

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

We STAY WITH Mathers as he circles behind the woodpile, gun at ready.

MATHERS

State Trooper! Drop your weapon!

The shooter stands. CONRAD "CONNIE" SATCHEL is six-foot-six and weighs in at nearly three hundred pounds. Severe birth defects have left him physically and mentally malformed. Although 20 years old, he's like a giant eight-year old.

MATHERS (cont'd)

Put it down! Put it down!

Connie isn't aiming at Mathers, exactly, but he isn't inclined to drop the rifle either.

CONNIE

You're a police man.

MATHERS

I am. I need you to put that rifle down.

Over Connie's shoulder, we see Valerie approaching.

MATHERS (cont'd)

Is your name Connie?

CONNIE

How did you know?

MATHERS

Put down the rifle and I'll tell you.

Intrigued, Connie sets the rifle down. It's such a sudden movement that Valerie nearly fires. Connie holds his hands up. His fingers are bandaged and bloody. Several are obviously broken, sticking out at strange angles.

MATHERS (cont'd)

What happened to your hands, Connie?

CONNIE

(looking at them)

They had evil in 'em. So Daddy had to fix 'em.

[END OF SCENE]