

BROWNSTONE 2

Written by

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EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

A steady fog rolls through the burnt corn stalks. Ginger and Skye attempt to catch their breath as they stand behind Grizzly. They are bent over with their hands on their knees. Grizzly's hand picks up the necklace. The jewel pulsates vividly.

GRIZZLY

Is this what u'r lookin' fer?

Ginger and Skye glance over and both smile. Grizzly slowly stands, accidentally dropping the necklace. Skye slowly walks toward Grizzly. CRUNCHING. Grizzly double overs, reaching for the jewel. Brownstone spins the axe in his hands as he SNARLS behind Grizzly.

Skye SCREAMS!

Brownstone slams the axe deep into Grizzly's right shoulder. Blood spews! Ginger slowly walks toward Skye. Brownstone sticks his hand into the open wound and yanks violently, separating Grizzly's shoulder from his neck. The undertaker tosses the bloody axe to the ground. Brownstone slings his hair back and glances over his shoulder. He snarls. Grizzly reaches for the necklace and struggles to his knees. Grizzly spits blood and turns toward Skye, tossing her the necklace. Skye catches the charm and darts off into the charred cornfield.

Brownstone stares at Ginger and then methodically walks after Skye. Ginger rushes Brownstone, catching him off guard. They tumble violently to the ground. Ginger swings wildly and headbutts Brownstone. She springs to her feet and darts away. Brownstone surges for her legs, tripping Ginger, thrusting her to the ground.

Grizzly struggle toward Brownstone, grabbing hold of his dirty and mangled boot. Ginger disappears into the field. Grizzly laughs, spitting up blood. Brownstone staggers to his feet, picking up the bloody axe. Grizzly sticks up his middle finger and begins to laugh hysterically.

GRIZZLY (CONT'D)

Those who pray for rain... They got to deal with the mud.

Brownstone angrily hammers down the axe, splitting Grizzly's skull. The axe grinds deep into the bone. Brownstone pulls the axe handle up, the head rips from Grizzly's shoulder as it remains stuck on the blade. Grizzly falls face first into the mud.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jim and Tabitha cautiously walk through the forest.

GINGER (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
SKYE! SKYE!

Tabitha stops.

JIM  
Our job was to get to Mary.

TABITHA  
Now it's to help Ginger find her  
sister.

JIM  
We better find Ginger first.

Tabitha nods.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - MORNING

A fireman is bent down with his back toward the front door. Two POLICE officers scurry out of the house. They quickly approach the Fireman, a body lies in front of the firemen with their feet wiggling.

CRUNCHING.

POLICE MAN  
Hey, we've got to seal this area.  
We need to get the FBI out here.

POLICE MAN 2  
Round up all your men and clear the  
scene.

MUNCHING.

POLICE MAN  
Did you hear me? We need to  
evacuate this entire area.

The fireman does not move. The Second Policeman bends down and touches the fireman on the shoulder. The fireman stands. The blade of an axe slowly slides from his coat sleeve. A thick rich blood drips to the dirt.

POLICE MAN 2  
The sooner the better.

The Second Policeman stands and turns to his partner.

POLICE MAN  
Everyone's actin' strange today.

POLICE MAN 2  
He must be deaf.

The Second Policeman smiles and turns back to the fireman.

POLICE MAN 2 (CONT'D)  
Let's hurry it up.

The fireman quickly turns, swinging the axe. He connects. The Second officer's head flies through the air. His partner catches the head, quickly tossing it to the ground. The First Policeman reaches for his gun. Nervously, he holds the gun up and FIRES several SHOTS at the fireman. All bullets hit, only pushing the fireman back a few steps.

The fireman quickly attacks the officer with the bloody axe, shredding the policeman into several pieces. The fireman turns and slowly walks back to the body on the ground: It is a fallen fireman. The fireman lunges back down to the body. He continues to feed off the corpse. A pair of mangled boots step across the feeding frenzy. The fireman looks upward with blood and meat falling from his mouth. His eyes are an orange-yellow. The fireman ROARS.

FURIOUS ROARS from the figure standing across from the fireman. The fireman cowers. Cautiously, the fireman continues to feed, keeping his eyes on the figure.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CAMP LEGUNE - NC

The room buzzes with activity. Two MP'S escort an elderly man in a wheelchair into the room.

ELMER wears a dingy taupe corduroy suit. A pair of thin rimmed glasses sit crooked on his face. The frame has small pieces of duct-tape holding them together.

MP'S push Elmer to the desk of the CAPTAIN IN COMMAND. The Commander has a weathered face and white hair. He has stern tone and piercing eyes.

CAPTAIN IN COMMAND  
I've been told you have some  
information. Information that will  
help me understand these reports.

The Captain slams a file on the desk. Elmer leans forward, glaring at the folder.

The old man removes his glasses and wipes his eyes. He slowly places the glasses back on his face, adjusting them ever so slightly. A crippled smile creeps from his lips as he slowly leans his head back and looks up at the Captain. His voice is soft but elegant.

ELMER

I don't know if it will help you understand the situation, but it will make you realize the severity of the actions that are now taking place.

Elmer reaches into the inner lining of the flannel jacket underneath the sport coat. He pulls out a chrome flask with a skeleton on the side. He drinks without no worry of opinion.

CAPTAIN IN COMMAND

All I know is that the hospitals in North Carolina are overrun with an airborne illness. I don't know where it came from? I don't where it is going? But it is here. NOW! My job is to contain it and prevent it from happening again. I was told you could shed some light on this. What the fuck is in our air?!

Elmer takes off his over-used glasses and rubs his eyes, hoping to rub out his stress. He gently wipes his forehead with the flask. He offers the Captain a drink. The Captain shakes his head. Elmer returns the flask to his jacket pocket. Elmer picks lent from his sleeve.

ELMER

Do you believe in God? He's the only one who can save us now. Hell has unleashed all its fury upon us. The only thing left for us to do is to pray - Then die, knowing his light was true.

EXT. WOODS - BROWNSTONE CEMETERY - MORNING

Skye leans against a large tree keeping watch on the graveyard resting silently below. She shivers as the fog rolls across the hillside. A scared look overwhelms her innocence as she stares at the necklace. A WHISPERING wind dances across the hillside. The calling of the air almost sounds like a woman moaning Skye's name. Skye's silhouette shimmers in the distance. She slowly slides down the bark of the tree and onto a cold dirt patch surrounding the roots.

Skye removes a photo of her parents from her fanny-pack. Her head begins to bobble as she slowly nods off. A dried patch of blood covers a wound on her neck. The fog slowly clears. The necklace lays on the ground.

A distant SCREAM.

Skye shakes her head and blinks several times. She struggles to get up, quickly grabbing the necklace. Another section of fog approaches with the silhouette of a man. The wind SCREAMS of evil as it passes back through the hillside.

HIGH PITCH SQUEAL.

The fog clears. A pale white hand reaches around the tree. Skye slowly limps to a nearby waterfall, holding her neck. Her skin slowly rots. Small scars and boils quickly appear. Fog approaches with the man's silhouette close behind.

THUNDER. WIND HOWLING like a pack of wolves with severe hunger. Skye's HEARTBEAT races. Blood drips from her neck. Skye walks into the waterfall. The fog disappears. Skye's face is covered with deep gashes and scratches. Her clothes are ripped and torn. Skye closes her eyes, softly touching her neck. She shakes violently. Skye opens her eyes. Her pupils are gone. A whiteness appears. The water falling from the rocks divide. The sky turns black. Skye's pupils suddenly appear. Both eyes have a yellow tint with a slight red flare.

Lightning fills the sky. Skye rushes to the opening, jumping through the divided water. She lands in a pond beneath the waterfall. Skye raises her hands to the sky and begins to CHANT. The waters turn a rich dark red. The water falling from the rocks slide downward at a much slower pace.

Mary Brownstone hangs from a branch just above the waterfall. Her lifeless body sways with the wind, blood drips from her fingers. The wind cuts harshly into the air. The rope burns wildly as parts of her body catch on fire. Mary Brownstone's leg twitches violently.

Skye crawls from the water, pulling herself up by using a large rock next to the creek. Daniel's body rests beside her. For a few seconds Skye feeds from Danny's neck. She slowly drags him into the water. Blood from Danny's body fills the dark rich pond. Daniel's body floats in the pool of red water. Skye slowly pulls herself from the pond. She looks back to the waterfall, the image of Mary Brownstone now hangs inside the falling water. A man stands behind her. Skye turns away from the waterfall, blood drips from her lips. Skye wipes her mouth with her hand, licking her fingers clean. A small horde of zombies stand at the top of the embankment. They drool with a painful thirst. The dead cautiously approach the water, attempting to secure food.

Skye watches them from the top of the rock. Children's VOICES scurry through the air. Skye grabs her head, still clutching the necklace. She opens her bloody hand and slowly drops the charm. The jewel slides across the rock. Skye hobbles away. A mutilated Zombie Michelle is lured toward the shiny necklace.

WHITE FLASH:

The horde of zombies moan loudly. A male hand with long painted fingernails grabs Skye on the shoulder.

GINGER (O.S.)  
SKYE! SKYE!

Skye quickly jerks her head upward, grabbing her neck. She struggles to her feet. The necklace is gone. Skye panics as she searches for the charm. Skye turns toward the house. Her eyes widen. She begins to scream. A weathered hand covers her mouth, tubes dangle from her wrist. The picture of her parents rests under the leaves.

EXT. NC - FIELDS - MORNING

Blood flows down the creek and into the water supplies of the town. A heavy rain falls, seeping deep into the graves. The dead begin to tear up the soil, crawling out of their graves.

Army trucks and tanks roll down a long stretch of highway. The convoy approaches a large semi-truck jack-knifed in the middle of the road. The lead truck slows. A Private gets out on the passenger side. The Private slowly approaches the cab of the truck. Twenty soldiers quickly exit the back of the lead truck. The unit searches the area. They all carry automatic rifles and are protected by an eerie looking gas mask.

A blueish mist rolls across the highway. The fog begins to disappear, not roll out. Area clears out. Dozens of zombies stand around the soldiers. Hungry for flesh, they growl with excitement. The mist is completely gone. The zombies attack the unit. The soldiers open FIRE. Dozens of zombies come from the side of the highway. They swiftly attack the convoy, feeding on the soldiers.

An ambulance comes roaring down the highway. The lights flash and the SIREN BLARES. The ambulance slides sideways and slams into the back truck, pinning a soldier and several walkers against the gate and the vehicle. The driver slams his foot on the gas pedal. The ambulance pulls away, tearing the shredded body parts from the Army truck. The ambulance slams the guard rail. The driver is thrown into the windshield.

The driver struggles to get up. The paramedic in the passenger side jumps from the ambulance. He races for the forest. Zombies attack. The driver is attacked by a female zombie crawling through the open door.

A MOAN from the back of the ambulance. A man struggles to get up. Heart paddles rest on his chest. Blood oozes out of his IV. The EKG FLAT LINES. The female biter glances in the back as she continues to chew. The blood in the IV's change into a murky green substance.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - MORNING

Two Sheriffs stand at the abandoned truck, searching the light underneath the rusted vehicle.

CRACKING.

Both lawmen bend down to investigate the crank system. The Sheriffs are puzzled.

THUMP!

The area shakes. A green goo drips onto the Sheriff's uniforms. They look up. Brownstone stands on the hood of the truck, looking downward with the pitchfork in his hands. Brownstone barrels down with the pitchfork, ramming it into the head of the Sheriff on the right. The Second Sheriff falls backwards. He struggles to pull his side-arm. Brownstone spins the pitchfork hard against the ground. The pitchfork pushes downward, breaking the lawman's head off his shoulders.

The Second Sheriff FIRES his gun and quickly leaps to his feet. The bullet tears through Brownstone's shoulder. Brownstone swings the pitchfork at the second Sheriff. The head of the first Sheriff is still stuck on the prongs. The Sheriff ducks, but loses his balance. Using the pitchfork, Brownstone knocks the Second Sheriff backwards.

The Second Sheriff FIRES his gun a second time. The bullet speeds past Brownstone's ear. Brownstone lunges for the lawman. The Second Sheriff grabs the wood of the pitchfork, pushing the weapon back toward Brownstone. Brownstone is much stronger than the lawman. The Second Sheriff drops his gun.

Brownstone raises the pitchfork above the lawman's head and then pushes the wood backward, causing the Second Sheriff to step underneath the wood. Brownstone lowers his arms. The handle of the pitchfork is now behind the lawman's neck. The Second Sheriff struggles to break free from the bear hug. He is trapped in between Brownstone and the wood.

The Second Sheriff reaches for his night-stick. Using the stick, he attempts to raise the pitchfork closer to Brownstone's face. Brownstone uses his strength to break the handle against the back of the lawman's neck. Brownstone has the handle in one hand, and the forked end in the other. The Second Sheriff cannot get the night-stick up high enough. So, he maneuvers his arms behind Brownstone, locking them into a bear hug. Brownstone takes the two broken ends of the handle and rams them into the lawman's head. He then takes the two ends and turns them violently, twisting the second Sheriff's head completely around on his shoulders.

Brownstone releases the Second Sheriff. His lifeless body falls to the ground, landing against the pump-handle to the front of the truck. Brownstone takes his foot and pushes the dead lawman down to the ground. Brownstone turns the crank to the hidden door. The concrete CREAKS as it slides open.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Tabitha and Officer Jim search through the forest YELLING for SKYE. The fog is thick. Ginger enters a clearing. She is excited to see Tabitha and Jim standing on the other side. Ginger quickly races to the duo.

GINGER

That monster is after her.

JIM

Does she have the necklace?

GINGER

She does.

The bushes scuffle. Jim pulls his pistol. A State Trooper exits the woods.

STATE TROOPER

Are you alive?

A darkness covers the sun.

JIM

For now!

STATE TROOPER

Jim - what are you doing out here?

JIM

Looking for this girl's sister.  
What are you doing out here?

STATE TROOPER  
Trying to stay alive.

The Trooper cautiously approaches. The morning sun is quickly covered with darkness. The two officers turn on their flashlights.

GINGER  
Let's not waste anytime.

TABITHA  
Yeah.

The group cautiously walk the area. They approach a running spring surrounded by several large rocks. In the distance, a waterfall ROARS.

GROANING.

GINGER  
SKYE! WHERE ARE YOU?

JIM  
SKYE!

STATE TROOPER  
Jim, look.

The Trooper points across the spring. Three figures approach from a distance.

TABITHA  
(SHOUTING)  
Have you seen a little girl?

No response as the three figures stagger closer.

JIM  
Do you know them?

GINGER  
I can't tell. They are too far away.

TABITHA  
The fog is really thick.

GINGER  
We should be careful.

The Trooper slowly puts his hand on his gun, still in the holster.

JIM  
 (SHOUTING)  
 Can you identify yourselves?!

The four walk steadily toward the group. The fog slowly lifts.

TABITHA  
 Oh' my.

GINGER  
 What? What is it?

TABITHA  
 I know them.

JIM  
 That's good, right?

TABITHA  
 NO! Shoot 'em.

JIM  
 What?

TABITHA  
 Shoot them!

STATE TROOPER  
 We can't just fire on someone  
 because you said so.

TABITHA  
 You better.

Tabitha goes for Jim's gun. Jim pushes her down.

JIM  
 Get a hold of yourself!

Ginger panics.

GINGER  
 SHOOT THEM, GODDAMN IT!

TABITHA  
 You can't kill them. They are  
 already dead.

STATE TROOPER  
 What?

The Trooper quickly pulls his gun and opens fire. Zombie Michelle, Zombie Joey and Zombie Todd stagger closer.

Jim pulls his pistol and opens fire. The zombies sprint across the springs. SPLASHING water. The two officers FIRE several times, hitting the zombies in the body. It slows them down, but they keep coming. Zombie Michelle attacks the Trooper. She rips him to shreds and begins to eat his brains. The necklace around her neck pulsates. Zombie Michelle stares into the diamond. The glow calms her down and stops her hunger. Zombie Michelle rubs her bloody finger across the stone. The necklace begins to glow a bluish-green.

Ginger and Jim wrestle with the other two zombies. Tabitha picks up a large rock and hits Zombie Michelle over the head. Zombie Michelle rolls over. Tabitha kicks Zombie Michelle as she attempts to leap up. Tabitha reaches down and pulls the night-stick from the Trooper's body. She WHACKS Zombie Michelle across the face.

Tabitha scans the area. She hustles for the gun. She wheels around to fire. Zombie Frank ROARS as he stands mere inches from Tabitha's face.

Tabitha FIRES the gun. The bullet pierces through Zombie Frank's neck. The super-zombie staggers backward.

Zombie Joey has Ginger on the ground as Rick battles with Zombie Todd in the background. Tabitha SHOOTS Zombie Joey in the head, right as it attempts to bite Ginger. Zombie Joey goes limp. Ginger pushes it off her body.

Zombie Frank turns and smiles at Ginger. Zombie Frank ROARS, spraying an orange liquid through the air. Several more zombies file from the forest, lumbering their way to dinner. Tabitha open fires. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Tabitha tosses down the gun. Tabitha darts toward the house. Zombie Michelle leaps to her feet and chases Tabitha. Jim struggles with Zombie Todd, but manages to free his gun while holding off the chewing Zombie.

Jim FIRES. Zombie Todd's head explodes. Jim relaxes for a second. Ginger helps Jim to his feet. They race to the waterfall.

INTERCUT:

Zombie Frank and the forest zombies chase Ginger and Jim toward the waterfall

Zombie Michelle chases Tabitha back to the Brownstone house.

INT. BOMB SHELTER - UNDER TRUCK - DAY

Brownstone kneels at Mary's bedside. His head gently rests against her shoulder. Mary's body lies on a metal table. A dusty machine pumps green and blue fluids into her veins through dingy clear tubes. Brownstone lovingly runs his fingers through her black and white hair. He kisses her on the forehead.

FLASH BACK:

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Several candles around the room burn a bright orange. A young Mary and Brownstone make love.

BROWNSTONE

I want to hold you forever.

MARY

Your desire will find a way.

BROWNSTONE

With your help, I am sure we will never be apart.

MARY

Did you mix that powder in with your solution, like I asked?

BROWNSTONE

I did. It hasn't had any effect on the test subjects.

MARY

Are you mixing in the right proportions? I know how you like to make adjustments.

BROWNSTONE

Exactly the way you wrote them. I don't see what it is supposed to do.

MARY

It will spread our glory. We can not have children the conventional way, so, with your serum and my powder... every one who dies will return as one of our children.

BROWNSTONE

As long as we don't stop trying on our own?

MARY

We will never stop showing each other how much we love one another.

Brownstone kisses Mary on her forehead. The undertaker sighs as he brushes back Mary's beautiful hair. Mary's eyes dance with excitement.

BROWNSTONE

All the subjects have shown excessive anger as they die. Since I've started using the powder - it seems they are fueled by anger. A hunger for life - is that what you expected?

Mary smiles and softly runs her fingers across Brownstone's face. A young Brownstone closes his eyes. Mary sighs.

MARY

Don't worry. When they come back to life, they will obey.

(beat)

Will you get me some water, my love?

BROWNSTONE

I would squeeze the clouds dry for you.

Mary smiles. Brownstone rolls out of bed. He bends down and kisses her on the forehead. The young Mary smiles. Brownstone exits the room.

Mary gets out of the bed. She puts on a silk robe. The young Mary walks to her dresser and slowly opens it. Mary pulls out the box housing the diamond necklace. She opens the box and smiles as she runs her fingers across the diamond. The gem glows blue. STOMPING up stairs. Mary quickly puts the diamond back into the box. She carefully places the box back into the drawer. Mary shuts the drawer and rushes back to her bed.

Brownstone enters with a glass of sea-blue water. He hands Mary the water.

MARY

Thank you.

BROWNSTONE

No. Thank you.

Brownstone sits on the bed and kisses her passionately.

BANGING: color rushes back.

OFFICER 4 (V.O.)  
This is the police, show yourself.

FLASH ENDS:

Brownstone quickly raises his head. The undertaker proudly stands. He walks with conviction to the door, leading to the other room in the shelter. Brownstone opens the door. Two officers stand at the end of the hallway. They have their guns drawn. They both open FIRE.

Brownstone walks briskly toward the two officers. Bullets shred Brownstone, but he never slows down. The two officers empty a clip a piece. They hurriedly reload.

Brownstone stops. He surveys his choice of old farming tools hanging on the wire rack above the tall wooden table. Brownstone grabs a sickle from the wall. The cops get their clips loaded. They open FIRE.

Brownstone charges the officers as they back away, continuing to FIRE. Brownstone whacks officer 4's hand off. The gun and hand fall to the floor.

Officer 4 turns and he darts up the stairs. Brownstone rams the sickle's blade into the officer's back, ripping it downward. As officer 4 runs up the stairs, his body splits into two pieces.

Officer 5 vomits. Officer 5 quickly regains composure, and then empties his clip into Brownstone. Brownstone grabs officer 5 by the throat, lifting him high into the air. Brownstone thrust the officer's body against a shelving system made of chicken wire and sharp nails. The nails and wires slice through the cop's body, protruding through his skin. The officer hangs helplessly against the rack. Blood gushes through his wounds. Officer 5 tries to speak but cannot. A large rusted nail exits his voice box. Brownstone grabs a pair of hedge cutters. The undertaker viciously clips the officer's throat.

MARY (O.S.)  
Save some for me, my lover.

Brownstone turns toward the door, dropping the shears to the floor.

Mary stands in the doorway. Several tubes and needles dangle from her coarse skin. Her body is decayed and disgusting. Her hair flows as if a wind blows through the corridor.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Ginger and Jim are behind the falling water, watching Zombie Frank and his zombie patrol lurk around the pond. The clay walls of the cavern are covered with markings and paintings. The cave is narrow and dark.

JIM  
This can't be real.

GINGER  
I wouldn't think so either, but we better get a grip on reality - before reality gets a grip on us.

JIM  
Whatever it is, it's taking over the entire town.

GINGER  
How can you tell?

JIM  
These people - or zombies, whatever they are - they are locals.

GINGER  
Can you try your radio?

JIM  
It's not working. I lost the transponder out there - somewhere in the scuffle.

GINGER  
What are we going to do?

JIM  
The closest house is yours. The most logical way out of these woods - our vehicles.

GINGER  
Which are all at my house.

JIM  
So, back to your house then.

GINGER

What do you know about these creatures?

JIM

Only what they say about them in the movies. I don't watch horror films. So nothing really. You?

GINGER

In the movies you have to shoot them in the brain or cut off their head.

JIM

Then that's what we will try.

GINGER

Should we wait till nightfall?

JIM

It's your call.

GINGER

I want to find my sister.

JIM

Then we should leave now.

GINGER

Yeah.

A zombie leaps through the streaming water. The skin-eater furiously chomps at Ginger. Jim is tossed to the ground. Ginger slings the walker against the cavern wall. Jim pulls a gun from his holster.

BANG.

The zombie is struck in the head. It flails against the clay wall and then slides downward. Blood smears the markings. Ginger is mesmerized by the witchery on the walls. Her hand reaches for them, but Jim stops her.

JIM

We don't have time. We need to leave.

They cautiously step from the cave and manage to slip by the slower zombies. Zombie Frank is in the middle of the zombie pack, GRUNTING and GARGLING. The others appear to be paying attention to his disgruntled commands.

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tabitha sneaks through the house. She checks the living room: Pools of blood remain where Gary and Daniel's bodies were last seen.

KITCHEN:

The fragments from the sliding glass doors are scattered across the linoleum like last week's laundry. A police officer lies on the ground with his brains splattered against the wall. Blood slowly streams through the grout of the kitchen floor and continues to drip from the walls. The outside fog lights offer the only hint of light inside the room. The sun is covered by clouds and an indescribable darkness.

A small crevasse of light suddenly appears from a crack in the floor just under the refrigerator. Tabitha searches the tiny opening. She pulls up an ugly rubber mat, discovering a trap door going downward.

CRASHING from living room.

Tabitha glances at the broken glass leading to the patio. Several zombies stagger up the walkway, inching closer to the kitchen entrance. Tabitha sneaks down the hall. Cautiously, she investigates the living room from the safety of the hallway.

Zombie Michelle searches the living room, ripping items off the wall and knocking over furniture. She sniffs, looking for something specific. The front door stands open. Tabitha takes a step toward the door.

Zombie Frank ROARS as he steps through the threshold. Zombie Michelle glances at the alpha zombie, returning a ROAR. Tabitha softly trots back to the kitchen. The walkers loiter across the patio.

Tabitha reluctantly removes the mat from the kitchen floor. The mat is attached to a band that runs from the ends of the rubber to the hinges of a trap door. She pulls up the door and carefully steps downward. Tab reaches up and pulls the door down. As the door closes, the mat is pulled back over the door by the bands. Three skin-eaters stroll into the kitchen. They sniff vigorously, attracted to Tabitha's scent. The dead-heads linger around the trap door a few seconds, MOANING and GROANING. They saunter to the dead bodies in the floor and drop down. They begin to aggressively feed on the remaining flesh, ripping the bones from their structure.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Jim and Ginger rest inside the blood covered mortuary. Both are sucking wind bad. They stare at each other in disbelief.

GINGER

We have to find my sister.

JIM

We have searched every inch of the forest, it seems to me she don't want to be found.

GINGER

That's horse shit.

JIM

Call it what you like but we need to come up with a plan to get out of here alive.

GINGER

Not without my sister.

JIM

For us to help your sister, we have to help ourselves first.

GINGER

So. What do we do? Run?

JIM

We get the keys to your car and we go for help.

GINGER

Why not your keys?

JIM

My partner has my keys. Where are yours?

GINGER

I think I dropped them in the living room. I am not sure.

JIM

Do you have a set of spare keys?

GINGER

Yeah. They're on a key ring in my bedroom.

JIM

Then your bedroom is our next stop.  
Look around and see if you can find  
something to defend yourself with.

Ginger nods. She searches the area.

GINGER

I can hot wire the truck - wouldn't  
that be quicker?

JIM

No. We need the keys. We can't take  
any chances of the vehicle stopping  
as we exit. We would be trapped.

INT. STAIRCASE

Old track lighting faintly shines across the narrow passage,  
flickering on and off. Tabitha steps down the cracked  
stairwell, adjacent to the bomb shelter.

On one side of the wall: old black magic and witchcraft  
books. On the other side of the wall: jars of human body  
parts.

Tabitha reaches the bottom of the stairs. She covers her  
mouth as she considers her possibilities. A large iron door  
looms twenty feet from the steps. A spinning knob shines  
brightly in the dark basement, begging Tabitha to  
investigate.

Tabitha creeps to the iron door and glances down the hallway.  
The carnage from the dead officers and a few strewn about  
tools remain on the cold concrete flooring. Two more doors  
linger in the back of the room: A white door leading straight  
ahead, and a small wooden door with a square window leading  
to the right.

She continues to the back of this haunting level and peeks  
through the tiny window: A liquid stained sheet is stretched  
across a shiny metal table. The lightning in the room is dim  
and a buzzing sound passes overhead.

Tabitha pushes on the door, but it is locked. She softly  
walks to the white door and slowly turns the handle. The wood  
CREAKS as it opens. Tabitha sniffs as a odor rushes past her.  
A light screaming passes with the breeze.

Tabitha steps into a frightening dark room.

## SACRIFICIAL ROOM:

Tabitha runs her hands across the brick wall, searching for a light switch. Having no luck, she continues through the room using the wall as a guide.

SHUFFLING and WHIMPERING.

Tabitha checks her pockets and finds her lighter. She flicks the casing and thumbs the wheel. A large flickering flame spreads a ray of hope across the darkness. A long row of black candles line the back of the wall.

Tabitha baby-steps across the room and thankfully lights the wicks. A beautiful orange glow fills the room. Skye is strapped to a wooden cross hanging from the corner of the dungeon. Tabitha rushes to her.

TABITHA

Skye, it's Tabby. Are you okay?

Skye's head bobbles back and forth. Her eyes rapidly move under her eyelids. Tabitha studies the cross, but cannot figure out how Skye is attached.

## BOMB SHELTER:

Brownstone smiles as he adoringly approaches Mary.

Mary holds out her arms. The tubes dangle freely from her veins. A nasty liquid oozes from the ends.

MARY

I need to feed. I am not strong.

Brownstone stops and lowers his head in obedience.

MARY (CONT'D)

I shall ready the vessel for my transfer.

The undertaker grabs a large pickaxe from the wall. Brownstone walks violently out of the room.

Mary gingerly turns and stumbles back into the darkness. She limps to the brown door with the square window. Mary waves her hands: the door unlocks, but does not open.

MARY (CONT'D)

I am weak.

Mary pulls the door open and warily enters the beautiful orange glow. Tabitha quickly ducks behind a small alter in the middle of the room.

Mary waves her hands: all the candles in the room burn brighter. She SNAPS her fingers: the flames roar with purpose. The beautiful orange is overran by a bright red.

Mary hobbles to the cross. The witch lovingly smiles at Skye as she approaches.

Mary's eyes turn white, the irises catch on fire and her body charily floats upward. Mary sniffs an odd odor and quickly lowers to the ground.

MARY (CONT'D)

Fee fie... Foe thumb. I smell the  
blood of an uninvited human.

Skye opens her eyes: A bright red fire swirls around the pupils and her hair begins to change, turning jet-black in color while a few strains of hair remain white.

Mary approaches the alter, slipping around the back of the pedestal. Tabitha slides behind a velvet under-covering of the alter.

Mary opens a thick and dusty book resting on the platform. She picks up the heavy book and begins to read the Latin phrases as she lingers back to the cross. The witch places the book on a small stand next to the cross.

Mary then moves her hand in a pulling motion: A sacrificial table made from pure ivory slides to her from the corner of the room. A large set of knives are covered up in a red velvet wrap on the head of the table. Hundreds of finely carved passages run through the exotic ivory. The witch gently opens the velvet.

Mary raises her hand high into the air: Skye floats down, leaving the cross, making her way to the table. An animated Mary waves her arms until Skye's body finally reaches the ivory table.

Mary picks up the largest dagger. The witch quickly cuts Skye's finger. Mary begins to suck on Skye's finger, replenishing her power.

Tabitha watches from underneath the pedestal. Her reflection appears in the blade. Tabitha glances upward, tears slowly stream down her cheek.

## LIVING ROOM:

Zombie Frank and Zombie Michelle continue their search. After completely destroying the living room, they move on.

## KITCHEN:

Several slower zombies stroll inside the kitchen, seven more wander the patio area.

## EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jim and Ginger take refuge behind the pickup truck. Jim checks his gun. Ginger glares to the other side of the truck. The two dead bodies of the Sheriffs are scattered across the ground. The broken pitchfork still attached to one of the severed heads.

Ginger crawls to secure the weapon. She grabs the splintered end, using her foot, she pushes the head from the business-end of the tool. Ginger crawls back to Jim with the pitchfork in hand.

JIM

Do you know how to use that thing?

GINGER

I used it once. I did a pretty good job. Atleast I thought I did.

JIM

He's still alive.

GINGER

Yeah. For now.

Chains CLANGING. Gears GRINDING. The door underneath the vehicle begins to slide open. The concrete slab underneath the truck moves steadily outward. Ginger curiously positions herself on the other side of the truck. Jim slowly follows.

JIM

I don't know what's coming out of there, but I assure you it ain't the Canadian Mounties.

GINGER

The plan was the house. Let's stick with the plan.

JIM

Let's do it, then brag about it.

Ginger and Jim race toward the patio. Jim shoots three skin-eaters in the head as they approach the broken glass. Ginger spears two more in the head with the pitchfork. They make it through the threshold and across the broken glass.

Ginger steps back onto the patio. Brownstone methodically lumbers up the stairs, exiting the shelter. A large Amish sickle in one hand and the pickaxe in the other. Ginger kill-shots the remaining two walkers on the patio with the broken pitchfork and then glances at the truck.

GINGER

We have to get inside before he  
see's us.

Jim encourages Ginger to hurry from inside the kitchen.

JIM

Come on.

Jim shoots two more zombies in the head. Ginger drills one more in the skull with the pitchfork.

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jim drops the clip from his gun and quickly slides a second clip into the slot. He rapidly shoots two more walkers.

Ginger spears yet another against the dishwasher. The pitchfork sticks into the machine. The zombie is pinned, but continues fighting and grabbing, snapping and biting.

Zombie Frank and Zombie Michelle crash into the room. They are much quicker than the other skin-eaters.

Zombie Frank lunges for Ginger.

Zombie Michelle goes for Jim.

Jim fires the gun at Michelle, unloading the second clip. Zombie Michelle swats the bullets away and continues her approach. Jim drops the second magazine to the floor. Zombie Michelle's teeth bare down on Jim as he fumbles around his belt pack. Jim falls into the counter, but manages to kick Zombie Michelle away.

Ginger punches Zombie Frank three times really fast in the face. All three times Zombie Frank tries to bite Ginger's fist. Ginger darts for the sink. She frantically opens a drawer under the basin. Ginger scrambles to find a weapon. Ginger jerks a carving knife from the drawer. Zombie Frank charges her. Ginger stabs him in the throat. Zombie Frank becomes enraged, slinging Ginger to the ground.

Zombie Michelle grabs Jim's foot and pulls him to the ground. The biter chomps Jim's neck, clamping deep into his skin. The dead-head feeds viciously as Jim struggles to pull his nightstick. Zombie Michelle straddles a desperate Jim.

Brownstone violently rambles through the threshold, breaking the remaining glass as he enters the kitchen. Brownstone breathes heavily. The undertaker patiently stalks Ginger, still with her hands full, battling Zombie Frank. The diamonds from the necklace around Zombie Michelle's neck glistens as she feeds from Jim. Zombie Michelle keeps her eyes focused on Brownstone as she continues to eat, a thick black blood pours from her mouth. Brownstone stares at the diamond as it swings from the skin-eater's neck.

Zombie Michelle snaps Jim's neck. Jim is motionless. An angered Brownstone slashes Zombie Michelle across the chest with the Amish sickle. The returner's side separates from her torso, still attached but dangling. She struggles to get up, but has difficulty.

Zombie Frank pulls a SCREAMING Ginger to the ground. Brownstone grabs Zombie Frank by the shoulder and jerks him away. Zombie Frank ROARS. Brownstone delivers the blade of the pickaxe into the zombie's left knee. The super zombie and unstoppable slasher battle throughout the kitchen for a second time. A surprised Ginger takes the opportunity to slip out the side door.

Zombie Michelle grips the necklace tightly. Her wounds begin to heal.

Zombie Frank overpowers Brownstone onto the breakfast table. Zombie Michelle enters the fray. The two super zombies manhandle Brownstone to the blood soaked linoleum. They victoriously feed from his rotten and decayed blood. Ever so often, spitting in disgust.

Brownstone struggles to escape their clutches. Effortlessly, the zombie couple hold him down. Brownstone uses his last remaining strength to grab for the necklace. Zombie Michelle smacks away Brownstone's hand, drooling his own blood across his face. Brownstone rips off the necklace. The undertaker clutches it tightly in his hands.

Zombie Frank head-butts Brownstone. The undertaker's head crashes to the floor. Zombie Frank grabs a large fragment of broken glass. He squeezes it tightly, blood oozes from his fingers. Zombie Frank slices Brownstone's face. Brownstone's eyes close and then he abruptly goes into a seizure. A ghostly white mist oozes past the kitchen. A faint scream whispers past them.

Zombie Michelle and Frank watch the episode. Blood slowly drips from their chins. Brownstone's body lies motionless. His hands still clutching the diamond necklace. The two super zombies stand with pride. Zombie Michelle retrieves the necklace and they exit the room.

SACRIFICIAL ROOM:

Skye's little body rests on the ivory table. A fire still swirls in her eyes.

Mary CHANTS in Hebrew, slowly backing away from the table. The witch reaches down quickly and grabs Tabitha by the hair. Mary yanks Tabitha to her feet and places the knife firmly against her throat.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ginger leans against the old truck, starring at the entrance to the bomb shelter. Cautiously, she creeps down the stairs, stepping over the dead officers.

BOMB SHELTER:

Ginger snakes through the narrow passage. The overhead lights flicker as she slowly steps forward. Ginger GAGS as she passes the officer cleaved on the wire rack. She checks the radio on the officer's shoulder. A rusty nail has destroyed the unit. Ginger reaches behind the officer and removes the night-stick from his side.

GAGGING.

Ginger trips over the severed hand, still clinging to his gun. She excitingly grabs the gun. She checks the clip. A faint smile appears. She rams the magazine back into the slot.

Ginger treads deeper into the shelter. She approaches the iron door with the spinning vault. A small hand-sickle catches her eye from the tool mount. Ginger glances at the night-stick and then the hand-sickle. She drops the night stick. Ginger climbs onto the table and grabs the hand-sickle. She sits on the narrow table for a few seconds, a poor attempt at reflection. The exhausted sister drops to the ground.

Ginger puts the gun in her waistband. She slowly opens the door leading into the vault. Ginger approaches the wooden door leading to the sacrificial room, but decides to enter the second room.

## SACRIFICIAL ROOM:

Mary drags Tabitha across the room by her hair. Tabitha kicks and SCREAMS. Mary pulls Tabitha up. Her toes are not touching the floor. Tabitha struggles to breathe. Several deep scratches cover her face. Mary releases Tabitha. The babysitter drops to her feet.

Tabitha sways in front of Mary. The witch laughs. Mary circles Tabitha. Mary sizes her up. Tabitha is worn down. Her resolve has been defeated. Mary quickly rushes in and sniffs her.

MARY

Pretty, but not pure. Sweet, but not innocent.

TABITHA

Who are you?

MARY

Just a girl. Like you.

TABITHA

We are not the same.

MARY

I want to live forever. But not in a body like this. It would never do, I couldn't pick up the boys in this skin-suit.

Mary rips Tabitha's shirt from her body.

TABITHA

What do you want with Skye?

MARY

She is my new vessel.

TABITHA

You just take what you want?

MARY

I take what I deserve.

TABITHA

You don't deserve someone else's life.

MARY

Mine was taken from me. That, and that alone gives me the right to take someone else's.

TABITHA

Who died and made you God?

MARY

GOD! I have his power. I have studied the ways of the ancient. And my dear, God is just a figment of your child-like imagination. Those who desire to live - should bow to me. Revenge will be my driving passion. Ma'ax shall be thy road to salvation.

TABITHA

God created life. What have you done lately?

MARY

I gave the dead a new life. When God said their time was over, I spat in his face and allowed his children to be reborn as mine.

Tabitha spits in Mary's face. The fire inside the witches eyes rage.

TABITHA

I guess now you do feel like God.

Mary wraps her withered hand around Tabitha's throat.

MARY

Now you will feel my wrath - and my power.

Mary lifts Tabitha high into the air. An electrical current surges through Tabitha's body. Her heart beats heavily through her chest. Tabitha's limbs become limp.

Mary tosses her to the ground like a rag doll. An evil, devilish grin overwhelms Mary's decaying face. The flames in her eyes decrease.

Mary returns to the table, preparing Skye for her transformation.

VAULT:

Ginger curiously searches the room. A small wooden desk is nestled in the corner. The desk houses a round pivoting mirror. Ginger rolls the metal table out of her way. She pulls out the small wooden chair and sits.

Ginger pulls the mirror toward her. She flips the mirror completely around, revealing a second side: One is normal, the other side is magnified.

Ginger flips the mirror back and forth as she thinks. Her image becomes larger and then smaller as she rotates the mirror. A glimpse of a young Mary suddenly appears.

Ginger becomes spooked. She flips the mirror quicker. The image is now in both sides.

Ginger stops and stares into the glass. A very elegant and beautiful Mary smiles back.

FLASHBACK:

Mary brushes her hair and GIGGLES.

Turnstiles TURNING.

The vault door opens. A young Brownstone happily barges into the room. A petite and beautiful woman is draped over his shoulder. Her long dark hair dangles across Brownstone's back. Her body covered with deep gashes and her clothes are torn. Brownstone gently lowers her to the metal table. The girl squirms.

Brownstone briskly moves to the other side of the table. Mary watches the events through her mirror. The girl struggles upward.

Brownstone's back is turned to the girl. The undertaker plugs a large cord into the wall. He hooks several needles to a clear tube.

Brownstone reaches back. Without looking, he grabs the girl by the face and slams her back to the table. Her eyes flutter. She goes out.

Brownstone inserts the IV's into the girl's veins. The undertaker flips on a machine. Mary slithers to the table, flirting and smiling. Acting like a school girl.

MARY

Where did you find her?

BROWNSTONE

Church.

MARY

Just because they attend services  
doesn't mean they are pure.

BROWNSTONE

This is a small town. You have to take what you have to work with. Beggars can't be picky.

MARY

Choosey.

BROWNSTONE

Yes, my love. You are always correct. Beggars can't be choosey.

MARY

(angry voice)

They have to be pure. They must be a virgin.

Mary picks up the girl's head, and then drops it carelessly back to the metal table.

BROWNSTONE

I am doing everything in my power to help you live. I did not give you the illness. Don't blame me. Bitch at God - if you must fuss.

MARY

I'm sorry. I don't mean to raise my voice. I know you are only trying to help. Cursing the Lord is like praying to him - doesn't do one bit of good.

BROWNSTONE

I love you more than I love my own life. I will never stop trying, but I've just about picked the apple tree bare.

Brownstone moves out from behind the metal gurney. He grabs Mary by the hand and leads her to the desk.

Brownstone pulls out the chair. Mary sits. She breathes heavily and sweats profusely.

Brownstone pulls out a handkerchief. The undertaker lovingly wipes her forehead. He romantically brushes back her hair.

MARY

I just don't have long. The spell will only work if she is pure.

BROWNSTONE

I am just trying to buy you some more time. I know what I am doing.

MARY

I love you.

BROWNSTONE

You are so beautiful. Patients is a must.

MARY

You know once this spell works - my physical appearance will change.

BROWNSTONE

I am aware.

MARY

And you will still love me?

Brownstone smiles. He gets down on one knee.

BROWNSTONE

I love the women inside, not the prettiness of the outside.

Brownstone grabs her hand. The undertaker softly touches the ring on her finger and slowly rotates it around her skin.

MARY

I don't want to spend a day more without you. You are the rock that keeps me steady in my quest.

BROWNSTONE

When I gave you this ring - I said, "forever". "Through life and death" - I did not lie then - I will not lie now. I will make this work.

Mary smiles.

MARY

Will you help me to bed?

Brownstone stands.

BROWNSTONE

Let me finish real quick and I will get you to bed.

Brownstone returns to the girl.

Mary turns, re-checking her face in the mirror. Red spots slowly appear. The witch slightly moves the mirror, trying to avoid her reflection.

MIRROR:

Brownstone buckles the leather straps around the pretty young girl.

BOOM!

END FLASHBACK:

Ginger is startled as the glass cracks in the mirror. She stands. Slowly, she approaches the other door.

Ginger cautiously walks into the hallway and carefully glides closer to the wooden door. She glances up the staircase, leading back into the kitchen. The lights are still flickering. The stairs has caught her curiosity.

Ginger looks in both directions. A red glow gleams through the glass of the wooden door. Little by little, Ginger creeps up the stairs.

CREAKING.

Ginger stops halfway up. The curious sister thumbs through the books on the shelves. She chooses a book, pulling the cobwebs out with the manuscript.

Ginger places the sickle against the wall. A religious bookmark saves the place of its previous reader. Ginger opens the book to that page.

INSERT - PAGE: *the process of transferring a person's beauty and their soul to another vessel.*

Ginger closes the book and then slides it back into the slot. She searches and finds another book. Dust lingers around her face as she gently pulls the piece of literature from its resting place. Another bookmark shows her the way. Ginger opens the book.

INSERT - PAGE: *Curing disease - using pure blood. A YOUNG CHILD OFFERS BEST RESULTS IN SOUL EXCHANGE.*

Ginger slams the book shut. She removes a third book and opens it. A dust cloud rises from the stained pages. Startled, Ginger steps back, hitting the shelving on the other side with her shoulder. Bottles CLANK together. One falls to the stairs and breaks.

A foul odor oozes from the broken jar. Ginger covers her mouth and quickly vomits. Ginger turns and then rummages through the bottles. They are all marked with witch symbols. Labeled by black magic marker on white masking tape. Deep inside the shelf, Ginger reaches for a jar with vivid colors glowing from within.

Ginger pulls out the jar. A colorful cloud rolls inside the glass. Ginger tries to open the jar, but cannot. She looks around and grabs a rustic device that opens old canning jars. Ginger hooks the device onto the tin lid and twists. The lid POPS. Ginger removes the lid and sniffs inside the jar. The cloud slowly rises from the jar.

INSERT - Jar: The jar is full of eyeballs, with many different colors.

The eyes rapidly begin to move.

Skye SCREAMS!

Ginger drops the jar. The glass breaks and the eyes spill down the staircase. Ginger grabs the sickle and darts down the dilapidated steps. The eyes follow her as she runs down the stairwell.

Skye SCREAMING and CRYING.

Ginger hurries toward her screaming sister.

KITCHEN:

Brownstone lies motionless in a pool of his own vile blood. Two slower zombies feed from his rotten flesh. A strong wind blows through the broken glass, SCREAMING the name: "SKYE". The two zombies look upward. They stand.

THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOORS:

Dozens of turners move slowly toward the house. The two zombies in the kitchen move outside, disrespecting the evil on the ground, stepping on Brownstone on the way out. All the skin-eaters work their way to the rusted truck.

SACRIFICIAL ROOM:

Ginger peers through the window, terrified but fully aware of her direction. Her warm breath attacks the window as she starts to break down. Ginger's hand opens, dropping the sickle to the floor.

Ginger tries to open the door: It is locked. She slides down the door, slowly closing her eyes. The torn down sister takes in several deep breaths.

INT. GINGER'S HOUSE - CALIFORNIA - DAY

Ginger and Skye sit in front of a large TV, playing *FRIDAY THE 13TH* on *Super Nintendo*. They LAUGH and push each other as they take turns.

Doorbell RINGS.

Ginger hands Skye the controller. She rustles her hand through her little sister's hair as she stands. She giggles as she approaches the door. Ginger slowly opens it, peeking through the small opening. She unlatches the chain, opening the door all the way. A California State Trooper stands at the door. It is raining fiercely.

Skye continues to play the game, glancing over her shoulder, seeing what Ginger is up to. Ginger somberly closes the door and gingerly steps toward her sister, worry consuming her manner. Ginger fights back a river of tears as she looks for the strength to approach her sister. She bends down, cutting the TV off and then the game console. Skye's eyes begin to swell up. Ginger places her hand on Skye's shoulder. Ginger closes her eyes and she takes a deep breath. Ginger's lips move slowly as Skye's eyes rapidly watch. Skye breaks down, balling her little eyes out. Ginger grabs Skye, holding her as tight as she can.

INT. BOMB SHELTER - SACRIFICIAL ROOM

Skye SCREAMS and WHIMPERS.

Ginger takes a deep breath. She pulls herself up and leers through the window. The glass is smudged. Skye floats above the alter, slowly drifting upward. The frightened little girl SCREAMS and kicks.

Mary drags Tabitha to the alter by the hair. Tabitha fights back the best that she can.

TABITHA

Why are you doing this?

MARY

It is my will to live.

Ginger POUNDS her fists against the window. Mary glances at her and smiles.

TABITHA

You crazy bitch.

MARY

Our witness has arrived.

Tabitha pulls herself up. The baby-sitter bites Mary on the arm. Mary releases Tabitha. The witch forcefully throws her arm back: Tabitha flies through the air, smacking the back wall with authority.

Mary mother-like stares at Skye. Then leaps on top of the alter. She moves her hands around Skye's floating body. CHANTING a language never spoken on this soil.

Ginger beats on the door, SCREAMING. Her fist and knuckles turning red. Ginger CRIES for she cannot open the door. Skye's pain is racing through Ginger's soul. Tabitha crawls across the floor.

Mary inserts a sharp needle attached to a clear tube deep into Skye's arm. The tubes are attached to the ivory table. A blue liquid races through the ivory's crevasses and up the clear tubes, forcing its way into Skye's bloodstream. Skye's veins bulge underneath her skin, turning deep purple and sparkling like a star ready to burn out.

Mary concentrates on the spell. Tabitha continues to crawl to the door. The baby-sitter reaches up and unlocks the bolt. Ginger bursts into the room, charging Mary like a woman possessed. Mary blows her a kiss: A powerful wind collides with Ginger, thrusting her against the brick wall.

GINGER

Let my sister go!

MARY

We are going to be family.

Mary LAUGHS.

Two zombies swagger down the hall, heading for the open door.

Tabitha overwhelmed with fear begins to WHIMPER. She slides backwards, pushing the door shut with her legs. Tabitha reaches up. The baby-sitter struggles to lock the door, but she doesn't give up.

CLICK.

Tabitha spins around and then scoots against the door. The baby-sitter is exceptionally tired, beaten and battered. Her soul withered to nothing.

Ginger struggles to her feet, fighting her way through Satan's breath.

GINGER

You will not harm my sister.

MARY

You are right. I plan on taking good care of that vessel.

GINGER

You cannot have her.

MARY

I have waited far too long - for someone like you to ruin my return.

GINGER

You had your life. Don't take someone else's.

MARY

(laughing)

I'll do as I please.

Mary continues with her ritual. CHANTING faster. The fire swirls like a volcano in her eyes. Skye's body trembles. Flames shoot from her eyes, burning the top of her forehead.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING fill the room. The mortar holding the bricks together begin to bubble.

Ginger fights her way through the wind. Slowly progressing toward the alter. The wind abruptly stops. Everything in the room freezes. A fire succumbs Mary's entire body.

The wind WHISTLES, releasing its grip. Tabitha rushes to her feet and across the room. She grabs one of the daggers residing on the velvet. The baby-sitter slams it into Mary's neck. The fire burns Tabitha's arm. An energy surge sweeps across the room.

Tabitha cowardly hovers at the door. She glances at her arm: No burn mark. She breathes sporadically, scratching her skin. The white mist from upstairs floats into the room, pushing past Tabitha.

Ginger inches closer, still fighting the wind. Her breath is being taken away from her. The white mist pushes Ginger from behind, helping her fight through the wind. Children's VOICES linger in the swirling breeze. Mary presses a knife to Skye's finger. Skye's head tilts back and a tricolored blood oozes from the corner of her mouth.

Tabitha bravely walks to the alter. The wind races around her body: never touching her. Tabitha charges Mary with the intent to destroy. She grabs the knife by the blade, keeping it from cutting Skye. The sharpness of the blade slices Tabitha's fingers unrelentingly. Mary jerks the blade back, slicing Tabitha's fingers, blood spewing through the air.

Mary and Tabitha tumble to the ground. The knife slides across the room, leaving a trail of blood.

The white mist drives the wind to the wall, releasing Ginger. She thrusts forward. Skye slowly floats back to the table. Ginger hurries to unstrap the tubes.

Mary attempts to stop them with her chicanery, but Tabitha will not allow Mary to raise her hands. Tabitha is vicious, biting and scratching Mary. Head-butting and wrapping her legs around her body.

TABITHA

Get out. NOW!

MARY

You will not escape.

Ginger pulls out the remaining needles. Big sister helps Skye off the table. They run for the door. Skye cannot stand without her sister's assistance. Ginger picks her up and continues to the door. The rescuing sister opens the door. A zombie lunges at Ginger, scraping his fingernail across Skye's leg. Ginger falls to the ground, dropping Skye to the concrete.

The sickle lays a few inches from Ginger's reach. She stretches, picking up the weapon. Ginger quickly snaps the head to the first crawler. The second zombie pulls at Skye's leg. Ginger splits that walker into two pieces with a strong back swing with the sickle. She glances at Skye and then scrambles back inside the room to help Tabitha.

Skye crawls back inside the room behind Ginger. The children's voice SCREAM for Skye to "STOP".

GINGER

I'm coming.

Mary overpowers Tabitha, ramming her against the wall.

TABITHA

Get Skye out of here. I can't hang on much longer.

MARY

Bring the little pretty back to me.

Mary moves her hand toward Ginger. Tabitha bites Mary on the arm. Mary slams Tabitha's head to the bricks.

TABITHA

Go! I cannot hold her.

Skye uses the door to pull herself to her feet. She starts to fall, but the white mist helps her stand. The mist SCREAMS "GO". Ginger reluctantly turns. She grabs Skye by the hand and they scamper out the door. Skye glimpses over her shoulder.

Mary shrugs Tabitha away. A look of death penetrates her soul. Mary slings her fist to the wall: The door shuts violently just as Ginger and Skye clear the threshold.

Ginger and Skye run down the passage. The white mist floating close behind.

VAULT ROOM:

Ginger pushes the metal gurney out their way.

SKYE

She won't let us go.

GINGER

She don't control us.

Ginger opens the back door. A skin-eater quickly attacks her. Ginger pushes the zombie back and then cuts him across the throat. The returner falls forward. Ginger thrusts back with the sickle, severing its head from behind.

SKYE

You are good at that.

GINGER

I am getting a lot of practice.

Ginger starts to enter the hallway. Dozens of skin-eaters creep down the narrow hall, crawling on top of one another. Ginger slams the door shut.

SKYE

What's wrong?

GINGER

We've got to find another way out.

SKYE

Where?

GINGER  
The stairs. They have to go  
somewhere.

Ginger looks around. Big sister rushes to the metal table.

SKYE  
What are you doing?

GINGER  
Help me with this table.

Skye hurries to the table. They push the gurney to the door. Ginger pulls the gun from her waistband. She fires two shots, removing the front wheels to the gurney. Ginger kicks the stubs into the door's wood, placing the gun against her back.

SKYE  
Will it hold?

GINGER  
Long enough I hope. Let's go.

Ginger grabs Skye by the hand. They exit the room and race for the stairs.

THUNDEROUS BOOM.

Dust falls from the ceiling. The shelter shakes. The lights go on and off throughout the bottom grounds.

METAL SCRAPING.

God-like POUNDING.

The zombies rip through the door, pushing the table out of the way. Zombie Frank and Zombie Michelle lead the assault. The blue diamond entrapped by the necklace glows brightly as it dangles from Michelle Zombie's neck.

STAIRCASE:

Skye and Ginger frightfully back up the staircase. The skin-eaters salivate, lusting over the girls, but not advancing.

The trap door is violently ripped off its hinges. Wood splinters from the top of the stairwell. More light shines down the staircase from the opening.

Ginger stares upward with curiosity. Skye moves closer to her sister, looking for comfort. A large muddy and bloody boot hits the first step.

Brownstone steps down from the kitchen. The undertaker powerfully hits each step, sending out a spine-tingling echo. Heavily hearted and extremely pissed off, Brownstone approaches.

Ginger and Skye scamper down the steps and then around the corner. Brownstone stomps to the bottom of the stairs. The monster's stare burns a hole through Ginger.

The white mist floats in front of Ginger and Skye. Brownstones's eyes move rapidly as it stares through the mist. His eyes whisper a demyelinating evil. Brownstone ROARS. The white mist quickly disappears.

SHELTER:

The sparkle from the diamond around Zombie Michelle's neck flickers, catching Brownstone's eye. The undertaker glares at Zombie Michelle. His breathing becoming more tempered. An intense anger and a sweltering hate overwhelm him. The wooden door opens: A red mist spews from the room.

HOWLING.

Tabitha sashays through the fog. Her skin is radiant, a glow of elegance flows from her body. Her wounds completely healed and her scratches have disappeared.

SKYE  
(excited)  
Tabby.

Skye begins to run for Tabitha. Ginger stares at the baby-sitter. Tabitha holds out her arms, waiting for Skye's love. Ginger drops the sickle. Syringes and tubes hang from Tabitha's body. Ginger quickly grabs Skye.

TABITHA  
Come here, Skye.

GINGER  
No.

SKYE  
We can't leave her.

GINGER  
She is not Tabby. She is the witch.

SKYE  
No.

TABITHA  
That's right, Skye. It's me  
Tabitha. Remember, you can call me  
Tabby.

Brownstone aggressively approaches Tabitha.

GINGER  
Get ready to run up the stairs.

Skye nods. Tabitha holds up her hand. Brownstone slows.

TABITHA  
Don't you recognize me, honey?

GINGER  
See. I told you.

Ginger and Skye slowly slide along the wall, working their way to the steps. Brownstone reaches over Tabitha's shoulder. He pushes the door wider. Mary's decaying body lies on the ground. Brownstone stares at the body a few seconds, he then glances at Tabitha and then back to Mary's body.

TABITHA  
My dear. It is me. Now we must find  
you a younger vessel, more  
appealing to the eye.

Brownstone shamefully touches Tabitha's face. Ginger and Skye creep to the bottom of the stairs. Ginger attempts to pick up the sickle. Zombie Frank ROARS and HISSES.

Brownstone roughly squeezes Tabitha's face. The undertaker turns his head to Ginger. Skye tugs her sister's arm. Ginger stands quickly, leaving the sickle on the ground.

Brownstone becomes entranced by the necklace swinging from Zombie Michelle's neck as she unlocks her jaws. The undertaker releases his grip on Tabitha, pushing her backward.

Brownstone turns his attention toward Michelle. The monster steps toward the super skin-eater.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
Now dear, don't you concern  
yourself with our children. Let me  
be the hand of discipline. After  
all, you gave that necklace to me.  
I only passed it down to one of our  
daughters.

Brownstone reaches for the necklace. Zombie Michelle HISSES.

Brownstone snatches it from her neck and then turns toward Ginger and Skye. The monster smiles and steps toward Skye.

SKYE

The children of the church  
understand your grief. They know  
the direction you have travelled to  
free their souls.

Skye reaches out her hand. Ginger grabs her hand and leads her up the steps.

TABITHA

Stop them. I am not done.

Tabitha briskly walks toward the girls.

Brownstone looks at Tabitha and then looks down at the necklace: The sparkle of the diamond is no more. The undertaker closes his hand. Slowly, Brownstone reopens the hand. The gem glows vibrantly. Mary's reflection appears in the magnificent stone. The clasp is no longer broken.

Brownstone smiles. The monster looks up at Tabitha and SNARLS. The dead-heads slowly move in on all parties.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

Honey, you seem too worn out to  
understand the complexity of this  
night. You were always there for  
me. That I will never forget.

Zombie Frank proudly steps to Tabitha's side.

Zombie Michelle approaches on the other side.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

But you did allow them to take me  
away. You were not strong enough to  
stop them. I've lived in such agony  
in this dusty dungeon - A hell hole  
you made me call home.

Brownstone lowers his head in shame.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

They burned me. They soiled their  
nastiness inside me. They hanged  
me. You did nothing. Why?

Brownstone tries to speak, but only MUMBLES.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

You could not even give me children  
the natural way. What sort of man  
lives like that?

Ginger and Skye slowly creep up the stairs. Brownstone turns with anger and rushes the girls. The girls sprint up the stairs. Skye trips on a loose board, causing her to fall flat on her face. Ginger stops and helps her sister to her feet.

Brownstone picks up the sickle. Tabitha whispers to Zombie Frank.

Skye pushes her sister away. Skye turns and tries to run back down the stairs. Ginger grabs Tabitha by the arm.

GINGER

What are you doing?

SKYE

We can't just leave.

Skye breaks free. She scampers down the steps, slowing down as she approaches Brownstone. Tabitha watches with a faint curiosity.

Brownstone walks in Skye's direction. Tabitha slowly nods. The horde of zombies viciously attack Brownstone. The skin-eaters overpower Brownstone, pulling him to the ground. Biting him and ripping at his decayed skin. Brownstone manages to rip a couple of heads from the walkers before he is fully consumed by the biters.

Brownstone drops the necklace. Zombie Michelle surges to pick it up. Brownstone reaches for the necklace, doing all he can to escape the turners. The walkers continue ripping and pulling Brownstone backward. He rips an arm from one of the dead-heads, but is quickly overpowered a second time.

Zombie Michelle lifts the diamond from the concrete floor. Skye snatches it from her hand and quickly darts up the stairs.

GINGER

What are you doing?

SKYE

What I'm told.

Ginger and Skye disappear into the kitchen. The zombies storm the staircase, knocking over the books and jars of oddities. Ginger slams the door shut. The zombies surge against the door, dust particles fall from the ceiling.

## KITCHEN:

Ginger searches for the locking pin, but it is not there. She sits on the trap door, quickly turning to her knees, holding the door down with her hands, using the weight of her body. Zombies push at the door. Their nasty fingers seep through the cracks. Skye puts on the necklace: The diamond changes colors.

Skye rushes to the dishwasher, attempting to pull the pitchfork from the dead zombies head. It is wedged tight. Skye struggles to get the weapon out.

Ginger struggles to keep the door shut. The dead-heads thump the door violently giving it everything they have to break through. MOANING and GROANING, HISSING and ROARING.

The skin-eater stuck to the dishwasher animates. The walker chomps and bites at a scared Skye as she staggers away. Skye searches the area, grabbing the gun from Ginger's pants. She holds the pistol up.

GINGER

What are you doing?

SKYE

I am going to kill it.

GINGER

You don't know how to use that.

SKYE

So, I'll learn.

Skye struggles to cock the pistol. She finally gets the clip to connect.

GINGER

Where did you learn to do that?

SKYE

The Soprano's.

Skye steps toward the dishwasher zombie. The shelter zombies aggressively try to push the door open. Skye sticks the piece against the dishwasher zombie's head. A look of worry travels across the skin-walker's face. Skye pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

The returner relaxes.

GINGER

The safety.

Skye unlocks the safety. Skye closes her eyes. The zombie sighs.

BANG!

Black blood splatters across Skye's face. Skye scoots the gun to Ginger and then yanks out the pitchfork. The turner slides down the dishwasher. Skye faces Ginger. A dozen zombies approach from the patio. They file out of the bomb shelter from underneath the rusted truck as if school had just let out.

SKYE  
We have to hurry.

Skye rushes to her sister. Ginger sits on the trap door. Her body bouncing up and down from the zombie's force. The vile hands poking through the cracks. Skye hands Ginger the pitchfork and backs away. Ginger winks at her sister.

SKYE (CONT'D)  
Gimme' the gun?

GINGER  
What?

SKYE  
The gun.

Ginger slides the gun back to Skye.

GINGER  
Are you okay?

SKYE  
Let them out.

GINGER  
What?

SKYE  
Let them out. I will get the first two. We got to get out of here.

A worried Ginger looks around. The zombies slowly approach the house from the bomb shelter.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - MORNING

Tabitha exits the bomb shelter, well protected by her army of the dead. The baby-sitting witch proudly raises a staph. A colorful ball illuminates from the end.

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ginger continually bounces as the dead-heads try to force their way through.

GINGER

Okay. When I get up - you fire.  
Then we both run for the living  
room.

SKYE

Don't stop and don't look back.

GINGER

Right!  
(beat)  
Are you ready?

Skye nods her head. Ginger slowly stands. She moves off the trap door. The trap door remains closed. The room is silent. Ginger and Skye breathe heavily. Ginger steps away from door, backing to the hallway. Skye slowly moves toward the living room. Two dead-heads thrust through the door.

Skye FIRES two shots. She hits both in the noggin. They fall limp. Other zombies struggle to push the dead skin-walkers through the opening. The skin-eaters crawl up and over the dead zombies. Skye and Ginger sprint through the living room.

LIVING ROOM:

Zombie Frank stands in the living room threshold. It ROARS. Zombie Frank unlocks its jaws, revealing a viper for his tongue. Venom drips from its fangs.

Skye pulls up the gun and FIRES. The bullet rips through the air, entering the super zombies chest cavity, tearing through the backside. The force of the bullet pushes Zombie Frank to the outside.

GINGER

Nice shot.

Ginger and Skye move toward the door.

BOMB SHELTER:

Brownstone lies face down on the concrete. A black liquid oozes from his wounds. The zombies slowly back away from the fallen monster.

Brownstone crawls toward Tabitha as she walks down the hall, away from her jolted lover. Queen-like she walks up the stairs, leading to the truck's exit.

Brownstone holds up his hand, pleading for her mercy. The jilted undertaker MUMBLES loudly.

BROWNSTONE

MARY!

Tabitha glance back and sarcastically blows him a kiss. The remaining turners overrun a defenseless Brownstone. Zombie Michelle follows Tabitha outside. Brownstone's eyes remain on his wife and Zombie Michelle until they have completely disappeared.

Brownstone fights to his backside, but the zombies are too many. The undertaker slowly relaxes. Brownstone gives up. The dead-heads rip away at his rotten skin. Brownstone falls to the floor, turning his head toward the wooden door.

His eyes flutter. Brownstone reaches for Mary's body lying on the ground. The beast's eyes begin to tear. The zombies swarm his vessel. The white mist hovers overhead SCREAMING "SKYE".

MARY (V.O.)

We are forever.

The undertaker's hand falls helplessly to the concrete. The monster closes his eyes. The vicious biters continue to feed from the monster.

LIVING ROOM:

Skye and Ginger cautiously approach the doorway. Zombie Frank intercepts the sisters as they reach the threshold. Zombie Frank ROARS.

Skye pulls the trigger continuously. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Ginger forcefully holds up the pitchfork.

Zombie Frank ROARS and chomps. A slimy black juice oozes from the hole in Frank's chest. The happenings behind Zombie Frank are visible through the gunshot wound.

EXT. BROWNSTONE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A horde of skin-walkers limp toward the house. Tabitha and Zombie Michelle linger in the direction of the patio. The orb on her staph glows vividly in the morning dew.

## INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - BOMB SHELTER

The stairs are empty. The dead policemen have been chewed upon. The remaining zombies wander up the stairs underneath the truck. A few skin-eaters remain hunched down, enjoying their dinner. Brownstone remains lifeless.

MARY (V.O.)

I will live on. You shall disappear  
from my mind.

The white mist hovers overhead. It SCREAMS in agony as it surges into the undertaker's body. His vessel twitches violently, forcing the zombies to slow on their feeding. The hands fall to the floor. The zombies watch in awe as the monster's skin begins to heal. His muscles start to reform and his bones harden.

Brownstone's eyes move underneath his eyelids. The undertaker forcefully reaches up, grabbing one of the zombies by the throat. Brownstone cracks its neck. The remaining two returners HOWL. Brownstone viciously fights his way to his feet.

Brownstone grabs the second biter and slams it hard into the third biter. He punches upward, removing the head of the third zombie. He grabs the tip of the spinal cord and swings it across his body. The dead-head knocks down the second biter. It crawls aimlessly across the floor. Brownstone steps forward, stalking the biter. He stomps hard. The goo and blood splatter across his boot. He violently smooshes the head into the concrete.

The zombies struggling through the trap door hear the ROAR of the last zombie right before the vicious curb-stomp. They charge down the staircase. Several more approach from the hallway. Brownstone masterfully rips the dead-heads to pieces, fighting like an undead possessed. He reaches across his work bench, gripping two small hatchets.

Brownstone annihilates all the zombies in the shelter with the small blades. He works quickly and diligently, destroying the evil zombies.

The undertaker stands with conviction. Both blades drip green-goo and black blood onto the floor. His swagger has returned. The monster slings back his nasty greasy hair. He SNARLS.

Brownstone methodically steps down the hallway on his way to the truck exit. The beast rips apart several more approaching zombies on his way through the hall, never breaking his stride. The biters drop like flies as she steps up the stairs.

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Zombie Frank drools as he stands in the threshold. It ROARS and HISSES. Ginger moves Skye behind her. She fearfully holds up the pitchfork. Ginger slashes the pitchfork at the super zombie. Zombie Frank swats it away each time, toying with his prey. Ginger holds the pitchfork up, lingering near the opening of Frank's chest.

Zombie Frank grabs the rim of the pitchfork, gripping the wood above the prongs. Ginger tries to pull the weapon away. Zombie Frank tugs back. Skye raises the gun and FIRES. CLICK. The super zombie ROARS.

Zombie Frank steps deeper into the room, tugging at the weapon. Brownstone's hand thrusts through the opening of Zombie Frank's chest from behind. Brownstone grabs the pitchfork, overlapping Frank's hand. His arm running all the way through Zombie Frank's chest. Ginger lets go in shock. Ginger and Skye move backward.

The viper snaps at Ginger as Frank turns his head toward Brownstone. The snake lunges toward the monster. Brownstone grabs the viper by its head, pulling it away from Frank's mouth. The snake rips from the skin. Blood spritzes the air. Brownstone slings the dead snake to the ground, stomping it for good measure.

Brownstone pulls the pitchfork toward Zombie Frank, ramming the prongs into Zombie Frank's body. The undertaker continues to pull the small pitchfork all the way through the body, ripping the vital organs of Zombie Frank's torso. On the prongs of the pitchfork: oozing green sludge is Zombie Frank's heart gruesomely stuck on the rusted metal blades.

Zombie Frank wheels around. Brownstone holds the pitchfork in a threatening manner. SNARLING. Zombie Frank ROARS. A new viper as regrown. Brownstone forcefully pushes the heart into Zombie Frank's mouth. The viper's fangs sink into the pulsating organ.

Brownstone violently tears Zombie Frank apart with the pitchfork while his heart continues to pump blood. He pierces Frank's left arm, removing it from the shoulder with one of the hatchets. Frank reaches for Brownstone. The monster quickly rips upward with the hatchet, removing his second arm. Ginger's eyes tear up. She has finally come to grips with Frank's death.

Brownstone rams the pitchfork upward, driving it through Frank's chin and up his face. The prongs pierce through the heart and the choking viper. Venom rivers down the prongs. Brownstone rips the pitchfork backward, ripping Frank's face from his head.

Frank drops to his knees. Ginger grabs Skye's hand and they slip out the front door. Brownstone destroys Zombie Frank, ripping his head from his shoulders. Finally, tossing down the bloody pitchfork. He squashes what's left of his head with his muddy boot.

Brownstone exits through the front door. Three zombies attack him from behind. Brownstone fights them off. Annihilating all three with the hatchet. He slams one of the hatchets into the first zombie's neck, sticking it into the wood of the door frame. The body slides to the ground. The head still snapping on top of the blade.

He picks up the second zombie by the throat, wheeling around, ramming the back of its head against a thick nail protruding from the wood. He quickly removes its head with the second hatchet. He pushes his hand into the biter's mouth, ripping the jaw downward, pulling the head down, splitting it in half.

The third zombie clamps onto Brownstone's arm. The undertaker jerks it away by the hair. The zombie continues to surge forward. Brownstone places his hand on the biter's shoulder and pushes it away. The head snaps off and without hesitation, Brownstone punts the head across the yard. It lands on the Durango's hood. The white mist oozes from the undertaker's nostril, floating across the lawn.

RUMBLING in house. Brownstone turns and walks back toward the house. The zombie on the hatchet blade snaps as he passes. Brownstone takes the second hatchet and rams that blade into the zombie's skull. Brownstone turns. He touches the nail with his finger. Ripped skin and goo oozes from it.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - DAY

A younger Brownstone works on the door frame, hammering the trim onto the studs. He pulls the door open and shut, making sure his handy work is efficient. A stunning Mary walks onto the porch with a pitcher of lemonade. She pours Brownstone a glass. He gladly accepts and drinks the entire glass in one gulp. He places the glass back on the tray. Mary approaches the work, inspecting it herself. The nail sticks out of the wood just under the numbering on the wall.

YOUNG MARY

That could really do some damage.

Brownstone nods. He drills the nail in with one lick. Mary smiles. She leans forward and kisses him on the lips. She straightens his collar and wipes away a smudge on his face.

YOUNG MARY (CONT'D)  
I'll make something out of you,  
yet.

Mary steps over his tools and enters the house. Brownstone smiles as she disappears through the living room. His fingers are bleeding from where he was clutching his hammer. His fingernails dug deep into his skin. He steps into the house, stopping at the threshold. He glances at the numbering on the wall. He quickly pulls the nail back out with the hammer, running his thumb against the bent end. He smiles and enters the house.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - WELL - SIDE YARD - EARLY MORNING

Ginger and Skye breathe hard, resting by an old water well just below the church. Skye vomits. Blood gushes from her mouth.

GINGER  
Are you okay?

SKYE  
I don't feel good. Feels like  
heartburn.

The amulet around Skye's neck glows a deep blue.

GINGER  
Toss that thing.

Ginger tries to snatch the necklace. Skye stops her hand from grabbing it.

SKYE  
No! We must use it to free the  
children. I'm learning to control  
the evil inside.

GINGER  
What children?

SKYE  
The ones from the church, and the  
ones from the school.

GINGER  
What? You are talking crazy.

SKYE  
Their souls are trapped.

GINGER

Don't see why that's our problem?

SKYE

The witch used the children's blood to form the black powder. Their souls are lost. We must return the power to its resting place. As long as this amulet breathes air - so do the undead that the powder brings back to life.

GINGER

How do you know this?

Ginger peeks over the stones of the well, checking the house. She turns back around.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You are scaring the Be-Jesus out of me.

SKYE

I saw it in the water. Brownstone is not dead. He's been alive, buried under the ground. His mixture reacts differently on the living than it does the dead.

GINGER

So, where is this resting place?

SKYE

I don't know. It's got to be dark and secluded, surrounded by water and protected by spells.

GINGER

Protected?

SKYE

Yeah, by symbols.

GINGER

And you seen all this in the water?

SKYE

Mostly, but I also heard the witch speaking to Brownstone. She wanted my body so she could be young and beautiful again. Tabitha needs to be saved. She does not deserve this.

GINGER

C'mon.

Ginger slowly struggles to her feet. She reaches down her hand. Skye reaches up and grabs Ginger's hand. Ginger pulls Skye to her feet.

SKYE

Where are we going?

GINGER

I think I know where this place is.

Ginger and Skye sneak into the woods. The white mist floats behind them as they disappear through the forest.

Tabitha exits the kitchen through the broken glass. Tabitha scans the farmland. Skye and Ginger dash into the woods. Tabitha HISSES. Tabitha turns to the inside of the house.

TABITHA

Children. Let us play. I encourage you - play roughly.

Tabitha leads the army of undead into the woods. Michelle and the other zombies follow Tabitha from a distance, showing their respect for their leader.

INT. CAVE - WATERFALL - EARLY MORNING

Skye and Ginger step through the falling water. The area is dark. The amulet lights up the cavern. The deeper into the cave the ladies walk, the brighter the stone shines.

Skye stares at the walls with intrigue. She reads the walls as they step deeper into the cave.

INT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Brownstone stands in the middle of the living room. Frank has been dismembered. MOANING. Brownstone turns his attention to the outside. Brownstone slowly walks to the entrance. A black rimmed hat catches his fancy as it rests peacefully on a hat rack next to the door. The undertaker smiles and puts it on his head.

Tabitha and Zombie Michelle are at the edge of the forest. The last of the skin-eaters disappear into the heavily wooded area.

Tabitha holds up her hands: The orb on the staph glows vividly. The tops of the trees obediently sway and the winds pick up.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Tabitha and Zombie Michelle turn their backs to the house. Brownstone strolls down the front steps. He steps toward the forest, passing the sheriff's car and the remains of two "chewed" locals. Tabitha walks into the forest. She glances back and stops. Tabitha touches Zombie Michelle on the forehead.

TABITHA

You cannot let him destroy my  
life's work. I only owe him for  
this life. Stop him and you shall  
be gratefully rewarded.

Zombie Michelle ROARS as a gleam of satisfaction lingers in her eyes. The viper striking vigorously from her mouth. Zombie Michelle turns and walks with purpose toward Brownstone. Tabitha vanishes deep into the woods.

The clash between Zombie Michelle and Brownstone is violent. Brownstone has much more strength than Michelle, but she is much quicker. Several other zombies, randomly passing by, jump into the fray. Brownstone makes quick work of them. The battle between Brownstone and Michelle is quick paced and fierce.

They fight across the field, ending up at the water well. All the skin-eaters that stayed with Zombie Michelle are destroyed except for one. Michelle slowly circles Brownstone.

Brownstone has the last zombie down on the ground, ripping his head off with his nasty hands. Brownstone grabs the dead skin-eaters hand.

Zombie Michelle charges. Brownstone stands quickly, stepping on the chest of the zombie. Brownstone rips the arm from the demolished dead-head as he pushes with his foot. Brownstone whacks Zombie Michelle in the face with the severed limb as she charges.

Zombie Michelle is knocked back twenty feet. The super zombie struggles to her feet. Her side dangles from the bone a little more. Brownstone approaches. Swinging the arm upwards, Zombie Michelle is knocked back another twenty feet, landing on the steel pulley system of the water well. The sharp steel spikes protrude through her chest. Zombie Michelle struggles to break free, but cannot.

Brownstone, stalks Zombie Michelle. Zombie Michelle ROARS, hoping for compassion from her second father. The viper's venom oozing down Michelle's chin.

Brownstone's eyes lure with glee as he watches her struggle on the metal rods. The monster punches Zombie Michelle in the face viciously. The viper lunges out. Brownstone catches it with his hand. He slowly lifts his second hand, pulling the head of the snake apart with both hands. He rams both fangs into Michelle's chin. He sticks his fingers into Michelle's eyes, raking her eyeballs out. They scatter across the top of the well. Brownstone steps away. He shakes the goo from his hands. Zombie Michelle's face is mangled.

Brownstone rips Zombie Michelle's body from the steel piercing. He savagely holds her down, grinding her face into the rock wall. Brownstone turns the crank to the pulley system. The bucket slowly rises to the top. Brownstone busts the bucket against the stone casing, the wood splinters.

Brownstone rips the wood from the rope, wrapping it several times around Zombie Michelle's neck. Brownstone picks up Zombie Michelle and roughly places her on the rock wall.

Zombie Michelle attempts to snap and bite at her father. The viper fangs still stuck in her chin and her face is a wreck. Brownstone smiles. The undertaker tips his black hat. The monster pushes Zombie Michelle over the edge. The super zombie plummets down the dark hole.

The rope tightens. Zombie Michelle dangles inside the well. She bounces as she struggles to get free. Her neck SNAPS. Brownstone peers into the darkness. Zombie Michelle's body sways near the bottom. Her neck separates from her shoulders. Brownstone SNARLS. Methodically, he disappears into the forest.

INT. CAVE - MORNING

Skye and Ginger stare at a large stone statue: A man sitting on a throne. In one hand: the statue holds an axe. The other hand is empty: a round rough slot inside the statue's hand draws their attention. A long iron rod lays on the ground, covered with a million years worth of dust. At the tip of the rod is a bracket: a casing for the stone.

Ginger and Skye investigate the rod. Skye searches the statue. A crease lingers around the stoned monument. Skye runs her hand along the crease. The white mist slithers through the crevasses, disappearing to the other side.

SKYE  
There is another room behind this  
statue.

GINGER  
Why hasn't anyone found this  
before?

SKYE  
Maybe no one knew to look.

GINGER  
We have to try to open it.

SKYE  
WHY?

GINGER  
Something brought us here. We need  
to finish it, or it will haunt us  
for the rest of our lives.

SKYE  
Okay.

Skye peruses the statue. She finds the hole in the empty hand. Ginger unsuccessfully attempts to pick up the rod. Her face turns red as she pulls upward. Skye inspects every inch of the statue. A raven's claw is chiseled into the garment around the wizard's chest. She glances at Ginger still struggling with the rod and then the open fist of the statue.

GINGER  
Skye, help me with this.

Skye looks at the rod. She runs her fingers through the hole in the hand of the statue.

SKYE  
It goes in his hand.

Skye rushes to help Ginger. The two struggle to get the rod up. They drag it to the statue. The gemstone is glowing a dark red.

GINGER  
Look at your stone.

SKYE  
I feel its power.

GINGER  
What if this backfires on us?

SKYE  
Then we are fucked.

GINGER  
Skye, don't talk like that.

SKYE  
After all we've been through -  
chased by zombies, stalked by a  
witch and tormented by a mad man.  
You get upset with me because I  
said "FUCK."

GINGER  
It's not lady like.

Skye rolls her eyes. The two manage to get the rod to the statue.

SKYE  
How do you think we are going to  
get the rod to the hand? It's too  
heavy for us to lift.

GINGER  
We are going to have to try.

SKYE  
Yeah.

The girls struggle to lift the rod. They get the rod a couple of feet off the ground. The rod slips from Skye's hand. Ginger's hand is pinned against the statue.

GINGER  
(SCREAMS)  
FUCK!

SKYE  
Oh my god. I am sorry. Are you  
Okay?

Ginger manages to get her hand free. Big sister shakes her hand and stretches her fingers.

GINGER  
Don't worry, honey. I am okay.  
Let's get this thing up.

The girls start to lift the rod again. Skye glances up at her big sister, giggling like a child at play.

SKYE  
(giggles)  
You said, "fuck".

Ginger rolls her eyes and blows the hair from her face.

GINGER  
I guess I am not a lady. C'mon  
let's hurry.

They try to lift the rod. They struggle, but they manage to get the rod higher than the time before. The white mist surges from the cracks, helping the girls with the task before them.

The rod sways and the stone glows brighter around Skye's neck. They have it high enough, but cannot manage to get the rod to rest inside the hole. Suddenly, the rod floats out of their hands.

They stand back in amazement as the rod settles into the hole: Nothing happens. Children VOICES scatter through the cavern. The mist quickly disappears.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
Nothing.

Skye holds her hand out: suggesting to Ginger to remain silent.

SKYE  
I don't know if that's a good  
thing.

GINGER  
How do you suppose...

TABITHA (O.S.)  
You don't mind that I lent you a  
hand, do you? That's what friends  
are for.

Ginger and Skye turn. Tabitha stands at the mouth of the cavern. Her Staph high in the air, glowing vividly. A smirk lingers across her face.

GINGER  
I will not let you hurt my sister.

Mary moves her head: "is that so" look. Tabitha straightens out her arms, glancing over her new body.

TABITHA

I don't need her anymore.  
Surprisingly, I am happy with my  
new body. I won't have to go  
through puberty again.

GINGER

Then you are going to let us go?

Tabitha nods with agreement as she slowly approaches the girls.

TABITHA

As soon as you give me the stone -  
you are free to leave, but escaping  
my children... that is entirely up  
to you.

SKYE

Why don't you just take the stone?

Tabitha shakes her head.

TABITHA

The stone is a life form. It can  
only be transferred by will. If  
taken, it loses its true value.

GINGER

Tabitha's body was a life form -  
you had no problem taking it.

An evil smirk rolls across Tabitha's face.

TABITHA

She was recklessly using it. I will  
show her body things she could not  
even imagine. Not being pure - I  
can still catch your earthly  
diseases, but there's not much  
remaining of your earth.

Skye steps forward. Ginger pulls her back.

SKYE

Where is her soul?

TABITHA

She is not lonely, if that is what  
you are afraid of? She is with the  
children. You know... the ones you  
so desperately tried to save.

Skye wraps her hand around the stone. It pulsates different colors.

SKYE

I will not give you the stone -  
unless you release their souls.

TABITHA

That is an option. But no - I will  
just take it.

GINGER

It will lose its power.

TABITHA

That is what I said, isn't it?  
Before I am done with you. You will  
beg me to take the stone.

Tabitha raises her staph, the tip gleams with electricity. Ginger is thrust against the wall. Her head hits hard against the stone.

SKYE

Stop it!

TABITHA

Give me the stone.

Skye reaches up. Little sister grabs the stone and yanks it off her neck. Tabitha smiles as Skye holds the stone forward.

SKYE

Let my sister go!

TABITHA

Not until the stone is in my hand.

SKYE

I don't trust you.

TABITHA

You have no choice.

SKYE

You lied to your husband. The man  
who gave his life - only to save  
yours.

TABITHA

He was just a man. A silly ole' man  
with mush in his heart.

Ginger struggles to stand.

I am after a man with fire in his  
heart, coal in his soul, and  
forever in his veins.

SKYE

You did not love Mister Brownstone.

A look of compassion dances across Tabitha's face. She sighs  
and then a wicked smile creeps across her frown.

TABITHA

You know much. Why is this?

SKYE

The children cry out to me. I  
listened. I do not fear you.

TABITHA

Really?

Tabitha begins to squeeze the air with her free hand. Ginger  
violently chokes. Ginger grabs her throat like she's trying  
to pry something away. The white mist seeps through the  
cracks.

SKYE

Stop it! You old hag!

Tabitha clinches her fist. Ginger chokes even more. The White  
mist hovers under Ginger's nose, almost like it is giving her  
extra air.

TABITHA

Give me the stone!

Skye rushes to the statue. She places the stone in the top of  
the staph. The stone turns bright red and then catches on  
fire. The fire quickly burns out. Smoke shoots from the  
cluster. The diamond turns brown. Dirt crumbles to the ground  
as the cave trembles. The stone around the statue begins to  
crack.

Ginger's body falls to the ground. Big sister is lifeless.  
The statue animates. The stone rocks shimmy off the man under  
the statue. A wizard steps from the shattered stones. He  
carries a large battle axe and an extraordinary staph. His  
breast plate is gold with a silver raven clutching a half  
moon.

WIZARD

Who releases me from my prison?

Dust sprays the air from his mouth as he speaks with an old  
English accent.

Tabitha drops to her knees, lowering her head in servitude. She lays her rod on the ground. The glow inside the orb is dark and murky.

TABITHA

It was I, my Lord.

The wizard graciously steps around Tabitha, looking downward. Tabitha fights with herself on whether to raise her head. She does not.

WIZARD

I sense your desire. But you lie!

The wizard stares at Skye as he continues to circle Tabitha. The witch continues to stare at the dirt.

SKYE

Just release the children.

WIZARD

Is that your wish?

SKYE

It is.

The door hidden behind the throne slowly maneuvers upward. Hundreds of children's souls walk from the opening, disappearing into the sky as the white mist.

WIZARD

They go where you desire them to be, my young minion. I hate to see them leave. It was their innocence that kept me from turning to stone on the inside. I will miss their company.

The wizard relishes with his new life form, breathing the air like it's going to disappear soon. Skye rushes to Ginger.

Tabitha's spirit approaches the girls. The ghostly babysitter bends down and kisses Skye on the forehead. A tear rushes down her cheek. Skye glances at her sister, laying lifeless in front of the opening. Tabitha's spirit smiles. Skye begins to speak. Tabitha's spirit pushes her fingers against Skye's lips. She SNAPS her fingers. Ginger opens her eyes. Skye rushes to her sister, crying with joy.

SKYE

I can't lose you. I can't lose you. Ginger, you are all that I have left.

Skye hugs Ginger tighter than she ever has. Tabitha's spirit lingers toward the cowering Tabitha. The spirit glances back at the sisters as they have a moment of reflection and affection. Tabitha attempts to glance upward. Ma'ax still hovers over her. Tabitha's spirit surges downward, disappearing. Skye and Ginger turn their attention toward the evil duo.

GINGER

What happened?

SKYE

C'mon, we've got to hurry.

Skye helps Ginger to her feet. They scurry out of the cave. Never taking their eye off the wizard. Ma'ax hovers over the cowering witch, looking downward.

TABITHA

Permission to speak, my lord?

WIZARD

Granted.

Tabitha slowly lifts her head. Ma'ax gives her permission to stand. Tabitha cautiously straightens up.

TABITHA

I did everything I could to free you from your prison.

WIZARD

The girl placed the stone.

TABITHA

The girl stole the stone. I shall die for you. I have devoted my life to your resurrection.

WIZARD

We shall see.

Brownstone steps into the cave. Skye and Ginger stop as they run into Brownstone. They walk backward, stepping back into the cavern. Brownstone follows them into the cavern.

MARY

I have done as the book predicted.

Brownstone snarls at the stone in the wizard's staph. Ma'ax thrusts his chest forward. Tabitha quickly kneels on the ground. Brownstone offers Tabitha his hand. Tabitha looks up at Brownstone. She spits in his hand. Brownstone SNARLS. Skye and Ginger quickly exit the cave. Brownstone slaps Tabitha.

She rolls across the soil. Brownstone steps toward his wife. Ma'ax sticks out his hand, stopping the beast's roll. Tabitha scoots away.

TABITHA

This creature is cast from your powder. He wishes to destroy you, my lord.

A nonthreatening wizard approaches Brownstone, looking him up and down.

WIZARD

You hit my follower?

Brownstone proudly gazes at the wizard. He SNARLS and CHUCKLES. The wizard passively circles Brownstone, sniffing him with each pass, frowning from the stench.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

This is the thief who stole the stone from my staph.

TABITHA

He is not your child!

Tabitha stands, eyeing her staph.

WIZARD

He is not dead.

TABITHA

He was given the powder - diluted with his mixture - while still alive.

Ma'ax quickly turns to Tabitha, pleased with her last statement.

WIZARD

This creature breathes my magic?

TABITHA

He desires our deaths.

A mile-wide smile stretches across the wizard's face.

WIZARD

You are his wife?

Tabitha lowers her head in shame. She quickly raises her head with pride.

TABITHA

I was, while I was living - but now I am a creature of the night. I am to do your bidding. I am yours, my lord.

Tabitha obediently lowers her head. The wizard studies her movements for a few seconds. He sticks out his hand; Mary's staph quickly lands in his palm.

WIZARD

Then go. I shall finish your marriage. Consider yourself a widow.

TABITHA

Will you grant me full power, my lord?

WIZARD

I will not. For I do not see your work. Go! Lead my children to victory. Destroy all that lives. Then return. Ask me then. Now go! Before I change my mind.

Tabitha glances at her staph. She quickly walks to the exit, leaving her staph in his hands. Brownstone grabs Tabitha's arm. The wizard grabs Brownstone's hand, squeezing it tightly. Brownstone releases Tabitha. Ma'ax tosses the witch her staph. She smiles.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

Find the claw before you leave this area.

TABITHA

Yes, my lord.

Tabitha bows. Tabitha exits the cave.

WIZARD

You know the secret to my powder? A simple human. How does one of your mediocre existence discover such magic?

Brownstone tries to speak, but just gargles. Ma'ax CHUCKLES.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

I am anxious to hear what you have to say.

The wizard slams his staff to the floor. The stone glows. Brownstone falls to his knees. The undertaker lowers his head. The hat hides his face. Brownstone YELLS, grabbing the side of his head. The monster struggles to stand. A younger, healthier Brownstone stands with pride in front of Ma'ax, the wizard. Brownstone looks across his body. Amazed at how his newly formed vessel is even younger than before.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

I did what I did - because I was in love with Mary.

WIZARD

Love is not a reason. It is a disease. Sadly, death is the only known cure. Did she teach you how to raise the dead?

Brownstone shakes his head.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

It wasn't your powder that sustained my life. It was my serum. Your powder only blackens my heart.

WIZARD

What serum, do you speak of?

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

A mixture I invented to ease the pain from the burns for my beloved, Mary.

WIZARD

Who taught you how to mix?

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

I read it from one of Mary's books. I didn't think it would work, but all my options had been exhausted.

Ma'ax nods with impressment.

WIZARD

You will not do my bidding?

Brownstone removes his hat, wrenching it in his hands. He lowers his head, never looking the wizard in the eyes.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

I regret the pain I have caused others. I have taken many innocent lives.

Brownstone stops talking. He continues to squeeze the hat.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE (CONT'D)

I will not do your bidding nor the bidding of others - Ever again! I did what I had to do to keep my wife alive. She is dead to me now. I have no reason to harm others.

WIZARD

In that body, you will die.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

Without my Mary, I have nothing to live for.

WIZARD

You act as if you have a choice.

Brownstone places the hat on his head. He raises his head with pride.

YOUNG BROWNSTONE

My soul is free.

WIZARD

Only in that skin.

The wizard slams the staff to the ground once again. A black swarm devours Brownstone. The undertaker fights with the swarm. The infectiousness of the swarm overwhelm the monster, disappearing into his skin. A bewildered Brownstone surveys his disgusting form.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

Now go. Do my bidding. You cannot fight the evil that resides inside your heart.

Ma'ax turns and starts to approach his throne. Brownstone SNARLS. The monster starts to exits.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - DURANGO - MORNING

Skye catches her breath near the back of the Durango, consciously watching for the undead.

SKYE

Hurry.

Ginger scrounges inside the Durango, trying to hot wire the vehicle. She glances up, peering out the windshield. The zombie's severed head snaps from the other side of the glass.

Ginger pulls away and then sighs. She goes back under the dash, working on the wires.

GINGER  
I have almost got it.

SKYE  
How did you learn to do that?

GINGER  
Operation Repo.

SKYE  
What is that?

GINGER  
It's a TV show.

Zombies linger toward the vehicles. Skye sneaks to the front of the Blazer, snooping a look over the hood. She is startled as the head stares back at her. The skin-walkers sniff the cold morning air. The head's eyes move toward the approaching skin-eaters. It attempts to whistle to catch their attention. It can't whistle.

SKYE  
Hurry. They are starting to smell  
breakfast.

Skye hustles around the Durango. Quickly, she climbs into the passenger seat. Little sister softly closes the door. Ginger finishes with the wires. The Durango fires up. The Hemi roars with escape.

GINGER  
Done.

Ginger turns on the wipers, the head slides across the windshield with its mouth wide open with fear, leaving a thick stream of goo. Ginger presses the window cleaner. The water shoots onto the glass, smearing badly, but eventually clearing up.

Ginger slams the SUV into drive. Skye opens the glove box and pulls out a magna light. Ginger slams the Dodge into the police cars, moving them out of her way. The zombies rush the Durango in a frenzy. The Durango inches its way through the dented patrol cars.

A hungry zombie leaps for the running board and slowly climbs into the broken window. Skye fights it off with the magna light.

Ginger backs the Durango at a high rate of speed, cranking the wheel to the left. She pins the zombie against the fire truck. The SUV pulls away, shredding the dead-head to pieces.

Tabitha slithers from the sanctum of the trees. Ginger begins to drive down the driveway. Tabitha holds up her hands and pulls them back to herself: The Durango's wheels spin helplessly in the mud.

SKYE

We are stuck.

GINGER

We are trapped not stuck.

Ginger looks in the rear view. Big sister slams the shifter into park.

SKYE

What are you doing?

GINGER

We cannot run. She won't let us.

Skye glances through the back window. Tabitha approaches.

SKYE

We cannot fight her. She is a witch.

GINGER

We are going to have to try.

Ginger slams the Durango into reverse. The truck spins toward Tabitha at a high rate of speed. Tabitha throws up her hand: the vehicle halts violently. Ginger slams the stick into park. Ginger aggressively steps out of the SUV and slams the door with purpose. Ginger glances at Skye.

SKYE

I will help.

Ginger shakes her head with authority.

GINGER

No! Keep the engine running. After I destroy this bitch - we are getting the fuck out of here.

SKYE

You said fuck again.

Blood oozes from Ginger's head. Skye unknowingly begins to sniff the blood, and licks her lips.

Dozens of zombies snake from the forest, limping toward Ginger as fast as they can. Tabitha glances at the Durango. Skye rummages through the front, searching for something.

Ginger races to the fire truck, remaining a few yards in front of the approaching skin-eaters. Ginger slings open the door, grabbing the axe in the cab of the truck. The blade hits a lever, raising the extension ladder. The ladder diligently moves upward.

Ginger thwarts the first wave of zombie attackers, hacking the undead savagely. She spades one in the head, driving the bladed all the way through the decaying zombie. She back swings, removing another dead-head's head. Big sister whacks them to pieces, clearing her some working room, but they are too many.

Ginger climbs up the fire truck, still swinging like a mad-woman. The dead-heads rock the fire truck as they climb up on it. Ginger is forced to climb up the ladder. Several returners climb up the ladder after her. Big sister continues her onslaught with the axe, knocking them from the ladder.

INT. CAVE - MORNING

Brownstone stands at the mouth of the cave, sniffing. He looks down into his hands and closes his eyes. Brownstone turns and walks back into the cave. The wizard sits proudly on his throne.

WIZARD

Have you changed your mind?

Brownstone approaches the wizard with no hitches in his steps, but suddenly stops and lowers his head in submission. The beast kneels before Ma'ax. A grand smile stretches across his face as he steps from his throne. The wizard raises his staph into the sky. Brownstone covers his head in a defensive manner. Ma'ax is consumed with power from the glowing orb at the end of his rod. The undertaker glances as the shiny gem in the stone clasp. He lowers his head. Brownstone closes his eyes.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

I call to the four corners of the earth. I ask the sand to replenish this creatures life force. I ask the fire to ignite his inner power. I command the wind to power his will. And finally, I require the water to make this creature young forever.

A thick wind whirls around the wizard. A thin blue mist rises from the swirling winds. The cavern shakes, sending earth into the vortex. Fire rages inside Ma'ax's pupils. The wizard slams the staph to the ground. Brownstone grabs the tip of the staph, stopping it from striking the soil.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

You cannot defeat me.

Brownstone grabs the axe from the wizard's side. The wizard's eyes glow orange and become cloudy. The fire burns away. Brownstone slams the axe into the wizard's neck. Rays of light sprout from the wound. Brownstone forces the wizard to the ground, harnessing his overpowering strength. Brownstone follows him to the ground, never letting go of the staph. Brownstone drops the axe as he struggles with the wizard to control the staph. Brownstone removes the staph from the wizard's hand.

Ma'ax summons the axe: the axe slides across the soil. Brownstone steps on the wavering axe with his filthy bloody boot. The wizard struggles to stand. Brownstone kicks the wizard in the head while balancing with the other foot on the axe.

Ma'ax falls backwards and stumbles into the stone throne. Brownstone steps off the axe: The axe flies through the air. The wizard pulls at his staph. Brownstone holds his end tightly. Ma'ax struggles to regain his footing.

Brownstone lets the staph slide, catching the stone end of the staph before it completely leaves his grasp. The axe lands securely in the wizard's free hand, forcing him back into the stone throne.

Brownstone pries the stone from the carriage and then releases the staph. The staph screams toward the wizard. The rod pierces the wizard's heart, forcefully knocking Ma'ax back into the stone throne. Brownstone's hat flies off his head.

Ma'ax grabs the staph with both hands and slowly begins to pull the rod from his heart. The wizard begins to seizure as the tip drops to the floor. His veins pop through his skin. The purple turning brown. His eyes dry up and skin becomes coarse. Ma'ax clutches his heart and turns back into stone. The opening behind the throne remains. Brownstone bends down to pick up his hat, never taking his eye off the wizard.

Brownstone SNARLS at Ma'ax. The undertaker steps to the stoned trickster. He grabs the staph with both hands and begins to pull, ripping the staph from the statue. A thick black blood pours from the stoned wound. Brownstone drops the staph to the earth.

BROWNSTONE  
(indistinctive)  
Consider yourself healed.

Brownstone spits on the stature and methodically exits the cave.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - FIRE TRUCK - MORNING

Ginger hangs high in the sky from the crow's nest. The ladder's rungs are overran with skin-eaters. Ginger looses her grip. Big sister suddenly falls. She lands on a group of zombies. Instinctively, she fights her way to the ground and finally gains her freedom from the walkers. Skye surges into the battle with a wooden baseball bat, knocking the biters across the knees and then to the head when they drop down.

Ginger limps briskly toward Tabitha. Her clothes ripped to shreds, her body covered with cuts and scratches. Her resolve not yet compromised. The zombies follow. Tabitha shakes her head: her minions obey.

The zombies turn to Skye, making no further advancement. Skye takes advantage, beheading two quickly. Tabitha jerks her hand toward Skye, ripping the bat from her hands. She pushes her knuckles forward, giving her walkers permission to stalk Skye. Ginger watches as Skye races for the Durango. She enters just as the zombies reach the truck.

Brownstone approaches methodically from the darkness of the woods, slamming a large branch in the palm of his hand as he walks. Tabitha does not sense him. Ginger glances over Tabitha's shoulder. A look of utter dismay filters her thoughts. The classic: "you've got to be kidding me look." Brownstone steps with authority toward Tabitha. Ginger darts back to the Durango.

SKYE  
Hurry!

GINGER  
I think the odds are finally in our favor.

Tabitha raises her hands: The wind abruptly begin to swirl. Hundreds of tree limbs break from the trunks. Ginger continues to fight through the strong gusts of wind on her way to the truck. The zombies at the Durango quickly turn their attention toward an approaching Ginger.

## TABITHA

As the air gently whispers, I call upon the wind to rip the flesh of the living. Show no mercy on those who need breath to survive.

Brownstone pushes Tabitha from behind. The monster then thrusts the branch through her shoulder. Tabitha falls to the ground. The wind quickly dies. Brownstone rips out the branch. Blood spews geyser-like through the air.

Ginger punches an approaching Zombie and ducks under several more as she races for the Durango. Skye reaches over and opens the door. Ginger hurries into the Durango. Ginger puts the SUV in gear. The faithful Dodge peels out of the mud and into the day.

Brownstone hovers over Tabitha, raising his hand up in a slapping position. The staph lays a few inches from her fingers. A tear races down Tabitha's face.

## TABITHA (CONT'D)

Honey? What are you doing? It's me.  
Your beautiful wife. Mary! Forever.

Brownstone hauls back to slap Tabitha.

Tabitha holds up her hands in a defensive manner and begins her "oscar-like" performance. Her lips quivering and crocodile tears rushing down her face. Brownstone's eyes release a sense of pity, keeping his hand from crashing down on his true love. Tabitha looks up with caution and remorse.

## TABITHA (CONT'D)

I am younger. I am trying to find you a younger vessel. Allow me to do my work and we can be together. Just like I promised, forever.

Brownstone lowers his right hand, offering to help Tabitha to her feet. The undertaker tosses the branch to the ground. Tabitha grabs his hand and smiles. She lovingly strokes his hand, running her fingers gently across his silver wedding band.

## TABITHA (CONT'D)

I'll make something out of you, yet.

Brownstone politely pulls her up. Only to slam her back down with a cloths-line delivered by his left arm. Brownstone stomps Tabitha unmercifully. Tabitha rolls around on the ground, trying to escape from Brownstone's malicious attack.

Tabitha slings her arms upwards: Brownstone is thrown to the ground. Tabitha rolls for the staph as Brownstone struggles to his feet. Tabitha stands with confidence. Her rod firmly in her hand. The orb on top sparkling mad-crazy.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I think it's time we end this unholy union.

Brownstone SNARLS and charges. Tabitha holds up her hand and the rod: Wind swirls madly. The leaves laying on the ground kick up. Tabitha looks to the sky. Her eyes turn a whispering blue. The clouds turn dark and the sun hides behind the wintery wisp of the clouds.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

I call upon thee, bring this monster to his knees.

A nearby tree animates. Its roots are yanked from the soil. Lumber pops as the branches stretch out. A thick branch with stickily fingers reach for Brownstone's legs and arms. The limbs entangle Brownstone: The more Brownstone fights, the more the tree wraps around him. Brownstone bites at nature's beast. The vines waywardly whip toward his face, leaving gashes across his forehead. Several vines wrap around his throat, forcing him to fight for air. The thin roots from the ground wrap around the undertaker's feet, pulling them to the soil, planting him into the earth. The bark pull his torso closer, entrapping him into the tree's body. The undertaker's hat falls to the soil.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

You watched as I burned. Now my powers that you have turned with your last breath you will have learned.

She shakes the orb at the tree: The branches ignite. A violent fire devours the bark. The flames submerge Brownstone. The undertaker ROARS in agony as his body burns. The witch grins with glee as her husband is destroyed in the same manner as her. Tabitha slings the tip of the orb toward the Blazer. She jerks it toward her lover. The SUV flies through the air, smacking hard against the tree and Brownstone. His body is melded into the tree trunk. An exhausted Tabitha falls to the soil. A vicious rain pounds the dirt. Tabitha catches her breath, staring up at the sky with a cursed look. The water chases the fire away. Tabitha stands, looking upward.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

You do not scare me. For every one you send. He will send a dozen.

Tabitha thrusts her staff to the sky. It stops raining.

INT. DURANGO - TWO LANE - MORNING

The Durango sits on the side of the road. Skye and Ginger regain their composure. They check one another for bites. The SUV idles.

SKYE

Do you think we are safe?

Skye stares at the blood dripping from Ginger's head. Her tongue gently glides across her lips.

GINGER

For now.

SKYE

Do you think it's over?

Skye slowly reaches out to touch the blood that oozes from Ginger's head. Her eyes dance with excitement.

THUD.

A zombie crawls across the hood, snapping viciously. The rain hammers on the windshield.

GINGER

I don't know how far this has spread. So over? No! Not for us.

Ginger casually slams the SUV in gear. The rain abruptly stops. She turns on the wipers, cleaning the glass of blood, skin and water.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Put on your seat belt. I'm not going to even pretend they are not on the road.

Skye fastens her seat belt. Ginger does the same. She pulls the vehicle onto the road. The zombie fights to stay on the hood, but eventually slides down the front of the SUV. The skin-walker slides under the SUV. The SUV bounces. The zombie spins around on the ground like road kill.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING. A driving rain attempts to freshen the world of death.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Why is the weather so freaky.

SKYE

The gods are pissed.

GINGER

At who?

SKYE

The world.

Ginger double-takes at her sister. They motor down the road. Skye continues to stare at Ginger's wound.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Tabitha strolls down the road. The rain beats the earth as its punishment, but nary a single drop strikes Tabitha. The baby-sitting witch approaches the rebuilt church. Tabitha holds up her hand: The pretty fall flowers sadly wither away.

Tabitha nears the church steps. Zombies creep from all corners of the area, gathering around the front of the holy building. Tabitha humbly walks up the steps, inching her way to the front door. She holds up her hand and thrust the rod toward the doors: The double doors to the church slam open.

Tabitha gracefully enters. The zombies cower behind her.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

A family of four are huddled at the front of the church. All are on their knees, praying to the cross. The FATHER turns his head and stares down the aisle. He fearfully stands. The wife and the two children cower behind their protector. Tabitha turns to the open doors.

TABITHA

Come in my children. You are allowed.

The skin-eaters hesitantly enter the church. The walkers reverently cower as they glide past Tabitha.

FATHER

You are the evil behind this?

TABITHA

I am the evil - but I stand behind nothing nor no one.

Tabitha smiles and lowers her head respectfully. She walks out the door.

## FATHER

Our father is quick to return. He has the power to destroy you. He will not allow you to swelter his flock.

The zombies rush the family. The father fights them off for a few seconds. They are too many returners and no room for the family to run. The little boy rushes down the steps, directly into a herd of approaching biters. The father is broken in half and fed upon quickly. The mother covers her little girl as the walkers hover around them. The mother allows the biters to feed on her, trying to protect her daughter. The family is devoured buoyantly and savagely.

Several zombies continue to feed off the mother. The little girl cowers underneath her body. The blood from the biters and her mother running down on her face.

A hand grabs one of the biter's shoulders, jerking it off with ease. A second walker lunges forward. It is quickly slung to the ground. A third zombie continues to feed. A blade pierces the biter's skull. It droops forward. The boots step to the altar. A man in a black long-riders coat searches through the shelves on the pedestal. The mother's body moves, falling to the floor. GURGLING.

The daughter stands. She slowly steps toward the man. GRUNTING. The man slowly walks forward. The little girl hisses. She roars. A viper lunges from her mouth. The man quickly decapitates the little girl. A horde of zombies stagger up the steps from the outside, making their way into the holy house. The man slips out the back.

## EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

The wind howls outside. The rain is all but vanished. The thick church doors repetitively slam against the building. A blackbird lands in front of the open doors. Snakes slither up the stairs. Thousands of insects overwhelm the old wooden church. A peaceful Tabitha ganders toward the sky.

## TABITHA

I cannot control what you force upon the earth, but I can destroy all that use it as its home. You protect the living. I shall raise the dead.

Tabitha strolls down the winding dirt road. The zombies slowly creep from the church. The walkers follow close behind, but cautiously keep their distance. The man watches from behind the Church marquee.

The sign reads: "*Pastor Craig Gumbinger not only brings hope. He brings new life to an evil world.*"

INT. DURANGO - MORNING

The Durango approaches a military road block. The vehicle stops. Ginger and Skye timidly slide out of the vehicle. They slowly walk to the front of the blockade. A jack-knifed semi blocks the tiny two lane. The area is deserted

EXT. ROAD BLOCK - MORNING

Dozens of dead soldiers are scattered across the broken pavement. Their bodies have been chewed upon and several licked to the bone. Zombies pace the area near the end of the blockade. Several dead-heads circle an ambulance, attempting to format a plan of attack. A female zombie straddles the driver of the ambulance, gnawing on his face.

Ginger and Skye sneak past the wandering returners, using vehicles and debris to hide behind. They duck behind a turned over Jeep just beside the ambulance.

SKYE

We should go back.

Ginger points at the wrecked ambulance, smearing the blood from her forehead on her shoulder. Skye lusts after the juicy redness.

GINGER

If we can get to the ambulance, we can continue away from here. It appears to be the only vehicle with a clear path.

SKYE

If the keys are in it.

GINGER

Didn't Frank tell you to stop being so negative?

Skye SCOFFS.

SKYE

Yeah, look where that's gotten him.

Ginger sadly lowers her head, remembering her boyfriend is gone. Skye gently touches her shoulder.

SKYE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

GINGER

We're getting very accustomed to loss.

The girls peek around the back of the jeep. A good sized horde of zombies mull around, waiting their turn for dinner. A female zombie continues to feed on something laying on the ground.

GINGER (CONT'D)

The front end looks a little rough.

SKYE

Maybe we should go back.

Ginger slowly creeps forward. Skye grabs her arm, getting blood on her fingers. Ginger glances back. Skye quickly looks up.

GINGER

I said it looked rough. I didn't mean it wouldn't run.

The zombie girl raises her head, blood drips from her lips and down her chin. She sniffs. The female zombie HISSES at two stragglng returners as they pass. She once again devours the face of the driver. A wounded soldier crawls from the jack-knifed truck. His legs are mangled badly and his face covered with bruises and gashes.

SOLDIER

Help me.

The "hoo rah" reaches his hand to the sisters. They hunker down and duck-walk toward the truck. Ginger removes a dagger from a dead soldier's sheath, scanning the area at all times.

The girl zombie turns to the crawling soldier. She quickly leaves the dead driver and approaches the crawling soldier. Skye SNEEZES. The zombie quickly turns to the back of the truck. Skye slowly walks toward the skin-eater. The dead-head moves toward Skye. Having its attention, Skye begins to back away. Skye quickly turns and runs. The zombie chases.

The female zombie passes the back of the truck. Ginger jumps on her back, stabbing the walker in the brain numerous times with the knife. The zombie goes down to her knees.

The stragglng returners approach Skye. She successfully darts through their snatching arms. Ginger picks up a nearby tire iron and whacks both zombies in the head.

The two skin-eaters go down. She spears both of them in the brain with the business end of the tire iron.

Another female zombie waddles closer. It HOWLS. Ginger steps strongly toward the walker, slicing its throat and then gouging it in the side of the head with the dagger. The returner plunges lifeless to the ground. Ginger places the tire iron in the back of her pants.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Help me!

Skye and Ginger rush to the soldier's aid. The man pulls on Ginger trying to get to his feet. Skye licks her lips as she stares at the driver in the ambulance. His head gushes blood. Little sister stands and slowly starts toward the ambulance. Skye sniffs. She curiously crawls into the ambulance. Ginger pulls Skye away from the driver.

GINGER

You can't help him.

SKYE

(Mumbles to herself)

Who says I want to help him?

Ginger checks Skye's arms and legs. Skye pushes her sister's hands away.

GINGER

I'm just making sure you haven't been bit.

SKYE

I haven't.

GINGER

Open your mouth.

Skye opens her mouth. No viper. Skye sticks out her tongue. Ginger giggles. She messes up Skye's hair. Skye glances at the starter.

SKYE

The keys are here.

Ginger SIGHS with relief. She rushes back to the wounded soldier. Ginger grabs an automatic rifle laying next to a dead soldier. She flips a switch on the side. Ginger cautiously reaches toward the begging soldier.

SOLDIER

Please, help me.

Ginger checks his wounds. Never taking her hand off the rifle.

GINGER  
Are you bit?

SOLDIER  
Help me.

He holds out his arm for mercy. Several deep gashes and bite marks run up and down his limb. Ginger forces the nozzle of the gun into the man's mouth, checking for a viper. A zombie comes from the front of the ambulance, staggering toward Ginger and the wounded soldier. Ginger glances over her shoulder and then back to the man. He is reaching upward. His lips begging for mercy.

GINGER  
This is the only way I know to help you. I will not allow you to slow us down.

BANG.

A bullet slices through the man's head. Blood blisters through the air.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
You're welcome.

A zombie suddenly attacks Ginger from behind, biting toward her neck. Ginger SCREAMS. She fights with the skin-walker, reaching back trying to pull the walker to her front side. The biter is vicious, snapping with everything its got.

Ginger squeezes the trigger to the gun. The rifle fires off several rounds. Ginger does not let go. She struggles to take control over the weapon's action. The rifle continues to fire, shooting out the tires and the windows to the ambulance.

Skye ducks in the lap of the dead driver. His blood and loose skin falling onto her face.

Ginger pushes the zombie away. She reassess the trigger. Ginger shreds the zombie. It shivers and spins. The other dead-head grabs Ginger. She drops the rifle. The skin-eater begins snapping and biting.

Skye flips on the SIREN and the lights to the ambulance. The zombie loses focus. Ginger struggles to pull the gun up again. Big sister steadies the rifle. She shreds the second dead-head. Ginger holds down the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. She violently throws down the gun.

Skye is still in the ambulance, motioning Ginger to hurry up. Dozens of zombies swarm the area from all directions. Skye quickly turns the sirens and lights off. She reaches over and opens the passenger side door.

SKYE

Ginger! Run!

Ginger turns. A biter is right in her face. She reaches back and pulls up the tire iron. Ginger rams it in the dead-head's brain. She attempts to pull it out, but the hook connects with skull. Ginger pushes the zombie down. The tire iron still lodged in its brain. The zombies bear down on Ginger. She loosens her grip on the tire iron, the zombie falls to the pavement. Big sister sprints for the ambulance.

Ginger attempts to enter the side of the open door. Two skin-eaters cut her off and she darts for the other side. Skye opens the door, pushing the driver to the pavement. Ginger slides into the ambulance. The girls slam their doors shut simultaneously. The zombies reach the ambulance.

The skin-eaters begin pounding on the window, licking and biting. The window is cracked. Bullet holes sprinkle the glass. The zombies pound the glass with their fists and their foreheads.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The crack increases. A dead-head jerks the passenger side door open.

GINGER

Skye, the door.

Ginger turns the key and starts the engine. She puts the rescue unit into gear. Skye reaches to pull it shut, getting an excessive amount of blood on her hand. Skye licks her fingers.

The rescue squad attempts to pull out. Two tires are down to the rim. They cannot get any traction on the ground. The gas tank leaks a thick liquid. A steady steam slithers from under the hood.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Do you smell gas?

SKYE

Yes!

The crack in the window races from corner to corner. Zombies crawl across on the hood. One walker stands, stomping the windshield.

GINGER  
Go to the back.

Skye and Ginger crawl to the back of the ambulance. A elderly man lies on the gurney. His eyes are closed, his arm swings off the gurney. The machine hooked to his heart flickers on. A flat line races across the green screen.

SKYE  
What do we do?

Ginger searches. She grabs the fire extinguisher.

GINGER  
We are going to have to make a run  
for the Durango.

SKYE  
Okay.

GINGER  
We will go out the back and then  
straight to the SUV.

SKYE  
Okay.

Ginger peaks through the window. Skye licks the blood from her fingers. Several dead-heads limp around the ambulance, straying away from the door. The zombie on the hood continues to stomp the front windshield.

GINGER  
Okay, get ready.

The girls breathe heavily.

GLASS BREAKING.

CRASHING.

The returners climb through the side window of the ambulance, ripping their nasty skin to shreds by the sharp shards of glass.

GLASS SHATTERING.

Several more skin-eaters crawl through the busted windshield. The stomping zombie has his foot caught in the shattered glass. The EKG bounces and BEEPS wildly.

Ginger double-takes an exasperating glance at the machine. The dead man on the gurney raises up. The man MOANS with hunger.

Ginger turns. She hits the zombie in the face with the fire extinguisher. The skin-eater falls back down to his gurney. The machine flat lines. Skye opens the doors. The girls pile out of the ambulance.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK - DAY

The sisters are quickly attacked by two zombies. Ginger whacks one with the extinguisher, and then fires the fluid on the other, driving it backward. Skye grabs one by the hand and slings it into a nearby Jeep. It bounces back toward the girls. Ginger drills it in the head with the unit, splattering its already decaying brain.

The girls run for the Durango, just avoiding several biters. The windshield zombie ROARS, alerting his undead brothers and sisters of the meals escape. Ginger and Skye fight their way to the Durango. They climb into the SUV. Ginger cranks the truck by the wiring. She turns it around. They drive back down the road, running over the undead.

Skye stares at her sister as they mosey down the road. Dried blood lingers around Skye's lips.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Ginger is dressed in all black as she stands next to Skye. Frank has his hands on both girl's shoulders as he stands behind the crying females. The preacher spins his words of a better life and getting the chance to meet their maker as a large group of mourners sadly watch.

The visitors slowly walk away, giving the sisters their condolences. A double coffin is slowly lowered into the ground. JOE stands under a large Oak tree watching the ceremony from a far. Frank lifts Skye into his arms. She politely lays her head on his shoulder. Ginger reaches over and wipes a lone tear from Skye's eye.

GINGER

It's you and me kid.

Skye closes her eyes. Ginger hugs Frank and her baby sister. Frank kisses her on the forehead.

EXT. - BROWNSTONE HOUSE - TREE - MORNING

Brownstone is entangled by the limbs and vines of the tree. The bark is scorched. Brownstone is black and charred. His head is slumped down through the broken glass of the Blazer door. A funneling wind circles the trees. Leaves dance and flutter around Brownstone's lifeless body.

LIGHTNING crashes, striking the roots of the tree. THUNDER roars through the dreadful morning. A prideful rain rejuvenates the soil around the tree. The Gods have awakened and they are pissed.

Lightning crashes. A thick sprite hits the Blazer's antenna, racing along the metal, coursing into Brownstone's skin. Brownstone opens his eyes. He ROARS. The beast from within has regained his life. Brownstone violently rips himself free from the tree, pushing the wrecked Blazer away from his body.

Brownstone looks across the area. He glances down, lifting his soiled hat and placing it gently on his head. A white mist lingers around Brownstone's body. He watches it calmly a few seconds. He begins to swat at it. The beast ROARS with madness. The white mist quickly surges forward. Brownstone steps in the same direction.

AWAKEN - SAVATAGE

EXT. TWO LANE - DAY

The Durango cruises down the road. Ginger crashes into every wandering walker.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE'S HOUSE

Tabitha walks the winding dirt road; Her army of undead in tow and close behind.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Elmer (OLD MAN IN WHEELCHAIR) stares out the side window of a military helicopter. The chopper hovers the road block.

INT. DURANGO - SIDE OF THE ROAD

Skye leans her head against the window, nodding off. She glances down at the dried blood. Skye's eyes flutter. Ginger turns off the radio. The music stops.

INT. NORTH CAROLINA DISEASE CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

A frustrated ELMER SONNESTIEN lowers his head as a tear falls from his eyes as he sits in front of a panel of fellow scientists.

ELMER

I know it sounds absurd, but if you can't come up with a reasonable explanation - That means there is no reasonable explanation.

GENERAL

This situation is not isolated. They have engulfed this planet. Each country, each state - hell! Each city has been left to its own devices. We must act now! Or we will become the dinosaurs of our time.

ELMER

We cannot save everyone, but we can save ourselves. We will have to start over from scratch.

SCEINTIST

So the only choice we have - is nuclear?

SCEINTIST 2

How do we warn the public?

ELMER

I am sure they are aware of the problem.

GENERAL

We are not saying nuclear bombs. We are suggesting nuclear warfare, hand-to-hand.

SCEINTIST

You know of that program?

ELMER

I helped create it.

INT. GAS STATION - DUSK

The Durango sputters into a tiny isolated service station. Ginger exits the truck.

INSERT - PUMP: *Automatic pump - Automatic Rifle - You pump, You pay - You Pump, You Run - We fire - Any questions?*

Big sister stretches and fills the Dodge with gas. Ginger finishes and puts the nozzle back in the holder. She cautiously walks to the station, always looking over her shoulders. Skye sleeps peacefully on the passenger side of the SUV.

BELL jingles.

Ginger enters the station. Skye slowly raises her head and watches her sister enter the store.

INT. THE FAST SHOT - MORNING

Ginger walks to the cooler. She pulls out a DIET MOUNTAIN DEW. Skye exits the Durango and walks to the side of the building, disappearing around the corner.

GINGER  
Shit! Why now?

Ginger puts the diet back and pulls out a MOUNTAIN DEW. Ginger strolls down the aisle. She grabs a couple of SNICKER bars and a FIFTH AVENUE. Big sister puts them in her coat pocket. She fills her pockets with several other candy bars and a handful of batteries.

Ginger tears open a bag of CHEETOS. She crunches them like there's no tomorrow. Big sister approaches the impulse counter. Several blackbirds linger around the front of the store. A Mexican woman peers over the hood of the Durango. She sneaks past the pumps and to the back of the store.

Ginger taps the head to the mocking bird on the counter. The mercury mocking bird dunks his beak into water as its tail teeter-totters up and down.

A BREAKING noise from the storage room. Ginger looks out the window. Skye is no longer in the SUV.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
Skye, honey, hurry. We have to stay moving.

A shadow from the window leading to the back room passes by the glass. STRUGGLING and CANS falling to the floor.

Ginger reaches in her pocket. She pulls out some change and slams it on the counter. A shotgun looms behind the counter, just above the porn-mags. Ginger pulls herself over the counter and stretches for the weapon.

Ginger grabs the stock and pulls it closer. Ginger opens the chamber: two shells sit firmly in the cylinders. Big sister slams the gun shut. Ginger cautiously but briskly steps to the back room.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Skye, you are scaring me. This is no time for games. You should have stayed in the Durango.

Ginger peeks through the window. The back door stands wide open. She slowly opens the door, creeping into the storage room. Opened food packages and water bottles are scattered across the floor. A blood smear spreads across the white tiles, running all the way to the open door and turning the corner. Colas are open and spilt on the ground.

Ginger walks down the aisle, holding the gun up in a firing manner. The overhead lights flicker. Ginger carefully turns the corner. A bag of flour is ripped open and the powder is covered with blood.

Ginger's heartbeat increases and her breathing quickens. She slowly walks through the threshold, following the blood smear. Big sister glances up. Ginger's eyes expand with fear and disgust. With authority she pushes the shotgun up. Tears rush down her eyes. Her hand is steady.

Skye rocks on the ground. Little sister crazily hovers over the gas station attendant. His neck bleeds fiercely. The attendant slowly raises his hand, begging for help. Skye's hands are covered with blood. Blood drips from her mouth, sliding down her chin. Ginger grabs the side of her head.

GINGER (CONT'D)

NO!

Ginger drops to her knees in agony, covering her head with her hands. The gun falls to the pavement. Ginger cries hysterically.

Skye stands, dropping the clerk's body to the pavement. Massive amounts of blood drips from her fingers and her mouth. The attendant crawls away as his life drains from his wound. Skye ROARS! Ginger's hand feathers across the pavement, searching for the rifle. She grabs the firearm, pushing herself to her feet. She sighs.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I love you, Skye.

Ginger FIRES the shotgun.

THE END