

8 X 10

by

La Shawn Kelley

Westchester High School

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FADE IN:

INT. VAN - DAY

JENNIFER CARSON, 17, wholesome with a friendly face, holds a cell to her ear. Her hair is tied back into a playful ponytail which hangs to one side.

JENNIFER

It'll be great, I promise.

(Pause)

Yeah, yeah. There's a boat, a dock, and everything...see ya later.

RYAN CARSON, 17, looks over to Jennifer. Earphones plug his ears but no sound resonates.

RYAN

Keep shoveling shit and you'll find yourself buried...they're going to murder you.

JENNIFER

Yeah, yeah.

JOHN CARSON, late thirties, at wheel, glances in the rearview mirror at Jennifer.

JOHN

How many kids are we talkin'?

MARGOT, late thirties, sits in the passenger seat. She glances up from a novel.

Jennifer bites her lip.

JENNIFER

Six of us all together.

Margot and John sigh in unison.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I didn't mean for it to be a national event.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN  
Yeah, you did.

Jennifer smirks.

INT. ROADSIDE GASMART - DAY

The store is an average station store. Mostly just candy bars, slurpees, and snack food.

Jennifer browses the candy aisle. She wears a black messenger bag around her shoulders. She reaches into the rack of candy and closes on a *Baby Ruth*.

Frankenstein's monster bolts into her face from the next aisle. Jennifer flinches. TORYN REYNOLDS, 17. Spunky. Fun. Pulls off the rubber mask, her curly red hair spilling out. A snarl on her face.

TORYN  
Cool, huh?

JENNIFER  
No, just bizarre.

TORYN  
Yeah, it's July and they still have Halloween costumes.

JENNIFER  
Halloween is in four months.

TORYN  
So much could happen in four months. What if Halloween was outlawed or something? It'd be a total waste. Hey, they got any *Whatchamacallits*?

Toryn starts to browse.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
It's gonna be so much fun. I can't wait. I love swimming. So...how does the house look? It's pretty old, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer shrugs nonchalantly.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
 Whatever. As long as it's not  
 some whore house, I'm cool.

NIKKI, Blond and petite, exits the bathroom looking livid.  
 Her clothes coordinate with her shoes and hair clips.

JENNIFER  
 (hushed)  
 Speaking of whores.

Toryn turns. Nikki walks toward them.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Why is your brother still  
 going with her, anyway? I mean  
 doesn't he know about-

TORYN  
 Hm, I guess he wants to work  
 on patching things up but I  
 say...it's a lost cause.

In the next aisle Ryan holds a slushy cup. He waves around  
 the straw, simulating martial arts stances. As Nikki walks  
 by, she shoulder checks Toryn.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Watch it, scamp tramp.

Nikki spins around. She flips Toryn off.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
 Half a peace sign. How  
 original.

Nikki turns and collides with Ryan. His bright red slushy  
 spills all over them both. Nikki shrieks.

RYAN  
 Oops!

NIKKI  
 God damn it! Watch where  
 you're going, Chow Yun Fat  
 ass!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN

My bad.

NIKKI

Go to hell.

RYAN

Yes, your royal heinous  
highness.

NIKKI

My clothes!

TORYN

(sarcastic)

What a tragedy! I'm sure a  
hundred dollars out of your  
skank bank could go toward  
some more of your..."steer  
clear, bitch here" gear.

Jennifer giggles.

NIKKI

Toryn, eat shit.

TORYN

But...you already look like  
it.

TYLER REYNOLDS, 18, tall, athletic, appears beside Nikki. A  
baseball cap hides his light brown hair. He wears baggy jeans  
and a baseball jersey shirt.

TYLER

What's going on?

TORYN

Nothing.

Jennifer and Toryn shove past them. Jennifer snatches Tyler's  
hat and puts it on.

JENNIFER

Hi Ty.

TYLER

'sup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNIFER  
(mocking)  
'sup.

Jennifer giggles. Nikki grunts and heads back to the rest room. Ryan drops his slushy cup. He pushes his iPod earphones deeper into his ear.

RYAN  
(To Tyler)  
Your girlfriend owes me.

TYLER  
Why don't you go tell her  
that?

RYAN  
What?

TYLER  
Why don't you go tell her  
that?

RYAN  
What!

TYLER  
Why don't yo-

Tyler notices the music blaring from Ryan's earphones. He yanks them out and walks away.

EXT. GASMART

John and Margot stand under the open trunk door of the van. John secures the piled up luggage in the trunk. He finishes and closes the trunk. Margot lights a cigarette.

MARGOT  
I don't think there will be  
enough beds for everyone.

JOHN  
Who says they need beds?  
They're still young. They'll  
sleep anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Margot inhales her cigarette.

Ryan runs out of the store and makes his way up to the van.

Margot blows out her smoke. Ryan forms a crucifix with his fingers and holds it against Margot as if she's something unholy.

RYAN

Mom! Chronic asthma disorder!  
Remember? Trying to kill me?

MARGOT

What do you think your inhaler  
is for?

RYAN

(joking)  
May the power of cancer compel  
you.

Ryan opens the trunk. He climbs in and jumps over the luggage and into a seat. A bag falls out of the van. John picks it up and puts it back in.

JOHN

God damn it, Ryan. Can't you  
act like a civilized person?

RYAN

Maybe.

Jennifer and Toryn run out of the store, squirting water at each other from plastic guns.

JENNIFER

Hold up, my water is almost  
gone.

Toryn opens up the back and drinks the rest of her water. She tosses the gun over her shoulder.

TORYN

Screw it. It only cost fifty  
cents.

Jennifer laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Toryn walks past the van to a nice looking convertible BMW. Night black. Top down. She puts her bag in the front passenger seat next to a guitar with her name engraved in it.

WILL JENSEN, 18, sits in the back seat. He relaxes with dark shades tucked into his dark hair. His feet lay rested up on the head rest. Mr. Cool. Toryn frowns at him. She looks as if he weren't there.

Jennifer hands her bag to her dad, John. Jennifer slides open the van door. Ryan has his eyes closed. He sings high pitched and dances with his iPod in his hand.

RYAN  
(singing playfully)  
*I'm bringin' sexy back.*

Jennifer and Toryn laugh hysterically.

TORYN  
Okay, that is just...wrong.

Ryan continues, not noticing Jennifer. Jennifer taps him. He quickly snatches his earphones out.

RYAN  
Uh, I was just...What? It's catchy.

JENNIFER  
So is tuberculosis.

The hat is snatched off of Jennifer's head. Tyler combs back his hair with his fingers and puts the hat back on.

TYLER  
Thanks for holding it for me.

JENNIFER  
Sure. Happy to be your hat valet.

Tyler turns to see Will's feet propped up on his head rest.

TYLER  
Yo, Bueller! Get your shoes down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Will obeys.

Tyler gets in the driver's seat of his car. He takes off the chain around his neck from which a single key dangles. He sticks the key in the ignition. Toryn turns. Nikki sits in the seat her things were in.

TORYN

I was sitting there.

NIKKI

Was! On the ride here, yes.  
Now, no.

TORYN

Okay, whatever. Give me my stuff.

NIKKI

What stuff?

Toryn grunts in frustration.

TORYN

Tyler! I'm going to strangle her.

TYLER

Nikki, can you give back her stuff, please?

NIKKI

I told you I don't know where it is.

TORYN

Well, they didn't just disappear!

Toryn looks down. Her guitar and bag of junk food sits under the wheel of the car. She picks them up. Toryn takes a deep breath.

TYLER

Tor, just get in the back since she wants to be difficult as usual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Toryn looks at Will in the back.

TORYN  
I'm not sitting with *him*.

Toryn looks over to Jennifer.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
You guys have room?

TYLER  
Oh come on, Toryn. He's not going to bite you. If he does, I'll kick his ass.

WILL  
(to Toryn)  
Get in the car. I'll ride with Jen.

Will hops out and climbs in the van. Toryn avoids eye contact with him.

EXT. ROAD

The van makes its way down the road, Tyler's car close behind. Trees surround either side of the road.

INT. VAN

Ryan eats a chocolate-covered snack. Jennifer stares, frowning.

JENNIFER  
Ew. What are those?

RYAN  
Chocolate covered biscuit sticks. They're Japanese.

JENNIFER  
They look more like shit sticks.

Ryan pokes her with one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN  
Wanna try it?

JENNIFER  
Get that crap away from me.

Ryan snickers.

INT. TYLER'S CAR

Tyler drives close behind the van. Nikki sits, looking miserable. Toryn eats out of her bag of snacks.

TORYN  
Hey look! I have a monster in  
my crotch.

TYLER  
What?

Nikki looks back. Toryn sits with a *Monster*, energy drink, in between her legs. Nikki rolls her eyes. Tyler looks in his rear view mirror and snickers.

NIKKI  
Are we there yet? We've been  
driving for like, hours.

TYLER  
What are you, five? Just  
relax. We'll get there when we  
get there.

NIKKI  
Seriously. I could be at the  
movies or something right now.

TYLER  
Stop complaining so much.

Toryn begins to play her guitar.

NIKKI  
God! Here we go. I mean,  
seriously. I really don't need  
another headache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN

(singing)

*You're a bitch, you're a  
bitch. You make me sick. When  
you talk, I laugh. You got a  
big stick up your ass. It must  
hurt like mad. But I bet you  
like it like that.*

Tyler laughs. Nikki gives him a sour look.

NIKKI

You think that's funny?

Tyler nods. Nikki smacks him in the arm. Tyler continues laughing.

EXT. PATH

The cars make their way down the dirt path. A house can be seen in short distance.

EXT. HOUSE

Two-stories. Vines crawl up the sides. The yard is riddled with overgrown grass and patches of dirt.

A sad looking tree occupies a quarter of the yard. Not far from the tree, on the left side of the house is a large, still pond.

Toryn sticks her head out of the window of her brother's car. She absorbs the surroundings.

TORYN

What....the fuck?

INT. VAN

John stops the car and gets out. Ryan stretches, sticking his arms in Jennifer's face. Will still sleeps. Jennifer notices. She taps Ryan. She points to Will. Ryan nods smiling.

Ryan nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER  
(mouths)  
One...two...three!

Ryan and Jennifer scream at the top of their lungs. Will jumps up, startled. He joins the chorus, screaming. Will immediately stops. Jennifer and Ryan erupt in a fit of laughter. Will stares at them, sullen-faced.

WILL  
You guys are assholes.

Jennifer snickers.

EXT. HOUSE

Everyone begins exiting the vehicles. Nikki, Tyler, Toryn, and Will all look up at the house.

NIKKI  
Somebody call *Extreme*  
*Makeover*.

WILL  
Crack shack edition.

They laugh.

EXT. VAN

John takes bags out of the back. Margot stands next to him, smoking a cigarette. Ryan, Will, and Jennifer get out of the van. Ryan walks past Margot, waving away a cloud of smoke.

RYAN  
Jesus, Mom! A little  
consideration...please!

Toryn eyes Jennifer, who looks away nonchalantly. Toryn makes a beeline toward her.

TORYN  
Lie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Okay, so maybe I exaggerated a little.

TORYN

You didn't have to, really. I would've come if you wanted me to.

Nikki walks up. She eyes the pond, disgusted.

NIKKI

Ugh. I'm not getting anywhere near that. It's filthy. There could be frogs and alligators or something.

Tyler crosses her. Bags in hand.

TYLER

(mutters)

You shouldn't have a problem with filthy things, huh, Nikki.

NIKKI

What do you mean?

Tyler ignores her.

EXT. HOUSE

Toryn walks with Jennifer to the front door, bags in hand.

TORYN

How long did your grandmother live here?

JENNIFER

She moved in two weeks after God created light.

Toryn laughs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

But really, I have no idea. It was way before I was born.

EXT. VAN

John hands Ryan a bag.

JOHN  
Be careful, it's heavy.

RYAN  
I can take it.

John lets go. The bag, along with Ryan, hits the ground like a sack of potatoes. Will and Tyler laugh. Ryan gets up, brushing the dirt off.

Ryan yells across the yard at Jennifer.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to pack your  
whole room!

Tyler turns and spots a decrepit-looking shed, partially hidden by shrubs and bushes.

TYLER  
Hey, Rye. What's in there?

Ryan looks to the shed.

RYAN  
No idea. Don't suggest that  
you find out, either.

Will and Tyler walk toward the front door. Tyler looks up at the house. A bright flash goes off, illuminating a window in the house.

TYLER  
You see that?

WILL  
What?

Tyler's eyes narrow, he stares up at the house. He shrugs it off.

## INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The house is dead silent. A walkway upstairs overlooks the living room. The living room is furnished with dusty-looking couches, end tables, lamps, etc. From the living room, the kitchen is completely visible.

The front door opens with a creak. Margot steps in, followed by the rest of the group.

TYLER

Cool.

Ryan drops the bag he's holding on the couch.

JOHN

There aren't enough beds for everyone. I think two of you will have to take the couch.

Ryan jumps up.

RYAN

First dibs!

JENNIFER

Don't touch my room!

Ryan grabs his bags. Jennifer jumps up and races upstairs followed by Toryn, Tyler, Nikki, and Will.

JOHN

The last room in the hallway is ours.

MARGOT

Look what you started.

## INT. RYAN'S ROOM

The door bursts open. Ryan walks in. The room is plain and simple - a small bed in the middle of the floor, a dresser, night stand. Two large windows line the wall.

Ryan throws his bag on the bed. He sits at the foot of it. Jennifer appears just outside the door-frame, in the hall. She opens the door directly across from him and walks in.

## INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Toryn runs past Jennifer and Ryan's rooms. She stops at a door - reaches for the knob. Nikki crashes into her, knocking her out of the way. Toryn mumbles under her breath as she moves past Ryan's room.

Nikki opens the door, barges into - the bathroom.

NIKKI

Shit!

Toryn laughs. She turns and just beats Will to the room next to Jennifer's.

Will, Nikki, and Tyler rush to the room nearest the bathroom. Will reaches it first, walks in. Tyler and Nikki look at the door at the very end of the hallway.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

That must be the parent's room.

TYLER

I'm fine with the couch.

NIKKI

I'm not sleeping on a fucking couch.

## INT. RYAN'S ROOM

Ryan transfers the clothes in his bag into an open drawer. He stops. He sniffs the air and follows a trail to his underarm. He frowns and closes the drawer.

## INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer sits on the bed listening to music resonating softly from a portable stereo on the dresser. Toryn comes running in the room. She holds an 8 x 10 photo out to Jennifer.

TORYN

This was on my bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toryn hands the photo to Jennifer, she looks at it. The picture shows Toryn's room.

TORYN (CONT'D)

Who took it? Is someone living here?

JENNIFER

Nobody's here...but us. It's probably been there for a while.

TORYN

It looks brand new.

JENNIFER

I suppose you're an expert?

TORYN

I'm not. It's just weird. Why would someone take a picture of an empty room.

JENNIFER

I don't know.

Pause

TORYN

How many rooms are in the house anyway?

JENNIFER

Don't know. There's some room downstairs that I've never even been in.

TORYN

Show me.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Ryan stands at the sink. He goes over to the shower - slides open the door. He leans in reaches for the knobs. He looks down. The bottom of the tub glistens - wet. Ryan thinks nothing of it, turning on the shower.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Toryn in Jennifer exit the room. Jennifer walks toward the staircase

TORYN

Hold up, I have to use the bathroom.

Toryn walks down to the door. She opens it. A yell erupts from somewhere inside. Toryn quickly shuts the door.

TORYN (CONT'D)

My bad.

Toryn turns.

JENNIFER

What happened?

TORYN

I've just seen four cheeks.

JENNIFER

Say no more.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The hallway is darker than the rest of the house, despite the daylight. The walls and doors of dark cherry wood don't favor the cause much. Toryn turns the knob to a locked door.

TORYN

Still locked. Who has the keys?

Jennifer shrugs.

JENNIFER

Probably nothing but dusty old furniture, anyway.

The two exit the hallway. Just as they make clear, the door Toryn last tried creeps open - - A low creek. Just barely, in the darkness - there is the outline of a human figure.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan sits on his bed, writing in a notebook, earphones in his ears.

A loud THUMP sounds from above. Ryan snatches the earphones out and listens intently.

Nothing.

He puts them back in. The room door opens. John sticks his head in. Ryan takes out his earphones again but continues writing. John stands there silent.

RYAN  
What is it?

JOHN  
What are you doing?

RYAN  
Nothing much, since there's  
not a whole lot to do  
here...just writing.

JOHN  
Fairy tales?

Ryan sighs.

RYAN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, fairy tales, Dad. Why do  
you always do that?

JOHN  
Do what?

RYAN  
Nothing. Just, leave me alone.

JOHN  
Don't be such a faggot.

RYAN  
What?

John nods and exits. Ryan hops up, swinging the door open.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

John walks toward his room at the end of the hall. Ryan steps out of his room. Jennifer opens her door.

RYAN  
Fuck you!

JENNIFER  
Ryan!

John turns. He looks at Ryan, intense.

John proceeds to his room, slamming the door.

Ryan punches the wall.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
What'd you do?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tyler throws a baseball up and catches it repeatedly. Nikki watches.

NIKKI  
No TV? No TV? Do you know what that means?

TYLER  
No *MAD TV*?

NIKKI  
I'm gonna miss *Desperate Housewives*!

Tyler laughs.

TYLER  
I'd miss that shit anyway...where'd Will go?

Nikki shrugs. Margot appears at the top of the walkway.

MARGOT  
If you guys get hungry there's a bit of food in the fridge.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
We're going for groceries  
tomorrow so that should last  
you for now.

Tyler smiles.

TYLER  
Oh, thanks, Mrs. Carson.

She nods and leaves.

NIKKI  
Ugh, that lady is such a  
weirdo. I bet she spies on all  
her neighbors.

TYLER  
She's no different than your  
Mom, minus the Botox  
injections and resulting  
permanent facial expression.

Nikki lets out a dramatic gasp.

NIKKI  
I'm gonna tell her you said  
that. She's gonna be so mad at  
you.

TYLER  
So what. She can't move her  
face, I won't be able to tell.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Will sits on the front steps. He holds a digital camera in  
his hands. He abruptly stands and hustles toward the shed.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

Ryan sits on the floor on the side of the bed. Toryn and  
Jennifer sit on her bed playing Boggle.

RYAN  
What the hell is his problem,  
anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer doesn't answer, continues playing

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Fucking asshole!

TORYN  
Okay, you've officially filled  
up the swear jar.

JENNIFER  
You guys are so different from  
each other.

RYAN  
Yeah, so what? I hate him.

JENNIFER  
You know how he can be  
sometimes.

TORYN  
I can push him down the stairs  
for you. Would that make you  
happy?

RYAN  
Yeah.

Toryn yawns, stretching. She stands up.

TORYN  
...and I'm off...to bed.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, me too. Ryan, go to your  
room and cool off. You'll feel  
better in the morning.

RYAN  
You'll make a great Mommy  
someday.

Ryan gets up, exits the room after Toryn. Jennifer exhales  
deeply.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

A toilet is heard flushing. The bathroom door opens. Tyler walks out clicking off the light. A red glow shines from a cracked door ahead of him.

He creeps toward the door, peeks in.

Will stands, a camera in hand. He examines it. Tyler steps into the-

INT. DARK ROOM

Will looks up at him, startled.

WILL

Jesus! You scared me. Try to make noise next time.

TYLER

What are you doing? Why'd you bring a camera.

WILL

I didn't. This was already here.

TYLER

Well put it down. Quit messing with shit that ain't yours.

WILL

Not yours either.

Tyler exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nikki sits on Tyler's lap. She makes out with him. Tyler's face is still. He looks rather bored.

NIKKI

What are you doing?

TYLER

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI  
Yeah, exactly.

Nikki starts kissing him again. His face stays still.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

TYLER  
I'm not in the mood.

NIKKI  
You're a guy. You're always in  
the mood.

Nikki moves in again. Tyler stops her.

TYLER  
Nikki, I'm really tired.

She bites her lip.

NIKKI  
Fine. Let's get you ready for  
bed.

She gets up and reaches for him. She unzips his jeans and  
kneels. Tyler zips back up.

He lays down, ignoring Nikki.

TYLER  
I'm going to sleep.

NIKKI  
In your clothes?

TYLER  
Yeah.

NIKKI  
I'm your girlfriend, Ty. We're  
supposed to be involved with  
each other.

TYLER  
Yeah. Each other. Not anyone  
else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIKKI  
What does that mean?

Tyler closes his eyes.

TYLER  
Goodnight, Nikki.

NIKKI  
Screw you, Tyler!

TYLER  
Not tonight.

Nikki rolls her eyes.

NIKKI  
Asshole.

Nikki gets up and lies down on the separate couch.

Unseen by them both, Margot stands still and quiet, looking down. She watches them both.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is still, completely silent. Dark. The only illumination is moonlight. Nikki and Tyler sleep peacefully on the couches.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer shifts positions in bed, sleeping.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM

Ryan sleeps, his head buried in his pillows.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

A section of the ceiling is lifted up as the attic entrance is opened. A connected ladder drops down.

Leather boots are revealed as someone steps down on to the ladder.

## INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

The door opens slowly. The FIGURE stands ominously in the doorway - inhumanly still. The figure creeps to the bedside.

Jennifer lays in her bed, turned away from the door. The figure takes a deep anxious breath. Secured from a strap around its neck is a camera.

The figure brings it out of frame to eye height, with dark gloves. The clicking and snapping of the camera is heard. Jennifer rouses.

## INT. RYAN'S ROOM

The same figure now stands over Ryan's bed as he sleeps. It snaps pictures. The figure lets go of the camera, letting it hang.

The figure fishes around in its dark black attire. Brings out-

A seven inch hunting knife, glints in the sparse light. The figure drags the knife along the edges of the bed.

The figure barely drags the knife across Ryan's chest. Ryan snorts loudly. He rolls over onto his stomach.

The figure runs gloved hands lightly through Ryan's hair.

## INT. HOUSE - TORYN'S ROOM - MORNING

The sunlight shines in through the window. Toryn stretches as she awakens. She sits up.

Her closet door is ajar. Photo paper is strewn all over the floor.

TORYN

Wha...the hell?

Toryn rises out of bed. She trips on the paper, nearly falling.

Toryn walks toward the closet

INT. TORYN'S ROOM - CLOSET

Toryn walks in. Nothing. The closet, shelves, hangers - completely empty - save the paper on the floor. Toryn looks up. An opening, a ceiling square sits slightly sideward, giving light to the darkness of the attic above.

Toryn, curious by nature, steps onto one of the shelves. She reaches, lifting the square a bit when --

A hand grips her shoulder. Toryn, startled, slips off the shelf -- falls hard on her back.

Jennifer stares down at her.

JENNIFER  
(laughing)  
You alright?

TORYN  
Just barely. Did you float in here or something?

Jennifer helps Toryn up.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
I didn't even hear you come in. And that's saying something, with these loud floorboards.

INT. TORYN'S ROOM

Jennifer looks down at the papers on the ground.

JENNIFER  
Having fun?

Toryn exits the closet.

TORYN  
Those were there when I woke up.

JENNIFER  
What? Uh, they must've slipped off a shelf or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, and landed all the way  
in here. One of the boys has  
been in my room.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER  
Oooh, your ex maybe?

TORYN  
Don't mention Will. I'm not  
gonna pick this mess up.

Jennifer shrugs.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, whatever. I was hoping  
we could go out to eat  
breakfast. I'll go ask...and  
you should really brush your  
teeth.

Jennifer exits. Toryn does a breath check.

INT. TORYN'S ROOM - CLOSET

The ceiling square is moved into it's right place -  
camouflaging the attic from view.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM

Ryan awakens. He sits up, yawns. He turns, his legs hanging  
over the edge. He moves forward, steps down in - the glass of  
a broken flashlight at his bedside.

Ryan grimaces, bringing his foot up. He brushes off all the  
tiny pieces of glass. One long piece sticks in. He pulls it  
out as it bleeds, staining his bed covers.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nikki and Tyler play a board game on the coffee table. Toryn  
sits, watching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

Where did Will disappear to again?

TORYN

You should've told me you were bringing him.

TYLER

It was completely last minute. I thought you'd be okay with it.

TORYN

What made you think I'd be okay with it?

TYLER

I dunno. You guys broke up a while ago and Will isn't that bad-

TORYN

He's not as innocent as you think he is.

NIKKI

You guys haven't said one word to each other since you've been here. What's the deal?

TORYN

Drop the subject, Nikki.

NIKKI

You brought it up. What did you do? Or is it something he did? Did he cheat on you?

TORYN

Why don't you shut up and mind your own business.

NIKKI

I think it's something deeper. What could he have done that was so bad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

Nikki, Shut the hell up!  
Obviously it's a sore subject.  
God, you're such a bitch  
sometimes.

NIKKI

And your sister's without a  
boyfriend. Poor her.

TYLER

So you're just gonna keep  
going on?

Nikki nods.

NIKKI

Maybe he got sick of hearing  
your voice and that stupid  
little guitar of yours. It's  
so pathetic. Why don't you  
just give up? It'll be easier  
on all of our ears.

Toryn stands to leave.

TORYN

Whatever, bitch. You're always  
spewing that poison. No wonder  
your dad doesn't come home to  
you.

Nikki launches on Toryn, gripping her hair. Toryn slaps Nikki hard across the face. They charge on each other - punching, scratching, kicking, pulling. Tyler jumps up. He grabs Toryn, prying her away from Nikki.

Toryn calms, pushes Tyler away from her. She storms upstairs as Ryan makes his way down stairs.

NIKKI

What the fuck is wrong with  
her?

TYLER

What's wrong with her?! You're  
the one who jumped on her. She  
was defending herself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NIKKI

She started it. She talked about my dad...what did you expect me do?

TYLER

Nikki, I can't take this anymore. I'm done.

NIKKI

What? Wha...you're dumping me because your sister had a tantrum?

Tyler sighs.

TYLER

It isn't about my sister.

NIKKI

Then what is it?

TYLER

How about all the guys you've slept with? Is that a good enough reason?

Nikki is flustered, silent.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What? You thought I didn't know?

NIKKI

Maybe if you'd pay half as much attention to me as you do to that fucking car out there!

TYLER

That...that car was a gift from my dad...before he died.

NIKKI

I don't give a fuck! I'm a person!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TYLER

No. All you are...is a bad  
decision.

Nikki, hurt, storms off, plowing into Ryan as she moves up the stairs and eventually out of sight. Tyler puts his hand to his forehead. He grips the car key of the chain around his neck.

Ryan flops down on the couch.

RYAN

Well...that was intense.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Ryan!

Ryan looks. Jennifer comes down the stairs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Have you seen Mom and Dad?  
They're not upstairs.

RYAN

No.

TYLER

Haven't seen them down here,  
either. But, your mom told me  
they were going for groceries  
today.

Will appears from the hallway.

WILL

Then they left pretty early. I  
haven't seen them and I woke  
up this morning around six.

JENNIFER

Seriously?

Will nods. He looks out the window.

WILL

And the van's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JENNIFER

They could've told us they were leaving.

RYAN

Who cares? As long as they bring back some eats, I'm cool.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Tyler sits on the counter next to Jennifer's portable stereo. It pumps out music. Jennifer and Toryn dance goofy. Jennifer sings into a popsicle. Tyler shakes his head, laughs.

JENNIFER

(to Tyler)  
Why don't you join us?

TYLER

Uh, Nah, I'll pass.

Tyler laughs. Toryn and Jennifer stop.

JENNIFER

You're no fun. What'd you think?

TYLER

Very entertaining.

Toryn looks over at Ryan, who lays on the couch. He meets her gaze then quickly looks away. He pats the top of his head and whistles.

TORYN

Your brother is a weirdo sometimes.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

Yeah, around you. He's had a crush on you for years.

Toryn smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN  
Really?

Jennifer nods

TYLER  
Yeah, it's only completely  
obvious.

TORYN  
That's cool. That's very cool.

Jennifer looks at Toryn.

JENNIFER  
"Very Cool", eh?

She exits. Tyler follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Toryn sits on the couch next to Ryan. She puts her arm around  
him.

TORYN  
Hey, buddy!

Ryan tenses.

RYAN  
H...hey Tor. What's the  
occasion?

Toryn shrugs.

Tyler crosses the stairs. At the bottom, his foot hits a  
holder containing a metal pole with a sharp pointed end,  
knocking it over. The pole tip slices Jennifer's arm on the  
way down. She screams. Blood runs down her arm.

TORYN  
Jesus!

They all run to her aid. Jennifer nurses the cut.

TYLER  
Fuck, sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

You okay?

Jennifer nods.

Tyler turns, pointing to an object on the couch.

TYLER

Tor, can you pass me that scarf?

Toryn tosses it to him. Tyler wraps the scarf around her arm, ties it.

RYAN

Whoa! Was that like a Flight 180 moment or what?

TYLER

Why is there an eight foot spear in the house anyway?

RYAN

Yeah, seriously.

JENNIFER

It's not a spear...it's a javelin. My grandpa used to be on a track & field team a long, long time ago.

Tyler smirks.

TYLER

Oh! So the track star runs in the blood.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

I wouldn't exactly call myself a track star...but I guess.

They stare at each other. Jennifer points to her arm.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You're good at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tyler laughs.

TYLER

That's not the only thing I'm good at.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? What else are you good at? Besides baseball.

TYLER

Maybe I'll show you one day.

JENNIFER

Maybe.

Nikki stands above them on the walkway listening. She makes her way down the stairs.

NIKKI

Great! Fucking classic! You break up with me and not seconds later you're flirting with her, of all people...and you gave her my scarf.

Tyler shakes his head.

TYLER

If only you could see how much of a hypocrite you are? Why do you even care, anyway?

NIKKI

I want to leave. Right now! Not staying here one more second!

TYLER

Leave, then. Bye!

Tyler walks to the phone and puts it to his ear.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Jen, do you know the number to the taxi service in town? Nikki, you don't even have to worry about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll even pay for it. Just  
pack your bag. No, forget it,  
I'll pack your bag.

Toryn and Jennifer stare...amazed. Nikki looks on,  
bewildered, as Tyler grabs her bag from the side of the couch  
and begins to throw things in.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

Nikki storms out of the door, backpack on her back. Tyler  
leans out of the front door.

TYLER

The taxi guy says he'll meet  
you at the end of the path.  
Have a safe trip.

Nikki turns.

NIKKI

Tyler.

TYLER

Yeah?

NIKKI

I'm so sorry!

TYLER

Yeah, whatever.

NIKKI

No, I mean it.

TYLER

You're just sorry that I found  
out.

NIKKI

I'll call you.

TYLER

Do what you want. I don't  
really care anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI

Why did you ask me to come  
here with you?

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER

I was hoping...maybe...things  
would get better...and maybe  
everything I heard about you  
would really be some kind of  
mistake.

Silence as Nikki holds back tears.

Tyler closes the door. Nikki starts walking.

Not far away, Will stands by the shack, watching.

EXT. PATH

Nikki walks along the path through the wilderness. She seems  
to be thinking. Suddenly, tears start to stream down her  
face.

Nikki wipes them away on her sleeve - continues walking.

SNAP!

The unmistakable sound of twigs breaking. Nikki reels around.

Nothing.

Nikki continues in her original direction. The clicking of a  
camera is heard.

She suddenly stops.

Nikki turns -- only to be greeted by the barrel of a sawed-  
off shotgun. A gloved hand pulls the trigger. The gun fires.

Half of Nikki's pretty face explodes into a gory mesh of  
blood, brain, and skull matter. Her body hits the ground.  
Gore splatters everywhere. It's an absolute mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure lifts a camera which is secured around it's neck. It snaps photos of the grisly scene from several different angles.

Two gloved hands grip around Nikki ankles -- dragging her off the path, though most of her head is left behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Toryn sits on the couch. She sits up abruptly.

TORYN  
What the hell was that?

Jennifer leans against the wall chatting with Tyler.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
Guys!

Jennifer looks over at her.

JENNIFER  
What?

TORYN  
Did you hear that?

Tyler turns.

TYLER  
Hear what?

Ryan gets up and goes to the window. Peers outside.

RYAN  
It was firecrackers.

TORYN  
How do you know?

RYAN  
The fourth of July was three days ago. Besides, what else could it be?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Toryn exits the bathroom. Looking straight, she sees a photograph posted like a bulletin. She snatches it off the wall. The picture shows her sleeping.

TORYN  
What the hell?

Toryn walks down the hallway staring at the picture.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tyler sits on the couch, his head craned toward the ceiling.

TYLER  
I'm a little...bored.

Jennifer looks to Tyler then to Ryan.

JENNIFER  
Ryan, let him read one of your stories.

RYAN  
Why don't you just go make out with him instead. Then you'd both be occupied.

Jennifer punches Ryan in the arm.

Toryn appears. She taps Jennifer and shows her the picture.

TORYN  
I found this...nailed to the wall in the hallway.

JENNIFER  
What? How? No one went there after you.

TORYN  
Where's Will, huh? Where'd he go?

Tyler walks over to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

Let me see it.

Jennifer hands it to him.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Why would he take pictures of  
you sleeping?

TORYN

Cause he's a freak.

Will walks in the front door.

TORYN (CONT'D)

Nice joke. But now it's  
over...you're caught!

WILL

What are you talking about?

Toryn waves the picture in front of his face.

WILL (CONT'D)

I didn't take that.

TORYN

Yeah, sure.

WILL

Think whatever you want, I  
don't give a shit.

TORYN

Stay the hell away from us,  
alright. What kind of fucking  
weirdo takes pictures of  
people sleeping? Do you get  
off on that shit?

WILL

(yelling)  
You fucking bitch!

Toryn flinches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

Don't fucking talk to her like that!

TORYN

You see why I didn't want to come with him?

Will grabs Toryn around the neck and presses his hand to her mouth.

WILL

What did I tell you, Tor?

Tyler shoves him away from.

TYLER

(to Will)  
What's up with you?

Everyone glares at him in silence.

WILL

Fuck this. I don't have to take your shit.

Will storms past everyone and exits through the front door, slamming it.

The phone rings. Jennifer answers.

JENNIFER

Hello?

MARGOT (O.C.)

Hello? Jennifer?

JENNIFER

Hey! Where are you guys?

MARGOT

We had some car trouble. Sorry I couldn't call earlier.

JENNIFER

Car trouble? You want us to pick you up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARGOT

No, we'll be there in a couple  
of hours.

JENNIFER

Okay, cool. See you guys  
later.

The other line hangs up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Hello?

No response. Jennifer hangs up.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Will still sits outside the front door. His bag in front of  
him. He unzips it and takes out a can of beer.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM

Ryan relaxes on his bed. His earphones in his ears. He reads  
a magazine.

His closet door stands slightly ajar. Rustling is heard from  
inside, then-

A thunderous bang and something falls over...then more  
rustling. Ryan sits up, snatching out his earphones. He  
rises. Slowly...he walks toward the closet.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - CLOSET

The door opens slowly.

Light illuminates the previously dark room. Boxes have been  
knocked over, spilling the contents.

Photopaper is spread throughout the floor. On top...one  
single developed photo.

Ryan looks down at the picture. It shows a hand holding a  
knife over his chest as he sleeps. Ryan freaks.

He exits the closet.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer and Toryn relax, talking. The door bursts open. Toryn and Jennifer flinch in surprise as Ryan enters. They snap at him.

JENNIFER

Jeez, Megaboy! Slow your roll.

He hands the photo to Jennifer.

RYAN

I found this in my room!

Jennifer stares at the picture a while before responding.

JENNIFER

What the hell? Did Will take this, too?

RYAN

He's out of his mind. He must've been the one that broke the flashlight in my room.

TORYN

Let me see it.

Jennifer hands the picture to Toryn. She looks at it.

TORYN (CONT'D)

When did you find this?

RYAN

Just now.

JENNIFER

But he's been gone for about an hour.

TORYN

We didn't actually watch him leave. Last I saw he was still wandering around out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

He could've put it there  
before he left.

RYAN

I heard something fall over in  
the closet, some boxes but  
there was photo paper on the  
floor and that picture was  
right on top.

Jennifer shudders.

JENNIFER

This is freaking me out.

TORYN

Whatever. Screw Will. We came  
here to have fun, didn't we.  
You guys did bu-

Toryn grabs a pillow. She hits Ryan across the face with it.  
Ryan in turn reaches for the other pillow on the bed.

Jennifer snatches it away before Ryan touches it. Ryan slips  
on his loose shoestrings, falling on the bed.

Ryan looks up. His hand is planted on Toryn's upper inner  
leg. There's an awkward glance between the two of them. Ryan  
quickly pulls his hand away.

RYAN

S-sorry.

Toryn smirks.

TORYN

Shut up.

She hits him across the face with the pillow again followed  
by another blow from Jennifer. Double team! The girls jump on  
him, pinning him down - striking him repeatedly with the  
pillows.

Tyler walks in. He smirks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER

Aren't you guys a little too  
old for pillow fights?

Jennifer and Toryn stop at once. They look from each other to Tyler in silent agreement. Tyler, getting their drift, backs away slowly. He holds out a finger to them.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh...no.

JENNIFER

Oh, yes!

Jennifer and Toryn start after him, chasing him through the door. Ryan stays in the room, alone.

Above him sounds a slow unnerving CREEEAK! Ryan flees the room, spooked.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ryan moves into the hallway from Jennifer's room. The girls chase Tyler to the walkway then downstairs and out of sight. His parent's room door is slightly ajar. He turns to it and enters, shutting the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jennifer, followed by Toryn, chase Tyler into the living room. Tyler stands behind the couch, trying to dodge Jennifer.

Toryn reels off, distracted, toward the front door. She peers out of the window.

Jennifer tackles Tyler. They flip over the couch and into the cushions. Jennifer laughs. Tyler pins her down.

TYLER

(sarcastic)

Oh, you think it's funny?  
Pillows are serious weapons.  
Not something you should be  
playing with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Well, so are my boobs, which  
you happen to be crushing.

Tyler looks down, lifts off of her. Jennifer grabs his shirt  
seductively, pulling him back down. She kisses him, feverish.  
He kisses back. Toryn enters

TORYN

Looks like Will did leave.  
Though he left a clutter of  
beer cans behind.

Tyler and Jennifer part reluctantly.

TYLER

Forget about that guy.  
Hopefully, the cops will pick  
him up for trespassing or  
something.

Tyler pauses, thinking.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Toryn...you...you should've  
said something earlier. I  
would've never invited him.

Toryn ignores him.

A huge pillow collides with the back of Toryn's head. Ryan  
stands behind her, pillow in hand.

RYAN

Booyahkah!

Toryn turns to him.

TORYN

You're so dead!

Ryan laughs, running toward the hallway. Toryn follows him in  
hot pursuit.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ryan appears, a playful grin spread across his face. He tries on different doors. None of them open.

Toryn appears at the end of the hallway, gripping a pillow. She walks teasingly slow.

Ryan, excited skips over the basement and bathroom doors and heads to the one at the very end. He turns, walking backward.

Toryn smirks. She runs toward him. Ryan grips the doorknob. He takes a step backward. He trips on his still untied shoelaces.

He falls hard into the door. It pops open, creaking softly. A cloud of disturbed dust puffs up into Ryan as he falls in.

TORYN

You're such a lobster.

Ryan and Toryn look into the dark room.

TORYN (CONT'D)

You ever been in there?

Ryan stands, brushing himself off.

RYAN

Nope.

INT. POOL TABLE ROOM

Ryan flips the switch. Light illuminates the room.

The furniture is covered by sheets. A dusty pool table sits in the middle of the room. A TV sits in the corner of the room next to a stone chess table. A soot-covered fireplace is in another corner.

Toryn and Ryan step in, looking around.

TORYN

You've gotta be kidding me!

RYAN

I didn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN

We could've been in here the whole time.

RYAN

Yeah.

Toryn turns back to the hallway.

TORYN

Guys! Come check this out!

After a second, Jennifer and Tyler appear in the hallway.

RYAN

What were you two doing?

JENNIFER/TYLER

Nothing.

Jennifer and Tyler enter the room, looking around.

TYLER

Cool.

INT. POOL TABLE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The girls watch Ryan and Tyler. They're in the middle of a billiard game. Ryan, listening to earphones, takes his turn. He knocks two of his balls (striped) in separate holes. He only has two left. Tyler has many more (solid).

TYLER

Jen, your brother is kicking my ass.

Ryan smiles.

RYAN

What can I say...I'm a pool pimp.

They laugh. Tyler takes his shot and misses completely.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Nice job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyler and Toryn meet eyes. He winks at her. She nods. Toryn scoots closer to Ryan.

TORYN  
Hey buddy!

She pinches his arm then playfully ruffles his hair. He tries to ignore her, maneuvering his pool stick around her.

Ryan aims at the white ball, moving the stick back and forth.

Toryn moves her finger gently around the rim of his ear. Ryan takes the shot, hitting the ball rather hard. It flies into the air, ricocheting off the edge of the table and hitting a wall before rolling on the floor.

Ryan turns to Toryn who's still playing with his ear. He snatches her arm away.

RYAN  
You have no idea what that  
does to me!

Jennifer is thrown into a fit of laughter. Toryn suppresses a smile. Tyler picks up the ball.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Cheaters!

Tyler takes his shot, clearing three of his balls from the table, tying with Ryan.

Ryan taps his fingers rhythmically, nodding his head, lost in the music.

TYLER  
Dude, it's your turn.

RYAN  
Hold up, I love this song.

Ryan nods his head more into it.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*She's the kinda girl you'd  
want to marry.*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN (CONT'D)

*The kinda girl you'd walk the whole earth for. Put her on your back and just carry. Her attitude is hotter then the Earth's core.*

Toryn and Jennifer giggle. Tyler waits impatiently. Ryan grabs his pool stick, using it as a mic. He seems to be singing to Toryn

RYAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

*..Wanna love you girl, wanna love you girl. Wanna love you girl, I wanna love you.*

Jennifer giggles.

TYLER

Dude, stop messing around!  
Just take your shot.

RYAN

Only if you stop cheating first, you cheating cheater.

Tyler smirks. Ryan takes his shot, nodding his head and mouthing the lyrics.

Toryn turns to Jennifer.

TORYN

Your brother is an idiot.

JENNIFER

You're just noticing? Are you into him?

TORYN

No, he's like...my godbrother. It'd be weird. I'm just saying...he can be really cool sometimes.

Jennifer moves on the couch. She reaches under the sheet and pulls out a small photo album. Ryan sits at her side, looking. Jennifer thumbs through it. It's completely empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A loose picture falls to the floor from the back.

Ryan picks it up, flips it.

The picture shows a young Margot smiling, cuddling with a man with a goatee.

RYAN

Who the hell is this?

JENNIFER

I dunno, he's cute.

Toryn looks.

TORYN

You know, he looks a lot like  
Ryan.

Jennifer looks closer at the picture, squinting.

JENNIFER

He does!

Ryan shrugs. Toryn and Jennifer meet eyes then look to Ryan.

TORYN

Oops.

RYAN

What?

TORYN

(whispers)  
Family secret?

JENNIFER

Shut up! My mom isn't like  
that...maybe it's an uncle we  
don't know about or something.

TORYN

Ew. I hope not. Look how close  
they are, in the picture.

An awkward silence.

Tyler clears his throat loudly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Toryn rises, stretching

TORYN (CONT'D)  
You guys, I'm gonna head to  
bed. See you later.

RYAN  
See ya later,  
alligator...soarin' Toryn.

Ryan holds his hands out and imitates a flying eagle, sound effects included. Toryn laughs.

TORYN  
Somebody get that kid some  
Ritalin.

Toryn exits, closing the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Toryn walks into the quiet living room. She hums to herself. She reaches the stairs when -

She's slammed into the girder under the walkway! A hand covers her mouth, muffling her sounds.

Toryn looks up into the eyes of Will.

WILL  
(slurred)  
How ya doin'?

Toryn pulls his hand away from her mouth.

TORYN  
What the hell? Get off of me!

Will lets go of her. He staggers.

TORYN (CONT'D)  
You're drunk, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

Maybe I wasted beer in my bag  
and all over my clothes. I  
need to wash.

TORYN

So that's why you came back?

Will moves closer to Toryn. She shoves.

TORYN (CONT'D)

Back off of me.

WILL

You still have feelings for  
me. I can see it in your eyes.

TORYN

What do you want?

WILL

I just told you...I'm washing  
clothes!

Toryn marches up the stairs, hurriedly.

TORYN (O.S.)

You need professional help.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Will walks down the hall slowly. He holds his beer-soaked bag  
of clothes. He turns, opening the basement door.

He peers into the dark. He flips on the switch. The light  
flickers several times before shining dimly, creating an  
orange hue.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The basement is surprisingly neat, despite the dust. It's  
mostly empty with a few shelves with tools on them. In the  
corner, a washing machine and dryer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will stands in front of the spinning washing machine in a T-shirt and boxers. He dumps all the contents of his bag into the Machine.

Will closes the top. He turns around, backing against the machine. He looks to his right, under the end of the laundry chute.

A noise resonates from the laundry chute. Will turns toward it. An 8 x 10 photo shoots out of the chute. Will picks it up.

It shows Toryn, sound asleep in bed. Will flips it over. "*SHE'S MINE!*" is written on the back, neatly in black marker.

Will puts his face to the end of the chute. He shouts up.

WILL

Ryan, is that you? So you were  
the one leaving the  
pictures...you little prick.  
And just so you know...you  
don't have a chance with  
Toryn.

Another sliding noise is heard. A picture flies out. Will catches it. The picture shows Nikki, laying on the ground, her face blown away.

Will's hand trembles.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh my G-

Will then smiles.

WILL (CONT'D)

Dude, how'd you do this? It  
looks so real. I didn't know  
you were into make-up effects.

A pause. Then another sliding noise is heard. A sheet of photopaper shoots out. Will grabs it.

There's no photo this time -- instead, a message written in black marker. It reads "*Curious? Look behind you!*". Will reads it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will turns around. He looks to the dryer. Will walks toward what previously appeared to be a large black trash bag on side of the dryer. At closer glance, It's a leather body bag...laying on it's side.

Will walks hesitantly toward it. He reaches it and crouches down. He grips the metal zipper.

Will unzips it to reveal a pair of small feet with pink polished toenails.

He unzips it more, revealing legs and hips fitted in a rather tight pair of jeans right below a stomach with a pierced belly button.

Will's hand quivers, afraid of what he might see next. Behind him, a figure can be seen moving closer.

He zips down the rest of the bag. All that's left of the head is a jaw with protruding teeth. There's tangled blond hair all over the place.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

A gloved hand grabs a pair of rusty garden shears off a shelf.

Will jumps to his feet. His gag reflex gives in. Hands on his knees, he spews used beer all over the floor. He stands up straight, turning.

The garden sheers are slammed into Will's lower abdomen. The force knocks him back into the washing machine. Will yells in pain.

The figure yanks the sheers out. It pulls the handles apart, separating the blades. The figure slams the sheers into Will's groin, still holding the handles.

Will cries out. His boxers soak with blood.

The figure forces the handles closed. A faint *snip* is heard. Will groans, in agony.

A blood covered chunk of flesh falls from under Will's boxers and hits the ground. He looks to the ground. His eyes widen in horror as he realizes what just happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The figure pulls out the blood-covered sheers. The figure raises them above it's head -- ready to strike.

WILL (CONT'D)

No, no. Don't...please!

The gloved hands gripping the sheers swings down. Will lets out a final yell. A streak of blood shoots through the air as the blades meet his neck.

INT. POOL TABLE ROOM

Tyler and Jennifer are in the middle of a conversation. Ryan juggles the balls from the pool table.

TYLER

...it's so corny. All our names start with a "T". Tyler, Toryn, Tahj, and Tiffany. I bet if they had another kid, it'll be Tina or Terrance or something.

JENNIFER

I think it's cool. Why didn't they come? Tahj and Tiffany.

TYLER

They both went to summer camp.

RYAN

That's great and all, but the fact still remains that I beat you twice in pool.

Tyler jerks toward Ryan, startling him. He drops what he was juggling.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh great. I lost my balls.

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Are you on speed or something?  
You're talking a mile a  
minute. Calm down a little.

RYAN

Sorry, I guess I'm kinda  
tired.

INT. BASEMENT

Will lays lifeless on the floor. There's a huge gash on his neck.

A pair of leather boots steps into the pool of blood underneath him as it walks closer. The figure grips the camera around it's neck. It crouches down, snapping pictures.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Toryn washes up in the steamy shower. She twists the knobs until the water ceases. She slides the shower glass over and grabs a towel from the rack.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The bathroom door is opened.

The steam plunders out followed by Toryn. She has a towel wrapped around her. She makes her way down the hall.

Behind her, in a flash, a dark figure darts across the hall from Will's room and into the bathroom. This goes unnoticed by Toryn.

Toryn enters her room.

INT. TORYN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Toryn has changed into pajama bottoms and a matching small T-Shirt.

She sits in the dark on her bed, guitar in arms. She sings softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN

(singing)

*You're nothing like you used  
to be. Can't believe what you  
did to me. What happened to  
what we used to share? Why  
can't I just let you go? Is it  
because I still love you so?  
But, hurt me again, don't you  
dare.*

Toryn takes a breath. She places her instrument on the floor next to her bed. She lays down and closes her eyes.

CREEEAK!

The closet door at her side creaks open slightly. Toryn's eyes dart open. She looks to the door. She stands and walks to the door.

INT. TORYN'S ROOM - CLOSET

Toryn creeps in. She spots a black binder sitting on the floor. She walks up to it, crouching down.

Toryn holds the binder in her arms. She flips it open. Numerous neatly labeled dividers stick out of the side.

In the very back of the binder, there's a divider labeled "July 6 - July \_\_, 2006: Carson." She grabs the divider and flips to the section.

First, a picture of Jennifer asleep in bed. She flips through other pictures of herself, Will, Ryan, Tyler, Nikki, also Margot and John asleep in bed.

Toryn flips to the next photo. This one shows Nikki walking along the path. Toryn flips to the next photo - a close up of the aftermath of the gunshot.

Toryn brings a trembling hand to her mouth.

No more pictures.

Just as she begins to close the binder - a photo drops down into the folder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It shows Will lying face down in a pool of blood. Horrified, Toryn looks up into the soulless eyes of the figure. She screams, standing and dropping the binder.

The figure lurches at Toryn, grabbing her waist. It pins her to the wall.

In a struggle, Toryn begins jerking, kicking, wriggling wildly. The figure's grip loosens around her wrists. Toryn tears her arm from it's grip.

She grabs behind the figure's covered ears. She shoves her thumbs into the eyes, shoving them back. The figure stumbles back.

Toryn takes the free opportunity. She darts across the room toward the door, screaming.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/WALKWAY

Toryn speeds out of the room, nearly stumbling over herself. She ditches her slippers as the figure pursues her, high speed down the hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Toryn's screams are severely muffled. She is barely heard.

INT. WALKWAY

Toryn reaches the walkway. The figure closes in behind her. It reaches a pale hand out, gripping her hair. Her head is yanked back colliding hard with the solidness of the wall.

Toryn falls limp, unconscious. Her body hits the ground with a hollow thud.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Toryn is dragged roughly down the hallway by her hair.

INT. POOL TABLE ROOM

Tyler looks around at all the furniture

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

What are you guys going to do  
with all this stuff?

JENNIFER

I don't know. I guess we're  
keeping some things throwing  
the rest away.

Tyler stands up, stretching. Ryan stands against the pool  
table looking rather drowsy. Jennifer sits on the couch.

TYLER

I'm going to bed.

JENNIFER

Yeah, me too.

Ryan looks at them, eyebrows raised.

RYAN

You guys are sleeping with  
each other already?

Jennifer looks at him, rolling her eyes.

JENNIFER

Not together, you retard.

Ryan nods.

RYAN

I better get some sleep, too.

They all exit. Ryan flips the light switch on his way out.

INT. WILL'S ROOM

All of Will's things have been moved out. Tyler lays relaxed  
on the bed. He stares at the ceiling.

The door opens, Jennifer walks in nervously. Tyler  
immediately sits up.

JENNIFER

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYLER

Hey.

Jennifer sits at the foot of the bed. Tyler moves closer. They stare at each other for a second.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What was it?

Jennifer seems jarred by his question.

JENNIFER

What...oh...um.

She shakes her head and laughs at herself.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I...completely forgot.

Tyler smirks.

TYLER

That's okay. Just stay...until you remember.

An awkward silence. Tyler moves in. Kissing her. She kisses back then pushes away.

JENNIFER

Tyler...you just broke up with Nikki. I don't wanna seem-

TYLER

You won't. We've been into each other for a while. We just never got a chance to...act on it. You know...because of other people.

JENNIFER

Ty, I don't wanna be some rebound girl.

TYLER

Jennifer...you can be guaranteed that me and Nikki are over. Forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They kiss. Jennifer pulls away and stands.

JENNIFER  
I'd better get to bed...it's  
late.

Tyler nods, knowing it's just an excuse.

TYLER  
Sure.

Jennifer exits, closing the door. It immediately reopens. She staggers in. A key dangles from a chain around her hand.

JENNIFER  
Remembered.

Jennifer shuffles to the bed. She holds out the key.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
This is yours, isn't it? It  
was on the bathroom counter.

Tyler reaches out and takes it.

TYLER  
Yeah...it's mine. I didn't  
even notice.

Tyler pulls the chain over his head.

JENNIFER  
Why do you always wear it  
around your neck?

Tyler exhales.

TYLER  
My dad bought the car for me  
the same day he died-

JENNIFER  
I...I'm sorry. I'm stupid. I  
should've known...Toryn told  
me about-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TYLER

Relax. It's fine. I just wear  
it...it's sentimental, I  
guess.

JENNIFER

See you in the morning.

Jennifer turns and exits, closing the door behind her.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

Toryn lies unconscious in the middle of the large but mostly empty attic. Some unused furniture among other tarnished items lay tucked away in corners.

In the middle, two candles are lit. The light flickers, casting a glow on Toryn's face.

All around the attic there are entrances to the rooms below. There's a larger one under the attached folded ladder.

Toryn's eyes open. She quickly sits up. Her eyes dart all around the attic.

She immediately stands on her feet.

Toryn hurries to the entrance in the floor with the ladder attached. She pushes on it. It opens. The ladder unfolds - falls down into the floor beneath. Toryn looks back.

The figure stalks behind her. No time to climb down the ladder! Toryn dives into the opening.

A knife slices through the air-It slams down through Toryn's calf and sticks into the wall beside her.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Toryn hangs upside down, pinned to the wall. She lets out a piercing scream. Blood runs up her leg, dripping onto the ladder and floor.

Toryn grips the steps of the ladder, trying to pull herself down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure grabs Toryn's waist. It snatches the knife out of the wall, freeing Toryn's leg. The figure pulls her back into the attic. Toryn's screams are heard.

Moments later the screams stop. The ladder and attic door are pulled up just as -

Will's previous room door opens. Tyler runs out into the hallway. He's changed into a shirt that reads "Pearson High's Favorite Athlete" with matching jersey shorts and ankle socks.

TYLER

Toryn?

Tyler moves down the hall toward Toryn's room. He opens the door and enters. A few seconds later he exits. He proceeds down the hall. Stops - just short of the blood droplets that stain the wood floor.

He looks up from the blood. His face is twisted in panic.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Tor, can you hear me!

INT. WALKWAY

Tyler stumbles in from the hallway. He continues to the railing, pressing against it.

TYLER

Toryn!

Behind him, the attic door hangs down again. Ladder retracted. A silhouette creeps behind him.

Tyler surveys the living-room from the walkway.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Tor?

The floor creaks loudly behind him. Tyler turns.

The figure thrusts the knife deep into Tyler's side. He howls in pain as blood runs down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyler grips the figure, pushing him back. He slams the figure into the side wall.

The figure hands tighten around Tyler's arm. He shoves him forcefully.

Tyler topples over the edge of railing, plummeting.

The javelin meets his fall.

The pointed tip goes through his neck, piercing his windpipe.

The holder tips over as Tyler slides down the spear.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tyler slams into the ground just behind the couch. Half the javelin is through his neck.

Tyler chokes, struggling to breathe as blood shoots out of his mouth. His hands go up, clawing at his neck. His fingernails dig deep into his throat, shredding off strips of skin.

The figure begins descending the stairs. It reaches Tyler. The figure grips its camera and begins snapping photos.

Tyler looks up at him...his eyes pleading for help. Tyler's mouth opens, as if trying to say something but only the gurgling of blood is heard.

Tears run from his eyes and slowly descend down the side of his face.

The figure crouches down and grips both sides of the javelin which stick out of Tyler's neck.

The figure pushes forward on one side and back on the other, slowly twisting Tyler's neck. The figure thrusts forward quickly on the javelin.

Tyler's neck snaps. Tyler's grip on his neck slackens and falls limp at his side. The figure lets go. Tyler slumps to the ground, lifeless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A scream is heard from above. The figure looks. Jennifer stares down at the horrific scene from the walkway, in shock. Ryan appears behind her, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

RYAN

What is everybody screaming  
for?

Ryan stops, motionless, looking down.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Jen...is that-

The figure moves toward the staircase at a swift pace. Jennifer turns around in a hurry.

JENNIFER

Ryan, go! Go!

Jennifer grabs Ryan's arm. She pulls him into the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jennifer and Ryan hurry into the hallway.

RYAN

Who the hell was that? What  
happened to Tyler?

JENNIFER

Hurry!

Under the attic opening and next to the ladder lies Toryn. She looks up to Jennifer and Ryan.

TORYN

Help!

Ryan and Jennifer rush over to her. They lift her by the arms. Toryn limps.

JENNIFER

Toryn, what happened?

TORYN

We gotta get outta here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure appears at the end of the hall. Jennifer gasps.

JENNIFER

Oh my god!

Jennifer and Ryan hurry down the hall. Toryn limps between them. The figure stalks behind them.

INT. JOHN & MARGOT'S ROOM

Toryn, Jennifer, and Ryan barge into the room. Ryan slams the door and locks it. Toryn goes to sit down on the bed.

RYAN

What the fuck!

Toryn bites her lip.

TORYN

Oh my god!

RYAN

What! What the hell is going on?

Jennifer hugs Ryan tight.

JENNIFER

What the fuck!

Toryn flinches.

TORYN

Wh-Where's Tyler? He's still out there.

Jennifer exhales, crying. Her lips tremble, she's barely able to get out a word. She shakes her head.

JENNIFER

Tor...He...that guy...he-

TORYN

No!

Toryn shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TORYN (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking tell me that,  
Jen!

Toryn limps across the floor toward the door. Toryn reaches for the doorknob.

JENNIFER  
Toryn, don't!

Toryn throws the door open to be greeted by -

The dead...silent...hall.

Most of all of the doors are open just a crack

The ladder is still down and the attic door still open.

Limp by limp, Toryn creeps out of the room. Toryn hurriedly passes Will's room.

Jennifer and Ryan watch fearfully from behind the threshold.

RYAN  
Toryn! Please come back here.

Toryn presses on. She reaches the ladder. She cautiously looks up into the attic as she passes.

The bathroom door flings open just ahead of her. The figure darts out.

Toryn dodges a swinging knife only by falling backward, into the ladder. The figure advances toward her.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
No!

Ryan speeds out, throwing himself into the figure. They both topple over.

Ryan hurries, getting to his feet. He helps Toryn up. The both dash into the nearest room. The door slams. The click of it locking is heard.

The figure stands swiftly. It starts toward Jennifer. She stands in the door frame looking shocked.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Ryan stands, out of breath. A scream is heard in short distance.

RYAN

Fuck!

INT. JOHN & MARGOT'S ROOM

Jennifer locks the door but as she closes it The figure hand blocks the way.

Jennifer screams. The figure pries it's way into the room.

She takes off toward a door in the corner. She twists the knob. Opens the door to -

The closet.

JENNIFER

Shit!

Jennifer glances behind her. The figure is nearly at arms length distance. Jennifer jets into the closet. She closes the door just as the figure reaches it.

INT. JOHN & MARGOT'S ROOM - CLOSET

Jennifer stands in the dark, holding the door closed. She listens intently.

Total silence.

The door is yanked, pulled half open. Jennifer tightens her grip and plants her feet. She pulls hard. The door slams.

Closed again.

Silence again.

The door is pulled open. Jennifer yelps. Pulling back with all her might. The door slams closed.

JENNIFER

(panting)

Stop it! Leave us alone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Ryan turns to Toryn who ties up her wound with a towel.

RYAN  
Stay here, lock the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The bathroom door opens. Ryan peeks out. The hallway is clear. He step out slowly.

RYAN  
(Whisper)  
Jen?

He moves to the parents room door. Twists the knob. Locked.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Ryan enters. Tears swell his eyes.

TORYN  
Where is she?

RYAN  
I don't know! What the fuck do  
we do?

INT. JOHN & MARGOT'S ROOM - CLOSET

Jennifer stands in the closet, still holding the door closed, shivering in fear. It's still silent, no sound of movement on the other side.

Slowly, Jennifer starts pushing the door open. The room on the other side can be seen -

No sign of anyone. A pair of hands spring out from behind Jennifer, gripping her face!

Jennifer screams.

INT. JOHN & MARGOT'S ROOM

Jennifer darts out of the closet, running as fast as she can. The figure drops down from the attic, holding a shotgun.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jennifer hurries down the hallway. She turns to the bathroom door, beating her fists against it.

JENNIFER  
Ryan! Open the door! Hurry!

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Ryan starts toward the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The figure appears at the end of the hallway, holding the shotgun. He pumps it and points it toward Jennifer. He pulls the trigger just as Jennifer speeds out of the way, continuing down the hallway.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

The bathroom door blows open from the blast. Ryan jerks back. The figure passes the room, pursuing Jennifer. Ryan peers through the door. He takes a hesitant step forward.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jennifer jets down the stairs. The figure follows, not far behind, holding the shotgun.

Jennifer heads toward the front door. She stretches out her arm.

A hole explodes in the door, inches from Jennifer. In fright, Jennifer slips backward. She quickly recuperates and runs the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure drops the empty shotgun and pulls out the hunting knife. Jennifer continues. The two disappear into the hallway just as Ryan and Toryn appear at the top of the stairs.

RYAN  
Jennifer!

Ryan and Toryn hurry down the stairs. Ryan sees Tyler's body. He quickly turns, blocking Toryn's view. Too late!

Toryn looks devastated. Her hands cupped around her mouth. Tears flow down her face. She limps to Tyler's body. She sobs, her face in her hands.

Ryan moves behind Toryn, his own eyes watering.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(Voice cracking)  
Toryn, I'm so...sorry. We have to find Jennifer and Will, and get out of here.

TORYN  
Nikki and Will...they're dead.

Ryan brings his trembling hands to his head, overwhelmed. He moves forward, toward the hallway. Toryn takes a breath, follows Ryan.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ryan walks into the hall, followed by Toryn. A door is open. A red light shines out, filling most of the hall in a eerie red glow. They slowly near the open door.

Toryn is tight behind Ryan. Practically in his skin. They part as Ryan moves forward.

He looks into the room, turning his back on the door behind him. It's empty.

The basement door opens. Toryn screams. The figure stand there then grabs Ryan and pulls him backward. Ryan struggles.

RYAN  
Let go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure throws Ryan forward. Ryan trips backward and falls down the stairs. He remains still at the bottom.

The figure turns to face Toryn. Their eyes meet.

TORYN

Shit!

Toryn speeds to the darkroom. She closes and locks the door just as the figure reaches it.

INT. DARKROOM

Toryn limps back until she hits the sink at the back of the room. Toryn looks to the ceiling. There's nothing. A pair of metal scissors lie on the counter at her side.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The figure still stands at the door. The figure digs in its pockets, fishing around.

Finally it brings out a silver key - sticks it in the door and twists.

INT. DARKROOM

Toryn looks up at the door as a click is heard. The figure pushes the door open, revealing itself standing on the other side.

Toryn charges forward, screaming. Scissors held out above her head. She stabs down into its arms. Forcing it back out of the room. The figure stumbles, falling. Toryn speeds out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Toryn sprints across the living room, limping. She makes it to the front door, throwing it open, exiting.

EXT. HOUSE

Toryn limps out of the house, running up to Tyler's car. A realization - no keys!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Toryn glances back toward the house, then back at the car. She turns. She spots the shed from before and sprints toward it.

INT. SHED

The door opens with a creak. Toryn hurries in, closing the door.

The shed is broken down, rotted. Nearly everything is made of wood. A table sits in a corner. The shelves house many discarded garden tools.

Toryn picks up a trowel. Shuffling is heard outside.

TORYN

Shit.

Toryn ducks under the low-rising table in the corner. The shed door opens.

The figure's dark pants and boots can be seen. The figure slowly makes its way to the back of the shed

Toryn trembles uncontrollably. She holds out the trowel with one hand and covers her mouth with the other.

The figure inches closer.

Tears run down her face. She presses her back against the wall.

One of the wooden boards gives way. It comes loose and falls. Just as Toryn turns to look-

The figure jumps down under the table with her, grabbing her leg. Toryn screams, trying to get loose.

She slams the trowel into his hand. The figure lets go.

EXT. SHED

Toryn squeezes through the tight gap in the wall. She stands, turning toward the path and -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Screams as Margot stands just in front of her. Toryn immediately embraces her, crying.

TORYN

Oh my- Call the police! He's  
in there with Jen and Ryan. A-  
And my brother! My brother!

Margot grips her, one arm around her shoulder. She gently takes the pointed trowel from her hands. They part. Margot looks down at her coldly.

She lifts the trowel, slams it into Toryn's eye.

Toryn drops to her knees screaming as blood runs down her face.

a flash of silver as the trowel is thrust into Toryn's belly. Again and again, twisting and jousting.

Toryn looks, wide-eyed, completely confused as blood runs free. A final stab - Toryn falls to the ground, dead.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ryan staggers anxiously in.

A hand grips his shoulders. Ryan whips around, startled. Jennifer stares back.

He hugs her tight.

JENNIFER

Where's Toryn?

RYAN

I...I don't know. We got  
separated.

Margot walks in. Jennifer spots her.

JENNIFER

Oh my god, Mom!

Jennifer rushes up to her, holding her tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure creeps up behind Margot. Knife at his side. Ryan rushes up.

RYAN  
Mom! Watch out!

Margot parts from Jennifer. She turns. Spotting the figure.

MARGOT  
It's okay. He's your father.

Jennifer looks at them cautiously.

RYAN  
What?

The figure takes off his mask. Revealing BRANDON. The man from the picture.

MARGOT  
There's nothing to worry about!

JENNIFER  
What the fuck do you mean?

Brandon grabs Ryan, holding him down. Ryan struggles against him. He puts his face next to Ryan's.

BRANDON  
Don't you see the resemblance?

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Ryan's eyes open. He orientates. He sits on a couch. Across the room, piled in a corner, next to the dryer are the bodies of his slain friends, Will, Nikki and Tyler. The javelin has been moved. It sticks absurdly from one side of his throat.

His father, John, sits at his side, beaten and bloody. His hands are tied together.

Beside them on another couch sits Jennifer and Margot.

A flash of a camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Will you stop it.

The man, Brandon, lets the camera fall, hanging around his neck. He looks at Ryan as he tries to focus.

Standing beside Brandon is a mirror image of Margot. Completely identical. CANDICE.

Ryan stares at her, bewildered.

RYAN  
What...what the hell?

JENNIFER  
Ryan!

Ryan looks to Margot then back at Candice.

RYAN  
Twins? Mom?

Candice approaches Ryan.

MARGOT  
Stay away from him!

Candice brings out a gun. She points it toward Margot.

CANDICE  
He's my son. I'll do whatever  
I want.

RYAN  
Your son? Who the hell are  
you?

CANDICE  
I'm your mother. But of course  
you wouldn't remember me. You  
were too young when they stole  
you from us.

Margot pulls at her restraints. Her wrists start to slip.

JOHN  
How the fuck did you get out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRANDON

I was never locked up.

Brandon points a finger at Margot.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It was this crazy bitch who  
had her hands tied.

Brandon chuckles. Candice eyes him sternly.

CANDICE

You're such a fucking clown.

MARGOT

What are you going to do?

CANDICE

You've taken our kids away  
from us. Do you have any idea  
what that feels like?

JOHN

You were fucking crazy and  
still are. They're OUR kids.  
I'll protect them.

Brandon snaps another picture. Then lets the camera hang.

BRANDON

We'll see about that.

Brandon grabs Ryan's arm.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Get up.

Ryan stands. Brandon turns him to face John.

JOHN

So you're at it again. Taking  
pictures of your own crime  
scenes now?

Candice hands Brandon the gun. He points it John's head. John  
grimaces. Jennifer screams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNIFER  
Don't please.

Brandon looks at Ryan.

BRANDON  
You ready for this?

RYAN  
No! Please just...just leave  
him alone. Don't!

BRANDON  
Why not?

RYAN  
He's my dad!

He pulls the trigger twice. The bullets shoot through John's head, killing him instantly. His head falls back.

Jennifer, Ryan, and Margot recoil. Jennifer and Margot scream. Ryan is shaken. Tears flood his eyes and roll down his face.

Brandon takes his camera from around his neck. He pushes it toward Ryan.

BRANDON  
Take it! Snaps some pictures  
for me.

Ryan backs away, wanting nothing to do with it. Brandon points the gun at Margot.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Fucking do it, or else.

Ryan takes the camera, hands trembling. Ryan slowly lifts the camera to his face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Hurry up.

Ryan presses the button, the camera clicks.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Get closer....the head wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Ryan steps closer, slowly. Tears flow. Brandon nudges him.

JENNIFER  
You sick fucker!

Ryan moves the camera, only inches from his John's head. He snaps the picture.

Ryan lurches over. He drops to his knees, vomiting. Brandon shakes his head.

BRANDON  
Oh, come on, man! I thought  
you'd be stronger than that!  
It's not even that bad. People  
get shot in the head every  
day.

Brandon motions to Tyler's body.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Now that...that's not  
something you see every  
fucking day.

Brandon stares at Ryan who writhes around on the floor, sick.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
It's been seventeen years,  
man. I expected more from you.  
I've been sitting  
around...waiting for your mom  
to get out. This moment played  
differently in my head.

CANDICE  
Don't complain...the soul  
release program usually takes  
longer.

Candice grabs Margot and stands her. Margot brings her elbow hard into Candice's face.

She shoves her. Candice bumps into Brandon. They both fall to the floor. The gun flies from her hand and skids across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Margot takes off up the stairs. Brandon and Candice run after her.

The door is heard locking.

Jennifer and Ryan meet eyes.

JENNIFER

We need to get up there.

Ryan gets up. Jennifer's hands are tied to the pipe on side of the couch. He looks at her hands. They're discolored and bloody around the wrists.

He tugs at the knot. It only makes it tighter. Jennifer winces.

RYAN

Sorry.

He tugs again, only to get the same result.

JENNIFER

Go!

RYAN

No! I'm not fucking leaving you here!

JENNIFER

Ryan, you have to get someone...the police. You can come back for me. I'll be alright. Just hurry before they come back.

RYAN

I'm not leaving.

JENNIFER

You have to hurry!

Ryan stops trying to break the restraints.

Ryan embraces his sister. Jennifer speaks into his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Go out of the window over the machines....I love you, Rye. We're gonna get through this, okay?

Ryan nods. He proceeds toward the window above the dryer. He climbs atop it, struggling to avoid a glance of the piled bodies. Just as Ryan touches the glass-

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Rye, wait! Check to see if...if Tyler has his car keys on him.

RYAN

What?

JENNIFER

It'll be faster. Hurry.

Ryan drops down. He looks to the pile of bodies, approaching slowly, the last thing he wants to do. Ryan kneels.

He reaches out his arm. Moves Will's leg. He looks. Tyler's vacant eyes glare at him.

Ryan looks down, avoiding the glare. He reaches down and pats Tyler's pockets...nothing.

RYAN

They're not here.

JENNIFER

He wears them around his neck.

Ryan looks to Tyler's neck. A chain hangs just below where the javelin is stuck.

RYAN

Oh god.

Ryan swallows. He grabs the chain which is tied around the key several times. He tugs with all his might. Nothing. He tugs again. A snapping sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Tyler's neck snaps forward. His head hangs down at an impossible angle. Blood dribbles out of his mouth, runs down Ryan's hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Damn! It won't-

JENNIFER

Just go!

Ryan looks from Tyler to the window...then back at Tyler.

RYAN

Shit!

On impulse, Ryan grips the javelin. Pulls it through Tyler's neck. He quickly lifts the chain over his head. He stands on the dryer. Lifts the window. Exits.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Ryan trips as he runs past the huge tree. He gets to the car. He sees on the ground, a huge wet blood stain.

He walks up to the car door, hesitating. He brings jittery hands to the door handle.

RYAN

P...please don't be here.

Ryan quickly pulls open the door.

Toryn's lifeless body falls halfway out of the car.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh god!

Ryan backs away. He doubles over, crying. He stands, trying to pull himself together.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Ryan inches toward the car again. He closes his eyes as he grips her wrists, slowly pulling her out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her gently places her down. He looks down at her body. He cries and looks away.

He continues to Tyler's car. He hops in, closes the door. He sticks the key in the ignition with jittery hands. He starts it.

The radio pops on, blaring. A *morbid rock tune* scream at him.

Ryan flinches, hurriedly turns off the radio. He sits back, relieved. He looks to the house...nothing. At ease, he lets out a light nervous chuckle-

Arms shoot through the window, gripping him around the neck.

EXT. TYLER'S CAR

Brandon pulls Ryan through the window by the neck. Brandon lets go. Ryan topples to the ground.

Brandon raises back his foot and brings it hard into his ribs. Ryan rolls over, pained. Brandon lifts him from under his arms and drags him back toward the house.

Ryan kicks and struggles, yelling obscenities.

INT. BASEMENT

Jennifer looks toward the noises coming from above. She pulls at her restraints. One of her hands begins to slip through.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ryan struggles against Brandon. He finally finds his footing. Brandon's grip slips.

Ryan takes off, grabbing a knife from the holster on the counter. He charges Brandon like a maniac, knife held slightly above his head.

The knife slams into the meaty section below his thumb. Blood flows.

Brandon covers his wound, falling on his back. Ryan shifts to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stabs him. Brandon yells in pain. This only seems to anger Ryan, fueling him.

Ryan begins stabbing Brandon repeatedly in his chest and face. There seems to be no end as blood flies up into Ryan's hands and face. Ryan continues until all movement has ceased.

INT. BASEMENT

Jennifer, at last, frees herself. She rubs her bleeding, raw, wrists. She hurries toward the stairs. Her foot hits the gun lying on the floor. It skids across the floor, hitting the wall hard. It fires.

Jennifer screams as the bullet hits a shelf behind her. She calms herself. She grabs the gun and disappears upstairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jennifer storms into the hallway, gun held out.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jennifer enters slowly. Through the darkness she sees Ryan's silhouette standing, blood covered. Ryan turns, seeing her. They embrace.

RYAN

They got...Toryn...it was so horrible. How the fuck could they do this!

Jennifer exhales slowly. Tears fall.

Jennifer glances down, seeing Brandon's body.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where's Mom?

Margot appears behind Ryan. She holds a gun. Fresh blood stains her shirt.

JENNIFER

There she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan turns and quickly backs away.

RYAN  
How do we know it's you?

Jennifer grips her gun.

JENNIFER  
We don't. We'll have to ask  
her something.

RYAN  
What's our dog's name?

MARGOT  
We don't have a dog. His name  
was Cooper. He died four years  
ago.

JENNIFER  
It's mom. She even has on the  
wedding ring.

Jennifer hugs Margot tight. They part. Behind Margot, Candice runs full speed, knife held out.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Mom, watch out!

Margot moves out of the way. Jennifer holds the gun up. She fires, hitting Candice in the chest twice.

She falls to the ground.

Jennifer stands over her, points. Shoots her in the head, killing her. She looks down...in a daze.

Ryan walks slowly up to Jennifer.

Jennifer gives it up to him.

EXT. HOUSE

The three, Ryan, Jennifer, and Margot walk in almost slow motion out of the house, looking as though they've literally been through hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer pauses, then sits on the ground. Ryan sits next to her.

Ryan looks down to his hands. They're covered in dry blood. He scrapes it from under his nails.

Jennifer looks at him.

JENNIFER  
I can't believe this.

Jennifer takes a breath, then stands. Ryan does the same. Ryan walks ahead of her to the car.

Behind Jennifer, Candice holds out her gun, pointed at Jennifer. Ryan turns to look at Jennifer, sees.

On reflex, he points his gun and shoots three times.

Candice is hit in the head, falling over.

Jennifer turns around.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
Ryan!

Ryan is still, eyes wide. He doesn't answer.

Ahead of him the shed door swings open. Ryan walks, zombie-like, toward it.

Near the entrance, on the ground is Will's digital camera. Ryan picks it up. Jennifer walks on the side of him. Ryan snaps the picture.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tyler's car drives down the road.

INT. TYLER'S CAR

Ryan and Jennifer ride silently.

JENNIFER  
You okay?

Ryan looks at her, eyes vacant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN  
(silent)  
I'll never be okay.

Ryan removes a photo from his wallet. The picture shows Ryan, Jennifer, Margot, and John, all smiling. A seemingly perfect family. Tears drip on to the photo. He wipes them.

Jennifer takes her brother's hand. They both look down at the picture.

EXT. HOUSE

Toryn's body lies still, dead. Candice's body next to it. The door stands wide open. Only darkness is seen inside. A gust of wind, the door starts to slowly close. Just as it closes...a click and a flash of a camera.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END