

IDLE HANDS

by

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**Producers:
Licht/Mueller Flim Corp.**

FADE IN:

BOLAN, OREGON -- PRESENT DAY

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A middle-aged, middle-class, woman, NORMA, shuffles through the bedroom door in dusty, once-fluffy slippers, a cup of tea in her hand, calling over her shoulder to her husband:

NORMA

Just once a week, Gary. It really doesn't cost that much.

She turns back the bedspread as GARY follows her in, his bare feet slapping on the hardwood floor.

GARY

It's a waste.

Norma hangs both of their bathrobes from pegs on the door's backside and sets her teacup, still half-full, next to the telephone on a table just inside the door.

She faces him.

NORMA

Betty Johnson won a \$500 blackout last Saturday.

The mattress sags under Gary's weight. He doesn't respond. She climbs into bed beside him.

NORMA

I'll bet her husband doesn't think Bingo's a waste. I'll bet he was happy to help spend that \$500.

GARY

Good night, Norma.

He switches the bedside lamp off. In the darkness, they settle back into the pillows and LOOK UP.

Scrawled on the ceiling in glow-in-the-dark paint are the chilling words:

I'M UNDER THE BED

Norma SCREAMS.

Sitting bolt-upright, Gary snaps the lamp back on and puts a steadying hand on his wife's shaking shoulder.

GARY
(gruffly)
That little bastard! If he thinks this is funny, I'll make damn sure he thinks again.

NORMA
Check.

GARY
What?

NORMA
Please. Check under the bed.

GARY
It's a prank, that's all. Anton--

NORMA
Anton hasn't been home all day. He didn't do this. Oh, God, Gary, what if--

GARY
Norma, no one's there, trust me.

He swings over the edge of the bed, shoving the overhanging blankets out of his way. Upside-down, he looks under the bed and then hauls himself back up.

GARY
Okay? Nada. Now, can we--

She gasps, grabbing his arm.

NORMA
I heard something downstairs!

Gary groans.

GARY
Jesus, Norma.

NORMA
Please? I won't be able to sleep.

GARY
(sighing, exasperated)
Fine.

Getting up, he yanks his bathrobe from its peg and opens the door.

NORMA
Be careful.

Gary rolls his eyes and heads out.

Norma clutches the blanket tight, listening to his footsteps descending the stairs and fading into the house until she can't hear him at all.

Alone, she fidgets nervously, looking back up at the ceiling. The painted words are invisible in the lamplight.

She scoots into the very center of the bed, gathering the covers around her, and calls:

NORMA
Gary?

She listens hard, her entire body straining toward the open door, but there is no answer.

NORMA
(louder)
Gary!

A DULL THUD is barely audible, deep within the house.

Her breath catches in her throat and she scrambles off the bed, hurrying out the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - SAME

Norma looks up and down the hall, dark except for a little moonlight from the windows. The house is quiet.

On tiptoe, careful not to make a sound, she moves along the wall to a closed door.

She slowly turns the doorknob, opening the door a tiny crack, and peeks into a BEDROOM.

NORMA
(whispering)
Anton?

The twin bed against the far wall is empty. Norma continues silently toward the stairwell.

INT. ENTRY WAY, DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

Downstairs, the ceiling creaks as Norma moves above. The entry way glows with the soft moonlight filtering in through frosted windows flanking the front door.

At the bottom of the staircase, beside a small table, GARY'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS are visible on the floor. His eyes are wide open and a tiny bit of black-red blood trickles from his mouth. The rest of his body is hidden in shadow.

Just as Gary's head slides across the floor, DRAGGED INTO THE SHADOWS by an unseen force, Norma appears at the top of the staircase. She looks down and sees nothing.

NORMA
(whispering)
Gary? Gary?

She creeps slowly down the stairs, her hands fumbling for the banister.

At the bottom, she checks the front door. The deadbolt is fastened tightly and the security alarm panel on the wall shows that the alarm is still on. She looks around the entry way.

A slight SCRABBLING SOUND comes from the shadows and she whirls, stepping toward the noise.

NORMA
Gary, what--

Something SHOOTS OUT OF THE DARKNESS, directly at her. Norma SCREAMS, covering her face as the thing hits her . . .

It's a cat, kicking and clawing at her.

Norma breathes in relief, recognizing it. Wrapping her arms around it, she holds the cat tight and it calms. It's a normal black and white housecat.

NORMA
Bones! It's okay, kitty.

She leans to set the cat on the floor.

NORMA
It's okay. Where's Ga--

She stops cold. A small PUDDLE OF BLOOD on the floor glistens wetly in the moonlight.

She drops the cat and races up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Norma runs into the bedroom, grabbing the phone off the table by the door. Holding the receiver to her ear, she rushes for the bed. Her teacup topples and smashes on the floor as the phone cord stretches out behind her.

Fingers shaking, breathing hard, she dials a 9, then a 1.

WHAM!

The PHONE CORD IS YANKED behind her. The phone flies out of her hands.

She whips around to face the door and her face contorts in PURE TERROR. She SCREAMS.

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

BONES, the cat, leaps onto a rumpled twin bed, jolting 17-year-old ANTON awake. The clock reads 3:17 PM. Anton stretches.

In a patch of autumn sunlight, the cat begins cleaning herself, but she's the only one. Anton merely grabs a faded purple T-shirt from a pile of dirty clothes on his floor and heads for the door in a baseball cap and boxers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Anton lights about 30 sticks of incense and plops onto the couch.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Bones follows Anton downstairs, pausing at the little PUDDLE OF BLOOD on the floor, unnoticed by Anton. Bones licks up the blood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Anton slides a long, plastic backscratcher from between two couch cushions. He gives his nuts a scratch or two and then uses the backscratcher to drag the TV remote over from the far side of the coffee table.

He flips on the TV and sneaks a look around. Not a soul in sight.

Reaching under the couch with the backscratcher, he pulls out an already-loaded Bart Simpson bong. Anton sparks up, inhaling the entire contents through a tube in Bart's butt.

CELEB on TV

You, too, can be financially independent!
Own the house of your dreams, travel,
live in luxury . . .

Anton exhales slowly, paying rapt attention to the infomercial until --

CELEB on TV

But this is no get-rich-quick scam. It
requires motivation, dedication, and
good old-fashioned hard work--

CLICK.

Cartoons, much better. As Bones curls up beside him and cleans blood off her whiskers, Anton's stomach GROWLS loudly. He glances around and sees a Burger King bag near his feet.

He hooks the bag with his trusty backscratcher and pulls out a decaying, half-eaten Whopper.

He sniffs the burger, tears some of the green bits off its perimeter, and takes a bite. He chews once and immediately spits it back into the bag.

Sighing complainingly, and with exaggerated effort, Anton shoves Bart back into hiding, hauls his butt off the couch and plods toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Anton pours a bowl of Lucky Charms and opens the fridge.

Barren.

He tilts the milk carton over his cereal.

PLOP. One drop.

ANTON

Mom! We're out of milk!

Mom doesn't answer. DANZIG, the German Shepherd, whines and pokes his empty food dish with his nose.

ANTON

You hungry, Danzig? What does she think, you can feed yourself?

He gives Danzig a pat and opens a cupboard. It's bare.

ANTON
Mom! We're out of dog food!

Still no response. He pours the dog a bowl of Lucky Charms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Anton flops back onto the couch, munching dry cereal, and scans the area. Again, no one's around.

He pulls the bong out again and tries to spark, but the bowl's empty. He feels around under the couch with the backscratcher and drags out a plastic baggie.

Empty.

He tries again, fishing out another baggie. Empty. One more try. He shoves the backscratcher as far under the couch as he can reach and methodically pats around.

Suddenly, he pulls his hand back, triumphantly clutching his booty, but this baggie's empty too.

ANTON
Fuck.

He grabs the cordless beside him and punches numbers.

ANTON
(into phone)
Mick, what's up? I'm dry.

MICK
(on phone)
So?

ANTON
So, how 'bout bringing over a dimer?

MICK
(on phone)
Yeah, I'll drop it down your chimney on my way to the North Pole, you lazy fuck. Come over here and get it.

ANTON
Aw, c'mon. I'm busy.

MICK
 (on phone)
 Put your dick away and get over here.

BEEP, BEEEEEP. The red battery light flashes on the cordless.

ANTON
 Fine.

He hangs up and shoves bong and baggies under the couch. He looks around the room and groans -- his shoes are clear over by the TV.

But Anton's in luck -- his Mom's fuzzy slippers lay strewn by the side of the couch, within easy reach of his backscratcher. Anton doesn't notice the DROPS OF BLOOD speckling the slippers.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Anton drops the still-beeping cordless into its base on the entry table, plucking his sunglasses off the same table and noticing his mother's purse lying there.

ANTON
 (yelling)
 Mom!
 (no answer)
 Mom! Spot me some cash?

Still no answer. Fuck it. He reaches into his mom's purse and purloins a ten-dollar bill, careful to leave everything how he found it.

Almost out the door, he looks at the money and rethinks it. Reaching back into the purse, he grabs another \$10.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Wearing his T-shirt, baseball cap, boxer shorts, and blood-flecked slippers, Anton steps outside. The cold Oregon sun smacks him in the face and he quickly puts his sunglasses on. He can see his breath faintly in the brisk October air.

From the house on his left, heavy metal music pounds into the afternoon.

Sighing, Anton turns right and begins his tiresome journey. Two houses down the block, he cuts across a yard and climbs through an open window.

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM - SAME

Anton comes through the window, shivering. MICK, PNUB, and JIMMY, all high-school seniors, are sitting on Mick's bed, smoking out and engaging in philosophical debate:

PNUB

Yeah, and if your mom had teeth, she wouldn't suck dick so well. What's your point?

Jimmy finishes his hit, passes the bong to Anton, and speaks while exhaling.

JIMMY

My point is that, unlike you, Pnub, I've taken on a certain degree of responsibility. What's up, Anton? Nice boxers.

Anton looks down, slightly embarrassed, at his pantslessness.

PNUB

Responsibility, my nutsack. You sit around your dad's meat locker all day and flirt with that old lady who answers the phone. That bitch has less teeth than your mom.

JIMMY

You know what these are?
(jangling a ring of keys
in Pnub's face)
These are keys, boy. Keys! My dad's placed the ultimate trust in me. I'm being prepped to take over the entire meat processing empire.

The bong has traveled full circle and Jimmy pauses for another hit.

JIMMY

(holding the smoke in)
Just last week, when they installed this new temperature-controlling machine -- you guys should see this monster, it can bring the whole storage area from 100 degrees to the fucking ice age in, like, seconds! Anyway, whose ass do you think was in charge of overseeing the entire process?

Jimmy stands up and points at his own ass.

MICK

We're all really happy for your ass, Jimmy. Being an enterprising young man myself, I can relate.

Wearing a "D.A.R.E. to Keep Kids Off Drugs" T-shirt, Mick pulls out a baggie of pot and exchanges it for one of Anton's ten-dollar bills.

Anton takes his cap off and slides the baggie into a hidden slot under the bill.

ANTON

I know I'm jealous. Jimmy can look forward to a future filled with toothless receptionists and raw meat, while Mick has a lovely career of license-plate making just around the corner.

MICK

What about your future, hotrod?

ANTON

I'm not going to worry about that shit.
(taking a hit off the bong)
It's best to just let life happen.

PNUB

At least until your parents kick your oily ass out.

ANTON

(frowning)
I haven't seen my parents in a couple of days.

MICK

Maybe they went on vacation.

PNUB

Party at Anton's!

ANTON

No, it's really weird. My mom always does her shopping on Friday. Yesterday was Friday, right?

They all nod.

ANTON

So I wake up this morning and there's no food, no sign of my parents, but my mom's purse is just lying there on the table.

JIMMY
Maybe they're dead.

Pnub smacks Jimmy's leg.

JIMMY
I'm just saying. With that killer
on the loose and all, you can't rule
out murder.

ANTON
What killer?

MICK
Don't you watch Hard Copy?

ANTON
I hate that fucking show.

MICK
It's also been on the regular news.

ANTON
I hate that fucking show, too.

PNUB
Bolan's national news, Anton. Seems
as if a bunch of hacked-up citizens
have been found in this general area
over the past week.

ANTON
You guys are just fucking with me,
right?

MICK
Well, no, but don't worry. There's
been like three dead people. Four,
tops.

JIMMY
Six.

MICK
(shrugging)
Your parents probably just decided
to slip away for a romantic weekend
and your mom forgot her purse. No
big whoop.

PNUB
At any rate, party at Anton's!

Mick lowers the bong and peers out the window.

MICK
Hey, here comes your woman, Anton.

Anton rushes to the window and ducks. He slowly lifts one eye just above the sill so he can see without being seen.

MOLLY, 17 and drop-dead, zooms past on a Harley.

PNUB
Molly's lived across the street from you for like, what, ever? I think it's about time you told her about your disturbing obsession with her.

JIMMY
While you're at it, you should tell her your name.

MICK
Back off, guys. Anton doesn't believe in taking initiative.
(to Anton)
Don't listen to them. You just let life happen.

ANTON
(giving Mick a dirty look)
I'm gonna do it. I'll talk to her right now.

He starts out the window.

MICK
You want to borrow some pants, Chief? First impressions and all.

ANTON
You're a bud.

Mick points at his closet. Anton grabs a fresh pair of jeans and hastily yanks them on. Kicking off the slippers, he salutes his friends and crawls out the window.

JIMMY
Think he's got a shot with her?

PNUB
Snowball in hell.

They all nod. Mick reloads the bong.

EXT. STREET - SAME

By the time Anton makes it out Mick's door, Molly is already parking the hog in her driveway, at the end of the block.

Anton crosses to her side of the street and heads toward her with resolve.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - SAME

Molly slides her leather-clad butt off the seat and disappears into her house. Anton leans against a tree and looks expectantly at an upper window.

Sure enough, a light goes on and Molly moves into view in the upper window, a dark-haired goddess of rebellion.

Anton gazes wistfully, longingly, up at her until she glances outside and sees him. He averts his eyes and quickly walks away.

EXT. EUREKA, CALIFORNIA SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A huge Winnebago parks in front of the Sheriff's office.

DEBI LECURE steps out of the motor home with a newspaper in her hand and a parrot on her shoulder. She's about 28, with long, painted nails and teased Jersey-girl hair.

Debi tosses the newspaper onto the driver's seat and gently sets the parrot on top of the newspaper. The headline under the bird reads "SUSPECT CAUGHT IN EUREKA SLAYINGS."

DEBI

(to the parrot)

Wait here, Hot Train. I've got to look respectable.

Hot Train doesn't respond. Debi slips on a pair of intellectual-looking glasses and locks the parrot in the motor home.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SAME

Debi approaches the DEPUTY behind the holly-decked main desk, carrying herself stiffly.

DEBI

Excuse me. It's of the utmost importance that I speak to Sheriff Buchanan.

DEPUTY

Sorry, ma'am, but as you can imagine, the Sheriff's pretty busy.

DEBI

Perhaps if you understood the gravity of the situation . . .

The door to the back office opens and a burly tree-trunk of a man, SHERIFF BUCHANAN, enters the reception area.

DEBI

You must be Sheriff Buchanan. I'm Debi LeCure.

She extends a hand. The Sheriff ignores it.

SHERIFF BUCHANAN

I thought I ran all you creepy press people out of here.

DEBI

I'm not with the press. Sir, it's imperative that I speak with Clement James right away.

SHERIFF BUCHANAN

Nobody talks to Clement James 'cept his lawyer and the investigating officers.

DEBI

I, too, am an investigator of sorts.

SHERIFF BUCHANAN

Is that a fact? Look, Miss Liqueur--

DEBI

LeCure.

SHERIFF BUCHANAN

Between you and me, there ain't a whole lot of investigating to be done. We caught him in his bathroom, shaving a cat and wearing nothing but his granny's skivvies. No law against that yet, but the half-dozen dead bodies lounging around his house gives me a wee hunch he's guilty.

DEBI

I don't doubt his guilt. My interest lies solely with his motive. Has he attributed his actions to any sort of supernatural intervention?

SHERIFF BUCHANAN

What information Clement James has revealed to the investigating officers is strictly confidential.

(he pauses; then)

But seeing as you're kinda cute and not with the press, I don't mind telling you, off the record, that he ain't said shit. His mind is so far gone, I doubt if he'll ever utter another word.

Debi slumps, visibly disappointed.

DEBI

I see.

INT. WINNEBAGO - A MOMENT LATER.

Debi scooches the parrot to one side and climbs into the driver's seat, dropping both the glasses and the intellectual act.

DEBI

Well, bird of mine, looks like another dead end.

Hot Train doesn't answer. Debi starts her engine, crooning to the parrot.

DEBI

Pretty bird. Hello, pretty bird. Talk, you fuck.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Carrying a brown paper sack and a bag of dog kibble, Anton frowns. He stops walking and looks suspiciously into the gathering mist around him.

He takes a few steps and looks again. No one.

As Anton continues walking, an UNIDENTIFIABLE FIGURE STALKS HIM, staying almost entirely under the mist's cover. There's something SHIMMERY, SILVERY about him, but then again, it may just be the mist.

The figure pulls back into the shadows as Anton glances over his shoulder, listening hard.

Suddenly, Anton whips his head around to face his stalker, but finds only the shifting mist. The SILVERY FIGURE has VANISHED.

Shivering, Anton steps into the street.

Without warning, he's THROWN TO THE GROUND. His groceries spill into the street.

A billy club is pressed hard against the back of his neck, shoving his face into the asphalt.

VOICE (O.S.)
Frisk him. I'll check his bag.

He's thoroughly patted down. His baseball cap is removed and Anton holds his breath.

VOICE (O.S.)
Roll over.

Anton rolls onto his back to see TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS in their early twenties, sporting the nametags RUCK and McMACY.

RUCK
(kicking Anton's grocery bag)
Nothing here. You?

Anton's hat is in McMacy's hands, being inspected. Anton tries not to look nervous.

McMACY
He's clean.

McMacy leans over and jerks the baseball cap down on Anton's head, the secret hiding place undiscovered.

RUCK
Damn.

Relieved, Anton scrambles of the street and scoops his groceries back into the bag.

ANTON

Since when is it against the law
to grocery-shop?

(looking up at them,
double-taking)

Hey, I know you two. Weren't you
seniors when I was a freshman?

RUCK

(sinister)

That's right. Let's talk about high
school, Anton.

MCMACY

(hauling Anton to his feet)

You and your fancy little clique
zipping around on your skateboards.
Thought you were too cool for us,
huh? Did any of you ever, even once,
invite us to get high behind the gym?

RUCK

(yanking Anton his way)

Or to hang at the half-pipe? Or go
to a punk show?

ANTON

You were dorks!

MCMACY

(turning Anton toward him)

But now we're cops, Anton. Your
safety and security, your future
and your very life are in our hands
every single day.

RUCK

Think about that when you try to
sleep tonight.

ANTON

(shaking his head, amused)

Ooh. There's sure nothing scarier
than a spiteful nerd with a power
woody.

RUCK

(narrowing his eyes)

Empty your pockets, boy!

ANTON

Nice try, but they're not even my pants.

Anton pulls out a crumpled dollar and some change, but something else comes out too, falling to the ground . . . a BAGGIE.

McMacy pockets Anton's money and snatches the baggie up. He opens it and inhales deeply.

McMACY

Smells like marijuana to me. Write it up, Ruck.

ANTON

It's empty!

Ruck scribbles on a ticket pad.

ANTON

What? I know my rights. You can't cite me for possession of baggie!

Ruck and McMacy laugh.

RUCK

Jaywalking. Maximum fine, \$200.

Ruck tucks the ticket into Anton's grocery bag.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Anton tears the jaywalking ticket into strips and lays them out on the coffee table. Removing his stash from his hat, he rolls each ticket-strip into a FAT JOINT.

He sits back, lights up, and hears a noise: a FLOORBOARD CREAKS upstairs. Anton pauses, listening.

Another CREAK, right above him. He mutes the TV. Lying at his feet, Danzig is PANTING loudly. Anton reaches down and CLOSES the DOG'S MOUTH.

He listens again, but this time, the house is silent.

He shakes his head, dismissing it, and returns to channel-surfing.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

As an Everclear video comes to a loud, crashing end, Anton pours dog kibble into both Danzig's and Bones' bowls. The pets eat.

The familiar notes of the MTV NEWS THEME SONG swell up in the living room. Watching TV through the open kitchen door, Anton dumps his groceries on the counter -- bologna, white bread, mayo -- and starts making a sandwich.

TABITHA SOREN (OS)

This is Tabitha Soren with MTV World News.

Without taking his eyes off the TV, he opens the silverware drawer and fishes around, pulling out a huge, evilly sharp knife -- the blade is covered with DRIED BLOOD.

Anton twists the top of the mayonnaise.

TABITHA SOREN (OS)

There'll be no trick-or-treating for one town this year. Bolan, Oregon, a small suburb of Portland, has been terrorized by seemingly random slayings for the past week.

Without looking down, he swirls the knife in the mayo and bits of dried blood come off.

Oblivious, Anton spreads it on his bread, slaps on some processed meat, and raises the sandwich to his mouth.

TABITHA SOREN (OS)

Six bodies have been discovered to date and the killer is still at large. With Halloween only one day away, Bolan police are advising extra caution . . .

Anton takes a bite, chews, and

LOOKS DOWN --

The bloody knife sticks out of the rust-flecked mayo.

ANTON GAGS.

In pure terror, he drops his sandwich and flattens himself against the wall.

ANTON

He's here! He's in my house!

He scans the room, wild-eyed, but the only sounds are the TV and the dog's eating.

ANTON

(half-whimpering)

Danzig! C'mere, boy.

The German Shepherd trots over from his food dish.

ANTON
 (whispering to the dog)
 If you see, hear, or smell a psycho
 killer, you bark. Loud.

Anton points him at the living room and gives him a shove.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Danzig SLIDES across the hardwood floor on his butt, coming to a stop at the coffee table.

Anton peers out from the kitchen. Danzig looks back at him quizzically and Anton slips into the room, latching tightly onto the dog.

ANTON
 Okay, Danzig. We're gonna make it.

He creeps toward the entry way in a panic, pointing Danzig in the direction of every little NOISE.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

With a firm grip on Danzig's collar, Anton's nearly to the front door.

TABITHA SOREN (OS)
 So, Bolan residents, lock your doors
 and stay inside tonight.

ANTON
 Fuck that!

He reaches for the doorknob. Danzig BARKS FURIOUSLY at the door.

ANTON
 (deadbolting the door)
 Oh, shit! He's out there!

He races up the stairs with Danzig following.

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - SAME

Anton slams his door shut, gasping for breath, and climbs onto his bed, hugging the dog. The house is full of CREAKS and GROANS, amplified by Anton's fright.

ANTON

(to the dog)

Okay, the plan. The killer's on the porch, but the door's locked. He'll get bored and go kill someone else. Psycho killers only come out at night, so if we make it to morning, we'll be safe. Piece of cake -- we just sleep it off.

As he reaches to turn off the light, his closet door CREAKS OPEN an inch.

Danzig BARKS. Anton bolts from the room.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - SAME

Anton tears into the PARENTS' BEDROOM FROM SCENE 1, lit by the same bedside lamp. The phone is back in its place, but the long cord is slick with blood. Anton doesn't notice.

He leaps onto his parents' bed, pulls the covers up to his neck, and cowers. He takes a deep breath and tells himself:

ANTON

The sooner you go to sleep, the sooner it'll be morning.

He snaps off the lamp and lies back. Looking up at the ceiling, he freezes, seeing the glow-in-the-dark paint:

I'M UNDER THE BED

Anton is paralyzed with fear. His mouth is open, but silent.

A beat, then Anton hurls himself off the bed and out the door terror-stricken.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

SCREAMING, Anton flies down the stairs, looking back over his shoulder in complete hysteria.

On his way to the door, he grabs the cordless off the table, but the floor-length TABLECLOTH TRIPS HIM.

Anton goes sprawling and the table CRASHES to the floor, exposing, to Anton's horror --

the MUTILATED BODIES of his PARENTS.

His mother's face is frozen in a pleading expression, her closed fist held upward by a stiff arm.

Anton GASPS.

He glances up the staircase with dread, but the killer has yet to show himself.

Unlocking the front door, Anton scoops up Bones, pushes Danzig outside, and runs.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Anton races down the block, cat in one hand and cordless phone in the other, Danzig at his heels.

He hurdles a short hedge, landing in Molly's yard.

EXT. MOLLY'S YARD - SAME

Molly's house is dark. Anton drops to his knees behind the hedge, trying to catch his breath. Bones and Danzig eye him.

Anton looks through the thick leaves at his house. It's quiet and still, dark except for the entry way light and the flickering of the TV in the living room.

He yanks the cordless phone's antenna to its full length and DIALS 911.

ANTON

(into phone)

Hello, police? The killer's loose
in my house! 3604 Clinton Street.
Please hurry, I don't want to die!

Hanging up, he leans back against the hedge, panting.

IN MOLLY'S UPSTAIRS WINDOW

Unnoticed by Anton, Molly peeks through the shutters and watches him curiously.

INT. BOLAN POLICE DISPATCH OFFICE - SAME

A very tired-looking DISPATCHER presses the button on her police radio.

DISPATCHER

One Allen Ten, we have yet another
supposed killer sighting. Can you
take a look? Over.

COP VOICE

(over radio):

This is One Allen Ten. We still have three more sightings to investigate first, but we're working as fast as we can. We'll check it out as soon as possible, over.

DISPATCHER

One of these calls has to pay off, over.

EXT. MOLLY'S YARD - SAME

While Molly watches from her window, Anton pulls out a ticket-rolled doobie. But just as he's about to light up, Danzig lays his head on Anton's leg.

Anton looks down to pet the dog -- and suddenly spits his joint across the yard . . .

His purple T-shirt is speckled with small blotches of paint, GLOWING in the darkness. He holds up the bottom of the shirt: a small section of fabric is missing, TORN OFF.

ANTON

Okay. Stay calm.

He whirls to look through the hedge again.

His house is still silent, motionless. No killer in sight. He stands up, musters his courage, and creeps stealthily toward his house.

EXT. PORCH - SAME

Anton climbs the stairs slowly, alert, but COMPLETELY EXPOSED.

The front door is still wide open. MTV hums in the living room. The overturned table is visible, but the bodies are out of sight behind it.

Anton moves cautiously through the door. Behind him, Danzig WHINES.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Standing over his parents' bodies, Anton shields his eyes from the horrible spectacle.

He reaches for his mother's closed fist and

PRIES HER HAND OPEN to reveal

A PIECE OF PURPLE CLOTH.

He uncrumples it and holds it to his shirt -- A PERFECT
PUZZLE-PIECE MATCH.

QUICK FLASHES:

-- His mother in the bedroom, pleading, crying,
-- The HUGE KNIFE in his own hand, slicing through the air,
-- His mother tearing at his shirt as she sinks to the floor.

Anton staggers back from the bodies in disbelief.

ANTON

(horrified)

The killer was wearing my shirt!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Anton stumbles to the couch on automatic. Videos flash
across the TV screen. Anton grabs the remote and switches
channels until he finds the news:

TV REPORTER

. . . so Bolan city officials have
decided that the local elementary,
junior high, and high schools will
hold Halloween parties in lieu of
trick-or-treating. Kids will be able
to have plenty of safe, secure fun
tomorrow night. Back to you, Bruce.

Zombie-like, eyes glued to the TV, Anton pulls his stash from
beneath the couch and loads a bowl. He takes a huge hit.

Nearby, the cat YOWLS. Anton winces at the sound.

ANTON

(without looking)

Shut up, Bones, I want to hear this.

ANCHORMAN

Several bodies were found in a park
not too far from that high school --
mailman Matthew Wright, who was abducted
somewhere on his route Tuesday, and
Jehovah's Witness Ingrid Renan, who
rang her last doorbell sometime on
Wednesday.

The CAT'S YOWLING continues, over and over.

ANTON
Bones! Shut--

He turns his head toward the cat and the last word dies on his tongue . . .

Next to him on the couch, Bones YOWLS again, with ANTON'S OWN HAND WRAPPED around the CAT'S THROAT, squeezing.

ANTON
(letting go)
Jesus Christ!

Stunned, he stares at his hand in disbelief.

ANCHORWOMAN
We now take you live to Bolan, where Jenny Takumatsu has a very personal story about one of the murder victims. Jenny?

Anton makes a fist. He opens it. His hand seems to be responding just fine. He pinches his palm with his other hand and YELPS in pain.

JENNY
I'm standing outside the local Burger King, where honor student Kenneth Lippy made a little extra money manning the drive-thru . . .

Horrified, Anton looks at the Burger King bag at his feet, and then at his hands. He grabs up the bag, crumples it, and shoves it under the couch as . . .

the DOORBELL RINGS.

ANTON
The cops!

He hides his pot.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

ANTON
(heading for the door, muttering)
Took 'em long enough.

His PARENTS' CORPSES stop him short.

ANTON

Oh, fuck!

He quickly tries to set the table back up with the bodies hidden beneath it, but it just won't work -- as soon as he gets all the arms tucked in under the tablecloth, a leg sproings out. He folds the leg in, only to push his Dad's head out the other side.

The DOORBELL RINGS again.

ANTON

I'm coming!

He gives the bodies a final, determined shove and the whole table TIPS OVER. Anton groans. The DOORBELL CHIMES insistently, over and over.

ANTON

Jeez, chill! I'm coming!

Anton shoves his parents into the COAT CLOSET, stands the table up, and opens the front door.

Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy surge into the room with beer and bud.

MICK, PNUB, JIMMY

Party at Anton's!

Pnub and Jimmy beeline for the TV in the living room and Anton goes weak with relief. Sweat slicks across his forehead.

MICK

Hey, you okay? You got a fever?

Mick holds a frosty 12-oz to Anton's forehead.

ANTON

You're not going to believe this.

MICK

What's up?

Taking the beer from Mick, Anton looks carefully into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Pnub and Jimmy are kicked back on the couch, smoking out. Jimmy changes the channel and Pnub chokes on his smoke, aggravated.

PNUB
What the fuck, yo?

JIMMY
What?

Pnub grabs the remote and smacks Jimmy with it before setting the channel back to MTV. "Freefalling" fills the air.

PNUB
Tom Petty rockumentary, dickhead.
Don't change it again. I want to see that video where he tools around the desert in his space buggy.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Satisfied that Pnub and Jimmy are occupied, Anton twists the bottlecap off his beer and pulls Mick over to the stairs.

ANTON
Swear to take this to your grave?

MICK
Just tell me.

ANTON
Swear.

MICK
Okay, okay. I swear.

ANTON
I've been --

PNUB (OS)
(yelling)
Anton! You got any grub?

JIMMY (OS)
(yelling)
We're starved!

ANTON
(to Mick)
Stay here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Pnub and Jimmy are ambling toward the kitchen. Anton races past them.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Anton grabs the open mayo jar off the counter -- with the BLOODY KNIFE still sticking out the top -- and shoves the whole lot into the dishwasher.

He slams the dishwasher shut as Jimmy and Pnub enter.

ANTON

Here you go.

Anton gestures to the bread and bologna still open on the counter.

JIMMY

Wow.

PNUB

You're a great host, Anton.

ANTON

We're out of mayo.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Mick is taking his jacket off as Anton enters. Anton throws a panicked glance at the coat closet door, but Mick tosses his jacket over the banister.

MICK

Well?

Anton guzzles his beer, takes a deep breath, and:

ANTON

I think I might be a psychotic serial killer.

MICK

Anton, I've known you since third grade. You're not psychotic.

ANTON

What if I killed all those people on the news?

MICK

Remember that time me and Pnub pulled the legs off that grasshopper? You wussed out.

ANTON

Regardless.

MICK
(shaking his head)
I don't buy it. Look at you, you're normal.

ANTON
(frustrated)
I'm telling you! I even killed my own parents. How demented is that?

MICK
Calm down. It's probably just bad pot.

A beat as Anton considers this. He looks at Mick hopefully.

ANTON
You think?

MICK
Well, not if you got it from me. I only sell primo shit.

Anton looks disappointed.

MICK
I'll bet it's just some particularly gruesome acid flashbacks. Hey! You know how sometimes when you take acid, you get so into the trip you forget you took it?

ANTON
Yeah . . .

MICK
You're gonna be okay, buddy. Acid never lasts longer than 12 or 14 hours. I'll ride it out with you, talk you down.

ANTON
Thanks, Mick. You could be right. God, I hope you're right.
(beat)
Mick? You didn't take any acid today, did you?

MICK
Not that I recall.

ANTON
Then tell me if you see what I see.

Anton opens the closet door. His parents spill out at Mick's feet. Mick takes a step back.

MICK
Fuck me! Anton, you are one sick puppy.

ANTON
(anguished)
It's true! The killer wasn't just wearing my shirt, the killer was wearing me! I mean, I'm the killer!

Anton waves the beer bottle for emphasis as the DOORBELL RINGS. He turns toward the front door. RED AND WHITE LIGHTS FLASH outside.

ANTON
Mick! Help me get the bodies back--

Turning back, Anton sees Mick SLUMP to the floor.

Anton's BEER BOTTLE, BROKEN, is PLANTED DEEP in Mick's forehead. Anton looks down at his empty hand in disbelief.

The DOORBELL RINGS again and Anton wastes no time pushing the bodies -- Mick's included -- into the coat closet.

PNUB (OS)
Anton, you want me to get that?

Anton closes the closet door and rubs out a spot of blood with his shoe.

ANTON
I got it. It's the fuzz.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Pnub and Jimmy, destroying the evidence, immediately start eating their pot and lighting incense, frantically trying to wave away the smoke hanging in the air.

INT. ENTRY WAY - SAME

Anton opens the door to Ruck and McMacy.

RUCK
Looky who we got here, McMacy. It's Mr. Baggie.

MCMACY
You called, Anton?

ANTON
(feigning innocence)
I did?

RUCK
(checking his pad)
3604 Clinton Street. That's you.

MCMACY
So where's this killer you reported?

ANTON
Sorry, no killer here. Must've been
a prank.

Anton tries to close the door, but Ruck blocks it, leaning
against the doorframe like he's got all night.

RUCK
A prank? You know what the sentence
is for playing games with the law,
Anton?

ANTON
No, see, I didn't prank you. It
must've been, uh, Mick. Yeah, you
guys remember Mick -- he used to skate
past the Physics Club and spit on you.
He lives two houses down.

Anton points. McMacy pulls out his handcuffs.

MCMACY
Let's take him downtown.

RUCK
I have a better idea. Let's watch
him. Closely.

MCMACY
(nodding)
Every breath he takes.

RUCK
Every move he makes.
(pointing a completely
serious finger at Anton)
We'll be watching you.

The cops turn to saunter down the porch steps. Anton slams the door. He fingers Mick's jacket forlornly before heading into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Pnub and Jimmy already have their pot back out, loading their bowls to the last few notes of "You Got Lucky, Babe." On the TV, Tom Petty drives away in his space buggy and the video ends.

Anton steps up behind the couch, visibly shaken.

PNUB

Anton, dude, that was hairy. I couldn't even enjoy the video.

JIMMY

You really shouldn't prank the cops, Anton. They have enough to do, what with stamping out evil and all. Where's Mick?

ANTON

He went home with a headache. You guys should head out too.

JIMMY

What? We're crashing here tonight. It's cool, the cops are gone.

PNUB

Anton, no one else's parents are out of town. Don't be selfish.

(motioning at the TV)

Besides, they're about to show that Tom Petty duet -- you know, with that hippie girlie? We can't go now.

ANTON

Seriously, guys, it's for your own good. I don't think I have a whole lot of control over--

PNUB

(cutting him off)

Shhhh! It's on.

Pnub's eyes are fixed on the TV and he doesn't even look for the cause of the loud, sudden SLICING SOUND next to him, or the subsequent GURGLE.

JIMMY'S HEAD rolls into his own lap, unrestrained by his neck. It bounces just a little, and continues to the floor, landing with a dull thud on Pnub's scuffed Chuck Taylors.

ANTON
(aghast)
Shit!!! Pnub, Pnub!

Pnub tears himself from the TV and turns just in time to see Jimmy's body follow his head to the floor. INNARDS spill out through a GAPING WOUND in Jimmy's chest.

PNUB
Fucking Christ!

Anton comes around the couch, looking with absolute terror at the huge knife in his hand. Blood (and a little mayo) drips from the knife's wicked tip.

ANTON
(freaking)
How does this keep happening???

Pnub scrambles backward into a corner, shaking, as Anton advances on him, unable to stop.

PNUB
Are you out of your mind?! Snap
out of it! It's me, Pnub, your buddy!

Anton FIGHTS WITH HIMSELF, holding the knife out at Pnub with his right hand and trying to restrain it with his left.

ANTON
I know who you are, Pnub, you dumb
fuck! I'm not doing this on purpose!

Anton struggles to hold himself back, but he's drawn irresistibly toward Pnub.

ANTON
Get out of here! I don't know how
long I can hold off!

Anton steps over Jimmy's body. A bloody ARTERY catches on his shoe and STRETCHES as Anton moves toward Pnub, slowly pulling Jimmy's heart from his chest.

JIMMY'S HEART SLIPS ACROSS THE FLOOR behind Anton as . . .

TOM PETTY, STEVIE NICKS
(singing, on TV)
Stop draggin' my, stop draggin' my,
stop draggin' my heart around . . .

It's too much for Pnub. He SCREAMS.

Anton looms above Pnub, knife glinting. Pnub covers his head with his arms. Anton REACHES DOWN . . .

and grabs Pnub's hand, hauling him to his feet. Pnub SHRIEKS.

Anton shoves Pnub toward the front door. Giving Jimmy's corpse a wide berth, Pnub stubs his toes on the TV.

ANTON

Run, damn it!

The knife raises Anton's hand into the air. Anton grapples with it, using all his might to keep the knife still.

ANTON

Run!

Pnub limps hurriedly for the door as

VOICE FROM NOWHERE

(sinister whisper)

Kill him.

Anton looks wildly around the room for the source of the voice.

VOICE FROM NOWHERE

(louder)

Kill him!

Anton's own SCREAMS add to Pnub's as his right arm is pulled back like a catapult by an UNSEEN FORCE.

Just as Pnub reaches the door, the unseen force lets go of Anton's arm and the KNIFE ZINGS THROUGH THE AIR . . .

slamming into the back of Pnub's skull with a SICKENING SMACK.

Pnub crumples. Still SCREAMING, Anton covers his eyes and runs blindly out the door.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Anton hightails it across lawns and driveways in utter hysteria, tripping over the hedge and sprawls into Molly's yard.

Panting, he leaps to his feet and races down the block.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Anton half-runs, half-stumbles into the park, gasping for breath and checking behind him. Several sections of the park's thick hedge are ROPED OFF with yellow police crime scene tape.

He rushes for a set of monkey bars, but the entire structure COLLAPSES just as he's about to duck under it.

Anton veers to the right, floundering into the sandbox, and the BLOODY KNIFE THRUSTS up out of the sand in front of him.

He whirls again, disoriented, as a DISEMBODIED LAUGH fills the park, an evil, bone-chilling rumble rising from nowhere and everywhere.

Anton bones out, heading back towards home.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Anton hurries down the dark street, spooked by every sound and trying hard to keep a look-out in every direction.

Suddenly, the KNIFE SHOVES THROUGH THE SIDEWALK between his legs, pointing the tip STRAIGHT UP at his balls.

Anton yelps, startled out of his wits, and dives behind a bush in someone's front yard.

A LIGHT GOES ON in the house. It's Molly's house. It's Molly's bedroom light. She opens her window and looks down at the rustling bush.

MOLLY
Who's out there?

Anton rolls out of the bush, onto the grass.

MOLLY
(smirking a little)
Oh, it's you.

ANTON
(brushes himself off)
Hi. Sorry about your bush.

The KNIFE APPEARS in Anton's hand. He quickly hides it behind his back and flings it to the ground.

MOLLY
Not a problem. Are you planning to do this all night?

The knife puts itself firmly in Anton's hand again.

ANTON

Do what?

Behind his back, he tries to drop the knife, but it seems to be attached. He shakes his hand. The knife remains.

MOLLY

Sneak around my yard. How many times have you been here tonight?

ANTON

(distracted)

Uh, twice?

He shakes the knife violently behind his back, but it refuses to leave his hand.

MOLLY

Wait there.

She disappears from her window. Of it's own accord, Anton's hand brings the knife in front of his body. His other hand joins the first on the knife handle and the evil blade POINTS straight at Molly's door.

Anton immediately turns away. Holding the knife over the bush, Anton gives his hands a sharp, fierce BITE.

He yelps and drops the knife. It falls into the bush just as Molly opens the front door.

MOLLY

Get in here before someone sees you.

Anton heads inside and Molly closes the door.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Anton and Molly enter her room quietly. She looks him up and down.

MOLLY

Jesus, look at you.

Anton looks at himself. His shirt and Mick's pants are covered with blood, dirt, and bush.

ANTON

I got into a fight at the park.

MOLLY

You sure got your ass kicked.

ANTON

I did okay.

MOLLY

So you ran and hid in my bush?

Anton's eyes focus on a letter opener on Molly's desk and gets a QUICK FLASH of the letter opener VICIOUSLY SLASHING Molly's throat open.

Anton shakes the image from his head but POTENTIAL WEAPONS seem to leap out at him: a stapler, an extension cord, a hairdryer, a Hello Kitty pen and pencil set.

Anton shudders.

ANTON

I really shouldn't be here.

MOLLY

It's okay. My parents sleep like the dead. Besides, you shouldn't be on the streets at night. Don't you know there's a killer out there?

Anton's hands abruptly grab Molly and pull her close, bringing their faces just an inch apart. Anton plants a passionate kiss on her.

MOLLY

(coming up for air)

I'm impressed. The way you've been creeping around and spying on me, I never would've thought you'd have the balls to just kiss me like that.

ANTON

(surprised at himself)

Me neither.

She grins and pushes him onto the bed. He pulls off her shirt. She closes her eyes as he runs his hands up her stomach, over her breasts . . . and ONTO HER THROAT.

His hands linger, circling her neck, itching to squeeze, until he forces them to glide over her face and through her hair.

GRATUITOUS SEX SCENE

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

Debi's Winnebago is parked off to the side by itself, as far as possible from the crowd at the restrooms.

INT. WINNEBAGO - SAME

Hot Train watches the Northern California weather report on a tiny battery-powered TV.

Across the motor home's one room, Debi untacks newspaper articles from her wall. The 20-plus articles clustered together all have headlines about multiple murder in Eureka and suspected serial killer Clement James.

Debi calls over her shoulder:

DEBI
Hello, pretty bird, hello.

Hot Train ignores her.

Debi slips the articles into a file folder headed C. JAMES and turns. Every wall is plastered with current newspaper articles. Grouped together by locale, they detail evil of every sort.

NEWS ANCHOR
(on TV)
According to officials, the Bolan,
Oregon, slayings are the most gruesome
since Jeffrey Dahmer.

Tacked above the TV is a collection of articles relating to the Bolan murders.

Debi sits next to Hot Train and turns the volume up.

NEWS ANCHOR
Police have yet to pinpoint even
a single suspect . . .

Debi hauls a huge road atlas onto her lap and flips it open to Oregon.

DEBI
Straight up I-5, Hot Train. We'll
be there by mid-morning. Cross
your scaly little bird-toes that
we catch him and end this thing.

Hot Train keeps his eyes on the TV.

DEBI

Pretty bird. Hello, hello, hello!

(poking at him)

You know, that pet shop boy in Omaha promised you'd be talking by Texas. If I'd wanted solitude, I'd have bought a cat.

(beat)

I could still get a cat, you know. How would you like that?

Nada from the bird.

DEBI

Talk, damn it! Pretty bird, pretty bird! Look, bird, it's your job, plain and simple. Do you see me shirking my duty? Did anyone ask Debi if she'd like a normal life? Friends? A relationship? A toilet I don't have to drain every 600 miles?

She takes a breath.

DEBI

No! Nobody asked and all I have until this ordeal's over is this crappy Winnebago and you. The least you could do is say hello.

Hot Train tilts his head toward her, maddeningly silent.

DEBI

Fine.

She stomps away, snapping all the curtains shut. After making sure every door is securely locked, Debi crawls under the kitchen table with the C. JAMES file folder.

A small, thick SAFE is snugly wedged beneath the table.

Debi deftly positions each of the safe's three combination locks and pulls the heavy door open.

Hundreds of files, each headed with a different name and packed with newsprint, are stacked inside. As Debi adds the new file, her hand brushes against the ONLY OTHER ITEM in the safe:

A tightly-rolled SCROLL of ancient parchment GLOWS brightly in the dark safe.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Anton wakes with a start and looks at Molly. She's lying on the bed, very still. Panicky, he grabs a hand mirror from her night stand and holds it to her open mouth. It fogs up.

He breathes a sigh of relief. Putting his clothes on, Anton goes to the window and stares out at the cold morning, melancholy, until --

A hand touches his shoulder. Anton whips around in a panic, but it's just Molly, wrapped in a blanket. She laughs lightly.

MOLLY

At ease, soldier. What are you doing over here?

ANTON

Thinking about the snow plow. It's almost winter.

MOLLY

Hand me that teddy?

Anton gives her the stuffed bear on the windowsill. She pulls a baggie of The Kind from a hole in the bear's belly and Anton smiles.

Molly smiles back and rolls a nice, tight joint. They pass it back and forth.

MOLLY

What about the snow plow?

ANTON

The first really big snow I can remember, I was four. I was so jazzed, I spent all day making this amazing snow fort, with two tunnel entrances and enough room inside to stand up straight. It was the biggest, baddest thing I'd ever done.

(pausing, remembering)

Then my mom called me in. I was at the window, staring at it, so proud, when I heard this huge rumble. I watched, helpless, as a snow plow flattened it.

He meets Molly's eyes and shrugs.

ANTON

Now I just figure what's the point?

MOLLY

Why'd you build your fort in the street?

Anton looks stunned. Finally, in wonderment:

ANTON

I don't know.

They hear a DOOR CREAK OPEN somewhere in the house. Molly looks at the clock -- 6:45 am.

MOLLY

Better be on your way, babysnakes.
My parents might take offense to
some dirty, bloody boy banging their
daughter.

Anton looks at his clothes. They haven't gotten any cleaner.

ANTON

Yeah. I've got some things to take
care of.

They can hear her parents now, up and about in the house.

ANTON

I guess I should go out your window,
huh? That always works in the movies.

MOLLY

Hey, whatever loads your bowl. Why
don't you come by around seven? We'll
go to the dance.

ANTON

I thought you said the streets weren't
safe at night.

She pulls him close for a final kiss.

MOLLY

I'll protect you.

ANTON

You're pretty cool.

He swings his legs over the windowsill.

MOLLY

Hey! What's your name?

ANTON

Anton. My name's Anton.

MOLLY
Aren't you in my biology class?

ANTON
(grinning & pushing off)
Yep.

EXT. MOLLY'S YARD - SAME

Anton lands, rolling across the grass under a heavily overcast sky. He heads for home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Anton enters to find the scene unchanged. The cat is licking delicately at Jimmy's open chest wound.

ANTON
Bones! Get away from there!

Bones ignores him. Anton yanks the cat away from the corpse and holds her tight, surveying the carnage with dismay.

Bones licks Anton on the lips.

ANTON
(pulling the cat away)
Sick!

INT. PORCH - SAME

Anton opens the front door with Bones in his arms and sets the cat on the welcome mat. He turns back to the house.

ANTON
Danzig! Danzig, c'mere boy!

The dog joins them on the porch, sitting beside Bones.

ANTON
Guys, this isn't easy for me, but you have to understand. You're not safe here.

The pets stare up at him.

ANTON
I think you two will be fine on your own.

Bones immediately scampers away. Anton looks at Danzig.

ANTON

Like I was saying, Danzig, this is a pretty affluent neighborhood, so you shouldn't have too much trouble latching onto someone good.

Danzig continues to stare up at him.

ANTON

Go on.

Anton turns the dog around and gives him a gentle shove.

Danzig goes as far as the sidewalk and looks back at Anton with pleading puppy-eyes.

Anton takes a big gulp of air.

ANTON

You didn't do anything wrong, buddy. It's for your own good.

Danzig finally trots off down the street.

ANTON

(calling after him)

Try the Andersons -- they have a Shitzu in heat!

EXT. BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Anton shovels the final few loads of hard, cold dirt onto a MASS GRAVE, carefully packs the loose dirt down with the shovel, and steps back.

He turns abruptly and yanks a flowerless rhododendron bush out of the ground by the house, re-planting it atop the grave.

He squeezes his eyes shut for a moment of reflection, but can't bring himself to say anything over the grave.

Turning away, he sees Danzig peeking around the corner of the house at him.

Anton sighs sadly, the breath catching in his throat. With all his might:

ANTON

(yelling at the dog)

Go!

Danzig jumps and looks confused, but doesn't leave.

ANTON
Get away! Now!

Anton runs menacingly at him, shaking his fist, and Danzig takes the hint. Miserable, Anton watches his dog run.

A LOW MOAN swells up behind him. Anton turns. The backyard is empty. Another MOAN . . .

Anton creeps slowly toward the sound.

MALE VOICE (OS)
(muffled)
Anton!

Anton stops short. The voice seems to be coming from his fresh grave. A moment's hesitation, and then he goes slowly to the grave's edge.

MALE VOICE (OS)
(muffled)
Anton, help me!

Anton gasps. Then he shakes his head.

ANTON
(to himself)
It's a trick.

MALE VOICE (OS)
Bro, come on, I can't breathe down here.

ANTON
Mick?

Anton cautiously leans onto the grave and puts his EAR to the ground . . .

ANTON
Mick?

MICK (OS)
Yeah, man. Get me outta here!

The voice is undeniably coming from under the ground. Anton jerks his head away and shoots back.

ANTON
(spooked)
You're dead.

MICK (OS)

No, I'm not. You conked me on the head pretty good. I must've been unconscious.

Anton wavers uncertainly, but keeps his distance.

ANTON

You think?

MICK

I know, fucker. Dig me up!

ANTON

You're not a flesh-eating zombie, come back to extract revenge?

MICK

Dammit, Anton!

ANTON

I'm pretty sure you're going to kill me.

MICK

If I don't get a bong hit soon, I'll consider it.

The dirt on top of the grave begins to shake.

ANTON

Stop it! You stay where you are, Mick! You hear me?

The ground starts to rise, cracking open slightly. Anton glances around wildly.

ANTON

Danzig! Danzig, come back, boy!

But the dog is long gone. Anton is breathing hard, scared shitless.

ANTON

Mick! If you were ever my bud, you won't do this.

A chilling MOAN rumbles from the ground as the crack widens.

Anton looks around in a panic for something, anything --

the SHOVEL! It's on the other side of the opening grave. Anton crawls toward it on his hands and knees.

Taking his eyes off the grave for a split-second, he lunges for the shovel. Just as his fingers are about to close around the handle, the shovel is WHISKED AWAY.

Anton spins around.

MICK'S DIRTY, DECOMPOSING BODY is HALF OUT OF THE GRAVE, broken beer bottle still embedded in his forehead.

Anton falls backward. Mick LOOMS ABOVE HIM, brandishing the shovel. Anton can barely whisper:

ANTON
Please don't kill me.

Mick RAISES THE SHOVEL. Anton's eyes widen in terror and --

MICK
Don't be stupid. Why would I want
to kill you?

Mick uses the shovel to dig his body the rest of the way out of the dirt. Glimpses of Jimmy and Pnub's bodies are visible in the grave.

ANTON
(relaxing a little)
Okay, good. Wow, I'm really glad
you're alive, Mick.

Anton slings an arm affectionately over his buddy's shoulder -- and abruptly double-takes on the dried blood caked around the bottle embedded in Mick's forehead. Mick is an unearthly shade of pale to boot.

MICK
(off Anton's frown)
What?

ANTON
Just a sec.

Anton grabs the beer bottle and YANKS, tearing the broken glass from Mick's skull. A large CHUNK of MICK'S FLESH comes away with it, exposing bone, but not a single drop of blood. Mick doesn't flinch.

ANTON
(backing away)
You weren't just unconscious. You're
dead!

MICK
Well, undead.

ANTON
You lied to me!

MICK
Hey, you killed me! Try to keep this in perspective. Now chill and listen to me. I'm supposed to give you a message from Satan.

ANTON
Right. Look, there's only so much a guy can accept in one day, alright?

MICK
He said your body count's too low and you're slacking off. He wants you to slaughter a few hundred people tonight.

ANTON
Sure, Mick, like I'm gonna believe that. Yeah, uh-huh, "the devil made me do it." What, was I possessed?

Anton laughs derisively. Then, suddenly--

ANTON
(realizing)
Actually, you know what? That makes sense!

(freaking)
Jesus Christ!!! Satan???

MICK
Heavy, huh?

ANTON
Are you sure? I mean, the actual Devil?

MICK
Yeah. So I'm supposed to scare the shit out of you now.

ANTON
(to himself)
This is crazy. Crazy! You gotta get a grip here, Anton.

(to Mick)
Did Satan happen to mention how I could get him to leave me alone?

MICK
No. Now listen, I'm supp--

ANTON
(deep in thought)
I need an exorcist. A priest.

LOUD MUSIC starts pounding from the neighbors' place, snagging Anton's attention. The music is distinctly '80s metal. It's distinctly Iron Maiden.

ANTON
That's it!

He heads for the fence separating his yard from the neighbors'.

MICK
(frustrated)
Anton!

But Anton hops the fence and disappears. Mick takes a couple steps toward the fence, but stops.

MICK
Oh, fuck it.

Mick turns back to the grave and gingerly nudges Pnub's body with his toe.

EXT. METAL HOUSE BACKYARD - SAME

Anton frantically pounds on the back door.

ANTON
(yanking the door open)
Devon? Joe?

INT. METAL HOUSE - SAME

Anton rushes in. The music is louder here -- Maiden's "666."

ANTON
(yelling)
Curtis? Anyone home?

The living room walls are plastered floor to ceiling with metal band posters: Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden, Blue Oyster Cult, Ronnie James Dio, Motley Crue. A huge cloth Union Jack covers the picture windows, obscuring the daylight.

Two dirtheads in their late 20s, CURTIS and JOE, are passed out on the couch.

ANTON
Guys! Wake up!

He tries desperately to shake Joe into consciousness.

JOE
Fuck off.

Joe turns over. Anton shakes Curtis.

ANTON
Come on, wake up! I really need your help.

Curtis doesn't budge. Anton races for the stairs.

ANTON
(yelling)
Devon! Where ya at?

The MUSIC IS EVEN LOUDER by the front door, coming from the front yard. Anton opens the door.

EXT. METAL HOUSE FRONT YARD - SAME

Anton trips over the source of the heavy metal: a boombox, next to a blue Chevy Nova in the driveway.

He goes sprawling, coming face-to-face with a PAIR OF LEGS poking out from under the MOTHER OF ALL TRUCKS.

Anton tugs on the pantleg in a frenzy.

ANTON
Dev! I need your help.

DEVON rolls out from under the truck, lying on his back on a creeper -- one of those boards with wheels. About 28, with scraggly hair down to his shoulders, a thin mustache, and a black mesh half-shirt, Devon is pure rocker.

DEVON
'Sup, Anton? Check out the Ford, man. New shocks and springs.

ANTON
Listen, you've got to help me.

DEVON
Chill, it's okay. I'll buy you beer.

ANTON

(shaking his head frantically)
I'm being possessed. Tell me everything
you know about the Devil.

DEVON

Why would I know anything about the
Devil?

Anton points to the boombox.

BOOMBOX

Six, six, six, the number of the
beast . . .

ANTON

You listen to this shit all the time.
You must have picked up some info on
the guy.

DEVON

Are you out of your fucking mind?
It's just music. Like Mozart and
that other fag --

ANTON

Beethoven?

DEVON

That's the guy. It's just like their
music, only louder. Fucking people
are always trying to read into it,
saying metal controls our minds with
backward messages and shit. I wasted
a whole year trying to hear a back-
ward message on that Judas Priest
album and all I got was a scratched-up
fucking record.

ANTON

I'm telling you, Satan is real and
he's lurking me. If you won't help
me, can I at least borrow your truck?

DEVON

You are out of your mind. You know
no one touches the Ford. I'll take
you for a spin, though, test out my
new shocks.

ANTON

(nodding)

You know where Retirement Haven is?

EXT. BOLAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Debi's motor home monopolizes several spaces in front of Bolan Police Headquarters. Beside it, Ruck and McMacy pull a HANDCUFFED GUY out of their squad car.

GUY

Hey, I'll give you guys fifty bucks if you let me go.

The two cops look at each other.

RUCK

Each?

The guy nods. Ruck and McMacy make sure the coast is clear and uncuff him.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - SAME

Sniffling and looking bereft in head-to-toe black, Debi is seated at a desk in the bustling office. Across the room, a junior officer points her out to CAPTAIN TIDWELL.

Captain Tidwell strides over, offering his hand to Debi.

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

I'm Captain Tidwell. I understand you're Ingrid Renan's sister?

Debi dabs at her eyes with a Kleenex and smiles up at him through her tears.

DEBI

Yes. Lisa Renan.

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

My condolences, Miss Renan. Terrible, terrible.

DEBI

Thank you for seeing me, sir. I have to know if there's been any news at all.

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

My force is doing everything in our power.

DEBI

Please understand, it's just so hard to sit at home not knowing who or why. If you could just tell me you have a suspect, my family could rest easier.

Captain Tidwell sighs and ushers Debi into an office. He closes the door.

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

As the entire town is aware, the killer hasn't left a single clue. I'll be straight with you -- now that the killing seems to have stopped, we have little to go on.

DEBI

Stopped?

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

Not a single body has been found in the past several days. Happens all the time. These nuts quit as suddenly as they began. The harsh truth is, it's likely we'll never discover his identity.

DEBI

(dropping her bereaved act)

Fuck.

INT. MOBILE HOME - A MOMENT LATER

Debi sits at the kitchen table.

DEBI

Missed him again, Hot Train.

Hot Train eyes her in silence.

Pushing aside a newspaper article with victim Ingrid Renan's name circled, she prints "Unknown Bolan Killer" on a fresh file folder.

Dejectedly, she begins taking Bolan-related articles down from the wall.

EXT CITY STREET - SAME

Devon and Anton drive past a Burger King, where a pack of MOURNERS gather around a shrine of candles obstructing the drive-thru.

A line of cars trying to use the drive-thru HONK as the Manager pleads with the mourners to clear the way. They don't budge.

EXT. RETIREMENT HAVEN - A MOMENT LATER

Anton hops out of Devon's truck and Devon peels out.

EXT. RETIREMENT HAVEN - A MOMENT LATER

Anton walks down a long hallway peppered with OLD PEOPLE. As Anton passes him, a particularly ancient GENTLEMAN slips from his wheelchair and falls to the floor, DEAD.

Anton immediately looks at his own hands as an ORDERLY rushes over to check the guy for any signs of life.

ANTON
(seriously distressed)
I didn't even touch him, I swear!

The orderly gives Anton an odd look and Anton hurries down the hall.

INT. GRAMS' ROOM - SAME

GRAMS is knitting in an overstuffed easy chair as Anton appears in the open doorway. He knocks on the door frame.

GRAMS
Anton! How nice of you to visit!

ANTON
How's it going, Grams?

GRAMS
Come in. Sit, sit.

Anton pulls up a chair.

GRAMS
Look how you've grown! You're getting to be such a handsome young buck. How are your parents?

ANTON
That's kinda what I want to talk to you about . . .

A badly-wrinkled OLD MAN moseys in and sits on the arm of Grams' chair. He puts his hand on her knee.

GRAMS
Anton, I'd like you to meet my boyfriend, Leon.

ANTON

I was hoping we could speak in private.

LEON

Let me tell you something, sonny. If I had a horse, I'd buy it oats and fuck it.

ANTON

Is that right?

GRAMS

You can speak freely in front of Leon, dear. He's a few sandwiches short of a picnic.

ANTON

Pickin's are pretty slim here, huh, Grams?

Grams sighs and nods.

ANTON

Grams, I really need your help. I know you believe in superstitions and all that dark magic stuff.

GRAMS

Ran my own cult for 35 years.

ANTON

Yeah, so I figured you'd understand. See, I . . . I . . .

GRAMS

Spit it out, dear.

ANTON

The Devil is using me as an instrument of death.

LEON

Boy's a killer, Reba.

GRAMS

Hush, Leon. Anton, I'm really not surprised.

ANTON

You're not?

GRAMS

The way your parents raised you, letting you sit around on your duff all day watching TV, it makes perfect sense. Did you learn one single constructive thing today in school?

ANTON

It's Sunday, Grams.

GRAMS

(shaking her head)
It's the old Idle Hands clause. Satan is taking his due.

ANTON

What?

GRAMS

Idle hands are the Devil's playground, Anton. I don't blame you, of course.

ANTON

(frowning)
Thanks.

GRAMS

It's your parents' fault. You've always been a very lazy boy and they've done nothing to correct it.

LEON

I've always said this younger generation is lazy. You need to learn discipline and self-control. Whoops, soiled myself again.

Leon hops out of the room.

GRAMS

Hand me the phone, Anton. We'll get your parents over here and put an end to this.

ANTON

(very quietly, pained)
Grams, I killed Mom and Dad.

GRAMS

Oh, dear.

ANTON

And my friends and-- Oh, no!
Grams, what if I . . . What if the
Devil makes me kill you, too?

Anton staggers backward with huge, scared eyes.

ANTON

I better go.

GRAMS

It's okay, Anton, I have an idea that
just might save you. Come here.

Anton approaches her reluctantly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The TV is on and Anton is kicked back in his usual spot on
the couch, happy as a clam.

ANTON

(to the TV)

You tell 'em, Mr. Furley!

PAN DOWN to reveal Anton's hands busily KNITTING. About 30
feet of green scarf stretch across the floor.

ANTON

(laughing at the TV)

And to think, it's all just a big
misunderstanding.

Suddenly, the front door flies open. In walk the decomposing
bodies of Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy, their death wounds gaping.
Jimmy holds his head in one hand and his heart -- still
attached to his innards by a vein -- in the other.

ANTON

(leaping to his feet)

Stay back!

MICK

Relax. We're not here to kill you.

ANTON

Are you bringing another message from
Satan?

PNUB

No, we just need a place to kick it.

The three corpses plop down on Anton's couch.

MICK

Turns out we didn't make the cut.
Heaven or Hell. We're fully border-
line.

PNUB

So now we're in limbo until we avenge
our deaths.

ANTON

(backing up against the TV)
I knew it! You guys are gonna smite
me!

MICK

Dammit, Anton, calm down. We like
limbo. It's cool, we get to just hang
out. No school, no jobs, nothing's
expected of us.

JIMMY'S HEAD

Anton, you're blocking the TV. Jack's
about to accuse Janet of being a dyke.

Jimmy holds his head out to the side to can see around Anton.

ANTON

You're lying. You guys came from hell.
Why else would you bring a message from
Satan?

MICK

He knew we were coming back to Earth,
so he stops me on the way and asks me
to do him a favor. What am I gonna
say? No?

PNUB

Yeah, why would we go to Hell? We're
not evil. I mean, it's not like we're
good or anything, but at least we don't
go around killing people.

ANTON

Hey, fuck you, I didn't kill anyone
on purpose.

MICK

So you knit now?

Anton looks down at the knitting needles in his hands. They're idle. He immediately starts knitting again.

ANTON

Yeah, my grandmother broke it down for me. Idle hands are the Devil's playground. I have to keep my hands busy.

MICK

Anton, I don't think that saying is meant literally. It's more, you know . . .

PNUB

Metaphorical.

MICK

Right.

ANTON

(shaking his head)

My hands are the only things I have trouble controlling. The rest of me responds to my brain just fine. The knitting keeps my hands occupied while freeing my mind up for other stuff.

Anton squeezes onto the couch with the guys and starts watching TV, knitting away. Mick fishes the bong out from under the couch and lights up.

EXT. ANTON'S HOUSE -- SAME

A cop car pulls up. Ruck and McMacy hop out and sneak around the side of the house.

RUCK

Let's see what our boy's up to.

They peek in a window and GASP as they see Anton knitting next to three motionless, open-mouthed corpses. Jimmy's head rests on his lap.

Ruck and McMacy duck down.

RUCK

Holy shit! Anton's the killer!

McMACY

(standing)

We better call for back-up.

RUCK
 (pulling McMacy back down)
 Hold on a sec. If we bring him in
 ourselves, we'll be heros.

McMACY
 Yeah! But can we do that? I mean,
 we can't break in there without a
 warrant.

RUCK
 Piss on the Bill of Rights! We've
 got just cause! There are three dead
 kids in there, one of 'em missing a
 head. Nobody's gonna fault us for
 bringing that sicko to justice.

McMACY
 Okay, let's do it.

RUCK
 One more thing. That's kid is obviously
 a Grade-A psychc. Don't feel compelled
 to bring him in alive.

McMACY
 I never do.

The cops draw their guns and creep toward the front door.

INT. ANTON'S LIVINGROOM -- SAME

The four kids sit glassy-eyed on the couch, staring through a
 haze of pot smoke at the TV as . . . Ruck and McMacy kick the
 door in, guns pointed at Anton's head.

RUCK
 Freeze!

Anton jumps up. The other three don't even twitch. Anton
 looks at the cops and then glances wildly around the room in
 a trapped panic.

ANTON
 Guys! What's should I do?

PNUB
 (turning)
 I think--

McMACY
 (shooting Pnub in the head)
 Aaahhhh!

PNUB

(rubbing his new bullet wound)
I was gonna say I think you should
do what the officers tell you, but
I changed my mind.

MICK

Really, man. Just kill 'em.

McMACY

(bewildered)
They're alive!

RUCK

They are not. You just shot one in
the head. And that one's head isn't
even attached. They're obviously
zombies or something.

ANTON

(to the boys)
Look, I don't want to kill anybody.
Well, anybody else, at least.

JIMMY'S HEAD

You don't want to go to jail, though.

ANTON

Jail! That's it! I'll give myself
up and they'll put me in a rubber room
where I can't hurt anyone!
(to the cops)
Here, cuff me.

Anton holds his hands out in front of him, continuing to
knit. Ruck holsters his gun and pulls out his handcuffs.
McMacy keeps his gun trained on Anton.

RUCK

Okay, now drop the knitting needles.

ANTON

Believe me, that's not a good idea.
Just cuff me already.

But as Ruck reaches out to slap the cuffs on, Anton **SPEARS**
Ruck's hand with one knitting needle and **THRUSTS** the other
needle through the underside of Ruck's jaw, up into his
brain.

Lightening-quick, Anton spins Ruck's body around, using it as
a shield, as McMacy **FIRES** his first shot.

As bullets spray the dead cop's chest, Anton pulls Ruck's gun from its holster and SHOOTs McMacy right between the eyes.

Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy applaud. Anton drops Ruck's body

ANTON
(distressed)
Stop that! It wasn't me! I had no control over my hands. The fucking knitting didn't help at all.

MICK
See? I told you that saying was metaphorical.

ANTON
Oh, shit!!!

He points the gun at the cop corpses in a panic. The dead boys look at him, puzzled.

ANTON
Ruck and McMacy are gonna try to avenge their deaths now! Stand back!

PNUB
Their asses went straight to Hell, Anton. Heaven frowns on dirty cops.

MICK
Didn't you see those little black demons whisk their souls away?

Anton shakes his head.

MICK
(to Pnub and Jimmy)
Maybe you gotta be dead to see that.

As Pnub and Jimmy agree, Anton throws the gun down and stares at his hands, distraught.

ANTON
What the fuck am I going to do?
Satan obviously isn't going to let me turn myself in.
(a beat, then--)
I know!

He marches into the kitchen. The guys haul themselves off the couch and follow him.

INT. KITCHEN -- SAME

Anton grabs the still-bloody knife and pulls out the cutting board. He lays his right hand on the cutting board and RAISES THE KNIFE with his left.

MICK

Oh, no way!

ANTON

It's the only thing I can think of.

JIMMY'S HEAD

I can't watch!

Jimmy turns his head to face his own gaping chest.

Anton grits his teeth, raises the knife high in the air, and SWINGS it down. The knife STOPS in mid-air, less than an inch above his right wrist.

PNUB

(relieved)

I knew you wouldn't do it.

ANTON

(struggling to push
the knife down)

It's not me. Satan's trying to stop
me.

Anton shuts his eyes and concentrates, trying with all his might to force the knife down, but it WON'T BUDGE.

Finally, he jumps into the air, using the entire weight of his body to press down on the back of the knife, forcing it THROUGH HIS WRIST and bringing it to a satisfying THWACK against the cutting board.

Anton SCREAMS like a man who just cut his own hand off. He lifts his right arm . . .

Not only is blood spewing out fast and thick, but his hand is still PARTIALLY ATTACHED to his wrist. It DANGLES by a thread.

MICK

Oh, sick.

Anton, grimacing in incredible agony, grabs his right hand and JERKS IT OFF.

He SCREAMS even louder this time. He grips his bloody stump and falls to the floor in pain.

PNUB

That looks bad. You should really put something on it.

Mick grabs a small kitchen towel, wraps it around Anton's stump, and secures it with a rubberband.

MICK

That'll stop the bleeding, but how the hell are you planning to cut off your other hand??

Anton frowns. Holding the knife in his left hand, he makes a few backwards slashing attempts, but doesn't even come close to reaching his left wrist.

He tries to position the knife above his wrist with his right arm, but he can't push it through. He turns to the guys.

ANTON

Mick, be a bud and cut off my hand?

MICK

(shaking his head)
Too gross.

ANTON

Pnub?

Pnub shakes his head too.

ANTON

C'mon, Jimmy. Please?

Jimmy's head dry-heaves.

ANTON

Fine. Fuck you guys then.

Leaning over, Anton lays his left hand on the floor, nudges the knife up onto his wrist, and tries to push it through with his FOOT -- but the blade just keeps falling sideways.

He doggedly goes back to the cutting board. He grips the knife in his TEETH and bobs his head up and down over his arm, but can only make pathetic little scratches.

MICK

(gently)
I really don't think self-mutilation's the answer here, Anton. I mean, you're dealing with Satan -- no matter what you do, he'll find a way to fuck with you.

Anton suddenly spits the knife out and clutches his towel-wrapped stump, wincing hard.

PNUB

You okay?

ANTON

(in agony)

The pain's really starting to kick in.

He holds his arm tight against his chest, squeezing his eyes shut and breathing hard as . . .

the tip of a shiny, double-edged BLADE pokes through the bloody towel, EXTENDING from Anton's wrist. Anton SCREAMS, but he doesn't see the blade growing wickedly upward, heading for the soft underside of his chin.

The guys GASP.

MICK

Anton, look out!

Anton's eyes spring open as Mick grabs his arm, pulling the blade's tip away. As Anton stares in horror, the knife continues to GROW straight out of his stump. When it reaches a foot long, it stops and glints evilly.

ANTON

Jesus.

MICK

I knew you couldn't outsmart Satan.

JIMMY'S HEAD

At least you can cut your other hand off now.

They all look at Jimmy.

JIMMY'S HEAD

If you still want to, I mean.

PNUB

Look at that fucking thing. It's gonna get infected for sure.

MICK

Anton, you got any antiseptic?

ANTON

(in shock)

I don't know.

MICK

Don't worry, I've got a first-aid kit at my house. We'll just hop over and grab it.

PNUB

You wait here, Anton. Try not to move, or you'll lose more blood. We'll be right back to fix you up.

ANTON

(dazed)

Okay.

The guys take off and Anton is left alone in the kitchen. He starts to bury his face in his hands, but thinks the better of it and buries his face in just his left hand.

On the floor below the cutting board, Anton's DISMEMBERED HAND lies in a pool of blood. Suddenly, a FINGER TWITCHES.

Anton's face is still hidden as his right hand starts INCHING slowly toward him . . .

Undetected, the hand crawls up his pantleg and onto his shirt, but when the hand brushes against the bare skin at the base of Anton's neck, Anton looks down.

Before Anton can react, the hand has him by the throat. He falls back against the floor, struggling for breath and pulling at the hand with his left hand.

He can't budge the hand. It SQUEEZES TIGHTER. Anton's face goes pale as he tries to wheeze. The hand's knuckles turn white, squeezing hard.

Anton works his blade-appendage between the hand and his throat. Cutting his neck badly in the process, Anton manages to pry the hand loose.

With one hard jerk, he sends the hand flying. It smacks against the fridge and falls to the floor, MOTIONLESS.

From out of nowhere, CHILLINGLY SINISTER LAUGHTER erupts.

As Anton glances around the room in a panic, searching for the source of the laughter, the hand SPRINGS back up and flies at him as a FIST. It PUNCHES Anton in the jaw.

He reels back, punch-drunk, too dazed to resist as the hand grabs Anton's left wrist and sets it on the cutting board. The evil hand seizes the knife Anton used earlier and RAISES IT above Anton's left wrist as . . .

the DOORBELL RINGS.

Anton snaps out of his daze and pulls his left arm away just as the evil hand THWACKS the knife against the cutting board.

The doorbell rings again.

MOLLY (OS)
(calling)
Anton?

ANTON
Shit!

He goes to look at his watch, but it's still wrapped around the severed wrist -- FLYING through the air, knife pointed at Anton's face.

Anton blocks it with his own blade. As they SWORDFIGHT . . .

MOLLY (OS)
Anton! Are you home?

VOICE FROM NOWHERE
(sinister whisper)
Molly, isn't it, Anton?

Anton's eyes widen in fear.

ANTON
Don't hurt her! I'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt her!

VOICE FROM NOWHERE
(sinister whisper)
I'm not going to hurt her.

Anton looks sick. He eyes his severed hand with new dread. The doorbell RINGS again.

ANTON
(yelling)
Molly, get the fuck out of here, you bitch!

The evil hand pushes its knife hard against Anton's blade, backing Anton up against the counter. Beyond it, Anton can see DOWN THE HALL into the entry way -- Molly's pressing her face against the frosted glass, trying to look inside.

MOLLY
Anton, quit being cute and let me in!

Anton struggles to shove the hand's knife back, but the hand is stronger. It forces Anton's own double-edged blade to press against his face. It BREAKS THE SKIN on his cheek and blood trickles down.

EXT. ANTON'S FRONT PORCH -- SAME

Molly's dressed in a nun's habit. A wooden cross sticks straight out from her chest and blood glistens around the fake wound.

MOLLY

Dammit, Anton, we're late! I'm coming in.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

The knife presses deeper into his face.

ANTON

No! Stay out, Molly, I mean it!

EXT. ANTON'S FRONT PORCH -- SAME

Molly tries the doorknob. The door swings open easily, having been kicked in earlier by the cops. She steps inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Molly steps over the two cop corpses with a puzzled look. STRANGE SOUNDS can be heard from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- SAME

Anton reaches to the side with his good hand and pulls a PAN out of the sink. He gives the evil hand a good WHACK, knocking the knife from its grasp.

While the hand is momentarily stunned, Anton grabs it and SHOVES it into a ceramic Cookie Monster COOKIE JAR.

Holding the cookie jar shut between his chest and right arm, he pulls rubberbands from a drawer and fastens the cookie jar lid on tight.

He sets the cookie jar back on the counter just as Molly enters. She takes in the bloody cutting board, bloody knife, bloody floor, and bloody Anton with a ANNOYED SIGH.

MOLLY

Look, you should've called. You needed more time to do your costume, fine, but I hate waiting. Let's go already.

ANTON

Molly, I'm the killer.

MOLLY

Uh-huh. Not real original, you know. Half the kids at the dance'll be dressed as the killer. That knife hand's kinda cool, though.

She reaches out to touch it. Anton backs away from her.

ANTON

I'm not kidding. You've got to get out of here.

MOLLY

What's up with those dead cops in your living room? They look pretty real. Are they part of your costume?

ANTON

Molly, listen to me! I--

He stops in surprise as his blade arm turns horizontally in front of him and RAISES itself into the air. As Anton stares at it, stunned, the blade PULLS him toward Molly.

He pulls back with his good hand, but it's no use. His feet slide across the floor as he struggles to stop himself.

ANTON

(coming at her uncontrollably)
Molly, run!

MOLLY

Save it for the costume judges. Can we go now?

As his blade reaches her throat, Anton shoves Molly back with his good hand, trying to keep her out of cutting range. Up against the back door, she rolls her eyes.

MOLLY

(unenthused)
Fine. Help, help. The killer's got me.

But the blade closes in on her despite Anton's efforts. It presses against her throat.

MOLLY
Anton, quit it! That hurts!

ANTON
(struggling)
I'm trying! I can't help it!

She tries to push him off her, but can't. He tries to hold the blade back, but can't.

ANTON
I'm sorry, Molly. There's nothing else I can do.

He leans in, kisses her, and PRESSES HIS OWN THROAT AGAINST THE BLADE.

ANTON
At least Satan won't win.

In one swift movement, he jerks his head sideways, SLITTING his own THROAT.

Everything goes BLACK.

INT. WINNEBAGO - EVENING

Debi pours Hot Train a dish of birdseed. The parrot hops wordlessly onto the edge of the dish and eats, flinging seed and shells everywhere.

DEBI
(disgruntled)
Not even a thank you?

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Debi steps out. The motor home is parked beneath the neon, coffee-cup shaped sign of THE HOTCAKE HOUSE. Debi slams the Winnebago door.

DEBI
Dumb bird.

She stalks into the diner as a blue Chevy Nova -- carrying Devon, Joe, and Curtis -- cruises into the lot, blasting Motley Crue's "Shout At the Devil."

INT. ANTON'S KITCHEN -- SAME

CLOSE ON Anton's slit throat as the gash miraculously seals itself shut. It doesn't look pretty, but it's obviously doing the job because Anton sits up, dazed.

ANTON'S POV: Everything's blurry. He can hear:

MOLLY
(shrieking in terror)
Anton! Anton, help!

But he can't see her. He shakes his head and focuses on jagged pieces. As his vision sharpens, the pieces become broken cookie jar shards on the floor.

Anton turns immediately to see his disembodied hand CHOKING Molly against the back door. Her screams fade; she BLACKS OUT and COLLAPSES onto the floor.

VOICE FROM NOWHERE
(sinister whisper)
I'll always win, Anton.

The spine-chilling laughter fills the room again as Anton hurls himself toward the unconscious Molly. He lifts his blade to SPEAR the hand, but stops abruptly.

On second thought, he uses his good hand to bend back the evil hands fingers one by one. He pries the hand loose and it turns on him, bitch-slapping Anton across the face.

Anton stumbles back. The hand flies at him again, but this time, Anton puts his knife-hand up to block it -- and the hand IMPALES ITSELF on Anton's blade.

Anton opens the MICROWAVE, flings the hand in, shuts the door, and turns it on HIGH.

The evil hand's skin bubbles and then bursts against the microwave door in a mess of seared flesh and blood.

ANTON
Gross.

INT. HOTCAKE HOUSE - SAME

Devon, Joe, and Curtis lift their overloaded food trays from the buffet line and look around the crowded Hotcake House. Every table is occupied.

Debi is sitting alone in a booth, barely picking at a pizza-sized pancake. Devon gives her his best puppy-dog eyes.

DEVON :
Excuse me, ma'am? Do you mind if
my friends and I share this booth
with you?

DEBI
(not looking up)
Ha!

Devon, Curtis, and Joe look at each other and shrug. They slide into Debi's booth and begin devouring their food, talking with their mouths full.

CURTIS
(to Debi)
Hey, you got the pizza-sized pancake
too.

Debi doesn't look up.

DEVON
Do you live around here?

CURTIS
No, I live over --

DEVON
Not you, dick, her.

DEBI
(looking up)
You want to know where I live?

Devon nods and then adds:

DEVON
Not like we're loony or anything.
We won't stalk you.

DEBI
I have no home. I don't get to have
a home.

JOE
You need a place to crash?

DEBI
Let me ask you something. How did you
guys spend your day today?

JOE

Hungover.

CURTIS

And Dev spent hours laying on his back
in the driveway.

DEVON

(nodding)

New shocks.

DEBI

I've never had a driveway. I've never
even had a hangover.

The guys look at her with pity.

DEBI

You know how I spend my days? I
drive around the country looking
for the Devil.

CURTIS

What are you, some kind of freak?
You've really never been hungover?

Devon kicks Curtis under the table, but Debi ignores them.

DEBI

That's right, Satan himself. Oh, I
know what you're thinking. Why would
a clever, yet attractive, young woman
waste her life away searching for
Satan? Because I have to. It's my
freaking destiny.

Devon, Curtis, and Joe have no response to that.

DEBI

That's right. I'm not a religious
zealot or a cultist. Evil doesn't
even bother me all that much. I just
have absolutely no say in my own life.
And here's the kicker.

(they stare blankly at her)

I actually have the one thing that
can rid this world of Satan forever
-- on an ancient scroll passed down
through generations of LeCure women
-- a holy incantation that will
banish the Prince of Darkness to hell.

Devon, Curtis, and Joe shovel food into their mouths.

DEBI

I know what you're thinking. Of course there's a catch. In order to send the Devil packing, I have to read the incantation to his face.

JOE

(pointing at her pancake)
You gonna eat that?

DEBI

Help yourself. But reading it to his face is virtually impossible, you understand. Satan almost never appears on earth himself. He uses humans -- the weak-minded and slothful -- to do his dirty work.

DEVON

(to be polite)
Why is that, anyway? Why doesn't he do it himself?

DEBI

Are you kidding? Do you have any idea how hot it is in Hell?

The guys shrug.

DEBI

Even the hottest places in the world must be thousands of degrees below what Satan's used to. The Devil can't hack the cold long enough to do much evil himself.

JOE

(skeptical)
He gets too cold??

DEVON

Duh, Joe. Why do you think there's no crime in Antarctica?
(to Debi)
So. How does one go about tracking Satan?

DEBI

I'll tell you.

She waits for them to egg her on. They don't.

DEBI

I read the papers and watch the news. When I hear about a deranged serial killer on the loose, odds are Satan's involved. I head to that town in hopes of finding the Devil before he moves on to the next schmuck.

DEVON

Weird. Satan's like the topic of the day or something. Earlier today, Anton told me Satan was possessing him.

Eyes wide, Debi reaches across the table and grabs Devon by his Black Sabbath concert T-shirt.

DEBI

Don't screw with me, mister.

Devon pulls his shirt from Debi's grip.

DEVON

Ease up there, kitten. I'm telling you the truth. He was pretty freaked.

DEBI

Tell me where he lives. Now!!!

INT. ANTON'S KITCHEN -- SAME

Anton's checking Molly's pulse -- he finds it.

ANTON

Thank God!

VOICE FROM NOWHERE

(sinister whisper)

He had nothing to do with it.

Anton turns, looking around wildly for the source of the voice, but again he finds no one. He puts his good hand protectively on Molly.

ANTON

(to the room in general)

What do you want?

VOICE FROM NOWHERE

(sinister whisper)

Kill her.

ANTON

No!

He turns back to Molly in a panic.

75.

ANTON

Molly! Molly, wake up! You have to get out of here. Molly!

He slaps her face gently with his good hand. She doesn't stir.

As Anton slaps her harder, desperately, his knife-hand RISES at his side. Unnoticed, it positions itself above Anton's head, its vicious point AIMED at Molly's forehead.

Anton turns from Molly in despair -- and sees his reflection on the oven door: the blade PLUNGES toward Molly.

Anton CATCHES THE BLADE in his good hand, just inches from her face. Blood trickles from his fist, around the sharp metal and down his wrist, as he jerks himself away.

He kicks the back door OPEN and runs out.

EXT. HOTCAKE HOUSE PARKING LOT - SAME

Debi scrambles into the driver's seat clutching a hand-drawn MAP on a napkin.

DEBI

Hang on, Hot Train. We hit the jackpot!

She peels out. On the other side of the restaurant window, Devon, Curtis, and Joe shake their heads and continue eating.

EXT. BACKYARD -- SAME

Anton's good hand is trashed -- the palm is deeply sliced. Ignoring that, he grasps the blade again and PULLS with a vengeance, trying to yank the blade from his stump . . . No luck.

He peeks under the dishtowel -- his stump has FUSED SHUT around the base of the knife -- it's now part of his body. The wound is completely closed and the blood is gone, but it's hideous-looking. Anton jerks the dishtowel back into place.

ANTON

(yelling, enraged)
I will not do this anymore! I'm going back inside and calling an ambulance for Molly..

He glances around the dark back yard defiantly, waiting for a response. Getting none, he adds:

ANTON

Ya fuck.

As he stalks back toward the house, a sudden wind comes up, rustling the leaves on the ground and CHILLING Anton to the bone. He stops short.

SINISTER WHISPER BEHIND HIM

Oh, Anton . . .

Anton slowly turns -- to find no one. He turns back toward the door and finds himself face-to-chest with THE DEVIL.

Anton jumps. Satan looms over him, 8 feet high with horns, tail, and forked tongue, a deep blood-red. On closer inspection, his body is a sea of constantly moving blood, with small wormlike creatures swimming in it.

ANTON

(terrified)

Holy shit!!!

SATAN

You're going back in there alright -- to kill her.

(moving slowly in on Anton)

See, the way it works is, you're my bitch. You live to pleasure me.

Anton inches away, unable to run, eyes wide with fright.

SATAN

And tonight's a big night for you. If you can't get it together to kill one dumb chick, how are you going to slaughter several hundred of your peers?

ANTON

(barely squeaking it out)

Why me?

SATAN

You, Anton, are the result of a millennium of carefully planned DNA experimentation. You're the supreme sinner, built to butcher.

ANTON

(stunned)

Really?

SATAN

Don't be stupid. You're just a random choice. Now listen, you have the perfect set-up tonight.

ANTON

(whimpering)

You don't need me. You could do it yourself. Please, just let me have my life back.

Satan grabs Anton by the collar and LIFTS HIM OFF THE GROUND. He's face-to-face with the Devil and scared out of his mind.

SATAN

Get this through your head, boy. You have no life to get back. You're a murderer. You killed your parents and your friends. You have a knife for a hand, and you're right-handed.

(laughing)

You think you can have a normal life? Your only path lies with me now.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The Winnebago takes a corner at top speed.

The large vehicle leans precariously, racing on two wheels for an instant before righting itself with a thud. Debi doesn't slow down.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Molly comes to and gets up, looking extremely confused.

EXT. FRONT OF ANTON'S HOUSE -- SAME

Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy head down the sidewalk toward Anton's house carrying a first-aid kit, some frozen burritos, and Jimmy's head, respectively.

They see Molly step out of Anton's house, rubbing her temples. She crosses the street toward her own house.

PNUB

Think they did it?

MICK

Or he tried to kill her.

EXT. BACK YARD -- SAME

Anton looks down, cringing, as Satan continues to hold him off the ground and rant. Little flecks of Satan-spittle fly into Anton's face.

SATAN

I turned you into a killer piece by piece, Anton. You belong to me. Now get in there and kill that girl.

Anton musters his courage. He takes a deep breath, and then another, and then:

ANTON

(timid but determined)
I can't. I love her.

Satan throws Anton to the ground in disgust.

SATAN

You would never even have spoken to her if it wasn't for me. I got you laid. I made you kiss her. You think a ballsy move like that came from your own will?

ANTON

(in disbelief)
You wouldn't do anything good for me.

SATAN

Anton, I'm the Devil. I'm into lust. I take time out for a good fuck-show whenever I can.

ANTON

(aghast)
You watched???

Satan grins evilly and SHIVERS in the cold wind blowing across the yard.

ANTON

(getting to his feet)
You know what? Fuck you.

INT. WINNEBAGO CAB - SAME

Debi checks the map, catches sight of a street sign, and suddenly yanks the wheel. They fly into an intersection, against a red light. Traffic on all sides screeches to a halt. Debi keeps going.

Hot Train flaps his wings furiously, trying to maintain his balance amid the chaos of the cab.

INT. KITCHEN -- SAME

The dead boys arrive to find Anton gone.

MICK

He must be in the pissier. Fire those up, Pnub. I'm starved!

Pnub opens the microwave door and the HAND-- now nothing but a skeleton with a few chunks of cooked flesh clinging to the bones -- FLIES OUT at him.

The hand zooms past Pnub's head, crashes through a window, and DISAPPEARS into the night.

The boys look at each other. They don't know what to say. Mick shrugs.

Jimmy holds his head up to look at the blood and guts in the microwave.

JIMMY'S HEAD

Maybe we should clean it first,

PNUB

Yeah, and while we're at it, we'll just clean the whole fucking house. This isn't our mess.

He rips a paper towel from a roll and places it in the microwave. He sets the frozen burritos in on top of it and turns the microwave on.

EXT. BACK YARD -- SAME

Arms crossed over his chest, bored out of his mind, Satan taps his fingers on one arm as the WIND PICKS UP.

ANTON

(fuming)

. . . and, you big, red fuck, you're right, I don't have much of a life anymore. But I'll be damned if I'm gonna spend the rest of it killing people so you can get off.

SATAN

(shivering in the cold wind)
You're already damned.

ANTON

(throwing his hands up)
So what? Hell can't be worse than
this.

(realizing something)
And I've been resisting you. If you
were so all-powerful, I would've
killed Molly already. That's why
you showed up, isn't it?

Satan's eyes blaze with rage. He tries to uncross his arms,
but his JOINTS have STIFFENED in the cold.

Anton looks puzzled as Satan grimaces and forces one stiff
finger to POINT at the ground.

A RING OF FIRE springs up around the Devil. He moves his
arms and shoulders slowly as his JOINTS WARM and loosen up.
Suddenly, a strong wind blows the fire out.

SATAN

(annoyed, shivering again)
Look, I don't have time for this.
You don't want to be the predator?
Fine. Let's see how you like being
one of the prey.

Anton suddenly SCREAMS and clutches his knife-hand . . .
At the base of the knife, BLOOD seeps through the dishtowel
wrapped around his stump. Anton HOWLS in intense PAIN.

Satan's freezing, his TEETH CHATTERING in the cold, but he
can't leave before basking in Anton's agony.

SATAN

You're no longer under my protection,
Anton. How does it feel?

ANTON

(gritting his teeth)
It's worth it.

SATAN

(laughing)
You think you've stopped me? My plans
don't revolve around some piddly human.
Enjoy the massacre!

Satan vanishes. Anton books for the back door.

INT. KITCHEN -- SAME

His stump DRIPS BLOOD across the kitchen floor as Anton rushes in to find Molly gone.

ANTON
(yelling, panicked)
Molly??

He hears voices in the living room . . .

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Anton hurries in to find Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy kicking it on the couch, watching TV.

ANTON
Guys! Where's Molly??

MICK
She left. So did you guys do it?

Anton rushes to the door, frantic.

ANTON
(barely paying attention)
No. Well, yes, but not today--

He's interrupted by the DING of the microwave. He stops with his hand on the doorknob, eyes wide, turning toward the kitchen in horror.

PNUB
Hey, since you're up, would you grab those burritos out of the microwave?

ANTON
Don't tell me you let my hand out??!

The guys look at each other, slightly embarrassed. Mick lights the bong.

JIMMY'S HEAD
We brought you a first-aid kit.

ANTON
Where's my hand??

PNUB /
It broke a window and bolted. There wasn't anything we could do.

ANTON

Shit. Look, I have to find Molly. Now that I'm not the killer anymore, I--

MICK

You're not?

ANTON

Satan let me off the hook.

MICK

Well, alright then.
(offering Anton the bong)
Take a hit and relax.

ANTON

I can't. I mean, I really should check on Molly. Plus, Satan plans on offing a whole shitload of people tonight, and my hand is out there doing who knows what. Don't you think I should do something?

MICK

What for? It's not your problem anymore. Let the cops handle it.

Anton looks down at the two dead cops at his feet.

ANTON

Still, I feel kinda responsible.

PNUB

No one's blaming you, Anton. Come on, take a hit. Maybe we'll head over to the dance later.

ANTON

(gasping)
The dance! That's where Satan wanted me to go! He's gonna kill everyone at the dance tonight!

MICK

Calm down, Anton. There's nothing you can do. I say just kick back and forget about it.

ANTON

No. Not this time! I've spent my whole life--

MICK

Okay, okay. No speeches. Just go.

ANTON

Right.

He grabs a set of keys off the desk and leaves.

PNUB

Maybe we should go to the dance now.
You know, before Satan kills everyone.

JIMMY'S HEAD

Yeah. I bet you I win Best Costume.

Mick and Pnub narrow their eyes at Jimmy's gaping chest wound and severed head.

MICK

You can't go like that, Jimmy.

PNUB

We'll touch you up a bit.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Debi's motor home zips past the park, turning onto Anton's street.

INT. ANTON'S GARAGE - SAME

Anton plops down into the seat of his Dad's sportscar. He looks from the STICKSHIFT to his bloody blade hand. It's not gonna work.

ANTON

Fuck!

EXT. FRONT YARD - SAME

Anton races into the front yard and glances around. Through the chain-link fence, he sees DEVON'S TRUCK parked in the driveway next door.

Just beyond him, Debbie's Winnebago is hauling ass toward his house.

INT. WINNEBAGO - SAME

As Debi roars into Anton's DRIVEWAY, she sees Anton hopping the fence. She quickly flips her napkin-map over to reveal a crude sketch of Anton's head.

DEBI
 We've got him, Hot Train! Look out,
 Satan, we're right on your ass!

She scrambles from the cab to her living room and dives under the kitchen table, spinning the safe's combination locks.

EXT. METAL HOUSE DRIVEWAY - SAME

Devon's truck is unlocked. Anton yanks the door open and jumps in.

With Hot Train perched on her shoulder, Debi hurls herself out of the Winnebago. The ANCIENT SCROLL GLOWS in her hand as she races around the fence toward him.

IN THE TRUCK

No keys. Anton shoves the tip of his knife blade into the truck's ignition and gives it a quick twist. But . . .

The base of the blade ROTATES IN HIS STUMP instead of in the ignition. Anton YELPS and rips off the dishtowel -- now soaked through with blood.

No longer fused shut, his stump is the gory open wound it should be -- but with a knife shoved into it.

He wiggles the knife -- it's slightly LOOSE.

Holding it firmly with his good hand, Anton WINCES as he forces the kinife-tip to turn in the ignition.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Just as Debi rushes up the drive, yelling --

DEBI
 Anton? Anton, wait!

-- the truck ROARS to life.

IN THE TRUCK

Twisted Sister's "We're Not Gonna Take It" immediately blasts from the tape deck, obliterating the sound of Debi's yelling.

Anton throws the truck into reverse.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

BAM! The back of the truck SLAMS FULL-FORCE INTO DEBI.

The SCROLL GOES FLYING and Hot Train flaps his wings like crazy as Debi's shoulder drops out from under him.

Debi lands at the edge of the driveway.

IN THE TRUCK

Braking, Anton looks startled and confused. He checks his rearview mirror. Seeing nothing, he shrugs and continues backing out.

BAM!

One of the back tires goes up and over something.

BAM! The front tire follows suit.

Anton shakes his head and whips the truck onto the street, snapping off the cheesy '80s metal.

ANTON

Damn, Dev, your new shocks suck!

Devon's creeper rolls in the truck's bed as Anton roars away.

IN THE YARD

A few feet from Debi's lifeless form, the scroll is glowing softly, lodged in a flower bed. Using his beak, Hot Train PULLS the SCROLL FREE.

DOWN THE BLOCK

Just a few houses away, ANTON screeches to a STOP in front of Molly's house.

ACROSS THE STREET

A LITTLE BOY lovingly wraps his arms around Danzig's neck and looks pleadingly up at his MOTHER.

She nods and smiles, and the boy's face bursts into a huge grin as they lead Danzig into his new home. Danzig bounds in happily.

INT. ANTON'S KITCHEN - SAME

Mick PLUNGES a FORK, pronged-side up, into the top of Jimmy's pulpy neck. He takes Jimmy's head off the counter and SLAMS it down onto the fork, bringing head and neck together again.

Pnub pokes Jimmy's forehead. The head wobbles slightly.

PNUB
Still a little loose.

Mick finds a roll of duct tape in a drawer and wraps it around Jimmy's neck, TAPING his head on tight.

MICK
Lift your arms.

Jimmy holds his arms away from his chest. His heart falls out, dangling by an entrail. Pnub shoves Jimmy's innards back in as Mick DUCT TAPES him shut.

JIMMY
How do I look?

MICK
You'll probably still win Best
Costume. Come on.

EXT. ANTON'S FRONT YARD - SAME

The guys head out of Anton's house. Hot Train hops across the yard toward them, with the ANCIENT SCROLL clutched safely in his beak.

Mick's eyes light up. He points excitedly at the Winnebago in the driveway, motor still running.

MICK
No way! How convenient.

They walk right past Hot Train and the scroll, and open the Winnebago doors.

Hot Train flies up into a tree, and TEARS THE SCROLL TO SHREDS, lining his new nest with glowing bits.

HOT TRAIN
(singing)
It's like raaaaiiin on your wedding
day, it's a free ride, when you've
already paid . . .

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - SAME

Anton rings the doorbell repeatedly. Molly's FATHER opens the door.

MOLLY'S DAD

There's no trick-or-treating this year, son.

ANTON

I know. Is Molly here?

MOLLY'S DAD

Are you the little bastard who stood up my daughter?

ANTON

No, sir. I'm just a little late.

MOLLY'S DAD

That costume of yours is in very sick taste. Do you think these murders are some kind of joke?

The Winnebago, with Mick at the wheel, cruises past behind Anton.

ANTON

No, sir, I don't. Look, I really have to see Molly.

MOLLY'S DAD

She got sick of waiting for you and went to the dance alone, and I must say I think she made a wise choice.

But Anton's already racing toward the curb.

INT. WINNEBAGO - SAME

As Mick drives and Jimmy fiddles with the radio from the passenger seat, Pnub explores the living area.

He looks over the murder-oriented news clippings above the refrigerator and then opens the fridge. His eyes go wide.

PNUB

Beer!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - SAME

Lame Halloween decorations deck the walls. Costumed TEENAGERS mill about as a BAND PLAYS an horrible, pointless cover of Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone" on the stage and a few adult CHAPERONES lean against the walls.

Molly enters in her nun's outfit and her friend, TANYA, joins her at the punch table.

TANYA

Hey, Moll. Nice costume.
(touching the BLOODY CROSS
plunged into Molly's chest)
What are you, a vampire?

MOLLY

(still foggy)
No.

TANYA

So I thought you were bringing your new guy.

MOLLY

He never showed, the fuck. I fell asleep waiting for him and now I feel all gross and groggy.

TANYA

Ouch. Stood up.

Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy saunter up, doing their best to hide a few beers in their pockets.

MICK

Hey, girls.

TANYA

Wow, you guys look great! Who did your make-up?

MICK

My friend, Anton.

Mick raises his eyebrows suggestively at Molly. She glares. Tanya rubs her fingers along Mick's forehead wound.

MICK

Careful. There might still be some glass in there.

TANYA

Cool.

CUT TO:

Another part of the gym. A bored adult CHAPERONE stands guard at a doorway. He hears a NOISE and looks behind him, peering into the dark hallway.

A lightening-fast skeletal HAND JABS him through the eyes, boring into his brain. The chaperone's SCREAM is drowned out by the BAND's deafening song-ending climax.

BACK AT THE PUNCH TABLE:

JIMMY

This band sucks.

CUT TO:

An UNSEEN FORCE drags the dead chaperone into the dark hallway.

BACK AT THE PUNCH TABLE:

Jimmy turns from the band to see Tanya deeply french-kissing Mick's decomposing mouth.

JIMMY

Oh, that's disgusting.

PNUB

It's fucking illegal.

Pnub pries Mick away from Tanya.

PNUB

C'mon, man, you're dead. Think about it. It's gross.

Mick shrugs.

MOLLY

(sighing)

I'm going for a walk.

As she disappears through the door left unguarded by the now-dead chaperone . . .

Anton bursts into the gym, his stump bloodier than ever and mushy with DECOMPOSING FLESH around the knife.

ANTON
(yelling)
Stop the dance!

The band crashes to a halt and all eyes turn to Anton.

ANTON
I'm the killer!

A sea of Jasons, Freddie's, Mansons, and Nightstalkers stare at him for just a second before going back to their conversations. The band resumes playing.

Anton runs on-stage, grabbing the microphone from the singer. The band stops again.

ANTON
(into the mic)
I'm not fucking around!

CHAPERONE
Hey, watch your language.

ANTON
I'm not messing around. You're all in danger here. Go home! The devil's coming to kill you all!

The student body scoffs.

ANTON
Really! He already made me kill my parents, a couple of cops, and Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy!

The crowd turns collectively toward the punch table, where Jimmy is emptying a BEER into the punchbowl. Anton looks stunned to see them there as the three dead boys wave at the crowd.

MICK
It's true!

JIMMY
(hiding the beer bottle)
Yeah, he sliced me up real good.

The crowd laughs, dismissively turning away from Anton. Deflated, he hands the mic to the singer and mopes over to the punch table.

ANTON

Stupid idiots. They're all gonna die and there's nothing I can do about it.

MICK

Uh-huh.

JIMMY

At least they'll get to live it up before they're systematically slaughtered, thanks to me.

He slides another beer from his pocket and pops the cap off with the bottle-opener on his keychain. Anton stares at the KEYCHAIN as Jimmy pours the beer into the punch.

PNUB

You can't spike punch with beer, dipshit. Like the whole school is gonna get drunk because you added a beer or two to that bowl.

JIMMY

I'm not done.

Jimmy pops another beer open as Anton continues to focus on the keychain. Suddenly--

ANTON

That's it! I know how to defeat Satan!

JIMMY

With beer?

ANTON

No. Jimmy, I need to borrow your keys.

JIMMY

(handing them over)

Okay.

ANTON

Great.

(heading for the door,
turning back)

Hey, has anyone seen Molly?

MICK

She went for a walk.

ANTON

Shit! Look, could you guys find her and get her out of here? I don't want anything to happen to her.

MICK

No problem.

ANTON

Thanks. I'll be right back.

Jangling the keys, Anton bolts.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME

Molly stops at a water fountain, leaning over to drink, when she hears:

VOICE FROM NOWHERE

Molly.

MOLLY

(jerking up)

What?

Silence. Frowning, she wipes water droplets off her mouth and looks around. A little ways down the hall, a LIGHT FLICKS ON inside a classroom. The door is slightly ajar.

Molly slowly, cautiously approaches the classroom. A sign on the door reads "SHOP ROOM."

She steps in. The door SLAMS shut behind her.

MOLLY (OS)

(piercing scream)

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhh!

CUT TO

A large, red slab of MEAT hanging from a hook. Anton pushes a huge, metal MACHINE through the meat warehouse toward an open door.

EXT. MEAT-PACKING PLANT - SAME

Devon's truck is parked beside the building, below the sign: WARDEN MEATS. The warehouse door is open and Jimmy's keys dangle from the lock.

On the side of the meat-packing plant, a silver, industrial garage door slides up and open with a CLANG.

The massive machine -- with FREEZE-WHIZ 4000 painted on the side -- is balanced precariously on the little creeper from Devon's truck.

Steadying the Freeze-Whiz and pushing from behind, Anton grunts with effort.

As he rolls the machine toward the truck, a sudden wind comes up. Anton shivers in the breeze and . . .

HEARS a SCRAPING SOUND. He cocks his head and listens. Nothing. He peers over the top of the Freeze-Whiz. Nothing.

Then the sound comes again -- SCRAPE . . . SCRAPE . . . It's coming from behind him. He very, very slowly turns to look over his shoulder . . .

and sees nothing.

Grimly holding his knife-hand at the ready and keeping a sharp, suspicious look-out, he continues on toward the truck.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME

Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy creep cautiously down the dark hallway. They HEAR SOMETHING.

JIMMY

Did you hear something?

PNUB

Yeah. It sounded like flesh being ripped off.

MICK

We better check it out.

Mick starts forward, but Pnub and Jimmy hesitate.

MICK

Quit being pussies. It's not like we're gonna get killed again.

They move covertly down the hall and the FLESHY NOISES get LOUDER. They round a corner and see FIGURES lurching in the shadows.

Jimmy grabs one of the figures and pulls it into the light . . . it's a costumed TEENAGED GIRL, and Jimmy's holding onto her by the boobs.

GIRL
Let go, fucker.

Before Jimmy can react, the girl's BOYFRIEND steps out of the shadows and PUNCHES Jimmy in the face.

Jimmy's head FLIES OFF and rolls down the hall. His body just stands there with a fork sticking out of his neck.

The girl SCREAMS and runs away. Her boyfriend SCREAMS and runs after her.

The guys shrug, Jimmy retrieves his head, and they continue the search down the hallway, past the closed Shop door . . .

INT. SHOP ROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON: Molly's chest as the WOODEN CROSS is yanked out of her nun's habit by an unseen hand. We don't see her face; she doesn't resist.

CLOSE ON: A whirring, industrial-strength SANDING MACHINE. The blunt end of the cross is held to it by the same unseen hand and the powerful sander quickly files it into a SHARP POINT.

INT. GYM/DANCE - SAME

No one notices as each set of the gym's double doors, open to the parking lot, CLOSE SILENTLY, seemingly of their own accord.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME

Devon's truck is parked at a reckless angle in the lot. Anton wheels the Freeze-Whiz, on the creeper, up to the closed gymnasium doors.

The horrible band can be heard covering "The Eye of the Tiger" as Anton tugs on a door handle. The door won't budge.

Puzzled, he pushes the machine around a corner of the school and finds a single door -- UNLOCKED. Victorious, he wheels the Freeze-Whiz in.

INT. POOL ROOM - SAME

In the weird blue light of the deserted swimming pool, Anton goes to plug the Freeze-Whiz into a wall outlet, but before he gets there . . .

A quiet CREAK is barely audible from across the room. Anton whirls around to inspect the room -- a door is OPEN at the far end.

Anton frowns at it, hesitating -- was it open when he came in? But nothing moves. Even the water is still. Shrugging, he plugs in the Freeze-Whiz. It powers up with a LOUD ROAR.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The open door slams SHUT, but Anton can't hear it -- or anything else -- over the WHIR of the Freeze-Whiz.

UNIDENTIFIED POV:

Something's in the room with Anton. His back is turned, he's fiddling with the Freeze-Whiz's temperature dial, as it APPROACHES him stealthily. Whatever it is, it's practically breathing down Anton's neck when he TURNS . . .

Anton JUMPS, startled, and then looks relieved.

ANTON

Molly! God, I'm glad to see you!

Molly's standing in front of him, hands OUT OF SIGHT behind her back. She smiles.

ANTON

I want to apologize for, you know, earlier. Hey, guess what, though? I'm not the killer anymore, so you don't have to worry!

MOLLY

(still smiling)

I'm not worried.

ANTON

Good, 'cause you've gotta understand that I'm not really like that. I'm a nice guy.

As he rambles, we PAN DOWN behind Molly to reveal the SHARPENED CROSS clutched behind her back.

ANTON

Thanks for being so cool about this.
You have no idea what it's like to--

Molly brings the cross up over her head and PLUNGES it toward Anton's skull. He scrambles out of the way just in time.

ANTON

Jesus Christ. I guess you do know
what it's like!

He backs away as Molly advances.

ANTON

Molly, you don't know what you're
doing. I went through that stage
too. You've got to try and clear
your head.

Molly stabs at him again, but Anton blocks her cross with his blade hand, slightly CUTTING HER HAND in the process.

MOLLY

(screaming)

Owwwwwww!

She clutches her cut hand in pain.

ANTON

(going to her)

I'm sorry.

Molly BURIES the cross in Anton's shoulder. He howls as she pulls it out and stabs at him again. This time, he moves before the cross finds its mark.

ANTON

(backing up against the
high dive ladder)

Molly, listen to me. I've got a
plan to defeat Satan. Your part
is easy. All you have to do is not
kill me.

She's inching toward him, not listening. With his back pressed against the ladder, there's nowhere to go but up. Anton climbs up a step.

INT. GYM/DANCE - SAME

The girl and her boyfriend from the hall stand by the punch bowl, talking to Tanya.

BOYFRIEND

. . . and then his head came off! It looked so real.

TANYA

Have you guys noticed that all the chaperones have disappeared?

GIRL

They probably went to find a better party. This band sucks.

BOYFRIEND

Yeah, let's get outta here.

Tanya, the girl, and her boyfriend head for the exit, where a CROWD has gathered. They try the doors.

BOYFRIEND

(pulling harder)

Hey, this is fucking locked!

SOME GUY

Yeah, man. We just tried to leave too. It's no use.

GIRL

There's a door in the pool room that's always open. I think the lock's busted.

BOYFRIEND

Cool.

Pretty much all of the students head into the dark hallway. The band keeps playing.

INT. POOL ROOM - SAME

Molly and Anton are up on the HIGH DIVE. Molly LUNGES. Anton SLIPS, falling flat on his back. She looms over him, brandishing her cross as . . .

the HAND flies into the room with blood dripping from its skeletal fingers. It beelines straight for the Freeze-Whiz and SHUTS IT OFF.

Anton hears the machine sputter and go quiet. He turns his head to look and Molly STABS him in the shoulder again. Anton SCREAMS.

Mick, Pnub and Jimmy come into the pool room.

MICK
(pointing)
There's that hand!

JIMMY
(holding his head onto his
neck with both hands)
Hey, that's my Dad's Freeze-Whiz 4000!

ANTON
Guys! Guys!

The guys look around the room, confused. On the diving board, Molly stabs at Anton's chest. He blocks it with his blade -- but the impact LOOSENS the knife even more and Anton winces with pain as the knife's base WOBBLER in his stump.

He grabs Molly's wrist in his good hand and holds it still.

MICK
Anton?

ANTON
Up here!

They look up at the high dive.

ANTON
(grappling with Molly)
You guys have got to turn that Freeze-Whiz back on! It's the only way to beat Satan.

The guys eye the machine. The skeletal hand guards it like a pitbull.

MICK
Sure thing, buddy.

As the three guys march toward the hand, the horde of costumed students enter the pool room.

BOYFRIEND
That's the kid whose head I punched off!

The guys close in on the hand and Jimmy lets go of his head to lunge at it.

The hand smacks Jimmy's hands away, jostling his head. Jimmy's head flies off his neck and rolls close enough to CATCH THE HAND in his TEETH.

MICK

Yeah, fuck it up, Jimmy. Bite it again!

But as Jimmy opens up to bite again, the hand CRAWLS INSIDE HIS MOUTH and OUT the bottom where his throat should be. The hand grabs Jimmy's head by the hair and TOSSES it into the pool.

PNUB

Don't worry, man. I'll get you!
Mick, you cover the hand!

Pnub grabs a long pole with a net on the end to fish Jimmy's head out of the pool as Mick dives at the skeletal hand.

ON THE HIGH DIVE

Still on his back, Anton holds Molly's cross-jabbing wrist with his one good hand as she leans over him.

ANTON

Molly, I can't defend myself without hurting you! You have to clear your mind. If you resist, Satan'll show up and we can beat him!

He brings his pleading face up close to hers. She squirms, trying to wrench her wrist from his grasp.

ANTON

You can do it, Molly.

She snarls evilly at him.

ANTON

Please. For me.

He kisses her softly on the lips. Suddenly, her eyes fill with tears.

Anton lets go and watches, holding his breath as . . . Molly convulses, struggling with herself. Her hand, holding the cross, starts to move toward Anton, but Molly flights to hold it back.

Summoning all her strength, she forces her fingers to LET GO of the cross. It clatters onto the diving board and she collapses on top of Anton.

ANTON
(hugging her)
Yes! I knew you'd come through, Molly!

A split-second later, Satan appears on the high dive, blocking their way to the ladder.

SATAN
You big, fat, fucking idiot, Anton.

BELOW

The costumed students stare up at Satan in amazement and fear. Pnub continues trying to fish Jimmy's head out of the pool, but it keeps bobbing away. Mick has his hands full fighting the skeletal hand.

ON THE HIGH DIVE

Grimacing in pain, Anton uses his good hand to keep the base of his knife pressed into his stump, trying to stop it from wobbling around as he points it defensively at Satan.

SATAN
What's the big plan? You're gonna make me cold?

ANTON
(nervous but defiant)
That's right.

He starts to sit up, but Satan plants a massive foot on Anton's chest, forcing him to lie back down.

SATAN
Even if your stupid friends manage to turn that thing on, you think I'll be helpless?

BELOW

The girl tugs on her boyfriend's arm.

GIRL
Let's go.

The boyfriend nods and they start toward the door. The rest of the kids follow.

SATAN

You can't imagine the extent of my power. All I have to do is point my finger, and BAM! Fire!

Satan points his finger and BAM! A wall of fire appears at the door, blocking it from the girl and her boyfriend. They jump back and, in a panic, the whole crowd rushes for the door to the hallway.

Laughing, Satan points his finger again, and the hall door is consumed in fire.

SATAN

Nobody leaves!

ANTON

(holding Molly close)

We've already won. We resisted you.

SATAN

Yeah, congrats. Guess what you win, a brand-new fiery death! You two'll burn along with everyone else here tonight.

(to the crowd)

You can all thank Anton for your early demise.

(to Anton)

If you hadn't been so much fun to fuck with, I'd've moved on to some other town long ago.

Satan laughs as the entire student body glares at Anton.

GUY IN CROWD

Nice goin' Anton.

GIRL IN CROWD

Thanks a lot.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Mick forces the hand to the ground and STEPS ON IT. He grins as he hears each bony finger BREAK. He holds the bent, gnarled thing up with satisfaction and . . .

MICK

(turning the Freeze-Whiz on)

Anton, your gizmo's back on!

The Freeze-Whiz ROARS to life once again. On the high dive, Anton cranes his neck to see, giving Mick a quick thumbs-up.

ANTON

Yes!

(narrowing his eyes at Satan)

Now you're done for.

Satan rolls his eyes as the crowd CHEERS.

Pnub finally scoops Jimmy's head into the net, but as he turns with it, the end of the pole smacks into the Freeze-Whiz, KNOCKING the machine into a corner of the POOL.

SATAN

(laughing his ass off)

That's just perfect!

Anton sadly watches the Freeze-Whiz sink to the bottom of the pool . . .

. . . but he also notices something else: the water around the machine starts to FREEZE!

ANTON

(to Satan)

Laugh it up, Fucko!

He grabs Satan by the ankles and plants his foot firmly in the Devil's crotch. In one swift movement, he heaves Satan over himself and Molly, and OFF THE END OF THE DIVING BOARD.

The crowd CHEERS again, but Satan just LAUGHS as he plummets.

In the pool, ICE is SPREADING rapidly out from the Freeze-Whiz, heading toward the middle of the pool.

In mid-fall, Satan extends his TONGUE upward, WRAPPING IT around ANTON'S THROAT and YANKING HIM OVER THE EDGE TOO.

The crowd GASPS.

MOLLY

(screaming)

Anton!

Anton falls through the air, just seconds behind Satan. Facing up, Satan laughs -- as best he can with his tongue sticking out -- as Anton struggles, tugging at the tongue around his throat.

SPLASH! Satan hits the pool.

The water instantly FREEZES SOLID OVER HIM.

A split-second later, Anton SLAMS AGAINST THE HARD ICE with a bone-shattering smack. His knife, knocked completely out of his stump by the impact, goes spinning across the ice.

Anton doesn't move.

MICK

Oh, shit.

MOLLY

(scrambling down the ladder)

Anton! Oh my god, Anton!

JIMMY

Is he dead?

The crowd stares in silent horror as Mick, Pnub, and Jimmy slide across the ice toward their buddy . . .

but before they can reach Anton, the boys' bodies COLLAPSE. Three transparent SOULS RISE from the corpses.

MICK'S SOUL

(to Pnub)

Nice move, dickhead. I think you just avenged our deaths.

The three boys' spirits VANISH as Molly rushes frantically across the frozen pool. She frees Anton's throat from Satan's tongue and kisses him.

He doesn't move.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

COPS swarm the parking lot, questioning students. The door to the pool room is roped off with yellow crime scene tape.

Captain Tidwell surveys the scene, passing a young COP taking notes as the girl and her boyfriend relate last night's events . . .

BOYFRIEND

. . . and Satan just starts laughing.
So then my man says "Laugh it up,
Fucko" and he grabs Satan by the . . .

Captain Tidwell passes Anton's knife, bagged and tagged on a nearby table with bits of stump-gore clinging to it. He steps over the yellow tape and into the pool room.

INT. POOL ROOM - SAME

A bunch of COPS are hard at work. The Freeze-Whiz, now unplugged, still rests at the bottom of the pool, but the water is once again liquid. Satan is nowhere to be seen.

A SERGEANT looks up from dusting the Freeze-Whiz's plug for fingerprints.

SERGEANT

Sir, I can't find any prints of that skeletal hand everyone keeps talking about. Most of the prints belong to that kid, Anton.

CAPTAIN TIDWELL

(muttering to himself)

Skeletal hand, Satan . . .

(to Sergeant)

I want the contents of that punch bowl analyzed for LSD immediately. I have a pretty good idea what happened here.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Molly and a DOCTOR stand over Anton's bed. Anton's in a full body cast. His eyes are open but unmoving, STARING at a point beyond the Doctor.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Molly, but it doesn't look good. Your boyfriend sustained serious brain damage.

MOLLY

Can he hear me?

DOCTOR

Doubtful. And if he could, we'd never know. He's paralyzed from the forehead down

MOLLY

(touching Anton's forehead sadly)

I can't believe it.

DOCTOR

(putting a consoling arm around her)

We're doing all we can.

The Doctor ushers Molly from the room, revealing the point where Anton is staring: a TV hanging from the ceiling.

ANTON'S POV: F-Troop is on.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME

The Doctor leads Molly down the hall. An orderly wheels a cart of surgical tools past them.

MOLLY
Is there any chance he'll recover?

DOCTOR
(gently)
I wouldn't get my hopes up.

Seemingly without her knowledge, Molly's hand reaches out and pilfers an EXTREMELY SHARP SCALPEL from the cart. She holds it behind her back.

MOLLY
I appreciate you cutting to the truth, Doctor.

INT. ANTON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

A NURSE enters the room. She looks at F-Troop on the TV and then back at Anton. She waves a hand in front of Anton's face. He doesn't blink.

The Nurse shrugs and SNAPS OFF THE TV.

CLOSE ON Anton's horrified eyes.

ANTON (VO)
Fucking figures.

FADE OUT