

Trailer People
(2nd Draft)

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SLIDELL, LOUISIANA STREET - DUSK

In the distance, the RUMBLING of a big block engine gets louder and louder. The '69 red GTO rounds the bend in the road, it's presence emphasized by the yellow running lights. The goddamn transmission WHINES mercifully for third gear.

EXT. HERITAGE PARK PARKING LOT - DUSK

The LOCAL KIDS hang out showing off their cars in the parking lot. Everyone turns toward the ROARING ENGINE as the notorious car gets near.

The tire-skidding halt perfectly centers the hot rod between the lines of a nearby parking space. Tinted windows offers the driver a sense of security.

INT. GTO - DUSK

MICKEY ZANIC (21) hides behind the dark glass. A cigarette dangles from his lips, he slowly reaches to turn off the eight track player.

MICKEY

(to himself)

Why is it so goddamn hot and humid
all the time? I hate it here.

He wipes the steady stream of sweat from his brow and turns the car off. He hesitates getting out of the car, but then draws a huge lung full of nicotine, removes the spent cigarette and emphatically grinds it out in the console ashtray.

DISTANT MALE (O.S.)

What the hell does that asshole want?
Hey, we don't want your kind around
here. Go away!

Mickey quickly rolls down the driver side window.

MICKEY

Yeah, that's what your mom said when
I caught her giving my dog a hand
job the other day.

DISTANT MALE (O.S.)

Go on, get out of the car. I dare
you...you punk!

He reaches for the door handle.

MICKEY

What the hell. There's no where else to turn to except these red neck do-gooders?

EXT. HERITAGE PARK PARKING LOT - DUSK

A RUSTY GRINDING SQUEAL comes from the noticeable body damage near the bottom door hinge as it slowly opens. Mickey's black leather boot is visible when he STOMPS it against the black top. He CHUCKLES and blows out the last breath of smoke from his lungs.

The bluish cloud of smoke rolls upward spreading into a hazy curtain. A Passing car sprays light across the area. Perfectly timed, Mickey steps completely out of the car into the light.

Against the smoky backdrop, the fuzzy silhouette of his medium-sized frame is like the floating aura of a ghost. The car lights pass, he slams the door shut.

A welcoming committee of do-gooders quickly forms. Four big guys move in unison towards Mickey. Their bodies make an impressive wall of muscle and bone. TODD steps out from the middle of the group.

TODD

We don't want you around here.

Mickey holds up his hands as a truce offering. He smiles, but he really doesn't fucking trust these guys.

MICKEY

Look man, I'm not looking for trouble. I need... I need your help. Have any of you seen Johnny and the others?

TODD

Johnny, you mean that freak that tattooed the whites of his eyes red!

Mickey tentatively inches forward thinking for minute that they may just help when holy shit, Todd throws a hell of a lightning-fast right jab.

MICKEY

(ducking)

I guess that's a no.

He jives back to the right and quickly kicks Todd in the groin.

TODD
(extreme pain)

Uh!

He folds and drops to his knees. Mickey raises his arms to claim victory.

MICKEY
Did you see that ladies and gentlemen?

In retaliation STEVE and ANDY (both about 20) grab Mickey by the arms to restrain him. The biggest one, MAX (23) steps in front of Mickey. Angry -

MAX
You're nothing but trouble and no one around here likes you, or those other jerks you used to hang out with. You can all disappear and no one will give a damn.

MICKEY
What do you mean, I used to hang out with? You make it sound like they're not here anymore.

Max just smiles. Shoving Max aside, Todd is on his feet and manages to stumble forward. He's pissed but mostly embarrassed.

TODD
You son of a bitch!

He lunges forward with a right hook. Mickey's head snaps and bounces back only slightly, then it slumps motionless to his chest.

TODD (CONT'D)
You'll hang out with them again.
(beat)
Don't worry, you'll do more hanging out than you ever wanted.
(beat)
Max drive his car out to the Honey Island Swamp and trash it.
(beat)
You two take this piece of garbage in your car and follow Max.

MAX
Leave him for the trailer people?

TODD
He wants to find his friends. Doesn't he?

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Mickey wakes sprawled out across the front car seat. Hesitantly, he pokes at his chin and winces in pain. Shaking his head.

MICKEY

Did anyone get the number of that semi?

Looking up out of the window at the night sky, the moon is big, bright and full.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Yep, all the crazies will be out tonight.

Suddenly, what the hell, a shadow floats over the car. Mickey's face is frozen. His breathing stops, his mind goes blank. Every muscle locks up. As the sensation begins to pass, his hands tremble.

He slowly sits up to find the windshield is practically smashed. He rolls down the driver side window and sticks his head out to see down the hauntingly, dark road. In the distance, a faint neon light.

Holy shit, just as unexpected as before, he sees a ghostly shadow and hears SCUFFLING FOOT STEPS.

Mickey is horrified, the hair on his back of his neck stands up. The footsteps get louder and louder, closer and closer, then suddenly, a loud metal klank when a rock bounces off the back of the car. He flinches and turns to see out the side window.

Appearing out of nowhere, a PRETTY PETITE GIRL (25) passes by the car. Wide eyed with surprise, he fumbles for the door handle.

EXT: DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Mickey hustles from the car. His voice shudders -

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hey, you! Where did you come from?

Seeming surprised, the girl GASPS and turns. Her face glows around the greenest eyes, high cheek bones, and an apple-blush complexion. The definition of her firm, round ass shows well through skin tight shorts. A painted on tee shirt can't hide her perky, hard nipples.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

Oh, did I scare you?

MICKEY

No, I just didn't expect finding anyone like you out here.

She walks toward him. Strong Creole accent -

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

I didn't expect to find anyone in that car either. There always seems to be an abandoned old clunker sitting out here lately.

Mickey's head jerks back, he's offended about her describing his car as a clunker.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL (CONT'D)

What do you mean by anyone like me?

MICKEY

Well... You know... I mean... You're gorgeous and all alone and...

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

(laughing)

Okay, okay, how about if I just take it as a compliment then.

MICKEY

There ya' go.

She points to the abandoned-looking shack down the road with faint neon light.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

See that? That's the Gator Hole service station. It opens at six in the morning. You can get your car looked at then.

MICKEY

Six in the morning.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

They have a pop machine. How 'bout if you buy me a drink.

He looks toward the gas station and recognizes the car parked under the light.

MICKEY

Sure no problem. Hey what about that car over there?

He points, and she turns.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Do you know where the owner is?

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

You mean Johnny! He's a funny guy. That old crate of his broke down there just the other night. That's odd, you know? Quite a few cars have been popping up out here lately.

MICKEY

Johnny, yeah. I've been looking for him.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

Well, what made you look way out here?

MICKEY

I didn't... I mean I kind of had some help with that. And it looks like Johnny did too.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

He's probably hanging around with the others at the trailer park right now. If we hurry, you can probably catch him.

MICKEY

Trailer park?

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

Yeah, that's where I live.

She moves closer to Mickey. Crickets CHIRP LOUDLY in the nearby long grass.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL (CONT'D)

You see those lights down there? That's it. Home.

MICKEY

The trailer park?

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

Yeah, there's about ten trailers or so. About thirty of us live there.

MICKEY

You guys all live way out here all alone like this.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
 Come on... You're from Slidell. You
 know what that place is like. Besides
 we've always lived out here.

MICKEY
 Well, I am only recently from Slidell.
 But I have to agree with you on that.

She starts walking.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 Hey... Wait a minute. How did you
 know I'm from Slidell?

Out of nowhere, She does a cute shuffle and sweet little
 bunny hop then skips down the road toward the lights. Mickey
 hurries to her side and quickly becomes distracted once
 noticing the perfect bounce in her breasts.

And OFF MICKEY we...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TRAILER PARK DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk a really dark-assed road. Closing in on the trailer
 park, we hear VOICES and MUSIC.

MICKEY
 Are you guys having a party? If it
 wasn't for the music, I'd think this
 place was abandoned.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
 Everyone pitches in. They're all
 out at the smokehouse. It's a little
 ways behind the trailers. We only
 go to town when we have to, so
 occasionally we slaughter and smoke
 our meat.

MICKEY
 What, like you guys hunt for your
 food? Gator and deer and what?

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
 Whatever we need. Either we find
 it, or it finds us.

EXT. SMOKEHOUSE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

From the darkness comes the SQUEALING and GRUNTING of a large
 pig. The smokehouse door opens and the escaping light
 brightens the area.

Out steps and OLD MAN who's bent at the waist and holding his back with one hand. The door swing shut and it goes really fucking dark again.

In the distance, a flash of lightning and the THUNDEROUS RUMBLE follows. Another flash, and we see the huge pig tied to a nearby rail. It SQUEALS continuously.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
Looks like a storm is a brewing.

OLD MAN
Ah, we need it. It'll cool it off a bit. It's hot as hell in there.

He waves back at the door he just exited from while moving toward the pig. He takes hold of the rope tied to its neck.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Come on Lucy. We all got to eat, don't we?

He leads Lucy back inside the smokehouse.

Mickey and the girl follow.

INT. SMOKEHOUSE NIGHT

Inside, it freaking stinks. Mickey covers his mouth and nose by pulling his tee shirt collar over them. The air is hot and it smells from the searing flesh. There are people everywhere.

Mickey's jaw drops.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
What the hell is this!

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
Like I said... We all pitch in. Might as well make a party of it, you know.

MICKEY
But it smells so freaking bad.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL
You get use to it.

MICKEY
I don't think I could.
(beat)
Poor old Lucy. I guess she'll never know what hit her... Will she?

The girl walks out. Mickey looks to the Old Man.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Where's she going?

OLD MAN
She'll be right back.

MICKEY
(awkwardly)
So... My friend Johnny was here
tonight. Did he say where he was
going?

OLD MAN
Johnny, yeah he's hanging around
somewhere.

MICKEY
So, are you going like to slaughter
Lucy right here?

OLD MAN
Lucy, hell no!

He touches Mickey's arm gently then squeezes.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
You're pretty solid for a skinny
fellow. Aren't you?

Mickey's concerned -

MICKEY
So if you're not gonna kill Lucy...
Why did you drag her in here?

Mickey looks around.

OLD MAN
Because... It's time for her to eat.

Mickey turns back just as the Old Man drops a large bowl of
round bloodied objects into the dirt in front of Lucy. The
pig lets out a FRENZIED CHAIN of SQUEALS.

Mickey's face turns to a whiter shade of pale.

MICKEY (V.O.)
Holy fuck, those are eyeballs, goddamn
fucking eyeballs.

The pig digs in and one of the eyeballs pops over the edge
and rolls to stop at Mickey's feet.

He goes completely stiff when he sees the white of the eyeball at his feet is red.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Johnny!

The Petite Pretty Girl is back. Mickey turns, he's hyperventilating.

She reaches back and opens another nearby door leading into the guts of the smokehouse. Like presenting a door prize -

PRETTY PETITE GIRL

And, he-r-r-re's Johnny!

Jesus Christ... Johnny's gutted, skinned, and cooked, his carcass hangs from a large steel hook suspended from the ceiling. Not only is he dead, but it's much worse, he's dinner.

Mickey turns to run.

The Girl stands in front of him, her smiling face, her green eyes, high cheeks, and apple-blush complexion. As he nears, she lunges and thrusts 12 inches of cold blue steel deep into his gut.

The POPPING of the pointed tip as it punches through MUSCLES and LIGAMENTS is quite distinct. She savagely jerks the knife upward quickly disemboweling him like a field dressed deer.

PRETTY PETITE GIRL (CONT'D)

I bet you thought you were getting laid tonight, didn't you? Well not hardly pal. But, I can see in your eyes that you've figured out that...
Yep, you sure are screwed.

THE END