

MASTERS OF HORROR
EPISODE #03
"INCIDENT ON AND OFF A MOUNTAIN ROAD"
AS-PRODUCED SCRIPT

Written By
Don Coscarelli & Stephen Romano

Adapted from the short story by
Joe R. Lansdale

August 3, 2005

BLACK:

The MAIN TITLE appears in the center of the screen:
"INCIDENT ON AND OFF A MOUNTAIN ROAD"

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DUSK

BROODING MUSIC swells as THREATENING CLOUDS roll along in
TIME LAPSE. The CREDITS begin.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DUSK

POV through the windshield on the broken stripes rushing
by, emerging from the darkness and vanishing under the car
in the glow of the headlights.

BLACK:

The CREDITS continue.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

CLOSE on the right eye of ELLEN. She stares straight ahead.

A MELANCHOLY SONG PLAYS as we PULL BACK to REVEAL her face.

SONG

It's good to hear your voice
It's good to hear your breathing..

She is a dark-featured, attractive woman in her late 20s.
As the camera pulls back, it becomes apparent that she is
at the wheel of a car, gazing at the road coming at her. A
serious, enigmatic expression paints her face.

SONG (CONT'D)

I'm running out of hours...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

POV through the windshield as the car continues along the
wooded road.

SONG (CONT'D)

I'm running out of reasons...

NEW ANGLE on the car as it rounds a turn.

SONG (CONT'D)
Every time I turn around
You're gone...

ANGLE ON the broken stripes of road paint rushing by.

SONG (CONT'D)
But tonight I won't have anyone...

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

POV on Ellen's profile as she drives. Her expression is distant, perhaps conflicted.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car passes a sign reading "NO GAS OR SERVICES - 75 MI."

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATER

The car continues along a winding mountain pass, illuminated by the full moon.

SONG (CONT'D)
Well, I should call the cops
Or I should call your father...

ANGLE ON the broken stripes of road paint rushing by.

SONG (CONT'D)
Just saying you don't care...

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Ellen, still in her trance.

SONG (CONT'D)
So maybe I won't bother...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car rounds a turn.

SONG (CONT'D)
Everybody notices when you're gone...

The TIRES SQUEAL as the car continues.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Ellen, still in her trance.

SONG (CONT'D)
Everybody wonders what
We did wrong..

She reaches over to fiddle with the radio. The signal is WEAK and GARBLED. Her eyes momentarily leave the road as she checks the dial.

After a beat, she looks up. Her eyes go WIDE and she SCREAMS.

POV through the windshield on a BUICK parked in the middle of the road. She is headed straight for it.

She jerks the wheel and SLAMS on the brake.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen's car SLAMS into the rear of the Buick.

INT./EXT. ELLEN'S CAR ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

VARIOUS ANGLES as the car goes SKIDDING across the pass, bounces back off the railing and just barely avoids a nosedive off the end of the cliff.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As the car HURTLES to a halt, Ellen bounces against the steering wheel and is pounded into unconsciousness.

The car comes to a stop on the other side of the Buick.

We hold on her face, eyes closed, only for a second before we--

CUT TO BLACK

A MAN'S VOICE begins.

BRUCE (V/O)
I believe anything can happen to
anyone...anywhere...at any time.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

BRUCE faces us from across a table at a trendy sidewalk eatery. He seems a few years younger than Ellen, handsome and rugged, with a devilish flirt in his eyes. There is a charming energy and even humor in his voice.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I learned that when I was a kid. I also learned you gotta roll with the weirdness.

REVEAL a slightly younger, happier-looking Ellen sitting across from him. She listens intently.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You know? Because to me, the world is a pretty fucked-up place, Ellen.

Ellen nods. Bruce gives a small smile.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Sometimes it just makes me want to go out there and shoot all these assholes.

They share a LAUGH. She eyes him seductively, a flirty grin on her lips.

ELLEN

So I guess you don't think the meek shall inherit the earth?

BRUCE

What, this?

He glances around the café.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Nah. They can have it.

ELLEN

It's not so bad..

(smiles)

If you don't think about the price of gas and the commuter traffic.

BRUCE

You see now, that's fucked-up part. The gas, the traffic. You know, people are getting mad about it too. They are. If you ask me, one of these days, the whole thing's just gonna blow up.

(beat) (more)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I mean, did you know that in Thailand, you can sell your baby, your 5-year old kid, to a sex shop? I mean, you can do the same thing here. The only difference is that you can't advertise for it.

Ellen gives a seductive half-laugh.

ELLEN

Are you always this charming on a first date, Bruce? Or do I just look like a girl who's really interested in what's going on in Thailand?

She plays with her hair and smiles. Bruce smiles back.

BRUCE

Sorry. I get a little worked up sometimes. I apologize.

She nods. They share a long look.

ELLEN

Do you wanna get outta here?

Bruce smiles.

EXT. BRUCE'S CABIN - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

There is a FLASH OF LIGHTENING and a CLAP OF THUNDER as Bruce's FOUR-BY-FOUR pulls to a stop in front of his cabin nestled in the woods. RAIN POURS DOWN.

ELLEN (V/O)

Wow. God, this place is awesome.

BRUCE (V/O)

Yeah. My dad built it when I was little. We used to come up here every summer and go hunting.

POV through the windshield on Bruce and Ellen. The WIPERS SLOP back and forth.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Man, it's really coming down. God, I hate the rain.

The driver's door opens and he hops out into the pouring rain.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Whew! Oh, man!

Ellen does the same, letting out a playful SCREAM as the rain soaks her.

ELLEN
Ah!

BRUCE
Oh, Jesus!

Bruce dashes up the stairs for shelter beneath the front porch awning. They both LAUGH. Ellen spreads her arms wide, letting the rain soak her through.

ELLEN
Oh! I love the rain!
(beat)
Oh, I love it.

She takes in a deep breath and spreads her arms again. Bruce makes his way down the stairs. She LAUGHS. He moves close to her and looks into her eyes.

BRUCE
Well, you look really good
in it.

She smiles.

ELLEN
Well, thank you.

They share a beat of tense silence. He cups her face in his hands and pulls her to him. They kiss.

The LIGHTNING CRASHES as we CUT TO--

INT. BRUCE'S CABIN - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Ellen and Bruce charge through the door, their lips locked, tearing at each other's clothes. QUICK CUTS as LIGHTENING FLASHES. They tumble onto the couch and make love with unbridled, animalistic passion.

She turns her face as he kisses her neck to REVEAL her expression of rapture. CLOSE ON ONE DARK EYE as she opens it.

SHOCK CUT TO--

INT. ELLEN'S CAR -- RESUME

Ellen's head rests on the steering wheel. Her eyes are open. There is a rumble of THUNDER and a FLASH OF LIGHTENING. Ellen blinks. She takes a deep breath and lifts her head. Cagey, she glances around. All is silent.

She looks through the windshield at the empty road. She thinks for a beat, then winces as she places a hand to her head.

ELLEN

Oh, my God.

She pulls down the rearview mirror to examine a SMALL LACERATION at her hairline.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

She twists the keys in the ignition and the engine SPUTTERS. She grabs her purse and fishes out her cellphone. She taps out a number, but gets nothing.

She pops open the glove compartment and pulls out a SMALL FLASHLIGHT. She checks it and finds that it works.

She gathers her purse and opens the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the rear license plate of her car, which reads "Oregon - RNI 8H4."

ANGLE ON the driver's door as Ellen gingerly gets out. She spots the Buick behind her. Its lights are on and it doesn't appear to be seriously damaged.

ELLEN

Oh, great.

She glances around in the darkness.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

She shines her flashlight towards the Buick.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Cautiously, she approaches. The driver's door is partially ajar.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

She moves up to it to find that the car is empty. She glances up to the treetops. An odd, SCREAMING SOUND is heard-perhaps animal, perhaps human.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

She turns back to the Buick and pulls open the driver's door. Her eyes widen at what she sees.

REVEAL a BLOOD-SPATTERED garment on the passenger side and MORE SPATTERS on the driver's seat. Ellen shines her flashlight down and finds a THICK SWATH OF BLOOD. It TRAILS from the car across the pavement to a steel railing.

Ellen stands at the railing. She shines her flashlight down the CLIFF.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

ELLEN'S POV looking down the mountain. A steep dirt incline leads about fifty feet into a thick forest. Halfway between the trees, a DARK FIGURE lumbers through the brush.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Are you okay down there? It was my fault! I--

There is no response from the approaching figure as it comes into better view. He is large and wears a LONG CLOAK and a WIDE BLACK HAT that obscures his face. We see now that the lumbering gait is caused not by a limp, but by the heavy object he drags behind him.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

My phone doesn't work! I can't call for help.

The Figure shuffles up the incline toward her. Ellen narrows her eyes and shines her flashlight for a better look. The Figure continues towards her, stumbling but determined. Suddenly, she GASPS.

ELLEN'S POV on the bloodied, slashed-up face of a YOUNG WOMAN as it drops out from behind the shuffling Figure. She stares straight at Ellen with a look of horror.

YOUNG WOMAN

Help me!

Ellen's eyes go wide. At just this moment, the Figure lifts his head and doffs his hat to REVEAL himself.

This is MOONFACE. He boasts an ENORMOUS BALD HEAD, CHALKY WHITE SKIN, and BLOODSHOT EYES. He GROWLS at Ellen, REVEALING a set of wicked SILVER CAPPED TEETH.

Suddenly, in a BLUR OF MOVEMENT, Moonface wields his razor-sharp hunting knife and slashes at Ellen, sending her stumbling back onto the pavement. Her cellphone skitters across the road.

Ellen backpedals on her feet and hands, GASPING. We see now that she is dressed in a skirt and high heels.

Moonface GROWLS as he leaps onto the railing and is framed by the light of the ENORMOUS FULL MOON. He LANDS on the pavement with a THUD.

He moves in on Ellen, who leaps to a crouching position. She glances this way and that. She spots the phone, but it is out of reach.

Moonface slashes the air before her. She leaps up and throws herself over the railing, the blade cutting air just past her head as she vanishes into the void below. She half-nosedives/half-tumbles down the hill, rolling and stumbling, but finally managing to right her forward flight.

ANGLE ON Moonface as he glares down the incline, GROWLING after her. LIGHTNING strikes, illuminating his features for a brief second.

CUT TO--

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen GASPS and PANTS as she barrels through trees and underbrush in a full-on terrified panic. LIGHTNING FLASHES as she runs. Moonface races behind her.

QUICK CUTS as the chase continues. Ellen's breath comes short and ragged. Moonface GROWLS. FLASHES OF LIGHTNING providing momentary illumination through the dark branches and foliage.

Ellen races along. Suddenly, she TRIPS over a root and STUMBLES to the ground. She GASPS. Recovering herself, she glances behind her and finds nothing. She leans against a tree and catches her breath.

CUT TO BLACK

Bruce's voice begins.

BRUCE (V/O)
You've always got to expect the unexpected, and do the unexpected.

CUT TO--

EXT. TRAIL THROUGH WOODS - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Bruce and Ellen jog over a SUSPENSION BRIDGE in a beautiful canyon on a summer day. Both dressed in trail running gear. Bruce jogs backwards so that he can face Ellen as he speaks.

BRUCE
See, that's what'll save you when some wacko who wants to put the hurt on you. You act just as crazy as they are, and they don't know what the fuck to do with you.

They stop in the middle of the bridge.

ELLEN
And what happens if crazy doesn't work?

BRUCE
Oh, crazy always works.

He wraps his arm around her and pulls her close.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
But if it doesn't...

She smiles.

ELLEN
Yeah?

BRUCE
You fall back and you fight with whatever's available to you.

He looks up.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You see it?

ELLEN

What?

BRUCE

This.

ANGLE ON the lovely rippling water and towering trees surrounding them.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

All this wilderness. You can really use it to your advantage, you know?

She smiles.

ELLEN

Oh yeah?

BRUCE

Yeah. You could take a tree and rig a sling, or you can pick up a sharp stick and gouge someone's eye out.

She laughs. He strokes her cheek.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

My point is, as long as they don't see it coming, then you've got the edge. Okay?

ELLEN

I think you've got to catch them first.

He moves in for a kiss.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yep.

She wrests free and races off.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You do.

BRUCE

Really?

She gives a PLAYFUL SCREAM as she charges across the bridge. He races after her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You did not just call me out like that. I'm going to get you, woman!

She giggles.

EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen runs up to a large field set before the cabin, laughing. Bruce runs after her and catches up quickly.

BRUCE

I'm right behind you! Yeah!

He tackles her and they tumble to the grass together.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I guess I'm too fast for you, huh?

Bruce rolls on top, pinning her to the ground. She smiles up at him.

ELLEN

I let you catch me.

BRUCE

I don't think so.

ELLEN

Yes.

BRUCE

No.

They stare into each other's eyes for a beat. She smiles.

ELLEN

Let me up.

Bruce stares into her eyes. His own expression has darkened, and there is a coldness to him that we haven't seen before.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Bruce, let me up.

He does not respond.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Let me up.

She grabs his jacket and tries to pull herself up, but he's got her pinned.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Let me up.

He grabs her hand and helps her up. She looks into his eyes as he studies her intently.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What?

BRUCE

It's time to do the
unexpected.

A small smile tugs at his lips. He reaches into his pocket and fishes something out.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What do you say?

Ellen stares at Bruce's hand, speechless. REVEAL a beautiful DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING, glinting in the sunlight. He waits for her reply.

CUT TO--

EXT. WOODS -- RESUME

A FLASH OF LIGHTENING illuminates Ellen's teary eyes. She leans against the tree. Her breathing is RAPID.

ANGLE ON Moonface as he crunches through the brush, paces away.

Ellen grits her teeth.

ELLEN

Do the unexpected.

FLASH OF LIGHTENING illuminates her purse nearby.

Moonface's boots strike the ground, very close now. Ellen breaks cover, pounces on her purse and hits the ground running. He follows.

BERSERK POV SHOTS as they run. Ellen's feet slam into the ground, slogging through wet muck and leaves, while Moonface follows at a terrific pace, narrowing the gap fast.

Ellen happens upon a series of fallen trees, all overgrown with heavy brush and vine and leaves, completely blocking her path.

ELLEN

Oh, shit!

She turns and her eyes go wide. She SCREAMS.

REVEAL Moonface not 10 feet away, his fists clenched, his silver teeth bared. He GROWLS.

Their eyes lock. Suddenly, she loses her footing and stumbles back against the mass of trees. Moonface pulls his KNIFE. It WHOOSHES as he SPINS it in the air and catches it by the blade. He waits a beat, then HURLS it straight at Ellen's head. There is THWACK as it lands in a tree, just inches away from her. Moonface charges towards her.

She squeezes through the fallen trees. In a flash, he rips the knife out of the tree and comes after her. They crawl beneath the vines and briars on their bellies, Moonface quickly narrowing the gap. He takes a savage stab at her legs with the knife. She SCREAMS and kicks back at him. His face falls into the dirt.

She struggles out of her coat and squeezes under another thick branch, leaving it behind. She scrambles up to a thin, low-hanging branch. She grasps it and tests it tension. She grows calmer, as if she now has an idea.

She jams her hand into her purse and fishes out a pair of cosmetic scissors. Moonface GROWLS behind her. She SNAPS the branch in two and jams half of it into the ground. She then fits the finger holes of the scissors into the abutment she has created, blades pointing out. She sets this contraption against the second half of the branch. She grabs her purse and races off.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Eat that, you motherfucker.

ANGLE ON Moonface. He finds his knife in the dirt and continues to wriggle along on his belly.

He crawls up to her booby-trap and grasps the branch, sending the scissors FLYING.

Ellen proceeds through the woods. She stops mid-flight as she hears Moonface SCREAM. She waits for a beat, hears nothing more, then continues along.

Moonface GROANS as he wrenches the scissors from his eye. He CLAPS a hand over his wound and GASPS.

Ellen races along. LIGHTENING FLASHES and THUNDER CLAPS. She stops short at a large, natural DEPRESSION in the earth about five feet deep. She teeters precariously at its edge, her eyes wide.

CUT TO BLACK

Bruce's voice begins.

BRUCE (V/O)
When everything else fails you, try
anything.

CUT TO--

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY -- FLASHBACK

Ellen FIRES A PISTOL three times. REVEAL her TARGET. She hits it handily, but misses the vital areas.

Satisfied with her own work, she removes her EAR PROTECTORS and turns to Bruce with a smug smile. Bruce examines her work.

BRUCE
I really thought you'd be better than
that by now.

Ellen laughs.

ELLEN
Well, we all can't be as rough-and-
ready as my darling husband now, can
we?

BRUCE
You know what? That's exactly the kind
of thinking that's going to get you
hurt.

She nods.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
All right? You're pulling your trigger
and that's why your shots are all
going wild.

ELLEN

Okay. It's getting late. I told John and Aimee we'd meet them in town for dinner tonight.

Bruce loads his gun.

BRUCE

All right. We'll see.

He FIRES, putting each of nine shots directly in the center of the TARGET'S HEAD. Ellen looks to it, unnerved.

CUT TO BLACK

Bruce's voice begins.

BRUCE (V/O)

Balance is everything. Nature is balance.

INT. BRUCE'S CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK CONT'D

A FIRE ROARS in the fireplace. Bruce WHOOSHES a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE with quick flicks of the wrist. He catches it by the handle and POUNDS it into the floor. He then goes to work assembling an AK-47 RIFLE. Ellen looks on, not happy.

ELLEN

I guess I'm going to make some dinner. You want anything special?

BRUCE

No, I'm not hungry. I'm just gonna walk the perimeter and call it an early night. I've got a big day tomorrow.

Ellen watches him for a beat.

ELLEN

Getting together with those survival freaks again?

He looks up at her.

BRUCE

You don't know what you're talking about, Ellen, so I'm just going to ignore that you said that, okay?

ELLEN

(deadpan)

Okay.

(whispers)

You ignore everything else I say, so...

He stares at her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I mean, Bruce, you are really freaking me out right now. We don't even go out anymore. You spend all your day with those nut jobs. We don't even have a house in the city anymore.

Bruce stands.

BRUCE

The cities aren't safe anymore, Ellen. You will thank me when the shit happens. When the Big One drops, we can just wait it out here while those mud people rise up and fucking kill each other.

She stands.

ELLEN

What is this shit you're even talking about, huh? I don't understand anything you say to me anymore, and I'm your wife!

Bruce moves to the door.

BRUCE

I'll be a few hours.

ELLEN

Fine.

Alone, Ellen glances around. She crosses to the fireplace and looks at a FRAMED PHOTO of herself and Bruce on their wedding day, dressed for the occasion and smiling for the camera.

PAN TO a larger FRAMED PICTURE of Bruce in full military gear, posing with a rifle, along with a assortment of GUN-TOTING BUDDIES. Ellen considers it for a beat, then turns. She pulls the knife from the floor and tries Bruce's wrist flicks, She spins the knife, but it CLATTERS to the floor.

EXT. WOODS -- RESUME

CLOSE ON Ellen's shoe as it comes down on a medium-sized TREE BRANCH, cracking it in half and creating an almost perfect spear-like edge. She jams it, point up, into the pit.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

She rips HUNKS OF FOLIAGE from the nearby bushes and tosses them overtop the depression, creating a camouflaged DEADFALL TRAP.

ELLEN
(whispers)
Okay. Okay.

She hikes up her skirt and slip off her UNDERPANTS. She quickly tears out the ELASTIC WAISTBAND. She dumps her purse out and rifles through the contents. She finds a HAIR ELASTIC, then paws around for something else.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Where are you? Where are you? Where
are you?

She finds what she is looking for--a mean-looking NAIL FILE. She holds it in her mouth as she wraps the elastic around a long twig, then slides the nail file beneath the elastic. She quickly tears off a long piece of the hem from her skirt.

She threads the elastic from her underpants across the abutment of a small tree, then grabs the swatch from her skirt and ties it around another long twig. Moonface GROWLS behind her.

She holds back the elastic with the long twig and positions the nail file in front of it. She trails her skirt hem along the ground and ties it to a stake, fashioning a TRIPWIRE.

She ducks behind a tree and waits in silence.

ELLEN
Come on.
(whispers)
Come on.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Come on, you bastard. Come and get me.

ANGLE ON the silent, motionless trees.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Come on, you bastard.
(raises her voice)
Come and get me!

Finally, the foliage CRACKLES ahead of her. Ellen GASPS and crouches low.

A DARK FIGURE lurches towards her. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS that it is Moonface's victim, the Young Woman.

ELLEN
Oh, no.

She whimpers as she holds out her duct-taped wrists and proceeds towards the pit, oblivious to her surroundings.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
No! No! No! No! No!

Ellen leaps towards the Woman.

ELLEN
No! No! No! No!

There is a LOUD CRACK as the camouflage gives way. The Woman plunges straight down. She hits bottom with a THUD and SCREAMS.

Ellen clamps her hand to her mouth in horror. POV into the pit on the Woman. She CRIES OUT. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS the stake below, driving right through her upper thigh. She HOWLS in pain.

A conflicted Ellen considers this for a beat. Sensing something, she whirls around to find Moonface right behind her, his knife drawn. He GROWLS.

Before she can move, he grabs her right by the throat. She GASPS. ANGLE ON the booby trap she has constructed, the nail file GLEAMING in the moonlight. Moonface stumbles backwards, tripping the skirt hem and sending the nail file flying.

Surprised, he lets go with a GRUNT. She looks down to find that the file has impaled her shoulder, six inches deep. She SCREAMS, then breaks the twig off.

Disoriented, he glances over his shoulder to see the now-tripped booby-trap. Ellen stumbles off into the woods.

YOUNG WOMAN

(screams)

Help me!

Moonface looks to the pit.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, God! Help me!

She CRIES and SCREAMS. POV into the pit as a FLASH OF LIGHTENING illuminates her horrified expression. She SCREAMS.

CLOSE ON Moonface as he looks down on her. Slowly, he draws his finger to his lips.

MOONFACE

Shh.

EXT. CRUCIFIX ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

GASPING AND PANTING, Ellen staggers out of the thick woods and crashes to her knees in the middle of what appears to be a road or a clearing. She catches sight of something O/S and SCREAMS.

PAN UP an odd construction of a BODY wrapped in BURLAP and BARBED WIRE, tied to an ENORMOUS CRUCIFIX. A ROTTED, almost SKELETAL FACE looks down at her.

Ellen stumbles to her feet and looks around. She finds another of these grim scarecrows next to the first, then another, and another, and more after that, lined up along a road that stretches about fifty feet to a smallish log cabin, from which a weak light emanates.

Ellen stumbles down this "Crucifix Road," hyperventilating and crying. She rushes towards the house and stumbles up the porch, where she finds herself face-to-face with a ROTTED CORPSE in a wheel chair on the porch. She CRIES and SCREAMS, flailing this way and that.

She heads for a path, but not two feet along, finds herself at the CLIFF'S EDGE, overlooking churning RIVER fifty feet below. PAN UP the opposite side of the cliff to REVEAL another cabin.

She turns to double back, but stops short at the sight of Moonface. He stands before her, SNARLING and HISSING, the Woman's body at his side.

Ellen SCREAMS. QUICK SHOTS of the CRUCIFIED BODIES, which are illuminated with intermittent FLASHES OF LIGHTENING. Ellen CRIES and SCREAMS.

ELLEN

No! Please!

Moonface lumbers towards her. Suddenly, she loses consciousness and passes out, slumping limply to the ground.

CUT TO BLACK

Bruce's voice begins.

BRUCE (V/O)

You're weak, Ellen. You've always been weak. I knew it the first time I met you.

EXT. BRUCE'S CABIN - DAY -- FLASHBACK

In her hiking gear, Bruce and Ellen march up to the front of the cabin.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Pitiful. You were born weak.

ELLEN

Then why the hell'd you marry me, Bruce? What the hell are we doing here, huh? What's the fucking point of any of this?

BRUCE

Because I want to teach you something. Look at me when I'm talking to you. Look at me Ellen.

She turns to him. He points at her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I wanted to make you strong.

(beat)

And I know you've got potential. I know you do. I know it's in you, and I will not let you prove me wrong.

She shakes her head. He pulls his knife.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Show me.

He holds it out to her.

ELLEN

Are you kidding?

BRUCE

Take the knife.

(beat)

Please. Take the fucking knife. Do it for me.

ELLEN

Oh, come on.

BRUCE

(shouts)

Take the fucking knife, Ellen! Show me what you've got. Come on.

ELLEN

So it all comes down to this?

His eyes are steely.

BRUCE

You bet your life.

Exasperated, Ellen grabs for the knife. He yanks it away from her in mockery. She eyes him, grabs it again, and attempts his wrist-flicks. She manages a couple of good throws before it tumbles to the ground. She SIGHS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That was pathetic.

She stares at the ground.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Pick up the knife.

She moves for it, eye still fixed on the ground. He slaps at her wrist.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Don't take your eyes off me.

She glares at him, then crouches into a practiced "sweep-and-clear" fighting pose. She sweeps her leg at him. He hops back from it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

She leaps up and stares him down.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

All right.

(beat)

You want to cut me? Come on! Come on!

She lunges for him. He ducks her easily, then grabs her and pins her arms behind her back. He whispers into her ear.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

See? I knew you could do so much better.

He gives her butt a firm slap and shoves her away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(gestures to his face)

Come on. Come on, cut me.

She takes several swipes at him with the blade, all of which he dodges successfully. He grabs her arm. She reaches out and SLAPS him across the face. Aghast, his eyes go wide. He lets go of her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Give me that knife.

He reaches for it.

ELLEN

No.

As she leaps back, she SLICES his hand. He grasps it, shocked. They share a long silence. At last, Ellen takes a deep breath and shakes her head

ELLEN

I'm leaving you.

On a speechless Bruce.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I can't do this anymore, Bruce.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

She holds the knife out to him.

BRUCE

Everybody's sorry for something, Ellen.

(beat)

I'll survive.

He moves off. She stares after him for a beat, then emits a small SIGH.

CUT TO BLACK

Bruce's voice comes up.

BRUCE (V/O)
Ellen, you can survive anything.

FADE IN:

INT. MOONFACE'S CABIN -- BASEMENT - RESUME

CLOSE ON Ellen's bruised and bloodied face as she lies unconscious in a dark room, the nail file still jutting from her shoulder. The sounds of DRIPPING WATER can be heard.

Ellen rouses. She GASPS as she sits up to find herself handcuffed to a pole. She glances this way and that. The room is dark and grimy, dimly lit with GAS LAMPS. She catches sight of something O/S and SCREAMS.

REVEAL TWO DEAD BODIES, their EYES ROTTED OUT, leaning against a grimy wall. Ellen SCREAMS as she struggles to her feet.

ELLEN
Oh, no!

She looks this way and that, and finds more ROTTING CORPSES. She CRIES OUT and struggles with her handcuffs, but it is no use.

ELLEN
(cries)
Oh, no.

Behind her lies the Young Woman, motionless, her face and body covered in bloody lacerations. Ellen SCREAMS and crouches back down to the floor.

Suddenly, in a jolting shock, one of the "corpses", a lanky old man, BUDDY, sits up in his wheelchair and GASPS for air. He COUGHS and SPUTTERS. Ellen's jaw drops.

BUDDY

Oh good lord, it smells bad in here!
When is he going to clean it out, by
golly? If there's one thing I can't
stand, it's a messy house! And no
matter how much I sleep, whenever I
wake up it's still the same messy
house!

He wheels closer to her and we get a better view of his
grizzled face and SOILED CLOTHING. His eyes widen as he
spots Ellen.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hi.

(beat)

I'm Buddy. Not too many come up that
road. Maybe one a night. Didn't make
the turn in the road either, huh?

Ellen trembles and GASPS, her eyes wide as she continues to
take in her horrific surroundings.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Well, one in ten usually don't. He's
had a real backlog lately.

(beat)

Did you bring any candy? I like it
when they bring candy. Sweets pass the
time so much faster, don't you agree?

Ellen lurches forward and VOMITS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a "maybe."

Ellen clamps her hand to her mouth and cries.

BUDDY (CONT'D O/S)

Your friend is pretty.

CLOSE ON the Young Woman's body.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He must think you're both very
special. He didn't kill you like the
last two.

Buddy jerks his chin at the first two corpses.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They was bad girls. Kind of nasty, you know. I guess they sort of deserved it.

(beat)

Do you know what they did?

Ellen shakes her head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They wanted to do...sexy things with him. Said they'd do anything he wanted if he didn't hurt them. But he doesn't want sexy things. Those things are bad. You see so many bad things in your life. It all comes in through your eyes. And sometimes your eyes lie to you. And show you things you don't want to see. So he makes them go away.

At last, Ellen manages to speak.

ELLEN

Where...are we?

BUDDY

You've come home.

(beat)

I've been here waiting for you. Well, I was waiting for someone, I guess. It might as well be you. Might as well be anyone, really.

ELLEN

What...what the fuck is he?

BUDDY

His face is like the moon. So beautiful. I used to call him Moonface, but he didn't like that for long. Thought I was making fun of him.

Ellen's breathing is short and rapid.

ELLEN

That sick bastard. He cuts out their eyes?

BUDDY

(dismissive)

Oh, he does that with everyone, girl. I thought we was clear on that already. You have to be on certain terms to relate to him and the eyes, well...they're usually the first things that have to go. I guess we're lucky, you and me.

ELLEN

Why hasn't he killed us?

BUDDY

Reasons. There must be a million reasons. He might be busy. After all, he has to move those cars miles away to dump them so that no one can ever find us.

Ellen considers this.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh, he's so smart.

ELLEN

Listen to me, okay? I left my cellphone up on the road. I can get you out of here. Okay? If you can get me out of these

(shows him her cuffs)

I can leave and go get us help. Okay?

BUDDY

Sorry.

Buddy holds up his own arms, which are also cuffed.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I would if I could, but I can't so I won't.

Suddenly, there is a THUMP from upstairs. DUST rains down on Ellen. She looks up to the ceiling. Ellen struggles frantically with her cuffs. Buddy launches into another rant as the THUMPING draws nearer.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So, about the candy. Did you bring any? What's your name anyway? I'm Buddy. Did I tell you that already? We can be good friends for a while. I think he really likes you-

ELLEN
(interrupts)
Shut up!

BUDDY
We could sing some songs! Do you know
any songs?

Through the slatted roof, Ellen sees a FIGURE STOMPING
overhead.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I know lots of songs!

The basement doors are thrown open. Light from above shafts
down on Ellen's terrified expression. Buddy instantly
wheels back into the darkness and hangs his head.

Moonface STOMPS down the stairs. He stares at the
trembling, tearful Ellen for a long beat. He then crosses
to the Young Woman and SNAPS a SWITCH on a mysterious-
looking gadget. He pulls a ripcord and suddenly ROAD CREW
WORK LIGHTS flood the cellar with blinding light. SIRENS
BLARE and the room is REVEALED more thoroughly in the
light. We see the full effect of Moonface's work--each
corpse has had its eyes drilled out.

Ellen squints and recoils, blinded and terrified by the
display. As her eyes adjust, she can make out the focal
point of the basement--

A large DRILL PRESS in the center of the room, powered by a
WHIRRING GENERATOR and complete with a table and straps to
hold a body down. The main drill bit is attached to a large
mechanical arm and there is a crank to one side.

Moonface scoops up the Young Woman on the floor and carries
her to the table. He positions her so that her head is
directly beneath the drill and straps her down. Coming to,
the Woman MOANS. Ellen looks on in horror.

Moonface gives the leg strap a final yank, eliciting a
horrific SCREAM from the Woman. Realizing what's happening
to her, she CRIES. Moonface clamps his hand over her mouth,
but he can barely muffle her WAILS.

Ellen struggles with her handcuffs.

CLOSE ON Moonface's hand as he pushes a button. The drill
bit WHIZZES to life. The Woman SCREAMS. Ellen CRIES and
shakes her head furiously.

ELLEN

No! No! No! No!

Moonface turns the crank and the drill begins its descent.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

No!

The Woman SCREAMS. Moonface holds her face down and GROWLS. CLOSE ON the Woman's eye as the drill bit comes down.

ANGLE ON ELLEN. She jerks against her restraints as the SOUND OF THE DRILL BIT TEARING INTO FLESH is heard. Buddy winces.

The Woman SCREAMS and her limbs clench. Ellen cries. Buddy looks on in horror. There is another horrifying SQUELCH, and then the Woman's feet go limp.

ANGLE ON the drill bit as it pulls back, a slimy spiral of gore and brain matter. Moonface presses the button. Ellen CRIES. Moonface kicks off the switch and the generator POWERS DOWN.

EXT. MOONFACE'S CABIN - LATER

All is silent. A FULL MOON hangs above the cabin.

CLOSE ON the moon.

INT. MOONFACE'S CABIN - BASEMENT - LATER

Ellen stares, wide-eyed, through the dark. REVEAL Moonface as he drags a crucifix, to which the Woman's body is affixed.

ELLEN

You...sick...fuck.

Moonface stops in his tracks. He looks to Ellen. She glares up at him.

He draws a finger to his lips.

MOONFACE

Shh.

He turns and carries his trophy up the stairs. Ellen trembles and cries. The cellar door SLAMS closed. Ellen CRIES. Buddy GASPS to life. Ellen WHIRLS around at the sound.

BUDDY

Ain't love grand? We could sing a song
about love.

He wheels up to her.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Did I ask you about that? Do you know
any songs? I like to sing. Singing is
good for the soul.

(sings)

His face was sharp as a butcher's
cleaver
But that did not seem to grieve her
Look away look away look away
Dixieland..

Ellen turns to him.

ELLEN

(yells)

Oh, shut up, you crazy old fuck! Shut
up!

Buddy is clearly stung.

BUDDY

Well, there's no need to
shout.

Ellen continues to struggle with her cuffs.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh, please, little girl. You'll only
hurt yourself.

She stands and rubs her cuffs against the pole.

ELLEN

I have to get out of here. I have to
get out of here.

BUDDY

You know, if Dixie is not your cup of
tea, fine, but there's really no need
to be impolite.

ELLEN

Shut up! Just shut up!

BUDDY

Well, what songs do you know?

Ellen cries.

ELLEN

Don't you get it? He's going to kill us. He's going to kill us.

Buddy cocks his head at this.

BUDDY

Don't know any songs, huh?

(beat)

Well, that's okay. There's other ways to pass the time of day, I guess.

ELLEN

I need to find a way to get out of here. I need to find a way to get out of here. There's got to be some way to get out of here.

BUDDY

Maybe there is. Maybe it's right over your shoulder?

Perplexed, Ellen glance over her shoulder, but sees nothing. Turning back, she catches sight of the nail file. She looks at Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Go for it.

Ellen stares at the nail file. Steeling herself, she clamps it in her teeth and gnaws.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You can make it. I know you can. Yes. Go deep.

Ellen whimpers.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Deeper.

Tears streaming down her face, Ellen looks up and catches her breath.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Don't give up.

She SOBS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Don't give up. You're strong.

(whispers)

Not like those dirty girls. Not like the others.

Ellen summons her courage.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid. You're strong.

She clamps down one more time and works at the file.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Yes, you can make it. I know you can.

Ellen yanks with her teeth. With a mighty SPUK, the file pops out.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Yes!

Ellen grabs the file and sets to work unlocking the cuffs.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Ah! Ah! Oh, my dear.

The right cuff opens. She stands and goes to work on the left. Buddy is impressed.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
My dear, dear, girl.

There is a CLICK as the left cuff opens. Buddy's eyes pop open and he lets out a victory WHOOP.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Ah! Oh!

Ellen starts for the stairs. Buddy holds up his hands and slips free of his own cuffs, revealing that he has been free all along. He stands and starts a victory dance.

Ellen turns to him and holds a finger to her lips.

ELLEN
Shh!

He jabs a finger in Ellen's direction and LAUGHS maniacally.

BUDDY
She's loose!

ELLEN
Shh!

BUDDY
She's loose! She's loose!

ELLEN

Shh! Be quiet!

He points at her and continues his rant.

BUDDY

She's loose! She's loose!

ELLEN

He's going to hear you. Shh!

Suddenly, the cellar doors are thrown open and a SHAFT OF LIGHT pours down, illuminating Buddy's face. We see now that there is a gory wound above his left eye.

ANGLE ON the stairs. Moonface starts down. Ellen looks up in horror. Buddy trots off.

BUDDY

(sings)

Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old time things I've not forgotten
Look away...

Moonface ROARS as he descends. Buddy does a jig in his corner of the room.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Look away look away
Dixieland...

Ellen turns this way and that. She grabs a nearby TWO-BY-FOUR and THWACKS him with it. Buddy leaps up and down.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh, goody! Goody! Oh, goody! Goody!
Goody! Goody!

Ellen turns on Buddy.

ELLEN

Would you shut the hell
up?

She WHACKS Buddy square in the face. He crashes to the floor.

Moonface charges Ellen. She holds the two-by-four between them, but he muscles her up against the wall and pins her there, the two-by-four under her neck. Using it for leverage, he lifts her up of the ground. CLOSE ON her dangling feet.

Moonface presses the wood tight against her neck, choking her. She fumbles under her skirt and produces the nail file.

With all her remaining strength, she THRUSTS it deep into his gut. He GROWLS and lurches forward, setting her free. She scrambles up the stairs.

INT. MOONFACE'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen emerges from the basement and SLAMS the doors down hard. She starts for the door, then stops in her tracks at the sight of--

A BABY CRIB in one corner of the room, containing nothing but a BABY-SIZED SKELETON. She GASPS, then whirls around and breaks for the heavy wood front door. She yanks at the deadbolt, but no luck.

ELLEN
(through tears)
Oh, come on! Come on!

She kicks and yanks, but finally realizes she can't escape this way. She turns her attention to the far window, which is broken.

She runs for it, but suddenly there is a mighty GROWL. Moonface pops out of the cellar door and grabs her by the ankle. She crashes to the floor, but manages to kick out at him, knocking his knife from his hand.

She wriggles free and staggers to the window, ready to throw herself through, but then STOPS IN HER TRACKS.

POV through the window on the 50-foot drop from the cliff, straight down into the rocky river below.

Moonface rises to his feet with a GROWL.

Ellen whirls around. Moon face grabs a nearby axe and SNARLS. Ellen races across the room, then stops. Moonface looks at her and nods.

Ellen thinks for a beat. CLOSE ON the knife on the floor, its blade GLEAMING in the moonlight. CLOSE ON the baby crib, the skeleton in full view.

Ellen sizes up her options. Moonface GROWLS. She lurches this way and that, setting him off course. Making her choice, she lunges out of reach and grabs the skeleton, DUST raining off the CLATTERING BONES.

In one deft motion, she brings it up and SMASHES it into Moonface's face. He reels backwards and clasps his hands to his head.

Ellen crouches down and grabs the knife. She WHOOSHES it around in her hand. Her eyes flash wide with grim determination as she sizes up her victim.

Quickly she flips the knife around in her fingers, just as we saw Bruce do. An instant later she expertly flips it around into a stabbing hold. She leaps up and lunges at Moonface, sinking the blade deep between his shoulder blades.

She yanks it out. He MOANS. She KICKS him in the butt. He spins around and kicks her across the room.

Ellen recovers, and, like a seasoned knife fighter, swiftly slices him across the back. Moonface howls and rises up in pain, and as he does, he exposes his chest. Seizing the moment, Ellen slips the blade cleanly between his sternum and his ribs, burying it up to the hilt.

He staggers back and his momentum sends him CRASHING out the window. As he flies through the glass, he grabs desperately for the bed sheets as he falls, sending the bed FLYING against the wall.

POV through the window, on Moonface, who dangles over the river, clinging to the bed sheet for dear life. Ellen stares out the window at him.

ELLEN

Hell of a night...

He claws at the sheet, GRUNTING as he pulls himself up bit by bit. CLOSE ON the sheets as they TEAR beneath his weight. Ellen gives a matter-of-fact nod.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Huh, Moonface?

He GROWLS. The sheets continue to TEAR. Ellen turns away, not even watching as the sheets finally give way and Moonface FALLS.

We PULL IN on Ellen's vacant face. REVEAL a gun on a shelf nearby. She grabs it.

MONTAGE--

CLOSE ON the barrel of the gun as Ellen loads it with shells. She gives it a SPIN and snaps it closed.

Ellen straps a leather belt around her waist and shoves the gun into it.

She finds a pair of boots and puts them on.

She finds a crowbar in a far corner of the room.

She THWACKS the front door with the crowbar. With a few more THWACKS, the deadbolt gives.

EXT. CRUCIFIX ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen moves away from the cabin with steely resolve, the crowbar in hand. She moves alongside the crucifixes. An OWL HOOTS. Her face tenses. She turns to check behind her. Finding nothing, she continues along.

INT./EXT. ELLEN'S CAR ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD -- LATER

CLOSE ON the KEYS, which dangle from the ignition. Ellen turns them, and the engine SPUTTERS to life.

Behind the wheel of the car, Ellen heaves with relief.

She gets out and goes around to the front of the car, where the hood is propped open. She closes it.

She finds that the Buick is still there, door still open. She whips around to look behind her. All is still and quiet.

She moves around to the back of her car and pops the trunk. Her face is partially illuminated as she gazes down into it, an inscrutable expression upon her face. ANGLE ON the trunk to REVEAL-

The DEAD FACE of Bruce stares straight up at her, a look of confused horror in his wide eyes. His body has been jammed into the trunk. He is eerily lit by the moon.

An icy Ellen stares down at him.

SHOCK CUT TO--

INT. BRUCE AND ELLEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

A BRIEF FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates Bruce's face, just long enough for us to see that his eyes are wild.

In another FLASH OF LIGHTNING, we see Ellen being thrown backwards into a large mirror, SMASHING it and sending glass raining down.

Bruce glares at her for a moment, then bears down.

BRUCE

You fucking bitch! You goddamned whore!

He CRUNCHES up to her through the glass and yanks her to her feet. She SCREAMS and CRIES.

ELLEN

What are you doing? What are you doing? What are you doing?

BRUCE

You make me sick!

He PUNCHES her across the face. She SCREAMS as she CRASHES to the floor. Bruce undoes his leather belt and glares down at her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I bet you wish you could fight me now!

ELLEN

(through tears)
Oh, my God.

BRUCE

I bet you wish you fucking listened to me now, don't you?

ELLEN

Oh, stop it, Bruce! Please stop!

He crouches down and sets about tying her wrists with his belt. She CRIES.

ELLEN

Please! Please! What are you doing?
What are you doing? What are you doing?

BRUCE

I'm not going to stop. I'll stop when I'm fucking done.

He hauls her to her feet and throws her face-down onto the floor. She SCREAMS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're acting like a fucking whore,
I'm gonna fuck you like a whore.

ELLEN

Please! No!

He mounts her and rips her skirt. She SCREAMS and CRIES as he thrusts violently, over and over again, the violence illuminated by intermittent LIGHTNING.

After a few quick thrusts, he climaxes. He lifts himself off her and catches his breath. Limp on the floor, she CRIES. He stands.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You know what, Ellen? One last lesson for you. Ellen. The meek will inherit shit.

Satisfied, he smiles and sighs.

Suddenly, from nowhere, Ellen leaps into frame, throwing her bound arms around Bruce's neck, using the length of his belt to catch him in a chokehold.

ELLEN

Oh, I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! I fucking hate you!

She bears down hard. He thrashes against her, but nothing can match the strength of her rage.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You motherfucker!

He crashes to his knees and she rides him all the way down.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole! I fucking hate you! I'm going to kill you!

Bruce paws at the shards of broken glass, but it is no use. She tightens her hold and his eyes go wide.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to fucking kill you. I'm going to fucking kill you! I'm going to fucking kill you!

She THWACKS his head against the floor and SCREAMS. He GROANS as she tightens the belt. With one last yank, his eyes bug out of his head and he goes limp.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I hate you.

He collapses to the floor. Ellen CRIES.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

She cowers in a corner. LIGHTENING FLASHES.

EXT. CRUCIFIX ROAD - RESUME

All is silent.

INT. MOONFACE'S BASEMENT -- LATER

CLOSE on Ellen's hand as she flips the generator switch. She pulls the rip cord and the machine ROARS to life. REVEAL Buddy in the corner, bound to his chair with heavy rope.

CLOSE ON Bruce's corpse, splayed on the drill press table.

The GENERATOR WHIRS and SIRENS BLARE. Ellen moves up to the crank and presses the button. The drill bit spins. She holds his head in position.

Buddy looks on in horror as Ellen calmly turns the crank.

BUDDY

(whispers)

The eyes see all evil. All the evil in the world.

CLOSE ON the drill bit as it spins up, now dripping with BLOOD and GORE.

Ellen switches the drill off. Buddy nods, almost reverent.

INT. MOONFACE'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the now-crucified Bruce, light shining through the eyeholes. Ellen stands behind, admiring her own handiwork.

Buddy looks on.

BUDDY

Beautiful. He almost looks sad, doesn't he? Like a crying clown.

Ellen smirks.

ELLEN

He's the newest member of the family.
You can call him Uncle Brucey. That's
his name.

(beat)

I have him to thank. It was all his
hard work and determination that got
me out of here alive.

(beat)

The fucking bastard.

BUDDY

I'm so sorry for you.

Ellen turns to Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So, so sorry.

Ellen moves up to Buddy, her eyes steely.

ELLEN

Everybody's sorry for something.

She pulls out the gun and points it at him.

BUDDY

No.

CLOSE ON an icy Ellen.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

No.

(beat)

No.

She stares at him for a beat. Slowly, she draws a finger to
her lips.

ELLEN

Shh.

BUDDY

No!

Ellen FIRES.

EXT. CRUCIFIX ROAD - LATER

Mounted high on the crucifix, "Uncle Brucey" now rests amid
the other grim scarecrows.

The lamenting MUSIC from the opening credit sequence
begins.

SONG

It's good to hear your voice
It's good to hear your breathing...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- DAWN

The rising sun peeks over the mountain.

Ellen's car drives along.

SONG (CONT'D)

I'm running out of hours
I'm running out of reasons...

INT. ELLEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ellen is at the wheel, grimy, covered in mud, eyes staring straight ahead. She has the same strange expression of conflict and uncertainty we have seen before.

SONG (CONT'D)

Every time I turn around
You're gone...

PULL IN close on her face.

SONG (CONT'D)

But tonight I won't tell anyone...

Her right eye fills the screen.

FADE OUT

THE END

BEGIN END CREDITS

SONG (CONT'D)

Well I should call the cops
Or I should call your father
But you're saying you don't care
So maybe I won't bother
Everybody notices when you're gone
And everybody wonders what they did
wrong
All of us are waiting now for so long
But tonight I won't tell anyone
No tonight I won't tell anyone...