

HORRIFIC TALES OF THE WICKEDLY MACABRE

By

Zack Akers

(c)2019

zack.akers.89@gmail.com

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

BLACK

TITLE CARD -- SCARED YET?

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. Quiet.

Heavy rain pours straight down.

The small, two-story house is surrounded on either side by similar homes.

Lightning flashes, illuminates the well-kept front yard for a brief moment.

The darkness returns.

A thick thunder RUMBLES through the neighborhood.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Modernly furnished, tidy.

The rain outside POUNDS the roof.

On his knees next to the bed is DAN, 38. His face is buried in the mattress, which muffles his SOBS.

After a few moments, Dan lifts his head. He SNIFFLES as he wipes his eyes with his forearm, stands and moves over to a large dresser.

Dan reaches out, picks up a framed picture from the dresser.

In the picture: YOUNG DAN, 23, embraces his beautiful bride, YOUNG SARA, 20, in a passionate kiss. True love.

Outside, the low growl of THUNDER.

Dan caresses the picture, sadness fills his face. He takes a deep BREATH.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KIDS ROOM - NIGHT

The dark is overwhelming, nearly pitch-black.

Just visible are two small twin-beds on either side of the room. Small end-tables sit beside each bed.

Dead center on the far wall is the bedroom window. Blinds cover it.

More THUNDER.

NICK (O.S.)
Matt? Are you awake?

Beat.

NICK (O.S.) (CONT)
Matt?

MATT (O.S.)
Shut up.

A lamp is switched on. It sits on the end-table next to the far left bed.

The light reveals NICK, 8, scrawny little blond, sitting in his bed. He clutches his superhero-themed blanket.

On the other side the room, the light shines on MATT, 12, thin redhead, lies in his sports-themed bed. He pulls his blanket over his head.

MATT
Stop it, Nick.

NICK
I can't sleep.

MATT
Then turn the light off, Dummy.

Matt tosses and turns, annoyed.

NICK
Aren't you scared?

No answer.

NICK
Matt?

MATT
Shut up, Nick!

Nick SIGHS. He gets out of bed and moves to the window, pulls open the blinds.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

It's too dark to see anything. Just shapes and shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

NICK
 I'm scared...

Matt GRUNTS.

MATT
 Go to sleep.

Nick glances over at Matt, frowns. Turns back to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Lightning flashes, briefly reveals SARA, now 35, pale and sickly looking, dressed in a white nightgown. She stands in the front yard, glares up at the window.

She disappears back into the darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick's eyes go wide with horror. He takes a step back from the window.

NICK
 (shakey)
 M-matt...

Frustrated, Matt pops up from under his blanket.

MATT
 I said go to sl-

He sees how scared Nick is. Concern moves across his face.

MATT
 Nick? What...?

Nick slowly lifts his trembling hand, points to the window.

NICK
Mommy's in the yard...

MATT
That's not funny.

Tears begin to well up in Nick's eyes. His whole body shudders with fear.

Matt gets out of bed and marches over to the window. He looks at Nick, then back to the window.

He squints his eyes.

MATT
No one's out there, Dummy. You're just tired.

Nick shakes his head. His bottom lip quivers.

NICK
She was there. And she was mad...

Matt shrugs it off, steps next to him.

MATT
Your mind is playing tricks on you. Come on.

He puts his arm around Nick's shoulder and leads him back to his bed.

MATT (CONT)
You can sleep with me tonight.

They both get under the covers in the bed. Matt wraps his arm around Nick, pulls him close.

MATT
We'll even keep your light on.

Not comforted, Nick's eyes remain fixed on the window.

NICK
You're really not scared?

MATT
Not even a little bit.

NICK
But... It was our fault. What happened to Mommy. It was-

MATT
It was an accident, Nick.

NICK
But Dad said...

Matt SIGHS.

MATT
He didn't mean that. He was just...
It was an accident.

More THUNDER.

A long beat.

NICK
But it was our fault... And she
looked mad.

A low BOOM as the lamp shuts off. The electric is out.

Nick WHIMPERS.

MATT
It's alright, Nick. It's just the
power. Must be the storm.

Matt shuffles around in the dark, opens a drawer in his end-table. He CLICKS on a flashlight, shines it on Nick.

MATT
It's fine. Everything's okay.

He goes to get out of bed, but is pulled back by Nick.

NICK
No! Don't go!

MATT
It's okay. I'm just gonna see if
Dad can get the lights back on.

Nick shakes his head, pleads for him not to go.

NICK
Please stay, Matt. Please.

MATT
There's nothing to be scared of.
It's just the storm, that's all.

NICK
No. It's her!

CREAK.

They both snap their heads over to the bedroom door, which slowly swings open.

Matt holds the flashlight on the empty door frame.

Nick trembles.

NICK
Scared yet?

No response.

Matt pulls away from Nick, gets out of the bed.

NICK
No! Matt, don't go!

MATT
I'm getting Dad.

He steps towards the open door, tries to look brave.

NICK
Come back, Matt. Please come back.

He's almost at the door.

SARA (O.S.)
(raspy)
Matt...

Matt stops dead in his tracks, GULPS.

The flashlight shakes in his hands.

ON THE DOOR FRAME

FOOTSTEPS approach the open door.

The light trembles.

Slowly, pale fingers reach out from behind the frame and grasp around it, grip it tight.

SARA (O.S.)
Come to Mommy...

BACK TO SCENE

The flashlight drops to the floor.

Matt turns, books it for his bed.

Just as he reaches it, a pale hand shoots out from under the bed, grabs his ankle, and pulls him underneath the bed.

Nick throws the blanket over his head, curls up in a ball and SOBS.

Matt SCREAMS (O.S.), quickly followed by a sickening SNAP.

Complete silence.

A few long beats. The silence is deafening.

Very slowly, Nick lowers the blanket from his head. He peaks around, but it's too dark to see anything.

Just shapes and shadows.

Tears stream down his face as he WHIMPERS.

Then, at the foot of the bed, something slowly rises.

SARA

Nick...

Lightning flashes and briefly lights up the room, reveals Sara's sunken, scowling face at the foot of the bed.

CUT TO:

Nick pops out of his bed, covered in sweat. He struggles to catch his breath.

The lamp on his end-table is on.

It was just a dream. Nick exhales, relieved.

NICK

Matt?

He looks to his brothers bed, sees Dan standing over Matt.

Dan SOBS as he presses a pillow against Matt's face.

Matt doesn't struggle, completely limp.

Nick doesn't move a muscle, confused and scared.

NICK
D-daddy... !?

Dan turns to Nick, still holds the pillow over Matt's face.
He SNIFFLES.

DAN
It's your fault!

SMASH TO:

BLACK

TITLE CARD -- A CHRISTMAS EXORCISM

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The sirens BLARE as the car speeds down a snow covered back-road. The red-and-blue flashing lights on the roof illuminate the surroundings outside.

A Hell of a lot of snow.

The windshield wipers frantically whip back and forth, unable to keep up with the thick snowfall.

Behind the wheel is SHERIFF WINSTON, 53, burly and grizzled. Has a serious demeanor about him.

Beside him sits DEPUTY DAVIS, 26, fit and handsome. Despite his best efforts to hide it, he looks nervous.

Davis turns to Winston.

DAVIS
I mean, I'm just not sure that I really believe in all this stuff, ya know?

Winston shrugs, his eyes locked onto the road.

WINSTON
I'm with ya, Davis. But I trust Father Linus. If he believes it... Hell, who am I to doubt him?

The car slows as it turns onto a side-road.

WINSTON (CONT)

And I know the Carpenters. They're good, honest folk. Every Christmas, Mark dresses up as Santa and visits the sick kids at the hospital. He's a great man.

Davis nods in silent agreement, turns his attention back to the road.

DAVIS

Their little girl goes to school with your son, right?

WINSTON

Yep. Rachael came to Timmy's birthday party last month.

DAVIS

I don't know. It's just like... Something out of a horror movie.

WINSTON

You're not very religious, are you?

DAVIS

I believe in God, if that's what you're asking.

The snow outside seems to grow thicker and fall faster.

WINSTON

I've known Father Linus for twenty years. When I talked to him on the phone... I've never heard fear in someones voice like that.

Davis fidgets in his seat, anxious.

Winston notices.

WINSTON

No matter what happens, I need you composed, Davis.

DAVIS

Yes sir.

The car pulls onto a snow-covered driveway.

WINSTON

Here we are.

He reaches over, switches off the siren.

EXT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The two-story colonial is surrounded by thick woods.

Christmas lights and various other decorations cover the house. A snowman, complete with a top hat, a carrot nose, and two large buttons for eyes, is planted in the middle of the front-yard.

The police car, lights still flashing, slows to a stop behind a snow-covered van.

Winston and Davis exit the police car, rush to front door. The snow CRUNCHES beneath their feet.

Just as they reach the front door, it swings open.

Winston stops, motions for Davis to do the same. Davis silently complies.

WINSTON

Mark? Jessica? It's Sheriff
Winston. We got Father Linus's
call. We're here to help.

No response.

Winston turns back to Davis, who shrugs. He turns back to front door, takes a cautious step forward.

Suddenly, FATHER LINUS, 59, a priest, tall and thin, stumbles out of the open doorway. He's drenched in blood, vicious stab wounds cover his arms and chest.

WINSTON

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

Winston rushes to Linus's aid, who collapses just as the Sheriff reaches him.

WINSTON (CONT)

Father Linus!? Stay with me!

Davis doesn't move, just stares in terror.

DAVIS

What the Hell happened to him?

Winston glances over at Davis.

WINSTON

Get on the radio and get us some
damn backup!

Davis still doesn't budge.

DAVIS
What the fuck-

WINSTON
Now, Davis!

Davis snaps out of it, runs back to the police-car.

DAVIS
Right!

Winston turns back to Linus, who seems to be in shock. The blood splattered across his face is in stark contrast to his pale white skin.

WINSTON
Hold on, Father. Help is on the way. Just stay with me, okay?

Finally, Linus's blank eyes meet Winston's.

LINUS
(weak)
I... Failed...

Winston squeezes Linus's bloody hand.

WINSTON
Save your strength.

LINUS
The Devil... The Dev-

Linus COUGHS up thick, dark blood.

WINSTON
Jesus!

LINUS
S-save... Save Rachael...

His eyes roll over white as one last BREATH escapes his blood-caked lips.

Winston shakes him, refuses to let him go.

WINSTON
Father? FATHER!?

It's too late, he's dead.

Davis steps up behind Winston.

DAVIS
Backup's on the way.

He notices Linus's lifeless body.

DAVIS (CONT)
God. Is he... ?

WINSTON
Yeah.

Carefully, Winston lies Linus's body down.

DAVIS
What do we do now?

Music starts to play inside the house. It's "Let It Snow" by FRANK SINATRA.

Winston stands, stares at the open doorway.

Davis steps next to Winston, terror fills both their faces.

DAVIS
Sheriff... What the Hell's
happening here?

Winston draws his handgun, steps forward.

Davis grabs his arm, stops him.

DAVIS (CONT)
Backup's only a few minutes out.
Let's just-

Inside the house, a little girl SCREAMS.

Winston doesn't hesitate. He moves with a purpose, rips away from Davis's grip, and disappears inside the house.

DAVIS
Fuck!

After one last glance at Linus's body, Davis draws his handgun and hesitantly steps inside.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Davis steps into the large foyer, notices a blood trail that leads up the staircase.

DAVIS

Shit.

He peeks over into the next room. Disgust and dread spread across his face.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's completely trashed. Furniture is broken and flipped. The Christmas tree is on its side. Blood is splattered all over the walls and floor.

On the floor is a shattered family portrait.

In the picture: MARK CARPENTER, 46, stands beside JESSICA CARPENTER, 38, who holds RACHAEL CARPENTER, 6. They are all dressed in their Sunday best, big smiles on their faces. A very happy family.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Davis turns to the staircase, starts up it.

DAVIS

Sheriff?

Slowly, he makes his way up the stairs.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

The blood trail leads from the staircase to Jessica, who lies face down in a red puddle. She has multiple stab wounds in her back, legs, and the back of her head. Part of her scalp is savagely peeled back.

Davis reaches the top of the steps just as the song comes to an end. He spots Jessica's corpse, instantly doubles over and vomits on his shoes.

The next song begins to play. It's "White Christmas" by FRANK SINATRA.

CRYING comes from the bedroom at the end of the hall.

Davis does his best to compose himself, wipes bile from his chin. Carefully, he steps around Jessica's corpse and makes his way to the open bedroom door.

DAVIS
(shaky)
Sheriff?

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - RACHAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

With his weapon at the ready, Davis enters. Before him stands Winston, who aims his handgun at something.

Then Davis sees what Winston sees.

In the far corner, sitting on a child-sized bed, is Mark, dressed up as Santa Claus. He's covered in blood, his skin a sickly yellow, eyes a foggy white.

In his lap sits Rachael, dressed in a nightgown. She SOBS, scared out of her mind.

Mark holds a blood-stained kitchen knife against his daughters quivering cheek. With his free hand, he runs his fingers through the scared little girls hair.

Rachael looks at Winston, too scared to say anything.

Mark's eyes are fixed on the wall across from him, as if he stares through it.

On the night stand next to the bed sits the radio that the music plays from.

WINSTON
Mark?

No response.

Winston's eyes meet Sara's. He forces a smile.

WINSTON
It's gonna be okay sweetie.

Slowly and methodically, Mark turns his gaze to Winston.

MARK
(demonic)
No it's not.

Mark tilts his head back, lets out an unnerving CACKLE.

Winston trains his weapon on Mark.

WINSTON

Mark. Listen to me, now. You need to let Rachael go. You don't want to hurt her.

MARK

Yes I do.

Another CACKLE.

WINSTON

Mark, please listen to-

MARK

Mark's burning in Hell with his whore wife and that pathetic fuck of a priest!

An evil grin stretches across Mark's face.

Winston's eyes start to mist up.

WINSTON

Please don't do this.

MARK

Shut your cocksucker! This cunt is mine to do with as I please!

Mark presses the knife harder against Rachael's cheek, draws blood. She SCREAMS.

RACHAEL

Daddy stop it!

Davis steps beside Winston, aims his weapon at Mark.

DAVIS

Let her go!

Mark's foggy white eyes travel from Winston to Davis.

MARK

So eager to be the hero. You wish to save this little pig? Place your gun in your mouth. Paint the ceiling with your brains.

Davis takes a step forward.

DAVIS

I said let her go. Now!

Another CACKLE.

MARK
Rachael, darling. Is this not the
best Christmas ever?

Rachael WHIMPERS.

RACHAEL
Please, Daddy...

MARK
Tell her you're going to save her,
Sheriff. Lie to her.

WINSTON
Mark, please-

MARK
I SAID LIE TO HER YOU WORTHLESS
FUCKING FAGOT!

Winston looks into Rachael's eyes, forces another smile. He fights back tears.

Mark grins even wider as he moves the knife from Rachael's cheek to her throat.

WINSTON
It's going to be okay, Rachael. I'm
going to-

Mark presses the knife harder against Rachael's throat, draws more blood.

WINSTON (CONT)
NO!

BANG! Davis takes his shot, wings Mark in the shoulder.

Rachael breaks free from Mark's grasp, runs straight into Winston's arms.

Davis fires two more rounds into Mark's chest, paints the wall behind him red.

Mark falls backwards on the bed, goes still. His grip on the knife loosens.

Winston grabs Rachael up in his arms, buries her head in his shoulder. He starts for the open door, looks back to Davis and motions to Mark.

WINSTON

Check him!

Davis nods.

DAVIS

Yes sir-

Suddenly, Mark jumps to his feet. With a full head of steam, he charges at the window and jumps through it. He disappears in a CRASH of broken glass.

Davis rushes over to the broken window, aims his weapon out of it. He turns back to Winston, confused.

DAVIS

He's gone! He's fucking gone!

Winston squeezes Rachael.

WINSTON

Go get him, dammit!

Davis shakes his head, he can't believe what just happened.

DAVIS

I shot him. I shot him three times!
No way he's-

WINSTON

GO NOW!

Davis nods, books it out of the room.

Winston rocks Rachael in his arms, tries to comfort her.

WINSTON

It's okay sweetie. Everything's
okay. You're safe now.

He looks over, spots a closet door at the other side of the room, moves for it.

The song ends and the next song starts soon after.

It's "FROSTY THE SNOWMAN" by GENE AUTRY.

EXT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The snow continues to pour down.

Davis rushes out of the open front door, glances down at Linus's snow-covered corpse. After a brief moment, he turns his attention to the shattered upstairs bedroom window.

Mark CACKLES O.S.

Davis whips his weapon around, searches for his target. He's terrified, the weapon rattles in his shaky hands.

DAVIS

Where the fuck are you!?

In the yard, a shadow ducks behind the snowman.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - RACHAEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Winston kneels in front of the open closet door, looks into Rachael's teary eyes.

She sits in the corner of the closet, squeezes a stuffed teddy-bear.

WINSTON

I need you to listen to me,
Rachael. You need to stay in here
and be quiet, okay? I've got to go
help my Deputy. You're safe as long
as you stay in here and *stay quiet*.
Do you understand? Not a peep,
okay?

Rachael hesitantly nods.

Winston reaches out, wipes the tears from her cheeks.

WINSTON

You're such a brave little girl, do
you know that? Now stay quiet. I
will come back. You have my word.

GUNSHOTS outside startle Winston, who looks to the window. He turns back to Rachael.

WINSTON

Not a peep!

Rachael hugs the teddy-bear as Winston stands and closes the closet door.

He draws his handgun and runs out of the bedroom.

INT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - RACHAEL'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Rachael hugs her teddy-bear and squeezes her eyes shut.

EXT. CARPENTERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Winston steps through the open front door.

Davis and Mark are nowhere to be seen.

WINSTON

Davis?

No response. Just silence.

Then he sees it.

The snowman in the middle of the yard. Something is different about it.

Winston cautiously approaches the snowman. Once he's within a few yards of it, he falls to his knees.

Horror fills his face.

Davis's decapitated head now serves as the snowman's head, his face frozen in a horrifying scream.

Winston can't look away.

Mark CACKLES O.S.

Winston jumps back to his feet, spins around and spots Mark about ten yards away.

He grips the bloody kitchen knife tight in his hands. His mouth still twisted into an evil grin.

MARK

Merry Christmas, Sheriff.

SIRENS approach from the distance, grow louder.

Winston steps towards Mark, his weapon trained on the macabre Santa Claus.

Mark drops the knife into the snow, casually puts his hands up. He looks down at his wounds, then back to Winston.

MARK

I believe I need medical attention.

WINSTON

Fuck you.

MARK

You're not gonna let me die out
here, are you?

Winston takes another step forward. He tightens the grip on his weapon.

Mark drops to his knees, his hands still up.

A police car and an ambulance pull into the driveway, lights flashing and sirens BLARING.

Two deputies, WILLIAMS, 35, and CAMERON, 25, exit their vehicle and rush over to assist Winston. They both draw their weapons and aim them at Mark.

WILLIAMS

What's going on here, Sheriff?

Cameron looks past Winston, spots Davis's decapitated head on the snowman.

CAMERON

Of fuck!

Two paramedics, GREEN, 33, and ADAMS, 29, exit the ambulance, start to make their way over to Mark, but Winston motions for them to go inside.

WINSTON

Forget about him, there's a little
girl in the upstairs bedroom. Go
help her!

Green nods, runs into the house.

GREEN

Got it.

Adams steps closer to Mark.

WINSTON

I said forget about him.

ADAMS

He's wounded. Let me do my job.

FROM ADAMS AND THE TWO DEPUTIES POINT OF VIEW: Mark appears as a normal man.

No yellow skin. No foggy white eyes. No evil grin. Just a gunshot victim in a Santa suit with his hands up.

Mark pleadingly looks to Williams.

MARK

Please don't let him kill me! I didn't hurt anyone. He thinks it was me, but it wasn't. Please don't let him shoot me again...

Adams takes another step closer to Mark.

WINSTON

I said get the fuck away from him!

Adams tosses up his hands, backs away.

WILLIAMS

Sheriff, we've got him. Let us take it from here.

Winston keeps his weapon aimed at Mark's head. FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE: Mark is still sickly yellow. His eyes are still foggy white. He still wears that evil grin.

WILLIAMS

Sheriff? Please. Lower your weapon. Let the paramedic do his job.

Winston starts to lower his weapon.

Adams takes a deep BREATH, approaches Mark.

WINSTON

Fuck you!

Winston aims at Mark's face.

Both Deputies quickly react, aim at Winston.

CAMERON

Don't do it!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Winston shoots Mark in the face, both Deputies fire at Winston, hit him in the chest.

Mark falls backwards, his brains fall out into the snow.

Winston crumples to the ground, the snow beneath him quickly starts to turn red.

Adams rushes to Winston's aid.

Cameron runs his free hand through his hair, looks out towards the snow covered trees.

CAMERON
Jesus Christ! Jesus *fucking* Christ!

Williams holsters his weapon, kneels next Winston, who struggles to breath.

WILLIAMS
What the Hell were you thinking?

The snowfall grows heavier.

FADE TO:

WHITE

TITLE CARD -- DING DONG DITCH

A doorbell RINGS.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The small colonial is quaint, well-kept.

The porch-light pops on, illuminates the front door.

It opens and LOU, 67, wears pajama-pants and a white t-shirt, steps out onto the small concrete porch. He looks around, his brow furrows.

A group of YOUNG KIDS run from the front lawn. They GIGGLE as they disappear into the darkness.

Lou raises his fist, shakes it with anger.

LOU
You damn kids! Come back on my property and you'll regret it!

He turns, goes back inside.

LOU (CONT)
 Little pricks...

The door closes behind him.

All is quiet and still.

Crickets CHIRP.

INT. LOU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is well furnished and clean.

The original "HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL" plays on a flat-screen.

Lou sits in a recliner. He finishes off a can of beer, sets it on a nearby end-table.

He BURPS.

On the flat-screen: A skeleton approaches a terrified woman.

Lou smirks, CRACKS open another beer and takes a swig.

The doorbell RINGS.

The smirk on Lou's face turns to a frown as he glares at the front-door.

 LOU
 You've got to be shitting me.

He sets his beer down on the end-table, stands and moves for the front-door.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door swings open and Lou steps out.

No one's there.

The whole neighborhood is eerily quiet.

MYSTERY P.O.V.

Heavy, muffled BREATHING.

We watch Lou from behind some bushes as he shakes his head, SNIGGERS. He turns and goes back inside, SLAMS the door behind him.

INT. LOU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lou paces back and forth in front of the flat-screen, a cellphone pressed to his ear.

LOU

Yeah, Tom? It's Lou, from down the street. Listen... You need to have a talk with your boys. (beat) Because they keep ringing my damn doorbell and- (beat) Oh I don't buy that at all. Just tell them it's not okay to-

He pulls his cellphone from his ear, looks at it. SCOFFS.

LOU

(sotto)

Son-of-a-bitch. Hang up on me?

Lou sits down in the recliner. He sets his cellphone down on the end-table, grabs his beer and takes a big gulp.

The doorbell RINGS.

Disbelief spreads across Lou's face as he looks over to the front-door.

LOU

Jesus Christ.

Beer still in hand, he stands and marches to door.

LOU

You'd better hope I don't catch-

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front-door opens and Lou steps out, heated.

LOU (CONT)

-Your punk-asses. I'll beat the Hell out of you!

Again, no one's there.

Lou whips his head back and forth. He bites his lip, frustrated.

Another quick look around. Then he steps back inside, SLAMS the door shut.

INT. LOU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lou fumes towards the recliner. Just as he reaches it-

-The doorbell RINGS.

He straightens up, clinches his jaw, face turns beat red.

It RINGS again. And again.

Then a rock CRASHES through the living room window.

Startled, Lou drops his beer to the floor. He looks from the rock to the broken window, bewildered.

LOU

Are you fuckin' kidding me!?

Lou dashes for the door, pulls it open.

LOU

You're fuckin' dead-

A MASKED MAN, maybe late 20's, tall and thin, wears a blood spattered jack and a rubber old-man mask, barges in and shoves Lou to the ground. He SLAMS the door behind him.

LOU

What the fuck!?

The Masked man grips a bloody serrated-blade. He takes deep, heavy BREATHS.

MASKED MAN

Ginger, Ginger broke a winder. Hit the window- CRACK!

He stares down at Lou, casually tilts his head to the side.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

The baker came out to give'em a clout. And landed on his back.

Terrified, Lou looks from the Masked Man to the serrated blade, crawls backwards on the floor until his back is against the wall.

The Masked Man stomps towards Lou, raises the blade high.

LOU

Wait. Wait... WAIT!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crickets CHIRP. An Owl HOOTS.

A long beat.

Then Lou SCREAMS O.S. The scream is suddenly cut short.

Another long beat.

A deafening silence engulfs the neighborhood.

The front-door opens and the Masked Man steps out, calmly closes the door behind him.

He looks to the cloudless night sky, takes a deep BREATH.

Fresh blood is splattered all over his jacket and mask.

Calmly and methodically, the Masked Man turns and walks across the lawn, to the next house over.

EXT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Masked Man reaches the front porch, steps up to the door. He takes another deep BREATH.

Then he reaches out and RINGS the doorbell.

SMASH TO:

BLACK

TITLE CARD -- STALKED

In white text, SUPERIMPOSE: SCARECROW; an object usually suggesting a human figure that is set up to frighten birds away from crops.

The text fades away.

In red text, SUPERIMPOSE: In this town, Scarecrows serve another purpose. Scarecrows keep *him* away.

The text fades away.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Stars dot the cloudless sky.

Below, the long road stretches off into the distance, surrounded on either side by vast, tall cornfields.

A pick-up truck speeds down road.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

In the drivers seat sits DAVID, 18, handsome jock-type. With one hand on the wheel, he reaches over with his free hand and squeezes the hand of JESSICA, 18, beautiful blond.

She smiles at him, leans close and kisses him on the cheek.

JESSICA
You were right.

DAVID
Right about what?

JESSICA
I had a good time tonight.

David can't contain a wide smile.

DAVID
Told ya so.

JESSICA
I had no I idea you could dance like that.

David shrugs, plays it coy.

DAVID
Well. I don't like to brag.

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA
Whatever.

She playfully slaps his arm, turns to her window. Gazes out at the passing cornfield.

JESSICA
I love driving on this road at night. It's so peaceful.

David's smile fades.

DAVID

Yeah, well. Not me. I usually avoid this road if I can. Still can't believe you live out here.

JESSICA

It's nice out here. What's your deal? You scared of something?

He gives her a look. "You really don't know?"

JESSICA

You scared of my little old Dad?

DAVID

I'm scared of that shotgun he was cleaning when I picked you up.

Jessica CHUCKLES.

JESSICA

He's harmless. And he likes you.

DAVID

You think so?

JESSICA

I think your changing the subject. Why don't you like this road?

David looks at her, searches for the words.

DAVID

It's not really the road I don't like. It's the-

A GRINDING sound startles both of them.

DAVID

Ah, Hell.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck pulls off to the side of the road, parks. Smoke billows from under the hood.

David exits, frustrated. He moves to the front of the truck, pops the hood.

More smoke pours out. David recoils, does his best to fan the smoke away with his hands.

DAVID
(under his breath)
God dammit.

JESSICA
What's wrong with it?

David runs his fingers through his hair, thinks hard.

DAVID
I let my Uncle work on it, that's
what's wrong with it.

He looks to Jessica, SIGHS.

DAVID (CONT)
Your Dad's not gonna like me now.

Jessica walks over and takes his hand in hers. She smiles warmly at him.

JESSICA
Relax.

She motions to the huge cornfield before them.

JESSICA
My place is just on the other side
of old Barney's farm. Should only
take about fifteen minutes. But we
gotta get movin'.

Jessica gives David another quick peck on the cheek. Before he can get a word in, she dashes into the cornfield.

DAVID
Hey, wait!

He hesitates, takes a deep BREATH.

Jessica GIGGLES O.S.

JESSICA
You better catch up, slow-poke.

DAVID
(under his breath)
Dammit.

Slowly, David steps forward and disappears into the stalks.

EXT. CORNFIELD BY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

David cuts a path through the tall stalks.

DAVID (CONT)
Hey, Jessica? Wait up.

No response.

David slows to a stop, whips his head around. Looks for any sign of her.

DAVID
Jessica?

Just silence.

He takes a step forward, then-

-Jessica pops out of the stalks, SCREAMS at David, who jumps back in fear. She LAUGHS while he clutches chest, tries to catch his breath.

JESSICA
I got you so good! That was great.

David can't help but let out a slight CHUCKLE, embarrassed.

DAVID
That's ten years off my life.

Jessica wraps her arms around his shoulders.

JESSICA
So dramatic.

They look into each others eyes, share a passionate kiss. Young love.

David pulls away, puts on his best serious face.

DAVID
I didn't lock up the truck. We should probably head back and-

JESSICA
Don't be a spaz. No one's gonna mess with your truck out here.

She drags him by his arm, pulls him deeper into the stalks.

JESSICA (CONT)

C'mon, the sooner we get to my place, the sooner my Dad can call you a tow-truck.

EXT. BARNY'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The old house sits in the middle of the massive cornfield, about fifty yards away is a rundown barn.

A dirt road connects the house and barn to a gravel driveway that runs through cornfield.

The front porch light pops on, the front-door opens, and out steps BARNY, 58, old farmer, wears dirty overalls.

He stops, looks back inside.

BARNY

Well, c'mon if you gotta go.

BUDDY, a large dog, walks past Barny, runs into the yard.

Barny looks out over the cornfield, up to the sky, then back to Buddy.

BARNY

Hurry it up, Buddy.

After a final glance at the cornfield, Barny heads back inside, closes the door behind him.

Buddy squats in the yard, does his business.

EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD - NIGHT

A flattened out circular area in the field, diameter approximately 15 yards wide.

DAVID (O.S.)

We shouldn't be out here.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Chill out.

Jessica leads David by the hand into the clearing.

JESSICA (CONT)

It's not much farther.

David stops dead in his tracks, squeezes onto Jessica's hand, practically yanks her to a stop.

JESSICA
Ow! What the Hell?

She looks back to David, his wide unblinking-eyes locked onto something before them.

JESSICA
David?

DAVID
(still stares ahead)
We *really* shouldn't be out here.

Jessica follows his line of sight, sees what he sees.

In the center of the clearing, a generic scarecrow sits up on a post.

Jessica frowns, turns back to David.

JESSICA
What's the big deal?

DAVID
You're not from around here. I don't expect you to understand.

JESSICA
What are you mean? Does this have something to do with what you were talking about earlier?

DAVID
Let's just get out of here, okay?

Jessica pulls away from David grasp, steps up to the scarecrow. She looks back to David, smirks.

JESSICA
It's just a stupid scarecrow.

She grabs the scarecrow, pulls it off the post.

Dread falls over David's face as the scarecrow drops to the ground with a THUD. He rushes forward.

DAVID
What the Hell are you doin'?

David nearly knocks Jessica over as he pushes past her, grabs the scarecrow, heaves it up to the post.

Jessica shoots him daggers as he struggles to get the scarecrow back on the post.

JESSICA
 Seriously!? What's your deal,
 David? You're totally freaking out
 over nothing.

DAVID
 (still struggling)
 We've got to get it back up!

Jessica steps up behind David, places a comforting hand on his shoulder, which he quickly shakes off. She SCOFFS.

JESSICA
 What the Hell? It's just a
 scarecrow! Why are you freaking out
 over a scarecrow?

DAVID
 Because...

Sweat beads up on David's pale brow as he strains to lift the scarecrow up on the post.

DAVID (CONT)
 Scarecrows keep *him* away.

Jessica frowns, confused.

JESSICA
 Him?

Something moves in the stalks nearby, startles David, who drops the scarecrow.

Eyes locked on the stalks, David steps backwards towards Jessica, who grabs his arm. She also stares at the stalks, visibly worried.

JESSICA
 Him *who*?

DAVID
 Edgar Flynn.

Raspy BREATHING comes from the stalks.

Jessica cowers behind David, who looks like he's going to shit his pants on the spot.

EXT. BARNY'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Buddy trots around the front yard, sniffing around. He stops, his ears perk up.

In the distance, Jessica SCREAMS.

Buddy dashes to the edge of the front yard, stops just before a wall of stalks, BARKS up a storm.

The front door opens and Barney steps out. He sees Buddy barking at the cornfield, squints his eyes as he looks out over the fields.

Jessica SCREAMS again.

BARNY

Shit.

Without hesitation, Barney runs back inside the house. Only a few brief moments pass before he reappears, shotgun in hand. He darts towards the cornfield, WHISTLES for Buddy.

BARNY

C'mon Buddy, on me!

Buddy quickly follows his owner into the stalks.

EXT. CORNFIELD IN FRONT OF BARNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

On a mission, Barney charges through the stalks with Buddy close on his heels.

Jessica SCREAMS again, closer this time.

Barney looks down at Buddy, motions for him to go ahead.

BARNY

Go on, Buddy!

Buddy zips ahead, disappears into the stalks.

Barney SUCKS in air as he slows down, his age showing.

EXT. CORNFIELD BY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

David limps through the stalks, clutches his bloody shoulder as he pushes ahead. He's constantly looking back over his shoulder, but sees nothing.

He slows to a stop, takes a deep BREATH.

Raspy BREATHING comes from the stalks, seemingly from all around him.

David whips his head back and forth, starts to freak out.

DAVID
Leave me alone!

Ignoring his pain, he jets forward.

A dirty boot shoots out, trips David, who falls hard on his face. He rolls over, looks up and SCREAMS just as a rusty pitchfork is stabbed through his neck.

A horrible CROAK escapes David's lips as blood pours out of his nose and mouth. His eyes roll over white.

EXT. CORNFIELD IN FRONT OF BARNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Barny stands still in the stalks, head cocked to the side. He listens.

It's eerily silent.

Weapon at the ready, Barny cautiously presses forward.

FADE TO:

EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Buddy sneaks out of the stalks, into the clearing. He approaches a figure lying on the ground.

It's Jessica. She's dead, drenched in blood, half her face has been torn off.

Buddy WHIMPERS as he sniffs her corpse.

FOOTSTEPS O.S. get Buddy's attention. He stands his ground, GROWLS at something in the stalks before him.

EXT. CORNFIELD BY THE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Barny quietly moves through the stalks. His eyes alertly dart back and forth.

He steps out of the cornfield and into the

EXT. CLEARING IN CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Barny spots Jessica's corpse on the far side of the clearing, turns his gaze to the empty post in the center of the clearing. Fear spreads across his face.

BARNY

No...

He looks around, notices the scarecrow on the ground nearby, completely torn to shreds.

Raspy BREATHING in the stalks startle Barny, who spins around and FIRES a shell off into the cornfield.

BARNY

Edgar!? I know it's you!

He squints, sees something just ahead.

About ten yards away, Buddy is crumpled over in the shadows.

BARNY

Buddy? Come here, boy.

No response. Buddy lies motionless, his features hidden by the darkness.

BARNY (CONT)

Buddy?

Slowly, Barny approaches the dog, his eyes constantly scanning the surrounding cornfield for movement.

He reaches Buddy, pulls out a lighter and flicks on a flame.

The light reveals Buddy in a seated position, decapitated and disemboweled. The dog's decapitated head has been shoved inside of his own stomach, his dead eyes stare back at his horrified owner.

Barny stumbles backwards, shocked and disgusted.

BARNY

Oh God... Buddy!?

FOOTSTEPS rapidly approach from behind Barny, who spins around and aims the shotgun.

Before he can get a shot off, the rusty pitchfork is plunged into the upper part of his face, piercing right through one of his eyes.

Blood oozes down his face, his jaw clinches so hard that his front teeth crack and pop out.

SMASH TO:

BLACK

TITLE CARD -- THE WELL

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - DAY

YOUNG CHILDREN play on the jungle-gym, GIGGLE as they chase each other around.

Among the children is CHERRY, 7, cute as a button. She swings by herself. The other children seem to ignore her.

EXT. PARKING LOT BY PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Parked in the small lot is a nice sedan.

INT. DOUG'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel sits DOUG, 42, balding and average looking. He watches the children, particularly Cherry.

His cellphone RINGS, startles him. He answers it.

DOUG

Hello? (beat) Hey, Honey... Yeah,
I'm just leaving the office now...
(beat) Yeah. I'm gonna stop by the
hobby store and look around a bit.
See if they got anything neat in...
(beat) Alright. I won't be too
long. (beat) Yep. Love you too.
Bye, Honey.

He hangs up, turns his attention back to the playground, takes a deep BREATH.

EXT. PARK - PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Cherry hops off the swing, notices Doug get out of his sedan and look over at her.

Doug smiles and waves. She returns the smile, waves back.

FADE TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - WELL - DAY

The old stone well sits quietly in the field, which is surrounded by an endless sea of woods.

The clear blue sky casts a summer calmness over the area.

Doug and Cherry approach the well, hand in hand.

DOUG

There it is, Cherry. That's where
he lives.

Cherry bites her lip, nervous.

CHERRY

I believe you, Mister. Please, I
don't want to see him.

DOUG

Cherry, I told you. Call me uncle
Doug, And trust me, you're gonna
love this.

They reach the well.

Doug peers down inside of it, grins.

Apprehensive, Cherry looks off into the distance, towards
the woods.

DOUG

No one knows how he got down there,
but they say if you get too
close... He'll grab you.

He turns to Cherry, smiles wider, turns back to the well.

DOUG (CONT)

Look. I can see him!

Cherry shakes her head.

CHERRY

Please, I just wanna go home.

Ignoring her, Doug continues looking down the well.

DOUG

He sure is ugly. Blood red eyes.
Dark green skin. And teeth as long
as your fingers.

He turns back to Cherry, who looks frightened.

DOUG (CONT)

And they're really sharp.

CHERRY

Please, Mister- Er, I mean uncle
Doug... I wanna go home.

Doug SIGHS, disappointed.

DOUG

Alright. But just have one quick
peek. Then I'll take you home.

CHERRY

Promise?

He gives her a warm smile.

DOUG

Promise.

Cherry eyes the well, takes a deep BREATH, steps forward.

DOUG

Just a peek. Look into his eyes.

Slowly and carefully, Cherry leans over the edge of the well
and peers down it.

She sees nothing. Just darkness.

CHERRY

There's no one-

Doug grabs her legs, flips her over the edge.

Cherry SCREAMS as she falls down the well, disappears into
the darkness.

Doug falls to the ground, his back against the well.
Excited, he struggles to catch his breath.

A few moments of silence.

Then, Cherry's CRIES echo up out of the well.

Doug smiles. He puts his hand down his pants, starts to rub back and forth.

Cherry's CRIES grow louder.

Doug licks his lips as he pulls his hand out, spits in it. He shoves it back into pants and continues rubbing himself.

Faster and faster.

He lets out a soft MOAN as he jumps to his feet, puts his genitals up next to the edge of the well. Grinning from ear to ear, he squeezes his eyes shut as he climaxes into the darkness below.

Cherry lets out a blood chilling SCREAM that echos up the well, then the scream is suddenly cut short.

Doug backs away from the well as he puts himself back into his pants. He glares at the well, confused.

The well sits in silence.

DOUG

Cherry?

A demonic, high-pitched LAUGH echos up out of the well.

All the color drains from Doug's face.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon, uncle Doug... Take a peek inside. Look into my eyes.

The demonic voice LAUGHS harder.

DOUG

(sotto)

That's not Cherry...

CHERRY (O.S.)

(crying)

Please, uncle Doug... Please help me out of here...

Hesitantly, Doug steps back towards the well.

DOUG

Cherry?

Cautiously, Doug peeks over the edge of the well, looks down into the darkness.

Cherry's bloody arm shoots out of the well, grabs hold of Doug, pulls him down over the edge.

Doug SCREAMS as he falls into the darkness.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - CONTINUOUS

The small, murky pit is dark and filled with water.

Doug splashes to the surface, GASPS for air. Standing waist deep in the water, he desperately tries to catch his breath as he looks around.

Floating all around him are the

numerous CORPSES OF SMALL CHILDREN, each in various stages of decay.

Cherry's corpse is among them. It's completely rotten and bloated. She's been dead for a very long time.

Doug cranes his neck, looks up at the well entrance.

DOUG

Somebody help me!

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)

(mocking Doug)

Help me... Somebody help me...

Terrified, Doug looks back to Cherry's floating corpse, which now stares right back at him.

A sinister grin forms on Cherry's bloated face.

CHERRY

(demonic voice)

Now there really is a monster in the well.

The demonic LAUGH erupts from Cherry's mouth.

The corpses of the other children suddenly burst to life, thrash about in the water as they rush towards Doug, who throws his arms up and SCREAMS.

FREEZE ON THE GHASTLY IMAGE OF DOUG BEING SWARMED BY THE
CORPSES OF HIS VICTIMS.

The demonic LAUGH grows louder, drowns out Doug's SCREAM.

FADE OUT.