

PUMPKIN GUTS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - DUSK

Rows and rows of pumpkins line the flat terrain. Roughly three acres.

Centered in the patch is a run-down wooden shack complete with a rusted tin roof.

About fifty feet behind the shack is a rickety old outhouse.

A cozy little setup. Beautiful. Peaceful.

Far beyond the outhouse, a dense tree line wraps around the entire area. Forest for as far as the eye can see.

A tall, lanky man steps out of the woods, into the patch.

He carries a rifle in one hand, and a bundle of dead squirrels in the other. Dinner.

This is EDGAR FLYNN, (52), the proud and peaceful caretaker of this secluded pumpkin patch.

Dressed in grubby overalls, worn boots, and a straw hat; he looks like a living scarecrow.

Edgar looks over the pumpkins as he passes by them. His face beams, it's been a good season.

EDGAR

There's no place in the world more
perfect than this.

He continues on, toward his humble home.

EXT. EDGAR'S SHACK - FRONT

Edgar strolls up to the flimsy-looking front door, stops and looks back over the patch. A big smile on his face.

He turns back, opens the door, and quietly slips inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT

Pale moonlight blankets the property.

The shack is shrouded in shadows. No light's on inside.

Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS. Then, a sudden silence fills the space, lingers for a beat, before --

The blood-chilling SCREAM of a teenage girl echoes out of the woods, into the patch.

Inside the shack, a light pops on and shines through various cracks in the walls. A moment later the front door opens and Edgar hurries out.

He grips his rifle with shaky hands, stares out with worried eyes, past the patch, at the dark woods beyond.

Another SCREAM.

Without hesitation, Edgar dashes off down a row in the patch, toward the woods.

EDGAR

Hold on! I'm coming for ya!

He reaches the tree line, quickly disappears in the darkness.

EXT. WOODS

The SCREAMS are much louder now, bouncing back and forth off the trees.

Low hanging tree branches claw and scrape at Edgar as he rushes through the shadows.

His head whips back and forth as he desperately searches for the source of the SCREAMING.

Nothing but various clusters of trees and thick brush, all crushed in darkness.

EDGAR

Where are ya!? I don't...

The SCREAMS grow louder. Closer.

He slows to a stop, spins around, still sees nothing.

Sweat beads up on his brow.

EDGAR

I don't see ya!? Hey!

The SCREAMS stop suddenly. Just like that.

An unnerving silence fills the space.

Edgar sucks in air, attempts to calm himself.

He squeezes his rifle tight as he slowly scans the shadows for movement.

EDGAR
HELLO!?

Silence. Creepy.

Then, movement in the brush just off to Edgar's left.

Edgar flinches, afraid.

He lowers his rifle, takes a cautious step over a dead tree, moves toward the brush.

Closer, closer. Almost there when --

More SCREAMING erupts from the woods all around him!

Startled, Edgar clutches his rifle tight.

He spins around, shakes with fear as he aims his weapon into the darkness.

The SCREAMING grows louder, seems to be coming from more than one person.

Edgar's wide, horrified eyes dart back and forth. Sweat drips from every pore.

The SCREAMING suddenly shifts to a menacing LAUGHTER.

EDGAR
(terrified)
What do you want!?

The LAUGHTER grows even louder. Meaner.

Edgar steps back, keeps searching the woods. Still nothing.

EDGAR
Please! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

The LAUGHTER shifts back to a pained SCREAM. What the fuck.

Edgar trembles. He stumbles backward, turns to run away, trips over his own feet.

His head SMASHES against the dead tree, HIS NECK SNAPS!

The SCREAMS stop suddenly.

Edgar's whole body stiffens. His eyes go wide. He GURGLES as blood begins to seep from his mouth.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
(in shock)
Oh my God! Is he --

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)
(panicked)
Let's get out of here!

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
We can't just leave!? He needs --

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)
Shut up and move!

FOOTSTEPS hurry off in the darkness.

A pitiful moan escapes Edgar's lips as he forces himself to sit up. Stiff and awkward, he stands to his feet.

His head hangs to the side, his neck clearly broken.

More blood pours from his mouth as he stumbles away, back toward the patch.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - MOMENTS LATER

Edgar falls out of the tree line, lands on a row of pumpkins.

He spits blood all over them, then rolls over on his back, stares up at the clear night sky with teary eyes.

Edgar GURGLES and CHOKES as more blood pours from his mouth. His eyes go wide as a final breath escapes. Then, he goes still and silent.

CLOSE ON his dead eyes, a full moon in their reflection.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT

The full moon rests in a noticeably cloudier sky.

Below, light fog covers the sprawling pumpkin patch. The once peaceful place is now a nightmarish landscape. Every shadow seems darker. Harsher.

SUPERIMPOSE: Twenty Four Years Later...

EXT. EDGAR'S SHACK

Two punks stand out in front of the long-abandoned building. All the windows have been boarded up. A few large holes have formed in the rusted tin roof.

SCAB, (25), a skinny bald guy with a spider tattoo wrapped around his neck, and --

HOMICIDE, (25), a tough chick sporting a gnarly mullet.

A silver pentagram pendant hangs from her neck.

She snorts a laugh as she stuffs a coin back in her pocket.

SCAB

C'mon! Best five out of nine!?

HOMICIDE

Fuck you, dude. You lost!

Scab peers through the fog, at the creepy shack. He turns back to Homicide.

HOMICIDE (CONT'D)

Now you have to go grab Monster.

SCAB

I ain't going in there, Homicide.

HOMICIDE

The fuck you mean you ain't going in there!?

SCAB

I mean I ain't fuckin' going in there! This is... Look I just don't like this place, alright!?

Homicide crosses her arms, annoyed. She glares at Scab.

HOMICIDE

Dude. We flipped a coin! Four fuckin' times!

Scab nods.

SCAB

I know, I know! I'm sorry! Really, I am!

With a scoff, Homicide pulls out a small flashlight and pushes past Scab.

SCAB
You won't tell Thrash, will ya?

She marches toward the derelict building.

HOMICIDE
Tell her what, that you're a giant
fuckin' pussy?

Nervous, Scab watches as Homicide disappears into the dark shack. He looks on, waits with bated breath.

Behind Scab, a SHADOWY FIGURE emerges from the brush. Pale moonlight briefly illuminates what appears to be a rotten scarecrow as it creeps up behind him.

Scab looks on at the shack, totally oblivious to the Shadowy Figure, who silently unsheathes a rusty sickle.

INT. EDGAR'S SHACK - MAIN ROOM

Harsh moonlight stabs down through what is left of the ceiling, illuminates cruddy broken furniture.

The floor CREAKS as Homicide steps into view. She uses her flashlight to scan the room. No one else is there.

HOMICIDE
(a hushed voice)
Yo, Monster! What the fuck, man?
Doesn't take fifteen minutes to
light this shithole up...

Homicide's flashlight illuminates a gas canister by the far wall. Fresh blood is spattered all over the canister.

The light moves over, follows a blood trail on the floor. It leads into a backroom at the back of the shack.

Flashlight in hand, Homicide stares at the backroom door gaping open.

HOMICIDE
Monster... Don't fuck with me,
dude. I'll throat punch you.

Cautiously, Homicide takes a step towards the backroom. Then, another step. And another.

INT. EDGAR'S SHACK - BACKROOM

The darkness is mostly overwhelming.

Homicide's flashlight briefly cuts into the room, barely illuminates chunks of bloodied meat and torn flesh.

She pokes her head inside. Her eyes go wide; her face, pale.

Without a word, she spins around and runs scrambles away!

EXT. EDGAR'S SHACK

Homicide hurries out the front door, runs back to where she left Scab, only to discover --

A steaming pile of bloody intestines on the ground!

Homicide doubles over and pukes. She darts toward the woods.

EXT. WOODS

Homicide sprints through the shadows. As she presses forward, she glances back over her shoulder.

Nothing but trees and fog-filled shadows behind her.

A tree root catches Homicide's foot, trips her.

She falls hard on her stomach, drops her flashlight, which shuts off and gets lost in the darkness.

HOMICIDE

Shit!

Homicide glances up at the moon for a brief moment, then searches the surrounding area.

A light fog fills the space.

Just a shit ton of trees and brush. Various crudely made "KEEP OUT!" and "NO TRESPASSING!" signs are hung on a few of the trees.

Homicide looks every which way, frustrated. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS catch her attention, slow and uneven.

She trembles in place, holds her breath and listens. The FOOTSTEPS come CLOSER.

Homicide covers her mouth to stifle her breathing even more.

Then, the FOOTSTEPS slowly FADE AWAY, back in the direction of the shack. SILENCE fills the space.

Homicide exhales, relieved. She turns and steps on a small branch. CRUNCH!

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS rapidly approach her from behind. She spins around, eyes wide, face pale, and SCREAMS as --

The Shadowy Figure lunges at her, slashes the rusty sickle through the darkness, cuts Homicide's SCREAM short!

Blood splashes all over one of the "KEEP OUT!" signs.

SMASH TO BLACK

TITLE CARD -- PUMPKIN GUTS

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CAMERA P.O.V.

Our view PANS across the humble, well-maintained graveyard, settles on RUBY WASHINGTON, (18), a tomboyish black girl.

She stands before a weathered headstone, stares impatiently back at the CAMERA, as if she's waiting for a cue.

PHILLIP (O.S.)
Alright, we're good. Go.

Ruby exhales, forces a smile.

She steps aside, reveals the name on the headstone.

ON THE HEADSTONE: Edgar Flynn

RUBY
Edgar Flynn's grave.
(beat)
An empty grave... For an odd local
pumpkin farmer who mysteriously
vanished from his secluded home
over twenty years ago.

A sly smirk forms on her face.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Some locals think that he simply
"moved on." While others believe
that Edgar is still out there. And
they'll tell you. Beware the patch.

Ruby steps closer to the CAMERA.

She crosses her arms, poses before Edgar's headstone.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Especially at night.

END CAMERA P.O.V.

PHILLIP CARTER, (18), a thin nerdy dude, lowers his camera from Ruby.

He grins at her.

PHILLIP
Awesome! Wanna do another take?

Ruby shakes her head.

RUBY
Dude. This bites.

Phillip fiddles around with his camera.

PHILLIP
What!? No! We are getting some great stuff here!

RUBY
Bro. This sucks and you know it.

Ruby turns away from him, stares down at Edgar's headstone, lets out a frustrated sigh.

RUBY
That pumpkin patch is close, right?

Phillip nods.

PHILLIP
Yeah. According to that old geezer back at the gas station, it's not too far from here.
(beat)
But... I thought you didn't wanna go looking for it. What, you change your mind?

Ruby turns back to him, motions toward Edgar's headstone.

RUBY
We're gonna need more than just this headstone.

CLOSE ON Edgar's headstone.

"Abuse Myself, I Wanna Die" by GG Allin STARTS UP, continues to play over --

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A super shitty collection of rundown trailers sits just off a country road. Behind the park, a vast stretch of forest.

The MUSIC continues.

An old and faded sign sits in front of the park, advertising:

COLONIAL MANOR

The letters "IAL" have been crossed out with black spray paint. Crudely written under "COLON MANOR" is "SHITSVILLE"

A beat up van covered in crudely painted skulls speeds down the back road, slows and pulls into the trailer park.

The vehicle bounces along the pothole-filled gravel road as it drives to the back of the park, towards a particularly dilapidated mobile home.

The MUSIC continues as the shitty van pulls up to --

EXT. THRASH'S TRAILER - FRONT YARD

The van parks in the trash-filled yard.

The driver's side door pops open and out steps GNARLS, (30), a scrawny punk, with a bright red mohawk and a large bullring septum piercing.

He glances around. No one's in sight. The trailer park is like a ghost town, other than --

The MUSIC comes from inside the trailer home.

Gnarls kicks an empty beer bottle as he steps up to the front door and KNOCKS hard.

No response. Just more MUSIC.

He looks over the cruddy lawn and the rundown neighborhood beyond. He sighs, turns back to the door and KNOCKS again.

Still nothing but MUSIC.

Gnarls frowns.

GNARLS

Yo, Thrash! The fuck did you have
me race out here for!? Open up!

He KNOCKS again. Harder this time.

Nothing. The MUSIC inside continues.

Frustrated, Gnarl's spins around and kicks another empty beer
bottle, which SMASHES against his van's windshield.

The windshield cracks.

GNARLS

Fuck! C'mon, man! Why does the
universe fuckin' hate me!?

The MUSIC inside suddenly shuts off, just before the front
door to trailer swings open and BONES, (38), steps out.

Dude's a mountain of muscle that resembles a Pitbull more
than a human being, with a stainless steel link chain wrapped
around his massive neck.

THRASH, (31), a punk chick with a permanent scowl and an
infinity sign tattooed beneath her left eye, stretches as she
follows after Bones.

She sees the van's cracked windshield, can't help but laugh
at Gnarl's.

THRASH

Why are you such a fuck up?

Bones snarls as he steps behind Gnarl's, sizes him up.

Intimidated, Gnarl's nervously chuckles.

GNARLS

Hey, c'mon. You said to get here
fast. I'm here.

Thrash glares at Gnarl's for a moment, then looks to Bones,
signals for him to back off, which he does.

Gnarl's lets out a sigh of relief.

GNARLS

So what's up? You find out where
Homicide and those other assholes
are? Wait. Let me guess. They're in
the drunk tank again, aren't they?

Thrash doesn't respond, closes the front door behind her.

GNARLS
Which county? Campbell? River
Ridge?

Annoyed, Thrash pushes past Gnarls.

THRASH
Shut the fuck up.

Gnarls nods, hurries after her.

Bones quietly follows them.

THRASH
They didn't get busted, you
asshole. They went to that old
pumpkin patch.

Gnarls face drops.

GNARLS
Fuck me. Are you sure?

THRASH
That's what we're gonna go find
out. And you're gonna take us.

GNARLS
Me!? Fuck. Why me!?

Thrash hops in the driver's seat, while Gnarls reluctantly
climbs in the passenger side.

Bones enters the side door, slides it shut behind him.

INT. GNARLS' VAN - (PARKED)

Up front, Thrash pulls her door shut, glares over at Gnarls.

Bones matches her glare from the back seat.

THRASH
Because Demon said you know a back
road that leads there, that's why.

Gnarls frowns.

GNARLS
Man, fuck Demon!

He points to the woods just behind Thrash's trailer.

GNARLS

Why not just take the trail at the back of the trailer park? That's definitely what Homicide and the others did! Fuck, you don't need me to show you the --

THRASH

Sack up, Gnarls. I'm not hiking some fucking trail. It'll be a lot faster if we take that back road.

GNARLS

Shit, man. At least stop by Demon's trailer. If I'm going, so is his dumb ass.

THRASH

Already planned on it.

Thrash starts up the van. The ENGINE PUTTERS to life.

Bones continues to stare at Gnarls, lets out a low growl.

Gnarls shakes his head, frustrated.

GNARLS

(under his breath)
Man, fuck my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVEL LOT - DAY

Phillip and Ruby lean against the trunk of a parked sedan, look over a map APP on Phillip's cellphone.

They pass a small joint back and forth.

PHILLIP

It's close. Barely ten miles away from here. Sweet.

He stuffs his phone in his pocket.

Ruby takes a puff, then passes it back to Phillip.

RUBY

Dude. This weed sucksss.

PHILLIP

Why do you have to be so negative all the time?

RUBY

Maybe because everything sucks all
the time?

Phillip smirks, finishes off the joint, flicks the roach to
the ground.

PHILLIP

So edgy.

Ruby looks out across the empty lot, at the cemetery beyond.

She takes a deep breath, exhales.

RUBY

I don't know, man... Maybe we
should just call it quits, ya know?
I mean, How many times do we have
to fail before we wake up? We both
know we're not gonna find anything
out there.

Phillip shrugs.

PHILLIP

I don't know that! Look, I know we
haven't had much luck with catching
anything on camera, but... I still
believe. Honestly, I do! And I've
got a really good feeling about
this Edgar Flynn story!

Ruby gives him the side eye.

RUBY

(deadpan)

Phillip.

PHILLIP

(mocks her)

Ruby.

RUBY

You had a good feeling about that
last one, remember?

Phillip nods.

PHILLIP

Yeah! For good reason! That old
mortuary was definitely haunted!

Ruby scoffs.

RUBY

Dude. That place was about as
haunted as your grandma's diaper.

Phillip shoots her a look of disgust.

PHILLIP

Gross.

(shakes it off)

C'mon! Let's just go check out the
pumpkin patch, finish this episode
up. Let's just take one more swing.

Ruby rolls her eyes.

RUBY

Fine. You win. But this is it,
dammit. If we don't find any
evidence of ghosts... Real
evidence... Then I'm done.

Phillip gives her a playful punch to the arm.

PHILLIP

There she is! Taking the bull by
the horns! Hell yeah!

He pulls out another joint, lights it up.

Ruby shakes her head, lets out a chuckle.

RUBY

You're an idiot. Why do I let you
keep talking me into this shit?

Phillip grins at her as he backs toward the driver's side
door of the sedan.

PHILLIP

Because I'm awesome. C'mon, what's
the worst that can happen?

He grabs the handle, POPS the door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

CLANK! Bolt cutters chomp through a lock and chain.

DEMON, (24), a big burly boy squeezed in a GG ALLIN tank-top,
sporting a lazy eye, stands before an old wooden swing gate.

A "Road Closed" sign is strapped to the front of it.

Beyond the gate, a dirt road stretches off into a sea of thick woods.

Demon throws the broken chain aside as he turns to Gnarl's van, which idles about ten feet back on the main road.

In the vehicle, Thrash sits behind the wheel.

Gnarl is seated in the passenger seat beside her.

Bones is planted silently in the backseat.

Thrash leans her head out her open window.

THRASH
Well don't just stand there, dumb
fuck. Open it!

Demon turns to the wooden gate, nervous.

He takes a quick glance at the bright sun in the sky, then grabs the gate and swings it open.

INT. GNARL'S VAN - (PARKED)

Thrash puts the vehicle in drive, pulls onto the dirt road.

She glares at Demon as she passes by him.

THRASH
Fuckin' idiot.

Gnarl fiddles with a butterfly knife, smirks.

GNARL
Dude's a fuckin' pussy is what he
is. He's scared of this place.

Thrash lets out a slight chuckle.

Gnarl laughs too, continues to carelessly fool around with his knife.

He accidentally slices the palm of his hand, drops the blade to the floorboard.

GNARL
Shit! Seriously!? Motherfucker!

Thrash frowns at Gnarl as he rips one of the sleeves off his shirt and begins to fashion a makeshift bandage.

THRASH

(blunt)

You shouldn't handle sharp objects.
It's a bad idea.

Gnarls feels dumb, and he looks like he feels dumb. He nods in silent agreement.

In the backseat, Bones snorts a short laugh.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The van slows to a stop while Demon runs to catch up.

He then hurries over to the vehicle, hops in the side door.

DEMON

C'mon, we're wasting daylight!

The van kicks up dirt behind it as it speeds off, leaving the gate wide open.

INT. GNARLS' VAN - (TRAVELING)

Demon shuffles into his seat, behind Thrash.

Bones mean mugs him from the backseat.

DEMON

I don't like it out here, guys.
Feels... Wrong.

Thrash glares at him through the shattered rearview mirror.

THRASH

Shut the fuck up, Demon.

Demon glances up at her angry, fractured reflection.

DEMON

I was just thinking... Maybe --

Bones reaches out, SMACKS Demon across the back of his head.

THRASH

We didn't bring you to think! We
brought you to lift the heavy shit!
Got it?

DEMON

Y-yeah... Sorry, Thrash.

Demon looks down at his feet, defeated.

Bones leans back in his seat, keeps his eyes on Demon.

Upfront, Gnarl's scans the winding road before them.

He glances over at Thrash.

GNARLS

(hushed)

What if Homicide's not here?

Thrash gives him a dirty look.

THRASH

Then we'll fuckin' look somewhere
else. How much farther until we
reach this patch?

Gnarl's sighs, turns back to the road before them.

GNARLS

Not too much. Just keep driving.
I'll tell you when to stop.

In the back, Demon cranes his neck to look out of the rear
windshield, at the bright sun in the sky.

DEMON

(under his breath)

We shouldn't be out here...

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Gnarl's van continues down the narrow road, rounds a bend and
disappears into the woods.

The SOUNDS OF NATURE soon fill the space. Then --

"Ghetto Superstar" by Pras STARTS UP, continues as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Phillip's sedan cruises by.

The MUSIC BLASTS from the vehicle as it speeds down the
lonely road.

INT. PHILLIP'S SEDAN - (TRAVELING)

Ruby rides passenger, her bare feet on the dashboard.

She writes in a composite notebook on her lap.

Phillip sits behind the wheel, a lit joint between his lips as he nods along to the beat of the MUSIC.

PHILLIP

*Some got hopes and dreams, we got
ways and means. The supreme dream
team always up with the schemes.
From hubcaps to selling raps, name
your theme. My rise to the top,
floating on this cream...*

Ruby shoots him the side eye, shakes her head.

Phillip notices, stops rapping.

PHILLIP

What?

RUBY

You're so white.

PHILLIP

All my life.

She laughs.

He just smiles and shrugs it off.

She grins back.

Then, Phillip twists the radio dial, turns the MUSIC OFF.

PHILLIP

Alright, so... What's the plan
here? Obviously I gotta get as much
coverage as possible. What about
you? Wanna recycle some of our
material from the cemetery?

RUBY

Hell no. We're better than that.
(holds up the notepad)
I'm writing new stuff now.

PHILLIP

We should stick around after
sundown, get some footage of the
patch at night. Know what I mean?

Ruby gives a nod of agreement.

RUBY

The legend is that Edgar only
haunts the patch at night, right?
Wouldn't make much sense to go
ghost hunting there during the day.

PHILLIP

Cool. Oh, and be sure to load your
script with pumpkin puns and shit.

RUBY

Pumpkin puns?

Phillip gives an enthusiastic nod.

PHILLIP

Yeah. You know, like... We've got
pumpkin to talk about... Or...
There are no gourd vibes here...

Ruby frowns, unimpressed.

RUBY

Wow. Yeah, let me worry about the
script and you just focus on not
getting us lost out here.

Phillip takes a big drag off his joint, exhales a large cloud
of smoke, which is immediately sucked out his open window.

PHILLIP

Hey, if you want to navigate for
us, I'm cool with --

RUBY

Just shut up and keep driving.

Ruby watches as an old barn passes her window.

Phillip looks at her for a moment, curious.

PHILLIP

For real. What do you think really
happened to Edgar Flynn?

Ruby turns to him.

RUBY

Seriously?

PHILLIP

Yeah. I mean, no one just disappears, right? Something had to of happened to him. You think he died? Maybe he just left?... Or...

Phillip takes a final puff off his joint, then flicks the roach out his open window. He turns to Ruby with a smile.

PHILLIP

What if the locals are right? What if he really is still out there?

Ruby smirks.

RUBY

Wouldn't that be something?

Phillip's smile grows wider.

Ruby's smirk fades. She looks out her window, watches as the countryside passes by in a blur.

An awkward beat passes.

Phillip sighs, turns his attention to the road before them.

PHILLIP

(eyes till on the road)
Ruby. You've got that look again.

Ruby turns to him, annoyed.

RUBY

Oh, yeah? What look is that?

Phillip beams.

PHILLIP

The look that says you've forgotten why you started doing this in the first place.

Ruby goes to respond, but stops herself. She scoffs, looks out at the road before them, thinks hard.

QUICK FLASH

A naked, emaciated OLD BLACK WOMAN, (77), stands shrouded in shadow at the edge of a child's bed in a dark bedroom.

OLD BLACK WOMAN

(weak, cracking)
Ruuubbbyyy...

Her arms stretch out towards a horrified YOUNG RUBY, (8), who stares back wide-eyed while gripping her blanket tight.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby shifts her gaze toward Phillip.

RUBY

I know what I saw. I'm not crazy.

He returns a smug look.

PHILLIP

I know. Never doubted you for a moment, Ruby. That's why I'm here with you.

Ruby forces a smile.

RUBY

Thanks, man.

She turns back to her window.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - DAY

The sprawling patch seems much smaller in the daylight.

The derelict shack bakes in the sun. Rows of overgrown pumpkins surround the small building.

THRASH (V.O.)

This is totally fuckin' lame.
Gnarls, if I find out that Homicide came out here because another one of your dumbass "dares", I swear to God I'll kick your fuckin' teeth in and then feed you to Bones.

GNARLS (V.O.)

Yo, what the fuck!? Don't put this shit on me! Crank down the agro-meter, huh?

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Gnarls' van speeds along the narrow road, kicks up a cloud of dirt behind it.

GNARLS (V.O.)
Monster's the one who's always
talkin' about torching old Edgar's
shack. If anyone talked your sister
into coming all the way out here,
it was that fuckin' asshole.

The vehicle rounds a bend in the road, drives on for a bit.

Sunlight cuts through the tall trees that surround the road
on either side.

GNARLS (V.O.)
This is far enough. Stop here.

The van slows to a stop in the middle of the narrow road. The
engine shuts off, then Thrash and Gnarls hop out.

The side door slides open. Demon and Bones both climb out.

They step beside Thrash and Gnarls, who face the woods off to
the left of the road.

Thrash stares into the woods, past the trees. A look of
concern stretched across her face.

THRASH
(under her breath)
What the fuck are you doing out
here, Homicide?

She turns to Gnarls.

THRASH
You sure this is it?

Gnarls steps forward, points to a makeshift "No Trespassing"
sign nailed to one of the trees.

GNARLS
Oh yeah, this is definitely it. The
pumpkin patch is just back there,
through the woods.

THRASH
How far?

GNARLS
Not very. Half a mile, at most.

Thrash pushes past Gnarls, moves for the woods.

THRASH
Let's fuckin' move then.

Gnarls and Bones follow her, while Demon stands his ground next to the van.

Demon glances up at the sun. It's lower in the sky now.

DEMON

You guys, this is a bad idea! We're losing daylight fast and I don't want to be out here after dark... Let's come back tomorrow morning!

Thrash and Bones ignore him, move deeper into the woods.

Gnarls slows, glances back at Demon.

GNARLS

We're just gonna take a quick look around, alright? We'll be back before sundown. Quit bitchin'.

He turns and hurries after Thrash.

Demon hesitantly follows them.

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL - LATER

An overgrown path snakes through the leafy undergrowth. Thick, dark forest surrounds the path on either side.

Harsh sunlight shines down through the tree canopies.

A crudely made "STAY OUT!" sign hangs from a tree just off the path.

Gnarls leads Thrash and Bones along the trail.

THRASH

Why the fuck are you guys so obsessed with this stupid fuckin' pumpkin patch?

GNARLS

I'm not obsessed. It's just, you know... A creepy old shack surrounded by a pumpkin patch in the woods. It's cool. Kinda punk.

THRASH

And burning it down accomplishes what, exactly?

Gnarls shrugs.

GNARLS

Fuck if I know. Burning shit is
Monster's thing. Ask him. Like I
said, I just think this place is
sorta cool, that's all.

DEMON (O.S.)

It's not cool.

The trio stops, look back to see a sweaty Demon bringing up
the rear.

Thrash frowns, annoyed.

DEMON

It's not punk. It's just fuckin'
wrong! We shouldn't be here...
C'mon, Gnarls! You know what I'm
talking about... Tell them!

Gnarls looks down at his feet, bites his tongue.

THRASH

Edgar Flynn is just a stupid
fuckin' ghost story. Nothing more.

Demon shakes his head, lets out a defeated sigh. He looks
right at Thrash.

DEMON

If we ain't out of here come
sundown, you're gonna regret coming
out here.

Thrash grits her teeth, takes a step toward Demon.

THRASH

Shut the fuck up. If I hear you
bitch about this place one more
time, you'll regret not being
aborted? Read me?

Demon gulps and nods.

Thrash looks from Demon, to Bones, to Gnarls.

THRASH

My sister's out here somewhere and
I'm not fuckin' leaving until I
find her.

(to Gnarls)

Gnarls. Move.

Without a word, Gnarl's pushes on. He trips over his own feet, falls hard on his face.

GNARLS
(under his breath)
Dammit.

He quickly jumps up, continues on like nothing happened.

Thrash scoffs. She goes to follow after him, but stops when she notices Bones move off in another direction.

Bones slows to a stop. He squints, spots something on the ground just ahead. Something silver.

Thrash and the others watch as Bones stomps over, reaches down and grabs the object.

THRASH
The fuck is it, Bones?

Bones holds the object up for the others to see.

It's Homicide's silver pentagram pendant, stained with blood.

Gnarl's and Demon exchange nervous glances.

GNARLS
(under his breath)
Fuck me.

Thrash gazes at the pendant, worry etched onto her face. She turns to Gnarl's.

THRASH
Get me to that pumpkin patch. Now.

Gnarl's nods and strides purposefully down the path, with Homicide and Bones following close behind.

Demon glances back down the path, the way they came from.

DEMON
(under his breath)
Shit.

He turns, hurries to catch up with the others.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - LATER

Gnarl's leads Thrash and Bones out of the woods, into the overgrown patch, towards Edgar's shack.

The blood stained pendant hangs around Thrash's neck.
They all look around for their friends. No one else is there.

THRASH
(calls out)
Yo! Homicide!

No response.

GNARLS
(calls out)
Monster! Scab! Where the fuck are
you fuckers at?

Demon stumbles out of the tree line, follows after them.

He slows as he steps through the patch, his eyes looking over
the countless pumpkins.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash moves past Gnarl's, approaches the front of the shack.

THRASH
(calls inside)
You in there, Homicide?

No answer. Just silence.

Thrash looks back to Gnarl's, who just shrugs.

GNARLS
Where the fuck are they?

Bones steps around the side of the shack, spots the old
outhouse out back. He moves for it.

Thrash moves up to the front door of the shack, pushes it
open with her forearm. CREAK!

INT. EDGARS SHACK - MAIN ROOM

Thrash stands silhouetted in the open doorway, stares into
the dark space.

Sunlight shines down through the holes in the rusty tin roof,
into the filthy, trash filled room. Just a bunch of broken
furniture thrown all over the place.

The backroom is too dark to see into.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash turns back to Gnarl's, who peers out at the vast forest that surrounds the patch.

THRASH
Yo, dipshit. Tell me you brought a
flashlight with you.

Gnarl's shrugs.

GNARL'S
Pretty sure I've got one back in
the van.

THRASH
You're such a dumbass.

Thrash steps away from the shack, lets out an annoyed groan.

Her eyes shift past Gnarl's to Demon, who stands off in the pumpkin patch.

THRASH
(calls out)
Demon! Run back to the van and grab
me a damn flashlight!

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH

Demon doesn't respond.

He simply stands there, nervously staring down at the pumpkins, lost in thought. Sweat beads on his brow.

There's something in the patch among the pumpkins, concealed just beneath the dirt. Bones?

THRASH (O.S.)
Hey! Window licker!

Demon snaps out of his daze and glances over at Thrash and Gnarl's by Edgar's shack.

DEMON
Huh?

Thrash folds her arms across her chest, frustration written all over her face.

THRASH
Run back to the van. Grab the
flashlight. Understand?

Demon looks over to the woods, then back to Thrash.

DEMON

Alone?

Thrash clenches her jaw, furrows her brow, glares back him.

THRASH

Demon, I'm about to lose my shit!

Behind her, Gnarl's snickers.

Demon nods, backs toward the woods.

DEMON

Alright, alright. I'll go grab it!

He turns, runs off into the woods and disappears from view.

THRASH

(calls after him)

Make it quick!

EXT. OUTHOUSE

Bones yanks open the fragile door, uncovering an interior choked with overgrown foliage.

He shuts the door, gazes out past the outhouse, toward a nearby patch of woods set a bit farther back.

GNARLS (O.S.)

What are you doing, Bones?

Bones looks over, spots Gnarl's standing beside the shack.

GNARLS

You gotta take a dump or something?

Irritated, Bones shoots him the middle finger.

Gnarl's laughs him off as he ducks back around the shack.

Bones turns back toward the patch of woods off behind the outhouse, heads that way.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash turns back to Gnarl's, who steps over and pokes his head into the open door of the shack.

GNARLS
There's another room back there.

THRASH
It's too dark to see shit back
there, dumbass.

GNARLS
A cellphone would come in pretty
handy right about now. They all
have flashlights, right?

THRASH
Cellphones are for sheep, Gnarls.
Do you want to rejoin the herd?

Gnarls ignores her, steps inside the shack.

GNARLS (O.S.)
Fuck. At least a sheep would be
able to see back here.

CLANK!

GNARLS (O.S.)
Ow! Fuck!

Thrash shakes her head, then gazes out over the patch.

Her eyes narrow in focus. Deep in thought.

THRASH
(under her breath)
Where the fuck are you?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Phillip's sedan slows as it nears the open swing gate the
punks had passed through earlier.

PHILLIP (V.O.)
I think this is our turn.

RUBY (V.O.)
You sure?

PHILLIP (V.O.)
Only one way to find out.

The sedan turns onto the dirt road and picks up speed, heads
toward the forest ahead.

Beyond the forest, shades of orange and red stretch across the horizon as the sun sets.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Phillip's sedan glides forward, cloaked in the ever-stretching shadows cast by the surrounding trees.

INT. PHILLIP'S SEDAN (TRAVELING)

Phillip leans forward behind the wheel, focused on the narrow road before him.

PHILLIP

Hope there's a spot for us to turn
around, otherwise we're gonna be
reversing the whole way.

Ruby sticks her head out her open window, cranes her neck to see above her.

It's a surreal sight, the treetops rushing by resemble claws raking at the red and orange sky. Ominous and unsettling, yet undeniably beautiful.

RUBY

We're losing daylight fast.

PHILLIP

We've got flashlights and plenty of
batteries. Not to mention, I'm not
scared of the dark, so...

Ruby pulls her head back inside, turns to Phillip.

RUBY

Still, lets not waste any time.

He smirks.

PHILLIP

Loud and clear.

His foot presses down on the gas peddle.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Phillip's sedan speeds off into the distance, leaves the area in silent darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL - DUSK

Demon hurries along the winding path, wary of the growing shadows around him.

He scans the surrounding area as he presses forward.

Just a bunch trees and shadows.

Demon slows to a halt next to a rough "KEEP OUT!" sign.

Uneasy, he glances from the warning to the darkening sky looming above the treetops.

DEMON
(to himself)
Dammit. Why do I let them push me
into this dumb shit!?

He lowers his gaze to the dark path before him, presses on.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - DUSK

Ominous shadows stretch across the area as the sun sets on the horizon.

A low RUMBLE comes from the patch. The dirt slowly SHIFTS. Something starts to RISE FROM THE GROUND.

DIRTY BONES.

Off in the distance, Thrash can be seen pacing back and forth in front of Edgar's shack, completely unaware of what's happening over in the patch.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash stops at the open front door.

Off behind her, the SHADOWY FIGURE re-emerges from the pumpkin patch. It stands tall, like a man.

Thrash peers inside the shack.

THRASH
(calls inside)
Gnarls? What the fuck are you doing
in there?

No response.

Behind her, the Shadowy Figure silently creeps out of the patch, slips into the nearby woods.

THRASH

Gnarls?

Still nothing. Just silence.

Thrash takes a hesitant step closer to the open door.

THRASH

Hey! Dumb fuck! What the --

Gnarls stumbles out of the open door, nearly knocks Thrash to the ground.

He holds an old, rusty rifle in his hands.

THRASH

Shit! What the fuck, man!?

She steadies herself, shoves Gnarls back.

GNARLS

My bad, my bad! It's dark as fuck back there! Can't see a thing.

THRASH

No shit, dumb ass.
(re: the rifle)
What the hell is that?

Gnarls holds up the rifle, excited about his find.

GNARLS

An old rifle. Pretty cool, huh?
Think it still works?

He aims at the sky, pulls the trigger. CLICK. Nothing.

GNARLS

Guess not. The trigger mechanism is totally fucked. What a bummer.

Thrash glares at him.

THRASH

How the fuck does a busted old rifle help me find my sister?

Gnarls shrugs, tosses the rifle over his shoulder, back inside the shack.

He glances around, then shoots Thrash a questioning look.

GNARLS
Where the fuck is Bones?

CUT TO:

EXT. PATCH OF WOODS BEHIND THE OUTHOUSE

Bones squats down in the shadow of a massive tree, his pants around his ankles.

Sweat drips down his face as he goes about his business.

He reaches out, grabs hold of the tree for support, strains.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A bulky full moon hangs high in the dark purple sky, shines its pale light down below.

Phillip's sedan slows to a stop behind Gnarls' van, which is still parked in the middle of the narrow road.

INT. PHILLIP'S SEDAN - (PARKED)

Phillip and Ruby both peer out at the parked van before them.

PHILLIP
Huh. Guess we're not the only ones
out here.

Ruby checks her cellphone.

No signal.

RUBY
We're flying totally blind out
here, man. Zero signal. You brought
your gun, right?

Phillip smirks, reaches over Ruby, opens the glovebox.

He reaches in, pulls out a small pink snub nose revolver.

Ruby can't help but laugh at the sight of the girly weapon.

RUBY
Phillip. What the fuck is that?

Phillip holds the revolver up, proudly displays it for her.

PHILLIP

This is Daisy. She was my mom's.
Now, she protects me.

Ruby laughs harder, opens her door and exits the vehicle.

Phillip shrugs as he stuffs the revolver into his waistband.

He shuts off the engine, then hops out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Ruby steps over to Gnarl's van, uses her cellphone's flashlight to look it over.

She spots the skulls crudely painted all over the van.

RUBY

Gonna go out on a limb here and say
that whoever owns this van probably
isn't the most mentally stable
person around...

PHILLIP (O.S.)

And we are? We're here searching
for a ghost, remember?

Ruby glares at Phillip as he retrieves his camera and a couple of flashlights from the open trunk of his sedan.

RUBY

What are you trying to say?

Phillip responds with a wide grin. He shuts the trunk, tosses her a flashlight.

Ruby catches it, steps back over by Phillip.

She stuffs her cellphone into her pants pocket.

RUBY

So, what now? Which way's the --

CRUNCH! A branch breaks in the shadows nearby.

Ruby moves closer to Phillip, who aims his camera in the direction of the sound.

He switches on night vision, starts recording.

Ruby turns on her flashlight, aims it at the woods.

PHILLIP
(calls into the woods)
Someone out there?

FOOTSTEPS approach.

PHILLIP
Who's there? I've got a gun!

RUBY
(under her breath)
Barely.

PHILLIP
(under his breath)
Fuck yooouuu.

DEMON (O.S.)
Whoa! Hold up, man! Don't shoot!
I'm not armed!

Just then, Demon emerges from the shadowy tree line beside the road.

He holds his hands up as he approaches Ruby and Phillip, who both crack smirks at his appearance.

Ruby motions toward the Gnarl's van.

RUBY
Gonna assume that's your van. Call
it a hunch.

Phillip grins.

Demon looks at the van, then back to Ruby.

DEMON
Yeah. Well, ugh, no. It's my
friends... But he's back --

Ruby cocks her head to the side, frowns.

RUBY
So you guys just left your van
parked in the middle of the road?
How considerate.

DEMON
Yeah, well... People don't usually
come out here.

Phillip shuts off his camera.

PHILLIP

Hey, maybe you can help us. We're looking for an old pumpkin patch that's supposed to be --

DEMON

I know where it is. My friends are back there now. I just came to...
(remembers)
Shit! The flashlight! Thrash is gonna kill me!

Demon rushes past Ruby and Phillip, hurries over to the van.

He pulls open the side door, leans inside.

Ruby steps closer to the van, curious.

RUBY

Thrash? Is that a person?

Demon pulls himself out of the van, flashlight in hand.

He slides the door shut, faces Ruby.

DEMON

Yeah. She's sort of our lead... I mean... She's my friend. Well, landlord really, but...
(holds up the flashlight)
Fuck, I don't have time to explain shit to you! I gotta hurry back to the patch with this!

Ruby shoots Demon a look of confusion as he rushes past her and starts toward the tree line.

Phillip steps beside Ruby, who calls after Demon.

RUBY

Hey, wait! You mind if we tag along with you?

Demon stops, looks over his shoulder at them.

DEMON

You can do what you want. But if I were you, I'd get the fuck gone.

RUBY

Oh yeah? And why's that?

DEMON

Edgar Flynn.

Ruby and Phillip's eyes light up simultaneously.

They share a glance filled with excitement before turning their attention back to Demon.

PHILLIP
So the stories are true!?

RUBY
Edgar Flynn is real?

Demon stares back at them, fear behind his eyes.

He hesitates to respond.

DEMON
I hope not.

EXT. PATCH OF WOODS BEHIND THE outhouse - NIGHT

Bones is still squatted down in the darkness.

In the shadows behind him, through a cluster of trees, something moves.

The Shadowy Figure.

Bones grunts as he finishes up, oblivious to the movement behind him.

Frustrated, he glances around, searches for something to wipe with. He grabs a handful of dead leaves, cleans himself.

GNARLS (O.S.)
Bones! Where the fuck'd you go!?

Bones looks off in the direction Gnarls calls from.

He scoffs as he stands and pulls his pants back up.

As he buckles his belt, the Shadowy Figure silently approaches him from behind, a rusty pitchfork in hand.

Closer and closer.

THRASH (O.S.)
Bones!

The sound of her voice grabs Bones' attention.

He looks off in that direction, opens his mouth to respond --

ONLY FOR THE RUSTY, FOUR-PRONGED PITCHFORK TO BE STABBED THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! HIS EYES ROLL OVER WHITE AND BLOOD GUSHES DOWN HIS CHIN AS THE TWO CENTER PRONGS PROTRUDE OUT OF HIS GAPING MOUTH!

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Gnarls stares out past the outhouse, at the shadowy patch of woods beyond.

It's too dark to make anything out.

GNARLS

Hey, Bones!

No response.

Concerned, Gnarls turns to Thrash, who paces back and forth out in front of the shack.

GNARLS

He wouldn't just disappear like this, Thrash.

THRASH

So go find him, then!

GNARLS

What, by myself!?

Thrash stops pacing, stares daggers at Gnarls.

Just then, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS grab their attention.

They both look back at the patch of woods behind the outhouse and watch in horror as the Shadowy Figure emerges from the tree line.

It's Edgar. Or at least the rotten husk that remains.

Tattered overalls cover dried skin, which wraps tightly around his bones. Dark sunken eyes glare out from under a rotted straw hat. Looks like a scarecrow from Hell.

As Edgar stomps toward the shack, he effortlessly drags Bones' lifeless body behind him by the foot. He grasps his pitchfork in his free hand.

Thrash's jaw drops at the horrendous sight.

Gnarls acts quickly.

He slaps a hand over Thrash's mouth, pulls her into the shack, quietly shuts the door.

Edgar marches closer, Bones' corpse in tow.

INT. EDGARS SHACK - MAIN ROOM

Moonlight shines through the boarded up windows and various cracks in the walls, illuminates the space.

Gnarls stands with his back pressed against the door.

Thrash stands right beside him, her ear against the wall.

Both of them breath heavy as they listen.

FOOTSTEPS stomp by, then move away.

GNARLS
(under his breath)
Holy shit. He's real. Edgar Flynn
is fuckin' real! And we're stuck in
his fuckin' shack! Fuck!

Thrash slows her breathing, calms herself.

She moves to one of the boarded up windows, angles herself to see out of it.

GNARLS
We're so fuckin' dead!

THRASH
(quiet, scared)
Gnarls. Shut the fuck up.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH

Edgar picks up Bones' corpse, tosses it into the patch.

He steps back, watches. Waits.

Slowly, vines reach out and wrap around Bones' lifeless body.

They tighten around his limbs. SNAP! CRUNCH!

The very ground consumes Bones, drags him under.

Edgar just stands there, glares down at the patch.

INT. EDGARS SHACK - MAIN ROOM

Thrash quietly backs away from the crack in the wall, her face filled with terror.

She looks to Gnarl's.

THRASH
(horrified, dead pan)
That scarecrow just fed Bones to
the pumpkin patch.

All the color flushes from Gnarl's face.

His weak legs give out and he falls down on his ass, his back still to the door.

He buries his face in his hands.

GNARLS
Fuck me, man. We should have
listened to Demon! Ghosts are real.
Holy fuck.

THRASH
My sister. She's dead, isn't she?

Gnarl's doesn't answer.

Tears well up in Thrash's eyes. She grabs the silver pendant hanging from her neck, squeezes it tight.

After a moment, Thrash takes a breath and shakes it off.

She moves back to the boarded up window, squints to see through it.

THRASH
Shit.

Trembling, Gnarl's glances up at her.

GNARLS
Shit? Shit, what? What's shit?

Thrash pulls away from the window, looks down at him.

THRASH
Edgar's gone.

GNARLS
Shit.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A police SUV is parked just off the road, hidden behind some thick brush. Sneaky bastard.

Just then, a truck cruises past.

INT. POLICE SUV - (PARKED)

DEPUTY GUERRA, (28), a fit and well-groomed Hispanic man, sits behind the wheel.

He has his speed radar aimed at the passing truck.

Not speeding.

DEPUTY GUERRA

Dammit.

Just then, the CB radio CRACKLES to life.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Guerra, come in. Over.

Annoyed, Guerra reaches over and grabs the radio.

DEPUTY GUERRA

This is Guerra. Please say you've got something for me. I'm bored out of my mind over here. Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

It's your lucky night. Just got a call in about that old road leading to back to the pumpkin patch. Apparently someone broke the chains and opened the gate. Sheriff wants you to go check it out. Over.

Guerra sighs.

DEPUTY GUERRA

Not quite the excitement I was hoping for, but it sure beats sitting on my ass out here. Heading there now. Over.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The police SUV starts up, pulls onto the road and speeds off.

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL - NIGHT

The light from Demon's flashlight bounces along the beaten path, guides him as he walks through the darkness.

His eyes dart back and forth, alert.

Ruby follows close behind.

Phillip brings up the rear, camera in hand.

He films the surrounding woods as they press on.

RUBY

(to Demon)

Name's Ruby, by the way. The nerd back there with the camera is Phillip. We're, uh... We're ghost hunters. Have our own show on YouTube and...

She notices that Demon isn't interested.

RUBY

What about you? What's your name?
What are you doing out here?

Demon moves past a "NO TRESPASSING!" sign nailed to a tree.

He responds to Ruby without looking back.

DEMON

I'm Demon. Some of my buddies went missing out here last night, so we're --

Phillip trains his camera on the "NO TRESPASSING!" sign, zooming in as he moves past it.

PHILLIP

Hold up, hold up. Did I just hear you say your name is "Demon?"

DEMON

That's what my friends call me.

RUBY

Yeah, but... Demon's not your real name, right?

Demon takes a breath.

DEMON

Cletus.

Phillip and Ruby exchange quick smirks.

PHILLIP
So, Semen, was it?

Ruby stymies a laugh.

Demon glances back over his shoulder and shoots Phillip a dirty look.

DEMON
Demon.

Phillip grins back at him.

PHILLIP
Demon. Right. My bad!

Demon, pushes forward.

Ruby steps up beside Demon, keeps pace with him.

She subtly looks back at Phillip, mouths the word "Camera."

Phillip nods, aims the camera at them and starts recording.

RUBY
Tell me... Edgar Flynn. It's just a local legend, right? A campfire story made up to scare kids?

DEMON
You said you were ghost hunters, right?

RUBY
That's right.

DEMON
That means you must believe in ghosts, right?

Ruby hesitates to respond. Thinks hard.

QUICK FLASH

The naked, emaciated Old Black Woman stands shrouded in shadow at the edge of Young Ruby's bed.

OLD BLACK WOMAN
(weak, cracking, angry)
Ruuubbbbyy!

Her withered arms stretch out towards a horrified Young Ruby, who stares back wide-eyed while gripping her blanket tight.

Young Ruby squeezes her teary eyes shut.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby gives Demon a confident nod.

RUBY
Yeah. I do.

Demon and Ruby slow to a stop.

He stares at her, a dead serious look on his face.

DEMON
If you really do believe in ghosts,
then you're fools to come out here.
Especially at night.

PHILLIP (O.S.)
What about you? Don't you believe
in ghosts?

Demon and Ruby turn back to Phillip, who continues to record.

DEMON
I do, I do... But... I'm also a
fool, so...

He shrugs, turns and continues along the path.

Ruby smiles at Phillip.

RUBY
(hushed)
Wow.

Philip responds with a shit eating grin.

They both hurry after Demon.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT

Pale moonlight baths the area below in an ominous glow.

Farther back, the old shack sits in dead silence.

No sign of Edgar, or anyone else.

INT. EDGARS SHACK - MAIN ROOM

Gnarls presses an old chair up against the door, jams it.

Thrash keeps her face pressed up against the boarded up window, desperately searches for any sign of Edgar.

GNARLS

You see anything out there?

THRASH

Fuck no.

GNARLS

Fuck. What about Demon? Any sign --

THRASH

I don't see shit, Gnarls.

Gnarls sighs, leans against the wall beside Thrash.

THRASH

Did you know this shit was real?

GNARLS

What!?

THRASH

That fuckin' scarecrow out there!
Edgar Flynn! Did you know!?

GNARLS

Fuck no I didn't know this shit was
real! Are you serious!? I never
would have come out here if I
thought there was even a chance
this shit was real!

Thrash exhales, frustrated.

THRASH

I can't believe this shit. Fuck.

Gnarls shifts his weight, takes pressure off his bad leg. He sighs with relief.

GNARLS

Think we should make a run for it?

Thrash frowns at him.

THRASH

You ain't running anywhere. And I'm not stepping out there with that fucking scarecrow stalking around!

Frustrated, Gnarls shrugs.

GNARLS

What? You wanna hide out here all night and just hope Edgar doesn't decide to come and check in on his old home? Doesn't seem like the best plan to me, just sayin'!

Thrash looks over at the chair jammed against the door, then to boarded up windows on each wall.

She moves across the room, pokes her head into the open backroom door.

GNARLS

What are you doing?

Thrash looks back to Gnarls.

THRASH

Edgar only haunts the patch at night, right?

GNARLS

Yeah, so?

THRASH

So, we're safe here during the day!

Gnarls shakes his head, confused.

GNARLS

And? What the hell are you getting at here?

THRASH

The boards on those windows look solid.

(points to the front door)

That door is the only way in or out of this shack. We can keep that motherfucker out until morning.

Gnarls drops his head, takes a deep breath.

Thrash glances around at the cruddy, broken furniture all around the room.

THRASH

We need to pile as much of this
shit up against that door as we
can. And find anything we can use
as weapons.

Gnarls exhales, nods. He pulls out his butterfly knife.

GNARLS

Got this.

Thrash snatches it away from him.

THRASH

I'll take that. You'll just stab
yourself or something stupid.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT

Demon leads Ruby and Phillip out of the woods.

They head toward the shack.

RUBY

Edgar's infamous pumpkin patch.
Definitely creepy.

Phillip films as much of the patch as he can as they pass
through it.

RUBY (CONT'D)

But haunted?

Ruby turns to Phillip's camera, smirks.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Guess we'll find out, huh?

Phillip shuts off the camera, looks over the patch.

He smiles.

PHILLIP

Man, this place is awesome! Told
you this was gonna be worth it!

RUBY

Maybe. Can't lie. I'm totally
digging the aesthetics.

Phillip motions to the shack ahead.

PHILLIP

And what about Edgar's shack? Looks pretty creepy to me!

RUBY

To be honest, I'm more interested in the pumpkin patch.

PHILLIP

Man, not me! I can't wait to get into that spooky ass shack!

Ruby shrugs.

Ahead of them, Demon slows to a stop.

He squints his eyes and peers out toward the shack. A look of worry stretches across his face as he scans the area.

Phillip and Ruby step beside him.

RUBY

(to Demon)

Where are your friends?

DEMON

I was just thinking the same thing.

Demon takes a hesitant step forward. He looks uneasy.

Ruby and Phillip exchange nervous glances before following behind him.

RACK FOCUS to reveal that Edgar stands hidden in the tree line behind them. He's been there the whole time. Watching.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Demon approaches the small building, with Ruby and Phillip close behind.

DEMON

(calls out)

Gnarls? Thrash? Hey, where are you guys at?

Ruby shines her flashlight over the shack.

INT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash and Gnarls shove an old nightstand into a heap of broken furniture blocking the door.

Light suddenly streams in through the board up windows and various cracks in the walls.

Gnarls eyes light up.

DEMON (O.S.)
Bones? You guys in there?

GNARLS
We're in here!
(to Thrash)
Fuckin' help me!

He starts to grab at the heap of broken furniture.

THRASH
(hushed)
Are you fuckin' crazy!? You wanna risk letting that scarecrow in here?

GNARLS
Thrash! We can't just leave them out there!

Thrash looks down, doesn't respond.

Gnarls scoffs, quickly shoves aside the pile of broken furniture, unblocks the door.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Demon steps up to the door, attempts to push it open, but it's still blocked.

Phillip raises his camera, starts recording.

DEMON
What the fuck? Why'd you guys --

THRASH (O.S.)
Shut the fuck up, Demon! He's out there!

Demon steps back from the door, worried.

DEMON
Who's out here?

Ruby moves closer to Phillip, who keeps filming.

About twenty yards back, shrouded in darkness, Edgar creeps up behind them.

The trio remain oblivious, their focus on the shack.

GNARLS (O.S.)
Glenn fuckin' Danzig! Who do you
think's out here, asshole!? It's
Edgar Flynn!

THRASH (O.S.)
Keep your fuckin' voice down!

Finally, the door opens and Gnarls emerges from the darkness of the shack. His eyes go wide as he points behind the trio.

GNARLS
Look out!

Ruby, Phillip, and Demon, all turn just in time to see Edgar charge up and THROW HIS RUSTY PITCHFORK LIKE A SPEAR! IT FLIES RIGHT AT RUBY!

Phillip drops his camera and tackles Ruby out of the way.

The pitchfork zips past Ruby, shoots right at Gnarls, STABS DEEP INTO HIS RIGHT THIGH!

Gnarls howls out in pain as he grabs the pitchforks handle and collapses back inside the shack.

Edgar unsheathes a rusty sickle from his dirty overalls, stomps toward Ruby and Phillip, who both desperately scramble to their feet.

PHILLIP
What the hell is that!?

Demon takes one look at Edgar, spins and sprints back toward the pumpkin patch.

He drops his flashlight as he runs away.

DEMON
No, no, no, no, no!

INT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash pulls Gnarls away from the open door, the pitchfork still stuck into his thigh.

He grimaces, in agony.

GNARLS
(through gritted teeth)
Fuck! Thrash! Get it out of me!
Please! Get it out!

Thrash nods, grabs hold of the handle.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Phillip pulls out his pink revolver, pushes Ruby toward the open door of the shack. He aims at the approaching scarecrow.

PHILLIP
Another step and I'll fire!

Edgar ignores his warning, presses forward. He raises his sickle high.

RUBY
Just fuckin' shoot him, Phillip!

Phillip squeezes the trigger.

BANG! A bullet burrows into Edgar's chest.

Edgar slows to a stop, gazes down at his bloodless bullet wound. Then, he looks back to Phillip, snarls at him.

PHILLIP
Oh fuck.

Phillip squeezes off four more rounds, empties the clip into the rotten scarecrow.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The bullets tear through Edgar's chest, limbs, and face.

He just stands there and takes it all. Like it's nothing.

Phillip keeps squeezing the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Ruby stands in the open doorway and motions for Phillip to join her.

RUBY
Phillip! Get your ass in here!

Edgar dashes into a full sprint, RIGHT AT PHILLIP!

Startled, Phillip stumbles back toward the shack.

He throws his revolver at the charging scarecrow.

It bounces off Edgar with no effect.

Edgar closes the distance fast, slashes his sickle at Phillip, who barely ducks out of the way.

PHILLIP
Oh shit! Oh fuck!

Phillip rolls over onto his hands and knees, crawls as fast he can to escape, but Edgar is relentless!

The scarecrow slashes the sickle across Phillip's back, slicing him open!

Blood splashes out as Phillip collapses onto his stomach. He cries out in pain.

Edgar raises his sickle for the killing blow, when --

Ruby jumps in between them, attempts to wrestle the sickle away from Edgar, but the scarecrow is far too strong!

Edgar shoves Ruby to the ground, steps down on her stomach and pins her to the ground.

Still on his stomach, Phillip reaches out for his friend, but she's too far away.

PHILLIP
Get off her!

Edgar glares down at Ruby, who stares daggers right back at him. She's not scared.

She's angry.

RUBY
Do your worst!

Edgar raises his sickle high.

Phillip attempts to push himself up to his feet, but he loses his balance and falls on his face.

Edgar starts to bring the sickle down when --

THRASH (O.S.)
Yo, fuck face!

He turns to see Thrash charging right at him, the rusty pitchfork held out before her.

Thrash thrusts the pitchfork into Edgar's chest, takes him clean off his feet, slams him hard on his back!

She kicks his sickle away, then quickly removes the pitchfork and STABS IT DEEP INTO EDGAR'S FACE!

THRASH

That's for my sister, you fuck!

Thrash stomps the pitchfork even DEEPER INTO EDGAR'S FACE, pins him to the ground!

She spits on him.

Behind her, Ruby gets to her feet and moves for Phillip.

Thrash steps back from Edgar, toward the shack.

She glances at Ruby, who helps Phillip to his feet, then turns back to Edgar, who wraps his hand around the pitchfork's handle.

THRASH

(to Ruby)

Hurry up and get him inside!

Thrash watches in horror as Edgar SLOWLY PULLS THE PITCHFORK'S PRONGS FROM HIS ROTTED FACE.

THRASH

(under her breath)

Fuck me running.

Phillip winces in pain as Ruby helps him into the shack.

Thrash backs in after them, slams the door shut.

Edgar sits up, turns his head to his shack, glares at it.

He grits his blackened teeth, seethes with anger.

INT. EDGAR'S SHACK

Ruby helps Phillip over to the far wall, beside the open bedroom door.

She sets him down, then hurries over to help --

Thrash as she shoves the broken furniture back in front of the closed door.

The two girls quickly get the door blocked.

Gnarls is huddled up in the corner.

He clutches his bloody thigh and whimpers.

Ruby keeps her body pressed against the pile while she catches her breath. Sweat glistens off her dark skin.

Thrash backs away from the heap of furniture, keeps her eyes on Ruby.

THRASH
Who the fuck are you?

RUBY
Ruby.
(motions to Phillip)
That's Phillip.

Ruby steps up to Thrash, gets right in her face.

RUBY
Who the fuck are you?

Thrash stares daggers at Ruby, doesn't back down an inch.

THRASH
Thrash.
(motions to Gnarl's)
Gnarl's.

She presses her nose against Ruby's, clenches her fist.

THRASH
Anything else, bitch?

Ruby glares back, unflinching.

RUBY
Nope. Just needed to establish who
the adults in the room are.

Before Thrash can respond, Ruby turns from her and hurries over to Phillip's side.

RUBY
(soft)
Hey, buddy.

Thrash shakes her head, moves over to Gnarl's.

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

THRASH
How are you holding up?

Gnarl's rips off the sleeve to his shirt, ties it tight around his leg.

GNARLS
Missed my femoral artery, but it
still hurts like a son of bitch!

THRASH
I'll bet.

She glances over her shoulder, at Ruby and Phillip.
Ruby leans Phillip forward, checks on his back wound.
It's deep.

RUBY
(under her breath)
Fuck. This doesn't look good,
Phillip.

PHILLIP
(weak)
I p-promise... It f-feels worse...
Than it l-looks...

She does her best to stop the bleeding, but it's no use.
Blood continues to ooze out of the pale young man and puddle
up around him.
He's fading fast.

Gnarls watches from across the room as Ruby pulls out her
cellphone and holds it up, searching for a signal.

GNARLS
(to Ruby)
You're wasting your time there.
Might as well be on the moon out
here. There's no signal. We're on
our own.

RUBY
No shit.

She stuffs her cellphone back in her pocket.
Phillip coughs up dark blood.

PHILLIP
I k-knew... Ghosts were... R-real.

Ruby nods, forces a smile while fighting back tears.

RUBY
(soft)
Yeah, you called it, buddy.

Phillip's lips tremble as he smiles back.

PHILLIP
Now y-you know ... Y-you're not c-
crazy... You n-never were...

A tear roll down Ruby's cheek.

RUBY
Don't be so certain. Look, just
hold on, okay? I'm gonna get you
out of here.

Phillip's eyes flutter.

He violently convulses.

RUBY
Phillip!?

She grabs hold of him, squeezes him in a hug while he shakes
and shakes.

Gnarls' eye well up as he swallows a lump in his throat.

Thrash can't bring herself to watch, looks down at her feet.

RUBY
Please! Stay with me, Phillip!

Just then, Phillip stops convulsing, falls still.

RUBY
Phillip!?

Silent. After a long beat --

Ruby carefully lays Phillip down.

RUBY
(under her breath)
You saved my life.

Thrash and Gnarl's watch in silence as Ruby leans forward and
plants a kiss on his forehead.

RUBY
Thank you.

Ruby stands, takes a deep breath, exhales.

She turns to Thrash and Gnarls.

RUBY
Your friend, Demon... He ain't
coming back for us, is he?

Gnarls spits out an uneasy laugh, then grunts in pain.

GNARLS
Not a fuckin' chance.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL - NIGHT

Dirty boots pound against the ground as Demon runs wildly along the path.

Drenched in sweat, he wheezes with every step.

A tree root catches Demon's shoe, which sends him careening to the ground.

He groans in pain as he pushes himself up.

DEMON
Damn. That hurt.

Demon glances around.

Nothing but shapes and shadows.

And silence. Dead silence.

He looks up past the tree tops, at the night sky beyond.

DEMON
Fuck. I gotta get out of here!

Just then, FOOTSTEPS grab Demon's attention.

They approach quickly from the darkness just before --

A bright light falls over Demon, who shields his eyes.

DEPUTY GUERRA (O.S.)
Holy shit!

Deputy Guerra lowers his flashlight and steps into view.

DEPUTY GUERRA
Won't lie. I'm surprised to catch
you out here, Cletus.
(MORE)

DEPUTY GUERRA (CONT'D)
Always took you for a giant pussy!
Never thought you'd be brave enough
to come out this way.

Demon gives Deputy Guerra a dirty look.

DEMON
Fuck you, Guerra. I didn't have
much of a choice.

Deputy Guerra cracks a shit eating grin, steps closer.

DEPUTY GUERRA
Mm-hmm. Yeah, look. Let's skip all
the bullshit, tubby. Why don't you
just take me to your stupid little
punk friends? They're back there at
that old pumpkin patch, right?
C'mon. Lead the way.

Demon glances back the way he came, slowly turns back to
Deputy Guerra.

DEMON
I'd really rather not. Can't you
just arrest me?

Deputy Guerra draws his pistol.

His grin stretches wider.

DEPUTY GUERRA
Don't worry. We'll get to that.

Demon frowns.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK - NIGHT

Darkness shrouds the rickety structure.

An ominous silence hangs in the air.

THRASH (V.O.)
Ghost hunters? You fuckin' serious?

INT. EDGARS SHACK

Ruby stands by the boarded up window. She peers out a crack,
searches for any sign of Edgar.

Nothing.

Thrash sits on a piece of broken furniture nearby.

She crosses her arms and glares at Ruby.

RUBY
(off-handed)
Better than whatever the fuck
you're supposed to be. Besides, by
the looks of things, ghost hunting
isn't the waste of time everyone
thinks it is.

Gnarls limps over, leans against the wall beside her.

GNARLS
See anything out there?

Ruby pulls away from the window, shakes her head.

RUBY
No. Nothing.

Gnarls looks down at his feet.

GNARLS
I'm... I'm sorry about your friend.

Ruby glances over at Phillip's body in the corner, turns back to Gnarls.

RUBY
Yeah, me too.

Gnarls nods toward the blocked door.

GNARLS
Think he's still out there?

RUBY
One hundred percent.

She looks down at Gnarl's bloody leg.

RUBY
How's your leg? Think you can run
on it?

GNARLS
If I have to, yeah.

RUBY
Good. You're gonna have to.

Ruby turns back to the boarded up window, searches outside.

Thrash frowns, unimpressed.

THRASH

What? You gonna save the day now?
Gonna go all "girl boss" and push
old Edgar's shit in? Did you
already forget that I just had to
save your ass back there?

Ruby keeps her eyes on the window.

RUBY

(to Thrash)

Appreciate that. And I'll repay the
favor, but you two have to stick
with me.

Gnarls frowns, confused.

GNARLS

What do you mean?

Ruby finally pushes herself away from the wall, look from
Gnarls to Thrash.

RUBY

I mean, I'm getting the fuck out of
here. Look, this is Edgar's shack,
right? It's his home. He's not
going to let us just camp out in
here all night. Sooner or later,
he's gonna get in!

THRASH

Not if everyone would just shut the
fuck up.

RUBY

Our only chance is to make it off
his land. We're not going to be
able to last until morning. You're
an idiot if you think you can. I'm
leaving. Now.

Thrash sneers.

THRASH

What the fuck ever. You step out
that door, you're on your own.

Ruby turns to Gnarls, whose eyes remain on the floor.

RUBY

What about you? You gonna wait
around here and die? Or are you
gonna come with me and maybe
survive this nightmare?

Gnarls looks up, meets Ruby's stare.

He nods.

GNARLS

Yeah. Fuck yeah. Let's get the fuck
out of here.

Astonished, Thrash shakes her head.

She stands, steps up beside Gnarls.

THRASH

Hold up. Are you seriously siding
with this bitch!?

Gnarls sighs and throws his hands up, defeated.

GNARLS

I'm not siding with anyone, Thrash!
I just don't want to die!

Thrash sucker punches Gnarls square in the face, knocks him
to the ground.

Ruby moves to confront Thrash, but the punk queen whips out
the butterfly knife she took from Gnarls earlier.

She holds it out toward Ruby in a threatening manner.

THRASH

Try me, bitch.

Gnarls rolls over onto his back, rubs his jaw.

GNARLS

Fuck, Thrash. Why are you always
such a --

Thrash points the blade down at Gnarls.

THRASH

Another word out of you and I'll
slice off your fuckin' sack!

Ruby steps forward.

RUBY
I'm getting the fuck out of here.
Slice open if you want.

She glares at Thrash as she steps past her, starts to move the pile of broken furniture away from the door.

Gnarls pushes himself up, limps over and helps Ruby.

Thrash backs toward the far wall, shakes her head.

THRASH
You're both crazy! If you go out
there, you're both gonna die!

Ruby clears the final piece away from the door, glances back at Thrash.

RUBY
Better than dying in here.

She turns back to the door, pulls it open, disappears into the darkness outside.

Gnarls goes to follow, stops and turns back to Thrash.

GNARLS
Come with us, Thrash!

Thrash scoffs.

THRASH
Fuck that! I'm staying in here! I'm
gonna live!

Frustrated, Gnarls turns and limps out the open door.

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Gnarls hurries to catch up to Ruby, who's already halfway to the pumpkin patch.

Thrash rushes to the open door, watches after them.

THRASH
You fuckin' dumbasses! You're gonna
wish you'd stayed in here with me!

She slams the door shut.

Gnarls turns back to the shack to respond, but stops cold.

His eyes go wide with horror.

GNARLS
(under his breath)
Holy fuck.

Edgar stands tall on the roof of the shack.

GNARLS
(calls out)
Thrash! Get the fuck out of there!

Ahead of him, Ruby stops and spins around.

She follows Gnarls' line of sight.

Her eyes land on Edgar and her expression tightens, a conflicted mix of fear and vindication.

On top of the shack, Edgar crouches down beside a large hole in the tin roof.

He glares down at Homicide, who's oblivious to him.

INT. EDGARS SHACK

Thrash finishes up piling the broken furniture in front of the door.

GNARLS (O.S.)
Thrash!?

She exhales as she steps back, in the center of the room.

THRASH
Fuck you, Gnarls. Dumb fuck.

GNARLS (O.S.)
You have to get out of that shack!
He's on the fuckin' roof!

Thrash's eyes go wide.

She looks up just as EDGAR DROPS RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF HER!

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Gnarls desperately limps back toward the shack.

GNARLS
Thrash!?

Ruby rushes up, grabs him from behind, pulls him back toward the pumpkin patch.

RUBY

We can't help her now! We have to keep moving! This is our chance, while he's distracted!

THRASH (O.S.)

No! Stop! Get off me!

GNARLS

Fuck!

As Ruby and Gnarls hurry away, horrible SOUNDS come from inside the shack.

THRASH SCREAMS. BONES SNAP. FLESH TEARS. SQUEALS OF AGONY.

THRASH (O.S.)

God help --

Just as Ruby and Gnarls reach the pumpkin patch, THRASH'S BLOODY CORPSE SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE SHACK!

Her twisted body collapses on the ground in a heap, the butterfly knife stabbed deep into her left ear. Blood spills from empty eye sockets. Brains ooze out of her busted nose.

Edgar stomps out of the open doorway, his rusty rifle gripped tightly in hand.

He aims it at the Ruby and Gnarls, who both run through the pumpkin patch, toward the tree line beyond.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH

Ruby helps the injured Gnarls as they rush through the patch.

Gnarls grimaces with every step he takes.

GNARLS

Fuck me. This really fuckin' sucks!

Ruby glances over her shoulder, spots Edgar with his rifle.

RUBY

Oh shit! He's got a rifle!

Gnarls spits out a laugh.

GNARLS

Lot of good it's gonna do him. That rusted old piece of shit is totally fuck --

CRACK! ZIP! BOOM!

Gnarl's entire torso EXPLODES INTO A GORY MESS OF BLOOD, BONES, AND ORGANS!

His decapitated head and severed arms shoot off in different directions, while his legs collapse in a bloody heap.

The force of the blast knocks Ruby to the ground.

She rolls over, in a daze and covered in bloody viscera.

RUBY
(to herself)
Oh my God. Fuck. Get up. Ruby! You
have to get up!

Ruby crawls over the gory remains of Gnarl's corpse, slips on slimy intestines as she climbs to her feet.

She looks over to see Edgar marching her way, rusty rifle still in hand.

RUBY
Man, fuck this.

The rotten scarecrow reaches the patch, stops and aims his rifle at Ruby, who quickly ducks into the tree line.

Edgar squeezes the trigger. CRACK!

EXT. WOODS

Ruby stays crouched low as she hurries through thick brush.

BOOM! A large tree EXPLODES just behind her.

She throws her arms up to shield herself from the shards of splintered wood flying through the air.

A large splinter shoots deep into Ruby's forearm.

She cries out, but keeps moving forward.

Ruby takes a sharp turn, ducks under an old fallen tree.

She gets down low, presses her back to the tree, listens.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approach, slow to a stop nearby.

Ruby closes her eyes, holds her breath.

Sweat drips from every pore in her skin.

Blood oozes out of her injured forearm, but she ignores it.

Silence fills the space. For what seems like forever. Then --

The FOOTSTEPS stomp away.

Ruby exhales, struggles to catch her breath.

She grabs hold of the shard of wood buried in her forearm, pulls it out.

Blood gushes out of the deep wound.

Ruby undoes her belt and tightens it around her bicep, winces in pain.

She exhales another deep breath. Then --

CRUNCH! A branch breaks nearby!

Ruby whips her head around, ONLY TO SEE EDGAR STANDING RIGHT OVER HER!

The rotten scarecrow presses his rusty rifle right to the stunned girl's forehead. He's about to shoot her when --

A bright light falls over both he and Ruby!

DEPUTY GUERRA (O.S.)
Drop the weapon! Drop it now or I
will put you down!

Deputy Guerra emerges from behind a cluster of trees, his pistol aimed at Edgar.

Demon follows close behind, terrified.

Edgar keeps his rifle pressed to Ruby's forehead, turns and snarls at Deputy Guerra and Demon.

A look of fear shoots through both the deputy and the punk.

DEMON
(to Deputy Guerra)
Told you there was a killer
scarecrow out here!

DEPUTY GUERRA
Now's not the time for I told you
so, Cletus!

Edgar looks back to Ruby, scowls at her. She glowers back.

RUBY

Fuck you!

Deputy Guerra squeezes off three precise rounds.

BANG! BANG! BANG! All three bullets hit center mass, knock Edgar back.

Ruby grabs the rifle's barrel, pulls it away from her face.

She lunges forward and stabs the shard of wood deep into Edgar's eye.

The rotten scarecrow hardly reacts. He grabs the wooden shard, rips it from his eye socket.

Deputy Guerra advances, keeps his weapon trained on Edgar.

DEPUTY GUERRA

(to Ruby)

Back away from him!

Ruby complies, backs away while Deputy Guerra presses forward and empties his clip into Edgar.

All fourteen rounds hit their target.

Edgar drops backward to the ground. Goes still. Silent.

Ruby scrambles forward, snatches up the rusty rifle. She aims it at Edgar's head, squeezes the trigger.

CLICK. Nothing.

RUBY

Fuck!

Deputy Guerra steps beside her and loads another clip into his pistol.

He looks down at the undead husk before them, disgusted.

DEPUTY GUERRA

I can't believe this guy's fuckin' real! Who could have guessed?

DEMON (O.S.)

Me!

Both Ruby and Deputy Guerra turn to see Demon cowering behind a nearby tree.

DEMON

Alright, you shot him up! Now let's
get the hell out of here before he
gets back up!

Deputy Guerra laughs. He kicks the scarecrow.

DEPUTY GUERRA

He's not getting back up, Cletus.

RUBY

You'd be surprised.

Just then, Edgar lunges forward with his rusty sickle, STABS
IT UP INTO DEPUTY GUERRA'S CROTCH! BLOOD SHOOTS DOWN HIS LEGS
AS THE DEPUTY LETS OUT AN AGONIZING SCREAM!

Startled, Ruby falls back on her ass.

Demon rushes over, helps her to her feet.

DEMON

C'mon! We have to move!

Demon and Ruby rush off deeper into the woods as Edgar rises
up over Deputy Guerra.

He rips the sickle out of the Deputy's crotch, then proceeds
to slash away at him!

Deputy Guerra attempts to shield himself with his hands, but
loses a few of fingers for the effort.

Edgar winds back, SLASHES THE SICKLE HARD AND DECAPITATES
DEPUTY GUERRA! BLOOD SPRAYS OUT OF THE NECK STUMP!

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL

Ruby and Demon rush out of the brush and onto the path.

RUBY

Fuck! Which way back to the road!?

Demon nods to the right, moves in that direction.

DEMON

I think it's this way. Come on!
Follow me!

Ruby hesitantly follows after him.

As she runs behind Demon, she glances down at the rusty rifle
in her hands, then flings it off into the darkness.

They press on.

FADE TO:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT

Ruby and Demon stumble out of the tree line. They both look on at the patch, totally defeated.

RUBY

Fuck! How'd we end up back here!?

DEMON

Shit! Fuck, man... How did I...

He looks out past the distant shack, at the tree line beyond.

DEMON

Back there! Behind Edgar's shack,
there's another trail! It leads out
of here!

RUBY

Are you sure?

Demon nods.

DEMON

Fuckin' positive!

Just then, something is thrown out of the woods behind them.

It rolls to a stop in between them.

Pure horror spreads across Ruby and Demon's faces as they
look down at their feet and see --

DEPUTY GUERRA'S DECAPITATED HEAD!

RUBY

DEMON, RUN!

Ruby and Demon both take off in a full sprint through the
patch, toward the woods beyond the shack.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS rapidly approach just as Edgar rushes out of
the tree line behind them!

EXT. EDGARS SHACK

Both Ruby and Demon run by Thrash's twisted corpse, move past
the shack.

DEMON
Oh, fuck! Thrash!?

RUBY
Don't look at her!

Demon struggles to keep pace with Ruby. He wheezes with every step he takes.

DEMON
I can't... I can't...

RUBY
You have to keep moving!

They both run past the old --

EXT. OUTHOUSE

Ruby peeks over her shoulder. Doesn't like what she sees.

About twenty yards back, Edgar chases after them, his bloody sickle gripped in his hands.

He winds back, **THROWS THE SICKLE DIRECTLY AT RUBY!**

She drops to the ground, just barely dodging the sickle, which shoots past and stabs into a tree.

Demon keeps running, motions for Ruby to get up.

DEMON
C'mon! Get up! Hurry!

He disappears into the shadows of the tree line.

Ruby shoves herself up, runs into the dark woods.

A brief moment passes, then Edgar finally reaches the woods. He rushes in after them.

EXT. PATCH OF WOODS BEHIND THE OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Ruby runs through the darkness, tired and afraid.

She slows to a stop, rests against a small tree.

RUBY
(hushed)
Demon! Where are you?

No response. Just the CHIRPING of crickets.

Ruby crouches down, takes a moment to catch her breath.

Then, the CRICKETS fall SILENT. Eerie.

Behind Ruby, Edgar creeps up from shadow to shadow. He closes in fast!

CRUNCH! A branch breaks under Edgar's rotted boot.

Ruby eyes go wide, but she doesn't look behind her.

She slowly reaches down with her hands and wraps them around a thick broken tree.

Edgar moves closer. Closer. Just about on her when --

He lunges at her!

Ruby grips the tree branch tight, jumps up and swings it hard at Edgar's face!

The branch breaks into pieces as the rotten scarecrow is knocked back on his ass.

Ruby tosses what's left of the branch down on the ground.

RUBY

How do you like that shit?

Edgar suddenly reaches out and grabs Ruby by her ankle.

She cries out, tries to kick him off, but he's too strong.

RUBY

Get the fuck off me!

Edgar pulls Ruby down to the ground, crawls on top of her.

His face is only inches from hers.

Roaches and centipedes crawl out of his mouth, nose, and his open eye socket! They fall all over Ruby, who screams.

RUBY

No! Fuck! Demon, help me!

Edgar wraps his hands around Ruby's throat, squeezes hard.

Her eyes go wide.

The veins in her forehead bulge.

She gasps for air.

RUBY
(choking)
F-fuck you!

A sinister grin stretches across Edgar's rotten lips as he squeezes even harder.

He glares down at her with his remaining eye.

DEMON (O.S.)
Get the fuck off her!

Edgar looks up just as Demon charges out of the brush and tackles Edgar off of Ruby!

Demon climbs on top of Edgar, PUMMELS HIS FACE WITH HIS FISTS! Again and again! He throws haymaker after haymaker!

THUD! THUD! THUD! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! SPLIK! SPLIK!

Edgar's head is mush.

Demon keeps punching!

SPLIK! SPLIK! SPLIK!

Ruby stands up, rubs her throat, watches in stunned horror as Demon continues to punch the wet remains of Edgar's head.

She slowly reaches out, puts her hand on Demon's shoulder.

Demon finally stops his assault, glances back at her.

RUBY
I think that's enough.

He nods, climbs off Edgar's body.

They both stare down at what remains of the undead husk.

RUBY
He's gonna get up again, isn't he?

DEMON
Let's not wait around to find out.

He takes Ruby by the hand, leads her deeper into the woods.

EXT. PATCH OF WOODS BEHIND THE outhouse - TRAIL - NIGHT

Exhausted in more ways than one, Ruby and Demon stumble along the beaten path.

They pass by various "NO TRESPASSING!" and "KEEP OUT!" signs nailed to trees.

Ruby nods toward the signs.

RUBY

You know... I don't think Edgar's really getting his message across all that clearly.

Demon chuckles.

DEMON

People around here aren't the brightest bunch.

RUBY

(sarcastic)

You don't say?

Up ahead, the woods start to open up.

DEMON

I can't believe we actually made --

A ROTTED HAND SUDDENLY BURSTS THROUGH DEMON'S CHEST, PUSHING HIS HEART ONTO THE GROUND!

Demon chokes on his own blood.

Ruby screams out in terror, turns to see Edgar's headless body standing right behind Demon!

With his free hand, Edgar reaches around and grabs Demon's lower jaw, RIPS IT FROM HIS FACE!

Blood sprays all over Ruby's face.

She screams louder.

RUBY

NOOO!

Edgar rips his arm out of Demon's back, tosses the dead punk off to the side.

He shifts his shoulders in Ruby's direction, angrily stomps toward her!

Terrified by her headless pursuer, Ruby falls on her ass.

She scrambles backwards on the ground as fast as she can.

Edgar chases after her, closes in fast!

RUBY
Get the fuck away from me!

Ruby cries out, quickly rolls over and jumps to her feet.
She sprints as fast as her legs will carry her down the path.

EXT. THRASH'S TRAILER - BACK YARD

Ruby runs out of the tree line, stumbles into the overgrown back yard.

As she slows, she glances back at the woods behind her.

Edgar's headless corpse stands motionless at the tree line.

His shoulders are aimed in Ruby's direction, as if he's watching her somehow.

Ruby stares at the headless scarecrow with tear stained eyes.

QUICK FLASH

Again, the naked, emaciated Old Black Woman stands at the edge of Young Ruby's bed.

OLD BLACK WOMAN
(pained, angry)
RUUUBBBYYY!!!

She lunges her thin arms out toward the terrified Young Ruby, who ducks under her covers and screams!

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby cracks a grin, quickly pulls out her cellphone, aims it at the headless scarecrow, snaps multiple pictures.

RUBY
(smug)
I knew ghosts were real.

Edgar stands motionless for a few moments more, then turns and stomps off into the dark woods.

RUBY
(calls after Edgar)
Yeah, go fuck yourself!

Ruby takes another moment to collect herself. Then, she steps around the trailer, walks to the --

EXT. THRASH'S TRAILER - FRONT YARD

Ruby strides through the trash filled yard, past the rundown trailer, and into the --

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The grin on Ruby's face grows wider as she stops in the middle of the pothole-filled gravel road, surrounded by various shitty trailers.

Ruby runs her dirty fingers over her face and laughs.

She looks up to the night sky.

Her laughter grows more and more maniacal as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - DAWN

Rows and rows of pumpkins.

Farther back, Edgar's shack rests quietly under a red and purple sky. Beyond the shack, the horizon glows orange.

Edgar, still headless, stomps away from his shack, toward the pumpkin patch.

With each hand, he drags both Phillip and Thrash's corpses behind him.

He reaches the patch, tosses both corpses into it. Stands over them as vines slowly reach out and wrap around the two lifeless bodies.

The vines tighten around their limbs, begins to pull their bodies under. SNAP! CRUNCH!

The headless scarecrow stands motionless as Phillip and Thrash's corpses are consumed at his feet. Just then --

The sun peeks out from the horizon, shines over the patch.

The moment sunlight hits Edgar, his body crumples into ash and bones!

An eerie silence falls over the pumpkin patch.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD -- PUMPKIN GUTS

"You Spin Me Round " by Dope PLAYS over the END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.