

**MASTERS OF HORROR 2**

**THE WASHINGTONIANS**

Screenplay by

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Based on the short story by

BENTLEY LITTLE

**GREEN REVISIONS, 09/05/06**  
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**52, 53, 54, 55**  
YELLOW REVISIONS, 08/23/06  
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Pages: 3, 7, 16, 26, 46, 49, 51  
FULL BLUE, 08/21/06  
FULL WHITE, 08/10/06

We PAN from an OWL sitting high atop a tree to...

...A PRETTY GIRL, early 20's, walking down a lonely, moonlit country road. Carrying a knapsack.

HEADLIGHTS approach from behind. She sticks her thumb out...

...and the CAR passes...

...leaving her alone again. The owl HOOTS high in the tree.

The girl turns and keeps walking...until she hears something. She stops, looks over her shoulder. Sees nothing. Hears nothing. Starts walking again...

...until she hears something a second time. She glances over her shoulder again, but this time she doesn't stop. She's spooked. She starts to walk faster...

...and then she's almost jogging, because whatever she hears is getting closer...

She drops her knapsack, fumbles to pick it up, in a panic now...and before she can start running again...

...a RIDER ON HORSEBACK hurtles over a split-rail fence...

...we hear a CLASH OF METAL...

...and then a shiny SABER flashes in the moonlight...

...and we follow the GIRL'S SEVERED HEAD as it cartwheels through the air and lands in the middle of the country road.

The BLOODY HEAD (eyes wide open) rolls to a stop and we HOLD on it for a quiet beat...then the owl HOOTS again...and we slowly PAN back to the girl's crumpled body on the side of the road...

...where the RIDER dismounts in the background. We only see him in silhouette, framed by moonlight.

And then the sound of an APPROACHING HORSE fills the night...

...and A SECOND RIDER arrives and dismounts. Once again his identity is hidden in silhouette.

The second rider picks up the BODY and starts to wrestle it atop his horse. The man with the saber walks to the severed head and picks it up. Carries it back to his horse...

1 CONTINUED:

1

...FROM THE HEAD, BLOOD SPATTERS TO THE PAVEMENT...

CUT TO:

2 INT. CAR - DAY

2

...STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM SPATTERING ONTO A CHILD'S T-SHIRT...

We PULL BACK to find AMY FRANKS, a very young 10, sitting in the backseat, licking an ice cream cone.

Her mother, PAM, turns and smiles at her from the front passenger seat.

PAM

Oh my. Look at the mess you're making.

(she cleans up Amy with a napkin)  
When did my princess turn into such a little slob? Just like her Daddy.

They both LAUGH and look over at Daddy in the driver's seat -- but he doesn't join in on the fun.

MIKE FRANKS looks tired. A little sad. He remains focused on the road ahead, listening intently to the radio.

GEORGE RATHBUN (ON RADIO)

C'MON...WAKE UP, PEOPLE, AND GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA! You people should know me better than that by now. GEORGE RATHBUN SPEAKS THE TRUTH! THE SIMPLE TRUTH! I am amazed -- no, I am FLABBERGASTED -- at how many American citizens continue to believe the horsecrap our government is feeding us...

3 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

3

We follow the Franks' VOLVO down a familiar country road. Surrounded by rolling hills, woods, and farmland.

GEORGE RATHBUN (ON RADIO)

Okay, folks, take a deep breath and LISTEN TO ME...during the first Gulf War there were something like 120,000 Iraqis killed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

GEORGE RATHBUN (ON RADIO) (cont'd)

And despite what we did or did not hear, not all of them were soldiers or little Husseins-in-training. Many of them were just ordinary men, women, and children who happened to live in the same geographical areas in which we were dropping our bombs. Now...did we know that? NO! WE CERTAINLY DID NOT! AND WHY?

4 INT. CAR - DAY

4

Mike takes a drink of soda. Rubs his eyes.

GEORGE RATHBUN (ON RADIO)

I'LL TELL YOU WHY! Because our news is controlled and filtered by our government. Did you SEE bodies on the news? Did you SEE blood? NO! OF COURSE NOT! AND GUESS WHY? Because our government didn't want you to see it. It's as simple as that. The bottom line is this, folks...we are cattle. We believe what we are told. I mean, C'MON, doesn't anyone want the TRUTH these days?

AMY (O.S.)

Are we there yet?

Mike glances up at the REARVIEW MIRROR. Sees Amy's face smeared with ice cream. He finally cracks a smile.

MIKE

Almost, honey.

AMY

Daddy...can we turn that off? That man is giving me a headache.

Pam gives him a look.

PAM

All that talk about dead bodies and blood might be a little much. Don't you think?

Mike gets the hint -- and quickly turns off the radio.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Sorry about that, princess. It's been a long drive. Daddy's just trying to stay awake.

AMY

That's okay.

MIKE

Hey, you two remember the last time we all came out to Grandma's?

AMY

(nods, smart as a whip)  
I was eight and Great-Grams fell and broke her hip. She couldn't come see us for Christmas, so we went to see her. That was the year she gave me my big doll house.

Mike smiles...lost in the memory...

AMY (O.S.) (cont'd)

I'm sure gonna miss Great-Grams.

His smile fades.

MIKE

Me too, princess. Me too.

Pam leans over and kisses Mike on the cheek. He looks at her -- tries to muster a smile.

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

5

We follow the car as they drive down a wooded country lane -- to grandmother's house they go.

6 INT. CAR - DAY

6

Mike turns into a long dirt driveway, and there it is in the distance -- GRANDMA'S HOUSE. Big. Old. Two stories with a peaked roof. And creepy as hell.

PAM

Here it is. Do you remember it, Amy?

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Yeah, I remember. It gave me the creeps back then, and it's giving me the creeps right now.

Mike looks back at Amy.

MIKE

Remember what we talked about...try not to be so scared of everything, honey. Try to be brave.

AMY

I'm not scared, Daddy. I promise.

But you can tell by the look on her face...she's fibbing.

Mike notices a white convertible Cadillac parked beside the house -- a big, shiny beast of a car.

MIKE

That must be the guy I talked to on the phone.

He pulls in front of the house and parks.

7 EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

7

The Franks family steps out of the car. Everyone stretching from the long drive.

MIKE

Hello?

No one answers. Mike heads for the porch...

MIKE (cont'd)

Hello? Anyone here?

...and notices an ELDERLY MAN sound asleep on a rocking chair. Mike slowly approaches.

MIKE (cont'd)

Sir?

Mike touches the elderly man's shoulder -- and he GASPS and startles awake. Jerks to his feet. He looks a lot like Colonel Sanders, the fried chicken proprietor. Tall. Brilliant white hair and beard. Dressed in a white suit, complete with pocket watch.

(CONTINUED)

His face erupts into a big smile when he sees that he has company. He speaks with a deep southern accent.

ELDERLY MAN

Well, hey there, folks. I didn't hear you drive up.

Pam and Amy step onto the porch. Amy scoots behind her father.

MIKE

Sorry to interrupt your nap. We just--

ELDERLY MAN

No need to be sorry, son. I'm always happy to see new faces.  
(he looks at Pam and Amy)  
Especially when they're as pretty as these two.

He winks at Amy and she GIGGLES. This guy's a charmer.

MIKE

I'm Mike Franks. I believe we spoke on the telephone.

Mike puts his hand out to shake, but instead the old man places both his hands on Mike's shoulders.

ELDERLY MAN

Mr. Franks. I am so sorry for your loss.

Mike nods and shifts uncomfortably, but the old man doesn't let go of his shoulders.

ELDERLY MAN (cont'd)

I knew your grandmother very well, son. She was a special lady. It's never easy when someone crosses over to the other side...but I thank the Lord she shed that mortal coil without pain or suffering. We all should be so lucky.

MIKE

Thank you.

The old guy finally lets go of Mike's shoulders. He takes a step back and actually gives a little bow.

ELDERLY MAN

My name is Samuel Madisson III. It is my honor to meet you and your family.

Mike and Pam smile. They're very charmed indeed.

MIKE

This is my wife, Pam. And our daughter, Amy.

Samuel gives another little bow. He bends down and puts his hand out for Amy to shake.

SAMUEL

Hi there, cupcake. You can call me Sam.

Amy smiles, but doesn't budge from behind her dad.

MIKE

It's okay, Amy. Go ahead, shake his hand.

Amy doesn't move. Mike smiles, embarrassed.

MIKE (cont'd)

Please don't be offended. This one's scared of her own shadow.

SAMUEL

(winks at her again)  
And a pretty shadow it must be.

Samuel stands up. Reaches into his suit pocket and extracts a key ring.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

I do believe these belong to you now.

He places the keys in Mike's hand.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

We can discuss the necessary paperwork tomorrow after the service. No rush from my end. I just hope your stay will be as peaceful as can be.

He reaches into his other pocket and pulls out a lollipop. Kneels down again.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL (cont'd)

Now...I've been saving this for just the most perfect day. Just the most perfect occasion. I think I'd like to give it to you.

He holds out the lollipop. Amy pokes her head out. Just a little. She is torn. *Should she take it?*

SAMUEL (cont'd)

It's my favorite flavor. Cherry.

Then...very slowly...her hand reaches out. Takes the candy.

AMY

(quietly)

Thank you...Sam.

The grown-ups all share a LAUGH.

SAMUEL

Just let me know if there's anything else I can do for you folks.

Samuel tips an imaginary hat and makes his way off the porch.

MIKE & PAM

Thank you.

Samuel gets into his Cadillac. Drives away with a wave.

Mike and Pam return the wave and watch him leave...then Mike turns to the door and uses the key to open it. Amy, licking her lollipop, takes a wary step back. Mike looks down at her.

MIKE

I told you...there's nothing to be scared of, honey. Not everyone is going to reach out and bite you.

Mike and Pam step inside the house. Amy lingers just a moment longer...before mustering the courage to follow them.

TIME CUT TO:

Pam and Amy are looking at old photos on the wall. The house is tidy, but has a stale feel to it. Mike comes in, carrying suitcases.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Car's unloaded. Anybody hungry?

AMY

I have to use the bathroom.

MIKE

Just down the hallway. On the right.

Amy starts down the hall. Slowly. A little nervous. She comes to an open doorway. It's dark inside and she can see...

...stairs leading down to a pitch-black BASEMENT.

Amy looks down the hallway at the bathroom door, then back to the stairs again. It's dark down there all right. And there's no light switch on the wall. She's not going down there. No way.

But she did say she would be a brave girl. She promised. So she takes a step. Then another. A brave young lady exploring.

9 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - STAIRS/BASEMENT

9

AMY

(whispering)

I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid.

She reaches the bottom step and starts looking for a light...but it's too dark to see much of anything. She turns around...

...and there are TWO EYES staring right at her.

She SCREAMS.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

10

Mike and Pam are sitting on the sofa. Talking. Their heads whip around at the sound of Amy's scream.

PAM

Amy!

They rush into the HALLWAY...

...and meet Amy as she comes running up the stairs as fast as her little legs can carry her. She leaps into her father's arms, shaking.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

There's a man downstairs!

Mike eyes go wide. He hands off Amy to Pam and starts for the basement...and then he pauses...and we see him relax.

11 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

11

Mike and Pam lead a very reluctant Amy down the stairs.

Mike pulls a string hanging from the ceiling. A light comes on...and we see very clearly that the man is actually a LIFE-SIZE PAINTING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Propped up on a chair.

MIKE

See. It's just a painting,  
princess.

Amy nods her head. Embarrassed. Mike puts his arm around her.

MIKE (cont'd)

I have to tell you...you're a lot  
braver than I used to be. I never  
came down here when I was little.  
That old painting creeped me out  
too much.

Mike glances back up the stairs. Shakes his head.

MIKE (cont'd)

I don't know why that door was even  
open. Grandma always kept it  
locked.

We PUSH IN on George Washington's intense guarding EYES.

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

12

Mike is at the window, watching Amy outside -- she is sitting in a sofa style swing in the back yard garden, staring out at her new environment, alone and unsure. Pam comes into the room, lays her head on Mike's shoulder.

PAM

Doing okay?

MIKE

I was just thinking...we'll be the  
only relatives at the funeral.  
There's no one else left.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Pam gives him a hug.

13 INT. BASEMENT - LATER THAT DAY

13

Mike and Pam are going through Grandpa's stuff. Boxes are everywhere. Most of them taped up and covered with dust.

MIKE

After Grandpa died she had everything from the store packed up and moved down here. I think it was her way of keeping him around.

PAM

He had a tobacco shop when you were growing up, right? In town?

MIKE

It wasn't just a tobacco shop. He had shelves and shelves of artifacts from all different time periods of American history. It was like his own little museum.

Mike comes across a torn open box. He looks inside and sees a jumbled stack of old legal papers.

MIKE (cont'd)

Looks like someone already gave this one a once-over.

Mike checks out another opened box, a frown on his face.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BASEMENT...

Amy stands in front of the George Washington painting, staring up into those intense eyes. The painting towers over her.

She narrows her eyes, puffs out her chest...

AMY

I'm not afraid of you!

...and then she steps forward and KICKS the chair holding the painting...

...and falls backward, flat on her butt...

...as the painting begins to tilt forward...

(CONTINUED)

...falling directly at her, those eyes getting closer...  
...closer...

Amy SCREAMS and puts her arms up to shield herself...  
...and just in time she is yanked out of harm's way...  
...as the painting CRASHES to the floor.  
Amy looks up into her Daddy's worried face.

MIKE  
Are you okay?

Her mother rushes over.

PAM  
What in the world were you doing?

AMY  
I was trying...to not be scared.

Amy bursts into tears. Buries her face in Daddy's chest.

MIKE  
It's okay, princess. It's okay.

Pam gives Mike a look.

PAM  
Nice catch.

He nods his head. Hands Amy over to her mother.

PAM (cont'd)  
Let's go get you cleaned up.

Pam carries Amy up the stairs.

Mike watches them go, then looks down at the painting and exhales. *That was a close one.*

He leans down to pick up the painting...and notices that the frame is broken.

And then he notices something else. Where the wood has separated from the brown paper covering the back side of the canvas...there is a piece of rolled parchment sticking out.

Mike reaches down and pulls out the parchment, which has been tied up with a small red ribbon.

Puzzled, he puts his hand inside the hole and feels around...and finds something else hidden behind the canvas...a primitive-looking fork. It's old and pale ivory. Looks hand carved.

Mike slowly unties the ribbon and uncurls the parchment. We see several lines of old-fashioned script. And as we read the words, *we also hear them spoken aloud in the dignified voice of the man who wrote them.*

LETTER WRITER (V.O.)

I will Skin your Children and Eat  
Them. Upon Finishing, I will  
Fashion Utensils of Their Bones.

Below the words are initials written in the same script -- *GW*

PAM (O.S.)

Is it damaged?

Mike jumps. Pam is coming down the stairs behind him.

MIKE

Jesus. You scared me.

PAM

Sorry.

MIKE

Take a look at this.

He hands over the letter. Pam reads it. Makes a face.

PAM

This is bizarre.

MIKE

I found it hidden behind the  
canvas.

Mike lifts the painting upright, leans it against the chair.

PAM

(looking at the letter)  
GW? Friend of your grandfather's?

MIKE

I have no idea.

Mike glances up at the painting...and we see the thought blossom in his brain. He looks at Pam. Gestures to the painting.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)

GW?

PAM

No way.

She laughs.

PAM (cont'd)

George Washington was the father of our country. He chopped up cherry trees...not the arms and legs of children.

Mike isn't as amused. He hands her the fork.

MIKE

What do you make of this thing?  
Looks like bone to me.

PAM

Yeah...

She makes a face and speaks in a spooky voice.

PAM (cont'd)

...maybe even human bone!

And now Mike can't help it -- he starts to laugh.

14 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

Mike is reading to Amy in bed. Her eyes are getting droopy...and finally closing. Mike turns one last page and we see a cartoon image of a young GEORGE WASHINGTON STANDING BY A CHERRY TREE, HOLDING A HATCHET. Mike stares at it for a moment, then snaps the book closed, and turns off the light.

15 EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

15

Mike and Pam sit out on the porch, sipping wine.

PAM

You're serious? You really think it was written by George Washington?

MIKE

I said it could have been.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

It's probably just a joke, honey. A dumb prank.

MIKE

Why go to the trouble of hiding it so well if it's just a joke?

PAM

Why did some people used to dress up as Bigfoot and tromp around out in the woods? Just in case someone saw them and snapped a picture. Or found one of their footprints and called the newspapers. This is the same thing. A dumb prank.

MIKE

I don't know. That paper looked awfully old.

PAM

Where did the painting come from?

MIKE

It's been around since before I was born, I think. You know Washington was born around here?

PAM

I didn't know that.

A comfortable silence...as they both take sips of wine...stare up at the stars...

...until Mike jerks his head toward the woods.

MIKE

Did you hear that?

PAM

Hear what?

He puts a finger to his lips. Stares out at the woods. Listening.

PAM (cont'd)

What is it?

MIKE

I thought I heard something. Moving in the trees.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

PAM

Maybe it was George Washington...  
looking for some children to eat.

MIKE

Ha. Ha.

She smiles and kisses him on the cheek -- and gets up.

PAM

Come inside. We've got a long day  
tomorrow.

Mike gets up and starts to follow her inside. At the doorway,  
he hesitates and looks back at the dark woods.

16 EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - WOODS - NIGHT

16

From inside the treeline, we watch Mike go inside and close  
the door. And then we see the NOSTRILS OF A HORSE move across  
frame. Branches break -- SNAP! CRUNCH!

17 OMITTED

17

18 EXT. CEMETERY - NEXT DAY

18

Mike and Pam hold hands with Amy as they walk up a grassy  
hill toward a burial plot...

...where a DOZEN OR SO TOWNSPEOPLE are gathered. Samuel  
Madisson is the only person Mike recognizes.

Mike lets go of Amy's hand and waves somberly at Samuel.

Samuel -- and the entire crowd -- wave back. Mike and Pam  
exchange a look.

They reach the burial plot and Samuel approaches.

SAMUEL

Afternoon, Mrs. Franks. Amy.

He puts his hand out and shakes with Mike.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

Mr. Franks. Please allow me to  
introduce some lifelong friends of  
your grandparents.

(CONTINUED)

A WOMAN approaches. Red hair. Heavy-set. 60's.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

This is Nancy Arnold.

NANCY

I am so sorry about your grandmother. She was a wonderful woman. A true blessing to this community.

She turns to Amy. A big smile crosses her face.

NANCY (cont'd)

And you must be little Amy. I've heard precious things about you.

An OLDER MAN, 80's, skinny as hell, approaches.

JARED

Name's Jared Barkish. I knew your grandfather back in the day. We used to gather down at his tobacco shop. Shared many a cigar and many a meal with him.

He exchanges a look with another ELDERLY MAN and they CACKLE.

MIKE

(a little unnerved)

It's a pleasure to meet you all. I appreciate you coming--

JARED

How old is your daughter, Mr. Franks?

Mike realizes that both men (and most of the townspeople) are staring at Amy. Big smiles on their faces -- maybe too big.

MIKE

She's...Amy just turned ten. A month ago.

MINISTER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen.

Everyone turns to the MINISTER. He is holding a bible in one hand. Using the other hand to wave everyone closer.

(CONTINUED)

MINISTER (cont'd)  
Please gather around, folks. The  
service is about to begin.

Samuel leans over and whispers to Mike.

SAMUEL  
Let's get together later this  
evening if you're feeling up to it.  
God bless you, son.

Mike nods.

MINISTER  
Today we are gathered here to honor  
the memory of...

Mike takes Amy's hand again. Glances around at the  
townspeople. It's a funeral...but everyone is still smiling.

Off Mike's uneasy look, we

CUT TO:

The diner is starting to fill up, the dinner crowd just  
arriving. Mike is sitting across a table from Samuel. Signing  
documents. Samuel is leaning back in the booth, smoking a  
cigar. Mike puts down a pen and slides him a stack of papers.

SAMUEL  
If I might ask...what do you plan  
to do with your grandfather's  
belongings?

MIKE  
Probably keep a few things. Sell  
the rest.

SAMUEL  
You do realize your grandfather was  
quite a collector. There may be  
something there worth more than an  
unexperienced eye can see.

He gives Mike a big charming smile.

SAMUEL (cont'd)  
Not everything your grandfather did  
was what it appeared to be.

(CONTINUED)

Mike smiles back and pulls out his wallet. Samuel waves him away.

SAMUEL (cont'd)  
The coffee's on me.

MIKE  
Thanks. At least let me leave the tip.

He pulls out a couple dollar bills, drops them on the table...and GEORGE WASHINGTON grins up at him with that smug smile. Mike stares for just a beat, and then he gets up to leave.

MIKE (cont'd)  
Well...I appreciate all your help.  
You've been very kind.

Samuel stands up and gives one of his little bows.

SAMUEL  
The pleasure was mine, good sir.

Mike turns to leave...and hesitates. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out the parchment letter.

MIKE  
I did come across something in my grandmother's house. Maybe you can tell me what you make of it.

He hands over the old letter. Samuel studies it closely. Lifts it dramatically up to the light.

SAMUEL  
Where did you find this?

MIKE  
Down in the basement.

SAMUEL  
GW?

Mike raises his eyebrows.

MIKE  
George Washington?

SAMUEL  
You think George Washington wrote this?

MIKE

Probably not, huh.

SAMUEL

Well, you never know. This parchment looks old enough to date from that time period. So does the penmanship. You know Washington was born around these parts? Up north to a Virginian planter family.

MIKE

(nods)

My grandfather told me that story many times.

Samuel holds the letter up to the light again.

SAMUEL

This letter could very well be an authentic piece of American history. May I ask what you intend to do with it?

MIKE

I haven't given it much thought.

SAMUEL

Would you like me to hold onto it? Check with some colleagues of mine?

Mike thinks about it. Shakes his head and puts his hand out for the letter.

MIKE

I appreciate the offer...but I should discuss it with my wife.

Samuel reluctantly hands over the letter.

SAMUEL

If you'd consider selling it, I could probably find some interested parties.

MIKE

I don't think--

SAMUEL

Come to think of it...I know a collector who might offer top dollar for something like this.

Samuel pulls out a cell phone, tempting Mike.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

Would you mind if I gave him a call? He's very discreet, very powerful, and I have reason to believe, very generous.

Mike places the note back in his jacket.

MIKE

I don't think so. But thanks again--

SAMUEL

I'll call him for you right now. Set it all up.

MIKE

(shakes his head)

If this letter is the real thing, it should probably be in a museum somewhere.

SAMUEL

I'm not sure you realize what you have here, Mr. Franks.

Samuel's friendly smile and southern charm are suddenly gone. He looks intense and deadly serious.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

With this one sheet of paper, you could entirely rewrite the history of our country. This letter could forever change the image we have of George Washington. That's an immense responsibility, Mr. Franks. Think about it. Do you want this knowledge to be known?

Mike is stunned by the man's reaction.

MIKE

I'll...talk it over with my wife and let you know what we decide. I thank you again for being so prompt with my grandmother's estate.

Samuel keeps pushing. Eyes feverish. Voice harsh.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

SAMUEL

If I may, Mr. Franks, I'd like to suggest you do something.

Mike turns back at the door.

MIKE

What's that?

SAMUEL

Sleep on it.

Mike walks out of the diner...all eyes following him.

20 INT. CAR - NIGHT

20

Mike is driving. His thoughts focused on the letter, he reaches in his pocket and pulls it out. *Could it actually be real? Could it actually change history?*

He shakes his head...

MIKE

Sleep on this, old man.

...and leans over to put the letter in the glove compartment...

...and as he bends over, we see a RIDER ON HORSEBACK appear outside the driver's side window...

21 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

21

The horse is galloping fast, HOOFBEATS LIKE THUNDER, keeping pace with Mike's car. The rider's POV is focused directly on the LETTER as Mike places it into the glove compartment.

22 INT. CAR - NIGHT

22

Mike sits upright again and catches movement in his peripheral vision. He glances to the side...

...and sees the RIDER staring directly at him...

...the rider's face an eerie mask of white make-up, which glows in the night...

Mike is startled. He swerves onto the shoulder.

23 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 23

The car regains control of the road and speeds away, leaving the rider behind...

...and we watch as the rider leaps a split-rail fence, gallops across a field and disappears into the woods.

24 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT 24

Mike BANGS the front door open. Charges into the house. The letter in his hand.

MIKE

Pam!

A faint voice from the basement.

PAM (O.S.)

I'm down here.

25 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - STAIRS/BASEMENT 25

Mike heads down the stairs. Finds Pam carrying an armload of boxes to a big pile stacked neatly by the stairway.

PAM

What are you yelling about? Is everything okay?

She puts the boxes down.

MIKE

No, everything's not okay. Something weird is going on in this place.

PAM

What do you mean weird?

MIKE

Well, first, our friendly lawyer, Colonel Sanders, turns into a raving lunatic. And then I'm followed home by a freak on horseback.

PAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I swear...it was the weirdest thing I've ever seen. I look up and there's a guy riding right next to the car. He was wearing some kind of make-up on his face. It was creepy as hell.

PAM

Probably some local having a laugh.

MIKE

I almost wrecked the damn car.

Pam stifles a giggle. Mike gives her a dirty look.

PAM

Go on. What happened with Samuel?

MIKE

I showed him the letter and he freaked out.

PAM

He thinks it's real?

MIKE

You should have seen him, honey. For a minute, I didn't think he was going to give it back to me.

PAM

That sweet old man? You're kidding.

MIKE

Sweet old man nothing. He looked like he wanted to eat me for lunch.

Pam laughs.

MIKE (cont'd)

It's not funny. He went on and on about how this letter could change the course of American history. The idea that Washington's image would be ruined if the letter was made public.

PAM

So he really thinks George Washington was...some kind of cannibal?

(CONTINUED)

Mike stares at the painting leaning against the wall. Takes a deep breath. *George Washington a cannibal?*

The diner is still crowded at this late hour. Mike, Pam, and Amy are sitting in a booth. Mike is looking at a menu.

MIKE

Nothing but meat as far as the eye  
can see. Rabbit meat! Squirrel  
meat! Puppy meat!

Pam laughs. Amy playfully smacks him on the arm.

AMY

Daddy!

A WAITRESS comes over to the booth.

WAITRESS

How you folks doing tonight?

PAM

We're doing just fine, thank you.

WAITRESS

Get you something to drink?

PAM & MIKE

Diet coke, please.

AMY

Do you have any chocolate milk?

The waitress turns to Amy with a big smile.

WAITRESS

Why yes we do.

She reaches out and pinches Amy's cheeks.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Oh my, little sweetie, you're about  
cute enough to eat.

Amy smiles -- but she doesn't look particularly happy. And neither does her father.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Be right back to take your orders.

26 CONTINUED: 26

Mike watches the waitress go, an uneasy look on his face. He glances around the diner. EVERYONE is smiling and laughing. But the smiles look fake. The laughter too loud.

Mike stares at the other CUSTOMERS EATING...

*...hungry mouths munching on dripping burgers...stripping chicken meat off the bone...gnawing on barbecue ribs...*

WAITRESS (V.O.) (cont'd)  
*You're about cute enough to eat.*

*...stringy meat and blood-stained gnashing teeth...*

WAITRESS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Here we go.

The waitress is back with their drinks.

Mike blinks his eyes. Tries to snap himself out of it.

27 INT. CAR - NIGHT 27

Pam and Amy are singing and being silly. Mike pulls into Grandma's driveway, looking a lot more relaxed than the last time we saw him...

*...until he parks in front of the house and sees the front door standing wide open.*

28 INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

Mike, Pam, and Amy stand in the middle of the room. They all look stunned. The house has been ransacked.

MIKE  
(quietly to Pam)  
They were looking for the letter.

PAM  
Who?

MIKE  
It was Samuel and the guy on the horse, I'm telling you.

PAM  
Where is the letter?

He touches his jacket pocket.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

MIKE

I kept it with me. I put the...

Mike doesn't finish -- he takes off running up the stairs.

29 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 29

Mike is rustling through his shaving kit when Pam comes in.

PAM

What on earth are you doing?

He stops and looks up at her. His face pale.

MIKE

It's gone.

PAM

What is?

MIKE

The fork. The bone. Whatever the hell it is! I hid it in my shaving kit...and now it's gone. They took it.

A SCREAM echoes from downstairs.

They rush out...

30 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 30

...and find Amy standing in the kitchen doorway...eyes wide...staring down at the table...at a BLOODY HUMAN HEART.

31 EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 31

Pam and Amy stand next to a police car in the front yard. Red emergency lights flashing.

Mike and TWO LOCAL DEPUTIES stand on the front porch. They watch as a THIRD DEPUTY walks out the door -- carrying the bloody heart in a clear Evidence bag.

DEPUTY 1

And you said this is your grandmother's house? You're here because she recently passed away?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

That's right.

DEPUTY 2

Is it possible this happened because of something your grandmother did? Do you know if she had any enemies?

DEPUTY 1

She involved in drugs?

MIKE

Guys, my grandmother was eighty-six years old. Everyone around here loved her.

DEPUTY 1

Did they take anything from the house...anything at all...maybe something that the heart could be considered some sort of trade for?

Mike has already decided he's not going to say a word about the letter or the bone.

MIKE

Trade?

DEPUTY 1

A trade? An exchange? Or maybe the heart was a gift.

DEPUTY 2

Seems more like a warning to me.

DEPUTY 1

If it was a warning, don't you think they woulda left a head instead?

DEPUTY 2

You're right. A head would be better.

MIKE

What in the hell are you two talking about?

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY 1

Do you think it was a warning? You having problems with anyone here in town?

Mike doesn't know what to say -- he can't believe what he is hearing. This just keeps getting weirder and weirder.

MIKE

I don't even know anyone in town. We just got here yesterday.

DEPUTY 1

Okay, listen, Mr. Franks. We're going to do one more search of the house. And then tomorrow we'll come back and look around in the daylight.

DEPUTY 2

And if you think of anything else, feel free to call us.

MIKE

I will...thank you.

DEPUTY 1

Just do us one favor, Mr. Franks?

MIKE

What's that?

DEPUTY 1 & DEPUTY 2

Sleep on it.

Mike stares at the deputies as they walk away. Speechless. Pam and Amy walk up. Mike turns to them.

MIKE

We're getting out of here. Right now.

32 OMITTED 32

32A EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT 32A

We follow their car down a mostly deserted highway.

33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

35 OMITTED 35

36 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 36

And then we follow their car into a very nice suburban neighborhood...and into the driveway of a very nice suburban house.

Mike and Pam get out -- and Mike carries a sleeping Amy into the house.

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 38

An exhausted Mike enters, carrying Amy. He tucks her into bed. Safe and sound. He gives her a kiss on the forehead, and she rolls over and snuggles with a big teddy bear. Mike smiles and closes the door behind him.

39 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 39

Mike and Pam climb into bed. Mike places the letter on the nightstand and turns off the light...and the room goes BLACK.

40 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT 40

We slowly creep into a window to find...

41 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 41

...Amy fast asleep in bed. Still hugging her bear.

RAP. RAP. RAP.

She stirs under the covers.

RAP. RAP. RAP.

She lifts her head from the pillow. Rubs her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Daddy?

RAP. RAP. RAP. Coming from the window.

Amy climbs out of bed. Walks slowly over to the window. She's afraid...but she's trying to be brave.

She pushes back the curtains...

...squints out at the moonlit yard...

...and sees GEORGE WASHINGTON standing outside her window!

He's wearing satin colonial garb, buckle shoes, a powdered wig, white face make-up...and honest to goodness...he's standing right outside her window!

Amy stands there in shock. Wide awake now. Mouth hanging open.

George doesn't move at first. He stands perfectly still. Bathed in moonlight. Almost as if someone is painting his portrait...

...and then...slowly...he lifts his hand...and points to the front door.

AMY (cont'd)  
(starting to smile)  
You want to come in?

He nods his head...

...and smiles back...

...exposing hideously yellow, big false teeth...

Amy SCREAMS.

42 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

Mike and Pam sit bolt upright in bed.

43 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 43

Mike and Pam run into the room. Find Amy standing by her bed. She looks terrified.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE  
What's wrong?!

AMY  
There's a man outside my window.

Mike hurries to the window. Looks outside. The yard is empty.

MIKE  
There's no one out there.

Pam hugs Amy.

PAM  
Are you sure it wasn't just a  
dream, honey?

AMY  
(shakes her head)  
It wasn't a dream, I promise.  
George Washington was standing  
right outside my window.

Mike and Pam look at each other...

44 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT 44

A white gloved hand POUNDS on the front door. BAM! BAM!

45 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 45

Mike runs out into the hallway. Pam grabs Amy by the hand and they follow him into the...

46 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 46

...where the POUNDING continues. Louder now. ANGRY VOICES can be heard from the other side of the door.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
Give us the letter!

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
We know you have it!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

(CONTINUED)

Mike stops in front of the door. Looks back at Pam and Amy. Puts a finger to his lips -- *shhh*. And then he peeks into the door's peephole...

MIKE

What the fuck?!

...and sees a distorted fish-eye view of FOUR LARGE MEN standing on the porch...wearing white powdered wigs and colonial garb...carrying swords and hatchets.

AMY

(whispers)

Is it George Washington, Daddy?

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

We know you're in there, Franks!  
Give us the letter and you and your  
family will not be harmed!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Mike flinches back from the peephole. Scared now.

PAM

Just give it to them, Mike!

AMY

Did you see his teeth, Daddy?

Mike peeks out the peephole again...

...all four men glare at him...their skin ghoulishly pale in the porchlight...their eyes wide and brightly fanatic...

...and then Mike notices their teeth...uniformly false...disgustingly yellow...and very sharp...

...and then the man up front is pointing directly at the peephole...his face twisting with rage...

VOICE 1

Give us the damn letter or we'll  
carve you into pieces!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

This time Mike doesn't flinch. He turns and yells to Pam. Loud enough to be heard.

MIKE

Call the police! Now!

(CONTINUED)

Pam runs for the phone. Mike looks out the peephole again...

MIKE (cont'd)

We're calling the police! They'll  
be here any minute!

...and the man up front leans close to the door. Mike can see an insignia patch on his uniform -- a hatchet and a cherry tree. The man smiles and it is a hideous sight.

VOICE 1

We will skin your child and eat  
her.

And then he begins to LAUGH.

THE OTHER MEN

Here! Here!

VOICE 1

This is your final warning, Mr.  
Franks. Hand over the--

SIRENS can suddenly be heard in the distance. The four men look down the street. The lead man turns back and stares directly at the peephole.

VOICE 1 (cont'd)

We will be back.

BAM! The door shakes one final time. And then they're gone.

Mike hurries to a window. Peeks outside. The porch and yard are empty. TIRES SQUEAL somewhere down the street. Mike closes the curtains. Goes to Pam and Amy and embraces them.

47 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - DAWN 47

Mike stands on the porch, watching two police cars drive away. A cruiser remains parked at the curb, an OFFICER sitting inside. The sun is just breaking the horizon.

48 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 48

Pam is sitting at the table, a cup of coffee in front of her. Mike sits down next to her with a box of cereal and a carton of milk. He fills a bowl with cereal.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

(angry)

I still don't understand why you didn't tell the police about the letter.

He pours the milk.

MIKE

I told you, honey. I don't know who we can trust and who we can't. We can't just give it to anyone.

He takes a bite of cereal.

PAM

I don't care who we give it to. I just don't want it in this house.

MIKE

I'll call--

PAM

Why don't we just burn the damn thing?

MIKE

We can't burn it! Not if it's the truth! We have an obligation--

PAM

You saw those men, Mike! You heard what they said!

MIKE

Okay, honey, okay. Let me call Professor Hartkinson. He knew more about colonial history than anyone I knew...including my grandfather. I can trust him.

He gives Pam a tired smile, but she just glares at him.

Mike lifts the spoon to his mouth again...

...pauses when he sees Pam's eyes go wide...

...and then he notices A SEVERED HUMAN FINGER resting on his spoon...

He flings the spoon onto the floor and jerks up from the table.

(CONTINUED)

Pam stares at the bowl, horrified, hands covering her mouth.

CLOSE UP: The bowl sits in a puddle of spilled milk...and floating amongst the cereal, we see TWO MORE SEVERED FINGERS. Pale. Small (like from a child). The fingers look like they have been chewed.

49 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - DEN - DAY

49

Mike is pacing. Talking on the telephone.

HARTKINSON (O.S.)  
Michael Franks! What a nice  
surprise!

49A INT. UNIVERSITY - HARTKINSON'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

49A

PROFESSOR HARTKINSON, 50's, British, is sitting behind a messy desk. Books and papers everywhere. A big smile on his face.

HARTKINSON  
How the hell are you?

Pam walks into the room. Mike keeps pacing.

MIKE  
I've been better, professor. Thanks  
for taking my call.

HARTKINSON (O.S.)  
Of course. Christ, how long's it  
been? Ten, fifteen years?

MIKE  
Fifteen sounds about right.

HARTKINSON  
You still ticked I gave you a B on  
your final thesis?

Mike can't help it -- he cracks a smile.

MIKE  
It was a B+. And no. History was  
never my forte.

Pam gives Mike a look -- *c'mon, get on with it.*

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)

Listen, professor, the reason I called--

HARTKINSON (O.S.)

My secretary said it was urgent.

MIKE

It is.

Mike takes a deep breath.

MIKE (cont'd)

I know this is going to sound crazy...

He gives Pam a look. It's the moment of truth.

MIKE (cont'd)

Last night...my wife and I were woken up by our daughter...she said she saw someone standing outside her window...and then someone started pounding on the door...

Hartkinson is listening intently.

MIKE (O.S.) (cont'd)

...I looked outside and there were four men on the porch...wearing powdered wigs and what looked like Revolutionary War clothes...

Hartkinson's eyes widen.

HARTKINSON

Did you see their teeth? What did they look--

Mike stops pacing.

MIKE

How did you know about that?

Hartkinson gets to his feet...and we see an old painting of a British officer on the wall behind him.

HARTKINSON

Tell me about their teeth, Michael.

MIKE (O.S.)

They were fake. Horrible looking.

(CONTINUED)

HARTKINSON  
(an awed whisper)  
Washingtonians!

MIKE  
Washingtonians?

Pam walks closer. Tries to listen in on the conversation.

HARTKINSON  
You're lucky you came to me. They  
have spies everywhere.

He lowers his voice.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)  
What do you have?

MIKE (O.S.)  
What?

HARTKINSON  
They wouldn't have come after you  
unless you had something they  
wanted. What is it?

MIKE  
I...I'd rather not say on the  
phone.

HARTKINSON (O.S.)  
Can we meet somewhere? Today?

Mike glances at Pam.

MIKE  
I can't leave my family.

HARTKINSON (O.S.)  
Of course. Of course. I'll come to  
you.

Hartkinson glances at his watch.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)  
My last class ends at six-thirty.  
And Michael...please be careful.  
You and your family could be in  
grave danger.

50 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT 50

A car drives slowly past the police cruiser parked at the curb, pulls into the driveway.

The porch light turns on...illuminating Professor Hartkinson as he gets out and makes his way to the door, carrying a briefcase.

Hartkinson glances over at the officer. Gives him a nod. The officer responds with a friendly wave...

...and we stay with the officer long enough to glimpse a white wig dangling from a shotgun in the front seat.

51 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT 51

Mike opens the door and lets Hartkinson in. They shake hands and walk into the den.

MIKE

Thanks for coming, professor.

HARTKINSON

Of course, Michael.

MIKE

The Washingtonians...who the hell are they?

HARTKINSON

They're the fringe of the fringe.  
Sworn to protect Washington's true legacy.

Mike stares at Hartkinson for a moment...making sure...and then he reaches into his pocket and takes out the letter. Hands it to him. Hartkinson reads it.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

(awed)

I will Skin your Children and Eat Them.

MIKE

What does it mean, professor?

Hartkinson's eyes are afire. His cheeks flushed.

(CONTINUED)

HARTKINSON

The truth. That's what's in this letter.

Hartkinson moves to the sofa. Sits down.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

I want to show you something.

He opens his briefcase.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

George Washington was a cannibal. He was a fiend and a murderer and a child eater. But he was also chosen to be the father of our country, and that image is more important than the actuality.

He pulls out a stack of old documents.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

History is myth, Michael. It's not just a collection of names and dates and facts. It's a belief system that ultimately tells more about the people buying into it than it does about the historical participants.

He starts flipping through the papers.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

We were taught in school that Washington was the father of our country. That Lincoln freed the slaves. Those are our lasting impressions. We are who we are as a nation because of what we believe they were. Because of what we were told they were.

Hartkinson looks hard at Mike.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

But let me tell you something about historians, Michael. Historians, for the most part, are not interested in truth. They're not interested in learning facts and teaching people what really happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

They're more concerned with perpetuating the lies they've been sworn to defend. They're a lot like politicians in that regard.

The professor pulls out an old, tattered book.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

It's an exclusive club, the people who know why our wars were really fought, what really happened behind the closed doors of our world's leaders, and most of them want to keep it that way.

Hartkinson hands Mike the book.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

There are a few of us altruists, people like myself who got into this business to learn and share our learning. But the majority of historians are nothing but PR people for the past.

He gestures to the book.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)

Americans wanted to believe that George Washington was a great man. They wanted him to be the father of our country, needed him to be the father of our country, and they were only too happy to believe what we historians told them.

Mike opens the book. Starts flipping through the pages...

CUT TO:

George Washington dines alone, happily slicing flesh from a severed human leg that sits on a serving platter.

HARTKINSON (V.O.)

But Washington was not the gentle old man we made him out to be.

He takes a sliver of meat and slurps it into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HARTKINSON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He was a monster.

CUT TO:

53 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

53

A British Redcoat SCREAMS in agony. He is lashed to a table and his stomach cavity is being ripped apart by bare hands and sharp teeth. Blood-smearred men and women surround him.

HARTKINSON (V.O.)  
As were his inner circle.

CUT TO:

54 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

54

Mike stares at Hartkinson in horror.

HARTKINSON  
You've stumbled upon something very important here. They're not going to give up. That note's like a leak from Nixon's White House, and the President's going to make damn sure it goes no further than you and your family.

Hartkinson glances around the room. Lowers his voice.

HARTKINSON (cont'd)  
You said you have a daughter...  
(beat)  
Is she a virgin?

MIKE  
She's ten years old!

HARTKINSON  
That's not good.

MIKE  
Why isn't that good?

HARTKINSON  
The Washingtonians wear an insignia on their arms. A hatchet and a cherry tree.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE  
(nods)

I saw one just like it.

HARTKINSON

But in this case the cherry tree represents Washington's well-documented fondness for the meat of virgins.

MIKE

Jesus.

HARTKINSON

Michael...they all like virgin meat.

Mike looks like he might be sick.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Hartkinson and Mike jerk toward the door.

VOICE OUTSIDE (O.S.)

We know you're in there, Franks!  
Give us the letter!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

They get to their feet. The professor grabs the documents. Starts stuffing them back into his briefcase.

MIKE

Get out of here. Keep the letter.  
If it's the truth, you need to get it to the right people.

HARTKINSON

I'll guard it with my life.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Mike runs to the stairway.

MIKE

Pam! Amy!

He turns back to Hartkinson.

MIKE (cont'd)

What will they do if they catch us?

(CONTINUED)

CRASH! A hatchet blade splinters the door.

HARTKINSON  
Kill us. And eat us.

Mike points toward the back of the house.

MIKE  
Go on! Get out of here!

Hartkinson runs toward the back of the house...

...as Pam and Amy hurry down the stairs, looking terrified.  
Mike takes them into his arms.

The hatchet blade continues to eat away at the door. CRASH!  
The door splinters and cracks -- a hole starts to appear.

Mike looks toward the back of the house, searching for a way  
to escape...

...but at every window they find MORE WASHINGTONIANS...

The WASHINGTONIAN gives the front door one final whack --  
CRASH! -- then pokes his head through the hole and lets out  
an insane laugh. *HEREEE'S JOHNNY!*

And then the lights go out, plunging the house into darkness.

Amy SCREAMS.

Mike pulls his family close...backs away from the door...

...and suddenly a HALF-DOZEN WASHINGTONIANS are upon them...

...surrounding them...

...and then a CLUB IS RAISED...

...striking Mike on the head.

54A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT 54A

We follow a BLACK VAN down a familiar stretch of country  
road. The van hits a bump in the road...

55 INT. VAN - NIGHT 55

Mike's head BANGS against the van floor as they hit a bump...

(CONTINUED)

...stirring him awake.

He slowly opens his eyes, sees blurry images of Pam and Amy staring down at him. WASHINGTONIANS sit on either side of them.

PAM

Mike? Are you okay, honey?

He starts to groggily sit up...when the van jerks to a sudden stop. The back doors are yanked open from the outside and TWO MORE WASHINGTONIANS appear -- one is holding up a lantern, the other is pointing an old musket.

Amy GASPS and cringes against her father.

WASHINGTONIAN #1

C'mon now, princess. We're not gonna hurt you.

WASHINGTONIAN #2

That's right. We're just gonna eat you!

HARSH LAUGHTER from all the Washingtonians.

55A EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

55A

The Washingtonians push the family toward a massive, columned house -- reminiscent of colonial times.

56 INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

56

Mike, Pam, and Amy are pushed inside the doorway. A FAT WASHINGTONIAN is there to greet them.

FAT WASHINGTONIAN

We've been awaiting your arrival.

They are escorted down a long DARK HALLWAY, lit only by flickering candelabras. Mike spots bright light coming from a doorway up ahead and hears SOUNDS OF A CELEBRATION.

MIKE

Where are you taking us?

The fat Washingtonian stops in the brightly-lit doorway...

...and allows the family to be pushed ahead of him into a...

57 INT. OLD HOUSE - LARGE BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT 57

FAT WASHINGTONIAN  
(boldly gestures)  
Welcome to the original Feasting  
Lodge of George Washington! We are  
thrilled to have you for dinner!

The room is lit by hundreds of candles. A DOZEN  
WASHINGTONIANS sit around a huge banquet table. A BELL RINGS  
and THREE MORE WASHINGTONIANS enter -- carrying big steaming  
trays of meat...

...and then the feast begins!

A great circle of blood-smeared men and women. Feasting on  
piles of human flesh and ragged body parts. Ripping meat from  
the bone with their teeth. Slicing fresh cuts from a human  
carcass sitting atop the table. All of them dressed in  
colonial garb. All of them smiling and laughing with wet, red  
mouths.

\*

A BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN gets up from the table, wiping blood  
and gore from his beard. He smiles at Mike and his family,  
obviously very happy to see them.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN  
Mr. Franks. It is a pleasure to  
make your acquaintance.

He guides them across the room, past the feasting  
Washingtonians.

\*  
\*

Mike, Pam, and Amy stare with shocked disbelief...

\*

...as they immediately recognize the lawyer, Samuel  
Madisson...

\*  
\*

SAMUEL  
Care to pull up a chair, Mr.  
Franks? It's quite delicious.

\*  
\*  
\*

...the two deputies from town...

\*

DEPUTY 1  
(holding up a leg)  
Tastes just like beef.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY 2 \*  
Tastes more like pork to me. \*

DEPUTY 1 \*  
Pork? Doesn't taste like pork to \*  
me. \*

The deputies each take a bite...look at each other as they \*  
chew...and in unison... \*

DEPUTY 1 AND DEPUTY 2 \*  
Tastes like chicken! \*

...and then the chubby waitress from the diner... \*

WAITRESS \*  
(to Amy) \*  
Well, hey there, little sweetie... \*  
you're about cute enough to eat. \*

She turns to Nancy Arnold and Jared Barkish from the funeral \*  
and they all CACKLE with laughter. \*

Mike and his family reach the other side of the room... \*

...and the bearded Washingtonian walks over to a nearby \*  
cabinet and points at the dull ivory objects inside. \*

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN  
These are forks carved entirely  
from the femurs of the First  
Continental Congress. The fork you  
found in your grandmother's house  
completed our collection!

He gestures toward a pair of expensively framed paintings  
hanging next to each other above the cabinet.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

The first one depicts a blood-spattered George Washington, flanked by two naked and equally blood-spattered women, devouring a screaming man.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (cont'd)O.S.)  
Washington commissioned this the  
year he became president.

He stares reverently at the bloody painting, then gestures to the second painting...

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (cont'd)O.S.)  
He first acquired the taste during  
the long winter at Valley Forge  
when he and his men were starving  
and without supplies or  
reinforcements. The army began to  
eat its dead...

...which depicts a snowy army camp and two starving, freezing soldiers huddled by a fire, gnawing on human body parts.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)  
...and Washington found that he not  
only enjoyed the taste, he believed  
that it gave him great power and  
clearness of mind.

58 OMITTED

58

59 INT. WASHINGTON'S TENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

59

A young soldier is escorted into a tent...where Washington waits with a pleasant smile...and a carving knife hidden behind his back.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (V.O.)  
Even after supplies began arriving,  
he continued to kill a man a day  
for his meals.

CUT TO:

60 INT. OLD HOUSE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT 60

The two bloody-mouthed DEPUTIES and JARED BARKISH are now standing, surrounding Mike and his family. \*

DEPUTY 2 \*

And soon he began to realize that with the army in his control, he was in a position to call all the shots.

JARED \*

He could create a country of cannibals. A nation celebrating and dedicated to the eating of human flesh!

DEPUTY 1 \*

Thomas Jefferson gave his life for us, did you know that? Sacrificed himself right here.

DEPUTY 1 runs a hand lovingly over the top of a strange table-like contraption in the middle of the room.

DEPUTY 1 (cont'd) \*

His blood anointed this wood.

CUT TO:

60A INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 60A

A screaming Thomas Jefferson is roped to a big wooden table. His chest and stomach and groin laid open. Bloody entrails steaming. Surrounded by feasting Washingtonians.

DEPUTY 1 (V.O.)

He allowed Washingtonians to rip him apart with their teeth.

CUT TO:

60B INT. OLD HOUSE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT 60B

The bearded Washingtonian walks over to a small table in the corner.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN

Now this is our prize possession.

(CONTINUED)

A tiny light shines down on a glass dome sitting atop a set of ancient-looking wooden teeth. The teeth are filed to sharp points.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (cont'd)

These belonged to President  
Washington himself.

He lifts the dome and actually sniffs the air, like sampling a fine wine.

MIKE

You're insane! All of you! And your  
hero George Washington was nothing  
but a filthy monster!

A loud MURMUR of disapproval from all the Washingtonians.

The bearded man replaces the dome and walks calmly over to Mike...and punches him in the stomach.

Mike doubles over. Pam and Amy both GASP.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN

You are not a guest here, Mr.  
Franks. You are a prisoner. For  
now. Later you may be supper.

He looks at Pam and Amy. Smiles.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (cont'd)

And you two may be dessert.

He runs his fingers through Amy's hair.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN (cont'd)

Especially this one.

A CHEER goes up from all the other Washingtonians.

MIKE

Don't you touch them! It's me you  
want. Eat me, you sons-of-bitches!

CHUBBY WAITRESS

Don't worry! We will!

Samuel Madisson steps forward. Shaking his head.

SAMUEL

Your grandfather would be so  
disappointed with you, Michael.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL (cont'd)

(off Mike's stunned look)

Why yes, son, of course...he was a proud Washingtonian. A good and loyal comrade, and he is dearly missed.

SEVERAL WASHINGTONIANS

Hear! Hear!

\*

The bearded man steps forward again.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN

Now...I'm only going to ask you this one time, Mr. Franks. What have you done with the letter?

MIKE

I'll never tell you.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN

As you wish.

He signals a Washingtonian. The man pulls out a wicked-looking carving knife...

\*

...walks over to Pam...nicks her on the cheek...and licks the blood from her skin...

...then he walks over to Amy...and places the blade close to her face.

Mike struggles to break free, but is held tight.

MIKE

I swear to God...if you touch them one more time you'll never see that letter again.

BEARDED WASHINGTONIAN

I hardly think you are in a position to make--

BOOMING BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)

Unhand those civilians!

Everyone turns in the direction of the doorway...

...in time to see PROFESSOR HARTKINSON enter the room...

...and filing into the room right behind him are THREE LARGE MEN, dressed in dark clothes, wearing SWAT-team body armor, and carrying automatic weapons.

(CONTINUED)

HARTKINSON

I said...unhand them!

The three armed men look shocked at what they see. Hartkinson does not -- he looks downright heroic.

And then the SOUND OF A MUSKET BEING COCKED ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE FEASTING LODGE...

...as a WASHINGTONIAN comes up behind Mike and presses the barrel against his head.

WASHINGTONIAN

Say your prayers, traitor!

CRASH! A vase is broken over the man's head. He falls...

...and we see young Amy standing behind him. Looking very brave indeed.

Mike shakes his head and grabs his little girl...

...and the room erupts.

Washingtonians pull out swords and old muskets, all in unison...

...but a volley of automatic gunfire cuts them down in a matter of seconds.

When the gunfire stops and the smoke clears there are only sounds of MOANING and SCREAMING men.

Most of the Washingtonians have been killed or gravely wounded. Chewed limbs lay scattered among the dead.

\*  
\*

Mike hugs Pam and Amy close to his chest.

\*

Hartkinson approaches. Flecks of blood all over his face. He starts to lead them out of the room.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

HARTKINSON

You need to take your family and  
leave now. They'll take care of  
this mess.

MORE AGENTS hurry past them and immediately start cleaning up \*  
the room. Gobs of meat and ragged body parts are placed in \*  
evidence bags. Paintings are taken down from the walls. \*

MIKE (O.S.)

Who are they?

HARTKINSON (O.S.)

They're federal agents.

MIKE

(looking around)

How will they ever explain...all  
this?

Hartkinson gives an ironic smile.

HARTKINSON

They work for the government, \*  
Michael. Like the Roswell incident \*  
and so many other cover-ups, this \*  
event will never have taken place. \*  
They'll sweep it right under the \*  
carpet. They're good at that, \*  
remember?

Mike nods. \*

MIKE

Professor...what about the letter? \*

Hartkinson cautiously looks around. From inside his coat, he  
withdraws the letter, wrapped in plastic. He speaks low and  
filled with reverence.

HARTKINSON

Tell the world. It's history,  
Michael.

Mike takes the letter. Shoves it into his pocket.

Hartkinson gives a proud salute and leads them away...

(CONTINUED)

60B CONTINUED: (5)

60B

...and the last image we see is a DEAD WASHINGTONIAN...placed  
in an opened body bag...and then his powdered face and wig  
are zipped up into blackness...

FADE TO BLACK:

61 EXT. FRANKS HOUSE - NIGHT

61

A TITLE CARD APPEARS OVER BLACK

**SIX MONTHS LATER**

CUT TO:

Quick establishing shot of the house. We watch as a Chinese  
DELIVERY MAN pulls up to the curb and gets out. He leaves the  
car running and the radio blaring.

IRRITATED CALLER (ON CAR RADIO)

No way. I'm still not buying it.  
There's no way you can tell me that  
two hundred and fifty years of  
American history is bullcrap. It  
CAN'T be the truth...

The delivery man rings the DOORBELL.

62 INT. FRANKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

62

(CONTINUED)

Mike, Pam, and Amy are busy getting ready for dinner. Pouring drinks. Setting the table. Smiling and laughing. \*

The doorbell RINGS.

MIKE

I got it.

Mike turns up the volume on the radio sitting on the kitchen counter...

GEORGE RATHBUN (ON RADIO)

Listen, MORON...I mean mister...I have one thing to say to you, and only one thing. Allow me to quote my good buddy, Jack Nicholson...

(he clears his throat)

THE TRUTH! YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!

...and then he heads for the front door. Smiling.

The door opens and Mike is standing in the foyer. The delivery man holds up two bags of food. \*

DELIVERY MAN

Two order fried tofu, two order vegetable lo mein, one order white rice. That right?

MIKE

That's right.

DELIVERY MAN

You no like meat, huh?

Mike just smiles and hands over the money. The delivery man makes change.

MIKE

(glancing at his change)  
What's this?

DELIVERY MAN

That the new dollar bill! They traded Georges!

Mike holds up the crisp dollar bill to the light...

...and we see that George Washington has been replaced by  
GEORGE W. BUSH.

MIKE (O.S.)

No shit!

The dollar bill is snatched from his hand...

...and we PULL BACK to find Pam standing next to him, holding  
the dollar up. Eyes wide.

PAM (O.S.)

No shit!

And then the dollar bill is snatched from her hand...

...and we PULL BACK again to find Amy standing next to her  
mother, holding the dollar up. Eyes wide.

AMY

No shit is right!

Mike looks at Pam...they both look down at their brave little  
girl...and they all crack up laughing. Mike closes the door.

THE END.