

SAVAGE WEEKEND

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A sprawling, gated community under development. Paved streets mixed with some dirt roads. Rows of houses in various stages of construction from skeletal lumber frames to completed homes.

A middle-aged, portly SECURITY GUARD runs down the center of the road. Battered and bloodied. Fleeing for his life from an unseen predator.

STRANGE SOUNDS surround him.

The Security Guard trips and falls. He scrambles in the dirt to get back up. He looks behind, then around...

IN THE DISTANCE... A PORT-O-POTTIE.

He runs for it. Once he gets there he fumbles to unhook the latch.

The SOUNDS are getting CLOSER!

He flips the latch, gets inside and SLAMS THE DOOR.

Sign on Port-O-Pottie TURNS TO "OCCUPIED."

INT. PORT-O-POTTIE - NIGHT

The Security Guard tries to catch his breath. He holds the door closed as a FORCE outside RATTLES the entire Port-O-Pottie. He whimpers with fear as he holds on for dear life.

Then... it stops.

He lets out a breath of relief.

A SOUND from outside grabs his attention.

The Security Guard steps up on the side of the toilet bowl and peeks through the vents.

A SOUND from within the toilet.

Before he can even look, he is PULLED DOWN. He struggles with the unknown force before...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of Port-O-Pottie as WE HEAR the Security Guard SCREAM.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

A small, one bedroom fixer upper in the outskirts of a college town.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CAMERA PANS to reveal bookshelves of college textbooks (mostly psychology and architecture), CDs, architectural sketches on the walls, various photos of a happy, good-looking couple - RICK and NATALIE (both 21) at the beach, in Europe, etc.

Various articles of clothing litter the floor.

RICK and NATALIE lie in bed in post-coital bliss. Rick is handsome, in a genuine kind of way. Natalie's a beauty with a bit of "book-ishness" to her.

Natalie kisses Rick's shoulder.

NATALIE
I want to do that again.

RICK
Me too.

NATALIE
I want to spend the whole day in bed with you.
(tickling him)
Eat pancakes off your belly.

RICK
(kissing her neck)
Sounds sticky.

NATALIE
Oh, it will be.

Rick regrettably has to restrain himself.

RICK
I've got to get up for work, Nat.

NATALIE
It's Memorial Day weekend. Everyone else
has it off.

RICK
I'm not everyone else.

Rick starts getting out of bed, but Natalie pulls him back
with her toned legs.

NATALIE
(playful)
Rick...stay I promise you can eat the
pancakes off me.
(a beat)
And you can put the syrup anywhere you
want.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Rick takes a cold shower. The curtain is pulled back...

It's Natalie -- wearing a robe and a pout. She holds a cup
of coffee.

Rick takes the coffee from her. He takes a sip.

RICK
It's got cream, but where's my sugar?

Rick turns up the hot water as Natalie smiles, slips off her
robe and steps into the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Natalie pours milk into her tea. She's in her robe, watching
Rick putting sandwiches into a cooler.

NATALIE
I can't believe you'd pass up one of my
picnics to work in the hot sun with a
bunch of fat, sweaty guys.

RICK
Not all of us can be on scholarship.

NATALIE
Hey, I bust my ass for that scholarship.

RICK

I know, and I bust my ass at this job.
It won't always be like this. One day
you'll have your own practice and I'll
have a few buildings to my name,
including our dream house...

Natalie smiles and steps close to Rick, wrapping her arms
around him.

NATALIE

...on the coast...

RICK

...right on the beach.

They kiss.

NATALIE

When will you be getting home?

RICK

Woody said we'd be off at three. Four,
the latest. After that we'll put IHOP to
shame. Promise.
(kisses her)
And what are you doing today?

Rick turns back to his lunch cooler. Natalie shrugs.

NATALIE

I guess I'll catch up on some Psych
reading.

She sees that he's too busy packing his lunch, not really
paying attention.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Maybe if I get bored, I'll rob a liquor
store.

A HORN HONKS from outside. Rick gives Natalie a quick kiss
on the cheek.

RICK

Great. Bring back some beer.

He grabs his cooler from the counter and his tool belt off
the chair. CAMERA FOLLOWS him walking to the front door.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Rick...

He turns to see Natalie opening her robe, flashing him. Rick just stands in the doorway.

RICK
Not fair.

NATALIE
Tell me about it.

The HORN HONKS again.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - MORNING

JASON, 21, a bit hefty with uncombed hair and stubble, stops honking the horn only after has Rick climbed in. Jason immediately REVS the jeep and hits the gas.

RICK
What's the story morning glory?

JASON
How 'bout this shit? Working on a fucking holiday weekend. We oughta have our heads examined.

RICK
Had mine examined this morning. Twice.

JASON
Congratulations, the two of you are so almost married that your balls will be in her sack. On a mantelpiece.

RICK
We don't have a mantelpiece, asshole.

JASON
Not yet you don't. You're dying young, my friend. Whithering on the vine. You could've been with me at the Pickwick Pub last night in the early stages of what could have been a hot and sordid rendezvous. I've got this little sophomore under my charm. We're getting into an evening of real wretched excess when I gotta cut it short. Why? Cause I gotta be up at six this morning to do pick up work. All I'm left with is a hard-on and a hangover. Tell me, where's the justice?

Rick turns on the radio.

RICK
How's that double espresso treating you?

JASON
Most people in college get financial aid.
We do construction. Why is that?

RICK
We love the great outdoors?

JASON
No way I'm hanging drywall this summer.

RICK
You said that last summer.

JASON
This time I mean it. I'll become a
waiter or some shit like that.

RICK
Oh yeah, you've got 'people person'
written all over you.

JASON
What are you talking about? Kiss my ass.

CUT TO:

DRIVING MONTAGE:

They're the only ones on the road.

DJ (V.O.)
It's Memorial Day weekend and it's going
to be a scorcher. 102 degrees in the
valleys; 110 in the deserts. Get
anywhere cool, have a cold drink and
congratulate yourself for not being one
of those unlucky slobes that has to work
today.

Rick quickly changes the station.

On a highway. Various HUGE SIGNS for fast food restaurants
and hotels.

They exit the highway.

Pass by a shopping center being built. The start of suburban
sprawl.

The jeep approaches a large billboard --

HOLD ON BILLBOARD: Drawing of a happy, smiling family, standing in front of their dream house. The tagline on the bottom reads, "COMING SOON - VISTA GRANDE PRIVATE COMMUNITY. SAFE FAMILY LIVING."

Their drive becomes more desolate as they travel along a fenced off area -- the scattering of DESERTED BARRACKS and signs of a CLOSED ARMY BASE.

CLOSE ON: the old rusted sign on the fence: CAMP SCOTT ARMY BASE - CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

The Jeep drives by.

INT. JEEP (DRIVING) - DAY

RICK

Shit, man. Barely seven in the morning and it's already hot.

JASON

It gets better. Guess who I heard was working on the crew.

RICK

Who?

JASON

Harlin.

RICK

Harlin? That fucking guy?

JASON

Yeah, that fucking guy. You heard about how he dangled a guy off a roof because the poor jerk accidentally scratched the back of his truck with a rake?

RICK

Wonderful.

Rick stares ahead at the road that continues back and up into the hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE (FRONT GATES) - MORNING

Large wrought iron gates protect the development. Beyond the gates, the road rises up into the hills. Another Vista Grande billboard is out front.

Jason HONKS his horn.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - MORNING

A heavyset security guard, MARTY, listens to an iPod and eats a doughnut. He looks out the front window of the booth then presses a button on a console.

EXT. FRONT GATES - MORNING

The gate opens slowly. They drive past the booth. Jason waves at Marty

JASON

Thanks.

EXT. VISTA GRANDE - MORNING.

Four fully built 'model' homes are located at the bottom of the hill. A large mobile trailer is near them.

The Jeep pulls over. Rick and Jason get out. As Rick reaches for his tool belt he notices an extra ice chest in the back.

RICK

What's in there?

JASON

Just an innocent six-pack on ice waiting to be consumed upon the completion of our duties.

Rick nods, slinging his tool belt over his shoulder.

RICK

Like your brand of thinking, Jason. They ought to make you foreman.

JASON

That's what I've been saying.

Rick notices SOMEONE approaching from behind Jason.

RICK

Do tell.

JASON

If I was foreman on this gig, I'd be
doing things a whole lot different...

As Jason rambles, WE SEE the real foreman, WOODY stepping behind him. Woody's in his mid-thirties and has the manner of a leader among men mixed with the swagger of a good ole' boy.

JASON (cont'd)

I mean this shit we're doing! Coming in on a holiday weekend to do patch up jobs up and down this hill. I'd put an end to it by making the guy who screwed the job up in the first place stay on his own time to do the job. How's that?

Woody steps up and claps his arm around Jason's shoulders.

WOODY

Why I think that's a fine idea.

JASON

Huh... hey, boss.

WOODY

After all, one of the jobs we're doing up on the hill today are the lids you hung in the garage of Lot Thirty-Seven. Seems they're all crooked.

JASON

Crooked? What are you talking a--

WOODY

You can take care of that one on your own, while me and Rick take care of the jobs we screwed up, which when I come to think of it... are none.

(turns to Rick)

How's that sound to you?

RICK

I'm liking that just fine.

JASON

Guys, hey. What happened to the crew as a team? I didn't say I wanted to be foreman. I said *if* I was foreman. Big difference.

Woody and Rick laugh. Woody reaches into the back of the Jeep and hands Jason his tool belt. They walk over to where two other trucks and a Lexus are parked. Let's meet...

BUCK - an old codger. Looks like he's been working with his hands his whole life.

PACO - early 20s, quiet-looking. A recent immigrant from Mexico.

WOODY

Look alive, gentlemen. We got the college boys on the crew. Hey Buck, Rick here said he could hang twice as much board today than you ever could in yours.

Buck looks Rick over. He tilts back his cowboy hat, spits a bit of tobacco juice and chuckles affably.

BUCK

If he's in college, he's supposed to be smarter than that.

Rick and Buck laugh and shake hands. Buck turns and nods at Jason.

BUCK (cont'd)

Got a smoke, hotshot?

Jason holds out a pack of Camels.

Woody looks over to Paco, who sits off to the side.

RICK

Como estas?

PACO

Asi-asi.

Rick turns to Woody.

RICK

Where's Harlin?

WOODY

He was supposed to be here fifteen minutes ago.

RICK

(dryly sarcastic)
I can't wait.

WOODY

I had to pick the best guys for the job.
That way we can get outta here by three.
Or I could hire more guys like Jason and
we'd be here till seven.

Jason looks over from where's he's having a smoke with Buck.

JASON

I heard that.

WOODY

(smiling)
You were supposed to.
(to the group)
I'm gonna talk to the big man in charge.
Be right back.

INT. TRAILER - MORNING

Lavish and air-conditioned.

ALAN MONTGOMERY - mid-40's, well-groomed and manicured - sits
behind his desk and watches a monitor. The NAME PLAQUE on
his desk identifies him as - Development Manager.

ANGLE ON - MONITOR

Montgomery dressed in a suit, walks to the edge of a pond.

MONTGOMERY

(on monitor)
Hello, I'm Alan Montgomery. On behalf of
Consolidated Properties, I welcome you to
Vista Grande.

Montgomery compares his own image in a hand held mirror to
the one on the monitor.

ANGLE ON - MONITOR

A COMPUTER GRAPHIC DESIGN of the Vista Grande community in
its projected completed stage. Luxurious, Spanish tile two-
story homes sprawling up into the seclusion of the hills.

MONTGOMERY (V.O.) (cont'd)

(from monitor)
The Vista Grande Private Community offers
discriminating home-owners the perfect
area to raise a family.

(MORE)

MONTGOMERY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Each house in this exclusive gated
neighborhood features stylish Spanish
style architecture complemented with all
the modern amenities to make your life
luxurious.

Woody ENTERS the trailer, KNOCKING on the door as he steps
inside.

WOODY
Monty, you watching yourself on that damn
video again?

Montgomery hastily turns it off.

MONTGOMERY
Just going over it one more time before I
take it to that convention. It's a big
promo opportunity for Vista Grande.

Woody goes over to the water cooler and pours himself a cup.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Hot out there already?

WOODY
Yeah, but you wouldn't know it from being
cooped up in here. What you got that air-
conditioner set on... Arctic?

MONTGOMERY
In this end of the business I need to
stay cool.

Woody takes a seat in front of Montgomery's desk.

WOODY
Speaking of business...

MONTGOMERY
We agreed on time and a half. Nothing
over eight hours.

WOODY
And you're cutting the checks today.

Montgomery starts to shift in his chair.

MONTGOMERY
Well, we have a problem there. They're
going to have to be paid on next week's
payroll.
(off Woody's look)
(MORE)

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

The back up funding has been exhausted due to last month's fiasco with that roofing company. We still have two dozen lots that need the roofing replaced.

WOODY

Not my problem.

MONTGOMERY

That's not all. There's been vandalism, materials missing off the job. And then I've got crews blaming other crews for stealing each other's tools and lunch boxes. It's like a goddamn playground out there.

WOODY

Maybe if you'd hire some reputable contractors instead of any dipshit that bids the lowest for the job, you wouldn't be having these problems.

MONTGOMERY

I have to hire who I can. I can't keep track with how many guys walk off this job.

WOODY

Suppose me and my crew decide to be the next ones to just walk off the job.

Montgomery leans back in his chair.

MONTGOMERY

I know it's hot out there. So, I can see how you're forgetting that you are under contract with us to stay on at Vista Grande until the site is completed. If you left now, that would be in violation of your contractual agreement. A lead foreman reneging on a contract with Consolidated Properties, the largest construction development planners in the entire southwest?

(beat)

Might be hard to find a job anywhere else, I'd imagine.

Woody bites back a reply.

WOODY

Why don't you just tell me what lots need pick up?

Montgomery opens a folder, barely concealing his smarminess.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE OF COMMUNITY - MORNING.

With the ROAR of the engine, a black Ford Truck 4 x 4 drives past the closing gate, braking hard and kicking up dust.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - MORNING

HARLIN - a big, intimidating guy in his mid 40s - steps out of the driver's side. He crushes his just finished can of beer and throws it into the back of the truck.

HARLIN

Why do I not like this?

Harlin looks into the truck...

RAFFERTY - same age, a scruffy, rough-looking sort wearing sunglasses, is sitting shotgun.

TWO RIFLES are in a GUN RACK behind him.

Rafferty's sweet-talking into the CB radio, beer in hand.

RAFFERTY

What? Baby, you know that ain't true.
You know you're my number one.

Harlin sticks his head in the truck.

HARLIN

Rafferty, cut the love connection. We're here.

RAFFERTY

We are?

He raises his sunglasses to survey the site.

RAFFERTY (cont'd)

(into CB)

Honey-pie, don't you listen to Darlene.
I don't know nothing about no waitress at Casa Charlie's. I gotta go now, I'm out on the job. Ten-four, over out.

Rafferty shuts off the CB and drains the rest of his beer. He drops the can and picks up his tool belt. Steps out of the truck to see Rick, Jason, Buck, and Paco.

Jason is in the middle of an anecdote.

JASON

... so she's on her second Long Island Ice Tea, which means I'm definitely in. I mean only easy girls drink those and she's only nineteen, so I figure I'd seal the deal!

The group hears Harlin clearing his throat and they turn to see him and Rafferty stare at them, looking none too pleased.

HARLIN

Well, well, well. Looks like I'll be working with two pukes, an old fart, and a wetback.

He delivers that last slur directly at Paco, who is too intimidated to respond.

Harlin looks over to Rafferty and smiles.

HARLIN (cont'd)

Reminds me of that old joke. What'd the Mexican get for Christmas?

RAFFERTY

Shit if I know.

HARLIN

My kid's bike.

Rick looks to Paco, then back to Harlin.

RICK

How would you like it if I made jokes about your mother?

HARLIN

I don't know. Why don't you tell one and find out?

A tense moment...

WOODY (O.S.)

Well, look who finally joined the party.

Woody comes ambling over, a roll of plans under his arm. He nods at Rafferty.

RAFFERTY

Morning, Skipper.

Woody looks over at Harlin.

WOODY
You're a half hour late.

HARLIN
Shit, if I didn't show up at all, I'd be considered early.

Woody has a whiff of Harlin.

WOODY
Started drinking already?

HARLIN
Started? Never stopped. Did some shooting this morning. Like to get back to it, so how 'bout we get to work?

Harlin lights up a Marlboro Red as they walk over to join the others.

WOODY
Alright, everybody gather around. First work detail. Buck, lot eight needs some L-metal on two stairwells and all upstairs archways.

BUCK
Bullnose or straight edge?

WOODY
Straight edge on the stairwells. Bullnose on the archways.
(turns to Harlin)
I need you and Rafferty to hang drywall in lots ten, fourteen and fifteen.
(to Rick, Jason and Paco)
We'll be hanging sheets in lots twenty and twenty-two.
(to the others)
You guys meet us up at twenty-two when you're done. We'll move up the hill from there.

Harlin and Rafferty head over to Harlin's truck. Buck pitches his cigarette and gets into his beat up pick-up. They drive off their separate ways.

Woody turns to his crew.

WOODY (cont'd)
Alright, guys, let's hit it. We'll take
my truck.

JASON
(calling out)
Shotgun.

Jason grabs his ice chest and runs to Woody's truck.

RICK
(to Jason)
What, are you sixteen?

Rick looks to Woody for support.

WOODY
Don't look at me. He's your buddy.

Woody chuckles as he gets in the truck.

Rick grabs his cooler. Paco, standing on the bumper, offers him a hand and helps Rick up into the back of the truck.

EXT. WOODY'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - MORNING

Rick and Paco sit in the flatbed.

RICK
Got any big plans this weekend, Paco?
Mucho cerveza?

Paco nods shyly and smiles.

PACO
Si, y tu?

RICK
Oh yeah. Mucho cerveza.

Paco nods and smiles again. There's a lull as the language barrier takes hold. They both stare at the passing scenery.

RICK POV: A BLUR of a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE moving in between two houses. Tracking them?

Rick squints against the sun, trying to look closer. The truck pulls up onto a dirt lot. In front is a house nearly complete and surrounded by scaffolding.

WOODY
Here we are, boys.

Paco starts right to work at unloading two buckets of tools. Jason gets out and gives him a hand.

Rick hops down out of the truck and walks across the dirt lot. He's still staring across the street to the house where he saw the figure.

Woody glances back at Rick.

WOODY (cont'd)
Hey, Rick. You alright? Not
lollygagging on me already, are ya?

RICK
Huh? No. Yeah, I'm fine.

He shakes himself out of it and follows Woody up to the house.

RICK (cont'd)
We the only crew out here today?

WOODY
Yup. Only ones stupid enough.

Rick casts one last glance over his shoulder before walking into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Marty is still sitting with his feet up on the console, iPod on, and reading an issue of "Barely Legal".

EXT./INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

WALKING POV towards the back of the booth... through the door. Marty's back is to us as the CAMERA MOVES IN.

A hand CLAMPS down on Marty's shoulder.

MARTY
Yaaaaaah!

He falls off his chair and staggers to his feet...

It's Montgomery. He tries his best not to slug Marty.

MONTGOMERY
Consolidated Properties is not paying you
to listen to the radio and read jack-off
magazines.

MARTY

I was on my break.

MONTGOMERY

Not anymore!

MARTY

Don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for.

MONTGOMERY

Vandals, Marty. Vandals.

MARTY

What kind of idiots gonna come all the way out here to vandalize unfinished homes?

MONTGOMERY

I don't know, but so far they've cost me thousands of dollars in damages. Just keep your eyes open and stay alert.

(beat)

Where's your lesser half?

MARTY

Fred's out in the cart doing the rounds.

Montgomery's about to head for the door, but pauses.

MONTGOMERY

Did you find out why the guard left his post last night? What's his name?

Marty checks a security log.

MARTY

Chinaski

(looks up at Montgomery)

Uh, no sir. He wasn't here for shift change this morning. There's no sign out time. No reports.

MONTGOMERY

I certainly hope he doesn't expect to get paid for that shift. Let alone keep this job.

Montgomery EXITS the booth. Marty shakes his head, watching him leave.

MARTY
(sotto)
Asshole.

He rolls his chair across the booth to the two-way radio. He grabs the handset.

MARTY (cont'd)
Fred, this is Marty. Come in.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CART (DRIVING) - DAY

FRED, the other security guard, not the most intelligent - looking of folks, tools around the streets. His security guard uniform is perfectly dressed - racing gloves and all.

The walkie-talkie on his belt CRACKLES with static.

MARTY (V.O.)
(over walkie-talkie)
Come in, Fred?

Fred grabs the walkie-talkie as he steers with one hand.

FRED
What is it, Marty?

MARTY (V.O.)
That bastard, Montgomery was just in here chewing my ass out.

FRED
Yeah, so?

MARTY (V.O.)
So, it's my turn to do rounds on the cart and yours to put up with his shit.

FRED
I still got ten minutes. Over and out.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Marty, frustrated, sits back in his chair. He puts the iPod back on and picks up the porno mag.

CUT TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE - DAY

ANGLE ON - Jason's Jeep

CU - SIDE OF THE JEEP

A hand with long, filth-encrusted fingernails COMES INTO FRAME and FLINGS OPEN the lid to the gas tank. It starts to unscrew the cap...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

Woody's truck is parked up on the dirt lot in front of the house.

In the backyard, Paco shovels scrap sheetrock into a wheelbarrow.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

A radio in the corner PLAYS Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Woody and Rick are putting up a sheet of drywall. They hammer nails into the sheetrock. Jason comes along with an electric screw-gun, finishing the job.

JASON

That fucking Harlin. Thinks he's such the tough guy.

WOODY

He's not that bad. Just got a chip on his shoulder is all.

JASON

Yeah, well if he ain't careful somebody might just knock that chip off. Might be me.

Woody and Rick exchange looks of amusement. They grab another sheet of drywall and begin nailing it up to the beams of the wall.

WOODY

I just hope we get outta here early. Wanna spend time with my son.

RICK

How is Tucker?

WOODY

Oh, he's good.

Woody pulls his wallet out and shows Rick a photo. A beautiful TWO-YEAR OLD BABY BOY.

RICK
He driving yet?

Woody puts the wallet away.

WOODY
Yeah. Driving me and the misses crazy.
He's at the terrible twos.

JASON
Before you know it, he'll be his terrible
21's and you'll be wanting to throw his
ass right out of the house. Like my old
man did.

RICK
All things considered, he might've been
on to something there.

Jason FLICKS a NAIL at Rick.

JASON
Har-dee-fucking-har!

Rick and Woody finish nailing up the sheet of drywall.

RICK
You got any plans for what's left of the
weekend?

WOODY
Tucker and his mommy are already up in
Tahoe with my folks. They don't see him
as much as they'd like to. I'm gonna join
them once I'm outta here.

RICK
That sounds great.

The music on the radio ends. The DJ starts to ramble.

DJ (V.O.)
(on radio)
Yeah, Skynyrd, "Simple Man." Alright,
hot enough out there for everybody?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 8) - DAY

Buck's rusty pickup is in front.

DJ (V.O.)
Not even noon and it's already in the
nineties.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 8) - DAY

CLOSE ON a radio resting on an open windowsill.

DJ (V.O.)
Oh yeah, it's a real scorcher. Be sure
to drink plenty of liquids and stay
indoors.

Bucks stands in the room, wiping his brow.

BUCK
Now he tells me.

Another classic rock song starts. Buck grabs his bucket of
tools, two lengths of L-metal, and walks down the hallway.

He stops at the stairwell. He sets down his stuff, then fits
one length of L-metal along the edge of the bannister. Takes
a hammer from his tool belt and a handful of nails from his
pouch.

He's about to hammer when...

A small NOISE from the den. Sounds like a hurt animal.

He takes a beat to listen, then proceeds to hammer the L-
metal.

INT. DEN - DAY

CU - Radio. A hand reaches into FRAME and turns it off.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Buck stops hammering.

BUCK
What the hell?

Buck slings his hammer back into his tool belt. He walks
down the hallway and into the den. He sees the radio on the
windowsill is turned off. He goes to turn it back on.

As Buck turns around...

Rafferty is there, scaring the shit out of him!

BUCK (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing?!

Rafferty has a good laugh.

RAFFERTY
Scaring the piss out of you from the
looks of it.

BUCK
Jesus Christ almighty! You damn near
gave me a heart attack. I'm an old man
for chris'sakes.

RAFFERTY
Me and Harlin are heading up to lot
twenty-two. You done here?

BUCK
Hell no, but I'd be a whole lot doner if
you weren't sneaking around like a dang
fool!

Buck's a little riled up. Rafferty grabs the other piece of
L-metal.

RAFFERTY
Alright, alright. Tell me where this
goes so we can get up this damn hill and
off this job.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The security cart is parked off to the side. Fred's standing
over a drainage ditch doing some of his own personal
drainage.

To his right, the BLUR of a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE moves between
houses. Fred turns, sensing something...

Nothing there now.

Fred zips up and gets back into the cart.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

This is located halfway up the hill. The dirt road is steeper now.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

The whole crew is there, taking a break. They sit on pallets, stacks of drywall, and overturned buckets in a scattered circle in the living room.

HARLIN

What are we sitting around here for?
Sooner we get back to work, the sooner I
can get gone.

WOODY

Haven't you heard the radio? Hotter than
shit out. Everybody needs a rest.

HARLIN

Why don't you just give me and Rafferty
our share of the work and we'll get it
done?

(to Rafferty)

Whatta ya say?

Rafferty chugs from a jug of water.

RAFFERTY

I could use a fifteen. Just can't bounce
back from the all-niters like I used to.

Harlin drops his cigarette and crushes it under his boot. He walks out.

RICK

There goes a ray of sunshine.

Rafferty points a finger at him.

RAFFERTY

Watch it, kid.

Woody sits back and surveys the room's high, cathedral-like ceiling and surrounding second-floor balcony.

WOODY

These damn things are the size of
castles. Must cost a damn fortune.

JASON

Not to mention the land.

BUCK

Hell, Consolidated Properties bought the land real cheap. After the ol' Army base was shut down.

JASON

Shut down for what?

RAFFERTY

With the Cold War over, they shut down a lot of bases.

BUCK

That ain't the reason.

RICK

What are you talking about?

WOODY

Careful, Buck loves telling tales.

BUCK

Ain't a tale if it's true. Camp Scott had been a hot spot for all kinds of secret government activity. Known for doing everything from illegal below-ground atomic testing to behavior modification experiments.

JASON

Bullshit.

BUCK

You ain't the only one been to college. I've known people who've been there. Fellas who'd take money for "on-campus" experiments. Funny thing was they never did it on campus. They brought 'em out here to the base. And it wasn't just college students. They'd take anyone they could their hands on. Take 'em right off the street. Students, hippie protestors, acid freaks. Even use their own soldiers. Whacked out vets coming home from the war. They did it all. Psychotherapy. Electroshock. Lobotomies. Drug experiments. A real Cuckoo's nest.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A clean cut COLLEGE STUDENT is filling out a questionnaire given to him by a SECRETARY.

Behind them is an unsmiling MAN IN A BLACK SUIT.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A HITCHHIKER and his PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND stand at the edge of the road.

A VW Bus pulls up. It's door slides open. The couple smile and get in.

INT. VW BUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The MEN in the bus wear MILITARY REGALIA. They seize the Hitchhiker and his Girlfriend.

CUT TO:

EXT. V.A. HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A VIETNAM VET, wearing his ribbons proudly, is led away from the hospital by some ARMY MEN.

They usher him into a MILITARY VAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP SCOTT MILITARY BASE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A few MILITARY VEHICLES drive through the open front gates of the fully operational base.

INT. LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A MONTAGE of very bad things:

A MAN getting shock therapy in places not meant to be.

The College Student being injected with a needle.

SCIENTISTS gathered around the Hitchhiker strapped to a table. Despite his cranium being removed, he is quite horribly conscious as the Scientists probe his exposed brain.

The Pregnant Girl huddles in a corner as two SOLDIERS in RUBBER CONTAMINATION SUITS grab her.

The Vietnam Vet is in a straight-jacket -- his mouth a bloody smear.

Behind him, a Scientist clutches his own TORN THROAT.

Two soldiers have a hard time subduing the Vet.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (LOT 23) - DAY

JASON
Holy shit...

Buck grins at Jason.

BUCK
You're a big boy. You can handle it.

RICK
You telling me they closed this place for dropping acid in people's Kool-Aid?

BUCK
This made the acid tests look like the Pepsi Challenge. These Doctor Frankensteins took their experiments too far -- even for the Army. Eventually, word got out. Instead of risking a congressional investigation they shut the base down.
(beat)
Thing is, they never technically closed it. Just relocated is all.

They all sit there silently, pondering Buck's tale. Paco breaks the ice.

PACO
(in broken English)
What happened to the experiments?

HARLIN (O.S.)
That's the 64,000 dollar question, wetback.

WHIP PAN to front, Harlin standing there with a beer, smoking a cigarette.

BUCK
 Story goes, some of 'em got away. Never
 did find 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP SCOTT MILITARY BASE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

FOUR FIGURES in tattered hospital gowns RUN across the desert
 toward the large, sloping hills.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP SCOTT MILITARY BASE - DAY

Now the homes of Vista Grande populate the hills in the
 distance.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Montgomery watches himself in the Vista Grande video again.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Montgomery turns the monitor
 off and pretends to be busy with paperwork.

MONTGOMERY
 It's open.

A KNOCK again.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
 Come in.

Nothing. Irritated, he goes to the door and opens it.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

There's no one there. Montgomery stands in the doorway,
 looking around.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

Everyone is packing up their stuff.

WOODY
 Our next move is to the top of the hill.
 A couple houses need some major work.
 Lots sixty-eight, then seventy-five.

They all start to head out. Woody stops Buck.

WOODY (cont'd)
Buck, there's some archways and corners here that need L-metal. When you're done meet us at seventy-five. It's the last house on the left.

BUCK
Loud and clear, skipper.

Woody turns to see everyone has already left the house.

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

Harlin and Rafferty are getting into Harlin's truck. The others are heading for Woody's.

WOODY
Why don't we just take one truck?

HARLIN
We'll take mine.

Woody makes a playful grab for Harlin's keys.

HARLIN (cont'd)
Nobody drives my truck but me.

WOODY
Not even the foreman?

HARLIN
Especially the foreman.

Harlin and Rafferty get into the truck. Woody climbs in back with Rick, Jason, and Paco. Harlin starts the engine, and the truck drives up the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CART (DRIVING) - DAY

Fred's still driving around. He's looking at the rows of half-complete houses.

A FLASH OF LIGHT is reflected from a second-story window, momentarily blinding Fred. He loses control of the cart and CRASHES into a ditch.

FRED
Shit!

He gets out of the cart, brushing the dirt off his uniform.

MARTY (V.O.)
(over walkie-talkie)
Fred, where are you? It's my turn to
ride the cart.

Fred unhooks the walkie-talkie.

FRED
Hold your damn horses. I'll get there
when I get there.

Fred drops the walkie-talkie onto the cart's seat, then walks around the vehicle, inspecting it for damage.

The LIGHT briefly FLASHES in his eyes again.

FRED (cont'd)
Dammit!

Fred shields his eyes and pinpoints the house where the light came from. Furious, he stomps out of the ditch and over to the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Fred ENTERS the half-finished house. It's eerily silent.

FRED
Anybody in here?

A SCRATCHING NOISE from upstairs.

FRED (cont'd)
Who's up there?

Fred walks upstairs. He does his best to sound menacing.

FRED (cont'd)
If you're the shithead that's up there
shining light in people's eyes!

The second floor is quiet. Fred pauses, not so certain of himself now. He cautiously walks down the hallway. He pushes open the first door on his right...

Nobody's in there. Fred continues down the hallway to the next door.

Nothing. He goes to the last door at the end of the hall.

No one's in this room either. Fred turns around to see...

A rusty, CHAINSAW swings into FRAME.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Fred SCREAMS in agony as the CHAINSAW starts to BUZZ MADLY...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The BUZZ of a blender stops.

Natalie lifts up the blender and pours a smoothie into a Tupperware cup. She puts this into a picnic basket. Along with a bowl of salad, two cups of yogurt, two bottles of Evian, a small bag of Gummi Bears.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Natalie puts the picnic basket in the front seat of her VW Rabbit convertible. She gets in and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 68) - DAY

Harlin's truck is parked on the lot. The crew has their tools unloaded and are walking into the house.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 68) - DAY

All of the windows on the lower floors are broken. The walls have gouge marks all over. Bags of insulation are torn and littered all over the floor.

WOODY

Yup, vandals alright.

JASON

They sure did a number on this place.

HARLIN

If I caught the little fucks, there'd be a beating for sure.

Rafferty glances around the vandalized home.

RAFFERTY

Let's finish this shit. I wanna get the hell out of here.

The men set about doing their jobs.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Marty looks at his watch. He picks up the two-way radio.

MARTY

Come in, Fred. Fred, I swear I'm gonna
get Montgomery if you don't answer.

EXT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

WALKING POV toward the back of the booth.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Marty is still hunched over the radio.

MARTY

Fred! Alright, that's it. Don't say I
didn't warn you.

As Marty straightens up, he catches a whiff of something
rank. He scrunches up his nose and turns around to see...

DAX -- early 20s, bald, googly eyes in a misshapen head
crowned with LEAVES and BRANCHES.

CLAW HAMMER in his hand. The hammer swings down...

BLOOD SPRAYS on the radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 68) - DAY

Paco is out back behind the house. He sweeps up broken
glass.

POV from the bushes WATCHING Paco.

Paco looks over as if he's heard something. He seems to look
right at the bushes. He's about to take a step over there
...

...when Woody walks out of the house.

WOODY

Hey, Paco. Ready to go?

Paco nods and follows Woody.

POV from bushes WATCHES them go.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - HALLWAY - DAY

AN OFF SCREEN radio PLAYS Hank Williams.

Buck uses his CLIPPERS on a five-foot length of L-metal. He places it along the edge of an archway.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CU - the radio. A FILTH-ENCRUSTED hand reaches into FRAME.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The radio SHUTS OFF (O.S.). Buck drops the length of L-metal against the wall.

BUCK
What the hell? Rafferty, if you're
fucking around again...

Buck walks into the bedroom. The radio is gone.

BUCK (cont'd)
Son of a bitch!

He turns and heads back down the hallway to where he was working. The length of L-metal and his bucket of tools are missing.

BUCK (cont'd)
Oh, that's real funny. Who took my
stuff?

He waits for a response. None.

BUCK (cont'd)
If y'all got no work to do, you can start
by kissing my ass.

From OUTSIDE... a HORN HONKS.

BUCK (cont'd)
Now, you just don't fuck with a man's
vehicle.

He marches out the front door.

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

Buck steps outside. There is no one in the truck or anywhere in sight.

That's when he notices all of his tires are slashed. His anger becomes replaced by fear. He turns and hurries back into the house.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 22) - DAY

Buck stumbles inside, looking over his shoulder to make sure nobody is behind him.

He runs right into...

JUNIOR, another SAVAGE, early 30s, freakishly tall with big teeth and dishevelled blonde hair, wearing an old ripped up army shirt and camouflaged pants.

He brandishes the length of L-metal like a spear. With a WAR CRY, he SHOVES it into Buck's stomach.

CU - Buck's back as the point of the L-metal BURSTS THROUGH his shirt.

Buck falls into the corner. Dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE (FRONT GATE) - DAY

Natalie pulls up and waves to the guard booth.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Dax, now wearing Marty's security guard uniform and hat. Dax is thin and sickly... and a bit dim-witted.

He sees Natalie waving at him. He waves back and drools.

INT. VW RABBIT - DAY

Natalie turns the radio down and leans out the window.

NATALIE

Hi, can you let me in?

She takes a sip of coffee as she watches Dax in the booth. She doesn't get a close look, but does see him jabbing randomly at the console. She begins to sense strange things are afoot.

The gate begins to open.

Natalie looks away from the booth, waiting to drive forward.

INT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Dax's starting to GROWL. He scurries out of the booth.

INT. VW RABBIT - DAY

Natalie drives slowly, but accidentally spills her coffee.

NATALIE

Dammit.

She stops the car to wipe up, then looks up to see...

Dax shuffling towards her, as the front gate starts to close.

Natalie now gets a good look at Dax's twisted face and the blood stains on his ill-fitting uniform.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Oh my god...

Dax picks up the pace. He's almost on her.

Natalie quickly shifts into gear, hitting the gas.

The car drives forward.

Dax JUMPS onto the hood, sprawling across it as he grabs at the windshield. He makes INHUMAN NOISES.

Natalie SCREAMS. She shifts into reverse. Dax holds on as the car ROCKETS backward...

INTO THE GATE which is three-quarters closed.

The car's rear tires BLOW OUT on IMPACT.

The HYDRAULIC HINGES on the gate BUCKLE. The lower hinges BREAK FREE from the gate.

Natalie looks up to see the gate about to come down across the top of the car. She ducks down across the front seat.

Dax sees it too. He rolls off hood into a ditch.

The gate CRASHES down on the Rabbit, SHATTERING the windshield to pieces.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Montgomery is crunching numbers on a calculator when he hears the NOISE outside.

MONTGOMERY
Those goddamn idiots.

He gets up from his desk and heads out.

INT. VW RABBIT - DAY

Natalie, still laying across the front seat, uses one hand to shift the car into gear and the other to press down on the accelerator.

The Rabbit SCRAPES and SCRATCHES under the collapsed gate as it drives forward, leaving the GATE BENT ACROSS the road.

Natalie sits up and gains control of the car. She's terrified and SCREAMING, driving away up into the hill.

EXT. GUARD BOOTH - DAY

Montgomery arrives on the scene. He sees the gate broken and bent.

MONTGOMERY
Son of a bitch!

He sees someone stirring from the ditch.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Marty, is that you? You better have a fucking good explanation for this because it's coming out of your paycheck.

Dax climbs out of the ditch.

Montgomery backs away, put off by Dax's freakish appearance.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Who the hell are you?

Dax brandishes his claw hammer.

Montgomery turns and runs. The closest thing is his Lexus. He goes for it but as he gets closer, he sees the tires are all SLASHED. With Dax too close on his heels, Montgomery gets into the car. He quickly locks the door.

Dax starts SMASHING the windshield with the hammer.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. HOUSE (LOT 75) - DAY

We are at the last houses at the top of Vista Grande's winding community.

Woody and the crew stand outside the house. He looks at his Diver's Watch.

WOODY

Three o'clock. We're almost done.

JASON

That's music to my ears.

Woody leads them through the front door. They step into the large, high ceiling room.

WOODY

What the hell...?

The living room is a bizarre tableaux. A strange form of GRAFFITI in what looks like dried brown paint (or is it blood?) covers the walls. There are pelts of small animals drying on a string.

RICK

This isn't vandalism.

HARLIN

Yeah, college boy? What would you call it?

Rick shakes his head, searching for the word.

RICK

Like some kind of...desecration.

WOODY

Would you look at that?

Above the fireplace is a crude drawing. It's in the same brown, flaky paint as the graffiti. Some kind of cross between an astrological chart and a cave drawing.

Woody walks toward it to get a closer look.

WOODY (cont'd)

What is that, paint?

Rafferty touches the graffiti-covered walls, then inspects his fingers which are now reddish-brown.

RAFFERTY

I don't think so.

Woody takes another step toward the fireplace. He CRASHES through the floor into a CRUDE PIT. He starts SCREAMING.

After that, it all goes down...

The SOUND of a CHAINSAW from above...

HARMONY -- a deranged FEMALE SAVAGE, late 20's, mohawked, her body taut and scarred -- DROPS DOWN and SWINGS from the skylight by a ROPE ATTACHED TO THE CRISSCROSSING TOOLBELTS ACROSS HER CHEST. She's got the buzzing CHAINSAW in one hand. In the other...a FLAMING MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

Rick DIVES out of the way as...

Harmony THROWS the Molotov cocktail into the floor trap.

FLAMES and SMOKE ERUPT from the pit.

Woody's SCREAMS become high-pitched.

Paco backs into the hallway.

JUNIOR - hiding in one of the doorways, sneaks up from behind Paco and wraps his arm around his neck, dragging him into the hallway. He STABS Paco in the chest. Again. And again.

Harlin witnesses this, but freezes.

Harmony SWOOPS DOWN again, swinging the chainsaw...

...SLICING Rafferty across the chest, who's trying to run across the room. Rafferty stumbles back, bleeding.

Rick and Jason stand back to back. They grip their hammers and try to see through the smoky room.

RICK'S POV: He sees another SAVAGE creeping up behind Harlin. This is BLAZE -- a spidery limbed, hollow-eyed, red-head in his late 20s.

RICK

(to Harlin)

Look out!

Harlin whirls and brings his elbow up, HITTING Blaze in the face. Blaze drops and Harlin runs for the door.

RICK (cont'd)

Hey!

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 75) - DAY

Harlin runs from the house to his truck.

ZOOM INTO THE RIFLE RACK -- NOW EMPTY!!

HARLIN

Motherfu -

BULLETS RICOCHET off the truck.

Harlin DIVES for cover in the truck. He reaches for the CB radio. Bullets SHATTER the windshield. Shards of glass shower his head and shoulders.

HARLIN (cont'd)

(into CB)

Breaker one! Emergency! Anybody out there?!

No response. No static. Nothing.

Harlin pulls the CB mic further out and sees the wire is cut. Another bullet RICOCHETS around in the cab like a mad, buzzing bee.

Harlin rolls out of the truck and runs back into the house.

INT. HOUSE (LOT 75) - DAY

Harlin's through the front door and halfway into the room when he finds Rafferty crawling on the floor, a trail of blood behind him. Harlin crouches down and helps him up.

HARLIN

Get up you lazy bastard.

He gets Rafferty to his feet.

HARLIN (cont'd)

You gonna make it?

RAFFERTY

(tough as nails)

Just push me in the right direction.

HARLIN

Get to the front door and stay down.

Harlin gives him a shove. He turns and runs into the living room.

The flames have died along with Woody's screams, but the room is still hazy with smoke. Harmony SWINGS down at Rick and Jason with the CHAINSAW coming close.

They both DIVE in separate directions.

JASON
Let's get outta here.

Jason runs for it.

Rick can't see. He staggers, falling to one knee. He turns around.

Harmony SWOOPS down at him through the smoke with the chainsaw BUZZING for Rick's head.

A hand reaches into FRAME and grabs Rick by the shirt, PULLING him out of the way...

It's Harlin.

HARLIN
Come on, kid.

RICK
What about Woody?

HARLIN
He's toast.

He pulls Rick out of the room. They run down the hallway and find Jason and Rafferty huddling by the front door.

RICK
Where's Paco?

HARLIN
They picked him off!

MORE ROUNDS RICOCHET near the front door.

Rick leans toward Harlin.

RICK
We've got to get out of here!

HARLIN

You're the college boy. Think of something!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VW RABBIT (DRIVING) - DAY

Natalie, now riding on the rims of her shredded rear tires, comes SKIDDING and SCRAPING to a stop near the top of the hill. The car is totally trashed. She spots Rick, Jason, Rafferty, and Harlin running from the house.

NATALIE

Help me! There's someone down there!

The guys run for the car, SHOUTING for help as well.

Natalie is frozen at the wheel as the survivors pile into the Rabbit. Rick looks to see...

Blaze and Harmony RUNNING toward them with weapons in hand.

Bullets blast up dirt near the car.

RICK

Go, baby! Go!

Natalie grabs the wheel and guns it. She pulls a SHARP U-TURN sending the car swerving down the hill.

Bullets start RICOCHETING off the Rabbit, hitting the bumpers, taking out the rearview mirror.

HARLIN

Faster!

Jason gets SHOT in the shoulder. He SCREAMS, nearly falling out of the car.

Harlin reaches out and holds onto him.

Natalie keeps swerving down the hill, the rear rims SCRAPING away.

Rick looks back.

Blaze and Harmony are really hauling ass. Starting to gain on them.

RICK

Punch it, baby!

Natalie STOMPS on the gas.

CU - BACK OF CAR. The rear axle COLLAPSES under the strain of the chase.

The Rabbit skids wildly out of control. It CRASHES up onto a dirt lot, creating a geyser of soil and sod. They come to a stop ten yards from a nearly completed house.

Blaze and Harmony are two houses away and coming fast.

Everyone scrambles out of the car and into the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The house is still under construction. Various tools and supplies are scattered on the floor.

Rick's at the front door. He gets Natalie through. Harlin helps Rafferty in. They see..

Blaze and Harmony are at the Rabbit.

Rick grabs Jason...

RICK
Come on, bro!

He pulls Jason through the front door.

Harlin SLAMS the door.

It SHUTS on Blaze's arm that is halfway in, groping Jason's wounded shoulder. Jason SCREAMS in pain.

Harlin picks up a 2x4 lying nearby, ready to bash Blaze's arm.

NATALIE (O.S)
Over here!

Harlin turns to see Natalie standing by the large bay window, where Harmony approaches from outside. He turns back to Rick.

HARLIN
Get that door shut!

Harlin runs past Natalie and toward the window, where Harmony is about to burst through...

HARLIN (cont'd)
Out of the way!

Harlin SWINGS the 2x4 as...

...Harmony CRASHES through the bay window. The 2x4 WHACKS Harmony across the chest, HURLING her right back outside.

Rick and Jason keep their weight against the front door, but Blaze still has a hold of Jason's wounded shoulder.

JASON

Get this fucking guy off me!

Rick grabs the hammer off his tool belt, then starts BEATING on Blaze's arm, causing a SNAP as his bone breaks.

Blaze HOWLS like a wounded animal and withdraws his arm.

Rick shuts the door. He and Jason fall against it and slide to the floor.

Jason examines his wound.

JASON (cont'd)

I'm fucking shot!

Natalie rushes into Rick's arms.

NATALIE

What's happening? Who are those people?

RICK

I don't know...

Harlin steps forward, forcing them out of the way. He JAMS the 2x4, wedging it against the doorknob and floor.

HARLIN

Wake up, people! We need to seal this place up fast or they're getting in!

(to Rick)

You go upstairs. Board up all the windows. Use whatever you can. We'll take care of downstairs.

Rick rushes up the stairs. Harlin turns to Jason.

HARLIN (cont'd)

Get to work on that door.

Harlin marches into the living room where Natalie helps Rafferty to sit up.

HARLIN (cont'd)
 He's a grown man, honey. He can take
 care of himself.
 (indicating Jason)
 Help Gimpy over there.

Natalie scowls at Harlin, but does as she's told.

Harlin reaches his hand down to Rafferty, pulling him to his feet. Rafferty grimaces with pain.

HARLIN (cont'd)
 You ready?

RAFFERTY
 Hell, you know me. Put a hammer in my
 hand and I'll get to work.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Harlin takes a door off its hinges from the bathroom.

Natalie holds pieces of lumber across the door. Jason nails them down.

Upstairs, Rick takes the wood slats off empty pallets to crisscross over the windows.

Harlin and Rafferty use the door to block off the broken bay window.

Rick, Harlin, and Rafferty cover other windows with sheets of drywall.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

The sun begins to set. The house is now a fort. All of the windows and entrances are barricaded.

INT. HOUSE - DUSK

The group is sweating and catching their breath.

JASON
 I can't believe I got shot. I need to
 get medical attention. A tetanus shot.
 Something.

Harlin paces, gripping the 2x4.

HARLIN
Shut your hole, kid. It ain't helping.

Natalie holds onto Rick.

RICK
Nat, what are you doing here?

NATALIE
(near-tears)
I wanted to surprise you.

Rick just hugs her, unsure of what to say.

JASON
Where did they come from?

RAFFERTY
Out the woodwork. Like out of fucking
nowhere.

HARLIN
Fucking A.

Natalie clings tighter to Rick.

NATALIE
What's happening? What are those people?

Rick looks to her, then the others.

RICK
What Buck said about the Army Base and
the experiments. What if it's true?

Harlin stops pacing. Rafferty grimaces. Jason shakes his
head.

JASON
No way. No fucking way.

Natalie looks around the room.

NATALIE
What are you talking about?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - DUSK

Junior, wearing a NECKLACE OF SEVERED EARS, sits on the roof. He holds a walkie-talkie in one hand, one of Harlin's RIFLES in the other. He speaks into the walkie-talkie.

JUNIOR

Papa, the chickens is in the coop.

PAPA (O.S.)

(over walkie-talkie)

Ten-four, Junior. Keep an eye on them chickens.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - PAPA'S MOUTH: SHARP YELLOW TEETH, A VILE MAW.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Where is Brother Wolf and Sister Moon?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

A nearly-built house halfway up the hill.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

BROTHER WOLF -- 17, grungy and feral, but not as savage; almost childlike -- sits at a makeshift table. He pretends to wipe food off his lips.

BROTHER WOLF

How you doin' with them dishes, honey?

CU - SISTER MOON'S FACE

SISTER MOON

Just fine, dear.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL -- SISTER MOON, also 17, just like her brother with an innocent quality to her. She pretends to wash dishes in the counter where the sink should be.

SISTER MOON (cont'd)

You hungry for desert?

BROTHER WOLF

What'ja make?

SISTER MOON

I baked a big chocolate cake with ice cream on top, and a cherry.

Brother Wolf rubs his stomach.

BROTHER WOLF

Mmmm, my favorite. You are the bestest wife I ever had,

Sister Moon smiles back at him. She 'dries' her hands on herself, then walks to where the oven would be. She 'opens' it and reaches in, carrying the make-believe cake to the table.

Brother Wolf acts grumpy. Sister Moon sits on his lap and rubs his head.

SISTER MOON

You have a bad day at work, dear?

BROTHER WOLF

My boss was mean. He said he was gonna fire me. We might not be able to keep this house no more.

Sister Moon feigns worry.

SISTER MOON

Oh no.

BROTHER WOLF

(nodding)

Uh-huh. We'll lose the house, our two big cars, all your pretty clothes.

SISTER MOON

How 'bout my jewelry? I can't lose my jewelry.

BROTHER WOLF

Don't you worry. I'm the man of the house. I'll take care of things.

Sister Moon throws her arms around him.

SISTER MOON

Oh, my sweet, sweet husband.

They giggle and nuzzle each other.

BLAZE (O.S.)

What are you two doin'?!

They both jump up, embarrassed. Blaze walks into the kitchen. He has a rudimentary splint on his broken arm.

BROTHER WOLF

We was lookin' to see if the intruders
was in here.

BLAZE

Never mind all that. They up on the
hill. Papa wants us all there. Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTIFIED HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. FORTIFIED HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick, Natalie, Jason, and Rafferty sit in the living room.
They're sweating from the heat.

Harlin stands by the bay window. He reaches for his smokes.
Empty. He curses and crumbles the pack

HARLIN

Shit.

(beat)

We haven't heard anything in hours. We
should get out of here.

RICK

You kidding me?

HARLIN

We should move now. While we still have
a chance.

RICK

It's dark now and we don't know how many
of those crazies are out there. Doesn't
sound like much of a chance at all.

Harlin walks over to Rafferty who's sitting up against the
wall. Natalie has used his flannel shirt as a bandage across
his chest.

HARLIN

What do you say?

RAFFERTY

I ain't feelin' too hot.

NATALIE

The bleeding has stopped, but that doesn't mean he should be moving.

HARLIN

Somebody's gotta get down this hill and call for help.

RICK

You'd never make it on your own.

Harlin steps toward Rick.

HARLIN

Got any better ideas?

RICK

We have to stick together. Hold up here. At least till dawn.

HARLIN

Aw, bullshit. We can take those fucking retards.

Rick steps toward Harlin.

RICK

In case you didn't notice, those things out there set a trap for us. Led us up this hill by damaging all those houses. We followed it all the way up to the top - right where they wanted us. We're on their territory now.

It's a tense moment between Rick and Harlin, but this time Rick prevails. Harlin scowls and walks away. Rick goes back and sits next to Natalie.

JASON

I need some water. Something to drink.

RAFFERTY

We left all our stuff back up top.

NATALIE

I've got my picnic basket.

They all turn to her, excited.

HARLIN

What picnic basket?

NATALIE
It's in my car... outside.

Harlin smiles. He looks at Rick.

HARLIN
Whatta ya say, college boy? Wanna go for
a walk?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jason and Rafferty remove a section of drywall off a window.
Rick climbs out the window, gripping his hammer.

Harlin hands him the 2x4 and steps over the sill. Jason
calls out from the living room...

JASON
I'll have mine medium rare. No onions.

Harlin glances back at him, not enjoying the joke. He climbs
out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick and Harlin creep cautiously to the front of the house.
Both are paranoid as hell, looking every which way but loose.

RICK
(sotto)
Shoulda never got out of bed this
morning.

ACROSS THE STREET

Junior is up on the rooftop. He aims the rifle, looking
through the scope.

SCOPE POV: aimed at Rick and Harlin as they sneak over to
the VW Rabbit.

Junior giggles.

JUNIOR
Little chickees.

BACK TO - RICK AND HARLIN

They're at the Rabbit. Harlin keeps watch, while Rick
reaches in and grabs the picnic basket.

JUNIOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
Chick, chick, chickees.

Rick and Harlin look at each other, then all around.

RICK
You hear that?

HARLIN
They're taunting us. Fucking 'tards are
taunting us.

RICK
We better get back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the picnic basket on the floor.

Rick pulls out the contents. Salad, yogurt, a smoothie,
tofu, Gummi Bears, two 9 oz. bottles of Evian.

HARLIN
Are you serious?

NATALIE
I was planning a picnic, not a survival
kit.

Harlin picks up the Gummi Bears and shakes his head.

HARLIN
This ain't gonna last us two days.

NATALIE
What do you mean two days?

HARLIN
It's a holiday weekend, honey. Nobody's
due back on the site 'til Tuesday. We're
on our own here, and we ain't gonna make
it on tofu and Gummi Bears.

(beat)
Just puttin' things in perspective for
everybody.

RICK
No one's waiting 'til Tuesday. We agreed
to make our move in the daylight.
Tonight, we'll take shifts on watch.
We'll head out in the morning... right?

RAFFERTY

Right.

Rafferty nods to Harlin. Harlin relents and nods back. He smiles at Natalie.

HARLIN

Don't have any cigarettes in that basket, do ya?

NATALIE

I don't smoke.

HARLIN

Great.

Jason sits down. He has a half cup of yogurt that he uses his fingers to eat with.

JASON

Shit, you guys should've seen the sandwich I packed in my cooler. Fucking epic. Turkey, ham, bacon, tomato, avocado, salami, rye bread...

Rafferty takes a sip from a water bottle.

RAFFERTY

Can you give it a rest?

JASON

Hey, I'm sorry. It would've been a good sandwich.

(beat)

I bet those freaks are having it for dinner right now.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LAIR - NIGHT

An underground cave, mostly hidden in deep shadows. Two fires burning.

Brother Wolf and Sister Moon huddle around the smaller fire. Its glow reflects off their faces as they stare at a small photograph that Wolf holds.

MAMA tends to some kind of meat roasting on a spit in the larger fire.

We barely recognize her as the now older, more corpulent version of the Hitcher's Pregnant Girlfriend from the flashback.

MAMA

Gather 'round. It's ready.

Crowding around the fire are Junior, Blaze, Harmony, and Dax. Aside from Dax, who still wears the security guard uniform, this is the first time we get a good look at the savages. They are wild, inbred and slightly mutated. They're dressed in rags and clothes, scrounged off the site, and even animal pelts. They are a hideous sight.

They start to tear at the pile of cooked meat, but Mama wields a large knife.

MAMA (cont'd)

You wait for your Papa.

DAX

Sorry, Mama.

Blaze slaps Dax in the back of Dax's head.

BLAZE

Told you.

PAPA (O.S.)

Blaze, don't you hit Dax like that.

PAPA steps from the shadows. We recognize him as the mutated version of the Vet from the flashback. He's larger, scarred with radiation burns; insane. More beast than man.

Blaze and Harmony hang their heads before Papa.

BLAZE

We sorry we messed up, Papa.

PAPA

Don't you worry. We'll rid the scourge.
They're all ours.

Junior grins with sharp teeth.

JUNIOR

Gonna get them chickens. The chickens is
in the coop.

Dax begins giggling like a child and clapping his hands together.

DAX
Chickens in the coop.

MAMA
Dax, eat your food!

She looks over at Brother Wolf and Sister Moon.

MAMA (cont'd)
You two hungry?

BROTHER WOLF
We okay, Mama.

He and Sister Moon are still looking at the charred photo.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Proud Woody holding his toddler son. The same photo Woody had shown Rick.

BACK TO -

Papa chomps down on the piece of meat. PAN ALONG meat -- a CHARRED SEVERED ARM, a Diver's Watch GRAFTED ONTO THE FLESH.

IT'S WOODY'S ARM!

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTIFIED HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harlin is keeping watch. Both Jason and Rafferty are sleeping. Rick and Natalie are huddling in the corner.

NATALIE
Everything's going to be okay, right?

RICK
I'm going to get us out of this. I promise.

Natalie closes her eyes and rests her head on Rick's shoulder. Rick looks across the room at Harlin. Harlin nods at him. No words are necessary.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORTIFIED HOUSE - DAWN

The sun begins to creep over the hill.

INT. FORTIFIED HOUSE - DAWN

Rick sleeps. A hand reaches into FRAME and grabs his shoulder, startling him awake.

It's Jason. He puts his finger to his lips to "hush" Rick.

JASON
(whispering)
Come on man, wake up. I think one of
those freaks is outside.

RICK
Are you sure? Where?

JASON
Listen.

A SCRATCHING coming from the rear of the house. Rick and Jason look around. Everyone else is still sleeping.

RICK
We better wake up Harlin.

JASON
Let Sleeping Beauty get his rest. We can
take these guys.

Jason grabs a 2 x 4 from the floor.

JASON (cont'd)
Little payback for my shoulder.

Rick looks around the room once more, then grabs the hammer from his tool belt on the floor.

RICK
You sure?

JASON
Yeah.
(beat)
Let's go.

Rick and Jason step out of the living room, going through the kitchen. They hear SCRATCHING at the door leading to the garage. It's not barricaded.

They stand by the door and look at one another. Jason hands Rick the 2x4 and takes the hammer for himself.

CU - Jason slowly turns the knob.

Rick raises the 2x4

Jason yanks the door open. Rick is about to swing at...

Montgomery, who falls to the floor. He's bruised, dirty, and scared shitless.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Everyone is now awake and looking at Montgomery, who drinks from one of the water bottles. His hands are trembling as he gulps at it. Harlin grabs the bottle away from him.

HARLIN

Enough water. Start talking!

MONTGOMERY

(in near hysterics)

I thought I was a goner. This maniac was smashing his way into my car. I made a break for it. Lost him and got away. Ran up here looking for you all, but I couldn't find anybody. I was so scared. I hid at night. Hid in the dirt, covered myself. I heard things. They're out there. All over!

Harlin SLAPS Montgomery across the face.

HARLIN

I don't wanna hear about you pissin' in your pants. Tell us about this fucking site!

MONTGOMERY

I don't know what you're talking about.

RICK

The Army base. The reason they shut it down.

Montgomery nervously looks at them all. He begins to regain his composure.

MONTGOMERY

The government was selling off the land cheap. I bought it all, convincing Consolidated Properties that it would stand to make a fortune.

RICK

And you knew about the stories?

MONTGOMERY

Rumors. That's all I heard. Urban legends, conspiracy theories. Nothing substantial. How was I supposed to know?

RICK

Even when things started going bad? The vandalism? Workers supposedly "walking off the site"? You didn't tell anybody?

MONTGOMERY

I only suspected.

JASON

Suspected?!

Montgomery tries to stand his ground. Rick, Jason and Harlin surround him closer.

MONTGOMERY

You see those signs out on the highway? Vista Grande is supposed to be ready this summer. People are expecting to move into homes that aren't going to be finished.

(desperate)

I had a deadline to meet!

Harlin grabs Montgomery by the front of his shirt and lifts him off his feet.

HARLIN

Let's feed this bastard to the natives.

JASON

Yeah!

Montgomery pleads for his life.

MONTGOMERY

No. Wait! You can't do this!

Harlin drops Montgomery on the floor and KICKS him.

HARLIN

You're right. I oughta bust you up
myself.

Natalie calls out to them from across the room.

NATALIE

If you guys are all through playing
macho, we should get your friend down the
hill.

Natalie helps Rafferty to sit up against the wall, but he
doesn't look so good. His wound is bleeding again, and he's
pale and sweating.

RAFFERTY

Aw hell, don't let me spoil the party.
I'd kinda like to get my own kicks in,
too.

Rick and Harlin walk over to Rafferty. Jason remains
standing by Montgomery on the floor. He gives him a swift
kick.

Harlin helps Rafferty get to his feet.

HARLIN

Come on, you lazy bastard.

Rick and Jason pick up their tool belts and put them on.
Natalie grabs the two water bottles, and hands one to
Rafferty.

Montgomery looks up at them.

MONTGOMERY

What are you doing?

HARLIN

Let's go. On your feet.

MONTGOMERY

We can't go out there.

RICK

It's the only way.

MONTGOMERY

I'm not going.

Natalie steps forward, looking to the others.

NATALIE

Maybe he should stay. If those crazies out there don't get him, the heat and dehydration will.

She takes a sip of water. Montgomery gets on his feet.

MONTGOMERY

What are we waiting for? Let's get a move on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The group walks down the hill in pairs. Rick and Natalie first, then Jason and Montgomery, followed by Harlin and Rafferty.

Natalie keeps close to Rick. Their eyes search everywhere around them.

NATALIE

Where'd they all go?

RICK

I don't know.

NATALIE

(holds Rick's hand)

Tell me we'll make it.

RICK

We'll make it if we stick together. We just need to get down this hill and out to the highway.

Natalie smiles and puts her arm around him.

NATALIE

Tell me about our house again.

RICK

Redwoods right next door. Back patio opens up onto the sand, so we can have our morning coffee and watch the waves roll in.

Natalie looks like she wants to escape right now.

JASON (O.S.)

You are so over!

REVEAL Jason walking close to Montgomery, who's now a weary shell of a man.

JASON (cont'd)
Oh yeah, you're through! The only construction job you'll be doing is with fucking Legos. If you're lucky.

MONTGOMERY
Please, don't talk.

JASON
Oh, I'm not done. When this is over I'm gonna sue your ass. Oh yeah. Everything you own will be mine!

Harlin and Rafferty, following behind, watch Jason continuing his tirades on Montgomery.

RAFFERTY
I'm beginning to like the kid.

Rafferty feels his wound and winces.

RAFFERTY (cont'd)
I wish we were in Casa Robles.

HARLIN
Don't worry, partner. We'll be sipping margaritas and banging señoritas in no time.

RAFFERTY
I like the sound of that.

Just then... BLAM!!

A BULLET HITS Rafferty in the forehead, BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT the back of his head. Harlin's left holding his dead friend on his feet.

HARLIN
You sons of bitches!

He looks farther down the street to see...

ON TOP OF A ROOF

Papa and Junior armed with their rifles.

JUNIOR
Papa, you got one!

PAPA
Shoot boy. Shoot!

BACK TO -

Rick, Natalie, Jason, and Montgomery turn to see Harlin dropping Rafferty's body to the ground. Montgomery runs past the others and heads down the hill.

RICK
Come on!

SHOTS are FIRED. Bullets WHIZ past.

Rick grabs Natalie by the hand. They run after Montgomery. Jason and Harlin are not far behind.

Montgomery is ahead of the group. He's running across the dirt lots.

A WOODEN GATE with SHARP STAKES pounded through it BURSTS UP THROUGH THE DIRT. The trap springs forward, SLAMMING into Montgomery, IMPALING and instantly KILLING him.

Rick and Natalie pull up short. Natalie SCREAMS.

A bullet WHIZZES in front of them. And another.

Rick looks across the road to see Papa and Junior on the roof. Junior has the rifle aimed right at him.

ON THE ROOF

Junior pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

JUNIOR
Papa, no more bang-bang.

Papa BACKHANDS Junior across the face. He grabs an AXE that lays at his feet. He shoves it to Junior.

PAPA
Get down there and help your brothers.

Papa raises his rifle as Junior climbs off the roof.

ON THE ROAD

Harlin pushes Rick and Natalie from behind.

HARLIN

Move!

More SHOTS hit in front of them, cutting off their path to get down the hill. They run for the cover of the closest house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The heroes have just slammed the door. They spread out, stepping into the wide open living room.

Silence.

HARLIN

Everybody watch their backs.

Suddenly, a ROPE NOOSE comes down around Harlin's neck and YANKS HIM UP VIOLENTLY.

Jason looks up to see Harmony on the balcony holding the rope. She hauls Harlin off the floor.

JASON

Up there!

Dax JUMPS from the doorway and lands on Jason's back. The two begin to struggle.

Rick rushes forward to help, leaving Natalie's side.

Blaze BURSTS FORTH from a pile of drywall scrap. He goes for Natalie. She SCREAMS and runs down a hallway.

Rick pivots and hurries after them. He steps on a pile of dirt that covers another lassoed rope. It tightens around his ankle, sweeping him off his feet.

WHIP PAN along the length of the rope to REVEAL Brother Wolf and Sister Moon dragging Rick toward the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie runs into a bedroom. She shuts the door behind her. Blaze CRASHES through the door with a savage cry. He is upon her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick is still being dragged across the floor. He hears Natalie screaming. He pulls his hammer from his toolbelt and...

SLAMS the claw end into the rope, pinning it to the floor. He quickly starts to untie the end around his ankle.

Brother Wolf drops the rope and charges across the room. He dives on top of Rick and begins to bite and scratch at him.

Jason still struggles with Dax, who puts on a good fight.

Harlin hangs a few feet off the floor. Harmony can't pull him up any higher, so the rope starts strangling him. Harlin, one hand pulling at the noose, uses the other to grab a cutting knife from his tool belt.

Harmony YANKS the rope tighter.

Harlin, choking, drops the knife. It slides across the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Blaze throws Natalie against the wall. He's drooling and snarling like an animal. He pulls a large, homemade knife from a sheath.

NATALIE

RICK!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick, still struggling with Brother Wolf, hears Natalie SCREAMING in total terror.

Sister Moon, standing in the kitchen doorway, pulls Rick's hammer from the floor, then runs for the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sister Moon hurries through the wrecked door. She finds Blaze straddling on top of Natalie. Blaze looks over at Sister Moon.

BLAZE

Go help the others. This one's mine.

He turns his attention to Natalie, ready to do very bad things.

Sister Moon stands there watching Natalie try to shake Blaze off, but he's too strong. Natalie looks at her pleadingly.

NATALIE

Please... help me...

Sister Moon looks conflicted, then notices Blaze reaching for his zipper. Not able to take it anymore she steps forward and brings the hammer down on the back of Blaze' head.
THUMP!

Blaze falls off Natalie, knocked the fuck out.

A frightened Natalie looks up at Sister Moon. Moon offers her hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick punches Brother Wolf, stunning him. Rick rolls out from under him, ending up right by Harlin's knife. He grabs it and gets back to his feet.

RICK

Harlin!

He throws the knife to Harlin's outstretched hand.

Harlin catches it and begins cutting the rope as Brother Wolf runs past howling.

Jason continues grappling with Dax. He dips his hand into his nail pouch; and brings it out -- his fist holding nails between his fingers. He JABS Dax in the shoulder.

Dax yelps and falls back stunned, a shoulder full of nails. He pulls the first nail out, TEARING FLESH along the way.

Jason and Rick are frozen. They watch in shock and repulsion as Dax pulls another nail out, TEARING MORE FLESH along the way.

Harlin finishes cutting the rope and FALLS to the floor. He gasps for breath, then sees Jason and Rick just watching Dax pull nails from his shoulder.

HARLIN

Don't just stand there, goddammit!

Harlin grips the knife and runs over to them.

Dax looks up at Harlin PLUNGES the knife into his neck. Over and over.

HARLIN (cont'd)

Take... that... you... stupid...
retard... fuck.

Dax GURGLES blood. He falls away, convulsing on the floor. Rick and Jason stare at Harlin for a moment. He grimly stares back.

Harmony, from the balcony above, SHRIEKS as she watches Dax die. She runs off.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Rick!

Rick gets up and hurries for the hallway. Jason and Harlin follow.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Sister Moon drags Natalie into the laundry room, then opens the window leading outside. She turns to look at Natalie, sensing her fear.

SISTER MOON

I help you. Come.

Natalie, not taking her eyes off Sister Moon, moves to the window. A pair of hands reach through and GRAB her. Natalie SCREAMS, looking to the window. Seeing...

BROTHER WOLF

He's just as scared.

BROTHER WOLF

Now. Hurry!

Rick, Jason, and Harlin barrel in. They look at Sister Moon, ready to pound on her. She cowers.

Natalie, having just landed outside, peeps her head up through the window.

NATALIE

Wait! It's okay -- she saved me.

The men look at each other, uncertain. Harlin points to the window, motioning to Sister Moon.

HARLIN

You first.

Sister Wolf nods and starts to climb out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Junior, rifle slung over his shoulder and axe in hand, runs across the dirt lot and into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Junior barrels through the living room. He stops in his tracks, seeing...

Dax laying in a pool of blood.

Junior stops in front of him and drops to his knees. He dips his fingers into Dax's blood, then wipes it on his face. Closes his eyes and licks his fingers.

A NOISE from the laundry room breaks Junior's moment. He gets up and runs down the hall.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Harlin is about to go out the window, when Junior comes BURSTING IN.

Junior swings the axe...

The blade embeds into the cabinets above the window. Junior grips it with both hands, trying to pull it free.

Harlin PUNCHES Junior -- stunning him. As Junior starts to drop, Harlin grabs the rifle by the sling and yanks it off Junior's shoulder.

Junior lunges for Harlin.

Harlin's got the rifle in an awkward position, so he can't fire. He just SMASHES the butt into Junior's face. This time Junior goes down hard.

Harlin now maneuvers the rifle around to aim it at Junior lying on the floor. He pulls the trigger...

CLICK.

HARLIN
Motherfuck!

RICK (O.S.)
Let's go!

Harlin turns, then climbs out the window and follows after the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE - DAY

Rick, Natalie, Jason and Harlin follow Wolf and Moon over the dirt lots down into the bordering canyon. Wolf and Moon lead the group through scrub and brush. The others try to keep up.

They arrive at the base of one of the canyon walls. Brother Wolf scurries over to some branches and tumbleweed, moving them to REVEAL...

AN OPENING in the canyon wall.

SISTER MOON
In here. Safe.

Sister Moon ducks and hurries into the opening. Jason follows. Natalie turns to Rick. He nods and takes her hand.

Wolf motions for them to hurry.

BROTHER WOLF
You come. It's safe.

Harlin grabs Rick.

HARLIN
What the fuck are you doing?

RICK
They helped us.

HARLIN
They corralled us into that house right into another fucking trap. And now you wanna go into some hole because a retard held your hand?

NATALIE
They're different. She saved me.

She walks over and crouches through the opening.

Harlin shakes his head.

HARLIN
Good luck. You're on your own.

RICK
Where you gonna go?

HARLIN
I got a box of extra shells under my front seat I'm betting those bastards missed. I figure I get them shells and blast my way back down the hill.

RICK
Sounds like a lot of betting and figuring.

HARLIN
I ain't never done wrong yet.

RICK
You'll never make it back up by yourself.

HARLIN
If by myself is the way it's gotta be, then that's the way it's gotta be.

RICK
Harlin, it's broad daylight out. There's got to be thirty houses between you and the top. And you still don't know how many of them are out there.

HARLIN
I know at least there's one less. And I've also worked on just damn near every house on this hill, so you might say I know my way around.

Harlin slings the rifle over his shoulder and walks away.

RICK
Do me a favor?

Harlin pauses and looks back.

RICK (cont'd)
On your way back down, look out for us friendlies.

They're eyes lock. Harlin smiles.

HARLIN
See you when I see you.

Harlin moves off through the brush. Rick turns back to the opening. Brother Wolf waits obediently for him. Rick nods and follows him in.

INT. HOVEL - DAY

Rick stoops through the entrance into what appears to be a small cave. Sister Moon has lit some candles giving them all a good look at the place. It's furnished with discarded scraps from the construction site to create the image of a home among the canned food, lunch boxes and thermoses.

Jason instantly recognizes...

JASON
Hey, that's my six-pack.

He crawls over and grabs the beer. He pops one open.

JASON (cont'd)
This is all the medicine I need.

He takes a hearty swig, then spits it out!

JASON (cont'd)
Christ! It's piss hot.
(to Wolf)
Buddy, if you're gonna take another man's
beer, you gotta keep it on ice.

Brother Wolf, who is now crouching next to Jason gives him a wide grin.

BROTHER WOLF
Keep it on ice. Buddy.

JASON
No, you keep it--

RICK
Will you shut up?

Rick walks over and sits next to Natalie on the bed. Sister Moon crouches close by, her eyes glued to Natalie.

Rick touches Natalie's face.

RICK (cont'd)
Are you okay?

NATALIE
A little shaken.

It's true, but she also seems intrigued by her newfound surroundings. She looks around at the faux houseware and accoutrements.

NATALIE (cont'd)
This place is amazing. It's as if
they've tried to assimilate into the
society that been growing around them.
They want to evolve out of their
savagery.

Natalie looks to Sister Moon, who still looks at her with wonder.

NATALIE (cont'd)
What's your name?

SISTER MOON
Moon.
(motions to Brother Wolf)
This is Wolf.

Brother Wolf sits by Jason tending to his shoulder --
applying leaves and mud.

JASON
This can't be sanitary.

CUT TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE - DUSK

Harlin creeps back up the hill. He avoids the main street by
weaving in between houses.

He stops when he notices a thin wire strung in front of him,
about shin high. He touches the rifle to the wire...

AN ARROW flies past Harlin's face. It sticks into the wall.

Harlin smiles and carefully moves on. He hears inhuman
MOANING in the distance.

HARLIN
(sotto)
Yeah? Fuck you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS - DUSK

In the hills above Vista Grande, the Mutant Clan has gathered. Dax's corpse is laid out naked on a tarp. Mama MOANS as she stares at her dead son.

Papas storms before Junior, Blaze, and Harmony.

PAPA

You let that scourge kill you brother!

BLAZE

It was Brother Wolf and Sister Moon,
Papa. They helped 'em.

Papa seethes with rage.

PAPA

I'll take care of Brother Wolf and Sister
Moon. Time for Papa to join the hunt.

Behind them, Mama wields a large knife. She WAILS like a BANSHEE, tearfully HACKING UP Dax's corpse.

CUT TO:

INT. HOVEL - DUSK

Mama's cries are so loud, it can be heard in here.

Natalie sits with Sister Moon on the bed. She gently runs her fingers through Moon's hair, tenderly working out some of the tangles. Moon holds tightly to Natalie as she hears her mother's cries.

Brother Wolf crouches by the hovel entrance. He sniffs at the air, exhibiting the traits of his namesake.

Rick and Jason sit against the hovel's dirt walls.

RICK

I've been thinking.

(a beat)

It's time we get new jobs.

Jason tries to smile through his pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF HILL - NIGHT

Harlin steps out of the shadows between two houses. He sees his truck is still there. He walks to it, seeing...

A garden hose sticking out of the gas tank.

Harlin yanks the hose out of the gas tank. He gets into the truck. Puts the keys in the ignition and tries the engine. NOTHING.

Harlin pounds the steering wheel with anger. He gets a hold of himself, then reaches under the seat and pulls out the box of shells. He opens the box.

Only four shells left.

Harlin quickly loads the rifle. He reaches behind the seat and withdraws a Colt .45. He opens the chamber...

Three shells.

Harlin leaves the keys in the ignition as he gets out of the truck and hurries for the shadows at the side of the house.

He leans against the wall, wiping the sweat from his face. Harlin starts to walk off, but loses his balance as the earth gives way beneath him

HARLIN

What the...?

SNAP! Harlin falls out of FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. HOVEL - NIGHT

Brother Wolf and Sister Moon sit close together on the makeshift bed. They watch with curiosity as Rick, Jason, and Natalie sit on the other side of the hovel.

NATALIE

If some of those experiments did manage to escape, they could have been hiding up in these hills for years. Living off the land and whatever else they could scavenge. Eventually there would be children. A family started.

JASON

Yeah, the Manson family.

Natalie ignores him.

NATALIE

Then the base is shut down. There's nothing left to survive on.

RICK
Until Vista Grande.

NATALIE
They come out of hiding. Desperate,
starving, delusional.

JASON
(ever the smart-ass)
Don't forget homicidal.

RICK
They must see this construction site as a
threat to their way of existence.

NATALIE
And now they're defending their
territory.

Natalie glances at Wolf and Moon.

NATALIE (cont'd)
But these two are different. They've
never known anything else. And now
they're seeing this new civilization at
the same time they're growing and really
becoming aware of themselves. Right now,
they might be our best chance of getting
out of here.

They hear NOISES from outside.

EXT. HOVEL - NIGHT

WALKING POV through the brush, heading toward the hovel.

INT. HOVEL - NIGHT

Brother Wolf jumps off the bed.

BROTHER WOLF
Papa's comin'.

Sister Moon begins to whine. Natalie goes to comfort her.

Rick grabs his hammer. He moves toward the hovel entrance.
Jason follows...

EXT. HOVEL - NIGHT

Rick and Jason step out of the hovel. There are NOISES
coming from somewhere. They look around, but cannot see
anything. A NOISE from behind.

They turn to see...

Brother Wolf holding a sharp stick and looking willing to battle.

Rick and Jason are startled and uncertain. Wolf steps next to them, ready to help.

More SOUNDS from the bushes. Rick, Jason, and Wolf prepare themselves to attack...

Harlin steps out of the bushes. He's dirty and sweating, a gash on his forehead. He looks to Rick and Jason, then to Brother Wolf.

HARLIN

This freak part of your new Boy Scout Club?

RICK

He's going to help us get down the hill.

HARLIN

That so?

(holding rifle high)

I think this is what's gonna get us down the hill.

JASON

What'd you do to your head?

HARLIN

Nothing.

JASON

Nothing? You're bleeding. What happened?

HARLIN

It was nothing, alright? Nothing fucking happened.

(long beat)

I fell. Okay?! It's dark out there.

Rick and Jason laugh. Harlin begrudgingly gives a smile and chuckles at himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOVEL - NIGHT

They all stand at the hovel's entrance.

HARLIN

If I made it up the hill by myself, then
I'm damn well sure we can all make it
down to the bottom. Even in the dark.

He takes the Colt .45 from his belt and hands it to Rick.

HARLIN (cont'd)

Only three rounds left, so don't be a
cowboy.
(a beat)
Ready?

Rick grips the Colt and nods. He turns to the others.

RICK

Let's go.

Harlin levels the rifle at Wolf.

HARLIN

He goes first.

JASON

You can trust him. He saved us.

HARLIN

I'll trust him when we're at the bottom
of the hill. They got the whole place
booby-trapped. So until then...

He keeps the rifle aimed at Wolf.

Natalie takes Sister Moon by the hand and together they head
down the hill.

NATALIE

Men. Always have to be macho assholes.

SISTER MOON

Macho assholes.

Rick, Jason, and Brother Wolf follow. Harlin pauses, then
starts to walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VISTA GRANDE - NIGHT

The motley band of survivors are making progress down the
winding hilltop construction site.

Jason walks next to Sister Moon.

JASON
My name is Jason. Ja-son.

SISTER MOON
Ja-son

JASON
Right. So, Moon, when we make it down the hill, how 'bout we go out? I mean, you're gonna need someone to show you around town. All of this after a nice long shower naturally.

Sister Moon nods along and smiles timidly. Natalie steps between them, throwing a disapproving look at Jason.

NATALIE
You never stop trying, do you?

She ushers Sister Moon away. Jason yells after her...

JASON
What'd I do?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOVEL - NIGHT

Papa, Junior, Blaze, and Harmony step out of the brush. Blaze hurries ahead of them, eagerly pointing to the opening.

BLAZE
Here, Papa. Sometimes they come down here.

They gather around the hovel.

PAPA
Blaze, Harmony. Stay out here.
(to Junior)
C'mon. We're goin' inside.

INT. HOVEL - NIGHT

Papa has to stoop his massive shoulders to stand in the hovel. He is speechless at the psuedo-domesticated decorations.

Junior, on the other hand, is in awe of all the "technology". He scampers about touching and holding things. He examines an old rotary phone.

JUNIOR
Papa, lookit this.

Papa growls and KNOCKS the phone from Junior's hands. He grabs him and shakes him violently.

PAPA
You wanna be civilisized, huh? Too good for the family? Be like Brother Wolf and Sister Moon? Part of the scourge out there?!

JUNIOR
No, Papa... I just... I...

Papa ROARS and THROWS Junior across the hovel.

Junior hits the dirt wall, then falls to the floor.

Papa raises his fists and begins BREAKING everything in sight.

PAPA
Bad! Bad!! BAD!! BADDDD!!!!

Junior remains huddled in the corner, petrified. He has never seen his father this angry.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rick and Natalie walk together in front of the group.

Rick takes her hand.

RICK
Anyone ever tell you you're a tough broad?

She puts on a tough face and holds up her other hand in a fist.

NATALIE
Don't you forget it.

Natalie smiles, until SUDDENLY...

Her foot falls into a small sink hole. She cries out with pain as...

CU - Her foot is speared by a half-dozen sharpened sticks at the bottom of the hole.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Rick and Jason have carefully pulled Natalie's injured foot from the trap. She sits at the side of the road, while Sister Moon uses one of her rags to bandage the wound.

NATALIE

Rick, it hurts real bad.

Rick kneels beside her, holding her hand.

RICK

Don't worry. You're going to be okay.

Harlin is about to throttle Brother Wolf.

HARLIN

You were supposed to tell us where the traps were! You fucking mongoloid!

Brother Wolf cowers from him.

BROTHER WOLF

I didn't know. I didn't know.

Rick gets up from Natalie's side. He gets in between Harlin and Brother Wolf.

RICK

Back off. He doesn't know.

HARLIN

How much longer you gonna trust these fucks?

RICK

He wants to help us.

HARLIN

I'm sure he does. Right out of the frying pan and into the fire.

(raising the rifle)

Oughta just fucking put a bullet in him, like they did Rafferty.

RICK

Take it easy.

Harlin takes a beat to cool off. He scowls at Wolf, while speaking to Rick.

HARLIN

Fine. But he's walking point. Next one to fall into a trap will be one of their own.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Guys...

They turn to see Natalie with the blood soaked rag around her foot.

NATALIE (cont'd)

I don't think I'll be doing much walking anytime soon.

A HOWL can be heard from not too far up the hills above them.

SISTER MOON

Papa smells the blood.

JASON

Aw shit. What are we gonna do, man?

RICK

They're going to be all over us before we can get her down this hill. We've got to hold up here.

HARLIN

Wrong. We've gotta go for it.

RICK

No. We can stick it out. Secure one of these houses. We did it before. This time we can wait it out. We've got our tools -

JASON

Without food or water? We'll be sitting ducks.

RICK

No we won't.

JASON

We won't? They'll be coming down right on top of us.

Rick smiles.

RICK

And we can set some traps of our own.

Harlin looks to Rick.

HARLIN

You talking payback?

Rick's watching as Natalie's being tended by Sister Moon. He turns to the others.

RICK

It's time to take these fuckers out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door is KICKED open. Rick carries Natalie over the threshold. The others pile in behind.

HARLIN

Two hours till dawn.

(pointing at the exposed
skylight)

That's our weak point. No scaffolding to
get up there and cover. Board up
everything else.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Rick and Harlin use drywall to board up the windows.

Jason pounds nails through wood planks.

Brother Wolf fills a bucket with rocks.

Rick enters the bathroom. He tears large sections of lathing paper from the walls.

Jason ties a rope to the rock bucket's handle, then carries the bucket upstairs.

Harlin boards up another window. Brother Wolf steps to his side and helps steady up the board. Harlin reluctantly accepts his help.

Rick carries the roll of lathing paper under his arm. He grabs a dusty extension cord.

Natalie pounds more nails through the planks.

Rick unrolls the lathing paper in the center of the living room. The METAL MESHWORK on the paper faces upward. He cuts the female end of the extension cord off with his drywall razor, then uses the razor to strip the cord, EXPOSING THE WIRES. Rick begins splicing the wire and attaching the ends to the metal meshwork.

Upstairs, Jason tries in vain with his good arm to throw one end of the rope from the bucket over a beam.

Sister Moon sees his pithy attempts and steps next to him. She takes the rope from Jason and throws it over the beam perfectly. He smiles at her.

Rick runs the extension cord out through the rear of the house to the utility pole in the backyard. He plugs it into the 220 VOLT outlet.

Harlin finishes boarding up the last window.

Brother Wolf helps Jason lay the nail-ridden planks at the unsecured front door -- nail side up.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone stands around the lathing paper.

HARLIN
What's this?

RICK
I got 220 volts running through this.
When they come for us, we'll draw them
in. Anyone that steps on it...

He tosses a few nails onto the lathing paper. SPARKS fly off it.

RICK (cont'd)
... will be extra crispy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

Blaze runs over a dirt lot to the house across from where our heroes are. Papa and Junior lurk in the shadows.

BLAZE
They's in there, Papa. Blockin'
everythin' up. Like chickens ins the
coop.

PAPA
They don't know where they at, do they
Blaze?

Blaze giggles and drools.

BLAZE
No, Papa. They don't know.

JUNIOR
You think Brother Wolf and Sister Moon is
in there with them, Papa?

CLOSE ON - PAPA

PAPA
If they is, they gonna wish they wasn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBUSH HOUSE - DAWN

Establishing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

ANGLE ON - the lathing paper. Its is now blanketed with
sawdust and dirt.

Everyone is resting in different parts of the room.
Exhausted and sweating. Jason puts down a 2 x 4 he has just
hammered nails in.

JASON
You know what'd be great right now?
Couple of Egg McMuffins. Hash Browns.
Coffee. I'd even eat those fucking
hotcakes.

RICK
We're all hungry, Jason.

JASON

No, man. I'm starving. I need food.

Sister Moon reaches into her pouch bag she and pulls something out, her closed hands covering it. She looks up at Jason.

SISTER MOON

Food.

Jason smiles at her, holding his open hands to her.

JASON

Oh yes.

Moon opens her hands revealing...

DRIED CRICKETS

Jason fights a gag reflex as he turns away.

JASON (cont'd)

Man, we can't just sit here all day! It's gotta be at least a hundred degrees in here!

HARLIN

(re: Jason)

For once, jack-off might be right. Maybe those bastards out there saw us securing the place. If they're planning on waiting us out in this heat, there's no way we'd make the day cooped up in here.

RICK

What's your idea?

HARLIN

Bait.

Everyone looks around at each other. Harlin casts his glaze at Jason.

JASON

What? Me?

HARLIN

You're the one making the most noise.

Rick steps forward.

RICK

I'll do it.

JASON

This is no time to be a hero, but I'm gonna let you.

Natalie tries to get up.

NATALIE

No, don't go.

Rick turns back to Natalie. He holds onto her, gently sitting her back down.

RICK

I've got to, Nat. They're right; we can't wait here anymore. We don't have the supplies. I'll be back in no time.

Natalie tries to smile at him.

NATALIE

You better.

Rick gives her a kiss. He gets up and hands the Colt to Harlin.

RICK

Might run a little faster without this.
(a beat)
You look out for her.

Harlin nods and opens the front door.

ECU - RICK'S FEET NARROWLY STEPPING OVER THE PLANKS OF WOOD WITH THE NAILS FACING UPWARD LAYING JUST INSIDE THE DOORWAY.

EXT. AMBUSH HOUSE - DAWN

Rick stands by the open front door.

RICK

Just make sure everyone's ready. I'll be bringing company.

HARLIN

Good luck, college boy. Watch your step coming back.

Harlin shuts the door from inside.

Rick stands on the doorstep, surveying the surrounding houses. The area looks deserted.

RICK
(sotto)
Definitely a new job next summer.

Rick takes a deep breath, then steps out and walks across the dirt lot.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

The back door to the kitchen is only barricaded by a 2x4. Harlin sits Natalie up against the wall across from it.

Sister Moon crouches close by.

Harlin puts a reassuring hand on Natalie's shoulder.

HARLIN
Don't worry. He'll make it.

Natalie's doing her best to be brave. She nods her head.

Harlin hands her the Colt .45.

HARLIN (cont'd)
You ever shoot a gun before?
(she shakes her head)
It's easy.

Harlin empties the chamber before demonstrating.

HARLIN (cont'd)
Just cock the hammer back. Squeeze the trigger. Just watch the kick.

Harlin puts the bullets back in.

HARLIN (cont'd)
You shoot any thing that comes through that door. You got three bullets. Make 'em count.

NATALIE
Gotcha.

Harlin gets back up and starts to head out of the kitchen. He looks back to Sister Moon, then to Natalie.

HARLIN
You trust her?

Natalie glances at Sister Moon.

NATALIE

Yes. I do.

HARLIN

This whole thing starts going south, you might consider keeping one bullet for yourself.

Harlin turns and walks down the hallway.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Rick walks steadily along the street. He's scared, but tries not to show it.

PHRFFFT! Something WHIZZES past him. He notices an arrow embedded into a woodpile nearby.

RICK

(realizing)

Oh...

PHRFFFT! An ARROW sinks into HIS LEG.

RICK (cont'd)

...SHIT!

He grabs his injured leg and looks up to see --

Junior, with a handcrafted bow and arrow, standing behind the empty window of the house across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBUSH HOUSE - DAWN

Harlin stands near the open front door, looking outside. He turns back to the house.

HARLIN

Get ready. It's on!

QUICK SHOTS of:

Natalie and Sister Moon in the kitchen. Natalie cocks the hammer on the .45.

Jason stands in the living room, gripping the 2x4 with nails sticking out of it.

Harlin stands in the front doorway, gripping the rifle. He looks over his shoulder at Brother Wolf, who stands nearby looking very edgy. Harlin turns his attention back to the view outside.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Rick staggers back to the house. He's at the house next door, limping over the dirt lot.

Blaze BURSTS OUT of the dirt, halfway out of a hole in the ground. He grabs at Rick.

Rick tries shaking him off. Blaze grabs at the arrow in Rick's leg and twists it. Rick falls down in pain.

INT./EXT. AMBUSH HOUSE - DAWN

Harlin's on the doorstep. He raises the rifle, but can't see through the dust cloud kicked up by Rick's fall.

Jason steps into the doorway.

JASON

What are you waiting for? Shoot!

HARLIN

I can't see 'em.

A SHOT is fired at them. The bullet RICOCHETS near the front door. Jason dives back inside. Harlin turns and sees...

ACROSS THE STREET

Papa is on a rooftop with the rifle. He's trying to work the bolt action, but it's JAMMED.

A bullet BLASTS Papa's arm. He ROARS with anger, spinning on the rooftop.

BACK TO -

Harlin racks the lever action on the rifle. He aims again.

PHPHFFT! An arrow whizzes by Harlin and sticks in the doorjamb. Harlin whirls in time to see --

Junior in the empty window of the house, right below Papa.

Harlin FIRES, forcing Junior to duck for cover. He looks above at the rooftop, but Papa's gone.

Rick still struggles in the dirt with Blaze, who's crawling out of the hole, still twisting the arrow in his leg. Rick grabs a rock and BASHES Blaze in the face, dropping him to the ground. Rick gets up and staggers to the house.

Harlin grabs Rick's arm, pulling him up and over the nail-embedded planks. Rick falls to the floor as Harlin SLAMS the front door.

HARLIN (cont'd)
Where they coming from?

RICK
(pulling himself together)
I don't know... the ground... everywhere.

JASON
How the fuck can they come out of the ground?

BROTHER WOLF
The tunnels. They come from the tunnels.

They all look at Brother Wolf.

RICK
What tunnels?

Harlin chambers another round into the rifle.

HARLIN
I knew we couldn't trust these fucks!

Rick gets to his feet, waving Harlin off.

RICK
Wait!
(grabs Wolf)
What tunnels?

BROTHER WOLF
The tunnels in the ground. They go many places.

JASON
Great. They could be right under us!

They start to spread out, paranoid and cautious where they step.

And like before... it all goes down at once.

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL is hurled down from the skylight. The bottle ERUPTS in the corner, starting a FIRE.

Harmony drops through the skylight, rigged to her tool belt-rope harness. She also wears a tool belt around her waist with a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL in each nail pouch. She swings a MALLET in her hand.

Jason is caught with a blow to the head. He stumbles and goes down, falling dangerously close to the spreading fire.

Harlin FIRES at Harmony, but misses. He racks the lever action.

Harmony - in mid arch - drops the mallet and unbuckles the tool belt harness. She LANDS right in front of Harlin as he's trying to bring the rifle up to aim. Harmony grabs the rifle and they begin to grapple for it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Natalie and Sister Moon stick close together. They're scared, but hold their ground.

An axe CHOPS at the back door. Natalie raises the .45 and FIRES two shots through the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN

Rick runs down the hallway leading to the kitchen. Before he can get there...

Blaze BURSTS UP THROUGH the floor boards to stand in front of him. He SWINGS a CLAW HAMMER at Rick's head.

Rick ducks. The hammer BASHES into the wall, getting stuck. Rick throws some punches to Blaze, but the savage grabs him and tackles him to the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The FIRE'S spreading further. SMOKE roams through the house.

Harlin and Harmony continue to fight for the rifle. They stagger close to the camouflaged lathing paper.

ACROSS THE ROOM Junior BREAKS halfway through the drywall barricaded window. He leers at Brother Wolf, who stands there, petrified.

JUNIOR

Gonna tear you apart! Gonna hurt you
like never before!

Jason comes to and gets to his feet. He SWINGS the 2x4, SMASHING Junior back outside. Jason grabs the drywall, trying to reposition it to cover the window. He shouts back to Brother Wolf...

JASON

Gimme a hand, will ya?!

He does a double take. WOLF IS GONE.

FLAMES SURROUNDING THEM, Harlin and Harmony remain locked in a mad, combative struggle for the rifle.

Harlin maneuvers Harmony, pushing her back toward the high voltage lathing paper.

HARLIN

You like the rifle? It's all yours, sweetheart!

Harlin lets go of the rifle, SHOVING Harmony backward...

Harmony stumbles onto the lathing paper.

SPARKS FLY as Harmony gets ELECTROCUTED. She stands SHRIEKING as SPARKS catch FIRE to the rag-fuse of one of the MOLOTOV COCKTAILS in her tool belt. The MOLOTOV BLOWS UP, setting Harmony ABLAZE.

Harlin falls back, unable to escape from this new fire.

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN

Rick and Blaze continue to fight. Blaze twists the arrow still in Rick's leg. Rick cries out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie and Sister Moon run from the kitchen and into the fiery living room. They see Harlin surrounded by the flames. He waves them off.

HARLIN

Get the hell outta here!

The floor collapses under Harlin. He disappears behind a wall of fire.

Natalie and Sister Moon look around. Only one option...

Stairs. They go for it.

Natalie stumbles mid-flight, dropping the Colt down the stairs.

Sister Moon pulls her along...

They make it upstairs and head for the master bedroom. About to enter, when...

Papa's there. He ROARS, about to pounce.

Sister Moon is scared, but acts quickly. She grabs Natalie and thrusts her at Papa.

SISTER MOON

Lookit, Papa. I got one for you!

Natalie looks at her.

NATALIE

What are you doing?

Papa growls and grabs them both. He drags them into the bedroom...

NATALIE (cont'd)

RICK!!!

INT. HALLWAY (DOWNSTAIRS) - DAWN

Blaze is getting the upper hand on Rick. He's cackling and drooling like a demented animal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Jason, having secured the window, grabs his 2x4 and sees Rick struggling with Blaze.

RICK

Get... Nat...

Jason races for the stairs...

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Jason runs in and sees...

Papa dragging Natalie and Moon to the open balcony.

JASON

Hey, you son of a bitch! What's the matter? You only fight girls?

Papa drops Natalie and Sister Moon. He pulls a large knife from a sheath and turns toward Jason.

JASON (cont'd)
(sotto)
Oh shit.

Papa lunges as Jason swings the 2 x 4 at him, which...

...BREAKS in half off Papa's shoulder.

Papa STABS Jason with the blade, lifting him off his feet.

Jason spits blood, trying to remain defiant...

JASON (cont'd)
That's all you got?!

Papa ROARS, punching the blade deeper into Jason. BLOOD FLOWS from Jason's mouth as he gurgles his last breath. Papa THROWS Jason's body across the room.

Natalie SCREAMS.

INT. HALLWAY (DOWNSTAIRS) - DAWN

Blaze leans his drooling face close to Rick's.

BLAZE
Hear that? Papa's gonna have her for supper!

Rick HEAD-BUTTS Blaze, stunning him. With a YELL that's equal parts pain and anger, he YANKS the arrow from his leg, and...

PLUNGES THE ARROW INTO Blaze's CHEST.

Blaze GURGLES, falling over.

Rick gets up and staggers off to the hallway...

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Papa stands outside on the balcony, Natalie under his arms. He looks down at Sister Moon climbing the scaffolding down to the ground.

PAPA
Git down there! Move it!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Rick staggers in... SMOKE and FIRE CONSUME the room

Junior BASHES OPEN the front door with his AXE in hand. He LEAPS over the nailed planks and rushes at Rick.

JUNIOR
Gonna get you!

Rick runs for the stairs. His foot triggers the rope across two pillars.

QUICK SHOTS OF: the rope UNTYING and WHIPPING across the room.

The bucket of rocks SWINGS down through the air...

Rick ducks.

Junior doesn't see it coming. The bucket HITS him in the face, KNOCKING him flat.

INT. BEDROOM/EXT. BALCONY - DAWN

Rick ENTERS. He sees Jason on the floor, DEAD, in a pool of blood.

Papa stands on the balcony with Natalie struggling under his arm.

Papa and Rick lock eyes.

Papa actually grins at him, then JUMPS off the balcony with Natalie screaming.

Rick runs onto the balcony. He looks down to see Papa running off with Natalie.

BLAZE (O.S.)
Gotcha.

Blaze is behind Rick. The arrow's still stuck in his chest, but he's swinging the hammer again.

The claw edge SLASHES Rick's arm.

Rick grabs for the scaffolding and begins to climb up to the roof.

Blaze swings the hammer again. He misses Rick, but hits one of the scaffolding rods, knocking the clamp loose.

A section of the scaffolding Rick clings to BREAKS AWAY, swinging out from the house. Rick desperately hangs on, two stories above the ground.

The scaffolding swings back to the structure. Rick continues climbing up to the roof.

Blaze starts up after him.

Rick pulls himself onto the roof. He gets to his feet and sees Blaze climbing up right behind him. Rick runs across the rooftop.

Blaze is up and after him.

Rick runs right to the edge of the roof and JUMPS...

EXT. NEXT HOUSE (ROOFTOP) - DAWN

Rick lands on his feet. He clutches his wounded leg, struggling for balance against the slanted Spanish tiles of the rooftop.

Blaze LEAPS through the air and LANDS right next to Rick. He swings the hammer...

The Spanish tiles shift under their weight. Rick and Blaze both slip and fall as the entire rooftop of tiles slides in an avalanche reaction, taking them right over the edge.

Rick goes over the side, but GRABS onto the rain gutter -- barely holding on.

Blaze SHRIEKS as he FALLS to his death upon a splintered pile of scrap lumber, IMPALED by the jagged wood.

The gutter begins to strain and bend. Rick hangs on, but he's losing his strength. It's only a matter of moments before he falls...

A HAND grabs Rick's wrist...

It's Brother Wolf! He helps pull Rick up onto the rooftop. Rick climbs up and lays there, gasping for breath. He sits up and looks to Wolf.

RICK
Take me to the tunnels.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The ambush house is consumed by fire.

Rick has used the remains of his shirt to tie off the wounds in his leg and arm. He stands over the hole in the ground that Blaze came through.

Brother Wolf carries a homemade torch of scrap lumber. He crouches by the hole, then crawls in.

Rick takes a last look around, then follows Wolf into the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

Rick falls through the hole into a large tunnel. He sees Wolf's torch partially lighting the area. Wolf is already walking forward. He turns around to face Rick.

BROTHER WOLF

This way.

Rick follows.

RICK

Where are we going?

BROTHER WOLF

Back to Mama. He take her back to Mama.

The illumination from the torch allows Rick to see military stenciling on the walls.

RICK

Have these always been here?

BROTHER WOLF

Yes. We make some too. This way.

They turn down another tunnel. This one is smaller, more earthen. As they move through, the ground overhead RUMBLES. It sprinkles dirt upon them. Rick pauses.

RICK

How strong are these tunnels?

Wolf looks back at him.

BROTHER WOLF

Not very good sometimes. We must hurry.
Come.

Wolf scurries ahead, as Rick looks around nervously.

RICK
Right.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

They've been moving for some time now. They are both dirty, sweating, and tired. Yet they still press on.

BROTHER WOLF
I take you to Papa, you take me and
Sister Moon with you. To your home up
top.

RICK
Sure, Wolf. You bet.

BROTHER WOLF
(grins at him)
You bet.
(a beat)
Thank you...brother.

Rick nods and smiles back. They approach a bend in the tunnel.

RICK
How much further?

BROTHER WOLF
Just around...

A SPEAR IS THRUST INTO BROTHER WOLF'S CHEST FROM BELOW. He looks down to see Junior camouflaged in the sand, rising and gripping the other end of the spear.

JUNIOR
See what you git, Brother Wolf?! You
see!

Junior twists the spear as he gets up. He's badly burned with a bloody gash in his forehead.

Rick makes a move, but Junior, BACKHANDS him and knocks him off his feet. Junior drives the spear deeper into Wolf.

Junior (cont'd)
I git you! I always git you!

Rick sees a knife in a sheath on Junior's belt. He pulls the knife out and PLUNGES it into Junior's throat.

Junior's neck SPRAYS BLOOD EVERYWHERE. He lets go of Brother Wolf and gurgles with his hands clawing at his neck.

Wolf looks down at the spear still in his stomach. With his last bit of strength he breaks the end of it off, creating a new jagged point. He looks up at Junior and grabs him by the shoulders.

BROTHER WOLF

Now, I git you.

Wolf THRUSTS the jagged point deep into Junior's chest with a brotherly embrace. They bounce back and forth against the tunnel walls, causing dirt and rocks to rain from above.

Rick, now blood-and dirt-splattered, runs. Behind him, the tunnel COLLAPSES on Brother Wolf and Junior.

Rick sees FLICKERING LIGHT casting shadows from a bend up ahead. He hears SLAPPING, YELLING, WAILING.

INT. LAIR - DAY

The entire cavern is lit by melting candles. The floor is littered with bones and tools scattered about. There are boxes marked "PROPERTY OF U.S. ARMY." A torn American flag hangs in the background.

Mama stands behind a cauldron that is made from a jacuzzi hot tub. She's WAILING as she drops the chopped-up body of Dax into the boiling stew.

Papa SLAPS a dazed, barely conscious Natalie.

Sister Moon huddles in a corner. She looks badly beaten. She's definitely terrified beyond movement.

Rick sees all this upon entering the lair. He stands there wild-eyed, dirty and bloody. GRIPPING the knife. A changed man. A fellow savage.

RICK

PAPA!

Papa stops slapping Natalie. Turns around. He doesn't recognize this new savage in the lair.

CLOSE ON - RICK

RICK (cont'd)

They're all dead. It's just you and me!

Papa drops Natalie to the ground. He gives Rick a hideous grin, then YELLS as he CHARGES.

Rick YELLS A GUTTURAL SCREAM as he runs toward Papa.

They clash. Rick STABS Papa in the stomach.

Papa stumbles back. He painlessly pulls the knife from his stomach and holds it up for Rick to see. He holds the knife to his mouth and licks the blood!

MAMA

Git him, Papa! Kill him!!

Papa throws the knife to the ground, and lunges for Rick. He wraps his hands around Rick's throat and squeezes hard.

Rick gasps for breath as Papa lifts him off the ground. He tries to break Papa's grip as he's violently shaken around the lair.

Mama claps her hands, shrieking with glee.

Rick tries to pull Papa's hands off him, but can't.

Papa just laughs madly, choking him harder.

Sister Moon remains in the corner. She looks at Papa and Rick, then to Mama cackling. With a sudden burst of courage, Sister Moon grabs a screwdriver off the ground and runs at Papa. She LEAPS and lands on his back and starts STABBING him.

Papa ROARS. He throws Rick through the air and tries to deal with Sister Moon on his back.

Rick hits the ground. He sees Mama coming at him with a cleaver. Rick holds his arm up to block Mama who swings the blade, SLASHING HIM.

Natalie breaks free from her daze. She looks over to see Mama attacking Rick. She gets up and grabs a femur bone from the ground. She runs to Mama and BASHES her in the back of the head...

Mama drops the cleaver.

Rick tackles Mama, pushing her back... into the cauldron.

Mama's FLESH begins BOILING OFF as her hideous screams fill the lair.

Papa drops Sister Moon from his back as he sees Mama FLAILING in the jacuzzi cauldron.

Mama rises up from the cauldron and GRABS Natalie, trying to pull her in.

NATALIE
Fuck you, bitch!

Natalie punches Mama, knocking her back into the cauldron to burn. Natalie and Rick turn to face...

Papa - enraged, bloody puncture marks cover his neck and back. He reaches down and picks up an AXE from the bone ridden floor.

Rick picks up Mama's cleaver. He taunts Papa...

RICK
Come on, you son of a bitch.

Rick and Papa charge at each other...

Natalie screams as...

Papa swings the axe...

Sister Moon is there, pushing Rick out of the way. He falls to the ground, as she freezes. Papa recoils in shock.

SISTER MOON
Papa.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL the axe embedded in Sister Moon's stomach.

PAPA
Moon.

He reaches out to touch her face. He gently caresses it. Papa is genuinely saddened, the closest to human we've ever seen him.

Sister Moon looks him in the eyes as her trembling fingers touch his hair. She pulls him close.

CU - Screwdriver in her other hand.

She brings the screwdriver up and PLUNGES it into Papa's eye. Using her other hand, she claws his face.

Papa SCREAMS in pain, tumbling backward.

Moon looks back to Rick and Natalie.

SISTER MOON
(last breath)
Run!

Rick and Natalie stagger through random tunnels. It all seems the same. They HEAR Papa and Sister Moon struggling in a final battle.

They keep on going.

BACK TO - LAIR

Papa tries to throw Moon, but she grimly clings to him until she dies in his arms. He untangles himself from her embrace and throws her body across the lair.

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

Rick and Natalie blindly rush through the dark tunnels. They hear Papa WAILING.

INT. LAIR - DAY

Papa collapses to his knees. He grips the screwdriver still in his eye socket. He YANKS it out and falls over to the ground. Not moving.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

Rick and Natalie are exhausted, but still press on. The tunnel they are in is gradually becoming steeper.

NATALIE
It feels like we're moving higher.

RICK
It's hard to tell. Keep going.

They do. Rounding a bend, they come upon a dead-end. Natalie starts to get scared.

NATALIE
Great. Now what?

RICK
Don't worry.

He scans the tunnel in all directions. Where the hell are they? He finally SCREAMS in utter frustration, pushing his hands straight up...

Dirt falls into his face and mouth. This makes him even more pissed. He keeps punching up. More dirt falls on them. He stops punching and looks at Natalie. He realizes...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The tiles on the floor begin to tremble and move. They're forced upward, breaking apart. A pair of bloody fingers peek out and tear the rest of the tiles away.

Rick SMASHES his way through the floor. He climbs out, then reaches in and pulls Natalie up. They put their arms around each other and walk out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick steps in, instantly recognizing it as the house from their first encounter with the savages. There's the bizarre painting, the scorched pit. BLOOD on the floors.

RICK

Shit.

NATALIE

What is it?

RICK

I can't believe it. We're back at the top of the hill.

They head for the door.

EXT. HOUSE (LOT 75) - DAY

It's true. They're back at the top. Harlin's truck is still parked out front. Pillars of black smoke rise from further down the hill.

Natalie takes Rick's hand.

NATALIE

What should we do?

RICK

Someone's bound to see that fire and smoke down there. Fire Department will show up. All we have to do now is wait.
(a beat)
It's over.

Natalie slumps against him. Rick brings her over to Harlin's truck. He opens the passenger door for her.

Rick goes around the front and gets in the driver's side. He notices the keys in the ignition and gives it a try...

NOTHING. He shrugs.

RICK (cont'd)
Worth a shot. Guess we'll just wait
here.

Natalie leans against him and hugs him. Rick holds her tight...

EXT./INT. HARLIN'S TRUCK - DAY

PAPA HOWLS and LANDS in the bed of the truck.

Rick and Natalie turn to see Papa having just jumped in.

Papa SMASHES the rear window...

...and DRAGS Rick out of his seat and into the back of the truck.

Natalie slides behind the steering wheel. She desperately tries to start the truck, but it's useless. She shifts into Neutral.

The truck slowly begins to roll backwards down the hill.

Rick does his best to fight back against Papa, who despite his many injuries has the upper hand.

The truck rolls toward the steep decline, picking up momentum.

Natalie grips the steering wheel and maneuvers the truck down the middle of the street. She tries looking through the rear view mirror to steer, but can't see much with Rick and Papa fighting. She puts her head out the window to look.

The truck's really picking up speed. Natalie's trying her best to navigate. She's swerving, trying to stay on the winding street, but it's not good.

The truck bounces up and over dirt lots, SWERVING on and off the street.

Rick and Papa are tossed around the back of the truck as they continue to fight. They both come perilously close to falling out.

The ambush house fire has set two neighboring homes ablaze. The truck swerves past the flaming structures, blowing past the thick smoke obscuring the road.

Papa HITS Rick's head against the cab, STUNNING him. He grabs Rick by the throat and chokes him.

PAPA

Bad! Bad!! BAD!!

The truck is barrel-assing down the hill, rushing toward the bottom.

Natalie sees the broken front gates of the community approaching rapidly. The wrought iron spikes on top are still aimed horizontally over the road.

NATALIE

RICK!

Rick looks over Papa's shoulder, seeing they're heading right for the gate. He gouges his thumb into Papa's bloody eye socket.

Papa lets go of him, as he SCREAMS and clutches at his own face.

RICK

Welcome to the neighborhood!

(to Natalie)

NAT! JUMP!

Rick DIVES from the truck. He HITS the ground and rolls.

Natalie is still behind the wheel. She opens the driver's door and is about to jump, but...

Papa reaches in from the rear window and grabs Natalie by the back of her jacket. She screams. He snarls and snaps at her.

The truck is rocketing right at the gate, the spikes...

Natalie quickly shrugs herself out of her jacket. She JUMPS OUT...

Papa turns around to see the front gate coming. He only has time to SCREAM before...

The truck CRASHES into the front gates. The spikes IMPALE Papa, SKEWERING and SMASHING his body against the buckling wreck of the truck. Not a pretty sight.

Dirty, battered, and bloodied, Rick and Natalie run to each other. They embrace and fall into a roadside ditch. They're hysterical with victory, rolling in the dirt and kissing.

A foot comes down in front of them. They look up to see...

HARLIN

He's dirty and smoot-smearred. His clothes and bits of his hair are singed and burned.

HARLIN

Didn't I say nobody drives my truck but me?

Rick and Natalie begin laughing. Harlin cracks a smile and helps pull them out of the ditch.

NATALIE

We thought you were dead.

HARLIN

So did I until I fell through the floor into one of their tunnels. Spent this whole time wandering around in the dark. Let me out up here. Quite a show you two put on.

SIRENS BLARING. Two FIRE ENGINES and PARAMEDIC VANS approach from down the road.

HARLIN

Here comes the cavalry.

They begin to walk together towards the front gate. The emergency vehicles pull up. FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS begin to hurry about...

A FIRE MARSHALL runs up and stops our heroes.

FIRE MARSHALL

What the hell happened here?

RICK

(motions to Papa's corpse)
Ask him.

Rick, Natalie and Harlin walk to the paramedics who are rushing to help them.

Natalie embraces Rick.

NATALIE

Promise me you won't work Fourth of July.

RICK

Baby, I quit.

And with that he plants her a big wet one.

CRANE UP as PARAMEDICS swarm around them.

PAN OVER TO the Vista Grande billboard in front and its promising slogan...

"VISTA GRANDE PRIVATE COMMUNITY. SAFE FAMILY LIVING."

FADE TO BLACK

THE END