

DAMNED YANKEE

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Looking through a heat wave on a sweltering summer day, to a dirt road that shows no movement.

The land surrounding the road could very well be described as the middle of nowhere. It's peaceful. Serene.

A sign posted next to the road reads:

"SONGLESS
POPULATION 256".

The roar of a car's MOTOR speeds closer O.S.

The automobile comes into view as it turns a bend in the road. The back tires spit loose gravel and clouds of dirt behind the vehicle as it speeds closer yet.

INT. CAR - DAY

Forty year old GEORGE, a casually dressed man in a black cowboy hat, sits behind the wheel. He turns the knob on the radio, and gets nothing but STATIC.

The temperature gauge slides beyond "H".

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Smoke begins to rise from beneath the hood.

George notices the steam, then quickly focuses on the temperature gauge.

GEORGE

Aw no...

His hand reaches to the passenger seat that's littered with junk food wrappers, and an open map. He digs through the mess, and pulls out a cell phone.

George punches numbers on the phone, then lifts it to his ear. He frowns. Something's definitely wrong.

George lifts the phone up into the air and moves it around, then glances at it again.

GEORGE

Damn!

He tucks the phone into his shirt pocket.

The car continues down the road, until the MOTOR KNOCKS and STALLS out.

The car coasts past the town sign, then stops.

George slides the gear shift into "P", then opens his door.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George lifts the hood, and a cloud of steam blasts up into his face.

He waves the steam away, then peers at the bottom of the radiator.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George lifts the trunk and looks inside.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

A spare tire. A few empty plastic milk jugs.

BACK TO GEORGE

He lifts a milk jug, and gives it a shake. George shakes his head, disgusted, then drops the jug back inside the trunk.

GEORGE

Good one, George. Why ride in an air conditioned bus when you can rent a broken down piece a shit car?

He slams the truck closed.

George takes a hard look around... At the empty road... The quiet woods surrounding him...

The long road out of there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George lifts a guitar case up and out of the back seat.

He slings the guitar strap across his shoulder, and turns away from the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The bright sun beats down on George as he trudges down the center of the road. Alone.

Perspiration beads on his brow. He swipes it away...

Relief spreads across his face when he notices a big tree with plenty of shade beneath it just a few feet ahead.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George sits in the shade of the tree. He leans back against the trunk in a world of silence and takes his cell phone from his shirt pocket.

He glances at his cell phone and shakes his head from side to side, definitely not happy.

An O. S. SNAP makes George jolt. He looks around, surprised.

The road is empty. The brush is still.

More O. S. SNAPS bring George to his feet. He turns toward the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

We open up on a flowered pattern. It is moving, twisting from left to right, right to left.

The pattern is on material. A skirt. A long, flowing skirt.

The sun reaches down through a clearing and lights the frame of BECKA (18) in a long, flowing dress. She dances around in silence with a wildflower in her hand.

She lifts her arms, welcoming the sun to her body, and spins a full circle.

Twigs SNAP beneath her feet.

George catches glimpses of Becka between trees as she dances in the nearby clearing.

An idea lights across his face.

George squats down, and opens his guitar case.

A stone PINGS against his guitar.

George slaps the case shut, and has a look around.

A BOY, of about 12, lowers a slingshot from his aim. He slides behind a tree, out of sight.

George rises to his feet, outraged.

GEORGE

Hey! What are you doing!

The wildflower drops from Becka's hand.

George stands by a tree... holding onto his guitar.

The boy peeks out from behind the tree.

George steps toward the boy, and the boy runs away.

Becka's eyes are wide with fear. She shakes her head "no".

George inches toward her.

GEORGE

I'm not going to hurt you. My car
broke down... It's down the road a
ways.

Becka shakes her head "no" again. She lifts her index finger to her mouth, motioning for George to be silent, then looks around nervously.

George looks around, and finds nothing.

Becka dashes off into the woods.

George's jaw drops in shock.

GEORGE

No!

He charges after her.

GEORGE

Come back!

George stops. He stands alone.

GEORGE

Please...

George shakes his head, saddened. He turns, and wanders back in the opposite direction.

An O.S. SNAP forces George to look down.

Twigs SNAP beneath his feet. Next to his foot, a dead bird.

In fact there are many dead and decomposing birds scattered about on the ground.

George sprints away. He's outta' there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A pick-up truck moves down the road at a leisurely pace.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

A pair of man's hands steer the wheel.

George moseys down the center of the road, weighed down by his guitar and the heat.

The pick-up drives up behind him.

George looks over his shoulder, and sighs in relief.

He moves to the side of the road.

GEORGE

Hey!

The pickup slows to a stop next to George.

PHIL, a wiry old hillbilly in coveralls sits behind the steering wheel of the truck. He spits out the window.

A wad of brown goo lands next to George's foot.

Phil's smile reveals his tobacco-stained teeth.

PHIL

Boy, what you doin' out here?
You're libel to get heat stroke in
this mess.

GEORGE

My car broke down and my cell phone
won't work. Could you --

PHIL

-- Give you a ride to a garage.
Sure... Hop on in...

George moves to the passenger door and opens it. He lifts his guitar case into the pickup.

Phil takes the guitar. He gently sets it on the seat, and holds it in place.

PHIL
We're needen' to be careful about
this here.

George smiles. He climbs into the truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

George sets the guitar on the floorboard, between his legs.

GEORGE
My name's George. George Davidson.

PHIL
Howdy.

Phil extends his right hand toward George.

PHIL
Phil Basher.

They shake hands.

Phil notices dirt on his hand. He pulls it back, brushes it off in embarrassment.

PHIL
Pardon the dirt. I've been doin' a
little gardening...

George nods it off, no big deal.

PHIL
I'm the local peacekeeper of this
town... The judge. But I reckon you
can call me Phil.

George smiles, nods in agreement.

GEORGE
Well Phil I sure appreciate the
ride.

Phil relates with a slight grin. He pulls the gear shift into drive. They pull away.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Phil's truck moves at a leisurely pace down the road.

Phil looks to George.

PHIL

So how'd you come to find Songless?

GEORGE

What?

PHIL

There's sixty miles of country between the highway and here. No one ends up in Songless... unless it's by accident.

George shakes his head in bewilderment.

GEORGE

I got mustard and fast food grease on my map... So I guess it wasn't by accident. It was my own fault.

Phil CHUCKLES.

PHIL

Well we'll get ye' goin' in no time.

They pass by a wrought iron fence...

The gate is closed. Beyond the gate, a cemetery with headstones of various sizes and shapes.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

A small country auto repair place. The front door is propped open with a brick, and an empty chair is next to the door.

Phil and George pull up in the truck, and park.

George gets out of the truck. A low O.S. BEEP surprises him. He takes his cell phone from his shirt pocket, and looks at it with a smile.

GEORGE

Now it's working...

Phil gives an "it figures" nod.

George turns from the truck. He punches in numbers on the phone as he walks toward the building.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Phil waits behind the wheel of his truck, still parked in front of the building, and eyes the service station.

George exits the building, and moves to the pickup.

He leans into the truck through the open passenger window.

GEORGE

He's going to pick it up. Thanks
for all your help.

George opens the door.

GEORGE

Is there a good diner around here?

George reaches inside for his guitar, but Phil is quicker. He presses the guitar firmly against the seat.

PHIL

Nothin' for another twenty miles
Son. If your hungry, you might's'
well get back in. Becka can whip up
some pretty good vittles...

A surprised look flashes across George's face.

GEORGE

That's really nice...

George reaches for his guitar.

GEORGE

...but I think I've put you out
enough already.

Phil holds firmly to the guitar. He looks at George like he's crazy.

PHIL

Son you ain't a puttin' me out.
This ways I can keep my eye on ye'.
Keep ye' outta' trouble til' you're
out of town.

George looks off in thought.

PHIL
Come on now. I thought you was
hungry.

George eyes Phil for a second, then surrenders with a "what the heck" shrug. He gets into the pick-up.

GEORGE
Wow. They're right...

Phil frowns with confusion.

PHIL
What boy?

George's expression fumbles, sure he said something wrong.

GEORGE
Oh, no. You know... What they say
about southern people...

Phil studies George, still unsure of what he is saying.

GEORGE
Being hospitable...

Phil's stern brow relaxes, he understands.

PHIL
Yep. Well...

GEORGE
You don't get that where I'm from.

PHIL
Where'd that be?

GEORGE
Detroit.

PHIL
Detroit...

Phil turns the key, starts the MOTOR.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A county kitchen, neat and tidy.

Becka stands in front of a stove, cooking something.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

The pick-up is parked in the front lawn of an old farm house.

George sits on the porch steps. Alone.

Phil steps out of the house, and eases the screen door closed behind him.

PHIL

Becka's whippin' up some franks and beans.

George nods.

GEORGE

That's great. Thank you...

George scans the landscape.

GEORGE

I think I'm going to like it down here. It's so peaceful...

PHIL

Just how we like it.

Phil sits down on a step.

The door opens. Becka steps out of the house carrying two plates full of franks and beans. The screen DOOR slaps shut behind her.

Phil stares off into the distance. George looks at Becka. His face brightens, he recognizes her.

Becka's eyes widen with fear. She notices Phil looking away, and then cautiously shakes her head "no" at George. George's face shrivels with confusion. He takes the plate of food.

GEORGE

Thank you...

Phil's attention snaps back to the here and now. He turns to Becka and takes a plate of food, then immediately digs into his meal.

The screen DOOR slaps shut.

GEORGE

So, I take it, that's Becka... Your daughter...

PHIL
That's Becka, alright, but she
ain't my daughter. I took her in
after her kin died.

Phil drops the conversation right there. He scoops some beans
onto his fork, and eats.

George stares off in deep thought. Phil notices.

PHIL
Eat up boy.

George scoops some beans onto his fork and eats them.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

George sets his empty plate on the porch step.

Phil lifts the plate, and stands. He goes toward the door.

George sits on the step. Alone. He looks around.

The screen DOOR slaps shut O.S.

George looks at the truck.

He rises to his feet, then moves down the steps.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

George sits down on the porch step with his guitar in hand.
He takes his guitar out of its case.

The screen door opens. Phil comes out of the house.

GEORGE
How about some after dinner music?

Phil frowns.

PHIL
I already told ye'. We likes it
quiet.

Phil reaches out and wraps his hand around the neck of the
guitar. He holds the strings down firmly.

George looks up at Phil with questioning eyes.

GEORGE
But I was going to play country
music.

PHIL
Oh no you ain't!

GEORGE
You don't like country music?

PHIL
I don't like no music! You'll raise
the dead with that racket!

Phil pulls the guitar away from George.

GEORGE
Hey!

PHIL
Settle down boy. It's for your own
good.

Phil carries the guitar across the porch.

PHIL
(grumbling)
Damned Yankees. They're always in a
rush... Always makin' racket.

He sets the guitar down, and turns back to George.

PHIL
You ever work for your money boy?

Phil goes toward George.

PHIL
Looky here...

Phil holds out his old, hard-working hands for George to see.

PHIL
This is what the good Lord likes...
A workin' man...

George straightens up.

GEORGE
I work...

Phil smirks at him. George coils back.

GEORGE
Music is work...

Phil sits down next to George.

GEORGE
I'm pretty good at it, too. My
agent got me a gig in Nashville.

Phil sports a cocky smile. George doesn't notice it.

GEORGE
That's where I was heading when I
broke down here.

The screen door is ajar. Becka stands in the doorway,
eavesdropping. The door CREAKS.

Phil notices her there.

PHIL
Our Becka was a singer.

George perks up.

GEORGE
Really?

Phil nods "matter-of-factly".

PHIL
Surely as there's heat in July,
Becka used to sing.

Becka stands frozen in the doorway. Phil waves her out.

PHIL
Come on out here girl.

Phil and George watch Becka as she eases herself out of the
house, very hesitant.

PHIL
Over here now... Don't be shy...

Becka stares downward as she inches toward them.

GEORGE
You used to sing?

Becka's an emotional wreck. She nods, but her thoughts are
somewhere else.

GEORGE
You any good?

Phil reels back, gets a better look up at Becka.

PHIL
Oh, she was good, alright. Good
enough... She had a voice that
could raise the dead.

George's eyes jolt toward Phil. Phil's still looking at Becka. George's glare shifts back to her.

GEORGE
You don't sing anymore?

Becka shakes her head "no".

GEORGE
You're not much of a talker. Are
you?

Becka shakes her head "no" again.

GEORGE
Don't tell me. The cat got your
tongue. Right?

George smiles sweetly, and searches her eyes for a reaction. Becka winces with pain. She shakes her head "no".

George looks away in thought. Something's definitely not right.

Phil pulls a pint of whiskey from his back pant pocket. He opens the bottle, and takes a drink, then passes the bottle to George.

George shakes his head, declines. Phil pulls the bottle back.

PHIL
Suit yourself.

Phil slugs down another drink.

George observes Becka's stiff stature.

GEORGE
You know there's a lot of money to
be made in music.,.,

George turns toward Phil.

GEORGE
...And it is work.

Phil snubs him with a smirk. George quickly turns back to Becka.

GEORGE
You have to be original. Write your own songs. Then you have to practice... A lot.

Still no response from her. Becka stands still, focused on the floor.

George turns to Phil.

GEORGE
It's not all fun and games. But it is satisfying when someone says that they like your music... Something you created...

Phil shrugs, unimpressed.

George searches Becka's eyes.

GEORGE
Do you want to sing something for me? Nashville's always looking for new talent... You could be the next Loretta Lynn...

Phil turns his head, and spits into the yard.

PHIL
I don't think so.

GEORGE
But if she's got the gift, she should share it with the world.

Phil stands. Now he's pissed.

PHIL
Alrighty, Yankee. We listened to your shenanigans long enough. You wantin' to hear Becka sing?

Becka focuses on Phil. Her eyes are wide, and questioning.

Phil nods to her.

PHIL
Go ahead, Becka. Sing! Sing for the
man!

Becka shakes her head "no". She backs away.

Phil flings his empty liquor bottle into the yard.

He puts on an evil grin, and turns toward George. George stiffens.

PHIL
This outta' be a hoot.

Phil flies into an immediate rage. He grabs Becka's arm, and gives her a shake.

PHIL
Show this Yankee what happens to
singers round here!

Becka's trembling now. Her eyes are wide with fright.

PHIL
Show him! Open your mouth right
now!

George panics. He jumps up, stands.

GEORGE
Stop it!

George tugs at Phil's arm, trying to pull him back. It doesn't work.

GEORGE
Can't you see she's scared!

Phil's steady glare on Becka demands she obey.

GEORGE
It's alright! She doesn't have to
sing!

Becka opens her mouth, and GRUNTS of air escape from between her lips.

George's jaw loosens in shock. He stumbles back.

Inside Becka's mouth -- her severed tongue.

George focuses on Phil.

GEORGE

You... What did you?! What did you do to her?!

Becka covers her mouth with both hands.

Phil lifts another pint of whiskey from the porch.

PHIL

That's why it's quiet round here.

Phil slugs a gulp of whiskey down.

George grabs his guitar with one hand, and takes Becka's hand with the other. Becka twists loose from George. She goes into the house, and looks out from behind the closed screen door.

Phil lowers the whiskey bottle from his lips.

PHIL

Cat got your tongue?

He lets out a hardy LAUGH, and slaps his knee.

PHIL

What a hoot!

George dashes past Phil and down the steps. He turns back to face Phil.

GEORGE

What's wrong with you! What's wrong with both of you!

George backs away from the house.

GEORGE

You're sick!

Phil stands with the liquor bottle in his hand and watches George run off.

PHIL

You mind your P's and Q's Yankee!

Phil shrugs. He lifts the bottle to his mouth and takes another drink.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George slows from a run. He turns to look behind him.

The road is empty. He is alone.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The service station is just up ahead.

George goes toward the building.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

A drunk Phil staggers to his truck and gets inside.

He revs the MOTOR a few times, then puts the truck into gear and backs away from the house.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

The road is empty, deserted. George exits the service station and looks around.

GEORGE (V.O.)

A few more minutes... Maybe my luck
is changing.

He sits in the chair, and waits.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Becka peeks out of the door. She nervously looks around in different directions.

She steps out on the porch, and looks off into the distance.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

George sits in the chair, waiting.

His fingers glide across the guitar and tenderly caress it.

GEORGE

How could anyone not like music...

George looks around, there's no one anywhere. His fingers impatiently tap on his guitar.

A MUSICAL MELODY plays from somewhere close by.

George smiles. He takes his cell phone from his pocket. The music is coming from the phone, a musical ring tone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Dark clouds hover overhead. The wind picks up.

The wind blows the iron gate open.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

The wind begins to blow. Clouds block out the sun.

The DOOR next to George slams shut.

He looks to the door. His phone continues to ring out a song. Blinds drop, and cover the window in the door. A hand slides a "CLOSED" sign in between the glass door, and the blinds.

George rises to his feet, outraged. His guitar falls to the ground with a THUD.

GEORGE

Hey! My car!

George KNOCKS on the door.

GEORGE

I need my car!

In a fit of desperation, George pounds on the door with both fists.

GEORGE

Open up!

The cell phone quits ringing.

EXT. ROAD - SERVICE STATION - DAY

The wind continues to blow. Phil's truck pulls up and IDLES.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

George pounds on the door, oblivious to the storm clouds and wind.

A dirty hand pulls back George's shoulder.

George turns and looks behind him. Terror strikes across his face.

The blinds move to one side, then quickly drop back into place.

The hand on George belongs to a CORPSE. Rotting skin hangs from its face. It moans out a low GROAN.

The corpse grabs George with both hands. George struggles, but cannot get free.

George loses his footing. His foot stomps through his guitar with a CRUNCH.

George falls back against the door.

GEORGE
Somebody help me!

Behind the corpse -- two more walking dead move closer to the service station.

The corpse opens its mouth and leans in closer to George.

George SCREAMS out again.

A blast of O.S. GUNFIRE.

The corpse falls over. It lays on the ground. Dead, with a bullet hole in its head.

George notices brains, and rotten skin drip from the building only inches from his face. He jolts back, makes a sour face.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK - DAY

Phil has a rifle raised and pointed out the window. He fires off two more rounds. BANG! BANG!

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

The wind blows into George's face. He stands with his back pressed against the building, staring down at...

The three zombies on the ground. Dead.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK - DAY

Phil sets the rifle down on the floorboard.

PHIL
Damned Yankees... Always makin'
racket...

He opens the glove box, and reaches inside.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Phil gets out of his truck, and into the storm. He closes his door.

PHIL
You okay Son?

George rushes toward Phil.

GEORGE
What's going on?!

Phil eases around the front of his truck with his right arm behind his back.

The two meet somewhere in the middle. George shakes with fright. He looks toward the service station.

GEORGE
What the Hell was that?!

Phil grabs a hold of George's shirt and holds tight. He's suddenly angry, very angry.

PHIL
I warned ye' what would happen...

George stares into Phil's eyes more frightened than ever.

GEORGE
What are you talking about!?

PHIL
And it's not gonna' happen again.

Phil brings his arm out from behind his back and reveals a pair of tin snips in his hand.

A BLACK SCREEN

GEORGE (O.S.)
What are you doing?! Get your hands
off me!

PHIL (O.S.)
Settle down boy. It's for your own
good.

GEORGE (O.S.)
No! Don't! Nooooooo!

George's SCREAMS become garbled.

SILENCE

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

George lays motionless on the ground beneath Phil. Phil rises to his feet.

The wind ceases, and the sunshine returns.

George holds onto his mouth with two bloody hands.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Looking through a heat wave on what appears to be a sweltering, summer day, to a dirt road that shows no movement.

The land surrounding the road could very well be described as the middle of nowhere. It's peaceful. Serene. No sign of movement at all.

A bird drops to the ground. Dead. Two more dead birds lay close by.

The 12 year old boy lowers a slingshot from his aim. He looks around nervously in different directions, then bolts toward the woods.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bloody gauze bandages bunched up on the night stand.

George lays in the bed, asleep. His black cowboy hat rests on the pillow next to him.

Becka sits on the side of the bed watching over George. She reaches out and runs her fingers through his hair.

George jolts up, wide-eyed, and awake.

Becka nods to him.

George gets out of bed, fully clothed. He grabs his hat, and puts it on his head, then rushes to the door.

He pauses at the doorway, and turns and looks back at Becka.

She looks down at the floor.

George nods, he understands. He leaves.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Phil stands in front of the town sign with a paint brush in his hand.

He paints a number "7" on a blank area.

INSERT SIGN: "SONGLESS
POPULATION 257".

Phil stoops down and picks up a small can of paint.

He carries it to his parked truck, and places the paint, and paintbrush in the truck bed... along side with his rifle, and bloody tin snips.

He scans the scenery, inspecting every angle of his surroundings.

A smile of satisfaction spreads across his face.

PHIL
Just how we like it...

He moves toward the driver's door, and gets inside the truck.

EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Becka sneaks out of the house with a backpack in her hand.

She dashes across the porch, and down the steps.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Phil drives in front of the cemetery.

A MAN walks out of the cemetery with a shovel in his hand.

They exchange waves.

Phil continues down the road.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

George's car is parked in front of the building.

George comes out of the building. He goes to his car, and gets inside.

He looks out his window and notices Phil's pick-up pulling up behind him. He starts his MOTOR.

Phil gets out of his truck and walks toward George.

PHIL
Leavin' us Yankee? I thought ye'
liked it here.

George peels away, leaving Phil in his dust.

Phil shrugs. He watches George drive away.

PHIL
Always in a rush...

Phil waves to George.

PHIL
Ye'all come back now... Hear?

He turns away.

INT./EXT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY

A MUSICAL ring tone begins to play.

George glares at his cell phone in horror...

The corners of his lips begin to turn up. His smile grows until it's ear to ear.

His car slows... Stops.

George holds his cell phone outside his window. He backs the car up some, stops. The music STOPS for a second, then starts back up again.

George LAUGHS.

The music STOPS again. George stares at the phone in satisfaction. He tucks it away in his shirt pocket.

George reaches for the gear shift. A frantic Becka dashes out of the brush, and blunders into his fender with a THUD. The wind blows her hair back.

George eyes her as she puts her backpack in through the window, and gets into the passenger seat.

The two keep watch behind them as they drive away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Storm clouds cover the sky. Lightning flashes.

A few zombies walk with the wind toward the open gate.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Phil leans against the hood of his pick-up. He takes a pack of chewing tobacco from his back pocket and grabs a pinch.

He puts the tobacco into his mouth, then wipes perspiration from his brow.

A sudden gust of wind gets Phil's attention. He looks out of terror filled eyes.

Phil turns and comes face to face with many zombies. He chokes on his tobacco.

The zombies surround him. Phil collapses somewhere in the middle of them.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

George and Becka peel down the road in George's car.

Their car passes the town sign, and comes to a screeching halt. They back up... until they are even with the sign.

Becka bounces around nervously in her seat, looking here and there outside the vehicle.

George gets out of the car with a piece of paper and duct tape in his hand. He looks around, then rushes to the sign.

George rips some tape from the roll, and tapes the paper on the sign.

He rushes back to the car and gets inside. They peel away.

The paper reads: "KEEP OUT".

The road is empty.

The brush moves in the wind.

The wind catches the keep out paper, and rips it off of the town sign. The paper blows away.

FADE OUT.