

RIGOR MORTIS.

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EXT. FARMLAND - COLORADO - DAYTIME

A small cottage home sits overlooking about a half a mile of corn field stretching all around.

There is a path coming through the corn field. Emanating from the field where the path belongs is the sound of hooves SMACKING muck.

EXT. HOUSE - FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

A clatter from inside the cottage home ends with two young girls running out into the open.

The blonde one is KERRY, 12 and the red head is GILLY, 16. Both have the faces of drunken concern.

GILLY

Daddy!

KERRY

What's wrong with Paint?

Making his way through the corn path is their father KAINEDOBERMAN, 38, with a not-so-muscular physique.

He has a small well maintained beard and a charming face. In his hand is the reins to a red stallion with a beautiful blonde mane and a long face.

Kaine looks down at his feet as he approaches his girls.

KERRY

IS there something wrong with Paint?

KAINED

Yeah. He's busted up his leg when I was fixing him up to the rig.

Kerry looks down at her feet with the expression of defeat. Kaine does nothing to comfort her.

He turns his attention to the stable a few meters away from the cottage home.

KAINED

Gilly, go get Daddy's rifle.

KERRY

What you gon' do to him, Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

KAINE DOESN'T RESPOND. HE TAKES THE HORSE TO THE STABLES IN A SLOW TROT TO THE DEATH. HE THEN CLOSES THE STABLE DOORS.

INT. COTTAGE HOME - CONTINUOUS

The home is sweet, with minimal decorations but timely furniture and a nice ambiance. The houses interior has a nice colour theme of red.

Gilly walks through into the main room where her mother is sleeping by a bottle of wine by her side and an empty stained glass in her limp hand. Her eyes flicker infrequently.

She then passes through into the dining area where there is a mahogany shelf.

She opens the wooden doors and inside is Kaine's rifle. Gilly grabs hold of the rifle too big for her arms and takes it out the shelf and moves away from the shelf.

Making her way through the home she hears commotion outside.

She makes her way to the front door and opens it slightly, looking out the creak.

EXT. HOME, FARM - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the stable is Kaine. Stood near the path speaking to Kelly are two grown men.

One of the grown men has a husky voice and the other a thicker voice with a southern drawl.

KELLY

Me, my sister and my daddy.

KAINE

(Friendly)

Hey!

HUSKY

Hey, how are you doin'?

KAINE

Good, how are you?

HUSKY

Great. Me and my brother here have just rode in from down south.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

DRAWL

We were wonderin' if we could borrow some bandages.

HUSKY

Yeah. There is actually four of us. Me and two brothers and my sister. My sister is a doctor and she's tendin' up my brother Martin's foot, injured it real bad.

KAINE

Thats too bad. We can see what we got around here.

Kaine directs the men to the stable. Drawl follows Kaine and Husky waits behind.

They enter the stable...

INT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

KAINE

We used up most of our bandages. But I got some that we use for the horses y'know, cut's 'n' scraps.

Kaine walks behind a stack of empty salt blocks. He crouches down to a small mahogany cabinet.

He opens it and begins rumaging around in it.

DRAWL

This place quite isolated, ain't it?

KAINE

Yeah. Our closest neighbour is about five miles that way-

Kaine throws his hand limply to his left, still rumaging around inside the cabinet.

Drawl REACHES his arm around his back. Then tugs on something in his belt.

DRAWL

Is that so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAINE

Yep.

CONTINUED:

DRAWL PULLS HIS ARM FORWARD HOLDING A REVOLVER IN HIS HAND. HE POINTS IT AT KAINE.

A SMILE GROWS ACROSS KAINE'S FACE. HE'S FOUND THE BANDAGES FINALLY.

EXT. HOME - FARM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly is still standing in front of Husky, conversing in small talk.

She looks at him with a naive smile. He looks at her with a charismatic smile.

HUSKY

So how old are you?

KELLY

I'm twelve. Thirteen soon, then I'll be able to ride a horse but daddy won't let me.

HUSKY

Now ain't that a shame, darlin'. I feel you. I couldn't even go huntin' til i reached about eighteen. Always pissed me off because my older brothers were always able to go huntin'. But look at me now.

A soft BANG emanates from the stable. Kelly looks at her feet. Husky looks to the stable.

KELLY

That's just my daddy tendnin' to Paint. He's a horse. He injured his leg. Kinda like your brother!

A door BURTS open. Wood door RATTLES on it's hinges. Exiting the home is Gilly with her daddy's rifle. She is SHOOTING a suspicious look to Husky.

GILLY

Get away from him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Why he ain't dangerous?

HUSKY
Yeah, we ain't a threat.

CONTINUED:

GILLY
Is that a fact?

Husky says nothing but stare her down.

GILLY
What was that bang then?

KELLY
It was just daddy takin care of Paint.

GILLY
Without no gun? More like they hurt
daddy.

KELLY
Gilly, stop!

From behind the barn comes the third brother Martin. He holds a revolver in his hand. The girls turn to Marvin and Gilly aims her rifle at him.

Husky unholsters a revolver and BANG shoots Kelly in the head SHOOTING CHUNKS all over Gilly.

Gilly stands there unmoving. Petrified. In shock. Husky approaches the girl and she just looks at him. He takes the rifle from her and throws it on the ground. HE then fixes his fingers and SLAPS Gilly across the face. She falls to the floor.

DRAWL
Can I have her, Wayne? Can I?

Martin runs into the home to see if anyone else is here. Husky now known as WAYNE

WAYNE
Sure you can, Yon.

YON
I'll take her to the stable so she can
look at her dead daddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

Have fun.

Drawl now known as YON grabs hold of the girl and she stands with no hesitation, fearing what'll come next. He leads her

CONTINUED:

TO THE BARN AND THEY ENTER. THE BARN DOORS CLOSE.

MARTIN EXITS THE HOME WITH A GREAT BIG SMILE ON HIS FACE.

WAYNE

Martin, why you grinnin' like an asshole for?

MARTIN

There's a nice pair a tits laying drunk in the house.

INT. COTTAGE HOME - CONTINUOUS

THE TWO MEN WATCH OVER THE WOMAN AS SHE SLEEPS. SHE IS SNORING. WAYNE HAS A SHOTGUN AND POINTS THE BARREL AT HER AND THEN STICKS THE BARREL INTO HER MOUTH. SHE SLOWLY AWAKENS TO THIS.

WAYNE

Mornin', honey.

Martin begins to undress in the background.

WAYNE

We've already killed your husband and your youngest. My brother is out in the barn with your oldest. I wouldn't scream. No point. We're all alone out here.

INT. WAGON, COLORADO ROADS - EVENING

LEADING ON A SNOWY PATH IS A SMALL WAGON BEING PULLED ALONG BY A SINGLE HORSE. AT THE FRONT OF THE WAGON IS JACK WILLOW, 45, WITH A SHORT WHITE BEARD AND A COWBOY HAT. HE IS RIDING ALONG THE PATH GENTLY. BOBBING ALONG WITH THE HOLES OF THE ROAD.

THE BACK WHEEL TO THE WAGON COMES OFF AND ROLLS AWAY FROM THE WAGON. THE WHOLE WAGON FALLS TO THE SIDE, SAGGING SLIGHTLY.

INT. WAGON - CONTINUOUS

JACK STOPS AND GIVES A LOUD ROAR OF ANGER. INSIDE THE WAGON IS JACK'S WIFE CHRISTINA, 42, GORGEOUS BRUNETTE. SHE FALLS WITH THE WAGON WHEN IT SAGS FROM THE LACK OF SUPPORT OF THE FOURTH MISSING WHEEL BUT MANAGES TO STABILISE HERSELF. SHE HEARS THE ROAR OF HER HUSBAND AND ROLLS HER EYES.

JACK

GODDAMNED MOTHER FUCKIN' COCKSUCKER!

CHRISTINA
Calm your nerves, Jack.

EXT. WAGON, COLORADO ROADS - CONTINUOUS

JACK IS ALONG THE SIDE OF THE WAGON WHERE THE WHEEL SHOULD BE. HIS FACE IS FLUSHED REDJACK

ITS NINE FUCKIN' TIMES THIS HAS

HAPPENED!

CHRISTINA
Puttin' the wheel back on won't fix
it, hon. It'll just keep fallin'' off.

JACK

DO I LOOK LIKE A DON'T KNOW THAT.

GODDAMN PIECE OF SHIT!

INT. WAGON - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINA HAS HER HEAD REDIRECTED TO THE PAGES OF THE NOVEL SHE IS READING AND THEN TILTS HER HEAD TO LISTEN FOR ANOTHER OUTBURST FROM JACK.

CHRISTINA

Are you done, hon?

EXT. WAGON, COLORADO ROADS - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Yeah. Yeah. Sorry.

(Beat, Softer and quieter)

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE

FUCKER WHO SOLD ME THIS PIECE OF--!

Jack calms himself and goes over to the wheel and picks it up. HE walks back over to the wagon and places the wheel back in. He pops it in then kicks it out of anger.

CHRISTINA

Jack, I'm still in here y'know!

JACK

Sorry. Fuck!

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA

Are we almost there?

JACK

Should be a few more miles, now.

Jack rides back on the wagon. The horse starts a slow clop through the path. Jack shivers from the cold even in his suit.

EXT. HOME - LATER

THE WAGON SLOWLY HALTS ONCE IT REACHES A SMALL HOME SURROUNDED BY TREES AND SNOW. THE HOME IS LIKE A LARGE WOODEN CABIN. JACK STOPS THE WAGON AND GETS OFF. HE GOES AROUND TO THE SIDE AND LETS HIS WIFE OUT.

JACK

Welcome, to our new home, hon.

CHRISTINA

(Smiling)

It looks just how I imagined it would.

INT. KITCHEN, HOME - LATER

CHRISTINA IS IN THE KITCHEN COOKING DINNER. SHE IS CUTTING UP VEGETABLES ON A CHOPPING BOARD. JACK COMES UP BEHIND HER AND KISSES HER LIGHTLY ON THE LIPS SHE SMILES SWEETLY AS HE DOES SO.

JACK

Dinner smells good.

CHRISTINA

Yeah. Sure will taste good as well.

JACK

Ain't no doubt in my mind.

CHRISTINA

You won't get to know unless you go say hi to the neighbours.

JACK

Neighbours?

CHRISTINA

Yeah on the way here I saw about a quarter of a mile from here theres a small home, like ours. There was an

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA

elderly woman sitting on the porch. Would sure be a good first impression we made if she thinks we just ignored her.

JACK

I think we should go together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA

Nuh-huh. You go. Or no food tonight.
That's an order.

Jack shoots her a look of playful defeat.

JACK

Fine, I'll go. I'll charm the old
woman as best I can.

CHRISTINA

Not too much. I don't want her
flirtin' with ya.

JACK

Well, if I decide not to come back
then you know why.

Jack gives her a mocking wink as he leaves the kitchen. Christina continues cooking as Jack opens the front door and leaves.

EXT. PATHWAY, WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

JACK'S HEEL CRUNCHES ON THE FRESHLY LAID SNOW. HE MOVES IN BETWEEN THE PINE TREES, FOLLOWING THE SWERVING PATH THAT LEADS DEEPER INTO THE WOODLANDS. SLEATS OF SNOW BEGIN TO FALL FROM THE TALL BRANCH OF A TREE. THE SNOW HITS JACK DOUCHING HIM IN THE COLD AND WET.

JACK JUST LOOKS UP AT THE TREE THEN UP TO GOD, BUT HE IS NOT THERE. HE GRINDS HIS TEETH IN ANGER AND CONTINUES THROUGH THE WOODS. HE COMES UPON A CLEARING IN THE WOODS.

EXT. CLEARING, WOODS - CONTINUOUS

AT THE FAR END OF THE CLEARING THERE IS A LARGE WOOD CABIN THAT COULD FIT FIVE HOUSEHOLDS. JACK COMES UPON THE CLEARING, STUMBLING OVER A LOG THAT'S BEEN CUT DOWN. JUST CLOSE TO THE CABIN THERE IS A STUMP WITH AN AXE DUG DEEP.

ROCKING BACK ON FORTH IN A ROCKING CHAIR ATOP THE DECK OF THE

CONTINUED:

CABIN, IS AN ELDERLY WOMAN. SHE IS HUMMING A TUNE DISTORTED FROM HER AGING THROAT. SHE SEEMS TO BE KNITTING SOMETHING BROWN.

JACK APPROACHES THE CABIN SLOWLY, LOOKING TO THE AXE IN THE TREE STUMP AND THE OLD WOMAN. HE NOTICES SHE DOESN'T NOTICE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIM. ODD. AS HE GETS TO THE DECK HE SEES THE CATARACTS IN HER EYES. SHE'S BLIND.

JACK BACKS AWAY FROM THE CABIN IN ORDER TO NOT STARTLE THE OLD WOMAN. HE THEN CUPS HIS HANDS TO EXTEND HIS VOICE.

JACK

Hey there.

The old woman doesn't move. She just continues knitting.

OLD WOMAN

I want you to know my boys will get back any second so don't think about doin' nothin'!

JACK

Oh no, mam. I'm your new neighbour. Me and my wife Christina.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, i'm sorry. My boys tell me i'm too suspicious of people. You gotta be when you're livin' out in the middle of nowhere.

JACK

I hear you. I'm jack by the way.

GEORGINA

I'm Georgina, nice to meet you.

JACK

Nice to meet you too.

GEORGINA

Tell me, where is it you have moved to?

JACK

Just about a half a mile north of here. Had to take some crazy path to get here.

CONTINUED:

GEORGINA

Oh so you didn't just stumble upon this place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Nope. My wife told me she saw this place when we were riding up.

JACK

Told me to say hello to the neighbours so here I am.

GEORGINA

Here you are.

Georgina sets her knitting instrument down.

GEORGINA

What is your wife's name, Christina?

Jack nods, forgetting her blindness.

JACK

Oh, uh, yeah. Christina. She would have loved to be here but she's too busy cooking dinner.

GEORGINA

At least she can cook.

JACK

The best cook there is.

GEORGINA

I might have to detest to that.

Georgina laughs and Jack gives a false chuckle.

GEORGINA

Well, tomorrow night you and Christina has gots to come and share dinner with us.

JACK

We'd love to. Escpecially Christina. She's had only me to talk to for a few days so it'll be nice for her to talk to another woman.

GEORGINA

Yeah, my boys'd be delighted to-

CONTINUED:

SLOW CLOPPING CAN BE HEARD AND GEORGINA GIVES A SMILE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGINA

Speak of the devil. There they is now.

Jack spins around and Georgina gets off from her rocking chair, although she can't see. Emerging from the woods are three men on horseback. Over one of the horses backs is a dead doe. The riders are Wayne, Martin and Yon.

Yon is the worst looking of the group with dirty matted hair and a few broken teeth. Martin has two golden front teeth resembling a rabbit, a rich rabbit. Wayne was the most normal looking one, quite handsome with a thick head of black hair and a cleanshaven face.

WAYNE

Howdy, how might you be?

JACK

I'm Jack, just moved in with my wife a half a mile down that path there.

Jack signals to the path and the men look. Wayne turns back around and offers Jack his hand.

WAYNE

Wayne.

Jack takes it. They shake hands.

WAYNE

This is my brother Martin.

He points to Martin.

WAYNE

This is Yon. He's the slow one.

YON

Eat shit.

Jack smiles, brotherly love.

WAYNE

And I see you've met our MAMA
GEORGINA.

JACK

I have. Nice woman.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

Certainly is.

JACK

Well it's nice meetin' you folks. But I better get back to my wife.

WAYNE

Oh I bet you do. You should come by sometime.

JACK

Georgina actually offered us dinner for tomorrow.

WAYNE

Oh did she. That'd be nice. Yeah. Well I'll see you soon.

Jack waves his goodbyes and they wave back, except Yon who gave him a stern and suspicious look. Jack turned back around slightly disgruntled.

INT. JACK'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

DINNER IS SET AND CHRISTINA AND JACK ARE SAT AND TUCKING INTO THEIR DINNER. JACK CUT INTO A SLICE OF HIS PORK AND STUFFED IT INTO HIS MOUTH, THE JUICES DRIPPING FROM HIS LIPS.

CHRISTINA

So, how did it go?

JACK

Huh?

CHRISTINA

The neighbours? Where they nice?

JACK

Yeah, I don't know.

CHRISTINA

What do you mean, you "Don't know"?

JACK

Yeah, they seem nice. The old woman you mentioned has cataracts whiter than the snow. She has three younger boys who just look a bit off. It's nothing. They were nice and courteous.

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CHRISTINA

Then what's the problem?

Jack took another bite of his pork and chewed it to smithereines. Christina just waited for a response. Jack finally gulped down the smoothie he made in his mouth and back tracked.

JACK

We're having dinner with them tomorrow night.

CHRISTINA

That sounds fun, good to meet new people.

JACK

Yeah.

INT. MAIN ROOM, GEORGINA'S HOME - NIGHT

GEORGINA IS ACCOMPANIED BY HER THREE SONS. THEY ARE HUDDLED TOGETHER BY CANDLE LIGHT. THEIR ATTENTION IS TOWARDS GEORGINA.

YON

I don't trust them.

MARTIN

Neither.

GEORGINA

What do you mean trust them?

WAYNE

I think what they mean is having them around could be problematic for our hunting.

GEORGINA

Well, of course. But we ain't gonna be able to kill em.

WAYNE

Why not?

MARTIN

We kill people all over the state, mama. What's wrong with these ones?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

GEORGINA

Don't you think people gonna be looking for them?

YON

We could make it look like an accident or an animal!

GEORGINA

What they gonna accidentally shoot themselves? Or have bears and wolves taken arms. Be serious. People so close to us. It ain't gonna work.

WAYNE

Well we can't have them stayin' here. No sir, we cannot.

Yon looks at the flame atop the wax candle and an idea flashes in is

YON

We could burn their place down? They'd hav'ta move out some place else.

WAYNE

That's not too bad of an idea, actually.

GEORGINA

They suspect someone of burning their place down the only someone's they could suspect'd be us.

WAYNE

They wouldn't be able to prove it and before long they'd be outta here.

Georgina goes over the idea in her head. She rubs her chin.

GEORGINA

Tomorrow. During dinner. Yon. You gon' skip dinner and burn the house down.

WAYNE

Won't it be suspect if only two of us show up to dinner?

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CONTINUED:

GEORGINA

Yes. If it were you and Martin. It would make sense if it were Yon.

CONTINUED:

YON

What that suppos'd'a mean?

MARTIN

You need a wash. Ya smell like dick.

YON

Fuck you, asshole.

GEORGINA

Disperse, it's mama's bedtime. And Martin leave your brother. And Yon. Go for a wash.

Yon looks down at his feet as they disperse.

EXT. GEORGINA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

YON SOBERLY CROSSES THE SNOWY GROUND. HE HAS A WICKED EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPT. HE GROWLS FAINTLY. HE MAKES HIS WAY TO HIS SMALL SHED OUT IN THE BACK. THIS IS WHERE HE SLEEPS AS THE SMELL OF HIM OFTEN KEEPS GEORGINA AND THE OTHERS UP LATE AT NIGHT.

HE OPENS THE SLIDE LOCK AND STANDS BY THE DOOR WITH THE CANDLE IN HIS HAND ILLUMINATING HIS FACE.

INSIDE IS DARK BUT YOU CAN EASILY SEE WHAT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE GILLY FROM THE FIRST SCENE. SHE LOOKS SCARRED, BLOODIED AND BROKEN. SHE IS CRYING. SHE IS TIED UP TO A METAL HOOK, SHE WEARS A TORN GARMENT OF WHAT USED TO BE A DRESS.

GILLY

(faint)

No, please.

Yon looks at her and smiles. His rotten teeth, those that are left, show. He enters the shed as the young girl begins to weep for the further torment that will follow tonight.

The door closes.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - MORNING

THUNK. THUNK. THUNK. THE NOISE OF AN AXE BEING PLUNGED INTO WOOD. JACK GRUNTS. HE IS CHOPPING FIRE WOOD. HE STEADIES A LOG ONTO THE STUMP. JACK THEN PULLS BACK THE AXE AND PLUNGES IT INTO THE LOG, SPLITTING IT DOWN THE MIDDLE. THE WOOD PARTS IN TWO AND JACK SWIPES THEM WITH HIS FOOT OFF OF THE STUMP.

EXITING THE HOME WITH TWO STEAMING CUPS OF COFFEE IS

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA. SHE HAS A SMILE ON HER FACE, WATCHING HER MAN SWINGING THE AXE. SHE HAS RAGS OVER HERSELF TO KEEP HER WARM FROM THE COLD.

CHRISTINA

Hon.

Jack turns and looks. He sees his wife and smiles.

CHRISTINA

I got your coffee.

JACK

Thanks, love.

Christina looks at all the fire wood Jack has made and is startled.

CHRISTINA

I think that's enough fire wood. You come inside and into the warmth. I'm getting cold in bed, alone.

She smiles innocently.

JACK

I'll be right there in a second. Let me round up the wood and haul it into the house.

Christina heads for the door.

CHRISTINA

Don't be too long.

Jack begins picking up the logs. From the trees comes a dark shadow. An outline of a man. Or more. Jack turns and looks and sees Wayne holding a rifle. Beside him is Martin holding another rifle. Jack tries to hide his fragility by making himself look big by stretching.

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JACK

What can I do you two for?

WAYNE

Oh, we wanted to know if you'd like to come out 'n' catch dinner with us?

MARTIN

We'd really appreciate you accompanying us.

CONTINUED:

JACK

I don't think my old lady would want me too.

WAYNE

We have to insist. I feel our introduction was all too brief.

MARTIN

Yeah.

WAYNE

We want to get to know you before dinnertime.

JACK

Let me ask my wife.

Just as Jack moves to the home, Christina walks out. She is surprised by the sight of the two other men in their garden.

CHRISTINA

Oh, hello there.

WAYNE

Howdy, pretty lady. You must be the wonderful Christina, Jack, goes on about.

Christina almost blushes.

CHRISTINA

Thank you. Jack has told me all your names but I can't seem to remember y'all's descriptions. Who might you be?

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CONTINUED:

WAYNE

I'm Wayne. This here's my brother
Martin.

Christina nods at Martin and he gives a small wave. His face
beaming.

JACK

The boys were just asking me out to
hunt dinner with them but I thought I
better ask you.

CHRISTINA

Stealin' ma man away from me, huh.

CONTINUED:

CHRISTINA

I'll allow it. As long as you bring
him back before mid-day.

WAYNE

We'll do our darrest to do that.

JACK

Well, then, that's solved. Let me get
my coat.

Jack makes for the home and Christina follows him in.

INT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

JACK ENTERS WITH CHRISTINA. JACK WALKS UP TO THE COAT STAND
AND TAKES OFF HIS THICK WINTER COAT. HE PUTS IT ON THEN OPENS
A WARDROBE DOOR AND TAKES OUT A HUNTING RIFLE. AS HE GOES TO
LEAVE HE WRAPS HIS ARM AROUND CHRISTINA AND PLANTS A KISS ON
HER CHEEK. THEN HER LIPS.

CHRISTINA

Don't be out too long.

JACK

Trust me. I won't.

Jack leaves.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

JACK AND WAYNE ARE IN THE BACK WITH MARTIN KEEPING AN EYE OUT IN FRONT. HE HAS HIS RIFLE UP TO HIS CHEST. JACK HAS HIS IN BOTH HANDS BUT HANGING LOW AND WAYNE HAS HIS RIGHT BY HIS SIDE.

JACK

So what exactly we huntin'?

WAYNE

Whatever we can find, really. Bear. Dear. Rabbit. Whatever we find, we kill, then give to Mama. She can cook anything.

JACK

Right.

They continue.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Never tasted bear before.

Martin stops. In front of him a few yards away is a deer eating brambles. They all stop. Martin raises his rifle to shoot. HE has it in his sight and goes to press the trigger when a large hand pushes the barrel down.

MARTIN

What the fuck, Wayne?

WAYNE

We have a guest. Jack should do it.

JACK

Nah, let Martin do it. It's fine.

WAYNE

We insist. Don't we Martin?

MARTIN

...Yeah... We insist.

JACK

I'm a dreadful shot.

WAYNE

There's plenty more deer in colorado. If you scare off this one we'll find another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Fine.

Wayne and Martin step aside. Jack pulls his rifle up. He looks down the crosshairs and steadies his aim. He then breathes in and out then pulls the trigger. The bullet shoots out and surges through the air. It HITS the deer in the head. The limp mass of meat falls to the ground, crunching the snow below.

MARTIN

WOOOEE! You got em!

JACK

I did!

WAYNE

See I told you. Martin'd never got that shot.

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

I would too!

WAYNE

Martin. Go over slit it's throat and throw it over the horse.

Martin makes his way over.

WAYNE

And make sure it's actually dead this time.

MARTIN

That was one time!

JACK

What was one time?

WAYNE

Oh, Martin can't cut a deer's throat for shit.

WAYNE

One time we shot one in the head it was still alive, don't know how. But Martin had told us he had slit it's throat. Not even Fifteen minutes later while the deer is on the back of my

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CONTINUED:

WAYNE (CONT'D)
horse it starts to spasm-

JACK
Yeah, sometimes that happens to dead
bodies. Rigarmortis, that's called.

WAYNE
This wa'n't no riga'mo'tis. The motha
fucka got loose and sta'ted running.
We had to hunt that fucka down for
half an hou'a!

The deer struggles for life as the redneck's knee holds it
down as he slices a thin line around its neck, dripping
droplets of crimson red.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

THROUGH THE TREELINE WE SEE JACK'S SMALL HOME. THROUGH THE
CRACKED AND DIRTIED WINDOW WE SEE CHRISTINA. SHE LOOKS
BEAUTIFUL BUT BARELY VISIBLE. WE PAN OVER. WATCHING CHRISTINA
FROM BEHIND A TREE IS YON.

YON LOOKS AT CHRISTINA PROMISCUOUSLY, WITH LUST IN HIS EYES.
HE RUBS HIS COCK BEFORE APPROACHING THE HOME. SNOW CRUNCHES
TO THE SOUND OF HIS FOOTFALL.

INT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINA IS SLICING A BROWN LOAF IN HALF, THE BREAD MELTING
BY THE PRESSURE OF THE KNIFE. STARTING FROM THE LEFT SIDE SHE
CUTS ANOTHER SLICE. IT FALLS OVER. CUTS ANOTHER SLICE. IT
FALLS.

THE SMASH OF GLASS, EMANATES FROM ANOTHER ROOM. CHRISTINA IS
SILENT. PICKS UP THE KNIFE AND STARES OUT THE OPEN DOOR AND
INTO THE HALL. WIND HOWLS AS A BREEZE FROM OUTSIDE ROLLS IN.
SHE ROLLS OUT.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM, JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A BROKEN WINDOW. THE SMASH IS COLLOSAL, THE SIZE OF A MAN. SOME BLOOD ENCIRCLES THE SHARP EDGES OF THE HOLE. WE SEE OUTSIDE, RUNNING THROUGH THE SNOW COVERED IN BLOOD IS YON, MAKING FOR THE COVER OF THE TREES.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE CHRISTINA LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW. SHE IS WATCHING YON AS HE FALLS OVER INTO THE SNOW AND INTO THE TREES. SHE HAS A GAPING MOUTH. THE KNIFE STILL IN HER HANDS.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - EVENING

THE WIND IS HOWLING LIKE A WOLF. THE SNOW IS KNEE HIGH. APPROACHING FROM THE TREES IS JACK. IN HIS HANDS IS HIS RIFLE. HIS FACE BEAMS GAYLY. JACK TWISTS THE DOOR HANDLE.

INT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

JACK ENTERS THE HOME. HE SHAKES HIS JACKET OFF AS WELL AS SOME SNOW, HANGS IT UP, NESTLES THE RIFLE TO LEAN AGAINST THE WALL BY THE HALL.

HE GOES THROUGH THE HALL INTO THE MAIN ROOM TO SEE HIS WIFE SAT ON A CHAIR. AS CHRISTINA SEES THE MAN WALK IN SHE AIMS A SHOTGUN AT HIM. JACK RUSHES TO HER AND GOES BENEATH THE BARREL AND TAKES IT OFF OF HER.

JACK
 Hey! What you doin' with that thing!
 Near got me killed?

Christina's eyes turn porcilan and she coughs up a few breathless tears. She raises a finger. Points. Through an open door into a room. He approaches.

Inside the room is a broken window with cracked red all

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

around the hole. Jack looks strongly at this hole. He turns to his wife for help.

JACK

What.. what happened? Are you okay?

CHRISTINA

Some.. Someone tried breaking in.. He ran off after cutting himself I think..

JACK

What he look like?

Christina coughs up some tears again, choking on air.

CHRISTINA

I..I..

JACK

Come on, It's okay, you're safe now.
You can tell me.

CHRISTINA

He..I..

Soft clops come from outside. The halt. The two stay silent.

HUSKY VOICE (O.S)

HEY?

CHRISTINA

Who's that?

HUSKY VOICE (O.S)

It's Wayne. Ma, told us to come down
and get y'all for dinner.

CONTINUED:

JACK

It's Wayne. I gotta tell him that
there's some god damn bandit loose or
somethin'.

Christina slowly nods 'yes'. The two make to the door.
Standing outside is Wayne and Martin. They are holding rifles
and equipped with revolvers. Jack hurridely opens the door as
he gets his coat on, Christina does the same.

WAYNE

We're your own private escort.
(Beat, Wayne scans Christina's
face.)
Does something seem to be the wrong?

Jack goes red faced.

JACK

When I was away. Some mad bandit came
and tried to break in.

Wayne's face sinks into sympathy then he turns to his brother
Martin with a more concerned expression 'ah shit'.

WAYNE

Holy shit. Bandit you say? I'm sure
glad we came.

WAYNE

Keep forgettin' how dangerous this
place can be.
(Beat)
Well come along now. We'll keep you
safe.

Jack goes redder with shame. Christina links arms with her
husband. They saddle up.

EXT. GEORGINA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

THREE HORSES GALLOP THROUGH THE TREES AND INTO THE OPENING.

CHRISTINA GRAPPLED TO JACK'S SHOULDERS. THE SNOW IS THROWN INTO THE AIR AS THEY HALT AT A FAIR SPEED.

THE THREE HORSES ARE BEING TIED UP AGAINST A ROW OF PILLERS AND MARVIN ESCORTS JACK'S WIFE INSIDE. JACK HELPS TYING THE HORSES UP.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Where's your brother?

WAYNE

Probably in the shed. Why?

JACK

Just haven't seen him since yesterday.

WAYNE

Just supposed you wouldn't wanna look at him, that's all. He ain't pretty to the eyes. Especially your wife.

JACK

Hey, me and my wife don't need you evicting your brother whenever we come 'round.

WAYNE

Sorry, momma's orders. He won't be making it to dinner either. He doesn't usually on account of his smell.

JACK

Why doesn't he wash?

WAYNE

He has. Just can't get the smell off.

JACK

Strange.

WAYNE

Yeah, really fuckin' strange.

The two leave the horses and make to the home. The evening sky grows a darker shade.

INT. GEORGINA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MAIN ROOM. CHRISTINA IS STANDING, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW
BITING HER NAILS.

ALL SHE CAN SEE IS DARKNESS AND THE FAINT OUTLINE OF LONG
TALL TREES LOOKING DOWN UPON HER. AS IF SHE WERE INFERIOR.
JACK NOTICES HIS WIFE. HE GOES TO HER.

WAYNE

I'm gonna see how dinner's lookin'.
I'll be right back.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Yeah.

Christina turns to her husband. She is as pale as a bone. As
the snow. As the moon. She sheds a single fearful tear. It
rolls down her cheek.

Jack wraps his arms around her. Christina falls into his
grasp. She digs her head into his chest and wiggles up to his
ear. Her lips just touch his ear.

CHRISTINA

He's here.

JACK

What--?

CHRISTINA

Who broke in.

Jack looks at her with fright. His face twists but he doesn't
know what to do. He lets her go. She is reluctant to let go.
Lets go.

Jack turns around and heads out the room. Christina almost
follows.

JACK

Stay here.

CHRISTINA

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Have a word.

He steps into the hall way.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE TABLE IS SET AND NEAT. SAT DOWN A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL. HER
HAIR LOOKS LONG AND DIRTY.

SAT BESIDE HER IS A GIRL WITH DARK HAIR THE COLOUR OF COAL.

THEY ARE GIGGLING AS JACK ENTERS.

HE LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMEONE. THE GIRLS CLOCK THIS. THE BLONDE
GIRL RAISES HER ARM AND MOTIONS TO A DOOR DOWN THE HALL.

BLONDIE
Wayne's in his room gettin' changed.

CONTINUED:

JACK
It ain't him I wanna see.

The girls go back to giggling with each other. They look to
Jack as they do so. His face twists.

JACK
What's so funny?

BLONDIE
Nothin', mister.

The dark haired girl burts into hysterics. Marvin walks in
through a door that leads to the kitchen.

He's smiling till he sees Jack then his face goes cold.

MARVIN
Is there anythin' I can do you for..
jack?

JACK
Where's your brother?

MARVIN
Wayne. He's in his room gettin-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

No.

(Beat)

You're other brother.

Marvin falls silent. He points. His finger stays in the air. 'Upstairs'.

Jack moves to the hall.

HALLWAY.

JACK PASSES A ROW OF ANIMAL HEADS MOUNTED ON THE WALL. THERE ARE DEER, DOE, BEAR, WOLF AND A MOUNTAIN LION.

HE MAKES HIS WAY UP THE STEPS. HIS FOOTFALL CREAKING ON THE OLD FLOORBOARDS. CREAK. CREAK. CREEEEEEAK.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

AH SHIT. That hurt.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Quit that whining, boy!

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

I think I hear somethin'.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

It hurts like hell, momma.

(Beat)

AH!

BANG. The sound of a boot being kicked into wood. Jack's hand pulls him up the railing. He surfaces from the top. He is quiet.

ANOTHER BANG. FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Fuck. Has the bleedin' stopped?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

It won't if you don't stop moving.

Jack approaches the door the noise is coming from. He places his paw upon the handle. Twists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The latch comes loose and the handle turns and the door opens. Through the creak we see MAMA GEORGINA sat on a bed. Across from her is Yon.

Mama Georgina is nursing a large bleeding cut on his back. Bloody rags are scowered all over the bed.

GEORGINA

Who's there?

JACK

You son-of-a-bitch!

Yon stands up looking all innocent. Jack pounces on him. Georgina just stands over them unable to do anything but scream out 'WAYNE!'.

JACK

You try to break into my home?

JACK

You asshole!

Jack pulls back his arm to throw a punch but as he does his arm is caught in something... caught in the grasps of Marvin who is pulling both his arms back hen rolling him on his back.

CONTINUED:

WAYNE COMES OVER WITH HIS RIFLE IN HIS HAND AND SMASHES THE BUTT-END INTO JACK'S FACE. JACK GOES OUT.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - DARK-OF-NIGHT

THE DARK OF NIGHT HAS FALLEN UPON OUR CHARACTERS. THE STARS ARE BRIGHT IN THE SKY. THE SNOW IS FLOATING DOWN SOFTLY.

INT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

THE MAIN ROOM IS DARK. LIT BY ONLY TWO CANDLES. THE FLAMES ARE BRIGHT, BUT NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH.

JACK. SAT DOWN. HE BEGINS TO WAKE. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. HE IS TIED DOWN TO HIS CHAIR. HE LOOKS ACROSS FROM HIM. HIS WIFE. SHE IS NAKED. SOAKED IN HER OWN BLOOD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS FACE SINKS TO THE FLOOR. HIS EYES TURN PORCELAIN. HIS
TEETH BEGIN TO BARE. LAUGHTER FROM ACROSS THE ROOM. HE TURNS.
ITS THEM. WE DO NOT SEE. HE DOES. HIS FACE TWISTS. MONSTROUS.

JACK

I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU ALL.I'M
GOING TO CUT YOUR THROATS.

THE LAUGHTER JUST GOES ON. AND ON. AND ON. We move. One of the candles. The flame is small. A hand moves into frame. It pushes it over. It falls.

The men leave. The door slams. Jack twists and turns. It's no use. He cannot get out. The flames begin to feed on the floor boards.

Jack's scowl doesn't falter, only growing darker as he tries to wiggle free. The rope is tied too tight. The curtains are now engulfed by the flame.

Jack looks over at his dead wife and his anger fades. Tears begin to cough out from him. Then he erupts into fits of coughing. The smoke. It's rising. The flames are licking the ceiling. The wallpaper is caught on fire. It is climbing it's way around the room.

Jack begins moving faster. He is struggling to breath. He can't stop coughing. His wife is catching fire. HE YELLS.

FAINT LAUGHTER CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE.

HE TOSSES AND TURNS. HE DOES IT TOO HARD. HE FALLS. THE CHAIR FALLS AND BREAKS APART. JACK IS LOOSE. HE GETS UP AND RUNS

CONTINUED:

FOR THE DOOR. RUNS FOR SALVATION. SAFETY FROM THE FLAMES.

HE BASHES HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

HE FALLS INTO THE SNOW. HE DOESN'T MOVE FOR A MOMENT. HE MOVES TO BREATHE AND SIGHS. HE BEGINS TO WEEP. HE LAUGHS AND WEEPS. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO FEEL. HE LOOKS BACK TO THE HOUSE.

THE HOUSE HAS BEEN FULLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES. THE FIRE RISING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FLAMES ARE REACHING HIGH. HIGHER AND HIGHER. JACK TURNS HIS WHOLE BODY TO THE HOUSE WHERE HIS WIFE LAYS IN ASH.

MARVIN

Oh no you don't!

Marvin comes from the trees with his rifle. He shoots Jack in the shoulder. Jack is THROWN onto the snow. Marvin sits on his chest which is still full of black smoke. Jack struggles but he is too weak.

Marvin takes out a hunting knife. He puts the knife against Jack's throat and slits it from one end to the other. Jack's eyes go out. Blood trickles down from the gash.

THE SNOW MELTS AWAY UPON CONTACT WITH THE BLOOD. IT'S BOILING HOT. THE SNOW SIZZLES. JACK LOOKS OFF AT THE DARKNESS ABOVE. THE STARS. HE CLOSES HIS EYES.

EXT. GEORGINA'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

GALLOPING UP TOWARDS HIS TWO BROTHERS WHO HAVE GOTTEN OFF THEIR HORSES IS MARVIN. HE REJOICES WITH A GOOD OLD FASHIONED 'YEEEHAAAW!'. HIS BROTHERS LAUGH WITH HIM AS HE APPROACHES.

WAYNE

Everything good, brother?

MARVIN

It certainly is, Wayne. It certainly is.

Marvin gets off his horse. Wayne throws his arms over his two brothers. Its a heart-warming brotherly moment.

EXT. JACK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A SMOULDERING GLOW OF EMBERS. THE HOUSE ENGULFED IN SMOKE AND ASH. SNOW FALLS GENTLY ON THE WRECKAGE.

THE SPOT IN THE SAND WHERE JACK ONCE WAS. GONE. EMPTY. A SNOW ANGEL OF BLOOD IS WHAT LEFT REMAINS.

A TRAIL FROM THE ANGEL LEADS INTO THE FORREST. THE NIGHT IS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILENT. THE NIGHT IS BLACK.

CUT TO BLACK:

WATER SMACKING TIN.

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

EXT. WELL, GARDEN - MORNING

WATER BEING POURED INTO A METAL BUCKET. STANDING OVER THE WELL IS DR. DERRY COOPERSON, 71, WITH GREYING PEACH FUZZ ON HIS BALDING HEAD.

THE DOCTOR TURNS AND FACES A LOG CABIN. THE DOOR IS OPEN AND THE INSIDE THERE IS A WARM ORANGE HUE. HE MAKES A MOVE FOR IT BUT THEN SOMETHING NUDGES AT HIS FOOT.

IT'S A WOLF. THE WOLF NUZZLES ON THE DOCTORS LEG. THE DOCTOR KICKS IT OFF, GENTLY.

DR. DERRY
Off, Ursela!

Understanding, Ursula the wolf WADDLES past him and inside. He follows.

INT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

DR. DERRY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CABIN, IT'S WARMTH EMANATES PEACE AND TRANQUILITY, SAFETY AND REASSURANCE.

URSULA SITS BY THE FIRE IN THE MAIN ROOM. SHE WATCHES AS THE FLAMES LICK THE STONE BARRIER.

DR. DERRY
You might not want to sit so close to the fire, baby. You might hurt your eyes.

She doesn't move an inch.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A SINGLE CANDLE FLICKERS IN THE CABIN'S BEDROOM. DR. DERRY SETS THE BUCKET PALE DOWN BY HIS BED. BESIDE HIS PATIENT. THE DEAD MAN. JACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HE IS STRAPPED DOWN TO THE BED. UNCONSCIOUS. NOT EVEN HIS EYES ARE FLICKERING.

DR. DERRY TAKES A RAG FROM HIS THE BACK OF HIS BELT BUCKLE, WETS IT AND USES IT TO DAMPENS JACK'S LIFELESS, PALE FACE.

DR. DERRY

Wake up.

The doctor then throws the rag into the bucket. It SMACKS the water. He removes it and holds it over Jack's face. SQUEEZE. Rain SMACKS Jack back to consciousness.

Jack's eyes just open. Looks to his hands. They are tied to the bed. Looks to his feet. Tied down as well.

Looks to Dr. Derry and all of a sudden all that rage inside of him burns through his chest. His eyes bulge and he looks at his captor.

He doesn't know this man but he knows he has something to do with it. He must have something to do with it.

JACK

(Hoarse, crack)

Iy WIW.. GUT YOW!

He goes to spit at the doctor. Nothing comes up. He is dry. The doctor looks at him with sympathy. Looks down and shakes his head.

DR. DERRY

What have they done to you.

Jack tries to speak but all that comes out is a WHEEZE. The candle flickers in the back and goes out. Dr. Derry looks behind and notices this.

He sits up from the stool, investiagtes. Takes out a match. SCRAAATCHH. Flames. Lights the candle. He returns to his seat.

DR. DERRY

I have nothing to do with what happened, son.

CONTINUED:

JACK LOOKS AT HIM WITH UNCONVINCED EYES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY
 Yu can keep lookin' at me like that
 all you want. Won't change the truth.

DR. DERRY
 I saw the flames. Figured you needed
 some help. Turns out that was an
 understatement.

(Chuckles softly)
 Then I seen you. All covered in blood.
 Thought you were dead. I even checked
 your pulse and.. well.. there wa'n't
 none.

Dr. Derry moves closer to Jack.

DR. DERRY
 (Whispering)
 But then I heard you speak.
 (Beat)
 Not long sentences. But just whispers.
 Of hate. Of anger.

a Rain drops rolls down Jack's cheek.

DR. DERRY
 Think you'd'a died of hate than
 anythin' else.

DR. DERRY
 I was debating bringing someone like
 you into my house.
 (Beat)
 But wallah. I went fuck it!

Dr. Derry begins wheezing an elders laugh of pain and twisted
 humour.

JACK
 Where are they?

DR. DERRY
 Who?

JACK
 Georgina. Marvin.. YON.. WAYNE! WHERE
 ARE THEY, YOU OLD DRIBBLING PIECE OF
 SHIT.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY
I'm sorry. I know I'm gettin' old.
(Beat)
Them folks are livin' not far from
where you live.. lived.

Jack makes a move to go. He is stopped by the restraints.

DR. DERRY
Where do you think you are going?

JACK
I'm leavin' an I'm gonna kill them.
Kill them ALL.

Dr. Derry looks at him with a patronising look. He stands up and heads towards the candle. He brings it back to Jack.

DR. DERRY
You ain't going no where, until I tell
you what your situation is.

JACK
What do you mean?

DR. DERRY
Well why do you think you are still
alive?

DR. DERRY
You're throat has been slit, you've
lost buckets'a blood. All you're
fingers have frostbite yet you don't
seem phased.

Jack looks to his hand. They are black and blue. He clenches his fist then opens it and then moves every finger individually.

DR. DERRY
I could go on.

JACK
Wait. I think I know.

DR. DERRY
Enlighten me.

JACK
One of the brothers.. Marvin did this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY IS PUZZLED BUT MOTIONS FOR HIM TO MOVE ON.

JACK

His bigger brother Wayne, told me of
how he tried to cut a deer's throat
and did a pish poor job.

DR. DERRY

Well, I'm sorry to dampen your theory.
But I've seen many, many, many
horrific things. Your throat might not
be top ten but it's top forty.

He's right. Jack's throat is practically cut to shreads. Jack
presses his fingers on it and is startled.

DR. DERRY

It looks like my old lady's vagina.
Not that I got to see much of that,
anyway.

(Beat)

This ain't no matter but the reason
your whole body ain't black and blue
with frostbite was because of the
blood. But I'd say you lost too much
to still be livin'. I seen a lot of
blood in my lifetime, not just of
being a doctor. But my good sir. You
were in a lake of your own crimson
liquor.

JACK

I don't understand.

DR. DERRY

you should be dead. Well. A better way
to put it actually is, you are dead.

JACK

How's that possible?

DR. DERRY

In all my life as a trained doctor, I
have never came upon something such as
rebirth or someone coming back beyond
the grave.

(Beat)

You're a revenant.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY (CONT'D)
 You're the walking dead.
 (Beat)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY
 I don't know how but you are. Maybe
 some voodoo. hoodoo. Apache curse,
 tribal whatever.

DR. DERRY
 That's why you are strapped down. For
 when you came back from that empty
 space, full of anger and darkness, and
 flames and horror.
 (Beat, with a smile)
 you wouldn't lash out at me for
 helping.

JACK
 (Nodding)
 I understand. I don't hope for you to
 believe me, but I don't think I'll
 lash out, so could you let me go?

DR. DERRY
 Oh, of course. I shall not fear. It
 was just for as you wake. You are no
 threat to me anymore.

Dr. Derry whistles staring at the open door. Jack looks to
 the doctor with confusion.

Jack then shoots a look to the door. Standing, her deep dark
 fur bristling in the shade, is Ursela. She SNARLES at Jack.

DR. DERRY
 You lash out at me. She lashes out at
 you.

Jack gulps down nervously.

DR. DERRY
 How about some stew?

JACK
 Huh?

DR. DERRY
 Stew? I was making some as your house
 was burning so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Right.

Dr. Derry begins untying Jack. Dr. Derry gets up then leaves

CONTINUED:

THE ROOM. THE CANDLE FLICKERS AND GOES OUT.

JACK STILL IN THE BED, STUDIES HIS FINGERS. THEN HIS NECK. HE COUGHS ALMOST SILENTLY.

INT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

DR. DERRY AND JACK GRIMSHAW ARE SAT BESIDE THE FIRE. EATING RE-HEATED STEW FROM SHORT CANTEENS.

JACK RATTLES HIS SPOON INSIDE THE METAL CONTAINER. SCOOPS SOME STEW THEN SWALLOWS.

DRIPPING FROM JACK'S THROAT IS SOME YELLOWISH-ORANGE PUSS. HE FEELS HIS NECK, THE OOZE. IT'S THE STEW. HE HOLDS HIS THROAT AND LIFTS HIS HEAD.

JACK FLICKS THE REMAINING BITS OF STEW FROM HIS HAND ONTO THE FLOOT WHERE URSULAWILL EAT IT. DR. DERRY NOTICES THIS.

DR. DERRY
Peculiar.

He gulps down the rest of his stew. Jack sets his canteen down on a table. Dr. Derry does the same. They look into the fire.

Jack's eyes should burn, but they don't.

DR. DERRY
How you feelin'?

JACK
I don't.

DR. DERRY
I just thought'a somethin'.

JACK
What?

DR. DERRY
Take your shoes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Excuse me?

DR. DERRY
Humour me.

CONTINUED:

JACK
..Okay?

He flips his boots off. They are mud stained.

DR. DERRY
And your socks.

Jack takes a sock off. Then the other. His feet are a dark purple and red. Dr. Derry plays with the thin hairs upon his chin.

DR. DERRY
Yep.

JACK
What?

DR. DERRY
Once a body, like yourself, is dead
the blood will lose circulation and
travel down to the lowest point in the
body.

(Beat)
The feet. Gives em a purple colour.

JACK
So I really am dead?

DR. DERRY
It seems that way. And it's worryin'.

JACK
Why's that?

Dr. DERRY Let me make you a cup of tea.

Dr. Derry makes for the kitchen. Jack holds him back by the arm and looks down then up at him.

JACK
No tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY

Well. I'm not sayin' it will happen.
But it is possible that you, well, if
you are dead. And your body is dying,
then, well, you'll start to go into
the phases of rigor mortis.

(Beat)

Then decomposition.

CONTINUED:

JACK LETS GO. DR. DERRY STAYS THERE. HIS EYES LOOK DOWN AT
THE DEAD MAN HE'S BEEN TALKING TO, MAYBE WONDERING IF HE'S
GONE MAD. HE SHAKES THE THOUGHT FROM HIS HEAD AND GOES TO
MAKE TEA.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

FRESH SNOW. TRUDGING ACROSS THE SNOWY TREELINE IS URSELA.

MANUEVRING SLOW.

A BUNNY RABBIT. BOUNCING AROUND IN THE SNOW. UNAWARES.

URSULACLOCKS THE RABBIT.

MOVING IN FOR THE KILL. PULLS BACK. THEN POUNCES. EASY PREY.

THE WOLF'S FANGS SINK DEEP INTO THE BUNNY'S FLESH. THE WOUND
DRAWS BLOOD.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

JACK WALKS THROUGHT THE SNOW WITH THE DOCTORS RIFLE. THE SNOW
CRUNCHES BENEATH HIS BOOTS.

A ROBIN BIRD IS PERCHED UPON A HIGH TREE BRANCH. IT CHIRPS AT
JACK HE CLOCKS IT.

THE BIRD FLIES AWAY. SNOW FROM THE BRANCH FALLS. IT HITS
JACK. HE RAGES.

JACK

FUCKIN' LITTLE SHIT!

HE SHAKES THE SNOW OFF HIM. LOOKS DOWN AND TRIES TO BREATH IN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AND OUT. JUST LIKE THE DOCTOR TOLD HIM OFF SCREEN. HE TRODS ON.

ROAMING THROUGH THE TREES IS URSELA. THE RABBIT STILL CLUNG TIGHTLY BETWEEN HER MONSTEROUS JAWS.

SHE DARTS TOWARDS JACK. SHE MEETS HIM AND RUBS HER HEAD ON HIS LEG. JACK RUBS HER BEHIND THE EARS.

JACK

You're a good girl, now, ain't cha.

Ursuladrops the rabbit and licks his hand.

JACK

You're daddy, will be happy with what you found, girl. Now lets go.

INT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

DUSTING OFF THE SNOW FROM HIS BOOT, JACK ENTERS. URSULABEHIND HIM. THE RABBIT STILL IN HER JAWS.

JACK

We're back!

INT. DERRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PAPERBACK NOVEL. DERRY IS READING: 'A RIOT FOR THE WICKED' BY TAYLOR COOPERSON.

THE COVER OF THE PAPERBACK HAS A DOZEN COWBOYS ARMED TO THE TEETH, SURROUNDING A COWBOY AND HIS GIRLFRIEND.

THE COWBOY LOOKS UP AT AN ILLUSTRATED GOD IN THE SKY AND HIS GIRLFRIEND LOOKS DOWN AT AN ILLUSTRATED DEVIL.

HE PLACES A BOOKMARK IN THE PAGES AND SETS THE NOVEL DOWN ON HIS DESK.

HE GETS UP FROM THE TABLE. KNEES POPPING. HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HOUSE TO MEET WITH THE TWO HUNTERS.

INT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

THE TWO MEN MEET ONCE AGAIN. JACK PASSES THE RIFLE BACK TO ITS OWNER AND JACK PASSES A COURTEOUS NOD.

DR. DERRY
Happy huntin'?

JACK
Your wolf caught a rabbit. But I couldn't spot nothin'.

DR. DERRY
Not really lackin' nothin'. Was just testing your competance.

JACK
How do you mean?

Dr. Derry tries to think of words but comes up with one: repitition.

DR. DERRY
Doesn't matter.
(Beat)
So what are you gonna do, after?

Jack begins taking his coat off.

JACK
After?

DR. DERRY
After you leave my humble abode.

Jack hangs his coat up on the rack by the door.

JACK
Oh. Uh.
(Beat)
I don't really know where to start.

DR. DERRY
I know what you're gonna do.

JACK
Is that so?

DR. DERRY
Don't act like you don't know
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY (CONT'D)
yourself.
(Beat)
You're gonna march up to the Dunston's

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY
and get yourself killed.
(Beat)
That's what you're gonna do.

JACK
Not if I kill them first.
(Beat)
Besides I've got the element of
surprise on my side.

DR. DERRY
Yeah, but surprise isn't a lasting
ally.
(Beat)
You're in no shape to do this alone.
(Beat)
And I'm in no shape to help you. I've
seen my fair share of combat.
(Beat)
Enough of it. Enough to make your skin
crawl. Enough to make you vomit.
(Beat)
Lord knows, I did. Right on my new
shoes. Saw everyone around me gettin'
killed.

JACK
I'm not askin' you to help me. This is
my own fire to burn.

DR. DERRY
I know. I just want you to know. It
ain't cowardice. I just wouldn't be of
much help.

JACK
I'm inclined to believe you.

Jack moves to Dr. Derry. Offers his hand. Dr. Derry accepts
it.

JACK
I think I'm gonna go off now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They release.

DR. DERRY

Okay then. Figured out where?

CONTINUED:

JACK

Christina. Her brother. Think he might want to help.

DR. DERRY

Recruiting a gang. Power to you, Jack.

JACK

Good meeting you, Derry.

DR. DERRY

Likewise. Wish it were under different circumstances.

Jack looks down.

JACK

Yeah.

Beat.

Jack walks through the log cabin and emerges with his own coat.

Dr. Derry gets his coat on and moves to the door and opens it. Jack follows. They both leave.

EXT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

THE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO A MISERABLE OLD STABLE. THE PAINT IS CRACKED, THE WOOD IS CHIPPED AND THE HINGES ARE RUSTED.

INT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

JACK AND DR. DERRY ENTER. GREETING THEM AT THE SIDE OF THE STABLE, IN A HOLDING PENN IS MISSY, A LARGE HORSE WITH A LONG MAINTAINED MAINE.

DR. DERRY RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH MISSY'S MAINE. SHE MOVES IN CLOSER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DERRY
 Hey, baby girl. My nice friend here is
 gonna be takin' you out.
 (Beat)
 Don't worry, though, he ain't keepin'
 ya.

He turns to Jack and gives him a warm smirk.

Jack reaches over and takes the horses leash as Dr. Derry

CONTINUED:

OPENS THE PENN DOOR.

MISSY STRIDES OUT. JACK KEEPING HER STEADY. DR. DERRY
 STROKING HER MAINE AS THEY LEAVE THE STABLE.

EXT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

DR. DERRY LIFTS HIS ARM. POINTS LEFT OF HIS LOG CABIN, INTO
 THE WOODS.

DR. DERRY
 About two miles that way is the road
 you came from.

He then moves his arm in a ninety degrees and his face drops.

DR. DERRY
 Make sure to avoid this area.
 (Beat)
 Best to go left as much as possible.
 As long as you don't circle back.
 (Beat)
 You hear me?

JACK
 Yeah I hear you old man.

Jack mounts Missy. Dr. Derry keeps the horse steady.

DR. DERRY
 It's been a pleasure.

Jack says nothing, just tips his hat. His pale face has gone
 greyer in the sunlight. His eyes blacker. His fingers holding
 onto the rains of the horse are purple-ish blue. He rides on.
 Fades behind the trees like a ghost.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

JACK ON HORSEBACK EMERGES FROM SOME TREES AND ONTO A DIRT ROAD. SNOW EVERYWHERE. HE RIDES ON.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

RIDING UP THE ROAD IS SHALLA, 18, BRUNETTE. RIDING BESIDE HER IS HER FATHER, RICHARD, 38, WITH A ROUND BELLY AND A WHISKY NOSE.

SHALLA

Are the provisions enough, Pa?

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

Yes.

SHALLA

They don't look enough.

RICHARD

I'm telling you there is.

Shalla falls silent.

EXT. RIVER RAPID - MOMENTS LATER

SHALLA IS TENDING THE HORSES. THEIR NECKS BOWED, DRINKING FROM THE RIVER.

SHALLA STROKING ONE OF THE HORSES NECK. EMERGIN FROM THE WOODS IS RICHARD. HE IS BUCKLING HIS BELT. SHALLA CLOCKS THIS AND BEGINS LEADING THE HORSES AWAY FROM THE RIVER.

RICHARD WAITS ON HER -- BANG -- BLOOD SHOOTS OUT FROM HIS FOREHEAD. HIS EYES ROLL AND HE THUDS TO THE GROUND. SHALLA SCREAMS.

FROM BEHIND RICHARD ARE FOUR BANDITS. LOOKING DIRTY AND GROTESQUE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE IS A POT BELLIED MAN WITH A BALDING SCALP AND A FAT FACE.
HE BEGINS LOOTING RICHARD'S BODY.

SHALLA JUST STANDS THERE. FROZEN IN SHOCK. THE OTHER THREE
MEN COME UPON HER.

SHE LETS GO OF THE HORSES AND TURNS BACK TO THE RIVER RAPIDS.
SHE GOES TO JUMP INTO THE RIVER. SHE REACHES THE EDGE AND
BRACES HERSELF.

ONE OF THE BANDITS FROM BEHIND THROWS A LASSO AND IT CATCHES
AROUND HER THROAT AND IS PULLED. SHE IS PULLED OFF THE FLOOR
BY THE NECK.

THEY FALL UPON HER, TEARING HER CLOTHES.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A SPECTRE TROTS DOWN THE ROAD AT AN EVEN PACE. HE HEARS
SCREAMS IN THE NEAR-DISTANCE. HE FOLLOWS THE ROAD.

FURTHER ALONG HE SPOTS TWO HORSES RUNNING HIS WAY. THEY STOP
WHEN HE APPROACHES.

HE DISMOUNTS MISSY. HE CATCHES THE TWO HORSES BY THE REINS
AND LEADS THEM OVER TO A TREE.

HE SPOTS A REVOLVER GUN TUCKED INTO THE SADDLE. TAKES IT OUT
AND FOLDS IT BEHIND HIS BELT.

THE SPECTRE WALKS OFF TOWARDS THE SCREAMS.

EXT. RIVER RAPIDS - CONTINUOUS

ONE OF THE BANDITS WITH MATTED GREASY HAIR IS MAKING OUT WITH
SHALLA AS HE CUPS ONE OF HER EXPOSED BREASTS. ANOTHER BANDIT
WITH BLACK AND YELLOW TEETH BEGINS UNDOING HIS BELT.

THE THIRD BANDIT WITH A SQUINT EYE AND MALNOURISHED BODY
BEGINS TEARING SHALLA'S DRESS OFF. SHALLA IS WEEPING.

SHALLA

Get off me! Mother-f-!

BANDIT #3

Hold 'er still.

BANDIT #1

I'm tryin'

Just as the second bandit's trousers fall -- BANG -- his
chest explodes.

The bandits look to the shooter. What they see is the spectre
with his revolver stretched out. Smoke rising from the
nozzle.

The fat looter bandit is underneath the spectre's boot. His
head crushed.

The remaining two bandits run off into the woods. The spectre
shoots after them as he makes for Shalla.

JACK

You alright?

Shalla's eyes fall upon the dead body of her would be rapist.

She redirects them to her saviour. Fearful eyes.

JACK

You hear me?

CONTINUED:

SHALLA NODS.

JACK

Get up and get behind me.

She stands up slowly. The two make their way back to the
horses. Shalla's blank stare falls onto her dead father.

A single tear rolls down her blank face. She follows.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

AHEAD ON THE ROAD ARE TWO FAINT DOTS. THESE DOTS ARE THE TWO LAST BANDITS RIDING AWAY.

JACK HELPS SHALLA MOUNT HER HORSE. SHE LOOKS OFF TO THE DISTANCE.

SHALLA
They are getting away.

JACK
Well, I'm sorry. I can't turn back.

Jack mounts his horse. As he does Shalla grabs the reins of her horse tightly.

She SPEEDS off. Jack's horse moves as he is mounting and he falls on his side.

He gets off the ground and watches as Shalla rides up on the two bandits.

JACK
Ah shit.

EXT. SHALLA - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

HER HORSE IS AT A FAST GALLOP. THE HOOVES STOMPING OFF THE DIRT ROAD AND CRUNCHING SNOW BENEATH IT.

SHALLA'S FACE IS MEAN AND TWISTED. THE TWO RIDERS ARE CLOSER NOW.

EXT. JACK - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JACK RIDES ON FASTER SLAPPING MISSY'S ASS TO GAIN SPEED.

JACK
Come on! Come on!

EXT. SHALLA - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

THE BANDITS DON'T SEE HER. SHE COMES RIGHT FROM BEHIND. THEY TURN.

SHALLA LOOKS AT THEM WITH A COLD STARE AS SHE GETS CLOSER. SHE REACHES FORWARD AND PULLS A GUN FROM HER SADDLE. SHE AIMS IT AT ONE OF THE BANDITS.

THE BANDIT WITH THE SQUINT EYE IN HIS GOOD EYE. BLOOD SPURTS OUT FROM THE HOLE. HE SLOUCHES FORWARD ON HIS HORSE THEN FALLS OFF.

SHALLA GAINS STOPS AND FIRES. MISSES. THE OTHER BANDIT RIDES OFF. DIRT CLOUDS SHOOT UP INTO THE AIR.

JACK HALTS HIS HORSE BY HER SIDE. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE DEAD BODY.

JACK
He's getting away.

Shalla holds tight to her horse. She is off. Dirt clouds are shot back into the air.

Jack follows after her but not at any speed.

EXT. BANDIT - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

THE BANDIT WITH THE MATTED HAIR IS HEAVING AND SWEATING, RIDING ON AS HARD AND FAST AS POSSIBLE.

HE LOOKS BACK TO SEE SHALLA GAINING UP ON HIM. HE REACHES FOR HIS SADDLE. PULLS A REVOLVER.

SHALLA IS ALMOST SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH THE BANDIT. SHE AIMS HER REVOLVER AT HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CONTROL HER HORSE AS WELL. HE AIMS HIS REVOLVER AT HER. SHE STRAIGHTENS HER ARM AND AIMS AT HIS HORSE.

SHE FIRES -- BANG -- THE HORSE HEAD SWINGS TO THE SIDE AND FALLS FORWARD.

THE BANDIT IS SENT FLYING FORWARD. HE LANDS ON HIS NECK -- CRACK.

SHALLA HALTS HER HORSE. SHE GETS OFF. THE BANDIT BEGINS TO MOAN. HE IS STILL ALIVE.

SHE APPROACHES HIM AND UNLOADS THE WHOLE CHAMBER ONTO HIM.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS FACE LIGHTS UP.

HOLES ON THE BANDITS FACE, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, ALL FILL UP WITH RED BLOOD.

HER FACE IS EXPRESSIONLESS. SHE LOWERS HER ARM. JACK STANDS BESIDE HER. TEARS STREAM DOWN HER UNMOVED FACE. IN A MOVE TO COMFORT HER, JACK PUTS HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER. SHE SHRUGS IT OFF.

SHE WIPES THE TEARS FROM HER FACE. SHE BENDS OVER AND LOOTS THE BODY.

JACK TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST AND THEN TURNS BACK TO HER.

JACK

Are you really gonna loot them?

Shalla stays silent. Jack moves slowly over to his horse. Shalla finishes looting.

They both remount their horses.

JACK

Do you want me to help you escort you to where you're going?

SHALLA

No.

JACK

Are you sure?

SHALLA

Very.

JACK

Well okay then.

Jack turns his horse around. He looks back, troubled.

JACK

Where you headed?

Jack turns back around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHALLA
My momma is sick.

SHALLA
She lives a few miles away.

CONTINUED:

SHALLA
(Beat)
Me and my Pa were headed to give her
some medicine.

JACK
If you'd let me escort you-

SHALLA
You can't turn back remember?

Jack SHOOTs her a stern look. She looks back in defiance. She looks off. Her horse moves. Jack watches her ride away. He turns back and keeps going.

EXT. HIGH-STARR - TOWN - NIGHT

THE NIGHT IS SILENT. ABOVE IS A CRIMSON RED TURNING DARK.

STARS ARE THROBBING IN THE SKY.

TOWNSFOLK MAKE THEIR WAY INSIDE. HORSES ARE TIED DOWN OUTSIDE
THE LOOSEY GOOSEY SALLOON.

RIDING INTO TOWN IS THE SPECTRE. HE RIDES DOWN A ROAD AND
INTO THE CENTRE OF TOWN.

HE DISMOUNTS MISSY AND TIES HER UP OUTSIDE THE LOOSEY GOOSEY
BESIDE THE OTHER HORSES.

INT. LOOSEY GOOSEY - CONTINUOUS

JACK ENTERED. SOME CURIOUS EYES FALL UPON HIM AS HE ENTERS.
THE PLACE IS DARK AND DINGY.

ONLY A FEW DRINKERS IN TONIGHT, SOME ACCOMPANIED BY
PROSTITUTES, NOT-SO-PRETTY ONES, WITH TOO MUCH MAKEUP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLUMPED OVER THE BAR IS A BODY. AN ARM HANGING FROM THE BODY. BELOW THE SWINGING ARM IS A SHATTERED BEER GLASS. HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE BAR AND SAT HIMSELF ON A STOOL. WAITING FOR THE BARTENDER.

THE BARTENDER APPROACHED HIM. CLEANING THE INSIDE OF A GLASS WITH A DIRTY RAG.

BARTENDER JO
What is it you're wantin'?

JACK
Your sister warmin' my bed at nights.

CONTINUED:

THE BARTENDER FLUSHED AND FROWNED.

BARTENDER JO
Hey, you! Where do yo-

His face twists as he give Jack's face another look.

BARTENDER JO
If it ain't BLACKJack! How you doin'?

JACK
Not too good, Jo.

BARTENDER JO
Yeah you look it.

JACK
I'm lookin' for a certain .

BARTENDER JO
Oh.

Jo goes back to cleaning the glass.

BARTENDER JO
We don't see chris in here often.
(Beat)
He has been noted living up with the old RATSHACK.

Jack's face twists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Whats he doing over there?

BARTENDER JO
Without you and Clark there weren't many folks wantin' to be friends with no black.

JACK
He ain't a member is he?

Jo's face twists.

BARTENDER JO
Yeah. They got him by the balls too.

JACK
How so?

CONTINUED:

JO MOVES IN CLOSER TO JACK.

BARTENDER JO
About a year ago chris got one of Fereri's women pregnant. Keeps them close by, says he'll do them harm if he don't do as he's told. Essentially he became a slave again.

JACK
This don't seem like chris the coon Crazy to me.

BARTENDER JO
People change. He became from fragile.

JACK
I wouldn't say that.
(Beat)
If it were back in the day. He'd'a shot Fereri dead on the spot.
(Beat)
He'd not even give a fuck about some hooker and child.

BARTENDER JO
Well. She wasn't just some hooker. He fell for her. Was planning on taking her away.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER JO (CONT'D)

Fereri found out about the pregnancy when she started growing. That halted any way of them escaping and fleeing. Fereri had to beat it out of her who impregnated her. Then before he left he had his way with her. If what I've been told is true.

JACK

You hear a lot do you?

BARTENDER JO

You know me. Biggest ears there is this side of the Carion Ridge.

JACK

Yeah. Well I need my . So if you hear gun shots tonight. Lock up. And don't come out.

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER JO

I hear that.

JACK

People really do change.

BARTENDER JO

I've got a bar to maintain. Can't do it if i'm dead.

JACK

Fair point.

Jack gets up from his seat. He then tilts his hat.

JACK

I'll be seein' you.

BARTENDER JO

You too.

JACK

Remember.

He keeps on moving to the door.

JACK

As soon as you hear the noise of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
 gunpowder exploding.
 (Beat)
 Lock up.

The bartender just smiles and waves goodbye. Jack exits through the double doors.

EXT. STREETS, HIGH STARR - CONTINUOUS

TRAILING DOWN A DIRT PATH IS MISSY WITH JACK RIDING HER AT A SLOW PACE. HE HALTS THE HORSE HALF WAY DOWN THE STREET.

HE DISMOUNTS AND ENTERS A HOTEL. ABOVE THE DOOR IS A SIGN IN RED PAINT: RATSHACK.

INT. RATSHACK - CONTINUOUS

JACK APPROACHES THE FRONT DESK. STANDING THERE IS A SHORT MAN WITH A SHORT MUSTACHE AND A SMALL BELLY. HE HAS ROUND SPECTACLES ON.

THE RECEPTIONIST IS READING A HARDBACK NOVEL. JACK RATTES HIS KNUCKLES OFF THE DESK. IT GETS THE RECEPTIONISTS ATTENTION. HE PUTS HIS BOOK DOWN AND APPROACHES THE DESK. HE LOOKS JACK UP AND DOWN THEN GIVES A FALSE SMILE.

RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry, but all the rooms ar-

JACK
 Yeah, yeah, I'm here to see one chris the coon .

RECEPTIONIST
 Excuse me?

JACK
 chris the coon . I am under the understanding that he is living in this fine establishment. I'd like to know his room number if you'd please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry but that is none of your business.

JACK

We go awhile back.

RECEPTIONIST

I don't care. Mr Fereri has specific orders. I can't bypass them.

(Beat)

My deapest apoligies.

Jack's face twists.

JACK

Oooh so you work for Fereri?

RECEPTIONIST

This is his establishment.

JACK

Is he a great man?

RECEPTIONIST

(proud)

The best.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Well, why didn't you say so!

Jack GRABS the hardback book with both hands and SHOVES it into the receptionists neck. The receptionist gasps.

That just angers Jack more. He uses the book and SMASHES it across the receptionists face. He is out.

He moves in behind the desk where the receptionist was and looks through a document with all the room numbers and occupants.

JACK

Jack pot!

He's found it. He moves away from the desk and heads up the spiralling staircase to look for his old friend.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, RATSHACK - CONTINUOUS

JACK WALKS SOMBERLY THROUGH THE HALLWAY AND TOWARDS CHRIS'S ROOM. HE REACHES IT. IT IS NUMBER '6'.

HE PUTS HIS EAR UP TO THE DOOR. HE HEARS NOTHING. HE RATTLES HIS KNUCKLES AGAINST THE DOOR.

SOME MOVEMENT FROM INSIDE CAN BE HEARD THEN SOMETHING BEING UNLOCKED. THE DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY.

THROUGH THE CREAK IN THE DOOR JACK CAN SEE THE FACE OF CHRIS THE COON , 37, WITH SKIN AS BLACK AS COAL, A SHORT AFRO AND A SIX O'CLOCK SHADOW. HIS BLUE EYES LOOKING INTO JACK'S FACE. HE KNOWS WHEN HE LOOKS INTO THE EYES IN FRONT OF HIM THEY DON'T RECOGNISE HIM BACK.

CHRIS

Yeah. What you want?

JACK

Some black fella'. Goes by the nickname 'chris the coon '.

(Beat)

You heard 'a' him?

CHRIS

Nah. You got the wrong person man. That some other negro.

JACK

Don't recognise your own partner?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I don't know you. Now go away. Or my boss will whoop yo ass.

JACK

Your boss ain't gonna do nothin'. Not if Black Jack can do anything about it.

chriss eyes recognise him finally. He opens the door fully to see Jack better.

JACK

Well. I have gotten older so I may not be able to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Is that really you?

JACK
Yeah you son of a bitch!

They hug and let go.

CHRIS
Come in!
(Beat)
Be quick about it.

Jack enters with help from chris.

INT. ROOM SIX, SECOND FLOOR, THE RAT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

THE PLACE ISN'T HALF BAD. THE BED IS WELL MADE AND THERE ARE
IS A SMALL BOOK SHELF RIDDLES WITH HARDBACKS.

THERE IS A TABLE AND A SET OF CHAIRS. CHRIS PULLS TWO OUT AND
GIVES ONE TO JACK. THEY BOTH SIT.

CHRIS
So how's it been?

JACK
This might seem as if i'm dropping a
big load on you all at once.

He sighs.

JACK
Me and my wife after years of living
with the misses' old woman we decided

CONTINUED:

JACK
to move out after her passing.
(Beat)
We found a nice place out in this nice
secluded area. On the first day I meet
my new neighbours. Right off the bat I
can tell these fuckers are just..

JACK
fucking weird. Like fuckin eachother
and having babies weird.
(Beat)
Anyway. When I'm away hunting with two
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

out of three of the brothers that are living up there the third tries to break into the house where Christina is.

CHRIS

Holy shit.

Jack looks down at his feet. Worse is to come.

JACK

Then when I confronted the one who had tried to break in they knocked me out.

(Beat)

When I awoke I was surrounded by flames in my home with christina next to me.

(Beat)

She was naked, dead.

(Beat)

I got away.

CHRIS

Jack. I'm sorry to hear about that. Really.

(Beat)

But I'm guessing you need my help for somethin'?

(Beat)

And I'm guessing that it ain't pickin a coffin for your wife.

Jack looks down at his feet. He looks back to his friend.

JACK

You know the score.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Jack.. Jack.. We go way back. But I got things here. In this county.

(Beat)

I got into a spot of bother. Don't you know?

JACK

Oh yeah about that.

(Beat)

No need to worry none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

How so?

(Beat)

They got this place locked up real tight.

(Beat)

I ain't even able to leave unless it's on a job.

JACK

Come with me.

Jack gets up from the stool. He heads for the door. It opens.

JACK

Lets get this done with then.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, RAT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

THE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE SPIRALLING STAIRCASE.

INT.FIRST FLOOR, RAT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

THE HALLWAY IS DULL, WITH LANTERNS FLICKERING ATTACHED TO THE WALLS.

JACK

You got a gun?

CHRIS

Nah. You?

JACK

Sure do.

Jack hands it to chris.

JACK

Here. You have it.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

(Beaming)

Ah shit!

They get ready. The first door to the right. Jack in the centre. He lifts his leg then SMASHES it into the door. It goes flying off it's hinges.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - RAT SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

JACK IS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL OUTSIDE. HE IS LOOKING AT HIS BRUISED AND BLOODIED KNUCKLES.

HE US FURTHER ALONG THE HALL THAN THE MOMENTS EARLIER. ALL THE ROOMS DOORS ARE WIDE OPEN, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FIRST ONE AT THE END.

JACK LOOKS TO THE ROOM ACROSS FROM HIM, WHERE A SHADOW IS FORMING. IT'S CHRIS. HIS FACE IS BEAMING.

CHRIS

I'm in.

Jack leans his arm against the door frame.

JACK

Are you sure? This don't mean nothin'.
You were in a sticky situation. I got
you out.

(Beat)

I want you to know I ain't hangin'
this over your head.

CHRIS

I know better than that, man.

JACK

What about your girl? and her child?

CHRIS

I'll ride them out to her mama's house
just a few miles outta town.

JACK

Well alright then.

(Beat)

Oh and Tommy will be comin'.

CHRIS

Why the fuck is he comin'?

CONTINUED:

JACK

Three's better than two.

chris motions his arms all around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Look at what we did. With two.

CHRIS
(Beat)
It's the luck of having even numbers.
(Beat)
Three's just a crowd.

Jack looks off then back at chris.

JACK
It's his sister. He has a right to
fight.

CHRIS
Fuck you.

JACK
Still comin'?

CHRIS
Shit yeah.

JACK
Then c'mon. I ain't got much time
left.

chris doesn't think anything of this remark and the two men
head for the stairs.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HIGH STARR - NIGHT

THE WHITE PLAINS OF THE OPEN EARTH LOOKS MAGNIFICENT WITH THE
SHINE OF THE NIGHT SKY.

THE TWO MEN AND THEIR HORSES TRUDGE THROUGH THE SNOW. RIDING
ON THE BACK OF CHRIS IS TRYSH, 32 AND HER DAUGHTER SHELLY, 8
MONTHS.

TRYSH IS A BEAUTIFUL RED HEAD WITH FRECKLES LIGHTLY COVERING
HER PALE FACE. A FACE AS PALE AS JACK'S GHOST LIKE FACE. THEY
COME ACROSS A SMALL HOME. EXITING THE HOME IS A SKINNY OLD
WOMAN. HELLEN, 57, WITH THIN WHISPS OF KNEE LENGTH HAIR AND
ROTTEN TEETH.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS DISMOUNTS CAREFULLY. HE HELPS TRYSH AND HER SUCKLING
BABE DOWN OFF THE HORSE NAMED OLLIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRYSH
How long will you be gone?

CHRIS
I don't know.. maybe a week. Maybe more.

TRYSH
What about the baby?

CHRIS
Just hold on til I get back. Okay?

Trysh has tears roll down her face but she wipes them away. She turns back to her angry looking mother.

The mother wraps a boney arm around her daughter and SHOOTS chris a look of disapproval. chris looks down in shame. chris the coon mounts Ollie. Jack turns to him.

CHRIS
Lets get the fuck out of here.

JACK
First we need to get you a gun.
(Beat)
Then. Fuck yeah.

They ride back into HIGH STARR. For the last time.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

THE SNOW IS MELTING AWAY WITH THE THE SUN BEAMING IN THE BLUE SKY. PINE. TREES STANDING TALL AND PROUD.

DR. DERRY IS HUNCHED OVER. HE IS SHUFFLING THROUGH THE SNOW WITH HIS BIG COAT ON. HIS EYES ARE WANDERING ALL OVER.

DR. DERRY
Ursula? Where are you girl?

His feet look heavy on him as he makes his way through the wet snow.

The doctor is exhausted, resting himself up beside a tree. Then the sound of commotion on the other side catches his attention.

CONTINUED:

TWO MEN: YON AND HIS BROTHER MARTIN. YON IS SMILING LIKE AN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSHOLE.

MARTIN

Quit standin' there, greasin' up your
dick and help me with dinner.

Dr. Derry curls his head around the tree. His eyes widen in surprise.

The two men at each ends of a wolf. Hauling it onto the back of one of their horses.

The wolf in question is Ursela. Her ash-grey fur is tinted red. Her eyes are shut.

Dr. Derry stays in his postition behind the tree for a moment, knowing what they done to Jack and his Mrs.

A tear rolls down his cheek. He moves away from the tree. With every footstep his face twists into anger.

EXT. TROOPER TOWN - DAY

RIDING IN THROUGH THE TOWN ARE CHRIS THE COON AND THE SPECTRE. THEIR HORSES MISSY AND OLLIE.

CHRIS

This where Tommy live?

JACK

(Sigh)

Yep.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE, TROOPER TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

IT'S A SMALL TOWN COMPARED TO HIGH STARR. THE TWO MEN DON'T EAILY BLEND IN AS PEOPLE STOP AND STARE AT THEM. PROBABLY BECAUSE ONE IS AS BLACK AS COAL AND ONE IS WHITE AS A GHOST.

CHRIS

I don't know who they' more freaked
out by.

(Beat)

Me or you.

chris offers up some soft chuckles. People begin coming out from their homes and saloons to have a look at the men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S)
That looks like an awfully familiar

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S)
black boy.

Coming out from a sheriffs station is TOMMY WALLACE, 32, with a tidy mustache and neat hair underneath his hat.

TOMMY
But you. I don't recognise you.

JACK
I'm your brother in law.

TOMMY
Jack?

JACK
Tommy.

Tommy inspects the man once again. His face lights up then dies down.

TOMMY
You look like shit.
(Beat)
Is Christina in town?

JACK
She's dead.

Tommy gives a false guffaw.

JACK
I'm serious.

Silence.

TOMMY
You gotta be shittin' me!

JACK
Wish I was.

TOMMY
Holy fuckin' shit you ain't lyin' are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
 No.
 (Beat)
 I ain't.

CONTINUED:

TOMMY LOOKS DOWN. HIS WARMTH HAS LEFT HIM AND HIS FACE GROWS COLD.

JACK
 Can we-

TOMMY
 What everybody looking at?
 (Beat)
 Scran! Get back into your houses. This ain't no monkey. Go away.

The townsfolk begin to scran.

TOMMY
 Peter, you better do as your told.
 Remember I am the sheriff now.

Tommy points to his badge. An older fellow with a bald head and a bushy beard throws a limp hand and walks off.

TOMMY
 You boys meet me in the station.

Tommy storms off back to his station. chris and Jack swap looks of discomfort.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - MOMENTS LATER

ALL THREE OF THE MEN ARE INSIDE. SOME TIME HAS PASSED AND JACK HAS TOLD HIS STORY TO TOMMY WHO IS STILL PROSSESSING WHAT HE'S BEEN TOLD.

TOMMY HAS A CIGARETTE HANGING OUT HIS MOUTH. HIS EYES ARE RED AND HE IS LOOKING OFF. HE TAKES THE CIGARETTE BETWEEN HIS FINGERS AND BEGINS SMOKING.

TOMMY
 So what's the next move?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He inhales his cigarette.

JACK

Well we - Me, you and chris-

Tommy exhales a cloud of smoke.

TOMMY

It's You, chris and I.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Whatever. You chris and I ride back there and kill those fuckers.

TOMMY

Solid plan.

JACK

I thought so.

TOMMY

I ain't goin' if he goin.

Tommy motions to chris.

CHRIS

And why the fuck is that?

TOMMY

Do I really have to say it?

(Beat)

Your a hazzard. You're a wild card.

CHRIS

You sure it ain't just because I'm a black.

TOMMY

No it ain't. I know some blacks up here.

(Beat)

They ain't crazy mother fuckers.

Tommy puts out his cigarette then points it at chris.

TOMMY

Like you.

(Beat)

Shit. you were the only example I had

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 of a black. Now I'm in a town with
 three of them. A small family to be
 sure.

(Beat)
 But I can guarantee they ain't shit
 heads like you.

JACK
 Tommy. Listen. Three is better than
 two-

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
 Then we get someone else.
 (Beat)
 If he goes then we might as well be
 dead.

JACK
 He's changed.

TOMMY
 Don't look like he's changed.

CHRIS
 What do you think I'd just lose my
 niggerness and turn as white as Jack.

Tommy turns to Jack.

TOMMY
 If you can swear upon my sisters grave
 that he is reliable and has changed
 his way. Then I'll come along.
 (Beat)
 But one wrong move I see behind those
 eyes of yours -- or his -- then I'm
 out.

Jack looks from the floor then at Tommy his face stern.

JACK
 He's changed.

TOMMY
 Is that a fact?

JACK
 Yes, thats a fact. He's got a family
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
 now. He ain't gonna risk actin' like
 he used to.

TOMMY
 A family huh? You found some black
 woman up at High Starr?

JACK
 They got a kid.

Tommy looks to chris. He thinks for a moment. He meets Jack's eyes.

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
 he straight?

JACK
 On Christina's grave.

TOMMY
 I'm in.

Jack takes one of Tommy's cigarettes and Tommy lights it using a match.

Jack takes in a lung full. BLOWS out a thunderstorm.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, TOMMY'S HOME - NIGHT

NIGHT HAS FALLEN OUTSIDE. THE ROOM IS SHROUDED IN DARKNESS. A SINGLE CANDLE BURNS BRIGHTLY BY THE BED.

IN BED SLEEPING IS JACK. HIS FACE GREY AND DEAD. HE LOOKS HORRIBLE.

THE DOOR CREAKS ALIVE. AN AMBER GLOW EMANATES FROM THE HALL. JACK'S EYES OPEN. THEY MEET THE EYES OF THE WOMAN BY THE DOOR.

SHE IS SEMI-TRANSPARENT. A GHOST. SHE IS CHRISTINA. SMILING AT HER HUSBAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Christina..?

Jack lays there in shock and fear. His eyes don't move. The ghost of his wife soon turns RED. Her glow fades and the room glows with anger.

Christina's dead face twists into a snarl. Her face distorting and horns begin to grow from her temples.

She screams silently as her husband watches. He dares not move.

Her visage alters. It is no longer his wife. We do not see but he does.

She transforms into a demon. Her eyes are balls of flames. Licking upon her brow and her dangling fringe.

Jack lifts the candle by his bedside. Gets out of bed and approaches this demon. She.. It disappears..

CONTINUED:

IN HER PLACE IS TOMMY. HE LOOKS WORRIED. IN HIS HAND IS A CANDLE.

TOMMY
Are you okay, Jack?

JACK
Huh? Yeah. Just thought I saw something.

TOMMY
I heard you say her name.

JACK
You did huh.

Tommy watches Jack as he looks down towards his feet.

TOMMY
I think we need to talk.

JACK
Right.

INT. KITCHEN, TOMMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

STEAM EMENATES FROM A KETTLE. TOMMY LIFTS IT. HE MAKES HIS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAY TOWARDS THE TABLE.

SITTING AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TABLE IS JACK AND TWO EMPTY CUPS.

TOMMY POURS INTO EACH CUP. THE STEAM RISES AND DISIPATES INTO THE AIR.

TOMMY

So.

Tommy sits.

TOMMY

Tell me. Why do you look the way you do?

JACK

How do you mean?

Tommy CATCHES Jack wraps his hand around his mug. Drinks.

TOMMY

You look sickly. Your skin is growing

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

grey and your finger tips are blue.

Tommy blows on his coffee.

TOMMY

If I didn't know any better I'd say you're dead.

JACK

Bingo.

TOMMY

Sorry?

JACK

I'm dead.

TOMMY

Be serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I am.

A smile grows on Tommy's face.

TOMMY

Prove it.

JACK

How-

Tommy gets up. He makes towards the kitchen counter. Takes a large knife out from the knife rack.

He sits his ass back down. Hands Jack the knife. His smile grows bigger. Unbelieving.

TOMMY

Stab your heart.

JACK

Pardon?

TOMMY

If you're dead. Stab yourself in the heart.

(Beat)

If you decide to tell me what the true reason is-

CONTINUED:

JACK PICKS UP THE KNIFE WITH TWO HANDS AND STABS HIMSELF IN THE HEART. HE WINCES AND GROWLS AT THE SLIGHT PAIN OR PHANTOM PAIN.

TOMMY GETS UP KNOCKING HIS CHAIR TO THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM.

TOMMY

What the fuck.

JACK

Told you.

Jack retches the knife from his chest. He places it on the table. Bloodless. Almost clean.

Tommy hesitates. Picks the knife up and inspects it. He drops it back to the table as if it were hot iron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
You're a monster.

JACK
Sit down.

TOMMY
Out from here.

JACK
Sit your fucking ass down.

Tommy remains silent but does as he's told.

JACK
I've told you the story but I did
leave out the dead part, for good
reason.

TOMMY
But. You can't be dead. It doesn't
make sense.

JACK
Hey, you're preaching to the choir
here, pal.

TOMMY
Tell me what happened.

Jack lifts his mug. Downs the still steaming liquid.

CONTINUED:

JACK
Before they burned down my house I got
out. Just as it was collpasing-

TOMMY
Yes. You've already said.

JACK
All I could do was watch as the fire
burned. Before I knew it one of thr
brothers came up from behind me.

(Beat)
Must'a been from the fire. The noise
blocking out everything-

TOMMY
Stop drifting!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Right. Right, sorry.

(Beat)

He took me - unawares. Pinned me down
and slit my throat.

(Beat)

Woke up the next morning in a bed.
Some doctor's had come when he notices
the fire. He patched me up and all.

Jack took the kettle. Poured some more liquid into his mug.
Drank.

JACK

Told me that I was going through the
stages of death.

The two men can't hold - or make - eye contact.

JACK

My hearts stopped. The rest of my
blood has went to my feet - making
them turn plum colour.

(Beat)

Told me most like that I'll start
reaching the states of rigor mortis
then decomposition.

TOMMY

Fucking hell.

JACK

Yeah.

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

I don't know what rigor mortis is but
it don't sound good.

JACK

It means my body - my muscles -
everything are gonna stiffen.

(Beat)

Like frozen meat.

Tommy picks up his mug. He sips. The steam almost blinding
him. He sets it down.

JACK

That don't change anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

(Beat)

You still comin' with us?

Tommy looks off thinking. He meets Jacks eyes.

TOMMY

As long as you don't try to bite me -
sure.

JACK

Bite you?

Tommy doesn't answer. He gets up. He moves for the door. It opens.

TOMMY

Get some rest. We're leaving early.

They lock eyes then seperate.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOME - MORNING

WIND HOWLS SHYLY THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF A COUPLE OF NEARBY
TREES THAT ENCIRCLE TOMMY'S HOME.

THE PALE BLUE SKY IS BITTER COLD. THERE ARE NOT CLOUDS NOR A
SUN.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, TOMMY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

THE SMALL ROOM IS LIT FROM THE OUTSIDE BEAMING THROUGH A WIDE
WINDOW BY THE BEDSIDE WALL.

THE BEDDING IS RUFFLED AND MESSY. A WET SPOT OF A HUMAN
FIGURE CAN BE SEEN ON THE BED SHEET.

SORTING HIS BOOTS ONTO HIS FEET, JACK THEN MOVES FOR THE
DOOR. HE LEAVES THE SMALL EMPTY ROOM.

INT. TOMMY'S MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN SOME FRESH GETUP TOMMY STANDS BY THE DOOR WITH HIS SLIGHT
CRIMSON LINED HAIR COMBED TO ONE SIDE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK ENTERS THE ROOM AND GIVES TOMMY A NOD. TOMMY NODS BACK THEN MOVES A SINGLE FINGER TO HIS LIPS 'SHOOSH'.

NOT UNDERSTANDING JACK SHAKES HIS HEAD IN CONFUSION AND LIFTS HIS SHOULDERS.

TOMMY THEN MANUEVERS HIS ARM TO THE DOOR AND POINTS OUT. JACK FOLLOWS WHERE HIS FINGERS LEADS AND EXITS THE HOME. TOMMY PICKS UP HIS COAT FROM THE COUCH IT WAS DRAPED OVER THEN HEADS OUT AFTER JACK.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

TOMMY APPROACHES JACK TO EXPLAIN HIMSELF AS JACK HIMSELF IS SORTING MISSY.

JACK

What was that in there?

TOMMY

I don't want you to wake the others.

Jack lets go of missy and shoots a look at Tommy.

JACK

We ain't leavin' 'im.

TOMMY

Pity. But i'm afraid we'll have to.

(Beat)

I have someone I want you to talk with.

JACK

Who?

TOMMY

Ride your stallion and follow me.

Tommy made for his white horse DARLIN'. He mounts his Darlin'

CONTINUED:

THEN PRESSES HIS SPURS INTO THE HORSE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARLIN' TROTS ON AND TOMMY TURNS TO JACK WHO IS STILL MOUNTING MISSY.

TOMMY

You might want to join us. The journey is treacherous.

Jack finally mounts the horse and throws a concerned look at Tommy.

JACK

Treacherous?

TOMMY

Don't worry, Jack. You can't die. You seem to forget.

(Beat)

It's just rocky.

Tommy, unsmiling, turns back around and the horse moves on further. Jack follows.

EXT. SNOWY PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

THE TWO HORSEBACK MEN RIDE AT A SMOOTH PACE THROUGH THE SNOWY PLAINS.

TOMMY IN LEAD FOLLOWED BY JACK STILL. IN THE DISTANCE IS A SMALL CAMP.

EXT. NATIVE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

STRIDING INTO THE CAMP GROUNDS ARE THE TWO WHITE RIDERS.

SURROUNDING THE TWO HORSES ARE BLACK NATIVES.

THEY GIVE SMALL NOTICE TO THE TWO WHITE MEN. BUT STILL NOTICE.

JACK

Tommy. Who are these people?

TOMMY

The IBITHI people. Late settlers from a country called Jamaica.

The Ibithi are natives with dark skin. Some of the women wear loose garments over their breasts and the men only wear cloth

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

covering their nether regions.

CONTINUED:

JACK

What are we doin' here?

TOMMY

The Ibithi people have resurection and rebirth ingrained into their culture and beliefs.

JACK

What that got to do with us?

TOMMY

You know why Jack. I thought they'd maybe understand why you are... still fucking alive.

(Beat)

Now stop being an asshole.

JACK

Go fuck yourself.

From the crowd of Ibithi people comes a dark man dressed with ringlets of gold around his neck.

Tommy recognises the man and approaches further. The Ibithi man is TOMIEO, 25, he is the messenger.

TOMIEO

Tom!

TOMMY

Tomieo!

TOMIEO

Are you hear to greet the cheif?

TOMMY

Not today, Tomie.

Tomieo scratches his head confused.

TOMEIO

Who would you be seeking?

TOMMY

The 'Dark Man'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tomeio looks down and sighs. He looks up and jogs away from the riders.

Jack slaps Tommy's chest.

CONTINUED:

JACK

Where the fuck is he going?

TOMMY

To the 'Dark Man'.

(Beat)

Let's go.

Darlin' follows. Missy follows behind.

EXT. TENT, NATIVE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

TOMEIO STANDS BESIDE AN ERECTED TENT BY THE CORNER OF THE CAMP.

JACK AND TOMMY COME UP TO THE TENT AND TOMEIO RUNS OFF INTO THE CROWD.

JACK

Weird fucking guy.

TOMMY

That's just how they are. Chill out.

The two riders dismount. They approach the tent. Tommy slides his hand along a wind chime and it jingles.

VOICE (O.S)

(In Ibithi)

Who there?

TOMMY

Tommy-yi

VOICE (O.S)

(In Ibithi)

Seeking?

TOMMY

Council.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S)
(English)
English?

TOMMY
Yes.

VOICE (O.S)
Enter.

INT. THE DARK MAN'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

AT THE END OF THE TENT STANDS A FIGURE IN BLACK CLOTHES
COVERING HIS WHOLE BODY.

ONLY THE MANS EYES CAN BE SEEN THROUGH SLITS IN THE FACIAL
COVERING.

HE IS STANDING OVER A FIRE. THE FIRE IS GLOWING EMBERS. SMOKE
RISES UP AND HITS THE ROOM OF ENVELOPES THE CEILING IN A THIN
LAYER OF FOG.

TOMMY APPROACHES THE FIRE AND SO DOES JACK. TOMMY LEANS BACK
TO JACK.

TOMMY
Just follow me.

JACK
Right.

Tommy approaches the fire.

TOMMY
Tommy-Yi

JACK
Jack-yi?

THE DARK MAN
ViHo.

Tommy sits down and crosses his legs. Jack does so too but
has relative difficulty as his legs look stiff but he
eventually does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dark man then sits too with his legs crosses. He looks over the two men.

Jack looks to the dark man with an intimidated suspiscion. The dark man then takes his facial covering off like a hat. Underneath the dark man is a kind looking old man with savage wrinkles that don't lie about the man's age. He is old.

THE DARK MAN

You need council?

TOMMY

Yes. We need council.

CONTINUED:

THE DARK MAN

What makes you think I can help?

TOMMY

I was told you were known in death and rebirth.

THE DARK MAN

Yes.

He looks to Jack with suspiscious eyes then back to Tommy.

THE DARK MAN

This man.

JACK

Excuse me?

THE DARK MAN

You. You are not living.

(Beat)

I see into you. There is nothing but a shell.

(Beat)

There is no soul inside you. You are dead.

Jack doesn't break eye contact from the dark man. The dark man doesn't break it either.

TOMMY

So you know?

THE DARK MAN

I know many things. I see more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

You're gonna have to be clearer than
this bullshit.

THE DARK MAN

You are dead. Yes?

(Beat)

The CONTURI has brought you back.

TOMMY

Who are the conturi?

THE DARK MAN

It is one. It is the all powerful
being. He is evil in his ways. Feared

CONTINUED:

THE DARK MAN

by all Ibithi.

(Beat)

We see him in the flames. When they
sore with rage. The fire rises and the
conturi with his many tongues licks
the foolish and the furious with his
flames.

(Beat)

Those who stand to close to fires.

Jack's eyes widen. Thinking of his burning home.

THE DARK MAN

Those who don't give him blood will
die screaming in never-ending pain.

(Beat)

Their body will stiffen. Their bones
will go brittle and they will feel the
flames of HORR drag them asunder.

JACK

Rigor Mortis.

TOMMY

What?

JACK

Rigor Mortis. It's where your body
stiffens after death.

THE DARK MAN

Begone. Before you blacken and curse
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DARK MAN (CONT'D)
us with your DISTIRI.

Jack gets up and goes for the door in a fit of rage. As he does the embers burning in the fire ignite and the flames lick upward.

The dark man looks to the flames and shudders. Tommy gets up and follows after Jack.

EXT. TENT, NATIVE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

JACK MOUNTS HIS HORSE SILENTLY. TOMMY RUNS OUT AFTER HIM.

TOMMY TRIES TO FIND EYE CONTACT BUT CAN'T.

JACK
We shouldn't have come here.

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
I'm sorry. We never should have come here you're right.

Jack looks off and Tommy follows his gaze. In the near distance are a band of the Ibithi creeping closer to them. In their hands are spears and other weapons.

Tommy hurriedly mounts his horse and the two ride away from the band of Ibithi. Some are racing after the white riders. An Ibithi throws a spear. Green tipped. The spear shines off the sun and flies through the air.

INT. KITCHEN, TOMMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

INSIDE THE KITCHEN IS MARTHA, 32, BLONDE, TOMMY'S WIFE. SHE IS CLEANING DISHES.

ABOVE THE SINK IS A LARGE WINDOW. IN THE DISTANCE ARE TWO HORSES RIDING TOWARDS THE HOME.

SHE LOOKS UP AND SPOTS THE TWO RIDERS AND HEADS OUT INTO THE AFTERNOON BREEZE.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

JACK RIDES UP TO THE HOUSE FIRST THEN FOLLOWED BY TOMMY. JACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUICKLY DISMOUNTS AND TOMMY FALLS OFF.

HIS WIFE RUNS OVER TO HER HUSBAND AND HE LOOKS AT HER

CONFUSED. WHY DID HE FALL OFF?

CRIMSON STREAKS DOWN TOMMY'S LFT PANT LEG. HE WINCES AS HIS

URNS HIM OVER.

WE SEE DUG INTO THE BACK OF TOMMY'S LEG IS A LARGE SPEAR

HEAD.

TOMMY

What is it?

Jack approaches the two and spots the metal blade in his leg.

JACK

Oh shit.

He goes under Tommy's arm. Tommy's wife follows suit.

JACK

Get him inside.

CONTINUED:

JACK AND MARTHA DRAG AND LIFT TOMMY TO THE FRONT PORCH THEN THROUGH THE DOOR.

INT. LIVING ROOM, TOMMY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

THEY DRAG TOMMY OVER TO THE SOFA AND LAY HIM DOWN. HE MOANS

SLIGHTLY IN PAIN.

MARTHA

(RE: Tommy)

What the fuck did you do?

TOMMY

What? What's wrong with my leg?

MARTHA

There is a fucking spear head biting into your leg.

Tommy sighs then leans over to his wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

I was taking Jack over to see the chief.

(Beat)

Thought it would be nice to show him some civility.

JACK

Real civility.

TOMMY

They were just scared, Jack.

Martha looks at Jack as he cringes at Tommy's words. She looks to her husband.

MARTHA

Scared of what?

She doesn't get an answer.

MARTHA

Somebody better fucking tell me what you two were really doing.

JACK

It's the truth. They kept naming me evil names in their language.

(Beat)

I don't know why. We didn't do

CONTINUED:

JACK

nothin'.

Martha looks at Jack unconvinced.

MARTHA

Tommy ain't coming with you no more.

JACK

Understood.

Tommy sits up.

TOMMY

What?

MARTHA

It's for your own good, Tom-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
They murdered my sister.

JACK
Your mrs. Is right, Tom.

Tommy stood up with the spear head still lodged in his leg. Chris walks in from the next room. He doesn't know what is happening.

CHRIS
What is all this yapping about?

He spots the blood running down Tommy's pant leg.

CHRIS
What happened to your leg, man?

TOMMY
Nothin'.

He gets up. Martha gets up as well.

MARTHA
Where do you think you're goin'?

TOMMY
To get my things.
(Beat)
Boys, I'll meet you out front.

Tommy makes off for his horse. Limping as he goes. Martha

CONTINUED:

TRACES AFTER HIM. BEFORE SHE GOES SHE SHOOTS A LOOK OF CONTEMPT AT JACK.

HE MEETS HER LOOK WITH PAIN AND FRUSTRATION. CYCLE APPROACHES JACK.

CHRIS
What the fuck happened, Jack?

JACK
Tommy was showing me to the blacks he was tellin' us about the other night.
(Beat)
They say my pale ass and thought I was a ghost or some other.
(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
Started throwing fucking spears at us.

chris gives Jack an unconvinced look similar to Martha but keeps it hidden.

CHRIS
Fucked up world, Jack.
(Beat)
We better go before Martha convinces
DEAR Tommy to stay.
(Beat)
That'd be a real travesty.

JACK
Yeah.

They make for the door.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

AS THE TWO MEN WALK OUTSIDE MARTHA WALKS PAST THEM BACK
INSIDE. SHE NUDGES JACK ON PURPOSE AND GROWLS AT HIM AS SHE
DOES.

TOMMY IS ALREADY MOUNTED UP ON DARLIN' WITH RELATIVE EASE.
JACK MOUNTS MISSY AND CHRIS MOUNTS OLLIE RESPECTIVALLY. THE
TWO NEW RIDERS TROT BESIDE TOMMY.

JACK
What did you say to her?

TOMMY
Not much.

CONTINUED:

JACK
Okay then.

CHRIS
So where to?

TOMMY
First into town. We need a better load
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

What's wrong with what we already got?

TOMMY

Three revolvers between us and a
singular repeater rifle.

(Beat)

Barely enough to go against these men.

JACK

He's right, our load out is shit.

(Beat, RE: Tommmy)

You know a place?

TOMMY

Yep.

INT. SENDERS' SPIRITS, AMMO STORE - DAY

STOOD BEHIND THE DESK IS A PORTLY FELLOW NAMED GREIG SENDERS,

43, BALDING AUBURN HAIR AND A WHISKEY NOSE. THE MAN IS

COUNTING MONEY FROM THE REGISTER. THE BELL ALERTING THE

KEEPER OF CUSTOMERS RINGS.

HE DUCKS DOWN AND LIFTS A REVOLVER FROM BENEATH THE COUNTER.

THREE SHADOWS COME STALKING BEHIND A SHELF. REVEALING

THEMSELVES IS CHRIS, JACK AND TOMMY.

THEY APPROACH THE COUNTER AS THE KEEPER PUTS DOWN HIS GUN.

G. SENDERS

Well if it ain't Sheriff Tathers!

TOMMY

Good evenin' Mr. Senders.

G. SENDERS

Good evenin' to you too.

(Beat)

Now what can I get-

(Beat)

CONTINUED:

G. SENDERS

Are these your friends sheriff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy is digging for something in his pocket trying to keep conversation.

TOMMY

Uh. Yeah. Sorry.

(Beat)

The pale looking fella is my brother-in-law.

(Beat, sneering)

And this black fella is an old friend.

chris sniggers and Tommy sniggers as well.

G. SENDERS

I see. Well what can I do you three for today?

Tommy pulls out a small burgandy bag. It is full of rattling coins.

He sits the big on the counter and the keeper looks at it with wonder.

Tommy then opens the bag and tips it upside down. Pennies flood out.

TOMMY

We'd like two Allen & Wheelock Drop Breech Rifles.

(Beat, RE: his two friends)

Them's new.

G. SENDERS

The newest there is.

(Beat)

Anything else?

TOMMY

A shotgun.

(Beat)

Colt model.

G. SENDERS

Right on. I've got one of them tucked under my bed at nights.

TOMMY

I remember.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

(Beat)

You showed me it that time I came over
for dinner one night.

G. SENDERS

That I did.

(Beat)

And you should do that again sometime.

TOMMY

Truely. But in the meantime.

(Beat)

I think that's all we'll be needin'.

G. SENDERS

Alright-

JACK

We will be requiring some C4.

G. SENDERS

Alright

(Beat)

Won't be a jiffy.

G. Senders spins around and begins picking up the order.

chris turns to his friend with queer suspiscion.

CHRIS

What we gon' do with C4?

JACK

We are going to blow their fuckin'
house to smithereens.

(Beat)

Any objections?

TOMMY

None.

CHRIS

And yous call me the crazy mutha
fucka.

chris turns a way with an amused smile on his face. He looks
partly excited and partly hysterical.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - EVENING

HAY FIELDS STRETCHING ON FOR MILES AHEAD. TRAMPLING THROUGH THE FIELD ARE MISSY, OLLIE AND DARLIN' RESPECTIVLEY. TIED TO THEIR SADDLES ARE THEIR WEAPONRY. EACH MAN HAS A REPEATER RIFLE. TOMMY IS THE ONLY ONE WITH A SHOTGUN.

JACK

Hey, Tom.

TOMMY

Yeah.

JACK

Your leg doin' any better?

TOMMY

Aches. But I should be good.

chris rides up beside Tommy.

CHRIS

Is it still in ya leg?

TOMMY

What?

CHRIS

The blade?

TOMMY

Right. Uh, yeah.

CHRIS

Ain't we better takin' it out?

Tommy thinks this over.

TOMMY

I don't think that'd do much good.

JACK

He's right. Before we wreck some havoc, I know a doctor.

JACK

He can sort your leg.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
Hopefully.

Snowflakes begin to fall. Jack's face hardens over with

CONTINUED:

ANNOYANCE.

EXT. WOODLAND - MOMENTS LATER

LONG STOCKY TREES EVERYWHERE. THE HORSES NAVIGATE BETWEEN THE TREES AS BEST THEY CAN.

TOMMY LOOKS DROWSY AS IF HE WAS DRUNK. HE TRIES HIS BEST TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN.

JACK IS AHEAD. HE TURNS AROUND AT TOMMY WHO IS STILL FIGHTING THE URGE TO CLOSE HIS EYES.

JACK
I guess we'll be restin' here then.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

A NEAT LITTLE FIRE IS BURNING TWIGS AND BRANCHES. JACK IS TENDING THE FIRE.

TOMMY IS SAT AGAINST A TREE DRINKING FROM A FLASK. CHRIS IS BESIDE HIM.

JACK MOVES UP TO MEET THEM. TOMMY PASSES CHRIS THE COON FLASK AND HE DRINKS.

JACK
That fire should last us the night.
(Beat)
Save some for the rest of us chris.

He GRABS the flask from chris's lips and drinks. chris gives out a drunk chuckle.

Jack passes it back to Tommy. Tommy is already asleep with his arms crossed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack puts the flask in between Tommy's crossed arms. He mutters in his sleep.

As the fire burns softly Jack sits down against a tree across from chris.

chris has a thick and heavy cover over his legs. So does Tommy.

CHRIS

Don't you want a cover?

CONTINUED:

JACK

Nah. I can't feel the cold.

CHRIS

Suit yourself.

chris motions to Tommy.

CHRIS

Do you think he's gonna be okay?

JACK

Huh?

CHRIS

You saw how he was.

JACK

I think he was just tired. Its been a long ride.

CHRIS

Not that long.

(Beat)

I'm shattered and I can still keep my eyes open with relative ease.

JACK

You got a point there.

(Beat)

Let me mull over it as I sleep.

CHRIS

Fuck you.

Jack closes his eyes and chris does the same. The fire weakens and the flames grow smaller.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

THE ROAD THAT JACK CAME UP WITH HIS WIFE ON. THE THREE
HORSEMEN TROT THROUGH THE SLUSH AND MUCK.

JACK
Up here we swirve into the woods.

CHRIS
Why?

JACK
There is a clearin' through the trees

CONTINUED:

JACK
which will show our comin'.

Tommy is holding onto Darlin's reins as tight as he can. He
loses graps then slides off the horse side ways.

Tommy THUMPS to the ground. He makes a moaning noise as the
two other rides wurl around.

JACK
Shit!

They unmount and go over to fallen Tommy. They put their arms
under his and drag him over to a tree. They lean him against
it.

CHRIS
I told you somethin' like this'd
happen.

JACK
We need to get him to my doctor
friend.

CHRIS
How far?-

TOMMY
(Disorientated)
No more!

Jack looks down at Tommy's leg. He takes a small knife he has
in his back pocket and opens Tommy's trouser leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crawling up Tommy's leg are dark tentacles. His veins have turned black and gooey.

JACK
Fuckin' shit.

CHRIS
What the fuck!

JACK
The bastards must have poisoned arrows
and spears.

CHRIS
Help him get back on his horse and we
can tie him to her.

CONTINUED:

JACK
Alright.

They lift Tommy up over their shoulders and move him over to Darlin'. She hasn't moved since Tommy fell.

They drape Tommy over the horse. Jack holds him up making sure he doesn't fall as Cyl goes over to Ollie.

He comes back with rope. He ties Tommy's arms around Darlin's long neck. Then his body around Darlin's torso.

CHRIS
That should keep him steady.
(Beat)
I'll tie this rope to my horse and
drag Tommy with us.

chris and Jack run to their horses. They begin to mount.

JACK
The doctor is just up ahead.

They ride on ahead.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

SNOW IS RAINING NOW. THE RIDERS RIDE ON A FASTER PACE THAN
BEFORE THROUGH THE TREES.

EXT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

THEY COME ACROSS DERRY'S HOME. JACK DISMOUNTS AND APPROACHES THE DOOR.

JACK

Derry! Derry are you home?

He opens the door and walks in.

INT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

DERRY IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. THERE ARE LIQUOR BOTTLES EVERYWHERE.

JACK MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE HOUSE CHECKING IN ROOMS BUT CAN'T FIND HIM.

HE LEAVES.

EXT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

JACK WALKS OUT FROM THE CABIN. HE MAKES FOR CHRIS.

JACK

He ain't here.

CHRIS

Shit!

(Beat)

We're gonna have to leave him man.

JACK

What?

CHRIS

You ain't seriously thinkin' of still bringing him are you?

Jack thinks this over.

JACK

Lets bring him down and get him inside.

INT. BEDROOM, DERRY'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

TOMMY'S LAME BODY RESTS DRAPED ACROSS THE BED JACK HAD SLEPT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN.

SAT BESIDE HIM IS JACK. HE HAS A BUCKET BY HIS SIDE AND A WET RAG IN HAND.

JACK BEGINS DAMPENING TOMMY'S PALE FOREHEAD. HIS LOWER FACE HAS GONE A GREEN COLOUR.

TOMMY BEGINS TO MOAN. IT SOUNDS LIKE WORDS BUT ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

JACK LEANS IN FORWARD TO HEAR WHAT TOMMY IS SAYING. AS HE DOES WE HEAR IT.

TOMMY

I don't feel so good.

Black and green bile come up from Tommy's throat and shoot out his mouth and lands on Jack's face.

The bile drips down Jack's beard somberly. He closes his eyes in disgust.

CONTINUED:

JACK THEN GETS UP FROM THE STOOL. HE TAKES THE BUCKET. CUPS SOME WATER AND SPLASHES HIS FACE.

COLD WATER DRIPS DOWN JACK'S WIREY BEARD. HE COMBS THE WATER AND BILE FROM HIS BEARD.

EXT. DERRY'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS IS STROKING MISSY'S MAINE. SHE LIKES IT.

JACK EXITS FROM THE LOG CABIN. CHRIS SPINS AROUND.

CHRIS

Whats the report?

JACK

He's too far gone.

CHRIS

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Oh god. We shouldn't have brung him.

Silence. Jack looks down at his leg. It is straight.

JACK

What the hell..?

CHRIS

What?

His leg is stiff...

JACK

Nothing.

chris mounts his horse with a sigh of defeat.

Jack mounts his horse with difficulty. His knee won't bend.

The remaining troups stride off into battle.

EXT. CLEARING, WOODS - DAY

MAKING WAY FROM THE HOME IS MARTIN. HE WALKS OVER TO THE HORSES.

IN MARTIN'S HAND IS A BROWN SACK. HE PULLS OUT A CARROT AS HE APPROACHES ONE.

MARTIN

Hey, CAMEL!

Caramel neighs.

MARTIN

Look what I got.

As he puts the carrot to the horses mouth a gun reaches his temples.

Caramel CHOMPS the carrot as the revolver's hammer is pulled back.

Martin turns his head slightly as he raises his hands. He is shaking nervously.

JACK

Look what I've got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

You..you're dead.

(Beat)

I killed you.

JACK

Yeah.

(Beat)

My turn.

The gun goes off -- BANG -- blood shoots across the barn wood and some gets in the horses face.

The horse freaks out and begins neighing loudly.

Jack spots Chris behind a tree and gives him a nod and a wink.

Chris strides to the back of the house still hidden behind the trees.

Jack holsters his revolver and moves to the side of the barn where his rifle is sat.

He takes the rifle and heads for the front door.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SKIMMING THROUGH THE TREES AT A BRISK PACE IS CHRIS. IN HIS HAND IS TOMMY'S SHOTGUN.

HE STOPS AS HE COMES UP TO A SMALL CABIN. THE DOOR IS LOCKED SHUT.

CHRIS SLOWS HIS PACE AS HE APPROACHES THE CABIN. HE CAN HEAR WIMPERING INSIDE. POSSIBLY FROM A CHILD.

AS HE ADVANCES THE WIMPERING BECOMES SOFTER. HE CREEPS ALONG THE SIDE TO THE DOOR.

CHRIS USES THE SHOTGUN AND BLASTS THE LOCK OFF -- BANG -- IT SWINGS OFF TO THE SIDE AND CREATES A CANYON IN THE SNOW.

A SCREAM COMES FROM THE CABIN. CHRIS LOOKS AROUND FOR A MOMENT. HE QUICKLY OPENS THE DOOR.

INSIDE IS A SMALL GIRL. IT IS GILLY. SHE LOOKS IN WORSE CONDITION WITH A RED SHOWING SCALP AND THIN CLOTTED HAIR.

HER TEETH ARE SCARCE AND ALL SORTS OF COLOURS. CHRIS ENTERS HURRIDLEY.

CHRIS

Hey. Are you okay?

(Beat)

I'm not here to hurt you.

(Beat)

We need to go, okay?

The girl's eyes rise to meet his. He smiles in hope. Her eyes divert behind chris. She screams.

chris SPINS around. His shotgun aiming upwards. The gun goes off --BANG -- as a hatchet HITS chris's forehead.

The shotgun blasts HITS Yon in the shoulder and he FALLS back.

chris FALLS back with a THUMP. Gilly crawls up tighter into a ball.

She looks over to Yon. His unmoving body. She gets up. She peaks out of the hut to get a better view.

He begins breathing hurriedly. He tries getting up. Gilly in fear GRABS chris's shotgun. She COCKS it then FIRES it at Yon -- BANG -- She is PUSHED back HARD.

CONTINUED:

SHE HITS THE WALL AND FALLS ON HER BUM. HER HEAD SMASHING A BIT AGAINST THE WALL.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN PAIN AND DISORIENTATION. THE RASPY BREATHING COMING FROM YON GETS HER ATTENTION.

SHE GETS UP. ALMOST FALLING BACK DOWN. SHE APPROACHES YON. HE IS DYING. A MULTITUDE OF RED STREAMS EMANATE FROM BULLET HOLES IN HIS CHEST.

GILLY RETREATS BACK INTO THE CABIN AND APPROACHES CHRIS'S DEAD BODY.

SHE GLANCES AT HIS LIFELESS EYES AS SHE TAKES THE REVOLVER FROM HIS BELT.

THE GIRL EXITS THE CABIN WITH THE REVOLVER AND AIMS IT AT YON'S HEAD. THEN DRAGS THE AIM DOWN TO HIS COCK AND BALLS.

SHE FIRES -- BANG -- HE GRUNTS. SHE AIMS IT HIGHER AND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNLOADS THE CHAMBER ONTO HIS FACE.

HIS HEAD ERUPTS INTO CHUNKS OF BRAIN, BONE AND BLOOD.

INT. HALLWAY, GEORGINA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

THE HOUSE IS ALMOST SILENT. JACK STALKS THE HALLS WITH HIS RIFLE UP TO HIS CHEST.

A LOUD CLATTER CAN BE HEARD UPSTAIRS. HE REDIRECTS HIMSELF TO THE STAIRCASE BY THE DOOR.

HE LIMPS UP THE STEPS WITH CAUTION.

ANOTHER BANG CAN BE HEARD. LIKE THE SOUND OF SOMETHING HEAVY BEING MOVED.

AS JACK REACHES THE TOP FLOOR HE MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE HALL.

HE WRAPS HIS HANDS AROUND FIRST DOOR TO THE RIGHT. IT OPENS.

THERE'S NOBODY THERE. A BED MADE WITH A SMALL CANDLE ON THE BEDSIDE CABINET.

HE SLOWLY CLOSSES THE DOOR AND CONTINUES DOWN THE HALL. JACK ONCE AGAIN TWISTS A DOOR HANDLE-

IT WON'T OPEN. THE DOOR IS LOCKED. OR SOMETHING IS BLOCKING IT... JACK RAISES HIS RIFLE AND AIMS IT AT THE DOOR.

HE FIRES OFF TWO SHOTS -- BANG -- BANG -- SMOKE BLOWS FROM

CONTINUED:

THE HOLES LEFT ON THE DOOR.

A GIRLISH SCREAM COMES FROM INSIDE. THE VOICE IS YOUNG NOT LIKE GEORGINA.

JACK
Open this door!

Silence.

Jack aims his rifle at the door again and lets off another two shots -- BANG -- BANG -- another startled scream.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
Don't shoot. I'll open the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Alright.

The sound of something heavy is dragged away from the entryway into the room.

Jack aims his rifle at the door as the handle twists and the door opens...

JACK

What the fuck are you doin' here?

Opening the door is the woman from before: Shalla. Behind Shalla on the floor behind a bed is Georgina.

JACK

So I take it this is your mother here.

Shalla says nothing. She looks to her mother Georgina with tearing eyes.

Jack walks in and closes the door behind him. He keeps his rifle up.

JACK

Lucky for you girls I'm just here for the men.

GEORGINA

You gon' leave them boys alone!

Jack looks at her with a cold demonic stare.

JACK

Did you know what they did?

CONTINUED:

GEORGINA

No.

JACK

Why don't I believe you?

Jack meets her eyes. She is weeping. He spits.

JACK

You knew didn't you.

Georgina continues to cry and deny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

You knew what they were gonna do and
just let them do it.

Georgina stops crying. She looks up at Jack.

GEORGINA

I-

(Beat, cold)

I knew.

(Beat)

Fuck it.

(Beat)

I was the one who orchestrated it. They do as they told.

(Beat)

Ain't nobody go against mama.

SHALLA

Mama, shut up.

JACK

You should listen to your daughter and
shut your cunt mouth.

Shalla's eyes flash with anger. She reaches down for her
revolver tucked in her skirt.

She pulls it out and shoots it as Jack lowers his rifle and
shoots -- BANG -- BANG -- both of them go down.

Shalla shot Jack in the chest. Jack shot Shalla in the neck.
Shalla's neck resembles that of a fountain with blood
SQUIRTING from her throat.

She tries to stop the flow with her hands but her eyes fade
and her arms slowly drop.

CONTINUED:

JACK GETS UP SLOWLY. GEORGINA SCREAMS. SHE CHARGES AT JACK.
THEY BOTH FALL.

GEORGINA IS ON TOP OF HIM. HER FINGERS DIGGING INTO HIS
THROAT.

HIS THROAT COLLAPSES. HE TRIES USING HIS ARMS BUT HIS LEFT
ARM WON'T BEND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS FINGERS MAKE A FIST. HE SLAMS HIS FIST INTO GEORGINA'S FACE. SHE FALLS OFF HIM.

HE IS NOW ONTOP OF HER. SHE IS BARELY CONSCIOUS FROM HIS PUNCH. HER JAW IS HANGING OFF ITS HINGES.

HE CURLS HIS HAND INTO A FIST AGAIN AND SMASHES AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO GEORGINA'S FACE.

HER HEAD CAVES IN AND BLOOD RUNS ALONG THE FLOORBOARDS AS HER SKULL POOLS WITH THE RED LIQUID.

HE GETS OFF HER DEAD CORPSE. HE USES HIS GOOD ARM TO PUSH HIMSELF UP ON HIS GOOD LEG.

HE LOOKS DOWN AT HER BODY. SOMETHING HAPPENS IN HIS EYES... REMORSE?

HE SPITS ON HER BODY AND MOVES ON. USING HIS RIFLE LIKE A WALKING STICK.

JACK MAKES WAY TO THE STAIRS AND HEADS DOWN. ALMOST FALLING WITH EVERY STEP.

AS HE REACHES THE GROUND FLOOR HE HEARS YELLS FROM SOMEWHERE.

YELLING... MORE LIKE CROAKING... FROM SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS...?

JACK APPROACHES A DOOR OPPOSITE THE STAIR CASE. HE TWISTS THE HANDLE AND IT OPENS.

IT LEADS DOWN INTO A DARK CELLAR/BASEMENT. CONCRETE STEPS LEADING INTO THE PITS OF HELL.

CROAKIE VOICE (O.S)

Hheellpp!!

Then a series of moaning and coughing continues after. Jack recognises the voice...

He heads down the steps leaving the door behind him open...

CONTINUED:

THE DARKNESS CONSUMES HIM.

INT. DARK CELLAR, DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS

JACK TURNS A CORNER DOWN A STONEY CORRIDOR. HE COUGHS INTO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS HAND.

HE LOOKS AT HIS HAND FOR A MOMENT. BLOOD. HE PUTS HIS HAND
DOWN AND CONTINUES.

THE MOANS GROW LOUDER AND LONGER. HE IS GETTING CLOSE...

NEARING THE END OF THE CORRIDOR IS AN OPEN HATCH LEADING INTO
ANOTHER ROOM.

THE ROOM IS LIT UP WITH CANDLES. AN AMBER FIRE HUE EMANATING
AND FLICKERING FROM INSIDE. HE ENTERS THE ROOM...

INT. DARK CELLAR, LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JACK'S EYES GAZE ACROSS THE ROOM. THEN. HE CATCHES SOMETHING.
HIS EYES WIDEN.

HIS JAWS WIDEN AND HE FALLS TO THE GROUND. HE TWISTS HIS NECK
TO THE SIDE AND PROJECTILE VOMITS.

DERRY IS TIED DOWN TO A CHAIR WITH LEATHER BELTS.

HIS ARMS HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND WOLF LEGS HAVE BEEN SEWN TO
HIS STUMPS.

HIS EYES ARE POPPED OUT BULGING FROM HIS EYE HOLES.

DERRY

Hheellpp!!

Jack forces himself to his feet. He tries to look away but he
can't.

JACK

Derry.

DERRY

P-Pleee don' h-hur-t m-me-!

Jack approaches the table. Looking over Derry horrified.

JACK

(Whispered)

You're okay, it's me Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED:

DERRY BEGINS TO BREAK DOWN SOBBING WITHOUT TEARS. JUST PAIN.

DERRY
J-J-Jack? Get out of here
(Beat)
Ki-ill m-m-me.

JACK
I'm gonna get you outta here.

DERRY
P-please shoot me.
(Beat)
It hurts so m-much.

As Jack's eyes follow Derry's neck downwards he can slowly see his skin has been flayed as a bed of blood covers Derry's stomach.

JACK
Oh god. What did they do to you?

DERRY
Th-they killed Ursel-l-la.
(Beat)
I c-came and t-tried to kill-l these
fu-ck-s.

Derry begins to sob uncontrollably.

DERRY
I c-can't. I'm sorry.

Silence.

DERRY
Jack? You still there?

JACK
I am, buddy.

DERRY
Please kill me.
(Beat)
Please kill him.

JACK
Wayne?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERRY
Yes. That f-fuck-er.

CONTINUED:

JACK'S FACE TWISTS.

JACK
I'll make sure he pays.

A loud clatter from upstairs can be heard. Jack turns to the sound. Someone is coming.

JACK
Just you hold on.

DERRY
Please d-don't go-o.

Jack hobbles hurridley over behind a wooden pillar.

INT. GEORGINA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

GILLY IS WANDERING THROUGH THE HOUSE WITH THE REVOLVER IN HER HAND.

SHE IS SEEKING OUT ANYONE ALIVE TO KILL. SHE MOVES THROUGH THE HALLWAY AND INTO THE DINING AREA.

THE DINING AREA IS EMPTY WITH NO ONE IN SIGHT. THE CLANGING OF METAL ON METAL RINGS FROM THE KITCHEN.

GILLY TURNS AND INCHES TOWARDS THE DOOR. SHE REACHES FOR THE HANDLE. SHE TWISTS. IT OPENS.

THE GIRL ENTERS THE KITCHEN. HIDING BEHIND A COUNTER IS THE GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR.

THE DARK HAIREED GIRL HAS A MEAT CLEVER IN HER HAND. SHE LOOKS SCARED.

GILLY APPROACHES THE GIRL SLOWLY WITH THE REVOLVER AIMED AT HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARK HAIREd GIRL
I'm sorry.

Gilly pulls back the hammer of the revolver.

GILLY
So am I.

Before she can fire Gilly is smashed in the head with a metal pan.

Weilding the pan is the blonde haired girl. She is giggling.

CONTINUED:

THE DARK HAIREd GIRL GETS UP AND BEGINS TO GIGGLE AS WELL.
GILLY LOOKS UP AT THE GIRLS DAZED. HER EYES FLUTTERING.

SHE HAS HER HANDS SPREAD ON THE WHITE TILE FLOOR. A CLEVER
COMES DOWN HARD ON GILLY'S MIDDLE AND FOREFINGER.

THE WHITE TILES POOL WITH BLOOD AS HER FINGERS ARE CHOPPED
OFF.

GILLY SCREAMS.

INT. DARK CELLAR, LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

RUNNING DOWN FROM UPSTAIRS IS WAYNE. HE HIS FACE IS TWISTED
IN FURY.

HE APPROACHES DERRY. DERRY IS STILL SOBBING HARD.

WAYNE
What happened! Who done this?!

Derry begins to blabber.

DERRY
wuh-who? P-ple-

WAYNE
Don't you lie to me!

Wayne slams his hand on Derry's forehead. Derry's head hits
the table.

WAYNE
I'll ask you, only once.
(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Who was it? Did you hear them?

DERRY
No-nope-nope-no-no-no.

Wayne looks down. Anger flashes across his face.

Jack peers behind the pillar at Wayne. Wayne moves to the corner of the room.

He comes back with a mallet in his hand and two nails in the other.

WAYNE
Your ears ain't any use to me if you
can't hear nothin'.

CONTINUED:

DERRY
Wh-Whah?

Jack's head twists back around to have another look. He then checks his rifle. It's empty. He panics.

Holding the rifle down he reloads. Slipping a bullet in the side.

CRIES of PAIN emanate from Derry. Jack hurriedly looks over.

Wayne has chizzled the nail half way in through Derry's left ear. Blood trickles down his neck.

He is at the other side chizzling the other nail in his ear. More screams of anguish.

DERRY
St-t-to-o-o-op-p-p!

Derry's wolf paws shake in the air excitedly. Wayne sports a sinister grimace across his face.

Jack looks on horrified at the twisted face of Derry. His ears plugged with nails.

Creaking from upstairs makes its way down the cellar. Three shadows can be seen entering.

It is the blonde girl and the dark haired girl dragging Gilly's unconscious body by the arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilly's feet drag across the ground as they pull her into the light.

Wayne spins around. He sees the girls and a smile creeps across his face.

WAYNE

Girls!

He goes up to them. They drop Gilly and walk forward to catch his embrace.

Wayne hugs his girls. Wrapping his arms around their heads as he tears up a little.

BLONDE GIRL

Everyone's dead.

CONTINUED:

DARK HAIREG GIRL

But I think we' found the culprit,
daddy!

Wayne looks behind the girls at Gilly.

WAYNE

The farmers girl.

His face grows stern.

WAYNE

She will be disciplined.

He ruffles the girls' hair and gives them a hard smile.

Gilly begins to wake. She looks up. None of them have noticed her awakening.

She looks behind them... she spots Jack. He looks at her and puts his finger to his lips 'Shoosh'.

She nods. Her eyes unmoving. He throws up five fingers... He edges out from the pillar.

Four fingers... Gilly glances around and spots the mallet. She picks it up...

Three fingers... She moves in on the two girls. Jack raises his gun...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two fingers... One finger... He aims his rifle using his stiff arm to support the gun.

He rushes out quickly. Wayne turns around as Jack does so. Jack trips up due to his stiff leg.

He thuds to the ground shooting Wayne in the gut. Wayne is thrown backwards.

His two girls stand there shocked. They look to Jack with fear.

From under them is Gilly crawled by their feet. Gilly raises the mallet.

She PULLS it back. She CLUBS the dark haired girl's ankle. She falls to the ground.

She PULLS it back quickly. She CLUBS the blonde girl's ankle before she can move. She falls down with her sister. Jack has

CONTINUED:

SMACKED HIS HEAD OFF THE GROUND.

WAYNE DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM. LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLOOD.

HE LEANS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL OF THE CELLAR. HE GRUNTS IN PAIN AS HE DOES SO.

BLOOD SPILLS FROM WAYNE'S MOUTH AS HE TWISTS AND TURNS. HE LOOKS OVER AT HIS GIRLS.

GILLY HAS RISEN. SHE IS CURRENTLY BASHING THE DARK HAISED GIRL'S FACE IN.

WAYNE LOOKS AWAY DISMAYED. GILLY GOES FOR THE BLONDE GIRL. SHE IS WEeping.

A CREEPY SMILE CROSSES GILLY'S FACE. SHE TAKES THE HAIR OF THE BLONDE GIRL AND PULLS HER OVER TO HER DAD.

WAYNE FLINCHES AS SHE APPROACHES. SHE DOESN'T NOTICE. GILLY FLIPS HER OVER. SHE INSPECTS THE MALLET. BRAIN AND SKULL DECORATE THE HEAD.

SHE THROWS THE MALLET AWAY. SHE PICKS UP THE BLONDE GIRLS HAIR. CLOSE TO THE ROOTS.

GILLY THEN PULLS HER HEAD BACK AND CAVES IT INTO THE WALL.

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SHE PULLS HER HEAD BACK AND DOES IT AGAIN AND AGAIN. EACH TIME MORE RED COATS THE WALLS. WAYNE TRIES TO MOVE BUT EVERYTIME HE TRIES HE COUGHS UP MORE BLOOD.

GILLY SCREAMS IN ANGER AND WRATH. HER JAW TWISTING EVERY SO SLIGHTLY.

GILLY

You aren't laughing now, are you!?

After repeatedly bashing in the young girl's skull she drops it in front of Wayne.

He looks at it and begins to bawl. Gilly spits on her dead body. Then she just stares at the man weeping.

She shows no compassion for the man. She simply just doesn't care.

Gilly then heads out from the cellar. She is caked from head to toe in blood

Jack, moaning his existence almost lifeless, like an animal

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CAUGHT IN A TRAP, NEAR DEATH.

HE MANAGES TO FLIP HIMSELF OVER WITH HIS ARM, BUT IT IS BRITTLE AND NEARLY BENDS.

PULLING HIMSELF UP AND AGAINST THE WALL OF THE BASEMENT, JACK REMEMBERS THE DYNAMITE HIS BROTHER AND LAW HAD.

REALISING IT WOULD BE IN THE DUFFLE-BAG THE TWO, NOW DEAD, GIRLS OF WAYNE BROUGHT DOWN, HE REACHES FOR IT.

NOTICING THE DEAD BODIES OF THE GIRLS. HE LOOKS ALMOST SAD, BUT THEN STARTS TO LAUGH.

WAYNE NOTICES AS JACK COUGHS UP A DRY SPLATTER OF BLOOD, AND WAYNE IN TURN LAUGHS BACK.

GRABBING THE BAG, JACK GETS TO HIS POSITION ONCE AGAIN, RESTING HIS STIFF BACK, WHICH CRACKS AS SOON AS HE SITS DOWN.

HE TAKES OUT THE DYNAMITE FROM THE BAG AND SETS IT ON HIS LAP. RETRIEVING A PACK OF MATCHES FROM THE BAG ALSO.

JACK OPENS THE BOX WITH HIS MOUTH, THEN TRIES TO PINCH HIS FINGERS, FINDING HE CAN'T DO SO. HIS FINGERS WON'T BEND.

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HE LETS GO AND SIGHS.

INT. GEORGINA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

GILLY COMES UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HALL. THE DOOR TO OUTSIDE IS OPEN LETTING IN THE SETTING SUN.

EXT. GEORGINA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

SHE WALKS OUT INTO THE FALLING SNOW. WISPS OF WHITE FLAKES FILL HER HAIR AND SHE IS ENGULFED BY THE TREES.

CHUNKS OF WOOD AND STONE GO SHOOTING INTO THE SKY, AS A FIRE BEGINS TO RAGE OFF SCREEN.

AFTER A MOMENT OF CRACKLING AND THE SOUND OF CRYING WOLVES IN THE DISTANCE, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS IN AMONGST THE RUBBLE...

SNOW AND ASH FALLS SILENTLY INTO THE COLD NIGHT.

THE END.