

# Slayer

SPAGHETTI WESTERN HORROR SAMPLE

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REG. WGAw

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**Title:** Slayer

**Genre:** Spaghetti Western Horror

**Setting:** Ghost Town, Wild West or Mexico

**Era:** Late 1800's

**Rating:** R

**Tone:** Evil Dead, The Good, The Bad & The Ugly, From Dusk 'Til Dawn

**Logline:** An outlaw wanders the west after escaping his own hanging, finding himself trapped in a one-horse ghost town with only one way out, a tunnel infested with Vampires. He finds employment by a wealthy tycoon who hires him to rid the town of vampires, bringing the economy back to order.

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY - 1876

Through a patch of trees a crooked, jagged sign sticks up from a dry rocky ground reading "CLEMENTINE HILLS, 5 miles." A piece of bloody flesh hangs off the top corner edge of the sign. Fresh blood dribbles down the face of the text.

Fifty yards in the distance the rear half of a train protrudes from a tunnel inside a giant rocky mountain. Silent. Eerie.

NEW ANGLE

A pale, stern rider sits on a horse beside the sign, staring at the train. Meet KNOX, 28, blonde long hair flowing out from a black cowboy hat, five 'o clock shadow on his face, piercing blue eyes -- a man hardened and wise with an outlaw grin, smoking a thin cigar ala Clint Eastwood. He wears a black trench-coat, spiked black boots and a sawed off shotgun slung around his back. A man nobody in their right mind would mess with. But an honest man. A rare man. A man's man.

Knox swings a leg over the horse and drops to the ground. He takes a cantina from a satchel strapped to the horse. Opens it. Pours the remaining water into his hands and lets his horse lick what it can. But it isn't enough.

He puts the cigar out on the ground. Stomps it, twisting hard. Knox looks to the train sticking out of the mountain - - something feels off. Very off. He looks to the mound of flesh hanging from the sign beside him. He picks up a stick off the ground and manages to pry the flesh off the sign, holding it out to examine.

The horse stands on its hind legs, whining, but Knox pulls him back to his feet and stands face to face with the horse, calming him.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Knox walks his horse to the entrance of the tunnel, half the train sticking out, half the train continuing into the cave. They stop at the edge of the sunlight. The horse turns to Knox. Knox stares straight ahead and steps into the darkness disappearing.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

Dark. Knox walks beside the train, his horse follows behind, the clacking heels echoing throughout the tunnel. Knox lights a match, grabs a wooden stake on the ground, wraps newspaper around the tip and lights the paper -- using it as a torch.

A human shadow moves swiftly on the cave wall.

The horse tears off running.

Knox swings around, but nothing is in sight.

Beat.

FAINT CHILD'S VOICE  
(from inside train)

He's coming...

Knox turns to the train window, but it's too high to peer in.

FAINT CHILD'S VOICE  
Please help me...

He pauses, not quite sure to play hero... or run.

INT. EMPTY PASSENGER CART

The doors slide open and Knox enters holding the torch. He waves the light in front of him, catching a glimpse; rows of wooden benches are empty. Silence. Then:

SOUNDS of a classical music softly playing from the cart ahead.

INT. PASSENGER CART #2

Dark. Classical music is louder - inside the room. The light from Knox's torch illuminates through the glass from the other side of the sliding door.

Knox enters. He pauses. Slowly removes his shotgun from his strap on his back.

The music is coming from a record player spinning on a counter near the rear.

Knox pulls the pin off the record, stopping the music. Several feet in front of Knox's hand is the back of a human head - motionless.

NEW ANGLE

Knox stands at the rear of the cart, staring at the backs of a few dozen people sitting in their wooden passenger benches. All of them still. Lifeless. Flies buzz around their heads and shoulders.

Knox moves forward with caution, holding the light up to the ceiling with one hand and the shotgun with the other. He turns and walks backward, slowly, staring at the unseen faces of the passengers.

He reaches the front of the isle and pauses, staring - as if he's seen a ghost.

NEW ANGLE

Knox stares at two dozen rotting corpses sitting in the benches. Women, children, men, elderly -- all dead for well

over a month with rotting faces and shriveled bodies, sunken eyeballs and mopy, thinning hair.

A dead man has his mouth agape as if he died screaming.

A dead woman clutches the hand of her dead daughter beside her.

A dead baby lay on a bench face up, its face sucked dry of fluids, gaunt.

Knox dry heaves -- but manages to control himself, looking away.

Beat.

A DEAD MAN WITH A TOP HAT third row from the front opens his eyes!

CREAKING from the ceiling.

Knox looks up.

A DEAD WOMAN in a blue dress falls from the ceiling onto Knox, pinning him to the floor. Her eyes are pure white. She opens her mouth revealing monster fangs as she roars.

She moves in to bite Knox's neck, but he sets her hair on fire with his torch.

The dead woman stands up screaming.

Knox scoots on his rear to the front of the cart until he backs against the wall.

The woman screams and charges toward him.

Knox aims his sawed off shotgun and pulls the trigger.

BLAM!!!

The woman stops cold, a hole in her chest. Falls to the floor.

Knox stands to his feet and takes a few steps forward, hovering over the dead lady on the isle floor.

Beat.

KNOX

Bitch.

The woman shoots to her feet, roaring!

Knox kicks her in the chest, sending her flying on her rear.

All the dead passengers open their eyes and slowly stand to their feet.

Knox backs up again, aiming the shotgun, scared now. Who wouldn't be?

Dead man with top hat leaps toward Knox at lightning speed. Knox fires:

BOOM!!!

Top hat falls over a seat.

OLD DEAD MAN with spectacles runs for Knox.

BOOM!!!

He flies back, falling over a seat.

Every single passenger rushes toward Knox in a flurry!

Knox slips through the sliding door into the cart ahead of him, leaving the dead passengers piling up, banging like mad animals on the locked door.

INT. PASSENGER CART #3

Knox runs down the isle with full speed through an empty cart while the dead passengers break through the wooden door behind him, chasing after.

Knox turns and fires a few rounds into the group.

BOOM!! BOOM!! BOOM!!

Several dead men fall to the floor, then slowly regain their footing as if nothing had happened.

An arm grabs Knox's neck, choking him. Teeth come inches from his neck. Knox uses his body weight and throws the DEAD CONDUCTOR over his shoulder slamming him on the ground.

The conductor hops to his feet, showing his fangs.

Knox bolts to an exit door, jumping outside the train.

The conductor chases. Knox slams the exit door on Conductor from outside. BAM! He slams repeatedly, chopping conductor's arm off with the edge. The severed arm grabs Knox's neck. Knox pries it off and slams it into the door, making it drop to the ground.

The dead passengers swarm the door.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

Knox runs toward the light of the tunnel exit as the dead passengers leap out of the train exit.

The one-armed conductor strides through the pack, gaining on Knox.

Knox is within five feet of the clearance when the conductor's severed hand latches onto his ankle, dropping him to the ground face first in the dirt. Knox sets the hand on fire with the torch. The hand screams in pain and crawls back toward the train.

Knox crawls toward the sunlight frantically, the entrance inches in front of him.

The one armed conductor leaps at Knox, grabbing the heel of his boot, as Knox's body slips into the sunlight outside.

Knox turns. The conductor shows his fangs and roars. Knox slams his shotgun over the conductor's head. Again, again and again. But the conductor is relentless.

The dead passengers group behind the conductor, blocking the sun from their eyes.

Knox pulls his leg into the sunlight. The conductor's arm sizzles from the sun as he screams, scooting back into the shade with the rest of the zombies.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Knox stands to his feet in the sunlight two feet from the entrance, where the dead passengers horde together, roaring, but afraid to cross into the light.

Beat.

Knox picks up a rock and chucks it at a dead woman in the shade of the tunnel.

The passengers quiet down, drooling, watching.

Knox opens his trench-coat revealing a rolled up whip. He gives passengers a look, "Want some of this?" The passengers gawk, unsure of his intentions.

Knox grabs the whip and flings it at the conductor in the tunnel, wrapping the tip around his neck. Conductor squeals.

Knox yanks the conductor out of the tunnel and into the sunlight. The conductor immediately convulses, screaming in tremendous pain as he turns gaunt and limp, smoke rising from his chest. Dead.

The dead passengers slip back into the dark of the tunnel, defeated and defenseless.

Knox bends down to the dead conductor. He turns his head at the stench of his breath, then pries his mouth open revealing a set of two inch fangs on the man.

Knox stands and shakes the dirt off his hat.

Click-clacking of hooves.

Knox turns. Puts on his hat. His horse stands beside the mountain in a patch of shade eating off a branch as if vacationing.

**END TEASER**

