

House in the Woods II
by
Bo Ransdell

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Bo Ransdell
311 Cedar Pointe Parkway
(615) 400-0462

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

We look upon a dilapidated front porch, framing the front of a rustic farmhouse. The neglected condition of the farmhouse, coupled with the absence of light, leads one to suspect that it is long-abandoned and seldom tended.

The FRONT DOOR swings slowly open, emitting a low creak. A white-knuckled hand grasps the door, moving it slowly, deliberately.

Through the doorway, a shaft of light falls on the interior, revealing a wide eye and tear-stained cheek.

LAURIE opens the door further, her hand aching as she tilts the door in its frame, producing as little sound as possible. She is young, no more than mid-20s, long auburn hair, a face that would be pretty if she were not so terrified.

The door opens wider, now, and Laurie steps carefully onto the porch, her head darting bird-like about, on the lookout for any sign of movement in the tall grass of the front lawn.

She steps slowly onto the porch, laying her feet before her to reduce the footfalls as best she can.

To the steps leading to the lawn and the overgrown gravel driveway beyond.

One step.

Two steps.

A low MOAN of fear escapes her.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KILLER'S POV

The hallway stretches from the rear of the house to the front door. We are far away, but can see the door standing slightly ajar.

We are moving, now... fast. Footfalls and the sound of breathing accompany the movement as we hurdle towards the door, then through it, slamming it wide.

We see Laurie's face turn suddenly, seeing us.

Laurie screams, a long dreadful scream that echoes in the empty night.

Then, she runs.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie runs fast, her legs bare save for tattered shorts, her blouse blood-streaked and ripped.

LAURIE

God help me! Please, someone help me!

She screams as she runs, casting quick glances over her shoulder.

Seeing the accompanying BARN, she angles for it, running hard, still screaming.

LAURIE

He's going to kill me! Please someone! God help me! Etc.

Her cries are terrible, the screams of someone in mortal flight.

She rounds the barn, running the length of it, the bare gray wood rotten in places.

She glances behind her, seeing nothing.

Her pace does not slow as she moves, looking to her left into the innards of the barn, it's dusty floor, the hayloft, the broken machinery within.

Through the broken facade of the barn, she sees her pursuer moving quickly alongside the barn on the opposite side. It is clear he intends to intercept her.

Laurie veers away from the barn, into the darkness of the open terrain. In the distance, the farmland is seen, what must have once been a tenable field surrounded by trees.

Far beyond the field is a beacon. A street lamp an unknowable distance away.

LAURIE

(quietly)

Thank god.

Laurie moves faster still, perpendicular to the barn, legs pumping beneath her as we realize she is barefoot, her feet chewed and bloody.

Laurie looks over her shoulder, running full speed.

Her follower is there, but some distance away now. She has a lead.

Turning back to the field, to salvation, she has just enough time to scream as she is tripped by the rusty chain of an ANIMAL TRAP.

She falls hard to the ground, a low moan escaping, puffing the leaves around her bruised face. She turns on her side and comes face to face with the trap, the jaws spread wide, a piece of meat for bait rotting on the pressurized center.

Laurie carefully places her hands flat to the ground to raise herself, but is forced back to the ground by a dark WORK BOOT, shoving her roughly down.

LAURIE

Please, no...

Gruff hands reach down and flip her roughly over, holding her by her shoulders, lifted slightly towards a face blackened by silhouette. Laurie struggles and tries to kick free, but it is no use.

LAURIE

(sobbing)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

The hands lift her higher, then shove her back to the earth, the back of her skull striking the trap's trigger.

The jaws snap shut with a brutal CLANG as a spray of arterial blood splashes against the side of a nearby tree as we-

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Morning has peeked over the horizon. A cul-de-sac lined by startlingly similar two-story houses stand shoulder to shoulder. Almost as one, lawn SPRINKLERS spring to life to shower the well-manicured lawns.

INSERT TITLE CARD - 10 YEARS LATER

We move closer and closer to one of the homes, even as a PAPERBOY slips down the cul-de-sac, tossing papers towards front porches from the canvas bag attached to the handlebars of his bike.

We draw even nearer, at the front door which OPENS to reveal...

DAD, late 30s, freshly shaven for his day at work.

He raises his hand to the paperboy.

The paperboy nods in greeting and hurls the paper, which settles several feet from the porch, resting on top of a particularly thorny bush.

DAD

Nice throw, Tommy. Closer than usual.

The paperboy throws up a hand in a wave of acknowledgement.

INT. ADRIENNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dad steps inside and rolls down his shirt sleeve. The paper is tucked under his arm as he sorts through several letters and magazines retrieved from the mail box.

MOM, mid-30s, domestically pretty, is in casual clothes preparing breakfast.

Dad sits at the breakfast table, sorting through the correspondence.

MOM

Fried or scrambled?

DAD

Huh,... oh, either one.

Dad checks his watch and looks up at the ceiling.

DAD

You hear them upstairs?

Mom stops her cooking and steps away from the stove, ear cocked to the ceiling.

MOM

No. But Cody is already up and dressed. He got up early again to watch the farm report.

DAD

That is not healthy behavior for an eleven year-old. He doesn't even want to BE a farmer.

MOM
(slipping eggs onto a
plate)
It's just a phase. He says he
wants to keep an eye on them, see
what they do so early in the
morning.

DAD
Your son is strange.

MOM
My son? You know he takes after
you in that respect.

DAD
That's ridiculous.

Mom raises her eyebrows and nods to the table where Dad has
sorted several hunting- and gun-related magazines.

MOM
And when is the last time you've
been hunting?

DAD
It's just interesting, that's all.

MOM
Mmmmm-hmmm.

CODY, 11, rushes downstairs into the kitchen. He is a cute,
freckled face boy with the live-wire energy of a child his
age.

DAD
There's my little man!

CODY
Hey, Pops.

DAD
So what's new?

CODY
Soybeans are ready for harvest and
it look like beef is going up
again. Might need to get some
extra at the store just in case.

MOM
Right, I'll make sure to remember
that. Fried or scrambled?

Cody shrugs.

DAD
Where's your sister?

CODY
Still asleep.

Mom and Dad look at each other, then at Cody.

MOM
(to Dad)
You want to do it this time?

DAD
Not really. Why don't we send in
the big gun?

MOM
Cody? Can you wake your sister up?

Cody looks from Mom to Dad in disbelief.

CODY
Are you serious?

Dad nods.

CODY
By any means necessary?

DAD
I don't want any marks on the body.
She has school today.

Cody grins.

CODY
Affirmative, sir.

DAD
Move out, then.

Cody launches from the kitchen table up the stairs.

Mom and Dad stare up at the ceiling, listening to Cody's
footsteps. Then, silence.

A teenage girl's scream erupts.

ADRIENNE (O.S.)
That is disgusting! Get out! Get
out!! Mom!!!

More footsteps, then Cody reappears in the kitchen.

CODY

No marks. Just like you said.

MOM

If I ever find out what it is you do up there...

CODY

It's best if you don't, Ma'am.

INT. ADRIENNE'S BEDROOM

Adrienne struggles out of bed and heads for the adjacent bathroom. She slowly gets ready for the day: Scrunchy in the crimped hair, acid-washed jeans, a sweatshirt reminiscent of Jennifer Beals in Flashdance.

Adrienne grabs her school bag and empties it on the floor, dumping books and pens out, sweeping them under her bed with her foot. Throwing some clothes and toiletries into her bag, Adrienne takes one more glance around the room and finally exits. She runs down the stairs to the kitchen where her DAD is at the table reading a copy of Field and Stream.

INT. ADRENNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

DAD

(looking up)

I know you are not leaving without saying goodbye.

ADRIENNE

Of course not, daddy.

(regards magazine)

Planning on killing some helpless animals while I'm at school?

DAD

It's a hobby. Besides, you know my motto. Better to have a gun and not need it...

ADRIENNE

Then to need a gun and not have it, I know.

Adrienne quickly walks over to her dad and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

DAD

Bye, Baby.

ADRIENNE

Bye, Daddy.

Adrienne runs out the front door and heads towards the car where her mother patiently awaits. Cody has already beaten her to the front passenger seat.

ADRIENNE

Out you little twerp.

CODY

No way, I got here first.

ADRIENNE

Mom... You said the oldest gets to sit in the front.

MOM

Cody please let your sister sit in the front.

CODY

But Mo-om-

MOM

Now, Cody

CODY

Fine.

Cody opens the front door and gets out. Adrienne smiles as he passes her.

CODY

Next time call it.

ADRIENNE

Whatever.

Adrienne hops in the front seat while Cody crawls in the back. Upon turning to see her brother, Adrienne sticks her tongue out.

Adrienne turns back to face forward, and is suddenly jolted forward by Cody's rough kick to the rear of the seat.

She ignores it.

Another whiplash-inducing kick comes.

ADRIENNE

Mom?

MOM

Cody, stop kicking your sister's seat.

Long pause.

Another kick fires Adrienne forward again.

Adrienne spins in her seat, lunging back for him, but the seat belt keeps Cody just out of reach. As her fingers stretch perilously close, he picks his nose and puts a booger on her extended fingers.

Adrienne retreats to the safety of the front seat, wiping her fingers along the seat.

ADRIENNE

Ew, That's so grody!

He grins.

CODY

Grody Cody... I like it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - LATER

The car, a battered station wagon, pulls up to the front of the school. Ahead and behind are new cars, many of them flashy sports numbers driven by parents who ensure their children, and themselves, will always sit in these laps of luxury.

ADRIENNE

Can you just drop me off a block away or something?

MOM

As long as this car still gets us from point A to point B, then there's nothing wrong with it.

ADRIENNE

I know. But doesn't it look... you know... poor?

MOM

Hey. We do what we have to do, Adrienne.

(MORE)

MOM(cont'd)

Just like you do what you have to do. Now, have a good day.

Adrienne offers a smile and collects her bag.

MOM

Adrienne...

ADRIENNE

Yes?

MOM

Be careful on your class trip. You know how I hate the thought of you camping in the middle of nowhere.

ADRIENNE

I will, Mom. Don't worry about me.

MOM

Now who's chaperoning again?

ADRIENNE

Mr. C - I mean Cunningham. He's our study hall teacher.

MOM

They have teachers for study hall?

ADRIENNE

He's more like a supervisor. Like a guidance counsellor.

MOM

I thought he was the principal?

ADRIENNE

More like assistant to the principal...

MOM

All right. Have fun, sweetie.

Adrienne gives a little wave and steps away from the car.

A TEENAGE BOY sits on a the steps near the entrance. Adrienne offers him a thin smile as she proceeds up the steps.

TEENAGE BOY

Nice car.

Adrienne's smile disappears.

Cody appears from the window of the back seat.

CODY
(shouting)
Adrienne! Adrienne!!

Adrienne turns.

CODY
Is that your new boyfriend? Mom
thinks he's cute.

Cody disappears inside the rusted station wagon and it drives away.

ADRIENNE
I'm adopted. I know it.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Adrienne opens her locker, stashing her heavy bag inside. No one speaks to her as they pass by.

Adrienne closes the locker door to reveal JOHNNIE, 19, dark hair and a darker temperament.

JOHNNIE
Scholarship girl. Nice of you to
stop by.

ADRIENNE
Hey, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE
You ready to do this?

ADRIENNE
Yeah. You?

JOHNNIE
Don't worry about me. I can take
care of myself. I'm just worried
someone might be having second
thoughts... I bet you couldn't tell
your parents the truth, right?

Adrienne freezes up.

JOHNNIE
You don't have to answer that. I
really don't care, anyway. You
bring the key?

Adrienne fishes a key out of her pocket and holds it up.
Johnnie SNATCHES it in a swift motion.

JOHNNIE

You just bought yourself a ticket
to the cool party. Be out front at
two o'clock.

ADRIENNE

That means we have to skip study
hall...

Johnnie gives her a hard look.

ADRIENNE

Which is fine, because we're going
to have such a good time...

Johnnie turns and swaggers down the hallway.

JOHNNIE

Later...

Adrienne looks around the hallway to see who witnessed the
transaction.

Opposite her, leaning against the lockers, are the THREE
CHESS KINGS, each no more than 14, bowl hair cuts, various
types of corrective dental head gear and braces. Each waves,
winks, etc.

ADRIENNE

Hi, guys.

CHESS KING #1

What's this about a party?

ADRIENNE

Nothing.

CHESS KING #2

We just don't want such a delicate
flower such as yourself to go
unescorted.

ADRIENNE

I'm fine. Thanks. Catch you guys
later.

Adrienne heads for class, leaving the Chess Kings leaning
against the lockers, looking as cool as they can muster.

CHESS KING #3
She was so into me.

 CHESS KING #2
For sure.

 CHESS KING #1
You totally had her.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Adrienne stares down at her book as the TEACHER lectures.

 TEACHER
What do you think that Irving was
saying in this story, hmmm? Does
he just have it in for teachers?

Mild laughter.

Adrienne looks up from her book to the window beside her.

Outside, the baseball team practices. An errant throw sends a ball nearer the window and Adrienne follows it as SEAN, 18, blonde and good-looking jogs to retrieve it.

Sean looks up to the window and sees Adrienne looking down.

Adrienne smiles nervously.

Sean raises a hand in greeting. Winking, he mouths the words 'See you later.'

 TEACHER
What Irving does that is most
interesting is in leaving the
conclusion of the book up to the
reader. Was it Bram Bones who
chased Ichabod away?

Adrienne looks from the window to her classmates.

A CLASSMATE passes her a note. She surreptitiously stashes it beneath a book and slowly opens it.

On it is written, "You wish."

Adrienne scans the classroom.

HEATHER, 17, teased blonde hair, heavy make-up and dressed to the nines for the time, wiggles her fingers in a sarcastic wave.

TEACHER
Adrienne?

ADRIENNE
Yes?

TEACHER
What do you think happened?

ADRIENNE
I- uh... I think the Horseman got
him.

TEACHER
A more traditional reading of the
story, without all the boring
subtext, huh?

Adrienne squirms, suddenly unsure of her answer.

TEACHER
And it just so happens, I think the
horseman got him too.

BELL RINGS.

TEACHER
Okay, everyone. Have a good
weekend, and don't forget those
papers for Monday.

Adrienne hurries to collect her things and get out of the
room ahead of Heather.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Adrienne rushes from the room, only to find the Chess Kings
leaning against the lockers outside the classroom.

Adrienne passes by with barely a glance.

CHESS KING #3
M'lady...

Adrienne moves down the hallway and disappears around a
corner.

CHESS KING #2
Nice.

CHESS KING #1
Very well played.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Adrienne rushes outside, her heavy bag shouldered.

Johnnie walks over to Adrienne.

JOHNNIE

Your late. What happened?

ADRIENNE

I'm sorry, I-

JOHNNIE

I thought I told you 2:00 at the latest. No excuses. It's almost two-thirty, now. The bell rings, and all of a sudden our little getaway gets a lot of attention.

SEAN (O.S.)

Relax Johnnie.

Sean steps into the conversation, gathering his letter jacket around him.

SEAN

She's here now, isn't she?

JOHNNIE

You two are not going to fuck up my weekend, Sean, not this time.

SEAN

Everything's under control, okay?

JOHNNIE

Whatever.

Johnnie walks away. WESLEY(18), Heather, MARILYN(17), and JAMIE(18) all approach Adrienne and Sean.

Wesley is athletic, tall, and the only African-American in the group. His clothes reflect the style of the time.. Parachute pants, Thriller-style jacket and the Walkman strapped to his hip with headphones dangling around his neck.

WESLEY

What was that all about?

SEAN

You know... Johnnie's in full asshole mode.

Jamie approaches Adrienne from behind. She is nondescript, but pretty, the sort of girl that you imagine is accessible.

JAMIE
(to Adrienne)
You okay?

ADRIENNE
Yeah...thanks.
(looks around)
Where's Tobe?

MARILYN
Grabbing the wheels.

JAMIE
He better be here soon. If Mr. C
finds out we're ditching the last
two periods, we're all screwed.

ADRIENNE
Knowing Mr. C, he's already checked
the office to see that we were here
this morning...

WESLEY
And he's probably going to be
really pissed when he realizes that
we skipped his class, so we better
get moving.

A BIG YELLOW SCHOOL BUS is seen driving towards them in the distance.

MARILYN
I see him.

The bus finally arrives and in the driver's seat is TOBE (18). Everybody quickly walks over to it as Tobe opens the bus door.

TOBE
Ladies, your chariot has arrived.

At the sight of the bus, Johnnie thumps a cigarette from a soft pack into his mouth and lights it with a wooden match against the tip of his thumb.

Tobe sits proudly in the driver seat, his massive gut spilling over his jeans, barely hidden by the button up shirt that is too big, even for his frame.

JOHNNIE

What took you so long, tubby? Had
to stop for some more Twinkies
along the way?

Tobe reaches for something to say, but instead nervously
pushes his glasses higher up the bridge of his nose.

SEAN

Ignore him, Tobe.

ADRIENNE

I think it's perfect.

TOBE

(to Adrienne)

Thank you, Madame.

(to ALL)

Shall we?

One by one they each file into the bus. A WELL DRESSED
MAN(53) walks out of the school building entrance in the
distance. Marilyn turns around and notices him first.

MARILYN

Oh, shit. It's Mr. C.

ALL TURN.

JOHNNIE

Get the fuck on the bus!

MR. C spots the commotion and SPRINTS toward them. All push
their way onto the bus.

JOHNNIE

Close the door!

The bus doors SHUTS. MR. C arrives moments later and BANGS on
the bus door.

MR. C

Open this door! This instant
people! I see you, all of you.
There will definitely be phone
calls made! Suspensions handed
out. I will have all of your asses
in my detention room... forever!
You do not skip my class!

Johnnie responds by sticking up his MIDDLE FINGER at him.
Tobe, Heather, and Marilyn quickly follow suit. Mr. C is
clearly taken aback by the obvious lack of respect.

Mr. C watches helplessly as the bus pulls away, making brief eye contact with Adrienne. His eyes narrow.

The bus speeds off and they laugh.

He watches the bus disappear, hands on hips, clearly calculating.

HEATHER

Did you see the look on his face?

JOHNNIE

Yeah, it was pretty fuckin' priceless.

ADRIENNE

I don't know guys... Something's not right?

JOHNNIE

What's with your fucking drama? We all agreed to this, right? You telling me now you want to back out. What the fuck!?

JAMIE

Maybe Adrienne's right... Maybe this is too risky. What if he reports us again?

JOHNNIE

Mr. C. knows that if he tries to fuck with me, my dad will have his balls for breakfast.

JAMIE

Yeah, that's exactly what you said last time Johnnie. And not all of us have a judge for a father.

JOHNNIE

(looking around)

Hey, if any of you guys don't want to go, then don't go... Tubby can turn this bus around right now.

SEAN

His name's Tobe.

JOHNNIE

Tobe.. Tubby... whatever. Look, no one is stopping you dweebs from going home to mama. But if you are staying then shut the hell up.

Adrienne looks at Jamie as Jamie looks away. Adrienne puts her head down and sinks back into her seat.

JOHNNIE

That's what I thought. Now, let's have a fucking vacation!

Johnnie walks to the front of the bus and sits down.

INT. BUS - DAY

We move down the aisle of the bus as a popular eighties song plays in the background.

Tobe sits behind the wheel, tapping in time with the music.

Behind, Johnnie bops along with the tune, raising his jacket collar and donning his coolest expression. A car passes and blows its horn and Johnnie immediately extends his fist and, with a cranking motion, raises his middle finger.

Wes, not keen on the group's musical choice, slips his headphones on and sinks into the seat, a smile crawling across his features as the steady rhythm of early hip hop blasts through his headphones.

Jamie fiddles with a Rubik's cube, then, with a sigh, begins peeling the colored stickers off and replacing them to match the colors.

Adrienne peeks over the seat at Sean, who looks idly out the window, then quickly hides behind the seat again as Sean looks her way.

Heather reaches inside the bag beside her and rustles through it, her hand lingering too long inside, hiding the secret cargo within.

EXT. BUS

We watch from the road as the bus passes and heads down an empty highway towards its destination.

DISSOLVE TO:

STILL ON THE ROAD

It is RAINING. The bus is quiet except for the rain hitting it. Sean is now DRIVING the bus.

Jamie and Marilyn have both passed out in their seats. Tobe is snoring loudly a few rows behind them. Heather is sleeping on Johnnie's shoulder. Adrienne reads in a seat by herself. Wesley, still awake, makes his way to the front of the bus and stands next to Sean.

SEAN
(noticing Wesley)
Couldn't sleep?

WESLEY
With Tobe back there snoring, are you kidding me? He sounds like the little engine that couldn't.

Wesley looks out of the bus.

WESLEY
Shouldn't we be there by now. I didn't think the cabin was this far away.

SEAN
It's not. We kind of ran into a slight problem.

WESLEY
What do you mean a slight problem?

SEAN
(quietly)
I sort of got a little lost.

WESLEY
Lost?

SEAN
I think I missed a turn or two earlier.

WESLEY
Well, are we going the right way now?

SEAN
Yeah, of course. I mean, I'm
reasonably sure. It's not like
they littered this road with signs.

WESLEY
And gas?

SEAN
(quickly looking down)
So far, so good.

Wesley looks at the gauge himself.

INSERT: THE GAS GAUGE

The gas gauge indicates 3/4th of a tank.

WESLEY
Actually, too good.

SEAN
What?

WESLEY
That's exactly how much we had when
we left school.

SEAN
You sure.

WESLEY
(rolls his eyes)
Young black man... Middle of
nowhere.. Bunch of white people.

SEAN
Good point.

Sean looks down at the display.

SEAN
How much do you think we have left?

WESLEY
No clue.

SEAN
Well then do you know how to check
the tank?

WESLEY
(points at gauge)
Besides the obvious?

Sean shrugs his shoulders.

SEAN
Maybe someone else knows.

WESLEY
Good thinking.

Wes grabs the wheel and gives it a tug, SWERVING the bus.

Johnnie falls suddenly out of his seat and onto the floor.
The rest are up as well.

JOHNNIE
What the fuck!

SEAN
(to ALL)
Sorry about that.

Wesley gives him a subtle nod and a grin.

JOHNNIE
(pissed)
Do you think you can try and drive
like you know what you're doing?
Some of us are trying to sleep.

SEAN
You can sleep later Johnnie. We
ran into a minor problem.

JOHNNIE
Like what?

WESLEY
The gas gauge doesn't seem to work
and we have no idea where the
nearest gas station is.

Tobe raises his hand.

TOBE
I know.

WESLEY
You do? Where?

TOBE

I think it was right around...

Tobe lets out a loud FART and all laugh.

SEAN

Guys, this is serious!... We don't know how much gas we have left. We could be running on fumes already.

JOHNNIE

No, no, no... Tubby put gas in just before he got here... Right?

Tobe's hands return to his glasses, pushing them up his nose.

JOHNNIE

(looking at Tobe)

Right Tubby?

Tobe lowers his head.

JOHNNIE

Jesus, I told you to put gas in the fucking bus! I remember that clearly. I said, please, you tubby bitch, put gas in the fucking bus before you pick us up. Does that ring a bell?

TOBE

It looked like enough.

JOHNNIE

Oh, it looked like enough... You fat piece of shit!

MARILYN

Johnnie...

JOHNNIE

What the fuck did you do with all the money I gave you yesterday then?

Tobe slowly reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a couple of bills. Johnnie snatches the money from Tobe.

JOHNNIE

(irritated)

When were you gonna give me this?

Tobe looks guilty. Johnnie counts the money in front of him.

JOHNNIE
Where's the rest of it?

Tobe lifts up a small plastic bag full of marijuana.

JOHNNIE
Wonderful!

Johnnie snatches the plastic bag from Tobe's hand.

MARILYN
Leave him alone, Johnnie. He made
a mistake, that's all.

JOHNNIE
(throwing his hands up in
the air)
This is just fuckin' great. What a
perfect way to start my-

The bus suddenly SPUTTERS and slowly begins to decelerate.

JOHNNIE
Vacation.

The bus ROLLS to a STOP.

HEATHER
(to Johnnie)
What now?

JOHNNIE
We wait. Someone's got to show up
sooner or later.

WESLEY
(sarcastically)
Are you kidding? I haven't seen a
single car on this road since we
got off the highway.

SEAN
He's got a point, Johnnie.

JAMIE
Well... isn't there a walkie talkie
thingy on this bus? Can't we just
radio for help?

SEAN
Of course. All these buses have
dispatch radios or something.

Sean and Wesley start searching.

JOHNNIE
You're wasting time guys.

WESLEY
What are you talking about?

JOHNNIE
You'll never find it.

SEAN
That's really optimistic.

JOHNNIE
Sean, how do you think we got a
great deal on the bus?

WESLEY
You got to be kidding me.

JOHNNIE
I'm afraid not.

JAMIE
Well what are we going to do then,
Johnnie?

Johnnie looks out into the night, a lone street lamp near the bus illuminating the battered road. Looking down at the bus from a distance, we see the lamp lighting the bus, an island of light in a sea of darkness.

SEAN
Maybe we should send somebody down
the road to see if there's anything
nearby?

ADRIENNE
Good idea.

TOBE
Yeah, like scouts to check it out.

Johnnie looks at them both to gauge if they are usurping his authority. Content, he continues.

JOHNNIE
Glad you like it, Tubby, cause you
just volunteered.

TOBE
What? Why me?

Johnnie taps the gas gauge.

TOBE

Oh. Right... Does anybody wanna
come with me?

ALL look amongst themselves.

MARILYN

I'll go.

Tobe looks happily surprised.

JOHNNIE

Marilyn. Anybody else?

No one offers.

JOHNNIE

All right, Tubby...
(opens the bus door)
Hit the road.

TOBE

It's dark out there. Can't we have
a flashlight or something?

Johnnie makes a show of checking his pockets.

JOHNNIE

Fresh out man.

MARILYN

Shouldn't we wait for the rain to
die down a little first?

Johnnie looks out the window, just as the rain seems to
lighten, then stops altogether.

JOHNNIE

Looks like mother nature just
answered your prayers.

Johnnie swings open the bus door.

SEAN

Wait, guys.

Sean shuffles through his bags, producing a long silver
flashlight.

SEAN

Here, take mine.

TOBE
Thanks, Sean.

MARILYN
Yeah, thanks, Sean.

ADRIENNE
Hey, Tobe?

Tobe pauses on the steps and looks up at her.

ADRIENNE
Please be careful.

TOBE
I will.

Tobe and Marilyn STEP OUT into the night. Johnnie CLOSES the door behind them, the door folding and hissing.

JOHNNIE
We might be here awhile. We should take inventory.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

Tobe and Marilyn walk along the center line, the flashlight throwing a bright cone before them, defined by the low mist coming off the road.

Tobe holds the flashlight with one hand, nervously tugging his pants up with the other.

Marilyn watches him out of the corner of her eye.

TOBE
I'm sorry, Marilyn.

MARILYN
What?

TOBE
I'm sorry I forgot to get gas yesterday. I'm sorry I got us all into this.

MARILYN
Oh, Tobe, don't be such a worrier. We'll be fine. We all make mistakes. Besides, fate wanted it to be this way.

TOBE

What?

MARILYN

Fate, you know like the way things are supposed to happen. I believe that everything happens for a reason, even if we don't know what that reason is.

TOBE

I never really thought about it that way, I guess.

MARILYN

Like us talking right now. If we hadn't decided to skip study hall today and go to the cabin for the weekend, and if we hadn't picked that particular bus with a broken gauge, and if we hadn't run out of gas on this particular road... we'd never even be having this conversation right now.

Tobe hesitates before continuing, wrestling with the words that want to come out, instead allowing his hands to play once more with his glasses.

TOBE

I wish we'd had a class together this semester.

MARILYN

Me, too. '

TOBE

Um, Sociology last year. That was fun.

MARILYN

Yes, it was.

Pause. This is going nowhere, fast. Tobe clams up.

MARILYN

Oh, remember that day that Ms. Williams was handing out all those stupid worksheets, and when she handed one to you, she asked what was wrong because your eyes looked so red?

TOBE
(chuckling)
Yeah...

MARILYN
And you told her you were just way
too high to think right now? That
was really hilarious.

TOBE
Yeah, she told me to put my head on
my desk and not talk to anyone for
the rest of class. Maybe she
thought it was contagious.

They are both laughing.

MARILYN
Oh my God, that was so funny. And
that was the first time I knew you
were cool.

TOBE
Cool? You mean cool like I smoked
weed?

MARILYN
No. Cool like... you know, a cool
guy.

TOBE
Really?

MARILYN
Absolutely.

Tobe brightens.

TOBE
Thanks, Marilyn.

MARILYN
Speaking of... We should steal back
that bag Johnnie took on the bus.

Tobe reaches into his jeans and produces a large bag of weed.

TOBE
You think I gave him my whole
stash? Come on, I am a
professional.

Marilyn grins.

MARILYN
See, Tobe. I should have never
underestimated you.

INT. ADRIENNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom is busy entertaining Cody as Dad sits back in his favorite chair reading Guns and Ammo.

A KNOCK comes on the door.

MOM
I'll get it.

The door opens to REVEAL Mr. Cunningham.

MR. C
Hello, Mrs. Englund, I hope I am not interrupting anything? I am assistant principal, Michael Cunningham.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Bags have been emptied, and each person remaining on the bus stands next to their respective pile. Johnnie walks among them, taking a mental inventory.

JOHNNIE
So, what have we got?

WESLEY
A couple of granola bars, some gum.

JOHNNIE
That's all?

WESLEY
Shit, Johnnie, I thought I'd be in a cabin by now. You told us all not to worry about food.

JOHNNIE
Fine. Jamie?

JAMIE
(holding a foil package)
Delicious toaster pastries?

WESLEY

What about Tobe's bag. He must have
hoards of food stashed there.

SEAN

Nada, just a bunch of candy
wrappers.

JOHNNIE

Figures. Fat fuck must of ate
everything before we got here. And
Marilyn?

SEAN

She didn't have anything either.

JOHNNIE

Adrienne?

ADRIENNE

I didn't know-

JOHNNIE

What about you, Heather?

HEATHER

What about me?

JOHNNIE

Lets see what you got?

HEATHER

I don't have anything, Johnnie.

Johnnie looks around Heather to her seat, where a tote bag
remains unopened.

JOHNNIE

Well, what the fuck is the bag
then?

HEATHER

Just personal items. You know,
girl things.

JOHNNIE

Show me.

HEATHER

Johnnie, no, it's-

Johnnie snatches up the bag, and DROPS it quickly as it moves
in his hand.

JOHNNIE
What the fuck?!

HEATHER
Precious!

Heather snatches up the bag and quickly unzips it, removing from it a small, shivering DOG, a bell around it's collar tinkling gently.

HEATHER
Precious, are you okay?

JOHNNIE
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.
You brought that rat dog?

HEATHER
I knew you wouldn't let me if I
told you.

JOHNNIE
Your goddamn right! I hate that
little shit.

Heather hugs the dog tight.

HEATHER
(cooing)
It's okay, baby, I won't let the
bad man hurt you.

JOHNNIE
I warn you, Heather, that thing
starts yapping while I'm trying to
sleep, and I will wring it's
fucking neck.

HEATHER
She'll be so quiet, I promise. You
won't even know she's here. Right,
Precious baby.

JOHNNIE
You better hope so.

WESLEY
Maybe Tobe and Marilyn have found
someone already.

JAMIE

Yeah, they are probably on their way back.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tobe and Marilyn are sitting down. They pass a JOINT between them.

MARILYN

Not bad.

TOBE

Yeah. Good deal, too.

MARILYN

Word.

Both laugh.

TOBE

Where the hell are we anyway?

MARILYN

Who the fuck knows or cares. We're on vacation.

Marilyn pokes at Tobe, causing him to giggle.

MARILYN

How cute, the big man's ticklish.

TOBE

Cut it out.

As Tobe gets up and runs to escape her prods, Tobe's light swings wildly around the landscape.

MARILYN

(chasing)

You can run but you can't hide!

TOBE

Seriously, cut it out!

MARILYN

Never!

Tobe runs ahead, Marilyn behind, running madly around the broken surface of the pavement.

TOBE

We are never going to find anything
if you keep-

A loud THUNK.

MARILYN

Owww... Damnit.

Tobe swings the light on Marilyn. She rubs her arm.

MARILYN

What was that?

Tobe lifts the light to reveal... a MAILBOX, littered with
bullet holes.

TOBE

Son of a bitch. You don't see that
in the city.

He trains the light past the mailbox. The thin light
illuminates a long yard and a farmhouse, flanked by a barn
and surrounded by a barbed wire fence.

MARILYN

It's a house! We gotta go tell the
others.

TOBE

Wait, wait, wait... Who knows who
could live there? I mean, look at
that place.

MARILYN

I doubt anyone still lives there,
scaredy-cat. Besides, it might be
a place to sleep for the night.

Marilyn RISES, still rubbing her arm.

MARILYN

We should check it out. You know,
knock on the door, make sure.

The pair slowly approach the house, the gravel of the
driveway crunching under their feet.

MARILYN

Kind of spooky, huh?

TOBE

I think we have passed spooky and
gone straight to freaky.

MARILYN

Word.

They giggle quietly, nervously.

At the foot of the steps leading onto the porch, they pause.
Tobe draws himself up, bravely.

TOBE

So, I guess I'll knock. After all,
I am the man here.

MARILYN

Just be careful, okay?

TOBE

Believe me, I will.

Tobe takes a breath, mustering courage. He raises his foot
to take the first step, just as a door SLAMS somewhere
~~inside.~~

His foot plants itself back on terra firma.

TOBE

Maybe we should get the rest.

MARILYN

Word.

There is no laughter this time.

The pair spins and heads for the road, their pace quickening
until they are almost running.

Tobe pauses to catch his breath and looks over his shoulder
at the house. From a top window, a curtain swings closed.
Tobe begins hurrying again.

INT. ADRENNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is clear that Mr. Cunningham has been discussing the
missing children, and tension is thick.

Mom and Dad sit across from Mr. Cunningham on their couch,
facing him in an easy chair he has positioned to face them
squarely.

His tone is that of one very used to scolding a rambunctious teen.

MOM

She said she was going camping, so I thought... I mean, she has never done anything like this before... I hope she is okay? Do you think she is okay?

MR. C

I am sure she is fine, Mrs. England. *What I don't know is where exactly they might be headed.*

DAD

I assure you, Mr. Cunningham, Adrienne did not tell me anything about this.

MR. C

I'm sure she did not. It is very disappointing that a student who shows as much promise as Adrienne would associate with these... hooligans.

DAD

I understand that. Adrienne usually makes such good choices for herself, Mr. Cunningham. She needs this school very much.

MR. C

Yes... full scholarship. It would be a shame if anything were to jeopardize that. Why, it could derail her whole future.

MOM

I need some coffee. Anyone else?

DAD

No thank you.

MR. C

That would be lovely, Mrs. Englund.

Mom stands and crosses to the kitchen and puts on some coffee. She massages her head briefly, the stress of her daughter's disappearance getting to her. She glances over at the peg board near the fridge where the car keys are kept. One key is missing from a peg labeled 'CABIN.'

MOM
Mr. Cunningham.

MR. C
Yes, Mrs. Englund?

MOM
Her father and I have a little house...a cabin, really... near Cheekwood. It's a long drive, but they may have gone up there. It is quite beautiful this time of year.

MR. C
(smiling)
Well, that is a possibility.

DAD
But she would have to have the key to... don't tell me.

MOM
I'm afraid she did.

MR. C
That's where they are going then.

DAD
Mr. Cunningham, can you assure me that you will go easy on Adrienne?

MR. C
That will be up to her, Mr. Englund, and her willingness to cooperate when the time comes.

MOM
You know her... our... situation, Mr. Cunningham. Please don't be too hard on her.

MR. C
I appreciate your concern, Mrs. Englund. Now, how about directions to this cabin of yours...

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Adrienne stuffs her things back in her travel bag at the rear of the bus. PRECIOUS yips in the background.

Sean appears.

SEAN
Need a hand?

ADRIENNE
No, thanks. I think I've got it.

SEAN
All right. Just wanted to see how
you've been holding up.

ADRIENNE
Thanks.

SEAN
You've just been quiet, that's all.

ADRIENNE
Sorry.

Adrienne returns to her packing, then looks up at Sean.

ADRIENNE
It's just that sometimes I get the
feeling that I'm only here because
I mentioned the cabin, you know?

SEAN
Now you know that's not true.

ADRIENNE
No, Sean, it is true. I know I'm
the poor little scholarship girl,
the one with all the brains, the
one who can help you with all of
your homework, but at the end of
the day, Sean, I'm still poor. I
guess I was hoping that Heather,
Jamie and Johnnie might treat me
different if I told them my parents
had this cabin. Well... The cabin
was my uncle's, Sean. He left it
to my parents when he died. So,
more charity for Adrienne...

SEAN
Adrienne, shut up. I don't think
you're a charity case. And the
reason you're here is because I
told Johnnie and Heather that I
wasn't coming unless you were
invited, too.

ADRIENNE
Really?

SEAN
Absolutely.

ADRIENNE
Why?

SEAN
Because, between you and me, you're
the only person in that whole
stupid school that doesn't walk
around like they deserve to be
there. You're... I don't know...
grateful for it or something.
Noble.

Adrienne listens in stunned silence.

SEAN
I've thought so ever since we had
home room together.

Precious' yipping gets louder.

JOHNNIE (O.S.)
Heather! Shut that fuckin' dog up!

SEAN
And I hope that while we're away
this weekend, maybe you'd like to
spend some more time together.

Adrienne looks at her lap.

ADRIENNE
I'd love to, Sean.

SEAN
Good.

Precious' barking suddenly cranks to eleven.

JOHNNIE
Shut that goddamn dog up, Heather!

HEATHER
I can't. There's something
outside.

All move to the windows. They watch the dark road in tense
silence. Mist from the rain swirls all around.

JAMIE
Does anybody see anything?

No one answers.

A sudden KNOCK comes at the closed door, and all start.

JOHNNIE
Jesus!

Johnnie flips the handle and opens the door.

Tobe and Marilyn stand at the steps, looking up at Johnnie.

TOBE
I think we found something.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

All eight friends stand before the house near the now-tilting mailbox.

JOHNNIE
So you say you heard a door close?

TOBE
That's what it sounded like.

JOHNNIE
Marilyn?

MARILYN
What? It sounded like a door closed.

Johnnie looks skeptically at both of them.

WESLEY
Are you saying somebody lives in
this shit hole?

JOHNNIE
Only one way to find out.

Johnnie approaches the porch, the others following closely, but not too closely.

Tobe gives an aside glance at Marilyn and hurries forward beside Johnnie.

JOHNNIE
 What do you think you're doing,
 Tubby?

TOBE
 I'm going in with you.

Marilyn drops him a WINK.

JOHNNIE
 Fine. Just don't get in the way.
 I will leave your fat ass behind.

Johnnie and Tobe crest the porch and KNOCK on the door.

JOHNNIE
 Hello?

He KNOCKS harder.

JOHNNIE
 Hello? Anybody home?

CUT TO:

KILLER POV

We see the corner of the house, then lean slightly, around the corner. The group is bunched on the porch, Johnnie and Tobe leading the way as they knock. We quickly duck behind the corner and towards two wooden doors leading to a cellar.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Johnnie tries the door and turns the knob. It turns easily in his hand and the door creaks inward.

Johnnie looks behind to the rest of the group, watching him.

Precious offers a yip of approval.

JOHNNIE
 See? No problem.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open onto the dusty and neglected entrance way. A shaft of light illuminates the hallway beyond.

JOHNNIE
 Hello?
 (to Tobe)
 (MORE)

JOHNNIE (cont'd)

Where's the fucking flashlight,
Tubby?

Tobe hands the flashlight over. It clicks on, exposing the furnished home, clearly unused for some time.

WESLEY

And I thought my cousin had it bad.

JAMIE

Yeah. This place is gross.

WESLEY

I don't know... some new curtains,
a fresh coat of paint and this
place would make a great funeral
home.

Sean smiles at Wesley.

Adrienne draws close to Sean.

ADRIENNE

So, if no one's here, what made the
door close then?

JOHNNIE

First of all, we don't know if
Cheech and Chong actually heard
anything.

JAMIE

It could have been the wind.

WESLEY

Or a possum.

HEATHER

Oh my god, there are possums here?

She hugs Precious to her.

SEAN

I think we can rule out the possum
theory, Wes. Wind, maybe.

TOBE

Maybe. But what about the
curtains?

JOHNNIE

What about the curtains?

TOBE

When I saw them move...

MARILYN

You saw someone in the window,
Tobe?

TOBE

No, I just saw the curtains move.
I thought I told you guys
already...

JOHNNIE

Well, you didn't, you fat, stoned
piece of-

SEAN

It doesn't change a thing. If
there's someone here, we need to
find them. Maybe they can help?

The group gathers in the hall, the flashlight thrown around to reveal a home that would have been considered furnished by 1970 standards, but dust and cobwebs have settled upon everything.

JAMIE

Pretty big place, isn't it?

HEATHER

Spooky, too.

SEAN

Spooky or not, we don't have any
food. We should look around and
see if we can scrounge up anything.

JOHNNIE

What are you saying?

SEAN

I'm saying we should probably break
up in pairs and see what we can
find. But pairs, okay. If there
is some weirdo sleeping it off
somewhere, there's going to be some
safety in numbers?

JOHNNIE

Who the fuck put you in charge?

MARILYN

Chill out, Johnnie. It was just a suggestion.

JOHNNIE

No, it's cool. Sean's right. We should split up and look around.

(to Sean)

But just don't go thinking you're now captain just because you had one... one... good idea. It's still my team, you got that?

SEAN

Yeah, I got that.

JOHNNIE

And the flashlight stays with me.

SEAN

Fine. Then you can go upstairs.

JOHNNIE

No problem. Who's coming with me?

HEATHER

I will.

JOHNNIE

Great. The ditz and the bitch.

HEATHER

I am not a ditz.

JOHNNIE

Exactly.

SEAN

Okay, then. Adrienne and I can check the kitchen. Wes and Jamie, why don't you two check the hallway.

TOBE

What about us?

SEAN

Well, someone needs to take a look inside that barn.

Tobe looks outside warily, then at Marilyn who catches his eyes.

ADRIENNE
So, what are we waiting for?

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

A flashlight traipses left and right, swinging in slow, curious arcs.

Behind the light, Johnnie and Heather, Precious firmly clutched to her ample bosom, its bell jingling, ascend the top stair and look down the dark hallway, doors on either side.

JOHNNIE
Lovely.

HEATHER
How long do you think it's been since someone lived here?

JOHNNIE
I don't fucking know, Heather. I left my Magic Eight Ball at home.

HEATHER
Jeez, sorry. I was just trying to make conversation.

JOHNNIE
Well, don't.

They continue down the hall.

HEATHER
You know, you don't have to be so mean to me, Johnnie? I don't know what I ever did to you.

Precious begins a series of loud yaps.

HEATHER
See, you've gone and upset Precious.

JOHNNIE
Fine, I'm sorry.

Heather holds Precious up to Johnnie, now eye level with the football-sized dog.

HEATHER
Tell it to her, not me.

Long beat as the man and dog stare each other down.

JOHNNIE

I don't think so.

Johnnie turns his back on girl and dog and continues forward. Heather hurries after.

HEATHER

See, that's just what I'm talking about. You're such a... such a... such an asshole, sometimes.

Johnnie wheels on her.

JOHNNIE

You know why Heather? Because you and the rest of the Goonies down there think that everything is peaches and cream. You know what? The world does not give a shit who your mother or father was. All it cares about is what it can take from you... And me, and maybe Scholarship down there, are the only ones in that whole fucking school who seem to realize that.

Heather shrinks back as if physically assaulted.

JOHNNIE

Look, I'm sorry, okay? It's just that everyone walks around with these plastic smiles and their plastic cards and never thinks about the outside world.

HEATHER

Is that what you think?

JOHNNIE

Yeah, it is.

HEATHER

Then you are as stupid as everyone thinks I am.

Johnnie is stunned.

HEATHER

You're not the only one in that school that is scared to death of what happens when we graduate next month. Go downstairs and ask Jamie, or Marilyn, or just ask me. I know I'm supposed to go to college and meet some premed stud that will take care of me for the rest of my life. At least, that's what everything my mother has ever done has shown me. But what if I don't meet some nice guy? What if there is no happy-mother-of-two future for me? What then?

Johnnie and Heather regard each other, suddenly seeing common ground.

JOHNNIE

Um, I guess we should check out these rooms, huh?

HEATHER

I guess so.

Johnnie turns his back to her.

JOHNNIE

Maybe I was wrong.

HEATHER

Apology accepted.

Precious yips her accord.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM

Jamie and Wesley shuffle through a chest of drawers, night stand, etc.

JAMIE

God, this place is a dump.

Wesley holds up a candelabra, sans candles.

WESLEY

At least at the dump you can find something useful.

JAMIE
I stand corrected. Why don't you
check the closet?

Wesley approaches the closed closet door.

WESLEY
Wait a second. Why don't you check
the closet?

JAMIE
Because you're standing right
there.

Wesley looks from Jamie to the closet.

WESLEY
But what if something's in there?

JAMIE
That's what we're hoping for, isn't
it?

WESLEY
No, I mean like something we don't
want to find. Like some skeleton
with maggots and shit all over it?

JAMIE
This is the first thing you think
of?

WESLEY
No, the first thing was a new
boombox, but that seemed pretty
unbelievable in this cracker shack.

JAMIE
And the skeleton seemed...

WESLEY
Possible?

JAMIE
Oh, for Chrissakes.

Jamie abandons her hunt through drawers to approach the closet.

WESLEY
Wait, wait... I'll open the door
real fast.

(MORE)

WESLEY(cont'd)

You take the candlestick thing and swing at anything that moves.

Jamie grabs the CANDELABRA.

JAMIE

Fine, fine. Let's just get it over with.

Wesley places a shaky hand on the closet door handle and slowly turns. He glances over his shoulder at Jamie, who nods ready.

WESLEY

One... two... THREE!

Wesley jerks the door open and a flurry of movement comes from inside, along with a cacophonous rattle of uncoiled metal against metal.

Jamie SWINGS her makeshift weapon wide, bringing it squarely against Wesley's jaw.

Wesley FALLS beneath the shadow of an in-wall iron board concealed inside the closet.

JAMIE

What do you know? An ironing board.

WESLEY

You know any good doctors?

JAMIE

Wesley, what happened? Did that ironing board hit you?

WESLEY

No, you did.

JAMIE

Oh, shit, are you okay?

WESLEY

(rubbing his jaw)

Yeah, yeah, yeah... You see anything else we can use?

JAMIE

No, it's empty.

WESLEY

Let's get the hell out of here.

JAMIE

I think it's starting to swell.

Wesley eyes her warily as he passes by and out the door.

JAMIE

Oh, come on, it's sort of funny,
Wes. Wesley?

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

A dim light from outside illuminates the decrepit kitchen,
orderly, if not used.

Adrienne pilfers through several drawers while Sean looks
through cabinets overhead.

ADRIENNE

Jackpot.

SEAN

What did you find?

Adrienne holds up two boxes of long table candles.

SEAN

Very nice. Now, if only we had a
nice dinner and some wine.

Sean is slowly approaching her.

ADRIENNE

That would be lovely, wouldn't it?

Sean is now very close.

SEAN

Yes, it would.

Sean leans against the counter beside her.

ADRIENNE

Sean...

SEAN

I know, I know, this isn't the time
or place. But, Adrienne... I
really like you.

ADRIENNE

I really like you, too, Sean.

Sean leans forward a bit and Adrienne meets him, engaging in a brief, but meaningful, kiss.

SEAN
That was nice.

ADRIENNE
Yes, it was. There's something I should tell you, first...

SEAN
What's that?

ADRIENNE
It's... awkward.

SEAN
Come on, what is it? You're not a man or anything, are you?

ADRIENNE
(playfully slapping)
No, silly! It's just that...
(quietly)
I'm a virgin.

SEAN
What?

ADRIENNE
See, I knew if I told you-

SEAN
Hey, it's no big deal. In fact, I have something to confess to you as well.

ADRIENNE
You're not!

Sean nods.

ADRIENNE
But I thought-

SEAN
Why, because I'm on the baseball team? To tell you the truth, I just never found the right girl.

ADRIENNE
I think that makes me feel a little better.

SEAN

Good.

They look into each other's eyes, leaning forward for another kiss, this one guaranteed to ignite some fireworks...

A NOISE comes from somewhere below the kitchen. Both start.

SEAN

What the hell was that?

Adrienne looks quickly about the room as Sean shuffles through the drawer where the candles were found.

Sean raises a box of wooden matches.

SEAN

Voila.

Quickly striking a match, Sean lights a candle, casting a globe of light in the kitchen.

In the corner of the room, they both see A DOOR.

ADRIENNE

Did you see that before?

SEAN

Not until now. Is that where the sound came from?

ADRIENNE

I think so.

SEAN

Well, I guess we look then.

Sean approaches the narrow door in the corner of the kitchen, Adrienne trailing close behind.

He opens the door with little fanfare, revealing a wooden staircase leading down to an earthen cellar.

SEAN

Charming.

Adrienne peers around him, looking down the staircase.

ADRIENNE

I don't like it, Sean. Close it, please.

SEAN

Maybe we should take a look at what's down there. We might find all sorts of stuff.

ADRIENNE

Sean, please. Just close it.

SEAN

Okay, fine. There's nothing to be scared of. Look for yourself.

Sean hands Adrienne the candle and she stands at the top of the stairs, looking down.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CELLAR

KILLER'S POV

From somewhere in the hidden recesses of the cellar, we look up the stairs, at the young, beautiful girl framed in the doorway. We rise, slowly approaching, then pause.

Looking to the left, a pair of shuttered doors lead to the outside. We move quickly towards them, casting them open and exit the house, hurtling towards the barn...

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Tobe and Marilyn swing open one of the wide, rotting double doors that serve as the entrance to the rustic barn.

Inside, a loft sits above them, and various farm tools hang upon the walls. In the corner is a car, beyond repair, covered by a tarpaulin.

MARILYN

Oh, there's lots of useful stuff in here, I'm sure.

TOBE

Let's just take a quick look around and get out of here and back to the house.

MARILYN

Getting the boogens, Tobe?

Tobe draws himself up.

TOBE

No. I just worried about my allergies, that's all.

MARILYN

I didn't know you had allergies.

TOBE

And that's not all I have...

Tobe produces another joint rolled from his stash.

MARILYN

My hero.

Marilyn CROSSES to Tobe, who offers her the joint and, with a shaky hand, lights it for her. She INHALES deeply and coughs.

MARILYN

This is pretty good stuff.

There is an awkward silence.

TOBE

So, I guess you're going off to college in the fall?

Tobe idly fingers some of the tools hanging on the wall, his hand tracing over the pegs where an axe once hung, the faintest outline implying its removal was recent.

MARILYN

Not sure yet. Why? What about you?

Tobe shrugs.

TOBE

It's just that we didn't get a lot of time to spend together.

MARILYN

Sure we did. We hang out almost every weekend.

TOBE

No, that's not what I mean. Sure, we do, but always with Sean, Johnnie, Jamie, Wes or Heather. It's never just us.

MARILYN
(deflecting the
conversation)
What about Adrienne?

TOBE
Adrienne? It was never like that
with her. We used to be really
close, but I guess she and Sean are
sort of... you know...

MARILYN
Yeah, I guess.

Tobe nervously cleans his glasses.

MARILYN
I can't understand how someone who
smokes as much weed as you do could
have trouble with their eyes.
Isn't it supposed to be good for
your eyes? Like carrots?

TOBE
I don't know. I guess.
(he steels his resolve)
What I'm saying, Marilyn, is that
maybe one day we could spend some
real time together without everyone
else. Just you and me.

He passes the joint back to Marilyn.

MARILYN
Tobe, that's very sweet of you. I
mean it. But I just don't think of
you that way. You're like this big
teddy bear. You know, you are such
a gentle, caring person. But, I'm
not attracted to you.

TOBE
I understand.

MARILYN
You do?

TOBE
Of course. Look at you. Your this
beautiful girl with everything
going for her. And cool, to boot.
You could have any guy you wanted.

MARILYN

And you could have any girl too,
Tobe...

Tobe moves away to lift the tarp, running his fingers along the rusted side of the abandoned car.

TOBE

(quietly)
Not any girl.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Johnnie and Heather close another door, leaving one last unexplored room.

JOHNNIE

All this junk in all these rooms
and nothing that helps us.

HEATHER

Sorry.

JOHNNIE

What are you sorry for?

HEATHER

I don't know. Because we didn't
find anything I guess.

JOHNNIE

You don't think about anything you
say before it comes out of your
mouth do you?

HEATHER

(huffing)
Sometimes, I do.

JOHNNIE

Fine. Let's check out this last
room and get back downstairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

The room is black as the door opens and the flashlight silhouettes the skull of some long-dead rodent.

Johnnie steps in, Heather behind him.

The flashlight scans the room, bare, apparently. Johnnie turns to leave when the light settles on what at first glance looks like an ivory bureau. Johnnie steps forward, Heather at his side.

Heather's face is screwed up in concentration, deciphering the jumbled white mass before her. Then, she SCREAMS.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Tobe jerks his head up quickly in response to the scream that echoes over the dark and overgrown lawn. Marilyn throws a hand up to cover her mouth, sending Tobe's glasses up and off, settling on the blue tarp covering the car, then sliding down and off the far side of the car.

TOBE

Shit!

MARILYN

What was that?

TOBE

I'm not really sure.

MARILYN

Let's go and check it out.

TOBE

You go ahead, I have to grab my glasses first.

MARILYN

No. I'll wait for you.

TOBE

Go, I'm fine. I'll grab my glasses and be right behind you.

MARILYN

Okay. Hurry, Tobe.

TOBE

I will.

Marilyn hurries out, slipping around the barn door into the night.

TOBE

Smooth, Tobe, very smooth. Damn it.

Tobe works his way around the car, squinting at the ground. The glasses are nowhere to be seen.

Getting uncomfortably on all fours, Tobe begins to swipe his hands along the ground in wide arcs in search of the spectacles.

His hand settles on the toe of a dark work boot as it settles on the frames of his glasses, crushing them. Tobe looks up slowly, his face twisting in growing horror.

TOBE

Who- ?

The missing axe drops into frame, dangling by Tobe's head, casually held by the man standing over Tobe.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Heather is clutching Johnnie, her face buried against him.

In a mad rush, Sean, Adrienne, Wesley and Jamie burst into the bedroom. Following the path of the light, they see the crude construction.

It is an ALTAR of sorts, a podium and high arch composed of knit together bones, some small and clearly animal. Others are not so easily dismissed. At the peak of the arch is what is obviously a human skull.

SEAN

Oh my God.

JOHNNIE

Tell me about it.

SEAN

I'm guessing that was Heather that screamed.

JOHNNIE

No shit, Sherlock.

Precious yips at their heels.

HEATHER

What the fuck is that, Johnnie?
Sean? I mean what the fuck is that?

SEAN

I think it's our cue to get the hell out of this house. Tobe was right.

ADRIENNE

Where is Tobe? Or Marilyn?

JAMIE

Maybe they didn't hear Heather's scream from outside.

WESLEY

Yeah, right. That scream was loud enough to wake the fuckin'... well, you know.

Sean moves closer to investigate.

SEAN

This must have taken hours to do...

ADRIENNE

I think you're missing the point here, Sean. I doubt very seriously that whoever did this just found these bones laying around.

WESLEY

And if our resident artist psychopath wants to add to his collection, then we got to get the fuck out of here.

HEATHER

I second that.

JOHNNIE

What the hell happened to your jaw?

WESLEY

Fuck you.

JOHNNIE

You wish.

SEAN

Guys, please, be quiet.

Sean leans closer to study the altar.

SEAN

Some of these are human...

Precious starts to growl. From outside the room, footsteps are heard. Slow, steady, approaching.

HEATHER
Oh please, no...

JOHNNIE
(whispering harshly)
Quiet.

JAMIE
What do we do?

SEAN
We jump him. He can't hurt us all,
maybe none of us if we pin him.

JOHNNIE
Then what?

SEAN
I don't know. I'm making this up
as I go.

JOHNNIE
I can tell.

SEAN
You have a better idea?

JOHNNIE
...

WESLEY
This is one fucked up plan.

The footsteps grow louder, just outside the door. The door inches open, slowly, steadily.

SEAN
Kill the light.

JOHNNIE
What?

SEAN
The flashlight, goddamnit. Turn it
off.

Johnnie clicks the flashlight off, the room suddenly turned to pitch.

The door continues to open, steadily. The silhouette of a person stands in dark outline.

The figure takes a step inside the room.

SEAN

Now!!!

A mass of bodies converge on the figure, tackling it and forcing it to the ground.

FEMALE VOICE

Get off!!! Get the fuck off me!

The flashlight burns to life.

At the bottom of the human pile is Marilyn, her face pressed against the ground by a knee.

MARILYN

What the hell are you people doing?

All rise, dusting themselves off.

JAMIE

Sorry.

WESLEY

Yeah, sorry. We thought you were someone else.

MARILYN

Who else would I be?

Johnnie shines the light on the altar of bones.

MARILYN

Jesus.

SEAN

My sentiments exactly.

MARILYN

Who did this?

ADRIENNE

That's the question. Where's Tobe?

MARILYN

He's still- Oh no, Tobe.

All hurry from the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

The group, minus Tobe, stands in the entrance way, looking out over the lawn.

SEAN
You left him in the barn, right?

MARILYN
Yeah.

SEAN
Okay. We go as a group, no splitting up this time.

HEATHER
I don't want to go out there. I don't want to be here, anymore. Can we just go home, Johnnie? I just want to go home.

Jamie sidles up to Heather, hugging her.

JAMIE
We all do, honey. We're going to find Tobe and get out of here and get back to the bus. Someone must have found it already. People are probably looking for us right now.

The group stays huddled together, save for Sean who steps to the side to peek out a window.

Adrienne approaches.

ADRIENNE
Hey.

Sean jumps.

ADRIENNE
Oh, sorry.

SEAN
No, no, it's all right. How's Heather?

ADRIENNE
Well, the dog finally came downstairs, so she seems to be focusing on that.

SEAN
Is she ready to go?

ADRIENNE
I think so.

SEAN
All right then.

ADRIENNE
Shouldn't Tobe be here by now?
Marilyn said he heard the scream,
too.

SEAN
Yeah, he should be, but he's not.

ADRIENNE
What does that mean?

SEAN
I don't know, but I'm betting it's
not good.

ADRIENNE
But what if he's not in the barn?

JOHNNIE
(approaching from behind)
We fucking go. Fuck Tubby.

ADRIENNE
You are an asshole, you know that?

Johnnie postures himself as though preparing for a fight.

SEAN
Easy. As much as I hate to admit
it, I think Johnnie may be right.
If Tobe is not in the barn, we keep
moving. Get to the road. Get back
to the bus.

JOHNNIE
Fuckin' A.

ADRIENNE
We just leave him here?

WESLEY
That is seriously fucked up.

SEAN

If no one else is here, and he realizes we aren't either, he'll make his way back to the bus. If he doesn't, I guess that means something else has happened.

ADRIENNE

Like what? What are you trying to say, Sean?

Precious, nestled in Heather's arms, perks its ears, the bell tinkling on its collar.

MARILYN

What is it, Precious?

From outside, a moan carries across the lawn to the open door. All eyes turn to the open doorway.

WESLEY

Did everyone just hear that?

Another moan. Louder.

JAMIE

I think it's safe to say yes.

Sean approaches the door, Johnnie and Adrienne in tow.

SEAN

Everyone stay cool. That could be anything.

PAINED VOICE (O.S.)

Ughh...

MARILYN

That's Tobe. That's Tobe, I know it is.

Marilyn moves for the door. Johnnie CATCHES her arm.

JOHNNIE

Maybe so, Mar, but he doesn't sound too hot right now.

MARILYN

We have to go help him, let me go!

SEAN

Marilyn, wait. Wait just one second. Everyone wait right here.

(MORE)

SEAN(cont'd)

Johnnie, can you come with me a sec?

Johnnie shrugs and follows Sean into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

JOHNNIE

What?

SEAN

I think it came from this side of the house.

Another moan, clearly louder.

Sean approaches the rusted sink and slowly draws one of the curtains to the side. He peers left and then right, stopping short.

SEAN

Oh, no.

JOHNNIE

What is it?

SEAN

Look.

Sean steps back and allows room for Johnnie to slide back the yellowed curtains.

Through the window, we see the barn, faintly lit by the distant streetlight and the full moon.

Suspended on the side of the barn is Tobe, his hands and arms outstretched in a macabre parody of the crucifixion. However, no nails hold him in place. He is suspended by lengths of barbed wire which criss-cross his body, stretching across his legs and torso in irregular intervals, but tight, nailed in place.

JOHNNIE

Fuck me.

As Johnnie watches, Tobe tries in vain to move his head, held in place by lengths of barbed wire running across his forehead and cheeks, buried into his mouth.

Another moan.

JOHNNIE

We have to get out of here, now.

ADRIENNE (O.C.)
What are you two looking at?

Adrienne has entered the room silently, craning her neck to see out the window.

SEAN
Adrienne, no, stay back.

Before Sean can hold her back, she has crossed to the sink and stood on her tip-toes, peering out the window. She sees.

ADRIENNE
Tobe!

Adrienne turns on her heel and runs from the kitchen, towards the door.

SEAN
Adrienne, no!

Sean breaks into a run after her, followed closely by Johnny.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

By the time Sean and Johnnie make it to the entrance way, Adrienne is at the door, running for the lawn and the barn beyond.

SEAN
Don't let her-

Too late. She is out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LAWN

Adrienne is in flight, her legs pumping as she runs down the porch steps and along the length of the farm house, angling towards the barn.

She is near the edge of the farmhouse, moving at top speed towards Tobe, who is now visible. He desperately tries to speak.

Her body twists as she turns the corner of the farmhouse, and is halted quickly as an AXE slams into her chest.

Her face registers a look of shock and pain, the blade buried to the shaft.

She COLLAPSES, falling to her back, her hands finding the axe's head, fingers working and playing at the edges of the wound, as though trying to confirm the reality of it.

Her breath comes in ragged, bloody gasps, and air bubbles mix with the blood pouring from her chest. Her lung has been pierced.

The breaths are ragged, deep, sucking things, like the sound of a drinking straw desperately collecting the last drops at the bottom of a glass.

She lies there, a figure standing over her in mute approval as the breaths still come... slower, sucking deeper, desperate for air as blood pools around the wound made by the axe.

She sucks hard, gurgling. Once, twice... no more.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LAWN

Sean and Johnnie have stopped dead in their tracks, Adrienne's torso clearly visible to them, her eyes pointed at them as the life leaves her, dimming. The figure stands over her.

Johnnie grabs Sean's shoulders, spinning him back to the house.

JOHNNIE

Go, go!

SEAN

Adrienne!

JOHNNIE

She's fucking dead! Move!

Sean and Johnnie turn and run like the wind back to the porch.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Johnnie bursts in, followed closely by Sean, who slams the door behind him, pinning his back against the heavy wood.

MARILYN

What going on?

JAMIE

Where's Adrienne?

Sean cannot breathe, his chest heaving. He merely shakes his head no.

JOHNNIE

Lock the doors. All of them.

The remaining group hurries to secure the front door, pushing a large chair in front of it.

SEAN

Did anyone find a back entrance?

All stare blankly at each other.

MARILYN

What happened out there? Where's Tobe?

Sean and Johnnie regard each other.

JOHNNIE

Sean?

In the distance, Tobe's moans can still be heard, fainter now, but insistent.

SEAN

Tobe was right. There was someone in this house. Whoever that was, he is now outside.

WESLEY

So, where are Tobe and Adrienne? What the fuck's going on, Sean?

SEAN

Adrienne's dead.

Heather gasps, clutching Precious to her.

SEAN

Those moans you are hearing... that's Tobe.

MARILYN

Then if he's still alive, we have to save him.

Sean shakes his head 'no.'

SEAN

We can't.

JAMIE

Why?

WESLEY

He's using Tobe as bait, right?

SEAN

Yeah. Yeah, he is.

HEATHER

Please let this not be happening...

JOHNNIE

Well, it is happening, okay? We have to stop thinking about how terrible it is, and start figuring out how to get out of here alive.

SEAN

Johnnie's right. First things first. We have to make sure there's no other ways in the house. Someone is sure to come along and see the bus. When they see the bus, it doesn't take much to realize we may have come here.

HEATHER

So, we're just going to stay here and wait to see who dies next?

SEAN

No, we are going to stay here, stay smart, and make it til morning. After that, we make a break for it. Not tonight. It's too risky.

JAMIE

Too risky? More than just waiting here?

SEAN

Yeah. Johnnie?

JOHNNIE

Fuckin' A. Let's seal this dump up.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark work boot steps on the bloody mess of Adrienne's chest and pries the axe out, wiping each side on the cleaner bits of cloth from her shirt.

From the killer's pov, we slip around the side of the house, peering in a window to see the group talking, arguing amongst themselves.

We then slip around the side of the house to a pair of cellar doors.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

JAMIE

Okay, what next?

SEAN

I think me, you and Marilyn head down the steps in the kitchen. We make sure that it's secured down there. Johnnie, Wes and Heather check the back of the house. If someone tries to come through that front door, we'll hear it. Johnnie?

JOHNNIE

Yeah. Yeah, that sounds about right.

SEAN

Okay, then. Let's go.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Johnnie, Heather and Wesley move stealthily down the long hallway, Precious in tow.

WESLEY

I don't remember seeing anything back here.

JOHNNIE

Me, neither. But that don't mean that there's not something back here waiting for us.

HEATHER

How bad was it, Johnnie? Adrienne, I mean.

JOHNNIE

Pretty fucking bad.

The hallway ends, opening on a small utility room, an ancient washer and dryer combo piled by the wall, several molded cleaning supplies and a basket of laundry whose wearers have long since gone.

Beyond the utility room, there is a narrow door. It is barely ajar.

HEATHER

Oh no.

WESLEY

Son of a bitch.

HEATHER

What do we do?

JOHNNIE

We close it. Make sure it stays that way.

WESLEY

You gonna do it?

Johnnie looks to Heather, then Wesley.

JOHNNIE

I guess I am.

Johnnie inches forward to the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Sean, Jamie and Marilyn step into the kitchen. Sean stops them short and raises a hand.

SEAN

Wait here. I want to take care of something real quick.

Sean moves to the small window that first led to Tobe's discovery and peeks out.

Tobe is still there, suspended by the wire, low moans coming out of him, but weaker. It is clear that he is dying. Sean regards him and for a moment, their eyes meet.

Sean closes the curtains.

MARILYN

What is it? What's out there?

SEAN
Nothing. I just don't want anyone
peeking in on us.

The three move toward the cellar door, Marilyn and Jamie with
candles.

Carefully, Sean opens the cellar door with a WICKED CREAK of
its hinges.

JAMIE
That's comforting.

SEAN
I need a candle.

Marilyn hands forward her candle and Sean holds it before
him, illuminating the wooden stairs that lead to the earthen
cellar.

MARILYN
Can you see anything?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN
Come on. Keep close and keep
quiet.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CELLAR

Sean leads them down the steps, Jamie at the rear. Their
eyes dart in every direction of the cellar, the candles
creating a flickering view of shelves of preserves, jars
containing who knows what. The corners are pitch.

At the bottom, Sean takes a turn, looking all around. His
eyes catches on the small set of stairs leading to the wooden
double doors, which, in turn, lead to the yard. They are
chained and secured from the inside, a key resting in the
hole of the ancient padlock.

JAMIE
At least it's done from the inside.
No one getting in here this way.

SEAN
True. If he gets in upstairs, we
can head down here, escape to the
yard. Then, back to the bus.

MARILYN

Then what?

Sean shrugs.

SEAN

Hopefully, it won't come to that.

A rustle comes from the space beneath the stairs.

MARILYN

(whispering)

What was that?

The rustle grows louder, more insistent.

Sean presses a finger to his lips to quiet them. He moves forward, the candle ahead of him.

Slowly the light falls on a hand, a female hand, with painted fingernails, glistening by candlelight, as is the slowly drying blood that rests in streaks on it.

SEAN

Go! Up the stairs, quick!

Jamie and Marilyn turn on their heels as the candle slips further under the stairs. The painted hand is attached to nothing, a cleanly severed wrist points into the darkness. And the darkness is moving.

SEAN

Run!

Jamie and Marilyn top the stairs, Sean behind them. He is midway up when a hand snakes from the darkness of the stairwell and seizes his ankle.

Sean falls backward, bouncing from the stairs, onto the floor, clutching his back.

JAMIE

Sean!

SEAN

Go!

A figure moves from beneath the staircase, straightening and approaching Sean.

Sean scrambles to gain his feet, but his foot is now twisted at a painful angle. He winces in pain and scrambles further into the cellar.

The figure now stands between Sean and the stairs.

SEAN

Lock the fucking door!

Jamie looks down the stairs. The figure begins to turn towards her and, with a muffled scream, she slams the door shut and bolts it.

Darkness invades the cellar once more.

Sean hobbles to his good foot, scurrying like a three-legged dog towards the double doors leading to the yard and salvation.

The figure moves determinedly after him, a thin, deadly-looking knife extending in his fist at his side. It is the sort of knife one might gut a fish with.

Sean is up the stairs to the double doors. He fumbles with the lock briefly, then seizes it in both hands, twisting the key.

The key snaps in two, the lock unmoving.

SEAN

No, no, no...

The killer approaches, setting foot on the stairs in his slow, deliberate way.

Sean pushes against the double doors. They move a few inches, maybe a foot apart, just enough to give Sean a glimpse of Tobe suspended on the barn.

The killer positions himself behind Sean, as Sean's hands push against the doors, slam against them, and small streaks of blood from Sean's battered hands are visible.

The killer slips the knife into Sean's back, carving from just above hip to ribcage.

Sean howls.

KILLER POV.

His battering against the doors is more insistent, desperate.

The knife slices again, deeply.

There is more blood inside the doors as Sean struggles with them.

The knife enters again. And again. We watch through the killer's eyes as the skin is flayed, and a tittering giggle accompanies it.

Sean's flailing is slower, now, failing.

The space between the doors is smaller with ever push.

The knife comes again.

SEAN
(quietly)
Please...

Blood sputters from his mouth as he coughs, his struggling weaker as blood soaks his shirt, down his pants. So much blood.

The knife stops its incisions and the killer stands over Sean's body as it struggles less and less.

Sean reaches one hand outside the doors, his fingers grasping the cool grass.

Tobe's eyes meet Sean's again, just as the light fades from Sean's eyes, and a final thick, bloody cough signals the last breath Sean will take.

The killer looks down admiringly at his handiwork, then roughly yanks Sean from the stairs, his head bouncing with each step until he settles on the floor, still.

The killer looks over his shoulder at the cellar door at the top of the stairs and turns towards it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Jamie swiftly turns the bolt that locks the cellar door.

Jamie and Marilyn clutch each other as they back away from the cellar door.

JAMIE
Do you hear anything?

Marilyn shakes her head.

JAMIE
What do we do?

Marilyn again shakes her head.

They pause in the middle of the kitchen, eyes locked on the cellar door.

The knob twists slowly left, then right.

MARILYN

Sean?

JAMIE

Wait... That's not Sean. We have to get out of here. We have to make a run for it. Back to the bus, like Sean said.

The pair resumes their backward escape, eyes locked on the slowly twisting knob.

Their pace picks up speed, and they turn to run-

Headlong into Johnnie and Heather.

JOHNNIE

Easy! Where's Sean?

JAMIE

We have to go. He's in the cellar!

WESLEY

Who is?

MARILYN

The... the monster!

Johnnie looks over their shoulders to the cellar door. The knob is now still.

JOHNNIE

Are you sure?

MARILYN

Of course we're fucking sure! He grabbed Sean and we ran up here!

JOHNNIE

Okay. Let me just think for a second.

JAMIE

You can think later. We have to get back to the bus, Johnnie!

JOHNNIE

And then what? Wait til he finds us there?

MARILYN

Maybe he won't follow us that far.

HEATHER

I doubt that.

The cellar door begins to rattle in its frame as someone struggles against it.

Marilyn and Jamie leap behind Johnnie.

WESLEY

I think they're right, man. I think it's time we go.

JOHNNIE

All right. Let's go.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

The remaining group turn from the kitchen to the entrance way, huddled closely together as they are trailed by the insistent banging from the cellar door.

Johnnie is in the lead. He quickly shoves the chair propped against the front door aside and swings the door wide.

He takes a step forward as Adrienne's body swings forward, dangling by cheap nylon cord from the roof of the porch. The body swings just inside the door, met with the screams of the group. The body is missing an arm.

JOHNNIE

Back door!

Johnnie turns and runs, again leading the group down the hallway and towards the small utility room.

He has blocked the door with the washer/dryer combo.

Wesley joins Johnnie as they square their shoulders against the tall appliance and scoot it with several difficult shoves out of the way of the door.

JOHNNIE

Damn, this is heavy.

WESLEY
Seemed like such a good idea at the
time.

From behind them, they hear the cellar door crash open.
Precious BARKS as Heather holds the dog to her.

HEATHER
Hurry, Johnnie!

Johnnie opens the back door and steps into the night, the
rest following.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Behind the house, a large field stretches back into darkness.

JOHNNIE
Follow me.

Johnnie slips to his right, around the cellar side of the
house, the double doors still locked in place. To the left
is the barn.

As the group moves forward, quickly, but not yet panicked,
Tobe comes into view.

Marilyn screams, and all follow her gaze to the barn.

JOHNNIE
We have to keep moving. Go!

Tobe's cries pick up volume.

JAMIE
We have to help him. He's still
alive!

Wesley looks back to the house, his eyes catching movement.

The kitchen curtains swing back closed.

WESLEY
He's in the kitchen!

All look.

The curtains are undisturbed.

Tobe moans, more distinctly this time.

MARILYN

Oh my god, what's he trying to say?

Johnnie steps closer to the barn.

Tobe whispers in a sick, thick voice.

TOBE

Kill me...

From the front of the house, a door slams.

JAMIE

What was that?

WESLEY

The front door.

JOHNNIE

Run!

The group breaks into a run towards the rear of the house, their paces uneven, their group splintering.

Johnnie and Heather veer off to the right to the barn and front lawn as Wesley and Marilyn move to their left around the house. Jamie runs for the fields.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Wesley and Marilyn swing from the back lawn into the house, past the cast aside washer/dryer.

Wesley slams the back door and locks it again.

MARILYN

What are you doing?

WESLEY

The smart thing. He's outside now, right?

Marilyn looks uncertain.

WESLEY

We both heard that front door slam. That means that he is outside. As long as we are in here, we are safe.

MARILYN

I don't know about this.

WESLEY

Look. I've been following you people around all night, and so far that has gotten three of us killed.

MARILYN

Tobe isn't dead.

WESLEY

Not yet, but it sure as hell won't be long before he is.

Marilyn fights back tears.

WESLEY

I don't want to be number four. Do you?

MARILYN

No.

WESLEY

Good. What we need to do is get that front door closed again and figure out where that motherfucker is. When we know he ain't coming, we run like hell. Got it?

MARILYN

(reluctantly)

Okay.

WESLEY

Good. Now follow me.

Wesley heads down the hallway very quietly as Marilyn follows, looking behind her.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Johnnie and Heather angle around the barn, towards the road.

HEATHER

(breathlessly)

Where are we going?

JOHNNIE

The bus. We have to get to the bus.

HEATHER

Why?

JOHNNIE
Don't ask questions, Heather. Not
now.

Precious yips in Heather's arms.

JOHNNIE
And you have to keep that fucking
dog quiet. I mean it.

Heather places her hand over Precious' jaws to keep the dog
quiet. The dog squirms in her arms.

JOHNNIE
Good girl.

They pause at the far corner of the barn.

JOHNNIE
I don't see anything.

Precious continues to squirm in her arms.

JOHNNIE
Okay, let's head for the road, nice
and easy, okay. Just keep quiet.

Slowly, Johnnie and Heather inch towards the gravel driveway
and the road beyond.

The trees that line the road and driveway obscure their view.

JOHNNIE
You see anything?

Heather peeks around the corner towards the road, then behind
her.

HEATHER
No.

JOHNNIE
Okay, let's move then...

Johnnie leads them away from the barn towards the treeline,
stealing glances over his shoulder towards the house.

Their footsteps are loud beneath their feet, their breath
short and ragged.

JOHNNIE

Almost there, Heather, just stay close.

So near to the tree line.

Precious lets out a series of loud yips, his head directed towards the darkness of the trees.

JOHNNIE

Shut that fucking dog up, Heather, I'm not going to ask you-

Johnnie breaks off in mid-sentence, following the dog's eyes.

Something is standing behind the trees.

JOHNNIE

Shit. Back, Heather, go back.

Heather looks confusedly from the trees to Johnnie.

HEATHER

What is it?

JOHNNIE

Run, Heather, goddamnit!

From killer's pov, we stare at the pair, then move towards them, slowly, determinedly.

Johnnie turns on his heels and heads for the barn.

Heather follows, turning too quickly and losing her balance. Precious bounds from her arms and chases after Johnnie.

Heather crashes to the ground, arms and legs flying, face first into the earth.

The figure that had only suggested movement in the tree line moves quickly, into the moonlit yard.

Heather looks ahead, Johnnie now far away. Behind her, she sees the killer approaching.

HEATHER

(whimpering)

Please, no. Please don't.

The killer strides quickly towards her, covering the ground in long steps. He is quickly upon her.

Heather cries softly as the killer looks down at her, regarding the helpless girl on the ground.

Looking up he sees Johnnie turning the corner of the barn. He glances back down at the girl, then makes his way past her, moving quickly again.

Heather watches him pass, then cries softly.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Wesley and Marilyn inch down the hallway to the front door, which now stands wide open. The softly swinging outline of Adrienne hangs there.

MARILYN

Adrienne.

WESLEY

I know. But if we don't want to end up like her, I suggest we keep moving and get that door closed.

MARILYN

You do it... I can't get any closer.

WESLEY

Fine. Just wait here for a minute, then. And keep your eyes open. You see anything that looks like anything, you scream, okay?

Wesley approaches the front door. As he does, he stares into the still-open, unseeing eyes of Adrienne. The creak of the rope that holds her is all he can hear.

MARILYN

Be careful, Wes.

Wesley turns quickly back to her.

WESLEY

Quiet, woman.

Marilyn nods silently as Wesley reaches the doorway and grabs the handle of the door. His face is almost level with Adrienne, far too close for comfort. To close the door, he will have to swing her out of the way.

MARILYN

What's wrong?

WESLEY

The body- Adrienne's in the way. I have to move her to get the door closed.

MARILYN

Just be careful.

WESLEY

Will you stop saying that? It's bad luck.

Wesley starts rocking Adrienne's body out of the way, bringing the door closed on her once, then giving another terrific shove and finally bringing the door closed. He flips the bolt on it.

WESLEY

That was the most gruesome shit I have ever done.

Wesley shakes his body as if to get it out of his system.

WESLEY

Okay, we need to make sure that door in the kitchen is safe, now.

Marilyn trails behind as they move from the hallway to-

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

The cellar door is smashed.

WESLEY

Shit.

MARILYN

What do we do now?

WESLEY

Hang on a second.

Wesley looks over to the curtained window that looks on the barn and Tobe.

WESLEY

Stay back.

Wesley moves to the window slowly, cautiously. He extends his hand using his fingertips to slide the curtain ever-so-slightly apart.

As he bends his head to see out the window over the sink, the window shatters inward, and a HAND seizes Wesley's shirt, pulling him forward.

The glass has splintered inward, like splinters of wood, and a long, jagged shard of glass points towards Wesley's face as the hand draws him nearer.

WESLEY

No, no, no...

His tone is not pleading, merely a flat denial of the glass as he draws towards it. He pulls back, his journey towards the glass pausing.

A second hand reaches in and grabs Wesley, pulling him closer, very slowly and steadily. The shard of glass extending inward is now trained to meet Wesley's eye.

Wesley flails against the arm that holds him, pushing back against the window sill.

WESLEY

No. No. Not this way, etc.

With agonizingly slow speed, Wesley is pulled forward, his right eye meeting the glass, bending, then bursting with a hideous POP.

Wesley begins screaming.

Marilyn joins in, creating a terrifying chorus of screams, before Wesley slides forward further, and his screaming ends.

There is a brief silence in the kitchen as Marilyn watches Wesley's form slump and fall, his face frozen in a rictus of fear and pain.

Through the torn curtains and busted glass, Marilyn can see Tobe hanging slack against the barn. He no longer makes any sounds, his face torn and shredded by the wire. He merely looks at her dispassionately, if a little pityingly.

Marilyn turns and RUNS.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD

Marilyn erupts from the doorway, feet pumping as she pounds to the wooded area behind the farmhouse, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. BARN

From a shadowed corner of the barn's crumbling exterior, Johnnie looks on. He watches as Marilyn runs into the dark woods, then turns back to eye the far length of the barn, the wall opposite the one in which Tobe hangs suspended.

Johnnie inches along, making his way towards the front of the barn and the entrance to the barn's interior. His breath is heavy, but controlled.

His body flat against the side of the barn, his eyes dart every direction, shooting looks behind him as he moves slowly.

Reaching a head-sized gap in the barn's facade, Johnnie bends to inspect the interior. It is dark, but appears empty.

He continues to inch forward, almost to the corner of the barn. Around the corner, he can hear the sounds of footsteps.

Johnnie eyes the ground for some sort of weapon, then, finding none, clenches his fists, his arms raising very slightly. Steeling himself he waits as the footsteps grow louder.

The footsteps are very loud, now, approaching him unsteadily.

His body tenses as-

Heather turns the corner, Precious in her arms.

Johnnie fist is in mid-swing when he stops it.

JOHNNIE

Oh shit! Heather! You're alive.

Heather gasps at the sight of Johnnie, then swings her hand around in a wide arc to deliver a powerful SMACK.

JOHNNIE

What the fuck?

HEATHER

That's for leaving me and Precious when I fell.

JOHNNIE

I guess I deserve that. What the hell happened to you back there?

HEATHER

I saw it, Johnnie. Up close. I looked right at me. It's not human, I tell you.

Her tears are coming freely now.

JOHNNIE

Okay, okay... We have to stay calm. We have to keep our heads if we want to make it, understand?

Heather shakes her head yes.

JOHNNIE

Good. I think we can hide in here.

HEATHER

What?

JOHNNIE

Just until morning. If we keep moving around, that crazy fucker can pop out of anywhere. It's much safer if we just hide and wait until it is light outside.

HEATHER

I don't want to die, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE

And you think I do? Just do what I say and we'll be fine.

Heather nods in assent, and follows behind Johnnie as he peeks around the corner of the barn again. It is empty of life.

JOHNNIE

Okay, let's go.

Johnnie leads as the pair slinks around the corner of the barn, quickly through the entrance and slips into the cool darkness of the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The barn is dark and still. Johnnie surveys the top level of the barn, a series of catwalk-style hay lofts. There is no movement and no place to hide there.

Satisfied, Johnnie and Heather move deeper into the barn. A sudden CREAK jars them, and they look to the wall on their left.

The CREAK comes again, and Johnnie squints against the darkness to make it out.

A board bends slightly inward, a board framed by lengths of barbed wire threaded through it. The creak is the sound of Tobe slowly settling in his barbed harness.

Heather sees this, the blood soaking into the aging wood and covers her mouth to stifle her horror.

JOHNNIE

It's okay, come on...

Johnnie leads Heather deeper inside, towards the hulking shape covered by the blue tarpaulin.

He quietly lifts the tarp, checking the car beneath it. It is empty. The car is an old style sedan, clearly in no shape to run, but completely hidden beneath the tarp.

JOHNNIE

Okay, we have to be very quiet. I think we can slip into the back seat of this car and be safe til morning.

HEATHER

I don't know about this, Johnnie.

Johnnie looks at her flatly.

JOHNNIE

It's better than running around hoping we don't run into that sick fuck.

Heather nods in understanding.

Johnnie raises the tarpaulin to waist level and takes the handle of the back seat door.

The door opens with a muffled creak. At the sound, Johnnie looks around, searching for any sign that the door was heard.

JOHNNIE

Okay, get in.

Heather wrinkles her nose at the musty smell of the car's interior, but makes no sound as she slips into the pitch black car interior.

Johnnie looks around one final time and slips under the tarp himself, backing into the car and quietly securing the door in place.

INT. CAR

Johnnie secures the door and rests back against the seat, causing the rusty shocks on the car to groan minutely.

JOHNNIE
(whispering)
Okay, stay still.

Heather nods.

A spider scurries across Heather's hand and she quickly claps a hand to her mouth to cover her terror.

JOHNNIE
It's just a spider, okay, nothing dangerous. We have to stay still and quiet.

Heather nods again.

JOHNNIE
Good. You're doing great, Heather.

She offers a weak smile.

HEATHER
I'm glad you're here, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE
What's that?

HEATHER
If I have to be with anyone like this, I'm glad it's you.

JOHNNIE
It's going to be fine, Heather, just relax. I'll keep an ear out for anything.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Through the killer's eyes we look from the house to the barn, looking for signs of life. Nothing. No sounds. Then, the tiniest of creaks. Our attentions jerks to the barn and we begin moving steadily towards it.

INT. BARN

HEATHER

Do you think we are going to make it, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE

Of course we are. In the morning, we'll sneak out, hit the road, and get back to the bus. I bet the bus will just be crawling with cops by then. And they'll have blankets and coffee and you can fuckin'-A be sure they'll have donuts, too. And we'll go home and get old and fat and have tons of kids...

Heather smiles more genuinely.

HEATHER

Thank you for that, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE

No problem. Now, just relax.

Heather closes her eyes, Precious curled in her lap, still shaking.

Precious' ears prick up.

Johnnie looks at the dog quizzically as it begins to shift nervously in Heather's lap.

JOHNNIE

What's wrong with the dog?

HEATHER

I don't know.

JOHNNIE

Just keep it quiet.

Precious wriggles out of his sitting position, her ears up, snout pointed towards the front windshield.

A high-pitched, soft growl comes from the dog.

JOHNNIE

Heather?

Heather strokes the dogs back, silencing it for a moment. Precious stands on Heather's leg, body at attention.

JOHNNIE

(very softly)

If he hears us, we are as good as dead.

Heather nods.

Precious squirms further, another soft growl coming from its small frame.

Outside the car, the tinkling of Precious' bell echoes.

Heather tries desperately to comfort the dog. It struggles out of her caresses, the growl becoming more insistent.

Heather places her hands over Precious' snout to quiet her as she struggles in Heather's grasp.

A long, loud creak comes, the sound of the barn door opening. More tinkling from the bell.

Johnnie shifts slightly, steeling himself.

Precious reacts more physically, straining against Heather's hold on her.

JOHNNIE

(whispering)

Heather!

Heather nods fervently, tears coming freely.

Her grasp on the dog tightens even as the dog's struggles increase.

Holding the dog to her body tightly, she begins to lift up on its head.

Johnnie looks from his blind stare at the back of the tarpaulin to Heather.

JOHNNIE

What are you doing?

Heather shakes her head.

HEATHER

Shhhhh. It'll be all right,
Sweetie.

Johnnie realizes she is talking to the dog, not to him.

Heather continues to lift Precious' head, the dog thrashing more wildly as its head begins to turn at an angle that is clearly painful.

JOHNNIE

Jesus.

Heather places a hand over Precious' snout and against the back of her neck, creating a harsh angle. The dog squirms wildly, the growl rising.

With a thrust of weight, Heather pops Precious' neck with a sound like a tinny crack of knuckles.

Precious slumps in her lap, still.

Heather slumps against the seat, tears streaming, breath coming in ragged hitches. As she settles back, the springs of the car softly squeak.

Johnnie looks madly around, wondering if the creak was heard. There is silence.

There is a long, quiet beat.

The tarpaulin shifts. Subtly, almost imperceptibly, but the tarp has moved.

Johnnie and Heather sit up ramrod straight.

HEATHER

Did he hear?

Johnnie puts his index finger to his mouth.

From behind, the tarp rustles again, this time accompanied by the very loud sound of Precious' bell.

HEATHER

It's him, isn't it?

JOHNNIE

Quiet.

There is the industrial sound of a key sliding into its hole, and the tarp moves again, accompanied by the sound of the trunk groaning open.

JOHNNIE

Oh shit, we have to get out of here. You ready?

Heather nods. She begins to turn when-

The tines of a pitchfork thrust through the back seat, stabbing through Heather's chest and impaling Precious against her.

Heather coughs up a lungful of blood, splattering the back seat, her hands writhing at her side as she struggles to scream and cannot.

Johnnie thrusts open the car door, swiping the tarp out of the way, sending it off the car in a heap. His feet become tangled in it and he falls backward, face-up, onto the dirt floor of the barn.

Inside the car, Heather's squirming against the pitchfork continues, her hands clawing at the tines, fingernails breaking against it.

Johnnie begins to lift himself up, but is met by a swift work boot against his chest, slamming him back to the earth harshly.

He looks up dazed as a long pair of shears swing down in a wide arc, the blades closed as they pierce his throat and lodge in the dirt floor.

The shears are roughly opened, lodged in his neck, separating tissue and effectively decapitating him. His eyes register only surprise as they go glassy.

The killer's form moves around the car, casting the shears behind him. As he exits, Heather can be seen as her struggles against the tines lessen, death near, but they continue as we follow the killer out and the barn door is shut.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Marilyn breathes hard and deep, fresh from her mad dash into the woods. She pauses to catch her breath, looking backwards over her shoulder towards the farmhouse. It is barely perceptible through the thick cluster of trees.

Marilyn rises up, stretching her back, hands at the small. She freezes as a rustle of leaves comes from above her.

Her breath comes in fits again, short and fast, building up to a scream.

JAMIE
Marilyn, it's me.

Marilyn squints her eyes as she looks up into the branches. One thick branch shudders as Jamie shifts her weight on it.

MARILYN
Jamie?

JAMIE
Yes. God, I didn't think anyone was going to come back for me. Thank God.

MARILYN
Come back for you?

JAMIE
Did you find anyone?

MARILYN
No.

Marilyn is shivering, despite the warm evening.

MARILYN
No one came back for you, Jamie. I ran away.

JAMIE
What happened?

MARILYN
It's Wesley. He's dead.

JAMIE
Are you sure?

MARILYN
I was there, Jamie! It was the most horrible thing I've ever seen.

JAMIE
It's going to be okay, Marilyn.

Marilyn barks a short, sarcastic laugh.

MARILYN
No, it's not. It's not. We're going to die out here.
(MORE)

MARILYN(cont'd)

By the time anyone finds us, we're going to all be dead.

JAMIE

Hang on, I'm coming down.

The branch shudders again, and the leaves rustle, green against the dark sky.

Jamie's lithe form slips from one branch to another, then down to the floor of the grove of trees.

Marilyn is shuddering now, as if caught in the grip of some icy wind only she can feel.

Jamie goes to her, feeling her forehead.

JAMIE

You're cold.

MARILYN

I know.

JAMIE

And sweating, too. Look, Marilyn, focus on what I'm saying. You are going into shock. That's all. You're going to be all right, but you have to stay focused, okay?

MARILYN

Okay...

Her eyes are distant. Jamie gives her a rough SHAKE.

JAMIE

I mean it, Marilyn, you have to stay with me.

MARILYN

I will. I just want to sit down for awhile.

JAMIE

No, you have to stay up, otherwise you're just going to pass out, and I can't drag you. You understand what I'm saying?

MARILYN

Yes.

She leans roughly against a tree.

MARILYN
Why is he doing this?

JAMIE
I don't know.

MARILYN
He's not human. You know that,
don't you?

Jamie begins searching the ground.

JAMIE
We can't worry about that right
now.

MARILYN
What are you doing?

JAMIE
I'm looking for something to hit
that son of a bitch with.
If it comes for us, we are going to
be ready.

MARILYN
It's not going to help.

Marilyn rests her head against the tree.

MARILYN
He's gonna find us and kill us.
Just like he did the others.

Jamie has gained some distance from Marilyn in her search.
She hefts up a large chunk of a branch.

JAMIE
What do you think?

MARILYN
Jamie, do you believe in fate?

Marilyn lifts her head from its resting place against the
tree as a rough hand grabs her head tightly by her hair and
slams her head roughly against the tree.

Marilyn's body slumps, but the killer's hand holds her up by
the hair, bringing her head against the side of the tree
again. Her eyes roll up into her head, her cheek clearly
crushed, the skull beneath curved in an impossible manner.

JAMIE

Marilyn!

The killer peeks from behind the tree, his face obscured by Marilyn's deformed head, one malevolent eye regarding Jamie.

His blows against the tree come in fast succession, stretching Marilyn's head, turning it into a pulpy soup.

With utter disregard for what has become a bag of meat, the killer releases his hold on Marilyn, who slides down the tree and to the earth.

Jamie offers a shrill scream, then turns and runs, dashing away from the killer, back to the farmhouse.

EXT. BARN

Jamie runs from the trees, making her way quickly across the lawn, her feet sure beneath her as she threads her way between the house and the barn.

Looking up, Tobe's eyes look down at her, freezing her for an instant. Looking over her shoulder, the killer is not visible. Her pace is slower as she walks beneath Tobe's down-turned gaze.

As she passes him, Jamie realizes that his eyes do not follow. He has died in his suspended pose.

JAMIE

Jesus.

Beyond the barn, at the edge of the driveway, she sees the twisted remains of the mailbox lit by some external source.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

JAMIE

Here! Here! Please help me!

VOICE (O.S.)

Who is that? Adrienne?

From around the corner of the house, Mr. C appears.

JAMIE

Mr. C! We have to get out of here now!

Jamie runs to him, clutching him the way a child might clutch its mother's breast.

MR. C
Jamie. You and your friends are in serious trouble, young lady...

JAMIE
Fuck trouble!

Mr. C reacts as if he has been slapped.

MR. C
Jamie, I will not tolerate-

JAMIE
They're dead! They are all dead.

MR. C
Who?

JAMIE
Adrienne. Wes. Tobe. Marilyn. I think Johnnie and Heather, too.

MR. C
What? How?

JAMIE
Something killed them. We have to go now! Please!

MR. C
Okay, Jamie, it's going to be all right, I promise.

JAMIE
No, no, it won't. We have to go!

MR. C
We will. Just try to stay calm.

Mr. C looks beyond her, to the barn. He gasps as he sees Tobe suspended on the barn for the first time.

MR. C
Stay close to me, okay? We are going to walk around the front of the house and to my car, okay?

Jamie nods quickly.

JAMIE
I want to go home...

MR. C
That's where I'm taking you. It's
all over, now, Jamie. You're going
to be safe.

Jamie clutches to Mr. C and releases a terrified sob, her
body relaxing against him.

Mr. C places a protective arm around her and walks her away
from the barn towards his car. Jamie hides her head against
him, allowing him to lead her.

MR. C
We're going to get in my car and
we're going to drive far away and
tonight you'll be in your own bed,
and your parents will be there to
take care of you, all right?

Jamie nods blindly against him. Mr. C suddenly stops moving.
Jamie looks up to see a silhouette framed by the headlights
of Mr. C's car.

MR. C
Johnnie?

The form begins to move towards them, steadily and
deliberately.

JAMIE
No, no, no...

Mr. C holds his ground, the distance between himself and the
mysterious form seemingly safe.

MR. C
You're done hurting my kids, you
son of a bitch!

The silhouette continues its forward progress.

MR. C
(to Jamie)
Now, I want you to go inside, and I
want you to shut the door tight.
Can you do that for me?

JAMIE
No, you have to come inside, too.

MR. C

I have something to care of first.

Mr. C leads her onto the porch and ushers her inside the door, brushing aside a length of rope that hangs from the porch rafter, supporting nothing.

JAMIE

No, you have to. He'll kill you!

MR. C

Don't argue with me. Go inside and don't open the door until I say. Go, Jamie, now!

Jamie gives him a final look, one of burgeoning trust and sadness. She slips inside and shuts the door tight.

Mr. C turns to regard the figure coming across the lawn. The killer is almost to the porch.

MR. C

I was in 'Nam, you sick fuck. I killed more able-bodied men than you can possibly imagine. One more is fine by me.

The killer mounts the porch.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Jamie steps away from the locked door, keeping here eyes fixed upon it.

From beyond the door, she hears the sounds of scuffling feet, and the crashes of a struggle. The sounds increase in violence.

Then, there is silence.

Jamie pauses, as well.

There is a long beat of silence as Jamie stares at the door in the new silence.

There is a light rapping at the door.

Jamie leans to the door, listening closely.

Another knock, slightly louder, more insistent.

JAMIE

Mr. C?

No response save for the light knocking at the door.

She approaches the door slowly, cautiously.

The knocking pauses.

Jamie continues drawing near the door, then stops.

The knob is turning right and left, slowly.

Jamie stops moving towards the door and begins backing away.

The knocking comes louder now, heavy, rattling the door in its frame.

JAMIE

(almost hysterical)

Mr. C?!

Pounding now, shaking the door hard. Finally, it gives, sending it open along its familiar arc.

The killer, holding something by his side, stands framed in the doorway. He launches the object towards a frozen Jamie.

Mr. C's head, literally ripped from his shoulders, bounces on the hardwood floors of the hallway and rests at Jamie's feet.

She has only time to register the object before the killer begins to move towards her.

Jamie turns and flees up the stairs, stumbling briefly mid-way up.

The killer seizes her ankle and Jamie thrusts her leg hard backwards, effectively kicking the killer with the ball of her foot against his forehead. His grip falters and Jamie breaks free.

She runs/crawls up the remaining steps.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jamie bounces off the walls as she runs full tilt down the hall, looking behind her just as the killer crests the steps.

JAMIE

Leave me alone!!!

Jamie angles into the open bedroom doorway at the end of the hall and is greeted by-

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

The Altar of Bones discovered earlier. She slams the bedroom door behind her. She quickly flips the ancient bolt locking the door, and backs away from it, keeping her focus on the lock.

There is silence.

Slowly, her attention turns to the altar, and its new addition. Adrienne's HEAD sits at the crown, her eyes removed, her mouth open. Blood has seeped down the altar, coloring it in streaks of red.

Realizing she could be next, Jaime looks for anything to fight with. She recognizes the small bedroom window beyond the altar. Jamie steps around the hideous creation, careful not to touch it or allow it to touch her.

Jamie turns her back to the door, her attention now on the slim window.

She flips the bolts on the sill, and pulls upward. It raises an inch and creaks to a halt, the warped wood acting as brakes.

The bedroom door begins to rattle in its hinges as the killer pounds from the other side.

JAMIE
Come on, come on...

The window rattles up another inch.

JAMIE
Come on, damnit!

The bedroom door explodes inward. The killer enters the room slowly, the altar between him and his prey.

JAMIE
Open, damnit!

Jamie struggles with all her might to raise the window, which groans as she pulls.

The killer pauses as he moves towards her, admiring his creation separating them.

His face in almost utter darkness, a smile splits his features, the very decayed teeth the only things visible. They have been hideously filed to uneven points, a patchwork of daggers in his mouth.

Jamie drops to her knees, shouldering the window and forcing it up with her legs. It shudders, then rockets up.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - ROOF

Jamie forces herself through the window quickly, tumbling onto the peaked roof as the killer's hand swipes down in an arc, grabbing the sill just as Jamie passes over it.

Jamie rights herself quickly, drawing to her knees. She sees the killer's hand resting on the sill and reaches up to the raised window.

She slams the window down hard, crushing the killer's hand between window and sill.

JAMIE

How do you like that, you-

The killer's other hand splinters window panes and glass alike as it rockets from inside to smash against Jamie's lips, rocketing her backwards and off the roof in an awkward tumble that spills her onto the front lawn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT YARD

Jamie lies in a painful sprawl, her face a bloody mess, one arm twisted awkwardly beneath her. It is obviously broken.

She exhales roughly, blowing bubbles of spit and blood through her split lips. Her right arm, the only one still of use, curls beside her. Flattening her palm against the now-dewy earth, she attempts to raise herself and fail, collapsing back to the ground.

From inside the house behind her, Jamie can hear the upstairs window rise and fall. She staggers to her feet and moves towards Mr. C's car, limping heavily, but steadying as she goes.

Behind her, the front door of the farmhouse bangs open. She does not look behind, speeding up as she struggles to run.

Reaching the end of the gravel driveway, Jamie steadies herself on the hood of Mr. C's car, making her way to the driver's seat.

Bending her head inside, Jamie sees that the key rests in the ignition.

JAMIE

Thank God.

She quickly opens the door and seats herself behind the wheel.

She turns the key. Nothing happens.

JAMIE

Come on... come on...

She tries it again with the same result.

Looking further down, she sees the guts of wires that have been ripped apart.

JAMIE

No, no, no...

A hand slams against the passenger door, and Jamie issues a shrill, brief scream.

With little more than a thought, Jamie shoulders open the driver's door and spills onto the concrete.

The killer swiftly moves around the car, but Jamie has already regained her feet and moves down the road as quickly as her broken body will carry her.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jamie is moving fast now, her legs becoming more sure, her legs pumping. Her screams are desperate, truly screaming for her life.

JAMIE

Help me! Someone! Help Me!!

Casting a look behind her, she sees nothing. Jamie scans the tree lines to her left and right, seeing nothing. He's gone.

She does not let up, but, with renewed hope, continues to run.

Ahead is the single street lamp and the bus sitting beneath it.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Jamie reaches the bus, collapsing against the open doors. She looks around cautiously, then drops slowly to her knees to check beneath it. Only the broken pavement of the road meets her.

She quietly laughs/sobs, and slips inside.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Jamie fumbles up the steps of the bus and briefly struggles with the mechanism to close the door, then slams it shut. She sags against it.

Through the front windshield, Jamie can see the sky begin to lighten, the preface of dawn.

Jamie makes her way down the aisle of the bus, collapsing into one of the bench seats.

Now, the tears she has been unable to spill for her friends come. Her breath is ragged and her sobs come in hitches, cut short by the creak of a door.

She catches her breath and holds it, raising in the seat.

Jamie looks to the front of the bus. Nothing. Looking behind her, she sees the emergency door being pulled slowly open by the wind, then closed.

The tears come again, this time from frustration and fear as she rises.

Jamie moves towards the rear of the bus, her left arm cradled by her right as she looks to each side into the empty booths.

Jamie reaches the door and pulls it shut.

JAMIE
(to herself)
Just the wind... just the wind.

Jamie does not believe it either, turning slowly around. Looking over the tops of the seats, she lowers herself again to look down the long floor of the bus. She sees nothing.

She slumps against the back seat, positioning herself so she is not visible through the windows. The lack of sleep begins to take its toll.

In the distance, Jamie hears the drone of a car's engine.
Jamie curls her legs up to her chin, rocking slightly.

JAMIE
(to herself)
Okay, I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm
okay.

Jamie angles her head over her shoulder to look out the window. Only the bare road greets her.

Jamie lays her feet on the floor of the bus, preparing to stand as-

Hands grab Jamie's ankles and yank savagely, pulling Jamie roughly against the seat, then to the floor.

Jamie flails against the hands that hold her, kicking wildly. The killer's grip stays firm, pulling her under the seat and into the aisle.

In the center aisle, the killer yanks Jamie hard, pulling her free from the seats that she tries to grasp at for safety, her broken arm banging against one of the iron bench legs.

Jamie screams in pain, her eyes closed tight.

The killer releases her ankles and slams his boot hard against Jamie's chest, knocking the breath from her as well as pinning her to the floor.

The car engine is close now, lights splashing against the killer's silhouette as he stands in the aisle.

Jamie squirms beneath the boot, her good arm flailing out to grab the rear emergency door. As her grip tightens around the handle, the door releases, just as the killer's boot rises from Jamie's chest and kicks Jamie's hand hard.

Jamie cries out in pain and terror, looking up into the dark face of the killer, only his sadistic eyes lit by the car headlights as they approach.

Jamie musters her strength and kicks up, forcing both of her knees into the killer's back and sending him forward, where he staggers, then tumbles awkwardly from the bus, through the emergency door, and onto the road.

Jamie rolls onto her belly, pulling herself forward with her broken fingers and slams the emergency door shut.

EXT. BUS - DAWN

A CAR pulls alongside the bus as the killer falls from the bus onto the road. The brakes squeal to a stop.

From inside, Adrienne's Dad opens the driver's side door, hurrying around the front of the car.

DAD
Are you okay? Jesus, son, what happened?

The killer slowly rises from the pavement, blood covering his clothes, a malicious grin plastered across his features.

DAD
What the- ?

Dad backs off, rushing around to the open car door.

He gestures to Mom, in the passenger seat.

DAD
The glove box, hurry...

The killer moves towards the car, the grin seeming to be all that is visible as he approaches.

Dad is handed something from inside the car. Looking flatly at the killer, he raises a revolver between himself and the killer.

DAD
Stop right there, or I will shoot.

The killer does not acknowledge his words, but continues to approach.

DAD
I mean it!

The killer pays no heed.

Closing his eyes, Dad squeezes off a shot, the bullet pounding into the killer's chest. The killer staggers forward, clearly wounded.

Dad fires again, another bullet ripping into the chest of the killer. The killer takes on further step, then collapses to the cement.

Dad holds the gun firmly in hand, stepping around the front of his car to survey the killer.

Blood pools around the killer's still form, a pointed smile still frozen on the face of the murderer. Dad looks at the revolver in his hand.

DAD
Better to have one...

INT. BUS - DAWN

Jamie huddles inside, holding her broken arm with her broken hand. Her face is bruised and puffy, her body wracked with pain.

DAD (O.S.)
Anyone in there? Hello?

Jamie looks wildly around, debating whether or not this is some new trick.

DAD
Hello? Adrienne? Are you there
baby?

JAMIE
In here! I'm in here!

DAD (O.S.)
Adrienne!

Jamie struggles forward to release the emergency door once more.

Dad's face goes from elation to disappointment in a flash as he sees that his daughter is not inside.

DAD
Jamie? Where's Adrienne?

Jamie shudders as she speaks.

JAMIE
Dead. They're all dead.
Adrienne... Mr. Cunningham...
they're all dead.

DAD
What? Where?

JAMIE
The house in the woods... He killed
them.

Jamie bolts up.

JAMIE
Is he dead?

DAD
Yes, he's dead.

JAMIE
Are you sure? I don't think he's a
human, I think he's... he's...

DAD
Just a man, Jamie. He's just a man
and he's dead now. Come on, let's
get you out of there and get some
help.

Jamie allows herself to be drawn from the bus into Dad's
arms.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Jamie is cradled by Dad as they pass the body of the killer.
She moves as far away as she can from the body while still
being held by the reassuring arms of Adrienne's father. The
reality sinks in.

JAMIE
Just a man... He was just some
man...

The sobs come more powerfully than before, and Dad must carry
her the rest of the way to the car.

Dad opens the driver's side passenger door and slips Jamie
inside.

MOM
(from inside car)
Where's Adrienne?

Wordlessly, Dad slips behind the driver's wheel and closes
the door. As the car pulls away, we see a young boy's face,
Cody, staring out the back window. Mesmerized by the deadly
scene, Cody's eyes never leave the still form of the killer
on the road.

The car pulls away as we-

FADE OUT.