

LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT

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EXT. ANYCITY, U.S.A. - THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Peering down from above onto this sleeping berg...

DJ (V.O.)

It's three o'clock in the morning,
ladies and germs, that's oh-three
hundred in the a.m, so stay
frosty, keep your eyes on the road
and that dial locked and loaded.
I'm Ray Richards and I'll be your
captain this evening on Red-Eye
radio 93.7 *the Rage*...

HEAVY METAL BLARES OVER OPENING TITLES as we take note of
the few lonely vehicles on the main thoroughfare. We're
interested in those two over there: a dark grey PRISON
TRANSFER van (DEPT OF CORRECTIONS stenciled on the side)
and a POLICE CRUISER following closely behind.

MORTON (V.O.)

So the guy's horny as hell, right?
But he's only got ten bucks.

INT. VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

GILES, 25, a clean-cut uniformed cop, drives while
DETECTIVE MORTON, 40's, suit and loosened tie, sits in
the passenger seat.

A dark silhouetted hulk of a FIGURE lurks in the b.g.
Handcuffed to the walls of his wire cage.

MORTON

So he goes to this whorehouse --
(re: radio music)
-- What *is* this crap?

He turns it off.

DARK FIGURE

That was "Fist." Their debut
concert, April 14, 1987. They
single-handedly ushered in a new
heavy metal sound by applying
traditional jazz undertones, the
appreciation of which is... sorely
lacking.

MORTON

That's because it's crap.

DARK FIGURE

It's genius.

MORTON

(resuming the joke)

So the guy goes to this whorehouse
and tells the Madame: "Lady, I
need to get laid right now."

Giles titters in amusement, keeping his eyes on the road.

MORTON (CONT'D)

She takes his measly ten bucks,
says it ain't much, but she can
still help him out. So she tells
him to go in the first door he
finds.

Giles nods, taking a sip of coffee.

MORTON (CONT'D)

So he goes in the first door and
finds a chicken sitting on the
bed.

GILES

A chicken?

MORTON

That's what he says. But he's
horny as hell, so after a little
soul searching he gives in and
fucks the chicken.

Giles chuckles.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)

Naturally.

MORTON

(doing his best to
ignore)

Rides the poor thing half to
death. Feathers flying
everywhere, right? So the next
week, he's even hornier --

DARK FIGURE (KRUG; O.S.)

Please, spare us the "next week,"
Detective Morton.

MORTON

(irritated now)

Spare you, Krug?

KRUG

Yes. Spare me.

MORTON

And why would I ever do you the
courtesy, you piece of shit?

KRUG

(nodding O.S.)

Because we're about to miss our
exit.

Morton looks back. Krug's right.

MORTON

Giles, this is it --

Giles swerves the van down the exit ramp...

GILES

Sorry.

KRUG

You're welcome.

MORTON

You in a hurry or something, Krug?

The figure leans forward, emerging from the shadows to
expose KRUG (early 30s), a handsome, muscular man with
cold, hard features.

KRUG

Yeah, I'm in a hurry to eat.

MORTON

What, you think we're moving you
to a friggin five-diamond Hilton?
They're still gonna feed you the
same maggot-infested shit.

KRUG

Hmm. Well, that is disconcerting.
Sure you can't drop me at that
Hilton?

MORTON

Pretty sure.

KRUG

Holiday Inn Express?

MORTON

In your dreams, my friend. In
your dreams.

This as the van approaches a red light at a quiet

INNER CITY INTERSECTION

Giles looks out, waits for a couple of approaching cars to pass -- a station wagon and a heavy duty pick-up. The station wagon innocently goes by -- but the

PICK-UP

suddenly SWERVES AND RAMS THE VAN! FWAM! The truck SMASHES into the front half of the van, spinning it ninety degrees in an explosion of flying metal debris!

The cops in the cruiser behind the van throw open their doors, jump out and open FIRE on the truck. POP POP POP! The truck's windshield explodes! The cops cease fire only to hear the voice of a WOMAN O.S.

WOMAN (O.S.)

'Scuse me?

The cops whirl around to see a masked woman standing behind the open driver's side door of the station wagon that passed the van just seconds earlier! The gunfire must have masked her approach. She levels a silenced nine-millimeter pistol at the cops and FIRES two quick, efficient shots. BAM BAM! The cops drop.

The woman steps forward, calls out to the smashed pick-up:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You alright in there?!

A quick, silent beat. Then --

MASKED MAN (O.S.)

Never better!

The pick-up's door pushes open, revealing another masked MAN we'll soon know as FRANCIS, early 30's. He hops out, dusts off shards of glass from the windshield, makes a beeline for the van's passenger side door. Opens it to reveal

MORTON

groaning weakly in the passenger seat, blood leaking from a severe gash on his head.

Giles is slumped over the wheel, motionless and bloody.

Francis reaches inside, taking Morton's GLOCK and a pair of keys, tosses them to the woman who quickly unlocks the van's back-door and looks inside, her wide eyes nervous and uncertain.

MASKED WOMAN

Krug? You okay?

A beat. Then -- Krug sits up from the darkness -- shaken but uninjured.

KRUG

Neck hurts a little.

MASKED WOMAN

(unlocking him)

Well don't sue me, I'm uninsured.

As soon as the cuffs drop away, Krug RIPS the woman's mask off to reveal a 20ish hardened beauty. Call her SADIE. Krug cups her face, gives her an intensely quick kiss.

SADIE

(re: the smashed van)

Whaddaya think? Perfect timing, huh? I do good? Tell me I did good.

KRUG

You mostly did good.

SADIE

(playfully shoves
him)

Mostly?

KRUG

I told you, my neck hurts, Sadie.

SADIE

Well, something's gonna hurt a lot worse if you keep critiquing my handiwork.

KRUG

Ooh.

SADIE

(then; with urgency)

C'mon, let's get you outta here.

WITH FRANCIS - He yanks Morton out of the van. Morton hits the concrete with a weak cry of pain, crippled by broken bones.

Francis looks over, sees Krug and Sadie coming around.

KRUG

Francis, where's my kid?

FRANCIS

Don't call me Francis. He's fine.

SADIE

But still sad about his mom.

KRUG

Then he's the only one.

This as Krug grabs the Glock from Francis, stands over Morton, taking aim --

MORTON

Are you gonna kill me?

A tense beat as Krug's finger starts to depress the trigger. Then --

KRUG

Nah, I don't have the energy. I'm starving, remember?

Krug hands the gun back to Francis.

KRUG (CONT'D)

(nonchalant)

Pull that trigger, will you?

Francis re-focuses on Morton -- and FIRES -- the deafening gunshot is matched by a DEAFENING ALARM CLOCK as we

SMASH TO:

INT. MARI'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A hand SLAMS down on the clock: 5:25 AM. Pan to reveal MARI COLLINGWOOD, 17 and wide awake. Natural beauty. Deep, determined breath, then -- she throws the covers off -- JUMP TO:

QUICK SHOTS --

- Mari, slipping into swim suit...

- Throwing on shorts, tank top...

- Doing a set of quick curls with small, handheld weights...

- Grabs swim cap and red-tinted goggles, tosses them in a duffel bag...

KERSPLASH! Mari dives into a pool. We are...

EXT. OLYMPIC SIZE POOL - EARLY MORNING

Magic hour. Sun just peeking over the horizon... Not a soul in sight. Just Mari. She surfaces from the dive, goes into a full bore butterfly, swimming all out. This girl's clearly intense and clearly has talent.

CU - MARI - in the pool - nearing the wall... increases her speed... almost there...

She nears the wall, reaches out of the pool, grabs up a STOPWATCH. Anxiously clicks it. Peels off her goggles, eyes the result. Shakes her head. Disappointed.

A beat. Then --

EMMA (O.S.)

You'll do it.

Mari startles slightly, spins around to see her mom, EMMA, 41, confident, fit, earthy good looks.

MARI

I don't believe you.

EMMA

Well, if it was somebody else's record you were trying to beat, you might have cause.

MARI

One more try.

EMMA

Nope. We're leaving.

MARI

Right now? But I haven't even --

EMMA

I already packed for you.

MARI

But I still need to --

Emma cuts her off revealing the Starbucks tray and two coffees she was hiding behind her back. Off Emma -- she can't help but crack a smile --

SMASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ER TRAUMA ROOM - MORNING

On DR. JOHN COLLINGWOOD, 45, exhausted from a double shift with the stubble to prove it (but it also makes him more handsome than he already is).

He's focused on a 50'ish convulsing male patient, HADLEY. NURSES surround the table, assisting. Palpable tension.

JOHN

Goddammit, where's that O-neg?

A nurse races in with the blood. John grabs it. Hooks up the transfusion.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have the OR prep four more units,
tell them to stand by.

The nurse leaves.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay, Mr. Hadley.
Try to breathe normally.
(to nurse)
Five milligrams dopamine --

The nurse administers the shot. The patient calms.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There you go, Mr. Hadley, you're
doing great.
(to nurses)
Alright, let's get our VIP guest
Mr. Hadley here up to the
penthouse suite pronto.

John looks down at Mr. Hadley who reaches out, trying to mouth a thank you -- John nods with a reassuring smile as the nurses wheel Hadley into the hall.

ON JOHN - standing there as the trauma room falls silent. He exhales in relief. Scoops off his mask, runs a hand through his hair. Looks up to see EMMA peeking through the window in the door. She slowly pushes it open.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Emma, I can't --

EMMA
 Sorry, you're off duty, Doctor
 Collingwood.

JOHN
 But I haven't even --

EMMA
 I already packed for you --

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

The Collingwood's SUV negotiates the winding curves...

INT. SUV - DAY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Mari driving. Emma in the passenger seat, anxiously
 flipping through a newspaper, on cell phone:

EMMA
 (into cell as needed)
 No, I don't see it -- hang on --
 I'm in the wrong section --

Emma throws aside a mess of newspapers. Mari smiles,
 rolls her eyes -- Emma mouths "I know" as she brings up
 another section --

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Here, found it --

MARI
 (quietly)
 Thank god --

Emma playfully squints at Mari. As Mari glances at Emma
 we notice a sidebar COLUMN on the front page of the paper
 Emma's reading: KRUG'S MUGSHOT with the headline: INMATE
 ESCAPES. TWO MORE SUSPECTS AT LARGE.

EMMA
 (re: ad in newspaper)
 Yeah, I see it now. You're right,
 the price is wrong. No problem,
 I'll have 'em correct it and tell
 them to forget charging us. Bye.

Emma flips the phone shut, stuffs the newspaper in her
 bag next to a stash of magazines. Emma sighs.

MARI
 You on vacation now?

EMMA

I'm on vacation now.

We suddenly hear SNORING O.S. Mari turns to see John, curled up in the back seat, still wearing scrubs (fresh ones) and sleeping like a baby. Mari rolls her eyes at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I know.

Another snore. Emma nudges John --

MARI

Dad --

JOHN

(acting groggy)
Whaa... purple elephant...

EMMA

Jesus...

JOHN

Are we there yet?

MARI

Making the turn now.

Just as Mari slows to make the turn down a narrower side road, she notices an old rickety sign posted across from the narrower road's entrance: THE LAKE ENDS IN THE ROAD - 1 MI.

MARI (CONT'D)

Jeez, you'd think somebody would change that sign.

EMMA

I like it. Tells me the turn's coming up.

MARI

Fine, but it makes no sense.

EMMA

Of course it does. You keep going straight, you eventually hit the water.

MARI

The ROAD ends in the LAKE. A lake does not END in a ROAD.

JOHN
 (still lying in back
 seat, arm over his
 face)
 Mari, stop stressing, you're on
 vacation...

MARI
 ...With the dreaded parents.
 Exactly. Stress is foregone.

JOHN
 I've got some good drugs for that.

EMMA
 John --

JOHN
 It's the last house on the left,
 in case you forgot.

MARI
 It's the only house for miles,
 dad.

JOHN
 I was being ironical for god's
 sake. I'm going back to sleep.

EMMA
 Good, maybe you can dream up some
 new material.

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE SUV'S WINDSHIELD - Mari turns
 into a gravel driveway just ahead of a forest-bordered
 dead end.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We follow the SUV as it makes its way up the long
 driveway until a two-story home comes into view behind
 the trees. Decent size. Could use a fresh coat of
 paint, but otherwise...

MARI
 The place looks pretty good.

The SUV rolls to a stop in the back of the house. Mari
 and Emma hop out. Take in the silence. Mari looks
 around, eyes the GUEST HOUSE just off the driveway on the
 opposite side.

MARI (CONT'D)
 You guys fixed up the guest house?

EMMA

(nodding)

About three months ago, when you were training... I came up and did a few things before Uncle Dan got here...

MARI

Oh, that's right... how long did he stay?

EMMA

About a week. Him and another couple...

John gets out.

JOHN

(re: guesthouse)

Water pressure still sucks, though.

MARI

I don't care, can I have it?

Surprised beat. Then --

EMMA

(trying not to show disappointment)

You want to sleep in the guesthouse?

JOHN

Of course she does, it's the perfect getaway from the getaway with the "dreaded parents."

MARI

Hey, I'm looking out for all involved parties.

EMMA

-- It's all yours.

MARI

Thanks, you guys.

JOHN

Thank your mom, she did the work.

EMMA

Thanks.

MARI

Okay, enough with the "thanks"
already.

EMMA

(back to Mari)
Happy early birthday.

MARI

-- Thanks.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Mari enters, lugging a suitcase and her duffel bag. She rolls the suitcase aside, drops the duffel to the floor with a THUD.

She falls back to the bed. Eyes the ceiling fan. Deep breath. Trying to let herself relax... to be still for a -- nope, not gonna happen. She jumps up, heads to the suitcase, starts unpacking... JUMP CUT:

- Mari hangs a couple of dresses in the closet...

- Takes out a jewelry box, picks out a few select pieces, puts them on the bedside table... a couple of bracelets, watch, and a gold-chain necklace. A small medallion -- resembling a miniature gold medal -- hangs from it. Mari reads the inscription on the back: NEVER STOP GOING FOR GOLD. - BEN (YOUR BIG BROTHER, REMEMBER?)

Mari rubs a finger tip across it... then sets it on the table...

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - DAY

John and Emma carry their luggage through the kitchen, into the living room through to the foyer and up the stairs, giving us a sense of the home's layout. At the top of the stairs on the

SECOND FLOOR LANDING

John hangs a right, heads down the hall --

EMMA

Hey you --

John turns back, sees Emma still standing at the stairs --

EMMA (CONT'D)

How 'bout you try bunking with me
for a change?

JOHN

Em, You know I don't sleep, I
just... toss and turn.

EMMA

Wait, wait, you misunderstood.
You can *sleep* anywhere you want.

John smiles, heads back her way. Emma stops him with a gentle but firm hand on the arm.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm glad we're here.

JOHN

(mostly sincere)
Me, too.
(trying to reassure)
We'll get there...

EMMA

(gently)
We are getting there. One day at
a time.

JOHN

Yeah.

Emma smiles, then leans in for a kiss. John returns the gesture. Then he drops his bag and pulls her in for a tight, playful squeeze -- Emma giggles, pretends to choke as John lifts her off the floor... then WINCES in pain --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ooh -- back --

Emma smacks him on the shoulder, thinks he's making a statement about her weight, but --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Em, I'm not kidding --

EXT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Mari heads down a narrow path through the woods. It leads to their boat house and private dock on the sparkling lake beyond.

EXT. LAKE - BOAT HOUSE/DOCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mari heads on to the dock, pokes her head in the boat house.

A small ski boat covered with a dusty tarp docked inside, quietly bobbing on the water in this enclosed, floating garage-like room.

Mari steps back out, heads to the end of the dock, takes in the gorgeous scenery, the massive lake... surrounded by dense forest, the entirety of its surface curving out of view through the woodlands.

A few very distant houses dot its circumference with large patches of wilderness between them.

A ski boat and skier suddenly race past paying little heed to that "NO WAKE" BUOY anchored about a hundred yards out. Mari eyes the buoy. She can't resist.

SMASH TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY - SECONDS LATER

Mari butterflies full on for the buoy. Reaches out, SLAMS her hand down on it. Turns her wrist over, eyes her watch, clicks the "stop" button. This time, Mari smiles.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BATHROOM SHOWER - DAY

Mari attempts to cleanse her naked young body with the crappy water pressure. But she doesn't seem to mind.
JUMP CUT:

Mari turns the water off, yanks the shower curtain aside. One end of the shower rod suddenly POPS loose and falls.

MARI

Shit --

Mari fumbles to put it back into place -- but the fitting on the tile wall is coming loose, little bits of plaster falling into the tub.

Mari finally succeeds in getting the rod back in place -- but barely...

She steps out of the tub, and very, very gently pulls the curtain closed --

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mari slips into bra and underwear. Bermuda shorts, a fresh lime green tank top. Pulls hair back, a little make-up.

Eyes the jewelry on the bedside table, opts for the necklace her brother gave her...

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Mari enters to find Emma putting supplies and groceries away. We note a small household FIRE EXTINGUISHER among the items on the counter. We PAN TO REVEAL John trying to pull the microwave from its dock above the stove.

MARI

This doesn't look like relaxation to me.

JOHN

I'll be relaxed once I get this friggin piece of pre-historic junk out of my sight.

MARI

(a playful dig)
Is it plugged in?

John chooses not to hear that. Grabs a screwdriver, intent on doing surgery on the microwave's innards.

EMMA

He didn't hear you.

JOHN

I'm ignoring her.

MARI

Do you need the car? I was gonna head into town and see Paige.

EMMA

Oh yeah? You talked to her?

MARI

She finally texted me back. I guess she works at her dad's ice cream store.

EMMA

Huh. Well, good. Oh hey, you mind picking up a few things while you're at it? I forgot some breakfast stuff.

MARI

Sure.

EMMA

Here's the list --

MARI

By the way, I'm pretty sure I just broke my hundred meter record out in the lake.

EMMA

Oh, that's great, sweetie. Did you hear that, John?

He's still focused on the microwave -- peering in at the circuitry. He flips a switch inside the casing somewhere. The microwave suddenly HUMS TO LIFE - with the door still open.

EMMA (CONT'D)

John -- it's not supposed to --

John SLAMS the microwave door. Eyes them innocently.

JOHN

Fixed.

EMMA

(re: microwave)

Goodwill.

MARI

Keys please.

JOHN

(taking out his
wallet)

I assume you need cash?

MARI

You assume correctly.

John hands her a couple of twenties.

MARI (CONT'D)

What about my tip?

JOHN

I think you have the order mixed up --

Emma grabs John's wallet, takes out the rest of his cash, hands it to Mari.

EMMA

Have fun.

Mari smiles, pecks John on the cheek, heads out.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A statue sits in the middle of the square, surrounded by the modest church, a rundown mini-mart, an old firehouse...

A smattering of local CITIZENS mill about in the little shops as Mari drives the SUV up to the curb just outside the mini-mart. She hops out, clicks on the car alarm, steps to the curb. Approaches the window of a clothing shop, eyeing the summer dresses...

MARI
(to herself)
Those are so cute...

PAIGE (O.S.)
Mari Collingwood!

Mari spins around to see PAIGE, 17, a stunning beauty, even when wearing the required uniform of the ice cream shop she's leaning out of: neon pink apron, black slacks, polo shirt.

MARI
Hey! Oh my god --

Mari crosses the street, hugs Paige.

MARI (CONT'D)
How are you? It's been awhile,
huh?

PAIGE
I know, right? Like two years?

MARI
Close to that, yeah. And you look
fantastic --

PAIGE
Like the hair?

MARI
Oh, yeah, I really --

PAIGE
Tell me inside, c'mon --

MARI
You sure it's a good time? I
don't want to keep you --

Paige turns around to the very empty ice cream shop.

PAIGE

Oh. Well, yeah you're right, I do have to draw up a report on the quarterly "crazy cone" sales and get it to New York in time for the annual stock holders meeting.

MARI

I can totally come back later --

PAIGE

Mari?

MARI

Yes?

PAIGE

Get in the damn store.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Mari and Paige sit at the table by the window. Mari takes a final lick of her mint-chocolate chip that sits atop a squiggly-shaped waffle cone a.k.a. the crazy cone. Mari considers it.

MARI

Wow. This cone's...

PAIGE

...pretty crazy, right? It better be. So far, I've calculated I've spent 184 and a half days of my life making those things. So you're here for the...

MARI

Whole summer.

PAIGE

How are your folks doing?

MARI

As good as they can be, I guess. How's your dad?

PAIGE

God, he just had eye surgery, everything's detached, so he's got the bandage, the black patch... he's a mess, but you gotta love him.

Mari smiles. A beat. Then --

PAIGE (CONT'D)

(delicately)

Listen, Mari, I was so -- I
couldn't believe it when I heard
about your brother --

MARI

Yeah, me neither.

PAIGE

I'm so sorry for not getting in
touch. I'm so bad about that
stuff, I just --

MARI

Paige, don't even worry about it.
We're dealing, you know? That's
why we decided -- well, actually
it's my mom who decided to come
back up here this summer... to try
to get back to... I don't know,
some kind of normalcy. You ask
me, this was exactly the place not
to come, no offense.

PAIGE

Hey, I don't have a special place
in my heart for this hole. I'm
outta here, first chance I get.

MARI

I'm just an advocate for moving on
to new things... making new
memories... does that make sense?

PAIGE

It does if you can do it. So you
should come over tonight. My
dad's at my aunt's till tomorrow.

(with a mischievous
smirk)

Got the whole place to mine own
self, oh yeahhh...

Mari's cell phone RINGS.

MARI

(into phone)

Hey, mom. -- Yeah, I'm with
Paige. Yeah -- yeah, she looks
great, we're catching up -- Say
that again -- you're breaking up.
-- There you are --

Over the above, Paige's attention drifts... she's now curiously eyeing something outside, over Mari's shoulder:

PAIGE'S POV - A LANKY KID - walking on the sidewalk, wearing a grey sweatshirt, hood over his head...

MARI (CONT'D)

So, Mom, I'm gonna hang out with Paige for awhile, probably go to her house, so it could be kinda late.

(then; for Paige's benefit)

Yes, mom, if the storm's too intense I'll just spend the night. Yeah, and I'll pick up the stuff in the morning on the way home -- Okay, I will. -- Love you, too.

(hangs up; to Paige)

What are you looking at?

PAIGE

There is this semi-mysterious pretty good looking unabomber wannabe dude walking on the sidewalk over there.

Mari turns -- sees the guy meandering along --

MARI

Do you know him?

PAIGE

(shaking a "no"; faux western accent)

He ain't from these here parts.

MARI

Neither am I.

PAIGE

True, but you also didn't cover the same fifty-foot stretch of concrete twelve times in five minutes. We're definitely being surveilled or -- is that the right word, "surveilled?"

MARI

(still peering out window)

It's "surveyed," I think --

Mari turns back -- Paige is gone. Now standing outside the ice cream shop's door, waving a crazy cone, yelling over at the unabomber dude.

PAIGE
Excuse me, sir?

The guy looks over.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
Yes, you, sir. Would you like to try a crazy cone?

Mari watches the guy. He pauses.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
On the house. You don't like it, I'll give you your money back.

The guy breaks a smile. Mari eyes him closely as he crosses the street.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Our unabomber guy has now joined Paige and Mari at the table. Call him JUSTIN. His hood pulled back now... 15, messy hair, spotty teenage stubble... He jams the rest of the crazy cone in his mouth.

PAIGE
So Justin?
(off his nod)
Where do you hail from?

JUSTIN
(still chewing)
Oklahoma --

PAIGE
You're a long ways from home, cowboy.
(amused, to Mari)
I always wanted to say that --
(back to Justin)
You just move here or something?

JUSTIN
We're just passing through.

PAIGE
And who's we?

JUSTIN

My dad, his girlfriend, and his brother.

PAIGE

What's up with that? Your parents divorced or something?

Justin shakes his head, staring at the ground.

JUSTIN

They were never married. I was with my mom...

Paige glances at Mari, amused at the boy's shyness.

PAIGE

So they get turns with you? I did that with my parents for awhile. It sucks monkey nuts. What did your mom --

Justin looks up, meeting Paige's eyes for the first time.

JUSTIN

She died.

Paige and Mari are immediately given pause by this, looking guilty. Awkward beat. Then:

PAIGE

Alright, this is gonna sound tacky and awful, but... I've had enough death for one day...

(to Mari)

No offense.

MARI

None taken, believe me.

(then, to Justin)

We're very sorry.

JUSTIN

That's cool.

PAIGE

So let's start over. I'm Paige and this is Mari with an "i" not the more traditional "y."

MARI

Hi...

JUSTIN

Hi Mari with an "i."

PAIGE

So where are you staying on your
pass through town, Justin?

Justin gestures up the road.

JUSTIN

The uh... the Meadow something --

PAIGE

Meadowlark.

JUSTIN

Yeah, that's it.

PAIGE

Did Bridgette cut you a deal?

JUSTIN

I don't know --

PAIGE

Well, I'll call her and kick her
ass til she does.

JUSTIN

Okay... thanks...

PAIGE

So have you smoked any good shit
lately, Justin?

MARI

Paige, Jesus...

PAIGE

What? I'm sorry, did that offend
you, Justin?

JUSTIN

No, not at all.

MARI

But why would you ask him that --

PAIGE

Well, Mari, I know it's not PC
these days, but in all candor, he
just fits the profile.

Mari can't believe it, puts her hand to her forehead.
Justin, on the other hand, breaks an amused smile and a
little chuckle.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Now he's laughing. Even better.
Why are you laughing, Justin?

JUSTIN

Because you're... you say what
you're thinking... you just... let
it fly...

PAIGE

Damn right I do, and look what
that gung-ho shit's gotten me.
Five eighty-five an hour, three
black polos and a pink apron. Two
more months I get bumped up to
green.

Now Mari's laughing.

JUSTIN

(nearly inaudible)
Well, that's not all it could get
you.

PAIGE

Say again, sweetie?

JUSTIN

That's not all it could get you.

PAIGE

Yeah? What else could it get me?

JUSTIN

What you're looking for. I got
some back at our room.

Paige and Mari exchange glances. Mari's clearly getting
less and less interested. Paige is very interested.

PAIGE

That a fact. What about the rest
of your posse? Would they
approve?

JUSTIN

Probably not, but they're out for
awhile. It's my dad's. He's got
a lot --

PAIGE

Well, we don't really need a lot.

JUSTIN

Then he really won't miss it --

Paige smiles. She's in to this kid. Turns to Mari.

PAIGE
 (getting up)
 Then I guess it's closing time.
 Saddle up, Mari, you're driving.

MARI
 (uneasy)
 Listen, Paige... this... this
 isn't what I do anymore...

PAIGE
 Then just give us a quick lift
 there. It's two minutes. Justin
 and me'll race in, get the stuff
 and get out. You can keep the car
 running.

Off Mari -- not liking this a bit -- but relenting...

EXT. MEADOWLARK MOTOR LODGE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Mari's SUV is the only car parked in the circular drive of this run-down lodge. Paige and Justin hop out amidst stronger gusts of wind and a distant ROLL of thunder.

PAIGE
 (to Mari through
 window)
 Two minutes.

MARI
 One would be better!

Paige smiles as she grabs Justin's hand and leads him toward the rooms.

PAIGE
 Which one?

JUSTIN
 14. Over here.

WITH MARI - HER POV - Paige and Justin disappear inside the room, partially closing the door behind them...

Mari watches intently. Then nervously shuffles through radio stations. All static. Checks her cell phone. No signal.

Another beat. No movement from the room. Mari shakes her head. Eyes fall on the grocery list. Picks it up, studies it: Milk, Orange juice, eggs...

Mari looks back toward the room. Still nothing. She exhales, more frustrated. Turns to get out of the SUV just as --

A HAND

Suddenly RAPS on the window! WHACK WHACK WHACK! Scaring the shit out of us. But it's just the old lady MAID.

MAID

Sorry! So sorry, ma'am.

MARI

That's okay -- that's --

A shaken Mari realizes she's still in the car talking through the window. The maid can't hear her. Mari opens the door, steps out into the windstorm. The Maid holds up a room key.

MAID

I find. This belong you?

MARI

No, no. Sorry.

MAID

Is okay. Sorry I scare.

MARI

You're fine.

The maid smiles, pockets the key, pushes her cart away across the lot, disappears behind the motel office.

Mari turns back, heads down the walkway. As she approaches, we note the LOCAL newspaper lying outside the door: KRUG'S MUG SHOT IS PLASTERED ON THE FRONT PAGE with the headline: "FUGITIVE ON THE LOOSE." We TILT UP as Mari knocks on the door and pushes her way into...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

...where we reveal Justin and Paige sitting on the bed, smoking a j.

MARI

What the hell you two?

They look over. Not too bothered at the intrusion.

PAIGE

Mari, Justin wasn't bullshitting.
This is some premium shit.

MARI
I'm happy for you. I'm leaving.

PAIGE
No, Mari --

Mari turns back.

MARI
Paige, I told you. I'm not in to this anymore. It's fine, you two hang out, I'll catch up with you later. I'm here three months --

PAIGE
No, screw that, we're going. We're going -- where's my purse --

MARI
How could you have lost your purse already --

As Mari helps Paige root for her purse, Justin looks up to see

KRUG, SADIE, AND FRANCIS

Step into the doorway, carrying bags of groceries. Justin's eyes go wide --

JUSTIN
(to himself)
Shit --

MARI
(finding the purse)
Here.

PAIGE
(to Mari, still not seeing Krug et al)
You'll give me a ride home still, right?

KRUG (O.S.)
Sure she can. It's no problem.

Mari and Paige whirl around.

KRUG, FRANCIS, AND SADIE

are still standing in the doorway, their eyes scanning the faces of the people they didn't expect to be here. Justin... Paige... Mari...

Note: Krug has the newspaper from outside tucked under his arm.

FRANCIS
 What the hell is this?
 (to Justin; re: Mari
 and Paige)
 What the fuck did you do?

Over this, a strong gust of wind blows through the room.

KRUG
 Francis?

FRANCIS
 What?

KRUG
 There's a draft.

Francis SLAMS the door shut. Krug turns back, glares daggers at Justin.

KRUG (CONT'D)
 Clearly you got your brains from
 your mother --

JUSTIN
 Dad, I just brought them back here
 for some weed. You weren't
 supposed to be here --

KRUG
 (deadpan)
 Surprise.

MARI
 We're sorry. We were just
 leaving.

KRUG
 Whatever for? Stay, please. Who
 are these lovely ladies, Justin?

JUSTIN
 Paige. Paige and -- and --

KRUG
 He forgot your name, sweetheart.

MARI
 Mari.

KRUG

Mari. I'm Krug, this is Francis,
but call him Frank... and my
girlfriend, Sadie.

SADIE

That's a nice ride you got out
there. Yours?

Mari nods.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Nice. How'd you afford it?

MARI

I didn't -- I didn't buy it.

FRANCIS

So it's Mommy and Daddy's?

Mari eyes them a beat. Clearly sensing the trouble
brewing.

MARI

Yes.

Sadie eyes Mari in amused disgust.

SADIE

I like that necklace, too. Your
parents just give you everything
your little heart desires I bet,
don't they?

KRUG

Sadie, manners. Don't rush to
judge. It's rude.

(back to Mari; re:
Sadie)

She's been stressing a little this
morning.

SADIE

I think we have good reason --

FRANCIS

We sure as hell do.

KRUG

(seeing Mari and
Paige's questioning
looks)

I'm sorry Mari and Paige.

(MORE)

KRUG (CONT'D)

What they're referring to is the fact my son here has unknowingly or unwittingly or just very stupidly backed us all into somewhat of a... corner... here.

PAIGE

We only smoked half of one -- we can pay you.

MARI

We have money.

KRUG

I don't doubt that, Mari, but it's not quite that simple...

Krug nonchalantly holds up the newspaper, points to his photo:

KRUG (CONT'D)

Good looking guy, don't you think?

Paige and Mari's eyes widen. Justin looks at his father in disbelief.

JUSTIN

What -- what is that? What did you do now?

KRUG

Well, oh son of mine, your old man got himself in a few more spots of trouble in his absence.

PAIGE

Jesus Christ...

KRUG

...our Lord and Savior wasn't gonna help me this time, Paige, so I had to resort to other means of redemption which Sadie and Francis here were kind enough to facilitate.

MARI

Listen, Mr. Krug --

Krug, Francis and Sadie chuckle at that --

KRUG

Krug's my first name, sweetheart. But I still appreciate you being polite. It'll getcha places.

MARI

This is clearly none of our
business. We won't --

KRUG

Won't what?

MARI

This isn't our business --

KRUG

So you're saying it's a private
matter.

MARI

Absolutely.

KRUG

So even though my mug's now
plastered all over the front page
of every newspaper on every street
corner of *this* shithole little
berg, what you're really saying
is...

Mari's frozen -- Krug presses:

KRUG (CONT'D)

Is?

MARI

I'm saying... we won't tell
anyone.

KRUG

Ah, you won't rat us out. I don't
know, Frank, you believe her?

FRANCIS

Yeah, I think maybe I do.

SADIE

I don't.

PAIGE

Well, you should. We don't care.
We don't give a shit, really --

KRUG

Calm down, Paige.

PAIGE

But I swear we won't --

KRUG

Paige, shush.

SADIE

What do you wanna do, Krug?

A beat. Krug stares at Mari in intense, unreadable silence for a moment. Mari swallows nervously as Paige looks ill and Justin looks worried.

KRUG

I want Mari to give me her keys.

SADIE

Cool, that'll solve our car issues.

KRUG

(explaining to Mari)
We blew a head gasket on the way back.

Mari instantly reaches in her pocket, hands them over.

MARI

It's yours.

KRUG

I accept.

PAIGE

So we can leave now? You can just take the car and we're not gonna say anything --

KRUG

Sorry, Paige. We can't take that chance.

PAIGE

What --

MARI

Paige, just stay calm.

But Paige is way beyond it now. Trembling. Eyes darting to -- the bathroom. Beckoning. Is there light coming from a window inside?

A tense beat -- and then -- Paige bolts!

FRANCIS

Goddammit!

Francis is closest. He barrels after Paige who SLAMS and LOCKS the bathroom door in his face.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Paige heads for the small window next to the shower. Hands shaking as she tries to lift it. But this thing hasn't been opened in years.

PAIGE
HELP! HELP US SOMEBODY!!

She fumbles for her cell phone as --

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - FRANCIS

Tries to bust down the door. No go. He turns to Krug who tosses him Sadie's silenced PISTOL. Francis FIRES it into the lock --

WITH PAIGE

Cell phone pressed to her ear, using her other hand to force the dry-rotted window open a couple of inches, still SCREAMING as

FRANCIS

Suddenly SLAMS through the door --

PAIGE (CONT'D)
No! NO!!

Francis grabs a fistful of Paige's hair, yanks her back and SLAMS her forehead into the edge of the sink. She drops to the floor. Out cold.

Francis stands there, trembling from the adrenaline rush.

ON KRUG - turning to Sadie who's still peeking out the window.

KRUG
Anything?

SADIE
Not that I can see.

Krug turns back, locks eyes with the silent Mari who's trying her best to keep calm, the tears in check.

KRUG
Thanks for being cool about this,
Mari.

Krug shifts his gaze back to Francis as he steps out from the bathroom.

KRUG (CONT'D)
What's going on in there?

FRANCIS
Knocked her silly, but she's coming around.

Krug tosses the car keys to Francis.

KRUG
Back Mari's SUV up to the door, close as you can.

SADIE
(re: Mari & Paige)
Shouldn't we ask them if somebody will be looking for them?

KRUG
Like worried mommies and daddies, ex-boyfriends...

SADIE
Yeah, like that.

KRUG
(shaking a "no")
I think that's a given, Sade. The only thing it changes is our average speed the hell out of here.

Francis heads out the door. Sadie starts throwing their stuff into grocery bags as Krug turns back to Mari who's now glaring at Justin. Justin feels her stare but refuses to make eye contact. Krug observes this:

KRUG (CONT'D)
No, you look at her Justin.

No movement. Krug gets up, grabs Justin's chin -- hard -- gets in his son's face:

KRUG (CONT'D)
You know, there's a lot of different kinds of days that come out of nowhere that force you to grow up. You might think it's the day your mom met her maker, but let me assure you, my son, that *pales* in comparison to this day.
(MORE)

KRUG (CONT'D)
 I'll let that pre-pubescent brain
 of yours try to figure out why.
 But in the meantime, I'll give you
 a clue. LOOK AT HER.

Krug viciously yanks Justin's head toward Mari.

KRUG (CONT'D)
 Look at --

JUSTIN
 Okay, okay --

Justin eyes Mari. A tear streams down his face as his eyes shift back to his father.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Just let them --

KRUG
 Ahhp -- what did I say?

Off this, Krug nearly squeezing the life out of Justin through his jaw bone -- as we hear another distant ROLL OF THUNDER...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV drives down a winding forest road.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Krug drives with Justin in the passenger seat. In the back, Mari and a still groggy Paige -- a gash on her forehead -- sit crunched between Sadie and Francis, random possessions piled messily behind them.

Silence. Krug looks over at Justin.

KRUG
 Put your seat-belt on.

Justin obeys.

KRUG'S POV - Seen in the rearview mirror, another SUV, passing them.

Mari yearningly watches it go by out the side-window.

A MOTHER and FATHER (30s) are in the front. As the SUV starts to get ahead of them, a cute LITTLE GIRL looks out the back window.

Mari and the Little Girl lock eyes. The Girl smiles. Mari instinctively manages a weak smile in return.

The other SUV speeds away, taking Mari's view of the Little Girl with it. She stares after it wistfully, her smile fading.

Her gaze shifts back to the car and she notices the backseat's CIGARETTE LIGHTER by the cup-holders in front of her. Stares at it.

EXT/INT. FOREST ROAD/SUV - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV approaches a fork in the road...

KRUG

Left, right?

FRANCIS

Right.

KRUG

(irritated)

Right meaning "correct" or right meaning "go right?"

FRANCIS

No, the way to the park entrance is left. Right takes you to the lake.

KRUG

You're sure?

FRANCIS

Pretty much.

Krug glares, not satisfied.

SADIE

I coulda swore it was right, Krug.

ON MARI - she's been taking this all in -- her mind racing -- she finally opts to speak up --

MARI

(to Krug)

No, left is correct.

(off their glares)

I've been coming here for years. The way to the national park... the National Forest Park? -- If that's what you meant --

Over the above, Mari inches

HER FOOT

up and presses the cigarette lighter in.

KRUG

It is what I meant.

MARI

Then you need to go left.

Krug studies Mari's face in the rearview. She looks sincere enough -- if not, it's a damn good bluff. A beat. Then -- Krug turns left.

CU - MARI - her face betrays the slightest hint of "holy shit, he bought it."

Her eyes FLICK back to that cigarette lighter as an impenetrable wall of trees stream by on either side of the vehicle.

She swallows anxiously and looks out the window, sees something O.S. that we DON'T SEE.

MARI (CONT'D)

(mouthing to herself)

Shit --

(mouthing to the
cigarette lighter)

Come -- on --

PLINK. The cigarette lighter POPS OUT -- ready --

Mari instantly snatches it before Sadie can react and JAMS the burning hot end into her face!

Sadie SCREAMS IN PAIN and recoils against the seat as Mari fumbles to climb over her, opening the door --

FRANCIS

(panicking)

Fuck!

Francis hurls himself across Paige and Sadie to grab Mari as she frantically reaches for the back door handle --

KRUG

What the fu --

SMACK! Paige kicks Krug in the face --

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV SWERVES as Mari and Paige SCREAM -- Mari's now trying to push the back door OPEN!

INT. SUV - DAY - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

JUSTIN

Dad, look out!

Krug looks ahead, sees they've crossed the center line, heading for a sharp turn --

KRUG

SHIT!!

Krug SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, yanks the wheel hard left, but over corrects --

EXT. FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The SUV SCREECHES across the pavement and tumbles off the road into the woods --

INSIDE THE SUV - Blood-curdling SCREAMS as it rolls end over end, down the incline --

MARI falls back inside the SUV as --

WHAM! It SMASHES into a tree, miraculously UPRIGHT.

Silence. No movement. A long beat as steam HISSES from the busted engine.

Quiet. Bordering on peaceful even -- until finally --

One of the back doors opens and Paige falls out onto the ground. She looks up, blinking and dazed, but unhurt.

She rises unsteadily to her feet -

BAM! Krug KNOCKS HER DOWN -

She looks up in fear as he towers over her angrily --

IN THE SUV'S PASSENGER SEAT - a foggy-looking Justin rubs his head, his deflated airbag deployed.

A back-door opens and Francis groggily emerges, moaning. His nose has been broken and it's a bloody mess. Krug sees it, cringes --

KRUG

You all right?

Francis groans and raises a hand to his nose. He bends to examine his reflection in the SUV's side-mirror. Anger bubbles across his face as he eyes his ruined visage.

FRANCIS

Motherf--

He turns to see Mari stumble from the rear left passenger door of the SUV, dazed and unsteady.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You little bitch...

Francis strides to Mari and SLAPS her across the face, knocking her to the ground next to Paige.

BAM! He KICKS Mari in the stomach and she CRIES OUT, the wind knocked out of her, COUGHING.

PAIGE

(horrified)

No!

Sadie emerges from the SUV, a hand held to the small, red burn-mark on her face.

KRUG

You okay?

SADIE

Do I look o-fucking-kay?!

Sadie's about to pounce on Mari, but pauses as she sees her possessions scattered across the ground.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(angering)

Oh, no no no!

She hurries forward to grab some clothing from the dirt...

SADIE (CONT'D)

Look at all my shit! This is everything I own.

Sadie uncovers the silenced PISTOL in the debris. Picks it up, charges for Mari --

SADIE (CONT'D)
 You think you can just fuck
 everything up for us and get away
 with it?

Sadie wrenches Mari's head back by the hair, presses the
 pistol to her head.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 Do you?!

Sadie gets right in close to the terrified girl.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 This is what you get.

Sadie suddenly smiles, then lets go of Mari and turns to
 Francis.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 She's all yours.

Francis nods hungrily.

FRANCIS
 I was afraid you were gonna make
 me flip for it.

Francis approaches Mari, leans down to grab her up when --
 BAM! Paige snatches up a nearby heavy, rotted branch and
 HITS Francis in his busted nose --

Francis SCREAMS in agony as Paige leaps to her feet and
 TAKES OFF like a shot into the forest --

Francis charges after Paige like a mad bull. Sadie turns
 to Krug who just stares at her, clearly irritated at
 their incompetence --

KRUG
Bring -- her -- back -- here.

Sadie frantically hurries to follow Francis and the
 fleeing Paige.

ON KRUG - he watches them go. Royally pissed. Looks
 down at Mari, stares straight through her.

IN THE FOREST - PAIGE

dashes as fast as she can. HOWLING like a wild animal,
 Francis is fifty feet behind -

FRANCIS
 YOU'RE DEAD, BITCH! DEAD!!

Paige glances over her shoulder in terror, sees Francis gaining on her and Sadie not far behind him --

She whimpers in fear and pushes herself even harder --

Paige disappears from his vision as the terrain dips and she heads down a hill. She stumbles down the steep incline, leaping over logs, obstacles... suddenly TRIPS on a rock, CRIES OUT as she sprains her ankle, FALLING forward, now TUMBLING and ROLLING down the hill toward

A SLIGHT CLIFF

Paige SHRIEKS as she FALLS off the edge and DROPS five feet to flat ground.

Quickly recovering, she scurries back into a SHALLOW HOLLOW in the side of the cliff, hiding herself from view.

CU - PAIGE - breathing hard, trying to stay calm as --

PAIGE'S POV - BAM! - FRANCIS lands on the ground five feet in front of her, charging forward to run off through the woods, clueless that he just passed her -

THUD! Paige flinches as Sadie does the same, following Francis in their blind pursuit of no one --

Paige watches with wide, panicked eyes as her pursuers disappear from view. She quickly emerges from her hiding place, gritting her teeth as she hobbles as fast as she can on her sprained ankle as --

FURTHER INTO THE WOODS - FRANCIS AND SADIE - slowed to a jog now, looking around as they see no sign of Paige.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Shit! You go that way!

Sadie heads in a different direction.

WITH PAIGE - hobbling through the forest, she sees a road just up ahead through the trees, a couple of cars passing...

BAM! Sadie suddenly TACKLES her from behind, taking her down. Paige SCREAMS, struggles as Sadie holds her down --

PAIGE

(screaming)

HELP! HELP ME!

SADIE
 (out of breath)
 Take it easy! TAKE IT EASY! I
 can help you. I can get you out
 of this.

Paige's hand gropes at her side, frantically searching
 for a weapon. It closes on a large ROCK.

PAIGE
 Fuck you!

SMACK! Paige SLAMS the rock against the side of Sadie's
 head, knocking her away.

Paige quickly stumbles to her feet, whirls around only to
 come face to face with Francis --

FRANCIS
 Back atcha, Paige.

He cold cocks her, KNOCKING her senseless. Paige hits
 the ground. Francis grabs the gun out of Sadie's waist
 band, aims at Paige --

SADIE
 No --

FRANCIS
 No?!

SADIE
 Krug wants us to bring her back.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CRASH SITE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Paige, her wrists tied with pieces of her now shredded
 shirt, is thrown to the ground next to Mari. Krug is
 still glaring, just as we left him, intense uncertainty
 raging in his eyes.

Sadie and Francis stare at him expectantly. Justin
 stands in the b.g. Too terrified to move as

PAIGE AND MARI

sit on the ground at their feet, passive in their
 traumatized state.

FRANCIS
 What now?

Krug doesn't respond.

KRUG'S POV - He looks from Francis to Sadie to the girls and his wandering gaze comes to rest on Justin, who's staring at the ground.

Sensing this, Justin looks up at Krug, looking uneasy at being the focus of his father's attention.

KRUG
(to Justin)
You wanna finally be a man?

Unnerved at this question, Justin glances at Francis and Sadie, finding no help. Krug gestures to Mari.

KRUG (CONT'D)
There's your chance. She's all
yours.

Justin and Mari freeze, their eyes widening in panic. Justin looks down at Mari in fear. She looks back, equally afraid.

KRUG (CONT'D)
What are you, gay?

Krug quickly walks forward and grabs Justin by the arm, shaking the terrified kid --

PAIGE (O.S.)
You're pathetic.

Krug turns to look down at Paige in surprise. She stares back at him with cold eyes, her tears gone now, a strange confidence on her face. She doesn't care anymore.

KRUG
What did you say to me?

MARI
Paige --

But Paige isn't listening. She rises unsteadily to confront Krug, unafraid.

PAIGE
I said you're pathetic.

Krug steps forward, gets in her face, stares at her in silence as Paige smiles, her anger building.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
What? You gonna hit me? Go
ahead. Hit me, you piece of shit.

Krug GLARES another tense beat. Then... a smile creeps across his face. He chuckles.

KRUG

Why does everybody eventually come around to calling me that?

(back to Paige)

No, honey. I'm not gonna hit you. I'm not quite that predictable.

Paige suddenly GASPS, flinching --

Justin, Mari, Sadie, and Francis all flinch as well, their eyes wide.

Paige blinks in stunned surprise, instantly dazed.

PAIGE'S POV - She slowly looks down from Krug's face: He's driven a SWITCHBLADE deep into her stomach, only its handle visible in his hand as BLOOD leaks out around it.

Paige looks back up at Krug in dumb silence, the pure shock on her face slowly giving way to pain as her eyes moisten, her mouth gaping open in a soundless scream.

Krug wrenches the switchblade out and Paige grunts in pain. Still in shock, she stumbles backward unsteadily, her hands clutched to her bloody wound.

She collides with Sadie for support. Sadie shoves Paige back down next to Mari --

MARI

Paige -- Paige -- breathe -- try to breathe --

Krug looks over at Justin and sees that he's CRYING softly, tears running down his face.

Rage suddenly floods Krug's face as he watches his son's weakness.

Krug turns back to Mari and Paige. Paige is coughing, spitting up blood now, her life slipping away...

KRUG

(to Mari)

What is wrong with you, Mari? Can't you see that Paige is very worried -- and rightfully so -- that today is the last day of her life? So comfort her.

Mari still keeps holding Paige but doesn't respond to Krug.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Mari, tell Paige that everything
is gonna be all right.

PAIGE

No -- Mari -- don't --

KRUG

Say it.

Mari eyes Paige and the defiance that still remains in
her dying eyes.

PAIGE

-- Don't -- don't say it, Mari --

Mari forces the tears back --

MARI

Okay. Okay --

KRUG

SAY IT!

Mari turns and glares up at Krug --

MARI

No.

She looks back down to Paige who manages the slightest
hint of a thankful smile. Then -- her breathing fades
and she becomes perfectly limp and motionless in Mari's
arms, her slumped face hidden beneath her hair.

Mari looks back up to see an enraged

KRUG

Suddenly towering over her, his eyes wide with crazed
FURY as he throws Paige aside and grabs Mari --

MARI (CONT'D)

NO -- YOU -- PLEASE NO --

With a tidal wave of utter contempt and sadistic rage,
Krug suddenly shoves Mari to the ground and starts
VICIOUSLY TEARING AT HER CLOTHES.

KRUG

(hard in Mari's face;
as he rips at her
clothes)

You think -- you can keep fucking
me whenever you please --

MARI

NO! I don't -- I don't --

Krug continues to tear at her clothes, shredding her tank top, ripping her bra off --

KRUG

You don't? You don't think that?

MARI

No -- NO -- please --

KRUG

Mari doesn't think that, you two.

ON SADIE

You'd think she might protest, but instead, she seems oddly captivated, bordering on turned on by what Krug is doing to Mari.

SADIE

Then she's a liar. Look around.
Look what she did. She does think
that. So you gotta make it clear.
-- It goes both ways.

KRUG

You hear that, Mari? Sadie says
it goes both ways.

Mari screams as Krug shoves her head in the damp earth, muffling the sound.

Mari tries to crawl away, but Krug puts his full weight on the small of her back as he starts yanking at her shorts.

MARI'S HANDS

CLAW at the earth as Krug pulls her shorts and underwear down.

ON MARI

She lifts her head up, locks eyes with a frozen Justin --

MARI

Justin -- please -- help me --

FRANCIS

You stay right there, Justin.

Justin backs away, tears streaming. He presses up against a tree, then slinks to the ground -- and turns away.

CU - MARI - Her eyes stream with tears as Krug -- O.S. -- thrusts at her from behind, savagely...

Sadie watches. Wide-eyed. Psychotically mesmerized.

Francis' eyes are more uncertain. Yet he remains still.

MARI

Please... no...

ON MARI - HER EYES

Suddenly grow cold, almost lifeless... as if she's giving in, her body going limp in surrender... until --

HER GOLD CHAIN

falls into frame -- clinging to her muddy cheek -- the gold medallion -- in soft focus -- sliding its way forward from O.S.

Mari's eyes shift to it for a beat -- her hand starts to grab at it -- Krug sees this.

KRUG

What, you want that? Well you can't have it.

He RIPS it off her neck.

MARI

No! No... no...

KRUG

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Krug tosses the necklace to Justin who lets it land in the dirt beside him.

SADIE

(to Justin; re:
necklace)

Hey, you don't want that, I'll take it.

Justin stares at her. Then grabs the necklace, gently puts it in his jeans pocket as --

CU - MARI - she turns her head forward, peering ahead of her into the woods as the PAIN becomes overwhelming, forcing

HER OUTSTRETCHED ARM AND HAND

to claw at the earth in agony, clinging to it... her fingertips disappearing an inch down where they suddenly come into contact with something SOLID.

ON MARI - her eyes react to the sensation, the slightest tinge of hope and determination re-emerging if only for an instant as --

HER MUD-CAKED FINGERTIPS

Start scraping away... faster and faster to expose -- only to us -- a good-size ROCK whose purpose has come.

ON KRUG - He finishes -- catches his breath for a beat -- then pulls himself off Mari. He steps aside, starts pulling his pants up as he locks eyes with Justin.

KRUG

You could have stopped me. I would've let you.

Mari suddenly gets to her knees, convulses -- doubles over, coughing. She looks over, locks eyes with Justin who looks away. Krug heads over, kneels down to Mari.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Still think you can fuck me any time?

Mari doesn't answer. Blankly stares off toward the lake - - her spirit all but broken:

MARI

(soft; to herself)
I swim... love to swim...

KRUG

I'm happy for you.

MARI

(practically mumbling
this)
I can do it... can do it...one
more try mom...

Krug and Sadie trade a slightly weirded-out look as MARI'S FIST CLENCHES THAT ROCK - TIGHT.

SADIE

What can you do for mommy,
sweetie? One more try at what?

Mari turns, locks eyes with Sadie:

MARI
 (re: Krug next to
 her)
Fucking him.

WHACK! Mari spins and SLAMS the rock across Krug's temple. Bulls-eye.

Mari pulls herself up and RUNS FULL ON for the lake.

SADIE
 Goddammit!!

Sadie raises the gun and fires. The bullets SPLINTER tree trunks as Mari runs past them.

WITH KRUG

He staggers to his feet, RIPS the gun from Sadie's hand and bolts after Mari.

ON MARI

Looking back, sees Krug racing after her, Sadie and Francis not far behind...

She summons whatever strength she has left, INCREASES HER SPEED... just 50 yards from the shoreline...

ON KRUG - He FIRES again. Misses. Stops his pursuit. Takes a steadier aim and FIRES again.

SMASH TO:

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John looks up from a magazine, hearing the distant POP of gunfire. He gets up, slides the glass door open, steps out onto the screened-in

BACK PORCH

CU - JOHN - listening intently. Silence.

INTERCUT WITH:

THE FOREST --

CU - MARI'S FACE - TERROR-STRICKEN, BUT DETERMINED TO MAKE IT TO THE WATER... TO SALVATION...

BACK TO JOHN - stepping quietly outside, staring off into the woods... almost as if sensing his daughter's plight as --

POP! KRUG - running full on - FIRES again.

WITH MARI - she's 20 feet from the water... 10... 5...
... far enough...

WIDER - MARI DIVES FOR HER LIFE. Disappears under the water.

Krug reaches the shore, halts his pursuit. Waits for Mari to surface. He takes aim... ready...

Silence.

...where the hell is she... THEN --

MARI

surfaces, doing the fastest, most full-on butterfly we've ever seen, the water splashing around her, making it difficult for

KRUG

To get a clear view of her body. He FIRES two shots. The bullets skip off the water next to Mari.

KRUG

Fuck!

He stops. Watching her swim away. Disbelief. Sadie runs up.

SADIE

You're not going after her?

Krug glares.

KRUG

Sadie, my face is all over the newspaper, not a fucking *Wheatie's* box.

(off Sadie's look;
re: Mari swimming
away)

You think I can keep up with that shit? Fuck this. Fuck her.

Almost as if giving up, Krug spins back toward the lake and Mari, and fires at her again -- if there's ever a shot that should miss, it's this one, because Krug only half-asses it. But --

POP!

ON MARI - in the shittiest timing in the history of cinema -- on the upstroke to get her breath --

THE BULLET

Finds its mark. The back of

MARI'S RIGHT SHOULDER

Suddenly -- and very SHOCKINGLY -- EXPLODES in a spray of blood.

BACK ON SADIE - She sees the spray of crimson in the splashes around Mari.

FRANCIS

Holy shit.

KRUG

What?

SADIE

You got her.

KRUG

You're shittin' me.

A surprised Krug turns back around, focuses on Mari.

THEIR POV - FAR OUT IN THE LAKE - Mari -- now flipped on her back -- unmoving -- floating away on the current.

BACK TO SCENE - KRUG - keeps his eyes on Mari.

AERIAL POV - LOOKING DOWN ON MARI - as she floats away -- her wide open, unblinking eyes staring up at THE GATHERING STORM CLOUDS as a pool of dark red blood expands out around her in the water.

BACK TO KRUG, SADIE AND FRANCIS

As the first drops of rain start to fall -- the first FLASHES of lightning in the distant foothills...

Krug tucks the gun in his waistband, turns, heads back toward the forest and crash site as Sadie follows...

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CRASH SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Krug, Francis, and Sadie make their way back up to the crashed SUV. Justin's still sitting against the tree staring at Paige's body.

SADIE

So... Anybody know where the hell we are?

KRUG

Well...

Krug looks over, sees hints of a freshly "paved" trail leading back up presumably toward the unseen road, its brush and small trees toppled and flattened by the SUV as it tumbled to its final resting place.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Looks like we're just off the road a tad.

SADIE

Trust me, it's more than a tad.

FRANCIS

Shouldn't we bury her?

KRUG

Along with the car? Sure, you go ahead and do that. Me and Sadie are gonna find our way the hell out of here.

More lightning and thunder. The storm's closing in, the rain growing steadier as Krug eyes Justin.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Justin, let's go.

The boy still just stares at Paige's body in a daze as if nothing's changed, oblivious to the rain.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Justin, are you coming or you just gonna sit there and process?

No response. Krug charges over to Justin and grabs his arm, roughly pulls the limp boy to his feet and drags him through the rain. Francis and Sadie follow...

EXT. FOREST ROAD - EVENING - SHORT TIME LATER

Krug, Francis, Justin, Sadie, walking on the shoulder.
We PULL BACK to reveal the "LAKE ENDS IN THE ROAD" SIGN
coming into frame as they approach. Krug eyes it.

FRANCIS
(sarcastic)
Oh, that's helpful.

KRUG
(eyeing the wording)
Does that make any sense to you?

FRANCIS
Yeah, why?

SADIE
(nodding O.S.)
That a house through there?

Krug turns, focuses his gaze through the trees lining the
narrow side road whose entrance they're standing across
from. They see the shimmer of lights on the front porch
and in the upstairs windows..

FRANCIS
You're right.

KRUG
Well, I'll be. The gods continue
to smile and light our way on
this...
(re: pouring rain)
...lovely, lovely day.

Off this...

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

ON the HISSING STATIC of a small TV. It disappears as
the TV's clicked off.

John, at the kitchen table, tosses the remote aside, his
half-eaten dinner in front of him, eating alone. The
sound of muted POUNDING RAIN is constant.

John gets up, heads to the sink, peers out the window as
Emma enters.

JOHN
Man, I can't remember the last
time we had one this bad.

EMMA
I'll get some candles out just in
case.

DING DONG.

Both John and Emma freeze for a moment and then look at each other in surprise. Then --

BANG, BANG, BANG on the door. It's urgent.

JOHN
What the hell?

INT. FOYER - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

The front door is opened to expose a soaking-wet Krug standing outside, his hands on the shoulders of a dazed Justin standing in front of him.

Francis and Sadie stand behind them in the downpour, Francis with a bloody piece of clothing held to his nose.

EMMA
Oh my god --

KRUG
Hello, hi... um... I think we just
rolled our car off the road --

CUT TO BLACK.

DARKNESS. A beat. Then:

JOHN (O.S.)
This is gonna hurt.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING - LATER

CU - Francis' bloody BUSTED NOSE. FINGERS suddenly appear and grab it, twisting the cartilage back into place with a sickening SNAP as fresh blood oozes out.

FRANCIS
Jesus -- FUCK!

WIDER - John sits next to Francis, presses a towel to his newly reset nose. Emma's in the b.g. making coffee.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Shit -- shit.

JOHN

Calm down. Deep breath. Worst part's over.

FRANCIS

Deep breath deep breath --

Standing against the counter draped in towels, Krug and Sadie wince.

KRUG

I was just saying to Sadie here a little while ago that despite everything, we're still having a pretty lucky day... first seeing your house, then you being a doctor...

John chuckles.

JOHN

That I am, but you still need to get to a hospital. All of you do.

KRUG

Doc, we don't really have the best health coverage right now.

EMMA

Doesn't matter. Insurance or not, they still have to treat you.

KRUG

Oh. Well in that case... Do you think you could give us a lift?

JOHN

Of course. Only one problem --

EMMA

Our daughter has the car. She's spending the night at a friend's.

Emma hands Krug a steaming cup of coffee --

KRUG

Thank you, Mrs. Collingwood.

EMMA

Emma.

She hands another mug to Sadie.

SADIE

Thank you, Emma.

Sadie looks around at the kitchen in awe.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 This is a really beautiful
 kitchen. Everything's so white
 and squeaky clean.

Emma's a little weirded out by Sadie's childlike leering.

EMMA
 (awkwardly)
 Oh. Thanks.
 (to Justin)
 Justin, do you want some hot
 chocolate?

Justin sits across the room in a chair by the corner,
 staring ahead blankly with a towel wrapped around him.

KRUG
 (smiling)
 If he doesn't, it'll be a first.
 (to Justin)
 What do you say, Justin?

Justin slowly looks up at Krug. Keeping his voice
 pleasant, Krug makes firm "answer me" eyes at him.
 Justin robotically looks to Emma.

JUSTIN
 (quietly)
 Yes, please.

Francis flinches a little as John roots through his
 medical bag on the table, digs out some stitches and
 needle, starts sewing the gash on his nose.

JOHN
 Try not to move.

Emma stirs some cocoa powder into a bright RED MUG.

EMMA
 (to Krug)
 What were you doing out in the
 storm anyway?

KRUG
 We're just your typical clueless
 city slickers. We came out here
 for a day at the lake. We knew it
 might rain, but we didn't know it
 would be a damn hurricane.

JOHN

Neither did the airhead weather
babe.

(off Emma's glare)

Okay, she wasn't an airhead.

Krug chuckles at John's joke. Then:

KRUG

Anyway, two wrong turns and one
slippery ass road later, our car's
wrapped around a tree.

SADIE

That's putting it mildly.

Emma finishes stirring the hot chocolate.

EMMA

Yeesh. I'm so sorry.

She walks to Justin and offers it to him, smiling warmly.
Justin slowly looks up Emma in silent misery. After a
moment, he reaches out and takes the mug from her.

JUSTIN

(quietly)

Thank you.

Unnerved at his gaze, Emma nods.

EMMA

Sure. You're okay, Justin. I
can't imagine what you just went
through, but you're okay. Okay?

She smiles, walks back to the counter as Francis flinches
again.

FRANCIS

Owfuck.

JOHN

Almost there.

Seeing Emma's concern for Justin, Krug quickly gestures
to a "Happy Birthday" banner hanging on the wall in the
dining room.

KRUG

So who's birthday is it? Yours,
Emma? Let me guess...

Krug narrows his eyes at Emma, mock-thinking. He points
at her decisively.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Twenty-eight.

Emma laughs as John smiles.

JOHN

I don't think flattery will get
you too far.

EMMA

How would you know?

John snorts, half in amusement, half in irritation.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(to Krug)

Our daughter turns eighteen
tomorrow.

KRUG

Oh, that's a fun age. She's
legal, dad.

JOHN

Don't remind me.

John finishes stitching Francis' nose.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Done. Just let me clean it off.

John sloshes some disinfectant on a small folded cloth.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This'll sting.

John touches the cloth to Francis' nose and he grits his
teeth in pain.

KRUG

Mind if I use your land line?

JOHN

Sure, it's right there.

KRUG)

(heading to phone)

We can't get through on our crappy
cells --

EMMA

The service is so bad up here...

KRUG
 (heading to the
 phone)
 I'll see if I can't just get us a
 tow truck... or a cab to take us
 in to town...

SADIE
 You sure that's a good idea, Krug?

Krug pauses. Glares at Sadie, pissed at her questioning
 him --

SADIE (CONT'D)
 (covering)
 I mean, do they even have taxis
 here?

EMMA
 They might have one or two.

JOHN
 (re: storm)
 Good luck getting anyone out here.

Krug grabs the phone off the wall just as

OUTSIDE - a very close, very loud BOLT OF LIGHTNING RIPS
 through the branch of a tree. Sparks FLY as the branch
 falls into the phone and power lines, severing their
 connection to the house.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN - the lights GO OUT.

KRUG
 (re: dead phone)
 I think that luck might be
 waning...

Krug hangs up the dead phone.

EMMA
 Don't worry, we're prepared.

Emma fishes around, digs out the matches and candles,
 starts lighting as John secures a butterfly bandage to
 Francis' nose.

JOHN
 Looks like we're prisoners in our
 own home.

KRUG
 Well, I can think of worse
 places...

John slaps Francis on the shoulder.

JOHN
 (to Francis)
 You're fixed for now, my friend.

Francis rises.

FRANCIS
 Thanks, I think.

Emma hands Francis a mug of coffee and he eyes the attractive woman with interest.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 And thank *you*.

Emma notices Francis' hungry eyes --

JOHN
 (to Emma; re: Mari)
 Em, will you see if our cell, by some miracle, has maybe just half a bar?

EMMA
 Sure.

Emma gladly steps out. Francis watches her all the way.

JOHN
 I'll get a fire going.

KRUG
 Can we pick the right house to roll a car in front of or what?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

The storm rages. Gusting winds make white caps on the lake's surface. We slowly PAN ACROSS and TILT DOWN to find that "NO WAKE" buoy thrashing about.

A FLASH of LIGHTNING ignites a FIGURE - floating in the water a few yards from the buoy. The flash was so brief, we're not even sure what we saw was real.

But then -- another FLASH as --

CU - A WET HAND GRABS on to the BUOY.

A DARK FORM bobs in the water next to it. LIGHTNING FLASHES, revealing MARI.

Alive. Barely. Her eyes glassy and weak, she stares through the thick rain pounding down on her.

MARI'S POV - The dark house. Waiting just up the narrow path.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma enters to find John starting the fire. Krug, Francis, Sadie, Justin looking on.

EMMA

No luck with the cell.

FRANCIS

(again eyeing Emma)

Looks like we're still stuck here.

KRUG

Now, Francis, we don't want to impose -- they've done more than enough --

JOHN

I don't think you have much choice. It's okay, we have a couple of spare bedrooms --

KRUG

Well, that's mighty kind of you --

EMMA

(a bit too quickly)

Or the guest house... Might work best.

JOHN

(meaning Mari)

You think she'll be okay with that?

EMMA

Sure, she's not coming back tonight. It'd be more private.

KRUG

Whatever you think's best.

FRANCIS

(again to Emma)

We're easy.

ON JUSTIN - he's been sitting on the sofa, sipping his hot chocolate. He finishes.

JUSTIN
(re: empty mug)
Where should I put this?

EMMA
Just put it in the kitchen sink.

Justin gets up, heads into...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Justin places the mug in the sink, then turns back, but stops in his tracks, spotting something O.S.

CU - A SMALL PHOTO of Mari and her parents is encased in a glass magnet on the side of the refrigerator.

CU - JUSTIN - stares at the picture in dumb shock.

EXT. LAKE - SHORELINE NEAR DOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mari pulls herself through the water, crawls up onto the muddy shore, weakly forcing herself to keep moving in the darkness.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ON JUSTIN - still staring at the photo in a horrified daze. He turns to come face to face with

EMMA

carrying empty coffee mugs --

EMMA
(re: photo)
Oh -- That's our daughter, Mari,
the car thief.

Emma goes to the sink, starts rinsing out the mugs as Justin suddenly doubles-over and THROWS UP a little.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh, honey...

JUSTIN
I'll be -- I'm okay... where's
the...

EMMA
 ...down the hall.

Justin bolts.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Justin enters and shuts the door behind him, locking it. He quickly sits on the floor between the toilet and the wall, shoving himself into the corner, terrified.

A beat. Then -- The doorknob rattles, making him flinch.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Krug tries the locked door.

KRUG
 Hey, Just... Doctor Collingwood
 wants to know if you're all right
 in there. So do I.

JUSTIN
 Fine. I'm fine.

Krug lowers his voice to an agitated whisper to talk through the door to Justin.

KRUG
 What's wrong with you?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cowering in the corner, Justin looks as if he wants to recede into the wall and disappear.

JUSTIN
 Nothing. Nothing -- will you just
 give me two seconds?

KRUG (O.S.)
 Say anything and you're dead. You
 hear me? Hurry up.

Justin trembles as he listens to KRUG LEAVE. He then digs into his jeans pocket, pulls out MARI'S NECKLACE. Stares at it a long beat. Then squeezes it tight in his hand, shuts his eyes --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The muted sound of PEOPLE TALKING is heard from the living room as the bathroom door UNLOCKS and slowly opens a little for Justin to stick his head out.

Seeing that the coast is clear, he walks into the hall and approaches the living room.

JUSTIN'S POV - Through the living room doorway, Krug comes into view as he talks to Emma and John.

KRUG

You sure we're not in your way?

JOHN

No, don't worry about it. It's no big deal, really. Once things clear up in the morning, we'll get you outta here one way or another.

KRUG

Well, thank you. Thank you so much.

Concern floods Justin's face. He looks down, opens his hand, eyes the necklace in his palm, his mind racing.

He then ducks into the

KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Where he looks around frantically, then eyes the deep kitchen sink. Keeping an eye on the living room doorway, Justin quickly heads to the sink, eyes his red mug sitting in the bottom.

He quickly takes out the necklace and places it conspicuously AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THE MUG.

KRUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ready?

Justin whirls around, sees Krug in the doorway.

KRUG (CONT'D)

We're being shown to our room.

Justin forces a nod and a half smile, joins Krug in the doorway.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Everyone dressed in ponchos, Emma, carrying the flashlight and a bundle of candles and matches, rushes through the downpour, leading Krug, Sadie, Francis, and Justin to the guesthouse.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. The door UNLOCKS as the group enters.

EMMA

Voila.

She strikes a match, starts lighting candles...

KRUG

Wow, you've got your own personal five-diamond Hilton right on your front lawn.

EMMA

I don't know about that, but it sleeps four pretty comfortably. The couch folds out. Sheets should already be on it. Another bedroom's in there, let me just check something --

Emma quickly heads off to the

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where she sees Mari's duffel bag on the floor. She quickly shoves it under the bed with her foot. Spots Mari's remaining jewelry on the bedside table. Quickly scoops them into her hand, pockets them just as

KRUG AND FRANCIS

Enter in the darkness.

EMMA (CONT'D)

So the bathroom's in there... can't say much for the water pressure though. There might be some stuff in the medicine cabinet if Justin feels sick again.

Krug and Francis cross the room to approach Emma as she ducks into the bathroom.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 We're pretty well stocked, I
 think...

Emma turns back for the bedroom and flinches slightly as she finds Krug and Francis standing right in front of her, a little too close.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Anything you need before we turn
 in for the night?

Krug smiles mechanically.

KRUG
 No, you've done more than enough
 already. We're perfect, thanks.

EMMA
 Well, if you need anything, just --
 well, I guess you can't call us so
 just -- come on back over and give
 us a shout.

KRUG
 Will do. But we won't shout
 unless the storm's still going.

EMMA
 Well... Goodnight.

KRUG
 Goodnight.

FRANCIS
 Goodnight.

Emma laughs politely as she passes between Krug and Francis, makes her way out...

EXT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Emma darts back across to the main house we PULL BACK to reveal

MARI

continuing her agonizing crawl through the pounding rain... she sees her mom...

MARI
 (barely audible)
 Mmm -- mom...

She's too weakened to scream, but she still refuses to give up. Mari keeps pressing forward as lightning FLASHES.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

KRUG'S POV - Seen through the window, Emma heads to the main house.

Krug watches her all the way, his eyes predatory and unblinking as Francis gazes at her over his shoulder.

FRANCIS

I'd sure like to clear the cobwebs
from her cunt.

Francis hungrily watches Emma disappear into the house.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma is heard CLOSING THE FRONT DOOR as John sits at the table putting away his medical instruments.

A muted BANGING is suddenly heard from somewhere in the house, as if something is being blown back and forth in the wind.

JOHN

(calling to Emma
O.S.)

They all set out there?

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma puts her poncho in the closet, a little shaken.

EMMA

Yeah... they're fine.

JOHN

Strange group.

Emma enters, heads to the kitchen counter, starts cleaning up. But doesn't yet notice the necklace in the sink.

EMMA

That's the understatement of the
year.

John pauses to listen to the BANGING.

JOHN

Do you hear that?

Emma turns around, steps away from the kitchen sink --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Did you leave the porch door open?

EMMA

I didn't think I did --

BANG. BANG. BANG. Muffled under the thunder.

John and Emma turn toward the sound, their blood running cold. What the hell is that?

John heads to the cabinet, takes out the flashlight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The BANGING is louder as John and Emma cautiously enter. A healthy FIRE blazes in the fireplace, creating ghoulish dancing shadows as they approach the sliding glass door.

INT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The BANGING is even louder now as John and Emma appear on the other side of the glass door.

John unlocks the door and slides it open. He aims the flashlight beam around the room...

JOHN'S POV - scanning across the porch as rain pounds down on the screened-in room.

The flashlight's beam comes to the porch's SCREEN-DOOR as it BANGS in the wind.

John heads to the door, latches it shut. He then looks down, the beam falling on A TRAIL OF SMALL PUDDLES. John aims the beam along the trail that stops on a pair of wet SNEAKERS poking out from behind the hot tub.

John's eyes widen in horror. He bolts around to the back of the hot tub where

MARI

comes into view, slouched on her side against it, her blood and water-soaked body limp, her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

JOHN

MARI! JESUS!

John stumbles to Mari's side, shaking her as Emma rushes over --

EMMA

Oh God! Mari!

JOHN

Mari? Mari, stay with me.

He touches his index finger to her neck, feeling for a pulse.

EMMA

Oh god -- oh my god --

Another FLASH of lightning and ROAR of thunder -- John pulls up Mari's eyelid --

JOHN

(panicking)

I can't tell what's --

John fumbles for the flashlight, frantically using it to examine Mari's bloody wounds. He pulls back her shredded tank top near her shoulder where the darkest blood stain is --

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's been shot --

EMMA

Do something, John, do something!

John shakily lifts Mari into his arms --

JOHN

Not you, Mari -- not you, too --
you hear me?

Over this, John gently lays Mari on top of the covered hot-tub. He looks down to the tub's digital temperature readout, frantically punches a button, raising the water temp to the max.

John checks Mari's pulse again, then quickly starts CPR, pushing on her chest... blowing into her pale mouth...

JOHN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Mari -- one, two, three --

He breathes into her mouth again -- then presses his hands to her chest --

JOHN (CONT'D)

One, two --

Mari suddenly COUGHS up water -- John's eyes widen --

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's it, sweetie --

He gently rolls her on her side, letting the excess water drain from her mouth --

JOHN (CONT'D)
Mari, you're with mom and dad,
you're gonna be okay -- We've
gotta stop the bleeding -- Emma,
go get -- go get blankets,
towels...

EMMA
What about --

JOHN
(talking over her)
-- any alcohol you brought, and my
bag --

John pauses, seeing the raging fire through the glass door in the living room -- an idea:

JOHN (CONT'D)
-- put the poker in the fire --
We're gonna have to do it the old
fashioned way --

EMMA
But what about the bullet, John?

JOHN
Goddammit, right now stopping the
bleeding's more important than
fishing for the fucking bullet --

Emma bolts into the living room, JAMS the poker in the center of the fire --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sadie's taking a nice, soothing shower by candlelight, the shower rod and curtain hanging diagonally, dangling from just the one end, the other end having collapsed into the tub -- evidently, Sadie had the same issues with it that Mari had earlier.

CU - SADIE - eyes closed as the water flows down her scarred face...

WITH KRUG - in the bedroom. He sets the silenced gun on the night stand, pulls his shirt off. Collapses to the bed, his legs and feet hanging off the side, just above

MARI'S DUFFEL BAG

stuffed underneath. Krug looks over through the bedroom doorway into the living room, sees Justin's silhouetted form lying on the pull-out bed.

KRUG

You awake in there?

No answer. But as we PUSH IN on Justin, we reveal his eyes are in fact WIDE OPEN as he stares back into the bedroom, his gaze fixed on that SILENCED GUN on the bedside table... what else is this kid thinking?

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Warm steam seeps from under the hot tub's cover as Emma enters, hands John the now RED HOT poker. Sets his medical bag and a stack of towels on the hot-tub cover next to Emma.

JOHN

Still need alcohol --

EMMA

(heading out)
Getting it now --

JOHN

And try your cell phone again!!

Emma bolts away once again as John eyes the poker. Then gently levels it to the ENTRY WOUND on the back of Mari's shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay, Mari, hold on -- this isn't gonna feel very good, sweetie, but it's gotta happen --

A beat -- then John gently wraps his left arm around Mari's upper chest, bracing her as his right hand touches the poker to her shoulder, cauterizing the wound. As we HEAR Mari's skin SINGEING O.S. --

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma races into the kitchen. Frantically picks up her cell: NO SIGNAL.

She opens the cabinet above the counter, grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels. She then turns and sees the sparkling necklace in the sink! Emma SHRIEKS, jumps back, scared shitless.

She then peers back into the sink, wide-eyed as she takes in the sight of Mari's necklace -- neatly encircling the red mug.

Unbelieving, Emma picks it up. She turns the medallion over, sees the inscription. Emma recoils in horror, eyes wide, thoughts racing --

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

John continues to "operate" on Mari. Now noticing dried blood near her knee just below her shorts. He takes his medical scissors, starts cutting away at her shorts but suddenly stops -- noticing a stream of dried blood on her thigh leading up to her underwear.

CU - JOHN'S FACE - as he continues, his eyes widen in horror at what he's seeing O.S. It's clear now that John knows his daughter was raped.

JOHN

No -- god --

John chokes back emotion, raises a shaking hand to his mouth --

JOHN (CONT'D)

You fuck -- fff -- fucker --

Suddenly --

MARI

Starts faintly WHEEZING.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mari?

He leans down as her eyes open halfway --

MARI

Daddy -- can't breathe -- can't --

JOHN

Okay -- we can fix that -- that's easy for me, okay?

John reaches in his bag, pulls out some medical tape. Anxiously looks around the room, spots Emma's bag full of magazines and a larger pair of house scissors.

He grabs the bag, dumps out the magazines. He swipes up a magazine, revealing the newspaper Emma was reading and Krug's face on the front page --

John eyes it, wide-eyed -- frozen in disbelief -- the fury boiling -- another beat, then he re-focuses on Mari, tearing a small section of the magazine's cover off --

JOHN (CONT'D)
Emma!! Where the hell are--

John whirls around, sees Emma standing there in the darkness. John startles slightly, grabs the bottle of Jack, twists it open, starts pouring it over the scissors.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(quietly to Emma; re:
Mari)
Her lung's collapsed -- can you
hold her down?

Emma nods, still dazed from her discovery as she leans down to Mari --

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's wrong --

Emma brings up the necklace.

EMMA
It was in the sink -- The kid --
Justin -- I think he put it there--

John hesitates only for a beat, totally overloaded with that one --

EMMA (CONT'D)
(re: Krug, Sadie,
Francis)
John, they're --

JOHN
(nods over to the
newspaper)
I know.

Emma sees it -- then --

MARI
Da-- Dad--

John turns back to Mari --

JOHN

I'm here, sweetie. Okay, this is gonna hurt a little, but I promise, you're gonna breathe a lot better --

Emma moves in, grasps Mari's hand -- tight --

John opens the house scissors, pours a little more Jack Daniels over the blades, then proceeds to slice into Mari's upper chest above her heart.

Mari winces in pain.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know, sweetie -- almost there -- just letting out some trapped air...

EMMA

John --

John grabs a towel, dabs at the blood, then RIPS a piece of medical tape off, affixes it to the section of magazine cover. He then tapes the magazine cover over the small hole he's just cut into Mari's chest.

As Mari breathes, we see the piece of magazine raise up and down from the escaping air as Mari's breathing becomes less labored.

JOHN

How's that?

MARI

Bet -- better --

JOHN

Good. Just be still. Don't try to talk.

Mari manages a slight smile now. John smiles then eyes Emma. They step away from Mari, John speaking in a hushed whisper:

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's stable for now, but we've got to get her to a hospital --
(re: necklace)
So what about --

EMMA

I found it in the sink. It was intentionally placed there, wrapped around the mug I gave Justin --

JOHN

He's trying to warn us --

John starts trembling in disbelief, the anger seething --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Emma, Mari -- she --

EMMA

What is it?

JOHN

(with extreme difficulty)

She -- she was raped -- there was blood --

Emma clasps her hands to her mouth, getting sick --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Emma, listen to me. Are you listening?

Emma manages a nod --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay, clearly he's telling us something -- he knows who we are --

EMMA

(realizing)

He saw her picture -- on the fridge -- he saw it and he looked like a goddamned ghost -- oh my god -- I should've seen it... I should've --

John eyes Emma a beat, his mind racing. He then eyes Mari for a beat. Then heads quickly into the

LIVING ROOM

Where he peers out the window to the guesthouse. Sees the flickering candlelight inside. No movement.

JOHN

They're still in there --
(beat; then)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
I don't think the kid's told
them...

EMMA
How do you know?

JOHN
Because we'd be dead by now.
(then)
We've got to get her out of here,
the nearest house...

EMMA
Is six miles from here --

JOHN
By land --
(thinks a beat; then)
Where are the boat keys?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

John and Emma rifle through drawers, looking for the
missing keys --

JOHN
I don't fucking believe this --
how could they not fucking be
here?! I haven't used the boat in
two years.

EMMA
My brother did. When he stayed
here --

JOHN
You mean when he stayed in the
goddamned guesthouse?

EMMA
They could be there or still in
the boat --

JOHN
God -- shit!

EMMA
John --

JOHN
(trembling
uncontrollably)
Alright -- Emma -- Mari's running
out of time, so we've -- we've --
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (points toward
 guesthouse)

We've got to be ready for anything. *Anything*. And we've got to be ready to do anything -- to kill those fuckers if we have to -- Whatever it takes. Do you hear me, Emma?

Off Emma, her eyes never leaving John's...

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin lies in bed. Still wide awake -- he turns over, peers out the window --

JUSTIN'S POV - THE MAIN HOUSE - he catches glimpses of Emma and John's silhouettes moving around inside, candles being blown out...

CU - JUSTIN - clearly wondering -- haven't they found the necklace yet? Do they know? Sure doesn't look like it as the house goes dark...

INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

John frantically RIPS the tarp off the boat, hops inside, aims the flashlight around to the boat's ignition -- no keys.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma gently finishes wrapping Mari in a thick blanket.

EMMA

There you go, sweetie.

Emma sits on the hot tub cover next to Mari whose eyes flutter open. Emma smiles down at her daughter, smooths her hair.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be okay. We're leaving very soon.

Emma kisses Mari on the forehead. Turns to see John standing in the doorway. He shakes his head slightly: "no keys."

Emma nods back. She knows what that means --

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CU - JUSTIN - still lying on the pull-out bed, facing the bedroom doorway. He suddenly sees

KRUG

Roll out of bed, head into the bathroom. Justin looks over to Francis who's nodding off in the lazy boy.

Beat. Then -- Justin slides out of bed, tip-toes into the bedroom doorway --

JUSTIN'S POV - Sadie's in bed. Lightly snoring.

Justin sneaks into the bedroom, his feet CREAKING over the floor as he approaches the gun on the bedside table.

BACK ON FRANCIS - a lightning flash and roll of thunder wakes him up. He rubs his eyes, groggy. He glances to the pull-out bed. Sees that Justin isn't there. His brow furrows in suspicion, but then -- he hears the toilet FLUSH O.S.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM - JUSTIN

-- the gun now in hand -- whips his head toward the bathroom door -- hears the LOCK unlatching. Justin's eyes widen. There's no way he can make it back to the living room in time.

WITH KRUG - He exits the bathroom back into the bedroom. As he rounds the bed, we DROP DOWN to reveal

JUSTIN

Hiding underneath the bed, his head right next to Mari's duffel bag!

KRUG

groggily makes his way around to his side of the bed where his foot suddenly JAMS against something SOLID in Mari's duffel bag, stubbing his toe.

KRUG

Son of a --

SADIE

What?

Krug looks down, sees the duffel bag protruding from under the bed.

KRUG'S HAND

Reaches down, grabs it. Justin nearly hyperventilates as the bag is suddenly swiped away.

Krug lifts up the heavy bag, unzips it, reaches inside and pulls out one of Mari's jogging weights. Then one more, then a wrist band --

KRUG

What the fuck --

He stuffs everything back in the bag, tosses it aside. Falls back to the bed, blows out the candle next to the gun Justin put back on the table. Close call.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

John enters, aims the flashlight around. Heads to the workbench where he picks up a large WRENCH.

He hefts the simple weapon, testing its weight, looking down at it in nervous apprehension.

He puts it back on his tool table with a trembling hand and picks up a big HAMMER, testing it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

CU - EMMA'S HAND pulls a BUTCHER'S KNIFE from its place in the knife-holder.

She stares down at the enormous weapon, a mirror of John's nervous apprehension.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Hey there.

Emma YELPS in surprise and spins around to see Francis standing just ten feet from her.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry, I thought you heard me come in. I saw the fire still going. Figured you were both night owls.

Emma smiles weakly.

EMMA

Uh, just me. John's asleep.

Emma breathes hard, staring at Francis in frozen terror.

FRANCIS

That last lightning bolt woke me up. Thought maybe a cold beer might help put me back to sleep.

Francis turns for the fridge. Emma's eyes widen. Francis is about to see the family photo!

EMMA

Wait --

Francis turns back.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't think a cold beer's gonna cut it. Not on a night like this.

FRANCIS

Well, what is gonna cut it, Mrs. Collingwood?

EMMA

I think a warmer adult beverage --

FRANCIS

Adult beverage, huh? We fall into that category?

Francis moves closer, eyeing Emma's cleavage beneath her button down blouse.

EMMA

I think we do.

FRANCIS

Then I guess you're my bartender. Maybe a little Jack Daniels --

EMMA

(an icy glare)
We just ran out of that. You a wine drinker?

Francis smiles.

FRANCIS

Guess I am tonight.

EMMA

Then you're in luck.

Emma walks to the knife on the counter. She eyes it in trembling uncertainty as she reaches up to the wine shelf, grabs a bottle --

EMMA (CONT'D)
That rain letting up any?

FRANCIS
Ah, it's not that bad out there
anymore.

Emma turns and freezes in surprise as she sees that Francis has come closer to stand right in front of her.

Emma flinches a little as Francis reaches past her. He leisurely picks up the knife from the counter.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I think the storm's finally on its
way out.

Francis slides the knife back into its empty place in the knife-holder and smiles at Emma innocently. A beat.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Do I get a glass or do you want me
to chug it straight from the
bottle?

EMMA
Glasses. Right. Sorry.

Emma goes to the fridge and smoothly slides the photo off the door and slips it in her jeans pocket just as Francis turns and approaches. Emma goes up on her tiptoes, opens the cabinet above the fridge, pulls out two wine glasses.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Here we go.

Francis eyes her ass hungrily, but quickly raises his eyes to meet hers again as she turns back around.

FRANCIS
(smiling)
Thanks.

Francis suddenly pauses --

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Now all we need's --

Francis suddenly stops short -- seeing something O.S.

FRANCIS'S POV - peering through the living room and sliding glass door to Mari lying on the hot tub on the back porch.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

-- Holy fucking --

He turns back. Emma is standing right behind him. She SMASHES the WINE BOTTLE across his face!!

EMMA

You fucking animals.

Francis stumbles back toward the living room, looks up only to come face to face with JOHN - stepping into the doorway, the HAMMER raised. SMACK! John BASHES Francis' jaw in.

Francis stumbles to the side in stunned shock, hitting the counter, SHATTERING some dinnerware --

John SWINGS at him again but misses, the hammer SMASHING through a cabinet next to Francis' head --

Terrified, Francis turns to escape, but runs right into the business end of that shiny BUTCHER KNIFE.

Francis freezes in shock. Looks down to see the knife protruding from his chest.

He looks up, his dying eyes meeting those of

EMMA

Staring at him as he slinks to the floor.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What did you do to my daughter?
Huh? Were you the one that shot
her? Raped her?!

Francis' eyes widen in shock, the full knowledge of what's happening overtaking him --

Francis CRIES OUT in GURGLING wretchedness, choking on his own blood as

JOHN

Strides over, brings up the hammer once again, flips it around so that the claws face out.

THUNK! He SMASHES the claws down into the top of Francis' head, bloodily DRIVING them into his skull.

Francis instantly goes limp, his eyes wide and glassy, his mouth frozen open in a gaping silent scream.

A strange quiet fills the room as John and Emma stand over Francis' motionless body.

They both slowly look out the window to the guesthouse. No visible movement inside as Emma PULLS the knife from Francis' motionless body.

JOHN

We've gotta do this quick.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly opens. John cautiously slips inside with his hammer in hand. Emma follows with her knife.

Both eye the empty pull-out bed: Justin's not there.

John eyes the dark, partially-open doorway leading to the bedroom and looks at Emma. Nods to the chest of drawers.

Emma tip toes over to the chest, slides the drawers open anxiously looking for the boat keys. She turns to John, shakes her head -- they're not here.

John swallows and quietly moves to the door. Carefully reaches out and eases it open --

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The door CREAKS. John winces as a lightning flash ignites the dark bedroom.

He sees Krug and Sadie sleeping in the bed. Krug wears only pants, while Sadie's in her underwear.

John warily glances across the room and freezes, his eyes widening in shock as he sees

JUSTIN

sitting huddled in the far corner of the room. AWAKE and looking just as surprised and terrified as he is.

Emma appears over John's shoulder, also FREEZES at the sight of Justin.

The three stare at each other in uncertainty. And then --

Justin raises Krug's gun and AIMS IT AT JOHN AND EMMA!

John and Emma instinctively back away -- raise their hands. Take it easy, kid -- easy --

CU - JUSTIN - his hand trembling -- tears streaming down his face -- he snivels -- then -- he suddenly turns the gun around and extends his arm further toward John and Emma. And they realize --

He wants them to take the gun.

John nods to Justin. Then carefully steps forward across the creaking hardwood floor that's only partially muted by the thunder and downpour.

John keeps walking, warily keeping his eyes on Justin.

CREAK. He steps on another loose FLOORBOARD. John freezes as Krug GROANS and shifts in bed.

Emma tenses from the doorway...

Krug stays asleep.

Relieved, John keeps going, closing in on the gun as Justin quietly stays in his place.

John reaches out -- and gently takes it out of Justin's outstretched hand.

A beat of eyes on terrified eyes. Justin then looks away as John turns to the bed and raises the gun, aiming it point blank at Sadie just as a BOLT OF LIGHTNING strikes just outside.

The CRASH of thunder wakes Sadie and Krug up. Sadie bolts upright in bed, sees John's silhouette standing over her!

SADIE

NO!

Sadie rolls away as John SHOOTS. BAM! The bullet strikes her in the side of her neck.

Sadie SCREAMS in agony as Krug dives out of the bed, grabs one of Mari's jogging weights he found in her duffel and hurls it back at John, SMACKING him in the shoulder just as he FIRES.

Emma charges for Krug who grabs another weight and throws it at her, forcing her to dive back into the living room.

John whirls back only to be tackled by a SCREAMING and FLAILING Sadie.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You fucking cocksucker, what the fuck are you doing?!

She's beating her arms on John who drops the gun, forced to fight her off.

JOHN

Get the fuck off me --

John gains the upper hand, grabs Sadie and tosses her aside, sending her sliding into the bathroom.

With that, John grabs the gun, raises up and FIRES at Krug who has grabbed and is now HEAVING the mattress up and over toward John!

John dives and rolls from underneath it, takes aim and FIRES at Krug, just missing him as

KRUG

DIVES through the window in a hail of shattered glass.

John stumbles out awkwardly from under the mattress, gets to his feet and charges to the window. Looks out to see Krug running away through the downpour, heading for the main house.

John raises the gun and FIRES. Misses.

ON JOHN - pissed. Behind him --

SADIE

emerges from the bathroom, grabs a lamp off the bedside table. Emma sees her.

EMMA

John!

John whirls around.

SADIE

flings the lamp at John who bats it away -- FIRES back blindly -- misses --

JOHN

You fucking bitch!! That was my daughter!!

SADIE
 (not missing a beat)
 Well, your daughter was a little
 cunt fuck!

This as Sadie grabs Justin and drags him back into the bathroom.

Emma pursues, but she's not in time. Sadie SLAMS the door in her face.

JOHN
 SHIT!

John heads over, KICKS the door. BAM!

IN THE BATHROOM - SADIE

Frantically grabs the SHOWER ROD in a hail of plaster as

OUT IN THE BEDROOM - JOHN

SLAMS his body against the bathroom door. BAM! It SMASHES open --

WHACK! Sadie SMACKS John in the jaw with the shower rod, sending him to the floor. The gun drops from his hand and skips out the door --

Sadie raises the shower rod to strike John again, but --

JUSTIN
 No!

Justin charges Sadie and jumps on her back, clawing at her face!

SADIE
 Godamnn you little shit!

Sadie throws Justin away. He tumbles into the bathtub. He gets up only to face the wrath of Sadie. She CLOCKS him with the shower rod. Justin hits the edge of the tub, falls limp -- out cold.

Sadie turns back to face John.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 Stay the fuck away!

John takes a step forward, looking for an opening -- CRASH! SMASH! Sadie wildly knocks the contents of the bathroom to the floor, BASHING holes in the plaster walls, the mirror as she goes absolutely BERSERK, thrashing like a cornered animal gone insane --

SADIE (CONT'D)
I'll fucking kill you!!

Sadie charges for John just as

EMMA

Appears in the doorway and levels the gun at Sadie.

EMMA
John, GET DOWN!

John drops as -- BAM! Emma FIRES. SHOOTS Sadie center forehead, spattering her blood against the tile wall as her body slides to the floor.

Emma coldly lowers the gun. Stands frozen for a beat. Then hands the gun back to John who wordlessly accepts it. He steps toward the tub, reaches down to Justin. Turns him over. He's still out. John feels for a pulse. Turns to Emma, his mind racing --

JOHN
(re: house)
I'm gonna go look again, there's a couple of places --

EMMA
(re: Krug)
John, he could be --

JOHN
Goddammit, Emma, keep looking here. Five minutes, that's it, otherwise...
(beat; knows this option is all but hopeless, but)
...We'll go on foot.

They step back into the bedroom. John raises the gun, ready for anything as Emma starts searching the bedside table drawers...

As John cautiously makes his way out, keeping the gun aimed ahead at all times --

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Krug enters, stumbles around in the darkness, feeling his way along the wall toward the living room...

INT. GUEST HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma's tearing the room apart looking for the keys --

EMMA

Goddammit!!

She empties another drawer -- nothing. She spins around, stops cold at the sight of Justin -- staring at her from the bathroom door. A tense beat. Then --

JUSTIN

(groggily)
What can I do?

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Krug heads to the window, spots John making his way toward the house.

KRUG

Who are these crazy fucks?

Krug shakes his head, ducks through the glass sliding door onto the

BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Where we think he's going to see Mari lying on the hot tub -- but Mari's gone.

INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emma enters with the flashlight. She shines it over to the boat to reveal

MARI - wrapped warmly in a robe and towels, lying in the boat's back seat!

Emma leans over her. Mari's eyes open, shift up to her mother.

EMMA

Hang on, sweetie. We're still --
we might -- we might have to do
this another way...

Evidently, the keys haven't turned up yet. Off this --

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Krug studies the remains of John's operation on Mari: Bloody towels, pieces of her ripped clothing... Krug picks up the shredded piece of Mari's tank top.

KRUG

Son of a bitch --

Krug eyes John's medical bag -- sifts through it, finds a pocket planner, box of surgical gloves, and John's wallet -- Flips through it. Pockets the cash.

Krug suddenly hears a CREAK O.S. He looks over, spots the poker. Grabs it.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The front door is shoved open and John aims the gun into the dark room. Empty and silent.

John cautiously enters, heads to a small chest against the wall next to the fireplace. He slides the drawer open, sees a few keys. Frantically picks through them, not finding what he needs. He suddenly stops, catching sight of something O.S:

HIS WALLET

Lying in the middle of the coffee table, conspicuously flipped open to a family photo of John, Emma, and Mari.

John nods, scoffs to himself, realizing: Krug knows.

A CREAK from somewhere within the house. Then another -- from the ceiling.

John swallows, determination filling his eyes. He raises the gun.

JOHN

(calling out)

Come on out, you piece of shit!

INTERCUT:

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Krug rolls his eyes at the sound of those three words. He stands against the wall, calls back out to John --

KRUG

Now why would I do that, John?
You have a gun.

John moves into the

FOYER - CONTINUOUS

He peers up to the SECOND FLOOR LANDING

KRUG (CONT'D)

What are the odds, huh? You ever
see that old movie, how's it go --
"Of all the gin joints on the
planet, I end up here." Of
course, looking back, your
daughter had a lot to do with
that.

Brandishing the gun, John slowly ascends the stairs...

There's a sudden lull in the storm. Only the quiet
patter of a light rain on the roof.

Krug shifts his head, suddenly hearing a few loud CREAKS
from the stairs.

KRUG (CONT'D)

I can hear you, Doc...

WITH KRUG - He backs down the hallway, ducks into the

GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KRUG (CONT'D)

You've got a pretty determined
kid, I'll give you that. She's
caused me a helluva lot of
heartache today. Why don't you
tell me where you and mom stashed
her so I can thank her personally
one more time.

Krug raises the poker, backs away behind a bookshelf near
the window and waits --

ON THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING - JOHN

reaches the top of the stairs and looks around at the
empty hall and doorways of the upper floor.

John hardens himself and presses forward, slowly
approaching the guest bedroom door.

WITH KRUG - He hears the creaks, raises the poker. But something O.S. Catches his eye. He peers out the window, sees the STREAK OF A FLASHLIGHT BEAM dancing around down by the lake. A lightning flash illuminates the distant BOAT HOUSE!

KRUG (CONT'D)

Well, well... A daring escape by water, huh John?!

Krug slides the window up as lightning FLASHES and THUNDER ROLLS --

CU - JOHN - hearing that, races down to the bedroom --

JOHN

NO! YOU SON OF A --

John barges into the guest bedroom, sees the open window, curtains blowing in the wind --

John races to the window, looks out --

HIS POV - KRUG - outside, heading briskly down the path toward the boat house!

JOHN (CONT'D)

NO! Emma! Shit --

John's about to jump out the window when --

REVERSE ANGLE - OVER JOHN'S SHOULDER - A hulking figure approaches him from behind -- poker raised -- no, THIS IS KRUG. A FLASH of LIGHTNING casts Krug's shadow over John.

John WHIRLS around, raises the gun -- WHACK! Krug belts him across the arm, sending the gun flying out the window.

John turns back, dives to the floor just as Krug SWINGS and misses, SMASHING the poker into the wall as

OUTSIDE ON THE PATH

The figure we really saw -- JUSTIN -- nears the boathouse.

INT. BOAT HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The side door opens and Justin steps in. Emma whirls around, aims the flashlight. Justin holds up a set of keys on a bobber key chain.

JUSTIN

This them?

EMMA

Thank god... yes...

She grabs them, anxiously pokes her head out the door, looks up to the main house, deeply concerned.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

SMACK! Krug hits John in the back with the poker. Krug's just playing now. Enjoying this. John hits the floor, staggers to the landing's railing, grabs it, tries to pull himself up.

KRUG

Lemme help you there, doc.

Krug raises his foot and KICKS John hard, sending him through the railing. At the last second, John grabs one of the railing's supports as it pops free of the foundation.

John dangles over the floor. Krug SMACKS his hand with the poker. John lets go and plummets to the floor. But it's not nearly as long a fall as it would have been.

IN THE FOYER

John hits the floor with a tremendous THUD as pieces of railing fall around him.

John moans and stirs, starting to come around as

KRUG

Stalks down the stairs, flips the poker around --

KRUG (CONT'D)

Your little girl and her friend
put up quite a fight, doc.

John reacts to the mention of Mari's "friend" as Krug strokes the tip of the poker --

KRUG (CONT'D)

You wanna know what I did to Mari?
I think you do. I think you wanna
know what it felt like --

Krug leans down over a still groggy John and readies the poker, gripping it as if he's about to shove it up between John's legs.

Krug starts the horrific motion to do just that when --
the familiar SOUND of a COCKING GUN O.S. STOPS HIM COLD.
He slowly turns, comes face to face with --

JUSTIN - standing RIGHT BEHIND HIM aiming the silenced
gun POINT BLANK, his moist eyes wide and terrified.

KRUG (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

JUSTIN
Stopping you. Forever.

Krug quickly softens, taking a step forward.

KRUG
Take it easy, Justin. Don't do
anything stup --

Justin pulls the trigger --

CLICK. The gun's empty.

Krug flinches in surprise, staring at the barrel pointed
at him as he realizes his son just tried to shoot him.

Equally surprised, Justin stares at the useless weapon.
Krug swings the poker, KNOCKS Justin to the floor.

KRUG (CONT'D)
You sure picked a funny moment to
grow some balls.

Justin tries to crawl away, but Krug quickly yanks him up
off the floor, gets in his face:

KRUG (CONT'D)
But it's too late. Because I --
don't like you anymore.

Krug holds Justin in place as he pushes the poker hard
into Justin's abdomen -- Justin looks at Krug, eyes wide
in fear as Krug presses harder, the poker breaking the
skin now, blood seeping through Justin's sweatshirt --

JUSTIN
(gasping)
Better -- look --

KRUG
What --

JUSTIN
Better look out you fuck --

Krug realizes that Justin is referring to the figure
BEHIND HIM --

Krug whirls around to see Emma brandishing the FIRE
EXTINGUISHER. She SPRAYS an explosive barrage of
pressurized foam into Krug's face --

Krug CRIES OUT, drops the poker, stumbles back with his
hands to his blinded eyes as John get to his feet,
angrily GRABS the fire extinguisher from Emma and
advances toward Krug.

SLAM! He HITS Krug in the head with the extinguisher.
Krug stumbles back. SLAM! John hits him again. Krug
stumbles back against a table. Emma comes up behind the
winded John who hands her back the fire extinguisher.

Her turn. She SWINGS. WHAM! Krug drops to the floor.
Very bloodied, half dead or worse as John and Emma stand
over him. Off this --

INT. SKI BOAT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

CU - MARI - She opens her eyes, looks up at her mom
sitting next to her.

Emma smiles, moves her hand down to Mari's waist,
revealing the BUTCHER KNIFE firmly clasped in Mari's
hands. Emma gently takes it. Kisses Mari on the
forehead as John starts the motor, backs the boat out
into the open water...

Justin sits silently in the front passenger seat.

EXT. LAKE - PRE-DAWN - CONTINUOUS

As the ski-boat ROARS away across the lake, we PULL BACK
to reveal the scattered homes and the town on the horizon
as the electricity returns... lights flickering back to
life...

CUT TO BLACK.

A silent beat. Then, suddenly -- we have FLASHES of
QUICK SHOTS --

- A scalpel SHINES in an eerie light...

- A PAIR OF HANDS don surgical gloves...

- The scalpel PIERCES deep into bare skin...

- WIDER - the hands work the scalpel, pushing it deeper into the middle of a MAN'S BACK.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. COLLINGWOOD HOUSE - GARAGE - TIME UNKNOWN

CU - KRUG - his eyes pop open.

HIS POV - peering up at the eerie fluorescent work light above him as JOHN leans into frame.

JOHN

Hi.

Reveal Krug, lying across John's work bench.

KRUG

What is this?

JOHN

You're feeling the effects of general anesthesia.

KRUG

I can't move.

JOHN

(raising the bloody scalpel)

Because I've paralyzed you from the neck down.

Krug's eyes shift as John wheels over a tall tool box The MICROWAVE OVEN sits on top.

KRUG

What are you doing?

John doesn't answer as he wheels the microwave to behind Krug's head, then nods to someone O.S.

KRUG (CONT'D)

Who's there? Who's --

Another MAN we've never seen before enters frame. He's 50ish, weathered... a BLACK PATCH over his right eye, both sadness and rage in his left.

JOHN

This is James Griffen.

KRUG

I don't know you. I don't know
him.

JOHN

That's okay, he knows you. You
murdered his daughter.

KRUG

Oh fuck -- no --

James leans down to Krug --

JAMES GRIFFEN

Her name was Paige.

Krug's eyes widen as James quietly rolls the open
microwave over Krug's head.

KRUG

No -- don't -- what the fuck --

James' finger moves to the microwave's keypad, punches in
a 20-second count. James looks to John who then moves
his finger to the microwave -- and presses START.

The microwave HUMS to life as John and James quickly head
from the room --

CU - KRUG - wide-eyed as the microwave starts to FRY AND
MELT HIS FACE -- KRUG SCREAMS -- Just as his HEAD POPS --

SMASH TO
BLACK.