

# VACANCY

by

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VACANCY

FADE IN:

ARCHIVE NEWS FOOTAGE... VERY REAL AND AUTHENTIC.

An AERIAL SHOT THROUGH THE LENS OF A TV NEWS CAMERA...

...of a structure... a roadside motel, sitting along a side road, surrounded by a vast, empty, brown wasteland. The image trembles... the O.S. RUMBLE OF HELICOPTER BLADES WHIRLING.

SEVERAL NEWS VANS, POLICE CARS, AND AMBULANCES are parked around the motel... PEOPLE mil about the scene.

Behind the motel, a BACK-HOE tears into the ground. COPS circle the back-hoe, digging with shovels.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

This is a live shot of the Prairie View Motel, in the eastern side of McKinley County. We've been told police have been working out here for several hours, but the details we're getting from them are sketchy at best. What we do know is that they've borrowed some equipment from a local farmer, and started digging in the rear of the property. What they're looking for though, we're not exactly sure.

The camera shot shakily zooms in on the back-hoe, as the machine drags its teeth out of the earth... raises into the air... and a DIRT-COVERED CORPSE HANGS FROM THE METAL CLAW.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

CUT TO:

HAND-HELD FOOTAGE...

...floating among the swarm of media... not really part of this circus... just observing it... weaving in and out of the chaos... momentarily holding on a MALE REPORTER standing outside a motel room door.

(CONTINUED)

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MALE REPORTER

The best we can come up with is that some video tapes have been discovered that are somehow connected to the bodies the Sheriff's Department has found buried on the property.

As the reporter continues, our POV drifts to the MOTEL ROOM DOORWAY... the door just hanging on its hinges... furniture inside SCATTERED ABOUT... BLOODSTAINS ON THE GROUND OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Obviously they're being very tight-lipped with details at this stage, so we don't know yet the content of the tapes.

Our POV floats to MASKED PARAMEDICS CARRYING BODY BAGS past a FEMALE REPORTER.

FEMALE REPORTER

I've been told all the videos discovered are extremely violent and graphic.

Our POV follows the paramedics past the female reporter... over a BLOODHOUND stretching its leash to claw at the dirt, as if something's buried just beneath it... we continue to a NEWS VAN. The side doors have been slid open, and POLICE crowd around the video equipment inside.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The police are actually using our Channel Nine truck to view what they believe is the most recently recorded tape.

We glide over another REPORTER.

REPORTER

The images I saw on tape are horrific... unimaginable.

The POV turns... to the back of the McKinley County SHERIFF being interviewed by a NEWSWOMAN for a television camera beyond them.

FEMALE REPORTER

Sheriff, can you give us an idea of how many bodies have been found?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERIFF

As of about a half-hour ago, we were at twenty-seven. But we haven't covered much ground yet.

FEMALE REPORTER

So you expect to find more?

SHERIFF

I'm afraid so, yes.

Our POV drifts past a SMALL PILE OF FULL BODYBAGS...

FEMALE REPORTER

And the vehicle that was found here... the BMW.

...and stops on a WRECKED BMW sitting beside the motel. We TIGHTEN ON THE CAR.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We ran a check on the car. It's registered to a David and Amy Fox, age 29 and 28, respectively.

WE PAN DOWN TO THE DENTED CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE... hold on it for a beat, as...

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you tell us if they're related to any of this?

As the female reporter's voice fades, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

...THAT SAME CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE. ONLY IT'S SMOOTH AND UNMARKED. WE PULL BACK TO SEE THE FULL, PRISTINE BMW GLIDING DOWN A DARK STRETCH OF ROAD.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

I'd rather not say at this time.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

DAVID FOX, (29), bloodshot eyes glazed over from a full day of driving, sits behind the wheel. AMY FOX, (28), sleeps in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF (V.O.)

And you need to think about the families before you start reading off names on air like that.

David shakes his head, trying to loosen the cobwebs.

EXT. NEW MEXICO FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

The middle of the night in the middle of nowhere. An endless span of empty rolling hills, dissected by a two-lane highway.

A raccoon scampers out of the brush to some road-kill at the center of the pavement.

As the raccoon checks out the quality of the decaying rodent, a GLOW RISES OVER THE CREST... the BMW zooms up the pavement, its lights blinding the animal.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

David catches sight of the raccoon. And his reflexes are a little slower than they were thirteen hours ago when he started this trek... but he manages to jerk the wheel... the car vaults sideways.

Amy's tossed out of her slumber, snaps awake with a painful start.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW's tires squeal past the raccoon, just inches away. They tear through the high grass... bounce over a rock... hit a ditch.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

David pulls the car out of the ditch and back onto the road. He steadies the wheel.

DAVID

Son of a bitch!

He glances in the rearview... sees the raccoon shuffle back into the brush.

David looks at Amy. She's staring back at him, not as happy as the raccoon.

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DAVID (CONT'D)

There was a raccoon in the middle  
of the road.

AMY

Better to kill us than get a little  
road-kill on the new car, huh?

DAVID

We're still alive, Amy. I can tell  
by the pissy look you're giving me.

Amy rolls her eyes, wipes the sleep from her face, grabs a  
bottle of water and takes a drink before looking out the  
window at the passing bushes.

AMY

This isn't the interstate, David.

DAVID

Taking a shortcut.

AMY

Through where?

DAVID

New Mexico I think. Maybe Arizona.  
Same place really.

A FAINT O.S. CLANK from under the car.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

AMY

Hear wha...

David holds up his hand, quieting Amy. He strains to listen  
to the engine.

DAVID

I think the engine made a noise.

Amy throws a glance at the clock. It reads, "1:25".

AMY

It's kind of late for a breakdown.  
You should have stopped somewhere  
earlier.

David doesn't hear anything else... shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

I popped some of those trucker pills back in Texas. Thought I could make it all the way.

AMY

Whatever it takes to get this trip over with as quickly as possible.

Amy turns back to the window. David stares straight ahead. There's not much love in this car.

DAVID

You want a snack or something? There are some chips left in the back.

AMY

I'm fine.

Amy pulls an apple and knife from a bag... cuts a chunk out of the apple. She offers it to David. He shakes his head and she pops it in her mouth.

DAVID

You were really dreaming over there earlier. Mumbling and jerking around.

AMY

I dreamt you were trying to kill me. We were at my parent's anniversary party, and my mother wouldn't stop talking. You started screaming you couldn't take it anymore, and you tried to strangle me.

DAVID

I'd never do that. Although the thought of strangling your mother did cross my mind.

(beat)

But at least you were dreaming about me, that's an improvement. Go on back to sleep. Maybe next I'll sexually assault you.

David grins. Amy doesn't see the joke... just keeps working on the apple. The knife slices into it... just as the car BOUNCES OVER A POTHOLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The knife slips off the apple... cuts across Amy's finger.

AMY

Shit.

Amy sticks her finger into her mouth... tries to suck the pain away.

DAVID

You okay?

(off Amy's nod)

I keep telling you how stupid that is. Just bite the apple like the rest of the world.

AMY

Hurts my teeth.

DAVID

As bad as cutting your finger off?

Amy tosses the bloody apple and knife back into the bag, then checks out the wound. Just a small cut.

AMY

It's not anything.

She pulls a bandaid from the glove compartment... wraps it around her finger.

AMY (CONT'D)

You want me to drive for a while?

DAVID

I'm good. Go on back to sleep.

David reaches up and turns on the radio... flips through the stations... all the same... STATIC.

David digs through his CD wallet... sees one that makes him smile, and pulls it out... slides it into the player.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG... "*Hush Little Baby*" begins playing.

SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

*"Hush little baby, don't say a word. Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird. And if that mockingbird don't sing, Daddy's gonna buy you a diamond ring."*

Amy hears it... throws an angry glare at David.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

AMY

Why do you have that?

DAVID

I don't know. I guess I like to hear it.

(off Amy's grunt)

You deal your way, Amy, and I'll deal mine, okay?

SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

*"And if that looking glass gets broke, Mama's gonna buy you a..."*

Amy can't take it anymore... flips the stereo off and turns back toward the darkness of the night.

AMY

He's gone.

DAVID

At one-thirty in the middle of goddamn nowhere, I'll take whatever I can get.

AMY

It's been a year. You should know by now that all we've got left is each other.

(beat)

And that's not even close to enough.

TIGHT ON AMY'S REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW...

...staring out into the night. She slips her injured finger back into her mouth.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW glides down the road, its taillights fading into the darkness.

EXT. NEW MEXICO FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

Another stretch of road. If possible, this one seems even more desolate than the last.

The BMW moves slowly along the road, making a DEFINITE CLANKING NOISE.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Amy has an atlas open in her lap. David taps one of the narrow roads, winding across the page.

DAVID

That should be us about there.

AMY

Why didn't you just stay on the interstate?

DAVID

I don't know, I guess I just wanted to make this as miserable as possible. See just how big a bitch you could be about it.

David stares down the road. His angry face softens a bit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I thought this would be faster.

The GRIND OF METAL ON METAL from under the hood. David grimaces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit.

Amy squints out through the windshield and points.

AMY

Is that something?

The glow of a light ahead of them. They drive closer...

...the faded, old fluorescent sign of a service station draws into view.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A small, paint-peeled building from the Forties, with a single gas pump sitting out front. There are several LARGE FIREWORKS SIGNS hanging along the roof. One of the hand-painted signs reads, "Every day is the Fourth Of July at Small's".

The BMW cruises past the pump... rolls over a hose that runs across the ground. A LOUD RING ERUPTS as the tires bounce over the hose.

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The BMW stops beside the pump.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

David and Amy stare at the old building. Its windows are dark.

DAVID  
Guess they're probably closed.

AMY  
Since 1957.

David glances out at the pump.

DAVID  
Too bad. Good price on gas.

They go back to the atlas.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I remember going through that place there... Elida. You were asleep... probably two or three hours ago, maybe.

AMY  
Then that has to put us down here somewhere.

DAVID  
There's a town... Downey. Gotta be a real car place there.

AMY  
If that's really where we are.

David glances at the LED COMPASS in the dash.

DAVID  
We're headed west. Eventually we have to hit California.

Amy shrugs... looks up from the atlas and sees a FACE staring in David's window. She SCREAMS.

David spins and sees the face of the garage MECHANIC, (20's), good-looking.

MECHANIC  
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

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David restarts his heart... rolls down his window.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Just don't get much business around here. Wanted to make sure I got to you before you left. But I've gotta warn you, the gas price is a little steeper than the sign says.

DAVID

Actually, we're just having a little engine problem. I dodged a raccoon a few miles back.

AMY

And we're lost.

DAVID

She's lost. I know right where I am. We're on our way to Downey.

David points down the road. The Mechanic nods... tries to subtly motion his head the opposite direction of David's finger. It takes a few times before David catches on.

And Amy already has.

AMY

He's trying to tell you it's the other way, David.

MECHANIC

Yeah. Sorry. But it's real easy to get turned around out here without a map.

Amy holds up their map.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Oh. Well, Downey's about thirty miles back.

David ignores Amy's smirk.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

If you wanna pop the hood, I'll take a look to make sure you'll get that far.

DAVID

I hate to bother you with it this late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MECHANIC

It's no bother at all.

David pulls the hood lever, then climbs out with the Mechanic.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Mechanic starts examining the engine.

DAVID

I went off the road... with the raccoon. Think I hit a low spot.

MECHANIC

Looks like it, yeah.

The Mechanic reaches in... tinkers with the engine.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Can you hit the gas for me?

David hurries around the car.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

David climbs in... hits the gas. He and Amy peer under the crack of the open hood, watching the Mechanic's hands move around the engine... pull a wrench from his pocket... reach back under the hood.

AMY

Can he fix it?

DAVID

(shrugs, to the Mechanic)  
What do you think?

The Mechanic slams the hood.

MECHANIC

Fan blade's bent. Rock musta hit it. She'll still drive fine. Just noisy is all.

The Mechanic walks back to David's window.

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MECHANIC (CONT'D)

You might wanna have somebody smarter than me check it when you get where you're goin' though.

DAVID

I'll do that, thanks. What do I owe you?

MECHANIC

We're good. I should pay you for finally giving me something to do. Now do you need to know how to get back to Downey?

DAVID

Actually, if you could point us back to the interstate... we're trying to get to California.

MECHANIC

You don't want Downey then.

David feels Amy's eyes burning into his back.

The Mechanic points down the road.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

About seven miles down, there'll be a road on your right with a grove of trees beside it. Take that and keep goin' till you hit Westcliff. You'll run into a four lane there. Hang a left on that and it'll take you right back where you need to be.

DAVID

Thanks a lot.

David pulls a twenty dollar bill from his pocket and holds it out the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here. This way I won't feel guilty for dragging you out here so late.

The Mechanic shrugs... takes the money. Then he reaches into his back pocket... pulls out a sparkler. He flicks his cigarette lighter... ignites the sparkler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MECHANIC

You just bought yourself a twenty  
dollar sparkler.

The Mechanic leans in David's window... hands it to Amy. Amy  
gingerly takes it.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Every day's the Fourth Of July at  
Small's.

The Mechanic rolls his eyes and motions to the sign.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

The owner makes me say that.  
(waves)  
Drive careful.

Amy waves the sparkler out the window, as David pulls out.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Amy grins, as she watches the sparkler shoot out the flaming  
dots. It's not a smile we've seen from Amy, and David  
notices.

DAVID

Guess I should go buy a box of  
sparklers, huh?

Amy doesn't answer. Her smile fades with the sparks. She  
drops the charred black stick to her feet.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW cruises down the road.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

David points ahead of them to the grove of trees and the side  
road veering past them.

DAVID

There we go.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW turns down the side road.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Amy glances at the map, as David drives.

AMY  
How far did he say this Westcliff  
place was?

DAVID  
He didn't.

Suddenly, the car lurches forward a bit.

AMY  
What was that?

DAVID  
I don't know. Did we hit  
something?

Amy turns... there's nothing in the road.

AMY  
I don't see anything.

Another lurch... the engine skips.

DAVID  
What the hell?

And now the engine more than skips, it dies. David pulls  
onto the shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch.

David twists the ignition. The engine just turns over and  
over without starting.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch! So much for being  
able to keep driving it.

David tries again... no luck.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Amy pulls out her cell phone... holds it up... NO SIGNAL.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AMY

Nothing.

David turns the key again... just that sickening groan.

DAVID

Dammit!

AMY

Can't a car run without a fan?

DAVID

Evidently not.

David pounds the steering wheel and climbs out of the car.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - LATER

The BMW's hood is already up from where David has tried to work on the engine. David leans back under the hood.

DAVID

Try it again.

AMY

It's not going to work.

David taps at the engine with a PLASTIC TRAVEL MUG... he's no mechanic.

DAVID

How do you know? Jesus, just try it.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Amy leans over and turns the key, as she watches David pound all over the engine with the handle of the mug.

The engine WHIRRS over and over... doesn't start.

David finally SLAMS THE MUG AGAINST THE ENGINE. The mug shatters.

DAVID

GODDAMMIT!

Amy almost smiles... she knew it.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

David kicks at the ground, grabs the remains of the mug and heaves them into the bushes.

He looks up and down the road.

DAVID

How far back was that station?

AMY

Five or six miles maybe. Too far to walk at night.

DAVID

That means we sit here the rest of the night. Hope some idiots like us happen to drive down this stagecoach trail.

AMY

Idiot like you, not us. I didn't get us lost.

DAVID

No, you slept through five states thanks to your prozac/zoloft cocktail.

Amy flips David off through the window. He walks out to the center of the road, and SCREAMS.

A flock of startled birds burst from a tree... scatter up into the night sky.

David sees something... walks a few yards down the road, and lifts a TATTERED WOODEN SIGN from the high grass.

Handpainted across it, "Prairie View Motel. One mile ahead."

David holds the sign up toward Amy in the car.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You feel like walking a mile?

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

TIGHT ON DAVID AND AMY'S FEET...

...walking along the black tar pavement.

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The moon casts a bright glow over them as they make their way down the road.

David gazes up at the star-filled sky.

DAVID

I never see stars anymore. Not in L.A.

(off their surroundings)

Kind of nice out here really. I bet Charlie would've like it.

AMY

Should've brought him sometime. But we never went anywhere, remember? The job was always too important to leave.

DAVID

Why do you do that?

AMY

What?

DAVID

Every time I mention his name, you take a shot at me.

AMY

Stop mentioning his name.

DAVID

I'm not like you, Amy. I don't want to forget our son so the pain will go away.

AMY

Aren't you the brave one, David.

Amy picks up her pace... leaves David behind. He watches her move ahead, then veers off the road into a cluster of bushes... unzips and starts taking a piss.

DAVID

(under his breath)

Such a bitch.

(louder, for Amy)

Maybe you'd be happier if you tried talking about it, instead of acting like it never happened. Like Charlie never happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amy just keeps walking.

A few feet away from David, the BUSHES RATTLE.

David squints toward the sound, but it's too dark and too overgrown to see what's in there. As he finishes up, the BUSHES RATTLE AGAIN... this time louder.

David throws another nervous glance into the bushes... still nothing. He leans closer...

...just as a RACCOON darts out of the brush past him.

David leaps back, startled. He catches his breath as the animal scurries away.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Goddamn raccoons are killing me.

David turns... trots back toward the road after Amy.

In the distance behind David, a FIGURE rises from the bushes, where David had just been. It's too far away to make out features. And the figure doesn't move... just watches David make his way down the road with Amy.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - LATER

David and Amy stand in the gravel parking lot, staring at a beaten down roadside motel. Eight rooms stretched out in an L-shape. The Bates Motel... in need of a paint job.

A primer painted PICKUP TRUCK sits outside the office, under a "\$19.00 A NIGHT" sign that hangs over the office screen door. Above that is a crooked "VACANCY" sign.

AMY  
We could go back to the car. You could sleep on the hood and stare up at those stars you love so much.

DAVID  
Maybe they'll have a phone we can use.

They start toward the motel office.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

A BELL above the screen door JINGLES, as David and Amy enter.

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The tiny wood-paneled room has SEVERAL SECURITY VIDEO MONITORS on the walls behind the desk. The images of David and Amy entering the office fill the screens.

Around the room, a few stock scenery pictures hanging on the wall and a STUFFED JACK-A-LOPE, a rabbit with glued-on antlers, resting on the counter. At the rabbit's feet is a DESK BELL, with a sign... "Ring Me".

There's some MUFFLED O.S. SCREAMING from the back room behind the counter.

David and Amy hear it... exchange a glance before David taps the bell. There's some RUSTLING, then MASON, (40's), five-foot nothing and hundred thirty pounds in his sweaty t-shirt and jeans, appears from the back room.

MASON

Hey, folks. What can I do ya for?

DAVID

(off the screams)

Everything okay back there?

Mason cocks his head, unsure. David motions to the back room. Mason grins and raises a TELEVISION REMOTE... hits a button and the SCREAMS SILENCE.

MASON

Sorry about that. Gets a little boring around here late nights.

DAVID

I bet so. Listen, our car broke down about a mile back. Just needed to borrow a phone... see if we could get a tow truck or something.

MASON

All we've got is that pay phone outside.

Mason points through the window to an OLD PHONE BOOTH along the motel wall.

MASON (CONT'D)

She works off dimes if you need some.

David digs a dollar from his pocket. Mason takes it and trades it for a cluster of dimes from his drawer.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MASON (CONT'D)

Trouble is the only garage within ninety miles is Smalls. Little place on Route Six.

DAVID

Yeah. I think we stopped there earlier.

MASON

And Small's don't have a phone.

David stares at Mason a beat, then down to the handful of dimes.

DAVID

So I probably don't need these then.

MASON

Not if you need a tow truck.

David throws a glance to Amy before filling his pocket with dimes.

MASON (CONT'D)

But I could run you back there in the morning if you want. Too late to do much right now no-ways.

Amy looks at her watch... shrugs.

AMY

It's just a few hours.

DAVID

Yeah, okay. Guess we'll need one of those nineteen dollar rooms then.

Mason nods... looks David and Amy over, then grins.

MASON

I can give you two the Honeymoon Suite for twenty-four. Got a few extras that the others don't.

DAVID

It's late. Regular room will do.

Mason pulls a key from the hook behind him and slides it across the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MASON

What the hell. I'll give it to ya  
for the same rate.

DAVID

Okay, whatever. Thanks.

David jerks out his credit card.

MASON

'Fraid we're not set up for  
plastic. Cash only.

DAVID

Do you take dimes?

Mason grins... doesn't get the joke. David snaps a twenty  
from the wallet and reaches for the key. Mason pulls the key  
back.

MASON

And I need one of your ID's... sort  
of a deposit on the contents of the  
room.

DAVID

Trust me, we're not going to take  
anything. I'm not up to carrying  
dirty towels a mile down the road.

MASON

I'm sure you won't. But rules is  
rules. I don't make 'em. I'm just  
the manager.

It's too late for this shit. David pulls out his driver's  
license... trades it to Mason for the key.

MASON (CONT'D)

It's the last one on the end  
there... number eight. Might have  
to jiggle the handle a bit to open  
her up. She's as sticky as an old  
whore.

(to Amy)

Excuse my language.

Amy just turns and starts moving for the door.

MASON (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

David waves over his shoulder as they walk out.

Mason watches them head across the gravel lot, then turns and disappears back into the back room. The O.S. SCREAMS OF THE HORROR FILM begin again.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Dark. Until the door opens and Amy flips the light switch. David and Amy stand frozen in the doorway.

Because this is rough. Stained shag carpet. Torn FARM ANIMAL PRINT CURTAINS. Cigarette holes are burned into the paisley bedspread draped across the bed.

Artificial plants hang in the corners of the room.

DAVID

Good thing we upgraded.

David closes the door... locks it and HOOKS THE CHAIN ACROSS.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy enters and hits the light in the bathroom, illuminating the broken tile floor, rusty faucets and water-stained commode.

AMY

We've had our tetanus shots, right?

Amy pulls a bottle of PILLS from her purse, shakes a couple into her palm. She turns on the faucet.

BROWN WATER splashes out, gushing SEVERAL ROACHES out with it. The bugs scurry around the sink.

Amy turns the water off... watches the bugs slither down the drain. She tosses the pills into her mouth... gulps them down.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy walks out, sees David flipping through a TV GUIDE.

DAVID

If you want to know what shows were on during March of '97, I've got the answer.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

David tosses the old magazine back to the table. Amy moves to the bed and pulls back the covers... inspects the sheets.

AMY

I'm sleeping in my clothes.

DAVID

I'm sleeping in my shoes.

David glances around the room... moves to the closet... pulls open the door. It's empty.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Could be worse I guess. We could still be jammed into that twin bed at your parents' house... trying to pretend we're the happy couple.

Amy slides onto the bed... props herself against the wall, not getting too comfortable.

AMY

We should have told them about us.

DAVID

Why ruin their party. We can tell them after we sign the papers.

David climbs up beside Amy... stares at the farm print curtains.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What were you feeling... at the party... watching them celebrate being married all those years?

A BEAT, then...

AMY

Pity.

A LONG, QUIET BEAT THIS TIME.

DAVID

Sorry about this. Should've stayed on the interstate.

AMY

Our one last great adventure together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

Did we ever have great adventures?  
I don't remember.

Amy doesn't answer... just wraps her coat a little tighter around herself.

AMY

There had to be a couple.

David leans closer... lightly kisses Amy's neck... up her skin toward her lips. Finally, Amy pulls away.

AMY (CONT'D)

David, I can't.

DAVID

You really want to quit on us?

AMY

It hurts too much. I'm sorry.

DAVID

You can't just stop feeling because it hurts, Amy. Doesn't work that way.

AMY

That's all I can do.

A KNOCK at the front door. David throws a pissed-off glance at his watch.

DAVID

Who the hell is that?

David goes to the door... pulls it open.

No one is outside.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David leans out... checks both ways. Nobody.

DAVID

Hello?

No answer.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David closes the door.

DAVID  
You heard that, right?

Amy nods. Then ANOTHER KNOCK... this one down the wall...  
from the ADJOINING ROOM DOOR.

David moves to the side door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

MORE KNOCKS.

David throws Amy a glance, then reaches to unbolt the lock.

AMY  
David, wait.

DAVID  
It's the room beside us.

AMY  
I know. Hang on a...

But David turns the bolt. The door swings open...

...and there's nothing but ANOTHER DOOR behind it. The other  
room's door. No door handle for David to grab.

The KNOCKING CONTINUES.

David pounds back against their side of the partition.

DAVID  
What do you need?

The knocking stops.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hello?  
(to Amy)  
Were there any cars when we walked  
over?

Amy goes to the window... squints outside. Just the OLD  
PICKUP TRUCK sitting outside the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
There's a truck. Probably the  
office guy's.

David taps on the door.

DAVID  
Whoever's in there, it's too late  
for this shit.

Then the other room's door begins to SHAKE... like whoever's  
on the other side is jerking hard on the handle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What the hell is this?

AMY  
Close the door, David.

David just keeps watching the door vibrate.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Close the door!

Amy pushes past David and SLAMS THEIR DOOR CLOSED. She bolts  
it back secure.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Why mess with them?

DAVID  
I'm not messing with them. I just  
want to know what they're doing.

LOUD KNOCKS AT THE FRONT DOOR spin David and Amy. They  
exchange a glance, then David goes to the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

No answer. David secures the chain across the door, then  
eases it open... peers out through the crack.

As Amy watches him, a POUNDING ERUPTS from the door beside  
her. She jumps with a start... backs away from it.

David BEATS AGAINST THE WALL WITH HIS FIST.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What's your problem, asshole!

The KNOCKING GETS LOUDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Screw this.

David scans the room for a phone... there isn't one. He pushes back a desk... an empty phone jack sits in the wall.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Perfect.

David starts out the front door.

AMY

David, wait.

But David's too mad to wait. He stomps outside.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David goes to the adjacent door... ROOM NUMBER SEVEN. He bangs on the door.

DAVID

Open the door!

No answer. David beats on it again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on. You want to play games,  
lets play.

David jerks on the handle... locked. He knocks again, and this time a KNOCKING answers him. Just like in the room... a slow, steady KNOCKING.

David peers in the dark window... can't see who's behind the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Real funny, jerkoff.

David turns to Amy in the doorway.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lock the door.

AMY

Where're you going?

DAVID

To go shut this prick up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David starts across the lot to the motel office. Amy disappears behind the door.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy bolts the door... pulls the rusty chain across. She checks the lock on the adjoining room door, then hurries to the window... watches David walk into the motel office.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

David smacks the bell between the Jack-a-lope's feet over and over.

Mason leans out of the back room.

MASON  
Everything all right, Mr. Fox?

DAVID  
No. The asshole in the room beside us keeps banging on the walls. He won't stop.

MASON  
Beside you?

DAVID  
Yeah. Room seven. I went over to talk to him, but he just kept doing it. I don't know what his problem is.

MASON  
That's strange.

Mason turns to the RACK OF KEYS hanging behind the counter. Key Number Seven is still there.

MASON (CONT'D)  
You're the only guests we got tonight.

DAVID  
Well somebody's in there.

MASON  
You're sure it was number seven?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

We're the last one and we're eight, right? It's right beside us, with a big, rusty seven on the door, so I'm pretty sure, yeah.

MASON

Okay, I got ya. Every once a blue moon some drifter or college kids'll crawl through a window for a night's sleep. Cleanin' lady'll find some trash layin' around... shit in the toilet. Don't usually cause no disturbance though.

DAVID

Well this one is.

Mason considers this a moment, then grabs the key.

MASON

I'll check her out for ya.

David notices a PISTOL tucked on a shelf behind the counter.

DAVID

If that works, you might think about bringing that.

Mason grins... picks up the pistol and twirls it like a gunfighter.

MASON

I'm ass-tired of just shootin' at crows.

DAVID

Good hunting.

MASON

Thanks, Mr. Fox.

David walks out. Mason does a few more twirls with the gun.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

David strides out of the office, back into the darkness. He sees Amy peering out between the curtains. David waves.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy unlatches the door... opens it. David enters.

AMY  
What'd he say?

DAVID  
Thinks it's just some drunk. He's  
going to take care of it.

David closes the door... locks it back.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Did you hear anything else?

AMY  
No. I was almost wishing I would,  
so I'd know where they were.

DAVID  
Probably saw me heading for the  
office and took off.  
(glances around)  
Now we can enjoy this luxury resort  
with some peace and quiet.

David gives the adjoining room door a smack, then falls onto  
the bed.

AMY  
Maybe we should just leave. Go  
back to the car.

DAVID  
I'm not walking anymore. Let's  
just gut it out for a few hours and  
catch a ride back. We'll get the  
car fixed and get the hell out.

Amy doesn't like it, but just shrugs... sits down on the bed  
beside David.

David grabs the remote.

AMY  
You're not going to watch that now?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAVID

Just for a little while. Until we know our friend's gone from over there. Besides, gotta take advantage of the Honeymoon Suite perk. Worth at least an extra five bucks.

David flips the television on... STATIC. He dances through the channels... nothing but more static.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

AMY

The manager guy... he's going over there for sure, right?

DAVID

With his six-shooter. He'll take care of it. Gotta keep his only two guests happy.

David notices a VCR with SEVERAL VIDEO TAPES stacked on top of it. He grabs a tape... no label.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Bet this is a library of classics.

David slips the tape into the VCR.

The onscreen static disappears, replaced by footage from a NO-BUDGET SLASHER FILM... grainy picture... hollow sound.

THREE MEN, stripped down to their underwear, are in a small room, TIED ON THE FLOOR. TWO SHADOWY FIGURES stand over them men.

The three men are MOANING... BEGGING to the figures.

Suddenly one of the figures raises a KNIFE.

CUT TO:

David's face... grimacing, as we hear the MAN'S SCREAMS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jesus. The perfect movie to put newlyweds in the mood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Turn it off. I hate those kind of films. And that's the last thing I need right now.

David pops the tape out... replaces it with another.

DAVID

They should at least give you a little porn.

The screen flashes on again... this time there are THREE COLLEGE GIRLS huddled on a bed.

It's the same small room, and the camera angle is just as the last... looking down on the girls as they tremble and cry. One of the girls SCREAMS OUT.

GIRL (V.O.)

PLEASE!

And a figure steps into the frame. The girls start flailing at him. Another figure steps into the picture. One of the figures drags a girl to the floor and starts tearing at her clothes.

AMY

God, at least mute it or something so I don't have to hear that.

But David isn't listening, because he's noticed something.

He moves closer to the screen... his reflection fills the glass, as he stares at the CURTAINS IN THE ONSCREEN ROOM.

They're designed in a FARM ANIMAL PRINT... just like the ones in their room.

David studies their curtains a beat, then looks back to the screen... watches as the attacker raises his blade over the girl lying on the GOLD SHAG CARPET.

TIGHT ON DAVID'S FACE...

...frightened. His eyes dart down to his feet...

...to the REDDISH STAIN ON THE GOLD SHAG CARPET.

DAVID

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

I told you to turn it off.

David turns... glances around the room.

AMY (CONT'D)

What is it?

The girls' SCREAMS burst out from the tv. David's nervous, and Amy sees it.

AMY (CONT'D)

David?

DAVID

Look at that room... in the movie.

Amy stares at the screen... watches a figure throw one of the girls onto the bed.

AMY

What about it?

Then Amy focuses on the PAISLEY BEDSPREAD.

She looks down at the identical bedspread underneath her. Her eyes jump back to the screen.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN...

...and a girl trying to escape one of the figures... crawling off the bed... knocking off the CACTUS SHAPED LAMP. The lamp tumbles onto the bed.

Amy glances beside her... to the CACTUS SHAPED LAMP.

Her face washes pale.

AMY (CONT'D)

What movie is that?

DAVID

I don't know.

David eyes one of the hanging plants. He grabs a chair and slides it over... stands up on the chair and pulls the dusty plant back.

THERE'S A VIDEO CAMERA AIMED RIGHT AT HIM... its RED LIGHT BLINKING.

The girls keep SCREAMING from the television.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

David's frozen... just stares back at the camera. Amy wants to scream, but has suddenly forgotten how.

David stumbles back off the chair, his eyes still locked on the video camera.

AMY

David.

David doesn't answer. Amy glances back to the camera, then points to the tv.

AMY (CONT'D)

Is that this room?

DAVID

It looks like it.

David walks across the room... reaches up and swings the other hanging plant.

ANOTHER CAMERA IS SECURED TO THE WALL BEHIND IT.

AMY

This is some kind of joke, right?

DAVID

I don't know.

They exchange a glance, then turn back to the tv... one of the figures swings the knife toward one of the girls.

Amy takes a step back, almost as if she's afraid the figure's going to come right out of the screen at them.

AMY

They can't really be killing those girls. That can't be real.

Amy ejects the girls' video tape and slides in another.

The screen is filled with the same room... THEIR ROOM. And it's empty... until the door swings open, and an OLD COUPLE charge through the door, slam it closed.

The OLD WOMAN is CRYING. The OLD MAN looks around in a panic. They hold each other, and stare at the door.

As they do, one of the same figures steps out of the bathroom door behind them. They don't see him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

AMY (CONT'D)

Turn around.

The figure eases up behind the couple.

AMY (CONT'D)

Turn around!

The figure raises a knife.

AMY (CONT'D)

No!

As the attacker swings the knife down, the tv goes blank...  
THE ROOM FALLS INTO TOTAL DARKNESS... silence. The power's  
been turned off.

David and Amy stand frozen in the darkness.

AMY (CONT'D)

What happened?

David fumbles through the dark... reaches the light switch...  
it doesn't work. Amy twists the knob on the lamp... nothing.

And then THE SOFT KNOCKING AT THE WALL RETURNS.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, God. David?

DAVID

It's okay.

David and Amy huddle together at the center of the room,  
staring through the darkness toward the knocking.

A LOUDER KNOCK AT THE DOOR... the door handle shakes.

David and Amy freeze... don't even breathe. David puts his  
finger over his lips... the room is silent.

AND THEN THE POWER FLASHES BACK ON... the room lights up...  
the television flickers back on... the old couple SCREAMS  
ONSCREEN.

David and Amy's eyes jump to the tv... shit. They look to  
the door... the SHAKING IS MORE VIOLENT.

David and Amy take a few steps back away from the door,  
eying the door handle... the RUSTY CHAIN that latches the  
door locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

The SCREAMS KEEP COMING FROM THE TV. Amy suddenly remembers the video... spins around, looking for the figure to step out behind them. No one's there.

Suddenly, the power goes out again, sending the room back into dark silence.

David grabs the cactus lamp off the table, ready to swing it. They back against the wall... slide down to the floor.

The THUMPING ON THE ADJOINING DOOR BEGINS AGAIN... the lights go dark, then burst back on, then off again... repeating like a strobe... flashes of screams erupt from the television couple each time it restarts.

And then with each flash of light, a FIGURE BECOMES VISIBLE... standing frozen just inside the bathroom doorway.

He doesn't move... just stands there, filling the doorway, only a few feet away from David and Amy.

David and Amy don't see him... just stay huddled against the wall.

The pounding grows louder... the shakes on the door handle harder... the flashes of light over the figure come faster.

Then suddenly everything falls still. The lights turn on, the thumping stops, the door handle isn't moving, and the figure IS GONE FROM THE DOORWAY.

David places the lamp back on the table, scrambles over to the tv and turns it off.

AMY

I'm calling the police.

Amy pulls out her cell phone... flips it on. NO SIGNAL... she forgot.

AMY (CONT'D)

Shit. No signal.

DAVID

We have to get out of here.

Amy starts for the door. David grabs her arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Whoever was out there had to hear the tv. That means they know we watched it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

AMY

That asshole put us in here to watch it. He wasn't going to help us, David. He's part of this.

DAVID

So they know we watched it, and now they know we're going to run. They'll be waiting.

AMY

Maybe he won't know that we caught on... that we recognized anything.

David turns... stares up at the camera... the red light blinking... watching them.

DAVID

He knows.

AMY

So what then?

David leans into the bathroom... sees a WINDOW in the back wall.

DAVID

We climb out that way.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David hurries to the window... turns the handle... it doesn't budge. He pulls on the crank... it starts to turn, but then stops. David sees the NAILS HAMMERED INTO THE WINDOWSILL, holding it shut... it won't budge.

DAVID

Shit!

David starts banging against the window to jar it free.

AMY

Somebody's going to hear you.

DAVID

So what do we do then?

AMY

We go out the door, and we run... make it back to that gas station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

You think they're just going to let us stroll out of here, so we can go tell the police what we found?

AMY

They're not going to just let us sit in here either, David.

David makes another desperate turn with the window handle... no luck.

DAVID

Shit!

David hurries out of the bathroom. Amy starts after him, then stops... because she's just noticed something resting on the sink. HER HALF-EATEN APPLE.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy walks out, carrying the apple. David's looking around, trying to come up with a plan.

AMY

Did you bring this?

DAVID

What?

AMY

Did you get this when we left the car?

DAVID

No. What are you talking about?

AMY

It was in there. On the sink. I didn't bring it either.

DAVID

You had to. You probably stuck it in your pocket and just forgot.

AMY

I bled all over it, remember. Then I threw it in the bag. There's no way I brought it. I left it in the car, David.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

They hold a long look. Amy's about to cry.

AMY (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

David walks into the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David enters... glances around the room. His eyes hold on the tub... its shower curtain extended, hiding whatever might be behind it. Amy walks in behind him.

David grabs one of the dirty glasses from the sink, grips it like a baseball, then JERKS THE SHOWER CURTAIN OPEN.

The shower rod pulls free from the wall and crashes down... and the tub's empty.

AMY  
How'd it get in here?

DAVID  
I don't know.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

David walks out of the bathroom.

DAVID  
Turn off the lights.

AMY  
What are we doing?

DAVID  
We're leaving.

Amy hits the lights... the room goes dark. Their shadows move about the room. David goes to the curtains.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
As soon as we get outside, we run to the trees, okay... get out of the open where they can't see us. And we've got to move fast, Amy.

AMY  
Try to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David peers out through the farm animal curtains again.

The moonlight shines over the empty gravel lot.

DAVID

I don't see anybody.

David moves to the door... removes the chain... slowly opens the door and peers outside. He reaches his hand out to Amy. She takes it... probably the first time they've held each other in months.

David and Amy slip out the door together.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

David and Amy ease out the door... press their backs against the wall of the motel, to stay tucked in the shadows.

David points across the road, toward a thick forest of trees.

DAVID

(whispering)

Over there. You ready?

Amy nods... one last glance around, and they take off... sprint across the lot, hand in hand.

They race across the road... down a grassy slope... charge toward the dark safety of the trees.

But then A MAN, (KILLER ONE), a shadow with eyes, APPEARS FROM THE TREES.

AMY

David!

Amy slides to a stop, pulling David with her. They squint toward the man, as he moves up from the trees.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

DAVID

C'mon. This way.

David pulls Amy back toward the road.

As they run, they see a SECOND SHADOWY MAN, (KILLER TWO), standing in the distance, blocking their escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit.

They spin back the other direction, but Killer One is cutting them off... striding down the center of the road toward them.

AMY

David, it's them.

DAVID

GET AWAY FROM US!

But the men just keep closing methodically in, tightening the angle around David and Amy. They have nowhere else to go but back toward the motel.

DAVID (CONT'D)

COME ON!

David and Amy turn and sprint back across the road... charge toward their motel room. Amy throws a glance back toward the figures.

The men move calmly after them... converging... following.

AMY

They're coming!

As Amy runs, her CELL PHONE falls from her pocket and crashes to the gravel. Amy sees it, but knows she can't go back... they continue on... reach the door... David grabs the handle and pushes... the door doesn't move.

The two figures close in. They're in no hurry.

ANGLE ON KILLER ONE'S FOOT...

...stepping down onto Amy's cell phone... crushing it.

David keeps pushing against the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

Open it, David!

DAVID

I'm trying!

AMY

Shake it! The guy said to...

David nearly shakes the handle off the door. Finally, it flies open.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy pour into the room. David slams the door shut behind them, turns the bolt and pulls the chain back across.

David and Amy back away from the door, looking eerily similar to the old couple they watched on the video.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS... heavy feet on gravel... growing louder... closer.

David and Amy stare at the door, waiting... dreading. Then a SOFT CLICKING AT THE DOOR... like fingernails tapping at the wood.

The CLICKING TURNS TO CLAWING... long, slow scratches down the door. Then the door THUMPS, like someone has just pressed their weight against it.

David throws his body against the door, holding it secure.

The THUMPING GROWS HARDER. David begins to jerk from the pounding.

DAVID  
(whispering)  
Get the window open. In the  
bathroom.

AMY  
David?

DAVID  
I'll be right behind you. And  
don't turn on the light.

Amy races into the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy doesn't turn on the light. Climbs onto the commode to reach the small window. She pulls on the handle with all her strength. The handle pops off its stem... falls to the floor.

Amy jumps down to retrieve the handle... raises back up to slide it back on, AND THERE'S KILLER TWO AT THE WINDOW.

Amy stumbles backward... falls into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

DAVID!

Killer Two stares in at Amy.

Amy spins out of the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy hurries back in with David. He's still pressed against the door.

AMY

They're out there.

DAVID

Where?

AMY

At the window!

The door keeps shaking from the beating it's taking outside.

DAVID

I've got a gun! Get away or I swear to God I'll kill you!

THE THUMPING AGAINST THE DOOR SUDDENLY STOPS. The world goes quiet. David doesn't dare step away, but he throws Amy a glance... Did it work?

And then the room erupts with POUNDING... like clubs beating against the door and windows.

Amy throws her hands over her ears... backs into the corner.

AMY

LEAVE US ALONE!

The pounding continues, then dies away. The room goes silent again.

Amy slides down the wall to the floor. David listens... doesn't hear anything. He peers out through the peephole.

DAVID'S POV...

...through the peephole. A stretched, magnified image of the dark, empty lot. No one's there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
I don't see them.

AMY  
Why would they just leave?

DAVID  
They wouldn't.

AMY  
How many of them are there?

DAVID  
At least two.

David moves to the adjoining room door... pulls their door open and starts shoving against the next door.

AMY  
Wait! They were over there.

DAVID  
And there's nothing stopping them from coming in after us if that's what they want. So we've got to find another way out of here.

David rams his shoulder against the door. It doesn't budge. He hurries into the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David rushes to the window... peers outside.

A FIGURE FLASHES PAST... disappears into the cluster of trees behind.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

David walks back to the front window... slides the curtains open just a crack.

DAVID'S POV ON THE PARKING LOT...

...empty... quiet. No sign of anyone.

Then our POV pans over to the old PAY PHONE standing across the lot against the motel wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID...

...stares at the phone a beat, then slides away from the window. He digs those dimes out of his pocket.

DAVID  
I need to get to that phone.

AMY  
What?

DAVID  
It's a real phone. It'll have to work.

AMY  
You're not going to get to it, David. They're not going to let you.

DAVID  
Okay, Amy, then we just sit here. End up like all of them.

David motions to the television.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I saw somebody out back. Like they were watching the window. If we can keep their attention on that, it might give me a chance to get to the phone.

AMY  
How do we do that?

David throws Amy a look... she's not going to like it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amy stands at the window, nervously pulling at the handle, like she's trying to get it open. She scrapes her fingernails across the painted seams.

Killer One darts past in the trees.

Amy closes her eyes... trembles... tries to pretend no one's out there, as she continues working on the window... tries to keep their attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
(whispers)  
Please hurry.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

The Honeymoon Suite door cracks open... David peers out... all clear. He slips out the door... ducks in the shadows, near the corner of the building. He scans the area... there's a cluster of OIL DRUMS about halfway between David and the phone.

David takes off... sprints over the gravel, then ducks down at the center of the oil drums. He turns in a circle, checking out all sides.

Still clear. He eyes the phone a moment, then notices a VIDEO CAMERA hanging from the corner of the building. Another camera is attached at the other end of the building, aimed at the parking lot.

David stares back at them, then takes a breath and darts toward the phone booth.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

David hurries inside... starts to pull the door closed, but that sends the CEILING LIGHT FLASHING ON. David shoves the door back open... the phone booth goes dark again.

He grabs the receiver, stretching cobwebs out from the old phone. He shoves the dimes into the slot.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amy continues chipping away at the sealed window.

Suddenly, Killer One appears just outside... presses his face against the glass.

Amy SCREAMS... stumbles back out of the bathroom.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

David dials 911... glances around the empty lot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(whispering)  
Come on.

A V.O. RINGING, then...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
911 Emergency.

David presses himself against the cracked phone booth glass to muffle his voice.

DAVID  
We need help. Some people are  
trying to kill us.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Where are you located, sir?

DAVID  
My wife and I, we're at this  
motel... the Prairie View Motel.  
It's near the mountains. They've  
got us trapped here.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Who has you trapped, sir?

DAVID  
I don't know. We just need someone  
to help us. It's the Prairie View  
Motel.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Yes sir, you said that. Do you  
have an address?

DAVID  
What? No. It's on some side road.  
Jesus Christ, look it up.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
You need to settle down. You'll  
never survive if you lose control,  
Mr. Fox.

DAVID  
What are you talking...

And then David freezes... stares at the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
And you shouldn't be wandering  
around in the dark by yourself.

Suddenly BRIGHT LIGHTS WASH OVER DAVID. He spins... to the headlights of his BMW blinding him. The car's racing off the road... blasting across the motel lot toward David.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's just not safe.

David drops the phone and dives out of the phone booth... just as the BMW SMASHES INTO THE PHONE BOOTH, shattering the glass, and sending it flying through the air.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Amy hears the crash... rushes to the window in time to see the BMW backing away from demolished phone booth... and David scrambling to his feet... sprinting back across the lot.

AMY  
David!

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

The BMW's tires spin in the gravel, as it reverses course... takes aim at David.

David sprints across the lot.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Amy stands at the window, watching David race from the car.

AMY  
Run, David. RUN!

Amy rushes to the door. Swings it open.

AMY (CONT'D)  
HURRY!

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

David charges toward Amy... toward the open door... to his safety.

The BMW SPEEDS UP... gains fast on David... its crushed, smoking front end steams down David's back.

And David doesn't dare look back... just keeps heading for that door.

AMY  
RUN, DAVID!

The BMW lurches forward... is about to pull David under, when David reaches the door... dives inside.

The BMW veers away, skidding across the lot, tossing gravel into the room at David and Amy.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Amy slams the door closed... locks it, and falls onto David, holding him... kissing him.

AMY  
Don't leave me again. Please don't  
ever leave me.

David wraps his arms around her... holds her against him.

DAVID  
I won't. I promise.

A CAR HORN BLARES OUTSIDE, separating them. They go to the window... see the BMW sitting outside, its headlights flashing at them... taunting them.

AMY  
Did you get anybody on the phone?

DAVID  
No.

AMY  
So what do we do now?

The BMW backs up... tears out of the lot and around the back of the motel office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David checks his watch.

DAVID  
It's going to be light in a few  
hours. They'll want this to be  
over by then.

David glances around the room.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We need something. Do you have  
some scissors... anything?

Amy digs through her purse. Shakes her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What about the knife? The one with  
the apple?

AMY  
In the car.

David throws open some drawers... nothing but a BIBLE. He  
walks to the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David checks the drawers... tugs at the shower head pipe...  
there's nothing. He stares at his reflection in the mirror,  
then SLAMS HIS FIST INTO THE MIRROR.

The mirror shatters... jagged shards of glass rain down over  
the sink.

David grabs a washcloth, and lifts a large, dagger-like piece  
of mirror. He grips it like a knife.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

David walks out... waves his new weapon at Amy and shrugs.

DAVID  
Best I could do.

David joins Amy. They slide down the wall to the floor. Amy  
notices David's bleeding hand.

AMY  
You cut yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Let's hope that's as bad as it gets.

Amy snuggles closer against David. They sit together in the darkness... staring at the door.

AMY

What are they doing?

David glances up to the video camera, aimed toward them.

DAVID

They're enjoying themselves.

We pull back away from David and Amy... back up toward the camera... farther... into the camera. David and Amy grow smaller... then darkness takes over for a moment...

...until we see David and Amy again... this time they're lit with a green glow, like we're watching them through nightvision goggles.

And we pull back farther... realize the image is on a VIDEO MONITOR... we drift back even more... past the head of a MAN, watching the screen.

The man presses a keyboard button... the image zooms in tight on Amy's frightened face. He reaches up... runs a finger along the screen... over her face.

An O.S. DOOR OPENING. The man turns and for the first time, we see his face... it's Mason. And he looks very pleased.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

And Amy sitting against the wall, her closed eyes fluttering... her head slowly drifting forward... falling asleep.

Suddenly a WOMAN'S O.S. SCREAM snaps Amy's head back up. Her eyes fly open. She looks around in a sleepy panic...

...sees David at the television, watching one of the video tapes... the old couple being attacked by the figure.

AMY

You let me fall asleep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
Just for a minute. You're  
exhausted.

AMY  
No. I want to be awake.

Amy starts to move over beside David.

DAVID  
I need you to stay there.

AMY  
What?

David points to a TINY BLACK WINDOW hidden in the wall  
directly across from Amy.

DAVID  
They're watching you.

Amy glances up to the corner cameras. There are towels  
hanging over them.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I didn't want them to watch what I  
was doing. But they have to see  
you... know that we're not trying  
to get out.

Amy looks back to the two-inch black window. She pulls her  
knees up against her chest.

AMY  
What are you doing?

DAVID  
Going through the tapes.

David fast forwards the tape...

...it jumps along to shots of an OLD COUPLE racing around the  
room in a panic... into the bathroom... back out... crouching  
down in the corner.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
They've got cameras everywhere.  
Even outside. Then they edit them  
together to make their own snuff  
films. Remember the screaming we  
heard... from the tv that guy was  
watching in the office?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID (CONT'D)

(off Amy's nod)

I'm sure it was one of these. It's not enough to just rob and kill people. They want to watch it too.

AMY

Why are you watching them?

DAVID

I'm looking for mistakes.

AMY

What kind of mistakes?

DAVID

Any kind that might save our lives. The other people... they weren't smart.

AMY

They were scared. Just like we are.

DAVID

Yeah. And they just stayed in here like this room would protect them. It won't. They can come in anytime they want.

David motions to the screen... to the figure continuing his attack on the old couple. Suddenly, the image starts skipping back, as David rewinds the tape... the couple walks backward... crouches down in the corner of the room.

Then David presses the button... the image starts playing...

...V.O. BANGING ON THE DOOR. The couple jumps up, rushes to the door to hold it shut. As they do, the figure steps out of the bathroom.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They just wait until they get bored watching.

David freezes the image... points to it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There.

AMY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

It's happened in almost every one of these. He just shows up.

AMY

How does that help us?

DAVID

How'd he get in here? He wasn't inside before.

David replays the tape again... the old couple moving about the room... sliding down into the corner... rushing to the door... the figure appearing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And he didn't come through that door.

AMY

What does it matter?

DAVID

I couldn't tell in the others, but the angle with this one... it's the bathroom.

(beat)

And that's where your apple came from.

David moves to the bathroom.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Stay there.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David enters, closing the door behind him. He hangs a towel over the window, blocking any view from outside.

He flips on the light... his eyes scan over the room, searching... until they settle on a MISSING TILE in the shower. ANOTHER CAMERA.

David lifts the shower curtain back up, obstructing its view. Then he starts moving around, tugging on the commode, running his hands along the walls, looking for seams.

He turns in a tight circle, studying the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

And then a SQUEAK from under David's feet. He looks down at the RUG he's standing on. He steps off... slides the rug away... and there's a TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR.

David starts to tug it open, then...

AMY (O.S.)

David!

David hurries back out.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David rushes out of the bathroom... sees Amy still sitting on the floor, and pointing out the window.

AMY

I saw lights.

And now we hear the O.S. RUMBLE OF AN ENGINE.

David and Amy rush to the window. Amy inches the curtains open.

A BEER DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up outside the motel office.

AMY (CONT'D)

Someone's here.

They watch the truck grind to a stop. Amy starts for the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

C'mon.

DAVID

Wait. We don't know who he is.

AMY

He's a ride out of this place.

DAVID

Unless he's one of them. What's he doing here so late?

David and Amy watch the DRIVER climb down out of the truck.

AMY

Maybe he's lost. That could happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy gives David a look... couldn't it?

They stand at the window, watching the driver step down out of the truck... pop the cricks out of his neck.

AMY (CONT'D)

He looks like he's been driving a long time. He's not one of them, David.

And then the Driver notices them standing in the window.

They hold a look, until David raises his hand... just a bit... gives the driver the slightest wave.

The driver glances around, a little confused, before returning it.

AMY (CONT'D)

He can help us.

Amy starts for the door again, but David grabs her.

DAVID

You can't go out there.

So Amy just starts waving both arms.

AMY

HELP!

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The driver stands by his truck, watching David and Amy flail wildly at their window. He can't hear anything over the RUMBLE OF HIS TRUCK'S ENGINE. He throws another glance around the empty, dark lot, then starts toward them.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy see the driver approaching.

AMY

He's coming.

DAVID

They won't let him. He needs to drive the truck over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David motions to the truck. The driver doesn't understand... keeps walking.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I have to tell him.

David starts for the door, until...

AMY  
DAVID!

Amy's staring horrified out the window. David peers back out... to the driver halfway across the lot...

...to KILLER ONE AND KILLER TWO CLOSING IN ON HIM FROM THE SHADOWS BEHIND.

DAVID  
No. NOOO!

David and Amy start swinging their arms... pounding the window... pointing and yelling for the driver to turn around.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The driver still can't hear anything but his engine... doesn't look back... just keeps walking toward David and Amy going crazy in the window.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David beats against the glass.

DAVID  
THEY'RE BEHIND YOU!

But the driver doesn't even flinch... he can't hear him.

David and Amy watch as Killer One and Killer Two near the driver... ten feet... five... the KNIVES GLISTENING IN THEIR HANDS.

AMY  
NO!

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The driver continues toward them... no more than twenty yards from their window. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (O.S.)

Hey!

The truck driver turns... sees Mason trotting toward him, holding out a VIDEO TAPE.

MASON (CONT'D)

Here ya go.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy watch as the driver starts to Mason, and Killer One and Killer Two continue right past him... right toward David and Amy.

The driver takes the tape from Mason... shoves Mason a WAD OF CASH in return.

Then the driver turns... looks right at David and Amy... and SMILES.

David and Amy stare back at him in shock... watch as Killer One and Killer Two continue approaching.

Amy begins to cry... she knows it's over. David snaps the curtains closed, blocking the killers' view inside.

DAVID

Come on!

David pulls Amy to the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David shoves Amy toward the hole in the floor.

DAVID

Go.

AMY

What is this?

DAVID

JUST GO!

Amy slides down into the hole. David follows her, then pulls the trap door back over the hole, sealing it.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

A 6 x 6 dirt box. Nothing but the trap door in the ceiling and a small, sewer pipe-sized dirt tunnel leading out.

David and Amy frantically feel over the walls, searching for another exit. There isn't one. Just that tunnel.

AMY

We can't go in that, David. We don't know what's in there.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS ABOVE THEM. David looks up to the sound, then back to that narrow tunnel.

DAVID

We don't have any choice.

David takes Amy's hand... eases her toward the mouth of the tunnel. Amy shakes her head... holds firm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Baby, we have to. Come on, I'll lead you.

David squeezes into the tunnel... dirt falls over him, as he crawls deeper. Amy sticks just her upper body in the hole.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dank and claustrophobic... hand-dug through the earth. There's just enough room for them to slide on their stomach.

David tries to look back to Amy, but it's so tight he can't even turn his head to her.

This is what it feels like to be buried alive.

DAVID

Come on, Amy. It's gonna be okay.

Amy watches David's feet slide further into the darkness.

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

It's gonna lead us out of here.

MORE STOMPING ABOVE AMY. She flinches at the sound, and it's enough to send her squirming into the tunnel after David.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The dirt walls of the tunnel squeeze their bodies as they crawl... rocks and underground vines jut out of the earth.

David drags himself along the seemingly endless black hole. Nothing but darkness ahead of them... at least that's all they can see.

Amy's crying... kicking at whatever she can't see behind her. Her breathing is quick... uneven... small gasps.

AMY

I can't, David. I have to go back.

DAVID

Amy, no. We can't go back. They'll be waiting for us.

AMY

I can't breathe.

DAVID

Yes you can. Just close your eyes. Grab hold of my leg and I'll lead you. It won't be much further.

Amy takes hold of David's ankle, then squeezes her eyes shut and hangs on... willing her mind to another place, as she crawls behind David.

They continue on... nothing but darkness in front and behind them.

The tunnel squeezes even tighter... the walls have partially collapsed... just a sliver of space to drag themselves through.

DIRT RAINS OVER THEM as they crawl... like the passage is only seconds from caving in.

AMY

David, please. It's going to fall.

DAVID

No it isn't. Come on.

David pulls them along, squinting into the black... until his hand grabs a HANDFUL OF FLESH AND FUR... a LOUD SQUEAK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit!

David pulls his hand back... watches as a MOUSE scurries away... to a larger SHADOW... a MOVING SHADOW... DOZENS OF MICE fill the tunnel ahead.

AMY

What is it? What's the matter?

DAVID

You can't scream, Amy.

AMY

What?

DAVID

They'll hear us if you scream.

David continues toward the mound... all the SQUEAKING GROWS LOUDER.

AMY

David?

DAVID

Just keep moving.

David's hand drops into the center of the pile. Mice scatter... crawl over his hands... up his arm.

David reaches further... more mice squirm out from under his hands... slither out a METAL GRATE IN THE WALL, or scurry beneath him... to Amy.

Amy feels the movement... the tiny feet running all over her skin. She GASPS to hold back that scream.

The frightened mice race up the tunnel walls... drop back down onto David and Amy's backs... into their hair... over their faces.

Amy's about to fill this tunnel with her cries.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're almost there.

They keep crawling... sliding over the tiny bodies... until finally, the SQUEAKS FADE. All we can hear is David and Amy breathing... desperately trying to make it to wherever this tunnel leads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And then a SLIVER OF LIGHT appears ahead. David sees it... his movement quickens.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I see something.

AMY  
What is it?

DAVID  
Light. A door maybe.

They drag themselves toward it... finally reach another 6 x 6 dirt box.

David rolls out of the tunnel. He pulls Amy out, and she slaps away any remaining rodents. They stare up to a thin, square-shaped crack of light above them.

AMY  
(whispering)  
Where are we?

David shakes his head... no idea. He presses up against the square... inches it upward.

CUT TO:

DAVID'S POV...

...through the crack... scanning over the floor of a dimly lit room... legs of furniture... a plate of half-eaten food lies on the floor.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
OH, GOD, PLEASE NO!

David lowers the square... holds a finger over his mouth to Amy... not a sound.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll give you money. As much as  
you want.

We hear an O.S. STRUGGLE... but it's distant... false.

David pushes the square up again... peers through the crack... widening... and that's when we see who's screaming... it's one of the snuff films playing on a VIDEO MONITOR. A MAN is begging Killer One for his life.



INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David rises up from the hole, pulling Amy up behind him. They see the LARGE PICTURE WINDOW overlooking the parking lot, and duck down out of sight.

They glance around the room... a wall of monitors, all displaying different angles of the Honeymoon Suite and motel grounds. Video cameras and equipment are piled all over the place.

There are shelves of VHS TAPES lining the walls, each one hand-labeled... "Steve and Sharon S.", "Glen and Flo D.", "Brian and Alex P.". This is Mason's private collection.

Another shelf is stacked full of dusty watches, jewelry, toy dolls, truck stop souvenirs, a collection of REARVIEW MIRROR CRUCIFIXES AND RABBITS FEET... DRIVERS LICENSES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE... all victims.

This is a very creepy room... especially with the man's O.S. PLEAS washing over the scene.

They ease to the door... glance out into the MOTEL OFFICE.

AMY

We're no better off than we were.

DAVID

We're still alive. That's better.

David spins... starts digging through the mess.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's gotta be something here we can use.

Amy joins in... pulls back a blanket, revealing a TELEPHONE.

AMY

David.

Amy grabs the phone... lifts the receiver... we hear the V.O. DIAL TONE.

She dials "911". We hear the RING along with her.

DAVID

I tried that already. It was...

And then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
911 emergency.

AMY  
They're trying to kill us.  
We're...

The O.S. JINGLE OF THE OFFICE DOOR OPENING freezes Amy.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
What is your location, ma'am.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason hurries across the room with Killer One right behind him.

MASON  
They didn't just disappear.

Mason strides into the back room. And we enter with him... expecting to see David and Amy sitting there waiting...

...but they're gone.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason moves to the wall of monitors... looks over all the angles.

MASON  
They're out there somewhere.

And then a MUFFLED VOICE...

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello, Ma'am.

Mason turns... sees the receiver lying on the floor. He picks it up.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I need your location.

Mason TEARS THE CORD OUT OF THE WALL. He sees the CORNER OF THE RUG still flipped over above the trap door. He nods to Killer One.

MASON  
Get down there after 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Killer One throws open the trap door. Mason goes to the picture window... sees Killer Two standing in the Honeymoon Suite doorway.

Mason motions behind Killer Two, to the bathroom... the trap door. Then he points to the ground.

MASON (CONT'D)  
They're under us.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy are squirming... sliding... crawling through the darkness... desperately trying to get to the other end of that tunnel.

CUT TO:

KILLER TWO... CLIMBING INTO THE MOUTH FROM THE CEMENT BOX... SCRAMBLING INTO THE TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

KILLER ONE...

...dragging himself along the tiny passage.

CUT TO:

DAVID AND AMY...

...crawling as fast as they can. Their breathing is panicked and fast.

Amy keeps trying to glance behind them into the darkness... to what she knows is coming... but she can't turn... can't see.

CUT TO:

KILLER ONE...

...coming fast... moving smoothly through the tunnel. He's done this enough to be an expert.

CUT TO:

KILLER TWO...

...stopping... listening... hearing movement ahead, and pulling the knife from his belt before he continues on.

CUT TO:

DAVID AND AMY...

...their faces dripping with sweat... charging on into the black. No idea what's waiting just ahead of them.

CUT TO:

KILLER ONE...

...seeing a FAINT SHAPE ahead of him in the darkness. We can't make it out, but we all know it's Amy. Killer One pulls his knife... closes in on the shape.

It grows closer... clearer... he readies the blade... pulls it back as far as the tunnel will allow so he can drive it down into Amy... only a few feet away... slipping out of the darkness... Killer One swings... then stops his motion just in time...

...because it isn't Amy. It's Killer Two, with his knife ready to stab as well.

They glance back... see the METAL GRATE PULLED DOWN FROM THE WALL.

CUT TO:

DAVID AND AMY...

...scrambling along the tunnel... finally reaching a RUSTY LADDER.

INT. TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

A square of the plank floor lifts up. David and Amy climb up out of the hole... find themselves inside a SMALL SHED. It's filled with crates... shelves of tools... piles of old luggage.

David closes the trap door.

DAVID

Help me.

David pulls at a large crate. Amy pushes... until they've got it sitting on top of the trap door. David goes to the window.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The tool shed sits at the back of the parking lot. We see David's face appear in the dirty window.

INT. TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

David peers out the window.

DAVID

We're at the other end of the lot.

Amy slides to the floor.

AMY

And they'll look for us here.  
Maybe not right away, but they  
will.

DAVID

But we can't try to run. Not yet.  
We have to let them think we've  
gotten away. Let them go after us.  
Then we can run.

AMY

What if they look in here first?

DAVID

Jesus, Amy, I don't know. I'm  
doing the best I can here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy nods... fights back tears. David sees it. He slides down... wraps his arms around her... pulls her close to him, protecting her.

AMY

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Nothing to be sorry for. I'm the one that left the interstate.

AMY

No, I mean about everything else... about us... about Charlie. I should have watched him closer... made sure the gate was up... that he didn't go near the stairs.

DAVID

Shhhh. It isn't your fault. None of it was. It was an accident.

AMY

But he was so little. He thought I'd be there to catch him. I should've been there.

And now Amy breaks down... sobs into David's chest.

DAVID

Listen to me, you have to stop blaming yourself. Nobody else does.

David pushes her back so he can look into her face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We just have to get out of here first, okay? Everything starts over again once we make it out of this.

Amy manages a nod. David kisses her.

An O.S. RUMBLE... TIRES OVER GRAVEL.

David rises back up to the window... sees a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR pull into the lot.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Somebody else is out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amy joins David at the window. They watch as a COP steps out of the car.

AMY

The 911.

Amy starts for the door. David grabs her... she looks at him like he's crazy. He motions out the window... to the smiling Mason walking out of the office... shaking hands with the cop.

DAVID

Or he's one of them. Like the truck driver.

David studies Mason and the cop talking.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You didn't even tell them where we were. Why would they come?

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mason and the cop stand at the patrol car.

COP

There was a 911 call traced to this number.

MASON

Are you sure? It's just me here tonight.

The cop scans the area.

COP

And you run the place?  
(off Mason's nod)  
Then I won't disturb anybody if I take a look around.

The cop starts toward the motel rooms. Mason lags a step behind, throwing quick glances around the lot.

MASON

We don't even have phones in these rooms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP

I still need to check it out.

The cop veers straight for the Honeymoon Suite. Mason picks up his pace... gets his hand to the door before the cop... pulls the key from the wire on his belt and stretches it into the door. He jiggles that sticky handle.

MASON

Shit, I forgot, this one works on a different key than the rest. Lemme run back to the office and grab it.

Mason starts away.

COP

Can I have that?  
(motions to the key)  
For the other rooms.

Mason hesitates, then nods... tosses the key to the cop. Mason watches him move down to room 7... open the door.

Mason spins toward the office.

INT. TOOL SHED - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy watch Mason trot into the office... watch the cop disappear into Room #7.

DAVID

They're looking for us.

AMY

What if he's here to help us?

DAVID

He isn't. That guy wouldn't let him look around by himself like that. And I called 911 before, remember? It was them that answered.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM #7 - NIGHT

The cop moves around the room... glances around the bed.

COP

Hello?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

No answer. He walks to the bathroom... flips on the light... the room's empty.

He turns the light off... starts back for the door, then stops... looks to the adjoining room door... the door leading to the Honeymoon Suite.

He flips the lock... pulls the door wide.

And the Honeymoon Suite door is already open.

COP (CONT'D)

Hello?

He steps through the doorway.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The cop enters... scans over the room... the furniture tossed about... the shattered mirror pieces on the floor... the OPEN TRAP DOOR in the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cop walks into the bathroom... crouches beside the hole... leans in.

And it's too dark down there to see anything, so we're just waiting for one of the killers to come springing out of the hole, knife flailing.

But they don't.

And the cop pulls his flashlight... aims the beam into the dirt hole. It's empty.

He studies it a beat, then stands... walks back into the room.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The cop moves past the overturned lamp, then glances up... to the TOWELS HANGING IN THE CORNERS. He pulls one of the towels away, REVEALING THE CAMERA.

He stares back into the lens, DRAWING HIS GUN as he turns.

And there are the VIDEO TAPES SCATTERED ABOUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cop goes to the television... turns it on and presses play on the VCR.

TIGHT ON THE COP'S FACE...

...as we HEAR THE O.S. SCREAMS. He flinches at what he sees. Shock and fear wash over his face.

INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

David and Amy stare through the window... see the Honeymoon Suite door swing open... the cop step into the doorway, gun in hand. His nervous eyes dart around the empty lot.

AMY  
He looks scared.

David stares at the cop... tries to read what the cop's thinking.

DAVID  
Maybe. I don't know.

And then a THUD, as someone POUNDS ON THE TRAP DOOR, lifting the crate into the air. It SLAMS back to the floor.

David and Amy spin to it, then look back to the cop...

...hustling toward his car.

AMY  
He's going to leave, David.

David's frozen... unsure. ANOTHER THUD FROM THE TRAP DOOR.

AMY  
He's going to leave!

And David knows they don't have a choice. He grabs Amy's arm... throws open the door, and they charge out of the shed.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The cop hurries toward the patrol car.

AMY (O.S.)  
HELP US!

The cop turns... sees David and Amy sprinting toward him, waving their arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

WAIT!

The cop raises his gun toward them, then sees the terror on their faces... their bodies covered in blood and dirt.

And he's seen the tapes... he knows what's happened to them.

COP

GET IN THE CAR!

David and Amy slide in the passenger side. The cop charges around to the other side.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop leaps inside... turns the key in the ignition... CLICK. He flips the key back... repeats... MORE CLICKS.

DAVID

What's the matter with it?

The cop shakes his head, then notices something...

...the hood is raised JUST A FEW INCHES... like someone worked on the engine then silently closed the hood.

His eyes jump to the POLICE RADIO... gone... just wires.

AMY

They're not going to let us leave.

COP

I'm not givin' 'em a choice. Stay here.

The cop climbs out, his gun cocked and ready.

DAVID

Wait!

But the cop is already out. Amy reaches over, pounding the door lock down.

David and Amy's heads are snapping in all directions... looking for an attack.

They watch through the windshield as the cop moves around the front of the car, scanning the area as he lifts the hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cop disappears behind the raised hood.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE COP'S HAND...

...moving across the engine... to the battery... and the  
SLICED BATTERY CABLES.

TIGHT ON THE COP'S FACE...

...seeing the cables.

COP

Shit.

CUT TO:

POV FROM BEHIND THE COP...

...as he raises his hand up onto the hood... pulls it back  
down.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy watching the cop reappear as the hood lowers.

At that same moment, a SHAPE RISES UP FROM BEHIND THE COP...  
KILLER ONE.

David and Amy CRY OUT.

The cop has an instant beat of confusion, as he sees them  
SCREAM. But then he knows... raises the gun as he starts to  
spin...

...but Killer One SLAMS THE KNIFE INTO HIS BACK before he can  
turn.

CUT TO:

THE FACES OF DAVID AND AMY...

...watching the murder in shocked horror. All the death they've seen on the video tapes is suddenly right in front of them... and very real.

Amy continues to SCREAM. David throws the door open, as we hear the STABBING THUDS and the cop'S PAINFUL GROANS.

David grabs Amy... pulls her out of the car with him.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy scramble out... see the cop's legs lying in front of the patrol car... Killer One moving around the car toward them.

They spin... see Mason standing at the center of the parking lot, twirling his gun.

MASON

You just had to drag him into this, didn't you. You might as well have stuck that knife in him yourselves.

Now here comes Killer Two walking out of the tool shed.

David and Amy search for a place to run... all they have are Mason and the killers closing in from all sides.

So they take off back to the only place they have left... the Honeymoon Suite.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy rush inside... slam the door closed behind them.

AMY

They killed him, David! They just killed him.

Suddenly the front door swings open, and Killer One's face jams through the crack. He reaches his hand up to snap the chain.

David scoops up one of the shards of broken mirror from the floor raises it above his head to DRIVE IT INTO KILLER ONE'S HAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Killer One CRIES OUT... pulls back his hand. David slams the door closed again... bolts the lock. He points to the bed.

DAVID

Help me move it over!

David and Amy drag the bed... jam it against the door. David tips a dresser onto its side... shoves it across the floor and over the HOLE IN THE BATHROOM FLOOR, blocking it. He jams the shower rod over the dresser, wedging it against the sink to secure the dresser against the floor.

AMY

They'll find another way in.

DAVID

I'm just trying to slow them down.

David pulls open the adjoining room door... it's open into Room #7.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on!

David and Amy rush through the doorway.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM SEVEN - CONTINUOUS

They sprint across the room... pull open the next adjoining room door, revealing the door to Room #6. David pushes against it... locked.

David slams his shoulder into the door... nothing.

DAVID

SHIT!

David looks around... spots the television. He grabs it, jerks the cords loose from the wall, then carries it across the room and THROWS IT THROUGH THE DOOR.

The door splinters open.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hurry!

David and Amy race through the shattered door.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM SIX - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy charge into the room... race across it. David pulls open the next door, then KICKS THAT ADJOINING ROOM DOOR OPEN. They sprint into the next room.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM FIVE - CONTINUOUS

David and Amy repeat it all again... blast their way into the adjoining room... keep running.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON THE ADJOINING DOOR...

...as it shatters open. David and Amy pour into the room... race across it, then realize there are no more doors.

David bolts the front door and secures the chain across it. They grab a dresser... drag it over the floor and prop it against the adjoining room door, blocking it.

AMY

They'll be coming, David.  
(glancing around)  
Where do we go now?

David searches the room. He hurries into the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David goes to the window... turns the handle. The window cranks open... pushes the rusty nail over, and swings open.

DAVID

Here.

Amy enters... climbs up onto the commode to slide out. But the window's too small... no way to fit.

AMY

I can't. There's no way.

DAVID

Just keep trying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

I'd barely get halfway out. You  
wouldn't even come close.

David kicks up the bathroom rug, looking for another secret  
exit... nothing.

DAVID

Shit.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David and Amy hurry back into the room. David peeks out the  
edge of the window.

DAVID

I don't see them.

AMY

They're out there.

DAVID

Maybe around the back... or  
underneath us. If I could make it  
to the office. He kept his gun  
there.

AMY

And he killed those people with it.  
What are the odds he put it back?

DAVID

Better than they are of them not  
finding us if we just wait here.

Then David glances up... notices something. The ceiling is  
made of foam tiles. He grabs a chair... climbs up and pushes  
one of the tiles away.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

David's head pokes up through the ceiling... scans the area.

DAVID

This could work.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David drops back down.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AMY

What?

David tears a shred off of Amy's shirt.

AMY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

David goes into the bathroom.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David rushes to the window... jams the piece of material over a sliver of splintered wood. The cloth hangs there... blows in the breeze.

DAVID

Leaving them a trail.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David hurries back to the chair, motions Amy up.

DAVID

They'll think you made it out the window. They won't look up there.

AMY

What about you?

DAVID

I'll get to the office. To that asshole's gun.

AMY

It's not going to be there.

DAVID

Something will be there. Something I can use.

AMY

No. You said you wouldn't leave me again.

DAVID

It's just for a minute. Swear to God.

Amy doesn't like this a bit, but she steps up onto the chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

You just have to stay real quiet up there, Amy.

Amy nods... pulls herself upward. David takes her legs and shoves her up into the hole.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Amy rises into the attic... crawls over the wooden joists.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Amy looks down from the hole.

DAVID

Now pull the tile back over.

AMY

I don't want to do this, David.

DAVID

We have to. It's our only shot.

Amy starts pulling the tile back over the hole.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And you have to be quiet, baby. I mean not a sound. No matter what happens, you can't make a sound.

Amy nods... looks like she's about to cry.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're going to make it out of here.

AMY

Promise?

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

David's face stares up through the sliver of space at Amy.

DAVID

Promise.

David motions for Amy to pull the tile across. As she does, David disappears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Remember. Not a sound. Don't even  
move.

Amy peers down through the cracks between the tiles... she  
can see slivers of movement... David pushing the chair back  
across the room.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David shoves the chair back under the desk... hears O.S.  
RUSTLING from beyond the adjoining wall.

DAVID

They're coming, Amy. I have to go.

AMY (O.S.)

David?

DAVID

They won't know you're up there.  
Stay quiet and they'll never know.

David starts toward the door... stops and glances back to the  
ceiling.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I love you.

And then David pulls the chain... opens the front door... and  
comes FACE TO FACE WITH KILLER TWO.

Before David can react, Killer Two draws his knife back...  
swings an uppercut with it.

TIGHT ON DAVID'S FACE...

...as he GASPS... his eyes go wide.

Killer Two shoves him back into the room... steps in after  
him.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Amy stares down through the crack... sees David standing just  
below her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wants to scream... instead throws a hand over her mouth to silence a cry.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Killer Two moves close to David... nose to nose... raises his knife again.

CUT TO:

AMY'S HORRIFIED FACE...

...as we hear DAVID'S AGONIZING MOAN.

Through the cracks, Amy sees David crumble to his knees.

Amy swallows a scream... watches with tear-filled eyes.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David GASPS... starts crawling out of the room. Killer Two watches the pathetic attempt at escape.

David struggles every inch... drags himself toward the open door.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

David crawls out the door. He looks up.

CUT TO:

DAVID'S POV...

...on a smiling Mason standing over David, holding a VIDEO CAMERA to his eye.

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH MASON'S CAMERA...

...grainy and trembling... zoomed in on David's face staring up at the camera... the life slipping away, until he finally slides to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason lowers the camera... nods to the Killers in the doorway.

MASON  
Let's get her out here and do this.

Mason walks into the room.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Mason and the Killers scan the room... see the CLOTH FLAPPING IN THE WINDOW.

MASON  
Find her.

Killer One and Killer Two rush out of the room.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Amy sees Mason standing just below her. She's trembling so much that she can barely support herself.

Finally, Mason walks out. Amy eases back over the joists... leans against the wall, pulling her knees up tightly to her chest. Tears pour down her face... she's all alone.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - DAWN

The sky is just beginning to brighten. The motel grounds are empty and quiet.

INT. ATTIC - DAWN

The early morning sun slips through the attic slats. Amy crawls along the joists... peers through the ceiling tile cracks... no sign of anyone.

Amy inches one of the tiles over... strains to get an angle on the room.

CUT TO:

AMY'S POV...

...on the empty room... at least what she can see of it.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM ONE - DAWN

The ceiling tile inches to the side. Amy appears... climbs down... hangs from the ceiling, scanning the room before she drops to the floor.

Amy lands as softly as she can... stays crouched on the floor, waiting for someone to come charging after her. But no one appears.

Amy looks out the open front door... sees David's body still lying on the ground. Amy begins to convulse, as she fights the tears.

She starts toward him.

CUT TO:

POV FROM DAVID'S BODY...

...on Amy moving toward us. And then KILLER TWO STEPS OUT OF THE BATHROOM DOOR BEHIND AMY.

Amy has no idea he's there. She keeps moving to David.

And Killer Two keeps walking after her... PULLS THE KNIFE FROM HIS BELT.

ANGLE ON AMY'S FACE...

...hearing the movement behind her.

She spins... sees Killer Two approaching.

AMY

NO!

Amy takes off out the door.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Amy races past David's body. She sees the BMW sitting tucked around the corner of the building.

Amy charges toward it... throws open the door and leaps inside.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Amy slams the door closed behind her... locks it. Reaches to the ignition, and THERE'S A HOMEMADE KEY... A JAGGED SLIVER OF METAL... JAMMED INTO IT. Amy turns the piece of metal... the engine TRIES TO CRANK...

AMY

Please...

...then ROARS TO LIFE. She throws it into gear... the car lurches forward. Amy spins the wheel... aims for the road...

...just as KILLER TWO'S FIST COMES SMASHING THROUGH HER WINDOW.

Amy SCREAMS... tries to fight him off, but he's hanging on... CRAWLING IN THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW ONTO AMY.

She steps on the gas... the BMW PICKS UP SPEED.

As they struggle, the steering wheel is JERKED SIDEWAYS... the car takes a hard turn toward the MOTEL ROOMS.

Killer Two's upper body is inside the window. He's clawing at Amy... choking her. And Amy's forgotten all about steering this car... she's just trying to escape...

...doesn't even see the Motel Room doorway approaching fast... or KILLER ONE RUSHING OUT OF THE DOORWAY TO SEE THE COMMOTION...

...and finding THE GRILL OF THE BMW RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM.

Killer One has no time to react before the car PLOWS INTO THE DOORWAY... SLAMS INTO HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Concrete, plaster and wood erupt, as the front end of the BMW crashes in, TEARING OUT THE FRONT WALL OF THE ROOM.

And Killer One is pinned against the grill, as the BMW thrusts him backward.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

The car slams into the back wall, vaulting KILLER TWO OUT THE WINDOW. He sails forward, disappearing in the cloud of dust and debris.

The force throws Amy up into the windshield. The glass splinters around her. The jolt knocks the breath from her lungs.

She rolls back down to the seat... tries to catch her breath... shake the dizziness away. Then she raises up...

...and there's KILLER ONE PEERING OVER THE FRONT END OF THE BMW AT HER.

Amy starts to scream... but then sees his body's frozen... his face is lifeless. He's pinned between the car and the wall... crushed.

Amy glances around for Killer Two... she can't see him.

She turns the handmade key to restart the engine... it only CLICKS. She pounds her foot on the pedal... turns the key again... MORE CLICKS.

Amy throws a nervous glance around, then opens her door... climbs out...

...and here comes KILLER TWO RISING OUT OF THE RUBBLE... still GRIPPING HIS KNIFE.

Amy scrambles back... trips among the debris.

Killer Two keeps coming... slowly raising the knife. But then instead of swinging it down, the KNIFE SLIPS FROM HIS HAND... tumbles to the floor.

And then we see why... the THICK SHARD OF WOOD jutting out of his stomach. Blood seeps out around it. He falls to his knees... makes one last grab for Amy, then collapses dead beside her.

MASON (O.S.)

NO!

Amy looks down the open partition door... to Mason racing through the rooms toward her.

Amy crawls over the wreckage... takes off out of the room.



EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Amy sprints across the gravel lot... reaches the PICKUP TRUCK. She looks inside... NO KEYS.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL/ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason runs into the room... sees the bodies of Killer One and Killer Two. Tears fill his eyes.

MASON

Oh, Jesus. No.

He bends down over Killer Two.

MASON (CONT'D)

What did she do?

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amy races inside, locking the door behind her... peers out through the window for some sign of Mason. He isn't out there.

She hurries behind the counter... frantically searches the shelves for a gun... a weapon... keys... anything.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY MONITORS...

...Amy's onscreen, searching the office... finding nothing. She runs into the back room.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The television screen is filled with STATIC. Amy hurries through the mess... sinks to her knees beneath the large window... scans the area for Mason. He isn't there.

She turns... shoves a dresser over onto the trap door, blocking it. She grabs the phone... starts to dial, then stops... taps the buttons... follows the cord along the floor... to the SHREDDED END OF THE CORD.

She grabs it... tries to shove it back into the wall jack.

As she fights with it, we pan up to the VIDEO MONITORS... and the image of Mason WALKING OUT OF THE MOTEL ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He strides out of frame... disappears... appears again in another monitor... closer... then vanishes again.

We pan back to Amy, and she's too busy working on the phone to have seen him. But the cord is broken... useless. She throws another glance back out the window... nothing.

And then the O.S. JINGLE OF THE OFFICE DOOR OPENING.

Amy freezes... grabs a VIDEO CAMERA TRIPOD, moves to the doorway... peeks around the edge.

The OFFICE DOOR IS CRACKED OPEN. The breeze sways it back and forth, RINGING THE BELL. Amy readies the tripod in her hand... eases through the doorway.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amy moves toward the door. Her eyes dance around, just waiting for Mason to spring upon her.

But Mason doesn't show... and Amy's getting closer to the door, until she sprints the final steps... slams the door shut, bolting it.

She spins... hurries back around the counter... through the doorway.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy rushes back into the room... moves to the window to look outside.

And that's when the RUSTY TRASH CAN COMES FLYING THROUGH THE WINDOW, shattering the glass and knocking Amy back to the floor. The tripod flies from her hand... slides away.

Mason leaps through the broken window. Amy reaches for the tripod, but Mason kicks her, sending her sprawling.

Amy crawls for the door, but Mason kicks it closed and grabs Amy by the hair... snaps her head back so she can get a good look at him.

MASON

You shoulda let my brothers kill  
you last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason SLAMS HIS HEAD AGAINST AMY'S... BAM... knocks her back to the floor. She sits on the dirty shag carpet, dazed.

CUT TO:

AMY'S BLURRED POV...

...on Mason grabbing a VIDEO CAMERA from the table... plugging in some electrical equipment.

MASON

'Cause we're gonna need at least two batteries to get everything I'm gonna do to you.

Mason raises the video camera to his eye... the light on the front FLASHES RED.

CUT TO:

MASON'S POV THROUGH THE CAMERA...

...on Amy staring half-conscious back at us. She can't say anything.

The barrel of Mason's gun rises to the edge of the frame... aims right at Amy.

MASON (V.O.)

Now tell me your name.

A beat, as Amy gathers her thoughts, then...

AMY

Amy... Amy Fox.

MASON (V.O.)

Hello, Amy. You've done a lotta bad things here tonight, haven't you?

Amy doesn't answer. We see Mason's thumb COCK THE HAMMER OF THE GUN... CLICK.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Haven't you, Amy?

Amy finally nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yes you have. But now you're gonna  
try and make up for all that,  
aren't you?

Amy nods again.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Trouble is, Amy, your clothes are  
all bloody. Don't you wanna look  
nice for everyone?

Amy doesn't answer.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take off your shirt, Amy.

Amy shakes her head.

AMY

No.

Mason waves the gun again.

MASON (V.O.)

That's the last time you say no to  
me.

Amy's still so dazed... finally reaches for her buttons...  
just nudges them... can't make her fingers work.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You can do it.

But Amy can't. She's trying, but her fingers just won't  
cooperate.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shit.

Our POV drops to the floor, as Mason lowers the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

Mason goes to Amy, reaches out to unbutton her shirt himself.  
And Amy's too out of it to even try to stop him. Mason gives  
her face a light smack.

MASON (CONT'D)

Now don't you pass out on me. I  
want you to know every little thing  
I'm doin' to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amy's heavy arms just hang beside her, as Mason pops open the first button.

And that's when we realize Amy isn't as dazed as Mason and the rest of us thought she was. Her hand moves quickly... grabs the tripod and SLAMS IT AGAINST MASON'S HEAD.

Mason stumbles back to the couch. Amy leaps to her feet, charges to the door, throwing it open.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amy runs through the doorway... starts around the counter, but that's as far as she gets before Mason springs from the back room, tackling Amy against the counter.

Mason grabs Amy by the hair... slams her head onto the counter over and over, RINGING THE BELL AT THE JACK-A-LOPE'S FEET AGAIN AND AGAIN.

He turns her around to press his gun against her head. As Amy spins, her hand finds the Jack-A-Lope... she swings it, DRIVING THE ANTLERS INTO MASON'S SHOULDER. Mason GASPS... loses his grip on the gun... it tumbles across the counter to the floor.

Amy crawls over the counter... hits the floor and scrambles for the gun.

Mason pulls the Jack-A-Lope out of his shoulder... charges around the counter and tackles Amy as she reaches the gun... it slides across the floor.

They wrestle on the floor, trading blows... using lamps, chairs, books... anything they can get their hands on... each gaining, then losing control... almost getting their hand on the gun before the other knocks them away.

ANGLE ON THE VIDEO MONITORS...

...displaying various angles of this bloody, welterweight fight to the death.

BACK TO SCENE

And Mason is on top of Amy, his sweaty hands clamped around her throat... strangling the life out of her... all thoughts of torture and pleasure long gone.

As Amy GASPS her final breaths, she reaches up... tears down Mason's cheek with her fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason CRIES OUT IN PAIN, and that gives Amy a moment to squirm free... to start crawling for the gun.

Mason dives after her... grabs her ankle, jerking her back toward him.

But Amy got her fingers on the gun... rolls onto her back... BOOM... BOOM... BOOM... BOOM.

She empties the gun into Mason... knocking him back with each blast, until he hits the wall... slides down to the floor.

He stares at Amy, the life blinking from his eyes.

Amy stares back... exhausted... almost dead herself.

ANGLE ON THE VIDEO MONITORS BEHIND THE COUNTER...

...and different angles of Amy and Mason on each screen... watching each other. Mason's body twitching... jerking.

Amy stands up and walks out of frame. We hear the BELL ABOVE THE OFFICE DOOR JINGLE. And we hold on our various perspectives of the Mason... his body finally falling still.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - MORNING

Amy limps across the gravel parking lot toward David's fallen body. She reaches him... falls to her knees... begins crying. She slumps over... lays across David, holding him.

ANGLE ON AMY'S ANKLE...

...as a HAND GRABS IT.

Amy SCREAMS... shoots up... and sees that it's DAVID'S HAND HOLDING HER LEG. His mouth opens... tries to speak... can't. But it doesn't matter, because HE'S ALIVE.

AMY

Oh, God. David. David, can you hear me?

She rolls him onto his back. David gurgles... coughs blood down over his lips. Amy doesn't care... she kisses him... runs her hands along his face.

AMY (CONT'D)

I've got you, baby. I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy looks around in a panic... her eyes settle on Mason's PICKUP TRUCK.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back, David.

Amy jumps up... sprints toward the office.

INT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL OFFICE - MORNING

Amy charges inside... runs to Mason's body and crouches over it. She pulls at him... tries to get to his pockets... and we're waiting for Mason to spring to life... to grab her with that hand of his that's flopped beside them.

She runs her hands over his clothes... to his pants... his pockets... digging inside, then pulling out his TRUCK KEYS.

And Mason never flinches.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - MORNING

Amy runs outside... jumps into the pickup truck. The engine starts.

She steers it to David... skids to a stop beside him and leaps out. She starts to lift him. David MOANS IN PAIN.

AMY  
We have to go, David. I'm going to take you to a doctor.

Amy grabs David's hands and pulls him to the truck. She eases him up into the cab, then climbs in.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Amy rattles the truck into gear, then pulls out. She reaches over and strokes David's head, as he lies slumped in the seat.

AMY  
I love you, David. Can you hear me? I love you too.

EXT. PRAIRIE VIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The pickup truck races away, leaving the Prairie View behind.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The pickup truck speeds along the road.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MORNING

David's breathing is slow... fading. And then Amy sees something ahead of her... the FLASHING LIGHTS OF A SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR AND AMBULANCE racing toward them.

Amy jerks the wheel of the truck, sliding to a stop in the middle of the road. She leaps out.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Amy frantically waves her arms at the oncoming vehicles. They slow to a stop. COPS and PARAMEDICS hurry toward her.

Amy rushes back around the truck to David. She opens the door... strokes his face.

AMY

Everything's good now. You were right, David. We're going to be okay.

Then we pull away... up into the sky... looking down on Amy and David, as the cops and paramedics reach them.

DISSOLVE TO:

THAT HAND-HELD POV WE BEGAN WITH...

...only the scene is different... the sun is sinking into the horizon... all but the most dedicated reporters are gone. A few COPS and PARAMEDICS still walk about.

We pan across the remains of the Prairie View... the bulldozer shut down, resting beside the empty, mass grave behind the motel... to a SIDE SHOT of a FEMALE REPORTER and CAMERAMAN completing a report.

FEMALE REPORTER

Authorities will continue the digging early tomorrow.

We glide off the Female Reporter... past the WRECKED BMW... over an EXHAUSTED BLOODHOUND sleeping...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And we've been told the police have gone to McKinley County Hospital to question a couple found earlier today. Supposedly, they match the descriptions of victims seen on one of those infamous video tapes.

...to the Prairie View Motel Office... the front window shattered.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hopefully, they'll be able to fill in some blanks for the authorities, regarding the horrible atrocities that occurred here.

We hold on the RUSTY VACANCY SIGN hanging on the wall.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

As for the immediate future, local authorities will be removing the vacancy sign that until today hung here outside the Prairie View Motel. This is Nina Juarez reporting live for Channel 9 News.

FADE OUT.

THE END