

An anatomical illustration of a human face, rendered in a style reminiscent of a medical textbook or scientific drawing. The face is shown from a frontal perspective, with the eyes closed. The skin is depicted with fine, intricate lines, suggesting a focus on the underlying structure. The background is a mix of green and purple hues, with some faint, numbered anatomical diagrams visible in the upper right quadrant. The overall aesthetic is that of a vintage or scientific poster.

FRESH BLOOD

THE NIGHT FREQUENCY

"A Charming Little Hole in the Wall"
(Pilot)

Written by

Wes Black

FADE IN:

EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

We crawl along the surface of a cold, dead earth. The sky above pure black. Wind whistles, dust swirls. Only it's not sand nor soil before us, but a patchwork of skeletal remains, twisting and weaving together to form the macabre terrain of this desolate land.

We continue to crawl in near silence, until...

NARRATOR

Extinction.

A droning HUM can be heard, building in intensity.

NARRATOR

It was not sudden. The sound you hear, that hum, it took hold like an infection. And when the fever set in, the nightmares began, followed by decay. All this world had to offer, rotting away until THIS. From where it came, they never knew, but those who once inhabited this dead earth called it... The Night Frequency.

T H E N I G H T F R E Q U E N C Y

The HUM hits an unnerving peak as the TITLE appears.

NARRATOR

The fact that you can hear it, resonating from the dark, means it's now too late. The dimensional walls are thinning, and it's about to break through, break through to your world. Unbound by time or place, it will devour your past, present, and future. Piece. By. Piece. It is only then that you will be given release. It is only then that you shall receive the gift of... Extinction.

We PAN DOWN, the screen going black, until...

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

We emerge from the darkness to find ourselves looking down at a quaint, idyllic small town. A simple place that plays home to simple folk. Children in overalls run and play. The local sheriff strolls down the sidewalk with a smile. There's just a warmth here that you don't find all too often these days.

And then there's that HUM. Faint, but present.

Luddinsville, South Carolina
1961

We CRANE DOWN until we're level with a charming little hole in the wall called RUBY-NELL'S. A hand-painted sign out front lets everyone know that: "Yes, We're Open!"

And we PUSH through the front doors to find...

INT. RUBY-NELL'S - CONTINUOUS

They're also EMPTY. That is apart from the two men behind the counter, elbows resting on the formica countertop.

One's a wiry string bean with a sour expression named HAROLD PERKLE (47). The other a bored black man named CHESTER ROBBINS (49), who wears an apron and a white paper hat, spatula in hand.

Harold looks up, annoyed, as if he hears the HUM as well. He sticks a finger in his ear and jiggles it around a bit, and the HUM STOPS. He then wipes the finger off on his pants, and impatiently TAPS the countertop while grinding his teeth.

Chester SIGHS.

CHESTER

I'm starting to suspect that folks didn't come around here so much for the food as they did to see sweet ol' Ruby-Nell.

HAROLD

Well I'm startin' to suspect that sweet ol' Ruby-Nell left us a real dead duck!

CHESTER

Must'a heard them cross things we used to whisper 'bout her back in the kitchen. Now she's nippin' our asses from beyond the grave.

HAROLD

Hope she did hear'em, and that they rattled all around in that crinkled up head'a hers right before she dropped dead.

They stare off for a beat, then both SIGH.

CHESTER

Always hated this hat.

Harold snatches the hat off of Chester's head, crumples it up, and tosses it aside.

They both turn to face the kitchen, where piles of uncooked meats and vegetables await a lunch rush that never happened.

HAROLD

Suppose we should get all this back down in the deep freeze before it spoils.

CHESTER

Suppose so... but you gonna be luggin' that side'a ham there. On account of ruining my hat.

HAROLD

But you said you hated it?!?

CHESTER

My hat to hate, my hat to crumple up. You robbed me of a big moment.

HAROLD

You can't be--

Chester turns his back to Harold, crossing his arms. Harold stares at him, shaking his head.

HAROLD

If you ain't the most spiteful lil' shit I ever known.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Harold -- carrying the large side of ham like a baby -- teeters down the rickety wooden steps that lead to the dank, dirt floored basement. The only thing of note being a FREEZER pressed against the brick wall.

HAROLD

Things keep going as they is, the bank's gonna have our asses by the end of the month. Hell, the week!

CHESTER

Be lucky if that's all they get.

Harold glances over his shoulder at Chester.

HAROLD

I bet that Ruby-Nell is just'a laughin' it up right--

Harold misses a step, tumbles forward, and--

--WHACK! Him and the ham plow into the freezer, knocking it away from its place against the wall.

Harold rolls over onto his back, GROANING, still holding onto that ham. Chester LAUGHS his ass off from the stairs.

HAROLD

Christ, you're like a charcoal demon cacklin' down at me. I could'a died!

Chester's laughter abruptly stops. Harold sits up.

HAROLD

I know, I know, I shouldn't'a made the charcoal crack.

Chester slowly makes his way down, squinting.

CHESTER

What's that there?

Chester points, and Harold turns to see...

A HOLE in the brick wall where the freezer once stood -- sitting about a foot off the ground, and large enough for a grown man to crawl inside.

A strange, but alluring GLOW emanates from the hole. As if a color wheel were spinning from deep within.

Harold furrows his brow.

HAROLD

It's a hole.

CHESTER

There's something in it.

HAROLD
Probably Mr. Ruby-Nell, if there
ever was a sonofabitch so unlucky.

Chester ignores him, and shuffles toward the hole,
transfixed. He gets down on his hands and knees, and brings
his face up to the opening.

HAROLD
You're an even bigger fool than I
thought if you stick your face in
that there hole.

Chester sticks his face right in the hole, and... pulls back!

CHESTER
Jesus jumped off the cross!

HAROLD
HA! Somethin' nipped ya, didn't it?

But then a big, warm smile stretches across Chester's face.
His eyes full of wonder. He crawls right back up to the hole.

Harold tosses the ham aside, and stands.

HAROLD
Now what's got you so damn happy?

Chester doesn't respond, Harold stomps over.

HAROLD
Let me see.

Harold gets down and nudges Chester aside, but Chester
doesn't care. In fact, he doesn't appear to have a care in
the world. He just leans his back up against the brick wall,
happy as a clam.

Harold eyeballs him, then gets ready to peek into the hole.

HAROLD
If you're pullin' a trick I'm'a--
(he sticks his face in the
hole)
Hot diggity!

HOLE P.O.V.

Harold's face is lit up by a mélange of color. His joyous
expression awash in the warm glow.

BASEMENT

Harold plops back onto his butt, beaming. He scoots over a bit, and leans himself up against the wall. Him on one side of the hole, Chester on the other.

HAROLD

Feels like I just slid down the side of a rainbow.

CHESTER

Or slid your whole self into a woman.

HAROLD

(grinning)

Yeah...

(he drifts off, then SNAPS his fingers)

You know, I bet we could charge folks a--a NICKEL to gander in there.

CHESTER

I'd charge a nickel to look at my ass. We could get at least a quarter for that.

HAROLD

Twenty-five cents?!? What makes you think anyone'd pay twenty-five cents just to look in some hole?

CHESTER

But it ain't just some hole, is it? And I would march up them steps right now, get me a cleaver from the kitchen, and chop off my baby toe if you told me it was the only way to peek int'a there again.

They sit in silence for a beat.

HAROLD

A whole quarter... Hey Chester, is you thinkin', what I'm thinkin'?

CHESTER

Harold, I been thinkin' it.

EXT. RUBY-NELL'S - DAY

Harold and Chester are all smiles as they stand beside a crudely painted sign advertising: "Look in the Hole! Only a quarter!"

There aren't any takers, just townsfolk quickening their gait, and giving the occasional sideways glance.

Harold and Chester are no longer all smiles.

HAROLD

Told you a quarter was too much.

Headed their way with arms swinging at his sides, and his mouth hanging open in a slack-jawed smile is BEAU DEBNEY (28).

Harold and Chester glance at one another, then:

HAROLD

Beau Debny!

CHESTER

Beau Debny!

Beau waves, lumbers over like an overgrown toddler.

CHESTER

And how are you on this fine afternoon, Mr. Debny?

BEAU

Charlie, my chicken, he pecked my hand while I was feedin' him this mornin', and that hurt pretty bad. But now I'm'a get a strawberry malt down at the soda shop. So all in all I'm doin' all right, I guess.

HAROLD

What if I told you we had something better than ANY strawberry malt you ever done tasted?

BEAU

Better than a strawberry malt!?!

Harold grandly presents the sign. Beau scrunches his nose.

BEAU

A hole? I--I dunno about that.

Beau tries to walk around them, shaking his head. Harold and Chester block his path.

CHESTER

But it's so much more than a hole,
Mr. Debny.

BEAU

What's in it?

HAROLD

Everything.

BEAU

EVERYTHING?

CHESTER

Mmmhmm, every good feelin' you ever
had, and every beautiful thing you
ever seen, all in one hole.

BEAU

Wow-ee, how much?

CHESTER

Only cost ya a quarter.

BEAU

A quarter?!? I could get me a
strawberry malt, a raspberry fizz,
and a Wooble Dooble Bar for that!

CHESTER

Is a Wooble Dooble Bar better than
a, uh, a woman?

BEAU

(bashfully)
'Spose not.

CHESTER

Well this here is better than any
woman I ever been with.

BEAU

Better than a woman, and it's ONLY
25 cents? That don't sound right,
that don't sound right at al--

HAROLD

Oh, just give us a quarter and go
look in the goddamn hole, Beau!

Looking like a hurt child, Beau digs into his pocket.

BEAU

Geez-Louise...

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Beau stomps down the steps, Harold and Chester in tow.

BEAU
 Didn't tell me it was all the way
 in the basement.

He spots the hole, makes a face.

BEAU
 And I gotta get down on the floor,
 too?

HAROLD
 That quarter's non-refundable.

BEAU
 Okay...

Beau gets down on all fours in front of the hole.

BEAU
 But I'm gonna be mighty sore if--

He sticks his face in the hole, and:

HOLE P.O.V.

Beau's eyes practically pop out of his skull as candy colored lights dance across his face.

BEAU
 Dance the hokey-pokey!

BASEMENT

Beau plops backwards onto his butt, starry eyed.

BEAU
 It... it is better than a woman!

He staggers to his feet, and races past Harold and Chester. They watch him as he scrambles and trips up the steps and--

EXT. RUBY-NELL'S - SAME

Beau explodes out the front doors, looking like a man who just found God.

BEAU
 Everybody! Everybody! Ya'll gotta
 come see this hole!

A MAN across the street stops, hollers.

MAN ACROSS STREET
 What's in it?

BEAU
 Everything!

A WOMAN sticks her head out the door of a shop.

DOOR WOMAN
 What'cha all hollerin' about?

MAN ACROSS STREET
 Beau Debny says we gotta see some
 hole!

DOOR WOMAN
 A hole?

This inspires CURIOUS TOWNSFOLK to poke their heads out windows, pull over in their cars, and emerge from storefronts. Each one saying the same thing: "A hole?" All until it becomes like the beginnings of a southern fried musical number, as seemingly the entire town wanders toward Ruby-Nell's trading verses of: "A hole?"

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

People mindlessly shuffle to the hole, digging coins out of their pockets. Harold and Chester's eyes grow as quarter after quarter CLINKS into the rapidly overflowing bucket and:

CHESTER
 We gonna need a bigger bucket.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

A stack of newspapers SMACK down onto the sidewalk. The FRONT PAGE a photo of Harold and Chester -- dipshit expressions on their faces -- standing before the hole with MAYOR GIBBINS (60s), a squat, sweaty man.

The headline reads: MAYOR HONORS LOCAL MEN FOR FINDING HOLE!

A paper is snapped up, followed by another, and another, until it's a veritable feeding frenzy. And then we...

PAN UP to see the street, which is bustling with happy, joyous people. The sun shines bright, a smile is plastered on every face, a pep is in every step.

We catch snippets of excitable chatter as we WEAVE through the activity. Everyone hustling along.

WOMAN #1
This'll be my fourth.

WOMAN #2
My third!

An ANXIOUS FATHER practically drags his WIFE and KIDS.

ANXIOUS FATHER
Come on, hurry now, I think I see
it up ahead.

BEAMING MAN
Hitched all the way from three
towns over, I did.

And we hustle along with them, until we reach the place where they're all headed...

EXT. RUBY-NELL'S - CONTINUOUS

A massive crowd has gathered by the doors. Impatient heads poking up and peering around.

Their murmuring indecipherable and increasing in volume, until a FRECKLE-FACED KID down in front turns and shouts:

FRECKLE-FACED KID
QUIET! I think I hear'em!

Silence, and then -- as if on cue -- there's a CLICK followed by the front doors swinging open to reveal...

A grinning Harold and Chester standing side-by-side in matching checkered suits and bow ties. Harold's red, Chester's green. What little hair Harold has left is slicked back with an absurd amount of pomade, while Chester wears a pork pie hat.

They hold their arms out wide, canes in hand.

HAROLD
The hole is open for business!

And off that they part, the crowd spilling inside.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A ratty red carpet runs from the bottom of the steps to a cushion placed in front of the hole. A trough has replaced the bucket. Over the hole is a sign that reads: "THE HOLE"

An OLD LADY with her face in the hole SQUEALS in ecstasy, and plops back onto the cushion.

Harold and Chester slide in to offer a helping hand.

HAROLD

Allow me.

CHESTER

No, allow me.

OLD LADY

I'll allow you both.

Harold and Chester turn to one another and LAUGH, triggering everyone else to LAUGH.

They help her to her feet, and Harold ushers her off.

HAROLD

A pleasure as always, Gertrude...
NEXT!

ANNIE ELAM (20s) steps forward with a coin purse clutched tightly to her chest, hardly able to contain herself.

ANNIE

Can I say, that I am just so darn excited. My friend, Caroline, she told me all about it -- the hole, that is. She said it's just about the most wonderful thing you could ever lay your eyes on.

HAROLD

And we are just so darn excited to have you.

CHESTER

For a mere twenty-five cents.

ANNIE

Oh, look at me, yammerin' away.
(she digs into her purse)
It's my first time traveling out of town, you see. I'm from Habermill County.

She plucks a quarter from her purse, and it PLINKS into the trough. A sound Harold and Chester clearly love.

HAROLD
(offering a hand)
May I?

ANNIE
(taking his hand)
Why thank you!

She lowers down onto the cushion, and glances up at Harold and Chester, beaming. They wear phony smiles as they impatiently gesture toward the hole.

HAROLD
(muttering)
Go on, stick your face up in there.

Her face edges toward the hole and...

HOLE P.O.V.

We witness unbridled joy at its purest, as Annie's face is cast in that magnificent glow.

Until it's not. A dark, sudden shift occurs. Her face now dimly illuminated by a light that appears to be filtered through a black, cancerous sludge.

Her expression is contorted by repulsion, and then--

BASEMENT

She hurtles herself away from the hole, SHRIEKING.

Everyone jumps back, startled.

HAROLD
(clutching his chest)
Christ tap dancin' across water!

She SHRIEKS again, before crab-walking into a shadowy corner.

A commotion erupts.

VARIOUS VOICES
What did she see? What did she do?

Harold holds his hands out in a calming manner.

HAROLD

Obviously this woman found herself,
uh, overwhelmed by the magical
wonders of the hole!

There's a loud GASP as a WOMAN presses one hand to her mouth,
and points to the hole.

Everyone turns to see a putrid glow emanating from the
opening. Chester eyeballs it as if it were poison.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Rot!

They all now turn to see Annie as she shakily rises to her
feet in the shadowy corner. Tears stream down her face, her
arms wrapped tightly around her body.

ANNIE

Ya'll lookin' at ROT!

She lets out a SOB, and then bursts from the corner, before
pushing past stunned onlookers, and exiting the basement.

HAROLD

Let's all remain calm. Chester
here's gonna poke his head inside
and give us the A-OK.

Chester shakes his head. Harold looks at him like
"Seriously?" Before he stomps over to the hole.

HAROLD

You chicken shi--

Harold looks inside--

HAROLD

Fuck-a-doodle-doo!

--then jumps back a foot.

MAN IN LINE

What did'ja see in there?

Beau bravely (stupidly) steps forward. He gets down on all
fours, peers inside, and...

...recoils. He slowly turns his face toward the anxious
onlookers, a single tear rolls down his cheek.

BEAU

(choked up)

The... the hole gone bad!

A mad chorus of "How bad?!?" and "Lemme see!" sounds off as those in line push forward and fight to gaze into the hole.

We WHIP-PAN to the dread-filled Harold and Chester, who flinch and jump at every SHRIEK, SCREAM, and YELP!

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The dark flip-side to our previous stroll through the center of town. The atmosphere is toxic, as each and every person here has been infected by the putrid awfulness that now resides in the hole.

Harold and Chester, disheveled in their matching suits, push through the crowd with heads down. Those they pass range from distraught to rage-filled.

Trash blows down the street. Two men engage in a fist fight, others openly sob. One person repeatedly bangs their head against the side of a brick building.

Harold and Chester the target of vicious glares. A woman spits in Harold's face.

HAROLD
(wiping away the spit)
That's downright nasty.

CHESTER
Whole town's downright nasty.

HAROLD
You know, I'm starting to think they might even kill us over what's happened to that damn hole.

CHESTER
And here I been all these years thinking they was gonna kill me 'cause I'm black.

HAROLD
This is serious, Chester!

CHESTER
I am serious.

HAROLD
I'm just sayin', that hole better sort itself out 'fore folks around here decided to sort things out themselves.

CHESTER
 Most the time, somethin' turns
 rotten, it stays rotten.

HAROLD
 Well, you tell that to--

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Harold and Chester nearly die of fright, only to see it's--
 --a GANGLY TEEN nailing a NOTICE to a nearby post.

They get up close to it to read...

NOTICE: MANDATORY TOWN HALL MEETING! IT'S ABOUT THE HOLE!

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The dinky place a kettle of anxiety ready to boil over.
 Townsfolk are packed in from front to back.

Harold and Chester hunker down near the rear, attempting to
 remain incognito.

SHERIFF BARLOW (50s), a big man with a mean face, strides to
 the podium at the front -- he's the exact opposite of the
 smiling lawman we saw at the start. Wringing his hands behind
 him is the squat Mayor Gibbins.

Barlow surveys the crowd with his surly mug.

SHERIFF BARLOW
 Enough chitterin' and enough
 chatterin', it's time to listen up!

The crowd does exactly that.

SHERIFF BARLOW
 It's been over twenty-four hours
 since the hole turned sour on us,
 and not'a one of you is leavin'
 this room til we figure out a way
 to get it back.

The crowd ROARS.

Mayor Gibbins waddles forward.

MAYOR GIBBINS
 Lord, if you listenin'... give us
 back our hole!

He bursts into tears, buries his face in Barlow's arm.

SHERIFF BARLOW

Now, where's the peckerwood and the colored fella who found it in the first place?

Harold and Chester shrink down. Beau, standing nearby, spots them and makes a surprise face. He shoots his hand up in the air like an overly excited kid in class.

BEAU

They right here!

Everyone turns.

HAROLD

Fuck you, Beau Debny.

Harold steps forward, chest out, indignant.

HAROLD

That's right, we found it. And it brung ya'll nothing but good until just yesterday.

Chester nods.

CHESTER

That's right, it was all sunshine and lollipops.

Harold nods.

HAROLD

That's right, so don't go pointin' no fingers at us.

FURIOUS MAN

It was the woman!

The crowd agrees.

HAROLD

Now, now, she was just as shook up as any of you. Scurried off like a scolded dog after lookin' in there.

A PREACHER steps forward, brimming with religious fervor.

PREACHER

A deceitful witch, aimin' to disguise the evil which she hath brought upon us!

WILD WOMAN
She cursed the hole!

WILD MAN
Kill'er!

HAROLD
Wait, just wai--

PREACHER
Yes, yes, that's the only way!

Sheriff Barlow SLAMS his fist down onto the podium.

SHERIFF BARLOW
It's settled, then.

STUTTERING MAN
Sh-sh-she stayin' over at Ir-Ir-
Irma's!

IRMA, a kind, gentle old woman, raises her index finger.

IRMA
Mmmhmm, room four it is. No good
rotten bitch hasn't shown her face
since she put the whammy on us.

Harold goes to speak, Chester grabs his arm. Harold pulls free, and Chester looks to the floor.

HAROLD
I may not know what the good book
has to say about right n' wrong
like the reverend here. Or every
inch'a the law like you, Sheriff.
But what I do know is that what
ya'll are plannin' is cold-blooded
murder. Simple as that.

A wave of discomfort passes over the crowd. Sheriff Barlow aims an icy squint at Harold.

SHERIFF BARLOW
It's justice, is what it is. As
told in the good book you yourself
just mentioned. And since you and
your friend back there let that
witch curse our sacred hole, ya'll
are gonna be the ones to carry out
this justice.

The crowd approves.

HAROLD
What if we say no?

SHERIFF BARLOW
Then you'll burn along with her.

MAYOR GIBBINS
Just give us our hole back!

He's reduced to a blubbering mess once again.

Harold goes to speak, but Chester pulls him in close.

CHESTER
If the next words outta your mouth
ain't "yes, sir" so help me god.

HAROLD
You can't be serious?

CHESTER
They serious, and right now, that's
all that matters.

Chester looks him in the eye, and Harold knows it's true.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Harold and Chester are shoved along by an angry mob led by Sheriff Barlow and Mayor Gibbins, until they reach...

EXT. IRMA'S INN - SAME

Would appear quaint and cozy under different circumstances, but right now it resembles a house of horrors.

Irma hands Harold a key.

IRMA
That's room four, don't you go
forgettin' now.

Sheriff Barlow draws a pistol, and shoves it into Harold's hand. Harold stares down at the thing, then at Barlow.

SHERIFF BARLOW
For the good'a the hole.

The crowd solemnly repeats: "For the good'a the hole."

Chester guides Harold through the entrance, while the mob remains outside, as if holding vigil.

INT. IRMA'S INN - NIGHT

Harold and Chester march down the dark hallway like two men on death row.

HAROLD
She could'a split town by now.

CHESTER
Even we ain't that unlucky.

They arrive at ROOM FOUR, and gaze at the number for a beat. Harold then KNOCKS... There's no reply. He takes a deep breath, and unlocks the door, opening it slowly.

INT. ROOM FOUR - CONTINUOUS

The two men freeze in the doorway at the sight of Annie, who sits on the bed, staring off with dead eyes. She doesn't acknowledge them, she doesn't do anything at all.

They cautiously step inside.

Harold clears his throat.

HAROLD
We, uh--

She turns and stares at them with those dead eyes. It takes everything they've got not to run right out the door. Harold composes himself.

HAROLD
Wa-we don't got no problem with you, but there's a whole mess'a people out there who do.

She continues to stare. Unblinking.

HAROLD
And, uh, we gotta fix things, ya see. Or else it's our ass, and we ain't done nothin'.

Harold becomes increasingly agitated by her non-reaction.

HAROLD
What was you even doin' here, anyways? Coming all this way just to cause us grief. You know, you deserve what's comin'. That's right. What you did was, you-- You done ruined the hole!

She then blinks, as if her brain just rebooted.

ANNIE
(distant)
Hole?

The two men are shaken, her gaze drifts to the window.

ANNIE
My friend Caroline, she told me
about a hole. Was the most
wonderful thing you could ever lay
eyes on, she said. Came all the way
here to... I'm from Habermill
County, you...you see...

Her mouth hangs open. She appears pained, confused.

Tears well up in Harold's eyes, he tries to raise the pistol,
but can't. He looks away, but then...

Chester takes Harold's pistol-holding hand into his own.
Harold looks to him, Chester looks back. They nod.

Chester and Harold raise their arms together, aiming the
pistol at Annie, who appears to be grasping for words.
Chester grimaces, Harold fights back tears.

They close their eyes.

ANNIE
The most wonderful thing you could
ever lay eyes o--

BANG! They flinch. We hear Annie's body SMACK up against the
wooden headboard. Then a pause, followed by the soft THUD of
it rolling to the floor.

Harold and Chester open their eyes, pistol still aimed
forward. They lower it, trembling, then stare down at what
they've done. And after what feels like an eternity...

CHESTER
For the good'a the hole.

Chester takes the pistol out of Harold's hand, and pockets
it. He puts his arm across Harold's shoulders, and they stand
there together. Side by side.

EXT. IRMA'S INN - NIGHT

A grim Harold and Chester stagger out the doors to find an
impatient mob awaiting them.

SHERIFF BARLOW

She dead?

They nod.

SHERIFF BARLOW

You certain?

CHESTER

Yep.

The people in the crowd glance at one another in silence, unsure of what comes next, or how to feel.

It's then that Mayor Gibbins emerges from his distraught shell anew, and CRIES OUT:

MAYOR GIBBINS

To the hole!

The people are ignited. They ROAR and SHOUT and storm off. Harold and Chester find themselves literally swept up by the unruly crowd.

EXT. RUBY-NELL'S - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos reigns as the mob POUNDS the locked entrance with fists and feet. The Freckle-Faced Kid finds himself mashed up against the door, his face pressed into the wood, the pressure increasing until CRACK goes a tooth. He SQUEALS!

Harold and Chester are roughly shoved to the front.

RABID SHOUTS

Open it! Let us in! LET US IN!

Harold produces his key ring, but is shaking so badly he drops it to the ground, and then--

SHATTER! A trash can smashes out the front window. The anxious mob storms the place, knocking over tables and chairs. It's a full-scale riot.

Sheriff Barlow grabs Harold and Chester by the backs of their necks, and drags them inside.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

A stampede plows down the stairs. Old Irma trips, and is trampled under foot with a sickening CRUNCH.

A group hesitantly gathers around the hole, all afraid to take the first glimpse inside.

Sheriff Barlow gives Harold and Chester a shove.

SHERIFF BARLOW
Gotta couple'a volunteers.

MAYOR GIBBINS (O.S.)
Wait!

The crowd parts for Mayor Gibbins, who waddles forward.

MAYOR GIBBINS
As your mayor, I insist on lookin'
first. I--I need that hole!

He stands before the hole, rubbing his palms together, greedily. He gets down on the cushion, assuming the position.

All eyes are on Mayor Gibbins as he slowly leans forward. None more invested than Harold and Chester.

Mayor Gibbins sticks his face right into the hole and...

HOLE P.O.V.

That brilliant display of candy colored lights returns to brighten his round, pudgy face.

There's never been a man so delighted.

MAYOR GIBBINS
It's...it's--

BASEMENT

SHRRRRRIK! His head spins so damn fast it twists right off, and soars across the room, hitting the wall with a wet SMACK!

SPLISH! As blood splashes onlookers, the trough of quarters, and the sign above the hole.

Mayor Gibbins squat little body plops back, sans head.

People SCREAM!

BEAU
Hokey-pokey, it got worse!

All eyes land on a stunned Harold and Chester.

SHERIFF BARLOW

(seething)

Well, well, well. I think we all know what must be done.

Harold staggers back, but then--

--Chester draws the pistol from his pocket.

CHESTER

Ya'll about to get real calm, real fast, then get the fuck out.

Sheriff Barlow takes a step forward, Chester aims the pistol right at him, and cocks the hammer.

Barlow backs off.

CHESTER

You heard me, up them steps and out. Go on now!

SHERIFF BARLOW

You heard'em, up the stairs and out. But now you two hear this: We gettin' that hole back the way it was, come hell or high water.

The crowd files out, Sheriff Barlow the last to leave. He stops in the doorway, and glares down at Harold and Chester.

SHERIFF BARLOW

We gonna put you down slow, and we gonna put you down painful. Just how the hole likes it. Gonna make it real happy, you'll see.

He grins and then SLAMS the door shut.

Harold and Chester slump with exhaustion. They lean their backs against the wall, and slide down until they're acting as bookends to the hole. Just like when they first found it. Only, the two appear to have aged a decade since then.

The angry mob can be heard from above. Neither man looks up.

RAGING MAN (O.S.)

I got a huntin' rifle in my truck!

ANOTHER MAN (O.S.)

I can be back in ten minutes with a pair'a shotguns!

VICIOUS WOMAN (O.S.)
 Let's get a fire goin', smoke the
 sonsabitches out!

The mob ROARS in agreement.

Harold and Chester stare forward with tired eyes as CLANGING
 and STOMPING can be heard.

CHESTER
 Maybe... maybe the good stuff is
 still in there, you know? Buried
 deep down behind all that bad.

Harold replies with a half-hearted nod.

The mob intensifies.

DELIRIOUS MAN (O.S.)
 Light'em up! Light'em up!

Harold and Chester SIGH.

HAROLD
 Hey Chester, is you thinkin', what'
 I'm thinkin'?

CHESTER
 Harold, I been thinkin' it.

WHAM! Goes the basement door, the mob's VICIOUS CRIES pour in
 like a flood. Harold and Chester spring to their feet, dive
 for the hole, and--

--we FREEZE on this image. The sounds of the mob can still be
 heard as the color drains, and the picture becomes grainy and
 gray. The angry mob and their vicious cries die out as well.
 All until there's nothing left to do except...

FADE TO BLACK.

And then there's that HUM. Faint, but present.

T H E N I G H T F R E Q U E N C Y