

Hate Night

by

VJ Boyd & Justin Boyd

6105 Drexel
Los Angeles, CA 90036
213-458-4968

boyd.vj@gmail.com
boyd.justin@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A small upstairs bedroom. CASSIE, 17, cute but no fashionista, looks out her window at a DREARY, DRIZZLING day, HUMS intermittently to whatever's on her iPod.

She cranes her neck to see further down the road below.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Cassie, purse slung over her shoulder now, opens the door to leave.

DAD (O.S.)

Who?

CASSIE

Nobody...kids from school.

DAD (O.S.)

Where are you -- where are you going to be?

CASSIE

Just all over, around here, nowhere important.

Cassie swings the door open and closed with impatience. There's an OLD CAR running out on the street.

The car HONKS.

DAD (O.S.)

Do they have to honk like that?

INT. OLD CAR - DAY

Cassie in the back seat, STACY in the front and JP driving.

Stacy's 17, hot, clearly a few levels of sophistication above Cassie. JP's 20, pale, tall and skinny, looks like one of the Columbine shooters.

STACY

You like to bowl?

CASSIE

Sure, yeah, my Mom and... Well yeah, I've bowled.

STACY
Maybe you can teach us.

JP
We're not gonna fuckin' bowl.

STACY
This is my boyfriend, JP.

CASSIE
Hi.

STACY
There's this bowling alley where they'll serve anyone beer.

CASSIE
Oh yeah, Lester's.
(off JP's scowl)
Right?

JP
(to Cassie)
You look like a fuckin' virgin.
You afraid to show a little tit?

Stacy LAUGHS a little, lights a cigarette.

STACY
Don't be an ass, baby.
(to Cassie)
Yeah, it's Lester's. I guess it's
no big secret.

Stacy hands Cassie a cigarette. Cassie tries to smile, tries to act like Stacy, but she can't help stealing a worried glance at JP

INT. LESTER'S BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

If a bowling alley can double as a dive, this is it. Lanes in disrepair, some of them missing pins. Nearly everybody's over at the pool tables or the undersized bar, instead.

JP, Stacy, and Cassie stand around a pool table nursing beers. JP downs his fast and pours another. Picks at what's left of the felt on the table and rips it off in strips.

JP
(to Cassie)
You afraid of beer? Or you need
something stronger?

CASSIE

I'm okay.

JP

Quit being such a fucking virgin.
You might need something stronger.
Get you ready for later.

JP smirks. Stacy LAUGHS.

STACY

You want her to zonk out before
showtime?

CASSIE

What's later?

STACY

I told you we're gonna have a good
time, right? I mean crazy, you
know?

CASSIE

Awesome.
(a beat)
Doing what?

Stacy just smiles.

Another HIGH SCHOOL GIRL passes a couple of tables away, JP notices her and gets a sadistic grin on his face.

JP

(too loud)
Hey Carla how's your anus? How's
it feel? How's it doing? How's
your anus doing?

Stacy LAUGHS again.

STACY

(to Cassie)
JP loves anal.

CASSIE

Is that girl -- she was before you
I guess?

STACY

Fuck no, that was like, last
weekend. I got to watch.
(a beat)
JP does whatever the fuck he wants.
Whenever the fuck he wants to.

She says it like it makes her wet.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY LADIES ROOM - LATER

A nasty place. Cassie looks at herself in the mirror. This isn't quite what she'd imagined. Maybe it's time to go home. She stalls, fiddles with some makeup.

The door opens and THREE GIRLS come in. PAULA, PAMELA, and SANDRA, all 17, all cheerleaders, all bitches.

SANDRA

Uh oh.

Paula and Pamela GIGGLE. Cassie knows she shouldn't say anything, holds it in for a moment but --

CASSIE

What?

SANDRA

Oh nothing.

CASSIE

Just leave me alone.

SANDRA

Why? Because of your cool new friends?

CASSIE

Stacy is cool. You wanted to hang out with her all last year! I heard you say so!

SANDRA

Really? Maybe you should add hearing loss to your list of defects.

Paula and Pamela LAUGH again.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I did have a question for you.

(a beat)

Does your mom get raped a lot in prison? Or is she the one doing the raping?

A cold silence, Sandra stares Cassie down. Cassie tries to leave, but Sandra and her crew are in the way.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Can I get her address in prison?
My little brother's fifteen, and
he'd love a real sexy pen pal. Or
is fifteen too old for her?

CASSIE

Let me by.

SANDRA

You know, I'll bet I can guess what
the worst part of all this is.
Those boys weren't just fourteen,
they were ugly as shit.
(off Paula and Pamela's
laughter, egging her on)
If my mom went down on a couple of
crater-faces like that I think I'd
probably kill myself.

Cassie tries to squeeze her way past Sandra, but Pamela
SHOVES her backwards, sends her purse flying out of her hand,
the contents sprawled all over the filthy tile.

Cassie starts putting things back into her purse, there are
tears forming in her eyes, now.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

But I guess having butt sex with
Stacy's creepy boyfriend is close
enough, right? Maybe you can turn
into just as much of a slut-whore
as your mom. Oh wait, that's
impossible.

Cassie's standing, now. She's kept the tears from coming,
and she just stands there waiting for the next blow.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You can leave, now.

Sandra, Paula, and Pamela part just enough for Cassie to get
out the door.

INT. LESTER'S BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Stacy and JP at that same pool table along with another guy,
RAZOR. 21, nice hair, good-looking and charismatic, Razor's
a far cry from JP.

RAZOR

(sotto)

I pretty much built the fuckin' place.

JP

But you brought the --

RAZOR

Yeah I brought the blueprints, I planned this fuckin' thing, you asshole.

Razor smiles at Cassie as she approaches.

STACY

Cass this is Razor.

Cassie nods to him, still shaken from her ladies room experience.

STACY (CONT'D)

What took you so long?

JP

Lubin' up that ass?

RAZOR

Shut up, JP.

That gets Cassie's attention. She looks up at Razor in an unspoken "thanks."

There's a tense look between Razor and JP, but JP shuts up.

INT. OLD CAR - NIGHT

Rumbling down a wooded rural road, not another car in sight. JP and Stacy are still up front. Razor is in the back seat with Cassie.

CASSIE

Where'd you get the name Razor?

RAZOR

You ever heard the phrase "razor sharp wit?" They got the idea for that from my name.

Razor smirks at his own corny line and Cassie rolls her eyes in a flirtatious way.

CASSIE
Riiiiight, of course.

JP
(to Razor)
Don't we need to go get Hogan?

RAZOR
He's not gonna make it.

JP
What?!

RAZOR
(shrugs)
His grandma's birthday. What're
you gonna do?

JP
Fucker couldn't skip it for this?

RAZOR
Hey man it's his grandma. Could be
her last birthday, right?

STACY
That sucks so hardcore.

CASSIE
Why? Who's Hogan?

RAZOR
Friend of mine.

JP
Which way, Raze?

They've come to a fork in the road.

RAZOR
(still smiling at Cassie)
Left. Up the hill.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Stacy grips the trunk of an oak, a strained look on her face.
Her entire body rattles as JP fucks her in the ass from
behind.

TWENTY YARDS AWAY

Razor and Cassie lean against the car and look at the stars.
JP and Stacy's GRUNTS resonate even here.

RAZOR

Used to be, when I was like, eight
I guess, you could see all of 'em
from out here. Then they built
those big houses -- monstrosities.

Razor indicates a GLOW emanating from a hillside on the other side of the woods.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Big houses for rich pricks.

CASSIE

You can still see more than from my
house.

RAZOR

Fuckin' assholes. Fuckin' rich
prick assholes. I do drywall work
sometimes, you know? I built their
fuckin' houses.

A lot of anger, here. Razor's jaw tightens. And then just as quickly the anger's gone and that cocky smile is back. He lights a cigarette.

CASSIE

Yeah.

(off Razor's silence)

So... Why are we going up there,
then?

Razor moves over closer to Cassie.

RAZOR

You like to have fun, right?

CASSIE

What is it, like, a party?

A beat.

RAZOR

Not really.

JP and Stacy are done, now. JP comes over and lights a cigarette. Stacy's pulling on her clothes over by the tree.

JP

(impatient)

Where is he?!

RAZOR
 He'll be here. We were early.
 (then)
 See?

HEADLIGHTS as a little pickup truck pulls off the road and up next to them. The window rolls down revealing PERCY, 28, grungy, dressed for work as a SECURITY GUARD.

PERCY
 What up, bro?

He fist bumps Razor through the open window.

RAZOR
 Nothin' much.

PERCY
 Hey, JP.

JP gives him a sullen nod.

RAZOR
 You got the gate codes?

PERCY
 Hell yeah I got the codes. You got the stuff?

Razor pulls a bag of weed out of his pocket and dangles it in front of Percy.

Percy nods and grins. He looks like an unshaven hippo.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 Yeaaaaah.

Percy notices Cassie.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 (to Razor)
 That one's yours, huh?

RAZOR
 This is Cassie. Cass this is Percy. He works security for those rich pricks up on the hill.

CASSIE
 Hi.

PERCY
 I recognize you from around town.

CASSIE

(meek)

You're probably thinking of someone else.

PERCY

Nah. Nah, wait! I know who you are! Your mom's that teacher, right?

Percy LAUGHS. More of a series of grunts than a laugh.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Yeaaaaah, that's who you are.

(to Razor)

Niiiiice.

Razor sees Cassie turn away. Hands Percy the weed, annoyed:

RAZOR

Hey let's do this, man, time's wasting, right?

PERCY

(eyes still on Cassie)

Sure, yeah.

Percy pulls a slip of paper out of his glove compartment and hands it to Razor.

Just as Razor reaches for it Percy snatches it back.

PERCY (CONT'D)

But you gotta stay outta sight, okay?

RAZOR

Hey man, I already told you, we just want to take our girls up to the lookout, show 'em a good time.

PERCY

Yeah, you told me.

(indicates JP)

But I don't trust that guy!

JP gives Percy the finger, lights another cigarette.

RAZOR

Trust me, man.

Percy holds out the paper and this time lets Razor take it.

PERCY

The lookout. That's it. Get your rocks off. But don't be knockin' down any mailboxes or nothin'. I don't need to be gettin' fired, I got bills.

RAZOR

Don't worry man.
(holds up his hand as if
swearing an oath)
No mailboxes.

But there's a sly smile on Razor's face. Cassie turns back just in time to see it. She grimaces.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

An ENORMOUS GATE at the bottom of the hill. The entire hill appears to be fenced in. The old car is stopped just outside the gate, and JP leans out the driver's side window punching in the code from Percy's note.

INT. OLD CAR - SAME

As he completes the code:

JP

This better work.

STACY

We could climb the fence.

JP

And walk a mile up the hill? Don't be a fuckin' moron.

They watch the gate as with a JOLT it begins to open.

Razor fist-pumps. Looks back at Cassie and smiles. She can't help but smile back, but when he looks away there's that apprehension on her face again.

EXT. OLD CAR - SAME

The car pulls in and the gate shuts behind them as it makes its way up the hill towards that glow of houses in the distance.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

An empty stretch on a winding gravel drive. The car's pulled over on the side of the road and JP is at the top of a TELEPHONE POLE screwing around with one of the wires with a pair of pliers.

Razor stands lookout below.

JP
I'm just gonna cut 'em all.

RAZOR
Don't cut them all.

JP
I know, I know!

JP looks close at the wires. It's dark and hard to tell them apart.

RAZOR
A-forty-seven, that's the one you cut.

JP
I know I can't fuckin' -- okay I see it.

INT. OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stacy and Cassie in the back seat. Stacy reveals a bag of weed.

STACY
For later. To celebrate. You've smoked weed before, right? JP's not gonna have to call you a weed-virgin?

Stacy CHUCKLES.

CASSIE
Yeah. Sure.
(a beat)
Are they cutting the electricity or...?

STACY
Just the phones.

Cassie looks concerned.

STACY (CONT'D)
Just to one house.

CASSIE
Like for a joke?

STACY
You'll see. It's gonna be great.
(then)
So, you like Razor, huh?

Cassie smiles.

STACY (CONT'D)
You know why they call him Razor,
right?

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JP and Razor next to the telephone pole. JP just got down.

JP
Your girl is a fucking little
virgin sweet tart.

RAZOR
What do you care?

JP
What do you care?

They walk over to the car, open the TRUNK to throw the pliers
in.

RAZOR
You worry about yourself, man.

JP
If I'm all we got to worry about
then we ain't got no worries,
boyfriend. Rich pricks, right?
Let's fuck 'em in the ass.

Inside the trunk are a toolbox, a bunch of Halloween
costumes, tools, and a NAIL GUN.

INT. OLD CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Following the twisty road up the hill.

Stacy puts FACE-PAINT on Cassie -- painting her up to look
like a clown.

Stacy's already made up to look like some kind of evil cat. They're LAUGHING, having a good time. JP's got DEATH METAL blaring on the radio.

RAZOR

You two suck at this.

Razor turns around from the front seat so they can see his face. He's painted up to look like a horrible demon with bleeding eyes.

CASSIE

A lot of people are scared of clowns.

RAZOR

(to Stacy)

What's your excuse?

STACY

JP likes cats. Right, baby?

JP looks back from driving long enough to show off his BLOOD-RED CONTACT LENSES and a face haphazardly smeared with face paint.

JP

Tomcats have barbs on their dicks.

STACY

For real. Probably hurts like hell.

Stacy stops working on Cassie's face and looks out the window. Fidgets with the face paint on her fingers.

STACY (CONT'D)

(to the guys)

You nervous?

JP

Fuck nervous. What the fuck are you talking about? Nervous? What am I a fag?

But he is nervous. The tone of his voice gives it away.

STACY

Fuck you, it's a big night and I don't want to screw it up. And I don't need you ruining it!

JP
 (interrupting)
 Blah blah blah blah.

Razor punches JP in the arm. Playfully, but kind of hard at the same time.

JP (CONT'D)
 Hey! Fucker, I'm driving.

Razor makes eye contact with JP, nods purposefully. It's a "get psyched" look.

RAZOR
 We're doing this thing.

JP returns the nod, smiles a little.

JP
 Yeah. Yeeeeeeeah.

Razor turns around and winks at Stacy, who brightens and gets back to work on Cassie's face paint.

CASSIE
 (sotto, to Stacy)
 What are we supposed to be nervous about?

A beat of silence as Stacy ignores the question.

STACY
 Look up to the left, I need to get that spot on your cheek.

Cassie obeys.

EXT. WOODED GRAVEL DRIVE - NIGHT - LATER

The old car, headlights off, creeps up the gravel drive leading into the hillside housing development. No houses in sight, yet, just the GLOW of their lights.

INT. OLD CAR - SAME

The group is all quiet, Razor craning his neck to see further up the drive. They near the top of a hill, and a CHIMNEY appears above the trees about a hundred yards away.

RAZOR
 We're gold.

He and JP smile at each other. In the back, Stacy's bouncing up and down on the seat with anticipation, trying to contain her squeals of delight. Cassie just looks confused... And worried.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
The path is right... There.

EXT. WOODED GRAVEL DRIVE - SAME

The old car turns onto a hidden path and off into the woods.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

The old car comes to a stop and the crew piles out.

STACY
(to Razor)
So that's the house?

RAZOR
That's it.

Razor unfolds a set of blueprints, lays it out on the hood and JP illuminates it with a flashlight.

CASSIE
Are those for that house up there?

STACY
Yeah, Razor's got the whole thing planned out.

RAZOR
Hell yeah, I do.

CASSIE
Who lives there?

RAZOR
Couple of rich pricks.

EXT. VACATION HOME - NIGHT

The edge of the woods outside this HILLSIDE ESTATE. The LIGHTS from other nearby homes GLOW dim in the distance, the houses in this neighborhood are VERY SECLUDED, a good quarter-mile away from each other at best.

PERCY, on his security guard golf-cart, passes in front of the home along the path that encircles the neighborhood.

He pauses a moment to look around, then takes a puff off a joint and continues on by.

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt, 42, chiseled and WASPY, and his wife GAIL, 40, in every way Kurt's female equivalent, lounge on sofas in bathrobes.

Kurt eats some slices of fruit from a tray while Gail reads a magazine.

KURT
I'm just saying she annoyed me.

GAIL
How? How did she annoy you?

KURT
Listen. I don't want to -- I don't want to fight.

GAIL
(eyes still on the magazine)
Then don't.

It's all so civilized. So muted.

Kurt stares a moment, gets up and goes into the kitchen.

Gail looks up to watch him go, then back at the magazine, but she's just staring at it, not really reading it.

There's a WINDOW just behind the sofa Gail's sitting on. A SOUND from outside. Soft but noticeable.

Gail glances out the window. Stares outside at the darkness. Nothing. She looks back at the magazine in her lap. At the kitchen door. She can hear Kurt RUMMAGING around in there.

GAIL (CONT'D)
What're you looking for?

KURT (O.S.)
I'll find it, I'm fine.

Gail rolls her eyes. Looks back at the window. She could've sworn there really was a sound out there earlier. She looks hard. Moves a little closer to the glass. Is there something out there in the woods?

No, nothing. Must've been her imagination. She goes back to her magazine.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kurt has a jug of milk out on the counter. He opens a cabinet and plastic cups come spilling out -- they'd been packed in too tightly. He catches most of the cups and shoots a disapproving glare in the direction of the living room.

As he leans over to pick up the cup, there's MOTION outside the kitchen window. Like someone or something just passed by.

Kurt raises back up, GRUMBLING under his breath. He puts the cups away, leaving one on the counter for the milk. Looks at it. Drinks straight from the jug instead.

A NOISE form elsewhere in the house. He sets the jug down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt comes out into the living room.

KURT
Did you hear that?

Gail SIGHS.

KURT (CONT'D)
I said --

GAIL
So some cups fell out, it happens.

KURT
Not that. Did you hear something else?

GAIL
No.

Kurt stops and listens. Gail doesn't care.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt walking down a dark hallway, checking the house. He stops at a stairwell and looks up. Goes down the hall instead and peeks in a few rooms. The place is huge with a labyrinthine floor-plan.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gail looks up from her magazine again. She can hear ECHOES in the house from Kurt checking the rooms. She shakes her head.

But as she turns back to her magazine she sees something out the window, out of the corner of her eye.

Gail looks back out in the woods. The same spot she thought she saw something before. There's something outside, isn't there?

There is. Something. A FIGURE. Barely visible in the moonlight. At the edge of the woods in some kind of a CLOAK.

Gail leans even closer to the window, squints to see the figure better, when --

A FACE!

There at the window, rising out of nowhere. It's JP's face, right next to the glass, the face paint and contacts making for a horrific sight.

Gail SCREAMS and leaps back off the couch, upsetting the coffee table and sending its contents flying.

Kurt rushes in.

KURT

What?! What's going on?!

Gail points up at the window. NOTHING THERE now.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Not so deep that they can't see the house, but deep enough so Kurt and Gail can't see them.

Stacy, now in a DRUIDIC CLOAK, runs up to Cassie, who's just standing there staring at the house.

STACY

Holy shit. Holy fucking shit what a fucking rush! Fuck yeah.

Razor's closer to the edge of the woods.

RAZOR

(to Stacy)

Shhhh!

He turns back to watch the house. JP goes over to him. He's all business, like this is the boring part or something.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

You take care of their cars?

JP

What do you think?

RAZOR

What'd you do to them?

JP

Enough.

RAZOR

Not too much, right?

JP

Who cares, man?

RAZOR

There's three of us that can drive.
Three cars. I told you about my
buddy with the chop shop --

JP

You trust that nigger?

Razor ignores JP. Looks back at the house.

RAZOR

Let's get ready for the next part.

Stacy and Cassie come up on them. Stacy's still high off that little scare they gave Kurt and Gail.

STACY

You think she pissed her pants?
You think she pissed her pants,
baby?

JP

Shut up, Stacy, get ready for the
next part.

CASSIE

Are we going to get out of here or
what?

JP gives Razor a "this bitch is your problem" look and reaches in a sack, pulls out another CLOAK like the one Stacy's wearing.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(to Razor)

Because I know you don't know those people in there. And that woman was really freaked out. She's probably calling the police.

RAZOR

With what? We cut the phone line.

CASSIE

(duh)

Cell phones?

RAZOR

Look at your phone, Cassie.

CASSIE

What?

RAZOR

Just look at it.

She pulls it from her pocket. "NO SERVICE."

Razor pulls his out and shows her: "NO SERVICE."

RAZOR (CONT'D)

That's why they built this fuckin' neighborhood out here. This is for rich pricks who want to be fuckin' left alone. You can't get a fuckin' signal 'till you're five miles down the road.

(a beat)

You think I didn't think this through?

JP's wearing the cloak, now. He pulls a NAIL GUN out of the sack. Cassie sees it.

CASSIE

Think what through?

JP

(to Cassie)

Go back to the fuckin' car, okay?!

RAZOR

JP, dude --

JP

Just go back to the car because
you're ruining this! You're
fuckin' ruining this you bitch!

Cassie's tearing up, now, looks totally confused.

CASSIE

What am I --? What am I ruining?
I'm sorry.

She looks to Razor for help, but Razor's just looking at the ground.

JP

Just tell her to get the fuck out
of here, Razor, okay?

CASSIE

But --

JP

Why'd we even bring you? You
didn't even put out!

RAZOR

Go do the next part, JP, we've
gotta stay on time.

STACY

(to JP)

Come on, baby. Don't let her ruin
it.

JP shoots Cassie one last dirty look, then he and Stacy leave.

CASSIE

(to Razor)

Thanks.

RAZOR

Whatever.

CASSIE

I'm sorry, okay?! I don't know
what's going on!

RAZOR

Whatever, just stay out of the way.

CASSIE

Razor, come on. What am I supposed to do? I'm not trying to ruin anything!

Razor ignores her. Looks out at the house.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kurt and Gail in the opulent kitchen. Kurt tries to get the cordless phone to work. No luck.

GAIL

Nothing?

Kurt shakes his head.

GAIL (CONT'D)

So, what? This kid - he cut the phone line, right? We're getting robbed.

KURT

Calm down.

GAIL

I'm fine.

A light TAPPING at one of the kitchen windows. A small window above the sink.

Kurt and Gail both look over, but the curtains are shut.

They look at each other.

More light TAPPING. Could be a tree branch. An insect. Could be anything.

Kurt approaches the window. Motions for Gail to turn off the lights. She does so.

GAIL (CONT'D)

He could just be keeping tabs on us. Trying to figure out where we are.

KURT

What difference does it make?

Kurt pulls open the curtains. Nothing.

Kurt gets closer to the window and Gail joins him.

There's a Cloaked Figure at the edge of the woods, like before. It's Stacy.

Another Cloaked Figure comes into view to the left. It's Razor. He's dragging something. A person. Cassie. She's still in street clothes, Razor dragging her limp body by the armpits through the grass, leaving a trail of what looks like BLOOD.

GAIL

What is this?

As Razor drags Cassie closer to the woods, the lights from the house illuminate her enough that we can see it's DEFINITELY BLOOD that's trailing behind her, and there's plenty on her shirt and pants, too. She looks dead. Her face is slumped over so Kurt and Gail can't see the face paint on her.

Just as Razor gets Cassie close to the woods, a PIECE OF PAPER is SLAMMED up against the window from the outside. "U R NEXT" is scrawled on it in blood.

Kurt shuts the curtains and steps back.

KURT

We should leave.

GAIL

This is our house.

KURT

It's just a house.

GAIL

There are things here we cannot replace.

They share a look. She's right.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

JP creeps through the woods to where Razor and Stacy crouch, watching the house.

JP

That was truly spectacular.

RAZOR

Fuckin' A.

Cassie comes up behind them, looking at the mess on her shirt and pants.

CASSIE
This is disgusting. What is this?

JP
It's pig blood.

Cassie looks like she might throw up. Stacy hands her a black cloak.

STACY
Put this on.

RAZOR
(to JP)
You get in the backyard?

JP smiles.

JP
Oh yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lights on, again. Curtains shut.

Gail holds a BUTCHER KNIFE at the ready. Stands alone in the corner.

A NOISE from elsewhere in the house. A door?

Silence.

Gail watches the door to the kitchen. Someone's coming.

It's Kurt. Gail relaxes.

KURT
The cars are both shot.

GAIL
They've been in the garage?
They've been in our house?!

KURT
I think --

There's a KNOCK at the front door. Kurt and Gail look at each other.

Kurt moves to leave the kitchen.

GAIL

What the hell are you doing?

KURT

If they were robbing us, they wouldn't have tried to scare us like that. This is some kids goofing off. I don't think any of this is real.

He moves to leave again. Gail grabs his arm. She hands him the butcher knife.

Another KNOCK at the door and Kurt and Gail share a look of concern before he turns to leave again.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Kurt, stealthy but steady, goes to the front door. Gail stands some distance behind him, at the kitchen door.

Kurt looks out the peephole. NOTHING THERE.

He starts to unlock the door.

GAIL

Kurt --

He HUSHES her with a motion.

Turns the knob. Slowly PULLS THE DOOR OPEN. Peeks out, knife at the ready. Still nothing.

Kurt takes a step out the door, a step towards the front porch steps, looks out at the woods, and there at the edge of the woods is that same CLOAKED FIGURE in hideous face paint, just a dark figure against the treeline. It's Stacy.

KURT

(calling out)

What do you want?

Silence.

And then, as if to answer his question, a RUMBLE from the roof overhanging the porch, and SOMETHING'S ROLLING OFF THE ROOF.

It's a DEAD AND BLEEDING GERMAN SHEPHERD. It swings there on a rope as if it's been lynched.

KURT (CONT'D)
 (startled)
 Mein Gott!

Kurt looks at it, mouth agape.

KURT (CONT'D)
 My god.

He tries to look past it, out to the woods, but the cloaked figure is GONE.

GAIL (O.S.)
 Kurt? Kurt, what's happening?

Gail's coming closer to the front door.

KURT
 Gail no, don't --

But she's already there. She can already see the dog. She puts her hand to her mouth.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cassie behind a tree, really freaked out, now. Stacy joins her.

CASSIE
 That was real. That dog was real.

STACY
 So what?

CASSIE
 You killed their dog.

STACY
 I said so what?

CASSIE
 What did they... Why do they
 deserve this?

Razor comes up.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 Razor, you killed --

STACY
 Razor didn't do shit, I killed that
 fucking mutt. Me and JP.

CASSIE

We scared the shit out of them already. Isn't that enough?

RAZOR

So what?

CASSIE

Stop saying that, this is serious! We killed their dog!

RAZOR

Yeah, well, I had a dog, once. His name was Mickey. I was like ten years old. Had that dog since I was five. I took him for a walk out in Highland Park. Bunch of rich pricks up there, just like these pricks --

STACY

Raze, we gotta --

RAZOR

Shut up, Stacy, I'm fuckin' explaining something to Cassie, here.

(to Cassie)

So my dad told me don't go up there, you don't walk Mickey up there. But I figure, this is a free fuckin' country and I can walk my dog where I fuckin' please.

(a beat, Razor gathers himself)

Mickey didn't do nothin'. I didn't have him on a leash, that's it. He didn't do nothin'. Ran up to some little kid, just wanted to get some attention.

(a beat)

They put Mickey in the pound and put him down before I could even get there. Some old faggot in the neighborhood's like "teach you to stay where you belong." Says that to me while they're throwing my dog in a van like some wild fuckin' animal.

(a beat)

They killed my dog. I killed theirs.

CASSIE

But Razor that wasn't these people.

Razor turns on her furiously.

RAZOR

I got a million stories like that,
Cass! I know what the fuck I'm
doing!

Cassie backs down.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

I've got this whole thing planned
out.

Cassie takes off her cloak and tosses it on the ground.
Starts walking away.

CASSIE

Yeah well I hope you planned on me
walking home.

RAZOR

Cass! Wait!

JP

(to Razor)

I told you she'd be a drag, man.

RAZOR

Cassie!

Cassie's still walking.

JP

We can't let her leave.

He starts to go after her but Razor stops him.

RAZOR

Give me a chance, here.

Razor trots after Cassie.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Wait.

Cassie turns to face him.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

At least give me your number first.

CASSIE
(confused)
What?

RAZOR
You know, your phone number. Your
digits.

CASSIE
You want my number?

RAZOR
Hey, don't make me beg. I mean,
okay, so maybe you need to lighten
up. But that's only strike one,
and you get three.

CASSIE
Oh, so this is all a game?

RAZOR
I get it, you think I went too far.
Did you ever think I might be
trying to impress you?

CASSIE
By killing a dog? By soaking me in
pig blood and dressing me in a
fucking cloak and then yelling at
me? You're disgusting.

She turns back around and starts walking.

Razor glances back at JP and Stacy, who APPLAUD mockingly.
Looking determined, he follows Cassie again. He grabs her
arm and spins her around.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Hey!

Razor reaches his free hand into his pocket and pulls out
a... PEN.

He offers it to Cassie, who reluctantly takes it.

RAZOR
Looks like I might be the one
striking out.

He opens his palm toward her and shrugs.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
But, hey, cut me a little slack,
right?

Their eyes lock. Razor's really sexy.

Cassie's resolve is weakening.

Cassie glances over her shoulder, back toward the road, back to the same old bullshit life.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

You can't fuckin' walk home. It's not safe. And it's like twenty miles.

CASSIE

Why can't you just take me home, now?

RAZOR

I already told you, Cass. This is something I gotta do. I gotta show these motherfuckers. I gotta show them they aren't as fucking high and mighty as they think they are.

CASSIE

...All right.

RAZOR

Can you put the cloak back on, too?

Cassie hesitates.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

(sotto)

JP'll have a fit...

Cassie takes one look at that sexy smile and walks back toward her discarded cloak.

CASSIE

But you're almost done, right? This whole scaring the shit out of people really isn't my thing.

Razor smirks and winks at JP.

RAZOR

Don't worry, we'll cut right to the chase.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Kurt locks the door. The dog's corpse now lies there in the hall and Gail kneels and mourns over it.

GAIL

They killed Blondi. Why'd they --
Oh god that means they're in the
backyard.

KURT

They're on the fucking roof, dear.
They're all over. There could be
dozens of them. We should go to
the basement and --

GAIL

No wait, is the back door locked?
If they were in the backyard, is
the back door locked?

KURT

Let's just go down --

GAIL

They could be down there already!
They could be all over, you just
said --

KURT

Calm down.

GAIL

Quit saying that.

Kurt crouches next to Gail.

KURT

We've got to do this together,
love.

She stands up with him. More determined, now. Only a quick
glance back down at Blondi's corpse.

KURT (CONT'D)

I'll check the back door.

Kurt heads off into the darkness of the hall, down towards
the back of the house. Gail watches him go.

Out of Gail's field of vision:

JP APPEARS AT THE KITCHEN DOOR. He just stands there in the
cloak, holds the nail gun at his side.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

At the back of the house, big windows look out on a pool, pristine landscaping, gorgeous patio furniture, statues, the works.

Kurt creeps towards the back door knife in hand, wary of every doorway he passes, every corner, every shadow. He's not jittery, just wary, in fact he moves with military precision -- like a commando might.

He gets to the back door. It's open a couple of inches. Kurt freezes with the realization that they're inside. They're already inside!

A woman's SCREAM from the other side of the house.

Like a flash Kurt is rounding one corner, then another, cuts through a guest room --

-- Another SCREAM. It's definitely Gail. But it's almost more ANGRY than terrified.

Kurt's at the hall leading to the entryway, now, and there at the end, between the front door and the kitchen:

Gail is slumped against the wall.

JP stands over her, holds the nail gun inches from her forehead. His hood is up, but those demonic contact lenses are fully visible. He looks at Kurt there at the other end of the hall. Stares him down, expressionless.

Kurt shifts the knife in his hand. Stares back. Gail turns her head to look Kurt in the eye. Her eyes WIDEN.

GAIL

Kurt!

A BASEBALL BAT smashes Kurt across the back

Kurt drops the knife, tumbles to the floor. Looks up to see Razor standing above him.

At the other end of the hall, Gail SLAPS AT JP's nail gun, tries to get up.

Razor looks down the hall at the COMMOTION --

-- Giving Kurt a chance to SCRAMBLE AWAY.

RAZOR

Shit.

JP PISTOL WHIPS Gail with the nail gun and Stacy comes out of nowhere and KICKS her in the side.

STACY

Bitch!

Razor looks at JP, sees the situation is handled and runs off in the direction Kurt went.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Some kind of game room. A moose head and a pool table and all that shit. Razor FLIPS ON THE LIGHT. Looks around. No sign of Kurt.

There's two other doorways leading out of the room -- this place is like a maze -- Razor picks one.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Razor flips on another LIGHT. Still no Kurt.

RAZOR

Fuck.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

An old-fashioned desk, bookshelves and dark paneling, even a roaring fireplace. The homey charm of the room is in direct contrast to the violence unfolding within.

Gail is in an easy chair, tied hand and foot, her face stained with dried tears. She's not breathing hard, though. And in her eyes there is only hatred.

JP stands over Gail with the nail gun, Razor and Stacy just behind him.

Cassie stands by herself, over by the fireplace. This sucks.

JP

(to Gail)

Where the fuck'd he go, huh? Huh?!
He's out there hiding like a little
bitch while we do whatever the fuck
we want to you.

JP smiles, looking all the more sadistic with that face paint.

STACY
You gonna talk, bitch?!

Razor holds Stacy back. Pulls JP aside.

RAZOR
(to JP)
Forget it.

JP
What?

RAZOR
We gotta just get what we can and
get the fuck outta here. That
prick is probably halfway to a
phone by now.

JP
Forget it? Forget it? This was
gonna be all night, remember?!

JP turns back to Gail. Grabs her by the hair.

JP (CONT'D)
Bitch you tell us where your
boyfriend is or I swear I'm gonna
drill you a new hole and fuck you
in it.

JP lets go of her and Stacy comes over and SLAPS Gail across
the face.

STACY
Don't think he won't! He'll do it!

Razor looks back over to Cassie, who's shivering despite her
proximity to the fireplace.

RAZOR
(to JP)
I'm gonna get the car.

JP starts to protest.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Just -- just listen. I'm going to
get the car, and we're gonna grab
what we can, okay? We'll try again
some other time.

JP
 Try again?! Some other time?!
 When? This is the fucking night of
 our lives!

STACY
 (to JP)
 He's right, baby.

JP
 What?

STACY
 We'll do it another time. Just let
 him go get the car.

JP
 (to Razor)
 This is all your fucking fault.
 You said you knew this place, and
 then you go and lose the asshole.

RAZOR
 We'll talk about it later.

Razor heads out to get the car.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
 Stay here.

They hear the FRONT DOOR open and close.

STACY
 Jesus, I thought he'd never
 leave...

She turns to Gail. JP grins. That's his girl!

JP
Jesus? Who the fuck is that?

They walk back over to Gail.

STACY
 You know, if you're not going to
 tell us where your husband went, we
 might as well just have some fun
 with you.

JP aims the nail gun at Gail.

JP
 Last chance.

CASSIE
Guys. Guys, c'mon.

JP turns around, exasperated.

JP
Shut up, virgin!!

He aims the gun again. Licks his lips.

FIRES!

A nail lodges in the easy chair next to Gail's head.

FIRES again.

A nail on the other side of the chair.

JP (CONT'D)
I've been practicing. I could hit
you right in the nipple if I
wanted.
(a beat)
I'd like to see those nipples.
Shoot them off.

JP and Stacy LAUGH, but stop when they notice Gail doesn't
seem scared.

JP (CONT'D)
What do I have to do to get some
more tears out of you, bitch?

JP holds the nail gun inches from Gail's left breast. Slowly
presses the barrel against her.

A CRASH from the other room.

JP and Stacy spin around towards the door.

STACY
(to Gail)
Sounds like your bitch boyfriend is
back.

JP
Motherfucker just made a mistake.

JP heads out of the room.

CASSIE
Razor said to stay here.

JP stops in his tracks. Turns and goes over to Cassie.
Leans in close.

JP
(enunciating)
He's not the boss of me.

And he heads out of the room.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Razor makes his way down the hill through thick trees and brush.

There's a GLOW coming from the clearing they left the car in.

RAZOR
-- the fuck?

CLOSER NOW

Razor enters the clearing and there's their car, the hood open and the engine ON FIRE.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy's putting valuables in a sack. She holds up a little antique clock.

STACY
(to Cassie)
Think this is worth anything?

Cassie shrugs.

CASSIE
What's taking them so long?

STACY
Would you relax?

GAIL
Are you sisters?

It's plaintive. Like she's trying to make friends.

STACY
Wow. The bitch can talk after all.
(indicates the clock)
So is this worth anything or what?

GAIL
You look like sisters.

STACY
No we don't.

CASSIE
We're just friends.

STACY
(to Cassie)
Why are you talking to her?

CASSIE
You were talking to her.

GAIL
Too bad.

STACY
Too bad what?

GAIL
Too bad you're not sisters.

STACY
Shut the fuck up.

CASSIE
Why? Why is it too bad?

GAIL
Because I like to fuck sisters.

Her voice is different, now. Cold and menacing.

STACY
The fuck you say?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

JP moves through the hall, nail gun out in front. Swings around a corner and FIRES a couple of nails. Nobody there.

There's a TAPPING coming from the next room. JP goes towards the sound. Quiet, stealthy. PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR to the bathroom.

Nothing. Just a LEAKING faucet.

JP moves back out of the bathroom, out into the hall again. He LISTENS. A THUD from another room. JP grins. He's got him, now. He moves down the hall.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy and Gail lock eyes.

GAIL

Let me guess, you're fucking the
Jew with the nail gun.

(to Cassie)

And you. Well, you're just a
little virgin, aren't you?

Cassie looks away, breathing hard.

Stacy just LAUGHS, cocky as ever. She goes over to Gail,
grabs her by the collar of her robe and gets right in her
face.

STACY

Listen, bitch. Last time I
checked --

And Gail LUNGES. Her mouth right on Stacy's mouth. Kissing
her? No, BITING HER. Biting her right on the bottom lip.
And she won't let go.

Cassie MOANS, doesn't know what to do, backs up against the
wall.

Stacy HITS Gail in the face and neck until she lets go,
falling back onto the chair, Stacy's BLOOD covering her
mouth.

Stacy falls back onto the floor, BLOOD POURING from around
her mouth.

GAIL

(in German)

Burn in hell, you Jewish cunt!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

JP moves close to a partially open door. There's a
SCRATCHING sound coming from inside.

He readies himself and --

BURSTS through the door.

INT. TV ROOM - SAME

Nobody. Just a huge open cabinet revealing a PLASMA TV displaying flickering GROTESQUE IMAGERY -- mice devouring a carcass, aborted fetuses, a tribe of primitives giving each other piercings, etc -- the SOUND on the TV is set at a low level. This was the scratching JP heard.

He moves closer to the cabinet, because there's something next to the TV that catches his attention. A giant symbol etched in the back of the cabinet, something like an OFF-KILTER PENTAGRAM. We will see this symbol again.

Beneath the symbol, encased in glass: Nazi memorabilia, including medals and photographs of Hitler.

JP touches the glass, then backs away slowly.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy on her hands and knees in front of Gail, cradles her mouth with one hand. Cassie over in the corner trembling.

STACY
(garbled)
What did -- Wha--

Gail's flexing her entire body, moving around a little, like maybe she's trying to get out of her restraints, but then --

She VOMITS all over Stacy. Projectile vomit. Everything in her belly and then some.

Stacy SHRIEKS and stumbles backwards, blinded by the vomit.

CASSIE
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

The lights FLICKER and GO OUT. Somebody cut the power. The fireplace is now the only light in the room.

Gail deliberately shifts her hard gaze to Cassie.

Cassie DASHES out of the room, nearly tripping over the furniture on her way out.

Stacy clumsily grabs at the curtains and wipes off her face.

STACY
Fuckin'... Fuckin' kill you...

Across the room and out of Stacy's view there's an ATTIC ENTRANCE on the ceiling.

A MUSCULAR MALE FIGURE clad only in BRIEFS descends from that entrance. He's controlled, quiet, with the strength and skill of a gymnast, only letting go and dropping to the floor when he's inches from it, and makes no sound.

It's Kurt, a shadow in the darkness, only a few of his TATTOOS visible. Swastikas, mostly, plus a HUGE ONE on his back, the same OFF-KILTER PENTAGRAM JP saw in the other room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cassie making her way through the NOW DARK maze of hallways, WHIMPERING and CRYING, using the wall to guide her.

She comes out of the hallway into the

ENTRYWAY

There's a little more light in here, moonlight from the front window. The front door's in sight, when --

A hand GRABS her arm!

Cassie SCREAMS. Gets SLAPPED in the face. It's JP!

JP
Hey! What the fuck?!

Cassie SHOVES JP.

CASSIE
Get off me!

JP
What the fuck?! Where's Stacy?

CASSIE
(out of breath)
We... We have to get out of here.

JP
What's --

The front door BURSTS OPEN.

Cassie SCREAMS again, and JP JUMPS BACK, points the nail gun.

It's Razor.

Razor puts up his arms.

RAZOR
Hey, hey! It's me!

JP lowers the nail gun.

Cassie runs over to Razor.

CASSIE

We have to get out of here. We have to --

RAZOR

Who killed the lights? What's going on?

JP

There's some freaky shit in here, man. Some badass Nazi shit. You gotta check--

CASSIE

No! They're crazy! The woman attacked us! She attacked Stacy!

JP

Bitch, she's tied up, what're you running your mouth about?

CASSIE

No, she just -- she -- Just go get Stacy and let's fucking go!

JP

Don't tell me what to fuckin' do, you little twat.

RAZOR

Hold on! JP, something is really fucking going wrong, here.

JP

Give me a break. She doesn't know what she's--

RAZOR

Somebody set the car on fire.

JP

Somebody what?!

RAZOR

I went out to the car, and the engine was on fire.

JP

Did you put it out?! There's a fire extinguisher in --

RAZOR

-- The trunk, yeah I put it out!
Calm down.

JP

Calm the fuck down?! He set my car
on fire! It's the fucking guy!
The fucking guy you let get away!
I'm gonna kill his bitch wife.

CASSIE

She's crazy, JP! She -- she bit
Stacy! She--

JP

She ain't bitin' nobody after I
knock out her teeth and make her
eat my shit!

INT. OUTSIDE THE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

The door is closed. JP comes up on it fast, Razor and Cassie
in pursuit.

RAZOR

JP, we can't just kill her, man.
We've gotta think. We've gotta
figure out --

JP

Shut up.

Razor grabs JP's shoulder.

RAZOR

JP --

JP spins around, sticks the nail gun in Razor's face.

But Razor DISARMS JP with one quick motion. This isn't the
first time he's had a gun in his face.

Razor's got the gun in JP's face, now.

CASSIE

Stop it! Just stop it!

A beat, then Razor lowers the nail gun.

RAZOR

Get Stacy. We're getting the fuck
out of here.

JP tries the door. LOCKED.

JP
Stacy? Stacy! Open the door!

No answer.

CASSIE
Stacy! Stacy!

JP tries the door more frantically.

RAZOR
I thought you said the woman was
still tied up.

CASSIE
She is!

JP
Stacy! Stacy open up it's us!

Razor steps up, KICKS the door near the knob. Steps back and KICKS it again.

The door FLIES OPEN.

Silence from inside the room. No movement. Nothing but the fireplace.

RAZOR
Stacy?

Razor and JP creep into the room, Razor with the nail gun outstretched. Cassie hangs back in the doorway.

They look around the room. No Stacy.

The easy chair they left Gail in is facing mostly away from them, but the fireplace illuminates a WOMAN'S HAND resting on the armrest, free and not tied up.

JP
The bitch isn't tied up, anymore!

JP runs over to the chair, Razor right behind him.

JP (CONT'D)
What'd you do with Sta --

JP and Razor get to the chair, but it's not Gail in the chair, anymore --

It's Stacy, her hands NAILED to the armrests. A SKEWER stuck through the top of her head all the way through the underneath of her chin, her dead eyes still open and her mouth wide open as well, leaving the skewer visible inside her mouth.

JP stumbles backwards and THROWS UP a little.

JP (CONT'D)
Oh man, oh man.

RAZOR
Shit.

JP
Who... Who the fuck are these people, man? What's going on, man? Oh fuck.

JP throws up again.

Razor turns to see Cassie coming up next to him.

RAZOR
Cassie, no --

Too late. Cassie's already seen it. She covers her mouth, shakes her head, runs for the door.

Razor runs after her. GRABS her just before she gets out of the room. Cassie struggles.

CASSIE
Stop! Let go of me!

RAZOR
Where are you gonna go, Cass?
Where are you gonna go? Are you gonna run through the woods and run down the interstate?

Cassie stops resisting.

CASSIE
I don't know! Do you have a better idea?

JP slumps against the wall across from Stacy's body.

JP
She's right, man. We're dead.

RAZOR
No we're not.

JP

Well Stacy sure as fuck is! Or did you not fucking notice?!

RAZOR

We're gonna get out of here.

JP

Shut the fucking door, man, they're out there!

RAZOR

I kicked it in, remember?! Now give me a minute I'll come up with something.

CASSIE

Yeah your plans have been so great so far.

Razor can't say anything to that.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

JP --

JP

Don't talk to me.

CASSIE

Can you fix their cars?

JP and Razor both look up. That's not a bad idea.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You screwed them up, right? Can you fix them?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Big four-car garage occupied by an ESCALADE and a LEXUS SEDAN, along with a riding lawnmower and a bunch of other gardening equipment, sacks of peat moss, other junk.

JP's got the hood open on the Lexus, leaning inside screwing with some wires.

Razor and Cassie both shine flashlights on the closed door leading inside the house. They've got it barricaded with work bench and some other crap from the garage.

They're all pretty much shell-shocked at this point.

RAZOR
 (quiet)
 How much longer?

JP
 I've almost got it. Almost got it.

RAZOR
 I told you earlier not to screw
 them up too much.

JP
 Yeah? Oh yeah?! You told me
 earlier you had this thing all
 planned out! And now my fuckin'
 girlfriend is dead!

RAZOR
 We picked the wrong house, okay?

JP
 You picked the wrong house. You.
 Did you case the place at all?!
 And you bring this bitch along!
 Your plans are fucking shit, man!

JP's away from the car now, screaming at Razor.

CASSIE
 Shut up and fix the car!
 (then)
 Please. Please, I don't want to
 die. Do you guys want to die?

JP and Razor face off for a moment.

A NOISE from somewhere in the garage.

Cassie JUMPS, shines the flashlight back over at the doorway.
 Door still shut.

RAZOR
 There's nothing there. It was
 nothing.

Cassie moves the light over to the bags of peat moss piled in
 the corner.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
 The door's the only way in or out.

CASSIE
 What if -- what if they were
 already in here?

RAZOR
They're not in here. Keep the
light on the door.

JP goes back over to the car.

Cassie holds the light on the bags for one more beat.

JP SLAMS the hood shut. Cassie JUMPS again. Moves the light
back over to the door.

JP gets in the driver's seat, shuts the door, starts
HOTWIRING the car.

JP
Get me some more light in here.

Razor gets in the passenger seat, shines the flashlight down
under the steering wheel for JP. Sets the nail gun down
between the seats.

JP tweaks a couple of wires. There's a SPARK. The ENGINE
turns over. STOPS.

JP (CONT'D)
Shit.

JP tries again. This time the ENGINE starts and keeps going.

JP (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah!

JP sits up, triumphant.

CRRRACK! A shovel SMASHES against the windshield.

JP (CONT'D)
Fuck!!

Razor's wildly swinging the flashlight around, but the garage
is too dark and the spiderweb-cracked windshield is
impossible to see out of.

SMASH! The shovel hits the driver's side window.

JP (CONT'D)
Fuck fuck fuck!

JP puts the car in gear.

RAZOR
Wait! Cass--

But JP's already in reverse. TIRES SQUEAL and the car CRASHES through the garage door, Razor's still-open door SNAPS off during the collision.

EXT. VACATION HOME - SAME

The Lexus, minus the passenger door, careens backwards out of the garage and --

INTO A TREE!

JP and Razor are thrown around the car like rag dolls.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darkness. A BODY being drug through the hall.

The body passes a window, illuminated briefly by the moonlight --

It's Cassie! Hands and feet bound tight with wire, a rag stuffed in her mouth and a WELT on the side of her face, visible even through her fading face-paint.

Kurt drags her by the cords around her feet. Carelessly, almost. Her elbows and head BUMP against the walls and furniture.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Kurt drags Cassie into the living room and stops. Drops her feet. He crouches, gets very close to her. She WHIMPERS.

Kurt pulls Cassie to her feet, pushes her hard up against the wall. Puts one hand under her chin and squeezes her face.

And GAIL APPEARS. Right next to Kurt. Right in Cassie's face. Cassie GASPS.

Kurt pulls the rag out of Cassie's mouth.

KURT

You can scream if you like.

Cassie's mouth trembles. She's too scared to cry out.

GAIL

What's your name?

CASSIE
(barely audible)
Cassie.

GAIL
I like your makeup, Cassie.

CASSIE
My friends are -- are going to --
going to --

KURT
What, Cassie? What are you friends
going to do?

CASSIE
They're going to get the -- the
police.

KURT
And tell them what?

Cassie looks down, but Kurt forces her head back up. Forces her to look at them.

KURT (CONT'D)
No, your friends are long gone, by
now. Don't worry, though. We'll
take care of them later.

A beat.

GAIL
Do you like to play dress-up,
Cassie?

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

SILENCE. Then Razor tumbles out of the car, shaken up and on his hands and knees - he's still stunned from the crash.

He shakes his head back and forth, regaining his senses. As the world comes back into focus, he sees in front of his face
A PAIR OF COMBAT BOOTS.

RAZOR
Fuck!

He recoils onto his back. Standing over him is HOGAN, 25, tall, wearing a crew cut and a tight thermal sweater. He's not muscular and he's not fat, just big. He's got a duffel-bag slung across his shoulder.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Hogan?

HOGAN

Jeez, what happened to you?

RAZOR

Where'd you come from?

HOGAN

My girl dropped my off down at the road.

Hogan offers a hand and helps Razor up. He looks into the car and sees JP slumped over the steering wheel.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Jeez. JP, you okay bro?

JP moans and starts to climb out of the car.

RAZOR

Didn't think you were coming.

HOGAN

Grandma went to bed. She's old.

Razor is helping JP out of the car.

RAZOR

Get back in the woods, out of sight.

HOGAN

The hell is going on Razor? I thought we were gonna punk some rich pricks.

RAZOR

Shit.

HOGAN

What?

RAZOR

Shit! JP, where's Cassie?

Razor and JP both look back toward the dark, gaping hole in the garage door.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Shit.

HOGAN
Who's Cassie?

Razor helps JP back into the trees. Hogan follows.

HOGAN (CONT'D)
What the hell happened to your car,
JP? Looks like a fucking war zone
up here.

JP
Crazy. They're crazy.

RAZOR
Look, we gotta just fuck it and
split. This shit isn't worth it.

HOGAN
Where's Stacy?

JP
Fucking dead, man. Fuckin' killed
her.

HOGAN
What?!

RAZOR
They killed her. And the other
girl, Cassie, she's still in there.
They probably --
(pauses, doesn't want it
to be true)
They might've killed her too, by
now.

HOGAN
Jeez! They have a gun?

RAZOR
Knives and shit. Why?

Razor turns around to see Hogan crouched over his duffel-bag,
unzipping it.

HOGAN
'Cause I do.

He produces an AK-47 RIFLE and a large magazine from the bag,
snaps it into place.

JP
Hell yeah.

HOGAN

They just fucked with the wrong
clean marine. You bring the
poppers?

JP

Back at the car.

RAZOR

I figured they were too loud.

HOGAN

Fuck loud.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt and Gail lead Cassie, legs now unbound, to a built-in bookshelf opposite the TV JP saw earlier. Cassie catches a glimpse of the Nazi memorabilia and shivers.

They stop at the bookshelf and Gail uses a FLASHLIGHT to find a LEVER behind some of the books. She pulls it.

With a loud CLICK the bookshelf moves just a little. Gail uses the lever like a handle and pulls the bookshelf open, revealing a HIDDEN ROOM!!

It looks to be the size of a walk-in closet, and there's SOMETHING inside. Lots of somethings. But it's too dark to see what. They're big, though. People, maybe? Bodies? Cassie breathes hard as Kurt pushes her closer to the room.

Gail shines the flashlight into the hidden room, revealing:

COSTUMES. Bear costumes, cheerleader costumes, military costumes, clown costumes.

Kurt produces a knife.

CASSIE

Wait! Wait, please --

But Kurt just cuts the cords binding her wrists.

Gail LIGHTS a candle and places it on a shelf inside the hidden room. She fingers the CLOWN COSTUME.

GAIL

How's this?

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Smoke still pours from under the hood of JP's car. The back-seat doors are open, Razor and Hogan huddled around the trunk. Hogan shines a flashlight on BLUEPRINTS that are spread out on top of the trunk.

JP's gazing down at a wrinkled Polaroid in his hand. In the photo, Stacy's lifting up her shirt, flashing the camera.

There's a message scrawled on the space beneath the photo: "I FUCKING LOVE YOU, AND I LOVE FUCKING YOU -- STACY"

JP
(whispering)
Me too, baby.

Is that a tear in his eye?

JP takes grabs Razor's arm, pulls him aside.

JP (CONT'D)
Razor, bro, do me a favor.

RAZOR
What?

JP
When we get those fuckers, you let me do the bitch.

RAZOR
For Stacy?

JP
Crazy bitch is gonna pay.

RAZOR
Yeah man. All right.

They slap hands and man-hug.

Hogan shines the light directly into Razor's face.

HOGAN
It's man-up time. You ready?

RAZOR
(hesitates)
Maybe we oughta get some more guns.

Hogan scowls.

HOGAN

I thought you were a tough guy,
Razor.

(then)

You ready?

RAZOR

...Yeah. Yeah, let's fuck 'em up.

Razor and Hogan bump fists.

Hogan shines the light into JP's face.

HOGAN

You ready for this?

JP

Fucks are gonna pay. Let's just
get going man, what're we waiting
around for?

Hogan scowls, doesn't like to be told what to do. A little
tension here, but Razor steps in.

RAZOR

(to JP)

Tortoise and the hare, JP.

JP

Huh?

RAZOR

Slow and steady.

HOGAN

Tortoise and the hare? I'll do you
one better. You ever hear the one
about the gangbanger and the
Marine?

JP

What the fuck are you talking
about?

HOGAN

It's a fable, like that tortoise
shit, but it's better, 'cause it's
about me.

(then)

So there's this gangbanger, this
black guy, right? This is when I
came back from Iraq the first time.

(MORE)

HOGAN (CONT'D)

I know him from school 'cause he tried to join up when I did, only they wouldn't let him.

RAZOR

Why not?

HOGAN

The fuck should I know? He's black, maybe he's got AIDS.

Razor and JP nod in understanding.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're all at my mom's 'cause it's my welcome home fuckin' war hero party, and this gangbanger shows up all fucked up because he wanted to fuck my cousin back when we were in school, and I kicked his ass under the bleachers. So now this kid thinks he's a hard gangster, shows up at my party with this limp-dick pistol.

RAZOR

Shit.

HOGAN

Shit is right. So he's waving it around like "who's the boss," right? So I go upstairs, grab my shotgun from under the mattress, come back down. You better believe I put that boy on his knees. Made him suck that shotty like a dick.

Razor and JP pause to take this in.

RAZOR

That's tight, man. But how's that anything like the tortoise and the hare?

HOGAN

'Cause it's got a moral! Sometimes fucking ignorant motherfuckers get too big for their britches and bite off a little more than they can chew. Get it now?

JP

(nods thoughtfully)
...Badass.

Hogan and JP bump fists.

HOGAN
Hu-rah. Bustin' heads like I'm
back in the desert.

JP
Hey...

HOGAN
What?

JP indicates the AK-47 Hogan has slung over his shoulder.

JP
You gonna let me try that out?

HOGAN
Hell no.

INT. HIDDEN COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Lit only by a candle. Cassie's in the clown costume, now. It's way too big for her. She looks at herself in a small mirror affixed to the wall.

GAIL (O.S.)
(through the wall)
Cassie. Cassie, are you dressed,
yet?

Cassie pulls on the big red wig.

With a CLICK the secret door opens.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Come on out, now, dear.

Gail retreats to a velvet chair in the middle of the room.

INT. TV ROOM - SAME

Cassie comes out of the hidden room to find it now lit by dozens of candles.

Three velvet chairs are set up in the middle of the room, all facing Cassie. Kurt is in one, Gail in the other, and in the third sits:

Stacy's lifeless body!!

The skewer's been removed, but Stacy's eyes are still open -- still staring straight ahead, still registering the horror of her sudden death.

Cassie stumbles backwards when she sees her -- barely catching herself against the bookshelf. Even once she's steadied herself, she's frozen, her eyes stuck on Stacy's body.

GAIL

Well?

KURT

We were having a relaxing evening until you and your friends showed up, Cassie. You ruined our evening. The least you can do is show us a good time.

Cassie's eyes finally drift over to Kurt and Gail.

GAIL

Entertain us, Cassie.

Cassie shakes her head.

CASSIE

No. No.

Kurt gets up. Cassie cowers, but Kurt goes over to Stacy, instead. He stands behind Stacy's chair, puts one hand on either side of Stacy's face, and uses his thumbs to CURL STACY'S STIFF MOUTH into a frown.

KURT

You're making your friend unhappy, Cassie.

CASSIE

Stop it!

Kurt cocks Stacy's head to one side, her lifeless neck making a terrible CRACKLING sound when turned.

KURT

She's so unhappy, Cassie.

CASSIE

Stop it! Okay! I'll do it!

Kurt goes back over to his chair.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

GAIL

You painted yourself to be a clown.
So be a clown. Dance for us.

Cassie hesitates. Kurt moves to get up again.

CASSIE

Okay. Okay.

Cassie starts a clumsy jester's dance. Can't help looking back at Stacy's stiff, frowning face.

Kurt looks over and grins triumphantly when he sees Gail's smile.

GAIL

Now juggle.

Cassie stops dancing and reaches into a pouch on her costume.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Keep dancing!

Cassie starts moving again, pulls three juggling balls out of her pouch with great difficulty.

She throws the balls in the air but only catches one. She's got no idea what she's doing. Cassie looks plaintively at Gail.

Gail frowns. Kurt sees the frown and scowls.

KURT

(to Cassie)

Do it right!

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

JP and Razor crawl around the corner of the house and alongside the pool, JP clutching the nail gun. No sign of Hogan.

They stop when they get to the sliding glass door.

They exchange a glance.

Razor gets up slowly, quietly, goes over to the patio furniture and picks up one of the chairs.

RAZOR

This oughta get their attention.

He lifts the chair over his head as if to throw it into the glass door.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie on her hands and knees trying to get one of the juggling balls from underneath a bench.

Gail and Kurt still watch from their chairs.

KURT

This is less than entertaining,
Cassie. This is --

CRRRASH!! The sound of GLASS SHATTERING echoes through the house.

Kurt and Gail are up in a flash, share a quick look. Kurt smiles at Cassie.

KURT (CONT'D)

Seems your friends returned after
all.

Kurt lets his robe slide off into the chair as Gail grabs Cassie and forces her into the hidden room.

INT. HIDDEN COSTUME ROOM - SAME

Gail PUTS OUT the candle with her fingers and steps back out. Shuts the secret door, plunging Cassie into total DARKNESS.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt jogs smoothly down the dark hallway toward the back porch. Suddenly he TRIPS and falls forward. As his hands contact the ground to brace his fall there's a LOUD POP-POP-POP!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hogan stalking through the room with his rifle at his shoulder like he's Rambo. He smirks as he hears the POPPING. He knows where Kurt is now.

INT. - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kurt rolls over, covering his ears, and gasps in pain. He frantically looks around and we see that he has fallen into a coil of RAZOR-WIRE. Scattered amongst the wire on the ground are many PILL-SIZED FIRECRACKERS.

KURT

Mein gott.

INT. HIDDEN COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Almost complete darkness. Just a sense of MOVEMENT. And then a SMALL LIGHT.

Cassie's dug her cell-phone out of the pile of clothes she shed when changing into the clown costume. Checks it. Still "NO SERVICE."

Cassie shines the phone around the small room, her hand TREMBLING.

She sits on the floor for a minute, phone in her lap. Shuts her eyes and concentrates. Focuses. Calms herself. Then she shines the light around on the floor beneath the costumes.

The carpet looks sloppy and loose against the wall. She runs her free hand around the edges of the carpet until she gets to a spot where she can actually slip her fingers under the carpet.

There's something there. She pulls on it.

CLICK! Cassie looks around to see the secret door open just a crack.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hogan is up against the wall right outside of the hallway where we can hear Kurt GRUNT AND GROAN as he struggles to free himself from the wire.

HOGAN

(whispering)

Ready... steady...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hogan WHIRLS around the corner with his rifle at his shoulder ready to go to war, but as soon as he does Kurt is in his face, grabbing the rifle barrel and forcing it into the air.

As Hogan and Kurt struggle over the rifle it DISCHARGES several times into the ceiling.

Kurt uses his free hand to grab the base of the rifle's magazine, pull a lever, and send the magazine falling to the floor. He yanks the rifle forward and jams the butt into Hogan's face, sending him sprawling back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hogan falls backwards and Kurt leaps after him like a tiger. But as Hogan hits the floor he does a backwards summersault to regain his footing and kicks Kurt in the chin.

Kurt spits out blood and squares off against Hogan in the middle of the living room. There's a momentary flash of doubt on Kurt's face.

HOGAN

Okay motherfucker, it's business time.

KURT

Lunges into Hogan, slamming Hogan into the wall so hard the pictures fall off, CRACKING against the wood floor.

HOGAN

Puts a knee in Kurt's face, grabs him by the hair.

KURT

Breaks free with a swim move.

HOGAN

Doesn't hesitate. Wraps his arms around Kurt from behind, crushing his chest.

KURT

With a GRUNT of effort gets enough momentum to pull both of them down onto a glass coffee table, CRUSHING it.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Razor and JP are crouched behind a giant LION STATUE, waiting for Hogan to clean up their mess.

Razor leans over the pool. He's strangely calm, even listless. In the moonlight he can see his faint reflection -- that demonic face paint.

He dips his hand in and uses the water to begin wiping off the paint.

JP
Fuck, dude. Fuck.

RAZOR
Relax.

JP
Think he got 'em? I think he got 'em.

RAZOR
Relax, stick to the plan.

JP
Fuck you. I'm going in. Hogan can't have all the fun.

JP readies the nail gun.

RAZOR
Stick to the plan, JP.

JP peeks his head out from behind statue and looks toward the house.

JP
Oh, shit.

RAZOR
What?

JP
Take a look at this shit.

Razor looks toward the house.

Through an upstairs window we see Cassie. She's trying to OPEN THE WINDOW, but it's locked up.

RAZOR
Fuck.

Cassie's now banging on the window like she's trying to break it.

JP

I figured she was dead for sure.
Why'd they fuckin' kill Stacy and
let that little virgin live?

She disappears from the window for a moment, and returns with a SMALL CHAIR, repeatedly SLAMMING it against the window with no effect.

JP (CONT'D)

You think they raped her?

RAZOR

Shut up.

JP

They killed my fuckin' girlfriend,
man, you don't tell me when to shut
up.

Razor's not concerned about hiding anymore. He's completely out from behind the statue, staring in horror at the window.

RAZOR

Goddamnit, Cassie.

Cassie sees Razor, puts her palms against the window, crying, mouths the words "HELP ME."

RAZOR (CONT'D)

We should help her.

JP

(like a real asshole)
Thought you said to stick to the
plan.

Suddenly, we see Gail standing behind Cassie in the window.

RAZOR

Shit! Cassie!

Razor wildly gesticulates at the window, trying to get Cassie to look behind her.

Cassie cocks her head in confusion.

Gail GRABS Cassie around the neck and yanks her away from the window and out of sight.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Gimme the nail gun!

JP
Fuck no. We're sticking to the
plan, remember.

RAZOR
JP!

JP
Sure, kicking their ass for Stacy's
not good enough for you, but now
your little virgin's in trouble and
you're all --

Razor PUNCHES JP in the gut.

JP doubles over and Razor rips the nail gun out of his hand.

RAZOR
You are fucked up, man.

Razor turns and heads toward the house. JP shakes off the
pain and follows him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hogan and Kurt still locked in combat. Looks like Hogan has
the upper hand.

HOGAN

Has Kurt wrapped up in a judo hold.

KURT

Does a quick twist in an attempt to get loose, but

HOGAN

Stops him with ease. Tightens his grip.

HOGAN
You're dealing with U.S. military
know-how, now, bitch.

HOGAN

Throws Kurt into an end-table, SHATTERING the lamp that sat
on it.

He goes over to Kurt, ready to finish the job.

KURT

Crouched in the ruins of the end-table. Looks half-dead. Beaten. But as Hogan approaches he turns his head and SMILES.

HOGAN (CONT'D)
You want some more, huh?

KURT

Picks up a shard of glass and slowly CUTS HIMSELF across the chest with it. One long, nasty cut, as if to prove it's sharpness.

HOGAN

Whips out a Marine-issue knife. Keeps coming, until

KURT

Rears back with the shard of glass, misdirecting Hogan's attention as he then --

Strikes out from his crouching position with one leg. Kicks Hogan right in the knee, buckling the knee and BENDING HOGAN'S LEG BACKWARDS with a horrific CRACK!

Hogan SCREAMS in pain.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JP and Razor about to climb the stairs when they hear Hogan's SCREAM.

JP
What the fuck?

Razor goes running towards the sound. JP follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kurt kneels over a collapsed but conscious Hogan. In one hand he holds Hogan's knife and with the other he CUTS into Hogan's chest with a shard of glass.

Hogan SCREAMS some more.

Razor runs in, comes to a quick halt when he sees Hogan there on the floor.

Kurt looks up for just a moment, locks eyes with Razor.

HOGAN

Please. P-p-please. Pleeeeease!

Kurt looks back down at Hogan.

JP runs up on the scene, right behind Razor and just in time to see --

Kurt SLITS Hogan's throat with Hogan's knife. Hogan's screaming comes to a gurgling halt as his blood SPRAYS across Kurt's face.

Kurt looks back up at JP and Razor.

JP turns tail and RUNS.

Kurt begins to stand up.

Razor raises the nail gun and points it at Kurt. Slowly backs away into the darkness of the hall.

He turns backwards around a corner. Can't see Kurt, any longer. Continues to back up, feeling around behind him with his free hand. Kurt could come after him at any moment, and then --

WHAM! Razor backs into something, TRIPS AND FALLS! Swings the nail gun around --

But it's just the STAIRS.

Breathing harder now, sweating an ocean, Razor looks back at the hall. Goes up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

JP runs through the hall. Turns a corner and sees the sliding glass door, the same one they broke with a chair earlier, not thirty feet away. The soft moonlight is like the light at the end of the tunnel, beckoning to him.

He's frozen. Standing there looking at the door. Even in that thirty feet there's THREE DOORWAYS on either side of the hall. All of them open. All of them a threat.

JP studies the doorways the best he can in the darkness. Gail could be standing in any of them, waiting for him.

He looks behind him. Then again at the sliding glass door, terrified of making this decision.

And then one more glance back into the house --

SOMEONE'S THERE! A dark figure. But as soon as JP looks the figure disappears into another room.

JP makes a run for the sliding glass door. Breathing hard, grunting, running as hard and as fast as he ever has.

He's past the first doorway!

Past the second!

The third looms, and then --

JP CRASHES to the ground amidst a chorus of noisy POPS!

He's fallen into one of Hogan's RAZOR WIRE TRAPS. The FIRECRACKERS continue to go off as JP struggles to free himself from the razor wire.

JP

Fuck, fuck no, jesus no.

He's struggling too hard, only becoming more entangled.

He looks back down the hall. Nobody after him, yet.

Finally frees one of his legs.

Looks back again --

And there's Kurt. Standing there in the hall.

JP struggles harder.

Kurt begins walking towards him.

JP's halfway out of the wire, now, he might just get away! He's nearly freed his other leg, Kurt's about twenty feet away, still walking, and then suddenly --

Gail steps out of the third doorway. She stands right over JP.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Razor creeps up the staircase, nail gun at the ready. JP's VOICE echoes through the house.

JP (O.S.)

Razor! Razor where are you fucking help! Fucking -- You fuckers! You motherfuckers!

And then only a short SCREAM.

Razor stops for a moment to listen, then keeps moving up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Razor swings around into the hall.

Nobody there.

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empty save for Stacy's corpse still in an easy chair. The candles are still lit.

Razor comes in slow, nail gun out in front. Sees Stacy's body, the other two empty chairs.

He goes over to the window. Parts the curtains and looks out at the pool. This is the window Cassie was at, earlier. Walks over by the Nazi memorabilia, then heads back towards the door.

As he nears the door he takes one last look around. Does a double-take at the built in bookshelf. Something's not right, here.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Darkness, mostly. The moonlight from a tiny window illuminates a few stacks of two-by-fours and a table saw.

The sound of the door being UNLOCKED.

The door opens.

And there's JP, stripped to his underwear, his nose bloodied and hands duct-taped in front of him, a dog's choke-collar around his neck.

Gail is behind him holding the leash. Kurt comes in after with the flashlight. Gail's in her robe and Kurt now wears a loose souvenir t-shirt and pajama pants.

JP BLUBBERS and WHIMPERS like a bitch.

JP

Oh please don't hurt me. Please
just let me go. Please, I swear, I
swear I --

Gail yanks the choke-collar.

JP gags.

GAIL

I told you to shut up.

She locates a battery-operated LANTERN hanging from the ceiling and turns it on.

Now that the light's on, it's clearer this room is a hobbyist's dream. Like a mini metal and wood shop combined.

Several homemade pieces of furniture around, some finished, some not.

Kurt comes over to JP. JP cowers, but straightens again with a slight yank from Gail.

Kurt forces JP into a homemade wooden chair and Gail duct tapes his legs and body to the chair.

As Gail tapes, Kurt goes over to the one of the work-tables, lays a few two-by fours down and begins working with a SAW.

From where JP is, he can't see onto the table to see what Kurt is building.

Kurt's done sawing. HAMMERS a few nails into something.

Gail finishes taping, satisfied JP's secure. She gets four six-inch iron rods out of a drawer and goes to work on them with a METAL SHARPENER.

Gail and Kurt MUTTER back and forth to one another as they work, but nothing JP can hear.

Both their backs are turned, and JP struggles with the tape. Tries to find a weakness. Can't budge.

Gail's done with the iron rods. They're like giant iron nails, now. She picks up a big mallet.

JP sees the nails and the mallet. Begins shaking his head with realization.

JP

No... No.

Kurt's done with what he was building. He pulls it off the table, and holds it standing on one end right in front of JP:

A life-sized WOODEN CROSS!

JP (CONT'D)
No! No, you fuckers! You
fuckerrrrrrrs!

INT. HIDDEN COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie, still in the clown outfit, duct tape over her mouth and binding her wrists and ankles, wriggles on the floor trying to free herself, when --

CLICK! The secret door opens.

Cassie looks up, eyes wide, afraid of who might be coming.

But it's Razor!

Razor bends over and grabs the tape on her mouth.

RAZOR
You ready?

Cassie nods.

Razor RIPS the tape off.

Cassie winces.

CASSIE
Are they --?

Razor flicks his wrist and a nasty looking RAZOR BLADE slides out of the cuff of his sleeve and into his hand. He uses the blade to free Cassie's hands.

RAZOR
They're still out there. They got
JP.

CASSIE
How did you know I was in here?

RAZOR
I helped build this place,
remember? The room looked too
small, so...

He's got her hands free, and the two of them quickly free her ankles as well.

Cassie touches his hand and they lock eyes. And Cassie PUNCHES him in the face.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Hey!

CASSIE

Why the hell did you bring me here?

RAZOR

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

CASSIE

Why? Why bring me?

RAZOR

JP's got Stacy. I needed a girl, too, okay? Stacy told me about you.

CASSIE

You figured I was as screwed up as you guys, huh? Well I'm not. And I'm not your girl.

RAZOR

Hey, I came back for you!

CASSIE

Fuck you.

Razor stands.

RAZOR

You want to get the fuck out of here or what?

Cassie looks up at him. She can't argue with that.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Razor moves swiftly through the hall, pulls Cassie by the hand behind him.

There's no dilly-dallying, now, no hesitation. They're getting the fuck out of here.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Razor swings around the corner with the nail gun. Nobody there. But the staircase is long and winding.

They wait in silence for a moment.

Razor lets go of Cassie's hand and starts moving down the staircase, winces as the stairs CREAK. Cassie follows.

A bend in the staircase looms. Razor swings around it. Nothing.

The foot of the stairs in sight, now.

Razor and Cassie exchange a glance. Keep going.

Closer. Closer to the foot of the stairs.

Maybe three stairs from the bottom, now.

A SHUFFLING SOUND!

Razor and Cassie freeze.

The SOUND is coming from somewhere close. It's like someone's DRAGGING something.

Razor's hands shake as he holds out the nail gun.

But the DRAGGING is getting farther away. Farther... Farther... Almost inaudible, now.

Razor's hands stop shaking and Cassie's breathing eases.

And that's when Kurt APPEARS AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS with a fireplace poker. He swings the poker at Razor and knocks the nail gun out of his hands. It falls to the ground, broken.

RAZOR

Run!

Cassie's already running back up the stairs. Razor's right behind her.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Go go go!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Cassie and Razor run down the hall, unsure where exactly they should be running to.

Razor stops at a doorway. Grabs Cassie to stop her, pulls her into the room.

INT. GAMEROOM - SAME

This is the gameroom from earlier. The one with the pool table and the moose head.

Razor SLAMS the door shut. Locks it. But there's two other doors leading out of this room. He runs over to one of them.

RAZOR

The door! The other one!

Cassie hesitates, then sees the third door and runs over to it.

Razor locks the door he's at.

Cassie reaches the third door. The PATTERNING of footsteps coming towards it from the hall! She SLAMS it shut. Locks it. The footsteps stop.

She backs away from the door, jumps when she runs into the pool table.

Razor grabs one of the pool cues and holds it like a weapon. Turns from door to door, waiting for one to get busted in.

Nothing. Not a sound.

And then a loud POP! And the POWER IS BACK ON. The lights all flip on and A PINBALL MACHINE in the corner lights up and starts going crazy with some obnoxious MUSIC.

Cassie and Razor both CRY OUT in surprise.

Cassie grabs the other pool cue and goes over to the window. Parts the curtains and starts ramming the pool cue into it.

CASSIE

Come on! Help me!

Razor just looks around, indecisive.

Cassie keeps ramming the glass. It's thick and triple-paned. The first pane is starting to CRACK.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Come on! You think they don't have keys to their own locks?!

Razor looks up at the ceiling. Notices an ATTIC ENTRANCE. He gets up on the pool table.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Standing on the pool table, Razor opens the attic entrance in the ceiling and pulls down the folding stairs leading up to it and hops off the table.

RAZOR

There's a hatch in the attic.
Let's you out onto the roof.
Quicker than breaking a window.

Cassie stops banging on the window, but still looks less than certain about this.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Come on.

Cassie comes over and starts climbing the stairs into the attic, Razor standing watch at the bottom with the pool cue.

Cassie gets to the top of the stairs. Pokes her head into the attic. It's dark. Expansive.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Hurry up. Get up there.

She pokes her head a little further into the attic. Looks over to one side. About fifty feet away a little moonlight's getting in. Maybe that's the hatch.

A HAND REACHES OUT of the darkness and grabs her by the hair!

Cassie SCREAMS.

Kurt's face emerges from the darkness of the attic. He's crouched there right in front of her.

Cassie wrenches away and tumbles down the stairs right on top of Razor. Both of them hit the floor hard and the pool cue SNAPS and rolls across the room.

Dazed but frantic, Cassie scrambles up and runs over towards the window where the other pool cue is.

Razor looks over and notices one of the DOORS IS OPEN!

RAZOR (CONT'D)

Cass!

Too late. Gail is already on her. She shoves Cassie to the ground and PUNCHES her in the face.

GAIL

Told you to stay put!

She punches Cassie again. She hits like a man.

Razor's up, now, but Kurt's down from the attic like a flash.

Kurt's muscly arms wrap around Razor from behind. He's got him in some kind of a hold and no matter how much Razor struggles the hold only strengthens.

Razor can see Gail hit the helpless Cassie yet again. He summons all his strength to free one of his hands.

A flick of his wrist and his RAZOR BLADE falls into his hand.

And just as fast, Kurt grabs Razor's hand and squeezes it shut, pushing the razor blade deep into Razor's palm.

RAZOR

Ahhhhhgh!

Kurt SLAMS Razor's head into the pool table, and

EVERYTHING GOES DARK.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Razor BLINKS and we catch a glimpse of the basement. Labored, desperate BREATHING from somewhere nearby.

Razor SNAPS awake. He's in a man-sized BIRDCAGE hanging by a chain from the ceiling. It CREAKS and RATTLES as he pulls himself onto his knees and GROANS.

He's stripped down to his boxers, covered in cuts and bruises.

The basement is dark and wet with stone walls, an iron maiden in one corner and a torture rack in another. A stone table covered in blood and bits of human bone. This isn't just a basement, this is a TORTURE CHAMBER.

CASSIE (O.S.)

Razor?

Razor turns around to see two more birdcages hanging behind him. Cassie is in one of them, bloodied about the face and dressed only in her bra and panties.

RAZOR

Cassie.

CASSIE

I couldn't tell if -- if you were breathing. I thought maybe you were dead.

Razor immediately starts fiddling with the lock on his cage.

RAZOR
 How long was I out?
 (a beat)
 Cass?

CASSIE
 He... they...

She can't bring herself to say it. She just points past Razor into a corner. Razor slowly turns around to see what Cassie's pointing at...

It's JP - CRUCIFIED on an UPSIDE-DOWN CROSS!

He's not moving, stripped down to bloodied briefs and his whole body is covered in cuts and bruises as if he's been flogged. His face is twisted into a horrific expression of pain and terror.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND behind the cross, where there's an extra nail. It's going through the back of the cross -- and RIGHT INTO JP's ASS.

RAZOR
 (beat)
 Jesus...

CASSIE
 They made me watch.

She covers her face.

RAZOR
 Cass, I-

CASSIE
 Nobody knows where we are.

RAZOR
 Cass, focus, okay? We gotta figure somethin' out, here. They're fuckin' crazy. They're gonna fuckin' torture us, Cass.

Cassie just sits against the bars of her cage, despairing of life.

CASSIE
 I want my daddy.

The sound of DEADBOLTS unlocking and Razor looks up as the basement door opens and Kurt and Gail descend the staircase. They're CARRYING SOMETHING in a big sack.

They bring the sack over to the birdcages. They're only a few feet away from Razor, now.

RAZOR

What's goin' on here, man? Huh?

Gail looks Razor in the eyes and says nothing while Kurt unties the top of the sack.

Cassie glances over and starts to CRY. Whatever's in that sack, it can't be good.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

I don't know what I can say, here.
You think you're gonna get away
with this? Nobody gets away with
shit like this.

Kurt opens the sack and reaches inside.

KURT

You killed our hound.

He pulls out the DOG'S MANGLED CARCASS!

Razor recoils. Cassie continues to cry.

Kurt puts the dog carcass on the stone table.

KURT (CONT'D)

Do you kill to eat?

Kurt takes a knife from the table and begins cutting the dog into pieces.

KURT (CONT'D)

Did you kill our dog to eat it?

RAZOR

Listen, man, do you want me to say
I'm scared? Man, I'm scared, okay?
You're totally the one in control,
here.

Gail LAUGHS. A feminine titter.

Kurt cuts a swath of meat off the carcass and puts it on a plate. He takes the plate over to the birdcages. Razor shrinks from him, but he passes by Razor's cage and goes on to Cassie's.

KURT

Eat.

Cassie won't reach for the plate. She just CRIES.

KURT (CONT'D)
You killed it, now eat it.

CASSIE
No... I -- I didn't kill it.

GAIL
Eat your supper, dear.

RAZOR
Leave her alone!

Kurt and Gail look over at Razor.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Yeah you heard me you
motherfuckers! Leave her alone! I
swear to god I will fucking cut you
into little pieces you fucking
shits!

KURT
Is that what you had planned for
us?

Kurt and Gail turn back to Cassie.

KURT (CONT'D)
(to Cassie)
Don't you want some? Aren't you
hungry?

GAIL
We'll push it down your throat if
we have to, sweetheart.

KURT
(to Gail)
I think we're going to have to make
her eat.

GAIL
I knew she looked a little
anorexic. I'll get the feeding
mask.

RAZOR
Wait.

Kurt and Gail ignore him.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
No, wait I'll eat it!

That gets their attention.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
That's right, I'll do it. I want
to. I want to eat it. Give it to
me!

He's breathing hard. Can't believe he's doing this.

Kurt comes over to Razor's cage with the meat.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Not that one. I want -- I want a
leg.
(a beat)
Red meat.

Kurt smirks, goes over to the stone table to prepare a leg.

Razor looks over at Cassie. They lock eyes. They might die,
here, and there's nothing more intimate than that.

Kurt brings over a dog leg on a plate. Razor looks at it,
reaches out and takes the plate. Pulls it into the cage with
him.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah that's it! I want it!
I'm hungry!

Razor's near hysterics, now, pumping himself up for this like
a contestant on some sick version of "Fear Factor."

Razor TEARS INTO the dog leg with his teeth, chews into fur
and blood and meat like an animal, MOANING the entire time as
in the throes of passion, tears rolling down his face.

Kurt and Gail both smile.

Cassie's got no more tears. She lays back against her cage
bars and shuts her eyes.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Cassie opens her eyes to the sight of Razor PUKING through
the bars of his cage. Only bile and slime come out,
everything else is already there in clumps on the floor.

Razor slumps into a heap on the bottom of his cage.

Violent SEXUAL NOISES - thrusting, MOANING, flesh SLAPPING at flesh - come from a corner of the basement.

Cassie looks over to see Kurt and Gail having sex against the wall.

Gail sees Cassie watching. Gail smiles. Cassie looks away and Gail shifts her gaze to Razor.

GAIL
 (heavy breathing)
 Razor... Razor, isn't it? Oh
 Razor!

Razor barely looks her way.

Kurt and Gail separate for a moment and Gail walks over to Razor's cage. For the first time we get a good look at Gail's TATTOOS.

There's a SWASTIKA on her inner thigh and another just above the nipple of her right breast, but the big one is on her belly:

It's that OFF-KILTER PENTAGRAM, at least six inches in diameter, encircling her navel.

GAIL (CONT'D)
 It's turning you on, isn't it?
 Looking at us.

She touches her own breasts.

GAIL (CONT'D)
 Don't you wish Cassie had tits like
 these?

Kurt comes in behind Gail, caresses her neck.

GAIL (CONT'D)
 Don't you wish you could touch
 them? Isn't that why you came?

KURT
 What's wrong, child? My wife
 doesn't arouse you? She isn't good
 enough for you?

Razor still doesn't respond. He just lays there in a heap and shivers, eyes half open.

KURT (CONT'D)
 What about your little girlfriend?
 Does she turn you on?

GAIL

I don't think he can get it up.

KURT

Cassie. Cassie, do something sexy. Stand up and do something sexy for Razor. Let's see if he can get it up.

Kurt moves towards Cassie's cage and she JOLTS BACK against the other side, making the cage swing back and forth.

Kurt catches the cage and stops the swinging.

GAIL

(to Razor)

Your little girlfriend's going to do something sexy. Don't you want to watch, Razor? Don't you want to see your girl--

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Kurt and Gail look at each other.

Kurt walks over and looks at a TV MONITOR.

KURT

The security guard.

He glances at Razor to see if he heard him. Razor still looks catatonic.

Gail quickly gets on her robe, as does Kurt, and they scurry upstairs and out of the basement.

Razor and Cassie hear them BOLT the door from the outside.

Razor slowly gets up, eyes on the door in case this is a trick.

RAZOR

(whisper)

Cassie.

Cassie's in a fetal position, shaking and rocking back and forth. She might've lost it.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

We're gettin' out of here, Cass.

Razor pulls small bones out from beneath him. The DOG-LEG BONES from the leg he was forced to eat, earlier.

He breaks off one of the smaller ankle bones and twists it into an "L" shape. Then he takes another small bone and reaches out of the cage and inserts it into the padlock like a lock-pick. He uses the other hand to insert the "L" shaped bone as well, uses it as a tension-wrench, and goes to work picking the lock.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Kurt and Gail, all smiles, talking with Percy, the security guard. His golf cart is parked just outside.

PERCY

A fight, huh?

He looks back out at the car CRUSHED against the tree and the gaping hole in the garage door.

Kurt leans closer to Percy with a knowing wink.

KURT

Women.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Razor struggles with the lock, his hand sweating. He DROPS the tension-wrench!

But he's able to SNATCH IT out of midair with the other hand. Shuts his eyes for a moment to gather himself.

Cassie's up, now, watching from her cage, desperate.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

PERCY

(to Gail)

Are you okay, ma'am? Do you need to talk with me privately?

GAIL

I'm perfectly fine. It's mostly my fault, really. We like to come out here to the mountains when we're stressed out, and I guess we didn't get here soon enough this time, did we?

Gail lets her robe slip just a little bit, gives the guard a bit of a distracting tit-show.

PERCY

Well... Well, you're gonna have to get that cleaned up.

KURT

It'll be taken care of before lunch tomorrow. Scout's honor.

PERCY

All right, well... All right.

KURT

Thanks so much for checking in, though. Always good to know we're in such good hands.

Kurt SHUTS THE DOOR. He gives the closed door a mock NAZI SALUTE and Gail chuckles.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Razor TWISTS the tension wrench and CLICK, the lock comes open!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kurt unlocks the deadbolts, opens the door.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Kurt and Gail descend the stairs.

GAIL

(sing-song voice)

Oh Razor! I hope you didn't get off, yet --

They stop near the foot of the stairs. The CAGES ARE EMPTY!

Razor, now partially clothed, emerges from behind the stairs and SLAMS Gail with a SLEDGE HAMMER right in the crotch! She crumples.

Kurt's stunned for a moment, then starts to LUNGE for Razor, but from the other side of the stairs, Cassie, also clothed now, PLUNGES a long knife through the BACK OF KURT'S KNEE.

Kurt SCREAMS and tumbles headfirst down the stairs, the knife still protruding through the front of his leg.

Razor stands over the writhing Kurt, raises the hammer. Kurt puts up an arm to deflect the blow. The arm CRACKS on impact.

KURT

Gahh!

Gail's getting up now, trying to crawl towards Razor. Cassie KICKS Gail in the face, takes another knife and STABS Gail in the ribs.

Gail rolls over and COUGHS UP BLOOD.

Razor raises the hammer to hit Kurt again.

CASSIE

Razor, come on!

Razor looks over at Cassie, hesitates. He wants to finish the job.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Come on!!

Kurt YANKS the knife out of his knee. GRUNTS with pain.

Razor looks down at him. Kurt SLASHES at Razor. Razor jumps back, but the blade catches his leg.

Razor falls.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Razor!

Kurt goes for Razor with the knife, but Razor flings the hammer at him, catches him on the JAW. Kurt drops the knife and collapses again.

Razor gets up and runs up the stairs with Cassie, blood oozing from his leg.

RAZOR

Fuck!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BASEMENT - SAME

Razor SLAMS the door shut and BOLTS it. Cassie's already running down the hallway. Razor follows, wincing with every step on his wounded leg. He's going as fast as he can, wary of every dark doorway he passes in the hall.

EXT. VACATION HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassie BURSTS out the front door, looks back and forth, looks for anyone.

CASSIE
Help! Help!

No answer. The other houses are too far away.

Razor limps out of the house.

RAZOR
Percy! Percy it's me! Percy!

It's as loud as he can manage right now. Still no answer.

CASSIE
Where is he? Why can't he hear us?
He was just here!

Razor grabs Cassie's arm and starts pulling her down the driveway towards the street.

RAZOR
We can't wait around... Come on.

Cassie resists.

CASSIE
The other houses. We should go to
another house.

RAZOR
No fucking way, we gotta get outta
here.

CASSIE
There's nobody on that highway!
It's the middle of the night! The
middle of the fucking night!

RAZOR
No fucking way, Cass.

Cassie YANKS her arm free. She's freaking out. Paces one way and then the other, no idea what to do.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
They're still alive down there.

CASSIE
I don't care. Why do -- How can
you care? How can --

She falls to her knees and VOMITS. Nothing there but bile at this point.

RAZOR

They'll just blame us. They'll fucking blame us. Somehow make it look like killing Stacy and JP was self-defense.

(a beat)

We'll go to fucking jail.

Cassie looks back towards the other houses. She's not convinced.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

We either go back down there and kill them, and I ain't opening that door, I can tell you that much, or we get out of here and hope they die before someone finds them because if we don't those sick fucks are gonna send us to jail.

CASSIE

This wasn't my idea.

RAZOR

Cass, come on.

She shakes her head.

RAZOR (CONT'D)

So you're gonna go to jail just like your mom, now?

CASSIE

What?

RAZOR

Just come on, Cass.

CASSIE

But you could tell them it wasn't my idea. Tell them you -- you took me out here and I didn't know what was going to happen.

(off Razor's blank expression)

I mean, that's what happened.

Razor takes her arm again.

RAZOR

Let's get down to the road.

Cassie looks down the path to the other houses, then back at Razor. She wrenches his arm away, but follows him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cassie and Razor in the woods headed for the road, maybe 100 feet away.

RAZOR
There'll be a car, don't worry.

Cold silence.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
Hey don't be a bitch, I just saved your fucking life.

CASSIE
For what? So you can do me up the ass?

RAZOR
Cass--

CASSIE
You're just like JP.

RAZOR
Hey, JP was my friend and now he's fucking dead.

Cassie stops walking.

CASSIE
Fuck him! And fuck you! Talking about my mom! Talking about how I'm gonna go to jail like my mom, 'cause you won't even just tell the truth about what happened!

Razor puts a hand on Cassie but she knocks it away and sits on the ground, her back against a tree.

RAZOR
Jesus, Cassie, come on, we're almost there.

CASSIE
You're just like JP, and my mom, and those fucking whores at my school and everyone. You're nothing.

(a beat)

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 I wish they'd killed you, too. At
 least they're not losers like you.
 I'm glad your fucking dog got
 killed!

Razor holds up his hands in an "I give up" fashion.

RAZOR
 You are one crazy bitch.

Cassie grabs a rock and throws it at Razor.

CASSIE
 Shut up!

She throws another one, and Razor heads back down towards the road.

RAZOR
 Jesus.

HEADLIGHTS down the road. Coming this way. Razor hobbles as fast as he can for the road, already waving his arms.

Cassie makes no move to follow.

RAZOR (CONT'D)
 (to the car)
 Hey! Heeeeey!

MOVEMENT in the trees catches Cassie's attention and she glances up.

There in the branches of a tree close to the road is a MAN. He's PERCHED UP THERE like some kind of a monkey. Like he has the agility of a cat. And Razor's headed right for him.

Cassie hesitates, then:

CASSIE
 Razor!

Too late.

Kurt POUNCES from the tree down onto Razor.

Cassie stands up and GASPS, but she can't take her eyes off of the struggle.

Kurt and Razor are a jumble of flailing limbs there on the forest floor. It's impossible to tell who's winning.

RAZOR
 Fuck, fu --

And then only a GURGLING sound.

One of them's stopped moving.

Cassie stares, frozen.

The HEADLIGHTS of the passing car illuminate them for a couple of seconds. Long enough to see Kurt, covered in Razor's BLOOD and slowly rising from where Razor's now butchered body lies. He's holding the same long knife Cassie stabbed him with back in the basement.

Kurt locks eyes with Cassie.

Cassie runs back up the wooded hillside, back towards the dim glow of one of the houses. Branches slap and scratch her face in the darkness.

Cassie stumbles on a stone, looks back but there's no sign of Kurt.

She's up again, running hard up the hill, looks back again, still no sign of Kurt.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

The woods end and there's a clearing, and about a hundred yards away:

ANOTHER HOUSE. The lights are on. The garage is open. Somebody might be home.

Cassie crouches behind a big tree at the edge of the woods, working up the nerve to dash across that open space to the house.

She looks behind her, up into the trees. Kurt could be anywhere.

She creeps along the edge of the woods, trying to get as close to the house as she can before she makes a run for it, and then:

A NOISE.

Like a twig snapping.

Cassie freezes. AND THEN RUNS.

Out into the clearing, as fast as she can for the house. Nobody's going to catch her, she's that determined, but before she's gone ten yards:

BIG HANDS GRAB CASSIE

Pull her to the ground. Tackle her. She's in the grass, now, the man on top of her.

Cassie SCREAMS and a hand clamps over her mouth, and that's when she sees it's NOT KURT. It's Percy, the security guard!

PERCY

What are you doing out here, kid?!
Huh?!

Percy shines his flashlight in Cassie's face. Recognizes her and takes his hand off her mouth.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Wait, you're Razor's girl. Cassie, right?

He helps her up.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I told you kids to stay outta sight.

Cassie's shaking, looking out at the woods, not sure how much to tell him.

CASSIE

Can you -- Can you take me to that house? I need to use the phone.

PERCY

No way, what do you need to do that for? Where's Razor at?

CASSIE

Please, please I've got to get to a phone.

She starts to move away toward the house, but Percy grabs her arm -- a little TOO ROUGH.

PERCY

You didn't answer my question.

CASSIE

I -- I don't know where he is, that's why I need to -- to get to a phone.

Percy grins.

PERCY

You little liar.

Cassie shoots a frightened glance out at the woods.

CASSIE
No, no, listen --

PERCY
Got a little too rough for you,
didn't he? Your first time?

CASSIE
Please just get me to a phone.
Please!

PERCY
No reason to bother those people.
I'm sure Razor'll be along any
minute looking for you.
(looks her up and down)
But since you kids decided to go
running around all over the place I
might just take me a little taste,
what do you say?

Cassie shakes her head, tries to pull away.

CASSIE
No. No you don't understand.

Percy starts to pull her back into the woods.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
No! They'll kill us! They'll --

She fights him but Percy SLAPS her across the face.

PERCY
You're more trouble than you're
worth, you know that?

Percy pushes her up against a tree.

Cassie's jaw stiffens. Her eyes are cold.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Come on, you know you're gonna like
it. Like mother like daughter,
right?

CASSIE
(emotionless)
You're going to die.

PERCY
(laughing)
That right?

The breeze sways some branches high up in the trees just enough to let some moonlight in. Moonlight that illuminates:

KURT

Still half-naked. Bloody and bruised from the night's events and standing right behind Percy, knife at his side.

Cassie sees him. Shuts her eyes.

Percy yanks on Cassie's pants, and then Kurt's hand is on his shoulder.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Wha--!

Kurt reaches his arm around and plunges the knife up into Percy's liver.

Percy GASPS, then GURGLES as blood fills his throat. He's still conscious, eyes wide and staring into Kurt's as Kurt gently lowers him to the ground.

Kurt pulls out the knife and stands to face Cassie.

Cassie opens her eyes.

KURT
My wife is dead, Cassie.

A beat.

CASSIE
Good.

Kurt brings the knife close to Cassie. She doesn't flinch. He flips the knife around, HANDING IT TO HER, handle first.

Kurt looks down at Percy, twitching and gurgling, gasping for breath.

KURT
Finish him.

Cassie looks at Kurt. At Percy, his eyes looking up and pleading with her. At the knife. She hasn't taken it... Not yet.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLES OVER BLACK:

"Five Months Later"

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A podunk little country grocery store. Must be near water because a lot of the CUSTOMERS are dressed for the lake.

Sandra and Paula, two of the bitch cheerleaders from earlier, peruse the medicine aisle.

They check the anti-theft mirror to make sure the CHECKOUT GIRL isn't watching, then pocket little boxes of condoms.

Sandra checks the mirror again and sees a flash of what could be Cassie over on the next aisle.

SANDRA

Oh my god.

ON THE NEXT AISLE OVER

Sandra and Paula round the corner to see Cassie, in a bikini and a robe-like sheer cover-up, browsing for sunscreen.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Sandra and Paula go over to Cassie.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Cassie? Aren't you supposed to be dead or something? Where have you been for like, the entire semester?

Cassie completely ignores Sandra, pulls some sunscreen down and starts to walk away.

Sandra and Paula cut her off at the corner. Cassie doesn't look them in the eyes.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you came out to the lake to drown yourself, but you couldn't even get that right, and you were so embarrassed you just stayed in the woods for the next five months?

Cassie uncrosses her arms and her cover-up parts, revealing:

The PENTAGRAM TATTOO around her navel -- the same tattoo Gail had.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Nice tat. Glad to see you're getting in touch with your inner skank.

Cassie looks up at Sandra. Her eyes are dead, now. There's nothing behind them.

She reaches into her purse and produces:

A NAZI SS SWITCHBLADE.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

What th--

CASSIE

PLUNGES the knife deep into Sandra's belly, 'till even the knuckles of her hand sink into the wound.

BLOOD spurts back onto Cassie, pours out of Sandra's mouth.

Paula SCREAMS.

FADE OUT