

HUSKS

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Bright stars dot the sky above a quaint, two-story house. Interior lights shine through downstairs windows.

A truck, complete with side-mounted cabinets and a ladder rack, pulls up to the front of the house, parks on the lawn.

EARL REYNOLDS, 55, country strong, wears a grey jumpsuit, exits the truck.

NOTE: Earl's face is NEVER seen clearly.

He casually walks towards the house.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARGE REYNOLDS, 46, homely housewife, sits at the kitchen table and shucks corn.

A door OPENS, then SHUTS O.S.

Marge places the corn in a strainer with other cobs of corn, disposes of the husk in a waste bin beside her.

FOOTSTEPS O.S.

MARGE
Bad news, Earl.

She stands, carries the strainer over to the sink.

MARGE (CONT)
Ya gotta head back out. Stacey's good for nothin' Ford crapped out again. Just over there on Belmont.

She rinses the corn under the faucet. FOOTSTEPS approach.

MARGE (CONT)
Of course, you'd know that if you'd actually use that phone I got ya. Stubborn ol' bat. Did you find that stupid asteroid you saw?

The muddy boot steps into the kitchen. It belongs to EARL REYNOLDS, 55, country strong, wears a gray jumpsuit. (NOTE: Earl's face is NEVER to be seen.) A slight, wet WHISPER of chaotic gibberish emits from Earl.

MARGE (CONT)
 (shakes her head)
 Asteroid... I still think you're
 full of it. You've been watching
 too many of those alien movies--

She turns, faces Earl. The faint WHISPER turns to a rapid,
 wet SMACKING. An inhuman, distorted SCREECH rings out.

Shock and panic hit Marge like a gut-punch as she lets out a
 horrified SCREAM.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

The narrow road cuts through dark, thick woods.

A Ford Pinto is parked off to the side of the road. STACEY
 REYNOLDS, 20, dirty blonde, lies on the hood of the car. She
 talks into her cellphone as she stares up at the sky.

STACEY
 I'm fine, James. My dad won't be
 too much longer.

JAMES (V.O.)
 You sure? I can be there in ten
 minutes. Maybe less.

STACEY
 Yeah. Anyways, I kinda' like it out
 here, ya' know? It's peaceful.

Headlights brighten up the road.

She hops off the hood of the car, looks out towards the
 approaching truck. She waves at the vehicle, smiles.

STACEY
 He's here. Talk to ya' later.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Alright. Bye, Babe.

STACEY
 Bye, Booger.

Stacey hangs up, stuffs the cellphone into her pocket. She
 shields her eyes from the truck's bright headlights as it
 parks behind her car.

The driver's door opens, Earl steps out. He calmly steps
 towards Stacey, who squints to see.

STACEY

I think it's done for good this time, Dad. The engine made this weird clanking sound and--

The same strange WHISPER emits from Earl as he steps close enough for Stacey to get a clear look at him.

Absolute terror spreads across Stacey's face as she stumbles backwards towards her car. A blood chilling SCREAM erupts from her mouth.

Panicked, she fumbles with the car's door handle for a moment before pulling the door open. She jumps inside, SLAMS the door shut behind her, smacks the lock switch.

Earl steps up to the driver side door of the car. He softly rubs the window with his crusty, withered fingers.

INT. FORD PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Tears stream down Stacey's cheeks as she watches Earl from the passenger seat. She SOBS uncontrollably, struggles to catch her breath.

EXT. BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Earl casually walks back to his truck. He moves to one of the side-mounted cabinets, pops open the door, pulls out a battery-powered compact, circular power-saw.

He rips off the safety guard, exposes the full blade. With a squeeze of the trigger, the blade REVS to life.

INT. FORD PINTO - CONTINUOUS

A distraught Stacey punches in nine-one-one on her cellphone, puts it to her ear.

She tries her best to calm her breathing, looks back towards the truck's blinding headlights.

No sign of Earl, just the REVVING of a power tool O.S.

OPERATOR (V.O)

Nine-one-one, what's your emergency?

STACEY

Please, help me! My Dad...
Something's wrong with him. He--

Her eyes light up at the sight of Earl, who calmly stands outside the passenger door.

He REVS up the power-saw, thrusts it into the window.

As the blade SAWS into the glass, Stacey drops her cellphone onto the floor board. She jumps over to the driver's seat, reaches back for her phone when--

--The passenger side window completely shatters and Earl practically dives through the open window.

He clutches Stacey's wrist, pulls her closer.

STACEY

Let me go!

She pulls back, kicks Earl hard in the face. Her foot connects with an dry CRUNCH.

As Earl clutches at his face, Stacey manages to open the driver's door and falls backwards out of the car.

EXT. BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stacey pushes herself off the ground, backs away from the car as Earl starts to emerge from the open door, power-saw still in hand.

Fight or flight time. Stacey grits her teeth, charges forward and kicks the door.

It smashes hard against Earl's head with a sick CRUNCH.

He convulses wildly, drops the power-saw to the ground.

Earl releases one final distorted SCREECH before his head cracks in half.

Three large, black, slimy slug-like creatures slither out of Earl's withered open skull. They start to flop about on the road, like fish out of water.

Disgusted, Stacey stares down at the creatures. She spots the power-saw, grabs it.

She REVS the blade, swings it back and forth at the creatures, slices them to pieces.

Thick, dark blood splashes out of the them, splatters all over Stacey's pale skin.

Stacey lets off the trigger, the power-saw dies down. With blank eyes, she stares down at the juicy hunks of sliced up creatures. Her eyes move to Earl's shriveled corpse.

His dried up skin is cracked and flaking, like a corn husk.

Stacey drops to her knees, stares ahead wide-eyed. She's beyond traumatized.

The truck door OPENS O.S., then FOOTSTEPS slowly approach.

Stacey turns to see--

--Marge, the skin on her face dried and tight around her skull, standing in the road. She stares back at Stacey with sunken eyes.

The WHISPER comes from Marge's mouth, which hangs agape.

Broken with fear, Stacey trembles as she lifts her arms to defend herself. Her bottom lip quivers.

STACEY

M-mommy... No...

Three black, slimy slug-like creatures emerge from Marge's open mouth, whip about wildly like flailing tentacles.

The WHISPER turns to a rapid, wet SMACKING.

Stacey SCREAMS as Marge lunges forward.

SMASH TO:

BLACK