

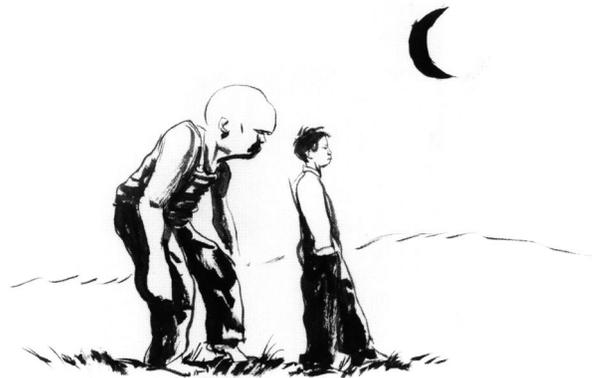
Freaks of the Heartland

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1 EXT. IDYLLIC AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

A red sky and rolling farmland cradled by dark wooded foothills and rocky cliffs.

A young, grubby 14-year-old, TREVOR OWENS, runs happily through the pastures, sneaking around the trees and popping out with a toy gun.

TREVOR

With nowhere left to run, he knew
he'd have to fight for his life...

He sneaks around from tree to tree.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Look out... I know you out there...

A dash to another tree, his toy gun held tight.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Here... I... COME!

He leaps out from behind the tree and fires his toy gun... at a playmate who isn't there. He's playing all alone on the hill.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Yea! Gotcha! Yer dead, punk!

He stops firing as a cold wind rustles the leaves at his feet.

Trevor looks far across the valley... then back to his own lonely, desolate home : A forgotten farmhouse and grey-weathered barn, slouched alone on the ragged landscape.

"FREAKS OF THE HEARTLAND"

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. OWENS' FARM - DUSK

Trevor finally makes it home. As he walks past the barn, he casts it a curious glance.

3 INT. OWENS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor pulls back the dusty screen door to find his Paw, HENRY OWENS (43), hovering over his worn-out recliner, fiddling with the reception on an absurdly small rabbit-eared television. He's an eccentric country grump set in his ways.

PAW

You're late.

TREVOR

Lost track a time, I guess.

PAW

Lose more than that, it happens again.

TREVOR

Yessir.

PAW
 (to the television)
 You're as bad as this numbnuts.

4 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

A dingy kitchen tableau. Trevor's wearing an apron, pulling two tv dinners from a chest freezer full of them.

CUT TO:

5 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / DINING ROOM

Dinner that night is a quiet affair. Trevor picks at his Salisbury steak TV dinner while his Paw yells at the TV in the other room.

PAW
 Aw... Would you look at this
 moneygrubber...

Paw takes a long gulp from his tincan beer.

Trevor turns to see what he's barking about on the TV: a People's Court type show. A fat female plaintiff screaming.

TREVOR
 You think she's guilty Paw?

PAW
 Sure as rain. She's hidin' something.

TREVOR
 Mmm... I dunno.

He's interrupted by a MUFFLED PHONE RINGING.

They both freeze. It keeps RINGING, faintly through the dusty home.

PAW
 You been messing with the phone again?

TREVOR
 No sir. I ain't even touched it!

PAW
 ...Aw, what the christ...?

Paw creeps up the stairs as Trevor listens intently.

FOOTSTEPS across the SQUEAKING FLOOR.

Trevor crosses the room and flips through the t.v.'s few fuzzy channels, looking for something to watch.

We hear the UNLOCKING of Paw's room as the PHONE RINGING warbles louder.

PAW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Who's this? How you get this number? --
 Hmph. Well. That might be alright
 so long as yer serious. Right then.

Trevor picks at his peas and carrots curiously as the FOOTSTEPS of Paw come down the CREAKY staircase.

Henry Owens shuffles back into the room.

TREVOR
Um... who was that, Paw?

Paw switches the t.v. back to the courtroom show.

PAW
Just some business...

TREVOR
Don't nobody ever call us.

PAW
Some folk might be coming out tomorrow
or the next day. So you know the
drill.

TREVOR
Yea, I know... act normal.

Paw cracks the slightest grin as he sips swill from his beer.

PAW
You still remember what normal is,
right?

TREVOR
Sure.

PAW
At least that makes one of us.

TREVOR
Can I be excused?

PAW
Gimme a beer, will ya?

Trevor clears his TV dinner and grabs his Paw a cold one.

He hands off the beer and stomps towards his room.

PAW (CONT'D)
You still got chores?

TREVOR
Naw. I done 'em all.

Paw cracks his beer, turns his chair away from Trevor.

PAW
Then go feed yer brother...

TREVOR
I know... I'll take care of him.

Trevor heads off out back.

PAW
And mind the lip while yer at it...
(back at the tv)
...Degenerate bums...

6 IN THE HALLWAY --

Trevor grabs the key off the hook.

7 EXT. OWENS' HOUSE - BACK PORCH

Trevor grabs a few cans of corned beef from the rickety shelves.

PAW (O.S.)
And don't give him too much this
time!

Trevor sneers and grabs a few more to spite him. Piling the cans in an old bucket.

He heads out into the darkness, the rusty screen door slamming behind him.

8 EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Trevor walks the dark path towards the creepy, forgotten barn. An owl HOOTS. Wind blows forgotten leaves...

As Trevor gets closer, the massive barn door bounces, RATTLING against the heavy chains and padlock that keep it locked shut. Is that the wind or something inside there?

Trevor fumbles with the key, it's so dark out here, but we can see SOMETHING MOVING IN SHADOW under the door.

Trevor finally gets the heavy padlock open.

9 INT. BARN - NIGHT

The heavy doors are pushed open by Trevor. Inside, the dusty barn is only full of moonlight and eerie noise.

Trevor creeps in slowly. Tiptoes past the cobwebbed plows and tackle.

He finally reaches the middle of the spooky, creaky barn, where he finds the one hanging bulb.

He flicks it on and the barn is dripped in orange light and stark, dangling shadow.

BEHIND HIM... a movement in the darkness. What is it? A terrifying, ENORMOUS SHAPE RISES BEHIND TREVOR. It approaches... LOOMS OVER HIM... IT'S RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

We whip around to meet...

A massive, misshapen 'freak' that stands at a hunched seven feet tall. He looks like he could tear a man in half.

TREVOR
(casually)
Boy, you need a bath critter, I could
smell you outside.

In a flash, this monster's massive deformed skull eases into THE SWEETEST SMILE YOU'VE EVER SEEN. His eyes shine as he runs to his beloved brother.

This is WILL OWENS, Trevor's seven-year old brother. He speaks in a slow, deep, gravely voice.

WILL
Trevvooor!

Will jumps like a happy, harmless puppy. His monstrous arms slash out and nab the canned meat from his hands in the blink of an eye.

TREVOR
Hey! Quit grabbing, ya darn elephant...

Will trots back to his small corner of the barn.

There's a dingy baseball cap, some weathered encyclopedias. A stained prairie quilt.

WILL
...Thank you Treevoor.

Will tears the cans open WITH HIS BARE HANDS, smashing the meat paste into his misshapen jaw.

TREVOR
Alright, whatever. Help yourself.

Trevor walks out, but Will's MASSIVE arm reaches over and grabs his overalls, yanking him back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Ow, leggo!... Jeez, critter...

But Will doesn't know his own strength and BANGS TREVOR'S KNEES into the stall as he drags him back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
ACHHH... Watch what yer doin'! God damn, Will. Just leggo, I'll hang out with ya.

WILL
Thank you Treev-oor.

TREVOR
Yea, yea. Better out here than with Paw. Just... try and get some of that slop into your mouth while yer at it.

WILL
...Paw...

Will chomps through his canned meat messily while Trevor picks up the old encyclopedias scattered about.

TREVOR
You want I should read you a lesson?

WILL
Oh yessss Trevvoorr... red... a red firetruck...

TREVOR
 Firetruck? Naw dummy, we ain't even
 got the F book, just K through T and
 the XYZ one. Where did you see a
 firetruck? In one of these?

WILL
 Mmm... red...

TREVOR
 Well we ain't done 'truck' yet, that's
 in T. Maybe it'll have something
 about firetrucks, okay?

WILL
 Trevor will find it...

Will slinks over like a giddy child, his fingers grody with
 meatpaste and looking for a hug.

TREVOR
 Ew, back off, train wreck! That's
 gross!

But Will just LAUGHS LIKE A MULE, chasing his brother around
 the room.

Trevor climbs over stalls and leaps through the air, each
 time, his mighty brother is there to grab him, just in time.

Trevor knows this, and happily makes DEATH-DEFYING LEAPS,
 always trusting that his brother's massive arms will be there
 to catch him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Stop it! Hahaha... Get your
 boogernails off me!

WILL
 Trevvvoorr... he he he!

Trevor breaks loose, laughing and dashes out of Will's grasp,
 leaping OUTSIDE.

Will chases him until... SNAP! He's jerked back by the LARGE
 CHAINS attached to his wrists.

Trevor's smile disappears, sad to see these chains that must
 keep the family secret trapped inside the barn. It's an
 awkward moment between the boys...

He stands in the deepening night, looking back at his brother,
 stopped just short of the doorway and fresh air.

TREVOR
 I better go. I'll be back later,
 little brother... Tonight, me and
 you goin' out.

Will lowers his head and shuffles back into the darkness of
 the barn, pulling the chain-light off behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / HALLWAY - LATE THAT NIGHT

Trevor throws his coat over his pj's and sneaks past his FATHER WHO IS SNORING IN FRONT OF THE T.V.

Trevor freezes in his tracks when he notices an OLD REVOLVER dangling from his dad's hand, an empty bottle of booze from the other.

Trevor's not sure what his dad had in mind, but he quietly grabs the gun and tucks it in his overalls, *just in case.*

11 SERIES OF SHOTS

The gun's stuffed in a hallway closet.

The key's quietly lifted off its hook.

The unlocking of Will's neck collar.

12 EXT. OWENS' BARN - NIGHT

We see THE SMALL SHADOW OF A BOY creep cross the yard, followed by THE HUGE SILHOUETTE OF WILL, sneaking out of the barn and into the fields.

Will tries to hide behind some bushes, but at his size, it's a little funny.

Trevor pushes him on.

TREVOR
(hushed from a distance)
Don't just stand there, move it you
freak!

13 EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Will is striding freely through the night fields. These are the highlights of his life.

Trevor sprints up playfully alongside him, toy gun in hand.

TREVOR
Freeze, buddy! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh Pchw
pchw! Kapchew!

Will just keeps running past him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Hey, slow down, Will! Yer not playing
right!

Will stops and lets Trevor catch up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Damn yer fast! Alright, freeze!
Down on the ground! Hands behind
your head, scumwad!

But Will just grabs his toy gun and lifts it from his hands.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
No dummy! Here, you're gonna break
my gun...

Will just looks down at his brother dumbly.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Alright, then... you'll never take
 me alive, pig!

Trevor dashes off, playing the fugitive now.

WILL LAUGHS in glee, bounding in pursuit.

But no matter where Trevor runs, Will's incredible size and strength catch up to him at every turn.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Hey, no cheatin'! Hey! Leggo!

Trevor collapses to the ground, exhausted.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Geesh, little brother, you sure have
 gotten fast. Yer growing like a
 weed.

They stare out at the dark night sky. There is A FAINT HAZE
 OF LIGHT MARKING A TOWN far beyond the ridge.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Now what I NEED to be doing instead
 of sneaking out here with you, is
 sneaking down into town there. Go
 meet me some girls.

WILL
 Is that where Mama went?

TREVOR
 Naw... she ain't down there.

Trevor chews on a stalk of grass, remembering...

WILL
 We'll meet a niiece girl...

TREVOR
 WE? Oh man, I don't know about no
 double-date. Here, bend down, you
 got some crap in your hair.

Trevor picks some grass and twigs from his brother's hair,
 finding A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Whoa, check it out, buddy! Four-
 leaf clover!

He holds it up against the moonlight, showing it to Will,
 who holds it delicately, but confused.

Trevor plucks a regular clover to show him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 See, that one's different...

WILL
 Different like meee?

TREVOR
 Heh, yeah... guess so. You gonna be
 my good luck charm, critter?

Trevor CHUCKLES as Will studies the precious clover.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Ahh, c'mon. I got to get you back
 before the ole' boozer notices we're
 gone.

Will drags his feet, PICKING THROUGH THE CLOVERS ON THE
 GROUND, looking for another four-leaf one.

WILL
 Are there more like meee?...

TREVOR
 Brother, there ain't nothing quite
 like you.

We fly up from the long field to show the entire valley, the
 small farm houses, and the QUIET, EERIE STREETLIGHTS OF THAT
 SMALL VALLEY TOWN in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. 'GRISTLEWOOD' / MAIN STREET - MORNING

We float among this quiet small town.

- Picket fences, rose bushes
- A dog's tied up outside the TOWN DINER as a waitress brings
 him out some bacon scraps.
- THE CHURCH'S STEEPLE BELL RINGS OUT.
- A shopkeeper opens up the HARDWARE STORE, unfurling his
 American flag.

A DELIVERY TRUCK is parked out front, dropping off fertilizer.

In the back of the store, the TRUCK DRIVER (30s) is stacking
 bags of fertilizer. The dust is flying everywhere and he's
 got his shirt pulled up over his nose.

As he stops to wipe his brow, we hear a HACKING SNEEZING
 COUGH from somewhere in the room. The driver looks around.

TRUCK DRIVER
 Hello? Somebody back there?

He moves towards the sound, it came from BEHIND THE BACK
 WALL. As he looks closer, he notices a bunch of boards nailed
 across a doorway. One of them is loose, he pulls it back
 and peers into the darkness.

After a tense moment, a DEEP GUTTURAL BREATH! He backs away
 nervously.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

SUDDENLY, A HAND IS LAID ON HIS SHOULDER.

The truck driver spins around in fear to meet the tall imposing figure of a GRIM COUNTRY SHERIFF.

SHERIFF WILLIAM TUCKER (40s), a humorless man with a chiseled face, offers the truck driver a bitter stare.

SHERIFF
Looking for something?

TRUCK DRIVER
Uh no sir, just... just finishing up.

SHERIFF
Well don't let me keep you.

OUTSIDE --

The truck driver takes his cue and hurries out to close up his truck, anxious to leave. The Sheriff hovers at the door.

Meanwhile a younger man stumbles out of the hardware store with an armful of tools and lumber, this is BOBBY RABEL (20s).

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What's all the commotion?

RABEL
Ahhh, Betsy's got me all kinds of busy. If we get that house, won't be a free minute without a hammer in my hand.

SHERIFF
Whose house you buying?

RABEL
Know the old empty Owens place? I'm going to talk to him about it tomorrow.

The Sheriff's eyes go sharp at the mention of the name.

SHERIFF
Owens?

The truck driver STARTS HIS ENGINE, and nervously sneaks a glance at the Sheriff, who's still got his wicked scowl locked on this outsider.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(lost in thought)
I haven't seen Henry Owens in a long time... Tell you what, I'll give ya a ride out there.

RABEL
Uh... okay.

SHERIFF
It'll be nice to check up on him...

From the steely look in his eyes, we can tell this visit will be anything *but* nice.

15 INT. BARN - DAY

Will is poking through the encyclopedias. The DOOR CREAKS and a shaft of light shines on him. It's Paw.

PAW

Hey.

Will says nothing.

PAW (CONT'D)

Had a... extra piece a pie here...
thought you might...

He sets it down in the middle of the barn, then goes back to the door.

Will nudges at it cautiously, his CHAINS RATTLING.

PAW (CONT'D)

Sorry it's gotta be this way.

Paw shuts and chains the door, leaving Will in darkness.

16 EXT. OWENS' FARM - LATER

Trevor is hanging from a fence, dangling by his knees. Upside-down, he sees the delivery truck driving up to the gate.

TRUCK DRIVER

Hey, you know where the Owens' place
is?

TREVOR

You're looking at it... here, lemme
hop in, it's a hike back to the house.

Trevor jumps in the truck.

17 INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Trevor looks around the cab. There's some sexy ladies hanging from the rear-view.

Rolling across the dash is a little LIGHT-UP TRINKET-TOY. Trevor can't resist and presses the button. It lights up and TINGLES A LITTLE TUNE.

TRUCK DRIVER

You like that? My girl gave it to
me.

TREVOR

Yeah.

TRUCK DRIVER

Been out at Gristlewood all morning.
That place weird you out? Gives me
the creeps.

TREVOR

Paw doesn't let us go out there.

TRUCK DRIVER

Then I guess he knows what I mean.

18 EXT. OWENS' FARM - DAY

The truck driver flings open the back roller door.

TRUCK DRIVER

You want me to put this in the barn?

TREVOR

NO! Just, uh, over by the porch, I think.

Paw appears from the house.

PAW

Just drop it there. We'll move it ourselves.

They keep unloading the big pallet of feed bags while Paw just stands watch.

19 EXT. OWENS' FARM - LATER

The truck driver pulls the cargo door shut. HE TOSSES THE LIGHT-UP TOY-TRINKET TO TREVOR WITH A NOD.

Trevor quickly hides the toy in his overalls.

As the truck pulls off, Trevor watches him go sadly, then stoops to pick up the feed bags. Paw is just standing there.

TREVOR

You gonna help or what?

PAW

What's the matter? Can't handle it?

Paw wanders off. Trevor angrily throws the feed on his back.

20 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Another lonely microwave dinner at the Owens' home. Paw's draining beercans especially fast tonight. ON THE TV, A GAMESHOW CONTESTANT IS WINNING A DREAM VACATION.

TREVOR

How come we never go on vacation?

PAW

And how you figure we do that with yer goddamned brother?

TREVOR

Well... I dunno. I mean... you could...

PAW

You could do this, you could do that. You can do it all, can't you Trevor? You a regular can-do machine, ain't you?

Paw's eyes are going glassy. He's really tied one on tonight.

TREVOR

I just thought...

PAW
 You're just a kid, got no clue what
 the world's about. You think I
 wouldn't rather be somewhere else
 than drinking away my years with you
 two?

TREVOR
 Well you don't have to get mean
 about...

PAW
 Trevor, if I was mean, your little
 brother would have been buried in
 that goddamn valley. It ain't ME
 keeping us out here. It's HIM! So
 don't blame me --

21 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor is flopped across his bed, leafing through a worn-out
 Sears catalog.

PAW (CONT. V.O.)
 -- cause we're all of us trapped out
 here, boy. All of us.

As the words echo through his mind, he looks at a picturesque
 IMAGE OF TWO BROTHERS on a colorful plastic playset. Mom
 and Dad look on lovingly behind them.

We get a look around his room which is filled with country
 knickknacks: his dad's POW-MIA flag, arrowheads, a shelf
 full of antlers.

He pulls the FOUR-LEAF CLOVER from his pocket and carefully
 flattens it in-between the pages.

A RAP AT THE DOOR and Trevor quickly tosses the catalog under
 his bed.

Paw sticks his head in, looking to make amends for his
 outburst at dinner.

PAW (CONT'D)
 Hey sport.

TREVOR
 Hey.

PAW
 You, uh... sure you don't wanna watch
 tv? Cops is coming on.

TREVOR
 Naw. I'm tired.

PAW
 Yer gonna miss the hot pursuits.

Trevor rolls over.

TREVOR
 Naw.

PAW
Suit yerself.

Paw hangs at the door for an awkward moment before finally leaving.

Trevor gets up and looks out from his bedroom window towards the barn below.

THERE, IN THE UPPER HAYLOFT he can barely make out his poor little brother, playing with the BLINKING GREEN LIGHT-UP TOY-TRINKET.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. BARN - MORNING

Trevor has a bandanna over his face. He's shoveling Will's poop out the side door.

TREVOR
Can't you even AIM for the hay?

Will looks out at his brother sheepishly, shielding his eyes from the shafts of daylight creeping in the open door.

WILL
Not... feel... well.

TREVOR
Yea, I should say so.

Will is playing with the light-up toy.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You know I can't get you no more batteries once that thing runs out, don't ya?

But Will just keeps on pressing the button gleefully... until his head perks up, noticing something.

WILL
Trevor?

The sound of a CAR APPROACHING on the gravel road.

Trevor dashes over to peer out the slats. Will follows anxiously.

OUTSIDE -- It's a police prowler! The Sheriff and Bobby Rabel!

Will's smooshing his fingers through the slats for a better view.

WILL (CONT'D)
What... is it...?

TREVOR
Shut up! They're here early. Go hide back there! Throw some hay over yerself or something!

From the barn, we see Paw climb down the porch.

Trevor silently pulls the door shut as he catches Paw giving a quick glance to the barn.

OUTSIDE --

The three men stand stock-still around the porch. The Sheriff stands rigid, a smiling son-of-a-bitch, as conniving as he is cruel. The baby faced Bobby Rabel slouches next to him.

PAW

Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Owens. Farm looks... 'bout how I'd expect it.

PAW

I keep my ground clean.

SHERIFF

Sure you do, Henry...

PAW

I wasn't expecting a police escort just to sell an old house.

SHERIFF

Well, I wanted to make sure Bobby here didn't get lost. Been a long time since anybody's ventured out here to pay you a visit.

RABEL

Howdy, Mr. Owens, I'm Bob Rabel, we spoke on the phone. Figured you might be interested in selling yer old place in town. It's right next to my mother-in-law's.

PAW

Little Bobby Rabel... last time I saw you, you were buying a pack of baseball cards, now ya buying a house.

SHERIFF

Bobby and his young wife are expecting a child soon. So you can understand why they need a good home.

PAW

Hmph. You sure you wanna raise your family there, kid?

Paw and the Sheriff are locked in steely gazes. Rabel is clueless.

RABEL

Hey, I know the house is in bad shape, but you wouldn't have to do nothing to it... I'll buy it as-is.

Paw goes to take a dip of chaw, notices his bag is almost empty.

PAW

How much you thinking?

Meanwhile, the Sheriff surveys the horizon, a cruel, but discerning eye. He's looking for something... Henry Owens and Bob Rabel continue their negotiations OFF-SCREEN.

RABEL (O.S.)
Well, it's a small lot mind you.
And it's gonna need a ton of work.

The Sheriff peers past the rickety porch, examines a slop trough buzzing with flies.

IN THE BARN --

Trevor looks on nervously.

PAW (O.S.)
Long as I don't have to go into town
for the papers.

RABEL (O.S.)
Yes, well I'll mail you the papers,
but I couldn't find your address
anywhere.

-- the Sheriff continues his gaze, towards THE BARN now --

PAW (O.S.)
That's cuz I ain't got one.

The Sheriff sees it, a SLOW ZOOM ON THE BARN'S HEAVY LOCK.

23 INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Trevor sees the Sheriff approaching. He ducks away from the door.

TREVOR
Oh crap...

Trevor runs to hide Will who is rustling around the barn nervously.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will, you gots to hide. Quick-like!

WILL
Treevvoor... what's happening....

Will's getting spooked, knocking stuff over.

TREVOR
No, just... just don't move a muscle!
No matter what happens!

We can hear the MUFFLED ARGUMENT of the approaching Sheriff and Paw.

Suddenly, the door is ripped open by the Sheriff!

Paw pushes past him, but there's nothing to see. The barn is empty now. Trevor and Will are nowhere to be seen.

PAW
I told you, there's nothing there!
You're not even sheriff out here!
(MORE)

PAW (CONT'D)
The county line ends at my drive,
and I'm DAMN sure about that!

The Sheriff draws his gun and steps carefully. Sniffs the air. He turns the corner towards the stall.

SUDDENLY, TREVOR POPS OUT.

The Sheriff aims his pistol in a flash, only easing his trigger-finger when he sees who it is.

PAW (CONT'D)
Christ, Sheriff! You damn near blew
my son's head off!

TREVOR
Sorry Paw, I... I was just gettin'
ready to start my chores.

The Sheriff holsters his gun.

SHERIFF
You Trevor, right?

TREVOR
Yessir...

SHERIFF
How you like livin' out here, son?

Trevor looks to his dad nervously.

PAW
What the hell difference does that
make?

TREVOR
I like it fine... sir.

PAW
C'mon now, Bill, I got work to do.
Why don't you take little Bobby Rabel
here home, so he can get his papers
in order.

RABEL
Yea, Sheriff if you don't mind. I
gots to go pick up Betsy.

But the Sheriff's not giving up. He sniffs the air, and steps deeper into the stalls.

He steps on something under the hay that gives out a METAL CLINK. Everyone freezes.

The Sheriff reaches down and finds a HEAVY RUSTY CHAIN hidden under the hay.

The Sheriff follows the metal links back to where it is bolted fast to the wall. A wicked glare to Paw, who holds his poker face as Trevor squirms under the tension.

The Sheriff follows the chain back through the hay, around the corner when he sees it...

WILL RISES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, a towering and bewildering monster.

SHERIFF
...Jesus H. Christ...

TREVOR
Will!

PAW
Dammit, Trevor!

The Sheriff steps back in horror as Trevor runs to keep Will in the corner.

PAW (CONT'D)
Now Sheriff, don't get all half-cocked here... alright?

RABEL
Jesus... look at the size of that thing!

SHERIFF
Dammit, Owens. Has anyone ever seen this?!

PAW
Course not!

SHERIFF
You TOLD me you'd *dealt* with this thing when it was born.

PAW
This is a family matter, alright? And I'm handling it my way.

SHERIFF
And what if he gets loose? What if somebody finds him? Then it comes down on all of us. You might not give a shit about that anymore... but that's still my town.

PAW
You and *your town* are gonna have to answer for things someday. You know that don't you?

SHERIFF
No, you lied to me, Owens! Lied right to my damn face while your wife was dying in the next room. You told me this thing was dead, now I'm gonna hold you to that.

The Sheriff UNHOLSTERS ONE OF HIS PISTOLS and hands it to Rabel who takes it uneasily.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Gimme a hand, Rabel.

RABEL
I dunno about this...

PAW
HOLD ON! You can't just do that!

TREVOR
But he ain't done nothing! He's no more dangerous than you or me.

SHERIFF
Speak for yourself.

HE SHOVES TREVOR TO THE GROUND, COCKING HIS GUN DEFINITELY.

WILL SNAPS TO ATTENTION. His eyes don't look so friendly all of a sudden. His chains goes TAUT.

PAW
Don't you touch my boy... You ain't gonna hurt either of them!

SHERIFF
That's the thing you never could understand, Owens. That thing there... he's no kin to you --

The Sheriff draws a bead on Will who looks back with sorrowful, questioning eyes.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
-- They ain't no part of any of us.

Trevor cowers protectively in front of his kid brother.

Paw breaks in, knocking the Sheriff's gun out of the way as it FIRES WIDE, EXPLODING IN A BEAM NEXT TO WILL'S HEAD.

THE GUNSHOT SENDS EVERYONE OVER THE EDGE. Will's freaking out, Trevor's trying to calm him down, Rabel doesn't know WHAT to do.

Paw and the Sheriff are fumbling for the gun. There's a brief struggle, their eyes locked with years of pent-up rivalry.

PAW
Dammit... you ain't got the right...

The men wrestle with the gun, until the worst happens.

POWWWWW! THE SHOT REVERBERATES THROUGH THE HOLLOW BARN. Henry Owens falls to the ground, his blood quickly pooling.

A moment of pure shock, by EVERYONE there. Even the Sheriff can't quite believe what he just did. Trevor's stunned, Rabel's speechless...

...but not Will... HE'S FURIOUS.

His already-tense FISTS CLAMP DOWN hard as his now FIERY EYES turn on the Sheriff. WILL IS SEETHING WITH FURIOUS RAGE. It's the moment the Sheriff was afraid of. This isn't the sweet little brother we've known. Will's become a TERRIFYING BEAST.

As Will stomps closer, the Sheriff is rightly terrified. He stumbles back, and in a fluster, shoves Rabel towards the freak.

Rabel doesn't know what else to do, he feebly raises his gun at him.

Will ROARS AND GRABS BOBBY RABEL BY THE GUN, LIFTING HIS ENTIRE BODY off the ground.

WILL
RAAAAAARRRGH!!!!

He SWINGS RABEL AGAINST A BEAM POST like a RAG DOLL, SMASHING HIS SPINE.

TREVOR
Will, NO!!!! STOP!!!! DON'T DO
IT!!!

WILL SMASHES RABEL'S BODY TO THE GROUND before LUNGING FOR THE SHERIFF who is trembling off a few errant pistol shots.

Will leaps for the Sheriff, but with a YANK, he's HELD BACK BY HIS CHAINS! He struggles against them as the Sheriff hastily reloads.

Will's eyes are RED. HIS MUSCLES BULGING WITH REVENGE FOR THE ONLY FATHER HE EVER KNEW.

The chains around Will's wrists are shaking... ONE OF THE LINKS IS BENDING...

The Sheriff's still fumbling with his bullets.

SHERIFF
Oh Christ...

Will finally BREAKS THE CHAINS and SMASHES INTO THE SHERIFF!

The Sheriff's body FLIES 50 FEET THROUGH THE AIR, BREAKING THROUGH THE BARN DOOR AND OUT INTO THE YARD.

Trevor's dashing around, trying to calm down his brother who is carelessly dragging around Rabel's dead body.

TREVOR
Will! Stop it! JUST STOP IT!!!

Will's calming down, but he's still uneasy and confused. He picks at his father's limp hand. Why isn't he moving?

WILL
Paww?

He keeps coming to Trevor, but even with his broken chains, Will won't step into the light. Scared to leave the barn.

WILL (CONT'D)
Trevor... help Paw. Trevvooor!

TREVOR
Jesus, Will...

Trevor paces, in shock. But whatever happens now, he knows he has to help his brother. He grabs Will's hand and pulls him outside.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
C'mon, you can't help him now.

OUTSIDE --

The Sheriff's body is still on the ground where it landed. He's not moving. Trevor grimaces.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus... C'mon, hurry up!

They hurry across the yard. Will is blinded by the sun.

WILL
Briiight....

Trevor pushes him on.

24 INT. OWENS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They rush inside.

TREVOR
Just... just stay put for a second...
I... I gotta think...

He runs upstairs.

INSIDE PAW'S BEDROOM --

The door rattles with a few kicks from Trevor and then bursts open, splintering the padlock.

He grabs some cash from his dad's dresser. Picks up the phone and looks OUT THE WINDOW --

IN THE DRIVEWAY, THE SHERIFF'S BODY IS GONE! His squad car door is hanging open.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Shit, where'd he go?

25 DOWNSTAIRS --

Will is shuffling around the house he never knew. His eyes curious at every little detail, seeing the world for the first time.

WE HEAR A SCREENDOOR CREAK, someone's in the house now, but Will is oblivious to the impending threat.

MORE FOOTSTEPS from the other room.

The SOUND OF CLOSETS BEING OPENED. Someone's searching the house, but Will's still lost in his exploration of the room.

The massive child finally settles on an old PHOTO OF THEIR MOTHER hanging in the hallway. We can tell that Will knows who this is.

As we move around him, we suddenly see THE SHERIFF creeping in behind him, shotgun trembling in his hands.

Will doesn't know he's there, or if he does he doesn't care.

The Sheriff looks over this freak with disgust. He gets ready to shoot when suddenly, a CLICK from behind.

IT'S TREVOR. HOLDING HIS DAD'S OLD REVOLVER ON THE SHERIFF!

SHERIFF
You ever fired that thing, kid?

TREVOR
You leave my brother and me alone...

SHERIFF
You don't know the truth about him,
boy. You don't know what he really
is...

TREVOR
He's my *brother*. That's all I need
to know.

Trevor pulls the trigger, but the rusty gun only drops a
METAL CLICK. Trevor keeps pulling. CLICK. CLICK. Nothing,
the gun's a worthless antique.

The Sheriff SPINS HIS SHOTGUN FOR TREVOR'S FACE. In a flash,
Trevor grabs the muzzle and pushes it to the ceiling.

The Sheriff fires, the CEILING EXPLODES IN SPLINTERS.
Trevor's hand rattles and burns from the hot gunmetal. The
Sheriff stumbles back from the kick.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will, RUN!

Trevor dashes back through the house, Will's right beside
him.

BLAM!!! The stairway banister EXPLODES into a million pieces.
The Sheriff reloads and rushes to catch up.

Trevor and Will spin around the hallway and sprint out onto
the back porch.

POWWW!!! The Sheriff fires another round from the front of
the house, it EXPLODES IN THE DOORJAMB, tearing the screen
door from its hinges.

Trevor flinches and stumbles down the porch stairs. Will
doubles back as Trevor gets back on his feet and together,
they race across the open yard.

BLAMMM!!! THE PORCH RAILING EXPLODES BEHIND THEM! The
Sheriff kicks his way past the broken screen door soon after.

Trevor and Will run for the woods, scared as shit. As they
leap over a log into the treeline, it EXPLODES IN BIRDSHOT
AT THEIR HEELS.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Git, brother! GIT!

26 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Will and Trevor are bounding through the woods. SHOTGUN
BLASTS TEAR THROUGH BRANCHES ALL AROUND THEM.

The Sheriff's right behind them, he stops to take aim, but
these trees make it impossible to get a good shot.

27 EXT. RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor's running full steam when he comes upon a HUGE RAVINE!
He's about to go stumbling over when WILL SNAGS HIM and pulls him back, their feet kicking loose dirt at the precarious edge.

TREVOR
Crap... uh... C'mon... this way.

Trevor turns to leave when Will grabs him by the overalls and THROWS HIM over his shoulder.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
What're you doing?! This ain't the time, you idiot! We ain't playin'!

Will runs back towards the Sheriff, Trevor kicking and screaming in his grip.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
NO NO NO!!!! YER GOING THE WRONG WAY!!!!

BACK WITH THE SHERIFF --

He's hot on their tail when he skids to a stop, terrified... THAT BEAST IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIM. He doesn't know if he should shoot or dive out of the way!

But Will skids to a halt, turns around, and starts a running stride back towards the ravine. Trevor realizes what Will's thinking.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Oh no... Will, you can't jump it... WILLLLL!!!!!!!!!!

THE OVERSIZED CHILD RUNS AND LEAPS WITH A HUGE STRIDE OVER THE DEEP RAVINE. AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT, this massive figure flying through the air, Trevor slung over his shoulder.

The Sheriff runs up, drops his aim, and then his jaw, gazing down at the large un-crossable gap.

ON THE OTHER SIDE, Will finally lands with THUD, and the massive boy carrying his brother disappears into the craggy trees.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Holy shit, buddy... you made it. You actually made it...

28 EXT. SHERIFF'S PROWLER - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff retreats back to his car, keeping an eye on the treeline as he grabs the CB.

SHERIFF
Lee? Carver, pick up the mic goddamn ya!

He breaks open a new box of shells, hands shaking as he reloads his shotgun.

LEE CARVER (O.S.)
Go ahead Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Go grab Underhill and Wallace and
get all yer asses out to the Owens
place.

LEE CARVER (O.S.)
What fer, Sheriff? What's going on?

SHERIFF
Just get OUT HERE GODDAMMIT!

The Sheriff throws the mic back into the cab, pops the trunk,
and pulls out an old gas can.

It sloshes in rhythm as he carries it up to the farmhouse,
face set with a grim determination.

29 EXT. WOODS - DAY

Will and Trevor are running through the forest, along the
base of the foothills.

The iron cuffs are still on Will's wrists and a couple links
still hang from them, jingling as he runs.

WILL
When can we stop, Trevor ?

TREVOR
I don't know. Not yet.

WILL
Why nooooot?

TREVOR
Quiet! Don't you get it? We're in
a lot of trouble.

WILL
But... there's a raccoon who's gonna
help us...

Catching his breath, Trevor looks up between the branches
above and spots something.

TREVOR
Oh no...

The sight is a punch to Trevor's gut: A black and thick column
of smoke rising behind them.

WILL
Look Trevor. A cloud!

30 EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - SUNSET

In a wide shot looking down, the Owens' barn is being
swallowed by fire!

TREVOR
That son of a bitch. No goin' back
now.

The boys watch from their overlook. Will points to the old fire engine parked below.

WILL
See? Red firetruck...

TREVOR
How you always know this stuff?
It's kinda creepy.

WILL
I just seeee it...

Trevor just shakes his head, a little amazed. He takes his brother's hand and leads him deeper into the hills.

31 EXT. OWENS' FARM - DUSK

Down on the farm, a few of Sheriff Tucker's trusted 'good ole boys' from town arrive in a pick-up truck.

The Sheriff's deputy, LEE CARVER (38) jumps out from behind the wheel and runs up to the OWENS' BARN, WHICH IS COMPLETELY ABLAZE.

The Sheriff doesn't greet them, but just stares into the flames coldly.

LEE CARVER
Sheriff, what the hell happened here?

SHERIFF
What I TOLD YOU would happen... now
get to hosing it down.
(to the others)
Rest of y'all, check out the woods
over yonder. Owens' got a freak
runnin' loose. There's blood on its
hands... so don't be shy with those
rifles.

A glob of tobacco spit hits the ground.

MR. UNDERHILL (47) climbs out of the passenger's seat, gnawing on a plug of tobacco as he loads A HIGH-POWERED HUNTING RIFLE.

TWO HUNTING ATVS are rolled off the back of pickups.

GUNS COCKED. ENGINES REVVED.

32 EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

MOTLEY HUNTING DOGS BARK wildly as an old man leads them to the ravine edge that Will jumped over. He shoves a tattered piece of Will's blanket under their noses, and they all barrel down the embankment.

33 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The HIGH-POWERED HEADLIGHTS of the ATVS pour across the trees, bouncing over the landscape.

Underhill motions for the other hunters to fan out as the HUNTING DOGS lead them on, howling into the dark.

AHEAD --

Trevor and Will race on through the jagged and claustrophobic woods.

BEHIND THEM --

The hunting dogs SNARL AND SNAP, bounding after the boys in a frenzy.

34 EXT. ROCKY CLIFF - NIGHT

Will and Trevor ascend the rocky path leading to the crest. They scramble over one of the large rocks, but the dogs are right on them!

With a VICIOUS GROWL, one of them LEAPS AT TREVOR, biting his pant leg and pulling him down.

As Trevor tries to kick the dog off, he keeps thrashing. TREVOR'S ABOUT TO GET PULLED DOWN THE ROCKY CLIFF.

TREVOR
Just keep going!

But suddenly, Trevor and the dog are hoisted up. Will's got them both! He pries the hound off his brother and hurls it down the embankment... where it lands with a YELP.

More dogs leap at Will. His massive arms swat off a few of them.

A couple dogs get past him, SINKING THEIR TEETH INTO HIM.

Will WAILS in pain, but his cry turns into a ROAR as he grabs them with his huge hands, hurling them all off. The dogs retreat, whimpering into the woods with the tails between their legs.

Will breathes heavily from the fight, his arms and legs still bleeding. Trevor looks at his brother with a newfound respect.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will, you saved me...

WILL
Trevor saved ME first.

VOICES in the distance. The hunters are still coming!

35 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

IN THE DISTANCE, a few stark lightning bolts hit the horizon.

The hunters prowl for our heroes as a late summer rain blows in. One of them stops, finding a GIANT FOOTPRINT in the mud.

HUNTER
C'mon, this way. Keep yer guns dry.

As they move on, we crane up a tree, where TREVOR AND WILL ARE CROUCHED AMONG THE BRANCHES.

Trevor jerks his thumb in an upward motion. Will nods and together they climb to a higher nook where they settle in.

As RAIN spreads, Trevor and Will can hear the SOUNDS OF THE POSSE fading through the trees.

Will's child-like eyes dart to the HOWLING OF THE DOGS.

WILL
Trevvoorr... are we going home now?

TREVOR
Naw, critter. We won't be going back there for a long time... maybe never... I dunno... I don't know what to do...

WILL
I miss Pawww...

TREVOR
I miss him too... I can't believe that goddamned Sheriff just took him from us.

WILL
Where will we go?

TREVOR
We'll have to keep moving.
I ain't gonna let them get a hold of you.

Trevor gazes out helplessly, on the edge of panic and the verge of tears. This misshapen brother is all he's got left now.

A MUSICAL WHIZZING SOUND causes him to look back at his kid brother. Will has pulled his light-up toy from his dirty pants pocket and is whirling it with an innocent toothy grin.

Trevor snatches it from him, worried about the sound.

WILL
Am I in troouble?

Trevor rubs his eyes and leans on his brother's shoulder.

TREVOR
You and me both buddy.

They huddle close in the branches, just the two of them against the uneasy black night.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. OWENS' FARM - DAWN

AN OLD RED FIRE TRUCK idles in front of the smoldering barn.

Everything else is grey in dawn's first light. A half dozen men are scattered around the farm, keeping an eye out.

Lee Carver, is poking through the burnt debris with a shovel when he comes upon A CHARRED HAND.

LEE CARVER
Oh Lord. SHERIFF! Christ almighty...
SHERIFF!

The immolated corpses of Paw Owens and Bobby Rabel lie underneath a burnt section of barn roofing. We catch a brief, horrid glance at the blackened flesh as Lee runs over to the house, hollering for the Sheriff.

37 INT. OWENS' HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff stands bleary-eyed, surveying it all through the window and waiting for the boys to come home. He opens the fridge and fishes out a beer, cracking it. Lee hurries in.

LEE CARVER
Lord Sheriff, I found 'em. Just like you said. Both of them. It's a damn mess.

SHERIFF
The boys?

LEE CARVER
Huh? No, the victims.

SHERIFF
Oh. Well, drag 'em out.

Mr. Underhill raps on a nearby window. He's there with two other men, yelling to the Sheriff through the window.

MAN 1
We couldn't find nothing out there, Sheriff.

MAN 2
Lost the scent and a couple of the dogs didn't come back.

UNDERHILL
Startin' to think them boys ain't coming back neither.

SHERIFF
Looks that way.

Underhill and then men walk on, leaving Lee and the Sheriff inside.

LEE CARVER
Want me to drive back through town, ask around, see if anyone's spotted them?

SHERIFF
No. Go cover the county roads. Don't nobody let this thing leave the valley, you hear?

LEE CARVER
But we gotta warn the town!

SHERIFF
You just find them boys. News'll take care of itself.

The Sheriff stares out the window at the farmers near the burnt barn.

38 EXT. OWENS' FARM - CONTINUOUS

A glob of tobacco spit lands with a SIZZLE on the smoldering timbers.

It's Underhill, standing with the other men who just returned, circled around THE CHARRED BODIES.

MAN 1

That's some crispy barbecue.

Lee walks up to add his two cents.

LEE CARVER

Underhill, you knew him from back when y'all were neighbors.

UNDERHILL

Yup.

LEE CARVER

What'd you make him for?

UNDERHILL

I dunno... decent enough.

LEE CARVER

Maybe now folks will listen to the Sheriff... make sure this don't ever happen again.

Underhill just leans in closer to the corpses.

MAN 2

Whatcha thinkin'?

UNDERHILL

Somethin' don't add up...

LEE CARVER

Looks just like the Sheriff said. Boy shot his Paw and his freak got Rabel for finding out.

UNDERHILL

Maybe... it'd take a lotta guts to shoot your daddy while he's chattin' up the sheriff.

LEE CARVER

Now that's just the right thing to worry about. We got two cold blooded killers out there somewhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Trevor and Will are crouched behind a log, eyeing something carefully.

TREVOR

What do you think?

WILL

I don't knooooow...

TREVOR
I'm gonna go check it out, you got
my back?

WILL
Oookkaay.

Trevor creeps from behind the log and up to:

An old INDUSTRIAL FACTORY, the woods overgrown around it,
LEAFY GREENS consuming the decayed ruins.

40 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - DAY

Trevor peeks inside cautiously. A cavernous space, with
rooms and tunnels below the catwalks and machinery.

TREVOR
Weird...

FROM THE LOG --

Will sees Trevor wave him over. He scampers over to his
brother and peeks over his brother's shoulder.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
C'mon. Stay close.

SERIES OF SHOTS --

The boys creep amongst the factory, checking doors.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
This place give you the heebies?

Will just shrugs.

WILL
It s'ookay.

41 EXT. OVERGROWN FACTORY / ROOFTOP - DAY

Trevor's head pokes out from a small opening. Looks around,
then looks down at Will.

INSIDE --

Will is holding Trevor up to the hole in the roof. His
massive arms have his brother lifted 10 feet in the air.

TREVOR
I'm gonna go up.

WILL
Careful.

Will helps him as Trevor climbs onto the roof.

ON THE ROOF --

Trevor walks around, assessing the place.

A WRENNNCHHHHING SOUND and Trevor turns to see Will PEELING
BACK THE METAL ROOF WITH HIS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH.

As Will climbs onto the roof to join his brother, he shields his unaccustomed eyes to the sunlight.

WILL (CONT'D)
Briiight...

TREVOR
Looks empty enough. Think you can stay put here for a minute.

WILL
Whu... are you leaving me?

TREVOR
I'm not leaving ya, it's... it's like a game. Like hide n' seek... and right now yer it.

WILL
Ohh... mmmm. So I hide here, like in the barn.

TREVOR
(a touch of guilt)
That's right. You just stay right here and hide.

WILL
But, I'm huuuungrey.

TREVOR
Breakfast is gonna be a little late today buddy. Just keep hiding till I get back.

WILL
Where do you go?

TREVOR
Down there...

Trevor points through the trees. Across the valley, a small huddle of buildings... GRISTLEWOOD.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Let's hope Paw was wrong about that place, cause we need help.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

An eerily quiet town street. A dog's nosing around a fire ant hill.

Trevor shuffles in with his head down and his nerves high.

It's a small little town, just a few intersecting streets with a handful of shops and homes. A RUSTY OLD WATER TOWER and simple CHURCH STEEPLE rise above it all.

A RUN-DOWN GAS STATION is the first thing he comes across. The BANGING OF METAL carries on the wind.

Inside the garage, an old man, DOC GRAMPS, (61) is HAMMERING AWAY on some twisted piece of engine.

Trevor slinks, going unnoticed as he eyeballs the scene.

A SUDDEN ROAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STATION, Trevor spins to see, MILLER RHODES (19), a fusion of redneck and rockabilly astride a piece of shit dirtbike.

He's done gassing up and stuffs a five dollar bill in the pump's handle.

Miller Rhodes peels out in a trail of dust. The old man scurries out after him, seeing the cash.

DOC GRAMPS
That was more than five dollahs you
sonoffa bitch!

Trevor keeps watching when suddenly, VICIOUS BARKING right behind him.

He spins around to see several big HUNTING DOGS leaping against a puny chain-link pen. Trevor stumbles back. Doc Gramps sees Trevor at the last moment.

DOC GRAMPS (CONT'D)
What are ya doing to my dogs, kid?

Trevor ducks behind a nearby PARKED BIG RIG, sneaking along behind it.

He keeps off the main road, walking around people's back yards, skirting behind the scattered shops and buildings. Eventually he comes upon...

43 EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET

Gristlewood's main street and town square, a dreary but tidy little place.

Trevor keeps tucked behind the shaded corner of a house, trying not to draw attention, and watching main street to see how bad this town really is.

A few townsfolk go about their day. The only sound is a rusty weather vane squeaking in the breeze.

Two old hags GOSSIP IN HUSHED TONES along the storefronts.

CHIP (13), a blonde-haired kid with dirty clothes wanders past them and into a drugstore.

A pickup truck cuts down the street, heading out of town in a hurry.

As its dust settles, Trevor's eyes fall on a younger kid, SILAS, (9) with coke-bottle glasses and a quiet demeanor.

He is sitting down in the road, facing the sidewalk... messing with something in the storm drain.

As Trevor looks closer, he sees THE KID'S HANDS ARE COVERED IN BLOOD. He pulls out a large hunting knife and starts hacking something up on the sidewalk.

OLD LADY 1
Silas, don't cut that there, it's
gonna stain!

Silas gives her a blank stare then holds up A GASPING, LIVE FISH... IT'S HEAD HACKED HALF-OFF.

The old biddy waves him off with a tisk as Trevor continues on... uneasily.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - DAY

Meanwhile, we find Will pondering a small lizard as it scurries along the rusted girders.

Will crouches and follows the lizard like a scent hound.

He moves deeper into the factory, past a peculiar pile of dusty artificial flowers.

His feet CRUNCH something, small bones and rodent skulls are littered between the silk petals.

Will doesn't give any of that much thought though. After all, the lizard is much more interesting.

BUT THEN... A CLANK, something rattles some loose metal in the shadows.

A WHOOSH of movement behind him! Will turns around slowly as the lizard escapes through a crack in the brickwork.

WILL
Trevor, that you?

Another CLANG and A BLUR OF MOVEMENT.

WILL (CONT'D)
Treeevor?

Through a caved-in office wall, Will sees a deer and its fawn grazing off the tender new foliage that grows on the factory floor.

WILL (CONT'D)
Ohhh, prettyyy.

He watches them peacefully for a moment, then the doe sniffs the air anxiously.

SUDDENLY, A DARK MONSTROSITY LEAPS onto the fawn, taking it down in a BLOODY VIOLENT MESS.

Will ducks back from the hole, scared out of his wits.

WILL (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
Nooooo.

Will creeps away, listening nervously to the TERRIFYING CHOMPS of this creature eating.

He hides behind the wall before mustering some courage and risking another peek.

A HIDEOUS FACE FLASHES IN FRONT OF HIM, part boy and part animal, WEARING THE TORN RAGS OF AN OLD SHIRT.

IT SNARLS AT WILL... ALL BLOODY FUR AND JAGGED TEETH.

WILL (CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHH!

WILL YELPS IN FEAR, and the creature dashes back into the dark maintenance tunnels of the factory.

Will looks around in a panic, then BOLTS for the front door, looking for his brother.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Trevor??? Treevooooorrr where are
 youuu???

Outside, a wind rustles the leaves... a front blows in across the valley as we cut back to:

45 EXT. TOWN - LATER

Trevor wanders through an older and quieter part of town as the same wind rustles the trees.

Tucked away on an overgrown lot, he sees something that stops him dead in his tracks... we reveal:

The name 'OWENS'... PAINTED ON A ROTTING MAILBOX. Behind which sits a decrepit, boarded-up house. Now only a remnant of the family that was.

46 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor's almost reverent as he slips in through a broken window... wiggling inside... and remembering the house he left so long ago.

Not much is left but dust and empty decay.

As he creeps down a hallway, we MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK --

THE SAME HALLWAY, SEVEN YEARS AGO as seen through a red, DREAM-LIKE HAZE of memory.

A WOMAN is CRYING, SCREAMING... his mother.

A vision of Paw in the dark hallway, his hands are covered with blood.

A knocking and a silhouette at the front door... it's the Sheriff. Paw argues with him in the hallway leaving Trevor to inch closer to mother's room.

A glimpse through the door reveals mother, lying there, eyes open, not moving. She's dead.

At the door, the Sheriff and Paw are fiercely arguing. It's not until Paw holds up his bloodied hands, that the sheriff nods solemnly and moves on to the next house.

Paw runs into the bedroom and grabs the bundle of bloody clothes, shoving it into Trevor's arms.

PAW
 Hide him.

Trevor looks down and meets the GROTESQUE WRIGGLING FORM OF A NEWBORN WILL. He takes his tiny brother in his arms, when a GUNSHOT rings out.

Trevor turns to the bedroom window. Next door, ANOTHER MUZZLEFLASH behind the neighbors curtains. Trevor jumps... scared and confused.

Behind him, Paw rips open a closet and pulls out a suitcase in a hurry. He yanks some clothes off the hanger, a lacy dress remains, swinging alone in the closet.

BACK IN PRESENT DAY --

WE DISSOLVE TO THE SAME CLOSET with Trevor standing in front of it.

The same dress is now faded and moth-eaten. He reaches out and touches the lace sewn onto the arms of the dress.

TREVOR
This musta been mom's...

He leans forward, as if to sniff it when...

From outside, A CAR DOOR IS SLAMMED.

Trevor scrambles to peer through yellowed old curtains.

PARKED OUTSIDE --

IT'S THE SHERIFF! He proceeds to slowly climb the porch steps and push open the front door.

SHERIFF
Helloooo?

He takes a look around, scanning the rooms on the chance that perhaps Trevor has come here.

But THE DUSTY ROOM IS EMPTY. Trevor's nowhere to be seen.

Sheriff Tucker's right hand never strays too far from his holster. The stairs CREAK as he ascends them to check out the bedrooms.

UNDER HIS BOOTS, we see Trevor hidden, crouching in a small cubby under the stairs, holding his breath.

A CRACK! and one of the stairs gives out. Trevor is frozen, light pours in through the broken stair. The Sheriff's foot is caught in it.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Arrh, to hell with this!

He pulls his boot out of the stairs and returns to the front door. A moment later, we hear the DOOR SLAM and his car speed away.

Trevor lets out a sigh of relief, then looks down and sees something amongst the debris...

A missing volume of their encyclopedia set. The letter F.

CUT TO:

A GRAINY MONSTER MOVIE with awkward color and bad tracking.

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL:

47 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - DAY

A crappy tv/vcr combo is playing next to a rack of dusty rental tapes. The only audience is a chubby kid with a laid back disposition and a smear of icecream on his shirt...
JESSE CLAGUE (10).

His big sister, MAGGIE (16) is nearby, wiping down the racks and minding her family's store. She's got a lovely face, bright alert eyes, and a budding figure.

JING JING from the front door's bell and she turns...

TREVOR steps in nervously, still clutching the encyclopedia. He heads for the junk food aisle. Maggie eyes him curiously.

JESSE
(sing-song to the
t.v.)
If you split up, yer gonna get
kiiiiilled.

MAGGIE
Shut it, Jesse, and turn that thing
down.

Jesse just takes a long sip from his soda, using a twizzler as his straw.

JESSE
Turn yerself down.

MAGGIE
I swear... you are testing your luck
today.

A CRASH in the other aisle. She steps out from behind the counter and stands at the endcap, watching Trevor.

He stumbles through, assessing his armful of Fritos, candy bars, and bandages. He hurries to the end aisle, almost bumping into her... dropping some stuff.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
In an awful hurry with those spicy
hot pork rinds, aren't you?

Trevor looks up, surprised... and smitten at first sight.

TREVOR
Huh? Oh, well you know...

He awkwardly turns and pretends to be interested in dishwasher detergent.

MAGGIE
Do I know you?

TREVOR
No. I'm... I'm on vacation.

MAGGIE
Whadya mean, vacation?

THWACK! OUTSIDE, a rubber ball hits the front window... as it bounces back, the blonde-haired kid, Chip, catches it.

Trevor takes this chance to slip away.

CHIP
(outside)
Eyy Jesse, come out here! I got somethin'...

JESSE
Quit tossin' it against the window, spaz!

CHIP
What?

Chip bounces the ball against the window again. Jesse jumps up and runs outside after his pal.

JESSE
I'm gonna pound you!

But as Jesse runs out, he bumps into: GARRETT TUCKER (17), a handsome dark-haired boy, who brushes him off with a laid-back haughtiness.

GARRETT
Watch it.

JESSE
Hey Chip, you ever seen what a nuclear bomb does to an ant?

Outside, the two kids chase each other down the street. Garrett just swaggers up to the counter.

GARRETT
Anybody work 'round here?

Maggie pops around the aisle and greets him with a half-forced smile.

MAGGIE
Look who it is.

Garrett steps up and tries to greet her a little too affectionately. She nimbly dodges his grope and darts behind the counter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Your dad never stopped by for his coffee this morning...

GARRETT
Old man's gone piss-aped. Been gone all night. Something's crazy out at the Owens' place. Remember them? Moved outta town for as long as I can remember.

Trevor's ears prick up as he hears this.

MAGGIE
I heard Mrs. Rabel hollering late last night. Screaming about... you know... them. Everything ok?

GARRETT
That bitch is always screaming about somethin'. Drives me crazy... Why can't they all be more like you?

MAGGIE
And what's that?

GARRETT
Just a dainty little sugarfig.

MAGGIE
Yeah yeah...

Trevor approaches nervously, pulling some cash out of his pocket. Maggie rings up his stuff. Notices the peroxide, gauze, and bandages among the junk food.

GARRETT
Who's this peckerwood?

MAGGIE
It's called a customer, now will you stop your loitering already! You're worse than my little brother.

TREVOR
That enough?

MAGGIE
Sure.

Trevor hands her the crumpled bill. They lock eyes, and she gives him his change along with a small wry smile.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You gonna eat those pork rinds now, or should I bag them up?

TREVOR
Err... better save them.

Garrett hovers next to them, fishing a pickled egg out of a jar.

GARRETT
Some nice overalls, buddy. Got a little pig shit down there, though. Might wanna look into that.

He reaches into Trevor's bag and cracks off a coke from his six pack, taking a long sip.

MAGGIE
Garrett! You are paying for that.

GARRETT
Naw, it's from my new buddy here, Senor Shitstain.

He sneers like the spoiled kid he is before digging into his pickled egg. Maggie shoots Trevor an apologetic look as she swats at Garrett.

MAGGIE
 Just go grab another.
 (to Garrett)
 I am gonna sock you one! Stop being
 such an ass!

As Trevor goes for another six-pack, he watches Maggie lecture the jerk. She certainly has spunk.

OUTSIDE THE STORE WINDOW --

A CAR HORN catches everyone's attention. The SHERIFF'S CAR PULLS UP, honking at Chip and Jesse who are playing in the street.

OH SHIT! Trevor ducks behind the aisle, out of sight.

GARRETT
 Hey Dad, hold up!

Garrett runs out to yell something to his dad. Trevor leans from behind the rack to get a look.

OUTSIDE, Sheriff Tucker mutters something to his son that we don't hear.

TREVOR
 (to himself)
 Guess being an asshole runs in the
 family.

MAGGIE
 Hey!

She's trying to get his attention, pointing to the REAR HALLWAY.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 There's a way out back... might suit
 you better.

He gets the drift and hurries into the back, giving her a quick and gracious wave.

48 IN THE BACK HALLWAY --

Trevor creeps down the dark hallway, looking for the way out. He comes to a thick heavy door to the storeroom. It's cracked open.

The eerie flickering of a t.v.

A warbling soap opera soundtrack.

Trevor slowly pushes his way in.

49 INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR
 Hello?

Amongst the grimy boxes and clutter, A rocking chair, CREAKING back and forth. A SICKLY CHILD, slumped over. A heavy steel chain running running from his ankle, CLINKING as he rocks.

This young freak, ROY, cranes his head with a rasp, finally revealing his WRINKLED FACE and SICKLY GREEN COMPLEXION.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Gaaah!!

TREVOR SWALLOWS A CRY OF SHOCK, stumbles back, and finds the door, SPILLING OUT INTO THE BACK ALLEY.

50 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Trevor stumbles into the back alley, hardly believing it. He hurries down the street and BUMPS INTO SILAS, who's now carrying a whole bucket of fish heads. Silas just gives him a funny look and continues on.

Trevor keeps going but turns back to watch the kid unlock a THICK CHAIN ON A CELLAR DOOR. He tosses the bucket of slop down into the darkness, then locks it back up tightly.

Trevor's fed his brother enough to know what's going on here.

Garrett bursts out of the back door. Trevor disappears around the corner just in time.

Garrett looks around. Just sees Silas.

GARRETT

You see anybody else out here?

Silas just shrugs with a vacant look.

51 EXT. TOWN / BACKYARD - DAY

Trevor cuts through a backyard. Sheets are drying on a clothesline, and he stays behind them, crouching against the side of the house.

He hides tensely as Garrett runs past him, searching the back yards. He waits until the coast is clear, listening carefully.

But instead of Garrett, he hears a RASPY BREATHING CLOSE BEHIND HIM. He turns and pulls back the billowing sheets.

Through the loose slats of a boarded up window: THE BLOODSHOT EYES OF A PALE FREAK GIRL.

THIS HAUNTING IMAGE shakes him to his bones, he backs away slowly, then bursts into a run, heading back to the hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

THE VALLEY IS HIDDEN IN DARKNESS as Trevor finally reaches the fields on the edge of town. He looks across and sees some farmers unlocking a big chicken coop.

They pull out TWO BULKY TWIN FREAKS. They may just be kids, but those two are STRONG.

Trevor can't believe his eyes when he sees what the farmers are doing... THEY'RE HOOKING THE FREAKS INTO A PLOW! The men push them on, tilling dead soil UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS! TREVOR DIVES INTO THE TALL FIELDS just as a PICK-UP TRUCK creeps by.

It's the SHERIFF'S POSSE piled in the back, cruising the back roads for any sign of Trevor or Will. They skid to a stop right next to where Trevor's hiding in the tall fields.

Lee Carver jumps out and runs over to the plow boys.

A glob of tobacco spit lands near Trevor. He looks up to see Mr. Underhill sitting in the passenger's seat, scanning the hills, but Trevor remains silent and unseen.

Carver reaches the other men, tells them the news. Word's getting around.

Trevor crawls away into the fields.

53 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

As Maggie closes up the shop, she hesitates by the locked storeroom. She tentatively opens the sliding eyehole in the door.

Her freak brother, Roy, is there, sitting sadly, quietly pricing box after box in that dreary storeroom.

Her dad, BO CLAGUE (41), shows up with Jesse.

BO CLAGUE
Maggie, close that thing! I need to talk to you and Jesse.

She leaves the door, and her secret brother, behind.

BO CLAGUE (CONT'D)
Something I got to tell you. There's been trouble at a farm outside the valley. Bobby Rabel got killed by a... couple of kids.

MAGGIE
Couple of regular kids?

BO CLAGUE
... You... you two remember what we talked about, right? Why we gotta keep 'em like we do?

Maggie glances to Roy's room. An awkward reminder.

MAGGIE
Yea, sure. I guess.

BO CLAGUE
That killing out there? That's exactly the reason we've done it like this...

JESSE
We know, dad... gosh.

BO CLAGUE
 (all smiles now)
 C'mon! Who wants icecream?

The seemingly happy family trots off as we linger on that heavy storeroom door.

54 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Trevor is skirting along the dusty road, ready to dive into the weeds if he sees another car.

A truck approaches... wait, it's THE DELIVERY TRUCK. Trevor steps out and flags him down.

TREVOR
 Hey! Hey! Hold up!

TRUCK DRIVER
 Hey, little man! What you doing out here?

TREVOR
 You gotta help us. My dad, and the Sheriff... he's after us...

TRUCK DRIVER
 Whoa whoa, slow down... what are you...

The truck driver's eyes go WHITE as he looks past Trevor.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
 -- WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT?!

Trevor turns around in a panic and sees the massive shadow of Will, charging out of the woods.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Get in, kid! GET IN!

TREVOR
 WAIT!!! WAIT!!!! You don't understand!!

Will steps into the highbeams, completely terrifying the truck driver. He slams on the gas and peels out.

As Trevor watches their only chance at help drive off, Will jogs up next to him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Will!

WILL
 Trevvor!!! I found you. Now *YOU'RE* it.

TREVOR
 Christ, you was supposed to HIDE not SEEK! He coulda helped us!

WILL
 But... I got scared.

TREVOR
 You gotta stay put when I tell you!
 These men are gonna hurt you if they
 find you, Will! I don't think they'd
 fret too much over one dead freak...
 they got a whole litter of them
 trapped down there.

He grabs Will's hand and pulls him into the tall grass.

WILL
 More like me?

TREVOR
 Dammit, Paw shoulda told us about
 this shit.

WILL
 You saw paaaw?

TREVOR
 (exasperated)
 No, I didn't... Paw ain't... C'mon,
 move it.

They hurry back up to the abandoned factory.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - NIGHT

Trevor is dressing Will's wounds from his tangle with the
 dogs the night before.

TREVOR
 Quit fussing will ya? Those mutts
 sure gotta piece of ya.

WILL
 Can we have a pet dog, too?

Trevor chuckles, but then there's a LOUD CLANG from outside.
 Followed by some RUSTLING in the leaves.

TREVOR
 Whatchu reckon that is? Raccoon or
 something?

WILL
 No, I don't think he's a raccoon
 anymore.

Will doesn't say anything else. Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR
 Yeah? Well whatever it is, let's
 hope he ain't as hungry as we are.
 C'mon, buddy. Time for breakfast.

He digs into his bag, passing the food along to Will.

Will tears into the food, curiously tearing it in pieces and
 mashing it in his mouth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 We need to keep our strength up. We
 got a big day tomorrow.

Will picks up a can of soda, not really sure what to do with
 it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 I got it all scouted out. Before
 the sun rises, I'm gonna go back and
 steal a car, and then you and me are
 gonna drive straight outta this
 sinkhole.

Will tears the top off the can, and SODA SPRAYS EVERYWHERE,
 startling him. Trevor grabs another can and shows him how
 to pop the top. Will drinks it cautiously.

WILL
 Where will we go?

TREVOR
 Gee, I dunno... anywhere we want.

WILL
 But not home.

TREVOR
 Naw. We ain't going back there.

Trevor remembers the encyclopedia, pulls it out of the bag.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Hey. Look what else I got ya.

WILL
 Ooohhh...

TREVOR
 We got a couple hours before I should
 leave. Settle in, we're gonna start
 at the beginning.

Trevor curls up in his brother's lap, reading to him as we
 drift away from their picturesque tableau.

We pull up through the jagged industrial building, and move
 out of the hole Will tore in the ceiling.

THERE, PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, we catch THE FURRY
 SHOULDER OF THE FERAL FREAK who is watching them from above.

The camera flies out across the dark geography --

-- past the town's graveyard --

-- finally settling some distance away on the town. THE
 SHERIFF'S OFFICE has its lights on.

56 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hushed plans amongst confidants. Dark booze and darker
 thoughts.

Mr. Underhill comes in with some men. They set down their
 shotguns and rifles. Pours himself a cup of coffee.

UNDERHILL
 Sheriff, I been cruising the roads
 all night, they ain't out there.

LEE CARVER
 Well they gotta be somewhere! We
 got a monster-sized killer running
 around our hills!

UNDERHILL
 Lotta land out there. Easy to hide.

DOC GRAMPS
 No way them boys is still in the
 valley. Way I see it, that freak is
 Jonesville's problem now...

UNDERHILL
 Don't be so sure. You forgetting
 what Ricky Collier's freak did to
 that pig last year when it got loose.

BO CLAGUE
 The pig?

DOC GRAMPS
 No, the freak.

LEE CARVER
 Some of 'em, they getting mighty
 big, that's for sure...

UNDERHILL
 Makes me wonder how long we goan be
 able to keep 'em like we do.

The men look at each other nervously. Good point.

LEE CARVER
 What we gonna do Sheriff?!

BO CLAGUE
 Maybe we should call in some troopers
 from next county over.

SHERIFF
 NO!!! ... No outsiders.

The men see the fire in his eyes. He's pissed.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 If we don't catch that boy and his
 freak soon, they might just find
 their way outta this valley. And
 then we'd all have a lot of explaining
 to do, now wouldn't we?

57 EXT. CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

The mist before morning. Dark, dead silence. A quiet
 portrait as a couple of possums are turning over trash cans.

Trevor creeps past them, down the quiet alleyway just off of
 Main Street. He freezes when Lee Carver's truck rolls by,
 HONKING IT'S HORN.

AROUND THE CORNER --

The Sheriff is opening up his office. Lee pulls up alongside him and calls out.

LEE CARVER
Been quiet all night, Sheriff. Still
nothin'.

Sheriff waves him on groggily. Trevor cautiously looks out from his hiding place. Down the street, it's the general store.

58 EXT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Trevor's jimmying the lock on the Clague station wagon.

He's in a hurry, trying to get the hell out of this town before people start waking up.

MAGGIE
I know who you are.

Trevor spins around, caught red-handed. Maggie's holding her coat shut over her thin white nightgown.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You and your freak killed your father
and Mr. Rabel.

TREVOR
What? No way! They're the killers!
They shot my Paw right on the spot!

Maggie's not sure...

TREVOR (CONT'D)
That sheriff was gonna kill my
brother!

MAGGIE
And now he's gonna kill you.

TREVOR
Yea, no crap. Please... just forget
that you saw me.

She takes in his desperate look, then finds her keys and opens the door to the store.

MAGGIE
You ain't got much of a plan, do
you? C'mon, get in here!

59 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

They sneak into the predawn general store. Mylar balloons dangle in the dim light.

TREVOR
Well my only plan was to get a car
and get the hell outta here.

MAGGIE
Can't blame you there.

TREVOR
You're not gonna turn me in are you?

MAGGIE
If you touch that register while I'm gone, I sure as hell will.

60 IN THE BACK ROOM --

Maggie fills a bag with food for Trevor.

MAGGIE
So you still got your... brother with you out there?

She fixes her tussled hair in a reflection, trying on a smile.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Well yea. What'd you think, I'd leave him behind?

MAGGIE
They always said you killed yours before you left town. Guess they were wrong.

She glances at a shuffling shadow from under Roy's freak door.

61 BACK IN THE STORE - MORNING

TREVOR
What about you? That's your brother back there, huh?

MAGGIE
His name's Roy.

There's a RATTLE AT THE FRONT DOOR. Maggie looks up quickly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Shit! It's my dad! Quick, in here!

Maggie stuffs Trevor under the counter just as Mr. Clague comes in.

BO CLAGUE
Maggie? What you doing down here?

MAGGIE
Um... I heard... Roy was making a racket.

Bo looks towards the back room a little perturbed.

BO CLAGUE
Hmm... I'll... I'll put some more insulation in there tomorrow. Go on home, I gotta get some sugar.

Bo moves to come around the counter, Maggie quickly cuts him off.

MAGGIE
I'll get it for you, dad.

BO CLAGUE
Okay... thanks. Hurry up, we gotta
get ready for the funeral.

MAGGIE
Sure thing.

Bo Clague finally leaves and Maggie and Trevor breath a sigh
of relief.

TREVOR
Thanks.

MAGGIE
Look, I might be able to help you
get a car... but you're gonna have
to wait.

TREVOR
No way. We're sitting ducks out
there. We gotta get the hell outta
here. For good.

MAGGIE
Just give me until tonight, I'll
come find you.

TREVOR
Why you wanna help me so bad?

MAGGIE
I'm not helping *you*, I'm helping
them. You think you're the only one
sick of watching your brother get
treated like dirt?

Trevor sizes her up. Finally relents.

TREVOR
It's an old factory... to the south.

MAGGIE
I know the place. I'll find you.
Now get moving before somebody sees
you.

TREVOR
Thanks for saving my ass. Or
whatever's left of it.

He takes the food and opens the door to leave.

MAGGIE
Do you really think I'd forgot you?
You used to chase me after church...
always trying to kiss me.

Trevor's face goes tomato red.

TREVOR
Well... that was a long time ago.

MAGGIE
(sly smile)
Trevor Owens, you a wanted man.

62 INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A MASSIVE POT LUCK FEAST is spread across red gingham folding tables.

We're at Bobby Rabel's wake. All the townsfolk are here, their heads bowed in prayer.

DOC GRAMPS

...as we lay to rest her dear husband
Bobby, and ask that you may show her
the peace that surpasses all
understanding...

BETSY RABEL (23) is there in the corner, her eyes red with tears and her clothes black. A few old women console her.

63 BACK IN THE KITCHEN --

Unseen by anyone. A freak has stopped washing dishes and has his palms together, praying along with the townsfolk in the other room... it's an unsettling sight.

CROWD (O.S.)

...and let these gifts to us be
blessed. Amen.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER, around chairs and tables, percolated coffee is sipped amongst eerily polite country chatter.

As Maggie moves through the crowd carrying empty casserole dishes, we catch FRAGMENTS OF ANXIOUS CONVERSATION.

BO CLAGUE

Sheriff, I'm getting mighty worried
about this thing.

SHERIFF

(ignoring him)
You make this cobbler, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Me? Uh... no. My dad did.

The Sheriff chuckles smugly, turning to Bo Clague.

SHERIFF

It's good... your wife's recipe?

BO CLAGUE

(bristling)
Yea, it was. But I don't think you
get what...

SHERIFF

You're graceful in the kitchen, Bo.
Never suited me personally.

BO CLAGUE

DAMMIT SHERIFF! I wanna know what's
going on with them Owens boys!

SHERIFF

Well why don't you hop in your wagon and come out with us tonight, unless you're afraid of getting your hands dirty.

BO CLAGUE

I'm just saying... I think we'd all feel lot better if those kids were behind bars by now!

SHERIFF

Hmph. I'll promise you one thing, Clague. When I do find 'em, they sure as hell won't be seeing no jail cell.

A few men MURMUR in agreement.

64 INT. CHURCH / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maggie enters with the dishes. Betsy Rabel looks up from washing her hands in the sink.

BETSY RABEL

That's a nice top you have on, Margaret.

MAGGIE

Oh! Betsy, hi.

BETSY RABEL

I can see your bra strap, though.

MAGGIE

Oh, thanks.

Maggie tucks it under.

BETSY RABEL

I thought you would want to know.
(beat)
You did want to know didn't you?

MAGGIE

Uh... yea, Betsy. Thanks... I, I'm super sorry about Bobby and everything.

Maggie shifts uncomfortably. Betsy is delirious with grief.

BETSY RABEL

Don't know why the Sheriff lets you all keep them things around...

MAGGIE

Well... it's not really the Sheriff's decision.

BETSY RABEL

You're right, there is a higher judgment.

MAGGIE

I was talking about the parents.

BETSY RABEL
 If mine comes out like that... I'll
 do the right thing. I won't wait a
 minute to wipe it off God's earth.

Betsy holds her slight pregnancy bump as she stares off with
 pride and madness.

BETSY RABEL (CONT'D)
 ...Bobby would have wanted it that
 way.

65 EXT. CHURCH / PLAYGROUND - DAY

Miller Rhodes is slouched on the jungle gym behind the church,
 smoking a cigarette. A small group of kids circle around
 him. Yea, he's that cool.

Jesse and his friends are there, all dressed in their Sunday's
 best for the wake. Chip's hanging from THE TRUSSES OF THE
 WATER TOWER which looms right behind them.

JESSE
 I'm telling you he was in our store!
 Looked like a real badass.

CHIP
 I dunno... doesn't sound too badass
 to me.

JESSE
 You kiddin' me? Kid blew away his
 own dad while his freak pulled Bobby
 Rabel in HALF! IN HALF!

BOY 1
 I heard it breathed FIRE on him!

CHIP
 What? No way.

BOY 1
 Why not? Everybody says they from
 the devil, right?

CHIP
 Naaaww.

GIRL
 What'chu think, Miller?

MILLER RHODES
 Sounds like somebody 'sides me finally
 got enough balls to do what they
 please around here.

Maggie comes out carrying some trash.

GIRL 2
 How can you say that? Bobby Rabel
 never hurt nobody!

MILLER RHODES
 Everybody's guilty of something.
 'Specially in this town.

MAGGIE
That go for you too, Miller?

GIRL 1
Did anybody know that kid when he
lived here?

Garrett and his buddies come out right behind Maggie.

GARRETT
Maggie, there you are. Hurry up
with these retards, we're heading
out.

JESSE
We was just talking 'bout the Owens
boys!

GARRETT
Dad told me if I see 'em, I can kill
'em, and it won't be no trouble at
all.

MILLER RHODES
Well, as long as daddy says so.

GARRETT
He'd probably gimme the same deal
for your worthless ass too, Rhodes.

The Sheriff steps around the corner. All the kids go dead
silence in his presence.

SHERIFF
You kids best get back inside.

The kids silently file in. Garrett and his buddies pile
into the back of a truck.

GARRETT
C'mon Maggie. Get in.

MAGGIE
I... gotta help in the kitchen.

Garrett fumes and peels out as the Sheriff lights his
cigarette and stares down Miller Rhodes.

MILLER RHODES
Don't fall far from the tree, eh,
boss?

SHERIFF
Get your ass outta here, Rhodes.

MILLER RHODES
Whatever, I got a hole to dig.

Miller ROARS OFF on his motorcycle.

The Sheriff turns to go back inside and sees some kids
snickering at Miller telling him off.

SHERIFF
DAMMIT! I SAID GET OUTTA HERE!

Nobody's laughing now. The Sheriff takes a last angry drag on his cigarette and stomps it out.

66 EXT. WOODS - DAY

Trevor is making his way back slowly, carrying the bag of food while he munches on a candy bar.

A THICK FOG rolls through the forest silently.

A RUSH beside Trevor and he freezes in his tracks. Trevor pockets his candy bar and continues on... walking a little faster now.

A SNARL from the leaves at his feet and Trevor catches a FLASH OF DARK MOVEMENT.

Trevor dashes on ahead as we catch FURTIVE GLIMPSES OF THE FERAL FREAK that is slowly circling him.

67 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - DAY

Trevor rushes inside, glancing back at the woods.

TREVOR
Will? It's me.

Trevor looks around the shaded, stained factory. No sign of Will.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will? You here? WILL??

Some sheetmetal CREAKS as something leaps through a hole in the wall, a dark monstrous blur disappearing into the jumble of machinery.

Trevor's spinning around now, he's really scared.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will?

He's answered by a STRANGE CHITTERING GROWL, hardly human and like no animal you've ever heard. It's creeping around, Trevor's shaking in his boots.

Suddenly, WHOOSH the feral beast leaps right past him. Trevor SCREAMS, drops his stuff, AND RUNS FOR IT.

He sprints across the factory floor, the FERAL FURRY MONSTER LEAPING ACROSS THE CATWALKS RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

Trevor spots an old production line trough with rollers down the whole way. HE LEAPS ON IT, SLIDING DOWN TO THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE FACTORY.

He tumbles out at the end and hides, breathing heavy, as the monster scampers down a nearby elevator shaft.

We can hear the SNARLING creature sniffing around the dark corridors. Trevor inches along, just hoping this thing doesn't find him.

Trevor notices a DARK RED BLOOD STAIN, splattered on the walls, DRAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR.

He GULPS and inches on, following this trail of gore. He finally comes upon it, THE MUTILATED REMAINS OF A DEER.

He covers his mouth in disgust and backs through another door.

68 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY / BASEMENT

Trevor backs into the deepest levels of this creepy place. Large ROOTS have burst through the walls and boilers.

Trevor inches along finally noticing a little corner.

He leans closer... scattered about are old newspaper birth notices. Weird simple drawings etched on the walls. Childish mementos hoarded in the corner. A dingy stained Cabbage Patch Doll. Trevor looks around this disturbing lair.

When he finally turns and COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE FERAL BEAST!!!

Trevor RUNS FOR IT, the WILD CREATURE right behind him! It's getting closer!! The feral freak LEAPS at Trevor and WHAMM!!!!

THE MONSTROUS FORM OF THE FERAL FREAK POUNCES on him, pinning him to the floor, DIRTY FUR FLYING AND HIS CLAWS BARED.

TREVOR
AHHH!!! GET OFF ME!!!!

Suddenly, the creature is GRABBED BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK AND PULLED OFF.

It's WILL! He's holding the squirming 'boy' at arm's length.

WILL
Don't scare my brother!

TREVOR
Jesus! Will!!! What are you doing?
What in... what in the hell is that thing?

WILL
He's not a *thing*... he's LIKE MEEE.
(to the feral freak)
Now STOP! This is my brother, Trevor.
He's a friieend, like me.

Will sets the feral freak down. He becomes much more calm, like a curious skittish animal.

But this isn't an animal at all, just a strange freak like Will who looks more like a badger than a boy. A boy we will soon get to know as HANK (7).

Trevor looks over the creature's threadbare clothes uneasily.

TREVOR
Yea... I'm you're friend. Don't worry buddy, we're not gonna hurt ya.

Trevor digs the candy bar out of his pocket and breaks off a piece for him, holding it out for him to sniff.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Can he talk?

WILL
He doesn't talk out loud. He was
left out here.

Hank leaps and nabs the rest of the candy bar from Trevor's hand, then disappears into the vents under the factory.

TREVOR
What the hell... how many of these
kids ARE there?

Trevor peers down the darkened grate... seeing nothing in the pitch blackness.

WILL
Can we take him with us in the car?

TREVOR
I don't know, dammit, we don't even
HAVE a car yet. I did find a girl
in town, though. Says she can get
us one. I don't know if we can trust
her, but we ain't got much choice.

WILL
Mmmm... she's a nice giirll. She'll
help us... she'll help a lot us...

69 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jesse and Chip are drooped over the counter playing 'slaps' with one another. Jesse nails the back of Chip's hand.

CHIP
Owww!

JESSE
Gotcha!

WITH MAGGIE, Garrett wanders in, makes some ridiculous passes at her.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Hey Garrett. You found them killers
yet?

GARRETT
Sheeit, if I'da known that was Trevor
Owens in here the other day, I'd a
guttled him on the spot. What you
think about that?

MAGGIE
I think that woulda been a big mess
to clean up.

GARRETT
Well for you sweetheart, I'da
strangled him.

MAGGIE
How thoughtful.

She looks up front and sees Chip, marker in hand, drawing a funny face on the glass in front of a kid outside, Silas, who is hamming it up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Chip! Silas! Knock that off. Jesse,
get your tard squad out of here.

The boys dash out as Maggie's best friend, ABBIE (16), enters.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You too, Garrett. We're closing up.

Garrett ignores her as he reads a 'low-rider' magazine.

Her freak brother, Roy, shyly pokes his head out from the back room.

Abbie catches a glimpse of this and awkwardly averts her eyes.

ROY
M-m-maggie?

GARRETT
What the hell? Get this puke back in
his hole before somebody sees him.

He gives Roy a rough shove into the back of the store.

MAGGIE
Leave him alone! He's only out here
cause it's CLOSING TIME, so go on
and let me finish will ya?

GARRETT
Don't get your panties in a wad.
So, you gonna be up at the quarry
tonight?

MAGGIE
Can't. Voice lessons.

She finally pushes him out the door and locks it shut behind him. Abbie remains inside with her best friend.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
God. That guy.

ABBIE
He sure has the hots for you.

MAGGIE
Lucky me.

ABBIE
Well, you could do worse in a town
like this. Still, he's not the most
devout boy I ever met...

MAGGIE
What are you doing tonight, Abbie?

ABBIE
Well, we could work on that puzzle I
got. Why? What you got in yer head?

Maggie's got a mischievous grin on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Trevor is collecting some firewood.

In the cold distance, he hears A LOUD SCREAM.

TREVOR
Oh no... WILL!

He drops the wood and runs back to camp.

He's sprinting through the forest, desperate to save his brother.

He glimpses the shadow of a person rushing away from their camp. Enraged, Trevor rushes and takes him down in a DIVING TACKLE!

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You leave my brother alone!

MAGGIE
GET OFF ME!!!

Trevor looks closer and realizes he has MAGGIE pinned to the mossy forest floor.

TREVOR
MAGGIE!

MAGGIE
Trevor?! Oh my God, it's you.

They lie there awkwardly for a second, Trevor on top of her.

ABBIE CLEARS HER THROAT. Trevor gets the hint and helps Maggie up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, this is my friend, Abbie.

TREVOR
Ya know if they find us out here,
we're dead meat!

ABBIE
Oh, don't you worry none. Maggie
made me promise not to tattle, but I
still don't think we should be...

She freezes mid-sentence. Timidly emerging from the darkness behind Trevor... THE MASSIVE, UNEASY SHAPE OF WILL.

As he lumbers forwards, Abbie ducks behind Maggie, who's only slightly more brave than her friend.

TREVOR
Oh, and I guess ya already met Will.
That's my brother.

Will slowly bends down to look at the girls, who scoot back, terrified.

WILL
I told you she'd help us.

TREVOR
Speaking of... you get that car?

MAGGIE
Well, not yet... but I got the next
best thing!

She pulls out a bottle of COOKING SHERRY and takes a grimacing
slug. She hands it to Trevor.

Abbie still eyes Will uneasily.

ABBIE
Shouldn't he be tied down or
something?

TREVOR
I'm never tying him down again. He's
my best friend in the world, ain't
that right, buddy?

MAGGIE
My dad's scared to death of our Roy.

TREVOR
What about yer mom?

MAGGIE
My mom?

ABBIE
Our moms are dead. Same as yours.

MAGGIE
You don't remember? I guess you
were pretty young.

TREVOR
I ain't that young...

He takes a slug from the bottle defensively.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
We shouldn't be in the open like
this anyways. C'mon, I'll show ya
the factory.

MAGGIE
No. There's something else you need
to see. Come on.

71 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The brothers and the two girls are emerging out of the woods
when Trevor gets a spiderweb right in the face. He swats
and spits it off.

TREVOR
Where are we going again?

MAGGIE
Here.

He looks up to find himself in an UNKEPT GRAVEYARD that's perched on a rise in the valley.

From here, the town is behind us, a backdrop of twinkling lights.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It started when the sky turned red... like a sunset that lasted all night. Nobody knew what it was... then all the women in town started turning up pregnant. Everybody, 'cept the old ladies and girls.

ABBIE

Folks got scared, real scared.

MAGGIE

That's when all our moms died, giving birth to... them.

They all cast Will a furtive glance.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Didn't take long for the blaming to pile up. Sheriff got to a lot of people that night, but a couple, like my dad and yours, just couldn't do it. I ain't even sure how many families still have theirs.

TREVOR

Paw never talked about it.

ABBIE

Nobody does.

Will mopes behind them uneasily. Trevor gives him a reassuring pat on the back.

TREVOR

You alright, big guy?

WILL

(nodding sadly)
Momma's here...

72 IN THE CENTER OF THE GRAVEYARD --

They pass dozens of similar tombstones, all with women's names. Trevor and Maggie walk off by themselves.

TREVOR

You sure nobody comes around here?

MAGGIE

None of the adults in town EVER come out here. Sheriff wouldn't even come out to bury his own wife.

Maggie takes the last swig from the sherry bottle and missteps, stumbling in a rut.

Trevor grabs her hand quickly, helping her back up. She's slow to let go as they walk on.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Thanks. It's creepy here, right?

TREVOR
You scared?

MAGGIE
It's not exactly a field of flowers.

He gives her a hand a squeeze.

TREVOR
I'm more scared of what's down
there...

They look down to the FAINT LIGHTS OF TOWN, which are nestled
in the valley below them.

MAGGIE
Trevor, people in town... I think
they're gonna do something bad. I
think the Sheriff's finally gonna
get his way.

TREVOR
It won't go that far.

MAGGIE
No... you and Will, you started
something. It's got me worried about
Roy. We gotta do something.

TREVOR
Like what? We're just kids.

MAGGIE
Like free him, and run away! I can
still get us a car.

TREVOR
That sheriff will kill us sooner
than look at us. I can't even take
care of my own brother! What are we
supposed to do with yours?

A desperate silence. Neither one of them has the answers.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You think your paw could actually do
it? Could actually shoot him?

MAGGIE
I just don't know anymore...

POW! A BULLET PING ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GRAVEYARD --

Will looks around for the noise, confused. Some rusty old
beer cans are haphazardly stacked atop a nearby gravestone.
POW! ONE OF THE CANS IS SHOT OFF!

Trevor dashes for his brother.

TREVOR
WILL, GET DOWN!!!

We spin around to reveal Miller Rhodes, holding a cheap air rifle and LAUGHING.

MILLER RHODES
Jeez man. What up? Beer?

MAGGIE
Dammit, Miller! You scared us all
half to death!

TREVOR
You almost took his damn head off!

MILLER RHODES
Shiiit. That can's harder to hit
than his big, ugly melon. I'ma crack
shot with this thing.

Miller takes another SHOT at a beer can, totally MISSING IT.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)
Must be that beer's lucky day.

Miller Rhodes reaches inside his shitty Airstream trailer which is permanently parked out here. He plugs in a string of dingy lantern lights and grabs another beer.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)
I got three guesses who you are.
Owens boy, right? This here the freak
that killed Bobby Rabel? Don't look
the type.

TREVOR
That's 'cause he ain't! C'mon, let's
get outta here.

MILLER RHODES
Chill out, kid, as long as your
pissin' the Sheriff off, I'm your
number one fan. What the hell y'all
doin here anyways?

MAGGIE
He's never seen the graves.

MILLER RHODES
Well go on and give 'im the nickel
tour then. Owens is right over there.

Trevor steps up and finds his mother's grave. He reads the name as he pulls back the weeds from the stone.

Compares it to all the others, all the same. Will shuffles up behind him into a somber portrait.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)
Pull some of them weeds for me while
your at it.

MAGGIE
Lay off it, jerk! It's his mom.

MILLER RHODES
Big deal, I knew everybody here.
Don't mean I gotta cry about it.

He shoulders his rifle and takes aim at a can atop one of the tombstones.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)

See, that lady there.

(POW!)

She used to feed me cookies. That one there told me to get off her lawn all the time.

(POW!)

Hell, Maggie, yer ma's right over... there.

Miller fires one last shot and misses it wide.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)

Shieet.

Trevor leaves his mother's grave, ignoring Miller, and turning to Maggie tenderly.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

ABBIE

(to Miller)

Don't you think that's disrespectful?

MILLER RHODES

What fer? They all dead now. What's it matter? Besides, it's my graveyard. I can do what I want.

There's a RUSTLING in the woods. Abbie peers into the darkness. A PAIR OF EERIE CAT-LIKE EYES SHINE BACK at her before disappearing.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)

Back for more trash, huh?

He draws and SHOOTS into the darkness. We hear a YELP and more scurrying.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)

Think I got a piece of it this time.

TREVOR

Hey, that coulda been Will's friend!

MILLER RHODES

Friend? What're you talking about, I got a raccoon problem, kid.

Miller wanders off, looking for the 'raccoon.'

ABBIE

Maggie... it's gettin' late. We should go.

Maggie steps forward and bravely shakes Will's hand... he's touched. Abbie's lip curls, a little perturbed by this.

MAGGIE

Will Owens, it's been a pleasure to meet you. I hope I'll get to see you again someday.

WILL
Thank youuu Magggie...

TREVOR
(taking her aside)
Yea, thanks... for the food and
everything.

MAGGIE
I can bring you some more stuff...

TREVOR
Look, car or no car, Will and I ain't
gonna be here tomorrow night.

MAGGIE
I just thought that maybe...

ABBIE
C'mon already!

Maggie gives Trevor a parting look and disappears down the
gravel road with Abbie. Miller calls out after them.

MILLER RHODES
See ya around Maggie. Abbie, you
know where to find me.

Trevor rounds up Will, who has found a BIG MESSY PILE OF
HARDENED CONCRETE in the back corner of the graveyard.

TREVOR
What are you messing with now, buddy?

Trevor looks closer. There's a bunch of CRUDE CROSSES
FINGERED INTO THE HASTILY-POURED CEMENT.

MILLER RHODES
That's where your brother woulda
ended up, along with the others, if
the Sheriff had his way.

It's a weird and creepy memorial that even quiets Miller
Rhodes.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)
...it's messed up.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Maggie and Abbie are walking back to town.

ABBIE
Don't know what you see in a
troublemaker like that. You got
boys falling all over you.

MAGGIE
Jesus, Abbie, don't you ever get
sick of this town?

ABBIE
I dunno...

MAGGIE
Hold on... what's that?

Through the trees, TWO SETS OF HEADLIGHTS come pouring over the ridge. The ROAR of some ATVs echoes over, followed by the faint sound of some COCK ROCK BLASTING OUT OF A JAMBOX.

ABBIE
Prob'ly Garrett and his buddies.
They always making a racket with
them ATVs.

MAGGIE
They're heading straight for the
factory...

ABBIE
Prob'ly patrolling for his daddy.

MAGGIE
Well c'mon, we gotta go do something!
Warn Trevor or something.

ABBIE
No we don't! I ain't going back to
that factory. Why you wanna help
that freak so bad?

MAGGIE
'Cause it's right. That's why!

Abbie doesn't budge. Maggie finally sneers at her, disgusted with her friend, and dashes back through the forest.

74 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Trevor and Will are walking back from the cemetery.

TREVOR
I told ya, she's nice, right?

WILL
She's pretty.

A LOUD SCUTTLE. Hank startles them as he scampers out of the bushes along-side them.

TREVOR
Jesus, you gotta stop scaring us
like that!

The furry kid tilts his head curiously as he follows them.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
He's not so bad once he puts those
teeth away. Wonder what his name is.

WILL
Nobody ever gave him one.

TREVOR
Really? Well we gotta name him
something. Hell, even a dog's gotta
name.

WILL
Call him... Hank!

TREVOR
Hank, huh? Kinda looks like a Hank.
That suit you?

Hank's eyes dart about. His head snaps back and forth, sniffing, before DARTING OFF IN AN INSTANT.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
There he goes again.

WILL
No, Trevor. Look.

Trevor looks up and sees it. Their factory is a ways ahead, but there are BEAMS OF FLASHLIGHTS POURING ALL OVER IT. Somebody's there!

TREVOR
Oh shit. HANK! Get back here!

WILL
We help him?

TREVOR
Yeah buddy, we do.

Trevor's giant brother scoops him up, and they bound off through the woods to catch up with Hank's trail.

75 INT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - NIGHT

The ATVs are parked just outside the doors. Inside, Garrett and his posse are shining their flashlights around this place.

Tate notices some animal bones and unusual paw prints.

TATE
This some weird stuff right here.

ROBBY
Yea, found some food wrappers too.
Somebody was out here for sure.
Whatchu think, Garrett?

Garrett unzips his jacket, there's a pistol tucked inside.

GARRETT
I think they're close.

There's a loud GROWLING FROM ABOVE. Garrett spins around.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
There! Over there!

The light hits Hank and he SNARLS HIS TEETH at them. Garrett draws and FIRES!

Hank LEAPS from perch to perch to the other side of the factory.

The guys follow him with their flashlights as GARRETT KEEPS FIRING at the strange looking creature as it disappears out the roof.

TATE
What the hell was that?!

ROBBY
It's the damn Owens freak.

GARRETT
C'mon! Get moving!

Garrett jumps onto his ATV and is hot on Hank's tail. Tate hops on the back with Robby, and they follow behind.

76 EXT. WOODS - MOVING

As the ATV headlights dance across the twisted foliage, Garrett can catch glimpses of Hank dashing through the underbrush.

He FIRES HIS PISTOL, but Hank is zipping safely between the dense trees.

Garrett guns his ATV, cutting through overgrown paths as Hank zips around from tree to tree.

77 WITH TREVOR AND WILL --

Will is bounding through the woods with remarkable speed, Trevor perched on his shoulder.

TREVOR
Now whatever happens, don't get too close to these guys. They ain't yer friends, got it?

78 BACK WITH THE ATVS --

Hank springs through the undergrowth and the ATVs plow on after him.

Garrett pulls alongside Hank and FIRES HIS PISTOL.

Hank disappears with a YELP.

He's still cruising along. He looks back grinning to his boys.

GARRETT
I... I think I got it!

Then FROM ABOVE, HANK LEAPS OUT WITH A SCREECH! He drops onto the back of Garrett's fast-moving ATV.

He swerves and bounces the machine, throwing Hank off, but the feral child takes a VICIOUS SLASH across Garrett's handsome face.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

He skids to a stop. The other boys pull up beside him.

TATE
What the hell, man?

HANK PLUNGES BACK INTO THE UNDERBRUSH, leading them off in yet another direction.

ROBBY

There!

Garrett holds his bleeding brow, furious.

GARRETT

Turn around, GODDAMNIT! TURN AROUND!

BACK WITH TREVOR AND WILL --

Will is still running along, Trevor on his back.

Suddenly, HANK comes running past them in the opposite direction.

TREVOR

Hey, was that... hold up!

WILL

Trevvooor...

Will points ahead. We can hear the ATVs approaching on the gully road just below them.

TREVOR

Shoot! We'll never outrun them on those things...

The ground shakes. Trevor turns to see WILL PUSHING OVER A HUGE TREE

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jesus, bro, what you doin?!

Will LEANS INTO IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH. The mighty timber starts to uproot from the ground.

79 WITH THE ATV'S --

Garrett is focused on the path ahead, tearing between the trees.

GARRETT

That goddamn thing's gonna be stuffed and mounted by sunrise!

TATE

Look out!

THE HUGE TREE TOPPLES INTO THEIR PATH!

In the lead, GARRETT SKIDS INTO A CRASH, FLYING OVER THE HANDLEBARS and busting up his front lights.

ROBBY

Garrett, you ok?

Garrett picks himself up off the ground in a fury. He whips out his pistol, ready to make someone pay.

TATE

Damn, did you see that? Thing just came down on its own...

Garrett mops the blood off his face with his sleeve.

GARRETT
Bullshit... keep your eyes up.

TATE
Man, yer dad's ATV got messed up!

As Garrett stomps through the gully, we see TREVOR AND WILL crouched behind a big rotten stump.

ROBBY (O.S.)
You gonna need stitches, too... while yer at it.

Garrett's bound to find them pretty soon... until --

MAGGIE
Garrett, what in the heck are you doing out here?

They turn around to find MAGGIE, standing nonchalantly in front of their headlights.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What happened to your face?

GARRETT
What happened? I'll tell you what happened, a goddamned FREAK almost tore it off!

MAGGIE
Sure it wasn't like, a rabid possum?

Garrett steps inches away from her face, sweating with blood and grime.

GARRETT
I know what you're doing. You're out here helpin' them!

MAGGIE
I'm just trying to find my dog.

ROBBY
Yer dog?

GARRETT
Shut up!

He presses the pistol to her head.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You think I'm an idiot?

TATE
Garrett man... calm down...

HIDDEN BEHIND THE RIDGE, Trevor peeks through a rotting log, holding Will down next to him.

MAGGIE
This how daddy taught you to do it?

GARRETT

You think you're so goddamned special... You're nothing but the prize pig. You and all yer freaks are gonna get it... Dad's making sure of that!

She doesn't dare move a muscle. Garrett's blood is boiling. He jumps on his dented ATV and yells at Tate.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Get on that goddammed thing!

They ROAR off. When the coast is clear, Trevor and Will finally emerge from their hiding place.

TREVOR

Are you okay? I... I should done something. I shoulda stopped that asshole.

MAGGIE

And if you had, you'd be dead right now.

TREVOR

What the hell's wrong with these people?

MAGGIE

He's gonna go tell his dad. He's gonna tell his dad, and I don't know what will happen.

(beat)

Trevor you gotta get out of here, leave this valley and don't ever look back.

TREVOR

What about you? What about Roy?

MAGGIE

Maybe we'll be okay.

She doesn't look like she believes it.

TREVOR

Naw... only way he'll be okay is if he leaves with us.

MAGGIE

Really?

TREVOR

Me and Will getting outta here tonight, and we're taking Roy. I don't care if we have to walk over the mountain. That son of a bitch ain't gonna touch us!

MAGGIE

You'd do that for me?

TREVOR
 Yea, but I ain't doing it for you.
 I'm doing it for your brother, and
 for the bastard that killed my Paw.
 (turning to Will)
 You with me, big guy?

Will stands tall, a huge hulking form... ready to take the fight to the town.

WILL
 I'm always with you, Trevoor.

80 EXT. FIELDS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Will, Trevor, and Maggie are bounding through the rows of crops. The camera and music fly along with them.

We're on the outskirts, where Trevor hid from the pickup truck before. He sticks his head out of the long grass. Maggie's head pops out next. Will's massive head pops out right behind that, looking down at the creepy town.

Then HANK shows up and leaps right on out, scurrying across the road towards town.

TREVOR
 (loud whisper)
 Hey! Hold up!

MAGGIE
 WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

TREVOR
 Oh, that's Hank. Don't worry, he's...
 he's with us.

Trevor chases after him.

81 EXT. THE STREETS OF TOWN - NIGHT

They move stealthily between houses. Hank sniffing out the lead.

Trevor is about to turn a corner when HANK BITES HIS SHOE and drags him back.

TREVOR
 (loud whisper)
 What you doin? Leggo!

Just then, GARRETT AND LEE CARVER APPEAR AROUND THE CORNER. Trevor would have gotten caught!

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Whew... thanks, little guy.

Garrett and Carver enter the Sheriff's office, arguing about something.

Hank sniffs the air again and leads them off in another direction.

82 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF
Jesus, what the hell happened to
you?

GARRETT
I found 'em!

SHERIFF
You WHAT?

GARRETT
I found their hideout, and I almost
nabbed 'em.

LEE CARVER
You sure you wasn't just chasing a
possum or something?

GARRETT
I KNOW WHAT I SAW, GODDAMMIT!

SHERIFF
Go show Underhill what you seen.

GARRETT
What about you, Dad? Ain't you comin'?

SHERIFF
What do I gotta do, hold your hand?

Garrett turns to go, disappointed.

83 EXT. THE STREETS OF TOWN - ELSEWHERE

Hank pauses at another turn with a low growl.

MAGGIE
Does he see something?

Trevor tries to peer through the inky black night. He can't
see a thing.

A FLICK OF MOVEMENT, someone's sitting in the darkness across
the street.

The eerie green indiglo of an outdoorsman's watch faintly
ILLUMINATES HIS STERN FACE. IT'S MR. UNDERHILL.

TREVOR
Jesus, critter, you got good eyes...
c'mon.

Hank pauses for a moment as Garrett walks outside and joins
Underhill.

Trevor turns to see Will picking a flowerbed, fascinated by
all the new sights in town.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Dammit, Will! Stop fiddlin' with
that!

Trevor leads them on through some back streets.

84 EXT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Trevor, Maggie and the two freaks creep down the alley to the general store's backdoor.

Maggie digs through her pocket for the keys and unlocks the door while Trevor keeps a look-out.

Behind them, A LOUD CRASH, they all turn to see Hank has overtured a trash can and is poking through it. He looks up at them innocently with coffee grounds all over his whiskers.

A LIGHT IS SWITCHED ON IN THE CLAGUE HOUSE behind the store.

BO CLAGUE (O.S.)
Who's there!

Maggie peeks around the corner to see her dad coming their way.

MAGGIE
Shoot.

TREVOR
Keep him busy while we go get Roy.

Trevor turns to go, but Maggie holds him back for a sec.

MAGGIE
Trevor... I...

TREVOR
We'll take good care of him. I promise.

She leans forward suddenly and plants a long goodbye kiss on him, then steps back blushing.

MAGGIE
(to Will)
You watch out for your brother, Will Owens.

And with that, she disappears around the corner. We can overhear her father.

BO CLAGUE (O.S.)
Maggie? What are you doing out this late! Dammit, you know we got a killer loose! Had me worried sick...

Trevor's dumbstruck grin fades as he watches her go, then herds Will and Hank into the store.

85 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

The inside is dark, save the glow of a few neon coke signs. Hank sniffs around the aisles as Trevor pulls Will into the back.

They find the heavy steel door PADLOCKED. Will's eyes narrow as he sees it. He GROWLS, having spent enough time behind one to know what the deal is.

WILL
Trevor, let ME!

WILL PULLS THE ENTIRE DOOR OFF IT'S HINGES!

86 INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trevor peers into the small store room where Roy is usually locked. But the room's empty now.

TREVOR
Where is he? Did they move him? I
saw him right in here. Crud! We...
we gonna have to call this off.

But Will's over in the corner, picking at a large box. Wait a minute... something looks weird here.

Trevor gives the box a shove. It slides back to reveal a WEIRD HOMEMADE SECRET DOOR.

Beneath it, A GRIMY STONE STAIRCASE that leads to a dusty BASEMENT.

WILL
Down here...

TREVOR
(a 'no-shit' look)
Ya think?

Trevor grabs a nearby flashlight and steps cautiously down into the creepy passage.

87 INT. CLAGUE'S SECRET BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

This is a weird old basement passage, with slimy stones and obscured nooks that could be hiding anything.

Trevor spots a set of RUSTY OLD SHACKLES and shudders.

They finally turn the corner and come into a larger room. They slowly move the spotlight around until the stark light falls on... the pale sickly back of ROY CLAGUE.

Trevor slowly inches up to the cowering, shivering freak.

He reaches out his trembling hand... slowly... slowly... and touches Roy's shoulder.

ROY SPINS AROUND IN A FLASH and unleashes a horrible SCREECH, leaping across the basement, cowering away.

TREVOR
Shh!!! Hold on!!! We ain't here to
hurt you!

Roy runs around in fear until Will approaches him gently.

WILL
Frieend...

Roy slowly looks up, shielding his eyes from the bright flashlight.

ROY
W-w-who's t-t-that?

WILL
I'm like you...

ROY
W-w-why are you h-h-here?

TREVOR
I promised yer sister Maggie that'd
I'd set you free.

ROY
M-m-maggie? For m-m-me?

TREVOR
Yea. So unless you like it down
here, let's get the hell on!

ABOVE -- Trevor peeks his head out into the storeroom. So far so good. Roy and Will follow him.

88 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

As they sneak out, Trevor spots Hank chowing down in the candy aisle.

TREVOR
Hank! Stop stuffing yer face, we're
movin' out!

89 EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

As Trevor leads these three freaks away from the store, they hug the side of a house.

Hank stops and starts scratching at the sideboards along the foundation.

TREVOR
Stop fussing with that!

WILL
He found another one. We free him
tooo!

Will steps up and grabs the sideboard, RIPPING IT OFF, REVEALING A DARK CRAWLSPACE UNDERNEATH. Hank sniffs furiously.

TREVOR
No, Will STOP! There's nothing under
there!

Trevor leans down when A LONG ARM GROPEs OUT FROM BETWEEN THE BOARDS. They all jump back in fright.

The freak arm flails around madly, eventually TEARING OPEN THE BOARDS AND BURSTING THROUGH THEM IN A FRENZY. The freak can't get far though, as a thick chain pulls taut at his ankle, and he struggles against it like a mad dog.

The owner of this house, Mr. Wallace, comes out with a flashlight and a rifle.

WALLACE
What the hell!?

TREVOR
Go go go!

Wallace FIRES OFF A SHOT, scaring his own freak back under the house.

As Wallace reloads, Trevor grabs Roy and pushes Will around the corner. They run through gardens and duck between sheds.

They're almost cornered when --

A STATION WAGON SKIDS up between them and Wallace. The fast-moving wagon FISHTAILS AROUND.

THE BACK FENDER SMASHES INTO WALLACE, SENDING HIM FLYING!

Trevor's jaw is dropped. The door pops open, IT'S MAGGIE!

MAGGIE
Well don't just stand there looking.
GET IN!

90 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - OTHER SIDE OF TOWN

He's lost in thought as some bologna is frying on an electric skillet plugged in on his desk. Lee Carver runs in screaming, out of breath.

LEE CARVER
Sheriff! SHERIFF!!!!!!

The Sheriff just listens to the SIZZLE of the bologna as it starts to burn.

SHERIFF
Well?

A FAINT GUNSHOT outside.

The Sheriff almost grins... like he's been waiting for this in a sick way.

91 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Trevor, Hank, and Roy are climbing into the car.

TREVOR
What are you doing?!

MAGGIE
I'm coming with you.

TREVOR
What about your dad?

MAGGIE
Put some sleeping pills in his
Ovaltine... Now, get in already!

Will is trying to squeeze into the back of the wagon.

He eventually just BASHES HIS FIST THROUGH THE THIN ROOF. He sticks his head through the hole.

TREVOR
Better?

Down the road, Wallace finally peels himself off the ground,
GROANING.

Maggie turns to her brother.

MAGGIE
You... you okay, Roy?

ROY
Y-y-y-yes.

MAGGIE
Alright then, hang on!

SHE HITS THE GAS, and they blast down main street.

They get a couple blocks before out steps:

THE SHERIFF! He's standing in the middle of the road. He
waits till they get close then,

BLAMMM!!!! HE FIRES A SHOTGUN INTO THEIR ENGINE BLOCK as
the car swerves and ALMOST RUNS HIM OVER.

In a wide shot, we see the hectic car stuffed with freaks
swerving down main street and out of town. The Sheriff just
watches them go, fuming.

TILT UP TO:

92 THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW OF THE CLAGUE HOUSE --

Jesse runs into his dad's bedroom.

JESSE
Dad! Dad, wake up!

But Bo Clague is passed out COLD from Maggie's sleeping pills,
the glass of Ovaltine next to him. Jesse can see the car
peeling out of town from the bedroom window.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Aw man! I never get to do anything...

93 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Smoke is pouring out of the hood as the station wagon limps
down the road.

TREVOR
Shit! I think they got the engine.

MAGGIE
We're not going to get much farther
like this.

Hank crawls over the back seat and gives Roy a big friendly
lick up the side of his face. A sweet gesture.

WILL
I'm Will. That's Hank. We're your
new brothers...

Smoke starts coming in through the air vents.

TREVOR
Oh Christ... what are we gonna do?!

CUT TO:

KNOCK KNOCK on MILLER RHODES's door. He opens it up.

MILLER RHODES
Awww shit.

94 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

He's greeted by a portrait of weirdos framed by his door.

MAGGIE
Miller, we need your help.

CUT TO:

95 INT. AIRSTREAM / GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The freaks are poking around the tiny trailer. Miller is trying to talk some sense into Trevor and Maggie.

MILLER RHODES
Well what are you gonna do, just move in? Sheriff's men'll come bug me soon enough.

MAGGIE
We just need a place to hide for a minute... figure things out while we fix the car.

MILLER RHODES
Alright, alright. But I ain't babysitting all you kids. And make sure that furry one don't poop on nothing!

TREVOR
Thanks man.

MILLER RHODES
Ooooooh wee. I wish I had seen the Sheriff's face when you took outta there.

TREVOR
Can't believe we actually pulled it off...

MILLER RHODES
Lemme take a look at this car ya got.

96 EXT. OVERGROWN FACTORY - NIGHT

Underhill and Garrett are exploring the factory.

GARRETT
See! I told you, there's some blankets and all sorts of stuff. They was here. I told you they were!

He queues his handheld CB.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Garrett to Carver. Get out to the
old factory, I found their hideout.

LEE CARVER
(on the CB)
What? Garrett, get the heck back
here. Something's happened in town!

GARRETT
Huh? What are you talking about?
Carver?

Underhill's not listening, he hunkers down amongst the strange
ephemera, stunned find A PILE OF HIS OWN MAIL.

97 INT./EXT. AIRSTREAM / GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Will, Hank, and Roy are listening to the radio. Fascinated
by the upbeat rhythms.

OUTSIDE -- Miller is poking around under the hood of the car
while Trevor and Maggie look on.

MILLER RHODES
Well, I can fix it, no problem, but
I'm gonna need a part from town.
And Gramps don't open 'till ten...
later if he's been drinkin'.

MAGGIE
I don't like the idea of hanging out
here any longer. That town's getting
ready to pop, and I don't wanna be
here when it does.

MILLER RHODES
Yea, you sure got 'em riled up. I'd
hate to see what happens to the ones
left behind.

TREVOR
You think the Sheriff will kill 'em?

MILLER RHODES
Sheeitt, he's been trying to do THAT
since they was born, and you just
gave him all the excuse he ever
needed.

TREVOR
Well I can't do nothing about that...

MAGGIE
You're right, Trevor. We'll just
wait till we can leave, and then we
can stop worrying about all this
crap. Just, go somewhere that
everybody will just... leave us alone.

Miller looks over at the freaks who are dancing in the
graveyard.

MILLER RHODES

Hey! Don't be getting into my beer
now!

He runs over to grab a beer from Will. Trevor and Maggie can't help but laugh.

MONTAGE -- The freaks party out at the graveyard as a fun song beams out of the jambox.

- Trevor starts a small campfire to keep them warm.
- Miller has some tools out, and is able to finally cut the wrist cuffs off of Will.
- Maggie is raiding Miller's pantry. She pulls out some marshmallows and ritz crackers.

MAGGIE

They've got a crazy appetite. Can
we put these on the fire?

MILLER RHODES

Knock yourself out.

Miller eyes a BOX OF SPARKLERS in the jumbled cupboard, grabbing them with a mischievous grin and following her out.

- Maggie and Trevor are showing the kids how to roast marshmallows.
- Miller skewers a marshmallow with a sparkler, handing it to Will with a snicker.
- Hank has gotten sticky marshmallow goo all over his fur and is craning his neck trying to get it off.
- Will holds his marshmallow innocently over the fire, and soon enough, THE SPARKLER LIGHTS UP! Will drops the sizzling firework and jumps back.

Miller rolls back, laughing his ass off.

TREVOR

Hey! What's your problem?!

MILLER RHODES

Aw, chill out, look, the big guy
thought it was funny.

Sure enough, Will and the other freaks are all laughing. Trevor can't help but laugh too as Will runs around with the lit sparkler.

- Hank crawls up into Miller's dirtbike and sniffs around the controls curiously. He steps on the horn which BEEPS LOUDLY. Hank leaps off, scared. Miller runs over to shoo him away.
- Maggie rests her head on Trevor's shoulder, a blanket around them both.
- Will is turning the pages of his new encyclopedia volume, pointing out some of the pictures to Hank, who in turn nibbles at his fur every now and then.

- Later on, the fire has died down and Hank follows Miller into the airstream to escape the cold night.

- Maggie looks around for Roy, who is over at their mother's grave. He's been using a blackened stick to draw flowers on her headstone. She is surprised and touched at what her brother is capable of.

- Inside the cramped airstream, the kids are all asleep on top of each other. Miller and Hank are passed out snuggling in a beanbag chair, watching a cabinet style tv.

Trevor looks at them... free like this. He smiles, but something's weighing heavily on his mind as he stares out across the valley.

Still, it's a sweet night amongst all this violence. And it's a moment of rest before the storm that Trevor knows they'll never be able to avoid, no matter how far they run.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 INT. CLAGUE HOUSE / BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Maggie's dad, Bo Clague, wakes up slowly, rubs his head. He reaches past last night's mug of Ovaltine and grabs his alarm clock, confused through sleepy eyes.

BO CLAGUE
MAGGIE! MAGGIE! Why you let me
sleep so late? MAGGIE? YOU HERE?

99 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bo Clague just stands, jaw dropped, staring at the shattered door and broken locks of Roy's former prison. His face is white. His worst nightmares are coming true.

We pull back to show Jesse there, pointing out all the awesome battle damage to Chip and Silas.

JESSE
Yea, freakin' sweet, right? C'mon,
I found some bullet holes down the
street!

We follow Bo Clague as he stumbles outside.

100 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The entire town is running around in chaos. Everyone's preparing for the worst.

On her porch, an old lady is sorting through a box of ammo. Her husband rushes past.

OLD MAN
Gertie? Where's my .32?

Wallace and another man are nailing some boards over his cellar. Across the street, another man is nailing his shutters down.

Bo spots the Sheriff, who's pounding on someone's front door.

BO CLAGUE
Sheriff... what...

SHERIFF
Where the hell you been?

The door cracks open, a timid man named JENKINS peers through.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Open up Jenkins, I gotta make sure
your freak is locked up.

JENKINS
B-b-but Sheriff. I-I-I ain't got no
freaks, you know that.

SHERIFF
Sure I do.

The Sheriff barges his way in. Bo Clague follows.

BO CLAGUE
But Sheriff... my kids... they gone.

SHERIFF
Damn, you sure are swift, Clague.
(to Jenkins)
Alright, where you got it hid?

JENKINS
I told you Sheriff...

BO CLAGUE
But Sheriff, what in the world...

SHERIFF
BOTH OF YOU! SHUT YER GODDAMN MOUTHS!

Jenkins looks away. Sort of motions with his head towards a large bookcase. Just behind it, we can make out a doorway, the room inaccessible behind the bookcase.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
That's good for now.

The Sheriff storms out, Bo Clague on his heels.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Your daughter's betrayed us, Clague.
Mark of her sex, I suppose.

BO CLAGUE
Maggie...?

SHERIFF
Go out to the east side of town,
make sure everybody knows we're having
a meeting.

BO CLAGUE
Meeting...?

SHERIFF
Two ways you can deal with a bear.
You can play dead and ignore it.
Or... you can kill the bear.

THE TOWN BELLS RING OUT... HERALDING THE THIRD ACT.

- Men clear pews out from the church for a meeting.
- Betsy Rabel is huddled in prayer with two old men.
- Silas's father drops him off with an old woman at the church. He joins a bunch of kids who have been gathered to keep them safe and out of the way.
- A pickup truck slowly cruises the streets. Underhill is in the back, rifle at the ready.

The church bell still TOLLS ominously.

THE FREAKS HOWL OUT along with the chimes... Under stairs, in attics, behind heavy doors, in the belly of the entire neighborhood.

101 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Miller walks out, shuddering as he hears the FAINT MOANS.

He jumps back on his dirtbike, shoving the ENGINE PART in his jacket.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Miller slams down the hood. Maggie fires it up. It works perfectly.

MAGGIE

Alright!

MILLER RHODES

Did you doubt me?

MAGGIE

Time to get the hell outta here.
Gonna be my first time leaving the valley. How lame is that?

MILLER RHODES

Be sure and send me a postcard.

MAGGIE

Trevor, you ready to go?

Trevor stares down at the town.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Trevor?

TREVOR

I ain't going.

MAGGIE

What?

TREVOR

Take all the kids and drive on outta here. You're home free now.

MAGGIE
And what are you gonna do?

TREVOR
I'm gonna go back.

MAGGIE
Back? What for?

TREVOR
I gotta help those kids. I can't
just leave them down there. Knowing
what's gonna happen... I just can't.
I gotta save 'em.

MILLER RHODES
Damn, kid, are you as stupid as yer
brother? You need to take what you
can and skedaddle.

MAGGIE
Trevor, c'mon...

TREVOR
That son of a bitch down there killed
my Paw, almost killed my brother,
and tried to kill me.

MILLER RHODES
Exactly my point, dude. *You'll get
killed.* You can't pull this off.

Trevor steels his resolve.

TREVOR
Doesn't matter... Doesn't matter if
I CAN'T do it. I HAVE to do it.

WILL
Trreeevvoor...

TREVOR
I'm sorry buddy, you're gonna go off
with Maggie now, okay?

MAGGIE
No he ain't.

TREVOR
No, Maggie! Will goes with you.

MAGGIE
Fine, Will goes with me, but I'm
going with you, so I guess we're all
going.

WILL
We gooo?

ROY
W-w-w-we're a-all going!

HANK
Aaarp!!

103 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The sun has set as Garrett comes in. The Sheriff is pouring some cough syrup into an oily cup of coffee while he watches a moth circling his desk-lamp.

GARRETT

There you are, everybody's waiting up at the church. Folks are pretty jumpy...

SHERIFF

Good, maybe they'll listen this time.

GARRETT

What you gonna tell them?

His dad doesn't respond, just gulps back some coffee, slowly draws and cocks his revolver... and aims at the moth with a madman stare.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dad, are you alright?

SHERIFF

I bet you don't remember... but your mother had the most beautiful green eyes.

GARRETT

Yeah, that's what they say. Now c'mon, let's go.

SHERIFF

She wanted to keep it ya know. Last thing she said to me.

(beat)

She didn't know what she was asking... delirious from losing all that blood.

GARRETT

She wanted it?

(beat)

...was it a boy or a girl?

The Sheriff stands suddenly and SLAPS HIS SON DOWN!

SHERIFF

IT DON'T FUCKIN' MATTER! That whore wasn't carrying no seed of mine. Whatever it was, I buried it with the rest of 'em.

Garrett looks up at his dad, who's growing ever more unhinged.

GARRETT

I... I'm sorry dad.

SHERIFF

Get up. We got a flock to protect.

104 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

The station wagon is parked behind the filling station, the freaks are ducked down in the car, while Maggie and Trevor creep around the garage, scoping out the the town.

MAGGIE

All the grown-ups are in the church.
Looks like the whole town.

A FEW KIDS are behind the church, hanging out on the sparse playground. Garrett walks outside and plops down on a plastic folding chair, wearily watching over the younger ones.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look, even Garrett and those assholes
are there. Now's our chance to round
up all the freaks.

Trevor starts rummaging around the garage bay, grabbing a couple of TIRE IRONS and some DUCT TAPE.

TREVOR

Hold on, I got a better plan.

He looks back at the freaks squirming in the station wagon. He's got a grin on his face and something up his sleeve.

105 INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The town is gathered, atwitter. There's about thirty middle aged men, but only around a dozen women, most of them old ladies. Fear rolls through them all, bringing accusations and attacks down on each other.

THE SHERIFF STROLLS THROUGH THE CHAOS and takes a spot behind the pulpit. Under his stern gaze, the crowd finally HUSHES.

SHERIFF

Everybody knows why we're here. We
got a real problem in this town,
ya'll tried to ignore it, tried to
hide it... now it's time to solve
it. My way. You told me to stop
the killin' seven years ago...
couldn't stomach it. I couldn't
make you do what's right. But if
you won't listen to me, maybe you'll
listen to Bobby Rabel. Or Henry
Owens... or any of your women buried
up on that hill. Cuz there's blood
on the streets and it's about to be
a river.

The crowd explodes again.

LEE CARVER

Put 'em down. Once and fer all!

MAN 1

Hold on now! If we get rid of 'em,
who's gonna plow my fields?

MAN 2

Come on, they ain't animals!

BO CLAGUE

We can't just kill them in cold blood!

BETSY RABEL

It's your girl that let 'em loose!
That slut!

BO CLAGUE
 Don't you speak about my daughter
 that way! It was them Owens boys!

The crowd ROARS again.

LEE CARVER
 Ain't none of this woulda happened
 if you had taken care of yours, like
 me and the Sheriff did!

DOC GRAMPS
 We been down this road before, Carver!

BETSY RABEL
 You forgetting what them things did
 to my Bobby?! ANSWER BLOOD WITH
 BLOOD!

SHERIFF
 QUIET DOWN NOW!

He lets the silence hang for a moment before continuing.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 You made me the law, and I gotta
 make the hard choice to keep us all
 safe. You won't have to get your
 hands dirty, just stay out of my
 way. And as for those helpin' them...
 they're gonna wish they hadn't.

Bo's face is beet-red with anger. He feels a tug on his
 sleeve and looks down to find Jesse.

JESSE
 She'll be ok, right dad?

But Bo Clague doesn't have an answer.

BO CLAGUE
 Why don't you go out with the other
 kids, Jesse. And don't run off.
 Just wait in the yard where I can
 see ya.

106 EXT. CHURCH / PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Abbie, Garrett, and the rest of them turn to see Jesse pop
 out the door. Chip and Silas run up to greet their friend.

JESSE
 They gettin' crazy in there.

GARRETT
 Well look who it is. You know this
 whole thing is your damn sister's
 fault.

JESSE
 Yea, well I'm glad she did. At least
 my brother's safe.

GARRETT
 What brother? You mean that birth
 defect you call Roy? Gimme a break.

GIRL 1
How come you ain't in there Garrett?

GARRETT
Somebody's gotta baby sit you
shitheads. Besides... I already
know what's gonna happen.

He closes his eyes and gets more comfortable.

JESSE
Still don't see why everyone says we
gotta kill them.

GARRETT
I could kill a beer right now.

TATE
Better them than us. 'Sides, not
much you can do about it if all the
grown-ups want to.

ABBIE
Will you all please just stop talking
about it -- what the...?

Everyone looks up to see ROY PEDAL BY ON A BIKE, training
wheels wobbling.

LITTLE GIRL
Wait! That's my bike!

GARRETT
Aww hell no!

JESSE
Hey Roy, what you doing?!

CHIP
Go Roy, GO!!!

TATE
Ain't that the missing freak?

GARRETT
Shoot, Dad's gonna love this. C'mon
let's go get that little shit.

Garrett jumps on his ATV parked nearby. Jesse runs up and
starts punching Garrett in the leg.

JESSE
You leave him alone!

Garrett shoves him to the ground and turns to Tate.

GARRETT
Stay here Tate, you keep an eye on
these brats. I'll take care of that
freak.

TATE
What? Why me?

GARRETT
Cause you the bitch!

Garrett and Robby take off on the ATV, turning the corner after Roy.

Jesse grabs his buddies, Silas and Chip.

JESSE
C'mon. We gotta save Roy!

They run off after the ATVs.

107 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Roy is pedaling down the street on the bike, he turns a corner. Behind him, GARRETT AND ROBBY ARE FAST APPROACHING on their ATV.

Garrett finally rolls up alongside him, Robby on the back.

GARRETT
And just what the FUCK do you think
you're doing?

Robby leans over and GIVES HIM A HARD KICK, sending ROY TOPPLING OFF HIS BIKE. Garrett skids around to a stop.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You as stupid as yer sister. Hold
this thing down for me.

He pulls out his pistol, about to kill the freak.

ROBBY
Garrett, man... you can't just kill
him.

GARRETT
Don't be a pussy. It's only a freak.
Besides, I'll just tell everyone he
was trying to kill me. No trouble
at all.

Garrett holds the pistol to Roy's face, contemplating it.

But in the end, Garrett's no murderer. Instead of pulling the trigger, he flips the gun around and reels back to smash him with the butt.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I'll just teach you a lesson...

And as he swings in, HIS ARM IS GRABBED BY A TREMENDOUS HAND!

ROBBY
Hooolllyyyy shit!!!!

The massive figure of Will is framed by Trevor, Hank, and Maggie.

GARRETT
Don't just stand there, Robby, do
something!

Robby turns, scared shitless, and runs for it.

Will squeezes Garrett's arm and the gun drops to the pavement.

Will lifts Garrett off the ground! He's dangling there, kicking at the air, holding his arm in agony.

TREVOR
(smirking)
Hi, remember me?

GARRETT
YOU!! You no-good shit farming asshole! My dad's gonna get you for sure! Just like he got your daddy!

Trevor's eyes go sharp with anger. Behind him, Jesse, Chip, and Silas run up.

JESSE
Holy crap! Maggie! You saved Roy!

CHIP
Awesome move!

Chip picks up Garrett's dropped pistol with a crazy grin on his face.

CHIP (CONT'D)
Cooooool!

Trevor sizes up Garrett who is still held by Will.

JESSE
What do we do with him?

Trevor throws a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE to Jesse.

TREVOR
He's all yours.

108 EXT. CHURCH / PLAYGROUND

ABBIE
They sure been gone a long while.

TATE
We better tell the Sheriff.

He turns the corner to find the back door blocked by THE MASSIVE FIGURE OF WILL standing next to Trevor. Hank pops out from behind them GROWLING. Tate stumbles back, terrified.

TATE (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

Trevor slides a tire-iron through the door handles.

TREVOR
Give it a try, buddy.

Will seizes the tire-iron and grits his teeth, flexing to BEND IT AROUND THE DOORHANDLES LIKE A PRETZEL, locking the door shut. Tate looks on in FRIGHTENED AWE.

Trevor and his freaks back him around the corner where all the kids finally see them. They HUDDLE AWAY IN QUIET FEAR of these strange creatures.

Maggie runs up to the playground behind them.

MAGGIE
Don't worry! They won't hurt ya.

ABBIE
Maggie?!

TREVOR
C'mon Will, let's get the other door.

They dash around the corner for a moment.

ABBIE
What are you doing here? Do you
have any idea how much trouble you're
in?!

MAGGIE
We came back for the rest of them.

BOY 1
What you mean, came back for them?
What are you gonna do with all them
freaks?

BOY 2
God, y'all are crazy.

MAGGIE
LOOK! What we've done in this town
ain't right. You've known it your
whole life, and if you keep ignoring
it, you'll end up just like the people
inside that church, all rotten and
scared on the inside.

They're not totally convinced. Trevor and Will return from
the back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Get the door?

TREVOR
Yea, we're good.

Trevor looks at the kids who regard him with some suspicion.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Sheriff probably told you plenty of
horseshit about us, huh? Well lemme
set the record straight. My name's
Trevor Owens. This here is Will,
he's my brother. And yeah, he's a
freak, but that don't mean he ain't
got the right to live.

BOY 1
But he's a killer!

TREVOR
He was only trying to protect me
after that sheriff killed my paw!
He's been lying to all of you!

A MURMUR goes through the crowd as they try to decide what
to believe.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Look, I know they're scary looking...
 and nobody want them around... but
 if you just sit here on your thumbs,
 all your brothers and sisters is
 gonna get killed tonight. Sheriff'll
 get yer dads whipped into a frenzy,
 and then he'll go house to house and
 wipe 'em all out, like they never
 even existed.

This is starting to sink in for the quiet awkward crowd of
 kids.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Unless we do something first.

Everyone looks at their shoes. Then, from the back, a LITTLE
 GIRL (9) speaks up.

LITTLE GIRL
 I have a little sister... she talks
 to me through the vents at night...

TREVOR
 Well let's go get her then.

BOY 1
 If you wanna take 'em away... I'll
 show you where ours is, too.

BOY 2
 Sure, why not? Good riddance.

GIRL 1
 Well if y'all are doing it...

A lot of the kids are still hovering on the other side of
 the playground.

BOY 3
 I dunno man, get in a lotta trouble...
 What about yours, Tate?

All eyes on him.

TATE
 I never did think it was their fault
 they was born all funny looking.

MAGGIE
 So you'll help us?

TATE
 Yeah... I'm in.

The crowd murmurs in agreement and they start to congregate
 around Trevor.

A few kids still remain behind. Abbie is one of them.

MAGGIE
 Abbie, come on!

ABBIE
 I can't!

MAGGIE
It's your own sister!

ABBIE
I... I won't tell or nothing but...
I just can't!

TREVOR
Then just make sure you stay out of
our way.

MAGGIE
Abbie...

Abbie can't look her in the eye.

Trevor turns to the remaining kids who are still resisting.

TREVOR
Yeah, you all just run on home. Or
else I might feed you to Frankenstein
here.

He slaps Will on the back, he rises up to his full
intimidating height. The kids scatter.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Jesse and his buddies run up around the corner, joining up
with Trevor, Will, and the growing posse of kids.

JESSE
We took care of Garrett for ya.
He's in time-out.

Trevor nods and pulls the little girl aside.

TREVOR
Which way was your house?

GIRL 1
This way.

TREVOR
Maggie, you take her. Rest of you
go free as many of 'em as you can
and meet back at the filling station.
Got it?

MAGGIE
Right.

TREVOR
And hurry! It won't take them long
to bust out of that church!

Maggie runs to another house, followed by Tate and a few
others.

Jesse, Silas, and Chip are left in the middle of the street.

CHIP
I know where another one is. Let's
book it!

JESSE
 Man, if this ain't go time, I don't
 know what is!

He high-fives Silas and Chip as the three misfits dash off.

110 INT. LITTLE GIRL'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS

A little girl leads Maggie through her quiet house, pointing to an attic door.

MAGGIE
 C'mon. Gimme a hand.

Maggie and the girl drag a bookshelf over to reach the rarely opened attic hatch.

INSIDE THE ATTIC --

She nervously shines a flashlight around the cobwebbed, grimy attic.

SOMETHING SCURRIES ABOVE HER. Maggie trembles in the claustrophobic space.

She looks up and sees a LONG-ARMED FREAK GIRL, crawling around on the ceiling using its thin spiderly limbs.

111 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Trevor and Will have met up with another kid and are heading into his house. The boy tugs on Trevor's arm and points to an old well in the yard with a sturdy iron cap surrounded by tall grass.

KID
 No, they got him down there.

Trevor is repulsed by this hiding place, but composes himself. He struggles with the heavy well-cap as the kid runs off to find a rope.

BACK IN THE ATTIC --

Maggie and the little girl are helping the long-limbed freak down from the attic.

MAGGIE
 She looks happy to be outta there.

The little girl looks at the sister she's never seen and smiles.

LITTLE GIRL
 She don't look as mean as daddy said.

112 CUT BACK TO THE WELL --

Will nudges Trevor aside and with immense strength finally wrenches the wellcap off. The boy aims a flashlight into the darkness below.

A PAIR OF PALE AND SAD EYES STARE BACK at them from the bottom. Will's booming voices calls down the well shaft.

WILL
 Hllllllooooo!

113 INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF
 Now look, there's a time for --

He's interrupted by a LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR.

ROBBY (O.S.)
 Sheriff! They here!!!

SHERIFF
 What in the hell is that?

Carver calls from the back of the room.

CARVER
 Sheriff! The door! It won't budge!

The Sheriff stomps over to the door. IT'S JAMMED SHUT, only cracking open wide enough to see Robby outside.

SHERIFF
 What the hell? Robby?

ROBBY
 Sheriff, they -- OHHH CRAPP!!!!

Robby sees something and runs off SCREAMING.

SHERIFF
 What the hell's wrong with you?

CRASH! Inside the church, stained glass falls to the ground.

A SCREAMING OLD WOMAN points up. A GROWL and everyone looks up to see the SNARLING FACE OF HANK staring down from the broken transom of a TALL STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

LEE CARVER
 My God... it's happening...

The Sheriff quickly fires a few pistol shots at Hank in the window!

The LOUD GUNSHOTS send the crowd into real chaos.

Sheriff fires a few more shots as Hank leaps away from the window, leaving the church.

More stained glass shatters around them as everyone SCREAMS and ducks.

BETSY RABEL
 Lord Jesus, protect me! Pass over
 this house!

Underhill and some other men try the back door but...

UNDERHILL
 Sheriff, all the doors are locked.

BO CLAGUE
 We're trapped!

SHERIFF
Somebody better find me a goddamn
way outta this church...

As the Sheriff's rage boils over...

CUT TO:

114 A MONTAGE THROUGH THE STREET AND HOMES, THE KIDS FREEING
FREAKS WHILE THE PARENTS ARE TRAPPED IN THE CHURCH.

- Trevor and Will are running down the street, a handful of
kids following them. One of them points to his house...
their next escapee awaits.

- IN THE CHURCH, the men shove and yell over the locked door.

- Betsy Rabel is huddled in the corner spewing venom to anyone
who will listen.

- IN THE BACK OF A DINER, Tate frees a freak from a closet.
The rabid child bursts out and tears through the kitchen,
eating anything he can find. Tate tries to pull him outside,
but the freak SNARLS AT HIM WILDLY. Tate backs away slowly.

- The pace grows more frantic as Will smashes a lock off a
cellar door.

- The townsfolk are pounding a pew against the church door.

- Hank digs frantically, freeing a freak from his cellar.

- AT THE CHURCH, some folks are trying to climb out of the
broken windows. Blood on the stained glass images.

- Jesse and his pals freeing the short, muscular freaks we
saw pulling the plow. They lure one out through the door,
but the other just BUSTS THROUGH THE WALL! Jesse grabs onto
him and gets dragged off.

- Finally, we settle on Maggie. She's gently helping another
freak out of a house. She turns and looks back through the
window. Abbie is inside, watching them go, an awkward moment
of unspoken feelings.

115 EXT. MAIN STREET / LAMP POST

Garrett is DUCT-TAPED TO A LAMP POST, struggling to look
around and take in the wild night. He hears a SNIFF and a
GROWL.

HANK starts circling him. Sniffs the air, he recognizes
this asshole.

GARRETT
Oh God... it's you... look... uh,
you know we was just playing in the
woods right? I wasn't gonna hurt
you or nothing!

Hank SNARLS. He's not buying it! He's getting ready to
pounce, his CLAWS OUT, and his TEETH SHARP!

He jumps, and in mid-air, he's grabbed by ROY!

ROY
S-s-s-STOP IT!

Hank is squirming in his hands, snarling angrily.

Garrett tries to say something, but doesn't know where to begin. Roy looks up, directly into Garrett's speechless face. A look of old suffering that chills him to the bone.

A GUNSHOT from around the corner causes Hank to squirms loose and high tail it away.

A moment later, Chip runs down the street shooting his pistol into the air like a madman, having fun.

Roy slowly turns and slouches after him. Garrett just watches him go, stunned, reeling.

116 EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor is leading another freak out through a workshed. Maggie appears at the fence.

MAGGIE
I'm gonna takes these ones to the car. Better hurry, they're gonna bust out soon.

TREVOR
(handing her the freak)
Take this one too.

MAGGIE
Where're you going?

Next to the door, a bright red gas can, Trevor grabs it. He looks down the street at the Sheriff's office with a wicked grin.

TREVOR
Got enough time for a little payback.

117 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

THE DOOR FINALLY SPLINTERS as the adults get it knocked off its hinges.

The Sheriff pushes his way out into main street. He spins around, horrified at what's happening to his town.

- Smoke rises from the far end of town.

- Two freaks are fighting inside a broken storefront.

- Some kids jumping on the hood of a car, sloshing half-empty whiskey bottles.

- And finally, he sees his son, Garrett taped to a lamppost.

GARRETT
(in the distance)
Dad! Dad, over here!

THEN, DIIINGG DIIINGG DIIIIINGGG!

The church bell is RINGING. He looks up to see:

IN THE STEEPLE - The spiderlike freak girl is swinging on the rafters, slamming her feet against the bell carelessly.

DOWN ON THE GROUND --

The women scream! The Sheriff whips around at them, his eyes like a wild horse, his face pale, trembling.

SHERIFF
Everybody get back in the church!

BO CLAGUE
Oh my God! What in the hell happened?...

SHERIFF
EVERYBODY STAY IN THAT GODDAMNED CHURCH!

He raises his pistol.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Carver, Underhill, follow me!

BO CLAGUE
Sheriff, what are you doing? We better stay clear of...

SHERIFF
Anybody leaves this church, they bound to get shot. You got that, Bo!
(to his boys)
C'mon let's arm up.

LEE CARVER
Uhhh Sheriff, I don't think we gonna do that...

They look down the street to see THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IS ON FIRE! The Sheriff looks like he's about to explode himself.

SHERIFF
CUT MY BOY DOWN!

With a MADMAN'S STARE, he eyes the two freaks in the store window.

He FIRES AT THEM! Misses. The poor freak children scurry off at the noise.

BO CLAGUE
Sheriff! You can't do that!

SHERIFF
(yelling back to the church)
KEEP 'EM ALL INSIDE! Everybody just stay the hell out of my way.

Underhill tugs on Bo's arm.

UNDERHILL
We gotta put out that fire.

BO CLAGUE
BUT HE'S OUTTA CONTROL!!!

UNDERHILL
C'MON!!!

Underhill pulls him away, keeping an eye on the increasingly erratic Sheriff down the street.

118 EXT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Maggie leads all her freaks past the drugstore. Tate is helping her corral some.

MAGGIE
I gotta stop and get some supplies.

TATE
Don't worry, I got these.

Tate takes them on ahead while Maggie ducks into her store.

119 INT. CLAGUE GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Maggie is stuffing several large bags with everything she can grab.

SHE JUMPS as Betsy Rabel enters behind her.

BETSY RABEL
Margaret?! I prayed that you weren't helpin' them.

MAGGIE
Jesus... Betsy... just stay out of this, okay?

BETSY RABEL
Stay out of it? Look what yer doing to this town! These aren't your children. Why are you digging up this poisoned soil?

MAGGIE
Will you just can it for once! We should be ashamed of how we treat them! They're God's creatures same as you and me!

Betsy's eyes go RABID.

BETSY RABEL
GOD'S creatures?! Don't you dare... DON'T YOU DARE!!!!

Betsy grabs Maggie's arm and yanks her towards the door.

MAGGIE
STOP IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!!!

Maggie pulls back, fighting her, but Betsy DIGS HER NAILS EVEN DEEPER.

BETSY RABEL
I WON'T LET YOU DO IT!

They both crash into a store display, stumbling into the back.

IN THE STORE ROOM -- Maggie finally THROWS HER OFF.

BETSY RABEL TRIPS AND SLIDES DOWN THE STAIRS into...

ROY'S SECRET BASEMENT -- She gets up, disoriented.

Maggie stands at the top of the stairs.

MAGGIE

Let's see how you like it.

She slams the top of the stairs shut. The secret room grows dark around Betsy Rabel. Heavy boxes are pushed overhead, trapping her.

BETSY RABEL

Margaret? You let me out of here!

No response. She peers around and notices A HORRID PILE OF TEETH IN THE CORNER.

She desperately claws at the hatch and sees a strange oversized freak eye peering down at her through the slats above.

FREAK

Nuh-nuh-nuh!

Betsy cringes in horror as the LUMBERING OVERSIZED FOOTSTEPS STOMP AROUND ABOVE HER.

OUTSIDE THE STORE -- We can still hear her muffled cries from the basement.

BETSY RABEL (O.S.)

(muted)

HELLLLP SOMEBODY HELLLLLP!!!

120 INT. ANOTHER HOUSE IN TOWN - NIGHT

Trevor and Will are tearing through another house, looking for any hidden freaks. The kids they've already freed are traipsing along behind them, shuffling from room to room.

They bust open a closet door only to find it empty.

TREVOR

I don't think there's anybody at this one, buddy.

WILL

Noooo, there IS another one here!

A CRASH as one of the liberated freaks knocks some ornamental plates off the kitchen wall.

TREVOR

Shhhh! Watchit! We gotta be careful, everyone... you understand?

Some of the freaks stare back at him, clearly NOT understanding.

WILL
Caaaarefulllll.

ANOTHER LOUD NOISE, and Trevor turns to see JESSE coming through the kitchen door, huffing and out of breath.

JESSE
One of em... got away. Man, they was fast.

Trevor looks at his growing entourage of freaks.

TREVOR
We need to get them out to the meeting place. Maggie should be there by now. Can I trust you, Jesse?

JESSE
Heck yeah, I'll take 'em. What about you?

TREVOR
Will says there's still one here.

WILL
Still one heeeeere!

TREVOR
He's usually right about this sorta stuff. He's got a weird knack.

Chip and Silas run up behind Jesse.

CHIP
Everybody's out of the church! The sheriff's comin'!

TREVOR
Get moving. He'll shoot all these kids on sight.
(to Will)
You gotta go with them. You can take care of Maggie now. She's waiting on ya.

WILL
Noooooo I stayyy! Stilll one here!

TREVOR
Then I'll find him. This ain't the time to act like a baby! Now get!
(to Jesse)
You got this bunch?

JESSE
Yes sir. Here, take this.

Jesse tosses him one of the walkie-talkies.

TREVOR
Cool, now get outta here.

JESSE
(through the walkie)
Roger Wilco!

121 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bo Clague and Underhill are blasting the smoldering office with extinguishers and hoses. The flames are almost out.

BO CLAGUE
Lucky it didn't spread. Underhill,
hand me them gloves --

As he is turning over some sheetrock, A FIGURE LOOMS BEHIND HIM, crawling through the caved-in ceiling.

It's HANK, teeth bared and looking like some ferocious thing from hell. He scratches his claws into the timber, anticipating the kill like a wild cat.

Bo nervously turns at the sound... finally sees it with horror.

BO CLAGUE (CONT'D)
JESUS!!!!

Bo draws his pistol quickly and aims it at Hank.

He's about to fire when Underhill grabs his hand, lowering their guns.

UNDERHILL
Hold on... don't shoot...

FATHER AND SON LOOK INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES and Hank backs down, slowly.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)
This one's mine.

BO CLAGUE
Yours? You mean?

Hank's ears twitch and just as suddenly as he arrived, he disappears back into the cover of night.

BO CLAGUE (CONT'D)
... you said you killed yours.

UNDERHILL
Didn't kill him. Just left him to die.

Underhill knocks back some debris and finds an ash-covered gun safe. He grabs two rifles with a determined look in his eyes that Bo can't quite read.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)
C'mon.

122 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

A REV OF A MOTOR, and Miller pulls up into town.

He stops and watches the spider-limbed freak climbing up the side trellis of a house. Inside, a terrified old lady is SCREAMING, trying to bat it off by whacking a broomstick out the window.

Miller looks around at all this chaos when he hears a familiar YELP behind him. It's HANK, sniffing at Miller's bike.

Miller grins and pats the seat on the bike. Hank jumps on, hanging on to Miller.

MILLER RHODES
C'mon critter. Let's go get in some trouble.

Hank YELPS again as the dirtbike peels off through the night.

123 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Jesse and Will meet up with Maggie.

MAGGIE
(taking a head count)
This looks like almost all of 'em.
Where's Trevor?

JESSE
He was roundin' up the last couple.

She tries to corral Hank and the other freaks into the big garage bay at Gramps' service station. A random freak is leafing curiously through a mechanic's NUDIE CALENDAR.

SUDDENLY, THE LOUD CRIES OF BARKING DOGS. Maggie peeks out to find a freak poking at them through their fence. She runs out and pulls him back inside, but it's too late.

DOWN THE STREET --

Some of the men are patrolling. Lee Carver with them. They hear the DOGS BARKING at the gas station.

LEE CARVER
Something going on at Doc Gramps'.
C'mon.

124 INT. ANOTHER HOUSE IN TOWN - NIGHT

Trevor is still searching the empty house.

TREVOR
Damn it, where is this critter?

From somewhere in the house, HE CAN HEAR A FREAK CALLING BACK TO HIM.

Trevor rushes toward the sound, busting open another closet... but he can't seem to find the hiding place anywhere.

He looks up from the search and, IT'S GARRETT! STANDING AT THE DOOR, staring at him. Trevor freezes. One scream and he's busted.

GARRETT
It's right here, stupid.

Garrett kicks back the dining room rug, underneath it is a locked hatch... containing the hidden freak Trevor was searching for.

Trevor timidly pries open the hatch, not quite ready to trust Garrett.

Under the house, a nervous freak SPRINGS FORTH, flailing his arms in terror around the house.

Trevor and Garrett try and stop him, but he runs out the back door.

Two steps off the porch and BLAMMMM!!! He's BLOWN AWAY.

Trevor and Garrett skid to a stop, looking out the door and at each other in shock.

OUTSIDE, they can see it's THE SHERIFF! Gun still aimed at the dead child.

Trevor ducks behind the wall not sure what to do. Garrett steps into the doorway.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dad...

The Sheriff whips his gun up to the voice, his hands trembling.

SHERIFF

GARRETT?!? What are you doing. Get out here. Anybody else in there?

GARRETT

No, Dad. Just me.

SHERIFF

Figures. You'd be messing around at a time like this.

The Sheriff gives the dead freak a little nudge with his toe, satisfied.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

C'mon. We got work to do.

Garrett and his dad move on down the alley.

INSIDE THE HOUSE --

Trevor is about to breath a sigh of relief when his WALKIE CACKLES.

MAGGIE

(on the walkie)

TREVOR!!!! We need your help!
There's a bunch of guys coming right
for us!

Trevor fumbles to lower the volume.

OUTSIDE --

The Sheriff pauses. Garrett looks up, nervous.

SHERIFF

You hear that?

He shoots Garrett a suspicious look, raises his gun, and heads back inside the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE --

The Sheriff pushes the screen door open with the nose of his shotgun.

He CREAKS down the hall, turning to find:

Trevor's GONE! It's just the screeching walkie-talkie, with Maggie on the other end.

MAGGIE
(on the walkie)
Did you hear me or not?

Garrett peers over his dad's shoulder with a sigh of relief.

JESSE
(breaking in on the
walkie)
They're are about all over us down
at the gas station! What should we
do?

SHERIFF
The gas station...

125 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Jesse's peeking out from around the corner. There's a couple men with guns nervously inching down the street.

Maggie looks over the freaks anxiously.

MAGGIE
(hushed whisper)
Ok listen. All of you. We can't
wait no more. I want you all to
follow me.

Maggie's not sure they can do this. Then, THE BLARING OF A HORN.

JESSE
Hey, check it out!

Maggie runs to look. AWAY FROM THE GAS STATION, A TRACTOR TRAILER BIG RIG's lights are flashing and the horn is BLARING.

MAGGIE
Trevor?

126 EXT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff runs around a corner, Garrett right behind him.

He looks up and sees the SEMI flashing its lights. He sees his men rush over towards it... away from the gas station.

The Sheriff grits his teeth in frustration and runs to catch up.

127 INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Trevor is pulling the loud semi horn, drawing the hunters towards him.

Suddenly, the side window SHATTERS FROM A GUNSHOT. Trevor ducks instantly.

OUTSIDE, the hunters approach the semi, guns drawn.

LEE CARVER

C'mon out!

All the fear and anger hit Trevor at once. He looks around the truck, trying to figure out what to do.

He starts up the engine with ROAR, throws it into gear, and SLAMS ON THE GAS.

The giant big rig lurches down the street. The nervous hunters UNLOAD ON THE TRUCK AS IT CAREENS PAST THEM, RIPPING IT TO SHREDS.

Trevor's ducked, avoiding the hail of bullets. He quickly reaches up and flips down the visor mirror... angling it so he can steer from the floorboard.

On the street, everyone looks on as the swerving truck gathers momentum and SMASHES HEAD ON INTO THE FRONT OF THE HARDWARE STORE in a SPECTACULAR CRASH!

128 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Will looks up from his hiding place in the gas station. His eyes are distant and concerned.

WILL

Trevor needs my help...

JESSE

Naw, he told you to stay with us!

WILL

I can seeee *him*... he's hiding... he neeeds me!

Will runs off towards the crash to save his brother.

MAGGIE

Will, get back here!

129 OUTSIDE THE STORE --

The hunters run up to meet the Sheriff who inches his way into the fiery storefront,

LEE CARVER

Sheriff?! What you doin'? Get outta there!

The Sheriff pushes his way through some burning timbers, he's obsessed with getting this kid. The hunters look at each other, scared.

HUNTER 2
Somebody gotta go get that water
truck.

The men run off as we cut inside.

INSIDE THE STORE --

The Sheriff pushes his way through the burning store. He edges around the wrecked cab, ready to shoot. He whips around but... IT'S EMPTY!

HIDING BEHIND THE AISLES, Trevor is breathing heavy. His mind racing. He looks around... finally spots something.

BACK WITH THE SHERIFF --

SHERIFF
I'll give you one thing kid. You
got a lotta guts.

Suddenly, a can is thrown at the Sheriff's feet. It's A BUG BOMB, SPEWING OUT NOXIOUS GAS.

The Sheriff COUGHS as a second and third bug bomb land near him.

Trevor lobs a fourth over the aisle, but his aim is off and it rolls into the fire where the can begins to sizzle.

The Sheriff's coughing, his eyes burning in the smoke. Trevor ducks out the back alley as the Sheriff blind fires in all directions.

The can in the fire finally EXPLODES, shooting flames and shrapnel across the store, knocking the Sheriff back.

130 OUTSIDE THE HARDWARE STORE--

Trevor bursts into the alley and looks around. He spots A LARGE STACK OF WOODEN PALLETS and trash.

He quickly scrambles up the wobbling stack.

He leaps for the roof of the store, the jumble of wood toppling out from under his feet.

Trevor dangles on the lip of the hardware store, but pulls himself over.

He crouches down as he peers over the side, looking for the Sheriff.

BELOW HIM IN THE ALLEY --

The Sheriff emerges right behind him, seething. He looks around wildly.

SHERIFF
You gettin' pretty good at hiding,
boy!

He holds his revolver up to the light as he reloads, still wiping the gas out of his eyes.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
That's alright...

Trevor doesn't dare breathe as the Sheriff walks by right underneath him.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Things gonna end up the same way, no matter what.

The Sheriff kicks in the back door of the next building and storms inside.

ABOVE WITH TREVOR --

He suddenly hears a FRIENDLY VOICE calling out to him.

WILL (O.S.)
TREEVOOOORRRRR!

Trevor peeks over the edge of the roof. Will is bumbling down the street, searching for him.

TREVOR
(quiet to himself)
Oh shit.

He tries to waves his arms silently at Will, but the big lug doesn't see him.

WILL
You heeere?!

Trevor checks the alleyway: no Sheriff.

So HE SHIMMIES DOWN THE STORM DRAIN, dropping on top of the protruding 18-wheeler trailer, then down to the ground. He runs out after his brother.

TREVOR
Will! Get back! Get outta here!

FROM BEHIND HIM: the Sheriff grabs Trevor's neck. A pistol is cocked and held to his head... tightly.

SHERIFF
Call off yer freak.

At that same moment, Lee Carver shows back up.

LEE CARVER
Sheriff!

SHERIFF
Shut up and cover the big one, Lee. We gonna march on down and get the rest of your friends.

WILL
Treevoorr...

TREVOR
Will! Just... just stay calm, buddy! Everything's gonna be okay!

SHERIFF
Ain't nothing gonna be ok for that
freak. I'm gonna save him for last.

When, out of the night, we hear an ENGINE ROAR!

The Sheriff turns just in time to see MILLER RHODES RACING
IN ON HIS DIRTBIKE, HANK RIDING ON THE BACK!

THE SHARP-CLAWED FREAK LEAPS FROM THE MOVING BIKE, knocking
the Sheriff off Trevor and tearing into him with full claws.

Miller rides straight for Lee Carver. Lee doesn't know what
to do. He moves the gun from Will to Miller...

Miller doesn't slow down a second, he just POPS A WHEELIE
AND PLOWS HIS ENTIRE BIKE INTO LEE CARVER'S FACE.

He flies over the handlebars, landing with a roll, leaving
Lee Carver smashed on the ground.

Miller scrambles to his feet and runs off around the corner.

MILLER RHODES
Trevor! Get the hell outta here!

With only a moment to spare, the Sheriff throws Hank off,
pulls his pistol, and FIRES A SINGLE SHOT.

HANK UNDERHILL COLLAPSES... AND DIES.

TREVOR
No! You bastard!

Trevor and Will look on, they can't believe Hank's dead.

Will's eyes go dark. His muscles tense. His fists clench
in rage.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Will... we can't help him now...
Will... WILL!

WILL GOES ABSOLUTELY BALLISTIC!

The bloodied Sheriff stumbles to his feet, firing a couple
bullets into Will's shoulders, BUT IT DOESN'T EVEN PHASE THE
ENORMOUS FREAK.

Will smashes a utility pole with the back of his fists as if
it were nothing.

WILL
RAAAAAAARRRH!

The utility pole falls over and CRACKLING POWER CABLES DANCE
ABOUT IN THE STREET.

The Sheriff flees, terrified. He ducks around the corner
and arrives at his police prowler, keys shaking as he unlocks
the door.

He gets in and starts it when suddenly... A SMASH THROUGH
THE REAR WINDOW. Will MERCILESSLY POUNDS THE POLICE PROWLER.

The Sheriff covers his head as Will's massive arms crush the car around him.

He barely manages to crawl out the passenger's side. But he ain't getting away that easy...

WILL PICKS UP ONE SIDE OF THE CAR AND JUST TOSSES IT, end over end, flying through the air at the Sheriff.

The Sheriff hugs the ground as the car flies overhead --

-- soaring across the lot and TAKING OUT ONE OF THE LEGS OF THE OLD RUSTY WATER TOWER.

Will ROARS as he carelessly brings his fist down on a postal box, squishing it whole. Trevor catches up to him.

TREVOR
Willlll!!!! Stooopp!!!!!!

Will paces like an animal, HUFFING and PUFFING.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Just... just cool down buddy!
C'mon... c'mon Will... Come with me!

Will and Trevor bolt as the Sheriff cowers and THE WATER TOWER SWAYS WITH A LOUD CREAK.

We cut around town as everyone sees the water tower falter. They all watch helplessly.

THE RUSTED WATER TOWER SLOWLY FALLS AND BUCKLES, LANDING WITH AN ENORMOUS CRASH!

131 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

We catch up with Underhill and Bo running down the street.

BO CLAGUE
Lord, what the hell is going on in this town?!

UNDERHILL
Over here!

He's come upon Lee Carver, who's coughing up blood on the street.

LEE CARVER
They got me. But Sheriff nailed one of 'em. Shot the ugly sonnofa bitch point blank!

Carver points over to the dead body of Hank Underhill, which still lies where the Sheriff shot him.

Underhill looks silently and somberly over his dead son.

132 EXT. GAS STATION / EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Miller runs up to Maggie carrying a case of booze under one arm and a portable tv under the other.

MAGGIE
Did you find him? What are you doing?

MILLER RHODES
I'm getting the hell outta here!
You better do the same!

MAGGIE
Where's Trevor!?

Then she sees it, Trevor and Will limping up to the gas station. She runs up and throws her arms around Trevor.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You're alright!

TREVOR
Start the car. We gotta go!

WILL
No Trevor, he's already here...

A GUNSHOT ECHOES DOWN MAINSTREET. They turn to see: THE SHERIFF'S LURCHING TOWARDS THEM, holding his wounds.

SHERIFF
You're as stubborn as your daddy, boy. Me and him was good friends, once. Didn't know that, did ya?

TREVOR
You just stay back. Stay away from my brother!

SHERIFF
And when MY daddy was sheriff... hell, we didn't even have locks on the doors. I tried my best to keep it that way... but these goddamn things!

MILLER RHODES
Spare me the bullshit.

MAGGIE
We just wanna leave... that's all we want, is to leave in peace.

SHERIFF
You're not going anywhere.

TREVOR
What's WRONG WITH YOU?!

MILLER RHODES
I tell ya what's wrong with him. They ain't had a piece of ass since their wives died. That's seven years with the swimsuit issue, man.

He gives the Sheriff the tiniest of winks.

MILLER RHODES (CONT'D)
And that wife of yours was a looker too... Can't blame you for missing that.

BLAM!!!! The shot happens before we realize it. Miller's body slowly ripples back from the impact.

The Sheriff holds his smoking pistol calmly. He just blew Rhodes away like it was nothing.

TREVOR
Miller!!

MAGGIE
OH MY GOD!

LEE CARVER
Sheriff, what have you done?

Lee Carver and Underhill run around the corner, followed by Bo Clague and a few more men from town.

MAGGIE
He shot him for nothing! You just murdered him!

BO CLAGUE
Maggie! You're alright! You come over here right now. Get away from those things.

Bo runs towards his daughter. Sheriff points the gun at him next.

SHERIFF
Bo, stay back! Nobody move a goddamn muscle!

BO CLAGUE
She's my daughter, Bill!

SHERIFF
And she's with them now!

BO CLAGUE
Maggie get OVER HERE!

MAGGIE
NO, DAD! We're not gonna let you hurt these kids no more!

JESSE
You're gonna have to get through us first!

CHIP
YEAH!!!

She and the rest of the town's normal kids gather around Will, Trevor, and the freaks. A ragtag band of misfits.

More townsfolk are making their way out on the street to see this sight. Garrett breaks away from the group and runs up.

GARRETT
Dad!

SHERIFF
Come here son. Drag that bitch outta the way so I can finish this.

GARRETT
Dad... no.

SHERIFF
What you say boy?

GARRETT
Let's go home, just let 'em go.

TREVOR
Listen to your son, Sheriff. You're not gonna win this time.

SHERIFF
You see this? YOU SEE HOW THIS HAPPENS? Well I ain't gonna let this town go down that path. I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF THIS RIGHT HERE AND NOW. I'M GONNA DO WHAT YOU GODDAMNED COWARDS SHOULDA DONE SEVEN YEARS AGO! AND I'LL KILL ANY ONE OF YA THAT TRIES TO STOP ME!

He draws a bead on Trevor.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
AND I'M STARTING WITH YOU, BOY!

BLAMMM!!! Trevor winces... but he's fine!

The Sheriff's face goes slack... and his body falls to the ground DEAD.

Behind him, IT'S UNDERHILL, still aiming his rifle at the Sheriff.

UNDERHILL
Shouldn't be pointing no gun at a buncha kids.

Garrett looks on, stunned.

GARRETT
Dad, no!

Doc Gramps takes him by the shoulder and leads him off.

The rest of the townsfolk file out of the church to see this tragic scene.

So they stand there, hushed.

A line of silent eyes between parents and children. These simple farm folk and their long-abused freaks.

Bo Clague approaches Maggie and tries to take her hand. She pulls back. She won't budge.

MAGGIE
Things have gotta be different from now on, dad.

Bo lowers his head in agreement.

WILL
Different... like meee...

Trevor reaches out, and takes his brother's hand.

And so each adult walks slowly, cautiously up to their children, both normal and freak.

Mr. Underhill, meanwhile, leaves the scene.

He picks up the body of his dead son, Hank, and carries him off into the quiet night.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. OWENS' NEW HOUSE - DAY

The old abandoned Owens house in town is seeing a new life. Maggie and Roy are repainting the "OWENS" name on the mailbox. The long-limbed girl grabs a piece of lumber and scurries up the outside of the building.

She hands it off to Will who is straddling the roof. He holds the lumber in place while Trevor hammers it in.

As they finish with that board, Will wipes his brow and stretches out proud and tall after years of slouching.

He looks up at the glorious sun beating down on them all.

WILL

Bright...

TREVOR

Yea, buddy. Get used to it.

The two brothers exchange hard-won smiles.

THE END