

DEADVILLE

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OPEN ON:

A FIELD OF GOLDEN WHEAT

waving in the wind. Off in the distance an old farm house sprouts up from the PLAIN at the end of a long dirt road.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY - SHOTS OF

A tire-swing swaying in the wind.

An idle tractor parked in a untilled field.

A bicycle in the yard and a mini-van in need of a wash before the small wooden porch.

Just your typical Midwestern farm where dad works sunup to sundown and mom's in an apron all day. Only today, with not a person or animal in sight, there's something eerie about the place, an unsettling quiet that hangs in the air.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The living room in a shambles - toppled chairs, farming magazines and a broken vase scattered over the floor, family photos a kilter on the wall.

One photo of mom, dad and their six-year-old son in an OLD WESTERN TOWN - the LITTLE BOY dressed as a cowboy.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

The boy's room where a homemade curtain FLAPS in the breeze.

More happy photos here and sport posters hung on the walls, baseball trophies crowding a bureau top.

One trophy lies on the floor in front of a closet. The name plate reads

HOLCOMB BOBCATS
WEST KANSAS T-BALL CHAMPIONS

Just beyond it an eye peers out a closet door and LABORED BREATHING issues from within.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

A terrified HOUSEWIFE huddles on the floor drawing deeply on an asthma nebulizer.

Her hair in tangles, her clothing torn, she sits trembling in the dark breathing in and out, in... and out.

HOUSEWIFE'S POV:

Of the quiet bedroom, motionless but for the curtain FLAPPING in the breeze.

A storm shutter BANGS against the house.

And Housewife jumps in her skin. Stops a scream with her hand. Breathes. Calms herself then bolts up and starts searching the closet.

Rifling through boxes, tossing aside clothing and toys, searching for something as if her life depended on it.

She stops and wipes a tear then notices a box on the shelf above her head. Recognizes it. Reaches, practically lunges for it and rips it open.

An old hand-carved WOODEN HORSE and stacks of baseball cards spill onto the closet floor. Housewife grabs the horse and clutches it to her chest. Found it!

She peeks out the door again, widens it and throws out the horse and shuts the door.

HOUSEWIFE

There, there it is. Take it! Now please...

(sobs and slumps to the floor)
leave me alone.

After a long still moment she ventures another peek.

The horse still lying on the floor and beyond it through the open window an old truck approaching the house.

Housewife GASPS.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The truck comes to a stop and a FARMER and the LITTLE BOY hop out and saunter up to the house.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY

Housewife, huddled on the floor, listens. Hears the front DOOR OPEN and indistinct VOICES come from the living room.

For a moment she looks suffused with hope, saved. But then gets a fearful look and bolts to her feet.

As she does a DEAD WOMAN'S HAND shoots out of the wall and grabs her arm - a ghoulish, necrotic hand, mottled purple, black and white.

Housewife tries to scream but another rotting hand slithers out of the wall, covers her mouth and jerks her violently out of frame.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

(fading)

Mom?... Mom?

OPENING TITLES

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON

A PHOTOGRAPH on a bedside table of a happy young couple - a pretty young woman in the arms of her handsome boyfriend out in a park.

OVER ON THE BED

The young African American woman sleeps alone - JILL DAVIDSON (early 20s) lies in bed staring at the ceiling with tears on her cheeks.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Water pours from a faucet.

Jill, in white lingerie, comes up from washing her face and looks in a mirror.

A troubled young woman staring back at her. Jill gazes at her reflection as if searching for an answer.

MOMENTS LATER

She brushes her teeth. One side of the sink packed with a woman's toiletries, the other side completely bare.

Jill takes floss out of a medicine cabinet with two shelves that are also bare.

Even one of the towel racks is empty. The whole impression is as if someone has vacated with all of their things.

Back in the BEDROOM Jill opens a closet and takes out a dress, nothing but empty hangers on one side of the clothes rack.

MOMENTS LATER

Jill, now dressed, checks a large professional make-up kit set out on a table. Locks it and places it by the door.

Goes for her purse on the nightstand and pauses to look at the photo of her and her ex-boyfriend in the park.

Jill picks it up. Studies it. Happier times.

Drops it in a waste basket and walks out.

CLOSE ON: THE PHOTOGRAPH - ITS SHATTERED GLASS

A symbolic crack now dividing the once happy couple.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A bare industrial space where a professional photo shoot is underway. Lights. Reflectors. MODELS and CREW.

The models pose.

A photographer shoots - CARLOS VEGA, cool, laid-back, on the plus side of forty but still far too handsome and fit for anyone to notice.

He CLICKS away.

AD LIBS directions to the models.

Three gorgeous women in *haute couture* and a male model all in white - deck hand pants and an open silk shirt.

Observing it all with a disapproving eye is TINA GREER (51), the producer of the shoot. Slender, sultry, easily pegged as a former model herself, she's a woman who exudes confidence and style.

TINA

No, no, no. C'mon, Dino, for Christ's sake, stop pouting. It makes you look constipated. Just relax.

DINO AKAU

22, is hapa (half white/half Polynesian) with gorgeous GQ features and an arrogance about him that suggests he believes "the world and all its women are at his feet".

TINA (CONT'D)

(to Carlos)

Change the set up. Let's get some shots with a different background. Try that faux Jackson Pollock backdrop that looks like throw-up - that suits my mood.

Dino and two female models stop posing and disperse around the set.

A couple of grips move lights, reflectors.

Carlos comes over to a table blanketed with cameras beside Jill's make-up stand. Loads film into a camera. Looks at...

Jill sitting bonelessly in a chair staring blankly into space.

CARLOS

Hey, cheer up. Life goes on, you know.

JILL

My circle of friends is way too small. Does everyone in town know?

CARLOS

No, just everyone with a phone.

JILL

Great... Just shoot me already.

Carlos takes her photo.

CARLOS

There. Better?

JILL

Oh, yeah, much. Now my misery's been immortalized.

CARLOS

Ah, come on. Where's my brave girl, huh, my lion tamer?

JILL
Smashed into a million little pieces.

Carlos comes over and massages her shoulders.

CARLOS
Hey, now, don't take it so hard.
You're gonna be okay.

JILL
That feels good. Don't stop.

Jill closes her eyes and enjoys the massage.

JILL (CONT'D)
You know what I'm gonna' do after
this.
(looks up)
I'm gonna' go back to my tiny, little
empty apartment.

CARLOS
That's redundant.

JILL
Yeah, and so's my life. It's the
same crap over and over again. Which
is why I will go home to my *tiny,*
little, empty apartment, put on my
favorite Alanis Morissette song, "*You*
Oughtta Know" fill my tub with wine...
and drown myself.

CARLOS
Why don't you drown him instead?

JILL
Yeah, good idea - in acid.

Carlos CHUCKLES, stops the massage and goes back to the table
and changes the lens on the camera.

JILL (CONT'D)
(rolls her head)
Oh, that was great. Can't I get
more?

CARLOS
Nope. Back to work.

JILL
 You're cruel, Carlos. You know that?
 You're worse than Tina.

CARLOS
 No, I'm not. No one's worse than
 Tina... except maybe Cersei Lannister
 and she's not real.

Carlos snaps another photo of Jill and walks off.

JILL
 Hey, I want those!

David just waves and heads back to the set.

Jill sits for a moment and thinks. Then spies...

A mouse under a nearby chair sniffing for food.

Jill picks up a box of raisins on her make-up table and tosses
 a couple under the chair.

Watches the mouse run off with the morsel.

ACROSS THE SET

Tina approaches carry two cups of coffee. Hands one to Jill
 and takes a seat beside her.

TINA
 Now it starts.
 (off Jill's look)
 All the condolences for being dumped.
 That's the worst part, isn't it?
 Everyone knows and they all want to
 make you feel better... the bastards.
 Have you talked with him?

JILL
 No. He changed his number.

TINA
 Be glad, at least now you can't go
 begging after him.

Jill shoots her a look.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Sorry. It's what I did... do. Every
 time.

Tina looks at Jill with a friend's concern.

TINA (CONT'D)

I told you not to get involved with a model. They'll sweep you off your feet and for a time you'll feel like you're walking on air. Until they drop you like a hot potato and you land splat! flat on the ground... You know they're all butterflies, don't you? Straight or gay, all they want to do is go from flower to flower, sucking the life out of each one until there's nothing left but a shriveled mess.

JILL

Gee, thanks, I hadn't quite thought of it like that. How uplifting.

TINA

What are friends for? Hey, do you need a real pick-me-up?

Tina grabs her purse off a table. Takes out several bottle of pills and shows each one to Jill.

TINA (CONT'D)

Here, I got pills for everything - all natural and very effective. Like this one... Guarana. You'll be dancing across the set if you take one of these.

Holds up others.

TINA (CONT'D)

One for menopause - which you don't need, yet, thank God. One to sleep, one to wake up, one to remember things - although I always forget to take that one. I got it all. Sure you don't want one?

JILL

No, thanks.

TINA

Yeah, well I do. I'm exhausted. I can't sleep.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

That's what happens when you get old, you gain weight and lose sleep.

Tina takes a pill with her coffee, reacts bitterly.

JILL

You're not old.

TINA

Oh, please, I've been at a party since I was sixteen. I was old at thirty. Now I'm fifty-one, I'm practically fossilized.

JILL

(notes one bottle is a prescription)
What's that one for?

TINA

Oh, that, my heart. It's made special for people who love French food and hate exercise. Such as moi.

JILL

Are you okay?

TINA

Oh, yeah, it's nothing serious. I just have a nervous doctor.

Tina wants off the subject. She shifts tone on Jill.

TINA (CONT'D)

But what about you, hm? You gonna' be all right?

JILL

I guess... This came out of nowhere, you know. I had no clue. I think that's what hurts the most.

Tina has the insight to just listen, which is all Jill needs.

JILL (CONT'D)

This isn't the first time, too. I've been fooled before.

TINA

Haven't we all.

JILL

You know, I used to be so optimistic about life... about love. But now I don't think I'll ever find anybody who will love me just for me.

TINA

Sure you can, it's easy.
(off Jill's look)
Just look in the mirror.

Jill ponders the sage advice.

TINA (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. I've got just the thing to get you back on your feet and it's not a pill. It's a shoot I've lined up for this weekend. It's out in the desert but it pays really well. And if you ask me getting away for a few days is just what you need. You up for it?

JILL

I'll think about it.

TINA

Take your time, it's not like I need an answer today or anything.

Tina reaches over and affectionately takes Jill's arm.

TINA (CONT'D)

I know it hurts, but try to move on, right away. Really, it's the best thing.

JILL

Thanks.

TINA

(stands)
You bet, tasteless coffee and armchair psychology, what else is a best friend for.

Tina drops her coffee in a wastebasket and walks off, immediately back on the job.

TINA (CONT'D)

Ah, c'mon, Andy, leave Honey alone for a minute, would ya. And get that goddamn reflector out of the way, it's throwing a huge shadow into the shot.

ANDY BROWN

a handsome but paunchy grip in his late 20s, breaks away from an intimate conversation with HONEY CHUGANI (20), a stunning East Indian model.

Jill sits there a moment, thinking. ROBIN KIROV (21) a tall, blonde model comes and sits in a make-up chair and looks expectantly at Jill, who gets up and goes back to work.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A white 2023 Chevy Express Van 1500 travels a paved highway in the DESERT.

INT. VAN - DAY

Jill stares out the window at the bland scenery, lost in thought as the RADIO MUSIC, ENGINE, and ALL SOUND FADES leaving her in a cocoon of SILENCE.

MOS: Jill stares out at the desert flashing by.

- The flat brown landscape speckled with sage brush.
- The bordering hills, barren and dry.
- A lone hawk banking on updrafts in search of its prey.

SOUND UP: as Jill comes out of her reverie.

Shifts in her seat and pulls out an unfastened safety-belt and lays it between herself and...

ROBIN

Sitting between Jill and Andy in the second row seat.

Dino and Honey behind them in the third row.

Carlos driving. Tina up front beside him holding a map.

ROBIN
(re: the belt)
You know you really should put that on.

JILL
Okay, mom.

Jill turns and looks out the window and Robin shrugs.

Carlos looks through the dusty insect-splattered windshield at the featureless landscape.

CARLOS
Where the hell are we going, Tina?
There's nothin' out here.

TINA
Yeah, I know. It's awesome, isn't it. Wait till you see this place, it's like something right out of the Old West.

HONEY
Who's this shoot for anyway?

TINA
It's for a European publisher - you've never heard of them but they're kind of like Maxim, only they pay even better.

HONEY
(looking at the desert)
They need to, to get me the fuck out here.

Andy opens a bag of fast-food on his lap. Takes out a burger and fries.

ANDY
What! No pepper? Those idiots, they gave me ten bags of salt and no pepper! What's with that?

He throws the bag on the floor.

ROBIN
What do you need pepper for? It's a hamburger.

ANDY

I need the pepper for the French fries.
'Cause I likes 'em hot, like you.

Andy grins and stuffs fries in his mouth. Honey leans forward and flicks his ear with her finger.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(grabs his ear)
Oww! Shit, that hurt!

HONEY

Go on, keep flirting. See what I hit next.

Andy glances back at Honey whose hard look makes him turn around in his seat.

EXT. CROSSROAD - HIGHWAY - DAY

The van pulls up to a crossroads and stops.

INT. VAN - SAME

Carlos turns to Tina.

CARLOS

Which way?

Tina checks the map.

TINA

Left. No, right. No, wait a minute!

Tina turns the map right side up and flashes Carlos an "oops" look. Traces her finger along the map.

TINA (CONT'D)

That-a-way.
(points right)
The turnoff to Deadville should be right up this highway.

JILL

Deadville? Who name's a town
Deadville?

CARLOS

White people. Hicks. Jerry Garcia fans?

ROBIN
I like it. It sounds spooky.

TINA
It had a different name originally,
but that's what it's been known by
for years.

Carlos drives along.

CARLOS
So where's the turn?

TINA
(checks map)
It should be right here.

CARLOS
Where? There's nothing out here.

ANDY
You better not get us lost, Tina.
Remember last time? We ended up
surrounded by a bunch of hillbillies.

TINA
They weren't hillbillies.

Andy looks over at Robin and Jill.

ANDY
Have you seen *Deliverance*, *Wrong
Turn*? Yeah, way worse.

DINO
Andy. Roll us a joint.

Andy takes a bite of his burger then pulls some pot from his
shirt pocket and hands it back to Dino.

ANDY
You roll it, I'm eating.

Dino checks out the weed, smells it.

DINO
Where'd you score this?

ANDY

I got it off this kid in my building
who always has great weed.

(to Robin)

We call him "Bud". Get it?

The van hits a bump in the road and Dino bounces in his seat,
steadying himself with a hand that lands on Honey's thigh.

Honey looks slyly at Dino then removes his hand.

EXT. TURNOFF - FARTHER ALONG - DAY

The van veers to the left at a turn off onto a dirt road
where a tilted, sun-bleached wooden sign reads

DEADVILLE
3 Miles

INT. VAN - DAY

Carlos looks out at the sign.

CARLOS

Shit. This place is in the middle of
nowhere? Does anyone live out here?

TINA

Nope. We're gonna be all alone, unless
some tourists show up. Which they
usually don't, this time of year.

HONEY

Does it have a bathroom and running
water? I didn't sign up for a camping
trip.

TINA

(turns to Honey and
the others)

Look, it's a little rustic, okay.
But that's the point, that's what
the publisher wants. But the building
we're staying in has everything we
need, including bathrooms.

ANDY

What about electricity, can I plug
in my phone?

TINA

No, there's no power, but that's why I brought a lot of candles and batteries. And forget about your phone, there's no service out here. If you want to complain about it, do it now...

Tina looks around at everyone. No comments.

TINA (CONT'D)

Look, this is good gig, that pays really well, that could even be fun, unless you want to screw it up with a lot of bitching.

CARLOS

No one's bitching, Tina. It's just... I mean, c'mon...
(scans the area)
look at this place.

TINA

I know. But it's worth it. Believe me. I was going to save this as a surprise, but if it helps motivate you, I managed to work in a nice bonus for everyone at the end of the shoot, to make up for the difficult location. But I'll tell right now it's gonna be contingent on how the shoot goes. So if you want it, I'd be on my best behavior.

ANDY

Does that mean we can't get drunk? All Dino and I brought was beer.

TINA

You can do whatever you want at night. Just be ready to work in the morning. Okay? Fair?

Nods, ad libbed "okays". Tina turns back to Carlos.

TINA (CONT'D)

Onward.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The van heads up the dirt road through a beige cloud of dust.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADVILLE - DAY

The van cruises into town - which is nothing more than a sparse collection of OLD WOODEN BUILDINGS erected along the base of a small brown hill.

INT. VAN - SAME

Jill looks out at the arrested decay of the ghost town.

As does everyone else, a bit taken aback by the pathetic condition of the so-called town.

HONEY

You're fuckin' kidding me. Look at this place.

TINA

What'd you expect? I told you it was just like the Old West.

DAVID

I like it. It looks frozen in time. I expect to see John Wayne come walking down the street.

ROBIN

Who's that?

TINA

Before your time, Robin.

ANDY

I know who he is, he built the airport in Orange County.

ROBIN

Oh, him.

Carlos cruises slowly through the town.

Jill gazes out the window at an...

OLD BURNT DOWN CHURCH

The charred altar still standing, a black fallen beam lying across it like a sacrificed victim.

TINA

Points to a building up the street.

TINA

Hey. Park over there by that saloon.
That's where I'm supposed to pick up
the keys.

DAVID

Somebody works out here?

TINA

No, I'm meeting a park ranger. One
of their stations is down the highway.
They oversee the upkeep of the place.

In the back seat, Honey reaches over and slides her hand
over Dino's groin.

HONEY

(whispers)

I need some upkeep too.

Dino looks at Honey then Andy linking the two, as if to convey
"Watch it, you're boyfriend's right there".

Andy looks back at Honey who slyly withdraws her hand and
smiles falsely at Andy then looks out the window.

EXT. OLD SALOON/TOURIST CENTER - DAY

The van comes to a stop in front of the old saloon, one of
the more intact buildings in town.

EXT. OLD SALOON/TOURIST CENTER - DAY

Everyone steps out onto the hot dusty street.

Tina swoons and moves back out of the sun into the shade of
her open door.

JILL

(beside Tina)

Hey, are you all right?

TINA

Yeah, just a little car sick, I guess.
I'm fine.

Carlos opens the back door of the van and grabs a bottle of
water from one of the coolers.

TINA (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

Okay, everyone, just hang out. I'll get the keys.

DINO

Where would we go?

JILL

(to Tina, re: Old

Saloon/Tourist Center)

Is there a bathroom in there?

TINA

Yeah, there should be. Come on, I don't see the park ranger's car but I'm sure he'll be here any minute.

Tina and Jill head inside.

ANDY

(calls out)

Hey, Tina, do you want us to unload the van?

TINA

No, wait. Let me get the keys first. I don't know which building we're staying in.

HONEY

(calls out from the van)

Building? You mean shack!

(to Andy)

And what difference does it make? I'm sure they're all alike - hot and filled with fleas.

Carlos hands Honey a bottle of water.

CARLOS

You don't have fleas in the desert. It's too dry.

HONEY

No, it's because they're smarter than that, they won't come here. Which is more than I can say for us.

ROBIN

Honey, you're bitching. C'mon, girl, remember, we all want our bonus.

HONEY

I'll give you a bonus. This is going to be the worst shoot of our lives. You'll see.

DINO

What are you griping for? It's just like Palm Springs, only better - no old people.

HONEY

(cynically)

No people at all, just ghosts.

INT. OLD SALOON/TOURIST CENTER - DAY

Tina wanders around the dimly lit room where streaks of sunlight stream through the dust-coated windows.

Jill comes out of a bathroom.

TINA

Hey, what time is it?

JILL

(checks her watch)

It's after five.

TINA

Oh, shit, how did I screw this up so badly!

JILL

Why, what's wrong?

TINA

We were supposed to meet him here at four. We're over an hour late.

JILL

Can you call him?

TINA

(takes out her phone)

No, he told me there's no service from here. I'll have to go all the

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)
 way back to the ranger station. I'm
 going to look like a total idiot -
 and he sounded so hot on the phone.

JILL
 Hey, what's that?

Jill points out a tent-shaped note on a desk across the room.
 Tina goes and picks it up and finds KEYS underneath.

TINA
 (reads the note)
 Oh, all right, he was here. He
 couldn't wait so he left the keys.
 (looks at Jill)
 We're staying in the old brothel.
 Sounds like fun.

Tina goes to Jill who has taken notice of a display case.

TINA (CONT'D)
 C'mon, he drew a map. It looks like
 it's right up the street.

JILL
 Hey, hold a sec, check this out.

Jill scans the display case with several items under glass:

A HAIRBRUSH AND MIRROR

A bonnet, ribbons, costume jewelry and hair pins, cups and saucers, etc., all things that might have belonged to a woman except for one small item: a child's hand-carved WOODEN HORSE.

ONE OF THE CARDS READS: "...child's toy returned by the family of Gayle Rogers who died of an asthma attack three days after returning home..."

Jill turns to Tina.

JILL (CONT'D)
 So what is all this?

TINA
 I don't know. It's a ghost town.

BAM! The two friends jump.

Carlos has entered and accidentally slammed the door.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Hey, c'mon, Carlos, you scared the
 shit out of us.

CARLOS
 (approaching)
 Sorry, the wind caught the door.
 It's hot out there. What's taking
 so long?

TINA
 Oh, I messed up - we're late. The
 guy's not here but he left the keys.

CARLOS
 Okay. Let's go.

JILL
 No, wait a minute. Check this out.

Carlos joins Jill and Tina at the glass case. Looks up at a
 sign on the wall.

LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS
 TAKE ONLY MEMORIES

CARLOS
 What's that supposed to mean?

JILL
 It means that Tina has brought us to
 a real ghost town.

Carlos looks over the items in the case.

JILL (CONT'D)
 It says here that you shouldn't remove
 anything from the town.

CARLOS
 Or what?

JILL
 Or shit happens.

TINA
 You know all this stuff is just for
 the tourists. Right?
 (MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

The park ranger told me that it's against state law to take anything out of here - even a stone.

JILL

Yeah, I guess, but look at this, these people were from all over the country.

Tina and Carlos look at the cards.

STRINGS OF WORDS

On the cards read:

"...a Chicago attorney... killed in an auto accident...."

"...A Reno construction worker... crushed...."

"...a Stanford student... drowned...."

ON CARLOS

Turning to Tina and Jill.

CARLOS

Wow, this is cool. I can't wait to see what goes on here at night.

Carlos grins playfully at the two women.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go, I need a shower. And they're all out there gripping already, and I, for one, don't want to lose my bonus.

(to Tina)

No matter how small it is.

Carlos peels away and walks out and Tina follows.

TINA

Small, Carlos, is a relative term. I would think a man with your limited endowments would be aware of that.

CARLOS

(opens the door for Tina)

Right below the belt - every time.

Carlos follows Tina out, but Jill lingers for a time, scanning the display case items once more before she leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

A large one story building at the end of town with a spacious veranda and old sign out front:

MAMA KIN'S BROTHEL DELUXE
Exclusive High Class Respectable Whores
Clean Beds Elegant Decorum
Est. 1871

The Chevy Express van is parked out front.

Everyone unloading.

JILL

Stands outside the van taking in the rustic accommodations.

Honey shuffles past her and looks up at the sign.

HONEY
(reads out loud)
Respectable whores?

Andy, hefting a cooler and his bag, walks past Honey.

ANDY
How 'bout that, Honey? You should
feel right at home.

HONEY
(following him in)
Oh, shut up.

Dino walks by Jill carrying some supplies.

DINO
You know Tina, nothing but the best
for her crew. Be glad it has a roof.

TINA
(pulling her bag from
the van)
I heard that!

Jill trails Dino inside.

Robin, at the rear of the van with Carlos, picks up a blue travel bag.

CARLOS
Hey, that's mine.

Robin checks the name tag - Carlos is right.

ROBIN
Sorry, it looks just like mine.

Robin picks up a similar blue bag and heads inside, followed by Carlos.

Tina, left alone, slings her bag over her shoulder and takes in the sad accommodations.

SLAMS shut the van door.

INT. MAIN ROOM - BROTHEL - NIGHT

A fireplace ROARS to life. Andy and a bare-chested Dino jump back from a gout of flame LAUGHING like ten-year-olds.

A small party is taking place lit by candles placed on wooden shelves and tables around the large rustic room.

ANDY
(holding a pint of
151 rum)
Whoa!

TINA
(on the couch)
C'mon, Andy, stop screwing around.
What do you want to do burn the place
down?

Tina sits on a couch in the middle of the room painting her toenails, Jill sitting beside her, engrossed in a book.

TINA (CONT'D)
(to Jill)
I swear every time I hire those two
I feel like I'm back in the tenth
grade.

JILL
Tenth grade? More like kindergarten.

Carlos comes through the door to the kitchen carrying a six pack of beer.

CARLOS

Dino!

Dino turns and Carlos tosses him a beer. Offers Andy who declines by raising the rum.

Carlos looks around.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Hey, where's Robin?

TINA

She went to bed.

CARLOS

Already? It's not even nine. God, I swear that girl's part cat. She must sleep twenty hours a day.

TINA

How would you know?

CARLOS

Not 'cause I'm sleeping with her. I've just worked with her enough to know she loves to sleep.

Carlos hands Tina a beer and she eyes him suspiciously.

TINA

(half-serious)

I warned you about sleeping with my models.

CARLOS

Relax, it would never happened. I don't date people I work with. It always ends badly.

TINA

Yeah, you're right, just ask Jill.

JILL

(head in her book)

Leave me out of it please.

CARLOS
(to Jill)
Hey, want a beer? It's cold.

JILL
No thanks.

DINO
I'll take it.

CARLOS
You already got one.

DINO
So I'll take two.

David tosses him a beer.

TINA
Don't get drunk, Dino. I don't want
you with red eyes in the morning.

DINO
I don't get drunk on beer.

TINA
Yeah, right, famous last words.

CARLOS
(to Jill)
Hey, what are you readin'?

JILL
A book I found on the shelf over
there...

Carlos looks over at shelves lined with books and old
photographs of the town.

JILL (CONT'D)
It's all about this town.

She looks around at her friends.

JILL (CONT'D)
You know what, I think this place is
really haunted.

CARLOS
Really.

JILL

Yeah. You should read this. It's scary.

HONEY (O.S.)

What's scary?

Honey walks in wearing very short shorts, a loose tank top and no bra.

JILL

This whole place. You wouldn't believe some of the stories.

Andy, standing near the fire with Dino, lights a joint.

ANDY

You're right, I wouldn't.

HONEY

I would? Go on, scare me.

(looks sharply at Andy)

I need some kind of stimulation.

God knows, I'm not get it from my lame-ass boyfriend.

Honey takes the joint from Andy then comes and plops down sideways in a chair across a coffee table from Carlos.

Her beautiful brown legs placed over the arm in such a way as to give Carlos and Dino a great view of an ass that would launch a thousand ships.

The two guys check her out and exchange looks.

Andy taking it all in, hurt by Honey's flirtatious behavior. He buries his humiliation under another swig of the rum.

JILL

Well, the best story is this one about these Australian guys who came here about ten years ago with an Aboriginal Kurdaitcha.

TINA

What's that?

JILL

Oh, I don't know, it's like a shaman, someone who can commune with the dead.

TINA
You mean like a witch doctor?

ANDY
No, that would be Honey's
gynecologist?

Andy LAUGHS at his own joke.

HONEY
What are you laughing at, fizzle-
dick? At least they know how to
touch a girl.

Andy's face drops.

TINA
Oh, Honey, that's gross.

Honey shrugs.

HONEY
Ever date one?

CARLOS
(re: Honey and Andy)
Hey, why don't you two just break up
already and put an end to it?

DINO
'Cause he's pussy-whipped and she
needs a slave.

HONEY AND ANDY
Shut up, Dino.

Dino grins and toasts them with his beer.

TINA
(to Jill)
So what about the Australians?

JILL
Well, it's supposedly a true story.
These guys were famous for
investigating haunted houses in
Australia and they came here because
they heard this town was haunted.

DINO
 You know all those shows about haunted
 houses are bullshit - they're just
 old buildings.

ANDY
 So you don't believe in ghosts?

DINO
 No.

ANDY
 What about UFOs and aliens, do you
 believe in those?

DINO
 No. Of course not. And I don't believe
 in Santa Claus either.

JILL
 It doesn't matter if you believe it,
 it's just kind of interesting.

TINA
 So go on, tell us. What happened?

JILL
 Well, one night, they must have pissed
 off the ghosts because they were
 staying in the old church when the
 ghosts came right up through the floor.

Everyone looks at the floor. The fire CRACKS.

TINA
 And...

JILL
 And they died, all of them in a fire.
 The church burned down while they
 were fighting them off.

DINO
 Well if they all died in the fire
 then how does anyone know what
 happened?

JILL
 'Cause the Aboriginal guy, the shaman,
 lived long enough to say.
 (MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

He said after his friends were killed
he fought them off with salt until
he ran out. Then fire, but that
didn't work.

CARLOS

What do mean he fought them off with
salt?

JILL

Yeah, apparently spirits don't like it.

TINA

Oh, c'mon, these guys were Aussies
for Christ's sake - they probably
just freaked out on 'shrooms and
burned the place down.

JILL

(murmurs)

Yeah... right.

Jill looks over at Carlos who appears to take the account
more seriously than the others.

INT. ROBIN AND JILL'S BEDROOM - BROTHEL - NIGHT

Robin is asleep.

Across the room Jill gets out of bed and leaves the room.

BATHROOM

Jill pulls the chain for an old fashioned toilet.

Goes to a sink and washes her hands.

Enters the HALL and walks by Honey and Andy's bedroom.
Through the half-open door she SEES...

A dark figure standing over their bed.

Jill freezes.

Creeps closer and peers in...

HONEY AND ANDY'S BEDROOM

Where Dino stands over Honey carefully lifting her sheet, uncovering the beautiful model who lies there in a little white panty.

Dino stares at Honey's incredible body.

JILL
(at the door,
whispering)
Dino.

Dino drops the sheet and comes out to the HALL.

DINO
Hey, Jill.

JILL
(whispers)
What do you think you're doing?

DINO
I got lost. I can't see in the dark.

Dino puts out his hand as if he were blind and touches Jill's breast and she slaps his hand way.

JILL
(keeps her voice down)
You're a creep!

DINO
Yeah. So?

Jill turns to go and Dino puts out his arm and blocks her way.

DINO (CONT'D)
What's your hurry?

JILL
I'm going back to bed.

DINO
Okay, sounds good to me.

Dino scans Jill's lithe body, her firm breasts under her wife-beater T-shirt, her toned brown legs to die for.

JILL
Forget it, Dino - not on my last day.

Dino drops his arm and Jill walks away.

DINO
Is that why your boyfriend dumped
you?

Jill turns.

DINO (CONT'D)
You didn't want to put out? Or was
there some other reason?

JILL
Fuck you.

DINO
Oh yeah, babe, anytime.

Dino smiles arrogantly.

Jill turns in disgust and goes to back to her room.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

A beautiful sunrise bathes the town in a soft golden light.

INT. JILL AND ROBIN'S BEDROOM - BROTHEL - DAY

Jill lies in bed looking up at the ceiling.

Robin sound asleep across the room.

EXT. VERANDA - BROTHEL - DAY

Jill comes outside onto a beautiful morning.

Sees a park ranger's jeep parked next to their van. Hears
MUSIC PLAYING.

Following the sound she walks around the side of the brothel.

Up to a radio perched on a fence out back.

Jill looks around, sees no one and turns the MUSIC OFF.

Suddenly a handsome PARK RANGER (30s) pops up out of a hole
in the ground near the back of the brothel.

PARK RANGER
Hey, I was listening to that.

JILL

(gasps)

Oh, shit, you scared me! I didn't think anyone was here. Sorry.

Jill reaches for the radio to turn it back on.

PARK RANGER

Nah, it's all right, leave it off. I'm done here anyway.

Park Ranger tosses aside a shovel and climbs out of the hole. Shirt off, muscles glistening, he shakes the dirt off his jeans.

Jill does her best not to stare at his hot bod.

JILL

Are you the ranger who left us the keys?

PARK RANGER

Yeah. I'm sorry I couldn't wait, but I had to get back to the station.

JILL

No, don't apologize. That was our fault. We were late.

PARK RANGER

You guys settled in okay. Got everything you need?

JILL

Yeah, we're find.

PARK RANGER

You got water this morning? There's been a leak in the line that leads from the well. I just fixed it.

Jill walks up and looks in the hole.

The DULL EYES OF A DEAD YOUNG WOMAN staring up at her from out of the mud.

Jill turns to Park Ranger who is suddenly a ROTTING CORPSE.

Jill SCREAMS!

Bolts up in bed. Scared out of her wits and sweating.

She breathes then falls back on the pillow.

EXT. VERANDA - BROTHEL - DAY

Honey and Tina in yoga pants bend and stretch on the brothel's veranda. Jill comes out dressed for a jog and joins them.

TINA

Oh, you're coming too. Good. What about Robin?

JILL

Still sleeping.

TINA

That figures. I swear that girl spends more time on her back than a houseful of whores...

(looks at the brothel's sign and adds)

No pun intended.

HONEY

C'mon, let's go before it gets too hot.

The three women take off on their run.

SHOTS OF THE WOMEN RUNNING

They jog past buildings at the OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.

Run down a TRAIL that cuts through the brush.

Ascend a small HILL.

And slide down loose gravel on the other side.

Return down a narrow DIRT ROAD and approach the town, the three of them perspiring and winded.

EXT. STREET - GHOST TOWN - DAY

They reach the OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN and Jill stops.

JILL

Hey, look. Who's that?

Tina and Honey stop and look.

An OLD MAN in shabby clothes leads a donkey through an alley between two buildings, heading toward a trail on a hill.

JILL (CONT'D)

Hey! Hello!

The Old Man stops and turns.

TINA

I wonder what he's doing out here?
I thought this town was deserted.

HONEY

Oh, him? That's the mayor. Don't you recognize him?

The three women approach the Old Man who is well past 70 - bearded, skinny, toothless - an old codger right out of a John Ford Western.

OLD MAN

Mornin' ladies. What brings you out this way?

TINA

We were going to ask you the same thing.

OLD MAN

I live here.

JILL

Here in town?

OLD MAN

No, ma'am, not exactly. I'm over there a ways. You all from around here?

HONEY

No, we're just a bunch of horny tourists.

Jill gives Honey a look.

JILL

(under her breath)
C'mon, be nice.

OLD MAN

Well, there's not much to do out here, less you're plannin' on prospecting.

TINA

People still prospect around here?

OLD MAN

You betcha. What do you think I'm doin'?

TINA

I thought this mine was played out. That's why the town's abandoned.

OLD MAN

Ah, frog farts! Don't you believe it. There's still plenty of silver in the ground around here. See for yourself.

The Old Man unties a cloth sack hung over the donkey and takes out a pinch of what looks like plain brown dirt.

The three women look at each other as if they understand - the poor old guy is touched.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Well, what? Do you know silver when you see it? Lookee here.

He spits into the dirt, squishes it around then holds up his dirt-coated fingers.

Tiny bits of silver glisten in the dirt.

TINA

Wow, look at that.

JILL

If they still have silver out here then why did everyone leave?

HONEY

I know. It was the pace. Stress is a real killer.

OLD MAN

You gotta' lot sass in ya', don't ya', Honey. Pretty enough to get away with it too. But you're more right than you know. Things can get pretty excitin' around here, that's for sure.

The Old Man moves off with his donkey.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

(looks back as he goes)
Stick around, you'll see.

Jill, Tina and Honey stare after the Old Man.

HONEY

How did he know my name was Honey?

TINA

(walks off with Honey)
Oh, c'mon, all men say that... honey, sweetheart, baby, darling - it's enough to make you puke.

Jill lingers, watching the Old Man vanish into the brush before she turns and goes.

CUT TO:

A CAMERA FLASH

POP!

Carlos photographing Robin up against a hitching rail in front of the brothel.

JILL

In the shade of the VERANDA applying make-up to Honey's all-too-perfect face.

The magazine shoot is under way.

SHOTS INCLUDE:

Robin and Honey modeling hot bikinis.

Jill putting up Honey's long black hair.

Dino applying suntan oil to his muscular body.

Andy filling a trough with water - squirting the hose at Honey and Robin who SQUEAL and scamper away.

Tina annoyed with Andy.

TINA (CONT'D)

Cut it out, Dino! you'll ruin their makeup.

Carlos prepping his cameras. Changing lenses.

SHOOTING

Honey.

And Robin.

In various sexy swimwear and shorts.

The two women together.

And with Dino.

Andy employing reflectors to get just the right shot.

The whole look and feel of the shoot is very Maxim or SI swimsuit issue - set against the rustic background of an old Western town.

Carlos gets SHOTS of the models...

In and around the buildings, in the doorways and windows.

The two women always scantily clad.

Dino with his shirt open in every shot.

They're photographed around fences and the WATER TROUGH, sporting cowboys hats, bandannas and toy six guns.

Finally Carlos checks the light.

A GRAY MANTLE OF CLOUDS

Rolling by in the sky.

CARLOS

Looks at Tina and waves his hand across his throat indicating they should stop the shoot.

CARLOS
We're losing the light.

Tina turns to the models.

TINA
All right, you guys, that's it. We're
done for the day. Great job, everyone.

The three models break a pose.

Walk by the water trough when Dino suddenly shoves Robin
into the water.

She CRIES OUT in surprise.

Dino LAUGHS, until Honey grabs him from behind and pushes
him in too, falling in on top of him.

The three of them play like kids in the trough.

Andy picks up a hose and squirts everyone in sight.

Jill takes off her shirt down to her bikini top.

JILL
C'mon, Andy, hit me, I'm roasting.

Andy squirts Jill and she darts out of the way.

JILL (CONT'D)
Oh, that's cold!

Carlos peels off his shirt and rushes over to Andy.

Fights him for the hose. Wins it. And squirts Andy running
away... and everyone else.

The whole crew in high spirits: jumping in and out of the
large trough, splashing and LAUGHING, Honey and Robin
adjusting bikinis that slip out of place.

Honey rises out of the trough, water glistening on her
beautiful brown body - a trailer money-shot.

She walks over to Dino sitting on the edge of the veranda.
He wraps a towel around her. Leans in and kisses her neck.

HONEY
(pushing Dino away)
Hey, cut it out! Andy's right there.

DINO

So?

HONEY

So I thought you were friends?

DINO

We are. What's that got to do with it?

ANDY

now with hose, watches them from the other side of the trough, jealous concern all over his face.

Robin dumps a bucket of water over Andy's head and runs back to the trough and Andy shoots her with the hose, carrying on with the fun.

CLOSE ON - A STREAM OF WATER

Flowing out of small hole in the base of the trough.

Running down the side of the BROTHEL.

Gathering speed on a gradually SLOPE.

Finally arriving at a small CEMETERY behind the brothel.

Where THREE GRAVES are poorly situated on what is now the eroded side of a small ESCARPMENT.

The stream of water rushing down it.

Washing away clods of dirt.

Exposing the top part of a small SKULL buried in the ground.

EXT. VERANDA - BROTHEL - LATER

A large brown spider crawls across the wooden planks next to Jill's head.

Jill sunbathing with Tina on towels laid out on the sun-exposed end of the veranda.

Nearby, Andy and Carlos sit in the shade. Andy munching on a bag of chips. Carlos cleaning a camera.

A short distance away Robin kneels beside the TROUGH running her hands through the murky water.

CARLOS

Hey, Robin! What are you looking for?

ROBIN

I lost one of my earrings.

Robin indicates an orange hoop earring on one of her ears.

CARLOS

Is it in there?

ROBIN

I don't know. I can't see and I don't feel it anywhere.

CARLOS

Well, put in an invoice with Tina and maybe she'll reimburse you.

TINA

(eyes closed)

I heard that and I'm not reimbursing anyone. I didn't ask you guys to start horsing-around with the water. Sorry Robin.

Robin comes off her knees.

Notices the stream of water running from the trough down along the side of the brothel.

She follows it.

BEHIND THE BROTHEL

Robin tracks the streams of water looking for her earring.

Reaches the small CEMETERY with the three graves, the old wooden crosses near the edge of the ESCARPMENT.

Robin looks over the side and SEES...

Her earring in the trail of water running down the slope.

She eases down the escarpment and retrieves her earring. Climbs back up and notices part of the SKULL uncovered by the stream.

Robin digs up the skull.

Uses water from the stream to wash it clean.

The small skull nearly fits in her hand - a child's skull that we will later learn belonged to a five-year-old boy.

Robin takes off a towel wrapped around her waist and covers up the skull.

Starts to leave but then stops and approaches a window at the back of the brothel.

Peeks inside and SEES...

HONEY AND DINO

in HONEY'S BEDROOM, nude. Honey with her back to the window straddling Dino on the bed.

Robin watches...

Honey and Dino having sex.

After a time she grins knowingly and continues on her way.

RESUME HONEY AND DINO

Both drenched with sweat.

Honey climaxing and collapsing in a heap on Dino.

MOMENTS LATER

Dino buttons his shirt and Honey fixes her hair.

DINO
So how was that, huh?

HONEY
Too short, too rough and I still got bored. Other than that it was fine, stud.

Honey pats Dino on the cheek and walks out.

Leaves him at a lost for words.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

An array of cotton-ball clouds passes over the town.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY - SHOTS OF

Jill in the MAIN ROOM reading the book about the town.

Tina in the BATHROOM taking a shower.

Robin napping in her BEDROOM.

Carlos at the KITCHEN table labeling small plastic containers with a sharpie. Storing the film in his blue bag.

INT. HONEY'S BEDROOM - BROTHEL - DAY

Honey, dressed in tight shorts and a flimsy top, opens her door and tosses Andy's bag out of the room.

Looks coldly at Andy standing in the hall with a crushed look on his face.

HONEY
There, that's all your shit. Now
stay out of my room.

Honey shuts the door in Andy's face. Turns and gets back into bed with Dino - who reaches over for a kiss.

HONEY (CONT'D)
(pushes him away)
Quit it!

PICK-UP

Andy in the hall, gut-punched.

He picks up his bag and goes into

CARLOS'S BEDROOM

Tosses his bag on one of the two beds and goes to the window and gazes outside. SMACKS the wall with his fist.

CUT TO:

THE PAGES OF JILL'S BOOK - CLOSE ON

An old black and white photograph of a pretty young woman holding her five-year-old boy by the hand. A tall black man with snow white hair beside them in an apron.

Jill reads in the MAIN ROOM. Turns the page.

Brings up another photo of the three crosses in the small cemetery behind the brothel.

ON JILL

Studying the image, intrigued.

She comes off the couch and heads for the door.

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

Jill steps off the veranda and walks behind the brothel.

EXT. CEMETERY - BEHIND THE BROTHEL - DAY

Jill rounds the corner and approaches the three graves.

Looks at her book as if to match the photo.

Passes through the remnants of an old white picket fence and looks down at the crosses marking the graves.

Carved words barely readable in the center cross:

HENDRIKA VAN DYKE
Died 1881

JILL

Stands there for a time looking down at the graves

UNAWARE THAT OFF TO HER LEFT

Outside a shack fifty yards from the brothel stands the ghost of Hendrika Van Dyke - GIRL GHOST.

The pale, rotting, frost-bitten ghost of a woman from the 1880s. She stands perfectly motionless staring at Jill.

JILL

Turns and looks in her direction...

But now no one is there.

Jill reaches down and straightens one of the crosses.

Takes a last look at the pathetic-looking graves then turns and heads back inside.

INT. MAIN ROOM - BROTHEL - DAY

Jill walks in on Dino dressed for a workout, sitting in a chair putting on his running shoes.

DINO
Where were you? I thought you were
in your room.

JILL
I went for a walk.

DINO
Not much to see, is there? God, I
can't wait to get out here. This
place is boring as hell.

JILL
I see you and Honey have done you're
best to livin things up. Couldn't
you at least until we got home?

DINO
What can I say, shit happens.

Dino cracks a devilish grin.

Andy enters the room and comes and stands over Dino, fuming.

JILL
Andy, let it go.

ANDY
Stay out of this, Jill. This is
between me and my *best friend*.

DINO
Ah, come on, spare me the drama.

ANDY
Just tell me one thing, Dino. How
could you do it? You lousy prick.
You know I love her.

DINO
Can't we do this after my run?

Andy looks on the brink of tears.

DINO (CONT'D)
Come on, dude, you know how she is.
If it wasn't me, it'd be somebody
else.

ANDY

But you're my best friend! I introduced you to Tina. And this is how you repay me?

Dino ties his shoe then stands and looks frankly at Andy.

DINO

Believe it or not, bud, I actually did you a favor.

Dino takes a step and Andy blocks his way.

JILL

(comes over)
Andy, don't.

DINO

(to Andy, menacing)
What?

Dino looks eye to eye with Andy, ready for whatever he brings. Andy thinks better of it and allows Jill to pull him aside.

ANDY

I can't believe you did this.

DINO

Yeah, well, then don't. Pretend it's a dream and go back to sleep.

Dino SNICKERS and walks outside.

Andy, teary-eyed, looks at Jill then storms back to his room.

EXT. VERANDA - BROTHEL - DAY

Dino stops outside the door and grins like it's all a big joke to him. Comes off the veranda and goes on a run.

INT. ANDY AND CARLOS'S BEDROOM - BROTHEL - DAY

Andy comes into the empty room and plops down on his bed, boiling mad. Looks over at his bag on top of a bureau.

Stares at it and thinks.

Opens the bag and takes out a SWITCHBLADE.

Pops open the razor-sharp blade.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY - SHOTS OF DINO RUNNING

Dino jogs down the MAIN ROAD.

Turns at the edge of town and runs down a TRAIL.

TRAIL - FARTHER ON - DAY

Dino runs through the brush working up a sweat.

Rounds a turn on the trail and comes upon a sign...

ABANDONED MINE - KEEP OUT!

PICK-UP DINO

Running hard through the brush.

He passes an OLD SHED and hears a noise - a WOMAN WEEPING.

Dino stops and goes to the shed.

DINO

Hey... Is someone there?

He circles the shed and comes upon an attractive YOUNG WOMAN sitting on the ground, CRYING.

DINO (CONT'D)

Hey, what's wrong? What are you doin' out here?

The girl looks up - a pale, blonde, blue-eyed girl just out her teens in a tattered old-fashioned dress.

She glances at Dino, briefly and unconcerned, as if he were just part of the scenery. Covers her face and weeps.

DINO (CONT'D)

Are you all right? Are you hurt?

The girl stands to leave and Dino holds her back.

DINO (CONT'D)

Hey, hold on. What's the matter? Did someone hurt you?

The pretty girl looks up at Dino then falls against him.

Dino holds her, awkwardly at first, but as she wraps her arms around him he gains a comfort with it and embraces her as if he truly cares.

The girl stops crying, looks up and smiles.

DINO (CONT'D)
There, that's better.

The young woman slides her hands around Dino's neck and kisses him passionately.

And like any red-blooded American male Dino responds.

He slides his hands around her waist, over her ass and up her back onto two fleshy mounds - a pair of great tits.

Dino pulls back, dumfounded at first, until he puts the picture together and realizes that she stands before him with her HEAD TURNED COMPLETELY AROUND!

GIRL GHOST stares at Dino with a maniacal, evil expression, her pretty face of a moment before now ROTTING and horrible!

She opens her mouth and reveals rotten teeth and a black bulbous tongue!

A horrified Dino staggers back, trips and falls.

Comes to his feet and takes off running.

He tears down the TRAIL through the brush.

Wheels around a boulder and runs straight into

GIRL GHOST

Standing on the path, her ghostly, rotting hands reaching out for him!

DINO (CONT'D)
NOOOO!

He turns and runs back the other way.

Breaks through some heavy brush and sees GIRL GHOST again.

Dino halts and stumbles. Clammers back to his feet and runs back the other way...

Rounds the boulder and SUDDENLY GROANS - his mouth agape.

Dino doubles over in pain holding his stomach.

Falls to his knees and looks up at...

Andy standing over him holding the switchblade.

The razor-sharp tip DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.

Dino mouths some words, shocked at what Andy has done.

Then the lights go out and Dino drops dead at the feet of his friend.

MOMENTS LATER

Andy drags Dino's body over to a pile of boards off the side of the trail.

Tosses some of the planks aside and uncovers a large HOLE in the ground - an old ventilation shaft for the mine.

Andy DUMPS DINO'S BODY down the shaft. Throws the knife in too then looks into the hole to be sure the body is gone.

Starts laying boards back over the hole.

Sets a board in place then turns for another and is suddenly face to face with GIRL GHOST! Her ghastly necrotic flesh just inches away.

Andy CRIES OUT! Stumbles backwards and falls.

Grabbing the edge of the hole at the last moment. Hanging on for dear life.

Girl Ghost looks down at him with pitiless eyes.

She kneels and puts her cold white hands, all rotting and mottled, on Andy's face. Digs her nails into his eyes.

Andy SCREAMS and falls.

HERE ENDS MY WEBSITE EXCERPT OF DEADVILLE. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THE SCRIPT THE SCRIPT IN ITS ENTIRETY REACH OUT TO ME AT johnkroyan@gmail.com. Thank you for checking out my work. I hope you enjoyed the read.

John Royan