

HOME INVASION

by

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NOTE

What you are about to see is not "found footage".

The events you are about to watch are not pre-recorded.

They are going to happen --

RIGHT NOW.

A BLACK SCREEN

A voice speaks to us with a calm menace.

VOICE

Are you watching?

A DIM SQUARE appears in the upper left corner of the screen. A moment passes, the square illuminates, and we realize -- *We're watching a live video feed of an empty room.*

VOICE

Good.

We can't make much of the image, but we can see something moving in the dim space.

VOICE

Look very closely.

A TEENAGE GIRL. In her bedroom. Still and alone. Video chatting at her desk. *She has no idea we're watching her.*

PHHRPT -- A new feed appears next to the one we've been viewing.

A TEENAGE BOY. Alone in his room. Playing a video game. Oblivious to the fact that he's being observed.

PHHRPT -- now another feed.

A MAN and WOMAN. Watching television in the family room. Routine. Silent. Unaware.

PHHRPT -- *PHHRPT* -- *PHHRPT* -- Square after square appear on the screen. Room after room. Like a chessboard. And we realize something -- *they're all coming from the same home.*

VOICE

If you watch, I will give you what
you came here for.

The POV's are now switching quickly -- multiple angles -- as the Voice continues to speak.

VOICE
I want you to watch.

KITCHEN -- BEDROOM -- BATHROOM -- BASEMENT -- ATTIC

There are cameras everywhere.

The footage we're seeing is slick, controlled, and professional.

Set up by someone who knows their craft.

VOICE
Because this is just the beginning.

PHHRPT -- The feeds disappear and the screen goes black. Then -- slowly -- a single feed fills the screen.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE

Surrounded by nature. Isolated and still. We're now watching the home from a new angle. The feeling from this altered view is frenetic. Unstable. Then we realize --

OUR POV IS COMING FROM A CAMERA ATTACHED TO A MOVING PERSON.

The voice continues.

VOICE
My intention is not to create fear.

Then a SOUND. BREATHING -- picked up by the camera's microphone -- as our view stalks closer and closer to the home.

VOICE
It is to release it.

The voice stops.

Our POV CAM moves closer to the kitchen window that frames the family inside -- all together now.

THE KITCHEN

There are four people in the kitchen.

THE GIRL. Must be 17. Washing dishes and hating it. She's letting everyone know how miserable she is *without saying a word*. She's attractive -- but she does the best she can to hide it.

THE BOY. Probably 14. Latino. Drying dishes and doing a terrible job at it. He's a sweet-looking kid who is careful enough to place the plates where they're supposed to go but careless enough to dry his hands on his T-shirt.

THE FATHER. In his 40's. Reviewing his bills and sentencing them to life or death with the rip of an envelope. He's a man fighting the fatigue of a long day at work, but that doesn't hide his strength or his looks, it just softens it.

THE WIFE. Late 20's. Latina. Cleaning the kitchen table around her husband's mess. She's a woman young enough to make you stop and wonder about her husband, but captivating enough to make you forgive him. Her face is the brightest spot in the room.

As they go about their routine, the sound and images are raw and real. *We're seeing them from different angles and we're hearing them from different places.* The effect is startling. We're not watching them.

WE'RE SPYING ON THEM.

The silence is broken by the girl's voice.

THE GIRL

Why won't you just let me leave?

FATHER

Because you're being punished. You can survive one night on your own without your boyfriend.

JAMIE

Not in this house.

FATHER

Jamie.

JAMIE

(imitating him)
Dad.

THE WIFE

Jamie.

JAMIE

(cold)
Olivia.

Jamie's response hangs in the air with a venom that only a teenager can deliver.

OLIVIA

Adam, why don't you just let her go? I can take over for her.

ADAM

She can give up a Friday night to say goodbye to her uncle before he leaves town.

JAMIE

He didn't even show up for dinner.

ADAM

Our discussion about this already ended. You're not going out tonight.

Jamie delivers an icy stare her father's way. She walks over to the KITCHEN PHONE to make a call.

A puzzled look comes over her face.

JAMIE

Something's wrong. The line isn't working.

Adam ignores her. Olivia doesn't know whether to speak or not.

JAMIE

Diego did you do something to the phone?

The boy responds.

DIEGO

I never use that phone.

JAMIE

Well something is wrong, I can't make a call --

ADAM

I cancelled the land line.

A beat.

JAMIE

Why did you do that?

ADAM

Because I'm changing our cell phone plan and we don't need to pay extra for the land line.

JAMIE
(suspicious)
What do you mean you're changing
our plan?

Adam is careful with his response.

ADAM
I switched us to a family plan.

This comment changes the tone in the room and Adam can see it in Jamie's reaction.

ADAM
It means you're getting a new
phone. I thought you'd be happy.
Diego, you're getting one too.

DIEGO
Boom. BOOM!

Adam turns to his daughter.

ADAM
You've been asking for a new phone
for months. Why aren't you
excited?

Jamie thinks about her response before she delivers it. Then it comes out of her mouth.

JAMIE
Because they're not my family.

If Jamie wanted a reaction, she certainly gets one.

Olivia looks terribly hurt.

Diego looks totally uncomfortable.

And Adam looks ready to burst.

His daughter doesn't like her new step-family and she's willing to say it to their face.

Our view switches to ...

OUTSIDE. FROM THE TREES

... where we're watching the modest home from a new angle, lurking across the street.

WATCHING FROM THE POV-CAMERA.

The feeling is unnerving.

A SOUND emerges from the distance. *A car is approaching.* A moment passes and the lawn is bathed in headlights.

OUR POV TURNS TO THE SOUND and observes a PICK-UP TRUCK driving toward the house.

OUR VIEW MOVES -- slipping back behind a nearby tree and throwing everything into darkness. Then we peer out from the oak to steal a view of the vehicle, now parking in front of the home.

Our POV lingers. Waiting. *A predator watching for prey.*

The headlights go dark, leaving the car illuminated by the lone street lamp.

SOMEONE emerges from the truck.

He's scratching his thick beard with one arm and cradling a brown bag under the other. We can't see much in the darkness but we can see that this is a man built like a Redwood in carpenter's overalls. He takes out a KEYCHAIN tethered to his belt loop and heads up to the front door.

From the distance, we watch as he fiddles with his keys and enters the home. Greeted by Olivia and Diego. We can just make out Diego's voice from afar.

DIEGO

Matt!

Uncle Matt enters the house and Olivia closes the front door behind him.

Silence takes over the night. The only sounds that remain are the deep, hoarse BREATHING being picked up by the POV CAMERA'S MICROPHONE.

Our view moves closer ...

TO THE FRONT WINDOW

... where we can just make out a sliver of what's happening through the curtains.

We observe for a moment. Then the *POV-CAMERA* turns and looks toward the street.

We notice something we couldn't see from the other angle of the road.

There's a second car parked in the distance -- a WINDOWLESS VAN -- and we can just make out the outline of a FIGURE inside -- dark and foreboding.

A moment passes. The headlights flash -- one-two -- one-two.

A signal.

The coast is clear.

The *POV-CAMERA* turns away from the window and moves towards Matt's truck -- quickly -- heading past the hatch where we catch a glimpse of empty bags and toolboxes -- ending up at the other side of the car.

The *POV-CAMERA* looks up for a moment to check on the house. Finds it silent and still. Then, our view turns back to the car and moves carefully -- slowly -- and slides under the vehicle.

Our *POV* searches the undercarriage. Looking for something. We move past the drive-train, the shock absorbers, the gliding mechanism. Then our *POV* finds it.

A SINGLE PIPE.

A pair of hands enter our *POV* -- one grabs the pipe, the other clutches a pair of pliers. The microphone picks up heavy breathing now as the hands use the pliers to SNAP the pipe.

We watch as a fluid spews onto the street. Gallon after gallon.

THE FAMILY ROOM

We're back in the house now, *OBSERVING FROM AN OVERHEAD ANGLE* in the empty family room. It's a strange feeling to watch this unoccupied space as we barely pick up the *SOUNDS* of the family off in the front room.

FLOORBOARDS CREEK.

Matt rushes into view with his large bag under his arm.

MATT

Diego, open the tank. We have to put these in right away.

Diego is right behind Matt, our angle switching now as they approach the illuminated centerpiece of the room; a *HEXAGONAL FREESTANDING AQUARIUM*.

The teenager snaps open the lid of the tank.

Inside, two pairs of white-orange OSCAR FISH glide through the water, tails flowing like a veil. *Like wraiths.*

The rest of the family enters the room now, including a reluctant Jamie who is not enthused.

Matt reaches into the bag under his arms and pulls out a plastic container filled with TINY FISH.

MATT

Know what these are? They're feeder fish.

DIEGO

New fish?

MATT

No. They're fish for the other fish to eat.

DIEGO

The other fish are going to eat them?

MATT

And we're gonna watch.

Matt pours the little fish into the tank.

MATT

You guys have to see this. Come on.

Adam and Olivia relent and gather around the tank. Jamie lingers behind, posturing so that everyone knows she's not amused.

OLIVIA

Matty, we only feed them pellets.

MATT

Not tonight.

We see the tank now. Inside, the Oscars are working themselves into a frenzy.

DIEGO

Does it take long?

MATT

The longer it takes the more exciting it is when it finally happens.

There's an energy that changes in the tank and the family is mesmerized by it. Even Jamie can't help but watch.

JAMIE

This is perverse. You're not feeding the fish, you're watching them get killed.

MATT

Lighten up Jamie, it's just for fun.

Hunger turns into savage instinct now as the hefty Oscar fish CHASE the skittering feeders.

DIEGO

This is awesome.

Behind the fish tank is another large window that looks out into the back yard of the house. The tall panes of glass loom over the family.

It is a picture frame with darkness as its canvas.

Our angle switches to the ...

BACKYARD

... where we're now watching the family FROM THE POV-CAMERA.

A NOISE is picked up by the CAMERA'S MIC.

Breathing. Heavy and forceful.

Our POV moves toward the window as the family can be seen inside, amused by the thrill of what's happening in the fish tank.

Our POV moves even closer now -- the BREATHING growing louder -- muting all the other noises of the night.

INSIDE THE FAMILY ROOM

We're watching the family from a new angle inside the home. Slowly, something becomes apparent outside the window.

IT'S THE OUTLINE OF A NIGHTMARE.

A brutal silhouette. Just watching them.

We can't make it out completely, but there's a part of the figure's appearance that doesn't seem right. It's difficult to see, but it's clear that SOMETHING IS DRAPED OVER HIS HEAD. It's not a hood. And it's not a mask. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.

Before we get a decent look, the figure disappears back into the darkness of the night.

Waiting.

Diego cries out toward the aquarium.

DIEGO

Wow! Look at them go!

What is briefly an amusing spectacle quickly becomes dark and disturbing. Primal carnage consumes the tank. The Oscars twist and turn with sharp and violent movements, swallowing the feeders whole.

The smile vanishes from Diego's face as everyone in the room goes silent.

Jamie has had enough.

JAMIE

There's something wrong with you people.

THE KITCHEN

We're watching overhead from the kitchen as Jamie makes her way through the house. MUFFLED VOICES from the Family Room can still be heard.

FRONT HALL

A new angle of Jamie heading out of the kitchen and towards the steps that lead upstairs.

ABOVE THE STAIRS

Looking down on Jamie as she makes her way to the second floor of the home.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Another angle now, watching Jamie step across her hard wood floor toward a door at the end of the hallway.

We watch as she enters her room and closes the door behind her, sealing herself off from the rest of the house.

But not from our view.

JAMIE'S ROOM

We're inside now, watching from MULTIPLE ANGLES.

There's a desk buried under clutter, a bed buried under clothing, and walls buried under cliches.

Jamie closes the shades, opens her laptop and we catch a glimpse of her desktop picture.

It is an OLD PHOTO.

In it, we see a different Jamie. Bright and beaming. She and her father are embracing a WOMAN who who has just finished a marathon. The woman is wearing a NEON PINK WINDBREAKER with a MARATHON BIB NUMBER pinned on the front.

She is the spitting image of the young Jamie.

It must be her MOTHER.

The moment passes and in an instant she's on Facebook, messaging away.

THE FAMILY ROOM

We're back in the family room looking at it from a NEW ANGLE. We can see Diego, alone now, stuffing his HOCKEY EQUIPMENT into a sports bag on the floor.

DIEGO

Anyone see my sticks?

Behind him, we can see the kitchen framed from the doorway in the family room ...

THE KITCHEN

... and we can see the family room framed from the doorway in the kitchen.

Olivia and Adam are standing at the counter speaking to Matt. We pick them up in mid-conversation.

OLIVIA

-- not saying that. I love Jamie. I'm saying that I made a conscious choice to cease being responsible for her actions.

ADAM

You aren't responsible for her actions. She's seventeen.

OLIVIA

Look, if she started a fire on the living room floor I'd intervene. But if she's out with her boyfriend and doesn't come home by midnight, I ignore it. Adam can deal with it.

ADAM

I don't like how she treats Diego.

OLIVIA

Diego's tougher than he looks. I'm sure he's fine.

MATT

When it's coming from you guys, Jamie hears what she wants to.

Matt grabs the bag he brought into the house.

MATT

Let her hear it from someone else.

ADAM

It's just a phase Matt. She needs to go through it on her own.

MATT

She's been through a lot on her own already.

Matt exits the room leaving Olivia and Adam behind. When they look up, they see Diego framed in the doorway, clutching his GOALIE MASK. He's staring at them.

DIEGO

You know I can hear you talking about me in there, right?

FRONT HALL

Overhead as Matt heads out of the kitchen and onto the stairs.

ABOVE THE STAIRS

Looking down on Matt as he makes his way up the staircase.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Matt stepping onto the hard wood floor and heading to Jamie's room. He pauses before he knocks on her door.

JAMIE'S ROOM

Jamie is in the midst of a video chat with a BOY who must be her boyfriend. We can't quite make out where he is, but it's noisy and he's surrounded by other kids his age.

JAMIE

-- because I'm worried about something.

BOY

What?

JAMIE

Josh, just call me. I need to talk to you.

It's clear from his face that he'd rather be anywhere else but talking to Jamie.

JOSH

You are talking to me. That's what we're doing now. We're talking.

JAMIE

I don't want to discuss it in front of everyone.

JOSH

Just say what you want to say Jaime. You're always so precious.

There's a knock at the door.

JAMIE

I have to go.

In an instant she has shut her computer lid.

Jamie creaks open her door and is greeted by her bearded uncle.

MATT

Busy?

Jamie doesn't need to say it. It's written all over her face. *Why are you up here bothering me?*

MATT

Come on Jam. Let me in. I come bearing gifts.

Jamie relents and allows Matt into her fortress of solitude. He sits on the bed.

MATT

I'm not much for this kinda stuff but I wanted to get you something before you head off to school in the fall.

JAMIE

Matt, you don't--

MATT

Look. I know you can take care of yourself. But there are bad people out there. And I want you to be safe. So I got you something.

Matt reaches into the bag. Hands her a CURVED BLACK DEVICE.

JAMIE

What is it?

MATT

I researched this, ok? There's all kinds of bullshit. Peppery sprays. Personal alarms. Rape whistles. They're all basically scams that try to make money off of fear.

Matt points at the device.

MATT

This -- is a Taser. As far as I'm concerned, there's only one way to stop aggressors and assholes and that's with 150,000 volts. Enough to make 'em hit the floor and soil their drawers.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

(then)

Aim for the dick. For real. Shoot
the prick -- in the prick.

As Matt hands the device over to Jamie, she recoils.

JAMIE

Matt. I don't need this.

MATT

I always carry something to protect
myself.

Matt points to a FOLDING KNIFE clipped onto his pocket.
Jamie doesn't look pleased.

MATT

It's not to make you feel better
Jamie. It's to make me feel
better. Take it.

Matt reaches out, takes hold of Jamie's hand and places the
weapon in her palm. It's a rare moment of intimacy for Jamie
and she succumbs.

JAMIE

Matt. I don't know. I might not
be going.

Matt is confused. This wasn't the response he was expecting.

MATT

The hell you talking about?

JAMIE

Sometimes ... things don't work
out.

MATT

You've got your whole future ahead
of you and you want to spend it
here, working at Starbucks? Are
you serious?

The look on her face. Stressed. Tense. *Troubled*. There's
a burden she's carrying and in this moment it's overwhelming
her.

MATT

Is it about your Dad? You guys
used to be so close. You were best
friends.

JAMIE

Matt.

MATT

What?

JAMIE

I don't. Want. To talk about it.

Matt decides to let it go. He embraces his niece.

MATT

You need to know this. At your age, there's no boy that's worth getting worked up about.

Jamie fights back a smile. It makes Matt happy.

MATT

And Jamie. Wherever you end up in the fall. Whatever you end up doing. They are your family now. Make amends before you leave this house.

Matt releases her and exits the room. Jamie closes the door and seals the room off from the world. Then she returns to her chair and drops the taser on her desk.

She becomes lost in thought. Moments pass. Then she moves.

Jamie stands up and YANKS OPEN HER DESK DRAWER. Her face studies AN UNSEEN OBJECT inside. Then her hands reach in to pull it out.

It's a PLASTIC GROCERY BAG.

She opens it and examines the contents. Her face starts to change. Whatever is inside weighs deeply on her.

SOMETHING TROUBLING.

But we can't see what it is.

Our view switches to ...

THE STAIRS

... where we watch as Matt makes his way from upstairs down to a part of the house we haven't fully seen yet. Our angle switches again to ...

THE FRONT ROOM

... where Matt descends from the MAIN STAIRCASE.

This room contains the FRONT ENTRANCE to the home. There's a SEATING AREA on the right where Adam and Olivia are reading on a couch by the fireplace.

Adam looks up at his brother and sees something in his eyes.

ADAM

What?

Matt speaks from the heart.

MATT

Don't give up on her.

Adam takes this in and wrestles with it for a moment. Then he gets up off the couch and embraces his brother.

ADAM

I'm going to miss you Matty.

Matt pulls away, fighting back his own emotion.

MATT

Gimme a chance to at least thank you proper. For letting me stay here. You know, while I was getting back on my feet again.

Matt reaches into his pocket and takes out a SMALL JEWELRY BOX. He hands it to his brother.

ADAM

Come on you prick, you don't owe us anything.

Adam opens the jewelry box and is startled by what he sees.

ADAM

Matty. You prick. *You prick.*

The STOMPING OF TEENAGE FEET fills the room and Diego bounds inside, racing over to Adam.

DIEGO

What is it?

He watches as his his step-father pulls an object out of the Jewelry box. It is a SILVER ROUNDED RECTANGLE, a little bigger than a matchbox.

ADAM

Do you know what this is?

Diego can't quite make it out. Then grabs it and realizes.

DIEGO

A lighter?

ADAM

Be careful with that. It's not any
lighter. It's a Ronson comet.

(beat)

He used to use one to light his
pipe.

DIEGO

Who did?

ADAM

Our dad.

(to Matt)

Wow. It's just like Pop's.

Matt gives his brother a knowing look. It's not *just like*
their father's lighter.

It *is* their father's lighter.

ADAM

No.

Adam grabs the lighter from Diego's hands and examines it.
As he does, he mutters in awe.

ADAM

Where did you find this?

MATT

Got it from Aunt June. In three
pieces. Had to locate a
replacement valve and the filler
screw. Even refilled the butane.

(then)

Try it. It works.

Diego glances up at Olivia and Adam and the look on his face
speaks for him. *Can I try it?*

Adam hands Diego the device and the teenager is eager to
depress the striker. After two or three tries, a MAJESTIC
GOLDEN FLAME emerges from the flint.

DIEGO

Sweet.

Adam puts his arm around his step-son and his wife.

ADAM
(to Matt)
Come here you prick.

Matt grins and Adam wraps the whole family in his arms.

Well. Not the whole family. There is one member of the family missing.

THE STAIRS

From this angle, we see Jamie has been OBSERVING THROUGH THE BANNISTER from the stairwell. Unseen. As the family embraces.

She lingers for a moment and slips back up the stairs out of our view. *Her presence noticed only by us.*

THE FRONT ROOM

Adam takes the lighter from Diego.

ADAM
I don't want you using this. It's dangerous. You got me?

DIEGO
Got you.

Adam places the lighter back into the jewelry box and slides it into a nearby drawer.

ADAM
It stays there.

Diego nods.

OLIVIA
Time for bed.

Diego heads up the stairs but before he does, his mother stops him.

OLIVIA
Diego. Basura.

Diego reacts as you would expect. But one look from his mother and there is no arguing. The boy heads back down the stairs and walks into the kitchen.

OUTSIDE THE GARAGE

Angular SHADOWS are being cast onto the driveway from the surrounding pine trees. After a brief moment, A MOTION SENSOR LIGHT illuminates the night as Diego emerges from the house and drags a GREEN PLASTIC GARBAGE CAN carelessly toward the street.

It is only seconds before he disappears from our view.

Soon after, a LONG DARK SHADOW slowly spills across the pavement.

THE DRIVEWAY

Diego rolls the heavy container away from his home to the street. Slowly A NIGHTMARISH SILHOUETTE materializes behind him. THE FIGURE.

A moment passes and it disappears into the trees.

FROM THE TREES

POV-CAMERA. Our view peers out from behind a tree trunk and focuses on Diego in the distance. We watch as the boy's head turns and is drawn to something.

Our POV turns and locks in on what he's seeing.

IT'S THE VAN.

Diego has noticed it. Our view changes to ...

INSIDE THE VAN

... where we're now peering out the windshield. Our angle askew. Slanted. *Distressed*. And we realize.

WE'RE WATCHING FROM A SECOND POV-CAMERA. A SECOND PERSON.

This POV has a very different energy. The camera's mic picks up BREATHING that is JITTERY AND AGITATED. *Like a rabid animal.*

A KNIT GLOVED HAND reaches into view and adjusts the camera, fixing our angle more clearly on the street outside the van. And for a brief moment, WE CATCH A SLIGHT REFLECTION IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

It's quick. And it's difficult to register. But we see it.

SOMETHING ON THE FIGURE'S HEAD.

It's not a HAT or a CAP. *It's something else.*

Before we can get a clear look at it, the POV-CAMERA shifts and our glimpse of the reflection disappears. Our view switches to ...

THE DRIVEWAY

... where Diego is straining to see if there's a someone in that van.

But there doesn't appear to be.

The teenager heads back inside.

We linger on the street, waiting to see if any of the figures emerge from the darkness. *None do.*

THE KITCHEN

Our angle is trained on Adam who is PLACING HIS CELL PHONE IN A CHARGER BY THE DOOR.

Diego enters and says good-night. We follow the boy out of the kitchen and into ...

THE FRONT HALL

... where he bounds up the stairs onto the ...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

... and rushes over to ...

DIEGO'S BEDROOM

... and arrives inside.

It's a room decorated with the Y chromosome in mind. Posters of sports stars, rock musicians, and video games line the wall. There's a hand-me-down television stuck in the corner with an X-box next to it.

Diego throws his HEADSET is over his ear and he's picks up where he left off on his first person shooter. He SHOUTS COMMANDS over his mic to the other gamers online. In his own little world.

The bedtime routine has begun in the home.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Olivia heads to a door on the second floor and enters the ...

MASTER BEDROOM

It's an elegant room with mid-century modern aesthetic and a large window that looks out onto the backyard.

She heads over to her closet and takes out her nightgown.

THE KITCHEN

Adam is embracing his brother and saying goodnight. They separate and Matt makes his way to a door that leads to ...

THE BASEMENT STAIRWAY

He descends down creaking wooden steps into ...

THE BASEMENT

... which has been converted into a makeshift guest room.

There are remnants of the family's earlier years throughout the space. AN OLD DIVING MASK AND REGULATOR. FADED PHOTOGRAPHS. Even a POOL TABLE in the corner, gathering dust.

Matt drops his wallet and keys on the bed. Takes this moment to walk over to the SMALL WINDOW WELL and crack it open to let off some steam.

HE SMOKES A JOINT.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

As Adam makes his way to the master bedroom. He stops for a moment to look at his home and notices that all he sees are CLOSED DOORS. A family, each in their own universe.

Adam sighs and heads to the ...

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

... where he makes his way to the toilet. Unzips. Takes a piss.

Our angle lingers on him.

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia is now taking off her clothes to change into her nightgown.

AFTER A MOMENT, SHE IS IN HER UNDERWEAR.

She smooths moisturizing lotion across her legs, arms, then finally her face. When she's done she exhales deeply, releasing the tension from the day. Her private zen.

She slips on her nightgown.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Adam exits the second floor bathroom and shouts.

ADAM

Olivia. Bathroom's free.

He moves to Diego's door and opens it a crack.

DIEGO'S BEDROOM

Adam can be seen peering into the room.

ADAM

Five more minutes, then the game goes off and time to wash up.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

As Adam moves to Jamie's room and knocks on her door.

ADAM

Hey Jam?

A moment passes.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Yeah?

Adam stands in front of the closed door and isn't exactly sure what to say. Finally he manages to speak to his daughter.

ADAM

Just wanted to see if you're doing okay.

JAMIE'S ROOM

She's in front of her computer, turned toward her closed door. This comment softens Jamie a bit and she responds earnestly.

JAMIE

I'm okay Dad.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Her father waits a moment to see if she'll appear. When she doesn't, he places his hand on the doorframe. It's clear he wants to say something to her. To connect in some way.

But he can't.

Instead, he simply says--

ADAM

All right.

There's no response.

Adam walks to his bedroom, passing by the sounds of SHOUTING and EXPLOSIONS that are sounding from behind Diego's door.

THE DRIVEWAY

Our view switches to the POV-CAMERA. From this angle we can see the KITCHEN WINDOW and the ILLUMINATED BATHROOM above it. JITTERY BREATHING is picked up by the camera's mic.

This is the second POV-CAMERA, now moving outside the home.

Our view SLOWLY TURNS away from observing the side of the house to the BACK of the driveway.

Parked there is the family car, a weathered MID-SIZED SEDAN.

The POV-CAMERA MOVES TOWARD IT.

Our view silently approaches the family vehicle and ducks down by the REAR WHEEL. Then something enters our view.

A LARGE HUNTING KNIFE.

Clutched by a SPINDLY HAND.

The RAZOR-EDGED steel is slid into the rubber tire with TERRIFYING EASE. When it is removed, the tire bleeds air with a sharp HISS.

The POV turns back up toward the illuminated window, checking to see if anyone is watching.

No one is.

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

We're now watching Olivia examine herself in the mirror. She's staring right at us. Her make-up has been removed, but the appeal of her natural beauty is hard to deny.

She reaches into a drawer and glides a stick of lip-balm along her lips.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Olivia exits and shouts to the the closed doors.

OLIVIA
I'm done in here.

She heads over to Jamie's door and knocks.

JAMIE'S ROOM

Jamie doesn't want to be interrupted.

JAMIE
What do you want?

OLIVIA (O.S.)
I'm done in the bathroom Jamie.

JAMIE
I heard you.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Olivia gets the message. She heads back into her room.

JAMIE'S ROOM

Jamie shuts her computer screen. Glances down at her desk.

SHE GRABS THE PLASTIC BAG FROM HER DRAWER.

Then stands and hides it under her shirt.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

As Jamie rushes from her door into the ...

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

... where she shuts the door behind her and locks it from the inside.

Jamie places the plastic bag onto the NEARBY HAMPER.

Then she makes her way to the sink and stares at herself in the mirror. She becomes lost in thought.

THE BASEMENT

Matt is taking clothing from a closet and placing it into a suitcase. He's packing up to leave.

DIEGO'S ROOM

Diego is chatting to friends over his X-Box headphones while fiddling with a hockey stick.

DIEGO

... invite her and her friends to
watch us practice. Or to a game.

Someone in his headset says something that makes Diego chuckle.

DIEGO

Ha. That's a private invitation.
Her friends don't get to watch
that.

(then)

Shit. I'm gonna have to piss in a
minute here.

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

Jamie moves to the shower, turns it on, and lets the noise provide a sense of security in this small room.

She moves -- quick and purposeful -- takes out the plastic bag and finally removes the contents from inside.

IT'S A PREGNANCY TEST.

Before she can think, she's opening the box -- scanning the instructions -- removing the test stick from the foil wrapper.

Jamie moves over to the toilet -- fighting any doubt or regret -- moving fast.

She aims the device toward her crotch. We don't see the details but we get a sense of what's happening on her face. As she breathes. In -- out -- in -- out. Finally we hear it.

She pees on the test. Finishes. Flushes the toilet. Pulls out the directions to confirm ...

JAMIE
(reading)
Three minutes.

And she waits. Aching moments pass. They feel like an eternity. Until there's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DIEGO (O.S.)
Jamie, I have to go to the
bathroom, are you done?

JAMIE
Give me a minute.

More moments pass. She looks at the device.

JAMIE
(to herself)
Come on.

Another knock.

DIEGO (O.S.)
Jaime, I have to go. I'm going to
pee my pants.

Concern creeps over Jamie's face. She snaps at her step-brother.

JAMIE

Diego, what's your problem, I said
hold on!

The knocks continue. Loud and demanding.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Jamie, please!

She grabs the pregnancy test and throws it into the garbage.
Unrolls sheets of toilet paper and tosses it into the
cannister to cover the evidence.

More knocks at the door. This time her step-mother.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Jaime, what's going on in there?
Diego has to go to the bathroom.

JAMIE

I'm coming, Jesus.

Jamie takes one more look at the garbage to make sure there
is no suspicious evidence. Then she opens the door and exits
the room.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Diego rushes into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind
him. Jamie exits past her step-mother.

JAMIE

He didn't have to call in the
cavalry.

Jamie disappears into her room.

JAMIE'S ROOM

She locks the door behind her and grabs her cell phone.
Hesitates. Then dials a number. It rings. Rings. Rings.
Then --

We pick up the sound of a boy's voice. Josh's voicemail.

Jamie snaps the phone shut and crashes onto her bed.

JAMIE

Asshole.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Olivia places her ear on the door to her step-daughter's room and strains to hear what's going on. But the NOISES from the X-box in Diego's room are too loud to make anything out.

Diego exits the bathroom and heads back to his room. She turns to her son, confused about his very brief bathroom visit.

OLIVIA
Did you even brush your teeth?

DIEGO
I did.

OLIVIA
All of them?

But Diego is already in his room.

Olivia reaches for the HALLWAY LIGHT SWITCH.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

We're looking at the home from a POV-CAMERA across the street. The hallway light goes dark through the bathroom window, and with it, most of the house.

Our POV turns to see A SHAPE moving toward us from down the street.

A pair of arms enter our view and wave to it.

SIGNALING.

Our POV turns back to the house.

It is peaceful. Silent.

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia slides into bed with her husband. She joins him in reading a book before they go to sleep.

THE BASEMENT

Matt is doing a final check to see if he missed anything. After a sweep of the room, he reaches for the LAND LINE PHONE on bedside table.

But when he picks it up, he's greeted with silence. Matt depresses the switchhook a couple of times and soon realizes the phone isn't working. He gazes around the room for a moment, then checks his pockets. Nothing. *Where is his cell phone?* He must have left it in the car.

Matt grabs his keys from his nightstand. The exhausted man heads upstairs.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

We're right at the edge of the street, looking at the house from the POV-CAMERA. The microphone is picking up sounds of heavy breathing, which grow louder and louder with every passing moment.

Then the front door opens.

And the breathing goes silent.

The POV-CAMERA turns. Moves to the street. Slips down behind Matt's truck to hide.

After a moment, our view moves and spies through the window of the truck to get a look at the front door of the house.

We see that Matt has emerged and is quietly closing the door shut.

Our angle switches to the ...

STREET TO THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

... where we're now watching from THE SECOND POV-CAMERA.

Hiding behind a tree next to the street lamp.

We catch sounds from the camera's mic. BREATHING. Different in tone from the other camera. Higher pitch. Wheezing.

And an urgency.

It goes silent.

The POV moves backward. Away from Matt's view. Deeper into the night.

Our angle switches again to ...

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

... where we're now watch from THE FIRST POV-CAMERA.

Matt is walking toward his truck. Right towards us.

Our POV slides down below the window. Hides. Angle slowly gliding up and down. Matching the rhythm of hushed breathing being picked up by camera's the microphone.

Waiting for Matt to approach.

Footsteps grow louder. Keys jingle together as they draw near.

Matt appears into our POV. Stops cold.

His face becomes startled and frightened. His hand reaches for the folding knife on his hip.

Our angle switches to ...

ABOVE THE HOUSE

... where we're perched on the roof of the house, looking down on the front lawn and street below.

Matt stands at his car, staring down at the figure we cannot see. He is speaking, or at least trying to, but from our distance we can't hear anything he's saying.

The lone street lamp flickers, casting a sliver of light onto Matt and his truck. But there is something lurking in the darkness.

The second figure emerges from behind the street lamp.

We can't quite make them out but we can see something in their hand. It's raised into the air, clutching a violent object.

THE HUNTING KNIFE.

What happens next is sudden and brutal.

Matt is hoisted into the air by the first figure. Flailing as he goes. Desperately -- unsuccessfully -- trying to grasp the weapon on his hip.

ON THE STREET

Our angle switches to the POV-CAMERA. We're now RUSHING towards Matt, HUNTING KNIFE CLUTCHED INTO VIEW, as the microphone picks up deep menacing breaths as we go.

It's a startling and violent feeling.

WE'RE SEEING WHAT THE KILLER SEES, WEAPON IN HAND, AS WE HEAD TOWARD THEIR VICTIM.

Matt struggles to break free as we rush toward him.

And as soon as we're about to reach him, our angle switches to ...

DIEGO'S ROOM

... where a video game blade comes slashing down on a digital victim.

Diego shouts into his headset.

DIEGO
Woo! Slashed! Owned again. Nice.

There's audio in his earpiece and he laughs in response.

DIEGO
I'm not the one out in the open,
noob.

MASTER BEDROOM

Adam and Olivia read in silence. The only violence they're aware of is coming from the sounds inside Diego's room.

ADAM
He's got two minutes before I go in
there.

Olivia smiles at her husband.

OLIVIA
Somebody's cranky.

ADAM
Somebody's tired.

Olivia reaches her hand under Adam's shirt and strokes his chest.

OLIVIA

You do realize that if we can hear them, they can't hear us?

OUTSIDE THE HOME

Our angle changes and we're watching from the POV-CAMERA outside.

The HUNTING KNIFE is lifted into our view, covered in a dripping layer of CRIMSON. THE BLACK KNIT GLOVE enters frame and WIPES THE WEAPON CLEAN.

There is a brief instant where we catch a REFLECTION OF THE FIGURE to whom our POV-CAMERA is attached. It's difficult to comprehend. Something about the FIGURE'S FACE. Something BIZARRE.

But before we can fully see the image, OUR POV TURNS to the home.

The LIGHT GOES OUT in the master bedroom.

MASTER BEDROOM

Moonlight is the only source of light in the room. BODIES move under the sheets. After a moment of silence, we can hear NOISES coming from Diego and Jamie in the hallway.

Adam's head pops out from under the covers.

ADAM

You have to be kidding me.

OLIVIA

Get back under here.

A moment passes and we can hear Diego shouting to his friends.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Whoa! Nice!

Adam sits up in bed.

ADAM

I can't do this.

OLIVIA

Just ignore it.

Adam waits a moment for the sounds quiet down.

Moments pass.

It happens again, this time the MUFFLED SOUNDS from Jamie's video chat.

Adam bolts up and out of bed. He rushes to his door, yanks it open, and storms into the ...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

... where he makes an announcement.

ADAM

That's it! It's bed time, that's it!

He heads over to Diego's room and opens his door, startling the boy.

ADAM

Diego, game off. Now!

Diego speaks into his headset.

DIEGO

Hey. I have to go.

Adam is not amused as Diego tries to end his game.

ADAM

Unplug it. From the wall. Now.

Diego sours at this idea. He begrudgingly unplugs the xbox.

ADAM

Hand it to me.

Diego fights off his frustration. Hands the box to his step-father.

DIEGO

Sorry, we were almost --

Adam doesn't want to hear it.

ADAM

Door open. Lights out.

He walks over to Jamie's room as SOUNDS from the VIDEO CHAT grow louder and with them, JAMIE'S VOICE.

Adam reaches for the doorknob and tries to spin it. But to no avail. It's locked.

He bangs on the door.

ADAM

Jamie.

The sounds from the chat GO SILENT. Then --

JAMIE (O.S.)

I turned it down.

ADAM

Open the door.

Moments pass and THE DOOR OPENS.

ADAM

Do you think you're the only one in
this house?

JAMIE

I was just talking.

ADAM

I understand that it's Friday night
Jamie, but we need to get some
sleep.

Jamie's only response is silence.

ADAM

I want your phone and your
computer.

JAMIE

Dad, I'll be quiet.

Adam responds with his own silence.

After seeing that her father is not backing down, Jamie's
face turns from defiance to ANGER.

She scowls and walks over to COMPUTER. Grabs it along with
the CELL PHONE on her desk. Glares at her father as she
hands over her devices.

It's as if he's taken her soul.

ADAM

I just need you to be quiet guys.
(to Diego)
You hear me Diego?

DIEGO (O.S.)

Okay.

Clutching an ARMFUL OF EQUIPMENT, Adam heads to the stairs and makes his way to the first floor.

THE KITCHEN

We're watching an empty kitchen illuminated by a SOFT LIGHT above the stove. Soon we can hear the CREAKING OF HARDWOOD STAIRS outside the room.

Moments pass and Adam enters, placing the equipment onto the kitchen table. THE X-BOX. JAMIE'S COMPUTER. HER CELL PHONE.

ALL THE CHILDREN'S CONNECTIONS TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, SILENCED.

Adam makes his way to the sink and pours himself a drink of water. He leans up against the countertop to gulp it down.

Behind him we can see the KITCHEN WINDOW.

OUTSIDE THE HOME

We're watching the home from the distance through the POV-CAMERA. Cold light spills out into the night as Adam can be seen with his back to us, framed in the kitchen window.

The camera's microphone picks up hoarse, guttural BREATHING. Metronoming in and out. Over and over.

Slowly, our POV stalks toward the house. Moving closer and closer to Adam in the window. As we do, A SLIGHT REFLECTION grows across the glass.

Adam moves. HE'S TURNING TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.

THE KITCHEN

Adam peers out the window. He senses something. But it is impossible to see anything except the reflection of the ceiling lights in the black glass.

His hand reaches over to the light switch. Flips it off.

DARKNESS.

Any trace of the figure outside the window has vanished.

A moment passes and Adam heads upstairs. As he does, he notices the basement LIGHTS in the downstairs doorway ...

ADAM
Good night Matt.

... and he heads out of the room.

HE DOESN'T NOTICE THAT THERE'S NO RESPONSE FROM THE BASEMENT.

Our angle switches to ...

OUTSIDE THE HOME

.. where we're watching a from the POV-CAMERA. The last set of lights go off upstairs.

The house is now in complete darkness.

In the silence of the night, the camera's microphone picks up a sound we haven't heard before. Something soft, slow, and haunting. Coming directly from the killer.

They're singing quietly.

VOICE (V.O.)
*Oh, the bulldog on the bank
And the bullfrog in the pool ...*

As the song continues our view switches to various cameras inside the dark house.

THE FAMILY ROOM

Empty and dormant.

VOICE (V.O.)
*The bulldog called the bullfrog
A green old water fool ...*

THE KITCHEN

Dark and silent.

VOICE (V.O.)
Singing tra la la la la la la ...

THE BASEMENT

A dead man's room. Now occupied by the night.

VOICE (V.O.)
Singing tra la la la la la la ...

THE FRONT ROOM

Cold and desolate.

VOICE (V.O.)
Singing tra la la ...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Vacant.

VOICE (V.O.)
Singing tra la la ...

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia and Adam lying together. Asleep.

VOICE (V.O.)
Singing tra la la ...

DIEGO'S ROOM

Curled up in bed, out like a light.

VOICE (V.O.)
... la la ...

JAMIE'S ROOM

Restless and alone. Staring up at the ceiling.

VOICE (V.O.)
... la la la la.

OUTSIDE THE HOME

As the singing ends and the killers make their move.

They split up. Move quickly to the windows of the home.
Gripping something in their hands.

We switch to a POV-CAMERA and catch a closer look at the
DEVICE in their grasp.

A deep black. Pistol grip. Like a weapon.

The hand raises it to the window.

It glides it along the bottom of the glass. And we realize.

IT'S A GLUE GUN.

They're sealing them in.

Locking the family inside the home.

THE FRONT ROOM

The dark empty space is illuminated by only moonlight. With the lights out, we can now see out the two giant windows that look out onto the front yard.

The awful figures are there, moving in silhouette. And for the first time, we get a clear look at their shapes.

ON THE RIGHT. A threatening outline of a wretched man. Savage in his movement. Solid and heavy. A WALKING TERROR.

ON THE LEFT. A slender shape with a strange elfin form. Movements that are sharp and vicious. LIKE A WASP.

After a moment the figures speak to each other, but all we can hear are their faint MUFFLED VOICES. Their conversation is brief but disconcerting. *Shadow puppets conferring about their plan.*

The two separate and the terror stalks away to the side of the house. *But the wasp does not.* The wasp disappears from our view and moves behind the ...

FRONT DOOR

A solid timber frame with a brass doorknob now filling our view from the inside of the house. We watch as a nightmare unfolds in the family's home.

The doorknob slowly turns. And the door opens.

The wasp's knit glove is clutching Matt'S KEYS. Careful to slide the door open in silence.

From this angle, we don't see the figure entirely. Only a HAND and TORSO. Moving slowly inside. Silent and dangerous.

THE FRONT ROOM

We're now watching the inside of the house from the POV-CAMERA. It explores the room, moving in stealth. The microphone picks up the sounds of strained wheezing.

Then an image is seen in our POV. Hanging on the wall. Our view moves and reveals it in the moonlight.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

A captured moment of smiles and joy. It stands in stark contrast to the menace that lurks in the home now.

The breathing continues to provide a soundtrack to the night.

A hand reaches into our POV -- edging toward the portrait. It grasps the wooden frame.

And slides it askew.

Our POV lingers -- staring at it -- now angled on the wall awkwardly.

Then our view turns away and moves out of the front room -- moving further into the house. Stops at the base of the stairs.

A moment passes.

Our angle swivels upward to get a look at something.

The second floor. *Where they're sleeping.*

MASTER BEDROOM

We're in the master bedroom looking out through the doorway into the hall.

Adam and Olivia can be seen from another angle, sleeping soundly.

Looking out onto the hall, there is a cold stillness that permeates the space. We pick up the soft sounds of a home at night. CREAKS. MURMURS. Filling the emptiness.

A DARK FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY TO THE BEDROOM.

The wasp.

Motionless and silent. A looming statue.

Although the figure is cloaked in the shadows, we can make out something clearly now.

THEY'RE WEARING A MASK.

It is stark and simple. Large compound eyes -- ovular and marble black.

Stunted angular antennae protruding from the top. Pointed mandibles on the bottom that curve into each other like a vice.

It's the image of a GHOSTLY BLACK WASP.

Short curled hair fans out wildly from the back of the mask.

Aching moments pass.

The figure slowly cocks their head, and with it the mask -- all while their body stays utterly motionless.

Observing. *An animal sizing up its prey.*

Adam and Olivia remain sleeping in silence. Their torsos moving rhythmically up and down. Inhaling. Exhaling. An image of peace and calm.

Quickly spoiled as the wasp mask slowly lowers into view.

Inches away from the sleeping couple as they lay powerless in their bed.

It studies them, lingering over their faces.

Then moves out of view and disappears -- as we remain focused on the sleeping couple.

Adam stirs but does not wake. Olivia remains in deep sleep. And in a moment that is startling and sudden our angle changes to ...

DIEGO'S ROOM

... where the wasp is now standing, staring at the boy in complete and total stillness.

Watching the boy sleep in his small bed.

The wasp exits the room, slipping into the hallway in silence. Our view switches to ...

JAMIE'S ROOM

... where she's is curled up in bed. The stress from the day remains washed over her face. But now she's dreaming. Paralyzed in sleep.

Our view slowly widens to reveal a figure directly across from Jamie, sitting on her lowboy dresser.

THE WASP IS IN HER ROOM NOW -- hands frozen on knees -- sitting in complete stillness -- watching -- observing -- as the teenage girl stirs in her sleep.

Our angle switches to close on Jamie's face -- her head moving involuntarily -- fighting off a dream -- unaware of the nightmare that's right in front of her.

A SUDDEN NOISE -- from somewhere close -- a CREAKING.

Jamie's eyes POP OPEN.

She sits up in her bed, breathing heavily now.

As our angle changes, she doesn't see the wasp slipping out of her room and disappearing into the second floor hallway.

Jamie scans her empty room for a moment -- then slides back onto her pillow.

She shuts her eyes.

Then we hear it again.

MOVEMENT.

Jamie POPS UP in her bed.

JAMIE

Hello?

She waits for an answer but receives none.

Jamie pauses to listen, leaving enough time to convince herself that it's simply the sounds of the house, settling.

It happens again. *SOMETHING IS MOVING.*

Jamie finds herself out of her bed -- looking around -- trying to locate where the noise is coming from.

She hears it again. THE SOUND.

It's coming from the roof.

An animal maybe. *Or footsteps.*

Jamie spins toward her window -- moves toward it slowly -- listening for the noise in anticipation.

She inches closer and closer -- peering at the glass. Trees and night sky can be seen outside. And we notice something.

There's a ledge under her window frame -- the roof from an extension of the floor below.

Jamie moves closer -- and closer -- reaching her hand out toward the glass.

OUTSIDE JAMIE'S WINDOW

We're watching Jamie from a camera mounted on the roof below her window. We can see her coming towards us.

And we can see something else above her window frame -- on the roof.

A PAIR OF GRIMEY RUNNING SHOES.

Waiting right there.

JAMIE'S ROOM

Jamie's hand moves towards the glass -- then shifts towards her lamp -- fingers about to turn on the bulb -- and right before she does -- right before the light sparks -- *she sees it*. A shadow cast from the moonlight on the lawn below.

ITS THE SHAPE OF A FIGURE STANDING ON THE ROOF.

But before it can register, she's turned on the lamp.

Jamie squints to adjust to the light -- breathing heavily now -- fighting off her fear -- struggling with what she saw. Then makes a decision.

Her hand reaches for the light switch -- her chest heaving up and down now -- determined to confirm what's she's just seen.

The light goes off -- darkness fills the room -- and Jamie presses her hands against the glass to peer outside.

OUTSIDE FROM THE WINDOW

The shadow is gone. The night is still.

Only an empty back yard and the light of the moon.

JAMIE'S ROOM

Jamie breathes a heavy sigh of relief. She takes a moment to compose herself -- takes a deep breath -- thankful it's nothing.

And with shocking violence something leaps onto ledge of the roof -- shrieking as it lands -- clawing at the glass!

JAMIE IS IMMEDIATELY PARALYZED WITH FEAR.

Then she sees it -- a clear view of what is on her roof.

IT'S A RACCOON. Hissing.

JAMIE
Jesus christ.

She brings her hand to her chest, catching her breath.
Desperate to control her panic.

She notices --

THE ANIMAL IS BLEEDING -- struggling to move its legs --
panting.

It HISSES violently. Jamie goes white.

JAMIE
Shit.

She moves to the window, but the frightened animal hobbles up
and scurries off the roof into the darkness somewhere.

Jamie watches him go. Releases a deep cathartic breath.

Fighting the feeling that something isn't right.

ON THE STAIRS

We're watching Jamie's open doorway from the POV-CAMERA at
the top of the stairs, looking through the second floor
bannister.

Moments pass and the camera's microphone picks up movement
from the teenager's room.

Our POV lingers on her doorway.

Then, Jamie exits her bedroom into the dark hall and our view
sinks down the stairs, hiding from her sight.

From our lower vantage point, we can still hear her FOOTSTEPS
moving along the hall. Our POV follows their sound along the
bannister. Then, for a brief instant, she appears in our
view.

No idea that someone is downstairs watching her.

And before she can even realize, she's made her way into the
...

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

.. where she enters and closes the door. Flips on THE SOFT
LIGHT.

A slow panic manifests itself on her face.

Jamie cracks open the door and peers into the hallway.
Listens for hints of movement.

But there are none.

Only the soft CREAKS and POPS of a home at night.

She turns and sits on the toilet to pee.

THEN STARES AT THE TRASHCAN.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Stillness fills the home as the sound of peeing can be heard
from behind the bathroom door.

Our angle switches to a view looking down the stairs.

It is empty. Dark. Except for a soft red light from a smoke
detector down below. It throws angular shadows on the wall.

The silence is interrupted by the sound of a flushing toilet.
It draws our attention back into the ...

SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM

... where the hissing of the refill valve comes to a soft
end. Jamie is staring at the garbage.

The pregnancy test. *Right there.*

She comes to a decision.

Jamie moves to the container -- reaches her hand toward it --
about to grasp the contents inside when --

A TERRIBLE NOISE CAN BE HEARD FROM DOWNSTAIRS.

Something has CRASHED ONTO THE FLOOR.

Hearing it is chilling.

Jamie PANICS.

She rushes out of the bathroom.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jamie stops at the top of the stairs. A look of fear plays on her face.

JAMIE

Dad. Dad!

There's a rustling. FOOTSTEPS. Adam appears in the hallway.

ADAM

Jamie? What's going on?

JAMIE

I heard something.

Her frightened eyes stare into the dark void below.

We see the darkness she sees. The only thing coming from the black is silence.

A lights goes on from Diego's room.

Olivia appears from the master bedroom.

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

JAMIE

I heard something.

Olivia isn't sure what to make of the situation.

Diego emerges from his room, squinting and rubbing his eyes.

DIEGO

What's everyone doing?

JAMIE

Shh!

The family goes silent. Moments pass. Then it happens again.

A soft noise from downstairs.

Adam peers down to the first floor. But the light from Diego's room is throwing everything below into darkness.

ADAM

Diego, shut off the light in your room.

Diego disappears into his room -- the light goes off -- then he returns to the hallway with his family.

They all huddle together at the top of the stairs in silence.

Adam takes a step towards the staircase -- gazes down at the first floor again.

He comes to a sudden stop. Alarm plays over his face.

It's clear now. A sound -- coming from downstairs -- slow and sudden.

CREAKING -- from the floorboards. *Like the home is screaming.*

It fills the family with panic.

Diego and Olivia huddle together. Jamie collects herself off to the side next to them.

There is a tense moment inside of Adam. Instinct is taking over. Concern is washing over his face. *And with it, fear.*

He signals the family to move back.

ADAM

Who's there?

It happens again. The sound. This time loud and clear.

The floorboards.

Someone is down there. Walking on them.

ADAM

Matt is that you?

Adam hears another sound. One that's even worse than what he's heard so far.

VOICES.

Whispering.

Adam stiffens with dread.

There's more than one of them down there.

ADAM
Who's down there?

Silence. Adam turns to his wife and whispers.

ADAM
(softly)
Olivia, get your cell phone.

Olivia vanishes into the bedroom. Moments pass and she emerges, handing the device over to her husband.

ADAM
I'm going to call the police!

More silence.

Then something crashes in the front room below.

Adam turns to his family to calm them.

ADAM
(softly)
It's ok.

But it's not. The entire family feels it. They're terrified.

ADAM
Olivia, stay in the room with the kids.

Adam moves to a light fixture on the wall. Unscrews the bulb.

OLIVIA
What are you doing?

ADAM
Just stay in the room.

Adam smashes the bulb against the wall, startling his family. He grips his hand around the metal cap, as shards of glass protrude from inside. He's holding it as a weapon.

JAMIE
Dad, no.

ADAM
I said get in the room Jamie.

Olivia gathers Diego and Jamie into the room as Adam makes his way down the first step. He speaks into the void below.

ADAM

Matt, you got to tell me if that's
you. I'm coming down.

Adam is gripping his makeshift weapon in his hand, but a clear sense of fear plays on his face.

He slowly, achingly, makes his way to the first floor.

THE FRONT ROOM

Adam steps down the last stair into the darkened front room.

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia is cradling her arm around her son. Jamie stands at the doorway, trying to see what is happening.

OLIVIA

Jamie, come in the room.

JAMIE

Shh.

The teenager's face is showing a deep concern for her father. Soon she finds herself moving toward the top of the stairs to get a closer look.

OLIVIA

Jamie!

But Jamie is ignoring her. It worries Diego.

DIEGO

Mom.

OLIVIA

It's fine. It's just a noise, it's
fine.

Meanwhile Jamie has stepped onto the stairs to keep an eye on her father.

THE FRONT ROOM

Adam steps further into the room -- scans the darkness -- then sees something. It sends a wave of cold dread over his face.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jamie peers at the front room. SCREAMS.

THE FRONT ROOM

We see what she sees.

AN AWFUL FIGURE.

Looming in front of Adam. Right there. The TERROR. A figure that even in stillness exudes an explosive violence -- breathing like a bull -- POV-CAMERA attached to his shoulder. And we notice something else.

Something on his head takes a moment to comprehend.

Then we realize.

It's an UNSEALED PLASTIC BAG.

The thick SEMITRANSSPARENT material is DRAPED over his scalp all the way down to his neck. Moisture from his breath FOGS UP THE LOWER VIEW OF HIS FACE in irregular patterns.

ADAM

Who are you? What the hell are you
doing in here?

The terror watches. So do we.

Adam frightened eyes cannot make sense of the image in front of him. He fumbles as he punches numbers on Lori's cell phone.

But before he can dial 911 -- the bag comes off.

It is immediately SNAPPED OVER HIS HEAD.

Panic erupts in the home as the SILHOUETTED figure HEAVES ADAM INTO THE AIR, strangling him with the plastic bag. Adam's arms and legs flail spastically as he gasps for air that isn't there.

The cell phone DROPS FROM ADAM'S HANDS. The light bulb SHATTERS onto the floor.

Olivia screams from upstairs.

Jamie and Diego shout.

JAMIE

DAD!!!

Adam's eyes are overcome with fear but his body is overcome with instinct. His limbs are simply doing anything they can to free himself so he can breathe. But the terror will have none of it.

Still clasping the bag around Adam's neck, the terror SLAMS Adam's head against the wall in a demonstration of violence that is brutal and shocking.

BLOOD SPRAYS against the inside of the bag as Adam gasps for his last remaining breaths.

There are SCREAMS coming from upstairs -- a nightmare happening in front of their eyes.

Until it's over. Adam's life fades away. The father and husband is thrown to the ground. His body lands in an awkward contortion. His foot spasms uncontrollably. His body goes still.

A long

Dark

Silence.

The terror wipes the blood away from the inside of the top of the bag -- clearing it for his eyes -- and places the bag back on his head.

A DEATH MASK.

Now smeared in blood -- two diagonal swipes revealing his eyes -- crazed and dangerous.

THE STAIRS

A long piercing cry rips loose from deep within Jamie.

JAMIE

NOOOOO!!!

Her eyes are fighting back the shock and horror of the tragedy she's just witnessed. Olivia and Diego stand above her in a panic.

But before Jamie has time to breathe, the wasp appears at the bottom of the stairs!

OLIVIA

(hushed)

Jamie, goddamit, get up here!

Olivia clasps Jamie's collar and heaves her step-daughter up the stairs into the master bedroom with Diego. She SLAMS the door shut and we're left watching an empty hall and closed wooden doorframe.

MASTER BEDROOM

The room is silent except for the sounds coming from the weary family who are now clutching each other in agony. NOISES and MURMURS escape from their mouths involuntarily -- primal sounds of despair and shock. Olivia gasps for breath. Diego whimpers, fighting his fear and panic. Jamie stares into space. Withdrawn.

OLIVIA
What's happening?

Olivia's voice twists into a sob. She begins to weep in front of the children. Her head angles into the air and she cries out to the universe, faltering with emotion, her voice cracking.

OLIVIA
Please! What's happening? Please
...

Her words linger in the air. The despair, the loss, the horror in this moment are overwhelming. She cries as she embraces her son and step-daughter.

DIEGO
Is he dead? Oh my god, is he
dead!?

JAMIE
Don't say that. No don't say that.

A moment passes and Olivia comes to a realization. She's looking at something.

OLIVIA
The door.

But the children are too dazed to respond.

OLIVIA
We need to block the door. Now!

Olivia moves to the DRESSER by the bed and starts to heave the furniture. Jamie and Diego join her. Aching moments pass as the furniture is slowly hauled across the room toward the door. It TEARS the carpet as it moves.

OLIVIA
Come on, quickly! Push!

And with what remains of their adrenaline, the dresser is slammed up against the door.

No one is getting into that room without tearing down the door.

Olivia dashes over to her nightstand -- grasps the telephone headset -- snaps it to her ear -- then realizes --

OLIVIA
Shit. Shit!

She remembers the line has been cancelled.

Olivia scans the room. Her eyes desperately search for something.

JAMIE
What is it?

Olivia reaches into a purse on the ground, then discards it. She yanks open drawers, then slams them shut.

OLIVIA
(frantic)
My cell. Goddammit, he brought it down there.

Jamie doesn't know what to do so she searches the room along with her step-mother. Diego follows.

JAMIE
What about dad's? Where's his?

OLIVIA
He charges it by the door in the kitchen. Takes it on his way out in the morning.

There's a grim realization that hits the family. *There are very few options left for them.*

Diego finally speaks.

DIEGO
Are they coming for us too?

He looks to his mother. So does Jamie. But Olivia doesn't know how to answer. The only thing on her mind -- the only thing her eyes can see -- *is the door to the hall that now looms in front of them.* Our angle switches to the ...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

... where we see the other side of the closed family room door.

The hall is now silent and empty. Like a crypt.

THE FRONT ROOM

Still and deserted -- now with a haunting centerpiece.

THE SLAIN BODY OF A HUSBAND AND FATHER

Face down on the floor -- limbs twisted in awful angles.

THE FAMILY ROOM

Vacant and quiet. A fluorescent bulb in the fish tank casts long shadows on the wall.

THE KITCHEN

Where there are no figures to be seen. The room is desolate and noiseless.

But we do notice something different about the room from when we've seen it last. The items the father had placed on the kitchen table.

TOTALLY DESTROYED.

The cell phone is CRUSHED -- the X-BOX SHATTERED -- the computer CRACKED APART.

Even the father's phone can be seen by the door, FRACTURED AND RUINED.

The fact is, there is no chance of rescue from this place anymore. *The only hope left -- if there is any -- is escape.*

OUTSIDE THE HOME

We're looking at the home from the outside.

No sign of the intruders.

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia and Jamie are standing on opposite sides of the bed. Diego remains by his mother's side. They are all WEARY AND FRIGHTENED. We pick them up, mid-conversation, in hushed tones.

JAMIE

(stricken)

-- we can't leave him there like that. We have to do something. We need to get him some help!

Olivia struggles with a decision. She's terrified of what she knows she's about to do.

OLIVIA

Jaime. Right now we can't think about that. All we can think about, is getting out of this house.

Jamie's panic is turning to frustration and she has a target for it right here in the room; her step-mother.

JAMIE

How? How are we going to do that? They're out there!

Olivia is trying to remain calm, but Jamie's anger is lighting her fuse.

OLIVIA

We go out the window.

There's a moment of silence in the realization of their limited options. Jamie gazes at the DRAWN WINDOW SHADES. It is an option that seems far better than heading out the door of the room.

She moves to window and carefully pulls aside the shades -- notes the precipitous drop below.

JAMIE

We'd break our legs. For sure. It has to be at least fifteen feet. And even if-

Jamie stops short and instantly brings her hand to her mouth in horror. Her eyes are seeing something awful outside the window.

JAMIE

Oh my god.

The moment stretches. It proves too much for Diego. He finally speaks.

DIEGO

What is it? What's the matter?

Jamie is fighting back the terrible realization of what she's seeing.

JAMIE

It's uncle Matt. Oh my god, no!

Olivia runs to the window. Peers outside.

THERE, IN THE BACK OF HIS PICKUP TRUCK, IS MATT'S DEAD BODY.

The image is devastating to Olivia.

JAMIE

(rattled)

I don't understand. We don't have any money. We don't have anything!

Diego starts to whimper, feeding off the fear and distress in the room. Olivia sees it in his eyes and her motherly instinct kicks in. She grasps her son's arm and speaks in a way that shifts from anxiety to action.

OLIVIA

Okay. We're going to find a way to get downstairs and get out of this house. So I want you two to scour this room for anything we can use to protect us. Anything sharp. We need a weapon. Let's go. Let's go!

And Olivia is off scanning the room. Diego and Jamie become galvanized by her energy and follow her lead.

We watch as DRESSER DRAWERS are pulled out, CLOSETS are examined, and CABINETS are emptied. Moments go by. Then Diego speaks.

DIEGO

I found something.

Olivia and Jamie turn to see that he's holding something in his hands.

It's a rusty KNITTING NEEDLE. While it is shaped like a long spike, its dull edge makes it no serious weapon.

OLIVIA
That's good. That's something.

A noise stops Diego and Olivia cold.

It's GLASS BREAKING.

They turn to find Jamie stomping on a FAMILY PICTURE torn off the wall.

OLIVIA
Jamie!

But Jamie doesn't need to explain herself. She's picking up a SHARD OF GLASS from the broken portrait. It is sharp, it is long, and it is DANGEROUS.

JAMIE
Find something better?

Olivia exhales. Her stepdaughter is right. She's improvised something out of nothing.

The woman reaches out her palm and Jamie carefully hands the make-shift weapon over to her step-mother.

OLIVIA
Is that everything?

JAMIE
There is something else. In my room.

OLIVIA
What is it?

JAMIE'S ROOM

We see THE TASER on the floor of the room.

Lying still in the darkness.

MASTER BEDROOM

Olivia grabs a nearby shirt and wraps it around the base of the glass to grip it without injury.

OLIVIA
Okay. We're going to open that door and we're going to stay together.

Olivia exhales and embraces her son. She then turns to her step-daughter, the friction of their relationship a lifetime away, and gently holds her hand.

OLIVIA

We're going to stay together.

Jamie squeezes her stepmother's hand in return.

The moment stretches. Everyone tenses.

OLIVIA

Let's go.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The door RATTLES from the furniture being heaved away behind it.

The doorknob turns -- then is thrown open.

Olivia emerges first, WIELDING THE GLASS IN HER HAND like a blade. Jamie and Diego behind her.

OLIVIA

Stay with me.

She moves forward with vigilant steps towards the mouth of the stairs. Darkness and moonlight surround her. The figures could be lurking anywhere.

Olivia comes to a halt and takes a moment to scan the home, looking for signs of danger. Then, when she's decided the time is right, her foot leaves the ground and descends from the top stair to the next. As it connects with the lower step, a long, TERRIBLE SOUND emits from the wood and fills the hall.

CREAKING. *Loud and obvious.*

All movement stops. The family stands silent in the hallway in anticipation. And just as it seems they've gone unnoticed, it happens --

A shadow moves from a dark corner downstairs. Then appears. A grisly apparition.

THE WASP -- WAITING FOR THEM ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Olivia becomes paralyzed for a moment -- tries to sense the ominous figure's intentions below.

THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS

Our angle switches to the POV-CAMERA, looking up at the stricken family at the top of the staircase. The camera's microphone picks up the wasp's voice.

WASP

Singing tra la-la la-la ...

And our view moves -- one step upward -- stepping closer to the family.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Olivia holds out her GLASS BLADE with one arm and shields the children with the other.

DIEGO

Mom! They're coming up!

Olivia's instinct is causing her to back away. But Jamie's face has changed from fear to purpose. Her eyes turn to her BEDROOM and observe the darkened space inside.

JAMIE

I can get it.

The wasp moves another step -- slow -- steady, singing all the way.

WASP

... Tra la-la la-la ...

OLIVIA

Stay with me.

But Jamie has already decided.

OLIVIA

No!

Jamie breaks away, speeding toward her room to collect the only weapon in the home.

JAMIE'S ROOM

She races into the room -- her frightened eyes scanning the space for the Taser -- knowing every corner hides grim possibilities. She locates the device in the shadows on her desk.

Then she notices something.

HER WINDOW IS OPEN.

Jamie moves slowly toward the desk -- studying the darkness behind the window -- trembling as she goes.

A tension fills the air -- the dread that lies behind that open window is terrifying but also mesmerizing. She's transfixed by it. It's as if something awful might appear in the empty void if she were to look away.

Fear suffocates the young girl's face as she moves closer -- step after step. After a moment, her eyes dart away and settle on her desk.

SHE SCREAMS.

Splayed across her desk is the corpse of the raccoon.

The image sends her falling over her desk chair onto the floor

Jamie takes a moment to confirm what she sees in front of her.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
They're coming!

Jamie brings herself to her feet -- sees the Taser resting on the desk, right behind the animal. She extends her hand slowly over the creature's face toward the weapon.

THEN, IN AN INSTANT, THE ANIMAL'S MOUTH SNAPS OPEN AND RELEASES A DARK GUTTURAL HISS.

Jamie jerks back. The animal falls still.

Jamie seizes the moment -- moves quickly to the weapon -- GRASPS IT in her hands -- then spins and and aims it at the empty room.

Jamie runs to her door, extending her arm with Taser in hand. She slips into the ...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

... where the wasp is halfway up the stairs.

Shaking, Jamie raises her weapon and aims it over the railing.

JAMIE
Get back!

She SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Nothing happens.

Jamie struggles with the taser, desperate to make it fire. She tries again but her finger is met with the same impotent response.

JAMIE

Come on.

The wasp creeps up one step -- lingers on it -- and waits there.

OLIVIA

Get away from us! Leave us alone!

Jamie reaches out the taser and tries again.

Nothing.

The teenager's expression turns from desperation to frustration as she SQUEEZES the locked trigger. In this moment, a wave of emotion pours out of her and she finds herself speaking directly to the intruder in her home.

JAMIE

What do you want? What do you want from us?

Olivia knows the seriousness of the situation and tries to silence her step-daughter.

OLIVIA

Be quiet!

There's a moment of silence.

A voice then speaks from behind the mask.

It is surprisingly soft. But it's not delicate. Rather, it carries a forced calm, like a dentist speaking to a patient before they drill into their teeth.

WASP

He wants to see if you'll live.

This response delivers a tension into the room that's stronger than before. Olivia can feel it.

She pleads.

OLIVIA

Please. You can take anything you want. Just leave us alone.

(pleading)

Please don't kill us.

WASP

Not yet. He wants to give you a chance.

The wasp remains focused on Jamie whose face is beginning to show signs of defiance. An anger is building under the surface and some of it escapes out of her mouth --

JAMIE

What are you talking about?

The wasp takes a moment to respond. Then Jamie sees masked figure do something she wasn't expecting.

Back away.

The intruder slowly descends the staircase, one step at a time.

WASP

There are hunters and there are gatherers. Most people are gatherers. They take what they can.

A step.

WASP

Some are hunters. They take what they want and don't care about anything else.

And another.

WASP

Most times the gatherers starve.

The Wasp comes to a halt on the ground floor.

WASP

Which one are you Jamie?

Jamie registers surprise at the mention of her name.

THE STAIRS

Our view switches to the POV-CAMERA now. We see Jamie and the family on the second floor, staring fearfully.

JAMIE

How do you know my name?

Our view recedes into the front room.

Into complete darkness.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Jamie has joined her weary and demoralized family at the top of the stairs. They are struggling to comprehend what they've just witnessed and stand in total, stunned silence.

DIEGO

(disturbed)

What. The fuck. Was that?

OLIVIA

These people are crazy. I don't know what they want from us but we can't stay here. We'll try for the door and if we can't make it, we'll go through a window.

The children take stock of their grim options.

OLIVIA

It's going to be fast so stay with me.

Jamie raises her taser.

JAMIE

How do we get it to work?

Olivia examines the weapon. It's a foreign object to her. Her eyes scan the device as her fingers search its components.

OLIVIA

Are you sure it's charged?

JAMIE

Wouldn't it fire either way?

OLIVIA

Maybe you have to--

The two are interrupted by a sudden soft voice. Diego's.

DIEGO
(matter of fact)
You have to switch off the safety.

Olivia and Jamie's turn to the boy and are surprised to hear this definitive comment coming from this 14 year old boy.

With a CLICK he reaches for the grip of the weapon and slides off the safety switch.

OLIVIA
How did you know that?

DIEGO
I can tell you how to load,
chamber, and fire every weapon
since world war two.

They look at him curiously. How?

DIEGO
Call of Duty.

Olivia and Jamie allow themselves a grim smile. It's an extremely brief moment of levity and it quickly fades. Everyone exhales slowly. Olivia finally breaks the silence.

OLIVIA
Okay. Let's go.

She takes the lead and descends the staircase, GLASS BLADE in hand. Jamie follows behind her, clutching onto the TASER.

OLIVIA
Stay with me.

The two move carefully, step after step, heading down into the hell that awaits them on the first floor.

OLIVIA
Jamie, you with me?

JAMIE
I'm here.

A moment passes and Olivia checks in with her son.

OLIVIA
Diego, you okay?

No response.

OLIVIA

Diego?

Again, no response. Olivia spins around.

Diego remains standing at the top of the stairs, paralyzed. *This is the most terrifying moment of his life and he cannot bring himself to move.*

OLIVIA

Diego!

DIEGO

(trembling)

I can't.

OLIVIA

Diego, get down here now. We need to stay together.

Jamie turns to her step-brother.

JAMIE

Diego! Come on!

The boy shrinks back in fear towards the doorway of his room. Then --

SUDDENLY WE ARE AWARE OF SOMETHING STANDING IN DIEGO'S DOORWAY -- silhouetted in the darkness.

The outline becomes more and more clear. IT IS THE TERROR, wearing the bag over his head, RIGHT BEHIND Diego.

Diego suddenly moves away from the corner.

The terror lunges out at him.

JAMIE

Diego!

Diego spins around and SCREAMS.

The terror stands there, raising his arm, about to take the bag off his head. The boy SCREAMS again in panic and leaps backward, TUMBLING down the stairs into Jamie's arms.

JAMIE

Run!

The family runs, panting with an intensity that comes from pure panic.

The terror moves to the top of the staircase and heads down after them.

THE FRONT ROOM

Three SILHOUETTES race down the stairs and enter the vacant room where Adam's dead body lies motionless on the floor. This morbid image forces the family to a sudden stop. But the noises of the terror descending the staircase send the family into action.

OLIVIA
Get to the door!

Olivia takes Diego under her arm and dashes for the door. Jamie follows behind but when she nears her father, she stops and drops to his body, collapsing onto him.

She screams. Cries.

JAMIE
Dad no! Dad please!

Olivia is about to reach the door but hears her step-daughter's voice and spins around.

OLIVIA
Jamie. JAMIE!

JAMIE
I can't leave him here.

OLIVIA
Jamie, get over here NOW!

But Jamie can't leave her father's side.

Olivia, pulsing with adrenaline, Olivia drops her glass blade and runs over to grab Jamie by the arm.

OLIVIA
We need to go!

Jamie cries as she is pulled away from her fallen father. Together, the family runs across the dark room to THE FRONT DOOR. Olivia unlocks the door BUT IT WON'T OPEN. She heaves the doorknob, desperately.

DIEGO
Mom!

Olivia's head snaps up -- sees what Diego sees -- outside the window -- standing there like a nightmare -- THE WASP -- WAITING WITH A MEDITATIVE CALM.

OLIVIA
Go to the back!

They break into a run, crossing past the stairs where the terror is almost upon them. The harrowing figure LUNGES FORWARD toward the family.

They miss, feet apart.

Olivia leads Jamie and Diego into ...

THE KITCHEN

... where her momentum brings her right up against the side door. She grasps the KNOB and twists. But something is wrong. It won't budge. Olivia tries again, rattling the frame as she struggles to pry open the door. But her hands are met with the same response.

THE DOORS HAVE BEEN SEALED.

OLIVIA
The windows. Try the windows.

Jamie's reaction is immediate. She's at the windows, reaching to heave them open. But her hands are no more successful than her step-mother's.

JAMIE
I can't get them open.

Olivia SLAMS her fist against the window. She pounds with all her might.

OLIVIA
Please!

She releases all her force and the glass spiderwebs into shattered glass. The broken shards jut out and SLICE her palm.

She SCREAMS in agony. Blood DRIPS down her arm.

DIEGO
Mom!

OLIVIA
Stay with me!

There's a moment of grave panic. Olivia spins, fighting off her pain. She runs to the KITCHEN TABLE. There she sees the various pieces of DESTROYED TECHNOLOGY. She picks up Jamie's CELL PHONE, frantic now -- punches three numbers into the keypad -- but it's no use. It's dead.

The options are running out. Olivia knows it. Jamie and Diego are feeding off her fear.

Then there's a terrible sound.

The front door is creaking open.

THE FRONT ROOM

We're watching from the POV camera now -- entering the house -- then moving through the front room like a phantom -- microphone picking up DEEP, DREADFUL BREATHS -- heading past the father's body towards the door to the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN

Moments pass and TWO FIGURES APPEAR inside the kitchen doorway.

THE WASP AND THE TERROR.

Standing right there on the other side of the room.

Now the family has no choice but to face them directly, separated only by an insufficient island of protection; the kitchen table.

The two figures move slowly towards their victims.

Olivia grasps Diego and Jamie's hands and backs them away into the corner of the kitchen. She tries to be brave as she speaks to the children.

OLIVIA

It's okay. Stay with me, it's okay.

The awful figures inch closer and closer -- with nowhere else for the family to go -- and just as they make their move --

Olivia THRUSTS her family into ...

THE BASEMENT STAIRWAY

... where they TUMBLE INSIDE. Before anyone can react, Olivia slams the door shut and bolts the lock from inside.

THE KITCHEN

We watch as the POV camera smashes against the wooden frame of the basement door -- slamming it with violence.

THE BASEMENT STAIRWAY

Loud, furious crashes rattle the door as the family waits to see if the bolt will hold.

Olivia's hand remains clasping the lock in anticipation. It's as if the act of removing it will somehow send the door flying open.

But the lock holds. The crashes come to a halt. And the only remaining movement is the deep, heavy breathing from the three terrified family members at the top of a basement staircase.

Moments pass and they head down into the bowels of the home.

THE KITCHEN

Empty now. No sign of wasp or terror.

Only a lingering sense of dread.

THE BASEMENT

The family stands in the darkness of the silent room. They stare in numb horror. The nightmare refuses to end.

Olivia takes this moment to embrace her son. He sinks into her arms. The exhausted mother reaches out to her step-daughter. Jamie is stricken and collapses into her step-mother's embrace.

The moment stretches.

OLIVIA

We need to search the room. See if
Matt left his phone.

The three comb the room for anything they can use to communicate with the outside world.

Olivia searches the night stand next to the bed.

Diego peers into the bathroom.

Nothing. Nothing at all.

When Olivia turns around she sees something that startles her.

Jamie is frozen in front of the basement closet, mesmerized by something inside.

OLIVIA

Jamie?

A moment passes.

Jamie's hands open the door completely and we see what's inside --

A MARATHON BIB PINNED ON A NEON PINK WINDBREAKER.

The one Jamie's mother was wearing in the desktop picture on her computer. *It just hangs there, draped over a coat hanger.* Breast cancer ribbon attached to the sleeve.

The emotional impact of this discovery hits the entire room.

Olivia becomes pensive. Melancholy. She watches as her step-daughter stares wistfully at the piece of nostalgia in front of her.

Then she approaches Jamie. Reaches out her arm and places it around her shoulders. The young teenager looks into her step-mother's eyes and doesn't have to say anything. She simply falls into her new mother's embrace.

After a moment, Olivia struggles with a decision. She's staring at something and is terrified of what she knows she's about to do.

OLIVIA

I'm going out.

Jamie and Diego's eyes turn and sees what she sees.

The small basement window well.

OLIVIA

If I can fit, I can go outside and get help.

DIEGO

No. What if they're out there waiting?

A silent moment as Olivia thinks.

OLIVIA

Just stay with your sister.

And with that, Olivia approaches the window. She takes a deep breath and twists the latches.

It falls open. A first chance to escape into the outside world.

Olivia reaches her hand into the window well.

OLIVIA

Help me up.

They heave Olivia up into the air. She squeezes out into the backyard -- then turns and speaks to her children.

OLIVIA

Don't leave each other.

Jamie watches as her step-mother heads toward the darkness. After a few steps, Olivia stops. She turns around to look one more time at her children. Jamie and Olivia's eyes meet. The two look at one another, knowing this may be the last time they see each other alive.

Then we watch as Olivia disappears into the night -- surrounded by darkness.

Time passes -- too much time -- aching moments. Jamie cradles Diego now, his only remaining protector.

DIEGO

Are we going to die?

Jamie gazes at her step-brother, troubled by both the ominous statement and by the situation that produced this grim outlook in him.

JAMIE

I'm not going to leave you.

Diego moves to his step-sister and clings to her arm.

The two share a silent moment. They breathe together. And they wait. Watching the night through the frame of the small basement window. Our view switches to ...

THE BACK YARD

... where we watch from an overhead camera attached to the roof. The night reveals little. Only the lawn which disappears into a dark row of trees. *After a moment, something appears from the shadows at the edge of the property.*

The wasp.

Who slowly turns and hisses in short unnerving bursts.

This bizarre signal dissipates into the night. Then --

The terror emerges from the hidden darkness.

THE BASEMENT

Jamie and Diego watch in silence, desperate to remain safe from the two figures in the distance.

Then they hear it. Someone speaking from the woods.

It's Olivia. Frantic.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
Help! Somebody help us!

THE BACK YARD

Wasp and terror slide back into the wooded darkness. After a moment Olivia can be seen, emerging from the canopy of Oaks.

She breaks into a run. But then --

There he is. The terror. HE RUNS AFTER HER.

THE BASEMENT

Jamie and Diego watch Olivia sprint across the yard, panting with an intensity verging on hysteria.

But she doesn't get far. Olivia's feet slip. She skids and collapses onto the ground. When she looks up THE TERROR IS STANDING ABOVE HER.

Jamie and Diego watch in horror as he grabs their mother and heaves her upward. She screams as her body fights to escape swaying into and out of the darkness.

THE SCREAMS ARE DEEP AND DISTURBING. They echo in the night air.

Diego becomes desperate. He's pressing his hands against his ears. Terrified. Jamie grabs her brother tight and covers his face.

In an instant, the screams are silenced. Muffled now from the bag that is smothering Olivia and draining her life.

From our angle we can only see the part of her struggle. Her legs and feet sway at awkward angles. After a moment, they convulse.

Become limp.

Olivia's life fades away.

Jamie watches as her stepmother's body is dropped into the shadows. *Then, her eyes settle on a macabre image. OLIVIA'S FACE. Lifeless in the moonlight.*

Instinct takes over Jamie. She spins to Diego.

JAMIE

Diego, go to that bathroom and lock yourself inside! Don't open that door unless I say so, do you understand me?

Diego fights off shock and does as he's told.

Jamie spins back to the window -- Olivia's face in the distance staring back at her -- and the stricken girl cries out, releasing all her emotion.

JAMIE

No! NOOOOO!

Her words hang in the night air and dissolve. SILENCE. The only sound Jamie's deep, adrenaline filled breathing.

Breath

After breath

After breath.

Jamie alone in the room.

A beat.

In the distance, the terror begins to walk toward the basement window.

Jamie battles her feelings. Despair, fear, sadness.
Until all are replaced by a new emotion.

ANGER.

JAMIE
Come on! That's right goddammit,
come here. Come right he--

Before Jamie can finish, A PAIR OF LEGS APPEAR IN THE WINDOW!

*Then the wasp lowers into view -- mask filling the frame of
the basement window.*

JAMIE RELEASES A PRIMAL SCREAM.

Is is violent and raw.

*A CRACKING NOISE. Like a stove fighting to ignite. Loud and
sharp.*

The wasp starts to convulse.

Jamie continues her shriek into the wasp's mask and we
realize what is happening.

THE TASER.

It's clasped in Jamie's hand -- releasing 150,000 volts into
the wasp's neck.

Moments pass and the cracking stops. Jamie's howl decays
into silence. The only sounds she can muster are short
staccato breaths -- while the wasp lies paralyzed -- right
there in the window -- moaning from electric shock.

DIEGO (O.S.)
Jamie. Jamie?

Jamie clutches her chest, breathing hard.

JAMIE
I'm fine Diego. I'm fine. Just
stay inside.

Jamie snaps. Surprising herself, she finds her hands
reaching slowly toward the mask. Her fingers extend around
its sides.

She tears it off the wasp's face.

What she sees underneath is a total surprise.

THE WASP IS A WOMAN.

Her face is difficult to make out from the electrical burns. All we can see is that her cheeks are emaciated. Her eyes menacing. *A grim reaper without a hood.*

Jamie is stunned.

JAMIE

Why are you doing this?

Wasp's lips struggle to move.

WASP

He decides when it's over. It's not the end yet. He's in control of everything.

Jamie tases the wasp again, leaving her moaning in the window well.

Diego emerges from the bathroom door.

DIEGO

Are you okay?

Jamie rushes over to her step-brother and hugs him desperately. She sobs in his arms.

What Jamie can't see is that behind her, THE WASP IS DESCENDING SLOWLY FROM THE WINDOW WELL INTO THE BASEMENT.

Jamie squeezes her step-brother tight. Then she senses something. She looks at his face.

His eyes are going wide.

JAMIE

What's wrong?

Jamie spins. Sees ...

THE WASP. RIGHT BEHIND HER.

Unmasked and RAISING THE 12 INCH HUNTING KNIFE INTO THE AIR.

Jamie reacts instantly.

She tackles the wasp and the two SLAM onto the basement floor. The knife goes SKITTERING across the room.

The two grapple, quick and vicious. Spinning off each other like entwined snakes.

Jamie manages to break free and grabs for anything she can use to protect herself. Her hands find a POOL CUE leaning up against the wall.

SWASH SWASH.

Jamie swats it at the wasp.

But the wasp has found the knife.

SLASH SLASH.

The wasp slashes it at Jamie.

Jamie tightens her grip on the pool cue.

She swings it at the wasp, hard. But the stick breaks in half leaving only a shard of wood.

Wasp moves to Jaime who is clutching the broken cue in her hand.

THE EVIL FIGURE RAISES THE KNIFE INTO THE AIR.

This is it. There's no escape for Jamie. Nowhere to run. The only option is to face the blade that is aimed right for her.

Wasp's arm starts to swing downward.

But then stops short.

The knife falls to the ground.

A pained look washes over Wasp's face. BLOOD pours out of her mouth. It drips down around an OBJECT PROTRUDING from her throat. She TOPPLES over.

When she hits the ground we can see what happened.

Diego has thrust the KNITTING NEEDLE into the back of her neck.

A CRIMSON POOL forms around Wasp's body as she chokes on her own blood. Her body spasms its last gurgled breath.

Then, total silence.

Jamie and Diego stand there for a long moment.

DIEGO
What do we do?

Jamie kicks over Wasp's body. Now a corpse.

JAMIE
We need to call the police.

DIEGO
But they broke all the phones.

JAMIE
Not all of them.

Our angle switches to ...

THE FRONT ROOM

There it is. Resting under Adam's body.

THE CELL PHONE.

Untouched since his death. Our angle switches back to ...

THE BASEMENT

The grim reality of what they have to do next sinks in.

JAMIE
Don't think. Just follow me.

And with that, she leads him up the basement stairs to ...

THE KITCHEN

... where Jamie emerges from the basement door, knuckles white as she grasps the hunting knife in her hand. Diego clutches onto his step-sister's arm as she moves.

Jamie's eyes scan the darkened room as she slowly advances, straining to see anything hidden in the shadows.

But the room is empty.

DIEGO
What is that?

Jamie's head turns and what she sees stops her cold.

There is a new CENTERPIECE on the kitchen table. Something that must have been placed there for her to discover.

We can't see what it is, but we can hear a strange noise coming from inside of it.

Her eyes are drawn to the table.

JAMIE
Don't go near it.

IT'S THE GARBAGE CAN FROM THE UPSTAIRS BATHROOM.

Sitting there. Waiting for her.

JAMIE
It's for me.

Jamie struggles with this cruel choice laying in front of her.

But the noise. It doesn't make sense.

The can rattles. Slightly.

There is something inside of it.

JAMIE
Diego stay behind me and stand
back.

Jamie moves quickly. She reaches for the can and dumps the contents out onto the kitchen table.

Diego screams at what he sees.

A DYING FISH. *His fish.* Gasping on the corian surface.

JAMIE
Sick bastards.

But that's not all. Jamie sees ANOTHER OBJECT that has dropped out of the can.

A PLASTIC WHITE APPLICATOR.

HER PREGNANCY TEST.

DIEGO
What is it?

JAMIE
Don't -- touch it!

Jamie stares at the object in front of her. A moment passes. Then --

Her arm quickly moves and snatches it into her hand.

This is the moment.

She brings the small device up to her face. Her eyes take a LONG HARD LOOK at it.

We don't need to see the results. Her face tells us the answer. It's positive.

JAMIE IS PREGNANT.

The teenager slumps onto the table and cries. IT IS A MOMENT OF PURE HEARTBREAK FOR HER. How could this night have gotten worse? But somehow it has.

DIEGO

Jamie, please. What is it?

She sobs -- stops -- breathes.

THEN THE CHANGE.

We see it happen slowly. It takes over her whole body.

Jamie releases any lingering fear or panic. Any caution or doubt.

Instead, she becomes resolute. Headstrong. Determined.

There are two family members to protect now. *And nothing is going to get in her way.*

Jamie grabs Diego's hand.

JAMIE

We're getting out of this house alive. And if we have to, we're going to kill that other one. Are you with me?

Diego nods. Jamie raises the HUNTING KNIFE.

JAMIE

Come on. Let's go.

Jamie and Diego slowly make their way to the doorway to the Front Room.

As they edge closer the heartbreaking image appears before them.

Adam's body, collapsed on the floor.

Then they see it. Under his shoulder.

THE CELL PHONE.

JAMIE

Whatever happens, just grab it and
call 911.

A nod from Diego.

Before they make their move, Jamie strains to look into the room. It is seemingly empty.

THE TERROR APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. BAG OVER HIS FACE.

WAITING.

Instinct takes over and Jamie swings her knife toward the towering figure.

It is instantly batted away, sending the knife gliding back into the kitchen.

Jamie grabs Diego and escapes through the kitchen, GRABBING THE KNIFE as she goes and making her way into the ...

FAMILY ROOM

... where she and her brother hide behind the FISH TANK.

There, the only sounds are Jamie and Diego's BREATHING and the persistent BUBBLES from the aquarium.

Their eyes look through the tank and see the bent and distorted image of the room, refracted through the glass.

Then they see him.

The terror. Standing in the doorway -- bag draped over his head -- hands clenched into a fist.

Jamie and Diego try not to move. *Try not to breathe.*

They watch as the terror reaches his hand up towards the bag on his head. It is a terrible omen.

But his arm stops when it reaches his ear.

Jamie and Diego wait in anticipation for the terror to enter the room.

But he does not. A moment passes and he steps out of the doorway and exits into the front room.

Jamie and her brother release a long emotional sigh of relief.

Then Diego starts to sob.

JAMIE
What's the matter?

Diego is looking into the fish tank.

Jamie sees what he sees.

Dead fish.

One VORTEXES in the bubble stream.

The others lay LIFELESS on the bottom of the tank.

ALL OF THEM, DEAD.

Jamie turns to her brother.

She speaks to him forcefully.

JAMIE
Look at me. Listen to my words.

Diego does.

JAMIE
Everything that's happened up until
now doesn't matter. We're getting
out of here alive and not looking
back.

Jamie puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

JAMIE
All we're going to do, is move.
Okay?

He nods.

JAMIE
We're going into that room to get
that phone.

DIEGO
But how do we get past him? He's
going to be right there waiting for
us.

Jamie pauses to think. Her brother is right. She needs a plan.

JAMIE

I'll draw his attention. Get him to focus on me. You get to that phone and make the call. Once you do, we run. Anywhere we can. Back to the basement if we have to. Or through a window. Then we wait for the cops to show up.

Diego has a bleak thought. He's trying hard not to cry.

DIEGO

He's going to strangle you Jamie.

Jamie's mind is racing. The clock is ticking. She needs to make a decision.

Then she sees something. Across the room.

DIEGO'S HOCKEY BAG. Unzipped. A piece of equipment crests out from the inside.

JAMIE

He can't strangle me if he can't get anything around my neck.

Diego looks where Jamie is looking.

THE FRONT ROOM

We're watching from inside the front room now, Adam's body on the ground.

Jamie emerges, framed in the doorway to the kitchen.

A WHITE GOALIE MASK ON HER HEAD. HUNTING KNIFE IN HER HAND.

A PORTRAIT OF HORROR.

It's hard to tell who the killer really is now.

Diego stands behind her.

Jamie speaks into the room.

JAMIE

Why did you kill my parents?

The terror enters into view. Facing Jamie. Surprised by what he sees.

TERROR

Because he told me to.

JAMIE

Who did?

TERROR

The voice. He told me to kill them.

JAMIE

No. There's no voice in your head talking to you. You're just crazy.

TERROR

The voice tells me what to do. And tells me what to say. And right now the voice wants me to see what you'll do when I strangle you.

This statement sends a chill into the air.

THE BAG COMES OFF -- clenched in the terror's fist as his face remains hidden in silhouette.

JAMIE

Then let's see.

Jamie steps into the room -- SWINGS THE KNIFE DOWN TOWARDS HIM.

But the Terror CLENCHES HER WRIST with his powerful hand. Twists and turns her joint until the blade falls to the ground.

Then he makes his move.

The Terror reaches out with his free hand -- GRASPS JAMIE'S SHIRT -- HEAVES HER UP INTO THE AIR -- AND SLAMS HER AGAINST THE WALL.

The FAMILY PORTRAIT rattles next to her.

JAMIE

Diego go!

Diego is frozen in the kitchen doorway.

An agonizing moment as Diego faces a terrifying choice.

Jamie's feet DANGLE off the ground as she's held in the terror's grip.

JAMIE

Diego MOVE!

Diego runs over to Adam's body -- grabs the phone -- flips it open.

Agonizing moments pass.

Then ...

DIEGO

Please come quick! Someone broke into our house and they're trying to kill us. 237 old hope road. Two. Three. Seven. Old. Hope. Road. Hurry!

ON JAMIE

Being held in the air by the terror's outstretched arm.

His BAG hangs in the other.

She speaks to him from behind her mask.

JAMIE

They're coming you bastard. No matter what you do, they're coming now.

BOOM.

Terror slams her against the wall.

Hope seems lost.

And for the first time, her eyes get a good look at the man who is trying to kill her.

And she notices --

THE CAMERA.

Mounted on his shoulder. And something else.

Something we haven't seen yet.

A TWO WIRE SURVEILLANCE EARPIECE.

Wedged inside his ear.

CHORD SPIRALING DOWN INTO HIS CLOTHING.

Confusion washes over Jamie's face. She struggles to break free from the terror's grip. But she can't. There's nothing she can do.

FROM THE POV CAMERA

As Jamie stares right into our view.

JAMIE
I see your face.

BOOM.

She's slammed against the wall again and our ANGLE SWITCHES to ...

BEHIND THE TERROR

... where we see Diego make his way to the far corner of the room.

He notices something.

THE DRAWER. THE ONE WITH THE JEWELRY BOX.

He races over to it and reaches his hand inside. When it emerges, it is clutching onto the RONSON COMET LIGHTER.

The cold steel glistens in the dark room.

BACK ON JAMIE

Desperate now as the terror stares at her.

TERROR
Time to take off your mask.

His arm slowly raises.

Jamie FLAILS against the wall trying to break free. Then her hand finds something.

THE FAMILY PORTRAIT on the wall next to her.

Her fingers grasp the frame and she SMASHES it over the terror's forehead. Glass SHATTERS.

SLICING HIM OPEN.

Jamie is dropped to the floor. Her mask falls off.

The terror releases a LOUD PIERCING YELL.

There's only one place for Jamie to run. She makes a break for THE FRONT DOOR.

HER HAND

... slams onto the doorknob and twists.

But it remains LOCKED.

JAMIE

Dammit open!

The terror is recovering now. He stands. SPINS toward her.

BLOOD RIVULETS STREAM DOWN HIS FACE. Fury spews from his eyes.

Jamie SLAMS her fists against the door, desperate to make it open.

Behind her, the Terror is moving his arm slowly.

HE IS PLACING THE BAG BACK OVER HIS HEAD.

DIEGO

Jamie, he's getting the knife!

Jamie spins and sees the awful figure grabbing the HUNTING KNIFE from the ground.

The terror makes his move toward the front door.

Jamie is trapped in the small corridor that houses the front door. There's nowhere to run. No escape. She can only stand and face her fate.

Then she hears Diego's voice.

DIEGO

Jamie look at me!

Her head SNAPS toward him.

DIEGO'S HAND

Is grasping onto the lighter.

He slides it along the floor, sending it RIGHT INTO JAMIE'S GRASP, as the terror CLOSES IN ON HER.

SNAP

She clicks open the cover.

PHRRRIP

She ignites the flame.

WHOMP

She thrusts it onto his mask.

WHHOOSH

His head lights up. Engulfed in BRIGHT ORANGE WAVES OF FIRE.

THE TERROR WOBBLER BACKWARD.

He tumbles onto a nearby bookshelf, transferring flames onto the home itself.

ON DIEGO

Who now races over to his sister.

Together they cower against the locked front door, watching the brutal image of the terror, ZIG ZAGGING ACROSS THE ROOM IN FLAMES. SCREAMING as he goes.

FROM OVERHEAD

The blaze spreads across the home. Setting the WALLS ALIGHT.

CRACKS and POPS ricochet around the burning room as the TERROR STAGGERS into the kitchen.

He ILLUMINATES THE DARK ROOM as he goes.

Disappears into the family room.

As the flames spread ...

ACROSS THE HOME

... burning out cameras in each room.

POP. PHRRIP. SWOOSH.

In the ...

KITCHEN -- FAMILY ROOM -- BEDROOM -- BATHROOM -- BASEMENT

The cameras burn out one by one.

As they do, a SOUND CAN BE HEARD growing louder and louder.

SIRENS.

Our view switches to ...

THE FRONT DOOR

... where Jamie and Diego and are huddled together.

SMOKE fills the room. FLAMES rise.

OUTSIDE THE HOME

Police CARS screech to a halt in front of the house.
UNIFORMED OFFICERS spill out of their vehicles and race onto
the lawn.

Their eyes are fixed at the horrific image in front of them.

POLICEMAN

Somebody radio for fire!

An OFFICER has taken cover by Matt's pickup truck.

His EYES notice something in the back of the truck.

HE LEAPS BACKWARD AND SHOUTS.

OFFICER

Holy shit, we got a body here!

THE FRONT DOOR

Diego and Jamie are banging the locked door now. Desperate
to break it down.

The NOISE OF THE ROARING FIRE fills the room.

OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

The policeman shouts to his partner.

POLICEMAN

Get me the axe!

THE FRONT ROOM

Flames rise to our last live camera in the front room. Waves
of heat SMEAR our view.

OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

The policeman. Axe in the air. Readying his thrust.

THE FRONT DOOR

Jamie and Diego huddle with their backs against the door as the FLAMES are almost upon them.

OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

The policeman stands with his axe, ready to send it swinging downward. *Unbeknownst to him, two innocent souls are standing behind the door, desperate to escape the burning home.*

HE HEAVES IT DOWNWARD.

And before it's about to slice through the door ...

PHRRIP.

OUR VIEW GOES COMPLETELY DARK.

The camera has burned out.

Moments of lingering darkness fill the screen. Our view shifts to ...

THE STREET

... where we're watching from a DAMAGED POV CAMERA.

The feed cuts in and out. Sharp AUDIO CLICKS and POPS are picked up along with MOANS OF PAIN and the DEEP HEAVY BREATHING of being on the run.

WHAT WE'RE WATCHING IS COMING FROM THE TERROR'S CAMERA.

He's escaped the home. Still alive.

As he runs, our view bounces up and down moving through the night moving closer and closer toward the van down the street.

For a moment OUR VIEW TURNS TO LOOK BACK and we can see POLICE LIGHTS AND VEHICLES in front of the burning home in distance. FIRETRUCKS are now screaming toward the scene.

Then our view spins back to the van and we finally approach the door.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Two arms enter view and BANG on the sliding door.

Moments pass. Then --

The door of the vehicle slowly glides open. Our view switches to ...

INSIDE THE VAN

... where we get our first clean glimpse of the interior from CAMERAS MOUNTED TO THE ROOF.

What we see is startling.

The walls of the cargo hold are completely plastered.

PHOTOGRAPHS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SCHEMATICS HAVE BEEN HUNG FROM FLOOR TO CEILING.

On them, images of everything we've seen so far:

Jamie's pregnancy test.

Diego's hockey equipment.

The fish tank.

Jamie's computer.

Blueprints of the home.

Photos of the family in their rooms.

Lighting and electrical diagrams.

Hidden camera equipment and microphone specs.

Sets of house keys.

EVERYTHING.

Mapped out in explicit detail.

And there's something else. Sitting in the back of the van's cargo area.

A FIGURE WE HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE.

The figure is turned away from us, looking down at a GLOWING COMPUTER SCREEN mounted on a metal shelf in the van.

Our view is guided toward that screen.

We see it in full view. It's ...

A CHECKERBOARD OF THE REMAINING LIVE VIDEO FEEDS

Feeds from inside the van.

From the POV camera on the terror.

Even some from the exterior of the home.

One by one, the remaining feeds start to shut down.

All of them being controlled by the figure sitting in front of that screen.

This is the person who has been deciding everything we've been seeing up until now.

THIS IS THE DIRECTOR.

Books and films are scattered on the ground around his feet. If you looked hard enough, you'd catch the authors: King, Burgess, Matheson and others. *Perhaps his inspiration.*

The Director waits a moment, reaches for an object on his head, then slowly slides that object down over his face.

A MASK.

Then his hands pull a HOOD over his head.

He turns.

SLOWLY.

As his hooded head rotates toward our view, we see the object covering his face.

He's not wearing a mask at all.

HE'S WEARING A MIRROR.

Reflecting the image of the Terror back at us.

In this reflection, we see what has become of the terror's face.

IT IS NOW A GROTESQUE FORM.

Plastic is melted across his burned features.

A monster.

TERROR

Take me to a hospital. I'm burned.

Silence.

TERROR

I did everything you told me to do.

No response from the Director.

TERROR

It's over. Please. The show is over.

Finally, the Director responds. His voice is the same sinister male voice we heard in the beginning.

THE DIRECTOR

Almost. But you've haven't finished playing your role.

He speaks directly to the POV camera. Directly to US.

THE DIRECTOR

This is what you've been waiting for.

There is a moment of stunned silence. The terror doesn't know how to respond.

TERROR

What are you talking about?

He doesn't realize the Director isn't talking to him.

THE DIRECTOR

This is what you came to see.

TERROR

You need to take me to a hospital. You need to get me help.

THE DIRECTOR

(to the terror now)

But I can't until I give them what they want.

TERROR

What do you ... what ... what who wants?

The Director raises a gun and aims it right at the terror.

Right at us.

TERROR

Hey. Hey. What is this?

BOOM.

Our POV falls to the ground. We're left with an angled view of the van from below as the microphone picks up the terror's MOANING and GURGLING.

THE DIRECTOR

This is the end.

Gasoline is doused directly toward us. The fluid SPLASHES onto the camera.

A spark ignites from the Director's hand.

A MATCH -- reflected in the mirror that covers his face.

HE FLICKS THE MATCH DIRECTLY AT OUR POV.

After a moment, FLAMES RISE up into view. *He's burning the body.*

The van door SLAMS shut.

PHRRIP

THE CAMERA GOES BLACK. And our view switches to ...

THE STREET

... where we're watching from a camera mounted on the back of the van -- driving away from a BURNING CORPSE on the street and a BURNING HOME in the distance.

THE DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Let's talk, you and I. Let's talk about fear. Allowing ourselves to experience something truly terrifying gives us an opportunity to drag our fears out of the darkness. To examine them and come to terms with them. That's the great appeal of what I have given you tonight. A rehearsal for your own death.

(then)

Now there's no reason to be afraid.

There is movement and commotion on the front lawn.

THE DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Jamie. Diego. When you see what
you've accomplished, you'll be so
proud.

As the image gets further and further away, we can make out
TWO FIGURES being PULLED from the front of the home,
embracing each other. Jamie and Diego. Firemen try to wrap
each of them in a blanket.

But they refuse to separate. Instead they share one.

A song begins to play from the radio in the van.

RADIO

*"Oh, the bulldog on the bank
And the bullfrog in the pool ...
The bulldog called the bullfrog
A green old water fool ...
Singing tra la la la la la la ..."*

The audio fades away as we ...

FADE TO:

A BLACK SCREEN

Moments pass. Then a voice begins to speak to us.

We recognize it as the Director.

THE DIRECTOR

Are you watching?

A DIM SQUARE Appears in the upper left corner of the screen.

We're watching a live video feed of an empty room.

A different room.

IN A DIFFERENT HOME.

VOICE

Good.

CUT TO BLACK