

EXT. TAGGART FARM. DUSK.

A cornfield in an evening breeze. A lone wooden cross against the dusky sky.

**WHOMP!** A SCARECROW suddenly thrown against it. Sloppy looking. Overalls. Pillow sack head. Hat stitched on.

Fourteen year old BILLY TAGGART stands on wooden steps at the foot of the post so he can reach this high.

Takes a length of bailing wire and reaches around the straw man. Finds himself nose to nose with its sewn on face.

TAGGART

You get number three up and  
don't come in to eat till  
you do.

The boy looks over. JACK TAGGART is a weathered looking forty. Working the post puncher across the field.

He slides a long wooden post with a pointed tip into the loader and then jumps back onto the seat of the fencing machinery.

**PRAMP!!!** The wooden post is fired deep into the earth -by the small cannon of the puncher pointing directly into the ground.

TAGGART

And check the other two.  
Make sure they're wired up  
good, I don't want 'em  
blowing down again if  
there's a big wind.

Billy stares across the field at TWO MORE SCARECROWS. Already on their crosses. A CROW LANDS ON THE MOST DISTANT. IT CAWS MAWKISHLY.

BILLY

Lot of good they're doing.

**PRAMP!!!** The boy turns to dad to protest. But dad is hopping off the post puncher now. It has misfired.

TAGGART

You been messing with this  
post puncher?

BILLY

No.

(CONTINUED)

TAGGART  
I told you what'd happen if  
you screwed around with this  
thing.

Billy, struggling to secure the first scarecrow.

BILLY  
I said I didn't.

Taggart throws a rag at the post puncher. Moves toward their  
small farmhouse.

TAGGART  
Jacky?

Billy's older brother JACK JR. Seventeen. Sticks his head out  
the kitchen door.

TAGGART  
You messin' around with that  
Goddamned post puncher  
again?

JACK JR.  
No!

Taggart throws a look out to Billy.

JACK JR.  
Billy you little asshole!  
Why don't you fink on  
yourself for a change?

TAGGART  
Don't use that kinda mouth  
on your brother, what did I  
tell you?

Jack Taggart disappears inside the barn. Jack Jr. glares at  
little brother. Turns to go back in the kitchen.

Halted by BUTCH their BLACK LABRADOR RETRIEVER, *GROWLING IN  
THE DIRECTION OF THE CORNFIELD.*

JACK JR.  
Go get him! Go bite him in  
the ass, Butchy-boy.

Jack Jr. disappears back inside the kitchen. *BUTCH BARKS NOW.* \*

Billy grumbles to himself on his way to Scarecrow Number Two.

BILLY  
"Don't want 'em blowing down  
again"... Big wind my ass..."

(CONTINUED)

**HE CAN HEAR HIS DOG BARKING IN THE DISTANCE.**

**BILLY**  
You're the only big wind out  
here...

Billy arrives at the next scarecrow. Walks behind it. Checks the bailing wire that holds it in place.

**RAKING ANGLE ON BILLY AND THE FAR SCARECROW:** *The last scarecrow, some yards away, turns and looks at the boy, scattering the crows on its head and shoulders...*

Billy turns to look...

**RACK FOCUS TO:** *--the scarecrow. It looks away at the same instant.*

Billy wondering what he saw.

The dog still at the outskirts of the corn rows, **YELPING NOW. A CLEAR WARNING TO THE BOY...**

**DOG POV:** Billy moves toward that last scarecrow.

**THE DOG'S BARKS BUILD IN INTENSITY.** *Wants to go after his master. Won't. Too afraid.*

**BILLY**  
Will you shut-up?!

Billy glaring out at his dog. Realizes something. Turns toward that last scarecrow -just a yard or so away.

*Are his eyes are playing tricks on him?*

This scarecrow is not one of the sloppy ones he made himself. *This one wears a strange hat and a thick, long coat...*

**THE DOG BARKING INSANELY AGAIN...**

*This doesn't look like a scarecrow at all...*

**BILLY TURNS. STARTS TO RUN. DOESN'T KNOW WHY. SPRINTING THROUGH CORN. IT SLAPS AT HIM HE IS MOVING SO FAST.**

**THE SCARECROW BLASTS OFF THE POST TOWARD HIM--**

*Not running --but flying after him! A big dark shape, rocketing over the stalks!*

*Before he can even think what kind of nightmare it must be--*  
**KER-RANCCHH!! IT TAKES THE KID DOWN WITH A FLYING TACKLE.**

**THE CORN SHAKES VIOLENTLY WHERE THEY HIT THE GROUND. THE DOG BARKING INSANELY.**

(CONTINUED)

Dad bursting from the barn with a double barrel shoutgun.  
Jack Jr. scrambling out the kitchen door in his bare feet.

*The corn still shakes violently. Taggart running into the field toward it.*

**TAGGART**

*BILLY?!*

*SOMETHING IS MOVING THROUGH THE CORN AWAY FROM TAGGART WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED.*

Taggart filling with fear as he runs faster. The dog follows with Jack Jr.

**TAGGART**

*BILLY?!!!!!!!*

*They're gaining on it -- something big is dragging something not so big, deeper into the field.*

**BILLY'S POV: ANGLE LOOKING UP AT THE RAGMAN DRAGGING HIM**

Both men and the dog in the trail of broken stalks now. Running over one of Billy's tennis shoes...

**TAGGART**

*BILLY?!!!!!!!*

*SOMETHING BIG BREAKS OUT OF THE CORN AHEAD! STARTLING THE TAGGARTS! ROCKETING OUT OF THE STALKS INTO THE NIGHT...*

*It wears a scarecrow's ragged coat and from it, great wings that rise and fall -blasting it skyward--*

*A HORRID SHAPE THAT CLUTCHES ANOTHER. ITS PREY DANGLING FROM ITS TALONS...*

*There can be no mistaking the lifeless body of young Billy Taggart being raced into the cloudy night sky.*

Dad stares completely transfixed. Shot gun leveled but unable to shoot. *Might hit Billy.*

*THE DOG BARKS WILDLY up at the horrible thing that is now a distant shape streaking past the cloudy moon.*

*AS IT DISAPPEARS THERE COMES A SOUND SO EERIE AND FORLORN IT COULD ALMOST BE THE VOICE OF JACK TAGGART'S HORROR AND SORROW...*

*A HOWLING SOUND. THE DOG. IT HOWLS UP AT THE MOON.*

Taggart and Jack Jr. stare up nullified at the moon that looks down on them

(CONTINUED)

AS A DIALOG PRELAP OF SINGING BEGINS:

BOYS AND GIRLS  
Tough as Nails! Hard as Rocks!  
We are Bannon's Fighting  
Cocks!

\*  
\*  
\*

Fighting Bantams, tough as  
nails! Bow down now or kiss  
our tails!

\*  
\*

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

Climbing a rise into view on this remote country two-lane is  
a big yellow school bus. BANNON COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT the  
legend on its sides.

BOYS AND GIRLS  
Out for blood we're lean and  
mean! Bannon County's death  
machine!

\*  
\*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

Long shot down the aisle: A Varsity Basketball team singing  
their fight song on a long journey home from an away game.

\*  
\*

A tired but happy crew of 20 BOYS, THEIR COACHES AND  
CHEERLEADERS.

HEAD COACH CHARLIE HANNA, capable looking man of Color,  
listening as they sing THE BANNON COUNTY BANTAMS FIGHT SONG.

\*

BOYS AND GIRLS  
Bannon Bantams, Bannon Bantams  
Goooooooooooo BAN--TAMS!!!!

\*

Boys on one side have a long cloth banner on their laps  
running the length of the bus.

BOYS AND GIRLS  
Bannon Bantams power and might!  
Bannon Bantam's! Fight! Fight!  
Fight!

\*

Bannon Bantams we're the word!  
You don't mess with a mighty  
bird.

Down the court we'll clean  
your clock. Better not mess  
with a fighting cock!

\*

At the back of the bus we arrive at handsome and powerful  
SCOTT BRADDOCK. Brooding. The only player not singing.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Two of the cheerleaders on the bus, RHONDA TRUITT and CHELSEA FARMER. Chelsea is a beautiful girl of Color. Neither exactly enjoying the din.

RHONDA  
(over the noise)  
How long can they keep this up?

CHELSEA  
Forever, they have a fight song with the word "cock" in it.

She looks over at MINXIE HAYES the third cheerleader. Happily chanting along with the boys.

RHONDA  
Surprised Minxie's not waving her pom poms.

CHELSEA  
She is.  
(looks back)  
How come you're not sitting with your honey?

Both girls turn to look back at sullen Scott Braddock.

CHELSEA  
He's not singing.

RHONDA  
I have a feeling he didn't get to play enough.

CHELSEA  
Well shouldn't you be sitting with him?

RHONDA  
After a game he says he needs to be with the guys.

CHELSEA  
You kill his post game buzz, huh?

RHONDA  
Basically.  
(looks back at him)  
If they lose it's a totally different thing. Can't pry him off me.

Seeing a car approaching, BETTY BORMAN, the bus driver lays on the horn and waves it ahead.

EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. SAME TIME. \*

The car picks up speed. Travels alongside the bus. Reading the banner that the boys hold up along the windows: \*

## BANNON STATE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS \*

Betty Borman lays on the horn in playful spurts. *HONK-HONK-HA-HONK-HONK!* \*

Bird's eye view: Big countryside dwarfing the tiny bus as the car passes it. *THE SINGING VOICES FAINT AT THIS ALTITUDE.* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME. \*

The only two boys on the bus who are non-team members, **IZZY BOHEN** -who is not singing- and Student Team Manager **ANDY "BUCKY" BUCK** who is. \*

**JAKE SPENCER** plops down in the seat behind them and leans forward. \*

JAKE  
Hey Izzy? \*

IZZY  
(not interested)  
Hey Jake. \*

JAKE  
You saw me, right? Run that full court dash, you see that? \*

IZZY  
Yeah I saw it. \*

JAKE  
Anyone gonna read about it?  
(off Izzy's look)  
Why you give old Dante back there so much ink, huh? \*

They look at handsome **DANTE BELASCO** at the back of the bus. \*

JAKE  
I'm serious, people're starting to think you're sweet on him. \*

IZZY  
Really, I heard that was you. \*

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
Hey, it's okay if you are  
man, I mean live and let  
love, right?

BUCKY  
Sit down Jake-

JAKE  
Was I talking to you,  
jockstrap boy?

BUCKY  
That's funny I call it  
managing the team-

JAKE  
Call it whatever you want.

IZZY  
Jake-

JAKE  
Seriously, tell me.

IZZY  
Tell you what?

JAKE  
You know what.

IZZY  
This is all because I don't  
write enough about you?

JAKE  
Just say yes or no man, who  
the fuck cares?

IZZY  
Well I guess you do since  
you're spitting on my neck-

JAKE  
You know what they call you,  
don't you? "Izzee?"

IZZY  
That's my name-

JAKE  
-or Isn't he?"

Izzy glowers at him. *PWOOM!! The bus suddenly jolts.*

Kids everywhere jolted in their seats. Bus Driver Borman  
struggling to keep control of the big machine.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

A flat tire. Ripped rubber slapping the asphalt as the bus leans to the right.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

Bus Driver Betty Borman wrestles the big yellow vehicle onto the shoulder of the road. \*

Coach Hanna watches her move out from behind the wheel. \*

COACH HANNA  
Everybody sit tight.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

Betty and Hanna step down and move to the rear of the bus. Shredded rubber hangs off the outer right rear tire. \*

Betty Borman squats to it. Spies something embedded deep in one of the rubber flaps. \*

It is smooth and metallic. Star shaped. *One of the points of the star clearly what flattened the tire.*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Son-of-a-...

She pries it free. *Something very ornate and ancient looking about it.* \*

Neither like what they're thinking. Both look around. Just fields and fields. *Where did this thing come from?*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

Scott Braddock and his cronies in the backseats: Jake, handsome DANTE BELASCO and JONNY YOUNG all staring out the rear window. Coach Hanna and Bus Driver Betty having a discussion they can't hear. \*

BRADDOCK  
You sucked so bad today  
Double D., they're probably  
saying you gotta fix the  
flat.

Several seats ahead, DEAUNDRE "DOUBLE D." DAVIS, a handsome young man of color, responds with a single finger. Double D.'s best buddy KIMBALL WARD takes his headphones off. \*

KIMBALL  
They're up to one hundred  
and sixty-seven. \*

Bucky and Izzy turn back to them. \*

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.

(puts the headphones on)  
That church up in Poho  
County where they found all  
those bodies?

KIMBALL

Three days now and they  
think they're gonna get up  
past two hundred.

DOUBLE D.

That is some scary shit,  
'yall. I heard they were all  
sewn together like some kind  
of blanket of the dead...

IZZY

My dad says some of the  
bodies they found? False  
teeth made out of wood.  
(off the others looks)  
Means they're finding bodies  
down there that are two  
Centuries old.

KIMBALL

(trying to get his  
headphones back)  
Just glad its five big fat  
counties away from us.

JONNY YOUNG

They can't just whip the  
jack out and pump this  
mother up?

DANTE

I can. In fact I think I'd  
like to do that right now.

He is staring toward the front of the bus at cheerleader  
Minxie who throws him a look.

DANTE

I'd love to just whip it out  
and start pumping it up,  
right now.

JONNY YOUNG

You telling me Bouncing  
Betty can't just throw on a  
spare?

JAKE

Ever been on a bus with a  
flat tire?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (more)  
The driver can't change it,  
they need a mechanic.

Chelsea leans across the aisle to Minxie. \*

CHELSEA  
I don't believe this. \*

MINXIE  
(still staring at Dante)  
I don't either. It's like a  
dream come true. \*

Rhonda nods until she realizes what Minxie just said.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
It's a six wheeler, that  
means there's a chance we  
can still limp home. \*

COACH HANNA  
Long way to limp, isn't it? \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
They decide to send someone,  
'still gonna be a while. \*

She steps back onto the bus. The Coach still staring at the  
strange metal object. *Did this flatten their tire?* \*

He holds it up again. The large metal chip dissolves into the  
burning sun as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAGGART FARM LATE DAY.

Examining where little brother disappeared, a breeze bows the  
corn stalks around Jack Jr. and his dog.

In the long drag trail of broken stalks the teen, shotgun  
tucked under his arm, pushes husks around with the toe of his  
boot.

*THEN BUTCH WHIMPERS at something. The dog sniffing at  
something hidden under the trampled leaves.*

ANGLE ON GROUND LOOKING UP AT: Jack Jr. hands on knees stares  
down at it.

INT. TAGGART LIVING ROOM LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Jack Taggart in an old overstuffed chair. Looking like a  
still life. Staring off into the shadows. Shades drawn. He  
has been there for hours, sitting in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

*CAN HEAR THE DOG BARKING WILDLY OUTSIDE. CAN HEAR JACK JR. BURSTING IN THE KITCHEN DOOR.*

He rushes into the living room. Halted by how dark it is.

Jack Jr. moves forward. Offering his discovery in his open palm. Taggart doesn't move.

JACK JR.

Look, pop.

But dad doesn't. Doesn't even blink. That stare so dead.

JACK JR.

It was out in the corn.

Taggart finally looks to his son's open palm. Stares for a moment at the object. Looks up to his boy as he slowly takes it in his own fingers:

*A smooth, star shaped piece of metal. Strikingly similar to the thing we have just seen pulled out of the bus tire.*

EXT. LONLEY COUNTRY ROAD. LATE DAY.

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN:

Boys trek out from the stranded bus into the expansive field. The bus itself, littered with half naked bodies angled all along the roof. \*

Braddock and his cronies have laid out up there. Jake, Dante, Jonny, and others. Eyes closed. Basking in the late day sun. \*

DANTE

What the Hell time is it?

JONNY

Half-past a monkey's ass, a quarter to his balls.

DANTE

That sun's getting pretty low.

BRADDOCK

What're you worried about?

DANTE

Someone doesn't show up soon, we're gonna be sitting out here tonight instead of Jenny Carlutti's party.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What he means is, as  
returning champions, the  
odds of getting lucky at  
that party for any of us-

\*

BRADDOCK

-is about a million to one.

Jake turns his head. Squints at Braddock.

\*

JAKE

What's your glitch, bitch?

\*

BRADDOCK

(looks to see if he's  
being overheard)  
Those Black boys at Cooper  
handed you your ass today.  
With a silver bow around it

DANTE

(sits up)  
Hey were you at the same  
game we were? 'Cause we won.

BRADDOCK

Big fucking landslide.

\*

DANTE

Big enough, why don't you  
pull your pud out of the  
mud?

\*

JAKE

(in Dante's shadow)  
Why don't you lay the fuck  
down, you're blocking my  
sun.

\*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Betty Borman at the two-way radio beside her seat.

\*

BUS DRIVER BETTY

Say again this is 226,  
anyone read me? We are  
disabled out on East 9,  
somewhere in the middle of  
Kissel County, come back.

\*

\*

She is getting nothing. Says so in a look to Coach Hanna  
having no luck on his cell phone.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
(hangs up the radio)  
We gotta be in some kind a  
sun spot or something.

\*

COACH HANNA  
Well that's great 'cause no  
one's even gonna *miss* us  
till after dark.

BETO SANCHELLA, a Hispanic boy moves down the bus steps.

COACH HANNA  
Beto, back on the bus.

BETO  
Un momento abuelito!

Moves out into the field where several boys are lining up on  
a ridge.

COACH HANNA  
What he just call me?  
(out to Beto)  
What you just call me?

Beto turns and smiles the Devil's smile back at the Coach.

\*

EXT. ADJOINING FIELD. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

The boys on the ridge pee into a gully. Izzy, Andy Bucky,  
Double D., et. al.

\*

\*

DOUBLE D.  
Maybe we get stuck out here  
and have to form our own  
society, you know? Like a  
commune, you know?

His fellow fellows smiling at his wicked thought.

DOUBLE D.  
We've got some very  
beautiful women back there.

KIMBALL  
Yeah you'd have to be stuck  
out here till Doomsday 'for  
those stuck up bitches to  
touch you.

DOUBLE D.  
Man Big K., you really know  
how to ruin a good piss.

Beto runs up. *Some staring at what he takes out of his pants.*

\*

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.  
(laughs at this)  
Oh man, control yourself,  
Beto!

BETO  
Can't help it man, riding on  
a bus does it to me every  
time!

KIMBALL  
That's right, we're hoping  
it's the bus.

They laugh. *AS A SOUND COMES SOFTLY FROM THE DISTANCE...*

BETO  
Besa mi anillo, hermano mio!  
(off Kimball's angry look)  
I said I love you like a  
brother.

*CHIMES... DISTANT, DELICATE CHIMES...*

The boys at the ridge stop and turn. The boys on the roof  
too. Squinting into the late day sun.

DANTE  
What the Hell is that?

Out on the ridge, the boys stand silent in the gentle breeze  
that brings the chimes to them..

IZZY  
Sounds like...

DOUBLE D.  
Ice Cream...?

Over a distant rise of country two-lane comes a *rusty old ice  
cream truck...*

*PLAYING A VERY TIRED AND RUSTY SOUNDING TUNE...*

*Years ago it might have attracted boys and girls everywhere.  
Now each tone is a warped and ominous one.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Betty Borman moves down the bus steps and joins the Coaches. \*

COACH HANNA  
What in the Holy....

Boys on the roof sit up. Some stand. The vehicle takes on more  
detail. *To show how rusty and old and utterly deranged it is.*

(CONTINUED)

COACH HANNA  
Dwayne? Everyone back in the bus.

COACH BARNES  
(to the boys on the roof)  
Alright bathing beauties, you heard the man, let's move it. Everybody off the top.

COACH HANNA  
(out to the ridge)  
Let's not make this a social event out there! Everybody back on the bus gentlemen, now!

EXT. ADJOINING FIELD. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Double D. and the others moving back while Beto tries to pee faster.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Betty Borman moves toward the back of the bus. \*

The ice cream wagon is coming at a brisk pace. Its rusted face has a strange addition: *a large metal bumper bolted beneath its headlights.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

The boys from the ridge step back on board. Stare out the rear windows at the approaching truck.

JAKE  
What in the fuck would you call that...?

COACH BARNES  
Beto, let's go!

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Betty at the back of the bus. The wagon slows a few feet from them. Its windows are dark and dusty. *Whoever is in there cannot be seen.* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Everyone crowds the windows as this strange vehicle slowly starts to pass them

On its side, a faded but smiling boy and girl and the large ice cream cone between them. It boasts the legend:

(CONTINUED)

## A PARTY FOR YOUR MOUTH!

Andy Buck is at one of those windows, next to Double D.

**BUCKY**  
I think you can kiss the  
idea of ice cream good-bye.

**DOUBLE D.**  
Last time there was ice  
cream in that thing we  
weren't even born yet...

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

**COACH BARNES**  
Let's go Beto!

Beto a few yards from the bus, watching the wagon roll by.

**BUS DRIVER BETTY**  
(nods to Hanna's phone)  
You get through?

The Coach shakes his head no. Realizes this old truck might  
be their only chance to contact someone. He waves.

**COACH HANNA**  
Hey!

It immediately picks up speed.

**COACH HANNA**  
Son-of-a-bitch.  
(moves toward the truck)  
Hey!

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

All eyes watching as the truck rolls toward the horizon.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY. SAME TIME.

Beto grabs his crotch and makes a show of it to the wagon.

**BETO**  
**HEY I GOT THE PARTY FOR YOUR**  
**MOUTH RIGHT HERE, BITCH!**

Everyone on the bus laughs. *Until the ice cream truck brakes  
to a sudden halt.*

**THE ICE CREAM TUNE STOPS TOO.**

Beto has quickly lost his bravado. The rusty old wagon sits  
in the middle of the two lane, idling roughly.

(CONTINUED)

COACH HANNA  
Get your ass on that bus,  
Beto!

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Beto runs quickly onto the bus. It is quiet on board.  
Everyone peering ahead at the idling truck.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

The Coach takes a wary step toward it. Then another. Quickly  
closing the distance between him and the rusty old wagon. \*

It sends burps of nasty looking smoke out the broken exhaust.

Coach Hanna about to round the driver side. *Can almost see  
the window now...* \*

*THE TRUCK JOLTS! ITS TIRES SQUEAL AND IT LURCHES FORWARD AS  
THAT HORRIBLE TUNE STARTS UP AGAIN!*

The Coach is startled. Scrambles back. Almost falls. \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Everyone watching is also startled. The ice cream truck  
speeds toward the dusky horizon.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

The boys on the roof have the best view as it finally drops  
from sight.

COACH HANNA  
Alright Eddie, lets get  
going before that sun goes  
down.

Hanna looks back at Bus Driver Betty and Coach Barnes. Takes  
one more look at the empty horizon. \*

COACH BARNES  
Alright, assholes and elbows  
gentlemen! Off the top!  
Let's go!

WIDE ANGLE SILHOUETTE SHOT:

The sun sinking behind a cloud bank. Silhouetting the bus as  
one by one, the boys climb down onto the hood and down to the  
two lane.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Watch it. Watch the hood  
coming down...

(CONTINUED)

Borman takes the driver seat and the bus' engine chugs back to life. Boys step back on board. Coaches finally.

COACH HANNA

Alright Betty, lets get this  
mother rolling.

\*

The big bus moves slowly off the shoulder and takes the two lane.

EXT. TAGGART FARM DUSK.

The dusky sky silhouettes the cornfields of the Taggart farm

*SOUNDS OF LABOR* move us toward the barn, past the post puncher on its' side. Parts of it laying on tarps.

Beyond that, Jack Jr. in safety goggles. Works in a shower of sparks. Welding in the bed of an old pick-up truck.

Butch the dog lays in the long shadows of the dying sun as *the flickers and flashes and glow of welding ignite the doorway of the old barn as well.*

Inside someone works diligently in another fountain of sparks.

*CLANK!!* Thrown down on a workplate is s long, nasty-looking piece of metal. *With a ferociously pointed tip. A spear? A harpoon?*

The welder's mask comes up for a moment and we look into the eyes of Jack Taggart.

*He stares ahead with that same look of the dead, tainted only by the small welling in his eyes. A look full of purpose.*

SLOW PUSH IN:

The metal disc found in the cornfield has been nailed to the post at the center of the barn. The fiery sparks reflect in it as Taggart returns to work.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DUSK.

The bus chugs down the endless highway as the nearly full moon rises.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Minxie has managed a seat next to her brooding boyfriend.

RHONDA

You know you could talk  
about it. Might help a  
little bit.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Braddock shakes his head a silent 'no'.

\*

BRADDOCK  
What's there to talk about?  
What'd I play today?! Twelve  
minutes?

\*

RHONDA  
Well, it was a great twelve  
minutes.

BRADDOCK  
(shakes his head)  
Hanna's got it in for me.

\*

Braddock staring ahead at Coach Hanna talking with Barnes.  
Barnes looks back.

BRADDOCK  
Him and his little token  
white boy Barnes.  
(stares at Hanna)  
I don't know maybe I got the  
wrong color skin to get  
equal play on this team

RHONDA  
I know you don't mean that.  
(off his look)  
Maybe they just wanted to  
make sure everyone got a  
chance to play in the  
championship-

BRADDOCK  
*Everyone* is not the reason  
we got to the championship.  
(quiets even more)  
Half the losers on this bus  
had nothing to do with us  
making it to State, I did.

Double D. hears this and turns around.

BRADDOCK  
What the fuck are you  
looking at?

Double D. stares back. This could get ugly but Minxie sits up  
suddenly with A *GASP*. Loud enough to turn their heads.

CHELSEA  
Bad dream?  
(looks at everyone,  
then whispers)  
Or a good one?

(CONTINUED)

MINXIE  
(shakes her head 'no')  
I guess it was.

CHELSEA  
You guess it was what? \*

MINXIE  
That truck. \*

RHONDA  
What?

MINXIE  
I saw that ice cream truck.

At the same instant Bus Driver Betty sees something ahead *in the middle of the dark two lane.* \*  
\*

RHONDA  
You what? \*

CHELSEA  
Girl that wasn't a dream  
that was a nightmare- \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
*Jesus Christ!* \*

*Borman slams on the brakes.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The wheels lock up and the big bus skids along the asphalt.  
Its ragged tire flaps wildly while the others smoke.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*The kids thrown forward as the big six-wheeler screeches to a halt.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Swerves to a final stop some twenty yards before the rusty  
old ice cream truck.

Sitting in the center of the road. Angled across the two lane  
in the glare of the bus' headlights.

*PLAYING ITS RUSTY OLD TUNE...*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

COACH HANNA  
What the Hell...

(CONTINUED)

Minxie turns to Chelsea. *Did her dream just come true?*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*HONK! HONK! BUS DRIVER BETTY LAYS ON THE HORN. THE HEARTY BLAST ECHOES ACROSS THE DARK COUNTRYSIDE.*

\*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Some of the kids are getting out of their seats now, straining to see for themselves.

COACH BARNES  
Back down everybody. Sit tight.

At the front of the bus Coach Hanna and Betty scan the surrounding land. Just fields and fields.

\*

COACH HANNA  
What do you think?

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Don't know.

\*

BETO  
What do you mean you don't know? Just drive around it!

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Let somebody plow into that thing doing 90?  
(puts the bus in gear)  
We'd of been scattered all over the road if we didn't have a flat keeping our speed down.

\*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The bus pulls onto the shoulder of the road. Angled to hit the ice cream truck with its hi-beams.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Coach Hanna looks to Coach Barnes. *Who's gonna go check it out?* Now Betty looks to Coach Barnes too. *He is obviously the low man on the totem pole.*

\*

COACH BARNES  
Alright.  
(to Borman)  
You gotta flashlight or something?

Betty pulls one out of the utility kit strapped to the side of her seat. Slaps the torch into the Assistant Coach's hands.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

COACH HANNA  
Try that radio again, huh?

Betty opens the bus doors. Coach Barnes takes a look at Coach Hanna and steps out into the night. \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
(on the two-way radio)  
Hey this is Betty Borman out  
in 226, anyone read me? \*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Barnes steps down into the night air. Stares ahead at the old truck.

*CHE-LUNK!!!* Borman closes the doors behind him. Barnes throws him a look.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Bus Driver Borman shrugs - a little embarrassed. Then clicks the two-way in frustration.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Goddamnit it's like a dead  
zone out here. \*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Coach Barnes is upon the ice cream truck now.

COACH BARNES  
Hello?

Raps the side of the old thing with his flashlight. *BANG-BANG!*

Up to the rusted driver-side door. Window too dark and dirty to see through. Reaches out and grabs the handle. Tries it. *Rusted and stuck - no surprise.*

Barnes throws a look back at the bus. It sits there on the shoulder, lights flaring out at him

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

POV THRU BUS WINDSHIELD: The Coach at the ice cream truck really manhandles the door now.

Hanna and others watching with great interest. Dante and Jake and some of the others from the rear seats have come forward slightly, crouching in the aisle. \*

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*SKEE-REEEK!!! Finally the wagon door screeches open. Barnes leveling the flashlight inside. Peering in.*

The beam hits the empty driver seat and then moves into the back of the nasty old thing.

Barnes unsure at first what he is looking at.

*Then a slow, horrible dawning washes over him* His face pales and his eyes grow wide with horror...

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD: Coach Barnes stumbles back from the truck. Falls onto the asphalt. Staggeres to his feet.

Coach Hanna and Betty Borman out of their seats. Mounting panic from everyone. \*

Barnes moves off quickly onto the shoulder of the road. Crossing out of the headlights as he doubles over.

COACH HANNA  
Jesus Christ...

More boys crowding forward.

COACH HANNA  
Alright everyone back in their seats. Everyone sit down and shut up!

Hanna stares back out. Can't even see Barnes now. *No one can.* The Coach hops down the bus steps.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Wait a minute, take some flares for the road. \*

*WHAM!!!* Coach Barnes falls against the bus doors. Breathless. Palms out. Startles everyone.

Barnes stares in at them. A pale face of terror. The doors open and he falls up the steps, reaching out for Hanna.

COACH BARNES  
Highway Patrol!

COACH HANNA  
What the Hell's the matter?

Barnes points to the Ice Cream Truck. Is about to say. Then sees all the faces of the kids watching him.

(CONTINUED)

Leans in and whispers to Hanna. What Hanna hears gives him a look of utter disbelief. Barnes doesn't care if he believes or not.

COACH BARNES  
Get the Highway Patrol out here, Betty!

\*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
With what? I can't squeeze a fart outta this thing!

\*

Braddock, Double D. and Kimball are even closer now.

COACH HANNA  
Everyone stays on the bus. That means everyone. Scott sit down.  
(nods to Jake)  
Jakey run point at the back of the bus. Drop a couple flares and keep an eye out for headlights. Everyone else sit tight.

\*

\*

Hanna is off the bus quickly. Barnes follows.

BRADDOCK  
"Jakey, could you come out and I'll kiss your ass a little bit more, my little Coach's pet..."

Behind his back, Jake gives Braddock the finger as he steps down the aisle.

Bus Driver Betty flips open the emergency road kit and tosses Jake another flashlight. A flare too.

\*

\*

Betty and Jake step onto the shoulder. Barnes pops his head back in the bus.

\*

\*

COACH BARNES  
(to Bucky)  
Close these doors.

\*

\*

\*

Bucky just stares.

\*

COACH BARNES  
Close 'em!

\*

\*

Barnes joins the others on the shoulder as Bucky grabs the handle and closes the doors. Looks back at the team.

\*

\*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The three adults move toward the old wagon and Jake to the rear of the bus. \*

*THAT RUSTY OLD ICE CREAM TUNE ECHOING ACROSS THE FIELDS...*

Jake looks in the distance. Just moonlit road as far as the eye can see. *THUNK-THUNK-THUNK!*

Banging on the rear window of the bus. Jake flicks on the flashlight. Braddock, Jonny and Dante flipping him off. \*

At the ice cream truck, Borman goes to get behind the wheel.

COACH BARNES  
Don't Betty. Better let me  
or Charlie. \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Gimme the flashlight- \*

COACH BARNES  
I mean it Betty- \*

Betty grabs the flashlight away from Barnes. Cautiously peers inside with Coach Hanna. \*

*BODIES. WRAPPED AND ROPED IN BLOODY SHEETS. SEVEN AT LEAST. MORE HANGING FROM HOOKS ON EITHER SIDE. ONE HOOK STILL EMPTY...*

Hanna and Betty staring. Both immobilized by this horrible sight. *BANG!* Barnes has hit the side of the truck, jarring them. \*

COACH BARNES  
*Okay can we do this  
Goddammit?!* \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
I'm not getting inside this  
thing! \*

Coach Hanna forces himself into the driver seat. Fumbles with switches until the *ICE CREAM TUNE STOPS.* \*

Releases the emergency brake. Betty and Coach Barnes at the back of the truck, preparing to push it forward. \*

COACH HANNA  
Okay, let it roll. \*

The ice cream truck rolls forward. Hanna pilots it onto the soft dirt shoulder. \*

*FWISSSSHHHHH!!!!* The flare ignites in Jake's hands. Its redness etching his face. He moves down the two-lane. Drops it. \*

(CONTINUED)

**THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!** on the back window again. Turns this time to see three naked asses mooning him \*

**INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

The kids are staring at the back of the bus. Braddock, Jonny and Dante continue mooning. Make cat-calls and hooting sounds. \*

**ANGLE ON KIDS W/COACHES AND BORMAN THRU WINDSHIELD:**

The Coaches and Betty on their way back in the throw of the headlights. Izzy leans across the aisle to Andy Buck. \*

**IZZY**

Why is it the "straightest guys" on the team are always the ones who find an excuse to flash their asses to each other? \*

*Out the windshield - Coach Hanna is picked up right off his feet.*

Barnes and Borman barely have time to flinch **AS HANNA IS CARRIED UP OVER THE BUS AND OUT OF VIEW..**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

Jake at the end of the bus can hear **THE COACH'S SCREAMS** and looks up.

*In time to see the man flying high overhead. Rocketing across the night sky, flailing arms and legs.*

Whatever has him is too dark to see!

Jake turns to the back window. Braddock, Jonny and Dante are laughing at him, pulling up their pants. *Oblivious.* \*

**INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

The only two people on board who saw it happen -- **Minxie and Beto**-- just stare with open mouths.

**CHELSEA**

Minx' ?

**MINXIE**

Did you see that?

Borman and Barnes looking up at the sky in a daze. *And Coach Hanna no where to be found.*

**KIMBALL**

Where's the coach?

(CONTINUED)

Beto has no words. Just shakes his head 'no'. As if refusing to comment because *he still can't believe it.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Jake banging on the rear window. Pointing up in the sky. Dante, Jonny and Braddock confused as they peer up. \*

Jake rushes toward the front of the bus. Meets Betty and Coach Barnes. They have no words. \*

All three just staring. Pale faces staring skyward.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Braddock coming out of his seat.

BRADDOCK  
Where the Hell's the coach,  
Beto?!

BETO  
I don't know.

All heads turn to his urgent whisper.

BETO  
Something picked him up.

BRADDOCK  
What?

BETO  
*Something picked him up!*

Everyone looks at Minnie for a second opinion. All she can do is nod her head.

Someone outside slams on the doors and Bucky opens them. Jake blasts on board. Stopped instantly by the stares of everyone. \*

IZZY  
What's going on out there?

Jake just stands breathless. Out the windows: Betty Borman moves into the field. Flashlight beam streaking the sky. \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
*Charlie?!* \*

Coach Barnes on the bus steps. Shaken but trying not to show it. \*

COACH BARNES  
Bucky, get on that radio,  
see if you can raise anyone.

(CONTINUED)

Bucky dives to the two-way. Flips it on.

COACH BARNES

Jake.  
(off his look)  
What'd you see?

\*

JAKE

What'd you see?

\*

\*

COACH BARNES

Come on, did you see  
something or not?

\*

\*

\*

JAKE

He flew away...

\*

BRADDOCK

What the fuck is that  
supposed to mean?

JAKE

What I just said!

BRADDOCK

People don't fly the fuck  
away--

COACH BARNES

Sit down, Scott.

BRADDOCK

What is going on out there-

COACH BARNES

I said sit the fuck down and  
shut-up Goddammit!!  
(off the kids' shocked  
looks)  
You too Jake. Everybody.

Braddock glares at Barnes but doesn't move.

COACH BARNES

You got a problem with me?

\*

BRADDOCK

No, you got one with me?

COACH BARNES

(non plussed)  
Do I what?

\*

BRADDOCK

You heard me.

(CONTINUED)

COACH BARNES  
We don't have time for  
bullshit Scotty, go sit down-

\*

*BRANNKKK!!! COACH BARNES JOLTS VIOLENTLY.*

*Hit with such force his hands grip the steel bannisters of the steps.*

*He looks down. Eyes as wide as they can go.*

*GREAT GRAY TALONS ARE SUNK DEEP INTO HIS SHOULDERS.*

*Before he can scream he is ripped off his feet! Grappling the bannisters for dear life!*

*Braddock reaches out-- just catches Barnes by the lower legs. Bucky, Double D., Kimball, and Izzy jump onto Braddock!*

*BARNES SCREAMS AS A TERRIBLE TUG OF WAR BEGINS...*

*EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*The talons pull him higher! His head comes up into the night air. Between two boots somehow anchored to the roof of the bus.*

*INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*The boys are no match. Whatever has Barnes it is strong enough to move all of them!*

DOUBLE D.  
*What the fuck?!*

*EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*Betty Borman screaming toward the bus from the field. Her flashlight flickering on:*

\*

BORMAN POV:

*Barnes flailing madly in the clutches of something dark and ragged -- impossibly perched on the roof of the bus. Massive wings flapping on its back?*

*INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*SHWUNK!!! Barnes dragged further up. Out of view now except for his legs. Braddock and the others hanging on get yanked up too.*

*EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*Barnes catching a quick flash of a horrible mouth. Rows of small razor-edged teeth. BARNES SCREAMS AS--*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*KER-LUNK!! HIS LEGS ARE YANKED OUT OF BRADDOCK'S GRASP.*

*Boys and girls falling down the bus stairs and back down the aisle!*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Breathless Betty arriving just in time to see *BARNES DRAGGED INTO THE SKY.* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*Kids diving for windows. Crowding them. Cramming them. Trying to see where the Coach is going.*

*CAN ONLY HEAR HIM SCREAM ALL THE WAY UP INTO OBLIVION....*

Betty looks down at Braddock at the bottom of the steps. Then fast she helps him up. Practically throws him back on the bus and dives for the handle to the bus doors. \*

*THA-WONK!!!* Betty pulls the bus doors closed. \*

Catches her breath and turns to look down the shadowy bus. The whole team staring back at her in shock. \*

She moves quickly into the driver's seat and turns the engine over. \*

BRADDOCK

Betty...

She looks back. Braddock in the middle of the aisle. His voice a whisper: \*

BUS DRIVER BETTY

Go sit down. \*

BRADDOCK

What was it?

BUS DRIVER BETTY

How do I know what the Hell it was? \*

BRADDOCK

You were two feet away-

BUS DRIVER BETTY

You see how fast it happened?! \*

Betty glaring at him. No answer in her face. The engine turns over this time. She revs it. Won't look back. \*

(CONTINUED)

BUS DRIVER BETTY

It had wings. Big fucking wings.

\*

Minxie hears it first. Rises slowly out of her seat. Eyes fixed above her.

WOOSSHHHHH!!!! An inky black smear flies past the right side of the bus- big enough to blot out the moonlight in each window as it speeds by.

*SOME KIND OF WAILING SOUND AS IT PASSED...*

People out of their seats, trying to follow its trajectory. Watching out the back window. No sign of it. *This thing was big and it was fast.*

Frightened looks. Unspoken fear everywhere. They close their windows. Slide them up and shut. Locking them.

WOOSSHHHHH!!!! It rips down the left side of the bus in the other direction now, swooping up to avoid all but the tiniest throw of light from the high beams.

*Something utterly unreal is buzzing the school bus...*

IZZY

Move this piece of shit!

Betty scans the night sky as she revs the engine again. Grinds the gears.

\*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The bus lurches forward. Swerves past the Ice Cream Truck and onto the two-lane.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Kids still crowding windows. Some out of their seats.

BUS DRIVER BETTY

Everybody in their seats and now!

\*

BETO

How fast can this thing go?

BUS DRIVER BETTY

I'm gonna find out...

\*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

AREAL VIEW SWOOPING FROM HIGH ABOVE AS: The bus builds up speed as it chugs down the moonlit two-lane.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Some very nervous kids looking out windows. For what they don't know.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*ANGLE ON: The flat tire slapping the asphalt with its shredded rubber...*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*KER-LUNK! A SOUND ABOVE THEM SOMETHING ON THE ROOF?*

Betty totally spooked. Swerves a little. Kids looking up. \*

Braddock too. In the back seat. Locks eyes with Double D. Both boys doing little to hide their fear.

Braddock turns to look out the rear window and --FWOOSSH!!!  
*THE CREEPER SWINGS DOWN! STARING IN UPSIDE DOWN!*

**BRADDOCK**

*SHIT!!!*

Braddock and his cronies leap off the back seat. Start climbing over each other to get away from it.

*Betty slams on the breaks. Everyone flies forward.* \*

*KEE-RANK!!! The emergency exit door flies open but the Creeper is gone--*

**BETO**

*(pounding on Betty's back)  
Go-go-go-go!!!!* \*

Betty accelerates again in the middle of braking. \*

*As the bus lurches forward -the centrifugal force sends the boys back down the aisle...*

*Sliding and tumbling toward the open exit like it was a gaping mouth!*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Jonny Young, Jake, Kimball, and Dante spill out the open door. \*

*Hitting the pavement hard and rolling. Littering the asphalt as the bus tries to skid to a haphazard stop.* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Braddock, Kimball and others are thrown back toward the front of the bus as it finally stops. \*

Betty out of her seat and rushing to the back of the bus, stopped by Braddock. \*

BRADDOCK  
Don't go out there, Betty! \*

Bodies on the asphalt. Most are moving. Getting up on their elbows. Sitting up. Cut and scraped. Dazed.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Jake? Dante look at me! \*

Braddock takes a panicked look skyward - catches sight of the hinges on the open door - *the top one is bent. Something very powerful ripped this emergency door open.*

BRADDOCK  
Get up Goddammit!!

Jake, Kimball and Dante in obvious pain. Sitting up staring at him. \*

BRADDOCK  
(emphatic)  
*Move your fucking asses!!!*

Dante laboring to his feet. Jake slower. Betty goes to hop down but Braddock stops her again. \*

BRADDOCK  
Don't!

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
What was it? \*

Braddock doesn't know how to describe what he saw.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
*You saw it, what the Hell was it!?* \*

The fallen are returning now. Betty and Braddock pulling them up into the bus. Jake almost there. Backtracks to pick up: \*

JAKE  
Somebody's fucking tooth, man! \*

BRADDOCK  
Get in here you asshole-

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
(slaps it into Scott's palm)  
It's got a gold cap.

Braddock pales. He knows this tooth.

BRADDOCK  
Jonny!  
(looks skyward -- then out  
again)  
Jonny?!

Jake steps up. Blasts his flashlight down the dark two lane.  
It finds a distant and groggy Jonny Young crawling out of the  
darkness toward them.

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
JONNY?!!

BRADDOCK  
Come on, back this thing up!

Betty runs back toward her seat...

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Deep in the adjoining field, the Creeper's hand drops into  
frame holding between thumb and forefinger *another of his  
pointed metal discs...*

With a flick of the wrist it is in flight.

**SPECIAL SPEEDING POV:** Flying low to the ground and slicing  
through grass toward the bus.

Flies right into the bus' back tire -next to the already flat  
one and---

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*POOM!* The right side of the bus drops down even more. Betty  
stares shocked. Looks back at Braddock and the others.

IZZY  
What the Hell was that?

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
(rushes back to the end of  
the bus)  
We blew another tire.

BRADDOCK  
We what?!

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
Can't you feel it? We're  
flat on this side!

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

SHOT ROLLING UP TO: The tire next to the shredded one is indeed flat as a pancake - a Creeper star sticking out of it. \*

BRADDOCK  
What do you mean we blew  
another tire? How?!

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Nervous and panicky chatter now.

JAKE  
You telling me we can't back  
this thing up a few yards?

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
We can't move!

\*

JAKE  
Two fucking feet man-

BUS DRIVER BETTY  
We are parked, what do want  
me to do?!

\*

BRADDOCK  
Jonny get up!

Jonny stares at him. This is one scared looking kid.

BRADDOCK  
Get up Goddammit you gotta  
do this yourself!

*Gets up on his knees now. Sees Braddock and the others check the sky again.*

*Jonny suddenly remembering how he got out here. He looks to the sky in a panic.*

BRADDOCK  
Jonny look at me, Jonny!  
(off his look)  
Don't look at anything else,  
just look at me. Walk  
forward.

He stands. Wobbly. Winces. One foot hurt bad. No pressure can be put on it. Eyes skyward.

Jonny stares ahead at Braddock as a shadow falls over him. Everyone looks up.

*The moon traversed by a small cloud drift.*

(CONTINUED)

**BRADDOCK**  
Don't worry about that,  
Jonny, just move your ass!

Jonny in a greater panic starts hobbling toward the bus.

**BRADDOCK**  
That's it Jonny! You are  
doing it man, come on!

*Another shadow. Jonny increases limping speed.*

**BRADDOCK**  
That's right Jonny that  
ain't nothing, just come  
ahead!

**HIGH AREAL SHOT:** Jonny almost to the bus now. Struggling  
across the moonlit asphalt.

**INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

Jonny at the open door now. Reaches up.

**BUS DRIVER BETTY**  
Easy kiddo. Take it easy...

Braddock and Betty grip both his arms. Jonny winces as he  
lifts his leg. Sock and tennis shoe are bloody. Can't do it.

**BUS DRIVER BETTY**  
That's okay, take it easy...

Betty checks the sky and jumps down. Quickly takes a hold of  
Jonny.

**ANGLE LOOKING UP:** She lifts him up to the waiting hands of  
Braddock and Jake... as a distant speck leaps up before the  
distant moon...

**BUS DRIVER BETTY**  
You guys know anything about  
first aid?

**BRADDOCK**  
Bucky!

**BUCKY**  
(rushes up)  
Just keep him off the foot.

**BUS DRIVER BETTY**  
(grabs the side to hoist  
herself up)  
Okay, lay him down and keep  
him off the foot-

(CONTINUED)

*That distant speck is suddenly crashing down full-size onto Bus Driver Betty.* \*

*Her face smashed against the asphalt with the enormous weight of the Creature atop her.* \*

*THE CREEPER IS A HIDEOUS THING WITH ITS WINGS OUTSTRETCHED, COAT HANGING OFF IT'S REPTILIAN FORM FANGS BARED AS IT SITS ON BETTY'S BACK.* \*

**Braddock and Jake falling back with Jonny. Pandemonium breaking out all around them**

*THE CREEPER LOOKS RIGHT AT THEM WAILS A HIDEOUS CRY!*

*Launches into the air again -its claws dug into Bus Driver Betty.* \*

*HE DRAGS THE WOMAN UP LIKE SOME RODENT IN THE CLUTCHES OF A HAWK.* \*

*Leaving behind just an eerie silence.*

**SLOW PULL OUT:**

**The bus looks empty. Until faces slowly creep up to windows. Looking up. Jake braves a quick reach and swings the rear door shut.** \*

**KERLUNK! Bent hinges do not make it a good fit. Tries it again... KERLUNK!**

***With no more adults among the remaining, the kids are now on their own.***

**INT. TAGGART KITCHEN. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

**A short-wave radio and police scanner sits in the shadows on the kitchen table. A radio voice can be heard on this frequency.**

**RADIO VOICE**

**(filtered)**

***Copy that, we did a drive-by. Found no evidence of forced entry. Asking Unit 7 to drive around the general area of the store, over.***

**A hand reaches out across the dark kitchen table and tunes a different channel.**

**(CONTINUED)**

RADIO VOICE #2  
(filtered)  
*We are going 10-7 at The  
Country Kitchen for a little  
coffee and pie, copy that  
Central?*

Jack Taggart sitting in the dark shadows at his kitchen table. Listening. With that same dead stare.

RADIO VOICE #3  
(filtered)  
*Anybody else getting some  
weird stuff out Kissel  
County way?*  
  
*I just got two calls, ten  
miles apart, both reporting  
abductions.*

Taggart reaches out slowly. Turns the volume up.

RADIO VOICE #4  
(filtered)  
*All units be informed this  
should be 10-36 information,  
repeat 10-36 information.*

RADIO VOICE #3  
*Someone burning a marijuana  
field out there tonight?  
'Cause these two stories are  
way, way out baby...*

Sudden movement. Taggart on his feet. Blasting out the back door as the radio plays on in the dark kitchen.

RADIO VOICE #4  
(filtered)  
*Again all units this should be  
strictly 10-36 information.*

EXT. TAGGART FARM NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*KA-WRANGGG!!!!* Several of the handmade harpoons clang noisily into the bed of Jack Taggart's old pick up.

Jack Jr. watches this. He is in the bed of the old truck tightening bolts on the crude, makeshift pulpit situated behind the cab.

One look at dad and his son knows what to do.

The boy throws down the wrench and hops out of the truck bed. Dad swings into the passenger seat. Switches on the police scanner above him

(CONTINUED)

RADIO VOICE #5

(filtered)

*Yeah Central, I'm out at the  
Havenville farm, we got one  
hysterical family out here,  
I'm gonna need to go 10-36.*

Jack Jr. runs with an anxious Butch out of the barn. The dog jumps in the truck bed as the boy swings in behind the wheel.

TAGGART

Kissel County.

The engine roars. Wheels spinning as the old pick-up rockets around the yard in a U-turn and races down the drive toward the two-lane.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

A very subdued busload of kids. Sitting in darkness. At windows searching the night.

JONNY YOUNG

Oww. . .

Bucky peels Jonny Young's sock off his foot. *His ankle is swelling and discolored.*

\*

BUCKY

Not good, man. It's sprained or broken.

RHONDA

Nobody's phone works?!  
(trying her own)  
Nobody's fucking phone?

Several cell phones are produced. Flipped open and dialed. Lots of waiting. Dialing again.

CHELSEA

(trying to hold it together)

Just how far away are we from everyone? This is Kissel County, right? It's not that big.

(dials her cell again)

The interstate should be somewhere close. They have a drive-in somewhere out here, don't they?

DANTE

They don't have *shit* out here, just look out the freaking window!

(CONTINUED)

Dante storms to the front of the bus. Stares out the windshield.

JAKE  
Look someone else has gotta hold this thing closed with me!

\*

Jake is holding the back door shut. Too bent to stay closed.

\*

JAKE  
I mean it, look at this thing! Come on, who voted me the doorman?

\*

DOUBLE D.  
What's it doing? Picks people up and what? Takes 'em some place? What's it doing?

BETO  
Feeding its fucking babies, who cares?!

KIMBALL  
Some place not too far away. It keeps coming back and real fast.

DOUBLE D.  
Like its hoarding people. You know? Stockpiling them

MINXIE  
In that ice cream truck.

Chelsea and Rhonda turn to her.

MINXIE  
That's what I saw. It puts bodies in the truck and then takes them to some long cement tunnel.

\*

\*

Every head in the place slowly turns to her now.

\*

BRADDOCK  
What the Hell're you talking about?

\*

\*

MINXIE  
I don't know.

\*

BRADDOCK  
You don't know?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

MINXIE  
(shakes her head)  
It was a dream . .

\*  
\*  
\*

BRADDOCK  
You dreamed about this  
thing?

\*

Minxie stares up at him. As confused as he is.

\*

MINXIE  
I don't know.

BRADDOCK  
Then shut up.

Braddock pushes past her toward Dante.

BRADDOCK  
We are *thinking* right now.  
We are trying to think of  
what the fuck to do!

DANTE  
Hey! More flares!  
(and holds up the--)  
And a gun to go with 'em!

Dante has the emergency kit open. A portable search light  
sits next to five smaller flares.

\*

BRADDOCK  
(holds one)  
We fire one off?

DANTE  
Its' a weapon, man!  
(off their looks)  
Don't you watch fucking  
horror movies - they always  
shoot the fucking thing in  
the mouth with a flare gun!

BRADDOCK  
What're you talking about  
the mouth?

DANTE  
The eye, the mouth, wherever  
they can get him! You go for  
a soft spot!

BRADDOCK  
This isn't a movie, Dante!

DANTE  
I know its not a movie-

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK  
(in his face)  
You gonna get close enough  
to shoot this thing in the  
fucking balls, huh?!

DANTE  
Hey back off, man!

Braddock glares at him a moment longer and walks away.

DANTE  
We don't even know if its  
*got* balls.

DOUBLE D.  
Bucky what else is on board?  
Anything that could double  
for a weapon? \*

BUCKY  
It's a bus not a tank. \*

DOUBLE D.  
Yeah but tools? A crow bar?  
A jack?

Jake tying the back door shut with a "towel rope". \*

JAKE  
There's gotta be a place  
where they stash that stuff. \*

IZZY  
What's this? \*

Izzy sees canvas sheathes along the floor of the bus.

BUCKY  
Track and Field.  
(off Izzy's look)  
Big meet tomorrow in Poho  
County. \*

IZZY  
Javelins? We got spears on  
this bus? \*

Izzy peels the canvas case off the top of one. *It has a sharp tip!*

IZZY  
Spears with sharp metal  
tips?!

BUCKY  
They're also eight feet long.

(CONTINUED)

Izzy steps in the middle of it. Bends the tip toward him.

**KIMBALL**  
What're we gonna do, try and  
shishkabob him?

**IZZY**  
(grunts with the effort)  
You got other options?

\*

\*

*KEE-RACCKK!!!* The javelin snaps in two. Braddock turns him

**BRADDOCK**  
Well one of em's *not* to sit  
out here and wait for that  
thing to come *back* so we can  
poke it with sticks!

\*

\*

\*

Izzy slides first half out of its case. Tests its weight.

Minxie turns away from the discussion and looks back at the bus doors. *Her eyes grow so wide they start to well with tears.*

**RHONDA**  
We don't know its coming  
back!

**IZZY**  
We need a plan either way!

**BRADDOCK**  
What else you wanna do? *Make*  
slingshots outta jockstraps?

Minxie whirls around and waves her arms to silence everyone. Her pale look panics Izzy and Braddock -- as she motions ever so quietly behind her.

The boys move cautiously forward.

ANGLE CREEPING AROUND THE PARTITION: The doors come into view. *A dark, cloaked figure is staring in.*

The brim of a ragged hat shadows its face. *What it wears could be rags from a scarecrow.*

Nullified faces staring back at it. Braddock waving madly for everyone to "get down and lay low."

Everyone ducks down below window level. Seats visible from the bus doors empty quickly and quietly.

*Its bowed head raises up. Nose almost touching the panes of the doors. There can be no mistake -- it is trying to sniff through the glass.*

(CONTINUED)

Izzy steps back, bumping into Braddock. He stumbles and by the time they right themselves

--the figure is no longer at the doors.

A silent panic filters down the bus. Faces huddled below the windows in every seat.

Jake braves a peek above window level. *The Creeper's face raising up with his.* \*

Only its eyes are closed. In the middle of a deep inhale.

Jake ducks down quickly again, his flashlight clutched to him \*

The Creeper's eyes open. Strain to look down at him. He is practically under his seat now and staring across the aisle to Rhonda and others caught by its:

..strange, grayish skin. Claw-like tentacles around its face. Dark, strangely human eyes harbored in that clearly inhuman head.

It presses its face closer to the glass as it inhales again. Seems to savor the surrounding air.

*Tracing in it, a path that leads down to Jake again. About to move. Rhonda shakes her head 'no' --stops him.* \*

*Jake looks more like a frightened boy than one of the biggest boys on the Varsity team. Looks at Rhonda helplessly.* \*

The Creeper surprises everyone when it backs away from the window now and starts walking down the length of the bus.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

MOVING BEHIND THE CREEPER: The Creeper taking his stroll.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The kids move with him. Track him along the windows. *Crowding the aisle and vacating seats that are too close to its path.*

Jake looking back at the rear door. The one he tied shut with a gym towel. \*

*THONG!* The door opens as much as the towel will allow.

Everyone flailing back. Izzy brandishing the javelin as a weapon. Dante levels the flare gun. Jake blasts the rear door with the flashlight.

No Creeper can be seen. *UNTIL A SUDDEN AND STACCATO SNIFFING DRAWS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION LOWER.* To the small opening where the door won't close all the way.

(CONTINUED)

The Creeper's nose is just inside.

*Its sniffing is so intense -- its nostrils flutter at an inhuman rapidity...*

DOUBLE D.

What the fuck is this thing doing?

KIMBALL

What's it look like its doing?

The Creeper rises up in the door window now. Eyes peering in. Somehow singling Dante out of the mass of cowering kids.

*Dante immobilized by the wicked smile, the rows of teeth. Almost flinches when it winks at him*

DANTE

(barely a whisper)  
What the fuck...

RHONDA

We're dreaming.  
(even softer)  
Right Minx'? This is your dream and we're all in it, 'cause that thing couldn't be there. Not if this was real!

The Creeper's grayish hand moves inside the door now. Grips it. *It drops its head back and takes an even deeper inhale.*

*Like a gourmet chef enjoying the bouquet of a savory dish.*

This time it stops mid-sniff. Turns slowly into the window. This time pressing its nose to the glass.

Eyes leveling at the terrified kids staring back at it.

*The Creeper's grey and leathery hand curls those hideous fingers and points directly at them*

Braddock points to himself. *You mean me?*

\*

The Creeper lowers his brow. Eyes burning out. Keeps pointing. Braddock turns slowly to see who is standing behind him. Who is he pointing at?

\*

\*

\*

BETO

Jesus Christ...

\*

Beto points to himself. *Me? Beto tries getting out of the line of vision.*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

More kids part, leaving only who could be the subject. \*

*It is Double D.*

It smiles at him with that horrible grin. Rows of razor sharp teeth. More frightened whispers.

KIMBALL

That is fucked up man, I  
think he likes you most of  
all scarecrow... \*

DOUBLE D.

Shut the fuck up...

*KER-CHUNK!! The Creeper grapples the rear door with both hands now. It wants to come in.*

Dante a terrified step forward leveling the flare gun at it.

IZZY

Don't fire that thing in  
here.

He flashes a look to Izzy.

DOUBLE D.

He's right it'll fill this  
place up like a smoke bomb!

*The terrycloth rope is ripping now as the Creeper puts pressure on the door.*

BRADDOCK

Bucky get on those front  
doors and get ready to open  
'em. \*

*KER-LUNK!!! The door opens wider as the towel rope frays down to its last threads...*

BRADDOCK

Do it!

Behind the Creeper a light is growing.

DANTE

(gun still leveled)  
I don't care man, it comes  
inside -I'm gonna cream this  
thing!

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

ROLLING UP ON THE CREEPER: The Creeper turns slowly from the back of the bus -to stare down the two lane at:

(CONTINUED)

*Headlights approaching from the distance.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The kids stare. Hearts racing. Panicked looks exchanged.

IZZY  
I don't believe this. That's  
help, man!

\*

The Creeper is staring down the two-lane. Starting to be backlit. Obscured by the door now.

Jake blasts the flashlight beam down there again. The Creeper is gone.

The kids exchange looks. Can they hope for this much?

IZZY  
That's fucking help!

\*

He smiles. Forces his enthusiasm. Kids crowd the windows on both sides. Looking for signs of the Creeper.

*The headlights near. They are high and far apart. Like a truck.*

BRADDOCK  
Bucky you on those doors?

They look at him like he's crazy.

DOUBLE D.  
You still wanna run?

*Headlights closer now.*

BUCKY  
Jonny can't run, his foot is  
fucked up!

JONNY  
I'm not staying, you guys  
say run, I run!

CHELSEA  
Hello brain trust! This is  
someone who can help us!

The headlights are really pouring into the bus now. The shape of the vehicle becoming visible.

RHONDA  
Who the Hell is it?

\*

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

*Not the ice cream truck and  
that is the *only* thing that  
matters!*

*(Looks back at them  
all)*

*It's not is it?*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

It is in fact a pick-up truck. And it slows as it sees the big bus angled across the two-lane at its haphazard angle.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The kids actually jump up and down and hoot! Elated that a rescue is about to take place.

DOUBLE D.

*What do we do? We tell 'em  
what happened, right?*

IZZY

*We don't tell 'em anything  
'til we are *out* of here and  
a long ways away.*

BRADDOCK

*It's a small pick-up.  
(turns back to  
everyone)*

*We're all not gonna fit in it.*

This sobering notion is absorbed by the group as Rhonda steps forward slowly.

RHONDA

*Oh my God...*

It dawns on her the same time *it dawns on Minxie and Chelsea.*

RHONDA

*They're gonna stop.  
(off horrified looks)  
They're gonna stop *and*  
*they're gonna get out!**

Out the back window the truck does creep forward, slowing just a few short yards away.

RHONDA

*They're gonna get out of  
that truck!*

Finally sinks in to Double D., Braddock and others.

\*



A busload of kids stare out the back of the bus in utter shock...

A long horrible silence of just staring. Staring at the idling truck minus its driver in the middle of the dark two lane.

*Then something is clearly screaming toward them out the dark...*

*The Creeper has banked around --rocketing toward the bus -- his prey tightly in hand.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Braddock and others clamber to slam the ill-fitting back door shut before the flying horror is upon them..

*Like some surreal nightmare -THIS SCREAMING WOMAN, HELD OUT BY THE CREEPER, IS FLOWN PAST THE WINDOWS ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BUS--*

*The Creature turns and looks at them as it passes showing its rows of razor teeth. Then takes her higher. Up into the night.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Kids stare after her in shock. Faces lining the windows of the bus. Watching in horror and awe.

*The moon reflected against the glass -and the terrible winged thing black against the moonlit clouds.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Jake slams the emergency door shut. Holds the door closed again. Breathless. Rhonda grabs onto Braddock. He holds her. \*

Minxie staring out the windshield with others. *Her eyes roll up into her head and she faints dead away.* Bucky and Izzy catch her, drag her to a seat. \*

FRAME WASHES OUT AS: \*

Bucky and others look down at her with great concern... \*

EXT. DREAM CORNSCAPE. DAY. \*

Minxie rises slowly into frame staring ahead at: \*

The Taggart farm's cornfield. Someone moving toward her through the corn. \*

Afraid at first, she realizes as the figure nears, *this is a boy her age. Shirtless. Trance-like. A rose tatoo around his navel...* \*

(CONTINUED)

**DARRY JENNER STEPS OUT OF THE CORN.** He is naked. And has a dark, dazed look about him as he stares at Minxie. Then raises a hand.

She won't take it so he gently reaches down and takes hers. Pulls her gently into the corn.

Minxie is confused. Can see he is leading her toward a distant scarecrow on its post.

**SHE CAN HEAR DISTANT AND GUTTURAL SOUNDS. GARBLED WORDS FROM A DEEP, ANIMAL LIKE THROAT.**

As Darry pulls her nearer to it, she can see its tattered rags flapping in a soft breeze.

**THE VOICE GROWS LOUDER AND MORE CONFUSING. SOME CHANT OF WORDS THAT SHE CANNOT MAKE OUT. A SCRAMBLED STRING OF WORDS THAT STOPS ABRUPTLY AS THEY ARRIVE BEFORE THE SCARECROW.**

She has to look up at it. The sun glints behind it as Minxie takes a tentative step past Darry, staring up.

MINXIE

What?

The answer comes from Darry.

DARRY

Every 23rd Spring, for 23 days, it gets to eat.

MINXIE

To eat what?

She turns as she ask the question -Darry is now a horrific mess. His face is cut and his eyes sockets are empty. Looking exactly like he did the last time we saw him.

DARRY

Eat us.

**BEHIND MINXIE THE SCARECROW S RAGS ERUPT AS A MASSIVE PAIR OF WINGS EXPLODE FROM ITS BACK. THE SOUND IS SO WICKED IT STARTLES HER--**

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Startling Izzy, Bucky and everyone else looking down at her -- Minxie lurches out of her faint with a *full volume gasp*.

CHELSEA

Minx' !

Minxie's eyes open. Normal again. She is breathless. Sweat on her brow. She clutches the back of the seat above her.

(CONTINUED)

CHELSEA  
You alright, girl?

She holds the back of a seat. Puts her forehead on it.

CHELSEA  
I thought you were gone  
girl, you passed out. Look  
at me.  
(off her look)  
You okay?

JAKE  
It wanted to scare us.

Jake really has the back door sealed now --lashing it shut  
with the last of a nylon rope and a piece of broken javelin.

JAKE  
It's like a hawk or  
something when it flies, its  
got total precision.

JONNY YOUNG  
So?

JAKE  
So it flew past us on  
purpose! *It wanted us to see  
her!*

JONNY YOUNG  
We don't know that-

JAKE  
It's like it wants us to  
know what's coming!

DOUBLE D.  
That is bullshit-

JAKE  
Why fly her past the  
windows?!

DOUBLE D.  
I don't know-

JAKE  
'Cause it wanted to scare us-

DOUBLE D.  
How do you know what the  
Hell it wants?

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

*Because it came back just to  
fucking fly her past us-*

IZZY

*We all saw what happened! We  
don't need to hear it over  
and over again!*

Silence with this.

IZZY

We need to *think* and we  
*don't* need to freak,  
alright?.

(nods)

Unless you have a plan, shut  
the fuck up. Anybody talking  
like they don't think we can  
survive this? Then shut the  
fuck up!

BRADDOCK

I gotta plan.  
(off Izzy's look)  
We send out a runner.

Braddock gets everyone's attention. He leaves Rhonda.  
Crouches in the middle of the aisle, like a Captain about to  
call a play.

BRADDOCK

One guy. Someone fast. We  
give him the flare gun or  
something.

Give him anything we can to  
help defend himself -but he  
takes off into the field.

Stunned looks everywhere. *Did he just say that?*

BRADDOCK

Whatever the Hell it is, it  
can't come after everyone.  
What's it gonna do if we all  
run in different directions?!  
Its gonna have to pick out one-

IZZY

Come on man, what're you  
talking about-

BRADDOCK

I'm talking about giving us  
a chance to get out to that  
truck!

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK (more)

It's sitting out there,  
burning up gas and it may be  
our only chance to get outta  
here-

DOUBLE D.

That truck's not gonna carry  
all of us, you said so  
yourself!

BRADDOCK

*I am aware of the size of  
the fucking truck, D'!*

(to De' aundre)

Let me ask you something,  
you wanna sit in here and  
wait to see what that meant  
--him staring at you like  
that?

He was picking people out,  
you wanna wait around to  
find out for what?

IZZY

So what, we pick names? We  
have like a lottery for who  
goes for help?

BRADDOCK

No.

(off their looks)

I want somebody who's gonna  
*do the job*. Not fuck it up  
'cause they're too Goddamned  
afraid!

IZZY

Gee maybe someone like you?

BRADDOCK

(sarcasm)

No someone like you.

IZZY

This isn't about who can run  
the fastest okay-

BRADDOCK

Or being a pussy!

IZZY

Kiss my ass Scotty-

Braddock storms to him. Izzy holds his ground.

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.

Check yourselves both of  
you! We stick together as a  
team!

BRADDOCK

Izzy's not *on* the team  
(turns away)  
He'd just like to be.

IZZY

(turns him around)  
What is your problem?!

BRADDOCK

*You tell me, Izzy or Isn't  
he!*

IZZY

What do I make you nervous?

BRADDOCK

Thinking you're gonna come  
on to me and every other  
swinging dick on this bus  
makes me nervous-

IZZY

Makes you fucking stupid,  
too!

Braddock leaps on him. Boys everywhere trying to pry them  
apart. Jake and Dante intervene.

DOUBLE D.

Alright knock it off  
Goddammit!

The boys glare at each other.

DOUBLE D.

There is nothing about any  
of us on this bus that is  
more important than sticking  
together!

That is the only way we are  
gonna get through this! Now  
come on, we don't know if  
this thing is even coming  
back!

MINXIE

It is...

All heads turn to this urgent whisper. Minxie looks up now.  
Stares at Chelsea with a pained look in her welling eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MINXIE \*  
It is coming back... \*

Chelsea kneels to her as Rhonda moves in. \*

MINXIE \*  
It came out of the earth and \*  
it'll go back soon. \*

RHONDA \*  
How do you know? \*

MINXIE \*  
I could hear it. \*

DANTE \*  
*It told you?* \*

MINXIE \*  
(shakes her head 'no') \*  
I could hear inside it's \*  
head. The same words over \*  
and over again. \*  
(finds Rhonda's eyes) \*  
It's worried. \*

Puzzled looks from listeners. \*

MINXIE \*  
It's running out of time. It \*  
has very little time left- \*

BRADDOCK \*  
Why are listening to this? \*

RHONDA \*  
Time for what, Minx'? \*

Minxie cannot say what she knows. *It is just too terrible.* \*

CHELSEA \*  
Time to do what, Minx'? \*

MINXIE \*  
(barely a whisper) \*  
We have to get away from \*  
this thing... \*

BRADDOCK \*  
What an incredible piece of \*  
information! Thank you! \*

RHONDA \*  
Would you shut-up, Scotty?! \*

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK

We're standing around  
listening to her like she's  
got something to say -- this  
chick used to wave pom poms  
at people!

Braddock and Rhonda regard each other heatedly.

CHELSEA

What is it Minx? Do you know  
what it is?

She stares at Chelsea. Nods her head. Chelsea and the others  
stare. Minxie about to answer *when there comes a faint and  
distant cry for help.*

COACH HANNA

*Somebody. . . .*

*IT TURNS EVERY HEAD AS IT ECHOES ACROSS THE FIELDS IN THE  
ERIE HOLLOWNESS OF THE NIGHT WIND.*

COACH HANNA

*Somebody help me. . .*

Windows on that side of the bus are pulled down a bit. *MAKING  
THE COACH'S ANGUISHED CRIES CRISPER NOW.*

COACH HANNA

*Jesus God, please help  
me. . . .*

Jake, the keeper of the flashlight, moves toward the bus  
doors. Shoots his beam through the glass.

COACH HANNA

*Anybody. . . .*

Bucky brings the portable spotlight out of the emergency kit.  
Plugs it into the AC Adapter in the bus' dash.

BUCKY

Look out. . .

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Now a really powerful beam of light blasts through those bus  
doors. Starts raking the field.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

BUCKY

Jesus. . .

Out where the broad beam starts to fade, *Coach Hanna's  
distant body kneeling in the tall grass.*

(CONTINUED)

Waves weakly. His arm dropping again quickly. Mouth opens wide as he calls out:

COACH HANNA  
*Oh Jesus! It's me! Help me please!*

\*  
\*  
\*

BETO  
It dropped him  
(presses against the window, staring)  
It must've dropped him

He meets the expressions of those who don't want to think about this, let alone deal with it.

COACH HANNA  
*Please...*

\*  
\*

BETO  
Coach is out there busted up where this freakin' thing dropped him..

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COACH HANNA  
*Please tell me you can hear me...*

\*  
\*

In the faint glare of the beam, Coach Hanna waves again weakly.

\*

JAKE  
We don't know that's him-

BETO  
What the fuck you mean we don't know? You can see its him!

JAKE  
The fucking Coach was the first to go! That was at least a mile back that away!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BETO  
It's the fucking Coach man, who do you think it is-

\*  
\*  
\*

JAKE  
And whose gonna march out there and drag him back here?!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

IZZY  
Beto, *if* he dropped him, that means he's smashed up out there and probably bad.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

BETO  
I'm not talking to you, I'm  
talking to the team  
(a cutting whisper)  
The Coach is the reason I am  
anything, man!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beto's look is a plea to his teammates. Singles out Dante.

BETO  
The Coach is the reason *any*  
of us are anything!  
(glaring at Dante)  
You just wanna leave him out  
there?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dante looks as torn as Beto.

IZZY  
Beto, what if that thing is  
just using him?  
(off Beto's glare)  
For bait! To see who's gonna  
step off this bus and go get  
him

\*  
\*  
\*

JAKE  
Coyotes man, they imitate  
the sounds of a cat, so dogs  
will come to them! And when  
they do, they *eat 'em* man!?  
They ambush the stupid dog!

\*

BETO  
Thank you fucking Animal  
Planet!

Beto pushes people aside, kneels on a seat and puts his mouth  
up to the crack in the window.

BETO  
Coach?!

\*

Silence as everyone on the bus waits for an answer.

COACH HANNA  
*Who's there...?!*

\*

BETO  
It's me, Beto!

COACH HANNA  
*Beto?*

\*

BETO  
That really you?

\*

(CONTINUED)

COACH HANNA  
*Who the Hell you think it is  
Beto?!*

\*  
\*  
\*

*Beto turns and looks at everyone watching him.*

\*

BETO  
Can you move?

\*  
\*

COACH HANNA  
*There's something broken...  
It hurts bad...*

\*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

ANGLE FROM THE FIELD TOWARD BUS: The big beam of light  
blasting out at us as we slowly pull back....

BETO  
We don't know how to get out  
there...

COACH HANNA  
*It's gone...*

\*

BETO  
What?!

COACH HANNA  
*It's gone! I saw it fly  
away.*

\*

BETO  
What if it comes back?

\*

ANGLE IN THE FIELD TOWARD BORMAN:

\*

COACH HANNA  
*Jesus Beto, I can see the  
whole fucking sky...*

\*

BETO  
Are you sure, Coach!? You  
gotta be real sure!!

\*

COACH HANNA  
*I swear to fucking Christ!  
Just please don't leave me  
out here Goddammit. Please  
don't do that!*

\*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

BETO  
Just hold on! Just hold on  
one second!

\*

(CONTINUED)

Bucky turns the spotlight off. Looks over at Beto breathless at the window. He comes to a quiet resolve that shocks everyone. \*

BETO  
I'll go out.

Everyone stares. \*

BETO  
But I need help.  
(stares at Dante)  
Come on, I can't get him  
back here by myself. \*

IZZY  
That thing'll pick you off  
before you're halfway across  
the field! \*

BETO  
He's not your fucking coach,  
alright?!  
(to Dante)  
Dante's got the gun and plenty  
of flares. \*

DANTE  
I don't know Beto... \*

BETO  
Yeah you do. \*

Dante looks to Braddock. Braddock nods his head grimly. \*

BRADDOCK  
That thing hasn't been back  
here in almost an hour!  
That's the longest its  
stayed away...  
(off their look )  
I say we do it, we do it for  
the coach, what do you say? \*

IZZY  
You don't give a shit about  
the Coach!  
(to Beto and Dante)  
He's gonna use you as his  
runner! Like you're some  
decoy! \*

DANTE  
(to Braddock)  
Scotty? \*

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK

There's a way to work this  
so we get the coach back  
here *and* get out to that  
truck-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

IZZY

Scotty listen to me. My dad  
works for the paper, right?  
The Herald?

Braddock takes a step toward Izzy.

\*

BRADDOCK

Give Beto the javelin, Izzy.

\*

IZZY

That shit in Poho County?

\*

BRADDOCK

The javelin--

\*

IZZY

-that Church Scotty--

\*

\*

BRADDOCK

*I don't give a rat's fucking  
ass-*

IZZY

--has about a million  
*fucking bodies sewn to the  
walls--*

\*

\*

\*

Braddock grabs Izzy --in one angry move snatches the javelin from him, holds him against the driver's partition by the throat and levels the sharp point of the spear between Izzy's eyes.

IZZY

I'm trying to tell you,  
whatever that thing is, I  
think it's been snatching  
bodies for Centuries now and  
nothing's been able to stop  
it!

\*

(grabs Braddock's  
arm as he tightens  
his grip)

*Nothing man! Not the whole  
fucking Sheriff's Department  
down there in Poho...*

\*

\*

\*

DOUBLE D.

Let him go, Scotty.

Double D. is behind Braddock. Has put a hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.  
You're getting crazy, man.

BRADDOCK  
You take that hand off me or  
there is gonna be a lot more  
blood on that asphalt out  
there.

DOUBLE D.  
You wanna get out to that  
truck then take a walk.

Braddock whirls around and faces off with Double D.

DOUBLE D.  
Don't use Beto to run  
interference.

Beto and Dante making eye contact. Purposeful glares. Daring  
each other. \*

BRADDOCK  
You wanna play *cock of the  
walk* right now?

DOUBLE D.  
No man, we got bigger fish  
to fry. \*

BRADDOCK  
(a step toward him)  
I don't give a shit, you  
wanna play *cock of the walk*,  
"bro"?

DOUBLE D.  
Why do I think you wanna  
call me something else?

Braddock glares at him - polarized by this question.

DOUBLE D.  
You wanna call me something  
else, Scotty? \*

'Cause I don't think you  
get, that I can see you  
*thinking* it -- whether you  
say it or not.

BRADDOCK  
You wanna be Captain of this  
ship Double D. ? \*

Kimball starts to move next to his friend Double D. \*

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.  
Sit down Big K.  
(off his look)  
I mean it sit down.

RHONDA  
Both of you sit down, Scotty  
what are you doing -- the  
Coach is out there and he's  
hurt!

Coach Hanna's voice wafting to them again.

COACH HANNA  
*Somebody please!*

*KE-RUNNKK!!!!* The bus doors open. All heads turn. Beto has  
done this. He snatches up the short piece of javelin and runs  
off the bus.

BETO  
(to Dante)  
You coming?

Dante takes a look at his flare gun and runs down the bus  
steps. Izzy incredulous. Dashes after them onto the two-lane.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Bucky wastes no time in closing the doors again. Watching in  
horror with the rest of the team out the windows at:

Izzy catches up to Beto and Dante. Heads them off.

IZZY  
Come on Beto, what the fuck  
are you doing here?!

BETO  
(shoves past Izzy)  
Coach?!

IZZY  
Shut the fuck up!  
(eyes skyward)  
Come on Dante, just get your  
ass back on that bus!

Dante looks at Izzy. Both boys terrified.

IZZY  
What are you doing?

Beto continues on looking skyward.

DANTE  
Run point for us-

(CONTINUED)

IZZY  
The fuck I will-

DANTE  
(scared not angry)  
The fuck you will too, do it  
for me.

Izzy staring at Dante until they are blasted suddenly by the  
spotlight from the bus.

It sweeps across the field and Beto follows its long train to  
the Coach's distant figure in the deeper grass.

BETO  
Coach. . .

COACH HANNA  
*I'm here!*

Izzy watches as Dante and Beto move deeper into the field.  
Torn between wanting to go back or to follow.

Instead waves his arms at the bus to get them to stop using  
the spotlight. It goes dark.

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Braddock and Jake at the windows watching with the others.

BRADDOCK  
Now.  
(off Jake's look)  
If it's out there, it's  
distracted. We go for the  
truck.

Braddock takes center aisle and heads for the doors.

DOUBLE D.  
Hey, that truck's not just  
your personal way outta  
this.

BRADDOCK  
We don't have time for an  
election-

DOUBLE D.  
What gives you the fucking  
pink slip, man?

BRADDOCK  
Having the balls to walk out  
there and get in it-

(CONTINUED)

CHELSEA  
(watching out a window)  
They're almost to him

Braddock and Jake again to the windows watching.

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Beto and Dante nearing the shadowy figure of the Coach.

BETO  
You think you can move?

COACH HANNA  
*I'm gonna bust my ass  
trying...*

BETO  
We can maybe do a fireman's  
carry or something...

COACH HANNA  
*I just need some shoulders  
next to me to take the  
weight off this leg.*

Beto and Dante slowing. Can't make out the Coach very well.

COACH HANNA  
*Right here man.*

Dante swings the flare gun up. Halts with Beto.

COACH HANNA  
*Jesus, where the Hell is  
everyone?*

BETO  
They all wanted to help  
Coach.

COACH HANNA  
*What do you mean, you can't  
do this by yourself!*

BETO  
(starts forward again)  
They're just too freaked out  
to get off the Goddamned  
bus! Dante's with me.

MOVING ANGLE ON COACH HANNA IN THE GRASS:

(CONTINUED)

COACH HANNA  
 (sounding angrier)  
*Well thank fucking Christ I  
 got at least two boys on my  
 team who know how to act  
 like men!*

But Beto and Dante can see in the moonlight that *something is wrong with Coach Hannah.*

WE ARE MOVING BEHIND COACH HANNA: *He has a hand buried in the back of his skull.*

CREEPER/HANNA  
*Boys who have the sack to  
 come out here and save my  
 broken ass!*

*THE CREEPER'S HAND. WORKING HANNA'S MOUTH FROM THE BACK OF THE HEAD -- LIKE A PUPPETEER WORKS A PUPPET.*

CREEPER/HANNA  
*I gotta tell you something  
 Beto, I really thought I was  
 gonna be left out here.*

The Creeper, wiping his bloody mouth with his free hand, *SPEAKS IN THE VOICE OF COACH HANNA.*

CREEPER/HANNA  
*I really thought you were  
 all gonna just leave my ass  
 out here -all you delicious  
 little motherfuckers back  
 there on that bus.*

Beto and Dante paling. The Creeper staring at them.

CREEPER/HANNA  
*Just sitting in there  
 smelling so good and being  
 so tasty back there on that  
 Goddamned bus...*

Izzy still point man halfway between the bus and the Coach. Hears a scream. Turns and looks:

SLOW MOTION: *Beto and Dante dashing back toward him -- as something dark and winged rips out of the grass behind them and into the air.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Angle behind Braddock and Jake moving down the bus steps. Doors still closed -*through them they can see Dante's flare gun go off. Its red rocket arcing over the field.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Beto, Izzy and Dante blasting through the grass toward the asphalt. Almost to the bus.

IZZY  
OPEN THOSE DOORS!!!

Those on the bus watching their approach. Horrified. Conflicted.

IZZY  
Bucky Goddamn you open those  
motherfucking doors!!!!

The boys are to the asphalt now. Looking back and up. No sign of the Creeper - or of the doors opening.

IZZY  
Bucky!!!

Bucky stares paralyzed as WHAM!! WHAM!! WHAM!! All three boys hit the glass doors hard. But only Beto is gone before they hit.

*Fast. As if the darkness just swallowed him the moment before he hit the bus.*

Izzy and Dante banging on the glass. Dawning on them Beto is gone. Them staring up into the night sky. Can see nothing in the moonlit clouds.

Izzy whirls now. Glares in at Bucky. Before he can even scream at him, Bucky opens the bus doors and Dante and Izzy spill up the stairs.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy is so angry he falls onto Bucky and starts wailing on him

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

A distant view of the violence on the bus. Angry voices as Izzy is pulled off Bucky. It is quiet again. Quiet and still.

AS WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Beto's ragged tennis shoe on the two-lane in the shadow of the bus.

BUCKY (O.S.)  
This is 226, home base you  
out there? This is Andy  
Buck, I'm the team manager,  
can anybody hear me?

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

BUCKY \*

We are stuck out in the  
middle of nowhere, and we  
are in serious trouble, do  
you read me? \*

Everyone turns. Bucky still breathing heavy from his  
altercation with Izzy, makes his whispered plea on the radio. \*

DANTE

Hang it up Bucky!

BUCKY \*

(angry eyes welling)  
This is 226 we are stuck out  
on East 9 somewhere in the  
middle of Kissel County.

Chelsea squats to him. Puts a hand on his shoulder. \*

BRADDOCK

Come on Bucky you can jerk  
off with that thing all  
night, nobody's gonna help  
us outta here.

BUCKY

(tuning channels)  
You fuckers! Somebody's out  
there I know it!

INT. TAGGART TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

As Taggart tunes in channels -A FRAGMENT OF THE BUS' RADIO  
TRANSMISSION COMES IN BUSY WITH STATIC.

BRADDOCK \*

(filtered)  
*Losing it right now isn't  
gonna do anybody any good!* \*

BUCKY \*

(filtered)  
*If you don't get help out  
here fast, something is  
gonna kill us the same way  
it did five other people!* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Bucky kneeling at the radio staring at Chelsea, Dante and the  
others. Looking and feeling foolish. And without hope. \*

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK  
Turn it off.  
(off Bucky's look)  
Nobody's coming - turn it  
off.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bucky raises his hand to flip the switch.

\*

TAGGART  
(filtered)  
Who is this?

*A RUSH OF STATIC OVER THE RADIO AND TAGGART'S VOICE!* Faces  
of disbelief. *Did they just hear that?*

BUCKY  
This is Andy Buck...

\*

TAGGART  
*Where are you?*

The boys and girls make sounds. Tentative, happy sounds.  
*Contact made!* Dante feverishly shushes everyone as Bucky  
continues.

BUCKY  
We are in a broken down  
school bus out on East 9,  
are you the cops?

TAGGART  
(filtered)  
*Where on East 9?*

BUCKY  
I don't know exactly.

IZZY  
Kissell County.

BUCKY  
Somewhere in Kissel county.

TAGGART  
(filtered)  
What kind of trouble you in  
out there?

Bucky looks up at Izzy and the others. *What is he supposed to  
say?*

BUCKY  
Listen I don't have a lot of  
time to talk here.

(CONTINUED)

TAGGART

(filtered)

*Alright, I think I can find you if you're sure you're on the 9.*

BUCKY

*We are on the 9 man! We are so fucking on the 9!*

More hoots and hollers.

\*

TAGGART

(filtered)

*Anything else you can tell me?*

**ANGLE TOWARD THE BACK OF THE BUS:** Huddled around the radio the kids don't see the familiar black shape running onto the two-lane behind them *and leaping up -impossibly high.*

BUCKY

(almost teary with relief)

*If I tell you anymore you'll think I was outta my fucking mind! Just tell me you're on your way out here, please!*

**KEE-RANNKK!!! THE CREEPER LANDS AND PUNCHES THROUGH THE ROOF RIGHT OVER BUCKY!**

**BOYS AND GIRLS RECOILING. THE CREEPER HAS GOTTEN BUCKY BY THE HEAD AND STARTS TO PULL HIM UP--**

Braver boys leap forward. Grab onto him

RHONDA

Look out!

**SHE CHARGES THROUGH THE FRAY WITH THE JAVELIN AS BUCKY SCREAMS AND GOES HIGHER TOWARD THE HOLE.**

*Rhonda thrusts the spear upward. Right through the roof of the bus and--*

**EXT. BUS ROOFTOP. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

**KEE-OOOCHHHH!!!! THRU THE CREEPER'S SHOULDER. IT COMES OUT THE OTHER SIDE AS THE THING WAILS LIKE A DEMON FROM HELL.**

**INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

\*

*Rhonda holding onto the spear. She yanks it down with all her might--*

EXT. BUS ROOFTOP. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

-savagely pulling the spear out of the Creeper's shoulder.  
IT WAILS AGAIN.

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The Creeper's hand pulls Bucky up harder now. He hits the ceiling. \*

Rhonda leaps forward with the spear again. THRUSTS IT UP EVEN HARDER... \*

A TREMENDOUS WAIL FROM ABOVE AND Bucky falls back down hard. \*

EXT. BUS ROOFTOP. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

The Creeper on his knees, staggers as he tries to stand. We then see that *THE JAVELIN HAS GONE OUT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, ONE OF ITS EYEBALLS SKEWERED AT THE TIP.* \*

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Everyone watches as part of the javelin still sticking down through the hole. Starts to get longer.. \*

EXT. BUS ROOFTOP. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

The Creeper has grabbed the pole and is pulling it back down through his head -the eyeball with it-- \*

*THIS BECOMES EXCRUCIATING. THE CREEPER THRASHES AROUND STILL GRIPPING THE POLE --WHICH IS STARTING TO RIP THROUGH THE STRANGE DUSTY CONSISTENCY OF THE UPPER PART OF HIS HEAD...* \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Inside they can only hear it wail... See the javelin as it falls past the windshield onto the road. \*

The kids watching breathless. Double D. slipping into a forward seat to try and peer up through the hole in the roof. \*

POV THRU HOLE: The Creeper stands in horrible pain. His mouth roars open-- in profile he looks intact -but when he whirls his head toward the hole -*HIS RIGHT EYE AND SURROUNDING FOREHEAD ARE MISSING.* \*

Double D. watches in a daze. Whispers to the rest. \*

DOUBLE D.  
Half his fucking head's  
gone... \*

EXT. BUS ROOFTOP. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

*THE CREEPER RAGES AGAIN, LAUNCHING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY -- TILL BOTH HE AND HIS HORRIBLE WAIL ARE SWALLOWED UP BY DISTANCE AND NIGHT.* \*

Double D. peering up through the hole in the roof. \*

DOUBLE D. \*

Fuck. . .

INT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Boys and girls crowd the hole and the windows to look up. Exchanging looks -afraid to think that *maybe the tables have turned. Some try to laugh finally -a nervous laugh halted by-* \*

*A WHISTLING SOUND GROWS FROM HIGH ABOVE. GETTING LOUDER FASTER. SOMETHING CUTTING THROUGH THE NIGHT.*

Like a bomb dropping. \*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*KA-BLAMMM!!!! SOMETHING LARGE AND DARK PLUMMETS OUT OF THE NIGHT ONTO THE ROOF OF THE BUS.*

*The glass on all the side windows blow out, raining over the two-lane.*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*THE BUS JOLTS MASSIVELY AS PEOPLE ARE THROWN FROM THEIR SEATS. SOME HITTING THE FLOOR WITH THE IMPACT.*

In the next instant the whole thing rocks to stillness. And silence.

Kids staring in disbelief. At the center of the bus -*the roof has buckled severely.*

Izzy shaking his head no. Can't be what he thinks it is. *Can't be. . .*

He and others rushing to the driver seat, attempting to see up through the hole.

Laying across a seat with his swollen ankle, Jonny Young can already see *something dangling down in front of his window.*

JONNY

You gotta be motherfucking kidding. . .

*-it is the tip of the Creeper's wing.* \*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

ANGLE BOOMING UP ABOVE THE BUS:

We rise up from the boys straining to see out their window, to show *that the Creeper has indeed smashed directly into the roof of the bus.*

One wing hangs down past the blown out windows. \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

At the belly of the bend, two sections of sheet metal have split revealing part of the Creeper's body. \*

Jake leads with his flashlight as he and others examine it.

*Whatever part it is, -a breeze from the missing windows starts to blow it away...in tiny drifts of dust....* \*  
\*

JAKE

Man, this thing is cooked.

Braddock stares at it a moment longer and nods to Bucky.

BRADDOCK

Get that door open.  
(to everyone)  
We go. Now.

CHELSEA

It's dead, right?

BRADDOCK

Don't know, don't care.  
Bucky?!

Bucky is really pulling that handle but it won't give. \*

BUCKY \*

Something got screwed up! \*

Others come to help. Double D. slams against the doors while others grapple the handle with Izzy. \*

BRADDOCK

(moves to Jake)  
Get that shit off the exit  
and get it open! \*

Jake looks at him like *easy for you to say.* He motions to the severely sealed up rear door. \*

Braddock starts pulling at the ropes. The bus rocks as Double D. slams into the doors at the front of the bus. \*

(CONTINUED)

Frantic activity *ALL STOPPED BY THE GROWING SOUND OF GROANING METAL...* \*

Loud and louder now... Kids turning toward the center of the bus. Some recoiling into their seats...

*KEE-RANNKK!!! THE SPLIT IN THE ROOF GIVES WAY AND A GIANT WING CRASHES INTO THE CENTER OF THE BUS.*

Kids flee in both directions -until the gray dust settles and reveals the massive wing is not moving.

It is however dividing the bus into two sections: fore and aft. \*

Most stand silent in a kind of awe of the wing's incredible physiognomy. Translucent from one side in the flashlight beam. \*

BUCKY \*

What in the Hell are we  
looking at? \*

Braddock storms back to Jake again. \*

BRADDOCK \*

Come on! \*

JAKE \*

I made it so it *wouldn't*  
open, man! Someone give me a  
knife or something! \*

They pull at the knots in the ropes again. \*

KIMBALL \*

(nods to the others in the  
front half of the bus)  
Come on, D'. Everybody. This  
side. \*

The thought of having to traverse the wing is not a happy one. *No one wants to be the first.*

DOUBLE D. \*

I am not gonna touch that  
thing! \*

KIMBALL \*

This is the way out man, you  
just gonna sit back there  
and wait for the Red Cross?  
Get your ass over here. \*

Double D. approaches the wing warily. Studies it closely. Starts to climb around it. Over seats to avoid contact. \*

(CONTINUED)

KIMBALL

(bows his head in mock shame)  
Oh man, show like you got a  
pair...

DOUBLE D.

Fuck you.

Double D. comes down behind the wing - on the back half of the bus. Chelsea is closest. But she shakes her head 'no'.

Izzy pushes his way through. Steps to the wing. Stares at it.

Doesn't climb over the seats. Is feeling braver. He squeezes around it.

Has to push against it to clear his path and realizes its folding capabilities.

IZZY

This thing's like a fucking  
shower curtain man. Look.

He folds the wing up a bit. A nervous laugh. Does it again. This time really high. Walks under it to the other side. Turns and lets Chelsea and Rhonda step under it as he holds it up high.

IZZY

Come on...

Dante is next and not be out done -- grabs the wing and folds it up even more.

DANTE

Shower curtain?  
(holds it up even higher)  
This is a fucking piece of  
toilet paper---

*SHEEWOCCKK!!! THE GREAT WING UNFURLS AT LIGHTNING SPEED AND WRAPS AROUND DANTE -- COCOONING HIM IN ITS LEATHERY FABRIC.*

*Both sides of the bus population rear back -piling up at entrances and exits that cannot open.*

*THEY WATCH DANTE'S BODY STRUGGLE INSIDE THE POWERFUL WING AS IF HE WERE TRAPPED INSIDE A GIANT ANACONDA.*

Kids banging on both exits. Screaming at the horror of...

*The wing wrapping even tighter and starting to lift him up through the split ceiling. Like a hideous curtain, veiling with its thin membrane Dante's entire body.*

Kids can see Dante's face trying to breathe as it goes up out of sight...

(CONTINUED)

*Izzy and Double D. charge forward! Almost falling onto it. Try wrapping their arms around Dante's wing-wrapped body!*

It quakes violently as they grapple with it. Trying to pull him down, yanking harder and harder--

--until he slips out of the wing as it disappears back up onto the roof and a crimson splatter spraying the ceiling overhead...

Izzy and the others crash to their knees with rescued Dante. *Until they realize something is horribly wrong.*

*They back away, leaving Dante kneeling on the bus floor - without his head. Arms still moving as he falls forward.*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The Creeper kneeling on top of the bus. In the deep indentation of the roof. Rips at his shirt...

CU ANGLE TILTING UP THE CREEPER:

The tearing cloth reveals his reptilian stomach -and something enormously large sliding down its gullet. *Dante's eyes, nose and chin outlined in the grayish skin as it moves down the throat.*

TILT UP FROM THIS TO REVEAL: The Creeper's horribly mangled head.

The lower half barely able to harbor the gaping mouth that smacks its lips *having just ingested this human head.*

The Creeper stands now. *Its tentacles opening---*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Jake tearing at the cloth ropes on the back exit as others help him

While boys on the other end of the bus slam against the doors with all their might. Double D. scrambling for Dante's flare gun. Fishing for the flares in the headless body's pockets.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

360 AROUND THE CREEPER:

The Creeper stands. Its tattered clothes fall to its feet. His wings unfurled. As he grapples his badly damaged head with both hands and tears it off its shoulders with A **HORRIBLE WAIL.**

The Creeper's head is only attached to the tentacle plate by some gummy strings of goo -they finally snap off...

(CONTINUED)

Leaving an empty shell where only its tentacles remain. \*

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The Creeper's head hits the asphalt as kids inside watch this -still frantically pounding away. \*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*Tentacles that reach down inside the half skull and pull up the Creeper's new head.* \*

Dante's.

His own pinkish skin cradled in place by the tentacles -- as it assimilates into the grayish tone of the Creeper's wrinkled flesh.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Chelsea and others trying to peek up through the split roof to see -when *GLOOP!!!* A slimy glob of something falls onto the girl's face. \*

She freaks. \*

Other stare up -just catching a glimpse of the Creeper launching into the air from the top of the bus. \*

Just as *THONG!!* Jake gets the last of the lashings off the rear exit and it swings open -revealing the idling pick-up truck. \*

All kids staring out at it. Wondering if in this silence they should-- \*

Braddock blasts towards the back exit and lurches onto the asphalt. \*

EXT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME. \*

Before he can take two steps toward the truck, Double D., Kimball and others follow. \*

A mass exodus of the bus begins. Attention on the sky, the kids storm the old pick-up. Jake overtakes Braddock and they struggle at the driver's door. \*

*Jake leaps up into the driver seat but is dragged out by Braddock. Braddock lurches up to the seat but is pulled down by Jake.* \*

*Jake leaps up into the driver seat but Braddock drags him out-as Kimball and Double D. rush up. Kimball slides behind the wheel...* \*

(CONTINUED)

*Braddock won't have this. Drags Kimball out of the driver seat.* \*

*Double D. lunges at Braddock for this --both rolling on the asphalt as Kimball tears Braddock off his buddy.* \*

*In the meantime Bucky jumps behind the wheel while others have already crammed into the passenger side.* \*

*Way too many people. Some fight being yanked out. Others still pressing.*

*Kids hang out the doors and off the sides as Bucky lurches it forward. Some can't hold on, hit the asphalt hard.* \*

*Bucky guns the engine as Braddock grabs him through the window. Will not let him steer.* \*

*Bucky just picks up speed. The truck sways erratically toward the back of the bus. Braddock has to let go because--* \*

*KA-BASHHH!! THE TRUCK RAMS THE BUS' REAR AND HARD.* \*

*INT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*CLONG!! Chelsea helping Jonny down the aisle. The impact send all the kids rolling.* \*

*EXT. BUS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.*

*Bucky throws the truck in reverse. The back door of the bus clangs noisily to the asphalt.* \*

*Bucky swerves around the bus --across the yellow line boys running from nowhere directly in his way.* \*

*Including Kimball who circled around the bus --WHAM!! Bucky hits him hard -Kimball goes right up onto the windshield.* \*

*Bucky swerves across the two-lane as Kimball's body falls to the ground.* \*

*Double D, races to Kimball. Kneels to him. Screams as Braddock and many others race after the truck. Chelsea almost falling down the bus steps to join them.* \*

*One boy grabbing the tailgate and letting the truck drag him as it races away.*

*AREAL VIEW/CREEPER POV: The pick-up racing away from the pandemonium. Not so much noise up here. The quiet of an evening wind until A HORRIBLE WAIL CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT.*

*Everyone running after the truck stop and look skyward...* \*

*Double D. looks up slowly from Kimball's lifeless body.* \*

(CONTINUED)

*The Creeper is in front of the moon. In full glory. Wings rising and falling silently as it looks down at him...*

\*

*And then dives...*

\*

**ANGLE SWOOPING DOWN TOWARD EARTH:** As the kids flee off the road and across the field, we are dive bombing them

\*

\*

**IZZY**

*Ruuuunnnnnn!!!!!!*

The Creeper sweeping in from above, like a crop duster, lowering to snatching level.

*Boys and girls running. Some dive and crawl under the bus. Others dash into the field but there is no where to hide. The field is so big there is no place to hide...*

\*

\*

**FWOOOSSSHHHH!!!!!!** The Creeper rockets over Izzy's head and on toward Double D.!

\*

Double D. running like his heart will burst out of his chest.

**IZZY**

*HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU, D.!!*

\*

\*

**POV OF SWOOPING CREEPER:**

Swooping after Double D. The kid reaches down, struggles for the flare gun -the barrel stuck deep in his pants pocket.

**THE CREEPER ALMOST UPON HIM CAN HEAR THE WINGS FLAPPING THEY ARE SO CLOSE---**

The Creeper's mouth opens and **A HORRIBLE WAIL COMES OUT.**

Double D. whipping out the flare gun just as he missteps. Falls. Goes down hard and quick.

*SHH-WOONK!!! The Creeper flies right over him, talons reaching out but missing him...*

Double D. still rolling in the grass.

*The demon swings up into the air still sailing forward but looking back at Double D. and wailing again -this time out of frustration.*

**ANGLE FLYING AWAY FROM DOUBLE D.**

Double D. looking up and over- at the Creeper's other intended: Jake still sprinting toward the horizon.

\*

*The Creeper sets his sites and dives again.*

**DOLLEY SHOT WITH BOYS AND APPROACHING CREEPER:**

(CONTINUED)

It looks like the 100 Yard Dash -only for life and death--  
 Jake in the lead with Braddock just behind. \*

Braddock racing like there will be no tomorrow --and there  
*might not--* the Creeper rockets over his head.

*Looking back as if a quick scent of something has him  
 reassessing Braddock.*

Then he is soaring on toward the only target left: Jake still  
 out in front as he sprints for his life. \*

IZZY  
 JAKE!!!! \*

**THE CREEPER SWOOPS IN RIGHT ON TARGET AND THE BIG STRONG KID  
 IS LIFTED RIGHT OFF HIS FEET -SCREAMING AS THE CREEPER'S  
 TALONS SINK INTO HIM---**

**DOLLEY SHOT W/CREEPER/JAKE CONTINUES:** Jake still running as  
 he screams --*lifted off the ground and launched into the air  
 in the clutches of the Creeper.* \*

RHONDA  
 JAKE!!! \*

Observers everywhere stop. Breathless.

**JAKE POV AS HE IS LIFTED INTO THE AIR:** *Jake streaking away  
 from the ground. Izzy leaps on him but can't hold on. Drops  
 off as Jake leaves behind the astonished and the horrified.  
 Staring up as they get smaller and smaller.* \*

**ON JAKE:** Jake looking up in great pain at his captor. Wings  
 flapping, throwing shadow on and off the horrible visage of  
 the Creeper. \*

Though in the rising and falling shadow, the Creeper's  
 silhouette does in fact look like:

JAKE  
 (horri fied)  
 Dante? \*

It looks down at him *with Dante's face* surrounded by those  
 tentacles -**THEY FLY OPEN AND IT WAILS AT HIM**

In pain and horror Jake screams back at it. \*

**A SCREAM HEARD ACROSS THE NIGHT AS THE TWO STREAK PAST THE  
 PALE FACE OF THE MOON AND UPWARD.**

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

**BUTCH THE DOG HOWLS SUDDENLY** and the Taggart pick-up truck  
 brakes to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

Both Taggart and son know this sound all too well. They look at the animal baying up at the sky and Taggart hops out with his shotgun.

Dad moves to the side of the truck and pets the dogs head *while scanning the moonlit clouds.*

JACK JR.

Daddy!

The boy is staring ahead where *someone darts across the two-lane in the distance.* \*

Taggart watches as the figure runs back to the center of the road and stares down at the headlights. \*

*This is a kid. And sprinting now toward the truck!* \*

**BUTCH STOPS HOWLING AND STARTS BARKING LIKE CRAZY AT THE APPROACHING RUNNER.** \*

Taggart steps onto the running board of the truck and Jack Jr. Rolls toward them. Meeting them half way down the lane.

Minxie breathless. \*

She stares at Jack Taggart and his son like they are salvation. No words. Just staring. \*

**THEN BUTCH BARKS WILDLY** and Minxie crams into the truck cab while Taggart and son look at each other. \*

EXT. NEW FIELD. NIGHT.

Izzy slowly peering over the tall grass. His quiet whisper:

IZZY

Farm and farm and and  
fucking farm and.

DOUBLE D. \*

And no fucking farm.

Both turn now and crawl back through the grass beneath the single massive oak that shadows them in this large field.

Part of a group huddled together. Izzy, Rhonda, Chelsea and Braddock - cuts and swollen eyes from the fist fight at the truck. \*

RHONDA \*

We've gotta run into people  
somewhere.

DOUBLE D.

Maybe some of the others had  
better luck.

(CONTINUED)

BRADDOCK

Or worse.

Chelsea staring out. Pale and shaken.

CHELSEA

I left him.  
(off Izzy's look)  
Jonny! I left him stuck on  
the bus.

BRADDOCK

That's real good man.

Chelsea looks devastated. The others glare at Braddock.

RHONDA

Shut up Scotty.

CHELSEA

No he's right! Jesus, what  
kind of person would get  
scared enough to fucking do  
that?

IZZY

Well Scotty for one.

Braddock glares a killer glare at Izzy for this.

IZZY

In fact it sounds like every  
fucking one of us did so  
don't go pointing the  
finger!

BRADDOCK

Hey faggot put a dick in it!

IZZY

I am through with you, you  
brainless asshole-

Izzy snaps. Only Double D. stops Izzy from attacking.

DOUBLE D.

Come on Izzy, just forget  
him!

IZZY

(at Braddock)  
You ever had a faggot beat  
the shit out of you?!

DOUBLE D.

He's a piece of fucking  
history man -just leave it!!

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D. (more)  
(softly to Braddock)  
You think you're the man of  
the hour? Pulled Big K.  
outta that fucking truck and  
now he's dead.

BRADDOCK  
Hey Bucky is the one with  
Kinball's toe tag in his  
pocket -- don't try and put  
that on me-

RHONDA  
Everyone just shut up!

BRADDOCK  
Let's not waste anymore time  
being polite okay? We know  
who this thing wants.

It had its pick of twenty of  
us running around back there  
and it only went for three!  
One was Jake and he got him!

Dante was another and it  
chewed his fucking head off,  
so no offense Double D., but  
the other one was you.

IZZY  
Woa-woa-woa, hold on-

BRADDOCK  
(above a whisper)  
We all saw the way he  
sniffed you out, back on  
that bus. Just like he did  
Beto, Dante and Jake.  
(off his look)  
It comes back here, it's  
coming back for one reason!

Double D. stares at him

BRADDOCK  
*Sorry to be so blunt but we  
just dropped a notch on the  
fucking food chain, man!*

RHONDA  
Scotty stop shouting!

BRADDOCK  
(a cutting whisper to her)  
*This is about living and  
dying now, and he is marking  
us as food for this thing!*

(CONTINUED)

She glares at him. Shakes her head like she doesn't know him.

BRADDOCK  
I'm only saying what  
everybody else standing here  
right now, is thinking!

DOUBLE D.  
Chelsea, that true?

Chelsea stares at him - polarized by his question. Comes back  
with barely a whisper:

CHELSEA  
What if he's right? \*  
(still shaken)  
I mean let's think about it. \*

IZZY  
What's there to think  
about?!

CHELSEA \*  
What if this thing really *is*  
only after the ones he  
picked out on the bus?

IZZY \*  
We don't know who he picked \*  
out on that bus! Christ he \*  
looked at all of us! \*

DOUBLE D. \*  
Look you don't wanna be  
around me, get your ass  
outta here!

CHELSEA \*  
I'm sorry. I am, but I don't  
wanna end up like Dante back  
there, I mean Jesus did you  
see what it did to him?!

Her frozen tears terrify Double D. *A horrible truth is dawning.*

CHELSEA  
There's lots of room out  
here. Lots of directions to  
go...

DOUBLE D.  
Okay. I'll split then.  
(glares at Braddock)  
I'll split off from the rest  
of you. Maybe I'll draw some  
heat.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY  
I'm going with you.

\*  
\*

DOUBLE D.  
(closer to Braddock)  
I'm gonna head east. Why  
don't you keep going west?  
(icily)  
That's away from me, "bro".  
(a whispered  
confidence)  
But lets get one thing  
straight. He looked at you  
too. Back on the bus -I saw  
him and so did you.

Braddock looking out at everyone else.

DOUBLE D.  
It looked right at you and  
when it flew past you back  
there? It did it again. That  
means it looked at you  
*twice.*  
(looks him in the eye)  
So you keep your little  
blacklist, just know that  
I'm the one getting the Hell  
away from you.

\*  
\*

'Cause when he takes you out  
-and I hope he does? I wanna  
be as far away from your  
sorry ass as I can.

\*  
\*

Double D. starts walking.

BRADDOCK  
This is about staying alive,  
man.  
(off Double D. glare)  
Look, I'm sorry Double D.

\*  
\*  
\*

IZZY  
You are so right about that.

\*

Izzy moves after Double D.

\*

RHONDA  
You're really gonna let them  
go?

BRADDOCK  
Why, you wanna go with them?

Rhonda stares, sad and shocked at him.

\*

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA  
We coulda' *protected* him  
maybe. We coulda' *protected*  
all of us. *If* we stuck  
together.

Rhonda starts moving off too.

RHONDA  
You know like a team?

She joins the twosome that moves away as Braddock looks on. \*

EXT. SCHOOL BUS. NIGHT.

Backlit now by approaching headlights, the school bus sits  
even more distressed across the glass sprinkled two-lane.

Jack Jr. stops. Surveys the scene from behind the wheel as he  
blasts a spotlight forward. \*

*BUTCH STARTS TO HOWL AGAIN. A TERRIBLE ERIE SOUND THAT MAKES  
TAGGART LOOK AT HIS SON.*

Taggart gets out. Stopped by Minxie's soft words.

MINXIE  
You won't be able to kill  
it.

Taggart looks at her. *THE DOG HOWLS AGAIN.*

MINXIE  
Doesn't matter what you do  
to it, it'll still come  
back.

*ANOTHER HOWL MAKES THIS EVEN MORE CHILLING.*

Taggart's expression reveals nothing. He might take her for  
crazy. Impossible to tell as he hops up in the back of the  
pick-up. Moves into the freshly welded pulpit.

*THE DOG WHINES A LITTLE.*

Taggart scans the night sky and slowly reaches down.

Lifts a leather strap. Throws it over his shoulder. *Straps  
himself to the pulpit with it.*

Looks at Jack Jr. and nods him forward. The Taggart pick-up  
rolls toward the bus.

On the pulpit, Taggart has a searchlight of his own. It finds  
the concaved roof of the bus and its smashed rear.

(CONTINUED)

Jack Jr. slams on the brakes quickly. Works his spotlight to reveal: *Kimball's body in the middle of the road. Face down. Hair blowing in the night breeze.* \*

Minxie lowers her eyes. Won't look. \*

Taggart motions for Jack Jr. to go around.

RAKING ANGLE TOWARD SIDE OF THE BUS AS TRUCK GOES BEHIND IT:

The pick-up rolls onto the shoulder as the searchlight blasts through its broken windows.

*A figure appears suddenly in one.*

Taggart swings around swiftly in the pulpit. *MAKING A RUSTY, SCRAPING SOUND.*

Jonny Young stares back into the glare of the spotlights. Battered but alive. Stares with wide eyes at *the vicious homemade harpoon pointing up at him*

From the small cannon attached to the pulpit. *A cannon fashioned out of the post puncher mechanism from the Taggart farm.*

Taggart stares down at the frightened boy from the sites of this crudely fashioned weapon.

TAGGART  
(lowering his sites)  
You alright?

MINXIE  
His name is Jonny.

TAGGART  
Jonny you alright?

Jonny nods his head. Taggart calls down to Minxie. \*

TAGGART  
Which way did the rest head off?

MINXIE  
Everywhere. The truck went that away. \*

Taggart stares down the dark two-lane.

EXT. CEMENT FACTORY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Rhonda, Izzy and Double D. stop at a long, much weathered cyclone fence. But it is what they see past it that gets their attention: \*

(CONTINUED)

Two dark silos stretch high into the night sky. Flanking smaller, flatter buildings in this gloomy abandoned compound. Faded legends on them.

## Kissel Rock and Gravel

DOUBLE D.

I don't believe it, we found some place.

RHONDA

Yeah, no place.

IZZY

Maybe we should hold out for some place scarier. You know, more dead looking? I'm sure we could find it if we really put our minds to it.

Double D. spots something now.

DOUBLE D.

Fuck.

*Stares ahead through the mesh of the fence at the pick-up parked in the distant shadows between the two silos.*

*This is the truck that raced away from the bus. Once filled beyond capacity with escapees and now empty.*

DOUBLE D.

Is that the truck I think it is?

RHONDA

Oh my God!

Double D. jumps on the fence and starts to scale it. Izzy joins him.

EXT. CEMENT FACTORY. SILO AREA. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND THE TOP OF ONE SILO:

The two boys scale the fence and Rhonda follows. At this distance their voices slap echo off the concrete city ahead of them.

DOUBLE D.

If that's them they didn't get very far.

The three hop down on the other side of the fence. Make their cautious way across the overgrown field.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY  
 What the fuck are they doing  
*here?* They were s'posed to  
 go get help...

RHONDA  
 Maybe they had to go for  
 cover.

Slowing now. Can see *it is empty and badly damaged.*

DOUBLE D.  
 If they did I have a feeling  
 they never made it.

*What remains of the driver's window is shattered and the door  
 has a vicious deep scrape across it. The hood is buckled and  
 a hideous hole has been ripped right over the driver seat.*

DOUBLE D.  
 (peers in the window)  
 Keys are in it.

Looks back at Izzy just as his hand reaches out and pulls at  
 Double D.'s shirt. Can barely get out a whisper.

IZZY  
 Sweet Jesus God Howdy-do...

Rhonda and Double D. turn to see:

*The Ice Cream truck parked back in the deep shadows beyond  
 the pick-up.*

RHONDA  
 What in the fuck...

**A MURDER OF CROWS VAULTS OFF THE DOME OF THE CLOSEST SILO AND  
 FLUTTER INTO THE NIGHT.**

Double D. has drawn his flare gun. Startled they stare up  
 --watching the birds disperse against the moonlit clouds.

RHONDA  
 We gotta get the Hell outta  
 here.

Suddenly they are in shadow. *A great vast shadow, that climbs  
 the silo almost swallowing it and vanishes again.*

They all whirl around. Up at the distant moon. Has something  
 just crossed it?

IZZY  
 No we gotta get the Hell  
 inside.

(CONTINUED)

Double D. is already on his way to the nearest silo door.

He tries it as quietly as possible. Then leans against it with all his weight. *Can hear rotting wood start to give way.*

*KEEE-RAAAAA... More rotting wood crumbling. The door is bending in now...*

*The giant shadow wings across the yard in the other direction now.*

The other two, inspired by this to help push against the door. Eyes skyward. \*

INT. CEMENT FACTORY SILO. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*THUNK!!* The door flies open. Moonlight floods into total darkness.

Double D.'s silhouette fills the doorway then Izzy and Rhonda as they crowd in and close the door behind them. \*

Silence for a long moment. Waiting to hear. Tiny whispers.

RHONDA  
What is that smell?

IZZY  
Jesus look up.

*The top of the dome has a gaping hole. You can see through it into the night sky. Moonlight raking in.*

IZZY  
Minxie remember? A big cement tunnel?  
(off their looks)  
She saw it in her dream and she said it was-

Izzy checks himself. He remembers what she said now.

RHONDA  
Oh Christ. A big cement tunnel where it stored all its-

*A sudden flutter of great wings and it perches on the dome high above them. Staring in the gaping hole.*

The four kids back against the wall. *Holding their breath. Trickles of dust and dirt fall from high above...* \*

Rhonda grabs Izzy's hand. Holds it tight. Izzy might almost grab Double D.'s but curls it into a fist instead. \*

To his surprise, Double D. grabs his fist. Holds it. \*

(CONTINUED)

*THE LARGE WINGS FLAP AGAIN AS THE CREEPER LEAPS BACK INTO THE SKY -BUT NOT BEFORE DROPPING SOMETHING.*

*Something large. Plummeting the length of the silo. Coming straight at them.*

The kids flail back to get away from it as-

*WHAM! It slams brutally onto the silo floor. Rolls right up to their feet. It has an arm. Double D. kicks it away in a horrible frenzy.*

**DOUBLE D.**  
What the fuck was that? \*

**RHONDA**  
I don't wanna know. \*

**IZZY**  
Oh Jesus... \*

They all peer ahead into the darkness. \*

**IZZY**  
Can't see anything my eyes  
haven't adjusted. \*

**DOUBLE D.**  
Whatever it is, it's moving. \*

**IZZY**  
Moving right fucking at us-- \*

Izzy screams. Something has his pant leg. And in a sliver of moonlight -all can see that is a pale and bloodied Braddock. Clutching Izzy's leg. Shirt gone, pants ragged. \*

**RHONDA**  
(can barely get the words out)  
Scotty... \*

She falls to her knees, staring into his eyes. Braddock's mouth opens but no words come out. \*

Double D. Caught in a horrible stare with Scott. Not even seeing what Izzy is seeing as his eyes adjust even more. \*

**IZZY**  
Oh Jesus... \*

*The silo floor is littered with bodies. Some wrapped, roped, and stacked, others not like the more recent acquisitions of Coach Hanna and Bus Driver Betty.* \*

**IZZY**  
Rhonda. \*

(CONTINUED)

She isn't listening.

**SLOW PUSH IN ON:** Double D. locked into Braddock's pathetic death-like stare.

**IZZY**  
(in his own daze)  
D' ? D' are you seeing this?

But Double D. is transfixed on Braddock. And the open hole at the small of his back -where something has been removed.

**IZZY**  
Come on...

But Rhonda doesn't move. Braddock either. Caught staring at Braddock's chalky face as it stares up...

*Izzy noticing now that even the silo walls are lined with hanging bodies. Watches as one of them, Coach Barnes, is hit by another trickle of dust from far above.*

Izzy wants to look up. Does so slowly he hopes it won't be noticed. At the top of the dome, --the Creeper slowly edges up to the hole and peers down.

**IZZY**  
*COME ON!!!!*

Izzy and races out of the silo as Rhonda and Double D. Look up.

*The hole in the top of the dome is filled with movement as they see the Creeper leaping down the length of the silo toward them -its wings opening up to soften his landing...*

The Creature hits the floor just as Rhonda and Double D. race out the door.

**EXT. CEMENT FACTORY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.**

The three kids sprint toward the pick-up truck. Izzy is the first inside. Turning the key madly as Rhonda and Double D. squeeze into the cab next to him

**IZZY**  
You see him?!

**DOUBLE D.**  
Just get the fuck outta here!

The silo door bursts open and the Creeper leaps out -his massive wing span expanding the instant he is out the door.

**RHONDA**  
*GOOO!!!*

(CONTINUED)

Izzy gets the engine started just as the Creeper crouches and leaps from the ground directly at the truck. \*

The old truck blasts away just as the Creeper comes down. It leaps again -this time directly into the back of the truck. \*

Double D. Takes his flare gun out and hangs out the passenger window trying to get a shot at him.. \*

*CLICK..* the gun doesn't fire. Double D. Panics and aims again as the Creature advances toward him- \*

*SKEE--EEOOSSSHHH!!! SOMETHING ROCKETS INTO THE CREEPER SO FAST AND SO HARD -IT SENDS IT FLYING OUT OF THE TRUCK INTO THE AIR IN A WHIRLING MASS OF WINGS AND LIMBS!* \*

Double D. cannot believe his eyes! Looks down at the flare gun --he didn't even fire it! \*

*The Creeper somersaults higher and higher until THWONK!!! The cable that is now attached to it runs out of slack abruptly halting it.*

THE CREEPER WAILS. Looking down with wide eyes at ONE OF TAGGART'S HOMEMADE HARPOONS THAT HAS SKEWERED HIM THROUGH THE STOMACH!

A long cable attached to the spear leads back to:

*The Taggart truck blasting across the field from the two-lane! Taggart in the truck bed strapped to his post puncher. Taking up the slack on the cable by turning a large hand crank at its spool.*

The truck smashes through the plant's cyclone fence and into the yard. Braking to a halt with a determined Jack Jr. behind the wheel. Minxie, Jonny and the dog crammed in there with him. \*

*The Creeper doesn't know what to make of it. Soars to a higher altitude still tethered.*

Izzy, Rhonda and Double D. screech to a halt at the far end of the lot. Staring at the impossibility of a crazy man in a pick-up truck who has just harpooned this Creature! \*

*The Creature grabs the metal spear and yanks on it. Glares down the cable at the distant truck and takes off higher into the sky...* \*

The hand crank spins as cable flies off the spool again. Until it runs out. Knotted at the end to stay there.

*The Creeper's ascension is again abruptly stopped.*

*IT WAILS DOWN AT THEM -TALONS CLUTCHING THE HARPOON. TAKES OFF AGAIN TO FLY HIGHER.*

(CONTINUED)

*BRANK!! The pick-up is yanked forward -the chassis starting to lift off its wheels.*

TAGGART

*Hold on!*

*BRANK!! The truck rocks viciously as the Creeper tries again to ascend.*

*Jack Jr. standing on the brake but the vehicle is still dragged in small juts across the earth.*

*Minxie and Jonny clutching the dash. Taggart rocking in his harness.*

\*

*Watching the Creeper soar horizontally now. Back and forth. It looks like some demonic kite, tethered by the cable as it streaks across the moonlit sky.*

*Taggart trying to reel him in again. The handle won't turn easily. Then not at all.*

*The Creeper WAILS wings flapping as it hovers -a tiny distant speck at the end of the cable.*

*Rhonda, Double D. and Izzy in the other truck -watching the sky through the hole in the roof.*

\*

*ANOTHER WAIL and the distant cable slackens. Taggart can see it dropping down -and knows in a heartbeat what is coming.*

TAGGART

*GET OUT!! JACKY!!! GET OUTTA THERE!!!*

*The homemade harpoon rockets back at them.*

*Minxie leaps out of the cab as Jack Jr., drags the dog out his side! Taggart struggling to unhook himself from the harness.*

\*

*Jonny struggling to move himself. Jack Jr. pulls hard on him, drags him out the driverside just as--*

\*

\*

*--KEE-RASSHHHHH!!! THE SPEAR PIERCES THE WINDSHIELD AND STABS ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE BACK SEAT.*

*Jonny and Jack Jr. hit the ground hard. Taggart stumbles back to his feet. Stares up at the winged beast and sees it drop.*

\*

*Jack Jr. on the ground with Jonny.*

\*

JACK JR.

\*

*Dad. . . . ?*

\*

(CONTINUED)

Taggart works fast. In a panic hits a lever with his foot that ejects the first spool of cable --and slams another spool into the pulpit.

\*  
\*

TAGGART  
Get back all of you!!

\*  
\*

**THE BEAST WAILS -A HORRIBLE SOUND THAT TEARS ACROSS THE NIGHT...** Taggart stares skyward as:

*The Creeper is diving right for them.*

Taggart scrambling for another harpoon.

\*

*The Creeper's wings narrowed at his sides. It is like a missile.*

\*

Taggart slides the spear into the cannon. It will only go in half way. Stuck.

\*

*The Creeper spearheading toward the old pick-up.*

Taggart panicking. Drags the harpoon out. Grabs another one.

*The Creeper's arms bend. Talons ready for Taggart.*

Taggart slides the new spear into the cannon.

*The Creeper's face opens WAILING its attack.*

CLANK!! Taggart clips the cable from the new spool to the spear.

*Can see those horrible eyes taking a bead on him--*

Taggart swings the cannon up and **KEE-00SHHHH!!!!** The harpoon fires.

**THA-WACKKK!!! THE CREEPER TAKES THIS ONE HEAD ON AND IT HURLS HIM BACKWARDS AT A TERRIFYING VELOCITY.**

The cable unspools wildly from the pulpit! The Creeper a tumbling tangle of limbs and wings until--

**KA-BLAM!** THE CREATURE SLAMS AGAINST THE SILO WALL, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND.

Pieces of concrete crumbling and falling it hits so hard.

It hangs there stunned as it looks down --this harpoon has gone right through its chest! Pinning him to the stone wall of the silo.

\*

Double D., Izzy and Rhonda staring up at the winged demon.

\*

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA  
Minx' !?

But Minxie only has a concerned look for her.

TAGGART  
Get those kids the Hell  
outta here!

Jack Jr. lifts Jonny, Minxie helps drag him toward Izzy and the pick up.

Izzy turns the old truck around and heads for them. Double D. hops out to help lay Jonny in the back of Izzy's pick up.

*High above them, the Creeper turns its head and glares down.*

**DIRECTLY AT DOUBLE D. WALLS SUDDENLY. YANKING ON THAT SPEAR WITH NEW MOTIVATION.**

DOUBLE D.  
(to Izzy)  
Come on, man!

IZZY  
Minxie get your ass in  
here!!!

*But Minxie doesn't move. SHH-THWOCK!! A powerful yank on the harpoon in the Creeper's chest --it starts to come out.*

TAGGART  
Can't let him get that out!

Taggart hits the foot lever that tosses that spool out of the truck. Loads in another.

TAGGART  
Jack Jr.?! Move this thing!

Jack Jr. can't believe his dad wants him back in the truck.

TAGGART  
NOW! TAKE ME RIGHT AT IT!

Jack Jr. sprints back to the truck and into the cab. Breaking the shattered windshield glass that obscures his view.

Taggart scrambles for another harpoon.

*SHH-THWOCK!! The Creeper yanks the spear out another foot.*

**SHH-THWOCK!! THE SPEAR IS YANKED AGAIN AS IT WALLS IN AGONY!**  
*It is almost out of it's chest!*

(CONTINUED)

IZZY  
MINXIE, COME ON!

\*  
\*

Jack Jr. rolls the Taggart truck toward the silo as his dad shoves another spear into the post puncher.

Taggart takes a bead. The *WAILING* Creeper *just pulling the last agonizing foot of harpoon out of its flesh.*

*KEE-OOOSHHHH!!!!* The harpoon sails out of the canon. Rocks the pick-up as it launches toward the silo.

The Creeper pulls the spear free of his chest. *WAILS LOUDLY JUST AS--*

*KA-RACKKK!!!* THE SECOND ONE GETS HIM DEAD CENTER AGAIN. SENDS HIM BLASTING THROUGH THE WALL OF THE SILO AND PLUMMETING INSIDE.

*The cable falling with it. The crank of the spool spins wildly and then stops abruptly with A LARGE THUD FROM INSIDE.*

*The Creeper has hit bottom and hard.*

Jack Jr. brakes again. Leaps out of the cab. Dad is slumped over the pulpit. Is he hurt or sobbing? He unsnaps his harness and slides to the bottom of the truck bed.

Izzy revs the engine of the battered pick-up. Double D. In the truck bed tending to Jonny.

\*  
\*

DOUBLE D.  
Minxie!!!

\*  
\*

But Minxie's expression is blank. She is staring at the hole in the silo and the cable that runs into it.

\*

*That cable is moving ever so slightly.*

MINXIE  
(calls across to Taggart)  
I told you, it doesn't  
matter what you do to it!

Taggart looks over at her.

MINXIE  
Its eating.

*THE DOG HOWLS FROM A FAR CORNER OF THE YARD.*

MINXIE  
It'll always come back.  
Twenty-three years from now.  
And then twenty-three years  
from then.

(CONTINUED)

Taggart looks at her.

MINXIE  
You can't stop it.

*The cable snaps to the top of the hole in the silo wall - and keeps going. Slicing through the old stone on its way toward the dome.*

DOUBLE D.  
GO IZZY!

\*

IZZY  
Minxie!

\*

MINXIE  
(shouting)  
It doesn't matter!!!

*The cable cutting upward through the stone until--*

**BASSSHHH!!! THE CREEPER ERUPTS FROM THE TOP OF THE SILO - PIECES OF DOME FLYING AS IT SOARS INTO THE SKY HIGH ABOVE THE TRUCK.**

Izzy's not waiting anymore -he gases the engine and they lurch toward the two-lane.

\*

The cable flying off the spool as the Creeper rockets over and past him -after the fleeing pick-up.

TAGGART  
JACKY GET BACK!!!!

*The Creeper closes it eyes, stretches its arms out and-*

**KARR-RANNGGG!!! THE CABLE RUNS OUT AND THE TAGGART TRUCK IS RIPPED BY A JOLT SO POWERFUL IT FLIPS OVER AND ROLLS!**

**KA-RANG KA-RANG!** Jack Jr. and Minxie watch in horror. Jonny and Double D. in the pick-up bed, see it still rolling as they blast onto the two-lane.

\*

\*

**A HIDEOUS WAIL FROM ABOVE AND THE HARPOON THAT WAS IN THE CREEPER CLANGS NOISILY ONTO THE ASPHALT--**

INT. PICK-UP. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy is one panicked looking driver. Petal to the metal. Rhonda in the cab with him.

\*

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

In the truck bed, Jonny and Double D. stare back at the road behind them.

\*

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.  
 (leans down to Izzy)  
 Come on man! We're sitting  
 ducks back here!!

\*

IZZY  
 (hollers back)  
 I have the pedal to the  
 metal!

\*

Jonny grabs Double D.'s pant leg. Whirls him around. The dark  
 road behind them. Looks empty at first.

\*

*Then something flies in and out of a pool of light of a  
 passing billboard.*

*The Creeper is swooping down the two-lane at car level -in  
 hot pursuit of them.*

DOUBLE D.  
 (banging on the cab window)  
 Go-go-go-go!

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy floors it. The truck moves even faster as he stares in  
 the rearview.

\*

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*The Creeper is gaining on them.*

The boys in back banging on the cab window as they scream

DOUBLE D.  
 Move this fucker!!!

ANGLE CHASING THE PICK-UP: Double D. and Jonny in the truck  
 bed scream and bang on the cab as we move in on them at a  
 dizzying speed.

\*

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy checks the rearview.

\*

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The Creeper gaining. Wings working frantically. Bringing it  
 only yards away from the back of the truck.

The kids flattened against the cab window. Double D. draws  
 his flare gun. Tries to level it and keep balance.

*It looks down at him --Horrible eyes glinting above that  
 wicked toothy grin.*

(CONTINUED)

DOUBLE D.  
DO SOMETHING!!!!

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy completely panicked. Watching in the rearview. \*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The Creeper is coming in over the tailgate now -at snatching level.

*FWWWI ZZZZZZ!!!!!! Double D. fires the flare gun. But his aim is shaky and the red comet easily dodged by the Creeper this time.*

DOUBLE D.  
IZZY - DO SOMETHING!!!! \*

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

IZZY  
GET DOWN!!! \*

Frantic Izzy turns the wheel sharply. \*

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*CHI-WUNK!!! The truck rocks violently as it leaves the road and rockets into an open field.*

The kids in the back hit the bed with the impact clutching anything they can not to bounce out.

The Creeper loses little distance. Angling after them.

Double D. bouncing in the back of the truck. Staring back at the approaching beast. The boy loses his balance and slides to the tailgate. \*

His feet hit it. Just as WHAM!! The Creeper's talons latch onto it as well. *Starting to pull itself into the truck bed - right on top of Double D.!* \*

DOUBLE D.  
IZZEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!! \*

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Izzy sees all in the rearview. In a frenzied panic: \*

IZZY  
(to Rhonda)  
Get out!  
(off her horrified look)  
Get out of the truck!!! \*

(CONTINUED)

He pushes her against the passenger door. Opens it! Pushes her out!!!!

EXT. FIELD. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Rhonda hits and rolls as the truck leaves her behind...

The Creeper distracted for just a moment then looks ahead and puts a talon onto Double D's shoulder...

DOUBLE D.  
GODDAMMIT IZZEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

IZZY  
STAY DOWN!!!!

Izzy does the only thing he can think of to spare his friends their horrible fate.

*He slams on the brakes.*

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

*THE CREEPER WALLS -- CRASHING INTO THE BACK OF THE CAB WITH SUCH FORCE -- IT SMASHES INTO THE WINDOW, GOES THRU THE CAB, AND EXPLODES OUT THE WINDSHIELD!*

*The force of this and the terrible speed of the truck trying to brake -flips it violently.*

Bodies spilling out of the bed as it rolls several times before coming to a horrible, mangled rest upside down deep in the field.

Silence. The eerie stillness that comes after terrible cacophonies.

A very cut and very shaken Double D. lifts his head. The field looks empty.

Then he sees a distant head lifting out of the grass by the spilled truck.

Jonny's. Bloodied and bruised. Jonny stares at him in a daze and then drops again out of view -and probably unconscious.

Double D. tries to move toward him. Winces. Looks down at his leg. Pant leg torn and bloody. Badly broken.

Looks out at again. Then sees something just a few feet from him

Double D. drags himself to it. His flare gun. Reaches for it.

(CONTINUED)

**THE REST OF THE PAGES ARE  
INTENTIONALLY OMITTED.**