

PHOTO MONTAGE

Various sepia toned images of Matthew Brady-type Civil War PHOTOGRAPHS. The final image is that of a makeshift graveyard. A frayed Confederate flag blows in the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTHERN UNIVERSITY / CLASSROOM AMPHITHEATER - DAY

The final image of the Civil War graveyard is now projected on a classroom screen. COLLEGE KIDS sit at their desks, glassy eyed and open mouthed. PROFESSOR ACKERMAN walks among them; bearded, bespectacled and bewitched by his manic reverie.

ACKERMAN

More American citizens, 618,002 to be exact, died in our own Civil War than in both of the so-called...
(makes quotes with his fingers)
..."World Wars" combined.

In the front row, a sexy AFRICAN AMERICAN COED mimics Ackerman's hand gesture. Beside her sits ANDERSON LEE, the ultimate golden boy: charming, muscular body, sensitive eyes... Basically, the model student, were he not fixated on the girl's uncovered thigh, a predicament which brings this shapely nymphet much amusement.

ACKERMAN

Now when we consider how the North ended the Civil War with General Sherman's vindictive march through Georgia, his Union troops raping, looting, hell, annihilating dozens of small towns swept away in the carnage...

Inexplicably, this information appears to turn on the Coed, which, of course turns on Anderson... And the Professor.

ACKERMAN

...well, we can truly understand the rage, the betrayal the South felt towards the North, and, to some degrees, still feels today.

Ackerman now notices an empty fast food box on Anderson's desk.

ACKERMAN

Speaking of carnage... Is that a CarnoBurger you got there, Anderson?

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CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Um... yeah.

ACKERMAN

Did you know the meat in that six ounce patty most likely came from as many as 1000 different cows?

Two rows back sits CORY JONES, the closest thing to an intellectual in the Northern U fraternity. Half asleep, Cory slumps at his desk, unaware of the raging hard-on poking through his Bilabongs.

NELSON ELLIOT, however, does notice. An uncompromising, unrelenting (and uncoordinated) court jester, Nelson dumps his Pepsi Blue on Cory's crotch, jolting him from his daze.

CORY

Mommy!!!!

The entire class turns to stare at Cory. But not Ackerman. He's still on his roll...

ACKERMAN

The need to produce the cheapest product possible commands that the fast food chains literally own the...
(makes quotes with his fingers)
"Smiley Meal" from its very birth.

Anderson makes the quote gesture to the teasing Coed who once again giggles. Winks.

ACKERMAN

Thus your CarnoBurger is born a cow, and your ChickNugget, a beakless, large breasted mute.

NELSON

Sounds like your sister, Corndog!

CORY

Nelson... Lick my rim.

The bell RINGS. Books are gathered. Hi-fives exchanged. These kids are the fuck outta there.

ACKERMAN

Fine. Good. Go! But the next time you all pig out, be aware...
You are what you eat!

EXT. NORTHERN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Our trio walks along the campus, inhaling the fresh air. Nelson carries a boogie board.

ANDERSON

Oh, Northern-U, venerated dwelling
place of those who got wait listed
at real colleges, we bid thee adieu
for ten long days...

NELSON

Of killer surf...

CORY

And genetically altered, ice cold
brew...

NELSON

And fine ass...

An obscenely CURVACEOUS COED walks by, brushing the guys
aside with obvious distaste.

NELSON

Ahem, mighty, fine ass...

She gives Nelson the finger as she disappears.

NELSON

That is pure sexual harassment.

EXT. FACULTY PARKING LOT - DAY

They arrive at the lot. Top down, Anderson's convertible
muscle car sits at the end, parked perpendicularly across
two spots. Several parking tickets grace the windshield.

ANDERSON

These tickets are three weeks old.

CORY

Then they're probably no good.

Cory grabs the tickets and puts them on a late model Volvo
in the adjacent spot. Nelson begins tearing off his clothes,
ranting like the madman that he is.

NELSON

Bond with the boys! Stick it in
the puss! Bond with the boys...

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CONTINUED:

Down to his "Beach Fun" swim trunks, Nelson hops round the lot. Eternally immune, Anderson and Cory focus on clearing out the many beer bottles and junk food wrappers which clutter the otherwise spotless convertible.

CORY

You know, dude, as excited as I am that now is now, you know, Spring Break, time to get savaged by some slop-drunk "Babes Gone Wild" hotties, I'm also kinda realizing that the deal of a major life experience like this is the "looking forward to", as opposed to the actual "doing of".

Anderson looks blankly at Cory.

ANDERSON

Corndog, have you been jacking off with your mother's hand crème again?

CORY

(after a beat)

Maybe just a little...

Professor Ackerman arrives, arms full of books for the spring break "read". He pauses by the Volvo (which is, of course, his), and removes the tickets.

ACKERMAN

Congratulations, Mr. Lee, on being assigned a spot in the faculty lot.

Ackerman studies Anderson's horrid parking job. Amused.

ACKERMAN

Is this what you call parking...
(makes quotes with his fingers)
..."outside the box"?

ANDERSON

Hey, I like that!

Ackerman hands Anderson the clump of tickets.

ACKERMAN

Too bad the Meter Maid didn't.

Nelson hops over, boogie board in tow.

NELSON

Yo, Professor Ackerman! I was just...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACKERMAN

I take it this will not be a trip devoted to what Joseph Campbell refers to as the "Journey Within"?

CORY

Oh, we plan to journey within, sir. Just not inside a book.

The African American Coed from class enters the lot. Anderson poses and smiles... as the Coed walks right past him to Ackerman, seductively adding her books to his pile.

ACKERMAN

Now, if you'll excuse me, boys, I have my own noble quest to take care of. See you next Wednesday.

Ackerman loads the girl into his car. The guys can only stare in awe.

ANDERSON

It's good to be the Professor.

EXT. NORTHERN UNIVERSITY FACULTY PARKING LOT - DAY

A beat later...

The convertible backs out of the lot. Anderson sits behind the wheel, Cory rides shotgun. The half naked Nelson stands on the back seat, beach ball in hand, guiding Anderson past their fellow STUDENTS who dart out of the way.

NELSON

Left... Left... Right... Right...
Bingo! Now point this fucking thing south, son!

EXT. NORTHERN UNIVERSITY - DAY

The car hurls away from the school. Let the road trip begin!

EXT. HIGHWAY (NORTHERN LANDSCAPE) - DAY

Top down, the guys take in the smog filled freeway.

NELSON

(offscreen/singing)
Waste me! Lay my body bare!
Waste me! Push my soul to care!

INT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE (DRIVING) - DAY

Nelson strums an acoustic guitar in the back seat, warbling along to the RADIO. Poorly.

CORY

Hey, Nelson. Who sings this again?

NELSON

That would be my favorite new band, Waste.

CORY

Right. So keep it that way.

NELSON

Oh, fuck you, Corndog!

CORY

That's witty.

ANDERSON

Enough, girls! Time for today's "Sucks to be You".

NELSON

Man...

CORY

Bring it, baby.

ANDERSON

Okay, Cory, since you're so up for it. You will either, A, star in a new reality show, which you discover too late is a gay version of "Survivor"...

NELSON

Brutal!

ANDERSON

...and your one pair of tightie whities has a huge hole in the ass, an incredible turn-on for the all male cast, or...

NELSON

Ouch!!!

ANDERSON

...B, go down on Chelsea Clinton in front of your entire family, S.C.S.

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CONTINUED:

CORY

S.C.S.?

ANDERSON

Stone cold sober, bro.

Cory winces. Contemplates the implications of both.

CORY

Can't I just kill myself?

NELSON

You know the rules! Don't choose one, you get both. Rammed on Pleasure Island while eating out Chelsea!

CORY

(after much consideration)
Butt Pirates, come and get it!

ANDERSON

That was time well spent.

EXT. HIGHWAY (SOUTHERN LANDSCAPE) - DAY

The car continues South. Odd billboards dot the landscape: "The Blue and Grey Motel". "Stonewall's Civil War Funpark". "Sambo's Flapjacks - Where Johnny Comes Marching Home". Finally, there's a signpost up ahead. "Welcome to Georgia".

EXT. GLORY GLORY GAS-ELUIA FILLING STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Not much sun left. The guys exit the car and stretch. Look around. Nelson pumps the gas.

NELSON

Man, I am so sick of driving thru hick towns on life support that have morphed into Civil War tourist attractions! The whole point was getting away from history class.

CORY

Chill, dude. I figure if we drive all night, we'll be quaffing brews by four and boffing babes by five!

A MAN in torn overalls walks by and spits at the guys' feet.

OVERALL MAN

And pushing up daises by midnight...

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CONTINUED:

Just then, a BANJO begins to play. On the front porch of the station, a YOUNG BOY strums a familiar tune. He smiles, his three good teeth showing. Encouraged, Nelson grabs his guitar from the convertible and begins strumming along. Anderson and Cory join in, CLAPPING and WHISTLING.

NELSON

Go, banjo boy, go!

SCREECH! A silver Mustang convertible, top down, skids into the station. One lucky dude sits behind the wheel, driving with two amazing babes. By the way they giggle and grope each other, it's immediately clear there is some kind of "wild thing" between the three.

NELSON

Holy...

The passenger door opens. KAT, a dark-haired, tattooed, belt-and-buckled vixen kicks her way out and heads for the mini-market.

NELSON

...shit.

Then it gets worse as a blonde knockout hops from the back and stretches. This is JOEY, a self-contained packet of both sugar and spice.

CORY

Oh, God, bro. She's perfect.

ANDERSON

(locking eyes with Joey)
She's not your type, dude. Trust me.

NELSON

Hey, man. I think Anderson just pissed on your hydrant.

Undeterred, Cory walks up to the car. RICKY, the driver, nods. He looks like he could be one of the Backstreet Boys- if one of them ever quit to sing lead for the Sex Pistols.

CORY

What's up, dude?

RICKY

Just, you know, a little road trip with the ladies. Name's Ricky.

Cory ignores. Checks out Joey. She smiles.

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JOEY

Where you guys heading?

CORY

Oh, ah... I got a buddy in Daytona with a beach house. On the beach.

JOEY

Really. A beach house on the beach?

CORY

Yep.

JOEY

And in Daytona, no less. Must be fate, huh, Rick?

RICKY

Must be. Cuz, we're heading there manana. Right, Kitty Kat?

Kat's arrived with chips and sodas. She looks Cory over.

KAT

After tonight, of course, when we violate yet another motel room. And each other.

Kat winks. Growls. Cory swallows hard.

CORY

Cool. Well, ah... We should all hook up when you guys hit town.

RICKY

Good idea. We should all hook up.

KAT

You got a number, hon?

CORY

Yeah. Sure... Um, you wouldn't happen to have a pen... or paper?

JOEY

(eyes still fixed on Anderson)
Who needs paper?

Joey lifts her shirt to expose an incredible pierced belly. Jaws drop. Ricky laughs as he and Kat get back in the car.

RICKY

He's done.

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CONTINUED:

Anderson makes his move, marker in hand, brushing past Cory. Joey smiles. Now THIS is more like it. Anderson kneels down, coolly writes his number on her amazing abs.

JOEY

You didn't tell me your name.

CORY

(flustered)

Corndog. I mean... Cory.

Wasn't talking to him. Joey stares down at Anderson.

ANDERSON

Anderson.

JOEY

Whenever you're finished...

He is, but it's just so great down there.

JOEY

...Anderson.

He finally stands. Joey gets into the car with the others.

ANDERSON

What about your name?

JOEY

I'll tell you... if I call.

RICKY

Later, Corndog.

Ricky guns the engine. The Mustang takes off.

NELSON

Was that a score? I can't really say.

CORY

She'll call... She wants the house.

Anderson smirks, tosses Nelson the keys. Notes Overall Man leering, munching on a shoefly scraped off the dashboard.

ANDERSON

We're in deliverance country now,
Nelson, so unless you're into
squealing like Porky Pig's love
bitch, none of your short cuts!

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CONTINUED:

NELSON

You know, you guys have no faith.

The three pile into the convertible and head off, coating Banjo Boy with dust as he continues his tune undaunted. Overall Man chews. Cackles.

OVERALL MAN

...and pushing up daisies by midnight!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (SOUTHERN LANDSCAPE) - NIGHT

The full moon looms in the midnight sky, lording over all.

INT/EXT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Nelson tries to keep his eyes open. The other guys are out cold. He fumbles with the RADIO. Nothing but Southern preachers and bad country music. A weird song about how "The South is Gonna Rise Again".

NELSON

Hey, Corndog? What's "quaaffing"?

No response. His eyelids lower.

NELSON

Is that Latin or something?

KAPOW!! Tire blowout! The car veers left. Right. Stops.

NELSON

Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Desolate. Nelson kneels before the shredded tire.

NELSON

Uh, fellas. A little help here.

From inside the convertible, Anderson and Cory stir, kicking over their empty beer bottles. The only sound to be heard... other than the mournful HOWLING OF WILD COYOTES! Flustered, Nelson begins to rock the car back and forth.

NELSON

Yoo hoo! Oh, boys!!!!

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Nelson stops shaking the car. SILENCE. Then FOOTSTEPS.

NELSON

Sorry to disturb your sorry ass,
Corndog, but I could really use...

Nelson looks up from his kneeling position. Overall Man stands directly above, his frothing mouth fixed in a twisted grin! His hands clutch the banjo, held high like a club.

OVERALL MAN

It's midnight!

THWACK! Overall Man brings the banjo down hard, cracking Nelson's head against the hubcap. Nelson crumples back onto the road, brains spilling from his shattered skull...

INT/EXT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Nelson wakes with a start from what has been his NIGHTMARE. Up ahead, a flaming torch burns brightly, illuminating a wooden sign smack dab in the middle of the road. He slams on the brakes, nearly hitting this crudely painted DETOUR SIGN. A large arrow points to a dirt clearing on the right.

Nelson sits at the wheel. Catches his breath. The guys have not even stirred. With little choice, Nelson follows the sign's directions, turning off the freeway onto the path.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Nelson navigates the convertible along the very narrow, very dark dirt road.

NELSON

Think we should turn around?

He looks at his two buddies. Dead drunk.

INT/EXT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Nelson drives a few more yards. Wipes his eyes.

NELSON

Way to stay up with me, guys.

Too tired to continue, Nelson pulls over, done for the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The convertible rests on the side of the road.

INT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The guys are fast asleep. Anderson is the first to wake. He shoves Nelson, who rouses with a FART.

NELSON

Wassup...?

ANDERSON

Why do I have a feeling we're not on the highway anymore?

From behind, Cory stirs, oblivious to the morning wood saying "hello" through his baggy shorts.

CORY

Don't even tell me you took one of your friggin' short cuts!

NELSON

Chill out, Pinocchio. There was a detour sign pointing this way, okay?

ANDERSON

Detour sign?

NELSON

Hey, man, I tried to wake your ass. It's your fault, too. Kind of...

ANDERSON

My fault?

NELSON

Yeah, your fault! If you hadn't said shit about being Porky Pig's love bitch, I would'a never had this frigging nightmare...

CORY

Let me get this. You had a bad dream, and that's why we're here?

NELSON

Yeah. No... It was the detour sign! Look, I got killed in that dream. That is not supposed to happen.

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CONTINUED:

CORY

Whatever.

NELSON

I only drove a couple miles, anyway.

Anderson spots something in the distance.

ANDERSON

Looks like there's a town up ahead.
Let's grab some chow and figure out
where the hell we are.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- DAY

The convertible drives down the road, passing a road sign bearing the legend "You are now entering Pleasant Valley".

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Looks like a county fair is in progress. Hundreds of SOUTHERNERS of all ages fill the area; eating pie, roasting corn and dancing square. Confederate flags abound.

INT. ANDERSON'S CONVERTIBLE (MOVING) - DAY

Top down, the convertible rolls under a banner proclaiming "Pleasant Valley. Population 2001".

CORY

Must be a holiday.

NELSON

Is today Passover or something?

ANDERSON

You truly are a moron, Nelson.

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Flanked by two STROLLING MINSTRELS, an official-looking, goateed gentleman walks over to the car. A black patch emblazoned with the confederate flag covers his left eye. MAYOR GEORGE W. BUCKMAN.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Welcome to Pleasant Valley!

The guys take in the scene, unsure what to think.

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MAYOR BUCKMAN

Don't be a wet ding dong, fellas!
Buckman's the name. Mayor's my
game! Now why don't y'all give us
a Howdy Doo?

Buckman holds out his hand, hospitable and friendly-like.
The guys shrug. Step out of the car. Why not...

ANDERSON

Anderson Lee. Nice to meet you, sir.
My two buds here go by...

Eager townsfolk swarm the trio, shaking hands, patting backs.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Anderson Lee! What a beautiful surname!
Ya ain't from the south, are ya?

ANDERSON

(slips into Southern accent)
Born and bred, sir. Lived in South
Carolina till Freshman year...

MAYOR BUCKMAN

But ya moved to the other side, I see!
Well, ya might be savable yet. Ya see,
you and your compatriots have arrived
just in time to be this year's Guests
of Honor!

An OVATION greets the news.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

And lookie here, looks like we've
got more honored guests fresh on
the way!

The silver Mustang, top down, pulls into town. Ricky, Joey
and Kat trade looks with our threesome, equally confused.

RICKY

Is this some hillbilly reality
show type thing?

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Friends, for the next two days it's
gonna be one big party! Nothing but
dancing, games, a good old fashioned
barrel roll... and best of all, our
world famous barbecue!

EXPLOSION of cheering.

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CONTINUED:

NELSON

(low, to his buds)

I say we get the hell out of Dodge.
These people are freaks.

CORY

Well that sure is freaky in all the
right places!

Cory points out a young girl sucking a lollipop. Pure Southern jailbait in tank top and cutoffs, she stands behind a wooden stall: The "John Wilkes Kissing Booth". Prancing over, she removes her lolli and smiles... revealing the worse set of choppers ever seen by man!

PEACHES

Hey, studs!

Jailbait, er, PEACHES, leans on the hood, flashing her perky cleavage. Cory is hooked, buckteeth and all.

PEACHES

You're kinda cute.

CORY

Um, hi.....

ANDERSON

Easy, Corndog. Fourteen'll get you
twenty.

NELSON

In what? Dental prison?

Mayor Buckman puts his arm around Peaches.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Like I said, boys, all ya needs gonna
be met. Ain't that right, Peaches?!

The Mustang gang walks over to the boys. Joey picks out Anderson with her deadly smile.

JOEY

Hey, I'm game for anything.

KAT

We've done crazier.

ANDERSON

(staring at Joey)

We'll stay if you guys stay.

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CONTINUED:

Joey grins. Nods affirmative. The Mayor steps in.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Then it's settled! Let's show our guests some Southern hospitality!

From the distance, a ROAR is heard. Everyone looks towards an approaching plume of DUST. It's a MOTORCYCLE, heading for town. All eyes upon them, the bike's leather clad riders come to a stop, then slowly remove their helmets. The driver, MALCOLM, is black. LEAH, his partner, is Asian. The townsfolk GASP.

MALCOLM

What the hell kinda detour is this?

Stunned silence. Finally, Mayor Buckman regains composure.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Judas priest! If we ain't got us two more Yanks for the Festival! And a Negra and a Chinaman to boot!

MALCOLM

Easy with the ethnic slander, Cracker Joe!

Leah shakes loose her long, flowing black hair.

LEAH

And that's Chinawoman.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

And what a woman! Well don't just stand around folks! We got rooms at Granny's fixing to wait for you!

The silence turns to CHEERING as the Minstrels begin to play. The townsfolk envelop the guests, carrying them to the hotel like conquering heroes. Everyone, Malcolm and Leah included, has little choice but to go with the flow.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL - DAY

The eight guests enter an old fashioned, cozy hotel. Things are looking up. Counters overflow with tasty Southern treats; fried chicken, peach cobbler, watermelon. A black, BUG-EYED BUSBOY offers Malcolm a big, juicy slice.

MALCOLM

I don't think so, Amos.

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Two absolutely gorgeous girls, HESTER and GLENDORA, walk over to Anderson, Nelson and Cory. They could be twins.

HESTER

I'm Hester, and this is Glendora.

CORY

Corndog.

The girls giggle.

CORY

I mean Cory. Dammit!

GLENDORA

Granny Boone says we're 'sposed to show you to your rooms, Corncob!

ANDERSON

Make sure you show "Corncob" the bed.

The girls giggle again.

CORY

They actually think you're funny.

ANDERSON

Guess you just have to be a Southern intellectual to get my humor.

EXT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

A strange sign adorns the rickety old drinkin' place.

INT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

Mayor Buckman paces behind the bar. RUFUS and LESTER, his hillbilly sons, sit dutifully before him, both young and hunky, both dumb as door nails. Besides Lester lies JEZEBEL, his large, loyal, shabby sheep.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Now boys, I don't know how in the hell you let those two devils in...

RUFUS

It was Lester's fault, daddy. He done forgot to take down the Detour sign after that fine automobile with them titty bitties went by!

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CONTINUED:

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Jesus Christ on a cracker!

LESTER

Oh, daddy, please don't hate me none! I was so worked up when I saw those titties, bouncing up and down, jiggling left and right...

MAYOR BUCKMAN

All right, all right. Save it for your spanking, son! Lord knows I don't cater to waitin' on a darkie and a yella, but in service of the Festival...

He looks at an old, wooden cross on the wall and nods to it, clasping his hands in prayer.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Well, it'll all be over soon.

RUFUS

Looks like Miss Peaches snagged one of them Yankee boys already!

LESTER

I got my eye on that perty one with them legs leading up to them tender buttocks!

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Leave her to Harper, boy. That tasty dish ain't got a fightin' chance once he walks up on her. Am I right or am I right?

RUFUS/LESTER

You're right, Daddy!

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Good. Now, let's commence to hostin'.

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL - DAY

The Strolling Minstrels sing their song below the Mustang Gang's window, a woeful BALLAD about runaway slaves, horses dying and the Civil War.

INT. MUSTANG TRIO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joey stares out the window listening to the tune. Behind her, Kat and Ricky check out the room's three single beds.

JOEY

Jesus Christ, is this the biggest goof ever or what?

KAT

The welcoming committee, or that these hicks actually think we're gonna sleep in separate beds?

RICKY

Talk about Southern discomfort...

Kat and Ricky push their two beds together (They've done this before). Kat grabs Ricky's crotch and pulls him close for a wet kiss. Joey watches amused as Ricky gropes Kat's ass, drawing her in to their erotic embrace.

KAT

I say we hang out, grab whatever we can, and then blow.

RICKY

The whole town? Or just those frat boys?

KAT

Don't worry, Ricky. I'll save one for you.

Hmmm... Just then, a KNOCK. Kat breaks free and opens the door to find a well stocked, handsome young man. His hair is slicked back. Looks like he's tried to dress for the occasion. This is HARPER ALEXANDER, Pleasant Valley's very own Clark Gable. He clears his throat.

HARPER

On behalf of our little town, I'm here to welcome ya and invite ya to take in some of our sights.

RICKY

(under his breath)
I'll wrestle you for him...

HARPER

What's that?

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KAT

Nothing. Just ignore him.

She grabs hold of his arm.

KAT

Dang, you've got some muscles there,
Jethro!

HARPER

It's Harper, Ma'am. Harper Alexander.

KAT

I'm Kat. Just Kat. As in pussy...
This is Joey and Ricky.

Harper extends a hand to Ricky who attempts a rocker handshake, much to Harper's stone faced bewilderment.

RICKY

What's up, stud? Want to show me
around this place?

Harper lets Ricky's hand go.

HARPER

Actually, if Miss Pussy Kat is
willing, the sun sure looks mighty
nice reflectin' on the lake right
'bout now...

KAT

Miss Pussy Kat is more than willing.

HARPER

Well then, I guess I'll be seeing you
other fine folks at the Festival.

JOEY

Don't do anything we wouldn't do.

Kat exits with Harper. The door shuts. Ricky ponders.

RICKY

Is there anything we wouldn't do?

INT. MALCOLM AND LEAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Leah watches amused as Malcolm draws devil horns on a framed portrait of a beaming Robert E. Lee. Catching them red-handed, Rufus (in Bell Hop uniform) enters with the couple's helmets and places them on the antique dresser.

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RUFUS

Any more luggage, boy?

Malcolm glares at Leah. Did he really hear that right?

MALCOLM

"Boy"?! You muthafuckas ever hear of the civil rights movement?

RUFUS

Is that anything like a bowel movement?

MALCOLM

Say what?

LEAH

Chill, baby. I don't think our Bell Hick is playing with a full deck.

Rufus moves to the bed and turns down the sheets.

RUFUS

Granny Boone done wash'd up some fresh sheets for ya!

MALCOLM

I guess you people are done wearing 'em, huh?

RUFUS

Granny Boone say we gotta please all the Festival guests. Even you.

MALCOLM

(doing a shuffle like Amos or Andy)
Well, we wouldn't wants to piss off old Granny Boone, now, would we?

Rufus nods, pleased with Malcolm's positive "new" attitude.

RUFUS

Well, okay then. Now don't forget. Supper's at 7 PM sharp. Granny hates tardiness.

LEAH

(mock Southern accent)
Then y'all best leave us to prepare.

Leah ushers the "Bell Hop" out the door. Alone at last!

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CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Damn, Leah. The shit I gotta put up with for a free goddamned meal! I mean, what century are these people living in?

LEAH

Oh, come on, Malcolm. A little old fashioned hospitality might be fun.

MALCOLM

Fuck old fashioned hospitality.

LEAH

I'd rather fuck you...

They embrace and fall on the bed, white sheets and all.

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / FRONT PORCH - DAY

Anderson, Cory and Nelson relax in wooden chairs as Hester, Glendora and Peaches respectively cool them off with fans.

NELSON

I ever tell you guys how much I love Civil War tourist attractions?

CORY

Well, I say to hell with Daytona.

ANDERSON

(slight Southern accent)
I, sir, am in accordance.

CORY

You know, dude, I never knew you were Southern.

ANDERSON

I never told you? I was raised by my Aunt Charlotte. She was old school Southern. Very dignified. Taught me to open doors for the ladies and say, "Yes, ma'am. Why, no, Ma'am."

NELSON

You sure un-learned that shit fast!

Cory leans over and hi-fives.

ANDERSON

It's still in me. In the background.

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE/CHURCH/OAK TREE - DAY

Kat and Harper stroll arm in arm through town, where time truly seems to have stood still. The Ice Cream Parlor... The Barber Shop... The Whore House (Yep)!

TOWNSFOLK pause to wave hello (The BLACKSMITH and BUTCHER among them), all sunshine and smiles.

KAT

Feels like I'm at Disneyland or something.

HARPER

Now, Miss Pussy Kat, you know this is Georgia.

KAT

Everyone's so damn polite and smiley. What's up with that? Someone put Prozac in the water?

HARPER

Well, gosh, Miss Pussy...

KAT

Harper, just try calling me Kat. Miss Pussy sounds so formal.

HARPER

Well... Kat... I can't speak for my good neighbors, but speaking for myself, how could one not but smile whilst in the company of a beautiful Northern sophisticrat like yourself.

Kat let's go of Harper's arm and turns to face him.

KAT

You're either the most romantic guy I've ever met, or you're completely full of shit!

With that, Kat throws herself on Harper, planting a big wet one smack dab on his face. Dumbfounded, Harper takes her hand and walks on...

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / FRONT PORCH - DAY

Lester marches to and fro out on the street, proudly piping "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" on his wooden flute. Jezebel struts behind him, dressed in Rebel military garb, complete with a tiny holster and pop gun. Atop her head rests a confederate hat, worn at a jaunty angle.

From the porch, Anderson rises and salutes.

ANDERSON

As you were, private!

Lester salutes back as he passes, visibly moved.

LESTER

Thank you, sir!

The girls giggle up a storm. From behind the girls' fans, GRANNY BOONE suddenly appears, magically, as if from thin air. Gray-haired and bespectacled, full tray of beverages in tow, Granny is the archetypal Southern matron, save for the mangy coonskin cap perpetually perched atop her head.

GRANNY BOONE

Anyone for fresh lemonade?

The boys rise, a bit startled, yet forthcoming in manners nonetheless.

ANDERSON

Don't tell me. You must be Miss Boone!

NELSON

Miss Boone, from the bottom of our hearts, we thank you for such fine accommodations!

GRANNY

Now, don't make me blush! And that's Granny to you, sonny boy.

Just then, a loud SCREECH interrupts the pleasantries. A CALICO CAT scurries across the porch, followed by a scruffy, freckled twelve year old. This is HUCKLEBILLY.

HUCKLEBILLY

Goshdangit! She's getting away!

The guys join Hucklebilly in pursuit of the cat, a chase which leads around back...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Kat and Harper stand before an old oak tree near a tiny church, a vision right out of "Gone With the Wind". Harper surveys the scenery, lost in reverie.

HARPER

My daddy proposed to my momma right here on this spot.

KAT

My daddy proposed to my mom in the back of a '69 Chevy.

Harper remains absent in his thoughts. Kat fiddles with his belt, undoing the buckle.

HARPER

Of course, that was before the troubles. Before all that fire done burnt this spot to the ground.

Kat reaches down into Harper's pants.

KAT

Oh, I can feel that fire now...

HARPER

Life always finds a way to push itself up through death, Miss Kat.

KAT

Feels like something else trying to push its way through now, baby...

Kat strokes Harper down below. He finally responds, flashing a killer smile, placing his hands on her backside. She swoons as he slides down her shorts, exposing a winged unicorn tattooed on her butt.

HARPER

Ya like horses?

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / BACKYARD - DAY

Anderson, Cory and Nelson form a gauntlet as Hucklebilly approaches his cornered cat, hovering in the corner.

HUCKLEBILLY

Here, kitty kitty...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hucklebilly charges, falling flat on his face. The cat breaks for freedom, but Anderson is quicker. He dives, sideways, carefully scooping up the frightened feline.

NELSON

(mock sports announcer)
Anderson Lee, once again proving why he's Northern-U's number one goalie...

Cory cheers as Anderson hands the cat off to Hucklebilly. The kid flexes his arm.

HUCKLEBILLY

I think I broke my elby bone.

ANDERSON

Nah, you'll be fine, bro. Just walk it off.

HUCKLEBILLY

Thanks, Mister. Name's Hucklebilly.

CORY

What's up, Huckleberry.

HUCKLEBILLY

It's Hucklebilly, dumb ass.

NELSON

Damn. Feisty little fella.

HUCKLEBILLY

Y'all wanna play a game with me?

ANDERSON

I don't know, Hucklebilly, we kinda got some young ladies waiting for us out front, if you know what I mean.

HUCKLEBILLY

Oh, the heck with it then....

Little Hucklebilly turns and walks away, about to cry. Awww...

ANDERSON

Okay. You win. Whaddya got in mind?

The boy turns, grinning. In his right hand he holds kitty by the scruff of her neck. In the other, a small noose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUCKLEBILLY

It's called "Kill the Kitty".
See, kitty's been bad. Real bad.
And I'm gonna lynch her. Y'all
can be the witnesses...

ANDERSON

Whoa... whoa... Wait a second!
Now what would your mother think
if you hurt that poor little kitty?

HUCKLEBILLY

My momma? Mister, my momma gives
me a silver dollar for every broke
necked pussy I bring home!

The guys (and the cat) look at each other in disbelief.

INT. HORSE BARN - DUSK

The barn door busts open. Harper enters with Kat, pulling her by the hand to a pile of hay on which they tumble. HORSES WHINNY and NAY as the two roll around and make out.

KAT

Make me scream that rebel yell!

HARPER

Now that I can guarantee. In fact..

A man inspired, Harper gets up and starts tinkering around the barn. Kat makes herself comfortable in the hay.

HARPER

...you just lie right there!

KAT

Whatever you say, lover man.

Harper finally returns. He bends down next to Kat and begins gingerly tying a TWINE ROPE around her left hand.

KAT

I didn't know my southern gentleman
had a touch of kink in him.

Harper ties another rope around Kat's right hand.

HARPER

Well if kink means a hunger for you,
ma'am, than that he does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More rope goes around Kat's left ankle.

HARPER

Now, I know you city folk think
us country boys naive in the ways
of love...

And now the last bit of rope goes around her right ankle.

HARPER

...but we ain't as innocent as you
might think.

Harper stands to admire his handiwork. Kat is completely tied up, her legs and arms spread-eagled. For the first time, she realizes that the other ends of the ropes are fastened to the saddles of four very restless HORSES. The animals move forward, lifting Kat into the air as the ropes are pulled taut.

KAT

Uh, Harper... This isn't exactly
what I had in mind, baby.

HARPER

Frankly, Miss Pussy, I don't give
a damn.

With that, Harper pulls an antique pistol from his waistband. BAM! Startled, the horses gallop off in four opposite directions, taking with them Kat's arms and legs which are violently torn from their lengthened sockets!!!

HARPER

Yee haw!

Having been lifted in the air by the ropes, Kat's severed torso now lands with a THUD, shock forever etched on her blood gushing mouth.

EXT. HORSE BARN - DUSK

The horses gallop through the rustic landscape, Kat's severed limbs dragging behind them. Off in the distance, the CLANG of a dinner triangle can be heard, Granny Boone's shrill call for supper.

GRANNY BOONE (OS)

Come and get it! Come and get it!

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Everyone sits around a large table at places especially set for them. Anderson... Cory... Nelson... Joey... Ricky... Malcolm... Leah... Yet no sign of Kat, just an empty chair. Mayor Buckman and his sons, sit among the guests, as do Hester and Glendora. At the head of the table, Granny Boone holds court, proud of the bountiful feast her guests now devour amid SMALL TALK.

GRANNY

I know it's not etiquette to eat without everyone present, but a little birdie advised me your perky friend might just be a bit tardy.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Ain't that the truth. Harper Alexander done gone and swept her off her feet!

RICKY

Lucky bitch.

Granny hurls a hot biscuit, nailing Ricky in the head.

GRANNY

Young man, guest or no guest, I will not tolerate swearing at my table!

JOEY

Please forgive Ricky, Miss Boone. Jealousy often gets in the way of his manners.

CORY

Jealousy?

RICKY

Dude, Kat always bags the fine boys first. Just once I wish she was the one eating sloppy seconds.

Mayor Buckman chokes on his food. So does Malcolm, who tastes something strange in his meat.

MALCOLM

Not to change the subject, but what kind of barbecue we eating anyways?

GRANNY

Rump roast. An old family recipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky turns over his meat with his fork. What looks like the tattoo of a winged unicorn can clearly be seen. Ricky, however, doesn't notice, swallowing it whole.

GRANNY

Well there's certainly more where that came from! Now who wants some elderberry wine?

A round of raised hands and laughter greet Granny's query.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Later... The wine has kicked in and loosened tongues. Granny Boone plays the piano while Hester and Glendora do a slow dance for a grateful Cory and Nelson, who rest in easy chairs chowing down pecan pie.

A buxom waitress (let's call her the MILK MAIDEN) saunters over with two extra large pitchers of whole milk. She flashes Nelson a big grin, careful to give him a view of her considerable endowments.

MILK MAIDEN

May I offer you some fresh milk with your pie?

NELSON

Um... I think you just did.

Nelson turns to Cory.

NELSON/CORY

(in unison)

Holy mother of God!

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Joey relaxes on the porch swing, sipping wine. Anderson approaches, obviously soused.

ANDERSON

Thought I'd give you an address to go along with that phone number.

Joey turns, smiles and slowly lifts up her shirt exposing that luscious, pierced belly. Yum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

You got a pen?

Anderson grins. Holds up his trusty magic marker.

ANDERSON

Former Cub Scout. Third class.
Always come prepared!

JOEY

Well, you're certainly good at
pitching a tent.

He looks down. Sure enough. With that, Anderson eases Joey back onto the swing and the two lock lips. He begins softly writing on her belly. Lower.. Lower.. Squirming.. Moaning..

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mayor Buckman forms a huddle with Rufus and Lester. Hucklebilly sits on the counter wearing oven mitts and covered in cat scratches. Jezebel lies on the floor.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Sons, as you know, Harper done did
his part with that Yankee philly.
Time's now come for you to do yours.

Just then, Lester notices Hucklebilly working on a much larger noose than usual.

LESTER

That's a mighty big noose for a
cat, Hucklebilly!

HUCKLEBILLY

Who said it's for a cat, hotlips?

LESTER

Why, if you even think of harming
one feather on Jezebel's head...

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Lester, shut your mouth! You know,
I've been meaning to talk to you
about Jizzabel anyway. I mean, damn,
boy. This thing is gettin' out of
hand. It's unnatural, is what it is.

LESTER

Why, I'm insulted, Daddy. Surprised
by your innuendo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Is that thing at least a girlie?

LESTER

She's a woman to you, sir. Now,
if you'll excuse me...

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Malcolm, Leah and Ricky sit at the table, dealing cards and tossing back shots. Lester darts by, followed by Jezebel. Then... the Milk Maiden, followed by Nelson.

MALCOLM

I must say. There's nothing quite as
determined as a sheep on a mission.

LEAH

Or a horny frat boy.

RICKY

Know what I always say? Only
difference between a frat boy and
a gay boy is a six pack of beer.

Leah laughs, clinking her shot glass with Ricky's. As she does so, Malcolm catches Ricky checking out Leah's ample assets (not that Ricky is being all that sly about it).

MALCOLM

Brother, you need to pick sides!

Ricky smiles and shrugs. What can he say? Now they all laugh and throw back a shot.

MALCOLM

Damn, I bet Robert E. Lee would shit
in his muthafuckin' grave if he could
see us three: The united colors of
Bennetton. Black, yellow... and pink!

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still stunned, Buckman attempts to regain his composure.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Remind me to shoot the Blacksmith,
please, cuz you and your brother sure
as shit didn't spring from my loins!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUFUS

I will, Daddy.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

And you tell Lester one of you's
gotta fall in with that sissy boy.
I know it goes against the Lord...

Rufus leaps to his feet. Happy to help. Way too happy.

RUFUS

Let me do it, Daddy!

Buckman grimaces. Slaps Rufus with his hat.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Goddammit, Rufus! That ain't
nothin' to get excited about!

Granny Boone walks in carrying an empty tray.

GRANNY

What's with all this hollerin'?

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Oh, nuthin' but my boy clamorin' for
more of them tasty treats of yours!

GRANNY

Aw, you fellas gonna make me blush!
Well, go on, Hucklebilly, show 'em
what we got cookin'!

Energized, Hucklebilly opens the oven door and pulls out a piping hot bake tin. It's a beautifully golden crusted pie-complete with a calico cat tail poking up through the dough.

HUCKLEBILLY

One kitty crumb cake comin' up!!!

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Joey leans back on the swing as Anderson goes to work. Things are really getting hot. And then Nelson walks out. Can you say buzz kill?

NELSON

A chick with two milk jugs walk by?

JOEY

Yeah. She was heading for the cow
pasture crying your name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joey gets up from the swing and gives Anderson a wink.

JOEY

Guess I'll leave you two alone.

ANDERSON

Let me know when you want my zip code...

She walks inside, gliding past a buzzed Cory on his way out.

CORY

Gentleman, how about a toast!

NELSON

Not now. I'm thinking about "her".

CORY

Why, Nelson, I'm surprised at you. What happened to bros before hoes?

ANDERSON

Guess that went out with the secret handshake. Hit me, bartender.

Cory produces a bottle of Jack Daniels and three shot glasses. They each take a glass as he pours.

ANDERSON

To friendship, and the ties that bind. In this case, the fine folk of Pleasant Valley.

They down their drinks and toss the glasses to the street.

ANDERSON

That was a moment.

NELSON

Dude. Tell Anderson about those jugs.

CORY

They were definitely mounds to reckon with.

NELSON

Um, actually, I was talking about those pitchers of white, creamy milk she was carrying.

Cory and Anderson shoot Nelson a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Okay, of course I was talking about her tits. I mean, God! Did you see those melons? Those ripe orbs...
(holds his hands out, squeezing)
...of nectar. Those juicy orbs...

Nelson turns. Joey stands in the doorway. Watching him.

NELSON

...of Venus. Um. Yeah. Drudge report said the orbs of Venus are heading towards Earth. Might even collide.

JOEY

Hey, Anderson. You still wanna play post office?

ANDERSON

Why, yes, ma'am, I do.

Anderson grins, pats his chums on the back and dashes inside with Joey.

NELSON

Fuck me!

CORY

I'm not that drunk.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Ricky sits at the dining table arm wrestling with Rufus. Malcolm and Leah cheer them on. Cory and Nelson enter just as Ricky wins the match. He spots them and winks.

NELSON

Christ. Even he's gonna get laid.

A giggling Hester and Glendora flank Cory from behind. The girls hook their arms through Cory, who absolutely cannot believe his good fortune. They lead him upstairs.

NELSON

I thought you said bros before hoes?

Nelson slumps on the steps in defeat. Trailing Cory, the rest of the gang parades past him and up the stairs.

LEAH

Don't whack it too hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Over at the piano, Mayor Buckman puts his arm around Granny Boone and smiles knowingly as she finishes up her song.

MAYOR BUCKMAN
And to all a goodnight...

GRATUITOUS SEX MONTAGE

INT. ANDERSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Anderson and Joey play 'post office' the way it should be played: half-naked on a bear skin rug in front of a glowing fireplace. They take turns writing random addresses and phone numbers on the other's quivering flesh. Anderson uses his magic marker, Joey her lipstick... Joey licks a postage stamp, then places it on Anderson's chest as the two embrace, sealing the moment.

INT. MALCOLM AND LEAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm and Leah playfully kick-box, an S&M duo clad in leather underwear, biker boots and helmets. They kick, then kiss. Kick. Kiss. And then they produce riding crops, swatting each other, impressed by the other's prowess. Malcolm slices Leah's halter top, which falls to the floor. Topless, she leaps onto Malcolm, knocking him to the bed...

INT. CORY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cory sits on one side of the bed while Hester and Glendora sit on the other. Hester undresses Glendora. Glendora undresses Hester. Cory undresses himself. And then the two girls begin making out! His dream come true, Cory dives in... only to be pushed away! Excitement turns to lament as it quickly becomes apparent his services are not required.

INT. MUSTANG TRIO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A confederate flag draped over his naked form, Ricky kicks back with a glass of wine, nodding in approval as Rufus shyly undresses before him. Off with his right boot. Off with the left. And then off with the overalls. Ricky chokes on his wine, grabbing the bottle for another swig. This "Abner" sure ain't little!

INT. NELSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nelson lies in his bed flogging the bishop. His solo bliss is jolted by a rock smashing through the window. Boxer briefs caught round his ankles, he opens the blinds.

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / BACKYARD - NIGHT

YESSSS! Hiding behind a bush is none other than the ultra vixen Milk Maiden, dressed to kill in a garter and bustier.

MILK MAIDEN

Surprise!

NELSON

You have no idea how glad I am
that you're here, ma'am. I've
been thinking about you all night!

The Milk Maiden giggles and points. Nelson looks down at his bulging boxers... Whoops!

INT. NELSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Turning from the window, Nelson hikes up his boxers. Tosses his Kleenex into the trash. Frantic.

MILK MAIDEN (OS)

You gonna invite me in? Or just
stand there playing with yourself?

NELSON

Hell, yeah I'm gonna invite you in...

Now "decent", Nelson turns to find the Milk Maiden standing directly behind him! (How the hell she get there so fast?!) She cradles a milk jug to her bosom, as well as a long tube and funnel. Nelson is mesmerized.

NELSON

Got milk? Heh heh...

The Milk Maiden smiles. Pushes Nelson down on the bed, straddling his waist. Begins untying her satin bustier.

NELSON

I know. Bad joke. "Got milk?"
Like you've never heard that one
before...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bustier falls to the floor. She's half naked. WOW! Nelson ogles her voluptuous breasts as she slowly begins to caress them.

NELSON

So, ah. You want to get to know each other a little bit maybe...?

She shakes her head, brings the rubber tube to her mouth and licks the end, never once taking her eyes off Nelson's.

NELSON

Okay... That's cool. I love milk. Always have. Mom never had to say to me, "Drink up your milk, poopy"!

Super vixen undulates her hips, grinding into his crotch.

NELSON

Um. My mom used to call me "poopy". Long story.

MILK MAIDEN

Honey, you want to talk? Or have a little fun?

She now places the milk jug on his chest. Nelson can barely keep from busting a nut.

NELSON

Ah... Have some fun?

MILK MAIDEN

That's what I thought.

With that, the Milk Maiden shoves the end of the rubber tube into his mouth. He spits it out.

NELSON

Whoa, what's that? A milk bong?

MILK MAIDEN

Silly, boy. This is special moonshine I made just for you. You gonna suck it?

NELSON

Look, moonshine's not really my...

Nelson mumbles in protest but the Maiden is hard to resist. She shoves the tube further down his throat, licking her lips.

MILK MAIDEN

Are you a boy... Or a man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON
(muffled)
Man, Goddammit!

MILK MAIDEN
Then suck, Mister Man!!!

NELSON
(muffled)
Fuck it! Whatever you say!
Milk me, baby!

Faced with the challenge, Nelson musters his strength and sucks the tube with all his might. As the liquid makes its way into his mouth, his eyes begin to bulge. Something is not right! He tries to shake off the tube, but the Milk Maiden only pushes it down his throat further, laughing.

Nelson thrashes about as his throat and chest begin to bubble from the inside out. The flesh melts, exposing his innards. Eventually, Nelson's gyrations come to a halt. The Milk Maiden holds the jug up to his lifeless eyes.

The childish scrawl on the label spells "ACID".

MILK MAIDEN
I just hate a fella who can't hold
his liquor.

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL - DAY

Sitting on the front porch, The Strolling Minstrels perform "The South is Gonna Rise Again" with gleeful vigor.

STROLLING MINSTRELS
(singing)
*Yeeeeee Haaaaaw! Oh, yes, the
South is surely gonna rise again!*

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

Malcolm and Leah are seated by the Bug-Eyed Busboy at an empty table prepared for the 'Guests of Honor'. Granny hustles about, smiling and making sure everything is "just right". Outside, the Minstrels continue their song.

MALCOLM
(to the Busboy)
Think you can get those wandering
minstrels to play some Snoop Dogg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Busboy walks off, shaking his head. Malcolm looks across the room.

MALCOLM

Damn!

AT THE STAIRCASE

Anderson and Joey walk down the stairs, arm in arm. Granny erupts in APPLAUSE. The two cringe at the over enthusiasm.

AT THE TABLE

Joey and Anderson sit down. They've definitely bonded.

MALCOLM

Looks like Cupid's arrow hit somebody in the ass last night!

JOEY

Never knew Connecticut had so many zip codes.

MALCOLM

Damn!

Everyone looks at Malcolm, who has spotted...

AT THE STAIRCASE

... Cory arriving with Hester and Glendora. Flashing a shit eating grin (to hide his pain), he pats the girls on the rear, then joins everyone at the table.

AT THE TABLE

Cory grabs a platter heaped with food.

MALCOLM

I guess every dog does have his day.

CORY

You know, it's really hard to comprehend Southern hospitality until you've experienced it.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

(booming voice)

And there's plenty more where that came from, son!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mayor Buckman enters from the kitchen with his usual fanfare, arm around a perky Peaches. Granny Boone smiles at him lovingly.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

I reckon y'all are in store for more hospitality than you'll know what to do with! Ain't that right, Miss Peaches?

Peaches nods. Giggles.

PEACHES

That's right. I'll supply the peaches, if you boys supply the cream!

INT. MALCOLM AND LEAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Empty room. The door opens. Little Hucklebilly sneaks inside carrying a burlap sack. On tip toes, he snoops around. The night stand. The dresser. The drawers. BINGO! He removes a cell phone and pager, dumps them in the sack.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

Ricky enters with Rufus. They exchange a quick look as Rufus quickly sneaks past Buckman into the kitchen. Buckman can't help but notice his son is walking kinda funny. He follows him inside.

MALCOLM

Damn!

ANDERSON

Looks like Cupid's arrow truly did hit someone in the ass...

WHACK! Granny slams Anderson's hand with a serving spoon.

GRANNY BOONE

Dear Lord, the language!

Ricky sits down. Cory stops munching bacon just long enough to ask a question.

CORY

Anybody seen Nelson or Kat?

RICKY

Now that you mention it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

You don't think they...

Harper Alexander enters from outside, walks over and takes a seat. Peaches promptly sits beside him.

HARPER

G'day, friends. Honored to see you all again.

RICKY

So what did you do with Kitty Kat, big guy?

HARPER

Why I didn't get to do anything, Mister. That big, rough and tumble Connecticut boy stole her from me!

ANDERSON

Nelson?!?!

CORY

No way!

HARPER

Sure enough. I was doing my best to court her proper, but that boy just cut right in.

Harper locks eyes with Anderson.

HARPER

You really should try the blood sausage. Granny ground up a brand new heap just for you.

Harper gobbles a large, bloody link, then washes it down with Anderson's glass of milk. Everyone watches, aghast.

INT. MALCOLM AND LEAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hucklebilly searches the closet. Finding Malcolm's leather jacket, he rifles through the pockets, grabs the keys. He turns to leave when he hears a COMMOTION from down the hall. Sack in tow, he slides under the bed as the whole gang enters.

CORY

Think there's an honor bar in here?

MALCOLM

Sure. Right next to the cable remote.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malcolm pulls out a bag of weed and tosses it to Leah. Everyone settles in as she fires up a joint, draws a hit, then passes it to Joey.

LEAH

Ladies first.

Joey hands the joint to Ricky. He flips her the bird.

RICKY

This place is gonna be a trip, baked!

LEAH

Like it isn't trippy enough? What's the deal with these people anyway?

ANDERSON

Oh, come on now. Admit it. You guys just aren't used to old fashioned, unspoiled, genuine Southern manners.

Malcolm takes a huge hit. Hands what's left to Cory.

JOEY

I wonder what Kat and your buddy Nelson are up to.

ANDERSON

Nelson? He'll show. Trust me. Dude can smell torque at two hundred yards.

By now there's a huge CLOUD growing in the room. Under the bed, Hucklebilly winces at the strange smell. But then, a huge smile forms over his face.

CORY

You know, we can all crash at my bud's beach pad in Daytona. It's on the beach.

RICKY

(winking at Cory)

Sounds good for later, bro, but for now I still say we hang out. Explore. This place will be a gas.

JOEY

I'm sure it will, now that you've turned a curious southern boy against all that's right and proper!

RICKY

He wasn't bad for a beginner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a NOISE at the door.

MALCOLM

Bet it's that Mayor Buttcheeks freak!

Everyone GIGGLES, including Hucklebilly. They hide the weed as Cory opens the door a CRACK. In tumbles Hester and Glendora, caught red-handed peeking through the keyhole.

HESTER

Eww! What's that godawful stank?

The gang cracks up. Cory whisks the girls into the hall.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cory closes the door behind him.

CORY

We're burning blunts. You know. Spleefs? Reefer?

GLENDORA

You best not be burnin' nuthin', lest Old Man Cooch find out.

CORY

Old Man Cooch?

HESTER

He's our Fire Marshall. And veturanium.

CORY

You mean, veterinarian?

GLENDORA

No, he's a veturanium. Fixes dogs and chickens and such, silly boy.

Cory stares dumbfounded. Then breaks into stoned laughter.

CORY

You two are so lucky you're hotties.

Now the girls giggle.

GLENDORA

That's right!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HESTER

And we're here in our official capacity as Festival hostesses to invite you to go 'sploring. Ever seen a kissing tree?

CORY

Uh, no.

GLENDORA

You wanna see one?

CORY

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

Huh? Whatever. The girls hold out their arms. Cory takes them both and exits down the hall.

INT. MALCOLM AND LEAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Everyone sits mesmerized (Translation: high) as Malcolm finishes up a joke.

MALCOLM

So this dude goes to see his doctor. Says, "Doc, something's up with my old lady. She's acting whacked. It's either Alzheimers or the clap." Doc tells him, "Yo, take her for a long drive and dump her off. If the bitch finds her way home, don't fuck her."

The entire room roars with laughter. Under the bed, Hucklebilly cracks up as well. Hearing this, Malcolm swiftly grabs the boy by his feet and drags him out.

MALCOLM

Well, 'lookie here', to borrow from the lexicon of our hosts.

A stoned Hucklebilly grins like a fool.

HUCKLEBILLY

My head feels kinda funny...

MALCOLM

What the hell are you doing in here?

HUCKLEBILLY

Wanted to say howdy, 'ceptin I fell under the bed when y'all came in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

You fell... under the bed?

HUCKLEBILLY

Yep. But now, I'm feelin' kinda hungry. Fact, I could eat an entire goat and not share a single hoof!

JOEY

Aww, Huckleberry's got the munchies!

HUCKLEBILLY

Hucklebilly, dumb ass! Can't you Northern folks get nuthin' right?

Clutching his sack, Hucklebilly darts out of the room. The now completely stoned group cracks up.

ANDERSON

So, "northern folks", I guess we're here to stay just a little bit longer.

LEAH

In that case, I say we find out where they're hiding the kegs.

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL - DAY

The "Guests of Honor" squint as they head out of the hotel into the bright, hot Georgia day... Right into the huge crowd of TOWNSFOLK (including Rufus, Lester, Granny, Harper, Peaches, the Milk Maiden) out there to greet them.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Buttermilk pancakes! If it ain't our honored Guests just in time to get the Festival off to its biggest start!

MALCOLM

Shoot-stang, Gomer Pyle. Dang if this ain't the bestest festival ever!

The crowd cracks up. Mayor Buckman, however, picks up on the sarcasm. His face reddens.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

I wouldn't besmirch the efforts and sincerity of our proud little town. A great price has been paid to make this Festival possible.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Whoa. Lighten up, dude. We're just a little hung over. You know, hair of the dog?

Buckman waves his arms. The requisite CHEERING erupts.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Apology accepted! Now let's get this thing going in grand style! Boys over here! Girls over there!

The Crowd swarms around the guests, separating the males from the females. Harper Alexander grabs a flattered Ricky.

HARPER

Come with me, partner. We're gonna see what we can do about you.

RICKY

Whatever you say, rock star.

He leads Ricky off. Anderson and Malcolm shrug at each other, blow Joey and Leah a kiss as the girls are whisked away by the "lady folk".

EXT. BATHING BARN - DAY

Joey and Leah are hustled into a makeshift dressing area behind a large barn. Hand sewn dresses hang on mannequins. There are large steel tubs filled with water.

GRANNY BOONE

Now I hope you gals will allow us to share our Southern ways.

JOEY

Do we have a choice?

GRANNY BOONE

Dearie, the good Lord has blessed each one of us with distinct virtues. It's your job as a lady to figure out what they are and how to use them!

PEACHES

I got the gift of tongues! Got it from my step-pappy, Reverend Jonas!

JOEY

We are definitely post-feminist here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANNY BOONE

You are a shine rough. But under them harsh Northern exteriors, I suppose you gals oughta clean up real good!

LEAH

I think that was a compliment.

GRANNY BOONE

Ladies, grab these girls some lemonade, and let's set to soapin'.

The nubile town girls (aka BARBECUTIES) begin undressing Joey and Leah, all coy and giggly as the work begins.

EXT. KISSING TREE MEADOW - DAY

Cory carries a picnic basket, trying to keep up with Hester and Glendora as they skip through beautiful fields spotted with daffodils and sunflowers. Everything feels hyper-real: The sky is bright blue, the clouds white cotton candy, and the two shapely rear ends in front of Cory are ripe and ready. The boy's so horny he's practically hunched over.

EXT. HORSESHOE PIT - DAY

Harper Alexander leads the crowd of males into a large field. Anderson, Malcolm and Ricky stand at the pit with Harper. Ricky is totally in awe of the big, burly He-Man.

Across the yard, posted in the dirt, are two horseshoe stakes. Two obscure furry masses rest atop each one. From the distance, it is hard to tell exactly what these targets are.

HARPER

Ever take a turn at the shoes?

RICKY

Not since I was a kid.

HARPER

That's the thing, friend. You need to be more practiced at the manly arts. Huntin' and soldierin' and what not.

RICKY

And that has what to do with pitching horseshoes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER

Horseshoes is a military game in origin. Goes back to the old French trappers method of gapping mink, as they called it.

Just then, Jezebel bolts from the outhouse and runs across the field. Lester follows in hot pursuit, hiking up his pants. No one but the "Guests of Honor" seem to notice. Or care.

ANDERSON

Ah... You were saying?

EXT. BATHING BARN - DAY

Joey and Leah sit naked in individual tubs filled with soapy water, hair up in buns to avoid getting soaked. The Barbecuties, scantily clad and sexy wet, attend to their bathing, scrubbing their backs and massaging their shoulders. The Minstrels provide musical accompaniment. Peaches "babbles" along in tongues.

PEACHES

Dosey doe, heifer hi, heiny ho...!

LEAH

Know, something? I think I could actually get used to this.

JOEY

Girl, you must be buzzed out of your mind!

Just then, little Hucklebilly exits the barn, buck-ass naked, save for his confederate cap and shit-eating grin.

HUCKLEBILLY

Rub a dub dub, who wants me in their tub?!

The girls are amused. Granny Boone is not. She swats the boy.

GRANNY BOONE

What I tell you 'bout scaring the lady folk with them nasty bits of yours? Now git!

HUCKLEBILLY

Shoot, Granny! You never let me have no fun!

Hucklebilly trots off, cap covering his privates, as the girls laugh and splash him with their bath water.

EXT. KISSING TREE MEADOW - DAY

Cory and his "double date" arrive upon a majestic oak tree. Nailed to the trunk is a yellow ribbon. The girls giggle as Cory sits down on the "love swing" hanging from the branches.

HESTER

Well, here we are! The place where
I got my first kiss!

GLENDORA

Me too!

HESTER

Well of course, you too! You're the
one who kissed me!

GLENDORA

Well, you are my first cousin! Who
else was gonna do it!

HESTER

That was before we learned 'bout
swappin' spit and that other stuff!

CORY

Wait a sec? You're cousins? Cool.

They ignore him, getting to the task of undressing each other. Cory stares in disbelief as the girls begin to make out. Finally, Hester stops what she's doing.

HESTER

Well?

CORY

Thought you'd never ask.

Cory hops over, unzips his fly and drops his drawers.

HESTER

No. The basket! You can watch from
the swing if you're quiet!

Cory tosses the girls the picnic basket and they lie down. Now he's at a total loss. What the fuck does he do...? He does what comes naturally, putting his hand down his boxers and moaning loudly.

GLENDORA

(flabbergasted)

You, sir, are a pig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORY

What?! You're boning your cousin
and I'm a pig?

HESTER

Go away, boy.

CORY

But you said I could watch!

HESTER/GLENDORA

But you weren't quiet!

Flustered, Cory stomps off.

EXT. HORSESHOE PIT - DAY

Harper continues his tutelage. Malcolm's getting antsy.

HARPER

Gap, gentleman, refers to the part
of the mink that's not there after
the toss. Most usually the head.

Harper picks up a large metal horseshoe. Hands it to Ricky.

RICKY

Fuck!

The horseshoe has been shaved razor sharp. Harper smirks,
retrieves the shoe from a wincing Ricky and smoothly tosses
it at the first stake. A perfect throw, it embeds itself in
the target with a THUD.

MALCOLM

Lemme' try that, homeboy.

Malcolm carefully grabs a horseshoe and wings it at the
stake. His aim is way off. The townsfolk LAUGH.

MALCOLM

Yo, fuck y'all. Hood's not exactly
horse country. Damn...

Just then, Cory walks up, fucking pissed from his encounter
at the Kissing Tree.

ANDERSON

How'd you do with the honeys?

Cory ignores Anderson, glares at the pile of horseshoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORY
(regarding the furry stakes)
Hell's that?

RICKY
Mink or something.

HARPER
Go on. Gap it.

Cory grabs the shoes. Gulps a beer. Then...

CORY
(under his breath)
Kissin' cousins, my ass...

...breaks off three perfect strikes! Stunned silence is followed by APPLAUSE and CHEERING.

BY THE STAKES

Harper goes over and gathers the horseshoes littered round the target area.

HARPER
You done good, son. You done good.

Impaled on the stakes, unseen by the 'guests', are Kat and Nelson's severed heads, both frozen in death grimaces. Three razor sharp horseshoes cut into the back of Nelson's battered skull.

EXT. BATHING BARN - DAY

Leah and Joey stand inside a ring of the lady townsfolk. Leah is now dressed in quintessential southern garb- powder blue ruffled dress, bonnet, white cotton gloves, etc. Joey remains wrapped in a towel, the center of attention.

JOEY
Don't even think about it.

LEAH
Think role-playing, babe. I know my man's gonna want to hit this when he sees it.

Granny Boone is encouraged by Leah's attitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANNY BOONE

Now you startin' to think like a
real lady!

Everyone CHEERS. Celebrates. And then...

RICKY (OS)

*"Mama, don't let your babies grow up
to be cowboys..."*

It's Ricky, warbling over by the barn, arms crossed, kinda drunk.

LEAH

Easy, Cinderella.

Ricky saunters over.

RICKY

Well, if that ain't the pot calling
the kettle black. By the way, Joey,
that sexy frat boy's looking for you.

JOEY

It's about time.

Joey grabs her clothes from a mannequin and heads off. The girls SIGH a collective disapproval.

JOEY

Sorry, ladies, I'd love to stay, but
in keeping with that Southern thing,
"when a fella needs his gal..."

EXT. HO-DOWN SHACK - DAY

Granny hops on up to the porch of a rustic shack. A large, copper Liberty Bell dangles from its wooden post above.

GRANNY BOONE

Don't make no mind of her, girls!
Let the dance begin!

Granny pulls on the bell's cord. It RINGS loudly as the Strolling Minstrels strike up a rollicking dance ditty. The girls stomp the ground and bang their knees, twirling decorative parasols a la Gene Kelly. Ricky and Leah stare in disbelief, then, what the hell, Leah grabs his arm.

LEAH

You heard the lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANNY BOONE

*Grab your partner and give her a whirl!
Now twinkle your hair and give it a twirl!
Slap your backside and lift your arms!
'Cuz the cows and the chickens is returning
to the barns!*

Granny yanks on the bell. Everyone twirls around. Yep. Even Leah and Ricky.

GRANNY BOONE

*Little China Doll, ain't she sweet?
I'd reckon she'd make a real tasty treat!
Now dance 'er on up to the Podium of Honor!
And let's bestow the honor upon 'er!*

Peaches and the Milk Maiden dance over and lead Leah and Ricky to the porch. The two stand side by side, clapping in time to the music. Feeling daring, Ricky breaks into an impromptu Backstreet Boys routine.

GRANNY BOONE

Now the time has come to do what's right!

GIRLS

Right.

GRANNY BOONE

'Cuz we've only begun to renew the fight!

GIRLS

Fight!

GRANNY BOONE

*To avenge a horror that occurred in
this place...*

The music stops. Granny Boone stares right at Leah. Speaks.

GRANNY BOONE

*...it's your maker, now, bitch,
you'll have to face!*

Granny Boone tugs hard on the cord. The five ton bell drops from above, flattening Leah like a gory pancake. Entrails spray everywhere. With deft panache, the girls open their parasols to block the shower.

GRANNY BOONE

Damn, that China Woman had a lot of guts!

MILK MAIDEN

And she danced real pretty too!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky stares at Leah's arms and legs which protrude from the boulder like the "Wicked Witch of the East". Freaked beyond belief, he takes off. The girls pursue.

EXT. BARBECUE PIT/PICNIC AREA - DAY

Ricky rounds the barn right into the arms of Rufus.

RUFUS

Gotcha!

RICKY

What the fuck...?!

RUFUS

We just fixin' to make us one'a them Shis-kee-Bobs, loverboy!

Rufus drags Ricky over to a barbecue pit, where the townsfolk and an open-hearth FIRE roar. Buckman walks over.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

I see the Festival's in full swing!
Enjoying yourselves, ladies?

Granny Boone and the girls CLAP and CHEER! Rufus slams Ricky spread eagle onto a wooden picnic table.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

And how 'bout our honored guest?
He havin' so much fun he just can't stand it?

Ricky can't answer. He's fixated on what's going on behind him. The Barbecuties have lined up, holding a long, sharp, gleaming steel POLE.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

I see our Barbecuties got the skewerin' pole all ready!

Ricky's eyes go wide as Rufus holds him down. The pole is now lined up with his rear end.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Ramming speed!

The girls thrust the pole forward. Ricky SCREAMS as the tip of the skewer rips through his open mouth.

GRANNY BOONE

Lookee lou! It's Rick on a stick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Huge CELEBRATION. Buckman heads off, trailed by his sons.

RUFUS

I swear I didn't enjoy myself none
with that fella, Pappy!

LESTER

You a liar. You always volunteer for
sissy detail when it presents itself!

RUFUS

Do not!

LESTER

Do so!

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Will you boys please shut your traps!

It is then Buckman takes note of Jezebel, who proudly sports a confederate flag sweater.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

What the hell you do to that mutton
chop now?

LESTER

Why, I done knit Jezebel a sweater!

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Done knit Jezebel a sweater? Jezebel
is a goddamned sweater, you moron!

INT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

Loud, raucous southern saloon. Anderson, Cory and Malcolm sit at the back table. They look tired, but troopers that they are, still manage to work the mugs in front of them.

CORY

It was so wrong, bro, like Jerry
Springer, southern style. They
couldn't get enough of me. What was
I gonna do? Deny them? Hog myself?
And that's not the coolest part.

Cory leans in, to keep the next bit private.

CORY

Check this out. They're cousins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Corndog, you are the man!

Malcolm slams down a mug.

MALCOLM

I don't care what you guys say, this place is fucked up. You don't get something for nothing. I'm gonna find Leah, and I'm outta here.

CORY

This place isn't so bad.

From behind them, Joey enters. Slams her mug on the table.

JOEY

Does any of this even remotely resemble any place you've been to? I mean, have you guys ever been anywhere that didn't have phones or electricity?

Joey sits down next to Anderson. All business.

JOEY

I was just back at my room. My pager and cell are fucking gone. Kat's nowhere to be found. That's not like her. She would never just disappear. And where the hell is your good old buddy, Nelson?

CORY

(to Anderson)

You know, bro, it's really not like Nelson to vanish with all this beer around. Even if he was gasking that Kat chick, you know he'd still launch her at some point for free brew.

MALCOLM

You went off with Leah. Where is she?

JOEY

Drinking corn liquor and guest starring on Hee Haw. Look, bottom line, this is a bunch of bullshit. We can get free booze in Daytona. I'm tired of being the Guest of Honor.

Silence as it all sinks in. And then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

She's right. I'm going after Leah.

Malcolm rises to leave. Anderson touches his shoulder.

ANDERSON

Look. We need to work together on this. As a team. Let's split up. Find Kat and Nelson. Find our rides. And I say we watch each other's back. We're in this together, right?

He looks around the table. At Malcolm.

MALCOLM

You got it, bro. We're tight till we all hit the road.

ANDERSON

Good. I'll check out the ride situation. Malcolm, you find Leah.

(to Cory and Joey)

You guys head back to the rooms and get whatever stuff they haven't ripped off.

(big fake smile)

Now everybody act like this is all great. We love it. Don't let on we're gonna bail. Okay?

JOEY

Now we're talking.

They get up to leave. Buckman, Harper, Rufus and Lester block their way. The Mayor has his arm around Granny.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

You folks weren't inclining to leave town now, were ya?

GRANNY

You wouldn't want us thinkin' you're insultin' our heritage, would you?

ANDERSON

Of course not. We're thrilled to be part of your thing here. So if you'll...

Buckman pulls back his coat. Brandishes a sharp, silver broadsword from the scabbard at his side.

CORY

Oh, shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harper pulls out his spiked gapping shoe and begins cleaning his nails with it.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

I'll only say this once. This is the biggest day of the year for the people of Pleasant Valley. You could say it's sacred. So y'all don't want to go upsetting my kinfolk. Trust me on that.

HARPER

You see, we don't take too kindly to rejection. Been known to react harshly to them that crosses us.

Anderson notices that Harper has gouged his fingertips. Blood seeps through the nails. Harper merely smiles.

ANDERSON

(accent slightly more southern)
I guess you're right, Mayor. We shouldn't be so fast to up and leave... this fine Festival.

Long wait. Is Buckman buying the bullshit? Of course he is. He puts away his sword.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Good. Now y'all best git goin'.
Wouldn't want to miss the Barbecue.

Anderson nods. Leads the group out the door, all eyes upon them, like a closely watched funeral procession.

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Anderson, Cory, Joey and Malcolm exit the bar onto the street which is now filled with TOWNSFOLK. Each "Guest of Honor" can feel the people's stares, and for the first time, sense the rot behind the colorful facade. Creepy...

Cory sidles up to Anderson as they pass a skinny, hairless teen, ONION JOE, who stands before a scorched confederate flag. Next to him is the BUTCHER, in bloodied apron.

CORY

What do you think happened to Nelson?

ANDERSON

Nothing happened to him. There's a simple explanation for all of this. Don't worry, buddy.

INT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

Buckman stands on a chair, addressing the enraptured crowd.

MAYOR BUCKMAN
Folks, I'd like to propose a toast.
To us, survivors, in a spiritual
sense, of the worst atrocity of all
times, the War Between The States!

Buckman raises his mug. The crowd follows suit.

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Joey and Malcolm cross paths with the fierce REVEREND JONAS and his young, twin acolytes, OPIE and LAURA LEE.

MALCOLM
I always said the South hasn't
changed a damn. Leah would always
get mad at me when I'd say that...

JOEY
Kat and Ricky and me... We've done
some wild things... Nothing beats
this.

Jonas clutches his bible, gazing in judgment, as his long black beard blows in the breeze.

MALCOLM
Yeah. All for a free meal. Shit...

INT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

The crowd has tears in their eyes as they clink glasses, holding on to Buckman's every word.

MAYOR BUCKMAN
I know you fine folks of Pleasant
Valley have suffered more than
seems possible. But one day, we
will find rest. We will be avenged.

Orgasmic APPLAUSE and approval.

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The BLACKSMITH regards Anderson and Cory as they now pass him by. His eyes are solid white. Milky. Blank.

CORY

Dude... What do you think this Festival is really all about?

ANDERSON

No clue. But in the 'Sucks to be You' department, we either, A, stick around and find out or, B, locate Nelson and jet.

To Cory's right, an overgrown manchild, GIBLET, sits naked in a water trough. His bearded chaperone, AUNT SUZY Q, rests quietly on a stool, smoking a corn cob pipe.

CORY

Easiest one yet, bro. We're history.

INT. ROOSTER COCK SALOON - DAY

The Strolling Minstrels strum "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as Buckman winds up his oratory.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

And I tell you now, each and every one of you fine, searching souls, as God is my witness, I swear we won't never go hungry again!

EXT. PLEASANT VALLEY TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Anderson and Cory fall in line Joey and Malcolm.

ANDERSON

Okay, kids. One hour. We'll regroup at the hotel.

Malcolm walks ahead of the group, speaking loud, purposefully, for all the Townsfolk to hear.

MALCOLM

Well, all right, then! See y'all at the BBQ. Don't be late!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anderson embraces Joey, trying to look casual. Kinda tough to do when the local undertaker, COFFIN HARRY, is loudly hammering nails into pine boxes on his front porch.

ANDERSON

Like he said, babe. Don't be late.
I still gotta give you my e-mail
address...

JOEY

You bet...

They kiss.

JOEY

Come on, Cory. Let's go.

Cory low-fives Anderson, then walks off with Joey. Anderson lingers, watching them go.

EXT. WOODEN COTTAGE - DAY

Malcolm sneaks around the back yard of a wooden cottage. Looking for a clue. Looking for Leah.

He passes TWO YOUNG BOYS who play in the yard, hovering over a strange contraption made of Lincoln Logs. It looks like a mini-ski slope down which they roll a mini-beer barrel. Inside the barrel, a frightened MOUSE struggles to keep its balance...

EXT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / BACKYARD - DAY

Cory and Joey hide behind the weeping willow and scope out the hotel. They watch as Rufus loads their stuff, in fact, all of the "Guest of Honor's" belongings, onto a wagon. They look at each other, for the first time really afraid.

EXT. CAR BARN - DAY

Stalking about like a ninja, Anderson approaches the barn doors and gives them a tug. Locked. Looking around, he spots a pile of hay bails. He climbs on top, then pulls himself up onto the barn roof. The rubber soles of his shoes do not make for good traction, and it's all he can do to maintain his grip. That's a real shame, because down below Hester and Glendora are making their way around the barn, absorbed in song.

And they've both got shotguns!!!!

EXT. WOODEN COTTAGE - DAY

Malcolm slowly edges around the cottage... walking right into the fucking Strolling Minstrels who sit on the front porch! The musicians waste no time serenading with yet another of their lame ditties.

STROLLING MINSTREL A
*There are lessons in this world.
 Some are easy, some are hard...*

STROLLING MINSTREL B
To swallow, that is...

MALCOLM
 Not this shit again.

Malcolm brushes them off in disgust and walks down the dirt road. But the duo gets up. Follows...

EXT. CAR BARN - DAY

Anderson hangs on to the roof for dear life as Hester and Glendora chatterbox below.

HESTER/GLENDORA
*Nothing is so sweet when you're
 munching on the meat of a Yankee
 who's doodle is so dandy...*

HESTER
 You think Mayor Buckman would mind much if we kept that Anderson boy to ourselves?

GLENDORA
 Oh, I don't know, cousin. I'd rather kill him than fuck him any day!

Anderson loses his hold and slides down the roof. He catches himself just before falling to the ground. Whew!

GLENDORA
 Shhh! Ya' hear somethin'?

The girls check out the barn, walking directly beneath Anderson. He holds on to the edge of the roo, the jagged wood cutting into his flesh....

HESTER
 Probably just a rooster.

EXT. WOODEN COTTAGE - DAY

Malcolm walks down the lane, trailed by the Strolling Minstrels. They sing as they stalk.

STROLLING MINSTRELS
*There was once a young lassie,
 Slant-eyed and kind of sassy...*

He walks faster. They walk faster.

STROLLING MINSTRELS
*She had airs and conceit,
 Till Granny she did meet.*

Malcolm stops. Turns to face the Hillbilly Duo.

MALCOLM
 Any of you shit-for-brains know
 where my lady is, you better tell
 me now!

STROLLING MINSTRELS
*The boy wants his bitch.
 Yeah, the boy wants his bitch.
 Sad, sad thing, a boy without his
 bitch.*

And then they stop. Smile. Point. Malcolm turns to see the familiar leather clad-form of Leah up ahead on the path. Her long, black hair blows in the breeze as she playfully dodges into the thicket, GIGGLING. Malcolm grins. Relieved.

MALCOLM
 Talk about a sight for sore eyes!

He chases after her up the road.

EXT. CAR BARN - DAY

A stream of Anderson's BLOOD slowly trickles down the roof as Hester and Glendora chat below...

GLENDORA
 That reminds me of a joke Granny
 told me. What's the difference
 between a rooster and Ellie May?

HESTER
 Well I'm sure I don't know, cousin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rivulet of red gets closer to the edge. Anderson is sweating quite profusely. Of all the times for jokes!

GLENDORA

A rooster says "Cock a doodle do" and
Ellie May says "Any cock will do"!

Anderson winces. A droplet of blood spills downward, heading directly for them...

HESTER

That's disgustin'!

Hester takes Glendora by the hand and pulls her away. The blood splatters on the ground, barely missing them both!

HESTER

Now enough of your chatterbox.
We've got a festivation to attend.

WHEW! Anderson breaths relief. Renews his efforts to make his way up the roof.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND - DAY

Leah runs out of a thicket into a wide open field. In the middle is a large wooden platform, like a watchtower, nearly twenty feet tall. A wooden sliding board leads down from the top to a giant bulls-eye painted on the stone landing below.

Leah GIGGLES, tosses her hair. Heads up the watchtower ladder.

MALCOLM

C'mon, baby. No more clowning around!

Malcolm follows, hand over foot. Leah reaches the top. A large beer barrel rests on a slab. The barrel is open at both ends. She crawls inside.

MALCOLM

Okay, we both know Daddy likes
games. But you had me worried.
Where the hell you been, anyway?

More GIRLISH GIGGLES from the barrel. Going along with the game, Malcolm walks over to the keg and peers inside.

MALCOLM

Give me a wet one, sugar muff.

Malcolm closes his eyes, puckers up. Nothing. What? No kiss? He opens his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...coming face to face with the twisted grimace of Lester, his face smeared with lipstick and rouge!!! Leah's bloody scalp rests atop his head. He wears her leather duds.

MALCOLM

What the fuck...?

From inside the barrel, Lester grabs Malcolm's wrists and yanks him through. Rufus pops out a trapdoor from below, joining Lester as he wrestles with Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Who the fuck are you people?

Despite his kicks of protest, Lester and Rufus manage to gag Malcolm, tying his hands behind his back. They then position him so that his head and feet extend from either end of the keg. From his new perspective, Malcolm can now see that Mayor Buckman and the entire townsfolk have gathered in the field below. They wave flags, CHEERING. What a hoot!

MAYOR BUCKMAN

It ain't so bad, you big baby! We just gonna roll ya to the bottom, is all. Then you're free to go. If you can!

Lester hands Rufus a couple of hammers and a bucket of long nails. They begin hammering them into the barrel.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Oh, I almost forgot to tell ya! We like to tickle ya a little on the way down!

Malcolm's eyes bulge in rage. This simply is not happening.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Roll out the barrel!

Rufus gives the barrel a good kick and it rolls down the slide. Each revolution is pure agony for Malcolm as the nails tear into his body, ripping him apart. Upon reaching the edge, the barrel flips into the air, then crash lands on the bulls-eye below.

Mayor Buckman rushes over and kneels besides Malcolm, who lies impaled on the splintered wood. His chest heaves his final, strangling breaths. Buckman jerks off his gag.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Give us that death rattle, boy! You can do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence as Malcolm coughs, chokes, then spits a chunky mouthful of his own gore directly onto Buckman's confederate flag eye patch, quickly erasing his smile.

MALCOLM

Kiss... my... black... ass!

With that, Malcolm expires. The crowd CHEERS. Atop the tower, the Buckman Boys share a joyful embrace as Lester removes his "wig".

RUFUS

Damn, Lester. You sure is sexy.

Below, Buckman wipes his face with his handkerchief. Deeply perturbed.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Next time, the gag stays on.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / KITCHEN - DAY

The door cracks ajar. Cory and Joey peek through. Seeing the place is deserted, the two enter...

BONG!! A metal pail falls from above, heading towards Joey. Cory quickly pulls her aside, avoiding damage.

JOEY

Remind me to thank you later.

CORY

(forcing a smile)

At the beach house.

JOEY

Yeah. On the beach...

The two tiptoe over to an antique telephone on the wall. Cory stands guard while Joey dials.

JOEY

(whisper)

Hello.... Hello...?

OPERATOR

(voice-over)

This is the Operator. May I have the party you're trying to reach?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

(whisper)

Please connect me with the police!
This is an emergency!

OPERATOR

(voice-over)

Now if ya spend your time chattin'
on the phone, y'all gonna be late
for the barbecue!

Stunned, Joey slowly puts down the phone. Her expression says everything to Cory. He gets it.

CORY

Anderson usually hides his cell
under the mattress. Maybe they
didn't find it yet. I'll go. You
wait here. Keep a lookout.

INT. CAR BARN - DAY

The silo window opens. Anderson peeks through. Down below, Malcolm's motorcycle can be seen, parked in one of the stalls. The only way down, however, is a twenty foot drop. Contemplating his options, he leaps, landing on the haystack. It cushions his fall, but an inch to the right, and he would have been impaled on a rusty pitchfork...

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / MAIN HALL -DAY

Cory walks through the empty hall, then up the staircase, step by measured step, careful not to make a sound.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / KITCHEN - DAY

Joey stands alone. Nervous. Pacing. She begins to scan the cupboards. Pie pans, rolling pin, wooden bowls...

INT. CAR BARN - DAY

Anderson creeps through the barn, footsteps crunching the bone-dry hay. Cautious, he pauses. The crunching continues. Could someone be watching? Nah... He forges forward, passing a stockpile covered by a soiled tarp. Curious, he lifts the edge. Gasps at the familiar objects heaped before him: His school books. The beer cooler. The boogie board. And Nelson's guitar. Broken. Bloodied. Cursing, he heads to the stall housing Malcolm's bike.

INT. GRANNY BOONE'S HOTEL / KITCHEN - DAY

Joey continues to take inventory, spotting a row of mason jars on the pantry shelf. She gasps! Pickled eyeballs... Pickled fingers... Pickled tongues... All human! And all with a year scrawled on the label- Festival 1875... Festival 1964...

Joey is about to scream when a hand thrusts out of the darkness and covers her mouth! The unseen ATTACKER lifts her and skirts out the back door.

INT. CAR BARN - DAY

Anderson hops on Malcolm's motorcycle, handkerchief wrapped round his bloodied hand. Ready to roll. Except... No keys! Then, a voice from the shadows...

HUCKLEBILLY

Ding dang doodle. I do believe you were tryin' to steal that colored boy's bike!

Hucklebilly stands guard at the door, dangling Malcolm's keys like a carrot. Anderson approaches the boy. Slowly.

ANDERSON

I wasn't stealing, buddy. Just borrowing. But what are you doing with the keys to that bad boy?

HUCKLEBILLY

Well, truth be told, I reckoned to take a little ride myself. But Granny done say I can't on account I gotta guard the barn all day... Dumb old ugly bitch.

ANDERSON

I hear you, bro.

Hucklebilly slumps down on a bail of hay, twirling the keys. Anderson sits beside him. Notes his leather wristband.

ANDERSON

Whoa, that's a cool ass wristband you got there.

HUCKLEBILLY

Yeah. Reverend Jonas done give me that for not tellin'.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door open. Cory enters. Gently closes the door behind him. He turns to see a FIGURE emerging from the shadows.

CORY
Is that you, Kat??

PEACHES
Nope, just little old Peaches.

An ethereal vision, Peaches appears to glide across the floor as she slowly unties her tank top. Scared shitless, Cory is genuinely torn between caution and erection.

CORY
Ummmm, Joey's downstairs. She's
kinda waitin' for me...

Peaches locks the door, all buckteeth and smiles.

PEACHES
You Northern boys may be used to
uptight ladies like her...

She eases Cory onto the bed then gets down on her knees.

PEACHES
...but one country fuck will make
all them city girlies seem like
nuthin' but a hole in your mattress.

Cory is hesitant. Peaches begins covering her mouth.

CORY
You taking out your retainer, baby?

PEACHES
Nope. Putting something in my momma
made for naughty boys just like you.

Cory gets all excited. Peaches looks up and smiles----
She now wears a metal mouth piece with razor sharp edges!!!

PEACHES
Momma calls this my Penis Fly Trap!

Before Cory can protest, Peaches puts her head between his legs and chomps... down... HARD! He opens his mouth to scream, but nothing comes out, as a geyser of blood showers him red with repeated spurts. Holding tight to his crotch, Cory slides to the floor while Peaches licks her lips clean.

INT. CAR BARN - DAY

Anderson sits beside Hucklebilly, WHISTLING along with the boy as he SINGS an old rockabilly tune. Pure torture, for Hucklebilly continues to dangle the keys. The keys to freedom. Finally, Anderson hops to his feet, snaps his fingers.

ANDERSON

I know what! How about you and I go for a ride? We'll find my buddies. Play "Kill the Kitty".

HUCKLEBILLY

You mean it?

ANDERSON

Sure. Just toss me the keys and you and I'll hit the road.

HUCKLEBILLY

Shoot, if I go for a ride with ya, how in heck I gonna guard the barn?

ANDERSON

I won't tell Granny if you won't. Whaddya' say?

He extends his hand. Hucklebilly smiles, forks over the keys.

HUCKLEBILLY

I say sheep doggie!

Anderson jumps to the barn doors and opens them wide. Hester and Glendora stand there with guns, blocking the way!!

HESTER

Ring the dinner bell.

GLENDORA

It's killing time.

He turns. Hucklebilly stands there grinning like the Devil, aiming his slingshot...

HUCKLEBILLY

You really don't think I'm that much of a moron, do ya?

KAPOW! Anderson takes a rock in the head. He falls to the dirt, spilling blood, losing consciousness as everything

FADES TO BLACK

EXT. BARBECUE PIT/PICNIC AREA - NIGHT

The world comes into view as Anderson slowly regains consciousness. It is night now, a full moon, and to his horror, Anderson discovers he is strapped down to a large picnic table, gagged.

Flaming torches light the area, casting hellish shadows. The whole town is there: Granny... Harper... Rufus... Lester (and Jezebel)... Hester... Glendora... Peaches... The Milk Maiden... Hucklebilly...

They sit around the table in wild anticipation, knives and forks in hands. Mayor Buckman proudly presides at the head, watching over a gagged Joey who is bound to her chair.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Just in time for the grand finale!
It all comes down to this, year
after year. Don't it, Granny?!

GRANNY BOONE

That it does. Too bad their friends
couldn't make it.

HARPER

Well, that's a matter of opinion.

Buckman's smile dims as he stares into Anderson's eyes.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

You Northern folk always thinkin'
you can waltz right in and bring us
low. But there ain't no escapin'
what y'all got comin' to you!

Anderson holds Buckman's gaze, refusing to look away. The moment passes.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

So who's gonna say grace? Hucklebilly?

Hucklebilly rises from his seat, eyes closed, hands folded, all pious and reverent. And then...

HUCKLEBILLY

To our guests from the North
spread at our feet, thanks for
being such tasty meat!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crowd APPLAUDS! Bowls are passed, glasses filled. The Strolling Minstrels break into a rousing rendition of "The South is Gonna Rise Again". It's just like the 4th of July. Sort of...

Buckman moves over to the buffet table. Hester and Glendora walk up, each holding a silver platter. The Milk Maiden and Peaches approach with another. Buckman smiles, pleased.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Bet our guests will be mighty
impressed when they see what
Granny Boone cooked up!

Like a master chef showing off, he removes a lid to reveal the lovingly prepared, barbecued heads of Cory and Nelson. Their pried open mouths each hold a baked cinnamon apple.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Bet you can't eat just one!

Buckman unveils the other platter containing Ricky and Kat. A pineapple ring dangles from the skewer still protruding from Ricky's gaping mouth. Joey and Anderson fight back vomit as the girls place the dishes on the picnic table.

Rufus and Lester bring over two more platters.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Y'all like dark meat?!

Buckman lifts another cover. It's Malcolm, chopped up amid chitlins and blacked eye peas.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Now, it might come as a surprise,
but me, I've always been partial
to Chinese.

Yep. The fourth plate contains what's left of Leah's head, plus a couple of smashed body parts for garnishing. Buckman grabs some Asian fried fingertips, pops 'em in his mouth.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Only problem is, an hour later,
I'm still hungry!

Everyone CHEERS and begins dancing around the table, clapping their hands, stomping their feet. Harper and Hucklebilly ride Malcolm's motorcycle, circling the table. The hellish flames from the barbecue pit seem to move to the music as the Minstrels play faster and faster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joey shuts her eyes against the madness, nearly hysterical from this insane, surrealistic nightmare.

Finally, Harper hops off the bike and leaps onto the picnic table, brandishing one of his spiked gapping shoes. Anderson braces as he edges closer.

HARPER

We was gonna' go easy on you, boy.
Being as you was a fellow reb.
Once, at least.

The razor sharp points are inches away from Anderson's straining neck...

HARPER

But then little missy over here
done went and turned you.

Buckman leans in. Wipes Anderson's brow with his silk.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Being a Southern gentleman, I just
might give you a second chance. All
you gotta do is... gut the bitch.

Buckman points to Joey. Her eyes widen in fear as Granny holds out her rusty meat cleaver.

GRANNY BOONE

Why, it's just like gutting a
possum, honey.

Anderson studies Joey, the cleaver, the spikes at his neck. Contemplating his options, he closes his eyes and nods affirmatively! Buckman grins and cuts his bindings.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Welcome back, son, to the glory and
honor!

Anderson rises, takes the cleaver and walks over to Joey. Tears flowing, she braces as he slowly lifts the blade above her trembling head.

ANDERSON

Glory and honor...

Anderson swings the blade down...

WHOMP!

...cutting the ropes that bind Joey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

You fucking maniacs wouldn't know
glory and honor if it bit you flat
on your Southern ass!

Anderson wings the blade at Buckman, but Rufus knocks him
down, taking the cleaver straight in the chest.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Stop that Yankee traitor!

Hester and Glendora rush Anderson from behind, receiving a
mouth full of elbow as he coldcocks them both! The two topple,
knocking over a cast iron pot loaded with cooking oil.

WHOOSH! The fire pit ignites. A wall of flame spreads,
separating Anderson and Joey from the townsfolk.

ANDERSON

(removing her gag)

You okay?

JOEY

I'll kill those fucking bumpkins if
they even try and touch me again!

ANDERSON

I guess that means yes.

Anderson looks around. Points. Just yards away, Malcolm's
motorcycle lies on its side. Escape!

They head over. Peaches leaps over the flames, taking Joey
down, all set to vampire her ass with her metal mouth gear.

Anderson moves in to assist, but Harper jumps in his way.
His wields a spiked horseshoe, swinging at Anderson with
wild sweeps, slashing, cutting...

On the other side of the flames, Lester helps Buckman to
his feet as Rufus extracts the cleaver like it was nothing.

RUFUS

Please don't beat me, Daddy!

Buckman grimaces, brushes his sons aside, then stands atop
a table to observe the scrapple. The crowd follows suit,
more interested in watching the ladies bout than ducking
the encroaching flames.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

That city girl's got more ballsack
then you two flapjacks combined!

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CONTINUED:

Joey has become a wild animal, beating mercilessly on Peaches. Hucklebilly watches from the crowd, intrigued. Is that a tit he sees? Wanting to feel useful, he aims his slingshot at Joey and opens fire... BAM!... hitting Granny Boone square in the chest! She hits the dirt. The crowd CHEERS, morons that they are.

Meanwhile...

Harper swings at Anderson. Slices his chest, his stomach... Anderson ducks, rolls to the ground, kicks Harper in the knee. Harper drops the spiked horseshoe, which Anderson retrieves.

Back to the catfight...

Joey is about to deliver the final blow to Peaches when the Milk Maiden jumps in with her infamous jug. She hurls it. Joey flips out of the way. The container whacks Peaches in the cranium, cracking open and bathing her with acid!

Back to the cockfight...

Harper charges Anderson, who lies on the ground. Anderson swings forth with the spiked shoe, impaling Harper in the jugular. Blood spurts forth from the wound.

WHOOOSH! Buckman empties a bucket of water onto the flames, quenching the fire. All eyes turn.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Y'all stand back. They're mine now.

He moves forward, removing a long, gleaming sword. Hushed reverence grips the crowd as their Mayor licks his lips.

MAYOR BUCKMAN

Shock and awe, folks. Shock and awe...

Buckman lunges at Joey and Anderson, swinging his blade wide and madly. Joey rolls to the ground, banging her head. She lies there, stunned, as Anderson hops on the table. Buckman slashes, cutting the table's front legs in half.

The table and Anderson come crashing down, as do the silver platters and severed heads, which spill all over him.

Defiant, Buckman lifts his sword and readies for the killing blow. But as he brings the blade down, Anderson grabs the nearest food scrap to block.

THUNK!!! The blade connects... cutting into the back of Cory's severed head! Face to "face" with his old friend, Anderson freaks, tossing "it", and the blade, aside.

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CONTINUED:

Filled with renewed vigor, Anderson jumps up and violently hammers Buckman again and again, with a cut to the left and a cut to the right.

POW!! POW!!

Shaking it off, Joey moves to Anderson's side and joins in the drubbing.

BAM!! BAM!!

The two pummel Buckman, relentless in their rage. Joey kicks him to his knees. Anderson wallops him in the face...

...knocking off Buckman's confederate flag eye patch, unmasking a web of flesh which bisects a gaping cavity! Buckman roars, possessed, pathetically searching the ground for his fallen eye covering.

Anderson grabs Joey.

ANDERSON

You with me?

JOEY

All the way.

The two rush to the motorcycle, hop on. Anderson guns the engine and they take off, circling the field, looking for an out. But everywhere they turn, they are surrounded by maniacs. Leering. Venomous. Fucking frightening as hell.

Buckman rushes forward, eye patch in hand. Anderson heads straight towards him, gunning the engine.

Buckman steadies himself, smirks at Anderson, savoring their twisted game of "chicken"... that is, until he himself chickens out, ultimately stepping aside.

Like Steve McQueen, Anderson hits the fallen picnic table. It serves as a ramp as the bike vaults its way up and over the townsfolk, away from Pleasant Valley and everyone in it.

Buckman rushes forward, impotent as Anderson and Joey make their getaway. Flanked by his bloody, wounded flock (Harper, Granny, Rufus, Lester... hell, all the maniacs), Buckman grinds his teeth, huffing, puffing. A man insane.

The camera slowly MOVES IN on his vacant eye socket as a WALL OF FIRE covers the frame and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

SHERIFF FREIDMAN lounges at his desk, reading "Famous Monsters" magazine. At his feet, his loyal hound dog, ELVIS, gnaws on a bone. Another busy night at the office...

BAM! The door bolts open. Anderson and Joey rush in, bloodied and crazed. Sheriff Freidman goes for his gun.

ANDERSON

No, no, no! Don't shoot!

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

What the Hell is your problem, boy, chargin' in at this hour?

ANDERSON

You gotta help us!

JOEY

They killed our friends! They murdered them. And then they... They ate them! They fucking barbecued our friends!

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

What in God's name you talkin' about?

ANDERSON

I know it sounds crazy, but it's true! What she says is true! The folks in Pleasant Valley. They're insane! Murderers!

Behind Anderson, in the jail cell, CONNIE MASON, a beautiful, inexplicably well-groomed inmate, grips the bars of the cell. She has a glazed look in her eyes.

CONNIE

I told you, Sheriff! Those people are... maniacs!

Freidman glares at Miss Mason. She hushes.

JOEY

They put this sign on the road, fooled us into coming to their town... Told us we were gonna be guests for some special Festival...

CONNIE

We were just on a trip... Just travelling south...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

And then they started killing us
one by one...

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

Pleasant Valley, you say?

JOEY

You know Pleasant Valley, right?

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

Yeah... I know it, all right.

The Sheriff takes a deep breath. Ponders his intruders.
Ponders Miss Mason. Decided, he puts his gun away.

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

I think you, me and Elvis need to
take a little ride.

Anderson and Joey sigh relief. Connie stares forlorn.

CONNIE

Feels like I've been here for
forty years...

INT/EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - NIGHT

Anderson and Joey ride ahead of the Sheriff, who follows
diligently in his squad car, hound dog by his side.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD (FURTHER UP) - NIGHT

The infamous hand painted "Detour" sign lies flat at an
angle atop a pile of sawed-off branches. Seeing this, the
motorcycle turns off the highway and onto the dirt road.
The squad car trails behind.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The motorcycle drives along the dirt road, passing beneath
the "Pleasant Valley. Population 2001" welcome sign before
coming to a halt. Anderson and Joey dismount as the squad
car pulls up behind. The Sheriff gets out, flips on the
spotlight and aims it at the clearing...

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Anderson and Joey now see that they are standing dead center in the middle of a timeworn burial ground!!!!

Rows of graves sprawl before them, graves carved with names frighteningly familiar: Virginia Boone.. Harper Alexander.. Hester and Glendora.. Rufus, Lester (and Jez, of course)...

Anderson and Joey circle round in shock, trying to make sense of it all. Sheriff Freidman stares them down.

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

I ought to lock you both up for wastin' my precious time! This is your Pleasant Valley! Ain't nothing but a graveyard been here the last hundred fifty years. If I had a dollar for every drunken college kid come hollerin' about flesh eatin' ghouls, me and Elvis coulda retired in comfort years ago.

Anderson and Joey back away from Freidman. This can't be happening.

JOEY

No! There was a town here! People... We saw them!

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

Missy, I'm just gonna assume you've been smokin' that reefer and let it go at that!

JOEY

No way, man! You're full of shit!

Sheriff Freidman takes out his handcuffs. Anderson steps forward in defense.

ANDERSON

All right! Stop! We're sorry! It was... a joke. A prank...

The Sheriff puts away the cuffs. Smirks.

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

I'm sure the poor souls of these fine people who died at the hands of you Northern heathens ain't so partial to your joke!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Freidman points a marble statue. None other than the chiseled likeness of Mayor George W. Buckman himself. Buckman looms tall and proud, standing guard over a tarnished plaque, circa 1862, imbedded in the earth below.

JOEY

What?

Like a teacher proving his history lesson, Freidman shines his flashlight on the plaque's inscription.

SHERIFF FREIDMAN

It's called respect, son.

Stunned, Anderson and Joey walk over to the plaque. Slowly, he begins to read aloud.

ANDERSON

"To the 2001 innocent confederate citizens of Pleasant Valley laid to waste on this very spot by renegade Yanks during The War Between the States, this plaque is hereby devoted as a pledge of blood justice. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, never will they rest in peace till one for one they are avenged..."

JOEY

It's dated March 22nd. That's... today.

The sound of SCREECHING TIRES jolts them to attention. They turn to see the Sheriff's car pulling away, the DAWNING SUN now beginning to peek through the trees.

Alone, Anderson and Joey survey the desolate landscape.

2001 graves.....

JOEY

Could we really have just imagined it all? Could it possibly be some kind of joke?

Anderson points to the gash in his forehead.

ANDERSON

This is real. And it's no joke. That inbred Sheriff is probably one of them. We gotta do something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

Maybe if we ride further north...
What if we went to the FBI?

ANDERSON

Forget the FBI. I say we get the
fucking Marines and invade the
South all over again.

The WIND blows through the cemetery, rustling the leaves of
an old oak tree. The effect is that of a ghostly whisper...
Or is it laughter?

Joey wraps her arms around Anderson.

JOEY

You're on.

She seals the pact with a kiss, continuing to hold on to
Anderson for a moment of comfort. But the moment's soon
over when Anderson pulls away and, with forceful venom,
spits directly onto Buckman's marbled face.

The final desecration...

ANDERSON

Fuck you, Pleasant Valley.

With that, Anderson takes Joey's hand and heads out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OUT OF PLEASANT VALLEY - DAWN

The motorcycle drives past the roadside sign ("Pleasant
Valley. Population 2001") coursing away from the town.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAWN

Spittle drips down the stone face of Mayor Buckman, which
now appears to be smiling a malevolent grin...

EXT. DIRT ROAD OUT OF PLEASANT VALLEY - DAWN

Further up ahead...

A FIGURE can be seen standing in the center of the road.
Anderson slows the bike down and cautiously inches forward.

Once closer, he and Joey can see that the figure is
Hucklebilly, waving his arms and hootin' and hollerin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEY

Oh no, not again...

ANDERSON

Fuck that little shit. We'll drive
around him.

Anderson floors the engine and speeds right past
Hucklebilly, knocking him flat on his ass.

The boy behind them, he and Joey turn around to take one
last glimpse at Pleasant Valley. They can't help but laugh
with relief.

Now turning to face the course ahead, they detect a line of
rusty BARBED WIRE extended across the dirt road between two
telephone poles.

It's too late to stop... Or scream.

The motorcycle glides under the sharpened cord, which cuts
through the necks of both Anderson and Joey. Their
decapitated heads fly from their bodies, which continue to
ride the two-wheeler before it comes to a crashing halt and
EXPLODES.

The liberated heads emerge from the FLAMES, bouncing along
the path like bloody basketballs.

With great finesse, Hucklebilly runs and scoops them up. A
Cheshire grin crosses his face from ear to ear.

HUCKLEBILLY

Damn Yankees!

A severed head in each hand, the boy walks off into the
southern sunrise, whistling Dixie...

FADE OUT