

DON'T TURN AROUND

Written by

Lawrence Whitener

*There IS something behind you.*

WGA-East Reg #I305315  
303 Fieldstone Lane  
Blacksburg, VA 24060  
(cell) 571-337-8866  
(email) L\_WH@aol.com  
U.S. Copyright in 2024  
by Lawrence Whitener

FADE IN:

**CAPTION:** *What lies behind you pales in comparison...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *to what lies inside you. Ralph Waldo Emerson*

**INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Popular local eatery so place is packed full of FAMILIES who sit at tables eating and *talking* quietly. Rain falls outside.

Sound of *loud* motorcycles without mufflers parking out front.

Door opens and SEVEN BIKERS, 30s to 40s, enter in soaked black leather biker-outfits that radiate body-steam plumes.

KING, their leader, is tall with a Van Dyke beard.

POPEYE, second-in-command, has huge biceps with a Fu-Manchu mustache and one lazy-eye.

GHOST, a tall bald albino with neck and head fully tattooed.

COUNTRY, redneck thin with a crew-cut, a sometime stutterer.

BATZ, German, black hair and full beard, dressed in black.

T-REX, short with very short arms and a Mohican hairstyle.

BLOOD, a redhead with a blood-red heart-tattoo on one cheek.

The Seven Bikers pull back the loading bolts on their wet AK-47s, *thock*. King holds his gun up proudly.

KING

Know why the Kalashnikov is the most popular rifle in the world?

(no response, explains)

Because it is simple, rugged, and reliable. You can literally drag it through mud --and it always works.

At a back booth FOUR MEN, Italian, 30-40's, in black suits, jump up pulling revolvers out of their shoulder holsters.

TIME LAPSE:

All Seven Bikers spray the room killing everyone most horrible as their spent rounds bounce in slow-motion off the flooring. It's a Sam Peckinpah scene all, day, long.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

The Seven Bikers sling their rifles to now pull pistols. Batz hops the counter running into the kitchen while Popeye runs to the Four Men's corpses to search them for valuables.

King stands Overwatch as his other Four Bikers verify all the Families are dead taking any monies and jewelry off them.

Anyone *moaning*, is shot in the head, up close and personal.

Popeye grabs an attache case by the Four Men's bodies and opens it, looks inside, then closes to hold it up.

POPEYE

Ahoy!

Two *shots* ring-out in the Kitchen, then Batz hops back over same counter.

BATZ

Klar!

King hand-motions. He and his Six Bikers exit backwards. He bows to the cafe sweeping a hand most theatrical as exiting.

KING

Party-time, gelignite style.

King exits and their seven motorcycles *roar* to life outside.

Seven sticks of dynamite wired together with a lit fuse *breaks* through the restaurant's picture window.

**EXT. FAMILY THEME RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Seven Bikers *roar* away. Entire self-standing restaurant *explodes* into smithereens. All the car alarms in its parking lot come on when hit by falling debris.

Part of the restaurant's reflective sign crashes into a car's roof. The sign reads, "Ya'all Come Back Now, Hear."

**EXT. A REMOTE MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - IMMEDIATELY**

Stand-alone motel in the middle of nowhere. An older minivan signals to cross into the hotel's full parking lot. It begins to turn as a speeding car from opposite direction cuts it off *blowing* its horn. Minivan jerks to a halt.

FRANK FUNN, Caucasian, late-30s, beard-stubble, fit-for-age, in jeans and a flannel shirt, exits minivan's front passenger door to run away into the night.

Minivan parks at the motel's Office. Its driver exits.

BEYONCE FUNN, 37, African-American, attractive, wearing jeans and t-shirt, enters Office. She exits with two keys, then parks further down in an empty spot in front of two rooms.

Both minivan's rear doors slide open simultaneous.

AADHYA FUNN, East Indian, 17, tall, wearing glasses, in jeans and a too-tight sweater, along with her brother RYDER FUNN, Asian, 13, pudgy in sweatpants, hoodie, and glasses, both exit their sides and run into a room and *slam* its door.

Beyonce exits minivan and enters the room next to theirs.

Minivan's lights and horn *beep* locking it. It begins *raining*.

**EXT. MOTEL'S VACANCY SIGN - IMMEDIATELY**

Motel's neon sign's first two letters V, A, and last two C, Y, go out as "No" lights up. Sign now flashes, NO --CAN--.

**INT. BEYONCE'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce sits on the edge of the bed *crying*. *Knock* on door. She rushes to the sink and *splashes* water on her face, then opens the door drying her face on a towel. No one is there.

She leaves the door open and steps back. Frank side-steps wet into the doorframe with head down. He's been crying, too.

Beyonce hands Frank her towel. He dries off closing the door. Both sit on end of bed and stare ahead. Frank turns *on* the TV with remote. Beyonce takes remote from him and turns it *off*. Both stare ahead, then she slides her hand overtop of his.

BEYONCE

Sorry.

FRANK

Me, too. Caught me, off-guard.

BEYONCE

Take your medication?

Frank dry-pops a pill as he goes to the sink and *drinks* from a cupped hand. He dries his hand on her same towel, then folds it crisp and precise to hang back on its bar. He faces the wall to trace a finger around its wallpaper pattern.

FRANK

I don't like being like this you know.

BEYONCE

I know. Anything I can do to help?

FRANK

Hanging around helps.

Beyonce goes to hug Frank from behind.

BEYONCE

It's okay.

FRANK

No, no I'm not.

Frank closes his eyes.

**INT. FUNN MOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Frank opens his eyes. He's now lying beside Beyonce in the bed. Both are under the covers. She is already awake.

FRANK

Sorry. Caught me, off-guard.

BEYONCE

Doctors say stress can cause it.

FRANK

"It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out, it's the grain of sand in your shoe."

BEYONCE

Robert Service. I could go slower?

Frank throws his covers back and sits up on edge of the bed. He is still wearing last night's clothes.

FRANK

Any slower --  
(stands tired)  
and I'd be dead.

BEYONCE

Don't say that, you're a good man.

FRANK

"Good is not good enough, when better is expected."

BEYONCE

Stop it, that's not you talking!

FRANK

Nope. It's the Maple Leafs G.M.

BEYONCE

Hockey? Is that where we're going?

FRANK

I'm just trying to reconnect, with the kids.

Frank goes into the bathroom. Sound of *peeing* echoes.

Beyonce stands up wearing a sexy bra and matching panties.

BEYONCE

*What about me?*

Knock on door. Beyonce slips on earlier clothes and answers.

Aadhya, glasses, dressed same, enters holding the door open.

Frank *belches* like a Bull Moose. It *echoes* in the bathroom.

AADHYA

Gross.

Sound of toilet *flushing* then Frank enters and sees Aadhya.

FRANK

Mornin', Princess.

Frank goes to hug her, but she pushes him away.

AADHYA

Don't call me that!

FRANK

Well, I'm sure not calling my adopted daughter her Hindi *First Power* --so pick a call-sign.

Ryder enters pushing past Aadhya. She pushes back.

RYDER

Try "Dork." When's breakfast?

BEYONCE

Soon as I shower. Frank, would you like toooooo --?

FRANK

What?

Beyonce head-motions to bathroom.

BEYONCE

*Join, me?*

AADHYA

Grosser.

Aadhya is disgusted and exits. She reaches back in the doorframe to pull Ryder out who closes the door behind him.

FRANK

Oh, uh, you go ahead, I'll ...

BEYONCE

Sweetie, you really need to --

Frank gets a hurt-look. Beyonce goes into bathroom and turns on the shower. Frank makes a fist. It shakes. He *punches* a wall denting its drywall. Beyonce *yells* from the shower.

BEYONCE (O.S.)

What broke?!

FRANK

*Me.***EXT. FUNN MINIVAN - THAT SUNSET**

Beyonce drives minivan on a desolate two-lane road in a heavy forest. Their personalized rear license-plate reads "FUNN 4."

**INT. MINIVAN ON HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Frank is asleep as front passenger. Unshaven, in same clothes, has his usual recurring nightmare. He jolts awake.

FRANK

*No!*

BEYONCE

"No" what?  
(no response)  
Sleep well?

FRANK

Just because your body's sitting still, doesn't mean your mind is.

Frank looks in the back seat. Aadhya and Ryder are asleep.

FRANK

How long?

BEYONCE

Couple of hours.

Their car dips hard. Passenger-side front-tire *blows* out.

**EXT. AERIAL OF MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS**

Minivan veers back and forth in S-turns, recovers, and pulls over. Sheet lightening *explodes* across the sky.

**INT. FUNN MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce has a death grip on the wheel. Kids are upright and wide-eyed awake now with frozen expressions. Frank's eyes are closed tight. All *exhale* simultaneous, except Frank.

BEYONCE

Everyone okay?

AADHYA

What the fuck happened?

FRANK

(eyes "pop" open)  
Language, little lady.

BEYONCE

Think we had a flat.

RYDER

Hell of a way to wake-up.

FRANK

Welcome to my world.

Beyonce turns engine *off*.

BEYONCE

You okay, sweetie?

FRANK

Workin' on it.

Frank exits, but slides on leaves to fall on his butt.

RYDER

Nice trip, dad. See ya' next Fall!



Beyonce snaps her head to Ryder glaring. He tries to look innocent, *What?* Beyonce smiles lovingly at Frank.

BEYONCE

Good thing I had you check the spare tire.

Frank's eyes go wide-open.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. FUNN GARAGE - PREVIOUS MORNING**

Minivan backs out as their garage door closes. Sunlight falls on their spare tire leaning inside against a wall.

RETURN TO.

**INT. MINIVAN ON SIDE OF ROAD - PRESENT NIGHT**

Beyonce waits for Frank's answer. None coming.

BEYONCE

Want help unpacking it?

No answer. Beyonce thinks, then one eyebrow goes up.

BEYONCE

Forget to pack it again?

**EXT. MINIVAN ON SIDE OF ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank stands up and shines a powerful mini-flashlight on their right front flat. Its sidewall has a chunk missing.

Ryder exits the car on Frank's side pointing to flat.

RYDER

A pothole --did that?

Frank shines his light at the road behind them. Something *reflects*. He goes to it. Ryder follows. They come to a wide but shallow pothole. Frank shines his light in it.

RYDER

Don't look that deep?

FRANK

Sure "don't."

Frank shines his flashlight along the shoulder. Something *reflects*. He goes to it and picks up a rusted coyote-trap with their missing tire-rubber in its sprung-teeth.

RYDER

Is that a ...?

FRANK

Yep. A crude I.E.D.

RYDER

How'd it get out here?

FRANK

More importantly --why?  
(turns to Ryder)  
Check your cell, please.

Ryder tries his phone. No reception.

RYDER

Off-line.

FRANK

Someone will come along.

RYDER

Uh dad, wherever place we're going  
has Wi-Fi, right?  
(no response)  
Landline?  
(no response)  
Telegraph?

FRANK

We need to reach out, to each  
other.

Ryder runs back to minivan announcing.

RYDER

We're disconnected!

FRANK

*Can say that again.*

A car's headlights approach.

**INT. ONCOMING CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

Elderly couple in their 70s are traveling. HUSBAND drives.

**HEADLIGHT INSERT:** Frank, looking homeless, steps into their lights waving both hands, one still holds the coyote trap.

WIFE *shrieks*. Husband floors it.

**EXT. FUNN MINIVAN ON SIDE OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Oncoming car *zooms* past Frank who's puzzled. He sees the trap in his hand and spins to the now disappearing car.

FRANK

Sorry.

Funn minivan's horn *blows* and Frank jumps. Beyonce walks up.

BEYONCE

What'd you say to Ryder?

FRANK

He's mad because he thinks I'm mad.  
Why's Aadhya blowing the horn?

BEYONCE

She's mad, she can't text.  
(touches his trap)  
Where'd that come from?

FRANK

Exactly.  
(head-motions to pothole)  
We'll wait for another car. Their  
spare could fit.

BEYONCE

You're an optimist.

Frank walks back to minivan carrying trap. Beyonce follows.

FRANK

*Not for a very, very long time.*

Frank tosses his trap in trunk, then enters passenger door.

Beyonce gets in on driver's side.

**INT. MINIVAN ON HIGHWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Beyonce drives slow. All Four occupants are thrown from one side to the other as the flat tire *flops* the car unbalanced.

AADHYA

Think I'm gonna' be sick.

BEYONCE

Honey, can we just pull over and sleep in the car till morning?

FRANK

No safe place here.

ANDY

There!

Beyonce limps their car into an intersecting dirt and grass unused road, then turns *off* engine.

BEYONCE

Looks like we're sleeping here.

Frank pulls a pill-bottle out of shirt pocket, dumps a pill into a hand, sets bottle on knee, then slaps that forearm with opposite hand to pop it up into mouth and dry-swallows.

Beyonce puts her hand on top of his.

FRANK

These take the edge off, but --  
(dry-coughs)  
also make it hard to concen ...

Bright light ahead comes on illuminating their interior. He juggles to keep the pills from spilling as he re-caps bottle.

FRANK

Helluva' motion sensor.

Both *laugh*. Frank pecks the back of Beyonce's hand.

BEYONCE

Do that again --here.

Beyonce touches her cheek. Frank leans to peck it, but she turns her head so their lips meet. Frank draws back.

BEYONCE

Been a long time.

FRANK

Give it --time.

BEYONCE

(looks ahead at light)  
Do we, go?

AADHYA

I have to! Christ!

Frank snaps his head to Aadhya.

FRANK

Don't take the Lord's name in vain!

AADHYA

I wasn't?

Beyonce *starts* the car and proceeds on.

**INT. ENTRANCE TO FUNTIME AMUSEMENT PARK - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce drives slow. ALL are thrown side-to-side again. She stops before a large rusted iron double-gate that's open.

AADHYA

Now I'm really gonna' be sick.

Ryder points up through their windshield as Rod Serling.

RYDER

"There's a sign-post up ahead."

Aadhya looks up through windshield and her mouth falls open.

Dry Lightning *flashes* illuminating a metal arched sign above the gates. Its multi-colored letters reflect "F U N T I M E."

RYDER

(still as Rod Serling)

"We are moving into a land of both shadow and substance."

Aadhya hits Ryder on his shoulder, hard.

**EXT. AERIAL OF FUNTIME AMUSEMENT PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Minivan drives through a large open area circled by run-down side-show buildings and a rotting *Junior Coaster*. Van parks in front of a vintage *Addams Family* mansion with a huge lit sign of giant cursive neon letters screaming, "FUNHOUSE."

**INT. MINIVAN PARKED AT FUNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce turns engine *off*. Aadhya and Ryder scoot forward with arms hanging over the front seat. His Three look at Frank.

FRANK

Everyone wait here.

BEYONCE  
Careful, baby.

FRANK  
(exits muttering)  
*Baby steps, that's me.*

**EXT. FUNHOUSE FRONT DOORS - MOMENTS LATER**

Tall double-doors each have a huge Gothic knocker in their center. A sign above the doors has fallen crooked saying "Time For Fun." Frank tries one door knocker, but it's rusted solid. He knocks with the second. It *boom-echoes* inside.

Beyonce, Ryder, and Aadhya, walk up behind Frank.

RYDER  
Having fun yet?

Frank spins surprised. Aadhya hits Ryder in his shoulder.

FRANK  
Glad you all follow instructions.

BEYONCE  
Anyone home?

GOOBER (O.S.)  
I'm home.

The Four Funns spin to GOOBER, 20s, crew-cut, a giant in bib-overalls, who steps out of the shadows holding a huge curved machete. He speaks with a Redneck Canadian accent.

AADHYA  
Eeeeeeeee!

RYDER  
What --are you?

GOOBER  
Caretaka'.

BEYONCE  
What, do you take care of, with that?

Beyonce points at machete. Goober slices it through the air.

GOOBER  
Green goddess, mournin' band,  
locoweed.

RYDER

Weed?!

Frank steps in front of his family and front *snap-kicks* Goober's wrist sending the machete up flying. All watch it go high, then come down piercing through roof of their minivan.

RYDER

(gives thumbs-up)

Nice shot --Dad.

Goober looks like he just lost his best friend.

FRANK

Sorry fella'. You were waving that at my family. Training took over.

Goober goes to get his machete.

FRANK

Leave it! Uh, we had a flat. Can we borrow your phone?

GOOBER

You can have it.

Both stare at each other like poker players. Frank folds.

BEYONCE

We're the Funn family.

RYDER

With two nn's.

FRANK

And I need help.

Goober gives Frank the once over.

GOOBER

Can see that.

FRANK

We don't have a spare. Any chance you might?

GOOBER

Don't recall no Canuck Wheel. You're welcome to take a look-see.

AADHYA

May I please use the f'n restroom?

Frank gives Aadhya the evil-eye.

GOOBER

Why sure lil' lady. Open twenty-four, seven --rain and shineola.

The Four Funns look where Goober is pointing. It's to a dilapidated falling-down wooden out-house near the tree-line.

AADHYA

Fuck, shit, piss, God Damn!

Frank grabs his chest like he's having a heart-attack.

Aadhya *stomps* a foot and her floorboards creak as dust rises.

GOOBER

Wouldn't be doin' that, princess.

AADHYA

Don't call me that!

RYDER

What do "they" --call you?

GOOBER

Towneys call me, Goober.

Goober picks a huge booger, examines intently, then eats it.

GOOBER

Don't rightly know why.

AADHYA

(grabs her stomach)  
Gross, gross, g-r-o-s-s!

GOOBER

Right all three times. How'd you know my last name?

RYDER

(extends a hand)  
Hi Goober, I'm Ryder.

Goober wipes his nugget-finger on pants to shake with same hand. Ryder makes an icky-face looking at his hand, then wipes it on his pants and points to his family.

RYDER

That's my sis, she's angry 'cause she's got zits. My mom, she's cool. That's my dad. He's an Army Ranger.

FRANK

Ex.



The Four Funns pose for their next UNICEF Christmas Card.

GOOBER  
Sees the family resemblance now.

RYDER  
Got court documents to prove it.

GOOBER  
Always nice to have a Funn time.

FRANK  
Any idea how a coyote trap got set  
out in the main road?

GOOBER  
That what killed your tire?

BEYONCE  
Bad luck, I guess.

Lone COYOTE *wails* in the distance.

GOOBER  
Not fer the ki-yote.

AADHYA  
(rolls her eyes)  
What planet are we on?

GOOBER  
Funtime. My Unca' willed it to me.  
(drops head ashamed)  
But I couldn't keep her goin'.

The bright *Funhouse* sign goes out. All stand in darkness.

Ryder *cracks* a light-stick. Its green light illuminates All.

BEYONCE  
What happened?

GOOBER  
Batt'ry finally died.

Goober give the universal cut-throat hand-sign.

RYDER  
Where's dad?

ALL look. Frank is missing. A low *sobbing* is heard.

AADHYA  
Baba?

GOOBER  
Black Sheep?

BEYONCE  
Everyone wait here.

Beyonce disappears on the other side of their minivan. She and Frank, visibly shaken, stand and walk back to them.

Beyonce clears her throat, then *claps* her hands.

BEYONCE  
Okay, so here's the deal. We're happy to pay for letting us spend the night, then help us tomorrow.

BEYONCE  
Welcome to stay. No need to pay.

Goober produces a large *jingling* key-ring and unlocks one door while he "digs for gold" with his other hand's finger.

Aadhya dry-heaves, repeatedly.

GOOBER  
Heard a cat do that.

The huge doors swing open to haunted-mansion *creaking*.

GOOBER  
It died.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Huge empty room with a staircase up to a balcony. All Five enter. A frigid wind *blows* past everyone. Their breath fogs.

BEYONCE  
It's freezing in here!

GOOBER  
Fun-Fan works good, don't it.

Goober points up at a huge fan mounted high on the far wall.

The fan's large blades now turn slower and slower.

FRANK  
Comes on when the door opens?

GOOBER  
And twice on Sunday.

AADHYA

Where's its cold air from?

RYDER

U.L.V. sprayer creates fog droplets by using a high volume of air at low pressure. Blower is probably should be behind the fan blades.

All look at Ryder.

RYDER

What? I Browse.

AADHYA

Show off.

BEYONCE

Why don't you get better grades?

RYDER

Don't ask me the right questions.

FRANK

Change your answers.

GOOBER

I comes in here to git cool. But now if ya' don't need me no mo --.

Frank flips the wall-switch. Nothing, no lights.

FRANK

No electricity? How's that fan work, and the sign?

GOOBER

Power's been off fer years. Down in the root cellar, got, had, had a car battery to runs a genny.

RYDER

Generator.

GOOBER

That, too.

RYDER

Gas powered?

GOOBER

Gas propane.

RYDER

Gas is a liquid. Propane is a gas.

All stare at Ryder dumbfounded.

FRANK

Seriously son, we need to work on your study habits.

(to Goober)

Any chance I could run a line from the generator up here for lights?

GOOBER

If ya' gots the know how. Any how, storm's a-comin', so gots ta' git.

The Four Funns look up. It's a clear cloudless night sky.

AADHYA

Do you live in one of the shacks?

GOOBER

Hell, no! Couldn't pay me ta' sleep here. I forty-winks in the woods.

Goober exits into the night. Beyonce yells after him.

BEYONCE

Wait! Where's the phone, and what do we do if we need your help?!

GOOBER (O.S.)

Just, Scream!

Aadhya points to Goober. She rolls her eyes and *screams* low.

AADHYA

*Eeeeeee --.*

BEYONCE

Honey, he and this place give me the creeps. Can we please leave?

FRANK

Too much of a haunted-house thing going on anyway. We can all sleep in the car at the end of the road.

The Four Funns exit.

**INT. FUNNS MINIVAN OUTSIDE FUNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The Four Funns enter their car and buckle-up.

Frank tries to start it. Nothing. He tries again. Nothing.

AADHYA  
This ain't cool.

FRANK  
*I'll say.*

Frank unbuckles his seatbelt and exits van.

**EXT. MINIVAN OUTSIDE FUNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Frank opens hood and shines flashlight in. Beyonce walks up.

BEYONCE  
Can you fix us?

FRANK  
That was the general idea. But, now  
--?

Beyonce looks where Frank is shining his light. Their battery is missing. Ryder arrives and looks where Frank is pointing.

RYDER  
(quotes)  
"When you take things for granted,  
things you are granted, get taken."

AADHYA  
Vijayraj Kamat!

The Three Funns spin to Aadhya behind them who stands with hands-on-hips glaring. Frank *yells* to the heavens.

FRANK  
WHY ME!

AADHYA  
Welcome to my world.

RYDER  
Let's hike out.

FRANK  
Okay, just hold on. Everybody stay  
here. I'll go look for the a-hole.

Frank jogs past the buildings searching with his flashlight leaving his family illuminated from below by Ryder's iight-stick. The Three look like downtrodden Trick or Treaters.

BEYONCE  
Any more light-sticks?

Ryder goes to the car, but notices something, and points.

RYDER  
Uh, Mom --?

**EXT. MINIVAN OUTSIDE FUNHOUSE - LATER SAME NIGHT**

Frank jogs back to van. His Three now have light-sticks.

BEYONCE  
Goober took his machete.

Frank looks, then scans area for Tangos.

RYDER  
Can we push the car down to the  
main road? Dad, huh, can we?

FRANK  
Could. No point. Front gate's got a  
case-hardened lock and chain on it.

AADHYA  
We're trapped?!

RYDER  
(hums *Twilight Zone* notes)  
"Do-do, do-do, do-do, do-do."

Aadhya multi-slaps Ryder about his head and shoulders.

AADHYA  
Stop It!

FRANK  
(closes his eyes)  
*Yeah, somebody please --"stop it."*

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Frank opens his eyes. A rope is now tied around both inside door-knobs. Their four sleeping bags are laid out around a lit camping-lantern and a self-standing camp-stove that is *grilling* hot-dogs. Frank is still spaced-out, gets his bearings, then looks down to remember he is their cook.

FRANK  
Uh, how many?

No response. Frank turns to his family. They sit cross-legged on their sleeping bags with a disgusted look. He smiles fake.

FRANK

Least we're Boy-Scout prepared.

RYDER

Politically incorrect now Dad, need to lose the reference.

FRANK

(hurt)

But, *I was one?*

AADHYA

I never wanted to go camping in the first place!

RYDER

You're not. We're in the second place.

Aadhya sticks tongue out at Ryder. He grabs it. They have a funny *slap* fight. Beyonce ignores rooting around in a box.

BEYONCE

Honey, where did you pack the condiments and buns I bought?

Frank's eyes snap wide open again.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. FUNN GARAGE - PREVIOUS MORNING**

Box on top of the spare tire has their condiments and buns.

RETURN TO.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - PRESENT NIGHT**

Beyonce waits for an answer. None. Both eyebrows go up.

BEYONCE

On top of the spare?

(no response)

Good thing I brought bread.

Beyonce pulls a squashed loaf of white bread out of the box.

AADHYA

Life hates me.

BEYONCE

*Welcome to my world.*

Supernova lightening-flash shines through all windows like daylight. Four Funns are in awe, then a thunder-crash *shakes* the entire house. The lamp vibrates-over so Deb catches it. Frank holds the stove upright. Aadhya runs for the door.

AADHYA

Earthquake!

RYDER

Now we're talkin'.

BEYONCE

It's just thunder, baby.

AADHYA

I'll sleep in the car!

Aadhya yanks on its knob and the rope easily falls off as the doors swing open. Cold air *blows* through the room.

Double lightening flash illuminates the silhouette of KNIFEY, an older, larger, 8th Bad Biker, with long hair and a beard, wearing same wet-leather club-colors and a neck-knife.

KNIFEY

Make room fer daddy!

Aadhya *screams* and pushes on Knifey's chest forcing him to step back as she tries to close the door.

RYDER

It is --alive.

Knifey's steel-shanked biker boot blocks Aadhya's door closing as he pulls a 14" Bowie knife out of its belt-sheath quoting Rod Serling while grabbing his crotch with free hand.

KNIFEY

"You unlock this door with my key  
of imagination."

A new *louder* thunder-clap shakes the house as Knifey *laughs* evil trying to pull down his zipper.

AADHYA

Ewwwww --! Drop, Dead.

KNIFEY

You first.

Lightening flash. Knifey steps forward.



Aadhya *stomps* on a floorboard.

A trap-door opens below Knifey. He falls *screaming*.

KNIFEY

Fuck Youuuuuuuuu --!

AADHYA

(leans over trap's edge)

You Wiiiiiiiish --!

*Thud* below with bone-shattering crack as his knife rattles.

Aadhya jumps back and the trap door closes with a *bang*.

RYDER

Greatest camping trip ever!

Beyonce runs to close the doors and console Aadhya.

BEYONCE

Frank, check the basement. Run!

No response. Beyonce, Aadhya, Ryder, look. Frank is now gone.

RYDER

Dad?

*Moaning* heard. All Three go to a closet half-door under the stairs. Beyonce opens it. Frank squats inside hugging knees.

BEYONCE

It's okay.

FRANK

(*tearing*)

No, it's not okay, okay? 'Cause I'm not okay!

The Three step back. Frank duck-walks out.

FRANK

I'm tired of always being scared.

RYDER

This why you wouldn't let us visit you in the hospital?

BEYONCE

He had to kill bad, to be a good soldier. It left him --afraid.

FRANK

Of me, of what I can do!

RYDER

It's okay, Dad. I'm scared all the time at school. A Senior bullies me and takes my lunch money everyday.

BEYONCE

You never told me that, honey?

RYDER

Didn't wanna' worry you, Mom.

FRANK

Oh, great. My son's more of a man,  
(sniffles)  
than I am.

Ryder pulls out another light-stick and *cracks* it on.

AADHYA

How many of those do you have?

RYDER

I'll go check the basement.

FRANK

No! No, it's --my duty.  
(wipes eyes on sleeve)  
Block the front door.

Frank pulls out the mini-flashlight and exits down hallway.

BEYONCE

*With what?*

Doors *blow* open. Cold air fans across. Beyonce's breath fogs.

BEYONCE

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Aadhya opens her mouth, but Ryder clamps his hand over it.

Beyonce goes to close the doors.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Front doorknobs now re-tied as camp-stove leans against it.

Beyonce, Aadhya, and Ryder, sit on their sleeping-bags now by the stair's closet with the battery-lantern in the middle.

Frank enters carrying Knifey's neck-knife, boot-dagger, throwing knife, and wearing the big Bowie knife in its sheath on his own belt. He looks at their three sleeping-bags.

FRANK

Where's mine?

His Three Funns point to the stair's half-closet door.

BEYONCE

He out?

FRANK

Scout. His others should be here soon. You all need to get ready.

Frank hands the neck-knife to Aadhya, dagger to Beyonce, and throwing-knife to Ryder.

BEYONCE

What do we do, with these?

Ryder gets up on one knee and throws his knife. It *sticks* in the front door. All look at him.

RYDER

I have two at home.

AADHYA

Who are you?

BEYONCE

Seriously honey, what do we do?

FRANK

Whatever it takes.

Beyonce and Aadhya drop their knives, *Ewww*.

Frank pulls out a motorcycle key hanging off a stainless-steel skeleton fob and *jingles* it.

FRANK

If I could fit all five of us on this I would. But at least I can ride out in the morning for help.

Loudest *thunder-clap* yet.

FRANK

I'll hide it in a vendor booth. The rain will hide our tracks.

RYDER

What rain?

A violent heavy *downpour* begins.

FRANK

Take the lantern and go explore the house. We need to find a safe room.

Frank holds mini-flashlight between his teeth and moves the camp-stove. His light hovers on the stove's propane tank. He studies it, then opens the front door. Cold air *blows* through the room. Lightening silhouettes Frank pushing a motorcycle.

Ryder goes to door to retrieve his thrown knife. He rewraps the rope around the door-knobs again.

BEYONCE

"Safe room?" *In this unsafe place?*

Beyonce exits with lantern. Ryder and Aadhya follow her.

Brightest lightening flash, then room in complete darkness.

Same Coyote *howls* in the distance but cuts-off to a "Yipe!"

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - NOW MIDNIGHT**

*Raining* hard outside. Bright lightening flash reveals all camping equipment is now gone. No sign they were ever here.

Approaching thunder is really the *sound* of earlier Seven Bikers motorcycles pulling up onto the front porch.

Door opens. Wall-fan comes *on*. A halogen lamp-light enters, then the Seven Bikers as their leather radiates even more body-steam plumes in the frigid air. All Seven shake like dogs flinging water off themselves as their breath fogs.

GHOST

Colder than I 'members?

BLOOD

'Cause we're wet, numb-nuts.

BATZ

Between vibration, rain, and the kühl, ya, mine are for sure.

King holds up his halogen lantern to light the entire room.

KING

Olly Olly Oxen free! Come out, come out, whoever you be!

(no response)

Maybe abandoned, maybe not.

POPEYE

Maybe tomorrow, I'll find a tire  
and battery for that van.

GHOST

Where's Knifey, he unlocked the  
gate, right?

BLOOD

Who cares? I relocked it.

T-REX

I does, ya' bloody pie-hole.

COUNTRY

P-p-prob'ly in a ho-ho-hotel  
watchin' T-T-T ...

BATZ

Fernsehen! Ya country-bumpkin.

Country pulls on Bat's jacket while tripping him. Batz falls  
to floor, then pops-up with an open dual-blade Batman-knife.

COUNTRY

Just Cun-Cun-Country, bat-boy.

KING

We need a fire! Ghost, T-Rex, bring  
up that metal plate in the cellar.  
Country, bring up a bucket of coal.

Ghost, T-Rex, Country, take off with flashlights to basement.

KING

Batz, go find my trap, Blood, do a  
perimeter check. Popeye --

POPEYE

Yeah, King?

KING

Your king, needs a throne.

Popeye *claps* hands. Batz and Blood scatter with flashlights.

King stands impatient *tapping* a steel-shanked boot.

Popeye opens half-closet under stairs, retrieves a metal  
folding-chair, and opens it. A *Ranger* lapel pin falls on the  
floor. Popeye picks it up, then brings it and chair to King.

POPEYE

What's this, boss?

Ominous *thunder*. King examines the *Ranger-wings*.

KING

Death --from within.

Wind *blows* the front doors open so the wall-fan comes on.

Popeye runs to close the doors. His breath fogs.

POPEYE

Don't recall it ever bein' this  
freakin' cold?

Lightening flash, then large hail falls *clattering* on the tin roof. Popeye spins pulling his knife.

POPEYE

What's that?!

King pins the *Ranger-wings* on his biker jacket.

KING

Hail, the returning king.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - AFTER MIDNIGHT**

A four-foot square metal-plate is now in the center of the room with a coal fire *crackling* on it. All Bikers leather jackets, pants, and boots, are drying around the fire. Bikers are sitting in dirty tidy whities and t-shirts on metal chairs warming themselves, eating snacks, and smoking pot.

KING

Couldn't find my trap, huh? I know  
I set it somewhere before we left.

COUNTRY

K-k-coulda' k-k-caught d-d-dinner.

BLOOD

Woulda', coulda, probably did, but  
then "dinner" crawled off with it.

POPEYE

Surprisin' how fear, can make a  
thing so much stronger.  
(*laughs* like cartoon)  
Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag, etc.

COUNTRY

I'm real hun-hun-hungry, B-B-Boss.  
K-k-keeps thinkin' of h-h-hot ...

GHOST

"Hot dogs?" Yeah, me too.

T-REX

Wasn't gonna' say nuthin', but been  
smellin' them since we got here.

Popeye looks at King who nods.

KING

Snoop-n-poop, boys. Go find our  
dinner, and our dinner companions.  
Keep an eye peeled for Knifey.

T-REX

But his ride ain't here?

KING

Yeah it is --somewhere.

The Six Bikers pull mini-flashlights and pistols as Three run  
up the stairs while the Other Three fan-out down the hall.

King pulls a Marine Ka-Bar knife from its chest-sheath and  
sharpens it on the sheath's wet-stone.

KING

*Bag a' dicks.*

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Four Funns squat with all their gear in a corner whispering.

AADHYA

*What'd it say?*

RYDER

*French for "Have a nice trip."*

Door *splinters-open* being front-kicked in by T-Rex's boot.

Door swings in with a plaque on it reading "Bon Voyage Room."

The Three Funns stand brandishing their knives shaking. Frank  
squats cowering.

T-REX

The Brady --Buncha' losers.

BEYONCE

(holds out a hand)  
Hi, we're the Funns!

RYDER

With two nn's.

T-Rex growls like his namesake.

T-REX

"N's" as in nutsos.

Frank pulls out his Bowie knife but his limp hand shakes like bowl full of jelly.

FRANK

*Please don't hurt them.*

T-Rex *stomps* one boot forward toward Frank threatening.

Frank throws himself back into the corner dropping the knife.

Heavy Bowie sticks point-first in a floor-board. The board *creaks*, then sinks. Frank's corner pivots 180° with him as its back duplicate corner swings into place. Frank is gone.

T-REX

What the --?

T-Rex runs to empty corner and tries to open it, but can't. He pulls the knife out of the floor-board to examine it.

T-REX

Knifey?

BEYONCE

Frank?

**INT. FUNHOUSE CHUTE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Frank somersaults down a spiral chute within the walls.

FRANK

Hun-eeeeeeeeeeeeee --!

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - IMMEDIATELY**

Frank's *scream* is heard fading. Aadhya runs for the doorway. T-Rex grabs her from behind. Aadhya stomps on his boot-toe. T-Rex *Yipes* and jumps back. Aadhya stomps her other foot angry. The board under Aadhya *creaks*. She turns to Beyonce.

AADHYA

Mom?



A floor-platform *springs* Aadhya up through the ceiling as a ceiling-hatch opens and closes. Aadhya is gone. Only her glasses are left on the floor.

T-Rex looks up at the ceiling, then *stomps* on her glasses.

**INT. FUNHOUSE RAFTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Aadhya stands perplexed squinting on top of the room. Rusted rumbling sound as metal-gears *clank* into action. A ski-lift chair catches her from behind and whisks her away screaming.

AADHYA

Mommmmmmmmm --!

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - IMMEDIATELY**

Aadhya's scream is heard fading. Beyonce jumps on T-Rex's back rear-naked choking him from behind.

BEYONCE

Where's my lil' girl you, you,  
Tyranta-sore-ass!

T-Rex flings Beyonce off him. She flies *hitting* a wall upside-down. Her wall-slat pivots in the middle to slingshot her inside. The slat rotates to re-seat. Beyonce is gone.

**INT. FUNHOUSE ROLLING CHUTE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Beyonce *screams* face-down on a mechanics-creeper rolling along on a track down through the inner walls.

BEYONCE

Frankkkkkkkkkkkkkk --!

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce's *scream* fades. T-Rex and Ryder glare at each other.

RYDER

Want my lunch money?

Ryder throws his knife. It sticks in T-Ex's heavy leather jacket. T-Rex is amused as he pulls it out uninjured.

T-REX

Always aim fer the head.

T-Rex throws the knife hard at Ryder who fast-catches and returns-to-sender. The knife penetrates one of T-Rex's eyes. In pain, he *stomps* around on the floorboards.

T-REX  
Aieeeeeeee!

A wall-panel slides open showing a secret stair-case going up. Ryder runs up it as panel closes behind. Ryder is gone.

Other Six Bikers run into room only to find T-Rex by himself running around in circles with the throwing-knife in his eye.

KING  
Sumbody requisition me an I, D,  
One, O, T, form.

POPEYE  
Idiot.  
(laughs like cartoon)  
Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag, etc.

**INT. FUNHOUSE SPIRAL STAIRCASE INSIDE WALLS - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryder fumbles in the dark, then *snaps* on a light-stick. Its green light shows he's in an enclosed circular staircase.

RYDER  
Star Trek Six, "Undiscovered  
Country."

Ryder takes off up the stairs quoting as a perfect Spock.

RYDER  
"When you eliminate the impossible,  
whatever remains, however  
improbable, must be the truth."

T-Rex's scream fades *echoing* inside Ryder's staircase.

**EXT. SIDE OF FUNHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

A small hatch opens. Frank shoots out onto the wet ground and *hits* his head on a rock. He passes out. Hatch closes.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. SMALL MOUNTAIN TUNNEL IN AFGHANISTAN - YEARS AGO**

No light, then sound of *power-on* mechanism of Night-Vision Goggles to illumine in green a one-man crawling-only tunnel.

Frank, thinner and healthy, but unshaven with a crew-cut, wears a *U.S. Army Airborne* uniform with Sergeant flashing. He lays cramped, sweating, then tilts head at a scraping sound. He pulls a Ka-Bar knife from his chest-sheath and slow-crawls forward. His goggle's green-light distorts, then fails to total darkness. Same scraping-sound, then sounds of a two-person *struggle* until a *death-exhale*. Frank flicks the spark-wheel of his *Airborne* lighter. Its flame reveals a female teen SOLDIER with Frank's knife-hilt protruding from her eye-socket. *Rumbling* sound, then the dirt ceiling collapses burying him and his lighter. Frank screams in the dark.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Nooooooooooooo --!

RETURN TO.

**EXT. SIDE OF FUNHOUSE - PRESENT NIGHT**

Frank regains consciousness.

FRANK  
No.

He stands wobbly then stumbles under a tree dejected and falls on both knees. He looks up with arms outstretched.

FRANK  
Help me, help them!

Lightening-bolt *strikes* his tree splitting it. Its energy transfers to Frank throwing him yards away semi-conscious.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. BETHESDA NAVAL PSYCHE WARD - MONTHS EARLIER**

Frank is strapped on an exam-table in a straight-jacket with electrodes taped to his head.

ORDERLY, African-American, huge, dressed in white, tries to put a mouth-guard in Frank who fights tight-lipped.

ORDERLY  
This will protect you,  
(bends whispering)  
*All The Way.*

Orderly rolls up a sleeve to reveal his tattoo of *Airborne Ranger, Death from Above*. Frank nods. Orderly inserts protector in Frank's mouth, then goes to control-board.

ORDERLY

Come back to us --soldier.

Orderly cranks power-wheel. Frank arches upward as 450 volts DC in pulsed square-waves at .9 amps *surges* for six seconds.

RETURN TO.

**EXT. SIDE OF FUNHOUSE NEAR SPLIT TREE - PRESENT NIGHT**

Rain pelts Frank's face. A loud *thunder-clap*. Frank's eyes snap open as he hears same Orderly's now altered request.

ORDERLY (V.O.)

Come back --a soldier.

Frank *coughs* catching his breath, then looks straight up.

FRANK

Little bit more than nine amps.

A lesser lightening bolt *strikes* the ground far away.

FRANK

I'm up, I'm up.

Frank gets on his knees. His sleeves are smoking. He rips them off at the shoulders. Down his arms are *Lichtenberg* bruises looking like fine-leaves on branches. He sees his own *Ranger* arm-tattoo and smears mud all over his face.

FRANK

All The Way --up your ass.

Frank crouch-runs around the front corner of the house.

**INT. INSIDE WALLS AT BOTTOM OF CONVEYOR SLIDE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Beyonce's creeper hits a padded-stop. She is thrown forward onto a mattress. Its dust rises. She stands *breaking* a light-stick. Its green highlights *ghastly* stains on her mattress.

BEYONCE

*Ewwwww.*

Lightening-flash outside illuminates a door's outline in the wall. She pushes, it swings open to the outside. She exits.

**EXT. BEYONCE'S FUNHOUSE OUTSIDE WALL - CONTINUOUS**

Beyonce exits house near Frank's hatch. He's gone.

Lightening lights the sign on her door's interior, "Are we having fun?" Beyonce rips off sign to prop door open with it.

BEYONCE

*Not, yet.*

She smears mud over her face.

**INT. FUNHOUSE RAFTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Aadhya's chair dumps her on an old mattress. Thick dust rises. She *coughs* and breaks a light-stick. Green light shows rust stains on mattress. She jumps up brushing herself off.

AADHYA

*Eww.*

Muddled-conversation of Biker's talking below in the hallway.

BIKERS (O.S.)

*X#@?*

She covers mouth with hands then realizes what they touched.

AADHYA

*Eww, eww, eww.*

Floor hatch opens as green-light then Ryder's head pokes out.

Aadhya squints pointing down and puts a finger on her lips. She remembers where her finger was and dry-spits repeatedly.

Ryder adjusts his glasses offended.

RYDER

*Back atcha', sis.*

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

A climbing rope's end falls down inside the trap-door chute.

Frank fast-ropes landing silently on bent knees with a cloth sack slung across his back. He takes their car's tire-jack handle out of his bag leaving something else still in it. He sharpens the jack-handle's beveled-edge against the concrete floor, then sees Knifey's dead-eyes staring at him.

FRANK

*Death, from below.*

Frank drags Knifey's corpse to the coal-bin and covers him.

**INT. FUNHOUSE OUTSIDE WALL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Beyonce opens her outside door now with a large "dagger" splinter from the split tree held between her teeth like a pirate-blade. She enters and lies on the creeper, then pulls herself back up its track mumbling obscenities.

BEYONCE

*All the way --till it hurts.*

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Rain washed off Frank's mud. He admires lightening's branch-like artwork down both arms, then sees Ranger tattoo again.

FRANK

*Hoo-Rah.*

Frank smears black coal-dust over his wet arms and face.

**INT. FUNHOUSE RAFTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Biker voices fade away below them in opposite directions.

Aadhya and Ryder whisper.

AADHYA

*Now what?*

RYDER

*Work our way down, find mom and dad.*

AADHYA

*(squint-glares)  
What's "he" gonna' do?*

Ryder glares back as his glasses frost over.

Both shiver as the temperature drops and their breath fogs.

RYDER

*U.L.V. --up here?*

Ryder shrugs shoulders, pockets glasses, and creeps along the skywalk. Aadhya follows squinting. They look like moles.

As their breath fogs, a third long breath-fog exhales behind over Aadhya's shoulder. She freezes.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

The Seven Bikers have brought all of the Funn's camping gear down. Four Bikers lay on the sleeping bags as Blood finishes wrapping wide gauze around T-Rex's head and damaged very bloody eye. King sits on his "throne" sharpening his knife.

KING

Good thing our unhappy campers  
brought a full first-aid kit.

Blood steps back to admire his work on T-Rex.

BLOOD

Gonna' havta' start callin' you,  
Cyclops.

Country serves camp-stove reheated hot-dogs on crushed bread.

BATZ

What kind of dummkopf brings dogs,  
but no buns nor senffarben?

POPEYE

Same one we needs ta' find, asap.

KING

No rush. Any man that abandons his  
family cryin', ain't no man.

King throws knife at a faded clown poster on a wall.  
Headshot.

Country serves King a bread-wrapped dog. King is disgusted.

KING

"Five Fingers A' Death."

COUNTRY

What's th-th-that?

T-REX

Army M.R.E. --Vienna sausage.

King bites off half his hot-dog and chews thinking.

KING

Sure do miss mustard --  
(swallows)  
and my trap.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT STAIRS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Frank climbs down from the rafters feeding a piece of string behind a support beam and ties it off. He writes something on the beam with coal, then throws the lump. He checks his work.

FRANK

*Death, from above.*

Frank stealths up the stairs. A step *creaks*. He freezes.

**INT. FUNHOUSE CONVEYOR SLIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce arrives at the top of the track and her creeper locks-in. She shines her light-stick around earlier flip-plank's circumference and sees a release above it. She releases it. The vertical board rotates horizontal. She crawls under it.

BEYONCE

*I'm, baa-aaack.*

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Beyonce crawls under the board and stands. Plank flips to re-seat, but she catches it, rips a piece of her shirt and uses it as a wedge. Her light sweeps the now empty room as she talks through the dagger-splinter she's holding in her teeth.

BEYONCE

*Azz-holz.*

Beyonce takes wood-dagger out of her mouth and tip-toes to the door testing each floorboard. One *creaks*. She freezes.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Six Bikers have finished their hotdogs, except T-Rex whose depth-perception is off, so he keeps missing his mouth. He throws it, then takes a long hit off a line of Cocaine.

KING

Slow down on the Coke, coke-head.  
You've already snorted half. You  
take First Watch for an hour, then  
each of you follow. At first light,  
we search and destroy our uninvited  
guests.

The Four Bikers mumble-snuggle on their four sleeping bags.



## FOUR BIKERS

*Sure, Whatever, Yeah, Night.*

King and Blood join them and it's a scene from Boy's Camp as each tries to hog more than their share of a sleeping bag.

T-Rex sharpens blade on a wet stone. His good eye narrows.

## T-REX

*Gonna' get me some F, u, n, n.*

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT STAIRCASE DOOR - SIMULTANEOUS**

Door *creaks* opens. Frank emerges. He closes door silent and creeps down the hallway to see a vintage wall crank-phone.

Childlike sign hangs on phone, *"Welcome to try, Don't work none."*

Frank flips *The Bird* at the sign. Temperature drops. Frank's breath fogs. Frank snaps upright holding his breath. A single long breath-fog *exhales* from behind him over one shoulder.

T-Rex enters from other end of hallway brandishing his knife.

## T-REX

Thought I heard a rat crawlin'.

Frank is frozen with fear. T-Rex walks to him smirking.

## T-REX

Wearin' black-face, don't make ya'  
Mike Tyson.

Frank closes eyes to quote Tyson in same high-pitched voice.

## FRANK

"Everybody's got a plan, till they  
get punched in the face."

## T-REX

Oh, and a comedienne, too. Let's  
see how long you're laughin' with  
your lungs hung 'round your neck.

T-Rex smiles, then looks over Frank's shoulder. His good eye opens wide. All the blood drains from his face. He spins to exit, but is grabbed from behind as if by an invisible *King Kong* hand. He squirms in its grip as he's thrown back and forth *hitting* the walls. His blood splatters more as he's then *banged* from ceiling to floor. T-Rex hovers held in mid-air bruised, battered, and generally snookered.

T-REX

I'm havin' a baaaaad day.

T-Rex inverts and is driven through the floorboards to deadfall to the basement below.

Frank opens his eyes and turns cautious looking. Nothing.

A breath-fog *exhales* from behind over his other shoulder.

ENTITY

(in Beyonce's voice)

"Check the basement. Run."

Frank bolts down the stairs.

Six Bikers enter from opposite end of hallway. King carries their lamp. All stare at the blood, then the hole in floor. They peek over its edge to see T-Rex's corpse below.

BATZ

Guess dein ball-less scaredy-katze  
grown a pair, ya?

KING

Two-man teams. Dynamic Entry and  
Room Clearing. Remember to Terry  
pat all tangos. Popeye with me.  
(no one moves)  
Expedite!

His Four Bikers pull guns and mini-flashlights, then pair-off running in two teams in opposite directions.

King and Popeye draw guns and exit down the basement stairs.

**INT. STAIRWELL TO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

King, carrying the lamp, descends followed by Popeye. A step *squeaks* horrible. King freezes. Popeye bumps into his back.

POPEYE

Shiver yer timbers.  
(cartoon laugh)  
*Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag*, etc.

King's light reveals Frank's piece of string hanging, so he holds up a fist. Popeye tries to go around him.

KING

Hold, dummy.

King investigates the string to see Frank's coal-scribbling. His lips pantomime reading it.

POPEYE

What it say, what it say?

KING

"Don't, Pull?"

King pulls the string. The coyote-trap, set with jaws open, falls on top of Popeye's head and *clamps* shut. He shrieks.

POPEYE

Get it off, Get it off!

Popeye bounces off railings trying to pull the trap off, then trips and falls down the stairs *snapping* his neck.

KING

There's my trap.

King sees Popeye's Fu-Manchu strands stand straight out to either side. He points to them animated.

KING

Well, blow me down.  
(same *Popeye* laugh)  
*Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag*, etc.

**INT. FUNHOUSE RAFTERS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Aadhya and Ryder climb down the rafters whispering.

AADHYA

*Where are we going?*

RYDER

*Trying to think what mom would do.*

AADHYA

*Bon Voyage?*

Ryder points excited at Aadhya, *Yes*, then descends faster.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BON VOYAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce stealths down its hallway when she hears a noise from above and freezes brandishing her wood-knife. A ceiling-panel opens and Ryder's green-light, then his head peeks out.

Beyonce's face-mud has dried white and cracked.

RYDER

*Mom?*

Beyonce drops her wood-knife holding both arms up to catch him and steps forward. Flooring below her *creaks*. She sighs.

BEYONCE

*Well, shit.*

Trap-door opens. Beyonce falls through. Trap-door closes.

Aadhya's head appears squinting out of hatch next to Ryder.

AADHYA

*Mom?***INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

King has now found Knifey's body and is rifling through his pockets. King finds some chewing tobacco and takes a pinch.

A hatch opens above King and Beyonce falls out suspended in a parachute harness dangling inches off the floor. With her white-mud face, she looks like she had a bad day at the spa.

KING

Having fun, Mother Nature?  
(spits black juice)  
Wanna'?

BEYONCE

Fuck off, fuck-face.

KING

Uuuuu, and a potty-mouth, too.

King spins her in the harness examining her.

KING

Daddy likee.

Beyonce grabs King's head to stop spinning. King yanks her shirt open *popping* buttons. He reaches in to grab a breast.

KING

Mommy likee?

Beyonce spits in his face. King spits tobacco-juice in hers.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BON VOYAGE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ryder drops out of the ceiling.

He reaches up to help Aadhya, but she falls on top of him. Both lay on floor whispering.

AADHYA

*I hate you.*

Ryder stands followed by Aadhya.

RYDER

*Why do you think they call it sibling rivalry?*

AADHYA

*What are we competing for?*

RYDER

*Mom's love.*

AADHYA

*What about Dad's?*

RYDER

*Lost, still not found.*

They tip-toe testing floor-boards. One *creaks*. Both freeze.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

King has coathanger-wired Beyonce's hands behind her back. He enjoys groping her breasts. Beyonce looks around bored.

BEYONCE

Having fun, piss-bucket?

KING

Piss off, bitch.

King squeezes hard. Beyonce makes an *owie*-face.

FRANK (O.S.)

Mine, dirt-bag.

King spins with both knife and gun, but can't see Frank.

KING

Playin' hide and seek, or just plain hidin'?

No response. King sheaths his knife and reaches backwards without looking to pinch Debbie's nipple.

BEYONCE

Owww!

KING

I can do this all night.

Beyonce sees Frank's blackened-eyelids open in the shadows, and nods. She flips on every woman's harlot switch.

BEYONCE

Harder.

King turns to Beyonce startled.

KING

What?

Beyonce looks like a true vixen and flirts seductive.

BEYONCE

I like it --rough.

Frank's eyes open super-wide in the dark.

KING

Say, "Ow."

Frank *slams* King's gun-wrist with their car's curved tire-iron part. King's gun spins away on the floor.

KING

OW!

FRANK

Like it rougher?

King pulls his knife. Frank threatens with lug-wrench. Both drop into a square fighting-stance circling each other.

**KNIFE FIGHT:** Thrusts and parries with kicks to block. Frank uses direct approach and stabs straight. King uses reverse-grip and gets a slash on Frank's arm. Frank stabs King's chest drawing blood. King answers with a slash to Frank's leading thigh. Frank counters with a quick stab at King's face slicing a cheek. Both step back. King tastes his wound.

KING

Fort Benning?

FRANK

Sergeant Larsen.

KING

Father of Modern Combatives.

FRANK

You're --a Ranger?

King rips a shoulder-seam revealing his own Airborne tattoo.

KING

"Rangers lead the way."

Frank wipes coal-dust off his arm to reveal his tattoo, then points to his Ranger-wings on King's lapel.

FRANK

Lost yours long ago, Trench Monkey.  
I need mine back.

KING

Improvise, adapt, overcome all,  
that's my motto.

FRANK

Wrong Branch, ajar-head.

KING

Up yours, Kilroy. You're no match  
for my skills. I had the most knife  
kills in-country.

FRANK

Whose country?

KING

Fine. Let's "Git 'er done" then.

**KNIFE FIGHT CONTINUES:** Frank hand-checks King's slashes until he side-kicks King's knee dropping King on both.

FRANK

Killin' don't make ya' a killer.

Frank *clubs* King with the curve of his tire-iron. King crumples unconscious. Frank takes King's knife and slashes Beyonce's Risers catching her. He grabs the back of her head as his other hand slides inside her shirt to cup a breast.

FRANK

Hi there, gorgeous.

Frank kisses her long and passionate as he releases her wired wrists, then takes it to wire King's hands behind his back.

Beyonce is recovering from Frank's kiss as Frank returns to her. Beyonce grabs his crotch like a street prostitute.

BEYONCE

First chance we get I'm gonna' ...

FRANK

But first, I have to convince you we're not alone. Second, we have to find the kids.

BEYONCE

"Not alone," *duh-uh?*

FRANK

No, in addition to them.

BEYONCE

More what, bikers --who?

FRANK

"Who's on First, what's on Second."

BEYONCE

"I don't know's on Third." And what the fuck are we talking about?

FRANK

Exactly.

BEYONCE

Whatever it is, you got a plan?

FRANK

Join the Marines.

Frank rips off a piece of Beyonce's shirttail and stuffs it in King's mouth. Beyonce examines her tattered shirt.

BEYONCE

You're wearing a shirt too, idgit.

Frank begins climbing up the wall's inner-framing.

Beyonce watches his tight butt disappear up into the shadows.

BEYONCE

*Mine, dirt-bag.*

She follows Frank climbing up through the rafters.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BON VOYAGE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Aadhya and Ryder still tip-toe.

GHOST (O.S.)

Boo!



Aadhya and Ryder jump-spin 180° to see Country and Ghost standing behind them. Aadhya reacts to his ghostlike face.

AADHYA

Eeeeeeee!

COUNTRY

Ff-ff-fee, ff-ff-fi, f-f-fo ...

GHOST

Seriously?

COUNTRY

F-f-fum? Rhymes with F-F-Funn?

GHOST

(to Kids)

Can he go home with you?

Country looks hurt. Ghost punches Country in the shoulder.

GHOST

Only kiddin'.

(shakes head "not" to Kids)

Where're your folks at?

Ryder steps in front of Aadhya protective to say in Spanish.

RYDER

Muerto, idiotas.

COUNTRY

D-d-dead?

GHOST

You speaks Italian?

COUNTRY

S-S-Spainish. T-t-told you I were b-  
b-born in T-T-Tex ...

GHOST

Ass. Takes one to know one.

RYDER

(in Spanish)

Ambos.

COUNTRY

B-b-both d-d-dead?

Ghost waves a finger back and forth between him and Country.

GHOST

Us, ya' moron. The kid means we're  
"both" asses.

Aadhya nods flipping them *Double Birds*.

GHOST

That lil' lady, is gonna' cost ya'  
-- two a' my fingers.

Ghost steps forward sucking two fingers followed by Country.

RYDER

Whoa, hold on there, cow-pokers!  
One at a time if ya' don't please.

Ghost and Country stop. Aadhya is aghast. Ryder points.

RYDER

You first, paleface.

Aadhya is livid and hits Andy's shoulder.

Ghost grins stepping forward. Beyonce's earlier trap-door opens. He falls through. Its hatch closes. His scream fades.

GHOST (O.S.)

Aieeeee --!

Aadhya takes off running the other way with Ryder following.

Country jumps over now closed trap-door running after them yelling in Spanish.

COUNTRY

Estas ma-ma-muerto!

RYDER (O.S.)

Gotta' catch us first, dead-head!

**INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Beyonce are gone. King is trying to get free, then stops to listen.

Ghost's *scream* gets louder until he falls through earlier ceiling-hatch. Only now, without Debbie's safety-harness.

GHOST

Aieeeee --!

King rolls out of the way.

Ghost hits the cement hard *breaking* both legs. He writhes in agony.

GHOST

*Help, me!*

KING

(mumbling under gag)

*'Elp me, phirst.*

King rolls with his back to Ghost who, in severe pain, frees King. King searches for his gun, can't find it, so takes Ghost's gun and knife, and runs to stairs.

GHOST

What about me?

KING

(pulls out his gag)

Help, your self!

King jumps over Popeye's corpse and runs up the stairs.

Ghost sits up and sees Popeye's head with coyote-trap clamped on top. Popeye's eyes are now crossed with his mustache ends tied together. Ghost then sees Knifey's head staring at him out of the coal-pit with black-eyes. One eye *winks* at him.

Temperature drops. Ghost's breath fogs as his eyes go wide. A long breath-fog *exhales* over Ghost's shoulder. His eyes try to look over that shoulder without turning his head.

GHOST

Knifey?

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Beyonce drop into the room from Aadhya's trap-door. Beyonce sees T-Rex's blood on the walls and dry-heaves.

BEYONCE

*Ewww.*

FRANK

*Stay close to the walls.*

BEYONCE

*Except that one.*

(points to her board)

*It threw me on a roller that carried me out to the side yard.*

FRANK

*Which side?*

BEYONCE

*Near a split-tree. Looked like it  
was just hit by lightning.*

Frank wipes coal-dust off one arm to reveal his *Lichtenberg*.

BEYONCE

*Pretty. When did you get a tattoo?  
(examines his arm closer)  
Wait, that's a--?! Were you --?*

FRANK

*Bit more than four hundred volts.*

BEYONCE

*That's why you're so --. You okay?*

FRANK

*(goes arms-wide)  
Once yer fried, don't fear died.*

Hidden staircase door opens slightly. Ryder's light emerges, then he and Aadhya peek out.

RYDER

*Dad?*

AADHYA

*Mom?*

Aadhya runs to Beyonce, they hug. Beyonce smiles brushing the hair out of Aadhya's eyes. She is pretty without her glasses.

BEYONCE

*We need to get you contacts.*

Frank still has his arms wide so Ryder runs to Frank and hugs him. Frank pats his back, then learns to hug his son again.

COUNTRY (O.S.)

*T-t-touching.*

The Funns spin. Country aims his six-gun from the doorway.

COUNTRY

*M-m-make m-m-my d-d-day.*

AADHYA

*Well that just sounds st-st-stupid.*

RYDER

You're just like the bully at my school, you like hurting people!

COUNTRY

(cocks gun's hammer)  
All, the, w-w-way.

FRANK

(drops his head)  
*Please don't hurt them.*

Frank looks up through eyebrows, his reckoning is coming.

FRANK

Hurt, Meeeeeeeeee!

Frank steps forward angry, but freezes as the room goes frigid and he sees his breath fog on "me."

FRANK

FUNN TIME!

Aadhya, Ryder, and Beyonce, instinctively huddle with Frank. The Four bend over with arms over each other's shoulders like football players.

FRANK

If you ever truly believed in me,  
do exactly what I say. Close your  
eyes and --Don't, Turn, Around!

The Four Funns close their eyes now as a family unit.

Country takes aim at Frank.

COUNTRY

K-k-cowards.

A single long breath-fog *exhales* over Country's shoulder.

With his head frozen, Country stares from the corner of both eyes as a second breath-fog blows from behind him again.

ENTITY (O.S.)

"Shiver yer timbers."  
(Popeye's laugh)  
*Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag-ag*, etc.

Country drops his gun. It hits the floor and *fires*.

AADHYA

Daddy!

FRANK

Don't Turn Around!

Country's body shakes as both hands and all ten fingers *break* simultaneously. Then both arm's Humorous *snap*, followed by his two Radius and Ulnas *snapping*. Both leg's Femurs, then their two Tibias and Fibulas, *crack* simultaneous. Country hangs in mid-air like a puppet on a string crying out.

COUNTRY

*H-h-help m-m-me.*

ENTITY (O.S.)

(stutters in King's voice)

"H-h-help, your s-s-self."

Country's spine *snaps*, then his neck, till his body forms a "Z." Then his corpse begins to puppet-dance animated like giant fingers are Riverdance-flipping his limbs from behind.

Frank huddle-shuffles his family, all with eyes still closed, to Beyonce's wall-board. His blind-fingers lift it to rotate, then he pushes Beyonce and Aadhya under it.

FRANK

Don't Turn Around, there IS something behind you!

Beyonce takes Aadhya's blind-hand and pulls her under the flipped-board.

**INT. FUNHOUSE ROLLING CHUTE - CONTINUOUS**

Beyonce lays on the creeper and pulls Aadhya onto her back. The creeper releases and they roll away as Aadhya screams.

AADHYA

Oh, my, Goddddddddddd --!

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Aadhya's *scream* fades as Frank's blind-hand pulls Ryder to earlier revolving corner. Frank tries to open it, can't.

Country's corpse folk-dance clogs to *stomp* on floorboard release. Now corner revolves. Frank and Ryder are gone.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in Knifey's voice)

"Make room fer daddy."

**EXT. SIDE OF FUNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Beyonce and Aadhya fall out of earlier side-door now into a huge mud-pool.

Frank, face-down, with Ryder on his back, shoot out of the their hatch into same mud-pool.

All Four stand drenched in crud as *thunder* shakes the ground.

Frank shakes a fist up at the sky.

FRANK

Awww, Dry Up!

Rain *stops*. The Four Funns try to shake off their muck. They look like a pack of rabid dogs.

BEYONCE

What --?

AADHYA

the hell --?

RYDER

was that?!

FRANK

Don't know, don't care. We're out, that's all I care about. Let's get the "f" out of ...!

Ryder takes off running with mud flying off him.

RYDER

Oscar Mike!

AADHYA

Who are you?

Frank takes Beyonce and Kanessa's hands and they run to follow Ryder. Ooze flies from them all.

**INT. BON VOYAGE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

King, Blood, and Batz run into the room with pistols drawn.

Country's pulverized body hangs in mid-air like a broken doll, then his arms go straight out.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(stutters in Ghost's voice)

B-B-BOO!

Country's body collapses in a rag-doll heap on the floor.

KING

EVAC!

King, Blood, and Batz, drop their pistols to exit running.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in Country's voice)

K-k-cowards.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BON VOYAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

King, then Blood, followed by Batz, all run terrified.

KING

What --?

King jumps over Beyonce's trap-door and keeps running.

BATZ

the hell --?

Blood jumps over Beyonce's trap-door and keeps running.

BLOOD

was that?

Batz jumps the trap-door, but trips and falls. He recovers standing, then leans a hand on a wall exhausted.

BATZ

Well ...

A floorboard-catapult *springs* up at 45° as a side-wall hatch opens. Batz is sprung through the wall. Hatch closes.

BATZ (O.S.)

Scheiiiiiiii --!

King and Blood look backwards while running. Batz is gone.

Both run through the second-floor balcony past the fan which comes on.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

King and Blood run to front doors. They pull and pull, but doors won't open. Their breath fogs in the cold air.



KING

Grab the first-aid kit. I'll grab our guns. Rally in the basement.

BLOOD

Why down there?

KING

Contingency plan!

Both grab their items and exit down the basement stairs.

Fun-Fan turns faster as its blades frost. The hall freezes over with icicles. A long dis-embodied breath-fog exhales.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(stutters in King's voice)

"B-b-bag a' d-d-dicks."

**EXT. FUNTIME VENDOR BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER**

The Four Funns are running past vendor buildings with Frank now leading. He stops at one to lift a side-board.

FRANK

Inside.

His family runs under the board. He follows.

**INT. FUNTIME VENDOR BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The Four Funns now stand inside a Shooting Gallery booth. Knifey's bike is in there.

FRANK

Time to get the hell out of Dodge.

Frank lifts the same entry-board to exit.

BEYONCE

Where are you going?

FRANK

Noticed one of their bikes is pulling a sidecar. You and Aadhya can use it. Andy'll ride with me.

Ryder and Aadhya slow turn to Beyonce.

RYDER

Mom, you know how --?

AADHYA  
to ride a chopper?

Frank and Beyonce glance at each other, *Uh-oh*.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS**

An old rusted trampoline now sits under the Beyonce's hatch.

Batz's one long continuous scream gets louder and louder.

BATZ (O.S.)  
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiii --!

Batz exits ceiling hatch and *hits* the trampoline's jumping surface, then rebounds aimed at an old mattress on the floor.

Just before he hits, the mattress *slides* away. Batz *slams* face-first onto the concrete. He lays there stunned.

BATZ  
isse?

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"Anything I can do to help?"

Batz stands bleeding from his broken nose and and pulls his Bat-knife screaming in German.

BATZ  
Wo bist du, Scheißkerl?

Batz is hit by invisible fists in both eyes. He staggers back. Both eyes turn black and blue.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(stutters as Country)  
"Just Cunt-Cunt-Country."

Batz pulls his mini-flashlight. His beam searches the room to reveal Country's corpse now hangs from Beyonce's parachute harness as a human-pretzel.

BATZ  
Country?

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Country's voice)  
Just B-B-Batz, b-b-boy.

*Swooshing* sound. Batz tilts his head. Hundreds of Batz fly down the front porch trap-door chute to envelope Batz tearing at his flesh. Batz goes Batz trying to cover up.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Goober's voice)  
"Just, scream."

**INT. FUNN SHOOTING GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Beyonce nod to each other.

BEYONCE  
Kids, remember us saying we met at  
a concert?

Aadhya and Ryder nod in sync.

FRANK  
That concert, was at Sturgis.

AADHYA  
What's a Sturgis?

RYDER  
Annual bike rally in South Dakota.  
Famous for their Black Hills Run.

BEYONCE  
Where we crashed into each other.

Frank and Beyonce hold hands gazing into each other's eyes.

FRANK  
It was love at first fight.

AADHYA  
You're making this shit up.

Beyonce turns around lifting her shirt. She has a tattoo in the small of her back of the official *Sturgis Rally* logo.

AADHYA  
A Tramp Stamp?!

Frank kisses four fingertips and pats them on Beyonce's tat.

FRANK  
Missed you.

RYDER  
That's why you always wear a one-  
piece at the beach!

FRANK

We'll flesh it out later. But for now, stay here, stay quiet, And honey --

(head-motions to something)

Remember our last night there?

Beyonce looks, understands, then takes off her shirt to jogging bra and begins ripping shirt into thin strips.

Ryder's eyebrows arch up as Frank smiles, then exits.

Aadhya furrows her brow, then touches Beyonce's tat. Beyonce knocks Aadhya's hands away.

BEYONCE

No, you're not getting one.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Blood runs downstairs carrying med-kit. He freezes at the bottom to look where King stares who drops their guns.

Country still hangs as Pretzel-Man, but now finger-painted in blood on his forehead is "Don't Open, Even on Xmas."

Then Blood sees Knifey, Popeye, and T-Rex now sitting cross-legged as "The Three Monkeys" *See, Hear, Speak No Evil.*

King points. Blood sees Ghost's nude white-corpse posed on a crate as "The Thinking Man." King now points to Batz denuded skeleton crucified upside-down with crossed feet nailed on center support pole and hands nailed outstretched onto the two support poles on either side.

Blood drops med kit and grabs an AK-47 and *racks* it bolt.

BLOOD

Why that no good muther...

KING

Wasn't him. Wasn't any of them. No man could do --all this.

BLOOD

Then what the fuck did?

KING

Not what, who --Doctor Who.

(quotes)

"The universe is big, vast, complicated, and ridiculous."

King waves his hand around the room at its carnage.

KING

"And sometimes --impossible things  
just happen.""

BLOOD

Well, I ain't no fatal-il-ist! I  
wants to fuck me up somebody but  
good.

A breath-fog exhales from behind over Blood's Shoulder.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in Frank's voice)

"Good is not good enough, when  
better is expected."

KING

EXPEDITE!

King runs to Frank's rope and begins climbing like Tarzan.

Blood follows running as fast as he can. Something is wrong.  
He's not moving? He looks down at his feet, both are an inch  
off the ground running in thin air. Blood stops to hang  
suspended in mid-air, then whimpers.

BLOOD

*Mommy.*

Blood's non-tat cheek compresses like being kissed. Huge  
bloody lip-prints form on it. He tries, won't wipe off.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in Aadhya's voice)

"A Tramp Stamp?!"

Blood's heart-tattoo on his other cheek begins *thump-thump*,  
*thump-thump*. Blood *slaps* both his cheeks to get fired-up.

BLOOD

Ain't goin' without a fight!

Blood is released and drops to his feet in fighting stance  
pulling his knife.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in T-Rex's voice)

"Always aim fer the head!"

Frank's tire-iron suspends itself in mid-air, then begins  
moving back and forth threatening Blood.

BLOOD  
What, Are, You?!

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Ryders's voice)  
"When you eliminate the impossible,  
whatever remains, however  
improbable, must be the truth."

**EXT. FUNHOUSE FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank's having a tough-time pushing a *Harley Davidson Classic Softail* with *Renegade* open-tubular sidecar through the mud.

Knifey's bloody throwing-knife is thrown into the ground next to Frank who looks behind.

King stands on the porch with one arm out after throwing it.

KING  
P, O, N, R!

FRANK  
"Point Of No Return," odd-ball?!  
Bet you were Six Six and a Kick!

King pulls out his Ka-Bar knife and threatens.

KING  
Six months pay revocation, six  
months confinement, and a big fat  
dishonorable discharge. Thank you  
sir --may I have another?!

Frank flips King *The Bird*, then jumps on the *Softail*, starts it, and rides away spinning mud from its rear tire.

King throws his Ka-Bar barely missing Frank, then jumps on his own black and gold *VRXSE Destroyer* with a king's crown painted in gold on both sides of its gas tank.

KING  
Heard, Understood, Acknowledged!

King starts his bike, revs its engine, then pulls the front wheel up to jump it off the porch. He lands and his rear tire throws mud as he pulls a pistol chasing Frank.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - IMMEDIATELY**

Blood is being *knocked* back and forth by invisible punches. He's had enough.

BLOOD  
Stop it! Just, Stop It!

The punching *stops*.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"I could go slower?"

BLOOD  
At least let me sees, what I ain't  
fightin'!

Wind blows his hair. His eyes open-wide with fear as his mouth moves without talking. Entity becomes his voice.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Aadhya's voice)  
"Oh, my, Goddddddddddd --!"

Blood runs to Frank's rope and climbs as fast as he can. He seems to be going nowhere so looks down. Both feet are still one inch off the ground. He lets go of the rope and collapses on the concrete *crying*.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"It's okay."

BLOOD  
*No, no I'm not.*

**EXT. FUNTIME VENDOR BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER**

The Funhouse sign *lights* up again, then all the vendor shack signs light up. The place becomes alive with carnival *sounds* playing through the speakers above each vendor hut.

**CHASE SCENE:** King, *firing* his automatic-pistol, chases Frank who weaves around the buildings.

Junior Coaster *lights* up and its only passenger-car moves.

**EXT. JUNIOR COASTER - CONTINUOUS**

Frank jumps off his bike into the car. King's gun *clicks* empty. He throws it at Frank, missing, then jumps in same car. Their motorcycles *crash*.

King and Frank hand-to-hand as coaster's chain pulls their car to top of the first big hill with its anti-rollback device *click-clacking*. At the top, car's chain releases.

King and Frank are thrown back by first drop's free-fall into two separate seats as their lap-bars drop locking them in. Both men fight to release their bars yelling over the noise.

KING  
Always wondered --  
(pushing on his bar)  
if this woodie worked!

FRANK  
I might like its stapling --  
(pushing on his bar)  
if you weren't along!

They push their bars open to stand holding on grab-handles.

FRANK  
Why are you like this, man!

KING  
(quotes Popeye cartoon)  
"I yam what I yam, that's all that  
I yam!"  
(cartoon laugh)  
Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag-ag, etc.

FRANK  
Choices, we all have to make 'em!

KING  
Then I choose --this!

King flips open a switchblade and dives at Frank. Their car enters Bunny Hops creating "airtime." Frank ducks and King goes airborne flying out their car grabbing a handle losing his knife. Frank grabs onto King's free wrist. King reverses grip and grabs Frank's other wrist as he places feet on the outside of their car. King pulls with both hands.

KING  
Havin' fun yet?! I am!

Their car enters a banked-curve. Frank pulls back harder. King is yanked into Frank's seat. Both stand grappling.

FRANK  
Stop It! Just, Stop It!

KING  
Don't Want To!

Now near the end of the ride, their car hits its Dead Spot. Both are thrown forward, then backward. Frank falls into a seat.



King recovers standing above him to pull out his belt-buckle t-knife.

KING  
Your wife --!

King launches himself at Frank who bends his knees to catch King balanced on his shoe-sole bottoms.

KING  
has great tits!

Frank sees the coaster's metal *Head Chopper* sign approaching reading "Sorry To See You Go." Frank lifts King higher with his legs. Sign's metal edge slices back of King's neck. Blood *squirts* out. Ride stops.

Frank push-catapults King's body out onto the loading deck.

Blood pools around King's head. He *gurgles* dying.

Frank jumps out to kneel beside him.

FRANK  
They are spectacular. Any last grunts, trooper?

KING  
You are a flea --  
(spits up blood)  
on my left nut.

King dies. Frank yanks his Ranger Wings off King and pins them on himself. He stands strong to quote Sergeant Jeff Struecker, "Black Hawk Down" Task Force, Somalia, 1993.

FRANK  
"The difference between being a coward and a hero is not whether you're scared, it's what you do while you're scared."

Frank closes King's lifeless open eyes with two fingers.

BEYONCE (O.S.)  
FRANK!

Frank spins towards Funhouse.

**EXT. FUNHOUSE FRONT DOORS - IMMEDIATELY**

Beyonce, Ryder, and Aadhya, all stand in the doorway wrapped together by Frank's climbing rope.

They withdraw inside the house like on a conveyor belt. Both doors slam shut as Aadhya is heard screaming.

AADHYA (O.S.)  
Daddddddddyyyyyy --!

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Funn's camping equipment piles itself up blocking both doors.

A motorcycle is heard getting *closer*. King's *VRXSE* breaks through both doors. Their wood splinters and camping equipment goes flying. Frank jumps off the bike to PLF-roll on the floor to a fighting crouch.

His bike hits the far wall *exploding* into a fireball.

Fun-Fan comes on *blowing* cold air.

Frank stands. His breath fogs.

FRANK  
WHERE'S MY FAMILY?!

The Three Funn's drop down from the ceiling bobbing like on a spider's web. They're still tied together.

BEYONCE/AADHYA/Ryder  
Frankkkkkkkkk --!

Their "bundled" hanging-rope jerks to a stop just out of Frank's reach. He pulls over a chair and stands on it. A breath-fog exhales from behind over his shoulder.

ENTITY  
(in Goober's voice)  
"Wouldn't be doin' that, princess."

FRANK  
(spins jumping off chair)  
Are you having Funn?!

Frank is puzzled as he looks. Nothing is there.

A breath fog exhales from behind over Frank's other shoulder.

ENTITY  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"Not, yet."

Frank spins. He's had it.

FRANK

Face me you evil pile of shit!

Frank's clothes move by an invisible breeze. He squints, then both eyes open wide with fear as he finally sees, THE ENTITY.

Movement outside the broken front doors attract Frank's attention, so he focuses past The Entity.

Goober is outside jumping up and down waving his arms. One holds the machete. He's mouthing his earlier advice, *Scream!*

Frank stares intense at The Entity, then his face and hair blow back making him step back.

Frank inhales deep, closes his eyes, and screams long, loud, and primal, like Arnold from *Predator*.

FRANK

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

The breeze stops. Frank opens his eyes searching. Nothing.

Goober runs in through the broken doors.

GOOBER

Hurry, only lasts a shorty!

Frank grabs Goober's machete and jumps on chair to cut his family free. They *fall*. He jumps off. All Four hug Frank. Frank pushes Goober away.

FRANK

What only lasts? What is that?!

GOOBER

My Uncle. He always were --  
(touches head explaining)  
*a lil' touched in the head.*

BEYONCE

"A little?!" Wait, he's dead, so that's, what, his spirit?

GOOBER

Or meanness --or somethin'?

RYDER

(in perfect Rod Serling)  
"It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition. Your next stop is ..."

Beyonce and Aadhya both slap Ryder's shoulders.

FRANK  
Why didn't you just leave?

GOOBER  
'Cause we's kin. He, it, whatever,  
won't let me.

BEYONCE  
Isn't there anything you can do to  
stop him?

GOOBER  
Like I said, he's kin, so I can't.  
Buuuuut --?

RYDER  
You, you set the trap out in the  
pothole!

GOOBER  
Have been for months. Kept hopin' --

BEYONCE  
So you can't stop him, but someone  
else can?

FRANK  
Honey, take the kids and go. The  
sidecar is near the coaster.  
(to Goober)  
Unlock that God Damn gate and get  
them out, now!

Frank grabs to threaten Goober with the machete.

FRANK  
If anything happens to them!

Frank pushes his family and Goober towards the door.

Flames now *consume* the whole back wall. Fan blows hot air.

FRANK  
Where's that "genny?!"

GOOBER  
Basement, behind the coal bin,  
there's a metal door.

With his family safe in the doorframe, Frank throws Goober  
out and steps back into the house. The fire rages behind him.

BEYONCE

Frank?

Frank snaps to ramrod attention and salutes perfect quoting the *Ranger Creed*.

FRANK

"Readily will I display the intestinal fortitude required to fight on to the Ranger objective and complete the mission, though I be the lone survivor."

AADHYA

Daddy?!

FRANK

It's okay, Princess, Army don't train stupid. I'll be along shortly. I love you all.

Frank disappears into the smoke.

Goober herds his Three Funns towards the front gate.

**INT. FUNHOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank clears bottom three stairs with a jump running past the dead Bikers. Frank quotes Robert Half.

FRANK

"Death is the penalty we all pay for the privilege of life."

Frank finds the door behind the coal bin. It's locked. He swings the machete down *cutting* off its door knob and enters.

**INT. BASEMENT GENERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Frank enters to see their missing car battery hooked up.

FRANK

*You rear echelon pig-fucker.*

Frank seals, then unscrews the generator's propane tank.

**EXT. FUNTIME AMUSEMENT PARK - SIMULTANEOUS**

All the park's lights go out.

**INT. FUNHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank enters the scorching room carrying both the propane tank and its back-up tank.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"Careful, baby."

Frank tosses both tanks in the fire quoting *Popeye* cartoon.

FRANK  
"That's all I can stands, 'cuz I  
can't stands no more!"  
(laughs like cartoon)  
*Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag*, etc.

Frank is grabbed as if by the *Green Giant's* invisible hand and lifted high in the air.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Beyonce's voice)  
"Stop it, that's not you talking."

Frank can't scream, he's being squeezed. He whispers in pain.

FRANK  
*Do, you --believe?*

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(quotes *Popeye*)  
"If I'm not me, who am I? If I'm  
somebody else, why does I look like  
me?"  
(*Popeye's* laugh) )  
*Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag-ag*, etc.

Frank shakes his head once, then explains gasping.

FRANK  
*B, L, E, V, E. Boiling Liquid  
Expanding Vapor --Explosion.*

Frank is released to fall on floor. He breaths in deep, then sees their small camping stove's propane tank and grabs it. Fire spreads to the two side walls. Frank throws their small propane tank into center fire and dives out the front doors.

FRANK  
Believe it, baby!

ENTITY (O.S.)  
(in Aadhya's voice)  
"Show off."

**EXT. FUNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Frank jumps on an all-black Harley *FXSTB Night Train* with Batman logos on its tank, starts it, and wheelies off the porch.

There's a small *explosion* from inside the house followed by its secondary huge *explosion*, followed by the remaining motorcycles on the porch *exploding*. Funhouse *disintegrates*.

Frank looks back as their minivan now also *explodes*.

FRANK

Maybe a little sportier this time.  
(pulls up a wheelie)  
Yee-haaaaaaaaaaa --!

**INT. VENDOR BUILDING WITH KNIFEY'S BIKE - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank lays his bike down and slides sideways smashing through the shack's rotted-wood front pull-down.

Frank sees Molotov Cocktails of canning jars full of yellow liquid with Beyonce's shirt-rags sticking out. Next to them is an empty rusted Turpentine can. Frank stuffs the bottles in Knifey's saddlebags, then opens *FXSTB's* gas cap, stuffs last shirt-rag in it, and pulls out his Airborne Lighter. He quotes basketball's DeMarcus Cousins.

FRANK

"God gives his hardest battles --to  
his strongest soldiers."

Frank lights *FXSTB* tank's rag, jumps on Knifey's bike, starts it, and exits.

**EXT. JUNIOR COASTER - MOMENTS LATER**

*FXSTB* and its Shooting Gallery *explode* in flames.

Frank stops near King's body. The sidecar bike is gone. Frank lights one of his jar's rags paraphrasing more *Ranger Creed*.

FRANK

"Leave no one --behind."

Frank throws the burning jar on King's corpse and rides away.

Flames *explode* enveloping King, then creep up the coaster.

**EXT. FUNTIME VENDOR BUILDINGS - MONTAGE**

Frank rides past every shack tossing lit Molotov Cocktails that *explode* in fire-balls until all buildings are burning.

**EXT. FUNTIME ENTRANCE GATE - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank rides towards the open gates. Suddenly, they swing shut. Frank lays the bike down and slides with it into them.

ENTITY (O.S.)  
 (Beyonce quotes Popeye)  
 "If we can't be frens, we'll be  
 emenies."  
 (Popeye cartoon laugh)  
 Ag-ag-ag-ag-ag, etc.

Frank stands with his last remaining jar and lights it.

FRANK  
 Why are you like this?!

ENTITY  
 (in Frank's own voice)  
 "I don't like being like this you  
 know."

FRANK  
 I know.

Frank throws the lit jar at his motorcycle and dives away.

Bike is engulfed in flames, then *explodes* taking-out both gates. Burning gas is thrown on Frank. He's on fire, too.

ENTITY  
 (in Aadhya's voice)  
 "Think I'm gonna' be sick."

Frank head-dives over the burning bike out through the gates.

**EXT. FUNTIME ENTRANCE GATE - CONTINUOUS**

Frank, *Stops, Drops, and Rolls* putting out his flames. He stands and looks back in at his destruction.

FRANK  
 (in perfect Goober)  
 "Couldn't pay me ta' sleep here."

Frank, his clothes still smoking, jogs down the road.



**EXT. FUNTIME ROAD TO MAIN HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank, smudge-faced, smoldering, jogs around the road's bend looking like a *Smoke Jumper* after a long hard day.

Beyonce, Aadhya, and Ryder, stand by the side-car motorcycle and see him. They rush to Frank hugging and kissing him.

FRANK

Now --we are connected.

Goober steps to them.

GOOBER

Where's my ma-chet?

Beyonce reaches into the sidecar to hand Goober an umbrella.

FRANK

What now, tough guy?

GOOBER

Guess I'll go git my old job back.

RYDER/AADHYA

As --?

GOOBER

School bus driva'.

Ryder and Aadhya look at each other alarmed.

FRANK

(claps hands)

Okay Princess, you're in the side-car. Big Boy, you're on her lap.

AADHYA

Gross.

GOOBER

What?

FRANK

And Big Bad Mama, you're behind me.

Frank grabs and dips Beyonce kissing her passionate, stands her back up, then tickles Beyonce who turns away *giggling*.

AADHYA

Grosser.

GOOBER

Yes?

FRANK

Then tonight --

Frank bends to kiss her back's Tramp Stamp.

FRANK

I'm --behind, you.

Beyonce *giggles* more.

Aadhya rolls her eyes.

AADHYA

Gross, gross, gross.

Goober lifts pointer-finger, *Uh --?*

Ryder jumps in sidecar first.

RYDER

I call shotgun!

Aadhya grabs Ryder's ear Helix to pull him out by it.

AADHYA

No way I'm sitting on your lap,  
pubescent-boy.

Aadhya sits in sidecar. Ryder sits on her lap. Aadhya looks like she wants to vomit.

Frank sits on bike's main seat. Beyonce swings up behind him onto passenger-hump hugging him tight.

FRANK

Funn Family --!  
(*revs engine*)  
How far?

RYDER

All --!

AADHYA

The --!

BEYONCE

Wayyyyyyy!

Four Funns ride off into the sunrise waving back to Goober.

Goober looks at the black smoke rising from Funtime, shakes his head, and now speaks in a full and proper British accent.

GOOBER

Quite right what that Kurt Vonnegut  
chap said, "Bizarre travel plans  
are, dancing lessons from God."

A light *rain* begins falling. Goober opens the umbrella and reenacts Gene Kelly's dancing scene from *Singing in the Rain*. Orchestra Music begins playing same as Goober tap dances whistling and kicking at puddles down the wet road.

GOOBER

"Let the stormy clouds chase,  
Everyone from the place, Come on  
with the rain, I've a smile on my  
face" etc.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF FUNTIME AMUSEMENT PARK - MOMENTS LATER**

Vendor buildings are on fire. Funhouse rubble smolders in rain. Coaster's car climbs *clickity-clack* to top, then entire structure collapses. Smoke billows everywhere as steam rises.

ENTITY (O.S.)

(in T-Rex's voice)

Gonna' get me some F, u, n, n.

TO BE CONTINUED.