

Silver Sky - Pilot - "Auction"

Written & Story By

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Based On

- Our Love For Movies and Monsters -

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"Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you."

- Friedrich Nietzsche

COLD OPEN

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A narrow mountain road weaves through a forest of looming redwoods. Piercing through the tree branches, rays of light beam onto the empty road.

DISCLAIMER: If you have vertigo this isn't the best place to be.

SUPER: San Chimon Mountains, California. 1982.

A **LOW RUMBLE** out in the distance, the road vibrates, it builds, growing closer...

And closer...

And...

vvvrrROOOM!

A **CAR** barrels down the road.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Soiled, scrapped hands grip the wheel.

They belong to **FRANCES**, 55. She's unsettling to look at, clothes are tattered, caked in blood and dirt. Her blank face is unmoved, framed by stringy, matted hair.

Her eyes dart from the road to the...

REAR VIEW MIRROR

A **VAN**, covered in garish graffiti, tails her.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Frances accelerates, increasing the gap between her and her pursuer(s).

At top speed, she just barely makes it around a tight bend.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frances observes the...

REAR VIEW MIRROR

Whoever's chasing her falls out of sight... *for now*. A brief window of opportunity for escape has opened.

FRANCES'S EYES: No hesitation.

She spins the wheel, making a sudden, hard turn into the...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dodging giant redwoods...

Past fallen trees...

Through thick brush, Frances's car pushes through the off-road terrain.

Back at...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The van pulls over to the side of the road.

All doors pop open.

Four pairs of **STRANGER's** legs hop out, walk to the edge of the treeline and turn to face...

INTO THE FOREST

A revealing parade of dust clouds expose Frances's escape route.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Frances's car continues to slug through the forest.

She takes a moment and checks the...

REAR VIEW MIRROR

Dust clouds trailing behind her car leave little to no vision at all--

CRASH!

The hood of the car folds into a thick redwood.

Frances face-plants into the airbag.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frances slides out of the car and examines herself for any injuries. There was already so much blood and dirt on her before, hard to tell what's old and what's new.

Her movements are stiff, overcompensating, like she's not completely comfortable or used to her body. Other than that, she's fine.

She looks over her shoulder.

No sign of anyone, or anything... yet.

A FEW YARDS AHEAD

The ground takes a sudden dip into a deep ravine.

Frances approaches, looks over it, inquisitively.

An idea!

MOMENTS LATER

From the back of the car, Frances retrieves a **DUFFLE BAG**.

She opens it, makes sure whatever's in there is still in there - it is - and sets the bag aside on the ground.

MOMENTS LATER

Frances grabs the side of the car and, with unusual strength, drags it away from the tree.

With a clear path, she sends the car over the edge of the ravine, effortless.

She waits a few seconds...

SMASH!

Satisfied, Frances takes the duffle bag, continues her journey on foot--

CRUNCH

Nearby twigs snap... *someone's here.*

Instinctively, Frances ducks behind a fallen tree trunk. She takes a peek, cautious, and sees...

The four strangers.

Carrying no weapons, they scan the forest, searching. Though they act like a team, their varied, casual outfits don't scream organization.

All four hide their faces behind different masks. A **WELDING** mask, a hockey **GOALIE** mask and a **SKI** mask. Their leader sports a **PAPER BAG** mask, complete with two eye holes.

These are the **DARWINISTS**.

Welding follows tire tracks to the edge. She makes a discovery, signals her team over.

Paper bag takes a look into...

THE RAVINE

An upside-down, wrecked car.

Paper Bag looks to the rest of his team and shrugs:

"I guess she's dead."

The others shrug and nod, agreeing. They leave, returning to the road.

BEHIND THE TREE - LATER

Frances waits for hours.

She looks to see if the coast is clear - it is - then high tails it back to the road.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Thumb out.

Frances flags down a **RED PICK-UP TRUCK**.

Its **DRIVER** rolls down the window, chuckling:

DRIVER
Well, where have you been, little lady?

As if she's never done it before, Frances gives the driver an unnatural smile, displaying all her yellow, dirty teeth.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MORTON HOUSE - OSCAR'S ROOM - DAY

Sitting on a desk...

AN EMPTY FISH BOWL

A handful of folded paper dumps into it.

The voice of a **YOUNG MAN** mutters to himself:

YOUNG MAN(O.S)
There we go.

He, whoever he is, clears his throat, then speaks with a ceremonious tone:

YOUNG MAN(O.S)(CONT'D)
Oh, Mighty Fish Bowl, we have
offered you many wonderful choices.
Now, we humbly ask that you
graciously bestow onto us your ever
wise and inspiring selection.

A **HAND** reaches into the bowl.

YOUNG MAN(O.S)(CONT'D)
Let us begin.

It shuffles the paper around.

Next to the bowl, a clock reads **3:45 PM**.

Posters of cheesy b-movies cover the room walls, i.e
"Creature From the Black Lagoon", "The Giant Claw".

YOUNG MAN(O.S)(CONT'D)
Come on, gimme something good.

A selection has been made.

The hand raises the selection up to the Young Man's face.
Its wide-eyed, innocent, moderately meek, topped with brown
hair.

He unfolds the paper, reads it, nods approvingly.

YOUNG MAN(CONT'D)
The Bowl has spoken.

He pockets the paper, grabs a **NAME TAG** from the desk and
pins it on his shirt, proud.

His name is **OSCAR Morton**, 23.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - DAY

Bare walls, drawn curtains, few sources of sparse light, a simple desk.

This room is not as appealing as Oscar's.

There seems to be no sign of life, except for the slumbering, size-able lump lying in bed, wrapped in a blanket.

This is **NINA Morton**, 23, Oscar's younger twin sister, though you couldn't tell because her brown hair is covering her face right now.

Her bedroom door creaks open.

Oscar looks in, sees Nina in bed, smiles, comforted by the sight of her.

He gently whispers:

OSCAR
See ya later, Nina.

EXT. MORTON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Peeling paint, rotted wood, patches of dead, over-grown grass speckling the dirt yard.

Contrary to popular belief this **IS** a house, though it has seen better days. So has the rest of town for that matter.

Oscar exits through the crooked front door.

In the...

YARD NEXT DOOR

An elderly, grumpy **Mr. HOLT**, 70, struggles, gathering spilled garbage from his ransacked trash can.

Oscar notices, walks over to help--

HOLT
I can do this myself, thank you very much.

OSCAR
Are you sure?

Holt slams the trash can down, annoyed:

HOLT

Yes! Damn...

(beat)

For the last couple of days, I come out to find this. It's ridiculous! I can't even-- Is Ms. Lewis's dog being fed?

OSCAR

Uh, Mr. Holt, Chauncey's been dead for three years.

Holt wags his finger in Oscar's face, authoritative.

HOLT

Don't you be smart with me, boy. It has to be a dog. Look!

Holt turns the trash can to Oscar, revealing a couple of claw marks.

HOLT(CONT'D)

You don't have to be genius to see that.

Oscar examines the marks.

OSCAR

Maybe coyotes? They get the trash at the drive-in sometimes too.

Next to Oscar's foot, a crumpled piece of **YELLOW PAPER**. Oscar sees it, swipes it off the ground.

OSCAR(CONT'D)

Well, I gotta get to work, Mr. Holt.

HOLT

(not caring)

Yeah, yeah...

INT. OSCAR'S CAR - DAY

Oscar takes the crumpled paper ball, smooths it out over the dashboard and recognizes it. It's a **FLYER** that reads:

Save The Silver Sky!

Contact Oscar Morton

He slumps back into his seat and looks out the window to the...

YARD NEXT DOOR

Holt continues to gather garbage, ignorant of Oscar's disappointing discovery.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Founded out in the middle of the desert, the town's Main Street is composed of a collection of aged wooden buildings.

This old western town shines with grit and holds a fascinating history...

But that's the past!

Currently, it's the run-downed town you drive past on a road trip, unless your car breaks down.

Some buildings are vacant.

Some have your basic town stores.

And some are kitschy souvenir shops advertising merchandise based on a hairy, fierce, humanoid, bi-pedal creature known as the **DOG-MAN!**

Town sign reads:

Welcome to Morse County, New Mexico

The Best in the West!

Underneath it, a relatively newer sign, crudely slapped on:

Encounter the Dog-Man!

Oscar's car puttters down the street, past...

A WALL

Covered with more of Oscar's flyers hidden beneath a fresh layer of graffiti.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - ENTRANCE - DAY

Set against the blinding sun, an unlit neon sign reads:

Perry Morton's Silver Sky

Drive-In Theater

Sat right outside of town, some what isolated, Silver Sky is the best looking place in town.

Granted, that's a low bar, but true nonetheless.

Its **RED** and **WHITE** color scheme and **ART-DECO** architectural design ooze nostalgia for old Hollywood.

Oscar stares up at the sign, admiring.

With a heavy sigh:

OSCAR
Let's do this.

He unlocks the front gate, enters.

The theater marquee reads:

Last Night Open!

INT. DRIVE-IN - OFFICE - DAY

Complete darkness. This room has no windows.

CLICK CLACK

A door unlocks, opens.

Light shines through, illuminating Oscar's silhouette in the door frame. He enters, closes the door behind him.

Back to complete darkness.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DREAM

A dark, empty void.

Thin layers of fog linger over the ground.

It's eerie, quiet.

TAP TAP

Faint footsteps trotting in the distance move closer...

And closer...

And...

A little **GIRL**, 7, brown hair, runs through the void, lost and scared.

In her arms, a **TOY BUNNY**, held tight.

HER EYES: Puffy and red. She's been crying.

She yells:

GIRL
Daddy!

No answer.

GIRL(CONT'D)
Daddy!

Weeping, her call grows desperate:

GIRL(CONT'D)
Daddy, where are you?

GRRRRR

A low guttural growl answers, raspy, wet, bone chilling.

The Girl looks to the source of that ungodly sound, squinting into the darkness.

A FEW FEET AWAY

THE OUTLINE OF A DARK, HUNCHED-OVER CREATURE, LURKING IN THE DARKNESS, BARELY VISIBLE.

Scared stiff, the Girl whispers:

GIRL(CONT'D)
Daddy?

THEN

The creature sets its sights on the Girl, staring her down with its fiery yellow eyes.

It lets out a gut-wrenching **HOOOOOWL!**

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - DAY

NINA'S EYES: Shoot wide-open.

She sits up in bed, alarmed, her breathing labored, eyes are dark and heavy.

This girl has seen shit.

She's slept in clothes that, most likely, she wore the night before, her hair styled by her pillow.

Her breathing stabilizes.

ON HER DESK

A **TOY BUNNY** sits, staring at her.

Vulnerable, and then embarrassed about feeling vulnerable, Nina regains her composure and addresses the bunny, formally:

NINA

Gilbert.

GILBERT, Nina's only friend, continues to stare at her. As if she's answering a question he's asked:

NINA(CONT'D)

Yeah. Same one.

Saving herself from a mental breakdown:

NINA(CONT'D)

But it-- it never happened. It's not real, I'm okay.

She lies back into bed, repeating to herself:

NINA(CONT'D)

It's not real, I'm okay. It's not real, I'm okay.

As she does this, she rubs the lower left part of her stomach.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DRIVE-IN - CLOSET - DAY

It's small... cramped...

It's a closet.

Oscar fights his way past brooms, mops, buckets and unused equipment to reach a curtain.

He draws it back, revealing a shelf holding a few small cases. He takes one down, opens it. There are **FILM REELS** inside.

Oscar consults the folded piece of paper from his pocket.

OSCAR

Alright. Where are you?

He searches through the case until...

OSCAR(CONT'D)

Aha! Gotcha.

INT. DRIVE-IN - PROJECTION BOOTH - DAY

A spacious room.

The **FILM PROJECTOR** sits in the center.

ZZZZ

Loud snores come from the corner of the room. There, a stout, balding, bear-of-a-man, sits in a chair, asleep.

This is **JOE**, 55. He's the drive-in's projectionist, probably because it is the least physically demanding job in town.

From outside the booth:

OSCAR(O.S)

Joe!

Joe is shaken awake.

Oscar enters the booth, film reel in hand and with a chippy disposition.

OSCAR(CONT'D)

Hey, Jo-Jo!

Joe rubs his eyes.

JOE
Oscar, you know that happy thing
you do? Don't.

OSCAR
I got a present for you.

JOE
A retirement fund?

OSCAR
Close.

Oscar hands Joe the reel.

JOE
Oh, Oscar, you shouldn't have. I
feel all warm inside. So what's on
the menu for tonight?

Joe reads the title on the reel. He looks up to Oscar,
disappointed.

JOE(CONT'D)
Really?

OSCAR
The Bowl has spoken.

JOE
Just because Perry did it doesn't
mean we have to. Besides, didn't we
have to sit through this one last
week?

OSCAR
I don't know what to tell you. I
still can't find the other films.
It's like they disappeared when
Pop--
(avoiding something)
Just get the reel ready.

Joe lumbers to action.

OSCAR(CONT'D)
So, how do you do, Joe?

JOE
Considering I'm about to lose my
job...?

OSCAR

Don't be like that, big guy. This place isn't going anywhere, not without a fight.

JOE

Then I think you're gonna need more flyers.

Joe chuckles.

OSCAR

Okay, so the flyers didn't work, but we're meeting with Mr. Plunk tomorrow. Maybe he has some ideas.

JOE

Yeah, I guess it's worth asking for the hundredth time.

Oscar ignores the sarcasm.

OSCAR

Until all that's sorted, what do you say I give you fifty percent of the box office tonight?

JOE

Uninterested.

OSCAR

What? I said fifty. Half.

JOE

I heard. It's just that half of two is still one last I checked.

OSCAR

Joe, this place has been around for thirty years, people just aren't gonna forget about it.

JOE

Sun is about to set, almost showtime. They already have. Just you and your sis remember this place. I've been coerced.

Oscar peers out the window, looking into the empty stadium, saddened. Joe is right.

JOE(CONT'D)
So, will Sleeping Moody be joining
us tonight?

Oscar turns to Joe, confused. Who?

Off his silence:

JOE
Nina.

OSCAR
Nina? Well, I invited her. I
guess-- you should put her down as
a "maybe".

Joe scoffs, he knows what "maybe" means.

OSCAR(CONT'D)
I should finish opening.

Oscar turns to leave but trips...

OSCAR(CONT'D)
Whoa!

... over a **LUMP** in the carpet. He **SLAMS** into the floor.

Joe laughs, hysterical.

JOE
I gotta admit, I am gonna miss
that!

Oscar groans to himself:

OSCAR
Every time.

RADIO(PRE-LAP)
Good evening, Morse County!

INT. DRIVE-IN - CONCESSIONS - EVENING

ON THE COUNTER

A radio.

RADIO(V.O)
*It's six forty-five in the "PM" and
this is Jack Bump. We're gonna keep
the tunes a'coming with a personal
favorite.*

A folksy guitar tune plays. Oscar turns up the volume.

MONTAGE

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - EVENING

Hanging on the wall...

A CALENDAR

Every date of the month is crossed off, except for the last two. Nina crosses one of them out.

Written over the last date: **INDIANA**

She looks at it, smiles. She's been waiting for this.

INT. DRIVE-IN - CONCESSIONS - EVENING

Fresh corn is a'popping. Oscar wipes down the counter and mops the floor.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - GARAGE - EVENING

The garage has been converted into a personal gym.

Nina works out; push-ups, pull-ups, sit-ups and practicing fighting techniques.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - STADIUM - EVENING

Oscar touches up the paint on car parking stalls.

MOMENTS LATER

He uses a leaf blower to dry the paint.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Nina takes a shower, brushes her teeth.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - EVENING

Nina packs her room into an empty suitcase.

INT. DRIVE-IN - OFFICE - EVENING

ON THE DESK

Oscar dusts a name plate:

Perry Morton

Hanging on the wall...

A FRAMED PHOTO:

A seven-year-old Nina and Oscar smiling next to their father, **PERRY Morton** 30's (in the photo)His endearing smile shows genuine love for his kids.

Oscar smiles at the photo, sentimental.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - EVENING**ON HER DESK**

A photo of a seven-year-old Nina and Oscar smiling next to their father, whose head's cut off in this copy.

Nina takes the photo and packs into her suitcase.

Also from the desk, she pockets a **BUSINESS CARD** with a phone number on it.

EXT. MORTON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Nina exits through the crooked front door.

I/E. DRIVE-IN - BOX OFFICE - NIGHT

Oscar sells tickets to one car. It enters the stadium.

He looks out the booth to see if anyone else is coming.

No one is.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - STADIUM - NIGHT

Stadium lights dim, the silver screen lights up.

THE COUNTDOWN: 5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1...

EXT. THE HOWLER - NIGHT

One of the buildings on Main Street houses Morse County's only bar.

Its tacky sign beckons:

The Howler

Bar and Grill 24 HR

Nina approaches the bar, looks up to the sign, rolling her eyes. Then she enters.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. UNKNOWN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Down a long, windowless corridor, a steel door at the end.
Closer to the door...

And closer...

And...

WHOOSH!

The door explodes open, hinges shrieking. Panicked, out runs a **FATHER**, 30's, his **DAUGHTER**, 12, and **SON**, 9. They're drenched with an unidentifiable green liquid.

Father carries a steampunk-looking **WEAPON**; a hybrid of a slingshot and over-sized revolver.

Every door they pass they attempt to open.

Locked...

Locked...

Unlocked...

They find refuge in an...

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shattered medical equipment, light bulbs smashed, burners left ignited.

The place is absolutely trashed.

Father and his children sneak through, until:

FATHER

God--!

Screaming in pain, he collapses to the floor, then crawls behind a counter table. Daughter and Son kneel down.

DAUGHTER

What's wrong, papa?

Father puts on a "brave" face:

FATHER

Nothing.

He examines a gnarly gash in his leg.

FATHER(CONT'D)
 Don't worry, I'll be okay. We have
 to keep moving.

He tries to stand, but the pain is insufferable:

FATHER(CONT'D)
 AHHH!

INT. DRIVE-IN PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Father continues/struggle to stand.

Joe and Oscar watch, Joe with his bucket of popcorn.

Oscar leans over to the window, looks down into the...

STADIUM

Only three cars parked in the house tonight. Not exactly the
 best turn out.

Oscar slouches back into his chair.

OSCAR
 Whole town doesn't know what
 they're missing.

JOE
 Lucky sons of bitches.

Back on screen...

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT - MOVIE

Father's attempts are futile, he leans back onto the counter
 table, accepting his fate.

FATHER
 Kids, I'm afraid this is the end of
 the road for me.

SON
 But--

FATHER
 No buts.
 (beat)
 Here, take this.

He hands Daughter the weapon.

FATHER
Remember how to use it?

DAUGHTER
Of course!

THEN, any suspense this film has built up is suddenly sucked out as the film takes on a more "instructional" tone.

Displaying the weapon to Father (and camera):

DAUGHTER(CONT'D)
Depending on the size of the stalk,
the dial can be set to low, medium
or high.

SON
And if you find yourself in a
situation where your hand is broken
and you can't pull the trigger...

Son takes out a pack of rubber bands.

SON
Simply take some of your ammo and
wrap it around the trigger. The gun
will repeatedly fire as you mend
your hand.

FATHER
Excellent! Remember, this weapon
can be made with a number of every
day, house-hold appliances. That
and a little determination of
course.

THEN, as quick as left, the tension is injected right back into the scene. Father winces in pain.

FATHER(CONT'D)
Ow!

He looks to his kids.

FATHER(CONT'D)
Oh, come here.

He pulls them in for a hug.

INT. DRIVE-IN - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Joe, munching on his popcorn, commentates:

JOE

Do any of these films understand
the importance of tonal
consistency? At least pretend like
you're trying to disguise
exposition!

Oscar ignores Joe's observations.

He looks back to the screen and sees something... different.

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT - OSCAR'S VISION

Perry sits on the lab floor, hugging Oscar and Nina.

PERRY

I love you both so much, but I'm
afraid you'll have to go on without
me.

Oscar and Nina pull away from him, devastated.

OSCAR

But-- but we can't.

PERRY

Of course you can. You will.

OSCAR

How, pop?

PERRY

By protecting each other. Promise
me.

(to Nina)

You're gonna protect your brother?

NINA

I will.

PERRY

Oscar? Promise me you'll protect
her, no matter what?

Through tears:

OSCAR

I promise.

Perry takes Oscar's cheek in hand.

PERRY
That's my boy.

INT. DRIVE-IN - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Oscar watches this scene, moved.

HIS EYES: Misty, on the verge of tears.

PERRY(O.S)
Protect her.

Oscar replies, whispering to himself:

OSCAR
I promise, pop.

THEN:

JOE
Oh, great!

Just like that, Oscar's moment is jerked away by an un-enthused Joe.

JOE(CONT'D)
Here comes the best part.

INT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - NIGHT - MOVIE

Father looks to his children, lovingly.

BOOM!

Outside the lab, in the hall, something is coming.

FATHER
Kids, quiet.

BOOM!

He prepares his kids.

FATHER(CONT'D)
Get ready, they're here.

Daughter readies the weapon.

WHOOSH!

The lab door flies open and there they are...

MUTATED FLYING STALKS OF BROCCOLI! (on strings)

DAUGHTER
Let's get them!

Daughter aims and **BLASTS** the broccoli to smithereens. As they explode, buckets of green blood burst from them. It's a vegetarian horror movie!

INT. DRIVE-IN - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

As the action plays on screen, Joe is unimpressed. He turns to Oscar.

JOE
Really? Our last night open and the damn fish bowl had to pick "Attack of the Mutated Broccoli"?

INT. THE HOWLER - NIGHT

A typical small town bar with typical small town bar decor... except for the Dog-Man memorabilia.

This town sure has a thing for Dog-Man.

THE HALLWAY

A line of pay phones lead the way to the bathrooms. Nina picks one up, takes out the business card, dials the number.

MID-CONVERSATION - LATER

NINA
(into phone)
Yes - of course - no, he put up some flyers but I took care of those - trust me, no one is gonna make a bid on the place except for you, at least no one else willing to pay market price.
(beat)
And you're bringing mine tomorrow too, right?

She smiles, the answer is "yes".

NINA
(into phone)
Great, thanks - I'll see you tomorrow then, one o'clock - alright, goodbye.

She hangs up, reveling in her moment of happiness.

LATER

Accompanied by a half-finished bottle of tequila, Nina sits at the bar. She doesn't even have a glass, she drinks straight from the bottle.

AT ANOTHER TABLE

A trio of men sit. They're rugged, small-town hot-shots who like to talk shit and stir up trouble.

TRENT, 30's, and **DEACON**, 30's talk to each other. **BERT**, 30's, sees Nina and grabs his buddies' attention.

BERT
Boys, looky. She's back.

He draws their attention towards Nina.

BERT(CONT'D)
Watch this.

He whistles for her:

BERT(CONT'D)
Ey, Nina!

She ignores him.

BERT(CONT'D)
C'mon, girl, don't be like that.
Buy you drink? Tell us about a
recent encounter?

Still, she gives them nothing. Bert tries something else; he howls at her:

BERT(CONT'D)
AWOOOOO!

Bert and his cronies snicker.

Nina pays them no mind. Instead, she turns the opposite way and finds a newspaper article hanging on the wall.

The headline reads:

MORTON TERRIFIES AUDIENCES WITH NEW DOG-MAN MOVIE

Underneath, a photo of Perry standing in front of the drive-in.

Nina stares at the photo, daggers.

After one giant swig of tequila, Nina stumbles out of the bar.

EXT. BEACH - SUN SET - MOVIE

On beautiful white sand, Father, wearing a make-shift splint on his leg, stands next to Daughter and Son.

They look like they've seen hell.

Half-buried in the sand, a lone stalk of broccoli, dead.

Father looks off into the horizon, triumphant:

FATHER

It's over.

SON

Does this mean I still have to eat
my green vegetables?

The whole family laughs their way to a happy ending.

Music crescendos.

SUPER: The End

EXT. DRIVE-IN - EXIT - NIGHT

Three cars exit the stadium, Oscar sees them off, waving "goodbye".

Once they're gone, Oscar looks back to the empty stadium and dark silver screen.

Then, he locks up.

INT. MORTON HOUSE - NINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Light seeps through the door cracks into an otherwise darkened room.

Down the hall...

CLICK CLACK

The front door unlocks, opens, followed by:

OSCAR(O.S)

Nina?

No answer.

OSCAR(O.S)(CONT'D)

Nina? I thought you were gonna try
to come tonight.

Oscar's footsteps approach Nina's door.

KNOCK KNOCK

OSCAR(O.S)(CONT'D)
You still asleep?

More silence. He opens the door...

OSCAR(CONT'D)
Hello? Nin--

... looks into an empty room. His face drops, concerned.
Immediately, he takes off, out the house.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT**

Drunk, Nina bumbles down an unlit desolate country road.

Up ahead, her goal, a sign that reads:

Leaving Morse County

Approaching the sign, she nearly topples over, but catches herself on the sign's support post.

Hanging from the post, Nina looks towards the road leading out of town, longing for her turn to travel it.

Then, she spins herself around, looking back at the Morse County Skyline, punctuated by the warm neon glow of the Silver Sky.

She starts giggling, almost manic.

Her time is coming.**INT. OSCAR'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Oscar drives through town, vigilant, on the search for Nina.

His fingers incessantly tap the wheel, nervous.

OSCAR
Where are you?

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

Past Main Street, Oscar turns onto an unlit back road.

He drives further into the darkness...

And further...

And...

Shortly, the car's brake lights are completely consumed by the darkness.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DREAM

Trembling in fear, the little Girl sits alone in the dark void, with only her toy bunny to keep her company.

The air is deathly still.

Suddenly...

KRRCCCHHHHH

Like iron nails against a chalkboard, Girl protects her ears from that horrid sound.

A FEW FEET AWAY

Bright red sparks leap from ground, illuminating a hairy, humanoid paw dragging its claws.

The sparks draw closer...

And closer...

And...

They're gone, it's silent.

SWOOP SLICE

The massive paw slashes the Girl, knocking on her to the ground.

Blood pours from her stomach as she wails in pain.

From the darkness, a **HOOOOWWLLLL!**

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - DAY

NINA'S EYES: Shoot wide open.

She snaps awake, freaked, calms her heavy breathing.

Surrounded by cacti and tumbleweeds, she's about a mile outside of town. The early morning sun rays smack her in the face, sobering her up.

She calms down, lies on her back and repeats to herself:

NINA
It's not real, I'm okay. It's not
real, I'm okay.

INT. THE HOWLER - DAY

Nina sits at the bar, this time accompanied by a Bloody Mary.

From her pocket, Nina pulls out a **POSTCARD**, stares at the photo:

INDIANA - THE HOOSIER STATE!

She smiles, anticipating.

It's finally happening.

BAR DOOR

Still on his search, Oscar takes a quick look into the bar. He double-takes and finally locates Nina.

He looks to her, frustrated by her disappearance, exhausted from his long night of searching, ultimately happy to see she's okay.

Softly, he approaches her.

OSCAR
Hiya, sis.

Nina turns to greet him, jovial:

NINA
Ozzie! Sit down, join me.

He does, Nina offers him some of her drink.

OSCAR
No thanks.

She observes his restless eyes, chuckles:

NINA
Rough night?

OSCAR
Funny, I was gonna ask you the same.

Nina sips her drink.

NINA
I couldn't sleep last night so I came out for a drink. That okay with you?

OSCAR
Of course, absolutely, it's just I- I came here last night and you weren't here.

NINA
The Howler has a good take-out service.

She can feel Oscar's non-believing stare, concedes:

NINA(CONT'D)

I went for a hike.

OSCAR

A hike?

NINA

Checked out some places before I
leave.

OSCAR

Right.

Oscar notices the Indiana postcard on the counter.

OSCAR(CONT'D)

You know, Indiana may not be as
perfect as you think.

NINA

Here we go.

OSCAR

No place is.

OSCAR

Hear me out, we're meeting with Mr.
Plunk today and maybe we can turn
things around, play the cards we
were dealt--

NINA

Oscar, I'm going.

A beat.

OSCAR

I know things haven't been great
for you here since--

NINA

Ever? When have things ever been
good for the "Town Crazy"? But
today, things are finally changing.
He and the drive-in are out of my
life. I'm free.

OSCAR

Nina--

The bar door opens, Bert and his buddies swagger in.

BERT

(to bartender)

Ey, Earl! Get us a six-pack to go!

OSCAR
C'mon, Nina, we got a meeting to
get to.

NINA
You start, I'll catch up.

OSCAR
Yeah, right, I'm not falling for
that one again, I'm not twenty two
anymore.

Bert sees the twins.

BERT
Ey, well if it ain't the
Girl-Who-Cried-Wolf and her Big Bad
Brother back at the watering hole.

The boys chuckle.

BERT(CONT'D)
So where'd ya go last night, Nina?
"Ron-day-voo" with your Dog-Man?

OSCAR
(to Nina)
Lets go, you don't have to put up
with this.

NINA
Ain't the first time, Oz, but it
will be the last.

Desperate to leave:

OSCAR
I'll be in the car.

Oscar tries to leave but Trent and Deacon grab a hold of
him.

BERT
Where do you think you're going,
boy?

NINA(O.S)
Don't touch him, Bert...

Bert turns to face Nina.

NINA(CONT'D)
 ... or I'll break your fingers.

Always one to tempt fate, Bert takes Oscar and throws him to the floor, egging Nina on.

Oscar pops up, pulls Nina aside.

OSCAR
 (to Bert)
 One second.
 (to Nina)
 Don't do this.

NINA
 Ozzie, if the town thinks you're a nut job, it's fun to play the part every once in a while. Fingers are getting broken today.

OSCAR
 We don't have time.

NINA
 One hand.

OSCAR
 What?

Impatiently, Bert and his boys watch as Oscar and Nina negotiate/bicker. Finally:

OSCAR(CONT'D)
 Alright, fine! Deal.

They shake hands and Oscar slinks out of the bar.

Nina chugs the rest of her Bloody Mary.

BERT
 So?

She smirks, then...

WHAM!

She hurls her glass towards Bert's head. He's able to dodge it but not her fist. **SMACK**, right to his face, he falls to the ground.

Deacon and Trent join in and the fight ensues.

Meanwhile...

EXT. THE HOWLER - DAY

Oscar waits for his sister.

He can hear **PUNCHING, KICKING, SMASHING** and painful **SCREAMING** until it is all silenced by four **CRACKS!**

A silent beat.

Nina emerges from the bar, a little roughed up, but smiling.

OSCAR
Happy?

NINA
Oh, yeah.

They walk to Oscar's car.

OSCAR
Correct me if I'm wrong but did I
hear four fingers break instead of
three like we agreed?

NINA
Sue me.

Oscar notices blood on Nina's shirt.

OSCAR
You bleeding?

NINA
Not mine.

INT. MR. PLUNK'S OFFICE - DAY

Paper towers climb from the floor to the ceiling. Post-it notes cover the wall.

Underneath it all, it's a lawyer's office.

Nina and Oscar sit across the desk-

That is if you believe there's a desk underneath the clutter.

- from **Mr. Morris PLUNK**, 49, a grayed, dignified, Native American man wearing glasses too small for his head.

He skims through a file, mumbling to himself, then addresses Oscar and Nina:

PLUNK

Well, seems everything is in order
for the auction today. All I need
is your signatures here.

He slides the papers over. Nina signs, no hesitation. Oscar
is not so quick, staring at the dotted line.

PLUNK

Something wrong, Oscar?

OSCAR

No, it's just-- I--

(beat)

Are you sure there's no way we can
keep the place?

NINA

Oh, my god.

OSCAR

I just don't think we should give
up so easily.

PLUNK

Oscar, we've been over this,
there's simply nothing to be done.

NINA

Besides, what could you do with
Perry's drive-in--

OSCAR

Pop's.

NINA

Perry's drive-in. You don't know
how to run a business. He didn't
either.

OSCAR

(defeated)

Just thought I ask.

NINA

Well, you did. So sign.

Recognizing how hard this must be for Oscar, Plunk
momentarily changes subjects.

PLUNK

You know, your father never drew up
a will, no matter how many times I

PLUNK
 told him to. Guess he wasn't
 expecting to go out so soo-
 (catching himself)
 No matter.

Plunk gets up from his chair and journeys through his office, looking for something.

PLUNK(CONT'D)
 A while back, when you two were
 about seven, your father did give
 me something to hold onto.

He succinctly locates what he's looking for, a **SMALL SAFE**.

His office is messy, but it's Plunk's unique system.

PLUNK(CONT'D)
 Here it is.

He places the safe onto the desk. Oscar and Nina perk up, curious.

PLUNK(CONT'D)
 Now, he told me to wait for his
 word, then I would give it to him
 and he'd give it to you two.
 However, under the circumstances, I
 think he wouldn't mind if I gave it
 to you now.

NINA
 What's inside?

From his pocket, Plunk presents a key to the twins.

PLUNK
 Let's find out.

Nina takes the key, unlocks the safe, opens it and finds...

NINA
 It's empty.

PLUNK
 What?

Oscar takes a look.

OSCAR
 No, wait, there's something in
 there.

He reaches in, pulls out a small piece of metal, shaped like a jagged tooth. A **METAL TOOTH**. A note is attached.

OSCAR(CONT'D)
Feels like iron. Weird shape.

PLUNK
What does the note say?

OSCAR
(reading)
"To Nina, use it well." What's that mean?

Plunk shrugs:

"I don't know."

Oscar hands the metal tooth to Nina who is severely unimpressed.

NINA
Wow, a piece of metal crap, Oscar.
I can feel the love. Thanks, Perry.

She pockets the metal tooth, turns to Plunk.

NINA(CONT'D)
Is there anything else?

PLUNK
I'm afraid not.

NINA
See you at the auction, then.

Nina leaves Oscar, not feeling any better.

PLUNK
Sorry about that, Oscar. I had no idea what was inside.

OSCAR
It's okay.

A beat.

PLUNK
But you know, no matter how hard it is, Oscar, sometimes we have to let go of the past, move on. Trust me, you're gonna be okay, son.
(checks his watch)

PLUNK

Listen, I've got another meeting to get to, be sure to sign that before you leave. I'll see you later.

Plunk pats Oscar on the back and leaves him alone to stare down at the dotted line, hopeless.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DRIVE-IN - ENTRANCE - DAY

Nina and Oscar wait outside the stadium, alone.

A silent beat.

Oscar turns to Nina:

OSCAR

I'm just gonna go do a final
inspection, make sure the place is
clean for... whoever buys it.

She doesn't look at him.

NINA

No problem.

Oscar enters the stadium, out of sight.

INT. DRIVE-IN - OFFICE - DAY

Oscar walks through the office, one last time, taking in all the memories it brings.

He looks to the framed photo of himself, Nina and Perry, racked with guilt.

After a moment, he pulls himself away, turns off the lights in the office and shuts the door.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - ENTRANCE - DAY

Nina checks her watch, **12:45 PM**. She looks back up towards the road.

A luxurious car rolls towards the drive-in. Painted on the door, a logo reads:

LUX LAND DEVELOPMENT

It parks. The driver's door pops open and MASON, 30's, an imposing bodyguard, walks around to the passenger's door.

He opens the door and out comes a tall, gaunt, woman clad in black, upscale business attire, commanding presence. **This is Ms. Joanna LUX**, 45.

Intimidating as she may be, Nina approaches her, thrilled.

NINA
Ms. Lux. Glad you could make it.

Lux observes the drive-in entrance.

LUX
It looked better in the pictures
you sent.

NINA
Well, I have to admit, those
pictures were taken in the sixties.

LUX
Yes, I'm sure *that's* what it is. No
matter.

A beat.

NINA
So, you have it right?

LUX
My goodness, dear, of course. In
the car

NINA
Market price?

LUX
Who do you think you're talking to?

Lux smiles.

NINA
And mine?

LUX
Ten thousand dollars, as I offered.

NINA
Offered? I requested that.

LUX
Fine, we "negotiated".

An awkward beat.

NINA
Alright. Well, the auction will be
starting soon, the place is yours,
so I think I'll just collect and--

LUX

Not so fast, darling. Despite my flawless complexion I wasn't born a fortnight ago. You'll have yours once the auction is over and Silver Sky is officially mine.

NINA

You're kidding right?

LUX

I'm afraid not.

NINA

Listen, no one cares enough about this place. It's all yours, I made sure of it.

LUX

Honey, there's no such thing as a sure thing.

Nina backs down.

She'll just have to wait.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - BACK SIDE - DAY

Oscar's inspection of the drive-in is looking good until he stumbles upon...

OSCAR

Oh, crap.

Spilled garbage from the bins scattered all over the ground.

He starts gathering trash into a pile, then finds something, a dirty, wet, piece of yellow paper. He picks it up and reads:

Save the Silver Sky!

Contact Oscar Morton

Reluctantly, Oscar crumples the flyer, tosses it into a trash bag. Just as he's almost done...

RIP

The trash bag tears and pukes the garbage back onto the ground.

He can't contain it, Oscar breaks into anger, stomping and kicking the garbage, realizing reality is finally catching up.

After he calms down, he starts gathering the trash again, but he stops when he finds something strange in the ground...

A GIANT PAW PRINT

Looks dog-like, but it's huge.

Oscar examines it, curiously. Then...

FLASH

A burst of bright, white light startles Oscar...

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

... and sends him flying into the pile of trash.

He hears a **FEMALE** laughing:

FEMALE (O.S)

I knew you were sad about the drive-in, but I didn't think you'd be this down in the dumps.

Oscar recognizes the voice.

OSCAR

Maureen?

Carrying her camera, **MAUREEN Plunk**, 23, black hair, brown eyes, witty, Native American, offers Oscar a helping hand and a smile.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - ENTRANCE - DAY

Oscar and Maureen walk back to the entrance together.

OSCAR

I was just at your dad's office and he didn't tell me you were back in town.

MAUREEN

Don't blame Morris, I wanted to surprise you. And I think I did a good job, you were so scared.

OSCAR

Oh, I'm sorry, I don't usually have people ambush me with a bright flash.

They smile.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

What's with the camera anyway?

MAUREEN

I need some visual aids for my dissertation. That's why I'm back in town.

OSCAR

Well, you're in luck, there's plenty of rocks around here to study.

MAUREEN

Oscar, that's geology. I study *anthropology*.

OSCAR

Okay, I'll pretend to know what that is.

Maureen giggles.

MAUREEN

No worries, not exactly the most popular subject. Studying human language, culture, societies, blah blah blah...

OSCAR

So, you like it in California?

MAUREEN

Yeah, but something about Morse calls to me. I want to come back to my roots, you know?

Oscar smiles, admiring that.

OSCAR

Roots, huh?

He looks up to the Silver Sky sign.

OSCAR(CONT'D)
Yeah, roots are important.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - ENTRANCE - DAY - LATER

The **AUCTIONEER** stands in front of the theater and addresses the crowd.

AUCTIONEER
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for joining us today for the auction of Perry Morton's Silver Sky Drive-In. What an inspiring turnout.

A crowd of six people are in attendance...

Nina observes the sparse crowd, struggling to contain her excitement...

Oscar barely pays attention to the Auctioneer, his heart hurts so much being there...

Maureen stands next to Oscar, supporting him, like a good friend...

Lux and Mason stand reserved, poker-faced, this is not their first rodeo...

Plunk is... well, Plunk.

AUCTIONEER(CONT'D)
Splendid. So, lets begin. Shall we start the bidding at one hundred thousand?

Lux whispers into Mason's ear. He states:

MASON
One hundred.

AUCTIONEER
Thank you, Ms. Lux, I have one hundred thousand going once...

Oscar takes one last look at the drive-in, the box-office, the marquee, the sign.

But instead of sadness, he feels galvanized.

AUCTIONEER(CONT'D)
One hundred thousand going twice...

Courage builds inside Oscar.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

And...

Before it's too late:

OSCAR

One hundred ten thousand!

Everyone turns to Oscar, staring silently.

No one was expecting this.

NINA

Excuse me?

OSCAR

That's right, I bid one-ten!

Auctioneer smiles, seemingly excited by the sudden turn this auction has taken.

AUCTIONEER

Well, alright, thank you, Mr.
Morton, I have one-ten over here.
Do I hear one-twenty?

Lux whispers to Mason.

MASON

One-twenty.

OSCAR

One-thirty!

NINA

Oscar, what are you doing? Knock it
off!

OSCAR

I'm doing what Pop would have
wanted.

(to Auctioneer)

One-thirty!

NINA

Shut up!

Nina smacks Oscar.

MASON

One-forty.

OSCAR
One-fifty!

Plunk rushes over to Oscar.

PLUNK
Oscar?

NINA
He's crazy. You don't have any
money, Oscar.

OSCAR
Nina, stop and think. This place is
important and we can't just let it
go. If we turn the business around
we can afford it. In the meantime I
can sell off my pants to help, I
only need one pair.

NINA
Jesus--

OSCAR
And we can sell the house and live
in the drive-in. It's perfect.

MASON
One-sixty.

OSCAR
One-seve--

Plunk covers Oscar's mouth, holding him back, Oscar
struggles.

PLUNK
Oscar, you're just emotional right
now, you're not thinking straight.
Just breathe, think happy
thoughts--

NINA
Oscar, you're an idiot!

PLUNK
Not helping, Nina. Oscar, as your
family's lawyer, I must advise you
to let it go.

Muffled:

OSCAR
Please, let me go.

Then, the chaos comes to a halt when:

MAUREEN
One-seventy.

Plunk releases Oscar and turns to Maureen, taken aback.

PLUNK
Maureen...?

Oscar smiles at Maureen, she understands.

MASON
One-eighty.

Oscar doesn't hesitate:

OSCAR
One-ninety.

NINA
You're gonna ruin everything!

MASON
Two hundred.

MAUREEN
Two-ten.

Plunk grabs Maureen's arm.

PLUNK
Enough, Maureen.

OSCAR
Two-twenty!

Lux whispers to Mason.

MASON
Five hundred.

Oscar and Maureen stop their bidding. Auctioneer is surprised.

AUCTIONEER
Market price and a half?

He clears his throat and regains composure.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Ahem, right, five hundred going
 once...

Oscar turns to Maureen, she mouths: **I'm sorry.**

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Going twice... and...

BOOM!

In the near distance, the back-fire of a car startles everyone and forces their attention to the road.

A **RED PICK-UP TRUCK** hurtles towards the auction. As it gets closer, the driver seems to have no intention of slowing down.

PLUNK
 What--?

Then, the driver **SLAMS** on the breaks, the truck drifts to a stop in front of the drive-in, scattering all the auction attendees out of the way, like cockroaches.

Dust clouds obscure the truck. As they disperse, the driver is revealed, standing outside the truck.

It's... Frances?

She's no longer caked in blood and dirt, she's clean wearing a causal business suit, and carrying the duffle bag.

Curiously, the original driver of this truck is nowhere to be seen.

Frances gaits towards the Auctioneer, ignoring everyone else, as if they aren't there.

She bids the duffle bag.

FRANCES
 I would like to purchase the
 entertainment venue known as Perry
 Morton's Silver Sky Drive-In
 Theater for two times market price.

Her fluctuating accent is hard to pinpoint.

Auctioneer, not knowing what to make of this, takes the duffle bag, opens it, finds that it's full of cash.

Remembering her manners:

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Please.

She gives him a smile. Even gussied up, the smile still doesn't sit right.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Funky pop music reverberates off of the empty two lane road.

It's blaring from the van covered in garish graffiti, speeding down the road.

The Darwinists.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - DAY

At the wheel, Paper Bag, sitting in the passenger's seat, his right hand, Welding. Ski and Goalie sit in the back.

They bob their heads to the music.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van gets stuck behind the only other car on the road, a **STATION WAGON** going thirty miles per hour.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING)- DAY

BILL Winston, 34, drives while arguing with his wife, **TAMMY Winston**, 34, about directions. She fumbles with a map.

TAMMY

We should've taken that left forty-five miles ago.

BILL

Don't start with me, I know where I'm going.

TAMMY

Lets just pull over and ask for directions.

As they argue, **ARNOLD Winston**, 9, sits in the back seat, ignored. He leans his head on the window, looking out at the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Darwinists' van speeds up, passing around the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

Arnold watches the van pass, confused, intrigued. He sees they're all wearing masks.

The Darwinists turn to face Arnold, offer a gentle wave, and speed pass the station wagon.

Arnold reaches for his parents, still arguing.

ARNOLD

Mom! Mom!

TAMMY

(mockingly)

Arnold, Arnold, Arnold. See how annoying that is?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The van continues down the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - LATER

Ski fills the van with gas, Goalie squeegees the windows.

They're the only customers outside.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Generic muzak plays while Paper Bag and Welding pick out bags of snacks and drinks.

The **CASHIER** watches them.

They bring their items to the register and Cashier rings them up. He examines Paper Bag's paper bag and comments:

CASHIER

Paper or plastic?

He chuckles at his joke.

Paper Bag and Welding aren't audible, but they throw their heads back in a laughing manner, genuinely amused.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I couldn't resist. I know it's silly.

Paper Bag offers Cashier a high-five for his joke. He bags their items and takes their money.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

I guess I've been living up in these mountains for so long that I'm severely out of touch with the latest fashion trends.

Welding grabs their snacks, and the two walk away, waving "goodbye".

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Have a nice day, now.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Paper Bag and Welding join the other two. Goalie lunges for the snacks.

Then...

VROOM

A pick-up truck parks at the neighboring pump. It catches the eyes of the Darwinists, but for the wrong reason.

Tied to the hood, a freshly killed **BUCK**.

Door opens, out comes a **HUNTER**. He nods, politely acknowledging the group, heads into the store.

The Darwinists silently stare at the dead animal, as if all life has been sucked out of them too.

Paper Bag moves to the deer, gently pets its head.

PAPER BAG'S EYES: Hold nothing but sympathy for the poor creature.

MOMENTS LATER

Goalie opens the back of the van, pulling out a set of **CHAINS**, a **HATCHET** and a **SUITCASE**.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter and Cashier stand by the register, chatting like old buddies.

CASHIER
So how big?

HUNTER
Biggest one I ever caught. Couple hundred pounds at least. Why don't you come out and take a look?

CASHIER
Sure.

They turn to the front door to see...

Paper Bag wrapping chains around the door handles.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

Hey!

Cashier and Hunter run to the door, try to open it. No use, it's locked up.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Paper bag says nothing, just stares at them, deadpan.

Cashier thinks for a moment, remembers and runs to...

THE BACK ROOM

He tries to pry open the back door. It's locked too.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Around the back, the door is wrapped in chains.

Welding finds the electrical box, opens it, rips out the wiring.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The power goes off. Lights, muzak, everything.

HUNTER

What do we do?

Cashier marches to the front window.

CASHIER

Okay, you've had your fun, now let us out.

Again, no answer from Paper Bag. Welding, Ski and Goalie join him, standing side by side, ready for the show.

CLATTER HISSSSS

Towards the back of the store, cans drop to the ground. Something pushed them over.

Having enough:

CASHIER(CONT'D)

That's it, let us out now or else!

Cashier continues to yell until...

All four Darwinists, ceremoniously, remove their masks, revealing their faces to the "dead" men.

The truth of what's behind the masks render Hunter and Cashier speechless.

HUNTER
What the hell--?

THEN...

CASHIER
Ahh!

Cashier is grabbed by something, pulled to the floor and dragged towards the back room.

CASHIER(CONT'D)
Oh, god, help me! Help!

Hunter leaps to action and takes a hold of Cashier's arm, engaging in a tug-of-war with this mysterious creature.

HUNTER
Hold on!

CASHIER
Don't let me go!

Strong as he is, it's not enough, Cashier's arm slips away as he's pulled completely into the backroom. His blood curdling screams echo, then...

CRUNCH

Silence.

Hunter is left there, haunted by his failure.

CLATTER HISS

Whatever took the Cashier is on the hunt again, Hunter rushes to the window, banging on it, begging, panicking, crying.

HUNTER
Okay, I don't know why you're doing this but please let me out, please. Please--!

Like the Cashier before him, Hunter is grabbed, pulled to ground and dragged to the back room.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

No!

His screams are instantly silenced...

CRUNCH

The hunt is over, the Darwinists put their masks back on.

Paper Bag removes the chains and opens the door so Goalie can kneel down to the ground, open the suitcase and motion for something to: "Come over."

Ski takes the hatchet, hacks off the ropes, releasing the buck. They carry it and slide it into the back of the van.

The scaly green tail of a serpent-like creature slithers back into the suitcase.

MOMENTS LATER

After looking over the carnage, Paper Bag nods to his team:

"Our work here is done."

They pile into the van, drive off.

END OF ACT FIVE

TEASER

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Darwinists' van drives off into the distance, past a sign reading:

Welcome to New Mexico!

FADE OUT:

END