing just overalls, runs wildly across the road, about fifty feet in front of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Idiot!

ANOTHER WILD MAN with an ugly face DARTS in front of the car, nearly being hit.

CHARLIE

What the hell is-

-Louise coughs hard this time. Charlie looks at her-

-WHAM! A hillbilly is struck and is violently shot to the side and flung up into the air like a deer. Then ANOTHER jumps out from behind a tree and purposely leaps up and is violently CRUSHED by the windshield! BLOOD SPLATTERS like a water balloon!

CHARLIE

Shit!

All of a sudden, dotted all along the road like a plague of country rabbits, eyes reflecting light, DOZENS OF HILLBILLIES run out in the road and throw themselves at the car!

CHARLIE

You inbred mothafuckers! LITERALLY!

BOOM! CRACK! THUD! SMASH! A headlight goes out! SPLAT! the windshield caves in! CHUNK! The other headlight goes out! More and more hillbilly bodies are sacrificed!

The car careens out of control and nose dives into a ditch, sending it spinning in the air like a NASCAR wreck and wrapping itself around a tree in a fiery explosion!

EXT. BOWDIE - LATER

An Auburn police cruiser awkwardly stops off the road. The door flies open and a giant silhouette of hulking mass squeezes out then SLAMS it shut, EXPLODING the glass!

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Babylon looks up from her open Bible and looks through the front windshield and notices the silhouette is walking up the road, about a hundred feet away. It seems familiar to her but she can't recognize it.

A SHINY, CHEF'S KNIFE suddenly appears in the moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

BABYLON

Purdy?

EXT. BOWDIE - CONTINUOUS

The black silhouette turns a corner, passing a SIGN that reads: "Bowdie Mining Town, Est. 1878"

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Babylon hesitates then pushes the Bible to the side and gets out, doll in arm. The door is shut as the BIBLE *remains*.

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - NIGHT

The rushing water from the seven individual falls crashing into the shallow pools below are deafening.

They spread out along the sharp, jagged ridge in a long casual "S" shape creating a fine mist at day but what looks like thick vapor at night.

Behind the falls are interwoven tunnels and abandoned cave systems used by the old miners for shelter. Now the kids find it a perfect place to make out with plenty of hiding places, numerous mini falls inside.

Nick and Jeff, with guns drawn, make their way along these cliffs and interlocking chambers. They shout out Cassie's name and their VOICES ECHO back throughout the long tunnels.

CUT TO:

They pass a TEENAGE COUPLE, nestled in a corner, behind corroded granite, getting busy. A mini waterfall inside the the concave partially hides their moment.

They shout Cassie's name again and again her name ECHOS throughout the vast tunnels.

A FEMALE'S VOICE is heard, ECHOING back a SCREAM! Nick suddenly stops to listen but the scream turns into a PLEASURABLE CRY OF AROUSAL. They continue on, disappearing through the heavy vapor.

EXT. BOWDIE - NIGHT

Purdy comes to the GHOST TOWN. It's lit up by the near full moon revealing an old western looking setting from the early 1900's.

He walks alone, down the open, dirt road, passing small, weathered structures of rotted wood and broken, stained glass that once concealed vengeful miners and tough cowboys drunk on hard liquor and loose women. Their times and stories of blood filled paybacks and secret infidelities are past gone and celebrated no more, forgotten, under fragrant mesquite trees and warm campfires lit by modern vagabonds and young rangers of today who occupy them.

But, Purdy, our righteous mercenary, our cowboy hero, our glorious Shane, is about to rewrite a new, sensational saga, signatred in blood and guts and merciless vengeance that will easily trump all others, creating for himself a famous and horrid legacy.

The ghost town is still, sleeping on distant dreams of peace and prosperity, about to be woken up with a horse head in its bed.

Purdy doesn't carry a six-shooter in this lost Zane Grey story. At his side, GLISTENING in the moonlight is something entirely else not expected in this eerie, western town of living ghost and dying demons. His weapon of choice for these poor creatures is a relic of homey warmth from a busy kitchen of servitude, betokened by his mother as a down payment of her Lord's will. A symbol of loving memories of a mother and child's bond to strengthen and encourage her angel during fearful, lonely times as he walks through the valley of the shadow of death. Her special angel that one day would grow up and finally become who he was born to be. God's punisher!

At his side is the BIG, HEAVY, SHINNING, CHEF KNIFE. His hand clenches it tight!

Purdy looks up at the bright moon. Closes his fiery eyes, takes in a heavy, deep breath...holds it...then exhales a MIGHTY ROAR of final judgment! This sound ECHOES throughout the valley...

Slowly, inch by inch, one by one, INBREEDED, DEMONIC CRAZIES come out of hiding behind buildings and trees and large boulders and wagons, carrying weapons of every kind, chains, knives, pitch forks, sheaves, clubs, rocks and broken bottles.

(CONTINUED)

They start calling to one another in a rally, building up their courage, hollering out hoots and clicks and howls. All inhuman. All ungodly.

They surround Purdy. Weapons twirl and clank...

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - NIGHT

Nick and Jeff are in the middle of the seven waterfalls. Jeff leans over a steep side where a secondary fall cascades into the pools below and notices a bear, limping along the bank's edge, bloodied.

NICK(OS)

Cassie!

The bear looks up and notices Jeff. Jeff quickly turns back to Nick.

JEFF

Maybe we ought to try somewhere else. It's been three days, Nick. I don't think she would have stayed here too long.

NICK

(desperate) Cassie!
Can you hear me!

FRANK(OS)

Oh, I can hear you just fine,
Cowboy.

From out behind a large granite rock with its own mini waterfall appears Frank and his giant hillbilly sidekick, Billy. He brings his hand out from behind his back and reveals the Colt.

Nick turns around and it's a miracle he doesn't charge like a *raging bull*.

Jeff quickly moves in the middle and shields Nick but tempers flare anyways.

FRANK

Hello, Nick. See you brought your boyfriend.

FEET SHUFFLE.

Frank smirks.

Nick sizes up the test tube monster who looks like he's been a little busted up already.

NICK

At least mine has a dick.

The monster advances but Frank holds him back with his Colt held across his massive chest.

FRANK

Uh-uh, Nick. I don't think you want to do that.

JEFF

They working for you now, Frank? Is that it?

FRANK

(eye on Nick)

They take out the garbage every now and then. Help keep the peace. Keep it balanced.

Jeff notices blood coming from the brute's ear and on one of his bloodied arms what looks like wire tied around it.

JEFF

And your two goons. Where are they?

Frank looks off in annoyance.

FRANK

They're resting. Had a hard day.

NICK

(at Jeff)

Looks like these two already had an afternoon delight.

Jeff snickers.

This tag team is getting Frank pissed.

Billy the henchman glowers threateningly at Nick.

Nick starts pulling the hammer to his Beretta. CLICK.

Frank quickly pulls his back, too. CLICK!

FRANK

(uneasy, nervous)

Easy there, Cowboy. Don't forget I'm the state's fast draw champion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)

Beat you three years in a row. I could have two in you before you shot her name.

Nick is helpless in his boiling rage. He reluctantly un-cocks his weapon.

Frank relaxes some then gives Jeff a demeaning look.

FRANK

I thought I told you to keep this dog tied up!

NICK

Thanks for the note, asshole!

Billy grumbles ghoulishly.

Nick hawks something tasty at Billy's twisted feet!

Billy twists in rage. A fight is stirring.

JEFF

Why you here, Frank?

FRANK

Where's the girl, Jeff? I know you two faggots are hiding her.

NICK

(agitated)

We have no girl. Just looking for Cassie. Back off.

Beretta still in a hard gripped hand. Murky intentions.

FRANK

(hoots)

And her daddy, too, I bet.

Nick shies.

NICK

You know nothing.

He puts his Beretta away then starts looking around for Cassie, wanting to move on away from Frank. Away from *something*.

Nick catches a quick peek at Frank's SILVER COLT, it gleams moonlight, shooting his soul. He winces.

Frank studies Nick curiously, slight fascination. Then looks at the Colt shining in the moonlight, reflecting a sharp beam in his own face with a certain revelation. Then produces an evil grin.

Nick is pacing. Something is agitating him. Like a restless, caged animal that wants to be free but doesn't know why.

Frank's insanely jealous of Nick. Has an agonizing rivalry secretly buried in him as he may know that Nick is a better detective than he, but not a better psychologist. And Frank knows just how to release that wild animal. To set it free, to give him a reason to shoot it down and be the hero. To finally put that one remaining cuff on for good. To give himself the whole stage. The whole hill.

Frank, slowly releases his own hammer, in his own game of deception.

FRANK

Look at you, Nick. Do you even know how fucked up you are?

NICK

Yeah? Well, fuck you, too, Frank. It's all relative.

FRANK

You don't, do you? You have absolutely no idea why you are who you are.

(beat)

Or what you are.

Jeff's eyes dart at Frank's.

NICK

What the fuck is that suppose to mean?

The giant sneers and grumps.

JEFF

Let's go, Nick. We're getting out of here.

Jeff starts walking away...

FRANK

You don't remember, do you?

(beat)

Cowboy.

Nick turns and give Frank a square look.

Jeff slows in trepidation.

JEFF

Frank...

FRANK

You don't remember how all this
nasty shit even started, do you?

LONG BEAT.

Jeff's getting nervous.

Frank calculates a BEAT. Studies Nick's deepening EYES.
They're rolling in rage.

Frank readjusts his GRIP on his Colt, just in case.

NICK

What's this asshole talking about?

JEFF

Nothing. Let's go.

Frank lets out a devilish *CHUCKLE*.

Something vomits in Nick's soul.

JEFF

Frank! Don't!

Frank turns square to Nick.

FRANK

Nick... You're a *killer*.

Nick loses half a breath and a full heart beat.

JEFF

(quietly)

You fuckin piece of shit.

FRANK

(waving his Colt)

You're a loose cannon, Nick. Ready
to blow again with that hair
trigger of yours.

Nick is storming, but credulous. Frank feeds him.

FRANK

You're dangerous, Nick!

(beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

179.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
Unpredictable!

Nick tries to keep his strength. His focus.

FRANK
Aren't you...Cowboy?

NICK
Why don't you put that sledge
hammer down, and let's see just how
unpredictable I get?

Billy moves in a step with death in his eyes.

FRANK
(hoots)
Oh, I already know, Nick. I've seen
it with my own eyes.
(menacing, deep voice)
I already know what you're capable
of.
(beat)
Killer.

Nick's shoulder slumps. His mind breaking. Exchanging
realities.

JEFF
Frank! That's enough!

NICK
(nervous, unsure)
Jeff! What the fuck is this asshole
talkin about!

JEFF
Don't listen to him! He's lying.

FRANK
Remember, Nick? Remember that blood
bath you created in '84, running
that dirt road river red like the
Nile in Bumfuck, Egypt from all
those slaughtered bodies from all
those ignorant souls! Like fuckin
Moses!

Billy chortles menacingly and starts twisting his barbed
wire tight around his thick arm, readying it.

Jeff senses the storm ahead.

JEFF

Fuck, Frank. You have got to be kidding me! Not now! I need him to stay calm.

Nick is trying to stay calm, but something is fighting him.

FRANK

That's right. Remember what you did, in Bowdie?

QUICK FLASHBACK SHOT IN SILENCE

-NICK is WILD, TWO LARGE REVOLVERS BLASTING AWAY at something.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick's animal releases a cry of suppressed memories of intense pain and anguish on his contorting FACE, tearing in unnatural lines from witnessing an event of extreme trauma.

JEFF

(nervous, desperate)

Frank! Listen. We got the girl, Frank. She's safe. We're taking her to county. They'll hold the press release.

FRANK

You got nothing! Those lunatics probably found her by now, having a field day on her virgin ass.

Frank is intently focusing on Nick, watching his tremors heighten. Watching the animal escape. It's satisfying him.

FRANK

(slight doleful)

Passed your car coming up. There's no one in it.

JEFF

(under his breath)

Fuck!

Jeff secretly tightens the grip on his gun.

WE COME IN CLOSER TO NICK'S TORMENTED EYES.

FRANK

Come on, Nick! Think. Remember how you escorted all those ignorant

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
souls to the gates of hell with
just those two, smokin', six
shooters. Two, silver, twin Colt
forty-fives?

Nick's brow narrows as WE HEAR the BACK GROUND POPS of TWO PISTOLS SHOOTING RAPIDLY. His mind starting to crack open.

FRANK
Got one of'em right here...

Frank raises his Colt, MOONLIGHT catches it and reflects SHARPLY IN NICK'S FACE.

FRANK
...Cowboy!

NICK JERKS!

Billy lets out a horrific HOWL of wolfish pain that echoes through out the tunnels, fresh blood drips from his barbed arm.

EXT. BOWDIE - LATER

Blood and guts and hillbillies litter the road. Forty-five or so bodies. A little trickle of black blood under the moonlight starts flowing away, collecting into small rivers, "down stream".

FRANK (VO)
You don't remember your own little
genocide...

Purdy, shiny knife in hand, is going off in a bloodlust-filled, God fearing vengeance that might look something of a modern day Samson with his donkey jaw bone.

SLICE! A wrist is fallen. TEAR! An arm is ripped from its socket, flesh sags in the moonlight! CRUNCH! A back breaks and broken ribs splinter through, chunky guts! THUD! A mighty hand smashes a cone head and it flies backward in a bloody explosion!

FRANK (VO)
...or the evil you unleashed...

More CRAZIES rush out of broken down saloons and barber shops and abandoned churches, rushing Purdy in a feverish, demonic attack, two and three at a time on him. HOWLING and HOOTING! BITING and HACKING! Possessed by something *unknown*.

(CONTINUED)

The mass of maniacal and cynical crazies push Purdy through the double swing doors of a THEATER/SALOON and inside where dusty and forgotten round tables are knocked over, fragile wooden chairs are smashed. More crazies come out from upstairs and behind the bar.

A giant shoe stomps on a deformed head! SPLAT! Like a melon! A body is easily thrown over the bar and into an already open place where a mirror once hung.

The shiny, bloody knife cuts off an arm. Then a leg at the knee and then a head, blood squirts up. Blood splashes walls. Blood! Purdy is covered in hillbilly blood. A dark angel of death.

FRANK (VO)

That road was gushing, Nick! A
river running red with all their
blood!

CUT TO:

A wider river of black blood flows, gushing down the gutters, sounding like a WATERFALL...

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - CONTINUOUS

...The SOUND of the crushing waterfalls.

A heaviness from this revelation is starting to terrorize Nick. He trembles with dismay as his subconscious begins to give up dark, buried secrets.

JEFF

(under his breath)
My dear God, Frank! Look what
you're doing to him!

FRANK

They got their own little cemetery
outside of town because of you.

(beat)

Two hundred and twelve.

Billy growls.

Nick's face starts to change into something contorted and painful. Something monstrous.

Jeff slowly starts pulling the hammer back on his gun.
CLICK... CLICK.

Nick is losing it. Billy is ready and leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I swear, when I'm done killing your
boyfriend, Frank...

CLICK!

FRANK

So, now you know, Nick. Now you
know exactly who and what you
are...and what you'll ever be...

JEFF

...I'm going to kill you.

FRANK

A monster!

Jeff, as quickly as he can, point his snub nose at Billy to
fire, but-

-like the fastest gun in the west that he is, Frank
instantly puts a bee in Jeff's chest. BANG! Jeff is blown
away and flies over the edge and lands hard in the shallow
pool below. The shot still ECHOING in the tunnels.

Nick instantly snaps out of his anguish and darts a move
with his Beretta but Frank already has him covered. Truly,
he is faster than Nick.

FRANK

Nope. Don't.

Nick looks over the edge fretting, shocked and vexed.

FRANK

Relax. He's got his vest on.

NICK

You fuckin coward!

The Beretta starts clicking as Nick is slowly pulling the
hammer back. CLICK...

FRANK

Do it, Nick. Give me a reason.

Nick, looking at the Colt. Smoke floating out the barrel.

Billy wants to charge. But Frank raises the hot Colt in
front of him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
(at Billy)
Wait.
(studying Nick's torment)
Just wait.

EXT. THEATER/SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The attack seems to have lesson away as a bloodied and heaving Purdy with his shiny knife in hand stands in the middle of the theater. He looks around for anymore attackers. A FEW dot the inside, hiding and waiting.

A HEAVY CLOD of STUMBLING MISSTEPS are heard. The few remaining crazies begin to hoot and holler again. One HOWLS in mounting courage and momentum.

Purdy turns around towards the swinging doors and we find a THREE EYED HUNCHBACK CRAZY, dragging behind him a thick iron chain attached to his neck with a bent, jagged hinge at the other end.

The hunchback's head is severely coned and his tiny ears hang lower on his droopy face than normal. One of his eyes is largely oval which has a double pupil. Liquid oozes from it.

He starts swinging his chain. It SWOOSHES in the air! The few remaining crazies HOOT LOUDER. Getting excited. Their Spartacus has arrived.

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Nick is hotter than a two dollar pistol! Frank has his Colt pointing at him.

FRANK
I know what you're capable of,
Nick. Just how dangerous you really
are. Nobody knows, do they? Just
us. Remember?
(beat)
I saw with my own eyes what you did
behind that tent. You fuckin
murderer!

NICK
What tent! What the fuck are you
talkin about now you stupid fuck!

MORE ECHOES.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Before you went to Bowdie! Wake up,
Nick! What charged you senseless
with all your bloodlust? What set
you off like a mindless fire
cracker.

EXT. THEATER/SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The hunchback swings wildly at Purdy with his chain but Purdy twists out of the way and the sharp hinge sticks in the top of a table like a dart. It's sharp. The hunchback yanks it free, breaking the oak table to pieces! His strength is formidable.

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Billy is anxious!

FRANK

The carnival, Nick!

A ONE SECOND FLASHBACK SHOT

-The PICTURE on the tent of the THREE-EYED HILLBILLY.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick JERKS his head as buried memories shoot pain back into his subconscious.

EXT. THEATER/SALOON - CONTINUOUS

PURDY JERKS out of the way again as the thick chain just misses him and slams into the dilapidated, wooden wall, going straight through, weakening its structural integrity.

The three eyed hunchback forces a smile from evil glee.

FRANK (VO)

Remember what *he* did to Cassie?

The onlooking crazies thrash about with wild mania.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

WE PAN ACROSS a cage with mounds of straw in it. Partially obscured in the back behind one of the mounds is a hunchback form devouring a white feathered chicken. Another white feathered chicken is laid open, in a bloody mess, off to the side.

AS WE PAN AROUND the bars the form looks up. CU on the form revealing a double ugly inbred man with a severely coned head and an eye that droops large, holding a lazy double pupil. It's leaking pink tears.

A heavy iron chain is attached to his neck and connected to his cage.

Feathers are pasted to his mouth. It grunts and jerks then goes back mauling the chicken.

WE HEAR QUIET GRUNTING NOISES from a woman. But painful, sharp, grunting, in a rhythm.

FRANK (VO)

Remember, Nick? Remember what happened to her?

(beat)

That one traumatic event?

Nick keeps walking around to the back of the tent and sees some strange movement through a slit to a makeshift back room. A long handle axe is propped up near the opening. He stumbles onto something. At his feet is the blue eyed doll lying in the dirt-

NICK (VO)

Cassie?

CLOSER grunts of pain. Nick moves closer. The strange movement through the slit is taking shape of a woman having forced intercourse on her back!

NICK (VO)

CASSIE!

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick's monster comes out in his wild EYES. Frank sees it.

FRANK

(at Billy)

Now!

(CONTINUED)

Billy instantly charges like a loosed dog but he-

(CONTINUED)

-BOOM!- VIOLENTLY JERKS to one side, BLOOD and CHUNKS SPLATTER the hanging granite ledge behind him, the mini waterfall already starting to cleanse this mess away.

Frank jerks his head-

-LUBER stands to the side with a NASTY SHOTGUN tied to his hand. The short double barrel smokes.

Frank twitches in rage. Another plan not working out smoothly.

LUBER
You ain't that fast.

FRANK
I can have one in your head before
you yank that bitch again.

Nick has his Beretta raised.

LUBER
Not for the both of us.

BEAT.

Frank grins slyly.

FRANK
Norma you know you're here?

LUBER
She's waiting in the car.
(beat)
She told me to tell yas hi.

Frank spits at Luber's feet.

LUBER
(at Nick)
Heard the gunfire.
(eyes Frank)
Sounded fameeliar.

BILLY suddenly grumbles and SPRINGS up in rage, not dead, and charges Nick! BOOM! The giant jerks again and is falling towards Nick. Nick accurately fires a mighty BANG from his and hits Billy in the throat. BLOOD SPRAYS. Three feet from Nick and Billy tries to swipe him with his barbed arm but Nick viciously elbows the BEAST in his crooked nose first with freakish strength spinning him full circle to the edge of the cliff and with his gun resting on his other forearm Nick expertly shoots him again, BANG! Between the eyes just

as he turns back to him. Billy's head jerks back causing him to jerk and fall over the edge...and WE HEAR A THUD BELOW!

Frank is awed and excited, eyes alive and faces Luber with his Colt.

FRANK
(devilish glee)
You're out.

Luber jerks again but nothing!

FRANK
Say hi to Norma.

LUBER
Damn. This is gonna hurt.

Frank closes an eye and carefully fires a bee in Luber's meaty shoulder. BANG!

But before Luber hits the ground Frank has already fired at Nick, BANG! Nick topples over and lets one of his own go, BANG! Hits Frank in the shooter's hand. Colt drops at Nick's feet. Nick hits the ground and instantly rises up and readies to fire again at him but Frank has already pulled out an ankle gun and has sights on Nick with his other hand. Damn, he's fast! Nick freezes.

EXT. THEATER/SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The hunchback is about half the size of Purdy but his swinging chain is troubling him. Purdy can't make a move on him.

The chain SWOOSHES near him again and misses but accidentally and violently collides with an onlooking crazy. SMASH! The head comes clean off!

Something dawns on Purdy. He moves to the middle of the saloon. The three eyed hunchback is swinging his heavy chain above him like a cowboy ready to rope a calf. The hunchback starts to laugh in an unlearned and hideous way. PURDY moves his knife to his right hand and turns inward a bit. The chain is SWOOSHING around in a rapid tempo over the monster's miniature head...

Then, suddenly, the hunchback strikes a final death blow to Purdy, but, Purdy is waiting exactly for this predictable swing and very quickly steps inside the space of the two and with his right hand uses the back of the knife to catch the chain half way creating a break in the swing, shortening it

(CONTINUED)

while ducking out of the way. The quicker, shortened chain instantly comes back around the unaware hunchback's way and the sharp hinge catches the side of his head squarely with a THUD and a SPLAT of blood. He twitches and shakes from this impact to the side his skull then drops dead at Purdy's feet.

The onlooking crazies suddenly stop hollering. QUIET.

Purdy looks around for anymore attackers and they quietly slip away just as they had appeared.

Purdy exits the saloon and out the swinging doors leaving a BLOODY MESS inside.

The BRIGHT MOON above reveals a genocide of evil erased from existence, over two hundred slaughtered corpses litter the bloody highway.

Purdy moves on, exiting out the town's end and veers away, towards a certain hill with abandoned shafts of dangling chains rattling in the breeze and forgotten, squeaky iron wheels under their A-frames.

BABYLON ENTERS FRAME and stops in the road, holding her doll.

BABYLON

Purdy! Wait!

A DARK SHADOW emerges behind and swallows Babylon whole-

DARK VOICE

-Gotcha!

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Nick winces from his bullet wound. His side bleeds.

Frank has the ankle gun on Nick while gingerly cradling his bloodied hand.

NICK

You were never accurate, Frank.
Just fast.

Nick lets his Beretta fall. Frank shakes from pain and rage.

FRANK

So many years I've waited for this moment. And now I finally got you
you sonofabitch!

(CONTINUED)

Nick looks over at Luber. He's barely moving.

NICK
And what moment would that be? Huh!
Shooting up all your friends.
Siding with management!

Nick notices some of Billy's blood and chunks still clingy to the granite.

NICK
You're with them, now? You're with
all those rapist and murders! Why?

Frank's arm twitches in anticipation. Nick jeers at Frank's USMC TATTOO on the forearm.

NICK
Go ahead. Fuckin Jarhead. Fuckin
pussy.

Frank wipes perspiration over his lip. Aims his ankle gun back at Nick

NICK
Wait a minute.

USMC TATTOO.

NICK
(to himself)
Shit.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Nick and Cassie at the hammer game. Fun. Laugh. Cotton candy. Nick SLAMS the apparatus. Weight fails to reach the bell. Two tough guys mock. Muscle guy in low tank top and another big guy sporting a USMC tattoo on his forearm. They gawp at Cassie with lust. Muscle guy's tongue darting between two fingers. Tattoo guy turns his face more TOWARDS US and WE SEE it's a YOUNGER FRANK.

NICK (VO)
It was you...in the tent...

CUT TO:

Nick tears off a big, blue eyed doll from the wall of the hammer game's booth as the YOUNG CARNIVAL WORKER stands back in shock. Nick hands the doll to an elated Cassie.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Nick and Cassie walk past the temporary restrooms next to the tent with the picture of the three eyed hillbilly on it.

Cassie takes another sip of her soda.

CASSIE

I got to go real quick.

Nick is looking off at something, intently.

NICK

Alright. I'll be right here.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

WE HEAR QUIET GRUNTING NOISES from a woman. But sharp, painful, grunting, in a rhythm.

NICK keeps walking around to the back of the tent and sees some strange movement through a slit to a makeshift back room and just BEFORE WE ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE ATTACKER-

-Nick stumbles onto something. At his feet is the big, blue eyed doll lying in the dirt-

BACK TO PRESENT

A blood vessel in Nick's bloodshot eyes pops and flows away in a red tear down his torn face.

NICK

(in disbelief)

You...you raped my Cassie...

FRANK

I finally got you, you cocksucker!
I've been waiting for the perfect
time to hit you back, too.

Frank pulls the hammer back. CLICK.

NICK

But, why?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Cassie takes another sip of her soda.

CASSIE

I got to go real quick.

NICK is looking off at *something*, intently.

NICK

Alright. I'll be right here.

Nick watches YOUNG FRANK and MUSCLE GUY walk away, unaware of Nick. Muscle guy takes Frank's hand.

CUT TO:

Behind the tent Nick is pounding to death the muscle guy in the face with bloody fists. It's absolutely sickening. CLOSER, WE HEAR the THUDS and SPLATS of flesh. Nick is covered in blood splatter. The guy's face is dented in like a melon.

CUT TO:

Cassie finds him on his knees next to the destroyed muscle guy. She drops the doll at her feet. Nick turns towards her with a torn face and stands up.

NICK

He wanted to rape you, baby. They both did but I can't find the other one.

SOMETHING MOVES DEEP WITHIN CASSIE'S EYES. SOMETHING SADISTIC.

She slips off both straps and undoes the top button and lets her halter top hang from her breast, changing from modest to haughty. Nick is caught off guard but likes this different girl.

CUT TO:

Nick and Cassie are heavily making out. Nick's hands are covered in blood moving all over Cassie.

The prized, big, blue eyed doll at her feet. To the side are the legs of the dead muscle guy.

WE PAN OVER TO the edge of the tent and find Frank, watching in *horror and utter shock of ruin in his soul!*

BACK TO PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

Nick is almost drunk with rage and disbelief.

NICK

You were watching?

FRANK

After I saw what you did to my lover, I had to do something to yours.

(beat)

But my plan didn't quite work out did it, Nick?

Nick starts to slowly inch his way towards Frank, with madness and asperity.

FRANK

After you saw what *they* did to her in that tent...you went ballistic. Became that monster that killed all those poor, ignorant souls of their kin in that ghost town. You became a murderer, Nick. Your mind split and you never really came back, have you? And all this time I've been wiping your ass. Throwing them bones just to keep the peace around here! I'm tired smelling your shit!

Frank raises his gun back at Nick.

NICK

(unsure)

What *they* did to...

FRANK

Well, no more getting chewed by the Judge. I'm done wiping your crazy ass. You shot a cop, Nick. You're going down.

BEAT.

Nick is trying to put the pieces together in maddening confusion.

Frank looks around the waterfalls and tunnels. Deafening water crashing below. Lonely. Vapor mist. No human soul around for ten thousand miles.

LONG BEAT.

BACK AT FRANK with a devilish grin. Evil victory.

(CONTINUED)

Nick angrily spits out blood.

FRANK

Nobody left to save you now, is there, Cowboy?

BEAT. Nick finally accepts defeat. Submissive. Desperately in love.

NICK

Who was it, Frank? Who was in that tent!

Frank gazes at Nick with murderous intent.

FRANK

What a waste. You really could have been something around here. Maybe even mayor. But, you lost it all... because of that stupid hair trigger of yours.

(beat)

Now it's time to pay.

Slight dread in Nick's eyes.

NICK

Who raped her, Frank! At least tell me that before you do.

Frank CHUCKLES.

NICK

WHO!

FRANK

Who?

CLICK!

FRANK

If you only knew who that little girl's daddy really is.

Nick's disparity instantly vanishes, taking any remaining hope with it! He lets out a bearish roar and charges Frank in his bloodlust-filled rage, but...his roar is eclipsed by a MIGHTIER ROAR! Behind Frank and splashing through the waterfall is the BEAR. Nine feet tall, dwarfing Frank as its mammoth paws encloses him and easily plunges its long, black claws deep into his chest. Frank lets out a HELLISH SCREAM just as the bear rips open Frank's chest and blood and guts burst out!

(CONTINUED)

Frank's broken body falls limp.

The bear looks at Nick and makes a move but Nick instantly grabs the Colt and jumps off the thirty foot ledge and falls unto Billy, lying dead on the

BANK BELOW.

Jeff has since this time crawled under the ledge for shelter and has his vest laid opened on a rock with a BULLET HOLE in the center.

Nick, in pain, rolls to him.

JEFF

Fuck you, man, and your cowboy ego.

NICK

(remembering Luber)

Luber!

Luber THUMPS HARD on Billy's body. He rolls off the giant and lies still on the ground while catching his breath, adjusting to terror and pain.

LUBER

Thank you everybody for leaving me up there!

Jeff and Nick force a little smile in camaraderie.

OMINOUS BEAT.

LUBER

(shaken)

It's eating him, man. I've never seen a bear do that before.

EXT. MAKE OUT FALLS - CONTINUOUS

WE ARE EXTREMELY CLOSE ON Frank's face. It's lifeless and hallow. One eye open. Some blood suddenly slaps his chin, dripping down his neck. His head is being powerfully thrust back and forth as if something heavy and strong is forcing itself on him. Ravaging his small body.

WE PAN OUT and realize that the bear's massive, furry head and ears, is engrossing itself in Frank's bloody, open, midsection, gorging on his organs and meat. It's making deep grunting, frustrating sounds, unremorseful in its lust!

(CONTINUED)

RIP! POP! TEAR! The bear suddenly runs off with Frank's legs and hips partly clothed in his shredded pants, wearing one boot, disappearing forever into the wild.

WE SLOWLY PAN OUT on Frank's upper body and see his lower body is missing. HIGHER STILL this destroyed human resembles a bloodied small animal, a fox, lifeless and forgotten in an animal kingdom lacking remorse and guilt, executing God's tactful order on chaos...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

FADING IN...Purdy, dripping in BLACK, hillbilly blood, shiny knife in hand comes to a large opening of what seems to be one of the main shafts on the hill, familiar to Purdy. He stops and looks around, trying to remember.

FLASHBACK TO:

Mourners. Candles. Quiet humming. Large opening to a main shaft in the hill. Young Purdy looks at the piled rocks and cross to the side, next to the opening.

BACK TO PRESENT

Purdy looks to the side and we see an almost level area of gathered rocks and stone. Slightly raised. The cross is gone.

Purdy takes a step and falls at the side, dropping his knife. IT CLANKS and TINGS on the rough ground.

Tears flow and heaves of pain and dread rise as Purdy starts to dig in the ground with his mighty hands, tossing away stone and dirt in a proficient manner.

CUT TO:

The grave is emptied of about three feet of dirt and rock and Purdy stops. INSIDE WE SEE him smooth over something with his hand. It's a flat piece of wood. Purdy shakes at this and more quickly, with urgency, excavates more dirt out to the side.

CUT TO:

In the grave we now see the top of a plain, wooden, rectangle shaped box.

Purdy scratches at it, trying to open it but getting no where. Nails are dotted all along the edges.

(CONTINUED)

Purdy grabs his knife and with one solid thrust stabs through the wooden top like it was butter. With one twist the heavy knife cracks it open like a coconut.

Purdy, blindly, strips away broken pieces of aged, pressed wood, then stops. And looks in.

His angel face slaughtered in anguish.

PURDY
NO, MAMA!!! NO!!!

Purdy bends over, reaches inside and takes a hold of something...then pulls up a dusty, crumbling corpse wearing a dress.

PURDY
MAMA!!!

The ground shakes, air shimmering in this giant's voice.

BEAT.

WE HEAR MOVEMENT and RATTLING. Then MURMURING of HOOTING and CLICKING.

Purdy looks behind and inside the opening of the shaft we see many more hillbillies coming out, carrying shotguns and pistols, escorting their GLADIATOR GIANT in their mist who's carrying a huge shovel. He stops at the entrance, shadows covering his face.

A barrel of gunpowder sits at one side.

Behind this giant is a couple of the crazies with OLD TIME LANTERNS at each side of him. And in some preplanned order of execution they toss the lit lanterns across each other, smashing them against the walls of the shaft, catching the them on fire in scattered, spaced areas as its raw coal and seeping crude oil feeds it.

The firelight reveals about twenty or so dangling chains gathered from abandoned mines as disturbing decorations for their underground dwellings. Some are straight as others are looped. They gently swing and rattle together like eerie chimes. In the foreground, sharply outlined by the fire is the SILHOUETTE OF THE GIANT.

Purdy rises, knife in hand. The lot of hillbilly warriors COCK their shotguns and LOCK their pistols.

GIANT

Welcome home, son.

Purdy clenches his knife!

EXT/INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeff is helping Nick to his door. Jeff looks up and sees Norma rushing out of a car to help Luber who is dragging feet and clutching a shoulder. WE HEAR HER CRY out to him something inaudible but horrifying. Luber raises a hand to calm her.

CUT TO:

Jeff slams his door shut after looking from the back seat.

JEFF

Damn it! We should have never came here.

(beat)

Told Shelly we went out for a drink. Now we're all shot up.

NICK

Where ever he took her, more than likely she's with Cassie now, or will be soon.

(beat)

Up there in that ghost town somewhere.

JEFF

You don't know that. They could be anywhere.

Nick opens the glove box and pulls out something wrapped in a SOFT YELLOW CLOTH.

Jeff revolts and turns to Nick and his disparity. A wretched soul consumed with evil desire, bloodied and dispirited. On the brink of a serious mental break down or a serious mental blow up.

JEFF

Nick...

Nick unwraps it and WE SEE IT IS A SHINY COLT .45.

JEFF

Nick. She's gone! They both are. I'm sorry man. Just like the rest

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
of them. You know better than
anybody the first twenty-four hours
are the most crucial and it's now
the third da-

NICK
-She's not gone!

Nick checks for copper. Slams the cylinder SHUT!

JEFF
You stubborn mule. You're going to
get yourself killed up there.
There's too many of'em. We need to
call for back up.

Nick faces Jeff with desperation and boldness.

NICK
We don't leave them, right, bra. No
matter what!

Nick opens his door and climbs out, grimacing in pain,
holding his bloodied side.

JEFF
I need to take you to the hospital.
(beat)
Nick!

NICK
No matter what!

Nick slams the door!

JEFF
NICK! She's gone!

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

Purdy, with gleaming knife in hand stands at the entrance of
the main shaft. The shaft is big enough to drive two semi
trucks through. It is on fire like the gates of hell.

About twenty or so MURDEROUS HILLBILLIES surround the area
holding shotguns and pistol and some carry long rifles from
their straight family trees. They are a crude and
meaningless lot of protectors for this GIANT GLADIATOR who's
holding his weapon of choice, a HEAVY, IRON SPADE of a
shovel with a thick wooden handle of about eight feet long.

(CONTINUED)

GIANT
(deep, familiar voice)
She was...what would you call her
in kitchen lingo...juicy?

HEAVY, MONSTROUS CHUCKLES.

GIANT
Yeah. Just like a piece of that
tasty chicken she used to fry. Warm
and juicy.

Purdy stands stoic in righteousness. Unmoved. Calm.

GIANT
Let me ask since I'm your father.
Have you been a good boy, Purdy?

Hillbilly BLOOD still drips from his arms.

GIANT
No. I didn't think so.

The crazies become agitated. Some point their guns at him.

GIANT
Well, get over here and give your
daddy a kiss.

Purdy, glorious being, God's Holy thunder of wrath, saved in purity and innocence until broken by love from an abused little girl and made vengeful through blinded unforgiveness, advances towards the giant, clenching hard his mother's knife.

The giant gives a certain DEMONIC WAR CRY and meets Purdy half way. The hillbilly spectators become energized in evil and murder as these two behemoths clash. SHOVEL BLADE and KNIFE BLADE COLLIDE in a CLANK and SPARK in the cold, dead night, ground vibrating.

The FIGHT is awesome and evenly matched. Each using his own skill with his own weapon. But as the fight continues it's becoming clear that Purdy's winning. The giant is gradually losing step and slightly slower than Purdy.

Then the defining moment of the fight comes, when in Purdy's impatience, a sudden risk of boldness pays off. HE counters a blow from the giant by flipping his knife upside down and with the thick, flat part of the blade HACKS right through the handle of the shovel, breaking it in two, seriously weakening the giant's chances of victory.

(CONTINUED)

The giant panics! Knowing evil never wins, but has a back up plan. A plan freakin B!

GIANT

Now!

From out of the doorway to hell and under the swinging chains TWO CRAZY GUARDS drag a little girl out into the open. She is Babylon, clenched hard in their grasps. She's wearing a potato sack loosely over her skinny body. She's holding her doll. She has been, again, touched by evil. Face dirty and scraped. Dried blood smeared from her face to her thin hair. Tears streak over her once clean complexion and now falling on bruised shoulders.

Purdy instantly stops. His warrior heart vanishes as Babylon's sweet lover returns in pure heart.

BABYLON

Purdy Moon!

The two crazy guards place nasty, jagged, iron pieces to her body and throat.

BABYLON

I'm sorry!

The giant stands up straight, catching breath. Confident. Tosses his broken shovel to the dirt.

GIANT

That was tempered Blue Oak.

A GIMPY CRAZY rushes up to the giant and hands him a huge pick axe. He looks over at Babylon than back at Purdy.

GIANT

Drop it.

BEAT.

Purdy drops his knife!

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - TIMELESS

BLACKNESS. WE HEAR SOMEONE WHIMPERING and CRYING. A SCARED WOMAN. Then WE HEAR THICK CHAINS RATTLE about. The SOUND of these chains instantly startle this woman who is coming to the reality of her situation. She panics then remembers something that helps.

WE HEAR THE SCRATCHING from a LIGHTER and then WE SEE SMALL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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SPARKS. The woman is getting desperate in her dark world.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, the FLAME is ignited and WE SEE the BATTERED and BLOODIED FACE of a barely recognizable CASSIE. She lowers the flame to her leg and we see the shackle on her ankle. This revelation makes her scream from a deep and familiar nightmare. She tugs and pulls at it but it remains. Her nightmare is real and present. No escape.

Cassie extends the flame and AS WE PULL BACK WE SEE she's sitting behind iron bars, locked in a dirt cell of about 10X15X20. This is a completely new dirt dungeon, buried deep in some place unknown and Cassie is being held prisoner.

She lets out another, awesome and helpless SCREAM! Shock and terror. The flame goes out! BLACK!

CASSIE

NICK!!

EXT. GRIMMER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

Nick seems lost and confused. He has wandered off the road to a little dirt path. This path has led him up a slight hill overlooking the grand valley below. He stops to catch his breath, his bearing. Looks around... Nothing... Just a placid feel in between earth and sky. Crushed in august.

NICK

CASSIE!!

VOICE ECHOING.

Suddenly, Nick gets the feeling that something is behind him. BLUE FOG and VAPOR SLIDE up to him, envelopes him. He SLOWLY turns around and stops in a terrible surmise. The iron sign above catches his eyes as terror hits him hard across the face. The SIGN is rudimentary made from bent and hammered iron pieces collected from old, rusted, iron scrap and abandoned mining tools to form the words above:

"GRIMM 'S CEMETERY"! The "ER" has fallen to the ground.

NICK

No! It can't be.

(beat)

This can't be real.

(beat)

Just a dream. Just a nightmare.

FRANK (VO)

(corpse's tongue)

This is real, Nick! You better wake up!

(CONTINUED)

Nick does a half turn behind him, DOUBLE COLTS RAISED!
Nothing but BLUE MOONLIGHT on DRY LANDSCAPE.

NICK
You're not real...

Nick turns back to the CEMETERY in dread. The cemetery is surrounded by a dilapidated and rusted out iron fence, standing about three feet tall. A LOW, LAZY FOG settles over the two hundred or so roughly chiseled TOMBSTONES standing in the tall grass that hides them. *A park of death.*

NICK
...you're dead.

FRANK'S HALLOW CHUCKLES ROLL through the cemetery like a lazy ghost. ECHOING left then right.

NICK
NO! Go away! Get out of my head!

Nick desperately holds on to his sanity, staggering from side to side. Reality creeping in.

FRANK (VO)
Look, Nick! Look at what you've done! So many of'em!

Nick jerks his head, shaking a tormenting migraine away.

FRANK (VO)
Count the many tombstones you've helped erect. Count their graves!

NICK
No! Stop it!

FRANK (VO)
LOOK! Look, Nick! *You filled the ground with their bones!*

Nick's resolve weakens as his shocked eyes, slowly, with curious daring, runs over the cemetery. His cemetery. Then, his EYES FLASH SOMETHING WILD AND HORRID INSIDE.

QUICK FLASHBACK SHOT

-NICK, WIELDING THE TWO, SLIVER, HAND CANONS, fire blowing from the barrels, is knocking off DEMONIC HILLBILLIES left and right. BANG! SPLAT! BANG! THUMP! BANG! DROP!

HIS FACE, TERRIFIED and WILD!

BACK TO PRESENT

FRANK (VO)
You're a murder, Nick!

NICK
No!
(beat)
You're lying.

FRANK
You gunned down two hundred and
twelve that night!

NICK
No! I couldn't have...
(unsure)
I'm not capable of th...this.

FRANK (VO)
Yes you are, Nick. Oh, yes you are.
We all are. What did you say...it's
all relative?

Nick shakes his head "no", desperately trying to reject this reality from existence.

BEAT.

Then, something shocking hits his FACE, EYES FINDING TERROR OF TRUTH.

NICK
No!
(beat)
It can't be...

FOGGY CHUCKLES ECHO DEEPER and LONGER...

SERIES OF FLASHBACK SHOTS

-Nick, kneeling behind a dry, broken trough, EYES FIERCE in DRUNKEN RAGE is firing his twin colts faster now, matching his impulse. BANG! BANG!...BANG! BANG! On the road, SCARED HILLBILLIES RUN FOR THEIR LIVES, DRAGGING LITTLE CHILDREN BEHIND.

-Nick storms a dusty old blacksmith building and guns down unsuspecting squatters making moonshine. The DRUM SPARKS, ALCOHOL LEAKS. CUT TO: OUTSIDE, Nick is walking away and the BUILDING EXPLODES!

-Nick runs into a church and goes off on more unsuspecting hillbilly squatters. BANG! BANG!...BANG! BANG! BLOOD SPLATTERS IN THE PEWS!

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

Purdy is standing in the middle of the dangling and looped chains in the shaft. The walls are aflame, fueled by raw coal and seeping crude oil from the black walls. About FIFTEEN DEMONICALLY CHARGED HILLBILLIES are hooking Purdy up and through these chains, securing them to Purdy's body with SHARP HOOKS that are PIERCED into his flesh!

The GIANT oversees this evil in nervous impatience. Feeling a sense of urgency.

Purdy looks up towards the ceiling and we see about ten or more PULLEYS bolted to the roof with these chains running through them.

A BOLD, POSSESSED HILLBILLY CRUSHES Purdy's face with a heavy, iron object, making his nose and lip GUSH FRESH BLOOD. They cheer loudly as this Savior is being prepared for a crucifixion.

BABYLON(OS)
Stop it! Leave him alone! Stop
hurting my Purdy Moon.

Purdy's LOVING EYES meets her's.

PURDY
My Little One. Do not be afraid.

Babylon struggles to get free from the two crazies guarding her. They are lustful, raptured in their duties, almost gleeful in her bondage.

BABYLON
Why Purdy? Why! Why won't you just
kill them all?

The giant peeks in nervous interest.

Purdy looks off towards the valley below. Back at Babylon.

PURDY
Mama wants me to be good now. She
wants me to come home. I have to be
good now.
(beat, back towards the
valley)
Someone else is coming.

The GIANT knows something and jerks his head towards the valley in anger, fear and shock.

(CONTINUED)

GIANT
(to himself)
The *monster*.

EXT. GRIMMER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

THE ECHOING of the BANGS FADE AWAY.

NICK
My God, no! Please... I'm not a
mur-

FRANK (VO)
You're a monster, Nick!

Nick searches the night for hope...

FRANK (VO)
You've done terrible things.

NICK'S EYES CRAWL through the entrance of the cemetery and towards the BACK...and happens upon a CROOKED CROSS stuck in the ground, grass coming up around it.

NICK
Why...
(beat)
My God, forgive me.

Nick stumbles through and under the sign with failing strength as shock and horror of his past catches up to him, accepting his so called title, making his way to the graves.

FRANK
You believe it now, don't you,
Cowboy?

Nick collapses in a defeated slump next to a DUSTY AND COBWEBBED OVER TOMBSTONE. Its grave is not filled in yet and its dirt is now an old mound, grown over with grass, piled at its side.

FRANK (VO)
You became the very thing you
hated. The very thing you sought to
destroy.
(beat, chuckle)
Hypocrite!

Nick peers into the DEEP, DARK HOLE of the grave. ENDLESS BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (VO)
That's right.

LOW, SLOW CHUCKLES.

FRANK (VO)
You don't want to be a hypocrite,
do you?
(beat)
You have to destroy all the evil,
Nick. All of it.

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

The two crazy guards yank Babylon away from Purdy. Away from hope and love. PURDY is completely wrapped in chains and hooks. BLOOD spills from many wounds.

BABYLON is crushed as fear and dread sweep over her like a flood.

BABYLON
PURDY MOON!

GIANT
Do it! Now!

The fifteen or so POSSESSED HILLBILLIES PULL on their chains with all their might and PURDY begins to rise above the ground. The pulleys SQUEAK and CRACKLE...

They secure the chains around pegs and hooks on the walls, keeping Purdy in place, suspended like a fly in a web, awaiting a nasty sting.

The SHADOWED GIANT with huge pick axe over shoulder moves in front of Purdy, relishing in this moment of glorious victory.

GIANT
(vis Babylon)
Watch this.

The GIANT TAKES THE MASSIVE PICK AXE off his shoulder and lets it fall to the ground. It THUMPS with a HEAVY THUD! He spits in his monstrous hands and rubs them together.

Babylon quickly looks over at Purdy in a panic.

Purdy is looking up at the moon, whispering something like he did at the dinner table, BROAD CHEST wide open in front of his attacker. Then he lets his bearish head fall forward as if ready for his full purpose to be begin.

(CONTINUED)

The giant takes his great pick axe and raises it over his head...

PURDY TILTS HIS HEAD TOWARDS BABYLON IN GREAT LOVE.

BABYLON is NUMB with dread, face of fright.

A HORRIFIC HOWL of RAGE escapes the giant and the PICK AXE COMES DOWN HARD and SINKS into Purdy's massive shoulder and neck.

Babylon hides a shriek of terror and Purdy lets out a simple exhale of eternal pain from a father's abandonment and hate.

The giant lets the pick axe rest in Purdy's flesh, a horrific and inhuman sight of impalement.

GIANT

Ooh. I bet that stings!

Babylon desperately looks around for help. For hope. For that greater somebody.

EXT. GRIMMER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

Nick desperately looks around for one last sliver of help. For hope. For that somebody. But, all is quiet and still. The whole world exists of just himself, his guns and the grave before him.

FRANK (VO)

They made this for you, Nick. Just waiting for one more. Fitting don't you think? The name, I mean. Like it was meant to be.

(beat)

Even the tombstone at the head.

Nick barely dares looking at it.

FRANK (VO)

Look at it, Nick! Look at your tombstone!

Nick barely moves and looks over the face. It's covered with dust and cobwebs.

FRANK (VO)

It's yours, Nick! Don't you see!

NICK SLOWLY MOVES A HAND over and reluctantly scrapes off the dusty cobwebs. On the FACE it reads:

NICK GRIMMER-1958-NOT SOON ENOUGH.

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

Babylon is scratched with horror as she witnesses the one she loves die for her survival. Desperate rage. She glares at the giant standing in the middle of the shaft, walls of crawling flame.

BELLA

You're a monster!

The GIANT moves towards Babylon, coming out from under his shadows of concealment and reveals his monstrous features to her. A TOTALLY BURNT FACE. UGLY and FLAKY like fried chicken. A true demon. IT IS HOBBS! VIRGIL HOBBS.

BABYLON GASPS IN SHOCK and HORROR. TREMORS CONTROL HER.

HOBBS

How you've been, sweetie?

Hobbs looks back at Purdy then back at her in malevolent satisfaction.

Babylon looks over at a sunken Purdy, impaled and mercilessly abused. She shakes to the core! Her first time seeing him weak! Her Savior gone.

She looks back at Hobbs.

HOBBS

Just image what I'm going to do to you when I'm done with your lover. Your little body will be destroyed. There's no doubt about that. And he can't save you anymore, sugar.

His death filled and darkened assured EYES easily breaks BABYLON'S fragile spirit with fear. Instantly she wets herself, stripping clean her humanity as her carriage runs down her ankle. She lets out a small squeak of fear while shivering.

Suddenly, PURDY mounts strength and finds poor Babylon.

PURDY

Do not fear, Little One. *Trust in JESUS!* Remember His promises.

The manic crazies scream out in rage at this name. Hobbs turns around with new hellish energy and motive.

(CONTINUED)

HOBBS

Do it! I want her to see this. She needs to see him die. I want her hope.

The two lantern crazies splash Purdy with a bucket of crude oil, sticky and thick.

One of them reaches behind and finds a large RED STICK. He scraps it on a rock and it POPS with a BRIGHT FLARE, a shooting flame.

BABYLON

NO!!

The crazy with the flare comes close to Purdy...

Babylon is crazed with fright and anticipation...

Hobbs turns to Babylon with power...

HOBBS

You're gonna watch me do to him what you did to me. And then you're next!

Purdy looks up at the near full MOON, SKY CRYSTAL CLEAR and DOTTED WITH WHITE SPECKS as a GENTLE BREEZE blows through turning to moderate, dashing the flare...

PURDY

Trust in Him, Little One!

HOBBS

(feeling the breeze, feeling her hope)
Do it! Do it now!

BABYLON PURDY

MOON! I LOVE YOU!

PURDY

To the moon and back...

The lantern crazy sticks the shooting flame to Purdy.

BABYLON

NO!!!

The thick oil IGNITES, BURSTING into RUNNING BLUE FLAME, crawling over his hulking mass then quickly burns YELLOW, suddenly and fully engulfing this saint!

BABYLON SHRIEKS IN HORROR..!

...along the valley and down into the deep canyons, piped in and out of the hallow mines and tunnels, carried away by stiff breezes, BABYLON'S SCREAMING SHRILL ECHOES FAR AND WIDE-

EXT. GRIMMER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

Nick is kneeling in front of the open grave in false defeat and deceptive hopelessness, about to destroy the last evil when a familiar voice knocks him out of these lies. Instantly, he realizes his folly and jumps to his feet!

HE LETS OUT an ANGRY RAGE and cocks back both guns by throwing the COLTS downward while holding onto the hammers then pulls them back up with a quick little twirl like an expert. The Colts are ready.

Nick runs out of the cemetery, turns around in a flash and with wrists crossed the GLEANING COLTS BLAST WITH SPARK AND FIRE, hitting its mark...the crude cemetery sign buckles at the wooden shovel poles it was propped up on and falls to the ground.

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the BLACKNESS WE HEAR THICK CHAINS MOVE AND RATTLE. Then a SPARK. A FLAME EXPOSES CASSIE'S CRYING FACE. But her face is SOFT and TRANQUIL. She is kneeling humbly in her whale's belly.

CASSIE

God, protect my Bella. Watch over her tonight and please watch over Nick. Give him true vision. Bring them home safely.

The flame goes out. BLACK.

CASSIE

Amen.

EXT. MINES - NIGHT

PURDY IS BURNING ALIVE!

A GIANT FIRE BALL suspended by about twenty chains on ten pulleys secured in the ceiling. He jerks and twists violently. A SCREAM and HOWL of pain escapes him every few seconds. The secured chains rattle fiercely.

(CONTINUED)

The energized and murderously charged, possessed hillbillies are dancing and shooting off their pistols and shotguns.

BABYLON is a crushed soul, lying on her side watching her Purdy Moon burn away in chains and hooks.

BABYLON
My Purdy Moon. My dear husband. My
guardian angel.

Her TWO INBREEDDED GUARDS dance with jollity, oblivious to her suffering.

BANG! The HEAD of one of the guards SPRAYS onto the other. He instantly stops in shock, BLOOD AND BRAIN STUFF drip away.

The others slow to a stop. QUIET...

HOBBS
(to himself)
He's here.

BANG! The other guard's HEAD EXPLODES! Babylon is freed. She stands up. Confused.

HOBBS
The Cowboy's here! Kill that
animal!

In an instant the remaining twenty or so enraged and demonically charged hillbillies become a murderous mob, blasting gunpowder and sparks into the night at a distant ghost who's about two hundred feet ahead, weaving in and out of shadows, blowing fire from his own MOON GLEANING HAND CANONS!

BANG! A HILLBILLY SHOULDER BLOWS PARTLY OFF, SCREAMS OF SHOCK AND PAIN. BANG! BANG! A RED HAired JAW BLASTS AWAY AND THE CRAZY NEXT TO HIM HAS HIS CHEST BLOWN IN, SPINE FORCED OUT!

One by one the demonic cowboy throws fire from his hands and is knocking off inbred imps in a violent storm. BANG! BANG!...BANG! BANG!...BANG! BANG! LIMP BODIES AND BODY PARTS FLOPPING ON THE GROUND...

Hobbs is panicking, looking around for an idea. SNARLS!

The fire in the shaft has lessened and the crude oil on Purdy has burnt away, leaving him a horrific and demented form.

Hobbs mercilessly pulls out his chard pick axe from Purdy's flesh. A GUSH of BLOOD AND WATER flow, startling Hobbs to the core!

MORE POPS AND BANGS BEHIND, BLOWN AWAY BODIES FLY to the sides as Hobbs knocks the walls and ceiling in the large shaft with the point, loosening coal and raw oil in trickles, then more of a free flow.

The demon cowboy is getting closer, viciously expending rounds and shooting lead into soft flesh with supernatural accuracy! BANG! SPLAT! BANG! SLAP! About five to go. No problem.

Hobbs has knocked a significant amount of black earth now, some crude oil on his shoulder and chest. He's breathing hard then looks back. The shooting has suddenly slowed. POP!...BANG! The last crazy down on the dirt!

HOBBS

Damn that demon!

Hobbs lunges at Babylon three steps away.

ONE...

In the DISTANCE we see Nick under the moonlight fall quickly behind an old, rusted out mining cart just a hundred feet away.

TWO...

WE ARE AT HIS SIDE and Nick quickly in a flash and with unnatural precision extends his forefingers to a notch, releasing the cylinders outward, twisting them upside down, letting twelve smoking brass casing fall, untwist and with a hand full of .45 shells lets them fall in their housings as he spins the cylinders clockwise. In about five to seven seconds this is done, Colts are loaded and the hammers are thrown back.

THREE-

-BANG! HOBBS' SHOULDER takes a nasty sting of his own! He stops and looks up, forward in the dark distance is NICK, standing up behind the mining cart.

HOBBS

Damn him in the earth!

Hobbs lets out an impatient, angry growl at Babylon and skids back inside the shaft, taking a lit lantern with him.

He drives the pick axe through the barrel of gunpowder. The powder flows out from the bottom.

Hobbs stops behind the black "waterfall", hiding his identity under the dark shadows, holding pick axe and lantern in each hand just in front of Purdy's body.

Hobbs nervously waits for Nick.

Nick comes out of the shadows and walks towards Hobbs under moonlight in the clearing, COLTS SMOKING, GLEAMING SHARP SILVER BEAMS.

HOBBS GROWLS LIKE A MONSTER...

NICK

Where's Hobbs! Bring him out!

HOBBS CHUCKLES, sending DEEP ECHOES down the long, dark shaft.

THAT DEEP CHUCKLE! It stops Nick dead in his tracks about fifty feet from Babylon who's three seconds away from Hobbs.

He gazes at Hobbs who's hiding away from casting moonlight, trying to find his face.

HOBBS

What's a matter, Nick? You don't recognize me?

(beat)

My voice?

Nick's mind and sight are blinded for a split second in horror and rage as he recognizes the voice!

BEAT.

CHUCKLING...

Nick shakes his head...

QUICK FLASHBACK SHOTS

MORE EVIL CHUCKLING...

-INSIDE HOBBS' BASEMENT: Nick and Alex are trapped under the "lid". PANIC. GUNS DRAWN.

DEEP VOICE

Hey, Nick!

The plywood CREAKS under massive weight. CHUCKLING SOUNDS right ON TOP OF US. Nick suddenly freezes at hearing his own name coming from this evil voice.

SILENCE.

-INSIDE GRIMMER'S BATHROOM:

We hear the gentle water falling empty.

Nick pulls open the frosted glass shower door, smeared in red stains.

ON THE WALL IN BLOOD IS WRITTEN: "I like FUCKING her".

Nick instantly drops the phone.

BACK TO PRESENT

Nick looks at Babylon in sickening disgust. Then raises his Colts at Hobbs in *final judgment*.

NICK

You shouldn't have raped her!

CLICK! CLICK!

HOBBS

(slight panic)

Go ahead, Nick!

NICK

I didn't come up here to take you in, Hobbs! *I came here tonight to shoot you dead!*

HOBBS

Maybe so. But, you see, if you kill me you'll never find her.

(hellish beat)

You'll never find your sweet Cassie.

LONG BEAT. CU ON NICK. BIG BLOW. DEEP DEFEAT!

NICK

(echoing)

NO!!

DEEP CHUCKLING.

Nick shakes as he attempts to control himself in his drunken rage. The animal coming out.

(CONTINUED)

Hobbs, in a rush and hidden panic, tears down one of the chains and ties it in a knot.

NICK

Hobbs!

Nick senses that time is escaping. His man is right in front of him!

NICK

I know what you did!

Hobbs suddenly throws the lantern at the base near one of the walls, exploding in spark and glass, igniting the wall in blue and yellow fire. The black "waterfall" of trickling oil catches and creates an impressive wall of dripping flame, concealing Hobbs in this hell.

DARK LAUGHTER, ECHOING...

Through the black smoke we see Hobbs slamming the ceiling free of more black earth...

NICK

Hobbs!

HOBBS

I don't think you really know yet what I've done!

Rage and desperation tempt Nick, COLTS SHAKING...

NICK

Where is she! Tell me!

...more black earth and coal rocks fall, then cascading in a threatening collapse, hiding Hobbs away forever along with Cassie's whereabouts.

NICK

WHERE!

HOBBS

Because, if you did, you'd follow me to *hell!*

INCREASING BLACK SMOKE, falling black liquid on FIRE, BLUES and YELLOWS and some GREENS...*gateway of hell...*

Nick starts walking forward...

NICK
(desperate, becoming hopeless)
Where, you sick fuck! Where is she!

The trickling, aflame black oil nears the gun powder...

JEFF suddenly appears and comes running up beside Nick and instantly grabs his arm, trying to hold him back. Notices numb Babylon.

NICK
Tell me!

HOBBS
She's been under your nose this whole time, Nick!

ECHOING, DEEP HELLISH LAUGHTER...

NICK-DEAD STOP!

JEFF makes a move towards Babylon-

-A LONG, THIN CHAIN comes flying out of the cascading firefall in a lasso knot and falls over BABYLON'S neck! It pulls tight! She chokes! The chain JERKS and she is forced to the ground. Suddenly, WE HEAR PULLEYS SQUEAKS as it's turning rapidly, Babylon's body is being quickly dragged into the shaft! Jeff jumps after her but she is being dragged on the ground too fast. She disappears! SCREAMS!

JEFF
(to himself)
Fuck this bastard!

HOBBS
All these years, Nick, and you never knew.

Nick falls to his knees in anguish and horrified rage. Colts pointed forward.

The creeping, blue-flamed oil seeps closer to the gunpowder...

HOBBS
All those times she screamed your name and you never came!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!...

Nick blasts his Colts into the night. He CRIES OUT in torturous rage and anguish, losing sanity.

(CONTINUED)

DEEP CHUCKLES...

HOBBS

She lost her sanity for you, Nick!

The seeping, burning, black oil is almost at the
gunpowder...

BABYLON(OS)

NICK!!

That LITTLE CRYING VOICE, again! It registers close somehow
in Nick's heart and causes him to react in a strong way.

He finds courage and quickly starts moving towards the
burning shaft in determination and death. Towards the gate
of hell this very second!

JEFF

No, Nick! Don't.

JEFF GRABS Nick again as he crosses him. They wrestle!

NICK

I have to! Don't you get it! No
matter what!

JEFF

Nick! Don't! That's where you die!

BEAT. Nick stops and looks into the fire.

VICTORIOUS, DEEP CHUCKLING...

HOBBS

You lost, Nick. Just accept it. You
lost your sweet Cassie.

NICK seriously struggles with Jeff. A junk yard dog wanting
loose.

HEAVY CHUCKLING like from a demon from this entrance of
hell...

FLAMES ROARING!

HOBBS

It's over. She's mine.

(beat)

Just think...we had a child
together. *She's more my wife than
yours!*

(CONTINUED)

NICK
CASSIE!!

BOOM! The barrel of gunpowder EXPLODES in a shock, black smoke and sparks and yellow/red flame!

Nick and Jeff FLY BACKWARD from the mighty blast. Semi conscience.

The shaft's ENTRANCE starts a collapse of great rock and earth, tremendous black smoke mixed with red hot coal...

Smoke settles and we see the entrance is almost entirely blocked.

Nick comes fully to and sits up in complete defeat.

IN SLOW MOTION AND SILENCE NICK SCREAMS OUT LOSS, RAGE AND SORROW...

BACK TO FULL SPEED.

WE MOVE PAST Jeff and Nick and focus on the BLOCKED ENTRANCE of the shaft. It is DARK and piled high with fallen earth and BLACK COAL AND ROCK...

CLOSER TO THIS BLACK...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - TIMELESS

HEAVY CHAINS RATTLE ABOUT. HEAVY ROCKS are pushed and settled. WHIMPERING and MOANING then an UNCONTROLLED SHRIEK of madness. This is a WOMAN'S VOICE. SHE SCREAMS!

Her VOICE makes another tormenting SOUND; HIGHER PITCHED SCREAMING as though her voice just split into two. This LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE CRIES OUT in panic and fear! HIGH SHRIEKING! Then the WOMAN'S VOICE, SHRILLS of terror!

Suddenly, a VOICE of deep growls and barks of rage, spitting mad and gnashing from a MAN! Then a DIFFERENT WOMAN'S VOICE crying hopelessly! These FOUR VOICES cry out together as though unmindful of one another but yet each other's torment seems to increase the other's fear until the SCREAMS pierce our hearts!

This SOUND is UNBEARABLE! GROWING CLOSER. *THIS IS THE SOUND OF HELL.*

THESE HELLISH SOUNDS DIE AWAY INTO...

(CONTINUED)

...SOUNDS OF GENTLE OCEAN WAVES.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

CASSIE, in a cobalt-blue bikini, is riding waves like a pro. A natural. The weather is overcast. Windy. There is no sun.

Nick watches from the beach, full bottle of soda to lips and hands over glared sunglasses as she paddles up to speed to another promising wave.

CU ON CASSIE ON HER BOARD, feet balancing on wax. Ocean water threatening her. She GIGGLES.

The wave rolls bigger as Cassie patiently waits an eternity for something perfect then in a split second falls into the curl and with rocket speed COMING TOWARDS US is propelled down the pipe, pressurized air and mist blow her hair forward as she blows a pink bubble with hands casually held behind.

DIFFERENT CUT SHOTS of Cassie mastering the threatening ocean waves with her surfboard...

CUT TO:

Cassie comes jogging out of the water towards Nick, sandy and smiling with pride.

Nick throws the empty bottle away. He takes her instantly in his arms.

CASSIE

Did you see me?

NICK

I couldn't see anything else.

She drops her board and flops on the bare sand as if lying on carpet, inviting the earth into her soul. Nick carefully squats down in pressed pants, secretly admiring this free spirit from heaven.

CASSIE

I don't know. Lots of pretty girls out there.

NICK

But there's only one Cass.

She rolls over to meet his eyes, body brown sugar-coated.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
And only one us.

INT. RANDY'S CAFE - DAY

A PLATE is heavily set down on a table, making a CLANG that jerks Nick out of his daydream. He was staring out the window but now is looking at some SOS on a thick, brown plate. He looks up at the waitress, DEBBY, mid 50's going on eighty.

NICK
I didn't order this, Deb.

DEB
(raspy voice)
I know, I did. You need to eat.

She walks away.

DEB
Smoke break in fifteen. We can knock one out behind the counter if you like.

NICK
Alex'll get jealous.

DEB
(almost out of hearing range)
Who?

Nick shivers for a second. Disturbed. Looks back out the window, eyes returning to a BENCH ADVERTISEMENT showing a young girl holding suntan lotion in a blue bikini.

QUIET MOANING TURNING INTO SCREAMS...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - TIMELESS

The FOUR VOICES continue to scream and cry out in hopeless torment. THICK IRON CHAINS RATTLE AND HEAVY ROCK AND EARTH COLLAPSE.

A FAINT ORANGE GLOW forces through from the side AS WE PAN, coming to something...

DEEP HEAVY CHUCKLING...

(CONTINUED)

A WOMAN'S VOICE

NO!!

FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR OFFICE - DAY

A WOMAN'S VOICE (VO)
(echoing away)

NO!!

Nick sits at his desk, trying to work, shakes his head loose of this voice. Stack of files at one corner. Coffee cup from an overpriced cafe at another.

The SECRETARY walks in and flops more files on his desk!
Walks out.

Nick looks over at Alex's desk. EMPTY. No files and no coffee cup. He tosses his cup to the trash can next to him which is overflowing with more coffee cups and wadded up paper.

He looks over at the CALENDER on the wall and we see it is turned to November.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Nick gives the CASHIER money. UGLY, IMPATIENT FACES BEHIND him in line. A BABY IS SCREAMING, turning into...

...SOUNDS of *hellish screams* silently creeping in.

He winces. Hiding his unheard torment.

Cashier gives back change and Nick quickly takes two brown bags and walks away.

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

ABOVE THE BED AND COMING CLOSER we see Nick tossing and turning in black satin sheets, obviously having a nightmare...

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS of the FOUR TORMENTING SOULS ECHOING left and right. In these screams we start to hear words forming...

CLOSER DOWN ON NICK WHO'S WRITHING MORE NOW...

(CONTINUED)

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(echoing)
NO!! NO!!

DEEP CHUCKLING-

-Nick jerks awake!

CUT TO BLACK:

A LIGHT comes on in the

BATHROOM.

Nick is standing right in front of us, waiting. Looks around. Brand new mirror. Clean floor and clean walls. No blood.

Pulls open the frosted shower door... No love note.

He faces the MIRROR. Examines himself...of the stranger before him...A TORN FACE. LONELY. HOPELESS. DEPRESSED.

Slowly and quietly the SOUNDS of hell from his nightmare return.

LOUDER SOUNDS...THEN CREEPING VOICES...

Nick's brow winces. Eyes of torment.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
(echoing)
NO! NO! Get away from me!

Nick flashes his head towards the bedroom.

CASSIE'S VOICE
Don't you dare touch mee!

LOUDER SCREAMS OF RAGE. CLOSER HELL!

CASSIE'S VOICE
(echoing off)
NICK!!

NICK
I'm so sorry, Cassie. I'm so sorry.
Please forgive me.

INT. SHANGHAI BAR - NIGHT

Dark and quiet. Musty and eerily slow. Decorated with years of eclectic knickknacks from college debris to dusty taxidermy to Civil War relics. An Andy Warhol nightmare.

A precocious BARTENDER indifferently polishes a beer mug while slyly peaking at Nick and Nancy who sit at a small round table in a poorly lit corner. The nosy bartender smirks something condemning then puts the mug away.

Nick returns a hard eye back to Nancy.

NANCY

It's okay, Nick.

He lets her touch his hand. His thumb returning the favor.

NICK

(controlled anger, paranoid)

I'm losing my mind, Nancy.

Takes the last swallow of beer. Grimaces from the taste. Slams the dirty mug on the thick wooden table! Bartender jeers his way.

Nancy puts a second hand over his.

NICK

Hearing things at night. Voices.

(beat, peaks at her)

They're calling my name.

A DRUNK YOUNG GIRL GIGGLES from another corner. A Cassie look alike. Nick finds her. Short skirt, sitting in a fat man's lap, greasy trucker hat, hands all over her. Pervert!

Nick makes a move but Nancy's HANDS remain firm. He settles back...

NICK

The voices are getting clearer now.

I can hear them outside my head.

Like they're in my house.

(beat)

Like ghosts.

(nervous beat)

That's schizophrenia, right? When you hear voices outside your head?

NANCY

You're not going crazy, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

The bartender slides the thick mug off the table, skidding it along, making a SCRAPING SOUND on purpose! Then walks away.

NICK
Yeah. I'll have another since you asked!

NANCY
Nick.

She looks him over with desire. He refocuses. Calms.

Nick desperately peers into her eyes.

NICK
You called me the other morning, right? At the hospital?

NANCY
Yeah, Nick. Around four.
(beat)
Checking on you.

NICK
Who did you talk to?

NANCY
What do you mean?

The YOUNG GIRL stops giggling. Greasy hands up skirt! She looks nervous. Nick flares!

Nancy SQUEEZES her hands on his, refocusing him. He finds her again.

NICK
Who, Nancy! Who did you talk to? Me or Alex?

NANCY
Alex. I talked to Alex.

QUIET BEAT.

NICK
(load off shoulders)
Alex?

Young girl GIGGLES again.

Nick relaxes his wrought face. Bartender lands hard another tempered beer in front of him.

BARTENDER
(under his breath)
Drunk.

Nancy's hand on his shoulder, rubbing. His hand desperately grabs it, clenches tight. Controlling anger mixed with confusion and fear.

NICK
Alex is real? You know him?

NANCY
Of course I know-

NICK
And Jeff. You know, Jeff, right?

Beat.

Nancy nervously shakes her head "no". Concerned.

Nick's hopes of sanity vanish. Dread returns.

NANCY
I'm sorry, Nick, I don't know any
Jeff.

DEEP CHUCKLING ECHOING LEFT AND RIGHT!

NICK
Oh God. Please no.

NANCY
Nick, what's going on?

Nick shakes his head. No evil in!

Nancy looks worried.

FRANK (VO)
You know you're crazy, Nick. Ready
to go off again!

NANCY
Nick?

NICK
Stop it!

NANCY
What is it? Nick!

YOUNG GIRL

Stop! Quit it. Quit touching mee!

NICK FLASHES AN IMMEDIATE GLARE OF WRATH TOWARDS THE YOUNG GIRL AND PERV. Greasy hands high up skirt.

Nick shakes in rage.

NANCY'S HANDS lets go.

CHUCKLING from the perv! Nick darts towards them, taking the beer mug in a hard hand! Beer sloshes and slaps on the floor.

The GREASY TRUCKER notices Nick's raging intent and stands up with a punk smirk. He's twice as big as he but Nick already has a stiff arm and choke slams him in the throat and the perv topples over his chair and onto his back. FLAT BEER SPILLS over the perv's head and eyes and before the last of it is free from flowing Nick's hard hand SLAMS his face, crushing his nose. BLOOD IMMEDIATELY gushes out. Then the thick mug explodes over his skull knocking him out and possibly killing him.

NANCY

NICK!

Nancy is waiving a fifty over her head at the bar tending rat behind the counter.

NICK

That one's on me you sick fuck!

YOUNG GIRL

Thank you mister.

NICK

You stupid slut! I can't save you all! Get out of here!

Nancy quickly appears and takes him

OUTSIDE.

It's RAINING.

Nick notices a DRUNK MAN across the dark street bending over outside another bar. Puke suddenly comes out and drenches his expensive, button down, dress shirt. The once intelligent looking man pokes a finger in the vomit and puts it to his nose and licks it.

(CONTINUED)

Nick forces around to Nancy. Clean and beautiful, highlighted in Shanghai's NEON LIGHTS. She comes close and touches his arm then his chest.

NANCY

You need me to stay over tonight?

Nick looks over at her VOLVO WAGON.

INT. VOLVO WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the RAIN pummeling the roof. Nick is on top of Nancy in the back fucking her hard. She's not feeling any pleasure but doesn't mind.

Nick is frustrated, trying to climax but can't.

NANCY

(whispers with care)

As hard as you need, Nick.

Nick desperately goes harder but nothing. Then falls on her in frustration, crying hard. VIOLENT SOBS.

Nancy desperately holds him tight.

NANCY

It's okay. It's okay.

NICK

(sobbing)

You fuckin dick! How could you! How could you rape my Cassie!

HEAVY SOBS...

Nancy is soothing him, gently stroking his hair.

NANCY

It's okay...

OUTSIDE THE WAGON

we respectfully PULL BACK. STEAMY WINDOWS. A car goes by, wet tires on a wet street, not caring of these two desperate souls embracing each other in pain.

PULLING FURTHER BACK STILL...HEAVY SOBS and CURSES FADE TO...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - TIMELESS

BLACK...HEAVY SOBS and CURSES. SCREAMS... SPITTING and
GNASHING OF TEETH...

HELLISH VOICES
NO!! NO MORE!! MERCY!!

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN from where we last left off and the ORANGE GLOW GROWS BRIGHTER UNTIL WE COME to thick iron bars and deep dirty cells dug right out of the black earth and coal. Some BLACK OIL seeps down the walls. In this first cell is Cassie, chained to the wall. In her wet face of blood and tears we see a flickering reflection. Across from her cell we see the black, wet wall aflame with BLUES and YELLOWS. Some GREENS.

FURTHER DOWN this descending TUNNEL, held together with CHOPPY BOARDS and dripping with CRUDE OIL, BLUE/PURPLE FIRE, comes more HELLISH SCREAMS!

Then a DEEP, DEMONIC CHUCKLE of pure lust and pleasure.

A CHILD SCREAMS!

BEAT.

CASSIE
Bella? Bella!

BELLA
Mommy!!

DEEP, DARK CHUCKLING...

CASSIE
Don't you dare touch her!!

BELLA
Mommy! Help! Daddy's hurting me!

CASSIE
NICK!!!

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick jerks awake! Sits up and waits in the still darkness. Nothing. Quiet.

Turns to the alarm clock. RED NUMBERS: 3:41.

(CONTINUED)

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

(CONTINUED)

Nick goes to the refrigerator and notices the RED BLINKING LIGHT on the answering machine.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Small pot on stove.

-CU on blue flames blasting underneath pot.

-Milk splashes in.

-White coffee cup. BLACK, CHOCOLATE SYRUP runs in.

-Milk starts to steam.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Nick pushes the playback button on the answering machine.

BEEP!

MAN'S VOICE

Good evening, Mr. Grimmer. This is Doctor Baker from Sutter Faith Memorial Hospital and I have something I would like to discuss with you.

The milk starts to bubble and rise...

DOCTOR BAKER'S VOICE

Preferably in person.

(beat)

Well, I do not know if you remember me but you and your wife came into my office about twenty years ago to discuss fertility tests. It was a *grim* visit. Sorry. I was always sorry for that.

Milk boils to the top of the pot...

DOCTOR BAKER'S VOICE

Since then I've moved to the Paternity DNA office and came across some samples sent to us from the psychiatric care unit of a little girl that came in about a month ago, named...Bella Hobbs.

The scalding milk spills over the edge and creates a bright orange flame, sizzling, pouring onto the stove and filling up.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR BAKER'S VOICE

So, we ran the standard DNA tests.
But, nothing. They were
inconclusive. Then we ran a simple
blood test. Matching her's and her
father's. The test came back
negative. Hobbs' isn't the father.

Burnt milk drips onto the FLOOR behind Nick.

DOCTOR BAKER'S VOICE

Honestly, all the national
databases came up negative in
ID-ing her father.

(beat)

Until I ran the results through the
FBI's database. Then, one name came
up.

(beat)

A name I remembered twenty years
ago.

(beat)

Nick, it was your name. You're the
father. Congratulations.

Hot milk floods the FLOOR!

NICK CRASHES TO HIS KNEES! INSTANT SOBS!

DOCTOR BAKER'S VOICE

(fading away)

Just wanted to tell you personally
that I'm...

The BLUE/ORANGE FLAME snuffs out.

SPILLED MILK runs over the wooden floors as the house is
flooded with Nick's heavy heart. *Bitter sweet.*

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In her dark cell, outlined by an orange flicker, CASSIE is
SOBBING on her knees.

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nick reaches under the thin coffee table and pulls out the
Babylon's BIG BIBLE and sits in his chair, still weeping. He
opens the cover and notices the inscription in the corner:

"Though He may slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Job 13:15
-Daisy.

(CONTINUED)

Nick holds the Bible tight to his chest as if it were Bella, just like Babylon did. He cries harder. Letting things escape. He whispers something through his sobs.

WE COME CLOSER...

NICK

I can't do this anymore. I need help.

(beat)

I need a miracle.

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the orange glow we barely see CASSIE, still on her knees, but WHISPERING a prayer now...

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NICK is now on his knees, whispering fervently.

INT. DIRT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kneeling close to purple/green flames, BABYLON is reciting a verse...

BABYLON

...I will trust in Him. Though He may slay me...

EXT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

-The bright, CRESCENT MOON lounges in the deep purple night...

-Crickets CHIRP...

-A cold breeze RUSTLES bare, black branches...

-To the east, DARKNESS BEGINS TO FADE...

-A STRONGER BREEZE moves in the leafless trees...

END SERIES OF SHOTS

The SOUND of the WHISTLING WIND turns into someone calling NICK'S NAME in a hush...

INT. GRIMMER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Nick wakes up. He's been on the floor next to the coffee table. Bible still in his arms. He puts it on the table then sits up. Gathers himself...looks around...DARK.

EXTREMELY QUIET BEAT...

A corner of SILVER WRAPPER is noticed sticking out from the pages of the Bible. WE COME CLOSE TO IT.

Curiously, Nick pulls it out. Flips it over. It is a HERSHEY CHOCOLATE BAR WRAPPER.

CUT TO:

IN THE DINING ROOM

Nick stands in front of the china cabinet where his shield and Colts rest and pulls out a drawer. INSIDE we see about a DOZEN OTHER HERSHEY CHOCOLATE BARS. More bitter sweet emotions rise...

Nick calms then notices something in the kitchen. On the FLOOR. A unique pattern made by the settling milk.

He FOCUSES on something then SLOWLY walks over to the

KITCHEN FLOOR.

WE COME CLOSER but it's still unclear what Nick is interested in.

He tiptoes around it and turns in a DIFFERENT ANGLE and he instantly STOPS!

WE MOVE OVER HIS SHOULDER and see clearly that the spilled milk has settled into a straight line on one side and making a ninety degree corner. A HIDDEN DOOR PANEL!

NICK (VO)

Three months this went on, almost every night, right under his fuckin nose. Never knew his wife was getting raped right in his own home, drinking...

NICK

NO.

(beat)

NO!!!

Nick furiously traces fingers along hidden edges. Searching for something.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
CASSIE! CASSIE!

His manic fingers accidentally runs over a tiny lever and the end teeters up, then down. A LATCH! Nick pushes again and the end comes up. He grabs this little wooden hook and pulls and instantly the panel opens on an underneath hinge.

In utter shock Nick looks down into a hole in his kitchen floor. OVER HIS SHOULDER WE SEE a dark, dirt shaft with wood planks bolted to one side functioning as steps leading to a black depth.

Nick frantically finds a flashlight in a drawer and has it pointed down the shaft in two freakin seconds and WE SEE the bottom is about ten feet down.

NICK
CASSIE!!

QUIET BEAT. Then we hear a BUFFETED HIDDEN VOICE CRYING OUT!

NICK
Fuck!

Nick runs to the

DINING ROOM

and grabs his COLTS. Checks for copper. SLAMS it shut! Turns back around and there's HOBBS! A giant demon standing in a his kitchen, great pick axe over shoulder, head nearly to the ceiling. His burnt, demonic features are barely illuminated by the gradual morning light sliding into the dark kitchen. He SLAMS the panel down! They stare at each other...

A modern day David and Goliath.

HOBBS
You're in my daddy's house! And I
think it's time for you to leave!

Instantly Nick revolts by raising both Colts up. He's absolutely fearless in front of this wicked giant.

This STARTLES HOBBS for a second as he's not used to this.

But Nick has been reborn! A certain right given to his heart and this boldness has allowed Nick to stubbornly stand his ground with new strength and courage!

Hobbs is perturbed.

(CONTINUED)

Nick pulls the hammers back, CLICK! CLICK! Ready to sling lead!

HOBBS
I wouldn't do th-

BAN-BANG! BAN-BANG! BAN-BANG! BAN-BANG! BAN-BANG! BAN-BANG!

HOBBS CRUMBLES to the floor!

SILVER BARRELS SMOKE...

Nick walks over in heavy breath, high adrenaline and looks simply at this laid demon. Unimpressed.

Lays his COLTS on the counter... Turns around... DEADLY EYES FIND HOBBS. Not through yet.

With all his bottled up pain of torture and torment Nick grabs Hobbs' weapon from his side and SLOWLY raises this HEAVY, PICK AXE over his head like a struggling weight lifter. ARMS SHAKING...

A DAVID ready to smite thee...

BABYLON (VO)
*All you need is a big enough fly
swatter...*

NICK'S BLOODSHOT EYES STARE DEEP INTO US, RAPING OUR SOUL WITH HELLISH MALICE...

BABYLON (VO)
...and you can kill any fly.

PICK AXE holding precariously over head, ARMS WOBBLING...

HOBBS' EYES REMAIN SHUT...

BABYLON (VO)
*And now prepareth thy soul you
Sodomite!*

Nick explodes in deep pain and in a MIGHTY GROWL STRIKES DOWN HARD at Hobbs' chest. HEAVY PICK ACE SWOOSHES FAST IN THE AIR and...

TINK! The pick axe skids off like it just hit iron. SHOCK! Nick waits a second, registering, confused, looking at HOBBS...

Hobbs SLOWLY RISES UP like a mountain from the sea!

HEAVY, DEEP and DARK CHUCKLING.

Hobbs stands up, turns around to Nick and reveals an awkward shape under his soiled shirt easily shown by the new light of the ever present and increasing rising dawn.

Nick takes a half step back as Hobbs reaches under his shirt and pulls out a THICK SHEET OF IRON looped through with rough, hard rope. In the heart of the sheet are TWELVE SHINY MARKS. He tosses it away, making a HEAVY THUD!

Nick peeks over at his COLTS.

HOBBS
No more bullets.

HOBBS instantly grabs Nick by the neck and easily raises him off the floor a foot!

NICK struggles in this bearish choke hold...

Kicking slows...

Hobbs effortlessly throws a near unconscious Nick to the floor. DEAD STILL.

BEAT.

NICK SUDDENLY COUGHS, comes to then struggles to crawl away.

Hobbs instinctively grabs a large knife from the knife block...

HOBBS
Come on, Nick. Stay with me.

...and THRUSTS it in Nick's leg! NICK SCREAMS back to full alert.

HOBBS
There you go.

Nick is paralyzed with pain. HOBBS looks at the panel then back at Nick with an EVIL GRIMACE.

HOBBS
You wanna to go hell, Nick?

NICK in serious agony.

HOBBS
To save them!

Nick looks like he's loosing consciousness again.

HOBBS
Come on, Nick!

HOBBS twists the knife, jerking Nick back to life in renewed SCREAMS! *Screams from hell!*

HOBBS
They were screaming your name over
and over and you never came!

NICK manages a glare of rage! Some adrenaline.

SATISFIED CHUCKLING...

HOBBS
(turning towards the panel,
exposing an unburnt and
familiar side of his face)
Maybe it's time. There's always
room for one more.

Something gets Nick's attention as he GLARES deeper at a grotesque and now disfigured Hobbs, trying to remember something. Something familiar behind the CHARD SCARS...

HOBBS
What are you looking at?

NICK'S EYES WIDEN IN REVELATION.

NICK
(inflicted, to himself)
The carnival.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TENT - CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Nick steps over the BLUE EYED DOLL and moves SLOWLY to get a better look through the slit in the tent.

CLEARER MOANING and FRUSTRATED GRUNTING from a DEEP VOICE.
Then EXCITED HOOTS and GIGGLING from TWO OTHER VOICES.

Through the slit we finally see a GIANT MAN in overalls on top of an UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN. COTTON CANDY lies dirty at her side, her face hidden but we know it's Cassie.

NICK
CASSIE!!

The giant suddenly stops and moves his ugly head TOWARDS US.

(CONTINUED)

IT IS VIRGIL HOBBS!

NICK FLIES IN like a wild beast, grabbing the LONG HANDLED AXE with him at the side. FRANK is hiding in a corner. Two, smaller, hillbilly crazies at the other end stand up in fear.

Three wolves, a lion and a fox. The bear charges in!

Hobbs quickly lunges to the side and takes a HUGE PITCH FORK in his hands. Nick swings wildly with the sharp, red axe but Hobbs instantly counters.

The TWO, SMALLER, HILLBILLY CRAZIES attack Nick with two clubs. They beat him over and over as if they would a wild animal needed to submit it.

Frank rushes out the back with MONEY in his hand.

HOBBS

Harder! Harder! Kill that animal!

The harder the crazies attack the more vicious and wild Nick becomes.

WHACK! The forceful axe CHOPS off a swinging arm and club. BLOOD SPEWS! SCREAMS! The one arm hillbilly falls to one knee holding his half arm, looking at its limb lying in the straw in shock!

The other CRAZY pays no attention and continues his ferocious and possessed attack, but, he, too, quickly gets a QUICK CHOP, at the KNEE! He TOPPLES over and more BLOOD SPRAYS, DOUSING his buddy's face.

The one arm crazy looks up as blood is spraying over him and gets another WHACK, this time at his neck, easily chopping off his coned head. BLOOD!

The one legged crazy figures out what's coming and desperately crawls away but gets a HEAVY CHOP right in the BACK!

Nick, covered in blood spray looks behind but Hobbs is gone. Nick falls down at CASSIE'S side in utter grief. Takes her in his bloody arms. She opens her eyes. Reserved beauty has been stolen.

Nick looks at the back slit and SHAKES WITH VIOLENCE! HE SCREAMS OUT A DEATHLY ROAR! His beautiful girl is taken forever!

BACK TO PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

Hobbs casually picks at his fingernails.

HOBBS

Frank would have done it himself,
but...you know.

Nick shakes with the same violence. BLUE EYES WILD.
ANIMALISTIC!

Hobbs faces him. Sees this old, familiar animal.

HOBBS

I wanted a boy to call my own, to
grow up just like Pa and me. To
carry on the family tree.

(beat)

I wanted Pa to be proud of me! And
then out came a girl! A little blue
eyed whore! Two months early. You
never noticed. How could you? You
were at the academy trying to be a
cop.

Hobbs stares into NICK'S HOT, SAPPHIRE EYES.

HOBBS

So she made me a deal. I would let
that little whore live if she would
let me fuck her until a boy came
out.

(beat)

Fourteen years and nothing. I was
holding on to that little witch for
fourteen fuckin years!

(beat)

I don't understand!

(beat, smirks from an awful
idea)

Well, if that devil woman of yours
can't give me a son then that
little virgin whore will.

Hobbs turns his back and reaches for the latch...

HOBBS

Believe me, she *will* give me a son.

Nick growls out a deathly moan and quickly takes the knife
out his thigh with brutal pain, SCREAMING OUT and THRUSTS
the blade in HOBBS' CROTCH!

HOBBS STAGGERS in a stun, pain hits and this monster SCREAMS
HELLFIRE!

(CONTINUED)

Nick uses this split second and hobbles to the nearby closet at the

ENTRY,

pulls open the door in a flash and reaches at something while hearing THUNDEROUS FOOT STEPS QUICKLY COMING CLOSER!

A SHOTGUN COMES OUT from behind the closet door. FLASHES it at Hobbs-

NICK

Where's your breastplate now you motherfucker!

CLICK. BOOM! Hobbs' chest explodes with BLOOD and FLESH. He staggers a few giant steps and topples over, smashing into the fireplace, sending its tools scattering in a CLINK and CLANK.

The poker lies off to the side.

Nick scrambles over to the iron fireplace tools near Hobbs and picks up the poker in a mighty hand and looks at the point, ready to enforce a family curse down on Hobbs' head.

NICK

No way...

...looking at a motionless Hobbs...

NICK

I got a better idea.

Nick scrambles out the side door to the

GARAGE

and pulls off the LONG HANDLED, RED AXE from the wall hanging over the work bench...

NICK

(to himself)

You ain't getting away this time you sick fuck! No way!

...and flies back into the

KITCHEN.

DOOR PANEL IS UP! HOBBS IS MISSING!

NICK
Motherfucker!

Nick quickly makes his way down the shaft and waits a beat.

NICK
HOBBS! I'm coming for you!

CASSIE (OS)
NICK!

NICK
Cassie! Cassie, I'm right here. I'm coming!

Nick starts moving down the dark tunnel. We see an ORANGE GLOW COMING NEAR up ahead. SOME TRICKLES of BLUE FLAME on the oily wall barely illuminate him.

The BRIGHT YELLOW/ORANGE FIRE getting closer.

CASSIE (OS)
(nearer)
He's down here! He's got her!

Nick arrives in the entrance of a larger, dark opening. The greater black walls seem to be moving, glistening pitch, dripping and running more than ever. A moderate ORANGE FIRE to the side.

CASSIE
NICK!

Nick comes to her cell. IRON BARS! THEY DESPERATELY EMBRACE. INSTANT HEAVY HEAVING and EXHALING but cut short...

CASSIE
Nick, he's got her.

She heaves harder...

CASSIE
He's got my daughter. Nick, I'm sorry... I didn't tell you. He said he would kill her and you right in front of me if I did. He was always in our home, listening.

She starts crying harder, finally releasing that long secret.

NICK

No, Baby. He's got our daughter.

Cassie dares to look at him with new hope of something so long prayed for.

NICK

She's our daughter, Cassie. *We made a child.* Cassie. We did it. A miracle.

DEEPER EMBRACE...

DEEP CHUCKLING...

NICK

And I'm not letting that demon destroy anymore of our lives!

A SWOOSH! SUDDEN LIGHT and quick crawling BLUE FLAME from around the bend in the tunnel to Nick and Cassie and beyond!

Nick turns back to Cassie with determined eyes of courage.

NICK

I promise you that right now, baby.

He kisses her hands hard in an oath of love then breaks away as fear finds Cassie. She watches him advances forward, AXE in hand.

CASSIE

(hopeful)
Nick!

WE COME AROUND THE BEND and see the DARK, LARGER ROOM once made by late miners as a depot with many rooms and small rails and mining cars. A RIVER of black oil runs in the middle.

As Nick moves in we see HOBBS standing in the middle of the room holding a FLAMING TORCH and a GIANT PITCH FORK. He puts the torch to the black river and immediately it ignites, PURPLE and BLUEISH GREEN FLAME branching away and up along the floors and walls. This is truly hell.

HOBBS

I guess you did follow me to hell.

The creeping blue and yellow flames reveal other storage rooms now used by Hobbs as little cells for prisoners. We see BABYLON on her side in one, LILA, busted up and bloodied, abused and used to the core in another and further

(CONTINUED)

away in another is ALEX, once a mighty man of his own, now a mentally and physically weak animal striving for survival.

NICK
(instantly relieved)
Alex! Alex! It's Nick!

Alex looks up, hallow and fearful. Hope has vanished.

NICK
I'm getting you out of here! All of
you! Just hold on!

Nick turns around in this fiery dungeon and faces his DEMON.

BURNING SAPPHIRE EYES!

HOBBS
The blue eyes. I should have know.

NICK
Your time is up. It ends here.
(beat)
It ends right now.

HOBBS
And what makes you think you can
defeat me?

NICK
Because now...now I got my sanity.

HOBBS GROWLS and charges Nick. NICK already has the AXE up over his shoulder like Babe Ruth and swings for the fences but misses. HOBBS STRIKES a PIERCE but misses. Their momentum turns them around and they both instantly continue the fight in rage...

This fight is mighty and epic, depicting life's ultimate struggle for survival and the courage it takes to achieve it. Against all odds, this is NICK, fighting a giant monster for the ones he loves.

PITCH FORK SPEARS but misses! AXE SWOOSHES in the air and SPLASHES in the black oil, catching fire! This little warrior slings God's fiery hammer.

ALEX has been watching this fight and manages to get to his feet. INSPIRED. A TEAR! Then a mighty grimace of rage and anguish flow. Then a cry from the grave!

ALEX

K...kill'em Nick! You can do it!

BABYLON rolls over...and through her iron bars of eternal imprisonment finds this mighty warrior battling for her! She desperately clenches the bars and gets to her feet. HOPE RISING! Her prayers being answered. She slowly dares to believe then her brow crunches and courage finds her.

BABYLON

(to herself)

Please, God. Please.

Hobbs LUNGES but misses and NICK HITS HARD a mangled demonic face with a serious blow with the end of his axe handle!

HOBBS STUMBLES...

ALEX

Lila! Lila! Get up! He's doing it!
He's doing it!

LILA picks up her head and opens a bruised eye. Flickers of flame enter. She starts to cry in hope. CHEST HEAVES. Harder and faster! She grabs on to the thick bars in front of her and pulls herself up. One weak knee at a time. Her mouth gasps for air and belief.

LILA

(quietly then building)

Nick? Nick... He's fighting him.
He's fighting him...

NICK is swinging hard with his sharp torch.

HOBBS is tiring. He STICKS but misses. He's slowing!

NICK hits hard the side of this demon's KNEE with the flat side of the axe. Some of the BLUE FLAMES stick to Hobbs greasy pants. HOBBS STAGGERS back a step, trying to breath, trying to recover from the earlier blast to his chest while the little TRICKLING FLAME secretly grows and crawls up his dirty, oily trousers.

NICK takes a second himself, gaining more and more strength and courage with every landing blow. Hobbs is right in front of him, catching on fire but oblivious to it like it's just another natural extension of himself.

Nick looks upon this incorrigible thing in bewilderment.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Why, Hobbs? Why do you do it?

HOBBS gains his strength and moves towards Nick, relentlessly, PITCH FORK in a new position. Nick readies.

HOBBS

Because it gives me peace!

HOBBS STRIKES LOW. NICK counters like before but Hobbs is ready and SWOOSHES UP and PIERCES Nick right in the ribs!

NICK CRIES OUT!

CASSIE

NO!

LILA falls to her knees.

ALEX

NICK! Nick!

HOBBS CHUCKLES and SLOWLY slides the pitch fork out...BLOOD dripping all over. A deadly blow if not handled quickly.

BABYLON

You monster!

HOBBS turns his head towards Babylon and gives her that pretty grin of clunky teeth and black gums.

BABYLON

Daddy!

That sweet voice from that sweet rose! NICK regains strength and suddenly POPS Hobbs in the side of the head with the flat side of the AXE and his face comes around. Nick STRIKES again, harder in the NOSE, head flies back, then AGAIN in the throat.

The BLOODY PITCH FORK comes all the way out of Nick's ribs.

HOBBS struggles for balance. NICK QUICKLY CRUSHES HOBBS' FACE with one last mighty SMACK from the flat side of the axe.

HOBBS falls and lands flat on his back in the OILY RIVER. He catches fire completely. The end of Hobbs is near.

All FOUR DESPERATE SOULS encourage Nick on.

NICK repositions himself in front of Hobbs, waiting...

(CONTINUED)

HOBBS sits up, engulfed in moderate flames like a giant Sterno, WE COME CLOSE TO HIS FACE, a true demon now, transfigured in his permanent disfigurement, face melting off but he's not screaming.

NICK, with feet apart readjusts his grip on the handle and quickly raises the AXE over his head like at the hammer game and in all his existing RAGE COMES DOWN HARD unto HOBBS' GRANITE HEAD in a massive WHACK! The AXE HEAD HAMMERS through his skull, slices down and finally stopping at the sternum.

HOBBS IS NO MORE.

CUT TO:

IN DIFFERENT CU CUT SHOTS WE SEE the AXE CHOPPING FOUR CHAINS to the cells. FREEDOM. SALVATION!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

We see BABYLON, CASSIE, LILA, NICK and ALEX COMING UP from the HOLE in the floor, catching the BRIGHT, MORNING LIGHT flooding in from open windows and slit spaces. Reborn. They gasp in their new freedom like babes.

CUT TO:

The GIRLS are hugging and comforting each other in the LIVING ROOM, Cassie introducing her daughter to her best friend as NICK and ALEX remain in the kitchen.

NICK

I thought for sure you were...I mean all the things Jeff did...all those coincidences...

ALEX

Life's biggest trick, man.

BIG MANLY HUG!

They look over at the GIRLS, their girls in new relief.

ALEX

No matter what. Right, bro?

Nick keeps a hard tear from coming out.

NICK

No matter what.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Gentle water falls over Nick and Cassie who are desperately embracing, no bars between, skin to skin.

NICK'S BLOODY HANDS COME UP, caressing her. The gentle water gradually washing the stains away.

CASSIE, looks up, eyes clean of fear and doubt. Beautiful.

CASSIE

Nick?

Nick strokes her hair, admiring his returned girl...

NICK

Yeah, baby.

CASSIE

I think we should sell the house.

They both laugh insanely.

BLOOD and WATER flow down the drain.

FADE OUT:

ROLL END CREDIT SEQUENCE.