



Jeepers Creepers

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EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

An empty ribbon of asphalt. Winding through an endless stretch of meadows and farmlands. For a long moment, silence. Then, a distant speck. A car moving toward us.

A SOUND APPROACHING WITH IT NOW. A RADIO BLARING AND TWO RAISED VOICES SINGING WITH IT.

TRISHA JAMES is a beautiful girl of twenty. Hair blowing in the breeze of the open passenger window. She sings out, banging the side of the car with her hand. Keeping the beat of the boisterous rock song.

She sings with younger brother DARRY. Nineteen. Attractive like his sister. Lighter hair. Softer looking. Striking eyes. Voice raised as they speed along. Trying to swallow up the road as quickly as possible.

The backseat has a couple of suitcases and a large basket wrapped in a garbage bag. The song comes to an end as Darry flies through an abandoned intersection.

TRISH

That was a stop sign.

DARRY

You're kidding, right?

TRISH

In your car I'd be kidding.

DARRY

You think we're actually gonna run into anyone else on this road? Relax!

(turns the radio louder,
shouts over it)

Enjoy the countryside!

The ANGRY MUSIC WAILING and the car blasting down the tranquil road. We watch as it heads for what seems like infinity.

EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. SOME TIME LATER.

DARRY

Okay, here comes...

Trish and Darry slowing down now. Coming up on a camper/trailer. Brother and sister stare at the license plate:

6A4EVR

DARRY (cont'd)
(reads it loudly)
"Six A Forever!"
(grins)
That's mine! That's five to
five. Tied up.

TRISH
What does it mean?
(off his look)
"Six A Forever" what does it
mean?

DARRY
I don't know.

TRISH
'Cause it says "Sexy Forever",
stupid, that's mine. That's
five to four.

DARRY
Since when did you start ace-
ing me at this game?

TRISH
Since you were ten. It
involves English and reading.

Darry guns the engine. Goes into the oncoming lane to pass
the camper/trailer.

TRISH (cont'd)
Come on, Darry.

They pass the cab of the truck. An OLD MAN of sixty behind
the wheel. His WIFE next to him. He glares down at Trish and
Darry as they pass him.

DARRY
Sexy forever huh?

TRISH
You know that is you in forty
years.

DARRY
Note to self: Die young.
(checks his rearview)
Any place but here on this
unbelievably endless road.

TRISH

You wanna be sucking in
exhaust fumes on the
Interstate?

DARRY

No I love stopping at train
tracks every ten minutes.

No further comment from big sister. She's suddenly some place
else.

DARRY (cont'd)

You know there's usually a
reason when you like the long
way home.

TRISH

Gee like, maybe I like the
country?

DARRY

(mocking sincerity)
Okay.

TRISH

Just drive, brat.

DARRY

I'm only thinking the same
thing mom and dad are gonna be
thinking: how come you're
driving home for Spring break
with baby brother?

Not heading off somewhere with
"Mr.Poly-Sci-Track-Team-Guy"?

TRISH

And I'll tell you what I'd
tell them: none of your
Goddamned business-

WOOOONNNKKKKKK!!!! A DARK VAN HAS SUDDENLY LURCHED BEHIND
THEM BLARING ITS HORN.

DARRY

(swerves a little)
Jesus!

The van is tailgating them at an alarming velocity. Rattling
and shimmying it is so old and distressed.

TRISH

Darry!

DARRY

What's this guy trying to do?!

He tries to find the driver in the rearview. The Van's windshield is heavily tinted.

TRISH

Just get out of his way!

DARRY

He's nuts!

TRISH

(emphatically)

Get out of his way, Darry!

Darry swerves into the oncoming lane and the van tears forward. Blasting toward the distant horizon.

Both brother and sister watch breathless. Catching its rusting and personalized license plate:

BEATNGU

TRISH (cont'd)

Jesus!

DARRY

(back in the right lane)

Shit!

TRISH

What the Hell is his problem?

DARRY

My first guess: *inbreeding!*

He has shouted this last word out the window toward the distant van.

DARRY (cont'd)

Get a load of that thing?
Vehicle of choice for five out
of ten serial killers.

Brother and sister still trying to catch their breath as the van disappears over a distant rise.

TRISH

God you know what I just
thought of, right?

DARRY

Kenny and Darla.

(off Trish's nod)

They died about a hundred miles from here.

TRISH

It was the same highway.

DARRY

This highway runs the length of the State.

TRISH

You think it really happened?

DARRY

That they had to go looking for her head?

TRISH

No that they never found her. Or him. They only found the car.

DARRY

No, they never found her head. They found the car but they couldn't find him or her head.

TRISH

Look at me...

(holds out her hand)

I'm still shaking.

DARRY

You don't think every generation has their cautionary tale of drinking and driving on Prom Night?

TRISH

I always heard it was real. That they were Class of '80.

After I heard that story, I used to think this was the highway I would die on.

DARRY

Quite the cheery thinker, today. What did "Poly-sci guy" do to you anyway?

She isn't listening. Thoughts elsewhere again.

DARRY (cont'd)
"Beating you"
(off her look)
That was the license plate on
the van: B-E-A-T-N-G-U".
(turns to her)
"Beating you", that's five to
five. That ties us up.

TRISH
You can't call it now.

DARRY
My ass...

TRISH
You have to call it when you
see it!

DARRY
I was in shock!

THE JANGLING BELLS OF A RAILROAD CROSSING AHEAD.

DARRY (cont'd)
You know I don't remember
there being so many rules to
this game.

Trish and Darry slowing as the bells ring and the bars lower.

DARRY (cont'd)
'Course when there was, you
were the one making 'em.
Little Miss Junior Nazi with
the Barbie Doll and the Easy
Bake Oven...

Darry looks down the tracks. Sees the small cargo train
approaching. Revs the engine.

TRISH
Don't you dare.
(off his look)
My car.

Trish sniffs. Smells something. Looks in the backseat. The
big thing covered in a trash bag. She lifts the plastic: a
full laundry basket.

TRISH (cont'd)

You are a class act, you know that?

DARRY

Hey you live off campus.

(she just stares at him)

You ever try and do laundry in a dorm? What they don't steal they dye pink for you. I've got twelve pair of rosey-pink jockey shorts.

TRISH

Maybe they know something about you, you don't.

She takes the Deodorizer hanging off the rearview mirror and stuffs it in the bag.

TRISH (cont'd)

Hi mom, haven't seen you forever, here's my dirty shorts.

The train is upon them now. He shouts over the din.

DARRY

Its for her, not me. I have to bring home laundry. I don't, she gets depressed. Like she thinks I don't need her anymore or something.

Trish's look says she isn't buying it. The SHORT TRAIN ROARS PAST. Leaves the car waiting for bells to stop and the bars to rise.

TRISH

You talk to her lately?

DARRY

To tell her I'd be home for break.

TRISH

She sound like anything was going on?

Darry throws her a look.

TRISH

(impatient)

Did you listen to her voice?

DARRY

Specify please.

TRISH

I think maybe something's wrong.

(off his look)

I don't think they're telling us.

(off his continued look)

Like you would notice anything past the point of your own selfish little existence.

The bars go up and the car flies over the tracks. Continues its trek down the two-lane.

DARRY

If mom and dad were gonna get a divorce don't you think they'd have done it by now?

TRISH

No I think they would've waited till we were both grown and off at school.

DARRY

Whatever.

TRISH

She's not happy. Not even a little bit. Not like she used to be.

DARRY

Who is?

(spots something)

Hey...

They are driving past an old abandoned church set back from the road.

DARRY (cont'd)

You see it?

Her sister peers past him. In the church's side yard, ***the old van is parked. The one that almost ran them off the road.***

DARRY (cont'd)

It's "Beating You".

TRISH

What's he doing?

But what they both see now is something much more ominous:

A tall, dark figure dropping something large and oblong down an old drainage pipe in the back of the church.

DARRY

What the Hell is that...

The oblong object is gone in an instant. Swallowed up by the large mouth of the old protruding pipe.

The kid's view blocked now by the church.

TRISH

Don't slow down!

DARRY

You think he saw us?

TRISH

What the Hell was he doing?

DARRY

He dumped something down that pipe.

TRISH

Wrapped in a sheet.

DARRY

Wrapped and roped in a sheet.

TRISH

Wrapped and roped in a sheet with red stains on it.

Both of them study the rearview mirror now.

TRISH (cont'd)

Vehicle of choice for five out of ten what?

Darry guns the engine.

DARRY

I don't think he saw us.

TRISH

Don't get us killed.

DARRY

You see him?

Both watch the old church get smaller in their view.

TRISH

Nope.

Someone appears high on the old roof. Standing next to the sagging steeple.

DARRY

What the-

Appears so suddenly it could almost be the Figure had leapt up there.

Darry stares at this, perplexed.

DARRY (cont'd)

You see that?

She hasn't. Just the distant figure on the roof, looking after them. Some kind of long coat flapping in the wind like a cape.

TRISH

Just get us out of here Darry!

The figure drops from view as quickly as he appeared.

A glance between brother and sister and Darry increases speed.

DARRY

Grab my cell phone!

TRISH

Where?

DARRY

In the gym bag!

Trish starts rummaging. Finds the cell phone. Flips it open. Powers it up. Staring back at the church.

THE PHONE GIVES OUT A LOW BATTERY ALERT.

TRISH

The point of having a portable phone idiot, is so that it works when you need it.

DARRY

I have a power cable for it!

TRISH

(stuffs the phone back in the bag)

(MORE)

TRISH (cont'd)
And I have a cigarette lighter
that doesn't work!

DARRY
I told you we shoulda' taken
my car!

Trish pales. Staring out the back.

***In the distance the dark van is now leaving the old church
and taking the road again.***

TRISH
Oh Jesus...

Heading toward them.

DARRY
(in the rearview)
You gotta be kidding me...

THEY CAN HEAR THE VAN'S DISTANT ENGINE BEING GUNNED....

Darry floors it, the little car ripping down the highway as
the old van swoops after it -looking like a dark bird of
prey.

Darry staring down at the speedometer. He's up to ninety and
the little car is starting to shake.

Darry checks the rearview mirror. The van still gaining.

DARRY
What the Hell's he got in that
thing? He's got it suped up or
something-

The car speeds down the two lane trying desperately to keep distance,
but the van continues to gain -SCREAMING TOWARD THEM.

TRISH
Darry!!! He's right on our
ass!!!

DARRY
I can see him!

The van is only a few yards from them now. Darry's foot
slamming the pedal to the metal.

He and she staring back at the van's tinted windshield.
Glints in the sun. No driver can be seen.

DARRY (cont'd)

Hang on-

TRISH

Darry-

DARRY

I'm gonna try something.

TRISH

Darry don't kill us...

He is staring up ahead at a gravel road that shoots sharply off the highway.

Just as the van lurches up to their rear bumper -its dark face and grill filling the rear and sideview mirrors.

TRISH (cont'd)

Darry what're you doing?

DARRY

Jesus Christ-

BAM! THE VAN SLAMS THE BACK OF THE CAR.

At its top speed, the car shimmies and shakes. Darry weaves in and out of the oncoming lane several times before regaining control.

DARRY (cont'd)

I don't believe this-

WOOOONNNKKKKKK!!!! THE HORN FROM THE VAN BLARES -but it is a sound they have never heard come from an auto before.

This could almost be the deep, guttural sound of a wailing beast.

TRISH

What the Hell does he want?!

(screaming out the back)

Are you out of your fucking mind?!!!

WHAM! The van hits the back of the sedan again.

DARRY

Christ!

Darry almost in tears. **Trying desperately to control the car as it crosses the oncoming lane and roughly lurches onto the dirt shoulder.**

The sedan shakes violently as Darry tries to get it back onto asphalt again.

His sister screams -a big ditch dead ahead. Darry grapples the wheel and as the sedan spits up dirt, he swings the car back onto asphalt again.

The van tails them across the oncoming lane and back across the highway.

WOOOONNNKKKKK!!! THE STRANGE, BRUTAL HORN WAILS AGAIN.

Darry is almost up to the gravel road that shoots off the two lane.

DARRY (cont'd)

Hang on!

Trish just stares at her brother. The boy is shaken. Eyes full of fear. She looks back at the van. ***It is charging ahead at them again.***

TRISH

What the fuck is the matter with you?!!!!

WHAMM!!! Struck again from behind -Darry really loses control. Tries to swing onto the gravel roadway -but leaves the two lane at a terrifying speed, unable to negotiate the sharp turn.

Blasting through a wooden fence and into an open field.

Darry slams on his brakes as they rocket into tall grass.

The windshield is whipped with grass as the car's brakes lock up and the vehicle continues to fly forward.

A cloud of birds flutters out of the deep grass in front of them as inside the car, brother and sister are tossed around like ragdolls.

Trish trying desperately to fasten her seatbelt. Darry just leaning into that brake.

TRISH (cont'd)

Goddammitt!!!

The car swings around and stops. Jostling to a halt in some even taller grass and bringing a sudden and eerie silence.

Only the breathing of brother and sister can be heard inside the car.

That and the sound of the van's engine pounding away in the distance.

Out Trish's dirtied window, she can see the highway through the grass. She and Darry stare out.

The old van is not even slowing. Continuing at its terrifying speed down the two lane.

Brother and sister staring after it. Breathless as it disappears in the distance.

They look at each other. Both seem to be intact. Without a word, Darry opens the car door. In some kind of shock. Takes a step out.

ANOTHER GAGGLE OF BIRDS SUDDENLY FLAPPING THEIR WINGS. Blasting out from deep grass beyond Darry. Scares the shit out of him.

DARRY

You fuckers!

Picks up a rock. Throws it at their ascending cloud. Needs to take out his anger and frustration. Picks up another one. Looks over at his sister.

Trish is standing now, staring out at the highway. The van long gone.

DARRY (cont'd)

Still like the country?

She turns and looks at him.

DARRY (cont'd)

The next time Poly-Sci guy pisses you off I'm gonna kick his fucking ass!

Trish just looks at the car, surrounded by the tall grass.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. DAY. MINUTES LATER.

Dirtied and scraped, the small car emerges slowly from the tall grass. Trish behind the wheel now. Darry looking out the passenger window.

They back out of the field. Through the opening in the wooden fence that they made going in. Roll the car onto the gravel drive.

Pointed again toward the highway, Trish guns the engine but doesn't move. Looks to her brother.

DARRY

Sounds alright, I guess.

TRISH

Like either of us would know.

DARRY

(defending his manhood)

I know a little.

TRISH

When your car makes a strange noise you just buy a new tape Darry, that's what you told me.

DARRY

Told you? I learned it from you!

TRISH

Asshole.

DARRY

Bitch.

TRISH

Mama's boy.

DARRY

Daddy's whore.

TRISH

Dick Licker.

DARRY

Ball sniffer.

TRISH

Ass kisser.

DARRY

Butt picker.

TRISH

Hah! Repeat! Ass and butt! You lose.

Looks over at Trish and smiles. She too. They need a smile about now.

Trish rolls to the end of the gravel drive. Stops at the highway. Looks both ways. Darry's hand on the wheel suddenly.

DARRY

I'm thinking past the point of
my own selfish little
existence now, okay?

What if that really was a
person he dumped down that
pipe? What if it was someone
still alive?

Trish just stares at her brother.

DARRY (cont'd)

Someone who needs help but
doesn't get it. Or doesn't get
it 'till it's too late.

TRISH

We can get help just as fast
by getting to a phone-

DARRY

You know how far we are from
the nearest pay phone?

TRISH

Is this your idea of an
adventure or something? 'Cause
this is why girls are smarter,
okay?

DARRY

Hey we almost got killed! You
don't wanna even find out
why?!

She isn't wanting or liking this.

DARRY (cont'd)

We look in the pipe. That's
all we do.

(off her look)

We look in the pipe and if
there's nothing there or
nothing we can do, we just
drive on home and call the
cops.

Trish stares unwilling.

DARRY (cont'd)
You know I'm right.

TRISH
Bullshit I do!

DARRY
Look me straight in the eye
and tell me I'm not right.

She won't look at him. *He knows he has her now.*

DARRY (cont'd)
Come on, right in the eye.

She turns and glares at him as she throws the car in gear.

TRISH
I'm not getting out of the
car.

Darry smiles. Trish heads out onto the highway. Back toward the old church.

EXT. OLD CHURCH. LATE DAY. MINUTES LATER.

The car stops on the empty two-lane just before the old church. Darry and Trish regard it. Check the rearview too. Empty road. Empty church yard.

TRISH
Every bone in my body is
telling me not to do this.

DARRY
Where would men be if they
spent their lives listening to
women's bodies?

She gives him a look. Rolls into the drive. The old church is sagging and gray and has not been a place of worship in many years.

They drive around the side. Both staring up at the old steeple. And the THREE BLACK CROWS perched on the cross where one arm has rotted off.

The back of the place is covered in soil. No parking lot. Just moist dirt and leaves. Mulch. And ahead, through the windshield, the large drain pipe sticking out of the ground.

Trish drives slowly toward it. Stops a few yards away. Looks at her brother. Suddenly Darry doesn't look so brave either.

DARRY

I'm just gonna look.

TRISH

You look like you're gonna
puke.

Darry opens the car door. Gets out. Looks out to the highway.
Then the surrounding woods in back of the church. No one.

Moves toward the old pipe when the sound of his sister turns
his head.

TRISH

Let's do this and do it fast.

They approach the pipe warily. It is corrugated metal and
sticks out of the ground about three feet. Angled into the
ground, its jagged metal mouth is about three feet wide.

DARRY

Drainage pipe or something?

Trish and Darry stare down the dark tunnel. A breeze comes
out of it. *And a terrible stench...*

TRISH

Oh my God...

She covers her mouth and stares at her brother.

DARRY

That breeze has to come from
somewhere.

TRISH

Somewhere rank.

DARRY

Doesn't look like a sewer
pipe.

TRISH

Come on Darry! We can't see
anything down there!

DARRY

(nods to the car)
You gotta flashlight?

She throws him a cold look. Moves back to the car. Darry
stares down into the pitch.

DARRY

Hello?

Listens to his echo.

DARRY

Anybody down there?

Again his voice rebounding. Looks back toward the car *when the smallest of sounds drifts up the pipe.*

Darry whirls back to it. Stares in. SOMEWHERE DOWN IN THE DARK, A MURMUR. A SOFT, MUFFLED, HUMAN SOUND.

DARRY

Hello?

(to Trish)

Hurry up!

Trish brings the flashlight. Darry grabs it out of her hand. Shines it down the long length of metal.

DARRY

Hello?!

(off her look)

There's someone down there!

I just heard them!

(again into the dark)

Hello?!

The light reveals dark earth at the bottom of the pipe. Some twenty-five feet down.

TRISH

You're hearing things.

Darry tests the strength of the pipe. It is anchored solidly in the ground.

TRISH

Darry, don't even think about it.

He hoists himself up into the mouth.

DARRY

I told you I heard someone!

Crouched inside the pipe, he stares down. Holds the flashlight with one hand and the lip of the tube with the other.

TRISH

You know the part in scary movies where somebody does something really stupid and everybody hates them for it?

(off his look)

This is it!

A small, scuffling sound from below.

Trish hears this. Darry stares down the tunnel, raking the darkness with the flashlight. Looks back at her. His expression asks her *Did you hear that?!*

Now worming his way further into the opening of the tunnel.

TRISH

No Darry!

DARRY

Let me slide down-

TRISH

Goddamnitt

DARRY

Just let me get a little way in-

TRISH

You're not going down there!

DARRY

I'm not! Just hold my feet.

As he lays down inside the tube, flashlight extended, Trish grabs her brother's ankles.

DARRY

Anybody down there?

TRISH

God when was the last time you washed any socks?

DARRY

I see something!

He strains to look back at her. Trish too scared to comment.

DARRY

(shouts down again)

Hello?

TRISH

I'm counting to ten Darry.

DARRY

Something's moving down
there...

TRISH

Then I am letting go and going
back to my car-

DARRY

Quiet!

(peers forward)

I just saw it again. Something
is definitely moving down here-

***Moving alright -directly into Darry's flashlight beam. TWO
TERRIFIED RATS -darting directly at him.***

DARRY

Ahhhhh!!!!

TRISH

Darry!!!!

DARRY

Rats!!!!

***The rodents run right up over his shoulders. He screams.
Thrashes. They scurry onto his back. Rushing up...***

TRISH

(trying to keep hold of his
kicking feet)

It's what?!

DARRY

It's rats!!!!

But he doesn't need to tell her. *The rats run right at her
now! One down each of Darry's legs!*

Trish screams -releasing her brother's still thrashing feet.

It's a tie who screams louder: Trisha stumbling back as the
rats leap to the ground ***-or brother Darry as he slides all
the way down the large pipe.***

A GREAT THUD BELOW. Trish charges toward the pipe as the
rodents scurry into the leaves.

TRISH

Darry!?

Her voice echoes into darkness as she stares down.

TRISH

Darry?!

DARRY

Owww! Fell right on my head.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN ROOM. CHURCH. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Darry rubs his neck. Winces in the dark. Rust and dust trickle down from the pipe. He sits in the dim pool of daylight from above. Squints up into it.

DARRY

Why'd you let go?!

TRISH

How the Hell're you gonna get out of there, idiot!

Darry stands slowly. Looks up the drain pipe.

DARRY

I can climb out, relax your crack.

He bends and gropes for the flashlight outside the circle of light. Finds it. Switches it on.

The first thing the light hits, is the edge of something wrapped in a bloody sheet.

Darry stops. This is what they saw being dumped down the tube.

TRISH

Darry?

Brother doesn't answer. Takes a terrified step toward it.

TRISH

Do it then, climb out please.

There can be no question it is a body. Blood stains on the head and midsection. Sheet around it. Tied with rope at the neck and ankles.

DARRY

Say not so, sis.

TRISH
(peering down)
What?

DARRY
(to himself now)
Say not so...

He bends to it. Studies the head as he pales.

DARRY
Hello?

Feels like an idiot talking to it. But does anyway.

DARRY
Did I hear you down here?

No response. Swallows. Has no choice but to touch it. Gently on the arm. Pushes it. Testing it.

TRISH
Darry what in the Holy Hell
are you doing down there?!

DARRY
I found our body.

TRISH
You found what?

Darry still staring at. Paling.

DARRY
I found the body.

Darry starts to get up. **Grabbed! By a hand!**

DARRY WAILS. Lurches away from it, stumbling back. *The body is moving under its bloody sheet. Twitching. Trying to breathe.*

DARRY
Oh God!

TRISH
Darry?

DARRY
Oh God!!!

Darry dashes toward it. Crashes to his knees. Starts tearing at the sheet around its head.

The sheet being sucked in and out around the mouth now. It is gasping for air.

Darry trying to tear the sheet. To get a grip on it. The body thrashes.

Finally **-RIPPPPPP!!!!!!** The sheet tears away and Darry stares down in shock.

It is A YOUNG MAN. About his age. Deathly gray. Mouth open in mute agony. Eyes wide. Blinking up at him.

Darry can only stare in terror. He doesn't know what to do.

Frantically grabs the sheet. Tears it the rest of the way down the body -stopping abruptly.

The young man's bare body has an incision of ugly black stitches --all the way from the navel to the neck.

Darry thinks he might be sick. Looks up into those wide eyes. *What in God's name did someone do to you?*

Both boys stare at each other helplessly.

TRISH

Darry?

DARRY

(can whisper back)

Trish...

The boy's dry, blue lips are opening. The Adam's apple bobs as he tries to swallow. Darry crazy with fear, leans down. His ear at the boy's lips as they part again.

DARRY

What?

A whispered word comes out of his mouth. Choked. Raspy. Unintelligible.

DARRY

What did you say?

But no more sound comes. *Nor breathing.* Darry staring wide-eyed. Almost catatonic. Backs off him. Slowly.

TRISH

I am up here all Goddamned alone little brother! Now get your ass up here, it is getting dark!

Her angry voice echoes down. Darry moves to the puddle of light and looks up at her.

TRISH

Is she dead?

DARRY

He.

TRISH

Come on, before that guy comes back!

Darry nods. Goes to hoist a foot up into the tube but stops. His flashlight has swept over something else outside the aura of daylight.

He throws the light along the damp earth, past the lifeless body of the boy and over to...

Two more bloody, sheet-wrapped bodies. Piled on top of each other.

Darry in shock... Stares numbly at them. Swallows. Starts to shake his head 'no'. *Cannot accept this. Will not accept this.*

Darry charging now, back toward the pool of daylight.

EXT. OLD CHURCH. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Above, Trish sees him hoist himself into the tube and start a furious, frightened climb toward daylight.

DARRY

Darry?

A climb so violent the pipe rocks and shimmies. Rivulets of soot and rust trickling down the metal surface.

TRISH

What's the matter...

But little brother isn't answering. Just clamoring desperately to get back up top and away from this place forever...

Halfway up he slips. THE PIPE GROANS as he tries to get new footing.

TRISH

Be careful!

He looks up at her. His face is dirty and his eyes wide with child-like horror.

TRISH

This whole thing is moving...

He catches his breath, still staring up at her.

TRISH

Say something Darry, you're scaring the shit out of me!

Darry starts up again. His sister reaching down toward him:

Slow crane up: moving above the pipe and above the church. High enough to look down the lonely two-lane:

And see a van headed toward them in the distance...

Darry reaches up for his sister's hand as the PIPE SHRIEKS AGAIN. More soot dislodging. Running past him.

TRISH

Shhh!!!

She hears THE APPROACHING ENGINE. Looks down at little brother.

TRISH

Someone's coming...
(off his look)
Someone's coming!!!

In a new panic he grabs Trish's hand. With a concerted effort big sis pulls little brother up to the mouth of the pipe.

TRISH

(trying to look behind her)
Hurry!!!!

WRRANNKKKKK!!!! The pipe makes A NEW, SHRILLER KIND OF SOUND... *and Darry can feel the entire thing shift.*

Really clutching his sister's hand now. Grabs the lip of the pipe with the other. *But a piece of its jagged, torn metal stabs into his palm.*

He yells. Retracts his hand violently. Loses his footing. Slides out of Trish's grip. Down he goes again. Thrashing all the way.

TRISH

Darry!

Gets his footing halfway down. Examines the gash in his hand when ***PING! PING! Just beneath his sneakers, the rusty welds holding the lengths of the pipe together -snap!***

Darry in the middle of the tube. Staring up at his sister with wide eyes. AS A LOW, ACHING METAL GROAN BEGINS, BUILDING QUICKLY....

Darry scrambling up toward the mouth as he realizes what is about to happen.

Almost to the top when the bottom half of the massive tube falls away. Darry sliding down again with the great jolt. Both he and the pipe plummeting down into the darkness in a great cacophony of sound and dust.

TRISH

Darrrrrry!

Tries to see through the cloud of dust that shoots up out of the tube AS THE SOUND OF THE APPROACHING VAN GETS LOUDER.

She whirls toward the highway. Dashes toward her car. Huddles in front of it. Peers around the left front wheel. Her heart racing.

The van comes into view...

But not a dark van. This is another, newer van. And it continues down the two-lane without ever stopping.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN ROOM. CHURCH. DUSK. MOMENTS LATER.

Darry sitting on the ground against the fallen half of the pipe staring at the gash in his hand. Stares up with Trish's voice.

TRISH

It wasn't him.

DARRY

You know you really suck!
(stands, holding his arm)
In the moment of truth you
really don't know how to hang
on do you? You just suck-

TRISH

You were the one who wanted to
come back here and have a
little adventure!

Darry is staring over at the bodies. The two still in sheets. He stares up at his sister again.

TRISH

Well I hope there's another way outta there.

DARRY

(angry)

Well it's a church basement so I'm guessing the church!

The sagging old church. Especially forboding as she regards it.

TRISH

You don't think I'm going in there?

DARRY

You have to stay out front and watch for people.

(off her look)

You see anyone? Flag 'em down! Tell 'em to get the cops out here right away!

Trish liking this less and less.

DARRY

I'm gonna find a way up.

He starts to move off but calls her again.

DARRY

Trish?

(off her look)

You see that van coming, you get back to this pipe and holler down as loud as you can.

Now she couldn't like the whole idea less. Darry staring at those bodies again.

DARRY

I gotta find the flashlight.

Trish hurries to the car. Keeping an eye on the old highway. She gets in. Starts the engine.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN ROOM. LATE DAY. SAME TIME.

Darry takes the flashlight out from under the fallen length of pipe. Tries it. It still works.

Letting his light lead him, he moves forward..

Ahead: the other two bodies. Piled together. These bloodstains are darker. Browner. *How long have they been down here?*

Darry draws in a breath. The smell is getting putrid.

In the same moment his light ascends. There are words over his head. *An epitaph, spelled out in bones:*

WHERE THERE'S A HELL THERE'S A
WAY

Darry really gets a chill now. Doesn't want to wonder if those are human bones. Arranged as they are, on a high arch that leads into a larger, darker subterranean room.

Where a hand is sticking out of the wall.

His light falls over it. *The skin on its splayed fingers looks petrified. Is this a human hand?*

No question: ***The rest of the body is part of the wall.***

Skin leathered with age. Like beef jerky. Teeth infected with termites... Head back, mouth open in a scream long gone silent. A body in a wall.

But more light reveals more horror. A WALL of bodies.

DARRY

Oh no... oh God...

Darry steps forward, knees shaking. ***The vast room ahead, is walled with dozens of these mounted corpses.***

Men and women of all ages. Body after body.

Stitched together in a hideous tapestry. Large stitches. Identical to those just uncovered beneath that bloody sheet.

Darry swings the light to the other side of the chamber.
Another grotesque mural of the dead, extending deep into the darkness ahead...

God how many bodies are down here?

Darry moves forward *-drawn by his own need to prove none of this can possibly be real!*

Some bodies are turned away. Skeletal heads looking back over their shoulders *-petrified backsides showing more stitches.*

Several are as armless as the Venus DeMilo. Some missing other limbs. Heads. Feet. Genitals.

Darry's growing repulsion moves him faster *-how big is this room? Feels like a football field...*

Deeper along the hideous walls, Darry turns abruptly. Two withered corpses in the tapestry.

On the finger of one: a large ring. An old Varsity ring. His beam reflecting off its dusty jeweled surface. Darry stares at it with unquestionable recognition.

Looks slowly to the corpse beside it. A girl? Once? *Her incision is all around her neck. As if her head had been severed and then sewn back on.*

EXT. OLD CHURCH. DUSK. SAME TIME.

Trish parked at the corner of the old church. Keeping an eye on both directions of the empty two lane. Watching the long shadows as the sun drops.

Feels something creeping over her. Looks up.

The sun is dropping behind the steeple of the church, the shadow of the tower slowly falling on her.

She sits anxious in its growing darkness.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN ROOM. CHURCH. DUSK. SAME TIME.

The same below: Darry staring back at the distant archway and the dying sunlight.

Looks ahead at the cavern of the dead. *The ambient light fading away over all those twisted faces... this place is getting really dark.*

Darry takes a breath and moves forward quickly. Not quite running. The darkness won't allow this. But walking as quickly as he ever has...

The deeper he gets, the fresher the bodies.

They no longer have the withered faces and skins like apple dolls. They have been a part of the walls for less time.

Darry moves faster. Almost running.

Grimacing faces of the dead, gaping mouths of mute agony shouting him on.

Now practically sprinting through this corridor of death. Tries to keep his eyes straight ahead. Doesn't want to look at them. Tries not to...

Steals a look to one side. Looks back and WHAMMM!!!! Runs directly into someone reaching out for him!

Darry has fallen and screams. Backs up on all fours. Stops.

The figure reaching out is just another corpse on a new wall in front of him. *He has finally arrived at the end of this horrible room.*

Between this corpse and another, Darry can see hinges.

DARRY

You're fucking kidding me...

This withered corpse, with his outstretched hand is a door.

He looks at the hand. *The handle? This is what I have to pull to get out of here?*

He swallows, draws a breath and reaches out. Avoids the leathery fingers and takes the forearm. Gets his grip.

Pulls! The door doesn't move! Darry can't believe what he's doing. Gets a tighter grip and pulls again! Hard!

This door hasn't been opened in years.

Reaches out again ***-when the corpses' head turns toward him.... with its empty eyes and gaping mouth!***

Darry leaps away. Staring terrified.

But the head has only been jarred loose. It falls now, right off the neck. Hangs by a leathery strand of flesh.

This is enough! Darry reaches out. Yanks with all his might on the forearm of the headless man *and in a terrible frenzy dislodges the door.*

It comes off its hinges and topples toward Darry -corpse and all.

The door is heavy and it hits hard -but not as hard as Darry hits the ground.

The corpse falling on top of him -the head still attached by some brittle tendon, nuzzles into his shoulder.

Darry doesn't have time to scream -he throws the door off him and scrambles forward, through the dark open doorway and up some dusty steps beyond.

Climbing and screaming. Screaming and climbing. And climbing some more...

EXT. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER.

Down the highway, *two headlights appear.*

Trish instantly afraid. Stares down at them. *Could this be him?*

Trish looks at the church. *Where the Hell is he?*

The headlights closer now. *The vehicle is big. The van?*

She is suddenly unreasonable with panic. *Doesn't know what to do. --The lights of the oncoming vehicle starting to show on her face.*

She ducks. Below the dashboard. Can hear THE ENGINE. HEAVY LIKE THE VAN. Lights spilling across the dash now. She reaches up from below. Turns the key.

The engine won't turn over.

Lights really bright now. Almost upon her. Turns the key again. *Goddamn thing won't start!*

Trish's eyes starting to well. Light filling the interior of the car. The engine finally sparks. She is ready.

But the lights are passing now. And she peeks over the dash at nothing but an old pick up continuing on down the highway.

Trish sits up- SCREAMS!!! SOMEONE AT HER WINDOW. STARING IN. DARK FACE. WIDE EYES ETCHED IN THE DYING LIGHT OF THE PASSING TRUCK.

Darry. Almost comatose, staring in at her.

TRISH
Goddammit Darry!!!!

He just stares.

TRISH
You asshole!

Sees that something is very wrong. Little brother just staring back.

EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. MINUTES LATER.

Trish drives in silence. The highway rushing past them. Keeps throwing looks at her brother. Still as a statue. Face dirty. Bloody hand wrapped in a piece of torn T shirt. Eyes staring ahead.

Oncoming headlights now. Both brother and sister study them. Another truck. It rushes past.

A sign up ahead:

TRENTDALE 25 Miles

She watches it fly by. Looks to him again.

TRISH
Would you please just say something?!
(no response)
I mean it Darry, you're scaring the shit out of me!

His voice as subdued as she has ever heard it.

DARRY
I saw 'em, Trish. Kenny and Darla. Class of '80.

She just stares.

DARRY
They were down there, both of them.
(holds up a hand, not looking at her)
I saw his ring. He was still wearing his Varsity ring.

TRISH

You said that happened a
hundred miles from here-

DARRY

I said I saw 'em!

(angry silence)

All dead and dried up down
there with a whole bunch of
others, okay!?

She more frightened by his state than by his words.

DARRY (cont'd)

Don't tell me you don't
believe me, alright?!

(points a rabid finger at
her)

*Don't make me tell you
everything I saw down there
'cause you don't wanna hear
it, okay?!*

Her brother's eyes fill with angry tears. Then goes silent
again. Drops his head against the window.

Trish looks at the fuel indicator. *Only a quarter of a tank
left.*

DARRY (cont'd)

She did lose her head.

Looks over at her brother. Staring out the window into the
passing night.

DARRY

Darla lost her head just like
they said.

(off her look)

And you know what he did,
Trish? You know what he did
for her? He sewed it back on.

Darry lets out a little laugh. *Is he going crazy?*

DARRY

Sewed it right back on.

EXT. TRENTDALE. NIGHT. TEN MINUTES LATER.

Trish's sedan rambles off the two-lane and toward a small
cluster of buildings under the starry night sky. Past a
weathered and aging sign that reads:

Welcome to TRENTDALE Population 517

Brother and sister look to each other. Neither wants to stop.

TRISH

We have to or we're not gonna
make it home.

She continues on toward the only lights. Combination
Restaurant and Gas Station. The tall sign stretching into the
stars announces plainly:

DELROY'S GAS AND FOOD

Trish pulls in. Rolls under the hot white neon over the gas
pumps. Looks over at little brother.

TRISH

You gonna make a phone call?

Darry just nods. Opens the car door.

TRISH

Throw some water on yourself.
You look like you just crawled
out of a sewer.

Darry moves with fatigue toward the restaurant. Several cars
and big trucks parked around it.

Trish moves to the pump. There is a pad lock on it. She grabs
it. Yanks on it. Turns to her brother.

TRISH

Darry?
(off his look)
Pumps are locked.

She watches him turn and move inside.

INT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Darry steps in. Darker than he expected. Stares ahead. Etched
in the light of a cigarette machine.

He must look pretty bad because those who do catch a glimpse
of him, take another one quickly.

Like the PLUMP WAITRESS eye-balling him. She is fifty-
something. Name tag reads BEVERLY.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Restrooms are for paying
customers, kiddo.

DARRY

Could we get some gas, please?

The woman looks out the window, sees Trish leaning against
the car.

WAITRESS

(a well worn rhyme)
Pump's locked at eight
o'clock.

Darry has no energy to argue. Looks out at his sister.

DARRY

Lights are still on.

WAITRESS

(calls back to the kitchen)
Arnie, you got the pump lights
on again!

Trish suddenly plunged into darkness. Waitress Beverly looks
back to Darry as if that settled everything.

DARRY

We really need some gas.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

You look like you need a
little more than gas, kiddo.

EXT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish is fit to be tied. Storms toward the diner. Cursing
under her breath. Is almost to the front doors when out on
the two lane *comes the sound of a familiar engine.*

This is the sound of the van. There can be no question.

She spots it instantly. Sailing down the highway. Speeding
past Trentdale. *Knows it must be headed back to the old
church.*

INT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish bursts in. Patrons staring at her. TWO TRUCKERS
especially. They don't make eyes at her, but she knows the
look. Beverly pouring coffee for them.

WAITRESS BEVERLY
Pumps locked at eight o'clock-

TRISH
This is an emergency!

Her raised tone turns more than a few heads.

TRISH
I need you to please call the
police.
(off her look)
Right now. Please get them
here right away.

Waitress Beverly stares at her now.

TRISH
Someone is dead! Can you
please just call someone?!

Trish meets the eyes of other patrons who have heard this. A FAMILY with TWO SMALL CHILDREN -eyes wide staring back at her.

WAITRESS BEVERLY
Someone's dead where?

TRISH
Are you gonna call or not?!

Beverly regards her a moment longer and starts back toward the kitchen. The Men's Room Door opens and Darry comes out. Washed. Looks better. Until sister rushes at him.

TRISH
I saw him! I saw the van
again!

Darry instantly panicked. Runs toward the windows.

TRISH
I think he's headed back to
the church!

DARRY
You sure it was the van?

TRISH
***You think I'm gonna forget
what it looks like?!***

Trish lets out an anxious sigh. Falls against the wall. Between the cigarette machine and the payphone. Holds her face in her hands.

DARRY

Come on big sis. Hold it together.

She stares at the floor. Won't look at him.

DARRY

(takes her by the shoulders)

Come on. Just hold it together.

(waits for a response)

Think of a time.

TRISH

I don't wanna think of a time.

DARRY

I got one. You were twelve. 'Cause I was nine.

TRISH

Just shut-up Darry-

DARRY

And we found that big fat potato bug out in the backyard? Remember how big it was, with the big feeler things on its head?

You bet me five dollars I wouldn't be brave enough to eat it.

(she looks up at him)

You remember. 'Cause I swallowed it. Whole. Could feel it crawling down my throat.

Thought it was gonna make me sick but I had to prove to big sis that "I wasn't afraid of nothing".

Then when I finished swallowing it you didn't want to pay me the five dollars so you yelled "Mom! Darry ate a bug!"

(MORE)

DARRY (cont'd)
 (the hint of a smile on her
 face?)

Remember? I got spanked and
 taught about not putting dirty
 little things in my mouth?
 Remember? What a nasty little
 bitch you were?

She smiles at him as much as she's able. Darry thinking he's
 cheered her up. But her eyes well with tears as quickly and
 she says in a frightened whisper:

TRISH

I am so scared, Darry. He is
 gonna get back to that church
 and he is gonna know we were
 down there!

THE PAY PHONE RINGS LOUDLY BESIDE HER AND SHE SCREAMS.

The entire restaurant is looking at her now. Beverly on the
 phone by the registers stares over. Along with a roundish,
 furry looking man of fifty or so. The MANAGER.

She and little brother stare back at everyone. Embarrassed.
 THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

Darry waiting for someone to come over and answer the phone.
 THIRD RING NOW.

MAN AT JUKEBOX

You gonna get that?

The MAN closest to them has asked this. He drops a coin in
 the slot of the juke.

Trish picks up the receiver. A WOMAN'S VOICE. URGENCY IN HER
 VOICE.

WOMAN
 (filtered)
Yes hello?

TRISH
 Hello?

WOMAN
 (filtered)
*Are you wearing a white shirt
 with an emblem on the sleeve?*

TRISH
 Am I what?

WOMAN
(filtered)
*Blue jeans? Are you wearing
blue jeans?*

A confused look from Darry to Trish.

WOMAN
(filtered)
Please you have to tell me.

TRISH
I -what?

Darry grabs the phone away from her.

DARRY
Who is this?

TRISH
Darry hang up!

WOMAN
(filtered)
Darry? You're Darry?
(he just listens)
*I don't know exactly what you
look like Darry, but you have
very big and very beautiful
eyes am I right?*

Darry just staring at Trish in utter confusion.

WOMAN
(filtered)
*They're big and they're blue
and they're very beautiful.*

Darry panicked now. *She can see me!* He moves quickly to study faces in the dining area. Yanked back when the phone cord won't reach.

WOMAN
(filtered)
*Please don't be frightened.
You're wearing a pair of blue
jeans where the third belt
loop is torn.*

Why is she saying this? Looks to his pants. *Third belt loop: torn.*

WOMAN
(filtered)
I know how you tore it, too.
(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)
*You tore it on the jagged
edge of a metal pipe.*

Darry really in shock now. Stares at big sister. Trish crowding in to listen with him.

WOMAN (cont'd)
(filtered)
Can you still hear me?

DARRY
(completely perplexed)
You were out there?

WOMAN
(filtered)
I don't have time to explain.

DARRY
You were out there at the
church?

WOMAN
(filtered)
Have you seen the cats yet?

DARRY
The what-

WOMAN
(filtered)
*Have you seen the cats yet?
Lots of cats?*

DARRY
Look who are you and what kind
of shit are you trying to
pull?!

This was loud. The Man at the Jukebox turns to look. So does AN OLD WOMAN at the cigarette machine.

WOMAN
(filtered)
*I don't know how to make you
listen. The van. I saw the van
too. With the license plate.*

DARRY
"Beating you?"

WOMAN
 (filtered)
*No, not "Beating You", think
 about it again.*

Once more Darry confused.

WOMAN (cont'd)
 (filtered)
*I need you to wait for me. I'm
 about an hour away. Can you do
 that?*

DARRY
 Who the Hell am I talking to?

WOMAN
 (filtered)
*I have something very
 important you have to hear
 from me. I don't know how I
 can make you believe that but
 it's true!*

DARRY
 I'm hanging up-

WOMAN
 (filtered)
There's a song!
 (again Darry's confused
 look at sis)
*Jeepers Creepers. Do you know
 it? It's an old song.*

INT. UNKNOWN LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

We cannot see the woman on the telephone but we hear the CD
 player nearby. THE VELVETY TONES OF MEL TORME SINGING
"Jeepers, Creepers, where'd you get those peepers?"

WOMAN
 Been recorded about a million
 times.

We see several new CDs on a TOWER RECORDS bag. CDs torn open.
 FRANK SINATRA, JOHNNY MERCER, MEL TORME... their cases strewn
 about. CDs too. All over the table.

WOMAN
 Can you hear it?

DARRY
(filtered)
What about it?

WOMAN
Listen. Very carefully.

INT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

DARRY
Look I don't know what the
fuck you're talking about-

WOMAN
(filtered)
You hear that song? Run.
(Darry's confusion peaking)
*You listening to me? That song
means something terrible is
about to happen to you-*

DARRY
Screw you lady-

WOMAN
*Something so terrible you
could never imagine it-*

Darry hangs up angrily. Moves quickly to look out over the eatery.

DARRY
You sure you saw that van on
the highway?
(off her look)
'Cause I think the driver
might be in here. On a cell
phone.

TRISH
That sounded like a woman!

DARRY
Well why couldn't it be a
woman? We don't know who it
is!

He rushes past the cigarette machine. Looks out into the parking lot.

DARRY

Somebody messing with us,
that's for sure! She knew
everything!

TRISH

What did she want?

Darry turns and regards his sister.

DARRY

For us to wait around, which
is exactly what we're not
gonna do.

INT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. MINUTES LATER.

The juke box finishes its selection. Its mechanical arm
replaces the 45 and selects another. The place fills with
music again.

Trish and Darry at a table in back. Beverly steps up to them
with a coffee pot.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

You kids wanna piece of pie or
coffee or something?

They shake their heads no, staring at two STATE TROOPERS at
the counter, conferring with the Manager.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Let me know if you change your
mind.

TRISH

You think they believe us?

DARRY

All they have to do is drive
out to that church. They'll
believe every word.

TRISH

I don't know if I would.

He looks up with this.

TRISH

Sounds too much like
somebody's bad dream.

Is she trying to say she doesn't believe him?

TRISH

You don't think that's it, do you? We're dreaming?

Darry doesn't answer. The juke box fills the silence.

TRISH

Maybe we're having one of those dreams like in the Twilight Zone where we're all ready dead.

You know? We died out on the road and we just don't know it?

DARRY

(quietly)

I wanna be home. In my room. In my bed.

(eyes up to his sister)

Ripping up every Tales from the Crypt and Fangoria I own.

He looks at her. Tries to smile. He looks so fragile.

TRISH

We will get home you know?

He nods. Feeling foolish.

"Jeepers Creepers, where'd you get those peepers? Jeepers, Creepers, where'd you get those eyes?"

The juke box. Sinatra. Darry's blood runs cold. Face suddenly ashen.

Stares across the diner at the juke. Sis watching him strangely. Tries to follow his line of sight.

"Gosh all get up, how'd they get so lit up..."

He stands. Looks down at sis. *"Gosh all get up, how'd they get that size?"*

TRISH

Darry...?

He moves now. Through the diner. As if drawn by the melody... *"Golly gee, when you turn those heaters on. Woa is me, got to put my cheaters on..."*

Trish watches him from the table. *Has little brother gone off his nut?*

Patrons are stopping their eating. Watching him as he passes by in some confused trance.

"Jeepers, Creepers, where'd you get those peepers? Oh those weepers, how they hypnotize..."

Darry at the jukebox now. *Staring down into its glow. Thinks he must be losing his mind.* His own striking eyes even more beautiful in the golden glow of the machine.

"Where'd you get those eyes?"

The song goes instrumental. He looks back at Trish. The Troopers are at her table. Sis looking over at him. Darry moves back quickly.

TROOPER GIDEON is a tall, powerful looking Native American. Strong face and piercing eyes. His partner TROOPER WESTON is a capable looking woman of thirty or so.

TROOPER GIDEON

I was just telling your
sister, we're running the
plates and we've got a unit on
their way out to the old
church.

DARRY

And?

TROOPER GIDEON

Tell me something. These kids
you saw on that wall? Who were
they again?

DARRY

(looks to his sister)
Darla Cleeway and Kenny...

TRISH

-Brandon.

TROOPER GIDEON

Found their car all smashed up
'bout twenty years ago? Am I
remembering this right?

(off Darry's nod)

Those bodies would be nothing
but bones by now. You said he
still had skin on him and a
ring on his finger.

DARRY

What're you trying to say?

TROOPER GIDEON

Not saying anything-

DARRY

(on his feet)

I told you -I grabbed one of them! It was hard. Like petrified wood! Like he preserved them or something, I don't know!

TROOPER GIDEON

Well then how do you know they were even real bodies?

Darry thrown by this. Stares at the Trooper.

TROOPER GIDEON

Look all I'm trying to do here is get the facts straight-

DARRY

I told you the facts: this guy drives a black van and it nearly killed us!

We saw him throw a body down a pipe, that dumps into a cellar under the old church!

I saw the body! He was a guy my age and he was still alive, except that he'd been split from his neck to his navel and then sewn back up again!

Now this guy must have a hundred, maybe two hundred bodies down there, *and I've seen 'em!*

MANAGER

Hey-hey-hey!

Doesn't like this grizzly talk, loud enough for people to hear.

DARRY

(lowers his voice)

I mean this guy must be the Heavyweight Champ of all serial killers!

It is Trooper Weston who first notices people standing up from their tables and moving to the restaurant windows.

DARRY

You don't believe me? Just drive out to that church and see for yourself!

TROOPER GIDEON

No one's saying you're lying, Darius-

DARRY

It's Darry. Darius is my name, Darry for short.

There is quite a crowd at the windows now and he and Trish see it.

TROOPER GIDEON

And I said we were doing everything we know how to do.

They step past Gideon toward the dining area. Waitress Beverly just coming back in the front doors. Looking directly at Trish.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

That's your car out at the pumps, isn't it?

EXT. DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry blast out into the brisk night. Beverly right behind them.

Ahead is their car. Still in shadow at the pumps. But the left rear door is open *and spilled out onto the asphalt is Darry's dirty laundry.*

The Troopers join them now. Watching as brother and sister move quickly toward the car.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Someone saw him from the window.

Trish and Darry stop. Turn to her. She nods back to the patrons staring out from inside.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Thought they had to be kidding.

TRISH

Saw what?!

WAITRESS BEVERLY

(impatient)

The man out there at your car!

The kids and Troopers instantly look for him.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Well he already ran off!

TRISH

A man?

WAITRESS BEVERLY

More like a pervert.

(off their puzzled looks)

That's why everyone was watching. He was outside the car there sniffing that laundry.

Darry and Trish staring at her.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Holding big handfuls of it under his nose. Looked like he was liking it too.

Darry at the car now. Shirts, socks, shorts all spilled out of the basket. Darry looks back at Trish.

TROOPER WESTON

Ran off which way?

Beverly looks back at the patrons at the window. Hollers to one of the Truckers.

WAITRESS BEVERLY

Which way he run off, Billy?

A Trucker at the window points out. Beyond the pumps. Down the empty and shadowy street.

TRISH

It was him.

(to the Troopers)

He had time to get to the church and then get back here-

TROOPER GIDEON

Alright, we don't need anymore excitement than we already have-

DARRY

This guy is after us!
(throwing fistfuls of laundry in the car)
He is after us 'cause he knows what we saw!

The Troopers stare at each other. Trooper Weston on her walkie-talkie.

TROOPER WESTON

Central this is 037. Come back.

Darry finishes with his clothes and goes to shut the door.

DARRY

Hey, you interested in a hand print?

Trish and the Troopers move quickly toward him.

Gideon squats with Darry at the open car door. Look at the surface of the car handle. *It is smudged with some kind of fine gray powder.*

DARRY

You can dust it, right? Get a print?

TROOPER GIDEON

Looks like somebody already did.

He looks up at his partner. A breeze comes up and the "print" starts to blow away.

Gideon thinks fast. Whips out an evidence bag and catches some of it as it blows into the wind.

A SLOW CRANE UP: As we rise slowly...

DARRY

What the Hell is that stuff?

TROOPER GIDEON

Gonna find out real quick.

TROOPER WESTON
 (on her walkie)
 Central, this is 037 do you
 copy?

TRISH
 Can we please get some gas
 now?

TROOPER GIDEON
 Everybody just keep calm.
 Everything's gonna get taken
 care of.

...until we are high above the parking lot. Everyone below
 just tiny dots of jabbering color. We have ascended finally
 to the top of the sign that reads DELROY'S FOOD AND GAS.

***And atop that, a dark Figure is perched. His long black coat
 flapping in the night wind as he stares down.***

Like some dark bird of prey...

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

WOOSHHH!!! Trish's car flies past us down the starlit two
 lane. Headlights burning into the night. Behind them, another
 pair of headlights. A STATE TROOPER CAR.

Darry looks back at them.

TRISH
 (at the wheel)
 They're still back there.

DARRY
 I'll bet having a good laugh
 too.

TRISH
 You still don't think they
 believe us?

DARRY
 (regards his sis for a
 moment)
 How'd he get up on the roof of
 that church?

TRISH
 How did he what?

DARRY

It look like he jumped up
there to you?

TRISH

Onto the roof of a building?

Darry feels dumb. Stares out the window.

TRISH

What the Hell was he doing
with your clothes?

She smirks suddenly. Then laughs.

TRISH

Maybe he can leap tall
buildings in a single bound.

I mean he'd have to be
superhuman, otherwise the
smell would've killed him!

INT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Troopers Gideon and Weston in the car escorting them. Gideon
driving. THEIR RADIO SOUNDS.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*This is Central, 037 come
back.*

TROOPER WESTON

037, go ahead.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*Higgs and Corely just radio-ed
back from the old church on
East 9?*

TROOPER WESTON

Go ahead.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

Its on fire.

Gideon and Weston staring at each other.

CENTRAL VOICE
(filtered)
*Burning out of control, with
Fire and Rescue on the way.*

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Darry watches Trish. She keeps checking her rearview.

DARRY
Don't tell me you actually
like him.

TRISH
Get real.

DARRY
(knows its true now)
Oh God.
(looks back at the cop car)
Should'a known. He's big, dumb
and stupid.

TRISH
Unlike the Braniacs you take
out. Braniacs only if they're
brains come in twos and lift
and separate.

DARRY
You're probably gonna marry a
cop. You have a thing for guys
in uniform or something?

TRISH
Well they're not quite as easy
as the bimbos you flash those
Bambi eyes at. Watch 'em fall
down with their legs apart.

Darry doesn't like this. Reminds him of the phone call. *Do
you have big beautiful eyes?* Sis checks the rearview again.

TRISH
I did notice he was a little
more interested in getting the
story from me than from you.

DARRY
(bothered now)
Would you stop looking back
there? He's gonna think you're
easy.

TRISH

He did have a nice ass.

DARRY

I know, he was talking out of
it.

Darry cranks up the radio. AN ANGRY ROCK TUNE BLARES.

INT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*Plates are fake.
Description of the van those
kids gave, corresponds to a
model from 1947. We're talking
antiques now.*

TROOPER WESTON

These kids say that van chased
them doing well over a
hundred, go ahead.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*You ever stop to think these
kids might be trying to pull
off some kind of major hood
wink?*

TROOPER WESTON

Come again?

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*The preliminary came back on
that dust you took off the car
handle? Its dead skin.****BWUMP! Something has hit the roof of the police car.***

Gideon and Weston staring up at the roof. Puzzled.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

*Not just dead skin. Long dead.
That's why it was powder.*

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry staring ahead -ROCK SONG BLARING. Neither looking behind them.

Something black with a cape whipping in the wind perched on the roof of their escort's car?

INT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

I mean they wouldn't be the first kids to go and ransack a cemetery for Spring Break.

TROOPER WESTON

What're you saying? They burned the church down too?

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

You wanna believe that or a hundred and fifty-year old corpse opened that car door?

TROOPER GIDEON

Say what?!

CENTRAL VOICE

(filtered)

That's a ballpark on how old that powdered skin is.

BWUMP!!! ANOTHER SOUND FROM THE ROOF OF THE POLICE CAR. Both Troopers startled.

TROOPER GIDEON

Hold on Central...

A puzzled Trooper Weston rolls down the window. Rises out of her seat. Head out the window to get a look up top.

EXT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trooper Weston stretches higher now, looks out over the roof of the patrol car--

What she sees moves so fast in the windy night, she can't even react-

INT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trooper Weston's body is yanked out of the car. Through the open window! Gone in one powerful, violent motion.

HER SCREAM swallowed instantly as she disappears.

Trooper Gideon in shock. No time to even turn his head--

WHAM!!! The large, razor sharp blade of a battle axe breaks through the roof of the police car --right in front of his face.

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The kids still listening to the loud song. Behind them, the patrol car swerves erratically. *Something dark still riding on top of it.*

DARRY
(shouting)
They're gonna be in Concert in
August, downtown!

EXT. TROOPER CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trooper Gideon's head is yanked up through a hole ripped in the roof of the car.

The Figure that grips him, rears back with the same razor-sharp battle axe. Almost Medieval-looking.

And in one neat swoop -swings it at the Trooper's head.

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Angle behind brother and sister: ROCK SONG BLARING AS

-something big hits the roof of the car. Hard and fast. Flies down the windshield and off the hood.

Trish slams on the brakes. Both of them clutching the dashboard. The car swings to a halt in the middle of the two-lane.

TRISH
What was that?

Brother sticks his head out the window. Stares into the night sky. Sis looking behind them.

The Trooper vehicle angled across the two lane. It too has made a hurried stop. No movement inside. Dark and silent. Silhouetted in the moonlight.

DARRY
What the Hell?

Brother and sister look at each other. Darry's head again out the window.

DARRY (cont'd)
Hey!

Darry's voice echoes into the night.

DARRY (cont'd)
You okay in there?

Darry gets out. Trish follows.

DARRY (cont'd)
Stay here.

Trish looks at him. *No way!*

Darry takes a tentative step toward the moonlit vehicle. Wishes he could see more.

Trish seeing the dents on the roof of her car where the object hit. *Dents with a spatter pattern. **Blood.***

TRISH
Darry...

Looks back at her. She holds up three fingers smudged with blood.

DARRY
(screams at the car)
Hey!

The car's police lights flash on. Startles Darry and Trish. Both squinting into them.

DARRY (cont'd)
Get back in the car.
(turns to Trish)
Get back in the car!

Someone is staring out behind the wheel of that car.

Peering at them, through the angry flashes of red and blue... through a windshield spattered with blood...

DARRY (cont'd)
Trish, get in the car!

Trish paling. Turning to do this. Caught by the sight of something else.

Down the road -just past the police car. A *roundish thing in the middle of the highway -silhouetted in moonlight.*

Trooper Gideon's head. Staring out at her with dead eyes. This is what hit them and rolled off the hood!

TRISH
Darry...

Darry trying to make out the face in the flaring lights. **The eyes. So white.**

DARRY
Trish...

The patrol car's door swings open and both of them whirl around. Back toward their own vehicle. Leaping in.

Trish behind the wheel. Grapples for the stick shift in a blind panic. Darry just as fast into the passenger seat. Slams the door.

A tall, powerful silhouette rises out of the patrol car. Turning instantly away from them.

DARRY (cont'd)
Whoa, did you see that?

As it turns -its face glints for a moment in the moonlight. The eyes. So white because they are just that and nothing else.

No pupils or irises. A trick of the moonlight?

Trish staring. The car hasn't moved. Her hand still on the stickshift.

The figure walks away from them with a chillingly casual gait. His black coat flapping cape-like. And in the glare of the flashing red and blue, walks back toward Gideon's head.

Whistling. Whistling a tune the kids have heard in the diner: *Jeepers, Creepers, where'd you get those Peepers?*

Brother and sister transfixed. *Watching as with a single hand, the Figure reaches down and lifts Gideon's head by the hair. Holds it then, in both hands. Looking at it.*

Holds it high. Level with its own eyes. Draws it closer. *So close he could be kissing it.*

DARRY (cont'd)
(a whisper)
I'm not seeing this.

The Figure turns the grizzly thing around now. Does the same with the back of the head.

And both kids realize what he is doing. *Smelling it...*

DARRY (cont'd)
What the Hell are we looking
at, Trish?

More horrid disbelief as the figure drop kicks the head - sending it high in the sky and off into the tall grass of the nearby field.

DARRY (cont'd)
Let's get the Hell outta
here...

The Figure turns now. Staring back at them.

DARRY
Go.

Trish guns the engine and the car screams back down the highway.

The dark figure watches this from afar. Still as a statue.

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

DARRY
What is this guy?

Sees her brother staring out the rear.

DARRY
What is this guy, Trish?
What'd he do to those cops?

TRISH
Don't know and don't wanna.

DARRY
And why didn't he do it to us?
You see the way he looked at
us?

(looks back at her)
(MORE)

DARRY (cont'd)
Like he's playing with us.
Like running us off the road
was just some kind of game.

EXT. LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

Back at the scene of the crime, the empty patrol car, engine running, rolls slowly off the highway and into a field.

The dark Figure watches only for a moment -moving away while the car still travels pilotless deeper into the field.

Before it even settles, WE CAN THE HEAR THE RUMBLE OF THE DARK VAN'S ENGINE. We leave the patrol car for a glimpse at the highway when-

WOOSHHH!!! The dark van rips past us down the moonlit two lane.

EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT. MINUTES LATER.

Both Trish and Darry see it at the same time. A farmhouse. Down a gravel drive off the road. Lights on in the windows.

TRISH
There's a phone!

DARRY
You sure you wanna stop?!

TRISH
I wanna get to anyone who can
help us!

DARRY
What's the next town?

TRISH
I don't know and I'm not gonna
wait to find out.

Trish takes the gravel drive. Jostles down the lane.

TRISH
Look we just ask to use the
phone, okay? We don't freak
these people out.

The house comes into more detail. Old and sagging. But its warmly lit windows like a beacon. *Of safety. Sanity.*

TRISH

We don't wanna scare 'em. We
just wanna call for help.

Headlights etching the overgrown garden that is the front yard. An ancient pick-up to one side. In the center of the overgrowth, a sagging thing scarcely presuming to be a scarecrow.

DARRY

Too spooky.

Trish looks at him. He's serious.

DARRY

Too spooky. Let's just get the
Hell outta here.

At the outskirts of the yard, a plastic sunflower ticks away in a night breeze as the car comes to a halt.

TRISH

It's pretty run down. Hope
they have a phone.

DARRY

I hope they have a gun.

TRISH

I hope they don't.

She opens the door. Gets out. Darry too. Their first look is to the highway. Empty. For as far as the eye can see.

KER-CLINK! THE DISTINCT SOUND OF A RIFLE BEING COCKED turns the kids quickly toward the house.

CAT LADY

Who are you?

A WOMAN'S RASPY VOICE. From a silhouette behind the screen door. A blue-black rifle barrel glinting in its hands.

CAT LADY

I said who are you?

TRISH

Patricia James. This is my
brother Darry.

CAT LADY

What'cha want?

TRISH

A telephone?

CAT LADY

Ain't got one.

The kids look at each other. A whispered aside:

DARRY

You know it's not too late to
keep driving and not stop
'till we see people.

TRISH

What do you think she is?

DARRY

Crazy?

CAT LADY

Whatcha' need it for?

TRISH

Someone's been killed. A
police officer. Down the road.

The screen door opens now and THE CAT LADY steps out. A strange looking woman of fifty or so. Very intense around the eyes.

TRISH

We just came from there-

MEOWWW... Sounds of cats at her feet. She pushes a couple back inside the screen with a foot. A foot wearing a fuzzy pink slipper.

Darry staring down at the felines. Remembers instantly the strange phone call at the diner. *Did you see the cats yet?*

TRISH

It's a ways back. You can't
see it from here.

The Woman levels her eyes at the two. Judging them. Her shot gun still clenched tightly.

CAT LADY

All right one call.
(off their looks)
But be quick, my babies they
don't like strangers.

Trisha just stares at the old woman. *She has children?*

Trish climbs the porch steps. Sees Darry still staring down at the cats inside the door.

Trisha doesn't understand. Makes a face that tells him to *hurry up!* He starts forward. Cat Lady opens the screen for them -again holding one feline inside with a fuzzy slipper.

CAT LADY

Careful. I don't let 'em out after dark.

DARRY

How many cats do you have?

CAT LADY

More than a couple, I'm afraid.

INT. CAT LADY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry halt instantly as they step inside:

The living room is covered with cats. All kinds. All shapes. All sizes. *There must be forty of them in the living room alone.*

CAT LADY

Phone's there by the love seat.

The Cat Lady shuts the front door and steps past them. Stows the rifle in a closet.

Trish covers her nose with a hand. Makes a face at Darry. *The smell is terrible.*

CAT LADY

Policeman killed you say?

Darry still caught in an uneasy trance. *That phone call. Did you see the cats yet?*

DARRY

Let's get out of here.

Trish looks at him like he's crazy. The Cat Lady turns to them now. Trish lowers her hands from her nose.

CAT LADY

People think they can drive like maniacs 'round here. Cops too, damned fools.

(MORE)

CAT LADY (cont'd)
Just a bunch of punk kids with
badges and guns if you ask me.

Trish moves to the phone. It too surrounded by felines.
Scatters a few as she reaches down and lifts the receiver.

CAT LADY
Who is that making a call on
your telephone, hmm? Who is
that?

She is asking the one cat that remains. Sniffing Trisha as
she dials.

CAT LADY
That's the thing about cats.
(off Darry's look)
Can whiff a bad egg a mile
away. Can't they Tomfoolery?

Darry realizes she is referring to the cat that now rubs
itself against his legs.

CAT LADY
Oh he likes you. Lookee that.
He wants you to pick him up.

Darry nods. Tries to press out a polite smile.

CAT LADY
Don't be afraid.

Darry bends. Pets the cat's head.

CAT LADY
Go on! Big boy like you's not
afraid of a little pussy is
he?

He regards her. *Did she just say that? Must mean something
else.* He lifts the cat into his arms. Pets its head.

CAT LADY
There you go.
(steps away)
Big thing like you can't go
through his life being afraid
of a sweet little pussy.

She winks at him this time -lecherously. Darry swallows. *She
means what she means.*

TRISH

Yes, Patrica James. We just left Trentdale with a police escort.

PHONE VOICE

(filtered)

Are you calling the Trentdale County sheriff's department?

TRISH

I thought I was.

CAT LADY

Trentdale's the next County over. You're in Poho County now, you crossed the County line.

DARRY

Look I don't know exactly where the house is I'm calling from-

She looks to the Cat Lady to tell her the address, but she is shaking her head adamantly.

CAT LADY

Don't bring the cops out here! They try and bust my ass every year with their zoning crap!

(to Darry)

Try and tell people how many cats a person can have!

PHONE VOICE

(filtered)

You said you needed to report an emergency?

But the VOICE IS SUDDENLY SWALLOWED BY ANGRY STATIC ON THE LINE. Trish holds the phone away from her ear.

Cat Lady and Darry watching. She clicks the clicker. Puts the phone back to her ear. Nothing.

TRISH

Your phone just went dead.

She is looking at her brother and thinking the worse.

The Cat Lady marches over to hear for herself. Puts the phone to her ear **as the lights go out all over the house.**

Darry, Trish, the Cat Lady and her many fuzzy minions suddenly plunged into darkness.

Darry rushing to the window -the cat still in his arms.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Out in the overgrown garden, the plastic sunflower again clicks to a stop in the silent, moonlit yard.

INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

DARRY

There's nobody out there.

Then every cat in the place lifts its head in unison.

Forty pairs of cat's eyes staring toward the front windows. Trish and Darry watching this. ***As growing from every corner of the room, are the wicked hisses of frightened cats everywhere.***

The cat in Darry's arms freaks -clawing and thrashing to free itself.

DARRY

Ouch!!!

He winces in pain as THE ANIMAL YOWLS and hits the floor running. Cat Lady rushing to the front window. Trish and Darry with her.

The overgrown yard is dark with inky shadows. Her distressed scarecrow standing in the middle of it.

MORE CATS HISSING. Fur standing on end. Fangs bared. Whatever is out there, these animals do not like it.

CAT LADY

I'll be Goddamned!

The Cat Lady storming back to the closet for her rifle. The kids looking after her.

CAT LADY

That's not my scarecrow.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Shot rolling slowly toward: The inky silhouette of the scarecrow. It is larger than we remember it. And better dressed. In a long black coat...

The Figure stands before the old hay-stuffed thing-creating a single silhouette.

Cutting a tall, dark shadow against the starry night sky. One with eyes we can barely discern.

Eyes that might not belong to any human thing...

INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

The cats are going berserk. Two of them topple the phone table. Others run in confused circles around the couch. Several scramble over the base of the floor lamp. Send it on its side with a loud crash. Still others are scaling the drapes --clawing their way toward the ceiling...

The Cat Lady watches puzzled by her felines.

CAT LADY

Who the Hell is that?

Cocks the rifle loudly and throws open the front door. Levels the rifle at the scarecrow.

CAT LADY

You gotta 'bout ten seconds to get your ass outta my yard!

The Scarecrow/Figure stands. Continues to stare in at them. Silhouetted in the moonlight.

CAT LADY

Don't think I'm gonna tell you twice.

It's voice. Strange. A raspy whisper.

THE CREATURE

My children.

Trish and Darry exchange glances.

CAT LADY

What?

A chilling whisper in the night:

THE CREATURE

I've come for my children.

Trish and Darry frozen by these words. The old woman turns to look at them.

When the Figure bolts toward the house!

Cat Lady whirls about. Fires. ***KA-BLAM!!!***

THE SCARECROW DISINTEGRATES. RIPPING INTO SHADOWY BITS THAT EXPLODE IN EVERY DIRECTION. SOMETHING LARGER RIPPING SKYWARD AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT.

The Figure is gone. Vanished into thin air. Unless...

Cat Lady, Darry and Trish crowd the doorway trying to see out. Darry's gaze caught by something high.

Catches a terrifying glimpse of it scrambling up the front of the house. Like some horrible caped insect. As if gravity simply did not exist.

DARRY

What in the Holy-

His cutting whispers turns the women to him. Stares at them in shock.

KER-KRASH!!!! A WINDOW BREAKS SOMEWHERE UPSTAIRS. All three whirl around. Staring up at the ceiling.

Then cats are dropping past the front windows. Dropping down into the yard. From the second story? They land on their feet. Scurrying off into the night....

Trish and Darry look at each other with mounting panic...The Cat Lady looks to brother and sis. *What the Hell did you bring into my house?*

AS SUDDENLY A FRIGHTENED AND VOCAL TORRENT OF CATS RUSH IN GREAT PANIC DOWN THE STAIRS!

WITH THE SOUND FROM ABOVE, OF ONE CAT CLEARLY ATTACKING -the Cat lady storms toward the stairs brandishing her rifle.

CAT LADY

Get away from my babies you sons-of-a-bitches!

DARRY

Don't!

Darry charges for her. Grabs the old woman.

DARRY

Don't go up there!

CAT LADY

Goddammit!!!

DARRY

Leave now!! With us!

CAT LADY

Goddammit!!!

(screaming up the stairs)

Don't you hurt my babies-

She catches Darry in the groin with a nasty kick. HE YELPS. Crumples as she charges up the steps.

TRISH

Darry!!!

Sis hurries to him. Starts dragging him toward the front door. She just wants out. Wants to go!

CAT LADY

I'll blow your Goddamned head off-

But at the top of the stairs, the Cat Lady ***is suddenly wrenched off her feet!***

The kids watch as her fuzzy pink slippers disappear from view. Straight up.

THEY HEAR HER GASP ONLY ONCE. NOW A CHOKED, GARGLING SOUND. The kids staring up at the top step where here feet vanished.

The cats are in absolute frenzy. Some baring fangs in the direction of the stairs, others climbing the old drapes of the place in a frantic panic to get out. To get away.

Trish dashing back toward the front door with injured Darry. Halted by the sight of those slippers *-slipping now, slowly back into view on the top step.*

Something just out of sight at the top of the stairs is holding her there. Feet dangling. One slipper falls off.

Darry approaches in horror. Wants to see up those stairs. *Wants to see just what the Hell this thing is...*

At the foot of the stairs he looks up. Can see her body hanging there, lifeless ***-held in the iron grip of the long coated Figure --pulling the old woman into him as if she were a doll.***

And sniffing. Sniffing her. The same way he did the officer's decapitated head.

Darry throws a look to his sister: at the door, hand on the knob -frozen by her brother's paling expression.

Darry looks back: the Figure takes another long inhale and then peers around the dangling old woman. *Out of the shadows and down the stairs --directly at him.*

For the first time Darry sees its face clearly:

Though the features are human. The glaring blind whites of the eyes -where pupils should be- give a much more terrifying impression.

Not of something human but of something **else**.

Something dark and powerful that only wears the guise of human. ...Something utterly horrible and without conscience.

It stares at him a chilling moment longer. ***Again its raspy voice whispering from its lips.***

THE CREATURE

She doesn't smell too good,
Darry.

Darry bolts. He is to the door so fast he turns the knob before his sister can.

EXT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry blasting outside. A flurry of fleeing cats also pour down the porch steps with them, spilling into the front yard. The kids scramble to their car.

Trish flies behind the wheel and turns the key. *Engine not turning over.*

Darry's eyes scanning the dark face of the farmhouse. MORE COMMOTION INSIDE. CATS SCREAMING.

Trish with the key. Grinding the ignition. ***It starts.***

KA-TASSHHHH!!!! THE LARGE UPSTAIRS WINDOW EXPLODES OUT IN A POWERFUL SHOWER OF GLASS AND WOOD.

The Creature leaps into the night.

Darry and Trish watching it. Some kind of nightmare streaking across the white of the half moon and then dropping down. Down into the yard.

*Impossibly it lands on its feet. Crouched low to the ground.
Like some horrible beast ready to pounce.*

Putting its sites -those horrible blank eyes- on the kids.

DARRY

Go! Go! Go!

*The car squeals out of the yard, down the gravel drive and
back toward the highway.*

Darry watching as the Creature sprints across the yard.
Disappears in the darkness as the farmhouse gets smaller and
smaller...

DARRY

You see his face?

Trish grapples the wheel. Taking the dark highway as fast as
she is able.

INT. TRISH'S CAR. COUNTRY HIGHWAY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

DARRY

Come on Trish, you see his
face?!

A sign flashes by:

RAILROAD CROSSING 1/2 Mile

DARRY

I know you saw it Goddamn it-

TRISH

(matching his tone)

*One freaky thing at a time,
alright?!*

Silence. Both staring ahead now. Darry whispering his new
mantra.

DARRY

He was wearing a mask.
(looks to her)

Trish?

(off her look)

He was wearing a mask.

TRISH

Right.

DARRY

You have to say it too.

TRISH

He was wearing a mask.

WOOOONNNNKKKKKK!!!! THE HORRIBLE HORN BLARES BEHIND THEM.

The van is close -its headlights blasting the interior of the car. Startling them as much as the horn.

DARRY

What is this guy trying to do??!

TRISH

Darry!

Trish has her own problem: up ahead **The railroad crossing lights flashing, automated arms lowering** AND BELLS ARE RINGING LOUDLY.

Darry out the back squinting into the blaring headlights.

WOOOONNNNKKKKKK!!!! THE HORN FROM THE VAN BLARES AGAIN AND THIS TIME THE TRAIN WHISTLE CALLS BACK TO IT.

TRISH

Darry!!

DARRY

Gun it, you can make it!!!

The van is gaining. The train nearing. BELLS CLANGING THEIR WARNING.

TRISH

Maybe down the tracks!

DARRY

He'll kill us!

TRISH

I can maybe get to the conductor!

DARRY

Are you crazy?!!!

WOOOONNNNKKKKKK!!!!

DARRY

You gotta do this, Trish!

The van is all over both lanes, weaving back and forth.
BLASTING THAT HIDEOUS, TAUNTING HORN.

TRISH
He wants us to!

Darry stares at her. *She knows this?*

DARRY
Trish faster!!

TRISH
(emphatically)
We are going to die!!!!

DARRY
Just do it!!!

THE TRAIN HORN BLARES ITS FINAL WARNING.

***Trish slams the pedal to the metal and takes her sedan
blasting through the barrier arms.***

**It lurches across the track as the train roars at them like
an iron beast.**

***They fly over the tracks. The train just nicking their rear
bumper. Sends them spinning.***

**Brother and sister collectively trying to grab the wheel.
Spinning out of control while the train cuts them off from
the van.**

The van which slams on its brakes and swerves dangerously
close to the tracks and the train.

On the other side, the sedan stops spinning. Trish trying get her
bearings. Darry still has his hands on the wheel with hers.

TRISH
Let go of the wheel!

Darry looks behind him. Nothing but the train CLANKING
NOISILY over the tracks.

DARRY
We gotta move!

Trish grabs the gearshift but it won't budge. Darry sees this.

TRISH
Something's wrong.

DARRY

Don't say that.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK! The train's cars fly by -their only barrier from the van and their predator.

TRISH

The gears are sticking-

DARRY

(jaw tightening)

Unstick 'em, Trish!

TRISH

What do you want me to do?!

Trish and Darry both grapple the stick shift. Can't wrestle the car into first gear.

DARRY

Goddammit!!

TRISH

You're gonna break it!

Not seeing, as we do, ***something black shooting into the sky from the other side of the train.***

BA-WAMMM!!!! SOMETHING HITS THE TRUNK OF THE CAR. HITS IT HARD. ROCKING IT VIOLENTLY.

Bro and sis stare out the back: **The Creature is crouched there -staring in at them with those horrible eyes.**

DARRY

He jumped over the train,
Trish...

Trish grinding that stickshift -trying with all her might..

DARRY

***He jumped over the train,
Trish!***

CLUNK! The car's transmission falls into gear and Trish guns the engine.

The car lurches ahead --jolting the Creature. It clutches the sides of the car as she speeds forward.

Darry in a stunned, numbed kind of shock.

Trish dips onto the shoulder of the road. Trying to make the ride rough. Swings across both lanes. Weaving erratically.

Trying desperately to lose the thing on the trunk.

Trish slams on the brakes. The car swings sideways violently. Finally flinging it into the air.

The kids watch as he flails into space. Coat flapping around him -like a giant bat who has suddenly lost its equilibrium.

Hitting the asphalt hard and rolling and skidding. Things falling out of his coat as he does.

The battle axe CLANGING noisily on the ground and another insidious looking knife, bouncing on the asphalt with a couple of others --like the Creature, coming to an abrupt and violent halt.

DARRY

What the Hell are those?

Trish just staring at the motionless heap of black under the moonlight.

The train's final car moves down the tracks behind them. Revealing the dark van just beyond the flashing railroad lights.

Brother and sister staring ahead at the lifeless heap. THE SOUND OF THE TRAIN FADES IN THE DISTANCE AND THE BELLS AT THE TRAIN CROSSING CEASE.

Silence now. Only the sound of their breathing in the car until Darry's whisper.

DARRY

Hit him.

She looks at her little brother.

DARRY

Hit him, Trish.
(off her look)
Hard.

She looks out the windshield. That lifeless mass sprawled on the highway.

DARRY

Do it!

She opens her mouth to respond -when **the Creature's head rises**. It is staring at them. Those blind, ugly eyes burning out toward them.

Trish slams the pedal to the metal. Corrects the position of the car and rockets forward with as much speed as she can build.

The Creature's face caught in the glare of the headlights as WHAM! Trish slams into it hard.

The car's wheels pummel it savagely. Both kids grimacing with THE TERRIBLE SOUNDS OF CRACKING AND CRUNCHING BENEATH THEIR TIRES.....

Trish stops now. Looks back at her handiwork.

The cape has flapped over the Creature's head and its lifeless figure, complete with tire tracks, lays a little flatter on the two-lane.

Brother and sister exchange glances.

TRISH

You think he's dead?

DARRY

They never are.

TRISH

Right.

Trish throws the car in reverse and speeds back at the lifeless shape.

KER-POP! A sickeningly distinct sound as the tires roll over its legs this time.

Trish comes to a halt behind it. Staring ahead into the high beams: *there can be no mistaking this thing is flattened!*

On the asphalt, at the end of one coat sleeve, ***a hand lay crushed. Tire treads over it. Even bones crushed and flaking like Greek pastry.***

Blowing away now. The whole hand blowing away. Dust in the wind.....

In fact, LOTS of powder is blowing out from under that black coat....

The kids watch in awe: *Have they crushed this thing to dust?*

DARRY

Let's get outta here.

TRISH

I don't know how much farther
this car's gonna go.

DARRY

Far enough.

Trish guns the engine again -a final trouncing for the Thing
in the road as they roar over it and speed into the distance.

INT. POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPT. NIGHT. AN HOUR LATER.

Trish on a payphone in the empty lobby. Darry next to her, listening
in. These kids have been through Hell and they look it.

TRISH

It's the Poho County Sheriff's
Department. It's right off the
main highway about twenty
miles before Trentdale.

I am serious mom, we're okay.
The car, I don't know. Tell
dad we may have to have it
towed someplace.

Darry turns away for a moment. Caught by something on an
opposite wall.

A long bulletin board of missing persons. An ocean of faces.
Men, women and children. Some of the headings read: HAVE YOU
SEEN ME?

TRISH

(O.S.)

I love you. See you when you
get here.

Darry stares ahead numbly. All the faces staring back at him.

TRISH

Hey...

(off his look)

They're on their way. Be here
in about an hour.

DARRY

An hour and a half if mom
drives.

TRISH

Right.

DARRY

Never thought I'd be so glad
to see mom and dad.

(looks to her)

Actually looking forward to
one of dad's "What in the name
of God did you do now?"

She smiles. In this look between them is a rare glimpse of
their true love for each other.

DARRY

We will do it you know? We
will get home.

TRISH

(recognizes her own words
being used mockingly)

Shut up!

In from the night steps JEZELLE GAY HARTMAN. Heavy set. Late
forties. Sweet, plump face. In Capri pants, sneakers and a
sweatshirt, she is a woman on a mission.

DESK SERGEANT

Jezelle.

The DESK SERGEANT is not happy to see her. She walks right
past him.

DESK SERGEANT

What can we do for you
tonight...

The Sergeant out from his desk. Moves after her.

DESK SERGEANT

Jezelle!

Jezelle steps up to Trish and Darry. Studies them.

DESK SERGEANT

Come on Jezz', they been
through a lot, okay?

She extends a plump hand. A tiny hint of a drawl in her husky
voice.

JEZELLE

You the kids, then? Darry and
Trish, you them?

DESK SERGEANT

Jez' Goddammit-

JEZELLE
(shaking Trish's hand)
Jezelle Gay Hartman, how do
you do?

DESK SERGEANT
Jezelle's maybe a little
confused about what's going on
down here tonight-

JEZELLE
Less confused than Jerry here
would like to think.
(shakes Darry's hand)
If you were talking to his
Captain? Captain John Develle
who is off duty tonight? He'd
tell you different.

DESK SERGEANT
Jezelle likes to think she's
the resident psychic around
here.

Behind her back, the Sergeant signals to the kids that she is
not to be taken seriously.

DESK SERGEANT
She helped us on a missing
persons a few years ago-

JEZELLE
You think you could just let
me talk to these kids for five
minutes by myself?!

THE PHONE AT THE DESK CHIRPING INCESSANTLY. The Sergeant
moves to answer it.

DESK SERGEANT
Go home, turn that Goddamned
police scanner off and go to
bed.

JEZELLE
And you go do something
useful, you got officers
missing!

DESK SERGEANT
I mean it Jezelle, leave 'em
alone.

Trish and Darry left staring at the woman.

JEZELLE

You don't have to believe I'm
psychic. But I can tell you
something these cops haven't.

(off their look)

That dust they got off your
car back at Delroy's? It
tested as human skin over a
hundred and fifty years old.

Darry and Trish listen to her.

JEZELLE

That didn't come in a dream. I
heard it on the police
scanner. I got more to tell
you and I come a long way to
do it.

DARRY

You know I'm really not sure
we should be talking to
anybody right now-

JEZELLE

I know what it is.

Her voice a sudden and urgent whisper.

JEZELLE

I know what's chasing you.

She has their full attention now.

JEZELLE

You found a lot of bodies.
(off Darry's incredulous
look)

Down in that cellar. I saw 'em
too.

(swallows)

You see the cats yet? I saw
you with cats too. Lots of
cats-

DARRY

You called. At the diner, that
was you.

JEZELLE

I saw those bodies just like
you did. That poor boy with
the stitches all down him... I
saw you there with him.

DARRY

How?

JEZELLE

Dreamed it.

(waits for a response)

I dream a lot of things.

The woman's self-assuredness is dissolving. She stares at them with eyes flickering with fear and sadness.

JEZELLE

Those bodies down there. You found its *house of pain*.

Darry doesn't know why but his blood runs cold.

JEZELLE

I don't know how I know that,
I just... know that's what it
likes to call it.

DARRY

What ...likes to call it?

JEZELLE

It's got a whole lotta names.
From a whole lotta different
times and places.

Eater of the Dead... That's
the one that keeps coming to
me.

DARRY

Eater of the...

(off her nod)

What does that mean, it eats
people?

JEZELLE

It has to.

(off their stunned looks)

It has incredible power.
That's how it stays that way.
How it's lived so long.

Trish tries to leave. Brother holds her arm. Won't let her.

JEZELLE

I don't like having this in my
head. I don't like knowing
this and not knowing why I
do...

(MORE)

JEZELLE (cont'd)

Every twenty-third Spring. For
twenty-three days. It gets to
eat.

Whatever it needs. It eats
eyes so it can see. It eats
lungs so it can breathe...

TRISH

(standing, pointedly)

I'm gonna be sick. Darry would
you come and help me throw up,
please?

DARRY

Look this thing has had
chances to kill us, and it
didn't.

This makes Jezelle even more uncomfortable. *What she now has
to say.*

JEZELLE

(swallows, her eyes
dampening)

It's very particular. Only
wants ...certain parts from
certain bodies.

One of you has something it
might like.

(Darry swallows)

It won't stop following until
it knows for sure.

DARRY

*By trying to run us off the
road?!*

JEZELLE

(shakes her head 'yes', her
voice a cutting whisper)

It needs to scare you.

(find's Trish's eyes)

There's something in fear.
Something it can smell.

Brother and sister stare at her.

JEZELLE

Makes it easier for it. To
know if there's anything in a
person it might ..like.

Like? TRISH

Wants. JEZELLE

Wants? DARRY

....to eat. JEZELLE

Oh fuck you! TRISH

EXT. POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Many off duty patrol cars. TWO OFFICERS just sitting down in theirs. Coffee cups in hand. Engine turns over and they roll out of the lot.

While at the opposite end, an old dark van rolls into view. Its familiar license plate vibrating slightly with the rough idle of the engine:

BEATNGU

Now we think about the other way this plate could be read: *Be Eating You.....*

JEZELLE (V.0.)
 I don't know what it is
 exactly. If it's a Demon or a
 Devil or just some hungry
 thing from a wicked place
 somewhere in time.

The van door swings open. Engine still running as one of the Creature's feet sets down on the asphalt. It's black shoe marred with a tire track.

JEZELLE (V.0.)
 I just know it's been doing
 this for a lot longer than a
 hundred and fifty years.

And it is not gonna stop.
 Coming after you or anyone
 else it wants to.

The other leg swings out awkwardly. *Out of a tattered pant leg the foot hangs -barely attached. Only by a length of dead flesh and a torn sock...*

JEZELLE (O.S.)
'Cause once it has the scent
of something it likes...?

With this horrid handicap, the Creature starts a grizzly,
almost comical limp across the shadowy parking lot....

JEZELLE (O.S.)
It can't. It can't stop.

INT. POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Jezelle pleading with Darry and Trish. Her voice an urgent
whisper:

TRISH
And you don't know how you
know that, you just do,
right?!

Jezelle stares at her. Eyes welling. Looks so sad. Like her
heart is breaking. *Like there is something else she knows.*

Something too terrible for her to say.

DARRY
What?

Jezelle shakes her head no. Can't speak it.

DARRY
What else?

Darry takes her by her plump arms. Forces her to look at him.

DARRY
***Goddammit you told us this
much now what else?!***

JEZELLE
(the quietest whisper)
I told you. Jeepers Creepers.

DARRY
I heard it.
(off Jezelle's look)
At the diner. Nothing
happened.

JEZELLE
No. It's playing on an old
phonograph.

(MORE)

JEZELLE (cont'd)
(tries to sing in her
frighted whisper)
*Jeepers Creepers, where'd you
get those peepers?*

Darry and Trish looking at each other. *This lady has really gone over the edge.*

JEZELLE
(can barely say it)
I hear it playing while one of
you is screaming.
(her eyes find Trish)
Screaming down in the dark
somewhere. Screaming the last
scream you'll ever-

SUDDENLY LIGHTS OUT! THE HALL PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.

The Desk Sergeant lifts the phone.

DESK SERGEANT
We got lights out up here.

The facility has come to an abrupt standstill. Trish, Darry and Jezelle, eyes toward the ceiling.

DARRY
(a whisper)
It's gone. We ran it over
until there was nothing left.
(meets Jezelle's eyes in
the dark)
We killed it.

JEZELLE
It's eaten too many hearts for
it's own to ever stop.

INT. POHO SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. JAIL LEVEL. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

A flashlight blares out the dark as OFFICER TIM MCCURRY starts the long walk down a shadowy row of cells.

OFFICER MCCURRY
Heads up gentlemen.

His flashlight falls over the first cell. Two bodies sleeping in upper and lower bunks.

OFFICER MCCURRY
I said heads up, gentlemen.
Show me some skin.

The INMATE in the upper bunk stares groggily into the glare of the flashlight.

INMATE

What the Hell's wrong with you, man?

OFFICER MCCURRY

We have a black out gentlemen. That means emergency head count.

(drops his beam to the lower bunk)

Lower bunk show me some skin.

An angry hand juts out from under the blanket -middle finger extended. The Officer moves onto the next cell.

OFFICER MCCURRY

Head count gentlemen...

UPPER AND LOWER BUNKMATES peer into the beam. Officer McCurry moves to the next. Stops when he hears A SOUND.

...A WET SOUND.

McCurry follows it. Moves quickly past several more cells. THE SOUND HAS GONE FROM SLURPING TO CRUNCHING....

He is at the end of hall now. Approaching the last and darkest cell. The flashlight falling over something McCurry cannot believe:

The bars to this cell have been bent outward and apart.

McCurry fumbles with his free hand to get his service pistol out of his holster. Takes another step:

The man in the cell freezes when the beam of light hits him. Dressed in a long black coat. Squatting over something on the floor.

McCurry looks down:

The body of AN INMATE lies in a pool of dark blood. At the end of his right leg -the foot has been chewed completely off...

McCurry in shock.

The Figure, ignoring the Officer's presence now, returns to his work. **Bows his head. Suddenly thrashing it back and forth. The lifeless inmate rocking with the same violent motions.**

McCurry moving fast now. Leaps before the cell. Levels his pistol.

The Figure's head drops back.

McCurry halted by that horrible WET, CRUNCHING SOUND as the inmate's arm falls into view:

His hand gone. A bloody stump adding more crimson to the floor.

McCurry cocks his pistol. The sound is loud and causes the Figure to turn. Slowly. Until he is staring up at McCurry past the gun barrel.

McCurry paralyzed: ***The Creature's white eyes glaring up at him. Its mouth and chin a bloody mess...***

McCurry should have fired by now. Too perplexed and horrified at what he is staring at...

THWAMM!!! It moves so fast, McCurry only feels the bars of the cell slamming into his face -and service pistol flying out of his hand with the impact.

He has been grappled, in a blurring moment of speed, through the bars of the cell by the Creature's one good hand.

The other hand: non-existent. Just an empty sleeve as he holds Officer McCurry against those bars.

Nose to nose. Surveying the Officer. Those malevolent white eyes staring into him.

THE SOUND OF TRICKLING. SOMETHING TRICKLING ONTO THE GROUND.

Both cop and Creature look down at the Creature's empty sleeve. ***A grayish powder trickles out of it.***

And with it, a new hand. Drops down from inside the sleeve and splays its fingers. Replacing the one pummelled into dust by the tire of Trish's car.

The Creature takes McCurry's head in both hands now. Leans in. Close. Closer...

And sniffs. Sniffs him. Leans in now. Inhales him. Savoring his scent. -To the Officer's horror and surprise.

LEVELS THOSE MALEVOLENT EYES AT HIM NOW --AND ROARS, THE CREATURE'S MOUTH GAPING OPEN AND COLLIDING WITH HIS HEAD.

We cannot see clearly what is happening at the dark end of the corridor -*just McCurry's arms and legs flailing madly as HE SCREAMS.*

INT. POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Emergency lights flickering on. Tiny pools of light from the corners of the ceiling.

DESK SERGEANT
About Goddamned time.

Trish, Darry and Jezelle staring up at them. Lots of activity suddenly. Officers everywhere moving around in the semi-dark.

DESK SERGEANT
All right we are going to a
lock down situation, people.
That means everybody sit
tight, and don't move unless
somebody wearing a badge tells
you to.

JEZELLE
He's here.

Trish and Darry look almost angry at her for having said this. She regards them. Nods in a chilling affirmation.

DESK SERGEANT
You kids wanna come with me?

All three whirl around, startled by the Sergeant, suddenly behind them in the dark.

DESK SERGEANT
We're gonna put you in a room
down the hall here.

With Jezelle in tow, down the dark hall.

DESK SERGEANT
Uh-uh.
(points a thumb at Jezelle)
Not you, lady Sherlock.
(calls out)
Someone escort Jezelle here
back to the big, blue
Winnebago she's no doubt
blocking the driveway with.

Two Officers step up to escort her away.

JEZELLE
(full of ire)
These kids are still in
trouble! I might still be able
to help 'em-

DESK SERGEANT
I told you: outta here!

JEZELLE
You don't see what's about to
happen-

DESK SERGEANT
(to the Officers)
Let's get Ms. Hartman out of
here, please.

The Officers start to back her up. She looks to Trish and Darry with the most frightened eyes.

JEZELLE
He's gonna find you in here!
He's gonna find you 'less you
get out-

DESK SERGEANT
Alright now Goddammit knock it
off!!

The Officers take her by the arms now.

JEZELLE
Get away from me!

DESK SERGEANT
I swear I will lock you up,
Jezz'!

JEZELLE
(looks to Darry)
You believe me?!!

Her frightened eyes burning out at him.

JEZELLE
You believe what I said?!

Darry panicking. *Doesn't want to believe.* Moves toward her as she is ushered toward the exit.

JEZELLE

I didn't know if it would help
but I had to tell you what I
knew!

DARRY

Are your dreams ever wrong?!

Jezelle just staring at him.

DARRY

*Your dreams, are they ever
wrong?!!*

Darry unnerved by the horrible sadness on her face.

DARRY (cont'd)

You know, don't you?

JEZELLE

You have to get out of here!

DARRY

You know who dies! You know
which one of us!

JEZELLE

Don't let them lock you
anywhere in this building-

DARRY

***You know but you don't have
the guts to tell us!***

Jezelle looking helpless. Eyes frozen on Darry.

GUNSHOTS! *FAINT. FROM A FLOOR BELOW.* A FRANTIC VOICE NOW
CRACKLING OVER A NEARBY OFFICER'S WALKIE.

OFFICER ONE

(filtered)

*Up top -this is the basement.
We have a 10-34. I repeat a 10-
34!*

The officer takes his walkie off his belt. The Desk Sergeant
hurries to listen in. Lots of commotion on the other end.

OFFICER ONE

(filtered)

Anybody on groundlevel!

DESK SERGEANT
(grabs the walkie)
Kribbs, Go ahead!

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
*We got a situation down here
Sarge'!*

MORE GUN SHOTS NOW -HEARD BOTH ON THE RADIO AND FAINTLY FROM
THE LOWER LEVEL.

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
*Its headed toward you! Up the
rear stairs! You copy?!*

Trish and Darry exchanging looks. *Impossible. Can't be him.*

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
Coming up the rear stairwell!

Pandemonium in the dark. Officers racing toward the end of
the lobby.

DESK SERGEANT
(to Trish and Darry)
Stay here!

He runs back down the hall -past Jezelle staring at them.

JEZELLE
We gotta get you outta here.

She moves fast for a big woman. Heading down the dark
corridor. Away from the lobby.

JEZELLE
Come on I said!

They move with her. Darry taking a final look back at the
lobby where Officers now hug the walls. Staring down a
corridor that ends in the rear stairwell.

The Sergeant stares with the others at the dark stairwell.
Illuminated by a single dollop of light from one of the
emergency overheads.

Four cops flank the walls before it. Weapons drawn. The
Sergeant hisses an urgent whisper into his walkie.

DESK SERGEANT
Somebody talk to me down
there!

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
*We have one inmate and an
officer down!*

More officers responding. Running out of the dark. The Sergeant waves them back.

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
*Ramirez too, he's hurt bad.
Son-of-a-bitch tried to take a
bite out of him!*

DESK SERGEANT
What?!

A shadow falling over the stairwell. Someone headed up the stairs.

MORE GUN SHOTS. *Flashes from below etching the shadow which suddenly flickers up the wall and out of view.*

Officers staring puzzled. *Where did this guy go?*

OFFICER ONE
(filtered)
*This guy is wearing something
'cause we cannot take him
down! Copy? We cannot take him
down!*

They can hear something moving. *Getting closer.* Guns aimed down those dark stairs.

One of the Officers, DANE, looks to the Sergeant. Gets a nod. Dane moves forward. Hugging the wall. Very close to the stairwell now.

Jumps aside the doorway. Braves a look down. *Nothing on the stairs. Hears something in the stillness...*

A sniffing sound. *Somewhere in the dark. They can all hear it. Puzzled by it.*

Down the stairs? Officer Dane looks back at the Sergeant. Not seeing what everyone else does behind him:

THE CREATURE'S HEAD DROPPING INTO VIEW FROM ABOVE.

Hanging upside down just inside the stairwell doorway! The officers swing their guns to this horrible visage when - PLOSSHH!!!

OFFICER DANE'S FACE ERUPTS IN SHOCK! SPRAYED SUDDENLY WITH CRIMSON. ***HIS CHEST HAS THE CREATURE'S HAND STICKING OUT OF IT.***

HE HAS PUNCHED RIGHT THROUGH IT! In the Creature's horrible hand -THE OFFICER'S STILL-PUMPING HEART!

The Creature swings back up out of view. Taking his bloody parcel with him. The men staring ahead in shock.

Dane just stares wide-eyed with the hole in his chest.

SLURPING AND GARGLING SOUNDS as the unseen Creature ingests what onlookers don't want to believe he could be.

The heartless Officer tries to say something now but can't manage it. Falls back and tumbles down the stairs.

The Desk Sergeant and his men are the color of chalk as they regard each other in the terrible, silent shadows of the dark hall....

KER-OOSSSHHHH!!!! The ceiling over the doorway erupts. Plaster and dust flying everywhere as the Creature blasts through the wall and onto his feet before the startled onlookers.

He is instantly moving. Stepping forward in long powerful strides through the dust and the confusion --directly at the Officers and their guns.

Everyone opens fire -bullets ripping through the Creature.

ONE OFFICER SCREAMS BEHIND HIM -HIS BODY RIDDLED WITH THE SAME BULLETS --FLYING RIGHT THROUGH THE CREATURE AND INTO HIM.

The men watch in horror as the Officer flails back and crashes to the floor.

The Creature reaches out. Yanks another off his feet. Twitches and convulses as the grip cuts off his air.

The Creature still moving. With his other hand, grips the Officer by the groin. Holds him out now. ***A human shield as he strides down the dark corridor watching the other Officers retreat in shock and confusion.***

Two Officers behind him, running at him. One has his pistol leveled. The other screaming at him not to shoot.

OFFICER TWO

No!!!

Charges ahead himself. A flying tackle at the Creature's back. But it is like hitting a mountain. He hits hard and hangs on -grappling the Creature around the neck.

The Creature still moving. Not even slowed. One man hanging on his back and one he still holds in front of him.

Others retreating. Scared. *What the Hell is this thing?!*

DESK SERGEANT

Goddammit!!!

The Sergeant remains in the middle of the hall -his revolver aimed at the approaching nightmare.

The Officer on the Creature's back starts to pistol whip him. Desperately trying to stop him. ***But in a swift and vicious move, it swings around -slamming its back into the nearest wall.***

Slamming it hard. The Officer with it. The plaster on the wall cracks with the impact.

The Officer's eyes go wide as he spits blood. He collapses on the floor in a heap as the Creature continues on. His human shield staring at him -eyes bulging. Air still cut off.

DESK SERGEANT

Goddammit stop!!! You stop right fucking there!!!

The Creature raises his human shield over his head. Before the men can fire at his exposed chest --hurls the Officer at them.

But this is no ordinary throw -the man is rocketing down the corridor as if propelled out of a catapult.

Men are diving out of his way. One taken out completely. Tumbling down the corridor with him and smashing into a glass trophy case.

IT CRASHES NOISILY TO THE GROUND ON TOP OF THEM. GLASS AND TROPHIES GOING EVERYWHERE.

INT. POHO SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT BACK HALL. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish, Darry and Jezelle hurrying through the darkness. Can hear the chaos in the distance. Come upon a large rear door with a safety bar and an alarm.

Darry tries it. Won't open. Tries it again viciously. Whirls to Jezelle.

DARRY

This is your way out?!

JEZELLE

The doors must lock automatically in a power out.

DARRY

You didn't know that?!

JEZELLE

Well I'm sorry honey but I can't dream everything now can I?

Eyes and ears on alert: the distant commotion is suddenly still. Deathly still.

JEZELLE

We have to get upstairs!

TRISH

We have to get out!

JEZELLE

There's no other way out down here except the front.

TRISH

How are we gonna get out from upstairs!?

Darry sees it first: ***At the far end of the hall. A familiar silhouette. Still. Impassive.***

JEZELLE

Upstairs.

Trish and Darry dash up the stairs and The Creature takes off toward them like a rocket.

Sprints so fast his coat billows in his wake, like dark wings.

Jezelle just kneels. No chance she could make it up those stairs fast enough. Instead, bows her head in prayer as the Creature races toward her.

JEZELLE

Our Father who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy name...

The Creature is so close she can feel his wind... can feel it blasting past her.

Her moment of doom has passed quickly. She turns and sees the Creature racing up the stairs at top speed.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT SECOND STORY. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry running for their lives. *Where to they don't know.* The corridors are dark and maze-like.

Stopping finally. Confused whether to keep moving or find a place and hide.

They don't have to think long. ***The Creature roars into view ahead of them and they start a nightmare flight back into the maze.***

The Creature pursues with incredible speed. The kids practically falling around corners they are running so fast.

Behind them like some Dark Avenger, the Creature soars. Gaining. Always gaining.

Rounds another corner and halts: The kids gone. Several doors they could've slipped into. He chooses one.

The Creature in the doorway. This is an interrogation room. Dark and empty. Caught by its own reflection in the large mirror on the wall.

A two-way mirror. On the other side, Trish and Darry, watching breathless. Terrified as the Creature surveys the mirror and steps toward it.

The kids silent. Holding each other. The terrible visage of the Thing pressed against the glass now. *Does it sense something behind it?*

Those white eyes staring in. As if they could see through it.

And then its tongue comes out. Long. Licks the glass from low to high in some horrible, pre-culinary gesture.

Trish and Darry watching with repulsion. Then relief. Having left a snail trail on the mirror, the Creature is turning away. Turning away from the mirror and-

KER-TASSSSHHH!!!! The plexi-window explodes as the Creature crashes through it. Trish and Darry scrambling back in a blind panic and a shower of glass.

The Creature in the center of the room. Poised like an animal, ready to pounce.

Trish and Darry can barely move. Paralyzed with fear as the Thing steps closer. Backs them to the wall. Brother and sister, side by side.

Those hideous milky eyes glare at Trish. Burning into her. Watches as he inches closer.

Darry starts to move. Pinned against the wall instantly by the Creature's iron grip. Pinned there *watching as the Creature moves even closer to his sister.*

TRISH

(barely a whisper)

Darry...

Nose to nose now they are so close. She can feel the horrid stench of his cannibal breath. Its horrible, raspy whisper now:

THE CREATURE

Sister, sister...

Watches in terror as it gets so close she thinks it might kiss her...

But it sniffs her instead.

Short little sniffs at first. Darry and Trish watching this in horror.

Then sniffs long and deep as Trish stares full of fear, into those horrible eyes.

Eyes that close as another deep inhale commences. They open again -abruptly. Stares at her a moment longer and tosses her aside.

The Creature instantly on Darry. Nose to nose. A big deep inhale as little brother watches. Tries to find his sister, somewhere on the floor. His whisper like a child's.

DARRY

Please let me smell bad...

Please let me smell bad,

Trish...

Another long inhale. This time, the Creature's head drops back.

Darry can see the nostrils. Flaring. Fluttering. *Nostrils don't flutter.*

They do it again. As if the scent they were sampling, sent his nostrils into uncontrollable twitching....

There can be no doubt, as the Creature levels those eyes at Darry -that it has found what it wants. *Something about or inside him it finds irresistible...*

DARRY

Its gonna eat me Trish....
This motherfucker's gonna eat
me....

CLINK CLANK! RIFLES BEING COCKED. BIG ONES.

The Creature halts but doesn't turn. The shattered window to the other room is filled with FOUR OFFICERS IN RIOT GEAR. The Sergeant their leader.

DESK SERGEANT

Step away from the kid.

The Creature still doesn't move. Stares at Darry.

DESK SERGEANT

(cont'd)

Darius? Just step this way
with your sister.

Darry stares at the Creature for a long moment. Then slowly, inches down the wall. The Creature watching him.

Once out from under him, Darry scrambles to Trish and they fly out the door into the hall. The Creature turns toward them, but all rifles raise.

The Creature slowly raises his head -eyes glaring at them from an angry furrowed brow that seems to say *Who in the fuck do you think you are?*

The Creature roars toward them and the guns blaze.

INT. POHO SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT STAIRWELL. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

AS THE SOUNDS OF A WAR RAGE OVERHEAD, Trish and Darry scramble down a stairwell that empties into the dark lobby.

Halted by the bodies scattered everywhere. Like a massacre. ONE BODY sticking half out a plexi-glass window he was thrown through.

A BODY at the corner of the Sergeant's desk is just a torso. His bottom half no where to be seen...

Trish and Darry blast forward. Sprinting through the atrocities and toward the entrance. The glass doors -also shattered by AN OFFICER'S BODY hanging half in and out.

They step over him and out to the parking lot.

EXT. POHO COUNTY SHERIFF'S BLDG. EXT. NIGHT. SAME TIME.

Trish and Darry searching frantically for their car. They see Jezelle's Winnebago. But not a sign of their own vehicle. No way to drive out of here.

Except for the Creature's black van still idling in the corner of the lot.

MORE GUNSHOT BLASTS and flashes from the second story.

To Darry, the choice is simple. *He is sprinting toward the van.*

TRISH

No!

Little brother sprints to the driver door and throws it open. A STENCH SO FOUL meets him that he has to grimace. Thinks twice about this now.

DARRY

I am not doing this Darry!

KA-TASSSHHH!!!! TWO OFFICERS COME CRASHING OUT A SECOND STORY WINDOW.

DARRY (cont'd)

Trisha!!!!

Before their bodies can even hit the ground, Darry braves the stench. Leaps up into the driver's seat. Reaches instinctively for the ignition. No key. *The van is running without a key in the ignition.*

Clutches the gear shift. Sticky. Looks at his palm. *Sticky, congealed, crimson goo.*

Its like a thin film over everything.

The passenger door flies open. Trish reaching out for brother's hand. Halting with the stench. Staring at him.

He just gives her arm a good yank and she is up and flying into the seat. The van rattling with her weight. *And sounding like a windchime?*

They look behind them and see why: *the van walls are lined with an incredible and grizzly array of spears, axes and knives.*

All hanging from mounted hooks -THE WEAPONS CLANKING AND TINKLING TOGETHER WITH THE MOVEMENT OF THE VAN.

Blades all stained by an eternity of atrocities.

The Creature appears now. On the roof of the building. Darry staring in horror at him from the van window. Even at this distance, caught in his terrifying, demon-blind glare.

TRISH

What the Hell are you waiting for?!

Darry grapples the sticky gear shift again -tries to get it in first. THE GEARS GRIND -SHRIEKING AS IF THEY WERE SOULS BEING TORTURED.

The Creature vaults forward. Leaping impossibly off the roof of the building and onto the roof of Jezelle's Winnebago.

Landing on his feet. Glaring at Darry. Starting across the parking lot.

Not on the ground. He has leapt into the air and is leaping from police car roof to police car roof with each stride.

DARRY

Hang on!

Damned gears. They grind away.

Trish staring back ***-the Creature leaping from car to car like some nightmare gymnast. Its tattered coat flapping like dark, distressed wings.***

Darry finally forces the gearshift forward. Doesn't know if he's in first or not. Guns it.

It lurches roughly and stops. *Must be in second.*

The Creature hits one final car top and vaults into space-directly at them.

TRISH

Darry!!!

The van lurches forward again. Moving now but not fast.

KE--RONKKK!!! The Creature smacks into the side of the van. His face rearing up into Darry's window. Staring in. Darry terrified. Still trying to get up speed.

DARRY
Give me something!!

Trish out of her seat. The van lurching again. Throws her into the back. Tries to keep her balance. SPEARS AND BATTLE AXES CLANGING ALL AROUND HER.

The Creature rakes his claw-like fingers across the glass in a circular motion. Slicing into it with A HORRIBLE SHRIEKING SOUND!

DARRY
Get me something!!!!

The Creature rears his hand back -ready to strike the circle he has scored in the glass...

DARRY
Trish-

Something smacks into the palm of Darry's hand. He doesn't even take time to see what it is. Just swings it at the window hard.

KER-TASSHHH!!!! He hits the Creature directly in the face with a small combination hatchet/hammer.

Glass flying out everywhere as the Creature drops off the van. Crashing to earth as Darry speeds away.

DARRY
Yesss!!!!!!!

Trish watching. Wants to smile too. Shout with joy like her brother.

DARRY
(shouting into the
rearview)
Motherfucker!!!!!

But instead Trish stares out the back windows of the van.

Watching the dazed Creature raising his head. Staring after them as they get further and further away.

Darry guns the engine. The van is really moving now. Roaring away from the Sheriff's building and down the empty two lane.

TRISH

Darry...

A warning from sis. Brother checks out the rearview: *the distant Creature is on his feet now. And running.*

Running toward them.

DARRY

(his smile more manic now)
He's kidding right?

In his rearview: **the Creature sprinting after them. Sprinting like Hell.**

TRISH

He's not getting smaller...

He is actually gaining on them. His legs a blur of darkness he is coming so fast.

Darry checking the speedometer: *the van is doing 120 miles an hour. And the Creature is gaining on him.*

DARRY

You mother.....

Darry's foot flattening the gas pedal. To the floorboards. The old van shakes and quakes at this velocity. THE SPEARS AND AXES CLANKING NOISILY.

Then another impossible nightmare: **the sprinting Creature, without slowing down- throws himself forward like an acrobat doing a running tumble--**

But when he completes his flip -landing on his feet again- he uses the momentum to push off. And in an affront to gravity everywhere: rockets himself up into the night sky.

Up and gone. Out of view. Brother and sister both saw it. Look to each other.

WHOMP!!! SOMETHING HITS THE ROOF OF THE VAN HARD. AFFECTS THE VAN'S TRAJECTORY. IT WEAVES ACROSS THE ROAD. DARRY TRYING TO WIN BACK CONTROL.

KA-RANKK!!!! The Creature's battle axe punches a hole in the top of the van, right in front of Darry's face.

DARRY

Trish!!!

She scrambles for one of the spears. Grabs a shorter one. Thrusts it straight up. Over her brother's head.

THWAAMPPPP!!! Pierces the roof and puncture's the creature's head. Directly above the eyes!

The Creature loses his grip on the van, slides back and off, falling onto the road again.

Darry watching in the rearview.

DARRY

Yes!!!

Hits the asphalt hard. The spear dislodges as it rolls over and over down the two lane.

DARRY

Yessss!!!

Rolls and rolls and suddenly leaps up, lands on his feet and keeps on coming!

Darry's enthusiasm gone. Just watches breathless as *this inhuman thing comes at them again!*

The Creature has never moved faster. So fast powder is coming off his skin, a skin being eaten away by the actual wind shear at this velocity.

DARRY

Yeah! Burn your ass up you son-of-a-bitch!

He is like a comet now -a rocket of dust blasting down the highway toward the van.

TRISH

Watch it...

Trish scrambling for another weapon.

THE CREATURE'S VELOCITY IS MAKING ITS OWN HISSING SOUND... Brother and sister listening to it grow LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Trish with an angry looking battle axe at the ready. Sees the SCREAMING dust storm is almost upon them.

KA-POOMMM!!!! The back doors blast inward as the Creature explodes into the van.

Trish thrown ahead against the dash. Darry losing control again. The van hits the shoulder of the road hard!

Inside the Creature advances. Trish lurching forward with an axe at the ready for him. She swings it:

THWOCK!!! HIS HEAD IS NEATLY SLICED OFF. Leaves a small puff of dust at his neck as it rolls right out the back of the van and down the highway.

The Creature's headless body staggering back. Trish staring at it. Charges ahead with the same weapon and hurls it! Direct hit! Knocks the torso back out the doors.

It hits the asphalt hard and goes rolling and rolling in sporadic puffs of dust...

DARRY

Yes!!!

The van roars ahead. In the distance. A TRAIN WHISTLE. Darry listening to it. Looks at his sister.

DARRY

Where is he?!

Trish takes no time to stare out the windows again.

TRISH

He's dead! He doesn't have a head!!!

DARRY

He's not!

TRISH

Darry! He doesn't have a fucking head!!

DARRY

He's ***not!***

TRISH

How's he supposed to eat any thing without a head?!!!

Brother and sister staring breathless at each other. Darry's words are calm now. Almost whispered.

DARRY

He's not gonna stop.
(emphatically)
He is never gonna stop,
Trish!!!

The Railway crossing ahead. The CLANKING SOUND of the WARNING BELLS and the Automatic arms.

DARRY

Get out!

She can't believe he said this.

DARRY
I mean it, get out!
(off her incredulous look)
There's grass over there!

TRISH
He's dead!

DARRY
He's not! We both know he's not!

THE TRAIN HORN BLASTS NOW. A warning it is almost to the crossing.

DARRY
Do it!!

WHOMP!!!! SOMETHING AGAIN HITS THE ROOF HARD. THEY BOTH LOOK TO EACH OTHER!

DARRY
TRISH!!!!

TRISH
What the Hell're you gonna do?!

KA-RANNKKK!!!! Down comes the Creature's hand again, making a larger hole in the roof of the van, grappling for Darry's head.

It finds him. Holds on tight. Darry screaming. Trish races forward.

TRISH
Look out!!!

She swings the axe again! THWOMP!!! The hand grappling her brother is severed. It falls to the ground and she kicks it out the back of the van.

It hits hard in a cloud of dust...

Up top: the armless, headless Creature reaches down again with his one remaining arm...

DARRY
Goddammit Trish, I'm not doing this for nothing-

TRISH

You're not doing anything
without me!

She takes another long sharp spear and thrusts it through the roof of the van.

Up top: the spear-head pierces the Creature's headless torso, pinning it to the top of the van.

This makes him more angry. His remaining arm reaching down for Darry -grapples with new violence for his head. Finds it.

Darry trying to wrench it off him. ***It starts to pull him upward.***

Trish runs forward with her axe but little brother surprises her. Grabs her arm and pulls her onto his lap.

TRISH

Darry!

Forces the axe out of her hand. ***Kicks open his door. Looks terrified as he flashes a last look at her.***

DARRY

Bye sis-

Throws his sister out of the van. She screams as she hits soft grass and rolls and rolls.

The train is upon them. WARNING BELLS DEAFENING. LIGHTS FLASHING.

And Darry clutching the arm of the Creature as tight as he can. ***The creature lifting him -up out of his seat.***

Darry fighting it. Bracing himself with his hands against the roof of the van.

DARRY

You got me?! You got me you son-of-a-bitch?! Huh?!

THE VAN ROARS THROUGH THE RAILWAY CROSSING, BREAKING THROUGH THE AUTOMATIC ARMS.

Trish in the grass, stunned. Looking out. *The van on a collision course with the oncoming train.*

TRISH

DARRRRYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE TRAIN ROARS AHEAD -ITS WHISTLE BLASTING AS THE VAN REACHES THE TRACKS AT THE SAME MOMENT.

The headless Creature struggling. Darry clutching it's arm - helping it to remain impaled to the roof of the van, as--

KA-BLAMMMMM!!! THE TRAIN SMASHES INTO THEM!

THE VAN CONCAVES IMMEDIATELY. RUPTURING THE GAS TANK AND EXPLODING IN A SAVAGE BALL OF FIRE THAT SENDS ROCKETS OF SMOKE AND FLAME LAUNCHING OUT OF THE INFERNO IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

Trish is already crying. Sobbing as the blast lights her bruised and bleeding face.

It is raining debris now. Fiery debris and bits and pieces of cloth and metal.

But nothing human. Nothing inhuman for that matter. Trish stares ahead from the grass. Sobs. Inconsolable in the tall grass.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING. MORNING. TWO HOURS LATER.

Trish in a police car. In the back seat. Wrapped in a blanket. Still in shock. Workers sifting through the ash and debris of what lay across the tracks.

Jezelle knocks on the window. Trish rolls it down.

JEZELLE

Your parents are waiting for you back at the Sheriff's Building. I heard it on the scanner.

Trish doesn't look at her. Just stares out. Jezelle draws a breath and starts to step away.

TRISH

Your dreams are wrong.

Jezelle stops. Turns and looks at her.

TRISH

Sometimes. Darry didn't die like you said he would.

JEZELLE

Sometimes.

Jezelle nods in silent agreement. Though there is something in her eyes we cannot discern.

She turns away. Moves toward her Winnebago. Trisha looking on.

Somewhere we hear the tune Jeeper's Creeper's. Instrumental version. Playful. Strange in this grim context as we:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD PACKING PLANT. LATE DAY.

Somewhere off that same country two lane, in the long shadows of the dying sun, this old packing plant sits. It is rusted and sagging and as we approach, and our music continues, we begin moving down.

Down toward the ground beneath the old structure....

INT. OLD PACKING PLANT. BASEMENT LEVEL. NIGHT.

In dank darkness, the music continues. Sounds like it's playing on a phonograph somewhere. Yes a phonograph. The old kind with lots of analog hiss. We move toward the music, along an empty wall.

At the end of which, in the long shadows, a tall figure in a cape-like coat busies himself. Though we can't tell with what until we are up close.

Sewing. Stitching. Fingers working nimbly with coarse black thread.

We see now the wall is not entirely empty. Several bodies are mounted there. Not the ancient dead we have seen underground at the church.

These are fresher. Of much more recent demise. Sewn together in the same grizzly fashion we know too well.

And then **KER-PLUNK!** A new body is hung next to them. Hung on a hook which we cannot see.

Young Darry. Eye lids sewn shut with large, nasty looking stitches. The latest addition in this new mural of human horrors.

The instrumental bridge of the song ends and the lyrics echo in this vast underground chamber.

...Jeepers Creepers, where'd you get those Peepers? Jeepers Creepers, where'd you get those eyes?

Echoing as we begin to back away from this sad and grizzly sight... the Creature beginning to sew Darry onto the others.

As this begins WE SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK as our song continues:

...Jeepers Creepers, where'd you get those Peepers? Jeepers Jeepers, Weepers Creepers, where did you get those eyes?