

"DOUBLE CARNAGE"

by

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&

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"EVIL" -- BY ZACK AKERS

SUPER:

In the summer of 1997, three desperate bank robbers robbed a local bank just outside of the small town of Turtle Creek. During the robbery, one civilian was killed. Killing this civilian would bring the three bank robbers more pain and suffering than they could ever imagine...

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The small, cluttered room sits quietly in the dark. The wall paper is torn in different places and the front door is riddled with dents.

LENNY, late teens, sits on the edge of the bed in his boxers. His long black hair hides his thin, pale face.

Someone outside bangs on the door. This startles Lenny.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yo Lenny! It's time. Get your ass out here!

Lenny remains seated and takes a deep breath.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

LENNY

I'll be right there.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Come on!

Lenny stands up and stretches. He grabs a pair of wrinkled jeans off the floor and slides them on.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

The small motel is old and rundown. The gravel lot is nearly empty.

A white, four door car is parked in front of the furthest room from the office.

Lenny, now dressed, exits the room and approaches the car. He enters the back door on the drivers side.

INT. CAR

MAEGAN, early twenties, sits in the drivers seat. She has short blond hair and looks like a crack head.

BRETT, early twenties, sits in the passenger seat. He is bald and is very mean looking. He turns around and faces Lenny.

Brett

Took you fucking long enough!

LENNY

Sorry. I'm just a little nervous.

BRETT

You leave that nervous shit here!

Lenny nods.

LENNY

Yeah. Alright.

BRETT

You hesitate in there and we're fucked! You got it?

Lenny nods again.

LENNY

Yeah.

Megan lights up a joint.

Brett grabs it away from her before she can take a hit. He tosses it out the window.

MEGAN

What the fuck, Brett!?

BRETT

I'm gonna need you straight for this!

Megan rolls her eyes and turns away.

MEGAN

Whatever.

Brett grabs Megan by the hair and violently pulls her in close to him.

MEGAN

Shit!

BRETT

Not whatever! It's 'yes Brett'.

Brett nods Megan's head with his hand.

MEGAN

Yes Brett!

Brett lets go of her. He turns to Lenny and hands him a handgun.

Lenny motions for Brett to take the gun back.

LENNY

No way man! I can't.

BRETT

Take the gun Lenny!

Lenny shakes his head 'no'.

LENNY

Please don't make me take it.
Please!

BRETT

I said take it!

Lenny slowly grabs the gun. He takes out the clip. It's loaded.

LENNY

Aw what the fuck man!? Why is it loaded!?

BRETT

Stop being a bitch!

Brett throws Lenny a black ski mask.

BRETT

When we go in, you aim that gun at the nearest person to you.

(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

I don't care if it's some sweet little girl or a nice, gentle old man! You aim that gun at them and blow their fucking teeth out the back of their head!

Lenny drops the gun into his lap and begins to dry heave.

LENNY

I can't do that! No fucking way! I won't!

BRETT

You'll do what I tell you to do!

LENNY

Why don't you take the gun!? I...

BRETT

Because! I'm doing the talking! Now stop questioning me! I know what I'm doing.

MEGAN

Why does he have to shoot someone!? All he should have to do is shoot the ceiling or something and everyone will drop to the ground.

LENNY

Yeah!? Why can't I do something like that?

BRETT

We won't have time to fuck around. We have to let everyone know we mean business! If we shoot someone, that'll make any possible hero think twice about saving the day.

Lenny shakes his head.

LENNY

It's not right.

BRETT

Neither is robbing a fucking bank, Lenny! But it's worth it!

Lenny cocks the gun and takes a deep breath. He nods his head.

LENNY

Okay.. let's get this over with.

EXT. CAR

The car starts up and pulls out of the motel lot.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING

The nice, one floor farm house sits snug in a well kept yard. Beyond the yard is an endless sea of corn field. In the distance, a barn is visible.

MABLE, early forties, aged yet beautiful, exits the house.

Behind her follows BURT, mid forties, scruffy and worn. Your typical farmer.

Mable stops and waits for Burt.

MABLE

Come on.

Burt laughs.

BURT

I'm coming.

Burt and Mable walk side by side to the

EXT. DRIVE WAY

Parked in the driveway is an old, beat up tow truck and a brown station wagon.

MABLE

You're getting slow, old man.

Burt laughs again.

BURT

Yeah...

Mable turns to Burt.

MABLE

Well, no matter how slow you get...
I'll wait for you.

Burt smiles and kisses her.

BURT

I love you.

MABLE
I love you more.

Burt shakes his head and laughs.

BURT
No! I love you more!

MABLE
Let's continue this argument at
Bill's. I have to get to the bank
and make that deposit.

Mable kisses Burt again and walks to the station wagon.

BURT
I'll be waiting.

Mable smiles and blows him a kiss. She gets in the car and starts the ignition. The car slowly pulls out of the drive way.

Burt walks to the tow truck.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

The small bank sits in the well kept, moderately busy lot.

Mable walks across the lot towards the front door.

As she reaches it a middle aged MAN exits. He holds the door open for her.

MABLE
Why thank you!

The Man nods and smiles.

MAN
You're welcome.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Mable enters the nice, clean bank and walks to the back of a queue line.

In front of Mable stands a young WOMAN and her little BOY.

The Boy looks up at Mable and smiles.

Mable smiles back.

BOY

Hi!

MABLE

Hello there! How are you?

BOY

I'm good.

Mable laughs.

MABLE

Well that's good.

The Woman bends down next to the Boy.

WOMAN

Hey sweetie, don't bug the nice lady.

MABLE

Oh no! It's quite alright!

The Woman smiles at Mable, but the smile quickly fades away.

Lenny and Brett rush into the bank wearing ski masks. Lenny grips his gun.

The Woman grabs the Boy and holds him close.

WOMAN

Oh my god!

Mable turns around and meets Lenny's gun, which is aimed at her face.

BRETT

Do it!

LENNY

(To Mable)

I'm sorry.

Lenny pulls the trigger, blowing chunks of skull and brain onto the Woman and the Boy.

Everyone in the bank screams and drops to the ground. The boy cries hysterically.

BRETT

Everyone stay down! No one else has to get hurt!

Lenny trains his gun on the scattered civilians. He looks down at Mable's faceless body. He takes a deep breath.

LENNY

Shit.

Brett rushes over to the counter and throws a black book bag to the bank ATTENDANT, an older man.

BRETT

You know the drill!

The Attendant pulls out his drawer and dumps it into the bag.

Brett grabs the bag and starts for the door.

LENNY

One drawer!? You're only taking one drawer!?

BRETT

Shut the fuck up!

Lenny and Brett quickly exit through the front door, leaving the civilians alone.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MORNING

The white car is parked in a narrow, cruddy alley. The ignition is on.

Lenny and Brett rush to the car.

Brett, carrying the bag of money, enters the passenger seat.

Lenny enters the back seat behind the driver.

The car quickly roars away.

INT. CAR

Lenny and Brett take off their masks.

Brett begins to laugh.

BRETT

Fuck yeah! That was perfect!

Megan looks at the bag.

MEGAN
How much?

BRETT
More than enough.

LENNY
One drawer!

Brett turns to Lenny with and gives him an angry look.

LENNY (CONT'D)
I killed some poor woman for one
drawer of money!!!

BRETT
Shut up Lenny!

Brett turns back to Megan.

BRETT
It's enough, Megan. I promise.

Megan nods.

Lenny begins to cry.

EXT. BAR - DAY

The small, country bar isn't very busy.

The old, beat up tow truck is parked in front of the bar next
to a few other vehicles.

A large sign hangs above the front door.

It reads: "BILL'S BAR"

INT. BAR

The bar seems much larger on the inside. It's nice and well
kept for a country bar.

A group of BIKERS are standing around a pool table.

Burt sits at the bar. In front of him is a bottle of beer.

On the other side of the bar is the bartender BILL, mid
thirties, large and tattooed. He lets out a hard, deep
bellied laugh.

BILL
Face it Burt! That truck is as ugly
as sin!

Burt laughs.

BURT
That may be! But it still runs
fine. I tell you, me and that truck
have been through a lot together.

Bill shakes his head.

BILL
You're crazy, you know that?

Burt nods.

BURT
Yep.

Burt takes a drink of his beer.

BILL
So how's the old lady?

Burt shrugs.

BURT
You know Mable. She cares about
strangers more than she cares about
herself!

Burt laughs.

BURT
She went to town to make a deposit.
She's supposed to meet me here. But
she's late as usual.

BILL
You've got yourself a good woman.

BURT
Thanks Bill.

A phone rings behind the bar. Bill grabs the cordless phone
of the base and puts it to his ear.

BILL
Bill's bar, this is Bill speaking.

Burt takes another drink of his beer.

BILL
Oh, hey Sheriff! How are you doing?
Burt?

Burt looks up at Bill.

BILL
Yeah, he's here. Okay.

Bill hands Burt the phone.

BILL
It's the Sheriff.

Burt puts the phone to his ear.

BURT
This is Burt.

Bill stands silently across from Burt. Burt's face goes pale and his voice gets shaky.

BURT
Okay. Yeah...

Burt turns the phone off and lays it on the bar. He looks up at Bill.

BILL
Is everything alright?

A tear rolls down Burt's cheek. He looks weak.

BURT
There was a robbery...

BILL
What?

BURT
Mable was... shot... and killed.

Burt fights the urge to cry.

BILL
Jesus Burt, I'm so sorry.

Burt stands up.

BURT
I have to go home and call my son.

BILL
Let me drive you.

Burt shakes his head.

BURT
No. I... I need to be alone.

Bill nods.

Burt exits the bar.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The narrow country road is quiet and empty of traffic. Endless stretches of corn fields surround the road on both sides.

The white car roars down the road, obviously speeding.

INT. CAR

Megan is still driving.

Brett is still riding passenger.

Lenny is still in the back seat. He shuffles through the bag of money. He sniffs and wipes his teary eyes.

LENNY
You were right about this being
enough money Brett.

Brett nods.

BRETT
I know.

Megan lights up a joint. She takes a long drag.

Lenny laughs and nods.

LENNY
Oh yeah! This was totally worth it
man!

BRETT
I told you. When are you going to
learn to trust me?

LENNY
I'm sorry I ever doubted you Brett.

BRETT
It's okay.

Lenny lays his head back and closes his eyes.

MEGAN
How much are we looking at Lenny?

Lenny laughs and shakes his head.

LENNY
Too much to count!

Megan shakes her head in disbelief.

MEGAN
Shit. I can't believe we actually
did it!

BRETT
I told you it'd be worth it.

LENNY
Megan, pass that back here, would
you?

Megan hands Lenny the joint.

Lenny takes a long drag, then chokes and coughs.

LENNY
Oh shit. Fuck.

Megan and Brett laugh.

MEGAN
Pussy.

Lenny coughs a little more and hands Megan the joint.

LENNY
You guys wanna know what the first
thing I'm buying is going to be?

BRETT
What's that?

Megan takes a hit of the joint.

LENNY
A girlfriend.

Brett laughs and Megan coughs uncontrollably.

LENNY
I'm serious! I haven't been laid
in... fucking forever, man!

Megan shakes her head.

MEGAN
What a loser.

Brett turns around and faces Lenny.

BRETT
Give me my gun back before you try
to fuck the barrel or something!

Megan laughs.

Lenny shakes his head and hands Brett the gun.

LENNY
I'm not that hard up.

Brett examines the gun, then turns back to Lenny.

BRETT
Nothing personal Lenny.

Brett points the gun at Lenny's face, who goes wide eyed.

LENNY
Hey!? What the fuck!

Megan looks at Brett, obviously nervous.

MEGAN
What the hell are you doing Brett?!

Brett shoots Lenny in the fore head. The bullet exits the back of Lenny's head in a bloody explosion of chunks and shatters the back window.

Megan screams and stomps on the breaks.

EXT. ROAD

The car screeches to a stop.

INT. CAR

Megan cries and screams hysterically. Brett grabs hold of her and tries to calm her.

MEGAN
What the fuck!?!

BRETT
Megan! Calm down!

Megan throws up in her lap.

MEGAN
Oh my god! Oh my god!

BRETT
Calm the fuck down! With Lenny out
of the picture there's more money
for us!

The sound of screeching tires (O.S.) causes Brett and Megan to turn to the bloody, shattered rear window.

EXT. ROAD

The old, beat up tow truck smashes into the small, white car. The car is thrown off the narrow road and into the

EXT. FIELD

The car flips wildly and lands upside down.

EXT. ROAD

The truck screeches as it turns to it's side and finally stops.

Burt quickly exits the truck and rushes to the end of the road. He stares in disbelief at the totaled car.

BURT
Jesus Christ.

Burt rushes into the

EXT. FIELD

Burt rushes over to the twisted wreckage.

Blood splattered money is scattered around the tipped car.

Megan struggles to crawl out of the car. She is battered and bloody.

Burt rushes to her aid, helping her out of the car. He lays her down in the field and kneels down next to her.

BURT

Every thing's going to be alright!
I'm gonna get you help!

Brett moans in pain (O.S.)

Burt turns back to the car and goes to it. He bends down and examines the interior.

INT. CAR

The twisted cabin is covered in blood and money. Lenny and Brett lay on the flipped ceiling.

Brett lets out another moan.

Burt grabs Brett and drags him out of the car.

EXT. FIELD

Burt lays Brett next to Megan. He turns back to the car and stares at it.

BILL (V.O.)

Is everything alright?

BURT (V.O.)

There was a robbery...

BILL (V.O.)

Oh my god!

BURT (V.O.)

Mable was shot...

A few feet from the wrecked car lies a hand gun.

BURT (V.O.)
... Killed...

Burt walks over to the car and peers inside once more.

INT. CAR

Lenny isn't moving. Blood pours from an open wound in the back of his head.

Burt grabs a handful of money. It's wet with blood.

EXT. FIELD

Burt walks over to the gun and picks it up. He looks over at Megan and Brett, who aren't watching. Burt holsters the gun in his belt.

BURT
You two just lay there! I'm gonna
go call for help! I'll be right
back!

Burt rushes back towards the road and exits.

Brett grunts. He looks over at Megan.

BRETT
We have to... kill this guy.

Brett looks very weak.

MEGAN
What?! Why?!

BRETT
Because... he's gonna try... to get
us to the hospital! If that
happens... we are fucked!

Megan starts to cry.

MEGAN
Fuck...

Megan rubs her head and grunts in pain.

BRETT
We'll kill this guy,... get the
money, then take... his vehicle.

Megan shakes his head.

MEGAN

Are you stupid?! What ever he's drivings totaled! Look at our car!

BRETT

No. He's driving... some sort of big truck. I'm willing to bet that this little... accident barely phased it.

Megan stands up.

BRETT (CONT'D)

You... have to find the gun.

BURT (O.S.)

It's right here.

Megan turns around and meets Burt, who aims the gun at her.

In his free hand Burt holds a rope. He throws the rope at Megan and motions towards Brett.

BURT

Tie him up.

Brett looks at Megan, who looks confused.

BRETT

What!?

BURT

Tie him up!

Megan slowly nods as she kneels next to Brett and begins to tie his hands behind his back.

BURT

Make it tight!

Megan finishes and stands back up, facing Burt.

Burt is shaking, obviously nervous.

BRETT

Listen man! You... don't have to do this.

Burt fights back tears.

MABLE (V.O.)
No matter how slow you get... I'll
wait for you.

MEGAN
Please.

BURT
Shut up and turn around!

Megan turns around and faces Brett, who looks terrified.

BURT
On your knees!

Megan gets on her knees. She is sweating.

BRETT
You don't... have to do this.

BURT
Yes I do.

Burt hits Megan in the head with the butt of the gun and
knocks her out.

BRETT
No!

Burt turns to Brett. He brings his foot down hard on Brett's
head. Again and again.

BLACK

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The tow truck is parked clumsily in the front yard. The dark
night sky hides all the details of the house and it's
surroundings.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The small, cozy living room is decorated with miniature angel
statues.

The furniture has a fifties vibe to it, all of it looking old
and moderately expensive.

Burt sits on an old leather couch and cries. He holds a
detailed angel statue in his hands.

BURT
Don't worry sweetheart.

Burt holds the statue close to his face.

BURT (CONT'D)
I've got them. Their sins will not
go unpunished.

Burt kisses the angel statue.

BURT (CONT'D)
I promise.

INT. BASEMENT

The dark and silent basement is eerily creepy. The only light comes from a constantly flickering light hanging from the ceiling.

A set of old wooden steps leads up to the next floor.

The area is nearly empty.

The old furnace sits alone in the shadows of a far corner.

Brett and Megan are both sitting in chairs. Their hands tied behind their backs. Their feet are also bound. Both of them seem to be out cold.

Brett' face is battered with blood and bruises.

Megan slowly comes to. She pulls at her hands and feet, but can't get them free.

MEGAN
What the fuck?!

She struggles some more. Still no success.

MEGAN
Hey! Where am I!?

No response.

MEGAN
Hello!? Shit...

She looks over at Brett.

MEGAN
Brett!

No response.

MEGAN

Come on Brett. Wake up! Please wake up!

Brett slowly begins to wake up.

MEGAN

Brett!

Brett looks around the room, then at Megan.

BRETT

Megan?...

Brett looks around some more.

BRETT

Where... are we?... How did we get here?...

Megan shakes her head and cries.

MEGAN

I don't know! That farmer's taken us somewhere!

Brett struggles to get free, but fails.

BRETT

Shit... We've gotta... get out of here...

MEGAN

We're gonna die, aren't we?!

Brett shakes his head. He's very pale and looks looks very weak.

BRETT

Calm down... We'll find... a way...

Brett's passes out and his head goes limp.

MEGAN

Brett?

No response.

MEGAN

Brett! Please! Don't do this Brett!
Wake up! Brett!

A door being opened is heard (O.S.).

MEGAN

Hello?! Who's there?!

Burt slowly walks down the steps, gripping the hand gun. He steps in front of Brett and looks at him. He then turns to Megan and steps in front of her.

MEGAN

Please! Why are you doing this to us? What did we ever do to you!?
Let us go!

Burt leans in closer to Megan.

BURT

I know who you kids are.

Megan shakes her head.

MEGAN

What?! What the fuck are you talking about!?

Burt spits in her face.

BURT

I saw the money! I found this gun!

MEGAN

What the hell are you talking about?!

BURT

You're the ones who robbed that bank! Killed that poor woman!

Megan tilts her head.

MEGAN

What!? Is this about money?! Do you want the fucking money or something?!

Burt walks back to Brett.

MEGAN

Listen! Take it! You can take it all! Just please, let us go! We have nothing else you want!

BURT

You took my wife from me. All because you wanted money! She suffered because of your filthy greed.

Megan grows pale and silent.

BURT

You are evil. Pure and simple. Evil. May god have mercy on your souls. Because you won't be getting any from me.

Burt rapidly shoots Brett in the chest, emptying the clip.

Megan screams as Brett's chair fall backwards.

MEGAN

No!

Burt tosses the empty gun onto the ground and walks back over to Megan. He pulls back and punches her in the face, knocking out her front teeth.

Megan begins to cry hysterically.

MEGAN

No! Please! Please don't do this!

Burt punches Megan again, harder this time.

Blood pours from an open cut under Megan's left eye.

Burt punches her again, the impact breaking Megan's nose.

MEGAN

Oh my god! Please stop!

Megan throws up on herself and cries harder.

Burt steps back and looks at Megan's battered and broken face.

BURT

Are you scared yet?

MEGAN

Please don't do this! Please! I don't want to die!

BURT

You think my wife did?!

Burt lunges forward and grabs Megan's right ear. He rips it from her head, causing a wet ripping sound.

Megan screams as blood pours from the wound.

Burt looks at the ear in his hand and then back to Megan. He shoves the ear into Megan's mouth and punches her in the face one more time.

Megan tilts her head to the side and spits out her ear. She continues to cry.

BURT

Don't you dare for a second think
it's over! I'm just getting
started!

MEGAN

I... was just the... getaway
driver... I didn't hurt anybody!

BURT

Wrong! You knew what was about to
happen! You could have stopped it!
But instead you decided that you'd
rather take the money! We'll
darling! You can bet your ass
there's plenty money waiting for
you in hell!

MEGAN

Please... stop...

Burt turns around and marches back up the stairs. He exits.

Megan puts her head down and continues to cry.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is clean and well taken care of.

Burt walks into the kitchen and turns on the sink. He scrubs his hands in the water.

He falls to the ground and cries.

BURT (V.O.)

I love you.

MABLE (V.O.)

I love you more.

BURT (V.O.)
No, I love you more.

MABLE (V.O.)
Let's continue this argument at
Bill's. I have to get to the bank
and me that deposit.

BURT (V.O.)
I'll be waiting.

Burt wipes the tears from his eyes. He stands up, opens a
drawer, and grabs a steak knife.

Burt exits the kitchen.

(O.S.) Footsteps are heard as someone walks down the basement
steps.

MEGAN (O.S.)
No! Please no!

Megan screams a blood curdling scream(O.S.).

INT. BASEMENT

Burt marches back up the steps and exits.

Megan sits in the chair, shaking and covered in blood. The
front of her scalp has been peeled back, exposing the skull.

She throws up again.

MEGAN
Somebody help me!

No response.

MEGAN
You fucking sick bastard! Why are
you doing this to me!? what the
fuck is wrong with you!?

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The dark, dirty barn is just your typical barn.

Scattered hay covers the ground.

Random farm equipment is everywhere.

The sliding door slides open and Burt enters. He turns on the light and approaches a closet. He opens the door.

Burt pulls out a weed whacker and walks over to the work bench. He opens a drawer and pulls out some barbwire and some wire cutters.

He cuts the a about a foot's length of the barbwire and puts it into the weed whacker.

He pulls the start up cord, turning on the weed whacker. Burt pulls the trigger and watches as the barbwire spins rapidly.

Burt smiles.

He turns off the weed whacker and puts it over his shoulder. He grabs a rusty sickle and exits the barn.

INT. BASEMENT

Megan is no longer crying. She sits quietly in her chair. Her skin is pale and her body is shaking. She looks weak.

Burt stomps down the steps with the weed whacker over his shoulder and the sickle in his hand.

He lays both of them down and steps in front of Megan, who struggles to look up at him.

BURT

I'll bet you're having some regrets
right about now, aren't you?

MEGAN

Please... I have a little... girl.
She... needs me. I love her...

BURT

I love my wife!

Megan cries weakly.

MEGAN

Please... don't kill me...

Burt picks up the weed whacker and starts it up.

BURT

If you believe in god, now is the
time to start praying to him.

Megan screams.

Burt squeezes the trigger, causing the barbwire to spin. He shoves the spinning barbwire into Megan's screaming face, ripping away at her flesh.

Blood and chunks of skin fly onto Burt, who continues to push the weed whacker into Megan's face.

Burt lets off of the trigger and drops the weed whacker to the floor.

Chunks of Megan's face are caught in the barb wire.

Burt stares at the bloody, mangled mess that use to be Megan's face.

Megan's body begins to seizure violently.

Burt picks up the sickle. With one swift swing Burt slices off what is left of Megan's head.

Blood shoots out of the bloody stump that Megan's head used to sit on.

Burt welcomes the shower of blood with open arms.

He smiles.

MABLE (V.O.)

No matter how slow you get... I'll wait for you.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits quietly in the dark.

SUPER:

The morning after the robbery, the bank robbers car was found totaled on a country back road not far from Turtle Creek. The inside of the wreckage was a mess of blood and the stolen money. The three bank robbers were never found. Many believed that the husband of the bank robbers victim had something to do with the incident, but nothing was ever proven.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

To this day, the people of Turtle
Creek assume that what ever
happened that night was the work of
God and his will...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

"EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW" - BY ROBERT SKOTTE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A Chevy Suburban cuts through pouring rain. Two canoes secured to its luggage rack. A well-used Buick Roadmaster follows suit.

The highway almost deserted, only a couple of eighteen wheelers pass by. Hills, sprouting tall fir trees, enclose the road on both sides.

INT. SUBURBAN

The rain hammers against the windshield, the wipers working overtime. Soft music fills the car.

FINGERS

tap the steering wheel to the music, the rhythm's off a bit.

BRAD ANDERSON (40's) sits behind the wheel. He is a tad overweight, clean shaven and wears glasses.

His brown and black flannel shirt looks brand new. He move his shoulders around in discomfort.

Next to him, HELEN ANDERSON (40's), attractive in a down-to-Earth way, smiles.

HELEN

Problems with the shirt?

BRAD

Didn't think it was gonna feel like this.

HELEN

Feel like what?

BRAD

Like...you know.

HELEN

Like not Armani?

Brad shoots a glance at her. Helen chuckles.

HELEN

What?

Brad turns his attention back to the highway. He squints his eyes. The rain obscures most of the road in front of him.

He checks the rearview mirror.

BRAD

What's she doing?

Behind them sits DANIELLE ANDERSON (17), a looker. She types away on a BlackBerry while listening to her iPod. Her expression focused, completely absorbed.

HELEN

I think it involves --
 (dramatic)
 -- a boy.

Brad grunts.

HELEN

Or several.

BRAD

Hey!

EXT. HIGHWAY

The cars continue along the highway. They pass a sign that reads: "HOLLOW POINT, 6 MILES".

INT. ROADMASTER

A Little Tree dangles from the rearview mirror. Rock music booms from the speakers.

SEAN ANDERSON (30's), ruggedly handsome and casually dressed, bobs his head to the music. An empty passenger seat next to him.

Sean sings along to the tune.

BOY (O.S.)

Dad.

He continues singing.

BOY (O.S.)

Yo, dad!

Sean stops singing and turns the volume down.

Behind him, dressed in a RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE T-shirt and sprawled out across the back seat, lies LUCAS ANDERSON (16). A weathered copy of a novel rests on his chest.

SEAN
What?

LUCAS
You sound like a dork when you sing.

Sean chuckles.

SEAN
A dork?

LUCAS
Uh-huh.

SEAN
And I thought I was gonna be the next American idol. What a gyp.

LUCAS
Dream on. Simon Cowell would totally booh you.

SEAN
Yeah well, Simon Cowell can kiss my
--

Lucas looks up.

SEAN
-- keester.

Sean's cellphone rings. He checks the display, it says: "BRAD". He puts it on speaker.

SEAN
Breaker, breaker, Papa Duck. What's your twenty, over?

Lucas rolls his eyes.

BRAD (O.S.)
(filtered)
It's Rubber Duck. Not Papa Duck, Sean.

SEAN

Right.

BRAD (O.S.)

Listen, we're starving up here and
this...uh Hollow...something is
just a couple of miles up ahead.
What do you say?

SEAN

(to Lucas)

You hungry?

LUCAS

Fuck, yeah.

SEAN

Hey, watch the tongue.

Lucas sighs in a way only a teenager can.

SEAN

(to Brad)

We're hungry.

BRAD (O.S.)

Alright, follow my lead.

SEAN

Right behind you.

EXT. HIGHWAY

They get on an off-ramp and leave the highway behind.

EXT. HOLLOW POINT

The cars bump along a wet gravel road plastered with potholes
of various size.

A few buildings appear in the horizon just as the sun breaks
through the clouds. A rainbow forms over the small town.

The cars get on a semi-paved road that leads straight into

HOLLOW POINT

About two dozen small, more or less run down buildings, make
up this little community.

Blinds turn and curtains close as the cars pass the buildings.

An older couple stops as the cars approach. The rollators in front of them appear as ragged and dirty as their clothes.

They stare as if in a trance as Brad's SUV rolls up. Brad sticks his head out of the window.

BRAD

Hi there. Is there a diner around here?

The old and wrinkled man opens his mouth and reveals a set of decaying teeth.

The man simply stands there with his mouth open. Saliva drips from his lips. He rocks back and forth. His eyes twitch.

BRAD

Oh-kay.

The nearly bald woman, her face turned away from Brad, tugs the man's sleeve.

The couple turns and walks away.

INT. SUBURBAN

Brad turns to Helen. They stare at each other.

BRAD

What the hell was that?

Helen burst out into laughter. Brad follows suit.

DANIELLE

What?

EXT. DINER

Large snow filled mountains serve as background for the two cars parked in a small lot next to a diner.

The face of the diner could use a paint job. What little remains of the original paint is faded and smeared.

The families exit the vehicles.

LUCAS

Talk about the middle of nowhere.

An "OPEN" sign dangles behind the glass door entrance. Sean pushes it open.

INT. DINER

The inside of the diner looks just as worn as its outside. Dirty floors, crumbling wallpaper and not a person in sight.

HELEN

Maybe we should find another place.

BRAD

The nearest town is over twenty miles away. I'm hungry.

SEAN

Me too.

The party proceeds toward a grease stained counter. Sean taps the reception bell, it lets out a hollow DING.

They wait. Nothing happens. Sean taps it again.

SEAN

Hello?

Still nothing.

LUCAS

This sucks. Can't we just like go to a McDonald's or something?

SEAN

Looks like we have --

The swing doors to the kitchen burst open and GUNTHER (30's), a mountain of a man, enters.

SEAN

Whoa.

Fat yet muscular, he wears a stained apron that was once white. The man towers over the counter. His short black hair oily and unkept.

GUNTHER

Yes?

The Andersons stare at the giant.

GUNTHER

Yes?

BRAD

Uh...we would like something to eat.

GUNTHER

We be closed.

BRAD

Oh, it's just that the sign says 'open'.

GUNTHER

Nots' from where I sees.

Brad turns. The back of the sign at the door says "CLOSED".

BRAD

Yeah, that's because you're seeing it from the wrong --

GUNTHER

I be what?

Brad swallows.

SEAN

Look, you're open or what?

The kitchen doors swing open again and EARL (50's), a stocky man with a harelip, slithers in. A long vertical scar dons his wrinkled face.

EARL

Boy, I be telling you. You don't talks to peoples.

GUNTHER

Pa?

EARL

Get, boy. You got chores. Your brother need helps.

Sean and Brad exchange glances. The giant bows his head and trots into the kitchen. Earl smiles.

EARL

Sorry 'bout that, folks.
(taps his forehead)
He ain't all there. So, what can I's get you fine looking folkses'.

BRAD
Something to eat would be nice.

EARL
Yous' came to the right place then.
We's got the bestes' burger in
towns. Only a dollar twenty-fives.

DANIELLE
You don't have like a salad or
something?

EARL
I's could probably throw together
some lettuce.

HELEN
Me too.

EARL
Three burgers and two plates of
sprout com'n up.

The two families cram into a booth. Brad looks over to Danielle who still types away on the BlackBerry.

BRAD
Can I have it back now?

DANIELLE
Come on, dad. Kevin is --

BRAD
Now.

Danielle rolls her eyes.

DANIELLE
Whatever.

She pushes it across the table. Brad puts it in his shirt pocket.

BRAD
Kevin can wait. Table manners
can't.

Danielle folds her arms, leans back and mopes.

HELEN
Why don't you read a book once in a
while, like your cousin.

Lucas, nose buried in his book, looks up.

LUCAS
What did I do?

Danielle gets up.

DANIELLE
I need to use the restroom.

She bumps into Lucas on her way.

LUCAS
Hey.

DANIELLE
Teacher's pet.

LUCAS
Blow me.

SEAN
Enough.

She disappears through a door with a man and woman DOT pictogram on it.

Earl arrives with the food.

EARL
Whens' thou sittest to eats with a ruler, consider dil'gently whats are before thees'.

LUCAS
And put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite.

Sean looks at his son.

LUCAS
What? It's just the Proverbs, dad.

SEAN
Pretty impressive.

Lucas shrugs.

LUCAS
Whatever.

EARL
Enjoys'.

He returns to the kitchen. Sean sniffs the large steaming burger on his plate.

SEAN

I hate to say it but this looks pretty delicious.

Lucas takes a big bite. Ketchup and mustard drips from his mouth.

LUCAS

Aw man, that's awesome.

The four of them dig in.

SEAN

I can't wait to get up to the cabin and get those rods out. There's a thirty pound trout up there with my name all over it.

BRAD

In your dreams, little brother. You'd be lucky if you catch a two pound bass.

LUCAS

I stand corrected, dad, you're not a dork.

SEAN

Told you.

LUCAS

You and uncle Brad, you're both total geeks.

Helen grins.

BRAD

Look who's talking, bible-boy.

Brad looks to the restroom door, turns to Helen.

BRAD

You wanna go see what's taking her so long?

HELEN

Alright.

Helen gets up, heads for the restroom.

BRAD
If she's smoking again, I wanna
know about it, Helen.

INT. DINER - STAIRCASE

The door closes behind Helen. She proceeds along a short narrow corridor that ends in a set of dimly lit stairs. The stairs lead downward.

Helen squints her eyes.

HELEN
Dani?

No response. She descend the stairs.

INT. DINER

Brad takes a big bite on his burger, chews it around. Stops. He puts two fingers in his mouth and pulls out a flat thumb-sized object.

He turns it over, studies it.

BRAD
'The hell?

It is a nail. A whole human nail.

Brad drops his burger and spits a mouthful of chewed food out on his plate.

SEAN
Whoa, the manners on you.

Sean sees the nail too. He drops his own burger, turns to Lucas. His eyes widen.

LUCAS
What?

Thick strands of long black hair hang from Lucas' mouth like gooey cheese.

Lucas looks down, spots the hair. He drops his burger, coughs and vomits at the same time.

The three of them stare at each other.

SEAN

What the hell is going on here?

He gets up, walks toward the kitchen door, Brad right behind him. Lucas motions to follow but Brad waves him back.

INT. DINER - BASEMENT

Helen tiptoes along a narrow passage. She sidesteps small pools of water on the soggy ground, careful not to touch the mold and mildew covered walls.

The passage splits in two, a misspelled hand drawn sign that says "TIOLET" points to the right. Helen follows the passage.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

Sean punches the door open. The small kitchen fumes. Meat sizzles on cast-iron pans, water boils in casseroles.

A large deep red, almost purple, chunk of raw meat - a liver - rests on a chopping block, next to a half-chopped onion.

An old fashion meat grinder secured to the kitchen table, wisps of meat hangs from its nozzle.

No Earl. No Gunther.

Sean steps inside. Brad follows, cautious steps. He looks around. Sean barges forward.

SEAN

Hey, old man?

BRAD

Let's just get out of here. Hit the road.

SEAN

Hang on.

BRAD

I don't like this, Sean.

SEAN

Would you man up.

The door to the pantry shrieks open. Earl stands in the doorway, a SEVERED HUMAN ARM in his hands. He looks up.

The brothers freeze, their jaws drop.

EARL

Yous ain't supposed to be here.
'Tis off limits.

Brad backs away, right into a row of shelves. A jar wobbles off and shatters against the floor. A murky liquid spills out and small sphere-shaped objects roll across the floor.

BRAD

Boy, don't be making messes in my kitchen.

Brad looks down. EYEBALLS stare back at him.

BRAD

Jesus.

Earl's eyes dart from Sean to Brad to the large chopping knife on the table. He goes for it.

Sean leaps forward, tackles Earl in the chest. The two men crash into the table. Pots and pans CLANG against the wet floor.

EARL

Gunther! Hank!

Sean slams his fist into Earl's face. The old man staggers back, holding his bleeding nose. Sean grabs the knife, holds it out in front of him.

SEAN

Back up.
(over his shoulder)
You alright?

Brad stares in disbelief.

BRAD

What is this place?

INT. BASEMENT

Helen looks up, the commotion upstairs startles her. She slips, twists her ankle and falls against the wall.

A section of the wall GLIDES inward. A door, its hinges buried below crusted mildew.

The door opens wide into a storage. Helen covers her mouth and nose, almost regurgitates.

RATS squeal across the floor but Helen doesn't notice. Her petrified eyes fixed on the gruesome vista in front of her.

Fourteen carved up HUMAN BODIES hang from meat hooks, like slaughtered cattle, drained of blood.

A HAND

comes up behind her, grabs her shoulder.

Helen jumps, lets out a scream. She spins around.

DANIELLE

Mom?

Helen catches her breath.

HELEN

Christ, you scared me.

She embraces her daughter, hugs her tight.

DANIELLE

Mom, what is it?

Danielle sees the bodies. Her expression changes.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

Earl removes his hand from his face, spits out broken teeth, they hit the floor like pennies.

He looks up at Sean, fury in his eyes.

EARL

Them's my good tooth.

SEAN

You just stay right there, old timer.

Earl jumps with the speed of youth, Sean doesn't react in time. The old man claws at Sean's face. They tumble to the ground, Earl hisses.

Sean blocks and punches Earl but the old man fights on in a violent rage. Sean yelps as Earl bites down hard on his shoulder, tearing out flesh and fabric.

Sean brings the large knife around, slices Earl across the thigh. Earl grabs the wound, blood oozes through his fingers.

Sean eyes the chance and kicks Earl off him.

Brad runs to his brother and helps him to his feet. Sean winces in pain, blood soaks his shirt.

Panting like a winded boxer, Earl leans against the wall.

EARL
I'ma get Gunther.

SEAN
Shut the fuck up.

He knees Earl in the groin, shoves him into the pantry and slams the door shut.

Earl pounds the door from the other side.

EARL (O.S.)
(muffled)
Gunther! Daddy needs you, boy!
Daddy hurts! Hank!

Sean looks at the carnage on the floor, eyeballs and severed limbs. He grabs his wounded shoulder, catches his breath.

SEAN
We're leaving.

Brad walks nearer to the kitchen table, peeks at the salt and pepper sprinkled liver on the chopping block.

BRAD
Is that...?

SEAN
Yeah, I think it is.

Brad brings a hand up to his mouth.

BRAD
Was that even beef we ate?

The two brothers exchange glances. Brad vomits.

LUCAS (O.S.)
Dad!

INT. BASEMENT

Helen pulls Danielle along the passage. They reach the corner and

WHAM

runs straight into HANK (30's).

Though a smaller version of Gunther, Hank still towers over them in his all black outfit.

His sunken face twisted and lumped, a menacing look in his eyes. An even more menacing CLEAVER in his hand.

INT. DINER

Sean and Brad burst through the doors. Lucas retreats as he sees his farther's bloody shirt.

LUCAS
The hell happened to you?

SEAN
Forget about it. We're getting out
of here. Where' the others?

LUCAS
Look.

He points to the stained windows.

Outside, about thirty people - men and women - surround the diner. They don't move, they all just stand there, observing the three of them.

SEAN
Fuck me.

They hear Helen's muffled SCREAM.

INT. BASEMENT

Hank grabs Helen by the hair, pulls her close. She pushes his deformed face away. Hanks grip tightens around her neck. Helen gasps for air.

Danielle retreats to the wall, tears stream down her cheeks.

HELEN
(strained)
R...un.

Hank swings the cleaver, Helen blocks it with her bare arm. The blade slices through the flesh, splinters the bone. Helen screams.

Her nearly-severed arm dangles around, held in place by only a thread of meat. Blood spurts from exposed veins. It showers the ground.

DANIELLE

Mom!

Hank rips off the dangling limb, tosses it at Danielle. It strikes her across the face, smears her in blood. She falls to the ground unconscious.

Helen looks on in terror as Hank grabs her wounded arm and sticks the stump in his mouth. He sucks it hard, blood gushes from the corner of his mouth.

His eyes flare up.

He pulls the stump from his mouth. With his foot he spreads Helen's legs wide apart, slams her hard against the wall.

The cleaver swings and smites Helen between the legs, blade first.

Her eyes pop open.

Hank jerks the blade back and forth. Helen's body trembles.

He lets go of her. She slides down the wall to a sitting position. Hank brings up the blade to his mouth, licks it clean.

He tilts his head, observes Helen. A pool of blood grows between her legs. Her head rests on her chest.

With an almost disappointed expression he rams the cleaver into her skull.

The impact makes a wet and crunchy sound.

He plants his foot on her shoulder as leverage and yanks the cleaver out. The top of her head pops off along with it.

Hank steadies himself and swings again.

WHACK

Brad rams him. Hank and the cleaver slide across the floor. He looks up just as Sean kicks him in the face.

Brad kneels beside Helen's limp body.

BRAD

No. No. Oh, God. Helen...

His voice breaks as tears burst from his eyes. He takes his wife's lifeless hand in his and caresses it gently.

Lucas looks away, covers his mouth.

Sean stomps on Hank's bloated face. Again and again.

SEAN

You fucking freak!

Hank's left eye pops out, his skull cracks. A thick grey substance squirts from his ear, blood from his torn face.

Sean stops, out of breath.

Lucas gently taps Danielle on the cheek. She comes around, recoils in fear.

LUCAS

It's okay. It's me. Lucas.

She sits up.

DANIELLE

Mom? Where's --

LUCAS

Don't look.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

Gunther pulls the pantry door open. Earl stares at him, takes a step forward.

GUNTHER

Pa? What --

Earl backhands him across the face. Gunther cowers, blocks his face with his massive arms.

EARL

Took you long, boy.

He limps out of the pantry, his hand pressed against his thigh wound.

EARL

Looks' what they do to Pa.

Earl spits, his nostrils twitch. He turns to the table, opens a drawer and pulls out a long chef's knife. He hands it to Gunther.

EARL
Find them's'.

INT. BASEMENT

Brad covers Helen's corpse with his flannel shirt and wipes his bloody hands against his T-shirt.

Danielle runs to him. He wraps his arms around her and they cry in each other's arms.

Sean waves his cellphone around.

LUCAS
Anything?

SEAN
Can't get a signal.

LUCAS
Me neither.

A door creaks open somewhere, the sounds echoes through the basement. Something heavy stumbles down the stairs.

Sean looks up.

SEAN
Brad.

BRAD
I'm not leaving her here. Not like this.

SEAN
Brad, we gotta go.

Footsteps reverberate against the walls.

LUCAS
Let's go, come on.

Danielle sniffles, her wet mascara forms long black lines down her face.

DANIELLE
There's...a door.

INT. BASEMENT - STORAGE

The four of them scuttle into the enclosure. The faint light reveals the corpses that dangle from meat hooks.

Sean closes the door. Darkness blankets the room.

INT. BASEMENT

Gunther squats next to Hank's mangled body. His hand trembles as he runs it through his dead brother's hair, caressing him affectionately.

The giant man takes in deep breaths. He throws his head back and belches out a blaring howl.

A hand pats Gunther on his back. Earl kneels next to him, tears in his eyes.

EARL

Looks what they did to my boy.

The small wrinkled man pulls Gunther close, rests his head on the giant's shoulder.

INT. BASEMENT - STORAGE

Darkness. A flame ignites, fizzles out. It pops back to life, bathes the room in an orange glow.

Danielle holds up a disposable lighter, her arm outstretched. Brad gives her disappointed stare but lets it go.

The flame reveals a myriad of junk; decaying mattresses, piles of moth-eaten clothes, old bicycles rusted to the wall and pools of caked blood.

The flame also betrays their fear-laden faces.

Lucas rummages through the debris, knocks a rotten mattress out of the way. The mattress keels over and a nest of roaches spill out and scatter across the dirty floor.

Sean leans close to one of the corpses. Its pale skin dry and caked with puss. Several crude incisions scar the blood-spattered abdomen, chunks of meat missing from the thighs.

BRAD (O.S.)

Poor bastards.

Sean looks up at his brother. Brad's eyes still wet and puffy. He wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

SEAN

Yeah.

Danielle holds the lighter up and provides Lucas with illumination. Lucas angles his head close to the wall and slides a hand along the wall's curvature.

His feet stumbles against an incline in the floor, finds his footing on another incline.

Steps.

He crawls forward on all four, ducks as the angled ceiling closes in on his head.

He stops.

A whisper of light shines through a crack in a wooden frame.

LUCAS

Turn it off.

The flame extinguishes.

DANIELLE

You've found something?

Lucas waves his hand in front of the crack, the beam of light much clearer now.

LUCAS

You guys? I think I've found a way out.

EXT. DINER

A fungus infested basement door lifts a bit, its rusted hinges whine. Sean peers out through the small opening.

An old chain hangs from handle to handle and blocks their escape.

INT. BASEMENT - STORAGE

Sean puts his weight against the door and pushes. The wood moans but doesn't budge.

SEAN
Gimme' a hand.

Brad joins him and together they ram the door.

CRASH

The door at the other end shatters open. Gunther's massive silhouette looms in the doorway.

DANIELLE
Dad!

SEAN
Shit.

Gunther charges forward. He knocks the corpses out of the way, stampedes straight at the Andersons, knife raised.

Sean and Brad throw themselves at the basement door. It blasts open. They grab the kids and jerk them out in the open.

Gunther swings the long chef's knife just as Brad slams the door shut. The wooden door splinters against Gunther's cranium, knocking him backwards down the steps.

EXT. DINER

With Sean on point, the party bolts across the dirt road, turns right at the nearest corner. They screech to a halt.

A dozen men and women block the twenty some feet that separate the Andersons and their cars.

Sean waves his family back, turns his attention to the mob. Their clothes tattered and too large, their bodies grossly malnourished.

SEAN
Listen, we just wanna get out of
here is all. Nobody has to --
(takes a step forward)
-- get hurt.

The mob tightens up its rank in front of the cars. Their eyes reveal nothing but sick lust. Without uttering a word, they move toward Sean in unison.

SEAN

Whoa, whoa.
 (over his shoulder)
 Back up.

Pandemonium erupts. The mob charges full force at Sean, screaming unrecognizable gibberish at the top of their lungs.

Sean backs up.

SEAN

Take off.

Brad pulls Danielle and Lucas away from the corner and points them toward a two-story school building several blocks down the road.

BRAD

Go!

LUCAS

Dad!

SEAN

Lucas, go!

The kids take off and sprint down the road. Their shoes kicking up dust.

Sean turns just as the first attacker - a woman - approaches. He takes a step to the left and clotheslines her with his right arm.

The woman nearly performs a backflip before crashing to the ground head first.

Sean swing his fists at the oncoming mob. A middle-aged man takes a left to the jaw, another a kick to the stomach.

Brad throws himself into the fight but three attackers tackle him to the ground. They claw at his face, bites his hands. Brad struggles loose, turns over, punches and kicks his way free.

EXT. GAS STATION

Danielle and Lucas dash right and slump to a cover behind a ancient gas pump. Out of breath, the two teens suck in large gulps of air.

DANIELLE

Oh, God.

Lucas takes her hand and squeezes it tight.

EXT. DINER

Blood pours from a tear on Sean's arm, he throws another punch but misses. Two men wrestle him to the dirt, one bites down hard on his exposed calf.

Sean screams but fights back with renewed rage. He pulls the man close and headbutts him square across the nose. The man reels backward and whimpers like a dog.

The second man jumps Sean from behind, grabs him in a choke hold. Sean throws himself backwards to the ground and knocks the wind out of his attacker.

Sean leaps to his feet and stomps a foot against the man's throat, crushing his larynx.

Brad grabs a hold of his brother just as more townspeople rush to aid their friends.

Bleeding and battered, the brothers make tracks. The mob hot on their heels, mouths foaming.

EXT. GAS STATION

Lucas rolls on to his knees and sneaks a peek around the pump.

DANIELLE

You see them?

LUCAS

Yeah, they're coming this way.

As they struggle to their feet, the door to the manager's office swings open behind them.

The owner, GUS (40's), wears a pair of greasy blue coveralls, a size too small. He juggles a heavy duty wrench in his right hand, a vacant look in his eyes.

Lucas turns just as Gus swings the wrench with venom. The wrench barely grazes his face but it still strikes with enough force to shatter a pair of his pearly whites.

The boy collides with the ground. He sprawls around in agony while blood gushes from his gums.

Danielle backs against the pump, ducks as Gus continues his onslaught. The wrench dents the pump, chips its paint. The nozzle falls out of its socket from the impact.

Danielle trips on the hose, lands on her knees but scuttles back to her feet.

Gus charges again, aims a blow at the back at her head but Lucas sticks out his leg and kicks him sideways to the ground.

Lucas grabs the nozzle, points it at Gus and squeezes the trigger. Gasoline shoots from the nozzle, sprays Gus from head to toe.

LUCAS
Your lighter!

Danielle fumbles through her pockets, whips out the lighter, brings it close to the gushing nozzle. Her shaking fingers squeeze the igniter. Nothing happens.

Gus gets to his feet.

LUCAS
Come on!

The lighter sparks.

WHOOF

The gasoline transforms from a harmless fluid to liquid fire. Using the nozzle as a flamethrower, Lucas showers Gus with pain.

Gus twirls around, ablaze and screaming. Lucas releases his grip around the trigger. The fire subsides.

Sean and Brad reach the gas station. They sidestep Gus The Human Torch who sprawls out into the street.

SEAN
Gimme' that.

Sean jerks the nozzle from Lucas' hand and entrenches himself behind the pump.

SEAN
Lighter.

Danielle throws it to him.

SEAN

Go!

BRAD

C'mon.

Brad and the kids take off down the street toward the school.

The ferocious mob gallops straight at the gas station. Sean pops up behind the pump. He ignites the lighter and pulls the trigger.

Fire jets out onto the street. The attackers run straight into the blazing tsunami. Their clothes sizzles, their hair evaporates, their skin bulges and peels back.

Smoke and cries fill the street.

Sean backs away and turns the nozzle against the pump and the office.

With the gas station engulfed in flames he turns on his heel and heads for the school.

Moments later the gas station explodes with a thunderous roar.

EXT. SCHOOL

The two-story building, scarred and defaced by time and man, rests near the outskirts of the town. Surrounded and partially covered by thick patches of weed, the school looks like it was abandoned decades ago.

Old wooden boards cover most of the windows, some of them decorated by graffiti. Trash and junk lay strewn about the yard.

Brad jerks the verdigris covered brass handle and shoulders the door open on his second try.

INT. SCHOOL - HALL

Aged newspapers and garbage cover the floor of the dark rectangular passage.

Rusted lockers align the left side of the hall. Blood smears stain a couple of them.

Brad lead the kids forward with Sean at the rear. They stop at a door and carefully slip inside.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Tables and chairs lay toppled over on the floor amidst newspapers and debris.

Exhausted, the four of them slump to the dirty floor. Danielle cuddles up in Brad's arms and he gently rocks her back and forth.

Lucas tries his cellphone.

LUCAS
Dammit'. Still no signal.

Sean pries off his bloody T-shirt and inspects his shoulder wound.

Lucas picks up an old newspaper clipping from the floor. He turns it over, stares at the headline.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, which reads:

"FAMILY OF FOUR MISSING"

BACK TO SCENE

Lucas picks up another newspaper clipping.

LUCAS
Hey, look at this.

SEAN
What?

LUCAS
(reads the clipping)
"Montana state police officials say that they have found no evidence of foul play in connection with the disappearance of Tom Watson, who has not been heard from since May 9."

SEAN
Let me see that.

His eyes scan the clipping.

SEAN
This is from ninety-eight.

LUCAS

I found another one from nineteen
eighty-four.

(hands Sean another
clipping)

And this one's from last year.
They're all the same, someone's
gone missing, no evidence.

SEAN

Of course there's no evidence.
These psychos eat the evidence.

Danielle raises her head.

DANIELLE

They're gonna eat mom?

Brad's eyes shoot venom at his brother.

BRAD

No one's gonna eat mom, honey.
Right, Sean?

Sean looks away.

SEAN

Right.

LUCAS

So what's the plan? I mean, we
can't stay here. They're gonna find
us.

Sean puts his T-shirt back on.

SEAN

It'll be dark in an hour or so. I
say we wait here, catch our breath,
and slip out in the night.

BRAD

I don't know.

SEAN

Me neither. But I need a rest.

LUCAS

If we're gonna stay here, we should
at least have a lookout or
something.

Sean gets to his feet. He grimaces and moans in pain.

SEAN

I'm on it.

LUCAS

I'll go with you.

SEAN

I think you should --

LUCAS

Whatever. I'm coming.

Sean observes his son, manages a smile.

SEAN

Okay.

EXT. GAS STATION

Earl watches the burning debris that lies scattered across the street. Black smoke gushes into the air.

Gunther stands next to him, a crusted cut on his forehead.

Around them, townspeople engage the fire with crude water-filled buckets. They put out the fires and gather behind Earl.

Earl shakes his head and spits on the ground. His lips curl into a scowl.

EARL

I wants 'em found. You hears me, boy?

GUNTHER

Yes, pa.

Earl turns to the crowd. The setting sun forms a halo behind his head.

EARL

Y'all's hear me?

The crowd nods and murmurs its agreement.

EARL

Y'all's hear shit. Yous let them 'scape, yous fail. Yous crud.

They bow their heads and look nervously at each other. Earl fills his lungs with air. In the crowd's eyes, he grows a foot in height.

EARL
But...yous will redeem. Yous will
avenge.

Earl raises his hand, the crowd goes silent.

EARL
Look unto mes, and be ye saved, for
it is writtens, as I live, say the
Lord --
(lowers his hand)
-- that unto me, every knee shall
bow...

The crowd kneels before him.

EARL
... ands every tongue shall swear.

The crowd looks up -- flaming passion fill their eyes.

Earl clenches his teeth.

EARL
Get them.

INT. SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lucas stares out into the darkness through cracks in the boarded up window. Sean surveils from another window.

In the streets below them, a couple of stragglers probe around, flaming torches in their hands.

LUCAS
You see anybody else?

SEAN
No. It's time.

LUCAS
What're you gonna do?

SEAN
Sneak down to the cars, drive one
of them back here, pick you guys up
and haul ass. Basically.

LUCAS
I guess that's, like, a plan.

Sean nods to his son and moves to the nearby staircase.

LUCAS
Hey, dad?

Sean stops.

SEAN
Yeah?

LUCAS
I know we don't get to spend much
time together, I mean after you and
mom's divorce, and I know I'm no
day at the beach either but...
(looks down)
I'm kinda glad you're here.

SEAN
Kinda?

Lucas smiles.

LUCAS
Yeah, kinda. And don't take this
the wrong way but I would much
rather be at mom's right now.

SEAN
(snickers)
You and me both, kid.

CLASSROOM

Brad, still seated with his back to the wall, caresses
Danielle's hair. His daughter sleeps, her head rests against
his chest.

Brad's eyelids slide shut. His head bobs up and down until
his jaw hits his chest. Brad's eyes pop back open. He shakes
his head and runs a hand across his face, fights to stay
awake.

Danielle shifts next to him, her tired eyes open.

DANIELLE
You okay, dad?

BRAD
Sorry, hon', didn't mean to wake
you.

She sits up straight and wipes her eyes, then her nose. Her
lips quiver and she succumbs to the sorrow.

Brad puts an arm around her, kisses the top of her head.

BRAD
It's okay.

DANIELLE
I wanna go home.

BRAD
We will, sweetheart. We will.

Her tears stains his T-shirt. She hugs him tight.

DANIELLE
I don't wanna die, daddy.

BRAD
Nobody will hurt you. I won't let
them.

He lifts her chin. His gaze hard as steel.

BRAD
I mean it.

The door blows open. Brad and Danielle jolt.

Sean enters.

BRAD
Jesus, Sean.

SEAN
Oh, sorry.

He holds out his hand.

SEAN
Car keys.

Brad tosses them to Sean.

SEAN
You' ready to get the fuck outta
Dodge?

BRAD
Just say when, brother.

EXT. SCHOOL

The door creaks open. Sean crouches and scuttles through the yard, ducks behind the tall weeds.

Crickets chirp in the quiet moonless night. He scans the horizon. No one in sight.

Sean scales a low fence, crosses a gravel patch and pushes his back against the wall to a house. He risks a peek around the corner.

Still nothing.

He spots the cars parked near the diner, a hundred or so yards away.

Sean slides around the corner.

Stops.

An orange glow spills onto the street from a nearby alley.

He ducks back around the corner, goes prone against the wall.

The orange glow moves closer, footsteps right behind it. Sean peeks up just as a pair of well-worn leather shoes stops a few feet from him.

A man, his body so thin it looks like a skeleton with skin vacuformed around the bones, glances around.

He holds up the burning torch, moves it from side to side like a flashlight.

He grunts and retrieves a pack of smokes from his flannel shirt, Brad's flannel shirt. He lights a cigarette with the torch, puffs it hard and blows smoke into the night.

Sean's eyes rest on the shoe's rubber sole mere inches from his face.

The man farts and lets out a satisfied moan before proceeding down the street.

Sean waits until the glow from the torch disappears in the darkness and then gets to his feet.

EXT. DINER

Sean approaches the two cars, both appear to be unscathed. He huddles next to the Roadmaster and brings out the keys.

He weighs them in his hand, contemplates, and changes his mind.

Sean moves around to the Suburban and kneels next to the driver's side door. He presses a button on his brother's car key.

The car unlocks, loudly. Sean squints from the noise.

Carefully he opens the door and gets to his feet.

EARL (O.S.)

Boy, yous must tink' we be dumb.

Sean spins around.

Earl, flanked by Gunther, leans against the entrance to the diner. He scratches his harelip, spits a gooey chunk of slime at the ground.

SEAN

The thought did cross my mind.

Sean throws himself into the car. Gunther charges at him.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN

Sean slams the door and locks it just as Gunter's broad fist shatters the driver's side window.

Shrapnel showers Sean. Gunther's fingers clutch his shirt but he manages to rip loose.

Lying across both front seats, he kicks vigorously at Gunter's flailing hands.

Gunther grabs a hold of Sean's right leg and pulls him through the opening.

Sean latches on to the seat, fights with every muscle in his body. He slides further out of the car.

Halfway through the window, Sean grips the steering wheel and rams the key into the ignition. His hands puts the car in reverse and with his last ounce of strength, he reaches down and smacks the gas pedal with his hand.

The tires shriek as the SUV shoots backwards. Gunther loses his grips on Sean's leg and tumbles to the ground.

The car speeds across the street and barrels into the house on the opposite side.

INT. SUBURBAN

Sean pulls himself inside, shifts the gear to drive and floors it.

The car wobbles as he turns it onto the street. In the rearview mirror, he sees Gunther charging after the car on foot.

EXT. STREET

The flatulent man with a torch storms into the street. The headlights from the Suburban grows in front of him.

INT. SUBURBAN

Sean's grip on the wheel tightens. He bows his head a bit and rams the guy full force.

The man's head explodes against the windshield like a watermelon, creating a web-like crack in the glass.

INT. SCHOOL - SECOND FLOOR

Lucas spots the approaching SUV and bolts down the stairs.

LUCAS
He's coming.

HALL

The three of them gather at the door. Brad opens the door a bit and peers out.

BRAD
It's clear.

EXT. SCHOOL

The SUV screeches to a halt in front of the school yard. Brad, Danielle and Lucas runs toward the car.

From out of nowhere, an angry torch-carrying mob descends on the vehicle, howling like an Indian war party.

Brad shields his daughter from a barrage of clawing hands while he tries to push her into the car.

One of the men grabs Lucas and pulls him down an alley. Sean burst out of the car and pursues the attacker.

ALLEY

Sean kicks the man above the ankle and he releases his grip on Lucas. Sean helps his son to his knees just as Gunther's massive hand spins him around.

A BLADE

slices across his stomach. Sean groans and staggers back, drops to his knees.

He looks down.

A large tear in his shirt reveals a deep cut in his abdomen. He grabs the wound. Dark red, almost black blood gushes through his fingers. His intestines pour from the opening.

LUCAS

Dad?

Sean tries to pop his internal organs back inside but Gunter grabs the intestines and yanks them hard.

The bloody tubes spill out on Sean's lap and the ground. Sean moans, his eyes roll back.

LUCAS

No!

Lucas jumps to his dad's aid but Gunther brushes him away like a nuisance. The boy flies through the air and slams against a concrete wall.

The giant man wraps the intestines around Sean's neck and strangles him. Sean fights back but without strength. His hands grasp pathetically at his throat as his life withers away.

Sean's head keels forward and his body goes limp. Gunther lets go of him and kicks his dead body to the ground.

STREET

Brad opens the passenger's side door and nudges Danielle inside. Nails scratch his face and arms as he fights the mob back.

He rams the door shut and blocks it with his body. Arms grab at him, pull him from both sides.

INT. SUBURBAN

Danielle watches with horror as her dad's figure disappears beneath the window frame.

Her hand clasp the window from the inside as the mob pummels Brad.

EXT. SUBURBAN

Held down by the mob, Brad struggles in vain to free himself. A woman in a frenzy plows a pickaxe into Brad's left leg, just above the knee.

Brad wails but his words die out as a man sinks his teeth into Brad's chin and tears his face apart.

Another man rips Brad's right ear off, sending blood spurting to the ground.

Brad moans and groans as the mob picks him up and carry him away.

INT. SUBURBAN

Danielle covers her mouth as she sees her father's mangled body.

DANIELLE

Daddy!

Her face contorts in pain, anger and sorrow. Through the bloody windshield she sees Brad's scarred and bludgeoned face, his eyes strain too see her.

They lock eyes. For a moment, time stands still.

Brad's mouth form the words "I love you". A tear rolls from the corner of his eye. His eyes close.

Danielle screams, more in anger than in pain, and jerks the car in gear.

EXT. STREET

The Suburban catapults backward and plows through the remaining mob. Men and women bounce off the car like bowling pins.

The car wobbles as the tires use the townsfolk as pavement.

ALLEY

Danielle backs the car into the alley, stomps the break pedal so to avoid hitting Sean's dead body.

DANIELLE

Jesus.

She looks around, doesn't see Lucas - or Gunther.

DANIELLE

Lucas?

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

Gunther slams Lucas down on the kitchen table. The boy coughs and moans.

Earl limps inside, sporting a cane for support. Gunther stands aside and proudly shows his father the catch.

GUNTHER

See, pa.

EARL

Well, well. Looksy - looksy.

He pinches the boy's cheek, arms and belly. Lucas squirm.

EARL

He be nice, boy. Firm 'n tender.

Lucas spits Earl in the face, a mixture of blood and saliva lands across his eyes and nose.

LUCAS

Fuck you, retard.

He struggles but Gunther holds him tightly secured.

LUCAS
 (to Gunther)
 You too, you motherfucking inbred
 cocksucking cunt. Fuck you. Fuck
 all you psychos.

He spits Gunther in the face too. The giant elbows him in the gut. Lucas coughs and gasps for air.

EARL
 Boy, you best seal them lips, ya'
 hear? Gunther be mad.

LUCAS
 Fuck you!

EARL
 Suit yourselfish.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a hefty cooking needle and thread.

EXT. DINER

The SUV moves slowly down the empty street.

INT. SUBURBAN

Danielle shivers as cold wind blows into the car through the missing driver's side window. Mist forms around her mouths with each exhale.

Danielle scans the surroundings. Not a creature in sight.

She hears something and stops the car. She concentrates, leans her ear closer to the missing window. She hears it again.

A muffled scream.

DANIELLE
 Lucas.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

Lucas sprawls on the table, his feet twitching while Gunther uses his weight to subdue him.

Earl, his fingers clasped around Lucas' lips, drives the cooking needle through the lips, sealing them for good.

EARL
Told ya', boy.

He yanks the needle through the upper lip and tightens the thread. Lucas squirms and muffles something inaudible as blood trickles down chin.

Earl punctures the lower lip again. A rustling sound from inside the diner distracts him. He looks up at Gunther.

EARL
Go see, boy.

DINER

Gunther enters the dark diner through the swing doors and looks around. Nothing. The doors are both closed - but the "OPEN/CLOSED" sign dangles back and forth.

He tilts his head and moves around the counter for a closer look. Gunther stops as a small object on the floor grabs his attention.

The object emits low volumed but high trebled music. Gunther bends down and retrieves Danielle's iPod, the headphones dangles from their wire.

He gives the iPod a confused stare, turns it around in his large hands.

An engine revs outside. Gunther stands up. Through the window, the Suburban grows large.

Glass shatters and wood splinters as the massive SUV crushes through the diner. Gunther doesn't move in time and the Chevy's grille guard hits him with the power of a freight train.

KITCHEN

Earl jolts back as half the kitchen collapses. Lucas jumps him immediately. The old man staggers on his wounded leg and falls to the floor.

Lucas shower him with kicks and punches until the old man doesn't move. Lucas pulls Earl to his feet and slams him against the table.

He grabs Earl's right hand and sticks it into the old fashioned meat grinder. Earl's battered face looks on in horror.

EARL

Wait.

Lucas turns the handle. Earl yelps as the grinder crushes his hand. The grinder's nozzle spews out blood, meat and bone fragment.

DANIELLE

Come on!

Lucas stops, gives Earl a last venomous look and throws him a left to the jaw. Earl collapses.

The boy stumbles to the car while pulling out the sewing thread from his swollen lips.

He jumps into the car and Danielle backs it out of the diner.

EXT. STREET

The Suburban hits the road with tires screeching and speeds out of town. On the way, the car pass a sign the reads: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING HOLLOW POINT. HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOON".

INT. SUBURBAN

Lucas holds his shirt against his bleeding mouth and leans back in the seat. Danielle takes his hand a gives it a squeeze. The two teens look at each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The car pulls onto the highway and disappears into the night.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN

A bloody Gunther pulls himself from the rubble and limps toward the partially caved in kitchen. Earl lies beaten and broken on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Gunther falls down next to his father, strains closer. He caresses his hair. Earl looks up with drowsy eyes.

EARL

Gunther's a good boy. Always was.

A man steps inside the kitchen followed by another, and another. Soon, ten people fill the kitchen. One of them, the woman with the pickaxe.

EARL
Help. We hurt.

The woman moves closer, studies the pair on the floor. Earl reaches out for her.

His eyes widen.

She swings the pickaxe.

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END