

SLASH

Written by

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OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

We hear the tinkling of an old-fashioned MUSIC BOX. It's playing the familiar childhood melody of "OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM". A small child's voice sings with the tune.

There's something a little eerie and dissonant about it.

In the background, we hear the sound of FARM ANIMALS...a COW

mooing, a HORSE neighing, and so on.

FADE IN:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

It's night. Many yesterdays ago. We're not sure exactly when

- but we can tell we're in the past.

A LITTLE BOY, six years old, is sitting next to some bales of hay.

An old-fashioned OIL-BURNING LANTERN is next to him, casting flickering shadows on the walls.

And now we see where the tune is coming from: The boy staring into a rustic, hand-carved music box.

The boy HEARS something.

Turning off the music, he scuttles behind some bales of hay to hide.

THE BARN DOOR creaks slowly open.

Someone --we can't see who -- enters...wearing LARGE BLACK BOOTS. He's pushing a big container on wheels.

Something's inside the container -- we can't see what... because it's covered by a ratty old TARP. It's pushed closer...its wheels SQUEAKING.

HOLD on the BOY.

In his hiding place. Worried. Very worried.

The CONTAINER stops -- right in front of the bales of hay. Inches from the BOY's face. And then---

BLACK BOOTS throws back the tarp... revealing a tangled, intriguing CONTRAPTION of pipes and valves and funnels.

The BOY

-- peers through the bales of hay, not sure what the man's doing. But whatever it is....it's horrific. Something red..and sticky gushes through the valves and pipes..going into the funnel, sticking into the plastic sac.

The boy pulls back in fright --snapping a piece off the music

box...causing it to PLAY again. The boy is terrified.

BLACK BOOTS ....turns toward the source of the music.

A look of sheer horror in the boy's eyes.

The boy's trembling hands scramble to cover the music box. To stop it. To quiet it somehow.

BLACK BOOTS

---advances. Closer, closer -- The boy tries to crawl away -deserting the music box still playing.

A gloved HAND reaches out, grabbing his ankle.

The boy struggles.

A LANTERN falls, immediately setting fire to the surrounding straw.

A horrible scream of rage -- as the black boots catch fire.

The man writhes. Screaming. A human fireball.

The fire spreads everywhere.

The boy, terrified, tries to scramble out through a loose plank in the barn wall...

The fire rages on. The screaming continues.

SMASH CUT TO:

BEGIN TITLES

EXT. - FARMLAND ROAD -(PRESENT DAY)- NIGHT

TITLE: 16 YEARS LATER

It's dark, deserted, lonely. The harvest moon is shining overhead.

And then --

The approaching HEADLIGHTS of a soft-top convertible, whipping up dust as it zooms along. Loud ROCK MUSIC blaring

from within.

INT - CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A MASK similar to the one used in "SCREAM". It's on the face of the DRIVER of the car. He's also wearing a BLACK

HOOD and CAPE.

He turns to look at the PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN in the passenger seat. She's KAREN, about 18, fresh out of high school. She's

wearing a skimpy BIKINI with a leopard-skin pattern, a necklace of ANIMAL CLAWS, and not much else.

She rubs her goose-pimplly arms --

KAREN

Jeez, close that window,  
Ray! I'm freezing in  
here. --And take off that  
stupid mask.

He whips off his mask, and tucks it underneath his cape. Meet RAY, about 20, athletic, a bit of a prankster. He leers at Karen --

RAY

I can't help it, babe. You  
bring out the monster in me.

Ray puts a hand on her exposed thigh. Karen removes it.

KAREN

Not while you're driving.

Karen pops open a beer.

RAY

Throw me one.

KAREN

Not while you're driving.

As Karen chugs her beer, Ray can't help glancing at her cleavage.

KAREN (CONT'D)

--And keep your eyes on the  
road.

RAY

I'm admiring your costume.  
What "movie" are you going  
as again?

KAREN  
Sheena, Queen of the Jungle.

Off Ray's blank stare --

RAY  
Never heard of it.

KAREN  
I'm not surprised. It's got  
a body count of zero. And  
no one goes around in a  
stupid mask, hacking  
innocent people to death.

RAY  
(re: the mask)  
You don't like my costume?  
Cool. I'll go with plan B.  
Which one you like better?

With one hand on the wheel, Ray holds up two other masks --

The white SHAPE face from the "Halloween" series...and a  
HOCKEY MASK from "Friday the 13th".

Karen rolls her eyes.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Hey...wanna see something  
really scary?

Ray reaches down under the seat, taking his eyes off the  
road. Before he can get any further, KAREN'S eyes widen  
in terror--

KAREN  
Watch out!!!

As she GRABS the steering wheel --

EXT - FARMLAND ROAD - NIGHT

A COW, standing dumbly in the middle of the road. The car  
swerves wildly, knocking over a signpost --

EXT - ROAD (CORNFIELD) - CONTINUOUS

---as it careens off to the side of the road.

WINDSHEILD POV:

Rows and rows of CORN smashing against the glass.

Finally, the car comes to rest in the middle of the FIELD.

Clouds of dust reflected in the headlight beams. The HORN

blares.

INT/EXT - CAR

Ray turns to check Karen--she's unconscious, head back on the

seat.

RAY  
Karen...? Oh, geez!  
Karen....?

He quickly feels her pulse. Then he puts his hand over her

heart, trying to find a heartbeat.

He pauses for a moment. He can't help himself -- his hand moves slo-o-o-o-wly upwards, towards her breasts.

Suddenly, KAREN's eyes pop open -- and she grabs his hand and pushes it away. She's been playing possum.

KAREN  
Is that all you ever think  
of? Suppose I was really hurt!

RAY  
Dammit, Karen--- I was  
just...looking for your pulse.

KAREN  
--By way of my breasts?

She huffs.

RAY  
Sit tight.

EXT - CORNFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE CAR HOOD

---being opened by RAY. There's a little steam coming out and the engine's hot.

RAY  
(burns himself)  
Ow!

KAREN  
What's wrong?

RAY  
Nothing. I'll have us back  
on the road in no time.

RAY looks down and sees the smashed wooden SIGN, stuck in the

RADIATOR GRILLE. He eases it out --

The sign reads..."No trespassing -- J. Macdonald."

RAY (CONT'D)  
(realizes)  
Hey -- Macdonald's farm!

KAREN  
Ray---I'd like to get to  
the club sometime before dawn.

Karen holds a "flyer" for a music club.

RAY  
Be right back. Gotta  
irrigate the corn.

We STAY WITH RAY-as he walks deeper into --

EXT. - CORN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Lit by the moon and shafts of the car headlights, it's  
eerie,

quiet...scary.

RAY  
(singing to himself)  
--Old Macdonald had a farm,  
e-i-e-io...and on that farm,  
he ---almost ran over a  
cow ---e-i, e-i, ohhhhh--

Looking for a place to pee, Ray turns a corner surrounded  
by a wall of corn.

He unzips his fly, and swaying, relieves himself in a wide  
arc.

For the first time, he casually turns to his left to see--

A SCARY FIGURE

silhouetted against the moonlight, standing next to him--

RAY  
(startled)  
--Jesus!!!

--But it's only a harmless SCARECROW, arms outstretched  
on a pole. Ray suddenly looks down, realizes he's pissing  
on himself and his cape.

RAY (CONT'D)

Dammit!!!

INT. - CAR

KAREN is still sitting in the car, bopping to music on the CD player. She preens herself, tuck her breasts into her leopard costume, awaiting Ray's return.

EXT - CORN FIELD - NIGHT

RAY appraises the SCARECROW --tentatively pokes him. It's made of straw.

RAY

Fuckin' scarecrow.

He takes a piece of straw, puts it in his mouth. He turns around, going back to the car, moving past the corn field.

Suddenly, RAY halts -- something pulls him backwards! We HEAR a ripping sound. Ray slowly turns around to see --

HIS CAPE -- caught on a piece of WIRE. He shudders, pulls it off.

Ray takes another step forward. --Did he just hear something in the cornfield with him -- or was it his

imagination?

INT - CAR

KAREN's a little anxious. Ray should have been back by now. She leans out the window, trying to look past the open car HOOD.

KAREN

(calls out)

How many beers did you have,  
Ray?!

Beat. No answer.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Raymond..?!!

No answer. Karen turns the music off. She peers out the window, the open hood obscuring her view.

Still no sign of Ray.

FLAP FLAP FLAP -- several nightjar BIRDS flutter out of the



cornfield, unsettling her.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 .....Ray??

Still no sign of Ray. Karen's starting to get very worried.  
 Something's not right. And then--

A FIGURE wearing the cape and Scream Mask POPS UP next to her - scaring the shit out of her. Karen freaks.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Geez! ---That wasn't funny!

The MASKED FIGURE with the cape just stands outside the car, looking at her.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Okay, Ray. I'm freezing.  
 Get in the car.

The MASKED FIGURE stands there, unmoving, by her open window. Just staring. A feeling of unease washes over Karen. Maybe this figure.....isn't Ray at all.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 ..Ray...?

And then, the MASKED FIGURE raises his arm -- and we see a shiny, long-bladed KNIFE clenched in his fist.

The FIGURE brings the BLADE down, PLUNGING it through the open window--and into Karen's chest!

Karen SCREAMS. She looks down at the blade. And the blood

on her bare skin. Beat.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 --Owww! That hurt!!!

The Masked Figure "pulls out" the retractable KNIFE blade, and takes off his mask. It is indeed...Ray. Always the joker.

He squeezes the knife handle by way of demonstration...a little fake "blood" comes out of the blade.

RAY  
 Fake blood. Cool, huh?

Karen is like, totally unamused. She wipes herself off, glaring.

RAY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Karen!

RAY starts stabbing himself in the chest to demonstrate--

RAY (CONT'D)

It's a retractable blade!  
You couldn't cut yourself  
if you wanted to! Look!

---Suddenly another blade protrudes from Ray's chest. A REAL one. A long-handled farm SCYTHE has swung around -- hitting

him in the back, the cold blade RIPPING through him.

A thin stream of blood drips from his surprised lips.

This definitely ain't a trick.

Karen SCREAMS. And screams some more. In the darkness, we

can't see who's wielding the scythe. The BLADE is pulled out, Ray slumps to the ground, dead.

ON TWO BOOTS

--the killer's boots. Black farm boots. The blade of the SCYTHE dangles down next to them. The boots begin walking around to the other side of the car.

IN THE CAR

KAREN freaks, realizing she's next. She quickly LOCKS the car doors.

Silence.

The KILLER seems to have vanished. But her WINDOW'S still half-open!

Karen reaches out for the electric window button. She pushes

it. The window closes.....closes...closes.....

WHOOSH! The blade of the SCYTHE swings in at the last second, getting caught between the glass and the frame, inches from Karen's face.

As the unseen KILLER pulls out the scythe and the window automatically closes---KAREN sees her chance--

She CLIMBS into the driver's seat, hitting the RADIO -- the MUSIC comes back on, LOUD.

Karen turns the ignition key. The ENGINE turns over immediately. She just might escape--

ON THE TIRES

They SPIN in the ditch trying to get traction.

And then---the FRONT TIRES grab the dirt! Karen's about to free the car, when----

WHOOSH! The BLADE of the scythe plunges into the rubber, deflating the front tire with a rush of air.

KAREN'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Obscured by the raised hood, she sees THE SCYTHE being raised up -- and coming down -- straight into the engine.

There's some SPARKS-- and a SNAP OF WIRES being severed.

And the engine dies. Ditto the music.

Silence, except for Karen's hyperventilation.

And then-----a final realization comes over Karen. She ...looks up. Remembering....she's in a convertible -- and the top is made of CANVAS. And then--

--The SCYTHE .....sweeps down in a deadly arc, tearing through the TOP of the car, almost slicing her ear off. A GASH opens on her bare arm.

Karen SCREAMS.

She KICKS open the CAR DOOR---and stumbles into--

EXT - CORN FIELD - NIGHT

KAREN runs ...for her life.

And runs some more.

And someone--or something's-- following her.

EXT - EDGE OF CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Out of breath, Karen sees a light up ahead.

AN OLD FARMHOUSE. People. A telephone. Safety.

EXT - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

She frantically bangs on the door, trying to force it open--

KAREN  
(hysterical)  
Please! I need...help!

No answer. No one's home.

Hurt and bleeding, Karen turns to her right -- and sees --

An Old BARN. A place to hide.

EXT - BARN - NIGHT

With as much stealth as she can, Karen pushes open the old, creaky barn door. She leaves a BLOODY HANDPRINT on the door--

INT - BARN - NIGHT

It's deathly quiet. Moonlight shining on bales of hay, glinting on farm implements.

Silence.

Then -- from outside, a cow MOOS --

Then a loud CHUFFING sound. A HORSE.

And then -- a few CHICKENS begin to CLUCK.

KAREN  
Shhh...SHHHH --

The animals seems to be jittery, nervous.

The HORSE whinnies loudly. The COW moos again.

KAREN puts her hands to her ears, trying to block out the unholy chorus --

She backs away --

A FIGURE is behind her.

She backs into it and swings around to see--

A SCARECROW. Burlap skin, jagged, stitched mouth. Cold eyes.

Cold, and... alive.

SCARECROW'S POV: looking through the burlap at Karen.

The SCARECROW raises a gleaming SCYTHE high in the air.

It swings down --

Karen screams. For the very last time.

CUT TO:

A GUY SCREAMING

---into a microphone. We PULL BACK, revealing we're at a--

INT - MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

The kind of smoky dive. Some of the audience members are wearing Halloween masks and/or costumes.

On stage, several beats away from the big time, a hungry, hard-working rock band.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Dead Quiet:

On guitar and lead vocals...JOSEPH "MAC" MACDONALD, 24. Charismatic, driven. With a dark side. The leader.

On bass guitar...SUZIE, 24. Hot, punky. A sex-bomb, primed to detonate at any moment..

On keyboards...KEITH, 25. Black, street-wise. Attitude.

On drums & percussion...IAN, 30. Party animal.

At the moment, Mac is singing his heart out, sharing the mike with SUZIE, drawing on her sexual energy.

Meanwhile, Keith keeps glancing over at the side of the STAGE, as if waiting for someone to appear. Looks as if there's a band member missing.

Keith shouts over to Mac.

KEITH

Where is he?

Mac steps back and shouts over the music to CARL (20), the band's all-round gopher and roadie--

MAC

Carl! Where's Rod?

Carl doesn't hear. He's too busy gazing at the flip-screen monitor of a small HAND-HELD DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA. He's close up on Suzie.

Mac, shouting, his voice just about drowned out by the music -

MAC (CONT'D)

Carl!

Carl snaps to attention. Sees the empty mike stand.

As the band continues playing, we FOLLOW CARL, still armed with his CAMCORDER, into --

INT - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Carl stops in front of a closed DOOR. He knocks tentatively.

CARL  
Uh....Hello?

VOICE FROM INSIDE  
Fuck off!

CARL instantly recognizes the voice. He hesitates, and then knocks again --

CARL  
Rod? You're missing your cue!

MAN'S VOICE  
No man! I'm right on it!

INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM

CLOSE ON ROD RYDER, 26, the band's cocksure, devil-may-care lead guitarist. Talented. And doesn't care who knows it. At the moment, he's slouching in a chair with his shirt unbuttoned. CANDY, a foxy babe with a passion for new age philosophy and musicians -- is sitting on his lap, her tongue down his throat.

BACK TO:

INT BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

CARL can hear MOANING coming from inside. He grins. Stealthily, he stands on tiptoe and reaches out as high he can, aiming the camcorder through the clear pane of GLASS at the top of the door.

He looks up at the angled flip-screen, hoping to catch a glimpse of the action. But all he sees is a flashing "BATTERY" icon on the screen. Then nothing. Damn!

CARL  
Rod!

CANDY  
He's coming!

CARL sighs, pointing the rapidly-dying camcorder at himself --

CARL  
 Note to self: remember to  
 recharge battery.

INT - MUSIC CLUB - NIGHT

The BAND continues to play, doing the best they can. An unimpressed audience member hurls a BEER-BOTTLE at the stage.

It just misses Keith's head. Keith is furious, ready to explode. He gets up from his seat, fists clenched around his drumsticks. Mac gives him a look - "stay cool." He backs down.

BACK TO:

INT BACKSTAGE ROOM - NIGHT

ROD and CANDY have finished. Candy has progressed from half undressed, to half-dressed. Rod's in no real hurry to get on

stage. He checks his hair in the mirror, and deftly buttons up his shirt. Then he looks around --

ROD  
 Where's my axe?

Candy straps his Fender Stratocaster guitar around his neck. She gazes adoringly at him --

CANDY  
 Kill 'em, baby.

ROD  
 They're as good as dead.

INT MUSIC CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

As Mac and the band head for the SONG'S crescendo, ROD walks

a tad unsteadily on stage. Perfect timing. He announces his presence with a blistering guitar break.

The AUDIENCE perk up a little. Some cheers, some whistles.

The band members glare at Rod.

INT - DRESSING ROOM - LATER

It's after the set. The door bursts open -- the band are tired and sweaty.

KEITH  
Motherfucking soundman! I  
couldn't hear myself sing!

IAN  
(teasing)  
I could. You sucked.

KEITH  
Hey. Fuck you.

IAN  
Where's Jack? Anybody seen  
Jack?

CARL is there too, eye glued to his CAMCORDER, panning across

the band-members. Suzie whips off her sweaty top. Carl's eyes

widen as he zooms in on her naked breasts.

She catches sight of CARL, and hurls her top at him --

SUZIE  
Pervert!

Carl ducks. Suzie puts on a fresh top --

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Jesus. What a bunch of  
useless zombies.

KEITH  
Who? Us?!

SUZIE  
(grinning)  
The audience!

IAN  
(distracted)  
Jack! There you are, buddy!

We see IAN grabbing a half-full bottle of liquor from a mess of items on a table. JACK DANIELS. He swigs. Keith holds out his hand for some.

KEITH  
(enthusiastic)  
My man!



Ian finishes the whiskey, hands the empty bottle to Keith.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(dryly)

My man.

ROD strides in.

CANDY, his groupie, is hanging onto his arm. Suzie glares at him.

ROD

Hey, guys. Good gig.

SUZIE walks over to Rod face to face --

SUZIE

Yeah. Great work, Rod. But next time, it would be nice ....if you could JOIN US FOR THE ENTIRE SET!

ROD

I was getting 'warmed' up.

Rod smiles slyly at Candy. SUZIE'S had enough.

SUZIE

Who do you think we are, dude? Your back up band??!!

CANDY jumps in, defiantly to Suzie --

CANDY

Get off his case sweetie.

SUZIE

(to Candy)

Where'd you come from? Groupies R Us?

CANDY

Fuck you.

SUZIE

Fuck me? Fuck YOU!!

Rod grins, enjoying the attention, when---

SKREEEEEEEEEECH!!! --- The sound of GUITAR FEEDBACK, like nails on a blackboard.

MAC, electric GUITAR in hand. The guitar is plugged into a small but powerful practice amp. He's certainly got their attention.

MAC  
Time for a little..  
"feedback" guys. That guy  
from Hectic Records --

SUZIE  
Yeah?

MAC  
--picked tonight to come by  
and watch our set.

KEITH  
Shit!

MAC  
Relax. He liked what he  
saw. Well, some of it.  
Enough to give us a showcase  
audition. One week from  
today.

KEITH  
Yes!

MAC  
Which means we've got ONE  
week to start acting like a  
professional band.

ROD  
Hey. Anyone here need  
lessons, just talk to me.

SUZIE  
Yeah, I'll teach you a  
lesson --

Suzie grabs Rod by the shirt and crotch and shoves him  
against the wall.

CANDY tries to grab SUZIE by the hair. SUZIE holds her  
away at arms length, whilst pinning ROD to the wall. It's  
an action Lara Croft would be proud of. SUZIE'S not a  
girl to mess with. Rod's enjoying this.

CARL begins shooting away on his camcorder. Mac tries to  
stop the ruckus.

MAC  
OK. OK!

CANDY is furious at ROD'S laid back attitude.

CANDY  
Bitch.

ROD  
It's OK baby.

And then----they all become aware of a new presence.

A STRANGER is standing in the doorway. Unshaven, dressed in farm clothes and black boots. Out of place in the city.

KEITH  
(aside; to Mac)  
...That's not.. the record  
guy, is it?

Mac shakes his head "no", not taking his eyes off the stranger. Then--

STRANGER  
Joseph Macdonald?

Mac looks him in the eye--

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
Your aunt Edith's dead.

Beat. A slight reaction from Mac. The stranger fumbles in his pocket, pulling out a letter. He offers it to Mac.

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
It's from your father.

Mac hesitates. Then he takes the letter, glances at

it...then crumples it. The Stranger smiles slightly, almost as if he expected it. And then--

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
He also asked me..to give  
you this.

The Stranger puts something else in Mac's hand. It's a small HAND-CARVED WOODEN FIGURE of a Scarecrow... damaged at the

base. Old...worn. Mac seems entranced by it.

STRANGER (CONT'D)  
Funeral's tomorrow  
afternoon. At the farm.

As the Stranger smiles slightly, exits just as quickly as he appeared.

Beat.

KEITH  
Farm? ..What farm?

CUT TO:

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

An old, beat-up SCHOOL BUS, with the name "Dead Quiet" emblazoned across it, traveling down a dusty road. Equipment and luggage fastened on top. Pinioned to the back of the bus, a rough-and-ready-looking OFF-ROAD MOTORBIKE.

INT - BUS - CONTINUOUS

CARL is driving, looking a little lost as he veers his way over the rough and tumble country road. He holds the letter with directions to the farm Mac ripped up, now taped together.

Mac is sitting alone. Pensive. He holds the small wooden figure.

ROD & CANDY, who's come along for the ride -- sit next to Keith and Ian. Candy has her eyes closed, meditating. They're playing some kind of "on the road" game --

KEITH

Okay. My main man. Marvin Gaye.

IAN

Easy. Gunshot. Patricide. Next.

ROD

Curt Cobain.

IAN

Shotgun. Suicide. Next?

KEITH

Wait a second. Did you say "patricide?"

IAN

Yeah. Marvin's old man gunned him down.

KEITH

That's not patricide. Patricide is when you gun down your old man.

IAN

All right. "Fratricide". Minor technical detail.

KEITH

Wrong. Fratricide is when you gun down your brother. You're out. My turn.

IAN

Fine. Be that way. Jim Morison.

KEITH

Died in the bathtub...if, in fact, he's really dead. Next.

ROD

Mama Cass.

CANDY

Who's Mama Cass?

They all stare at her.

ROD

One of the Mamas from the Mamas and the Papas.

Candy looks blank.

KEITH

Asphyxiation. Choked to death on a hamsandwich. Next.

ROD

(triumphant; makes quiz show buzzer sound)  
Bzzzzzzzzzz. Sorry, wrong answer!

KEITH

Chicken sandwich?

ROD

(loudly)  
Bzzzzzzzzzt!

KEITH

Fuck you! Who cares what sandwich the bitch was eating?

Suzie looks at Mac, sitting a few rows behind them. She turns to the others--

SUZIE

Hey. Could you be a little more insensitive? We're on our way to a funeral for Crissake.

KEITH

Yeah. Our own. I don't see why we got to go along for the ride.

IAN

Come on, dude. A day on a farm isn't going to kill you.

MAC

...Heart attack.

Everyone looks at him.

MAC (CONT'D)

Mama Cass died of a heart attack. The ham sandwich is just an urban legend.

CANDY

(to Rod)

Who's the Mamas and the Papas?

EXT - FARM LAND ROAD- DAY

The BUS cruises along, getting deeper into farmland territory.

INT. BUS - DAY

Suzie sits down next to Mac.

SUZIE

You never told us you grew up on a farm.

MAC

Nothing to tell.

Suzie stares at him, not giving up.

MAC (CONT'D)

..My parents separated when I was just a kid. I chose my mother. My father chose the farm. Haven't been back since. I've maybe talked to him twice in twelve years.

Off Suzie's look--

MAC (CONT'D)

My father and I don't exactly see eye to eye.

SUZIE

About what?

MAC  
Name something.

SUZIE  
Then why go back now?

MAC  
Still trying to figure it  
out myself.

Beat. Mac glances down at the wooden figure in his hand.

ON IAN AND KEITH

Ian accidentally steps on Keith's sneakers.

IAN  
New "shoes," Keith?

Keith proudly lifts up his feet, revealing a brand new pair  
of-

KEITH  
Nike specials. Two hundred  
bucks.

IAN  
Two hundred bucks?? Are you  
crazy?

Keith meticulously begins wiping them off with newspaper--

KEITH  
Hey. Never criticize a man  
'till you've walked a mile  
in his shoes. Then you can  
criticize... 'cause you'll  
be a mile away... and you'll  
have his shoes.

They laugh--

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Speaking of which--yo, CARL!  
Are we THERE yet?!

CARL  
(driving; to himself)  
Like I know. Hey, Mac! Any  
of this look familiar??

MAC  
Try taking a left after the  
next cow pasture.

KEITH

(mutters, to Ian)

Yeah. That sounds good.  
"Hang a left at the first  
cow patty, then make a right  
when you see porky pig".

Mac grins slightly, looks out the window, to see--

EXT -SIDE OF THE ROAD

An OLD WOMAN, standing at a rundown STALL, outside a modest FARM HOUSE. Some corn dolls, pumpkins, and dry husks of maize are hanging up on display.

Next to her stands a short farmhand, her brother.

MAC catches her gaze.

There's something intense and very unsettling about the way her eyes lock on to his.

CUT TO:

EXT - FARM LAND - LATER

WIDE on a large FIELD as the bus passes by.

A BURNING stack of diseased crops. Smoke and flames crackling, rising to the sky.

The bus continues, past--

A long shot of a SCARECROW, distant and alone in a field.

And then -- the BUS rises over a small hill....revealing an old wooden sign we've seen before -- "No Trespassing - J. Macdonald".

INT. BUS

ON MAC.

...He's finally come "home".

EXT. FARM PROPERTY -DAY

Getting closer, the BUS passes a scraggly menagerie of FARMYARD ANIMALS. Cows, horses, goats, chickens.

Finally, it pulls up to a cluster of SHEDS and COOPS and farm BUILDINGS. Mac's eye finally settles on -- THE OLD BARN



There's something strangely compelling about it...something that seems to strike a chord deep inside his memory.

This is MACDONALD'S FARM. Maybe this was a prosperous farm once. But once was a long time ago.

The BUS pulls up and stops in the yard between the farmhouse and barn. The DOORS whoosh open--

INT - BUS

KEITH and IAN exchange a somewhat nervous glance as they gaze

out the window.

As the band get their things, moving to get off the bus,

KEITH pulls down a duffle bag and draws out a pearl handed

38. SPECIAL. Suzie notices the gun.

SUZIE

You know what they say about men who need big guns...

KEITH

Hey. Some Klu Klux Klan homeboy gets in my face, he gonna have a few extra holes in his bedsheet.

SUZIE

(teasing)  
Down boy.

KEITH

Who you callin' "boy?"

Smirking, Keith moves down the aisle. As Suzie and Candy wait to exit the bus, they shoot daggers at each other.

CANDY

(low)  
Bitch.

SUZIE

(low)  
Slut.

CANDY

Witch.

SUZIE

Tramp.

Rod grins, enjoying himself.

ROD  
After you....ladies.

EXT. - BUS - DAY

The band members file out of the bus. They glance around the

dilapidated farm.

Candy suddenly seems concerned --

CANDY  
Rod. Check out my chakras.

Rod, puzzled, stares at her body.

Candy fingers the crystals around her neck.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
They've gone darker. Bad  
vibes.

Suzie, nearby rolls her eyes.

CARL

...shoots the area with his CAMCORDER.

CARL  
Note to self: Farming not  
a career option.

Beat. Carl sneezes. The others look at him.

CARL (CONT'D)  
..Hay fever.

IAN  
Man, you came to the wrong  
place.

MAC  
Be right back. Try to stay  
out of trouble.

Mac moves off -- as Keith looks around.

KEITH  
Yeah. Maybe I can pick a  
little cotton for da masta.

SUZIE  
You got something against  
farm people, Keith?

KEITH

Not at all. They lynched my  
ancestors, they smell like  
manure, they have sex with  
their relatives... and they  
all have two first names:  
"Bobby-Joe"--

IAN

(joining in, smiling)  
"Peggy-Sue"---

KEITH

---"Billy-Jean"--

Mac walks up to the barn. He seems strangely hesitant.

Slowly, he reaches out his hand. Then he freezes --

As he notices a BLOODY HANDPRINT on the door.

We recognize it as the handprint of the girl who was  
murdered

last night.

Just then, the BARN DOOR creaks open, revealing...

THE STRANGER that everyone recognizes as the one who  
delivered the note backstage. Only now he's wearing a  
blood

stained apron, black farm boots and in his left hand....a

KNIFE...dripping with blood.

The Stranger holds up the knife--grins--

STRANGER

Takes 'em a full thirty  
seconds to realize they  
ain't got a head.

Everyone stares--

BILLY BOB

Chickens! Glad you could  
make it. --Name's Billy Bob.

Keith gives an "I told you so" look.

Mac shakes hands --then looks at his palm. There's CHICKEN

BLOOD all over his hand. Billy Bob grins. He wipes the

excess blood on his apron.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
Your pa's waiting for you  
up at the house.

MAC  
How'd he know I'd come?

Billy Bob just grins enigmatically.

As Mac heads toward the FARM HOUSE --

BILLY BOB  
Sorry 'bout your aunt.

Billy Bob picks a chicken up by its feet, getting the  
knife ready, about to go back into the barn--

KEITH  
Great.

Billy Bob hears and turns to him.

BILLY BOB  
I'd watch your step if I  
were you, son.

KEITH  
Oh yeah? Why's that?

BILLY BOB  
You're standing in horseshit.

Keith looks down. Yep -- he's standing in horseshit,  
alright.

KEITH  
Damn! These are one hundred  
dollar Nikes!

IAN  
I thought you said two  
hundred.

Billy Bob grins. Spits a globule of black tobacco right  
next

to Keith's shoes.

EXT -FARM HOUSE (FRONT ENTRANCE) - MOMENTS LATER

MAC stops, eyeing the house. It sighs and creaks with a  
life of its own. As he opens the screen door to go inside--

INT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac glances around. Shades pulled down, dark and musty  
furniture. Stuffed animal heads on the walls. A  
spiderweb in the corner.

EXT. FARM - SAME TIME

Rod is picking at his guitar as Candy looks on admiringly.

SUZIE is unpacking some bags off the bus rack, unaware that CARL is shooting her ass with his CAMCORDER.

IAN snaps off his cellphone, pissed.

IAN  
Perfect. No signal.

IAN peers over Carl's shoulder, sees Suzie's ass on the screen.

IAN (CONT'D)  
That got a zoom lense?

CARL  
Brace yourself.

As he "zooms" in on Suzie's buns--

SUZIE  
Will you guys quit jerking  
off and give me a hand here!

As they grin and help her unload the bus, Ian unloads a box full of Jack Daniels bottles---

IAN  
Hiya Jack.

INT. FARM LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mac is wandering around the room, uneasy.

Suddenly, he hears a flapping noise. It seems to be coming from behind a closed door.

MAC  
...Jeremiah?

Mac pushes open the door to--

INT - A DIMLY-LIT SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MAC

As he walks into the dark, smaller room, he looks to his right to see--

A SHUTTER...flapping slightly from the wind. That's all.

Mac sighs. He turns to his left -- and --

MAC

Daaa!

He almost falls over his AUNT. Dead, laid out "in state" on

a long, OAK TABLE, candles all around her.

VOICE (O.C)

Hold it right there. Turn around slowly.

MAC slowly turns to see---

-- his father, JEREMIAH MACDONALD, late sixties, weathered but strong, a man who's spent his life working hard on a farm. He's wearing work clothes - overalls, and yes, black farm boots. With a crazed look in his eye, he's pointing a shotgun straight at Mac.

MAC

What are you going to do?  
Shoot me?

JEREMIAH

Depends. You got some nerve intruding on a man's grief. I bet I could pull this trigger right now and call it justifiable homicide. Now: who are you?

MAC

You know who I am. You invited me.

CLICK CLACK! Jeremiah pumps the shotgun, chambering a round. Mac's unsettled. Perhaps Jeremiah's gone over the deep end--

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm your son. And Laureen's son.

JEREMIAH

Ain't nobody mentioned that name on this farm for 14 years. My boy was taken from me... far as I'm concerned, he's dead. Now, I ain't gonna ask you again. -- Who are you?!

MAC

Joseph Macdonald... Your son.

JEREMIAH  
Joseph Macdonald. Damn  
right, boy. And don't you  
forget it.

Jeremiah lowers the shotgun, grins--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
I'm just yankin' your chain!

It seems Jeremiah has an offbeat sense of humor.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Come here...I ain't gonna  
bite.

MAC approaches cautiously. Jeremiah grabs Mac, hugging  
him--

Mac's pretty awkward, but he puts up with this.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Look at you! You're a dead  
ringer for your grandpa,  
God rest his soul. If he  
could only see you now.

Mac looks at Edith. A wave of remorse washes over him.

MAC  
I came back for the funeral.  
That's all.

JEREMIAH  
Broke her heart you never  
visited. ..But I always  
said you'd come back.

Jeremiah reaches down, tenderly strokes his sister's hair.

MAC  
I'll be gone again tomorrow.

JEREMIAH  
..Guess it was her time to  
go. You can't argue...when  
the good Lord calls you home.

There's an awkward beat --

MAC  
How...was she "called?"

JEREMIAH  
Pardon?

MAC  
Aunt Edith. How did she...die?

Jeremiah puts a PIPE in his mouth, lights it.

JEREMIAH  
"Natural causes."

CUT TO:

EXT - MACDONALD GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

We're in a small family graveyard on a HILL by the farmhouse, where Macdonalds have been buried for centuries.

A PREACHER stands nearby, conducting the service for Edith. He stands between Billy Bob and Jeremiah.

Two three LOCALS from the village have also come to pay their respects. A few feet away are the rest of the band, standing

awkwardly.

They'd rather be somewhere else.

Mac stands beside Suzie. She gently squeezes his hand.

ON THE PREACHER

PREACHER  
..and we ask you to bestow  
your blessing on this  
worthless band of sinners.  
And so....ashes to  
ashes...dust to dust..

KEITH  
(making a rhyme  
sotto voce)  
--Let's hurry up and get  
back on the bus.

PREACHER  
We are here to honor the  
memory of Edith  
Macdonald...and deliver her  
to her eternal rest.

ON JEREMIAH. Head bowed, reverent, dressed in a sombre black suit.

MAC watches him.

CARL surreptitiously opens the flip-screen of his camcorder to shoot the funeral.

KEITH  
(quietly, to Ian)  
Shit, when I die, hope  
there's a bigger turn-out.



PREACHER

To everything there is a  
season, a time to be born -  
a time to die. A time to  
kill...and a time to heal...

As the Preacher talks, Mac suddenly sees--

---a WOMAN, dressed in black, with a veil over her face.

Odd. He didn't notice her before.

The Woman moves closer to Mac....closer...she removes the  
veil. A mixture of terror and fury--

PREACHER (CONT'D)

--a time to keep silent,  
and a time to speak--

The woman looks Mac directly in the eye.

WOMAN

The devil has returned.

Mac recognizes the Old Woman (JESSE) from the lonely farm  
stall on the side of the road.

MAC

I...pardon...?

JESSE

You look just like him.  
Like Jethro.

JEREMIAH

(hard; to the woman)  
You're not welcome here,  
Jesse.

JESSE

I came to pay my respects.  
(beat)  
And to warn you.

JEREMIAH

I want you off my land. --  
Keep reading, Reverend.

PREACHER

(clears his  
throat; trying to continue)  
Er...a time to love...a time  
to ..hate--

OLD WOMAN

(to Jeremiah)

It's started again, hasn't it? The harvest of blood. I know. I can feel it. Your father's legacy of evil--

JEREMIAH

--My daddy's dead. You and the others saw to that.

OLD WOMAN

Yes. And burning in hell! And you're going to join him--wait and see!

PREACHER

Uh, a time to embrace..and a time to refrain from embracing....

JEREMIAH

Get out of here. Or so help me--

Something snaps in Jeremiah's head. He picks up a shovel, raising it as a weapon--

PREACHER

A time to--holy shit!! Jeremiah--NO!!

Mac grabs Jeremiah, struggling to keep the shovel away from Jesse's head. Candy screams.

CARL seizes the moment, taping the action with his camcorder.

JESSE stands her ground. Looks coldly at Mac.

JESSE

(to Mac)

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children's children. And the sword shall be made drunk with their blood.

She spits on the ground, walking away.

Mac releases his hold on Jeremiah.

KEITH

(low)

Damn. White folks usually chill at funerals.

PREACHER

(quickly)

Uh, I commit Edith Macdonald  
to the blessed soil of the  
land she knew and cherished.  
Amen.

OTHERS

Amen.

The PREACHER nods to Billy Bob, who gently takes the shovel from Mac. He spits on his palms, rubs them together.

As the first pile of dirt hits the coffin--

EXT - FARM (NEAR THE GRAVESIDE) - LATER

The funeral's over. As the others walk down the hill,

Jeremiah is shaking hands with the PREACHER --

JEREMIAH

Sorry about the shovel,  
Eugene. Guess I got a  
little carried away.

PREACHER

The lord forgives your sins  
Jeremiah. Can't say the same  
about the law.

As he says this, the Preacher gets in his car---which we now see is a SHERIFF'S SQUAD CAR. He yanks off his clerical collar, as if it's been strangling him, puts down his bible.

He reaches on the seat and just as swiftly puts a SHERIFF'S HAT on his head. He eyes the other band members.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on your guests.  
We don't want no pot smoking  
musicians spoiling things  
around here.

JEREMIAH

Don't worry. S'all under  
control. Workin' on any big  
cases?

PREACHER

Nah. Things are dead quiet.

As the sheriff's car pulls out, Jeremiah watches -- his eyes are now on the BARN some distance away.

MAC's there, pushing open the barn door. Jeremiah smiles slightly.

INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

The BARN DOOR CREAKS open.

Exploring, MAC enters the barn by himself. It's a big, run down structure that has seen better harvests.

Hanging up is an impressive array of scythes, axes, hoes, and sickles. Simple, functional FARM IMPLEMENTS - but the light gives their blades a sudden edge of menace.

The afternoon sunlight filters through the wooden slats, hitting a pile of straw, dust rising up from it.

Then.....MAC notices something --

SOMEBODY'S LEGS.

-- clad in dirty jeans, old shoes...stretched out and partly hidden behind a barn STALL. Someone's sitting there, quietly biding their time.

MAC moves closer.

And closer. Until he sees --

A raggedy old SCARECROW, propped up against the stall.

Harmless.

Mac bends over to check it out ... unaware that there's somebody else in the barn with him.

A SCYTHE

--hanging on the wall is removed from its place.

MAC

--is still looking at the old scarecrow, when--

WHOOSH! -- The deadly blade comes sweeping down, slicing the air near him. Mac spins around to see--

IAN, scythe in hand, stoned, doing "Kung Fu" moves.

IAN

Hey dude -- don't fear the reaper!

Beat. Mac stares, the color drained from his face.

IAN (CONT'D)

So. When's dinner?

EXT. -CORNFIELD -MAGIC HOUR

The Scarecrow, hanging alone in the field. The sun is sinking.

INT -BATHROOM -NIGHT

CANDY's going to take a shower. She looks around the bathroom. Something creepy about it. She takes off her robe, turns on the shower. Gets under the water.

It feels good.

ON THE DOORKNOB

It starts to turn. Slowly at first. Then the knob TWISTS back and forth, violently.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL WAY -SAME TIME

It's Suzie twisting the knob. It's locked. Suzie wears nothing but a towel, impatient to shower. She bangs on the door.

SUZIE

Hey! Don't use all the hot water!

INT. BATHROOM

CANDY

Keep your shirt on! I'm almost done!

INT. HALL WAY

SUZIE

(under her breath)  
Bitch.

INT. BATHROOM

CANDY

Bitch.

INT. HALL WAY

Suddenly, from behind Suzie, two HANDS grab her. Suzie spins

around.

It's MAC. He moves in closer, holding her--

MAC  
 Ten thirty. My room.  
 Clothing optional.

Suzie smiles meaningfully.

SUZIE  
 What about Jeremiah?

MAC  
 Nah. Just you.

As they kiss---

Suddenly, we hear a terrible SCREAM from inside the bathroom and--

Mac twists the door handle, still locked and--

it's an old door, so he easily forces it open and they rush in to the bathroom, and--

INT BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

--Mac throws aside the shower curtain, and--

--Candy's standing there, naked, terrified. Shaking, she points--

CANDY  
 Look.

There's a medium-sized SPIDER high up on the wall.

Mac and Suzie stand there, incredulous.

Rod, Ian and Carl rush into the bathroom--

ROD  
 What is it?!!

SUZIE  
 (pissed)  
 Spider.

Beat. As all the men stare--

CARL  
 (enjoying the view)  
 I'll get it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ON A PLATE OF WHOLE COOKED CHICKENS and MEAT...the result of Billy Bob's handiwork.

JEREMIAH and Billy Bob are eating heartily without a care in the world.

Mac and the others watch them.

There's a bottle of MOONSHINE. Ian takes a SIP--  
-- and chokes--

JEREMIAH  
Best corn liquor in the  
county. Make it myself.  
Edith used to say: the two  
hardest things to  
swallow...are pride and  
moonshine.

CANDY  
I can think of a third.

Carl and Billy Bob chuckle.

IAN  
(takes another sip)  
How'd...you...make it,  
exactly?

Jeremiah leans closer, looks Ian straight in the eye --

JEREMIAH  
Well, I could tell you...but  
then, I'd have to cut your  
throat and gut you like a pig.

Silence.

Jeremiah laughs. The others look at each other, smiling  
tentatively--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Just yanking your chain!  
Old family secret.

He looks across at Mac --

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Some things are better left  
that way. Right, son?

Mac ignores this. There's an awkward silence.

SUZIE  
Uh...thanks for dinner. It  
was delicious.

Suzie's anxious to leave the table, meet up with Mac.  
Jeremiah looks wistful.

JEREMIAH  
Chicken. Used to be Edith's  
favorite.

Beat. Jeremiah chokes up, suddenly remorseful.

BILLY BOB  
 (raises his glass)  
 To...Edith. May she rest  
 in peace.

JEREMIAH  
 To...Edith.

Everyone... drinks. Suzie wants to leave.

SUZIE  
 Okay. Well--

Jeremiah raises his glass again --

JEREMIAH  
 --and..... to my...son.

Everyone settles back in again--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 ...The last of the  
 Macdonalds. Who's finally  
 been called back home.

Jeremiah and Mac lock eyes.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 Even if it is... for one day.

Everyone drinks. But it's not over yet.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 And to....

CANDY  
 The farm?

Suzie rolls her eyes, glares at Candy. Candy smirks.

JEREMIAH  
 (raises his glass)  
 Good idea, little lady.  
 "The farm."

IAN  
 To "Old Macdonald's farm" --

KEITH  
 "E-I, E-I, Oh --"

CRASH!!

The GLASS suddenly SHATTERS in Jeremiah's hand.

Rivulets of blood on his fingers. At first, he doesn't



notice.

SUZIE  
Your hand is bleeding.

JEREMIAH  
...Excuse me.

Jeremiah gets up, holding his hand, goes into the kitchen.

KEITH  
Damn. Whassup with that?

No one speaks at first.

BILLY BOB  
You just reminded him...of  
Jethro.

SUZIE  
Who's Jethro?

No one answers.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Who's Jethro?

BILLY BOB  
Jethro Macdonald.

MAC  
...My grandfather.

Everyone turns toward Mac. When he doesn't continue---

BILLY BOB  
'Scared most people in this  
county halfto death. The  
kids used to call him...  
"Crazy Old Macdonald".  
They'd sing that old nursery  
rhyme...

CANDY  
(glancing uneasily  
over her shoulder)  
He's not...still around...is  
he?

BILLY BOB  
Died about fourteen years  
ago in a fire. Knocked  
...over a kerosene lamp in  
the barn. Burnt to death ...

SUZIE  
Jesus.

IAN  
 What was it about him  
 that...scared people?

BILLY BOB  
 Why don't you ask Mac? --  
 It's his granddaddy.

All eyes on MAC.

MAC  
 I don't remember...

A beat --

ROD  
 (flippant)  
 What was he...some kind of  
 axe murderer?

JEREMIAH (O.S.)  
 Why don't you ask him  
 yourself?

Beat. Jeremiah's walked back into the room, his hand  
 bandaged.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 He's sitting right behind  
 you. --On the mantle.

Everyone turns around.

A decorative cremation URN is indeed sitting on the mantle.

Jeremiah picks it up. He holds the urn tenderly in his  
 hands-

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 My daddy was a man of  
 vision. People always fear  
 what they don't understand.

Jeremiah looks down at the urn. He's silent for a moment --

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
 He lived for this land. And  
 he died for it. Rest in  
 peace, daddy.

Slowly, Jeremiah lifts the lid off the urn. No one wants  
 to

look inside. Finally, Carl leans over, and--

SNEEZES..scattering ashes!

CARL

Sorry.

An awkward beat. Then

Jeremiah laughs, slaps Carl on the back --

JEREMIAH

I'm just yankin' your chain!  
It's an ashtray. --Jethro's  
buried right there across  
the field with the rest of  
the family. ...Cigar?

Jeremiah pulls out a handful of cigars offering them to everyone, as we--

EXT. FARMHOUSE -NIGHT

Things are...well, dead quiet. Except for an electric BUG ZAPPER. Purple, glowing. We hear a "ZAP" as several bugs meet their maker. We can hear CRICKETS in the darkness.

INT -LIVING ROOM -NIGHT -LATER

Keith, sitting on the COUCH, wearing only his underwear, removing his expensive Nikes.

Then he lies down, covers himself with a thin farm blanket, and tries to get comfortable --

KEITH

(muttering to himself)  
Yeah. Sure. Put the black  
man on the couch...

INT - MAC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It used to be his grandfather's room. There are old family photos on the wall. Creepy.

Mac stares out the window. Outside, we can see the old BARN

in the moonlight.

Is that Billy Bob going inside?

The bedroom door opens. It's Jeremiah. Mac turns away, looking back out at the barn.

JEREMIAH

That old barn. After the fire...I rebuilt it nail by nail. Just the way your granddaddy would've wanted it.

MAC

(not happy)

This is his room...isn't it?

JEREMIAH

Was. You ain't afraid of ghosts, now are you?

MAC

I'll be fine here.

Jeremiah holds out a bound stack of envelopes.

JEREMIAH

Thought you might want these.

Mac just stares at them.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Just so you know. After your mother took you away, I wrote you. She returned every one of 'em.

Mac makes no move to take them. Instead, Jeremiah places them on the table.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Well. Then... I'll leave you to it.

Jeremiah's about to exit--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You got it wrong, boy. I'm not the monster you think.

MAC

Maybe you should tell that to the old lady you tried to hit with the shovel.

JEREMIAH

I wouldn't pay Jesse no mind at all. She's just a crazy old woman. Hasn't been right in the head since her husband passed away.

(beat)

Wasn't much right before that, neither.

MAC  
 She was talking about...a  
 "harvest of blood"...

Beat.

JEREMIAH  
 Old slave superstition. You  
 sprinkle a little blood  
 mixed with water on the  
 crops, you get yourself a  
 good harvest... So they say.

MAC  
 "Blood?"

Beat.

JEREMIAH  
 Chicken blood. --  
 Anyway..don't you worry  
 about ol' Jesse. She won't  
 be bothering anyone no more.

INT -LIVING ROOM -NIGHT -LATER

Keith tries to sleep, but doesn't look comfortable. He looks up at the shadowed wall next to him. Animal heads, stuffed

by a taxidermist, stare back at him.

He looks at the urn containing cigars. It's still on the mantle.

Jeremiah walks past almost unseen.

A little spooked, Keith removes his .38 SPECIAL, checks if it's loaded--

KEITH  
 Yeah. That's what I'm  
 talkin' about.

He puts it under his pillow.

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM -NIGHT

MAC's in a restless sleep on top of the bed. The wind has blown the letters around the room. He wakes suddenly. Disoriented, he runs his hand on the wall above his head, feeling the rough texture of stained wallpaper.

From outside there's the soft strains of tinkling MUSIC...from a child's music box...barely discernible over the wind. But eerie...

Mac sits up in bed. Looks out the window to --

THE OLD BARN

That's where the sound is coming from.

As Mac stares...

There's a soft flicker of light from inside the barn...The flicker grows stronger...are those flames coming out under the barn doors?

KNOCK KNOCK.

The flames are gone. Nothing.

SUZIE (O.S.)

Mac?

With a jolt, Mac looks to the door.

He opens the door, a bit shaken. Suzie stands outside, in a sexy nightgown. Just a whisper of satin and chiffon. Very Victoria's Secret.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

It's ten-thirty. I took the clothing option.

She gestures at her sheer nightgown.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Sort of.

She smiles at Mac. He gazes blankly at her --

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Well, are you going to invite me in? It's cold out here!

Mac looks at her breasts---

MAC

I can see that.

She steps inside. Mac shuts the door. Suzie wastes no time. She locks him in a passionate clinch. They kiss. But Mac's not responding.

SUZIE

What's wrong?

MAC

This...used to be Jethro's room. The attic.

SUZIE

So?

MAC

When I was a kid...I was  
never allowed up here...

Suzie moves closer--

SUZIE

That turns me on even  
more...forbidden fruit  
always tastes better.  
Especially...the cherry.

Suzie starts kissing Mac. He's not responding.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

What do you want? His  
permission? No problem.

She puts her fingers to her temples, a "mock seance"--

SUZIE (CONT'D)

I'm talking to the spirit  
of Jethro Macdonald. Is it  
okay to have sex in your  
old attic with your  
grandson? We'll be careful  
of the bed--

MAC

Let it go.

SUZIE

I bet if he were still  
alive, he'd like to watch.

She caresses the bedpost--

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Think of it ..as a  
threesome. You. Me. And..  
"Jethro."

MAC

I said that's enough!

Mac grabs her roughly, pushing her against the wall.

Suzie stares at him like he's an alien.

SUZIE

Get a life!

--and goes out the door, SLAMMING it.

INT -BUS -NIGHT

Two figures underneath a blanket at the back of the bus.  
Having sex.

It's Rod & Candy. Then we hear Carl's voice.

CARL (O.S.)

Man. That was the weirdest  
funeral I've ever seen.

We MOVE to the front of the bus. IAN & CARL are chilling,  
totally ignoring the Kama Sutra going on in the back.  
Ian's swigging from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

CARL (CONT'D)

He almost brained that old  
lady with a shovel.

IAN

Must be a family feud, dude.  
You ask me...Mac's father's  
a few bales short of a  
haystack.

CARL

Maybe it runs in the family.  
Maybe all farmers go crazy  
after a while.

Ian finishes the whiskey, passes the empty bottle to Carl,  
who's disappointed.

IAN

I don't know. I could get  
used to life on a farm.

A cloud of SMOKE blows past Ian.

REVEAL ROD & CANDY, post-coital and now standing right  
behind them, naked and wrapped in a blanket. Rod's  
holding a joint.

ROD

Me too.

He grins, passing it to Ian and Carl--

Ian glances out the bus window. Did he just see a figure  
pass by?

INT -BARN -NIGHT

CLOSE ON the row of hanging FARM IMPLEMENTS, inside the  
barn.

A gloved HAND reaches out -- and selects the SCYTHE, pulling



it off its hook.

We get the feeling it's not going to be used ....for  
harvesting corn tonight.

EXT - SMALL FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A modest FARM HOUSE in the vicinity of the Macdonald farm.  
It belongs to JESSE, the old woman we saw at the funeral.

Jesse's outside, standing by a bonfire, engaged in a Pagan  
ritual of protection.

She throws a STRAW DOLL into the fire. The flames quickly  
turn it to ash.

She sprinkles some sort of SPICE on the fire. It FLARES  
up wildly, with the force of a photographic flash.

And as it does --

A FIGURE is suddenly visible...standing on the other side  
of the bonfire.

The intruder wears a grotesque burlap -stitched mask over  
its head. Dressed in farmer's overalls...and boots that  
we've seen before. --a hellish human SCARECROW.

-- And in its hand....the long curved blade of a SCYTHE.  
The

blade of the Reaper.

JESSE ..starts backing away, her eyes fixed tight on the  
SCARECROW, a look of fear and possibly recognition on her  
face--

--And she turns and runs. Into the house--

INT SMALL FARMHOUSE (LIVING ROOM)-CONTINUOUS

Breathing sharply, JESSE SLAMS the FRONT DOOR, locking  
it and leaning against it. Safe only for a moment, because -

CRASH -- the blade of the SCYTHE rips through the  
wood..inches from her face.

JESSE screams. She runs towards the KITCHEN, as the SOUND  
of splintering wood rings out and--

INT -KITCHEN

JESSE frantically searches drawers for a weapon. A knife?

INT -LIVING ROOM

THE front WINDOW PANE breaks open -- A hand reaches in to open the latch. Jesse runs -- the SCARECROW is now inside.

On the walls of the house: Straw dolls, symbols and other hand-made articles of protection. The SCARECROW slices at them with the scythe, cutting them to shreds.

Then the Scarecrow stops. Listening...trying to determine where its prey has gone.

EXT -BACK OF FARMHOUSE -NIGHT

The SCARECROW comes out the back door.

Moonlight. Except for the crickets...and soft clucking of chickens, it's quiet.

The Scarecrow looks around. Where did she go?

INT - CHICKEN HOUSE

It's a long structure with hundreds upon hundreds of chickens

- a real chicken nightmare.

JESSE crouches inside the structure, terrified, trying not to make a sound. Through the small SLATS, we can see the

SCARECROW walking slowly past.

EXT BACK OF FARMHOUSE -CONTINUOUS

The SCARECROW pauses, then starts to head away towards the cornfield. She's fooled him!

INT -CHICKEN HOUSE

JESSE relaxes ever so slightly, as the SCARECROW moves away.

HER FOOT..touches one of the chickens! It starts clucking--

EXT -BACK OF FARMHOUSE

The SCARECROW...whips its head around, hearing--

INT -CHICKEN HOUSE

JESSE cringes, praying she's still safe.

CRASH! The SCARECROW's inside --

The CHICKENS freak, going crazy, flapping their wings--

The SCARECROW'S boots trample on EGGS, smashing them. A chaos of chickens and feathers, trampled eggs and crazy pecking.

Still crouching, JESSE desperately raises her hands to ward off the blade --

She screams --

The blade, sticky through the mist of chicken blood and feathers, slices the air in a shiny arc --

And comes to rest with a sickening thump in Jesse's chest.

As her blood drains out --The blade swings again, and again --

EXT - FARM - SUNRISE

The red and orange flare of the rising sun.

INT. BUS -SUNRISE

Candy in Rod's arms.

In the front, Ian & Carl. All asleep.

COCK A DOODLE DO!

-- a ROOSTER crows.

INT. LIVING ROOM -SUNRISE

KEITH wakes up, opens one eye, hung-over, not happy about the rooster.

INT -FARM HOUSE PASSAGE- LATER

SUZIE, now dressed, walks down the passage. The ROOSTER crows again, as Suzie walks into--

INT -LIVING ROOM -CONTINUOUS

KEITH is up, hung-over and standing in his underwear, aiming his .38 Special through the window. Suzie groans.

SUZIE

It's a farm, Keith. You're not supposed to shoot the rooster.

KEITH

He started it.

SUZIE  
 You seen Mac? His bed hasn't  
 been slept in.

KEITH  
 (beat)  
 What?! You mean ..I slept  
 on this couch for nothing?!

INT - BARN - MORNING

A figure sprawled on a bed of hay. Head to the side, legs  
 and arms akimbo. No sign of movement. It's MAC. The barn  
 door swings open. Sunlight floods in.

Suzie's found him,

Still angry from the night before, she kicks his boot.

SUZIE  
 Hey --

No reaction. She bends over, shakes him--

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
 Mac!

A groan from the floor. Mac raises his head, instinctively  
 shields his eyes against the light --

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
 We're almost ready. What  
 the hell are you doing out  
 here?

MAC  
 I ...heard something...came  
 in here last night. Must  
 have gone to sleep.

He clutches his head in agony. Slowly, he sits up,  
 brushing some hay from his clothes. His hand is cut.

SUZIE  
 How'd you get that? Playing  
 with your pitchfork?

MAC  
 Picked up one of those  
 shears. Blade's razor  
 sharp. --Where is everyone?

SUZIE  
 Getting ready.

MAC  
 Look. You want to talk  
 about this?

SUZIE  
 I don't think so. Keith's  
 about to use the rooster  
 for target practice.  
 Besides...you didn't seem  
 too interested last night.

Mac pulls her down on top of him --

MAC  
 Strange...I can feel my old  
 self coming back...

SUZIE  
 Mmmm - so can I...

A-HEM. Someone clears their throat.

Mac and Suzie look up to see Jeremiah standing in the doorway. Frustrated, Suzie gets up.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
 Morning Jeremiah.

But Jeremiah keeps his eyes leveled on Mac.

JEREMIAH  
 Mornin'.

A beat. Suzie turns and looks at Mac --

SUZIE  
 Better get a move on. Or I  
 won't be able to guarantee  
 the safety of the old  
 Macdonald cock much longer.

Jeremiah raises an eyebrow, as Suzie exits.

JEREMIAH  
 Women. Can't live with  
 'em...can't shoot 'em.  
 ..Without good reason.

Mac half-smiles.

The SCYTHE is back where it was. A smear of blood on the blade.

EXT. FARM - MORNING

Jeremiah sits in an old wooden chair on the porch, whittling a small piece of wood with a pocket KNIFE.

The BAND MEMBERS are getting ready to leave, getting on the bus.

KEITH is fastening the dirtbike to the back of the bus.

BILLY BOB  
 Sure gonna miss you boys.  
 ..Need a hand with that?

Billy Bob grins, spits tobacco a little too near Keith's Nikes.

Over near the HOUSE, MAC walks up to Jeremiah, who's whittling a piece of wood. Mac pauses, trying to figure out how to say goodbye.

Jeremiah glances at the cut on Mac's hand.

Then-

JEREMIAH  
 You'll be back.

MAC  
 I don't think so.

He holds out his hand to Mac. Reluctantly, Mac reaches out to

shake it.

Jeremiah squeezes. A drop of Mac's blood falls into the dust.

JEREMIAH  
 You're a Macdonald. It's  
 in your blood.

INT -BUS -MORNING

THE BAND MEMBERS

...take their seats.

Candy is already sitting by herself, turning over a deck of Tarot Cards. As Suzie moves past her--

SUZIE  
 (dryly)  
 Let me guess. We're going  
 on a "long trip".

CANDY  
 (turning over a card)  
 Not according to these.

Mac enters the bus, sits down by Suzie. She notices his hand, bleeding slightly.

Carl starts the bus. KEITH couldn't be happier.

KEITH  
Hallelujah!  
...Civilization...here I come!

SUZIE  
(under her breath)  
Amen.

THEIR POV: THE FARM

--Through the windows of the bus, receding into the distance.

Jeremiah just stares.

Billy Bob waves and grins.

In response, looking through the window, KEITH gives him the finger. Billy Bob smiles, and gives him the finger back.

MAC, alone in his seat, glances down at the cut on his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT -COUNTRY ROAD -MORNING -MOMENTS LATER

Churning up dust, the BUS thunders down the bumpy country road, a few miles from the farmhouse. Rock music blaring.

Suddenly, there's a horrible grinding sound. The bus SWERVES

- and the engine CUTS out. The bus comes to rest in a thick cloud of dirt.

INT -BUS

CARL, at the steering wheel, tries to restart it. No dice. Just a dead clicking sound.

CANDY  
Is it supposed to do that?

The others glare at her.

EXT -COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING -LATER

The broken-down BUS on the side of the road, with its HOOD up. Sitting in the dirt, hot and bothered, the BAND are lounging around, waiting for Carl to return with help.

Then, in the distance, almost like a mirage --

A TRACTOR, slowly making its way towards them.

EXT -COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The TRACTOR pulls to a halt. CARL is sitting on the back.  
And

in the driver's seat, with a grin on his face...Billy Bob,  
enjoying the moment.

BILLY BOB  
(especially to Keith)  
Long time...no see.

EXT -MACDONALD FARM -LATER

The BUS has been towed back to the farm. Suzie and Carl are  
looking under the hood. The others are gathered around.

SUZIE  
Looks like the alternator.

CARL  
Yeah. It's the alternator  
all right.

SUZIE  
How would you know? You're  
looking at my tits.  
(Beat)  
Jesus, Carl. Your job is  
to keep us on the road!

CARL  
I didn't do anything---

KEITH  
Yeah. That's just the problem.

MAC  
Tell me you checked the bus  
before we left, Carl.

BILLY BOB has come out of the house, walks over to them--

BILLY BOB  
Just talked to Orwell down  
at the garage. Says getting  
a new alternator for your  
bus is no problem.

KEITH  
(pumps his fist)  
Alright!

BILLY BOB  
Could take a little while,  
though.



KEITH  
What's a "little while?"

BILLY BOB  
Two.. maybe three days.

Everyone groans.

KEITH  
What?!! I can't fuckin'  
believe this!! You mean  
we're stuck in Redneck River  
Valley without a ride?  
(to Jeremiah)  
No offense.

JEREMIAH  
None taken. The Lord works  
in mysterious ways.

Mac locks eyes with Jeremiah.

CANDY  
(whining)  
Rod....I have to get back  
to my job.

SUZIE  
Someone actually ...employs  
you?

CANDY  
I happen to be a professional.

SUZIE  
Which street corner?

They're about to go at it again --

ROD  
(grins)  
She's a Tarot Card Reader  
at a shopping mall.

SUZIE  
What a surprise. --What  
about our audition?

JEREMIAH  
If you're looking to  
practice...why don't you  
set up over there.....in  
the barn?

While the others appraise the barn..Mac stares at Jeremiah.

EXT - BACK OF FARM - LATER

IAN wanders up to KEITH, a bottle in hand. KEITH is standing

with his .38 in his hand in a firing stance. MAC's watching.

Irritated with the band's time wasting.

BLAM!

As KEITH pulls the trigger, we see --

Several TIN CANS, placed on a FENCE as targets.

A TIN CAN goes flying. Keith shoots again.

Suzie walks up behind Keith.

SUZIE  
(sarcastic)  
Having fun, Keith?

BLAM! KEITH misses again.

KEITH  
Damn! You made me miss!

ON BILLY BOB

Leaning against a post nearby, watching. He spits tobacco into the dust.

BILLY BOB  
Want me to move 'em a little closer for ya?

KEITH turns around --

KEITH  
You think you can do better, "Billy Bob"??

Billy Bob grins. Walks over to Keith, who puts the gun in his hand. Billy Bob "hefts" it for a second -- and then in one deft, effortless MOTION --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three cans are blasted off the fence post. Billy Bob grins, pleased with himself. He hands the gun back to Keith.

BILLY BOB

-- Not bad. Prefer a shotgun myself. Comes in much more handy on a farm.

(pause)

'Course, your kind wouldn't know too much about that.

Keith bristles.

KEITH

My kind? You mean -- black people?

Billy Bob grins at him, spits.

BILLY BOB

Musicians.

EXT - BARN - DAY

CARL, the roadie, is unloading the band's equipment off the BUS, staggering under the weight.

The others are helping, move stuff to the barn. Candy picks up a single microphone to carry.

Jeremiah approaches Mac.

JEREMIAH

..As long as you're stayin'...mind giving me a hand?

Jeremiah nods to a TRACTOR nearby.

MAC

Carl!

Mac motions to Carl to help Jeremiah--

JEREMIAH

(to Mac)

Actually, I was talkin' about you.

A moment as Mac looks at his father, then looks at the band.

Mac pauses, trying to decide.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

May as well. They're having a good time shooting tin cans.

EXT. FARM -MOMENTS LATER

MAC's now reluctantly sitting next to Jeremiah on the TRACTOR. As they head off toward the fields--

MAC'S POV FROM THE MOVING TRACTOR

--passing by the band members, deserting them.

Keith exchanges a "how could he do this?" look with Suzie.

Mac turns away.

EXT. MIDDLE OF FIELD - DAY

JEREMIAH and MAC are hard at work -- trying to remove a tree

branch that's poked through the fence. The tractor's parked nearby.

JEREMIAH

Feel's good, doesn't it.

(pause)

Land. A man's born on it.

A man's buried on it. In  
between you just got to do  
what you can to make a  
living. It ain't easy...

Mac has his shirt off, sweating in the sun.

He reaches down to the pile of tools nearby, picks up a sharp

AXE, about to swing it.

Jeremiah grabs the axe handle suddenly.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Not that.

Mac glances at the handle. "Jethro Macdonald" is burned into the handle.

Jeremiah takes out another axe.--

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Try this one...

Mac takes it, and with a sure hand, chops off the branch. Jeremiah watches proudly.

Even Mac seems a little pleased with himself.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Just what I said this farm  
needs. A little new blood.

EXT -BACK OF FARMHOUSE -AFTERNOON

It's getting late. Mac hasn't returned yet. Keith comes out and the others come out of the barn.

KEITH  
 Guess Mac's still off on  
 the "hayride".

Pissed-off, Keith spies the lone SCARECROW in the field.

He takes careful aim--

BLAM!

THE SCARECROW is hit, slumps over on its post.

EXT. -BARN -MAGIC HOUR -LATER

Finally returning from the field, Jeremiah stops the tractor by the barn. Mac looks at Jeremiah, the beginning of a strange bond forming between them.

Mac pushes open the barn door.

INT. BARN

The band's equipment is all set up. But the band are nowhere to be seen. Mac's missed the practice.

Leaving Mac alone, Jeremiah drives the tractor toward the back of the house--

A SCARECROW

...starting to stand up in the sun. We PULL BACK,  
 REVEALING--

EXT. FIELD -MORNING

JEREMIAH is in the cornfield, FIXING the Scarecrow that Keith shot. He hoists it up, affixing to a pole.

He looks over his shoulder, hearing, LOUD ROCK MUSIC, coming from...THE BARN.

INT. BARN - DAY

The BAND....are attempting to play an upbeat rock number.

Billy Bob and Candy are their "audience".

Mac is playing rhythm guitar, but he seems to have something else on his mind. Suzie looks across at him, perturbed. Then something else distracts her. She holds up her hand, stops the music --

SUZIE  
Hold it, hold it. Aren't  
you forgetting something, Rod?

ROD  
Like what?

SUZIE  
Like your guitar break.

ROD  
It's coming right up. After  
the third verse.

SUZIE  
Second verse!

ROD  
Jeez, what's the difference?  
Just 'cause it's rock 'n  
roll, doesn't mean it's be  
set in stone.

Suzie looks at Mac. He looks pale.

KEITH  
You wanna know the  
difference? The difference  
is that you're screwing up  
the song.

ROD  
Yeah. Sure. I'm screwing up  
the song. You're the one  
who's been two beats behind  
since we kicked it off.

Mac isn't paying attention.

MAC'S ...sweating, staring transfixed.

KEITH  
What the fuck you talking  
about, man?

SUZIE  
He's right. You were behind.

But Suzie's distracted, watching Mac carefully. Max plugs  
his lead into one of the mixing consoles. Blood gushes  
down  
the perspex channels...

KEITH  
 Bullshit! Next thing you'll  
 be telling me, black man  
 don't have rhythm!

--and then, as Mac watches, the BLOOD is gone...just as  
 quickly as it appeared.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Yo. "Billy Bob". Was I  
 two beats behind, or what?

BILLY BOB  
 (shaking his head)  
 Nope.

KEITH  
 See?

BILLY BOB  
 You were a beat and a  
 quarter behind.

KEITH  
 Fuck you! If you're such an  
 expert on music, why don't  
 you go get your dueling  
 banjo and sit in on the next  
 song?

BILLY BOB  
 I ain't never played a banjo  
 in my life.

Billy Bob stands over Keith's electric organ..plays a  
 burst of Toccata and Fugue with flawless grace and  
 precision. He

stops, grinning widely at Keith--

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
 ...but I do play some organ  
 in church on Sundays.

Mac looks at the cut on his hand. It looks worse. He  
 takes his guitar off. It hits the ground with a SQUELCH  
 of FEEDBACK.

MAC  
 (sour)  
 You guys figure it out. I'm  
 taking a break.

KEITH  
 Yeah. Good idea. Go milk  
 the cows, feed the chickens.

Mac walks out, slamming the barn door. Keith looks at everyone innocently, especially Suzie.

KEITH (CONT'D)

...What?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mac examines the small carved figure he received from Billy Bob at the club. It's slightly burnt, with the stem snapped off. He picks at the stem with a small penknife and looks around and picks up a piece of wood which he examines and starts to whittle.

Suzie walks up to find Mac. She watches him whittling a small piece of wood, trying to fit a stem onto the figure.

SUZIE

You wanna tell me what's going on?

Mac looks up. He's preoccupied with the stem and the damaged figure.

MAC

You wouldn't understand.

SUZIE

You never had trouble communicating before.

Mac pauses in his whittling. Then goes back to it.

Suzie loses it. She grabs the knife and wood from his hand.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?  
Look, if you want to bail on me, that's fine. But not the band.

She throws the stem and the figure on the ground.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Keith's right. The sooner we get off this farm...the better.

Mac watches her. He picks up the figure.

INT. LIVING ROOM -LATE AFTERNOON

ON KEITH'S GUN

--resting on a table. KEITH, in his socks, is taking a nap on the couch. Suddenly, we hear a loud MOOOOOOOO, from a cow.



Keith wakes up -- and glances at the floor. Something's missing.

His expensive Nikes are gone. He gets down on his hands and knees, feeling around under the couch.

Nope. No Nikes.

KEITH

Shit!!

Keith grabs his gun, heading out---

EXT -FARM- LATE AFTERNOON

KEITH walks across the yard, gun in hand, really pissed. He's barefoot, stepping on rocks and brambles --

KEITH

Ow! Fuck. Ow!!

INT - BARN - LATE AFTERNOON

Suzie, Carl, Rod and Candy are in the barn by their instruments. They're listening to a track they recorded earlier, on their MIXING-DESK.

KEITH bursts in, a volcano about to explode. He has the .38 tucked in his belt.

KEITH

Did any of you take my Nikes?

They all stare at him blankly.

KEITH (CONT'D)

--That's what I thought.

Keith removes his gun and takes off. The others look at one another. This could be trouble.

EXT -BACK OF FARMHOUSE -LATE AFTERNOON

Billy Bob is hoeing the garden by the side of the house.

Suddenly--KEITH comes out of nowhere --

KEITH

Okay, Farm Boy. Joke's over.  
You've been playin' me from  
jump street. Where's my Nikes?

BILLY BOB

Nikes? What-the-hail you  
talkin' about?

Billy Bob spits some tobacco....a little too close to Keith's bare feet.

MAC and the OTHERS rush to the scene and freeze.

MAC

Keith!

Keith ignores them, THROWS Billy Bob up against the fence...and puts his .38 to Billy Bob's head.

KEITH

Listen to me, you banjo-dueling, country ass hayseed ...I want my Nikes and I want them now!

BILLY BOB

You...think...I...stole...your...fancy shoes? I ..wouldn't.. be ..caught ..dead in 'em.

Keith loses it, cocks his .38 SPECIAL at Billy Bob's temple. Billy Bob continues to smile, almost daring him to pull the trigger-

KEITH

I'm gonna count to three.  
One. Two---

And a HAND GRABS KEITH, whipping him around.

KEITH'S POV:

It's MAC. He punches Keith in the face. Keith takes a swing

back, pinning Mac against the barn. Mac throws him off with force.

Keith hits the dust. Blood trickles from his mouth. His gun goes flying.

Mac picks up the gun...levels it at Keith.

MAC

How does it feel, Keith?

KEITH

Fuck you! Fuck all of you!  
I'm done kickin' it with cows and roosters. --And drinking moonshine with Johnny Cash! Senior AND Junior!

MAC  
Is that right?

KEITH  
Yeah, that's right! I'm  
outta here- Y'all can kiss  
my city ass goodbye!...I'm  
gone with the wind.

Keith pulls the gun out Mac's hand.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
And fuck you too. You're  
just as crazy as all of  
'em..."Macdonald."

It's probably the first time Keith's ever called Mac by  
his last name.

MAC  
(ice)  
You're talking about my  
family.

Beat.

KEITH  
...I don't even know you  
any more, man.

Mac stares coldly as Keith tucks his gun in his pants.

JEREMIAH puts his hand on Mac's shoulder--a father  
comforting a son. This doesn't go unnoticed by Suzie.

As Keith storms off--

EXT -FARM HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

VRRRRRROOOOM. As an old pair of shoes kick start the  
DIRTBIKE.

It's Keith. Steaming mad. He's packed his things and  
he's leaving.

By the house, Suzie, Carl, Ian, Rod & Candy watch grimly.

IAN  
Well, there goes our record  
deal.

ROD  
Nah. We still got Billy Bob.

He mimics Billy Bob's keyboard moves with his hands. Rod  
snickers.

Keith PEELS OUT on the bike, leaving the bus--and the farm behind in a cloud of dust.

EXT. FARMLAND ROAD -DUSK

The light of a DIRT-BIKE cutting like a blade through the growing darkness. The harvest moon overhead.

On the bike, KEITH, speeds furiously away from the farm. He opens the throttle as the wind whips at his face.

EXT. -FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD -MOMENTS LATER

Keith's making good time on the bike. Something catches his eye by the SIDE OF THE ROAD. He hits the brake, stopping the dirtbike suddenly in a cloud of dust.

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD:

He sees a SCARECROW. Perched on two pieces of wood in front of the cornfield. It wasn't there before....was it?

Burlap-stitched face. Overalls. Straw. And.....

KEITH squints at it. It can't be.

Getting off his bike, he moves closer to the Scarecrow...as we follow his gaze:

For, on the Scarecrow's feet.....are Keith's Nikes.

KEITH  
MotherFUCKER!!!!

Keith whips out his 38 SPECIAL... shouts into the cornfield, pointing his gun wildly --

KEITH (CONT'D)  
You think this is funny,  
Billy Bob?!!

Nothing but corn, waving slightly in the breeze. Keith cocks his pistol--

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Why don't you come on out,  
hillbilly, and we'll "talk"  
about it?!!

No answer from the cornfield. Nothing.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Yeah. Didn't think so.  
Fuckin' redneck...

Keith tucks the gun in his belt. He starts to remove his three hundred dollar Nikes from the Scarecrow. He pulls on the right shoe. It's not coming off so easily. He tugs on it again. And again. Finally, he succeeds in pulling it off--- revealing-- A human foot.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
What the...f---

Keith reaches up toward the burlap Scarecrow mask. He YANKS it off -- It's a human face. Although Keith doesn't recognize her, we do. It's Karen, one of the teenagers who was murdered earlier. Keith turns around to scream into the night -- when he comes face to face with-- Another SCARECROW. Now standing behind him. And this one's quite alive. It holds a SCYTHE in its hand.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Yaaaaaaaaaaa!

As the blade of the scythe goes into Keith's thigh like butter. Keith staggers backwards, falls. Unable to walk, he tries to crawl backwards...and away. The Scarecrow watches, almost studying its prey. And in his terror and pain, Keith remembers.....his pistol!! He might just survive this after all. He removes it from his belt, summoning all his courage. The Scarecrow calmly watches, as Keith raises the pistol,

shakily aiming at the burlap face.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 You should have asked the  
 wizard for some brains,  
 asshole.

Triumphant, Keith squeezes the TRIGGER and--

CLICK. Huh?

KEITH pulls the trigger again. And again.

Click. Click. Click. Nothing.

THE SCARECROW--dramatically opens its gloved fist. ALL of Keith's bullets slowly hit the ground.

Somehow, someone has previously removed them from Keith's gun.

The Scarecrow HACKS Keith again with the scythe. The gun clatters to the dirt.

Blood spurting, Keith begins crawling away. If he can just somehow get to his dirt bike...

Taking its time, the SCARECROW advances...closer...closer.

Raises the scythe one last time....

CUT TO:

A TAROT CARD BEING TURNED OVER.

It's "The three of swords". (three swords sticking into a bloody heart)

We REVEAL we're in--

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Candles are burning. Candy sits cross-legged, by herself, doing a night reading. It's spooky. She looks at the card,

unsettled.

Suddenly, she hears footsteps and looks up.

It's SUZIE...coming into the candlelight.

The two women regard one another. Another fight?

SUZIE  
 Hi.

CANDY

...Hi.

SUZIE

..You any good with those?

An attempt at reconciliation. Candy half smiles, holds out the deck of cards.

CANDY

Shuffle.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

WE PAN SLOWLY ACROSS --

-- Rows of corn, illuminated by the bright light of the harvest moon. Amidst the chirping of cicadas, we hear

familiar voices --

IAN (O.S.)

You're out of your mind, man.

ROD

I am not! I'm telling you, it's worth its weight in gold.

IAN

Let me get this straight...we're talking about manure?

THE CAMERA FINDS --

-- Rod and Ian, leaning against the business end of a gigantic COMBINE HARVESTER and THRESHER. It's in silhouette.

They're sharing an impressive-looking MARIJUANA spliff --

ROD

The ancient Aztecs knew how powerful this stuff was.

IAN

(after a moment's thought)  
Cowshit? Are you sure the Aztecs even had cows?

Rod hands him the joint, as he ponders this.

ROD

Manure is the very essence of what we eat and who we are. Matter of fact, you're even smoking some of it right now.

Ian, midway through a deep puff, nods thoughtfully, and then -

HACKS and SPLUTTERS like a first-time smoker.

IAN  
Are you crazy?

ROD  
Sprinkled a pinch of manure  
in there just before I  
rolled it.

Rod grins. Ian contemplates the joint, eyes Rod suspiciously, draws on it again --

IAN  
Hmmm. This shit isn't bad.

ROD  
Manure ...is life.

He takes a puff.

A beat, as they sit stoned.

IAN  
What are we leaning against?

CUT TO:

A TAROT CARD BEING TURNED OVER:

The Moon card.

INT. GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

CANDY  
You have a strong unfulfilled  
desire.

SUZIE  
Yeah. To get the hell off  
this farm.

CANDY  
No. This is something  
spiritual. An ambition.

SUZIE  
The band.

She turns over another card: The Empress.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Me?



Candy smiles, turns over another card.

CANDY  
The ten of Swords.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Rod and Ian are exploring the innards of the COMBINE HARVESTER, peering at the blades and rollers. They look almost like...swords.

ROD  
This, my friend, is the most powerful farm machine known to man. A combine harvester and thresher.

Ian nods thoughtfully.

IAN  
So...what does it do?

ROD  
It harvests! It threshes!  
Look at these blades.

He uses his hands to demonstrate --

ROD(CONT'D)  
Go ahead. Feel for yourself.

It's the last thing on earth Ian wants to do --

ROD (CONT'D)  
Come on, man. What kind of pussy are you?

Ian plucks up the courage --

REVERSE ANGLE --

Ian'S HAND, slowly...getting closer... poking through the front of the harvester.

Getting even closer to the sharp blades....

Then, just as he touches the BLADE --

WHOOMPH!!!

The COMBINE HARVESTER ENGINE STARTS UP.

Ian withdraws his hand --just IN THE NICK OF TIME as the

Harvester Roars to Life. The BLADE draws a thin gash of BLOOD on his wrist.

The harvester's HEADLIGHTS snap on, blazing, its ENGINE roaring -- Rod and Ian are trapped in the beams of light, like scared rabbits.

And then, the engine is CUT, dying. A SILHOUETTE walks out in front of the headlights, directly in front of them. It's

BILLY BOB.

BILLY BOB  
You boys ...alright?

IAN  
(furious)  
What the hell are you doing?!

BILLY BOB  
My job. I always move the harvester to the south field before sunrise.

ROD  
You could have killed us!

Billy Bob grins at them.

BILLY BOB  
Guess I didn't see you there ...this time of night.

Billy Bob sniffs the air--

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
What's that funny smell?  
(pause)  
It smells like....

ROD  
Manure.  
(to Ian)  
Come on. Let's go back to the house.

Rod shepherds Ian away--

IAN  
Asshole.

OFF BILLY BOB, who watches with a grin on his face.

INT. GRAVEYARD-SAME TIME

Candy turns over another card.

CANDY  
Aha. The Lovers.

SUZIE  
Not lately.

Suzie reaches out to turn over the last card. Hesitates.

CANDY  
That's the opposing card.  
What lies ahead you will  
have to confront.

Suzie turns it over.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
The devil.

The candle begins to FLICKER --- suddenly goes out. The girls are now in complete DARKNESS. In a graveyard. They gasp.

Beat.

Candy lights a match, illuminating her face. She lights a candle.

They giggle at themselves for being scared. A bonding moment.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING

The rooster, crowing loudly at the break of the day.

INT - FARM (LIVING-ROOM) - SAME TIME

The couch is empty. No Keith. The rooster - his sunrise nemesis - has outlived him.

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM -MORNING

Mac has just got up. He looks on the dresser. There's a long mahogany case that wasn't there before.

He stares at it.

JEREMIAH (O.S.)  
Little present.

Mac turns to see Jeremiah standing in the doorway.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Go ahead. Open it.

Mac does.

Inside...is Jethro's favorite axe. It's Mac's now.

EXT. - FARM - AFTERNOON

The axe, raised high, and then cutting a deep gash into a heavy block of wood. Mac is hard at work, chopping firewood.

He stops for a moment, wipes his brow, and looks across at the farmhouse, where he sees --

THE REST OF THE BAND

-- Rod, Ian, Suzie, and Carl - are standing together, talking. And not about the weather.

Although we can't hear what they're saying, it's clear that they're talking about Mac. Mac's become an outcast.

Mac grits his teeth. He swings the axe high again as--

We hear the SOUND of a car pulling up on the GRAVEL outside.

It's the SHERIFF'S car. GENE the Preacher is driving.

Only this time, he's wearing his Sheriff's hat. All dressed in khaki, with a gun on his hip. Hearing the car, Jeremiah steps out of the farmhouse and walks onto the driveway.

The sheriff gets out of the car.

JEREMIAH

Gene.

GENE

Missed you at church this morning, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

You're not going to arrest me for it, are you?

GENE

Hell, no. But you missed a damn good sermon. "You can't hide a wicked heart from the eyes of the Lord."

JEREMIAH

Sounds familiar.

GENE

Book of Jeremiah.

Across the yard, the others are watching.

CARL  
(puzzled)  
Hey, isn't that the preacher?

SUZIE  
Find out what's holding  
things up. I want to get  
the hell off this farm.

ON JEREMIAH

JEREMIAH  
You here on official business?

Gene produces a couple of small PHOTOGRAPHS from his pocket.

SHERIFF  
Couple a teenagers from the  
next county went missin'  
last week on their way to a  
concert. Parents think  
something might have  
happened to 'em. Take a  
look. Maybe you seen 'em  
before.

JEREMIAH looks at the PHOTOGRAPHS.

A pause. Jeremiah seems uneasy. Is that a flash of  
recognition in his eyes? He hands the photographs back --

JEREMIAH  
Oh yeah. These two. Buried  
'em myself last week over  
by the cornfield.

Gene blinks.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Hell, Gene, I'm just yanking  
your chain! Never saw 'em  
before in my life. You know  
kids. Probably smashed up  
daddy's car, and now they're  
too afraid to go home.

Gene nods, unconvinced.

GENE  
Yeah. Could be.

Gene glances over at the band, with Mac some distance  
away --

GENE (CONT'D)

Thought your boy and his band were only staying the night.

JEREMIAH

Bus broke down.

Gene nods. Then studies the others.

BOB

Where's the black fella?

JEREMIAH

He's been axed. From the band.

EXT. WOODED AREA -DUSK

A small, rusty old shed, hidden amongst the trees and undergrowth, some distance from the main property.

The door opens. Jeremiah emerges, carrying two bottles of moonshine, with Gene in tow.

GENE

You know, one day I'm going to have to shut down that still of yours, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

Well, why don't you hold these as evidence in the meantime.

He winks, putting the bottles of moonshine in the back seat of the sheriff's car, parked nearby.

ON IAN & ROD

Behind a clump of bushes, observing them --

IAN

Should we be doing this, dude?

ROD

Metaphysical question, man.

EXT BARN - NIGHT

SUZIE...all alone, walks to the old barn.

Standing in the shadows...is Billy Bob. He watches her.

Suzie pushes open the barn door, going inside.

INT -BARN -CONTINUOUS

It's very dark. A little moonlight. She seems to be looking for something. She clicks on her flashlight. The flashlight beam hits--

THE WOODEN BARN WALLS. A spiderweb. It moves along the walls, SUZIE hears a NOISE. Someone's in the barn with her.

SUZIE  
Anybody here?

She WHIPS the flashlight beam to her right to reveal--

SOME OLD RUSTY FARM IMPLEMENTS hanging from the ceiling. One is a farm machete. The tools swing slightly in the breeze.

Or did someone push them?

A FIGURE's standing right behind Suzie. She gasps. Then recognizes CARL. An odd look in his eyes.

Maybe it's just the beam of the flashlight, but he appears suddenly menacing and sinister.

SUZIE  
Dammit, Carl!!!!

CARL  
Sorry.

He lights a match, and touches it to the fuse of a KEROSENE LAMP. Shadows flicker on the walls. Carl smiles, thrilled to

have Suzie to himself.

SUZIE  
Okay, I'm here. What's with all the cloak and dagger shit?

Carl offers her some of his beer. She refuses. He takes a slug, takes his time.

CARL  
There's something weird going on here, Suzie.

SUZIE  
No shit.

CARL

I'm serious. Get this. I had a careful look at that alternator. It's clearly been messed with...it's not wear and tear that caused that breakdown...

SUZIE

You're saying someone's trying to keep us on the farm...?

CARL

Not someone - Mac.

Suzie's unsure about this.

SUZIE

Why would he do that?

Carl leans in closer.

CARL

He doesn't want us to leave. He's been acting weird ever since we got here.

SUZIE

Come on--

CARL

Suzie, face it. The only "axe" he's picked up since we came here...is a real one. He doesn't give a damn about the band anymore...or about you.

She looks up, stung.

CARL (CONT'D)

You deserve better.

There's a loud clatter somewhere in the barn. Suzie starts.

SUZIE

Jesus. I don't know what's wrong with me

Carl can't believe his luck. Suzie's jumped almost into his arms.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

..I think I'll take you up on that beer after all.



She downs a long swig as Carl watches, his arm inching around

her body. He begins stroking her arm.

CARL  
I never told you this...but  
when I watch you up on  
stage, performing...

He works his fingers up towards her neck.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Something happens to  
me...something deep inside...

Carl reaches out, stroking her neck, moving his hand down. Suzie closes her eyes resting her head against the coolness of the beer bottle.

CARL (CONT'D)  
You need someone who cares  
for you.

Suzie opens her eyes. Carl has his lips puckered, moving towards her - his eyes closed romantically.

SUZIE  
Carl, what are you doing?

CARL  
You need someone who can  
protect you, Suzie.

Suzie stops Carl with her hand on his chest. She feels the shape in his pocket - a foil-wrapped condom, visible through Carl's shirt pocket. She pulls it out, holding it delicately between her fingers.

SUZIE  
With this?!!!

Carl groans. He's blown it.

Suzie turns to leave and notices Carl's CAMCORDER, strategically placed on a amplifier, facing them. She stops. The red "recording" light is on. Suzie explodes.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
You're taping me?! You  
fucking pervert!

She picks up the Camcorder, hurls it hard at Carl. It misses him, lands on the straw.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
I hope I broke it. Asshole.

Suzie exits, fuming, slamming the barn door. Carl picks up the CAMCORDER, checks to see it's still working--  
The FLIP-SCREEN lights up. Whew.

CARL  
(into the lens)  
Note to self: Next time put  
condom in back pocket.

EXT. FARM -NIGHT

Suzie, having come from the barn, stops, hears movement in the corn field.

Someone's in there. Suzie freezes.

Suddenly -- ROD & IAN BURST through the corn.

They hold bottles of stolen moonshine, obviously pretty wasted.

ROD  
"Old Macdonald...had --"

IAN  
"-- an AXE!"

ROD & IAN  
"E-I-E-I-Ohhh!"

They collapse into drunken laughter

IAN  
"With a hack-hack here --"

ROD  
"And a slash-slash there --"

IAN  
Hi Suze.

SUZIE  
--Where have you two been?

ROD  
Us? We been ....moonlighting.

They burst out laughing, displaying the bottles.

IAN  
He means moon shining.

ROD  
Harvest moonshining!

IAN  
 Old Macdonald had  
 some..MOONSHINE!

As they start to sing--

INT. BARN -SAME TIME

CARL's still in the barn, fiddling with his camcorder,  
 humming one of the band's songs.

He looks closely at the camcorder screen.

ON THE SCREEN: A PAIR OF BLACK FARM BOOTS.

We've seen them before. They're moving closer.

And the camcorder's not on play. It's recording.

CARL  
 Huh?

CARL blinks. He looks up from the camcorder screen, just  
 in

time to see-- THE SCARECROW ..bigger than life, right in  
 front of him, swinging an AXE --

Carl DUCKS in the nick of time--

The camcorder goes flying, landing on some straw; CARL is  
 freaking out, diving for his life.

The AXE whizzes past him--

CARL (CONT'D)  
 Yaaaaaaaaaaa!

CUT TO:

IAN & ROD  
 (howling at the moon)  
 Awooooooooooooooooo!

--which covers the sound of Carl screaming. They're now  
 in--

EXT. GRAVEYARD-NIGHT

Ian takes a sip of the moonshine--

ROD  
 Where's Mac?

SUZIE

Who knows? Just like a man..never around when you need them.

IAN

We're here....

INT -BARN -SAME TIME

The SCARECROW swings the AXE again--

CARL narrowly avoids the blade, but backs into the band's MIXING BOARD. It goes ON....and one of the band's SONGS starts playing through a loud speaker.

THE SCARECROW stops a second, reacting --

EXT -GRAVEYARD -SAME TIME

Suzie, Ian and Rod suddenly HEAR the MUSIC coming from the barn--

SUZIE

Carl. Probably playing with himself.

BACK TO:

INT -BARN-SAME TIME

As the SCARECROW moves closer, CARL picks up a Fender Stratocaster guitar. He holds it by the body, using the neck of the guitar as his weapon.

The band's song continues in the background, punctuating the

action --

The AXE swings down at him -- and Carl BLOCKS it with the Fender--CRASH---part of Ian's DRUM KIT falls over.

EXT -GRAVEYARD- NIGHT -SAME TIME

IAN

Wait a second. Did you hear that?

ROD, IAN and SUZIE pause to listen a second.

ROD

Yeah, man. You were wrong, Suze. My solo definitely works better in the second verse.

IAN

He's right. Nice guitar break.

INT BARN-SAME TIME

SMASH! The guitar BREAKS against the wall, as Carl swings it, missing the Scarecrow, and splintering into pieces.

The SCARECROW's axe rips across Carl's ARM, drawing blood.

CARL drops what's left of the guitar --

CARL

AAAAAAAAAAAAA--

EXT GRAVEYARD -SAME TIME

SUZIE

He should turn that music down. Jeremiah's gonna kill him.

INT -BARN -SAME TIME

CARL, bleeding, runs for the barn DOOR. If he can only get to it in time. The Scarecrow's right BEHIND him.

CARL reaches to open the barn door from inside, when --

TWAK!

The Scarecrow's axe plunges into his back.

EXT - GRAVEYARD - SAME TIME

Ian, Rod, and Suzie are still sitting in the graveyard, giggling. Suzie shouts out to the night --

SUZIE

Hey Carl -- kill the music!

INT -BARN

A gloved hand calmly reaches out...and flicks the switch.

The red light goes out. The MUSIC dies. And so does Carl.

EXT -FARM- SAME TIME

SUZIE, ROD & IAN  
Thank you!!!

IAN, swaying on his feet, gets set to take another swig of moonshine. Suzie grabs the bottle from him --

IAN  
Hey!

She swigs deeply, finishing the moonshine, as Ian and Rod look on in amazement. She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

SUZIE  
Thanks. I needed that.

She hands the empty bottle----- to Ian.

EXT FARM HOUSE -DAY

Establishing.

INT -BARN -DAY

The cock crows.

ROD, CANDY, IAN and SUZIE push open the barn door. Ian and Rod are especially hung-over from the night before.

ROD  
(hung over)  
My head feels like a goat  
sat on it.

CANDY  
(you dick)  
I wonder why.

Suddenly, they all FREEZE, staring in amazement.

The place has been TRASHED. IAN surveys his drumkit, ...  
now

strewn around the ground.

Rod picks up his smashed guitar.

ROD  
My axe!!! Someone Jimi  
Hendrixed my axe!!!

Candy puts a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

SUZIE

Carl.

ROD

CARL??? Carl did this?!!

SUZIE

Last night..he tried to get it on with me.

IAN

And..??

SUZIE

I'd rather have a paper cut. This is how he dealt with it.

IAN

Trashing our instruments??!

ROD

Someone better tell Mac.

SUZIE

Why bother?

IAN

When I find Carl...he's a dead man!

EXT - FARM - MACDONALD GRAVESITE (SAME TIME)

Mac's there...staring at the Macdonald tombstones.

A voice interrupts him.

BILLY BOB

Heard from Orwell down at the garage. Alternator should be here by the end of the day.

Mac nods. Not really interested. Billy Bob leans over, picks

up an empty bottle of moonshine.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Come to pick out a plot for yourself?

Mac ignores him, stares at Jethro's grave.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

'Course, some folks say 'ol Jethro shouldn't have been buried up here...with the rest of the Macdonalds.

MAC

Meaning?

BILLY BOB

Hell, he was your  
grandfather. You know what  
he did.

Mac seems puzzled. He turns to look Billy Bob in the eye --

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Maybe you were too young to  
remember.

Billy Bob grins --

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Maybe you don't want to  
remember.

MAC

What are you talking about?

BILLY BOB

'Course, it's none of my  
business.

MAC

Let's say today, we make it  
your business.

Billy Bob turns to leave -- stops. Turns around.

BILLY BOB

Why do you think your mother  
took you away from this place?

Now Mac's really interested.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

You ever hear of ...the  
harvest of blood?

MAC

(disdainfully)  
Superstition.

BILLY BOB

Your grandfather sure  
believed in it. Worked  
pretty good...too.

MAC

Chicken blood on the crops.



BILLY BOB

(grins)

...Chicken blood? Who said  
it was.. "chicken blood"?

That landed.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Sheriff says a couple of  
kids are missing. An' no  
one's seen Jesse for days.  
..You ask me... someone's  
carrying on the Macdonald  
tradition..

Enraged, Mac GRABS Billy Bob.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Harvest should be pretty  
good soon....

Mac follows Billy Bob's look. In the middle of the corn  
is the derelict steel structure - dry, shriveled corn  
rustling all around it.

He loosens his grip on Billy Bob....and walks back down  
the hill.

INT -BARN AREA -LATE AFTERNOON

Ian and Rod are hunting for Carl by the fence. Ian holds  
a baseball bat.

ROD

Carl! Oh Carrrrrl!

IAN

Come out, come out wherever  
you are!

INT.BARN -LATE AFTERNOON

SUZIE's alone in the barn, looking for signs of Carl.

Through the mess, Suzie sees -- Carl's camcorder, lying on  
its side.

She picks it up, switches it on. She rewinds, then presses  
"play".

ON THE CAMCORDER SCREEN: A blur of images, shot from a low  
angle. Some kind of struggle going on, drowned out to the  
sound of blaring rock music. Things getting knocked over.  
We

can see Carl's feet --and someone else's. In a pair of black

farm boots.

SUZIE

....Carl....

SUZIE --fast-forwards--to see:

ON THE CAMCORDER SCREEN:

A gloved HAND reaches toward the ground and pulls open what looks like a TRAP DOOR in the barn floor. That's all -- then

the camcorder goes to STATIC.

SUZIE looks around, zeroing in on the exact location.

She brushes the hay away -- revealing -- the edge of a hidden trap door! She pulls the metal ring. It opens-- and as she

looks down into it.

REVERSE ANGLE -LOOKING UP AT SUZIE

Her face peering over the edge, tentatively looking into darkness. She's not thrilled about this new development.

SUZIE

Okkkay.

Suddenly--

VOICE

Is Carl down there?

Suzie's startled. She turns to see..... Candy, who's just come into the barn.

EXT. FIELD NEAR STEEL STRUCTURE - DAY

Jeremiah seems to be checking out part of the steel structure. Suddenly Mac appears through the cornstalks. Jeremiah whirls, training his shotgun on him.

JEREMIAH

Damn, boy. I thought you were a gopher.

Jeremiah slowly leans the shotgun against the steel structure. Mac looks up at it.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You like it? Irrigation system. Your granddaddy built it himself. Saved the land from dying.

MAC

That's a good idea. Maybe we should have a little "talk" about granddaddy Jethro.

JEREMIAH

Sure. What do you want to know.

MAC

People say he was a murderer.

JEREMIAH

That's your grandfather you're talking about!

(pause)

I...know what people say. Heard it .. all my life.

Jeremiah composes himself....

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

..Rumors' thick as buttermilk around these parts. Your granddaddy..was a great man.

INT. BILLY BOB'S SHACK - DAY

Billy Bob is sitting at a table in his old woodcutter shack. There's a row of bullets standing upended on the table in front of him. He takes a deep swig of moonshine. He lifts a gun and starts to load the chamber.

But it's not just any gun. It's KEITH's gun. It belongs to Billy Bob now. As he loads the bullets--

BILLY BOB

Old Macdonald...had an axe..ei, ei oh...

INT. BARN -SAME TIME

Candy holds the ladder as Suzie descends down, down into--

INT - SECRET BASEMENT - SAME TIME

SUZIE is at the base of the ladder. She aims the beam of her flashlight at some old tools..pieces of farm equipment...

She listens a second, growing uneasy. No way she's staying here alone.

CANDY (O.S.)

Suzie???

SUZIE

(to herself)

The hell with this.

(shouts)

I'm coming back up!!!

As she's about to go back up the steps--

She hears a steady DRIP, DRIP, DRIP coming from somewhere.

Whatever it is, it doesn't sound good. She can't help herself. She's got to look. Steeling herself, she slowly shines her FLASHLIGHT, revealing---

Rusty old irrigation PIPES - part of some bigger primitive contraption. Like the contraption we saw before the fire.

More tangled now, and rusty. But with the clear plastic sacs

and clear pipes still ready for use.

Suzie leans back, pressing against a lever. The machine chokes to life, driven by the thunderous sound of a powerful pump.

INT.BARN-CONTINUOUS

Candy hears the strange noise, growing unnerved--

CANDY

Suzie...?

INT -SECRET BASEMENT -CONTINUOUS

Suzie, transfixed by the sight of the macabre machine coming to life, liquid gushing through the pipes and valves.

That's not water.

It's BLOOD.

Suzie jerks the torchlight to the source of the thunderous sound above her. She throws herself back, dropping her torch.

Blackness - And the chaos of the machine rattling, sucking and pumping. And Suzie gasping for breath in the dark.

Suzie's in extreme shock. She's gasping, breathless into the

dark -

SUZIE  
Please. ..Help me...

She scrambles around on all fours trying to find the torch.

She's got it in her shaking hands with the beam still off. She forces herself to shine the torch up to the source of the pipes...and sees--

Keith's dead body. Arms outstretched...like a scarecrow.

We catch a brief glimpse:

A network of pipes and feeds are inserted into Keith's body -

Right next to him, in the same manner, is Carl.

Suzie SCREAMS--

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Mac and Jeremiah hear Suzie's screams--

EXT. -FARM -DUSK

--and so do Rod & Ian --

INT -BARN -LATER -NIGHT

Suzie is sobbing. Everyone's in various states of

incomprehension and panic. Mac SLAMS the trap door, having just taken a look...in the barn's basement.

Rod tries to comfort Candy, who's almost catatonic, holding her chakra crystal necklace tightly.

IAN  
Fuck man! This is fucked!  
They're all dead! What the fuck's going on?

JEREMIAH  
I'm telling you--that basement hasn't been used for years. Slaves hid there.. before the civil war--

ROD  
We've got to call someone-- get the sheriff--

IAN

The Sheriff?! We don't need the sheriff!!! We need to get the hell out of here!

MAC

We've got to find out who did this--

ROD

No way, man--I'm not going hunting for a serial killer!

MAC

Shut up! Let me think.

IAN

What's to think about? We all know what's going on!!  
(points to Jeremiah)  
It's him! Case closed!

JEREMIAH

--You're saying I did this? You're saying I killed your friends?!

IAN

--Killed them?? ---Bled them like sheep! We were next!

Ian clenches his fists and begins moving towards Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

If I wanted you dead...I could kill you right now!

Jeremiah points his shotgun directly at Ian --

Ian freezes. Jeremiah lowers it slightly.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

...I didn't do anything...

Mac grabs the shotgun, then grabs Jeremiah--

MAC

Then who?! Because someone wants another blood harvest. With human blood, Jeremiah! Just like Jethro! Who did he kill back then, Jeremiah? Farmhands? Transients? People no one would miss? "Crazy Old Macdonald!" But now..it's starting again, isn't it?

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
Someone's picking up where  
Jethro left off!

JEREMIAH  
--It's not me!

MAC  
(raging)  
Who then, Jeremiah?? --Who?!

Beat. And then--

SUZIE  
Has anyone seen ...Billy Bob?

Mac loosens his hold on Jeremiah.

Good question. Where the heck is Billy Bob?

INT -BILLY BOB'S SHACK -MOMENTS LATER-NIGHT

The DOOR bursts open -- as Mac, Ian, Candy, Suzie, Rod and  
Jeremiah enter. Mac is holding Jeremiah's shotgun.

Billy Bob's currently not at home.

ROD  
Okay. Nobody here. Let's go.

It's a messy room. Old Magazine pictures on the walls.

Almost in a trance, Candy sits down, takes out her tarot  
cards.

There's an incriminating MACHETE with blood stains on the  
table. Mac stares at it, picks it up.

MAC  
Looks like "Billy Bob's"..  
been busy.

There's a tall, brown upright CUPBOARD by the kitchen sink,  
just begging to be opened.

Ian reaches out, pulling it--

SQUAWK!!!! --- Billy Bob's "pet CHICKEN"--bursts out of  
the cupboard--- flapping, squawking--- and scaring the  
shit out

of everybody.

Ian looks lamely at the others, he's just about wet his  
pants.

Suzie continues searching, opening drawers next to the sink.  
Forks. Knives. Utensils. And then---

SUZIE  
Oh my God.

She pulls out a .38 special from the drawer....with a  
pearl handle.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
It's....Keith's.

They look at one another. Case closed. Billy Bob's the  
killer.

MAC takes Keith's gun...and is about to hand the shotgun to  
Jeremiah. Instead... hands it to Ian.

Jeremiah and Mac lock eyes. No trust.

Rod holds up a telephone wire.

ROD  
It gets worse. He's cut  
all the phone lines.

SUZIE  
(to Mac)  
What'll we do?

As if in answer, Candy turns over a tarot card.

It's .... Death.

Not exactly what Mac wants to see right now. He shoots  
out his arm, knocking the deck---the cards flutter to the  
floor.

INT/EXT - PICKUP TRUCK -NIGHT

Ian, Rod, and Jeremiah sit in the back. Mac's behind the  
wheel, with Suzie and Candy next to him. He's turning  
the key in the ignition. The engine won't turn over.

MAC  
Shit!

As they watch in silence, Mac gets out of the car, opens  
the

hood. He holds up the wires, that have been severed. Game  
over. They're trapped.



EXT -EDGE OF FARM -NIGHT -MOMENTS LATER

Standing together, nervous. They have flashlights--  
-- and they're armed to the teeth.

Ian has the SHOTGUN...Mac holds Keith's pistol. ROD holds a pitchfork, SUZIE holds a long kitchen knife. They're armed...except for Candy.

JEREMIAH

It's a twenty-minute walk to the next farm. We can phone from there. Quickest way is to cut through the field.

Beat. No one's sure who to trust.

MAC

(to Jeremiah)  
After you.

CLICK-CLACK!

IAN pumps his shotgun, chambering a cartridge--

EXT -CORNFIELD -NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE -

Jeremiah in front, Mac at the back, Suzie, Ian and Rod in the

middle, walking through the cornfield. Nobody really trusting anyone else.

Their flashlights cast eerie beams across the moonlit cornfield.

They continue on for a while, in silence. Jeremiah is walking briskly ahead, almost out of sight.

They round a corner.

ROD

Wait a second...where's Jeremiah?

He's nowhere around. Vanished.

MAC

(loud whisper)  
Jeremiah?

There's a strange rustling sound of corn. Something's not right -- even though they can still see Jeremiah's flashlight

beam.

MAC (CONT'D)

..Shit.

As Mac, Ian, Rod and Suzie go into the next ROW of corn...

...they see Jeremiah's FLASHLIGHT -- still lit, but hanging on an old, half-rotted SCARECROW, just rags and straw.

Jeremiah's gone!

SUZIE

Oh god.

MAC removes the flashlight from the old scarecrow. Sweeping the area, training his gun on the empty rows of corn.

And then suddenly they're BATHED IN BLINDING LIGHT! They shield their eyes, momentarily disoriented and blinded.

Two old, powerful lights at the top of the steel structure have switched on.

Suddenly, there's a WHIRRING, WHOOSHING SOUND, coming from among the rows of corn -- the band members duck in fear.

They're...drenched. As the sprinklers come on, Suzie, Ian, Rod, and Mac try to escape the onslaught. Within seconds, they're getting sprayed.

But something's wrong -- 'water' sparkles red in the light.

Suzie feels the sticky, warm sensation on her hand. Suddenly her hands and face are covered in red....it's not just water.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God...it's..

A moment of stunned silence.

MAC

- it's blood.

Candy screams. The group is freaked. They flee from the field in panic - desperate to try to wipe the blood off.

The combine harvester parked nearby suddenly roars to life.

SUZIE  
What the hell's that?

IAN  
You don't want to know.

As it revs up, COMING STRAIGHT AT THEM---

MAC  
Run!!!!!!!

Ian turns tail and sprints for his life - in one direction, alone. SUZIE is frozen like a deer in the headlights.

THE HARVESTER is bearing down on them, and--

MAC PUSHES SUZIE into the cornfield, out of harm's way, just

in time. Mac tries to get away himself...but he can't.

THE HARVESTER, bearing down on him, and--

MAC dives off the path into the cornfield, the HARVESTER close behind. He's on the ground now, and--

MAC'S POV: THE HARVESTER

Huge, looming about to run him over.

SUZIE  
Mac!!! Maaaaaac!

No answer.

Then all is quiet.

EXT -A ROW OF CORN -SAME TIME

CANDY, now alone, stumbles blindly along the rows of corn.

She just might make it. Lightning flares in the sky.

Up ahead, camouflaged by corn, she sees a CAR! A convertible...with the top slashed. Been sitting there for days.

The windows are dusty -- Maybe the keys are in it!

Candy scrambles closer, whips open the front door and sees --

Nothing. It's empty. She scoots inside, frantically

looking for the keys.

She hears someone coming...and slinks down...hiding.

EXT -ANOTHER PART OF THE CORNFIELD-NIGHT

Ian is lost in the maze of corn, separated from the group. Has he escaped? Suddenly -- to his right -- the HEADLIGHTS come on -- and the HARVESTER revs up again -- coming straight for him.

IAN runs for his life, coming to the end of the corn row --and falls against -----a BARBED WIRE FENCE. He clambers over the fence cutting himself on barbed wire as he does so.

ON THE HARVESTER

Coming closer....

ON IAN...

struggling, trying to untangle himself. He's not going to make it.

THE HARVESTER looms over him. He swings around, bleeding and caught on the fence.

IAN  
Fuck you in hell!!!

BLAM! BLAM!

IAN fires the SHOTGUN. The Harvester keeps on coming.

As the huge rotating motors PULL him and the fence into the whirling blades

IAN  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!

He's chopped meat.

ON THE CORN

As Ian's BLOOD is sprayed over the stalks, more bloody "irrigation"--

EXT -STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE CORNFIELD -NIGHT

SUZIE blindly continues on -- and comes face to face with-  
THE

SCARECROW. She gasps -- and then sees --

the scarecrow's hands across the pole -- MOVING! It's the

killer. And Suzie's had enough of this shit--

SUZIE  
Eat this!!!!

She kicks the scarecrow between the legs and THRUSTS her KNIFE straight into the scarecrow's chest all in one fluid move.

And she sees:

Blood. Coming from the wound. She pulls the knife out. And hears a low moaning. She whips off the scarecrow's burlap "mask" to reveal--

Billy Bob. Duct tape over his mouth, unable to talk. Someone's tied him up, dressed him up as the scarecrow. As his wide dying eyes stare into hers, Suzie realizes she's made a mistake--

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Noooooo!!!!!! I'm .... sorry--

Suzie backs away, and --sensing something, WHIRLS AROUND to see--

Another SCARECROW. Not fastened to a pole, but standing in front of her.

An old hat, farm overalls --and a scary cross-stitched burlap bag over its face. It's the killer.

Before she can react, the Scarecrow's gloved HAND comes sweeping down, a long, sharp FARM SICKLE in its hand. It takes a chunk out of Suzie's shoulder.

The Scarecrow swings a second time. SUZIE avoids the blow anticipating and dropping back. She stabs the Scarecrow in the LEG!!

It buys her a few seconds....as she turns and runs....for her life. She's a strong runner. But it's a long and scary road.

EXT - FARM ROAD - NIGHT

It's started raining.

We're looking at the road that runs alongside the cornfield. The sound of rustling in the rows of corn, and --

Rod, scratched, bleeding, comes crawling out --

-- he just manages to stand on his feet on the edge of the

road as an old FARM-TRUCK heads in his direction, headlights

glaring --

He waves his arms, flagging the truck down --

ROD  
Heyyy!!!!

It stutters to a halt.

The passenger door opens.

ROD (CONT'D)  
Listen--we've--

Rod looks at the driver: a foxy-looking chick in overalls.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Hey, you one of those  
musicians stayin' down on  
Macdonald's farm?

Rod, bloody, dazed, just stares.

TRUCK DRIVER (ORWELL) (CONT'D)  
Name's Orwell. Got yer  
alternator right here.

Orwell points at a cardboard box in the front of the truck

ORWELL  
Say. You need a lift or  
somethin'?

Rod manages a grin. She's a lifesaver. As he jumps in--

EXT -FARMHOUSE-NIGHT-MOMENTS LATER.

Bleeding, SUZIE has made her way back to the front door of  
the farmhouse. She pounds on the door. It's locked--

SUZIE  
..please...

And then she sees the THRESHER'S HEADLIGHTS. It's far  
away...but it's coming towards the farm.

She glances over at.....the barn. Possible safety.

EXT. BARN

She opens the barn DOOR...leaving a bloody handprint...

INT. BARN

Scared shitless, Suzie glances around. Is there a place  
to hide?

Silence. The sound of the Thresher's gone....but there's something else.

Footsteps. Someone -- or something's coming.

Empty-handed...she needs a weapon. She moves to the farm implements and scythes hanging from the hooks. She selects a SCYTHER.

But she's not tall enough! She can't pull it off the hook!

The FOOTSTEPS are getting closer. She can't remove the scythe--

Someone's now right outside the barn DOOR. SUZIE finally manages to pull the SCYTHER down off its hook, she's got it.

THE DOOR starts to creak open, SUZIE raises the scythe above

her head to strike, she's going to really let this fucking Scarecrow have it, and--

It's MAC. Bloodied, ripped clothing, and hurting...but alive. They stare at one another--Suzie's freaked, the scythe still poised to strike--

MAC

Suzie...it's me....Mac.

She finally gets a grip. She lowers the scythe...and falls into his arms, hugging him. Mac notices her bloody shoulder.

MAC (CONT'D)

Suzie--

SUZIE

(a sobbing torrent)  
Billy Bob's dead. --We were wrong--he didn't do anything. I-It's the scarecrow--

MAC

Wait a minute--

SUZIE

I ..saw him--he tried to kill me--he's, he's-- still --out there--

MAC

What are--

SUZIE  
HE'S STILL OUT THERE!!!

MAC  
--You're not making sense!!  
What "Scarecrow"?

Suzie pauses. She looks down.

ON MAC'S LEG

He's dragging it behind him, limping slightly. There's  
blood

on it - a fresh wound.

Suzie freaks. She just stabbed the Killer in the leg.  
...And

now Mac's leg is bleeding.

SUZIE  
You're....limping.

MAC  
I hurt my leg. Diving away  
from the Harvester---it  
almost got me.

Suzie stares at him. Suzie picks up the scythe again,  
backing up, not taking her eyes off Mac--

MAC (CONT'D)  
Suzie. ..No.

SUZIE  
It's you. You and your  
father.

MAC  
No--

SUZIE  
You brought us here. And  
that morning I found you in  
the barn. You had scratches  
on your face--

MAC  
-Listen to me--

SUZIE  
--You sabotaged the bus!  
You kept us here. ..To die!  
First Keith, then Carl--

MAC  
Suzie--



She raises the scythe, about to strike---

And then -- The harvester starts up again. Suzie doesn't know what to do. She doesn't have to think too long. The next moment ----

CRASH! The WALL of the BARN cracks. The HARVESTER is ploughing right into the BARN!!

MAC (CONT'D)  
Suzie, Come on!

They rush to the Barn Door. It's LOCKED from the outside!  
They're trapped!

CRASH! The HARVESTER, headlights blazing, is chewing wood, coming through the wall-

MAC (CONT'D)  
This way!

Mac's pulled open the basement trapdoor. Suzie's terrified.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Trust me! ---Now!

Mac grabs one of the burning kerosene lamps. Just as they climb down the ladder--

CRASH! The HARVESTER has entered the barn, wood flying everywhere--

INT -SECRET BASEMENT (BARN) -MOMENTS LATER

MAC and SUZIE are now down under the barn. Mac slides the bolt on the trap door, locking them down there.

At least they're safe for the moment.

But.....

The silhouettes of "Keith" and "Carl" , still there, cast weird shadows on the walls.

SUZIE  
No Mac, please...I---

MAC  
Don't look.

Above them, they can HEAR the HARVESTER --being turned off.  
Silence.

MAC shines the kerosene light around. And then--

THE TRAP DOOR...starts shaking. Someone's trying to pull it

open. The padlock seems to hold.

But then --- THE HIGH-PITCHED WHINE of a power-driven CHAINSAW.

The TRAP DOOR rattles --and a CHAINSAW BLADE jabs through. Someone...or something....is CUTTING through the trap door to

get to them!

The blade of the chainsaw is carving the trap door into pieces.

SUZIE

Mac!!!!

A section of the trapdoor falls in. Suzie's transfixed by the macabre figure of the scarecrow she can see in the gap. Mac has found a LARGE HOLE in the wall behind a series of PIPES. Big enough to fit through. There's no other option. The only way out.

MAC

Over here! Hurry!

Mac grabs Suzie...and together, they climb through the hole, into--

INT -UNDERGROUND TUNNEL -CONTINUOUS

Dank and strange...there's puddles everywhere, dripping from the irrigation pipes. Blood streaks the wall.

It's not a place you'd want to be.

They cast a glance over their shoulders. Is someone following them? They can hear loud hammering - perhaps someone shouting "Mac" like a wounded animal.

They move faster....as the tunnel twists and turns.

---Finally coming to: A BOLTED DOOR. They unbolt the door. Mac holds the kerosene lamp high, REVEALING they're now in --

INT -AN OLD CAVE/SHACK -NIGHT -CONTINUOUS

An old stone shack built over the mouth of a natural cavern. The pipes on the cave roof feed up through the roof into the

irrigation system.

We're obviously in the scarecrow's domain.

Mac bolts the door behind them. Suzie looks around.

SUZIE

Jesus.

There's some beat up old-style furniture...a pile of straw that could be a bed. A bottle of moonshine.

Hanging up are strange totems and talismans made of corn husks. Other objects hard to see in the shadows.

Something about it bespeaks insanity.

There are objects on an old table: souvenirs from all the murders.

Keith's shoes. Jesse's straw dolls.

Mac notices a KNIFE. A weapon.

He examines it...runs a finger along the bloodied edge...

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Mac...let's get out of here.

MAC

Don't you see? Whatever's going on....I'm part of it.

Mac sees ....the old MUSIC BOX. He opens it up.

SUZIE

Mac--

And for the first time, we see inside it.

A circle of hand-carved figures of FARM ANIMALS, cow, pig, horse...in a circle. In the center...is an empty slot.

Something is missing.

MAC

Get out of here.

SUZIE

No. Not without you---

He reaches in his pocket, takes out the wooden scarecrow figure...and clicks it into place.

The music box begins to play.

...an eerie rendition of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm". As it

does, the carved "animals" weirdly revolve... around the main

figure. Mac can't take his eyes off it.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Mac...?

And then...

AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE

a MAN, silhouetted by woods and moonlight appears.

It's Jeremiah. Unarmed. He stares at them, a strange look on his face.

MAC

Jeremiah?

JEREMIAH sees the music box in Suzie's hands -- and takes a step toward her. Mac just stands there.

Suzie freaks, grabs the KNIFE off the table in front of Mac.

SUZIE

(raising her  
kitchen knife)

K-Keep away..

Jeremiah moves closer--and closer. Suzie holds her knife out.

JEREMIAH

Give me that--

SUZIE

I said, stay back!

Jeremiah lunges. As Suzie's about to strike, MAC GRABS her wrist, taking the knife away.

MAC

No!

Jeremiah reaches out....taking the music box from Suzie.

Jeremiah looks up, pleased. As if waiting for something.

The music box winds down, stopping.

And then...from outside...the sound of footsteps.

Someone else walks into the room.

The Scarecrow.

..Burlap stitched mask, overalls, gloves.

And in his right hand -- a familiar axe.

He looks at Mac and Suzie...then Jeremiah.

Mac and Suzie stare, with a mixture of horror and amazement.

The Scarecrow ...takes one menacing step forward.

And then --

JEREMIAH

You see? They're here. I  
didn't mess up. Did I....

Beat.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

....daddy.

SUZIE

(incredulous)

....."Daddy"?

MAC

(softly; to himself)

Oh my God. ....Jethro.

Jethro takes another menacing step towards them. The real  
Old Macdonald.

MAC (CONT'D)

The trap door. That's how  
he escaped the fire...

SUZIE

(amazed; to Jeremiah)

You've been...hiding him  
all these years. Helping  
him...irrigate the land.  
With blood...

JEREMIAH

Well, you know what they  
say. ...To make a good  
omlette...you got to break  
a few eggs.

Jethro's hands tighten around the axe.

AND --THWAK!

JETHRO brings down the AXE, embedding it not in Mac--but in an old wooden table in front of him. On the handle he can see: "Jethro Macdonald".

A silent communication passes from Jethro to Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH  
(to Mac)  
You know what to do.

Jeremiah gives a slight nod toward SUZIE: The intent is clear: kill her.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
It's time to make amends.

MAC  
(weakly)  
Amends..?

JEREMIAH  
Think boy. That night. The night of the fire. At the barn. You were only six years old.

MAC  
I--

Mac tries to think. Then--

FLASH IMAGE

FIRE...everywhere. In the barn--

JEREMIAH  
You were there!!!

Mac struggles to remember. He's torn, conflicted --

Then -- suddenly--

QUICK FLASH IMAGE - MEMORY - FROM SCENE ONE

Young Mac...hiding in the barn.

The Music Box.

JETHRO in the shadows.

But now...we reveal other things:

BLOOD...drip, drip, dripping. From Jethro's contraption pushing through pipes and plastic sacs.

FLASH IMAGE:

Several dead bodies nearby. Murdered FARMHANDS and TRANSIENTS. Prepared for Jethro's blood harvest and attached to his machine.

JEREMIAH (O.S.)

That's right. You were there.

Then another series of IMAGES flood through Mac's memory:

As young six year-old MAC tries to get away, his ankle is GRABBED by Jethro.

Terrified, trying to escape, young Mac reaches out -- grabs the LANTERN and throws it at Jethro.

It explodes, engulfing Jethro in flames..

...turning him into a human fireball. Mac scrambles away--

BACK TO:

INT. CAVE/SHACK -NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Mac's stunned, dazed, finally remembering everything.

MAC

I ..started the fire.

Jethro pulls off a glove. His hand is horribly burned. We can only imagine what his face must look like.

JEREMIAH

--But it's alright, boy!  
(indicating Jethro)  
He forgives you. Isn't that right, Daddy?

Jethro grabs Mac's hand, puts it on the axe handle.

And then...with a rasping, evil voice--

JETHRO

Pick it up.

Mac looks at his "family". Sees eagerness.

Mac looks at Suzie. Sees cold fear.

JEREMIAH

If you don't do it...he will!

Mac hesitates.

Mac reaches out, touching the handle. He feels the

wood...almost caressing it. Maybe he's a Macdonald after all.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

That's right.

Mac makes his decision. He can't help himself. He steps towards Suzie. Her eyes grow wide with terror. He tenderly touches her hair. His hand moves around to the back of her neck. Pure tenderness.

And then--

--Suzie sees the KNIFE in Mac's other hand.

SUZIE

(terrified)

...no...Mac...p-please...

MAC

Can't help it, Suze...family sticks together...

Locking eyes with Suzie...Mac PLUNGES the knife into her abdomen.

In total disbelief, Suzie looks down..at the knife. The blood. Her hands encircle his, feeling the knife handle.

...and then, she looks back into Mac's eyes. They stare at each other.....

...as Mac continues to pull the KNIFE up..up...gutting her. Blood seeps through her clothing.

Suzie's eyes glaze over...almost as if she's accepting her fate.

Mac lowers her to the ground....dead, never taking his eyes off her.

He pulls the knife out, releasing Suzie's lifeless body.

MAC stands up, faces Jeremiah and Jethro. If you could see through the scarred tissue, you might see a smile on Jethro's

lips.

MAC, almost in a trance, walks over to the wooden table.



He picks up an open bottle of MOONSHINE.

Mac takes a huge swig to steady his nerves.

JETHRO  
Welcome.. home, boy.

Mac puts down the bottle of moonshine, wipes his mouth.

Beat.

He turns towards Jeremiah and Jethro--

MAC  
Actually...I was just  
yankin' your chain...

MAC holds up the knife. With a slight grin, he pushes down on the retractable blade. It's the fake knife from the opening sequence. Kept as a souvenir by Jethro.

Then--

VOICE  
Hey old Macdonald...

Jeremiah and Jethro turn ...to see....

SUZIE.

A long line of fake blood down her chest. Lantern in her hand.

MAC SWINGS the bottle of MOONSHINE, SMASHING it against the side of Jethro's face--

SUZIE  
...you just bought the farm.

SUZIE HURLS THE LANTERN

--it hits the moonshine-soaked straw and WHOOSH!

Jethro EXPLODES into flames, covering his entire body.

He emits a weird, strangled cry...the only sound we've heard

him make--

JEREMIAH  
Daddeeeeeeee!

Frantic, a dutiful son til the end, Jeremiah tries to help his father, putting out the flames, ignoring the fire that

burns his own hands and face--

MAC  
(softly)  
Ei, ei.....oh.

Mac grabs Suzie's hand and they make a run for the cave entrance. They look back to see--

JEREMIAH grappling with JETHRO, trying to extinguish his flames.

Jeremiah catches fire also, both of them caught in a raging inferno---

EXT -CAVE ENTRANCE -NIGHT -MOMENTS LATER

As smoke and fire pours out of the cave/shack....Suzie stumbles out, helping Mac. They're a mess. Coughing, bloody, exhausted.

And then --

The fire reaches the old MOONSHINE STILL. It explodes, sending flames and debris shooting into the air.

Mac and Suzie, helping each other, stumble out of the way. They collapse on the ground, dazed....but alive.

SUZIE  
I almost thought for a second...

MAC  
Never.

He holds her tight.

As we PULL BACK slowly, they look back at the raging inferno inside the cave.

Around them, reflections of RED and BLUE LIGHTS now --

The SHERIFF is on the scene. An AMBULANCE as well.

Candy has made it alive. Wrapped in a blanket she watches as

a couple of PARAMEDICS rush to help Mac and Suzie.

ROD dazed, bleeding, but happy to see them -- and happy to be

alive. He's brought the calvary.

In addition to Candy, standing next to Rod is ... ORWELL, the

alternator girl, watching in amazement. She watches the fire

and paramedics....better than MTV.

ORWELL

I'd give anything to be in  
a rock band.

ROD just looks at her, entranced

EXT - CONCERT HALL - MAGIC HOUR

Several months later. Throngs of people, enjoying the music. A big stage. And on it-

Dead Quiet are back in business, like true rock 'n roll survivors. They're a leaner, meaner, tighter band now - their experience on the farm has given them a tight edge they lacked before. It's the edge that goes with stardom.

MAC is at the mike, singing his heart out once again. SUZIE is still pumping the bass, alive with energy and passion. She looks at MAC. They smile at each other.

There's a new guy on drums, taking the place of IAN. No keyboard player. But someone else seems to be missing. As the song moves into a bridge, Mac looks off-stage --

MAC

Where's Rod?

He's talking to ORWELL, who's now officially part of the family.

MAC (CONT'D)

Find him. Now!

EXT -BACKSTAGE -SAME TIME

Rod's standing in a backstage area, looking clean, sober, and ready to rock. With him, straightening out his costume, is

Candy.

Rod is signing a COMPACT DISC of his new album for a WOMAN

with a notebook in her hand, and a PRESS PASS pinned to her tee-shirt --

PRESS WOMAN

One last question -- how long did it take you to write the songs for "Old Macdonald's Farm"?

ROD

(counting on his fingers)  
Well, after Mac and Billy Bob got out of the hospital, and I got out of rehab --

CANDY

Four weeks! That's all. And now their CD's number ten this week. With a bullet.

Candy kisses Rod, just as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a photo.

FLASH! The picture FREEZE-FRAMES...turning into a black and white still. We hear "Dead Quiet's" latest Indie rock hit fade through. And in black and white, like a music video, we-

CUT TO:

A FAMILIAR WOODEN SIGN

..which reads: "Macdonald's Farm".

That's because we're back at--

EXT. MACDONALD FARM -NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A REAL ESTATE AGENT, his rental car parked nearby the entrance, is hammering another sign: "Property For Sale." Using a rock, he whacks the sign into the soil.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS illuminate him. He turns to look, squinting, shielding his eyes, trying to see the driver--

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Hi. Can I help you?

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA (CONCERT HALL) -SAME TIME

ORWELL

Hey, Rod --

ROD

Hey baby.

A slight flicker of jealousy from Candy. Rod always gets the

babes.

ORWELL

Mac wants us on stage. In a hurry.

ROD

I'm coming.

Rod gets ready to go on. Candy picks up his new guitar--

CANDY

Hey, honey. Don't forget your axe.

EXT. MACDONALD FARM -SAME TIME

An AXE. A real one.

..going into the chest of the Real Estate Agent. He sinks to

his knees, dying.

EXT - CONCERT HALL (STAGE) - SAME TIME

Rod, guitar held high, strides on stage to tumultuous applause. ORWELL follows him, taking her place behind the organ. She's in the band now, too. Keyboards.

Rod winks at Candy, watching from the wings.

Suzie is amused, at the slight jealousy between Candy and Orwell.

As Rod launches into a blistering guitar solo, Mac & Suzie share a moment.

For Dead Quiet, business --and life...has never been better.

EXT -FARM -SAME TIME

The dead body of the Real Estate Agent is lowered into the back of an old PICK-UP TRUCK.

Then the AXE --with the initials "J. Macdonald." carved on it -is put back in the mahogany case.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Jeremiah Macdonald. Alive and well.

Sort of.

He's survived the fire. But...like his father, his face is horribly burned and scarred. He's wearing overalls and gloves.

In the back of the truck is an assortment of deadly FARM IMPLEMENTS...scythes, knives, etc. ...and the music

box...slightly blackened from the fire. JEREMIAH slots the small carved figure into place. The music of "Old MacDonald"

mixes with the indie rock DEAD QUIET track.

He pauses to look at the surrounding cornfields. They could

use a little ...nourishment.

JEREMIAH

Well Daddy....it's harvest time.

Jeremiah puts on the SCARECROW mask. He then reaches down....and uproots the "For Sale" sign, tossing it away.

Jeremiah starts up the truck, ....ready to carry on the family tradition.

It is indeed, harvest time.

HOLD on the PICK-UP...as it pulls away, traveling down the dirt road...and into the farmland night.

Let's leave him there...

For now.

THE END