

Freaks

Pt. 1 (Pgs. 1 - 7)

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INT. STABLE - NIGHT

A horse NEIGHS loudly.

A terrified BIANCA tries to calm it down.

BIANCA
Sshh baby. Quiet.

The sound of a door SLAMMING open frightens the horse and it thrashes around, knocking Bianca, a pretty 14 year old girl, to the floor. She lands on the ground but doesn't seem at all worried about the horse anymore; her sole focus is whomever (or whatever) just entered the stables.

EMMETT
All I want is a ride, Bianca!

Bianca slides herself back into a corner. The horse continues thrash around in front of her.

A whip CRACKS and forces the horse back. It CRACKS again and the horse quickly backs away. The animal calms down and, as it moves away, we see EMMETT, a frightening twenty-five year old man with scarred skin on most of his face and hands, standing at the door of the stable.

Bianca scoots back until she hits the wall. She's cornered.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Don't try to stop me.

Emmett moves towards the young girl. Slowly. Ominously.

BIANCA
Please.

Emmett takes another step closer. Bianca is now completely immersed in his shadow.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
No!

CUT TO BLACK

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

TITLE: Two days earlier...

EXT. JONESVILLE PROPER - DUSK

GEORGE AND WALT
Sheriff!

Two average five year old boys, WALT and GEORGE, sprint down the middle of the main street of Jonesville.

GEORGE AND WALT (CONT'D)
Sheriff! Sheriff!

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

The two boys run up the steps to the Sheriff's office and open the door.

GEORGE
Sheriff!

WALT
You have to see this!

The boys' voices trail off as they disappear into the office.

Main Street, Jonesville, U.S.A. is the typical main street running through the typical Old West town. A man walks down the street, lighting the lamps of the main drag. Children hustle home as men carouse and head towards the saloon. At the end of the street stands the frame of what appears is going to be a fairly large building.

Finally, THE SHERIFF, a nice, intelligent looking man in his mid-twenties, walks out of the office. The only thing that makes him seem like an Old West lawman is the badge on his vest. George points towards the end of town as Walt tries to pull the Sheriff that way.

WALT (CONT'D)
Come on!

The Sheriff, clearly overwhelmed, holds his ground as he tries to figure out the best course of action.

THE SHERIFF
You boys haven't seen the Mayor lately, have you?

GEORGE
We seen him in the stables with--

Walt hits George on the arm and shoots his partner-in-peeping a dirty look. The boys then look up at the Sheriff with puppy dog eyes and shake their heads.

THE SHERIFF

That's where I suspected he'd be.

The Sheriff looks towards the end of the main street where a crowd of people are gathering. He opts to go in the opposite direction.

THE SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You boys stay here. I'll be right back.

The Sheriff jogs down the steps of his porch and hurries off.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DUSK

As The Sheriff strides down the street, he is wholly focused on fixing up his appearance. MS. AGNES, a woman in her mid-forties, steps in from out of the blue and starts to walk alongside him.

MS. AGNES

Excuse me Sheriff but I was wondering if you could look into Helen and her girls. I don't mean to be a busy body but--

THE SHERIFF

--Ms. Agnes, I promise you, I'm going to look into it. I just have more pressing matters.

Agnes struggles to stay up alongside The Sheriff who hasn't slowed his stride to accommodate the town busybody.

MS. AGNES

Oh, of course. I don't mean to sound like an old maid, but...

As Ms. Agnes falls behind the striding Sheriff, she realizes that an old maid is exactly what she is sounding like. Winded, she retreats to a bannister in front of a shop. She leans on the rail and looks at her reflection in the shop window.

MS. AGNES (CONT'D)

Sound like an old maid...

More admonishing her reflection than admiring it, she sighs and pushes herself away from the bannister.

INT. STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff throws open the doors of the stable. Near the back of the barn stands THE MAYOR, a jovial but weathered looking older man. He seems stunned by The Sheriff's entrance.

THE SHERIFF
Excuse me, Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor quickly catches his wits and laughs out loud. He moves towards one of the stalls and helps someone up.

THE MAYOR
Oh, Doc, it's only you.

The Mayor helps up Bianca from off of the stable floor.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
Can't believe I let the tinhorn
Sheriff scare me like that.

BIANCA
(teasing)
Oh he's not so bad.

Bianca gives The Sheriff a quick, flirtatious glance and then goes about brushing the dirt off of her clothes.

THE MAYOR
I forgot that we haven't had a real
lawman here since Ol' Red ran off
to join the U.S. Marshals.

BIANCA
I miss Red. He didn't even say good-
bye.

THE MAYOR
Well sugar plum, when the law
calls, you gotta go. Ain't no time
for long good-byes.

THE SHERIFF
Mister Mayor--

THE MAYOR
--I'm talking here, Doc!
(to Bianca)
(MORE)

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
I will be back with you shortly, my
dear.

The Mayor gives Bianca a little kiss on the forehead and
walks off.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)
(to The Sheriff)
Come on.

The Mayor passes by The Sheriff and EXITS the stables. The
Sheriff, however, stays behind, watching Bianca clean herself
up.

BIANCA
He's not going to treat you like a
sheriff until you start acting like
one. Doc.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DUSK

The Mayor checks his time piece as The Sheriff exits the
stables and walks towards him.

THE SHERIFF
Follow me, if you would, sir.

The two men start walking side-by-side.

THE MAYOR
So what's the problem, Doc?

THE SHERIFF
Sir, I understand that I'm new to
the post but I would greatly
appreciate it if, while I am
working in the capacity of lawman,
you would refer to me as Sheriff
rather than Doc.

The Mayor lights up a stogie and seems almost amused at The
Sheriff's request.

THE MAYOR
Son, that there was a lot of words
and ain't none of 'em "please".

THE SHERIFF
Please.

THE MAYOR
A sheriff shouldn't have to ask for
respect. Let alone say please.

The Sheriff stops dead in his tracks.

THE SHERIFF

When you see the badge, call me
Sheriff!

The Mayor doesn't break his stride.

THE MAYOR

Now that's more like it, Doc!

The Mayor exhales smoke back in The Sheriff's direction and
ups his gait.

THE MAYOR (CONT'D)

So what do we have here?

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

A large crowd has gathered at the boarding house. As The Mayor approaches, he can see a wagon sitting out front but the crowd blocks the view of what is going on beside it. The Mayor pushes his way through the crowd. The Sheriff follows him, nodding apologetically to each individual The Mayor displaces. Walt and George follow closely behind.

The Mayor finally gets to the front of the crowd but almost immediately takes a step back. As The Mayor falls back, George runs through his legs.

GEORGE

What are they?

Standing in front of the boarding house is MICHAEL, an average 27 year old townsman and an assortment of oddities: ROSE, a grim, older lady with glasses and a beard; ADAM, a young boy who is covered with peach fuzz and has a tail; JAMES, a gigantic black strongman; LINDA, a wiry bald contortionist; ALFRED, whose entire body is covered by tattoos; and Emmett, the scarred man we met earlier. Emmett eats up the attention; he licks his incisor tooth, unveiling his forked tongue.

Walt slides to the front of the crowd. He looks at the freaks and then up to The Mayor.

WALT

They ain't from around here, is
they?

THE MAYOR

Um, well, I...

(to The Sheriff)

What's the doc talk for these
people?

Before The Sheriff can respond, PREACHER, a stern-looking
reverend, steps up alongside The Sheriff and The Mayor. He
looks coldly at the new visitors.

PREACHER

Freaks.