

Ludington's Ride 4

an original screenplay
written by
Charles Welty





Ludington's Ride 4

The Adventure of the Ghost Riders

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PRE-PRODUCTION DRAFT.
SUBJECT TO REVISION.

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LUDINGTON'S RIDE -- THE TELEVISION SERIES
Episode 1: The Adventure of the Ghost Riders
Written by Charles Welty

ACT ONE

BLACK SCREEN. We HEAR the RATTLE of TACK and BRIDLE, and the HOOFBEATS of a HORSE at FULL GALLOP, BREATHING HARD as we...

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HILL CEMETERY -- NIGHT 1

FOG is everywhere. A reprise of the openings of our theatrical films as a YOUNG RIDER rides at full gallop, hell bent for leather, out of the MIST that shrouds the HILL CEMETERY. On an iron arch above the two brick columns that form the entryway to the cemetery, we see the CEMETERY'S NAME peeking through the gloom.

And we SEE abject terror on the face of the YOUNG NOCHPEEM INDIAN BOY, aged 12 or so. He rides as if the devil's own demons are after him -- and they are! He turns his head quickly to see...

SIX FIGURES ON HORSEBACK, GLOWING with an EERIE LUMINESCENCE, charge out of the Hill Cemetery and barrel down the backwoods country road after him.

THEIR CLOTHES -- even their SADDLES, TACK AND BRIDLES, their SWORDS and their HORSES -- all GLOW with a GHOSTLY FLAME. Apart from the SOUND of the HORSES' HOOFBEATS, they ride silent as the wind.

2 EXT. COUNTRY WOODS -- NIGHT 2

CONTINUOUS ACTION. The Nochpeem boy pulls off the road and takes a shortcut through the woods.

THE GHOST RIDERS ride hard into the woods after him.

THE LEAD GHOST RIDER pulls his SWORD. We SEE the GHOSTLY GLOW of the sword as he swings it over his head, cutting leaves and branches off the trees as he moves through the woods after the boy.

A BRANCH falls along the wayside. We SEE the place where it has been cut. It GLOWS in the darkness.

The other GHOST RIDERS pull their swords, too, and more branches fall as they move through the woods. Three riders go in one direction; the other three riders move off into the distance at a different angle.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

We're MOVING WITH THE INDIAN BOY as branches cut his face. He moves way too fast through the woods on the barely visible trail. But he doesn't have to encourage his horse. They are both fleeing for their lives. HOLD FOR A BEAT as they PASS BY US, then we CUT TO:

3 **EXT. BELKIN'S BRIDGE -- NIGHT**

3

This is the same covered bridge that Sybil Ludington rode over in our first film. The young boy rides quickly toward the bridge. He stops briefly, looking behind him.

THE INDIAN BOY'S POV -- BEHIND HIM

There's nothing there, but then we HEAR the SOUNDS OF HORSES' HOOFBEATS coming in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

The Indian boy's EYES GROW WIDE. He turns to see...

A GHOST RIDER, not twenty feet from him, pulls out of the woods, swinging his sword over his head.

THE INDIAN BOY rears up on his terrified horse. They leap on to the bridge.

ON THE BRIDGE -- MOVING

A BLUR of TRESTLE and TIMBER as the Indian boy and his horse move rapidly across the bridge. The boy looks ahead and sees...

THREE MORE GHOST RIDERS pull onto the bridge in front of him.

THE INDIAN BOY pulls his horse to a stop. He looks behind him in panic.

THE FIRST THREE GHOST RIDERS pull on to the bridge. They move steadily toward the Indian boy at a walk.

THE INDIAN BOY looks to his right and left. He is surrounded.

THE GHOST RIDERS quickly surround him. The LEAD GHOST RIDER pulls his sword. We SEE it hang in the air above the Indian boy for a short beat. The SWORD GLOWS with a GHOSTLY RADIANCE for a beat, then as the ghost sword strikes, we MATCH CUT TO:

4 **EXT. DAVID'S LONG HOUSE -- MORNING**

4

ECU -- A MELON as a COLONIAL BATTLE SWORD SWINGS THROUGH THE SHOT, cutting the melon in half. There's no visible change in the melon at first.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DAVID relaxes from his attack on the melon.

THE TOP HALF OF THE MELON slides off, FALLING OUT OF THE SHOT to the ground. We SEE that the bottom half of the melon rests on a wooden post.

We SEE a GRIM LOOK on David's face. CAMERA MOVES Laterally and SYBIL COMES INTO VIEW. She stands beside David, and she also holds a COLONIAL BATTLE SWORD. She looks at something, OUT OF THE FRAME. She suddenly steps forward, swinging her sword with a most unladylike YELL.

SYBIL'S SWORD cuts through a second melon.

SYBIL relaxes her attack stand as her melon, also on a post, slides apart to reveal a split. Half of her melon slides to the ground, too, FALLING OUT OF THE SHOT. Sybil notices the intense look on David's face.

SYBIL
Another nightmare, David?

David nods grimly. He maintains his attack stance, his sword at the ready. His hands tighten around the grip.

WIDER -- THE NOCHPEEM ENCAMPMENT

INTO VIEW -- an ENORMOUS CIRCLE OF THIRTY OR SO WOODEN POSTS. All of them have untouched melons on them, except for the two melons that David and Sybil have just cut.

SYBIL (CONT'D)
You know there's only one cure for that.

A statement and not a question. David nods grimly again.

DAVID
Yield no ground to fear.

A DETERMINED LOOK crosses David's chiseled face. He raises his sword.

SYBIL raises her sword.

With GRIM YELLS, they each take single slices of each melon, working their way from opposite ends of the circle.

VARIOUS SHOTS as DAVID and SYBIL attack the melons with great flourish.

FROM ABOVE, like a bizarre dance, we SEE Sybil and David twirling and slashing at the melons along the circle of posts.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

DAVID and SYBIL continue to attach the melons with great flourish.

DAVID slices a melon from top to bottom.

SYBIL slices a melon from left to right, then again from right to left. The three pieces FALL OUT OF THE SHOT.

David and Sybil continue their bizarre sword dance around the CIRCLE OF POSTS as MELON PIECES fly right and left. As they near the last post, we can see that there is going to be one last melon between them.

AT THE LAST POST, Sybil and David stand, poised to slash at the last melon.

SYBIL takes a deep breath. She steps in to attack the last melon.

DAVID takes a deep breath. He also steps in to attack the melon.

Sybil's sword slashes down from upper right to lower left. In the b.g., David's sword slashes down from upper left to lower right, just missing her sword.

THE LAST MELON falls into four neat pieces across the top of the last wooden post. HOLD FOR A BEAT on the four pieces.

SYBIL relaxes, bringing her sword down to her side.

SYBIL
Breakfast! For everyone!

DAVID relaxes, too. He brings his sword down to his side.

DAVID
I just love what you can do in a
kitchen.

SYBIL
(mild protest)
Hey!

David grabs a PIECE OF CLOTH that hangs from his belt. He wipes his blade clean. He tosses the cloth to Sybil with a CHUCKLE.

SYBIL catches the cloth. She wipes her blade clean, too. We HOLD for a BEAT as we hear the O.S. SOUND of REINS SLAPPING against a plow horse's back, then we CUT TO:

5 **EXT. LUDINGTON FARM -- MORNING**

5

COL. HENRY LUDINGTON, dressed in the civilian clothes of a farmer, plows a field in front of his home. Hitched to the late 18th century wooden plow is one of his plow horses, and behind them both walk Sybil and Rebecca, dropping wheat seeds into the open furrow. We SEE a long, open field behind them, already plowed and seeded. As the girls drop seeds into the ground, Sybil drills Rebecca in the conjugation of a Latin verb.

SYBIL

Amâre. Active singular.

REBECCA

Amâre. Amó. Amás.

The Colonel stops plowing. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

COLONEL LUDINGTON

You would have to pick that verb.

Sybil laughs as Rebecca continues her conjugation.

SYBIL

Active plural.

REBECCA

Amat. Amâtis. Amant. What's it mean?

COLONEL LUDINGTON

Thinking about Sergeant what's-his-name, are we?

(to Rebecca)

Amâre. It's the Latin root for love.

SYBIL

His name is Edmond, as if you didn't know.

COLONEL LUDINGTON

And he's attached to Colonel Elmore for at least six months. Maybe he'll come back to you... as a Lieutenant!

SYBIL

Or even a Captain!

The Colonel turns, picks up the reins, and CRACKS them across the back of his plow horse.

COLONEL LUDINGTON

Doesn't hurt to dream.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SYBIL REACTS at the jest. She throws a seed at him. The Colonel CHUCKLES at her playfulness. He looks up at the sky and muses.

COLONEL LUDINGTON (CONT'D)

Hm-m-m. Looks like it might rain tonight.

But the sky is cloudless. Sybil looks up at the sky skeptically, then casts an equally skeptical glance at him. As the Colonel's plow moves forward, we DISSOLVE TO:

6 **EXT. LUDINGTON HOME -- NIGHT**

6

A THUNDER STORM drenches the Ludington home as LIGHTNING LIGHTS UP the night sky. RAIN beats on the windows. We ZOOM SLOWLY INTO one of the windows as we HEAR the O.S. VOICE of SYBIL, as she tells a ghost story that is punctuated by the thunder and lightning.

SYBIL (O.S.)

Closer and closer the phantom rode.
Through the darkened cemetery, her ghostly figure cast its eerie shadows in the light of the full moon. The headstones marking the crypts, many over two hundred years old, were bent over, crippled by the years of neglect. Or was it... sorrow... or perhaps... fear.

We're AT THE WINDOW now, looking inside through the wavy, old glass. We SEE SYBIL as she sits on a footstool in front of a blazing fire. All of the Ludington children sit around her, backs TOWARD US. Some of the children are on the rug in front of the fireplace. Others sit raptly on the settee. As the LIGHTNING FLASHES and the THUNDER ROLLS again, we MOVE THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW TO:

7 **INT. LUDINGTON HOME -- NIGHT**

7

CONTINUOUS ACTION as the CHILDREN LISTEN to Sybil's ghost story. ARCHIBALD (age 10) HENRY (age 8), DERICK (age 6) and TERTULLUS (age 4) shiver as their older sister spins her tale, ignoring the various TOYS on the floor in front of the FIREPLACE. REBECCA (age 14) and MARY (age 12) knit socks. All eyes are on Sybil as she terrifies them with her tale.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Yes, it was fear. Their namesakes were still afraid, even in the dusty sleep of death. Afraid of the unspeakable horror that trod that sacred ground above their final resting places.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Mary and Rebecca stop knitting for a beat. They exchange glances quickly, and begin to knit faster.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Out of the night the phantom rode,
carrying her head in her right hand,
held high for all to see. A mournful
voice cried out -- "Avenge me...
avenge me... Archibald!"

ARCHIBALD recoils in horror as Sybil turns to face him. A crafty smile from Sybil tells us it's all in scary fun. She lifts an object, covered with a cloth.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

It was her severed head that spoke...

She rips the cloth off, exposing a SMALL GOURD, carved to look like a ghoul. The CHILDREN GASP with horror.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

...dangling by its hair in the grasp
of... the Headless Phantom of Hill
Cemetery!

Sybil brandishes the "head" at Archibald. She turns to the other boys. Sybil points the scary gourd at each of them in turn, holding it toward the youngest of the Ludington boys for the longest time.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Henry! Derick! Tertu-u-u-llus!

Little Tertullus pulls a blanket over his head, shivering.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Avenge me! Avenge me, Tertullus!

We HEAR an ENORMOUS CRASH of THUNDER.

AT THE FRONT DOOR, the enormous wooden bar across the door jumps out of its posts and lands with a RESOUNDING THUD on the floor.

All of the children jump, including Sybil.

Slowly, a sword slips in between the double doors. It catches the latch and slowly begins to raise the latch as another FLASH OF LIGHTNING lights up the room.

THE CHILDREN gasp with horror.

SYBIL tosses the gourd to Archibald. FAVORING THE CHILDREN, we FOLLOW THE GOURD as Archibald catches it quickly, realizes what it is, and tosses it to...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

HENRY, who passes it away in horror to...

DERICK, who in turn drops it in the lap of...

TERTULLUS, who in turn SCREECHES in horror.

SYBIL jumps to the wall and removes one of her father's battle swords as the door slams open with a CRASH.

Framed in the doorway and drenched by the rain stands a HOODED FIGURE, holding his sword. The figure steps inside! A SECOND HOODED COMPANION steps out of the rain and joins him. He carries a wicked-looking tomahawk. We can't see the faces of the terrifying visitors.

SYBIL pulls her sword from the sheath. The children cower around Sybil as she bravely takes her stand. A familiar voice speaks out:

CROSBY (O.S.)

Put that thing down, girl! You're gonna cut somebody!

THE FIRST FIGURE removes his hood and we SEE that the first figure is ENOCH CROSY!

THE SECOND FIGURE pulls his hood down, too. It's DAVID, the son of Chief Nimham.

Relieved, the children WALLA "Uncle Enoch! Uncle Enoch!"

SYBIL sheathes her sword and hangs it back on the brackets above the fireplace.

SYBIL

Somebody was gonna get cut, all right.
But it wasn't gonna be me.

As the children gather around Crosby, Sybil gives David a quick embrace. She pokes Crosby in the shoulder.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

No hug for you. You scared the wits out of us.

CROSBY

Like it was my fault! You've been telling ghost stories again.

DAVID

We saw you through the window!

ARCHIBALD

The Headless Phantom...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

Interrupting, Crosby finishes it for him.

CROSBY

...of Hill Cemetery. I know, I know.
 (rolls his eyes)
 It's only a legend. A story...

Tertullus kicks the gourd over to David. David bends down and picks up the gourd.

DAVID

A ghost story. No truth to it.

David holds the gourd up for Crosby to see.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The evidence of her crime.
 (he shakes the gourd
 in Sybil's face)
 We'll have her for supper tonight.

The children WALLA "E-e-o-o-w" and other assorted exclamations of disgust. David bites the nose off the gourd. As he chews:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Vegetables... they're good for you!

More exclamations of disgust from the children as Sybil herds them all off to the stairway for bed.

SYBIL

Go on now! Off to bed!
 (to David)
 That's disgusting! You want to give
 them nightmares?

CROSBY

Oh, you've done enough of that
 already!

Crosby and David laugh as Sybil grabs the noseless gourd from David and shakes it in their direction.

SYBIL

Go on! Uncle Enoch and David have
 something private to talk about.

The children EXIT quickly as Sybil shakes the gourd at them. And we DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. LUDINGTON KITCHEN -- NIGHT

8

Sybil pours some tea into some mugs. David and Sybil drink as Crosby explains their next mission. It seems that Prosser and his gang are behind a series of thefts of arms, all part

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

of a clandestine smuggling operation. Enoch and David are tasked with finding out more about it all.

9 **EXT. PHILADELPHIA THEATER -- NIGHT**

9

RAUCOUS APPLAUSE emanates from the theater. People move back and forth on the sidewalk in front of this mid-eighteenth century theater building. HOLD FOR A BEAT, then CUT TO:

10 **INT. PHILADELPHIA THEATER -- NIGHT**

10

ON THE STAGE, a drama is being performed. Various STAGE EFFECTS occur: a FLASH of LIGHTNING, a SOUND of THUNDER, and a PHANTASMAL FEMALE CHARACTER flies across the stage, suspended by wires that are barely visible.

IN THE AUDIENCE is Sybil, Quincy, and Crosby, watching from BOX SEATS. All three of them are dressed in fine clothes, a departure from their normal more practical Colonial garb. Crosby leans over and speaks in a low voice to Sybil.

CROSBY

Did I mention how charming you look tonight, Miss Ludington?

SYBIL

Why, thank you, Uncle Enoch! A night at the theater! I'm so glad Papa approved.

QUINCY

Oh, yeah. Beats the heck out of plowin', and makin' soap, and pickin' burrs out of horses' rear ends, and...

SYBIL

Quincy! You'd almost think I didn't thank you for getting us the tickets.

She leans over, kisses him softly on the cheek. Quincy sits up at this, embarrassed but pleased at the kiss. Sybil points to the stage.

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Oh, look!

(MORE)

Sybil and Crosby watch the performance, mesmerized at the stage EFFECTS. Quincy looks down at the stage, bored spitless. He fingers his collar, which is a bit too tight for him.

As the phantom creature lifts up and floats across the stage, Sybil can't resist.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SYBIL (CONT'D)

Marvelous!

(to Quincy)

You have to tell me! How is it done?

QUINCY yawns, fidgeting with his collar. He rests his head in his hand, propping it on the armrest of his chair in the box seat in which they sit.

CROSBY

You know, the audience... they really don't want to know.

QUINCY

There! Best observation of the night. Can we go now? This is so... boring.

SYBIL

That's 'cuz you invented the stage... what do you call them?

Bored almost to tears, Quincy barely looks down at the stage.

QUINCY

Effects. Stage effects.

SYBIL

Stage effects! That's right! Come on, tell us... how do you make the lightning, and the thunder, and the smoke? And how do you make her fly?

CROSBY

(interrupting)

That is why we came tonight, Quincy. We have a little play of our own to put on. And we need your help.

Quincy sits up and with a self-satisfied smile, begins to loosen his collar. He stares out absentmindedly over the audience.

QUINCY

Well, I suppose now that you know what can be done, I could show you how it's done.

(looks over at Crosby)

But not here.

We HOLD FOR A BEAT as down below on the stage, the PHANTOM CHARACTER LIFTS OFF THE STAGE AND SWINGS UP. She looks out over the audience, sees Quincy, and blows a ghoulish kiss to him.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SYBIL notices the macabre kiss. She looks from the phantom creature suspended on the wires over to Quincy.

SYBIL

Why, Quincy! You have a beau!

QUINCY blushes when he sees that Sybil and Crosby know that the kiss was for him.

CROSBY

Can't say I like your choice in women.

The phantom creature floats up and away, drawn up above the stage by the wires. Crosby clasps Quincy on the shoulder and leans in to give him some advice.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

Trust me. Never go out with an actress.

As the audience ROARS ITS DELIGHT, Quincy smiles a soft, embarrassed smile. Too late. We know that he already has. And we CUT TO:

11 EXT. QUINCY'S TREE HOUSE -- DAY

11

ESTABLISH the rebuilt tree house. It looks just as it did before the fire in our last film. Two stories. An OBSERVATORY DOME among the highest branches. Deck and railing surrounding it. Chimneys. And an attic with a lone window. We ZOOM TOWARD IT and then HOLD as we HEAR QUINCY'S O.S. VOICE:

QUINCY (O.S.)

It's all a matter of misdirection and lies. Sort of like politics.

And we CUT TO:

12 INT. QUINCY'S LAB -- DAY

12

Quincy, Crosby, David and Sybil are gathered around Quincy's lab bench. Crosby and Sybil watch as Quincy performs a little experiment.

QUINCY

What you see is not what you get.

Quincy is mixing two chemicals together in a primitive glass beaker. Sybil moves in to look. Crosby keeps his distance.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

Mix 'em together and...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Quincy pulls Sybil away just in time. BOOM! The mixture flares in a puff of smoke.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. LUDINGTON MILL -- DUSK**13**

LUCIUS APPLGATE, the farmer we met in our first film, helps Colonel Ludington load a sack of wheat flour into his wagon.

COLONEL LUDINGTON
Most obliged for your business,
Lucius.

Lucius dusts his hands off and steps over to the driver's seat.

LUCIUS
You're welcome. How's that daughter
of yours?

The Colonel laughs as Lucius climbs up into the seat. Lucius picks up the reins.

COLONEL LUDINGTON
Sybil's just fine. And so are Rebecca
and Mary. The boys are coming along
fine, too.

Lucius looks up into the darkening sky.

LUCIUS
Milling took longer'n I expected.
It'll be dark before I get home. And
it looks like rain again tonight.

Ludington spreads an oil-slicked tarp over the back of the wagon. He studies the sky for a beat.

COLONEL LUDINGTON
Maybe. But the full moon tonight'll
light your way just fine. And your
slicker here will keep the flour
dry. See you next month.

Lucius cracks the reins across the back of his horse. He pulls away into the night as Ludington waves him away. We HOLD FOR A BEAT, then DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT**14**

MOVING WITH LUCIUS as he drives his wagon. He whistles a song as he drives. He looks up at the FULL MOON for a beat, then turns his attention to the road ahead.

THE EMPTY ROAD stretches out into the distance, curving around a bend of trees.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

LUCIUS proceeds down the road toward the bend. He looks off to his right. His glances freezes.

A GHOSTLY FIGURE ON HORSEBACK emerges from the trees.

LUCIUS pulls his wagon to a stop. He stares at the figure.

ANOTHER GHOSTLY FIGURE, and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER until six ghost riders stand silently, watching him. Their clothes, their horses and tack, all GLOW with an EERIE LUMINESCENCE.

LUCIUS grasps his reins tighter.

THE LEAD GHOST RIDER pulls his sword. The other ghost riders do the same. Their ghostly swords glow in the night.

LUCIUS cracks the reins across the back of his horse and with a cry of encouragement to his draft horse, the chase begins.

15 **EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT**

15

One of the ghost riders falls to the ground, dead. Prosser rolls him over. His face and hands are burned horribly. The phosphorous has caused the damage.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 INT. QUINCY'S LAB -- DAY**16**

Quincy discovers that the phosphorous is poisonous. Ordinary phosphorus is a waxy white solid. It is colorless and transparent in its pure form. Phosphorus is insoluble in water, but soluble in carbon disulfide. Phosphorus burns spontaneously in air. It is highly poisonous, with a lethal dose of 50 mg. White phosphorus should be stored under water and handled with forceps. It causes severe burns when in contact with skin. White phosphorus is converted to red phosphorus when exposed to sunlight.

It's the rain that is protecting the Skinners as they use the phosphorous.

17 EXT. HILL CEMETERY -- LATE AFTERNOON**17**

DAVID, riding with a DOZEN NOCHPEEM WARRIORS, arrives on horseback, followed by Quincy, driving a horse-drawn WAGON filled with a dozen or so WOODEN CRATES. They pull up into the woods that surround the cemetery.

QUINCY parks the wagon under a tree as David and the other warriors dismount. David looks up into the sky.

DAVID

It'll be dark soon. We have less than two hours.

Quincy jumps down and steps over to the rear.

QUINCY

Not much time. But there's a full moon tonight.

Quincy pulls a small pry bar from his pocket and removes the tops off of some of the crates.

DAVID

Won't help.

We SEE some COILS OF ROPE in one crate, LEATHER HARNESSSES in another crate, and various hammers, saws, and other tools in another crate.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The storm clouds will hide the moon's light... and your support ropes.

QUINCY

What storm?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

David smiles enigmatically at him.

DAVID

Who do you think taught the Colonel
to read the weather? It was my father,
and he taught me.

QUINCY shrugs his shoulders, then reaches into the back of his wagon.

QUINCY

Shoulda figured...

QUINCY pulls out the end of an enormous coil of rope. He smiles up at David for a beat.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

I just love show business.
(then)
How are you at climbing trees?

OFF DAVID'S REACTION, we cut to:

18 **EXT. HILL CEMETERY -- DUSK**

18

By the LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, we SEE David's warriors setting up the rigging among the highest of the tree branches. STORM CLOUDS, lit by the light of the FULL MOON, are moving in.

Quincy looks up at the sky with an anxious glance. David notes this.

DAVID

We'll make it.

David gestures to two other warriors. JOHN, one of the Nochpeem warriors from our previous films and now wearing a harness, is lifted off the ground by the warrior. John, pulled by the ropes, goes FLYING UP AND OVER THE HEADSTONES with a GHOULISH YELL.

David smiles.

19 **EXT. HILL CEMETERY -- NIGHT**

19

FOG blankets the ground. BEAMS OF LIGHT from the FULL MOON pierce the haze, illuminating the headstones. In the distance, through the trees, a FEMALE FIGURE rides TOWARD US. A GHOSTLY GLOW emanates from the billowing dress and from the horse on which she rides.

CROSBY smiles. He pulls out his pocket watch, glances at it as he speaks to David in a low voice. He points to the figure.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CROSBY

There!

DAVID turns, peering into the distance.

THE FEMALE FIGURE is closer now. The body is HEADLESS. She carries her severed head in her upraised right hand as she holds the reins with her left hand, galloping toward Prosser and his group of Skinners.

THE SEVERED HEAD WAILS a MOURNFUL SOUND as the headless rider carries the severed head in her hand, suspended by its hair.

DAVID'S eyes grow wide as he remembers his nightmare. A GASP of horror. Crosby notices, then clasps David's shoulder in a gesture of reassurance.

CROSBY (CONT'D)

(SOTTO)

The specter? No. Sybil's a little late, but Quincy's stage effects more than make up for the delay. Absolutely marvelous!

DAVID

(nervous agreement)

Uh-huh.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END



