

STAN AGAINST EVIL

“Eccles & The 172”

by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

An moss-covered cemetery in a small New England town. We move past crumbling headstones and marble angels as we hear...

MINISTER (O.C.)
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
dust to dust... in sure and certain
hope of Eternal Life.

A burial. MOURNERS sit on either side of a flower-draped casket.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
Of the dear souls Claire hath left
behind, none more dear than her
daughter, Denise.

ON Denise, early 30's, pretty in plain way, like those Depression-era photos of women in the Dust Bowl.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
And her beloved husband, Sheriff
Stanley Miller.

ON STANLEY MILLER, mid-60's, an aging bulldog in his formal Sheriff's Dept. khakis. Archie Bunker without the elegance and sophistication.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
Or, as we lovingly call him,
Sheriff... Stanley Miller.

The minister places a reassuring hand on Stan's shoulder. And leaves it there.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
Weep if you must, but make an end
of sorrow -

Stan tries, with ever-increasing annoyance, to shrug the minister's hand off. Denise shoots him a dirty look.

Stan turns to an Elderly Woman sitting opposite him, across the casket. He smiles thinly. The Elderly Woman winks, then wags her eyebrows seductively.

Stan double-takes. The minister moves his hand to the nape of Stan's neck. Stan fumes and turns back to the Elderly Woman, who is now licking her lips suggestively.

STAN
(soto, to Denise)
Who is that woman?

DENISE
(soto)
Jesus, dad! Can we bury Mom first?

STAN
(not at all soto)
That's not what I meant!

A few of the mourners turn and stare. Stan, the world's most confrontational organism, stares back. He turns back to the Elderly Woman who's now tracing her fingers over her breasts. She then makes a crude fucking gesture with her hands.

Stan gets up and jabs a finger at the Elderly Woman.

STAN (CONT'D)
You want to start some shit with
me?

The mourners GASP in horror.

MINISTER
Stanley, please!

ALL EYES ON the Elderly Woman, who appears to be in shock, acting totally innocent. Or is she?

STAN
Somebody put you up to this?
Somebody think this is funny?

DENISE
Dad, stop it! Can we just bury mom
and have a nice morning?

ON the Elderly Woman, now staring at Stan while seductively sucking her fingers. Stan must be thinking, "Does no one else see this?" He reaches over, puts the Elderly Woman into a headlock, drags her over the casket, yanks her sweater over her head and starts rocketing punches into her jaw, as if they were in a hockey fight.

The fight moves OFF CAMERA. We stay on the casket as Denise and the mourners chase after him.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONEEXT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - DAY

A copy of The Willard's Mill Beacon lands on the grass. It's front page features a photo of a shell-shocked Stanley below the headline, "SHERIFF MILLER TO RESIGN." The sub-header reads, WIDOWED OFFICIAL, "APESHIT WITH GRIEF"

The next day's edition lands on top of it: BLOODY MESS! - "RAIN OF BLOOD" RUINS ENGAGEMENT PHOTO SHOOT. The next day, HO-HO-NO! - HUMAN SKELETON FOUND IN CHIMNEY, then NEW SHERIFF IS WOMAN - FIRST IN TOWN'S HISTORY TO PRODUCE MILK.

A FIGURE enters frame, picks up the stack of newspapers and heads into the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - DAY

Enter EVIE BARRET, tall, blonde and all business. Imagine Jack Webb in the body of Naomi Watts (Jack would).

Evie regards the messy room with disgust. Then, from back in the station, we hear a long, tortured GROAN.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - PRISONER'S SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Evie walks past the station's one cell to the prisoner's shower, just in time to see STAN emerging, wrapped in a towel, wet and ripe.

STAN

Who the hell are you?

EVIE

I could ask you the same question.

STAN

Of course you could. That's what women do. You ask them a question, they ask you a question. They ain't gonna answer yours. That'd be showing weakness, am I right?

EVIE

Are you Sheriff Miller?

STAN

See? You just did it again! You can't help yourself. You're like a kid around booze.

EVIE

I'm Evelyn Barret. I'm the new -

Stan walks past, ignoring her.

EVIE (CONT'D)

They said you'd stepped down. I assumed your deputy -

STAN

Leon? He's about as useful as tits on a flashlight. His family owns the building, so if I can him I'll end up havin' to move the whole department into the basement of the fire station, and what a nest of shitheads that place is. Since when does pointing a hose make you special? Anyway, it's easier to just keep Leon on and let him come and go as he pleases. You know, like Otis on The Andy Griffith Show, but if Barney was Otis.

(then)

Well, you can let yourself out.

He reaches the sherriff's office door.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clearly, Stan has been living here, at least for a bit. The couch has a blanket and pillow on it, the desk is a pile of clothes, etc.

EVIE

Sheriff Miller, have you been home since... ?

STAN

Yeah, not so much.

The share an uncomfotable silence.

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Stan pulls up to a modest Colonial.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He enters. His first time home since Claire died. The house is quiet, empty and still. He's been dreading this.

STAN

Hello?

Silence.

STAN (CONT'D)
Hey, it's me. Denise?

Silence. Then, from upstairs, a CREAK.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stan pokes his head down the upstairs hallway. We have a long, slow, early-seventies-horror-movie ZOOM on a closed bedroom door.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan opens the door, color draining from his face as he sees a figure - its back to him - in Claire's rocking chair. Another CREAK.

STAN
H-H-Hon? That ain't you, is it?

The figure turns. It's Denise.

DENISE
No, it's Angelina Jolie. I got tired of banging Brad Pitt so I thought I'd come over here and catch a buzz wiffin' your old beer farts.

STAN
Get outta your mother's chair!

DENISE
Where you been?

STAN
None of your business.

DENISE
It IS my business. I'm the one what's gotta help you out now.

STAN
You want to help out, pay rent.

DENISE
Fine. Just take it out of what you pay me.

STAN
Pay you? For what?

DENISE

How am I gonna pay rent and help you out if you ain't payin' me to help you out? You gotta pay me if you want me to give you money.

STAN

How come your mother gets to die and I don't? Everybody dies but me.

DENISE

If you need money, we can sell some of the guns in mom's sewing room.

STAN

What are you talking about?

Stan exits and heads down the hall to the sewing room.

STAN (CONT'D)

The sewing room? Christ, I ain't been in there since Starsky and Hutch was on. You know, they always seemed a little too "chummy" for each other if you ask me. And that one with the sweater. Just put on a dress and get it over with.

INT. SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan enters Claire's old sewing room. His jaw drops in astonishment.

STAN

What the hell?

REVEAL Claire's "sewing room." A vast library of occult paraphernalia, supernatural reference books and an entire wall devoted to ancient, museum-worthy weaponry.

DENISE (O.S.)

Hey dad? If you go to the store, We need D batteries, some lighter fluid and that squirty cheese in a can. If you don't have enough, just get the cheese.

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sun sets and shadows lengthen. Off in the brush, the Elderly Woman stands. Staring. Unmoving. Unblinking.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ACT 2

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - THE FOLLOWING DAY

CLOSE ON The Willard's Mill Beacon, headlined, "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY? - 300th Anniv. Of Trials Brings Mysterious Screams, Pie Contest."

MAN (O.S.)

You ain't entering the pie contest
are you? Big mistake.

Evie looks up to find a slender, balding, mustached man in Sherrif's khakis. This is DEP. LEON DRINKWATER - 30s-40s.

LEON

Deputy Leon Drinkwater.

Evie eyes him levelly, but does not respond.

LEON (CONT'D)

See, if you enter the contest, you
might win, and you don't want
people thinking you're some flashy
outsider, you know? Blowing into
town with your big city pies.

EVIE

Oh, right! Because a man who wins
is a success, but a woman who wins
is a bi - never mind. Where have
you been?

LEON

Me? I been plowed.

EVIE

I'm sorry?

LEON

Don't be. It was awesome. See, with
Claire passing there was a lot of
big emotions and stuff, and I'm
like, "No thanks." So I just drank
my way through the weekend. Missed
the whole thing. Only came around
this morning. Don't know what
happened, but I woke up on a shelf
in my garage. I must have thought I
was paint.

EVIE

I see.

LEON

But I wouldn't be so worried about me if I was you. You got enough troubles.

EVIE

What do you mean by that?

He points to the newspaper headline.

LEON

It's right there. Constable Eccles and one-seventy-two.

EVIE

You lost me.

LEON

Way back in the 1600's, Willard's Mill had a constable named Thaddeus Eccles. He heard about the witch trials in Salem, you know, up the road, all those people getting burned at the stake? Well Eccles got the same thing going down here. Ended up burning a hundred-and-seventy-two people alive at the stake. Dead.

EVIE

He thought Willard's Mill had a hundred-and-seventy-two witches?

LEON

No! He didn't get the full story about Salem till later. He just thought being constable meant you could burn people at the stake. He just went nuts. You gotta say, it took balls.

EVIE

My God.

LEON

The legend is the spirits of those hundred-and-seventy-two people swore vengeance on the town, and ever since then, every sheriff in Willard's Mill has met an early, violent death. Except Stan.

EVIE

Well, fortunately I don't believe in that stuff. I came here from Boston for two things: peace and quiet. It's me, my daughter, our cat, and nobody else. And that's how it's gonna stay. That's all the excitement I can handle.

Evie turns away, studying the newspapers. Linger on the headline announcing Stan's retirement.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Stanley Miller, something tells me you have a secret.

LEON

You talking to me or the newspaper?

EVIE

Huh? Oh. Neither. I was just, you know, thinking out loud.

LEON

Oh. Weird.

CLOSE ON the front page photo of the bewildered Stan.

FADE TO:

EXT. WILLARD'S MILL POST OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON The Elderly Woman from the funeral. She is running to her car, frantic and breathless. She jumps in, slams the door and locks it.

SMASH!!!! The windshield explodes into a spiderweb of broken glass.

Outside the car, a MAILMAN, in shorts and a pith helmet, waves a baseball bat menacingly.

MAILMAN

Come outta there!

BLAM! He swings the bat into the windshield again.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

I know what you are!

And again.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

I know what you are!

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a massive, ancient, leather-bound book. The text is in a strange, foreign language, but the illustrations are clear: DEMONIC FIGURES, skeletal visions in dark robes. CLOSE ON a drawing of a demon, a tall man in long black robes with the head of a crow. He is being stabbed by a priest holding an ornate triton. Stan looks up to see the same triton hanging on the wall. Stan flips through the book, matching other weapons depicted to weapon in his deceased wife's collection.

STAN

Claire Miller, what the hell were
up to?

A clipped-out newspaper cartoon falls out the book. Stan picks it up.

STAN (CONT'D)

Garfield? "I hate camping." How is
that funny? He's just an asshole.

He dramatically crumples up the cartoon.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Denise is standing in front of the TV watching a workout video. She's not doing the workout, just standing there, wiggling halfheartedly while eating pickles out of a jar.

Stan enters holding the book.

STAN

Y'ever see your mother with this
book before?

DENISE

Yeah. All the time.

STAN

Really? How come I ain't?

DENISE

'Cause you were never home and when
you were you just sat in your chair
didn't pay no attention.

STAN

Course I don't pay no attention!
You two sit there all day chirpin'
away like two birds fighting over
an onion ring.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)
Bip-bip-bip, all day long, that's
all I hear, bip-bip-bip. It's a
wonder I didn't go nuts living in
this dump!

Stan storms out. A beat. He re-enters.

STAN (CONT'D)
So what the hell is this thing?

DENISE
It's mom's necklace book. Mom's
necklace? With the big glass thing?
She'd put that over the page and
read it the words through the
glass. She read it all the time
before she went out.

STAN
Before she went out?

DENISE
Yeah, when you were at work she
went out a lot.

STAN
What the hell was she doin'?

Stan looks at the book again. CLOSE ON a drawing of a Pilgrim-
looking guy slaying a demon with an ornate crossbow.

DENISE
I dunno.

Denise wiggles her torso half-heartedly, then grabs another
pickle.

STAN
Where's that necklace now?

DENISE
She's wearing it. You know. Down in
the..

She points to the ground.

STAN
Oh. Ohhh.
(then)
Well, I ain't gonna... Yeah, screw
that.

Stan heads off, but Denise calls after him.

DENISE

Dad! So, if mom's sewing room is all occult books and ancient weaponry, where's her sewing stuff?

STAN

I dunno.

DENISE

There's your mystery!

EXT. POST OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The mailman sits, handcuffed, in the back of the squad car. Evie stands nearby speaking to the Elderly Woman.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I don't know. It all happened so fast. Oh, my hands are shaking.

EVIE

You've had a terrible shock, ma'am. I have to ask, you have no idea why he would attack you?

The Elderly Woman starts tear up.

ELDERLY WOMAN

No. I'm just a sweet, old woman.

On the mailman, screaming from the back of the squad car.

MAILMAN

You don't fool me! You're a Death Hag! I know what you are! I know what you are!

Evie steers the Elderly Woman away from the car.

EVIE

He can't hurt you now.

A MOMENT LATER:

Evie gets climbs into the driver's seat and starts the car. The mailman leans forward, intense and frantic.

MAILMAN

How can you let her just walk away like that? You have to see who she really is! Her true face! She is EVIL! EVIL incarnate!

Evie rolls her eyes.

EVIE

Yeah, it's either that or you're
crazy.

(under her breath)

I know where my money's going.

Evie peels out.

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Elderly Woman watches Evie drive the mailman away. After they pass, she turns to camera, revealing her true face: a three-hundred-year-old, skeletal crone with solid black eyes.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - A SHORT TIME LATER

Evie and Leon sit across from The Mailman, taking his statement. Leon eats a sandwich and plays Candy Crush.

EVIE

Is there anything you'd like to say
other than, "she's evil, she's
evil, she's evil."

MAILMAN

What else do you need to know?

EVIE

All of this came to you today?

MAILMAN

As I said, when I saw her, she
revealed her true face.

EVIE

And you've never seen her before.
How is it in a town this small,
where everybody knows everybody
else, everyone knows who does what -

The Mailman looks directly at Leon.

THE MAILMAN

Who does what and who never pays
their water bill on time and who
subscribes to Barely Legal.

Leon calmly reaches across the desk for his pepper spray.

EVIE

What are you doing?

He calmly puts it back.

LEON

Look Evie, sometimes nice, normal
guys beat up old women because
they're scary and they think
they're evil. It's no biggie.

EVIE

It IS a biggie!

LEON

Stan's a nice guy and he beat up an
old lady.

Evie's eyes light up.

EVIE

He did beat up an old lady. Were
you there?

Leon shakes his head no and makes the extended-thumb-and-
pinkie "glug, glug, glug" drinking gesture.

Evie looks to Leon, then to the Mailman, then leaves the
room. Leon casually reaches for his pepper spray.

MAILMAN

Dude?

INT. EVIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Evie enters she hears the mailman SCREAM from the other
room. Stan's clutter is gone and on the desk now sits a
framed photo of Evie with an apple-cheeked, ten-year-old-
girl. This is Evie's daughter, GRACE.

Evie rifles through the newspapers, finding story on Stan's
attack. She traces her finger down the column, stopping on a
box quote, "Unknown victim reported to be woman, old, sweet."

From the other room, we hear the mailman SCREAM again.

MAILMAN (O.S.)

My eyes!

EVIE

What's going on in there?

LEON (O.S.)

Nothing.

The mailman SCREAMS again.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan settles into his chair and snaps on the remote, but the picture comes up snow. He changes the channel. Snow.

STAN

Now what!? All I wanna do is
nothin' and I can't even do that!

Stan rises and heads for the door.

DENISE (O.C.)

I think it's the TV.

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the front yard, Stan looks up to see that the cable line, up near the roof, has come loose. He pulls a ladder from the garage and climbs up to the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Stan struggles to reconnect the cable, The Elderly Woman, in her Hideous Crone form, leaps out at him from atop the roof. Stan SCREAMS, GASPS and topples backwards off the ladder.

INT STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Denise stares at the TV, snow and all. A Stan-shaped figure falls down onto the lawn from above. Denise does not notice.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - CONTINUOUS

Evie sits with the mailman, now sporting red, watery eyes. Leon stands nearby, arms folded, annoyed.

EVIE

Would you like to press charges
against Deputy Drinkwater?

MAILMAN

Can I?

EVIE

If he assaulted you, yes.

Leon SCOFFS. Evie silences him with the iciest of icy stares.

MAILMAN

This is gonna be sweet!

EVIE

But first -

She pulls a police Identi-Kit from her drawer and places it before the mailman.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You and I are going to collaborate,
and draw a picture of this so-
called "Evil Woman."

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A GIANT ANT, crossing a barren, sci-fi landscape.
WIDEN TO REVEAL it is actually a normal-sized ant crawling
across Stan's cheek. Stan lies spread-eagled on the ground,
unconscious. After a beat, he opens one eye and GROANS.
Denise approaches, standing above him.

DENISE

You okay?

STAN

Yeah. I think so. Yeah.

DENISE

Looks like you fell off the ladder.
You must have fallen asleep as soon
as you hit the ground. Unless you
fell asleep while you were falling
and were already asleep when you
hit the ground.

STAN

I think I'm okay.

DENISE

You wanna get up?

STAN

I think I'll lay here a few more
minutes.

DENISE

Okay sleepy-head! Don't lie around
all day.

Denise walks back into the house, laughing to herself. Stan
lies on the ground, staring balefully at the roof.

FADE TO:

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Evie pulls up in the squad car, approaches the house and
knocks. Denise answers and points to a spot on the lawn where
Stan is still lying prone.

STAN'S POV: Evie stands over him.

EVIE
Sheriff Miller?

STAN
Oh, good. For a minute there I
thought things couldn't get worse.

EVIE
Do you recognize this woman?

Evie reaches for the Indenti-Kit sketch.

STAN
Nope.

EVIE
Would you like to look at it first?

STAN
I'll make a deal with ya. First,
you help me up.

She does. Stan starts for the house.

EVIE
Hey, are you gonna look at the
picture?

STAN
Nope.

EVIE
I thought we had a deal! I help you
and nothing?

Stan keeps walking, doesn't even look back.

STAN
Sounds like a good deal to me. See
you later, "Sheriff."

Stan disappears into the house. Evie bites her lip, trying to
control her frustration.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stan enters to find Denise watching a TV screen full of snow.

STAN
What the Hell are you doin?

DENISE

Well, the picture's out so I'm just pretending it's a movie about ants. It's pretty good. Real violent though.

Stan shakes his head and goes upstairs.

INT. CLAIRE'S SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blackness. Then the door opens, REVEALING Stan's silhouette in the doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Denise is still watching the snow on the TV. Stan enters with the ancient book.

STAN

You say your mother could read this thing with her necklace.

Denise nods but doesn't turn to look back.

STAN (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm talking to you.

She turns back, her eyes red-rimmed and streaked with tears.

STAN (CONT'D)

What happened?!

DENISE

This movie. It's hard to explain, but it really took a turn.

She turns back to the screen.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(barely audible, to TV)
Fight for him, Angie. Fight.

Stan steps in front of the TV.

STAN

How did she use her necklace to read this?

Denise cranes her neck to see around him.

DENISE

She put it on the page and read the words through the crystal.

STAN

Thank you.

Stan exits, Denise returns to the "movie."

DENISE

(to screen)

Oh, Tanner, you don't know what you have, and you're throwing it all away...

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight. Crickets. Stan leaves the house, quickly steps around back, emerges with a shovel, gets into his car and drives off into the night. REVEAL that Evie has been staking out the house from down the street. After Stan takes off, she waits a moment and heads off after him.

EXT. CEMETERY - A SHORT TIME LATER

Evie follows Stan into the cemetery and watches, horrified, as he starts digging up Claire's grave. She approaches.

EVIE

What are you doing?

STAN

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm digging up my wife.

EVIE

Any particular reason?

STAN

None that's your business.

He continues digging.

EVIE

Well, I'm afraid you can't do that.

STAN

That's okay. I cleared it with Manny.

EVIE

Who?

STAN

Manny! The groundskeeper. He's Puerto Rican but he's okay. You can't even tell, really.

EVIE
What you're doing is illegal,
Sheriff Miller.

STAN
You telling me there's a law says I
can't dig up my own wife?

EVIE
Yes.

STAN
Really? Well, I ain't doing nothing
weird. She got buried wearing her
expensive necklace and now my
daughter wants it. So I gotta get
it, 'cause she needs it to, uh, buy
a boat.

He continues digging. Evie leans down, looking Stan in the
eye. All business.

EVIE
I don't know why you're down here,
but I bet it has something to do
with this woman.

Evie holds the Indenti-Kit drawing inches from Stan's face.
He tries to look away but she keeps following his face with
it. Finally Stan SIGHS with resignation and climbs out of the
grave.

STAN
C'mere, I gotta show you something.

He starts toward his car.

EVIE
Don't you think you should fill
that in?

STAN
Oh. Yeah, we probably should.

EVIE
Who's "we"?

Stan grabs the shovel, MUTTERING.

INT. CLAIRE'S SEWING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Blackness. Then the door opens, REVEALING Stan and Evie's
silhouettes in the doorway. Stan flicks on the light
revealing Claire's library/armory.

STAN

And here's the "sewing room."

Evie pulls down a book entitled To Combat The Forces Of Darkness.

EVIE

No wonder you survived.

STAN

What?

EVIE

Leon said every sheriff here has died a horrible death, except you. Your wife must have been protecting you behind your back.

Evie pages through another book.

STAN

I guess so. I dunno. As I said, I ain't been in here since that gay cop show was on.

EVIE

What gay cop show?

STAN

Starsky and Hutch.

EVIE

Starsky and Hutch weren't gay.

Stan SNORTS.

STAN

Couple too many unnecessary stake-outs if you ask me.

EVIE

Stan, look at this.

STAN

Not until you say, "Starsky and Hutch were - "

EVIE

Get over here!

She shows Stan an old, dry, leather-bound book.

EVIE (CONT'D)

This is the town ledger documenting
Constable Eccles and people he
killed. I don't know how she got
this, but look.

She sets the Identi-Kit drawing beside an drawing of one of
Eccles' victims. They are the one and the same.

STAN

Sheesh. What a dog.

EVIE

No, Stan, it's the old woman!
Her name was Stella Stanas. Her
dying words before being burned
alive were an oath of revenge on
the town elders of Willard's Mill.

STAN

(re the Book Of Spells)
This book has a bunch of spells in
it, but it's written in some crazy
cha-cha language, like Spanish or
Mexican.

EVIE

I think that's Sumerian.

STAN

Claire has a necklace that helps
you read this baloney. That's why I
was igging-day up her orpse-cay.

EVIE

Can I take a couple of these home?
Then tomorrow we'll talk about a
plan.

STAN

This ain't a library, you know.

But Evie is already out the door. Stan looks around and sees
another clipped out cartoon.

STAN (CONT'D)

Who the hell's Odie?

He crumples up the cartoon and tosses it onto the floor.

INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Evie enters to find the BABY-SITTER, a teen girl with braces
and bad skin, watching an actual TV show about ants.

EVIE

How was she?

BABY-SITTER

Real good, Ms. Barret. The other baby-sitter came by to take over, but I hadn't heard anything, so I sent her home. Are you okay with me watching Grace?

EVIE

I - what? I didn't hire another baby sitter.

BABY-SITTER

She was super old, probably doesn't even know how to make hotdogs. I make great hotdogs. I boil them.

Evie takes out the sketch and shows it to the baby-sitter.

EVIE

Was this her?

BABY-SITTER

Yeah! That's her! Wow, what a great drawing.

(then, hurt)

You must really like her if you made a drawing of her...

Evie is terrified.

BABY-SITTER (CONT'D)

Ms. Barret?

EVIE

Can you stay for another hour?

EXT. CEMETERY - A SHORT TIME LATER

The hole at Claire's grave is now dug so deep we only see dirt flying out. We hear a shovel hit metal, the casket lid creak open, and then Evie rises up out of the grave holding Claire's necklace.

Just then, a shadow falls over Evie. She turns and SCREAMS as a withered hand closes around her throat.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stan lies in bed, wide awake.

STAN
Screw this.

He throws the covers back and gets up.

EXT. STAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Stan leaving the house, shovel in one hand, and a large canvas bag slung over his shoulder.

STAN
(muttering)
What if I don't need no stupid book
or spell? What if I just hit her
over the head with a pipe? Or
series of pipes.

EXT. CEMETERY - A SHORT TIME LATER

Stan stands over Claire's exhumed grave.

STAN
Great. Could have stayed in bed.

Somewhere, off in the ink-black woods, Stan hears a SCREAM.

EXT. UNMARKED GRAVEYARD - A SHORT TIME LATER

Stan notices a sign and reads it aloud.

STAN
In our Darkest Hour, we commit
these souls unsettled to graves
unmarked... Why is everything a
Goddamn poem? You know what else I
hate? People who pronounce it,
"poom." It's a "po-em." What's
wrong with everybody?

EVIE
Stan! Help me!

Stan looks up to find Evie TIED TO A STAKE, as if she were a witch. Dried branches have been collected at the base of the stake.

STAN
Evie! Why'd you do that?

EVIE

I didn't do anything. She's gonna burn me at the stake. They way she was burned.

STAN

Who?

EVIE

This is the unmarked gravesite of the people killed by Constable Eccles. I'm the sheriff now, so now they're trying to kill me.

STAN

Twenty-eight years I was sheriff, twenty-eight years. Not once did I get tied to a stick. You're here one week...

EVIE

Untie me!

Stan starts to untie her.

STAN

I'm just sayin'.

EVIE

You're always, "just sayin."

STAN

One week!

Stella Stanas, in her undead, skeletal form, wearing Claire's amulet around her neck, approaches. She holds a torch and heads for Evie.

STAN (CONT'D)

Hey! That's my wife book necklace!

Stan moves to get the amulet, leaving Evie still partially tied to the stake.

STAN (CONT'D)

Geez, lady, I hope you were pretty in life, 'cause right now you look like a barrel of assholes.

Stella effortlessly knocks him to the ground. Evie starts to panic as Stella approaches with the torch, but then, in her desperation, lands on an idea.

EVIE

Stella Stanas! Using my authority as the Constable of Willard's Mill Township, I hereby pardon you of the false charge of witchcraft!

Stella stops. Just long enough for Stan to come up behind her and bring a lead pipe CRASHING down upon her head. Stella hits the dirt.

STAN

Pipe to the head. Never fails. Not that I ever did that to a person. (stilted) That would be wrong.

Stan rips the Amulet off Stella's neck.

STAN (CONT'D)

She always wore this. Looks like some crap you'd get a Renaissance Fair in Vermont. You ever go to those? They got them big turkey legs. It's fun. You know, just a bunch of Star Trek kids and fatties.

Stan looks at Evie.

STAN (CONT'D)

You probably want me to finish untying you.

He does, and she climbs down. Together they open the book. By placing the amulet atop the page, the glass crystal acts like reading glasses and converts the bizarre scribbles into legible English.

EVIE

We need to encircle her in salt. Shit, we don't have salt.

STAN

The hell we don't.

Stan reaches in his pockets and pulls out a plastic bag full of tiny salt packets, ketchup packs and thousand island dressing. Evie gives Stan an odd look.

STAN (CONT'D)

You're gonna judge me for stealing condiments when it's the only thing keeping us alive?

Evie and Stan start opening the tiny packets and sprinkling salt in a circle around Stella.

Evie places the medallion over the page begins reading the incantation.

EVIE

In the name of the Great Lady and
the Powerful Lord, I hunt by seed,
by flower and fruit of evil..

STAN

Geez, this is really bringing back
that Renaissance fair. But oh, man,
those turkey legs...

Stella comes ROARING back to life, grabbing Evie's throat and spewing hideous black bile onto her face. Stan grabs the lead pipe and begins hammering her to the ground.

STAN (CONT'D)

Keep reading!

Evie, covered in black filth, continues the incantation.

EVIE

I cast thee back! With power and
purity to be constrained by the
chains of Abaddon and returned to
darkness.

Stan continues battering Stella with the pipe, spraying them both with black, filthy goo.

EVIE (CONT'D)

That you may never disturb the
servants of the Lord of Light!

Stella begins to shrivel, letting out a ghastly HOWL as her body breaks into dust and settles onto the ground.

Dawn breaks, flooding the graveyard with sunlight, Evie and Stan, dirty, tired and covered in goo, walk slowly back to their cars. Seeing Claire's disinterred grave, Stan CLEARS HIS THROAT suggestively.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah.

STAN

I did it last time.

Off Evie's look.

STAN (CONT'D)

Well, if you're gonna be a baby
about it.

Stan and Evie begin the slow work of filling in Claire's
grave.

STAN (CONT'D)

So, uh, you ain't entering the pie
contest, are you?

EVIE

Not sure.

STAN

Big mistake. Just sayin'.

We PAN BACK as Stan and Evie work together to fill in the
grave.

EVIE

So, according to that book, there's
a hundred-seventy-one other
whatchamacallits back there. You
think they're gonna...

STAN

I dunno. Just keep shovelling.

We continue PANNING back until we come upon a FIGURE watching
from the woods. The figure turns to camera, appearing as a
tall man, dressed in a long black robe, but his head is not
human, it is that of a crow, with a long black beak and dark,
soulless eyes. In one hand, the figure holds a scythe.

END OF ACT 3