

TURMOIL

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A four-door, green 1978 Chrysler Newport drives down a country road past forgotten farm equipment and a rotting scarecrow.

Don Wolfe is at the wheel. We can HEAR the voices of his family inside the car as they continue to drive

DON WOLFE (36 yrs. 5'10. Medium build. Shaggy Hair) Father of the Wolfe family. Don's Wearing blue jeans and a vintage 80's thrash Metal concert Raglan. The Family life has mellowed him out. He's a welder by trade and enjoys a couple beers on the weekend.

BARAT WOLFE [pronounced "bear-it"] (34 yrs) Dons wife, and mother of their two children. She's an attractive Phlebotomist. She met Don at a *King Diamond* concert many years ago.

BARAT (V.O.)

You two have been very well behaved
during this car ride. I'm really
impressed

AUTUMN WOLFE (9 yrs) Thin. Long hair. Recently got into photography and carry's a Polaroid camera with her everywhere. She's dressed similar to her Mom and sister.

ANNE WOLFE (5 YRS) Short with chin length hair. Inquisitive. Anne carries with her a little stuffed fox doll called "foxy" everywhere she goes.

KIDS (V.O.)

Thank you

DON (V.O.)

What about me?

BARAT (V.O.)

I don't know, the ride's not over
yet. I'm surprised we've gotten
this far (joking)

DON

Hey (playful). it's nice taking the
old beast out for a long drive...

Don pauses before making his playful jab

DON (CONT'D)
...and The car too

BARAT
Oh, I see what you did there
(playful)

DON
What? What are you talking about
(laughs)

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dons UNCLE JACK passed away recently and willed him the belongings from his garage. Don used to spend a weekend staying with his Uncle Jack every summer during his youth. Uncle Jack eventually became a recluse and communication with his family diminished.

A polaroid camera flashes as Autumn continues to document their trip. Anne poses for a picture with foxy.

ANNE
Will Uncle Jack have toys?

DON
Uncle Jack has a lot of stuff.
We'll be there all weekend so you
have lots of time to look for
something.

AUTUMN
I'm going to take a picture of
Uncle Jack for my scrap book.

BARAT
Uncle Jack wont be there, hun.

AUTUMN
Why are we going to visit Uncle
Jack if he's not there (confused).

BARAT
Because he left your dad some
belongings.

Both girls look confused

DON
Uncle Jack lives with the angels
now.

Anne is too young to understand. Confused, she looks at Autumn. Autumn understands and makes a goofy death-face look to explain. Anne laughs

DON (CONT'D)

I think this is our turn

The Polaroid flashes as Autumn takes a picture of her sister mimicking her goofy death-face.

TRANSITION TO

EXT. DIRT ROAD DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car turns down a long dirt road tightly hugged by the wilderness. BROODING MUSIC begins as they travel down the earthly driveway looking out the window for Uncle Jacks residence to appear.

We SEE part of a strange, intricate weather vane perched on top of a large building. The BROODING MUSIC begins to turn OMINOUS. We RACK FOCUS to the distance on the Car continuing up the driveway. The CAMERA LOWERS as the car gets closer and comes to a stop. We can SEE the expressions of the Wolfe family through the front windshield along with the faint reflection of the massive garage.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The pitch black garage door begins to open slowly revealing all four family members standing at the entrance. Autumn stands ready to take a polaroid next to her dad holding his six pack of cheap beer. As the garage is revealed to them, the four family members expressions differ.

The kids look like the door to treasure island just opened.

Barat looks overwhelmed.

Don feels the stress exuding from his wife.

AUTUMN

(deep gasp) whoaaaaaa!

We PAN across the garage revealing a dense collection of tools and oddities. An armadillo watches from atop a shelf. An old lawnmower hangs from the ceiling in chains. Underneath it lays an oil pan. The pan is bone dry and covered in cobwebs.

Barat shudders at the mess as the girls eagerly rush in.

BARAT

Oh, no.

Don looks at his measly six pack.

DON

I should've brought a twelve

The girls begin sifting through old relics. We SEE shots of antique tools, A little black & White antenna TV, an industrial sized drill press from the 50's covered in cobwebs, etc.

Autumn tries turning on the tv with no luck, she turns all the different knobs.

AUTUMN

Oh wow, is this a TV?

Holding her foxy, Anne plays with an antique metal spinning toy. She turns to her parents

ANNE

Foxy wants to live in here!

Barat looks annoyed. She had no idea it would be such a mess and instantly regrets the visit.

BARAT

It's too dirty for foxy in here
hunny and you hate it when I put
him through the wash

Anne hates being separated from foxy. She grips him tight.

BARAT (CONT'D)

Come on girls, outta the garage
please. I don't want either of you
getting hurt in this *death-trap*
(side-eyes Don).

Autumn heads outside the garage door and raises her camera

AUTUMN

Smile

Barat and Don turn around with Anne in the background looking at the oil pan.

Autumn snaps a photo and hands it to her Dad.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

This is the before photo, and later
I'll take an after photo so you can
see all your hard work daddy.

Don holds the photo in the same hand as the beer. Barat
answers for Don before he has a chance. She wants to move
this along and get started.

BARAT

That's sweet honey, come on Anne
lets go

Annes exits the garage as Barat turn to Don and lowers her
voice

BARAT (CONT'D)

If the house looks like the inside
of this garage, you're going to
wish you were with Uncle Jack and
the angels.

She kisses him on the cheek as he continues to stare blankly
into the garage

BARAT (CONT'D)

Good luck

Barat and the girls head towards the house. Don pulls a
slightly shaken beer out of the plastic six pack ring, holds
it out to his side and cracks it open with one hand. Mildly
shaken up, the beer sprays. Don takes his first sip as the
MONTAGE SONG CUES (something similar to early Venom or Razor)

INT. GARAGE - MONTAGE

Don turns on the lights and hits the garage door button

We SEE the gears of the garage door opener machine from the
inside as it springs to life and the garage door begins to
close

CLEANING MONTAGE: Don places the beer, Autumns photo, and his
phone on the TV. He sweeps the floors, digs through bins of
junk, opens cupboards, gets scared by some old Halloween
decorations, bumps his head on the lawnmower, fiddles with
the old television and antenna to no avail. He attempts to
activate the antique air compressor with no luck. He sighs,
nothing seems to work. He winds up an old clock that
surprisingly works. Feeling proud, he celebrates a very small
victory and sets the time to match his phone. He takes notice
of a 70s nude pinup torn from a magazine and hanging on the
back of the garage door.

He smiles at the girl as if to brag about his ability to get a clock working. He then bumps his head a 2nd time on the lawnmower. The Armadillo watches, the lawnmower hangs from the ceiling, and the oil pan remains dry.

This MONTAGE is INTERCUT with (ECU & CU) SHOTS of the garage door closing with the final KICK DRUM/CYMBAL SPLASH timed perfectly when the door hits the pavement.

Suddenly, a single drop of oil hits the oil pan and echoes a low key ominous musical note.

Don turns around looking towards the lawnmower but takes notice of an old photo tacked to the wall beside the drill press. As he approaches the photo, we SEE that its Uncle Jack and Don from their last weekend of fishing together.

Don never quite knew why his summer weekends with Uncle Jack ceased with no explanation. He feels a wave of guilt for not making any effort in his adult years.

Don reaches for the photo but accidentally knocks it to the ground behind a pile of scrap. Instead of clearing out the junk he reaches out with his right hand to hold onto something and notices an old mattress with rusted springs being used as a tool holster for sharp farm tools. It's leaning carelessly against the drill press.

Knowing this is a potentially stupid thing to do, he rolls up his sleeve and carefully maneuvers his arm through a safe clearing through the mattress at shoulder level and grips the old drill press. Like playing a dangerous game of twister, he uses the drill press as leverage and reaches for the photo.

As Don reaches down for the photo his rolled sleeve begins to slowly unroll itself sliding back towards his wrist and the drill bit.

An inch away from the photo, he begins to make the final stretch at the same time his sleeve unrolls to rest against the drill bit.

We SEE Dons face as he extends his reach farther than he ever has and grabs the photo between two finger tips.

Suddenly, the drill press springs to life grabbing his sleeve. Dons body is forced face-first towards the spike-tooled mattress. Don acts quickly, slamming his other hand against the bed frame between two sharp objects. The drill press whines and sparks, sporadically pulling Dons Eye closer towards the spiky DIY nightmare.

Just as Dons about to lose his 20/20 vision his shirt breaks free and he falls backwards into a pile of junk, spilling it to the ground. The nightmare appears to be over.

We HEAR the drill press running normal again. We SEE the oil pan with a single drop of oil inside and Don in the background. He gets up off the ground and picks something up

A hooked metal rod cautiously enters the frame, loops around the drill press chord and pulls it from the outlet.

Don notices the photo impaled on a small spike, ironically through his eye in the picture. He snaps the photo from the spike, and the old Black and white Tv turns on.

We SEE white noise and the sound of static emitting from the built-in mono speaker.

Don turns to look at the TV still holding the photo in his hand. The static SOUND begins to louden as Don stares at the TV mesmerized. He doesn't blink, he doesn't even breathe. His eyes fixated on the TV.

A teardrop of black oil begins to form on the dusty old lawnmower as the TV continues to louden. It's beginning to SOUND like a voice is speaking to him.

The teardrop of oil grows larger like a giant piece of fruit ready to fall from the vine. Don continues to stare at the TV motionless. His eyes darting from left to right as if to be reading something in a trance like state.

The SOUND builds to its loudest point when suddenly silence as the large black oil drip breaks free from the lawnmower with a loud drip SOUND EFFECT that echoes over absolute silence in EXTREME SLOW MOTION. It begins to descend.

BANG. It hits the dusty oil pan echoing the loudest crash. Don flinches ever so slightly. He's trapped deep inside his mind but can feel the vibrations of the oil as if the devil himself is pounding on one of the seven gates of hell.

The oil drips continue sporadically with no set pattern. The TV brightens to an unrealistic level. Still frozen, Don becomes overexposed with light. The drops continue, mirroring the same illumination as Don and the TV

We begin to understand the loud droning sound as it begins to sound human.

DRONE SOUND (V.O.)
Don... Don... Don...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The garage door is open. Don stands in front of the TV illuminated by the afternoon sun. He's holding the photo and appears to be watching old cartoons.

BARAT

Don? I've been knocking on the
garage door for a couple minutes
now (annoyed)

Confused, Don turns his head slowly and looks at Barat, Autumn and Anne at the mouth of the garage. Autumn takes a picture of her father. Don points at the TV. His wife continues.

BARAT (CONT'D)

What've you been doing for the last
few hours, watching old cartoons?
(sarcastic)

DON

I was just getting started and I
must've... (dazed)

Autumn snaps another polaroid

Don flinches and reaches for his head. Each camera flash pulls him back to reality

DON (CONT'D)

Wait, a few hours? What time is it?

BARAT

It's lunch time, you've been out
here for three and a half hours.
...and we're not bringing this old
lawnmower home so don't bother
trying to fix it. Come eat.

She walks out of the garage and back towards the house with Autumn in tow. Anne stands at the garage looking at the oil pan.

Dumbfounded, Don looks at the clock and finally lowers his arm after holding the photo for what feels like hours. He begins to exit the garage as we SEE the oil pan A quarter full and dripping slowly.

DON

Come on *sweets*, let's get some food

Don exits the garage ushering Anne with him as she looks back behind her at the oil pan in the distance.

EXT. BACKYARD - 30 MIN LATER

Don sits in a lounge chair looking at Autumn's photos. The only sound is the equivocal SCORE. Don sits absolutely still as his family moves around quickly behind him in a SUPER LOW SHUTTER SPEED.

Don picks up the garage photo, turns it over and reads the print silently to himself.

**GET OUT!!
and don't turn back
for anything**

Don lowers the photo and stares off into the distance. He takes a bite of his sandwich as Autumn disrupts his thoughts

AUTUMN

How's your sand-which daddy?

Don turns to see Autumn with black oil oozing out of her mouth, sandwich, all running down her clothes. She's smiling and appears to be completely unaware of her current state.

Don looks bewildered. He looks down at his own sandwich when suddenly, a geyser of black oil erupts from the sandwich hitting Don right in the face. He jumps out of his chair, covered in goo, throws the sandwich to the floor and begins to wipe his face. There's nothing there. Barat notices and turns to him

BARAT

What's wrong Don?

Still shaken, Don responds quickly

DON

What'd you put in that fucking sandwich!? (yelling)

Barat looks confused

BARAT

Dijon..?

Don feels like he's losing his mind. He looks over at Autumn who stares at him while holding her sandwich.

Frustrated and feeling like an asshole, Don rubs his forehead as Barat continues unaware of what he's going through

BARAT (CONT'D)

I didn't check the expiry date, I
can make you a new one?

DON

No it's fine. I'm not hungry, I'm
going to work in the garage, sorry
about that, sorry kids.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking back to the garage, Don HEARS a voice call out to him

NEIGHBOR

You a friend of Jacks?

The question startles Don. He looks around quickly and notices some movement between the slats of the large 6-8 ft wood fence that separates the properties. Here we are introduced to

THE NEIGHBOR (64. Male. Tall) We only SEE him through the slats. Reminiscent of Wilson from Home Improvement. We can't see his mouth.

Don replies short.

DON

He was my Uncle

NEIGHBOR

Oh, you're the nephew. I used to
see you two fishing in the lake,
what 20-something years ago. Back
when Jack seemed somewhat normal.

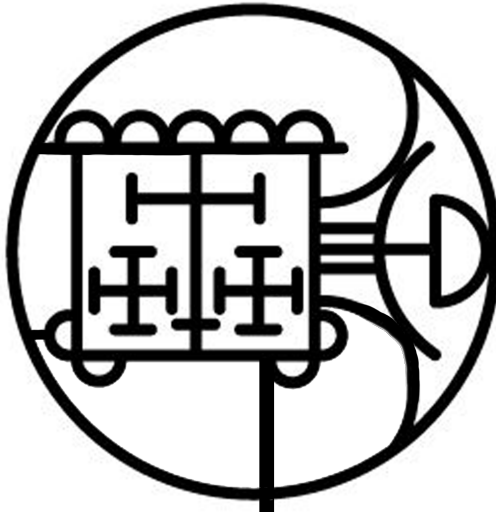
DON

What's that supposed to mean?

NEIGHBOR

Listen friend, I don't speak ill of
the dead but your uncle got into
some weird shit...

As the Neighbor continues we SEE a full shot of the strange weather vane on the roof of the garage. The weather vane is in the shape of a circle with a strange design inside with different cross like images that all spin the opposite way of the outer circle. It looks like the image below.



NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
 ...up all night, weird noises
 coming from that place...

The CAMERA slowly closes in on the weather van as we hear the neighbors voice trail off and get lost behind the momentary ominous score. Almost as if the weather vane had something to do with it.

Suddenly we're back with the regular conversation as the neighbor continues

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
 ...and how he died... the god
 damned weirdest shit I ever seen.

DON
 Oh yeah, what's so weird about a
 heart attack? (sarcastic)

NEIGHBOR
 Heart attack? When they carried him
 out of there, I saw his face...

EXT. FLASHBACK IN DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Two men in hazmat suits move a smoking corpse on a stretcher

We CUT to poor Uncle Jack. His face twisted into a charred
 lipless smile

EXT. DRIVEWAY PRESENT TIME - CONTINUOUS

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
...I can still smell him

Don's unsure to believe him despite the weird things that've been happening

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
You ask me? He was burnt or hit by lightning or something... Something weird.

DON
Lucky for me, lightning never strikes twice in the same spot, right?

EXT. GARAGE - 2PM

The sky is grey. Lightning strikes overtop the garage as thunder roars.

On top of the garage we see the weather vane beginning to spin. It's very strange because the inside crosses spin one way and the outside circle spins the other way.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Don looks out the window at the lightning flashing and closes the cover, blocking it completely.

As he gets back to cleaning, he notices a WW2 mine box underneath some junk on the floor. He pulls the dusty old box out from under its resting place. It's locked with an antique padlock.

Don walks over to the front of the garage and grabs 2 large key rings filled with dozens of keys. He doesn't have the time or patience for this. There has to be an alternate solution.

CUT TO:

Sparks fly as Don cuts the lock off with an angle grinder. The sparks bounce off the oil pan. With a CLINK SOUND, the lock breaks off.

Don places the angle grinder carelessly on the ground behind him and opens the chest with a loud CREAK. He pulls out an old rag revealing an array of strange relics. A bone carved with hieroglyphics.

2 locks of hair tied with twine, a vile of sage, a golden cup, an old german coin, A cassette tape bound in human flesh, some crusty old pages. Don looks at the pages but doesn't have a clue what language they're written in. He looks back down at the box. The look of terror grows on his face. We SEE what appears to be dry flesh recognizable by a pruned ear. Someone's face is in this box! Don looks in horror.

Suddenly, the air compressor turns on. Don jumps to his feet and begins to back away. The air pressure gauge begins to rise, 20, 40, 60...

As Don continues to back away he passes a pneumatic nail gun sitting on a work bench concealed under some junk. The TV turns on and begins to squelch. Don flinches and begins to back away from the TV quicker than he did the compressor. He passes the oil pan bumping his head on the lawnmower yet again. The oil has begun bubbling and smoking

As the compressor reaches its maximum air pressure of 120 (just before being in the red) it shuts off. The TV shuts off too.

Don stands there looking confused in the silent garage. Suddenly the nail gun springs to life and begins shooting nails. They whiz through the garage dangerously close to Don, landing in the wall by the armadillo and other parts of the garage, then stops. Don looks at himself and lets out a terrified sigh or relief but it's too soon. The nail gun comes to life again shooting one nail right into Dons kneecap

Don falls to the floor wincing in pain. He tries to stand but the pain is too much. He falls back to the floor kicking the angle grinder. Don tears back part of his pants. The nail is buried right to the head. He takes a deep breath and grips the nail head and slowly pulls it out. Blood shoots out of the hole as Don hobbles to his feet and throws the nail down

The nail lands aside the angle grinder which springs to life. The blade pulls the grinder along the ground out of FRAME as Don watches. It hits an aluminum shelf. Sparks fly.

Don is done. He doesn't know what the fuck is happening and he doesn't care, he wants out NOW! He turns to leave just as the shelf leg snaps off and the shelf tips over crashing onto a platform that catapults the contents atop towards Don.

Don swings around at the sound of the crash just in enough time to see the tools whizzing towards him. THUNK. A screwdriver sticks right into Dons shoulder. He grabs the handle and yanks it out. Luckily it was just a little one. He takes a quick breath before realizing somethings not right. He looks down slowly at his hand. Panic washes over him.

Don lifts his hand up to face level. A circular saw blade is embedded between his middle & index finger. He tries to pull the blade but it's stuck. He looks around for a solution and notices a work bench Vice

Don smashes into the work bench sliding off a bunch of junk from it to make room. Gently, he places the blade into the vice and begins to tighten it. He puts his foot against the work bench, takes a deep breath, and pulls his hand from the blade with a bloody burst. He holds it tight and breathes heavy. He even begins to laugh a little. The pain seems to lessen slightly so he inspects the damage

His hand flops open down the centre revealing tendons and bone.

DON

Ohhhhhh, that doesn't look right.

He quickly squeezes it together and puts his hand under his armpit. He looks around for something to hold it together and sees a roll of yellow adhesive Caution tape.

THUD. His body slams up against the garage door beside the opener button. Foolishly using his caution taped hand, He hits the button. No response. He switches hands and hits it 3 more times.

DON (CONT'D)

Oh come on!!

In the background we can see the nude 70s pinup model picture. It appears as if she's slowly turning her head to look at Don.

Don quickly inspects his pockets for his phone then remembers he placed it on the TV. It's no used, the nail gun has already destroyed it. Suddenly the TV turns on again. Don looks at it

DON (CONT'D)

Oh no no no

The TV has a clear picture this time. Its Barat talking with the neighbor. Don watches, he's losing his mind.

NEIGHBOR (ON TV)

We used to fish together years ago,
then one day he just lost interest.
Spent all his time in that there
garage.

BARAT (ON TV)
I only met him once when he dropped
off a gift for Autumns 1st birthday

Jack doesn't want to see or hear this. He turns back to the
button and starts smashing it with the palm of his good hand.

DON
Come on, open you son of a bitch!

Barat continues on the TV.

BARAT (ON TV)
From what I understand, something
weird happened and he stopped
talking to his family and friends

NEIGHBOR (ON TV)
There was definitely some weird
things going on over here

Don is starting to lose his mind. He yells at the TV.

DON
Ha ha, nothing weird in this
garage, nothing fucking weird at
all you fucking weirdo

Barat and the neighbor both look at Don. Barat looks like she
just walked in on her husband in bed with another woman.

BARAT (ON TV)
Don? (hurt)

Don stops laughing, his smile fades.

BARAT (ON TV) (CONT'D)
How could you? (begins to cry)

Don looks really confused. He's clearly losing his grip on
reality.

DON
What? (sheepishly)

BARAT (ON TV)
Who is she?

Don turns to look at the nude 70s model pinup picture at the
same time the model turns to look at Don. She opens her
mouth, and with a fierce look on her face she vomits black
oil all over Don.

Don stumbles away from the door as the garage echoes the SOUNDS of running tools. He wipes the oil from his face to see everything in its true nature.

Everything comes to life. Saws roar, drills spin, items fly at him as if being tossed by unseen hands. To avoid getting hit with a projectile he opens a large cabinet door as a shield. Items pelt off the door. He peaks his head out as a chainsaw roars to life and flies out of the open cupboard. He slams the cabinet door and latches it. Using random junk as a shield, he makes his way toward the window for a hopeful escape. The nail gun shoots out at him. Don picks up an old street sign as a shield. He grabs a hubcap and throws it like a frisbee, hitting the nail gun away. Then using the rusted street sign, he cuts the air line.

The hose whips through the air and wraps around his leg, sweeping him to the ground. He grabs at the air hose with both hands but his attempt is thwarted as a ceiling hung retractable extension chord wraps around both his wrists. A chain wraps around his other leg and he is suddenly forced eagle wide.

Don fights the extension chord. He has enough play to reach up before it pulls him down like a weird spring toy. Don's eyes widen as he sees the chainsaw aimed at his manhood.

DON

Oh no no no no no no no

Don struggles with the extension chord looking like Regan in The Exorcist when she's slammed up and down in the bed. He finally frees his one hand from the chord.

The chainsaw takes off like a drag car at the starting line. Don quickly grabs the chord to the angle grinder and gives it a yank. The grinder flies toward him. Don catches the grinder and cuts through air line and extension chord with a vicious spark.

He rolls out of the way narrowly missing the chainsaw as it whizzes by and cuts into an old wooden crate. saw-dust shoots into the air.

Don pulls the chain off his leg, climbs to his feet and smashes the angle grinder until it stops. He looks across the whole garage as everything continues to go haywire. The armadillo sits there watching all the madness in silence. Don screams

DON (CONT'D)

STOP IT!!!

The whole garage stops. absolute silence. All we can hear is Don breathing. The TV turns on again. Don looks like he's about to destroy it. His look fades

BARAT

Anne? Annie don't hide on mommy
you're scaring me

Don suddenly forgets about his wounds and everything that's happened up until this point. A father's greatest fear is the loss of his child. He gets this horrible sinking feeling and begins to slowly walk towards the TV. Barat is looking for Anne. She approaches Autumn.

BARAT (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Autumn where's your sister?

AUTUMN

I don't know, she went to the
garage after lunch. I think she's
with daddy.

Don picks Autumn's 1st picture from atop the TV. He takes notice of Anne staring into the oil pan.

The oil pan behind him bubbles as Anne's foxy begins to rise out of the black sludge. Don turns to look at the oil pan just as foxy rises from the oil and sits on top. Don reaches down and slowly pulls foxy out of the oil bringing it close to him.

A black bubble of oil begins rising. Could it be the top of Anne's head? We HEAR Anne's voice coming from the TV

ANNE (ON TV)

Daddy, it's dark in here (scared)

DON

Annie!

Don quickly drops to the oil pan as the bubble bursts and a demon arm erupts from the oil grabbing Don by the face. Two more come out grabbing his shoulders. They pull him into the oil pan head first as he fully disappears.

The whole garage comes back to life as to celebrate saying
HOORAY!

INT. VORTEX - ANOTHER DIMENSION

Don lies close to the ground of what appear to be an alternate dimension of hell. He peers into the abyss aside the sandstorm like wind and debris.

We SEE A swirling vortex lined with demons screaming and clawing at each other. Don is horrified, he instantly turns to leave

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The celebration continues when suddenly Dons arm emerges from the oil. The celebration halts as the garage watches Don like he's intruding on a muppet party. He struggles to climb out.

INT. VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

A demon grabs hold of Dons legs pulling him back in. Don kicks at the demon trying to break free. An inter-dimensional tug of war ensues.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Don holds tightly onto the edge of the oil pan unaware of the chainsaw aiming towards his hand.

INT. VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

The demon bites into Don's leg. Don screams

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Don pokes his head through the oil pan in time to see the chainsaw racing towards him. With a rush of adrenaline, he grabs the chainsaw letting go the oil pan and is pulled back into the vortex, bringing the chainsaw with him.

INT. VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

Don grips the chainsaw with both hands and cuts the demons head off. Black blood spews from it's neck as he's spit out of the vortex

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Don is launched out of the oil pan, into the air and lands on top a pile of junk, crashing to the ground. He lifts his head slowly looking around the garage and stands covered in black crude and blood. Victorious. With the demons severed head still attached to his leg, he casually pulls it off and drops it.

The Armadillo watches as he walks to the garage door. Don takes a deep breath and reaches up to press the garage door button.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - 4PM

Barat stands in the driveway on her phone. We SEE Autumn standing beside her listening to the conversation.

BARAT

I don't know, the door won't open,
his phone just goes to voicemail
and I've been banging on the door,
he won't answer. I'm really scared
that somethings...

we HEAR the garage door opening. Autumn sees her dads legs at the bottom of the door

AUTUMN

Daddy!!

Hero MUSIC plays as the door opens and we see a beaten and bloody Don illuminated by the afternoon sun limping out of the garage. Barat and Autumn run up to him. Barat's rightfully concerned with his physical state

BARAT

Don what happened?

DON

I'm ok, where's Anne?

We HEAR Anne call out to her dad

ANNE

Daddy?

Anne is cuddling foxy. She's frightened by her fathers appearance. Relieved, he begins to cry and gently embraces her. She looks confused.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Ew daddy, you're covered in goo
(innocently)

Don looks at her and smiles

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - 10 MIN LATER

The last bit of belongings they brought with them is thrown in the trunk of the car and slammed shut. Barat is still very concerned and hasn't stopped following her husband and asking questions. Don's focused on gathering their stuff to get out

BARAT

I don't understand how this could all happen in the garage it doesn't make sense.

DON

I know hun, I know. It *doesn't* make sense. I'll never be able to make sense of it nor do I ever want to. I just want to get all of us as far away from this place as possible and then I need an emergency room.

Don and Barat continue speaking as Anne watches. Her attention is suddenly turned towards the garage as the TV inside turns on again. Anne begins walking slowly toward it but stops before entering she watches the white noise on the silent TV.

Foxy is pulled out of Anne's hands by an unseen force. It rolls into the garage landing right in front of the oil pan. She lifts her foot to take a step and is pulled back by Don

DON (CONT'D)

Whoa, this place is very, very, dangerous. Please, don't ever step foot in this garage.

Don begins to take Anne back to the car when she reaches out for Foxy

ANNE

Foxy?

Don stops, Barat takes Anne from him

DON

I'll get foxy, please buckle her in and start the car.

To prevent the garage door from coming down he grabs a 2x4 and wedges it in the track. He grabs a fence post and approaches the mouth of the evil garage. Using the fence post he tries to reach foxy but is still 3 or 4 feet away. He lifts his foot to take a step and pauses before doing so. He thinks about it for a split second, then places his foot down. Nothing happens.

He slowly moves his other foot in the garage and freezes. He looks around. Nothing happens. He extends the pole as far as he can and is about to pull foxy back

Suddenly, two chains holding up the lawnmower snap free. The lawnmower fires up and swings down slicing into Don's chest knocking him back. The other two chains snap and the weight of the lawnmower knocks Don out of the garage and onto the ground. As Don hits the ground the lawnmower slides over his face. Blood sprays out everywhere as he shakes violently. The blades chop away layers of his face like a deli meat slicer flinging face-meat slices. The biggest wave of blood sprays across the car coating the entire windshield red.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Everything is happening so fast that Barat and the girls haven't realized what's happening until the blood spray across the windshield spooks them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dons body goes lifeless and the lawnmower stops.

There's a moment of silence as we see the windshield covered in blood. The wipers turn on and slowly smear the blood to the left, and then the right. Barat and the kids stare in shock. They take a deep breath and as they're about to scream we

CUT TO:

CREDITS AND CLASSIC METAL SONG

OR ALTERNATE ENDING

EXT. DIRT ROAD DRIVEWAY - 60 SECONDS AGO

Don stands there with his foot in the air. He realizes this lack of rational thinking is what got him in this predicament in the first place. He lowers his foot back to the ground just outside the garage and stares at Foxy. He thinks for a moment how he's going to get foxy before coming to his senses.

DON

Fuck this!

The back tires of the car peel spitting dirt from the driveway as the Wolfe family race up the driveway to get as far away from this nightmare as possible.

The CAMERA RAISES, always keeping the car in the middle of the frame until it reaches the end of the driveway. The CAMERA SHOT reaches it's MARK on the garage roof with the weather vane in the foreground. As the car whips around the corner onto the road and exits the frame.

WE are left with only the SOUNDS of cicadas and woodland bugs for TEN SECONDS.

The weather vane suddenly begins to spin as if a hurricane wind just hit it.

CUT TO:

CREDITS AND
CLASSIC METAL
SONG