

Ghoul City

by
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EXT. HIGHWAY. DUSK.

Farm country; somewhere in the Midwest. UNDER THE CREDITS, we watch a somewhat battered 1995 black Toyota Camry zoom down the deserted rural highway. The car has a Canadian license plate.

Heavy Metal MUSIC blasts from inside.

INT. CAMRY. DUSK.

The driver steadies the wheel with his knees, as he beats hard time to the music with his hands. He is GREG HEMMINGS, 28, tall, slender and above average looks under his three day beard and unwashed shoulder length hair. He wears dirty jeans, T-shirt, leather jacket, boots and a Toronto Maple Leafs' cap. His bloodshot eyes remain fixed on the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DUSK.

The MUSIC continues to blast, as the Toyota speeds past a road sign that reads: "Silo City, 10 Miles," and points down a blacktopped road that heads off to the right and disappears into the distance. The Toyota takes the right.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. DUSK.

The Toyota continues to speed down the road. Up ahead is a truck and trailer rig, heading in the same direction. A sign painted on the trailer reads "Silo City Culinary Confections". This vehicle is moving at a much slower speed than the Toyota.

INT. CAMRY. DUSK.

Greg glowers his impatience at the truck up ahead. He HONKS his horn.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. DUSK.

The Toyota quickly maneuvers around the truck/trailer; zooms down the road.

As the truck/trailer follows along after the Toyota, we see a gold, recent model Saturn parked on the side of a dirt road that intersects with the blacktopped highway.

INT. SATURN. DUSK.

Behind the wheel is ELLEN PIKE, 30, dressed in designer jeans, blouse and jacket. She's an attractive, sharp-witted woman who knows the ways of the world.

Ellen casually watches the passing vehicles through a pair of binoculars, then writes something on her clipboard.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

A mama-papa gas station/convenience store, located on the blacktopped road just outside of Silo City, a medium-sized farming-manufacturing town. The junior market sells groceries, sundries and beer. A sign promoting the upcoming county fair is placed prominently in the front window.

A pick-up truck with several bags of feed in the back is parked in front of the building.

INT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

The market is well-kept. The owners, TOM and MARY FRANKLIN, mid-50s, folksy, are behind the counter, putting away some stock.

OTTO and PETER SUNDSTROM, a father, 40, and his son, 18, both farmers, are shopping. There is a bottle of meat sauce, made by Silo City Culinary Confections, as well as several items wrapped in butcher paper in their basket. Nobody speaks.

Heavy Metal MUSIC in the distance becomes louder. Tom glances out the window and sees:

TOM'S P.O.V.

The Toyota pulls off the road and up to a gas pump. The MUSIC continues to blast.

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Greg, his jacket zipped up, steps out of the Toyota; gets the hose and begins filling his tank. He never takes his eyes off of the market.

Through the market window, he observes the Franklins and Sundstroms going about their business. Tom stares back at him.

INT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Tom appears concerned, as he studies the unsavory-looking young man through the window. Is he a drug dealer? A potential robber?

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Greg finishes filling the tank; replaces the hose onto the pump. His eyes still fixed on the market, he reaches into the over-filled back seat of his car, which appears to contain all of his worldly belongings; takes a half-filled can of beer and drinks from it. Some of the liquid spills down his chin, but he does not wipe it off. Tossing away the empty can, he heads toward the market entrance.

Behind him, the truck/trailer passes by, heading into town.

INT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Greg enters the market; looks about.

TOM
(Cautious; friendly)
Evenin'. Can I help you?

Greg spots the refrigerated juice and beverage section in the rear of the store. It is located next to an extra large meat freezer with a glass door. Packages of meat wrapped in butcher paper can be viewed through the glass.

Greg points; heads in that direction.

Tom and Mary exchange a nervous glance.

Otto and Peter eye Greg with suspicion, as he walks past them.

PETER
(Whispers)
Ain't seen him around here before,
Pa.

At the refrigerated section, Greg notes an unusually large stock of the glass-bottled meat sauce made by Silo City Culinary Confections inside. He takes one; removes the cap and smells the contents. Replacing the cap, he takes the bottle and a six-pack of beer, then heads back to the front of the market.

Greg places his purchases onto the counter; reaches into his back pocket to retrieve his wallet.

TOM
(Confused; cautious)
Will that be all?

Greg nods. Tom, with slight hesitation, starts to total the bill. Greg casually starts to unzip his jacket.

TOM
(Continuing; tentatively)
You don't look like the kind of
fella who'd like our meat sauce.

GREG
(Deadpan)
I'm not.

Without warning, Greg pulls a .44 Magnum out of his jacket; points it directly at Tom and FIRES.

Hit directly in the heart, Tom is propelled backward, slamming against the wall. Streams of blood pour from both the bullet wound and out of his mouth.

Mary screams.

Greg points the weapon at her; FIRES.

Also hit in the heart, Mary is lifted up off her feet; falls backward onto the floor, spread eagle. Like with her husband, blood spurts from both her wound and mouth.

Greg spins; faces toward Otto and Peter, who have retreated back around the grocery shelves. Magnum poised, he moves down the center aisle.

OTTO AND PETER

The frightened men crouch behind the shelf, listening for Greg's footsteps. Otto motions for his son to circle around the other side of the aisle.

GREG

He moves slowly down the aisle, also listening.

OTTO AND PETER

As his son disappears around the other side of the aisle, Otto rises up; starts to push against the tall shelf, filled with canned goods.

GREG

The canned goods on the shelf to his left start toppling down onto him. He stumbles; falls to the ground. The Magnum accidentally FIRES. The shot blasts a large hole in the ceiling.

BACK TO SCENE

Otto bounds around the side of the aisle, hoping to catch the prone Greg off guard. As the farmer rushes toward him, Greg FIRES once.

OTTO

The bullet catches him in the neck with such force that it beheads him. As the disembodied cap goes flying over the shelves, its torso collapses to the ground.

PETER

He has made his way around the back aisle to the front window of the store when his father's head comes flying over the tall center shelf. He inadvertently catches it; realizes what he's holding.

Peter screams in terror; tosses the head away.

THE HEAD

It bounces off the back wall, then sails through an open window; rolls down a mild embankment behind the store.

PETER

In an absolute panic, he crashes through the front window.

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Glass flies in all directions, as Peter falls to the ground. Remarkably, he's able to pick himself right up. Slightly stunned, he starts to stumble away from the building.

GREG

He appears inside the broken window behind the fleeing Peter. Holding the Magnum with both hands, he FIRES once.

BACK TO SCENE

The bullet hits Peter in the back; passes right through him, piercing his heart. Blood spurts from his mouth and the wound, as he collapses onto his face.

Greg steps through the window, reloading the Magnum with bullets from his jacket pocket.

THE BULLETS

They are hollow-tipped.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg moves over to inspect Peter's corpse, then retreats back inside the store.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. NIGHT.

A Sheriff's Car proceeds down the blacktopped road from town.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

DWAYNE BARTON, 30, a brawny, not too bright, beer-bellied, gum-chewing country boy is the uniformed deputy behind the wheel. A small radio on the seat next to him plays country music.

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

Greg emerges from the store, carrying the six-pack of beer and the bottle of meat sauce. He puts them inside his car, then grabs the hose from one of the gas pumps and points it toward the broken store window. Gasoline spews out of the hose into the store.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

Through his windshield, Dwayne can see the market up ahead.

Suddenly, the structure EXPLODES and bursts into FLAMES.

Dwayne's mouth drops open with shock.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. NIGHT.

The Sheriff's car SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen reacts to the explosion's BOOM in the distance. Looking down the road, she can see the glow of the flames in the sky.

INT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

The market is engulfed in flames.

Inside the refrigerated unit, the bottles of meat sauce begin to EXPLODE from the heat.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

Dwayne continues to stare dumbfounded, as the wall of flame reaches upward. Then:

DWAYNE
 (To himself)
 Son-of-a...!

Through the windshield, we see the Toyota, with Greg behind the wheel SCREECH out of the market's parking lot; barrel down the road past Dwayne, heading toward town. The deputy comes to his senses.

 DWAYNE
 (Continuing; to himself)
 You son-of-a-bitch!

He maneuvers his wheel to make a U-turn. As he begins his pursuit of the Toyota, he reaches for his two-way radio mike.

 DWAYNE
 (Continuing; into mike)
 Hey! This is Dwayne.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

A sixty-year-old two-story building with the jail cells upstairs; desks and offices downstairs. All of the equipment in the facility is perhaps a decade out of date.

Actually, the entire staff of this local law enforcement entity totals five, with just FRANCES HOFFMAN, 45, the uniformed receptionist/radio dispatcher on duty at the front desk just now. She's a dark blonde, overweight country girl. Indeed, if she'd diet, she'd be a pretty good looker. (NOTE: DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGES, SCENE SHIFTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND DWAYNE'S CAR, AS HE CONTINUES HIS PURSUIT.)

 FRANCES
 (Into radio; irked)
 You're supposed to use yer proper
 call sign, Dwayne.

 DWAYNE
 Screw the proper call sign. You got
 another Dwayne on the force?

 FRANCES
 I'm just followin' the Sheriff's
 orders.

 DWAYNE
 Is he there?

SOUND of a toilet flushing behind Frances. In the back of the room, the door to the john opens and a uniformed SHERIFF ABEL MCINTIRE, 55, tall and handsome with a kind of easy-going folksy charm that reminds one of James Garner, emerges, buckling his pants.

FRANCES

He's here, but he's goin' to supper.

(To McIntire)

It's Dwayne....He's not usin' his call sign again.

McIntire goes to Frances; speaks into radio.

MCINTIRE

(Into radio)

Dwayne, how many times I got to tell you? This is a professional department. You gotta use your call sign.

DWAYNE

I forgot it.... Sheriff, I got a situation here.

Ahead of him, the Toyota seems to be gaining distance.

DWAYNE

(Continuing; mumbles)

Shit!

MCINTIRE

What's up?

DWAYNE

Tom and Mary Franklin.... Their store just blew up.... Burst right into flames.

MCINTIRE

What!?!

FRANCES

(Shocked)

Oh, my...!!

DWAYNE

I'm chasin' some joker that pulled outta the place just as it happened. He's in a black Toyota Camry...heading toward town.

MCINTIRE

What about Tom and Mary?

DWAYNE
How should I know? I'm in pursuit.

MCINTIRE
(Trying very hard to hold his
temper)
Where exactly are you, Dwayne?

DWAYNE
Bout a mile north of Main.

MCINTIRE
(To Frances, as he heads for
the exit)
Get 'im some back-up, and get a car and
an ambulance out to the Franklin's.

FRANCES
Where're you gonna be?

MCINTIRE
Wherever I'm needed....Call the cafe',
an' tell 'em I'll be late for supper, an'
to stay open.

He's out the door. Frances starts to make the calls.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

Dwayne is continuing his pursuit. Ahead of him, through the windshield, we can no longer see the taillights from the Toyota, but we do HEAR the Heavy Metal MUSIC.

DWAYNE
(Bewildered)
What the....?

Suddenly, the Toyota is right in front of him; stopped and turned sideways as to block the road. Greg leans against the side of his vehicle, arms folded; waiting.

DWAYNE
(As he slams on his
brakes)
Shit!

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. NIGHT.

The Sheriff's car comes SCREECHING to a halt. Angry, with baton poised to strike, Dwayne comes barreling out of his vehicle.

DWAYNE
Just what the fuck you think yer
doin', asshole!?!

DWAYNE'S P.O.V.

CAMERA moves quickly toward Greg.

 DWAYNE (O.S.)
 (Continuing)
Down on the ground and spread
em.

Greg uncrosses his arms to reveal that he has been holding
the Magnum.

CAMERA stops moving.

Greg points the weapon directly at CAMERA; FIRES.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

A Sheriff's car, driven by McIntire, zooms down the street.
SIRENS in the distance.

INT. MCINTIRE'S CAR. NIGHT.

McIntire is on his two-way radio.

 MCINTIRE
Dwayne? Where are you, Dawyne?
 (Changes frequencies)
Frances, have you heard from Dwayne
again?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Frances is by the radio.

 FRANCES
 (Into radio)
No, Abel...and you didn't use your call
sign.

INT. MCINTIRE'S CAR. NIGHT.

 MCINTIRE
Shut up, Frances.
 (To himself)
Damn that boy.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

FRANCES

(Beat)

Oh, and Mayor Dekker called. Wants to know....

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

MCINTIRE

(Irked; interrupts)

Tell 'im if I knew what was goin' on, I'd tell 'im.

(Beat)

No, don't say that. Tell 'im...I'll call him later.

He spots something on the road up ahead.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. NIGHT.

McIntire stops in the middle of the road; gets out of his vehicle. About twenty paces in front of him is Dwayne's car, headlights on, driver's door open.

MCINTIRE

Dwayne?

Dreading what he might find, McIntire, hand on his sidearm, moves cautiously toward the other official vehicle.

Reaching Dwayne's car, he stops; sees something on the ground; turns his head away in painful revulsion.

DWAYNE

He lies spread-eagle, a bullet hole through his heart and blood dripping from his mouth.

MCINTIRE (O.S.)

Aw, damn it!

CUT TO:

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

The structure is engulfed in flames. Peter Sundstrom's body, now covered with a sheet, lies where it fell.

A fire engine and an ambulance have arrived at the scene, along with another Sheriff's car, driven by **BILLY RAY TAYLOR**, 27, a freckle-faced deputy who appears to be well out of his element.

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As the Four Member Squad of the fire engine company, headed by PATRICK CADY, 45, battle the flames, Taylor and two Ambulance Paramedics can do nothing more than stand by and watch.

Other members of the fire engine company include PAUL PORTER, 35, SID JONES, 40, and MIKE VAN FLEET, 25.

After a few moments, McIntire's car arrives at the scene; stops next to Taylor's vehicle.

Relieved to see him, the younger deputy hurries over to his boss' car.

TAYLOR

(Near panic; points toward
body)
Abel, Pete Sundstrom's been shot. He's
dead.

MCINTIRE

Tom 'n Mary?

TAYLOR

They're still in there.

MCINTIRE

(Quiet anger)
He couldn't just take their money and
leave 'em be.

TAYLOR

It was a hold-up?

MCINTIRE

(Nods)
Looks like it. Dwayne chased the
guy...an' the son-of-a-bitch shot him,
too.

TAYLOR

He shot Dwayne!?!

MCINTIRE

He's lyin' in the road just North of
Main.

TAYLOR

Oh, Jesus!

MCINTIRE

You to go down there an' watch over him
'til I can send you some help.

TAYLOR

Yeah...sure....
 (Visibly upset; moves toward
 his car)
 We know who did it?

MCINTIRE

(Shakes head)
 He's drivin' a black Toyota Camry.

TAYLOR

We'll get 'im. We gotta get 'im.

Taylor drives off. McIntire walks over to Peter's sheet-covered body. He squats down; uncovers the head, which is face down.

MCINTIRE

Aw, Pete....

THE SATURN

It stops on the side of the road about a hundred yards back from the market. Inside, Ellen observes the fire-fighting activity.

ELLEN'S P.O.V.

From inside the Saturn, we see McIntire pull the sheet back up over the body; stand and watch the fire fighters do their work.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

A vintage coffee shop, located on Silo City's Main Street, down the block from the Silo City Movie Theater, an old brick building, currently playing Babette's Feast.

There are about six customers in the cafe, which has a counter and several booths.

Heavy Metal MUSIC in background.

THE TOYOTA

It's parked in an alley across the street, hidden in the shadows.

INT. TOYOTA. NIGHT.

Greg studies the cafe through the windshield, as he reloads his Magnum; sticks several other loads of hollow-point bullets into his jacket pocket.

Heavy Metal MUSIC continues to blast.

Greg reaches under the seat; pulls out an automatic handgun, which he also checks. He sticks both weapons inside his jacket; turns off his motor. MUSIC STOPS.

Greg gets out of the car and starts walking slowly toward the cafe.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

SALLY, 50s, a plump, blonde waitress, refills the coffee cups of HANK, 40s, and DAVE, 40s, two plant workers who are sitting at the counter. Two conservative-looking couples, OSCAR and ROSEMARY LINDSTROM, 60s, and DAN and SIS HOWARD, 40s, occupy two of the booths. From their booth, Dan and Sis ad-lib friendly conversation with Hank at the counter,

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All of these Midwesterners are dining on hamburgers or steak. Bottles of Silo City Culinary Confections' meat sauce are on the counter and the tables.

MILT GRIFFIN, 50s, the affable, unshaven, short order cook-owner of the cafe can be seen in the kitchen through the passthru window, preparing an order.

Behind him is the dishwasher, CLYDE LORENZO, 22, geeky, pimple-faced with long, scraggly black hair. He wears a T-shirt and jeans; looks more East Coast than Midwest.

The door opens and Greg enters.

Conversations stop, as all eyes turn in his direction and all register the same wary thought: "Stranger!"

Greg looks about; sits on the counter stool that is closest to the door.

As Sally approaches Greg, everybody else, somewhat uneasily, return to their meals and conversations.

SALLY
(To Greg)
Can I help you?

GREG
Coffee.

Sally goes to pour his coffee. Greg picks up a menu; glances at it.

CLYDE

From his dishwashing duties, he eyes Greg.

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

The fire has been brought under control. McIntire stands outside the structure, as a shaken, soot-covered Cady emerges from the ruin; walks over to him.

CADY
There're three bodies in there,
Abel....Tom an' Mary...an' one more.

MCINTIRE
Otto Sundstrom?

CADY
Could be....But, I can't be sure.

MCINTIRE
Burned too bad?

CADY
That, an'....It ain't got no head.

MCINTIRE
What do you mean, it ain't got no head!?!

CADY
It ain't got no head. It's gone.

MCINTIRE
Well, where is it?

CADY
How the hell should I know?

Cady heads back to his duties.

Frustrated, McIntire glances away from the burned out building, and SEES:

THE SATURN

It's still parked in a shadowy area about a hundred yards up the road.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire squints to get a better look at the vehicle.

ELLEN

She watches McIntire watching her.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

A police car, driven by Deputy FRANK WEBSTER, 30, moves slowly down the street.

Webster is McIntire's second in command, but unlike his easy-going chief, he is much more rigid; a real "Dirty Harry" cop who would probably be more at home on a big city police force.

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

Webster peruses the street, as he talks into his two-way radio.

WEBSTER

Main's pretty quiet. No sign of....

Webster looks off to his right and SEES

THE TOYOTA

It sits in the alley where Greg had left it.

WEBSTER (O.S.)

Hold on....

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

WEBSTER

(Continuing)

Do we have a license for that Toyota?

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg sips his coffee, as he pretends to study the menu.

Everybody else is going about their business, chatting; occasionally throwing a watchful glance in his direction.

SALLY

(To Greg)

If you're havin' trouble decidin', Milt makes a great chef salad.

MILT
(From the kitchen)
It's my specialty.

GREG
No, I think I'll have a hamburger....
Rare.

Suddenly, all conversation in the restaurant stops.
Customers don't look at Greg. They just listen.

CLYDE

He cranes his neck to get a better look at Greg.

BACK TO SCENE

SALLY
(Beat)
You new in town, mister?

GREG
Just passing through.

SALLY
I'm askin' because strangers don't
usually like the meat we serve here.

MILT
(From the kitchen)
We prepare it in a special kind of way.
Takes some gettin' used to.

GREG
Really?

MILT
Let me make you that chef salad.

GREG
(Shrugs; stands up)
Well, if I can't have a hamburger....

He reaches inside of his jacket; pulls out both the Magnum
and the automatic. He holds both out at arm's length; FIRES
both simultaneously.

SALLY

She is hit in the heart; drops where she stands.

MILT

The slug just misses him; splinters the top part of the passthru.

He ducks.

CLYDE

He dives to the floor.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster, who has been looking over the Toyota, reacts to the GUNFIRE, which continues inside the cafe.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg continues to FIRE his weapons.

DAVE

A bullet smashes into his temple and his head virtually explodes.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster hurries over to his police vehicle; grabs his two-way radio mike.

WEBSTER

(Into mike)

Shots fired at the cafe. I need some back-up down here fast.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

As Greg FIRES his weapons, people in the booths take cover under their tables.

MILT

He crawls along the kitchen floor to the wall; reaches up toward the master light switch.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

All the lights in the cafe go out.

WEBSTER

(Crouching behind his vehicle)

Damn it!

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

McIntire, sitting in his police car, pulls out of the market parking lot; speeds back down the highway toward town.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

McIntire speaks into the radio mike as he drives.

MCINTIRE

Get **Billy** Ray down there, and tell Frank
just to stay put 'til I get there.

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INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Frances is on the radio.

FRANCES

He ain't gonna like that.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

MCINTIRE

(Into mike)

Yeah, well, I don't want him shootin' at
the wrong people.

He turns on his SIREN.

EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

McIntire's car tears down the highway toward town.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

In the dark cafe, Greg squints, looking for a target.

The frightened customers remain quiet under cover.

MILT

Still on the floor, he reaches up; grabs a meat cleaver off
the counter.

CLYDE

He watches his boss.

MILT

Staying low, he moves toward the swinging kitchen door.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg starts to move down the side of the counter.

GREG

I know what you people are....

CLYDE

He is surprised by Greg's remark.

OSCAR AND ROSEMARY LINDSTROM

Cringing under their table, the middle-aged couple exchange frightened glances.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster has taken the shotgun from inside his vehicle. He creeps up toward the cafe.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg, weapons poised, continues down the outside of the counter, until he SEES:

HANK

The frightened man cowers against the base of the counter, trying to make himself so small that he'll be virtually invisible.

He glances up; sees Greg looking at him.

MILT

Quietly, he crawls through the swinging door into the cafe proper.

BACK TO SCENE

Eye-to-eye contact between Hank and Greg.

HANK

No...please....

Without hesitation, Greg FIRES, hitting Hank square in the forehead.

DAN AND SIS HOWARD

Also, hiding under their table. Dan reacts to Hank's demise with pain; anger, yet he doesn't move. Sis weeps.

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EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster reaches the front plate glass window of the cafe, at the moment Greg has shot Hank.

SOUND of approaching SIREN in the distance.

Because of the lack of lights inside, the deputy has a dim view of Greg. Nevertheless, he raises his shotgun; gets ready to fire at the killer.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Suddenly, cleaver in hand, Milt leaps to his feet; starts over the counter toward Greg.

CLYDE

Standing up, he views the action through the passthru.

CLYDE
(Calls to Greg)
Behind you!

MILT

Clyde's warning momentarily distracts him, throwing off his timing.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg turns as Milt, cleaver raised, leaps off the counter toward him. He catches the cafe owner as he comes down. The two men go sprawling.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

As the Milt and Greg fall to the floor inside, Webster FIRES his shotgun, shattering the plate glass window.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

ROSEMARY LINDSTROM

She screams.

GREG AND MILT

They struggle on the floor. Greg, having dropped the automatic, holds the Magnum in one hand, while trying to prevent Milt from bringing down the cleaver with the other.

CUSTOMERS

The Howards and the Lindstroms seize the opportunity to bolt from their hiding places and out of the restaurant.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Knocking over tables and chairs, the two couples rush out of the cafe, thus blocking Webster's view of what is going on inside.

SOUND of the SIREN is very close.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg and Milt continue to struggle on the floor.

CLYDE

Crouching low, he enters from the kitchen via the swinging door.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg's pressure on Milt's wrist forces him to drop the cleaver.

MILT

He bares his front teeth at Greg. They are all large incisors.

GREG

His brief reaction of fear and surprise quickly turns into one of determination.

MILT

He rears his head back; attempts to bite Greg, but:

BACK TO SCENE

Greg maneuvers the Magnum between himself and Milt; FIRES.

The force of the shot propels Milt back and off of Greg, slamming him against the front of the counter.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

His shotgun raised, Webster can't see what's going on inside the cafe.

Behind him, both McIntire and Taylor's sheriff's cars arrive on the scene from different directions.

THE HOWARDS & THE LINDSTROMS

Visibly upset, they remain across the street at a "safe" distance. Howard hugs his wife, who still weeps.

HOWARD
(To Lindstrom)
Damn it! He killed Hank.

OSCAR
Let the sheriff handle it, Dan.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire barrels out of his car, as Webster moves away from the building to meet him. Taylor, shotgun at the ready, hurries out of his car to meet them.

MCINTIRE
Frank, what is this? I said to stay put.

WEBSTER
He was killin' people in there. I couldn't just do nothin'.

Dan Howard steps forward.

HOWARD
Abel, he shot Sally down in cold blood.

MCINTIRE
(Beat)
Frank, you stay out here an' cover the front.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg picks himself up; starts to recover his weapons.

MCINTIRE (O.S.)
(Continuing)
Billy Ray, let's you an' me go 'round back and head down opposite ends of the alley.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

McIntire and Taylor get back into their cars; head out in opposite directions.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg crouches low; looks around, trying to figure out what to do next.

CLYDE (O.S.)

Hey!

Automatic in hand, Greg spins around, ready to shoot, and SEES:

CLYDE

He's on his knees at the corner of the counter, hands raised.

CLYDE

Don't shoot! I ain't one of them.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg hesitates

CLYDE

(Continuing)

They think I am...but, I ain't.

GREG

Then, who are you?

CLYDE

Clyde. I'm Clyde. I can get you outta here...but you gotta take me with you.

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster continues to guard the front door, as the Lindstroms and Howards, as well as several Other Townsfolk, watch from a distance.

WEBSTER

(To Townsfolk)

Folks, you'd better go home. There's liable to be more shooting.

The town people move back a few steps, but nobody leaves.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Greg and Clyde are as we last saw them.

Greg nods, indicating that Clyde should lead the way out.

Crouching low, the two men move around the counter and through the swinging door to the kitchen. Greg keeps Clyde covered with the automatic.

GREG
No funny stuff.

CLYDE
Mister, the only thing funny 'bout me is my name. How'd you like to be stuck with a name like Clyde?

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The sheriff's car, with MacIntire behind the wheel, barrels down the street; races around a corner.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET.

With Taylor behind the wheel, the other sheriff's car races around the corner.

INT. SILO CITY CAFE (KITCHEN). NIGHT.

Clyde and Greg enter the kitchen through the swinging door, then stand up.

GREG
Now what?

CLYDE
They're **blockin'** the alley out back, so we'll go out through the cellar.

*

He points to a door at the far end of the kitchen.

GREG
And where does that get us?

CLYDE
Through an old drainage pipe that empties out two blocks from here.

Greg indicates that they should proceed.

CLYDE (cont'd)
(Pointing to a cabinet)
Gonna need a flashlight.

GREG
Get it.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

Taylor's car pulls up and blocks one end of the alley behind the cafe. The deputy gets out; covers the back door with his shotgun.

McIntire's car pulls up at the other end of the alley; blocks it.

INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

It's quite dark. The damp area is used for storage. Shelves filled with meat sauce made by Silo City Culinary Confections, plus there are several very large freezers.

Holding the flashlight, Clyde leads Greg down the wooden steps. Greg keeps his automatic pointed at the dishwasher. At the bottom of the stairs:

CLYDE
(Points)
Pipe's over there.

GREG
Lead the way.

They proceed over to a boarded up wall, though a couple of the boards have been removed, allowing just enough space for a person to crawl through.

CLYDE
It don't smell too good in there.

GREG
It don't smell too good in here
either....Let's go.

Clyde hands Greg the flashlight, then starts to climb through the boards.

CLYDE
Watch out fer the rats and spiders.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

McIntire is still in his car at the end of the alley. Suddenly, he gets an idea; starts the motor and drives off.

TAYLOR

He is still at the other end of the alley, covering the cafe's back door.

TAYLOR
 (To himself)
 Where the hell is he goin'?

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE. NIGHT.

Clyde continues to hold the flashlight, as he leads Greg through the dark, damp, rodent and insect infested pipe.

Greg brushes away a large spider web.

GREG
 You born in Silo City, Clyde?

CLYDE
 Hell, no! Jersey....I was on my way to Hollywood to be one of them movie actors...when my car broke down.

GREG
 A movie actor?

CLYDE
 Figured if that Steve Buscemi could do it, so could I. Only....

GREG
 Only, what?

CLYDE
 This ain't a place where you want yer car to break down, mister.
 (Beat)
 I saw somethin' here I shouldn't've saw. Somethin' bad. Somethin' real bad....I still don't like to talk about it.

GREG
 But, you stayed.

CLYDE
 You think I had a choice?...If you weren't born here, they watch you. They're always watchin' you.

The moon-lit exit to the pipe looms up ahead.

CLYDE (cont'd)
 There it is.

They continue down the pipe to the exit, which has debris strewn around it.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I'll check it out.

Clyde turns off the flashlight; indicates that Greg should stay put.

EXT. DRAINAGE PIPE. NIGHT.

The pipe empties in a wooded area.

Clyde steps out a few feet; looks about.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE. NIGHT.

Greg, still holding the automatic, takes the Magnum out of his belt; waits.

Clyde returns a moment later.

GREG
All clear?

CLYDE
Never let 'em bite you.

GREG
What?

CLYDE
They think I'm stupid...and I let 'em think that. But, I read comic books. I knew what they were right away.

Clyde pulls up the arm of his T-shirt, revealing an old deep scar on his shoulder, as if a hunk of flesh had been torn away.

CLYDE (cont'd)
I did that...so they'd think I was one of them.

GREG (cont'd)
(Taken aback)
Jesus!

CLYDE
(Points toward the exit)
All clear.

Greg studies Clyde for a brief moment, then moves to the drainage pipe exit.

EXT. DRAINAGE PIPE. NIGHT.

Greg emerges from the pipe; takes a few steps forward.
Suddenly, he SEES:

GREG'S P.O.V.

McIntire stands right in front of him, his shotgun pointed at his face.

MCINTIRE
Stay where you are, fella.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg turns back toward the drainage pipe.

GREG'S P.O.V.

Clyde, holding a 2x4 that he'd picked up from the pile of debris, emerges from the pipe.

CLYDE
Sorry, mister.

He smashes Greg in the face with the board.

BLACKOUT.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
He'll be okay...soon as he comes to.

MCINTIRE (O.S.)
Thanks, Doc.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Call me if you need me.

SOUND of cell door clanging shut.

MCINTIRE (O.S.)
(Beat)
Hey!...Wake up!

WEBSTER (O.S.)
Come on, you son-of-a bitch! You ain't hurt bad.

SLOW FADE IN:

INT. JAIL CELL. NIGHT.

GREG'S P.O.V.

As the scene becomes clear, we discern that this is a basic cell located upstairs in the Sheriff's office. The only items in it are a cot, sink and toilet.

McIntire, holding a wallet, is looking down at him. Webster is a step behind him.

GREG

Eyes open, he lies on the cot, handcuffed to the leg. A bloodied bandage is on his forehead.

FULL SHOT

MCINTIRE

(Referring to wallet contents)

We know your name is Greg Hemmings. We know you're from Canada. You're a high school science teacher...even though you don't look like one.

(Beat)

What we don't know is why you came into our town and killed nine of our people.

WEBSTER

(He wants to slug Greg)

That deputy you shot was a friend of mine.

MCINTIRE

They were all friends of ours....Good people.

Greg remains silent. Webster steps forward; grabs his shirt front.

WEBSTER

You answer when the sheriff's talkin' to you!

MCINTIRE

Frank, why don't you go relieve Billy Ray at the cafe?

WEBSTER

I want a piece of this bastard.

MCINTIRE

He ain't goin' no place...and there's still work to be done out there.

WEBSTER
You sure you'll be okay?

MCINTIRE
He's handcuffed. I'm the sheriff...an'
I'm bigger than him....Get outta here.

Reluctantly, Webster exits, shutting the cell door behind him.

MCINTIRE (cont'd)
And, tell Clyde he can go.

GREG
Clyde?

MCINTIRE
He's our local oddball...but tonight he
did okay.

GREG
(Mutters)
He sure did.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

An anxious Clyde sits on the wooden visitor's bench, biting on his fingernails. Webster, irked, comes down the steps from the jail cells.

WEBSTER
You can go, jerk-off.

CLYDE
I can go?

WEBSTER
That's what I said.

He exits the building. Clyde throws a glance up the stairs, then hurries outside.

INT. JAIL CELL. NIGHT.

McIntire and Greg are as we last saw them.

MCINTIRE
How's your head?

GREG
Throbbing. You got some aspirin?

MCINTIRE

Maybe later.

(Beat)

If you wanted to rob those folks,
they'd've given you the money. You
didn't have to shoot 'em.

GREG

(Beat)

I wasn't robbin' them.

MCINTIRE

(Beat)

Didn't think so.

(Beat)

So, what was it? What set you off? One
of them look at you cross-eyed or
sumthin'?

GREG

(Beat)

How long have you lived here, sheriff?

MCINTIRE

All my life. Wouldn't want to live any
place else.

GREG

Then you're one of them.

MCINTIRE

One of what?

GREG

Don't you know?

MCINTIRE

Mister, all I know is that you came into
my town and committed mass murder...and I
want to know why.

GREG

(Beat)

Mind if I sit up?

MCINTIRE

Go ahead...but I ain't takin' the cuffs
off.

Greg, with some difficulty, maneuvers himself into a sitting
position.

GREG
(Facetious)
Aren't you going to read me my rights
first?

MCINTIRE
You've heard them on the TV just as many
times as I have. So, let's just pretend
I said 'em and get on with it.

Greg studies McIntire for a long moment.

GREG
You're not one of them, are you?

MCINTIRE
I'm the sheriff of Silo City...and a
widower...which means that every single
lady in town over fifty bakes me pies and
cakes and invites me over for Sunday
dinner....Now, you tell me about you and
what this is all about.

GREG
I can't believe you're living here and
you don't know what's going on.

MCINTIRE
Please tell me. What's going on?

GREG
(Beat)
The people in this town....They're
ghouls.

MCINTIRE
Say what?

GREG
They're ghouls. They eat the flesh of
human beings.

MCINTIRE
(Beat; tries to keep a straight
face)
Ghouls....You mean like in the comic
books? The movies?

GREG
Something like that....Except, they keep
to themselves here in your Silo City...so
that the outside world doesn't know about
them.

MCINTIRE

Then, how did you find out?

GREG

One of them left home. He came up to where I live....A little town outside of Toronto. He started killing people. Ripping their flesh off with his teeth while they lay dying. Eating it on the spot.

MCINTIRE

(Beat)

That sounds pretty disgusting.

GREG

His fourth victim was a twenty-two-year-old girl named Diane Gregory. She was a dental technician...We were to be married next July.

MCINTIRE

(Beat)

Did they get the guy?

GREG

I caught him...dining on Diane's leg....I shot him.

MCINTIRE

(Beat)

I'm sorry for your loss...but how does that explain what happened here today?

GREG

The man's name was Joshua Purdy. He came from here.

MCINTIRE

I knew Josh Purdy. He was was a bad kid. Rotten apple.

GREG

That's all? A "rotten apple"?

MCINTIRE

Okay, he was...strange. Crazy. There was even some talk of having him committed to the state asylum....Frankly, I wasn't sorry when he ran off two or three years back.

(Beat)

(MORE)

MCINTIRE (cont'd)
That still don't explain why you think
there're a bunch of..."ghouls" running
around our town.

GREG
Purdy left a diary. He wrote about this
place.

MCINTIRE
The ramblings of a crazy man.

GREG
Maybe. But, more than that, it was the
meat sauce.

MCINTIRE
The meat sauce!?!

GREG
Made by Silo City Culinary Confections.
Purdy had two cases of it in his
apartment.

MCINTIRE
So?

GREG
I took a jar to my lab and analyzed it.

MCINTIRE
(Beat)
We're very proud of our meat sauce here.

GREG
Do you know what it's made from?

MCINTIRE
(Begins to chuckle)
Yes....I certainly do.

Suddenly McIntire flashes his teeth. They are all large
incisors.

Greg blanches.

BLACKOUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Two police cars are parked in front of the old brick
building. Dan Howard leans against one of them.

*

The Saturn drives up and parks across the street.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen lights a cigarette, as she watches the building's front entrance.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Howard glances over at the Saturn, then turns his attention back to the building as McIntire emerges from it. *

MCINTIRE *

Dan...what're you doin' out so late? *

HOWARD *

I worked with Hank. He was a friend of mine. *

MCINTIRE *

Yeah...it's not been a good night, has it? *

HOWARD *

You're down a deputy. You need some help in there? *

MCINTIRE *

Billy Ray's got it covered. *

HOWARD *

I don't want that bastard gettin' away. *

MCINTIRE *

He won't. Go home. Get some rest. *

HOWARD *

You call me if you need me. *

MCINTIRE *

Yeah. *

(Opens his car door) *

Go home! *

He gets into his car and drives off. *

Howard watches McIntire depart. He starts to stroll off in the opposite direction, then throws another glance across the street. *

The Saturn is still parked there. *

Howard looks at it for a moment, then shrugs and continues on his way.

*
*

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD. NIGHT.

The Sheriff's car drives up a winding road that leads to the Dekker mansion.

EXT. DEKKER MANSION. NIGHT.

A old Victorian mansion, located on a hilltop above Silo City.

The Sheriff's car enters through the gates to the circular driveway; parks in front of the house.

McIntire gets out of the car; goes to the front door and is immediately admitted.

INT. DEKKER MANSION (ENTRY). NIGHT.

WILLIAM, 60, a tall and lean houseman, leads McIntire across the tiled and ornate entry hallway to the library. He opens the double doors; follows McIntire inside.

INT. DEKKER MANSION (LIBRARY). NIGHT.

The large room is filled with old books and furnished with overstuffed chairs, sofa, a bar and a regal desk, which has two armchairs in front of it.

EDMUND DEKKER, 75, portly, prosperous and pompous, sits behind the desk, sipping a large brandy. He glances up from some documents that he's studying.

DEKKER

Hello, Abel. I'll be with you in a moment.

(To William)

William, pour Sheriff McIntire a large brandy.

WILLIAM

(Going to the bar)

Yes, sir.

DEKKER

(To McIntire)

There's a tray of snacks on the coffee table. Have one. They're delicious.

McIntire looks down at the serving tray on the coffee table.

SERVING TRAY

The tray is filled with what appears to be cooked human female fingers, covered with a cream sauce.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire takes one of the fingers; bites into it.

MCINTIRE

They are good.

He finishes it off; takes another.

DEKKER

It's that tall redhead who came through last month.

William gives McIntire his brandy, then exits.

MCINTIRE

I thought so.

(Takes another bite)

It has a bit of that redhead tang to it.

Dekker puts down his papers; leans back in his chair. He indicates that McIntire should sit opposite him. The sheriff complies.

DEKKER

(After a moment)

This third generation....These Joshua Purdys....They could be the end of our kind....They have no appreciation for what those of us who came before them have created here.

MCINTIRE

(He's heard all this before)

Yes, sir. But, I think....

DEKKER

(Interrupts; stands, paces the room)

Do you know that in Europe, before The Great War, they burned my grandfather's family alive? Drew and quartered them? Genocide! Just because they had different dietary requirements.

(Beat)

(MORE)

DEKKER (cont'd)

We build a community here where we can live peacefully...and then this little degenerate, Joshua Purdy...Hell, his name even sounds degenerate....He has to go out into the world and put us all into jeopardy.

MCINTIRE

Sir, we have this problem that we have to deal with now.

DEKKER

What problem? Deal with the man.

MCINTIRE

But, he's not like the others, sir.

DEKKER

No?

MCINTIRE

This one might be missed.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Ellen gets out of the Saturn. Carrying an attache' case, she walks across the street; enters the building.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Taylor is alone in the office, half dozing; his feet propped up on one of the desks. Ellen enters.

ELLEN

Hello.

Taylor wakes up, startled; almost falls over backwards, but he catches himself.

TAYLOR

Who are you?

ELLEN

I'm an attorney. The prisoner you're holding upstairs is my client.

TAYLOR

(Stands up; not quite sure what he should do)
The sheriff's not here now.

ELLEN

I don't want to see the sheriff. I want to see my client.

TAYLOR

But, the sheriff ain't here now.

ELLEN

Sir, if you don't let me see my client right now, I'll call the State Attorney General's office and charge you with violating his civil rights.

TAYLOR

I...I could call the sheriff.

ELLEN

Why don't we make this very simple?

She reaches into her attache' case and pulls out a handgun, which she points at Taylor.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Take me to my client now.

TAYLOR

Yes, ma'm.

He grabs the keys that are hanging from a hook on the wall behind him; starts for the door that leads upstairs to the jail.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Right this way.

INT. JAIL CELL. NIGHT.

Hemmings, who has been sitting on his cot, trying to find a way to open the handcuff, stops what he's doing when he HEARS footsteps ascending the stairs. He is surprised when he SEES:

ELLEN AND TAYLOR

She has her handgun pointed at him as they approach Hemmings' cell.

BACK TO SCENE

GREG

What is this?

TAYLOR

(As he unlocks the cell)
Says she's your lawyer.

GREG
I don't have a lawyer.

ELLEN
You do now.

The cell door opens; Taylor and Ellen enter.

ELLEN (cont'd)
(To Taylor)
Uncuff him.

As the deputy unlocks Hemmings' handcuffs:

GREG
(To Ellen)
Who are you?

ELLEN
Does it matter? I'm getting you out of here.

Free of the handcuff, Greg approaches her.

GREG
It might....Let me see your teeth.

ELLEN
What!?!

GREG
Your teeth. Let me see them.

Ellen flashes her teeth at him. They are normal.

ELLEN
Fluoride. Not a cavity in the bunch.
(Indicating Taylor)
Cuff him.

GREG
No. Shoot him. He's one of them.

Frightened, Taylor backs up a step.

ELLEN
Breaking you out of here is one thing.
Murder is something else....Cuff him!

As he handcuffs Taylor to the cot:

GREG
We'll just have to do it later....

Suddenly, he moves behind Taylor; grabs him in a headlock and twists. The deputy's neck SNAPS, killing him instantly.

ELLEN

What did you...!?! Are you crazy?

GREG

Back home they think I am.

(Heads for the door)

Let's go.

He exits the cell; heading for the stairs. Ellen follows.

ELLEN

(To herself)

Maybe this wasn't such a great idea.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Greg comes down the stairs, followed by Ellen. She starts for the front door, but he begins to search the office.

ELLEN

What are you looking for?

GREG

My guns. My car keys.

ELLEN

Let's just get out of here.

GREG

I came here for a reason.

ELLEN

So did I...and I need your help.

GREG

You do?

ELLEN

Why else do you think I did this?

GREG

I thought you were my lawyer.

He finds his guns and keys in one of the desks.

ELLEN

Actually, I'm a private detective.

GREG

Yeah?

Weapons in his pocket, Hemmings starts for the front door, when he sees:

SHOTGUN CASE

Three shotguns and shells are in the case that is set against a back wall.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg heads for the shotgun case.

ELLEN

I'm looking for somebody. A college student. Traced her here....But, I don't want to be a part of your bloodbath.

Greg picks up a chair; smashes the front of the case.

GREG

Then you'd better take off right now.

ELLEN

I think they're holding her prisoner.

GREG

(Grabs shotgun and shells)
If I come across her while I'm in town,
I'll let you know.

He starts for the door; stops when he sees:

WALKIE-TALKIES

A rack of these small hand-held 2-way radios sits on a table.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg grabs one of the walkie-talkies.

GREG

Might come in handy.

He starts for the door again.

ELLEN

(Points her handgun at him)
You ungrateful son-of-a-bitch! I saved
your ass.

GREG
(Stops; looks at her)
And I thank you for that....Now, if
you're going to shoot me, go ahead.
Otherwise, I've got work to do.

He exits.

ELLEN
(Lowering her weapon)
Shit!

She follows him out.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Hemmings emerges from the building; looks about. Ellen
follows him out.

GREG
You got a car? 'Cause I don't know what
the hell they did with mine.

ELLEN
I got a car.

GREG
Okay. You drive. I'll help you find
your girl.

ELLEN
Why the sudden change of heart?

GREG
If she's alive, she's a witness....I need
a witness.

ELLEN
To your bloodbath?

GREG
No. Somebody who can verify that I'm not
crazy. If they don't think I'm crazy,
then they'll believe me and send the
National Guard in here to do their own
bloodbath.

ELLEN
(Leading the way)
Car's over here.
(Beat)
That's a lot to ask.

GREG
 (Following her to the Saturn)
 That I'm not crazy or to send in the
 National Guard.

ELLEN
 The first one.

They get into the Saturn.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

As Ellen starts the engine:

GREG
 What's this girl of yours look like?

Ellen hands him a driver's license.

DRIVER'S LICENSE

It has a photo of Kimberly Gould, an attractive blonde in her very early twenties.

ELLEN (O.S.)
 Her name is Kimberly Gould.

GREG (O.S.)
 Pretty....

BACK TO SCENE

GREG
 (Continuing)
 She reminds me of....

ELLEN
 Who?

GREG
 Forget it. What about Kimberly?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

A brightly-lit, white-walled, sterile room.

KIMBERLY GOULD, early 20s, in a half-slumber, lies strapped down on a slab. She is pale, naked, covered only by a sheet.

There is an I.V. in each arm. One of the tubes is attached to a bag is attached to an apparatus that looks something like a dialysis machine. The other I.V. is connected to a bag that appears to contain blood.

Behind her are several other slabs. A MAN with a scraggly beard, 65, and a WOMAN, 30, both with sheets covering their nakedness, occupy two of them. They, too, have I.V.s protruding from their arms.

The only other person in the room is MAGGIE, an overweight female technician, 60, wearing a white hospital smock and face mask. She sits in a wheelchair by a small monitoring console, knitting.

ELLEN (V.O.)

She was driving home from college three weeks ago when she disappeared.

GREG (V.O.)

In Silo City?

ELLEN (V.O.)

Her father's credit card bill shows that she bought gas at that station you blew up. That's the last anyone's heard of her.

CUT TO:

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen and Greg are as we last saw them. Ellen steps on the gas; drives off.

GREG

I know what her parents are going through.

(Beat)

What makes you think she's being held prisoner?

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn proceeds down the quiet street.

ELLEN (V.O.)

I did some checking. There have been dozens of disappearances in this county over the years...and four of the missing bought gas at that station before they vanished.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

GREG
And, your conclusion is...?

ELLEN
There's either a serial killer in this town....

GREG
Or?

ELLEN
A cult.

GREG
(Amused)
A cult?

ELLEN
Yeah. Some sort of Satanic cult. The kind that does blood sacrifices.

GREG
(Chuckles)
Lady....

ELLEN
(Interrupts)
Ellen...Ellen Pike.

GREG
Ellen, we're definitely dealing with blood sacrifices...but ol' Beelzebub has nothing to do with it.

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn proceeds down the street, disappearing into the night.

EXT. DEKKER MANSION. NIGHT.

The front door opens. As Dekker escorts McIntire out and over to the sheriff's car:

MCINTIRE
I'm not sure that induction is the answer, sir. Hemmings doesn't strike me as being a team player.

DEKKER

And, we don't need another renegade like Purdy running around, do we?

(Beat)

Then, take him up to the plant and run the tests. See if he's a candidate for processing.

MCINTIRE

And, if he isn't?

DEKKER

I have every confidence in your ingenuity, Abel.

MCINTIRE

(Opens car door)

Before we do anything, sir, let's see if my idea works.

DEKKER

You're the sheriff. Just see that the problem is resolved quickly....Good night.

McIntire watches, as Dekker goes back into the house and shuts the door.

MCINTIRE

Good night, sir.

He gets into his car and drives off.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

The Saturn is parked in the shadows.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Hemmings and Ellen are positioned, as we last saw them.

ELLEN

(Incredulous)

Okay, just for the sake of argument.... Let's say that these "ghouls" do exist....A town this size couldn't survive off the few transients who come through. They'd have to go out and kill people by the hundreds....So, why hasn't that made the six o'clock news?

GREG

It's the meat sauce.

ELLEN
What meat sauce?

GREG
It's made by Silo City Culinary Confections. I think the ghouls put it on regular food and that satisfies their craving for human flesh.

ELLEN
(Still incredulous)
What's in this meat sauce?
(Realizes the answer to her question)
Aw, shit! You're kidding!

Hemmings shakes his head.

ELLEN (cont'd)
I'm going to be sick.

GREG
They sell this sauce all over the United States. It's even exported to other countries.

ELLEN
(Beat)
Which means...?

GREG
(Nods)
Yeah.

ELLEN
(Beat)
Please tell me you're insane.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

McIntire's car pulls up and parks in front of the building. The sheriff gets out; goes inside.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

McIntire enters; immediately knows that something is amiss, when he sees:

SHOTGUN RACK

The glass is smashed; a shotgun taken.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire looks about.

MCINTIRE
(Calls)
Billy Ray!

He hurries up the stairs to the jail cells.

INT. JAIL CELL. NIGHT.

McIntire reaches the top of the stairs; approaches the open cell. He hesitates when he sees:

TAYLOR

His body lies on the floor; neck broken.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire turns his head in sorrow, disgust.

MCINTIRE
Damn!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

McIntire comes barreling down the stairs; goes to the two-way radio at the front desk.

MCINTIRE
(Into radio)
Frank! Frank, are you there?

EXT. SILO CITY CAFE. NIGHT.

Webster is at his car, talking into his radio.

Behind him, Citizens are boarding up the windows of the cafe, as the last of the corpses, in body bags, are being loaded into a unmarked panel truck. (NOTE: DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE, SCENE SHIFTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND WEBSTER.)

WEBSTER
(Into radio mike)
I'm here, Abel.

MCINTIRE
Hemmings has escaped.

WEBSTER
Damn it, I knew...!

MCINTIRE
(Interrupts)
Forget that for now! He killed Billy Ray...and I want him before he kills anybody else.

WEBSTER
Billy Ray!?! That son-of-a....

MCINTIRE
(Interrupts)
I want everybody cleared off the streets. They're not safe....

WEBSTER
You think he's still in town?

MCINTIRE
He's on a mission. I know he's still here.

EXT. SILO CITY MARKET. NIGHT.

EARLIER SHOT of Cady and his firefighters battling the flames.

MCINTIRE (V.O.)
I'm gonna call in Pat Cady and his boys for a posse.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

MCINTIRE
(Into radio)
Frances'll come down here to monitor the radio.

WEBSTER
Dead or alive?

MCINTIRE
(Beat)
I need 'im alive, Frank...and fast.

WEBSTER
(Not a happy camper)
Right.

McIntire leaves the radio; goes over to the the shotgun rack and takes down a weapon.

EXT. PAT CADY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

A small frame house on a quiet residential street.

A determined Pat Cady, wearing jeans and a light jacket, emerges from the house, rifle in hand. He gets into his pick-up truck; drives off.

EXT. FIRE STATION. NIGHT

A brick building, only large enough to house one fire engine.

Paul Porter, Sid Jones and Mike Van Fleet, all dressed in casual clothes and carrying firearms of different types, stand by their individual cars and trucks, waiting.

Cady drives up in his pick-up.

CADY

Let's go!

The three men get into their vehicles and, caravan-style, follow Cady down the street.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

Webster drives slowly down the street, as he makes an announcement via his loud speaker.

WEBSTER

(Into mike)

Stay in your homes. Lock all doors.

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Webster's car proceeds along, passing a still troubled Dan Howard, who is walking the otherwise empty streets, unable to sleep. *

Howard reacts to the announcement made through Webster's loud speaker. *

WEBSTER (O.S.)

The criminal we're after is armed and extremely dangerous. *

As the car passes an alley, WE SEE the Saturn parked in the shadows of the narrow corridor. *

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Hemmings and Ellen sit in the car, listening as the sheriff's vehicle passes by them. *

WEBSTER (O.S.)

If you see any strangers, call the
Sheriff's office immediately.

ELLEN

This is not good.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Cady's and his men's vehicles are parked outside the
building.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Cady and his well-armed men wait by the door, as McIntire
gives final instructions to Frances, who is at the front
desk. The posse has been supplied with hand-held walkie-
talkies.

MCINTIRE

If anybody calls...says they've spotted
'im....You tell me right away.

FRANCES

Right away....Has anybody phoned Billy
Ray's mama, yet?

MCINTIRE

Damn, no.

(Beat)

It'll have to wait. This is more
important.

FRANCES

I could....

MCINTIRE

(Interrupts)

No. I want to do that myself.

(Heading for the door; to Cady,
etal)

Let's go, men.

As they exit:

JONES

Billy Ray....He was a good guy.

PORTER

Yeah.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

McIntire, Cady and the other men emerge from the building.

MCINTIRE

I want you four men to work in pairs.
Two men to a car....

CADY

(Interrupts)
Abel, we can cover more territory if we
each take a car.

MCINTIRE

Two to a car is safer.

Cady nods agreement.

MCINTIRE (cont'd)

You work parallel streets....

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen and Hemmings are as we last saw them, except that Hemmings is half-listening to the walkie-talkie..

ELLEN

Your fiance'...Diane?....You must've
loved her very much to be doing this.

Behind them, through the rear window, we SEE a SHADOW passes
behind the car. *

*
*

GREG

She was the best thing that ever happened
to me....I was a very angry man when I
met her. Abusive father and all that.
She taught me to harness my anger.

ELLEN

And now, it's loose again.

GREG

Yeah...but this time, it has a direction.

O.S. SCRAPING SOUND (brick on pavement). *

*

GREG (cont'd)

What was that? *

*
*

ELLEN

What was what? *

*
*

GREG *
(Beat) *
Let's get out of here. *

Ellen throws a worried glance at Hemmings. *

ELLEN *
(Starting the motor) *
Where? *

GREG *
If your girl's still alive, they're *
probably holding her at the meat sauce *
plant. *

Ellen puts the car into gear and steps down on the gas pedal. *

The Saturn doesn't budge. *

ELLEN *
It won't move. It's stuck. *

She presses down harder on the gas pedal, but the motor just spins. *

GREG *
Pop the hood. *

Ellen turns off the motor; pops the hood, as Hemmings opens the car door and steps outside into the shadow-filled alley. *

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT. *

Hemmings moves up to the front of the Saturn. *

A SHADOW passes quickly behind him. *

Hemmings is about to open the hood when he notices something on the ground. *

GREG'S P.O.V. *

A large brick has been placed under the front of the left front tire. *

BACK TO SCENE *

GREG *
What the...? *

He looks at the right side of the car. *

GREG'S P.O.V. *

A brick has been placed in front of that tire, too. *

BACK TO SCENE *

Hemmings pushes the hood shut; reaches for his automatic. *

ELLEN
(From inside the car)
What is it? *

Hemmings removes the brick from in front of the left front
tire. *

GREG
Start the engine. *

As Ellen starts the motor, the SHADOW passes behind Hemmings
again. *

Hemmings kneels down by the right front tire; dislodges the
brick, moves it aside. As he starts to stand up: *

A large dark figure leaps out of the shadows; tackles him to
the ground. *

Hemmings manages to flip onto his back; looks up at the
person who has his hands around his neck, and sees: *

GREG'S P.O.V. *

A savage Dan Howard sits atop him, his long incisor teeth
bared; ready to strike. *

BACK TO SCENE *

The men continue to struggle, with Hemmings pushing on Howard
to prevent his teeth from making contact with him. *

A few feet away, Hemmings spots: *

GREG'S P.O.V. *

The brick. *

BACK TO SCENE *

Hemmings maneuvers his arm free; hits Howard on the side of
the face, knocking the man off of him. *

ELLEN

She gets out of the car, not quite sure what to do.

BACK TO SCENE

Hemmings grabs the brick, but before he can use it, Howard leaps back on top of him.

Hemmings raises his knee, hitting Howard square in the crotch.

Howard screams; fall off of Hemmings, who seizes the opportunity to jump on top of his attacker and bash his face in with the brick.

ELLEN

She turns her head away.

BACK TO SCENE

Hemmings continues to smash Howard until the man is dead, his face a bloody pulp. He gets up; tosses the brick away and retrieves the automatic that he had dropped when Howard jumped him.

He looks over at Ellen, who is giving him a disgusted look.

GREG

And what would you have done?

ELLEN

Let's just go.

She gets back into the Saturn.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Hemmings joins her in the car.

GREG

We'd better find that meat sauce plant.

ELLEN

It's up on the hill.

GREG

How'd you know that?

ELLEN

(Beat)

I'm a detective. I detect.

Greg shrugs, as Ellen steps on the gas. The car moves forward.

*
*

GREG
(Indicates the walkie-talkie)
This should help us avoid the posse.

*

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

The car pulls out of the alley; turns onto a city street, just as, a block away, Webster's sheriff's car rounds the corner.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

The deputy spots the Saturn up ahead.

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn continues down the street. Webster's car follows.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Hemmings, who holds the walkie-talkie, and Ellen are not yet aware that they are being followed.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

His eyes on the car ahead of him, Webster picks up his radio mike.

WEBSTER
(Into Mike)
Abel...?

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

McIntire is driving slowly down a residential street.

MCINTIRE
(Into mike)
Yeah, Frank?

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

WEBSTER
(Into mike)
Who, in town, owns a gold Saturn?

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Hemmings has been overhearing this exchange on his walkie-talkie.

GREG
(To Ellen)
We're spotted! Floor it!

Ellen presses down hard on the gas pedal.

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn's wheels screech, as the car zooms forward.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

WEBSTER
(Into mike)
Never mind. I got 'im.

He tosses down the mike; floors the gas pedal.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

MCINTIRE
(Totally taken aback)
Frank...?

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Webster's vehicle races down the street after the Saturn.

The Saturn barrels around a corner.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

WEBSTER
I'll get you, you son-of-a-bitch!

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR. NIGHT.

MCINTIRE
(Totally confused; into mike)
Frank, where the hell are you?

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

He barrels around the corner after the Saturn, ignoring McIntire's voice on his radio.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn zooms down the street, lined with various small businesses.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

As Ellen drives, Hemmings watches out the back window.

GREG
Turn the corner, then drop me off.

ELLEN
What!?!

GREG
(Pumps a shell into the
shotgun)
I'm going to stop this bastard.

ELLEN
No more killing!

GREG
You want him to stop us?

ELLEN
No! I won't do it!

GREG
Okay....

Suddenly, he slams his foot down hard on the brake.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn swerves, out-of-control.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Greg keeps his foot pressed down on the brake; grabs the wheel.

ELLEN
You are crazy!

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn continues to swerve; hits and careens off a lamppost.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

As he views the scene up ahead.

WEBSTER
What the...?

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

The Saturn screeches, as it suddenly spins around; jolts to a stop, facing Webster's approaching vehicle.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Both Hemmings and, in particular, Ellen are momentarily stunned by the sudden jolt.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

He hits the brakes hard.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Webster's car screeches to a halt.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Shotgun ready, Hemmings barrels out of the car.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Hemmings FIRES the shotgun directly at Webster's vehicle.

The blast hits the car's radiator, blowing it apart.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

Webster dives for cover across the front seat.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Hemmings pumps another shell into the chamber. He advances toward the car; FIRES.

The car window is blasted out.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

Webster, covered with glass, is almost too frightened to move.

WEBSTER
Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen is horrified at what is going on.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Hemmings pumps another shell into the chamber; moves closer to Webster's car.

INT. WEBSTER'S CAR. NIGHT.

Webster, still lying prone on the seat, reaches down and takes his sidearm out of his holster; cocks it.

He grits his teeth. They are all large incisors.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

His shotgun aimed directly at the windshield, Hemmings continues to move toward Webster's car.

WEBSTER

Suddenly, he bolts upright in the seat; points his sidearm at Hemmings.

GREG

He FIRES the shotgun.

WEBSTER

His face explodes into a mass of red goo.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen turns her face away.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Hemmings starts back toward the Saturn.

O.S. RIFLE SHOT.

The bullet ricochets off the pavement next to Hemmings.

Shotgun ready, he spins around and SEES:

PICK-UP TRUCK

Driven by Jones and with Van Fleet standing in the back, leaning against the cab with rifle in hand, the vehicle barrels around the corner.

Both men bare their teeth, all long incisors.

*

GREG

He drops the shotgun; pulls the Magnum out of his belt.

PICK-UP TRUCK

The truck bears down on Hemmings.

Van Fleet aims; FIRES his rifle.

BACK TO SCENE

Again, the bullet ricochets off the pavement next to Greg.

Using both hands, Greg aims the Magnum at the on-coming truck.

PICK-UP TRUCK

Van Fleet cocks the rifle; aims.

GREG

He FIRES four rounds at the pick-up.

PICK-UP TRUCK

All four slugs smash into the driver's side of the windshield.

JONES

He is hit; killed.

BACK TO SCENE

The truck swerves out of control; smashes into a fire hydrant, breaking it. Water from the broken main shoots up into the air.

VAN FLEET

He goes flying out of the back of the truck; smashes through a plate glass window.

PICK-UP TRUCK

It bounces off the curb; rolls over into the middle of the street.

The gas tank EXPLODES. engulfing the vehicle in flames.

GREG

He hurries back to the Saturn; gets in.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

As Ellen stares unbelievably at the carnage in front of her:

GREG
Let's go!

ELLEN
What?

GREG
Let's get out of here!

She nods; starts the engine. She turns the car around. As she proceeds down the street:

ELLEN
I thought you were a science teacher.
Where did you learn all that Arnold
Schwarzenegger stuff?

GREG
From Arnold. Terminator is my favorite
movie.

Ellen looks at him askance.

GREG (cont'd)
Actually, I spent two years in the
Canadian Army. Special Forces training.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

As the Saturn heads down the street and disappears from sight, WE SEE that somebody has been watching the previous events from an apartment window, located above one of the businesses.

The person is Clyde Lorenzo.

Approaching SIREN in the distance.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT.

A grubby one-room apartment with a bare minimum of furniture.

Clyde leaves the window; grabs a light jacket and exits.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

Clyde emerges from the apartment entrance; heads down the street in the same direction that the Saturn was going.

Behind him, with SIREN BLARING, McIntire's vehicle barrels around the corner, heading for the accident scene.

CLYDE

He ducks into a doorway.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire stops between the two destroyed vehicles; gets out of his car and surveys the scene, totally frustrated.

CLYDE

Seeing that McIntire's back to turned toward him, he leaves his hiding place; hurries down the street.

EXT. PLANT ROAD. NIGHT.

The Saturn proceeds up a road that leads to the Silo City Culinary Confections plant, which sits atop a hill overlooking the town.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen and Hemmings are as we last saw them.

ELLEN

One thing I don't understand....

GREG

Just one?

ELLEN

You say you had evidence that these "ghouls" exist....Why didn't you take it to the police...the authorities in your home town?

GREG

I did. They didn't believe it or me.

ELLEN

Why?

GREG

Because, even in spite of four murders, the truth was too horrible to comprehend.

(MORE)

GREG (cont'd)
 Joshua Purdy was dead. That was all they
 wanted to know.

ELLEN
 They fired you?

GREG
 The school gave me an indefinite leave of
 absence. So, I quit. Left town. They
 felt sorry for me, but they were glad to
 see me go.

They continue to drive in silence.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

As the Ambulance Personnel removes the three bodies and a tow
 truck starts to take away the wrecked vehicles, McIntire,
 Cady and Porter survey the accident scene.

CADY
 (To McIntire)
 You still want this bastard alive?

MCINTIRE
 (Heading toward his vehicle)
 If possible. If not....
 (Grabs the radio mike from his
 car; speaks into it)
 Frances....

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Frances is at her reception desk radio.

FRANCES
 Yes, Abel...?

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET. NIGHT.

McIntire slides into the front seat of his car.

MCINTIRE
 (Into mike)
 Patch me through to the mayor.

CUT TO:

INT. DEKKER MANSION (LIBRARY). NIGHT.

Dekker is behind his desk, talking on the phone. (NOTE:
 DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE, SCENE SHIFTS BACK AND FORTH
 BETWEEN DEKKER AND MCINTIRE.)

DEKKER

Your "idea" doesn't seem to be working,
Abel.

MCINTIRE

It's too soon to tell, sir.

DEKKER

So far, the man has caused a million
dollars in property damage, killed
several of our citizens and eliminated
every one of your deputies. I hope you
have a "Plan B".

MCINTIRE

I could end it now, sir, but....

DEKKER

(Interrupts)
Then, end it!

MCINTIRE

Sir, we still don't know....

DEKKER

(Interrupts)
We'll take our chances.

MCINTIRE

Yes, sir.

DEKKER

Now, can you find him?

MCINTIRE

I think I know where he's headed.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

A large warehouse-type building, surrounded by chainlink
fence. Only security lights are on inside. A sign on the
gate reads: "Silo City Culinary Confections".

There are 2-3 delivery trucks and a half dozen cars in the
parking lot.

The drive-thru gate has a hut next to it with an armed GUARD,
35, inside. He's watching an old black-and-white western on
television.

The Saturn, lights off, pulls into the shadows down the road
from the gate.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen turns off the motor; turns to Greg.

ELLEN
How do we get inside without killing
anybody else?

GREG
Conditions....conditions....

PHONE RINGS O.S.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

Inside the hut, the Guard answers the phone. We cannot hear what he says. After a moment, he finishes the conversation; hangs up. He steps outside the hut; looks about.

INT. SATURN. NIGHT.

Ellen and Greg watch the Guard, both ready to move if he spots them.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

Seeing nothing, the Guard goes back into his hut; resumes watching his program.

INT. DEKKER MANSION (LIBRARY). NIGHT.

His hand still on the phone, Dekker ponders a bit, then:

DEKKER
(Calls)
William!

William enters.

WILLIAM
Yes, sir?

DEKKER
I'm going out.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

The Saturn drives up to the Guard's hut; stops. Ellen is behind the wheel; alone in the car.

The Guard steps out of his hut, sidearm in hand. He points it at Ellen.

GUARD
Get out of the car. Now!

ELLEN
That's not very friendly.

The Guard cocks his weapon.

GUARD
Move, lady!

GREG

He steps out of the shadows behind the Guard, his Magnum in hand, ready to fire.

BACK TO SCENE

As Ellen opens the car door, Greg hurries up behind the Guard; pushes the muzzle of his weapon against the back of his head.

GREG
Drop it!

The frightened Guard drops his weapon onto the ground.

GREG (cont'd)
Thank you.

He FIRES the Magnum, blowing the back of the Guard's head and most of his face off.

Incensed, Ellen barrels out of the Saturn.

ELLEN
You said you weren't going to kill him!

GREG
I lied.

ELLEN
You son-of-a-bitch!

GREG
He's one of them.

ELLEN
How do you know that?

GREG
Look at his teeth.

ELLEN

What teeth? There's nothing left of them.

GREG

(Beat)

Do you want to stand out here and argue...or do you want to go inside?

Ellen is too frustrated to speak. She stomps back to the Saturn, as Greg drags the Guard's body into the hut.

GREG (cont'd)

Hide the car.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

Greg, carrying the shotgun, and Ellen emerge from the shadows; mount the loading dock. He tries the door. It's unlocked.

ELLEN

Strange.

GREG

The guard has to use the can, doesn't he?

They enter the building.

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT.

The room is in DIM LIGHT. A large open area with a huge vat in the center. A metal ladder is attached to the side of the vat, leading to a thin catwalk that surrounds the top of it. Some short pieces of metal pipe are leaning against the vat. *

Staircases on either end of the room access other catwalks, as well as the upstairs offices. *

There are also several rooms off this main area on the ground floor. Many large boxes, bearing the label "Silo City Culinary Confections," are stacked next to the loading dock door.

Greg and Ellen enter, closing the door behind them.

ELLEN

No night shift? *

Greg moves forward toward the vat. Ellen follows.

GREG
 (Indicating vat)
 That must be where they stir up their
 shit.

As they walk past the vat:

BORG (O.S.)
 Who's there?

Hemmings and Ellen turn their attention toward the top of the
 vat, where they see:

GREG AND ELLEN'S P.O.V.

BORG, 30s, stands on the catwalk, looking around, but he
 apparently doesn't see them yet. He is a large, sullen
 workman with a football player's physique. He has on
 protective eyewear and a white jumpsuit; carries a clipboard
 and has a toolbelt around his waist.

Ellen and Hemmings duck back into the shadows next to the
 vat.

ELLEN
 (Whispers)
 Don't!

GREG
 (Whispers to Ellen)
 Don't worry. I ain't about to fight this
 one.

BORG
 (Calls)
 Hello? Bobby Billings, is that you
 again?
 (Beat)
 Don't make me come down this ladder,
 Bobby.

Ellen and Hemmings don't move.

BORG (cont'd)
 You kids don't want to mess with me.

Muttering to himself, Borg starts to descend the ladder.

Hemmings raises the shotgun.

ELLEN
 (To Hemmings)
 Please....

Hemmings shrugs, as if to say "What choice do I have?" *

ELLEN (cont'd) *
 (Whispers) *
 Bastard. *

Ellen grabs one of the five-foot pieces of metal pipe that is *
 leaning against the vat. As Borg reaches the bottom of the *
 ladder, his back still to them, she rushes over and smashes *
 him hard on the back of the head with it. *

An angry, surprised expression on his face, Borg feels the *
 back of his head; turns and looks at her. *

Ellen backs up a step. *

Greg starts to raise the shotgun. *

Borg takes one menacing step toward Ellen, then collapses to *
 the ground, unconscious. *

A relieved Ellen turns back to Hemmings; brandishes the pipe. *

ELLEN (cont'd) *
 Now, leave him alone. *

GREG *
 (Impressed; mock surrender) *
 Whatever you say. *

He lowers the weapon, and she discards the pipe. They step *
 around Borg; move further into the dimly-lit factory. *

GREG (cont'd) *
 (Spots something O.S.) *
 Hello? *

A ROOM

It's located at the far end of the vat room. Two large *
 picture windows, with blinds drawn shut on the inside, are on *
 either side of the door. LIGHT emits from behind the *
 windows.

BACK TO SCENE

GREG *
 Somebody else is here. *

Greg and Ellen move cautiously across the large area to the *
 door. As Greg reaches for the doorknob: *

ELLEN

Now, look before you shoot.

*

Greg gives her a scowl then slowly opens the door to the:

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Kimberly is still on her slab with the I.V.s extending from her arms, as are the Man and Woman. However, the latter two have now had their heads covered with a sheet and the tubes have been removed from their arms.

Maggie continues to knit.

Greg and Ellen enter, react with shock to what they see.

Maggie looks up; sees them, but continues to knit.

MAGGIE

This is a sterile area.

GREG

What?

MAGGIE

You're not wearing the proper clothing.
Please leave.

GREG

(Spots Kimberly; to Ellen)
Is that your girl?

ELLEN

(Goes to Kimberly)
Yes.

MAGGIE

(Looks up from her knitting)
Who are you?

Greg brandishes the shotgun at her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

(Hand to mouth)
Oh, my!

She starts to reach for the telephone on the console next to her, but Greg grabs it; rips it out.

Maggie scowls at him.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Humph!

GREG

What are you doing to these people?

MAGGIE

(As she returns to her
knitting)

We're purifying their bodily fluids.
What do you think we're doing?

GREG

(To Ellen)

How is she?

ELLEN

(As she disconnects the I.V.s)
She's alive.

MAGGIE

Of course she's alive, she's a healthy
girl. Good blood.

She studies Ellen for a moment.

GREG

(Indicating the 2 sheet-covered
bodies)

And, what about them?

MAGGIE

Diseased. The man had diabetes and
cancer. The woman was HIV positive. I
tell them not to bring me hobos and
prostitutes, but they won't listen.

*

She points to two large cannisters, labeled "Waste," which
are sitting under the slabs of the sheet-covered bodies.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I spent two weeks...draining...trying to
cure their fluids...and there it all
sits...waiting to be dumped...if they
ever get around to it.

GREG

You can't use it?

MAGGIE

In our meat sauce!?! At the temperature
that we cook it!?!...Why, it would work
like poison. Kill anybody who tasted it.

ELLEN
 (Indicating Kimberly)
 We should get her to a hospital.

GREG
 Get the car. I'll bring her right out.

ELLEN
 We should stay together. *

GREG
 You go. I've got some unfinished
 business.

ELLEN
 What business?

GREG
 Go, damn it!

MAGGIE
 Watch your tongue, young man.

GREG
 Sorry.
 (To Ellen)
 Go.

Ellen exits.

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT.

Ellen comes out of the Curing/Control Room. She passes the
 still unconscious Borg; heads across the large room toward
 the loading dock exit. *

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Greg and Maggie are as we last saw them. She continues to
 knit.

MAGGIE
 You're the young man that was causing all
 that ruckus in town earlier.

GREG
 (Surveys the room)
 That's right.

MAGGIE
 They said Abel McIntire had you in jail. *

GREG
He did. I'm out.

He pulls the sheets off of the two corpses.

MAGGIE
What are you going to do now?

GREG
(Takes a lighter out of his
pocket)
I thought I might burn down the place.

He continues to gather up other potentially flammable items.

MAGGIE
(Without batting an eye)
Are you sure you want to do that?

Greg stops what he's doing; looks at her.

GREG
Why wouldn't I?

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT.

Ellen reaches the loading dock exit. She opens the door; goes outside.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

As Ellen steps outside, somebody grabs her from behind;
clasps a hand over her mouth to prevent her from calling out. *

Struggling, she spins around and SEES:

ELLEN'S P.O.V.

The person holding her is Sheriff Abel **McIntire**. *

BACK TO SCENE

As Ellen pulls away from **McIntire's** grip: *

MCINTIRE *
What the hell are you doing, girl?

ELLEN
I'm doing what you told me to do.

MCINTIRE

I told you find out who he's told about us...not to let him kill everybody in sight.

ELLEN

Well, Abel, dear, how the Hell was I supposed to stop him? I'm a sales rep, not a cop.

MCINTIRE

He's killed every one of my deputies.

ELLEN

I'm sorry. I did try to reason with him, but he wouldn't listen.

MCINTIRE

(Beat)

What'd you find out?

ELLEN

His people back home think he's crazy. If he disappeared, I don't think anybody would miss him.

MCINTIRE

That's all I wanted to know.

He moves to the front of the loading dock and waves.

CADY AND PORTER

Seeing the signal, they emerge from the shadows; head toward the loading dock. Both are well-armed.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

Clyde arrives on the scene; hides in the bushes, just outside of the fence, watching.

CLYDE'S P.O.V.

From his vantage point, he can only see the the sheriff and the other men; not Ellen, who is blocked by McIntire.

BACK TO SCENE

HEADLIGHTS, suddenly, cross Clyde's face. He looks to the left and SEES:

LIMOUSINE

The luxury car drives up the road, heading for the plant gate.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Dekker is the driver.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

*

Clyde ducks back into the bushes, as the vehicle passes.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

McIntire, Ellen and the others have their backs to the fence, thus they do not see Dekker's limousine, as it passes silently through the gates; heads around to the side of the plant.

MCINTIRE

Our best chance is to get him out here in the open....

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

Crouching low so he won't be seen, Clyde hurries after the limousine.

EXT. PLANT (SIDE ENTRANCE). NIGHT.

Dekker parks his car by the side door; unlocks the door and enters the building.

A moment later, Clyde emerges from the darkness; heads for the side door. He is about to enter the building, when he gets an idea. He hurries over; looks in the driver's side window of the limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

The keys have been left in the ignition.

Clyde, reaches into the car; snatches up the keys.

EXT. PLANT (SIDE ENTRANCE). NIGHT.

Pleased with himself, Clyde puts the limo's keys into his pocket; enters the building by the side door.

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Greg enters from the vat room, carrying one of the Waste cannisters. It's been opened, emptied and still dripping the remnants of its contents.

Maggie has set aside her knitting.

MAGGIE
(Near tears)
What you've done is...criminal.

GREG
(Ironic chuckle, as he places
the cannister back under the
slab)
I didn't burn the place down, did I?

MAGGIE
You might as well have.

Greg goes to the console; stands next to Maggie, his back to her.

GREG
(Examining the many switches
and dials)
Does this board control everything out
there?

MAGGIE
None of your business.

She bares her teeth. They are all large incisors.

GREG
(Leans closer to the board)
Which one controls the....

Before he can finish his sentence, Maggie, using all the strength in the upper part of her body, springs out of her wheelchair. She grabs Greg; buries her sharp teeth into his upper left arm.

GREG (cont'd)
(Screams)
Jesus!

Maggie rips a large chunk of flesh out of Greg's arm before the dead weight of the lower part of her body causes her to fall to the ground.

GREG

BLOOD GUSHES from the wound in Greg's arm. He screams; grimaces in pain.

MAGGIE

Maggie quickly devours the meat from Greg's arm; relishes it.

MAGGIE

(Blood dripping from her mouth)

You don't know how much I've missed this.

With some difficulty, she raises her torso up; eyes Greg's leg like a hungry wild animal.

BACK TO SCENE

Using just her arms, Maggie starts pulling herself toward a terrified Greg

Greg stumbles back against the console, kicking at the woman to keep her away. He reaches for the Magnum.

Once again, using all the strength she can muster, Maggie springs at Greg, burying her teeth into the calf of his left leg.

Greg screams, but Magnum now in hand, he FIRES one round into the back of Maggie's head.

The woman collapses to the ground, her teeth releasing their grip on Greg's torn leg.

EXT. PLANT. NIGHT.

McIntire, Ellen, Cady and Porter react to the shot inside.

MCINTIRE

Jesus, who'd he shoot?

*

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Greg has set the Magnum down onto the console. Using his belt, he is trying to make a tourniquet to stop the bleeding on his injured arm. He's not having an easy time of it.

DEKKER (O.S.)

Can I help?

Greg spins around; SEES:

DEKKER

He stands, non-threatening, at the Curing/Control Room door.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg snatches up the Magnum; points it at Dekker.

GREG

Who the hell are you?

DEKKER

Edmund Dekker, mayor of Silo City.

GREG

And, you want to help me!?!

DEKKER

Certainly. You're one of us now.

GREG

I'm not one of you.

DEKKER

You've been bitten. How you wish to deal with that fact will determine the quality and length of the rest of your life.

(Beat)

While you're pondering that, let me help you with that arm. Keep the gun on me if it makes you feel more comfortable.

Dekker moves forward. Greg, feeling weak and stunned at the horrible reality of his situation, allows **the mayor** to adjust the tourniquet. He does, however, keep the Magnum at the ready. *

DEKKER (cont'd)

Too bad about Maggie, here. The things she could do with a human spleen in the kitchen were marvelous.

GREG

I hope she gave you her recipe. She'll make a wonderful meal. *

DEKKER

Sir, Maggie was one of us. We are not cannibals. *

GREG

Jesus!

(Pulls away from him)
Get away from me!

*

DEKKER

Mr. Hemmings...seventy-five years ago, my grandfather founded Silo City so that people of our persuasion would have a safe haven. With the meat sauce that he developed and that we proudly manufacture here, he assured our citizens...as well as all our brethren around the globe... that their dietary requirements would be satisfied without their having to prey on the general population.

GREG

Like Joshua Purdy? He didn't like your goddamn meat sauce.

DEKKER

Purdy was an unfortunate..."accident". We do get them from time-to-time.

GREG

What about the key ingredient of your meat sauce? Is that an accident, too?

DEKKER

(Shrugs)

What's one person a week? With our other ingredients and our special extracting process, that's all we need to keep every one of our orders filled.

(Beat)

And, frankly, sir, aren't we doing society a favor? We only "recruit" drifters... itinerants....Nobody who the world will ever miss.

(Chuckles)

You might say that, thanks to us, a drain on the food supply now becomes part of it.

GREG

(Indicating Kimberly)

Like that girl over there?

DEKKER

Admittedly, sometimes we do make mistakes.

Greg, leaning against the console, suddenly points the Magnum at Dekker's head; cocks the hammer.

DEKKER (cont'd)

I have a proposition for you.

GREG

I'm not interested in your propositions.

DEKKER

You will be...once you accept what you have become.

(Beat)

How would you like to be the new sheriff of Silo City?

GREG

(Taken aback)

What!?!

DEKKER

Abel McIntire is a good man...but the way you've bamboozled him this night.... Frankly, he's getting old, and I've lost confidence in him. It's time to make a change.

GREG

I'd rather set fire to this place.

DEKKER

(Nervous chuckle)

Bad idea, sir. Without the meat sauce, we and the rest of our brethren would have no choice but to revert to seeking our nourishment elsewhere.

GREG

(Indicating Maggie)

The lady pointed that out to me....

DEKKER

Good for Maggie.

GREG

So, I did something even better.

DEKKER

Oh?

Greg cocks his head toward the slabs in the curing area of the room.

Dekker looks over there and sees:

DEKKER'S P.O.V.

The emptied waste container.

BACK TO SCENE

DEKKER
(Blanches)
What have you done?

GREG
Added another key ingredient to your meat
sauce.

DEKKER

The expression of total horror on his face suddenly turns to uncontrollable anger.

DEKKER
Genocide!!!

He bares his teeth, all long incisors.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg moves a step back. He aims the Magnum at Dekker and is about to fire, when he stumbles over the edge of the console. He falls backwards; FIRES the weapon, but the shot goes wild.

DEKKER

His face continues to change into a horrible ghoulish countenance. His hands turn into claws.

GREG

Lying helpless on his back, the sight paralyzes him with fear.

DEKKER

He snarls; springs at Hemmings.

A SHOT O.S.

Dekker is hit **in mid-air**.

*

BACK TO SCENE

Dekker falls dead, landing next to Hemmings.

CLYDE

He lowers the smoking shotgun. It is the weapon that Hemmings had left lying next to the slab in the curing room.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

McIntire, Ellen, Cady and Porter are as we last saw them.

MCINTIRE

(To Ellen)

You gotta get him out of there before he destroys the place.

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Clyde sets down the shotgun; hurries over to help Hemmings, who scoots away from him.

GREG

Don't touch me, you little shit!

CLYDE

Hey, man, I just saved your life.

GREG

And now, you're going to hit me in the head and turn me over to the sheriff again?

CLYDE

The sheriff was standing right in front of me. What else could I do?

GREG

(Beat)

You could've hit him in the head.

(Beat)

Help me up.

As Clyde helps Hemmings to his feet:

CLYDE

The Mayor's car's parked out back. I figure....

(Notices Greg's wound)

Did they bite you?

GREG

The old lady did.

CLYDE

Oh, Jesus, are you fucked.

GREG
I'm going to...?

CLYDE
You're going to be a fucking ghoul, man.
There's not a damn thing you can do about
it.

GREG
(Beat)
No loss....I drove into this town this
evening figuring that I probably wouldn't
come out alive, so....

CLYDE
I sure wish I could help you, man.

GREG
(Indicating Kimberly)
That girl. Take her with you. Get her
to a hospital.

CLYDE
Who is she?

GREG
Just a girl...with a family. Help her.

Clyde goes to Kimberly.

CLYDE
What about you? The sheriff and his men
are waitin' out front.

GREG
I got another ride.

CLYDE
Another ride?

GREG
(He's getting weaker.)
Go!

CLYDE
Whatever you say, man.
(Picks up the shotgun)
Mind if I take this?

Hemmings, leaning against the console, waves an "okay".

Clyde picks up Kimberly and the shotgun; heads for the side
entrance.

CLYDE (cont'd)
You take care, man.

He exits.

EXT. PLANT (SIDE ENTRANCE). NIGHT.

Clyde emerges from the building, carrying Kimberly and the shotgun. He heads for Dekker's limousine.

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Hemmings makes his way over to Maggie's wheelchair; sits in it. Slowly, he reloads the Magnum.

ELLEN (O.S.)
You're hurt.

Hemmings turns and sees:

ELLEN

She stands in the doorway.

ELLEN
(Going to Hemmings)
What happened?

BACK TO SCENE

GREG
The town needs a new mayor.

ELLEN
You killed the mayor!?!

Greg smiles; shrugs.

ELLEN (cont'd)
(Beat; looks around)
Where's Kimberly?

GREG
She's okay. She's on her way home.

ELLEN
What!?!

GREG
Don't worry. I sent her off with a friend.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

With Kimberly lying prone on the back seat, Clyde drives the vehicle slowly toward the plant gate.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

McIntire, Cady and Porter, their weapons ready, are poised on either side of the door, ready to bring down Hemmings when he exits. Porter glances toward the gate, and SEES:

LIMOUSINE

It approaches the gate from the side of the building.

BACK TO SCENE

PORTER

Hey, Abel....Ain't that the mayor's car?

MCINTIRE

Yeah, it is.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Clyde crouches low behind the wheel, as he approaches the gate.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

CADY

What was he doin' here?

MCINTIRE

It's his plant. Guess the can be here if he wants.

McIntire, somewhat concerned, watches the limousine pass through the gates and head down the hill.

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

Hemmings and Ellen are as we last saw them.

ELLEN

Let me help you out of here.

GREG

That might be a problem.

ELLEN

No problem. My car's by the loading dock. The coast is clear.

GREG
 (Beat)
 The coast is clear?

ELLEN
 Not a soul in sight.

He stares at her a long moment.

ELLEN (cont'd)
 (Helping him to his feet)
 Let's go.

GREG
 (Beat)
 Then, we'd better get out of here.

He shoves the Magnum into his belt. With his arm around Ellen's shoulder for support, they head for the door.

GREG (cont'd)
 I've pretty much accomplished what I set out to do.

ELLEN
 Yeah?

GREG
 I've got two witnesses on their way to tell the authorities all about this place.

ELLEN
 Kimberly and your "friend"?

GREG
 That's right.

ELLEN
 Well, maybe they'll come in and clean up this place.

GREG
 I hope so. I sure have left it one hell of a mess, haven't I?

He starts to chuckle. She, hesitantly, joins him, as they exit the Curing/Control Room.

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT.

Still chuckling, Ellen and Greg enter; head for the loading dock area. After their laughter subsides:

GREG
Have you always been one of them?

ELLEN
(Beat)
How long have you known?

GREG
Only just now...when you told me that the coast was clear.

ELLEN
(Beat)
The sheriff is my cousin.

GREG
And, you were sent in to find out...?

ELLEN
Who would come looking for you if you disappeared.

GREG
You really had me fooled, lady. I even checked out your teeth....

ELLEN
They only change when we're hungry or angry.

GREG
Yeah, I really thought you were a private eye.

ELLEN
Actually, I'm the national sales rep for Silo City Culinary Confections. I'm based in Atlanta.

GREG
(Ironic chuckle)
And, Kimberly? What is she?

EXT. PLANT ROAD. NIGHT.

The limousine heads down the dark road, heading for town.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

Clyde, behind the wheel, watches the road ahead.

Suddenly, Kimberly sits up in the back seat.

KIMBERLY

She bares her teeth. They are all long incisors.

BACK TO SCENE

Clyde continues to keep his eyes on the road.

Kimberly springs forward; buries her teeth into Clyde's throat.

Clyde screams; gurgles, as Kimberly's teeth rip out his jugular vein. BLOOD SPURTS in all directions.

EXT. PLANT ROAD. NIGHT.

The limousine goes out of control; goes off the road, CRASHES and EXPLODES.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

McIntire, Cady & Porter's attention is, momentarily, diverted toward the sound of the explosion.

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT.

As Ellen and Hemmings approach the loading dock door:

GREG

Tell me something, Ellen.

He reaches for the Magnum in his belt, but finds:

ELLEN

She has appropriated the weapon from him; has it pointed in his direction.

ELLEN

Certainly.

BACK TO SCENE

She moves a step away from him.

GREG

(Beat)

How can you eat...what you eat?

ELLEN

(Shrugs)

You develop a taste for it.

(MORE)

ELLEN (cont'd)
 (Indicates the door)
 After you.

He reaches for the door handle; starts to open it. *

*

*

EXT. PLANT. (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT.

McIntire, Cady and Porter are in position, their weapons ready; pointed at the door as it opens.

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT. *

*

Suddenly, Hemmings grabs hold of Ellen and, using all his strength, propels her out the door in front of him. *

*

*

EXT. PLANT. (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT. *

*

Ellen comes sailing through the door; trips and falls at McIntire's feet. *

*

*

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT. *

*

Hemmings slams the door shut. He kneels down, pulls the automatic out of his boot, then limps back into the depths of the vat room. *

*

*

*

EXT. PLANT. (LOADING DOCK). NIGHT. *

*

As McIntire helps Ellen to her feet: *

*

ELLEN
 He's killed Mayor Dekker. *

*

*

MCINTIRE
 Shit!
 (To Cady)
 Pat, cover the side. We're going in. *

*

*

*

*

As Cady hurries toward the side entrance, McIntire and Porter, their weapons at the ready, cautiously enter the building through the loading dock door. Ellen follows. *

*

*

*

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). NIGHT. *

*

Inside the door, McIntire, Porter and Ellen look about. *

*

Hemmings is nowhere to be seen. *

*

PORTER
 He could be anywhere. *

*

*

ELLEN

He can't go far. He's hurt.

As McIntire takes keys from his pocket; locks the door behind them:

MCINTIRE

He won't get out this way.

(To Ellen)

You stay with me.

He motions Porter to move away from him.

Proceeding into the vat room, the trio fans out. Ellen sticks close to McIntire. Porter moves parallel a few feet away.

ELLEN

(Whispers; to McIntire)

Lights?

MCINTIRE

Across the room.

GREG

Surrounded by darkness, he leans tight against the backside of the vat, his weapon ready. He is in pain; getting weaker.

O.S. SOUNDS of footsteps, inaudible whispers.

BACK TO SCENE

As McIntire and Porter begin to move around the vat from opposite sides, Ellen breaks away from them; hurries across the room.

GREG

He listens; his weapon ready to fire.

PORTER

He moves cautiously around the side of the vat; his weapon ready.

MCINTIRE

He moves slowly around the opposite side of the vat, weapon ready.

ELLEN

She reaches the opposite side of the room; spots the main light switch.

GREG

He senses movement toward his right.

BACK TO SCENE

Hemmings turns, just as Porter is rounding the vat. He points the automatic at the temporary deputy and FIRES.

PORTER

He's hit in the face. Falls dead.

MCINTIRE

He reacts to the shot.

ELLEN

At the light switch, she also reacts to the shot.

MCINTIRE

 MCINTIRE
 (Calls)
 Paul?

BACK TO SCENE

Hemmings, his weapon ready, spins around toward the direction of McIntire's voice, just as:

LIGHTS go on, revealing:

Borg stands directly behind Hemmings, towering over him.

The huge man grabs Hemmings, encircling him tightly with his arms. Hemmings struggles in vain; drops the automatic.

 BORG
 (Calls)
 Sheriff!

Hemmings relaxes, as McIntire comes rushing around the side of the vat. The two men eye each other for a moment.

GREG
 (Friendly nod to McIntire)
 Sheriff....

MCINTIRE
 Wipe that smile off your face, you son-of-a-bitch.

Without warning, he hits Hemmings square in the face with the butt of his shotgun.

Borg lets Hemmings drop to the ground. Hemmings is dazed but not unconscious.

MCINTIRE (cont'd)
 Good goin', Borg.

BORG
 Pleasure.

Ellen rushes in, followed a moment later by Cady. Ellen looks at Hemmings with eager anticipation.

ELLEN
 (To McIntire)
 I'm first, right?

MCINTIRE
 (Nods)
 That was the deal.

GREG

He comes out of his daze; looks around at the four people surrounding him.

GREG'S P.O.V.

McIntire, Ellen, Cady and Borg stare down at him. Each bares their teeth...all long, sharp incisors.

GREG

GREG
 What was "the deal"?

GREG'S P.O.V.

The faces of McIntire, Ellen, Cady and Porter change into horrible ghoulish countenances. Their hands turn into claws.

GREG

GREG

Oh...

(Beat)

Bon appetit!

*
*
*

BACK TO SCENE

Ellen springs at Hemmings. Her claws stab through his chest.

*

GREG

He screams.

BACK TO SCENE

McIntire, Cady and Borg drop to their knees; hold Hemmings down onto the ground.

*

ELLEN

She rears her head back, then buries her teeth into his face, ripping off a large piece of his cheek. She feeds on it like a wild animal.

BACK TO SCENE

Now, as Hemmings continues to scream, all four of the Ghouls are on the ground, ripping, tearing, feasting on his body; relishing the taste of their special meal.

*

BLACKOUT.

Hemmings' screaming abruptly stops.

MCINTIRE (O.S.)

There's nothing like the real thing, is there?

ELLEN (O.S.)

You betcha!

SLOW FADE IN:

EXT. PLANT. DAY.

Workers cars are parked in the lot. Delivery trucks are departing on schedule. It's business as usual.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CURING/CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

The shades on the windows are open, allowing a view of the Crew, including Borg, working in the Vat Room. *

A new TECHNICIAN is at the console, reading; keeping an eye on the controls.

THE SLABS

Only one of them is occupied; by an emaciated YOUNG MAN, 22, covered by a sheet.

WASTE CONTAINERS

Several are stored next to the wall by the slabs. On one of them, the top cover is loose, and it's apparent that its contents have been spilled, since a line of drippings extends from it into the vat room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANT (VAT ROOM). DAY.

The Crew does not appear to notice the line of drippings that leads from the Curing/Control Room to the metal ladder attached to the vat.

THE VAT

It is working "full steam," creating the Silo City Culinary Confections' meat sauce.

BOTTLING AREA

As a conveyor belt moves them along, a spigot deposits the meat sauce into the jars.

LABELING AREA

Labels are applied to the jars.

PACKAGING AREA

The jars are packed into boxes.

EXT. PLANT (LOADING DOCK). DAY.

The sealed boxes are loaded onto a delivery truck.

EXT. PLANT. DAY.

The delivery truck leaves the plant, passes through the gate and heads down the road.

EXT. BLACKTOPPED ROAD. DAY.

The delivery truck moves away from Silo City, heading for the main highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

The delivery truck turns onto the main highway; merges with traffic and is soon lost in the distance.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

A NEWSCASTER, microphone in hand, stands in the deserted main business street of Silo City, talking TO CAMERA:

NEWSCASTER

Authorities are horrified and totally baffled at what they have found in Silo City, a quiet, out-of-the-way manufacturing community, located in America's heartland.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

NEWS FOOTAGE of FDA Officials exploring the empty streets. All of them appear to be quite troubled.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

When FDA officials arrived in Silo City three days ago to investigate a deadly food contamination issue, possibly linked to a specialty meat sauce manufactured by Silo City Culinary Confections, they found that the town's entire population of 854 were dead.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY.

NEWS FOOTAGE of baffled FDA Officials, as they move in and out of the houses. Body bags are carried out; loaded into vans.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Although no final determination has been made as to the cause of these deaths, authorities strongly suspect food poisoning, since virtually every victim was found either in a restaurant or in the kitchen or dining area of a home.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SILO CITY CAFE. DAY.

McIntire and Ellen lie dead, eyes wide open; their heads resting on the table of one of the restaurant's booths.

An open jar of meat sauce sits next to their half-eaten plates of food.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

A shaken FDA OFFICIAL, 60, is being interviewed ON CAMERA.

OFFICIAL

I haven't seen anything like this since Jonestown.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

The Newscaster is back ON CAMERA.

NEWSCASTER

Attention was called to Silo City just over a week ago after literally thousands of deaths, apparently food poisonings, were reported in the United States and in countries all over the world. The common denominator appears to be the Silo City meat sauce, which was found near every victim.

That meat sauce is being analyzed as we speak....

FADE OUT

THE END

