

**MASTERS OF HORROR**

"Pelts"

by

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Based on the short story by

F. Paul Wilson

1

OVER DARKNESS:

1

We hear the HUSTLE AND BUSTLE of a group of people, the sounds of shuffling feet, voices in hushed conversation, one of them standing out over the crowd --

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Jesus fuckin' Christ -- I gotta puke --  
!

And as we listen to THAT PERSON GETTING SICK --

A police officer takes a picture.

A FLASHPOP rips us out from the darkness to REVEAL:

2

INT. GRIMY WAREHOUSE, LOBBY - NIGHT

2

We are inside a grimy warehouse lobby, a busy crime scene investigation under way, all of the CSIs buzzing around the hive of a rusty old FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

And even the most hardened of the HOMICIDE DETECTIVES are having trouble stomaching this one -- the man we heard earlier still getting sick in a corner of the lobby -- as FLASHPOPS continuously illuminate the CRIME SCENE in lightening flashes of GRISLY SNIPPETS:

A corpse -- it can't be a human corpse, can it? -- flayed open. Skinned. Down to the bone in some places.

Bloody tendons. Muscles. Ligaments. All void of skin.

Eyeballs bulging from a ravaged skull. The eyes of a monster. A human monster.

We take lingering looks at a woman's body.

ANGLE ON the woman's corpse.

She is half naked, wearing a fur coat that is almost off.

Every portion of the woman's sumptuous body now tarnished by smears of blood and cuts and bruises. So much bodily harm and blots of blood, it's hard to tell what ethnicity this woman was to begin with -- Caucasian, Hispanic, African, Asian...? We'll likely never know.

The woman's once beautiful lips now smashed open in some horrifically violent final struggle for life.

Some appendage -- is it her arm, her leg, her wrist, her knee...?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

-- is shorn of whatever body part should have been attached there. The appendage now merely a bloody stump, like a craggy ink-blotter made of flesh and bone.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER DARKNESS, A TITLE CARD:

**"PELTS"**

3 FADE IN ON: A DECREPIT PORCELAIN SINK

3

-- as blood flows down the drain in hypnotic swirls of crimson, a BURLY MAN washing the gore from his BLACK-GLOVED HANDS and BLACK RUBBER APRON as we REVEAL that we are inside:

4 INT. FELL FURS, FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

4

A down-and-dirty furrier shop. One might call Fell Furs fly-by-night, were it not for the fact that the place has clearly been in business for a very long time.

SUPERIMPOSED, A TITLE CARD:

**"ONE MONTH EARLIER"**

Rusty skinning tables, crusty meat hooks, and tarnished instruments for slicing, cutting, skinning, and sewing are scattered haphazardly throughout the cramped space.

The man washing his hands at the sink is JAKE FELDMAN (40s), whose pasty complexion and ample girth scream heart-attack-waiting-to-happen.

A small group of CHINESE FACTORY WORKERS is huddled around Jake, waiting nervously for his reaction --

The terse silence finally broken when he looks up and nods toward several wilted pelts of fur, decides:

JAKE

More dye.

The factory employees are discouraged -- they SNICKER in angry Chinese -- as Jake finishes taking off his gloves and apron, nods toward LOU CHINASKI (50s), his floor manager and resident enforcer.

Jake storms off in anger -- frustrated by his business' lowly state of affairs -- as Lou barks at the employees:

(CONTINUED)

LOU (O.S.)  
(to their employees)  
You heard the Boss -- back to work -- !

But as Jake continues past his office, heading for the building's exit, Lou calls after him --

LOU (CONT'D)  
(to his boss)  
What about that meeting -- ?

But Jake just shrugs -- he doesn't give a shit -- Lou worried about his boss' increasingly erratic behavior:

LOU (CONT'D)  
But it's important, Jake -- !

JAKE  
You deal with it -- I'm outta here -- !

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FELL FURS, ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (SAME)

Fell Furs' timeworn sign hangs over a battered door in an alleyway infested with piss and rats and needles and trash -- both human and otherwise.

The door SLAMS OPEN as Jake bursts from his factory, storms determinedly down the alleyway into the seedy embrace of night...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT (SAME)

Jake makes his way through the darker side of the urban jungle -- passes vagrants, pimps, hookers, junkies -- eventually makes his way to the entrance of a RAUNCHY LOOKING STRIP CLUB:

ANGLE: IN FRONT OF STRIP CLUB -- as Jake passes the BOUNCER, who nods in recognition:

BOUNCER  
Evening, Jake.

Jake nods back distractedly, heads down the stairwell that leads into the alluring womb of darkness below...

7 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 7

Jake snakes slowly through the strobing lights of the strip club, eardrums pounding with heavy metal *Goblin*-esque beats, a flesh-laden inferno riddled with earthly delights...

He pushes past the MAIN STAGE and its denizens of DANCING NAKED BODIES and LOWLY ADMIRERS, finally arrives at a CURTAINED-OFF AREA in the back of the room --

Is halted by a BEEFY BOUNCER.

Jake knows the routine, takes several bills from his wallet, shoves them into Beefy Bouncer's paw:

Beefy Bouncer takes his time counting the bills as Jake begins to fidget like a junky in need of a fix...

And after what seems like an eternity for Jake, Beefy Bouncer steps aside, nods toward the curtains:

BEEFY BOUNCER  
Shanna's in room twelve.

Jake nods, pushes ravenously past Beefy Bouncer into the dark mysteries hidden behind the curtain --

8 INT. STRIP CLUB, CURTAINED AREA - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 8

Jake makes his way down a long dark hallway of closed and numbered doors -- the mood cold and dreadful...

The corridor echoes with the sound of MYRIAD SEXUAL FANTASIES being performed behind the locked doors of these private numbered sex rooms...

But Jake almost doesn't seem to notice -- is completely preoccupied -- his attention riveted to:

Door Twelve. Jake finally arrives at his destination, tentatively knocks, pushes open the door, enters --

9 INT. STRIP CLUB, DOOR TWELVE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 9

Jake enters into the dark room, illuminated only by five spots.

He looks around, doesn't see her.

(CONTINUED)

Jake notices a lit cigarette in an ashtray.

He makes his way to the lone chair in the center of the room, under a spot, feebly calls out --

JAKE

Shanna...?

Takes a seat on the rickety chair, hands fidgeting, nervously biting his lips -- definitely in the throes of withdrawal:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shanna -- are you in here -- ?

Shanna enters through black curtains. Jake is startled by someone MOVING IN SILHOUETTE behind him, under a spot -- almost darting across the frame -- turns to look:

ANGLE: JAKE'S POV -- a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN stands silhouetted in the corner of the room. And even the stark outline of this shadowy beauty is intoxicating.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake gulps, at once relieved and also more uncomfortable by the presence of this woman --

JAKE (CONT'D)

(breathless)

It's so good to see you, I --

SHANNA

(disdainful)

You stink like rotting flesh. Fur Trader!

SHANNA steps forward into a shaft of light, her beautiful face currently twisted into a scowl of disdain, clearly repulsed by Jake's presence --

Jake self-consciously adjusts in his seat, apologizes -- ashamed of who he is in the eyes of his obsession:

JAKE

It's -- you know -- it's my work.

(a burst of pride)

And someday -- *someday* -- it's gonna make me a very rich man.

(the heart of the matter)

You'd like that, wouldn't you Shanna?

But Shanna just smirks --

SHANNA

"Someday."

(mocks him)

Someday, someday, someday.

If I had a dollar for every "someday" I heard in this dump, I coulda' bought myself a job as a supermodel by now.

Jake lowers his head in defeat...

And as Shanna continues toward him through the shafts of light in the room, we remain entranced by her perfection:

Had her life worked out a little differently -- had she caught one or two lucky breaks along the way -- she really could have been a supermodel:

Shanna is black, very light skinned, scantily clothed in garter belt stockings and bra. Dark ringlets of hair cascade down her shoulders.

She is truly one of the most beautiful women we've ever laid eyes on, the perfection of her face equaled only by the magnificent curves of her body --

Shanna stands over Jake -- lording over him for a long and dominant moment -- then:

Slowly turns around -- the focal point of Jake's mad lust, her rear end, now fully revealed as:

SHANNA (CONT'D)

No. That's not allowed.

More seductively, she rubs her fingers together (where's the money?)

SHANNA (CONT'D)

Gimme.

Jake stuffs his hand into his pocket, comes up with innumerable bills --

Shoves them into Shanna's hand in a mad frenzy without even counting them out, watches in complete and total mesmerization as:

Shanna folds the bills with satisfaction, then...

Shanna sticks her g-stringed rear end within millimeters of Jake's face.

(CONTINUED)

His nose is almost nestled between her two perfectly formed cheeks, the curves of her rear within kissing distance of his lips; licking distance of his tongue...

Jake stares slack-jawed. Literally. Like some mad prophet paralyzed by sight of his lord.

Shanna's buttocks are firm and hard -- the most inviting place in all the world, the image of her g-stringed rear end full of narcotic power:

Jake instinctively reaches out to grasp her flesh --

But Shanna swats his hands away like pesky flies --

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
(rubbing her fingers)  
More money.

Jake frowns.

Looks down like a scolded little child. Nods and gives her the money.

Looks back up:

Shanna stands plainly before him -- waiting for the next step in their now-routine give-and-take dance:

Jake scowls as he pulls out more money, mindlessly feeds his addiction, hands it over to Shanna -- whereupon:

She smiles ever-so-slightly, then:

Turns back around.

Sticks out her rear end again -- just a little bit more this time -- arching her back invitingly --

Jake bolts to his feet --

Knocks his chair back with inadvertent violence --

Shoves Shanna up against the wall --

Unzipping his pants in the same motion --

Shanna yelps as Jake tries to take her from behind, ramming up against her perfect rear, trying to slip inside her, but --

She wriggles out of his grip.



JAKE  
(imploringly)  
But I paid you.

SHANNA  
Not for what you want to do.  
You know the rules pig.

She gives him a look and moves away.

Jake, bewildered, falls to his knees.

Watching her, Jake moves to attack her again.

Shanna picks up a chair.

Shanna strikes Jake with the chair.

Jake has a pleading look.

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
If you don't stop it, I'll call  
security.

Jake nods and looks again at her back side with lust in his eyes.

She realizes what he's looking at, plants the chair and steps behind it.

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
OUT! GET OUT!

Jake is standing at the door.

JAKE  
I'm going, I'm going. But one day  
you'll give it to me.

She throws the chair at him, but he escapes out the door in time.

We are drowning in a sea of pines, their gnarled branches like the spindly claws of giants groping for morsels.

A blanket of fog undulates languidly throughout the gloomy wilderness, the thick silence suddenly tinted by the sound of BOOTS CRUNCHING across the bleak landscape:

TWO FIGURES skulk through the woods -- and there's something malevolent about the way they move:

Almost like they are here to commit a crime.

Maybe even to hurt somebody.

The older of the two, Jed "PA" JAMESON, is bearded, probably in his early fifties, face as rugged as the savage terrain.

He carries two empty sacks over his shoulders, and tools for skinning animals in his hands.

The shorter of the two, Larry JAMESON, is somewhere around eighteen, his cheeks still smooth and void of whiskers, his fingers wrapped tightly around a baseball bat.

And after several more moments, Larry finally just admits:

LARRY

I don't like it this far out here, Pa.

Pa hisses over his shoulder --

PA

Shut up -- !

Larry grimaces, takes inventory of the wilds that surround them from all sides:

LARRY

But what if we get caught...?

Pa stops, whirls around -- the damp surroundings and early morning cold doing nothing for his temper:

PA

Only way we'll get caught is if you keep yappin' -- now shut up, Larry!

Larry looks away as Pa glares at him pointedly then lumbers into the woods. Larry tightens his grip on the bat, follows hesitantly...

ANGLE: A NO TRESPASSING SIGN -- juts from the ground, the sparse woods and clearing behind it strangled by a rusty barbed wire fence.

Pa brazenly strides past the sign, holds up one of the strands of barbed wire for Larry to pass through --

(CONTINUED)

But his son bites his lip, looks beyond the fence:

LARRY

That's Mother Mayter's land ain't it,  
Pa?

PA

And -- ?

Larry nods at the NO TRESPASSING sign --

LARRY

We're not supposed to go there, are we?

But Pa bristles at the notion -- Larry quick to defend himself --

LARRY (CONT'D)

But what if there's a reason people  
don't go this deep into the woods...?  
(the heart of the matter)  
*What if something gets us?*

Pa scowls in frustration:

PA

Didn't I come in here and set the traps  
yesterday?

Larry nods.

PA (CONT'D)

And didn't I come out okay?

Larry nods again:

LARRY

Yeah, but --

PA

Yeah but nothin' -- Mother Mayter's done  
a good job of spreadin' stories for  
generations to scare folks off her land.  
A bunch of crap. But her stories don't  
scare me.

(defiant)

I know bullshit when I hear it.

Pa lifts the strands of barbed wire higher, nearly  
pulling them to their breaking point:

Larry takes a deep breath, slips through the fence,  
crossing over into Mother Mayter's land.

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EXT. DEEP WOODS, MOTHER MAYTER'S LAND - NIGHT

11

Much deeper in the woods. They now feel more ancient.

At once foreboding and alluring. Mystical.

Pa and Larry silently continue through Mother Mayter's land, the hazy silhouette of A VAST STONE SCULPTURE -- almost like a wall -- looming up around them from deep within the dense foliage.

Larry is both frightened and intrigued by this strange place deep in the heart of the woods --

LARRY

(surprised)

What are all these structures?

PA

(laughing)

You're gonna pee yourself, huh? It's nothing... They say they are the ruins of an old city.

LARRY

(looking at the obelisk)

And that is fantastic.

PA

Enough. Be quiet now.

Larry'S POV: OF THE STONE SCULPTURE -- it is more *felt* than *seen*, its ominous megalith outline jutting through the hazy fog in the distance of the woods:

The STONE SCULPTURE is of the Dolmen variety: a type of megalithic monument (slabs of stone horizontally supported on vertical stones wedged deep into the ground), and seems to demarcate some ancient sepulchral usage.

ANGLE: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEGALITH WALL -- as Pa leads Larry up a nearby rise, Pa's face cracking into a satisfied smile once at the top:

PA (CONT'D)

Bingo.

Larry joins his father at the top of the rise -- also smiles with his father, happy to discover that:

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

There's raccoons in all the traps you  
set down there -- !

REVEAL: THEIR POV -- of the clearing in the distance  
below, which is scattered with approximately ONE DOZEN  
leg-hold traps, all of them containing writhing raccoons.

PA (CONT'D)

Told you everything'd be okay.

Pa heads down into the clearing, Larry nodding and  
trailing excitedly behind him...

EXTREME CLOSE ANGLE: A RACCOON'S EYEBALL -- as we see Pa  
and Larry approach in the reflection of the terrified  
animal's beady black eye (NOTE: SIMILAR TO THE EXTREME  
CLOSE ANGLES OF CROWS' EYES IN ARGENTO'S OPERA).

BACK TO SCENE: as Pa and Larry come to rest over the  
raccoon and Pa prepares his son for the day's work:

PA (CONT'D)

You remember how I told you it's done?

LARRY

I crush their throats?

PA

(nods)

You flip 'em on their backs...

Pa flips the tired old raccoon on its back with his boot:

PA (CONT'D)

Then you put your heel over their  
windpipes.

Pa puts his boot heel on the raccoon's throat...

PA (CONT'D)

And then you kick down. Real hard. And  
if you do it right, you'll hear a good  
*crunch!* as the windpipe shatters.

Larry nods his comprehension as Pa smiles, then --

EXTREME CLOSE ANGLE: RACCOON'S EYEBALL -- as its pupil  
instantly dilates with death, accompanied by the  
SICKENING THUD of Pa's heavy boot, the image of Pa and  
Larry in the reflection instantly dull and lifeless.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SCENE: as Pa looks down at the dead raccoon, admires his work, then nods toward the clearing:

PA (CONT'D)

Course the heel ain't gonna work with the ones that still got some pepper in 'em.

LARRY

It ain't?

A chilling beat as Pa shakes his head and grins, then:

PA

That's where the bat comes in.

Larry looks down at the baseball bat in his hands, is suddenly mortified by the brutal instrument of death.

PA (CONT'D)

You give 'em a bunch 'a good, hard whacks -- I seen it take upwards of fifty swings one time -- and just bash their fuckin' skulls in.

(beat)

Now c'mon -- we got ourselves some traps to clear -- !

Larry looks up from the baseball bat, gulps back his nausea and nods, staring into Pa's mad smile as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

The traps have been emptied, their sharp steel jaws dripping with blood and tufts of fur.

Pa finishes skinning one of the animals.

HARD CUT TO:

The baseball bat is now drippy red.

The once-empty sacks are now filled with the approximately DOZEN RACCOON CARCASSES.

We see Pa, who, with decisive movements is skinning a raccoon.

LARRY

Look Pa.

(CONTINUED)

Pa turns.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's empty.

Larry indicates the empty trap, dirty with blood.

But Larry's eyes suddenly light up:

LARRY

Look -- !

As they come upon the trap, Pa sees what Larry saw, just shakes his head -- actually seems impressed:

PA

I'll be damned.

REVEAL: there is a BLOODY STUMP OF A PAW stuffed inside the maw of the sprung trap.

LARRY

Whaddya think happened?

PA

Critter musta' chewed its own paw off.  
(guffaws in admiration)  
You gotta really wanna get free to do  
somethin' like that -- !

Larry nods, meets his father's jocular laughter with a forced smile as we take one last look at the grisly image of the shredded paw in the jaws of the bloody trap --

DISSOLVE TO:

Larry and Pa tromp back through the empty clearing, sacks strewn over their shoulders, Pa rubbing one of the pelts that protrudes from his sack between his fingers --

PA

(shaking head in awe)  
We got ourselves almost a dozen  
beauties, son: in all my years, I ain't  
never seen pelts as pretty as these ones  
-- I can't even hardly believe they're  
coon.

(stuffs the pelt back inside)  
We're gonna have money to burn after we  
sell 'em to Feldman.

(CONTINUED)

Larry and Pa share a victorious smile, quickly noticing:

PA (CONT'D)

Shit -- it's Mother Mayter -- let's get  
outta here -- !

ANGLE: THEIR POV -- a decrepit old cabin in the extreme distance of the horizon, smoke billowing up from the pot-bellied stove through its roof.

CLOSER: MOTHER MAYTER -- possibly as old as the woods themselves, stands at her front porch:

AN OLD ROBE is draped over her otherwise naked ancient body, the old woman seemingly not remotely affected by the extreme cold, the robe clearly keeping her warm --

BACK TO SCENE: Pa and Larry scurry away from this barren stretch of wilderness, slipping back out through an opening in the old stone wall as the WINDS CONTINUE TO RAGE and the storm's intensity escalates --

Mother Mayter somberly watches the intruders rush away. Displeased.

HARD CUT TO:

The Jameson house is almost as rundown as its adjacent barn, a dirty driveway connecting the two like a shed piece of snakeskin. A light glows inside the barn.

The back wall is covered with stretched raccoon pelts, the skinning table smeared with blood, the tools used in the process caked with gore --

A bottle of Moonshine, slams atop the table as Pa wipes his lips -- has clearly been drinking ever since they got back home -- holds up one of the unstretched pelts by its tail:

PA

Thick as can be and not a scar or bald spot on any of 'em -- primes, Larry!

Larry looks up from the stretching board, watches as his father sets the pelt down, then looks to the fur covered wall -- is as happy as he's ever been in his entire life:

(CONTINUED)



PA (CONT'D)

And the amazing thing is that they're all identical -- like all them coons were part of one big family or somethin'.

LARRY

Yeah, they're beaunts all right, Pa.

They both stop talking -- almost hypnotized by the pelts; like staring into the dancing flames of a fire -- then stand back in silence to admire their catch:

ANGLE: THE WALL COVERED WITH PELTS -- the gray furs glow a pale metallic blue color in the light of the barn, something truly supernatural about their beauty.

Larry moves to the pelts -- almost seems drawn to them -- arms outstretched reverentially as he reaches toward one of the metallic blue furs:

He gently strokes it, his face suddenly tinged with euphoria as he turns to his father, almost embarrassed:

LARRY

Gives me a funny feeling. Makes me feel all warm inside.

Pa just chuckles -- his disdain palpable:

PA

All that money Feldman' gonna pay for 'em -- *that's* what gives *me* a warm feeling.

Larry lets go of the pelt -- embarrassed -- nods as Pa gets to his feet and stretches wearily:

PA

I'm gonna hit the sack after I give Feldman a call -- you clean up out here, understand?

LARRY

Yes, sir.

Pa nods -- "good" -- stumbles drunkenly from the barn.

Jake sits front and center in the raunchy strip club as Shanna performs an erotic striptease on the main stage:

(CONTINUED)

Shanna knows how to use her body:

Every movement inducing something akin to hypnosis, her rhythms slow and sensual and intoxicating.

Jake stares unblinkingly at the object of his desire, his eyes glued to the most extreme facet of his obsession:

Shanna's backside.

Swaying slowly from side to side, dipping low, raising high, always gyrating invitingly.

At the base of the stage, we see MIRA (20s), a beautiful and lithe young woman, who is also excited by Shanna's nudity. Her facial expressions show her appreciation.

Shanna reciprocates.

And although every man scattered throughout the seedy club is transfixed by Shanna, Jake's obsession shines through with the zealotry of the truly obsessed --

Is pissed off when his CELL PHONE RINGS --

Jolting him from Shanna's performance:

Jake looks down at his phone, sees that it's *JED JAMESON*, answers abruptly --

JAKE  
(into cell phone)  
This better be good, Jameson.

Whereupon we CROSS CUT between THE STRIP CLUB and THE JAMESON HOUSE, PA'S BEDROOM as the two men converse:

Pa sits, examines his dwindling bottle of moonshine as he talks into the receiver --

PA  
How about pelts of such outstanding quality you're gonna be willing to pay *ten times* the going price to have 'em, but that out of the goodness of my heart, I'm gonna give you first crack...?

JAKE  
You're giving me first crack 'cuz I'm the only chump east of the Pacific Ocean who'll still take your calls.

(CONTINUED)

Pa chafes at that, starts to hang up --

PA  
Your loss, Feldman.

But there's something about Pa's willingness to allow Jake to pass on his offer -- rather than desperately pleading to convince him -- that piques Jake's interest:

JAKE  
Wait, wait, wait -- hold up.  
(Pa stops)  
What's the stock...?

PA  
Coon.

Jake grumbles disinterestedly --

PA (CONT'D)  
But trust me, Feldman -- you ain't *never*  
seen no pelts like these.  
(beat)  
They'll make you a rich man. They'll  
get you whatever it is your heart  
desires.

Jake looks back to Shanna:

She makes eye contact with him -- looks away quickly with her usual sneer of revulsion -- as Jake returns his attention to his conversation with Pa:

JAKE  
You better not be bullshitting me,  
Jameson: I don't have time to head out  
to the fucking boonies on some wild  
goddamned goose chase.

Pa just leers, practically spits into the phone --

PA  
Just get down here.

Slams the receiver down. Hard. Sits in silence for a moment, savoring his small victory.

ANGLE: ON JAKE, BACK IN THE STRIP CLUB -- as Shanna continues her sultry striptease, removes her panties, Jake unable to take his eyes off her naked backside:

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
(intense)  
*Better not be bullshitting me.*

POV: MEDIUM WIDE Pa walking back and forth behind the window

TIME CUT TO:

INT. JAMESON BARN - NIGHT (LATER)

Larry has nearly finished cleaning the barn when he sees Pa's bedroom light shut off through the barn window.

He turns to the small handful of pelts remaining to be stretched, when out of the corner of his eye --

Something moves in the darkness of the barn's shadows.

Larry turns in the direction of the movement --

ANGLE: Larry'S POV -- as we stare into the ominous darkness in the barn, nervously examining its dark abyss, finally determining that there's nothing there.

BACK TO SCENE: as Larry stares into the shadows a moment longer, finally just smiles self-deprecatingly.

Shakes off the last of his tired nerves, turns to the pelts remaining to be stretched, is once again captivated by their hypnotic beauty:

LARRY  
(reverential)  
*They're so damn beautiful.*

He rubs his fingers on one of the pelts -- thick and soft and inviting -- and it's clear that the "warm" feeling has slipped over him again...

His face is awash with a druggy euphoria as --

Larry drapes the pelt over his arm --

Begins caressing it, whereupon --

Larry really, deeply, madly loses himself in this pleasurable experience.

Larry curls his lips into a satiated smile, then looks out the barn window toward Pa's darkened bedroom window.

(CONTINUED)

His expression darkens as his gaze drifts down from the barn window to:

The baseball bat.

Propped against the wall. Caked with dried-blood.

He grabs the bat. Exits the barn. Heads purposefully toward the house.

Larry stands over Pa's slumbering body, watches his father sleep with a malignant intensity, the room's walls -- like the rest of the Jameson house -- plastered with the stuffed heads of numerous animals...

Larry suddenly pokes Pa's snoring body with the bat:

LARRY

Pa -- wake up!

Pa stirs, groggily opens his drunken eyes:

PA

What is it, son? What do you want?

But Larry just continues to stare at his father -- dazed -- holding the bat threateningly within striking distance...

Pa realizes Larry is holding the bat, the older man's supremely confused expression saying it all -- "*what the fuck is going on?*" -- as Larry suddenly raises the bat over his head, repeats the advice Pa gave him earlier:

LARRY

That's where the bat comes in.

Pa flinches in confusion, holds up his hands defensively:

PA

Hey now -- hold on -- !

Which forces Larry to stop mid-swing as he breaks into amused laughter --

And that does it for Pa -- he's had enough -- starts out of bed to administer a severe beating:

PA (CONT'D)

(enraged)

The fuck you think you're doin', boy --  
?

He lunges fiercely at Larry --

But Larry is too quick --

Swings the bat down with all his might --

Lands a crippling blow over Pa's right ear --

Pa grunts and stiffens at the force of the blow --

But Larry is only getting started:

He swings the bat again, full-force --

Pa stumbles backward -- his movements stunned and grotesque to behold, like a decapitated chicken moving purely on instinct -- accidentally tumbles into the wall: Like a frightened raccoon.

Larry is approaching his father. He lifts the baseball bat high, as:

DETAIL: PA'S FRIGHTENED EYEBALL.

LARRY

(dazed sounding)

I seen it take upwards of fifty swings  
one time.

BACK TO SCENE: as Pa registers the quickest moment of horror, whereupon --

Larry lets loose with the bat --

ANGLE: THEIR SHADOWS ON THE WALL (NOTE: SIMILAR TO THE OPENING OF ARGENTO'S *DEEP RED*, WHEREIN WE SEE THE MURDER IN SHADOW BEFORE THE BLOODY KNIFE FALLS TO THE FLOOR) -- as Larry swings down with the bat harder and harder and harder on his father's body --

Again. And again. And again.

And again and again and again and again and again -- until Larry's swung the bat over fifty brutal times.

BACK TO SCENE: as THE BLOODY BAT drops into frame, Larry finally stopping to examine his handiwork, exhausted and out of breath:

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE: Larry'S POV -- Pa's head looks like pulpy globs of jelly smeared along the wall and floor.

Shards of cracked bone are splintered around the gaping hole where his face used to be.

BACK TO SCENE: as Larry studies Pa's wrecked corpse a moment longer then turns away, exits the room --

HARD CUT TO:

The sun lords over a clear blue sky on this brisk morning, its blinding brilliance almost painful as our eyes adjust from the previous night's darkness.

The house is preternaturally quiet -- the stillness suddenly shattered by a LOUD KNOCKING:

REVEAL: a car is parked haphazardly in the driveway.

ANGLE: FRONT DOOR -- Jake pounds on the door, accompanied by the foreseen Lou -- and after another unanswered KNOCK, Jake hurries across the driveway toward the barn, cursing Jed Jameson beneath his breath:

JAKE

Fuckin' hillbilly bastard.

The darkness of the barn is pierced by sunlight as Lou helps Jake lift the barn door -- both of them reeling back:

LOU

No matter how many times I smell it,  
I'll never get used to the stench of  
dried blood.

Lou quickly puts a handkerchief to his nose, follows Jake into the darkness of the barn, the sunlight barely able to illuminate its cavernous hollows.

Jake swipes at the pull string for the incandescent bulbs overhead, but they've all been shattered. Foreboding.

And as they walk through the barn -- all of its heavy machinery and instruments for killing and cutting and skinning silhouetted in the foreground -- the scene is suddenly awash in a pervasive sense of dread:

Is Larry lurking somewhere in the barn's darkness?

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jameson...?

But his voice is muffled by the surroundings, the suspense mounting with every step they take deeper into the malevolence of the barn...

Jake stops, Lou bumping into him from behind:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God.

REVEAL: he has discovered the wall covered with the gorgeous pelts, the fur shimmering more brightly than ever, reflecting glints of opalescence from the dim sunlight inside the barn.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake and Lou forget their concerns, throwing caution to the wind -- which only makes us more tense -- as they approach the shrine of pelts:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jameson wasn't bullshitting me.

Jake caresses one of the furs, shuts his eyes with the quick dose of bliss, lets go of it and turns to Lou:

JAKE (CONT'D)

How many years we been in the fur trade,  
Lou -- fifteen, twenty...?

(off Lou's nod)

You ever seen anything like these pelts?

LOU

Nothin', boss. Absolutely nothin'.

Jake gently caresses another of the shimmering pelts, shakes his head in awe, visions of money and fame -- and Shanna -- dancing around in his head:

JAKE

Pelts like these? Sky's the limit.  
(filled with lust)

We could have anything our hearts  
desire.

(CONTINUED)



Jake is nearly breathless with the thought of Shanna and that perfect body of hers...

SOMETHING CRASHES LOUDLY behind them --

Both men turn around defensively --

JAKE (CONT'D)

The fuck is that...?

Jake and Lou head into the basement.

Dark and dirty.

JAKE

That you, Jed...?

No response.

Jake and Lou approach --

Both men suddenly reeling back in horror --

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell -- !

They find Larry dead, his face shorn off by a bear trap.

ANGLE: are the pelts on the wall glowing even more brightly now, somehow feeding off of this atrocity...?

LOU

(putting it together)

Jesus Christ, Jake -- he fell face first into it.

Jake grimaces in confusion, then follows Lou's gaze to Larry's body.

Larry is back in the barn after having killed Pa, admiring the wall-mounted pelts of fur, when -- Larry's face assumes a strange, decisive expression.

23 INT. BASEMENT - LAST NIGHT (CONT'D) 23

Larry turns and gently lifts one of the larger traps used for bears off of its hook on the wall.

He places it with care on the table opens the jaw of the trap, and sets the trap.

ANGLE: TIGHT ON the pelts. They are emitting a magical glimmer, never seen before.

Larry smiles and turns around again to face the trap.

He looks at the trap and smiling throws his face into the centre of the trap.

The jaws of the trap release like a guillotine and cut off the front of face.

Larry, with half his face removed, vibrates and dies, rolling over, showing us the mutilation caused by the bear trap.

24 SMASH CUT BACK TO PRESENT 24

Jake winces in disgust having put together what Larry did to himself, suddenly wonders --

JAKE

Jed -- where's Jed -- ?

HARD CUT TO:

25 INT. JAMESON HOUSE, PA'S BEDROOM - DAY 25

Flies buzz around Pa's mangled corpse.

Jake and Lou stand somberly over the grisly, blood-soaked scene -- the sheets of the bed, the walls, the floor, everything literally wet with blood -- absently batting the flies away.

Lou suddenly gags and rushes from the room as Jake continues to stare in disbelief at Pa's body.

He hears Lou hurrying down the hallway and racing outside.

Puking his guts out.

26

EXT. JAMESON PROPERTY, DRIVEWAY - DAY

26

Jake walks up to Lou, who finishes being sick, wipes his mouth with his handkerchief, looks up at his boss:

LOU  
(scared)  
What the hell happened here, Jake?

Jake shakes his head, looks to the barn as if for an answer -- he has no idea -- suddenly blurts:

JAKE  
Can you believe those pelts, though?

Lou is incredulous:

LOU  
You gotta be kidding me.

But Jake isn't remotely kidding -- a frightening intensity blasting forth from his determined eyes -- visions of Shanna spurning him on:

JAKE  
(ferocious)  
Can you imagine the coat we could make from those pelts? We might finally have something that'd make a little noise next month.

LOU  
(understands)  
*Sirio...?*

JAKE  
(nods in agreement)  
World's biggest international fur show.

Lou looks away -- isn't surprised when Jake suddenly goes to his car, backs it up to the barn, pops the trunk.

LOU  
(halfheartedly)  
We gotta call the cops, Jake.

Jake nods absently, continues toward the barn:

JAKE  
We'll call them from the highway.  
Anonymously.

(CONTINUED)

And as Jake begins loading the pelts into his trunk, Lou takes a look around, sighs in resignation, dutifully starts to help his boss --

HARD CUT TO:

27 I/E. JAKE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

27

God's eye view of Jake's car weaving through the thick woods where the Jamesons lived, slowly navigating the twin ruts that pass for roads in this wilderness...

TIME CUT TO: driving along the highway, the sterile pavement and crowded multilane highways almost anachronistic after spending so much time in the wild.

TIME CUT TO: the sun sinks into the sky as Jake's car enters the urban jungle of the city, a wilderness unlike any other.

28 EXT. CITY, BACK ALLEY, FELL FURS - DAY

28

Jake's car careens down the alley, pulls to stop in front of Fell Furs --

He bursts excitedly from the car,

JAKE

(directed at a drug addict)

\*\*\*TBD by Dario Argento, on the day\*\*\*

followed by Lou, as they are greeted by the foreseen CHINESE FACTORY EMPLOYEES, who gather around to see what all the fuss is about:

Jake pops the trunk as the factory employees lean in for a closer look:

ANGLE: INSIDE THE TRUNK -- the pelts look even more beautiful all bunched together like this; the trunk appears to be a pool of the softest fur imaginable, just beckoning us to jump inside and drown in bliss, until --

REVEAL: one of the female Chinese employees, Sue-Chin Yao (70s), the factory's ancient seamstress, points at the trunk, backs away knowingly suspicious --

The impression made on the Chinese employees is exactly opposite to that of Jake and Lou.

SEEN IN FRENETIC SNIPPETS:

(CONTINUED)

The Chinese employees speak frantically.

Point nervously at the trunk.

Step away from the vehicle.

Follow Sue-Chin Yao back inside the factory --

BACK TO SCENE: as Lou turns to Jake, rattled --

LOU

What's gotten them, boss...?

But Jake only shrugs -- been in this business too long, seen it all and then some -- couldn't care less about what's bothering a few employees, pats Lou on the back:

JAKE

Probably had some bad fuckin' eggrolls for lunch, Lou -- who gives a fuck -- ?

Lou turns to Jake -- is comforted by his boss' confident smile and racist ways:

LOU

Yeah, yeah... you're probably right.

JAKE

I *know* I'm right -- just like I *know* we got a fortune stuffed inside the trunk of my car.

Lou smiles -- loves Jake's old school style -- is reinvigorated, turns to Sergio, the only remaining employee and enjoys resuming his role as "enforcer:"

LOU

You heard the Boss -- let's get 'em inside -- now -- !

And as Sergio begins hauling the pelts from the back of Jake's trunk into the factory, Lou turns to his boss, smiles proudly:

LOU (CONT'D)

You were right, Jake: she's gonna be a beauty.

Jake nods -- still can't quite believe his good fortune:

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

By next week, we'll have one of the world's most extraordinary fur coats. After Sirio, sky's the limit.

Lou nods in agreement, looks away -- almost hates to remind him:

LOU

You need the right model, though. Somebody worthy of the coat -- otherwise it's all for nothing.

But Jake is one step ahead of him:

JAKE

I already got somebody in mind.

Lou looks up, is almost frightened by the intensity of Jake's stare as he gazes out into the dusky city streets beyond the alley:

His obsession for Shanna and the lengths he's willing to go absolutely stunning.

And as the POUNDING MUSIC OF THE STRIP CLUB overlaps --

HARD CUT TO:

Mira, the gorgeous young woman we met earlier, lies naked on a chair in the center of the tiny dressing room:

She bites her lip in the throes of intense pleasure as her naked body arches, her lover's face buried deep between her legs --

MIRA

Oh, yeah -- that's it...

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR --

But Mira is unable to pull herself away from the addictive pleasure of her lover's tongue, tries her best to ignore the sound --

But when it KNOCKS AGAIN --

Shanna's face suddenly pops up from between Mira's legs, scowls angrily at the closed door --

SHANNA  
 (at the knocking door)  
 Goddamnit -- !

MIRA  
 (begging Shanna)  
 Please don't stop, baby -- !

But Shanna ignores her lover's plea, continues toward the door -- Mira rolling her eyes, starting to get dressed:

MIRA (CONT'D)  
 I'm sick of this shit -- !

Shanna looks back at her lover, commands:

SHANNA  
 Chill out, okay?

Mira scowls -- "*whatever*" -- but does as she's told.

Shanna grabs a robe, covers her body, hurries across the room to answer the door:

ANGLE: AT THE DRESSING ROOM DOOR -- as Shanna pushes it open a crack, revealing previously seen Beefy Bouncer:

SHANNA (CONT'D)  
 Yeah...?

BEEFY BOUNCER  
 Somebody here to see you, Shanna. Says  
 it's important.

SHANNA  
 Well tell him I'm busy -- !

But from down the dark hallway, we suddenly hear Jake:

JAKE  
 Shanna, it's me -- Jake Feldman.

Shanna can't mask her look of disappointment as Jake barrels forward, the Beefy Bouncer standing defensively between them --

Shanna just sighs in frustration, nods at Beefy Bouncer:

SHANNA  
 It's okay -- he's harmless.  
 (cutting)  
 Smells like a goddamned slaughterhouse,  
 but harmless.

(CONTINUED)

Beefy Bouncer shares a smirk with Shanna, moves back down the dimly lit hallway as Jake steps forward -- can't help himself from trying to get a look at Shanna's body and her perfect rear end through her skimpy robe --

Mira puts on her shoes and her robe.

JAKE

(distracted by her body)

I have a business proposition for you.

Mira leaves the room and shoots a look to Jake on her way out.

Shanna instinctively pulls her robe around her body, takes particular care to cover her rear end --

SHANNA

I've heard your "propositions" before, man: how many times do I have to tell you I'm not into that -- I'm never gonna let you have that, not for all the money in the world.

She goes to close her dressing room door, but --

JAKE

This is straight down the line business.

And Shanna suddenly seems the tiniest bit hesitant to end the conversation --

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm making a coat that I want you to wear next month.

(for emphasis)

At Sirio.

Shanna is immediately intrigued -- her eyes lighting up at the mention of the world's biggest international fur show, her dreams of being a supermodel rekindled:

SHANNA

*Sirio?*

Jake nods fervently...

But Shanna's intrigue quickly gives way to doubt -- doubt in Jake, to be sure, but also doubt in herself: she's been dancing in strip clubs for a long time now...

(CONTINUED)



SHANNA (CONT'D)

It's been a while since I've done a legitimate fashion show...

Jake leans forward, knows when he's about to make a deal, voice still calm as can be:

JAKE

You'll want to do the show -- you'll want to do anything -- once you see the coat I'm making for you. These... these pelts -- they're *unbelievable*.

Jake's confidence is a side of his personality Shanna's never seen before -- and even the simple mention of the pelts has somehow had an almost alchemist-like effect on the conversation:

Jake is actually getting through to Shanna as she steps further out into the hallway, can't believe she's actually intrigued by a proposition from Jake Feldman:

Is it our imagination, or is she actually allowing Jake to get a better look at her gorgeous rear end...?

SHANNA

Well... we'll see, okay...?

Jake admires Shanna's body, can barely contain himself -- breathlessly mutters:

JAKE

The coat'll be ready next week. I'll bring it by your place.

Shanna thinks on it for a moment, Jake leaning forward in nervous anticipation --

Shanna turns, lets her scantily robed rear end brush up against Jake's crotch, seductively glances over her shoulder as she returns to her dressing room --

SHANNA

We'll see...

At that she closes the door on Jake, his lust swirling madly all around him, driving him on as he rushes from the dark confines of the strip club, determined to make his life's work quench his obsessive desire for Shanna.

HARD CUT TO:

30 INT. FELL FURS, FACTORY FLOOR - DAY (MONTAGE) 30

The pelts are cut into matching swaths of fur by a HUGE PAIR OF STEEL SCISSORS, as SERGIO, the factory's obese cutter (40s), begins the LETTING-OUT PROCESS...

Jake comes into the foreground --

JAKE

No, no, no -- !

He storms to Sergio --

Grabs the scissors from Benny's black gloved hands --

Sets the pelt on the cutting table --

Then tenderly cuts a large strip from the center of the pelt, taking his time, as careful as can be...

Once finished, Jake turns back to Sergio, points the scissors at him:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck up like that again and I'll cut your nuts off myself, capiche?

Sergio nods -- mortified -- gets back to work as Jake skulks away.

31 I/E. SERGIO'S PARKED CAR - NIGHT (MONTAGE) 31

Sergio's car is pulled to the side of the road on a quiet city street.

He sits behind the wheel, radio playing quietly, takes a swig of booze straight from the bottle, then:

Looks down to his lap:

ANGLE: SERGIO'S LAP -- he has something smuggled inside of a brown paper bag.

BACK TO SCENE: as Sergio takes another swig of booze, then slowly unwraps the paper bag. His face goes slack with desire whereupon we REVEAL:

Sergio has smuggled the large STEEL SCISSORS from the factory, rubs his fingers tenderly over their glimmering blades, then:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Eases his seat back, almost sexually...

Unbuttons his shirt...

Exposing his flabby belly --

Takes one more long pull of booze for liquid courage,  
then --

Punctures his fleshy abdomen with the sharp scissors --

Begins to cut a swath of flesh from the center of his  
stomach up to his throat...

Then he pulls out his guts.

HARD CUT TO:

32 INT. FELL FURS, FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

32

Sue-Chin Yao, the elderly Chinese seamstress, leading her  
small team of seamstresses:

They work diligently with their needles, sewing the pelts  
together with sharp needles and thick black chords of  
thread -- up and down, up and down, up and down -- almost  
hypnotic to watch...

33 INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Lou and Jake are in Jake's office.

Lou suddenly daydreaming out loud --

LOU

Can you imagine an endless supply of  
those pelts, boss...?

Jake shakes his head -- he truly cannot imagine how much  
of herself Shanna would give to him, and how often she  
would do it, with an endless supply of coats like this.

LOU (CONT'D)

All it'd take is two of the coons from  
wherever Jameson trapped 'em.

Jake frowns in momentary confusion -- but as he turns  
toward Lou his face is suddenly alight:

JAKE

*A breeding pair.*

(CONTINUED)

Lou nods absently as the notion rolls around Jake's head a moment longer, and then -- spurred on by Lou's inadvertent suggestion -- he rushes away.

LOU  
Where're you goin'?

But Jake is already gone --

HARD CUT TO:

34 I/E. JAKE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 34

Jake drives rapidly along the familiar route to the Jamesons, once again seen from high above the night sky.

35 INT. PA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

The floor is peppered with evidence cones and cordoned off with yellow crime scene tape.

There is blood on the floor, blood on the walls, and blood on the bed.

Jake searches frantically through Pa's bedroom:

JAKE  
Where'd you trap those pelts, Jameson?

Suddenly stops, eyes alight with excitement:

ANGLE: JAKE'S POV -- of an old PROSPECTOR'S MAP tacked haphazardly to the wall, Jed having recently circled the portion of the map scrawled, "*MOTHER MAYTER'S LAND.*"

Jake rips the prospector's map from the wall, starts to rush away -- turns back around:

Swipes a bottle of moonshine from Jake's stash.

36 I/E. JAKE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 36

Jake's car traverses deep into the foreboding darkness of the wilds, bumps slowly along the foreseen twin rut road.

He stops to look around.

His headlights barely pierce the black wilds of the forest ahead, their beams of illumination receding into nothingness amidst the rancorous sea of pines.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Jake peers into the woods, glances at the prospector's map and bottle of moonshine on his passenger seat --

HARD CUT TO:

37 INT. WOODS, DEEPER INSIDE - NIGHT

37

Jake is covered in pine sap and itchy brambles as he clings to the bottle of moonshine and prospector's map, finally stumbles upon Mother Mayter's NO TRESPASSING sign.

Jake double-checks the map -- then crosses over into Mother Mayter's land...

38 INT. MOTHER MAYTER'S LAND, CLEARING - NIGHT

38

Jake skulks through the same ominous stretch of woods nestled deep inside the heart of Mother Mayter's land --

The foreboding STONE SCULPTURE WALL looms all around him out of the foggy and silhouetted background -- almost like a protective sentinel.

Watching over Jake. Displeased by his presence.

He eventually slips through the same crevice in the wall that Pa and Larry previously traversed through...

Finally crosses into the clearing where Pa and Larry trapped the raccoons, the approximately dozen splotches of crimson still marring the ground like fading oil slicks.

Suddenly stops, squints into the surrounding darkness:

ANGLE: JAKE'S POV -- numerous tiny lights surround the perimeter of the clearing.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake blinks in fear -- it's a very strange sight -- suddenly GASPS IN DISBELIEF:

REVEAL: JAKE'S POV -- the "lights" are actually BEADY ANIMALS' EYES, aglow with the light from the moon, silently watching Jake skulk through their land.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake rushes more quickly toward Mother Mayter's cabin, disturbed by the unsettling image.

39

EXT. MOTHER MAYTER'S CABIN - NIGHT

39

Jake approaches Mother Mayter's cabin, smiles with relief when the old woman walks out onto her front porch, silhouetted by the glowing warmth from inside:

JAKE  
(laying it on thick)  
Hello there, ma'am. You must be Mother  
Mayter.

The dim form of Mother Mayter continues to hobble forward as Jake does his best to schmooze her...

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(a smarmy smile)  
My name's Jake Feldman. I, uh, I  
brought you a bottle of moonshine. I  
just wanted to ask you a few questions.

ANGLE: MOTHER MAYTER'S FRONT PORCH -- as the old woman steps forward into a shaft of light --

BACK TO SCENE: Jake flinches at the sight of her --

ANGLE: MOTHER MAYTER -- she pulls her old, ratty coat more tightly around her wrinkled body.

She looks toward the surrounding woods, sniffs at the air -- as if checking for a particular scent -- then starts back inside her decrepit cabin:

MOTHER MAYTER  
Come. I've been expecting you.

HARD CUT TO:

40

INT. MOTHER MAYTER'S CABIN - NIGHT

40

Mother Mayter sits in a rickety chair -- stares silently into the fire:

Its tongues of orange and red dance in the dull reflections of her fuzzy eyeballs.

She sits silent and still. As if mummified.

Jake stands uncomfortably across from her -- raises the bottle of moonshine he brought as an offering:

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Would you care for a drink...?

Mother Mayter doesn't answer his question.

Finally just nods across the room:

MOTHER MAYTER

Sit.

Jake looks to where she directs his attention, discovers:

A timeworn footstool.

He shrugs, sets the bottle of moonshine down, sits on the footstool across from her, isn't sure how to begin...

Mother Mayter finally reminds him:

MOTHER MAYTER (CONT'D)

You wanted to see me.

Jake nods quickly --

JAKE

(uncomfortable)

Yeah -- I was wondering about the animals -- you know, the ones on your land...?

MOTHER MAYTER

What do you want to know?

She takes a swig from her bottle of brandy.

JAKE

Where are they? Why are there so many of them

MOTHER MAYTER

The Pine Lights you mean?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

(perplexed)

"Pine lights?"

Mother Mayter nods -- a hint of excitement crossing her weathered old face:

MOTHER MAYTER

You've heard of them?

(CONTINUED)

Jake just shakes his head:

JAKE

No.

Mother Mayter nods -- she didn't think he would have -- then elucidates:

MOTHER MAYTER

The Pine lights have been around since the Before Times.

JAKE

*"The Before Times?"*

Mother Mayter nods slowly, her ancient face chiseled like one of the ancient stone statues that guards the perimeter of her land:

Jake takes another big swig of moonshine -- knows this could take a while...

MOTHER MAYTER

About two centuries ago --

Jake nearly spits out his mouthful of booze --

JAKE

(incredulous)

*"Centuries -- ?"*

But Mother Mayter only nods. Nonplussed.

As if she was there when it happened.

MOTHER MAYTER

Many years ago a whole nest of the Pine Lights gathered deep in the woods; in the clearing just beyond here. They became the sentinels of the lost city.

Jake thinks on this -- surely the old woman must be losing her mind -- the silence thick and uncomfortable inside the cabin.

JAKE

So... the Pine Lights, the clearing.

(confused)

What does that have to do with anything?

MOTHER MAYTER

It's why I walled off my land.

(a creepy little smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MOTHER MAYTER (CONT'D)

It's why I warn people about  
trespassing.

And Jake suddenly makes the chilling realization --

JAKE

Wait a second --

(nervous)

You're trying to keep people off your  
land, to... --

(puts it all together)

To protect them?

Mother Mayter nods -- is she actually getting a kick out of this -- as Jake looks away, his attention landing out the window toward the clearing:

ANGLE: THROUGH THE WINDOW -- myriad FLICKERING LIGHTS are hovering just outside the window in the darkness of the night, like little drops of moonlight --

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake starts from his chair defensively, jumpy in light of Mother Mayter's revelations about the spooky Pine Lights --

JAKE (CONT'D)

(motioning to window)

Is -- is that them -- ?

(scared)

Are those the Pine Lights -- ?

But Mother Mayter remains silent and takes a swig of her brandy.

ANGLE: JAKE'S POV -- as he looks back out the window, his eyes adjusting to the darkness beyond the window as he realizes Mother Mayter is right:

The "lights" are actually myriad moon-tinted animals' eyes staring into the cabin from outside, as if watching the exchange. Standing guard over Mother Mayter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I was just wondering if you'd be willing  
to let me have a couple of the... the  
raccoons...?

(nervous)

Obviously I'd be willing to pay you for  
them.

But Mother Mayter just stares at Jake from her chair for a long and uncomfortable moment -- her face set in a stony scowl. As if making some important decision...

(CONTINUED)

Finally gets to her feet:

And she is much more agile -- much quicker -- than we remember:

Gone is the hobbling old lady, a dexterous and nibble hunchbacked creature seemingly having taken her place -- like some type of agile gypsy or witch:

Mother Mayter scuttles rapidly across her cabin's floor toward the fire --

MOTHER MAYTER  
(looking into the fire)  
It was *you* the other night, wasn't it?  
You killed them.

But Jake just shakes his head -- his fear mounting:

JAKE  
No, ma'am, of course not.

Mother Mayter takes a pitchfork off the wall, whirls around on Jake and levels it at him:

MOTHER MAYTER  
You're the reason they died -- only to satisfy your vanity and callousness -- !

Mother Mayter is about to lunge at Jake with the pitchfork --

He darts from his footstool just in time to avoid her and runs toward the door --

Jake exits.

The fiery blades of the pitchfork stab into the cabin wall behind where he was sitting --

Jake sprints into the distance of the clearing as Mother Mayter barrels from her cabin, something dreadful about her silhouette --

If there was really such a thing as witches, this is exactly what they'd look like:

Mother Mayter continues to ROAR IN AN UNFAMILIAR LANGUAGE -- it sounds like some DEAD LANGUAGE;

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

some unholy combination of Latin or Aramaic -- her voice now husky and strong and alien:

MOTHER MAYTER  
(screaming, in a dead,  
unknown language)  
...MBLEMEOMOLKM.... MDELFFJJAO...  
DOEYR...0OUUSDDFFJAAAYEOH...  
(in English)  
They have not had their final say -- !  
They are not finished with you yet --

And as MOTHER MAYTER'S TERRIBLE SCREAMS seem to fill the entire world around us, echoing throughout every dark crevice of the dark woods --

HARD CUT TO:

42 EXT. CITY STREETS, BACK ALLEY, FELL FURS - DUSK

42

Mother Mayter's ENIGMATIC RAMBLINGS mingle with the sounds of the city as Jake's car traverses the alley toward Fell Furs beneath the harsh glare of early morning sunlight:

He looks like the living dead, dark bags beneath his eyes from having driven all night, way too many empty styrofoam cups of coffee on the seat beside him --

43 INT. FELL FURS, FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

43

And upon entering the factory, Jake is dismayed to realize that the normal hustle-and-bustle in this hive of activity is nonexistent:

All of the machines are down, the floor is empty, and the SEAMSTRESSES are huddled in a corner of the room:

Jake notices Lou up ahead on the floor -- back turned, examining something -- walks toward him, the sense of dread palpable:

ANGLE: ON LOU -- as he hears Jake approach, turns around:

His face is ashen. His forehead sweaty. With shock.

JAKE  
What's the matter, Lou...?

But Lou just nods toward the floor -- mutters:

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
Sue-Chin Yao.

REVEAL: ON THE FLOOR -- the corpse of Sue-Chin Yao, the elderly Chinese seamstress.

JAKE  
What the hell happened?

LOU  
Suffocated.

JAKE  
(incredulous)  
What?

But Lou just nods back toward the body as Jake realizes:

ANGLE ON: Sue-Chin Yao'S NOSTRILS, MOUTH, and EYES -- both sewn tightly shut with the thick black thread she was using on the coat's silk lining.

LOU  
We had the 'em pull an all-nighter to make sure the coat was ready, and apparently she sent the other seamstresses home around four in the morning -- said she could finish herself.  
(dumbfounded)  
She was the only one here when this happened.

Jake suddenly notices Sue-Chin Yao's sewing needle and thread tightly-gripped between her elderly fingers.

SMASH CUT TO:

as Sue-Chin Yao works all alone in the factory, frantically sewing, holding tightly to the piece of fur she is working on --

A peaceful look slowly washes over her face, whereupon --

Sue-Chin Yao methodically raises the sewing needle and thick chord of thread to her nostril...

Takes a moment, then:

(CONTINUED)

Pierces the soft cartilage of her nostril with the needle...

Finds the will to sew the nostril completely shut...

Does the same with her eyelids...

Then to her mouth's brittle old lips...

Blood trickling down in tiny rivulets...

She punctures her own flesh with the thick needle and black chord of thread...

Sews the last piece of her lips shut...

Begins to suffocate, writhing madly on the floor --

- as we realize the thick pelt that had swallowed her hand is nowhere to be found.

Jake continues to stare at the elderly corpse, is stunned to realize the implications of this grisly finding:

JAKE

She did this to herself -- ?

Lou shrugs -- knows it sounds crazy -- nods in disbelief.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well have you called the police yet?

LOU

I was waiting for you.

JAKE

Go ahead and call them, but keep things as quiet as possible; last thing we need's a bunch of bad publicity.

Jake turns to go, but Lou nervously stops him --

LOU

Jake -- you know -- a lot of bad shit's been happening around here ever since we started workin' on this coat.

Lou averts his gaze --

LOU

It's like it's cursed or something.

Jake scowls at Lou until his old floor manager --

JAKE

I don't believe in curses, Lou.

Jake then steps over the elderly seamstresses body with a boorish lack of respect, continues down the aisle --

ANGLE: FURTHER DOWN THE FLOOR -- as Jake's eyes suddenly light up, all of his troubles immediately washed away by the sight of:

REVEAL: the FINISHED COAT. Draped majestically over the torso of a faceless mannequin, literally lording over the factory and its recent spate of grisly proceedings.

Its fur glistens beneath the factory's lamps.

Almost seems thicker now. As if recently satiated.

Jake greedily grabs the coat, starts from the factory --

46 EXT. FELL FURS - EVENING

46

Jake bursts from the factory with the fur coat in an opaque plastic jacket bag, hurries to his car --

HARD CUT TO:

47 EXT. WAREHOUSE, LOFTS - NIGHT

47

Jake parks, rushes into Shanna's converted warehouse --

48 INT. WAREHOUSE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

48

He rushes across the lobby to the lift shaft -- familiar to observant viewers from our film's opening -- stops for a moment, unsure of what to do:

ANGLE ON: THE LIFT -- as Jake faces a HEAVY STEEL PANEL studded with rivets.

He looks around, discovers a LEVER beside the lift, pulls down on it, whereupon --

(CONTINUED)

The STEEL PANEL splits open from top-to-bottom, dividing into a pair of HUGE METAL DOORS that open vertically, the top one sliding upward, the bottom one sinking into the ground.

At that he slides open the RICKETY GRATE of the roofless lift, steps inside the elevator shaft, closes the grate behind him, then pushes the THIRD FLOOR BUTTON.

HARD CUT TO:

Shanna looks through the peephole of her front door, is disappointed to see Jake standing in the hallway, with the jacket bag in his hand --

She's clearly had second thoughts since the other day --

SHANNA

(looking into the peephole)

You shouldn't have come here, Jake.

JAKE

(through the peephole)

I just wanted you to see it.

And amidst Shanna's hesitancy Jake gets an idea:

ANGLE: IN THE HALLWAY -- as Jake bends down, removes the coat from its bag, the fur almost rippling in his hands.

Jake quickly stands, coat held out before him like an offering to an ancient goddess:

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into the peephole)

Tell me you don't want to take a closer look at this coat, Shanna.

Jake waits for what seems like an eternity in the silence of the hallway --

Hears the CHAIN LOCK slide back from the other side of the door, the HEAVY BOLT LOCK opening --

Smiles as the door swings open to revealing Shanna, as beautiful as ever in a skimpy robe -- completely and totally mesmerized by the sight of the coat:

(CONTINUED)

SHANNA

You're right, Jake: it's... it's beautiful. Can I...?

But as she reaches for the coat, Jake yanks it out of her reach and slips past her into the loft:

JAKE

Try it on inside -- the light's better.

Shanna follows Jake inside, closes the door behind her.

Jake takes a look around Shanna's loft -- never in his wildest dreams did he think he'd be granted access to her private domain -- eyes the back bedroom, then turns to face Shanna as she approaches:

Jake slips the coat on her -- and she's instantly hooked:

Watches as she pirouettes before her floor-to-ceiling mirrors, a modern-day Narcissus, completely and totally enchanted by her own reflection draped inside the coat.

She suddenly stops, turns to Jake, eyes ravenous:

SHANNA

Fuck wearing the coat in some show.

(beat)

I just wanna have it.

But always the shrewd businessman, Jake's demeanor suddenly dims as he realizes he has the upper hand.

He smiles. Like an alligator.

JAKE

And there's a good chance I might give it to you.

SHANNA

"Good chance?"

JAKE

We're already out to a couple other models -- we have to give them a chance to audition.

Shanna pulls the fur coat more tightly around her. She begins to get agitated as if the fur is transmitting some vibrations... good..? or bad..?



SHANNA

I don't want anyone wearing this coat  
but me -- !

But now it's Jake's turn to use one of Shanna's favorite  
lines:

JAKE

We'll see...

But Shanna isn't going to argue about this anymore -- she  
knows exactly how to get what she wants:

She pulls open the coat and lowers her shorts, revealing  
her naked backside --

SHANNA

Believe me, baby --

Shoves her rear out enticingly for Jake, inviting --  
begging -- him to take her from behind, her back arched  
in anticipation of Jake's penetration:

SHANNA (CONT'D)

This is the only audition you'll need.

Consumed by the overwhelming spectacle of his life's  
obsession manifesting before his eyes, Jake rabidly  
unbuckles his belt --

Rips open his pants, pulls down his underpants --

Rushes Shanna as she smiles at him over her shoulder --

Pushes into her rear --

Takes her from behind --

Fucks her hard with reckless abandon --

And after several moments:

Shanna's face begins to contort in extreme pain --

Be it the fact that she's a lesbian, and has likely never  
done this before, or because Jake's penis is throbbing  
and thick and raging for her, she begins to scream in  
agony:

SHANNA

Stop! It's too goddamn big.

But Jake cannot stop himself:

(CONTINUED)

His life's greatest fantasy -- the act he has dreamed about since before he can remember; his obsession for Shanna blotting out all other desires his life might have produced -- finally coming to fruition in this single psychosexual act:

He thrusts away...

Shanna roaring in pain...

Gripping onto the iron bed frame for support...

Her thighs flexed...

Her rear end slamming back into Jake's groin --

And the only thing that gets her through is:

The soft feel of the pelts of the fur coat that is bunched around her midsection -- Shanna focusing all her attention on the coat:

Shanna begins moaning -- pain suddenly mingled with pleasure because of her focus on the coat...

Jake grits his teeth -- monstrous -- as he nears the culmination of what will likely be his life's greatest single moment of physical pleasure...

The soft curve of Shanna's perfect backside is a fleshy pillow for Jake's violent repeated thrusting...

He rubs, with great voluptuousness, the fur coat covering Shanna's backside. Jake's intense pleasure increases gradually and very noticeably with each time he caresses the fur.

Jake now literally stabbing at his obsession with his erection...

Finally climaxes --

Roaring with ecstasy --

His entire body quivering against the soft canvas of the masterpiece that is Shanna's body --

Crumbles on top of Shanna --

The fur coat still wrapped around her torso as he pulls out of her --

Then holds her tightly.

(CONTINUED)

Shanna stifles her tears, her gaze still focused on the beautiful pelts of the fur coat she is wearing -- and the look on her face suddenly says it all: "*It was worth it.*"

Jake caresses Shanna's shoulders, rubbing softly against the pelts of fur --

Suddenly pulls his hands away --

The familiar look of dazed euphoria -- like the one we saw on Larry, on Sergio, on Sue-Chin Yao -- washes over Jake's face.

He suddenly seems blissfully dazed, wonders:

JAKE

Where's your bathroom...?

Shanna points down a long hallway:

SHANNA

Down there -- how come?

JAKE

I need to find something sharp.

SHANNA

What -- ?

Jake stifles his laughter, grins enigmatically at some private joke, then:

JAKE

I said I need to *freshen up*.

Shanna eyes Jake suspiciously -- "*whatever*" -- as he walks down the hallway to the bathroom, he stops in the kitchen and sizes up a set of extremely sharp Japanese knives --

HARD CUT TO:

Jake enters the kitchen.

The blades that capture his attention are brilliantly scintillating in the light.

Jake's face is filled with extreme joy.

He walks over, selects one and exits to --

52 INT. SHANNA'S LOFT, BATHROOM - NIGHT (SAME) 52

Jake stares at his reflection in bewilderment. He is in a euphoric state.

He smiles at the knife.

53 INT. SHANNA'S LOFT, BEDROOM - SAME 53

Shanna removes her shorts and T-shirt.

She wraps her naked body in the fur coat and feels a mysterious heat pervading her body.

She puts on extremely tall high heels.

She can't stop caressing the fur against her body. It seems to invade her.

Shanna admires her reflection in the mirror, takes a deep breath, consoles herself:

SHANNA  
(to her own reflection)  
You've done a lot worse for a lot less.

And having thusly appeased what passes for her conscience, Shanna steps toward the bed, still eyeing her reflection:

54 INT. BATHROOM - SAME 54

Jake stands shirtless before the mirror.

He grips the knife with an alarming intensity --

Suddenly pushes the blade through the skin at the top of his breast bone --

Piercing through to the fatty layer beneath.

He then pulls the blade straight down the length of his sternum --

Blood running freely from the wound --

Upon reaching the top of his abdomen --

Jake angles the knife to the right:

(CONTINUED)

Carves along the line of his bottom rib down to his flank, then:

Begins extending the cut around his waist to his back.

And all the while, Jake remains perfectly stoic -- somehow immune to the ungodly pain -- as he continues to slice into his own flesh:

Jake extends the cut all the way to his spine, then:

Switches the gore-dappled blade to his left hand:

Makes a matching cut down the left side of his torso --

Meets the first incision at the base of his spine.

Blood now gushing like rivers down his waist and legs as:

Jake makes a circular cut around each shoulder, cutting over the top and through the armpit --

Carves a final circular cut around the entirety of his neck, then:

Stands back, finally finished, admires:

The bloody outline of a vest he has carved into the flesh of his sternum.

Jake sets the gooey knife down, stares at himself in the mirror a moment longer, seems pleased with his handiwork.

Jake then grips the edges of the incision he made over his breast bone -- takes a long moment to gather his will, our horror only mounting during the break in the grisly proceedings -- then:

Yanks down with all of his might.

Face locked in the throes of intense pain, Jake finally lets out a squeal, as:

Amidst sprays of blood --

His skin begins to pull free from the underlying tissue.

HARD CUT TO:

55

INT. SHANNA'S LOFT, BEDROOM - LATER

55

Shanna lies on the bed -- still trying to arrange the uncooperative coat -- when she hears Jake's footsteps shuffling toward her down the hallway:

SHANNA

Jake -- is everything... -- ?

But she suddenly trails-off -- completely and totally horrified -- as Jake shuffles into the bedroom:

He is covered in blood.

His pants are wet with red.

His chest and abdomen are soaked with gore.

It appears as if somebody ripped the hide from his torso.

SHANNA (CONT'D)

*Your -- your skin... -- it's... gone!*

Jake's eyes are wide and glazed as he continues toward her -- his voice a dried-out croak:

JAKE

I made it for you. My work of art.

Whereupon he holds his arms out to Shanna -- and she SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS:

REVEAL: Jake is offering Shanna the pasty white, blood-streaked, SKIN VEST he made from his own flesh:

It is a morbid work of art:

Its wiry chest hairs straggle across the front of the sagging flesh and whirl around its nipples.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jake continues lumbering toward Shanna, holding out his bloody offering:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I made it to impress you.

But Shanna bolts from the bed, lowers her shoulder into Jake -- knocking him back -- as she races from the loft.

56

INT. THIRD FLOOR, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

56

Shanna runs screaming down the empty hallway, the fur coat flails around her --

Races toward the old freight elevator --

A nerve-wracking scene of suspense as Jake pursues her:

We follow Shanna as she runs down the hallway screaming.

She trips over her heels and falls to the ground.

She remains dazed for a moment.

She notices Jake coming toward her --

He walks like a zombie.

In one motion she throws off her heels, stands and runs.

Shanna gains distance, reaches the elevator --

She opens the gate...

57

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

57

Shanna runs inside and closes the gate.

She looks and sees that Jake is quickly approaching.

She flips the lever and the large steel doors close.

Frantic, and still screaming she pushes the down button.

The elevator begins its descent.

It is a moment of relief for Shanna. She sees freedom approaching.

The elevator keeps moving.

The elevator is about to reach the ground floor and she looks up with a sigh of relief.

She raises her eyes to see Jake on third floor struggling to open the gate.

She flips the lever.

(CONTINUED)

From below, we see that Jake has successfully opened the gate.

The doors to her escape start to open slowly.

JAKE  
(screaming)  
Shanna! Shanna!

While the elevator doors are slowly opening, Jake unexpectedly throws himself down the elevator shaft.

He hits his head on the structural beam of the elevator, bounces from it and continues his plummet into the elevator itself.

He hits the floor with his skull cracked open and legs broken.

Horrified, Shanna moves to exit through the small opening that the doors have made.

Jake is still alive and strong. He reaches out and grabs Shanna's ankle.

Falling, she inadvertently flips the lever.

The steel doors start to close like a slow guillotine.

Shanna is horrified, outside of herself.

Free of Jake's grip, Shanna manages to get back onto her feet and while trying to slip through the space between the steel doors Jake grabs her ankle again.

She kicks his face mangled face and SCREAMS AS LOUD AS SHE CAN.

The doors are closing, dangerously close to locking her in with this monster.

With a desperate force she manages to free herself and throw herself forward, latching onto the door with both hands.

She holds with all her strength, but Jake has her by the thighs and is pulling her toward him. It is a tug-of-war.

The doors are about to close.

CLOSE ON: Shanna's terrorized face.

(CONTINUED)



The doors close on her wrist and continue to press.

Blood starts spritzing from her wrist.

Jake continues to pull her toward him.

Her terror increases. She's outside herself.

He has her by her hips.

He is vomiting blood.

Shanna struggles to no avail. She SCREAMS, she struggles, but the more she struggles the more her wrists tear.

CLOSE ON: Jake's crazy eyes.

Fully possessed by the coat, Shanna lets out a primal scream and starts gnawing at her wrist.

DETAIL INSERT SHOTS: ripping, and spitting morsels of her own flesh, cartilage and skin.

The door closes and Shanna pulls back her stubby forearm. Her wrist is cut. It is a fountain of blood.

She SCREAMS.

FADE TO BLACK.

the HUSTLE AND BUSTLE of a group of people fades up, the sound of shuffling feet, voices in hushed conversation, then --

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jesus fuckin' Christ -- I gotta puke --  
!

And as we listen to THAT PERSON GETTING SICK --

A FLASHPOP rips us out from the darkness to REVEAL:

Shanna and Jake's corpses lie on the floor of the freight elevator, the busy criminal investigation under way as we return to the grisly scene where our film began.

(CONTINUED)

As the Gruff Officer continues puking in the corner of the warehouse lobby --

FLASHPOPS of the CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS illuminate the scene in rapid GRISLY SNIPPETS:

Jake's flayed corpse.

Bloody tendons. Muscles. Ligaments -- all void of skin.

His eyeballs bulging from his ravaged skull.

Like the eyes of a monster. A human monster.

Long and lingering looks at Shanna's stark naked body.

Once perfect and the object of our desires, now exsanguinated and mutilated.

Destroyed by the very obsession that worshiped it.

Caked head-to-toe with blood.

And now we focus on that one wrist:

A bloody stump of flesh, bone and tendons.

A FLASHPOP illuminates her gnawed-off hand, now on the floor.

BACK TO SCENE: as a BESPECTACLED OFFICER turns to THE CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER, shakes his head and laughs in stunned amazement, nodding toward the gnawed-off hands --

BESPECTACLED OFFICER

You gotta really want to get free to  
chew your own hand off -- !

CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER nods in bemused agreement, moves on to take more photos, as everyone continues their investigations into the grizzly double-homicide...

Lou makes his way through the crowd of police officers. He looks devastated.

An AGENT stops him.

AGENT

What do you want? You can't come in  
here.

(CONTINUED)

LOU  
(indicating Jake on the  
floor)  
He was my friend. What happened?

AGENT  
To tell you the truth, we don't even  
know.

Lou continues to look on the horrific scene.

LOU  
All this blood for a fur coat, a  
stinkin' fur coat.

FADE OUT.