

HORRIFIC TALES  
OF THE  
WICKEDLY MACABRE  
PRESENTS:

THE DEAD ROCK

By

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Wraparound Story Written by  
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**TEASER**

**INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT**

The car moves through a completely-darkened area. Even the moon and stars have been obscured by clouds.

The Driver has a cigarette in his mouth.

The Passenger turns the air conditioner down.

PASSENGER  
Who are we robbing?

DRIVER  
Hmm?

PASSENGER  
Whose grave are we robbing?

The Driver takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

DRIVER  
Why you wanna know?

PASSENGER  
'Cause I'm not entirely sure this isn't bullshit. I wanna know everything: who, how you know, how much the stuff is worth. It's a hell of a long ride, so I'm sure we got the time.

The Driver lets out a sigh then stubs out his cigarette.

DRIVER  
Her most recent name was Jesula Laguerre.

PASSENGER  
"Most recent"?

DRIVER  
She changed her name a lot over the years.

PASSENGER  
Okay, so what's this French broad got that's so valuable?

The Driver sucks the front of his teeth.

DRIVER  
Haitian. Not French.

PASSENGER  
 Whatever. What's she got?

The Driver glares at the passenger.

DRIVER  
 Shut the fuck up if you wanna know.

The Passenger waits patiently for the Driver to speak.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 Jesula Laguerre, using her en vogue  
 name, was an old woman. Old. One  
 hundred and fourteen years old.

The Passenger looks confused at the Driver.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 Hey, don't take my word for it. We'll  
 be there soon enough.  
 (smiles)  
 Word is she emigrated from Haiti and  
 landed in Louisiana just before  
 Vicksburg. Apparently --

PASSENGER  
 Hold up. The... the war battle? That  
 Vicksburg?

DRIVER  
 That Vicksburg.

The Passenger looks troubled by something else.

PASSENGER  
 And, wait, what? One hundred and  
 fourteen? That makes no fucking sense.

DRIVER  
 I know. But, here's the thing, you'll  
 never really understand and that's why  
 I didn't want to tell you.

PASSENGER  
 Make me understand.

DRIVER  
 Look, I don't know how long she's been  
 (MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
alive. I only know what I picked up  
during my research. She's ancient.  
Nobody knows for sure how many aliases  
she's had. I mean, what do you want me  
to say?

The Driver lights up another cigarette.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
If you believe the legend -- and I do  
-- she's lived and died enough times  
to have been buried in every cemetery  
in the world. Twice.

PASSENGER  
I said, "Make me understand", not,  
"Confuse the fuck out of me."

The Passenger sighs as he looks out the window.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
I mean, if she's so fuckin' old, how'd  
she die, huh? You make it sound like  
she was immortal.

DRIVER  
Everyone dies, sooner or later. But,  
she believed in the healing power of  
Voodoo, to slow it down.

PASSENGER  
(Incredulous)  
Voodoo?

DRIVER  
(Shrugs)  
Just what my research told me.

PASSENGER  
Yeah? What'd your research tell you  
about how she bit it?

DRIVER  
She drowned herself.

PASSENGER  
This is insane.

DRIVER  
Even if it is, what if it's not?

PASSENGER

You're born. You die. Nobody lives forever and nobody is resurrected.

DRIVER

Oh, she believed you could be.

PASSENGER

(Scoffs)

Who, the Voodoo priestess?

The Driver clicks his teeth.

DRIVER

You don't believe me, do ya'?

PASSENGER

Nope.

DRIVER

What if I showed you?

The Passenger glances over at the Driver.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

A thick fog rolls across the uneven terrain. Small clusters of trees litter the area, with thick leafy brush in between the clusters. The darkness is overwhelming.

Crickets CHIRP. An owl HOOTS.

Then, FOOTSTEPS O.S. crunch through a smattering of leaves.

The BLINDING LIGHT of a lantern emerges from the woods as two YOUNG MEN walk into view, duck under a low hanging branch as they push further into the brush.

Leading the way is BEN GRAYSON, 34, a thick, well-built country boy oozing with confidence. He holds the electric lantern out before him.

Close behind is ETHAN JOHNSON, 35, overweight, balding, the type of guy who couldn't look tough if he tried. He white knuckles a shovel.

**EXT. WOODS - SINISTER TREE - LATER**

The two men walk through the woods, which have opened up quite a bit. They step out into a grassy clearing.

Ben comes to a stop, holds the lantern up high.

The light reveals a massive, SINISTER TREE in the middle of the clearing. The jagged bark that covers it is jet-black. It's long, twisted branches jut out in all directions.

Ethan's posture slumps. He stares wide-eyed at the tree.

ETHAN

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Ben motions towards an object stuck in the ground just a few yards away from the trees thick trunk. He moves for it.

Ethan reluctantly follows, his eyes still locked on the creepy tree.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Ben, I really don't like this.

BEN

Then turn back. More money for me.

They reach the object. It's a CRUDE CROSS, two thick branches bound together with old rope. A wicked thorn bush has wrapped itself around the cross.

BEN (CONT'D)

Cross covered in thorns. Just like that old Hag said.

Ethan looks like he has a question, but Ben stops any questions by shoving a pointed finger in his face.

BEN (CONT'D)

It's time to stop being a pussy...

His pointed finger moves from Ethan to the cross.

BEN (CONT)

And to start digging.

Ben moves back, gives Ethan room to work.

Ethan swallows air, nervous as shit. He steps up to the cross, plants the shovel into the ground, starts digging.

**LATER**

Ethan, now covered in sweat and dirt, stands neck-deep in a hole. It measures approximately three feet by five feet.

He still digs.

The cross stands tall at the edge of the hole, bares down on Ethan below.

He shoots the evil-looking cross a nervous look, stops digging just long enough to wipe sweat from his brow.

A few yards away stands Ben. He studies the tree, steps closer to get a better look.

As Ben takes the light with him, darkness overwhelms Ethan.

ETHAN

Hey! Bring that light back here, would ya'?

Ben doesn't turn away from the tree, fixated.

BEN

You don't need light to dig.

Ethan MUTTERS something under his breath, continues digging. He GRUNTS as he digs, physically drained.

Ben runs his hand across the trees rough bark.

SHUNK!

He turns, holds the lantern out towards Ethan in the hole.

Ethan stares back at him with excited eyes. He stabs the shovel down again. SHUNK!

Ben rushes to the edge of the hole.

**IN THE HOLE**

The light shines down onto Ethan, who uses the shovel to scrape dirt off an old CASKET. The rotten wood is wrapped with rusted chains.

Ethan looks over the casket. Dread falls over his face.

**BACK TO BEN**, who stares down at Ethan. He steps to the side, gets a better look at the casket, spots the chains.

BEN (CONT'D)  
What's with the chains?

Ethan looks up at Ben, fear in his eyes.

ETHAN  
Chains? What's with the casket!? You  
said we were gettin' a book!

BEN  
Quit bitchin' and break the chains.  
Open that sucker up.

Ethan looks back to the casket, contemplates it. He shakes his head, drops the shovel onto the casket, then turns and climbs out of the hole.

BEN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?

Ethan's head sags. He can't look Ben in the eyes.

ETHAN  
I'm outta' here.

He cowers past Ben, moves towards the dark woods.

Ben watches after him, dumbfounded.

BEN  
Don't think you're getting a cut!

Ethan disappears into the woods.

Ben turns back to the hole, sets the lantern down on the edge. He jumps down inside the hole.

#### **IN THE HOLE**

He stands on the chain-wrapped casket, bends down and picks up the shovel. He smirks.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Fuck. The hard part is done.

He raises the shovel high, brings it down hard. Strikes the chains. CLINK!

Again. And again. With one final CLINK, the chains break.

Ben tosses the shovel out of the hole, bends down, clears the



broken chains away. He reaches out and tries to get a grip on the casket's cover.

With a GRUNT, he pulls the cover off. He takes one look inside the casket and recoils in disgust.

CLOSE ON the open casket.

Covered in cobwebs and bugs is a DECAYED CORPSE, a BLACK BIBLE stabbed to its chest with an old dagger.

Ben grabs the side of his head, pulls at his hair.

BEN (CONT'D)

What. The. Fuck.

He looks over the disgusting, bug-infested corpse. His eyes fall on the bible and the dagger that pierces it.

CLOSE ON the dagger.

A hand reaches into view, wraps its fingers around the dagger's handle. PULLS the dagger out of the bible.

#### **OUT OF THE HOLE**

Ben climbs out of the hole, bible in hand.

He stuffs the bible in his jacket, grabs the lantern, and walks towards the woods.

BEN (CONT'D)

Easy money.

#### **IN THE HOLE**

#### **EVIL P.O.V.**

CONFLICTING WHISPERS surround us. They are faint, but they are there.

We stand motionless on the coffin, stare ahead at a dark wall of dirt. RISE out of the grave.

Up ahead, Ben enters the woods, takes the light of the lantern with him. His back is to us.

We FLY forward at an inhuman speed. Quickly across the grassy clearing, into the woods.

The WHISPERS EXPLODE INTO A CHOIR OF SCREAMS!

Trees blur by us as we SPEED up behind Ben, who turns JUST AS WE REACH HIM. Ben instinctively throws his arms up to defend himself, releases a terrified scream.

**END P.O.V.**

**EXT. WOODS - BRUSH - CONTINUOUS**

Ethan, arms outstretched in front of him, pushes his way through the harsh brush.

Ben's SCREAMS ECHO through the woods.

Ethan stops, slowly turns and looks out in the direction of the scream. All the blood has drained from his face. His knees wobble.

He grabs hold of a small tree for support, takes a couple of deep breaths. His scared eyes stare out into the darkness, dart back and forth.

ETHAN

Screw this!

Pushing off the tree, he dashes into the bushes.

Branches claw and scrape at his face.

Ethan emerges from the patch of brush, runs straight into a steep decline. He loses his footing, rolls down the hill.

**EXT. WOODS - HILL BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ethan rolls to a stop on his stomach, groans as he struggles to his feet.

He clutches his shoulder, winces in pain.

A quick look around. It's thick with more brush and clusters of small trees.

Ben LAUGHS O.S. There's something strange about the laugh. It's slightly DISTORTED.

Ethan tenses up, steps backward, towards the incline.

ETHAN

B-Ben?

No response.

Ethan turns and looks up the hill, then down at his busted shoulder. Squeezes it and grimaces.

He turns back to the brush, moves into it. He steps lightly, slowly pushes past branches.

FOOTSTEPS O.S.

Ethan freezes, a statue. He listens. A twig SNAPS close by.

He puts his head down and bull-rushes through the brush, bursts out of the bushes, into a--

**EXT. WOODS - SMALL CLEARING - CONTINUOUS**

His feet catch a root, he stumbles forward.

Just then, a shovel SWINGS HARD into view, SMASHES across Ethan's face. He flips backward, lands on his head, falls to his stomach.

Slowly, Ethan lifts his head. Turns and reveals a shattered jaw. Multiple teeth have been knocked out, several others protrude through his lips and cheeks.

Blood oozes from his mouth, begins to puddle on the dead leaves under him.

His eyes are glazed, it's a struggle to stay conscious. A pitiful moan escapes his destroyed mouth.

**ETHAN'S P.O.V**

It's blurry. All sound is distorted.

We WOBBLE a bit while we stare out into the woods before us.

A figure emerges out of the brush, steps closer.

It's Ben. He clinches the bloody shovel in his hands. His eyes are completely WHITE. Dead.

BEN

Where you running to, Pig?

Behind Ben's voice is that same COLLAGE OF WHISPERS. He stands over us, studies us.

BEN (CONT)

No. You're not going to make it out of here. This is how it ends for you.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT) (CONT'D)  
 Only a few more moments now.

Ben raises the shovel high above his head, grins.

BEN (CONT) (CONT'D)  
 Are you thinking of your Mommy, Pig?  
 Hearing the sound of her soft voice?  
 Wishing she was holding you in her  
 arms? Instead, you're here. In my cold  
 woods. Bleeding. All over the place.

Just then, he STABS THE SHOVEL DOWN DIRECTLY AT US!

SMASH TO:

**BLACK**

CUE: "Too Drunk To Fuck" by Dead Kennedys.

TITLE CARD - THE DEAD ROCK

**EXT. WOODS - BACK ROAD - DAY**

As the summer sun beats down from above, a yellow CONVERSION VAN drives along the dirt road. It kicks up a cloud of dust behind it. Crudely spray-painted on the side of the van are the words "The Rag".

Thick woods surround the narrow road on either side.

**INT. CONVERSION VAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

Five YOUNG ADULTS are crammed into the front half of the van.

Packed in the back of the van is an assortment of musical instruments and equipment. A disassembled drum-set, multiple guitar cases, a couple of decent-sized amps, and various backpacks and duffle bags.

The music BLARES through the stereo speakers.

Behind the wheel is TOMMY WATSON, 27, as handsome as he is mean-looking, built like a brick shithouse.

He drums his thumbs against the steering wheel, along to the beat of the MUSIC.

In the passenger seat is MADDISON WATSON, 24, tom-boyish with a shag haircut. Both of her arms are covered with various skull tattoos. She watches through her window as the trees

outside blur by.

Behind Tommy, FLASH BROWN, 24, black, sports a buzzed mohawk and bull ring septum piercing, sits on the lap of CORT MOTZ, 24, boyish good-looks, with a snake tattoo wrapped around his neck. They both hold open cans of beer.

Beside them is GARY ROGEN, 27, overweight, with shoulder-length blonde hair and a thick goatee. He sparks up a fat joint, takes a huge drag, then passes it to Flash.

Finally, he exhales a huge cloud of smoke, then proceeds to cough his lungs out.

Cort laughs at him while Flash takes a much smaller hit.

Tommy can't help but chuckle.

Maddison notices.

MADDISON

Was that a laugh I just heard?

Annoyed, Tommy shoots her a look.

TOMMY

Just clearing my throat.

With a slight smirk, Maddison turns back to her window.

MADDISON

Just admit it. You're actually looking forward to this.

TOMMY

I'm always down to hear you guys jam. And Jim fuckin' shreds on the guitar, no doubt.

Gary wheezes as he gives an enthusiastic nod.

GARY

(gasping for air)  
Hell fuckin' yeah he is!

TOMMY

But he's still a prick shitbag.

Flash gives a faux enthusiastic nod.

FLASH  
Hell fuckin' yeah he is.

Maddison laughs.

Tommy reaches behind him, motions for the joint.

TOMMY  
Yo, share the wealth.

Flash leans forward, hands him the joint.

Cort frowns.

CORT  
Hey, what's my name? Skip?

Tommy takes a puff, then blows smoke at Maddison, who fans it away with her hands.

MADDISON  
Stop it, Dick.

He passes her the joint.

TOMMY  
Bitch.

MADDISON  
Ass-clown.

TOMMY  
Slut-bucket.

Maddison sticks her tongue out at him.

In the back, Gary is finally able to quell his violent coughing fit. His eyes are redder than the Devil's dick.

GARY  
Holy fuck, Dude! This is some heavy  
shit. Fuuuck.

Flash nods in agreement while Cort chugs his beer.

FLASH  
You ain't kiddin'. Good lookin' out,  
Brother.

**EXT. WOODS - BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The van drives along, pulls onto a--

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The van drives slower as it cruises along the long driveway.

Up ahead, through the woods, a single-story CABIN comes into view. It rests in a snug clearing in the woods, just beside a vast lake.

**INT. CONVERSION VAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

As Maddison reaches back and passes Cort the joint, Gary bounces excitedly in his seat at the sight of the cabin.

GARY

I can't believe we're actually at Jimmy D's lake cabin. This is so fuckin' surreal, Dude.

TOMMY

Seriously temper your expectations, Gary. Dude's a real asshole.

A smile stretches across Gary's face.

GARY

So I've heard. His asshole-ness is the stuff of legends.

Cort taps Gary's shoulder, gives him back the joint.

CORT

Preaching to the choir, Man.

Maddison spins around in her seat, looks at Gary.

MADDISON

Seriously. No fanboying. Just be cool. And don't call him Jimmy.

Gary nods as he finishes off the last of the joint.

GARY

Totally, yeah. I'm cool, Dude.

She turns back around.

Tommy gives Maddison a look. "That really necessary?"

MADDISON

Just tryin' to save him a broken nose.

**EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

The van pulls up behind a rusty CAMARO, parks, and shuts off. The doors open and everyone piles out.

Loud PUNK ROCK MUSIC comes from inside the Cabin.

Tommy, Gary, and Cort move to the back of the van, open up the rear double doors. They start unpacking the equipment.

Gary fumbles with a guitar case, nearly drops it, but just barely manages to catch it. He sighs a breath of relief.

GARY

Whoa, Dude. Close call.

TOMMY

You're an idiot.

Maddison steps away from the van, towards the lake. She looks out across the lake, admires the view.

Flash steps up beside her, stretches her arms out over her head. She leans over, playfully bumps into Maddison.

FLASH

Gotta' admit, this place is way cooler than I thought it'd be. Too bad the *asshole* has to be here.

MADDISON

Jim's an asshole, sure. But... We both know I'm no better.

Maddison glances over her shoulder at Tommy and the guys by the back of the van. She turns back to Flash.

MADDISON (CONT'D)

I still haven't told Tommy what happened. He's not dumb. He knows something happened. And since I won't talk to him about it, he suspects the worse. Does that make me a shitty person, Flash?

FLASH

Fuck no, Mama. That makes you fuckin' human. Live it. Besides, your brother  
(MORE)



FLASH (CONT'D)  
never liked Jim anyways. So what if  
you pour a little fuel on that fire.  
Fuck *Jimmy D* and the retarded horse he  
rode in on.

They share a quick laugh.

FLASH (CONT'D)  
No, but seriously. It's cool. Cort  
said our friend the asshole actually  
sounds like he has his shit together  
for once. And Cort knows better than  
to lie to me, ya' dig.

Flash winks at Maddison, then walks away.

Maddison watches with a smile as Flash heads over to the back  
of the van and joins the guys. As her gaze moves from her  
friends over to the Cabin. Her smile quickly fades.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The place is a mess. Empty beer bottles and trash cover  
nearly every surface. The furniture is torn and stained. It's  
a real shithole.

In the corner of the room is a large stereo system. "Bite It  
You Scum" by GG Allin BLASTS through the stereo speakers.

Standing shirtless in front of the stereo with a bottle of  
Jack Daniels is JIM DUNCAN, 24, a skinny guy with a shaved  
head and gnarly self-inflicted slash wound scars on both of  
his wrists.

He steps over to a window by the front door, takes a swig  
from his bottle as he peers out at Maddison, who joins the  
others by the van.

He finishes off the bottle, then SMASHES it against the wall.

**EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

As Maddison and the group approach the front door, the MUSIC  
inside the cabin shuts off.

Just a moment later, the door swings open and Jim steps out,  
now wearing a torn T-shirt.

He greets them with a shit-eating grin.

JIM  
About fuckin' time. Startin' to think  
you Prick's flaked on me.

CORT  
Been a minute, Man. Sorry to hear  
about your old man. How ya' holdin'  
up?

JIM  
Same shit, different toilet.

CORT  
Gross. But, rock on.

Cort and Jim exchange a quick fist bump.

Then, Jim turns to Maddison, nods.

JIM  
Maddison. Still a mean lookin' bitch.

Maddison responds with a friendly smile, flips him the bird.

Jim laughs it off, waves everyone inside.

JIM (CONT'D)  
C'mon and get in here. I don't know  
about you Faggots, but I'm ready to  
fuckin' tear shit up!

He points to Tommy and Gary, who each carry a different part  
of the drum-set.

JIM (CONT'D)  
We're gonna set up on the back patio.  
Already have extension cords hooked up  
and shit.

Jim heads back inside.

Maddison, Flash, and Cort follow after him.

Tommy and Gary start to lug the equipment around to the back  
of the cabin

Excited, Gary leans in close to Tommy.

GARY  
This is so boss, Dude.

TOMMY  
Shut up, Gary.

They step around the corner, out of sight.

GARY (O.S.)  
I just want, like, his socks. Hell,  
even just one sock would be rad.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
He's going to knock you out.

GARY (O.S.)  
That'd be so sweet, Dude!

PAN UP to the cloudless summer sky.

CUE: A high energy, uptempo punk-rock version of Billy Idol's  
"White Wedding."

TIMELAPSE SHOT as the sun sets and the light fades. Then, a  
crescent moon rises.

The MUSIC carries over to--

**EXT. CABIN - BACK PATIO - NIGHT**

Tommy and Gary sit in lawn chairs, pass a joint back and  
forth. They watch the source of the MUSIC.

Using the Back Patio as a makeshift stage, Maddison, Jim,  
Flash, and Cort, JAM on their instruments.

Maddison is rhythm guitar and vocals. Flash's on bass guitar.  
Cort rocks the drums. Jim shreds the lead guitar. And they  
are all fuckin' killing it.

Gary watches with admiration as Jim plays guitar. He turns to  
Tommy, elbows him to get his attention.

GARY  
(loud so Tommy can hear)  
Dude is a fuckin' God!

Tommy responds with a quick eye roll. He takes a drag off the  
joint, passes it back to Gary.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

It's quiet and dark. Harsh moonlight trickles down through  
the tree canopies.

A DISTORTED VOICE speaks out from the darkness O.S.

BEN (O.S.)

Behold, I will corrupt your seed, and  
spread dung upon your faces, even the  
dung of your solemn feasts; and one  
shall take you away with it.

PAN OVER to reveal Ben, standing beside a large fallen tree.

As he recites a verse from the black bible, his pale white eyes almost glow in the dark.

A twisted grin forms on his face, he grabs a handful of pages, tears them out, then shoves them into his mouth. He chomps down on the pages, forces himself to swallow them.

Then, punk rock MUSIC echoes through the trees.

Ben turns in the direction of the MUSIC, cocks his head to the side to hear better.

He starts in the direction of the MUSIC, rips another handful of pages out of the bible, shoves them into his mouth.

**EXT. CABIN - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy and Gary finish off the joint while Maddison and the other finish up the song. Gary claps enthusiastically.

GARY

Amazing. Seriously, just, wow. I don't  
even like Billy Idol. But you guys  
fuckin' killed it. So awesome...

Jim shoots Gary a look, annoyed.

Tommy notices, nudges Gary with his elbow.

TOMMY

(to Gary)  
Cool it.

Flash props her bass down against the amp, walks over to Cort by the drumset. They share a quick high-five.

FLASH

Good shit.

CORT

No kiddin'.

Jim steps beside Madison, who tunes her guitar.

JIM  
You still got it.

MADDISON  
Not somethin' you lose.

Maddison steps away, moves over beside Flash.

Jim goes to follow, but an excited Gary jumps in front of him and cuts him off.

GARY  
Dude! I know you hate fans, but I just gotta say--

Jim grabs Gary up by his shirt with one hand, gets right up in his face.

JIM  
Cut the shit, pussy. I don't want you sucking my fuckin' cock all weekend, got it? Now get the fuck out of my face and make yourself useful. Run up to the gas station and get us some more beer.

He lets go of Gary, who just smiles and nods.

GARY  
Beer? Fuck yeah. Right on. Cool. I can do that for ya, Dude. No problem.

JIM  
Then go fuckin' do it. Turn right out of the driveway. The gas station is only a couple miles down the road. You cover the cost, I'll get you when you get back.

GARY  
Awesome, Dude. Cool.

Jim watches as Gary hurries over to Tommy, who still sits in his lawn chair.

JIM  
(under his breath)  
Fuckin' moron.

He turns, steps up next to Maddison, Flash, and Cort.

JIM (CONT'D)

Alright, fuckers. Enough of that glamour rock bullshit. Let's play something *mean*.

CORT

Flash and I actually wanna check out the lake. It feels so good out. Be a perfect night to get nasty in the water.

Flash playfully punches Cort in the arm, who pretends to be in pain.

OVER WITH Tommy and Gary.

GARY

C'mon, Dude. Just run me up there real quick. It'll take fifteen minutes. I'll even grab you your own case.

Tommy stands from his lawn chair, tosses Gary the keys.

TOMMY

Yeah, no. I'm not doing that. You have at it though. Just don't fuck up my van or I'll kill you.

With a grin, Gary looks down at the keys in his hand.

GARY

Sweet. Thanks, Dude.

Tommy walks over to Maddison just as Jim leads Cort and Flash off the back patio and towards the lake.

Maddison sends a smirk Tommy's way.

MADDISON

Like him or not, that asshole can still shred.

TOMMY

I still think the band is better off without him.

Annoyed, Maddison rolls her eyes.

MADDISON

Jimmy D started The Rag. If he wants to get back into the band, we can't just turn our backs on--

Tommy's brow furrows, his jaw clenches.

TOMMY

Why not? That's what he did to you.

Before Maddison can respond, Tommy storms off into the woods, in the opposite direction of the lake.

Maddison calls after him, remorse in her eyes.

MADDISON

Tommy, wait!

She exhales, then hurries off into the woods after him.

**EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Gary walks around the side of the cabin, approaches the van.

He steps up to the driver's side, gets in behind the wheel.

BOOM! The van's exhaust BLOWS back as the engine revs to life.

"Police Truck" by Dead Kennedys BLARES from inside the van.

Gary backs the van up around the side of the cabin, then proceeds to drive off down the--

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The van's suspension bounces back and forth as Gary drives along the long narrow path.

**INT. CONVERSION VAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

Gary watches the driveway before him as he nods his head along to the beat of the MUSIC.

BZZT! The stereo spits loose tape out of the player.

GARY

Shit! Tommy is gonna kill me.

He turns a dial on the stereo, changes it to a radio channel. "Love Shack" by The B-52's POURS through the stereo speakers.

Gary stares down at the stereo, unsure of how to respond.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**INT. CONVERSION VAN - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER**

Gary bounces in his seat as he passionately sings along to the chorus of the SONG. He smiles from ear to ear.

GARY

The love shack is a little old place  
where we can get together!

**THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD**, a HUMAN FIGURE comes into view further down the driveway, sprawled out on the gravel.

Gary's eyes go wide, his foot stomps on the brake pedal.

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The van skids to a stop, only a few meters away from the limp body in the road.

The driver's door flies open and Gary rushes out. The MUSIC spills out of the van, carries over the night air.

Gary steps beside the body, who is REVEALED to be Ben! His face, clothes, and arms, are all covered in dried blood.

GARY

Holy shit.

He kneels beside Ben, checks for a pulse.

Just then, Ben's blank white eyes pop open.

GARY (CONT'D)

(scared)

Fuck!

Ben lunges out, grabs hold of Gary's head by his ears. He pulls hard on them.

BEN

Stupid Pig. These are *my* woods.

He pulls even harder, TEARS Gary's ears off.

Gary screams out in pain as he stumbles backward and falls on his ass. Blood oozes out of the open wounds on either side of his head.



Ben stands up, pops both severed ears into his mouth, chews them up, then swallows them.

He grins down at the horrified Gary.

BEN (CONT'D)  
A little chewy.

Then, Ben casually walks up to Gary, who cowardly puts up his trembling arms in a futile attempt to surrender.

BEN (CONT'D)  
This is usually the part where I'd tell you about how I plan on killing you and such, but since you can't hear so well anymore, I reckon that's about pointless now.

Ben shakes his head, disappointed. He sighs.

Gary peers up at Ben with pleading eyes, scared and confused.

GARY  
P-please...

The grin on Ben's face grows wider, more sinister.

Ben kicks Gary square in the face, knocks him on his back.

Gary moans in pain as blood gushes out of his broken nose.

Ben raises his boot high, stomps down directly on Gary's right knee. SNAP!

Gary clutches at his busted leg, which now dangles awkwardly to the side. He howls out, in absolute agony.

Ben laughs as he walks over to the van, hops in behind the wheel, closes the door behind him.

Sweat beads up on Gary's face as he writhes in pain in the middle of the driveway. He turns to the van, watches helplessly as Ben REVS up the engine a couple of times.

Tears stream down Gary's face as he throws his hands up, practically begs for mercy.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Please don't... Please!?

Then, the van peels out, kicking out gravel behind it as BEN

drives over Gary! Bones CRUNCH and SNAP as Gary's body crumples under the tires.

**INT. CONVERSION VAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

Ben punches the roof as he cheers, all while the MUSIC continues to BLARE through the stereo speakers.

He lets out a burst of maniacal laughter.

**EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT**

Jim and Cort stand beside the crackling flames of a small fire pit.

**IN THE LAKE**, Flash swims topless. She backstrokes, giving the boys on the shore a good look at her perky breasts.

**ON THE LAKESHORE**, Jim turns to Cort, gives him a playful punch in the arm.

JIM

Goddamn! Look at those titties! You're one lucky Motherfucker.

All Cort can do is shrug and smile while he looks out at Flash in the lake.

CORT

Fuck yeah I am, Man.

**IN THE LAKE**, Flash floats on her back and relaxes in the still water.

She stares up at the thousands of stars in the night sky.

FLASH

(sotto)

This is amazing.

**ON THE LAKESHORE**, Cort looks to Jim.

CORT

Shit, you're lucky too, Man. You've got a helluva set up here.

JIM

Yeah, it's alright. Only thing my dad left me. Fuckin' dick.

CORT  
So, you back for good?

JIM  
Fuck no. I'm gonna sell this place,  
then split for Cali.

CORT  
Damn. Would have been rad to have you  
back in the band.

Jim lets out a slight chuckle.

JIM  
Not sure Maddison and Flash feel the  
same way. I don't blame them though.  
I'm sort of an asshole.

CORT  
Why... Why did you leave?

Jim shoots Cort a look. "Really?"

JIM  
Like I just said. I'm an asshole.

**EXT. WOODS - DIRT TRAIL - NIGHT**

Tommy and Maddison walk side by side along the beaten path,  
which snakes back and forth through the woods.

MADDISON  
I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier.

TOMMY  
You really should have...

He notices the look of shame on Maddison's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
But I get why you didn't. I had no  
idea you were ever even pregnant. I  
can't imagine how you could cope with  
something like that.

MADDISON  
A lot of drugs and alcohol, for  
starters.

They share a quick laugh.

TOMMY  
Seriously though... Why even come out here? You had to know it'd be awkward.

MADDISON  
To apologize. Figured, at the very least, I owe Jim that.

**EXT. LAKESHORE - NIGHT**

Orange embers shoot out into the night sky as Jim throws a split log into the fire pit.

He steps back next to Cort, who peers out at the vast wilderness behind them.

CORT  
Gary needs to hurry his ass up. I'm ready to get trashed.

Jim lets out a slight chuckle.

CORT (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

JIM  
There's no gas station out the way I sent that Dumbass. I just had to get that Loser out of here. He was buggin' the fuck outta' me, ya' know?

Cort frowns.

CORT  
Wait... So what about the booze?

JIM  
Are you fuckin' serious? Dude, my dad was a major alcoholic. The liquor cabinet is totally stocked.

Cort's eyes light up.

CORT  
That's so boss, Bro!

Jim just shrugs and responds with a shit-eating grin.

JIM  
You really think I'd be out here without something to drink?

He turns and starts towards the woods, motions for Cort to follow along.

CORT  
 (to Flash in the lake)  
 Yo, Babe. We're gonna grab some party  
 fuel. Be right back!

**IN THE LAKE**, Flash still floats on her back in the calm, still water. Her eyes are closed, totally relaxed.

Without opening her eyes, Flash lifts her hand out of the water and waves them off.

**ON THE LAKESHORE**, Cort hurries to catch up with Jim.

CORT (CONT'D)  
 (to Flash in the lake)  
 Love you!

Cort and Jim disappear into the woods.

**EXT. WOODS - BACK ROAD - NIGHT**

The thick wilderness sandwiching the road is far more ominous now. The darkness is overwhelming.

A coyote BARKS and YIPES O.S.

Tommy and Maddison walk out of the woods, step onto the road.

TOMMY  
 Well, damn.

He glances around, frustrated.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 I think we might have taken a wrong  
 turn at some point.

Maddison scoffs.

MADDISON  
 No shit. Next time you storm off into  
 the woods, maybe take a flashlight.

Tommy shoots a frown her way.

TOMMY  
 Yeah, well, you followed me. What does  
 that say about you?

MADDISON

That I'm dumb. And besides, you're my brother. I'm *obligated* to follow you.

Half listening to Maddison, Tommy looks down the road.

TOMMY

(uninterested)

Obligated. That's a fancy word.

Behind Tommy, Maddison silently mocks him.

Tommy looks the other way down the road, nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This way. We'll just follow the road back to the driveway. It shouldn't be too far.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

As Jim and Cort walk out of the woods, they notice the van parked behind the Camaro in front of the cabin.

Cort smirks.

CORT

Looks like Gary's not as dumb as you thought.

As they step between the two vehicles, Jim spots something on the front of the van. He stops, frowns.

JIM

What the fuck?

Cort steps beside Jim, sees what he sees. His eyes go wide.

CORT

Is that blood!?

ANGLE ON the van to reveal blood and long blonde hair caked onto the dented grill.

With a stern look on his face, Jim nods.

JIM

Yeah. It is.

CORT

What the Hell did that idiot hit?

JIM  
Not sure that's what happened...

CORT  
What do you mean?

Jim motions towards the van's tires, which are all slashed.

Feeling the seriousness of the situation, Cort runs his fingers through his sweaty hair.

CORT (CONT'D)  
Dude... What the fuck is going on?

Jim steps over to the Camaro, discovers that its tires have been slashed as well. He whips his head around, scans the woods surrounding the cabin.

JIM  
Shit.

He turns to Cort, barks out orders.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Go grab Flash, then you two get your asses right back here. Got it?

Cort can't take his eyes off the van, his mind racing a million miles an hour.

CORT  
Where's Gary?

Jim grabs Cort by his shirt, gets right in his face.

JIM  
Cort! You need to go get Flash. Now.

Cort takes a deep breath, nods. He hurries off back towards the lake.

CORT  
Right. I'll be right back!

With that, Cort disappears into the woods.

As Jim rushes towards the front door, he keeps his head on a swivel and searches the area surrounding the cabin.

All is still and quiet.

After a final glance around, Jim enters the cabin, shuts the front door behind himself.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

Flash continues to peacefully float on her back in the dark lake water.

Eyes closed and arms outstretched, she's totally relaxed.

Suddenly TWO HANDS BURST OUT OF THE WATER on either side of Flash's head, clamp around her face! Before Flash can react, the hands pull her underneath the water.

A few moments pass, but nobody surfaces. The water goes still. An eerie silence falls over the lake.

**UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

About three feet beneath the surface, Ben holds Flash down by her head. He thrusts his thumbs into her eyes and brutally gouges them out.

Flash lets out a DISTORTED SHRIEK while Ben continues to violently squeeze her head and shake it back and forth.

As a cloud of blood emerges from Flash's bloody eye-sockets, her body finally goes limp.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jim hurries in from the bedroom, a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun grasped tight in his hands.

He loads two shells into the shotgun as he steps up to the front window, peers out into the darkness beyond. His eyes are filled with concern.

JIM

(sotto)

Where the Hell are you, Maddison?

**EXT. WOODS - LAKE TRAIL - NIGHT**

Cort rushes along the beaten path, which snakes back and forth through the woods. The darkness is overwhelming.

As he runs along the path, a branch SNAPS just O.S.

Startled, Cort stops dead in his tracks. He visibly trembles as he turns and looks out in the direction of the sound.



CORT  
Flash? T-that you, Babe?

No response.

Cort squints, tries to see better in the dark.

Nothing's there but a sea of trees.

A few more tense moments, then Cort eases up and exhales a breath of relief.

ANGLE ON CORT to REVEAL Ben standing motionless in the shadows directly behind him! He's dripping wet from head to toe, with a crazed grin plastered across his face.

Oblivious to Ben's presence, Cort turns and continues down the lake trail.

Ben just watches in silence as Cort rounds a bend in the path and moves out of view.

**EXT. LAKESHORE - MOMENTS LATER**

The firepit is nothing more than a pile of glowing embers now, providing barely any light.

Cort runs out of the woods, slows to a stop, looks out over the lake. No sign of Flash.

CORT  
Flash? Babe, where are you?

No response.

Then, Cort spots a figure slumped against a nearby tree.

CORT (CONT'D)  
Flash?

As he steps closer, his eyes go wide with horror.

CORT (CONT'D)  
Flash!?

Tears start to stream down Cort's face as he kneels beside the figure, who is REVEALED to be Flash. Very dead. Bloody, gaping holes are all that remain of her eyes.

He reaches a shaky hand out towards Flash's face, but can't bring himself to touch her.

BEN (O.S.)  
Now *that* was one wild Bitch!

Cort turns and straightens up, sees Ben standing over in front of the firepit.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Been a while since I got my hands on a dark one. Forgot how much fun they can be. Always got a lot of fight in them.

Overcome with anger, Cort clenches his fists and stomps towards Ben, who remains still.

CORT  
You're so fuckin' dead.

Ben smirks.

BEN  
Took the words right out of my mouth.

Cort dashes at Ben, winds back, throws a wild haymaker directly at Ben's face--

--But Ben dodges the punch at the last moment. He turns and sweeps Cort's legs out from underneath him.

Cort falls hard to his stomach with a loud THUD. He groans in pain as he struggles to recompose himself, but Ben is on him like a fly on shit.

BEN (CONT'D)  
We aren't done yet. Stay with me.

Ben grabs hold of the hair on the back of Cort's head, drags him a couple of feet across the ground over to the firepit.

Cort tries to free himself, but it's no use. Ben has too tight of a hold.

With all his might, Ben shoves Cort's face against the glowing embers in the firepit.

Cort cries out in agony as his skin SIZZLES.

Ben smiles from ear to ear as he savors every moment of the poor young man's torture.

PAN UP to the crescent moon in the sky as Cort lets out another BLOOD-CHILLING SCREAM.

**EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Jim stands in the open front doorway, shotgun in hand. He listens while Cort's SCREAMS O.S. carry over the night air.

JIM

Fuck!

Without hesitation, Jim runs in the direction of Cort's tortured SCREAMS O.S.

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Maddison and Tommy walk side by side along the driveway.

MADDISON

Remember the time when Jim knocked out that Bitch in Cincinnati?

TOMMY

Heh-heh. Yeah. Crazy bastard. In his defense... That was one manly Bitch...

Tommy slows up, spots something up ahead.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the Hell is that!?

Just ahead, Gary lies in a bloody heap.

Maddison slaps her hand over her mouth while Tommy rushes over to Gary's mangled corpse.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck!? Gary... Fuck!

Sick with fear, Maddison steps up behind Tommy, who turns and hugs her tight.

MADDISON

(fighting back tears)

W-what happened to him!?

Tommy pulls back from Maddison, looks her in the eyes. He tries to put on a brave face, but he's visibly shaken.

TOMMY

We have to get back to the others.

Misty eyed, Maddison nods in agreement.

Tommy grabs her hand, then leads her around Gary's corpse. They run down the driveway, towards the cabin.

**EXT. WOODS - LAKE TRAIL - NIGHT**

Jim hurries along the beaten path, shotgun at the ready.

JIM  
(calling out)  
Cort!? Flash!?

No response.

Then, uneven FOOTSTEPS O.S. catch Jim's attention. He stops, turns and sees--

--Cort stumble out of the darkness, towards him. His face is so badly burnt that he is barely recognizable.

CORT  
(weak, in pain)  
H-help...

JIM  
Fuck!

Just then, Ben emerges from the shadows beside Jim.

BEN  
Another pig to play with.

Before Jim can react, Ben SMASHES a thick tree branch across his head, knocking him to the ground.

The shotgun flies out of Jim's hands, lands a few feet away from Cort, who immediately stumbles towards it.

Ben dashes forward. Cort desperately tries to beat Ben to the shotgun, but he's too fucked up.

Dazed, Jim struggles to his feet.

Ben just barely beats Cort to the shotgun. He snags it up, aims it at Cort's charred face. He squeezes the trigger.

BOOM! Cort's head explodes in a mess of blood, brains, and chunks of skull matter.

JIM  
Nooo!

Jim charges Ben, who quickly turns aims the shotgun and fires. BOOM!

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Tommy and Maddison quickly approach the cabin as the SHOTGUN BLAST O.S. ECHOES through the woods.

As Tommy peers out in the direction of the blast, Maddison steps in between the van and Camaro. Dread falls over her face as she spots the slashed tires of both vehicles.

MADDISON

Tommy!

Tommy turns to Madison, spots the slashed tires.

TOMMY

Shit...

(motions for the cabin)

C'mon!

He grabs Maddison's hand, leads her to the cabin. They both disappear inside.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tommy locks the door while Maddison rushes to the window and looks out into the darkness beyond.

MADDISON

(still looking out the window)

Tommy... What the fuck is happening?

Tommy frantically searches the living room, grows more frustrated by the second. He disappears into a back room for a brief moment, then hurries back into view.

TOMMY

Tell me Jimmy has a phone!

Maddison steps away from the window, glances around the room.

MADDISON

I don't know... He must!

Just then, JIM CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!

Maddison screams in horror as Tommy pushes past her and rushes to Jim's side.

TOMMY

Fuck! Jim!?

Jim's fucked up bad, but he's alive. His left arm has been blown off at the elbow, his face is battered and bruised, and both of his ankles have gruesome compound fractures. He coughs up blood, lets out a pathetic WHIMPER.

Tommy turns to Maddison, shakes his head. The look on his face says it all. Jim is beyond fucked.

Maddison cries as she moves beside Jim and practically collapses next to him. She reaches out and squeezes Jim's remaining hand.

MADDISON

J-Jim? Oh, God.

JIM

(weak, in pain)

I'm so s-sorry...

Jim starts to sob. Maddison leans forward, plants a kiss on Jim's busted lips.

Tommy fights back tears while keeping his eyes locked onto the shattered window.

MADDISON

No, Jim. I'm sorry. For everything!  
What I did... Was wrong. You deserved  
better. I'm so, so sorry.

Tommy kneels beside Jim, who is bleeding out fast.

TOMMY

Jim. How many are there?

JIM

One. J-just one...

He coughs more blood as he reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a Zippo lighter.

JIM (CONT'D)

The s-stove... Cut the gas line...

Tommy nods that he understands. He runs into the--

**INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

With a sense of urgency, Tommy moves through the trashed kitchen, heads straight for the old stove in the far corner.

He grabs hold of each side of the bulky appliance, grunts as he struggles to pull it away from the wall, exposing a yellow gas line behind it.

Tommy leans over the stove, reaches behind it, grabs hold of the gas line, and rips it loose.

The severed gas line HISSES as gas escapes into the room.

Tommy steps back from the stove, calls into the living room.

TOMMY

All set!

As he starts back towards the living room, something catches his eye.

The back door is wide open!

Tommy stiffens with fear. He turns, only to come FACE TO FACE WITH BEN, who wears a sinister grin on his face.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Maddison kneels beside Jim, who coughs up more blood. She looks at him with pleading eyes.

MADDISON

Jim, you don't have to do this... We can find another way!

Jim forces a smile.

JIM

(weak, in pain)  
I'm f-fucked, Maddison... P-please...  
Let me do this for you.

Maddison sniffles as she wipes tears from her eyes.

Then, FOOTSTEPS O.S. draws her attention to--

--TOMMY, who weakly stumbles into the living room. His throat has been completely torn out. Blood gushes out of the wound, pours down his chest.

Maddison screams.

MADDISON

Tommy!?

She jumps to her feet, runs to Tommy, who collapses to the floor. Maddison practically falls to the floor beside him, totally distraught.

MADDISON (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Tommy, no!?! Please, don't die! Tommy!?

But it's too late. Tommy's gone. Blood quickly starts to puddle up underneath him.

While Maddison cries over her dead brother, Ben steps into the living room. He lets out a crazed cackle.

BEN

Ah. The sweet sound of distress.

Jim watches helplessly as Maddison stands up on her shaky legs and backs away from Ben.

JIM

Run! Get out of here now, Maddison!

Ben calmly shakes his head.

BEN

No. There will be no escape for you.

Maddison spots a broken beer bottle on the floor beside her, picks it up.

She holds it out towards Ben in a threatening manner.

MADDISON

What the fuck do you want from us!?

The grin on Ben's face stretches even wider.

BEN

Suffering.

JIM

(to Maddison)

Run now!

Maddison ignores Jim, charges at Ben. She slashes at him with



the broken beer bottle, slices Ben across the face.

He retaliates with a brutal kick between Maddison's legs, then punches her hard in the face.

JIM (CONT'D)

No! Stop it! Get off her!

Ben grabs Maddison by her hair, punches her in the face. Again and again. Then, he whips her around by her hair and throws her body against the wall.

Maddison falls hard to the floor, but quickly recovers and jumps back to her feet. She wipes blood from her nose, clenches her fist.

Ben chuckles.

BEN

You've got more fight in you than the other Pigs, I'll give you that.

Jim struggles to stay conscious. All the color has completely drained from his face. He only has a few minutes left.

JIM

(weak)

M-Maddison... Please... G-get out...

Maddison puts her head down and releases a high-pitched war cry as she runs at Ben. She dropkicks Ben square in the chest, knocking him clean on his ass.

Before Ben can recover, Maddison jumps on him, stomps down repeatedly on his face and chest.

MADDISON

Fuck you!

Ben laughs as Maddison continues her relentless assault.

She stomps down one final time, directly on Ben's throat, crushing his esophagus.

His eyes go wide he gurgles and chokes on blood.

JIM O.S.

(weak)

Maddison... Please... G-get out...

Maddison turns to Jim, who still clutches his Zippo lighter.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Y-you have to... Go... Now...

With tears falling down her bruised cheeks, Maddison reluctantly nods.

MADDISON  
I love you, Jim.

Jim weakly smiles.

JIM  
I l-love you t-too...

He holds up the lighter, ready to flick it.

Behind Maddison, Ben struggles to his feet. Blood drips out of his mouth and down his chin as he wheezes.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Now!

After a final glance at Jim, Maddison turns and runs for the shattered window. She dives through it.

Ben stumbles after her, but falls to his knees.

Jim stares Ben in the eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Go to Hell.

He flicks the Zippo lighter, igniting the gas.

In a flash, both Ben and Jim are engulfed in flames.

**EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Maddison sprints away from the cabin as it EXPLODES with a CACOPHONOUS BOOM!

The force of the blast takes Maddison off her feet. She falls hard on her stomach, immediately curls into a ball to protect herself from the debris raining down all around the surrounding area.

As the debris starts to settle, Maddison pushes herself to her feet. She turns and stares back at the flaming husk that was once the cabin. CLOSE ON her sad eyes.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Maddison slowly shuffles through the darkness, a blank expression plastered across her face.

Totally traumatized, she doesn't bat an eye as she steps past Gary's bloody corpse.

MADDISON

(monotone)

I've been away for so long... I've  
been away for so long... I let you go  
for so long... It's a nice day to...  
Start again...

**EXT. CABIN RUINS - CONTINUOUS**

The flames have started to die down around the destroyed remains of the building.

The silence is deafening.

**EVIL P.O.V.**

CONFLICTING WHISPERS surround us, just like before.

We stand motionless in the flames, stare out at the dark woods beyond. PUSH out of the flames, MOVE onto the--

**EXT. WOODS - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The woods surrounding the driveway blur past us as we pick up speed. The CONFLICTING WHISPERS grow into a CHOIR OF SCREAMS.

Up ahead, Maddison continues to shuffle down the long driveway. Her back is to us, oblivious to our presence.

We gain ground quick, move faster and faster as we approach Maddison, who turns JUST AS WE REACH HER. She lets out a horrified shriek.

**SMASH TO:**

**BLACK**

**EPILOGUE****FADE IN:****INT. IROC-Z - NIGHT**

The Driver flicks ashes into the car's ashtray.

DRIVER

You know anything about the power of suggestion?

PASSENGER

Like... When you tell me something and I believe it?

DRIVER

In layman's terms.

PASSENGER

Yeah. Didn't work for the Haitian broad.

The Driver pushes in the cigarette lighter.

DRIVER

Open the glove.

The Passenger looks down at the glove department.

PASSENGER

What for?

DRIVER

I want you to believe me.

The Passenger opens the glove department and finds an amulet and a small, sexless doll. He takes them out.

PASSENGER

What is this?

DRIVER

(Re: the amulet)

That is a gris-gris.

The Passenger has no clue.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(Clarifies)

A good luck charm.

PASSENGER  
And, this? Is this a Voodoo doll?

DRIVER  
What do you think?

PASSENGER  
I don't know.

DRIVER  
Wanna find out?

The Driver takes both of his hands off the wheel and looks right at the Passenger.

PASSENGER  
Hey, whoa, what are you doin'?

DRIVER  
Trust me.

The Driver slams his foot down on the gas pedal.

The IROC-Z picks up speed.

PASSENGER  
No, come on, stop the car.

The Driver continues to stare at the Passenger as the car exceeds 80 miles per hour.

DRIVER  
(Re: the doll)  
May I?

PASSENGER  
We're gonna crash. Put your fuckin'  
hands on the wheel!

DRIVER  
We'll be fine. The doll?

The Passenger hands the doll over.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Do you know... how these work?

PASSENGER  
I-I've read comics. If you're not  
gonna drive, I will.

The Passenger reaches over and grabs the steering wheel with his left hand.

The Driver sighs and pulls out the cigarette lighter. He jabs it into the doll's left hand.

Just then, the Passenger's left hand sizzles, as he pulls his hand away and screams out in pain.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Fuck!

The Driver pulls the cigarette lighter away.

DRIVER

You're not paying attention.

The Passenger clutches at his pained hand.

PASSENGER

I am! I am, I am. Fuck!

DRIVER

Good. So, here's the deal.

The Driver jabs the cigarette lighter into the side of the doll's face.

Then, the skin on the Passenger's cheek starts and burning as he screams out in pain.

The Driver shows no hint of emotion.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK**

To be continued...