

Adam Green Presents

**HATCHET III**

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Directed by  
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\* Revisions Marked

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**BLAM!** VICTOR CROWLEY'S hatchet-smashed head is blown to a pulpy mess.

With psychotic fury in her eyes, MARYBETH stares down at the gory mess by her feet. She clutches Reverend Zombie's shotgun in her trembling hands.

After a beat, another wave of anger comes over her. She points the weapon at Crowley's body and squeezes the trigger again.

**CLICK.** Empty.

She tosses the now useless weapon away.

Slowly the sounds of the swamp begin to come back to life around us, filling in the space around Marybeth's deep breathing.

She is stoic. A tough but empty shell.

Certain that she has finished the job, she finally steps away from Victor Crowley's mutilated body and kicks his hatchet away from his dead body and into the surrounding brush.

She only makes it a few steps before her legs buckle beneath her and she goes down on one knee. All of the tears and crying now dried up from her soul she instead let's out a howl of rage and pain.

MARYBETH

Raaaaaaaaaagh!

As she catches her breath, an emotionless and vacant look gently creeps over her previously passionate and tortured demeanor.

Staring straight ahead she takes a few more deep breaths, preparing for her long journey back to civilization and her exit from the two-day nightmare she has been living through.

Out of focus behind her, Victor Crowley's nearly headless body slowly sits up straight (ala Michael Myers in John Carpenter's HALLOWEEN).

The camera raises up with Marybeth as she stands up, leaving the image of Victor Crowley below our field of vision and now out of the shot.

She begins her walk away from the area in front of the Crowley house and makes her way into the woods before her.

2

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

2

As Marybeth walks she passes the giant six foot-long chain saw on the ground covered in a pool of blood and viscera (as well as the various halves of JOHN and VERNON next to it).

She stops momentarily to look down at it when she hears a branch **CRACK** in the brush behind her.

She spins around to look behind her. Nothing.

Looking closer, through a clear spot of trees back at the house, she sees that the ground in front of the Crowley house is now... empty.

More movement in the trees around her kicks her back into survival mode. She leans down to pick up John's gun from next to his pieces. Without hesitation she points it at the trees and fires.

**CLICK.** Empty.

Frantically looking around her for another weapon, she eyes the giant chain saw.

She grabs hold of it but can't even budge it.

**SNAP.** A closer footstep triggers full on panic.

She sits down on the ground behind the chain saw and puts her feet up on it while she grabs hold of the rip cord and yanks.

A brief **SPUTTER** but the chain saw remains dead.

Quick cuts of her from all angles as she repeatedly yanks on the cord, trying to get the giant machine to come to life.

Something is getting closer.

Finally... **WHIRRRRRR!!!!** The chain saw sputters to life just as... **WHAM!** Victor Crowley grabs Marybeth's hair from behind and yanks her backwards off of the ground.

MARYBETH

Wh-uRRRRRRRRGH!

Lifting her up high in the air by only her hair, Victor Crowley holds Marybeth up with one arm in front of his virtually "missing" mess of a head.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!!!!!

As she flails about in the air, Victor Crowley raises his other hand up to Marybeth's neck.

With nothing else to fight back with... **THRAP!** Marybeth plunges her fist deep through the mush of Victor Crowley's head and down into his throat.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Rrrrugh!

With her arm now down inside Victor Crowley's chest, he begins struggling and spinning his body around in circles trying to get Marybeth off of him.

Placing her feet against his chest, she kicks back with all of her might sending her reeling onto her back against the forest floor. A chunk of her hair tears out with Victor Crowley's hand as his body is shoved down to the ground in the opposite direction.

Marybeth lands with a **THUD** and looks back up just in time to see Victor Crowley's body land with a SPLOCK on top of the spinning six-foot chain saw blade.

Instantly she is sprayed down in Victor Crowley's blood and carnage. Shredded entrails and bodily fluids hose her down in a shower of gore.

Victor Crowley's body twitches and convulses as it dances and thrashes about on the giant blade.

Marybeth looks on from the ground, only the whites of her eyes not covered in blood.

Finally, Victor Crowley's body comes apart in several different places as the blade cuts through him and "quarters" him into nothing.

**WHIRRRRR** the chain saw keeps spinning on the ground, surrounded by the pieces that were a body mere seconds before.

Slowly, Marybeth gets back to her feet. Staring blankly at the most gruesome mess conceivable.

She vacantly looks past the tooth back at the horrific splatter and the spinning chain saw on the ground. The camera pushes in to her eyes as the aspect ratio changes to 2:40 scope and we...

CUT TO:

4 EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT, DAWN, MORNING, AFTERNOON 4

Another kick-ass metal song (to be determined) hits us hard as various shots show Marybeth's early morning exodus from the swamp.

Enormous sweeping wide angles of Marybeth making her way through the wilderness are conversely intercut with extremely tight stylized shots of her eyes, her bloody boots, and her hand... still gripping the top of Victor Crowley's scalp. She holds John's empty shotgun in her other hand.

Opening title graphics are interspersed throughout.

Finally, from behind Marybeth the camera boom up to reveal a small Louisiana town far off in the distance. Slidell, Louisiana. She keeps trudging along, making her way towards civilization.

CUT TO:

5 INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON 5 \*

A sleepy small Southern town police station. A POLICE DEPUTY walks a DRUNK (Buddy # 1 - Adam Green last seen throwing up on the sidewalk in HATCHET 2) through the main office and back to a cell to sleep it off. \*

Angle on DEPUTY WINSLOW (40's) as he refills his coffee and speaks into a radio.

WINSLOW

I don't know what else to tell you, Hamilton. Just get the neighbor to quiet down. We've got every drunk from Mardi Gras that they couldn't fit downtown, there's no room.

He crosses back to his desk.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

*The guy is clearly high though. I swear he's got a meth lab on his farm the way he's been going for days. He tried to give ME a speeding ticket!*

WINSLOW

Hamilton... Hamilton... make it work.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

*(sigh)*  
Yes, Sir.

WINSLOW

That's why I'm here.

Winslow looks up as SHERIFF FOWLER (50's, large presence) walks past his desk towards his office.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Morning, Sheriff.

FOWLER

What do we got, Winslow?

Winslow stands and follows Fowler into his office.

WINSLOW

New Orleans PD brought in another handful for us to hold over night and Hamilton's out at Sable Ranch.

FOWLER

Again?

WINSLOW

Again.

Reveal a family photo on Fowler's desk. Two boys in their early 20's stand with the Sheriff. A woman stands with them, however a post-it note with an evil face scribbled on it covers her face. Only her distinct hair is visible. Obviously an ex-wife. Obviously not an amicable divorce.

FOWLER

How are we doing on space?

WINSLOW

We're pretty damn full. But Mardi Gras is almost over and we're turning around and releasing as fast as we can. \*

Fowler looks at a calender on his wall. The two week stretch that is Mardi Gras is outlined in thick black, like a storm surrounding the worst time of the year.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Almost there, Sir.

FOWLER

Huh. All in all, not that bad of a year.

WINSLOW

Honestly, not that bad at all.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

SHE'S GOT A GUN!!!!

Winslow and Fowler leap to alert and look out of the office window to reveal the station lobby in panic.

Bodies separate to reveal Marybeth standing in the doorway of the police station. Covered in blood and holding a shotgun she is a frightening sight to behold.

Marybeth stares at the wall. She is a carcass.

MARYBETH

I killed him.

Winslow joins the two deputies that have their guns pointed at Marybeth. Angle on DEPUTY ELBERT (female, tough).

\*

\*

ELBERT

Drop the weapon!

\*

WINSLOW

GET ON THE FLOOR NOW!

Slowly, Marybeth lets the shotgun slip from her bloody hand.

It **CLANGS** off of the cold tile floor.

Instantly, an officer recovers the weapon.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

I said lay down on the floor!

Marybeth slowly gets down on the floor.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Spread your arms and legs! Slowly!

Marybeth does as she is ordered as a deputy pulls latex gloves on and carefully approaches her with handcuffs.

\*

DEPUTY #2

She's holding something in her hand.

\*

FOWLER

What is it?

DEPUTY #2

It's... oh my God, it's a fucking scalp!

\*

SECRETARY

AHHHH!!!

Tight shot of Marybeth's hand as she releases her grip on the piece of Crowley's head. Quickly, gloved hands scoop up the piece of carnage into a plastic evidence bag.

Tight shot of Marybeth's face against the cold floor.

Sheriff Fowler takes a knee next to her.

FOWLER

Who? Who did you kill?

Marybeth just stares ahead.

MARYBETH

They're all dead.

FOWLER

Who's dead?

MARYBETH

Honey island Swamp. Victor Crowley. I killed him. I killed him.

Fowler points at Winslow who begins speaking frantically into his radio as the other deputies jump into action. \*

WINSLOW

I need an available boat unit out to Honey Island now! Hamilton, you still out that way?

The sound of Winslow's voice echoes away in Marybeth's head as the camera pushes even tighter in to her vacant eyes.

Even the sound of her own voice is muffled in her head.

MARYBETH

*I killed him. I killed him.*

She doesn't even blink.

CUT TO:

Marybeth is up against the far wall, naked and holding herself up with her arms as two officers spray the blood off of her with a power hose. Deputy Elbert supervises. \*



She continues to stare straight into the wall as the water blasts her from behind.

Sheriff Fowler steps up behind the officers hosing off Marybeth, uncomfortably turning away from the sight.

FOWLER  
Any injuries?

ELBERT  
Nothing visible, Sir. \*

FOWLER  
You mean to tell me none of that  
blood was hers?

Deputy Elbert just shoots Sheriff Fowler a nervous glance. \*

Angle on Marybeth's feet. The camera follows the bloody water to the drainage hole. The nasty water disappears into the drain with a sickening **GURGLE**.

CUT TO:

7 INT. JAIL CELL - LATER 7

Marybeth, now dressed in prisoner scrubs, sits on an empty mattress in an otherwise stark and empty cell. There are other cells in the giant concrete room, but they are all filled with drunks that are sobering up from disorderly conduct on Bourbon Street that they probably don't even remember taking part in.

Sheriff Fowler and Deputy Winslow stand inside of Marybeth's cell staring down at her.

FOWLER  
How many bodies did you say there  
were?

MARYBETH  
Twenty.  
(then)  
Thirty?

FOWLER  
And you're the only one who  
escaped. With just a few scratches  
and no other injuries.

MARYBETH  
Yes.

FOWLER

You see how this looks pretty  
suspicious, don't you?

Deputy Elbert steps in to the holding room. \*

ELBERT \*

Sheriff Fowler, no answer at the  
Dunstan's house.

FOWLER

Then try again.

ELBERT \*

I've tried five times-

FOWLER

Then get in your car and DRIVE to  
the house!

ELBERT \*

Yes, Sir.

MARYBETH

There's nobody home. Crowley  
killed them all.

FOWLER

Enough with Victor Crowley.

MARYBETH

He slaughtered-

FOWLER

-We know who Victor Crowley is.  
And we know what reality is.

Marybeth leans her head back against the wall.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

So let me get this straight. You  
suspected that your father and  
your...

MARYBETH

Brother.

FOWLER

...brother were killed by Victor  
Crowley. So you jumped on a swamp  
tour boat, sorry, an *illegal* swamp  
tour boat and went into the swamp  
with nothing but a hand gun.

(MORE)

FOWLER (CONT'D)

A *ghost* wiped out everyone in front of you, you found out that your family was dead, and you barely escaped with your life. But then you went *back* into the swamp to chase after this ghost the very next night and brought even more people with you?! Why would you do that? That's the stupidest story and some of the most contrived and idiotic decision making I've ever heard.

Rack focus past Marybeth's cell to Buddy #1 (Adam Green) leaning against his own cell wall. He gives an offended look before we quickly rack focus back to Marybeth's cell.

MARYBETH

I'm telling you the truth.

FOWLER

I don't think you realize the kind of deep shit you're in, little girl. You walk into a God damn police station covered head to toe in somebody else's blood. You're holding a weapon and a piece of somebody's head... and the best you've got is an urban legend as your defense?

Marybeth closes her eyes, going deeper into her own head. She can barely stay awake after the past two days of hell.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm talking to you.

He bangs on the cell but even the loud **CLANG** can't startle her enough to make her look.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

When you go before the judge you had better come up with something better than-

His radio chirps and interrupts him.

HAMILTON (O.S.)

*Sheriff, come in.*

FOWLER

(annoyed)

I'm here. What?

HAMILTON (O.S.)  
*Sir... it's...*

FOWLER  
 It's what, Hamilton. Speak up!

HAMILTON (O.S.)  
*It's a fucking massacre, Sir.*

CUT TO:

8 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS 8

DEPUTY HAMILTON and DEPUTY HEYD stand in the woods over  
CHAD's dead body. CLEATUS' body is washed up along the shore  
a short distance away. \*

HAMILTON  
 (into his radio)  
 We've only covered about forty  
 yards and we've already recovered  
 four bodies. They're... Jesus,  
 they don't even have faces, Louis.

Deputy Heyd, knees shaking, leans into the bushes to vomit. \*

CUT TO:

9 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 9

Marybeth stares back at Sheriff Fowler coldly.

HAMILTON (O.S.)  
*We're gonna need every paramedic in  
 the state... and a full recovery  
 team right away.*

Sheriff Fowler holds his radio up to his mouth and clicks it  
 but can't think of the words to say just yet.

HAMILTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*We're talking DNA and dental  
 records level shit here! Christ...  
 this one doesn't even have any  
 teeth left.*

Finally, Sheriff Fowler recovers.

FOWLER

We have a girl in custody. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS 10

Deputy Heyd wipes his mouth off and peers around a group of trees. \*

Off in the distance is another decomposing dead body.

His eyes go wide at the horror.

Behind him, Deputy Hamilton continues. \*

OFFICER HAMILTON

(into his radio)

We need to call in the State, Sheriff. Who knows how many bodies are out here. There's just pieces-

FOWLER (O.S.)

*-I said I'm on my way.*

Deputy Hamilton looks over to Deputy Heyd. Heyd shakes his head "no" and points a shaking finger towards Shapiro's dead body. \*

OFFICER HAMILTON

(into his radio)

Copy.

CUT TO:

11 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 11

Sheriff Fowler stands up and stares down at Marybeth.

She looks away, back at the wall.

WINSLOW

Sir. Do you want me to go?

FOWLER

I'll call for you if I need you. Get the county paramedics and fire out there right away.

WINSLOW

I'm on it.

Sheriff Fowler exits, flustered and fumbling with the door on his way out.

Winslow looks back at Marybeth with a touch of sympathy and a stomach full of fear. He opens his mouth to speak...

MARYBETH

Fuck off.

Winslow exits the jail cell area, speaking into his radio.

WINSLOW

(into radio)

This is Deputy Winslow from  
Jefferson Parish. I need all  
available paramedics and fire-

\*

The door slams closed behind him.

Marybeth closes her eyes and leans against the cold cell wall.

After a beat she looks up to see that the prisoners in the other cells are all lined up staring and trying to get a look at her through their own cell bars. They heard the whole conversation. They're now... wicked sober.

Marybeth turns away and rests her head against the cell wall again. Within seconds she is in a deep sleep.

CUT TO:

12

INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - LATER 12

\*

An OFFICE ASSISTANT scrubs blood off of the floor.

Sheriff Fowler grabs his coat and his utility belt. He addresses the Secretary as he walks.

SHERIFF FOWLER

We have no comment until we have a  
full investigation of the crime  
scene. I'll be out there for the  
rest of the-

The Secretary points behind him, sheepishly.

FOWLER

Shit.

He turns to reveal AMANDA PEARLMAN (late 40's, pretty). From her distinct hair and Sheriff Fowler's reaction... this is his ex-wife.

AMANDA

Hi, Louis.

FOWLER

Not today, Amanda.

He tries to pass her but she steps in front of him.

AMANDA

I need this, Louis. You know I need this.

FOWLER

I don't know what you're talking about.

Amanda holds up a radio.

AMANDA

Multiple bodies in Honey Island Swamp? You have a girl in custody?

FOWLER

That's police business. It's not what you think it is.

Amanda looks at the office assistant scrubbing the floor. The assistant can barely take it. She stifles getting sick.

AMANDA

This has Victor Crowley written all over it and you know it, Louis.

Sheriff Fowler makes a B-line past her but she falls into step with him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You have to let me on the scene. I need this story.

FOWLER

Get in line.

AMANDA

Louis. Please. I've spent ten years as a punch line on the media black list for my Crowley study. You know what this could mean for me.

\*  
\*

FOWLER

"Crowley Study?" Is that what we're calling it now?

(MORE)

FOWLER (CONT'D)  
I thought it was more like  
obsessive sensationalism?

AMANDA  
Let me break this story. Give me  
access.

Sheriff Fowler turns on his standard "generic answer" face.

FOWLER  
"As of this time we only know that  
there was a possible murder in an  
area outside of Jefferson Parish.  
No further comment."

\*

AMANDA  
I heard "massacre". I heard  
unidentifiable bodies in pieces.  
Faces missing-

FOWLER  
-Jesus, Amanda. That's a police  
frequency. Stay off of it.

AMANDA  
I've got rights. I need this,  
Louis. Come on. It's me.

Sheriff Fowler stops before the front door and faces her.

After a beat.

FOWLER  
How's Arwen?

AMANDA  
She's good. No more worms or fleas  
since she started living with me.

After a beat.

FOWLER  
(coldy)  
Maybe a vulture picked them all  
off.

He exits, leaving Amanda standing in the lobby alone.

CUT TO:



13 EXT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - STEPS - CONTINUOUS \*  
Sheriff Fowler steps out into a fire storm of REPORTERS,  
flashbulbs, and microphones. \*

REPORTERS (O.S.)  
Sheriff Fowler, how many bodies  
have been recovered? / Is it true  
that you already have a suspect in  
custody? / Could these murders be a \*  
Victor Crowley fanatic or copycat?

The Sheriff is cornered.

SHERIFF FOWLER  
(to himself)  
*Mother fucker.*

He tries to make his way to his vehicle but the mob surrounds  
him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. JEFFERSON PARISH POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS \*  
Amanda desperately looks around the now tense area for a  
friendly face.

Finally she spots... Deputy Winslow. He sees that he's been  
zeroed in on and tries to step into an office, but the door  
is locked and he can't get in. It's too late.

AMANDA  
Hi, Elliot!

They have a history.

WINSLOW  
Not today, Mrs. Fowler.

AMANDA  
It's Ms. Pearlman now, Elliot.

WINSLOW  
You'll always be Mrs. Fowler to me.  
And it's *Deputy*.

AMANDA  
How's Adrienne?

WINSLOW

We broke up.  
(then)  
In 2005.

Amanda sighs.

AMANDA

Where is the girl? The suspect?

WINSLOW

That's none of your concern.

AMANDA

Really?

She holds up a check book.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Because I'm here to post bail.

Off of Winslow's frustrated look, we...

CUT TO:

15

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CONTINUOUS - DAY

15

Deputies Hamilton and Heyd are now joined by two more local  
POLICE DEPUTIES and four FIRE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS.

\*  
\*

HAMILTON

We're gonna have to spread the  
recovery search out a few more  
miles. Heyd keeps finding...  
pieces.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL

Which way?

Deputy Hamilton points to the distance and then slowly does a  
180 degree turn all around him.

\*

FIRE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Christ. Where the hell are the  
paramedics?

HAMILTON

They're always the last ones on the  
scene, you know that.

A radio blasting slowly comes into hearing distance as a  
Paramedic Boat is revealed on the shore in the distance.

\*

HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
Speak of the devils.

Angle on the Paramedic Boat as four PARAMEDICS begin to file out. The camera focuses on each one as they dismount and walk up to Deputy Hamilton. The last one off of the boat is... ANDREW (Parry Shen). \*

JIM (the lead paramedic) walks up to Deputy Hamilton with his mouth full of a twinkie. \*

JIM  
Which one of you is Hamilton?

HAMILTON  
That's me.

JIM  
Jim Duffy. Are you in charge.

HAMILTON  
For the moment. Sheriff Fowler from Jefferson Parish is on his way. He's held up by press. \*

JIM  
Fucking maggots.

HAMILTON  
Tell me about it.

JIM  
Alright, so how many bodies are we talking about? Three? Six?

HAMILTON  
Try twenty or thirty. It's hard to tell. They're kind of... all over the place.

Jim swallows his bite of twinkie.

JIM  
What the fuck happened?

HAMILTON  
That's all under investigation but we have a girl in custody.

JIM  
A girl? You guys think a girl did this?

HAMILTON

We've got good reason.

JIM

Hey, you don't tell us how to do our jobs and we won't tell you how much you suck at yours.

(back to his crew)

Alright, let's get started. Let's gather the bodies here by the boat. Andrew, come with me. Bob and Randy, you tag and bag.

Andrew begins walking with Jim.

ANDREW

What happened?

JIM

Some people died and made a mess. Black Barney Fife back there said they have a girl in custody.

ANDREW

A *girl*?

JIM

(mouth full)

Yup.

They take a few more steps.

ANDREW

We're not gonna be out here all night are we?

JIM

How the fuck do I know? What's the matter, Andrew? Scared of something?

Andrew looks around nervously.

ANDREW

You know where we are, right?

JIM

Be a man. Here, have a twinkie.

Jim hands Andrew his second twinkie from the package.

A DEPUTY walks out of the brush in front of them holding the top half of TRENT's head in his gloved hands. He looks green as he stares back at Jim and Andrew, terrified. \*

They all stop and look at each other briefly. The deputy continues towards the Paramedic Boat with the gruesome find in his hands. \*

ANDREW  
What girl did *that*?

CUT TO:

16 INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 16

Marybeth sleeps against the wall of her cell.

Off screen a throat clears. Then again. Finally the throat clears as loudly as possible.

Marybeth's eyes open.

AMANDA (O.S.)  
You're awake.

Reveal Amanda sitting in a chair outside of the cell. Deputy Winslow stands behind her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
My name's Amanda Pearlman.

Marybeth just stares back at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You don't know me, but I tried to bail you out. Unfortunately until you go before the judge there's no bail set... or anything. \*

Marybeth says nothing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Look, I know you didn't do this. I'm what I guess you would call an expert on the Victor Crowley legend. I'm a journalist. I did a really big piece on local ghost stories and lore a few years ago that blew up really big- \*

MARYBETH  
"The Bayou Butcher". I saw you on Montel. \*

AMANDA  
(flattered)  
Oh, you saw that?

Amanda laughs.

Marybeth doesn't smile.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Yeah, well that was probably not my best career move. Been slumming for county web sites ever since. My enthusiasm and passion for Crowley sort of... made me a joke in the journalism world, I guess you could say. It's funny how one minute you're on national television and then the next you're-

\*  
\*

MARYBETH

What the fuck do you want?

AMANDA

Look, I don't want to waste your time. I'm sure you're... busy or whatever.

Amanda leans closer to the cell. Small talk and charm over, she means business.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I need to know what you saw. I need to know what happened. Please. I want to help you. If there's a chance at proving that the ghost of Victor Crowley exists, well... it would mean a lot for me.

MARYBETH

So you want *me* to help *you*.

AMANDA

Yes, that's right. But right now you're facing the rest of your life in prison if they send you away for this and I'm guessing I'm just about the only friend and the only chance you've got.

MARYBETH

No offense, but fuck you.

(to Winslow)

I want a lawyer not a blogger.

Amanda looks to Deputy Winslow who just smiles back at her sarcastically.

WINSLOW

Alright, Amanda. I gave you your two minutes. You can't be back here. Louis will kill me if-

Amanda moves to the edge of her chair and puts her hands on the bars to Marybeth's cell. She is now a total bitch.

AMANDA

Let's try this again. Your name is Marybeth Dunstan. Your father is Sampson Dunstan. A washed up drunk who can't afford the ink to sign your death sentence acceptance with even if he was sober enough to sit up. Your brother Ainsley is on probation for multiple DUI's and served three months of community service for publicly defacing a church. You're going to go down for this not because you actually did it but because you're poor white trash and they can put you away for it. So you can sit there in that cell and curse at me until you feel like a big tough woman but at the end of the day you either help me prove that Victor Crowley exists or they give you the lethal injection that ends your miserable existence.

MARYBETH

Do it.

Marybeth closes her eyes again, ignoring Amanda.

AMANDA

I couldn't help but notice that your father hasn't showed up yet. Is it happy hour already? Maybe he'll come help you after 7pm when he can't afford the price of a full Pabst?

MARYBETH

My father's dead. Victor Crowley killed him.

AMANDA

Tell me what happened.

Marybeth looks back at her. She is starting to realize her options.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Please. I can help you.

\*

Marybeth says nothing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'll wait.

WINSLOW  
Amanda, your time is up. I can't  
let you stay back here-

AMANDA  
-Fuck off, Elliot.

Amanda keeps staring down Marybeth.

WINSLOW  
Maybe just a few more minutes, but  
then... you'll... have to...

He gives up.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - DUSK

17

A wide shot of the swamp shows that the sun is starting to  
rest late in the sky.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - WOODS / SWAMP'S EDGE

18

A pile of body bags now lay outside of the Paramedic Boat.  
Some appear to have full bodies inside of them while others  
are smaller and appear to only contain pieces. Blood stains  
the zippered areas on the bags.

A bag full of random pieces slams down on the pile.

Andrew and another Paramedic struggle as they hoist a huge  
bag up to the Paramedic Boat. Andrew also carries a tagged  
gas-powered belt sander that he adds to the pile.

RANDY (a paramedic) steps out of the boat.

RANDY  
Woah, what do you guys got for me  
there? A giant?



The Paramedic that was helping Andrew walks back into the woods for another haul.

ANDREW

Hard to tell. This poor bastard was lying on top of the biggest chainsaw I've ever seen in my life. Haven't found his head yet and his body is in a lot of different pieces.

RANDY

Jesus.

ANDREW

Yeah, well I thought you might want to take a look at this one right away. Guy looks like he had all kinds of muscular and skin deformities. And he was only wearing overalls.

Randy realizes just who/what this might be.

RANDY

Get the fuck out.

ANDREW

I know, right? Anyway... looks like this particular one might, I don't know, be a crucial component in all of this.

RANDY

You don't think...?

ANDREW

I'm not saying shit. I'm just saying you might want to drop whatever you're doing and check this one over first.

RANDY

Creepy shit. Alright, help me out.

CUT TO:

**THUD!** The huge, heavy bag lands on table slab against the far wall inside of the boat.

ANDREW

Thanks, Randy.

RANDY

I'll get right on it. I'm just finishing up one. Asian male. Looks like he had his leg chopped off at the knee... and his head was severed clean off. Actually, he kind of looks like you.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

Oh- what? Because I'm Asian?

\*

RANDY

Huh? No, no, no I'm serious. You both have-

\*  
\*

ANDREW

Yeah, I get it. We all look the same. Hilarious.

(then)

Asshole.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Andrew exits and walks back into the woods.

Randy stares down at the giant body bag. Freaked out.

CUT TO:

20

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

20

Marybeth sits on the edge of her bed speaking to Amanda through the bars. She has no feeling behind her words.

Amanda furiously writes down what Marybeth is saying as fast as she can.

MARYBETH

He was shredded to pieces. There was nothing left to possibly get back up again. If taking his head off wasn't enough, dismembering him was. I mean... I got away.

AMANDA

And what time was this?

MARYBETH

This morning. I don't know exactly.

(then)

(MORE)

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Reverend Zombie thought that letting Crowley kill the three people responsible for his death would lift the curse and, I don't know, just make him go away. But that was all bullshit.

AMANDA

When I first researched this legend, I started with a Voodoo Priestess. A *real* Voodoo Priestess.

MARYBETH

(sarcastic)

A real one. Of course.

AMANDA

Hey, I know it sounds crazy but if anyone should be a believer at this point I'd imagine it would be you.

Marybeth looks away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

According to voodoo lore, Victor Crowley is cursed as a repeater. Every night he returns, exactly as he was when he died. He's cursed. Forced to re-live the night of his death. An endless cycle. You can't kill him. He's already dead. Sad, really.

MARYBETH

I sawed his body into little bits. I'm pretty sure he's dead.

AMANDA

The priestess I interviewed said no amount of physical damage will stop him from coming back again and again in his original form.

MARYBETH

He's dead.

AMANDA

He's not.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SHORE - EARLY EVENING 21

Work lights illuminate the area in front of the Paramedic Boat. The pile of bags outside has now tripled in size.

Angle on Deputy Hamilton as he crosses the area and knocks on the door to the Paramedic Boat. \*

Randy opens the door.

HAMILTON  
Any sign of the Sheriff?

RANDY  
Nothing yet.

HAMILTON  
Alright, he should be here soon.  
I'm on channel six when you see him.

RANDY  
How many more bodies?

HAMILTON  
Hard to say. It looks like there's an area in the woods south of the house with a pretty wide crime scene and then another to the east. My call would be that the victims were from two separate groups and never even saw each other. They came in from different directions.

Deputy Hamilton covers his nose. \*

HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
God, that smell...

RANDY  
It takes a few years, but you get used to it eventually.

Disgusted, Deputy Hamilton closes the door again. As he walks away back into the woods, the camera tilts down to reveal Victor Crowley's hatchet. Tagged and resting in the pile of evidence, including the blood splattered gas powered belt sander. \*

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 22

The moon is now rising in the night sky above the swamp.

CUT TO:

23 INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 23

Randy scribbles down a few last notes and then zippers closed a bag with SHAWN'S lower leg (from HATCHET 1). The camera follows Randy as he walks to the left wall and hangs up his clipboard.

As he walks by, the camera reveals the giant body bag filled with Victor Crowley's pieces resting on the table in the short distance behind him.

Randy crosses back to the right side of the small boat's make-shift hospital room to pick up a water bottle on the shelf.

As he walks past the rear table, the camera reveals the body bag slowly "inflating" and going from a sunken form around several different shapes/body parts to the shape of a full sized, enormous body.

Randy puts down the water bottle and crosses back to the medical supplies against the left wall.

As he walks past the rear table, the camera reveals that the body bag is now open.

And empty.

Randy puts a surgical mask on over his mouth and snaps on a fresh pair of latex gloves.

...vvvvVVVRRR! An electric charge is heard.

He turns back to face the rear table, in the direction of the sound. Before the look in his eyes can completely register his confusion and fear, Victor Crowley steps up next to him holding the boat's defibrillator paddles in each of his hands. (The camera only sees his hulking body from the shoulders down.)

RANDY

Wh-- NOO---!

**SLAM/BUZZ!** Victor Crowley violently slams the paddles against either side of Randy's head and shocks him.

Randy gurgles some spit out of his shocked lips as his face contorts from the shock.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Achh---uh----

**SLAM/BUZZ!** Victor Crowley slams the paddles against the sides of Randy's head a second time.

Randy's left eye bursts inside the socket from the force of Victor Crowley's strength and the electric shock. His head is now terribly damaged and caved in upon itself from the sides.

RANDY (CONT'D)

AGHHHH!!!!

Randy spasms and seizures from the pain.

Victor Crowley delivers a final crushing SLAM/BUZZ to Randy's head. We only catch a few frames of Randy's head exploding before we cut to...

CUT TO:

24 EXT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 24

Blood, brains, and skull fragments splatter up against the glass window from inside of the boat.

CUT TO:

25 INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 25

Tight angle on Victor Crowley's hands as he pulls the paddles apart like an accordion of gore. From what we can see of his body, he is completely drenched in Randy's blood. And brains.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 26

Having heard the commotion before he got too far away, Deputy Hamilton takes a few quick steps out of the woods and nervously looks at the back of the Paramedic Boat, one hand on his radio, the other on his gun. \*

HAMILTON

Randy??

Angle on the blood splattered glass from Deputy Hamilton's POV. \*

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

What the-

**BOOM!** Victor Crowley explodes out of the back of the Paramedic Boat, sending the doors flying open. He lands on the ground and rises up to his full height.

Without hesitation, Deputy Hamilton empties his side arm into the hulking monster. **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** **BLAM!** All six shots hit Victor Crowley directly in the chest, temporarily pushing him back down into the back of the Paramedic Boat. \*

Out of ammo, Deputy Hamilton begins backing up as fast as he can as he screams into his radio. \*

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Man down! Shots fired! Holy shit!  
There's a--

**SLAM!** He trips on the shrubs behind him and falls down on his back.

Victor Crowley stands back up straight again. He looks down at the ground to reveal the evidence pile and... his hatchet. He slowly picks it up from the pile of body bags.

WINSLOW (O.S.)

*Hamilton? Hamilton come in! Did you say man down?*

Hamilton keeps scrambling backwards as he fumbles with his radio, now dangling loose around his belt.

Angle on Victor Crowley's waist as he walk/staggers up to Hamilton. As he gets closer, closing the short distance between Deputy Hamilton and himself, the hatchet rises up into frame. \*

Deputy Hamilton keeps backing up as fast as he can but he can't find his footing. Finally he brings the radio up to his mouth just as Victor Crowley closes the gap between them... \*

CUT TO:

27

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

27

Marybeth and Amanda stare at Deputy Winslow as he listens to his radio in horror.

OFFICER HAMILTON (O.S.)  
*There's a fucking monster in- in-  
 the - of Jesus- HELP! HEL--*  
 (static)

Winslow yells into his radio and steps off to the side.

WINSLOW  
 (into radio)  
 Hamilton? Hamilton?!

CUT TO:

28 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CONTINUOUS 28

Deputy Hamilton's dead body is pressed up against a tree with Victor Crowley's hatchet lodged directly down the center of his face. \*

Crowley's body crosses our frame (we hide the cut from Deputy Hamilton to the dummy) and he pulls his hatchet out causing half of Hamilton's head to fall away, exposing the inside of his skull. \*

The other half of Hamilton's brain slides out with a **SPLAT** on the ground below.

CUT TO:

29 INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS 29

Winslow frantically switches to another channel on his radio.

WINSLOW  
 (into radio)  
 Sheriff? Louis are you there?

FOWLER (O.S.)  
*I heard it. I've got a call into State. Bringing everyone and everything I can bring with me. We should be out there in less than thirty.*

Amanda turns back to Marybeth.

AMANDA  
 Still believe he's dead?

MARYBETH  
 I... I killed him. He was in pieces.



AMANDA

You didn't kill him.  
(then)  
But I know how.

MARYBETH

How?

AMANDA

The only way to rid the swamp of  
the curse is to give the ghost  
closure. To complete the circle.  
To give it what it wants.

MARYBETH

But... he's searching for-

AMANDA

-his father. He's in an endless  
circle. Night after night,  
reliving the moment he died. He  
doesn't know that he's dead. But  
if he finds his father, he will die  
once and for all and pass on.

MARYBETH

But that's impossible. Thomas  
Crowley has been dead for years.

AMANDA

I'll explain, but first I need to  
know that you're going to help me.

MARYBETH

What can I possibly do? I told you  
everything I know.

AMANDA

You're the only living blood  
relative of Sampson Dunstan. The  
man who caused all of this. That  
means you're the only one that can  
stop it.

Amanda stands up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You heard what I just heard on that  
radio. How many more people are  
going to die because of this?

MARYBETH

I can't.

AMANDA

You can. We're going for a ride.

Amanda turns to Winslow who stands in the corner, terrified. She points to the lock on the jail cell.

He realizes what Amanda is asking him to do.

WINSLOW

Oh, hell no.

Sheriff Fowler's voice cuts in on the radio.

FOWLER (O.S.)

*All available units, we have a report of men down in Honey Island Swamp. No response from the fire and paramedics on sight. I need all available units to Honey Island. Repeat, all available units to Honey Island Swamp.*

\*

Amanda steps forward.

AMANDA

Elliot, ether you help me or everyone else that you know is going to die, too. Open the door.

Another deputy shrieks through the radio. He sounds on the verge of death. The camera pushes tighter and tighter on the radio.

\*

RANDOM POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

*They're all dead... oh my God... help... help us---*

**STATIC NOISE.**

Tight shot on a key opening Marybeth's cell door. The music swells as we...

CUT TO:

30

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SHORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

30

A group of police boats (including two Louisiana State Police Boats) have gathered on the shore. The ambulance boat looms in the short distance beyond them. The blood splattered doors are wide open.

Sheriff Fowler addresses a group of SIX DEPUTIES as another group of FIVE SWAT TEAM MEMBERS step off of their boat.

\*

\*

FOWLER

Here is what we know, a group of Jeferson Parish PD, fire and paramedics responded to a report of a multiple homicide here in this area. There were at least 12 people. All are now MIA. We have one suspect in custody. Our last contact with anyone was about 45 minutes ago, but we received distress calls of an unknown attacker and multiple men down.

\*

\*

ELBERT

So who is left?

\*

FOWLER

We don't know.

ELBERT

Is the attacker still in the area?

\*

FOWLER

We have to assume so. I want everyone armed and at the ready. We have no idea what we're walking in to here, but let's be prepared for anything.

ELBERT

Is the attacker armed?

\*

FOWLER

Yes, but we don't know with what.

HAWES (O.S.)

I'll take it from here, Sheriff.

SWAT OFFICER HAWES steps up to the front. He is a tall, bald, pompous man.

\*

HAWES (CONT'D)

Officer Hawes, Louisiana State.

FOWLER

Nice to meet you, Sir. Those are my men in there though and-

HAWES

I'll take it from here, thank you.

Fowler bitterly steps aside as he is told.

HAWES (CONT'D)

You give one warning and then you shoot to kill. Understood?

RANDOM OFFICERS (O.C.)

Yes, sir.

HAWES

Let's stay together. Move out.

The various deputies and SWAT team members, each holding heavy weaponry in their hands, begin following Hawes into the woods. \*

Angle on DEPUTY CODY SCHNEIDERMAN (20's, a bit of a "gun nut" rookie) as he hoists a huge duffle bag off of the boat and drops it on the ground with a loud **THUMP**. \*

SWAT OFFICER MIKAELA DOUGHERTY (20's, female, pretty in a Tom Boy way) watches him struggle with the giant bag. \*

DOUGHERTY

What do you have in there, a Nuclear warhead?

SCHNEIDERMAN

No nukes, but I brought every other toy I could get my hands on.

He unzips the bag, revealing assault rifles and other nondescript artillery beneath it.

DOUGHERTY

You don't fuck around.

SCHNEIDERMAN

I'm from New York originally. \*

DOUGHERTY

Mikaela Dougherty. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Cody Schneiderman. Nice to meet you. \*

He digs through his bag.

DOUGHERTY

Planning on taking down a T-rex tonight?

SCHNEIDERMAN

You know where we are, right?

DOUGHERTY

A smelly swamp?

Schneiderman glances at the bloody ambulance boat doors.

SCHNEIDERMAN

This is his swamp.

DOUGHERTY

Right, of course. And who is *he*? \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

(whispered)

*Victor Crowley.*

DOUGHERTY

Sorry, I'm new here. Just transferred from Arizona. Who is Victor Crowley?

Music Cue: The opening piano music known for the start of the traditional "HATCHET flashback scenes" starts.

SCHNEIDERMAN

A long time ago, there was this boy who was born deformed and-

A random SWAT Officer crosses the shot and cocks his shotgun. \*

RANDOM SWAT OFFICER \*

We're moving out. Come on.

The music stops.

SCHNEIDERMAN

I'll tell you about it later.

He reaches into his bag and pulls out a high tech assault rifle. Beneath it, Dougherty spots a full-on RPG.

DOUGHERTY

The NRA would be proud.

SCHNEIDERMAN

I'm a member. \*

Schneiderman moves out and falls in line with the other officers, carrying his giant duffle bag with him.

DOUGHERTY \*

(to herself)

*You're in the South now, Mikaela.* \*

CUT TO:

31 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

31

Winslow nervously drives while Amanda furiously types on her phone in the passenger seat. Marybeth sits behind the cage wall in the backseat behind them.

MARYBETH

Can you please take these cuffs off?

WINSLOW

Absolutely not. I shouldn't even be doing this. Man, I'm gonna lose my job.

AMANDA

Hopefully that's all you lose tonight.

MARYBETH

Where am I gonna run locked up in the back of this fucking car?

WINSLOW

Will you please stop talking?  
(to Amanda)  
Tell her to shut up, please?

Amanda finds the address she was looking for.

AMANDA

Here. How far is Ozona?

WINSLOW

Ozona? Christ, that's up the 11 freeway on the other side of Nicholson.

MARYBETH

What's in Ozona?

WINSLOW

Mrs. Fowler, that's nowhere near Honey Island Swamp. We need to-

AMANDA

-We need to get to Ozona is what we need to do. And for the last time it's "Ms. Pearlman" now, Elliot. Just call me Amanda. Please.

MARYBETH

I thought you were Sheriff Fowler's wife?

AMANDA

Ex-wife.

Winslow reaches for his radio.

WINSLOW

I need to tell the Sheriff what's going on.

Amanda grabs it and puts the radio back down.

AMANDA

No you absolutely do not. Not yet.

WINSLOW

Do you have any idea how much trouble my ass is going to be in?

AMANDA

Tell you what. Get me to Ozona and then you can tell Louis that we're on our way to him. Deal?

MARYBETH

What's in Ozona?

Amanda stares at her phone.

AMANDA

Thomas Crowley.

MARYBETH

Thomas Crowley? If he was still alive, wouldn't he be like three hundred years old by now?

AMANDA

He's dead.

MARYBETH

So what are we gonna do? Dig him up?

Amanda dials a number and holds her phone up to her head.

AMANDA

Not exactly.

CUT TO:

**THOCK!!** Angle on a large machete as it swipes at the brush.

Hawes leads the militia of deputies and SWAT officers through the thick moss covered trees of the swamp. A deputy in the front hacks at the brush with the large machete. Each officer in the group nervously grips their weapon, poised and ready for anything. \*

Angle on Hawes and Fowler. \*

HAWES

Tell me about the suspect.

FOWLER

A girl turned herself in this morning. She was covered in someone else's blood and holding a shotgun.

HAWES

Did you get a confession?

FOWLER

No. She was carrying on about a local legend named "Victor Crowley". \*

HAWES

I'm familiar. But she was in custody when your men made the distress call? \*

FOWLER

Yes, sir. My guess is that it's another Crowley impersonator. Some nut who heard the ghost stories too many times. She was clearly part of it though.

HAWES

I'll be the judge of that. I suppose if anyone knows about Crowley fanatics it's you. Your wife is Amanda Fowler, right? \*

FOWLER

Ex. She's my ex-wife. \*

HAWES

Got a few of those myself.

FOWLER

Yeah, well, it's complicated. I think that our work just-



HAWES

-I'm just making small talk,  
Sheriff. I don't really want to  
know about your divorce. No  
offense.

Angle on Schneiderman and Dougherty. Schneiderman has his  
huge duffle bag of arsenal strapped to his back. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

So when did you transfer?

DOUGHERTY

About a month ago. So far so good.  
Though Mardi Gras has been a trip. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Worst time of the year for all of  
us. Everyone flocks to Bourbon  
Street thinking it's gonna be like  
one of those Bayou Beavers DVDs.  
Instead they get toothless sixty  
year old women flashing their  
sagging pancake-

Something moves in the brush and Schneiderman points his  
weapon in the direction of the sound. \*

Dougherty doesn't even flinch. \*

DOUGHERTY

Just a bird.

Schneiderman relaxes and keeps walking. \*

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

You're pretty freaked out, huh?

SCHNEIDERMAN

There's a reason this swamp is  
condemned and closed off to the  
public. Enough people disappear...  
enough bodies pile up, and  
eventually you can't help but  
believe there's some truth to the  
ghost stories. I've only been  
living here three years and I'm  
already a believer, I'll tell you  
that. \*

DOUGHERTY

I get it. I believe in ghosts,  
too. Swear I saw one in my bedroom  
when I was six years old.

(MORE)

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

But it just smiled at me and walked out. It wasn't scary. Kind of peaceful and comforting.

SCHNEIDERMAN

This isn't Casper the friendly ghost.

DOUGHERTY

How do you know?

SCHNEIDERMAN

Because Casper doesn't tear gator hunters in half with his bare hands.

\*  
\*

Dougherty rolls her eyes.

DOUGHERTY

Don't worry. I'll protect you from the big bad ghost if he shows up to say boo--

HAWES (O.C.)

-FUCKING CHRIST.

The group stops walking as Sheriff Fowler puts his hand up to signal them to stop.

33

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

33

Angle on Hawes, his eyes wide in horror and his face twisted in a sickened expression, as he slowly emerges from the trees behind the deputy with the machete in his hands.

\*

The camera slowly moves around him to reveal...

A forest of GORE. The entire area in front of the Crowley house is literally filled with the remains of the paramedic, police, and fire response team that arrived on the scene earlier. Entrails and intestines hang from tree branches like Christmas decorations. Blood pools on the ground like rain puddles. Severed limbs, skin, teeth, and unidentifiable body parts dress the swamp all around them.

Various SWAT officers and deputies avert their eyes and cover their faces from the smell.

\*

One deputy's legs shake so badly that he has to lean against a fellow officer for support.

\*

Schneiderman turns to Dougherty.

\*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Sill believe in friendly ghosts?

DOUGHERTY

What the hell did this?

Schneiderman begins freaking out and clutching his gun. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

We're fucked. Oh God, we're so fucked.

FOWLER \*

Will someone shut Schneiderman the hell up?!

Sheriff Fowler looks closely at a branch next to him. Reveal an eyeball dangling from the branch. \*

Officer Hawes stands beside him.

HAWES \*

Good thing you've got that *girl* in custody, huh Sheriff?

FOWLER

....

CUT TO:

34

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

34

Winslow continues to drive through the night as Amanda keeps trying to dial a number.

WINSLOW

Who are you calling?

AMANDA

I'm trying to reach the guy we're going to see. Make sure he's home.

MARYBETH

Who are we going to see?

AMANDA

His name is Abbott MacMullin. I interviewed him a bunch of times in my original piece on Victor Crowley.

WINSLOW

OK. That's it.

Winslow pulls the car over.

AMANDA

What are you doing, Elliot?

WINSLOW

Old man MacMullin? You mean,  
Abbott "McCrazy"?

AMANDA

Yes! Why are you stopping?

WINSLOW

We're in the middle of some serious  
shit. I've got friends in that  
swamp that are seriously hurt if  
not dead. I took our prime suspect  
out of her cell against the law and  
against my better judgement. Now  
I'm on a wild goose chase, chasing  
I don't even know *what*, and I've  
got the more morbid version of  
Wednesday Adams sitting in my  
backseat who is a cold blooded  
psycho killer for all we know!

MARYBETH

(blandly)

Yeah, I'm sitting right here.

WINSLOW

No offense.

MARYBETH

None taken. Asshole.

WINSLOW

Hey! I'm an officer of the law.  
Mind your mouth or I'll add a few  
more charges to the list.

MARYBETH

Can me telling you to go fist your  
own ass be another one of them  
charges?

\*  
\*

Winslow takes off his seat belt.

WINSLOW

That's it-

Amanda breaks it up.

AMANDA

-Abbott MacMullin is the only living relative of Thomas Crowley. Crowley was his Great Uncle.

WINSLOW

So fucking what!?

AMANDA

He has Thomas Crowley. On his mantle. In an urn.

WINSLOW

Again. So fucking what?!

AMANDA

The only way to give the ghost of Victor Crowley peace, to end the curse... to stop the killing... is to give him what he's looking for.

MARYBETH

If that's true, then why didn't you just bring Thomas Crowley's ashes to him years ago?

AMANDA

Because I can't. According to voodoo lore, only the one responsible for his death can deliver what he wants. I tried to have this same discussion with your father years ago. He pulled a gun on me and told me to go fuck myself.

WINSLOW

Classy family.

\*

MARYBETH

(to Winslow)

Go fuck yourself.

AMANDA

Look, I know how insane it all sounds. Maybe I'm wrong and it won't even work. But unless someone has a better idea right now it's just about the only option we have and I suggest we stop arguing, start driving, and at least try to put an end to this.

Winslow sighs and stares at the road.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

How many more have to die? Louis is out there, Elliot. Your best friend. My husband.

Winslow turns to face her.

WINSLOW

You mean "ex" husband, right?

Amanda turns away.

AMANDA

Just drive. Please.

Winslow starts the car.

MARYBETH

I hate to break it to you lady, but my Dad is dead.

AMANDA

He sure is. But you're not. \*

Marybeth realizes where this is going.

MARYBETH

Oh, fuck no.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

35

Deputy Winslow's car pulls back on to the road and drives away.

After a few beats the "seat belt alert" starts beeping.

WINSLOW (O.S.)

Is someone's seat belt not...? Oh, wait. That's me.

The car swerves violently as he buckles his seat belt again.

WINSLOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All good.

The car drives away until we are left looking at the dark empty road.

The camera tilts up to the moon.

MATCH CUT TO:

36 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 36

The camera tilts down from the moon to reveal the group of SWAT officers and deputies standing together in the midst of the "gore forest" by the Crowley House. \*

HAWES \*

No way one *person* did this.

The officers all look around at the carnage, unable to believe what they are looking at.

SCHNEIDERMAN

For fuck's sake, can we stop dancing around what's really going on here?

FOWLER \*

Shut it, Schneiderman.

SCHNEIDERMAN

No, Sir. With all due respect whether you want to believe it or not, this has Victor Crowley written all over it.

HAWES \*

Tell your deputy to shut his trap, Fowler. \*

FOWLER \*

Schneiderman, stand down! \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Are you kidding me?

He points to a tree branch with a pair of testicles hanging from it.

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)

Are you blind? These are somebody's balls! Balls are not supposed to be hanging from trees yet I'm looking at fucking balls, Sir!

A SWAT officer vomits all over the front of his uniform. \*

Schneiderman points at him. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)

That guy knows what's up.

(then)

(MORE)

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)

We need to get the fuck out of here  
and call in the National fucking  
Guard or some shit before we all  
end up just like-

HAWES

-We said shut your fucking mouth,  
Schneiderman! This whole thing  
could be a joke for all we know! A  
sick, perverse practical fucking  
joke!

\*

Sheriff Fowler points to a human jaw on the ground by his  
feet.

\*

FOWLER

That doesn't look like a joke. My  
deputy is right. I'm calling in  
the military and we're leaving  
before-

\*

\*

ANDREW (O.C.)

DON'T SHOOT!

Suddenly Andrew rises up from beneath Reverend Zombie's skin.  
The spooked officers all point their weapons at him and  
scream!

OFFICERS

FREEZE! / DON'T MOVE! / AHH!!

ANDREW

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

HAWES

Stand down!! STAND DOWN!

He approaches Andrew.

HAWES (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

ANDREW

My name's Andrew! I'm what's left  
of the first response team, Sir!  
We need to get the fuck out of  
here, right now! Thank God you  
guys showed up!

HAWES

Tell me what happened?

Andrew looks around in disbelief.



ANDREW

What happened?! Are you kidding?!  
Fucking Victor Crowley happened,  
that's what! Look around!

\*

Hawes puts up his hand.

HAWES

Then why are you still here?

ANDREW

I hid underneath somebody else's  
body! He massacred everyone in  
minutes!

HAWES

And you didn't fight back?

ANDREW

No, I didn't *fight back*! I hid!  
And that's the only reason those  
aren't my balls hanging from that  
tree! Please, we need to leave  
right this second.

Sheriff Fowler speaks into his radio.

FOWLER

(into radio)

This is Sheriff Fowler from  
Jefferson Parish. I need to reach  
Colonel Mysko from the Louisiana  
National Guard immediately. We  
have a dire emergency in-

\*

Hawes grabs the radio from Fowler and speaks into it.

\*

HAWES

(into radio)

Cancel that request.

VOICE (O.S.)

(on the radio)

*Repeat that Sheriff Fowler?*

HAWES

(into radio)

This is SWAT Team Leader Tyler  
Hawes. Cancel that request. I  
have the situation under control.

\*

VOICE (O.S.)

*What is your twenty Officer Hawes?*

Hawes hands the radio back to Sheriff Fowler.

\*

HAWES

Do not answer that. I'm not losing my job by calling in the fucking military until I know exactly what the fuck is going on here.

Andrew addresses the rest of the group.

ANDREW

Is this guy kidding?

SCHNEIDERMAN

Fuck this. Your ego is putting all of us in danger. Fucking fire me, I don't care. I'm leaving.

Hawes looks to Sheriff Fowler. When Fowler doesn't say anything...

\*

\*

HAWES

Deputy Schneiderman do you know the consequence for fleeing the scene of a murder?

\*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Yup. Take my badge. I don't care. At least I'll be alive.

HAWES

Calm down! What are you, scared?

Schneiderman looks all around him.

SCHNEIDERMAN

Yes! Yes, I'm fucking scared! How are you not??!

ANDREW

(terrified)

He's like a tank. No matter how many bullets he took, he just kept getting back up and coming. If we don't leave right this second, none of us are gonna be alive tomorrow.

HAWES

Where is he then?

ANDREW

I don't know! I've been playing  
dead and hiding until you showed  
up! Last I heard was screaming  
coming from that way!

Andrew points towards the trees. The officers all look in  
that direction when suddenly... the trees move!

Once again, weapons are cocked, loaded, and pointed at the  
trees.

OFFICERS

FREEZE! / WHO'S THERE?! / SHOW  
YOURSELF! / ON THE GROUND NOW!

The screaming subsides and the officers are left in silence  
and suspense.

Angle on a blood soaked leaf as a drop of blood slowly  
trickles off of it and drips onto the dirt below it.

The officers remain poised and ready to fire.

**WHIRRRP.** An odd sound emanates from the brush and without  
warning the officers immediately unload their weapons into  
the trees where the sound came from. **BLAM! RAT-TAT-TAT!**  
**BOOM! BANG! BLAM! BLAM!**

Rifles, shotguns, side arm pistols, and automatic weapons  
level the forest in front of the officers. Trees are blown  
to shreds. Branches explode apart. Leaves fly in the air  
dancing on the smoke from the blasts.

Finally, the officers stop firing.

Slowly, a final tree topples over to the ground with a **THUD.**

The officers stand in silence as they lower their smoking  
weapons.

The forest before them now has a huge clearing in it.

Hawes points to another SWAT officer and motions for him to  
move in and check it out. \*

The SWAT officer nervously shakes his head "no". He's not  
moving. \*

Angry and frustrated, Hawes takes it upon himself to walk  
over to the area. \*

The other officers look on nervously as Hawes slowly makes  
his way into the clearing. \*

He keeps his weapon drawn and ready as he cautiously steps through the bullet ridden area and kicks branches away in search of a body.

After many breathless moments he sees something and bends down to check it out.

Andrew hides behind Dougherty and peeks over her shoulder, terrified of what may happen next. \*

Slowly, Hawes stands up again. He holds a dead raccoon (the raccoon we saw in those very bushes in HATCHET 1) in his hand and displays it to the group. \*

HAWES

We got him.

One by one, the officers start to smile and chuckle with relief. A much welcome tension breaker in their terrifying circumstances.

Even Hawes smirks back at them in disbelief. They just leveled a huge chunk of woods all because of a raccoon. \*

Then... through the night air (and surround speakers of the theater)... clear as day....

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

Daaaaaaaa.....ddyyyyyyy.....

A collective chill runs down the spine of the group.

Andrew panics.

ANDREW

Hide!

While the camera holds a shot of all of the officers standing frozen with their guns drawn, Andrew dashes back and forth around them trying to find a place to hide but having no luck.

Then, even louder than last time...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

DAAAAAAAAA.....DDYYYYYYYY.....

The officers quickly begin re-loading their weapons as full-on panic sets in.

Hawes drops the dead raccoon and moves over to the group. Quickly and efficiently he begins signaling orders for the group to spread out and protect the area. \*

As the officers break up into groups, Andrew makes a clumsy effort to scale up a tree. It's awkward but eventually he makes his way high enough to be out of frame.

**RRRRRRRAGHHHhh**.... Guttural moans and growls seem to come from every direction around the officers. They keep their backs to the center of the area and their weapons pointed into the surrounding trees.

As the **GROWLS** continue to literally leap back and forth in the night, the camera slowly trucks in to each group of terrified officers.

Finally, the camera trucks in to Hawes and Fowler and stops. Out of focus behind them, Andrew falls/slides back down the tree and hits the ground with a **THUD**. \*

ANDREW (O.C.)

Damn it.

Two deputies (RALSTON and Elbert) move up to the Crowley shed and stand with their weapons pointed. \*

Three others move with their backs to the Crowley house and cover the center.

The rest, all paired off in two's circle the area so that every section of the woods around them is covered.

Angle on Schneiderman.

SCHNEIDERMAN

We're so gonna die.

HAWES

QUIET.

More **GROWLS** and **ANGRY SNORTS** encircle the woods around the officers.

Angle on Ralston and Elbert by the shed. Out of the darkness behind them, inside the shed, we see the outline of Victor Crowley emerge subtly behind them. \*

**THWOCK!** Ralston is speared right through his back and out of his chest with an alligator hunting spear.

RALSTON

Ughhh....

Before he can even look down to see what hit him... **WHOOSH!** Ralston is flung backwards into the darkness of the shed by the rope attached to the spear.

Elbert turns and aims her gun into the shed. \*

ELBERT  
Ralston?!!

From inside the shed, the sounds of Ralston being torn to pieces happen quickly. **RRRIP! CRACK! SPLASH!**

Elbert runs for her life back to the safety of Hawes and Fowler when... **SHING!** A rusty giant hook on a rope snags her in the rib cage and drops her onto her back. \*

ELBERT (CONT'D)  
Ugh! HELP! HELP ME!

Quickly she is dragged backwards about five feet towards the darkness of the shed. \*

The rest of the officers aim their weapons at the shed and begin screaming.

OFFICERS  
STOP! / FREEZE! / LET HER GO! \*

HAWES  
FIRE! FIRE!

They begin to unload into the darkness of the shed, but Elbert is yanked backwards another painful five feet just barely into the entrance of the shed.

ELBERT  
DON'T LET HIM KILL ME! PLEASE!

Sheriff Fowler selflessly dives onto the ground, beneath the line of fire, and grabs onto Elbert's legs.

FOWLER  
I've got you, Elbert! I've got you!  
(then)  
SOMEONE HELP ME HERE!

But the other officers are too scared to come any closer.

**YANK!** Victor Crowley tugs again from the darkness of the shed, but Fowler holds tight and pulls back... turning Elbert into a human "tug of war" toy.

ELBERT  
Ruuugh!!

Finally, Fowler points his gun back at Elbert's head.

FOWLER

Duck!

ELBERT

What--?

FOWLER

DUCK NOW!

Elbert lowers her head as Fowler shoots and severs the rope attached to the hook. \*

FOWLER (CONT'D)

I've got you!

**WHAM!** Victor Crowley's grotesque hand slams down into Elbert's open mouth and quickly drags her, kicking and screaming into the darkness. \*

From inside the shed...

ELBERT

(mouthful of hand)

Noph! Pleathhhh! Uggghhhh!

The sounds of more **TWISTING, RIPPING, POPPING,** and **TEARING** are heard from within the shed.

The officers all point their weapons into the darkness.

HAWES

Hold your fire! You'll hit her! \*

The screaming from inside the shed stops. Fowler is on his knees in front of the shed, devastated having lost Elbert.

**CRASH!** The body of (what used to be) Ralston comes crashing through the wall of the shed. Before anyone can even react...

**SMASH!** Elbert's dead body explodes through another wall of the shed and lands on the ground in a heap right in front of Sheriff Fowler.

HAWES (CONT'D)

FIRE! FIRE!

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!** The officers unload everything they've got into the shed.

Once the last officer runs out of ammo, they stop.

It's a breathless few seconds before... **CREEEEEAK** The shed collapses in all directions.

**SLAM!** The old shed is now flat on the ground.

But no Victor Crowley inside.

Angle on an officer in the distance as he quickly begins to reload.

Angle on another.

And another...the deputy with the machete. **WHAM!** Victor Crowley flies through the shot, tackling the deputy to the ground. \*  
\*

The machete lands by a tree stump.

The officer screams as Victor Crowley raises his hatchet in the air and begins to hack at him.

Not having a clear shot of Victor Crowley without the deputy in it, the rest of the group charges him and uses their batons and rifles to begin beating him off of the dying deputy. \*  
\*

Close-ups show the batons and weapons pounding into Victor Crowley's head and back.

SCHNEIDERMAN

Fuck this.

Schneiderman bends down and tears open his giant duffle bag, revealing the pieces of his RPG. \*

A wide shot from above shows the huge pile up, when **BOOM...** Victor Crowley explodes up to his feet sending officers flying in all directions (on wires), bouncing off of trees, and landing violently on the ground.

The deputy that had been getting hacked apart tries to crawl away, but Victor Crowley lifts him up and tears his body in half! Entrails and carnage rain down all over Victor Crowley and he tosses the two pieces away. \*  
\*

The officers frantically begin reloading and/or firing what they have left into Victor Crowley.

IN ONE CONTINUOUS CAMERA SHOT: Victor Crowley charges at a SWAT officer and swings his hatchet at his face. The SWAT officer spins around towards lens with his face sliced across the eyes. \*  
\*

Another SWAT officer charges but Crowley swings low, chopping off his leg at the knee. \*



The next SWAT officer rushes in to fire, but Victor Crowley swings back up, whacking him in the balls and sending him flying (on wires) up and out of the shot. \*

He charges at a deputy (who has just reloaded) and chops his head clean-off with his hatchet. \*

**BLAM!** A SWAT officer shoots at him with a rifle, but Victor Crowley grabs the rifle (attached to the SWAT officer by the strap) and swings it (and the SWAT officer) high over his head, crushing him to the ground and stomping on his face. \*

Hawes begins firing at Victor Crowley, shooting the hatchet out of his hand and to the ground. But Victor Crowley charges him, grabs him by the shoulder and runs him up against a tree violently with a loud SLAM! \*

With Hawes pinned up against a tree, Victor Crowley (while still taking the occasional bullet to the back) punches into his stomach and latches on to his spine. With a few tugs Hawes' head slams down inside his own chest! Victor Crowley pull the piece of spine (and Hawes' skull still attached) out through his stomach and holds it in the air with a terrifying howl of rage! \*

VICTOR CROWLEY  
RRRRRRRAAAAAARRRR!!!

**KA-BOOM!** A shot-gun blast knocks Victor Crowley to his knees, revealing a deputy standing on the porch of the house behind him with the shotgun in his hand. \*

Victor Crowley rises up again and charges at the deputy standing on the porch, passing by Schneiderman who is now loading his RPG with a missile. \*

As the deputy on the porch re-loads his shotgun, Victor Crowley grabs him by the head and smashes him through one of the beams on the porch splintering the rotten wood in two. \*

He slowly starts pushing the deputy's face down against the splintered wood. The broken beam begins to tear into the deputy's eyes as he screams. \*

Angle on Schneiderman as he lifts the RPG to his shoulder. Dougherty hunkers down behind him, braced for impact. \*

Angle on Victor Crowley as he pushes the resisting deputy further down into the broken wooden beam. As much as the deputy fights back, the wooden beam sticks further and further into his face. \*

Angle on Schneiderman as he flips up the sight on his RPG. Dolly in to his face. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN  
Eat this, Motherfucker.

Schneiderman fires the rocket. **SHHHHHHHHHWOOOOOM!** \*

Angle on Victor Crowley as he looks up at the approaching rocket. He quickly throws the (now eyeless) deputy he was killing in front of the missile and it shoots him inside the front of the house. \*

**KA-BOOOOOOM!!!** The Crowley house explodes in flames, smoke, and debris. The explosion engulfs Victor Crowley and he disappears from sight.

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)  
YEAHHH!!!!

Schneiderman turns back to Dougherty who is on her knees behind him. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)  
That's how you take a bitch out in  
New York! \*

The terrified look on Dougherty's face says it all. \*

Behind Schneiderman, Victor Crowley steps out of the smoke and ash holding a piece of flaming wood. \*

DOUGHERTY  
Run!

Schneiderman doesn't even have a chance to turn before Victor Crowley throws the flaming wooden stake directly into his back. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN  
Ugh!

Schneiderman lands on his stomach in the mud. \*

Dougherty grabs his arm and tries to help him up. \*

DOUGHERTY  
Get up!

From a short distance away, Sheriff Fowler and Andrew call to Dougherty. \*

FOWLER  
Come on! Get back to the boat!

Dougherty looks back and forth from the Sheriff to Schneiderman crawling on the ground. \*

DOUGHERTY

Get up!!!

She tugs hard on Schneiderman's arm, trying to help him up but the burning piece of wood in his back has rendered him immobile. \*

**WHACK!** Victor Crowley back-hands Dougherty and sends her flying in the air towards Sheriff Fowler and Andrew. \*

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

Ooof.

She looks back to see Victor Crowley yank the burning plank from Schneiderman's back and then slam his foot down in it's place. \*

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

Noooo!

ANDREW

It's too late! COME ON!

Andrew drags Dougherty to her feet and dashes off into the woods with Sheriff Fowler, back towards the boats. \*

Sheriff Fowler fires his weapon at Victor Crowley. **BLAM! BLAM! Click. Click.** He is out.

Reluctantly he turns to run with Dougherty and Andrew. \*

Angle on Schneiderman as he groans with pain under Victor Crowley's weight. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN

Fuck.... You....

Victor Crowley grabs hold of one of his arms and.... **CRACK! TEAR!** He rips Schneiderman's arm clean out of the socket. \*

SCHNEIDERMAN (CONT'D)

Arrrrgh!!!

Victor Crowley leans down again and grabs hold of Schneiderman's other arm. **CRACK! RRRIP!!** He tears his other arm off, leaving Schneiderman armless and face down in the mud. \*

Slowly he presses his foot down on the back of Schneiderman's head, burying his face in the mud. The puddle bubbles around his head as he runs out of air and drowns in the dirty water. \*

The sound of whimpering makes Victor Crowley look up to see one remaining officer (OFFICER BISHOP) nearby.

Officer Bishop cowers and shakes as he clutches his shot gun. Terrified, he turns to run away.

He only makes it a few steps before he trips and falls down... blowing his own head off with his shotgun. **BOOM!**

Victor Crowley takes a step towards Officer Bishop's dead body, realizes his work has already been done for him, and then heads off in the direction of the others.

Beyond the massacre of body parts and dead police officers, the Crowley House collapses in on itself as it burns to the ground.

Victor Crowley stops and looks back at his burning house (ala FRANKENSTEIN) before exiting after the others.

CUT TO:

37 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

37

Deputy Winslow's car is parked in the driveway of a dilapidated shack. Abbot MacMullin's "house".

WINSLOW

This is it.

AMANDA

I spent two days here interviewing Abbott MacMullin for my Crowley story. You never quite get the smell out of your sinuses.

WINSLOW

And you think he's just going to hand over Thomas Crowley's ashes to you?

AMANDA

No. But he'll hand them over to you.

She quickly exits the vehicle.

WINSLOW

What? Wait-

He gets out of the car and follows Amanda.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
(to Marybeth)  
Stay here.

MARYBETH  
Where the fuck am I gonna-

Deputy Winslow shuts the car door before she can finish her retort.

38

EXT. MACMULLIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

38

Deputy Winslow joins Amanda by the front door as she knocks furiously on it.

WINSLOW  
Amanda, this is crazy. You can't do this.

AMANDA  
I'll tell you what. When this night is over, if I'm wrong, you can personally take me to jail. But we've got one chance to end this madness.

WINSLOW  
How??

AMANDA  
That girl is Sampson Dunstan's blood line. If she-

The front light turns on.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Thank God. He's home.

WINSLOW  
*Thank God.*

The front door opens.

A tall man stands in shadow.

ABOTT MACMULLIN (O.C.)  
Who are you?

AMANDA  
Mr. MacMullin, it's me. Amanda Fowler.

Winslow shoots her a look, having used her old last name.  
Amanda ignores him.

ABOTT MACMULLIN (O.C.)  
From the paper?

AMANDA  
Yes, sir. We need to speak to you.  
It's urgent.

ABOTT MACMULLIN takes a gentle step forward into the porch light and we see his face for the first time. A gentle but disheveled elderly man with a crazed look in his eyes.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
I oughta shoot you dead for waking me up at this crazy hour. It's the middle of the night for the love of Christ.

Amanda looks at her watch.

AMANDA  
It's eight-forty five.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
That's what I said!

Abott looks over Deputy Winslow.

ABOTT MACMULLIN (CONT'D)  
Who's the colored?

WINSLOW  
Hi, I'm Deputy Winslow. Jefferson Parish. \*  
(then) \*  
And that whole civil rights thing actually happened.  
(then)  
Just FYI.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
I didn't do nothing to that little girl. Ain't no crime in lookin'.

WINSLOW  
...I'm sure you didn't do anything wrong. A nice... tolerant... man like yourself.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
This is harassment! I'll have your job.

WINSLOW

After tonight, yes, you probably  
can have my job.

AMANDA

Mr. MacMullin, may we come in?  
It's urgent. Please.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

What's wrong? Was there a fire?  
Is Sarah Jane alright?

AMANDA

Yes, I'm sure... she's fine. \*  
Please, sir. We only need a minute  
of your time.

Abott stands there for a moment, weighing the situation.

Finally he opens the screen-less screen door and steps aside.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

I've only got a minute. I've got a \*  
lot of irons in the fire, you know. \*

AMANDA

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Amanda and Deputy Winslow enter the dark house. As Winslow  
passes by Abott...

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Don't you steal nothing. I've got  
eyes in the front of my head.

WINSLOW

Hmph. You wanna offer me some  
fried chicken and watermelon while  
you're at it?

ABOTT MACMULLIN

I ain't got no food.

WINSLOW

It was a... joke.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Eh?

WINSLOW

Forget it.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

I can't understand you people.

WINSLOW

I said FORGET IT.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

I ain't no faggot!

Deputy Winslow searches for a witty comeback, but Amanda pulls him away into the darkness of the house.

CUT TO:

39

INT. MACMULLIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

39

Amanda and Deputy Winslow stand in the darkness as Abott searches for a light.

Finally a dim light bulb flickers to life on a "lamp shade-less" dusty lamp. The eerie lighting illuminates the living room around them. The walls look like a taxidermy store, stacked from floor to ceiling with everything from gator heads to deer and even tree squirrels. Makeshift beer can ashtrays overflow with cigarette butts and old newspapers take up all available space on the filthy couch. A confederate flag is displayed proudly behind an ancient console television.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Are you hear to talk about Victor Crowley again? I told you everything I had to say yesterday.

AMANDA

That was actually ten years ago, Mr. MacMullin.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Speak up!

AMANDA

I said I'M NOT HERE TO DISCUSS VICTOR CROWLEY.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Then what do you want? Speak up!

AMANDA

We're on official police business. There's a piece of evidence in your possession that we need to borrow. Just for a little while.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Where's your warrant?



AMANDA

No, you're not under arrest...

Amanda turns to Deputy Winslow for help.

WINSLOW

(sigh)

You're not in any trouble, Mr. MacMullin. We just need to borrow an item of yours briefly.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

You mumble. I can't understand a word you say.

Amanda spots the urn on Abott's fireplace mantle and moves towards it.

AMANDA

When we last spoke... you had mentioned that these are Thomas Crowley's ashes, yes?

ABOTT MACMULLIN

No. Those are my Uncle's ashes in there.

AMANDA

Right. Your Uncle's ashes are in this urn yes?

Amanda picks up the urn.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

The hell are you doing, you little harlot?!

AMANDA

This urn is evidence in an investigation. We'll bring it right back, but we need to borrow it for just a little while.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Over my dead body!

WINSLOW

Mr. MacMullin, unfortunately I need to insist. I assure you that I will personally bring the urn back to you myself, but we-

ABOTT MACMULLIN

What on earth do you need with my  
uncle's ashes?!

AMANDA

This urn is evidence in a police  
matter, Abott.

(to Winslow)

Show him your badge.

WINSLOW

My badge? Why?

AMANDA

Just do it!

Winslow holds up the badge from his police shirt.

WINSLOW

It's for official police business,  
Sir.

Abott eyes the badge closely and then looks over Deputy  
Winslow.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Who'd you rob for that?

Winslow throws his arms up in defeat.

WINSLOW

(to Amanda)

I think I've had just about enough  
of this.

AMANDA

We'll bring it right back, Abott.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

I already told you, over my dead  
body!

AMANDA

Fine.

Amanda grabs Deputy Winslow's gun from his belt and points it  
at Abott.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You leave me with no choice.

WINSLOW

AMANDA?! What the hell!?

Abott steps towards Amanda.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

You pull a gun on me you better be ready to use it, young lady!

AMANDA

I don't want to use it, Abott! But I am leaving with this urn. I'm sorry.

Abott grabs the gun and holds it up against his forehead.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Go on! Do it! Shoot a defenseless old man! Shoot me!

Winslow stands between them, freaking out.

WINSLOW

Amanda what the hell are you doing!?

AMANDA

I'm sorry, Abott! I promise we'll bring it right back!

ABOTT MACMULLIN

Do it already! SHOOT ME!

Amanda backs up with the urn under her arm.

AMANDA

(to Winslow)  
Let's go.

WINSLOW

But--?

As she backs up to the door, Abott continues his tirade.

ABOTT MACMULLIN

That's right! You don't have the guts!! Barging into my house with some negro thief posing as a cop!

(to Winslow)  
Who'd you kill for that badge, huh?!

Deputy Winslow reconsiders.

WINSLOW

Fuck it. Let's go.

Amanda and Winslow head for the front door as Abott loses his shit on them.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
I'm a veteran, God damn it! I was  
in Korea!!!

Amanda ducks out the front door. Winslow looks back quickly as he exits behind her.

WINSLOW  
Fucking old white people.

ABOTT MACMULLIN  
I KNOW MY RIGHTS!!! I KNOW MY  
RIGHTS!!!!  
(then)  
You better run! *Boy!*

CUT TO:

40 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 40

Amanda and Deputy Winslow get back into the car.

Marybeth looks at the urn in Amanda's arms.

MARYBETH  
That's Thomas Crowley?

AMANDA  
Yes.

MARYBETH  
So, what? You just hand his ashes  
over to that monster in the swamp  
and he vanishes?

AMANDA  
No. You do.

Amanda looks back at Marybeth.

Before Marybeth can refute... the car backs up. \*

41 OMITTED 41 \*

42 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

42

Sheriff Fowler, Andrew, and Dougherty dash through the trees back towards the boats. \*

ANDREW  
(winded)  
Is he following us? Where did he go??

FOWLER  
We're getting the fuck out of here.

Dougherty trails a few steps behind. \*

FOWLER (CONT'D)  
(to Dougherty)  
Hurry up!

DOUGHERTY  
He... knocked the wind out of me...  
I'm trying...

Sheriff Fowler stops briefly to put an arm under her and help her run to safety.

Andrew stops and turns back.

ANDREW  
What are you doing? No stopping!  
Stopping very bad!

**BOOM!** A RANDOM PARAMEDIC bolts into frame and knocks into Andrew.

They both look at each other and scream!

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
AHHHHH!!!!

RANDOM PARAMEDIC  
AHHHHH!!!!

The paramedic takes off running again.

FOWLER  
Who the fuck was that??

ANDREW  
I don't know his name!

FOWLER  
He's a paramedic! Doesn't he work with you?

ANDREW  
Yeah, but I don't know his name!

Sheriff Fowler yells after the man.

FOWLER

You're going the wrong way! We  
have to get back to the boats and  
get out of here!

The sounds of the random paramedic dashing off further into  
the woods is heard.

ANDREW

See? Fuck that guy!

Andrew keeps running again. Sheriff Fowler hoists Dougherty  
up and dashes off right behind him. \*

CUT TO:

43 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - WOODS - CONTINUOUS 43

The random Paramedic runs through the woods, frantic and  
lost.

He stops, panting and trying to get his bearings. He wipes  
the sweat from his face as...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

Daaaaaa....dddyyyyyy.....

The random Paramedic freaks out. He tries to climb up a  
nearby tree but slips right back down again on the slippery  
bark and lands on is stomach.

He stays low and crawls off through the bushes again.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SHORE - CONTINUOUS 44

The paramedic comes through the bushes and onto the shore of  
the swamp. He looks up and down for some sense of direction.

Beached on the shore just a few yards away, is Sampson's Boat  
(from HATCHET 1 & 2)!

In the woods behind him...

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

Daaaaaa....ddyyyyy.....

Trying to stay quiet and unseen, the random Paramedic  
slithers his way along the ground towards the boat.

Tension and suspense grow as the swamp becomes deathly quiet around him. Only the sounds of his shivering body making its way across the mud can be heard.

From the random Paramedic's point of view, Sampson's Boat begins to get closer and closer.

Angle on the random Paramedic's terrified face as he slowly crawls towards the boat.

From his point of view, Sampson's Boat gets even closer. He's almost to safety.

Finally the random Paramedic gets up to the boat. He puts his hand up on the rail to hoist himself into the boat when...

BEN  
(gasping for air)  
Bwwwwwahhhhhh!

BEN (Joel David Moore from HATCHET 1) sits up into frame, startling the random Paramedic... and scaring the living shit out of the audience!

One arm missing and his throat torn to shreds, Ben reaches up to his neck with his remaining hand and looks down at the random Paramedic with absolute horror in his eyes.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(barely audible)  
W-

\*

**THWOCK!** Victor Crowley's hatchet flies into frame... and right into Ben's head.

Ben collapses back down into the boat, out of frame. And very, very dead this time.

The random Paramedic begins scurrying away from the boat backwards as fast as he can.

He spins around to see Victor Crowley standing there waiting for him just a few yards away by the trees.

The random Paramedic freezes. He has nowhere to run. He just lays there waiting to see what Victor Crowley is going to do next.

Slowly Victor Crowley looks away from the random Paramedic and to the bushes next to him.

The random Paramedic makes a confused face and turns his head to the right, in the direction Victor Crowley is looking.

Switch back to the random Paramedic's point of view.

**BOOM!** There, just a few feet away from camera, is a giant alligator head poking out of the bushes and staring back at us!

The random Paramedic screams in terror and tries to get away but it's too late.

Angle on the back of Victor Crowley. He turns away from the swamp, towards camera, and walks off into the woods again. Behind him, out of focus, we see the random Paramedic's legs sticking out of the bushes and kicking as he is eaten by the alligator.

As Victor Crowley clears frame completely, only the last few splashes of blood can be seen flying out of the bushes.

The random Paramedics legs are dragged completely into the trees.

CUT TO:

45

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

45

Deputy Winslow speeds along with his lights on and sirens blaring as Amanda explains her plan to Marybeth.

AMANDA

You're Sampson's blood line. You have to be the one to give the ghost what it is looking for.

MARYBETH

The fuck I do! You can't bring me back there!

AMANDA

We don't have a choice! This is our one chance to end this nightmare. The only way to lift the curse is for the one who caused the ghost's death to make it right!

MARYBETH

I had nothing to do with this!

AMANDA

But your father did! I'm sorry, Marybeth but this is the only way! You have to trust me!



MARYBETH

And why are you just coming up with this plan tonight? Why now??

AMANDA

I told you. I approached your father with this years ago. It didn't exactly go over well. Besides, until you waltzed into the police station wearing Victor Crowley's innards what proof did I ever have that he was real? The whole world thinks I'm crazy.

Marybeth begins kicking at the cage and at the windows of the police car.

MARYBETH

NO! You're going to get us all killed!! We can't go back there!

Amanda looks to Deputy Winslow, out of things to say and looking for help.

Winslow glares back at her and shakes his head in disbelief at what is going on.

Amanda clutches the urn close to her chest and tries to breathe. The reality of what she is doing and what she is about to do setting in. Guilt and fear spread over her face as the camera tilts down into a close-up of the urn in her white knuckled hands.

46 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SHORE / BOATS - CONTINUOUS 46

Sheriff Fowler helps Dougherty as they follow Andrew up to the Paramedic Boat. \*

FOWLER

Come on, let's get out of here.

ANDREW

Where's your boat?

FOWLER

My boat? Just take this one.

Andrew taps his pockets.

ANDREW

I don't have the keys.

FOWLER

What do you mean?

ANDREW

I work with a bunch of red neck racists. They don't let us Asian guys drive anything.

FOWLER

Christ. Come on.

Sheriff Fowler keeps his arm around Dougherty's back as he turns in the direction of his police boat, only thirty yards away down the shore. \*

They only make it a few steps when Andrew stops them.

ANDREW

Bad fucking idea.

Andrew takes a few steps backwards.

Angle on Sheriff Fowler's boat and reveal Victor Crowley standing in front of it.

FOWLER

Get in the back of the ambulance.

DOUGHERTY

But-

FOWLER

NOW!

Victor Crowley begins his twitching fearsome run towards them as they turn and rush inside the back of the Paramedic Boat.

CUT TO:

47 INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS

47

They barely get the door closed in time.

Just as Andrew locks the door behind them... **BANG!** Victor Crowley crashes into the doors, bending them ever so slightly.

ANDREW

FUCK!

DOUGHERTY

AHHH!!!

**BANG! BANG! BOOM!** Outside of the Paramedic Boat, Victor Crowley's huge body can be heard slamming up against the walls.

He kicks and punches and hurdles himself against the outside of the boat, knocking utensils and equipment loose from their spots on the walls.

The lights inside flicker as the boat takes a pounding and the threesome inside scream in fear.

Sheriff Fowler points at a radio against the far wall.

FOWLER

Does that radio work?

Andrew picks it up and checks it.

ANDREW

Yes!

DOUGHERTY

Oh, thank God!

Sheriff Fowler grabs it from Andrew as the walls around them continue to take a fierce beating and the room rocks back and forth.

FOWLER

(into the radio)

This is Sheriff Louis Fowler from  
Jeferson Parish PD! SOS! We are  
being attacked in Honey Island  
swamp!

\*

VOICE (O.S.)

*This is the National Guard's  
frequency, Sheriff Fowler. Did you  
say you're under attack?*

FOWLER

(into the radio)

YES! PLEASE! WE HAVE NO TIME! WE  
NEED MILITARY HELP! SWAT  
OFFICERS... DEPUTIES... FUCK, HALF  
OF THE LOUISIANA POLICE FORCE IS  
DEAD!!!

\*

\*

\*

VOICE (O.S.)

*Who is attacking you, Sheriff?*

Sheriff Fowler looks to Andrew and Dougherty's terrified faces.

\*

FOWLER

(into the radio)

Victor Crowley.

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Repeat that, Sheriff?*

FOWLER  
(into the radio)  
... Crazyed gunmen! I don't know how many there are! But they're heavily armed! We need military assistance immediately! We need to be air lifted out of here!

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Understood, Sheriff. We are dispatching air support immediately. What are your coordinates?*

FOWLER  
(into the radio)  
I don't know my fucking coordinates! We're in Honey Island Swamp, it's not that big! You'll see us! There's got to be at least six official boats parked up against the shore. They have us pinned down inside an ambulance! PLEASE!!

VOICE (O.S.)  
*We're on our way, Sheriff. Hold tight.*

Sheriff Fowler lowers the radio from his face and squeezes his eyes shut.

FOWLER  
Fucking finally, something goes right.

DOUGHERTY  
Wait, be quiet.

ANDREW  
What?

DOUGHERTY  
He stopped.

The three listen in eerie silence. Victor Crowley has stopped banging on the walls.

FOWLER  
Nobody move.

ANDREW  
Maybe he gave up?

FOWLER  
Even if he did... NO ONE steps  
outside of this boat. No one  
touches anything, understood?

ANDREW  
Sounds good.

FOWLER  
We're staying right here until the  
National Guard shows up.

One by one, each of them slides down to the floor of the now  
completely tossed ambulance.

Andrew looks next to him to find Randy's remains splattered  
all over the floor.

He looks back up at Sheriff Fowler and Dougherty and points  
to Randy's body. \*

ANDREW  
Randy. That guy's name was Randy.

Sheriff Fowler gives him a confused look.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
I knew *his* name.

Sheriff Fowler leans his head back and exhales deeply.

A few moments of silence pass before, from outside of the  
ambulance walls they hear...

**BRRRACK - WHIR.**

**BRRRACK - WHIR-RR.**

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that?

FOWLER  
(whispered)  
Shut-up. Listen.

They listen for the sound again.

**BRRRRACK - WHIR-WHIR-RR.**

DOUGHERTY

(whispered)

What is that??

**BRACK - WHIIRRRRRRRR!!!!!! CCCRRRRRRRRRR!!!!** The sound of Victor Crowley's belt sander grinding through the ambulance boat wall is deafening now.

FOWLER

Where the fuck did he get a grinder??

Andrew panics.

ANDREW

It's a gas belt sander. It was in the evidence pile outside of the boat.

(then)

With the rest of his weapons.

(then)

I put it there.

Sheriff Fowler and Dougherty stare back at him. \*

ANDREW (CONT'D)

My bad.

**CCCCRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!** The sound of the belt sander grinding against the ambulance walls continues to get louder.

The area above Dougherty's head begins to push and bend in. She quickly scrambles by Sheriff Fowler's side. \*

Helpless, the three of them watch the boat wall groan under the pressure of Victor Crowley's infamous belt sander.

After a few more moments of grinding, the first few **SPARKS** start to shoot inside the ambulance as the sander begins to work its way inside.

Angle on Dougherty's face and her horrified eyes. \*

CUT TO:

48

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

48

Deputy Winslow unlocks the door to a police boat on the dock while Amanda stands by him clutching the urn of Thomas Crowley's ashes.

WINSLOW

I have to call Louis and tell him what we're doing.

AMANDA

He's going to order you to take me and Marybeth back. You know he will. And then what?

Winslow sighs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I know this is insane. I know it is. But there's a supernatural killer out there and this is the only way to stop it.

\*

WINSLOW

And what if you're wrong, Amanda?

AMANDA

Then you cart me off to jail. I'll take full responsibility. I'll say I pulled a gun on you. Whatever I need to say. But I'm not wrong, Elliot.

Winslow looks back at his car.

Marybeth leans against the back window, lifeless save for the tears in her eyes.

WINSLOW

I'm sorry.

Winslow speaks into his radio.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(into his radio)  
Sheriff? Louis come in.

AMANDA

Don't do this, Elliot.

WINSLOW

(into his radio)  
Louis, can you hear me?

There is no response.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(into his radio)  
Louis, come in!

He switches his frequency.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
(into his radio)  
This is Deputy Winslow. Heather  
are you there?

HEATHER (a police department operator) responds.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
*Elliot? Where the hell have you  
been all night?! Shit is going  
down out in Honey Island!*

WINSLOW  
(into his radio)  
I'm aware. I'm getting into a boat  
right now.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
*Do you have the Dunstan girl with  
you?? Please tell me that isn't  
true.*

WINSLOW  
(into his radio)  
I can explain everything. When's  
the last time the Sheriff checked  
in?

HEATHER (O.S.)  
*It's been almost two hours since we  
heard from anyone out there. But  
the National Guard received a  
distress call from a Paramedic Boat  
and they're on their way in.  
Elliot it's all over the news.  
What the hell is happening out  
there?*

WINSLOW  
(into his radio)  
Who placed the distress call?

HEATHER (O.S.)  
*Elliot, why did you take the  
suspect out of her cell??*

WINSLOW  
(into his radio)  
WHO PLACED THE DISTRESS CALL?



HEATHER (O.S.)

*They said it was the Sheriff. He said there's a group of gunmen attacking them or something but we can't get a response from anyone here!*

Winslow is now beyond frantic. Amanda puts her hand on his and stops him from speaking into his radio again.

AMANDA

Louis is still alive!

WINSLOW

Yeah, two hours ago!

AMANDA

He called in the military. He said it was a group of gunmen. Don't you get it? He did that so that they would come!

Winslow punches the side of the boat.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What was he gonna say? *Victor Crowley is attacking us?* Think about it! We need to get out there! Now!

WINSLOW

And then what?

Amanda looks back at Marybeth in the car.

AMANDA

Then she puts that monster back in his grave.

Marybeth stares back at them. Fury behind her eyes. The music swells as we...

CUT TO:

49

INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

49

**WHIRRRRR - CCCRRRRRRRKKKK!!!!** The top of the belt sander now pokes through the inside of the Paramedic Boat as sparks rain down on the floor below.

The jagged metal edges of the sander-created hole in the wall bend inwards menacingly.

Andrew, Dougherty, and Sheriff Fowler press their bodies up against the far wall. \*

ANDREW  
Should we run for it?

DOUGHERTY  
Where? Back into the woods?

ANDREW  
No, to *his* boat!

Andrew points at Sheriff Fowler.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
If the fucker is distracted sawing through that wall we could open the back door and run for the other boat.

FOWLER  
Even if we get a head start there's no way all three of us are going to make it. He's everywhere at once.

Andrew looks around the inside of the trashed ambulance room.

DOUGHERTY  
What are you doing?

ANDREW  
There's gotta be something in here to fight back with.

DOUGHERTY  
An RPG didn't stop him. You think a few needles will?

ANDREW  
Well we have to do something!

Sheriff Fowler picks up the radio again.

FOWLER  
(into the rado)  
We're not gonna last much longer here! What's the ETA on that air support?

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Hi, Sheriff. The chopper is coming from Baton Rouge. It should be there within ten.*

FOWLER  
(into the radio)  
We don't have ten!!!

VOICE (O.S.)  
*They're coming as fast as they-*

**RRRROOOoooooommmmm.....** The power inside the ambulance goes out and the lights cut out.

FOWLER  
(into the radio)  
Hello? HELLO?!

ANDREW  
He must have chewed through the wiring.

FOWLER  
God damn it!

Andrew begins to wring his hands.

ANDREW  
I can't breathe in here. I gotta get out of here.

DOUGHERTY  
You can breathe fine. You're just getting claustrophobic. Relax.

ANDREW  
*RELAX??!!!*

**WHIRRRR!! BUZZZZZZZZZZ!!!** With a mighty final push the entire sander breaks through the ambulance wall, creating a makeshift two-foot hole of bent metal shards that spread into the tiny room.

Victor Crowley pulls the belt sander back out of the ambulance. Moonlight shines in through the menacing hole.

The three exchange glances, dreading whatever may come next.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Should I *relax* now??

**WHAM!!** Victor Crowley's giant arm shoots in through the hole and manages to grab Andrew by the shirt.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
AHHHHH!!!!!! HE'S GOT ME!!  
HELP!!!

Sheriff Fowler grabs hold of Victor Crowley's arm and struggles with it as Andrew gets pulled closer to the "flower" of sharp metal shards.

DOUGHERTY

RRRRRUGH!

Dougherty swings down on Victor Crowley's arm with the back side of a hammer that she picked up off the ground. \*

VICTOR CROWLEY (O.S.)

ARRRRRRRGH!

Sheriff Fowler looks down by Dougherty's feet to see a tool box spilled on the ground. He grabs a screwdriver in one hand and keeps hold of Victor Crowley's arm with the other. \*

He brings up the screwdriver and puts it up against one of the fingernails on Victor Crowley's hand.

**CRACK!! Sheriff Fowler shoves the screwdriver up underneath Victor Crowley's fingernail, snapping it off!**

VICTOR CROWLEY (CONT'D)

YAAAAARRRGH!

Victor Crowley releases Andrew and retreats his arm from the ambulance.

**RRAP- WHIRRRRRRR!!! The belt sander once again begins carving away at the hole in the side of the wall.**

DOUGHERTY

(crying)

We're gonna die in here!

Andrew looks to Sheriff Fowler.

FOWLER

I'm thinking! I'm thinking!!

CUT TO:

50

EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

50

Deputy Winslow's boat pulls up on the shore. The other boats are about a hundred yards or more away in the distance.

WINSLOW

Here? Is this it?

MARYBETH

I don't know.

AMANDA

It's close enough.

WINSLOW

Wait, see that? There's other  
boats down there. I'll pull around-

Amanda climbs out of the boat.

AMANDA

-We don't have time.  
(then)  
Let's go!

MARYBETH

No! No! Don't make me go out  
there again! He'll kill us all!

AMANDA

You have to trust me. This is the  
only way!

Deputy Winslow takes hold of Marybeth gently and walks her  
out of the boat on to the shore.

WINSLOW

I promise I won't let anything  
happen to you.

Marybeth spits in his face.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

You know, that promise is fading  
fast.

AMANDA

Come on! There's a fire off in the  
distance that way. The house is  
over there.

(to Marybeth)

This will all be over soon.

MARYBETH

Yeah. It will be.

CUT TO:

**WHIRRRRRR!!!!** The hole in the side of the boat is now big  
enough for a small child to climb through.

ANDREW

I say we run for it.

FOWLER

Not until we absolutely have to.  
Maybe the National Guard will show  
up before he can get in here.

Dougherty crouches in the corner, covering her ears from the piercing sound of the sander. \*

The metal wall, now a blossom of metallic shards poking inside the boat, groans and bends inward even further.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CROWLEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 52

Deputy Winslow, Amanda, and Marybeth walk out from the trees to see the massacre and mayhem left behind from earlier. The Crowley house is now just a burning pile of old wood and smoke.

WINSLOW

Now what?  
(then)  
LOUIS!!!

AMANDA

LOUIS!!! WHERE ARE YOU??!

Nothing.

MARYBETH

They're all dead. We need to-

AMANDA

He just called for help! He's not  
dead! He can't be dead!  
(then)  
LOUIS!!!! LOUIS!!!!!!

Marybeth tries to back up but Deputy Winslow holds her tight.

Amanda hands Marybeth the urn.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Here. You have to be the one.

Marybeth refuses to hold on to it.

MARYBETH

No, no!

AMANDA

Please, Marybeth. Trust me. We  
can finish this. Tonight. Now.

With no other choice, Marybeth reluctantly takes hold of the  
urn of Thomas Crowley's ashes in her handcuffed hands.

MARYBETH

I just hope he takes you  
motherfuckers out with me.

Amanda takes a few steps and cups her hands over her mouth.

AMANDA

COME OUT, VICTOR! DADDY IS HERE!  
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!!! WE  
HAVE DADDY!

CUT TO:

53

INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS

53

**WHIRRRrrrrrr**.... The sander comes to a stop.

Through Sheriff Fowler's point of view the camera sees Victor  
Crowley through the hole in the side of the boat. He cocks  
his head, listening to something.

ANDREW

Why did he stop? Are they here??

FOWLER

Shhhh! I'm trying to listen.  
(then)  
I think it's them!

DOUGHERTY

Oh, thank God.

AMANDA (O.S.)

WHERE ARE YOU, VICTOR?! COME TO  
DADDY!!

Sheriff Fowler panics.

FOWLER

Amanda???

Through the hole of the boat, we quickly see Victor Crowley  
step away in the direction of the voice.

ANDREW

Who's Amanda?

FOWLER

My wife!

ANDREW

...OK.

Quickly, Sheriff Fowler pushes his face up to the hole in the boat. \*

FOWLER

AMANDA, NO!!! GET OUT OF HERE!!!  
RUN-

**WHAP!** Victor Crowley's hand reaches in and grabs Sheriff Fowler by the back of the head, pulling his head and shoulders up against the hole.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

ARGH!!! AMANDA! RUN! RUN!

Andrew and Dougherty grab on to Sheriff Fowler. \*

**Rrrrr-WHIRRRRR!!!!** Victor Crowley begins sanding off Sheriff Fowler's face with the sander. The camera only sees the back of Sheriff Fowler's body as it convulses and thrashes. Even with the help of the others trying to pull him away, Victor Crowley holds him tightly against the hole in the ambulance wall and delivers his punishment.

DOUGHERTY

AHHHH!!!!

**WHIRRRR!!!! SLUSH! SPLAT! WHIRRRRR!!! WHIIIIINE!** The sander meets the bone of Sheriff Fowler's skeleton, having completely chewed off his face.

With one final tug from Andrew, Victor Crowley releases his prey and Sheriff Fowler's dead body falls back into the boat... now a bloody skeleton-faced body.

Andrew leaps back in fear.

ANDREW

Oh, FUCK!!!

Angle on Dougherty as she spots Sheriff Fowler's gun on the ground underneath the hole. She looks up to reveal the now empty space in the wall above. \*

CUT TO:



54 EXT. HONEY ISLAND SWAMP - CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 54

Amanda continues to scream into the night.

AMANDA  
COME OUT!! WE HAVE WHAT YOU  
WANT!!!  
(then)  
COME ON!!!!

Marybeth quivers in fear, her legs shaking.

Deputy Winslow draws his weapon and circles the area around them with it, ready for anything.

CUT TO:

55 INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 55

Dougherty stares at the weapon on the floor. \*

ANDREW  
(whispered)  
Don't even.

DOUGHERTY  
(whispered)  
I still have ammo.

ANDREW  
(whispered)  
Just stay put.

DOUGHERTY  
(whispered)  
I can reach it.

ANDREW  
(whispered)  
I don't care!

Dougherty begins a slow and terrified crawl around the edge of the room. \*

Slowly she tries to reach for the gun. It's merely a few inches away from her grasp.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Don't do it!

DOUGHERTY  
 (whispered)  
 Shhh....

She reaches out closer. The suspense is beyond thick in the air.

AMANDA (O.S.)  
 WHERE ARE YOU, CROWLEY! DADDY IS  
 HERE!!!!

DOUGHERTY  
 (whispered)  
 I've got it!

She gets her hand around the gun.

Angle tight on her fingers as she grabs hold of the gun.  
**SLAM!** Victor Crowley's hand slams down on top of hers!

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)  
 AHHH!!!!

Almost effortlessly, Victor Crowley pulls Dougherty up by the arm and yanks it out of the boat with a painful **CRACK!** Her fragile little body SLAMS against the metallic shards painfully! \*

DOUGHERTY (CONT'D)  
 No! NOOOO!!!!

Andrew grabs on to her feet and tries to hold on.

ANDREW  
 I've got you! I've got you!

**SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!** Dougherty's body repeatedly gets yanked against the wall, the metallic shards cutting into her body. \*

Finally, she looks back at Andrew...

DOUGHERTY  
 No-

**SLAM! SLURRRRRP! RIP! WHOOSH!** Victor Crowley yanks Dougherty's body through shredded metal hole! Like a can opener of sorts, the action skins her alive! \*

In the boat, only her clothes and skin flop to the ground in a bloody mess.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 56

Outside by Victor Crowley's feet, just the skeletal bloody pulp that was Dougherty lands at his feet. \*

CUT TO:

57 INT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS 57

Andrew cowers in the corner in the fetal position.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 58

Amanda continues to scream.

AMANDA

VICTOR, WHERE ARE YOU!!!! COME AND  
GET YOUR DADDY!!!!

Deputy Winslow has had enough.

WINSLOW

We need to find the others. Enough  
of this bullshit.

Amanda points at the bloody bodies all around them.

AMANDA

There you go. I found them.  
(then)  
VICTOR CROWLEY!!! DADDY IS  
HERE!!!!

Marybeth suddenly tenses up and stands up straight.

MARYBETH

He's here.

AMANDA

What? Where?

She follows Marybeth's gaze into the smoke before them.

Slowly Victor Crowley's silhouette materializes through the thick black smoke.

Deputy Winslow aims his weapon.

WINSLOW

FREEZE! ON THE GROUND NOW!!!

Amanda puts her arm around Marybeth and looks back to Deputy Winslow.

AMANDA  
Cover her! Don't let anything  
happen to her!

Winslow nods in return, but his eyes are wide in terror and his hands are shaking hard.

Slowly Amanda takes a few steps forward with Marybeth.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
HERE! DADDY'S HERE!!!!

Victor Crowley takes a few steps forward. He drops the belt sander on the ground by his feet and cocks his head to the side, captivated by the urn in Marybeth's shaking hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(to Marybeth)  
Go on. Offer it to him. Once he  
has it we can truly kill him.

Marybeth takes two steps forward towards Victor Crowley, holding out the urn.

Amanda steps back to Deputy Winslow.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Don't shoot until he has it.

WINSLOW  
(scared shitless)  
This is so fucked!

Victor Crowley takes another few steps towards Marybeth. The final face-off that it's all come to. He can't take his eyes off of the urn. He can sense his father is near, but he can't understand how or why.

MARYBETH  
Here. Here he is.

Victor Crowley looks up at Marybeth.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)  
I'm... I'm sorry. What they did to  
you. What my father did.

She places the urn on the ground and takes a small step back.

Victor Crowley looks to the urn, confused. Then he looks back up to Marybeth. Is that... a touch of sympathy in his eyes? Heartbreak that his father is truly gone?

Only the sound of the crackling fire can be heard.

Victor Crowley looks back at the urn and takes a few more cautious steps up to it. He doesn't trust the situation, but he is too drawn to the urn to stop.

Now within striking distance of Marybeth he stops and stares down at the urn.

\*VICTOR CROWLEY  
(barely audible)  
Daaaaa..ddy...?

**\*\*\* THE ONLY TIME WE WILL EVER SEE VICTOR CROWLEY EVER ACTUALLY SPEAK ON SCREEN.**

MARYBETH  
I'm sorry.

What's happening between them? A single tear rolls down Marybeth's cheek. While she may not have a single emotion left in her body, now being face to face with her nightmare... with her own demon... she can't help but connect and feel his pain.

Victor Crowley slowly looks up from the urn to Marybeth, realizing what is inside it.

His sympathetic eyes suddenly turn to rage!

VICTOR CROWLEY  
RRRAAAAARRRGH!!!

He charges at Marybeth!

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Deputy Winslow empties his gun into Victor Crowley. Each shot pushes him back a step and he collapses backwards onto the ground in a motionless heap.**

Marybeth still stands there. Her back to us.

WINSLOW  
Step back!

Marybeth doesn't move.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
I said step back, Marybeth!!

Marybeth turns towards the camera. She is openly weeping. Weeping for all of the death. For the loss of her own family. For Victor Crowley.

Amanda rushes to her and pulls her away. She takes her in her arms against her chest.

AMANDA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Deputy Winslow slowly steps towards Victor Crowley's body.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't-!

WINSLOW

Hold up.

Deputy Winslow reloads his weapon. He stands over Victor Crowley, aims point blank at his lifeless body and fires again. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Angle on Winslow as he turns back to Amanda and Marybeth.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

He's dead.

**WHAM!** Victor Crowley instantly rises up behind Deputy Winslow and grabs him around the chest from behind, digging into his rib cage with each hand!

Amanda rushes to him!

AMANDA

ELLIOT, NO!!!

WINSLOW

Uuuughhhh....

**RIP! SPLOSH!** Victor Crowley tears Deputy Winslow's rib cage open with his bare hands, emptying his insides out all over the ground so that only his empty body cavity remains beneath his terrified face.

AMANDA

NO!!!!

Amanda dives on top of the urn and rolls it back towards Marybeth's feet.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Give him the ashes! YOU HAVE TO  
GIVE HIM THE ASHES!!!

The urn rolls past Marybeth's feet off into the bushes.  
Marybeth drops down to her knees and scurries after it.

Amanda reaches for Deputy Winslow's gun. Angle on the gun as Victor Crowley's giant boot steps into frame behind it.

Amanda slowly looks up at the giant monster/man. Her life's work all crashing into a horrifying reality in her eyes.

On her hands and knees, she is helpless.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I knew you were real.

**SLAP!** Victor Crowley grabs her by her hair and lifts her up off the ground, right into his face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I came to save you. To set you free. Please...

Victor Crowley leans right into her face. His hot, rancid breath stings her eyes.

From behind Amanda... **RRRRRIP!** Victor Crowley tears her head clean off of her body! Her headless body falls to the ground by his feet!

Angle on Marybeth as she rises up with the urn in her hands. She charges at Victor Crowley with it when... **SLAM!** Amanda's head hits her in the face and knocks her down. Miraculously she still holds on to the urn in her cuffed hands.

MARYBETH

Uhhh...

Stunned from the blow, Marybeth tries to bring her eyes back into focus. Before she can gain her bearings, Victor Crowley lifts her off of her feet and charges with her in his arms!

**BAM!!!** Marybeth's body slams into a tree and her eyes go wide, staring back into Victor Crowley's face (sideways). Angle wider to reveal that Victor Crowley has impaled her on a tree branch! She hangs from the branch sideways. The branch sticking through the side of her stomach and grotesquely holding her up. Her hands white knuckle the urn.

Victor Crowley looks down to reveal the machete from earlier by his feet.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

(screaming in pain)

AHHHHGH!!!

Slowly Victor Crowley reaches down.

Angle on his hand as he picks up the machete.

As he rises back up into frame to deliver the final blow...

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Here's Daddy, motherfu--!

**CRASH!** Marybeth uses her remaining strength to slam the urn down on Victor Crowley's head! The ashes inside cover the top half of his body in a plume of dust.

Victor Crowley stumbles backwards.

**SIZZLE-SIZZLE-CRACK-POP!** Instantly Thomas Crowley's ashes begin to melt Victor Crowley! Like "Stripe" melting at the end of GREMLINS, Victor Crowley's skin and muscle melt away, revealing just the tendons and bones beneath!

He holds his hand up to his face and watches it melt away before his eyes!

Within seconds he is merely a bloody skeleton from the chest up. His right arm is also melted down to the bone from the elbow up to his finger tips.

VICTOR CROWLEY

RRuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuaaaargh----

His vocal cords melt in the sizzling, gruesome mess that was his body.

Finally he collapses onto his knees. The **SIZZLING** subsides and only his skeleton remains. It is as if he has been devoured by acid.

Angle on Marybeth as she tries to remove herself from the tree.

MARYBETH

Argh...!

**RIP!** The branch breaks and she falls from the tree, the branch sticking through her side.

She lies on the ground by the tree, her blood running out at an alarming rate.

Above her, the search lights from the National Guard Helicopter begin to shine down. The bushes and trees blow under the strain of the approaching helicopter blades.



Marybeth reaches for a shot gun on the ground next to her.  
She cocks it... it is loaded.

She holds herself up against the tree and points the shot gun  
at Victor Crowley's still body.

The bright light from the helicopter gets whiter and brighter  
all around her.

She stays focused on Victor Crowley's dead body.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Come on.

Victor Crowley isn't moving.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Come on, do it already.

Nothing.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

DO IT!

Nothing.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

**BOOM!** Marybeth pulls the trigger, exploding Victor Crowley's upper body into millions of shards of bone! The pieces fly back into the swamp water and puddles behind him, sizzling and burning as they sink.

The helicopter lights above get even closer as Marybeth falls over on her back, gasping for breath.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. PARAMEDIC BOAT - CONTINUOUS

59

Andrew slowly emerges from the doors of the boat. He looks up into the giant light from the helicopter and begins to wave his arms back and forth, signaling his presence below.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

60

A side angle of Marybeth's face shows her gasping for air and struggling to stay alive.

The white light from above gets brighter and brighter on her face as she desperately tries to breathe.

MARYBETH

Gasp!

(then)

Gasp!

(then, a few beats later)

....GASP--

HARD CUT TO:

61 BLACK. 61

Then after a few seconds...

HARD CUT TO:

62 EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 62

The camera is now directly over Marybeth's face. Her eyes stare directly into lens (and the bright blown out light).

MARYBETH

GASP--

HARD CUT TO:

63 BLACK. 63

**THE END.**